

Modern Warfare: Modern Warfare 2019

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: February 12, 2019
Location: Colorado State Fair Events Center — Pueblo, Colorado

Results

Defcon 3

Match

The Oracle Center in Oakland, California, venue for the 2019 edition of Modern Warfare, is filled to the rafters with fans from all camps. The stage is decked out with camo netting, fake plants, even the curtain leading to the stage bears camouflage pattern. Next to the stage we see a war-like trench, complete with camo netting as well, dirt mound, plants and more and as the camera moves on towards the ring, even the ring mat is camouflaged and the ring ropes bear olive, brown and green.

Some fans are also in the spirit, wearing fatigues with images and logos of their favourite CWF superstars, for sale in the CWF fan shop just in time for the big PPV. And they also make their opinions known through the always-present signs:

"We Want MJ!"

"Go Mimeliokishire!"

"My wife thinks I'm babysitting!"

"Game Over, Xander!"

"Fuck Calm, Keep Pounding!"

"Wrap the belt in burlap!"

"We put the "m" in stupid!"

"Mike Rolash is my father!"

As everybody's eyes are glued to the stage and the curtain, suddenly two ropes fall down from the rafters into the ring and two fully camouflaged figures rappel from the arena's ceiling, landing at the same time, then taking a back to back stance. Instead of guns, though, they are holding microphones.

Blake Church: Good evening Oakland, welcome to DEFCON 3, also known as Modern Warfare!

Charles State: You have been warned, you have entered a warzone like you have never seen before!

Then the relative silence is pierced by the march-like drums of "A Sound Beating" by Wardog that quickly turn into an all-out thrash metal song that kicks everybody into overdrive. The tron flickers through scenes from the tournament so far until it arrives at the title graphic of Modern Warfare.

Blake Church: Modern Warfare has always been one of the most intense times in the CWF calendar, but as hard hitting as previous editions have been, 2019 feels like it is cranking it all up to 11!

Charles State: Both the semi-finals and, of course, the grand finale are on tonight's menu, but we should not forget that three other titles are on the line tonight as well, Zach van Owen defending his Impact Championship against his returning arch nemesis Xander Haze.

Blake Church: Sanctioned Violence are trying to keep the upstarts The Crimson Ghost! and Kendo at bay.

Charles State: And finally Autumn Raven and Nina are facing off for the Hostility Aversion title in a match that has seen

one of the most heated build-ups of the Modern Warfare block.

Blake Church: We have a big, big night ahead of us, so let's not bore you to death, we will leave that to Mike, right, Jim?

The picture switches to the announce table that also has been decorated in style with camouflage nets and patterns, where Mike Rolash does not seem to even have heard Blake's latest jab at him, as he is staring into the crowd instead.

Jim Gunt: Well, right now we will aim for comatose at best, I've heard that our insurance coverage is not a fan of the other, but yes, we have eleven matches on the show tonight, so if we don't want to prepare for an allnighter, we better get going, right, Mike? Mike? Hey, earth to Mike!

Mike jerks to life as if awakening from a trance.

Mike Rolash: Say what?

Jim Gunt: What is wrong with you? What were you staring at?

Mike points at one of the signs, the one saying "Mike Rolash is my father!"

Mike Rolash: This, this--

Jim Gunt: You feel addressed?

Mike Rolash: I-- There is--

Jim Gunt: OK, let's get this show rolling while I try to reboot Mike or something, maybe I can reformat him or something...

Suddenly a hand claps down on each of their shoulders. The camera view adjusts to look directly behind them, at Calico Rose and Impulse, taking seats behind the announce table.

Cally, unsurprisingly, is the one to slap the hands.

Mike Rolash: Seriously? Why? I thought you both went away.

Cally: Oh, we did - but this really nice guy from the CWF offered us these tickets for the show, so, since we're interested in the outcome, we thought we'd take a look.

Jim Gunt: Well, we're happy to have you here. And you seem to have rebooted Mike, too!

Impulse: Thank you, sir. And you are welcome.

Impulse reaches forward and shakes Gunt's hand.

Mike Rolash: Who hates me so much that they'd put you right behind me?

Cally: Oh, you know. Actually, they asked me to read you a thing.

She looks at Impulse, who hands her a folded piece of paper. Cally unfolds it, tilts her purple shades down like reading glasses, and makes a bit of a show of clearing her throat. Jim Gunt smiles, while Mike Rolash rolls his eyes.

Cally: Ahem. "Hallo, frand!"

And now, Gunt laughs.

Mike Rolash: Why does everyone here hate me?

Jim Gunt: Glad to have you with us, Cally. Let's get to Ray Douglas for the opening bout!

And with that the picture cuts to Ray Douglas, whose suit is also camo patterned.

August Frost vs. Mad Dog Murphy vs. Jace LeRose

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first...

The opening bars of 'R U Mine' ring round the arena bringing the fans to their feet and signalling the arrival of Mad Dog Murphy.

Ray Douglas: From Glasgow, Scotland, Mad Dog... MURPHY!!

As the drums kick in he makes his way out to the stage, nodding as he looks out across the fans in attendance. Mad Dog holds his left fist in the air while pounding his right fist against his chest and letting out a howl.

He swiftly makes his way down the ramp and rolls into the ring. Once inside he makes begins climbing each turnbuckle one by one, holding his left fist aloft each time he does.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

The lights fade to black as drums begin pounding out. With the rhythm, blue lights begin flickering in time to the beat. On the titantron, we see a silhouette of a man walking in place to the beat. The drums get louder and more rambunctious as the lights flicker faster. The lights flicker to an almost maniac pace as the tension builds until we hear the yell of Roger Daltrey of The Who:

"YEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

As the music explodes, the word FROST appears on the titantron. The lights come on the stage and we see August Frost come out onto the ramp. He raises his arms in the air and walks slowly down the ramp, chewing gum with a smirk on his face. He slaps some hands on the way down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: From Halifax, August... FROST!!

August jumps into the ring and hops on to the turnbuckle. He stretches his arms out on basks in the bright lights and big crowd.

Ray Douglas: And their opponent...

"Kiss from a Rose" by Seal hits the arena and the fans get on their feet. The camera goes onto the entrance way where we see Jace LeRose come through the curtain and make his way down the entrance ramp.

Ray Douglas: From Ottawa, Ontario, Canada... Jace LEEEERose!!

Jace walks down the aisle, up the ringside steps and into the ring. He goes to each corner and raises his hands in victory and then waits for his music to cut out and for his match to start.

Referee Trent Robbins is in charge of the action for this opening bout as he signals for the bell.

Jim Gunt: And we're under way, coming to you live from a sold out Oracle Arena in Oakland, California. What an opening bout this should be!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I'm super excited Jim. Frost & Murphy fell short in last week's Triple Threat, it'll be good to see how they fare again this week.

The crowd are ready to sink their teeth into tonight's opener as a few varied chants get going. LeRose, taller and heavier than his two cruiserweight opponents, wastes no time being the first to engage. Right on Frost, another, a third, but Frost fights back with a right of his own, a second, and a third of his own. There's no more opportunity for these two to go back and forth some more as Mad Dog Murphy takes them both down with a Single Legged Dropkick, one leg reserved for each opponent. It's early doors so all three are back up to their feet quite quickly, LeRose is quick to pounce on Murphy with an echoing chop, another, and another, each accompanied by an audience's worth of 'Wooo!'. Within seconds, red handprints start to form on Murphy's chest as he's backed into the turnbuckles by the force of the chops. LeRose turns his attention to Frost, but should've done it sooner, as Frost leaps through the air splashing against both men! Frost leaps up to flip LeRose over with a Hurricanrana before charging at the cornered Murphy and with some real speed, connects with a step up Knee to the face.

Jim Gunt: Ouch! Did you hear that?

Mike Rolash: Aha! Poor Scotsman's gonna have no teeth left!

Frost looks to capitalise on his early advantage, guiding Mad Dog Murphy out through the middle rope and onto the outside floor. LeRose is back to his feet as symmetrically to moments earlier, Frost leaps up and instead of dropping LeRose down in a Hurricanrana, he shifts himself around Jace's shoulders in a full 180, before bringing LeRose crashing down head first. Reverse Frankensteiner! LeRose is up quick, holding his neck in agony, but it's the perfect chance for Frost to hit an early Superkick! LeRose wobbles two yards back and rebounds groggily from the ropes, where Frost awaits with a second Superkick. LeRose collapses to the mat, holding his mouth with one hand and his neck with the other as The North End's Favourite Son takes a moment to find some balance before leaping, backwards sommersaulting and connecting with a Standing Moonsault. Frost hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Murphy interrupts the fall with two elbows driven deep into Frost's spine.

Jim Gunt: Mad Dog Murphy with the break! The Chocolate and Vanilla Thrilla almost stole a quick win there.

Mike Rolash: Always been a Strawberry man myself, Jim.

Mad Dog unleashes a barrage of elbows and punches to the back of Frost who is on all fours scraping and scrambling away to the corner pads, whilst meanwhile Jace LeRose has scrambled his way to the adjacent corner. Murphy charges at LeRose and just as the Mad Dog comes flying, his arm stretched out, 'The Beautiful' gets out of the way. Nobody's home. LeRose uses the spring in his stride to spring at Frost and connect with a thunderous Flying Elbow. He turns, same outcome on Mad Dog; a Flying Elbow! With both men staggering in the middle of the ring, Jace with a handful of Frost's hair sends him flying over the top rope. Unbeknownst to LeRose, Frost's held on.

LeRose has Murphy right where he wants him; centre of the ring and dazed. He scoops him up upside down, Murphy's head tightly held between Jace's thighs... he jumps, he turns, Twisting, Kneeling Piledriver!

ONE!

TWO!

Frost out of nowhere with a senton to break the fall!

August Frost had just skinned the cat; LeRose looks absolutely shell shocked having expected Frost to have gone crashing out of the ring. LeRose and Frost exchange rights, lefts, knees, and kicks as Murphy rolls out of the ring, likely in need of some serious recovery time. The deadlock is broken as Frost ducks a swinging arm from LeRose and hits the ropes, rebounding back into LeRose who tries for a Powerslam of sorts, but Frost is quick into the Tilt-a-whirl transition and is able to make two full complete rotations before driving LeRose to the mat, head first with an athletically brilliant DDT. Cover attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout, close two. Robbins reiterates how close it was as Frost protests.

Jim Gunt: That could've been it. So close!

Mike Rolash: It could've been? It should've been! Look at this LeRose guy, Jim, he's not moving.

The Chocolate and Vanilla Thrilla knows how close it was as he heads for the climb. From up top, LeRose remains in prime position for Frost who takes a quick glance at Murphy who's barely moved yet. He leaps... he lands! FROST BITE! ... Onto the mat only. LeRose gets out of the way in the nick of time!

Holding his hamstrings tight, Frost struggles to his feet using the ropes as guidance. The second he's all set, LeRose has scooped Frost in the exact same way he'd done so to Mad Dog Murphy earlier. In likewise fashion; he drives Frost head first into the mat with a Twisting Tombstone Piledriver. Pinfall attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

No! Out of nowhere, Murphy's flew in with the save with but a millisecond to spare. Murphy hastily throws LeRose threw the ropes as he now covers the downed August Frost.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Frost is up. Barely. Murphy drags Frost to his feet who signals for the end. The crowd become increasingly louder as Murphy hits the rope for momentum, rebounding back... SUPERKICK FROM FROST! Murphy's out cold. Frost climbs the turnbuckle and takes to the skies, somersaulting backwards with every hope of connecting with the Frost Bite!

He's CAUGHT.

Jace LeRose has caught August Frost back to back by only his arms, from within mid-flight! He holds him up high in prime position for what everybody knows is coming.

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! The second Frost came out of that back flip, LeRose picked him out of the sky.

Jace LeRose runs towards the ropes and flings August Frost. KISS FROM A ROSE! Frost goes into free fall; crashing through the German announcing table. Every single person who's in attendance is on their feet, as 'Holy Shit! Holy Shit! Holy Shit!' echoes throughout the arena.

Jim Gunt: Holy-! That must be five, six feet! Jace LeRose has just sent August Frost flying from the ring.

Mike Rolash: Well, I'm just thankful the Germans got it and it wasn't us this time! Markus and Reinhard look furious...ahaha.

LeRose looks on, basking in his 'OMG' moment. Murphy has LeRose in his sights, so the second Jace does turn around, he's met with an angry, flying Clothesline! Ducks! LeRose delivers a swift kick to the gut of Murphy before wrapping his head tightly between thighs, he lifts and uses Murphy's arms for additional height... KISS FROM A ROSE! A ring shattering finisher. LeRose puts his hand and knee across Murphy's chest with no real necessity for a hook of the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

It's over. LeRose is triumphant. Seal's 'Kiss from a Rose' hits the PA.

Jim Gunt: LeRose did it, finally picking up that much needed win after getting rid of what many would call an 'anchor' in Pandalike the last few weeks. You have to feel for August Frost and Mad Dog Murphy, they give it a real good go tonight.

Mike Rolash: Maybe they're not cut out for the Triple Threat, Jim.

Jim Gunt: Well, I certainly disagree with that. What a great opener for Modern Warfare.

Trent Robbins holds Jace LeRose's arm up high as Ray Douglas makes it official.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner... JACE... LEEEEEROSE!

Jace LeRose spends a moment or two posing for the crowd as a team of officials come from the back to attend to August Frost and fix the collapsed announcing desk.

A Courageous, but Naive, Man

Match

Tara Robinson is shown in the backstage locker room, a smile on her face and holding a microphone as usual. Beside her is a large, but otherwise unassuming, young man. His brown hair kept short, standing over six foot tall and a muscular build. He returns Tara's smile, clearly excited if not a bit anxious for the big Modern Warfare moment.

Tara Robinson: Quentin Scarboro, right?

Q: Yes, ma'am, I am. Or as my friends call me, Big Q. I am excited to be here, ya know, I grew up watching this stuff. Some people thought I was crazy to even throw my name into the hat, but hey, some people just don't understand the appeal of the business, I guess.

Tara Robinson: So...this is your first match? Like your first professional wrestling experience ever, next to no traditional training or wrestling background... and you're about to head into a Paramount Grand Prix in order to crown the next holder of a vacant championship? What was it about you that made CWF management think you were primed for this kind of spot?

Q: You know, I guess you're right, I should be happy that I even got in the door without a ticket. I guess they knew my history, they knew my name, and they knew that the fans wanted to see Big Q step into the squared circle. I sent in an application like anyone else, and I waited for the phone to ring. I never asked them to give me this opportunity, although I do not wish to come off as ungrateful. You know, I never looked to take the easy way out of anything. I never asked for any kind of preferential treatment. What makes anyone qualified for this kind of opportunity, Tara?

Tara Robinson: Typically, I suppose, wrestlers around here have to earn it, and prove their worth.

Q: I guess by definition, I am part of the "Rookie Block", and by definition, none of the guys have earned it or proven their worth yet. This is our chance to do that, this PGP Preview match tonight...that is our chance to do that. I will not disappoint.

Tara Robinson: Okay, with that said, is there anything that the CWF Universe should know about Quentin Scarboro

ahead of your match tonight? What should we expect coming out of you?

Q: Tara...I've written books on my story, there's been countless television specials and documentaries, it's all been well documented. I don't think we need to get into that tonight, I reckon everything these people need to know about Quentin Scarboro is already out there in the open. What they don't know is the American Thoroughbred...what they don't know is what happens when I take my skills and my experience and channel that into a fury inside a wrestling ring.

Tara Robinson: Yeah, I've read the bio reports about you, your story, you're a real courageous man.

Q: Some people will say that, yes.

Tara Robinson: Aren't you being a bit naive though?

Q: How do you figure?

Tara Robinson: Well, in this industry, people don't play fair. The wrestlers in this locker room, their matches become their obsession. You may be able to match them in physical intensity, but with your history....can you handle it when your opponents cross that proverbial line?

Quentin scowls, clearly getting agitated by Robinson's line of questioning.

Q: Let'em cross it. Ask'em how they feel when I cross it back.

With that said, Scarboro walks away from the interview to prepare for his upcoming match.

Unwanted Conversation

Match

We cut backstage to see Scourge getting ready for his debut match, which is just moments away. As he's doing a final bit of preparation, his cell phone rings. He looks down to see who's calling, shakes his head, and begrudgingly answers the call.

Scourge: What the hell do you want? *listening* Are you really trying to do this right now? It's not enough you tried to ruin my life for 5 years, now you're going to interrupt me before my debut match? You always were great at pissing on my dreams, so why stop now right? No, you shut up and listen for once in your pathetic life. I don't give a damn about how much you claim you've changed, or the fact that you're knocking on Hell's door. You spent 5 years getting wasted and chaining me to a goddamned tree! 5 years beating me within an inch of my life! You don't get to have any death's door epiphanies that involve me old man. You're a drunk, child abusing, sociopathic piece of s**t, and you can shove your forgiveness up your ass! You're the reason for this persona of truth and justice I've taken on. Not my gang years, or the horrors of war, nay nay. Those were just icing on the cake. It was you that drove me to the breaking point. It was you who tried to rip out my soul and s**t all over it. And it was YOU who made me stand on that ledge all those years ago. I've survived, and am now beginning to thrive in my life, not because of you like it SHOULD have been, but IN SPITE of you! And more to the point...TO spite you! I'm sorry your real children have to call you their father, but I'm not bound by that biological fact. You're not, nor will you ever BE my father. Seth Robinson, you are a disgrace to the male gender, and to the entire human race. You are absolute scum, and now your liver is finally making you pay for it. Justice is FINALLY being served as far as I'm concerned. Don't call me, don't write me, don't come looking for me. I'm not a helpless child anymore Seth. If you get within arms reach of me, I don't give a damn how sick you are, I...will...end...you. Now I have a debut match to go and win, so piss off, piss up a rope, and do what you do best ...go get hammered and piss yourself.

With that, an enraged Scourge throws the phone at the wall across the room, shattering it so badly that pieces of glass and plastic blast all the way past him to the opposite wall. He then begins to march with a level of hatred, rage, and fury that his first promo piece would have never indicated, toward the Gorilla position for his match.

Inkin' the deal, yo

Match

Jim Gunt: A big win for Jace LeRose to kick things off, I think he is finding his spot in CWF quite quickly right now.

Mike Rolash: As much as it almost physically hurts me to do so, but I have to agree with you. It was an impressive victory and this whole "helping people" shtick seems to be working for him. Better than for Azrael, whatever happened with him?

Jim Gunt: You know what? I'm really not sure. Maybe ask Scourge later, he also is from Parts Unknown.

Mike Rolash: Oh, maybe they're neighbours or something.

Jim Gunt: Aaanyways, we will be right back with the official contract signing of Max Becker, don't go anywhere!

A Modern Warfare video airs, showing the journeys that the Shadow, Cheshire, Dan Ryan & Ataxia have all taken to get to their semi final matches tonight. The video finishes as both Christopher St. James and Jon Stewart are in the ring, either side of a make shift table that has been erected in the middle of the ring. There's paperwork on the table and a leather office chair tucked underneath.

Ray Douglas: Please welcome, the Backbone of Cologne, Max Becker!

The opening, almost angelic introduction of "NWO" by Kollegah springs the crowd to their feet. Black, red and gold spotlights hastily transition to each section of the arena, resembling the colours of Germany. As the rap begins, Max Becker emerges from behind the curtain to black, red and yellow smoke machines polluting the stage. Becker strolls to the ring at a reasonable pace, miming the song's vocals at times he isn't attending to the front row fans.

Rolling under the bottom rope and on to his feet, Becker basks in the moment before hopping onto the nearest middle turnbuckle. With closed fists; Max raises his arms horizontally. He hops down and gazes at both men as the theme fades.

Each are armed with a microphone as the German, attired for his forthcoming match, takes a seat in the ring.

Jim Gunt: Well, tonight's the night... who will Max Becker sign for?

Jon Stewart is up first, but it takes a moment for the crowd to calm down enough.

Jon Stewart: Should you sign with me now, Max, I can promise... we, the CWF universe can promise, that you'll be looked after. You've already proven whatever it is you wanted to prove. You won the battle royal, you came closer to the Shadow and the World title than most people ever do... in just four weeks. Sign for Evolution, and I promise that one day you'll be able to look back on this moment and you'll know, you'll know for sure that you made the right choice. It all starts on next week's Evolution, the start of the Paramount Grand Prix.

Christopher St. James is up next.

Christopher St. James: Now Max, you know, I know and these people know that you're money motivated... but that's no problem, right? I got you covered. Throw as many zeros at me as you want. It's the extra perks that I'm offering to you. A new brand; Hostility. The face of Hostility isn't an honour I can give to anyone... but I can give it to you. I just need you to give yourself to me. Sign it, Max.

The camera zooms on the paperwork that sits before the German; an Evolution contract and a Hostility contact. The finer details aren't visible, just the brand logo.

Max Becker: You know, when I came out of contract in Japan, I never thought I'd end up in America. I still can't believe they gave me a visa, yo. I could've signed for anyone, absolutely anyone, but to see the Brigaders out here in force,

week in, week out... CWF is my home now. But which show will I be on? Evolution?

The crowd cheers.

Max Becker: Maybe Hostility?

A few jeers in an amongst some cheers.

Max Becker: Evolution, a place where Xander Haze makes a comeback, yo, then is immediately given an Impact title shot? The place where Kendo gets a fair shot at gold with some weird-ass cosplayer? The same Kendo I tapped out just one month ago? How about Jarvis freakin' King? Last month's per-per-view main eventer, hasn't been seen since tapping to the Kölner Kupplung. Jon Stewart, I am Max Becker, I am the undisputed, unemployed, undefeated Backbone of Cologne. Undefeated is not a statistic. Undefeated is a mind set. My mind set.

Max Becker hesitates and gathers himself.

Max Becker: The time has come. Your Max Becker is... Reawakened.

The big German springs from his chair, grabbing a hold of Jon Stewart with his left hand, the Microphone in his right as Becker gets within an inch of Stewart; close enough, so their noses touch.

Max Becker: You see Stewart, this is your fault. You have Max Becker at your disposal an' you seen what I did to the Shadow, dawg, you saw me do everything but pin the man. I destroyed him. Then I'm out here throwin' hands with Big Rig a week later, my mind is elsewhere and I lose again. Now I'm teaming with two idiots tonight that I've got to carry against the new wave of shit that's walked through the CWF door. This is your fault, homie.

Just like that, the Backbone of Cologne lifts Jon Stewart by his throat up onto his shoulders, both microphones dropping to the floor with the hasty movement. There's an awkward moment or two where Max is deliberating whether to do it or not, but Christopher St. James offers a nod of approval and Becker ferociously slams Stewart through the table.

To both C\$J, and probably Max Becker's surprise, the crowd erupt, slow-chanting his name 'Beck-er, Beck-er, Beck-er'. Max uses Jon Stewart's downed body as support for the papers as he takes a couple of pens from his boot. He puts both Hostility and Evolution contracts side by side, but with one pen in one hand and the other in the other, he signs BOTH contracts simultaneously. He grabs one of the microphones as he hovers over the lifeless Jon Stewart, speaking directly in his face again.

Max Becker: You did this, Stewart. You made me do this. Your Max Becker is now exempt from the draft. Your Max Becker has signed for Evolution & Hostility... in separate deals, yo. Your Max Becker is drawing wages from both brands. But... how sad, that YOUR Max Becker has pledged allegiance to C...S...J.

Becker gets to his feet, aggressively hitting the ropes chest first.

Max Becker: Brigaders for once, shut up and listen.

Amazingly, and further to Max & Christopher St. James' amazement, the crowd are on fire. There's no jeers.

Max Becker: Douglas, get yo' stupid dumb ass here, right now.

Announcer Ray Douglas takes a moment to question if it was him who Max was referring to. Max nods and Ray takes no chances and rolls into the ring. Max whispers in the ear of Ray who reluctantly obliges.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, please give it up for the highest paid star in CWF, YOUR Max Becker.

Both Max and C\$J stand tall, their arms up high as "NWO" by Kollegah hits the PA system to drown out the ongoing cheers.

Jim Gunt: Highest paid star? He's only been here 2 months! God damnit, CSJ and Max Becker have screwed Jon

Stewart and Evolution!

Mike Rolash: Don't you mean, YOUR Max Becker, Jim? How about Double G, Genius German? He'd have been the highest paid star under St. James anyway! Damnit, I want two CWF contracts!

Jim Gunt: So right next to us here we have our German announce team of Markus Voglmayr and Reinhard Hansen, gentlemen, what is your take on what just happened?

Markus Voglmayr: Definitely not something we expected, but it is awesome to see that Max is getting the most out of it.

Mike Rolash: So how big of a deal is he back in Germany?

Reinhard Hansen: It had made the news that he was coming to CWF after his Japan adventure did not quite work out the way he had planned, but this is definitely going to make headlines, a big day for German wrestling!

Jim Gunt: Thank you gentlemen!

Officials help Jon Stewart and help tidy the ring as C\$J back tracks the entrance ramp, applauding Max Becker and throwing the occasional fist bump. Max Becker, or, as he wants to be now known, YOUR Max Becker, remains in the ring for the upcoming three vs. three tag match taunting the crowd, all of whom are chanting 'YOUR MAX BECKER!' over and over again.

Mike Munson, Scourge, Quentin Scarboro vs. KC3, Max Becker, Silas Artoria

Match

Ray Douglas is still in the ring, ready to go for the next match.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the next match is a three-on-three tag team match between six of the eight participants in our upcoming Paramount Grand Prix. First up representing the Veteran Division, at a combined weight of 752 lbs, and already in the ring, from Cologne, Germany, the Backbone of Cologne - MAX BECKER!

The crowd cheers the big German again after the tumultuous signing ceremony,

Ray Douglas: Next to the ring, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, the Psychotic Aristocrat - SILAS ARTORIA!

"Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red starts to play and the entrance lights up in dark blue light illuminating the billowing fog.

Mike Rolash: It still feels wrong to have Simply Red at a wrestling show.

Silas steps out from backstage in his best evening robe, looking even more aristocratic than usual, with a crown being the only missing element. After casting a haughty look across the rabid CWF fan crowd, he gracefully glides down the ramp towards the stage, ascending the stairs and climbing through the ropes, giving Max a somewhat disdainful look.

Jim Gunt: Silas' success story is a bit of a train wreck of late, whereas Autumn has been soaring, he has been going through the dumps again, let's see how this match is going to treat him as a precursor to the Paramount Grand Prix.

The intro to "Run This Town" by Jay-Z ft. Kanye West & Rihanna fills the arena as the lights go off and on, matching the beat to the song. Rihanna's voice fills the arena.

Feel it comin' in the air (Yeah)

And the screams from everywhere (Yeah)

I'm addicted to the thrill (I'm ready)

It's a dangerous love affair (What's up, c'mon)

Can't be scared when it goes down

Got a problem, tell me now (What's up)

Only thing that's on my mind (Whats up)
Is who's gonna run this town tonight (What's up)
Is who's gonna run this town tonight (What's up)
We gonna run this town

KC3 comes out from the back as Jay-Z's verse begins, rocking his head to the beat of the music for a few seconds before making his way down the ramp. After struts his way down to the end of the ramp, he stops again to take in the music a little more.

Ray Douglas: And the last member for his team, introducing, from Loveladies, New Jersey... "The Next Generation God"... K... C... 3!!!

KC3 slides into the ring and runs the ropes a few times, stopping in the middle of the ring to bounce a couple of more times before his music cuts out.

Jim Gunt: KC3 has really been carving his own niche in CWF of late.

Mike Rolash: The one as an arrogant prick, yes.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, unfortu--

Mike Rolash: And I like it!

Ray Douglas: First to the ring as the team representing the Rookie Division, at a combined weight of 924 lbs, first off hailing from Buffalo, New York, he is the Alaskan Juggernaut - MIKE MUNSON!

The arena lights pulse on and off and on and off, and so on and so forth as the stage is set for the next match. Quick to follow, a metal riff starts up and pure, uncensored, unadulterated hard rock floods the arena airwaves. Flashing strobe lights surround the entryway, changing colors with rapid succession. Orange. Blue. Yellow. Red. White. Darkness.

ONE!TWO!THREE!FOUR!

Yellow and blues flares pop off right as Saliva's "Survival of the Sickest" brings the crowd to life. Amidst the neon clusterfuck happening at the entryway, a massive silhouette appears with a fist raised overhead.

I'm a roller

I'm a rider

I'm the number one motherfuckin' survivor

The lights break, flashing on as that potty-mouth slogan 'FUCKIN' SURVIVOR' cuts over the PA, giving everyone a good glimpse of the shadow's owner and his BAD ASS MUSTACHE. The Buffalo Brawler steps forward and pumps his fists into the air repeatedly, once again, for bonding purposes with all the itty bitty best friends in attendance. That's his cue to sprint down to the ring, leaping onto the apron and swinging his massive leg over the top rope as the music fades out and things return to normal around the arena.

Ray Douglas: Second on the team, from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, The American Thoroughbred - QUENTIN SCARBORO!

The arpeggiated guitar intro of AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" pierces the silence and Quentin Scarboro steps through the curtains, both arms in the air. The heaviest member of his team, the former football offensive guard slowly walks down the ramp, clapping the hands of a few fans that despite probably never having heard of him are happy to have had contact with one of the wrestlers. As he reaches the ring he walks up the stairs and climbs to the top turnbuckle to strike a pose for the fans.

Ray Douglas: And completing Team Rookie, hailing from Parts Unknown, he is the Alpha of the Omega - SCOURGE!

The lights in the arena dim as the opening notes of Mourning Ritual's "Bad Moon Rising" ring out in the arena. The aisle fills with smoke as a giant silhouette appears within it. As the smoke billows away, the monster known as Scourge walks methodically to the ring. Once he reaches the ring, he leaps from the floor to the apron, setting the posts ablaze. He then steps over the top rope and waits for the bell with an eerie calmness about him.

Jim Gunt: I must say that this is one impressive looking trio, with Quentin Scarboro being the shortest guy at 6'4...

Mike Rolash: Yes, a team right after my tastes!

Jim looks over at his colleague.

Jim Gunt: With every passing week I worry more about you, Mike.

Mike Rolash: What? Why?

Jim Gunt: Nevermind. Now it is rare we see such a dramatic difference in height and size, Max is the only saving grace for our veterans, who are still outweighed by a combined 172 lbs here!

Mike Rolash: Yes, once they take out Max, it will be pancake time!

Jim Gunt: Seriously? You have problems!

Mike Rolash: Do I? What about you?

Jim Gunt: Yes, I have problems, too, and one of them is sitting right here next to me!

Mike looks over to the Spanish announce table.

Mike Rolash: Sorry, Gabriel, Jimmy can be a little insensitive sometimes, I'll talk to the boss to get him some counseling.

Gabriel bursts out laughing while Jim looks at his partner with an incredulous look on his face.

Jim Gunt: Hi pot! Found your kettle yet?

Mike Rolash: Sorry, Jim, I don't cook.

Gabriel Mendoza: El esta loco...

Jim visibly has to restrain himself from throttling his colleague.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Team Rookie is on the same page here, with Scourge taking the first shift, so to say, but our veterans do not seem to be as in sync.

Mike Rolash: No, not at all, they seem to be arguing among each other more than actually getting ready for the match, I hope that does not spell doom right from the get go.

Referee Nick McArthur urges the veteran team to make their selection and get going, but amidst all the arguing between mostly KC3 and the other two, they ignore the young rookie referee standing on the apron.

Mike Rolash: That's what happens, if you assign a nobody like this as referee.

Jim Gunt: Well, they have to start somewhere. And last week he did a pretty good job. But looks like KC3 is the one starting off.

He enters the ring, however instead of walking up to Scourge or waiting for the bell to ring, he takes a run-up and goes for a drop kick against Max Becker, sending the big German flying off the apron and into the barricade.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is happening here?

Mike Rolash: I'm not sure, but maybe he did not get the memo that they are on the same team?

Jim Gunt: If he handles memos like you do, he probably did not.

Scourge retreats into his corner, waiting for whatever is happening to blow over as KC3 headbutts a stunned Silas.

Jim Gunt: What on earth...? He's holding on to Silas and STUN GUN off the apron! This is turning into a massacre here!

Mike Rolash: And now he follows it up with a suicide dive on a just rising Silas, holy hell!

He connects directly with Silas as he is getting to his feet after the surprising attack, slamming him neck first into the barricades. After another kick to the almost lifeless Canadian, he lands one more enzuigiri on Max before grabbing a microphone off the timekeeper's desk.

KC3: See you all in the Grand Prix and good luck!

With that he throws the microphone on the ground and walks off and up the ramp.

Jim Gunt: OK, this is one of the most uncoordinated match openings I have ever witnessed. And I am not exactly sure how we are going to proceed here.

Mike Rolash: Well, Max is kind of moving down there and Nick is calling for the bell!

The rookie team is still looking somewhat confused, but referee McArthur is starting to count out the remaining veterans!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: This could be one of the shortest matches we've ever had as well.

THREE!

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: Well, at least Max is getting to his feet now.

FIVE!

SIX!

Jim Gunt: And he is in! Silas is still out cold on the side there, but let's see what Scourge has to offer in his first ever CWF match!

Not wasting any time, Scourge takes a full run on towards Max, who is just straightening out in the corner and a full body avalanche hits the unsuspecting Max, who staggers out of the corner and right into the waiting arms of the Alpha of the Omega.

Mike Rolash: Good lord, that powerslam shook the foundations of the arena!

Jim Gunt: Yes, Max is not in a good spot here, Silas useless outside, KC3 walked out after knocking out both men, I would not want to be him right now.

Mike Rolash: I would not want to be him, period...

Jim Gunt: I'm sure the feeling is mutual.

Scourge walks over to his corner and tags in Mike Munson, who steps over the ropes and as Scourge lifts Max to his feet comes in with a clothesline that shakes Max, but does not bring him down.

Mike Rolash: Wow, most men would have been levelled by this!

Jim Gunt: Oh absolutely, but look at this, Max has more life in him, he just reversed that whip-in and that shoulder block was monstrous!

Being the heaviest man in the match, Max is using his bulk to send Munson sprawling, buying him a bit of time to catch his breath. As the Buffalo Brawler is getting to his feet again, Max is motioning for him to come at him and the New Yorker is obliging, coming at him with some hesitation, which is enough for the wily German to move in, grab Mike and hurl him over his head with a picture perfect belly to belly suplex.

Jim Gunt: Very nice delivery here and look over there, Silas is alive!

Max seems to have heard this, as he, too, looks over to Silas, who has come to and is using the barricade to lift himself back to his feet. The Backbone of Cologne calls his name and motions for him to come up and join the match, but the Aristocrat just looks at the hulking German with wide eyes and after looking at the three large men in their opposition makes a declining hand sign and holding on to the barricades starts to make his way towards the ramp.

Mike Rolash: Another one walking out. This is turning into a handicap match.

Jim Gunt: I wouldn't be so sure, Mike.

After seeing Munson stir, Max goes for a quick elbow drop between the shoulder blade of the Buffalo man and exits the ring behind Silas. He grabs his teammate, yanks him back and before he can say or do anything, grabs him, lifts him up over his head and throws him into the ring!

Jim Gunt: I guess Max won't let Silas off this easily!

He climbs back into the ring, drags Silas into their corner, puts the tag rope into the groggy Canadian's hand and slaps him on the shoulder. Referee Nick McArthur indicates that this is considered a tag.

Jim Gunt: Oh boy, this is not looking good for Silas, Max just gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder and now HE is the one walking up the ramp, abandoning Silas as well!

Mike Rolash: I think that Silas is in more trouble than you would think, Mike just managed to tag in Quentin Scarboro and the smile on this man's face is telling!

And indeed the Pennsylvanian is smiling and is animating the crowd to get to their feet.

Jim Gunt: He's taking the three-point stance, that is a baaaad omen for Silas. And that spear into the corner almost breaks Silas in half!

Mike Rolash: And now he tags in Scourge and Mike is coming as well, this is the end of the Silas as we know it...

Quentin grabs Silas and pushes him into the middle of the ring, where Mike takes a run and hits Silas with his CHUMP BUSTER! Iariat that turns Silas inside out before Scourge picks him up, Quentin picks him up and slams him with his Pancakeplex!

Jim Gunt: There is only so much punishment a man can take, now Scourge with the Darkness Falls and the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winners by pinfall - Quentin Scarboro, Scourge and Mike Munson!

Jim Gunt: This was a weird match!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I actually feel sorry for Silas, he did not stand a chance. At first taken out by KC3, then thrown into the ring by Max and then against these three tall handsome men...

Jim Gunt: I am not sure, who thought it was a good idea to put people that will fight each other for a title into the same team, I mean, KC3 obviously did not care about winning this, but only about weakening his opposition and Max clearly had enough, too.

Comfort Zone

Match

The scene switches to the front lobby of the Oracle Arena, where a protective mask wearing Duce Jones, is seen standing with his pregnant girlfriend, Sierra, his two little sisters, stepmother and father, Krayzie. The crew patiently wait as soon Byron Kaliban steps onto the scene.

Byson Kaliban: FAM-LAYYYYY!

Duce Jones: Can't believe I let y'talk me into dis bullshit. Y'know I don't wanna be seen in public right now. And front row? T'fuck is dat shit bout?

Byson only grins as he looks around to each family member.

Byson Kaliban: So this is what the shit comes down to. Freddie is going to be outnumbered and he may need some backup. Especially with Jarvis not being here.

Duce Jones: Y'kno damn well, I'm not cleared to compete. And I'm damn sho not taking a chance of splittin' my shit wide open again here tonight.

Byson Kaliban: Bro, it's nothing like that, I'm sure the match will be one on one. However after that bell sounds, you never know what type of mood they'll be in.

Byson begins to sinisterly smile and laugh as everyone just stares at him. Noticing this, he quickly gets himself together.

Duce Jones: T'fuck was dat bout?

Byson Kaliban: Wha.. awe that...? Nothing, look bro, I've got everything all under control... So you guys get to y'all seats and enjoy the show. Get comfortable because tonight's the night!

Duce Jones: When I'm round yo ass... I'm never comfortable.

Byson Kaliban: Well maybe it's time to step out of your comfort zone.

Byson turns and walks away in an instant, a mischievous smile plastered on his face. Rubbing his mask out of reflex Duce turns to join his family as they make their way to their seats.

Duce Jones: Hope he's right...

Krayzie: Me too...

Duce Jones: These seats gonna suck ass tho', can't even smoke at ringside.

Duce's father simply laughs as they finally walk through the entrance that leads into the arena.

Ataxia vs. Dan Ryan

Match

Jim Gunt: Welcome back and good to see Duce is back, kind of.

Mike Rolash: Yes, hopefully we'll be able to see him back in a CWF ring again soon. But what an odd match that was before the break, if you can really call it a match.

Jim Gunt: I guess we can view it as a preview of the Paramount Grand Prix, which promises to be a really intense affair, picking up right where this tournament is at.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is a SEMI FINAL BOUT IN THE MODERN WARFARE TOURNAMENT!

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of Smashing Pumpkins' "Zero" plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Impulse's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Bronson Box.

"My reflection, dirty mirror
There's no connection to myself
I'm your lover, I'm your zero
I'm the face in your dreams of glass
So save your prayers
For when we're really gonna need 'em
Throw out your cares and fly
Wanna go for a ride?"

The CWF Tron continues to flash moments of Ryan's recent Modern Warfare matches as he pulls himself up onto the apron, watching them for a brief moment. He smiles as he watches Zach Van Owen tap out in the middle of the ring, before nodding his head and entering. The fans packed into the Oracle Arena give Ryan a nice reception, having seen him defeat some of the very best competitors in the game to get to this point.

Ray Douglas: First, hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds! He is the Ego Buster....DAN RYAN!!

Ryan walks directly to the nearest turnbuckle and climbs it, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.

Jim Gunt: Well Mike, it is time for our first of two semi final matches in the Modern Warfare tournament!

Mike Rolash: My personal favorite to win the whole thing is already in the ring.

Jim Gunt: I believe you've changed your pick every single round now...

Mike Rolash: Yeah but Dan Ryan is going against Ataxia, he just HAS to win!

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

"AHAHAHAHHAAAAHAHAHAHA"

Mike Rolash immediately jumps out of his pants as "Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play. Ataxia enters the arena wearing his cloak of raven feathers, top hat, cane, and raven mask over his usual bag like mask. Ataxia spins the cane around and high fives fans as he walks down the ringside area. He leaps into the ring and whips off the cloak. He takes off the mask and hat, handing them over to a ring attendant. Dan Ryan looks on from the other side of the ring in disgust as Ataxia unrobes.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, he is the Messiah Pariah....ATAXIA!!

Mike Rolash: Please don't say that name!

Jim Gunt: I believe you're going to have to come face to face with your biggest fear here tonight, Mike, as Ataxia is just one match away from making it to the finals of Modern Warfare. If he can get through Dan Ryan here, he has a date with either the Shadow or Cheshire for the World Heavyweight Championship.

Mike Rolash: Not gonna happen, Jimmy. Can you see the look on the Ego Buster's face? He's not intimidated by the mind games of the bagged freak.

Jim Gunt: Oh so he's not a complete chicken like you?

Inside the ring head official Trent Robbins is about as ready as he's going to get to officiate this one, with the veteran official done checking both men for any weapons and going over the rules of the semi final match - he calls for the bell. The sold out crowd within the Oracle Arena gives a brief cheer as this high stakes match begins with Ataxia immediately running forward and leaping up for a V-Trigger Knee. But the wily Dan Ryan sidesteps the quick attack, going behind Ataxia and pulling him right to the canvas with a Release German Suplex.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia came out of the gates hot, but the ring technician Dan Ryan was ready for him.

Mike Rolash: The Ego Buster has been around the sport of wrestling for a long time. He may have never come face to face with someone as...like...Ataxia, but I'm sure he's faced many a freaks in his time.

Jim Gunt: But no one is quite like Ataxia, and I think you know better than anybody don't you, Mike?

Mike Rolash: That's for damn sure, and thank god. If there were more than one of him I think I'd go clinically insane!

With the Messiah Pariah back up to his feet, he makes eye contact with Ryan through the mask, the Ego Buster simply staring back at him with a slight smirk on his face. Ryan mouths the words "bring it", and Ataxia gets right up to do just that.

Jim Gunt: Here we go again, Ataxia runs at Dan Ryan at full speed looking to take him out with a Spear, but Ryan leaps right over him. Ataxia shoulder blocks the turnbuckles!

Mike Rolash: Ryan has a counter for everything the masked moron has to offer here tonight. What did I tell you, Jim, this guy's our next World Champion!

Jim Gunt: That remains to be seen, but he's clearly done his homework on his semi final opponent. Ataxia may be a hard egg to crack, but Ryan is one step ahead of him so far.

Coming out of the corner, Ataxia once again looks for an offense just to be taken back down from an arm drag. Dan Ryan continues to work on the right arm of Ataxia, turning his forearm backward behind his back and pulling it to its full extent. Shrieking out in pain, the Messiah Pariah quickly pops his legs up and twists around, getting his arm free and shooting Ryan into the ropes. Sky High Dropkick hits its mark and Ryan is down! Ataxia is not resting on his laurels after finally accomplishing his first successful attack however, quickly climbing onto the chest of Ryan before he can get to his feet and swinging down wild right and left hands.

Jim Gunt: It didn't take long for the Messiah Pariah to snap, Mike!

Mike Rolash: The man is one signature off from heading to an insane asylum, and I would love to sign off for that!

With Dan Ryan's hands in the air doing his best attempt at blocking the rapid fire shots from Ataxia, the Messiah Pariah decides to change it up by taking his hands and grabbing onto those of Ryan, propping himself up into the air into a vertical position before dropping right back down.

Jim Gunt: Double Foot Stomp to the chest of Ryan!

Mike Rolash: Oh no, the bagman is picking up some momentum here...

Jim Gunt: Yessir, and now he's heading towards the rising Egobuster. Missile Dropkick!

After his quick flurry of offense, the Messiah Pariah appears far from finished as he drags the legs of Ryan around the ring, grabbing ahold of the chest of his semi final opponent to place him into a seated position in the corner. But Ryan is able to fight back before making it there, grabbing ahold of Tax and pulling him down with an unorthodox spin-down Belly to Belly Suplex. Dan Ryan pulls the Bagman back in as soon as he is back to his feet, executing another perfect Belly to Belly.

Jim Gunt: The veteran is back on the offense now, Mike, and can you believe the man? He just grinded his boot down in the face of Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: Well not really face, mask...

Jim Gunt: You get the point, Dan Ryan is showing absolutely no respect to the Messiah Pariah and I guess why should we be surprised? The man has put himself in another class over the entire CWF roster ever since his arrival in Modern Warfare.

Mike Rolash: Can you blame the man? The Ego Buster is simply better than the rest of the 'competition' here.

Jim Gunt: If you think the competition is so bad here in CWF, Mike, why the hell are you still at this job after so many years?

Mike Rolash: Sometimes I wonder. But my job will be a hell of a lot easier to handle, I assure you, when Dan Ryan puts the bagged freak down once and for all. I thought Ripper had him dead and buried, but he just doesn't go away!

Ryan is ready for the embarrassed Ataxia to get to his feet, not even allowing him to fully fix the mask over his head before pulling him chest to chest once again.

Jim Gunt: OVERHEAD Belly to Belly Suplex!

Mike Rolash: Screw Kendo, Dan Ryan is a Suplexing Machine!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia could be finished just like that, as Ryan is going for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: No, Ryan doesn't even allow the full three count as he just pulled Ataxia up out of the cover himself!?

Mike Rolash: I'm not sure about that strategy, Jim.

Jim Gunt: It looks to be a smart one to me, as the Ego Buster has Ataxia up ready to deliver some even more permanent damage.

Placing the Messiah Pariah's head between his legs, Dan Ryan cracks his neck back and forth, grinning as the capacity crowd send in a mixed response of cheers and boos his way. Ryan with the double underhook.

Jim Gunt: Double Underhook Pil-No! Ataxia reverses it, Back Body Drop!

Mike Rolash: NOO!

Jim Gunt: Yes! The Messiah Pariah is measuring up Ryan for a Suplex of his own. ER STAT! He just smashed Dan into the corner with that nasty German!

Mike Rolash: And he's going for the cover, come on Dan, you got this!

ONE!

TW-

Dan Ryan with a hard kickout at two and the match continues. Ataxia turns his head to his opponent from a seated

position, god only knows what is running through the psychopath's mind until he crawls over to him, biting him in the cheek through the mask! Ryan squirms around in pain as Ataxia goes back to a seated position, cackling that trademark laugh as the fans cheer aloud!

Jim Gunt: Well that's one way to get in the "head" of your opponent.

Mike Rolash: By eating his face?

Jim Gunt: Hey, if it works it works. And by the looks of the cut on the side of Dan Ryan's face, I think it may have worked.

A running knee stops Dan Ryan from getting off his hands and feet, as Ataxia directly targets the open cut on his cheek. He stomps down on the same spot, but Ryan is quick to continue to roll, making it all the way out of the ring before putting his hand up to his face. The Ego Buster wipes at the blood, looking down at it in disgust as Ataxia watches him from the ring laughing once again.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: See what I mean, Mike, Ataxia is definitely in the head of Dan Ryan now.

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Or maybe the man is just taking a breather? Maybe you'd know that if you were actually in a professional wrestling match before.

Ryan paces back and forth, collecting himself outside the ring. Duce Jones gets out of his seat at ringside, a brief staredown happening between the two.

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Very interesting interaction here between Jones and Ryan. Also...lasting less than a minute in a couple of Golden Intentions rumbles before ceremoniously being thrown out doesn't exactly qualify as 'having been in a wrestling match', to me.

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: Well that's because you're an idiot, Jim.

Ataxia has had enough of the self-imposed break from his opponent, rolling out of the ring to meet Ryan who is more than ready for him, taking him down as soon as he comes out with a running clothesline. The side of Ataxia's head snaps back awkwardly onto the apron, causing Trent Robbins to stop his count and roll out of the ring to check on the former CWF commissioner. Ryan pushes the official out of the way though, telling him to stay out of his way before motioning downward for an Elbow Drop to Tax's head.

Mike Rolash: Look who's getting in the 'head' of their opponent now, Jim. By the end of this one these two guys may have to go through concussion tests.

Jim Gunt: And the worst part is is that this is only the semi finals! Whoever comes out of this one on top still has the most important match of the entire tournament to go, as they go up against the winner of the Shadow and Cheshire in our Modern Warfare pay per view main event!

Mike Rolash: Dan Ryan is not being very receptive to the warnings of Trent Robbins, I wish more of these wrestlers would put these officials in their place like this. I love the authority that the Ego Buster is showing!

Jim Gunt: He is really working on what could be the now injured head of Ataxia. Despite Robbins trying to interject, Ryan smashes Tax's head against the steel turnbuckle post, and then sends him down on those VERY thin mats outside with a Neckbreaker!

The official gets in the face of Dan Ryan as he once again goes to lift up Ataxia, the face of Robbins getting a brighter and brighter shade of red as he scolds the Ego Buster. Knowing that he may have pressed one too many buttons with the head referee, Ryan raises his hands in the air, walking right by Jones before he makes his way back into the wrestling ring. Robbins shakes his head back and forth, deciding that the stakes of this match are far too important to disqualify the man yet, instead going back to check on Ataxia.

Jim Gunt: The Messiah Pariah is somehow pulling himself back to his feet, Mike, and he is reassuring head referee Trent Robbins that he is good to go!

Mike Rolash: He's crazier than even I thought.

A woozy Messiah Pariah is barely able to stand on two feet, but with help of the bottom rope he is able to hold himself together enough for Trent Robbins to allow him to continue. He rolls into the ring where the shark is already awaiting his prey.

Jim Gunt: KINSHASA!

Mike Rolash: That knee just knocked the bagman into oblivion! IT'S OVER!

Ataxia has been turned absolutely inside out, but Ryan is able to straighten him out and pull him away from the ropes, dropping down for the cover as half the fans in the arena count along.

ONE!

TWO!

T-ATAXIA KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: It could have been over there, Mike, if Ryan would have only hooked the legs of Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: I'm not sure if hooking the legs would have helped, or if Ataxia just kicked out out of pure instinct. As screwed up as the man is, maybe all these head shots have knocked him normal?

Jim Gunt: We'll see if you're right with that assessment, because Ryan is about to drop Ataxia on his head yet again. BRAINBUSTER!

Mike Rolash: And he's going right back to the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia kicks out again, but you gotta think that every time he gets out of those pinfall attempts that he's expending a ton of energy.

Mike Rolash: And that's why Dan Ryan is the in-ring psychologist that he is, Jim. He's a freaking genius!

Staying right on his opponent, the Ego Buster pulls him up by his bag masked face, tucking it underneath his right armpit and pulling him back. Dragon Sleeper! Ryan has the Dragon Sleeper locked in, and Ataxia can do nothing to stop it! He pulls back on the head of the Messiah Pariah, putting major pressure on his back, neck, and head among other strategic places. Trent Robbins checks on Tax, who at first did his best to fight through the pain and get to his feet, but is now sinking down onto the mat. A proud Ryan looks on at the official, calling him in to check on the consciousness of his opponent.

Jim Gunt: This match could be over here, as Robbins raises Ataxia's arm in the air once. And it falls.

Mike Rolash: Twice, and it falls again!

The sold out crowd watches on wondering if their masked hero will be able to make it, and as Robbins raises his arm

one last time he does! A frustrated Dan Ryan can do nothing but watch on as Ataxia's right arm remains raised in the air, until he turns it to grab Ryan by the shoulder, using his body to push off and 180 right out of the Dragon Sleeper! Ataxia points to his head, laughing, but still barely able to stand on his feet as he nearly drops down to a knee before grabbing onto the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia may think that he has outsmarted the Ego Buster, but the man can't even stand up. Robbins is going to have to think about calling this one before the Messiah Pariah does permanent damage to himself.

Mike Rolash: He's not doing it to himself, Jim, Dan Ryan is the one inflicting all the pain around here. And I don't think the Ego Buster has any qualms about finishing the job that he started, either.

Jim Gunt: He is looking to do just that now. But the Big Splash in the corner misses its mark, as Ataxia moves out of the way in time!

A desperate Messiah Pariah tries to take advantage of the mishap from Dan Ryan, taking him by the head and running up the ropes, nearly falling off of them but still able to come down and hit him with a Tornado DDT! Ataxia rolls over and right back to his feet, leg drop across the neck of Ryan. He remains in that position, striking out with the back of his leg over and over again onto the face and neck of Ryan.

Jim Gunt: That may have reopened the cut Dan Ryan had on his cheek earlier, Mike, you can tell that Ataxia is doing all he can to get back into this thing.

Mike Rolash: It's too little, too late now.

Jim Gunt: We'll see about that, because he's going up top. What is Ataxia thinking here!?

Mike Rolash: Not even god knows.

An incredibly dazed Ataxia does his best to keep his footing atop the ropes, his hands outward on both sides to keep his balance as he awaits for his semi final opponent to get back to his feet. Ryan turns around right as the Messiah Pariah leaps off the top rope.

Jim Gunt: PEACEFUL TOL-NO! Ryan drops down to his stomach, rolling and avoiding would could have been a match ending top rope 360 Kick by Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: Once again, Dan Ryan has an answer to every question that Ataxia poses to him tonight.

Jim Gunt: I hate to say it, Mike, but you're right. Ryan has had the Messiah Pariah's number here tonight, and now he's setting up for the Humility Bomb!

Mike Rolash: YES! No one gets out of this! Oh...damn it!

Jim Gunt: HURRICANRANA! ATAXIA HOLDS ON!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: NOOOO!!!

Ray Douglas: Your winner of this match by pinfall and moving on to the finals of the Modern Warfare Tournament....ATAXIA!!

"Dangerous Tonight" once again plays over the speaker system as Ataxia rolls off an astonished Dan Ryan, getting to his feet to allow Trent Robbins to raise his hand in the air. Ryan slaps the canvas out of pure anger, knowing that one simple counter bested him after having dominated most of the match. He stares at Robbins for a long moment, before

lifting the referee high in the air and tossing him into the third row!

Jim Gunt: Come on now! That's uncalled for! Security is coming out to retrieve Trent Robbins and escort Dan Ryan to the back, and he's clearly going to get fined for this! He gave it his all in the match, but one tiny mistake put it in Ataxia's hands! And now that great showing in Modern Warfare clearly is all for nothing!

Mike Rolash: *sighs* Is this night over yet?...

Great Success

Match

Backstage, we see the Crimson Ghost, though he is just dressed in a far more simple white mask, along with a 'CWF' shirt and track pants. He is sat in a steel folding chair, where it looks like he is nervously anticipating something. He is breathing slowly and deliberately, clearly trying to conquer whatever anxiety he might or might not be facing. He is in the process of untwisting the cap off a water bottle when we hear a door opening beside him and people stepping into this room, and that seems to wake the Ghost up who springs up to meet the Samoan Suplex Machine Kendo, and his Super Manager JT Barrett.

The Crimson Ghost!: Hey, glad you guys are here, I wanted to show-

JT: Crimson Ghost, hey what's going on! Hey, why aren't you dressed for the match?

The Crimson Ghost!: Oh, I'm about to get ready, gear is actually what I wanted to talk to you guys about. So, we're all a team, right?

JT: Yeaah...?

For his part, Kendo with his arms crossed, gives a solid nod and a grunt in approval. Though they are the same size, the Crimson Ghost has just enough of a hunch in his stance and a limp in his step that causes him to look up at the Samoan bruiser as he speaks.

The Crimson Ghost!: So, I was thinking, what if we looked the part? I had a bit of a pow wow with some folk I know down in Louisiana, and got them to design something special for us...take a look.

With this, the masked man pulls free a curtain that he'd managed to hang up while Kendo and JT were still out. It falls, and dressed on two mannequins are two pieces of attire. On one is the Crimson Ghost outfit, though perhaps with a darker shade of red than usual...and a picture of the Samoan Islands in black across the torso. On the other mannequin is a pair of MMA shorts that are the same shade of red as the other outfit. Ghost spins it around, and on the backside of the shorts are the same Samoan Islands. For his part, the masked loon looks back at the pair and holds out his arms.

The Crimson Ghost!: What do you think, eh? Ehhh? We can order more stuff as we want it, different colors, kneepads, whatever we want, but what do you think of the basic idea? We go out there and show we're a unified front, that we're a team that deserves to be here. I even got you a pair of gloves that should be a perfect fit for your huge hands.

Kendo looks over at the mannequins, then at Ghost, glances over at JT then looks back to his tag partner. Carefully pondering, carefully considering his options, finally the human tank that is Kendo snorts, nods slightly in approval, and slaps Ghost's hand in a sudden handshake that shakes the camera from the impact of it. Ghost is grinning under his mask and nodding steadily, liking what he's seeing in the Samoan's eyes.

Kendo: Yeah. Let's do this.

Contractual Obligation

Match

The camera cuts backstage to show "The Australian Submission Machine" Nathan Paradine walking down a hallway

backstage already dressed to compete in his tag team match later in the evening, the CWF Tag Team Championship belt slung over his shoulder. He nods at several members of the backstage crew as he passes them before eventually coming to a door emblazoned with a gold plaque reading JON STEWART. Paradine pauses and takes a deep breath.

Nathan Paradine: Alright, let's do this.

He pushes the door open and enters an office, blinking in surprise at the effort that has gone into the temporary setup. Stewart himself is seated behind his desk, his hands behind his head and a smirk on his face at the sight of one-half of his tag team champions.

Jon Stewart: Close the door, Nathan. Have a seat.

Paradine obliges Stewart, closing the door and sitting down into an opulent leather chair on the opposite side of the desk, letting the tag title slide from his shoulder down into his lap. Both men regard each other carefully for a moment before Stewart leans forward and clears his throat.

Jon Stewart: Nathan, tell me, do you think you're mistreated here in the CWF?

Nathan Paradine: Uh, I'm not sure what you mean-

Jon Stewart: Don't try and play dumb with me, it doesn't suit you. You've had opportunity after opportunity. I even let you enter a title match in your second match here! Not everyone gets that sort of treatment, you know. And you know why I let that happen? Because I respect you.

Nathan Paradine: Um. Well, that's, that's good to know mate... but there's a particular issue I need to talk to you about.

Jon Stewart: I'm assuming this is about the exclusivity contract you signed after Civil War, when you were asked to act as the tag team partner for Tobias Devereaux, right?

Stewart climbs to his feet and approaches a small bar in the corner of the office. He pours himself a drink and offers the bottle to Paradine, who shakes his hand to indicate no. Stewart shrugs, screws the cap back on the bottle and turns to face The Nomad.

Jon Stewart: You're locked into a CWF contract for the next twelve months. You're a Hostility original; one of the few who found the courage to swallow their pride after the disaster at Civil War and decide to stick around for the new iteration. I'm not just going to give up a valuable prize like that to Christopher St. James, am I? You have to understand my position. You need to stay here. You've got a tag team title to defend after all!

Nathan Paradine: I was under the impression that this was temporary, dammit. I only stuck around because I thought I'd be wrestling in Hostility, trying to... I don't know, build the name back up or something. This place, the CWF, it's a carnival of freaks! I don't belong here.

Jon Stewart: Do you think these freaks, as you call them, won't give you the competition you crave?

Nathan Paradine: It's not that... dammit, don't you try and turn this around! You deceived me, and I demand you make it right. Release me from this contract, or I refuse to wrestle. I'll go out there tonight and lay down for Kendo and The Crimson Ghost, I don't care. And I'll do the same for every match you put me into, understand? You'll be throwing your money away.

Jon Stewart: I don't think your pride would allow you to do that, Nathan.

Nathan Paradine: Try me, asshole.

Stewart swirls the liquor in his glass around, before raising it to his lips and drinking deeply. As he lowers the glass he grins at Paradine.

Jon Stewart: You're right, if there's one thing I don't like it's a bad investment. Tell you what. I'm not going to let you out

of your CWF deal... that's fixed no matter what. But I will allow you to wrestle in Hostility as well, if you're so desperate to be there. There will be a condition, of course.

Nathan Paradine: And just what would that be?

Jon Stewart: You're one of my men in Hostility. You'll watch C\$J, every moment you can. You'll tell me what he's up to and if he's going behind my back. I don't want him to pass wind without you knowing about it, understand? Do that, and I'll see what I can do about your contract.

Paradine scowls at Stewart as he mulls over his options. Finally, he throws his arms up into the air.

Nathan Paradine: Jesus Christ, fine! Twice the work for half the money, great. And a spy to boot!

Jon Stewart: Nathan, my friend, I think this could be the start of something beautiful. Now get out of here.

Paradine stands up to leave, throwing the tag title back over his shoulder. As he moves to leave, Stewart drains off his drink and clears his throat.

Jon Stewart: Oh, and Nathan... good luck out there tonight. If you do get any funny ideas about laying down or trying to lose the match, well... I'll show you just what these CWF 'freaks' can do. Got it?

Both Stewart and Paradine stare at each other for a moment. Paradine reaches into the front pocket of his jacket and pulls out his trademark sunglasses, flicking them open and sliding them onto his face.

Nathan Paradine: Got it... mate.

Cut to ringside.

The Shadow (c) vs. Cheshire

Match

Light giggles can be heard as the opening of "Committed" by One Eyed Doll blares out and the fans launch themselves into hysterics as the song continues. No one comes out though as Ray Douglas takes his position in the center of the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing... From Par....

Ray doesn't get a chance to finish as instead of the theatrics, the song fades out only to be replaced by the giggles. "Start Wearing Purple" by Gogol Bordello starts and the fans switch to merciless jeers. The laughter only gets louder.

Ray Douglas: Right, from Parts Unknown.... LO...

Once again the friendly, neighborhood ring announcer is cut off as the laughter intensifies, reaching a fever pitch and the former entrance theme of Loki Synn fades into nothing. Intense and hideous feedback cuts in over the speakers as what used to be quiet giggles have now turned into full blown laughter, in almost a jeering fashion. Finally, "They're Coming to Take Me Away (Ha-Ha!)" by The Butcher Babies plays as the laughter returns in a slightly more tolerable volume. Slightly. Methodically, her movements jerky and sporadic, Cheshire makes her way out onto the stage. At this point Ray has given up and has decided to step back for when his duties are once again needed. For her part Cheshire twists herself around at the waist and drops down, doing an inverted crap walk, scuttling across the stage in fog as she straightens up and makes her way down to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Well, for better or worse, love her or hate her, here comes Cheshire down to the ring to finally allow Shadow a chance to put all the naysayers to rest.

Mike Rolash: Is there any way I could just bow out? Cheshire creeps me out to the point I almost prefer Shadow's red haired lackey. How is her name pronounced?

Myfanwy: It's Myfanwy.

Mike Rolash: Thank you.

Suddenly Mike stops dead in watching Cheshire making it to the ring and pausing to contemplate her surroundings through her mask. He turns slowly in his chair, his eyes wide with fear as he turns to come face to face with Myfanwy. She smiles sweetly at him, pats him lightly on the head, and heads over to what can only be assumed to be Shadow's soon to be corner as Mike keeps his eyes on her. He turns back to get back to the match at hand only to come face to face with...

Cheshire.

She laughs in or at his face, speculation at this point but either one would work in this situation and pushes him roughly backwards. Blowing him a kiss she walks backward until she hits the ring apron lightly. Her mask never leaves Mike Rolash's now terrified visage as she reaches up and pulls herself onto the apron using the ropes to lift herself up. With another cackle she flips over the top rope and finally heads to referee Clark Summits who cautiously advises her of the rules of the match.

Jim Gunt: Well, I guess it can only be assumed that Cheshire is listening with rapt... Mike are you ok?

Mike Rolash is pale as a ghost as he starts to hyperventilate. Scaring announcers is bad for their health, who knew? Jim snickers as Mike looks desperately underneath the desk for some sort of hidey hole. He looks longingly at it as Cheshire takes her corner and Myfanwy keeps a watchful eye on her. Cheshire looks unimpressed as her attentions are on the entrance ramp, Shadow's red headed vixen the least of her concerns.

The lights go down and the sound of sirens fills the arena, accompanied with radio chatter. Pounding military drums set in and dark red flood lights begin to circle around the arena. As the guitar melody of Crimson Glory's "March to Glory" sets in, The Shadow steps through the curtains to a cheer of the crowd. He raises his staff into the air and as he brings it down, the four ring posts erupt in fire as he marches down the ramp without paying any heed to anybody around him, his eyes fixed upon Cheshire in the ring. Cheshire claps sarcastically as Ray Douglas makes the announcement that Shadow is on the way to the ring. However, he could have just stayed silent at this point as the fans have reached a fever pitch in cheering for their obvious choice in winner. As Shadow makes it to the ring, Cheshire sits on the second rope, offering to help Shadow into the ring. He ignores her offer and instead moves to the side Myfanwy is standing on, patiently waiting. She takes his cloak, staff, and championship, handing it over to the stagehands to put in the appropriate spot for the duration. Her eyes widen in surprise as Cheshire lunges at Shadow, then stops, emitting the creepy giggle that she has become known for before retreating to her corner. Shadow looks unimpressed as Clark Summits looks about as scared as Mike Rolash was a second ago.

Mike Rolash: That's it, DQ Cheshire and end this match now. I don't know who I want to win this, I just want this nightmare to be over with. Please?

He looks over to Jim, a pleading look in his eyes.

Jim Gunt: Not my call I'm afraid. Looks like we're about to get things underway though as Summits calls for the bell!

However, before Clark can raise his arm to make the signal, he is interrupted by the sounds of "Yes" by LMFAO playing on the loudspeakers. The screen above the entrance ramp flickers to life and the one and only owner of the CWF, Leader of the Hostile, Mr. #1derful himself, Christopher St. James appears on the screen as the music fades.

C\$J: I'm sorry to interrupt. I know this is an important match for everyone, but I'm afraid I have to make one little addendum that has no bearing at all on the match itself, but serves my needs a bit more; which of course is the most important thing right now. So, with that said, we all know that in two days time, February 14th arrives, couples everywhere will be showing their better halves how much they love each other before going back to their mundane,

everyday life where they could care less about the other's existence. With this in mind, I have reached out and secured a broadcast team for Hostility: ReAwakened, and I'm here to announce that the beloved duo of Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are exempt from the inaugural Hostility Draft.

The announcement elicits cheers from the crowd and a look of relief befalls Mike Rolash. Before much joy can be felt though, C\$J finishes his speech.

C\$J: WITH that in mind and in the spirit of introducing my handpicked team, I'd like to introduce you all to them. Not only will you get to meet them, you will get a chance to know them as they will be taking over commentary for this match. Jim, Mike; you are dismissed until you are once again needed. Without further ado I give to you all... TANNER GRAVES AND LUCAS GREENE!

The fans pop at the last name as a young man, about twenty-five comes out in a nice crisp suit. He looks all business as he smiles and waves confidently out at the crowd. The crowd however, isn't paying him any attention as they look desperately for Lucas Greene. They don't have long to wait though as finally, Lucas emerges from the backstage area, a cloud of smoke wafting behind him as he puts his joint behind his ear. His messy hair is tied back into an even messier ponytail and the suit he has chosen is wrinkled in several places. Miscellaneous stains cover his shirt, but no one notices as they all cheer for him. He slaps hands with a couple fans as he and Tanner make their way down to the announce table, Shadow and Cheshire paying little attention to either as they are both solely focused on the other. Summits makes a motion to them to hurry it up, fearing for his life once the match starts.

Mike Rolash: This! This is preposterous! That stoner low life has no business behind this table and... And...

He doesn't have a chance to respond as Lucas has arrived on the scene, rolls his eyes, and offers Rolash a high five. Rolash crosses his arms and stands up instead, stomping his way around the table and shouting before heading up the ramp like a child who was just told to go to time out.

Mike Rolash: Neither of you better adjust my seat!

The three other men shrug as Jim congratulates both of them, shaking their hands warmly and following his broadcast partner to the back.

Lucas Greene: Man, I'm telling you. That Rolash one needs to take a chill pill, maybe a puff or two on a good joint. I could hook him up...

Tanner Graves: Perhaps talking about illicit substances on the air isn't the best idea?

Lucas Greene: Illicit? Nah man, there's nothing x-rated about weed. It's good for what ails you!

Tanner Graves: What? No, that's not what "illi.."

This time it is Tanner interrupted as Clark Summits calls for the bell and this one is under way! Cheshire roars and runs at Shadow, gaining a full head of steam and colliding with the World Champion in the middle of the ring. She pelts him with rights and lefts, her rage overtaking her as Shadow goes down to a knee from the reigning blows. Cheshire roars again, this time out to the crowd, stomping around to gain the fans approval. The moment of distraction proves costly though as Shadow stands up, waits for a moment, much like a snake coiled to strike, and delivers a picture perfect European uppercut, from his kneeling position that forces Cheshire to take several steps back!

Tanner Graves: Picture perfect European uppercut gets Shadow right back into the swing of things after enduring that opening assault from Cheshire!

Lucas Greene: Right you are Tanner! But do you really see me pee? That's awkward and kind of concerning...

Tanner gives Lucas a sideways look as Shadow follows Cheshire into a corner and stands up on the second rope, looking to deliver some punches of his own onto Cheshire! Before he can land the first one though, Cheshire slips out

from under Shadow, grabbing Shadow by the foot in the process and yanking as hard as she can, causing Shadow to fall forward, face first into the top turnbuckle! He goes down to the mat hard as Cheshire pauses to consider her options.

Lucas Greene: Smooth move by Cheshire. That had to of rocked Shadow's world!

Tanner Graves: It couldn't have felt very good at all. I understand that you have experience in the ring Lucas, any thoughts on who you see winning this match?

Lucas Greene: I can't see Cheshire winning without a massive fight from Shadow. I don't see Shadow winning without Cheshire being tranq'd. Should be interesting to say the least, but I don't remember if I've been in the ring with either of them.

Tanner nods in agreement to Lucas'... Wisdom, as Cheshire lays a couple boots onto Shadow. Picking him up she launches him into the opposite corner, following him close behind, and kneeing him in the gut as soon as he makes impact! She repeats the process to the opposite side, forcing the wind out of him even more before wrapping her arms around him, dancing him around in a bear hug, and then delivering a brutal belly to belly suplex that drives the wind out of Shadow even more! Cheshire goes for the cover and Summits slides in to make the count.

ONE!

Cheshire lifts Shadow's arm up off the mat, breaking her own pin! Summits admonishes the act and the crowd splits between jeering and cheering. Cheshire could care less as she gets to her feet, grabbing Shadow by the head and whipping him into the ropes. She doubles over, expecting to hit a back body drop but it's Shadow who rolls over her back! He runs to the opposite side, bounces back, and delivers a forearm smash right between Cheshire's eyes. Both competitors go down, but Clark doesn't have a chance to start any kind of count as Shadow recovers first.

Tanner Graves: Neither one of these competitors look to be giving an inch! This is certainly going to be a knockout, drag down match from start to finish!

Lucas Greene: I thought this was scheduled as a one fall match, contested under normal rules?

The Weaver of Dreams gets to a knee, holding his midsection and trying to regain his breath. Cheshire rolls out of his reach as she gets to all fours, trying to regain her bearings. Before she can though Shadow is up and running in her direction, striking her down with a dropkick right to the shoulder that Impulse had started work on last week! Cheshire howls in what can only be assumed in pain as she tries to roll out of the ring, creating space between her and her current predator. Shadow has none of this though and catches her on the apron, stunning her with a few punches of his own. He takes note of her shoulder as he focuses a series of blows on it. Cheshire looks to be out on her feet as Shadow seizes the opportunity and grants Cheshire her wish. He runs to the closest corner, leaps to the second rope, regains his balance, and springboards off, hitting Cheshire with a triangle dropkick and sending her to the floor outside! The fans go crazy for the move and Shadow tries to get back to his feet but instead decides the better part of valor in this instance is trying to regain his breath. Clark starts the ten count...

ONE!

TWO!

Tanner Graves: What a beautiful dropkick from Shadow to send Cheshire out of the ring! I wonder how Cheshire will respond?

Lucas Greene: Smart money would probably say by trying to get back into the ring first of all, and then following that up with a couple moves of her own to get back into the match! Yeah, that's what I would do at least.

Tanner Graves: Thanks for your, uhm, "unique" input there Lucas.

THREE!

FOUR!

Shadow gets to his feet after having recovered his breath, going to the side where Cheshire still lays prone on the floor outside.

FIVE!

SIX!

Not one to accept a victory by countout, Shadow slides under the bottom rope and to the floor outside, effectively restarting the count much to the chagrin of Clark Summits.

ONE!

Shadow makes it over to the still prone body of Cheshire and picks her up; only for Cheshire to leap into action, taking Shadow by surprise, lifting him up high above her head in a deadlift, and then dropping him across the barricade, abdomen first! The crowd boos the move as Cheshire rolls into the ring, and then right back out again.

ONE!

TWO!

She picks up the struggling Shadow and lifts him up once again, this time dropping him onto the unforgiving ring apron! The World Champion's face bounces off the unforgiving ring and drops to the ground as Cheshire laughs at his misfortune.

THREE!

FOUR!

Myfanwy comes over to check on Shadow, a concerned look in her eyes as she makes it to the corner and comes face to face with Cheshire; for the first time since Loki stole Ataxia's mask. Cheshire blows the red head a kiss and taps her on the nose before turning and delivering a running knee to Shadow's face just as he sits up!

FIVE!

SIX!

Tanner Graves: You know what just occurred to me? What happens in this tournament in the event of a countout? If Shadow doesn't get back in the ring by the count of ten and Cheshire does, does she win the belt and go on to the finals, or does Shadow retain and move on, even though he technically lost?

Lucas Greene: You had me up until countout man. Everything else was just... Words.

Tanner shakes his head and Cheshire pulls Shadow up and pushes him under the bottom rope. However, as Cheshire follows him into the ring, the champion springs to his feet and runs for the opposite ropes, Cheshire following now. He leaps to the second rope once again looking to take flight with a springboard DDT. Soaring through the air, he turns toward Cheshire, looking for the headlock to bring her down, but is instead met with a PUNCHLINE right into his exposed midsection! Shadow crumples to the ground as Myfanwy hits the ring apron to cheer for The Forsaken leader. Sauntering over, Cheshire gives a half hearted boot to Shadow's face, knocking him down to his back as she laughs. She drags him over to a corner and proceeds up to the top rope.

Tanner Graves: Looks like Cheshire is looking for something big here!

Lucas Greene: Nah, looks like she's just looking to jump off the top rope and hit Shadow with a powerful move. Not sure if that's a wise option on her part though, I don't remember her ever being one to fly.

As evidenced by Lucas' words, Cheshire struggles to get to her feet once she makes it to the top turnbuckle. She tries to steady herself, but is forced to reconsider as Shadow recovers from nowhere and springs to his feet first and then hops to the top turnbuckle to thwart Cheshire! Looking to drive Cheshire down with a Nightfall DDT from the top rope! The fans cheer for the setup but start to boo as Cheshire fights back, hitting Shadow with several headbutts, rocking Shadow and forcing him to rock on his heels. Looking to prevent disaster Shadow grabs at whatever he can, finding Cheshire's mask and pulling as hard as he can to pull himself back up. Her mask starts to come off and it falls to the ground. Getting distracted by the mask, Shadow manages to refocus on his adversary expecting to find himself face to face with Mia...

Only to find himself staring at a picture of The Forsaken, during happier times, Mia and he holding the CWF tag titles, Ataxia in hugging Mia from behind, Dorian with Chloe on his shoulders, and Zach in the background to round it all out. Shadow's eyes widen at the memory and Cheshire uses the momentary distraction to deliver another headbutt, right between the eyes and sending Shadow down hard onto the mat below.

Tanner Graves: That's one way to distract your opponent I guess.

Lucas Greene: Not my opponent. Never wore a mask in my career. The part here that I'm trying to wrap my head around is the mind games Cheshire is employing. It looks like she is taking a leaf from Ataxia's book with that one!

Once again showing her inexperience in the air, Cheshire once again stands up to her full height on the top turnbuckle, unsteady to say the least. With minimal hesitation though, she leaps, windmilling her arms in the air, looking to land on Shadow with a very messy looking splash of some sort. At the very last moment Shadow rolls out of the way, but barely. Instead of Cheshire landing on top of Shadow, she instead manages to somehow land a flying headbutt right to Shadow's right leg! Shadow howls out in pain as Cheshire wraps her arms around her torso, the air having been driven out from her lungs. Pounding the mat, Shadow tries to get his feet under him, but the limp is noticeable. Cheshire manages to make it to her knee as Shadow delivers a punishing knee to her nose for her troubles. She rocks back, holding herself up with one arm before using it to push back, delivering yet another headbutt to Shadow's already banged up leg!

Shadow goes down to a knee, but not without a fight as he delivers a stunning right jab to Cheshire's jaw. In a fit of rage, fire burning bright in his eyes, he rips the picture off Cheshire's mask, tossing it to the side, where it happens to float close to Myfanwy. She sees it and pockets it.

The Shadow: Mark my words, we WILL bring Mia home!

His words drip, not with anger or rage, but with sincere conviction. A leader fighting for his tribe. She snarls back, a noise that can only be compared to a rabid animal as she launches herself at him! The two tumble on the ring, rolling around, and trading blows as well as advantage. Finally it is Shadow that manages to make it to his feet first. He runs to the ropes, grimacing in pain as his leg threatens to give out with every step. Shadow works his way up to a run and while not as impactful as usual, The Hammer of Gods dropkick finds its mark, knocking a recovering Cheshire flat onto her face! He doesn't have a chance to celebrate though as Cheshire pounds the mat with her fists and gets to all fours, refusing to lay down!

Cheshire: NOT YET!

She screams, her words betraying her usual composure as rage takes over. She launches herself at Shadow who is ready for her. He springs to the second rope he is closest to, having moved to it to hold himself up, and hits Cheshire with a springboard version of the Nightfall DDT! He rolls Cheshire over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Tanner Graves: NO! Cheshire managed to kick out at the very last second!

Lucas Greene: This chick is the epitome of tough. I'm honestly not sure how Shadow will be able to take her down and keep her there.

To answer Lucas' question Shadow looks to be prepared for this. He motions for Cheshire to get to her feet as she struggles to roll to all fours. Limping, he proceeds over to the corner, keeping his eyes on Cheshire. Using the ropes he pulls himself up to the second rope, pauses, and moves up to the top. Taking a deep and steadying breath, he manages to stand up straight, wavering little, as he watches Cheshire finally make it to her feet. She turns and before she can respond, he launches himself at her, taking her down with another Hammer of Gods dropkick, this time with it being delivered from the top turnbuckle! The fans are on their feet cheering the move.

THIS IS AWESOME!

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP, CLAP, CLAP.

LET'S GO SHADOW!

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP, CLAP, CLAP!

Tanner Graves: The fans are loving this and who can blame them for such a high impact match! Shadow is pulling out all the stops and this one has to be close to over!

Lucas Greene: Bold move by Cheshire, laying in wait and letting Shadow hit such a move. Let's see how it plays out for her.

Tanner can only shake his head as Shadow crawls to make the cover. He is holding his leg in obvious pain as he makes his way over to the fallen Cheshire, who was propelled to the opposite corner, not moving. He pulls her away and collapses onto her, making the cover but not hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE...

NO!

Summits stops the count, noticing that Cheshire has managed to get her leg on the bottom rope! Shadow can barely believe it as she softly emits a soft noise. He gets closer to hear her and she pulls her mask off to reveal the face of Mia Rayne, smiling and laughing at the frustrated look on The Weaver of Dream's face. Cheshire rolls to the outside, Shadow checking with Clark to see if she managed to get her foot on the ropes before the three count. Clark confirms and Shadow moves out to the apron to continue the match. With a look of surprise, before he makes it to the ground outside he already sees Cheshire making it to her feet, using the apron to support herself. He looks to Myfanwy and she nods before he gets a running start and dives, hitting Cheshire with yet another Nightfall DDT onto the outside! The fans once again erupt as both competitors lie motionless on the outside of the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

Shadow rolls to his stomach, making it to his feet soon after and stumbles to the barricade as his leg gives out on him. Cheshire is slow to start moving, but is indicating she is still alive.

Tanner Graves: The fact that Cheshire can still move after such a series of impactful moves is saying something. Both wrestlers are leaving it all on the line for this match!

Lucas Greene: Either way you look at it, one of these people still have one match to go tonight! I don't think that they've taken this into account, especially now that it looks like Shadow is going for... Yep, that's a ladder.

Sure enough, Shadow pulls a sixteen feet high ladder from under the ring, even Myfanwy protesting. He gives her a reassuring look as he sets up the ladder, outside the ring, and picks up the limp body of Cheshire. She slowly comes to, but not before Shadow goes right back to work on her shoulder, dropping her with a modified arm takedown. She yells out in pain, clutching at her arm as he rolls her into the ring, following suit. She backs away from him, Shadow reconsidering his options briefly, but is taken by surprise as Cheshire pulls him by the front of his shirt and into the second turnbuckle, face first!

Tanner Graves: Act of desperation but I don't think she can capitalize!

Lucas Greene: What does good grammar have to do with anything, she needs to concentrate on getting back into this match! It is after all for most of the marbles. Not marbles, but that title belt.

Facepalming, Tanner has little choice but to remain silent as Cheshire tries to make it to her feet. She picks up Shadow and with some effort manages to pick him up on her shoulders, looking for her patented Last Laugh joker driver! She cradles his neck, and looks to finish things, trying to finish the maneuver when she hesitates for a fraction of a second by Shadow's voice.

The Shadow: No matter what Mia, we believe in you...

Cheshire stops a moment, rattled by the words and it is all Shadow needs to capitalize, kicking his legs into the air, flipping forward, and hitting Cheshire with a modified stunner! The former champion stands up straight from the impact and stumbles. She turns one way and then the other, before walking right into a super kick from Shadow! Finally Cheshire falls and everyone is on their feet, screaming for Shadow to pin her.

But he doesn't.

Instead his eyes center in on the ladder he had set up earlier. He looks at the fallen Cheshire, still motionless as he drags her over to the side of the ring the ladder sits on, foreboding and ominous. Climbing out to the apron, he steps onto the ladder and climbs all the way to the top, looking down on his fallen prey. Wasting little time The Shadow flies, twisting in the air and lands on Cheshire with a move he calls Flight of the Night Demon! He stays on top of her as he hooks her leg closest to the ropes as Clark makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Shadow closes his eyes sadly and cranks Cheshire's motionless leg further while whispering.

The Shadow: I'm so sorry Mia.

THREE!

The crowd erupts as an exhausted Shadow rolls off of the fallen Cheshire. He is greeted by Myfanwy and handed his belt as he celebrates in the ring with her, his eyes never leaving the motionless body of his former tag partner. Her eyes flutter open and Shadow kneels down to try and help her stand. Her body quakes and quivers, as she shakes her head and turns from him.

Cheshire Rayne: No. Not yet.

Her voice is hollow, completely different from what has been heard leaving her mouth before. She shoves off Shadow's hand and in obvious pain, rolls out of the ring and makes her way to the back, leaving Shadow and Myfanwy to celebrate together.

Houston?

Match

"We have a problem."

It's the last thing that CWF Commissioner Stewart wants to hear, but there's Tara Robinson, standing in his office, saying just that.

Stewart: Is it Robbins?

Tara: More or less. He's okay, and he's going to be able to continue tonight if needed, but the entire referee staff is refusing to work the main event.

He stares at her, slack - jawed.

Stewart: You've gotta be kidding me.

Tara: I'm not. After Robbins took the header into the third row, not to mention the existing and potential Forsaken drama-bomb, none of them think it's worth it.

Stewart: Their jobs might be.

She shakes her head.

Tara: You can't fire all the referees in the middle of a live pay per view. They've got us under a -

Her line is cut off by the sound of a phone ringing. She holds up her hand and pulls her phone out from somewhere in her dress top, and looks at the display.

And she smiles, which makes Commissioner Stewart worry.

Tara (into the phone): Hey!

Silence.

Tara (into the phone): Yeah. Yeah, how did you--

Now, she laughs.

Stewart: Do I need to be here for this meeting?

Instead of answering, Tara holds up one finger.

Tara (into the phone): Yeah, telephone, telegram, tell a wrestler. Okay, I'm going to call you right back.

She hangs up and looks back at the commissioner, a grin on her face.

Tara: Tell me I'm your hero, because I'm about to save the day.

Freddie Styles vs. "Big Rig" Clyde Walker

Match

Jim Gunt: The big hits just keep on coming tonight, The Shadow has overcome Cheshire in an epic match to not only redeem himself and his title reign, but also advancing to the grand final against his fellow Forsaken Ataxia--

Mike Rolash: One of my worst nightmares come true...

Jim Gunt: --and now Nathan Paradine apparently an agent of Jon Stewart on Hostility, these are exciting times, my man!

Mike Rolash: Oh whatever, I think I'm going to get sick.

Jim Gunt: And I can't wait to see what Tara's mysterious phone call has to do with saving our main event, but to be honest, I can't blame the referees not to want to be in the ring after what has been happening to them already!

Suddenly the lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, pointing to the sky with his right index finger as the opening riff of "U Don't Know" by Jay-Z hits...

"You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing...."

That's where you wrong!"

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

As the song moves into the verse, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain as he just stands there in his hooded vest, hood over his head, bouncing from side to side, before making his slow walk towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring... representing The Glass Ceiling! From Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at two hundred twenty three pounds! Mr. Ballgame! FREDDIEEEEEEE STYLLESSSS!

Moving around ringside, Freddie makes his way towards Duce Jones, who's sitting front row with his family. With a quick fist bump to his injured tag partner, Styles climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes. He then stands on the middle ropes facing the hard camera, and holds his right index finger in the air.

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles has been on a rollercoaster ride as of late. He's looking to jumpstart his singles career as him and Duce were very successful in the tag team division.

Mike Rolash: I understand his point of view, being successful in the tag division is fine and all. But what can I do on my own. And lately he's been coming up short on that end.

Stepping down from the ropes, he moves to his corner where he begins to remove his vest and prepare for Clyde Walker. The backwater, lo-fi guitar breaks and enters through the speakers as the lights die down. As soon as this happens, the crowd becomes illuminated by cell phone lights.

"Now I've never been the one to play it safe

I might play a little dirty some day

I'm just following fate they say I'm the chosen one"

Ray Douglas: His opponent, representing the Snake Nation... being accompanied to the ring by the Fifth Wheel Boys! From Broken Arrow, Oklahoma... weighing in at three hundred ninety five pounds! "Big Rig" CLYDE WALLKERRRR!

Big Rig and his Fifth Wheel boys appear - with the boys carrying the Osage-nation buffalo skin theme state flag of Oklahoma proudly. Rig holds two cans of beer and stops at the end of the stage. Looking out towards the raucous Oakland fans, he makes his way towards one end of the stage. The Fifth Wheel boys following close behind as Rig makes a toast towards that section of fans.

Jim Gunt: It seems Walker and the Fifth Wheel boys gathered a bit of a fan base in Sacramento.

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about?

Jim Gunt: W-Wha... Do you not watch the news?

Mike Rolash: You heard President Trump, it's fake news!

Gunt can only shake his head as Rig and the boys make their way towards the other side where Rig stands on top of the makeshift roof of the Church & State trench! As Rig cracks open his second beer, the roof of the trench caves in a bit as Blake and Charles bail out.

Charles State: RETREAT!

Mike Rolash (laughing hysterically): That was awesome! (clap, clap! clap, clap clap!) That was awesome!

Jim Gunt: You can't be serious..

Done toasting the Oakland crowd, Rig climbs off of the trench and makes his way towards the ring nodding his head to the music. Taking a sip of his second beer, Rig stretches his arms outward. He looks up toward the ceiling and screams:

Big Rig: GET OUT THE WAY - THE BOYS ARE HERE!

Mike Rolash: Indeed they are. Hahaa...

With that, Rig departs from the chaingang and heads toward the ring, remaining focused on the ring and the ring only. Once he reaches it, Clyde slides underneath the bottom rope, lays there for a second with a tongue-exposed grin, before getting back up and raising his hands in the air before "Chosen Ones" by Valley of Wolves die down.

Jim Gunt: We're about set to get this match underway and the size difference between these two is almost scary Mike.

Mike Rolash: Rig is pushing four hundred pounds only missing it by some change. But Freddie is experienced and very light on his feet, so I can see him holding his own.

Official Scott Dean calls for the bell, done using the top rope to stretch, Freddie steps out of his corner as Rig does the same, both men circling the ring searching for an advantage. The larger Walker goes for a tie-up, which the quicker Styles evasively dodges out of the way of, Rig hurriedly turns to face Styles, who simply wags a finger at him. An angry Rig, reaches out to grab Styles again, but he's able to dodge Walker's clutches yet again, this time nailing a low kick to Rig's left leg. Styles takes a step back as Walker tries to shake a bit of feeling back into his limb as he turns to face him.

Jim Gunt: Freddie is looking to use his speed early in this contest and I for one don't blame him.

Mike Rolash: It's a sound strategy, he's gotta keep moving against that big redneck.

Both men size each other up again, Walker fakes the tie-up and Freddie falls for it, looking to evade. However his locks are caught by the grip of Walker, who brutally slams him down backfirst into the canvas. Still holding onto Styles' hair, Rig brings him back up, throwing his shoulder into Styles' midsection, Walker lifts him off his feet and drives Freddie harshly into one of the corner turnbuckles. With the wind knocked out of Freddie, Walker unleashes a violent barrage of elbow shots that connect wherever Styles isn't able to defend.

Jim Gunt: He likes to call that the Hammer Derby and did you see how he just biel threw Styles across the ring!?

Mike Rolash: That ring has no give and Freddie just bounced like a basketball. He might be in trouble Jimbo!

Making his way over to a dazed Styles, Rig yanks him up off the canvas again by his locks, tossing him into the nearby corner, where Rig unleashes another Hammer Derby, before tossing Freddie like a ragdoll again back across the ring! Crawling around on the canvas trying to escape the onslaught, Freddie uses the ropes to help him get back vertical as Walker stalks him, spitting on the mat near Freddie's feet. Now upright, Styles fires a right hand into the skull of Walker that staggers him a bit. Before he can get some momentum going though, Rig stops him with a knee to the gut, before clobbering him across the back with a hard forearm, dropping Styles to the mat.

Jim Gunt: Styles is in a bad spot as he tries to crawl to the corner for safety. But Clyde Walker is right on him with violent stomps to the chest!

Mike Rolash: He's just bullying Styles inside that ring right now. He's even got time to play to these idiotic fans in Oakland.

Jim Gunt: When you're as big and dominant as he is right now, you're warranted to do whatever you want. Let's not forget that he took on six men by himself.

Mike Rolash: Yeah... and that technically was Freddie's fault. This kid's in for a long night.

Bringing Styles to a vertical base, Walker whips Styles hard into the corner turnbuckles chest first, stumbling backwards out of the corner, Rig hooks him around his midsection and just flings Freddie over his head with reckless abandonment! Styles smacks the mat with a violent thud as Walker goes back to fraternizing with the fans.

Jim Gunt: Freddie looks like he's out of it!

Mike Rolash: I think The Glass Ceiling should've kept that protest going...

Struggling to get to his feet in a corner, Styles finds himself hooked again as Walker launches him backwards once more!

Jim Gunt: WALKER WITH ANOTHER FLAPJACK BLUES! Freddie's eyes are glazed over, Mike, he might be out of it already.

Mike Rolash: If he doesn't do something soon, he's really gonna have the blues.

Styles is once again struggling to stand, stumbling on the canvas as he tries to get up, he no longer has to worry though as Walker is right there to help him up and out of the ring as he tosses Styles over the top rope where he crashes hard in front of Gunt and Rolash. Dean starts his count as Walker paces around the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

Proud of his work, Rig makes his way over to the Fifth Wheel boys to slap five as they hoop and holler.

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Styles is really struggling out here, Mike.

Mike Rolash: I know he wanted to get back to his winning ways, but this is not the way to go about it.

FOUR!

Done boasting Walker climbs to the outside where he brings Styles to his feet, but soon after sending him crashing hard into the front of Gunt and Rolash's announce table!

Mike Rolash: These guys are too close for comfort right now.

Scott Dean warns Walker to bring the fight back in the ring, before starting his count again. Happily obliging, Walker tosses Styles back inside at the count of three, sliding inside himself. Bringing Freddie back upright, Walker places a dazed and confused Styles in the corner, irish whipping him across the ring, Styles crashes against the turnbuckles, before stumbling out. Racing from the other corner like a Mack truck, Walker folds him in half with his patented 18-Wheeler Spear! Styles is out like a light on the canvas, Walker taking his time to rise to his feet.

Jim Gunt: Why is he not going for the cover? This match is over!

Mike Rolash: He's just toying with Freddie and more importantly sending a message to The Glass Ceiling.

Duce can be heard cheering his tag partner on from the front row as Walker simply smiles and spits in Duce's direction, instantly inciting a reaction from the crowd. The hot-headed Jones takes offense and immediately tries to climb over the guardrail as his father stops him by holding him back. Now telling the Oakland fans that it's over, Rig brings a groggy Styles to his feet by his locks. Pointing at Duce, Clyde scoop lifts Freddie off of his feet.

Jim Gunt: Clyde Walker is going for the Snake Nation Revival! But Freddie's able to escape falling behind Walker.

Styles shoves the larger Walker into the corner as Freddie backs up into the opposite one, trying to recover. However it's Walker who's the first to attack as he comes barreling in at Styles. In an act of desperation, Styles rolls out of the way as Walker goes through the top and middle turnbuckles, crashing hard into the ring post! Staggering out of the corner, Walker is dropped to a knee, thanks to a basement dropkick into the left leg by Styles! Quickly to his feet, Styles spikes a kneeling Walker head first with a DDT!

Jim Gunt: STYLES JUST FLOORED BIG RIG! Freddie's gotta take advantage here!

Both men are slowly up to their feet, however now, it's Styles who's first to strike with repeated low kicks to the left leg of Walker. He's down to a knee again after the fifth kick as Styles blasts him with a hard forearm shot! Running towards the ropes, Freddie springs off the middle one, twisting through the air, he drills Walker head first into the mat again with a DDT! Both men stay down this time as the crowd becomes riled up. Still a bit groggy, Freddie is standing on his feet but quickly flips backwards, catching a rising and kneeling Walker with a Pele Kick! Both men are back down, as Styles struggles to his feet. Now vertical, Styles realizes Rig has rolled to his back, Styles hits the ropes again, springing backwards with a Springboard Moonsault! The impact causing Styles to bounce off Walker!

Jim Gunt: Can Freddie capitalize?

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jimmy Dean, but he's trying his best to pull Walker towards the corner.

Finally able to get him near, Freddie climbs to top, Styles flips through the air again, crashing on top of Walker with his King of the Fall 450 Splash! He's stays on top this time for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Big Rig's able to get his shoulder off of the mat as an exhausted Styles looks on. Now getting back to his feet, Styles looks to lift Walker onto his shoulders!

Jim Gunt: Is he going for the Ballgame?

Mike Rolash: That's a bad call, there's no way he can lift Walker off his feet.

Barely getting Walker off of one foot, Styles' back gives in as he drops him back to the mat. Now looking to take advantage, Walker scoops Freddie up for the S.N.R! He's able to escape again, sliding down the back of Walker, Freddie twist and hooks Rig's left leg, before flipping him down to the canvas and having his leg hooked in a calf killer!

Jim Gunt: Freddie has the Addiction cinched in and Clyde Walker doesn't have anywhere to go!

Mike Rolash: Freddie's torquing the hell out of Walker's leg!

The Oakland fans are to their feet as Styles yanks on the left ankle of Walker who yells out in agony! Scott Dean keeps asking a now red faced Walker if he wants to tap! But he only receives a loud holler from Walker as Freddie continues to twist and pull. In a last ditch effort, Walker raises his left hand and just brutalizes Styles' face with a hammerfist, forcing him to release his signature hold.

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! He could've broken Styles' nose!

Mike Rolash: You don't see that everyday.

Walker clutches at his left leg as Styles appears to be unconscious on the canvas. The Fifth Wheel boys are pounding the apron, screaming for Rig to get back in the fight, meanwhile Duce is cheering with a section of TGC fans trying to encourage Styles to his feet. Dean checks on both competitors, both men soon, slowly making it to their feet. Rig goes for a big lariat, but Styles is able to duck it, both men turn towards each other and it's Styles who drops Rig with a

Tornado Kick, his first version of Ballgame! He falls on top of Rig with a backpress as Dean is over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: CLYDE WALKER WITH HIS SHOULDER UP AT THE LAST SECOND!

Mike Rolash: I can't believe it!

Freddie rolls to the apron, getting to his feet and grabs the top rope, he yells for Walker to get up, which he slowly does, still clutching his left leg. Rig is fully upright as Freddie comes flying off the top rope and twisting through the air. BUT BIG RIG CATCHES HIM OUT OF MID AIR, ROTATING THE BODY OF STYLES AND SPIKING HIM HEAD FIRST INTO THE CANVAS!

Jim Gunt: HE HITS THE SNAKE NATION REVIVAL! WALKER'S GOING FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Dean calls for the bell as Walker rolls off of the body of Styles and begins to clutch his leg again.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, by pinfall! "Big Rig" CLYDE WALLLKERRRRR!

Jim Gunt: Freddie tried to use his speed to his advantage, along with going after the left leg of Clyde Walker. But in the end, the sheer size and power of Big Rig proved to be too much.

Mike Rolash: Walker was dominating against Styles here tonight and maybe.. just maybe... The Glass Ceiling have bitten off more than they can chew.

Perfect!

Match

Big Rig celebrates his victory inside the ring, the Fifth Wheel boys entering to join him. Rig is handed a beer by Rollins, as they all toast Walker's win. Rig hobbles towards one of the corners, and makes a toast to the Oakland natives. "Chosen Ones" is suddenly interrupted as the CWF Tron comes to life. Snake Nation collectively focus on it as Big Rig's semi-truck is shown. Everything looks normal except one tire is slashed, the windows have been busted out, and on the driver's side door the words, 'Fuck Snake Nation' spray painted in red!

Jim Gunt: Oh wow, who would've done something like that?

Rig and boys become madder than heck as they stomp and parade around the ring demanding answers. Which they soon receive as Byson Kaliban comes into view, removing his shades and stroking his goatee. He shamefully stares at the truck and then shakes his head.

Byson Kaliban: Well I'll be.

Big Rig is fuming mad, spittle flying from his mouth like a rabid dog as he sends obscenities in the direction of the screen.

Byson Kaliban: This just isn't right.. this just isn't right!

Byson walks up to the semi-truck, opens his leather trench and pulls out a can of red spray paint. Under the earlier

comment, he begins to spray.. 'TGC > Everything Else'. Stepping back he commences to admiring his work. With a deep inhale, Byson exhales slowly.

Byson Kaliban: Perfect!

Walker is screaming hot, the Fifth Wheel boys and him making their way to the parking area. Duce and Freddie can be seen watching everything play out as they enjoy a light-hearted laugh. With a quick fist bump a defeated and disinterested Styles makes his way to the back.

Jim Gunt: Well I guess you could call that a small amount of payback for the Snake Nation interrupting The Glass Ceiling's protest last week. But the more important question is... why has Byson Kaliban come back to the CWF?

Mike Rolash: At times, I choose not to even question things anymore, just go along for the ride bro...

Jim Gunt: That's intuitive thinking!

The feed jumps back to life as Rig and the boys are now outside by the semi, all of them searching for Byson. Almost instantly a car speeds off as the minor mob violently curse at Byson as he speeds away. With his head on the swivel, Rig spots a repo man with his tow truck, trying to hook a car up to his harness.

Big Rig: C'mon boys I found sum'n...

Walker leads his gang towards the tow truck, where Mule grabs the repo man and just tosses him bodily over the car parked next to them. Rollins unhooks the one car as Rig climbs in the driver's seat and honks the horn.

Big Rig: We've got us a motherfucker t'catch!

Fifth Wheel Boys: WOOOOO!

The gang loads up in the truck as Rig speeds off into the night, happy to play a good game of cat and mouse. As they burn whatever rubber is left the tires, the repo man walks into view, he removes his hat and coveralls to reveal himself to be none other than Byson Kaliban.

Byson Kaliban: I can't believe that shit worked..

Byson turns and leaves, enjoying a good laugh with himself. We then cut back to Gunt and Rolash.

Jim Gunt: What is going on here tonight? Byson just sent Rig and gang on a wild goose chase.

Mike Rolash: I'm just glad that car didn't get towed.

Jim Gunt: Why is that Mike?

Mike Rolash: Because it's mine...

Jim Gunt: Why don't you get a rental, they're funded by the company now.

Mike Rolash: Don't judge me! How about up next we have a match between "The Blast" Jack Michaels and "The Catalyst" Jimmy Allen?

Jack Michaels vs. Jimmy Allen

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a losers bracket match from Modern Warfare. First, making his way to the ring, "The Catalyst" Jimmy Allen!

Jimmy Allen walks slowly out onto the stage as "Cut the Cord" by Shinedown plays. He pauses there as he gets a

mixed reaction, mostly cheers now as opposed to previous weeks. He smiles a little, seemingly absorbing it all and getting energy from it, his smile growing a bit bigger when looking over at the trench, where Church and State are trying to fix the roof after Big Rig had dented it just before. Sprinting towards the ring he leaps and dives under the bottom rope sliding to the center of the ring where he pops up to a standing position.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen had one hell of a run in the tournament but that all came to an end in a world title match against Shadow.

Mike Rolash: Yeah it was really impressive, getting a second chance from the boss when no one else did!

Jim Gunt: So, you're supporting the protesters then?

Mike Rolash: Damn right I am, what happened was not right!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent.

'The Man' by The Killers hits the loudspeaker as gold lights hit the stage. The arena lights darken and the fans begin to come to their feet. The first few seconds of the song plays and where normally Michaels would be making his way out onto the stage there is no one.

Jim Gunt: That's strange....

The cue up the music again but again no Jack Michaels.

Jim Gunt: We're getting word that Jack Michaels could not make the show tonight due to travel issues.

Mike Rolash: Well, we know it's not because anyone is afraid of Allen.

Jim Gunt: You're making me sad right now Mike.

Mike Rolash: What? You want a tissue or something?!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, due to problems with travel arrangement the official has no choice but to award this match to Jimmy Allen via forfeit.

The fans begin to boo the announcement. Jimmy Allen starts pacing back and forth and finally stops, he points at a ring attendant, who brings him a live microphone. He climbs up onto the top turnbuckle and sits there Indian style. The thudding of the microphone can be heard throughout the arena as it's tapped against his right knee. Ray Douglas and the referee exit the ring as Jimmy brings the microphone up to speak.

Jimmy Allen: Imagine that, "The Blast" Jack Michaels can't make a pay per view due to travel issues.

The booing of the crowd continues as Jimmy uncrosses his legs and hops down from the turnbuckle.

Jimmy Allen: So, the consolation match that was billed, is of no consolation to our fans. Winning a match by forfeit is never the outcome anyone wants. So, I guess this means I just take my ass back to the back since I have no opponent for a pay per view.

Jimmy Allen drops the microphone in the center of the ring and makes his way to the back.

Autumn Raven (c) vs. Nina

Match

As Jimmy is making his way back up the ramp, we cut to the announce table.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven won the Aversion championship back at Civil War, defeating five other competitors, then defending against Azrael and Nina.

Mike Rolash: But the match with Nina last week is what sparked this rematch, and what is going on with this “Book of Truth”? Why is it... well... I just don't know.

Jim Gunt: Neither do I, but whatever is in there, it certainly seems to be affecting Autumn Raven in some kind of way.

“From the Pinnacle to the Pit” begins to play and Dorian and Chloe Hawkhurst make their way out on the stage without their usual fanfare. They both acknowledge the crowd before making their way over to the announce table.

Jim Gunt: Dorian Hawkhurst, it's an honor to have you.

Mike Rolash: Oh, its you.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Yessir! How you doin', man?

Mike Rolash: I was better before you came out here.

Jim Gunt: So, Dorian, what brings you out here.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Chloe seems to have taken a liking to Autumn, so I'm just here to keep an eye on things. Nothing more. Nothing less.

A total blackout consumes the Oracle Arena, the opening sounds of “Second Death of Souls” by Matriarch begins to play. The fans began to stir, the lights from cell phones can only be seen. As the song kicks up a notch, a red spotlight beams down on the stage area as V.E.N.O.M stands there, Nina leads the way as the trio make their way to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring, accompanied by V.E.N.O.M! Weighing in at one hundred fifteen pounds....NINA!!

Coming to a stand at ringside, Nina watches as Espinoza and Martinez positioned themselves in opposite sides of the ringside area. Confidently smiling, Nina slithers her way under the bottom rope and into the ring, soon crawling into a kneeling position in the middle of the ring. Looking out towards the sky, she begins laughing maniacally with her arms outstretched. Rising to her feet, Nina moves seductively along the ropes, finally coming to a halt in her corner.

Mike Rolash: You know, Gunt, I don't know, but every time Nina comes out here, I don't know if I am turned on or scared.

Jim Gunt: Knowing you, probably a little of both.

Mike Rolash: Juan, had you guys heard anything about this circle of freaks before the invaded CWF?

Juan Ignacio Cimarron: No, I have no idea where they came from.

Jim Gunt: Are they popular in Mexico?

Gabriel Mendoza: I know that us Mexicans like it flamboyant, but these guys honestly even creep us out.

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song start to play, the tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name fading in over it.

“The sun is shining
Though everything's dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood”

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

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath....AUTUMN

RAVEN!!

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile. She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down. Chloe Hawkhurst wonders down to the ringside area, using Lynk to menacingly, or at least as menacingly as an angry 10 year old can get, gesturing at Espinoza and Martinez of the outside of the ring. You can hear Dorian chuckling at V.E.N.O.M.'s reaction.

Mike Rolash: What's so funny? Your kid is like herpes, we can't get rid of her and she keeps coming back at the worst possible time.

Dorian Hawkhurst: This is your first, last and only warning, Rolash. Remember when I dumped you out of the ring? We can make that happen again.

You hear Rolash swallow hard while in ring, "Big" Denny Davidson calls for the bell.

Dorian Hawkhurst: I don't know what she's saying, but I'm pretty sure that's parseltongue.

Autumn has enough of the smack talk and fires a series of forearms and elbows into the midsection of Nina, who eats five or six blows before firing back with overhand rights. Autumn seems to be riding a wave of adrenaline and no sells Nina's offense. Both women are holding their ground until Autumn grabs Nina by the back of the head and throws her face first into the top turnbuckle. Nina staggers over to the opposite corner, putting some distance between herself and Autumn.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven has the early advantage, taking it to Nina early.

Mike Rolash: We know the Raven normally likes to fly, but right now, I think she just wants to hurt Nina.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Having been in the ring with Autumn, she's fast. But, against someone like Nina, who is just as quick, she can't use that to her advantage. She's smart to try and wear Nina down before going to her high flying.

Autumn follows Nina into the corner and Nina boots her in the guy, doubling her over while you can see Omar in the background clapping in approval. Nina turns the tables, tossing Autumn into the corner and throwing four straight rights before dropping to her stomach and slithering backwards away from Autumn, who is still leaning in the corner.

Jim Gunt: Nina is playing mind games with Autumn Raven.

Mike Rolash: That's like trying to play Monopoly without money, Gunt.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Here's the thing. I don't get how that helps. Autumn is already a few fries short of a Happy Meal. You know what I mean? She's the type that making her mad doesn't make her sloppy, like most people. When she gets pissed, she gets dangerous.

Jim Gunt: That's a really astute observation.

Dorian Hawkhurst: I don't even know what that means, but I will take that as a compliment.

In the ring, Nina rises to her feet, Autumn still slouched in the corner. Nina decides to rush in and Autumn deftly hops to the middle rope and comes over the top of Nina, bringing her down with a sunset flip. Nina kicks out before Davidson can even get in position. Before Autumn can get herself up to a vertical base, Nina rolls outside of the ring and right beside Vince Espinoza. Autumn starts to charge, but thinks better of it as Vince steps in front of Nina.

Jim Gunt: Nina wisely gets out of harm's way. So far, Espinoza and Martinez are minding their own business, but still making their presence felt.

Mike Rolash: Operation: Meat Shield is in full effect.

Nina walks around Vince and reaches under the ring and grabs a chair. On the other side of the ring, Omar Martinez

yells at Autumn, distracting Raven long enough to allow Nina to slide into the ring. Raven turns around and Nina is inviting her to attack. Autumn steps forward, ducking in anticipation of the chair shot. Luck is not on her side, however, as Nina swings the chair vertically and connects right between the shoulder blades. Nina throws down the chair triumphantly, then walks over to the corner and starts untying the turnbuckle cover.

Jim Gunt: This is all legal in this no disqualification match. Nina is using the environment to her advantage and that's what you've got to do to win.

Mike Rolash: Look out, Nina!

Dorian Hawkhurst: Good thing you aren't paid to not pick sides or anything.

Autumn comes in rolls up Nina. She can't keep her down as Davidson hardly gets in position before Nina gets out. Autumn reaches over and pulls Nina's hair to bring her closer and starts raining haymakers to her forehead. Autumn finally stops and gets up, grabbing the chair Nina had thrown down earlier. She places it across Nina's face and walks over to the corner.

Jim Gunt: Nina is a precarious predicament and Autumn Raven is looking to fly.

Mike Rolash: Don't do it, Autumn!

Jim Gunt and Dorian Hawkhurst: ANTI-HERO!!!

Jim Gunt: Raven goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: First pin attempt of the match and only a two count.

Nina slowly gets to her feet and Autumn brings her forearm right across the forehead of the helpless Nina. As Nina once again gets to her knees, Autumn brings another forearm across her skull. Autumn stands over Nina as she pulls herself up, pulling on Autumn to get to her feet. The Beautiful Psychopath waits until Nina gets to her feet before dropping her once more. Nina rolls out of the ring, and Raven gingerly steps between the middle and bottom ropes to follow her out.

Jim Gunt: Nina wisely decides to take a breather, and you can see the effects of that chair shot from Nina taking its toll on Autumn Raven as the match goes on.

Mike Rolash: I still have to question with Espinoza and Martinez haven't got involved. I mean, it's a no DQ match. Nina could easily have them beat Autumn Raven down and they take the easy win.

Dorian Hawkhurst: It's called "Pride." It's something your parents had until they realized their son grew up to be a douche canoe.

Mike Rolash: A what?

Dorian Hawkhurst: You heard me, man.

In an amazing show of athleticism, Nina jumps up and pushes off the ring post with her legs, using it to deliver a springboard tornado DDT.

Jim Gunt: What a move by Nina. She usually does that from the apron using the ropes. Such innovation.

Mike Rolash: The Cobra Emperatriz is proving to be just as slippery as her namesake.

Dorian Hawkhurst: One day, I'm gonna do something like that and no one is gonna see it coming, man.

Nina pulls Autumn up by the hair and drags her to the barricade, throwing her head first onto the railing. Nina backs up a few steps then runs at Autumn who delivers a back body drop that sends Nina up and over the railing. Omar starts to walk over, but Chloe Hawkhurst scurries over and slams Lynk on the ring steps, giving the much bigger Martinez pause. Autumn hops the railing and "Big" Denny follows behind. As Nina tries to get away, security begins moving fans back away from the action. The two women brawl through the crowd while random fans try to jump in front of the camera to get their ten seconds of fame.

Jim Gunt: This match is going all over the arena. They are fighting right through the crowd. Right through the people.

Mike Rolash: This is a no DQ match. They can go anywhere, just so long as they end up back in the ring.

Dorian Hawkhurst: I see them. Looks like Church and State are about to get up close and personal with the action again.

As the two women make their way out of the crowd, they end up brawling in the section of the crowd located next to Church and State's bunker. Autumn seems to have the upper hand as they come into view, standing by the stairs of going into section 201. Autumn leaps up and catches Nina with a huracanrana that sends her crashing back first onto the roof of the bunker, causing both men to jump. As Autumn walks over and grabs a wooden pallet. She grabs Nina and you can see the dent Big Rig put there earlier has been made even larger. Autumn hooks her arm around Nina's neck and suplexes her onto the pallet.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven is in firm control right now. Nina's spine just crashed right into the center support of that pallet. She's going to be feeling that tomorrow.

Mike Rolash: She's going to be feeling that right now, Gunt.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Autumn is smart. She's using the environment to her advantage while staying away from Nina's back up.

Autumn puts a side headlock on Nina. She rears back, but Nina grabs Autumn by the waist and delivers a back suplex on the concrete. Nina retreats towards the ring as Autumn Raven pulls herself off of the floor. Nina retreats to the far side of the ringside area, making a point to avoid Chloe Hawkhurst. As Autumn stumbles to the ring, Nina reaches underneath the ring and finds a 2x4 wrapped in barbed wire hidden underneath.

Jim Gunt: Is that? It is! That's barbed wire.

Mike Rolash: You know, when I said I wanted to see Nina playing with toys, this isn't what I had in mind.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Seriously, Quagmire, cut the shit.

Jim Gunt: Nina's eyes are glazed over. She's a mad woman. She's insane.

Mike Rolash: She's doing what she needs to do to win.

Nina slithers into the ring and begins circling Autumn. "Big" Denny gets in between Nina and Autumn but Nina yells at Davidson, reminding him this is a no DQ match. Autumn grabs Nina's ankle and trips her, causing her to fall and drop the 2x4. Autumn grabs the 2x4 and hits Nina in the midsection with it.

Dorian Hawkhurst: You assume that hurts because of the barbed wire, but it's a weird feeling when you get hit with that. It's like having a hundred angry cats scratching you, man. Falling on it ain't as bad because it just pokes you real hard, but when it rips your skin like that, it's a new level of pain.

Jim Gunt: Great insight. There is no way someone who has never experienced the feeling could ever describe it.

Mike Rolash: Do you really think your daughter should be around this sort of thing?

Dorian Hawkhurst: Do you not remember what she did to Jace Valentine?

Mike Rolash: Point well taken.

Nina looks over to Vince and nods, causing Espinoza to reach into his pocket and slide something to her while Raven is pacing around the ring, psyching herself up. Nina rolls onto her stomach and starts fidgeting.

Jim Gunt: You can see the effects of the barbed wire as Nina is...

Dorian Hawkhurst: That ain't it, man. Homeboy over there just delivered a package and I think Autumn would be wise to focus on Nina.

Autumn turns around and slams the 2x4 into the ground with such force she loses her grip as Nina rolls out of the way. Nina rolls to her feet and slaps Autumn as she turns around. Blood begins flowing from Autumn's cheek as Nina holds her hand up, laughing. She has some kind of golden glove on, accented by the sharpened claws on the end.

Mike Rolash: It's like she's a velociraptor.

Dorian Hawkhurst: I don't like it, but its fair game. Autumn used the 2x4 first.

Jim Gunt: This could certainly turn the match in Nina's favor.

Nina delivers a roundhouse kick the head of Autumn Raven which drops her to her knees. She follows that up with a series of kicks direct to Autumn's chest. Nina follows it up with a thrust kick to Autumn's sternum, dropping her to the mat in a slump. Nina gets down on the mat and slithers over to Autumn, caressing her face with the claws of her glove.

Jim Gunt: Nina is still playing mind games with Autumn and I don't know if it's the match or it's getting through to Autumn, but neither woman has really wrestled their style of match.

Dorian Hawkhurst: In a match like this, it's about hurting your opponent and minimizing the damage you take. Taking risks doesn't make sense here.

Nina spins around and floats onto Autumn back. Nina reaches into her tights and pulls out a pair of handcuffs. She grabs Autumn's left arm and gets the first shackle on her. She tries to grab at Autumn's left arm, but Autumn starts fighting. Nina takes the claw and digs into Autumn's right side, causing her to instinctively reach for the wound. Nina grabs Autumn's left wrist and clamps the other shackle on.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Oh, hell no.

Dorian throws down his headset and marches down to the ringside area, joining Chloe at ringside. He starts slamming his hands down on the mat. Chloe joins him and soon after the audience joins in.

Jim Gunt: It seems that The Forsaken Demon has seen enough, and now, he's down there cheering Autumn on.

Mike Rolash: But, why? Like, what does he get out of this?

Jim Gunt: Because it matters to his daughter. That's why.

Nina rolls out of the ring and picks up the already dented chair she creamed Autumn with earlier in the match. Inside of the ring, Autumn is struggling to get to her feet. Nina rolls into the ring and measures the helpless Autumn Raven. She swings and connects with the back of Autumn Raven. Adrenaline seems to be kicking in as this only seems to enrage The Beautiful Psychopath. Nina connects again, forcing Autumn to stumble forward. This time, Nina raises the chair over her head and Autumn Raven connects with a superkick to the unsuspecting Nina!

Jim Gunt: CLAW OF THE NIGHT!

Mike Rolash: But... but... how?

Autumn falls on top of Nina.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! KICKOUT!

Autumn rolls away from Nina, not able to get to her feet right away. Chloe slides into the ring and says something to Autumn, causing her to roll to the outside. She lands on her feet and turns her back to Dorian who grabs the chain and begins tugging and pulling on it.

Jim Gunt: Dorian Hawkhurst is trying to level the playing field.

Mike Rolash: He's not strong enough to do it.

Just as Rolash finishes talking, Dorian lets out a roar and the links of the shackles fly apart.

Jim Gunt: You were saying?

Mike Rolash: This has got to stop happening.

Dorian points to the ring and yells at Raven to get back in there. Raven climbs in the ring and hides her hands behind her back as Nina tries to shake the cobwebs. Raven slaps Nina upside the head with the handcuff, then jumps up with a side headscissor which she transitions into a Koji Clutch. As "Big" Denny Davidson checks on Nina, Autumn slams her on the top of the head with her handcuff clad wrist, opening Nina's forehead up. Suddenly, the lights in the arena go out.

Jim Gunt: We seem to be having some technical difficulties here.

Mike Rolash: I'll bet its some voodoo snake magic. I wouldn't put it past Nina.

The cell phones in the crowd light up, but the ring remains pitch black.

Jim Gunt: We can hear some commotion going on down in the ring, but we still have no idea what's going on.

Mike Rolash: Someone should have paid the electric bill.

The lights turn back on. Autumn is standing in the middle of the ring. Nina is slouched in the corner behind her. Autumn looks down and screams as "The Book of Truth" sitting in the middle of the ring. She turns around and is met by a hard tornado kick from Nina.

Jim Gunt: MARIA'S WRATH!

Mike Rolash: To quote Freddie Styles: "Ball game."

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner... and NEEWWWWW Aversion Champion... NINA!!

Dorian and Chloe slide into the ring and check on Autumn while Nina slides out of the ring, holding the Aversion Championship over her head. Espinoza and Martinez raise her on their shoulders, carrying her up the ramp like a conquering hero.

Jim Gunt: Nina might have won the battle, but I think this war is far from over.

Mike Rolash: I hope that's true. This match was brutal and I want more.

Courting the Catalyst?

Match

We cut backstage to find Tara Robinson rushing to catch Jimmy Allen before he can get to the locker room.

Tara Robinson: Jimmy! Wait!

Allen turns around and glares at the interviewer but that doesn't stop Tara. He grips the towel that's draped around his neck and waits for her to catch up.

Jimmy Allen: What's on your mind, Tara?

Now it's Tara's turn to glare, she holds up a finger asking for a moment as she catches her breath.

Jimmy Allen: No problem.

Tara Robinson: What's on my mind? The fans want to know what's on your mind! You dropped the microphone out there, the real question is why?!

Jimmy smirks at the question but then lets it slide into a smile.

Jimmy Allen: That seems to be the favorite question to me lately, why? That would be my question to the powers that be. Why would there not be a contingency for things like this? The matchup between Jack Michaels and myself would be the main event for most pay per views, no matter what company it is. This company though, they just let me have a forfeit win, instead of bringing someone, anyone from the back to take his place. They just allow me to not have a match.

Before Jimmy can go on Christopher St. James enters the frame.

C\$J: I can answer that question. This man is a star and he is continually mistreated by Jon Stewart. Jimmy, you should sign a deal with Hostility. As a matter of fact, I have already had a contract drawn up should you decide to jump ship.

St. James hands a contract to Jimmy who seems amused by it.

Jimmy Allen: Why would I sign a contract with Hostility, in case you've forgotten...been there and done that.

C\$J: Take some time to think about it. In the meantime, I've decided that you should take the place of "Big Rig" Clyde Walker in the PGP! Have a good one Jimmy and do yourself a favor, sign that contract.

St. James walks out of the frame. Tara looks over his shoulder at the contract and her eyes get huge. Jimmy quickly folds the contract to hide the details.

Tara Robinson: That's....a.....lot of zeroes.

Her surprise and amazement amuse Jimmy and he begins to smile again.

Jimmy Allen: And that is why I dropped the microphone.

The feed ends and we return to ringside.

Sanctioned Violence (Tobias Devereaux & Nathan Paradine) © vs. The Crimson Ghost! & Kendo

Match

Jim Gunt: Christopher St. James really is making his presence felt here just two days before the first Hostility show, courting people left, right and center!

Mike Rolash: Well, it's easy to court, if you can add zeroes at your own discretion to a contract.

Jim Gunt: Like yours...

Mike Rolash: I don't have enough zeroes, trust me.

Jim Gunt: I meant that there is one zero on that one...

Mike Rolash: No, there are-- Wait a moment!

Jim Gunt: But moving on, we already had one title change hands when Nina defeated Autumn Raven for Hostility's Aversion title, and what a wild match that was, now we have the next title on the line, but let's let Ray do the honours.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the CWF Tag Team Championship! Introducing first, the challengers...

The lights black out, only to be replaced by frantic blood-red strobelights as the fast-paced frantic riff of that classic Misfits song starts to play. Crimson Ghost runs out to about halfway down the ring ramp, looking around wildly at all the people even as his theme slowly dies out, and is replaced with KMFD's very own "Virus". Kendo for his part walks out slowly and calmly, ready for war and accompanied by Super Agent JT Barrett who looks around excitedly.

Ray Douglas: At a combined weight of 515 lbs...The Crimson Ghost! The Samoan Suplex Machine Kendo...THE SAMOAN...GHOST...CONNECTION!

From here the two themes start to blend and merge with each other, with Kendo methodically stalking down the center of the ramp while Ghost stands on guardrails, bounces around and in general gets really amped up. This is how it goes until they both reach the ring, the Crimson Ghost already inside and running off the ropes as Kendo says his prayer, climbs and enters the ring, and readies himself for the match ahead.

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, tag team gold on the line!

Mike Rolash: The challengers on their way to the ring for what should be a hell of a match!

Ray Douglas: And their opponents...at a combined weight of 465 lbs...they are the reigning and defending CWF Tag Team Champions...The Cajun Sensation Tobias Devereaux, The Australian Submission Machine Nathan Paradine...SANCTIONED...VIOLENCE!

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, followed closely by Tobias Devereaux. The overhead lights reflecting off of Paradine's trademark sunglasses while Tobias hides his face with his fedora. The two smirk as they survey the crowd. They thumb the collar of their respective jackets and head towards the ring. Paradine climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before stepping between the ropes, while Tobias just slides under the bottom rope and slithers across to the center of the ring. The two meet in their corner as they shrug off their jackets handing them over the ropes to a ring hand. Tobias takes off his fedora and hangs it up on the post. The start stretching out as they await the starting bell.

Jim Gunt: Here we go folks, the richest prize in tag team wrestling today on the line!

Mike Rolash: Can the newly formed team of Ghost and Kendo dethrone the champions? Let's find out!

The bell sounds, and it's The Crimson Ghost kicking things off with Nathan Paradine. Ghost begins quickly with some punches, kicks, and chops that send Paradine back into the ropes. An Irish whip and back body drop later and we have our first quick fall attempt. Ghost immediately gets back on the offense with some lightning quick elbow drops, a trifecta to be precise, which leads to a quick two count and a reverse chin lock. The legal member of the championship team begins to crawl up to his feet, turning into the hold once vertical and hitting a quick back suplex for a quick two of his own. Now it's the champion's turn to take advantage as Paradine makes a tag to Tobias, who hits a kick to the gut and a double axe handle to the held open challenger. Tobias grounds Ghost with several more axe handle clubs to the lower back, before locking in a chin lock with his right knee in Ghost's spine.

Jim Gunt: Back and forth action to start us off, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but look at that torque! The champions are now in firm control, but it's not over yet.

Tobias continues to wrench at the neck and back of The Crimson Ghost! with everything he's got, until Ghost finally makes it to the ropes after quite some time. Tobias drags Ghost back to the corner, grapevines the legs and makes a tag from the ground. With Ghost stuck, Nathan hits the ropes for a leaping knee drop to the back of the already worked over neck. Unfortunately for the champs, Ghost still has fight and kicks out at two. Nathan immediately transitions into a front face lock, complete with gator roll. As he cinches up on the hold, Ghost begins to get the crowd behind his attempted escape. Ghost is able to counter with a snap northern lights suplex into a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Mike Rolash: That's the break Ghost needed to try and make a much needed tag early on!

Jim Gunt: It's still early enough Ghost isn't in danger of being beaten I don't think, but he will be if he doesn't make that tag!

Ghost is still with it as Jim mentioned, but he's definitely feeling the effects of a solid beat down. He's not able to get to the corner as quickly as he'd like, and it ends up costing him as Tobias tags back in and charges across the ring, knocking Kendo off the apron as the crowd boos loudly. Kendo tries to get in angry, which allows Tobias to drag Ghost to his corner for a double team behind the referee's back. As Tobias now yells at the referee to keep a better eye on Kendo, Nathan grabs the tag rope and chokes Ghost with it, much to the audience's dismay and disdain. Tobias nails an Ace In The Hole. He picks Ghost up and puts him back in the corner. Tobias charges for the Bayou Bash, but Ghost somersaults under the kick and leaps out of the roll into the hot tag!

Jim Gunt: Business is picking up now! Big Kendo has finally gotten into this match!

Mike Rolash: Watch out Tobias! Don't turn around!

Unfortunately for Tobias, he can't hear Mike's advice, as he turns around straight into Capture Suplex! Kendo drops down over him for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Nathan comes in to try and help, and instead eats an Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex for his trouble! Tobias stumbles to his feet in a nearby corner, Nathan coming to on the opposite side. Seeing this, Kendo takes off back and forth, nailing each champion with a clothesline, then a European uppercut, and finally two VICIOUS running knife edge chops that echo through the arena! The two men stagger to mid ring, where Kendo gives them an old fashioned double noggin knocker which sends them flying backward to the mat. Kendo picks up the legal Tobias, nails him with a front powerslam, and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

Nathan is able to make it up to break the count, but it was a VERY close two count after that sudden onslaught by the largest man in the match.

Jim Gunt: Kendo has been a house of frigging fire in this one, Mike!

Mike Rolash: The tag team gold is at stake, you leave it all in the damn ring, Jim!

And leave it all in the ring they have so far! Kendo has Tobias in position for the sleeper suplex, but Nathan distracts the referee, allowing Tobias to escape with a thumb to the throat. Tobias makes the tag, and Nathan connects with a slingshot spear, pulling out all the stops! It's only enough for a near fall though, and Nathan signals that it's time for the Mark of Judas. As he's trying to apply the hold, Kendo hoists him into the air and counters with a sit down powerbomb, holding on!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The crowd are chanting for Ghost to get back into the match now, and he's clearly ready to do so, barely able to contain the adrenaline. Both men are able to make it to their corners, and Tobias is met with a springboard flying clothesline from out of absolutely nowhere! Ghost quickly follows up with a dropkick, and then a spinning heel kick for a two count as the crowd has ERUPTED for the Crimson one.

Mike Rolash: Ghost is lighting up this crowd, and they're loving it, Jim!

Jim Gunt: It's pretty apparent at this point who the crowd is behind, that's for sure!

Tobias is finally able to slow the momentum by dodging an attempted springboard cross body, and he quickly follows up by locking in the Devereaux Devastation! The crowd are practically BEGGING Ghost to find a way out of the debilitating hold, and he's trying for all he's worth! With his arms and legs both trapped, he's literally sliding chest first as best he can to try and either wriggle free, and get under the bottom rope. Thankfully it doesn't come to that, as Kendo is able to make the save! Nathan is back in and he and Kendo begin trading shots while the legal men are down.

Jim Gunt: Whichever team's legal man can recover first is going to have a huge advantage now, Mike!

Mike Rolash: That depends on which ILLEGAL man gets the upper hand for their team!

Kendo's size and strength begin to take over as he gets the all important advantage. He whips Nathan into the ropes and catches him with a HUGE back body drop that nearly sent him to the damn ceiling! Kendo tries to follow up, but Tobias is first to recover and hits a NASTY spinning back fist to the base of the skull! Nathan and Tobias look to set up Kendo for what appears to be a version of Total Elimination, and they NAIL it! Tobias, in a moment of confusion goes for the cover, only for the referee to remind him Kendo isn't the legal opponent. They turn their attention to Ghost now, this time going for a double spinebuster, but it's countered into a double DDT!

Mike Rolash: Listen to this place, Jim! These people are going WILD for the Crimson Ghost!

Jim Gunt: And rightly so! What a back and forth battle this has been thus far!

All four combatants make it to their feet now, with the legal and illegal partners squared off. Kendo and Ghost look to be getting the better of things, until Nathan lands a THUNDEROUS kick to the outer left thigh of Kendo, stopping him in his tracks! The momentary distraction for Ghost allows Tobias to nail the Cajun Backbreaker! Tobias calls for the Devastation again, but Kendo shoves Nathan into his own partner! The two crack heads, breaking up the attempted submission and staggering Nathan backward and against the ropes. Kendo charges and nails a VICIOUS Cactus clothesline that sends both illegal men crashing and burning to the outside!

Jim Gunt: It's down to one on one now, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Yes it is, and it's anyone's ball game as both remaining partners are clearly exhausted!

Tobias sees Ghost trying to recover in the corner, and nails him with the Bayou Bash! Ghost BARELY keeps himself standing, but that only makes things worse as he's nailed with a SECOND Bayou Bash! Ghost is somehow STILL on

his feet, although only because of the ropes at this point. Tobias attempts a third Bayou Bash, but ends up crotching himself on the top rope when the exhausted Ghost, either through instinct or the exhaustion itself, collapses out of the way just in the nick of time! Ghost stumbles to his feet, drags Tobias to mid ring, and doubles him over with a gut shot. He hits the ropes, and...

Jim Gunt: Bloody Hell! Ghost nailed him with the Bloody Hell! This one's gotta be over!

Mike Rolash: But the momentum of the kick sent Ghost arse over tea kettle, and he's too exhausted to follow up!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Sure enough, it takes a solid twenty seconds for Ghost to make the cover, and Tobias BARELY kicks out! Ghost lays back first on the mat catching his breath for a few seconds, before EXPLODING to his feet with a kip up! The crowd is DEAFENING as the Crimson one PLEADS with Tobias to get to his feet for the kill shot. Nathan is back up on the apron and tries to distract Ghost, but Kendo charges from around the other side of the ring, and uses the ring steps to launch himself into a MASSIVE spear off the apron to the floor below!

Crowd: HOLY S**T! HOLY S**T! HOLY S**T!

Jim Gunt: Where the hell did THAT come from!?

Mike Rolash: I'm telling ya, Jim, ANYTHING can happen with titles at stake! It's do or die, and Kendo knows it!

As the entire building, including both legal men are now standing dumbfounded at the amazing move Kendo just pulled off, it seems even the legal men have forgotten the action isn't over yet! They turn back to each other and Tobias nails a heavy duty roundhouse kick that nearly knocks Ghost out cold! He grabs Ghost around the midsection and nails the first gutwrench suplex! He rolls through and nails a second one! He tries to complete the trio, but as he lifts Ghost, Ghost is able to wriggle free and end up behind him, connecting with a DEVASTATING headbutt to the back of the neck! The impact sends Tobias forward and he bounces chest first off of the ropes, right into Ghost's waiting arms! Ghost looks to the crowd, who are going absolutely MENTAL by this point, and nails the Seeing Red! The referee makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd EXPLODE as the three count comes down! Ghost sits up and realizes what's happened, as Kendo rolls back in to meet his partner on the mat, and the celebration begins!

Jim Gunt: They've done it, Mike! We have new champions!

Mike Rolash: These two men only recently became partners, but they've proven to be one HELL of a team! First the fatal four way to get this opportunity, and now they're the top of the tag team mountain in CWF!

Why?

Match

Tara Robinson is backstage in the locker room area where Dorian and Chloe Hawkhurst are sitting. Dorian has his arm around Chloe as Tara approaches.

Tara Robinson: Dorian, we've seen Chloe come to support Autumn Raven several times in the past few months. Why is that?

Dorian Hawkhurst: Why don't you ask her. She's right here in case you didn't notice.

Chloe doesn't wait for Tara to reask the question.

Chloe Hawkhurst: Autumn has had a lot of problems. She has fought to get through them. I think we need more role models like her. There aren't a lot for girls like me.

Tara Robinson: So, what about you, Dorian? Why did you get involved?

Dorian Hawkhurst: It's not my place to get involved in Raven's business. I came out to make sure Chloe didn't get into trouble. Autumn is a big girl and can handle her own business. But, handcuffs? Come on, man. I'm not letting shit go down like that. It just ain't my style.

Tara Robinson: So what does that mean for you and Raven going forward.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Absolutely nothing. I have my own crap to worry about. Like I said, Raven put on her big girl panties and can handle her business. This was a one time thing. End of conversation.

Tara Robinson: What about you, Chloe? What is your relationship with Autumn Raven.

Chloe Hawkhurst: She's an inspiration to me. Sometimes, people just need a little help. With Vince and Omar, I thought she needed back up.

Tara Robinson: Isn't that a little dangerous?

Chloe Hawkhurst: Lync plus kneecap equals no problem. They're lucky I didn't have to use Lync.

Tara Robinson: Well, there you have it. Jim, Mike, back to you.

The scene cuts away back to the announce team.

Elijah vs. Vince Espinoza

Match

Mike Rolash: I'm telling you Jim Bean, that brat is going to get hurt really fast if she doesn't stay in a child's place.

Jim Gunt: I worry for her safety too, but that just seems a tad harsh.

Mike Rolash: The truth is the truth and V.E.N.O.M seem like the type of crew who doesn't care about hurting minors.

Jim Gunt: Speaking of V.E.N.O.M, as the ringside attendants get the ropes removed from the ring, we should probably discuss the ongoing feud of V.E.N.O.M and the remaining members of the Academy.

Mike Rolash: Before we get to that, let's rewind for a second and talk about why they are removing the ropes.

Jim Gunt: I'm guessing to encourage the aspect of easier access to mutilate your opponent.

Mike Rolash: It scares me that you've just said that. Mutilate, Jimbo...?

Jim Gunt: I'm winging it, this is our first encounter with this type of match.

Suddenly the lights dim down as the Viper's Nest is lowered towards the ring, "Big" Denny Davidson stands in the ring, looking around nervously as the structure encloses him inside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: It looks like the attendants have gotten the ropes off and this structure has now covered the ring.

Mike Rolash: That thing doesn't look right.

Jim Gunt: What do you mean, have you seen something like this before?

Mike Rolash: No I haven't, but my Spidey senses are tingling.

Soon the lights dim down as “Sophia” by Cruxshadows hits the sound system.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is set for one fall and will be held within the Viper's Nest! Introducing first...

A light shines down as a silhouette of three figures can be seen walking out. Elijah, Omega and Eris step out onto the stage as the Oracle Arena explodes with admiration.

Ray Douglas: Making his way towards the ring, accompanied by Omega and Eris! Weighing in at two hundred twenty five pounds... from York, England! ELIIIIJAAAAHHHH!

The Oakland fans cheer as the three make their way towards the ring, taking a moment to slap hands with the fans at ringside. Omega skips up the aisle as Elijah and Eris make their way behind her.

Jim Gunt: On an episode of Evolution, V.E.N.O.M made their intentions clear after they attacked Elijah and Omega after a match. Then following up with kidnapping Eris, among countless other attacks and it's all led up to this very moment.

Mike Rolash: Elijah needs to be careful, because he doesn't know exactly what he's walking into, in this Viper's Nest, but like I said earlier. Something is just off with this thing..

Eris and Omega move around near the announce tables where Omega gives all the commentators a friendly wave. Elijah can be seen walking up the steps through the door opening and into the ring, handing his cane to Omega through the cage, he now patiently waits for Vince to make his appearance. A total blackout consumes the Oracle Arena, the opening sounds of “Second Death of Souls” by Matriarch begins to play. The fans began to stir, the lights from cellphones can only be seen. As the song kicks up a notch, a red spotlight beams down on the stage area as V.E.N.O.M stands there, Nina leads the way, holding her newly won Hostility Aversion Championship elegantly within her grasp, as the trio make their way to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, accompanied by V.E.N.O.M! Weighing in at two hundred forty five pounds! VINCE ESPINOOOOZAAAAAA!

Coming to a standstill at ringside, Nina has a seat on her throne as Martinez stands to her left. Walking towards the door opening, Vince walks up the steps, through the door and calmly walks into the ring. Going to his designated corner, he stands there patiently waiting for the match to start. The Viper's Nest begins to lower as the capacity crowd let out a cheer of anticipation.

Jim Gunt: How do you describe a guy like Espinoza?

Mike Rolash: Have you ever seen the movie Halloween?

Jim Gunt: The one with Jamie Lee Curtis?

Mike Rolash: Why would y... nevermind, but yeah that one, he gives me serious Michael Myers vibes..

Jim Gunt: Well that's a scary thought.

As the bell rings, both Elijah and Vince begin circling the barb wire entangled cage like lions. They soon meet in the middle with an intense tie-up as a power struggle ensues. Jostling around the ring, neither man is able to gain an advantage as they both come crashing down onto the canvas still locked together like pitbulls!

Jim Gunt: Both of these men are refusing to let each other go as they roll back and forth across the canvas!

Mike Rolash: They're getting dangerously close to that wire already!

Fighting against the momentum of Elijah, Espinoza forcefully pushes the Prodigy off of him as he quickly gets to his feet. Giving Espinoza space, Elijah backs up as the two men begin to circle inside of the barb wire cage again. Another intense lock up occurs as it's Elijah who begins to push Espinoza back towards the cage. Just as his back is about to

touch the barb wire, Vince uses pure strength to shove Elijah down to the mat. The Prodigy slowly rises to his feet, eyeing Vince who stoically stalks him. Coming together for another lock up, Vince quickly hooks Elijah's head for a side headlock. Like a boa constructor, Espinoza squeezes tightly around the head and neck of Elijah.

Jim Gunt: Espinoza is trying to squeeze the life out of the former CWF World Champion. Elijah now trying to force Vince into that barb wire structure, but Vince uses his weight to bring Elijah down to the mat with that headlock still cinched on tight.

Mike Rolash: Vince is a scary guy, he's the kind of guy that'll make demons have nightmares...

Vince is holding on tightly as Elijah struggles to get free, however the struggle is real as Vince refuses to let go, Davidson is right there to see if Elijah wants to submit. Sensing that there is still fight left in the Prodigy, Espinoza brings Elijah back upright and just brutalizes his back with a clubbing forearm blow! Seizing up as the pain shoots down his spine, Vince drops Elijah to the mat with a hard right hand! Not staying down, the Prodigy is dropped again with another right hand. Shaking off the punch and quickly to his feet again, Elijah catches Vince off guard with a standing dropkick that staggers the Masked Monster back. Looking to take advantage is a futile feat as Vince kicks Elijah in the gut, stopping his momentum. Grabbing the Prodigy's arm, Vince whips him hard towards the barbed wire cage, but Elijah has the wherewithal to slide across the canvas to avoid taking any damage. Quickly to his feet, Elijah stares at Vince who only snorts like a bull as he stares back at the Hall of Famer.

Jim Gunt: Elijah trying his best to avoid that wire from piercing his skin, may be another reason why he kept his shirt on, to try and protect himself from those sharp edges.

Mike Rolash: Love him or hate him, Elijah has been through some wars over the years in the CWF and I think with that kind of experience, he's prepared for anything.

Both men begin to circle around the ring again, locking up once more, this time it's Elijah with a side headlock. He squeezes with all his might, Vince trying his best to fight off the hold. In a show of power, Vince shifts his body weight forcing himself and Elijah to make a beeline towards the barb wire. Elijah is able to put on the brakes though as they both stop, just mere inches away from the barb wire fencing. Elijah continues to squeeze tighter on the headlock as Vince searches for refuge. Finally fed up, the Boa uses his impressive strength to lift Elijah off of his feet and spike him into the canvas with a backdrop suplex. The Oakland fans cringe upon impact, but the Prodigy still holds on with the headlock.

Jim Gunt: Can you believe the tenacious demeanor of Elijah, Mike refusing to let go of that side headlock?

Mike Rolash: The average man probably would've been getting scraped off of the canvas as we speak after taking a suplex like that.

Both men continue to struggle on the mat, until Vince is able to power himself to a vertical base. Firing shots into the midsection of Elijah, Vince is able to force him to lighten his grip a bit. The Boa finds himself with a bit more body control as he drives Elijah and himself right into the barb wire cage!

BOOM!

Mike Rolash: What the hell!?

Jim Gunt: OH MY LORD! THAT SIDE OF THE CAGE JUST EXPLODED!

Mike Rolash: I told you something didn't seem right about that thing...

The Oakland fans let out screams of horror as the cage lights up and explodes, leaving the ring engulfed in smoke. As the smoke clears, "Big" Denny is sitting on the canvas in shock as both men lie on the mat. The shirt Elijah is wearing, is now slightly torn as trickles of blood fall from his right hand and arm. As Vince slowly looks around trying to recover,

you now notice that the left corner of his mask is gone, just barely missing where his eyes are located, blood can also be seen falling down his arm, a noticeable burn mark bruising his exposed temple!

Jim Gunt: What are the rules of this match again?

Mike Rolash: Why are you asking me?

Jim Gunt: Right... Blake.. Charles...

Charles State:

Blake Church: I got nothing...

The Oracle Arena is stunned to silence, Nina and Omar watching on emotionless, Omega and Eris showing concern for their comrade. Both men crawl around on the mat, trying to gather their thoughts. Elijah looks like a deer in headlights as he stares off into the Oakland crowd trying to figure out what just happened. Finally breaking his trance, he moves to a kneeling position trying to get back vertical, but is sent crashing back to the mat, thanks to the boot of a now recovered Espinoza!

Jim Gunt: How is he on his feet, those men could've lost their lives just then.

Mike Rolash: I don't know, but I have a feeling that whatever or whoever V.E.N.O.M is associated with, is a big part of it.

Espinoza brings Elijah off the mat, and swings for the fences with a lariat, but the Prodigy ducks, but he only postponed the inevitable as Espinoza blasts him across the back of the neck with a lariat! He goes crashing to the canvas as the fans can be heard cringing again. Now rolling him over, Vince goes for the pin as Davidson is over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: How did he kickout?

Mike Rolash: He just cracked Elijah across the back of the neck.. Let's take a look at the replay..

The live feed splits to a double screen as we see Elijah's head snap backwards in a brutal whiplash and the fact that it's in slow motion, makes it look just that more painful. As we go back live, Vince is seen scooping Elijah off the canvas as if he was a baby with relative ease, he shifts the body weight of Elijah straight into the air for a vertical suplex. Without hesitation, he brings the Prodigy crashing back to the canvas with a suplex, floating over for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: How is Elijah withstanding this brutal assault.

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jim, but the way things are looking, he needs to just give these guys whatever it is that they're after.

Vince pulls Elijah up to his feet by his hair, cracking him across the skull with a headbutt that dazes Elijah. Suddenly a murderous look comes within the eyes of the Boa as he grabs Elijah and launches him bodily into the barb wire cage!

BOOM!

Jim Gunt: NOOO!

Mike Rolash: Why were we not told that this type of shit was going to happen?

The Oakland fans begin to boo horribly as Vince pays them no mind, focusing all of his attention on Elijah, who is caught up in the wire, the back of his shirt now completely ripped. "Big" Denny is over to help him as Espinoza stands calmly doing his best serial killer impression.

Jim Gunt: Who are the people and why are they doing this to one of our greats!

Mike Rolash: I haven't figured it out just yet, but you can't count him out this early, he's been through hell and back, no way some juiced up freak is going to take him down. C'mon Elijah, FIGHT GODDAMMIT!

Davidson is able to free Elijah as he crashes to the mat, "Big" Denny checks to see if he can continue, which Elijah responds in the affirmative. Omega can be heard screaming for her partner in all aspects of life's name, soon getting an "Elijah!" chant going. It doesn't make a difference as Espinoza is there with a boot to the face. Placing his hand around the throat of Elijah, Vince brings him upright only to send him back down to the mat with a chokeslam, as Elijah lie on the canvas, Vince measures him up before connecting with a standing Shooting Star Headbutt! He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Elijah barely able to get the shoulder up after the impressive Shooting Star Headbutt from Espinoza!

Mike Rolash: That's it, I'm done.

Jim Gunt: What do you mean?

Mike Rolash: I don't care what anybody says...they created that motherfucker in a lab or some shit!

Jim Gunt: Language Mike!

Mike Rolash: Fuck... the sponsors...

Methodically getting to his feet, Vince grabs the legs of Elijah and flips him over with a Elevated Boston Crab. Pulling back on the Prodigy's legs, Vince places his knee within the lower back of Elijah for extra pressure. Espinoza wrenches back on the hold as Elijah screams out in pain. The crowd begins to clap in unison as Eris and Omega pound on the Spanish and German announce tables respectively. Looking for an escape, Elijah twist his body to the left to try and shift some of the pressure, grabbing Vince's ankle he is able to break the hold, taking Espinoza down with a leg trip. Both men are quickly to their feet, clearly running off of adrenaline, Vince is the freshest and the quickest though grabbing Elijah with another side headlock!

Mike Rolash: I get that this is called a Viper's Nest, but with all these headlocks... we might get sued for copyright infringement.

Jim Gunt: Huh?

Mike Rolash: Don't worry about it, buddy.

Trying not to get the life choked out of him, Elijah uses what little strength he has and shoves Vince off into the cage as it explodes again! The crowd going into an uproar as if their hero had just slain the lion. Flickers of flames can be seen flying up off the clothes of Vince as he drops to a knee. A camera man moves in close to get a shot of his exposed burnt and bloody back.

Jim Gunt: Elijah with some redemption just then, Mike. All the pain and torture he had to endure, I think it's his turn now to inflict some bodily harm.

Mike Rolash: I never thought I'd see the day when I was firmly in the corner of Elijah. But this one tonight has tugged on my emotions.

Jim Gunt: Mike? Is that you in there?

Mike Rolash: Funny... Ha... Ha...

An exhausted Elijah rest on his knees, looking over to his lover Omega who's alongside Eris cheering him on. Staggering around trying to get a solid base, he's finally able to get upright, Elijah hooks a front facelock on Vince bringing him vertical. Lifting Vince off his feet, Elijah's legs give a bit as he brings Espinoza awkwardly down on his head with a brainbuster! Vince cradles the back of his neck in obvious pain as Elijah slowly goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Elijah groggily gets to his feet, as Vince goes back to cradling his neck on the canvas. Grabbing the legs of Espinoza, Elijah slowly but surely locks him within the sharpshooter! No emotion can be heard coming from Vince as he tries to power through, but it's Elijah who's holding on with all his might.

Mike Rolash: I knew you couldn't count Elijah out.

Jim Gunt: Weren't you just in your feelings, two minutes ago?

Mike Rolash: I don't recall that ever happening..

Jim Gunt: I'm glad these shows are recorded.

Screaming with all his might, the fans get behind the Hall of Famer as he continues to apply pressure to the legs and knees of Vince. Elijah has the full support of the Oakland fans as "Big" Denny is there, checking to see if he wants to submit. The only response he gets though, is the loud growl of the Boa as he begins to push up, soon using his leg strength to flip Elijah over and off of him. The Prodigy is back up though, running full speed at Vince, who scoops him up and drives him into the canvas with a scoop powerslam! He stays on top for the cover, hooking the leg in the process.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Without a care in the world, Vince gets to his feet, he watches on as Elijah rolls over to his hands and knees trying his best to recuperate. But Vince is not having none of it, wrapping his thick arms around the waist of Elijah and deadlifts him off the mat, going for a German Suplex. Elijah however, himself is not going to go down that easily, hooking his leg around Vince's, stopping his momentum. Finally able to break the clutches of Espinoza, Elijah ducks a lariat and turns back around and floors Vince with a spinning heel kick. The Masked Monster is back to his feet though, swinging a wild right hand at Elijah, who hooks him!

Jim Gunt: ELIJAH WITH THE FLATLINER!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM! BOOOOOM!

The barb wire nest suddenly explodes on all sides as the ring is blanketed by a white cloud.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Gabriel Mendoza: ¡Dios mío! ¡Están muertos!

Juan Ignacio Cimarrón: ¡Esto es una locura!

Mike Rolash: There's no way anyone could've survived that.

The crowd is now at a fever pitch, trying to process what just had occurred. The smoke begins to clear out as the aftermath sees Vince lying face down on the canvas and Elijah is shown on top of "Big" Denny, seemingly trying to protect him. But as the smoke completely clears, we notice that someone else is inside with them!

Mike Rolash: Who is that, how'd they get in the ring?

Jim Gunt: I'm as clueless as you are Mike, but we need someone down here for Denny. He looks unconscious in that ring.

The gray hooded robed figure stands there patiently as Elijah slowly lifts his head up to them. A look of shock comes over them as the person removes their hood.

Jim Gunt: Is that Cassandra?

Mike Rolash: I think it is... but why is she out he... ohhh... it all makes sense now.

Jim Gunt: Does it, because I may need an explanation.

Mike Rolash: The reasons why V.E.N.O.M have been attacking Elijah and crew is because of Cassandra. She's been running the show this whole time!

Nina can be seen smiling as Omega and Eris are seen shouting into the cage, helpless to save Elijah at that moment. Elijah slowly rises to his feet and looks at Cassandra, who produces a microphone.

Cassandra: You will reap... What you've sown..

An angered Elijah us set to attack, but the lights go out, sending the Oracle Arena into darkness. When the lights return, Vince is now in the path of Elijah as he comes charging in. Vince pops Elijah in the air, catches and slams him hard into the canvas with a powerbomb, holding onto the Prodigy's feet he flips him heels over head, back to his feet before destroying Elijah with a monstrous lariat!

Jim Gunt: Cassandra with the distraction and Vince just annihilating Elijah with that Category Cuatro! He's going for the pin! But there's no ref!

Mike Rolash: Here comes Scott Dean flying down the aisle and going through that door now being held open by the ringside staff!

Scott Dean leaps over the body of Davidson as he counts the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner of the Viper's Nest! VINCE ESPINOZAAAA!

The barb wire nest is soon raised up as Eris and Omega climb onto the apron and rush to the side of Elijah. Medical staff can also be seen rushing in as they check on both Denny and Elijah, trying to make sure they haven't suffered any severe injuries. Nonchalantly Vince steps off of the apron, joining a now standing Nina and Omar. With a snap of her finger, Nina directs Vince and Omar towards the back as she follows closely behind leaving everything in their past.

Jim Gunt: I've never seen such a monstrosity of a match and that by far had too many twist and turns, even for me to keep up with.

Mike Rolash: I think we may have just seen a war start right here in one of our rings. That was a warning shot.

Jim Gunt: Warning shots, that was a war within itself.

Mike Rolash: Exactly and that was before Elijah and company knew what this crew's motives were.

Jim Gunt: Only time will tell, but one thing is for certain, V.E.N.O.M are a force to be reckoned with.

The Snake is out of the Bag

Match

The picture cuts backstage to one of the general areas with big screen TVs mounted long the walls. The Shadow is standing in front of one of them together with Myfanwy and Sanford Thibodaux. Marcus Maximus is hurrying into the area with a microphone in hand.

Marcus Maximus: Mr... Shadow... Can I... have...

The Shadow: Stop Marcus, take a deep breath or two. I will not run away.

Marcus gives a brief smile and holds up his index finger.

Marcus: Thank you. You obviously saw Cassandra just now out there, what are your thoughts?

The Shadow: That we all might be in more trouble than most of us can imagine.

Marcus is still holding the microphone towards The Shadow, hoping for something else, but the Weaver of Dreams is intent on the screen as the camera zooms into Cassandra's smirking face.

Sanford: Marcus, do you still remember that match in the forest?

The backstage interviewer gives a short shudder.

Marcus: Yes, how could I forget it? Ever...?

Sanford: Well, then you get an idea of what we might be in for.

Marcus gulps and his eyes move over to Cassandra on the screen as well as the picture cuts back to ringside.

Zach Van Owen (c) vs. Xander Haze

Match

Jim Gunt: If you are just tuning in - and I have no idea why it would have taken you this long to do so! - Cassandra is back as the puppet master behind V.E.N.O.M and the attacks on Elijah and as we have just seen, our current world champion seems very concerned about the potential implications of that.

Mike Rolash: This is getting too much, I don't know if I can take this much longer...

Mike is rocking back and forth, staring into nothingness. Jim looks at his colleague with genuine concern.

Jim Gunt: Are you ok, Mike?

Mike Rolash: The Shadow, Ataxia, V.E.N.O.M, now Cassandra, what's next?

Jim Gunt: The Impact championship match?

He snaps out of his trance.

Mike Rolash: Oh! Yes! Match! Title! Tables!

Jim Gunt: Indeed, tables, ladders, chairs and so far two titles have changed hands with Nina taking the Aversion belt off Autumn Raven and the tag team titles now in the possession of the Samoan Ghost Connection, so it will be interesting to see how this match will go. Over to Ray!

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a Tables, Ladders and Chairs match for the CWF Impact Championship. Introducing first, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and weighing in at 174lbs. He is the current reigning and defending Impact Champion. The Game-Changer, Zach van Owen!!

The entire arena goes dark as green digital rain appears on the screen and gradually forms the phrase "Ready...FIGHT!". Nobuo Uematsu's "Liberi Fatali" picks up and Zach appears on the stage with a bright flash of green lights, his head and one arm are raised to the sky, with Leona Gainsborough never far from his side. Notably his attire is different to the norm, wearing an outfit more reminiscent of Reptile from Mortal Kombat.

Mike Rolash: Holy crap. Zach looks different!

Jim Gunt: You're damn right. He looks ready for a fight!

Zach looks to the ring and marches down the ramp, hops onto the apron and ascends the corner post from the outside. He studies the Oracle Arena then cartwheels down from his perch and as Leona takes her place on the outside of the ring, Zach motions for a microphone and an end to the music.

Zach van Owen: Alright. Cut it out. We all know who I am and what I'm here for. So let's dispense of this pageantry. C'mon Xander, you 8-Bit prick. Get out here, face me 1v1 me down the mid-lane and let's end this game!

Jim Gunt: Like I said ready for a fight.

"Welcome Home" by Coheed and Cambria plays, leaving no time for Ray Douglas to take back control and Xander Haze comes charging down the entrance ramp with reckless abandon. He no longer possesses the stolen Impact Title as it is currently suspended high above the ring, the vaunted prize of the match.

Mike Rolash: The last time these two guys fought it was in some weird convoluted ladder match with extra stipulations. This time, it's still kinda a ladder match, but much more simple. Violence will ensue.

Xander slides into the ring and straight away Zach strikes, performing the impressive spinning roundhouse kick he calls the Keyblade. Expecting the attack, Xander is able to roll out of the way, evading the lightning fast and deadly kick. Zach adopts a fighting stance, more than ready for the match to come. Xander charges in for a running lariat, but the Game-Changer sidesteps and catches the Gimp in the stomach with a spinning back sole kick, doubling the challenger over. Zach follows up with the patented Switchblade kick. Seconds before Zach's deadly boot comes down across the back of his head, Xander dodges to the side and with a vice-like grip takes a hold of the Champion's foot.

Jim Gunt: I do believe Xander took that kick on purpose, just to get close to his arch-nemesis.

Mike Rolash: This time around Xander is out for himself, running solo and refuses to be underestimated. He is unchained and unburdened by any dead weight.

Jim Gunt: His relationship with John Kreese does seem to be as stable as the one with the young man he faces in the ring right now.

The Gimp swings the Game-Changer around in a circle, spinning on the spot himself before nailing Zach in the face with a stiff as hell forearm. Zach begins to crumple but Xander won't even allow him that, grabbing the Impact Champion as he falls to execute an intense DDT, spiking the head of the Game-Changer so hard, his entire body goes straight and stiff.

Mike Rolash: That's gonna leave more than a migraine.

Eager to dish out more punishment Xander hot foots his way to ringside where he picks up a steel chair. He turns to

return to the ring and Zach slides underneath the bottom ring rope, kicking the steel chair into the face of the challenger with a baseball slide dropkick!

Jim Gunt: What a dropkick from the Impact Champion!

Van Owen now stands upon the ring apron while Xander staggers back, giving the Game-Changer the room he needs to leap off of the apron, catch the Gimp for a diving hurricanrana that sends Xander careening into an upright ladder. The ladder and Haze both fall to the ringside floor together in one jumbled heap.

Jim Gunt: Leading up to this it's been clear a conflict was raging inside Zach. But now, now he can put it all to rest here tonight. For the first time in a while, he is primed. He is focused.

Zach takes a moment to look to the suspended title belt then back to Xander and makes his choice. He advances on the challenger.

Mike Rolash: I'll admit I normally don't like Zach. The kid's a naïve idealist and gets on my nerves. But right now he has a murderous glint in his eye that makes my heart soar.

Jim Gunt: You sure something else isn't rising?

Mike Rolash: Don't kink-shame me!

Zach eagerly motions for Xander to stand back up, and the second the Gimp is too his feet, Zach is off like a shot. He is on the Gimp in a flash, disorientating the challenger with a tilt-a-whirl that ends with a headscissor whip, throwing Xander head first into the nearby exposed outer steel of the turnpost. The thud resonates throughout the arena as skull meets steel.

Jim Gunt: Speaking of migraines...

The Game-Changer slides the now fallen ladder into the ring. He rolls in after it, quickly setting it up as the sold out crowd is chanting his name at this point. Van Owen remains focused, climbing up the ladder with his eyes on the prize. But Xander Haze is in and hits him in the back with an axe handle smash.

Jim Gunt: Zach van Owen in a precarious position here, as Haze is climbing up that ladder right behind him! Zach is kicking him off...

Mike Rolash: But Haze is not budging. He has Zach from behind.

Jim Gunt: GERMAN SUPLEX FROM HALFWAY UP THE LADDER!

Mike Rolash: And Haze isn't finished, he has gone back outside and underneath the ring...to pull out a table!

Xander Haze hosses the wooden table out from underneath the ring and right into it, but for some reason doesn't follow up by re-entering the ring. Instead he goes right back underneath the curtains, and pulls out another table! Haze rolls in with the table this time, spiking the edge of it against the top of the head of a rising Van Owen. The Gimp sets up the wooden table, turning back around as Zach surprises him with a Combo Breaker Superkick!

Jim Gunt: What a Superkick there by the Impact Champion, and Xander fell backward right onto that table!

Mike Rolash: Oh no, that could definitely spell trouble for Haze!

Jim Gunt: What is Zach doing? He is...setting up the other table...on top of Xander Haze?

Mike Rolash: What the hell?

Even Leona looks on at the Game Changer with an odd eye from ringside, not knowing what Zach is thinking but cheering him on anyway as he hits a couple of rapid punches to the face and head of Xander Haze to subdue him before heading up the ladder.

Jim Gunt: Zach has the Impact Title just hanging there Mike, but he also has a chance to put Xander Haze out of his misery. What is the Game Changer going to do!?

Mike Rolash: He needs to decide quick, because Xander looks like he's coming to!

Zach looks back and forth from the title back down to Xander Haze, noticing that he is moving and immediately holding steadfast, not making any hasty decision. Van Owen calls for Haze to play the ultimate game with him as he drops off the table and to his feet. The Gimp begins climbing up the other side of the ladder, the two fierce rivals meeting at the very top and going right into a slug fest.

Jim Gunt: Right hand by Zach. Right hand by Xander. Something's got to give here!

Mike Rolash: I would not want to be up there, that's for sure!

Ducking underneath another flailing right hand, Zach van Owen holds onto the ladder and swings his leg over his back to hit an impressive Back Kick right to the nose of Xander Haze. Haze nearly flies off the ladder, somehow holding on just for Zach to hit him with an elbow. He still holds on! Screaming out "I HAVE THE POWER!" Zach lifts Haze onto his shoulders, the challenger too dazed to fight back at this point as he is flung all the way off the top of the ladder.

Jim Gunt: XANDER HAZE JUST GOT DEATH VALLEY DRIVERED OFF THE LADDER...THROUGH BOTH TABLES!!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Mike Rolash: I hate to say it, Jim, but Zach has the match won now!

Zach van Owen looks down at the destruction that he caused, two tables completely obliterated with the body of Xander Haze in between the rubble. He then turns to the outside where a dumbfounded Leona looks on, finally yelling for him to grab the title which he turns around and does, pulling it off the hook as the fans go crazy.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match and STILL CWF Impact Champion....ZACH VAN O...

"Not so fast."

The capacity crowd boo at the top of their lungs as John Kreese comes out from behind the curtain with a microphone in hand and a sly smile on his face.

John Kreese: You may have won this game, Player One, but the ultimate challenge is far from over. So Zach, I ask you....do you want to play again?

Suddenly the ring is swarmed, two people on each side of the squared circle all coming in after the champion at the same time.

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, Mike, what is going on here? All of these people, whoever they are, are all wearing Impakt masks! The former identity of Zach!

Mike Rolash: I don't know, but this could be game over for Zach.

Van Owen does his best to fight back the seemingly random attackers, hitting one with a Roundhouse Kick and a Pele Kick to another, an elbow to another before finally getting taken down from behind at the knees. Leona enters the ring screaming, her hands up in the air trying to fend them off. She kicks one of the Impakt clones from behind, but is quickly snatched up by two of the larger ones.

Jim Gunt: This is getting out of hand here, Mike...

Mike Rolash: Indeed, even I would have to say so. These Impakts, for lack of a better term for the group of them, are making poor Leona Gainsborough watch on as they destroy Zach!

Four of the Impakts raise Zach up each by a limb, two of them taking his arms as the other two take his legs, swinging

him up in the air and twisting him over to land right on his face! Leona attempts to fight out of the grip of the other Impakts but Xander Haze is back up, slapping her across the face as the crowd goes absolutely wild with boos. The Impakts now have Zach hoisted in the air, Haze rolling out of the ring on his own as he watches the group of them carry Van Owen up the ramp and to a well pleased John Kreese. Kreese directs them through the entrance curtain, the group of them disappearing with our champion.

The Time has Come!

Match

The screen switches to Church and State's trench, where nothing can be seen within. Suddenly Blake Church's head pops up.

Blake Church: The moment we have all waited for has come!

The Modern Warfare title graphic pops up in the top right of the screen.

Ataxia's face is superimposed over the graphic.

Blake Church: Ataxia, the Messiah Pariah, is the final challenger in our Modern Warfare tournament, let's have quick look at how he got here.

The graphic is replaced by a video reel of Ataxia's matches against Michael Maddox from SEE in the first round, then Dorian Hawkhurst, Jack Michaels and finally Dan Ryan. Blake's head goes back down into the trench and as the graphic returns with The Shadow's face appearing on the opposite side of Ataxia's, moving to the top left, Charles State's head pops up of the trench on the other side.

Charles State: And he is going up against the champion The Shadow, who has been able to hold the title throughout the whole tournament!

Another video reel showcases The Shadow's victories against Tobias Devereaux, Max Becker, Jimmy Allen and Cheshire in the semi-finals. Then the picture-in-picture disappears and Blake pops back up as well.

Blake Church: And now it is time for the thrilling conclusion to Modern Warfare, over to Jim and Mike and let's get ready for the bullets to fly!

With that they duck back down into the trench and the picture goes back to ringside.

Alpha Block Finalist (The Shadow) vs. Beta Block Finalist (Ataxia)

Match

Jim Gunt: This is it, Mike... this is what it's come down to. We started with thirty three of the top athletes in the world, and we've whittled that number to two.

Mike Rolash: 'Whittled.' Really?

Jim Gunt: On one side, we have the current CWF World Champion, The Shadow, who has defied the odds and made it from the first round to the last, title in hand, and on the other, his Forsaken partner and former CWF World Champion in his own right, Ataxia.

Mike Rolash: And in the middle, we still don't have a referee.

Jim Gunt: Per Commissioner Stewart, we have a referee - we just don't know his name.

Mike Rolash: It better be someone that can take a punch.

Jim Gunt: No more talking, no more speculation. Let's get up to Ray Douglas.

We cut to the ring, where Ray Douglas waits, microphone in hand. All around him, the fans are dueling-chant "LET'S

GO, SHADOW!" and "TAX-I-AR-MY" (evidently, that name fits the rhythm better). After several seconds anticipation, and several failed attempts to begin due to the noise, Ray finally brings the microphone to his face.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall with no time limit, and it is the MODERN WARFARE 2019 FINAL, for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship!

Another huge pop from the fans.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... will be our special guest referee for this bout...

Mike Rolash: It's gonna be someone that sucks. Because God hates me.

CUE UP: "Goodnight" - The Birthday Massacre

Mike Rolash: I TOLD YOU SO!

It's possible that Ray Douglas has introduced the referee by name, but he's drowned out by the complete eruption from the crowd, along with a chant that's been absent from the CWF for months.

"EMM JAY EFF!"

From behind the curtain, the two-time former CWF World Champion steps out into the arena, surrounded by her people. She holds her hands out and closes her eyes, taking a deep breath before making her walk to the ring.

Jim Gunt: For the first time since Hellbound, MJ Flair is in a CWF arena, and I'll tell you this, Mike - love her or hate her, she won't be intimidated by either competitor in this matchup!

Mike Rolash: But can she be impartial?

Jim Gunt: I don't think that's an issue here, Mike! MJ Flair has only faced off against Ataxia once - and never The Shadow - but beyond that, the Forsaken was possibly the closest thing to a set of actual allies that she's ever had in this company. I'm sure she'll be fair.

Making her way around the ring, MJ stops at the commentary table. She stares daggers at Rolash, who, very obviously, averts his eyes down.

Jim Gunt: Nice to see you again, MJ.

She doesn't answer; she steps onto the table and walks through and past both men, giving a hug and a fistbump to Impulse and Cally sitting behind them.

Impulse: Good to see you, kiddo.

Cally: Get it, small fry!

The fans cheer her right into the ring, where MJ shakes Ray Douglas' hand and settles into the corner.

Jim Gunt: Do you need a change of pants?

Mike Rolash:Shut up!

Ray Douglas: Introducing first...

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH"

CUE UP: "Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper

Ray Douglas: The Modern Warfare Beta Block Winner, and challenger... weighing in at approximately two hundred twenty five pounds... The MESSIAH PARIAH...

"AAAAAAAAAATAAAAAAAAAAAAAAXIAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!"

Being his second trip to the ring tonight, Ataxia does not show up with any of his accessories; just his ring gear and his burlap sack. He makes his way to the ring with high fives and blown kisses, clearly happy to be there and feeling good about his chances.

Jim Gunt: He's got to be feeling good about himself, Mike!

Mike Rolash: He's the only one. Only good thing about him being in the Main Event tonight is that he can't show up behind me.

Cally: HALLO FRAND!

Mike Rolash: ...

Ataxia enters the ring and gives MJ a hug, making a point of sniffing her in the process. She breaks the hug immediately but does give him a fist bump for his trouble.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is in the corner, stretching out his shoulders. He took quite a beating from Dan Ryan earlier this evening, but he looks like he's ready for this!

Mike Rolash: He didn't take nearly as much of a beating from the Ego Buster as Shadow did from the Grin Without A Face.

Jim Gunt: Did you just come up with that?

Mike Rolash: ...Maybe.

Jim Gunt: It's very good.

Mike Rolash: Thank you.

Ray Douglas: AND HIS OPPONENT...

The lights drop, and a tribal drum beat begins, quickly joined by an acoustic guitar. The videoe wall lights up with what appears to be a group of torches, and as we zoom in, we can see that they are a double line of hooded figures walking a deserted small town road with torches in their hands.

Mike Rolash: What a drama queen...

At the rear of the group, there's a solitary figure with a staff in their hand, an exquisitely carved raven at the top.

Jim Gunt: We are anxiously awaiting the Alpha Block winner, the CWF World Champion, for our main event tonight!

Mike Rolash: Can we get on with it?

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is the CWF World Champion, and he's taken quite a beating tonight already! If he needs to take an extra minute, that's his right as the face of the CWF, Mike!

Hooded figures fill the entranceway, looking similar to those on the video wall. They are all carrying torches which remain - other than the glow of the cell phone - the only source of light in the Oracle arena at the moment.

From the back of the pack, one figure emerges, carrying an extra - long torch, accompanied by another with that raven - adorned staff.

CUE UP: "Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" by Primordial.

Ray Douglas: From Calgary, Alberta, Canada, and weighing in at two hundred thirty pounds...

And their hoods are thrown back, revealing the CWF World Champion and his manager, Myfanwy. The arena explodes in cheers while The Shadow limps to ringside.

Ray Douglas: The Weaver of Dreams... The CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

“THEEEEEEEEEEE SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOWWWWWWWW!!!!!!”

Jim Gunt: Still showing the consequences of his match with Cheshire, Shadow looks determined!

Mike Rolash: He'd have to. Of all the people I hate in this match, I dislike him the least.

Jim Gunt: This CWF stalwart has come a long way, Mike! He won the CWF World Title at Frozen Over in what even he would admit, in a somewhat dubious manner, but since then he's defended the title against everyone against him, including the former Champion, Cheshire! Win or lose here, The Shadow has earned his spot at the top of this company!

Reaching ringside, Shadow shakes hands with Myfanwy and gives her a quick hug, and he makes his way into the ring to applause that includes both Ataxia and MJ Flair.

Jim Gunt: He lives, breathes, and bleeds CWF, Mike!

Mike Rolash: If you like him so much, why don't you marry him?

In the ring, MJ offers her hand and Shadow shakes, and he hands over the CWF World Title. The bell rings as MJ holds the title belt above her head, and Shadow gets some final instruction from Myfanwy and the two finalists circle each other!

Jim Gunt: They lock up, and both men struggle for control! These two are roughly the same size, neither of them can really exert a physical advantage!

Mike Rolash: Ataxia gets down low, though - and Shadow can't hold him!

The Messiah Pariah backs the Champion into the corner and he fires a pair of fists before the referee tells him to back off! MJ counts to three before Ataxia lets go, but he immediately armdrags the Champion on letting go! Shadow pulls him over and covers quickly!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Great reversal by Shadow, but a kickout from his challenger!

Mike Rolash: I have a feeling neither one of these idiots will do what's necessary, and we're gonna end up with a soft, fluffy champion.

As if in contrast to Rolash's prediction, the two lock up again, and now Ataxia powers Shadow into a corner! Knee to the gut! Another! Ataxia with a monkey flip out of the corner, and a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

T-Kickout!

Immediately after the kickout, Ataxia sprints outside the ropes and climbs to the top turnbuckle! He waits for The Shadow to rise, and he jumps off with a missile dropkick! SHADOW PUSHES AWAY!

Jim Gunt: The Champ with a dodge, and an elbow drop! Ataxia dodges! Cover by the challenger!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: MJ has a fair, consistent count so far!

Mike Rolash: Still, forget her.

Ataxia with a scoop, and an uppercut rocks the Champion into the corner! Knee to the stomach, and the challenger steps between the ropes and climbs the corner... Bulldog! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

No! Kickout!

Jim Gunt: The Champion has the resolve, but so far it looks like the match with Cheshire has taken the fight out of him!

Mike Rolash: How great would it be, to see this idiot get all the way to the finals with the title, only to drop it because he has an owwie?

Jim Gunt: I'd be careful with that, Mike... Myfanwy is glaring at you.

Mike Rolash: ... Wanna switch seats?

The Messiah Pariah scoops the Champ again, and whips him into the ropes! Shadow stumbles, his leg unable to support the momentum, and he lands on the middle rope! Ataxia assesses, and he changes his strategy, climbing the corner again! SUICIDE LEGDROP! THE SHADOW MOVES AND ATAXIA CRASHES TO THE FLOOR!

Mike Rolash: What a loon! Why didn't he drop on his back in the ring?

Jim Gunt: Are you asking why Ataxia did something?

Mike Rolash: ... Touche.

In the ring, The Shadow staggers to his feet as the referee count hits two. Three.

Four.

Ataxia gets to his knees and puts a hand on the ring apron, and The Shadow helps him into the ring. Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by the challenger!

Mike Rolash: Now, THAT made no sense.

Jim Gunt: Forsaken bonds are stronger than World Titles, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Only if you're stupid.

Shadow gets to his feet and pulls Ataxia by the mask - ATAXIA KNOCKS HIS HANDS AWAY! HEADBUTT TO THE THIGH! Shadow hits the mat! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THRICKOUT!

Shadow rolls away and up to his knees, and he's looking at Ataxia with disbelief on his face! MJ calls for the two of them to get back into it, but the Champ backs off from the challenger. Ataxia practically bounces from one foot to the other as he waits, but Shadow is talking to Myfanwy in hushed tones on the ropes!

Finally, the referee orders Shadow to the middle of the ring to re-engage, and she ignores Myfanwy's attempts to get her attention in the process.

Jim Gunt: Something's not right.

Mike Rolash: You're not kidding - our main event is between these two?

Jim Gunt: She's still glaring at you, Mike.

They lock up again, and Shadow grabs at Ataxia's mask! The challenger pulls back defensively, and sweeps the Champion's leg! He's stomping at the Champ! The referee calls for them to break it up as Shadow hooks the rope, but Ataxia lands one final heel into Shadow's injured thigh for good measure, and he steps off with MJ cautioning him to listen to her as the referee!

Mike Rolash: Oh, just smack her and get it over with.

Ataxia holds his hands up as if to declare himself innocent of something, and MJ points her finger at him before calling the two to reengage. Shadow pulls himself up on the ropes, and Ataxia with another attack to his injured thigh! Shadow drops to a knee, but he catches the second boot that's now aimed for his face! Ataxia goes down and Shadow with an anklelock!

Jim Gunt: He's not holding onto that ankle, what's he doing?

Mike Rolash: Again, you're asking what these two are doing?

The Shadow twisted Ataxia's ankle to knock him back down, but he's going for the sack again! Ataxia holds on tightly with one hand, and grabs a handful of Shadow's hair with the other! MJ calls for the break, but neither man moves!

Mike Rolash: What's she gonna do, drag 'em?

MJ counts one, two, three, four, five, but nobody moves!

Jim Gunt: She's not calling for the bell after a five count!

Mike Rolash: Would you? Do you know how to spell 'crowd riot?'

Finally, MJ grabs Shadow's hand from around the sack and forces them apart, and does the same to the hand Ataxia had in Shadow's hair! Shadow moves for the sack again, but MJ physically lifts him up and shoves them apart!

They get in each other's face, MJ shouting that he needs to respect the match official and Shadow shouting that she needs to check Ataxia! The fans rise to their feet and pop at the sight of these two eyeing each other down, but MJ is the one who breaks first when she turns her attention to Myfanwy on the outside! ATAXIA WITH A SLINGSHOT CLOTHESLINE! SHADOW TO THE OUTSIDE!

Mike Rolash: Worst. Referee. Ever.

Instead of counting, MJ backs Ataxia up and demands that he remove the burlap sack. He does so... revealing another sack! No surprise there, but MJ snatches the first one away from him and turns it inside out.

Jim Gunt: He had that mask loaded with a steel plate!

Mike Rolash: I may have underestimated the little pest.

MJ throws the mask out of the ring and cautions Ataxia to watch his ass, all the while Myfanwy has helped Shadow to his feet and back into the ring. He looks at the official and she tells him the deal, and Shadow slaps Ataxia across the face! Ataxia with a right hand!

Jim Gunt: The Champ is enraged, and he has every reason to be!

Shadow with a return fist, and Ataxia fires one of his own! Shadow slaps the hand out of his way and hooks him with a

side suplex and a roll over cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THKickout!

Jim Gunt: This might be the catalyst for Shadow to forget about defending his injury and go fully in on the attack! But is that the right call?

Mike Rolash: He's still standing, so he's not dead yet.

Shadow pulls Ataxia up to his knees and starts to bring him to his feet - Ataxia grabs him behind the neck and drops down with a chinbreaker, jolting Shadow's chin against the top of his own head! Shadow staggers backwards, and a sweep of the leg puts him down! Drops of blood fly out of his mouth as he lands, and Ataxia with another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THRICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Did he bite his own tongue?

Shadow rolls over and spits a bloody gob onto the mat. He looks at Myfanwy and nods his head with resignation. Ataxia pulls him up - SHADOW WITH A LOW BLOW! MJ is in there to warn him and Shadow pulls the sack off Ataxia's head!

Obvs, he reveals another sack, but he also pulls a second metal plate out of the second mask and throws them both out of the ring.

Mike Rolash: Is he building a silo or something?

Jim Gunt: MJ cautions both men a second time, but like everyone here, she wants to see a winner!

Shadow spits more blood onto the mat as he pulls Ataxia to his feet - DEADLY KISS! Clothesline! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! SHADOW KICKS OUT AT THE LAST SECOND!!

Jim Gunt: Shadow is blinded by that black mist but he's still kicking out! There's still some fight left in the Champion!

Mike Rolash: How much more could there be?

Jim Gunt: That's the question!

Mike Rolash: I know that's... that's the question. It's why I asked it.

Ataxia kips up and he backs into the ropes, waiting for Shadow to do the same! He's grandiosly gesturing for Shadow to get back up, and the fans are on their feet cheering for the Champion!

Jim Gunt: MJ staying back, she's letting these two finish it themselves.

Finally, The Shadow gets back up, and he turns around, still half blind from Ataxia's deadly kiss. Ataxia leans into the ropes...

Myfanwy: RECKONING! RECKONING!

Ataxia leaps into the air - SHADOW STEPS BACK!

Jim Gunt: With that well timed warning, Shadow steps back and catches Ataxia's knees! Modified spinebuster! COVER!

Mike Rolash: That was impressive.

ONE!

TWO!

THRICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: I spoke too soon.

Ataxia remains prone on the mat as The Shadow rolls off and crawls towards the corner. The Messiah Pariah does not show much life, but he reaches into his mask and removes... a third metal plate?

Jim Gunt: This is getting ridiculous.

Mike Rolash: It's Ataxia.

Jim Gunt: Looks like that one was on the back of his head, and he just landed on it!

In the corner, Shadow pulls himself up to the top turnbuckle and continues to try to clear his eyes! Ataxia rolls over and pushes himself to his knees!

Jim Gunt: It comes down to right now, Mike! The Shadow can barely walk and barely see, and Ataxia may have just had his lights turned out by his own advance planning! MJ Flair kicks that third metal plate out of the ring and Ataxia is on his feet - NIGHTFALL!

Shadow's leap of faith is well - aimed; he catches Ataxia by the head and drops him to the mat with that diving DDT! Both men collapse in a heap, Shadow on his back and Ataxia on his stomach! MJ begins to count!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia showing signs of life! Shadow is still out!

Mike Rolash: How can you tell? He's wearing a sack.

THREE!

And Ataxia rolls himself on his back onto Shadow's chest!

ONE...!

TWO!

THRE-SHADOWREVERSES! He hooks Ataxia's arm, scissors his other arm, and rolls them over!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Ray Douglas: Here is your two thousand nineteen MODERN WARFARE WINNER, STILL CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

THEEEEEEEEE SHAAAAAAAADOW!!!!!!

In the ring, MJ Flair holds up Shadow's arm and has the belt in her other hand, ready to give it to him as soon as he's able! Myfanwy slides in under the bottom rope and tries to get his attention, and she attempts to clear out his eyes.

Jim Gunt: Great effort here, and The Shadow has run the gauntlet - ATAXIA ATTACKS!

Mike Rolash: Say THAT three times fast!

The Messiah Pariah shoves MJ Flair out of the way and returns to kicking and stomping on the Champion! The shocked crowd boo the Messiah Pariah as he stomps down on his Forsaken friend. MJ FLAIR WITH A HOOK FROM BEHIND! BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX! Ataxia wisely rolls to the outside instead of facing off with a fresh opponent, and they're staring daggers at each other!

Jim Gunt: Finally, Shadow's up, and MJ Flair raises his hand properly while Myfanwy raises the other! Shadow has retained the World Title, but what does this mean for the Forsaken?

Mike Rolash: Hopefully this means no more chairs behind me!

Jim Gunt: We'll try to have some answers for you by the time we get to Evolution but for now, for Mike Rolash and the entire CWF production team, this is Jim Gunt, goodnight!

We cut to a split screen showing Ataxia backing his way up the ramp, while The Shadow, World Title belt over his shoulder, glares at him as we CUT.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite