

# Northern Crown: Northern Crown 2018

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** November 20, 2018  
**Location:** Rogers Arena — Vancouver, British Columbia

## Results

### We Rule This F'n Land!

Match

As the camera fades into the sold-out Rogers Arena in downtown Vancouver, the crowd is buzzing with excitement, sending the wave through the ranks repeatedly. A scan of the fans shows us some of the usual creative signs fans have brought with them.

"Loki, let me be your sentinel!"

"Long live the king!"

Movement at the entrance to the stage draws the camera's attention to it, and Blake Church and Charles State are stepping out to a roarious applause by the fans.

Charles State: Good evening Vancouver, welcome to Northern Crown!

More cheers.

Blake Church: It is good to see PPV action returning to the Great White North, thankfully not white around here and what an evening we have--

Suddenly a man in full red body paint, a red loincloth and devil's horns sprouting from his forehead, taking the microphone out of a speechless Blake Church's hand. As CWF's special reporters and fans alike look at him in bewilderment, he looks around with a satisfied air around him and raises the mic to his lips.

"Excuse me, what are you doing here?"

Charles State: Uh, we are doing our job...?

"No. You are interfering."

Charles State: And you are?

"The Heathen."

Charles looks at him with suspicion.

Charles State: Are you a new signing with CWF?

The Heathen: No, we are taking over!

Charles State: Taking over? Who are you?

The Heathen grins.

The Heathen: We are Zimmers Hole!

At that moment a curtained off area of the stage sees the fabric drop and double-bass drums start up as the Heathen walks over and "We Rule the F'n Land" begins with heavy riffing and the Vancouver fans go berzerk upon their local heroes kicking Northern Crown off in style! The energetic song has the crowd going, loudly shouting along with every

repeated "WE RULE THE FUCKING LAND".

After they finish with a grand pyromanic bang, The Heathen walks back with a wicked grin on his face, shoves the microphone back into Blake's hand and says.

The Heathen: There, NOW it is your turn.

The Heathen turns and walks off with the rest of the band to standing ovations.

Charles State: Alright, now that was something, I knew that this was our theme song, but I did not expect - that. Or him...

## **A Moment of Silence**

Match

The whole roster is coming out on stage now, some of the athletes spread far apart, but out nonetheless.

Blake Church: Before we get going with the action, though, we have a very sad duty to fulfil. As some of you may have heard last week, former CWF Heavyweight champion Jace Valentine passed away last week. Ladies and Gentlemen, we would kindly ask you to rise from your seats to honour this CWF legend with our ten bell salute.

A hushed silence falls over the sold out arena as the lights mute and timekeeper Sal Giardino rings the bell ten times in Jace's memory while black and white pictures of him slowly glide across the tron.

Blake Church: Thank you very much, our hearts go out to his friends and family.

The lights come back up and the wrestlers retreat backstage. The camera switches to our commentator team Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash standing in front of their table.

Jim Gunt: A sad occasion to kick off our show, but I am sure that Jace would want us to continue the show, especially since it is our first Canadian PPV here in Vancouver, Northern Crown.

Mike Rolash: Not only will we have an outstanding tag team tournament during which the titles of the Smokin' Aces are on the line, but also two more titles will be defended tonight.

Jim Gunt: For one Jarvis King and his Paramount title will be challenged by The Shadow after actually beating the Icon two weeks ago.

Mike Rolash: And of course in the main event Loki Synn in a 2 out of 3 falls match will win the title from MJ Flair--

Jim Gunt: They will be competing for it, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Exactly and then Loki will win it, what's the problem?

Jim Gunt: Never mind. So the tournament will feature six first round matches, the winners of which will enter two triple threat matches to decide who is going to be competing for the CWF Tag Team Titles!

Mike Rolash: And kicking off our extravaganza will be one of our biggest newcomers of late, Austin Bishop, who is going against veteran "Facetious" Franklin Fredrickson right here, right now!

## **Austin Bishop vs. "Facetious" Franklin Fredrickson**

Match

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

"Lark On My Go Kart" hits over the speaker system.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring first, hailing from New York..

The fans immediately come alive at the return of former CWF funny man, Franklin Fredrickson. The Facetious One makes his appearance from behind the curtain with a wry smile on his face, standing still as the pyros shoot off around him.

Ray Douglas: Standing at five foot ten and weighing in at two hundred and two pounds.... FRANKLIN... FREDRIIIICCKKKSSSOONNNN!!!!

Fredrickson eventually makes his way down to the ring, sliding in and testing out the ropes, trying to break off any ring rust before his big match.

Ray Douglas: His opponent.... being accompanied to the ring by Dick Fury....

The lights dim and a synthetic horror sounding tune begins to fill the PA. Austin Bishop steps out from the back as the lights begin to come back up displaying a dense fog. Behind him Dick Fury walks, dressed in an all white suit with a red shirt. Fury walks backward down the ramp clapping for Bishop.

Ray Douglas: Standing at seven feet tall and weighing in at two hundred and seventy nine pounds.... AUSTIN.... BIISSSHHHOOOPPPP!!!

Jim Gunt: This match made by Jon Stewart last week will be Austin Bishop's first booked CWF match.

Mike Rolash: Booked. Non-booked. Who cares Jim? Austin Bishop is a force like no other ever seen in the CWF.

Jim Gunt: Dick Fury's answer to being unable to obtain championship gold, this hired gun, has so far left a trail of bodies since arriving on the scene.

Mike Rolash: Franklin's next!

As Bishop and Fury enter the ring, Dick has a grin the size of Wisconsin across his face as he is handed a microphone. After a few moments he raises it to his mouth.

Dick Fury: VANCOUVER!

The fans cheer at Fury saying their name.

Dick Fury: How is it that so many dirty... ugly... non believers can be fit in one building?

The cheers turn to boos.

Dick Fury: Tonight, right before your eyes you will see first hand as The First Apostle destroys the CWF's attempt to silence The Saviour!

More boos.

Dick Fury: Tonight, Austin Bishop will cement himself as...

Not waiting for Dick to finish or the match to begin, Franklin Fredrickson rushes Fury, slamming a forearm into his back. Dick drops the mic and stumbles forward, catching himself on the ropes. Down on one knee, holding the middle rope to keep himself up, he throws his finger toward Franklin and yells for Austin to get him.

Jim Gunt: Franklin Fredrickson has heard enough.

Mike Rolash: I hope he tears that idiot's head off!

Bishop charges Franklin, who quickly slides out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Franklin Fredrickson quickly hightailing it out of the ring. This match has yet to officially begin.

Mike Rolash: Doesn't seem like the brightest move.

Bishop follows Franklin as he walks around the ring, with Austin inside. Dick rolls out himself, yelling for Austin to end

it. Bishop exits the ring. As he does, Franklin slides back in.

Jim Gunt: Probably the smartest thing he can do is avoid getting near Austin Bishop.

Mike Rolash: He's just going to make him angry Jim. Would you want to be on the receiving end of an angry Austin Bishop?

Jim Gunt: Not at all.

Bishop grabs the ropes, pulling himself to the apron. Inside the ring, Franklin Fredrickson looks ready.

Jim Gunt: The former comedian would love to be the first person to knock Austin Bishop off.

Mike Rolash: Ha! Like that's even possible.

Austin steps over the top rope and in to the ring. As he does, Franklin takes off. He leaps, legs forward, catching Austin bishop in the knees.

Jim Gunt: Drop kick to the knees of Austin Bishop!

The bell sounds to officially start the match. Bishop leans against the ropes. Not slowing down, Franklin quickly moves in and delivers a swift kick to the side of Austin's legs.

Jim Gunt: Continuing to focus on that leg.

Bishop winces as he turns, holding the top rope and stepping forward. Behind him, Franklin moves back then runs, again with a drop kick. This time hitting the back of Austin's legs.

Jim Gunt: The big man to a knee near the ropes. Franklin Fredrickson wanting to capitalize by using his quickness

Mike Rolash: He attacked him before the bell even rung. How fair is that?

Jim Gunt: How fair is almost anything that Austin Bishop and Dick Fury have done since arriving?

Mike Rolash: That's beside the point!

Bishop uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet. He turns as a running Franklin Fredrickson leaps forward.

Jim Gunt: Big closed fist by Austin Bishop catches Franklin Fredrickson in the air!

Fredrickson's body flies down, hitting the canvas. Austin Bishop steps forward, leans down, and grabs him around the throat with both hands before pulling Franklin up, lifting him.

Jim Gunt: The pure power of Austin Bishop.

Mike Rolash: It's amazing, isn't it?

The referee warns Bishop whom just holds Franklin up as he struggles. Beginning to count, the referee continues to yell for Austin to let him go. At four, Austin drops Franklin.

Jim Gunt: Austin Bishop barely avoiding a disqualification.

He reaches down, grabbing Franklin by the head and pulling his body up. Bishop places Fredrickson's head between his legs, and reaches down, around the waist of Franklin before lifting him up.

Jim Gunt: Franklin Fredrickson may be going for a ride...

Austin Bishop throws Franklin to the canvas with all of his power.

Jim Gunt: POWERBOMB!

Mike Rolash: Did you see that Jim? Did you see? Beautiful!

Austin Bishop drops to his knees, placing his hands on the chest of Franklin Fredrickson. The referee slides into place and begins his count. At three, the bell begins to sound.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match.... AUSTIN.... BISSSHOOOPPP!!!!

Jim Gunt: Austin Bishop with yet another quick win as his reign of terror picks up more steam.

Mike Rolash: Franklin Fredrickson never had a chance! Jon Stewart's going to have to do better than that!

No celebration, no fanfare. Austin Bishop exits the ring with a stone cold look across his face. Dick Fury slaps him on the chest, pointing toward the ring and laughing at Franklin Fredrickson. The camera zooms in on the two.

Jim Gunt: It truly is dark days in the CWF....

Mike Rolash: Bring it on! It's time some of these idiots get what they deserve and Austin Bishop is the guy to do it!

The referee checks on Franklin Fredrickson who has yet to move as we fade.

## **Heart to Heart**

Match

We fade to a shot of the backstage area. Mac Bane comes walking down the hallway just as his son Jimmy Allen comes out of the locker room with the two men nearly colliding. Jimmy Allen's expression is one of surprise verging on shock.

Jimmy Allen: Pops?! What are you doing here?

Bane flashes him that toothy grin he's known for and pulls his black stetson off of his head. He runs his fingers through his hair before looking at his son and his expression changes to a more serious one.

Mac Bane: I'm here to fight, son.

Jimmy Allen: Meaning who exactly?

Mac Bane: Whoever stands across the ring from me tonight.

Jimmy shakes his head in dismay, not really looking at his father.

Mac Bane: Yeah, that's what I thought, you fucked up kiddo. Simple as that, so now one man's son is missing and mine seems to be lost.

He couldn't have hurt Jimmy any more if he had physically attacked him. Jimmy's jaw is visibly clenching and unclenching.

Mac Bane: Good, get good and god damned mad, you should be pissed off at yourself. You were raised better than this son, make it right.

Bane walks out of the shot leaving Jimmy to think about what was said.

## **V.E.N.O.M. (Vince Espinoza & Nina) Vs. The Forsaken (Dorian Hawkhurst & Zach Van Owen)**

Match

We cut back to Mike and Jim, who are in deep conversation.

Jim Gunt: No, I'm telling you-- Oh, welcome back to Northern Crown here and Austin Bishop is continuing to lay waste to the CWF roster, it will be interesting to see how he is going to fare once he gets some competition of his own weight class, but already interesting to see that we have a surprising father-son combo in CWF now with Mac Bane making his debut tonight, father of Hostility's Jimmy Allen, I wonder how that is going to affect things!

Mike Rolash: I don't know, Jimbo, but he clearly was not aware of this fact, so we will have to see, if this could unfocus

him and potentially wreak havoc on his progress in the tournament tonight.

Jim Gunt: Speaking of which, we are gearing up to kick off said tournament and Ray is apparently waiting for us to stop yapping, so over to you, Ray!

Ray Douglas stands in the center of the ring, as he's ready to introduce the next contest.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! And it's a first round match in the Northern Crown Tournament! Introducing first.

A total blackout consumes the arena, the opening sounds of "Second Death of Souls" by Matriarch begins to play. The fans begin 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 as the trio make their way to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring, accompanied by Omar Martinez! At a combined weight of three hundred sixty pounds! They are Vince Espinoza and Nina! V.E.N.O.M!

Coming to a standstill at ringside, Nina unhooks the chain from around Espinoza's collar. She takes the chain that's linked to Martinez, locking it to her throne that is placed at ringside. Now pointing toward the ring, Nina follows Espinoza inside, both competitors waiting calmly on their opponents.

Jim Gunt: This is a team that may be the wildcard in this tournament, as they have a bit of mystery to them.

Mike Rolash: Mystery huh? More mysterious than the mystery team?

Jim Gunt: Well there is that...

The entire arena goes dark as green digital rain appears on the screen and gradually forms the phrase "Ready... FIGHT!" "Liberi Fatali" kicks in as the lights go down and smoke fills the ramp. As the spotlight sets upon the entrance stage, Hawkhurst stands in an open legged stance with his arms out. Beside him, Zach van Owen has his head bowed, with his arms outstretched, his body flashing in bright green lights. Soon Chloe Hawkhurst crawls out from behind her father, Leona Gainsborough strutting to the side of van Owen. They all pose for the fans who are going nuts for the fairly new duo.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, making their way to the ring, accompanied by Leona Gainsborough and Chloe Hawkhurst! They are the team of Dorian Hawkhurst and Zach van Owen! THE FORSAKEN!

Dorian is all business as the group make their way down the aisle, everyone else slapping the hands of the fans. Dorian slides into the ring as van Owen hops up on the apron, climbing to the top turnbuckle, throwing the hood of his vest off to a cheering Canadian crowd!

Jim Gunt: I for one, can say that this tournament has produced some intriguing matchups.

Mike Rolash:I don't know Jimbo, I think I liked the team of Hawkhurst and Steel better. At least you know that violence is guaranteed.

Jim Gunt: Since when have you been a fan of Steel?

Mike Rolash: I'm not, but they would make it further than this combination.

Jim Gunt: That can only be taken as speculation. But right now--

Suddenly the sound of a motorcycle can be heard, interrupting Jim.

Jim Gunt: What is that? Harley is not due down yet?

As the motorcycle emerges onto the stage, it is not Harley, though, but a mountain of a man that is parking at the edge and walking down the ramp, his slanted eyes and features marking him from Mongolian descent. Dressed in leather

and a long black trenchcoat, his long black hair held back by a bandana, his features chiselled and not betraying any emotions.

Mike Rolash: Uh, he is coming here! I don't like this!

Jim Gunt: I have absolutely no idea what is happening here, Ladies and Gentlemen.

The people in and around the ring look at the man in equal bewilderment, but he just passes the ring, grabs a chair from the timekeeper's area, sets it up between the Spanish and US announce table, sits down, crosses his arms and looks at the ring.

Jim Gunt: OK, we have no word on who this gentleman is, security apparently does not have any objections to him being here, so it's time to kick off the Northern Crown Tournament as Nina and Zach are starting this contest, official Scott Dean, calling for the bell.

The bell rings as Nina and Zach begin to circle the ring. Surprisingly, Nina sticks her left hand in the air, offering it up to Zach in a 'Test of Strength'. Taken aback a bit, he obliges, extending her, his right. Maybe, as if Van Owen has the belief that she couldn't match strength with him. He quickly twists her arm into an arm wrench. Nina searches for an escape as Zach has her arm twisted, with no other options, she uses her right leg, striking van Owen across the thigh with a shoot kick. With the grip of Zach loosened, she quickly maneuvers behind Player One, cinching in a hammerlock. Now finding himself in an unlucky situation, Zach swings back with an elbow, but Nina is able to duck, quickly hooking van Owen and sends him crashing hard to the canvas with a STO!

Jim Gunt: Very impressive counter by Nina, catching the Game-Changer by surprise.

Mike Rolash: I have a feeling this chica can go with the best of them.

Jim Gunt: She just might be able to, I got word earlier that she's been wrestling since she was thirteen years old. Which, I find highly impressive.

Zach slowly makes it back to his feet, eyeing Nina as she seductively stares back at him! Getting himself together, van Owen goes in for the tie-up, but she ducks behind Zach, shoving him toward the ropes. Rebounding, the Game-Changer attempts a clothesline, the Emperatriz is light on her feet as she is able to avoid him once again. Not backing down, Zach uses his cat like agility to leap to the top rope! He springs backward, going for a moonsault, but it's the even quicker leader of V.E.N.O.M, who is able to avoid the high risk move, as van Owen lands on his feet! Giving him no room to breathe, she rebounds off the ropes, going full throttle at Zach, leaping up onto his shoulders and taking him over to the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Nina with a hurricanrana, that sends the Impact Champion reeling toward his corner, trying to regroup.

Mike Rolash: She's been wrestling since she was thirteen? No wonder she's running circles around that twerp!

Jim Gunt: Also says here that she has a background in MMA as well.

Mike Rolash: Let me guess... your "inside sources."

Jim Gunt: You would be correct.

Zach makes the tag to Hawkhurst, who enters the ring, charging like freight train at Nina! However, using her quickness once again, she uses his momentum against him, sending him rolling toward her team's corner with an arm drag. As the Demon of Sobriety rises, Nina moves in taking her hands and begins to provocatively rub his chest. A confused look comes over Dorian's face, but that soon changes when she rockets off a knife edge chop to his chest! She then makes the tag to the Masked Monster, Vince Espinoza. She steps to the apron as Espinoza enters the ring taking a few steps away from the corner, before bull rushing back in at Hawkhurst!

Jim Gunt: Hawkhurst able to avoid Espinoza! That could've ended badly.

Mike Rolash: I wish it would've, but now these two are in an intense staredown.

Both big men measure each other up, before deciding to meet in an all out brawl! Exchanging right hands back and forth, the Canadian fans are at a fever pitch as the two men go at it. However, it's Espinoza gaining the advantage with a boot to the midsection of Hawkhurst, doubling him over. With things in his favor, Espinoza begins to pound away at the Demon of Sobriety's back with clubbing forearms, dropping him down to the mat! Bringing Hawkhurst up by his shirt and pants, Vince goes to throw him in a neutral corner, but it's Hawkhurst who reverses, sending Espinoza crashing chest first into the corner. As Espinoza staggers backward, Hawkhurst rebounds off the ropes in front of Vince, and sends him down hard to the canvas with a clothesline!

Jim Gunt: Huge clothesline by Hawkhurst flattening the Masked Monster!

Mike Rolash He might be a monster, but Dorian has him beat when it comes to size.

Hawkhurst brings Espinoza to his feet, shoving Vince back toward The Forsaken's corner. Making the tag to van Owen, Hawkhurst hooks his opponent under his arm and sends him flying across the ring with a Biel Throw! Now entering the ring, Zach hits the ropes and connects with a sliding forearm just as Espinoza sits up! He goes for the pin, as official Scott Dean slides in to make the count!

ONE!

Espinoza powers out of the cover, sending Zach flying halfway across the ring! He lands in his feet though, but Espinoza is also to his feet staring the young Philadelphian down. Espinoza moves in on Zach, but it's the Game-Changer, who is the quicker of the two, grabbing the stockier man with a rear waist lock! However, Espinoza moves with a sense of urgency, hits a standing switch, lifts van Owen off his feet and tosses him across the ring!

Jim Gunt: The power of Espinoza on display! Zach having to take a moment to collect himself, maybe rethink a game plan against this brute.

Mike Rolash: The game plan should be, get Hawkhurst back in the ring.

However, he doesn't and instead chooses to try his luck once more! Both men move slowly toward each other, it's van Owen who strikes first with a kick to Espinoza's leg, quickly locking on a headlock. But the Masked Boa is having none of it, lifting Zach and tosses him off! Landing on his feet again, Zach charges at Espinoza, but it's Espinoza who connects with a shoulder tackle. Van Owen hits the mat, but quickly kips up to his feet! The Masked Man stares at him, as Zach just shrugs his shoulders. Now seemingly infuriated, Espinoza charges at van Owen, going for a lariat, but Zach ducks underneath rebounding off the opposite set of ropes! It's Vince displaying his quickness and bounces off the ropes, horizontal to van Owen. As they meet in the middle, Espinoza powers through his smaller opponent with a Pounce!

Mike Rolash: He's gonna need a few more coins after that hit!

Jim Gunt: Zach is in a bad spot now, Espinoza it's right on him.

With van Owen to his feet, Espinoza grabs him by the back of his neck, shoving him off into the ropes. As Zach bounces off the ropes, he rolls over the bended Espinoza's back, quickly turning around, Vince attempts another lariat, but it's van Owen who rolls though dodging it. Backflipping he hooks his legs around the neck of Espinoza, going for a headscissors, but it's the Masked Boa, avoiding the move with a cartwheel that gets the fans to their feet out of appreciation! This time it is Player One's turn to look unimpressed. He charges at Espinoza, but Vince sidesteps, van Owen takes the opportunity to spring off the middle rope, back toward the bigger man, but it's the Boa who levels him with a lariat to the back of the neck! Crashing hard to the canvas face first, van Owen doesn't have anytime to recover as Espinoza is over him, deadlifting the Game-Changer off the mat and spiking him into the canvas with a German Suplex! He holds on for the pin as Dean makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Hawkhurst breaks up the pin!

Jim Gunt: Vince Espinoza is just tossing Zach around the ring like a ragdoll! He's very fortunate that Hawkhurst was able to break the pin.

Mike Rolash: Look how he's dragging Zach toward his team's corner. That punk is in over his head right now.

With van Owen now in the V.E.N.O.M corner, Espinoza tags Nina back in, now holding Zach in position for his leader. Player One can't do nothing but watch on as she climbs to the second rope and leaps off with a front dropkick connecting with his chest! On her hands and knees, now with a sinister smile, she begins to crawl towards the downed Zach, mounting his body. Coming face to face with him, she slithers her tongue up van Owen's face before pounding him with repeated forearm shots.

Mike Rolash: Can I be next?

Jim Gunt: So she can pound your face in?

Mike Rolash: If she licks me, the way she just did Zach! She can do whatever she wants to me.

Jim Gunt: You oughta be ashamed of yourself.

Mike Rolash: Yet I'm not.

Done pounding on Zach, Nina is to her feet, bringing van Owen up as well. Shooting him off to the ropes, she goes for a back body drop, but Zach has already proven to have this move well scouted, backflipping over her and landing on his feet! He goes to kick her in the midsection, but she catches his foot, swinging his leg around, Nina thinks she's free and clear until Zach makes a full rotation dropping her with a Dragon Whip Kick! Both competitors are down as a worn out Zach is able to make it to his corner tagging in Hawkhurst! Nina is to her feet, but quickly dropped back to the mat courtesy of a Polish Hammer from Hawkhurst! She's back up but ends up suffering the same fate. Rolling to her hands and knees, she tries to catch a quick breather, which only proves to be futile, as Dorian grabs her by the back of her neck and brings her to an upright position. Wasting no time, he quickly slams her face first into the mat with an Inverted Chokeslam! He goes for the lateral press, hooking the leg as Dean makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: I can't believe she kicked out of that!

Mike Rolash: Must be that super natural thing.

Gainsborough and Chloe are at ringside yelling at Dean that the count was three. Hawkhurst has doubts as well as he sideeyes Scott Dean. Bringing Nina to a vertical base, he irish whips her toward the ropes. Upon her return, she catches Hawkhurst by surprise with a wheelbarrow body scissors, transitioning into a DDT! After the last ditch desperation maneuver from Nina, both competitors are on the canvas, van Owen and crew taking the time to get the fans to rally behind Hawkhurst. However, on the other side of the ring, Espinoza and Martinez stand stoically, watching on as both Hawkhurst and Nina begin to crawl toward their respective corners. They are both able to make the tag at the exact same moment as Espinoza and van Owen come charging in at each other!

Jim Gunt: Zach is the first to strike! Series of rapid fire forearms to the face, left low roundhouse kick, right low kick,

spinning back sole kick has Espinoza doubled over, Switchblade Kick!

Mike Rolash: Those strikes didn't faze him, he's rising up with Zach's foot caught on his shoulder!

Knowing he's in big trouble, Zach doesn't have a chance to escape as Espinoza quickly hooks him and sends the Game-Changer flying across the ring with an Exploder Suplex! Crashing hard, Zach tries to gain his bearings, however Espinoza is right there, deadlifting him once more off the mat, sending him flying across the ring again, with a pumphandle throw! Zach looks to be out as Espinoza stalks towards him, going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

And it's Hawkhurst breaking up the pin attempt with a boot to the masked face of Espinoza! This brings in Nina who hurriedly levels Hawkhurst with a Roundhouse Kick to the skull! With Hawkhurst out of the equation, V.E.N.O.M looks to team up on Zach! Espinoza grabs the legs of van Owen as Nina positions herself behind them. Falling backwards, Espinoza catapults Zach right into the waiting foot of Nina, who sidekicks van Owen back across the knees of Espinoza. He doesn't let go though as Nina comes around connecting with a Switchblade Kick of her own to Zach's chest! Espinoza quickly transitions into a pinning situation, holding the shoulders of van Owen down with his legs!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: What a kickout by the Ultimate Underdog! And check out Nina, she is by far, not pleased that they get the three count.

Mike Rolash: She's making a beeline towards a rising Hawkhurst in the corner, and he sends her up and over to the outside floor!

Jim Gunt: Maybe too much aggression?

Mike Rolash: Totally. Vince is back to his feet, destroying Hawkhurst with a violent lariat!

Not letting up, Espinoza brings the Demon up by his hair, whipping him hard into a corner, he follows in, but Dorian is once again able to move out of the way, causing Espinoza to crash hard! He doesn't have time to recover as Zach comes flying in with a delayed corner dropkick! Hastily getting to his feet, van Owen irish whips Vince toward the opposite corner. No, he reverses and it's the Hardcore Kid crashing hard! Espinoza comes charging in, but Zach gets the boot up. However, it's Espinoza with the block, catching his foot, but van Owen uses his free leg to catch Vince across the side of the head with an enziguri! The kick sends Espinoza staggering backward as Nina is now shown having a seat on her throne.

Jim Gunt: It looks like Nina is done with this contest. But why? There's so much at stake, for instance the CWF Tag Team Championships.

Mike Rolash: For some competitors, it's about sending a message. And that's exactly what it looks like she's doing, especially since Martinez is chained to that chair.

Jim Gunt: Another big dropkick by Zach has Espinoza in the Forsaken's corner!

Quickly making the tag to Hawkhurst, Espinoza fires off an elbow shot that sends Dorian off the apron! Zach tries to make a move but quickly gets hoisted up onto the shoulders of Vince Espinoza. Looking for a running powerslam, Vince takes a few steps, but Dorian is back in the ring, yanking his partner off the shoulder of Espinoza! The Forsaken members lock hands, going for a double clothesline, but Espinoza barrels through the attempt! Quickly turning around,

Espinoza is doubled over with a sole kick by van Owen. Hawkhurst follows him with a huge knee lift to the face of Vince, standing him back upright. Again backflipping in front of Vince and catching his head with his legs, Zach holds the masked man in place as Hawkhurst rips off a Savate Kick! The Masked Boa is out in his feet, as Dorian moves in, placing his head between the legs of Espinoza, lifting him up in an Electric Chair position. Leona and Chloe are right along with fans in awe, as they feel something big is about to happen. With Espinoza in the air, Zach is seen climbing a turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: What could they have planned here?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, but this can't possibly end well.

Zach is now fully perched on the top turnbuckle as Dorian is holding Vince steady. Outside the ring, both Nina and Omar Martinez watch on calmly as Zach leaps off! He catches Espinoza just as Dorian shoves him off, driving Espinoza face first into the canvas with a Domsday Reverse STO! Dorian shoots the half, going for the pin as Dean makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners and advancing to the semi finals of the Northern Crown Tournament! THE FORSAKEN!

Jim Gunt: And there we have it, the first team to advance are The Forsaken and it was an impressive showing from Dorian and Zach in the absence of Ataxia and Mia, and of course The Shadow being embroiled with the King later on tonight, V.E.N.O.M. in their first match surely have shown that they are a force to be reckoned with, though, as well.

Mike Rolash: Definitely and--

The Mongolian that had been sitting next to them throughout the whole match without uttering a single word, or really moving, wordlessly gets up, folds up the chair, returns it to the time keeper and marches back up the ramp.

Mike Rolash: OK, this guy seriously is freaking me out...

## **On Our Own**

Match

Mark Carlton can be seen backstage stretching himself out for the match ahead, sweat dripping down his forehead already. The Fearless Atlantic Gentleman wipes his perspiration away, checking out his right pec as it's up in the air. It's at this moment that Colton Mace struts into the locker room, raising up his sunglasses immediately as he sees Mark.

Colton Mace: What the hell are you doing?

Mark Carlton: Stretching out and getting ready Mace, our match is next. What are YOU doing, mate? I've been looking for you all night!

Mace raises his hands in the air as he replies.

Colton Mace: I've been looking everywhere for Jaiden, he hasn't answered my calls since he got out of the hospital. I would have at least expected him to be here tonight...

Carlton smiles back at his former Entourage partner.

Mark Carlton: Looks like we're all on our own tonight.

Mace rolls his eyes.

Colton Mace: That's what I'm worried about.

Cut.

## **The Entourage (Colton Mace & Mark Carlton) Vs. The Hostile Takeover (Tobias Devereaux & Jimmy Allen)**

Match

Jim Gunt: But coming back to the match as the people are clearing out here, I would have put my money on V.E.N.O.M. here as well.

Mike Rolash: Yes, I still do not understand why Nina didn't just send the two guys in! That might very well have been their downfall tonight.

Jim Gunt: Well, overconfidence, trying to impress, I have no idea, but maybe we can chalk this up to some inexperience in the fed, but I guess time will tell, if they will learn from this. But now we are about to see one of the favourites for the titles tonight and I don't mean the Entourage, who bring everything to the table to go all the way, but Hostile Takover, Jimmy Allen and Tobias Devereaux who have taken this federation by storm in the wake of Loki Synn arriving on the scene.

Mike Rolash: But we should never underestimate Colton Mace and Mark Carlton, true veterans of the trade and an institution here in CWF, so let's let the gladiators enter the arena!

A remix of "New Orleans Heavy Swamp Blues" by Justin Johnson and "Cut the Cord" by Shinedown begins to play as The Hostile Takeover represented by Jimmy Allen and Tobias Devereaux make their way onto the stage.

Ray Douglas: The following is another first round tag team match. First representing The Hostile Takeover....Jimmy Allen and Tobias Devereaux!

The two men waste little time and sprint towards the ring. They both baseball slide under the ropes and pop up in the center of the ring. A fist bump and then they go and stand up on the corner turnbuckle pads. They are heavily jeered by the crowd as they stand there posing. They finally step down and wait for their opposition in this match.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents; Mark Carlton and Colton Mace, they are The Entourage!

"Good Ol' Fashioned Lover Boy" by Queen begins to play as The Entourage make their way out onto the stage, the pyro explodes as they make their way down the ramp. Colton and Mark make their way into the ring and pose for the crowd to a few cheers and an over abundance of boos from the crowd.

Trent Robbins draws all four men into the ring and goes through his prematch ritual of the rules and respecting the zebra. After all four men have nodded that they understand, he calls for them to each designate who starts the match.

Jim Gunt: It appears that Tobias Devereaux will start for Hostility and Mark Carlton for The Entourage.

Mike Rolash: Does it even matter? My money is on The Hostile Takeover!

Tobias and Carlton approach the center of the ring, Referee Trent Robbins calls for the match to begin.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

The two men begin to circle each other and finally connect with a collar and elbow tie up. Mark tries to strike first with a knee to the midsection but Devereaux is able to block it with his knee and deliver one of his own. He quickly follows

that up with a headlock takeover. He tries to float over behind Carlton but Mark slides out of it grabbing the wrist of Tobias and forcing it into a hammer lock. Tobias is in a position most would not envy, face down on the mat with an experienced submission wrestler grinding out a hammer lock. Devereaux fights through the pain and is able to get back to a sitting position. Carlton wrenches his arm again pulling upward to increase the torque. Yelling out in pain, the Cajun Sensation leans back into Mark and reaches back grabbing the back of Carlton's head, bringing both of them back to a standing position.

Jim Gunt: Great back and forth action to start this one folks! The Entourage has the early advantage...

Mike Rolash: Jeebus! what a back elbow from Tobias!

Devereaux sends Carlton reeling with a back elbow that gives him enough separation to escape the hold. Mark takes a few steps back but comes right back after Tobias, The Cajun is quick to side step him and takes him down face first with a drop toe hold. Tobias very quickly moves to the legs of Carlton and applies a calf killer submission! Now it's Mark's turn to yell out in pain, Carlton is close to the ropes though, and he quickly grabs the bottom rope so that Trent Robbins will be forced to call for a break. Tobias though, still has the hold sinched in tightly and is refusing to release the hold. Trent begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Tobias breaks the hold and moves back to the center of the ring, surprisingly the fans cheer him, he smirks at their response and calmly walks over and tags in Jimmy Allen who receives the appropriate reaction from them. They jeer Jimmy relentlessly causing him to smile and bow to them in appreciation. Jimmy hears Trent Robbins say tag but turns to late and takes a forearm fully in the face from Mace! Colton with the first pinfall attempt of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Jimmy Allen! Jimmy tries to roll away but Mace grabs him by his hair and drags him to his feet. Mace drives his right knee into the mid section of Allen driving the air from his lungs. He grabs the arm of The Catalyst, steps over and delivers a hook kick to the jaw of Allen!

Jim Gunt: Complete domination by The Entourage so far in this match.

Mike Rolash: Shut your whore mouth!

Back in the ring Colton has ascended the top turnbuckle, he leaps and connects with Jimmy Allen landing a hurricanrana! Allen is sent across the ring to a neutral corner. Mace stands up and poses for the crowd as Mark yells for him to follow up on the downed opponent. He drags Jimmy to his feet once again, scooping him up and placing him in the Tree of Woe! The crowd knows what's coming and they begin to cheer Mace.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Mace is setting Allen up for the Five Seconds of Fame!

Mike Rolash: Not so fast my friend!

In the ring, Colton stands on the middle rope and then goes to place his foot in the crotch of Allen who grabs his foot! Mace struggles to keep his balance and Allen is able to pull him off balance and send him crashing to the canvas! Jimmy pulls himself upright. He gets to the top turnbuckle and waits for Mace. Colton, is back up quickly but cannot avoid the leaping side kick from Allen! Jimmy's kick knocks The A-List Athlete back and into his corner! Carlton tags

himself in quickly. Allen struggles to get to his feet which provides him with an opportunity, la magistral cradle by Carlton!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Jimmy Allen!

Jim Gunt: The domination continues, The Hostile Takeover just can't get it going in this match!

Mike Rolash: Then what would you call that?!

Back in the ring; Carlton tries to spin Allen around for a German Suplex but Jimmy with quick elbow strikes breaks his momentum. PELE KICK! Both men are down but Jimmy quickly rolls away from Mark making the tag! Carlton still down Devereaux goes back to work on the leg that he had used the calf crusher on earlier. He traps the leg by standing on the area where the foot and ankle connect. The Cajun Sensation begins stomping on the calf and the back of the knee causing Carlton considerable pain. He steps off of the injured leg and Mark tries to crawl to his corner but Tobias drags him back to the center of the ring. He applies an ankle lock and grapevines the leg!

Mike Rolash: What was that you were saying about someone being dominated?

Jim Gunt: ...

Carlton yells out in anguish and tries to crawl to his corner but is unable to due to the way the hold is applied. He looks like he may tap out until Mace comes in the ring delivering a kick to the face of Tobias breaking the hold! Trent Robbins is doing everything he can to usher Mace back out of the ring, with the referee distracted Allen claps his hands together as Tobias exits the ring and Jimmy takes over on Mark applying the ankle lock and dragging him back to the center of the ring. This time though Mark is able to roll through it sending Allen through the ropes and crashing to the floor below. After crashing into the padding of the security railing, Jimmy is back on his feet. Unknown to him Mark has tagged in Mace!

Jim Gunt: Looks like Air Colton is about to take flight!

Mike Rolash: I love watching it crash and burn!

Mace is in the ring and dashes to the far side ropes to build up a head of steam, as he approaches the side that Allen is on he leaps over the top rope executing a beautiful, picture perfect cork screw plancha! The crowd erupts out of awe and respect as it connects fully with Jimmy sending both men crashing to the floor! Mace is back to his feet and drags Allen back to his. With a short arm clothesline he sends Allen back to the arena floor! Mace rolls back into the ring to break the count of Trent Robbins and then back outside again.

Jim Gunt: You were saying?

Mike Rolash: I was saying, fuck you Gunt!

Jim Gunt: ...

Jimmy makes it back to his feet slowly, finally vertical he leans up against the ring post trying to clear his head. Mace comes rushing in for a clothesline but Allen steps out of the way! The Hollywood Hot Shot crashes into the ring post hard! Now, it's Jimmy that ducks into the ring to break the count. He slides back out again and finds Mace writhing on the ground in pain. The Catalyst stomps on the arm and shoulder of Mace who yells out at the impact. Jimmy drags him back to his feet by the injured arm and sends him shoulder first into the ring steps! With a loud thud Colton bounces off the ring steps and crashes to the floor once more. Allen leans up against the ring apron and smiles at his handy work.

Jim Gunt: Allen is getting more vile by the minute. I get it, Mace is not a fan favorite but this is getting out of hand.

Mike Rolash: Oh no sir, he's just getting started.

Allen goes from getting started to face first into the padding of the security railing as Carlton baseball slides under the bottom rope kicking him in the back and sending him tumbling. Trent Robbins is finally able to get Mark out of the ring and begin his ten count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Colton finally begins to stir, as does Allen.

FIVE!

SIX!

The Canadian crowd is on their feet to see if either competitor will be able to make it back into the ring on time. Both men get to their feet and roll under the bottom rope as a collective sigh of relief rings across the audience.

Jim Gunt: It looks like we are back to a level playing field after that. Both men are hurt and exhausted.

Mike Rolash: They are, and the winner has to go on to wrestle at least one more match after this!

Jimmy and Mace are able to get to their respective corners and tag. Tobias steps through the ropes while Carlton does the same. Jimmy and Mace both exit under the bottom rope to try and recover. Tobias meets Mark in the center of the ring. They begin trading forearm smashes across the chest which escalates quickly to trading European uppercuts much to the delight of the crowd. Unable to gain the upper hand trading blows, Carlton unloads with a massive right hook to the jaw of Tobias! He takes a few steps back.

Jim Gunt: Marquess of Queensbury!

Carlton rushes in and levels Tobias with a running Enzuigeri! He goes for the pinfall attempt, hooking the inside leg.

ONE!

TWO!

TH- Kickout by Devereaux!

Mike Rolash: Holy Balls! That was close!

Jim Gunt: Indeed it was, need to go change your Depends after that old man?

Mike Rolash: ...

Carlton reaches down to drag Tobias back to his feet again but gets surprised by an inside cradle from the Cajun Sensation!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO! Kickout by Carlton!

Jim Gunt: Another close pinfall attempt, both men are now getting back to their feet with Carlton tagging out to Mace. Allen seems to be saying something to Tobias that the microphones can't pick up.

Mike Rolash: Probably telling him how badly Carlton stinks.

Tobias nods as he and Colton approach the center of the ring. Instead of a collar and elbow tie up, Mace gets surprised with a straight punch to the arm! The impact sends him to the canvas holding his injured arm. Devereaux drags him back up and slings him to the opposite corner. He hits the corner with high velocity and staggers back out of the corner holding his arm.

Mike Rolash: It's Bayou Bash time!

Jim Gunt: Colton is down!

The impact of the yakuza kick in the corner is thunderous! Mace crumples to the mat and Tobias covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Thre - NO! Carlton is in to save the match for his team!

Mark continues the clubbing blows to Tobias as Trent Robbins threatens to call for the bell. Carlton backs away and back to his corner and Allen is tagged in while Mace staggers back to his feet. Jimmy grabs Mace forcing his head down, sends him between the ropes knocking Mark off the apron! Allen drags Mace out of his corner and Irish whips him across the ring where he hits the corner. Allen covers the distance quickly and unloads on Mace with a hesitation forearm shot to the face! He tags Tobias in and they drag Mace to his feet. Together they Irish whip him to the far ropes, Jimmy moving quickly to the center of the ring. Mace rebounds off the ring ropes and comes back as Tobias in a dead sprint, rushes towards the far ring ropes. Jimmy catches Colton in the center of the ring, lifting him up into a rotation spine buster he calls Hellish Rebuke as Tobias comes off the far side hitting the Bayou Bash again!

Mike Rolash: That's got to be the end!

Jim Gunt: What a move!

Trent Robbins slides into position as Tobias hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Trent Robbins calls for the bell as the theme music of Jimmy Allen and Tobias Devereaux begins to play and he raises their arms.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners and moving on to the next round....THE HOSTILE TAKEOVER!!

## **Pass the Torch**

Match

CWF's World Champion, MJ Flair, is shown backstage stretching, in a seated position, pushing forward. Suddenly she stops and looks up. The camera zooms out to show Caledonia, the former World Champion.

Caledonia: Hey, MJ.

MJF: Cali.

Caledonia: Mind if I join you?

MJ gestures opposite her, and Caledonia sits. The two women each spread their legs, with the slightly shorter MJ putting the soles of her feet on Caledonia's ankles. The World Champion leans forward, with Caledonia assisting her by gently but firmly pulling her arms. MJ holds the stretch for ten seconds, and then they reverse.

MJF: Remember the last time we did this?

Caledonia: Yeah... so much has changed since then, and yet we're right where we were back then. You're World Champion, and I'm...

MJF: A former Champion who never got beat for it?

Caledonia: That, yes.

They switch to a different stretch, legs straight out, soles touching. Caledonia leans forward, trying to touch her nose to her knees. MJ assists by pulling her hands forward.

MJF: Are ya comin' back?

Caledonia looks momentarily taken aback at MJ's bluntness. But she's clearly practiced her response.

Caledonia: Honestly? Probably not. At least not for now. Dan and I... we've got some shit to sort through. And it's going to take some time. More time than we'd have available on a CWF schedule.

MJF: But you miss it?

Caledonia: I do... sometimes. But so much went down, there's... there's just not really been time to miss it, if that makes sense.

They swap places, with Caledonia pulling MJ forward.

MJF: It does.

A few moments of silence pass.

MJF: You've been missed, y'know.

Caledonia: Didn't seem that way from the glances I took at the forums.

MJF: Please. It's like Aunt Ivy says – opinions are like assholes; the internet's full'a both. Don't worry about it.

Caledonia: And I don't. It's not like I lie awake at night or anything like that, but... well, I left and things kept on going.

MJF: I dunno if it's post hoc ergo propter hoc or some shit like that, but after you left the federation devolved into civil war.

Caledonia: Seems post-hoccy to me.

MJF: But still. There are times when I wonder... if you'd been here, could you have stopped this shit with Stewart and Milenko? I'm fighting because I have to, but Flairs ain't heroes; we've always been soldiers. You were... You just had that thing, y'know?

Caledonia smiles.

Caledonia: I didn't always have that "thing," MJ. When I debuted a year ago - almost to the week - I didn't have any visions of being World Champion, much less some sort of resistance figure. I was just in it to throw my proverbial hat in the literal ring, try out my skills and see where they got me. And they got me to the top. Sound familiar?

MJ says nothing, but the tiniest grin appears on her face. Caledonia smiles.

Caledonia: You're the hero CWF needs now, MJ. You'll fight, and you'll win.

She gets up to go. MJ stays on the ground, but does not yet resume stretching.

MJF: Sure I can't tempt you back for one more match?

Caledonia laughs.

Caledonia: If there is one thing I've learned, it's the dangers of "one more match."

MJF: You didn't say no.

Caledonia: How about that?

She laughs.

Caledonia: I'll see you around... champ, I better get to the ring or they'll start without me!

## **Mystery Team vs. Vs. The Harbingers of Death (Autumn Raven & Silas Artoria)**

Match

Jim Gunt: Good to see Caledonia back and her and MJ picking up right where they had left off all these months ago.

Mike Rolash: Chicks will be chicks, I guess.

Jim Gunt: You are so poetic, Mike - NOT!

Mike Rolash: Pfft, you're just jealous.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, right. Anywho, a big win for the Hostile Takeover against the Entourage, so they will be the second team after the Forsaken to advance into the second round and we don't have any time to waste, because the next match is coming right up, right here at Northern Crown!

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of "Somewhere in Hollywood" starts to play, the tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with "Autumn Raven" 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: The following is another first round match in the Northern Crown Tournament! This match will have a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first from Los Angeles, California, she is the Beautiful Psychopath....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Autumn 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 and staring out to the entrance ramp.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven is looking as determined as ever tonight, Mike.

Mike Rolash: The only thing Autumn cares about is tearing Silas Artoria's head off. And tonight they are tag team partners, so that doesn't fare well for either of them.

The lights in Rogers Arena turn a dark red, as fog covers the stage and a rumble seeps over the speakers. The lights fade in and out, as the rumbling gets louder and an angelic choir makes their presence known. The scratching starts, and the composition gets louder and louder, as the fading lights get faster and faster. Then...

**BOOM!**

The choir gets louder, background lights flash bright red, and from the stage ascends a shrouded Silas Artoria. Cane in

hand, posture stiff, look undetermined. The hook of “Cyberdemon” starts, and through the flashing red lights Silas approaches the squared circle. A good portion of the sold out Vancouver crowd surprisingly give him a loud cheer and soon Silas slides into the ring, still shrouded in darkness.

Ray Douglas: And her partner, from Toronto, Canada, he is the Psychotic Aristocrat...SILAS ARTORIA!!

The lights in the arena dim, and blue spotlights swing around. “Day and Night” by Billie Piper hits over the PA as Caledonia steps out onto the stage, to tremendous applause. She poses briefly at the top of the ramp, before moving to the side and raising her hands in the air towards the entrance. The song cuts out, immediately being replaced by the thunderous “Let The Hammer Fall” by Hammerfall, the crowd somehow growing to an even louder decibel as the former Starchild makes his first appearance on a CWF stage in what seems like a lifetime. Caledonia and Dan embrace on the stage for the entire cheering crowd to see, as Silas and Autumn continue looking at each other and their opponents with equal disdain. The Highlanders finally approach the ring after slapping a couple of hands on the way down.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, they are both former CWF World Heavyweight Champions. Caledonia and Dan “The Hammer”...THE HIGHLANDERS!!

Jim Gunt: I’m not sure how Clark Summits is going to be able to contain all four personalities in this match, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Personalities? Hell, Silas Artoria has six or seven personalities just himself!

Jim Gunt: No comment there, but it looks like it is indeed Silas starting off this match with Dan Highlander. After the past, some would say, obsession with Caledonia Highlander, one would have to wonder how Dan feels about all of that.

Mike Rolash: I’m sure he understands it’s just a part of the profession...

As Clark Summits rings the bell and Silas Artoria approaches, Highlander immediately snaps into action with speed unlike ever seen before out of the man, whipping his legs through the air in succession towards Artoria’s face. FALLING HAMMER SCISSORS KICK!

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria is out cold! The sold out crowd is absolutely shocked as Dan Highlander came out guns ablazing here tonight and looks to already have this match won!

Mike Rolash: What has gotten into The Hammer!?

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

FROM OUT OF NOWHERE AUTUMN RAVEN LEAPS OFF THE TOP TURNBUCKLE WITH A CORKSCREW 450 SPLASH ONTO BOTH HIGHLANDER & ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: What a beautiful 450 splash there from Autumn Raven, I can now totally see why she was named after a bird.

Mike Rolash: Ummm...why?

Jim Gunt: Because she can fly, you idiot! The thing that shocks me, however, is that she would even save Silas Artoria from taking the fall. After everything the man has put her through, I would’ve just left him laying.

Autumn pulls the still down Silas over to her corner by his left arm, moving back outside the ring just long enough to tag the unknowing Aristocrat. Raven enters the ring, but Dan Highlander has had just enough time to recover and also make the tag out to Caledonia. His wife enters the ring, the two of them both turning their attention to Autumn Raven.

Jim Gunt: What a moment here, Mike! The first time Caledonia and Dan Highlander have ever teamed up together in CWF, and the fans here tonight are loving it!

Mike Rolash: Don't make me vomit.

Lacking respect for either one of the Highlanders, Autumn spits on Dan. The Hammer doesn't move an inch even as Autumn cackles at him, but Caledonia quickly moves in like a cat and pounces on Raven, striking out with rights and lefts so quickly that the Beautiful Psychopath is only able to block half of them. Dan subdues his wife, saying something in her ear as she stops punching Raven relentlessly and gets to her feet. Clark Summits moves in quickly, telling Dan Highlander that he must get back to his corner or he's going to be forced to count him out.

Mike Rolash: Oh come on ref, how about doing your job here. Don't warn Highlander about entering the ring illegally, just disqualify him!

Dan and Clark Summits have a heated discussion for a moment, leaving Silas Artoria to come back in the ring and give a discus clothesline to Caledonia from behind! This infuriates Dan Highlander as he tries to push his way past the unknowing Summits, who finally turns around just as Silas rolls to the outside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: I hate to say it, Mike, but Silas and Autumn are working surprisingly good here tonight two people that couldn't stand each other for the past six months or so.

SLAP!

Mike Rolash: There is it, Jimmy, Silas Artoria just tagged himself back into the match hard by slapping the back of Autumn Raven. And with Dan Highlander finally CONTROLLED on the outside of the ring, our official can finally get things back in order.

Jim Gunt: You said Dan Highlander, control, and the Order...are you being ironic or was that just a coincidence?

Mike Rolash: The world will never know.

Silas Artoria moves past the clearly agitated Autumn, simply smiling as he shoos her to the outside of the ring and moves in on the still down Caledonia. Artoria strikes out with a front kick as she tries to arise, and another as she continues.

Jim Gunt: Silas is putting everything he has into those kicks, but Cali is still rising!

Mike Rolash: She's like the freaking Terminator!

Looking for a third kick to hopefully take out the former World Champion, Silas strikes just to have it caught by Caledonia. She smiles at him as he tries to strike out with a swinging punch that misses, and ducks under an Enziguri attempt by him that leaves him barely falling back on his feet before Cali runs past him at full speed and hits the ropes. HANDSPRING ELBOW-NO! DRAGON SUPLEX SPIKES CALEDONIA RIGHT ON HER HEAD! Silas turns her over, shooting the half.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Caledonia out at two there! Great sequence of events, but this one continues!

Mike Rolash: And we're getting down to the final few minutes of this match too, as we all know that these first round matches in the Northern Crown tournament have a fifteen minute time limit.

Turning both himself and Caledonia over to his side, Silas stays right on her with a twisted up arm wrench. Artoria is unable to muscle her down however, as Cali fights back and whips him into the ropes. Silas comes back with a wild clothesline attempt that Caledonia ducks under, then gets PLANTED by a Superkick from Dan Highlander! Silas is

somehow not down but out on his feet, instead woozily stumbling around right towards his team's corner- where he is tagged out by a jab to the jaw from Autumn Raven! Silas crashes down and rolls out of the ring, but Raven has no idea what's about to hit her as Caledonia leaps onto her and takes her into her hold within seconds.

Jim Gunt: AUTUMN RAVEN IS IN THE BED OF ROSES! AND THAT'S IT, SHE'S TAPPING!

Mike Rolash: NOO!

The bell sounds as Caledonia continues to pull away at the Kata-Hajime Hold.

Ray Douglas: And your winners by pinfall and moving onto the second round of the Northern Crown tournament...CALEDONIA AND DAN HIGHLANDER!!

"Day and Night" once again begins playing over the speaker system as an incredibly angry Silas Artoria smacks the apron from the outside of the ring, seething as he stares down the still down Autumn. He slowly heads up the ramp as the Highlanders continue to celebrate their victory in the ring.

Just Autumn and Silas left in the ring; the latter still reeling in from his battle, and the former standing and leaning in the corner. She looks at him, lips twitching but without hostility. Just disappointment at the results, not with what occurred. She closes her eyes, sighs, and she finally walks to him. Looking down at him, she takes a knee and forces him up.

Silas can barely stand, nor can he see, as he struggles to stay on his feet. Autumn forces his arm around her shoulder, and the two look at the crowd.

Applause, very unusual for the two competitors. Everywhere they went, they were booed out of the building, but somehow their mutual hatred for each other has given the crowd a positive. They lost, but they gained the respect of their audience.

They leave the ring and make their way up the ramp, Silas struggling to keep awake as Autumn carries him upward. Autumn smiles to the crowd, as Silas gives an attempt hand gesture to everyone. The applause gets louder as they reach the height of the stage, and the two stop to soak in the reaction one more time.

It was intoxicating to the point that the two may just want to not leave the arena.

Autumn Raven: We did it Silas, we did it.

Autumn and Silas smiles as the latter turns to her.

Silas Artoria: Yeah...we did.

Autumn turns to Silas, still smiling.

Autumn Raven: But I know how this story ends.

She grabs his hair, and FORCES HIM FACE FIRST INTO THE STAGE RIGGING!

Smash! Silas drops to the floor like a sack of bricks as Autumn turns him around, striking his head continuously, again and again as the crowd gave her what they thought. She stood up, stomping on his head before kicking his neck with a thunderous crack.

Silas would have screamed, if only he had energy.

Autumn grabs his head and forces it to face her; his half conscious eyes through a crimson waterfall making contact with her narrowed eyes, blind with fury.

Autumn Raven: NOT THIS TIME! I'M NOT GOING TO BE LEFT BEHIND AGAIN.

She forces his head to the audience.

Autumn Raven: So look at that crowd! Say goodbye to all of them, say goodbye to Autumn Raven...

She forces his head back to her direction, as he hopelessly reaches out to her, speechless.

Autumn Raven: ...and say goodbye to your worthless career!

SMACK!

Knee to his face, and he goes down, the crowd utterly hating this act. Silas lays down lifeless on the stage in a puddle of his heart's making, as Autumn looks upon her masterpiece as she slowly steps backward. Dr Leggett rushes by her and slides to Silas, yelling at her to get out as he inspects the unconscious Silas.

The Beautiful Psychopath lets out a crooked smile, before she finally leaves.

## **Northern Crown Tournament Round 1 Recap**

Match

The picture switches to a little backstage office set up for Blake Church and Charles State, a large screen on the wall behind them.

Blake Church: So the first half of the first round of our Northern Crown tournament has come to a close and we have some heavy hitters that are going to be clashing in the first semi-final here!

A graphic of The Forsaken and V.E.N.O.M. appears behind them.

Charles State: The Forsaken took the first match against V.E.N.O.M. and Dorian and Zach are advancing to the second round.

As V.E.N.O.M. fade out of the picture, they are replaced by The Entourage and Hostile Takeover.

Blake Church: Semi-finalist number two is the Hostile Takeover of Jimmy Allen and Tobias Devereaux, who edged out the veterans of Mark Carlton and Colton Mace, which makes for an interesting clash right then and there, since the Forsaken and Hostile Takeover have not exactly seen eye to eye at all.

The Entourage now is fading out as well and the Highlanders and Silas and Autumn appear on the screen.

Charles State: And finally Dan and Caledonia Highlander have celebrated a very successful comeback to the CWF ring when they beat the warbirds of Silas Artoria and Raven Autumn to secure their spot in our first semi-final.

Silas and Autumn fade away and the imprint "Northern Crown Semi-Final 1" appears over the three remaining tag teams.

Blake Church: Next up we have what feels like an interlude between the tag team matches, but trust me, this is anything but, since one of the fiercest rivalries of recent weeks is coming to a boil in what promises to be an equally epic and brutal match between the Avenging Angel Azrael and our Swedish wolf, Christer "Fenrir" Lundmark. Back to you Jim!

## **Azrael vs. Christer "Fenrir" Lundmark**

Match

Jim Gunt: Thank you gentlemen for the recap, yes, it definitely looks like it is going to be a hot matchup in our semi-finals, but right now we see the main object of our next match dangling high above the ring.

The camera cuts to a large hammer hanging off a cable above the ring.

Mike Rolash: We might see some blood tonight, Jimbo, because if that hammer hits, someone's going to feel it.

Jim Gunt: You are weird tonight.

Mike Rolash: Only tonight?

Jim Gunt: OK, you got me on that one. Ray, let's get this party started!

Ray Douglas: The following match is the "Hammer Of The Gods" match! It is scheduled for one fall, the objective of this match is to retrieve the hammer suspended above the ring and whosoever strikes down his opponent with it firsts...wins!

Jim Gunt: So doesn't that just make it a ladder match with a hammer instead of a title?

Mike Rolash: You're thinking about this too hard...

Jim Gunt: Really?

Mike Rolash: No. I have on good authority this is Stewart's plan for getting us a weekly show on the sci fi channel. Nerds are gonna love this shit.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first...He is known as many things, but on this hallowed earth...He is...THE AVENGING ANGEL!!!

The arena goes black as Metallica's "The Unforgiven II" begins playing. A wall of fire ignites, illuminating a kneeling figure rising from beneath the floor. His hands are resting on a sword that is in front of him, as he rises. His head covered in a purple hooded robe, underneath that robe is a white tunic. As the floor completes rising, The Avenging Angel finishes his prayer and rises. Sheathing his sword, he stands, releasing seven leather straps that form a shredded cape. The Avenging Angel makes his way to the ring. His eyes rolled up towards the back of his head, as he removes his robe revealing his white tunic and purple pants underneath.

Jim Gunt: ...Well that's...Um...

Mike Rolash: I feel like I'm in church...

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: There's an angry man seething of holy vengeance in front of me, I'm sitting next to someone I don't want to be near me, and all behind me are drunks and people who are really regretting the decision of coming here for this.

Jim Gunt: Touche.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...He is a child of Odin...He is destined for Valhalla! He is Christer "Fenrir" Lundmark !!

A wolf howl starts to sound over the sound system, followed by a hammer striking an anvil. Fire appears on the tron before the pounding rhythm and guitar of Amon Amarth's "Victorious March" begin to blare over the PA. Fenrir steps through onto the stage, long blond hair and beard braided and blue and black war paint across his face.

He stops at the top of the ramp, with a hard gaze at "The Avenging Angel" before making a straight walk to the ring, paying no heed to the fans around him.

Jim Gunt: These two want to destroy each other, plain and simple.

Mike Rolash: This Angel is unnerving. I mean he freaking brings a sword to the ring, and now we got a viking barbarian here...what's next? A wizard?

Mike looks over to see Jim putting on a wizard's hat.

Mike Rolash: Dear Christ...

Jim Gunt: Roll for initiative bitches!

Clark Summits gestures to The Hammer above them. It looks like an ancient viking warhammer, with runes and all. Fenrir and The Avenging Angel look toward each other sizing each other up. Fenrir smirks as he rares back and hits

Angel in the face, Angel slowly turns his head back towards Fenrir. Fenrir grabs Angel and headbutts him! Angel stumbles back slightly and slowly turns his head again. Fenrir has it up to here with this crap and heads to the ropes. He comes off going for a spear and Angel braces himself and catches Fenrir, lifting the much taller man into the air in a modified DDT suplex like move and slams Fenrir hard onto the mat! Both men stay down for a moment, but Angel sits up like a man possessed to the gasp of a stunned crowd!

Jim Gunt: I say that Angel just hit Fenrir with two D-6 points of damage from that sneak attack snap suplex there.

Mike Rolash: Oh for goodness sakes Jim! You aren't not gonna call this thing like D&D all match are you?

Jim Gunt: Roll for perception check.

Mike Rolash: I am not rolling your damn dice.

Jim Gunt: The troll fails to realize he walked right into that one.

Mike Rolash: I am not a troll!

Fenrir gets up slowly as Azrael stands in the ring beckoning him to come on. He holds up his arms for a test of strength. Fenrir decides to oblige and holds up his hands. Angel puts up his as well. Both men start jostling for position with Fenrir looking to lead, when suddenly with a burst of strength Angel starts to push him back down. Az's eyes roll up into his head as Fenrir goes down to one knee and...Fenrir sweeps the legs out from under Angel! Fenrir gets up and then Angel sits back up. **KICK TO THE FACE FROM FENRIR!**

Jim Gunt: Ohhh...Nasty! Twelve points of damage!

Mike Rolash: Hey! Smirnoff the Wank...Can you be a little professional here?

Jim Gunt: Oh. So when you have fun and poke fun at everyone it's okay, but if I do it it's a bad thing.

Mike Rolash: Yes! I'm hired for my witty comments...

Jim Gunt: You're overpaid.

Mike Rolash: And you've listened to one too many Dragonforce albums!

Fenrir takes a moment to catch his breath as he turns to continue the onslaught only to find that Angel is sitting up again! This just enrages Fenrir who starts to wail on Angel over and over again with a flurry of rights and lefts. Angel takes each shot, barely moving, He grabs Fenrir's arm and judo flips him down hard onto the mat! Angel wrenches the arm and slaps Fenrir into a crossface! He keeps wrenching the arm over and over again as Fenrir howls in pain.

Jim Gunt: An excellent grapple check from The Avenging Angel, but he can't win the match that way.

Mike Rolash: Yeah! He's gotta get that hammer to finish this match, so he's probably just wanting to hurt Lundmark!

Jim Gunt: Well you can't swing a hammer if you can't use your arms.

Mike Rolash: Did your DM's guide tell you that?

Jim Gunt: How do you know what a DM's guide is?

Mike Rolash: Shut up!

Fenrir tries to get a vertical base but Azrael keeps wrenching his arm. Fenrir eventually gets up to his knees managing to get up to his full height carrying Angel on his arm! He slams Az right into the turnbuckle post and the Angel finally lets go of the hold. Fenrir leans against the ropes to recover as Azrael just sits back up again. Christer lunges forward and dropkicks Angel in the face, sending the back of his head into the turnbuckle pad! Fenrir rolls out of the ring and starts to get the feeling in his arm back as he reaches under the ring and pulls out...

Jim Gunt: He rolled a crit on his search check...Fenrir has gained the item...Ladder!

Mike Rolash: I. Hate. You.

Jim Gunt: Yes, but with that hatred you only get a plus two defense against my critical jokes...

Mike Rolash: AHHH!!!

Fenrir pulls the ladder out from under the ring; a metal ladder painted to look like an old wooden ladder engraved with runes. Fenrir throws the ladder into the ring and slides in as Angel gets up. Fenrir picks up the ladder and charges at Angel, who ducks the ladder shot and sweeps the legs out from under Fenrir making the ladder land on top of him! Angel leaps up to the second turnbuckle and leaps off hitting a splash onto the ladder on top of Fenrir!

Jim Gunt: Body Splash! Plus ten damage!

Mike Rolash: When I made the sci fi channel joke earlier I wasn't serious Jim!

Jim Gunt: I cast Silence on the troll!

Mike Rolash: Critical Fail!

Jim Gunt: HAH!

Mike Rolash: Damn it I've been outed!

Azrael picks up the ladder and slams it, top first, into Fenrir's chest. One! Two! Three times! Finally he piledrives the ladder into his chest. Angel then picks up and sets up the ladder trapping Fenrir under it! Azrael looks up and starts to make the climb. He gets to the top, but Fenrir leaps up and shoves the ladder over, sending Az down! He lands neckfirst onto the ropes and almost get his head knocked off! The crowd responds in kind with cheers and shouts of, "HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: Ohh...fall damage...two D-8.

Mike Rolash: From that height I'd say three D-6.

Jim Gunt: So you're getting into this, noble troll?

Mike Rolash: I am not a troll...I'm a tenth level elven bard.

Jim Gunt: Figures!

Fenrir sets up the ladder and quickly climbs up it as Azrael sits back up. He takes a deep breath and we see a flash of light from his hands! The ladder not only falls over but it shatters! Fenrir leaps into the air and grabs ahold of the hammer! Angel looks up at him and scowls.

Jim Gunt: ...Did he just...

Mike Rolash: Damn clerics and their OP spells.

Fenrir's weight makes the strap break and he leaps down slamming the warhammer into the ring! He charges at Angel who sidesteps him. Drop toe hold into the turnbuckle post! Azrael grabs Fenrir and tosses him into the ropes. SPINEBUSTER! He picks up Fenrir again and starts punching him over and over again like a machine.

Jim Gunt: How can he keep his possessed foe down?

Mike Rolash: Roll a dispell check?

Az lets Fenrir fall. Fenrir's face is busted wide open from the hits he has just taken! Azrael heads out of the ring instead of grabbing the hammer...instead he grabs his sword from ringside and unsheathes it!

Jim Gunt: Oh damn...

Mike Rolash: In every D&D group there is that one larper who takes shit too seriously...

Azrael gets into the ring with the sword and points it at Fenrir. The fans start chanting for him and Fenrir rolls over and pushes himself up. The Avenging Angel charges with the sword and Fenrir turns to him and screams out! Az swings and Fenrir ducks, but Azrael goes for a punch with his free hand and Fenrir takes it and shakes it off. He starts getting pumped up and grabs the warhammer. He turns and let's out a guttural roar at Angel. The man in white rolls his eyes up into the back of his head and swings the sword. Fenrir let's out a scream and slams the warhammer at the sword! They clash!

A BRILLIANT FLASH OF LIGHT!

PYRO AND SMOKE GO OFF ALL OVER THE ARENA AS THE LIGHTS FLICKER ON AND OFF AS BOTH MEN KEEP WAILING AT EACH OTHER WITH THE WEAPONS!!!

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: ...

Azrael swings the sword and misses as Fenrir ducks. Fenrir bounces off the ropes and...HITS AZ SQUARE IN THE FACE WITH THE HAMMER!!! Clark Summits calls for the bell!!!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner... Christer "Fenrir" Lundmark!!!!

Jim Gunt: Well that session ended on a climax!

Mike Rolash: Can you get me the stats on that hammer?

Azrael sits up from the strike as Fenrir rushes to the ropes again to come down upon him with the warhammer with rage in his eyes, but there is a blinding flash of light and The Avenging Angel...is gone. Fenrir screams out! Slamming the warhammer over and over again into the ring mat as blood continues to pour from his face.

Jim Gunt: Well Fenrir won, but he doesn't look happy about it!

Mike Rolash: Eh...let him work it out at the tavern with some wenches...So...when do you run your next game?

Jim Gunt: Thursdays why?

Mike Rolash: Well I'm...just curious...

## **Mac Bane & Trent Steel vs. John Mapother's Bloodsport Inc.**

Match

In the background crews are doing a quick clean-up of the ring as we see Christer Lundmark stomping up the ramp, the hammer on his shoulder, swatting away a medic that is trying to check his bleeding wound, as Jim and Mike stand behind their desk.

Jim Gunt: When we were talking about an epic clash, I definitely did not expect a sword and hammer fight!

Mike Rolash: No and we can be kind of happy they did not literally kill each other, but Azrael still freaks me out with his white light and disappearing shit!

Jim Gunt: Trust me, many evenings I wish I had that light and could disappear.

Mike Rolash: That was hurtful, Jim, I am going to talk to HR about that.

Jim Gunt: You do that. In the meantime let's say hi to a few of our international teams that are here with us tonight, starting with our Spanish mainstays, Gabriel Mendoza and Juan Ignacio Cimarron.

Gabriel Mendoza: Muchas gracias, Jim. ¡Bienvenido a Northern Crown y que batalla entre el ángel y el vikingo y mucho más por venir!

Juan Ignacio Cimarron: El resto del torneo de equipo de la etiqueta, la lucha épica por el título de Paramount todavía se viene entre Jarvis King y The Shadow, ¿no puedo esperar!

Mike Rolash: And also joining us at ringside tonight, Markus Voglmayr and Reinhard Hansen.

Markus Voglmayr: Grüß Gott aus Vancouver, willkommen zu einem epischen Showdown der Extraklasse!

Reinhard Hansen: Alles spitzt sich zu mit dem 2 aus 3 Falls Match zwischen MJ Flair und Loki Synn im Main Event, das wird nichts für schwache Nerven!

Jim Gunt: Thank you gentlemen, now we are getting ready for the second half of the first round of the tournament, take it away, Ray!

Ray Douglas: The following is another first round match in the Northern Crown tournament! This match will be scheduled for one fall under a fifteen minute time limit.

The lights dim and eventually turn out as "Blood" by In This Moment starts to play over the speakers. The voice of the deranged female lead starts to scream just as John Mapother proudly enters the ramp from the backstage area, waving his hands back to lead Abel and Abraham out. The two massive mountains wear nothing but black, masks with skulls painted on them in white adorned over their faces. Mapother and the two men make their way down to the ring, some of the fans booing them while others remain indifferent.

Ray Douglas: First, they are the team of Abel and Abraham....BLOODSPORT INCORPORATED!!

The camera cuts to the entrance area where "Steel Sharpens Steel" by Vinnie Paz plays and Trent Steel and Mac Bane come out to opposite sides of the ramp, the two men getting a resounding response as they stand in place soaking it in. Finally the two men meet at the center of the ramp, a few words spoken to hype each other up before they make their way down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents....MAC BANE AND TRENT STEEL!!

Jim Gunt: "Big" Denny Davidson is tasked with officiating this match, in what should be yet another exciting first round bout in the Northern Crown tournament!

Mike Rolash: The only competitor I've even heard of in this match is Trent Steel, but from everything I hear about Mac Bane, he has a very similar attitude. And they're going need all the attitude they can muster up if they want to have any chance against Bloodsport Inc.

Jim Gunt: Indeed. I'm not sure where John Mapother found these two guys, but wherever it is is one place I'd like to stay far far away from.

Abraham of Bloodsport Incorporated starts off the match with Mac Bane, the Vancouver audience waiting in anticipation as the two competitors meet in the center of the ring. Mac doesn't look intimidated by the big man in the slightest, swinging a right hand immediately, but Abraham catches it and pulls Bane in, tossing him up and over him by his arm.

Jim Gunt: Ouch! Abraham of Bloodsport Inc. just tossed Mac Bane around like a ragdoll. He may have pulled Bane's arm out of his socket!

Mike Rolash: Mapother must have trained these boys like pitbulls, look at the way Abraham is beating down on Mac Bane!

After heaving several heavy right hands with pinpoint precision, Abraham drags Bane over to his team's corner and tags in Abel. John Mapother gleefully claps from outside the ring as the two behemoth's swing Mac up and over their heads, blasting him hard on his back with a Double Suplex. Abel takes over on offense as his partner exits the ring, but a leg drop goes array as Bane is able to roll away and quickly get to his feet. MISSILE DROPKICK!

Jim Gunt: Bloodsport Incorporated may have looked absolutely dominant in the early going of this match, but that dropkick may have changed the game!

Mike Rolash: But the question is, will Mac Bane be able to sustain the offense now? Abel and Abraham may be the biggest tag team in CWF history.

Before Abel can fully get back to his feet Bane looks to deliver more damage, heading into the ropes and coming back for a running knee strike. But Abel is up at inhuman like speed, grabbing onto the oncoming Mac Bane before he even knows what's coming and hurls him across the ring with an Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex!

Mike Rolash: See, what did I say, Jimmy. These guys are monsters, Bane and Steel don't have a shot in hell in this one.

Jim Gunt: That remains to be seen, but that Suplex from Abel inadvertently placed Bane right in his own corner- and Trent Steel just made the hot tag into the ring!

Carnage Wrestling's World Heavyweight Champion and all around bastard, Trent Steel, enters the ring in a hurry after tagging into the match, coming at Abel with all his might to clothesline the big man in the chest.

Jim Gunt: Abel didn't even move an inch after that clothesline from Trent Steel!

Mike Rolash: Steel may be rethinking coming into the ring...

The massive Abel roars angrily, leaving Trent Steel gulping, taking a deep breath before backing up and looking for another attack. This time Abel catches the oncoming Steel by the neck, raising him high into the air for a Chokeslam. Abel holds Steel in place high above his head, the masked man showing no emotion as he strangles him momentarily before throwing him down-NO! Steel gets his legs whipped into the air, pulling the head of Abel on the way down with a twisting Headscissors Takedown! Steel doesn't waste a second going right back over to Mac Bane, tagging his partner in who immediately heads to the top rope and leaps off.

Jim Gunt: MASSIVE ELBOW DROP FROM MAC BANE CONNECTS! This one could be over!

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Nope! Abel threw Bane off him like a baby. Playtime's over, Jimmy!

Mac Bane looks to make the tag right back out to Trent Steel but somehow a rising Abel catches him from behind before he can do so, grabbing him by the back and pulling him up into the air for a reverse Bearhug. Bane shrieks out as Abel whips him around like a ragdoll, several seconds passing as Davidson is unable to convince Abel to let go of the hold until he finally grows tired and throws Mac Bane halfway across the ring. The fans packed inside the Rogers Arena boo Bloodsport Incorporated as John Mapother simply turns around and smiles back at them, nodding as he raises his hands towards the ring as if to signify those are "his boys."

Jim Gunt: Abel just made the tag back out to Abraham, and I would suggest that Mac Bane does his best to try to do the same before Bloodsport eats him alive.

Mike Rolash: A shark will eat anything, but I'm not sure Mac would taste very good. Kind of gristly and bland if you ask me.

Abraham saunters into the ring, attempting to scoop up Bane from behind who surprises him by turning quickly around and kicking his legs up into the air to connect with Abraham's face. Staggering just enough to allow Mac Bane to get up to his feet, Bane quickly connects with a rolling elbow and follows up with an irish whip. He tags out to Trent Steel just as Abraham bounces off the ropes, Steel leaping up onto the top rope as Mac Bane struggles to somehow lift Abraham up for an Atomic Drop. SPRINGBOARD DOOMSDAY DEVICE! Bane rolls out of the ring as Steel makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winners and moving on to the semifinals of the Northern Crown tournament....MAC BANE AND TRENT STEEL!!

Mapother is livid with the sudden change of events, jumping in the ring and berating his two gladiators, Abraham for taking the pin and Abel for failing to prevent it while Bane and Steel march up the ramp celebrating their surprising victory.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Mr. Mapother is not happy with his minions, they looked as if they had the in the bag, but in the end fell against the experience of Mac Bane and Trent Steel, who are anything but greenhorns.

Mike Rolash: I'm still not sure how this happened.

Jim looks at the ramp, where Mapother is still yelling at the two giants for their failure.

Jim Gunt:

### **KC3 & Maestro vs. Elijah & Omega**

Match

Jim Gunt: We've had a hell of a night so far. Next up, we've got the team of "The Next Generation God" KC3 and The Maestro against the returning Elijah and Omega.

Mike Rolash: The Maestro and KC3 are looking to make their names against Omega and Elijah. Both of those men could have bright futures here. Omega and Elijah are legends here for a reason. It will be a huge feather in the rookies' caps if they can win this match.

Jim Gunt: With, Bane and Steel advancing, they will see the winners of this match, as well as the winners of The Smokin' Aces versus The Highwaymen.

Mike Rolash: Whoever wins this tournament certainly is going to earn it. The talent we have here is amazing.

"Maestro" by Kaizers Orchestra begins to play and The Maestro walks out onto the stage. He stands still and takes in the audience. While he does so, KC3 walks out and takes his place next to his partner. Unlike his partner, he looks out to the crowd with a look of disdain on his face.

Ray Douglas: The following match is a first round match in the Golden Crown tournament with a 15 minute time limit. Introducing first, weighing in at a combined weight of 387 lbs, here is the team of The Maestro and "The Next Generation God", KC3!!!

Jim Gunt: These two men were thrown together by chance, and KC3 has made it a point of telling everyone how he felt he was going to have to carry the Maestro.

Mike Rolash: Yet, here he is, standing with his partner. The man is doing what he has to do for the common good. He is a role model.

The Maestro takes a deep breath and KC3 spits on the ground before the two men begin walking down to the ring. Reaching the ringside area, the Maestro walks over to the stairs while KC3 jaws with the fans at ringside. The Maestro makes his way to the ring ropes, joining KC3 in taunting the crowd as his music fades out.

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

Jim Gunt: Here come the legends.

Mike Rolash: Elijah and Omega represent more than just the history of CWF. When people talk about the foundation of the company, these are two of the names that come to mind.

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

Ray Douglas: Coming down the aisle, weighing in tonight at a combined 400 lbs. here is the team of Omega and Elijah!!!

The two legends take a minute to take it all in as the crowd soaks them both with abundant cheers.

"WE'RE NOT WORTHY!"

Jim Gunt: The Vancouver crowd is showing Omega and Elijah the respect they deserve.

Mike Rolash: They had better enjoy it while they can, because KC3 and the Maestro won't be showing them the same respect.

Omega and Elijah get in the ring, allowing referee "Big" Denny Davidson to check them before the bell rings. The camera cuts back to KC3 and the Maestro conferring with one another on the other side of the ring. KC3 suddenly bolts across the ring, with the Maestro following as soon as he realizes what KC3 is doing.

Jim Gunt: "The Next Generation God" is trying to get the jump on Omega and Elijah.

Mike Rolash: Here we go.

KC3 gets across the ring and Omega is ready, sidestepping KC3 throwing him out between the middle and top ropes.

Jim Gunt: Omega showing her veteran savvy. There and it seems the Maestro has been left a step behind.

Mike Rolash: Maestro! Watch out for Eli---

Elijah bounces off the ropes, catching the Maestro off guard and delivering his trademark springboard bulldog.

Jim Gunt: The Descent! Maestro is down.

Mike Rolash: And Omega is up on the top rope. This can't be good.

Jim Gunt: She's got Maestro in position. We could see the Dragonfly.

As if on cue, Omega comes off the top rope with a beautiful 450 splash.

ONE!

KC3 starts to slide in, but stops halfway and slides right back outside of the ring.

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners, and moving on in the Golden Crown tournament, Elijah and Omega!!!

Jim Gunt: KC3 deciding discretion is the better part of valor.

Mike Rolash: That was self preservation, plain and simple. He's got a shot at the WCWA Lightweight championship. He chose himself. It's simple, you have to look out for number one.

Elijah and Omega are in the ring celebrating while the Maestro rolls out of the ring. KC3 is walking backwards up the ramp, waving goodbye to the Maestro down in the ring.

## **The End of an Era**

Match

The picture cuts to the little backstage office of Church and State, ready to rock with The Shadow sitting next to them, Myfanwy standing at his shoulder.

Charles State: Later tonight we will see Jarvis King defend his Paramount title against The Shadow after losing two weeks ago at Evolution and we have one of the two contenders right here, good evening, Sir, and Madam.

The Shadow: Thank you, a pleasure.

Blake Church: So what do you think of Northern Crown so far?

The Shadow: We've seen some great matches and the whole tournament idea is something pretty unique. I am very happy to see something like this happening here in Canada.

Charles State: Let's address the elephant in the room, Mike Rolash.

None of the attendees can keep a straight face at this.

Charles State: I apologize. Jarvis King, of course. What is your strategy to win against him for a second time?

The Shadow: I'll tell you after the match, because I don't trust that he's listening to this one way or the other and he's been around for long enough to be able to use any information against me.

Blake Church: Fair enough. How do you see your chances, though?

The Shadow: Well, Jarvis is an incredibly hard person to beat to begin with, I mean, how many people do you know that manage to hold on to a title in this federation for this long? And I won two weeks ago, what are the odds that I'll pull this off twice in a row?

Charles State: So what are the odds?

The Shadow: Pretty good, haha.

Blake Church: The last match ended up in a disqualification due to Elizabeth handing Jarvis brass knuckles, aren't you afraid that they might try something similar again?

At this point Myfanwy interjects.

Myfanwy: That little tramp better not try this again, because I will be watching her and if she pulls any shenanigans, she will be shenanigated into next week!

Charles State: Strong words, but she is not the only one to be afraid of, the Smokin' Aces also are known to interfere.

The Shadow: Well, Charles, I will have someone to make sure that is not going to happen. Eleven someones.

Blake Church: Druids?

The Shadow: You know it.

Charles State: Thank you very much for your time, I hear that the next match is about to start and you also have to get ready for your match, so back to the boys out front!

Fades.

## **The Smokin' Aces (Duce Jones & Freddie Styles) (c) vs. The Highwaymen (Harley Hodge & Lance LaRusso)**

Match

*No content entered.*

## Northern Crown Tournament Round 1 Recap Pt. 2

Match

The picture switches back to the backstage office of Blake Church and Charles State, the screen behind them showing the three teams qualified so far.

Blake Church: The first round of our Northern Crown tournament is over and let's have a look at the second half that just concluded/

Mac Bane, Trent Steel and John Mapother's Bloodsport Inc. appear on the screen.

Charles State: Mac Bane and Trent Steel managed to upset John Mapother's team of Abel and Abraham and were the first team to book their spot in the second triple threat in the semi final.

Bloodsport Inc. fade out with KC3, Maestro, Elijah and Omega coming into view.

Blake Church: Our second comeback couple also qualified, when Elijah and Omega proved too much for the already unlikely pairing of KC3 and Maestro and just like the Highlanders showed the younger teams how it's done.

With KC3 and Maestro disappearing from the screen the Smokin' Aces and the Highwaymen replace their spot.

Charles State: And just now the Highwaymen caused the first real upset of the tournament by defeating the reigning champions Smokin' Aces and not just advancing to the semi-final, but also taking over the tag team titles and now will be defending them in our second triple threat match later tonight.

The Smokin' Aces fade away and the imprint "Northern Crown Semi-Final 2" appears over the three remaining tag teams, soon to be joined by the other three teams to show all remaining participants.

Blake Church: So now the Glass Ceiling will try to avoid a clean sweep when The Shadow challenges Jarvis King for his Paramount title, which should be a formidable bout, so let's get ready to rumble right now!

### Jarvis King (c) vs. The Shadow

Match

Jim Gunt: Thanks guys. So yes, the semi-finals are complete and we have seen some excellent action already and it just promises to continue the same way, if not get better!

Mike Rolash: Yes, like Blake said, Jarvis King will now defend his Paramount title against The Shadow and-- AAAAH!

Jim almost jumps out of his skin as Mike suddenly screams and as he turns towards Mike, his partner is pale as the wall looking at the Mongolian biker dude sitting right next to him again, arms crossed, stoic and unmoving.

Mike Rolash: When the hell did he get here again and what is he doing here anyways? Who are you?

But any yelling, arm waving or any other means to get the mysterious man to so much as blink is for naught.

Jim Gunt: Poke him maybe?

Mike Rolash: Are you nuts? I am not touching him! You do it!

Jim Gunt: I'm good for now.

At this moment the lights go down and drums start to sound, soon to be replaced by the iconic melody of "Fanfare to the Common Man" by Aaron Copland. When lights come back on, The Shadow and Myfanwy are in the centre of the stage, bathed in pulsating, dark blue light. The slowly make their way to the ring, the light following them while the anthem continues. As he passes the camera, The Shadow calmly says:

The Shadow: This shall be your future hymn, Jarvis.

He proceeds into the ring, Myfanwy following him in, taking up position in one of the two far corners, their eyes focused

on the entrance of their opponent. The lights around the arena cut out once more, as "Cult of Personality" by Living Colour starts playing.

And during the few moments that we have left,  
we want to talk, right down to earth  
in a language that everybody here can easily understand

As the song's iconic guitar riff begins to fill the arena, a single spotlight rests on the entranceway, and in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen:

Some men are born great  
Some achieve greatness  
But only one man is Jarvis J. King

With that, Jarvis King steps out into the entranceway, flanked by Elizabeth Bates, who is carrying the mysterious suitcase. Jarvis bounds up and down, smacking himself in the face lightly before he raises his right index finger in the salute of the Glass Ceiling, which brings the lights up.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Halifax, Nova Scotia! Accompanied to the ring by Elizabeth Bates, he weighs in at 240lbs. He is The Icon, "East Coast Excellence" JARVIS J. KING!

The capacity crowd jeers The Icon as he makes his way to the ring lazily, sliding under the bottom rope before climbing the middle turnbuckle of his corner and raises his right index finger high above his head with a self-assured grin on his face while Elizabeth ascends the stairs with the suitcase.

Jarvis King: You got lucky last time, this time you won't walk out of here!

The Shadow just looks at him with a scornful smile.

The Shadow: You think so? If you're hoping that someone else will come save you again, I told you, I'm not alone.

Jarvis sneers.

Jarvis King: Do you really think she is going to save you?

At these words Myfanwy's head, who has been staring down Elizabeth, whips around and shoots daggers at the Icon, making a move to run at the Haligonian, but The Shadow holds her back. At that moment the attention of the fans switches to the stage, where one by one eleven Druids are filing out, slowly proceeding down the ramp and surrounding the ring. Jarvis frantically looks around at the hooded figures.

Jarvis King: Oh no, no, no, no, no, no. That's not how we play there, I am not going to have them around the ring, costing me the title, not happening!

The Shadow: Tsk, tsk, Jarvis, Jarvis. Now you are the pot calling the kettle black. You of all people complaining about potential outside interference? Yeah, right. No, they will ensure that nobody comes IN here, so we can settle this like men, one on one.

Jarvis King: Mhm. What about- her?

He points at Myfanwy, who rolls her eyes.

Myfanwy: After what your--associate here pulled two weeks ago, I am not leaving her alone!

Elizabeth looks a little nervous as Myfanwy makes the finger gesture of keeping her eyes on her.

Referee Danny Davidson steps between all parties and signals for Myfanwy and Elizabeth to leave the ring. As the ladies exit, Elizabeth down the stairs, Myfanwy right off the apron, the referee checks both competitors for illegal objects.

Myfanwy: He doesn't have anything, you should check her instead!

With that she moves toward Elizabeth, who immediately backs away and Jarvis jumps out of the ring to stand in the redhead's way, going nose to nose. Immediately, The Shadow runs over, reaches down and pulls Jarvis away from Myfanwy by his hair.

Jim Gunt: This match has not even started yet and we are seeing plenty of things happening here.

Mike Rolash: Jarvis needs help.

Jim Gunt: Yes, we established that a while ago.

Mike Rolash: No, look at this, Shadow has all of his Druids and he has that... Witch.

Myfanwy's head whips around.

Myfanwy: Watch it, buster!

Mike gives a start and closes his mouth wide-eyed.

Jim Gunt: I told you that they can hear you.

Mike Rolash: Seriously? She is all the way over there! Does witchcraft enhance hearing?

Myfanwy has had enough. She grabs Jarvis and shoves him to the side, her eyes shooting daggers at Mike. As she comes nearer, Mike lifts an arm and snaps his fingers and as if summoned one of the Sentinels of Synn jumps over the barricade. Before the Sentinel can charge Myfanwy, though, one of the Druids jumps in between them and takes the brunt of the attack before brawling back. They push and shove and eventually the Druid manages to push the Sentinel back into the barricade and then over!

Jim Gunt: Good Lord, are we ever going to get to the actual match here?

Mike Rolash: It's all their fault!

As he turns back from the brawl that is continuing through the crowd now, he finds himself face to face with Myfanwy.

Mike Rolash: Aaah!

Myfanwy: Cau dy ben a stedd ar hwn! Rwy'ti'n esgys fach pathetic am dyn!

With that she turns around and walks off, leaving an utterly speechless Mike Rolash behind.

Jim Gunt: It looks like the whole commotion has delayed the match even further, with neither competitor having made a move at each other in the meantime, guess it was too entertaining.

Mike Rolash: What was she speaking???

Myfanwy: That was Welsh, you ignorant oaf!

Jim can barely contain his laughter and is clearly fighting to regain his calm.

Jim Gunt: And there we finally get the bell and things are off!

Foregoing any of the usual pleasantries, Jarvis immediately charges The Shadow, trying to catch him off guard and while the Weaver of Dreams manages to move to the side, he still gets a glancing blow with the forearm that sends him reeling. Immediately Jarvis follows up with a clothesline.

Jim Gunt: And Shadow up and over the ropes to the ground as the Icon rolls right out to keep the momentum going.

Mike Rolash: Big mistake, those druids are going to go down on him.

Jim Gunt: You forget that Jarvis has the champion's advantage, so any attack on him would cost The Shadow the title

chance.

Indeed the druids move aside as the two competitors are coming through. The Shadow is on his feet, but the East Coast Excellence moves in with a quick kick to the stomach, then a BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX to the ground!

Jim Gunt: CWF's suplex master strikes again and he's not taking any chances! The Shadow is up to his feet courtesy of Jarvis, whip-in, no, REVERSAL!

Mike Rolash: Into the steel stairs! And The Shadow is on him like a--like a...

Jim Gunt: Predator? Wild cat? Teletubbie?

Mike Rolash: Tele-- What?

The Shadow does not waste any time waiting for them to figure it out and pulls Jarvis right back from the floor and with a hard chop to the chest has him stagger backward into the barricade, but out of nowhere The Icon drops to the ground and sweeps The Shadow's feet out from under him, sending him hard to the ground. Jumping up he peppers his opponent with kicks and stomps while the referee is counting both men out, prompting Jarvis to roll back into the ring to break the count, but instead of rolling back out he goes for the ropes and runs.

Mike Rolash: This looks like it's going to be a suicide dive!

Jim Gunt: It was going to be, but The Shadow lets himself fall backwards and Jarvis goes crashing into the barricade headfirst!

Mike Rolash: Ouch, that looked painful, I hope he did not injure his neck again...

Jarvis is writhing in pain, Elizabeth rushing over to check on him, but Myfanwy moves around the other side of the ring to ensure the manager does not try any shenanigans again, causing her to stand back instead of going down next to King. With the referee counting again, it is The Shadow this time that is rolling back into the ring, but he takes the direct route back out and yanks Jarvis back to his feet and rolls him into the ring, but not before having his head greet the apron for a moment.

Mike Rolash: Hey, that was uncalled for!

Jim Gunt: I'm sure Mia was perfectly fine when Duce and Freddie did their thing.

Mike Rolash: That was something completely--

Jim Gunt: No, it wasn't, don't even try!

The Shadow is whipping Jarvis into the ropes, but he manages to duck under the clothesline attempt, instead going for a dropkick upon rebound, connecting with the Weaver of Dreams and pushing him back, then following right up with a whip of his own and a quick strike to the midsection that positions The Shadow perfectly for a lightning quick STUNNER!

ONE!

TW-!

Jim Gunt: It will take more than that to take out The Shadow, but this shows that you can never let your guard down with the veteran.

Undeterred by the unsuccessful pin attempt, Jarvis brings The Shadow back up and sends him into the corner with a hard whip, then following up with a body splash that he transitions into an arm drag and subsequent arm bar.

Mike Rolash: Nice transition, but it looks like he has some trouble locking it in!

Jim Gunt: Yes, The Shadow is twisting himself constantly to avoid a firm grip and there he gives up on it.

With a slightly annoyed look on his face Jarvis lets up and gets back to his feet, The Shadow using the ropes to come into a vertical base as well, but Jarvis is already incoming as he finds his bearings, just barely able to at least partially move out of the way and avoid a full on collision with Jarvis' shoulder. Both competitors end up in the same corner and off balance, but it is The Shadow that seizes the opportunity this time and grabs Jarvis close for a headbutt that briefly stuns the King.

Mike Rolash: He's finally using his head!

Jim Gunt: Something you should give a try, at some point. And The Shadow has Jarvis in an OCTOPUS HOLD!

Mike Rolash: Wow, you don't see those often these days!

In the ring Jarvis is looking extremely uncomfortable being stretched by the intricate hold, making him scream out in pain as The Shadow continues to put his whole weight into it.

Jim Gunt: I think a lot of people can't figure it out these days, but it says a lot that Shadow is using this hold against one of the best technical wrestlers CWF has to offer.

Mike Rolash: Plus this cannot be good for his neck that he had already hit earlier after that unsuccessful suicide dive!

As Jarvis' knee buckles under the weight and pressure, he inadvertently breaks the hold as he falls sideways forcing The Shadow to release him. Immediately he rolls out of the ring to catch a breath, holding his neck, using the apron to hold himself up. Elizabeth immediately is by his side, slipping her hand into a pocket. Before she is able to get her hand out, though, she is viciously yanked away from the Internet Icon by her hair courtesy of Myfanwy, continuing to drag her until they reach the opposite side of the ring.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, catfight!

In the meantime The Shadow is standing at the ropes, just waiting for the right moment to jump off.

Jim Gunt: SPRINGBOARD LEGDROP right onto Jarvis' back! Did you see how high he went there?

Mike Rolash: That was a devastating move, but he looks like he hurt himself, too.

The Shadow is on the ground, too, holding his ribs where he hit the apron as well, but Jarvis is almost unmoving on his stomach. Meanwhile on the other side of the ring Elizabeth and Myfanwy are in a screaming match of their own, taking a momentary break when Elizabeth dishes out a resounding smack to Myfanwy's cheek that quickly turns red from the impact as the crowd lets out a collective gasp. With a haughty look on her face Elizabeth turns to leave, considering the matter dealt with. Myfanwy brings a hand to her cheek and with a scream that would make a banshee pale she charges at Elizabeth, who just barely manages to turn around in time to see a red-haired lightning bolt plow into her mid-section with a spear that wipes her off her feet!

Crowd: THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME!

Jim Gunt: Good lord, this is escalating quickly!

Mike Rolash: Jarvis is back up!

While the referee is busy on the other side of the ring trying to bring order to the ladies, Jarvis has emerged from under the ring with a kendo stick that he at first rams into The Shadow's stomach, then brings down hard across his back once, then another time causing it to splinter. The noise brings Danny Davidson back to the two main competitors in the match, while Myfanwy gets back up, straightening out her dress, her hair all over, eyes still blazing.

Mike Rolash: Myfanwy could have cost The Shadow this match right here, right now.

Jim Gunt: Well, if Elizabeth could have given Jarvis whatever she was trying to hide this time, it could have already been over now, so...

Crowd: C - W - F! C - W - F!

Jarvis heaves The Shadow up and rolls him into the ring, the black shirt ripped in a few places, where the kendo stick sliced through the fabric. He drags him to his feet and positions him in front of him.

Mike Rolash: That's going to be his trademark straightjacket suplex!

And he executes it beautifully, with The Shadow's shoulders and neck hitting the mat hard and Jarvis is holding on!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

Mike Rolash: That was three!

The referee is holding up two fingers to indicate that this was not a full count, sending Jarvis into a frenzy, getting into Danny's face, but he has none of it. He is, however, brought back into the match by a hard shoulder clip right into the back of his knee, felling him like a screaming tree. The Shadow crawls over to the writhing Jarvis, whispering something to him before pulling him to his feet and sending him to the ropes. On his way there, though, his knee gives out and he ends up sitting, leaning against the bottom ropes. After a quick look The Shadow goes into the ropes opposite Jarvis and runs at him.

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD! That was a sick flying clothesline right into Jarvis, did you see his neck snapping back from the rope?

Mike Rolash: Yes, this is not fair, targeting his weaknesses!

Jim Gunt: Uh, that's what you DO in wrestling, no?

Mike Rolash: Yes, but not like that!

Jim Gunt: How else?

Mike Rolash: Uh...

Jim Gunt: Thought so!

The Shadow is dragging Jarvis away from the ropes for his first cover of the evening.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-- KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Ooh, another close one, but Jarvis still has life in him! And he's going to the top rope!

The Weaver of Dreams waits on top until Jarvis is back to a vertical position, however wobbly and jumps off for a flying clothesline, but with incredible ring awareness Jarvis manages to REVERSE it into a resounding POWERSLAM that takes The Shadow by complete surprise and drives the air out of him as both men collapse.

Mike Rolash: And we have reached quiet time.

Jim Gunt: Did you see what these men have done so far?

Mike Rolash: Well yeah.

Jim Gunt: What's the longest you've spent in a ring in the last year?

Mike Rolash: Uh, we have a match to call here.

Slowly both men are getting back to a somewhat upright position, staggering into the center of the ring, where Jarvis lands a hard punch to The Shadow, who responds in turn, quickly turning into a slugfest in the middle that slowly moves towards the ropes when the referee calls for the break just in time that Jarvis unleashes one last haymaker, barely avoiding Davidson and nailing The Shadow in the temple, causing the corner of his eyebrow to split open.

Mike Rolash: And we have blood!

Jim Gunt: I think that's the same one that he opened up in his match with Silas.

Infuriated, The Shadow charges past the referee and hits Jarvis with a stiff shoulder block right under the chin that sends him reeling into the corner. Right away The Shadow goes for the ropes again.

Jim Gunt: NIGHTFALL!

Mike Rolash: Ooh, but he must have fallen awkwardly, because he is not coming over for the cover right away!

With a grimace on his face he crawls over and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Took too long!

The Weaver of Dreams slumps down for a moment before pushing himself up, giving Jarvis a chance to roll out of the ring again. Taking a deep breath, The Shadow runs into the ropes and dives down under the bottom rope, hitting a half risen Jarvis with a shoulder block that slams Jarvis neckfirst into the barricade again. Clearly in pain himself The Shadow grits his teeth and heaves the Icon back up on the apron into a sitting position, then climbs into the ring himself. He goes for the ropes again and jumps between the top two, grabbing Jarvis in the process!

Jim Gunt: MAMMA F'ING MIA! A Nightfall through the ropes to the floor outside!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Mike Rolash: I really cannot stand this guy, but this was an insane move!

Both men are out in a heap right now, forcing Davidson to start his count.

ONE!

TWO!

Both ladies come running to revive their respective partners/associates and it is The Shadow that is the first to work on an upright position.

THREE!

FOUR!

Jarvis is barely moving as The Shadow shoos away Elizabeth and drags him to his feet, struggling under the dead weight.

Jim Gunt: Both men have taken a lot out of each other and if The Shadow can't get Jarvis back into this ring, King will retain his title once more!

FIVE!

SIX!

With great effort he lifts him up and rolls him in before rolling himself in. He brings him up to his feet once more, but as he lets go for whatever move he is planning, Jarvis just collapses down and with a shrug The Shadow drops down for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: And he did it! We have a new Paramount champion!

Mike Rolash: Grmph.

Ray Douglas: And the winner and new CWF Paramount champion - THE SHADOW!

Medics are arriving at the ring as Danny Davidson hands the Paramount belt to The Shadow, raising his hand. Jarvis is swatting away the medics, telling them in quite clear words where to go and how to get there before pushing himself into a sitting position, glowering at The Shadow as "Fanfare to the Common Man" starts back up.

The Shadow: This one is for you!

He turns and exits the ring, hooking his arm into Myfanwy's as they make their way up the ramp. A few moments later, Mr. Mongolia gets up again and makes his silent exit once more.

## **Winners of Match A vs. Winners of Match B vs. Winners of Match C**

Match

Jim Gunt: Ok, fellas, time for the first triple threat tonight, so things are heating up further after this spectacular battle for the Paramount title, giving Glass Ceiling the clean sweep, unfortunately for them in the wrong direction!

Mike Rolash: I am a little worried about Jarvis' neck after that hellacious DDT!

Jim Gunt: I hear that we have some footage from backstage right now.

The picture cuts backstage and shows Dr. Leggett next to Jarvis, who still is arguing his potential injury, claiming that he is fine, even though when Dr. Leggett touches his neck he winces, visibly in pain.

Jim Gunt: This is not looking very good, as soon as we will get more information, we will keep you updated, of course, but now let's return to the action!

Ray Douglas: The following match is one fall! It is one of your two Semi Final bouts tonight! Introducing first!

The lights in the arena dim, and blue spotlights swing around. Day and Night by Billie Piper hits over the PA as Caledonia steps out onto the stage, to tremendous applause. She poses briefly at the top of the ramp, as she does from behind the curtain steps Dan who poses with Caledonia.

Ray Douglas: This is Caledonia and Dan!

The two begin walking down the ramp Caledonia reaches the ring and vaults over the ropes, as Dan simply steps between the ropes, the two meet in the middle of the ring and strike a pose together as all spotlights converge.

Ray Douglas: Introducing their opponents.

From the Pinnacle to the Pit" by Ghost begins to play as the lights go down and smoke fills the ramp. As spotlight sets upon the entrance, and "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst stands in an open legged stance with his arms out. He is wearing a long, leather trench coat and his trademark "Forsaken Demon" shirt.

Ray Douglas: Hailing from Philadelphia Pennsylvania, representing The Forsaken The Demon of Sobriety, Dorian Hawkhurst!

Dorian stays at the top of the ramp as he waits for his Forsaken tag team partner.

Ray Douglas: And introducing his partner!

The entire arena goes dark as green digital rain appears on the screen and gradually forms the phrase "Ready...FIGHT!". The music picks up and Zach appears on the stage with a bright flash of green lights, his head bowed and arms outstretched.

Ray Douglas: He is your impact champion....Zach Van Owen!

Zach looks to Dorian and then to the ring and the two march down the ramp. Zach high-fiving fans along the way as Dorian for the most part ignores them. Zach hops onto the apron and ascends the corner post from the outside, throwing back the hood of his jacket and once again throwing his arms out wide. With hands on the ring ropes he cartwheels off the turnbuckle and down into the ring, while Dorian just steps through the ropes into the ring and joins his partner in their corner.

Mike Rolash: Where are Chloe and Leona?

Jim Gunt: I've been told that Dorian and Zach have asked them to stay backstage in fear for their safety at the hands of the Hostile Takeover.

Mike Rolash: OK, that actually makes sense.

Ray Douglas: And finally introducing their opponents!

Cut the Chord by Shinedown starts to play as out from the back steps Jimmy Allen, the chorus of boos rain down as Jimmy just smiles at the fans. After a few moments the rock music dies down and is mixed with New Orleans Heavy Swamp Blues By Justin Johnson. As the two songs mix out comes Tobias Devereaux to a chorus of boos that makes Jimmy Allens sound like they were happy to see him. Tobias and Jimmy stand at the top of the ramp discussing who got more of a reaction. Deciding it was Tobias, the Cajun takes off his hat and gives the crowd a bow before the two start their way to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Representing The Hostile Takeover, The Cajun Sensation Tobias Devereaux and The Catalyst Jimmy Allen!

The two make their way to the ring and slide in allowing the ref Scott Dean to go over his few items as we prepare to begin this match. Tobias Devereaux and Jimmy Allen just smirk as they both step out of the ring and stand in their corner. Tobias holds a hand out to the other four as in "have at it". Meanwhile in the ring Dan decides to start off the match for his team as Zach Van Owen decides to start it off for The Forsaken. Dorian meanwhile keeps his eyes on Jimmy Allen who just gives him a little wave. Dorian goes to get back in the ring but Zach does a good job of reigning in the beast. Zach and Dan start to circle each other in the ring.

Jim Gunt: Looks like we're finally ready to get this match started.

Mike Rolash: What a brilliant strategy by Hostility; which will allow the other two teams to beat each other then they can come in and take their pick for victims!

Jim Gunt: Sounds about right for the type of vermin they are.

Mike Rolash: At least Mongolian dude is not here this time!

Jim Gunt: Uh, yes he is.

He points behind Mike who turns around ever so slowly and immediately turns back. He leans over to Jim and

whispers.

Mike Rolash: This is sooooo weird.

Dan and Zach tie up in the middle of the ring, both vying for position. Zach with a quick knee to the stomach immediately grabs the arm and torques it with a wrist lock. Dan grabs his wrist in pain at first then grabs Zach's wrist and with a quick twist reverses the hold now having Zach in the wrist lock with arm torque. Zach rolls forward to alleviate the pressure and kips up to his feet before taking Dan down with an arm drag. Zach immediately bounces off the ropes before coming back with a baseball slide to the ribcage of Dan! Zach immediately gets back to his feet and lifts Dan up in a front face lock. Dan using a bit of power, starts to push Zach back, unfortunately not into his own corner as he ends up in the Hostility corner. Dan reaches out to tag but as he does Tobias and Jimmy both drop off the apron!

Mike Rolash: Magnificent and intelligent wrestling by Hostility here!

Jim Gunt: You mean cowardice right? Of course you would think that was smart.

While Dan is distracted for a moment Zach fires off a couple right hands before getting just enough space between the two to jump up and catch Dan with an enziguri. As soon as Zach hits the ground he feels something on his shoulder as Tobias Devereaux tags himself in. Tobias steps through the ropes and immediately starts putting the boots to Dan. Tobias lifts him up and sits him in the corner, firing off a couple of lefts and rights to the body. Dan fires off a right of his own but as soon as he does Jimmy, who is on the apron, hits him in the side of the head with a right of his own!

Jim Gunt: Come on Scott, get some control!

Mike Rolash: What are you complaining about?! Tobias is letting him out of the corner cleanly.

Jim Gunt: Sure he is! And Jimmy Allen certainly isn't attacking Dan while Scott has his hands full!

Mike Rolash: What? I don't see that... What are you talking about?

In the ring, Jimmy Allen steps away from Dan who has slumped down into the corner. Tobias bounces off the ropes and comes running in, jumping and hitting a delayed falling dropkick to Dan in the corner! The Cajun Sensation gets to his feet and tags in The Catalyst, Jimmy Allen! Jimmy lifts Dan up and out of the corner then sends him into the ropes! As Dan bounces back Jimmy lifts him up and hits him with a spine buster.

Mike Rolash: Softening up the back there for that Hellish Rebuke!

Jim Gunt: He'll need to do a lot more than that, don't forget there's three other people in the match!

Mike Rolash: Yeah but only two in the match matter to begin with, so what's your point?

Jim Gunt: Could you at least try not to be biased.

Mike Rolash: I could... But, why would I go against obvious winners? Go Hostility!

Jimmy Allen methodically stalks Dan as he's getting to his feet. Jimmy off the ropes, comes up behind Dan for a chop block. Dan spins around leaping at Jimmy just in time and catches him with a lariat. Dan wastes little time to get to a corner, any corner... It's Dorian Hawkhurst! Dorian tags himself in and goes right after Jimmy Allen. Allen, seeing the charging man quickly backs up into the ropes, making Scott Dean come over and get in the way! Over Scott's shoulder, Jimmy hits Dorian with a quick thumb to the eye! Dorian stumbles backward holding his eye as Jimmy comes out of the ropes past Scott, and nails Dorian with a stiff right hand that takes the man off his feet! Jimmy wastes no time putting the boots to his former friend.

Jim Gunt: What a cheap shot!

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about?! Dorian is obviously so drunk, he can't even stay on his feet and stumbled.

Jim Gunt: Right into that right hand?

Mike Rolash: Glutton for punishment?

After several boots, Jimmy drops the point of his elbow into the chest of his former friend and viciously starts to grind his forearm against the bridge of Dorian's nose. Jimmy chuckles a little as he stands up and lifts Dorian to his feet. The Catalyst sends Dorian off the near rope and drops a shoulder only for Dorian to counter with a running DDT! Jimmy grabs his head in pain as Dorian looks around trying to catch a glimpse of his corner. Dorian gets to his knees and slowly makes his way toward Zach Van Owen but Tobias gets into the ring and starts toward Dorian only to be cut off by Scott Dean! Tobias is arguing with him as Dorian gets the tag. Zach comes into the ring as Tobias steps back out onto the apron. Scott turns around and starts admonishing Zach who is trying to put the boots to Jimmy Allen. Zach argues that he got the tag but Scott keeps insisting he gets back on the apron!

Jim Gunt: Come on, he made the tag!

Mike Rolash: I didn't see it and neither did Scott.

Meanwhile, Tobias has snuck back into the ring behind Scott's back and helps Jimmy over to their corner. Tobias steps out onto the apron and waits on Scott to turn back to look at him and tags himself into the match. Tobias charges immediately over to The Forsaken's corner to meet a freshly, "legally" tagged Zach. Zach leaps up and over the top rope catching Tobias with a flying kick of sorts to the face as he charges in! Tobias grabs his face immediately realizing his plan just backfired and rolls out of the ring before Zach can get his hands on him! He's not safe though as Zach bounces off the far ropes only to leap up onto the top rope and then jump off with a shooting star press onto Tobias down below! Zach pops up to a huge ovation from the crowd, however, his celebration is cut short by a big thrust kick to the midsection by Caledonia! Dan comes running by and nails Zach with the Falling Hammer scissors kick! Scott Dean is yelling at them to get back into the ring; as Dan grabs Zach and Caledonia grabs Tobias, the two rolling their respective opponent into the ring. Caledonia and Dan both hop up onto the apron as Caledonia tags Tobias to let herself into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Caledonia and Dan Highlander looking to make the most of this opportunity and special return to the CWF!

Mike Rolash: At least they nearly took Zach's head off, so I'll allow it.

Caledonia goes to the top rope and leaps off, The Fall from Grace shooting star press! Caledonia hooks the leg but before Scott can start the count, Dorian is in to stop the pinfall! Dorian pulls Caledonia off of Zach, only to catch a kick to the knee in response. Caledonia bounces off the near ropes and leaps up, taking Dorian down and over with a headscissors! Caledonia is quickly back to her feet and delivers a high knee drop to the head of Dorian! Meanwhile, Zach has slowly started to get back to his feet using the ropes as Caledonia turns her attention back to Zach and charges at him! Leaping up, she wraps her legs around his head and spins around to take him down with a headscissors of her own! However, her top half is caught by Jimmy Allen, who has allowed himself back into the ring! The two holding Caledonia to stop her momentum, tossing her up into the air; Jimmy catches her on his shoulder and slams her down with a vicious Hellish Rebuke! Dan meanwhile has come into the ring and charges at the two, only to get cut off by Dorian who grabs him in a tilt-a-whirl, him up onto his shoulder in a reverse crucifix position Dorian charges towards the ropes and tossing Highlander chest first into the top rope! As he snaps back Zach comes running up and nails Dan in the back of the head with the Combo Breaker!

Jim Gunt: Scott Dean has lost all sense of control in this match!

Mike Rolash: Oh calm down, it was bound to happen with this many competitors in a match.

Scott tries to regain control of the match which after some convincing manages to get Dorian and Jimmy Allen to both leave the ring. Zach turns his attention back to Caledonia who has managed to get back to her feet holding her back in pain. The two meet in the center of the ring and tie up! Zach gets the advantage and takes Caledonia down with an

arm drag. She pops back up only to get caught with another arm drag, she pops back up! The two stare down one another before tying back up! This time it's Caledonia getting the advantage with a knee to the midsection! She sends Zach off the ropes and goes for a Japanese arm drag when he returns but Zach flips through it landing on his feet! As Caledonia lands she sits up only to catch a dropkick to the back of the head from Zach. The Game Changer lifts her up to her feet and backs her into his corner. Zach with a hard chop into the corner before taking a few steps back. Player One runs toward the corner, hopping up onto the middle rope and drives a knee into the head of Caledonia! Zach hops from the middle rope to the top rope, spring boarding down onto Caledonia's hips grabbing her head, falls back, and launches her clear across the ring with the king of all monkey flips! Caledonia's body does a full flip in the air before landing hard on the canvas! Unfortunately for The Forsaken, she lands right in the corner of Hostility. Tobias tentatively reaches out and tags the shoulder of Caledonia as he steps into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Dear Jesus did you see that monkey flip?

Mike Rolash:\*yawning\* Nope.

Tobias cautiously looks Zach Van Owen up and down, still wearing his normal smirk but still cautious. The two tie up, with Tobias getting the quick advantage with a side headlock. Zach tries to shove him off but Tobias drops to a knee and holds on. Tobias puts his hip into the side of Zach and tosses him over still holding onto the headlock, Zach rolls him onto his back though and has Tobias in a pinning position! Devereaux realizes his predicament quickly and releases the hold before Dean can even get to one. Both men pop up to their feet, but Zach is obviously faster as he beats Tobias just by the skin of his teeth and fires off a right hand at The Cajun Sensation! Tobias is dazed for a second and gives Zach time to unleash a Blitz Rush! But instead of finishing it with the switchblade kick, he puts his palms together, brings them back, and Ehrgeiz! No! Tobias side steps at the last second and grabs both wrists of Zach, using his arms to criss cross his own chest, Tobias falls down and takes Zach down with a straight jacket neckbreaker! Tobias immediately rolls both of their bodies over still holding the arms across Zach's chest in the straight jacket position, Tobias jumps up and rolls over the shoulder of Zach so that Zach's own arms pull on his chin and forces him back! Tobias rests on the back of Zach as he makes him choke himself with this straight jacket submission. From out of nowhere, Jimmy jumps up and onto the top rope, and spring boards off looking to come down with a dropkick into the face of Zach Van Owen! Dorian comes out of nowhere and catches the diving Jimmy Allen with a running version of the Square Hammer right to the chest! He doesn't stop and bounces off the ropes as Tobias is getting to his feet, Dorian looks to nail the Cajun with a Square Hammer as well but Tobias ducks under only for Dorian to stop on a dime! Dorian goes to slam Tobias in the back but instead catches an Ace in the Hole pele kick for his troubles! Tobias starts to get back to his feet but is paying too much attention to Dorian, as he turns around The Cajun Sensation gets laid out with an Ehrgeiz from Zach Van Owen!

Jim Gunt: Ehrgeiz!

Mike Rolash: Bless you.

Zach quickly goes for the cover but Dan is in the ring dragging him off before anything can get started! Dan grabs Zach by the back of the head and sends him over the top rope, Zach lands on the apron, Dan with a heavy right, Zach ducks and counters with a punch of his own! The two start exchanging lefts and rights as Dorian slides out of the ring and is coming around the corner toward Jimmy, who has hopped off of the apron and sneaks up behind Zach. Caledonia is seen getting into the ring. On the outside Jimmy gets Zach to his feet and goes to pull him off the apron but Dorian stops him spinning him around and starts unleashing hard right hands. As the two brawl Zach gets the advantage in his brawl with Dan. Zach runs towards the nearby turnbuckle, hops up onto the top and springs off towards Dan Looking for a Keyblade variant but Dan moves his head at the very last second meanwhile from behind him we see Caledonia running at the back of dan. As Zach lands on the apron he seems to have buckled his knee slightly and grimaces only to see Caledonia flying over the shoulder of Dan and grabbing onto the neck of Zach taking him off the apron with a

blockbuster as the two land on top of Dorian and Jimmy Allen on the outside.

Mike Rolash: Holy shi--

Jim Gunt: MIKE!

Mike Rolash: Shih Tzus, Holy Shih Tzus they're these little dogs raised by priests...I swear!

Meanwhile in the ring Tobias is stalking Dan. Tobias grabs Dan's arms from behind and spins suddenly while falling nailing him with the Swamp Special! Tobias immediately goes into the cover hooking both of Dan's legs. However Scott Dean keeps telling him that Dan isn't the legal man and refuses to make the count. Tobias gets up and gets in Scott's face backing him into a corner. The entire time Scott keeps pointing to his shirt insisting that Tobias Devereaux adhere to the rules. Tobias just sneers and turns his attention to the outside where he sees the car wreck of bodies. Tobias runs and bounces off the far rope and gets right to the rope, meanwhile outside the ring the members of The Forsaken as well as Caledonia have gotten to their feet. Jimmy Allen has slithered off away from the chaos. Tobias charges at the rope looking as though he may be joining the fray, before stopping at the last second and flipping the fighters outside off! Tobias smirks then takes a couple steps back and draws a line with his toes across the mat and waits motioning for someone to come back into the ring. The first to take him up on it is Dorian who slides into the ring and charges. Tobias side steps and sends Dorian off into the ropes. Dorian bounces back, Tobias with the drop down, Dorian bounces back Tobias looks for a hip toss, Dorian blocks. Tobias with a quick knee to the gut, places his leg over Dorian's head, Dorian stands up flipping Tobias over back onto his feet and Dorian takes his head off with a lariat! No Tobias matrix dodge at last second! Dorian comes back with a lariat to the back of Tobias' head that sends him doing a complete forward flip!

Jim Gunt: Probably shouldn't of taunted...

Mike Rolash: You think? Come on Tobias, get your head back in the match!

Inside the ring Dorian and Dan have lifted Tobias to his feet. Both men lift him up one leg on either shoulder and start running towards the rope, double powerbomb to Tobias sending him into the first two rows! Jimmy Allen can be seen on the outside with eyes wide and mouthing some profanity. Meanwhile in the ring Dorian and Dan both kind of smirk at giving the Cajun his comeuppance, and turn around and start exchanging lefts and rights. Meanwhile Scott Dean isn't quite sure what to do as both legal men are down on the outside. Dorian meanwhile has gotten the better of Dan and grabs him by the back of the neck looking for that inverted chokeslam. Dan is trying to fight out of it as Caledonia slides back into the ring finally. She comes to the aid of her partner firing off a couple of kicks, she goes for a spinning back fist but Dorian reaches out and grabs her by the back of the neck...Double inverted choke slam! Dorian lets out a primal roar as he shows off his strength. Meanwhile we cut to outside the ring to see Jimmy Allen who has grabbed Zach and has him against the barricade outside. He's raining down fists before grabbing Zach in a front face lock. Jimmy lifts Zach up and drops him gut first on the barrier. Jimmy takes a few steps back before charging and driving the point of his elbow straight into the lower back of Zach van Owen. Jimmy turns his attention to the ring just in time to see Dorian coming through the ropes. Jimmy takes off around the ring only for Dorian to give chase. Jimmy slides into the ring quickly, Dorian right behind him. Jimmy crosses the ring and baseball slides back to the outside. Dorian goes to follow but as soon as he hits the ground he gets leveled by a swift kick straight to the lower region by Jimmy. Jimmy lifts up the nearby apron and starts looking around under the ring.

Jim Gunt: Now why you going under there Jimmy Allen?!

Mike Rolash: I think the Hostile Takeover is about to make things a bit more Hostile!

Jim Gunt: This is despicable!

Mike Rolash: This is Jimmy Allen evening up the odds after they just brutalized Tobias!

Jimmy pulls out from under the ring two kendo sticks one of which has a black duffle bag attached to it. Jimmy sits that one to the side and takes the other kendo stick in hand and smirks at Dorian who is getting up to his knees. Jimmy cracks the kendo stick across the head of Dorian Hawkhurst! The sickening echo fills the arena as Jimmy then turns his attention to the still dangling Zach Van Owen and cracks him in the lower back with the kendo stick as well. Meanwhile in the ring Dan and Caledonia are back up and about, catching their breath in the corner. They slide out of the ring as far away from Jimmy and The Forsaken as possible and start their way around the ring looking for the carcass of Tobias Devereaux who has managed to crawl up to the security barrier but that's as far as The Cajun has made it. Dan hops the barrier and gives Devereaux a hand lifting him to a vertical base. Dan with a hard right hand sends Tobias up and over the barricade. Once he's landed Caledonia grabs Tobias and starts pulling him to his feet. Tobias falls back to his knees and leans back throwing his hands up begging for a moment of respite. Caledonia is having none of it leaning down to grab him back up as Dan also makes his way over the barricade. Tobias quickly shoots a thumb to one of Caledonia's eyes before immediately dropping down and rolling away under the ring. Dan charges over to the ring and lifts up the apron only to be blinded by a bunch of white smoke like substance as Jimmy comes out from under the ring with a fire extinguisher.

Mike Rolash: Look Jim, it's a magic trick, they switched places!

Tobias crawls out from under the ring over where Dorian and Zach are still laid up from a massive kendo beating as we see the shattered remains of the kendo stick all around them. Tobias looks over at the black duffle bag and smirks to himself as he unzip it and pulls from within two pairs of knuckle dusters. He slips one onto each hand and proceeds to casually walk back around the ring to Dan and Caledonia. Caledonia and Jimmy are tussling with each other when Tobias calmly walks up behind Caledonia and just lays into her with a sick right hook to her right kidney, then a left to her left. She turns towards Tobias only to catch a right cross. Tobias motions for Jimmy to grab Dan who is just starting to get the bits from the extinguisher out of his eyes. Jimmy quickly grabs Dan up in a full nelson as Tobias just goes to town with hooks to the body to both the left and right rib cage. Tobias takes a step back and fires off two jabs with his left before doing a little shuffle and kissing his right hand bringing it around with a right cross that nails Jimmy right across the face as Dan slips the full nelson, Dan immediately takes Tobias down with a spear and starts to just wail upon him. The Cajun forced to just cover up and weather the fury that is Dan!

Mike Rolash: Come on Tobias, cover up, protect that face!

Jim Gunt: Aww, you think he's cute?

Mike Rolash: no but the ladies sure do and that brings in the ratings and money!

Dan gets up off of Tobias and turns towards where Jimmy went down only to get folded by a chair shot. Dan crumbles as Dorian Hawkhurst looms over his body driving the end of the chair down into the midsection that's already been brutalized by the knuckle dusters of Tobias Devereaux. Meanwhile Zach has lifted Tobias to his feet and rolled him back into the ring. Zach follows behind him, Zach lifts Tobias to his feet before picking him up in a back suplex like position but sits him on the top turnbuckle facing towards the crowd. Zach climbs out onto the apron and starts up the ropes, once up top he peppers Tobias with a few lefts before hooking his arm over his shoulder and locking his hands.

Mike Rolash: What is that little gamer punk doing now?

Zach lifts Tobias up to standing so now both are on the top rope, Zach looks to be going for a version of his Limit Break but before he can Tobias fires off an elbow to the head of Zach breaking his clasp. Both men are teetering on the ropes. Tobias fires off another elbow which Zach returns with one of his own. Tobias quickly grabs Zach in a bear hug like position and seems to be about to suplex him off the top only for Caledonia to come out of nowhere shaking the ropes causing both men to crash back down each one crotching on opposite side of the ring post. Meanwhile on the opposite side of the ring Dorian is sliding into the ring, he has a table. Dorian leaves the table behind and heads over to Caledonia, who has started her way up the corner with Tobias and Zach. Dorian comes up behind her and clubs her in

the lower back. He grabs her by the shoulder and just pulls her off the ropes. He takes a step back and steps up into a big boot to the side of Tobias' face sending him back to the outside where he crashes with a thud. Dorian looks like he's done playing as he makes his way back to the table. He starts setting it up, leaving it at an angle instead of fully set up. He walks over to Caledonia and lifts her to her feet. A hard kick to the stomach as he stuffs her between his legs. He yells over at Zach who is making his way to the ropes on the other side of the leaning table. Dorian lifts Caledonia up onto his shoulders and takes a couple of steps towards the table while Zach steps out onto the apron. Dorian turns his back to the table and lifts Caledonia up off his shoulders as Zach springboards off the top rope flying towards Caledonia he grabs her and comes down with her with a Limit Breaker through the table!

Jim Gunt: Wow, it was like a Fall From Grace meets Limit Breaker combo through the table!

Mike Rolash: Thanks for coming Caledonia, good night!

Jimmy Allen slides into the ring while The Forsaken are distracted and sideswipes Dorian with a spear that takes both men out of the ring through the middle ropes. Zach turns his attention back to Caledonia looking for a pin. Scott is once again explaining to Zach despite all the chaos that he and Tobias are the two legal men. Zach gets up to discuss this only to be rolled up out of nowhere by Tobias Devereaux. Tobias with a handful of tights!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR..no

Zach gets a shoulder up at the last second. Zach rolls back to a kneeling position as Tobias gets back up to a standing position and flashes that smirk while miming so close. Zach gets to his feet as the two look to lock up yet again. However Tobias just delivers a quick kick to the stomach and a right hand instead. Zach stumbles back but then comes back with a right of his own. The two start trading back and forth as the crowd rotates from boos and cheers along with each punch. The crowd fully behind Zach Van Owen as he ducks a right from Tobias and counters with a spinning back fist. Tobias is dazed as Zach leaps up and Limit Breaker! No! Tobias counters by dropping to a knee hitting Zack with a modified side backbreaker. Both men are down! Meanwhile on the outside Jimmy Allen has sent Dorian into a set of steps so hard they slide about a foot from the ring post. Jimmy is stalking his former friend. Meanwhile back in the ring, Dan is back up on the apron and lets himself into the ring. He makes his way over to Zach Van Owen and grabs him by the wrist and drags him over to his corner. Dan hops back outside then tags himself into the match. Dan makes his way quickly over to Tobias and stalks him waiting for him to get to at least a kneeling position.

Mike Rolash: Stay down Tobias! Just stay down!

Jim Gunt: Dan is going for the Falling Hammer!

Tobias gets to a kneeling position, Dan charges and goes for the Falling Hammer, no, Jimmy Allen grabs Tobias by the waist and pulls him back out of the scissor kick. Dan turns around to see what happened only to catch Jimmy Allen's right hand. Jimmy grabs Dan and irish whips him into the ropes, Dan comes back only for Jimmy to grab him and lift him up off the ground dropping him on his knee with an inverted atomic drop. Jimmy holds onto the waist lock though and stands back up. Tobias realizes what's going on and bounces off the ropes behind Jimmy and comes back, Jimmy lifts Dan up again just as Tobias jumps in the air and nails Dan in the mush with a variation of the Bayou Bash as Jimmy Allen slams him down with the Hellish Rebuke!

Jim Gunt: NO!

Mike Rolash: YES!

Tobias immediately covers Dan hooking both legs as Jimmy Allen stands over his partner protecting from the break up attempt.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Ray Douglas: And the winners of the first semi-final and with that first finalists of the Northern Crown tournament are:  
HOSTILE TAKEOVER!

Jim Gunt: They look strong. Very strong, I would not be surprised now, if they took this all the way.

Mike Rolash: Yes, they had very strong competition here and looking at the second match, I think that they are the clear favourites from here on out!

## **Rayney Daze**

Match

As Loki makes her way throughout the backstage arena, she stops suddenly at a shadowy intersection. She cocks her head in one direction, followed by the other, resting her gaze on a darkened corridor to her right. As if on cue, The Shadow melts out of the darkness and steps calmly into Loki's path.

The Shadow: You have to know that threatening the actual members of The Forsaken is one thing but threatening the livelihood of a child will NOT be tolerated.

Loki Synn: Then tell that pitbull of a lapdog to stay out of affairs that don't concern her Shadow. Consider yourself lucky, I have places to be, people to maim and destroy, MJ for starters; tell me this though, is she another child that you feel the urge to go out of your way to protect? There won't be any need, she's as good as de...

Shadow goes to grab Loki by her left arm, but Loki is quick to dodge back, grabbing Shadow by the throat in her right hand and backing him up to the wall. Shadow manages to be able to squeeze out a few choice words however before Loki can do much more.

The Shadow: What are you going to do now Mia?

Loki's grip tightens briefly around Shadow's throat before it falters, allowing Shadow to slip to the floor. She screams, a banshee like noise that could shatter glass, in his face before cursing loudly and kicking the wall next to his prone body. Shadow tries to get out of the way, but he doesn't need to bother as Loki delivers another fruitless kick to the wall beside him and stomps away down her original path; leaving Shadow rubbing his throat absentmindedly as he catches his breath.

## **Winners of Match D vs. Winners of Match E vs. Winners of Match F**

Match

Jim Gunt: Interesting, at first Chloe and now The Shadow are calling Loki Mia, this can't be just coincidence!

Mike Rolash: Well, they hang together, so...

Jim Gunt: Yes, but The Shadow has been insinuating that he knew more about Loki than she thought he did and this could be it!

Mike Rolash: We'll see how that plays down, but now I am ready for the second semi final after Hostile Takeover just booked their through ticket!

The camera cuts to the entrance area where "Steel Sharpens Steel" by Vinnie Paz as Trent Steel and Mac Bane come

out to opposite sides of the ramp, the two men getting a resounding response as they stand in place soaking it in.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring, challengers number one... the team of TRENT STEEL AND MAC BANE!

Finally the two men meet at the center of the ramp, a few words spoken to hype each other up before they make their way down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: These two men advanced to the semi finals with a victory over John Mapother's Bloodsport Inc., an impressive victory I might add as well.

Mike Rolash: Here are two guys, guaranteed to turn the intensity to the next level.

Voices start to raise though the crowd, a small but growing chant for Elijah and Omega breaks out. The lights dim, spotlights converging at the top of the entrance ramp as "Girl Anachronism" by the

Dresden Doll starts to play, quiet at first, building to a crescendo.

Ray Douglas: Challengers number two, at a combined weight of four hundred pounds! They are the team of ELIJAH AND OMEGA!

The crowd erupts in cheers, as Elijah and Omega step out. They make their way down the ramp, Omega blowing kisses to the audience, Elijah's eyes locked straight ahead.

Jim Gunt: These two may be the fresher of the three teams, making quick work of KC3 and Maestro.

Mike Rolash: They're the old guard around CWF, which gives them that much needed advantage when it comes to these fans.

The familiar revving of the motorcycle kicks in as "Evenflow" begins to start up, the new CWF Tag Team Champions, LaRusso and Hodge make their way out. Both men having their titles in their shoulders.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, they are the NEW CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! Harley Hodge and Lance LaRusso! THE HIGHWAYMEN!

The two men finally make it to the ring, handing their titles over to Davidson as they are ready to get this contest going.

Jim Gunt: I'm glad to see Hodge compete one more time here tonight, and on top of that he, along with LaRusso were able to capture the titles from the Aces.

Mike Rolash: Don't forget to give the assist to Trent Steel, who's also in this match, by the way.

Elijah and Lance LaRusso are set to start this triple threat tag team contest as "Big" Denny Davidson calls for the bell. The two men meet in the center of the ring with a collar and elbow tie up. Elijah quickly twists the arm of LaRusso into an arm wrench. Cranking and twisting on his arm, Elijah quickly brings LaRusso over to his team's corner, where he tags in Omega. Stepping inside of the ring, she takes control of his arm and irish whips him to the opposite corner. Avoiding crashing with the corner turnbuckle LaRusso slides across the ring quickly getting to his feet catching Omega with an European Uppercut as she charges in.

Mike Rolash: For a guy, who's always coked-out he sure can go in the ring.

Jim Gunt: You can say that again... But right now LaRusso's bringing Omega back up to her feet and stings her chest with a knife edge chop! He backs her up into his team's corner where he makes the tag to Harley Hodge.

Hodge enters the ring measuring Omega up, before dropping her with a big right hand! He goes for the cover but only gets a one count. Hodge brings Omega back up to her feet, taking her up and over, slamming her hard into the canvas with a body slam. Going for a cover once again, he only receives another one count. Stinging her chest with the knife edge chop, Hodge backs her into the ropes where Mac Bane makes the blind tag. An irish whip is reversed by Omega, as Hodge rebounds off of the ropes he ducks a clothesline attempt and is tripped up by Bane who is on the floor

outside, grabbing at his feet as he bounces off, sending him crashing to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: That's the type of thing that can happen when you are competing in a triple threat tag team match.

Mike Rolash: I call it.. taking advantage of the situation.

Pulling Hodge out of the ring, Bane steam rolls over him with the big lariat, sending him crashing hard to the floor! Now rolling Hodge back into the ring, Bane climbs in himself and makes the tag to Steel. Looking to inflict pain, Steel Irish whips Hodge into the ropes, when he returns, Steel hits the mat, twisting his legs up with Hodge's, sending him falling with a drop toe hold. But before he can even fall correctly, Bane is right there folding Hodge's body in an unnatural way with a Spear! Steel laughs maniacally as he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

LaRusso with the save!

Jim Gunt: His spine couldn't have survived that!

Summits tells LaRusso to return to his corner as Steel is back to his feet stomping down on Hodge. Trying to retreat proves costly for Hodge, as he finds himself in enemy territory. Steel makes the tag back to Bane, as he returns back inside of the ring. Now choking Hodge with his boot, he holds him in place as Bane stomps down hard on his midsection! Steel goes to the outside as Bane brings Hodge off the canvas, hooking him for a suplex. Lifting Harley in the air, he slams him down to the mat with a Jackhammer hooking the leg for the pin! Davidson coming over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Hodge rolls his shoulder off the canvas stopping the count. But Bane is right on top of him, clamping on an Iron Claw! Hodge screams out in pain as Bane cinches his nails deep into his skin. The crowd begins to cheer Hodge on, as he begins to struggle to his feet. Sensing the motivation surging through the body of Hodge, Bane slams him violently back to the mat!

Jim Gunt: Bane aggressively manhandling the new tag champ right now.

Mike Rolash: Steel cost the Aces the titles, so they could have an easy path at winning those titles. Smart strategy on his behalf.

Back on the attack, Mac Bane cranks hard on the head of Hodge, twisting and contorting it. Hodge struggles against the hold, LaRusso cheering him on from the corner. Hodge manages to get to a vertical base, trying to force his way towards his team's corner. But Bane stops him in his tracks with a huge clubbing blow to the back, dropping him to the canvas. Hodge squirms around on the mat, Bane sending a boot to his midsection, forcing him to roll over, not letting up, Bane connects with a leg drop to the throat of Hodge, staying on top for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Staying on Hodge, Bane sits him up and locks on a seated abdominal stretch, and begins to drive his knuckles into the Accelerator's Temple. The fans began to rally behind Hodge as he slowly makes it too a vertical base, breaking free, Hodge blasts Bane with a hard punch! Another one has Bane reeling, but he quickly pushes Hodge off into the ropes. As Hodge rebounds off, the big boot of Bane catches the Angel under the jaw, sending him tumbling through the ropes

and outside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Hodge crashing down hard on the floor!

Mike Rolash: This may not be the way he wanted his farewell tour to go.

Making the tag to Steel, Bane steps to the apron, as Steel waits for Hodge to rise on the other side of the ring. Once Hodge is upright, Steel runs along the apron, leaping off and blasting Hodge with a Flying Knee Strike! The crowd let's out a collective "OH!" as both men crash to the floor, back to his feet Steel picks Hodge up, rolling him back inside of the ring. Following suit, Trent stomps down on Hodge, before rushing over and knocking Omega off the apron! Smiling sadistically, Steel turns back to Hodge as Davidson keeps Elijah at bay. Pulling on Hodge's hair, Trent leads him towards Bane, making the tag. Back inside Bane brings Hodge out of the corner, before dropping him down with a big knife edge chop! Now it's Bane, who knocks both Elijah and Omega off the apron. He goes back to attack Harley but is dropped to the mat by Hodge with a Spear! Both men are down, the crowd going nuts, trying to get Harley to make the tag.

Jim Gunt: This could be the break that Harley needs!

Slowly crawling towards his team's corner, Hodge tags the outstretched hand of LaRusso, at the same time Bane tags Steel back in, the two men charge each other, but it's LaRusso who's first to strike. He catches Steel with a clothesline, dropping him down to the mat, Steel is back up quickly, however Lance drops him with a calf kick! Steel is back to his feet swinging wildly at Lance!

Jim Gunt: ORGASM BUTTON! LANCE IS ON FIRE RIGHT NOW!

Mike Rolash: You seem a bit excited Jimbo...

With Steel down, LaRusso stands next to his down body of Steel, before leaping up and comes crashing down hard across his midsection, driving the air out of him. Not going for the cover, LaRusso brings him up by his arm, Steel ducks underneath a short arm clothesline attempt as the Pansexual Playboy bounces off the ropes. Davidson acknowledges a tag by Elijah, as Steel side steps a charging LaRusso, sending him over the top rope! Steel watches as LaRusso crashes to the floor, before turning right into a dropkick! Steel stumbles back to his feet as Elijah drops him with a big clothesline! Letting out a heroic roar, Elijah rushes at Steel crushing him in the corner as he rises with another clothesline! Pulling him from the corner, Elijah hooks him for a Suplex, lifting him off his feet and instead spikes him down head first with a Brainbuster!

Jim Gunt: What a huge Brainbuster by Elijah as he brings Steel back to his feet. He has him hooked for a Flatliner.. No, Steel able to shove him off.

LaRusso makes the tag, just as Elijah hits the ropes chest first, springing back into the waiting arms of Steel who spikes him into the mat with a German Suplex!

Mike Rolash: The Playboy is springing to the top!

Lance is seen jumping off the top rope and completing a double rotation moonsault, crashing on Steel before he could move!

Jim Gunt: SMILE HIGH CLUB! HE HOOKS THE LEG FOR THE WIN!

ONE!

TWO!

And surprisingly it's Omega who breaks up the pin attempt. She gets to her feet but gets turned inside out with the Last Breathe, courtesy of Bane who's now back in the ring. A returning Hodge tries to get the jump on him but catches a brutal lariat of his own! Mac Bane screams out in dominance, before LaRusso drops him with the Walk of Shame! The

spinning hook kick sends Bane tumbling through the ropes! LaRusso signals to the fans that he going to take flight, the Canadian cried giving their full support. Running the ropes, Elijah makes the tag as LaRusso goes sailing over the top ropes taking out Bane! Stepping through the ropes, Elijah looks as if he's about to take flight as the crowd begins to cheer him on, hitting the ropes, Elijah looks for a suicide dive, but LaRusso stops him with a punch as he begins to go through the ropes!

Jim Gunt: LaRusso able to stop the Hall of Famer from taking flight. And now his focus is set on Elijah.

Mike Rolash: Here comes the looney to Elijah's tunes!

As LaRusso climbs onto the apron, Omega is there to rescue her love, leaping into the Pansexual Playboy's shoulders and spikes him head first with a hurricanrana! They both fall to the floor as Steel sneaks behind Elijah, pulling him out of the ropes and rolling him up for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Steel is pulled out of the ring, breaking the pin and sent crashing head first into the steps by none other than Duce Jones! Sliding him back inside of the ring, Davidson is helpless to stop what's going on, due to the no disqualification factor within this match. Slowly rising, oblivious to what just occurred, Elijah grabs a dazed Steel in a side headlock, before running towards the ropes, springing off them and driving Steel head first into the canvas with the Descent! Shooting the half Elijah goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here are yours winners and new CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! ELIJAH AND OMEGA!

Jim Gunt: And just like that the end of a run has come. Harley and Lance losing the tag titles.

### **James Milenko vs. Jon Stewart**

Match

Jim Gunt: So the finals of the Northern Crown tournament are complete with the Hostile Takeover facing off against Elijah and Omega and the contrast could hardly be any bigger, the hostile upstarts facing off against two people that embody the CWF history and spirit like few others.

Mike Rolash: Takeover for the win!

Jim Gunt: Yes, you said that before.

Mike Rolash: Doesn't make it any less true!

Jim Gunt: We'll see. But before we get to that we have a special matchup coming up.

"Red Right Hand" by Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds starts to play as Jon Stewart walks out from the back. He's wearing a black suit, with a long black coat, black scarf, and black boots. He gestures to the crowd with his red leather gloved hands. Walking to the ring and entering, he makes regal princes look clumsy as he poses for a minute for the photographers, with an almost twisted smile.

Jim Gunt: Here comes one of our co-commissioners now. Out of the two he seems to be the one more focused on keeping things going without a personal agenda.

Mike Rolash: Are you saying James Milenko is abusing his position of power more than Stewart?

Jim Gunt: No. I'm saying both men are snakes, but that one is more interested in ratings. He's at least not trying to destroy the place.

Mike Rolash: NOOOOO...That's what he has hired Trent Steel for. Keeps his gloved hands clean.

"Seek and Destroy" by Metallica plays and the fans erupt into a loud chorus of boos as James Milenko appears at the top of the ramp. His signature suit is replaced by a black track suit as he strides out to center stage. He wears his trademark cocky smirk as he glances up at Jon Stewart who is urging Milenko into the ring. The music fades as Milenko takes a mic from a random stage hand, climbing onto the apron and finally between the ropes.

James Milenko: Now, I know how things were billed, but I'm afraid that one thing you're going to have to learn about me, Johnny boy... I wrestle and fight, on MY terms. This little "impromptu match to throw the new guy off his game?" It isn't going to work. Here's why. I have to admit that Shadow calls things as he sees them. Maybe I'm something of a puppet master like he so eloquently put it. Something of a string puller. So I flexed my co-commish powers and I made some calls. In the true spirit of Hostility versus The CWF, I found someone ready, willing, able, and a Hostile-alum that has come back for a one time reappearance. Ladies and gentlemen, I give to you... "The Phoenix..." XANDER DANIELS!

The fans erupt in a chorus of both boos and cheers as the lights die down to be replaced by crimson red floods. "The Phoenix" by Baptized by Fire cues up and the one and only Xander Daniels appears at the top of the entrance ramp, soaking in the crowd reaction as Jon Stewart takes a step back from James Milenko, his smirk only widening. Xander takes his time heading down to the ring as Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash recover from shock and start doing their jobs.

Jim Gunt: Xan... Xander Daniels? I've never heard of him...

Mike Rolash: Milenko warned me to do some research about possible Hostility alum he was thinking about bringing in. This guy is one of the worst. He had this on again off again friendship with another guy on the roster. Things got so bad at one point between the two that Xander yanked his tag partner's ex out onto the stage and planted her skull first onto the steel. He ended up paralyzing her. He also won Hostility's Aversion title and technically never lost it, making him the current and longest reigning champion, though others don't see it that way. What happened was...

He is cut off by Jim's look of incredulous disbelief. Rolash just shrugs his shoulders as XanDan hops into the ring. He smiles at Milenko and shakes his hand as his emerald green eyes zero in on Jon Stewart. He takes a couple steps toward Stewart when all of a sudden...

He reaches backward and nails Milenko with a cutter, James Milenko's face being planted face first into the mat with surprising speed and force! Xander hops back up and smiles, shrugging his shoulders and heading out of the ring as "Yes" by LMFAO picks up. Christopher St. James appears at the top of the ramp, his million dollar suit is only mirrored by his smile. The music cuts out as he speaks.

C\$J: You might all of a sudden feel on top of the world James, but never forget who put you there and who has the deeper pockets, especially when it comes to buying out the competition, so to speak. Just remember that the higher up on the food chain you get, the harder the fall. Remember one thing the next time you try to tell me that you don't need my services anymore. The only person that gets to call an operation "done?" Is me. Learn the lesson quick and next time you might survive a little longer.

C\$J drops the mic leaving the fallen and unmoving James Milenko at the hands of Jon Stewart. Stewart looks at the crowd and the picks up the microphone.

Jon Stewart: You know...if you wanted to have proxy's all you had to do was ask, but you see the difference between you and I my dear James...

Stewart removes his glasses and tosses them to a ring attendant.

Jon Stewart: Is that unlike you...I don't mind getting blood on my own hands! I can actually fight! Well...Not really me I should say.

Stewart reaches into his inside jacket pocket and pulls out a black burlap cloth. He reaches into his suit pocket and pulls out a pill bottle.

Jon Stewart: Do bare with me folks...I promise...it'll be w...

Stewart stops himself and looks up at the ring entrance area and we see Jimmy Allen standing there carrying a steel baseball bat. He points it right at Stewart who looks at him. Looks at the black burlap and smiles. He puts the burlap cloth and the pill bottle away

Jon Stewart: You know...It's high time I realize one thing

Milenko starts to get up and Stewart waits for him to stand. Milkeno turns and Stewart kicks him in the gut. Floatover DDT! Stewart gets up and motions for the official. Stewart puts his foot over Milenko's prone body.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner...Jon Stewart!

Jim Gunt: And with that...Stewart wins. Sorta a bit of a down note I'd say but...

Mike Rolash: I think Jimmy wants a recount!

Jimmy Allen starts walking down the rampway with the bat. Stewart looks at him, smiling. Suddenly the arena starts to fill with...raven feathers. Both men look up and they see it. In the rafters...the cloak of raven feathers. The top hat...The mask...Ataxia. He points down to the ring and Stewart scowls. The lights flicker and he's gone.

Jim Gunt: He's back! You saw him!

Mike Rolash: No! I didn't!

Jim Gunt: Then where did all these feathers come from?!

Mike Rolash: Silas is molting!

Jim Gunt: The wrestler?

Mike Rolash: No the cockatoo!

Stewart stares up to the rafters and then gets out of the ring. Jimmy Allen is there staring at him. Stewart waves at him as Jimmy looks in the ring as Milenko starts to come to. Milenko looks around nervous as he sees the raven feathers as the crowd cheers for the mystery in the rafters.

## **Winners of Semi-Final Match vs. Winners of Semi-Final Match**

Match

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen is the finals of the Northern Crown Tournament and is also for the CWF Tag Team Championships! Introducing first..

"Fucking Hostile" by Pantera begins to play as both Tobias Devereaux and Jimmy Allen make their way towards the ring. Both men struts down the aisle with so much confidence that it could busy through the screen.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring, they are the team of Jimmy Allen and Tobias Devereaux! HOSTILE TAKEOVER!

Reaching ringside, both men walk up the steps and enter the ring. They look around to the jeering fans, smiles as big as Texas plastered on their faces.

Mike Rolash: The champs are here!

Jim Gunt: No. That would be Elijah and Omega..

Mike Rolash: You'll be singing a different tune by the end of this match.

Voices start to raise though the crowd, a small but growing chant for Elijah and Omega breaks out. The lights dim, spotlights converging at the top of the entrance ramp as "Girl Anachronism" by the

Dresden Doll starts to play, quiet at first, building to a crescendo.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, at a combined weight of four hundred pounds! They are your CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! They are the team of ELIJAH AND OMEGA!

The crowd erupts in cheers, as Elijah and Omega step out. They make their way down the ramp, Omega blowing kisses to the audience, Elijah's eyes locked straight ahead. Omega and Elijah have their newly won titles to Summits, who hands it over to the ringside attendant. Omega steps the apron, as across the ring Jimmy Allen does the same.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Tobias Devereaux and Elijah are going to start the match off for us.

Mike Rolash: Interesting, I know your mouth moved but all I heard was this weird static noise.

Jim Gunt: Nevertheless, both of these teams have been through hell and back to get here to this final match. Only one team, however, can be the champions.

Tobias and Elijah are in the ring circling one another as the bell rings to start the match. Elijah tries to shoot in for a single leg but Tobias steps back out of it. Elijah is quick back to his feet as the two continue to look for an opening as they pace around one another. Finally the two decide to tie up in the center of the ring. The two vying for position for a moment before Elijah seems to get the advantage and backs Tobias up into a near corner. Elijah slowly starts to back away as Referee Clark Summits calls for a clean break.

Mike Rolash: Nice to see an official finally doing his job around here, all the others better be taking note of how Clark Summits officiates a match.

Jim Gunt: Why are you all of a sudden trying to suck up to Summits?

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about? I'm just pointing out how..

Jim Gunt: Oh I know what it is, you're sucking up because the ref made a call that favored the Hostile Takeover. Wow, you never do cease to amaze me.

Elijah obliges and simply pats Tobias on the chest as he steps away. Tobias just sort of smirks and rolls his neck as the two meet in the center of the ring again. Once more with the tie up, after a few moment it's Tobias who seems to have the advantage as it's now he who backs Elijah up into a corner. This time though before Clark can even call for the break Tobias steps back and gives Elijah a little pat on the chest as well, but then a hard slap across the face!

Mike Rolash: Ha! The Cajun Sensation just slapped a bitch!

Jim Gunt: Let him hear you say that.

An enraged Elijah swings with a right hand and we've devolved into a slug fest as the two just flail with rights and lefts. Elijah ends up getting the better of the interaction and grabs Tobias sending him off into the ropes. Tobias bounces

back only to get taken up and over with a hip toss. Elijah immediately drops a knee across the face of Tobias. The Cajun rolls away holding the bridge of his nose as he sits on a knee in his corner. Elijah stands in the center of the ring beckoning him to come back for more. Tobias looks as though he's going to oblige but instead flips a hand back for Jimmy Allen to tag as The Catalyst does so and joins the fight.

Jim Gunt: It's Jimmy Allen's turn, let's see how he fares against the veteran Elijah.

Mike Rolash: Hopefully he'll disable him worse than Elisha did.

Jimmy steps to the center of the ring and ties up with Elijah. Jimmy gets the best of the exchange with a quick knee to the mid section and then a stiff right forearm across the face of Elijah. Jimmy wastes no time in grabbing Elijah by the head and hooking him for a suplex, lifting him up and carrying him over with a thud. Jimmy Allen floats over and takes a full mount position and starts raining down lefts and rights onto Elijah, Clark comes up to warn The Catalyst about the closed fists but Jimmy ignores him at first before stepping off Elijah. Jimmy lifts Elijah back to his feet and sends him into the ropes, Elijah bounces back only for Jimmy to take him up and over with a powerslam. Jimmy hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! ELIJAH KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: And that's why they call it a Powerslam, because that was SOME power!

Mike Rolash: Not enough though, Allen needs to stay on Elijah and put him away!

The kickout by Elijah has Jimmy up quickly to get into Clarks face arguing about the count. While they are arguing Tobias quickly gets back into the ring and starts putting the boots to Elijah. Lifting Elijah up to his feet, stuffing his head into a front face lock and dragging him over to the Hostility corner. Tobias drops him and hops back onto the apron just in time for Clark to get away from Jimmy. Clark Summits gives Tobias a warning about touching Elijah from outside the ring but the Cajun just throws his hands up shaking his head as though he's not done anything. Jimmy corners Elijah in the Hostility corner and starts lighting him up with body shots. Jimmy leans him back into the corner and nails him across the chest with a knife edge chop that echos through the arena. Elijah slumps into the corner before The Catalyst tags in The Cajun Sensation.

Mike Rolash: Talk about controlling the ring, Jim. This is textbook tag team wrestling shown by the Hostile Takeover.

Jim Gunt: Well they certainly do have Elijah cornered, he is in serious dire straights and definitely needs to tag out to his better half!

Tobias leans Elijah back into the corner but this time grabs his Omega symbol t-shirt and wraps it up and over the forehead exposing his chest. Tobias lights Elijah's chest up with a knife edge chop that brings a groan from the crowd. Tobias immediately leans Elijah back into the corner and looks around at the crowd motioning for everyone to get quiet. Tobias takes a step back then steps into a spinning back hand chop across the chest that thuds so badly even Jimmy Allen winces on the apron. Tobias grabs his hand and shakes it grimacing slightly as Elijah just stumbles out of the corner and falls onto his knees. Meanwhile on the far corner Omega is losing her mind trying to get the crowd behind Elijah and egg him into making a tag. Tobias meanwhile has tagged in Jimmy Allen.

Jim Gunt: And Tobias tags right back out to Jimmy Allen. I think I've got to agree with you Mike, the Hostile Takeover is looking incredibly crisp here tonight, having gone through some of the best CWF has ever had to offer on the way to the finals, and could have been one of the favorites from the start to take this whole tournament.

Mike Rolash: One of? Anyone who thinks that any other team could possibly take this thing is outta their freaking mind!

Jim Gunt: Well I will say that the Smokin' Aces going down in the first round of the tournament was a total shocker.

Even though Lance LaRusso and Harley Hodge are traveled veterans, who would have seen that one coming?

Mike Rolash: You got a point there, maybe the Aces will be back for their rematch eventually?

Jimmy adjusts Elijah's shirt back and puts him in a front face lock. Jimmy pulls him to his feet before underhooking both arms and lifting him up into a butterfly suplex that sees Elijah come down hard in the center of the ring. Jimmy immediately gets up and gets in between Elijah and his corner. Jimmy eggs Elijah to get back up but as soon as he tries Jimmy blasts him with a boot to the side of the skull.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen just toying with Elijah at this point.

Jimmy grabs Elijah in a reverse chin lock but grinds his forearm across the face of Elijah in the process. Elijah reaches out for something to grab onto but there's nothing there. Finally he reaches back and is grabbing at Jimmy's hair. Clark is warning him about the hair. Jimmy lets go of the hold and instead just rakes his hands across the face of Elijah. Clark Summit immediately starts admonishing him. Jimmy apologies and mouths something about his hand slipping. Meanwhile the newly blinded Elijah is desperately trying to crawl to his corner.

Jim Gunt: Come on Elijah, you can do it!

Mike Rolash: You can do it all night long!

Jim Gunt: ...What the hell is wrong with you?

Jimmy Allen notices and grabs him by the foot and starts dragging him back towards the Hostility corner. Elijah manages to push himself up to one foot as Jimmy has the other. Elijah with a enzuigiri attempt but Jimmy ducks it and immediately falls to the ground locking Elijah's leg with a leg grapevine while reaching back and stretching for Tobias who stretches out and makes the tag.

Mike Rolash: TAG! But not the one that all of you morons want, hahaha...

Jim Gunt: And again I say, what the hell is wrong with you?

Tobias comes in and walks up beside Elijah dropping an elbow across the back of Elijah and immediately locking in an arm bar. Jimmy releases the leg hold and rolls out of the ring. Meanwhile in the ring Tobias digs his elbow into the shoulder of Elijah as he torques the arm back. Elijah struggles against the hold finally managing to roll forward to get on his back instead of the stomach. Elijah rocks back and kicks Tobias in the temple knocking the Cajun loopy for a second. Elijah rocks back and kicks him a second time, then a third.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Elijah is finally showing a little life!

Elijah is free of the grasp of Tobias. Elijah slowly starts to get to his feet and make his way over to Omega who is dying for a tag. Tobias is shaking the cobwebs out for a moment, Elijah is almost to the corner. Elijah stretches out his hand and swings to tag Omega....no hand is there! We look on the ground to see Jimmy Allen who has pulled Omega off the apron causing her face to bounce off the apron. He immediately charges and takes her down with a clothesline!

Jim Gunt: The Hostile Takeover are absolutely despicable, these guys are pathetic!

Mike Rolash: I love it!

Clark Summit is leaning over the top rope yelling at Jimmy Allen to return to his corner, while distracted, Tobias has taken advantage by grabbing Elijah and pulling him over to the near corner. He's pushing his head over the top rope strangling him against the cable. The entire time Tobias stares at the back of Clark's head and the moment he turns around Tobias releases the hold and just starts putting the boots to Elijah instead.

Jim Gunt: Come on Summits, do something! These hoodlums are absolutely destroying Elijah in front of a sold out crowd!

Mike Rolash: What do you expect him to do, Jimmy? It's not the ref's fault that Elijah is too stupid to make a tag.

Jim Gunt: No but it is the higher ups of this company's fault for not firing you many years ago!

Mike Rolash: ....How rude.

Tobias lifts Elijah up and sets him in the corner. Tobias runs to the far corner, puts on the breaks only to come running back as fast as he can and hits Elijah with a corner splash. As soon as he hits Tobias pushes off and goes back to the opposite corner, he comes running again looking for another splash but Elijah rolls out of the way! Devereaux crashes into the top turnbuckle as Elijah does a forward roll and leaps towards his corner finally tagging in Omega!

Jim Gunt: HERE WE GO! LITTLE MISS O IS IN THE HOUSE!

Omega comes rushing across the ring and jumps up taking Tobias down with a head scissors. Jimmy Allen rushes into the ring to assist his partner but catches a head scissors of his own. Omega is back onto her feet as are both members of Hostility. Omega runs up to Jimmy kicking him hard into the stomach. She quickly hooks his head then takes a couple steps to Tobias jumps up and kicks Tobias square in the chest pushing off of him to nail Jimmy with a Tornado DDT! Omega pops back up to her feet with Tobias still laid up against the ropes. She charges the Cajun who drops a shoulder and sends her over his head, she lands on the apron! Omega with a jumping kick to the back of Tobias' head. He stumbles forward as she jumps up springboarding off the top rope as Tobias turns to face her. Omega with a springboard forearm straight to the mush. Omega gets back to her feet looking around at the carnage and gives a yell at the crowd who reciprocate with cheers.

Jim Gunt: The fans certainly love themselves some Little Miss O.

Mike Rolash: Oh would you shut up already.

Jim Gunt: I take it she didn't let you have any of her cookies backstage?

Clark Summits finally regains control as Jimmy Allen is back on the apron as Omega has Tobias back into a corner. She's firing off some kicks to the ribcage of the Cajun. Omega steps back and charges in only to jump up and deliver a high knee to the skull of Tobias. She hooks his head and starts running to bulldog Tobias but as she jumps Tobias snaps his hips and brings her back, dropping her with a nasty looking back suplex!

Jim Gunt: Sloppy but effective, that back suplex.

Mike Rolash: It's not how you do it, Jim. It's just that you do it.

Tobias wastes no time and goes over to Omega grabbing her foot and stretches her leg out before spinning as fast as he can snapping her ankle in an odd position! Tobias holds onto the foot as Omega tries to get away. She kicks at him but Tobias manages to dodge the foot as he spins and falls again once again torquing the ankle. Tobias like a rabid dog holds onto the ankle and pulls Omega back towards his corner before hooking in a grape vine around her leg laying back and just grinding his elbow into her ankle. He reaches back and makes the tag to Allen as he comes back into the ring. He moves around to the front of Omega, blasting her in the face with a sliding dropkick! Bringing her to her feet, he shoots her off into the ropes, dropping her hard with a back elbow! He goes for the pin!

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Omega with the kickout! Jimmy Allen now with a side headlock applied.

Mike Rolash: The Hostilities have been twisting these guys around like pretzels, this whole contest and I am loving it!

Omega fights to her feet as the crowd cheers her on, finally breaking free after a few shots to the gut. She leaps up with an enziguiri kick that leaves them both down on the mat. Recovering quickly Allen rolls towards his team's corner, making the tag! Entering the ring with haste, Tobias slides in front of a rising Omega, taking her back down with a lariat! Tobias is too his feet, bringing Omega up to hers, he whips her towards the corner where she scales to the top

and leaps off taking Devereaux down with a Crossbody! Both competitors are down as Elijah is chomping at the bit to get tagged back in. Crawling towards their respective partners, both are able to make the tag as Elijah and Allen enter the ring! Elijah takes Allen down with a clothesline! Another one has Jimmy reeling to a corner, where Elijah crushes him with another clothesline! Holding onto Allen, Elijah falls backwards planting him face first into the canvas with a Flatliner! He goes for a pin, as Summits makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Devereaux breaks the pin as Omega is back in the ring, she charges at Tobias as he back pedals towards the ropes pulling them down as she goes flying over! Elijah is to his feet and quickly clothesline Devereaux over the top rope! Flipping over the top rope, Tobias is able to catch his balance with the help of the apron. Seeing this, Elijah goes on the offensive again, but it's Tobias who grabs him by the head, dropping off the apron, hanging Elijah throat first across the cable! Stumbling backwards, clutching at his throat, Elijah turns right into Jimmy Allen who lifts him up as Tobias Devereaux slides back inside of the ring! Leaping up Tobias connects with the Bayou Bash Kick just as Allen slams him with the Hellish Rebuke! Jimmy Allen flips over the body of Elijah, hooking the legs as Summits is over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: They've done it!

The crowd erupts in boos as Devereaux begins to celebrate with Allen! The bell ringing and Douglas making it official.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners and NEW CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! HOSTILE TAKEOVER!

Summits hands both Allen and Devereaux their newly won titles as they take to separate turnbuckles to celebrate. James Milenko can be seen on the stage clapping his hands with a smile on his face as the Vancouver fans continue to boo.

## **The Final Countdown**

Match

The Final Countdown

A video package is shown on the CWF Tron, the fans in the Rogers Arena quieting as highlights of the last two months of action are shown on the screen. Mariella Jade Flair's many defenses as CWF World Heavyweight Champion on the Evolution television show; from Silas Artoria to Jimmy Allen to Tobias Devereaux. The Barbed Wire Ropes Match at Hellbound, one of the most disgusting yet incredible matches in Championship Wrestling Federation history.

Mariella Jade Flair

Loki Synn

Two Out Of Three Falls.

Flashes of action fly by the screen first at slow motion and then quickly we see every hit taken from Loki Synn, all the blood shed from MJF at Hellbound, all the hatred wrapped into one fast forward motion. James Milenko smiling on stage as he watches Loki stand over Flair. MJF holding her title high above her head as she stands over Loki.

Flash.

And then time stands still as Flair and Synn stand eye to eye, the CWF World Heavyweight Title between them. The moment is now, are you ready?

## **Mariella Jade Flair (c) vs. Loki Synn**

Match

Jim Gunt: We've seen quite a bit of action tonight, Mike. A new Paramount Champion in The Shadow, a myriad of top contenders to the WCWA titles, and the ascension of the Northern Crown with Hostile Takeover. There's just one more fight this evening and the Hostility people could go for the clean sweep here!

Mike Rolash: If you start beat boxing, I swear I'm leaving.

CUE UP: ""Start Wearing Purple" by Gogol Bordello.

Jim Gunt: I tell you, this woman is dangerous. I don't think she belongs in this sport at all, let alone wrestling a respected athlete for the World Title.

Mike Rolash: First of all, calling Flair a respected athlete is editorializing. Don't do that. Second, she came within an inch of winning the title at Hellbound... who's to say she won't go one inch further tonight? Third - shut up.

Jim Gunt: Analytical as always, Mike.

Amidst the green and purple strobes, and the smoke that fills the entryways, Loki Synn enters on all fours, almost doing an Exorcist-style spiderwalk on the ramp. A single spotlight focuses on her at the top of that same ramp, crouched down, assumedly grinning a miles-wide grin.

Mike Rolash: Okay... I see your point. This one is insanity personified.

Jim Gunt: Too little, Mike... too late.

Loki continues to stalk down the ring, moving very much like a marionette with faulty strings. Sudden, jerky movements give her an air of dread, and the fans all back away. As she approaches the ring, Loki grabs the middle rope with both hands and awkwardly muscles herself up and in, remaining on her knees as she slides away towards the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: This woman is unhinged, Mike. Even you have to recognize that MJ Flair is a better champion for the CWF's image than she is.

Mike Rolash: My fear of Loki is constantly at odds with my disdain for Flair.

CUE UP: "Goodnight" - The Birthday Massacre.

Jim Gunt: These fans are cheering for their adopted countrywoman, Mike! She was born in Canada, you know?

Mike Rolash: As you've reminded me literally every day of this tour.

There's no smoke, no strobe, and no fanfare. MJ Flair steps through the curtain in her gear, World Title around her waist, and a look that appears to be a mix of apprehension and appreciation on her face. She stops at the top of the ramp, puts her hands together, and gives a slight bow to the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Pandering at its finest.

Jim Gunt: This young lady has never pandered in her life, Mike! I've never seen her dig for a cheap pop or an easy fight; as far as I'm concerned she's earned everything she's gained here.

Mike Rolash: Including my everlasting disdain.

Halfway down the aisle, MJ stops, pounds her fist into her hand, cracking the knuckles on one hand, then the other.

Mike Rolash: How... ladylike.

Slapping a few hands on the rest of the way to ringside, MJ keeps her eyes locked on her opponent, who paces the ring like a caged animal. Loki drops to one knee to get closer to MJ's eyes line, and she remains coiled like a snake.

Jim Gunt: These fans are solidly behind the Champion, Mike, and there's the climb! MJ Flair with that ascent from the floor to the top turnbuckle, and that title belt is high in the air! Is this symbolic, Mike? LOKI WITH A RUSH!

As MJ takes her familiar climb, unhooking the title belt from around her waist and hoisting it high in the air, Loki springs forward and collides with the turnbuckle, taking MJ's feet out from underneath her and sending her 360 ass over teakettle, landing on her shoulders and back of her head in the ring! Referee Tim Robbins immediately calls for the bell as Ray Douglas dives out of the ring, and he gets in Loki's face immediately!

Jim Gunt: The Champ is tied up in the ropes, and Loki is peppering her with fists and forearm smashes!

Mike Rolash: Was it symbolic? That was certainly a fall from grace! HAH!

Robbins hits four on his count, and Loki eases up, but instead of backing off, she grabs a handful of hair and pulls - slash - throws MJ away from the corner. Quickly, Robbins grabs the title belt and sends it to the side of the ring, where it's retrieved by Ray Douglas. The ring announcer holds the belt up in the air, but by this point, nobody is looking at him.

Jim Gunt: Loki with a scoop and a face first drop across the turnbuckle!

Mike Rolash: I'm so happy.

Jim Gunt: Well, since we were robbed of Ray Douglas' melodious voice, I'll briefly go over - Ooooh! Loki catches MJ on the chin with an elbow! This match is two out of three falls with no time limit, for the CWF World Championship. This is a rematch from the Barbed wire match at Hellbound, and, per the pre-match agreement between Commissioners Stewart and Milenko, if Loki Synn fails to capture the title tonight, she will be barred from wrestling for the Championship until after Modern Warfare, or until after MJ herself loses the Championship - whichever comes first.

Mike Rolash: Hopefully 'first' will be tonight.

Jim Gunt: It certainly looks like it could happen as Loki keeps up the pressure! Kick to the ribs! Another!

The challenger steps back to survey the damage, and the referee is immediately checking on the Champion to see if she can still go. Loki gives him his due and waits for him to give a hint of moving back before she pulls MJ back to her feet and sends her into the ropes! Clothesline - MJ DUCKS! Flying forearm on the rebound, and the Champion drops! MJ with a quick cover!

ONE...Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Not even a two count! That shows you how one sided this match has been so far, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Not one sided enough! Loki! Don't let her hit you!

Jim Gunt: You certainly know the intricacies of this sport.

MJ kips up, but immediately falls into the ropes to steady herself. Loki climbs to her feet rapidly, and MJ with a kick to the head! Another! She whips Loki into the ropes herself this time - Superkick misses! Loki off the opposite side - PUNCHLINE!

Jim Gunt: Sit down, Mike!

Mike Rolash: NO!

A slow motion replay as both women hit the mat shows Loki's fist connecting squarely with MJ's eye, and the real-time camera already reflects swelling!

Jim Gunt: If that eye swells shut, you know MJ can kiss this one goodbye!

Not wasting any time, Loki Synn rolls to her opponent and hooks both legs! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Mike Rolash: ONE DOWN, ONE TO GO, BAY-BEH!

Ray Douglas: The winner of the fall... LOKI SYNN!

Mike Rolash: Is this the two minute warning?

Jim Gunt: Tim Robbins cautioning Loki to completely disengage before we move on to the next fall, and while that was incredibly impressive, I wonder, how much of that quick pin can be credited to the pre-match attack?

Mike Rolash: She's on the top rope while her sworn enemy is on stable ground. Serves her right for showboating.

No sooner is the pinfall completed, than MJ slides under the bottom rope and sinks to her knees, breathing heavy. The fans boo Loki Synn and begin the "EMM JAY EFF" chant that they've become famous for, and the challenger encourages both of them from the ring.

ONE...

Jim Gunt: The Champ is up, but she's wisely pacing to try and get her head back in the game, and she's got a nasty bruise around that eye! We'll have to keep note of that!

Mike Rolash: It's giving a great target for Loki, to snap one on the other eye.

TWO...

MJ grabs the bottom rope and pulls herself up to the apron, but drops down as Loki moves towards her! Trent Robbins cautions the challenger back, and Loki acquiesces.

ONE...

Loki has herself positioned right behind the referee, as MJ gives her the side eye, suspicious of her motives.

TWO...

Jim Gunt: Is Loki going to let MJ back into the ring?

Mike Rolash: She's not doing anything; is our exalted Champion going to actually defend it?

THREE...

Still wary, MJ points to Loki, and Trent Robbins backs her up a step. MJ grabs the middle rope and pulls up to the ring apron - LOKI WITH A SIDE KICK! MJ nearly loses her grip! Loki with a handful of hair, she pulls the Champion back into the ring under the top rope!

Mike Rolash: Can we finally admit that she's a terrible Champion?

Jim Gunt: What makes her a great Champion is that there's no quit in her, Mike - and she always finds a way to win.

Loki rises back to her feet with two handfuls of hair and drops both herself and MJ down, smacking MJ's forehead against her knee! Drop, roll over, and a cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

MJ rolls to her side while Loki pulls her up to her feet! Right hand by Loki - MJ ducks it but loses her balance into the ropes!

Jim Gunt: The past few weeks have shown MJ's biggest weakness to be attacks to the head, and you can see Loki using it to her advantage, her sense of balance is off!

Mike Rolash: Hah! You just said her weakness is her brain!

Jim Gunt: I didn't even get close to that.

Before MJ can even attempt to recover, Loki cups her head and sends her into the corner! Knee to the stomach! Another! Loki whips her across to the opposite corner and follows up with a clothesline! MJ sinks to her knees, still holding onto the top rope as Loki stops and stares, and she puts her hands to her face in an incomprehensible pose - inasmuch that we cannot see her face.

The fans boo like crazy at this show of disrespect, and Loki takes a bow.

That's all it takes for MJ to come to life! She springs forward and drives her shoulder into Loki's stomach! She follows with a strike to the head from her knees, and stands up to measure the challenger for another - Loki with a clothesline puts her back down!

Jim Gunt: Just like that! Loki stops her cold but the Champion still has plenty of fight in her!

Mike Rolash: For now.

Loki scoops MJ again and sends her into the ropes, and she lifts up her foot for a big boot - MJ WITH A LOW BLOCK TAKES OUT HER OTHER LEG! Loki falls forward and tries to put her foot down to brace herself - her ankle rolls! MJ scrambles to the ropes, she doesn't see this yet but Loki is holding her ankle and shin with obvious pain!

Jim Gunt: This could be the Champ's opening!

Her prey momentarily forgotten, Loki gets herself back up to her feet, but is shown having obvious difficulty putting any weight on it. Trent Robbins is asking her if she can continue, and MJ WITH A BASEBALL SLIDE ON THE OTHER LEG! Loki's weight shifts to her bad foot and she loses balance! MJ with a roll up!

Mike Rolash: She's got the tights!

Jim Gunt: She does not!

All her weight leaning on the back of Loki's thighs, her arms hooked around her waist to limit movement, MJ holds on for dear life while Robbins slides into place!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Mike Rolash: SHE CHEATED! Attacked Loki from behind, what kinda person is that?

Jim Gunt: How is that any worse than what Loki did? How is it even the same, MJ did not bend any of the rules!

Mike Rolash: It's...it's--

Jim Gunt: I thought so.

Ray Douglas: The winner of the fall... EMM JAY FLAIR!

And, of course, the fans chant along with him. Loki, having kicked out at three-point-oh-oh-oh-one, pounds her fist into

the mat with frustration. MJ has backed off, and she's breathing heavily, staring at her challenger with a smirk on her face; the odds suddenly evened.

This thought is not lost on Loki, who charges at MJ with a lopsided sprint, only to slam chest first into the corner as the Champ gets herself out of the way. MJ with a sweep of the leg and another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Loki seems to have her second wind!

Mike Rolash: And Flair is gonna get blown away!

Now on a sustained offensive for the first time all evening, MJ pulls Loki up by the mask and hooks her around the waist and knee - she picks her up and drops her down with a kneebreaker, and the challenger hits the mat and scrambles to the ropes! MJ WITH A RUNNING KNEE! Loki to the outside!

Mike Rolash: Stupid 'MJF' chant...

The fans are doing so as the Champion backs off and tries to catch her breath. Trent Robbins leans on the top rope as he starts to count.

ONE...

Loki is alert, but her legs are clearly giving her trouble.

TWO...

Jim Gunt: The challenger using the ring apron to pull herself back up... Another baseball slide by the Champ, and Loki lands half on our table!

Mike Rolash: You need a drink, Champ? Some water?

Jim Gunt: That's my water, put it down!

Having gained a clear advantage with the slide, MJ takes a breath and holds tightly onto the top rope with both hands, and pulls back!

THREE...

Slingshot over the top! LOKI CATCHES HER!

FOUR...

Jim Gunt: The challenger with an amazing feat of strength, but she falls back against our table again, the damage to her legs clearly still a problem!

Loki adjusts her grip despite MJ's frantic attempt at getting loose, but the challenger hoists her and toss - slams the Champion onto and across the ring steps! MJ hits hard and bounces to the other side of the stairs, and she is now also holding onto her knee!

FIVE...

Jim Gunt: Loki trying to walk it off, she needs to get herself and the Champion back into the ring, you can't win the title on a disqualification!

Mike Rolash: SHE PINNED HER!

Jim Gunt: She has to do it again!

Mike Rolash: That's not fair!

SIX...

Loki seems to be walking a bit better as she approaches MJ, still rising to her feet herself. The fans cheer like crazy towards MJ to try and warn her! Sarcastically and dramatically, Loki puts a finger to her mouth to try to 'silence' them, as she continues to stalk.

SEVEN...

A hand on the hair and a hand on the neck, and Loki sends the Champion back into the ring under the bottom rope. MJ rolls through about two or three steps while Loki, still taking care of her own legs, gingerly climbs in.

Mike Rolash: All right now, Loki... do it up!

Trent Robbins stops the count as Loki steps behind MJ - DROP TOE HOLD! MJ with a modified STF on Loki's injured leg! She's effectively blocking the chinlock, but MJ has her leg locked in and the pain is evident, even through the mask!

Jim Gunt: This could be it!

Mike Rolash: NO!

Jim Gunt: Loki effectively keeping MJ's hands apart but she's doing plenty of damage to her legs in the process!

After many moments of struggle and pain, Loki drops her hands. MJ immediately locks them in, but Loki has already leveraged her way out the back door, rolling underneath MJ's chinlock and reversing into an anklelock submission! MJ kicks her in the chest and rolls backwards, Loki with a clothesline bounces MJ's head off the mat! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

Again, Loki pounds the mat in frustration. She tries to rise up but falls to a knee, before using the ropes to get herself back.

Jim Gunt: That roll and that sprint cost her!

Mike Rolash: But there's no time limit, she just needs to keep at it!

Jim Gunt: What'll break first, Mike? MJ's resolve, or Loki's legs?

Loki grabs MJ and pulls her up by the hair - SMALL PACKAGE BY MJ! Trent Robbins slides down!

ONE...

TWO...

THREKICKOUT! Loki rolls backwards, MJ rolls backwards, and they lock eyes on each other! MJ to her feet first, she fires a kick towards Loki's head! Loki catches it! She grins underneath her mask and rises to her feet---MJ WITH A ROPE-ASSISTED ENZUIGIRI! Her boot connects with the side of Loki's mask and the challenger lets go, and she falls into the ropes!

Jim Gunt: MJ off the opposite side, and a hip check! She caught Loki right on the chin! Roll up! ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Fired up on adrenalin, MJ is up right away and grabs Loki around the neck in a reverse headlock, and pulls her up! It

looks like she's going for a DDT but Loki hooks her and picks her up for a spinebuster! The bottom of her mask gets caught on MJ's wrist tape and it pulls up ever so slightly; she stops and fixes it instead of moving in for the kill. MJ KIPS UP! Right hand! Another! A third! Loki is whipped into the ropes, and a backdrop puts her down again! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: It's just not fair.

Jim Gunt: MJ is on fire!

Mike Rolash: I'm not that lucky.

The Champ reaches over to pull the challenger back to her feet - Loki with a chinbreaker! MJ staggers back and spits a bloody wad onto the mat, and she holds her mouth gingerly. Loki runs at her, and a clothesline puts the Champion back down yet again! Loki stops at the ropes and stretches her bad leg out, and curbstomps MJ right in the forehead! Drop down! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THREKICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: No, stay in the game girl!

Jim Gunt: Loki looks up and screams! I think it's finally dawning on her, how much fight is in this Champion!

Mike Rolash: There's only one solution - beat it out of her.

MJ slowly rolling away, Loki pulls her up and drops her down immediately with a DDT! Roll over, cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THRICKOUT!

Now, her rage is directed at Trent Robbins and what she's referring to as his 'slow count.'

Jim Gunt: Robbins' count has been consistent this entire match!

Mike Rolash: Sure it has... you say it now.

Loki, back to her feet, continues to yell at Robbins - MJ WITH A ROLL UP FROM BEHIND!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Loki needs to keep her head in the game if she wants to have a chance!

Both women are back to their feet, and Loki steps towards MJ, anger coursing through every fiber of her being, and MJ with an armdrag takedown! Loki rolls through to her knees, and she turns and fires a side kick! MJ catches her and a single leg takedown puts her down again!

Mike Rolash: She keeps making Loki angry, it'll be very bad for her when Loki catches her.

Jim Gunt: She keeps making Loki angry, if Loki can't catch her it's smart strategy.

Another fist into the mat from the challenger, and she runs at the Champion with a wild clothesline! MJ ducks it, but, having anticipated, Loki spins all the way through and fires a punch to the Champion's face! Another! Double axehandle from the floor to the ceiling snaps MJ's head back, and she falls back into the ropes!

Mike Rolash: This has to be it!

Loki hooks her and pulls her out - MJ with a punch to the stomach and quick snapmare! Loki is up like a shot, also running on pure adrenalin by now, and MJ with another fist! Another! She backs Loki up into the ropes and whips her across the--Loki with the reversal!

Mike Rolash: Finish her!

The effort to send MJ flying into the ropes causes Loki to stumble to her knees - by the time she's back up it's too late, and MJ ducks down and drives a shoulder into Loki's midsection, and the challenger staggers backwards into the ropes! The fans roar their approval as MJ comes up on her knees and sees the predicament!

Jim Gunt: LOKI IS ALL TIED UP!

Mike Rolash: CALL A TIME OUT!

Jim Gunt: There's no time outs in wrestling, Mike!

Trent Robbins cautions MJ to back up while he frees Loki; she does so, and the second Loki is free she spins around and catches the referee by the neck! MJ takes a step towards them but Loki backs her off!

Jim Gunt: She's lost it!

Mike Rolash: Loki! What are you doing, girl?

With one arm expertly locked under Robbins' neck, Loki yells out for a microphone. Sparing no time, Ray Douglas turns it on and hands it to her, and she puts it right to her mouth, breathing heavy.

Loki Synn: Flair... FLAIR... you just won't go down. One way or another, though... you're going to be broken.

MJ takes a step towards her, but Loki cinches her grip on Robbins' neck and shakes her head.

Loki Synn: Nuh-uh. You wanna play the hero, you wanna get all high and mighty? Put your money where your mouth is. Either you give up right now... or I snap his neck.

A muted roar runs through the crowd - this is certainly unexpected, but the fans are very much against either option.

Mike Rolash: GENIUS! Absolutely genius.

Jim Gunt: What? Winning a title by taking an official hostage?

Mike Rolash: It has the virtue of never being tried before!

Loki tosses the microphone to MJ, who expertly catches it, and sinks to her knees. She puts it to her lips, but hesitates as the fans start to chant "NO!" and "EMM JAY EFF!" and some semi-vulgar opinions of referees in general.

Across the ring, Loki can be heard yelling "Come on!" to the Champion, impatiently waiting for her decision.

Finally, after just a few seconds, but what seems like an eternity... MJ raises the microphone.

MJF: ...I quit.

Jim Gunt: WHAT?!?!

Mike Rolash: MY DAY HAS COME!

Immediately, Loki laughs as loud as she can and lets the referee go. Immediately, Robbins calls for the bell to a huge chorus of boos from the fans, and MJ covers her face with her hands.

Jim Gunt: I can't believe it ends like this.

Mike Rolash: Who cares about how, as long as it did?

Robbins retrieves the championship belt from Douglas, and Loki holds her arms away from herself, ready to be strapped...

...but the referee raises MJ's hand to a huge ovation, and hands her the belt!

Mike Rolash: WHAT?!?!?

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please. The referee... has disqualified--

He can't even get the rest of the words out, that Loki was technically disqualified the moment she laid hands on an official, because the fans are cheering as loud as they are.

And all seems right for about 15 seconds.

James Milenko: What the holy heck is this?

The video wall sparks to life, and James Milenko can be seen sitting in the medical area, ice packs and bandages strapped to his body from all angles, a heart monitor behind him, and several medics evidently taking 'notes' and checking all of his vitals.

James Milenko: Loki, Loki, Loki... you don't touch the referee. But Flair? Before any of this happened... you gave up.

The fans boo again, as the two women focus on the video wall.

James Milenko: But I'm nothing if not fair, so here's what we're gonna do. We're gonna wind the clock back five minutes and restart this match, one fall apiece. And just to make sure there's no ambiguity?

He smiles.

James Milenko: No countouts, no disqualifications. Mister Timekeeper, ring the bell!

Cut.

The bell rings, and the competitors appear to be completely shell shocked. It doesn't last long, however, as Loki rushes MJ! The Champion drops her belt and ducks, and she hooks Loki's head from behind!

Jim Gunt: And here it is! Morningstar! Loki is struggling, though - I don't know if MJ has it fully locked!

Mike Rolash: Don't you dare finish that move, Flair... Don't you dare!

A hand held camera zooms in on the two women struggling - MJ is unable to steady herself for the drop, and Loki... she's pulled the lower portion of her mask off!

Loki Synn (Whispering): Isn't this also Mia Country?

MJF: What?

Jim Gunt: What was that?

Loki's words distract MJ, and she loosens her grip just enough, for just long enough.

Jim Gunt: LOKI HAS MJ UP! FACE FIRST ON THE TITLE BELT!

The challenger hooks the leg!



laughs, holding the title belt high above her head.

Jim Gunt: For Mike Rolash and the rest of the CWF staff, my name is Jim Gunt. Goodnight, fans! Mike, are you going to be okay?

Cut.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite