

Paradise: Paradise 2018

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: May 20, 2018
Location: Boardwalk Hall — Atlantic City, New Jersey

Results

A Coming Storm

Match

The show begins with a bird's eye view of the Atlantic City Boardwalk. Thousands of people are milling about and the camera descends towards the ring, which is set up right on the beach next to the Playground Pier, with some bleachers set up around it to enable more of the fans to see the upcoming action. Panning the scene, we see that there are several ships anchored not far from the beach, among them a beautiful frigate and not far from it a galley. Right at the water's edge stands the familiar duo of Blake Church and Charles State, right amidst the fans, rearing to go.

Blake Church: Good evening Atlantic City, how are you doing?

The fans around him erupt with cheers.

Charles State: Good, because this will truly be a night to remember! All titles on the line, a huge match between Elisha and The Shadow in the books, we will never know what Ouroboros might bring to the table.

Blake Church: Also we are on the freaking beach, people, the weather is beautiful and no rain in the forecast, so everything is set for a fantastic evening!

Charles State: And on top of all that, we have something even more special for you tonight, not only do we have an official theme song for Paradise, no, we even have the artist here in Atlantic City and even better - they will perform live! Now you might ask where they are? May I direct your attention out there, on the water?

The camera moves into the direction that Charles State is pointing at, showing a galley that is anchored as close to the beach as its draft would allow. On board several stacks of amps are visible and a raggedy crew of pirates is coming on "stage", taking up their spots.

Charles State: Ladies and Gentlemen, directly from Bonnie Scotland - ALESTORM!

The strummed acoustic guitar starts out, followed by the keyboard and Christopher Bowes characteristic voice directly goes into the chorus:

Fuck you, you're a fucking wanker,
We're gonna punch you right in the balls!
Fuck you, with a fucking anchor,
You're all cunts, so fuck you all!

And the song goes full folk power metal as the camera pans the crowd, showing an equal amount of shocked faces and fans breaking down in laughter, but whichever side they stand on, it is undeniable that their energetic live performance is doing the trick and getting the crowd moving. And despite the somewhat questionable lyrical content, many fans are singing the chorus with the band at the top of their lungs and a quick cut towards the backstage area even shows some CWF superstars enjoying the performance, with even the normally stoic The Shadow singing along, together with Mia Rayne and four of the Druids, Dorian Hawkhurst and MJ Flair also can be seen.

As the band finishes its song, they raise their ale-filled tankards to the fans' cheers and the picture cuts back to the commentator team.

Jim Gunt: That was - different, but fun!

Mike Rolash: This was disgraceful! How can CWF associate with lowlives such as these?

Jim Gunt: I have asked myself the exact same question ever since I started to sit at the same table as you...

Mike Rolash: What did you just say?

Jim Gunt: Oh, nothing...

Hello World!

Match

Cut back to the beach, where Charles State and Blake Church are walking among the international commentator tables.

Blake Church: Thank you, Alestorm, not quite the epitome of political correctness, but definitely fitting the surroundings, haha.

Charles State: Absolutely. Now no PPV event here in CWF would be complete without our friends and colleagues from all over the world, first up with have João Esgueirão and Diogo Moura from CWF Brazil!

João Esgueirão: Bem-vindo ao Paraíso, Senhoras e Senhores, onde os demônios e os mortos-vivos vêm brincar!

Diogo Moura: O Demônio da Sobriedade, Dorian Hawkhurst, encontra o Freak Xander Haze e a entidade Undead Revenant em uma batalha para o núcleo.

Blake Church: All the way from China, Lin Feng and George Chan are covering CWF for our Mandarin friends. Or was it Cantonese...?

Lin Feng: Láizi xiáng zhi dì de wènhòu, wǒmen yàoqǐng nín dào wǒmen feicháng sīrén de tiāntáng.

George Chan: Hen zhang yiduàn shíjian, qíumí zuì xihuan de fengkuáng kè lisi zhèngzài xúnqiú cóngqián pài la méng guànjūn jidujào si ta kè de shú huí.

Charles State: Guten Abend! Ich bin ein Schmetterling?

Markus Voglmayr: You are a butterfly? (laughs) Wir heissen Sie willkommen im Paradies hier in Atlantic City, aber sind Sie bereit für dieses Paradies?

Reinhard Hansen: Mia Rayne und Azrael treffen in einem Hope on a Rope-Match aufeinander und der Erzengel der Apathie und Ataxias Herzensdame werden keine Gnade kennen!

Blake Church: Charles State, ladies and gentlemen, a cunning linguist if I ever saw one... Next up Tokyo's finest - Hiro Tamayaki and Noriaki Honda!

Hiro Tamayaki: Kon'ya wa atorantikkushiti kara seikei o tatete imasu. Jimoto no hirodearu Silas Artoria wa, dengeki-sen de akai bakugeki-ki no Amber raian to deaimasu.

Noriaki Honda: Unhinged burifukesu o motsu josei wa kantan ni akiramezu, shirasu wa besuto o motte konakereba naranaideshou. Shikashi, otamu Raven ni tsuite wa dodesu ka?

Charles State: Mne kolbasnyy sup!

Sergey Afinogenov: You are sausage soup?

Charles State: I give up... Sergey Afinogenov and Ivan Smolov, from Russia with love...

Sergey Afinogenov: Privet, Atlantik-Siti! Pervyy titul'nyy match budet yeshche boleye zakhvatyvayushchim, chem obychno!

Ivan Smolov: U Dzhavisa Kinga i Sheyna Donovana uzhe yest' nedovol'stvo, i teper' on dazhe podkhodit k titulu Paramount, naskol'ko on interesneye?

Blake Church (barely breathing from laughing): Ooh, this is getting better and better... Over to our Australian friends Stevie Illawarra and Lleyton Polkinghorne, who as usual are following wherever the Lost Boys go!

Stevie Illawarra: G'day Atlantic City, g'day Australia, ow ya goin'? Turmoil and confusion for our Aussie team with the Lost Boys in distress!

Lleyton Polkinghorne: Dean Coulter has switched to the dark side, leaving Sam Braxton on the rocks and tonight they face Freddie Styles and Duce Jones in a battle for their belts, reconciliation or doom, that is the question!

Charles State: I am not even going to try... Yannick Moreau, Pierre Robitaille from La Belle Province, Quebec, in Canada!

Yannick Moreau: Ooh, oui, la belle province, bien joué, Charles! Bonsoir et bienvenue au paradis, aussi connu comme Atlantic City! Les plages sont magnifiques, il fait beau, mais ce n'est pas important quand le championnat Impact est en jeu!

Pierre Robitaille: L'Ataxie ne se contente pas d'affronter un adversaire, mais trois! La prophétesse d'Ouroboros, Cassandra, rebelle Billy Anderson et l'autre moitié des Harbingers, Autumn Raven, une chaude bataille est entre nos mains!

Blake Church: Viva Mexico, Gabriel Mendoza and Juan Ignacio Cimarron are covering Paradise as usual for our Hispanic fans!

Gabriel Mendoza: Se encontraron en Conflicion en un combate sangriento Moon vs. Shadow y aún no han terminado. Olvida el bosque, ¡esta vez van a por el barco pirata!

Juan Ignacio Cimarron: ¡Elisha y The Shadow han estado envueltos en una contienda viciosa que ha tenido a los fanáticos al borde de sus asientos y esta noche podemos esperar la batalla más grande y más dura hasta ahora!

Charles State: And last and at least partially least, your commentators for the evening, Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash!

Mike Rolash: I heard that!

Jim Gunt: And in the main event we will have the grand ladies of CWF clashing for the first time ever, with our champion MJ Flair meeting none other than Caledonia for the World Heavyweight Championship belt!

Mike Rolash: Woman against woman we can expect some of the hardest fought battles in CWF history and everything under a beautiful evening sky, what more can we ask for?

Dorian Hawkhurst vs. Xander Haze vs. Revenant

Match

Jim Gunt: Well, our first match, that's what! Two of the newest faces in CWF are meeting one that is returning and in true CWF tradition, it's not just any match.

Mike Rolash: No, what better way to start off a show on the beach by having the first match NOT take place at the beach, but in an empty casino?

Jim Gunt: Dorian Hawkhurst, the Demon of Sobriety, is back in action and he is facing off against Xander Haze and the mysterious man from the Underworld, Revenant. And as the intriguing location would suggest, this is going to be an action-packed start to Paradise, so let's go over to the Trump Plaza right away!

The lighting system set up along the beach goes dark as "Fuck The World" starts to play. The emptied out Trump Plaza is then spotlighted, lights going on it off it like police lights, showing the abandoned building's entrance. Xander Haze stands with his back to the camera, swinging the door open to peer inside. To his surprise Ray Douglas has already made his way in there, and is ready for the competitors this evening.

Ray Douglas: Welcome Xander Haze, to tonight's opening bout. It will be a Casino Royale Match! Within this empty casino you will find all kinds of weaponry at your disposal, and the only rules in this match is that it must end in pinfall or submission. No disqualifications, count outs or knock outs in this one! Now...

A crowd of about seventy five people from the local beach and boardwalk area fill into the the entrance slowly as Douglas continues.

Ray Douglas: Welcome all of you tonight. As I was saying the first competitor in this Casino Royale match comes from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. At 6'0, and 220 pounds, he is....XANDER HAZE!!

"Time of Dying" by Three Days Grace suddenly cuts over Ray Douglas' speech, cutting him dead silent. The sound of thunder can be heard coming from far across the seas, but it somehow still shoots a flash of lightning right in front of the building. And the Revenant appears in the wake of the lightning bolt! He tears open the door, roaring as he enters

the Trump Plaza.

Ray Douglas: And his first opponent, from the great Unknown, he weighs 300 pounds and stands at 5 foot 11 inches, he is....REVENANT!!

"From the Pinnacle to the Pit" by Ghost hits over the speaker system and the small crowd assembled in the lobby of the Trump Plaza lets out a hefty cheer as Dorian Hawkhurst can be seen exiting the elevator and entering into the lobby of the building. Hawkhurst cracks his neck to both sides, looking at both of his opponents and standing in stance, more than ready for his return to CWF.

Ray Douglas: And finally from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, at 6'4" and 287 pounds, here is....DORIAN HAWKHURST!!

Charles State and Blake Church of CWF's famed show Church vs. State can be seen sitting at a wooden table with headphones on their ears and a small stack of papers in front of both men. A small laptop sits between them, clearly the company spared no expenses for this one. Both men look right into the camera and smile.

Blake Church: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, and I hope you're enjoying the Paradise pay per view so far! While Mike and Jim prepare themselves to call the action on the beach, Charles and I have been assigned to this match-up inside the abandoned Trump Plaza casino.

Charles State: I am not going to make any political jokes for fear of my job, but isn't it no wonder that this place went bankrupt with...

Blake Church: Anyway. We have all three competitors ready to go, and so is our official Clark Summits! Summits, take it away!

The sound of a ringing bell resounds through the PA system, cracking a little bit as it rings out, showing that the system hasn't been used in some time. Inside of the lobby of the building, a red carpet rolls from the bottom of the steps at the entrance of the building all the way up to the casino area. Amazingly a lot of the slot machines remain in place, although dust cakes over the scene. Revenant, Xander Haze and Dorian Hawkhurst all seem to be out of their own personal element, but neither man looks to show their cards to their opponents just yet.

Slowly but surely, after taking looks around at their surroundings, all three men advance on each other. It is Xander Haze who lashes out first with a front kick to Dorian Hawkhurst, but when he goes for one on Revenant he is too slow, as Revenant catches a hold of the boot of Haze and whips him to the floor. Revenant connects with a dropkick to the rising Hawkhurst, and another one as he tries again to get up! The small crowd inside the Trump Plaza boo aloud as Hawkhurst crumples down with his back against the corner of a slot machine. **RUNNING KNEE BY REVENANT-NO!** Hawkhurst dodges out of the way just in time and Revenant's knee **CRUNCHES** against the steel machine!

Blake Church: The Revenant's knee may have just EXPLODED!

Charles State: Well he has been brought back from the dead before, Church, maybe he will need a second revival after tonight's affair!

Blake Church: One would hope not!

Dorian Hawkhurst, breathing heavily after dodging a nasty knee from Revenant just in time, climbs to his feet just to be slapped across the face by Xander Haze! Haze looks down at Hawkhurst's chest and begins to grumble something, as if he's talking down to the man! Hawkhurst has had enough however, taking Haze by the scruff of his head and Irish whipping him over a red velvet rope onto a stopped escalator. With a twinkle in his eye, Dorian Hawkhurst approaches the escalator, hitting a Savate Kick to Haze's spine as he tries to get back to his feet. Xander Haze is nearly broken in half, twitching as Hawkhurst moves towards the control panel and presses the on button for the escalator. The back of Xander's head bounces off the escalator steps as it begins to rise!

Blake Church: Sickening!

As the body of Xander Haze lays dangerously prone hanging down the rising escalator, Dorian Hawkhurst goes to move up after him, but Revenant pulls him off and RKOs him right on the concrete! Revenant scurries up the rising escalator after Xander but the Freak somehow uses his left side to shove himself to his feet as Revenant approaches. BRAIN DAMAGE! The nasty European Uppercut catches Revenant on the jaw and he flies OFF THE ESCALATOR! Right into Dorian Hawkhurst's arms!

Blake Church: Holy crap, State! Revenant just flew over ten feet off that moving escalator, and somehow the former Impact champion Dorian Hawkhurst showed absolutely superhuman strength by catching him!

Charles State: And I don't think he's going to rock him to sleep either, Blake!

Hawkhurst has something much worse in mind, squeezing the life right out of Revenant with a tense bearhug! Revenant attempts a headbutt to break out of the bear hug but Dorian shifts the maneuver over, instead using all his weight to launch the slightly larger Revenant up in the air- and catching him with FALLING OFF THE WAGON! The Running Sit Out Powerbomb lands flush, and both men land hard on the unprotected concrete floor! Clark Summits is there for the first pinfall of the match as Hawkhurst holds steadfast.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Xander Haze breaks up the maneuver with a Frog Splash off the railing of the escalator!

“HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!”

Blake Church: The few lucky people that got a chance to get a ticket for this Casino Royale are certainly getting their money's worth!

Charles State: Indeed. All three of these competitors are going all out, balls to the wall here tonight. It's because in CWF you never know when the next opportunity could arise. Either of these three men could be next in line for a championship shot should they come out victorious here tonight.

Blake Church: That's always a possibility, but I wouldn't worry about the future until they come out of tonight's Casino Royale. Don't count your chickens before they hatch, so they say. They could just as well be in line for a quick trip to the ER tonight.

All three men are still down, but moving and Xander Haze is the first one to his feet, pulling up Dorian, but the Demon is taking charge! A quick shoulder block takes the Freak by surprise and Hawkhurst goes for a whip-in towards the rows of slot machines when all of a sudden Revenant comes through like a freight train and barrels into his two opponents, driving them into the nearest set of slot machines, toppling them over with them!

“HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!”

Charles State: I tend to agree, these guys really are not taking ANY prisoners!

Revenant is the first one to his feet and he looks like a very big wild cat stalking its prey, looking for an opening to attack and exploit the weaknesses of his opponents. Xander is the first one to try to sort through his body parts. Just as he gets up, Revenant grabs him and applies a CROSS FACE!

Blake Church: The Death Grip! Revenant is going for his debut win!

Haze is thrashing around him, trying to connect with Revenant, but the massive man has the hold tight. Referee Clark Summits lifts Haze's hand once and it falls. Twice and it falls. An evil grin spreads on Revenant's face as Summits lifts the hand for a third time, but just before it falls down, another hand comes into view, grabbing the fading man's arm and stopping the count. Revenant drops Haze and whirls around in surprise and shock.

Charles State: Dorian broke the count and he does not look happy!

He grabs Revenant into a bearhug and starts running towards the roulette tables, smashing him into the side and on top of the closest of them, sending a huge cloud of dust into the air. Letting out a primeval roar, Dorian takes two chairs from around the table and sets them up next to the undead man. He climbs on top of them and JUMPS OFF!

Blake Church: What devastation, the table is definitely NOT built for this kind of impact!

As Dorian gets up, the light filtering through the dust shows Revenant in the middle of the broken table, the roulette wheel on top of him as Dorian puts his foot on his chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Dorian: IT'S GAME OVER!

Ray Douglas: And the winner is, the Demon of Sobriety - DORIAAN HAAAANKHUUURST!

Charles State: This was one intense opener for Paradise and if it is any indication, then tonight has all the right ingredients to become legendary!

Blake Church: I know that we say this at almost any PPV, but even just the locations give it this extra kick, that's all from the Trump Plaza for now, this was Church vs. State. Well, & State...

Charles State: Yeah, we got you...

Ahasuerus

Match

We are at the docks in Atlantic City. Ships sit ready to leave or recently arrived, transferring passengers and cargo. Workers make their way up and down the waterfront, bosses yelling out orders, the call of birds breaking through the din.

One group is silent, a huddled mass of men and women standing by the water's edge, waiting expectantly. Suddenly,

an enormous cheer springs up from the group, followed shortly by the ringing of a giant gong somewhere in the distance.

The gong grows louder and a ship floats into view, painted jet black, a crimson atom-in-ouroboros on its side. Writing in grey identifies the vessel as the AHASUERUS.

Standing at the front of the ship are Elisha and Cassandra, followed closely behind by Choronzon, Dean Coulter and the Chosen. Elisha wears a flowing grey robe, inscribed with occult words and symbols, images terrifying and profane. Ten horns, each bearing a crown, mounted on seven heads, each one inscribed with a name of blasphemy. In his left hand is a sceptre of black iron. He raises the sceptre and addresses the crowd on the land.

Elisha: And the great beast arose from the sea - terrifying and frightening and very powerful. It had large iron teeth; it crushed and devoured its victims and trampled underfoot whatever was left.

Behold - the Moonchild.

Atlantic City. Paradise - or so we are told. Yet one man's paradise is another man's purgatory; the waters that sustain also drown, those that bring baptism bring damnation.

Ouroboros bring a damnation far greater than Dante could ever have dreamed.

Our enemies align. The Forsaken, the Coalition, Caledonia and the would-be moral crusaders of our time. Even Rish himself. Each convinced that can hold back the tide, futile as a single man in the face of a tsunami.

They will fall, as Sunset, Elijah and so many more before. Ouroboros does not lose. Even when we do not win, we do not lose.

I have seen the future. One day we shall write it. And that future will be written in blood.

You who gather here, you precious few who have ears to hear the words of the Moonchild. Our hour is at hand.

Go now, and do what you will.

A ramp suddenly extends from the ship to the land. Elisha and Cassandra, Choronzon and Dean, the Chosen - all make their way down the ramp, into the arms of their waiting followers. A fanatical chant picks up, angry, defiant, baying for blood as we fade out on a single phrase.

"We are coming."

Maximum Effort

Match

The ship carrying all members of Ouroboros to Paradise has docked into the Atlantic City pier and the crew busy themselves with preparing to disembark. Peeking from his position behind the curtain of the stage area beneath the Playground Pier and watching each member of the villainous stable is the young Masked Millennial known as Impakt. He takes considerable interest in Elisha, standing in the centre of the ship's deck, overseeing the proceedings and rallying his stable mates together. If there was to be an opportunity, now was it. Impakt draws in a deep breath.

Impakt: Maximum Effort.

He takes a step forward.

???: At ease young Impakt.

A hand comes down upon his shoulder, arresting his advance abruptly. Impakt turns and instantly backs away from the newcomer, fists raised in a defensive manner. Standing there is none other than the Shadow, his hands raised to show he has no ill intent.

The Shadow: Your soul is troubled.

Impakt: Stay away from my soul Shang Tsung! I like it where it is!

The Shadow: You have no need to fear me. That was not meaning. I was referring to your struggles to prove yourself in the eyes of the CWF. You feel if you join our fight against Elisha and Ouroboros you will have respect.

Impakt: It's more than that. Everyone tells me I don't take this seriously, that I don't have what it takes and that this isn't a game...But they are wrong! This is a game. It's a game of Dark Souls and Elisha is the big bad boss at the end of the final level. I just can't stand back and allow guys like him corrupt and degrade everything that guys like you tried so hard to build.

The Shadow: Admirable, if not foolish. Your heart is in the right place. But there is something holding you back. You, as you are right now, are not ready. It is if you are waiting for something. I fear that if I were to allow you to rush out there right now, it would not end well for you. Your time will come eventually. Now please.

The Shadow motions away from the entry way, urging Impakt to accompany him. Impakt looks from Ouroboros' ship, to the Shadow, and back, before sighing in resignation and releases the entry curtain, letting it fall back into place.

No Crown for "The King"

Match

Tara Robinson: Ladies and Gentlemen. Please welcome my guest at this time. The former Paramount Champion, Christian Starr. Christian, you are just minutes away from your match with Crazy Chris. How are you fee-

Christian snatches the microphone out of Tara's hand and takes a quick sidestep that allows Allison to barge her way between him and our lovely backstage interviewer. Allison flashes her palm at Robinson in a very "Talk to the hand" fashion as she hip checks her out of the camera shot.

Christian Starr: How do I feel!? How do I feel about being forced into a match with someone who doesn't even know what it is to be a used to be? Crazy Chris is a never-was! He doesn't know what it feels like to be a star, he doesn't know what it feels like to be a main-eventer. He doesn't know what it's like to be an icon. He doesn't know what it's like to be Christian Starr! So how am I feeling going into my match with Crazy Chris? I think it's safe to say I'm feeling pretty damn confident!

Christian Starr: For months everyone questioned exactly how I would react to losing my first match. Would I take my ball and go home? Would I become so distraught I became a madman? Would I make excuse after excuse, blaming everyone but myself? No. I am man enough to admit that Jarvis King had my number that night, he did the unthinkable. He beat me. But to think that Crazy Chris even holds a candle to what I've done in that ring is ludicrous! One week. Seven days.

Christian unstraps the Paramount Championship from his waist and holds it up towards the camera.

Christian Starr: That is Crazy Chris' one and only achievement worth mentioning, and I crushed it. I turned his legacy into a fallacy. This is my legacy. This is my ti-

J. Rish: THAT. Is Jarvis King's title!

Christian's eyes flare up with anger as his head turns towards the owner of the CWF. Despite the fact Christian has made his dislike of Rish and his management clear, this is the first time these two have been face to face in front of a camera.

Christian Starr: Excuse me?

J. Rish: Did you really think you were going to just walk around here with a stolen Championship forever? I have a

Paramount Championship match on tonight and I'll be damned if I'm going to have it ruined because of your over inflated ego. I want Jarvis King's title and I want it NOW.

Allison Hollywood: Or what?

Rish is unphased by the blonde's attempt at intimidating him. He looks down at the short woman.

J. Rish: Or you and you're entire entourage will be suspended indefinitely..

And you will never have a championship match in my company again.

Looking right over Allison's head he holds his hand out, waiting for Christian as he hesitantly steps forward. Starr reluctantly hands over the Paramount Championship, but not without getting into the chairman's face.

Christian Starr: Make no mistake Rish, one way or another I will take back what's mine.

J. Rish: Good luck with that.

With that Rish pivots on the balls of his feet and struts away, leaving a soured Christian and Allison standing in the middle of the hallway. Starr flips off the chairman as he walks away and turns to leave himself.

Only to find himself face to face with the grinning red face of Ataxia. The Impact Champion looks delighted to see Christian so distraught, but he didn't come empty handed.

Ataxia: A gift for you Starrman!

Ataxia holds up a bronze plated Championship belt. It is unlike any other we have seen in CWF. In fact it seems quite, lackluster. The center plate reads in big bold writing. "Participation Award" Ataxia gleefully places it over the shoulder of Starr.

Ataxia: CONGRATULATIONS... FRRAANNND.

Starr can't seem to find the words to retaliate, and as he fumbles to look at the bronze prize on his shoulder Ataxia simply walks off, once again leaving the flustered Participation Champion standing dumbfounded in the gorilla position just as Crazy Chris's music takes over the PA system.

Crazy Chris vs. Christian Starr

Match

Jim Gunt: We are just barely getting started and already a lot of things are happening here in Atlantic City, Dorian Hawkhurst devastating Revenant in the casino, Impakt seemingly having some beef with Elisha and not only did Christian Starr have to hand over the Paramount belt, but Ataxia has had his very own belt made for the King of Wrestling...

Mike Rolash: That belt should be on Starr anyways!

Jim Gunt: I think that is why Ataxia gave it to him.

Mike Rolash: No, the Paramount one, of course!

Jim Gunt: We'll see, but right now it's Chris vs. Christian!

The CWF ring crew is shown setting up the ring. Red and Yellow aprons are placed over the Paradise aprons. Four long poles with ladder spokes stick out are set up in the corner of the ring. The new additional poles are six feet up from the top turnbuckle. Four long additional ropes, taped in black and white, are set up connecting all the poles together.

Mike Rolash: What the Hell?!? ARE THEY SETTING UP A TIGHT ROPE?!?

Jim Gunt: It looks that way, Mikey!

Mike Rolash: Who in the hell thought up this match?

Jim Gunt: The same minds that gave CWF a Snowblind match, among others lol.

The ropes are pulled on to test their strength and show that the ropes are sturdy. A popcorn vendor is set up next to the ramp. The crowd looks at one another and suddenly burst into cheers when four garbage cans are set up filled with different weapons.

Jim Gunt: No matter what this clown can do, Christian Starr will still beat him!

Mike Rolash: Well from what I was told, this is a "Big Top" match, and there are no DQs!

The lights cut out and the bright glow of the titantron draws all the attention of the crowd as the screen lights up with

the words to "Kings Never Die..."

The camera pans down to the entrance lamp where now a single spotlight shines brightly behind two silhouetted figures. One a towering monster of a man, the other a man standing stoically in front, dwarfed by comparison.

HAAAAAIIIII TO THE KIIINNNNG!

The lights flare to an almost blinding intensity as Avenged Sevenfold's "Hail to the King" takes over the P.A. system. The figures are now clear to see, the larger is Payne, who raises his arms into the air as the opening words ring out. In front of him is "The King of Wrestling" Christian Starr, his arms stretched open over his head allowing him to take in the thunderous reaction around him.

HAAAAIIIIII TO THE OOOONNNNE!

Starr turns around and starts backing his way down the entrance way with a clearly confident swagger to his step, Payne follows close behind flexing and looking just all around menacing.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds from Los Angeles, California. He is "The King of Wrestling" ... Christian Starr!

Payne climbs his way into the ring over the top rope as Starr high fives some of the lucky fans in the front row, he shoots his way up the ring steps and climbs the turnbuckle. Here he strikes a pose throwing up the 2 Sweet hand sign as Payne raises his arms high in front of him, letting out a roar as he does.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Smithville, Tennessee.....Crazy Chris!!

Chris bounces his way down to the ring. Chris then slides under the bottom rope and is quickly jumped by Starr!

Mike Rolash: Starr quickly on the assault! Clubbing away at Chris while he is still down!

Jim Gunt: Take it to him!! Hit him harder!!

Chris grabs both legs of Starr, and tackles him down to the mat. Chris gets Starr pinned down and lays into him with lefts and rights.

Mike Rolash: Now Chris is on the assault!

Jim Gunt: No fair!!

Starr pushes Chris off. Chris runs to the opposite ropes as Starr is getting up. Chris goes for the Crazy Days, yet Starr ducks. Chris lands on his feet as Starr rolls forward.

Mike Rolash: Here comes Crazy Days! Wait he ducks!!

Jim Gunt: Starr said he is going to teach Chris!

Mike Rolash: Well, both men are now to a vertical base. They lock up in a collar and elbow.

Starr and Chris go for a standing tie-up. Starr gets Chris into a headlock and grinds him hard. Chris's face paint can be shown smearing onto Starr's chest and side. He shoves Starr into the ropes and on the rebound jumps up and does a standing flipping clothesline on Starr.

Jim Gunt: Look, Chris's make-up is wiping off on Starr's chest!

Mike Rolash: Indeed it is, but Chris pushes him towards the ropes and OH MY!! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!!!

Chris lands on his back and does a quick kip up. Starr does one as well and Chris smiles before charging towards Starr, who swipes the feet out from under Chris and locks on a Dragon Sleeper. Starr sinks it in tight.

Jim Gunt: Did you know, Mikey, that the Dragon Sleeper is also called the Amazon Sleeper down in Brazil?

Mike Rolash: No Jim, I didn't know that. That is why they call him the veteran folks!

Chris tries to fight the Dragon Sleeper off. He tries to punch Starr with his free arm but no use. Starr drops to a knee to apply for pressure, however Chris pulls both of his legs towards him. He is resting on his tippy toes and knees. Chris quickly pushes himself up to a vertical base but no use.

Jim Gunt: I thought the clown has a reversal! What a joke!

Mike Rolash: Chris is trying his best to get out of the Dragon Sleeper, but no use. That last attempt got both men to a standing base now. Chris looks to be fading!

Starr holds on in the vertical base and Chris seems to be slipping. Big Danny Davidson raises Chris's arm to drop it. No sign. He goes to drop it once more and Chris's eyes open wide. Chris kicks his right leg backwards right into Starr's groin.

Mike Rolash: That is going to leave a mark! Chris didn't get out of the hold but Starr has loosened his grip!

Jim Gunt: If this match wasn't no DQ, Chris would not have gotten away with that cheap shot!

Starr still holds on to Chris, but released the lock arm. Chris reaches up with both hands, and flips up and over into Crazy Days!

Mike Rolash: Crazy Days!!

Jim Gunt: Really?!?

Mike Rolash: Well in this case Chris got out of that hold and is going for the pin!

Chris hooks Starr's leg. As soon as the ref gets into position, Starr kicks out.

Jim Gunt: Better luck next time, clown!

Chris picks Starr up and goes to whip him towards the ropes. Starr reverses the Irish whip and as Chris bounces off the ropes, Starr nails a picture perfect drop kick to Chris, flipping him backwards and landing on his stomach.

Mike Rolash: Chris goes for the Irish whip but Starr reverses it! WHAT A DROPKICK!!

Jim Gunt: That turned him inside out!

Starr walks over to Chris and stomps on his head, then bounces off the ropes and drops a knee to the back of Chris's head. Then he grabs Chris by the head and lifts him up. A kick in the stomach sets him up for a Powerbomb, but as soon as Starr gets him up, Chris begins to fight it. Chris hits Starr in the head repeatedly with lefts and rights.

Mike Rolash: Starr is getting too close to the ropes!

Jim Gunt: Powerbomb him to the outside!

Chris looks up and notices the "tight rope". He reaches up and grabs it locking his legs around Starr.

Mike Rolash: Chris just grabbed that tight rope and has turned the tables! He has a Scissor Leg Lock on Starr now!

Jim Gunt: That is an illegal Choke hold! Break the damn hold Danny!!

Mike Rolash: What part of no DQ don't you get?! The ref can't break the damn hold.

Chris holds on to the ropes tightly and tries to pull himself up with Starr still in the hold. Starr is raised off the mat slightly but not much. He begins to punch Chris right in the side of the knee to try to break it.

Mike Rolash: Chris is hanging Starr!

Jim Gunt: Starr is using his smarts now though. Those punches to the knee should break the hold.

Chris lets go of the lock and pulls his legs up to the rope locking his ankles around the rope. Starr looks up at Chris and yells "Get down here!!" The crowd laughs when all they can see is Chris shaking his head no rather fast.

Mike Rolash: Chris is hanging upside down on that rope! Is this guy insane!?!?

Jim Gunt: Half the time I think he is! He looks like a Sloth hanging upside down like that!

Chris then drops his legs and is hanging once more. Starr runs towards Chris to try to tackle him over the top rope, but Chris splits his legs and Starr goes up and over the top rope onto the floor.

Mike Rolash: Listen to this crowd!! Chris lured Starr in with that! Starr is down on the outside.

Jim Gunt: Starr is getting back to his feet now, Mikey!

Chris waits so Starr is back on his feet and balances himself on the rope below. The crowd oOoOoO's as Chris keeps his balance. Chris then moonsaults off the top rope onto Starr. The crowd bursts into "Holy Shit" chants as both men lay on the outside.

Mike Rolash: What is Chris thinking!?!?

Jim Gunt: I can't hear you, Mikey! This crowd is too loud!

Starr is getting up to his feet and shakes the cobwebs out before throwing Chris back into the ring and climbing up on to the top turnbuckle.

Mike Rolash: Starr is up!

Starr hits a diving elbow drop and hooks Chris's leg. The ref slides into position.

ONE...

TWO...

Mike Rolash: He kicked out! Chris still has some life left in him!

Jim Gunt: Starr looks to be in shock that Chris kicked out of that!

Mike Rolash: Starr is now questioning Davidson and seems to be upset.

Chris rolls over to his belly and Starr grabs Chris's left ankle. He gets up on his right foot and does a reverse Enzuigiri to Starr, who ducks it. Starr hooks both legs and flips over, pinning Chris again.

ONE...

Jim Gunt: How in the world did Chris just kick out of that??!

Mike Rolash: Not even a two count! Both men get back up and Starr whips Chris to the ropes once more.

Chris runs up the second rope, bounces off the top rope, grabs the "tight rope", swinging himself out over the top rope still holding on, and on the swing back lets go of the rope, twisting in mid air and nails a Flying Hurricanrana pin on Starr. Chris underhooks both legs to hold for the pin. The crowd bursts into another loud "Holy Shit" chant.

Mike Rolash: OH MY GOD!!! WHAT A MOVE!!!

ONE...

TWO...

Starr forces his legs down bringing Chris into a pin. Ref changes the pin fall!

ONE...

TWO...

Chris rolls backwards to get out of the hold and does a dropkick to Starr's face that makes a very loud smack. Starr falls backwards holding his face as Chris stand up.

Mike Rolash: What an exchange of close pin falls!

Jim Gunt: Close indeed Mikey. I hope that dropkick didn't break Starr's nose.

Chris climbs to the apron on the outside and points to the crowd as they cheer. Chris bounces up the top of the rope, remaining low so not to hit the upper rope, and performs a Springboard Shooting Star Press on Starr.

Jim Gunt: Move stealer!!

Mike Rolash: Chris said he was going to show Starr how to do that move properly!

Chris does not go for the pin fall as he stands over Starr and smacks him across the face.

Jim Gunt: He just smacked him!

Chris moves to Starr's side and as Starr rolls to his side Chris kicks him in the small of the back.

Mike Rolash: Chris is trying to keep him down. May seem harsh, but it's working!

Jim Gunt: I think I got it!

Mike Rolash: What do you got?

Jim Gunt: Starr is playing possum like last time.

Chris picks Starr up to his feet, but Starr pushes Chris off and hits a huge superkick to Chris's chin.

Mike Rolash: There it is!! Superkick straight to Chris's jaw!

Jim Gunt: I told ya, Mikey!

Chris falls backwards hard and Starr quickly goes for the cover on Chris.

Mike Rolash: Starr may have it, folks!

ONE...

TWO...

Jim Gunt: Starr WINS!!! Starr WINS!!!!

Mike Rolash: No he didn't!! Chris got his shoulder up at the last second!!

Jim Gunt: Damn you, Chris and your crazy mischief shenanigans!

Mike Rolash: Oh will you give it a rest Jim! Both of these young wrestlers have pulled out a lot tonight!

Starr starts pounding at the mat hard showing frustration and holds up three fingers questioning the count and just shakes his head. While Starr is questioning the count, Chris is slowly getting up while holding his jaw. He is showing signs of being dizzy or a concussion as he gets up.

Jim Gunt: Tell him it was three Starr!!

Mike Rolash: Starr better watch it, Chris is getting up!

Starr is not paying attention to Chris. Chris runs up behind Starr and locks on a bulldog, runs up the closest turnbuckle and drops down onto the apron.

Mike Rolash: The running bulldog!! You can't turn your back for too long in a match up like this.

Chris turns to the crowd playing to them again.

Mike Rolash: Chris may be going for another big move, Jim!

Starr gets back up as Chris asks the crowd to get louder. When Chris turns around he is met by another superkick!

Jim Gunt: Impressive!

Mike Rolash: Chris's body just went limp as he falls from the apron to the outside ropes. Starr is also down inside the ring. Both men are showing signs of wear and tear. Men like these guys can only train their body for so much!

Starr is getting back up as Chris gets up. He climbs the top rope as Chris turns towards him and then leaps off, locking his legs around Chris, swinging over the safety rail into the crowd hitting a Suicide Flying Hurricanrana.

Mike Rolash: OH MY GOD!!!

The crowd bursts into another chant as Starr stands up, showing signs of the move having effect. Payne rushes over to check on Starr, but he tells Payne he is fine and to go back to his corner.

Jim Gunt: Christian Starr is showing no signs of fatigue!

Starr picks Chris back up and tosses him over the safety rail, then follows him and now throws Chris into the ring. Starr begins to hit Chris hard and Chris fights back!

Mike Rolash: Both men are now back in the ring. Starr has the upper hand but Chris is trying to fight back!

Jim Gunt: Hit him harder Starr!

Both men bounce off opposite ropes and Starr hits a Flying Forearm. Starr lands on his back and kicks up to his feet, but Chris has gotten his second wind and gets up just as quick. He goes to clothesline Starr, but he ducks and lifts him

up onto his shoulders.

Mike Rolash: Both men had something in mind by Starr got the move in first! Mourning Starr Driver!

The ref gets down and makes the count.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner.. CHRISTIAN STAAAAARRRRRR!

HAAILL TO THE KIIINNNNGG

Danny Davidson raises Christian's arm, signaling him as the victor. Starr rips his arm away from the referee and instead celebrates in his own way.

HAAILLLL TO THE OONNNEEE

He climbs the turnbuckle and strikes a brash pose for the audience as they rain down a mixed reaction on the King of Wrestling. As he poses, his eyes seem to drift around until they catch the dull bronze title sitting at ring side. Christian quickly hops down from the ropes and rolls himself out of the ring, grabbing his gift from Ataxia. "The Participation Championship".

Jim Gunt: You wouldn't think that Christian would be one to carry around a fake title after the way he's been obsessing over the Paramount Championship.

He rolls right back into the ring and quickly to his feet. He soccer kicks Crazy Chris in the gut as he is just starting to stir, and proceeds to stand over his fallen foe. Christian looks at the belt in his hands, and gently places it over the chest of Crazy, before raising his arms back into the air in triumph.

Accompaniment

Match

Mia is taping up her wrists and getting prepared to head out to the House of Mirrors when she stops what she's doing

and smiles.

Mia Rayne: I knew you'd come.

She turns her head slightly and watches Ataxia move toward her and place his hands lightly on her shoulders giving her a massage and easing the knots from her shoulders. She closes her eyes and enjoys the sensation of her shoulders relaxing. They had been tense all week, ever since the Hope on a Rope match had been announced. What had she been thinking?

Ataxia: It's what you had to do to make him understand. By the end Azrael will learn and you'll be the one showing him the path.

Mia sighs and nods. The fact that he is so easily able to read the chaos in her mind has a comforting effect on her. Silence falls over the room as Ataxia finishes the massage and sits next to Mia. She snuggles in close to him and sighs in contentment.

Mia Rayne: I'm pretty sure I'm ready. Not sure what the outcome will be, but all I can do is what I do best...

He looks at her questioningly and she smiles to herself.

Mia Rayne: Improv of course.

They share a laugh and Ataxia replies,

Ataxia: It is a lost art after all.

They fall silent again, neither one saying much but enjoying each other's presence. Suddenly something catches Ataxia's eye and he unwraps himself from Mia and picks up the doll that he had gifted her once upon a time and Link, the cast iron skillet. Mia smiles at the memory the doll represents and Ataxia brings both items over to her.

Mia Rayne: I... I don't want her to see the match. It's going to get bad and I don't know if she'd be able to handle it.

Ataxia nods and gives Mia the doll, which she promptly cradles in her arms and hugs close to her bosom. She jumps slightly as Ataxia sets Link down on the bench they are sharing and resumes his place next to her. She sets the doll down in front of her and straddles the bench wrapping herself around Ataxia's side. He smiles and says,

Ataxia: You have nothing to worry about m'dear. I may not be there physically, but you'll know that I'll be watching, always. I know that you will be the one walking out of that match and...

He doesn't have a chance to continue as Mia reaches up and pays him back for the kiss earlier on this week. It was long, it was passionate, and it spoke so much more than Mia ever would be able to elaborate on. Ataxia hugs her close and she departs, Mia going back to getting ready and taping her wrists and Ataxia going to do whatever it is that Ataxia does to get ready for his title defense. Without so much as a sound Ataxia slips out of the dressing room, Mia used to it at this point. Finally done with the tape she sets it to the side and goes to put her doll back where she wants it only to find that Link is no longer present.

She nods in understanding and giggles to herself as the scene fades.

Mia Rayne vs. Azrael

Match

We cut to Ray Douglas who is in the middle of the ring with mic in hand.

Ray Douglas: It is time for the 'Hope on a Rope' Match!

The crowd pops as Ray continues.

Ray Douglas: The rules are simple. Mia Rayne and Azrael were let into the house of mirrors at separate times. They have to make their way through the mirror maze, fight each other, and come out the other end. Once they exit, they will enter a room where various tools to maim and virtually destroy one's opponent will all be hanging from the ceiling. Ladders and tables will also be around. In the middle of the ceiling, hanging from a rope will be a straight jacket. The first person to get their opponent into the straight jacket and out the door will be declared the winner!

A big crash can be heard as the feed cuts to inside the house of mirrors and Azrael and Mia are already trading blows back and forth! Azrael gains the upper hand and pushes Mia into the closest mirror. Mia laughs and rocks her hips, laughing as Az tries to hold back his disgust. Her laugh turns shrill as she raises her hands and delivers a double axe handle to the back of Azrael's neck!

Az is stunned and loosens his grip, allowing Mia to twirl away and behind Az, using her long legs to deliver a powerful kick to Azrael's posterior! Az goes face first into the mirror, hard, a sickening crack can be heard as fans and personnel alike all wonder if it was just the mirror that cracked or if Azrael was ok. Mia laughs some more as she bounds over on top of Azrael's back, picking him up so he can watch as she sits on his back and yanks back hard on his neck! Mia snarls as she grabs Azrael by the arms, yanking them behind him and starts bouncing on one foot. A sick smile crosses Mia's face as she plants her foot on the back of Azrael's head and curb stomps his head right into the mirror! Az quickly rolls to avoid another kick from Mia and instantly tries to regain his bearings.

Mia Rayne: What's wrong Azzhole? Can't stand your own reflection?

Azrael gives his own snarl of defiance as he shakes his head once more as Mia continues to bounce on her heels and balls of her feet, waiting for Az to make his move. With stunning speed and perfect timing Azrael leaps up and catches Mia by surprise with a spear! The two crash into yet another mirror, this time Mia taking the brunt of the impact. Glass shatters around the two as they both crumple to the ground.

Jim Gunt: If you have ever been to a mirror maze, these places are confusing enough without someone trying to kick the living hell out of you...

Azrael is the first to recover and check to ensure he isn't bleeding. Mia is quickly coming around and he decides that now would be the best time to try and make his way out of the house of mirrors turned into incredibly sharp objects. He stumbles forward but quickly gains ground as he begins to recover from his earlier onslaught from Mia. Suddenly, though, he hears a banshee scream and he whips around ready for a fight only to find....

NO ONE?!

He looks confused but is yanked backwards by Mia, who delivers a picture perfect German Suplex! Azrael crumples but quickly recovers, rolling through and changes his momentum, surprising Mia with a shining wizard to the back of her head as she was getting up! She falls to all fours and Azrael picks her up quickly, dragging her with him as he makes his way to an exit that he thought he has spotted...

THUNK!

Mia Rayne: HAHAHAAAAHA!!

Azrael grabs his head in pain as Mia falls to the ground, released by Azrael as he realizes that he just walked into a mirror. Mia is holding her gut, laughing hard as Az kicks her in the stomach. Mia grabs her midsection and doubles over but quickly turns her gasps of air into wheezy giggles and snorts. Upset Azrael goes to pick Mia up, but she quickly knees him in the head, making him stumble backwards! She hops back up to her feet and cracks her neck before jumping up and down, getting a full head of steam, and running at Azrael, only to be treated with a clothesline for her troubles.

Mike Rolash: These two will be exhausted before they even get to the other room!

Jim Gunt: Well, it is obvious that they don't want to give the other one a chance to be dominant once they get there.

She goes down hard and Azrael quickly gains his composure before picking Mia up and pushing her against the closest mirror. He grabs her by the pig tails and smashes her face into the glass, once.

Twice.

Three times before growling,

Azrael: Look at what you're forcing me to do to you! Is THIS what you truly want?!

Mia snorts, her bleeding face covering the glass in blood before she closes her eyes, bows her head and shakes her head no. Azrael notices and lets up, only for Mia to whip her head back and bash the back of her skull into the bridge of Azrael's nose! Az falls backward, holding his face, now gushing blood as Mia whips around, crazed by the blood flowing from a deep gash in her forehead. She touches the wound and looks at the fresh blood on her hand, her gaze goes from the liquid red, to Azrael and back to the blood. She smiles and licks her fingers before saying quietly, a hint of danger that no one would ever want to experience lying deep in her words.

Mia Rayne: I told you. The shadows are my home. Always have been. The Forsaken are my family, ironically enough. You... Are just annoying.

With the last word she lunges at Azrael and grabs him. She plants her feet and with a massive heave tosses Azrael over her with a belly to belly suplex! Given that it isn't a wide corridor to begin with Azrael crashes into a mirror and through the wall, into the room beyond and rolling to a stop. When he opens his eyes, he has a chance to glance at the straight jacket high above him, hanging from a rope and gently swaying, as if waving at him. Looking around he sees everything from "Link" the cast iron skillet, guitars, bowling pins, mannequin limbs, fire extinguishers, chairs, even a rape whistle and a bottle of chloroform.

Mike Rolash: Wow, I had not seen this place before, but this is the stuff nightmares are made of!

Jim Gunt: Straight out of a horror movie...

Along the far wall, tables were set up as if part of a buffet of carnage, three chairs forming a pyramid on each table, each covered with bags of thumbtacks, adequately labeled. Ladders were already set up throughout the room they are in, tall enough for someone to reach the weapons above, but short enough to force either Mia or Azrael to climb to the tippy top before they have hope of reaching their target. As if a second thought, the floor was covered from wall to wall with old wrestling mats that look as if they have seen better days, back in the 50's. Lights flicker high above, too high to be of any consequence outside of providing enough light to both see and cast long shadows everywhere. The room looks like a cattle slaughterhouse, with weapons taking place of the dead carcasses and the smell replaced by...

Azrael: Lavender?!

Azrael could barely believe what he was smelling as Mia steps through the hole made in the wall by Az crashing

through it. She shrugs and gestures around her.

Mia Rayne: Like it? I made it my...

She doesn't get a chance to finish as Azrael springs up to his feet and tackles her with a Lou Thesz press! He rains down fist after fist on the gash on Mia's head, spraying himself with blood in the process. She groans as her body slumps and her eyes close and Azrael regains his composure. He drags Mia's body directly underneath the swaying straightjacket and grabs the closest ladder, putting it directly on top of Mia's prone body! Carefully he makes his way to the top and grabs at the jacket, looking to end things early before he breaks the cardinal rule of being up high in the air.

He looks down. And into the eyes of a now deranged Mia Rayne, her face nothing but a mask of blood. She bares her teeth and the ladder lurches from under Azrael. Thinking quickly he grabs at the jacket and holds on while the ladder is pushed from under him by a sudden surge of strength from Mia. Before she can get back to her feet, though, the rope breaks free from the ceiling and Azrael starts to fall! Again thinking quickly he is able to position himself correctly and lands directly on Mia, the jacket fluttering to the floor beside their prone bodies.

Jim Gunt: Looking at all this - will they even have the strength to put the other into that straight jacket?

Mike Rolash: We might just as well lose someone in this place tonight!

Azrael is the first to stir and rolls to the side, Mia only beginning to stir and rolling away from Az as she holds her midsection. He snags the straight jacket and crawls over to Mia, forcing her onto her back and pinning her there as he starts to force her into the jacket! He has both arms in and is sitting Mia up. Suddenly her eyes whip open wide and she gives the startled Azrael a toothy smile before she spits blood in his face! Surprised and disgusted, he falls backwards off of her, wiping the liquid from his cheek. Mia rises to her feet and stumbles slightly losing her balance and crashes into a nearby ladder, knocking it down into the buffet of tables, chairs, and tacks. With several loud clangs, the ladder crashes through one of the pyramids of chairs and lands on the table, which remains upright throughout. Mia winces at the noise and then shrugs her shoulders before looking up just in time to see Azrael running at her, incensed by her lack of respect! Before she can react, though, he plants her with a vicious DDT! A sickening thud echoes throughout the room as Mia's head creates a crater in the old wrestling mat. Wasting little time he pulls hard on Mia's arms and flips her around so she's lying on her back.

She sits under her own efforts, surprising Azrael, but he quickly recovers and drives his knee into her back and grabbing at her arms, trying to lock them into place! He is able to latch the back of the jacket, locking her in at the very least but as he grabs her left arm to lock into place she wiggles from his grasp, lays her head in his lap, and whips her leg up, kicking him square in the forehead! He goes down grasping his forehead as Mia once again stumbles to her feet. She tries to unclasp the back of the jacket but because the sleeves are so long, she's unable to reach. She snarls out of frustration and starts looking around at all the weapon options hanging from above but quickly turns her attention to Az, who is now on one knee. She runs at him and hits him with a shining wizard, forcing him back down on the mat. She isn't done there as she manages to pick him back up and whip him into the ladder that fell through the buffet

before.

Jim Gunt: It has been a long time since you've been this quiet!

Mike Rolash: There are...no words...

Jim Gunt: We need more of these matches...

Azrael hits the fallen ladder gut first and doubles over the ladder, the wind knocked out of him. He tries to turn around but Mia quickly has him by the midsection squeezing him hard before giving him a German suplex, the back of his neck bouncing off the floor and Azrael is seeing stars as Mia climbs the closest ladder to her. She starts pulling a mannequin arm toward her and pulling hard manages to free it from the chain. She tries to use it as a back scratcher, no! She's trying to undo the clasp that is holding the straight jacket on! She howls in frustration as the arm does nothing to help her from her situation. She throws it with all of her might right at Azrael, hitting him in the midsection with it!

Mia Rayne: GIVE THAT MAN A HAND!!! I'll be nice and give you the whole FUCKING ARM!!!

She laughs maniacally at her own play on words as Azrael makes it back to his feet and runs up the ladder opposite Mia, catching her off guard with his surprising speed. She curses and goes to try and hit him with a right, but is blocked by Az! He slams her head down on top of the ladder with authority and tries to follow up with another head smash. Mia manages to get her hands up this time though and blocks the attempt, firing back with a quick right and left to Azrael's midsection! Az sways slightly but manages to regain his balance. He fires back at Mia and this time it's her turn to sway, but manages to turn around and grab hold of the closest weapon, a bowling pin, and hold on for dear life!

As Mia struggles to maintain her grip on the pin, Azrael looks on in horror. He seems to be struggling with an internal decision before he yells out to Mia.

Azrael: Take my hand! I'll pull you back over, we can get down, and continue the match! I don't want you hurt, Mia! I'm trying to help you!

Mia thrashes in the air and starts swaying back and forth. Her eyes dart over to Azrael before she snarls back at him.

Mia Rayne: I'd rather see you fall, too, in all honesty.

She says it so matter of factly that Azrael is taken aback. Mia continues to pump her legs, now swinging back and forth and before Azrael catches onto what she is doing, she kicks out at the ladder with her feet! Azrael starts to tip backward but manages to grab onto a guitar, now holding on for dear life as the ladder crashes onto the floor below. The two combatants lock eyes and Azrael takes a page from Mia's book and starts pumping his legs, slowly gaining

the momentum to swing to the next weapon! Like an expert on the monkey bars, Azrael lets go of the guitar, which falls and moves onto the next chain managing to make it closer to Mia who is still struggling to hold on! With no wasted movement Azrael doesn't pause, doesn't stop and let's go of the final chain and flying through the air, hitting Mia with a spear in mid air!

Jim Gunt: Whoa! For a big man like him, this is seriously impressive!

Mike Rolash: And whoever put up those chains, those are seriously impressive, too!

The bowling pin finally breaks free and the two fall through the air, almost as if in slow motion, a hero diving in danger's way to try and save a damsel in distress. The two crash through the buffet from before with so many loud noises that it's hard to describe them all. Chairs fly in all directions, splinters explode everywhere, shrapnel from the blast that shattered the wooden table, and the tacks? The ones that weren't embedded in Mia and Azrael are now scattered throughout the room, exploding from their bags as if fireworks celebrating the destruction and chaos that erupted from the spear heard from round the world. Silence falls as both stars lie motionless, Azrael on top of Mia, still in the straightjacket. They are both breathing, though, which is a good thing.

Unbelievably enough, Mia is the first to stir as she does her best impression of a fish that had just been tossed on dry land, flopping around and trying to get out from all of the debris and out from under Azrael who starts to groan and try to push himself up. Mia manages to wiggle herself free and rolls to the center of the room, the sleeves of the straight jacket flopping in the air in an almost comical way. She yells out, cursing everything under the sun as she tries to start picking out thumb tacks from her lower extremities, her arms and torso mostly protected by the jacket though her face did have a couple poking out through the mask of gore that she still wears. Az does the same, only a bit quieter and with more of a sense of urgency.

Mike Rolash (with a slightly queasy sounding voice): This is getting a little much...

Jim Gunt: I thought you liked these kinds of matches?

Mike Rolash: I'm going to take a moment.

It doesn't do much good as Mia is the first to finish. With a banshee like scream she runs at Azrael, kneeling him in his already broken nose and causing him to fall backward back into the thumbtacks. He yells in pain as Mia jumps onto his gut, stomping on his rib cage and ensuring that his back has plenty of thumbtacks in it at the same time. She hops off of him and once again tries to struggle out of the straight jacket, this time managing to wiggle her head down some, but not before Azrael once again forces himself back to his feet with surprising resilience. He runs over while Mia is distracted by trying to get out of the jacket and grabs her legs out from under her. Wasting little time he catapults Mia and she bounces off another ladder before falling backward and into a backbreaker, The Angel's Wings! Mia yelps in pain and rolls off of Azrael's knees, grasping at her back awkwardly. Before too much can happen though Azrael hops on her back and quickly latches her arms behind her! Mia roars in frustration and hops to her feet, scampering away

from Azrael. He calmly stands back up and follows her movements, like a predator cat zeroing on its prey. He waits, the muscles in his back tensing as she continues to run around, crazed and furious at this point.

He runs at Mia who has centered in on him. Furious she snarls and catches Azrael by surprise with a dropkick! She sits up but before she can do anything else Az sits up equally as fast and smashes the bowling pin from earlier against Mia's left arm! A sickening thud and ominous *CRACK* can be heard as Mia shrieks in pain, rolling away frantically and standing up, her left arm hanging awkwardly suddenly. Azrael looks to press the advantage but Mia is suddenly calm and with the reflexes of a seasoned ninja nails Azrael with a vicious kick right to his family jewels! He goes down hard and fast and Mia smiles with satisfaction.

Mia Rayne: Do you REALLY think I wouldn't know how to get out of one of these Az? You dishonor me with your ignorance.

She kicks him hard in the ribs before shrugging out of the straight jacket, pulling it up and over her head with her now free right arm and nurses it off her left. She tosses it to the side and winces as she holds her left arm awkwardly. She eyes the closest wall and smiles down at Azrael, watching her from the ground and still holding himself in pain; and takes off and runs into the wall, left shoulder first! A sickening *POP! can be heard as Mia crashes to the floor and springs back to her feet, gingerly rotating her shoulder after it clicks back into place.

Mia Rayne: Practice makes better Azzhole.

Jim Gunt: Can somebody come over here for a moment, I think my colleague needs a little, uh, assistance...

She strolls over to his body and picks him up, kissing him lightly on the forehead, as if a mother might for a wounded member of her offspring. With little other preamble she picks him up, setting him up for a powerbomb, but letting him drop behind her. She keeps hold of him, right underneath the chin and drops down on her butt, hitting Azrael with a modified, inverted jawbreaker, a move she has trademarked "Complex Madness!" Azrael falls face first onto the floor and lays still. Satisfied with her work Mia heads over to the straight jacket and kicks it toward Azrael before something above her catches her eye.

Mia Rayne: Ah. The missing Link...

She drags a ladder over and goes up the ladder, wiping the blood from her eyes and reaches up, pulling at the cast iron skillet above. It comes free but not before Mia feels a jolt on the ladder and comes face to face with Azrael again! Startled she drops the skillet behind her and it clatters to the floor. The two eye each other, no love lost between them, and start firing punches back and forth at each other! The ladder jerks and sways with the battle but neither of them care, both looking to gain the upper hand over the other. The ladder is the first to give and over balances, tipping both Mia and Azrael to the ground below, both of them landing on their feet, rolling through, and picking right back up where they left off firing punches off at each other! Azrael gains the upper hand and Mia doubles over, exhausted. He backs up and finds a ladder, in perfect position, so he takes a couple steps up the rungs. With a battle cry that could wake a

god, Azrael dives off the ladder and drives his knee into the back of Mia's neck!

Jim Gunt: Ouch, these two will need to see a chiropractor tomorrow!

Or at least that's what he was trying to do. Mia recovers too fast and stands up, causing Azrael to drive his knee into the floor instead! With no hesitation Mia hops back from Azrael and hits him with a vicious roundhouse kick to the face! Azrael falls on his back clearly exhausted and Mia starts to head for the straight jacket. She picks it up and heads over to Azrael but Link once again catches her eye. She eyes the stirring Azrael and a sick smile crosses her face. She stomps on the side of Link, causing it to flip upside down before running at Azrael and hitting him with a knee to his chest! She giggles as she fits the straight jacket over the fallen Azrael and wastes little time fastening the arms, almost as if she's done it before. With maximum effort she picks up Azrael and locks her arms through the straight jacket bringing him in close and ball room dances with him, twirling them around and toward Link, humming a haunting tune. She stops suddenly and pauses, Azrael trying to free himself from her, but unable to break her grip around him. She looks down at him and smiles.

Mia Rayne: Well Azzy, it's been real. It's been fun. I'll go so far as to say it's been real fun. But this is where it ends.

With one last gasp Azrael tries to free himself and manages to pull away from Mia slightly. She shakes her head and pulls his head in under her armpit. She bends down and with her other arm, she picks up Azrael's leg and grunting with the effort manages to pick up Az and plant him on the mat with a DDT, a move she affectionately calls Rayney Dayz, Azrael's head bouncing off of Link with a sickening *CLANK!

Jim Gunt: I think we're about done here! Azrael is toast!

Az stops struggling and Mia sits up, laughing hysterically. She gets to her feet and with her good arm takes Azrael by the foot and starts yanking him toward the exit door. She huffs and puffs her left arm cradled in front of her body as she gets to the door. With another spurt of energy she kicks the door open and drags the body of Azrael out of her playbox to a symphony of cheers and boos.

Ray Douglas: And the winner of the Hope on a Rope match is - MIAA RAAYYNE!

Jim Gunt: The intensity just keeps on coming and even though she is the winner, Mia looks almost worse than Azrael coming out of this one. Right, Mike? Mike?

A Storm on the Horizon

Match

Cut backstage to Caledonia, walking through the corridors of the Boardwalk Hall. Her expression is inscrutable; elements of excitement, apprehension, anger. She glances into the rooms that she passes, clearly looking for someone.

Eventually she finds someone. Whether that someone was who she was looking for is unclear. The someone she finds is bent over at the waist, casting around the bottom of a locker for... something. Caledonia smirks and speaks to the posterior on display.

Caledonia: Hey Eris.

Eris jumps, and bangs their head on the top of the locker as they emerge.

Eris: Shit bloody cuntin' fucking arse shitty Trumping...

Caledonia: Oh God, are you okay?

Eris rubs their head.

Eris: Oh, God hasn't been okay since he split into Jesus and Satan.

Caledonia: I told you, that was just an absinthe drea-

Eris: That was real and it changed me!

Silence lingers.

Eris: Anyway. My head is fine. How's yours?

Caledonia: But I didn't - oh, right. Mentally. Um. Been better, truthfully. Look...

She looks around.

Caledonia: Eris, are they here?

Eris: ... okay, Eris is here, but for once I'm the one slightly confused by they/them pronouns...

Caledonia: You know who I mean. Are. They. Here?

Eris takes a deep breath, considering.

Eris: No. They're not. They didn't feel it was appropriate.

Caledonia: Good. Glad they've got some sense. Thanks.

She turns away to go.

Eris: What's going to happen?

Caledonia doesn't turn at first.

Caledonia: Right now, I have a World Title match to prepare for. After that... well, I don't know exactly. All I know is that I'm going back to England, and I'm going to have a conversation.

Eris: Right. But I mean... what's going to happen?

Caledonia sighs and turns.

Caledonia: I don't know, Eris. I really don't. All I know is that all of... this, could have been avoided if they'd just left Dan alone.

Eris: They didn't know -

Caledonia: Except maybe they did. If I've learned anything in the last six months, it's not to believe anyone when they say what they didn't know.

Silence rings. It is nearly five seconds before Caledonia speaks.

Caledonia: Eris... you know how I hate giving ultimatums. And I'm not going to give one to you, not now, not ever. But... you may find yourself in the middle of a conflict soon. Potentially a very nasty one. All I want is to be upfront with you, and for you to be upfront with me. That's it.

Tears well in Eris' eyes.

Eris: Good luck out there.

Caledonia: Thanks. Be seeing you.

Fair Fight

Match

The scene fades in to Marcus Maximus standing backstage, in front of the CWF Presents: Paradise banner. A goofy grin plastered on his face, mic to his mouth, he begins to speak.

Marcus Maximus: Oh my ladies and gentlemen, what a night it has been already, and it only promises to get greater. But right now my guest at this time. They are the challengers for CWF Tag Team Championships, Freddie Styles and Duce Jones. Smokin' Aces!

The roars of the fans surrounding Boardwalk Hall can be heard as Styles and Jones appear to the right of Maximus. They are both wearing black hooded vests, with gold and silver designs throughout it, four smoking aces stitched on the upper left breast of the vests. Duce has a dumbfounded look on his face as he stares at Marcus.

Duce Jones: Hold on bruh, you still work here? I thought they got rid of your ass when Sunset left.

Marcus Maximus: Moving along, tonight the two of you face off against the somewhat, truly Lost Boys. Who seem to be on different paths as of late. What are you guys thoughts?

Duce Jones: Thoughts, ideas, opinions, synopsis, thesis... None of it is gonna matter tonight. Cuz no matter how much anyone wants to write Sam and Dean off, Freddie and me both know they will be a force to be reckoned with.

Freddie Styles: That's right, a brotherhood such as theirs can't be easily destroyed. If now more than ever, they are more dangerous, because we don't know what to expect. Are they the Boys everybody knows and loves, are they both gonna cross over...are we gonna get what we saw last time out where they were at odds? Looks like it's gonna be a surprise.

Duce Jones: But I like surprises Freddie, and despite what Coulter may think about the two of us. We saw a dying division in need of fresh faces. Besides they've beaten everyone already; what's a little more competition?

Freddie: That's all we ever asked for. Competition. And by the end of night, we'll be golden.

They are soon interrupted by Dean Coulter who appears on screen to the left of Maximus.

Dean: And tonight you will choke on these ambitions.

Marcus backs away while Freddie and Duce tense up, not sure if they should expect an attack or not. If not from Dean, there was still the ever present threat of his new...friends.

Freddie Styles: Come to soften us up have you? Make it easier on yous tonight?

Dean: Please...

Duce Jones: Lost your partner already?

Dean nods his head, motioning behind the Smokin Aces. They turn to see Sam Braxton now standing there, but clearly unhappy and uncomfortable.

Dean: You blokes THAT insecure that you would accuse us of foul play? Struth. Perhaps you ain't as deserving as you make out to be.

Duce Jones: Your current allegiances give value to such concerns. Ouroboros aren't exactly Paragons of honour and fairness.

Dean: And you would wish to invoke their wrath by taking away our titles?

Sam: Dean, let's just take it into the ring.

Freddie Styles: It's a sad day when Sam is the smart one of you two...

Sam: Fair Dinkum mate? I'm tryin' to spare you guys a beatin'. No need to take the piss.

Duce: If your so sure of yourselves. Then let's keep this on even playing field.

Dean: What you have in mind?

Duce: Tonight's match, will be a Pure Rules Match. That way, no matter how it ends, pinfall, submission, count-out or DQ the title WILL change hands.

Dean: You Fair Dinkum?

Freddie: About wrestling. Always.

Duce: At least this way Freddie and I can rest easy knowing your new friends will be less inclined to stick their noses in our business.

Freddie: So we game on?

Dean: Mate...You're dream-

Sam: Bloody Oath we're game on!

Dean is shocked at Sam's readiness to accept the new stipulations.

Dean: Now hold up a minute Sam.

Sam: What is it you said to me Mate...It is what it is. And this is the way its gonna be. But Freddie and Duce. Just remember one last thing.

Everyone looks at Sam. Freddie and Duce in appreciative anticipation and Dean with contempt.

Sam: This ain't no Ball Game!

Both Styles and Jones smile as they walk off screen, Dean and Sam soon heading in the opposite direction.

Fade.

Amber Ryan vs. Silas Artoria

Match

"Arousal "starts playing, the lights go dark, and the smoke seeps onto the main stage. Silas starts approaching through the clouds, alone, and with his smile plastered on his face. His breathing controlled, his posture calm, he's ready for a fight. He starts approaching the ring at the centre of the area.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Making his way to the ring first, from Toronto, Canada: the Psychotic Aristocrat - SILAS ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: We have the stats. The last time Silas Artoria went against Amber Ryan in a one and one bout, the match lasted for four minutes. Silas had a strong showing, but in the end he wasn't able to climb beyond the first round of the Modern Warfare tournament.

Mike Rolash: And you can tell that those four minutes have stuck with him. He called it a catalyst to start improving himself, and we have seen it in the past few months.

Silas poses for the camera with a smirk on his face, before blowing a kiss. He starts chuckling to himself, just as--

"Sex Metal Barbie" by In This moment blares over the PA, and the crowd goes wild for the Unhinged Briefcase holder (and the local girl!). Amber stands at the top of the ramp, stern faced and holding the briefcase beside her. She takes in the atmosphere of the crowd, completely behind her, and raises the briefcase itself for all to see.

Ray Douglas: And from ATLANTIC CITY: the Distorted Angel - AMBER RYAN!

Jim Gunt: And there she is, one of the most dominant women in the CWF going. And with the current crop of women in CWF, that's saying something.

Amber meets Silas in the ring, defiantly and proudly holding her case high above him. Silas keeps his eyes on his opponent as she gives designated referee Clark Summits the case. The two retreat to their corners, Amber lightly jumping as warm up, and Silas stretching his shoulders. The bell rings.

Jim Gunt: And here we go!

Amber and Silas square off in the middle of the ring. They lock up, and Silas manages to push Amber into the corner, slamming his knee into her stomach until the referee pushes him off her. The Psychotic Aristocrat shoves the ref out of the way and makes to continue his offence, but Amber is ready for him this time, blocking the big left hand and throwing Silas to the ground with an arm drag.

Jim Gunt: Here we go! Amber Ryan quick to counter Silas' furious offence.

Amber bounces off the ropes and goes for a clothesline to a rising Silas, but the Harbinger ducks underneath her attack. He's waiting when she returns with a Big Boot - but she ducks underneath with a swinging neckbreaker! She goes for the quick cover.

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Perhaps overoptimistic there on the part of Amber Ryan.

Mike Rolash: Overconfidence from a professional wrestler? Perish the thought.

Amber looks moderately annoyed but shakes her frustration off. She climbs to her feet and stands in a ready stance, waiting for Artoria to rise. He does, slowly, and she goes for a running knee - but Artoria springs into action with a massive European Uppercut, slamming into Amber's chin and knocking her to the ground!

The crowd groans as one, and Silas hauls Amber bodily to her feet. He whips her into the corner and charges in after her, landing a massive clothesline and crushing Amber beneath him. He repeats the set of attacks again, whipping her into the opposite corner and charging in with great impact.

Jim Gunt: Silas launching a full-scale offence here!

Mike Rolash: Wait, I'm confused, is this Crazy Silas or Normal Silas?

Jim Gunt: Um... think we're still just in Normal Aggressive Silas. And FYI, saying "crazy" is ableist.

Silas stomps on Amber some more until Clark Summits drags him off her. She struggles to make it to her feet as he moves back in and begins laying down knife-edge chops.

Mike Rolash: WOOOOOO!

Jim Gunt: Really, Mike?

Silas whips Amber into the opposite corner and prepares to launch in another massive clothesline. But the third time is not the charm - Amber gets a foot up and clips the Psychotic Aristocrat on his chin! Silas reels as Amber springs up to the top rope and launches herself onto Silas with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors takedown! Silas is sent flying, and Amber crashes to the ground.

Jim Gunt: I think that may have taken as much out of Amber as it did out of Silas!

Both fighters are down and Clark Summits begins the count.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

FOUR...

Amber drags herself to the corner, while Silas remains motionless on his back.

FIVE...

SIX...

SEVEN...

The Distorted Angel hauls herself to her feet with a groan. Silas is still unmoving.

EIGHT...

NINE...

Jim Gunt: Holy shit! We're looking at a count-

Abruptly, Silas kips up, landing on his feet at the last second and smirking. The crowd boos loudly and Silas drinks it in, feeding off their anger. Amber, meanwhile, shakes her head, and the two circle each other.

Mike Rolash: So what was that about a count, Jim? Either you're wrong about how the match was going to end, or you're wrong about Silas' aristocratic rank.

Jim Gunt: ... what?

Mike Rolash: He's not a count! He's... what is he?

Amber Ryan charges in and begins throwing lefts and rights. But she's still tired from Silas' earlier vicious assault, and he's able to deflect her strikes and lay her out with a big left hand.

Jim Gunt: He's winning is what he is.

Silas continues working the crowd, as Amber curses under her breath. The Psychotic Aristocrat sees her starting to come to her feet and stands reading, stalking the Distorted Angel. As she rises, he knees her in the stomach and launches a series of snap suplexes, each one planting with a sickening thud! On the third, he goes for the cover:

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Silas cannot believe the call and berates the referee. Amber is able to capitalize on the momentary distraction, grabbing Silas in an Inside Cradle!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: You can't afford to take your eyes off Amber Ryan, not even for a second.

Mike Rolash: Pretty sure that people have been saying that to Caledonia and MJ Flair all month...

At this, Silas is furious and mounts Amber in a Lou Thesz Press, raining down punches until he is bodily pulled off the Distorted Angel by referee Clark Summits. In a rage, Silas shoves the referee away, and Summits hits the back of his head, immediately crumpling!

Silas' nostrils flare, and he realizes that the referee is down. He drags Amber to the corner of the ring and pulls her so that one of her legs is on each side of the post. He grabs her left ankle... and slams her knee into the metal ring post!

Jim Gunt: Holy...

Mike Rolash: Shit!

Silas continues his unrelenting assault on Amber's knees, his eyes flashing with fire as he devastates her with one shot into the ring post after another.

Amber can only growl in response, and Silas steps into the ring. He hauls Amber to her feet by the back of her head and puts her onto his shoulders - FALL OF MAN!

Silas goes for the cover - but the referee is down! The Psychotic Aristocrat roars in frustration and shakes the unconscious referee repeatedly. Clark Summits is just barely coming to... when Amber strikes Silas with a vicious Low Blow!

Mike Rolash: Oh, right in the mommy-daddy button!

The referee is just barely able to make the count as Amber makes another inside cradle cover.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

No... Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Amber Ryan lucky to escape Silas' finishing move there!

Both competitors are down and the referee begins the count once more. Amber rolls to the other side of the ring and hauls herself gingerly to her feet.

Jim Gunt: Amber's clearly feeling the effect of Silas' unrelenting assault on her knees!

Mike Rolash: She's had trouble with her knees in the past. Silas must have done his homework.

Jim Gunt: I tell you what else - Amber's Original Sin DDT is hard to do on a busted knee! Amber's got her work cut out for her in this match.

Silas reaches his feet just before Amber. He snarls and charges in for a clothesline! Amber attempts to counter with a

boot - but her knee gives way! Silas gets all of the clothesline and the wind is knocked out of the Distorted Angel. Silas grins an evil grin and hauls Amber Ryan to her feet once again. He picks her up and spins her around in an Airplane Spin, relishing the boos of the crowd and Amber's disgruntled snarls in equal measure.

Jim Gunt: Silas is just taunting Amber now!

The Psychotic Aristocrat drops the Distorted Angel into a swearing, grunting heap. He taunts the crowd some more and waits for Amber to climb to her feet.

Mike Rolash: No, now he's just taunting Amber.

As Amber makes it to one knee, panting heavily, Silas stops the taunting and gets into a ready stance, his eyes laser-focused on Amber Ryan.

Jim Gunt: This could be the end for Amber! Silas is getting ready for another Fall of Man!

Sure enough, as Amber reaches her feet, Silas is ready with a vicious knee to the stomach. He hoists her onto his shoulders, in the position for the Fall of Man. Amber hangs almost limp.

Silas Artoria (yelling): Hurts doesn't it? Witnessing someone catch up to you.

The crowd boos.

Silas Artoria: And now you fall!

But just as he makes to cast Amber down, she springs into action! She reverses her direction and hooks Silas' arms, crashing down on top of him, her front on his back - and she springs forward into a bridging double underhook submission hold!

Jim Gunt: HOLY SHIT! BURNING THE LOT LOCKED IN!

Silas roars in agony, trying to overpower Amber, but the Distorted Angel holds on with everything she has, her mouth open in a silent scream of exertion as veins pop on her forehead. Silas makes it to the ropes at the last second! But Amber picks him right up and hooks his legs to the ropes, twisting him over with a NASTY DDT. Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match, as the result of a pinfall - AMBER RYAN!

Commercial

Match

The ticking of a clock. Fade in to a wall clock showing 2:45, going with it being all dark, presumably am.

Female voice (wide awake): What is still open at this time?

Male voice (sleepy): Convenience store....

Female voice: OK.

Fade out and back in, clock shows 3:15.

Female voice (still wide awake): I can't wait until the morning, come on!

Male voice (grumpy): Alright...

Cut to a driving car, passing by a 7-11.

Female voice (surprised): Hey, you just-

Male voice: I got this.

They pull into a parking lot of a gigantic building, brightly illuminated. Over the set of entrance doors glows a sign "8-12 - Here for you 25 hours a day, 8 days a week."

Voiceover: 8-12, going the extra mile for you. Now also offering laser eye surgery, car tune ups, architectural design and blood transfusions. When you need it.

Over the Dune from Far Away

Match

A cab is seen pulling up as close to the Boardwalk as the security guards and barriers will allow. A tall man with greying hair gets out and hurries towards the security checkpoint, flashing a laminated pass. He is allowed through and rushes towards the backstage area, a black leather attache case clutched in his arms.

Cut to the backstage area, where The Shadow and the Druids have set up camp on the beach, away from the locker rooms. As the camera turns, Walcott can be seen running through the sand as fast as he can.

The Shadow: Good to see you made it in time, here, have a seat, have some water.

Francis Walcott (out of breath): Thank you. I came straight from the airport.

He takes a long swig of water.

The Shadow: Did you manage to-

Francis Walcott: Yes, yes! I have met Viirala and he gave me his!

He opens up the briefcase and pulls out a manilla folder, handing it over to The Shadow. The document says "Lunae puer libro."

The Shadow: The Moon Child Book?!

Francis Walcott: Viirala's contact in the Epicentre sent him this. He said that apparently they have files translated into all kinds of languages, including Enochian, but at least two thirds of them are red herrings.

The Shadow: So how do we know that this one is real?

Francis Walcott: It is hard to guarantee right now, like I said, I came straight from the airport, but the name is more than ominous!

The Shadow: Wow. Good work, my friend, I am happy you came back in one piece, we will talk about your mission after Paradise is done, but this is a big step and with this we already have won today...

Fade.

Jarvis King (c) vs. Shane Donovan

Match

As the camera pans over the New Jersey crowd, the bell rings, bringing the fans' focus to Ray Douglas in the center of the ring.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is a Last Man Standing match, and it is for the CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPIONSHIP!

The crowd gives a roar of anticipation as senior referee Trent Robbins does some last-minute checkups on the ring itself.

Mike Rolash: I've been waiting all night for this one, Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: Well, me too Mike, but I doubt it's for the same rea...

Mike Rolash: JARVIS KING IS GONNA FINALLY GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM!

Jim Gunt: ...sons. Yeah, that tracks.

As the crowd's cheers of anticipation begin to crest, they're immediately replaced by loud booing, as "High Voltage" by Linkin Park begins to play. From behind the curtain comes Shane Donovan, the reviled Man Made Monster, to a renewed chorus of boos. He adjusts his duster, lined with the titles and accolades he's won throughout his career and saunters towards the ring, with a cocky pep in his step.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, the challenger! From Norfolk, Virginia, and weighing in at 220 pounds - he is the Man Made Monster, SHANE DONOVAN!

Jim Gunt; Well, it's fair to say that the challenger is not a beloved character here in New Jersey!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, and New Jersey is the world capital of cultural geniuses.

Jim Gunt: Would you stop!

Mike Rolash: Calm down, Gorilla.

As Donovan rolls into the ring, his music cuts out, and the capacity crowd on hand gets to its feet as the opening lick of "Hello Timebomb" by Matthew Good Band replaces it.

I found me a reason...

As the song continues to build, smoke begins to pour from the entranceway, and in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen above the entryway:

Some men are born great

Some achieve greatness

But only one man is Jarvis J. King

The crowd explodes in rapturous acclaim, as from the smoke emerges The Internet Icon, with a towel across his shoulders. He wears a steely look of determination on his face as he raises his right arm and tosses the towel to the ground with his left.

Ray Douglas: His opponent hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Weighing in at 240 lbs, he is the reigning and defending CWF Paramount Champion, this is JARVIS KING!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis is focussed tonight on not only defending the Paramount Championship, but also his family's honor, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, he's really concerned about that strap, isn't he Jimbo. So concerned that he doesn't have it!

Jim Gunt: Well, grand theft by the former champion aside, Jarvis looks determined to...wow, he's gonna waste no time at all!

Indeed, the music cuts out abruptly, as Jarvis sprints to the ring, and slides into it. Shane shrugs his coat off and manages to get a single boot in on Jarvis's upper back as he rises, but as the bell rings, both men stand toe-to-toe, and begin unloading rights and lefts with equal measures of accuracy and ferocity! Neither man gives much quarter, but it's Shane who manages to create a bit of separation by aiming a thumb to the eye of King, who recoils. Donovan begins

to press his advantage a bit, but as he reaches to grab at King's hair, Jarvis side-steps a bit, and manages to hook Donovan with a big uranage suplex, sending Shane crashing to the mat below!

Jim Gunt: Uranage from Jarvis King! Will that early move be enough to keep Shane down for 10?!

Mike Rolash: No way! Shane's a long ways away from hitting rock bottom.

Jim Gunt: I see what you did there.

Trent Robbins moves to start the count, but Jarvis immediately moves in, not satisfied to wait for the count at this early juncture. Grabbing Shane by the hair, King hoists him to his feet and locks on a front-facelock. Controlling Donovan by the neck, Jarvis twists in a perfect 360 mid-air, hitting a gator-roll neckbreaker, and maintaining control as the two hit the mat together.

Using his amateur background to his advantage, Jarvis quickly pivots his body, switching from a front-facelock to a rear-gutwrench. Donovan struggles to try and get away from King's grasp, but is unable to do so. Jarvis adjusts his grip, and manages to get both feet beneath him, before deadlifting Shane and arching back with a perfect German suplex!

Jim Gunt: It's all Jarvis here in the early-going, Mike!

Mike Rolash: C'mon, this is classic Jarvis King, Jim. He's gonna get all fired up, upset that he put his family in harm's way, and eventually blow himself up. I've got zero concern here.

Jim Gunt: Well, Robbins is starting the first count of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jarvis, already to his feet, is pacing like a caged tiger at feeding time as Donovan, rolling away from him, begins to use the ropes to steady himself, and get to his feet. The count is broken, and King immediately advances on Shane, looking to press his early advantage. As he grabs Donovan's right arm from behind, the Man Made Monster spins around and hits a big knife-edged chop that echoes throughout the boardwalk! Jarvis recoils, but Donovan comes in with another chop, followed by a left-handed jab to the jaw. King backs up, and Donovan shoots him into the ropes with an Irish Whip.

Jarvis rebounds off the opposite set of twine, and Shane manages to shoot himself around King, grabbing an arm and crossing it around King's chest as he does so. The crowd boos Shane's blatant attempt to utilize King's move against him, but cheers as Jarvis manages to escape with a well-placed elbow to the side of Shane's head. King spins around, and using the arm that Shane had grabbed, shoots Donovan into the corner. Shane recovers, though, and gracefully floats over the top rope, before spinning around and hitting Jarvis with a picture-perfect springboard dropkick! Jarvis crashes to the mat, and then rolls to the outside, allowing him to prevent a count by referee Robbins.

Mike Rolash: What'd I tell you, Jimmy-Jam?! Shane Donovan is a snappy dresser, a handsome man, and an absolute ring general! And now, Jarvis is running scared!

Jim Gunt: Well, some folks may see that as Jarvis being smart and maintaining a vertical base so as to not be counted out...

Mike Rolash: He's a damn coward, Jimbo!

Donovan rolls out of the ring on the ramp-side, perpendicular to Jarvis, and begins to root around under the ring. Robbins gives him some grief, but only gets a one-fingered salute from Donovan for his troubles, as Shane emerges

from beneath the ring, with a couple of toys in hand - first, a steel chair, which he slides into the ring before grabbing the second item with both hands - a wooden table. Shane quickly busies himself with unfolding the table and positioning it at ringside, and, as Jarvis has slid into the ring himself, re-enters the ring, grabbing the chair as he does so.

Mike Rolash: BATTER UP!

Indeed, it's a sickening CRACK as Jarvis turns around, and walks right into a steel chair shot from Shane. The Internet Icon crumples to the mat, a wound already starting to open up and bleed, but he isn't spared another couple of shots from Donovan as he's down. After two, three, four shots to the body, Shane unfolds the now-mangled chair, and sits in it as Trent Robbins begins the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Writhing in obvious pain, Jarvis manages to roll himself to a corner and steadies himself on the lower ropes before using the middle rope to pull himself to a knee, breaking the count. As he hoists himself up, Shane lazily stands up, stalking Jarvis with evil intent.

Jim Gunt: These men used to be good friends, Mike, and now Shane Donovan is doing everything in his power to dismantle and destroy Jarvis King!

Mike Rolash: You heard King himself - he never considered Shane a friend, Mike! He USED him!

Jim Gunt: Well, I think that the point is that they used each other, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Oh come on! Everyone wants to paint Jarvis King like he's some sort of saint, but the fact is that he's as selfish and manipulative as anyone else!

Jarvis, feeling the effects of four chair shots, gingerly uses the top rope to steady himself, as Donovan approaches from behind. Targeting Jarvis's good leg, Shane aims a punishing kick at King's calf. As he does so, Jarvis is forced to put all of his weight on his bad knee, which causes King to buckle and fall to the mat below. Shane laughs and helps Jarvis to his feet, grabbing at his beard and hair to hoist King to his feet.

Donovan shoves Jarvis into the corner, and whips him off into the opposite turnbuckle. King hits the corner hard, and takes a few steps forward from the impact. This leaves him directly in the path of Donovan, who comes flying in with a huge forearm! Jarvis crumples to the mat just in front of the corner, and Robbins begins the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Mike Rolash: Half way there this time, Shaneo!

Jim Gunt: Well, I hate to agree with you, Mike, but it certainly seems that Donovan has managed to weather the initial storm from Jarvis King and is in firm control at this point!

Jarvis rolls to his stomach and manages to get to his feet, breaking the count. Donovan is on him like a moth to a

flame, though, and hits a rolling elbow, sending Jarvis into the corner. Shane hits a sickening chop to Jarvis's chest, followed by some quick rabbit punches to Jarvis's open cut, encouraging more blood to leak into King's vision.

Shane backs up, and lifts an arm in the air, drawing the ire of the Jersey crowd as he does so. Backing into the opposite corner of his foe, he rushes in, doing his best to hit Jarvis with a big Yakuza kick in the corner! King has one of his most well-known hallmarks well scouted, however, and manages to duck at the last minute, leaving Shane in a very compromising position, hung up on the top rope!

Jim Gunt: Then again, don't count The Internet Icon out so quickly!

Riding a wave of adrenaline, Jarvis shoots himself off of the opposite set of ropes, and comes in hot, hitting a big spinning backfist, which sends Shane to the outside! Donovan is quickly back on his feet, necessitating no count from Trent Robbins, but is quickly dropped to his back by a suicide plancha from The Internet Icon! Jarvis immediately presses his advantage, grabbing Shane and whipping him towards one of the posts, however Donovan manages to reverse it at the last second, which sends Jarvis careening into the steel post!

Mike Rolash: A dead body can twitch for hours after death, Jimbo. It's gotta be all over.

Jarvis's body, limp after the impact, basically stays upright simply due to his positioning against the steel ring post, which Donovan uses to help him shove the motionless King into the ring. Robbins begins to count.

ONE!

TWO!

Donovan slides into the ring, following King and breaks the count by grabbing Jarvis by the hair and hoisting him to his feet. With equal parts disgust and anger, Shane spins Jarvis around and motions with a cut-throat motion that the end is indeed near. He grabs at Jarvis's arms, crossing them across the Internet Icon's chest, straightjacketing them tightly. The boos in Jersey are deafening as Jarvis King is lifted and arched backwards by his nemesis with his own move, the Straightjacket Suplex!

Mike Rolash: YES! SWEET POETIC JUSTICE!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, not like this!

Mike Rolash: WE'RE ABOUT TO HAVE A NEW PARAMOUNT CHAMPION JIMMY! I COULDN'T BE HAPPIER!

Jarvis's lifeless body lays in a heap as Donovan sits, laughing cruelly. Trent Robbins begins the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Do you think that after Shane wins, Rish'll come out and present him with the title?

Jim Gunt: Speaking of which, here's the boss with the belt coming right now!

CWF's CEO J. Rish is sauntering down the ramp, the Paramount championship belt tucked under his arm, grinning at the many boos that are thrown at him. He hands over the belt to the time keeper and acting as if he is being cheered on more than the royal couple at their wedding, waving into the crowd and grinning like the Cheshire cat, as he makes his way backstage once more.

THREE!

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: I mean, Christian wants a rematch for the title, I know, but you gotta think he'll appreciate that Shane Donovan's a fine champion for him to go up against!

FIVE!

SIX!

Mike Rolash: OOH! Maybe they'll be co-champions! I'd imagine that the CWF'll allow that! Two great men representing the Paramount title! What an honor!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: Shut up, Mike! Jarvis is back up!

The crowd can hardly believe it themselves as indeed, Jarvis King has managed to get himself, very shakily, to his feet! Shane, with a look of rage and disbelief in his eyes, comes in and swings a big right hand at Jarvis's jaw, but King ducks, and tags him with a quick jab of his own! Donovan, undeterred, throws another haymaker, but again misses as Jarvis manages to duck and weave, tagging Donovan on the jaw with another right hand.

Donovan reels, and is soon hit with another right jab, followed by a short left to the body, and then a palm strike which rocks him into the ropes! He rebounds slightly off the ropes and manages to duck a wild shot from King, which sends Jarvis spinning around. Shane takes the opportunity and quickly locks on a full nelson!

Mike Rolash: MILLENNIAL DESCENT!

Jim Gunt: If Shane hits this it's gotta be done!

Shane hoists Jarvis up, twisting him in mid-air, looking to hit the DDT that completes the move, but at the last second he loses his grip, which allows Jarvis a second to recover! Jarvis grabs Shane by the wrist, whipping him down to the mat with a deep arm drag, and sending Shane across the ring.

Donovan recovers, regaining his footing a half-step quicker than Jarvis does, and approaches the Internet Icon as he's rising to his feet. Jarvis uses this lower-base to his advantage, though, shooting himself behind the Man Made Monster, locking on a full nelson, twisting around and hitting a picture-perfect DDT!

Jim Gunt: MILLENNIAL DESCENT FROM THE INTERNET ICON!

Mike Rolash: NO! THERE IS NO GOD!

Jim Gunt: I BELIEVE THE PHRASE IS SWEET POETIC JUSTICE!

Jarvis is quick to his feet, backing up into a corner to rest as Trent Robbins begins the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: GET UP SHANE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

Shane begins to stir, which elicits an exhausted sigh from King.

Mike Rolash: THANK GOD! I NEVER DOUBTED YOU, BIG G!

Jim Gunt: ...Big G?

As Donovan starts to get to his feet, Jarvis drags himself out from the corner and towards his foe. Shane drops to a knee almost immediately, which forces Jarvis to try and lift his dead weight up. Grabbing a front chancery, Jarvis struggles to lift Shane to his feet, but the Man Made Monster was clearly just playing a bit of possum, as he drops, quite purposely, as Jarvis loosens his grip, and hits an uppercut to King's groin.

Jarvis doubles over in agony, and Shane laughs cruelly as Jarvis drops to a knee. Donovan paintbrushes him with a few slaps, smiling evilly all along, before he pops up to his feet, and bounds off the ropes opposite and hits a big shining wizard! King crumples from the impact and is sent to the outside, just in front of the table that Donovan set up earlier, between the middle and bottom ropes, with the apron itself being all that keeps him from being counted out.

Mike Rolash: Hey, it's that Japanese move!

Jim Gunt: ...I mean, that's a nearly decade-old reference that I don't think anyone'll get anyhow, Mike.

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: ...never mind.

Shane smirks widely, and signals that it's all over. Climbing through the ropes, he grabs King by the hair and wrests him to his feet, and up to the apron. Jarvis limply hangs off the middle rope as Donovan grabs him by the jaw, bringing him to eye-to-eye with the Man Made Monster.

Shane Donovan: YOU DID THIS, JARVIS. THIS IS YOUR FAULT. DON'T EVER FORGET IT, JARVIS.

Shane spits in Jarvis's face as the crowd boos him loudly, and he spins Jarvis around, crossing his arms around the Internet Icon's chest!

Jim Gunt: NO! THIS IS TOO FAR!

Mike Rolash: OH MY GOD, WHAT BEAUTY THIS IS GOING TO BE!

Jim Gunt: THAT'S THE HARDEST PART OF THE RING, AND DONOVAN'S FIXING TO HIT A STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX RIGHT ON THE APRON OF THE RING!

Donovan, talking more smack all along, works to position his feet in the most advantageous position that he can in order to take as little impact as he can. Before he can arch backwards though, King has managed to wriggle an arm free. Shane struggles to get a hold of the free arm, but is caught in the temple with an elbow shot from King for his efforts. Jarvis hits another and tries to break free, but is spun around and hit with a roaring elbow for his troubles.

Jarvis's knees buckle, and he falls to a single knee from the impact. Donovan positions himself behind Jarvis again, this time looking for a full nelson!

Mike Rolash: MILLENNIAL DESCENT! EVEN BETTER!

Donovan uses the full nelson to lift Jarvis to his feet again, but struggles to hoist him up for the DDT. Blocking using the bottom rope as an anchor, Jarvis manages to avoid getting lifted, and quickly aims his free leg with a backwards mule-kick directly between Donovan's legs! Shane doubles over from the pain, releasing his grip on Jarvis, giving the Internet Icon a chance to turn to face his opponent, head-on.

Jarvis grabs Shane's head, pulling him in for an apparent piledriver. King raises his arm up in a salute to the crowd, before grabbing Shane's arms, crossing them across his chest.

Jim Gunt: Wait!

Mike Rolash: No fucking way.

King lifts Donovan up, in perfect piledriver position, with his arms straightjacketed around his torso. Jarvis adjusts his footing a bit, turning his back to the ramp, and then leaps backwards, driving Shane's head through the table below!

Jim Gunt: STRAIGHTJACKET PILEDRIVER!

Mike Rolash: I'm gonna be sick...

Trent Robbins slides out of the ring and checks on both motionless competitors in the wreckage of the table. The CWF's senior official hesitates a moment, but then begins to count!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: UNBELIEVABLE MOVE FROM JARVIS KING!

Mike Rolash: But both guys are out! What happens if neither can make the 10 count?

THREE!

FOUR!

There's a bit of motion beneath the shards of the table, but the wreckage seems to mask who's stirring.

FIVE!

SIX!

Mike Rolash: Someone's moving under there...

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

The Paramount Champion, shoves a piece of table away from himself, clearly the competitor cognizant enough to make a move to get to his feet! He crawls to the ring steps as the count continues.

NINE!

Jarvis manages to pull himself to his feet, as Shane lies motionless!

TEN!

Mike Rolash: NO!

The bell rings, and "Hello Timebomb" begins to play.

Laying Claim

Match

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner.. And STILL PARAMOUNT CHAMPION... JARVVISSSS KIIIIINNNNGGG!

Jarvis raises his hands in victory, exhausted and beaten from what just transpired in the ring, but as he looks for the referee to raise his arm he's nowhere to be found. Instead he is met with the Paramount Championship. Square to his jaw by the hands of Christian Starr! The crowd is instantaneous and in unison with their boos for the former champion! However as always Starr is unphased. He actually doesn't seem to even notice the crowd, instead intently focused on the now prone Jarvis King.

Jim Gunt: My lord! Christian Starr, has just decimated the retaining Jarvis King! How low will this man go to get a rematch for the Paramount Championship!?

Mike Rolash: I have a feeling we're about to find out, Jim, and I couldn't be happier! Starr is the only man around here that deserves that title!

Christian's attention is firmly on Jarvis, he is a man possessed. He slowly, methodically lays the Paramount

Championship down on the canvas in front of the now crawling King. He kneels down and pulls Jarvis' head up by his hair. Although no microphone is on him we can hear his screams.

Christian Starr: "THIS IS MY KINGDOM JARVIS! THIS IS STILL MY CROWN!"

Christian lays a hard boot right to the back of King's skull! He wastes no time at all wrapping his arms around King's face and pulls back, firmly locking in the devastating submission hold, THE KING'S CROSS! He wrenches back, locking the hold in tighter and tighter. Jarvis can't help but to tap the mat frantically, but Christian refuses to let go.

Jim Gunt: He's going to rip his head off!

Mike Rolash: OFF WITH HIS HEAD! OFF WITH HIS HEAD! DO IT!

Finally, Starr releases the hold. He grabs the Paramount Championship from the mat as he quickly pushes himself back to a vertical base. He lays another hard boot into Jarvis, and plants his foot right into his chest. He slowly raises the Paramount Championship above his head, the crowd letting him know just how much they disapprove of his actions.

HAIL TO THE KING!

HAIL TO THE ONE!

Mike Rolash: Christian Starr has just shown that he will stop at nothing to get his hands back on the Paramount Championship!

Ship Ahoy!

Match

???: SHIP AHOY!

Charles State: Whoa, what is happening out there?

A caravel flying the Jolly Roger is on an almost collision course with the galley we saw at the beginning of the show, with some people hanging off its sides, cheering. Alestorm are on the deck of their galley and they have their tankards in the air. As the caravel comes alongside, seven men in full pirate garb jump ship, so to say, two of them carrying kegs. The caravel pushes off again and Chris Bowes takes to the microphone again.

Christopher Bowes: Scallywags and wenches, please welcome our Australian hearties of Lagerstein! And they brought beer and rum!

With this guitars start up and this time around the fans seem to be even more into what is happening as the verse begins

Piracy's a crime and crime doesn't pay
And we go home poor at the end of the day
But I'd rather live my life in rags
Than be taped to a desk with a wife as a hag
We live each day like there's nothing to lose
But a man has needs and the need is booze
They say all the best things in life are free
So give all your beer and your rum to me!

The crowd has turned into a party and it does not take long until almost everybody is singing along the chorus,

We are here to drink your beer
And steal your rum at a point of a gun

Your alcohol to us will fall
'Cause we are here to drink your beer
We are here to drink your beer
And steal your rum at a point of a gun
Your alcohol to us will fall
'Cause we are here to drink your beer

The energy coming off that ship is infectious and on board the increasing consumption of the beer and rum that the Australians brought with them is causing some slight deterioration of the pitch, but to be honest, nobody cares anymore.

Drink, drink, drink, drink,
Drink, drink, drink, drink,
Drink, drink, drink, drink,
Drink, drink, drink

We are here to drink your beer
And steal your rum at a point of a gun
Your alcohol to us will fall
'Cause we are here to drink your beer

As the bands continue their party, we go back to ringside, where Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are ready to go.

The Lost Boys © vs. Freddie Styles & Duce Jones

Match

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but they should have brought us some of that beer and rum, we're drying up here!

Jim Gunt: And Christian Starr is on a roll, at first winning against Crazy Chris and now attacking Jarvis King, this is going to be interesting, REALLY interesting!

The Atlantic City fans are buzzing at ringside for the next contest to take place as the lights illuminating the night sky go out. A hush falls over the crowd as the sounds of police sirens and helicopters fill the air, causing fans to look around to see what's going on. Suddenly the opening lyrics of The Game's "Ali Bomaye" sound off through the PA system.

Get my people out them chains, nigga
I mean handcuffs, time to man up
Put my hands up? Fuck you sayin', bruh?
'Cause I'm a black man in a Phantom
Or is it 'cause my windows tinted?
Car cost 300 thou' and I blow Indo in it
You mad 'cause your daughter fuck with me on spring break
Well, I'ma fuck her 'til the springs break

As the song breaks down, the lights beam back on spotlighting the entrance area as Freddie Styles is seen squatting down, head bent, arms stretched out in front of him, hands in twin pistol formation. Duce Jones stands behind Freddie, his back to the crowd, arms folded across his chest. The fans roaring in admiration, as the two men are both now facing the fans.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a Pure Rules Match, and is for the CWF Tag Team Championships! Introducing first, the challengers heading to the ring at a combined weight of four hundred and twenty eight pounds. Freddie Styles and Duce Jones! SMOKIN' ACES!

The two men have made their way down the aisle and to the ring. Freddie walks up the ring steps as Duce hops on the apron. Both men climbing inside of the ring, Freddie making his way to the middle ropes, while Duce climbs one of the corner.

Mike Rolash: So, what exactly is a Pure Rules Match Jimbo? Never heard that one before...

Jim Gunt: Well if you would've done your research like me, you would know. But for the fans who don't know, the rules are pretty simple. Both teams get three rope breaks, there's a twenty count on the outside, and like Duce stated earlier the titles can change hands on the account of disqualification or countout. So this is going to be an interesting match.

Mike Rolash: Sounds boring to me.

"Slow Decent" hits through the speakers, bringing jeers from the crowd. Sam storms from behind the curtains, heading straight for the ring. Dean soon walks through the curtains himself, shaking his head at his partner.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, at a combined weight of four hundred seventeen pounds! They are the CWF Tag Team Champions! Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter! THE LOST BOYS!

Sam has slid in the ring and standing in his team corner, as Dean finally makes it to the ring, walking up the steps. He climbs inside of the ring, meeting with Sam to try and talk strategy. Sam ignores him though as he takes his tag strap off, handing it to referee Clark Summits who is the official for this match.

Jim Gunt: The question here tonight, is whether these two men will be able to coexist to retain the titles against two formidable opponents in Styles and Jones?

Mike Rolash: Braxton and Coulter are brothers, and with the bond they have, it's going to be hard to break that.

Summits has also retrieved Coulter's belt as he shows them to Duce and Freddie, who nod at them. Clark holds it up for the crowd, who cheer the belts out of respect. He hands them to the attendant at ringside, both Styles and Coulter step to the apron as Braxton and Jones are starting this match off. Summits calls for the bell.

Ding!

Both men circle the ring, finally meeting up in the center with a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Braxton quickly transitions out of the tie-up, twisting the left arm of Jones into an arm wringer. Duce searches for an escape. Jones flips over onto the canvas, kipping up to his feet. Braxton quickly bends the wrist of Jones backwards, taking the former World champ back down to the mat. Braxton stretches the arm of Jones across the canvas, pinning it down, before driving both his knees into the arm! Duce screams out, sitting up and grabbing his arm in pain. This proves costly as Braxton shoots a hard kick to his back, causing Jones to tense up.

Jim Gunt: Braxton all business in this contest so far here tonight, not giving Duce any room to breathe.

Mike Rolash: He's done his research, Jim, he knows about Duce's lingering injuries.

Braxton backs away from Duce yelling for him to bring a real fight. The look on Duce's face turns from one of agony to one of anger, as he slowly rises to his feet, shaking his arm to get some feeling in it. The two combatants lock up again, this time Jones gaining the advantage, cinching a headlock on, Braxton backs them both to the ropes, before shooting Duce across the ring! Upon Duce's return he drops the lighter Braxton down with a shoulder block. Duce bounces off the ropes parallel to Braxton, who rolls to his stomach as Duce runs over top him, bouncing off the opposite of ropes. Braxton is to his feet, leapfrogging over Jones, as he bounces one more time.

Braxton attempts a Spin Kick but Jones rolls through underneath his leg, Duce quickly to his feet Roundhouse Kick! No! Braxton ducks, he goes for a Leg Sweep! Duce jumps over the outstretched leg! Braxton to his feet, Double Dropkick! Neither connect as both men kip up to their feet! The crowd is on their feet cheering the fast paced action. Both men stare each other down, Duce backs up to his corner, tagging in Freddie. Braxton looks towards Dean who

seems nonchalant about everything that's going on. Braxton tags him as he climbs inside of the ring, Freddie is fast as lightning sprinting across the ring grabbing Coulter sending him flying across the ring with an Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex. Coulter is back to his feet though, attempting a clothesline, Freddie ducks underneath. Dean spins around right into the waiting hands of Styles, who plants him to the mat with High Angled Spinebuster! Freddie goes for the cover!

ONE!

Coulter quickly kicks out, hurriedly crawling to his team's corner tagging Braxton back in, he looks down at Coulter with disappointment as he slides out of the ring, shaking his head. Braxton slowly climbs inside as Freddie tells him to bring it. Sam quickly rushes Styles, who takes him over with an arm drag! Both are to their feet and the same action is repeated as Freddie has Braxton locked in an arm bar. He brings the Aussie back to his feet guiding him towards the Smokin' Aces' corner. Styles tags in Duce, both men whipping Braxton to the ropes, blind tag by Coulter. Styles and Jones connect with a double hip toss to Braxton, Freddie cartwheels in front of Sam, connecting with a dropkick to his face as Duce shoots a hard kick into the back of Braxton!

Jim Gunt: Nice tag move from the newly formed team of Jones and Styles!

Mike Rolash: Yea, whatever.. Neither one has seen Coulter tag Braxton.. He shoves Duce into Freddie, and there goes Styles through the ropes!

Jones backs right into the waiting arms of Coulter, who destroys Jones' back with a Backbreaker! Coulter quickly grabs the legs of Jones flipping him over with a Boston Crab! Jones screams out in pain, meanwhile Braxton is back to his feet, running the ropes! He comes flying the ropes taking a rising Styles out with a Suicide Dive, sending him crashing into the front of the announcer's table! The crowd are to their feet, yelling the name of Duce, as Coulter is sitting deep on the bad back of Jones! Summits is right there, asking him if he wants to submit! Jones shakes his head in denial as he begins to will his way towards the ropes. He slowly and painfully crawls towards them, Dean tries his best to hold on, but Duce is finally able to reach the ropes, forcing Coulter to release the hold.

Ray Douglas: Smokin' Aces are charged a rope break!

Mike Rolash: Never knew a rope break could be so serious.

Jim Gunt: It just might have serious implications on this match.

Dean grabs the legs of Jones, dragging him to his team's corner as Braxton is back in the corner, they tag, Coulter hooks Jones for a Northern Light Suplex, connecting with the knee of Braxton! Duce screams out again as Braxton goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Braxton quickly brings Duce to his feet, spins him around, Double Knee Backbreaker! Duce twist in mid air crashing to the mat as Braxton tries for the cover once more..

ONE!

TWO!

Freddie breaks the count, stomping down on the back of Braxton, going back to his corner yelling for Duce to get up! Braxton curses at Freddie, as he brings Duce up, he tells Freddie this is for him. He kicks the knee of Jones, dropping him to a kneeling position, before driving kick after kick to the chest of Duce! Talking trash with each kick. Braxton then backs up, using Freddie's hand gesture to taunt both men before going for a Roundhouse Kick to Duce's head! No! Duce catches the leg of Braxton holding it as he rises to his feet. The crowd going nuts as Jones might be back in this

contest, Enzuigiri thwarts those plans, dropping Jones back to the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Duce is in real trouble here...

Mike Rolash: He's in even more trouble Jim, Wizard of Aus!

Duce is sprawled on the canvas as Sam goes for another cover but Freddie quickly pulls him off. He returns to the corner, pounding on the top turnbuckle, trying to get the fans behind him and Duce. Braxton whips Jones hard into the Lost Boys' corner. Coulter tags in, Rolling Snapmare by Sam into stereo roundhouse kicks to Duce's chest and back! Coulter goes for the cover, as Summits slides in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Dean quickly stomps down on his stomach, before tagging Braxton back in. Braxton gives him a "what the fuck" look as Dean brings Duce to his feet, looking for another double team! Dean grabs the legs of Jones, hooking them, and catapulting Jones into Braxton. However, Duce catches Sam off guard with a forearm knocking him off the apron! Duce then jumps up and double stomps the chest of Coulter, falling to the canvas from the impact! Coulter rolls under the bottom rope to the floor, as Duce begins to crawl for his corner. The fans are going crazy as they shout for Duce to make the tag! He slowly makes his way across the ring as Styles has his hand stretched out... Duce is finally to his knees within inches from making the tag, Wizard of Aus to the back of Duce's head! Duce drops to the canvas, as Braxton sits next to his body, breathing heavily, staring up at Freddie who's pissed!

Mike Rolash: Hahaha! Thought you had a friend!

Jim Gunt: That was quite childish.

Mike Rolash: How can you not laugh at that? That was just awesome!

Sam rolls Jones over going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Smokin' Aces have been charged their second rope break!

Mike Rolash: What the fuck, that was three!

However, it's not as Jones barely managed to get his foot on the rope before the three! Sam has a look of frustration on his face, as he brings Duce back to a vertical base. He Irish whips him towards his team's corner, where he catches Dean with a forearm knocking him off the apron! Sam rushes in, but catches a boot for his troubles! Sam staggers backwards, as Duce makes one last attempt, blasting Braxton with a Bicycle Knee Strike! Both men are down as Summits begins to make the count! The decibel levels of the fans rising loud enough to compete with any arena!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: One of these men need to make the tag to their partner!

THREE!

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: Both of these guys have really been carrying the load for this match!

FIVE!

SIX!

Duce slowly rolls over, crawling towards Freddie as Braxton does the same towards Dean.. Summits stops his count, as both competitors near their corners! Duce leaps out tagging the hand of Styles as Braxton tags in Coulter! Dean goes for a lariat for on Styles, but he ducks underneath. Dean turns into rapid fire knife edge chops to chest, courtesy of Styles! The continuous chops of Styles back Coulter into a corner, Freddie whips him to the opposite corner, follows him in, but Coulter gets a boot up! Dean jumps to the second ropes looking for a Somersault Neckbreaker! Freddie kicks the legs of Coulter, straddling him on the middle ropes! Freddie grabs him by his head, pulling him out of the corner a bit his feet dangling from the ropes! Duce appears from nowhere climbing to the top turnbuckle of the same corner Double Stomping the back of Coulter as Freddie drives him head first into the canvas with a DDT!

Jim Gunt: Oh my, what a double team!

Duce rolls out of the ring, as Freddie goes for the cover. Dean quickly puts his foot on the ropes, breaking the count before it even started! Also costing them a rope break!

Ray Douglas: Lost Boys have been charged their first rope break!

Sam has an annoyed look on his face, as Freddie quickly brings Dean to his feet. He sends him flying across the ring with a T-Bone Suplex! Coulter stumbles back to his feet, and right into a Hangman's Neckbreaker! Freddie goes for a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Braxton breaks the pin! Duce rushes in as well tackling Braxton to the mat and out of the ring to floor. The two men get to their feet exchanging European uppercuts back and forth! Braxton gains the advantage whipping Jones into the guardrail, no, reversal sends Braxton crashing into the guardrail hard! Jones comes charging in at Braxton who sends him flying into crowd! Meanwhile back in the ring, Freddie and Dean are to their feet slugging it out, forearm shot for forearm shot! Sam is finally back on the apron, looking worse for the wear. Coulter gains the advantage as he ducks a wild right from Styles, grabbing him from behind and planting him into the mat with a True Blue Thunder Bomb! He holds on for the pin as Summits slides in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Duce knocks Coulter off the cover!

Mike Rolash: Where is this guy coming from? He's in and out of this match like a magician!

Braxton quickly grabs Duce by his hair and shorts throwing him out of the ring! Dean brings Freddie up by his dreadlocks, bringing him to his team's corner, tagging Sam as soon as he makes it to the apron. "Struth Dean!" is heard from Sam directed towards Dean...

Jim Gunt: Sam seems to just want a breather, but he's not able to get one..

Sam climbs through the ropes as Dean now whips Freddie into the ropes, when he returns Dean pops Styles into the air, GONE WALKABOUT! FREDDIE ROLLS ON THE CANVAS HOLDING HIS MIDSECTION AS BRAXTON GOES FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DUCE BREAKS THE COVER ONCE MORE!

Mike Rolash: There he is again...!

Jim Gunt: Fighting spirit Mike!

Duce rushes to his corner, slapping the pad now, getting the crowd behind Styles. The Atlantic City crowd is loud in the night air! Both men are able to make the tag to their respective partners. They rush at each other as Duce scores with a Superman Punch, that sends Coulter staggering backwards into his team corner! Duce charges, boot for his trouble, Coulter climbs to second rope... DIVING SOMERSAULT NECKBREAKER! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-ROPE BREAK!

Ray Douglas: Smokin' Aces have been charged their final rope break!

Mike Rolash: Ropes are fair play for the Lost Boys!

Coulter smiles as he brings Duce up placing him in the ropes, tying him up with a ROPE HUNG FIGURE 4 NECK LOCK! Duce shouts out in pain as Summits is powerless to stop anything. Dean holds as he taunts the fans, who he stares at while choking the life out of Duce! Freddie quickly makes a move, dropping from the apron, running around ringside, and blasting Coulter with KING OF THE FALL! FORCING HIM TO BREAK THE NECK LOCK, FALLING TO THE FLOOR!

Jim Gunt: This match is getting intense Mike!

Mike Rolash: Who would've thought Styles and Jones would be a decent team?

Duce falls to the canvas, as Freddie slides into the ring, and drags Duce towards their team corner. He tags Duce's hand, meanwhile Coulter has rolled back into the ring, and reaches up to Braxton for a tag... However Braxton isn't tagging in, he drops down to the floor! The entire Boardwalk gasps in unison as Braxton makes his way up the ramp!

Mike Rolash: What the Hell!?!

Coulter looks shocked, but his shock is soon changed into bewilderment as Styles catches him with a Styles Splash in the corner as soon as Coulter rises in the corner, Duce has also recovered and follows behind Styles nailing a Corner Crossbody on Coulter, going through the ropes landing on the apron! Dean stumbles from the corner as Freddie let's off with a Superkick at the same time as Duce springs off the ropes with DUCE'S WILD! THE CROWD GOES CRAZY AS BOTH STYLES AND JONES SET UP IN OPPOSITE CORNERS! DEAN IS TO HIS HANDS AND KNEES WHEN DUCE NAILS HIM WITH A D-TRIGGA FOLLOWED BY AN ATL STOMP, COURTESY OF STYLES! FREDDIE SHOOTS THE HALF AND GOES FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners and NEEEWWW CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! SMOKIN' ACES!

The crowd explodes in admiration as the bell rings! Freddie rolls off the body of Coulter as Duce begins to celebrate the victory, helping Styles to his feet. Summits has retrieved the belts handing them to the new champs who display

them for the crowd!

Jim Gunt: Wow, they did it! They managed to dethrone the dominant champions!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, this is not going to help the Lost Boys get their broken team back together, though, so will Sam join the dark side or will it tear them apart for good?

Line in the Sand

Match

The weight of every step, putting more distance between himself and the ring, grows heavier for Sam Braxton. It takes every ounce of will power by the exhausted and demoralised Aussie Larikin to force his body to take agonising step after agonising step. But he can't turn back. He mustn't. It is possibly the hardest decision Sam has had to make, but for everything he and Dean had been through together, this was one direction he couldn't follow his friend down.

Sam Braxton: Get the fuck out of my way!

He roars as he walks through the back.

Elisha: I hope you do not come to regret this decision...

Watching his struggles is of course leader of Ouroboros and the person responsible for taking Dean away. At least in Sam's eyes.

Sam Braxton: Back the fuck off mate!

Elisha: You realise this makes you the mortal enemy of Dean.

Sam Braxton: Just give me the chance you bloody wanker and I will shove my boot so far up your arse!

From behind Elisha comes Cassandra and Choronzon, ready for the expected attack. Sam grits his teeth and growls, preparing to lunge forward.

Elisha: Not if we get to you first.

???: Go ahead Elisha. See how far it gets you.

Yet again the composite collection of CWF talent who have united in opposition of Ouroboros are on the scene to make the save. Elisha takes stock of the superior numbers and to his credit holds back his minions. Sam looks from one group to the other, very much a lost and confused child in this instant.

Sam Braxton: I hate you with every ounce of being.

He seethes at Elisha. Then turns back to the other group.

Sam Braxton: But I want none of whatever war you got brewin'

???: But Sam. We can help!

Sam Braxton: Opposin' Ouroboros means coming against Dean. And I'd never dream of raisin' a hand against my brother. This ain't my fight.

Everything seems to fade into a blur as Sam continues his pained retreat. The CWF can fall into ruin for all he cares.

Ataxia © vs. Cassandra vs. Billy Anderson vs. Autumn Raven

Match

Mike Rolash: Well, would you be, if I went over to the dark side?

Jim Gunt: Could you...? Please?

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the Championship Wrestling Federation Impact Championship. Introducing first, being accompanied by Mia Rayne, weighing in at 215lbs and from Parts Unknown. He is the current reigning and defending Impact Champion...ATAXIA!!

Ataxia's music start to play as he appears from the entry way, with title belt wrapped around his waist and Mia Rayne by his side, her forehead bandaged up from her previous match against Azrael and her shoulder wrapped up as well.

Mike Rolash: Things have certainly picked up for Ataxia lately. Not only does he have a great prize to show-off to the CWF Universe. He is also the CWF Impact Champion.

Jim Gunt: I'm going to assume you mean Mia Rayne. I have to ask. Who the hell shipped them together?

Mike Rolash: It's like the whole Stay-Puft thing, someone thought of it and POOF it just happened.

The pair make their way down the beach and into the ring where Ataxia holds his title aloft an Mia encourages support from the attending crowd.

Jim Gunt: Give props to Mia for coming out to support Tax, despite the ordeal she faced earlier tonight.

Mike Rolash: Why don't you support me like that?

Jim Gunt: ...Cause we're not dating...

Ray Douglas: The first challenger, making their way to the ring, weighing in at 175lbs, from the Epicentre and representing Ouroboros...CASSANDRA!

Twin purple searchlights begin to pan over the crowd, searching, seeking, finally converging on the entrance ramp as Apocalyptica's "Hope" begins to play. Cassandra stands, smirking, blowing a sarcastic kiss to the crowd before skipping her way down to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Meanwhile Cassandra comes out devoid of any visible presence or support from the rest of her stable.

Mike Rolash: Doesn't mean there isn't something a foot. I tell you Jim, Ouroboros scare the shit out of me.

Ray Douglas: The next challenger, weighing in at 225lbs and from Rincon, Georgia...BILLY ANDERSON!

"Cowboy" by Kid Rock plays throughout the arena but there seems to be no sign of The Lunatic Billy Anderson. Even as the entrance theme plays on, there isn't even the slightest hint of Georgia's Relentless Son.

Jim Gunt: Where is Billy? The CWF Universe hasn't seen or heard anything from Billy for some time but assured us he'd be here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Only an idiot would miss this opportunity, and case in point...

Ray Douglas: I have just received word that Billy Anderson is currently nowhere to be found and the title match will commence as planned. If and when Billy is found he can join the match.

Jim Gunt: Billy might be smart after all. If he arrives late in the match, with everyone tired, he would have a considerable advantage. Implying something hasn't happened to him and this is all some scheme.

Mike Rolash: My man Billy!

Ray Douglas: So the final challenger, weighing in at 125lbs, from Los Angeles, California and representing the Coalition, the Beautiful Psychopath...AUTUMN RAVEN!

Jim Gunt: With the departure of Dean Coulter the Coalition could use some good news, and few things could be better than Autumn taking home the Impact title tonight.

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

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

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

"What the hell,
This ain't no way to treat the living dead
Is this something from a novel that you read
It's time to cut the cord and say goodbye
Cause it's the only thing that hasn't happened yet
And when it does I wished we'd never met
I did the best I could."

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile.

"The sun is shining
But everything's dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood
I swear it's only
Cos you be my lies
Guess I'm misunderstood
You were my deadlihood"

She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Mike Rolash: Well this fatal fourway has, for all intents and purposes, turned into a triple threat. So without any further ado-

Either by some unspoken sense of female solidarity, both contenders instantly focusing their aggression on the defending champion or sheer, unfortunate coincidence both Cassandra and Autumn Raven make a beeline for Ataxia the second the opening bell tolls. Ataxia isn't going to go down quietly and catches Cassandra first with a wild right hand, then another to Autumn Raven. And for a few moments it seems as if the Impact champion may be able to fend off his attackers.

Jim Gunt: No surprise the women set their sights on Ataxia from the get go. Carrying a title is akin to having a target on you.

Mike Rolash: Ataxia was clearly prepared for such an attack, doing well to keep them at bay. God I wish I had women coming at me like that.

Jim Gunt: You have some weird quirks, you know that?

The numbers game does eventually tip the scales out of Ataxia's favour. He successfully holds off Cassandra yet again, sending her careening into the ring corner, only to have Autumn Raven catch him from behind with a surprise attack in the shape of a stiff running dropkick. The Impact Champion pitches forward. Cassandra bursts out of the corner, charging at Autumn, but is sent head over heels to the ring mat courtesy of a back-body drop.

Jim Gunt: Inevitably the momentum has shifted and now Autumn Raven has control.

Mike Rolash: You like it when a woman's in con-

Jim Gunt: DON'T finish that sentence.

Autumn Raven prepares herself, lining up the current Impact champion for her Claw of the Night, clearly intending to bring the match to a quick end. Cassandra lunges from her prone position and latches onto Autumn's boot, preventing the match-ending kick and providing a much needed distraction. Autumn looks down at Cassandra disdainfully and in that moment Ataxia strikes with a running enzuigiri.

Mike Rolash: Cassandra and Ataxia giving it to Autumn, two at once...I wonder if Mia is getting jealous...

Ataxia lunges toward Cassandra and is taken for a brief ride with a deep Japanese arm drag. A move not exactly designed for damage, more for slowing an opponent, Ataxia recovers quickly, which is what Cassandra planned all along, positioning Ataxia purposefully so she can send him awkwardly tumbling through the ring ropes and to the outside of the ring with a front dropkick to the gut.

Jim Gunt: With one of the variables momentarily taken out of the equation, Cassandra can now focus solely on Autumn Raven. Clever tactic by the Prophetess of Ouroboros.

Mike Rolash: You reckon she had a premonition about this bout? What if I asked her for the lottery numbers?

With Mia tending to Ataxia at ringside, Cassandra is free to tend to her other opponent. She gets a firm hold of Autumn's hair, lifting her back to her feet, in position for the Stain of the Prodigy. A hook of the leg for a quick cover, the first of the match, is close behind.

ONE...

TWO...

Autumn kicks out!

Cassandra transitions with perfect flow from the pin attempt into the Beautiful Lie. She is seconds away from securing the submission finisher when Autumn denies her with a quick series of successive right and left elbow strikes into the stomach. With the hold loose, Autumn finishes her swift comeback with a pele kick, knocking Cassandra right in the head and dropping her like a stone.

Jim Gunt: Quick back and forth. No one able to hold the advantage for long.

Mike Rolash: You wondering when Billy Anderson is going to appear?

Jim Gunt: Not really...

Mike Rolash: Yeah. Me either.

Autumn Raven sets up for the signature Broken Future, but as she twists around into the cutter variant Cassandra pushes her off, towards the ring ropes. Ataxia just so happens to be pulling himself up to a standing base on that same apron and notices Autumn Raven coming towards him. Ataxia reacts quickly enough, dropping down with a hold of the ring ropes, pulling them down with him and Raven tumbles over, to the outside.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia finished sleeping on the job and is back in the fray.

Cassandra comes charging at Ataxia and the current Impact Champion lunges between the middle and top ropes, catching the Prophetess in the gut with his harsh shoulder. Winded Cassandra staggers backwards. Ataxia springboards off the top ring rope and lands upon Cassandra with a cross body block, she crumples under the weight and Ataxia holds on for the pin.

ONE...

TWO...

THR-

Cassandra rolls her shoulder!

Mike Rolash: All three competitors boast high-flying skills, I'd be expecting this to be a much faster paced and frenetic match...

Jim Gunt: Ever think perhaps the three competitors are pacing themselves, as not to wear themselves out too quickly, too soon.

Mike Rolash: That implies a degree of cognition not normally attributed to these competitors.

Jim Gunt: You have a point... But why are you speaking like this? Did you have a dictionary for breakfast?

While Cassandra is still down, Ataxia ascends a nearby turnbuckle, motioning for the ever impressive Fall of Angels high-flying technique. However Ataxia has forgotten all about Autumn Raven, having climbed her way onto the apron, and she promptly punishes him for his apparent lack of foresight, pushing him off of the turnbuckle and back down to the ring, crash landing in a most unceremonious fashion. Cassandra also seizes her moment and knocks Autumn in the side of the jaw with a stiff and ferocious forearm and returns her focus back to Ataxia, showing off her flexibility with the Muta Lock submission.

Mike Rolash: The last thing I think anyone wants tonight is any member of Ouroboros leaving with a victory under their belt. Let alone a title belt. So Ataxia, or Autumn Raven better not fuck this up.

As if on cue, Autumn Raven, who had managed to remain on the ring-apron, despite Cassandra's stiff strike, pulls herself to the top of a turnbuckle and with cat like tread and agility leaps into the air. She descends upon BOTH Cassandra and Ataxia, landing bodily upon her opponents with her signature Anti-Hero.

Jim Gunt: Breaking up the submission AND connecting with a signature move on both opponents. That's one way to do it.

Raven is quick to attempt the pin on Ataxia.

ONE...

TWO...

THRE-

Ataxia with the shoulder up.

Autumn then makes a pin on Cassandra

ONE...

TWO...

THRE-

She also gets a shoulder up!

The frustration is clearly growing on Autumn's face, but she doesn't have enough time to let it stew as Ataxia is upon her, grabbing her from behind and throwing her bodily into the corner post with all the strength he can muster as he connects with the ER Stat! In a surreal moment of common cause Cassandra and the Impact champion join forces, laying into the Beautiful Psychopath, raining down the stiff boots as she sits stunned in the corner.

Mike Rolash: Learn Your Lesson Autumn!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia and Cassandra would make horrible teachers. Don't EVER let them near children!

As the two step back to admire their handiwork Ataxia surprises the Prophetess with a hearty slap to her backside. Cassandra rounds on the defending champ who gives her a sly wink (much to the disapproval of Mia at ringside).

Mike Rolash: Do you think Tax and Mia are actually going steady?

Jim Gunt: Going steady? What are you? 15?

Cassandra responds by setting up for the Stain of the Prodigy but Ataxia blocks the signature move with an elbow to the side of the head, swinging around and with his second german suplex of the evening throws Cassandra INTO the recovering Autumn Raven, sandwiching the Coalition member between the Ouroboros member and the stalwart steel post. He laughs manically, giving Mark Hamill a good run for his money as he drags Cassandra out of the corner.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia building momentum is bad news for Cassandra and Autumn Raven.

He leaves Cassandra laying helpless in the centre of the ring, then builds up speed with a charge into the ring ropes. He jumps up and springs off the top rope, landing perfectly atop Cassandra with the Revivifier and holds on for the pin.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Mike Rolash: A desperate dive from Autumn Raven to make the last minute save!

Jim Gunt: How she is still conscious is beyond me!

The Impact champion punishes Autumn's tenacity with a stiff forearm, then a spinning wheel kick that sends the Beautiful Psychopath careening yet again over the ropes and to the outside of the ring. Ataxia has yet another fit of nightmare inducing laughter then blows a kiss Mia's way. He turns back to face Cassandra when all of a sudden "Cowboy" by Kid Rock plays across the beach.

Mike Rolash: What? Really? Now?!

Jim Gunt: Better late than never I guess.

At first Ataxia seems uninterested in the 'fashionably' late arrival of the fourth contestant of the match.

Jim Gunt: Wait. That's not Billy Anderson.

However the defending champion double takes when he realises it is not Billy Anderson rushing down the beach towards the ring, but in his place is the all familiar black-and-green costumed visage of Impakt, albeit with the addition of a cowboy hat upon his head.

Impakt: LEEEEERRRRRROOOOOOY JENKINS!!!!

Mike Rolash: Business is about to pick up.

Jim Gunt: You want to get sued?

Mike Rolash: Ah I mean... Things just got a lot more... ah... interesting...

Jim Gunt: How do you still have a job?

Impakt throws the cowboy hat into the bleachers and leaps atop the apron. He evades a wild swing from Ataxia then leaps forward, rolling OVER the Impact champion and connecting with an amazing corkscrew superkick straight to the throat of Cassandra, rising behind Ataxia.

Jim Gunt: Word from the powers-at-be is that since Billy Anderson never showed up, Impakt pitched to take his place, and I guess he convinced them. I repeat, Impakt is officially the fourth contender for this match.

Impakt rushes forward, out of the reaching grasp of Ataxia and springs off the ropes. Ataxia however is not there, aware of the impending danger and also rushes forward. Impakt arcs through the air, up and over the defending champ, somersaulting and sticking a picture-perfect superhero landing. He looks at Ataxia and chances are, if not for the mask, the entire Boardwalk would see the young man smiling proudly.

Mike Rolash: I've never seen Impakt so fired up!

Jim Gunt: Obviously he's gone to the next level.

Mike Rolash: Ugh!

Impakt waves his finger at the champ, admonishing his attempted sabotage of the springboard move, summoning the powers of Neo the Green-and-Black Power Ranger bends backwards and perfectly evades the rushing lariat from the current Impact champion.

Mike Rolash: How awkward would it be announcing Impakt as the Impact champion. Let's avoid that shall we.

Jim Gunt: I mean...it's all in the name.

Impakt performs a backward headstand, wrapping his feet around the head of Ataxia and sends the champ sprawling with a headscissor whip. He notices Autumn Raven re-entering the ring and raises his hand.

Impakt: Stop!

Confused Autumn pauses. Impakt motions to the fallen form of Ataxia, offering him up to Autumn then points to the form of Cassandra and himself.

Impakt: She's mine.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is he getting at?

Jim Gunt: Oh. Oh no. Impakt isn't here for the Impact title.

Mike Rolash: Then what?!

Jim Gunt: He wants to get at Ouroboros.

On cue, Impakt throws Cassandra against the ropes then hits a stiff running lariat that sends both of them careening over the ropes and to the outside of the ring, momentarily taking them both out of the grander fight. Autumn looks from the Impakt-Cassandra pile, then to Ataxia. The Beautiful Psychopath shrugs her shoulders and steps into the ring, Mia trying her best to pull Autumn's attention away by shouting out deriding insults, to no avail. Outside Impakt continues to lay into the Prophetess of Ouroboros, uninterested in the goings-on in the ring.

Jim Gunt: This match just took an odd turn.

Mike Rolash: Here come reinforcements!

With Impakt's sudden entry into the match, the rules have decidedly changed and now out come Elisha and Choronzon, rushing to the aid of their treasured member. Understandably referee Scott Dean has no clue on how to handle this situation, trying to keep the action inside the ring in order and not wanting things to devolve further into more chaos. Autumn Raven advances on the rising Ataxia and nails the Broken Future. She goes for the cover, but Mia is on the apron in a second, pulling the referee's attention towards her instead of the pin attempt.

Jim Gunt: I don't envy referee Scott Dean's job right now.

Impakt has noticed the approach of other members of Ouroboros and takes the fight to them. He ducks a lariat from

Elisha and charges toward Choronzon, trailing behind his leader. A dropkick sends the Disciple into the fans in the bleachers. Swinging back around, the speed of Impakt proves the better of the Moonchild and he floors Elisha with the Combo Breaker.

Mike Rolash: I can't decide where to watch!

Pissed at the interference that prevented what could have very well been Autumn's title victory the Beautiful Psychopath removes the problem with a dropkick to Mia that sends her from the apron and to the outside. Autumn looks to Impakt, content he's attention is on taking the fight to Ouroboros and thus not a factor in this match, and returns to the matter-at-hand in the current and defending champion, Ataxia.

Jim Gunt: Autumn finds herself a rare opportunity. She could very well claim victory here!

With no one else to worry about Autumn raises Ataxia to his feet, setting up for the double knee backbreaker that precedes the Nevermore submission technique. As the Beautiful Psychopath jumps up, the Impact champion comes to his senses, reacting as if by instinct and connects with a variant of the hip-toss. She stumbles and scampers into a nearby corner. Cassandra tries to crawl back into the ring, hoping Impakt is distracted enough to slink back into the true fray. Alas it was not to be. Impakt grabs her and is seconds from pulling her off of the apron when Choronzon makes the save with a diving chop block to Impakt's knees. The Prophetess capitalises with a stiff back kick to the head of the Masked Millennial.

Mike Rolash: I get the feeling the end of this match isn't too far off. But for Impakt...I fear it's just beginning.

Ataxia advances on the literally cornered Autumn Raven, the Beautiful Psychopath grasping a hold of the ring ropes, using them as support to leap up and catch the champ under the chin with a stiff kick. Ataxia staggers back. With a sudden burst of speed Autumn rushes out of the corner, but misses the charging lariat, Ataxia managing to duck underneath at the last possible moment and uses his own momentum to run toward the corner, somehow still having the energy and sense to swiftly step up onto the top of the turnbuckle. He doesn't miss a single step, in the blink of an eye he is off the turn post and through the air, catching Autumn Raven by surprise with his impressive Peaceful Tolerance airborne kick.

Jim Gunt: Does Ataxia even realise Cassandra is poised and ready to strike?

On cue the Prophetess leaps off of the top ring ropes for the Poet's Regret, but Ataxia proves he is not only aware, but also prepared for her attack and catches Cassandra mid-air with a jumping dropkick right into the gut. The match has clearly taken its toll on the champion as well, despite the momentary reprieve he takes his time to gather his strength and senses. He crawls over to a corner, using the ropes to pull himself back to his feet and slowly climbs to the top of the post.

Jim Gunt: This may be a more dangerous place for Tax to be in considering his exhaustion.

Ataxia salutes Impakt and Ouroboros battling on the outside, then leaps from his elevated perch, somersaulting through the air (not as gracefully as is the norm) and landing atop Cassandra with the Fall of Angels. He maintains a hold for the pin attempt.

Mia cheers him on

ONE...

Mike Rolash: Could this be it?!

Autumn Raven is still reeling from the impressive match-ending kick and unable to intervene.

TWO...

Impakt still has his focus on the members of Ouroboros. At this stage Dean Coulter, though late to the party, has gotten

involved.

THREE...

Jim Gunt: Ataxia retains! Ataxia retains!

Ray Douglas: And the winner and still Impact champion - AATAXIAAAA!

Maximum Effort

Match

There is no post-match celebration, just a hasty retreat. Mia is quickly into the ring grabbing Ataxia and the Impact title from the refs hands. Together they head up the beach, not insane enough to stick around when and where Ouroboros is concerned. Autumn Raven is not far behind. Impakt notices Cassandra recovering in the ring and with no other enemies currently standing before him slides into the ring. Exhausted from the battle, Cassandra pulls herself to her feet, swinging a wild fist at Impakt. The Green-and-Black Ranger dodges, coming off the ropes and connecting with the Critical Hit. However while this is going on the remaining members of Ouroboros; Elisha, Dean Coulter and Choronzon fan out and surround the ring, standing upon the apron at different sides of the ring, limiting Impakt's choices for retreat.

Jim Gunt: I fear your prediction true. Though the match is over, it is only now beginning for the young Impakt.

Mike Rolash: Ouroboros' retribution will not be swift, nor merciful.

Jim Gunt: Oh god. Kid, if you know what's good for you. Get out of there!

Dean Coulter is the first to advance, receiving a Combo Breaker for his trouble. Impakt makes no moves towards an exit, standing his ground defiantly and motioning for the next challenger. It comes in the form of Choronzon, who also cops a Combo Breaker for his trouble. Then there was only Elisha.

Impakt: Come on, you son of a bitch. One v One me!

The Moonchild menacingly steps into the ring and just for something different Impakt comes at him with the Combo Breaker, turning the post-match into a real superkick party. Elisha however is ever the party-poopier and catches the Masked Millennial's foot, blocking the signature kick.

Mike Rolash: I almost feel sorry for the young man.

Jim Gunt: Almost?

Mike Rolash: He did kind of bring this upon himself.

Elisha stares down at the impetuous young man, promising unimaginable pain. The mask prevents anyone from seeing Impakt's true expression, but something about the subtle shift in his posture implies the young man may truly understand why he was warned not to get involved. It is possible the young daredevil finally feels raw, unadulterated fear.

Jim Gunt: Those watching at home may want to change the channels. This is going to be ugly.

Elisha throws Impakt's leg down then nails the young man with a hellacious lariat, possibly the stiffest in the wrestling industry and Impakt crumples like a ragdoll. To the young man's credit, Impakt continues to try and fight back, receiving a massive boot to the chest as he attempts to rise, then a powerful axe-handle smash across the back in response to yet another attempt.

Jim Gunt: Just stay down kid!

The Moonchild gets a firm hold of his quarry but Impakt is determined not to be outdone, though his confidence is swiftly fading away. Impakt hits an uppercut that has Elisha staggering backwards. From behind Cassandra catches Impakt in the back of the knee and the Masked Millennial is felled. The three disciples, Cassandra, Choronzon and Dean lay into Impakt, raining down a furious flurry of booted feet. Elisha grabs him around the throat, lifting him up with ease and with a growl, baring teeth like the predator that he is, the Moonchild brings Impakt down upon his knee with a chokeslam-backbreaker, holding him in place across his knee and pushing down. The young man that is Impakt cries out plaintively in pain and desperation.

Mike Rolash: Do you think now he realises his mistake?

Jim Gunt: Why didn't he listen...

Elisha barks something to Dean Coulter who hesitates and begins to reply, but the Moonchild shouts back and Dean complies without further resistance, sliding outside to grab a table from underneath the ring.

Jim Gunt: Oh God!

Mike Rolash: This is...this is sick. Not even I am enjoying this.

Cassandra grabs a steel chair, while Choronzon has grabbed a microphone, offering it to their leader. The Moonchild released the helpless Green-and-Black Ranger, letting him drop to the floor.

Elisha: Lift him up.

Choronzon and Dean work together to lift up the unmoving form of Impakt, in a position reminiscent to a cross. Dean Coulter turns away, unable to watch. Elisha motions to the fallen warrior.

Elisha: Witness us! For this is the fate that awaits any and all who dare deign to oppose the rise to prominence of Ouroboros!

With little to no effort the mask is torn right off of Impakt's head, revealing beneath it a brown-haired figure, barely a man.

Elisha: A boy! A mere child! This is who you would have fight your battles for you Shadow? Caledonia? Pathetic! Now he shall pay for his foolishness and YOUR cowardice!

Impakt is dropped and he starts to stir, cursing Elisha and Ouroboros before he is silenced by a sudden chair shot from Cassandra across the back of the head. Dean and Choronzon set up the table. Elisha grabs Impakt and with him firmly in his vice like grip the Moonchild ascends a nearby turnbuckle. With his signature malicious grin and no sign of fight left within the young man he destroys the table, and more than likely Impakt in the doing, with a Ganso Bomb off the top and through the table.

Jim Gunt: For fuck's sake! Someone stop this!

Elisha looks down at his handiwork.

Elisha: Mediocre!

He motions for the rest of the stable to once again resume their relentless assault.

J. Rish: Stop right there you sick sons of a bitches!

At the top of the beach, flanked by seemingly the entire CWF roster and a team of EMTs is the CEO of the promotion, J. Rish. He is beyond pissed.

Rish: That is enough Elisha! You have more than proven your point. And if anyone takes as much as another step toward the kid, not only will I fire your arse on the spot, you will be charged with assault and battery!

Elisha: Do not interfere!

Rish: I said STOP! This goes beyond anything and everything we have agreed upon. We're going to let the EMTs take the boy to the hospital and then we are going to recommence the PPV.

Jim Gunt: I hope there isn't any permanent damage. All Impakt wanted to do was be recognised.

Mike Rolash: Well now he's going to go down in history as the failed David vs Goliath.

Elisha smirks, pauses glances at his companions and then at the broken mess of humanity at his feet. Elisha raises a fist as if to get in one last strike, smirking as a look of horror passes over Rish's face.

Elisha: Let's go. There has to be one bar in this shithole city we can use to celebrate. And Rish...

The smirk turns to hatred.

Elisha: Don't get ideas above your station. We can destroy you in a heartbeat. And your little boy, too.

Cassandra blows Rish a kiss.

Cassandra: Toodles!

Hesitantly Rish, the EMTs and their backup head down to the ring, pulling the unconscious young man from the ring and onto a stretcher. Ouroboros raise their arms in victory (Dean Coulter needing a jab in the ribs to prompt him) and relish in the vitriolic jeers and boos.

???: You whine about a young man fighting our battles yet you have to rely on the help of three other people to overcome "a mere child". A sign of true strength, Moonman...

Elisha's head whips up, where The Shadow is standing on top of the pier, eleven hooded figures (and one man in a kilt) standing next to him.

The Shadow: Prepare to dine with the fishes tonight, Elisha...

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is throwing down the gauntlet, but I may need to join Sam Braxton at the bar later tonight to try and forget what just happened.

Mike Rolash: Thank God the night is almost over.

Out of the Haze

Match

The camera cuts to the backstage area under the pier. A camera man is weaving through the stagehands, producers, wrestlers and other entourages that litter the area. Tara Robinson is shouldering people aside as she makes her way to Billy Anderson's locker room since he mysteriously had not shown up for his match for the Impact championship with Ataxia, Cassandra and Autumn Raven. As she gets there, its door is partially off the hinges, the area around the lock splintered. Tara stops dead in her tracks and calls for security and it does not take long before a very burly gentleman walks into the view. He knocks at the door and after there is no answer, he carefully pushes it open.

The place is trashed, clothes everywhere, chairs overturned and against the back wall sits Billy Anderson, barely conscious, blood running from the corner of his mouth and one eye starting to swell shut. Next to him stands Xander Haze, sweating, a look of seething anger etched on his face...

Fade.

The Shadow vs. Elisha

Match

The picture switches to a magnificent frigate that is anchored just off the Atlantic City coastline. The sails are rigged, the cannons have been removed, not to give anybody any funny ideas. The three master is a beauty of a ship, black sails furled up, the Poseidon figurehead gleaming in the sunlight, the ship's wooden planks stained from years out at sea. On top of the main mast the Jolly Roger is fluttering in the wind together with two other flags, completing the look of an authentic vessel from the golden years of piracy.

The camera zooms in on Blake Church and Charles State standing on board of the HMS Poseidon right at the gunwale as the drone comes closer. They are both dressed up in their best pirate gear.

Blake Church: Ahoy, mateys! Welcome to the HMS Poseidon!

Charles State: A beautiful ship it is and the perfect location for our next match, one that the world has not seen before, featuring two of the most bitter rivals the CWF has ever seen on top of it!

Blake Church: They nearly bashed each other's heads in at our Confliction PPV in a now iconic Moon vs. Shadow match that still has the fans and media talking and they had announced that the war was not over. And just before we saw that we can expect no less intensity this time around!

Charles State: The first match was on land and now they are taking to the seas in the CWF's, and possibly the world's, first ever Pirate Ship Plunder match! Both contenders are currently making their way to this proud vessel in obviously separate boats...

The camera switches to show two boats being rowed from the shore towards the ship, one with the Chosen in their grey suits rowing in perfect unison with a scowling Elisha looking over in the bow, while the other one has the twelve druids propelling with The Shadow standing unmoving at the stern of his boat, staff in hand, looking at the Moonchild's boat, the look on his face as stoic as ever.

Blake Church: Now the rules for this match are fairly simple. One member of either team has to climb all the way to the top of the main mast and capture the other team's flag to win. Easy, right?

Charles State: Well, the little detail is that it will not just be The Shadow and Elisha competing, but all members of the Chosen and Druids as well, so it is kind of a 26-person match, making it the biggest non-battle royale match in CWF's history and arguably also the one with the biggest "ring". And an additional stipulation is that if someone is thrown off the ship, they are out of the match, so this could turn into a quite brutal affair, because I can tell you, it is a long, long way down from all the way up there.

He points upwards toward the top of the main mast and the picture cuts to a camera mounted at the very top, really showing the true height of the ship.

Blake Church: And if someone gets thrown off from up there you can only pray that they will not miss the water, otherwise they would be in some serious, serious trouble. Also all cannons, swords, knives etc. have been removed from the ship, but that being said, these gentlemen have proved in the past that they can be quite, let's say, creative in finding items that could be used, or abused, to aid their cause.

Charles State: The question has been raised prior to this, if there will be a referee on the ship and if so, what his actual role would be. So, yes there is, Scott Dean has been assigned to this match, even though I heard that it was more a case of nobody else wanting to spend some time in the crow's nest, but that is besides the point. His role is to officially declare the winner in case there would be an attempt to capture both flags at the same time.

He puts his hands to his mouth and yells upwards.

Charles State: HEY SCOTT!

The picture switches to show Scott Dean sitting in the crow's nest right next to the flags, looking decidedly uncomfortable up there.

Blake Church: Crunch time is nearing, the teams have arrived!

A drone camera shows both teams scaling the sides of the ship via rope ladders before being led towards the opposite ends of the ship to avoid any early escalation, remaining in each other's line of sight nevertheless. The Chosen take off their suits, revealing grey wrestling suits, while the Druids do the same, leaving them in black tights and black, sleeveless shirts with their respective rune on them, several of them with war paint in their faces, hair braided or just wild, showing a distinct difference to the clean-cut Chosen and their uniform look.

Jim Gunt: This is a match that many fans have been looking forward to ever since Elisha and The Shadow's last encounter at Confliction and it is an impressive setting.

Mike Rolash: Yes, very much so, and it also is interesting to see how extremely different the two teams are, the Chosen all clean and orderly, looking like a machine and on the other side the Druids that look like a rag tag band that they just pulled out of the woods, but they have proven before that looks indeed can be deceiving.

The camera shows shots of Elisha and The Shadow side by side, Elisha with an almost arrogant look of confidence on his face.

The Shadow: Elisha!? Have you ever heard of "Lunae puer libro"?

All of a sudden all colour drains from Elisha's face and his determination is replaced by a look of total and genuine shock.

Elisha: How do you know of this?

The Shadow: It does not matter, just know that even if I lose, I already won...

Mike Rolash: What on earth did that mean?

Jim Gunt: I have no idea, but I think this is the first time ever that I have seen Elisha truly shaken! But to get back to the match on hand, all the familiar faces are there, hold on, there is one druid that still has his robe on and it looks like it is the replacement of Walcott, Blake, can you check, please?

Blake Church: I'm on my way!

He approaches the remaining druid and taps his shoulder. The man turns around, pushes back his hood and...

Mike Rolash: OH MY GOD! Dorian Hawkhurst! IT IS DORIAN!

A big pop of surprise goes through the assembled crowd upon the reveal.

Jim Gunt: We are used to surprises around here, but this one I did NOT expect! Well, I guess nobody expected.

Ataxia: Like the Spanish Inquisition?

Mike Rolash: Aaaah! For God's sakes, how often did I tell you to stop this sneaking up thing?

Ataxia: Hm... At least three times!

Mike Rolash: And you still don't understand it?

Ataxia: Oh, I understand it, but when's the last time I followed rules? AAHAHAHAHAHA!

With that he bounces off, leaving a clearly uncomfortable Mike Rolash behind, while Jim Gunt is trying his best to not burst out in laughter.

Charles State: Yes, this is one heck of a surprise here and I think that Elisha is probably not going to be happy about

this new development!

Blake Church: OK, gentlemen, may I have your attention? The rules are clear - whoever captures the other team's flag at the tip of the main mast wins. Whoever gets thrown off the ship and lands in the water is officially out of the match. Other than that - may God have mercy...

With this he steps to the side and watches the hordes run at each other, clashing roundabout midships into a maelstrom of fists, kicks, headbutts and more.

Jim Gunt: This promises to be a worthy rematch to Confliction! And two people are not participating so far...

Mike Rolash: No, both Elisha and The Shadow are standing unmoving, staring daggers into each other, I guess both of them waiting for the other's first move.

In the meantime the battling Chosen and Druids are spreading out over the width of the ship, utilizing anything in sight, ropes, cudgels and more. One of the Chosen, Ahriman, is precariously dangling over the gunwale, when another grey-clad Ouroboros follower clobbers Dolgoplov over the head with a stick and races to the side of his (almost) fallen fellow. Dajjal yanks the stocky Swiss Druid, Detwyler, off of him, dispatching of him with a high knee before bringing Ahriman back up. Their brief solace does not last, though, as Dorian Hawkhurst comes barreling through, knocking both to the deck, but the Demon of Sobriety does not stop or look back, but is on a direct path to Elisha, who takes up a battle stance, a cruel smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

Jim Gunt: Looks like the Moonchild is getting involved now, too!

Mike Rolash: He sidesteps Dorian's charge, sending him into the wall of the ship's stern.

Charles State: Guys, there is more happening over here!

The camera cuts to The Shadow using the momentary distraction to make a run for the shrouds and start climbing up the ratlines. Elisha immediately springs into action, but Choronzon is in hot pursuit, having been the closest to that side of the mast. He begins to climb the shroud from underneath to save on time and manages to grab onto one of The Shadow's feet, yanking down with his full body weight by letting go of the shroud. Literally pinned to the spot, The Shadow tries to get his other leg through the ropes to kick off the leader of the Chosen, but a quickly approaching Elisha cuts into his concentration. Suddenly the weight is gone as Choronzon is hit by a cudgel thrown by an unknown hand, and he topples backwards, half sliding, half tumbling down the lower parts of the ratlines, coming to rest against the gunwale as Elisha reaches him.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, that is a pretty precarious position for The Shadow here!

Mike Rolash: Elisha could just throw him overboard right now and then what?

Jim Gunt: Then The Shadow would be out of the match and Elisha pretty much would have an easy path to the top.

But thankfully for the fans this battle does not end that quickly, as The Shadow manages to avoid the lunge of Elisha, rolling off the ratlines and back on deck. Elisha jumps over the ropes in pursuit of The Shadow, who darts in between and around thick lines of rope, stowed tarps and some of the debris the battle already has left behind on the deck. With Elisha close behind him, he grabs on to one of the shrouds with both hands, uses his momentum to swing himself around and hit Elisha in the back with both knees, sending him sprawling to the old wooden planks.

Blake Church: Nice use of the ship here, Elisha is still on the ground, but I think there is something else happening over on the starboard side, Charles?

Charles State: Yes, we have the first race for the top, one of the Chosen ladies, I believe Jezebel, is climbing up the ratlines over here and that really thin and tall Druid, what was his name again -

Blake Church: Fagermo?

Charles State: Fagermo! Thanks! He is right at her heels.

Jezebel briefly halts her ascent in an attempt to kick at her pursuer, but misses, allowing him to almost get alongside her. She hits him with a vicious elbow to the side of the head, causing him to almost lose grip. As he hangs off with one arm, trying to regain his balance, she brings her boot down on his hand and he lets go with a scream, bouncing off the ratlines a bit further down and all the way into the waters of the Atlantic.

Mike Rolash: One down, many more to go!

Jim Gunt: Haha, funny. Not. Anyways, Fagermo is out of the match, so right now there is a number advantage for Elisha and the Chosen, but maybe not for long!

With a satisfied smile on her face Jezebel continues her climb, but the smile is quickly wiped off her face as another flying wooden cudgel hits her in the ribs, causing her to let out a pained yelp.

Charles State: Looks like we found the source of the cudgels, like the one that took Choronzon down, Mr. McLean from the Druids seems to have taken up axe throwing or something, because his precision with those things is impressive!

Blake Church: What is less impressive, though, is these dark clouds that are coming in from the sea right now and they are moving quite fast...

Matthias Eddy is racing up the ratlines to reach Jezebel and prevent her from continuing to climb up, taking advantage of her still trying to nurse her probably bruised ribs. At first he tries to grab her leg and pull her off her perch, but she grabs on with both arms, trying to wedge herself in. While they are wrestling back and forth up there, Elisha is trying to find The Shadow, who seems to have disappeared among the chaos, sending kicks and punches upon any Druid in his way on his way to where Jezebel and Eddy are trading blows, propelled forward by the prospect to get his hands on Eddy again after the water torture just three weeks ago.

Charles State: And affirmative, Elisha is on his way!

Mike Rolash: And he does not look happy!

As he gets close to the ratlines, Eddy spots him and shoots him a withering look. With renewed vigour, Eddy grabs Jezebel, yanks her off the ropes and SIDE SUPLEX ONTO ELISHA!

Blake Church: Holy shit! I have to check this out to see they are ok!

Jim Gunt: This was insane!

The two falling people missed Elisha by a hair, barely touching him, but both Jezebel and Eddy are sprawled on the floor, the wind knocked out of them from the harsh impact. Elisha is seething with anger at both the almost successful attack and also seeing one of his Chosen almost motionless on the deck. He bends down to grab Eddy when The Shadow flies at him with a running drop kick that throws Elisha against a crate, shattering it under the impact. In the background Babalon is hitting Carvanha with a super kick before Heresiarch picks him up and throws him over the gunwale and off the ship just as The Shadow is taken down hard by Choronzon and Armilus with a brutal double clothesline.

Jim Gunt: 2-nil Chosen!

Mike Rolash: Does any of these freaks have to win?

Ataxia: No, because I still win!

Mike Rolash (jumping up): For God's Sakes, man! Stop it, stop it, STOP IT!

Ataxia: Aaaw, you're no fun!

Jim Gunt: While we have you here, Ataxia, were you aware of the fact that Dorian Hawkhurst would be part of the

Druids tonight?

Ataxia: How could I not? The writing was on the walls for all to see!

Mike Rolash: It was?

Ataxia: Our matches have all just been to get to know each other better and prepare everybody!

Charles State: Excuse my, guys, but we have a thing going on over here!?

Just as we get back to the Poseidon, Detwyler is plowing into a group of Chosen that are just giving two other Druids a beatdown, his sheer force driving two of them over the edge of the ship, with both Incubus and Succubus headed for the water, but they manage to hold on to the stocky Swissman and take him with them into the watery depths.

Mike Rolash: Three for the price of one, finally we're getting somewhere!

As The Shadow is climbing up one set of ratlines, the first raindrops are beginning to fall and some thunder is rolling above.

Jim Gunt: Let's batten down the hatches, people, it's going to get wet!

Similar to the early stages of the match, Choronzon is in hot pursuit of The Shadow, but this time on the "right" side of the ratlines. The rain is making the climb more slippery already and one slip is all Choronzon needs to get to The Shadow. He grabs on to his leg again and yanking sideways lets himself fall off the shrouds, taking the Weaver of Dreams with him through a wooden hatch into the cargo hold below. The remaining Chosen gather at the bottom of both ratlines leading to the top of the main mast, doing their best to fend off the druids and sheltered by his Chosen, Elisha is starting to climb up one set of ratlines, continuously looking around to see, if he could see The Shadow anywhere, but his adversary is nowhere to be seen. On the opposite side of the ship, the red-haired druid O'Fathaigh is climbing up himself, having a bit of a lead on Elisha, who is unaware of one of his opponents being closer to the goal.

Blake Church: Looks like we are starting with the races to the top here!

Jim Gunt: Elisha seems more preoccupied with The Shadow than realizing that someone else already is on his way up ahead of him!

As the ratlines converge towards the top, Elisha realizes that he is not alone and tries to rush to the futtock shrouds just underneath the top. O'Fathaigh tries to kick Elisha off, but the Moonchild manages to duck under just in time before pulling himself onto the top. O'Fathaigh manages to connect with a hard chop to the chest that has Elisha reeling for a moment, but he cannot take advantage of it as Elisha regains his balance and charges forward, hitting the Irishman in the mid-section and into mast behind him. The thunderstorm has hit with full force now, buffeting winds making the wet top treacherous, restricting our view a bit, since we have to rely on the installed cameras along the masts and rigging, because the drones obviously cannot operate in this weather. Elisha grabs the Druid and with all his strength pulls him away from the mast and off the top, sending him down into the water.

Mike Rolash: The endgame has begun and it looks like the Moonman is on his way to victory here!

Charles State: Not necessarily, looks like people have forsaken (no pun intended) the deck and are going for the rafters now!

While all of this happens above, there is plenty of activity on the shrouds and ratlines, as several Druids and Chosen are scrambling to get up there to assist. On the deck several combatants are knocked out or barely moving with various visible injuries. The Shadow and Choronzon are emerging from below the deck on different ends of the ship, one of The Shadow's eyes partially swollen and Choronzon limping, but both are beelining for the same ratlines to ascend to the top. As The Shadow takes his first steps up, Choronzon comes running and jumps off in order to intercept him, but out of nowhere Dorian tackles Choronzon with a sickening impact.

Jim Gunt: These men are going to feel this tomorrow!

Mike Rolash: If we can find them...

Elisha is switching his attention to the last climb to the top and the flag, but a voice stops him dead in his tracks. Matthias Eddy is standing across the top and if looks could kill, Elisha would be in Davy Jones' Locker now.

Matthias Eddy: The Founder died alone covered in his own filth, cooped up in a cell like a common criminal. He was a fraud and so are you!

With this he charges at Elisha with reckless abandon, tackling him. While he manages to avoid a full impact, Eddy's glancing blow throws him off balance and they both go over the edge of the top!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, they are dead...

The camera from the ship's deck pointing up shows Eddy plummeting down, taking at least two Chosen with him on the way down, but only three bodies hit the water.

Blake Church: Elisha is still up there somewhere!

Zooming in we see that the Moonchild is still somehow holding on to the futtock shrouds just underneath the top, barely finding his footing in the gusty wind. He heaves himself back up onto the top and sees himself face to face with The Shadow. Lightning strikes somewhere on the mainland, briefly illuminating the two men standing in the pouring rain, wind tearing at them. Some blood is trickling down The Shadow's temple, his cheek bone scratched and already bruising from his fall through the cargo hatch, while Elisha is holding his shoulder, which was almost ripped out of its socket by the almost-fall just before. The Shadow looks up to where the flags are mounted, a climb of maybe 10 feet from the place they are standing. Elisha follows his gaze and looks at him with a mirthless smile.

Elisha: Are you ready to die?

The Shadow: No, I don't have time for this.

Standing on the top of the main mast, mere steps away from securing the flag, Elisha exclaims: "Compassion will never win or may heaven strike me down!" A mighty thunderclap follows. A lightning comes down from above and strikes the mast, sending Elisha flying into some of the rigging, but wiping The Shadow off the top and plunging him into the depths below. While falling The Shadow yells "You missed!" as Elisha proceeds to claim the flag and victory.

Jim Gunt: This was...wow...

Jim and Mike look shellshocked at what just happened and medics and divers are on the scene with boats, making sure to get The Shadow and whoever else was thrown off the ship to safety. Almost as if waiting for the dramatic finale, the rain has stopped and as the winds begin to subside, the drones are coming out again to survey the carnage. Medics are scurrying across the deck to tend to the injured, while one drone makes its way up the main mast to show Elisha standing, facing the city, flag raised triumphantly and with an intense look of derision for the rest of the world on his face.

It's Time

Match

Backstage. We're right at the Hot Zone: the little space on the other side of the curtain from the entrance. Most of the activity has ceased for the night since most of the matches have already come and gone.

Also, the CWF World Champion, MJ Flair, is pacing in a circle just off to the side, and the staff has figured out that she prefers solitude before entering the ring.

"Hey."

The staff follows the rules; MJ's friends, not necessarily. But this friend happens to also be her opponent.

MJF: Cali. Hey.

MJ and Caledonia lock eyes, about five feet apart. The few people that are still in the area working, they slowly filter away.

Caledonia: You ready?

MJF: Yeah. You?

The challenger nods. After several more seconds of awkward silence, both women start to giggle and laugh uncontrollably.

MJF: Why is this so awkward?

Caledonia: I really have no idea. I mean, I want to take that.

She points to the World Title belt over MJ's shoulder.

Caledonia: And you want to keep it. If you retain, I'm not gonna kick you in the head from behind.

MJ nods her agreement.

MJF: You get the win, it's not like I'm gonna run ya down.

"Ninety seconds!"

The tension returns, but it's not between the two women: it's the anticipation of performing in front of a raucous crowd, and the intent of stealing the show right out from under the rest of the athletes.

MJ offers her hand.

MJF: See ya out there.

Caledonia accepts.

Caledonia: May the best woman win.

CUE UP: "Day and Night" by Billie Piper. Caledonia steps towards the entrance way.

MJF: I intend to.

Caledonia grins again, as she turns towards MJ.

Caledonia: As do I.

She turns back to the curtain and gets her game face on.

Time to party.

MJ Flair © vs. Caledonia

Match

With the sun having gone completely down, the Atlantic City Boardwalk is lit beautifully with the antique street lamps that line the wooden walkway. In the middle of a professional wrestling ring, one owned by the most illustrious company in the world today, Ray Douglas stands with a microphone in hand and a smile on his face. The sold out crowd actually bursts out in cheer before he can even say a word.

Ray Douglas: La..

“LET’S GO MJ!”

“LET’S GO CALI!”

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentl..

“LET’S GO MJ!”

“LET’S GO CALI!”

Jim Gunt: My lord almighty, the crowd is absolutely electric for tonight’s final match, Mike!

Mike Rolash: You’re damn right. They’re all hoping to see some puppies now that the prostitution laws have stiffened up.

Jim Gunt: Tell me you did not just say that.

Thousands of fans are on their feet, excited as all hell even after witnessing such an exhilarating, heart-pounding show earlier tonight. They finally calm down however, to let Ray Douglas finally begin his announcement.

Ray Douglas: Thank you. As I was saying, ladies and gentleman...the following match is set for ONE FALL for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship and is tonight’s pay per view MAAAIINNN EVENT!

They cannot hold in their excitement anymore, as a burst of cheers once again ring through the air like fireworks on the Fourth of July.

“Day and Night” by Billie Piper hits over the speakers and fog begins to take over the top of the ramp system. Once the chorus hits Caledonia steps through the fog, looking as determined as ever as she stands boldly at the top of the ramp. Cali raises her arms in the air before moving them down to her waist, motioning for the title to soon be around it. She slowly walks down the ramp through the pier, the crowd still cheering as she claps a few of their hands.

Jim Gunt: Caledonia definitely has a certain “pep” in her step tonight, wouldn’t you say?

Mike Rolash: Well she is in the main event of a CWF pay per view after being GIFTED a World Title Match, who wouldn’t be happy?

Jim Gunt: Oh, don’t act like she hasn’t done plenty enough to deserve this shot, Mike.

Caledonia rolls into the ring just as “Smash the Control Machine” by Otep begins to play. She watches on wide eyed, a smile across her face as the beautiful beach scene in front of her comes alight with fireworks before the entrance of Mariella Jade Flair. The CWF World Champion stands with the gold wrapped around her waist, a noble stance taken before coming down the pier, nodding her head to the beat of the music. MJ allows a couple of fans to clap her on the back before shaking the hand of a small boy with a smile. She finally enters the ring, immediately going right for Caledonia.

The moment is finally here.

The two women on top of the entire Championship Wrestling Federation stand toe to toe.

And immediately place their right hands in the air, shaking that of their opponent’s! The New Jersey fans are loving the showing of respect, but as soon as Clark Summits calls for the bell to be rung their handshake is over with, both women pulling back to get into a fighting stance.

Jim Gunt: Here. We. Go!

Mike Rolash: I have never seen such a magnificent, gorgeous sight as this.

Jim Gunt: This beach really is wonderful, isn’t it? Definitely underrated.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, Jim. The beach.

Champion and challenger, the thousands of fans in attendance standing both on the boardwalk of Atlantic City and all across the beach, and the millions of fans who have ordered the pay per view and are watching with a bag of popcorn in one hand and a beer in the other. Everyone on mother earth with half a fucking braincell is on their feet in anticipation, ready for one of the most highly touted match in the company's near two decade history. Caledonia is the first to move towards MJ Flair, but she almost moves in unison, both women pulling each other into a collar and elbow tie up. MJ lets Cali outstrengthen her momentarily before shifting her weight over and turning Cali sideways into a headlock.

Mike Rolash: That fatty, using her weight to her advantage already!

Jim Gunt: How are we still on the air, again? I mean...seriously? You get more obnoxious with every second I have to put up with you.

Mike Rolash: You're welcome.

Mariella pulls at the head of Caledonia, but she is still easily able to break free and send the champion into the ropes. DROPKI-NO! MJF pulls Cali out of mid-air by her feet backwards, landing her back-first right across her knees! BACKBREAKER FROM HELL!

Mike Rolash: Poor Cali's spine!

Jim Gunt: When did you become a Caledonia fan, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I'm not, but I don't want to see the poor woman bedridden for god's sakes!

Caledonia wiggles as she holds onto the lower section of her back, swearing under her breath as she forces herself to her feet just to get a chop against the chest from MJ Flair. She winces, trying to come forward but MJ pushes her back against the corner, giving her another hard chop! This leaves Caledonia stumbling out of the corner, and the honorable champion gives her ample time to recover despite a few members of the Atlantic City crowd booing the halting of her attack.

MJ calls Cali in for another lock up, but this time the challenger thinks otherwise, delivering a quick but painful kick to her ribs. MJ attempts a punch but is surprised with a kick to her other side beforehand. Cali goes for a final kick, this time targeting the champion's head, but she catches it easily, shaking her head as she smiles back at Caledonia. SUCH IS LIFE ENZUIGIRI-NO! MJ ducks under, cartwheeling through and WALLOPS Cali in the head with a Roundhouse Kick! She pulls in the challenger before she can even get halfway to her feet, taking her over to the ropes and running through- TORNADO DDT LANDS FLUSH! The ring rattles and the crowd once again goes crazy as MJF turns over Highlander and hooks her legs.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! Caledonia rolls her shoulder!

Jim Gunt: The first fall of this evening's main event and it was actually a fairly close one! One thunderous DDT from our World champion!

Mike Rolash: Don't say thunder, we already saw a rain storm earlier tonight!

Jim Gunt: That is true, we are hoping this break in the weather continues for the rest of tonight's broadcast.

Both women come to their feet, Mariella Jade Flair slightly ahead of her challenger as she throws a wild right at her, just connecting with Caledonia's jaw. Cali goes for one more kick towards MJ's ribs, but she once again catches it. SUCH IS LIFE CRACKS THE SIDE OF HER SKULL PERFECTLY THIS TIME! And MJF stands on her feet for just a few seconds, swaying back and forth before woozily falling to the canvas! An excited Caledonia hurries on top of her,

not even realizing she hasn't hooked the champion's legs as she goes for the pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

MJF gets a foot on the bottom rope!

Mike Rolash: Oh, of course!

Jim Gunt: Caledonia had a momentarily slip of judgment there Mike, if she would have gotten MJF to the middle of the ring and hooked both legs this one could very well be over.

Mike Rolash: These two women are being too soft on each other. Get out the steel chairs and ladders! Tear each other apart, god damn it!

Jim Gunt: You barbarian, you. Do I have to remind you of what happened to you during the Hope on a Rope?

Mike Rolash: Oh look there!

Letting out a quick sigh as she glances over and sees the right leg of Flair hanging off the rope, Caledonia pops to her feet and waits for MJF to do the same, choosing not to cowardly attack her from above. Cali calls the champion over with a hand motion, ducking under as she goes for a hard clothesline, popping her hips to send Flair over her body with a Back Body Drop! Caledonia continues the attack by running at the prone Flair, dropping down to hit a double legged dropkick. Cali once again goes for the cover, this time making sure to hook both legs of MJF.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! MJF kicks out anyway!

Jim Gunt: Caledonia Highlander is coming hot and heavy with her assault despite this still being a respectful contest, but she still hasn't hit that one move to put away the World champion!

Mike Rolash: It's going to take a lot to put away MJ Flair, Jimbo. As much as I hate to say it, she has beaten some of the best of the best this company has ever seen. And Ryan Sunset.

Jim Gunt: No good things to say about Sunset now that he's no longer your boss, I take it?

Mike Rolash: Well no. I only suck up when I have something to suck up for.

Jim Gunt: Oh, I thought you just liked the aftertaste.

Caledonia and Mariella both are up to their feet at a surprisingly quick pace for the damage they've taken so far, Cali trying to stay on the offense by running at MJ but she sidesteps and Drop Toe Holds her challenger head-first right onto the bottom turnbuckle pad! With the New Jersey crowd once again coming alive, Flair grabs a hold of Cali on her way up, irish whipping her into the ropes. Caledonia ducks right under a dropkick attempt by MJF but she lands on her feet as Cali floats over and bounces off the other set of ropes. Both women leap up in the air simultaneously- **DOUBLE CROSS BODY BLOCKS AS BOTH WOMEN IMplode INTO EACH OTHER!**

"LET'S GO CALI! LET'S GO MJ!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: All sorts of chants going on right now Mike, the fans here in Atlantic City are absolutely beside themselves!

Mike Rolash: And they have every right to be! In all my years of broadcasting I have never seen two athletes put forth the kind of effort these two women are this evening. I have to say it, I really am proud of these girls!

Jim Gunt: And you're not just saying that to try to get into one of their pants?

Mike Rolash: No, I swear! And besides, Autumn Raven and I went out last night, and damn she is one kinky bi-

Jim Gunt: Back to the ring!

The capacity crowd still on their feet chanting their hearts out, the lights still flickering on the inside of the squared circle almost waking up the two amazing athletes from their position pretzeled into each other. MJF begins pushing away from Caledonia and to her feet first, taking a few labored breaths before hitting a high rise knee to Cali! The wife of the missing Dan Highlander lays in a crumbled mess in the corner, Mariella looking down at her with clear compassion in her eyes.

MJ shakes the feeling, turning to the opposite side of the ring and quickly making her way up to the top rope. The lights are on bright and the CWF World Champion is a human highlight reel on the big stage. VAN FUCKING-TERMINATOR! MJ Flair flies across the entire ring with pinpoint precision and kicks the face off the head of Caledonia Highlander! Flair lands hard on the back of her head though, the damage clearly done to both women as they lay down barely conscious.

Jim Gunt: What an absolutely unbelIEVable move there from our reigning and defending World Champion! MJ Flair only pulls the Van Terminator out for the big ones, and this one is clearly one of those cases!

Mike Rolash: But can she make the cover without giving Caledonia enough time to recover!?

Looking to do just that, MJ Flair rolls over to her side, clearly wincing as she holds onto the back of her head. She inches her way towards Caledonia Highlander, just laying her body over top of her for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

CALEDONIA KICKS OUT WITH AUTHORITY AT THE LAST SECOND!

Jim Gunt: And it wasn't enough! That was a hell a close one though!

Mike Rolash: Hella? Since when did we time warp to the nineties?

Jim Gunt: Well we've taken a sneak peek into 2318, why not?

MJ Flair has a look of somewhat shock that she cannot even remove by wiping her face downward, her eyes telling the story as she back-crawls away from Caledonia. Flair grabs a hold of the ropes to pull herself to her feet, runs at her challenger for another attack, but somehow Cali tangles their feet together tripping her forward- right into a rollup pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

Mariella Jade Flair kicks out of the pinfall, right back to her feet seconds before Caledonia is- Roundhouse Ki-No! Caledonia catches MJF and CAPTURE SUPLEXES HER-NO! Somehow MJF floats over the backflip and lands right on her feet. The crowd is erupting like a freaking volcano at this point!

"LET'S GO MJ!"

"LET'S GO CALI!"

Both champion and challenger have a smile plastered across their face as they begin to circle each other in the middle

of the ring. The atmosphere is as magical as any trip to Disneyland as the lights of the Boardwalk shine on the two brightest stars in CWF today. Caledonia goes in for a lock up but MJ grabs her right and arm drags her to the canvas. She keeps a hold of the limb of Cali, pulling back to arm wrench her opponent. But Caledonia flips out of the maneuver, using the momentum to send Flair into the ropes. She leaps up and catches the champion by the head, spinning her around right into a Tilt-A-Whirl Head Scissors Takedown!

Caledonia climbs to her feet with her fists out, pumping both herself and the crowd up as they once again come to their feet to excitedly clap. She pulls MJF up and REVERSE THE POLARITY-NO! The Twist of Fate is nearly completely executed but mid-corkscrew MJF keeps spinning, somehow landing right back onto her feet! Cali shows the same shock the champion did after she kicked out of the Van Terminator, the distraction enough time for Flair to hit her in the jaw with a straight punch, following it up with a spinning back fist. Cali is rocked as Flair turns around with her behind her, back elbow by the champ. SPIN-AROUND INTO A CLOTHESLINE FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL! And Caledonia flips over her arm and right onto her shoulder hard! MJF doesn't waste a second, turning the challenger to her back and hooking her legs.

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: It's gotta be over here! The champ is as good as gold!

THR-NO! CALI POWERS OUT!

Mike Rolash: Damn, I guess I was wrong!

Jim Gunt: Wouldn't be the first time. But that was one hard clothesline, I'm surprised Caledonia isn't coughing up blood from the impact of MJF's forearm smacking against her chest. But I guess that's why these two get paid the big bucks, to take a hell of a beating!

Pulling Caledonia back to her feet, the frustration is clearly starting to mount for the normally cool-headed MJF as she heaves in a hard knife edge chop to the already reddened chest of Cali. A second chop backs her all the way up against the corner, but a knee to Flair's gut relieves her from being cornered. Cali takes a momentarily look at the champion before cartwheeling across the ring towards her and HANDSPRING ELBOW! Now Caledonia has the opportunity to take MJF from her knees- REVERSE THE POLARITY HITS THIS TIME! The challenger rolls over the champion, the crowd quieting in anticipation as Clark Summits drops down to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

CALEDONIA PULLS OFF THE COVER?

Jim Gunt: What the hell is she doing!? Cali had this match won!

Mike Rolash: That bitch cray cray!

Jim Gunt: Maybe not Mike, Cali is heading up top to put the final stamp on the envelope of MJF's World Title reign!

Caledonia takes one last look back at the champion who still remains in a downed position, her eyes rolled to the back of her head. The spunky challenger then turns to the crowd as she ascends the ropes, standing all the way up to the top as she smiles for just a second towards the fans who scream her name at the top of their lungs. Cali turns a one eighty to face MJF shooting star pressing into the air- FALL FROM GRACE LANDS RIGHT ONTO THE KNEES OF MJF WHICH SHOOT UP AT THE LAST MOMENT! Cali fumbles the biggest moment of her career as she holds onto her ribs in a fit, wiggling around in pain. MJF can barely move, but she uses what's left of her strength to straighten out

her knees and turn over to pin Highlander.

ONE!

TWO!

Cali rolls her shoulder, shoving Mariella Jade off to the side!

Jim Gunt: And this one is STILL not over, Mike!

Mike Rolash: This is why CWF is truly the place to be, baybay, we have the hottest action in the world- whether we're in Madison Square Garden or right here on the freaking beach, this place rocks!

"LET'S GO MJ!"

CLAP CLAP CLAP

"LET'S GO CALI!"

CLAP CLAP CLAP

The fans once again on their feet showing absolute excitement, willing on both the challenger and the champion as they slowly rise to their feet on opposite sides of the ring, using the ring ropes to steady themselves. They continue using their ropes to their advantage, holding onto the top as they move towards each other, finally taking their hands off to go right into a fist fight! Cali hits a right, MJ hits a right, the fists are flying at rapid speed and nearly every shot is hitting hard. Both competitors stop after a few shots, neither of them having any more left in the tank as they collapse right onto each other!

Jim Gunt: This is incredible!

Mike Rolash: MJF and Cali are out of breath and winded beyond belief, but neither woman is ready to give up just yet!

Caledonia is on both of her knees with Mariella somehow still on her feet, but only because she has both hands tightly against the side of her challenger. The standing position leaves her at an advantage however, as she grabs a hold of the head of Cali and drives her down with a stinging DDT! The fighting champion turns over the woman who has been possibly her biggest challenger to date, going for the cover on Caledonia as the crowd chants along with Summits' count.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Caledonia once again shoves out of the cover, but she pushes MJF right to her feet. Mariella wastes no time, measuring up Cali like she has a target painted on her face. SHINING WIZARD KICK NEARLY KNOCKS HER HEAD INTO THE OCEAN! Once again Flair with the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

And Caledonia out again at just two this time!

Jim Gunt: Holy crap, what is it going to take to put away Caledonia tonight!

Mike Rolash: Probably some of that "special" coffee Eris makes, that does the trick every time!

Jim Gunt: Would you just shut up and call a freaking wrestling match for once in your life.

Mike Rolash: Is that even possible? To shut up AND call a wrestling match? Come on man.

Slapping the canvas and actually letting out a swear word or two, Mariella Jade Flair is clearly frustrated. She knows at the end of the day that she will have a friendship with Caledonia, but at the moment all she is thinking is what is it going to take to put this woman away. MJF calls for her to get to her feet, her face reddening in anger even as she tries to calm herself. Flair has had enough waiting, grabbing Cali for behind to pull her down with the MORNI-NO! PELE KICK FROM THE CHALLENGER! She runs up the ropes, going from one to the next like a cat. QUEEN'S GAMBIT KICK BLASTS THE RISING MJ FLAIR! Caledonia pulls her away from the ropes, hooking both of Flair's legs high in the air!

Jim Gunt: This one could be over, Mike!

ONE!

Mike Rolash: Could be, but I think old MJF has one more trick up her sleeve.

TWO!

Jim Gunt: How is that, she's wearing a tank top?

THREE!

Mike Rolash: NO!?

NO!!!

Mariella Jade Flair uses all the power left in her being to power out of the pinfall!

"LET'S GO MJ! LET'S GO CALI!"

It is Caledonia's turn to show frustration, and she does just that by stomping down on the body of the downed MJ Flair. Flair tries to rise but Cali kicks her right back down. She goes for another stomp but Flair is somehow right back up with a European Uppercut that leaves her staggering backward. Flair hurries up the ropes before Caledonia can catch her bearings, leaping off and right into her arms! CALEDONIA CATCHES MJF IN MID-AIR RIGHT INTO THE BED OF ROSES!

Jim Gunt: Uh oh! This could be bad news for the champion, as Caledonia has her patent submission move locked in deep!

Mike Rolash: Flair walked-or rather leapt, right into this one, Jimbo!

Caledonia has her limbs wrapped around the body of Mariella Jade Flair like an octopus, like a boa constrictor about to devour its prey. The challenger has MJF in the middle of the ring, and she is trying all her might to break out of the Bed of Roses as the Atlantic City crowd will her on with their screaming, loud love. Flair tries to turn to her side but Cali holds steadfast, pulling in the submission even deeper and squeezing and shaking. Tears begin to form in the eyes of Mariella as she closes her eyes to stop them, the pain taking over her body as she knows she cannot hold on for much longer.

Jim Gunt: It's gotta be over here! MJ is just too far away from the ropes!

Mike Rolash: But she is trying her best to get there, Jimmy. The champion just won't give up!

MJF uses her legs to try to squirm towards the ropes, but she is only able to get maybe an inch or two closer to them before Caledonia once again goes into a squeezing fit on her body. Letting out a deep breath, MJF's face is literally starting to go purple from lack of oxygen flowing through her body. She cannot hold back any longer.

The fight is lost.

Mariella Jade Flair taps out in the middle of the ring after being sunk deep in the Bed of Roses for nearly three minutes! The crowd comes to their feet one more time as the bell sounds aloud, "Day and Night" playing over the speakers.

Jim Gunt: She has done it, Mike! Caledonia is our new World Champion!

Mike Rolash: Damn, what a match!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by submission and NEW CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...CALEDONIA HIGHLANDER!!

Fireworks. Cheers. Chants. Streamers and all kinds of excitement. The sky is lit up like the fourth of July, the fans are as exhilarated as they would be if they had just won a cool million at the slots. Caledonia Highlander is handed her newly won championship by Summits, and much like MJF before she knew she had the match lost, the tears begin to immediately stream down the face of Cali.

She stares at the championship for a moment, a lifetime of hard work and hard times going through her head as she glares at the gold. And then Cali raises the title high in the air, to the loudest, absolutely eardrum bursting cheer of the night! Caledonia looks back as Mariella Jade Flair has slowly begun to pull herself to her feet with the ropes. Cali places her hand out for MJ to grab and she does just that, the current champion helping the former to her feet and never letting go. The tears of both women can be seen by the other, and both women melt into each other as the handshake turns into a loving embrace. The credits begin to roll as MJF raises the hand of the new champion, Caledonia holding the World Title in her other hand as the two women celebrate together.

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