Twilight of the Gods: Twilight of the Gods 2019

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: May 14, 2019
Location: Toyota Center — York, Pennsylvania

Results

The Twilight of the Gods

Match

The picture opens to the Toyota Center in Houston and the fans already are bristling with anticipation for Twilight of the Gods. Off to the side of the stage a big area is curtained off, even with guards around it, but the fans don't seem to care, they are already chanting various names of their favourite wrestlers, from Duce over Dan Ryan, Mia and MJ to The Shadow and Autumn. As the camera pans the arena, it briefly stops on some of the various signs the fans have made.

Ryan will be introduced

The King is Dead, long live MJ

Mike, Marry Me!

Free Myfanwy!

Pick me, Benji

Autumn is the best season!

Then the lights darken and Richard Wagner's famous "Ride of the Valkyries" from his "Twilight of the Gods" opus begins to sound as the Twilight of the Gods graphic appears on the tron.

As the classical piece comes to an end, Gotthard's "I'm Your Travelin' Man" starts up, indicating Blake Church and Charles State, but nobody appears on stage.

Blake Church: Good evening and welcome to Twilight of the Gods. I'm Blake Church and with me here tonight is my trusted sidekick Charles State.

Charles State: Welcome from me as well and can somebody get a camera in here?

The picture cuts to a cameraman on the ground, looking around, trying to find the twosome.

Blake Church: We're in here, behind the curtains.

The cameraman turns and beelines for the curtained off area, but one of the security guard steps in front of him, blocking his access.

Charles State: OK, looks like we're flying blind tonight…

Blake Church: So all singles titles are on the line tonight, Silas Artoria running the gauntlet to defend his Paramount title, Autumn facing Freddie Styles for the Impact and then finally our big main event with Duce Jones going against Dan Ryan for our world heavyweight title.

Charles State: And speaking of the World title, Lindsay Troy vs. Nathan Paradine vs. Zach van Owen are going to determine who will meet Duce or Dan for the title, while we also have three grudge matches, MJ Flair against Jarvis King, Christopher St. James facing off against Jaiden Rishel in a Hell in a Cell—

Blake Church: --and then there is the reason why nobody apparently can come in here, Ataxia vs. The Shadow. It's a Broken Halo match with a scaffold and glass tables and all, I could see this getting kind of nasty quick. Sooooo – is there anything else?

Charles State: No, not really, so let's hand things over to Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash and get stuff on the way!

Blake Church: And let's get out of here, it's kind of boring staring at those curtains…

With that the camera switches over to the announce table, where Jim and Mike are standing, looking expectantly into the lens.

Jim Gunt: Good evening from us here as well, and like Blake and Charles have already said Twilight of the Gods promises to be an exciting night!

Mike Rolash: Oh yes, if things go well, Jarvis is going to bury MJ, Ataxia and The Shadow will put each other into the hospital and Duce gets levelled by Dan Ryan.

Jim Gunt: Your impartiality never ceases to amaze me.

Mike Rolash: Oh thank, Jim.

Jim Gunt: That was NOT a compliment, Mike…

Mike Rolash: But you—oh. Sarcasm!

Jim Gunt: There you go. Anyways, we have our first match of the night creeping up on us and it will kick off Twilight of the Gods with a bang, with Silas Artoria in a gauntlet match going against Thomas Roll, Mad Dog Murphy, Scourge and Tom Marrow, so over to Ray to get the proceedings going!

Silas Artoria (c) vs. Mad Dog Murphy vs. Thomas Roll vs. Scourge vs. Tom Marrow

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is tonight's opening match, a gauntlet match with the Paramount Championship on the line! Introducing first….

The lights go out suddenly. Boom!

???: I love you.

Boom!

???: Show me!

The lights shine upon the stage as Silas Artoria emerges to "Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red. Smiling and full of energy, he looks around to see the crowd bellowing their support upon The Aristocrat as he proudly holds the Paramount Championship over his right shoulder. He closes his eyes to soak it all in, his mentor Hidetaka Ito emerging to stand beside him before the two of them make their way to the ring.

Ray Douglas: From Toronto, Canada, he is the Psychotic Aristocrat, he is the REIGNING, DEFENDING CWF Paramount Champion….SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: Have we ever seen Silas Artoria this focused, Mike? The Psychotic Aristocrat has been on a roll as of late, but like we all seen on CWF Wired, he's not exactly pleased that a true challenger never emerged for his championship here tonight.

Mike Rolash: While that may be the case, it's just like Japanese legend Hidetaka Ito told him. Even if he doesn't want to fight for his opponents, fight for his title!

Jim Gunt: Silas is going to need all the fight he can muster here tonight, being in a clear disadvantage having to not only face four different opponents for the Paramount Championship...but not in a fatal fiveway, in a gauntlet. One one on one match after another until the final match is won!

Silas and Hidetaka make their way around the squared circle, the champion still taking in the atmosphere of a the sold out Houston crowd before placing the title belt down on the announce table. Ito gives him some last minute words before allowing him to enter the ring, his steely focus faltering as he tests out the ropes for a moment. Silas directs his attention to the ramp, calling out whatever challenge may be first.

“R U Mine” by the Arctic Monkeys hits over the speaker system, bringing the fans right up to their feet screaming boos as a still angry looking Johnny Graves storms out first, signaling with his hands the rest of the disOrder stable behind him. Mad Dog Murphy comes through the curtain first, eying up Graves as he walks past him and down the ramp; Ophelia McVeigh, big Bishop Kingston and Ciara Kennedy follow them down. Kennedy sports a nasty bruise on her jaw from the Superkick from MJF that quickly dispatched her last week on Evolution.

Ray Douglas: The first opponent, from Glasgow, Scotland, he is disOrder’s own….MAD DOG MURPHY!!

Jim Gunt: The disOrder stable are something of an anomaly, they came into CWF with such force, taking over things so quickly with their leader Johnny Graves even becoming Impact Champion. But week after week now things have been falling apart for these guys, coming to a head last week when Mad Dog and Graves had words last week just moments before he went out and lost said Impact Championship to Autumn Raven in a triple threat.

Mike Rolash: Yes, even I have to admit that things haven’t exactly gone to plan for the disOrder camp as of late. But they’re all here tonight, so it’s clear to me that Graves has his troops once again in line and they’re here to support their brother Mad Dog.

Jim Gunt: We’ll see if that’s the case, it doesn’t seem like the uneasy feeling between Graves and Murphy has gotten any better to me but let’s send things to the ring where Trent Robbins is ready to go.

The Houston fans give a brief cheer as head referee Trent Robbins calls for the bell following his check on both competitors, bringing the first match of the brand new Twilight of the Gods pay per view to a head. A cocky Mad Dog Murphy comes to the middle of the ring running his mouth the entire way, obscenities coming at Silas as he slowly approaches the man with a death glare in his eyes. Murphy turns back to Graves and the rest of disOrder, nodding with a wide smile that quickly dissipates as Artoria cracks him in the face with a Discus Elbow! He then leaps up, pulling the stunned Murphy down to the ground by his arm.

Jim Gunt: Yanking and twisting, Silas has that arm bar fully sunk in!

Mike Rolash: Oh my god, did you hear that pop!?

Jim Gunt: Murphy is tapping, Murphy is tapping!

An astonished disOrder stable watches on from outside of the ring as Murphy taps out not even a full minute after the beginning of the match.

Ray Douglas: And the winner of the first match, by submission….SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: That has to be embarrassing for Mad Dog who came in here with all the steam in the world, but now has to walk to the back like the rest of the disOrder stable- cold fishes.

Mike Rolash: Hey look Jim, those cold fishes are going at it!

The words of Rolash ring true, as Mad Dog immediately gets attacked by Johnny Graves as soon as he rolls out of the ring! Graves punches him several times on the arm that just got worked on, before attempting to irish whip him hard into the steps but it is reversed sending Graves right into Ophelia! The entire disOrder stable is in disarray now as they

show their frustration with one another, each of them beginning to swing fists at their former friends. The crowd and Silas Artoria watch on in shock, but quickly security come down to break up the battle and send all the former disOrder members to the back.

Mike Rolash: Well that was interesting…

Jim Gunt: Apparently we've seen the straw that broke the camel's back here tonight, as it appears the disOrder stable have finally had enough with one another and broken up.

Ray Douglas: Introducing next….

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

Ray Douglas: The second opponent in this gauntlet match, from Parts Unknown, he is….SCOURGE!!

Jim Gunt: Scourge, or as many call the big man the Alpha of the Omega. Scourge and Silas Artoria are very familiar with one another, having faced off both on opposite and the same side of the ring in times past. How will that affect their bout here tonight?

Mike Rolash: It will affect things a lot, Jim. Both competitors will have to throw their gameplan out the window for this one because their opponent knows their moveset, they know what the man standing across the ring from them is thinking before they even think it.

Hidetaka Ito calls Silas over to the apron, the Japanese legend whispering some things into his ear that bring a small smirk to the Psychotic Aristocrat before he nods back at him and turns his focus back to the center of the ring. Robbins again rings the bell and both competitors approach each other simultaneously. Silas reaches up for Scourge to give him a test of strength and the honorable big man does, leaving him prone for Artoria to surprise him with a leg sweep instead.

Jim Gunt: How about that, Mike? Silas showing he may be one step ahead of Scourge here tonight, already.

Mike Rolash: It was just one move, Jim. Calm down.

The Paramount Champion stays on his adversary, going behind Scourge before he can fully get up to his feet and cranking down on a headlock.

Jim Gunt: Smart thinking here from Silas, the best way to keep a big man grounded is to maintain vertical leverage over him.

Mike Rolash: But Artoria can't hold onto the headlock for long, Jimmy, as the Alpha of the Omega just broke out and sent him flying hard into the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Big boot! Silas Artoria may be missing some teeth after that nasty boot from Scourge!

On the canvas holding onto his jaw, Artoria looks up to see Scourge smiling at him until he quickly kips up, spins around and Roundhouse Kicks the smirk right off the Alpha of the Omega's face! Giving Artoria a sound round of applause, the Houston crowd watches on intently as Silas continues to show off some grand offense, this time running up the body of Scourge like he's Mount Everest and then standing Enziguri-ing the head off him! Scourge drops like a light, and Silas is quick to mount him looking for another quick victory.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Scourge not only kicks out, he throws Silas Artoria damn near the full length across the ring! The Alpha of the Omega is one impressive specimen.

Mike Rolash: You can say what you want about him, Jim, and I'll admit Scourge has all the strength in the world. But until he picks up a victory and heads into the next match of this gauntlet as the new Paramount Champion, he's still an underachiever.

Jim Gunt: It's very possible for just that to happen, especially because the Alpha of the Omega is back up and heading straight for Silas in the corner. No! The Big Body Splash is dodged, and Scourge eats the corner!

The crafty Silas Artoria was able to sidestep Scourge just in time, leaving him prone in the corner. But as he goes behind him, the mighty frame of Scourge is too much for Artoria to German down to the canvas. Instead the Alpha of the Omega back elbows Silas into oblivion, the Paramount Champion flopping down onto his ass as he places a hand to his mouth, feeling the sensation of blood dripping down his lip.

Mike Rolash: The champ has been busted open! This could spell doom for Silas!

Jim Gunt: Or it could awaken a certain sleeping giant, Mike. Let's hope with Ito out here, Artoria is able to control his inner demons.

The Psychotic Aristocrat gets to a knee still holding onto his lip, blood dripping down his hand as he looks up at Scourge and shockingly calls the big man in for more. When the Alpha of the Omega runs in to do just that Silas is up in a flash, meeting him in mid-air in a sadistic collision.

Jim Gunt: Knockout! Silas went for that high bicycle knee of his and hit just enough of it as Scourge came running in to knock the big man off his feet!

Mike Rolash: But now he's gotta capitalize, this is only match two of four in this gauntlet and if Silas were to win he still has a long way to go before calling it a night. If he wants to do the impossible here tonight, he's gonna have to soon put Scourge away.

The champion and challenger slowly make their way to their feet in unison, Scourge moving much slower after the bicycle knee making him prone knife edge chop- right across the side of his face! The Alpha of the Omega fights back though, punching down at Silas but Artoria reverses, taking his arm and dragging him right to the canvas. Scourge is right back up coming at Silas with a lariat which he ducks under and with ALL his might catches Scourge on the way through to place him up on his shoulders. Artoria points out to the cheering, eagerily awaiting Houston crowd.

Jim Gunt: It's time for the Fall of Man, Mike! Silas is struggling but he has Scourge up in that electric chair position-wait-no. One Winged Angel! Artoria pulls out the One Winged Angel out of nowhere!

Mike Rolash: Very impressive, and it has to be game over for the Alpha of the Omega!

With a look of both shock and relief on his face, Silas rolls Scourge onto his back and goes for the cover as the fans count along with Trent Robbins.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall and moving onto match three of the gauntlet….SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: What a win there by Silas Artoria and look at that, Hidetaka Ito has rushed the ring with an ice pack and has gone right over to tend to Artoria and check on him after having his mouth busted open earlier in this match.

Mike Rolash: There is a reason why Artoria idolizes Ito, although I'm sure it's not only because he's a great caretaker.

Jim Gunt: Haha, probably not Mike. So there are two competitors left in this gauntlet, both of the Toms. Who's first?

Ray Douglas: Introducing next….

Red and Blue lights beginning flashing, with sirens sounded. The theme song from COPS begins playing, as the Game Warden, a scantily clad woman in a beige police bedroom costume makes her way to the ramp. She is holding a leash as the song Who let's the Dogs out is mixed in, creating an "interesting" remix. The other end of the leash, comes the now infamous Benji, the man dog crawling on his hands and knees, wearing a custom BDSM hood. As he reaches even with the Game Warden, he stands up and they walk down to the ring, ignoring the laughter, boos and even a few cheers from the half drunk members of the Houston crowd.

Ray Douglas: The third man in this gauntlet match, from Florida, Ohio, here is….TOM MARROW!!

Jim Gunt: Quite the mixed reaction for Benji, or Tom Marrow, what are we calling this guy again?

Mike Rolash: And you say I don't do my homework, come on Jim.

Trent Robbins tells Hidetaka Ito that he must exit the ring and he does so after giving a few more words of encouragement to Silas, the Game Warden doing the same as Tom stands on all fours in the other corner. The bell sounds to start the third of four contests, and neither man are quick to make the first move as Artoria is showing severe exhaustion at this point and Marrow is too busy doing circles on the other side of the ring. Laughter and clapping can be heard from the audience as they watch the escapades of Benji.

Jim Gunt: Oh my, this...Benji is certainly something else.

Mike Rolash: Something else? I never thought I'd say this, but Silas needs to get his ass in gear and knock this waste of human air right the hell out.

Jim Gunt: I guess someone can't take a joke?

The Game Warden yells at Tom to stay focused, stopping him in his tracks just in time for him to look up and receive a massive Missile Dropkick from the sprinting Silas Artoria! The Psychotic Aristocrat looks to make quick work of Benji just like he did Mad Dog Murphy, going for the cover on him as the fans once again count along.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: Benji kicks out! Guess he's not a good dog, because he hasn't gone up to heaven just yet!

Mike Rolash: ...What?

Jim Gunt: All Dogs Go To Heaven? Google it.

Deep breath from Silas Artoria as he comes up to a seated position, looking down at Tom Marrow who simply smiles back at him. Artoria unloads, right hand after right hand to the face of the prone Benji! Tom rolls out of the ring coughing and swatting at his own face like he has a swarm of bees around him. Amanda the Game Warden consoles him on the outside of the ring, but quickly moves away from him as she sees Artoria finger-banging inside the ring in preparation.

Jim Gunt: SUICIDE DIVE FROM SILAS ARTORIA! Amanda saw it coming and she didn't even warn Tom!

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Maybe she just didn't have the time to say anything, Jim? Regardless, Tom Marrow took a hell of a hit but Silas didn't go unscathed either, as both men landed pretty hard against the barricade.

THREE!

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: For sure, and now hopefully at least ONE of these men will be able to get in the ring before the ten count- or the last man into this gauntlet match would automatically become the new Paramount Champion one would think?

Silas and Tom Marrow both remain in a tangled up seated position between the barricade and the padded floor below.

FIVE!

SIX!

Jim Gunt: And guess who the final man in this gauntlet is? Thomas Roll! The Disco King would throw one hell of a party if he got to waltz out here and automatically become the new champion!

Mike Rolash: Oh Jesus, disco is dead Jim!

SEVEN!

Finally Hidetaka Ito intervenes, helping Silas up to his feet even as Trent Robbins warns him of disqualification for interfering with the match from inside the ring. Ito backs away showing no ill intent, but Artoria already shows the advantage by lifting Marrow back up and rolling him back into the ring. Silas goes up the apron himself, going up the ropes slowly as he allows Tom Marrow to slowly make his way back to his feet. Artoria takes another deep breath and exhales, leaping off the top rope and catching Tom on the way, spinning him headfirst right into the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Leaping top rope variation of a Tornado DDT! That was incredible, but will it be enough for Silas to retain?

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Marrow's foot is on the ropes!

Jim Gunt: Did you see that, Mike? Amanda put Tom's foot on the ropes out of head official Trent Robbins sight!

Mike Rolash: Oh come on, Jim, you're seeing things. Get a better prescription, you old man.

Silas Artoria is furious as he gets to his feet, yelling at Amanda who just raises her hands and backs up with a wide smile on her face. Unfortunately for her, she backs up right into Hidetaka Ito, and when she turns around she nearly jumps out of what little clothes she has on before running away scared up the ramp! The distraction is enough for Tom to go behind Silas though, a sloppy smile on his own face as he licks all over his lips goofily.

Jim Gunt: BULL DOG! Tom comes up big as Silas turns around and walks right into that big running powerslam.

Mike Rolash: And Marrow has Silas up, hooking both of his arms. Doggy Style Double Arm DDT! Now it's Tom going for the cover on an extremely worn down Silas, this could be what finally puts the champion down…

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! SILAS KICKS OUT AS THE FANS EXPLODE IN CHEERS!

Jim Gunt: No! Silas will NOT give up! Tom Marrow is in a state of shock as he gets to his feet with his hands in the air. Maybe the ankle lock submission will work, no Silas kicks back at him and is right to his feet. Snap Dragon Suplex! Oh

my god- THE GUILLOTINE! Silas rarely uses that array of maneuvers, but he's pulling out all the stops here tonight to retain his gold!

After connecting with the side of Tom Marrow's face with the high speed knee strike, not even a pack of dogs could save him now. Artoria just lands on Benji, barely able to breathe at this point but able to hold on just enough for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall and moving onto the final match of the gauntlet….SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: Another big win for the Psychotic Aristocrat, but my god he has been through a war here. Forty two minutes and counting and Silas has fought through each and every one of them.

Mike Rolash: There is a reason some of the guys in the back call Silas the Iron Man, I always laughed it off because the man couldn't even put away MJF after having a distinct two to zero advantage over her. But even I have to admit the man has impressed the hell out of me here tonight.

Hidetaka Ito once again tends to Artoria during the break as Tom Marrow rolls out of the ring where Amanda is back down the ramp scolding him already. Meeting them up the ramp Thomas Roll's personal DJ, DJ Gurtooth comes out with his mini set and begins to spin the decks. "Moves like Jagger" plays and Thomas Roll dances his way down the ramp with his pet monkey on his shoulder . He gets into the ring and strikes a disco pose, not showing Silas or Hidetaka any attention as he dances away to mostly boos from the Houston crowd despite Roll playing hard to them.

Ray Douglas: Introducing the final man in this gauntlet, from Osaka, Japan, he is….THOMAS ROLL!!

Jim Gunt: The Disco King has hit the ring, but the time for fun and games are over. If Roll can focus, there is a very good chance he walks out of this match the new Paramount Champion.

With DJ Gurtooth and the monkey cheering on Thomas Roll, the final of the four gauntlet matches starts off with Robbins again calling for the bell after checking to see if Silas can continue on. The Disco King immediately goes to work on the drained Artoria, not even letting him out of the corner before he rolls right towards him, catching him completely off-guard. Artoria tries to leap up but Roll swings up following the roll.

Jim Gunt: The Discoballs! Hard for me to say that, but that's exactly what Thomas Roll calls that particular maneuver!

Mike Rolash: Whatever works, but Roll went low on Silas right in front of the referee. Trent Robbins is NOT happy…this idiot could have just caused himself the match!

Thomas Roll looks on at an angered head CWF official in mock shock as he admonishes him about the low blow, eventually succeeding and telling him that he'll let him off with a final warning because of the stakes of the match. This leaves Roll smirking and the Houston crowd booing, the Disco King going right back to Silas and lifting him up just long enough to toss him hard back-first against the turnbuckle. Thomas does a jig, which doesn't cause the fans to receive him any better, before hitting a karate kick to the ribs of Artoria.

Jim Gunt: Nice kick there from Thomas Roll, but it only has seemed to anger our Paramount Champion; who is coming right for him with a strong style lariat- no Roll eludes him, sidestepping and Reverse DDTing Artoria!

Mike Rolash: Maybe this guy isn't such an idiot after all…

Jim Gunt: No, Roll is certainly a fun and games kind of guy but he's showing a real hot streak here tonight. And he's going to need it if he wants to be crowned the new Paramount Champion. Silas has been through a war here tonight,

but he has prevailed each and every time. What will the Disco King be able to do differently that the other three couldn't?

DJ Gurtooth and the monkey continue cheering on Roll but he pays them no mind, the gameful smirk no longer on his face as he looks down at Artoria more focused than ever. He stomps several times down on Silas before turning around and leaping right up to the top rope, moonsaulting off but landing right on his feet instead of on top of Artoria? Yes, instead Thomas Roll lands right on his feet, does a disco pose, and then drops an elbow right into the heart of the Paramount Champion! Everyone but DJ Gurtooth are on their feet booing, hoping that their beloved champion is able to once again show a sign of life as Thomas Roll goes to put his fire out with a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NEW PARAMOUNT CHAMPION HERE!?

NO!!! ARTORIA ROLLS HIS SHOULDER AT 2.99999! Houston, we have life! A roar of cheers come from the fans as Thomas Roll slaps the canvas in frustration, holding onto the middle rope to pull himself to his fet. His DJ yells for him to "put an end to Silas's soundtrack", and Roll looks to do just that- until he turns around right into a Superkick! An exhausted Silas drops down on Thomas, not even able to hook either of his legs as the official makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: No! Thomas Roll is out at two and this match continues!

Mike Rolash: We are approaching one full hour now, Jim, what an absolutely amazing showing here from Silas Artoria but we can't take anything away from Thomas Roll either who is giving the champion the fight of his life here in the final match!

Jim Gunt: For sure!

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAP CLAP CLAP!

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAP CLAP CLAP!

Jim Gunt: The crowd are on their feet and showing some love for this match and by god it seems to be willing both competitors back to their feet. Right hand by Thomas Roll is blocked by Silas, who hits a spinning heel kick of his own. Roll is right back with a kick to Artoria's gut though. STUNNER!

Mike Rolash: He's calling for it, Jim, the Big Whirly! Silas put in one hell of a showing here tonight, but he can kiss that Paramount Championship goodbye.

Thomas Roll lifts up Silas, confidently shooting him into the ropes looking for the Tilt-a-whirl. He gets it but mid-flip Artoria somehow breaks out of his grasp and lands right on his feet! An astonished Roll goes for another karate kick but the Psychotic Aristocrat catches it and hooks his leg, executing an amazing Bridging Leghook Belly to Back Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!?

NO! ROLL WITH THE LAST SECOND KICK OUT!

Jim Gunt: My god, this thing continues! These two are somehow right back to their feet, Silas with a dropkick that misses as Thomas Roll dodges and heads for the ropes. Artoria with the duck under; Back Body-no? He has him up and just one eighty transitioned Roll on his shoulders. Cutter! FALL OF MAN!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit, what a variation there and somehow, some way Silas looks to be about to retain here yet again!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner of the gauntlet and STILL CWF Paramount Champion….SILAS ARTORIA!!

“Something Got Me Started” slowly comes back over the speaker system as Trent Robbins calls for the timekeeper to hand him the Paramount Championship which he drapes over the shoulders of Silas as soon as he gets to his feet with the help of the official. Artoria staggers, barely able to breathe at a normal capacity and hardly able to stand on his two feet. Hidetaka Ito comes to the aid of Artoria, helping him raise his arm in the title into the air to a resounding applause from the crowd. Even Thomas Roll claps a little at Artoria as he exits the ring, showing respect for a hard earned victory to the champion.

Pushing Forward

Match

Backstage, Autumn is seen with the Impact Championship slung over her shoulder, shaking out her one free hand as she bounces lightly on the balls of her feet, eyes glued to the ground. She looks focused and ready for the fight that's ahead. The camera view slowly backs up a few feet to show Tara Robinson walking into view, microphone in hand, ready to interview the Beautiful Psychopath before her title defense. Autumn stops her movement and glances up at Tara, waiting for her to begin.

Tara Robinson: Autumn, it looks like you're ready to go for your first title defense tonight at Twilight of the Gods. What's your mindset like going into this?

Autumn takes a deep breath, lifting her head and looking off camera at something, staying quiet for a few moments before speaking.

Autumn Raven: My mindset...is one of focus and determination. I've been under pressure like this before, so many times. I've been through wars, fights where I've put everything on the line, and I've walked out stronger than before. Tonight is going to be no different. I'm not going to let this title go so soon because Freddie Styles thinks so.

Tara Robinson: Does the fact that he's held the title once before change your thinking about anything?

Autumn shakes her head slightly, smiling.

Autumn Raven: No, not really. I give my respect for what he did when he held this title, but that's it. He made his choices, he lost the title, and now he's back looking to try and regain it again to make up for whatever sins he's got hanging over his head. I'm not some weak looking woman, I know this title makes me a walking target for anyone who wants a bite. That's fine. If Freddie wants a bite, then so be it. But he better be careful. Because when I bite back, I'm not gonna let go until he's not moving anymore. Best believe that.

Tara Robinson: Any last words before you go out there?

Autumn Raven: Freddie better be damn sure he knows what he's getting into this time around. He can try and burn me

down, but I will be the phoenix and rise from the ashes again and again...and again. I will never stop, I will fight the wars, and I will be that person that will never give up. I'm walking in as Impact Champion, and I'm walking out as the champion.

Tara Robinson: Strong words from one Autumn Raven as she gets set to face off the returning Freddie Styles for the Impact Championship tonight. Don't miss this match. It's gonna be a good one. Thank you Autumn for your time, and good luck. Back to you guys...

The camera cuts back to ringside.

Intentions of the Golden Variety

Match

Jim Gunt: Indeed, strong words from Autumn Raven, who in just a few seconds will place her newly won CWF Impact Championship on the line against the returning Mr. Ballgame, Freddie Styles.

Mike Rolash: Freddie returned last week with the Impact Championship in his sights and tonight he gets his chance.

Jim Gunt: Well let's not waste any more time and send it over to Ray, who's ready to get things underway.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the CWF Impact Championship!

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of “Somewhere In Hollywood” by Sixx A.M. starts to play, the CWF Tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name floating 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, Impact Championship strapped around her waist, she comes to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances out at the crowd with a smirk on her face as she starts down the ramp slowly.

Ray Douglas: Making her way the ring… from Los Angeles, California, weighing one hundred twenty pounds, she is the CWF Impact Champion! The Beautiful Psychopath… AUTUMN RAVEN!

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile. She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one and unstraps her title. She taunts the crowd and flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Jim Gunt: Autumn has been on one of the biggest momentum swings since she set foot in CWF. First managing to put an end to her nemesis, Nina. Then proceeding to win the Impact Championship in a fatal four-way, last week.

Mike Rolash: I have to admit, she's been on a major roll. Definitely a major turnaround from her earlier stages, but Freddie isn't too be taken lightly.. A former Impact Champion in his own right.

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, bouncing side to side as the bridge hits…

Heavy is the crown

Only for the weak…

As the song moves into the verse, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain as he just stands there in a hooded vest,

hood over his head, bouncing from side to side, before making his slow walk towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Her challenger.. from Atlanta, Georgia! Weighing two hundred twenty three pounds… Mr. Ballgame.. FREDDIE STYLES!

The knife in my heart couldn't slow me down

'Cause power is power, the fire never goes out

I rise from my scars, nothing hurts me now

‘Cause power is power

Now watch me burn it down

Freddie slowly walks up the ring steps, and steps through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down, and leaning over in the corner. He takes the hood from off his head, then takes the vest off completely, tossing it to the floor, awaiting the beginning of the match.

Jim Gunt: Freddie is a man who's trying to get his career back on track. And maybe the time away was just enough to help him bounce back.

Mike Rolash: I'm not so certain, I mean the last we really heard was that he went into a coma after Vertigo.

Jim Gunt: Mike, I'll have you know that CWF house some of the most resilient wrestlers in this business...

The CWF Tron begins to static as the lights flicker a bit. Leaving the fans a bit confused as a man's voice is heard over the speakers.

Voice: CWF... Has a lot to offer. It has the talent... it has the fan base. But it's lacking something. It's lacking the same thing that every other company lacks until I arrive on the scene. It's lacking GREATNESS.

The lights flicker again as "DNA" by Kendrick Lamar blares over the speakers. A good portion of fans begin to have mixed reactions knowing who this man is. Regardless of the boos or cheers there is noise in the arena as Bryan Ford strolls casually out onto the stage with microphone in hand. His eyes on the two wrestlers in the ring, especially on Autumn Raven.

Bryan Ford: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, I shouldn't have to do this... because by doing so it proves you all live under a pathetic dainty little rock. But because I'm such a gracious guest I will introduce myself to you, CWF.

I am the most charismatic man in Carnage Wrestling! Mr. 24/7 The Innovator of greatness Bryan Ford. And you're welcome for the ratings boost. I know... I know you're all wondering why the hottest superstar in wrestling history today is in your humble little building. Well it's quite simple actually. I've got intentions of the golden variety.

The fans start to cheer knowing exactly what he's implying. Ford slowly begins making his way down the ramp.

Bryan Ford: Let me inform you on why this is a big deal especially for this company. I have been making waves since I first debuted in pro wrestling. Every single company I have gone to I have proven why I am number one. Because I'm the hungriest there. Because I always feel like I have way more to prove than whoever opposes me in the ring.

And it's about that time again. Now trust me I'm no fool, I do a lot of research on everyone I come across. Freddie Styles, I know who you are, you're a former tag champion, more importantly you are a former Impact champion. You just got inducted in the hall of fame and instead of sitting back and retiring you want yourself another shot at glory.

Autumn... You're someone I personally connect with. I know exactly who you are. You're the underdog who's got a lot to prove here in this business. Let me guess, you finally have championship gold around your waist and you feel on top of the world you... You feel like you'll do any and everything to retain that championship here tonight.

Well, let me educate you both on something... you're absolutely nothing if your name isn't Bryan Ford.

A sea of boos erupt from the crowd as Ford smirks shaking his head.

Bryan Ford: Please Autumn, tell me you're not doing this for these parasites who are booing me right now. Because trust me, just as loudly as they will cheer for you tonight they will turn their backs on you in a second... period!

Trust me I know... I used to be the crowd favorite, I used to do flips and tricks and pander to these idiots. And that got me nowhere. So now I make it a mission to prove I am the best in spite of these so called fans... just as I intend to walk out of the Golden Intentions rumble and go on to claim what I feel should be mine.

But enough about that, that's not the only reason I'm out here. You see, I wanted to get a look at this here championship match. Autumn, in all honesty I'm pulling for you...after all who knows? I might want a shot at your Impact championship next but again this isn't about me, so carry on.

Ford smirks as he makes his way over to the commentary table and jumps up onto it sitting Indian style as he watches on ignoring the complaints of the commentary team to get out of the way.

Autumn Raven (c) vs. Freddie Styles

Match

Jim Gunt: Is he just going to sit up here the entire match?

Mike Rolash: Yeah I mean at least pick up a seat beside us...

The camera shows Ford still sitting indian style on the commentary table. Finally noticing the camera is directed on him, he gives a quick head nod. Back inside of the ring, Summits displays the Impact Championship for the fans, before handing it to Ray as he exits the ring. When Douglas' feet touch the floor, Summits calls for the bell and this championship contest in underway. The two begin to circle around the ring, searching for an early advantage. Styles goes for a tie-up but Raven rolls out of the way, evading his advances. Freddie turns to Autumn who's making it to her feet and nods in approval. He goes for another lock up but she dodges again, this time latching on a reverse waistlock. Styles with a standing switch, he lifts Raven up and slams her front first into the mat, quickly transitioning into a side headlock.

Jim Gunt: Freddie looking to use his size to his advantage as he cranks on that side headlock.

Mike Rolash: It's a good strategy to try and ground the high flyer.

However, Raven uses her smaller frame to slip free from the headlock. She is hurriedly back to her feet and racing past Styles as he gets back vertical. Rebounding off the ropes, she takes Styles down with a forearm smash. He's back up and she drops him with another one, Styles is back up once again but his back meets the canvas for a third with a Sling Blade. A small cheer erupts from the crowd while Autumn is back to her feet. She scales to the top and waits for Styles to get upright. He finally does and Autumn leaps off. She goes for a missile dropkick but Freddie is able to avoid it as she crashes hard! Not giving her a chance to recover, Freddie snatches Raven from the canvas. He connects with a snap suplex and floats over into the pin.

ONE!

No, Autumn easily kicks out at one.

Jim Gunt: Freddie looking to take advantage of the errand dropkick by Autumn. Stomping down on her body.

Mike Rolash: She went for the big move early and it cost her...now Freddie's about to break her down like a fraction.

A back suplex by Styles plants Autumn into the canvas. He's back to his feet as he surveys the scene around him.

Freddie brings the Beautiful Psychopath back vertical and whips her into a corner. He follows her in and crushes her with a Styles Splash! He isn't done though, whipping her cross corner and repeats the save maneuver. Raven crumples to the canvas, Styles drops down for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Raven with the shoulder up! Freddie only nods, bringing Raven up with him. Clamping his hands around her waist, Freddie pops hips, sending her overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex. Adjusting his tights, slowly rising to his feet, Styles makes his way over to a reeling Raven. With her hair in his hand, he brings her back up once again but she looks to escape. Hooking her arm across his chest, she falls backwards, spiking Styles with a reverse STO. Holding on, she brings her legs up and wraps then around Styles' neck. The crowd slightly erupts!

Jim Gunt: Autumn with the reversal, now having Styles locked in the Koji Clutch!

Mike Rolash: Freddie thought he had this match firmly in control but Raven proving why you shouldn't count her out anymore.

Jim Gunt: Even Bryan Ford seems to be enjoying this match...

The Beautiful Psychopath pulls on her ankle to apply more pressure on the hold, while Ford still sits on the table clapping for Autumn. Freddie searches desperately for an escape. There isn't one at the moment, Freddie scratches and claws to get free but Autumn has locked tight. She refuses to let go, Freddie yelling out, trying to push through the pain. He wildly kicks his legs, trying to feel for the ropes, but they are nowhere in sight, even though he's only mere inches away. Raven for her part is locked on, however Freddie, not able to feel the ropes chooses a different route. Pushing up to his knees, Styles tries to get his base steady. He finally does and uses his strength advantage to lift Raven off the mat. It's a struggle though, Raven continues to pull and crank on the hold. Mr. Ballgame is upright with Autumn hanging off of him, but she releases her grip. Dropping to the mat, Raven rolls backwards to her feet while Styles stumble away. She doesn't let up.

Jim Gunt: Chop Block by the Beautiful Psychopath, dropping Styles back to the canvas and now she cinches in the STF!

Mike Rolash: Styles can't catch a break. Do you think he might have a bit of ring rust.

Jim Gunt: The Hall of Famer is just...a step too slow at the moment. But he needs to get things turned around if he plans on leaving two time Impact Champion!

Once again in a precarious position, Freddie finds himself struggling. He doesn't have any refuge though, Autumn having him trapped in the middle of the ring. With her fingers interlocked, she yanks back on Styles' face. He tries to peel her fingers free but she is contempt. Clark is right in Freddie's face, asking if he wants to tap but Styles doesn't respond, now using his strength to his favor, pulling his body, along with Raven towards the ropes. He inches closer and closer, finally reaching out and grabbing the bottom rope. Summits calls for the break, which Autumn obliges to. Freddie rolls under the bottom rope and to the outside to try and recover. Back to her feet, Autumn looks out to the Houston fans who begin to cheer her on. She sizes her opponent up and rebounds off the ropes. Charging back towards Styles, she leaps over the ropes and corkscrews through the air.

Jim Gunt: STYLES CAUGHT RAVEN!

Mike Rolash: This isn't gonna end well.

Stumbling around a bit, Freddie finally gets his balance. Holding Raven, Styles positions himself and slams Autumn onto the apron with a modified Fishermen's DDT! The fans cringe as Raven slumps to the floor. Styles quickly

snatches her off the floor and rolls her inside of the ring. Freddie climbs onto the apron and waits for Raven who slowly gets to her feet. Styles slingshots over the top rope and spikes her with another DDT and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: Raven able to escape the pinfall attempt. I surely thought Styles had her with that one.

Mike Rolash: Her head hit that apron violently and might be over with for the fairytale story.

Slapping the mat in frustration, Styles is back up. He hits the ropes and springboards with a moonsault. He connects and holds on for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Choosing not to complain this time, Styles drags Autumn's prone body towards the corner. He goes to the top and has Raven in his line of fire. He flips off for the King of the Fall but connects with the canvas as Raven rolls out of the way! She rolls to the apron and uses the ropes to get vertical, the Houston fans cheering her on, every step of the way. With Freddie reeling on the canvas, grabbing at his midsection, Raven scales to the top rope. She perches at the top and waits for Freddie to get vertical before leaping off.

Jim Gunt: Autumn finally able to connect with the missile dropkick and both competitors are down. Who's going to be able to take advantage?

Mike Rolash: We're going to find out soon as they are both getting to their feet.

A right hand, staggers Autumn who fires back with a forearm. She grabs his arm and whips him towards the corner, no-reversal by Freddie. Autumn jumps to the middle turnbuckle and decks a charging Styles with a Superman Punch! Dazed and confused, Styles swings wildly at Autumn who ducks underneath. Freddie does a 180° spin and Raven leaps up, driving her knees into his back with a backstabber! She uses her legs to flip Styles over her, then flips over herself, looking for Nevermore. Before she is able to lock her hands, Styles escapes and is to his feet. Striking like a snake, Freddie goes for the ATL Stomp! Autumn manages to avoid, rolling Freddie up for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Both competitors roll through to their feet and charge at each other. Autumn is the one swinging wildly this time but Freddie shows her how it's done with DAT REMIX! He shoots the half, going for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! AUTUMN KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: I think, we're just as shocked as Freddie that Autumn kicked out!

Mike Rolash: Since breaking free from Silas’ shadow.. Autumn has been proving night in and out that she never

needed him.

Freddie still in a bit of shock, tells the crowd it's over as he positions himself for Ballgame. He screams for Autumn to get vertical which she slowly does. Freddie is chomping at the bit as Autumn stumbles to an upright position. Feeling nostalgic, Freddie spins looking for his tornado kick version of Ballgame. Doing a full 360, he looks for the kick!

Jim Gunt: CLAW OF THE NIGHT BY RAVEN AND STYLES IS OUT COLD!

Just as Styles goes for the kick, he eats Raven's foot and crashes to the canvas as she falls on top of him with a backpress, going for the pin, hooking the leg in the process.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Summits signals for the bell as the crowd explodes. Raven rolls off Styles' body, exhausted from the grueling contest. Summits retrieves the Impact Championship from the ringside attendant.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner and STILL.. CWF IMPACT CHAMPION! AUTUMN RAVEN!

Raven is now to her feet, receiving the Impact Championship from Summits, who raises her hand in victory.

Jim Gunt: What an impressive title defense by Autumn, striking Freddie out of nowhere with the Claw of the Night! And her ascension is moving in the right direction!

Mike Rolash: Honestly, I didn't think she would be able to pull off this win. But she continues to turn heads as she moves forward in her career.

Bryan Ford finally hops off the commentary table, his eyes never leaving Autumn Raven as he makes his way up the ramp, clapping sarcastically. The Beautiful Psychopath just waves her hands to schoo him away, soaking in the moment as the Houston fans cheer aloud.

A Special Guest

Match

A Special Guest
Backstage the camera stops at the door of the Prodigal Son, Jaiden Rishel. A sign on a blue door says so in fancy letters. The door swings open and we see Rishel himself, a white towel drapped over his neck and a cell phone propped up beside his face. Jaiden seems to be in conversation, one that the camera can't quite pick out. Eventually the final words of Jaiden can be heard...

Jaiden Rishel: Oh wow, you're right around the corner...?

The eyes of Jaiden go wide as the conversation comes to a close with him exiting the call as he sees that the person on the other end of the line has made it to the Toyota Center. Jaiden begins to walk towards the person and just as the camera begins to zoom out to show them, we suddenly cut back to ringside.

Christopher $aint James vs. Jaiden Rishel

Match

Jim Gunt: So who do you think that was backstage with Jaiden, Mike?

Mike Rolash: He was probably talking to himself. There isn't anyone left that Jaiden hasn't either stabbed in the back or chased away from him.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen! The following is the Hell in a Cell match! Introducing first...

"Welcome Home" by Coheed and Cambria plays over the speaker system as red and white strobes flicker all over the stage as Jaiden Rishel slowly comes out from behind the curtain. He takes in the mixed reaction from the crowd with a sneer and stands back, to allow a man through that awards some of the booing to turn to cheering.

Jim Gunt: It's... It's J. Rish!

Mike Rolash: Oh wow! Happy to see our lord and savior up and on his feet after the updates received from Jaiden. He has most definitely been in at least, MY thoughts and prayers...

Jim Gunt: Doesn't count if you're only praying for a bonus.

Together, father and son head down the ramp to the ring, Jaiden casting a glance up at the structure above, hanging ominously awaiting its decent. Rish seems to sense his son's trepidation and puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder, encouraging him forward before giving him a round of applause before heading back up the ramp as "Yes" by LMFAO cues up.

Ray Douglas: Introducing next, he is the former owner of CWF and Hostility, Christopher St. James!

C$J coms out in dazzling white with black accents all around. He gives Rish a once over and laughs at the man, before slapping him across the face! Jaiden is beside himself in the ring, but Nick MacArthur is doing a good job in keeping Jaiden from bullrushing the former owner... For now.

Jim Gunt: Blatant disrespect shown by C$J toward Jaiden and the rest of the Rish family, nothing new from $t. James though.

Mike Rolash: This is true. So while we wait for the official bell, should we catch up the people at home who may have missed why this is such a bitter rivalry, ending in what is sure to be an explosive contest?

Jim Gunt: Wow, you're actually doing your job tonight, impressive. Let's roll that footage!

Screens around the arena flicker on and a video package is shown, highlighting the rise of James Milenko and Hostility at the end of 2018, his abuse of power, the corruption of Loki Synn, and betrayal of Christopher St. James, his benefactor at the time. Snippets of the main event from the last event of 2018, Hostile Intentions where team CWF manages to squeak a win by team Hostility, James Milenko is ousted by C$J who made a power move and became sole owner of the CWF, firing Milenko in the process. The video highlights C$J's rise to power, splitting the CWF roster and making Hostility a second show under one roof. During this time, one man continued to stand in his way, Jaiden Rishel; putting together The Reason to destroy Hostility from the inside out. The new Hostility lasted only four shows before the plug was pulled by Jon Stewart. Stewart decreed $t. James CWF's newest roster member and remerged the rosters. Since then, C$J and Jaiden Rishel have been at each other's throats, everything is settled tonight, in Hell in a Cell.

Mike Rolash: Ladies and gentlemen, please understand that this match has been months in the making. C$J came to the CWF with plans to make us the biggest and best, the greatest the world had seen. However...

Jim Gunt: However, he was thwarted by the man standing in the ring across from him now. C$J may have had big plans for our home away from home, but the way he went about things made even the purest of souls feel dirty just from having contact with him.

Mike Rolash: Wow. I'd hate to hear what you have to say about your enemies... Either way, Jaiden Rishel. Christopher St. James. The cell has been lowered and an incredibly timid looking Nick MacArthur calls for the bell!

His arms trembling, the young referee signals as the cell is locked shut. The two stare holes into each other, Jaiden trying to psych C$J out with a pump fake, but C$J just stands stoically still, never moving. C$J fakes a kick, Jaiden stays in place. Neither willing to give the other any kind of advantage.

Jim Gunt: A standoff to start off this match, the two of them feeling each other out.

Mike Rolash: Eff that! This match has been too long in the making to play with tacos and standoffs! Let's get some violence already!

Jim Gunt: Tacos and standoffs? What?

Mike Rolash: You know... Mexican standoff. But tacos. I kinda wish they had tacos in the concession area...

Inside the cell, tension continues to mount as C$J refuses to move from his place. Finally having enough, Jaiden runs at C$J! C$J ducks a clothesline attempt, allowing Jaiden to run by him. Jaiden comes off the ropes, picking up more steam; C$J leaps into the air, leap frogging over Jaiden! Jaiden bounces off the ropes again as C$J lands on his feet, turning around and stopping Jaiden's momentum with a kick to the gut! With no hesitation, C$J leaps into the air, smacking Jaiden on the top of the head with a pele kick! Jaiden goes down to a knee and C$J is quick to his feet, running to the opposite side, bouncing off the ropes and hitting The Prodigal Son with a shining wizard!

Jim Gunt: Love him or hate him, C$J certainly knows his way around that ring. He hasn't earned many fans since coming to CWF, but that doesn't matter to him...

Mike Rolash: That's correct. In C$J's eyes, he was helping the CWF thrive by creating something for them to compete against. I'm... I'm honestly torn on who to root for here Jimbo, C$J did a lot of good while he had the power to do so. But like you said, he's greasier than the fry cook at a KFC.

C$J roughly pushes Jaiden down to the mat, going for the cover; Jaiden gets his shoulder up before Nick can slide in to make the count. Furious, C$J confronts Nick about not doing his job, but he is quickly taken backward by Jaiden in a roll up! Jaiden grabs C$J's tights as Nick goes to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

TH..NO!

With added effort, C$J kicks his legs up into the air, putting his weight on his shoulders, and tipping backwards, out of Jaiden's grasp, and to his feet. He glares daggers at Nick, but instead runs at Jaiden, now incensed. Quick as a puma, Jaiden drops C$J with a drop toe hold! The Prodigal Son smacks C$J in the back of the head, only making C$J even angrier. The former owner slams his hands on the mat and gets to his feet. He runs at Jaiden again, but Rishel pulls down the top rope at the last moment, causing C$J to spill outside of the ring!

Jim Gunt: C$J's anger is leading to his undoing in the early going ons in this match.

Mike Rolash: He's made some mistakes that he normally doesn't make. Jaiden must have gotten under his skin and honestly? I can see that. From what little was seen of Hostility, whenever C$J attempted to get something done, Jaiden was there to stop him. Didn't matter in regards to the company or in regards to running the show. I think I'm Team C$J here. Yeah... Jaiden was just jealous of C$J's success at that point!

Jim rolls his eyes as Jaiden peers outside of the ring at the stirring body of St. James. The Prodigal Son runs the ropes and leaps at St. James, looking for a suicide dive! C$J is quick, though, and grabs a kendo stick from under the ring, quickly blasting Jaiden in the head with it as he dives through the ropes! Jaiden's body goes limp and then the momentum carries the young Rishel out to the floor, lying at the feet of a triumphant Mr. #1derful! C$J raises the kendo stick in the air as high as he can and begins to whip Jaiden with the wicker stick, the sharp cracks ringing throughout the arena and Jaiden's back quickly welting up. C$J hops up on the apron and with a flourish leaps off, looking to catch Jaiden with another brutal shot!

Jim Gunt: C$J looking to take this match to a whole new level as he takes full advantage of the lack of rules in a hell in

a cell match!

Mike Rolash: And why wouldn't he take advantage Jimbo? We both know that if the roles had been reversed, Jaiden would have done the same thing. C$J is just looking to regain some of what he lost to Jaiden in their war up until this point!

Jaiden tries to crawl away, but C$J keeps him there with a boot holding down his ankle. With a sick grin, C$J raises his leg, to stomp down on the leg of Jaiden, but as soon as he does, Jaiden moves his leg out of the way and kicks as hard as he can at C$J's other leg! C$J goes down hard, grabbing his knee as Jaiden works to create some space between him and God's Gift to Everything. The Prodigal Son makes it to a corner, using either side to brace himself as he stands himself up. His eyes narrow as C$J makes it to his feet, shaking out his knee and cursing anything and anyone that could be related to a Rishel. He sneers though as a lightbulb clicks on over his head, and he gets a running start, coming full on at Jaiden! Looking for a dropkick, C$J leaps, but Jaiden collapses, either by design, or fatigue, sending C$J crashing into the corner of the cell! Jaiden rolls out of the way as C$J crashes right where Jaiden had been a moment before, collapsing on his back on the mat!

Mike Rolash: Again, C$J thinking more with his... Something other than his brain, allowing himself to get tricked like that.

Jim doesn't have a chance to respond as the crowd all groans and C$J yelps in pain. Jaiden raises his foot again, holding onto the cell for support and delivers another boot to C$J's face! His nose starts to gush blood, but Jaiden delivers one more boot for emphasis before brushing the yuk on C$J's blonde, now stained red hair. C$J's legs collapse to his side as he tries to get to his feet, but is quickly thwarted by Jaiden who delivers a soccer punt to C$J's ribs!

Jim Gunt: Yikes, C$J looks to be down and Jaiden is looking to see what he can use to inflict more damage with under the ring!

Mike Rolash: I love it! Why the heck not?! There are no rules in the cell and the ref is almost there just to maintain an image. Speaking of...

C$J takes Jaiden looking under the ring to his advantage, grabbing a wadded up roll of cash from, somewhere, and beckoning Nick MacArthur over.

C$J: All yours... Just have to tell everyone Jaiden is unable to compete!

The commentators are stunned as Nick looks to think about taking the money before it is snatched by Jaiden! C$J tries to fire off a quick right, but Jaiden blocks and stuffs the bills down C$J's throat with a mandible claw!

Jim Gunt: The crowd goes ballistic here as Jaiden tells C$J in more ways than one, that he can take his money and shove it.

Mike Rolash: That... That can't be sanitary.

Jaiden lets C$J go and the playboy rolls away as Jaiden goes back to grabbing a chair from underneath the ring! He turns, looking to use it against C$J, but is only met with a kick to the chair, firing it back into his face! Jaiden's head bounces off the chair and he falls into the cell, C$J falling on top of him and grating his face against the unforgiving steel!

Mike Rolash: I take it back... THAT can't be sanitary. Should we be sitting this close? Do we need to contact anyone if we get splashed with... Liquid?

Jim only looks on as C$J finally lets Jaiden go, tossing him against the ring post. Jaiden slumps, his forehead now its own crimson mask. Looking to end things, C$J grabs the discarded chair and winds up, looking to sandwich Jaiden's

head! With surprising speed Jaiden avoids certain disaster as he ducks the chair shot, grabbing C$J by the trunks and pulling him in, faceplanting the former owner right into the post!

Jim Gunt: C$J may need all the money he can get after this match...

Mike Rolash: Why is that?

Jim Gunt: He's from Hollywood right? Surely he knows people that will be able to fix his... Face issues after this match, but one can only imagine the cost...

C$J slumps to his knees as Jaiden rolls to his, catching his breath and trying to get to his feet; only to stumble back into the cell wall. With a vicious snarl, he tries again to stand up straight, this time making it so; making it back over to the still motionless C$J. Picking him up by his ears, Jaiden slaps C$J hard across the jaw. Fire erupts in C$J's eyes as Jaiden whips C$J toward the cell wall! With stunning reflexes, C$J leaps up onto the wall as he comes to it, and gets as high as he can before he leaps backward and lands on Jaiden with a moonsault!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: The crowd is on their feet as C$J pulls out all the stops against Jaiden Rishel, using the cage as a leaping pad!

Mike Rolash: Going to have to agree with the crowd for once, this is indeed awesome!

C$J rolls off of an unmoving Jaiden and crawls toward the ring apron, rooting around underneath. Jaiden slowly comes to and sees C$J's boot poking out from underneath the ring. The Prodigal Son reaches over and grabs the boot, getting to his feet and pulling with all of his might! C$J comes sliding out, but he's ready with a pair of bolt cutters! Taking a wild swing, Mr. #1derful manages to catch Jaiden in the ribs, forcing Rishel to let go of C$J's feet. Moving with a sense of urgency, with some added desperation, C$J moves to the cell wall and begins to cut himself a way out! He tosses the bolt cutters to the side and begins to try and work his way through the jagged steel. He gingerly steps through with one leg, starts to work his upper body through, desperately trying not to cut himself, and suddenly realizes why the crowd just got obscenely loud. Jaiden Rishel has recovered and has C$J in his sights!

Jim Gunt: C$J desperately trying to escape from the cell now, but Jaiden isn't having it!

Mike Rolash: Not in the slightest! Jaiden is trying to pull C$J back in, but C$J fights to get out. Finally Jaiden releases his arm, shrugs his shoulders and starts to deliver boots to the side of C$J, pushing God's Gift to Everything outside of the cell!

The cameras get a close up on a doubled over C$J, his nose still pouring blood, red scratches now forming across his chest and back, just as Rolash and Gunt are able to get a clear view.

Jim Gunt: C$J has definitely seen better days...

Mike Rolash: Holy crap, I might be sick... But at the same time, C$J is beginning to remind me a lot of a tiger...

Jim Gunt: Haha, I can see that... That's great...

Mike Rolash: Nah... THAT'S GRRRREEEEEAAAATTTTTT!

It's at this moment that C$J overhears them, wipes the blood and snot from his mouth and flicks it over the papers on top of the announce table. The crowd pops though and C$J whips around to see Jaiden cutting a bigger hole in the cell wall in order to follow him. C$J leaps up onto the announce table, and then leaps up onto the side of the cage, beginning to climb up the side!

Jim Gunt: Wow... That went from funny to gross rather quickly...

Mike Rolash: Are... Are tiger monkeys a thing?

C$J mocks Jaiden as he emerges from the side of the cell, cursing that his prey made it up so quickly. The Prodigal Son curses again and follows in C$J's footsteps, beginning the climb to the top.

Jim Gunt: Tough position for Jaiden to have to be in. Nothing he can do to get C$J to come back down...

Mike Rolash: But nothing to prevent C$J from trying to knock Jaiden off at the top when he's most defenseless... Let's watch this train wreck happen!

Predictably, as Jaiden reaches the top C$J begins to stomp away at The Prodigal Son's hands. C$J stomps Jaiden's hand, as hard as he can and Jaiden swings wildly from the top of the cell! C$J aims another boot at Jaiden, but Rishel is ready for him this time and catches the boot as it flies toward him, pulling C$J down off the top of the cage! For a split second Jaiden hangs from the top of the cell, holding C$J up by the boot. The crowd is breathless and silent when suddenly Jaiden's grip loosens and the two of them fall on top of the announce table, forcing it to explode in all directions and throwing both Gunt and Rolash backwards! The crowd is on their feet and cheering for the two, unmoving stars.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"
CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Static can be heard as Gunt and Rolash struggle to get wires untangled so they can continue to broadcast as Jaiden is the first to roll out of the wreckage, to the cell wall, and slowly climb to his feet. The crowd cheer as he staggers to the fallen body of C$J and whips him toward the wall! With an energy reserve that takes everyone by surprise, C$J once again manages to catch himself at the wall and instead of running into it, uses the momentum to go UP the cell instead! Jaiden tries to catch him by the boot, but C$J is too quick, managing to wiggle his foot free from Jaiden's grasp, graze him with an unaimed boot, and then proceeds to climb up the rest of the way. Once at the top, C$J collapses on his back and takes a breather as Jaiden once again curses.

Jim Gunt: Are... Are we back? Yes! Sorry for the technical difficulties, but as we all just witnessed, things have gone to the next level between C$J and Jaiden!

Mike Rolash: How did the tiger monkey make it back up to the top of the cell? Any other person would have been dead, or at least winded, he HAS to be running on empty after that fall and then the sprint to the top of that cell.

Jim Gunt: To your point Mike, it doesn't look like C$J is willing to try to get to Jaiden this time, instead rolling to the opposite side to give himself enough time to catch his breath. Looks like it's all the opening Jaiden is looking for as he starts to climb as quick as he can to the top!

Jaiden makes it to the top, standing up on the cell as C$J rolls to his knees, trying to grab a few more precious seconds of air time. Literally. He takes a few more deep breaths before he gets to his feet, motioning for Jaiden to come get him. They take a few cautious steps toward each other before they both start to trade blows! Rights and lefts, vicious whip kicks to thighs and shins. C$J delivers a boot to the gut of Jaiden doubling over The Prodigal Son. Jaiden responds by a headbutt followed by a dropkick! As Jaiden lands, the roof bounces precariously, throwing C$J off balance and landing him on his butt.

Jim Gunt: They HAVE to be careful up there! Neither one can afford another fall from up there!

Mike Rolash: Stewart has to be loving this. A match like this that comes from literally no where, with as much in it as this? Imagine if they DID fall again though? This could be match of the night.

Jaiden gets to his feet and rushes C$J, still sitting on the roof. C$J ducks a knee strike and kips up to his feet, almost falling backward as his injuries are getting to him. Jaiden whips around and C$J fires off a quick boot to the gut followed by a vicious DDT that plants Jaiden's massacred face into the chain link roof! The ceiling buckles precariously

but C$J doesn't care. He backs up and runs, leaping up into the air and looking to stomp Jaiden's head into the roof! At the last second, Jaiden throws himself out of the way, C$J finding nothing but open air, his stomp once again buckling the roof further.

Jim Gunt: It's like they're asking for trouble...

Mike Rolash: Sit back and accept this Jimmy. It's violent because it needs to be. It's big because it needs to be. These two are settling a personal score and it isn't going to end until one of them is left standing. Fans eat this stuff up so why not just enjoy the ride if this situation calls for a match this big? I feel like at the end of the night, regardless of who the actual winner is, the people watching this are the winners because... Well, this has been awesome.

Jim Gunt: Who are you?

Mike Rolash: I got some good sleep last night...

On top of the cell, C$J turns his attention back to Jaiden, taking care to step off the panel of roof that is threatening collapse. Jaiden runs at C$J, looking for a clothesline, but C$J ducks again and hits Jaiden in the back of the head with a pele kick! C$J gets to his feet and grabs the stunned Jaiden by the hair, bringing him in close and then dropping him with an inverted DDT! C$J goes to make the cover but Nick yells out that he has to be IN the ring in order for it to count, not above it. C$J curses and lifts Jaiden up in a full nelson and looking for a full nelson facebuster on top of the cell! Jaiden comes to and begins to fight back, wiggling free and dropping down, grabbing C$J by the arms, and flipping him over with a monkey flip! C$J lands hard on the panel that was previously buckled. His eyes widen as he lands, both from pain and the sensation of the panel beneath him giving out! The crowd grasps as C$J falls through the roof and to the mat below, lying motionless on the panel of cell in the ring below! The crowd is beside themselves and Jaiden pauses to contemplate things before leaping through the hole in the ceiling and landing on C$J with a frog splash!

Jim Gunt: THE BLACK RAINBOW FROM THE TOP OF THE CELL!

Mike Rolash: JAIDEN STAYS ON TOP TO MAKE THE COVER!

Nick slides in to make the count and the crowd counts along with his hand...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: That's it! Jaiden Rishel has defended his family's and CWF's honor by dispatching C$J!

Mike Rolash: Nothing against our former boss of course, but well done Jaiden!

Consolidating

Match

Tara Robinson walks down a stone-walled laden corridor, before coming up to the door clearly labelled with her subject in mind. She knocks on the door, and sure enough a fifty-something year old Japanese man answers the door.

Tara Robinson: I’m here to see Silas, I’d like some words from him.

Ito, through his thin glasses, smiles disappointingly.

Hidetaka Ito: My...apologies, but Silas is currently recovering from his ma--

Silas Artoria: Let her in, Ito-san.

Ito looks back into the dressing room.

Silas Artoria: It’s fine. I can spare a few words.

Ito turns back to Tara, and politely opens the door for her and the camera crew. Beyond is Silas himself, shoulders covered in ice packs and his body covered in bruises. His mouth, still red with blood, still grits with stinging pain. His breathing is still sharp, but at least he has the strength to respond and sit up straight.

He looks at Tara and weakly smiles.

Silas Artoria: Tara, lovely to see you again. Please excuse my condition.

Tara Robinson: Sure.

She clears her throat.

Tara Robinson: You have gone through four opponents in the span of a single match, and successfully retained the Paramount Championship. You’re battered, bruised, but I must ask what is next for Silas Artoria?

Silas Artoria: Well, Ito-san and I are going straight to Taste of Texas down the street and enjoy a much needed meal.

Ito chuckles, and Silas takes a deep breath.

Silas Artoria: In all seriousness, if the words “Twilight of the Gods” referred to a sad end of something, it sure wasn’t referring to me.

He points outward.

Silas Artoria: I went out there and defeated four imposing men, without having the time to even take a sip of a drink. Those men, refreshed, energised, defeated by an exhausted and fatigued Canadian. If I was able to fight off a diverse range of athletes at the same time, what does that make me?

He picks up the title, and shows it’s central plate to the frame; clean, unscratched, and not even stained with a spec of water or dust.

Silas Artoria: The CWF Paramount Champion, the one, only, and evolving Paramount Champion; constantly changing and constantly building upon the foundation that my previous selves laid out. I’m not them, but I would be lying if I said their influence shaped who I am now. I swore I would walk out with this championship in my hands, and I kept that promise. I will fight, tooth and nail, to make the Paramount Championship it’s namesake.

Fingers out.

Silas Artoria: Major, central, prime, supreme, my uppermost priority to make the ivory strap shine, and I will make sure that no one will dull the white on this championship.

Pause, a small, albeit exhausted smile escapes him.

Silas Artoria: I walk into Golden Intentions the Paramount Champion, and I eagerly look forward to who comes after me next, because tonight has proven that I am the rightful owner of this title.

Silas smiles his trademark smile at Tara and walks away as the camera cuts out.

Unscripted

Match

We head back to ringside.

Jim Gunt: What a night so far folks.

Mike Rolash: It's been huge, and there's still a lot to come!

Jim Gunt: There sure i...

Jim is interrupted as the lights go completely out. The crowd begins to buzz.

Jim Gunt: I am not sure what is going on.

Mike Rolash: I've got a chill Jim.

Two spotlights begin to move around the venue.

Jim Gunt: I don't have anything here about anything being scheduled.

Mike Rolash: It's the CWF, throw the script out and just enjoy the ride.

The spotlights move up the ramp and light up the entrance. They begin to flash between purple and yellow.

Jim Gunt: It looks like we're about to find out.

A cloud of smoke overtakes the curtains.

Mike Rolash: I can't see what's going on!

We see a shadow step into the smoke but can not make out who it is.

Jim Gunt: I'm sure our questions are about to be answered.

An unfamiliar base line begins to hit.

Jim Gunt: Who coul...

? Big Dick Fury Comes Hard With a Bang

The crowd begins to explode with excitement as Z Mann Zilla "Big Dick Fury" begins to play and the smoke parts to reveal the man himself, Dick Fury. As his music continues, Dick places his hand over his aviators and looks out the crowd. His purple bomber jacket sparkles as the lights hit it. His bright yellow shirt that reveals in red letters that read:

Everyone Loves Dick!.

Jim Gunt: It's Dick Fury! Dick Fury is here! But why?!

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jim, but business has just picked up!

Jim Gunt: It's been months since Fury has stepped foot into a CWF ring. Making a name for himself over on the west coast and in Las Vegas, Dick Fury is back here, in the Championship Wrestling Federation!

Mike Rolash: I told you, throw out the script and just enjoy the ride! In this case, enjoy the Dick ride!

The music continues as Dick points down to the ring and mouths something inaudible before beginning down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: With such huge stakes left here tonight, could Dick Fury's return mean that we are in for more than anyone could ever imagine?

Mike Rolash: It's no secret that Dan Ryan is on Dick's list of people to pound Jim. Then you have Duce Jones who holds the title Dick has proclaimed time after time would one day go around his waist.

Jim Gunt: Dick Fury was not scheduled to be here, but on one of the biggest nights of the year, here he is.

Mike Rolash: We may even get to see Lindsay Troy Dicked down live! I love it!

Fury makes his way to the steps, stopping only to be handed a microphone before continuing to the apron. He walks across the edge, holding onto the top rope with his free hand before stopping in the middle. Leaning against the ropes, Dick just smirks as the fans continue to roar in excitement. He turns and enters the ring between the ropes going directly into a spin with his arms out. The crowd grows even louder.

Jim Gunt: It's apparent folks, everyone here does indeed love Dick.

Mike Rolash: They do! They Do! Everyone loves Dick!

As Dick Fury's music begins to fade out and the lights return to normal he stands in the middle of the ring. Bringing the

microphone up toward his mouth, he cocks a smirk and the fans lose it. The reaction is deafening as Fury brings the mic back down and soaks it in some more. After a few moments, Dick signals for them to quiet down as he brings the microphone back up.

Dick Fury: Tonight... in the main event...

The fans pop loudly.

Dick Fury: Dan Ryan...

He pulls the mic away from his mouth and spits on the canvas.

Dick Fury: ...gets a chance to challenge Duce Jones for the CWF World Championship title.

The fans pop at the champion's mention.

Dick Fury: Now, you see... Dick and Duce... well, they go far back. Dick likes Duce and the fact that the title is around his waist and not someone like Flair... Well, Dick gets a little excited.

Mike Rolash: Dick gets excited Jim!

Jim Gunt: I heard.

Dick Fury: It's a sign of change. A much needed change that Dick has time after time said needs to happen here in the CWF.

The fans continue to roar.

Dick Fury: Dick knows that each and every one of you are tired of the same people kissing corporate ass to get yet another shot and run with the title. Just as Dick is.

Jim Gunt: Well, I'm not sure that's quite how things happen here in the CWF. MJ Flair is a multiple time champion, but she earned it every time.

Mike Rolash: I'm not sure Jim. Dick has a point!

Dick Fury: But then.. Dick hears that Dan Ryan of all people gets to main event a CWF pay per view and get another shot? That no talent, over hyped, and quite frankly boring asshole is being thrown into what Dick calls the Flair Spot?

Jim Gunt: To be fair, Dan Ryan was champion before Duce Jones, earning his opportunity through the Modern Warfare tournament. The tournament that saw Ryan put Dick Fury's talent, Austin Bishop, out in the first round.

Mike Rolash: Austin Bishop was robbed!

Dick Fury: Dan caught a lucky break. He pushed Flair out of the way and cupped the balls of some Rishel's and worked his way into a title run. Good for him, really.

Dick pauses for a moment.

Dick Fury: But then Duce Jones took the title from him. That was it Dan. Duce proved what everyone here should

already know, that you will never amount to anything more than being a transitional paper champion.

Jim Gunt: Harsh words for Dan Ryan here tonight by Dick Fury.

Mike Rolash: All I hear is truth!

Dick Fury: Instead of just letting Duce embark on his epic title run and build his legacy, you suddenly become OK with swallowing and here you are.. in another title match. Dick finds it disgusting.

Mike Rolash: It is! it is disgusting!

Jim Gunt: Why do you latch on to everything this man says?

Dick Fury: So tonight... with a main event for the championship title.. Dick Fury is out here to proclaim that it has been approved...

The fans suddenly get even louder than they have been already.

Mike Rolash: Oh my God... is Dick making it a triple threat?! Oh my God!

Dick Fury: that... he will be back in his hotel room, ignoring the fact Dan Ryan drew not one of you here tonight but is in the main event.

Mike Roalsh: Not one Dan Ryan fan in the building!

Jim Gunt: So Dick came out here to tell us he's going to his hotel now? I'm confused.

Dick Fury: Dick will ignore that. He will ignore the fact that the odds are stacked against Duce Jones and he probably will be screwed over tonight.

He begins to pace for a bit, ending up leaning over the ropes, microphone to his mouth.

Dick Fury: You see, Dick will ignore all of that because at Golden Intentions..

The fans go nuts.

Dick Fury: All will be made right in the world when Dick Fury officially enters into the rumble... single handedly eliminates each and every other person and goes on to become the.. NEW... CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING FEDERATION... WORLD... CHAMPION!

The crowd buzzes as Fury throws the mic down to a hand and his music hits again.

Mike Rolash: Dick Fury has announced he will be in the Golden intentions Rumble on June 11th!

Jim Gunt: I can't wait!

Fury makes his way back up the ramp as the crowd continues to go crazy over what they just witnessed.

Lindsay Troy vs. Nathan Paradine vs. Zach van Owen

Jim Gunt: We've got no time to clean up the blood and wreckage of that chaotic Hell in a Cell Match, as we move on to what should be an equally intense match up as three top-tier competitors vie for a shot to take on Duce Jones at Golden Intentions.

Mike Rolash: Our poor spanish brothers don't even have a table to sit at anymore, as we had no choice but to take over their table. How's it going in the standing section gents?

The camera shows the team of both spanish announcers just shaking their heads.

Jim Gunt: Sorry about that, gentlemen. But onto other matters, how about the return of Dick Fury as he announces himself as the latest entrant for Golden Intentions? And Paramount Champion Silas Artoria announcing his intentions are golden as well?

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a triple threat match and is a number one contenders match. It's scheduled for one fall, with no time limit.

The opening clap-stomp beats of "Watch Me" by The Phantoms hit the speakers as the fans jump to their feet. There's a decidedly negative reaction as they wait for Lindsay Troy to step through the curtain. The Queen of the Ring doesn't keep them in suspense for too long; as soon as the lyrics kick in, she strides out onto the stage with a smirk on her face.

Ray Douglas: Hailing from Tampa, Florida and weighing in at 195 pounds, she is the Queen of the Ring, LIIIIIINDDSSAAAAYYYYY TRRRROOOOOYYYYYY!

Mike Rolash: The look on Linday's face says it all. All she wants is to take her rightful place upon the World Championship Throne. Is that really so much to ask?

Jim Gunt: What? You think everyone should just lie down for her?

Troy basks in the ovation and the pyro before marching down the ramp. At the bottom, she jumps flat-footed onto the apron, then catapults herself up and over the top rope with a flip. She scales a corner to pose a bit before hopping down and turning in mid air to face the stage to wait for others to arrive.

Mike Rolash: She is the Queen.

Jim Gunt: Not literally.

Mike Rolash: How do you know? She could be related to royalty?

Jim Gunt: All I know is you're a royal pain in my arse!

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, and weighing in at 240lbs…The Australian Submission Machine....NATHAN PARADINE!!

Mike Rolash: And here comes "The Hostile Nomad" and the man responsible for the punt heard round the world... Nathan Paradine.

Jim Gunt: But left with his tail between his legs once he found out that while he might have won the match, he didn't do anything to win over the crowd.

Mike Rolash: What kind of Mr. Roger's kind of crap is that?

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, the overhead lights reflecting off of his trademark sunglasses. He smirks as he surveys the crowd for a moment, thumbing the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards and approaching the ring. He climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before

stepping between the ropes. He observes the crowd once more before shrugging out of his jacket, passing it off to a stagehand and backing off into the corner to perform a few light warm ups before the bell rings.

Ray Douglas: And the final opponent. From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and weighing in at 174lbs…The Game-Changer….ZACH VAN OWEN!!

The lights flicker and fog spills upon the stage as Nobuo Unematsu's 'One-Winged Angel' begins to play, but as the orchestral song progresses there is no sign of Zach within the fog.

Mike Rolash: Oh not this again.

Clued in to this tactic of the former Impact Champion's both Lindsay Troy and Nathan Paradine look to the rafters, waiting for the Game-Changer to descend down upon them. Except this time Zach has not taken perch above the arena.

Jim Gunt: Where is he?

Mike Rolash: Probably running away and not fighting in this match. Seems to be his thing.

The coated form of Zach van Owen comes from the stands, cresting the security railing and leaping into the ring. He takes position in a corner, quickly removing his coat and motions for his two opponents to stand and have at him. He tumbles over the Nomad with a sideways roll, turning his evasive technique into an attack as he knocks Lindsay back with a spinning corkscrew kick. Quickly referee Scott Dean begins the match.

Jim Gunt: He was running, but not away from the match.

Mike Rolash: The old Zach would never consider such an under-handed and cheap trick. I like new Zach.

Jim Gunt: So you've said.

Nathan tries to grapple with Zach, hoping to contain the young man, but Zach be nimble, and Zach be quick, ducking under Paradine's clutches, handspringing against the ropes, to bounce back and take out the Australian with an enzuigiri. He takes position in a corner and motions for his two opponents to stand and have at him. The Queen of the Ring doesn't even stop to ponder the idea of a temporary alliance against a common enemy and clubs the Nomad in the back with a forearm then takes him down with a cobra clutch legsweep, gaining some unintended assistance from Zach in the form of a dropkick.

Mike Rolash: Any alliances formed in these matches are either pure accidents or temporary at best.

Jim Gunt: And with the animosity growing between these three competitors, Troy and Paradine especially, those alliances will be few and far between.

Lindsay charges at Zach with reckless abandon. At least that's what she would have the Game-Changer think as she rushes headlong towards him. Zach brings his leg to bear with a roundhouse kick, but the veteran Queen of the Ring stops herself short and not only blocks the kick but grabs onto Zach's foot and pulls him in for a bridging northern lights suplex. Scott Dean makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Zach kicks out!

Mike Rolash: First pin attempt to Troy. Hail the Queen!

Lindsay won't let up on the Game-Changer, punishing his tenacity with a leg scissor armbar. Zach's wild and frantic attempts to fight the Queen off and break the hold prove ineffective. Paradine intervenes and makes the save…sort of, coming down upon BOTH his opponents with a double knee drop. He sends Zach sprawling between the ring ropes,

throwing the Game-Changer out of the ring, then turns to face Lindsay.

Jim Gunt: Look at how those two competitors are just staring daggers into the heart of the other.

Nathan swings, Lindsay blocks and replies with a stiff elbow to the face…then another…and another…The Queen sends Nathan bouncing off the ropes with an irish whip, into a wrist-clutch exploder suplex. Lindsay moves to hook the leg but doesn't get the chance as Zach springboards off of the top ring rope and catches the Queen with a hurricanrana. Lindsay is sent sprawling into a corner, where she is left helpless against a corner-assisted dropkick from the Game-Changer.

Mike Rolash: Zach just proved what he's been saying as of late. Forget him at your own peril. See the air he got on that Springboard!

Zach takes out the Nomad with the Chrono Cross backbreaker and hooks the leg for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Paradine kicks out!

Mike Rolash: Zach acting like a demon possessed pulling out all the stops! I think he took everyone by surprise here tonight and I for one...

Jim Gunt: Yes, you like the new Zach.

The Game-Changer comes charging off of the ring ropes for the Limit Buster, but Paradine takes the brazen young former champion by surprise, catching him and throwing him head-over-end with the impressive Para-Plex. Zach crashes INTO a corner.

Jim Gunt: Always need keep a keen eye on these matches, momentum shifts in the blink of an eye.

Realising he is now in control, Nathan Paradine takes advantage of the situation, hitting a running knee on both of his cornered opponents. Confident Zach won't be interfering again any time soon, the Australian Submission Machine sets up the Queen of the Ring atop the corner post and hits a hanging cutter. He goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Th-Lindsay Troy rolls her shoulder up.

Mike Rolash: It's gonna take everything each competitor has got to win this match. There's just so much at stake.

Nathan drags Lindsay into the middle of the ring, but notices Zach beginning to stir again and discards her for the moment. The Game-Changer ducks underneath Paradine's lariat, but Paradine gets the better of the Zach as he comes back after catapulting off of the ropes with Spare Change. He drapes the former Impact Champion over Lindsay and takes a leg each, applying an elevated single leg boston crab on both opponents.

Jim Gunt: Gotta hand it to Nathan for improvising and adapting quickly to the situation.

Lindsay Troy is no stranger to submission techniques herself and is able to fight her way free of the hold, rolling away from Paradine. She comes back at the Nomad with a spinning roundhouse heelkick but Nathan opts to focus on the more threatening opponent and releases Zach to grab the Queen's foot, ending the submission and as Lindsay falls to the mat, countering into an ankle lock german suplex. The Australian Submission machine decides not to attempt a pin and instead grabs Zach for a deadlift german suplex. The newly, self-appointed, Anti-Hero, recovers in time to follow the momentum of the suplex to somersault backwards and land safely, adopting the Superhero Landing pose to stare down an astonished Nathan Paradine.

Mike Rolash: Classic Zach!

Jim Gunt: You used to hate that showiness…

Mike Rolash: No I didn't!

Such is Paradine's surprise that he is unable to muster a defence as Zach lashes out with a Combo Breaker then comes off of the ropes and catches onto BOTH Lindsay and Nathan with the Limit Buster. He hooks the leg of Nathan Paradine for a pin

ONE!

TWO!

Th-Nathan kicks out.

Then Zach hooks the leg of Lindsay Troy.

ONE!

TWO!

Th-Lindsay kicks out!

Jim Gunt: When the momentum swings in his favour, Zach is almost unstoppable.

The Game-Changer drags the opponents together then begins a climb up to the top of the nearest turnbuckle. His ascent is slower than usual thanks to the strain of the match. He reaches the top and signals for Ultima Weapon. Lindsay Troy is up in a flash, scaling the turnbuckle in less than a single heartbeat, taking the legs out from Zach who stumbles and falls victim to a poisoned frankensteiner from the Queen of the Ring. Paradine catches the reeling Zach in mid-air and uses the momentum from the frankensteiner to hit a falling powerbomb. That momentary distraction gives Lindsay a chance to muster up the energy needed to take the Nomad down stiff with the Raynes of Castamere.

Mike Rolash: The Queen has been somewhat overwhelmed for most of this match, but now's her chance to mete out the Queen's Justice on these peasants!

Jim Gunt: Those running knees really rocked Nathan Paradine. At best he'll come out of this with a headache.

Mike Rolash: At worst, brain damage.

With murder still in her eyes Lindsay leaps upon Paradine and applies the Sacer Esto choke hold. The Australian Submission Machine fights desperately, yet ultimately futilely, to deny application of the hold and flails around as he gradually begins to lose air.

Jim Gunt: Lindsay Troy is putting every ounce of malice into that choke. In any other scenario she could kill the poor Australian.

Just when it looks as if Paradine is about to lose consciousness he manages to get a foot onto the bottom rope and Scott Dean is forced to intervene and demand a rope break. However Lindsay refuses to relent.

Jim Gunt: The rule of disqualification gets a bit iffy in such situations and Official Scott Dean knows it.

Luckily the situation fixes itself as the boot of Zach van Owen comes in and smashes Lindsay Troy straight in the face, the Game-Changer making the save with the Keyblade kick. The Queen listlessly rolls to the outside. Zach turns his attention to the Nomad. Out of nothing else but pure bestial instinct, the second Zach is upon Nathan, the Australian Submission Machine reacts, locking in the Mark of Judas and taking the former Impact Champion completely by surprise.

Mike Rolash: Can you imagine if Zach taps out after saving Nathan's sorry arse!

Jim Gunt: It would be an unfortunately ironic end.

Zach cries out as Nathan tightens the chokehold, and just like the Nomad moments before, the Game-Changer flails and thrashes wildly around. Still recovering on the outside it is up to Lindsay to intervene. Despite having her own technique ruined by Zach's interference, the Queen of the Ring doesn't want to lose the match and has the sense to grab the Anti-Hero's hand and place it on the ring rope. Zach is released but is clearly not in a good way, struggling to normalise his breathing.

Jim Gunt: Sooner or later, one of these competitors isn't going to be able to make the save in time.

Lindsay pulls herself back into the fray, her focus once more securely onto Nathan Paradine, executing a spinning fisherman suplex, holding on to hook the leg and attempt the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Thre-At the last possible second Paradine gets his shoulder up.

Mike Rolash: Then it comes down to the prodigious intestinal fortitude of the competitors. And that too has its limits.

Lindsay stands above the struggling Nathan and with a wickedly satisfied grin on her face she sets up the Nomad for the By Royal Decree! Before the Queen of the Ring can fully execute the sunset flip bomb however, Zach van Owen once more makes his presence felt and catches Lindsay off guard with the Limit Break V2.

Mike Rolash: Fuck me this kid really wants this opportunity.

"Zach van Owen…Terrorise!"

With that bestial bellow Zach summons up the strength to briefly lift up Nathan in a full-nelson position, twisiting him around in the air for another STO variation, this one named the Limit Break: ReMastered. Zach quickly leaps onto Lindsay Troy for the pin.

Jim Gunt: He ain't kidding when he says he can break his own limits.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit. I can't believe that!

Lindsay manages to roll her shoulder up at the last of all last possible moments and Zach cannot believe it. He shares some strong words with referee, Scott Dean.

Jim Gunt: I-I can't believe this match is still underway. Is Lindsay some kind of machine?

Mike Rolash: Should ask her husband.

Jim Gunt: DUDE?!

Zach climbs to the top of the turnbuckle, where he awaits for the ever defiant and resilient Lindsay Troy to get back to her feet. From there the Game-Changer leaps off of the corner post and connects with the Limit Break: Move of the Year Edition and more collapses atop, then actually covers, the Queen for the cover attempt.

ONE!

Nathan starts to crawl

TWO!

Closer and closer…

THREE!

Scott Dean calls for the bell.

Mike Rolash: As you said, sooner or later one of them would be too late.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, the Game-Changer…ZACH VAN OWEN!!

You Asked For This

Match

We cut backstage, where Tara Robinson stands with MJ Flair in front of the official TWILIGHT of the GODS banner, microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: MJ, you and Jarvis King are about to settle your issues, and the wild card, of course, is referee Freddie Styles. Jon Stewart named him your referee because he's likely to not play favorites between you two, but after coming up short against Autumn Raven earlier in the night, do you think his mood will affect the outcome?

MJF: All he's gotta do is count, Tara. If King is smart he'll know not ta' push. Freddie does his job, ain't none of us should have a problem.

She shakes her head.

MJF: But no referee is gonna change the outcome for Jarvis. And man… look at me.

MJ stares down the lens of the camera.

MJF: You asked for this. Not with your false bravado challenge, but with your bitchy attitude and your cheap shots. You're supposed'ta be the Hall'a Famer, man. You're supposed'ta be the seasoned veteran that knows better.

Smirk.

MJF: If I gotta play the adult in this match, Jarvis… you ain't gonna like the way I shell out discipline.

And she walks past the camera, out of sight.

Tara Robinson: That's all she wrote, guys - time for some action.

Jarvis King vs. Mariella Jade Flair

Match

Returning to ringside, Jim Gunt leans into the camera while Mike Rolash is trying to find a way to comfortably rest his monitor on his lap.

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair is ready for this match! Mike, what are you doing?

Mike Rolash: Trying to watch her little interview.

Jim Gunt: You know… it appeared on the big screen, too.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, if I have to watch Flair, I prefer the smallest screen possible.

Ray Douglas: This next contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first, the special guest referee for this match…

CUE UP: "Power is Power" - SZA and the Wizard

Ray Douglas: MISTER BAAAAAALLLLLLGAAAAAAME… FREDDIE… STYYYYYYLES!!!!

The former CWF Impact and CWF World Tag Team Champion walks out - storms out, more accurately. He ignores the fans, except for one enterprising soul who manages to reach out and touch him - and there, it's to yell at him and threaten to hit him.

Mike Rolash: Do you think he's bitter about the match, Jim?

Jim Gunt: He fought hard and nearly pulled it out, Mike - he has nothing to be ashamed of.

Styles enters the ring and circles once, leaning back in the corner, combining a thousand yard stare with a death glare.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, he looks like a happy guy, upbeat after fighting the good fight. First person in this match to step outta line is gonna get smacked down by a Ballgame and I don't know if I can properly articulate how much I want it to be Flair.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first…

CUE UP: "Goodnight" - The Birthday Massacre

Jim Gunt: Listen to these fans, Mike!

Mike Rolash: I'd prefer not to.

Ray Douglas: From Warwick, New York, and weighing in at one hundred and thirty five pounds…

Jim Gunt: I know you like the singalong, Mike… let me hear you!

Mike Rolash: I don't like you.

"EMM… JAY… FLAAAAAAIRRRR!!!"

The two-time former World Champion steps through the curtain with a determined look on her face. She stops right at the top of the ramp and raises her forearms, keeping her elbows tight on her body, and the fans explode in cheers.

Jim Gunt: Regardless of your opinion, the fans are solidly on her side, Mike.

Mike Rolash: There's no accounting for taste.

MJ slaps as many outstretched hands as she can on her way to the ring, taking special care with members of her 'tribe' - anyone wearing or carrying a sign promoting her or anyone in her family.

With Freddie Styles waiting in the opposite corner where she usually climbs into the ring, MJ skips her typical walk around the ring and climbs in at the closest point.

Mike Rolash: See? She's afraid of me.

Jim Gunt: Did a chunk of our table brain you in the head when it blew up in front of us?

Mike Rolash: What? What?

Ray Douglas: And her opponent…

CUE UP: "Cult of Personality" - Living Colour

And the fans' reaction turns on a dime.

Ray Douglas: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, weighing in at two hundred forty pounds… THE ICON… JAAAAAAAARVIS… KIIIIIING!!!!!

Jarvis steps out with his trademark smirk already across his face. He soaks in the boos like it's a standing ovation, and walks to the ring with his arms in the air like he's already won.

Mike Rolash: There you go, Gunt. That's a man.

Jim Gunt: Well… yes, yes he is. What's your point?

Mike Rolash: …

As soon as Jarvis' music began to play, MJ Flair had jumped from the top turnbuckle to the ring itself so she could keep an eye on him, and this gives him access to enter the ring

Jim Gunt, There's the bell, and Styles calls both athletes to the middle of the ring for some instructions. What do you think he's saying, Mike?

Mike Rolash: 'I want a good clean fight from both of you but especially you, Flair. Jarvis, my Glass Ceiling bro-man, don't make me give it to her.'

Jim Gunt: Wish fulfilment, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Don't take this away from me.

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair gives up just over four inches and a hundred pounds to Jarvis King, but she's also just over half his age and has not been through the ringer like him.

Mike Rolash: Please. Literally everything broke when Loki Synn threw her out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: I think the difference is that a nineteen year old can bounce back and recover from injury a lot more than a thirty six year old veteran.

Mike Rolash: HE'S THIRTY FIVE!

Styles steps back while the two combatants continue to stare at each other. Jarvis' face is contorted into a grimace while MJ has the barest hint of a smirk; neither of them look like they're about to back down.

Jim Gunt: JARVIS WITH A BACKHAND - MJ CATCHES HIM!

With quick reflexes, MJ leans back out of Jarvis' reach, catches his wrist, and straight - arms his elbow, pulling the Icon off balance and down to his knees! MJ wrenches his arm, and Jarvis braces his free hand on the mat and rolls through, and he takes MJ over with a modified samoan drop!

Jim Gunt: And the tables turn that quickly, Jarvis holds MJ by the wrists, driving his knee into her back!

Mike Rolash: Jarvis is pulling on her wrists instead of her neck, but with that knee between her shoulder blades, Flair is feeling exactly what she puts her opponents through when she locks them in the Morning Star. Turnabout and all that jazz.

Freddie Styles is on the scene, but he's not actively engaged with the athletes. He catches MJ's eye and shrugs, but she shakes her head no. Apparently good enough for him, he backs off and lets the two fight it out.

Jim Gunt: MJ struggling, she's trying to get some form of leverage, but she's sitting on the mat and Jarvis is leaning all his weight into her back, something is going to break - and soon!

Mike Rolash: Don't tease me.

MJ painfully braces against Jarvis' knee and lifts her body just enough off the mat to slide her feet backwards, bending them at a flexible angle much closer to her own body. Jarvis continues to pull, but he can't keep the pressure on MJ's back and physically hold her down.

Mike Rolash: Ew, ew ew ew… how is she doing that, I don't bend that way.

Jim Gunt: Please don't put that visual in my head.

With her feet squarely under her body, MJ suddenly pushes up, using Jarvis' pressure to ease back until she is essentially sitting on his knee, and she drives her head backwards into his face! He lets go immediately and they both

crumble to the mat, pushing away from each other. MJ is to her feet first and rolls her shoulders for a few seconds while Jarvis King pulls himself to his knees on the middle rope, holding his hand to his face.

Jim Gunt: MJ CHOKING JARVIS ON THE MIDDLE ROPE! STYLES IS IN THERE COUNTING!

Mike Rolash: Just disqualify her!

Jim Gunt: You know MJ has a wicked temper, Mike - this is weeks of disrespect being driven right back on Jarvis King!

Styles counts four, counts five, and, to a huge pop from the crowd, hooks MJ around the waist and pulls her away from Jarvis! She struggles for a minute against him, and he puts her down a few feet away and spins her, sticking his finger in her face and pointing to himself.

Jim Gunt: Listen to these fans, they're really into this argument!

After several tense seconds of arguing, MJ holds up her hands in surrender. Neither of them can be heard over the roar of the crowd but you can read her lips - "Okay, you're the referee, my bad."

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles clearly has no patience for those shenanigans, and it looks like MJ has agreed to toe the line - JARVIS KING WITH TWO HANDS FULL OF HAIR!

King pulls MJ backwards by the hair, spins her around, and lifts her up in a hard uranage! He pops up after the impact and turns towards Styles with a huge smile on his face and holds his hand up for a high five, but Freddie knocks his hand down and points a finger in his face as well, to another huge pop from the fans!

Mike Rolash: What are you doing, Styles? Glass Ceiling, man!

Jim Gunt: I think Freddie just repeated his warnings to Jarvis King, that he's in no mood for either of their attitudes! Like Commissioner Stewart said, Freddie is both impartial towards both our athletes, and completely unable to be intimidated!

As Styles finishes his lecture, Jarvis turns back towards his opponent and is met by a slap in the face and an "OOOOOO" from the crowd!

Mike Rolash: Such disrespect!

Jim Gunt: It's a two way street.

Mike Rolash: So's your mother!

Jim Gunt: Do I need to get Ataxia out here early? Do you even want to know where he'd appear from without a table in front of us?

Mike Rolash: …

Finally, the two lock up for the first time in this match, and Jarvis muscles MJ into the corner. Freddie is immediately in place with a fairly fast count and Jarvis disconnects, but takes a quick swing at MJ - she drops to her knees and low blows him! Jarvis staggers back a step and MJ with a roll up cover!

Jim Gunt: Freddie isn't counting!

Mike Rolash: Do you like me or not, Styles? Make up your mind!

Jim Gunt: Styles slaps MJ on the shoulder and pulls her up, and cautions her that she's on her last warning!

Mike Rolash: Don't listen to him, Flair - get yourself disqualified and attack him so they can double team you.

MJ, again, agrees to walk the line - Jarvis with a roll up!

ONE…

TWO…

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: See? He likes Jarvis!

Jim Gunt: I think that was just because Jarvis didn't take a shortcut.

MJ kicks out into the ropes, and uses a minute to disentangle herself, to which Jarvis takes the opportunity to drive a boot into her face. Another boot, and he takes a minute to gloat over her and he drops a leg on the back of her neck! Roll over, and a cover!

ONE…

TWO…

Foot on the ropes!

Jim Gunt: Good on Styles for being aware of their location.

Mike Rolash: Pfffh.

Undeterred, Jarvis pulls her away from the ropes and covers again!

ONE…

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Overconfidence.

Jarvis pulls her to her feet, and a snap suplex puts her right back down! He rolls through and picks her up again, and drives her back with a belly to back suplex! He bridges!

ONE…

TWO…

Kickout! MJ rolls backwards and starts to pull herself up in the corner, while Jarvis also rolls away from her to assume a defensive stance.

Jim Gunt: He's measuring her, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Don't turn around… don't turn around…

Jarvis King rushes forward with a Yakuza kick! MJ TURNS AT THE LAST MINUTE AND DIVES OUT OF THE WAY! JARVIS' LEG HANGS ON THE TOP ROPE! MJ SWEEPS THE LEG!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis' knee just hyperextended!

Mike Rolash: It did not! See, he fell out of it!

Jim Gunt: Maybe you're right, Mike - but that knee was the cause for their first match prematurely ending and he needs to protect it.

Now it's MJ's turn to drive her boot into Jarvis King's face, and she does so twice, three times, four times in all before he physically grabs the rope to get himself in a better position, and she wisely lets him be in deference to Freddie Styles. However, no sooner does Jarvis pull himself to his feet and let go of the top rope, MJ hits him with a standing dropkick from behind and a roll up!

ONE…

TWO…

Kickout! Jarvis muscles out of it, but he remains on the mat! MJ springs to the top rope! MOONSAULT! Cover!

ONE…

TWO…

Kickout, and Jarvis rolls out of the ring!

Jim Gunt: Freddie starts his count, and he's keeping an eye on MJ! You can see her there, holding up her hands in surrender as she steps back!

Mike Rolash: Get up, Ray!

Pacing angrily, Jarvis King stalks towards the timekeeper's table, where Ray Douglas sits with his microphone next to the timekeeper, and he intimidates the announcer into giving up his seat! Jarvis folds it and walks back to the ring, sending the chair in front of him under the bottom rope!

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles with his foot on the chair! Jarvis tells him to back up but Freddie picks it up and tells him no, none of that!

Mike Rolash: I'm sure he used a bit more colorful language there, Jim!

Jarvis points to the chair again MJ FLAIR WITH A FLYING FOREARM!

Mike Rolash: BULL!

Jim Gunt: If he didn't try to sneak in a chair, he wouldn't've been arguing with Styles.

Mike Rolash: He wasn't sneaking it!

Jim Gunt: ...And that makes it… better?

Freddie tosses the chair and it slides into the corner while MJ scoops Jarvis and drives a pair of knees into his stomach! She backs him into the ropes and whips him across the ring, and a high kick to the jaw drops him down hard on his head and back! Cover!

ONE…

TWO…

THKICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: At the very least, Mike - you have to admit Freddie Styles has been a competent referee with equal amounts of zero tolerance and a steady, consistent count.

Mike Rolash: I withhold my opinion until Flair loses.

MJ with another scoop, and she whips Jarvis across again - Jarvis with a reversal! TWISTING SPINEBUSTER BY THE ICON! MJ lands hard but so does Jarvis King, and he's on his knees, unable to follow up immediately.

Jim Gunt: This has really gone back and forth, with neither athlete able to maintain a consistent upper hand.

Mike Rolash: I blame Styles for that.

Finally, Jarvis is on his feet, and as MJ rises to her knees, he drops a double axe handle on the back of her head! She hits the mat and he drops an elbow between her shoulder blades, and she pops up on her knees, reaching for the spot.

Mike Rolash: And you were saying?

Jarvis takes off running, and he hits the opposite ropes just as MJ gets to one knee, and she turns her head--

Mike Rolash: Running clothesline from the ICON!

Jim Gunt: MJ DROPS DOWN AND PULLS THE TOP ROPE!

The fans close to ringside rise up and stare as Jarvis King flies over the top and lands hard on the floor, and he rolls towards the announcers, holding his knee!

Mike Rolash: You flinched.

Jim Gunt: Are you surprised? So did you! But it looks like Jarvis hurt his knee!

Freddie counts one. Two.

Mike Rolash: She did that on purpose, throw her outta the match!

Jim Gunt: That wasn't illegal!

Mike Rolash: Still!

THREE.

Freddie backs MJ up as she tries to leave the ring to get Jarvis, who continues to roll on the floor in pain.

FOUR.

Jim Gunt: MJ stops Freddie and talks to him, pointing at Jarvis and pointing at the timekeeper, I think she's reminding him of their previous match!

Mike Rolash: What does she want him to do, anyways?

Freddie Styles shrugs his shoulders and counts five, and he does not stop MJ again as she leaves the ring to check on Jarvis.

SIX.

Jim Gunt: Good sportsmanship from MJ Flair, even in the midst of this grudge match, you never want to see someone take a match - ending injury--JARVIS KING WITH A FIST TO THE JAW! OH MY GOD!!

As MJ leaned over Jarvis to gauge his condition, his hands immediately left his knee and a hard right found its mark on her jaw. Immediately after, he rolls through, hooks MJ by the neck and the waist, and sends her stumbling into where the commentary table used to be, but she falls forward and lands, head first, against the monitor in Mike Rolash's lap!

Jim Gunt: MJ slides to the floor, and Mike, she's busted wide open!

To a massive chorus of boos, Jarvis slides back into the ring under the bottom rope and all but springs to his feet! Freddie looks at him in disbelief, pointing at his leg, and Jarvis starts to hop from one foot to the other, directing the match official to count!

Mike Rolash: ...Did I just get an assist on knocking Flair out?

Jim Gunt: ...Probably. Oh, good lord.

ONE.

Mike Rolash stands up, drops his monitor to the floor, and raises his hands in victory.

Jim Gunt: Don't put the camera on him, yes, that's Mike Rolash taking a victory lap around the ring. No, I don't know what his problem is.

TWO.

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair is stirring, but she has a free flowing gusher about an inch past her eye, and it's leaving a puddle on

the floor.

THREE.

In the ring, Jarvis paces, his arms in the air in victory behind the referee.

FOUR.

Jim Gunt: MJ crawling towards the ring, and I can't believe the fight in this young woman's body!

FIVE.

One hand after another, MJ makes it to the ring apron.

SIX.

And Jarvis King turns in her direction just in time to see a bloodstained hand reach for the bottom rope. The smile drains from his face as he moves towards her.

SEVEN.

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles stops him! MJ is able to reenter the ring unimpeded, and Mr. Ballgame gives her a quick look! Apparently she's okay to continue, and Jarvis with a cover!

ONE…

TWO…

THRKICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King looks in complete disbelief on that one, and quite frankly, so am I!

Jarvis pulls her up to her feet, and MJ spits in his face! Right hand by Jarvis! Another! She's knocked back into the corner, but she fires back with a fist of her own! Jarvis! MJ! Jarvis! MJ!

Jim Gunt: Every one of Jarvis' shots sends her back into the corner, and I think that's to her advantage because she can steady herself! Jarvis with a kick to the stomach, and he whips her across the ring! He follows behind with what will surely be another attempt at a Yakuza kick--NO!

Before Jarvis can fire his foot, MJ steps out and forward, spinning around to drive an elbow into Jarvis' eye! He stumbles into the corner on his knees, his hands to his face, and MJ staggers backwards, and she runs towards him, driving his head and hands into the middle turnbuckle! Jarvis slumps!

Jim Gunt: MJ using the ropes to brace herself to the adjacent corner, and we're about to see something high risk, she's climbing up for Coast to Coast! This lands, she could very possibly get the three count, but if she misses, I think this one goes to Jarvis! King looks like he's getting himself put together so time is of the essence… COAST TO COAST JARVIS KING WITH A CHAIR TO THE LEGS!

Overlooked by everyone in the ring, Jarvis had whipped MJ - and subsequently was sandwiched - into the corner where Freddie Styles had discarded Ray Douglas' steel chair. The split screen replay shows Jarvis reaching backwards just as MJ gets to the top, and the second she leaves the corner, he pulls himself up with one hand on the ropes and swings the chair one handed like a kendo stick, knocking into her feet and sending her to the mat on her back!

Jim Gunt: Freddie yelling at Jarvis, he's threatening the ICON, but Jarvis bends the chair over MJ's head! Again!

DINGDINGDINGDINGDING!!!!!

Jim Gunt: Styles calls for the bell, and he gets between MJ and Jarvis, yelling at him!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this bout, as the result of a disqualification… EMM… JAY… FLAIRRRR!!!

Jim Gunt: So MJ picks up the win, but at what a cost? Styles pulls the chair away from Jarvis and backs him up, and you know this is less about MJ and more about Freddie feeling disrespected as an official!

They continue to argue in the middle of the ring, Jarvis' face reddening as he gets louder and louder - MJ FLAIR WHIPS THE CHAIR AGAINST HIS HEAD! Styles turns around to get a handle on MJ as well, but he steps back as he comes face to face with a crimson mask!

DINGDINGDINGDINGDING!!!!!!

MJ with another chair shot to Jarvis King, and a third! She tosses the chair down and away and this time it does skid out of the ring, and she gives a primal scream to the arena!

Jim Gunt: Finally, we're getting security on their way to the ring to separate these two - MJ peels out of her T-shirt and wipes the blood, and she throws it in Jarvis' face! We need to take a break to get these two cleared away and restore some order, coming up next we've got The Shadow taking on Ataxia!

Mike Rolash (Huffing, out of breath): Woooh! That's a long way around that ring! What did I miss, Jim?

Jim Gunt: ...Seriously?

The Road to Wrestle Fest V

Match

A video package begins on the CWF Tron, showing dozens of wrestlers from times past fighting it out in the squared circle. Legends and Hall of Famers alike throwing punches and eventually tossing each other over the top rope. Chris Andrews stands tall over the battlefield, his hand raised in the very first Golden Intentions rumble. Cutting to another video after another video, we see Alex Cain win the following years rumble, and Dangerous Dan the year after that.

"The path to Wrestle Fest is paved in gold..."

"But that road seemed to be closed for good for many years..."

We see the founder of CWF, J. Rish, at Wrestle Fest 3 announcing the full-time return of the federation.

"Years later Championship Wrestling Federation re-opened it's doors and once again held the Golden Intentions rumble..."

Through the bold, deep voice once again a split shot of action is shown on the CWF Tron. Superstars coming from the past, present and future all once again battling it out in a squared circle barring the CWF name. Many came, and many were thrown over the top rope before "The Ripper" Danny B stands tall with a gigantic smile on his face. And then the infamous 2018 rumble where Andy Murray came in like a wildfire, destroying the competition and staking claim to a title shot he never received after walking out of the company.

"The biggest rumble in professional wrestling. The biggest names in professional wrestling coming out of the woodwork for it. Who will have Golden Intentions in 2019? Order the pay per view live Tuesday, June 11th on Slack to find out!"

Coming to a close on a screen featuring Mariella Jade Flair, Jarvis King, Mia Rayne, The Shadow, Ataxia, Lindsay Troy, Zach Van Owen and Nathan Paradine all in a ring at different times in quick succession, a Golden Intentions logo finally comes onto the screen before fading to black.

Ataxia vs. The Shadow

Match

The picture cuts to the large area to the side of the stage, which had been curtained off, bearing the Twilight of the Gods logo on it.

Jim Gunt: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we will bear witness to one of the most intense feuds we have seen in recent times and its potential culmination.

Mike Rolash: Ataxia and The Shadow will meet in what has been dubbed a “Broken Halo” match, the match will still be decided by a traditional pinfall, though.

Jim Gunt: We have not actually seen the setup ourselves, it’s been a quite well guarded secret, but we should be ready to go shortly, as Mr. Douglas is ready in our regular ring.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, next up is the first ever Broken Halo match in CWF history.

At this announcement the lights go down and he curtains drop. A couple of spotlights from the side of the separate ring illuminate a circle of glass tables from underneath, making them look as if they are glowing, while a three section high scaffold has been erected around the ring, placing the top level at about 20 feet above the ring mat.

Ray Douglas: First to the ring is the special referee for this match. Hailing from—

He looks over at the announce table with a hopeful look.

Ray Douglas: --where is she from now? She seems to be all over the place…

Jim just shrugs his shoulders with an apologetic gesture.

Ray Douglas: Alrighty then, she is – MIA RAYNE!

One-Eyed Doll’s “Be My Friend” begins as the lights go out and one icy blue spotlight shines down onto the stage. Mia steps out of the surrounding darkness into the bright cone, eyeing the Broken Halo set up to the side that seems to have retained an odd glow from the spotlights originally illuminating it, forgetting about the prominent cheers of the crowd. She slowly walks over to the second ring as the lights go out again.

Ray Douglas: First competitor to the ring, hailing from Calgary, Alberta, Canada, he is the Weaver of Dreams – THE SHADOW!

The sound of thunder rolls through the arena, strobe lights flickering in its “rhythm” when suddenly a blinding flash of lightning hits the centre of the ring with a deafening thunderclap that startles the Toyota Center. As the lighting returns to normal, The Shadow in his hooded robe is right in the ring, down to one knee, head bowed, his raven-head staff in his hand.

Jim Gunt: Now that’s what I call coming in with a bang!

Mike Rolash: That guy almost gave me a heart attack!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, hailing from Parts Unknown, the Messiah Pariah – ATAXIA!

Boos go through the crowd as Alice Cooper’s “Dangerous Tonight” begins to play and Ataxia’s trademark cackle echoes through the arena. Clad in his tuxedo, raven feather coat and raven mask he saunters out onto the stage, twirling his cane, seemingly oblivious to the fans’ very adverse reaction. He waves to the crowd as if they were cheering for him as he walks over to the separate ring area, under the scaffold and through the ring ropes. He stops across from his opponent, who stands there, unwavering, his eyes trained on Ataxia, who just waves at him and proceeds to take off his coat and other accessories.

Jim Gunt: Alright, everybody is in the ring, so we—What the…?

Mike Rolash: Ataxia is already climbing up the scaffold!

While The Shadow scales the scaffold opposite the Knight in Shining Burlap, Mia just shakes her head and signals for the bell to be rung.

Jim Gunt: So I am not sure how this is going to go down, but Ataxia is motioning for The Shadow to come at him.

Mike Rolash: And there he goes, he comes a-running.

The scaffold construction seems solid, but still is swaying a bit under the sudden force. Ataxia is bracing himself for a jump to evade the charging Shadow, but the Weaver of Dreams is not giving his opponent the advantage by just blindly running into whatever move he had planned, instead stopping short.

Jim Gunt: Good thinking by The Shadow here, this could not have ended well for him one way or the other.

Mike Rolash: I was hoping for some action, but now they are just staring at each other and talking smack. MOVE IT!

Jim Gunt: I'm sure they're just waiting for your input here. Mia Rayne is up there now as well and there is the backhand to the jaw of The Shadow! They are trading hits back and forth right now and to be honest, this scaffold thing does not look that wide, if you look closely.

Both men are going at it with reckless abandon and one offhand hit by Ataxia puts The Shadow off balance and as he tries to steady himself, his left foot slides off the edge of the scaffold. A gasp goes through the audience as the man in black loses his footing and goes off the edge.

Jim Gunt: Good Lord!

Mike Rolash: Ooh, he managed to catch the edge!

Jim Gunt: Wow, that could have ended badly right then and there! Ataxia is trying to stomp on his hand to finish him off, but The Shadow is able to let go just in time and let himself fall onto the second level!

Ataxia doesn't waste any time and jumps off, grabbing the edge of the scaffold with both gloved hands and swinging his legs forward, using his momentum to hit The Shadow with both legs into the chest, catapulting him off the aluminum flooring.

Mike Rolash: Whoa, he just went right through that glass table!

Jim Gunt: That impact looked brutal, but he is already getting to his feet, I could think of a lot of people that would have just stayed down after an impact like that!

As he is getting to a vertical position again, holding his back, Ataxia is climbing down the scaffold, followed by Mia.

Jim Gunt: This is one thing I am noticing here, that whoever has to go up and down the scaffold is at a disadvantage, because the other person has time to get ready.

Mike Rolash: Whoa, disqualify him!

Jim Gunt: I don't think there is a disqualification clause in this match.

Mike Rolash: But he just took that piece of the table frame and shot Ataxia right off the edge of the scaffold!

Jim Gunt: Live by the table, die by the table.

Using part of the frame of the table he had just crashed through, The Shadow hits Ataxia in the rib area as he is climbing down, sending him crashing to the edge of the ring. Instinctively he rolls off and out of The Shadow's reach, but the dark man does not want to give him the advantage of recovery outside of the ring and immediately takes a short run on and leaping over one of the glass tables he uses it to propel himself forwards and through the ropes, hitting Ataxia with a shoulder block that has him stumbling backwards towards the barrier separating the area from the fans.

Jim Gunt: The force of the move has The Shadow on the ground, while Ataxia managed to stay on his feet and again the momentum shifts as Ataxia now hits The Shadow with a bicycle knee strike!

Mike Rolash: And we have blood!

The high knee to the face seems to have popped a vein in The Shadow's nose as there is a trickle of blood visible, but he does not let that distract him, barely rolling out of the way as Ataxia comes flying with a knee drop that only hits the thin mats on the outside of the ring. Quickly taking in the surroundings, he takes a step back and starts to run.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, he has used a similar tactic to Ataxia earlier by grabbing on to the edge of the scaffold and using it to plant a heavy drop kick to the just rising Messiah Pariah!

Mike Rolash: He hit the edge of the ring hard there, now is the time for The Shadow to press his advantage for a change!

Jim Gunt: Are you actually calling this match?

Mike Rolash: What do you want me to do? I can't stand either of them, so I can't even properly take sides here!

Jim Gunt: Now that's twice within one show, what is wrong with you?

And pressing his advantage he is. Using the lapse in concentration, he takes Ataxia and rolls him into the ring, following right after. Dragging his opponent to his feet, The Shadow pulls him down again at the same time as bringing up his knee, temporarily dazing the Messiah Pariah. Immediately he grabs him, and whips him into the ropes over the debris of the table he had shattered.

Mike Rolash: Back body drop right into the glass of the table!!

Mia winces, as does the majority of the fans, as Ataxia's back hits the glass, causing him to arch immediately.

Jim Gunt: I am afraid that this is not the last bit of pain we will see tonight!

Not betraying any emotions, The Shadow pulls Ataxia back to his feet again, trying to set him up for a power bomb, but the Masked Menace charges forward, throwing The Shadow off balance and into the ropes. He has to let go to steady himself, but Ataxia manages to grab him and hurl him across the ring into another glass table, but it does not break, instead The Shadow skids across it and tumbles into the ropes.

Mike Rolash: Oh no, he is not going to…

Jim Gunt: Yes he is, Ataxia is jumping onto the table and THE RECKONING!

As he leaps off, he hits The Shadow with both knees against the collarbones, but instinctively The Weaver of Dreams is leaning back into the ropes and Ataxia's momentum takes him above both opponent and ropes after the impact, his head hitting the lowest walkway of the scaffold, sending a gasp through the crowd.

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: Both men are down right now and they really are showing no mercy!

Mike Rolash: Definitely not, and we thought that their match in the rafters at Vertigo was brutal, it was nothing compared to this!

The Shadow rolls himself out of the ring, stumbling over to a barely stirring Ataxia, going down with a hard elbow drop and then the cover!

ONE!

TW- KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: First pin attempt of the match and Ataxia is not staying down just yet.

Mike Rolash: And a low blow by Ataxia! This could be his chance!

But instead of trying to cash in, Ataxia is starting to scale the scaffold! The Shadow is pulling himself up on the apron, clearly hurting from the low blow.

Jim Gunt: I don't think he knows where Ataxia is right now.

Mike Rolash: No, but if someone hits your brain like that, you can't think clearly.

Jim Gunt: Your brain… Oh! Geez, Mike!

With the help of the ropes The Shadow is climbing onto the apron and back into the ring. He is still in obvious pain, but the sound of running feet alerts him that something is up, but only realizes too late that Ataxia is jumping off the scaffolding in a neckbreaking move!

Mike Rolash: Holy crapola! That was a flying bodypress from hell! And the freaking table did not break again!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: Yes, that impact on that table was huge on The Shadow's back, he could have broken in half!

Ataxia is not coming off unscathed, however he is the first one back to his feet and seeing The Shadow laying across the table he begins to cackle. While his opponent is writhing in pain, he goes to the first level of the scaffold again and once again jumps off, feet first this time, though, with a double foot stomp to The Shadow's chest!

Mike Rolash: And there goes the table! God, that laughter gives me the creeps!

Ataxia is jumping off The Shadow and laughs like an absolute madman as he jumps up again and brings both feet down upon his opponent another time, the crunching sound of glass under The Shadow's back making more than one person cringe. He stays standing on The Shadow's chest and motions for Mia to come over, who reluctantly follows.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Whoa, where did he take this strength from? He just vaulted Ataxia right off him and Ataxia's head went right into one of the tables! He is dazed!

The Shadow is slowly peeling himself out of the wreckage and as he drags himself to his feet, shards of glass are sticking out of his back, but he does not seem to feel them as he sees Ataxia holding himself up on the table.

Mike Rolash: Nightfall through the table!!! That must be it!

The DDT shatters the next table and The Shadow turns Ataxia onto his back again!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Neither of the two will stay down, no matter how much punishment they are going through!

Mike Rolash: And look at the glass in The Shadow's back! This is revolting!

As if on queue, The Shadow reaches behind him and realizes his predicament. He waves Mia over and points at his back and the referee pulls out the sharp shards, cutting the black shirt of the Weaver of Dreams in the process.

Jim Gunt: Wait a minute, that's not skin!

Through the cuts we can see some padding, like an assault vest of some sorts.

Mike Rolash: Wow, he came prepared to deal with the glass! I would not have expected to say that, but a very smart move!

Belying the hard DDT he just took through a table, Ataxia is like an energizer bunny and already on the go again, once more scaling the scaffold, on the opposite side of the ring. The Shadow takes to the scaffold as well, following the Messiah Pariah to the top level, where they stand across from each other, evaluating their chances.

Jim Gunt: They both look worse for the wear, Ataxia seems to have a gash across the forehead from that nasty DDT, as the burlap is turning darker by the second, while The Shadow is bleeding from his temple and somewhere on his scalp, as his hair looks blood drenched, but neither of them show any signs of backing down, quite the contrary.

Mike Rolash: Both men are weakened by the blood loss and the match so far, so any false step now could spell the end for either of them!

Ataxia is the first to move with a lightning quick run on and spear that takes The Shadow by surprise, sending him crashing onto the hard aluminum flooring of the scaffold. Like a madman he jumps into The Shadow, battering him with hard lefts and rights, but somehow the Weaver of Dreams manages to push his opponent back just enough to get his feet between them and a hard push has Ataxia reeling backwards and falling to the ground as well.

Jim Gunt: Both men are slow to get up by now, but Ataxia is the first one, coming for The Shadow again, who is still down, barely moving.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, he was playing possum, because that leg sweep was clearly planned! And Ataxia hit his head quite hard on the unforgiving aluminum up there!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, what is he doing?

Mike Rolash: Kill both Ataxia and himself!

Mia is looking at The Shadow dragging Ataxia to his feet on top of the scaffolding with horror, seemingly torn between wanting to prevent either man from getting seriously hurt and remembering her duties as impartial referee. It takes the Weaver of Dreams a while to get Ataxia set up after this grueling match, but eventually he stands at the edge. The fans in Houston are starting to cheer in anticipation of what they feel is coming on. The Shadow closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and jumps off to execute a sunset bomb off the top of the scaffold, sending both men through the remaining two glass tables in a shower of glass and bent metal, the fragments of glass and the light's reflection off them temporarily obscuring the view in a glare of brilliance. The whole Toyota Center seems to hold its collective breath as the glass and dust settle, anxious to see the result of the devastating impact.

Jim Gunt: Oh – my – God…

Mike Rolash: This is insane.

The extent of the destruction becomes evident as the camera zooms in to show The Shadow laying across Ataxia amidst the wreckage, both men seemingly unconscious. Reluctantly and with worry etched upon her face Mia carefully comes in, avoiding the hundreds, if not thousands, of glass shards for the pin count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall – The Shadow!

Jim Gunt: Both men are going to feel this one for a long, long time!

Mike Rolash: So far neither of them are moving, so they might not actually feel a thing…

Mia frantically begins to clear away some of the debris, trying her best without hurting herself as medics are rushing to the scene, same as Alistair McLean and Sanford Thibodaux, who are hurtling themselves over the barricades, helping to clear the battlefield from some of the table frames. The Shadow is stirring and trying to sit up, swatting away any attempts by the medics to help him. He staggers to his feet and turns towards Ataxia.

Jim Gunt: What is he doing?

Mike Rolash: I think he is—No… he's trying to take off Ataxia's mask!!

His blood-soaked hair matted against the side of his skull and obscuring part of his face, he fumbles with the burlap, but finally manages to pull it off against feeble attempts by Ataxia to prevent it, holding it high above his head in a gesture of triumph.

Jim Gunt: He did it! He did it!

The camera man is scrambling closer, trying to get a shot of Ataxia's face.

Mike Rolash: That is—This can't be true, can it? It is Jon Stewart!!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, but something's not right here.

It indeed is Jon Stewart's face that fills the screen, but something is off about it.

Mike Rolash: There are cuts, but not much blood!

Jim Gunt: It looks like it is one of Ataxia's many masks, maybe The Shadow is going to pull that one off as well?

Any hopes for that happening, though, are dashed as the Weaver of Dreams' knees give out and only the quick reaction by Alistair and Sanford prevent him from falling into the sharp glass shards. Mia is torn between The Shadow being carried away by the two druids and Ataxia being tended to by the medics. Ataxia is swatting away the medics, though, slowly getting to his feet, checking his mask and finding the cuts in it, the gash on his forehead still oozing blood. Suddenly he realizes Mia standing right in front of him, smiling a mirthless blood-red smile and opening his arms. She moves in close, whispers something no one can pick up in his ear, his eyes growing wide. She giggles softly, kisses him lightly on the cheek and turns to leave, before pivoting and driving a knee right underneath Ataxia's chin! Ataxia falls backward and Mia rushes off, seemingly to catch up to Shadow as the cameras cut away.

Error Code

Match

We see that man in the white suit that took Myfawny backstage looking at a monitor at what just happened. He taps his blue tooth as he starts to walk away.

DJ: Mission acomplished. Yes. The outcome isn't important. What is important is what he's done to the...

DJ stops as he sees the hallway is blocked by three of the druids.

DJ: I'll have to call you back sir...apparently I have some light work to handle.

He pulls the blue tooth out of his ear and his phone out of his coat pocket. He drops them both and does a double stomp shattering them. He turns to the other way and there are more of the druids walking towards him.

DJ: A choke point. I'm impressed...the intel we have on your little group doesn't say anything about tactical thinking outside of the red headed bi...

Stefan Detwyler: Finish that sentence and you'll be wearing your tongue as a tie clip.

DJ: ...You know out of all of the insults you could have picked, that was interesting.

Christian Fagermo: Where is she?

DJ: Oh your friend? Oh I wouldn't worry about her. She's safe. She's being handled. I'd be more worried about all of you actually.

DJ removes his shades and we see a spark of electricity shoot out of his eyes for a brief moment.

DJ: Initiate Circle Protocol...

Stefan: Fook it! Get him!

Luciano Berardi: But he's got a...

The melee's already begun as the druids rush DJ. DJ leaps back and hits one square in the chest with a elbow to the sternum. He spins around and comes forward hitting a shot to the same druid's nose. Two druids rush his legs from behind and take him down. One of the druids pulls out a taser as another lands on DJ's back.

Sanford Thibodaux: Zap him!

Luciano: Are you sure this is a good idea.

Sanford: Take him out before he gets back up!

Luciano slams the taser into the back of DJ's neck and he screams out...

DJ: Error 404...

Suddenly all the druids, including the one that tased him leap back as electricity fills the room. DJ spazzes for a moment and then finally passes out. After a few moments the Druids start to get up.

Sanford: WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!

Luciano: It got him didn't it?! Come on. Let's get him out of here before he gets up.

DJ has his eyes shut as the druids pick him and their comrades up.

DJ: Error code...error code...reformat...reformat...

I Got Dis Shit

Match

The scene fades into the locker room of CWF World Heavyweight Champion, Duce Jones. He's decked out in his ring gear, however under his hooded vest, he sports an R.I.P Forsaken t-shirt, now available at the shopzone on the CWF website. Duce doesn't seem ready to compete as the paces back and forth. His anxiety level can clearly be seen, but that changes once his phone rings. Stopping in his tracks, he quickly retrieves his phone, answering it.

Duce Jones: Byson! Where tha hell are ya? Tha match starts in a couple'a minutes.

Duce pauses as he listens intently.

Duce Jones: What tha hell ya mean, ya stuck in traffic!?

He listens to Byson some more, the frustration beginning to set in on Duce's face.

Duce Jones: Bruh… I need ya out there watchin’ my back...I'm already at a disadvantage.

Duce rolls his eyes to Byson's response.

Duce Jones: C'mon mane...ya not worthless...I...

Byson cuts him off, Jones impatiently taps his foot.

Duce Jones: Ugh...fuck it then, if ya make it, ya make it...I gotta World title defend.

Duce ends the call.

Duce Jones: I got dis shit...

Psyching himself up, Duce grabs his World title from a nearby chair and throws it over his shoulder. Taking a deep breath, he makes his way towards the gorilla position.

Duce Jones (c) vs. Dan Ryan

Match

The scene switches back to ringside, Lindsay Troy already standing inside of the ring, ready to officiate the main event. We then shift over to Gunt and Rolash.

Jim Gunt: Byson hasn't made it yet? What does that mean, he's supposed to be the guest enforcer...

Mike Rolash: This is great news, Jimbo. Now nothing is holding Dan Ryan back from becoming a two time CWF World Champion.

Jim Gunt: Well that's yet to be seen, but first let's talk about this amazing night we've witnessed here tonight.

Mike Rolash: You're right, and if for some reason, you're just now able to join our show; we have a new number one contender in the Game-Changer, Zach van Owen.

Jim Gunt: Indeed he is and what about Silas and Autumn, both being able to retain their championships here tonight?

Mike Rolash: Did you ever think you'd be saying that and what about the brutal encounter between Jaiden Rishel and Christopher St. James?

Jim Gunt: Our table still hasn't recovered and don't forget about the violence that was just on display between The Shadow and Ataxia.

Mike Rolash: I'm still confused on whether or not if that was actually Stewart under that god awful sack.

Jim Gunt: Well we'll have to wait until next week to find out, but up next we have our main event with the World Heavyweight Championship on the line in a somewhat of a rematch from last month's Vertigo pay per view!

The fans are buzzing, but soon turn to a mixed reaction as a voice begins to speak through the PA system.

"And the whole world loves it when you sing the blues… Da. Da.. Da. Da. Da.. Da…."

The opening sounds of "Godspeed" by Don Trip begins to play as the lights inside of the arena turn a crimson hue color, soon the stage fills up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones slowly emerges through the fog, mixed emotions coming from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Here comes the World Champ, Mike and what about the breaking news that Byson has yet to arrive to the arena?

Mike Rolash: Serves him right, Dan is about to dance circles around this kid tonight.

Slowly limping his way towards the ring, Jones ignores the cheers and jeers that the fans are giving, soon making it to ringside. Climbing onto the apron, Duce goes to the corner to his right, climbing onto the second rope and peers out into the crowd, raising the World title high in the air. Finally done, he carefully climbs over the top rope, landing inside of the ring and removes his hooded vest and t-shirt as he prepares for action.

Jim Gunt: On paper, Duce Jones is at a huge disadvantage. We're in the Houston, hometown of his challenger, Dan Ryan. Added to the fact that Lindsay Troy is the referee and Byson is M.I.A, will he be able to come out on top?

Mike Rolash: That ego that Duce has developed since being handed the World title is about to get busted here tonight.

“Zero” by Smashing Pumpkins hits, and as the main riff kicks in, strobes flash all over the arena as Dan Ryan steps out onto the stage, the lights reflecting off and on, off of his sunglasses. Ryan pauses just for a moment, scans the crowd who is on their feet cheering for the hometown hero, then heads for the ring all business.

Mike Rolash: And here comes the champ!

Jim Gunt: Mike, you know good and well that Duce is the champ..

Mike Rolash: Only for the moment…

Ryan makes it to the ring and climbs inside. He gives Duce a quick glance, then climbs the turnbuckle and looks into the crowd to get mostly cheers for the hometown wrestler. Ryan smirks briefly, then turns and hops back down into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Dan Ryan, ladies and gentlemen.. never lacking confidence.

Mike Rolash: When you have the credentials that this man has, you'd be confident too.

Troy is over to do her check on Ryan, soon making her way over to Duce, checking him thoroughly. She even takes the time to reach into both of his kneepads to make sure nothing is tucked away. Duce grimaces a bit from how aggressively she checks him but he ignores it. Douglas is ready to get the main event started.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is YOUR MAIN EVENT and is for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship!

The Houston crowd cheers the announcement, Ray continues.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, to my right. He is the challenger, from Houston, Texas!

The crowd explodes in acceptance of Ryan.

Ray Douglas: Weighing three hundred five pounds....he is the Ego Buster....DAN RYAN!!

Ryan smirks at the response he receives from the fans, his eyes never leaving Jones.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, weighing in at two hundred fifteen pounds! From Memphis, Tennessee… He is YOUR CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION! DUCE JONES!

There are more boos than cheers, Jones ignores it though, walking towards Ryan and coming face to chest. He holds the World title proudly into the air, but is only shoved on his ass for his troubles. A few scattered laughs can be heard from the crowd. Nodding his head, Jones gets to his feet and hands his belt to a laughing Lindsay Troy. She can barely keep her composure as she holds the title high for the fans to see.

Jim Gunt: Duce may be a fearless man, but his decision making is one to be questioned.

Mike Rolash: Exactly, why would he walk up on Ryan like that? He's asking to get his ass kicked.

Still giggling, Troy hands the championship to the ringside attendant. She calls for the bell and this match is underway. Both men stand in their corner, patiently waiting for the other to make the first move. Both men step out of their respective corners and an argument quickly breaks out between the two. Soon a battle of fisticuffs breaks out, both men exchanging right hands. The larger Ryan wins the battle, backing Jones into the ropes. Trying to protect himself from the shots proves futile, Ryan unloading on him with vicious punches. Whipping Jones across the ring, Duce is dropped with a clothesline. Jones rolls out of the ring and slaps the apron out of frustration. He goes to pace at ringside, but Lindsay quickly starts her count shouting, “ONE!” With an annoyed look, Jones slides back into the ring, just as she shouts “TWO!” Ryan is right on him, stomping hard onto Jones’ back.

Jim Gunt: Duce unable to find any type of breathing room. And Mike, I think Lindsay started her count is a bit fast...

Mike Rolash: What the hell are you talking about? She has a job to do and that was a totally normal count.

Jim Gunt: Well it shows a testament to how much pride our World Champion has, he could've stayed on the outside and took the countout loss.

Ryan's stomps have Jones reeling, he rolls back outside of the ring to catch a break. Troy goes to start her count, but Ryan stops her. Stepping through the ropes, Ryan drops to the floor and decks Jones with a closed fist. Stumbling back a bit, Duce finds himself being shoved violently into the guardrail. Dan smirks, mockingly kicking Jones in the face as he tries to get vertical. Staying on the attack, Dan whips Jones violently into the steel steps, separating them. Lindsay watches on proudly as Dan continues to abuse Jones on the outside, slamming him face first into the apron.

Jim Gunt: Dan taking full advantage right now of the fact that Lindsay Troy is the official of this match.

Mike Rolash: You say that like it's a bad thing. He's using what's at his disposal, I don't see anything wrong with that.

Jones shoves Dan off of him and rolls back into the ring. Ryan follows suit, climbing onto the apron. Jones leaps into the air with a dropkick, knocking Ryan from the apron. Duce rebounds off the far ropes and comes sailing in at Dan with a suicide dive! This brings a cheer from the crowd, Jones is back to his feet and bringing the larger Ryan up off of the floor. Dan mushes his face, sending Duce stumbling backwards. Recovering in a hurry, Jones charges right into a big boot. That patented smile reappears on Ryan’s face. Grabbing a hand full of locks, Dan forces Jones back into the ring. Sliding back inside himself, Dan brings Jones up and hooks a full nelson. Instead of the submission though, Dan lifts Jones high in the air, off of his feet and brings him down hard into the mat. Jones’ bounces from the impact and Ryan cockily goes for the cover as Troy slides in.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Ryan chuckles a bit from Duce's fighting spirit but brings him up nevertheless. He hooks Duce from behind and slams him down with a belly to back suplex! Dan sits next to Duce's fallen body, almost as if Duce is light work inside of the ring right now.

Jim Gunt: Duce is in a bad spot Mike, he can't seem to catch a break.

Mike Rolash: The kid is out of his league and it's time that he realizes that.

Dan is back to his feet, watching on as Jones crawls on the canvas. He then looks towards Lindsay who seems to be enjoying the assault on Duce. With a handful of locks, Ryan brings Jones back upright, but the Kid that Never Dies catches him offguard, raking his eyes. Troy warns Jones, who simply ignores her and charges at the blinded Ego Buster. Going for the legs, Ryan is brought to the canvas thanks to a double leg takedown. Quickly transitioning, Jones is on top of Ryan and clobbering him with vicious headbutts. Troy gives a suspicious look but continues to make sure no more foul play is involved. Getting to his feet, Jones lets out a guttural yell before dropping back down and beginning to bite Ryan's nose!

Jim Gunt: That's new...I don't think we've ever seen Jones bite anyone.

Mike Rolash: He's blatantly cheating! Do something, LT!

Troy is almost in a state of shock, before doing her duty and administering the mandatory five count. However Jones doesn't let up, so she forcefully removes Jones off of her brother in law, tossing him across the ring. Sliding into a kneeling position, Duce watches on as Troy checks on Dan who's in just as much shock as her.

Mike Rolash: What's wrong with them? Why are they looking like that?

Jim Gunt: It might have something to do with the unexpected offense of Duce Jones.

Getting to his feet, Duce motions for Ryan to bring it. Ryan slaps the mat, enraged and gets to his feet.

Dan Ryan: So you think you're clever?

Ryan motions for Duce to come at him as well. Neither man directly charges at the other. Instead, they circle the ring like lions, slowly inching towards each other. Jones sticks his right hand up for a test of strength. Dan chuckles. A boot to the gut doubles over the World Champ, followed by a clubbing blow to the back has him on the canvas. Ryan kicks Jones in the stomach forcing him to roll over. A few well placed boots have Jones stunned and Ryan springs off the bottom rope, twists in mid air and connects with a leg drop. He goes for the cover, hooking the far leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Staying on the offensive, Ryan places Jones in a dragon sleeper and begins to wrench on the neck. Jones is close to the ropes though, placing his foot on the bottom one.

Jim Gunt: She's not calling for a rope break! Talk about calling it straight down the middle...

Mike Rolash: What are you whining about.

Jim Gunt: Duce's foot is on the bottom rope! Are you blind!?

Mike Rolash: I don't know what you're talking about.

It's apparent that Troy is on the same page as Mike, because she totally ignores Duce's foot on the bottom rope. Ryan continues to yank back on Jones' neck as he cries in pain. The Queen of the Ring is right in his face, checking to see if he wants to submit. However she only receives some unpleasant comments from Duce who continues to struggle. Finally noticing the foot on the rope, Lindsay whispers into Dan's ear. He now looks over to the foot, then pulls Jones away from the ropes and into the center of the ring, the dragon sleeper still cinched on. The Houston crowd finally turns on their own ass they rain down boos on Troy and Ryan.

Jim Gunt: This crowd really not too fond to how things have turned out in this World Championship match.

Mike Rolash: These people never know what they want.. who cares what they think anyways.

Ryan surely doesn't, continuing to crank on the sleeper, Jones trying his best to escape but Dan's grip is tight. Soon, the fight Duce once had begins to fade, the energy he had before now leaving his body. He soon becomes limp.

Jim Gunt: Duce appears to be out!

Mike Rolash: That's right! Choke his ass out!

Troy checks Jones, grabbing his free arm and raising it into the air. She releases and it drops lifelessly.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Will Duce be able to stay in this fight?

She raises it again and releases.

TWO!

Mike Rolash: He's out! New World Champ baby...

The crowd can be heard coming along chanting Duce's name. Troy has his arm up and releases for the final time.

THR…

Jim Gunt: DUCE JONES IS STILL ALIVE, ABLE TO BRING HIS ARM UP AT THE LAST SECOND!

Mike Rolash: Just give up!

However he won't, his free arm shaking furiously. Dan leans back further, but this allows Jones to get his feet underneath him. Displaying his flexibility, Jones bridges up and rears back with a knee to Ryan's face! He refuses to let go. Jones with another strike! Ryan eats it like it's lunch. Jones tries another one but Ryan gets vertical with the hold still applied. Sensing Jones won't submit, Ryan effortlessly transitions into a front facelock. He slings Jones' arm over his own head before lifting him up and spiking him down with a Brainbuster! Floating over he makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jones has his shoulder off of the canvas, his arm raised high in the air. The crowd exploding with admiration for the young champion. Having enough, Ryan is back vertical, he lifts an worn down Jones from the mat and sends him flying overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex!

Jim Gunt: Jones able to land on his feet like a cat.

Mike Rolash: He wasn't too graceful, looks like he tweaked that knee again.

Duce is in obvious pain as he stumbles into the corner. Ryan charges in at him, but Jones quickly ducks though the ropes, forcing Ryan to crash hard into the corner. With his foe stumbling backwards, Jones pulls himself to the top rope looking to spring off. His knee buckles and Duce crashes horribly into the ropes and down to mat. A collective gasps rings out as majority of the fans seem concern. Troy contemplates checking on Jones, but decides against it, Ryan recovering and moving in on Duce.

Jim Gunt: I think Duce might need a medic out here.

Mike Rolash: He's fine… they don't call him the Kid that Never Dies for nothing.

Rolash is barely able to contain his laughter, Gunt simply shaking his head. Jones is to his hands and knees but Ryan sends him back down with a calculated knee to the back of his head. Not letting up, Dan reaches down and applies another full nelson, yanking Jones like a rag doll off of the mat. Jones' feet dangle as Ryan has him high in the air shaking him like a pitbull. Within a blink of an eye, Jones is sent crashing neck first into the canvas with a Dragon Suplex! The impact of the maneuver sends Duce flipping completely over and slumping through the ropes as he falls to the outside!

Jim Gunt: I don't know if that was Duce's instinct or the momentum of Dan's Dragon Suplex. Either way it looks bad for Duce.

Mike Rolash: C'mon champ! Make that pretender eat his words...

There's almost an uncomfortable hush amongst the crowd, Ryan pays them no mind, climbing to the outside. Duce appears to be out of it and Dan confidently stalks around ringside. Mocking Jones as he soon begins to search under the ring.

Jim Gunt: What is he doing? This is not a no disqualification match.

Mike Rolash: No one cares, Jimbo...

Certainly not Ryan, soon producing a steel chair from under the ring. The crowd is united in their disappointment, showering Dan Ryan in boos. He doesn't care though, taking the edge of the chair and beginning to choke Jones with

it. Troy enjoys the show, watching on as Ryan continues to choke the life from Duce. Duce's gurgled grunts can audibly be heard as he struggles for air, with a smile Ryan lets up. He now begins to size Jones up, looking to knock his skull from his body with a homerun swing. Struggling to breath, Jones rolls to his knees, this was the opening the Ego Buster was waiting for. He lifts the chair high into the air and swings down with reckless abandon. However the chair is grabbed from his clutches!

Mike Rolash: Where the hell did he come from!?

Confused, Ryan turns and standing there with steel chair in hand, is Byson Kaliban! Throwing the chair to the side, Kaliban begins to bad mouth Ryan. Clearly Dan isn't listening as he turns his back to Byson and begins to walk away... SUPERKICK! Byson is flat on his back on the floor, Ryan laughs at Byson who struggles to recover. Lindsay claps in approval, Dan pointing at Byson and then shrugging nonchalantly. He turns his attention to Duce, but he's no longer on the ground. Surprised Dan looks and quickly spots Jones who comes running from the apron and flips off with a Cannonball! The Houston fans erupt into cheers as both men are down on the floor.

Jim Gunt: Duce has been improvising all night and he just might've swung the pendulum in his favor.

Mike Rolash: No. No. No! Get back in this fight, Dan!

The outside floor is littered with bodies, Jones sitting up, trying to summon some energy from deep within. However exhausted, he gets vertical and then struggles to get the larger Ryan up. Waving a dazed Byson over, both men lift Ryan up and roll him under the bottom rope. Rolling to the center of the ring, Dan tries to create some space. Duce groggily climbs from the floor to the top rope. Now fully upright, Duce lines up the former World Champion up and leaps off. Soaring through the air, Duce connects with a diving headbutt! The impact causing Jones to clutch his face as he throws an arm over Ryan. Lindsay slowly goes to the mat.

ONE!

She hesitates.

TW-KICKOUT!

Jones can't believe what's going on as he immediately gets in Troy's face. Jones furiously yells at Lindsay about the slow count but she simply holds up two fingers. Jones shoves her, she shoves him back, Ryan rolls Duce up!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Lindsay almost cost cost Duce the World Title!

Mike Rolash: Damn, I thought that was it.

Duce quickly rolls to his feet, as does Ryan. However Ryan's height proves to be a disadvantage, as Jones connects with a Bicycle Knee Strike that staggers Dan. Ryan drops to a knee, Jones rears back and SUPERKICK!! Ryan is stunned but doesn't fall. Jones is to the apron in a hurry, he perches and screams for Dan to get up. Jones slaps at his knee, trying to force some life into it as Dan is now vertical. Jones springs off the ropes.

Jim Gunt: HUMILITY BOMB BY DAN RYAN! HE JACKKNIFES DUCE FOR THE PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THRRRRRR….

Lindsay goes sliding out of the ring as Byson pulls on her leg with all his might. The fans cheer Byson's action as he and Lindsay come face to face. Although her height makes him look small compared to her. The two begin to jawjack with each other, the crowd rising to their feet. Back pedalling a bit, Byson reaches down and grabs the chair looking to hit Troy. Ryan comes over and begins to shout at Byson as well, he only feigns innocence. Lindsay tells him to put the chair down but Byson throws it over both of their heads. Ryan watches on as the chair is caught by Jones. Ryan looks on in shock as a sadistic smile forms across his face. Jamming the chair into Ryan's midsection, Jones slams the chair across the doubled over back of Ryan. Arching up in pain, Jones slams the chair into his face. Ryan staggers backwards into the ropes. Ryan is on wobbly legs as Jones tosses the chair to the side.

Jim Gunt: Things are starting to get out of hand, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Lindsay needs to get back into the ring and get some order.

Duce hits the ropes and drops Ryan with the Krayzed Knee! He goes for the pin but no one is there to make the count. Instead, both Lindsay and Byson jockey to get back inside of the ring as the crowd counts to three, several times for Duce’s pinfall. Getting off of Ryan, Duce looks around as if he can't catch a break. Every waking second of the match, taking its toll on Jones.

Jim Gunt: If those two weren't busy arguing, Duce could possibly have retained the title just then.

Mike Rolash: Everything worked out how it was supposed to, now that joke needs to allow Lindsay to do the job that she was assigned.

Finally giving in, Byson throws his arms in the air in defeat. Lindsay turns and climbs onto the apron but Byson yanks her back down, her face crashing into the apron. With a shove, Byson sends Troy crashing bodily into another set of ring steps and quickly slides inside of the ring. He picks the chair up from the canvas and waits patiently as Duce brings Dan up and holds him for Byson. Taking a batter's swing, Byson unleashes with fury and cracks Duce upside the head as Ryan moves out of the way! Byson watches on in horror as his brother crumples to the mat. However he has no time to react as Troy returns and blasts him with the Rayne's of Castamere! Byson and the chair fly from the ring in opposite directions as meanwhile, Ryan has Jones up onto his shoulders. Ryan brings him crashing down on top of his head with the Headliner!

Jones is out like a light on the canvas as Ryan rolls him over and goes for the pin. Lindsay proudly making the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Lindsay signals for the bell and the crowd are mixed in their feelings.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner and NEW CWF World Heavyweight Champion! DAN RYAN!

Troy receives the belt from the ringside attendant and proudly hands it to get brother-in-law who is now getting to his feet. With a smug look on his face, Dan Ryan arrogantly raises the World Heavyweight Championship into the air to a round of boos.

Jim Gunt: Well love him out hate him, Dan Ryan is once again, CWF World Heavyweight Champion. Duce put up a tremendous effort but ultimately came up short.

Mike Rolash: Yes! The world can rejoice!

Jim Gunt: Well it seems someone is happy with the outcome, but unfortunately that's all the time we have... join us next week as we present Evolution 52, LIVE from Little Rock, Arkansas! Enjoy the rest of your evening everyone.

Both Ryan and Troy celebrate inside of the ring as the scene comes to a close with Dan holding the World Championship once again.

Show Credits

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