

Wrestle Fest: Wrestle Fest IV

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: September 18, 2018
Location: Madison Square Garden — New York City, New York

Results

Start Me Up

Match

IN FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO...

CUE UP: "More than Meets the Eye" - TESTAMENT

The music kicks in full blast as the CWF World Title belt fills the screen, along with a split screen of MJ Flair and Colton Mace, looking as menacing as they can at each other.

Abruptly, the pictures shift to Jarvis King and Harley Hodge, overlaid on the Paramount Title.

Shift again, to Dorian Hawkhurst, Jimmy Allen, and the Impact Title.

Shift yet again, Ataxia and "The Ripper" Danny B.

We go from two images to four, with Freddie Styles, Duce Jones, Mikey Unlikely, and Bobby Dean, complete with the CWF World Tag Team Championships.

And again, to Loki Synn, The Shadow, Silas Artoria, and Autumn Raven, with the CWF World Title once again overlaid over them.

Finally, we return to the split screen of MJ Flair and Colton Mace, ready for battle.

CWF WRESTLEFEST IV

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

We finally cut to Madison Square Garden and a high angle shot of the sell-out-turn-away crowd, going crazy over the opening music and appearance of the CWF's public officials at ringside.

The camera slowly zooms in, gradually, honing in on several fans' large, elaborate signs.

NEW YORK IS FLAIR COUNTRY

WE WANT MIA

MAXIMUS HAS IT EASY TONIGHT

COLTON CASH \neq MIKEY MONEY

BOBBY IS A BEAUTY

SMOKE THE ACES

And so forth.

Finally, we land on Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash at ringside, tuxedo'd and cleaned up. Jim Gunt looks around appreciatively, while Rolash appears to be annoyed by the noise.

Jim Gunt: WELCOME TO THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS! WELCOME TO THE BIG APPLE!

The fans at ringside cheer even louder at Gunt's cheap pop.

Jim Gunt: WELCOME TO THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS ARENA... WELCOME... TO CWF WRESTLEFEST FOUR!

This statement somehow makes them even louder.

Jim Gunt: My name is James Gunt, and I'm here with Mike Rolash, and we are proud to celebrate the first anniversary of the CWF's reemergence! Tonight's main event will oddly mirror the past year, as CWF Hall of Famer and old-school legend Colton Mace will face off with former World Champion and newcomer MJ Flair for the vacant CWF World Title!

Mike Rolash: Boy, these people are noisy! Even if I didn't want Flair to lose I'd want her to lose just to shut them up!

Jim Gunt: Even before we get there, however, we'll be opening up the night with a four way match for the top contendership! Loki Synn, The Shadow, Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven will finally settle their issues with each other with the highest stakes involved!

Mike Rolash: Silas and Autumn need to beat each other up until they go away, and The Shadow and his poor tortured me is old hat. Of all the people I hate the most, I hate Loki Synn the least.

Jim Gunt: To say nothing of the athletes that will get a chance to shine here on the biggest stage of all, as Kemsey Ramsey and Linus Stark will face off in an attempt to make a name for themselves, and Ataxia and The Ripper, Danny B, will finally end their war! First up, Mike, let's get to Ray Douglas for the introduction of our special guest!

Mike Rolash: Guest? What? Nobody cleared this with me!

Cut to Ray Douglas, standing in the middle of the ring, looking dapper in his own CWF styled tuxedo. The fans are cheering for him, and it takes him several seconds to start talking, since every time he puts the microphone to his face the cheers get louder.

Finally, he powers through.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen... WELCOME TO WRESTLEFEST FOUR!

Now he stops purposely to allow the fans to react.

Ray Douglas: At this time, it is my honor and my privilege to introduce to you, the special host of Wrestlefest Four... a bona fide legend, both in the professional wrestling business and in the city, county, and state of New York!

Mike Rolash: Literally nobody deserves that kind of introduction. Except me, of course.

Ray Douglas: Please welcome... your hometown hero...

CUE UP: "Because the Night" - Patti Smith.

And the roof blows off the Garden. Not literally, but as close as it gets to a literal state of explosion.

Jim Gunt: The fans are standing up, and I can't see, Mike. Can you see anything?

Mike Rolash: I literally couldn't care any less than I do.

The scene shifts, quickly, to the entranceway, where there's no movement... no movement... and she emerges. The fans that were loud suddenly grow louder as their suspicions are confirmed, and the sight of twenty thousand flashes going off reflects off the guest host's wire - rimmed glasses.

'Poison' Ivy McGinnis stops at the top of the ramp and holds her arms out wide, before taking an overly - exaggerated bow to her hometown fans.

Jim Gunt: POISON IVY IS IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN!

Mike Rolash: Who?

Jim Gunt: Don't even start, Mike! Ivy McGinnis debuted in this sport twenty three years ago and has managed multiple wrestlers to multiple World Championships! According to my little cheat sheet here, she's guided MJ Flair's father 'Total Elimination' Eli Flair to fifteen of them, and her own husband 'Triple X' Sean Stevens to another six! She also had a

hand in training another New York native and three - time former World Champion, Impulse - and she's also run several wrestling companies in her own right!

Mike Rolash: Yeah? She was any good they'd still be open.

Jim Gunt: She also owns that bar you were carried out of last night after drinking for free, all because you're affiliated with the CWF.

Mike Rolash: ... She ain't so bad.

Ivy McGinnis starts the long, slow, familiar walk to ringside, slapping a scant handful of outstretched hands on the way.

Jim Gunt: I'm getting some more information here, Mike... Ms. McGinnis' last live appearance at a professional wrestling event was five years ago, in this very building!

Once at ringside, McGinnis climbs the stairs and stops on the ring apron, taking one more look around at the arena before she enters between the top and middle ropes. She shakes Ray Douglas' hand and takes the microphone from him as the music fades, though the crowd is alternately chanting her name and cheering.

Ivy McGinnis: Finally.

Huge cheer. She looks like she's about to start again, but a huge smile grows on her face and she has to take a minute. The "IVY!" chant begins again.

Ivy McGinnis: It's been too fuckin' long, friends.

They cheer again, as Ivy settles into the corner, leaning on the turnbuckle.

Mike Rolash: Quick, throw something into the ring!

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: That skirt's pretty short, I bet she'd bend over to pick it up.

Jim Gunt: You're hopeless.

Ivy McGinnis: Welcome, everyone... to my house.

The fans cheer again.

Mike Rolash: I don't like her.

Ivy McGinnis: First thing's first, we need to address the elephant in the room.

Jim Gunt: His name is Mike Rolash.

Mike Rolash: Hey! Wait... HEY!

Ivy McGinnis: Tonight, the Championship Wrestling Federation completes the circle. Tonight, my niece Mariella Jade Flair--

Huge pop, "EMMMM JAAAAY" chant, the full nine.

Mike Rolash: Champion Jailbait.

Ivy McGinnis: Exactly.

She stands up straight and paces the ring a bit, letting the fans get loud again.

Ivy McGinnis: MJ joins her dad...

Huge pop for the King of Extreme.

Ivy McGinnis: ...my husband, 'Triple X' Sean Stevens...

'TRIPLE X' chant, obvs.

Ivy McGinnis: ...and the crown jewel of the Uptown Gym, IMPULSE...

Another pop.

Jim Gunt: McGinnis seems to be an expert at crowd control; they're following her every word.

Mike Rolash: I'm following her every curve... clearly she doesn't skimp out on the squats.

Ivy McGinnis: ...in headlining... the greatest arena in the world, in the greatest fucking city in the world. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY!

She raises her arms in victory, and the arena explodes in another huge pop.

Ivy McGinnis: But I'm not just here to tell you how awesome my niece is... first of all you'd better fuckin' know that already. When I was asked to welcome y'all to Wrestlefest Four, I had to stop for a second and think about it. I had to look at the rest'a the show, and you know what I saw?

She leans on the top rope, looking into the crowd, head - on with the hard camera.

Ivy McGinnis: Four athletes that've busted their asses t'break through, finally given the chance to earn a shot at the top. A tag team that could easily be challenging for any company's World Title individually, teamed up t'dominate the landscape.

Dueling chants begin again, some fans with "Forsaken" chants, some with "We Want Mia," some with "Smo-kin-ass-es!" and so forth.

Ivy McGinnis: Hall of famers wrestling for secondary titles, wrestling for pride, wrestling for respect. Because that's what the Championship Wrestling Federation needs them to do.

Pause.

Ivy McGinnis: The Championship Wrestling Federation, and Wrestlefest Four... are worthy of Madison Square Garden... and I am goddamn glad to be here. Ray?

She looks toward the timekeeper's table.

Ivy McGinnis: Ray, right? Ray, ring the fuckin' bell and let's get the show on the road! Thank you, everyone!

The music starts up again as McGinnis leaves the ring to a huge pop. She shakes Jim Gunt's hand.

Jim Gunt: Great to have you here, Ms. McGinnis.

She winks, and turns her attention to Mike Rolash. Rolash also offers his hand, but she just stares at him.

Mike Rolash: ...great to have you here?

Ivy McGinnis: We can hear you in the ring, y'know.

She walks around the table, and the camera stays on the three of them, tightening up as she slaps the back of Rolash's head. His headset flies off to a roar of approval from the fans as she walks around the ring and back up the ramp.

Jim Gunt: I've been waiting a full year to see that, thank you Ms. McGinnis! We'll be back in a moment for our number one contenders four way match, but first, we have a bit of bad news to share with the CWF universe.

In Memory

Match

Blake Church: Ladies and Gentlemen, CWF founder, J. Rish.

The boss makes his way to the top of the ramp.

J. Rish: It is with a heavy heart that I open Wrestlefest. This past week we have lost one of our own. Azrael, has departed this world, by his own hands. It is only fitting that this happens to be National Suicide Prevention Week, here in the United States. I urge anyone who who is need of help to reach out, there are people who are willing to help. Any issues you may have, are not worth a life. You are not alone.

Halestorm's "I am the fire" begins playing as a montage of Azrael's best moments play.

J. Rish: Azrael, my friend, you were not alone.

As the montage continues, the entire CWF roster and staff make their way to the ramp. The montage ends with "In memory of Azrael."

J. Rish: CWF world, I am asking for a moment of silence. Rather than a sign of respect to our departed, please take this moment to think of someone who might be suffering alone, or if it is you, take this time to make a plan to reachout.

As CWF roster observes the moment of silence, the ring bell rings three times slowly. At the conclusion of the third ring, the roster returns to the back.

J. Rish: Thank you. Back to you, Blake.

Blake Church: Let's change the mood and get started with WrestleFest.

Autumn Raven vs. Loki Synn vs. Silas Artoria vs. The Shadow

Match

Jim Gunt: A very sad start to WrestleFest indeed, having to say goodbye to Azrael.

Mike Rolash: Yes, my man Az is gone. This ruins the whole show for me.

Jim Gunt: Uh, really?

Mike Rolash: Well yeah! I put money on the man tonight!

Jim Gunt: You can't be serious!

Mike Rolash: What? A man has to live--

He is interrupted by a black and white video popping up on the tron, varying images of different things playing through; an empty beach, ravens flying through the clouds, someone's booted feet walking over the ground, trees blowing in the breeze, a campfire roaring, pictures being tossed into it.

It ends with the cry of a raven, as Autumn walks into view, her barbed wire bat in one hand. She stops and turns towards the camera, a cold look on her face as the dark tones of "Sting Operation" cue up once again. Fog rolls out from either side of the stage as the lights dim as Autumn walks out from the back, half of her face painted into some wicked twisted version of the Joker, barbed wire bat slung over her shoulder, painted a pitch black.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first! Hailing from Los Angeles, California! Weighing in at 125 pounds and standing at five feet seven inches... She is The Beautiful Psychopath...Autumn Raven!

The images of bare trees appear beneath A-Ray's feet as she starts to walk forward slowly, a raven landing on the

branches as she passes. As she walks down the ramp, purple tinted fog rises up on either side of her, the ravens landing on the branches in the images under her feet as she glares daggers at the ring. She walks to the steps to the ring and climbs up them, not taking her eyes off of anything. She climbs through the ropes carefully and takes her bat off of her shoulder, pointing it at the crowd with a sadistic grin on her face, taking in the reactions of the crowd.

Ray Douglas: The second contender, hailing from Calgary, Alberta, Canada, he is the Weaver of Dreams and part of The Forsaken - THE SHADOW!

The lights go out and a bass drum starts to sound. Suddenly torches flare up in the staircases in the audience, all around the Madison Square Garden, Druids in their robes standing unmoving, each with a torch high in the air. Slowly the crowd starts to clap in the rhythm of the drum until almost the whole arena has joined in.

Three bagpipers enter the stage, the bass drone aflame, setting up position to the left and right of the entrance, while the third remains in the centre, joining with the melody of "Villeman Og Magnhild", sending the crowd into a frenzy. A flame starts in the middle of the stage and the The Shadow steps out through the curtains, black and red warpaint across his face and shirtless torso, a look of grim determination on his face, the torches' fire casting shadows across it, reflecting off his piercing blue eyes.

For a moment the crowd abandons its rhythmic clapping for a cheer for the Weaver of Dreams. Suddenly the single flame starts to run down the ramp, slowly casting the fans on either side in its flickering glow as The Shadow makes his way to the ring. As he reaches ringside, he climbs onto the apron and stares down Autumn when the four ring posts erupt in flames to another huge cheer for the Canadian and simultaneously the music stops and the torches extinguish, leaving the burning ring posts as the only light in the Madison Square Garden before extinguishing as well, leaving the arena completely dark.

As the lights come back on, The Shadow is sitting on one of the far turnbuckles, his gaze unwavering on the entrance to the stage.

Jim Gunt: Looks like The Shadow is bringing a darker shade of himself to the ring, that war paint is new and this was one intense entrance!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I must say that I kind of liked this...

Jim turns to his colleague and puts his hand on Mike's forehead.

Jim Gunt: Are you feeling ok?

Mike Rolash: I don't know... I am not used to this... Jim - what is happening?

But before he can answer, though, the lights turn off only to be replaced by the darkest of purple flood lights. Eerie shadows float throughout the arena making it difficult for much to see. Fog starts to roll in from the stage, down the ramp, and surrounds the ring, as a heavy silence fills the air. "Start Wearing Purple" starts its weirdly upbeat tune as Ray Douglas once again takes position to announce the final entrant.

Ray Douglas: From parts unkn....

???: SHHHHHHH!!!! Just... Listen to the music and enjoy the journey. Might be the last one you're ever on...

The music crescendos to a fever pitch as Loki Synn comes out onto the ramp, eyeing the ring and making direct eye contact with The Shadow, the two stars eager to get the match under way.

Jim Gunt: Certainly no love lost between The Shadow and Loki Synn. Something tells me that things are going to get messy out here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Good! What better way to kick off Wrestlefest?!

Loki takes her time down the ramp, obscene for any other person that would come down to the ring listening to gypsy rock. Her eyes are dead set on The Shadow's and he only returns the favor. This wasn't going to be the last time that these two met in the ring. Loki makes it to the apron and caresses it right by where The Shadow is standing, still looking up at him, daring him to make a move. All he does is back up, his gaze unwavering as Loki continues to caress nothing, running her fingers along the mat canvas, almost like she is trying to arouse a lover. The masked jester continues to stare at The Shadow, not even paying attention to Autumn as she finally grabs the bottom rope and uses it to pull herself into the ring, never taking her eyes off her target.

BANG!

The lights go out and the sound of a power generator going down fills the air; the audience audibly confused at the situation.

Jim Gunt: Umm....are we still on the air?

The sound of footsteps fills the air, and soon the titantron screeches on. The screen is showing a dark room, thick with fog, and an outline of a figure soon emerges. The footsteps continue as the figure comes closer, wearing a thick outfit, cane in hand. The figure finally emerges from the fog. Silas Artoria, and he keeps walking closer and closer to the camera.

Soon he stops, his head and shoulders seen in the frame. He stands there, smiling and chuckling at the camera, and takes off his hat. He drops it to the floor, and looks right at the camera with conviction. His left hand enters the frame.

Silas Artoria: Welcome...to the end of your line.

His fingers contort. Snap and the camera glitches as a digital scream erupts before it cuts out.

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

BOOM!

The choir gets louder, background lights flash bright red, and from the stage ascends a shrouded Silas Artoria. Cane in hand, posture stiff, look undetermined. The hook of "Cyberdemon" starts, and through the flashing red lights Silas approaches the squared circle. Only the music of distorted notes fills the air, and soon Silas slides into the ring, still shrouded in darkness.

The music fades out and the lights come on to reveal Silas to the other three competitors already in the ring.

Eyes wide with red, face covered in abnormal black stains, forming and unforming, with red writing coming from his eyes. Down the neck, the body contains the same features, only with a scale-like formation branching out from various parts of the body, his arms covered in the feature. His pants torn and ripped as if a lion had attacked him, with the demonic presence growling deeply with each passing breath through his teeth, and his fingers twitch incessantly. Silas Artoria wasn't there, the Passenger has arrived.

The Shadow looks at Silas with interest and concern, before turning to a visibly frightened Autumn Raven. He mouths something alongside 'is this it?', with Autumn replying that it was. For her part Loki only shakes her head and quietly points and laughs at Silas' appearance. Silas eyes all three in erratic fashion his movements jerky.. Clockwise, Silas, Autumn, Loki, and The Shadow, ready to fight for the number 1 contendership.

Mike Rolash: OK, The Shadow, this creep Loki and now Silas is going...crocodile? That's it, I've had enough of this!

He takes off his headset and gets up.

Jim Gunt: You can't just get up and leave, we have a match to call!

Mike Rolash: YOU have a match to call, I'm outta here!

As he turns around, he runs right into Ataxia, who came up right behind him.

Mike Rolash: AAAAH! WHAT THE--! STOP THIS!

Ataxia: But why? You always seem to be so happy to see me!

Mike Rolash: What? I am not!

Ataxia: Oh sure you are, you are just showing it in a different way than everybody else!

Mike Rolash: Screw that, I'm outta here.

Ataxia puts his hands on Mike's shoulders and gently, but firmly, pushed him back into his chair.

Ataxia: No, you are not, you will do your job as you are paid for and you will have fun doing so, do we understand each other?

Mike Rolash: I what?

Ataxia lets out a sigh and motions for one of the stage hands to procure him a chair.

Ataxia: And to ensure that you are having fun, I will be with you along the way!

He motions to Ray Douglas and the timekeeper while Mike grows paler than the wall.

DING DING!

Jim Gunt: And WrestleFest officially begins and....what the hell?

Autumn and The Shadow immediately tackle Silas into the corner turnbuckle and immediately unleash their fists and elbows to the man. Loki stands where she started and watches the spectacle. She is ignored, but shrugs her shoulders seconds later. She runs to the opposite turnbuckle, and sprints towards the action. A diving dropkick to the The Shadow's head and he slinks to the outside of the ring. Loki follows suit, but The Shadow grabs her head and charges her face first into the ring post.

Autumn continues wailing on Silas, but the Bloodletter pushes her back to the point where she is off her feet! He charges for a Knockout Knee but his attempt is quickly blocked by Autumn. Not to be foiled Silas quickly follows up with an enziguri, only for Autumn to twist and dodge the strike! Autumn goes for an ankle lock but Silas is quick to over rotate and gets A-Ray on her knees before putting her down with a vicious spinning head kick!

Jim Gunt: Wow! What an exchange!

Mike Rolash: Is it just me or is there something new about Silas? Whatever it is I love it!

Ataxia pats Mike on the shoulder.

Ataxia: Good boy.

The Shadow gets back up onto the ring apron and grabs the top rope, looking to take to the air to take Silas down. Before he can get too far though Loki comes from nowhere and tries to pull The Shadow down to the floor below. The Shadow holds onto the top rope, trying to fend off Loki's advances before he is blindsided by a big boot from Silas! The Shadow lets go of the top rope and Loki takes the opportunity to catch him as he falls backward in her arms! Showing incredible strength she gives The Shadow a quick peck on his forehead before dropping to her back and tossing The Shadow up and over her head in a modified fall away slam!

Mike Rolash: Usually I'm not one for crazy chicks but god DAMN do I love watching The Shadow get beaten up.

Jim Gunt: Loki certainly has it in for The Shadow! Look at the viciousness of those stomps on him! Ataxia, what is your

take on this mysterious newcomer?

Ataxia: Well, she's got another thing coming, if she really thinks that she can just run roughshod over the Forsaken and this federation, but we don't want to risk Mia.

Sure enough Loki can be seen stomping at any part of The Shadow that is still moving. The Shadow is able to get out of the way, causing Loki to lose her balance and he takes the opportunity to bring her down with an inverted DDT!

Back in the ring Autumn has arisen to face off against Silas. With little preamble The Beautiful Psychopath goes for Claw in the Night, a superkick to end them all! Silas quickly catches her foot though and throws it away from him as hard as he can, spinning her around in the process. Silas is quick, more so than usual and hoists Autumn up for the Fall of Man! The crowd boos, anticipating a short opening match but A-Ray manages to fight out from Silas' shoulders!

She lands on her feet but Silas and his passenger are quick to react and hit Autumn with a reverse huracanrana! Autumn lands hard on her neck and rolls to the apron where Loki and The Shadow continue to trade blows in front of Gunt and Rolash. The Beautiful Psychopath has little time to catch her breath though as Silas sprints to the opposite ropes, bounces, and hits Autumn with a baseball slide, sending her directly into Loki and Shadow!

Silas lets out a primal yell, enough to shake the very foundations of the arena that the CWF is currently in, and goes down to his knees. He smacks the mat hard four times, creating a loud noise. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

With sadistic intentions in mind Silas gets a running start, bouncing off the ropes opposite from the three other competitors, rising to meet his challenge only to leap with a full head of steam and land on the other three with a tope con hilo!

Mike Rolash: WOW! Silas is certainly leaving nothing to chance!

Jim Gunt: Wouldn't you give it your all with the number one contendership on the line Mike?

Ataxia: *squawwwk* World Title...

Mike Rolash just looks kind of hurt and goes back to watching Silas try to extradiate himself from the tangled mess of bodies strewn over the floor. He manages to stand up and turns around to head back into the ring...

Only to run right into a now recovered Loki Synn who delivers a vicious elbow across the bridge of Silas' nose! Silas takes a couple steps back, obviously stunned by Loki's vicious strike.

Loki Synn: How's that for a trick you untalented hack?! Do you think your alligator skin and that sharpie pattern on your face is REALLY going to do anything for you here? Come now. How about we put that to a little test, hmm?

Silas looks so angry he could spit and charges at Loki who quickly dodges his advance and uses his own momentum against him, hitting The Aristocrat with a vicious powerslam on the outside of the ring, right on top of The Shadow! Loki laughs at her handiwork but doesn't have time to celebrate as Autumn comes up from behind Loki and starts to pummel the jester with rights and lefts! Loki is dazed and Autumn takes a step back, takes aim for a split second and hits Loki with a bicycle kick that sends her into the corner.

Jim Gunt: So far this is a tornado of action!

Mike Rolash: I'm not sure who I want to see beat up more, so many options!

Ataxia facepalms for a moment.

Ataxia: There is a lot on the line here, not just the shot at the World title, but everybody here has grudges, Autumn with Silas, Silas with The Shadow, The Shadow with Loki, it's like a daisy chain of--

He is cut short as The Shadow comes flying across, narrowly missing the announce table of Gunt and Rolash, but hitting the side of the Portuguese one hard. Silas is following him with a maniacal stare in his red eyes, the veins in his

neck pulsating. He grabs the Weaver of Dreams by the hair and lifts him up over his head, ready to slam him into the announce table, where the German announcers scramble out of the way in anticipation, but The Shadow takes both hands, grabs Silas' head and viciously jerks it backwards.

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, he could have snapped Silas' neck there!

Silas loses balance and falls backwards, taking The Shadow with him, who manages to barely jump off to land on his hands and knees as Silas crashes to the thin mats surrounding the ring. The Shadow sits back against the steel steps to catch his breath, rubbing his shoulder, when a screech from the ring turns everybody's attention back to the squared circle. Autumn is just jumping off the top rope.

Jim Gunt: The Anti-Hero!

It is a beautifully executed swanton bomb by Autumn, which only has one flaw. When she lands, there is nobody there and she crashes hard onto the canvas, with Loki having rolled out of the way. As the Beautiful Psychopath writhes in pain, Loki slithers over to her downed opponent.

Loki Synn: Do you really think it is that easy to get rid of me, my dear?

Mike Rolash: As much as I like her harping on the Forsaken, she still creeps me out.

Loki apparently heard the commentator and turns towards him, crawling to the edge of the ring, draping her arms over the middle rope. She cocks her head and says with a syrupy voice.

Loki Synn: Oh thank you, Mike. That is the sweetest thing anybody has told me in a long time!

Rolash turns pink with embarrassment, but has not chance to dwell on the thought, because The Shadow pops up in front of Loki, grabs her head and lets himself fall down, effectively clotheslining Loki against the rope, whipping her neck.

Ataxia: Ah yes, he has a thing for necks tonight, doesn't he?

Jim Gunt: At first Silas, now Loki, when is it Autumn's turn?

The Shadow is pulling himself up on the apron, checking on the two ladies in the ring, but as he tries to jump up, Silas has grabbed his leg and is pulling him back down. The Torontonion yanks on the Calgarian's foot, causing him to hit the apron on his way down and as Silas gets to his feet, he drags The Shadow to his and whips him into and over the steel steps that come apart with a loud clatter.

Silas Artoria: You thought you had me, didn't you? You thought that you could just break my neck and leave me laying there, didn't you? Well, this is the end, Shadow!

The last word is spit out with such venomous contempt that one has to worry for The Shadow's well-being. Silas stalks him and lifts up the top part of the stairs, lifting them high above his head.

Mike Rolash: Come on, do it!

At this Ataxia gives Mike a hard slap to the back of his head.

Ataxia: You are being paid to call the match, not egg people on!

Rubbing his head, Mike shrinks down an inch, but remaining silent. Silas begins to laugh and brings down the steps as hard as he can.

Jim Gunt: He's dead.

But The Shadow barely manages to roll out of the way of the unforgiving steel that misses him by an inch, causing Silas to roar in anger. He takes the steps and shoves them out of the way, lifting his leg to stomp onto The Shadow's

head, when a movement from the corner of his eye makes him jerk his head to the left. Loki is just getting back to her hands and legs, but it is Autumn that comes running, stepping onto Loki's back, using it as leverage and jumps over the top rope, barreling right into Silas, sending both of them into the barrier!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit indeed, if these guys continue like that, we better have several ambulances at the ready, because they are not paying any heed to their own health tonight!

The Shadow is getting to his feet, looking at the former tag team partners trying to untangle each other while trading lefts and rights, but his attention is savagely brought back to Loki as she comes crashing into the Forsaken's back with a baseball slide. She laughs as she sees The Shadow struggle to his feet, sounding as if she thoroughly enjoys herself. She ambles over and grabs The Shadow's head, slamming it into the apron, but before she can take more advantage, Silas is running at her with a mighty shoulder block, sending both her and The Shadow flying.

With an almost feral look on his face, spit dribbling down the corner of his mouth, Artoria walks over to Loki, who is the closest, and grabbing her top drags her to her feet.

Silas Artoria: You fool, you don't know who you are dealing with!

Loki lifts her head up and stares the Passenger into the eyes.

Loki Synn: I don't need to know who you are, all I need to know is that you are a rotten piece of shit.

A murmur runs through the arena upon the insult that Loki just spat in Silas' face and his already distorted features grow even madder than before. When he speaks again, it is in a compressed whisper that sounds as menacing as can be.

Silas Artoria: You dare to insult me? You will pay, jester, and with more than just money, with more than just your well-being, no, you will--

He breaks off and falls forward onto Loki, burying her underneath him.

Mike Rolash: What just happened?

Autumn Raven is standing over Silas' body, her barbed wire wrapped baseball bat in hand, breathing hard.

Autumn Raven: No, Silas, she will not, at least not yet!

She raises the bat once more and mercilessly brings it down across Silas' shoulders, causing him to cry out in pain, some crimson marks forming on Silas' tattered white shirt. Once more she brings the bat up, but Silas turns onto his back, the red in his eyes gone, a look of horror on his face.

Mike Rolash: What is happening now?

Jim Gunt: It almost looks as if the hit with the bat snapped Silas out of his - whatever it is! It had happened before, when Autumn would hit him over the head to bring him back!

The look on Autumn's face shows surprise and her arms relax a bit, which is just enough for Loki to emerge from under the ring with a chair in hand, hitting Autumn hard into the stomach with its back, making her fold in half, dropping her bat, then bringing the chair down on her back, making her knees buckle under her. Immediately the jester grabs Autumn and rolls her into the ring, following her right in and she goes for the cover!

ONE!

TW--

KICKOUT!

Ataxia: This was the first cover attempt of the whole match!

If Loki is frustrated, she does not show it, but goes for the ropes to continue her offense. She does not make it far, though, because Silas grabs her leg and pulls, causing her to crash hard face first into the apron. His face still contorted with pain, Silas sees Autumn's baseball bat on the ground and his features harden again, the vein on his temple beginning to bulge as he picks up the bat. When he gets back up, the red in his eyes is back and with a load roar he charges forward, bat raised, towards The Shadow.

Jim Gunt: And he's back...

Ataxia: But not bright, if he hadn't screamed, he might have been able to have the element of surprise on his side.

And alerted by the roar, The Shadow has ample time to get out of the way of the charging Silas and dropping bat, which embeds itself deep into the barrier instead. Meanwhile in the ring Autumn is wailing away at Loki, sitting on her back, but while Silas is futilely trying to get the bat out of the barricade, The Shadow jumps back onto the apron, then continuing onto the top rope and FLYING BULLDOG to Autumn!

Mike Rolash: Holy crap that must have hurt!

With a loud grunt Silas finally manages to dislodge to bat, but not before yanking a whole section of the barrier apart, and walks up the steps, positively seething with anger. He steps through the ropes just as The Shadow gets to his feet and the two Canadians begin a stare off as Loki drags herself into a vertical position as well, using the ropes for support. Fast as lightning Silas suddenly turns towards her, swinging the bat, but just before he can bring it down, The Shadow comes flying with a hard kick into the armpit of the Aristocrat, who immediately loses grip of the bat, yells out and barrels into Loki before both bounce back into the ring, stumbling over a just rising Autumn in the process.

Jim Gunt: Did The Shadow just--

Ataxia: --save Loki? Yes.

Mike Rolash: But-- but-- why?

Ataxia: Maybe to ensure that the only person we know that knows what happened to Mia does not get her head bashed in?

Jim Gunt: Good point.

Ataxia: I only make good points.

The Shadow's momentum has caused him to roll out of the ring and fall to the mat after the kick and he lays motionless for a moment. In the ring Silas jumps back to his feet and grabs Autumn, throwing her over the top rope in a fit of blind rage, before doing the same to Loki, who tries to hold on to the top rope, but only manages to get one hand on it, enabling her to briefly touch down feet first, but her momentum lands her splat onto the Spanish commentator desk.

Ataxia: I have a suggestion.

Jim Gunt: What's that?

Ataxia: DUCK!

In this moment Silas is coming off the ropes and takes out Autumn with a murderous looking suicide dive that sends both of them against the American announce table and Silas across it, barely avoiding the commentator team. Still he is to his feet first and goes over to grab The Shadow by his hair and drags him to his feet. Using his hair, he yanks the Weaver of Dreams forward and INTO THE TIMEKEEPERS BARRICADE, WHICH COLLAPSES. Silas bellows a primal scree--

Mike Rolash: CLAW OF THE NIGHT BY AUTUMN!

She hits Silas perfectly and he staggers and collapses by the commentary table!

Jim Gunt: We might want to stay over here for now.

Mike Rolash: Yeah. That was a close one already!

Autumn stalks her prey and she stands over him before her attention is diverted to the steel steps nearby. Loki's recovered, but slouched over bottom of the steps that Silas had torn apart earlier.

Autumn stares at Loki and vice versa, but Loki's attention soon goes back to Silas. Autumn looks at him, and sees that he's slowly recovering from the impact. As she returns her attention back to Loki she points to Silas.

Autumn looks surprised.

Autumn Raven: You want him?

Loki nods enthusiastically.

Autumn Raven: Out of the picture?

They continue to nod with enthusiasm before they start to make their way toward the Canadian reaper. Autumn grabs the Bloodletter's hair and drags him to his feet as Loki gets there. After a quick strike to Silas' head, Autumn grabs his legs and lifts them up to Loki's shoulders while she grabs him under the arms. As the two approach the vacated announce table, Silas shakes off the daze and immediately starts to deliver hard strikes to Autumn's head! She staggers and starts losing her grip. At the same time Silas tightens his legs, dragging Loki with him downwards. Immediately Silas jumps to his feet.

???: SILAS!

Silas looks up. A RUNNING REVERSE BULLDOG BY THE SHADOW! AND THE TWO CRASH THROUGH THE ANNOUNCE TABLE! The Shadow staggers up and rushes to the German announce table, and...attempts to lift it up? He gets his fingers underneath, but he's struggling! He screams under the pressure and adrenaline, but Autumn and Loki arrive and....help him!?

Jim Gunt: OK, I've seen quite a few things that I did not think I would ever see tonight, but this I did not expect in my wildest dreams, these three actually cooperating??

The three lift up the table upright...and it falls on Silas, burying him! The Shadow staggers backward and collapses into the steel steps in exhaustion, Autumn hangs on to the ring apron, and Loki to the nearby barricade.

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

The Shadow is first fully on his feet and after a brief look at the overturned table rolls himself into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Good idea to get back into the ring, since that's the only place this match actually can be won.

Mike Rolash: Yes, but does it have to be him--

Another slap to the back of the head by Ataxia.

Mike Rolash: Definitely a good idea to go back in. And Loki is right behind him!

Loki walks right up to the Forsaken and the two adversaries stand almost nose to nose, unblinking, unwavering.

Jim Gunt: The tension is so thick you could cut it with a knife right now!

Ataxia: And something's moving down there.

Mike Rolash: Really? I mean, really? There are children watching, you know that, right?

Ataxia: Mike, oh Mike, get your mind out of the gutter and look, Silas is moving, dingbat!

Indeed there is movement underneath the overturned table and Autumn comes over to check on it. But just as she bends over to see, if there is anything she has to do to Silas to keep him down, the Bloodletter lets out a mighty bellow and heaves the table off him, hitting Autumn with it and knocking her against the ring and pinning her between the ring and the table.

Mike Rolash: Oh crap, now they made him really mad!

Jim Gunt: No kidding...

As Silas gets up, all that is missing is actual steam coming from his ears. Not that he has been in any sort of a good mood before, but it he looks like he is positively out for blood now. In the ring both competitors are torn out of their staring contest by the commotion and it is all that The Shadow needs to deliver a quick kick to the midsection and hard elbow right between the shoulders to take advantage of the distraction. Just as Silas gets up on the apron, The Shadow grabs Loki and hurls her at the Reaper, but all he does is take a step to the side and use her momentum to throw her out of the ring, where she lands in an unceremonial heap.

Jim Gunt: May the Lord have mercy on The Shadow's soul.

Mike Rolash: Oh the irony.

Silas is through the ropes and points at The Shadow with a mask of unadulterated anger as his face. As he roars, spittle is flying across the ring.

Silas Artoria: This is it, prepare to meet your maker!

With this he rushes at The Shadow in blind rage, it is not quite clear which move he is going for, but too furious to pay attention, The Shadow manages to side step the Bloodletter and as Silas bounces back from the ropes The Shadow jumps in and in one fluid motion executes the hammerlock DDT!

Jim Gunt: The Last Laugh! The Last Laugh! That is Mia's finishing move!!!

The crowd lets out an excited roar and Ataxia jumps to his feet as The Shadow goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--!

Mike Rolash: NO! Loki just broke up the pin with a running punt to Shadow's head!

Shadow falls to the side and Loki falls on top of him in a heap, pulling his leg up for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

Mike Rolash: Oh my God! She did it!

Boos rain down on Loki as the referee raises her arm in victory, while Ataxia rushes into the ring to check in on The Shadow.

Commercial - Vintage Whinery

Match

The picture opens to a party, at least ten people are gathered around the dining room table, food and drink aplenty.

Host: I just found out about Vintage Winery. They are based just outside of Washington and they are fabulous! I ordered a couple of bottles and I do not regret a dime!

She takes one bottle that says "Aged for 4 years" and uncorks it. Immediately the room is filled with the petulant whine of a little child, much to the delight of all attendants.

Woman: Oh, this is delightful, it is so hard to get a good whine anymore these days.

The picture slowly fades to the Vintage Winery logo as the party guests check out the other bottles.

The Crazy Meets The Cuckoo

Match

As the cameras come back on live after commercial break, we see an emotionless Loki Synn walking backstage after her victory earlier tonight.

???: Ah! There you are Loki... I've been waiting to meet with you face to face. Or mask to burlap as the case may be.

Loki stops in her tracks and turns around to come face to face with Ataxia, holding a rubber chicken by the neck and brandishing it at Loki as if it were a weapon. Loki of course takes the defensive and pulls out a banana, pointing it at Ataxia like a gun; forcing him to take a couple steps back.

Ataxia: What's with the banana?

Loki Synn: I could say the same about the chicken.

Ataxia: Fair enough. Just remember that things have only just begun. No matter where you go, there I'll be until you bring me sweetest back to me. I KNOW you had something to do with her...

Loki starts to laugh in Ataxia's face, still pointing the banana at his burlaped covered head.

Loki Synn: No SHIT I had something to do with it! I told you as much last week. Your threats don't do you any favors here, your games? You've met your match. Don't worry though, I'm sure that I'll be seeing you sometime soon no? You'll be keeping an eye out and watching my every move? I'm COUNTING on it.

Loki giggles again, backing up with the banana still trained on Ataxia, her voice echoing throughout the corridor.

Loki Synn: I'm looking forward to our future meetings Tax! Can't wait to see what you have in store for yours truly. Smooches!

The cameras close in on Ataxia who reholsters his chicken after petting its head fondly, his voice coming out in the tiniest of deadly whispers.

Ataxia: Shush now Quincy. I know that she doesn't know that which she has wrought. Like an iron fence we will forge ahead. With spikes. She can play her games and I will play mine. We will see who truly has The Last Laugh.

Ataxia winks at the camera before turning on his heel and walks away to further oversee his home.

Kemsey Ramsey vs. Linus Stark

Match

Jim Gunt: Welcome back ladies and gentlemen and I'll be damned, if this has not been the most intense opener to a show we've ever had!

Mike Rolash: As much as I hate it, but I have to agree, I'm surprised any of them still managed to walk out of here on their own! And The Shadow got his ass kicked, so that was nice, too.

Jim Gunt: You're just happy that Ataxia is not sitting next to you anymore!

Mike Rolash (shudders): Don't remind me!

Jim Gunt: So Loki Synn will face whoever will be the World Heavyweight champion at Hellbound for what should be another very interesting match up!

Mike Rolash: You know what? I never thought she would be interested in a title match.

Jim Gunt: Well, you might be right on that one for once, but I think in this match it was more to best The Shadow than to go for the title shot.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, probably. And maybe I'll finally be off the hook with Loki occupying Ataxia. I can guarantee her, he is NOT someone you want on your bad side! But on a more positive note, who do I have to talk to to congratulate them for our new sponsorship deal with InstantDesk, they've done a bang-up job with getting both us and our German colleagues set up with brand new desks in no time!

Jim Gunt: I think Ataxia hired a new guy, Simon Cambridge, for sponsor relations, so you can probably get him a coffee or two.

Mike Rolash: Whoa, whoa, I'm not a millionaire, a nice warm handshake should be more than enough.

Jim Gunt: Ugh... If he knew where those hands have been, he would probably prefer a coffee...

"Cowboy" by Kid Rock begins playing as The World's Most Famous Arena gets to its feet in anticipation.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is set for one fall!

Jim Gunt: My god, he's actually back.

The camera settles on the curtain just as it opens, and the CWF's original high-flying cowboy Kemsey Ramsey comes out into the Garden to a great ovation from the New York crowd. The perennial curtain-jerker smiles and tips his hat to the crowd as he makes his way down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Dallas, Texas. Weighing in at 244lbs, this is KEMSEY RAMSEY!

Mike Rolash: GO NINJA, GO NINJA, GO!

Jim Gunt: No, Mike...Kemsey's a cowboy!

Mike Rolash: Wasn't he a ninja too?

Jim Gunt: No, completely different people.

Mike Rolash: ...riiiight.

Ramsey slaps hands with a few of the more desperate fans and climbs into the ring, as "Unstoppable" by Foxy Shazaam replaces Kid Rock, and the crowd continue cheering the competitors in the match.

Ray Douglas: His opponent!

Mike Rolash: Why do we keep on employing these goofs?

Tentatively, the former electrician Linus Stark enters MSG in his black, armless Dickies coveralls, squinting in the bright lights of the arena. Cagey and unsure of himself, he skulks to the ring, almost trying to hide in plain sight as the CWF faithful give him a resoundingly positive reception.

Ray Douglas: From the County Line, weighing in tonight at 190lbs, LINUS STARK!

Jim Gunt: Well, he may be inexperienced, Mike, but Linus Stark is a hard worker, and these fans have seen that and they respect him for it!

Stark smiles nervously and waves as he slides into the ring, using the top rope to get himself to a vertical base, before

settling into his corner to try to settle his nerves as referee Clark Summits checks with both competitors before the start of the match.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, second match here at WrestleFest IV!

Before Summits can call for the bell, however, the lights in the Garden go out, and the slow, drawling guitar lick of "Broken Dreams" by Shaman's Harvest pierces through the excited crowd. A single, solitary spotlight illuminates the curtain, as four men emerge – Valentine, Styles, Jones, and King – The Glass Ceiling.

Mike Rolash: YES!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, what are they doing here?

The music fades a bit as King, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with his compatriots, takes out a microphone from his back pocket and begins to walk to the ring while he soliloquizes.

Jarvis King: Ah, yes...WrestleFest IV, in the World's Most Famous Arena...Madison Square Garden, in NEW YAWK, NEW YAWK!

A few fans cheer despite the overwhelming boos that Jarvis's mockery elicits. The lights around the arena come up as Jarvis continues.

Jarvis King: And yet, we're just sitting in the back, getting ourselves ready for the evening's festivities, and come to find out that the night's second match, a contest on the biggest night of the calendar year, is between a cowboy who never won a damn thing in this industry, and an electrician who thinks he's got what it takes to make it in this industry.

In an incredibly rehearsed fashion, Valentine, Jones and Styles spread out, each manning one side of the ring as Jarvis climbs onto the apron just at the edge of the ramp. The other three members of the Glass Ceiling follow suit, and all four men enter the ring, simultaneously.

Jim Gunt: I don't like this...

Jarvis looks as if he's recently ate something foul, and practically spits as he lays eyes on Ramsey and Stark.

Jarvis King: Pathetic. To see the likes of you two trying to rise to heights you don't deserve.

Freddie Styles smirks, as he and Duce crowd in on Stark, making the diminutive competitor quite antsy. For their part, Valentine and Jarvis do the same to Ramsey, invading his personal space and keeping the big cowboy effectively penned in.

Jarvis King: Lucky for me, however...you two won't rise any further...you just hit the Glass Ceiling!

With that, Valentine, King, Jones and Styles all pounce on their respective targets, beating both men down with clubbing forearm blows and pointed stomps. The MSG crowd is beside itself with boos, but The Glass Ceiling doesn't let up!

Jim Gunt: Oh, come on! The Glass Ceiling is robbing this capacity crowd of what was going to be a fantastic match-up!

Mike Rolash: Don't be naïve, Jimbo! It's like Jarvis said – this is a return to the natural order of the CWF. The Glass Ceiling is here to be something that this company has needed for ages – gatekeepers!

Ramsey, clearly out of ring shape, is first to hit the mat, and it takes no time at all for Jace Valentine to lock on Cupid's Chokehold. With the big Texan isolated, King joins the assault on Stark, who is doing what he can to put up a fight against the Tag champions. Linus manages to fire off a few right hands to both Jones and Styles, creating separation. This rally, feeble as it was, is put to an end by King, who hits a superkick, causing Stark to crumple to the mat.

Styles seizes the opportunity and lifts Stark up into a fireman's carry, which gives his tag team partner ample time to bound off the ropes and hit The Krayzed Knee, before Styles hits BallGame! Stark, out on his feet, stumbles backwards

into King's waiting arms, and is spiked on the mat with a Straightjacket Suplex.

Jim Gunt: Absolute devastation from The Glass Ceiling.

Mike Rolash: You're damn right, Jim; this is what happens when a group of professionals get together to work on a project.

Valentine relents on his hold, and all four men stand tall in the center of the ring. King extends his right arm, pointing upwards with his index finger, and he is soon joined by the others with their fingertips meeting in the middle as "Broken Dreams" starts to play again.

Jim Gunt: A terrifying sight to behold.

Phoenix rises again

Match

Mike Rolash: These Glass Ceiling guys are really cut from my cloth, go in where it hurts and lay down the law!

Jim Gunt: Why am I not surprised to hear that from you?

Mike Rolash: Because you know it's true!

Jim Gunt: Not really. I hope that Kemsey and Linus will be ok after this, someone has to press criminal charges against these guys, because this is getting out of hand!

Mike Rolash: Criminal cha-- what are you talking about? They just have a firmer hand than others, especially when people keep running into whatever they are doing!

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike pretends not to notice the incredulous look on his partner's face.

Mike Rolash: Now the next match I am not sure about.

Jim Gunt: What do you mean?

Mike Rolash: Well, you heard Rish earlier, my man Azrael took his own life, but yet there hasn't been any mention of the match being cancelled.

He motions somebody to come over and a long haired man in black cargo pants and a black CWF shirt comes over.

Mike Rolash: Ladies and gentlemen, Tristan Nancarrow, our production supervisor. Tristan, any news on our coming match here?

Tristan Nancarrow: Nope, all I've been told is to keep rolling, so I'm expecting something to happen.

Jim Gunt: That is both odd and interesting, let's see what this is going to bring, I see that Ray is ready in the ring. Thanks Tristan.

Tristan gives a quick nod and hurries back to his position.

"Smoke Two Joints" by Sublime begins to play over the PA system, smoke begins to roll onstage from the entry way. Nearby, a stagehand grows concerned, as the smoke isn't actually part of the show. However, the situation becomes clear as Lucas Greene emerges from the back, and the faint smell of skunk wafts out with him.

Ray Douglas: Our next match is a New York Street Fight. Weighing in at 190 pounds, Mr. 420 himself... LUCAS... GREENE!!

Lucas makes his way, somberly to the ring, unsure how to feel about the empty match. He climbs in the ring and sits

down on the mat in the corner, clearly depressed, even with the effects of the joint in his mouth.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from parts unknown, AZRAEL

Halestorm's "I am the Fire" begins to play as the crowd rises to their feet. At the conclusion of the song, the ref starts his ten count.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

FOUR...

FIVE...

SIX...

SEVEN...

EIGHT...

NINE...

TEN!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by countout is...

The lights shut off, and a murmur passes through the crowd. An orchestra version of Metallica's "One" begins, as a spotlight illuminates a hooded figure in white at the top of the ramp. As the song concludes, the figure lifts a microphone to his mouth.

???: As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil for you are with me. Most people believe that it is God that is with them at this dark time. He isn't. No, I am not here to tell you there is no God or that he has abandoned you. He has just another in his place. He sends the Archangel. He sends the one whose name means "whom God helps". He sends the Archangel who is there to guide your soul to heaven. He sends the Archangel of Death.

The figure removes the hooded robe, revealing a white cassock with a purple cross, and a familiar face.

Azrael: He sends me, Azrael.

A gasp of shock passes through the crowd.

Azrael: I have returned as the being that I am truly meant to be. I have returned to the serve God once again. But fear not CWF, I am not the monster that you imagine when Angel of Death is mentioned. I am the one who guides you to the afterlife. I show you the way to the promised land. I am the one who will free you from the grips of hell, if you were lost. I am the one who separates the soul from the body. But more importantly I am the one who will assist you in dealing with the pain and suffering that comes with death. I do more for the living than I do for the dead. Lucas, please come with me, and let us discuss the sorrow in your heart, the reasons that you have refused to face life, and would rather kill living cells than face the sorrow that resides within your heart. Come with me Lucas, and allow me to help you lead the life that God has in store for you. One by one, the members of the organization will fulfill what God has planned. For those who have already accomplished that, I will lead you to your everlasting reward. For others, I will take away the pain that prevents you from achieving what you need to.

For the rest of you, you are the special ones, as you will see why it was I that God had chosen to walk with you through the valley of the shadow of death. You will see why evil was not to be feared. You will see why when my name

is mentioned, fear grips the heart of evil. You will see why I am sometimes referred to the Avenging Angel. CWF, you no longer have to fear the evil that resides here, for it is now evil's turn to feel the fear. Azrael has returned to the service of God, with greater sympathy and empathy for the suffering of man, but balanced with greater rage and violence for those who cause the suffering. Now Lucas, let's go talk about your Grandmother.

Lucas, who had risen to his feet to hear Azrael speak, looks at Azrael with utter shock and surprise, almost as if he knew what was in Lucas's heart, the deepest darkest pain that has been locked away. Lucas leaves the ring and joins Azrael in walking to the back.

Jim Gunt: Well this is a new one. Someone coming back from what we assume was suicide. I can't wait to hear the story of what happen.

Mike Rolash: Oh shut up. People dying and coming back happen more often here than on Soap Operas.

Jim Gunt: True, but I can't wait to see what this new Azrael has to offer in the ring. We saw glimpses of what he could be before, but his apathy always would prevent him from reaching that next level.

Got an Idea

Match

We switch backstage where Tara Robinson is shown standing on front of a Wrestle Fest IV backdrop. With a mic in hand she's ready to go.

Tara Robinson: What a extraordinary night it has been so far, and the action is only going to get better. But ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time, they are the CWF Tag Team Champions, Smokin' Aces!

Both members of Smokin' Aces appear, Duce to the right, Freddie on the left. Both men appear to be fuming, as Tara continues.

Tara Robinson: Tonight the two of you defend your Tag Team titles against the Mikey Unlikely and Bobby Dean, better known as TBD.. But also conspicuously, you two do not currently possess the championships as they were stolen by your opponents. What are your thoughts going into this battle?

Freddie Styles: Thoughts? There are no thoughts. Mikey! Bobby! The two of you fucked with right ones today and tonight.. The two of you are going to see that, what happened to Bobby was only a small taste of what we're capable of..

Tara Robinson: TBD originally challenged you two to a Street Fight, but Duce you refused...

Duce cuts Tara off as if a light bulb went off in his head.

Duce Jones: I'm sorry fo' cuttin' ya off bae, but I just got an idea! Since those two fucks wanted t'get down in a fight. And since they thought it was cool t'steal our straps. I'll do ya two boys one betta' cuz tonight, we gon fight. And I'm pretty sho, wit it bein' tha show of all shows, we can make it extra special!

Freddie Styles: What you got in mind, brother?

Duce Jones: I'm glad you asked, cuz tonight I'm thinkin' we hang those straps from tha rafters, and see which team be the first t'get em!

Freddie Styles: Are you sure Bobby would be able to climb up?

Duce Jones: Fuck Bobby, tha two of em might've got their match. But we doin' dis shit unda our rules. So you know what dat means, suga'?

Tara Robinson: Do tell..

Duce Jones: Ladda' Match!

Tara Robinson: Ladda' Match?

Duce Jones: My bad bae, Ladder Match..

Tara Robinson: I knew what you meant..

Freddie Styles: I hope they got their climbing boots, because shit's about to get real!

With that, the tag champions make their exit as they go prepare for their match.

Dorian Hawkhurst (c) vs. Jimmy Allen

Match

Jim Gunt: Ladies and Gentlemen, looks like our Tag Team Title match has just become even more intense with it being upgraded to a ladder match - I wonder if they are able to find special reinforced ladders for Bobby Dean...

Mike Rolash: No way in hell.

Jim Gunt: Thank you for your undying optimism, as always.

Mike Rolash: Don't mention it.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, I'd rather not.

Mike Rolash: But let's move on to the first title match of the evening, the Impact title.

Jim Gunt: Oh yes, this is going to be an interesting one with Dorian Hawkhurst meeting his friend Jimmy Allen, so I

really want to see, if he will be holding back because it is his friend or if they will still give it their all.

Mike Rolash: If he holds back, that's fine with me, then we'll finally have all belts off these Forsaken.

Jim Gunt: This is going to come to haunt you sooner or later, you know that, right?

Mike Rolash: Pfft, what are they going to do?

Jim Gunt: I'm not going to tell you!

Mike Rolash (looking less confident now): Why are you saying that? What do you know that I don't?

Jim Gunt (smirking): Nothing, nothing at all.

Mike Rolash (getting visibly more nervous): No, no, you would not say this just like that.

Jim Gunt: Relax, Max, I never said that I knew anything, did I?

Mike Rolash: You are evil!

Jim Gunt: No, but he is.

He points over Mike's shoulder, who immediately wheels around, bracing himself, but closes his eyes and takes a deep breath as he hears Jim break out laughing behind him.

Jim Gunt (gasping for breath): Ray, take over please, I need a moment.

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall and it is for the CWF Impact Championship!

Shinedown's "Cut the Cord" sets off and almost immediately Jimmy sprints out on stage and soaks up the applause. He acknowledges the fans as he makes his way down the ramp before breaking into another sprint and diving head first under the bottom rope and sliding to the center of the ring. He pops to his feet and is ready.

Ray Douglas: First to the ring, from Dallas, Texas, The Catalyst - JIMMY ALLEN!

Allen looks around the arena with a smile across his face.

Jim Gunt: As we saw last week, these two men share some kind of history going back quite a ways.

Mike Rolash: None of that matters. What does matter is that Jimmy Allen pinned the Impact Champion last Evolution. He has earned this opportunity to knock Dorian Hawkhurst down a peg.

"Cut the Cord" stops, and the lights go down, with Ghost's "From the Pinnacle to the Pit" piping through the arena.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent... Accompanied to the ring by Chloe Hawkhurst, hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Weighing in at 287 pounds and standing at six feet, four inches tall! He... is.... YOUR... IMPACT CHAMPION! THE FORSAKEN DEMON, DORIAN HAWKHURST!!!

We see the familiar silhouette of the trench coat clad Impact Champion. However, as the figure stands into the light, we see that it is not the Impact Champion, but rather his "Minidemon", Chloe Hawkhurst.

Jim Gunt: What is going on? Where is Dorian?

Mike Rolash: I told you last week. Dorian is scared of Jimmy Allen.

The music cuts out and Chloe stands, center of attention, with a microphone.

Chloe Hawkhurst: I'm sorry, Mr. Jimmy. But my dad can't be here tonight. He decided he needs to check out for a bit.

The crowd fills the arena with boos as Chloe looks around, taking in the enormity of the crowd for a few seconds.

Mike Rolash: I told you, he is ducking Jimmy Allen.

Jim Gunt: Normally, I'd say you can't fault the guy for taking a mental health day, but this is WrestleFest, for God's sake.

Chloe puts her hand up and the crowd quiets down.

Chloe Hawkhurst: However, Mr. Jimmy, I've got some great news for you. We have found you a suitable opponent. Not only that, but you also still get a shot at the Impact Championship.

Jimmy Allen looks at Chloe suspiciously.

Jim Gunt: I don't know what's going on, but I don't think I like...

Gunt stops as The opening of "Committed" by One-Eyed Doll blasts over the PA as the lights all go out, plunging the entire arena into pitch darkness, save for one, lone, icy blue spotlight that shines bright on the stage.

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD! MIA RAYNE! MIA IS BACK!

Mike Rolash: It figures Dorian brings her back just to avoid... wait a minute...

A lone figure comes dancing out into the spot light, skipping frantically to the beat and collapsing in the middle of the spotlight as the music crescendos. It's obviously not Mia as the figure is noticeably larger than Mia is.

Chloe Hawkhurst: Introducing, from the mean streets of Tonawanda, weighing in at 287 lbs... for one night only, DORIAN RAYNE!!!

Dorian gets up to his feet and curtsies to the delight to most in the crowd. His hair has been dyed an emerald blue to match Mia's. He skips down to the ring, his arms swinging freely at his sides and pauses once he gets to the ring, placing his hands on the apron and gazing up at nothing in particular with a mad expression in his eyes and a maniacal smile on his lips.

Jim Gunt: This is crazy. I don't know if Dorian is paying tribute to his friend or if he's just lost it.

Mike Rolash: I'm going with he's lost it for 200, Alex.

Chloe catches up to her father, and the Hawkhursts stand side by side. licking their lips savoring the moment and, just as Mia does, they slide into the ring, laughing as they roll under the rope. Dorian crawls over to the closest corner, rocking back and forth to the music and laughing at anyone who dares make eye contact with him. Chloe, on the other hand, crawls over to Jimmy Allen, who locks eyes with her, locking his gaze like an alpha male keeping a young cub in check.

Jim Gunt: This is just bizarre.

Mike Rolash: On a scale of one to Ataxia, where do you put this on the "weird shit-o-meter"?

Jim Gunt: It's pretty close to an Ataxia.

The music dies down and Dorian unstraps the CWF Impact Championship from around his waist and slides it across the ring to the official. As Clark Summits raises the belt in the air, Dorian raises himself up to a standing position, all the while holding his arms folded across his chest, as though her were in a straight jacket.

Jim Gunt: The bell rings and Jimmy Allen just looks at his friend. He doesn't know what to make of him.

Mike Rolash: None of us know what to make of him.

The bell rings and Dorian rushes at Jimmy, going for a clothesline, which Allen ducks. Dorian hits the ropes and comes back, met by a drop kick from Allen which causes Dorian to stumble, but he maintains his footing. Jimmy tries to follow up with a haymaker to the face, but Dorian gets out of the way and throws a standing headlock onto Jimmy Allen. Allen

throws a forearm into the breadbasket of the “Forsaken Demon”, pushes Dorian back into the ropes, then shoots him off to the opposite side. Dorian comes back with a shoulderblock, and Jimmy Allen throws up a dropkick, knowing Dorian could possibly knock him over.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Jimmy Allen is ready for Dorian, whether it's Hawkhurst or Rayne.

Mike Rolash: A true professional is ready for anything. Maybe Jimmy is actually a professional.

Jim Gunt: Remember when Dorian eliminated you from Golden Intentions? Is that why you don't like him?

Mike Rolash: That has nothing to do with it. I am also a professional.

Dorian lets out a primal scream before both men back off and circle one another, trying to get a gauge on where they stand. Dorian uncharacteristically goes in for a collar and elbow tie up, but Allen kicks him in the midsection, doubling him over. This time, it is Jimmy Allen who applies the side headlock. Dorian throws him off and this time, the two men collide chest to chest, with Jimmy having to take a few steps back.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen, despite giving up sixty pounds to Dorian Rayne, has successfully stood his ground against the big man.

Mike Rolash: Still not a good idea. Doughboy is going to flatten him eventually.

Dorian kicks Allen in the midsection and hits him with a forearm to the face. He Irish whips Allen into the ropes and ducks a clothesline on the way back. Quick as a whip, Allen spins around, catching Dorian with a modified STO, as he is a little slower and off balance and Allen drops him. Dorian rolls away from Allen, who follows him across the ring. As Allen goes to pull the big man up, Dorian Rayne lunges forward and catches Allen with a headbutt to the midsection.

Jim Gunt: Neither man can seem to hold the advantage for too long. It's shows just how well they know each other.

As Dorian is regaining his feet, the camera catches Chloe Hawkhurst on the other side of the ring, slamming her hands on the apron, cheering her old man on.

Mike Rolash: For now. We know it's only a matter of time before that little brat gets involved.

“The Demon of Sobriety” grabs “The Catalyst” by the back of the head and rams his head on the top turnbuckle to stun him. After Allen falls back first in the corner, Dorian shoots off another forearm to the chin before whipping Allen across the ring. Dorian follows Jimmy across the ring, but catches a back elbow from Allen, staggering him. Jimmy lowers himself to try and slam Dorian, but before we find out if he can do it, Dorian drops a demonic elbow on the back of Allen's head. Dorian turns things around on Jimmy and body slams him in the center of the ring.

Jim Gunt: This is the first time we've seen either man off of their feet for more than a second. Both of these men know each other so well, it could be one little mistake that costs either man the match.

Mike Rolash: Dorian's an idiot. If that's the case, I'll put \$100 on Jimmy Allen.

Dorian pulls Jimmy Allen to his feet and delivers a headbutt to “The Catalyst”. This seems to wake Allen up and he hits Dorian with a headbutt of his own. Allen throws a second headbutt which causes Dorian to stagger back into the ropes. As he bounces back towards Jimmy Allen, he lifts the big man up and delivers a scoop slam to Dorian.

Jim Gunt: Did you see that?! Dorian is pushing 300 lbs and Jimmy Allen got him up and over.

Mike Rolash: KEEP GOING, JIMMY! KICK HIM WHILE HE'S DOWN!

Jim Gunt: And you are going to tell me you aren't upset about GI?

Mike Rolash: I told you, I am a professional.

Allen backs up a few steps, making sure he has Dorian right where he wants him. He runs forward and comes crashing

down on Dorian's knees as he delivers a senton. Both men are slow getting to their feet, but Dorian is just a shade quicker. He throws a roundhouse right and Allen is quick enough to duck it. The Catalyst picks up Dorian for another body slam, but Dorian kicks his feet, creating enough momentum to shift his weight and come crashing down on Jimmy.

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!!

Jim Gunt: Clark Summits counts the two, but Jimmy Allen finds a way to kick out.

Mike Rolash: I wouldn't normally recommend a power game from Allen, but you have to try something different when you face someone who knows you that well.

Jim Gunt: Even with Dorian trying to mimic Mia's style, he's only had limited success here as well.

Mike Rolash: Hawkhurst doesn't have the stamina to follow Mia's manic pace. It's that simple.

Dorian gets up and kicks Jimmy in the spine and he tries to get his bearings. As Allen gets to one knee, Dorian drops a clubbing forearm on him back. To his credit, Jimmy sits there and holds his ground. Allen, perhaps out of instinct, throws a forearm to Dorian's midsection and Dorian throws a short jab in retaliation. Allen throws a punch to Dorian's midsection as he raises up a little more and Dorian lowers an elbow on Allen's head. Dorian throws a quick right hook, but Allen still gets to his feet and delivers a knife edge chop to Dorian. The "Forsaken Demon" smiles and chops Jimmy in the side of the neck, then flips "The Catalyst" over with a snap mare. Dorian applies a rear chin lock and Allen raises his hand in the air, trying to find the energy to escape.

Jim Gunt: Here's something you don't see from Dorian every day.

Mike Rolash: He must have been watching some Jace Valentine matches and learned something.

Jim Gunt: Learning something from Jace? I doubt that.

Jimmy Allen fights to his feet, and without releasing the hold, Dorian grabs Jimmy's head and forces him down, all the while refusing to break the rear chinlock. Dorian positions himself so he can get as much of his weight down on Jimmy as possible. Realizing his predicament Jimmy keeps rocking back and forth while Clark Summits checks to see if his shoulders are on the mat. Jimmy finally starts getting to his feet.

Jim Gunt: Through sheer tenacity alone, Jimmy Allen has wriggled his way free from the Demon's grasp.

Mike Rolash: You can see the frustration in Dorian Hawkhurst's eyes as he lowers some more forearms down on Jimmy Allen.

Jim Gunt: Dorian Rayne.

Mike Rolash: Stop feeding into to that crap.

After the third forearm, Jimmy Allen throws a punch to Dorian's midsection, trying to gain his footing. Dorian pulls back for another forearm, but Allen spins himself around, trips Dorian up with a leg sweep, and pops to his feet and lands on Dorian with a standing moonsault. Clark Summits slides into position.

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!!

Jim Gunt: Just like that, Jimmy Allen has found a way to gain the upper hand.

Mike Rolash: He needs to keep this up if he wants to win this. Dorian and the Forsaken need to be knocked down a few pegs and I think Jimmy Allen is just the man to do it.

Both men get to their feet and Jimmy rushes and Dorian, going for a lariat. Dorian gets his arm out just in time and the two men catch each other in the throat, causing them both to fall to the ground.

ONE!

TWO!!

Both men start moving. Dorian has rolled onto his stomach and Allen is already to his hands and knees.

THREE!!!

FOUR!!!

Clark Summits breaks his count as Allen gets to his feet, while the more winded Dorian is up to one knee.

Jim Gunt: This has been an extremely physical match so far, with both men seemingly leaving it all in the ring.

Mike Rolash: Say what you will about Dorian Hawkhurst, but the Impact Champion is the top dog around here, at least until someone wins the main event tonight, and wins the World Championship.

Dorian finally struggles to his feet, locking eyes with Jimmy Allen. The two men look at one another and nod in silent understanding of one another. Dorian strikes first with an overhand right, but Allen is ready and blocks the punch, delivering a haymaker of his own. Dorian throws another punch and Jimmy throws up another block and delivers a quick chop to the neck. Allen throws a kick to the sternum and then delivers a gorgeous taekwondo style spinning back kick, knocking Dorian senseless. "The Forsaken Demon" can only fall backwards, catching the top rope and holding on for dear life.

Mike Rolash: COME ON, JIMMY! DESTROY HIM!

Jim Gunt: It looks like he's looking to do just that. He backs Dorian into the corner and hits him with one, two, three... so many chops. I can't even keep count.

Dorian sits in the corner looking punch drunk and Jimmy grabs him with an Irish Whip, but Dorian reverses it and send Jimmy into the corner, following him in and crushing him with a vertical splash. Dorian whips Jimmy across the ring again and follows him with, looking for a drive by kick, but Allen moves out of the way at the last second, leaving Dorian hung up on the top rope. After taking a moment to assess the situation, "The Catalyst" grabs the top rope and pulls it upwards, crotching Dorian and forcing him to collapse onto the mat.

Mike Rolash: That's what I like to see.

Jim Gunt: One thing Jimmy Allen was taught by his senseis was to strike when the opportunity presents himself and that is exactly what he did.

Mike Rolash: Why aren't you pinning him? Come on, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: I think both of these men know each other so well that they know each other's limits and are trying to push the other guy past theirs before going for the win.

Dorian pulls himself up and Jimmy jumps onto the middle rope, propelling himself at Dorian and drilling him with a springboard roundhouse kick, Allen covers.

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!!

Jim Gunt: Dorian Rayne powers out, but how much does he have left in the tank?

Mike Rolash: From the looks of things, not much.

Chloe Hawkhurst is on the outside, screaming like a banshee, trying to get the crowd behind her father. Still, the crowd seems to appreciate the efforts of both men as dueling "Let's Go Jimmy!" "Let's go Demon!" chants fill the arena. Both men look at one another, the exhaustion visible on their faces. Dorian stands up, pulling himself so he is seated on the top rope.

Jim Gunt: What is he doing? Dorian Rayne is telling Jimmy Allen to bring it.

Mike Rolash: IT'S A TRAP!

Jimmy marches forward and starts drilling Dorian in the arms with roundhouse kicks in the arms. After about the fifth or sixth kick, Dorian catches Jimmy's leg with a wicked smile on his face. He uses his free hand and slaps Jimmy in the temple, which stuns Allen long enough for "The Demon" to pull Allen in and get him up for the superbomb.

Jim Gunt: FALL FROM GRACE BY DORIAN HAWKHURST!

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE - KICKOUT!!!!

Jim Gunt: No! 2.9999999! Jimmy Allen kicks out.

Mike Rolash: So close, yet so far.

Dorian looks over at Clark Summits in disbelief before picking Jimmy Allen up by the head. Allen throws his hands up, releasing Dorian's grip and hits Dorian with an inside out crescent kick,

Mike Rolash: GOODNIGHT PRINCESS! This is the move that took out Dorian to give Jimmy Allen this shot.

Jim Gunt: Clarks Summits is in position.

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE - KICKOUT!!!!

Jim Gunt: Dorian kicks out at the last second. Wait, STFU by Jimmy Allen! He's got that crossface locked in!

Dorian struggles and almost reaches the ropes. Allen rolls back, keeping the submission applied, Dorian manages to stop the momentum, causing Jimmy Allen's shoulders down to the mat.

ONE!

TWO!!

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen releases the submission at the last second.

Mike Rolash: Good ring awareness by the challenger.

Both men get to their feet, again, locking eyes. Jimmy chops Dorian across the chest. After a second, Dorian responds with a snap jab. Jimmy fires back with a backfist, spinning Dorian around. Dorian uses the momentum to deliver back elbow. Jimmy comes back quickly with a left cross, but Dorian leans back and grabs Jimmy's wrist and pulls him in.

Jim Gunt: THE LAST LAUGH! THAT'S MIA'S FINISHING MOVE! THE COVER...

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and still CWF Impact Champion! "The De-"

Ray Douglas is cut off as Chloe Hawkhurst grabs the mic out of his hands.

Chloe Hawkhurst: Here is your winner, My daddy... AND STILL... reigning, defending, undisputed Impact Champion...
DORIAN RAYNE!!!

"Committed" by One-Eyed Doll plays as Chloe grabs the Impact Championship from the timekeeper. She rolls into the ring and stands next to her father, who is on one knee out of breath. She hands him the microphone her father, who stands up, extending his hand to Jimmy Allen, pulling him up to his feet. The music cuts out as Dorian and Jimmy stand in the ring, facing one another. Dorian takes the microphone from Chloe and turns to Jimmy Allen, who is holding his throat for some reason.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Arigato, onisan.

Dorian bows to Jimmy who bows back to Dorian. Dorian stands up straight, and Jimmy Allen sprays Dorian in the face with a yellow mist, causing Dorian to fall to the mat, motionless.

Mike Rolash: YES! I KNEW JIMMY HAD IT IN HIM!

Jim Gunt: What was that substance that Allen spit into Dorian's face?

Mike Rolash: Unlike the traditional green mist, the yellow mist paralyzes it's victim.

Jimmy Allen starts putting the boots to Dorian and Chloe bolts out of the ring. Dorian can only sit there and grimace in pain as the man who he looked upon as his brother continues to punish him. It isn't until Chloe Hawkhurst rolls back into the ring with Lynk that Jimmy Allen backs off.

Jim Gunt: I don't know what got into Jimmy Allen, but this story is far from over, that's for certain.

The medics fly past Jimmy Allen who stands on the ramp while "Cut the Cord" by Shinedown begins to play.

Mike Rolash: Dorian has won the battle, but I get the feeling that Jimmy Allen will win the war.

The medical staff is loading Dorian onto a stretcher as the scene cuts.

Familiarity with the Shadows

Match

The night had been electric so far and outside of The Shadow falling to Loki Synn earlier in the night Alistair McLean had thoroughly enjoyed the general feeling and vibe of WrestleFest. It's hard to put words to and Alistair had never been much of a linguist to begin with, so his thoughts go unnoticed as he travels around backstage, seeing what there is to see. Considering the night, it wasn't much but Alistair is pretty sure that that's because most of the action usually happens close to the ringside area.

The empty hallways have an almost eerie quality about them as Alistair makes his way aimlessly, hands in his pockets and no particular destination in mind. He stops suddenly as he hears a voice in one of the darker hallways, distinct and distant. By the sounds of it the speaker hadn't noticed Alistair's presence, which is ok for the druid because due to the subject matter, it seemed like something Alistair didn't want to miss.

???: She's poised to come out on top. You should have seen her dismantle The Shadow and those other two nobodies. Come HellBound she'll dismantle whatever person is the place holder for the strap.

Alistair has put a pause on his stroll, listening close to the conversation. Something about his voice seemed oh so familiar but he just couldn't put his finger on it. The speaker hangs up the phone and McLean can hear footsteps recede into the distance. The voice sounds so familiar to Alistair but he couldn't place it. Once he figured it out though he has a feeling that things would start making a lot more sense...

The shot fades as Alistair finishes scratching his chin as he decides that this is something that needs to be thought on some more.

Commercial - Burgatory

Match

The inside of a burger joint. A group of six young people are sitting around a table with burgers and fries, chatting and laughing. One of the guys bites into his and immediately screws up his face, half-throwing the burger back into its wrapper.

Man: Dude, that thing is so blah, this is no fun anymore.

Girl: Yeah, what happened to spice?

At that moment a giant chili pepper crashes through the window.

Chili pepper: You want spice? You want heat? Follow me!

It exits through the broken window and the group of six follows it through to a food truck parked outside in the parking lot, painted in bright reds and orange. The flashing sign on top of it reads "Burgatory."

Chili pepper: No more blandness, we categorize by how much pain you will feel, we charge by Scoville.

The same group of six is standing around a table with burgers and they all bite into them and they begin to cough, sweat, eyes start to water.

Chili pepper: Welcome to Burgatory!

In a very fast voice a disclaimer is added:

Voiceover: Burgatory is not responsible for any heat and spiciness related injuries or deaths. Eat at your own risk. Know your limits, eat within them.

Fades.

Smokin' Aces (Freddie Styles & Duce Jones) vs. TBD (Bobby Dean & Mikey Unlikely)

Match

We cut back to ringside, where a ladder is shown set up in the aisle way, the crowd is stirring with excitement as a large red carpet comes from behind the curtain and unravels itself all the way to the ladder. "One For The Money" by Escape The Fate begins to play throughout Madison Square Garden! Once it's in place, Mikey Unlikely steps out, and, ignoring the boos from the fans, but they soon turn to cheers as "Beautiful" Bobby Dean makes his way out, the two men making their way toward the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first the challengers... At a combined weight of six hundred twenty four pounds! They are the team of "Beautiful" Bobby Dean AND Mikey Unlikely! TEE BEE DEE!

Both Unlikely and Dean make their way to the ring, Unlikely oblivious to fans as Dean slaps a hand here and there. Both observing the ladder as they walk past, they head straight for the ring, climbing inside and awaiting the arrival of their opponents.

Jim Gunt: These two are the oddest of couples, but Mikey is firm in standing up for his friend. You have to think this ladder match has them at a disadvantage.

Mike Rolash: No way that Pillsbury Doughboy, Bobby Dean is going to be able to climb that ladder!

A hush falls over the crowd as the sounds of police sirens and helicopters fill the arena, causing fans to look around to see what's going on. Suddenly the opening lyrics of The Game's "Ali Bomaye" sounds off through the PA system.

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

As the song breaks down, the tag champs, come straight through the curtains and make a beeline for the ring.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, at a combined weight of four hundred twenty eight pounds! They are the CWF Tag Team Cham...

Douglas is cut off as a ladder, thrown by Duce Jones comes flying inside of the ring, barely missing Dean and Unlikely! Both members of TBD now infuriated, go charging out of the ring, coming to blows with the Aces at ringside! Bobby Dean and Duce Jones are going at it on one side of the ring, while Unlikely and Styles square off!

Jim Gunt: And here we go! Both these teams starting off exactly like Evolution 29!

Jones irish whips Dean into the barricade where he crashes hard! Styles giving Unlikely the same treatment on the opposite side of the ring, following it up with a boot to the face! Styles backs up looking to take aim at Unlikely as he charges full speed, however it if the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer who gains the upper hand, sending Styles into the crowd with a back body drop!

Meanwhile Duce is firing forearm shots into the jaw of Dean, who's leaning against the barricade, taking a step, Jones collects himself as he takes a deep breath, grabbing the legs of the Dong From Hong Kong! He lifts him up and over the guardrail and into the New York City fans!

Jim Gunt: This fight is now in the crowd, I don't think we've ever seen two teams at each other's throats like these two Mike!

Mike Rolash: I'm just here to see Unlikely get the shit kicked out of him.

Yelling for some fans to move, Jones grabs a chair, and waits for Dean to rise to his knees. Which he does, and it proves costly as the Kid that Never Dies slams the chair across the skull of Dean! The rabid NYC fans are going crazy as Unlikely is now seen trying to climb over the guardrail. What he doesn't anticipate is a steel chair flying at his skull, leaving him dazed on the barricade! Moving in quickly, Styles hooks Unlikely and then send him crashing through some chairs with a Capture Suplex!

Dean is now back to a knee as Jones moves in, the Name that Entertains catches the former World champ by surprise with a hard slap to the chest! Standing there unfazed, Jones looks questionably at Dean who rubs Jones' chest, trying to apologize. Before Jones can react, Dean blinds him with an eye poke, right before grabbing a chair and cracking Duce across the skull, dropping him to the floor! Duce struggles to get upright, which is a bad decision as the Beautiful One bashes his head in again, bringing a collective "OH!" from the surrounding fans!

Jim Gunt: Would you look at Bobby Dean, he's taking no prisoners!

Mike Rolash: That's surprising! I thought the only thing he could lift was a cheeseburger.

Meanwhile, Unlikely and Styles are going back and forth with wild right hands. Unlikely soon gains the advantage with a forearm that rocks Styles, before he is sent staggering into the barricade with a back elbow! Not wanting to back down from the fight, Styles gets a surge of energy as he tackles Unlikely through a row of chairs! Back to the other fight, Dean has the advantage on Jones, grabbing his arm, Dean tries to irish whip Duce into a group of chairs, instead with a reversal it is Bobby who is sent crashing! The fans surrounding Dean, cheering like crazy and snapping pictures. Jones is on the attack, reigning down right hands into the skull of Dean. Refusing to take a beating, the One Hitter Quitter fires off rights of his own as the two are now stinging each other with bombs! Fists are flying everywhere as Unlikely and Styles are now fighting like crazy, neither man showing any signs of backing down.

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones with a chair in hand! Oh my God, he just caved the skull of Bobby Dean in!

Mike Rolash: I really didn't see this one getting this violent. Ohhhh! Unlikely with a low blow on Styles! I'm pretty sure he's not making anymore babies after that one!

Jim Gunt: Really Mike?

With a opening in sight, Unlikely grabs a chair, and smashes it into the face of Styles, sending him crumbling to the floor! Unlikely lets out a primal yell as the fans cheer him like crazy! His partner though, finds himself in a bad situation as Jones drags him back towards the barricade by his beautiful blonde hair. With ease, Jones is able to get the worn out big man over the guardrail and back to the ringside area. Taking a moment to talk shit with a fan, Duce slowly makes his way over the barricade, only to receive another skull crushing chair shot! The sold out Madison Square Garden, enjoying every moment of it!

Back in the crowd, Styles tries to fight to his feet, first connecting with body shots, before throwing lefts and rights into the face of Unlikely, dropping him with the final strike! Quickly on the offensive, Freddie begins to dig his nails into the face of Unlikely, causing him to scream out in agony!

Jim Gunt: This match is becoming more brutal by the minute, and look at Duce Jones! He's shed first blood in this match!

Mike Rolash: As many shots he's taking to the head, it's a surprise he even knows where he's at!

The never ending fight between Styles and Unlikely continues on, Mikey now with the upper hand, doubles Freddie over with a knee lift. Taking a quick breather, Unlikely grabs a box of popcorn out of a fans hand, helps himself to some before smashing the box of the Hall of Famer's head! TBD looks to have full advantage as Dean stands above a rising Jones, waiting for him to get to a kneeling position, Dean fires off another chair shot, that rings throughout the Madison Square Garden!

Jim Gunt: Another brain shattering chair shot! Where is this coming from, have we ever seen Dean like this!?

Mike Rolash: He's proving something to me here tonight!

Resting on the apron, the One Pump Chump, soaks up the admiration from the fans! Unlikely is seen coming through the sea of humanity, climbing over the barricade, unbeknownst to everyone, Styles comes rushing from behind Mikey, leaping over the barricade, grabbing Unlikely by the hair and driving him face first into the floor!

Mike Rolash: He's not going to get any feature film roles after that one.

Jim Gunt: Keep your eyes on Bobby he's setting the ladder up!

Indeed he is, now with the ladder set up, under the tag titles, Dean contemplates climbing. He slowly begins to ascend the ladder, but quickly drops down to take on an incoming Freddie Styles! Maneuvering quickly, Dean is able to send Freddie tumbling through the middle ropes! Not able to turn his attention to the ladder, Jones is there firing fist in the direction of Dean. The two men are duking it out beside the upright ladder, Jones gaining the advantage, he hits the

ropes looking to go more damage with a clothesline! But the Beautiful One ducks underneath, as both men come face to face, Dean quickly grabs the nipples of Jones and twists hard! A screaming Jones tries to resist but Bobby's grip is locked as he backs Jones into a corner, soon blinding him with another eye poke! Now looking to cause some malice, Dean grabs the ladder, folding it back together!

With the ladder now in hand, he charges towards Duce, but he has the wherewithal to move out of the way as Dean crashes with the ladder in the corner!

Jim Gunt: Jones barely able to escape!

Mike Rolash: Whew! That was too close for comfort!

Nailing the One Pump Chump between the shoulder blades with a forearm, Jones grabs a fistful of blonde hair, looking to introduce Dean face first with the ladder! Dean is able to get a foot on one of the rungs, blocking the attempt! Dean stuns Jones with a right hand, grabbing his dreads, now trying to send him into the ladder, but the attempt is blocked! Jones forces Bobby to release his grip, elbowing him in the gut, sending him stumbling backwards! Duce soon fires another solid forearm that staggers Dean. Continuing the barrage of shots to the skull of Bobby Dean, Jones has him in the corner opposite the one with the ladder positioned in it. Now stinging Dean's chest with a hard knife edge chop, inciting "Woos!" from the crowd. Jones points towards the ladder as the fans are booing him.

Jim Gunt: Bobby looks worse for wear right now!

Mike Rolash: I knew that fat sack of shit couldn't hang with the Smokin' Aces!

Looking to whip Dean into the ladder is met with a reversal as Dean nails the chest of Jones with a hard overhand chop of his own! Bobby now whips Duce into the ropes, but it's reversed, Dean bounces off and catches a bending Duce with a **BIG BOOT TO THE FACE THAT SENDS HIM ROLLING OUT OF THE RING!**

Mike Rolash: Did he actually connect with that!?

Dean is in the ring all by himself as the fans cheer him on, exhausted as ever from the hard fought battle, the Name that Entertains, looks to retrieve the ladder, but soon decides against it. He falls to the mat and rolls under the bottom rope to the outside. He begins searching under the ring until he finds exactly what he's looking for! The crowd goes insane as "Beautiful" Bobby Dean produces a step ladder, much to the pleasure of these crazy fans!

Jim Gunt: How far does he think he's going to get with that thing?

Mike Rolash: Why did these guys get a shot at the belts again?

Now back inside of the ring, Dean has the step ladder set up and climbs to the second/top rung. He reaches up but the belts are nowhere to be grabbed. The crowd laughs at the hilarious situation, Dean vigorously reaching for the titles. He soon looks towards the back and motions for them to let the titles down. Which they actually begin to do as the excitement builds in MSG!

Mike Rolash: This is blatant cheating, what kind of connection do those guys have in the back?

With his tongue out, arms outstretched, Dean continues to reach with all his might as the tag titles slowly descend for him. They are just about at his reach when a loud snapping sound is heard and Dean comes crashing to the mat! His weight causing the step ladder to give out! Now sitting up beside the destroyed ladder, rubbing his backside, Dean tries to ignore the laughing fans as he gets back to his feet. His partner soon gaining his attention from the outside.

Mikey Unlikely: Get your fat ass over there and grab that ladder!

Looking over to his best friend, who's pointing at the ladder set up in the corner. Nodding in approval, Dean heads to retrieve it, setting the ladder back under the titles. Slowly Dean begins to climb up the ladder, but he is barely able to make it halfway, Mr. Ballgame sliding inside of the ring and yanking him off the ladder. Dean is able to land on his feet,

but catches rapid fire, right punches to the face from Styles! With his opponent stunned, Styles hooks him by the head, twist him around and drops the back of Dean's head across his shoulder with a Hangmen's Neckbreaker! With Dean down, Styles moves the ladder closer to the ropes as he's contemplating his next move. With a plan in mind, Styles moves over to a now stirring Dean, reaching for his hair proves costly as Styles receives a forearm to the mid section, doubling him over.

Jim Gunt: Where is Bobby Dean finding this resilience from?

Mike Rolash: Did you not see him eat that cupcake while Freddie was wasting time?

Jim Gunt: Did he really?

Mike Rolash: Can we cue up a replay or something, I'm sure somebody caught it on camera!

The scene splits from the live action as Dean is back to his feet on the offensive and tossing Freddie back through the ropes to the outside of the ring! Meanwhile a cameraman was able to get a shot of Bobby Dean lying on the mat, after the neckbreaker, fumbling through his trunks, pulling out a Little Debbie cupcake and eating it! Now back live to the action, Dean has the ladder set back under the titles, but Styles is back inside of the ring, clubbing the blubbery back of Bobby! Absorbing the hits, Dean has no escape, using his only option to push the ladder towards the ropes and flailing to the canvas! Never seeing it coming, Styles is sent staggering back into the opposite ropes, due to the ladder ricocheting and smacking him in the face! Collective "OHs!" ring out through Madison Square Garden, followed by cheers as the fans are loving the action!

Jim Gunt: Trying to shake off the effects is Freddie Styles. Bobby Dean quickly on him, IRISH WHIP HEAD FIRST INTO THE LADDER ONCE AGAIN!

The force of the impact has Freddie down and out as he rolls under the bottom rope to the floor! Sensing an opportunity, an exhausted Dean grabs the ladder off the ropes, once again setting it under the titles! He then begins to climb up rung by rung as the crowd goes into a frenzy!

Jim Gunt: Bobby Dean climbing up! Will he be able to get the belts?

Mike Rolash: No! There's Duce pulling that fat lard off the ladder!

Duce shoots a hard shoot kick to the midsection of Dean, he spins counter clockwise, catching Bobby on the side of the ear with a back elbow, he then kicks his shin dropping him to a knee! Letting out a huge roar, Jones sends Dean rolling out of the ring with a D-Trigga Knee Strike! Boos begin to ring out as a tired, bloodied face Jones turns his attention to the ladder! He begins to make his way up, Unlikely is now back inside of the ring, pulling him down! The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer nails a boot to the gut of Jones, Unlikely grabs Duce's arms, twisting then around his neck for a straight jacket! Looking to connect with the Rodeo Drive Drop, however Jones rears back, headbutting Unlikely, forcing him to release his grip. Duce moves in hurriedly, lifting Mikey onto his shoulders in a firemen's carry position, Jones swings him around for the Final Tic 2.0, but Unlikely is able to escape landing on his feet in front of the Kid that Never Dies! Hitting the ropes, Unlikely runs right into a SUPERKICK THAT HAS DUCE STUNNED!

Jim Gunt: Unlikely still on his feet! Duce has him on his shoulders again, he's going for the Final Tic 2.0 once more! No! Unlikely able to wiggle free, he lands on his feet behind Jones, spins him around, boot to the sternum. Unlikely has the arms locked, DOUBLE UNDERHOOK DDT!

Mike Rolash: Shit, that was brutal!

Unlikely heads for the ladder and begins to climb it, as Jones rolls around on the mat holding his neck in pain. Unlikely is almost at the top when Styles comes flying in, springboarding off the top rope! FREDDIE TWISTS IN THE AIR AND TAKES UNLIKELY OFF THE LADDER WITH A TORNADO KICK! BOTH MEN COME CRASHING DOWN TO THE CANVAS AS THE LADDER TUMBLES OVER!

Jim Gunt: What a move by Styles as he was able to come in and save their title reign!

Mike Rolash: Styles has the ladder back up and is climbing it!

Rung by rung, Styles climbs the ladder as the crowd are mixed in their feelings for the Hall of Famer. He is almost near the titles, but Unlikely is back to his feet and clubbing at Styles' back. Losing his grip, Styles begins to slip down the ladder as Unlikely tugs at his boot. Now with Styles on even playing field, the two start a slugfest that is quickly won by Unlikely, who sends Styles stumbling through the ropes and to the apron with a forearm. With a scowl on his smug face, Unlikely grabs the ladder and throws it into the rising Freddie Styles, sending him crashing down onto the barricade! Mikey Unlikely now searches around ringside until he finds what he's looking for.

Mikey Unlikely: You! Get up!

Unlikely steps through the ropes and to the outside as he helps a resting and snacking, Bobby Dean to his feet. Unlikely helps his "partner" into the ring as he walks around ringside. Dean slowly makes his way to his feet, and then sluggishly heads for the ladder, looking to set it back up. He almost has full control of it, until a now bloody face, Styles makes his way back inside into the ring, blasting Dean across the back with a clubbing blow, forcing him to release the ladder, where it falls into a nearby corner as he drops to a knee. Nailing him some more, but he anticipates a returning Unlikely, who tries to take him out with a lariat. Dodging underneath, Styles is able to send Mikey tumbling back through the ropes with a Pele Kick! Moving now like a man possessed, Styles is back on Dean, bringing him to a vertical base.

Jim Gunt: Big time Pele from Styles! He's now looking to take advantage of the slower member of TBD!

Mike Rolash: Let's go Freddie! Show those pieces of trash what the Aces are about!

With a handful of hair, Styles takes Dean across the ring and rams his head into the top turnbuckle. Blistering the chest of Bobo with knife edge chops, Styles motions for Duce to do his thing as he moves out the way. Sliding inside of the ring Jones comes charging in and just tattoos the face of Dean with a Yakuza Kick! With the Name that Entertains out on his feet, the Aces look for a double team, both men grabbing an arm, whipping Bobo in the direction of the opposite corner, towards the ladder! No! He's able to put on the brakes right before coming in contact with the ladder! He turns around, only to be met by two charging Aces, WHO SEND HIM CRASHING THROUGH THE LADDER WITH TANDEM SHOULDER BLOCKS, DEAN'S WEIGHT CAUSING THE LADDER TO BEND HORRIBLY!

"OH!"

Jim Gunt: DID YOU SEE THE WAY THAT LADDER JUST BENT!?

Mike Rolash: It might be time for Bobo to lay off the fruit snacks.

The New York City fans are in a uproar as a "Holy Shit!" chant gets started. Both Styles and Jones rest across opposite top ropes, trying to catch a quick breather, blood starting to dry up on their faces. Unable to use the ladder, Styles rolls out of the ring, searching under the ring, soon sliding a new ladder into the ring! Nodding in approval, Jones grabs it and begins to set it up as Styles is now back inside helping him. Now making his way up, Styles watches on as his partner climbs up, what he doesn't see is Unlikely! Grabbing him by his feet, Unlikely drags Freddie out of the ring, and tosses him viciously into the barricade! Making his way quickly back into the ring, Unlikely grabs the side of the ladder opposite of where Duce is climbing and begins to lift it up, tilting it backwards! DUCE TRIES TO KEEP HIS GRIP, BUT HE'S UNABLE TO HOLD HIS ON AS HE COMES CRASHING DOWN ON TOP OF THE ALREADY BADLY BENT LADDER!

Jim Gunt: Unlikely saw that Jones was almost to the titles, and shoved the ladder causing Jones to crash into the wreckage already made by Bobby Dean.

Unlikely now pulls the ladder to the center of the ring, laying it flat on the canvas. Then making his way to Jones, he

brings him up to his feet, Jones stumbles back to a knee, almost limp as Unlikely forcefully holds him up. Hooking Jones, Unlikely sends him up and over and crashing into the ladder with a T-Bone Suplex! The crowd exploding in excitement as Jones flops away on the canvas like a fish! A worn out Unlikely catches a quick breather, but an infuriated Styles is back inside the ring. He looks to take advantage on Unlikely, but he only receives a Side Step Kick! Falling back into the ropes, Styles bounces back to his feet unfazed and even more angrier! Too bad his effort only lands him another Side Step Kick to the face! Styles bounces to his feet once again looking to go with Unlikely, but receives a low blow that drops Styles! Bobo making his way back into the ring, pushes a groin clutching Styles out of the ring with his boot.

Unlikely rolls under the bottom rope to catch a breather, yelling at Dean to take care of business! Surveying the situation, Dean picks up the ladder and then launches it into the exposed back of Jones who was resting on the ropes, the impact forcing him to scream out in pain! Retrieving the ladder again, Dean places it on the mat in front of the corner, going back to Jones, he drags him by his dreads, and sets him up on top of the ladder, before making his way to the corner and climbing to the bottom rope. WITH A FEW QUICK BOUNCES, HE COMES DOWN ON THE STERNUM OF DUCE JONES, CRUSHING HIM ON TOP OF THE LADDER WITH A BANZAI DROP!

Mike Rolash: HOLY FUCK! SOMEONE CALL THE POLICE I THINK WE JUST WITNESSED A ONE EIGHT SEVEN!

Jim Gunt: Seriously Mike?

Mike Rolash: That fat piece of shit needs to be held accountable for his actions!

Jim Gunt: You can't be serious?

Mike Rolash: Poor Ducey baby, he was so young.

Jim Gunt: Okay you're serious.

Meanwhile Unlikely gets the best of Styles on the outside, knocking him to the floor, before he introduces another ladder to the match, setting it up between the apron and the barricade! Turning his attention back to Freddie, Unlikely rolls him back inside of the ring, sliding inside behind his foe. Back to his feet, Unlikely brings up his opponent to his feet, pointing towards his contraption outside of the ring, bringing cheers from the hardcore NYC fans! Hooking Styles for a Reverse T-Bone Suplex moving closer to the ropes, but Styles furiously fires elbow shots into the skull of Unlikely! With no choice but to release his grip, spinning around quickly, Styles hooks his arm around the chest of Unlikely, driving him back first into his knee, right before driving him face first into the canvas with DAT REMIX! Boos begin to ring out, but that quickly changes as the Dong From Hong Kong is back on the attack, quickly nailing Styles with a double axe handle smash as Freddie tries to get to his feet.

Jim Gunt: None of these four men showing an ounce of quit inside of that ring!

Mike Rolash: C'mon guys get back in the fight!

Jim Gunt: I guess he's gone full fan mode.

Both members of TBD are now pounding on Styles, but it is Jones to the rescue, going right for Unlikely, brutalizing him with forearm shots. This lapse on judgment costs him as he receives another ladder to the back as Dean tosses it violently into Jones' flesh, forcing him to let up on his attack. Unlikely is back to his feet setting Duce up in the corner as Dean grabs the ladder again, tossing it into Jones viciously one more time! With the ladder now in front of Jones, Dean moves to the opposite side of the ring as Unlikely coaches him on. Taking a minute to catch his breathe, Bobo takes a slow running start and crushes the ladder into Duce with a Body Avalanche! Jones drops in the corner as a hyped up Bobby tosses the ladder to the side. Not to be outdone, Unlikely grabs a returning Freddie Styles, hooking him around his waist, dragging him towards the ropes. AND SENDS HIM FLYING OVER THE TOP ROPE AND CRASHING THROUGH THE LADDER SET UP BETWEEN THE APRON AND BARRICADE WITH A OVERHEAD BELLY TO

BELLY SUPLEX!

"This is awesome!" chants begin to ring out through Madison Square Garden as Dean points up towards the titles! Setting up a ladder, Unlikely begins to slowly climb up as Dean watches on for the Aces. The crowd is electric as Unlikely gets closer and closer to the tag titles. Seeing his title reign in jeopardy, Duce slides back in the ring, but Dean is there to stop him, using his weight to hold the former World champ at bay. Unlikely is almost to the titles, his fingertips touching the leather straps. As if he summoned superhuman like strength. DUCE IS ABLE TO SHOVE BOBBY DEAN INTO THE LADDER, WHICH IN TURN SENDS UNLIKELY CRASHING DOWN TO THE CANVAS, ALMOST LANDING ON HIS NECK! MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARE AT A FEVER PITCH AS THEY HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!

"CEE! DUBYA! EFF!"

"CEE! DUBYA! EFF!"

"CEE! DUBYA! EFF!"

Jim Gunt: Do you hear these fans Mike!

Mike Rolash: CEE! DUBYA! EFF!

The chant rings out as all competitors lie sprawled out on the canvas, exhausted from the intense matchup! Duce slowly begin to stir, making it to his feet and grabbing the ladder, he has his target locked, as he smacks a rising Bobo in the face with the ladder! He then does the same thing to a rising Unlikely! Dean is back to his feet, but is knocked right back down from another ladder shot! Duce goes to hit Mikey again, no, he blocks it, then forces the ladder into the face of Jones, knocking him down to the canvas! Unlikely turns around with the ladder, still in his grasps, but the ladder is sent back into him courtesy of a Springboard Dropkick from Styles! Styles is quickly to his feet, grabbing the ladder and pulling it into a nearby corner. Meanwhile Dean is back to his feet and looking meaner than ever, he charges at Styles, but Mr. Ballgame uses his momentum, and plants him through the ladder with a Low Angled Spinebuster! The weight of Dean crushing the ladder under him! Styles grabs at his lower back in pain from the feat of strength. Now Unlikely is seen on the ground, reaching for the ladder, but Duce puts a halt to that with a kick to the head! Duce positions the ladder, bent side up in the center of the ring as he brings Unlikely up. Hooking Unlikely in a front facelock, Jones lifts Unlikely for a suplex, but quickly twists him in the air, driving him through the ladder with a Neckbreaker, which in turn straightens the ladder back out!

Jim Gunt: Duce with the Eye of the Hurricane, which he usually does in repeated succession, but I think one time will suffice at the moment!

Mike Rolash: Let's go fellas get those straps!

Jim Gunt: Can you stop being a fan for a moment and help me call this action!

Mike Rolash: Nope.

Freddie slides into the ring, making his way over to where Duce is lying inside of the ring, to check on him. Duce gives him a nod that he's good to go as Freddie slides another ladder from under the apron, into the ring, where Jones begins to set it up. Starting to make his way up, Jones notices Unlikely crawling around on the canvas towards him. Turning his attention to the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer, Duce jumps off with a boot to his back. Styles is right there to help, but then turns his attention to a rising Dean, putting a boot to his head, knocking him back to the mat. Styles slowly drags the body of Dean towards a corner, taking the ladder and putting it on top of him, looking for something big! Meanwhile Jones and Unlikely are battling on the outside, as Freddie makes his way slowly to the top rope!

Jim Gunt: What does he have in mind for Bobby Dean, underneath that ladder? Up top he goes!

Freddie points at Duce, BEFORE FLIPPING OFF THE TOP TURNBUCKLE CRUSHING DEAN WITH THE KING OF THE FALL! The 450 Splash has both men down as the Styles roll on the canvas holding his midsection in pain. At the same time Jones has made it to the top rope as well, but his sights are on Unlikely, who finds himself in an unlikely position on top of the Japanese commentary table! JONES TAKES A LEAP OF FAITH, DESTROYING UNLIKELY AND THE TABLE WITH A SUPERFLY SPLASH! Bodies are everywhere as another CWF chant breaks out, the fans loving every moment of it! Being the first to stir, Styles slowly makes it to his feet, taking a moment to look around at the admiring CWF fans cheering their hearts out! He gets the ladder that's still in the ring and sets it back up as the fans are now cheering for the sake of cheering! He slowly begins to climb up rung by rung, he's now closer to his rightful possession, reaching out to grab the titles, only to come crashing down to the mat!

Jim Gunt: What is it going to take? These men are not willing to let the other get by easily!

Mike Rolash: ...

Mike is smiling from ear to ear, Jones finally back to his feet, and sliding another ladder into the ring! Sliding inside himself, he takes advantage of a sliding dropkick to help roll Dean under the bottom rope. His face now stained with perspiration and blood, he sets the ladder under the titles, but Dean is back in with a BIG BOOT! The kick to the shin has Jones down to a knee, but Styles is right there to his partner's aid, taking Bobo down with a Tornado Kick! Dean is down, but now struggling to a knee, but an engaged Jones surprises him with another D-TRIGGA! Back in the same situation he was in at first, Dean struggles to his hands and knees but then is driven face first into the canvas with an ATL STOMP!

Jim Gunt: They are now calling that combination, The Chronic!

Mike Rolash: All these guys are going to need some chronic after this one.

With Bobo now rolling out of the ring, The Aces have the ladder positioned how they want it, as both members of TBD are down. The crowd slowly begin to boo as both the Aces begin to climb the ladder at the same time, even taking a moment to taunt the crowd a bit. Which is a costly mistake as Unlikely returns to the action, ladder in tow, hitting Jones across the back! Styles jumps off the ladder but catches a shot to the face for his troubles! Taking the ladder and positioning it between the middle turnbuckle and the upright ladder, Mikey hooks him for a suplex, Unlikely lifts him up, however Styles is able to break free, falling behind Unlikely. Unlikely turns on his pivot, only to be met with a SUPERKICK! Styles hurriedly makes his way towards the ladder, climbing onto the one set up by Unlikely and making his way up the other one for the titles, but Mikey is hot on his trail, stopping him with a clubbing blow to the back! He's now climbing onto the ladder, nailing Styles with another shot, Unlikely begins to climb up, but he's stopped by Styles. Slowly turning around on the ladder, Unlikely shoots a kick towards the bloody face of Styles sending staggering back a bit on the propped up ladder! STYLES IS ABLE TO MAINTAIN HIS BALANCE, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER AS UNLIKELY, FLIPS OFF THE LADDER, GRABBING STYLES BY THE HEAD AND CRASHING ON TOP OF THE OTHER LADDER WITH A BOX OFFICE SMASH! BOTH MEN BOUNCING OFF THE LADDER AND TO THE CANVAS!

Jim Gunt: Holy Shit!

Mike Rolash: Holy Shit!

The familiar chant rings out as now Dean is inside of the ring and climbing up the other side of the ladder, he slowly makes his way up towards the titles, but Duce looks set to strike, perching himself on the apron, pulling himself to the top rope, springing off, he grabs ahold of Bobo's shoulder and hair! With one fell swoop, he yanks back, pulling Dean off the ladder and all the way down to the mat with DUCE'S WILD!

Mike Rolash: There is nothing like seeing this live!

The frenzied fans are almost at riot capacity, the way the Madison Square Garden is rumbling, Unlikely now climbing

the ladder on the other side! A worn out Duce slowly makes it to his feet, and begins to climb up on the other side, with a bit of pep in his step, Jones is able to stop Unlikely right before he is able to grab the titles! Unlikely quickly swings a punch that connects with the face of Jones, but he returns the favor! A battle of fisticuffs soon break out at the top of the ladder, the fans are on their feet with excitement and anticipation as both men tag each other with right bombs! Each man taking moments between throwing punches to reach for the tag titles! The punches are fast and furious but neither man wants to let up, the crowd urging them on. Finally having enough, Duce pokes Unlikely in the eyes, losing his grip a bit, JONES GRABS UNLIKELY BY THE HAIR AND NAILS HIM WITH A VICIOUS HEADBUTT THAT SENDS HIM FALLING DOWN AND CRASHING INTO THE LADDER HE HAS SET UP EARLIER, CAUSING IT TO FOLD UNDER IMPACT!

Mike Rolash: Yes! The Aces have done, they got there belts back from those stooges.

That is indeed true, as Jones unhooks one of the tag titles from the harness, the bell instantly ring, signaling the end of the match! Ray Douglas making it official!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners and still CWF Tag Team Champions! SMOKIN' ACES!

Jim Gunt: Oh my, what a brutal contest, but in the end Smokin' Aces were able to retain, and at the same time get back the titles that were stolen from them.

Mike Rolash: What a glorious event that just took place, and I for one am happy they were able to get their titles from those thieves!

The Smokin Aces celebrate with their Tag Team Titles in tow, raising their championship belts in the sky as the NYC fans boo aloud. Suddenly those boos turn into an eruption of cheers, as two familiar faces stand behind Styles and Jones, with steel chairs in hand.

Mike Rolash: Crazy Chris and Dangerous Dan!?! What the hell are these two idiots doing out here, they belong in the stands like the rest of the losers.

Jim Gunt: The Danger Boiz are back, and it looks like they have a bone to pick with the champs!

The Tag champs turn around just in time to see wild chair shots being thrown their way. Styles rolls out of the ring just in time but Duce gets blasted. The legendary Danger Boiz then wind up and...

CON-CHAIR-TO!

The NYC fans cheer once again as the Danger Boiz stand tall, even as Freddie is finally able to pull Duce out of the ring and make their way angrily to the back.

Jarvis King (c) vs. Harley Hodge

Match

Jim Gunt: WrestleFest has come with a lot of hype and so far it is more than just living up to it, with an explosive opener, someone coming back from the dead, friend turning on friend and now a brutal tag team title match that saw the return of the Danger Boiz in the end, what else can we ask for?

Mike Rolash: Oh, many things and looks like Silas already has a date for the future.

Jim Gunt: Yes, what a cryptic message, "See you where the demons live?"

Mike Rolash: Wouldn't that be hell?

Jim Gunt: I would assume so... But I'm getting the universal sign to get going here and the next title match is coming up right now!

The bell rings, and the Paramount title graphic playing on the CWF tron brings the Garden to its feet.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, ladies and gentlemen; the third of four title matches tonight, and this one should be a classic. Champion vs. Challenger. "East Coast Excellence" vs. "The Accelerator". King vs. Hodge. I can't wait.

Mike Rolash: You forgot a few, Jimbo – Young Lion vs. Old, Dying Antelope. A Man in His Prime vs. A Man Running Out of Time. A Dependable Champion vs. An Old Man Who Wears Depends.

Jim Gunt: You stay up all night working on those?

Mike Rolash: Nah, they just come to me.

The roar of a motorcycle brings the New York crowd to their feet as the opening guitar riff of Pearl Jam's classic "Evenflow" begins to pump through the arena. The song builds through to the chorus as strobe lights illuminate the crowd until, from the entranceway, comes Harley Hodge on a beautiful Harley Davidson chopper. The hometown boy revs his engine a few times and raises his right hand in a salute to the New York crowd before taking off down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge, back in the CWF once again, and what a reception for the man who just turned 51 yesterday!

Mike Rolash: Think about that, Jim – he's over 20 years older than Jarvis King, who just recently turned 29. All Jarvis has to do is make this match go longer than 5 minutes and conditioning is going to be the only factor that matters!

The Accelerator takes a lap of the ring, before parking his bike at the ramp, revving the engine several more times before shutting it off. He admires the chopper a moment before he slides under the ring ropes.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is for the CWF Paramount Championship! In the ring, from Brooklyn, New York! He is the challenger, weighing in at 230lbs – The Accelerator, HARLEY HODGE!

Hodge climbs to the second turnbuckle, raises his fist into the air to another large pop from the crowd, before taking his vest and jumping backwards from the turnbuckle. He shadow-boxes in his corner, preparing himself for the fight ahead of him, as the lights around the arena cut out.

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

"Cult of Personality" by Living Colour starts playing, as a single spotlight illuminates the entranceway, which is filling with smoke. And, in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen:

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

With that, Jarvis King steps out into the entranceway, flanked by Elizabeth Bates, and Jace Valentine. Jarvis taps the Paramount title around his waist before he and Valentine raise their right index fingers in the salute of the Glass Ceiling, which brings the lights up.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Halifax, Nova Scotia! Accompanied to the ring by Elizabeth Bates and fellow Glass Ceiling member Jace Valentine, he weighs in at 240lbs. He is the reigning and defending CWF Paramount Champion, "East Coast Excellence" JARVIS J. KING!

Jim Gunt: Well, color me completely unsurprised, as Jarvis King is accompanied to the ring not only by his new manager -

Mike Rolash: Holy Christ she's hot...

Jim Gunt: - but also...you're disgusting Mike – but also, Jace Valentine. I suppose I'm shocked that The Smokin' Aces

aren't out here too!

The New York crowd jeers The Icon as he makes his way to the ring lazily, sliding under the bottom rope and unhooking his title as he climbs the middle turnbuckle and raises the belt high above his head with a self-assured grin on his face.

Referee Clark Summits takes the title from King, and clearly has some choice words to share regarding his actions from earlier in the night. Summits takes the title across the ring and shows it to Hodge before holding it aloft for the crowd to see as King's music fades out.

Jim Gunt: Well, Summits making sure that King knows that there won't be a repeat of the Linus Stark and Kemsey Ramsey debacle under his watch!

Indeed, Summits warns Valentine and Bates on the outside in a similar manner before he calls for the bell, kicking off the contest!

Jim Gunt: Both men are accomplished, experienced champions, and the tale of the tape reads relatively similar. Jarvis King with a slight weight advantage, Harley Hodge a slight height advantage.

Mike Rolash: But Jarvis King has the obvious superiority, Jimbo... with the edge in terms of virility, machismo, manliness, bravado...

Jim Gunt: I'm pretty sure he's straight, Mike, but you could ask him out after the match if you want.

The competitors circle each other, and quickly lock up, collar and elbow. Jarvis is the first to try to make a move to a side headlock, but Hodge blocks the move, instead managing to roll King up with a quick small package!

ONE!

No!

King manages to get a shoulder up, breaking the pin and rolling forward, hooking the ropes and forcing referee Summits to keep Hodge at bay. Harley paces as Jarvis has a quick conference with Bates and Valentine before getting to his feet, and circling around the ring once again.

Jim Gunt: Just like that, it could have been over!

Mike Rolash: Come on, Jimbo – he had the tights hooked.

Jim Gunt: Well, be that as it may...

Mike Rolash: And, by the way, look at the ring awareness from the Paramount Champion – he didn't let Hodge profit from his illegal maneuver; King, wisely, forced a rope break!

Jim Gunt: He didn't have the tights!

The two go in for another collar-and-elbow, but Jarvis pivots quickly, instead tagging Hodge with a quick right hand. The shot doesn't so much rock The Accelerator as it surprises him, allowing King to hit a couple of more quick jabs and a knife edged chop before Hodge retaliates.

The big veteran throws, and hits, a big haymaker to Jarvis's midsection with his right hand, a big palm strike to King's temple with his left, and then follows it up by rushing King to the corner and hitting repeated shoulder tackles to his midsection. The Icon doubles over in pain as The Accelerator uses the whole of the referee's 5 count before creating any separation.

Mike Rolash: GET THE BREAK, REF!

Jim Gunt: Well, Hodge is using the whole of the five count to his advantage as...

Mike Rolash: Look out!

Hodge gets a talking to from Summits about clean breaks, but only listens as long as it takes Jarvis to start to collapse out of the corner. Hodge bounds off the parallel set of twine, and rushes forward, hitting a flying high knee that sends King toppling to the floor below!

King stumbles around the ringside area, trying to get his footing, as Hodge wastes no time following him to the outside. King desperately tries to create distance, scrambling away from Harley as fast as he can, but Hodge advances quickly. It takes Jace shouting at Harley from behind for The Accelerator to stop, only for a moment, to turn and advance on The Jace that Runs the Place for just two steps, which sends Valentine scampering away.

Jim Gunt: It's all Hodge in the early going, but is the numbers game going to catch up to him here?

Mike Rolash: Listen, it's not Jarvis's fault if Hodge is too busy being concerned with guys who aren't even in the match!

This momentary reprieve gives Jarvis enough space to roll into the ring, where he uses the ring ropes to steady himself and get to an even-keel. Harley makes a beeline for King, sliding into the far side of the ring in relation to the Paramount Champion, giving Jarvis a moment to try to regain the upper hand. King rushes in, hitting a big basement dropkick to the side of Hodge's head. The wily veteran almost immediately shakes it off, but King doesn't relent, trying to overwhelm Hodge with forearm and elbow strikes. The Accelerator pushes through the onslaught, however, forcing his way to his feet, and shoving Jarvis off. King stumbles backwards towards the center of the ring.

Valentine pounds the mat rhythmically to the delight of no one as King rushes in on Hodge. He hooks Harley with a gut-wrench and tries to arch backwards with a belly-to-belly, but The Accelerator manages to block it, hooking his own arms and hitting his own overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Jarvis stumbles back to his feet, and turns to face Hodge, who is already on his feet. King rushes in, but Hodge is ready for him, lifting Jarvis up with a big spinning tilt-a-whirl sidewalk slam! King crashes to the mat, and Hodge quickly goes for the cover!

Jim Gunt: Borderline!

ONE!

TWO!

No!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King just barely gets a shoulder up following that flurry of offence from The Accelerator...still feeling bullish about King's 'obvious superiority', Mike?

Mike Rolash: ...It's...just a mild...setback?

Jarvis rolls away from Harley, largely out of a sense of instinct as Hodge confirms that the count was indeed just two. Harley gets to his feet and advances on East Coast Excellence, who has just managed to pull himself to a seated position with the ropes. Hodge grabs Jarvis, partially by the hair, but gets caught with a thumb to the eye, causing him to recoil!

Mike Rolash: I told you, just a mild setback!

Referee Summits admonishes King, but his warnings fall on deaf ears as King launches himself forward with a chop-block to the back of Hodge's left knee, making the big man topple over and hit the mat hard, back-first. King kips up, smirking at the boos from the worldwide crowd assembled inside Madison Square Garden, before he presses his advantage.

Picking out the left knee, Jarvis stands on Hodge's ankle before he starts hitting repeated stomps to the isolated patella. Harley writhes in pain, but isn't able to do much more as King controls his body with the now weakened limb. Jarvis picks up Harley's leg, and hits a big knee-dt, driving the point of Hodge's ankle to the mat. Hodge cries out in

pain and tries to roll away, but King simply uses this as an opportunity to switch his focus from strikes to submissions. Jarvis rolls with Harvey, maintaining his hold on his shin, and stands up, locking on a half crab.

Jim Gunt: It took a shortcut, but King's in control.

Mike Rolash: Shortcuts or no shortcuts, all that matters is the destination, Jimbo, and we're on our way to yet another King-sized celebration! Hodge gives up now, or he gives up when Jarvis locks in the Sharpshooter...it's academic from here, Jimmy Eat World!

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Eat World? Really?

Mike Rolash: Eh, just trying something new. What do you think?

Hodge claws at the mat, clearly trying his best to reverse the pressure, but King has it locked in true. The Accelerator, having no other option, starts to drag himself towards the ropes. The veteran pushes up from the mat as much as possible, and with a big burst of energy manages to reach out and grab the bottom piece of twine, forcing the break!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Jarvis relinquishes the hold at the last possible second, and breaks away from Harley cleanly, walking to the center of the ring. Summits, doing his duty as referee, positions himself in between the competitors and starts to have words with Jarvis about the finer points of a clean rope break, which gives Elizabeth Bates ample opportunity to drape Hodge's throat over the bottom rope, and hang off of him, choking The Accelerator with all of her weight!

Jim Gunt: Oh, come ON!

Bates releases the hold just as Summits turns around, and pleads her innocence as the referee accuses her of malfeasance. King doesn't waste much time waiting for the go-ahead to continue competing as he grabs Hodge by the hair and hoists him to his feet. Hodge stands somewhat dazed, but manages to throw a slow right hand that Jarvis just manages to duck. Harley spins around from the momentum of his missed heavy blow, and King uses this moment to kick his injured knee, causing him to buckle to a kneeling position again. The Icon takes this opening to bound off the far ropes, coming back to hit a big shining wizard, just as Hodge turns around! Jarvis shoots the half and quickly covers the challenger!

ONE!

TWO!

No!!

Hodge just manages to get his shoulder up, which sends Jarvis into an incensed rant. Grabbing Summits by the collar, he drags the referee to the center of the ring to argue the speed of his count, conveniently positioning Summits's back to Harley once again. This time, it's Valentine to take advantage of the situation, as The World's Greatest Advice literally scrambles into the ring, side-mounts The Accelerator, and hits a succession of quick rabbit punches to his forehead! Just as Hodge starts to sport the crimson mask, Valentine ducks out of the ring and rolls out of view. Jarvis pushes past the ref and advances on his downed foe.

Mike Rolash: What a competitor is Jarvis King! Taking time out of the match to give this inept referee a lesson on how to count properly.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, I'm sure it has nothing to do with allowing his compatriot to get a few cheap-shots in.

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about, Jim Bean?

The Paramount Champion again grabs his challenger by his bloodstained blond hair and hoists him to his feet. This time, controlling the arm, King doesn't allow for Hodge to attempt to fight back. Instead, he pulls Hodge in with a short Irish whip, meeting him with a big spinning backfist, sending The Accelerator back down to the mat, face-first. Both metaphorically and literally, King senses blood, and quickly mounts Hodge, hooking his head under his arm, and locking in a deep dragon sleeper!

Mike Rolash: He's gonna go out! This one's over!

Jim Gunt: Hate to agree, but Hodge is losing a lot of blood here...and you can give the assist to Jace Valentine as well.

Mike Rolash: Seriously, Jim, what are you talking about?

Valentine and Bates celebrate on the outside as King cinches in his grip on the hold, and Hodge flails aimlessly, trying to reach out with any spare limb for a rope to break the hold. Jarvis sits in deep on the hold as Harley's wild flailing begins to slow, eventually to a stupor, and then stops altogether. King screams at Summits to check on Hodge, and the referee does so. Lifting Hodge's left arm into the air, he lets it go, testing to see if it will stand upwards on its own power. As soon as Clark lets it go, the limb drops, lifelessly, to the mat.

ONE!

Jarvis adjusts his grip, tightening his hold. Summits checks that it hasn't transitioned into a full choke, earning a verbal assault from East Coast Excellence, before he lifts Hodge's arm for a second time.

TWO!

Summits motions to the ringside timekeeper that the match may be about to finish as he lifts Hodge's a third, and final time.

Mike Rolash: ...AND STIIIIILL!

NO!

Hodge's arm doesn't even droop, as he shakes his fist to the heavens, and the delight of his hometown crowd, before pounding the mat with both arms in defiance! Using both arms to push himself up, Hodge manages to buck King off of his back, but doesn't quite do enough to break the hold. King, looking wildly to his corner gets no useful advice from either his teammate or his manager, so he opts to try to tighten his grip on the hold.

This strategy proves to be his undoing, as Harley manages to get his feet underneath of him, bringing King to his feet as well. In a display of otherworldly strength, The Accelerator powers King up, onto his shoulder, and drives his man into the turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: THE CUCKOO'S NEST! AND YOU CAN FEEL THE MOMENTUM SHIFT!

Mike Rolash: NO!

King crumples in the corner, and collapses to the mat, giving Hodge an opportunity to look out onto the New York crowd, who are giving him a rapturous ovation! Harley points to the corner, causing the crowd to come unglued! Hodge smiles, and exits the ring to the apron and starts a slow climb to the top, surely looking for The Flight of The Angel!

Jim Gunt: WE COULD BE MERE MOMENTS AWAY FROM A NEW PARAMOUNT CHAMPION!

Jarvis King is in perfect position Hodge's senton, and the only thing that stops his liftoff comes by the way of Elizabeth Bates, who gets onto the apron, distracting referee Clark Summits. Summits admonishes King's manager, which gives Jace Valentine an opportunity to get involved. The Jacehole chops The Accelerator's left knee, causing the big man to stumble, landing in a compromising position on the top turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: DAMN IT ALL! DAMN YOU JACE VALENTINE!

Mike Rolash: Calm down, Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: NO! I HOPE HE FINALLY GETS WHAT'S COMING TO HIM SOONER RATHER THAN LATER, MIKE. THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

Valentine drops back down before his misdeeds are detected, and Jarvis manages to stir enough to get to the ropes, at least visually giving the impression that he was the cause of the change in circumstances as Summits turns back to survey the scene.

King grabs the top rope and pulls himself to his feet, and paintbrushes Hodge with slaps a few times as he regains his footing. Shouting, he can just be heard over the din of the crowd.

Jarvis King: See Hodge? This is what happens when you get in our way! This is the Glass Ceiling, bitch! And you...you're nothing! You've always been nothing!

Jarvis climbs to the first rope, hits Hodge with a forearm smash before climbing to the second turnbuckle. Here, Jarvis coaxes Harley up, and they both ascend to the top rope together. Balancing precariously, King hooks Hodge with a front facelock, and drapes his arm over his shoulder. King flips the crowd off, and the grabs Hodge by the waist and starts to arch backwards, looking for a big superplex!

The crowd's boos turn to cheers, however, as Hodge manages to hook his foot on the top turnbuckle, blocking the move! Jarvis tries again, but is caught by a quick uppercut to the ribs, causing him to let go of the hold! Jarvis, almost losing his footing, steps down to the middle turnbuckle. Hodge drops to a seated position and grabs him by the hair and hits a short headbutt, rocking East Coast Excellence a bit. Jarvis steps to the side, which gives Hodge enough space to spin him around, locking on a dragon sleeper hold. He hoists Jarvis up off his feet, and lets him go, hitting a modified Solenoid, sending The Icon crashing to the mat below!

Mike Rolash: NO!

Jim Gunt: THIS COULD BE IT!

The Accelerator climbs back up to the top rope as Jarvis unwittingly rolls into position. Wasting no time, Hodge leaps, twisting in the air, hitting The Flight of The Angel! The Garden comes unglued as Hodge hooks the leg, and Summits leaps in to count the pin!

ONE!

TWO!!

Jim Gunt: OH, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!

Just before Summits can count the pin, Jace Valentine comes flying through the air, breaking up the pin. Having no other choice, Clark Summits calls for the bell to bring the match to a halt, bringing the New York crowd to their feet with a chorus of boos.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner as a result of a disqualification, Harley Hodge!

The largely moral victory is of no interest to the New York crowd as Valentine continues his assault on The Accelerator, reigning down rights and lefts on the downed veteran.

Jim Gunt: Well, congratulations to Jarvis King; if that's the kind of way that he wants to retain his title, I'm not sure he's worthy of it!

Mike Rolash: Worthy? What about Hodge being worthy of the opportunity in the first place, Jimbo? He was what, 15 minutes out of rehab when this match was made official? Who did he beat to deserve this title shot? Nobody. The

Glass Ceiling, once again, is just keeping things in check around here!

Valentine, back to his feet, stomps away at the downed Accelerator, the official victor, as the Paramount Champion gets to his feet. Elizabeth Bates enters the ring, holding King's Paramount title, and hands it to her client as she greets him. King, for his part, calls the dogs off, allowing Hodge to roll out of the ring, exhausted. CWF officials, along with Summits, help Harley to the back as Valentine motions to Douglas to come closer to the corner. He shouts at him, barely picked up by Ray's microphone.

Jace Valentine: Make the announcement, you idiot! Tell the people who their champion is!

Douglas, with a cold-eyed stare, brings the microphone to his mouth, and acquiesces as Valentine comes to the center of the ring and grabs King's arm.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, still your Paramount Champion, "East Coast Excellence", Jarvis King!

Valentine lifts King's arm in the air and points at him as if he were the legitimate victor of the hard-fought match.

Just Business

Match

The crowd's boos echo throughout the arena as Valentine laughs cruelly with King's arm high in the air. Jarvis nods, seemingly self-satisfied with the turn of events, and hands his title back to Bates, who holds it proudly as Jarvis takes down the straps of his singlet and shakes hands with Valentine.

Jim Gunt: No matter how many times I see this, it never stops being the most unholy image that I've ever seen...Jarvis King and Jace Valentine, united in purpose.

"Broken Dreams" by Shaman's Harvest starts to play, and the Smokin' Aces, Duce Jones and Freddie Styles, emerge from the back, applauding and smiling as they make their way down the rampway to the ring. The two men slide into the ring and clap King and Valentine on the back as they do so. Valentine greets them both with a smile.

Mike Rolash: As pretty as a picture, isn't it, Jimbo?

Valentine smirks and bows deeply, before blowing a kiss at the capacity MSG crowd, and turning to leave. He runs, however, headlong into the Smokin' Aces, who block his path to the ramp. Valentine looks at them, perplexed, before smiling again and mouthing the words "of course." He steps into the center of the ring, next to King, and extends his right index finger in the air. Neither of the Aces, nor Jarvis join him, however.

Valentine turns to Jarvis, and looks at him quizzically.

Jace Valentine: What is this?

Jarvis flicks his sweat-soaked hair back, and looks Valentine straight in the eye.

Jarvis King: It's just business.

With that, both Styles and Jones jump Valentine from behind, knocking the Jacehole to the mat!

Jim Gunt: What the hell!?

The New York crowd is positively confused, as Jones and Styles beat Valentine down into the mat. King turns his back on the beatdown and rests his head on one of the turnbuckles as Valentine tries futilely to resist. Jarvis drops down to the mat and rolls to the outside, as the mugging continues in the ring!

Jim Gunt: Is...what the hell is happening?!

Mike Rolash: It looks like a change in management!

Jarvis wastes little time, unhooking the upper half of the steel stairs from the lower platform and tossing them aside. Grabbing it by the handles, Jarvis hoists the lower half of the steps onto the ring apron and slides them under the ropes, following them into the center of the ring.

Valentine, to his credit, manages to fight back momentarily, getting back to his feet and creating a bit of distance between himself and The Aces, but much like Linus Stark earlier in the night, he walks right into the path of a Jarvis King superkick. Again, eerily mirroring the attack from earlier in the night, Freddie hoists Valentine onto his shoulders, and Styles bounds off the ropes, hitting the Krazeed Knee to Valentine's exposed head. Styles then follows up with BallGame! and Jace crumples to the mat.

Coldly, Jarvis stands atop the steps, and motions to Freddie and Duce to pick Valentine up. The Aces do so, lifting Jace's dead weight to rest face-down on the cold steel. Jarvis grabs Valentine by the hair and pulls him up to a piledriver position. Crossing his arms, King hoists Valentine up, and then sits out with a sickening thud, hitting the Straightjacket Piledriver on the helpless Valentine.

Jim Gunt: My God! We, uh...we better get some help out here.

As if on cue, a score of CWF trainers and officials flood the ring, separating The Glass Ceiling from their downed former member. "Broken Dreams" kicks on again as Jarvis, not looking away from Valentine's lifeless body, raises his finger to the sky, meeting those of Duce and Freddie.

Jim Gunt: Savagery...just...unparalleled violence from The Glass Ceiling perpetrated on Jace Valentine.

Back to the Future

Match

Tara Robinson is roaming the backstage area to get some last minute words from participants and turning a corner almost runs into The Shadow exiting the CWF Commissioner's office.

Tara Robinson: Oh, hello there, do you have a moment?

The Shadow hesitates briefly before giving her a nod.

Tara: You went through an absolutely grueling fight with Loki, Silas and Autumn and ultimately came up short. What's your take on the match?

The Shadow: I lost, that's plain and simple. Does it hurt to have lost, especially at the hands of Loki? Of course it does, but she may have won the battle, she definitely has not won the war.

Tara: She took you by surprise, though...

The Shadow: Yes, but that's the game of a Fourway, many moving parts and you can only focus on so many and Silas definitely has proven a handful today.

Tara: Oh yeah, with the Passenger.

The Shadow: Passenger, Driver, Bloodletter, sounds like a nurse there... Doesn't matter.

Tara: You don't sound too impressed?

The Shadow: I will say that: He has been a fierce competitor today, but it says a lot that he needed this-- other thing in him to actually be competitive, something he has not managed on his own.

Tara: Harsh words.

The Shadow: Look at the last few months, nothing more than stating the truth.

Tara: So you're done with him?

The Shadow: I never said that.

Tara: Any concrete plans?

The Shadow: Yes.

Given the finality in The Shadow's voice, Tara gives a brief pause and continues on.

Tara: You just came out of Ataxia's office, can you tell us anything about his tactics for the match against the Ripper?

The Shadow chuckles.

The Shadow: Tara, you've been around for a while here, when is the last time you've really seen Ataxia use tactics?

Tara: Well, yeah, you're right.

The Shadow smiles.

The Shadow: Exactly.

He winks and continues on his way.

Tara: OK, Jim, Mike, back to you.

Ataxia vs. "The Ripper" Danny B

Match

Mike Rolash: Jarvis King undoubtedly is the King of CWF now after taking care of this Jace scum!

Jim Gunt: You are changing direction more often than a flag in a hurricane.

Mike Rolash: What? It is always good to be the good side of the King, no?

Jim is just shaking his head as Ray Douglas steps into the ring.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall...introducing first...He is a former two time CWF World Heavyweight Champion, a former CWF tag team champion, and a CWF Hall of Famer...He is "The Ripper" Danny B!

"The Arena" by Lindsey Stirling starts to play as "The Ripper" emerges from the back and heads to the ring. He looks focused as the music keeps playing. He basks in this. This is Wrestlefest! This is his moment.

Jim Gunt: You can tell "The Ripper" is still livid about not being in the main event tonight.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but as a consolation prize he'll beat the hell out of Ataxia tonight. He's swore this is the end.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...He is a former CWF World Heavyweight Champion, a CWF Hall of Famer, and the current CWF Commissioner...He is "The Messiah Pariah" Ataxia!

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as the lights go out. Suddenly from the rafters we see feathers start to fall down to the ringside area. Raven feathers. From the rafters we see a caped figure fly down on a zip line. It's Ataxia! He lands tossing the cape off, the top hat, cane, and raven mask over his burlap mask. He leaps to the top of the turnbuckle post and stares at Danny B who has yet to move.

Jim Gunt: The boss looks serious.

Mike Rolash: I think Danny hit a nerve.

The two men stare down each other as Ataxia and Danny B stand in the ring. Clark Summits stands and starts to go over the rules and...he stops.

Clark Summits: Um...what kinda match are we doing boss?

Ataxia: Something to make you feel at home...Streetfight!

The fans cheer! Danny B smirks.

Ataxia: So I can put you in the god damn gutter where you belong!

Ataxia leaps up and hits Danny with a standing dropkick to the chest! Clark calls for the bell to ring and the match officially starts.

Jim Gunt: Damn!

Mike Rolash: Cheap shot! Damn it...I usually pull for those.

Jim Gunt: Well according to the ladies you are the cheapest shot in town.

Mike Rolash: Yeah...HEY!

Danny kips back up and goes for a clothesline to Ataxia, who grabs Danny's arm and slaps him in an armbar. Ataxia gets up and kicks Danny in the ribs. He does this again and again, but on the third time in a row Danny grabs Ataxia's leg and takes him down with a drop toe hold and Ataxia's face goes into the mat. Danny grabs the back of Ataxia's mask and slams it into the mat!

Jim Gunt: This match is going to be like this for a while folks. Both men know each other so well.

Mike Rolash: Yeah. Poor Danny...having to carry that bag faced freak for so long.

Danny picks up Ataxia and sets him up with a kick to the gut. DDT! Danny gets up and waits for Ataxia to start to stand and charges at him. CHOPBLOCK! Ataxia grabs his knee in pain as Danny grabs his now hurting leg and slams the knee into the mat. Danny grabs the leg again and then twists over into a one legged boston crab.

Jim Gunt: "The Ripper" is changing up his style a bit and focusing on breaking Ataxia.

Mike Rolash: It's a smart strategy. Keep that kicking bastard down, and it's a streetfight...so anything goes.

Ataxia howls in pain, and then reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out something and slides it on his hand. Danny holds the one legged crab for a while and finally lets go. As he turns around he picks up Ataxia and Ataxia throws the contents of his jacket pocket into the face of Danny B! Red, White, and Blue powder???

Ataxia: FREEDOM POWDER BITCHES!!

Jim Gunt: How patriotic!

Mike Rolash: Fake news!

Danny shakes his head for a moment and tries to get this stuff out of his eyes as Ataxia rushes to the ropes. Bouncing off he leaps into the air and diving headbutts Danny B in the face. Ataxia stays down for a moment and then kips up. He stumbles a bit from his knee that Danny was working on and then picks up Danny. He sets him up for a "ER Stat!". He hits the german suplex into the turnbuckle post!

Jim Gunt: That german suplex hits the neck right into the turnbuckle post with devastating effect.

Mike Rolash: A sick mind comes up with sick moves.

Ataxia gets out of the ring and grabs a bottle of water from ringside for the crew. He opens it up and waits for Danny to start moving in the corner. He tosses the water onto Danny's face. Danny wipes the water and powder out of his face and scowls at Ataxia who flips him off. Danny responds by sliding out of the ring and starts chasing Ataxia who stops right in front of the announcers table.

Jim Gunt: It's your favorite person.

Mike Rolash: Kick his ass Danny!

Danny charges towards Ataxia, who reaches onto the table and grabs the ring bell. He swings it wildly, barely missing Danny. Danny kicks Ataxia in the gut. "True Sin" into the side of the announcers table! Ataxia bounces off like a ragdoll as Danny goes and grabs a chair. He slams it into the back of Ataxia, and then tilts the chair, and then slams it into Ataxia's head sending him sprawling on the floor.

"The Ripper" Danny B: Get up so I can bash your skull in again.

Ataxia: Oh look birdies.

Ataxia flips off Danny who swings the chair again as Ataxia rolls out of the way. The chair hits the ground and Ataxia grabs the ring steps and swings them at Danny B hitting him in the gut. Both men are down on the outside for a moment as Ataxia and Danny take a moment to recover.

Jim Gunt: He threw those stairs like a lawndart.

Mike Rolash: Like I threw your mom down last night.

Jim Gunt: ...

Ataxia and Danny B both get up. Ataxia...starts heading into the crowd! Danny gives chase and our cameras follow as Ataxia heads through the crowd. He stops and grabs a fan's CWF World Title replica.

Ataxia: Hey Danny! Look. Someone you might be able to beat...

Jim Gunt: Okay that was mean.

Mike Rolash: I mean I kinda giggled.

Jim Gunt: Yup. Definitely mean.

Danny keeps giving chase as Ataxia keeps running to the backstage area. Ataxia turns around a corner, and Danny follows only to get hit in the face with an elbow from Ataxia.

Ataxia: Flugelhorn!

Danny grabs Ataxia and slams him up against the concrete wall. Ataxia falls down in a heap. Danny grabs Ataxia's leg that he was working on earlier and picks him up by it and slams the knee into the wall. Danny starts just kicking the shit out of Ataxia.

"The Ripper" Danny B: I. Told. You. I'd. Finish. This...

Jim Gunt: "The Ripper" has finally had enough of Ataxia's messing around.

Mike Rolash: Kick. Him. More!

Danny picks up Ataxia and then slams him headfirst into the concrete wall. Blood starts to pool in the mask as Ataxia starts to laugh. That only infuriates Danny more as he grabs Ataxia and hits him with a DDT! He rolls Ataxia onto his stomach and slaps him into "Vaffanculo". Danny has the camel clutch locked as Ataxia keeps laughing.

"The Ripper" Danny B: Still think this is funny!

Ataxia: HahhAhahaHhahaA...YES!!!

Suddenly we hear Ataxia's arms...make a horrendous pop! Ataxia's dislocated both of his shoulders and slides out of the hold. Danny turns and gets his legs swept out from under him. Ataxia leaps up and rushes down the hallway slamming his arms into the walls until we hear them pop back into place.

Ataxia: AhahAHhahHAahaHa...

"The Ripper" Danny B: ...you're just always full of surprises.

Jim Gunt: Ow!

Mike Rolash: That sound was sickening...

Danny gives chase as Clark Summits follows as well. We get back to the Madison Square Garden loading dock where we see Ataxia has stopped. He's standing there. His arms shaking from the pain they are in. Danny charges at him and Ataxia runs towards him. Flying knee from Ataxia, Danny ducks. Danny turns and so does Ataxia. "Kamehameha Kick" from Danny to the face of Ataxia. Ataxia rolls with the kick and gets back on his feet as Danny starts trading punches with Ataxia.

Jim Gunt: These two are still not giving each other an inch.

Mike Rolash: Hehehe...

Jim Gunt: Shut up you perv.

Danny blocks a shot from Ataxia and then grabs Ataxia's arm. He judo flips Ataxia and then slams his elbow right into Ataxia's armpit. Ataxia howls out in pain as Danny punches him again in the face. He picks up the downed Ataxia and smiles. He starts heading over to the edge of the loading dock. Danny puts Ataxia down, standing him up, and looks to go for another superkick. Ataxia is dangerously close to the edge as Danny runs towards him with the "Kamehameha Kick". Ataxia catches the leg and Dragon Screw Legwhips Danny over the edge.

Jim Gunt: Danny's falling!

Mike Rolash: Oh God!

"The Ripper" lands onto the ground below as Ataxia stands there at the top of the ledge. We hear Ataxia's bones start to pop as he readjusts himself and then leaps off...450 splash onto Danny B! Clark Summits rushes down and...

ONE...

Ataxia gets up.

Ataxia: I'm not done with your ass yet...

He grabs Danny by his leg and starts heading past the loading dock. Dragging Danny on the concrete...

Jim Gunt: This is shades of the streetfight with Dorian!

Mike Rolash: Great...maybe it'll end in someone getting drunk.

Out front where Ataxia drags Danny, we see Danny finally start to fight back by using his other leg to sweep Ataxia's legs out from under him. Ataxia lands face first on the concrete. Danny gets up and grabs Ataxia. He tosses him into a lamp post shoulder first, trying to re-injure that shoulder. Ataxia takes it and Danny starts wailing on him again with punch after punch after punch. Fans outside who couldn't get in are getting to enjoy the show as both men keep fighting in the street with Danny beating the tar out of Ataxia.

"The Ripper" Danny B: Still think this is funny bag face?

Ataxia: ...

Ataxia headbutts Danny. He grabs Danny and hits a swinging neckbreaker taking down his long time rival. Both men lay there for a minute in the dirty street as Ataxia and Danny both get up at the same time.

"The Ripper" Danny B: Come on...

Ataxia: Eileen?

Jim Gunt: Hah!

Mike Rolash: Okay...I'll admit that was funny.

Both men get up and start punching each other again. Ataxia hits Danny. Danny hits Ataxia. Both men keep beating each other like they owe each other a lot of money. Police are not trying to keep the crowd back as Danny kicks Ataxia in the gut. "RKS!"...Ataxia goes down! Danny...falls onto his back. Clark Summits looks down at both guys. Danny goes to cover Ataxia.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT! Danny almost slams his fist into the concrete. He grabs Ataxia and picks him up again going for the "RKS". Ataxia shoves him off. Danny goes for the "Kamehameha Kick ", and Ataxia ducks it. Danny turns and Ataxia leaps up... "The Reckoning". The flying double knee shot to the collarbones knocks Danny down, but Ataxia rolls with the momentum and doesn't start the pin. Ataxia eventually puts his arm over Danny...

Jim Gunt: That Reckoning...out of nowhere!

Mike Rolash: No! NO!!!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout from Danny B!

Mike Rolash: Yes!

Jim Gunt: That's a faster turn than Jace Valentine on the fans.

Mike Rolash: Thank you!

Both men lay there for a moment, breathing heavy. They both start to stand up and glare at each other. Danny with the intent to murder this maniac in front of him, and Ataxia just smiling that sick smile at his rival. Both men charge each other. Punch! Punch! Punch! Punch! Both men back up and DOUBLE SUPERKICK!!!

And they go down...

Clark looks around and starts a ten count.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Both competitors start to move.

FOUR...

FIVE...

SIX...

Ataxia is trying to stand, but he's out of breath. Danny B is also struggling to stand.

SEVEN...

EIGHT...

NINE...

Both men get up to their knees, and then collapse.

TEN!!

Jim Gunt: What?!

Mike Rolash: You're kidding!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen. The result...is a double knockout!

Both men are breathing heavy and glaring at each other. This isn't over. Not by a long shot.

Jim Gunt: What a match!

Mike Rolash: This is insane! And the main event hasn't even happened yet!

Commercial - Burn & Urn

Match

The picture opens to a funeral procession, following a black Smart car into the graveyard, where it pulls up before a wall of compartments.

Voiceover: We know that it is a sad occasion to lose a loved one.

The mourners are pulling up to a tastefully decorated area as the Smart backs up.

Voiceover: But does it always have to be dark, black and drab and make things even worse for everybody?

An attendant reaches into the back of the Smart and pulls out a brightly coloured urn, decorated with flowers and ribbons and more.

Voiceover: No more! "Burn & Urn" offers containers for every way of life. We put the "fun" into funeral!

Fades.

Colton Mace vs. Mariella Jade Flair

Match

Jim Gunt: What a PPV Wrestlefest has been so far, one insane bout after the other and Ataxia and The Ripper literally took each other to the very edge, both of the loading dock and their strength.

Mike Rolash: The sound of the freak's shoulders popping is going to haunt me for a long time!

Jim Gunt: As rare as it is, I fully agree with you on this one. But we have one more and it has all the ingredients to fall right in line with the insanity we have been seeing so far - MJ Flair--

Mike Rolash: Boooo!

Jim Gunt: --against Colton Mace--

Mike Rolash: Woohoo!

Jim Gunt: --for the World Heavyweight title, how much more epic can it get--

Mike Rolash: When she loses in front of her hometown crowd!

Jim Gunt: --tonight. Ray, please, PLEASE!

Ray Douglas is standing in the middle of the ring chuckling.

Ray Douglas: The following match is our Main Event and is for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship. Introducing fir-

CWF Announcer Ray Douglas is cut short by the ripple and murmur of activity as Jaiden Rishel's old entrance music "Welcome Home" by Coheed and Cambria hits the speakers. He proudly and smugly strides down the ramp amidst a deluge of boos. He seems completely unphased as he enters the ring, snatches the microphone away from the announcer and motions him to leave the ring.

Jim Gunt: Oh god, what does he want?

Jaiden Rishel: Alright, alright, cut the music.

Mike Rolash: Now we can get down to business!

Jaiden Rishel: Before we can get to the most defining moment of Colton Mace's pro-wrestling career, when he claims the CWF World Heavyweight Title, there's a grave oversight that needs to be rectified. It amazes me how badly you people treat a great talent like Colton Mace, who has come back here out of the goodness of his own heart to save wretches like you, and this wretched company.

Jim Gunt: Talking such crap! Clearly Jaiden has been taking lessons from Mace.

Mike Rolash: That's exactly the unfair treatment towards Jaiden and Mace that he's talking about. Show some respect and deference, you wretch!

"Yeah" by Usher hits over the speakers and Colton Mace slowly walks down the ramp, amazed by the huge spectacle that is Madison Square Garden and a sold out crowd that is booing him the entire way. He smiles as if they are showing him the greatest adulation, patting a young boy on the back before making his way down the ramp and sliding into the ring.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen it is time for tonight's WRESTLE FEST IV MAAAIN EVENT! Introducing first, from Hollywood, California, he is....COLTON MACE!!

MSG is not having it as a "COLTON SUCKS!" chant already starts up. Mace just shrugs it off, as Rishel begins to give him a pep talk. Jaiden stops momentarily to call for a microphone again.

Jaiden Rishel: The other day the CWF of course hosted it's FanFest event to help promote this defining Pay-Per-View. During the event this year's new Hall of Fame inductees were announced and presented...Do you see the problem here?

Jim Gunt: Colton is already been inducted into the Hall of Fame.

Mike Rolash: But where was his ceremony?

Jim Gunt: Oh...Oh shit...

Mike Rolash: Exactly.

Jaiden Rishel: Commissioner Ataxia, you need to get yourself down here to right this grievous wrong. And I mean now! Cue up "Smash the Control Machine" by OTEP.

And MJF's sold out hometown fans go absolutely ape shit within seconds.

Fireworks blow off the stage like the Fourth of July, the pomp and pageantry of the most loved wrestler in this business happens as glorious as ever as she walks through the firework showers with a wide smile on her face, immediately embracing the fans that have been there with her every step of the way.

Jim Gunt: The moment is upon us Mike, here comes the big time favorite going into tonight's main event!

Mike Rolash: That's just because these New Yorkers don't know what's good for them! Mace is obviously the ONLY man or woman in the back that even deserves to be in this match. If you don't believe, ask him, he'll tell you!

Walking around the entirety of the ring, MJF ignores the scowls of the impatient Colton Mace as she continues to clap each and every hand that is outstretched for her. Finally she takes one step up the steel steps, looking back as the fans once again blow the roof off the place.

"LET'S GO MJ!"

"LET'S GO MJ!"

Flair enters the ring, walking right by Trent Robbins and staring eye to eye with Colton Mace as the fans' cheering continues to drown out any announcement Ray Douglas is about to make.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from right down the road in Warwick, New York, she is...MJ FLAIR!!

Wrestling's most sacred arena houses thousands upon thousands of CWF fans. Every single one of them stands on their feet, stomping down on the concrete below them to make a loud echo sound throughout the entire Madison Square Garden. Colton Mace stands on one corner. Mariella Jade Flair stands in the other. This is Wrestle Fest IV, the biggest pay per view of the year, and everyone including head referee Trent Robbins is amped up, who takes a deep breath before calling both competitors to the center of the ring.

Jim Gunt: It's time Mike, and my god does this match have that "big fight feel", doesn't it? This is that big moment for MJF, and the moment that Mace has said that he's always deserved. Only one can walk out with the World Heavyweight Title.

Mike Rolash: Definitely. There's going to be some sour Flair fans coming out of this one, for sure.

Jim Gunt: I wouldn't be so sure, the polls show that she's clearly the favorite going into this one.

Mike Rolash: Never bet on the Vegas odds, I've literally lost my house doing that in the past...

DING, DING!

Robbins, having checked both competitors for any weaponry and went over the rules of the match, backs up and allows both number one contenders to have their space from the onset. An incredibly determined Mariella shakes off an attempt from Mace to lock up in a power struggle, instead deciding to bring her boxing training to the forefront by striking the Hollywood Hot Shot with rapid right and left hands! Colton Mace is lit up right from the start, staggering backward as he is barely able to withstand the early attack of his opponent.

Jim Gunt: Holy shit is Flair coming in hot!

Mike Rolash: She has been waiting a long time to come here in front of her hometown fans and fight once again for the biggest prize in the game. It's just too bad she's going to FAIL once again!

Jim Gunt: Tell that to MJ, who has Mace in the corner now.

Colton Mace raises his hands in front of his face to block any major strike so MJF changes up her game plan, swiftly bringing a right leg up and wailing him in the ribs. She follows it right up by swinging across the ropes with Colton in tow- TORNADO DDT! But Mariella Jade Flair lands awkwardly on her right knee, the New York crowd gasping as they watch the landing. The Second Coming is unable to capitalize on the first major offensive move of the match, as pulls down her knee pad checking on the damage to her knee.

Jim Gunt: Oh no Mike, MJF looks to have possibly injured that right knee. God willing she just turned it wrong, because if not she's going to be easy pickings for Mace now!

Mike Rolash: Maybe she tore an ACL, or an MCL, or a ZCL. Something, hopefully something. Anything!

Jim Gunt: First of all ZCL isn't even a thing. Second of all, you're a sick man, Mike.

Still slapping her right knee in an attempt to both "drown out" the pain and try to distinguish just how much of an injury she's suffered, MJF remains seated even as Colton climbs to his feet and begins to run at her with a running knee. But she quickly ducks under, propping both of her arms onto the canvas in a Matrix move! Flair is right up to her feet, smiling as the two competitors begin to circle each other.

Mike Rolash: That bitch was playing possum!

Jim Gunt: I wouldn't be so sure Mike, I think MJF is just trying to play off the fact that she suffered an injury so that Mace doesn't target it the entire match. Smart move from the second generation superstar.

Colton Mace goes low to try to take MJF out at her possibly injured knee, but she twists around and lands a spinning back fist instead! Flair takes her opponent into the corner, kicking him in the sternum with her left leg before following it up with a quick European Uppercut. Setting the Hollywood Hot Shot up for an Irish Whip, Flair is surprised when it is her that is sent to the opposing corner as Mace reverses it. She smacks hard against the corner pads, and Mace is in seconds later from behind with a Big Splash that takes her breath away!

"BOOOOO!!!"

Jim Gunt: The infamous New York crowd is showing how much they hate the Hollywood superstar Colton Mace, or maybe they just absolutely love their hometown hero MJF. What do you think, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I think these New York idiots are a bunch of scumbags that wouldn't know a true star if it burned their retinas out.

Jim Gunt: ...What?

Seemingly now in control of the match, Colton Mace is already taunting the angry audience, raising his right arm in a curl before he wraps it around the neck of MJF, bringing her down across the side of his back for a combination backbreaker/neckbreaker. He pulls his opponent over to the corner, once again running his mouth to the audience before dropping down and landing several Triangle Dropkicks to her groin in the corner!

Jim Gunt: That is not legal!

Mike Rolash: What? It's not like he's going to hurt anything.

Jim Gunt: That's an incredibly sexist and inaccurate thing to say, Mike.

Mike Rolash: You would know, wouldn't you Jim?

Colton now turns his attention back to the injured right leg of his opponent, draping the back of MJF's leg over the bottom rope and stomping down across her knee. Flair screams out in pain turning to her side, but Mace pulls her right back into position and measures her up.

Right before the Hollywood Hot Shot can move in to take possibly a final shot, Trent Robbins holds him back, admonishing him and warning him of disqualification. Mace shakes his head back and forth running his mouth right back to the official, taking his chance as he lifts a helpless MJF to her feet and grabs her by the leg, laughing as he watches her squirm around before corkscrew leg whipping her to the canvas. The A-List Athlete begins waving his hands for Flair to get to her feet, the NYC fans booing in anticipation of their hero's demise. Mace leaps up, RED CARPET TREATM-NO! MJF rolls to her left and quickly up behind Mace, spiking him face first into the middle rope with a Drop Toe Hold.

Jim Gunt: What a reversal there from MJF, if she would have taken that stomp this one coulda been over.

Mike Rolash: It sure would have been nice to see her brains splattered all over the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Well that was...morbid.

Looking to capitalize on her newfound offense, Flair backs up and moves quickly before leaping right through Mace, bouncing his neck hard into the ropes as she dives through the ropes to the outside! The hometown favorite makes her way across the ring taking in the entire scene with eyes as big as pumpkins, a smile coming across her face as the NYC fans chant her name.

“LET’S GO MJ!”

“COLTON SUCKS!”

“LET’S GO MJ!”

“COLTON SUCKS!”

The second chant actually makes MJF laugh, but the distraction from the fans is enough for Mace to baseball slide out of the ring and kick Flair hard, knocking her back into the barricade! Trent Robbins sighs aloud before starting to count both competitors out of the match.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Head official Trent Robbins doesn’t look none too happy to have to resort to counting both competitors out in a match with stakes as big as this one.

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Can you blame him? Mace needs to take Flair out at the knees, particularly her bad one, and get her in the ring for the three count!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Unbiased as ever, atta boy Mike.

Finally coming to on the outside at the call of her hometown fans, Mariella Jade Flair rolls over just to get a running punt kick from Mace! The Hollywood Hot Shot is loving all of the pure hate coming from the sold out Madison Square Garden, strutting away as Flair holds onto the side of her face in anger.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Mace picks up his adversary, looking to toss her into the ring to possibly finish her off, but MJF plants her feet and waves her finger at Colton.

Jim Gunt: Oh! The Finger o’ Doom!

Both Jaiden and Adrian Evans look to move in on the action from opposite sides, watching as Flair scoops up Mace and plants him right on the edge of the apron with a painful Bodyslam!

SIX!

The Flair that used to not Care slides into the ring to break up the official’s count, smiling as she goes right through the ropes to the apron to land a couple of quick right hands to the rising Colton Mace. He staggers backwards, falling off the apron and right onto his ass. Jaiden hurries to his aid, helping his superstar to his feet as the two of them ignore the sea of boos coming from the crowd, turning away from them and MJF to regroup football huddle style. Rishel can see Adrian pointing back at him though, and just as him and Mace turn back around they’re greeting with a HUGE Cannonball off the apron from Mariella Jade Flair!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

ONE!

Jim Gunt: What an unbelievable move from MJF there!

Mike Rolash: Hell yeah it was, but the dumb bitch is already hurt and she just put her entire body on the line there. Is Flair giving too much of her body to win this match?

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Or maybe just enough? I guess we're bound to find out, aren't we?

Laying in a heap just mere inches away from each other, neither number one contender even attempts to make a move as Trent Robbins continues to count. The New York fans reluctantly begin to count along.

THREE!

FOUR!

Finally a little life out of Flair as she rolls to her right. The crowd burst in cheers from this simple movement.

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: With the New York fans clearly on her side, the hometown favorite Mariella Jade Flair may just be able to use that momentum to get back into the ring and get this thing done!

Mike Rolash: If Jaiden was still in charge this kinda shit would never even have happened. He at least would have booked this to be no count, no disqualification so that he could have had a much easier route to screwing out Flair.

SIX!

Flair finally struggles herself to her feet, not wasting another second before she pulls up Mace with her and rolls him underneath the bottom rope. She takes a look back at the crowd who have been willing her on all night so far, smiling as they give her one more cheer.

SEVEN!

Before Robbins can even fully get out the word seven she is right into the ring like a cat, tackling the rising Colton Mace with a hard Spear and immediately pounding down on him with rights and lefts. Mace is struggling to block the shots but uses his weight advantage to eventually grab the arms of Flair and throw her off of him. The two competitors are somehow right to their feet and charging at each other at the same time- DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

Jim Gunt: WOW! Both Mace and Flair thinking the exact same thought as the two of them went for clothesline simultaneously, and both hit. HARD!

Mike Rolash: That was pretty crazy if I do say so myself, but who is going to capitalize? These two warriors have put each other through hell thus far, and neither of them have even gone for a cover so far!

Jim Gunt: That may very well change at this moment, Mike, Flair is rolling right for Mace.

Flair groggily pushes her opponent over to his back, barely putting all of her weight on her to go for the cover as she winces in pain.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: No, not enough there for Flair!

Mike Rolash: But now Mace is going to try to go for the cover? What a genius, maybe his clothesline did more damage than Flair's!

Raising his right hand in the air to count along with the official (and the fans that would much rather boo the fucking shit out of him than count along with a pin from Colton Mace), the A-List Athlete smiles along with Robbin's count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Well damn, that was a nice try anyway.

Slapping the canvas, Mace already begins to throw a fit as he pulls himself to his feet and immediately goes to ask Robbins about the speed of his count. MJF is right up to her feet to turn him around though, using her good leg to drill him right in the temple with a Roundhouse Kick! Colton is nearly out on his feet, falling to one knee as he attempts to shake the cobwebs just in time to be brought down a Evenflow DDT! MJF got all of that one as Madison Square Garden explode in cheers in anticipation of another pin attempt from their modern day heroine.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! MACE ROLLS HIS SHOULDER!

Flair grabs a hold of her co-number one contender, pulling him up by the head and placing Mace right back underneath her arm. Heavy breaths come from the Second Coming as she prepares herself- TORNADO DD-NO! The Hollywood Hot Shot shoves her off but somehow right to her feet, MJ Flair joyously calling Mace in with her fingers. He gladly obliges but she ducks right under, going behind her exuberant opponent and sinking in a sleeper hold. Colton quickly tries his best to fight out of the hold before Flair can sink it in fully, but it is in vain, as the second generation superstar has him all the way down to one knee within seconds.

Jim Gunt: Colton Mace's life support is on empty, Flair could have this one in the bag!

Mike Rolash: With something as simple as a sleeper hold? You don't think these fans in Madison Square Garden would riot if the main event of Wrestle Fest four was won with a freaking sleeper hold of all things?

Jim Gunt: Do you forget who is in this main event and how much the fans here tonight absolutely adore one of them?

Mike Rolash: How could I? These New York idiots won't shut the hell up with their MJF chants.

"LET'S GO MJ!"

"COLTON SUCKS!"

Mace has fallen down to both of his knees with his head facing the canvas, his breaths are few and far in between at this point and Trent Robbins is ready to possibly call this match. MJF heaves the rest of her body weight into the sleeper hold, pulling Mace in tight as Robbins lifts his right arm into the air. It falls to his side. Robbins looks to the time keeper, and back to the action, raising Mace's arm one more time just to see it fall again. The fans inside MSG are raucous at this point, cheers reverberating around the world famous arena as CWF's head official goes to lift the apparently unconscious Mace's arm one last time in the air.

Jim Gunt: It's gotta be over here Mike, Colton hasn't moved in nearly a minute after being in the deadly hands of the former CWF World Champion now for ninety four seconds. I think she literally has put the Hollywood Hot Shot to sleep!

Mike Rolash: Come on Mace, get the hell up!

Just as Trent Robbins goes to lift the arm of Colton Mace in the air, his attention is diverted to the man climbing up the apron raising his arms wildly- Jaiden Rishel. An angry Rishel turns his incredibly frustrated look to a smile instantly as he gets the official's attention. Trent Robbins comes over to have a word with Jaiden and of course MJF has seen this song and dance before, so she shoves Robbins out of the way and sends Jaiden flying into the barricade with a wicked Missile Dropkick!

Mike Rolash: What the hell!?

Jim Gunt: Good for her! MJF taking things into her own hands, she isn't going to let the Rishel family screw her out of a World Title like they have with so many in the past!

With Colton Mace's new right hand man blasted on the outside and the A-List Athlete himself still lying unconscious in the middle of the ring, MJF looks to both her right and left, the crowd inside MSG coming alive as they know the moment of truth is upon them.

Jim Gunt: It's over, Mike. It's really over this time! MJF is about to hit the Morning Star and put pretty boy Mace away!

Mike Rolash: Pretty boy Mace? I KNEW you had a crush on him!

Jim Gunt: I'm happily married, thank you!

Stalking over his opponent, Mariella Jade Flair awaits the slowly rising Mace, before finally losing her patience and pulling him up viciously with his neck propped against her armpit. MORNING STAR! The back of the Hollywood Hot Shot's head snaps against the canvas and Flair bridges back right into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

IT'S OVER! MJF'S THE NEW CWF WORLD CHAMPION!

NO!

AT THE VERY LAST FUCKING SECOND COLTON MACE KICKS OUT!

Mike Rolash: Yes! I knew Mace would never lay down for a woman!

Jim Gunt: As opposed to...nevermind, I'm not even going to stoop to your level. Not on a night like tonight.

The sold out, jam packed crowd inside Madison Square Garden cannot believe their eyes as Trent Robbins waves the two count. Mariella Jade Flair cannot believe her eyes, and neither can the millions upon millions of fans watching on the CWF Network in the comfort of their own home. Colton Mace kicked out of the Morning Star in front of MJF's hometown fans, and within a snap of the finger the shock value of the moment turns back to determination as she starts coming up with Plan B.

Jim Gunt: The very resourceful Flair isn't giving up so easily, but what offensive maneuver is she going to go with next? She's literally hit Mace with her best move and it didn't put down the Hollywood Hot Shot.

Mike Rolash: Colton Mace has trained with the very best going into this evening's bout, Jimmy. He has taken special MMA training. He has learned street fight rules. He has even grappled with a couple of second generation superstars coming into this one to see just what getting in the ring with MJF would be like!

Jim Gunt: Really? Mace really got in the ring with second generation stars going into this match?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I heard him and Tamina Snuka had a sparring session.

Jim Gunt: Oh god...

MJF grabs Colton by his hair sprayed scalp, placing him in the corner and immediately spiking him in the chest with a knife edge chop. Mace cringes, but Flair pulls him up and sends in another chop. She places him atop the top rope, climbing up with him and sending down several right hands in which he can only block half of. Mace attempts a wild lariat attempt trying to knock Flair to the outside of the ring but she instead springs up feet first to the top rope, turning around the ropes and bringing Mace down to the canvas. TORNADO DDT HITS FLUSH THE SECOND ATTEMPT! AND MACE IS FLAILING AROUND THE CENTER OF THE RING! That is until Flair crawls over to him, hooking both of his legs for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

And Jaiden Rishel is back in action, on the apron again to distract the official and stop his count. MJF is absolutely incensed, but before she can even make a move her manager Adrian Evans does it for her, pulling Jaiden off the apron and slapping him right across the face! Rishel attempts a right hand but misses wildly, instead taking a bulldog to the outside mats from an in-the-moment Evans! Flair turns her attention back to Mace but is surprised when she sees him nowhere in sight, because he has somehow snuck behind her and prepared for a backslide rollup!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: A lot going on right now with Jaiden Rishel and Adrian Evans, but even all that outside action wasn't enough to distract MJF to the point of Mace being able to pick up the three count!

Mike Rolash: But the momentum has shifted Jimmy, that's what matters.

The momentum indeed seems to have shifted as MJF gets to just her knees before Mace drills her with an incredible Running Knee! Madison Square Garden and the eighteen thousand plus fans within in are booing their lungs out, but Mace is as happy as ever as he pulls MJ up to her feet by her hair- slapping her right across the face! Mace tosses the helpless Flair into the corner, climbing up to the top rope to begin to pummel her with right hands. He gets only one in before MJF seems to suddenly wake up, running with Mace in hand all the way to the other side of the ring. BUCKLE BOMB! But Mace is somehow right back up to his feet!? SUPERKICK! BOTH COMPETITORS COLLAPSE TO THE CANVAS!

"LET'S GO MJ!"

"COLTON SUCKS!"

LET'S GO MJ!"

"COLTON SUCKS!"

Mace rolls over, placing one hand over MJ Flair as the fans instantaneously boo.

Jim Gunt: What an absolutely insane set of moves there as Colton Mace takes the momentum of MJF's turnbuckle powerbomb and turned it to his advantage with that sick Superkick!

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Come on, Flair, stay down!

THR-NO! MJF ROLLS HER SHOULDER!

Mike Rolash: Damn it!

Colton picks Flair up by her arm, pulling it backward into an arm wrench right into a leg lariat. He grabs ahold of the second generation superstar and hits a heavy knife edge chop of his own before irish whipping her into the corner- CROSS BOD-NO! Flair catches the oncoming Colton Mace and rolls through right into a Fallaway Slam! She drags the body of Mace over to the corner, stomping a mudhole in him to fully daze him before making her way all the way over the far corner. Flair looks to both of her sides as the fans are once again coming unglued as she takes her place upon the top rope. Mace is still just coming to on to the other side as she takes the air. VAN TERMINATOR KNOCKS COLTON MACE INTO NEXT YEAR'S WRESTLE FEST!

"HOLY FUCK!"

"LET'S GO MJ!"

"HOLY FUCK!"

Jim Gunt: Wow. That's all I can say.

Flair peels Colton Mace away from the corner, covering him.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

But not close enough as Colton Mace gets his right leg on the ropes!

For one of the first times in her career MJF snaps, pulling Mace away from the ropes and placing both of her hand around his neck to heave him back and forth hard into the canvas. Robbins comes to the aid of the Hollywood Hot Shot but Flair is a mad woman, choking the life out of Mace as her frustration finally begins to seep through.

Jim Gunt: I have NEVER seen this side of MJF, Mike!

Mike Rolash: You're damn right, none of us have! The bitch has gone cray cray!

Jim Gunt: I can't say that I blame her though, after everything she has been through this past year. After all the hardships and the close calls to get to this point. And now Colton and even Jaiden is placing every single obstacle in her way to finally get the job done!

Mike Rolash: Oh cry me a fucking river and go float off into it.

Flair shoves Trent Robbins hard off of her, not quite realizing just what she's done until he lands hard on his ass in the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, Flair may have just cost herself the CWF World Heavyweight Title.

Mike Rolash: Disqualify her, come on ref!

An embarrassed and quite frankly angry head official briskly gets back to his feet as MJF instantly is also to hers, making a move to him to make her most genuine apology. Robbins after seconds of contemplating shakes his head, understanding, but the seconds wasted is enough for MJF to turn around right into an eye rake from Colton Mace! Mace taunts as he once again has things his way, tossing his co-number one contender into the ropes. TILT-A-WHIRL HEADSCISSORS! Colton looks outside to Jaiden and Adrian who have finally gone their separate ways, motioning to Rishel that he's about to end things "for the team". He picks Flair up and spins. GREAT AM-NO! She spins right out.

HARD CLOT-NO! Somehow Colton ducks out, GREAT AMERICAN DREAM! Flair is down and out as Mace goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

COLTON MACE IS YOUR NEW WORLD CHAMPION!

AND THE ENTIRE WORLD BOOOOS!

NO!?

MJF ROLLS HER SHOULDER!

MSG IS EXPLODING! HOLY FUCK THE ROOF HAS BEEN BLOWN OFF THE PLACE!

Jim Gunt: What a special moment Mike, every single fan watching either here tonight live or at home on the CWF network will remember where they were at at this place and time. They will remember Colton Mace versus Mariella Jade Flair as quite possibly the greatest CWF match of all time.

Mike Rolash: This one has certainly lived up to all the hype, but we still don't have ourselves a new champion, Jimmy! Good thing we pay our sponsors well too, because we've been in overtime for quite some time now!

An astonished Colton Mace rolls to his side and immediately slaps the canvas out of frustration, taking a deep breath as he sits in the corner thinking about his next move. Mace finally uses the middle ropes to pull himself to his feet, smiling as if a light bulb has went off in his head.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, looks like Colton may have just come up with another plan. That is certainly a dangerous thing when a man like Mace is thinking.

A newly rejuvenated Colton walks towards the still down MJ Flair and stomps down on her knee.

Jim Gunt: Ah, now the plan is coming together.

Mike Rolash: Brilliant! Mace is going back to the knee!

Colton Mace twists the knee of his adversary, slamming her leg hard against the canvas. He then places his legs in between hers, going for a Sharpshooter! The fans inside Madison Square Garden once again start to boo insanely loud, their response somehow seemingly helping Flair as she begins to crawl her way to the nearest set of ropes!

Jim Gunt: Is MJF going to make it, or is she going to be forced to tap out in front of her hometown fans here tonight?

Mike Rolash: Ah, what poetic justice that would be, right? Look at all these signs in the audience, Jimmy. "MJF Wins Or We Riot!" Fuck that shit, go have your riot you bunch of morons. You were the ones who paid your well earned money to come here and watch Colton Mace wipe the floor with your little heroine.

Fighting with everything she has Flair reaches for the ropes but it still just a foot short, leaving Mace able to pull them back to the center of the ring and put full pressure back on the Sharpshooter. Flair's eyes light up in pain as she reaches out for the canvas, not tapping but slapping the canvas one time in intense pain.

Mike Rolash: This has gotta be it, Jim. Flair can't take much more pain!

Jim Gunt: No, MJF has the weight of the world on her shoulders and she WILL NOT GIVE UP!

With the entire city of New York on her side, Mariella Jade Flair wills herself all the way to the bottom rope and grabs it with all she has left in her. A sigh of relief comes from Flair as the fans cheer massively again. Mace is pissed, slapping the canvas once again before he gets to his feet and stomps right down on the injured knee of Flair. He picks her up off

the canvas into a Suplex attempt, transitioning it over into a Brainbuster that brutally lands her upside down with her damaged knee striking down against his. Colton Mace looks to the outside of the ring, calling for Jaiden Rishel for some reason.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is Mace doing here?

Mike Rolash: It looks like Jaiden is grabbing a chair for Mace. The poor guy must be tired after how long he's had to muster his match with slumdog millionaire MJF!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, I'm sure he just wants to take a seat and have a little rest, right?

A bright smile comes across the face of Colton Mace as Jaiden pulls a steel chair out from underneath the ring, but Trent Robbins is immediately on him as he tries to hand the steel chair to Mace. Jaiden Rishel is not easily giving away the chair however, fighting Robbins for the possession of the chair as both men squirm back and forth from one side of the apron to the other until the Commissioner suddenly appears on the CWF Tron to massive cheers!

Ataxia: Gentlemen.

Jaiden Rishel and Trent Robbins continue fighting for possession of the chair.

Ataxia: GENTLEMEN!

Finally both men and most of everyone in MSG turn their attention to the bossman on the Tron.

Ataxia: Thank you. Now Jaiden, you have tried and tried and tried again to ruin the integrity of this match. Our head official Trent Robbins has done a very good job at handling you thus far, and MJF's manager Adrian Evans has even taken things into his own things, but enough is enough.

NYC's fans cheer in anticipation of what's next from the boss.

Ataxia: So Jaiden, from this moment on...you are hereby BARRED FROM RINGSIDE! GET OUT!

The CWF Tron cuts out just as a dozen members of security begin making their way down the entrance ramp. Jaiden Rishel sighs deeply before dropping off the apron with his hands in the air, the chair snugly in the hands of Robbins now before he safely lays it to the outside of the ring. An incensed Colton turns back around, quickly trying to come up with a gameplan without the help of Rishel, turning his attention back to Flair's knee as he elbow drops right into it. He goes for another attempt at a Sharpshooter but this time MJF kicks him off hard right into the corner. She runs into the corner with all her might. Missile Dropkick! Mace staggers out of the corner. MORNING STAR!!

And MJF hooks the cover as MSG erupts one more time!

ONE!

Jim Gunt: It's over Mike, there is no way in hell that Colton Mace is going to kick out of a SECOND Morning Star!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: God damn it, come on Mace, get up!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And you're NEW CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION....MARIELLA JADE FLAIR!!

An explosion of fireworks shoot from the decked out entrance ramp of Madison Square Garden as once again the sold out crowd gets on their feet, looking first at the shocked and relieved new CWF World Champion as she is handed her well earned title from Trent Robbins, then up to the sky as confetti begins to shoot from the roof down. As Flair looks out to the crowd with tears in her eyes, the entire Championship Wrestling Federation locker room begins to pour out from the back. We see the entire Forsaken group, Autumn Raven, Jimmy Allen, countless wrestlers walking one by

one down the ramp until they begin to circle the ring.

Mike Rolash: This is awesome! MJF is about to get her ass kicked by the entire roster, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: I wouldn't be so sure Mike, it looks like they're getting into the ring to congratulate the woman to me!

The Shadow is the first to come into the ring and look MJF eye to eye, shaking her hand with a slow forming smile before the battered commissioner hugs her in the middle of the ring. The crowd of wrestlers celebrate with Flair as the NY fans don't move an inch from their seat, choosing to stay in the arena to take part of this grand celebration instead. Several of the roster lift the new World champ on their shoulders as she herself raises the title into the air to a massive cheer. Finally the jubilation dies down as a darkness seems to spread from the back. Loki Synn appears on the entrance ramp, a deep and dark smile on her face as she simply waves back at Mariella Jade Flair. Wrestle Fest IV cuts out with Flair looking back at her next challenger.

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