

Hey all! Johnny Stevens, back again, for Inside The Ropes' recap of the second ever Combat Corner Wrestling show. The second show in the history of the AWA's new "developmental" group took place this past weekend - June 27th to be exact - and I was right there in the front row taking notes on all the action for you.

They promised a 5 PM bell time and delivered unlike MOST shows you go to these days but I guess since they were being broadcast live on Fox Sports X's website, they didn't have much of a choice. Shortly before bell time, Harvey Sutton made his way to the ring. I didn't quite get why the PBP guy was going to the ring. He got in, gave us a little reminder of what happened last time out, just trying to hype us up in general. With ten seconds to go until showtime, he gave us a countdown and the place was packed and rocking as we hit three... two... one...

Sutton declared that CCW was on the air! He ran down the show for the audience at home, adding a few more matches to what we already knew going in. Still surprised that they aren't announcing more matches before the show but hey, it seems to be working for them so far so go figure.

Sutton introduced color man Marcus Broussard who came out to another huge reaction. Seriously, Bucky Wilde better be careful because the San Jose Shark may be coming for his job. Broussard added some hype to the show and they were about to kick things off when...

DMP! DMP! DMP!

Not the full Dead Man's Party mind you but Jay Alana and Youth In Asia are enough for me. Sutton and Broussard got the heck out of town as the trio hit the ring. Chaz Wallace actually did a crotch chop towards a kid who couldn't have been more than six. What a dick. Alana was on the mic for this one. He ran down old man Lynch for a while before spreading the trash talk around to Koji Nakano and Kenta Kitzukawa. Alana demanded to know who the third man was in the Main Event or he was leaving the building and there'd be NO Main Event. The crowd didn't like the idea of that one bit...

Cue Blackjack Lynch... still carrying the steel pipe he used on the DMP last month. Now, is it weird that I imagine he carried that pipe with him all month?

Blackjack said he'd reveal the mystery partner when he was "damn good and ready." The crowd cheered. Texas crowds are so easy for Blackjack. He could fart in church and get a "YOU'VE STILL GOT IT!" chant. Blackjack closed out the opening segment by promising to keep an eye on the ring during the Main Event and if he "sees anything he doesn't like, he's coming with a friend" tapping the pipe... his friend. Get it?

Match #1 - Four Way Debut Match

Well, this certainly isn't the AWA. The AWA still hasn't done a four corners match but CCW is all over it. And a four way with four debuting guys? Let's see whatcha got, Blackjack.

First guy out is Jackie Bourassa. I don't know much about him but Zharkov's manager, Jackson Hunter, came out with him so that's gotta be a good sign, right? He's a smaller guy... maybe six feet and 220 or so.

Next comes Alex Urban. He's introduced as "The Bourbon City Bruiser." Remember a while back when Kentucky's Pride was on an AWA show? They teased needing a little bit of KP in the modern AWA. This was the guy that they were teasing from what I've heard. The AWA had plans to bring him direct to the main roster but decided to let him cool his heels in CCW for a bit to make sure he's ready. A student of City Jack and Tin Can Rust? I'm curious! He's about the same height as Bourassa but about 40 pounds heavier, I'd guess. Thick and compact... his legs like tree trunks.

The third guy to hit the ring is Cody Walker. They keep on getting bigger. Taller than either guy by a few inches and heavier... probably over 300 pounds. He's got the cowboy thing going for him, swinging a bullrope, wearing a cowboy hat, chewing tobacco drooling out of his mouth. Oh, and he's from Texas so the fans went nuts for him. I'm pretty familiar with Walker from his Tiger Paw Pro work but I didn't know he was coming back to the States. Interesting.

Last one out? Even bigger. Gotta be six and a half feet easily. 300 pounds without breaking a sweat. John Law. Eeeps. Well, they've always got time to gimmick his name up, right? He came out to the Terminator theme which was equal parts corny and awesome. He's got a cop gimmick, I guess. He was wearing a black motorcycle helmet with visor.

They announced that it's a first fall wins affair - guess that's to avoid jobbing three guys on their first night in.

John Law started things off with Jackie Bourassa. Bourassa is one of the greasiest looking human beings I've ever seen. Stringy shoulder-length black hair slicked back just looks plain nasty. Gold earrings in one ear. He's got a bit of a beer gut which is impressive at his size.

Law stood in the center of the ring, just waiting for Bourassa to do something. A collar and elbow saw Bourassa go sailing across the ring so the first thing Law did got big cheers. I'm telling you - there's money in watching Bourassa get his ass kicked. This continued for a while with Bourassa throwing himself into tackles and dropkicks with Law no-selling all of it. The opening sequence ended when Bourassa hit two sets of ropes to build up steaming, charging back for a clothesline onto to eat a big boot that wiped him out.

Bourassa quickly tagged in Alex Urban who stepped in slowly, watching Law wave him forward. Urban took a different tactic, throwing bombs at the big man. He hit a series of forearms before pulling Law into a cravate, snapping off kneestrikes to the head...

...which Law turned into a back suplex, shaking the ring. Law climbed back up, ready to continue...

...when Cody Walker tagged himself in. Walker came in, spitting tobacco juice on the canvas as a fuming Law stepped out. Walker threw Urban into the corner and unloaded with punches, kicks, forearms, elbows. He picked him up, slammed him down, dropped an elbow, and... of course, did some Hook 'Em Horns that got a big cheer. Walker's going to be really over with the CCW crowd unless he does something nasty.

Urban was getting back to his feet when Bourassa tagged back in, ducking a clothesline attempt to spring off the middle rope, snaring an old school flying headscissors, taking Walker down to the mat. Holding the headscissors, he swung his left leg up, bringing it down across the bridge of the nose three times before putting the hold back on. And the Creepiness Scale got cranked up a notch as he blew kisses to a ringside fan. Gross.

Eventually, Walker fought out of the hold and battered Bourassa around the ring for a few minutes, hitting him with a leaping double axehandle to the chest...

...and Alex Urban tagged himself back in. Urban and Walker went toe to toe, trading words which allowed Bourassa to crawl and tag in John Law who took them BOTH out to the floor with a double clothesline. Law turned around, grabbed Bourassa (who was on the apron) by the throat and started throttling him to big cheers. Told you people want to see Bourassa get his ass kicked.

Anyways, the match went on for another five minutes or so, trading in and out, showing off some of their signature moves. My favs? Bourassa got Urban down and did a friggin' moonsault all the way around him before using a standing moonsault. Urban returned the favor by tossing him halfway across the ring with an overhead belly to belly. Walker dragged Urban to the floor and threw him into all four ringposts at one point, nearly getting disqualified. By the way, who wins a four corners match if someone gets disqualified? Stupid ref.

In the end though, Urban and Walker were brawling on the floor when Bourassa went for a top rope move, got caught, and got OBLITERATED with a high impact chokeslam for the three count. Law wins in his debut... and gets a big pop for writing Bourassa a ticket after the match, leaving it on his unconscious body.

Fun opener though. I think they might have something with a few of these guys and I'm really looking forward to a Urban/Walker singles match.

Match #2 - Hikarimono vs Arawak Jack

Hikarimono, for those unaware, is the gimmick that formerly "Super Rad" Billy Kane used in Japan for a number of years. Arawack Jack, for those unaware, likes to beat people up.

Which is exactly what he did here. Sure, Hikarimono got some token offense in but this was a Jack showcase. At one point, he got the masked

man in the corner and was LIGHTING HIS ASS UP! with palm strikes to the chest. He turned like he was going to walk away and then leapt up, spun, and DRILLED Hikarimono with an enzuigiri! Awesome.

The end came in about seven minutes when Hikarimono ducked a back elbow attempt, leaping off the middle rope into a rana attempt that Jack turned into a powerbomb, leaning over for a double leg cradle to win it.

Jack got on the mic afterward and said he was taking aim at anyone who thought they were tougher than him. Okay.

The video screen lit up with Melissa Cannon backstage interviewing Charlie Fleming. Fleming is another big dude. CCW is stockpiling them like the AWA's going to start their own flag football team. Fleming says he doesn't care about the AWA... he doesn't care about the sport at all. He's here to make money and he's willing to fight whoever CCW puts in front of him as long as he's getting paid to do it. Gotta wonder if that promo ran right after Arawak Jack for a reason.

Engel Ubelmacht came out next but he wasn't alone this week. A woman (someone near me called her Xenia) was with him. They took the ring and declared that CCW was ripe for domination and they knew just what it was going to take to do it... FEAR!

Holy crap! It's Deimos!

Okay, side note... I heard that after Deimos showed up in the AWA last year, the suits thought he looked good but that his work needed... well, work. They didn't want to send him to the Corner or to Japan... so he spent a few months in Mexico and in Europe trying to get better. Let's see if worked. He looks in phenomenal condition!

Match #3 -

Engel Ubelmacht & Deimos vs Clinton Tyler & "Golden" Grant Carter

Carter's entrance was crazy over again but really this was a spotlight for the heels. They worked Tyler like he was a red headed stepchild. Ubelmacht just lit him up with strikes, flying kicks, and a really cool springboard moonsault. Deimos was a machine though. He showed off some new moves including... get this... a flying enzuigiri! What?! The guy's gotta be over 300 pounds!

Tyler eventually made the tag to Grant Carter who rallied. At one point, he got Ubelmacht in position for that headlock driver... but Deimos was the legal man and big booted his head off before hitting a pair of chokeslams to allow for an easy three count.

After the match, the heels got in the ring and did some kind of weird salute as their music played.

We went from the ring to a highlight video showing off the Tennessee Kids and the Donavon Twins in action. Those two teams are set to square off in the Donavons' debut next month. Looking forward to that.

I was guessing there was one more match before a quick intermission at this point and I was right - a lucha libre showdown.

Match #4 - Coloso Castillo vs Super Solar

Awww yeah. An SWLL showcase. Gotta love that. If this turns out to be a regular thing on CCW shows, it's going to make these shows one of the hottest tickets in the business.

Super Solar came out first... to big cheers from the few females in the building. He's been working out, yo. He's got quite the built frame on which that crazy burning sun tattoo is splashed across his back. Still sports the mask though so why cheer him? He could be as ugly as Sebastian Jericho under there.

Coloso Castillo came out next. Remember, he appeared via video and threatened Caspian Abaran last month. When he came out this week... well, if you haven't seen Castillo before, you gotta check out this entrance...

[After clicking that YouTube link, you find the Crockett Coliseum where Really Slow Motion's "Age of the Colossus" starts to play over the arena speakers. Coloso Castillo strides through the entranceway, dressed in a black singlet, black knee pads and black boots. He flexes his arms, showing off his sculpted physique.]

"Hailing from Mexico City, Mexico and weighing in at 245 pounds, he is...

COLOSO CASTILLO!!!"

[As Castillo makes his way down the aisle, he stops occasionally to flex an arm and show off his musculature. Reaching the ring, Castillo grabs hold of the top rope and pulls himself onto the ring apron. He steps through the ropes and heads for the center of the ring. Again, Castillo flexes his arms, showing off his sculpted physique, as the music starts to fade.]

So, it's weird, right? The dude is small... but for a luchador, I guess he's pretty big. 245 pounds gives him about twenty bills on Super Solar and a few inches so... he's a giant in the world of lucha libre. It's just hard to see him that way when we've seen hoss after hoss after hoss all night long, ya know?

Anyways, Super Solar decided to kick things off by hurling himself over the ropes with a somersault plancha to start the match. Yay! A "LU-CHA LI-BRE!" chant broke out. So dumb... and kinda racist. I never hear a "PRO WREST-LING!" chant breaking out when two white guys are in the ring.

Super Solar kept the pace up in the early going, snapping off a double springboard armdrag that had the crowd on their feet. The first few minutes

was all Super Solar with a nice flying cross chop and a running hurricanrana off the apron.

With Castillo dazed on the apron, Super Solar attempted a sunset flip powerbomb off the apron to the floor but Castillo punched him right in the nose. Solar staggered away and Castillo stepped up to the second rope, shoving himself blindly backwards into a backfirst dive onto Super Solar, knocking him flat.

Then it was Castillo's turn to press the action. His power game had Super Solar in trouble, using big slams and strikes to keep Solar in a bad way. A tornado DDT got a two count and a second rope senton got almost a three but Super Solar kept on going.

Castillo lifted Solar up into a torture rack, looking for a submission... but Solar twisted out of it, using an armdrag to take Castillo down, causing him to roll out to the floor. Solar built up a head of steam, launching himself over the top rope, corkscrewing through the air...

...and when Castillo ducked out of the way, Solar SLAMMED into the floor! A horrible fall to the barely-padded floor. Castillo rolled him back in, muscled him up into the torture rack and then shoved him out into a Hangman's neckbreaker - the move he calls Age Of The Colossus for an easy three count.

After the match, Castillo took the mic and started cutting a promo on all luchadors - claiming they are all a disgrace to their masks... that he is the sole representative, the true spirit of lucha libre, and that he never needed a mask to be the king of SWLL. He promised that he could lead the world of lucha libre into a new era... a maskless era... and that he planned on starting with Super Solar.

Check it out...

[Castillo pulls Super Solar down into a seated position, looping his fingers under the eyeholes of Super Solar's sunburst mask, ripping and tearing at the hood.]

HS: He's trying to unmask him! The ultimate insult to luchadors!

MB: I kinda like this idea. I always hated those stupid masks anyways, Sutton. Rip the damn thing off and let the light shine down on his face!

[Castillo is pulling and tugging, ripping the eyehole to partially expose the face of Super Solar...

...when suddenly, the Crockett Coliseum crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

HS: HERE COMES HELP FOR SUPER SOLAR!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Caspian Abaran up on the ring apron, leaping up to the top rope, springing off it towards Castillo who sees him coming a little too late...

...and WIPES HIM OUT with a cross body!]

HS: HE TAKES HIM DOWN!

[Castillo rolls out to the floor as Abaran angrily slams his arms down on the top rope, shouting for Castillo to get back in the ring and keep this battle going!]

Abaran took the mic to issue a challenge of his own. He and Super Solar want a shot at Castillo and a luchador of his choice at the July CCW show. Castillo accepted and all the parties left the ring as we went to intermission.

Whew. Hot way to end the first half of the show. During the break, I went up to the concourse level where the CCW merch stands were overflowing with awesomeness. Yes, I bought a "MAAAAAX MAAAAAAGNUM" t-shirt. Yes, I bought a "DROPKICK PARTY!" t-shirt. Yes, I even bought an official CCW logo t-shirt. They were sold out of the Combat Corner t-shirts though. The hot seller apparently.

The show continued with the announcement of more tag team action.

Match #5 - Pretty Hot Stuff vs Nathan Sterling and Jackson Thomas

Pretty Hot Stuff - Kenneth Doll and Scotty Richardson - made their televised debut as a tag team recently on Saturday Night Wrestling but this was their first CCW appearance. And their opponents?

Well, the AWA's always been all about legacy and tradition and wrestling families... so I suppose it should be no surprise that the sons of Andrew Sterling and Dan Thomas, the Hall of Fame duo known as the Epitome of Cool, are here in CCW.

Nathan Sterling and Jackson Thomas. I know a little bit about Nathan Sterling. He's been in a couple pretty major promotions but Jackson Thomas is new to me. I've heard the name but I don't know hardly anything about him. The fans were really into the idea of these two being the second coming of the EOC but I think that's a long ways off.

Pretty standard tag match. I think Pretty Hot Stuff could be a really fun midcard heel team on the main roster and hopefully that's where they're heading. As for Sterling and Thomas, they were impressive in the ring. Doll and Richardson really let themselves be thrown around by Sterling who used a variety pack of suplexes on both Doll and Richardson - overhead belly-to-belly and head and arm on the former mixed with a released German AND a released Tiger on the latter.

Sterling, whose family tree also makes him a Von Braun, busted out some Von Braun family trademarks too - the old Von Braun Stomp and a middle rope fistdrop. Sterling looks like he's got the goods.

Thomas? Thomas wasn't quite as flashy, focusing on a power game with a powerslam, a sit-out powerbomb, even a delayed vertical suplex for a ten count before he let it go.

As a team they looked good too. My favorite double team spot came when Thomas hit a running lariat in the corner, tagged Sterling who comes in with an enzuilariato to the back of the head. Sterling yelled "Stay down!" at Doll after that which got a good pop. In fact, Sterling and Thomas seemed to enjoy trash talking their opponents all match long... and the fans loved them for it. I don't know if that gimmick will translate to cheers on the main roster with the bigger crowds that are more... marky... but here, it worked.

The finish came when Sterling lifted Richardson up in an electric chair position while Thomas went to the top, hooked a front facelock, and spiked him with a DDT off the top for an easy three count.

Match #6 - Bret Grayson vs Kerry Kendrick

Yeah, I've been looking forward to this one all month. Apparently the CCW brass has as well since they both got mic time before the match.

Kendrick came out first, wearing a "CRACK THE CEILING!" t-shirt that seemed to be selling pretty well during intermission. He took the mic from the ring announcer (whose name never got announced) and shouted, "CUT THE MUSIC!"

Take a look...

[Kendrick glares out at the jeering crowd as he lifts the mic again.]

KK: Seven days from tonight, the AWA is going to be in Hawaii on their way to Japan. They're going to be putting on one of the biggest shows of the year - the Rumble - and to top it all off, they're gonna be on nationwide prime time television on the FOX Network for All-Star Showdown.

[The crowd cheers.]

KK: And where am I going to be? Sitting at home watching it on TV because I got stuck in CCW wrestling for the likes of you!

[And there's the boos.]

KK: Do you people even realize how lucky you are here tonight? Sure, you had to sit through the likes of the lucha guys... through the likes of something called an Arawak Jack... but you suffered through all that...

[He gestures to himself.]

KK: ...so you can see this! Kerry Kendrick... the hottest rising star in the business. The man who - every time you see him - is putting more and more cracks in that glass ceiling. I'm too good to be held down by the likes of Juan Vasquez and Ryan Martinez! I'm too good to be shuffled off to the minor leagues because the boys were threatened by me! I'm too good for-

[A low electronic buzz is heard; the opening section of "Final Countdown" by Europe. As the various industrial/synth sounds come up, small plumes of steam emit from around the entranceway. The crowd buzzes at the relatively high production values for the small promotion as the famous synthesizer riff begins, causing the crowd hype to build.]

HS: And I think SOMEONE has heard enough, Shark!

MB: You better believe it.

[The entire opening keyboard section plays with the arena in darkness.

At last, as the voice counts down from ten, a thin golden silhouette appears on the big screen. It fills in as the countdown proceeds, and dim white lighting reveals that the entranceway is filling with thick white mist, like a smoke cloud. At about four, we can make out that the filling-in silhouette is a gradually-illuminated Olympic Gold Medal, and the mist really starts to pour out from the curtain as the crowd EXPLODES!

At two, the entrance way floods with golden light, as if a rocket were taking off. And at zero, the light drops, replaced by red, white, and blue small spotlights playing through the now-receding mist, and resting on a figure who is now being revealed standing in the entrance way... none other than Bret Grayson. The big screen displays a slow-motion image of Bret Grayson on the gold medal stand in the 2004 Olympic Games as Grayson replicates the gold medal pose under the spotlights, head bowed as if receiving the medal. His head raises back up as the arena lights return to normal, and smirks at the arena as he displays his Olympic Gold Medal by stretching out his arms.]

HS: BRET GRAYSON! THE OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALIST IS IN... THE...
HOUUUUUUUSE!

[Bret Grayson is a man in prime physical condition, with wide shoulders and well-defined muscles. He has black hair kept short but messily curled. He has hazel eyes and an epic-level smirk. He's wearing a white ring jacket with an American flag design motif and "USA" emblazoned on the back in red and blue font. Grayson strides down the aisle, chin up and head held high as mist jets fill the aisle at his feet ahead of him, while red, white, and blue lights shine from above into the mist. The arena itself is still mostly in darkness with only the colored spotlights shining into the mist and onto Grayson illuminating the scene.]

MB: I said it last month, Sutton, but it bears repeating - this man has been a champion at every level, Sutton. High school, college when he went to Iowa to become a four time All-American and a two-time NCAA champion. He won the World Championship in 2003 while still in college. And in 2004, his crowning achievement - an Olympic gold medal that he won on a broken freakin' ankle!

We're leaving together,
But still it's farewell

[Upon arriving at ringside, Grayson walks around the ring and walks up to the steps. He stands on the steps, head bowed again, and both hands raised in the air with

index fingers pointing to the sky. And he waits. The crowd is absolutely captivated by the former Olympic champion.]

And maybe we'll come back,
To earth, who can tell ?
I guess there is no one to blame
We're leaving ground
Will things ever be the same again?

[Grayson waits until the chorus...]

IT'S THE FINAL COUNTDOWN!

[... and as it goes, he takes the last step onto the apron, nimbly hops over the top rope, and does a quick spin, immediately dropping to his knees and stretching his arms again to the boos of the crowd as a single white spotlight is now on him. Red, white, and blue spotlights now sweep the entire arena. He leaps up from his knees, much as he did when he won his gold medal in Athens, and flings his ring jacket off to the mat with a flourish. This reveals his ring attire: a blue stylized version of a Team USA wrestling singlet, with red-and-white star logos and "USA" imprinted across the back in red and white. His boots are a matching shade of blue and he sports white knee pads. Grayson walks around the ring, going to the second rope in each corner, soaking in the cheers...]

HS: Kerry Kendrick doesn't look too pleased by this interruption, Shark.

MB: It's hard to blame him for that. The kid's got pride... a ton of it.

HS: Care to discuss your history with Kerry Kendrick?

MB: I think that's a discussion for another time and another day, Sutton... 'cause right now, Kerry Kendrick's got his hands full with the realest American that I know!

[Grayson hops down off the second rope as the lights come back up. Kerry Kendrick looks as agitated as you might imagine as Grayson walks up to him...

...and snatches the mic from his hand to an "OHHHHHHHH!" from the crowd. Grayson smirks a confident smile as he walks around the ring, and Kendrick steps up, yanking the mic into his hand again. He angrily jabs a finger into the face of Grayson.]

KK: That's TWICE that you've tried to take the mic away from me! TWICE that you've tried to interrupt me! TWICE that-

[Grayson grins...

...and snatches the mic again! Big cheer! He backs away this time as Kendrick angrily kicks at the ropes.]

BG: You were saying?

[A brief "YOU GOT SERVED!" chant starts up for no apparent reason as Grayson walks confidently around the ring.]

BG: Kerry Kendrick, you're a busy guy... I'm a busy guy... these people are busy guys and gals...

[They cheer!]

BG: And seeing as we're just a minute away from me kicking your tail all over Dallas, Texas...

[Another big cheer!]

BG: I'm going to make this short and sweet. The only cracks you're gonna make in the glass ceiling tonight, Kendrick...

[Grayson turns on his heel, walking right up to stand toe to toe with Kerry Kendrick.]

BG: ...are the ones you make when I THROW you into it!

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Grayson throws the mic aside, continuing the staredown as our YouTube clip comes to an end.]

Grayson's second EVER match against a guy who competed on the very first AWA show. You gotta love that.

Kendrick started the match off hot, using a variety of rulebreaking and brawling tactics to get the match outside the ring. Hello, Mr. Olympic Gold Medalist... meet the steel barricade. Grayson took a serious pounding during the first five minutes or so including Kendrick dropping him throatfirst over the railing and bodyslamming him on a section of exposed concrete floor. It's called paying your dues, Mr. Grayson.

The tide turned when Kendrick went for a double axehandle off the middle rope that Grayson caught, turning it into an overhead belly to belly. A second one followed and the crowd was roaring for Grayson. Kendrick rolls out to the floor, ranting and raving...

...and Bret MFng Grayson did a slingshot over the top rope onto Kendrick... in his SECOND MATCH! You've GOT to be kidding me!

Grayson used another half dozen suplexes, throwing Kendrick like a rag doll. He got him up against the corner, teeing off on him with right hands when Kendrick yanked the legs out from under him, applying a double leg cradle and putting his legs up on the ropes.

The near fall came... but the referee saw the feet on the ropes, waving it off. Kendrick argued with the official...

...and Grayson hit that swinging torture rack slam for a three count! Bret Grayson wins! Bret Grayson wins! Bret Grayson wins!

After the match though, Kerry Kendrick hit Grayson across the back with a chair, leaving him laid out in the ring. Pretty sure this one's STILL not over.

After Kendrick and Grayson left the ring, Melissa Cannon came out to the ring to announce the next show - July 25th - right back here at the Crockett Coliseum. She also did some hype for All-Star Showdown and Rising Sun Showdown 2 and...

...and stopped. Literally, she just stopped, laid the mic down on the mat, and walked away. I don't know what happened. She looked kind of annoyed but I didn't catch anything. Weird segment.

A video played on the big screen recapping Max Magnum's assault on Sammy Carson from last month. And afterwards... check it out...

[As the lights come back on, "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson is standing in the ring. Waterson's in a stylish black suit with a white dress shirt and deep crimson tie underneath. He raises the mic as the crowd responds to his presence.]

ATTSBW: Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Ben Waterson...

[Mixed response.]

ATTSBW: ...and until this night, I was known as the Agent To The Stars. No longer. "Stars." What is a "star" in the grand scheme of things? A point of light. A ball of gas. Matter at its most base form.

None of these things describe the man who I stand beside now. None of these things REMOTELY come close to describing the man who I stand beside now.

I am no longer an Agent to the Stars... instead, I am a representative of the one and only Immortal in the world of professional wrestling!

[Another mixed reaction.]

BW: You are all blessed on this day. Not because of your ability to sit here in my presence... in the presence of the greatest managerial mind that this sport has seen in many a decade.

But because you are all witnesses to history.

In 1162, the king of conquerors was born - perhaps the greatest warrior to ever exist, Genghis Khan entered this world. But when he did, nary a soul was there to witness it. There was no one who could sit back and watch the smoldering ruins as he marches across a continent and laid waste to any who opposed him and say, "I was there when this started."

Today is a day that scholars will etch onto tablets. Today is a day when the tides of history twist on their very axis to be rewritten. Today is a day when the fates have conspired to bring forth one man... one entity... one unstoppable force... one immovable object... one overwhelming surge of dominance...

A king of all beasts. A warrior above all others.

The sands of time have run out on the days of man and in their stead walks force an immortal - unbeatable, unstoppable, unassailable, unconquerable, unsurpassable...

[Waterson takes a deep breath.]

BW: MAAAAAAAAAX MAAAAAAAAAGNUM!

Wow. That man can talk.

And then Max Magnum came out and... well, silent is the wrong word. Stunned? Haunted? Intimidated? Max Magnum looks like a guy that just might decide to destroy every single guy in the building just for kicks. But first... he's gotta beat the guy across the ring from him.

Match #7 - Max Magnum vs Pete Tanner

Poor Pete Tanner. I mean, the guy had to be 200 soaking wet and Max Magnum is just... he's carved out of stone. He looks like he was a genetic experiment created in a science lab somewhere. Blonde, blue-eyed, nearly three hundred pounds of pure muscle.

Upon arriving the ring, Magnum paced angrily in the corner like a caged animal waiting for the bell to ring.

And when it did... oh man, when it did...

Max Magnum stormed across the ring, absorbing a pair of right hands without blinking an eye, lifting Tanner up on his shoulder, parading him around the ring, and flings him over his head like a Northern Lights Suplex.

Tanner was on his way back to the feet when Magnum hooked a rear waistlock, hurling him over and dumping him on the back of his head. Magnum grabbed the back of the trunks, hauling him up to his feet, hooking the arms in a full nelson, throwing him over the top on the back of the head and neck in a landing that made me physically ill to see.

Waterson looked like the happiest man in the world as Magnum pulled Tanner off the mat into a Muay Thai clinch, smashing knees up into his face and skull before using the clinch to hurl Tanner into the turnbuckles. He pulled him from the corner by the hair...

...and standing lariats the hell out of him, flipping him inside out. He paced around him, shouting at him to get him.

The dude was out. I mean, quite literally, he was out.

Magnum showed a touch of mercy, pulling Tanner off the mat, yanking him up into a fireman's carry, walking around the ring with Tanner across his shoulders. He swung him up and out, dropping him down on the back of his head and neck with a split-legged driver!

That was it. Beyond it. You could've counted to three hundred. Magnum wins and wins in dominant fashion. If I'm sitting in the AWA locker room watching this show, I sure as shit ain't sittin' easy.

Match #8 - Dead Man's Party vs Kenta Kitukawa, Koji Nakano, & ???

Main Event time!

The DMP came out first to a ton of heat. There's a lot of CCW fans who were supporting them at the last show but tonight, it seems like they're solidly the heels and they love it. The Wallaces were the most obnoxious I've seen them so far, trapping the referee in the corner for a series of leaping crotch chops in his face. Jerks.

Nakano came out first to a big reaction... Kenta came out next to a huge reaction... and then everyone was waiting to see who their partner would be.

IT'S SUPERNOVA!

The crowd was going nuts at this point as Supernova traded high fives with his two partners, heading down the aisle...

...where the DMP took flight with a triple dive, Alana over the top with a plancha as the Wallaces fly through with stereo topes, sending Nakano and Kitukawa back into the railing.

The bell didn't sound though for a while as these three just tore shit up all over ringside. Chaz Wallace and Koji Nakano were fighting in the crowd. Chaz grabbed a chair, throwing it at Nakano who swatted it away while chasing after him.

When things started to settle down, the Wallaces put Nakano headfirst into the railing with a double throw. Upon getting him back inside the ring, the three DMP members went to town on Nakano.

One of my favorite spots saw Chaz bodyslam Nakano near the corner so Chet could slingshot over the top and split-legged moonsault onto Nakano for a two count. He rolled out of the way just as Chaz raced into the corner, leaping on the second rope... then to the top for a Phoenix Splash for another two count. Jay Alana was the last one in, climbing up on the second rope. The crowd was buzzing, waiting to see what he'd do...

...and he jumped off, landed on his feet, stomped Nakano in the face and then flipped off the crowd. Pure heat and awesomeness.

At about the ten minute mark, Nakano was able to make the hot tag to Kitukawa who started dishing out ass kickings galore. Big knife edge chop took Chet over the top. Running back elbow dropped Alana. Chaz ate a king-sized portion of Lariato Stew, wiping him out. But an attempted powerbomb was countered into a twisting DDT which put the DMP back in control.

Kitzukawa took most of his beating from Alana with a few short stints with the Wallaces mixed in. Alana used some killer martial arts thrusts in the corner before a leaping headbutt knocked Kitzukawa silly.... but he didn't go for the win.

After allowing the Wallaces to throw a little Dropkick Party for Kenta, Alana tagged back in, pulling Kenta back for a curbstomp while the Wallaces hit matching low dropkicks to the mush before Alana stomped his head into oblivion. That likely would've been it but Supernova made the save.

A double flapjack attempt by Youth In Asia got countered into a double DDT by Kenta who made the tag to Supernova. Supernova came in fast, battering Chaz back to the corner, whipping him across. He fired Chet in after him before connecting with a Heat Wave on both. Fun spot.

After clotheslining Chaz over the top to the floor. Supernova turned his focus back to Chet, hooking in the Solar Flare. A win seemed imminent...

...until Alana superkicked Supernova's makeup off his face!

Nakano came in hot, throwing himself into a crossbody that took Alana over the top to the floor, clearing him out. Kitzukawa tagged back in, setting up Chet for the Billion Dollar Driver but with the referee distracted, Chet hit him low, lifting him up onto his shoulders as Chaz stormed in, rushing in to dropkick Kitzukawa in the side of the head, allowing Chet to swing him around into a Death Valley Driver.

This time, it was Supernova who broke it up, dishing out backfists and haymakers to both members of Youth In Asia. A double clothesline took them both over the top followed by a suicidal dive over the ropes by Supernova onto both men. The crowd was ROARING at this point, on their feet for every move. Supernova put Chet back in the ring, ready to finish him off but Chaz waffled Supernova across the back with a steel chair, putting him down on the floor.

In the ring, Chet pulled Kitzukawa off the mat, grabbing a waistlock while Chaz slides in, delivering a superkick that allows Chet to German Suplex Kenta with ease... earning another near fall. The tantrum that followed was just as awesome as the match... almost.

The finish came when Chaz and Chet used a double enzuigiri to knock Kitzukawa into the middle of next week. Both Wallaces kipped up where Koji Nakano stormed in, laying out Chaz with a vicious palm strike! Chet went for a superkick but Koji sidestepped, hooking a full nelson...

...and SNAPPING Chet over into that Mantisplex. He held it for one... two... three...

When Jay Alana divebombed in from the heavens with his big splash down across Nakano's chest, earning a three count from the puzzled official who apparently couldn't tell who was legal at all.

The DMP continued to beat down the babyfaces after the bell until old man Lynch came out with that lead pipe and they hit the road. It took some time to get everyone else out of the ring and... man, what a second show for CCW. Can't wait for next month!

Hope you liked the recap/review. Hit me up if you have comments, suggestions, what not!