

KUROYAMA'S STATUS

We open just outside of DEFMed. The door has been left slightly ajar and through the opening; Kerry Kuroyama can be seen sitting on Iris Davine's examination table. Iris can be heard in a muffled tone but it is unclear as to what she is saying.

The camera crew outside the door catches Kerry's eye and he motions toward them. Iris comes into view briefly as she approaches the door and with a glaring look shuts the door.

Cut to the show open.

RUNDOWN

Open to the arena, the camera panning over the bright-eyed and excited DEFIANCE Faithful packing the Wrestle-Plex. Cut to the stage and rampway as pyro explodes from and colored directional lights flash and rotate in all the directions. The display continues as we return to the panning shot of the Faithful, catching a few of those all-important signs along the way...

**LAKE PLACID XIII: CROCODILE ROCK
ARIES SUX!**

I

SCROW v. ?

We cut to cameras getting shots of the sold-out DEFIANCE Faithful. The faces are all smiles and the excitement can be felt as you watch from home. We go to the center of the ring where Ring Announcer Darren Quimbey resides with Referee Benny Doyle behind him standing in the corner.

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest here at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE is scheduled for one fall with a Thirty-minute time limit.

♪ *Death Angel - The Enigma TNG* ♪

The DEFiatron shows a field of yellow grass as it pans out, the camera pulls away from the tron showing Scrow standing in a scarecrow pose, on the stage below the tron. The stage floor area is engulfed in yellow smoke. Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask. Just behind him, the shot is able to catch the tron behind him.

On the tron the back of Scrow's head is on the tron, and he quickly turns his head in the mask he is currently wearing to the ring with a sadistic smile with his name in jagged lettering next to him appearing on the tron.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ...SCROW!

The camera stays focused on Scrow's face while the lights flash on and off giving off a horror like vibe. He reaches the ringside area he walks toward the steps and climbs the steps and then climbs the turnbuckles. He stands on the top turnbuckle and does another scarecrow pose this time a spot light from behind him shows a shadow on the ring of a scarecrow.

The lights return and he hops down from the turnbuckle staring across the ring out into the sea of Faithful in the crowd. He slowly removes the mask revealing the deformed left side of his face, and on the right side is all painted like an actual scarecrow.

DDK:

As we mentioned, there's been a lot of speculation on who will be challenging Scrow here tonight. On Uncut 65, he was handed a note from the front office that he had a match tonight. Who that match is against, has been the question?

Lance:

We'll find out soon enough!

DDK:

With this day and age of "the socials," I'm shocked we don't already know.

Lance:

Absolutely, Darren. I should have asked the Comments Section, honestly.

Scrow's music fades and the crowd seems a little uneasy. Scrow reaches into his gi, and pulls out the letter he received from the front office. Unfolding the letter he stares at it. All the heads now turn down the aisle and look and wait for some action.

DDK:

While we wa-

♪ *Bullet Holes - Bush* ♪

The crowd is stirring and as one they look down toward the entrance ramp. The song is in full swing as the crowd now goes wild. Jay Harvey walks through the curtain and out onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he takes in the mixed reaction from the Faithful.

DDK:

It's Jay Harvey! Jay Harvey is back in the Wrestle-Plex! Jay Harvey is at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Lance:

"The Natural One" is back in DEFIANCE!

Harvey starts his walk down the ring, cameras cut to the fans in the crowd who are shocked by his entrance.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He stops on the middle of the apron, laying his back and shoulders on the top rope. Basking in the moment.

DDK:

Jay Harvey is back! The former Southern Heritage Champion is back in a DEFIANCE ring for the first time in almost two years!

Lance:

I heard Harvey took some time off and just recently started wrestling in Japan. I didn't see this coming, Darren.

Darren Quimbey:

He is a former DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion... He is "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

Jay Harvey now in the ring paces around looking out into the crowd. Harvey pats Darren Quimbey on the back as he continues going around the ring. Harvey nods his head looking ready for action. Harvey comes to a halt in his corner.

Lance:

Harvey looks like he's in unbelievable shape. Scrow wanted a challenge and it looks like he is gonna get it!

DDK:

Harvey left DEFIANCE when he was in top form. Do you expect some ring rust, Lance?

Lance:

Like I said Darren, I heard he was over in Japan, now I didn't see any of his matches but from what we have seen from Harvey... He has a pedigree and he always comes ready when the lights are bright.

Harvey tosses his leather jacket to someone by ringside. Harvey rolls his neck and lets out a deep breath. Scrow cocks his head with an evil smirk on his face. He crumbles up the letter and throws it to the side across his body. The crowd is torn with cheers and boos. Referee Benny Doyle checks to see if Scrow is ready and then Harvey. Doyle calls for the bell and here we go.

DING DING!

The crowd has picked up as the combatant's circle each other. Scrow goes in for a Single Leg Takedown but Harvey evades it with ease. The two go back to the dance and meet in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up. Harvey using his strength muscles Scrow into the nearby corner. Benny Doyle is over to try and separate the men. Harvey slowly backs away from Scrow giving Scrow an opportunity to yell out into the crowd.

Harvey gets a chuckle out of Scrow's antics which gets under his skin. The two go back to circling each other and find

themselves in another Collar and Elbow Tie Up. The two jockey for position across the ring and up against the ropes. Harvey again getting the best of things gets Scrow into the corner. Harvey again is forced away from Scrow by Benny Doyle. Harvey moves back toward the center of the ring as Scrow pushes Harvey's head away from him.

Harvey doesn't take kindly to it and goes in for a Football Tackle. Scrow quickly lands a knee to his face. Harvey is stunned, moving away from Scrow, he drops to a knee and quickly returns to his feet. Scrow rushes Harvey who turns and out of pure instinct snatches him up and quickly Over Head Belly to Belly Suplexes Scrow across the ring. Scrow is back up to his feet as he rushes Harvey and this time he is caught by an Exploder Suplex that sends Scrow crashing into the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Nice power display from Jay Harvey.

Lance:

Scrow needs to remember who he is up against tonight. Harvey is no pushover.

DDK:

Odd not to see Catalina in Harvey's corner.

Lance:

Most definitely, interesting to see what her absence means for Harvey. She did play a massive role in Harvey securing many of his victories.

Harvey is up and staring daggers through his opponent. Scrow grabs at his back as he is still at a knee. The crowd is mixed with the reaction to Harvey's power display. Scrow is back up and ducks a Harvey Clothesline then Scrow is off to the races.

Harvey slaps Scrow on the back as he bounces off the ropes. Harvey leaps into the air and lands a beautiful Dropkick to the side of Scrow's face. Scrow comes up a second time and is greeted with yet another Dropkick.

DDK:

Marvelous Dropkicks by Jay Harvey.

Lance:

One of the best in the business.

Scrow comes back at Harvey and is then sent back down to the mat this time via an Arm Drag Takedown. Scrow tries to escape but Harvey cinches in a Side Headlock, keeping Scrow on the mat. Harvey wrenches in deeper and deeper on the hold. Scrow is doing whatever he can to break Harvey's hands loose to escape but isn't getting anywhere.

Harvey digs in more and more as Scrow screams out in pain. Benny Doyle comes over to check on Scrow who kicks him away with his feet. Harvey evades an eye rake from Scrow which gets Doyle involved. Scrow needs to do something and quick. Scrow uses his strength to turn Harvey over in a pin attempt with a Waist Lock.

ONE!

TWO!

Harvey rolls back over, staying in control and keeping the Headlock on. Scrow throws his forearm across Harvey's face. Harvey cinches in more and more as Benny Doyle asks Scrow if he wants to quit. Scrow from the ground is trying to get his hands between Harvey's but to no avail. Scrow is able to get his forearm across Harvey's face and within a blink of an eye he has Harvey in a Headscissors predicament.

Harvey is able to escape now both men are back up. Harvey takes Scrow back down via a Side Headlock. Scrow once again with the Headscissors. Harvey once again escapes and again both men are up. Harvey slams Scrow to the

mat with a Side Headlock Takedown. Scrow again is able to get Harvey with the Headscissors. This time Scrow is able to keep Harvey locked up and unable to escape.

DDK:

Scrow with the Headscissors. Harvey is in the middle of the ring.

Harvey is caught too far from the ropes. He tries to kick toward them but he isn't getting anywhere. He swings his legs around and Harvey being the veteran he is, is able to break free easily. Scrow sits up with a shocked look on his face.

Harvey right away lands a Basement Dropkick flush on Scrow's chin. Scrow gets right back up and is met with another Dropkick. Harvey hits the ropes and goes for his trademark Wake Up Call Knee Strike but Scrow drops to the mat and rolls to the outside of the ring. The crowd is still a mix of cheers and boos as Harvey stands tall in the ring.

Lance:

Scrow on the outside. Harvey was looking to finish this match quickly.

Scrow starts slamming the apron and screams out. The fans around him are letting him have it for ducking out of the ring. He looks frustrated as he starts walking around the ring. Scrow snaps at a fan getting the fans around ringside a jolt. A fan yells out "I hate you Scrow!".

Lance:

What a maniac!

DDK:

Scrow is letting Jay Harvey and this sold out crowd get into his head in the early goings here.

Lance:

That's what Harvey does best and honestly The Faithful too.

Scrow goes to the ring steps and slaps both hands on the top step before walking up them. Harvey goes over to the corner and begins jawing with Scrow. Benny Doyle gets in the way in an attempt to give Scrow some space.

Scrow begins talking smack to Harvey, which causes Harvey to get closer to the corner to try to grab at his opponent. Scrow appears to poke Harvey in the eye as Doyle does his best to push Harvey away from the corner.

DDK:

Scrow with a poke to the eye.

Lance:

Harvey can't see, Darren.

Scrow sees his opening and takes advantage. Scrow hops over the top rope and rushes Harvey from behind. Scrow shows his speed and grabs Harvey by the head and takes him over to the ropes. Scrow begins dragging Harvey's face and eyes across the top ring rope. Benny Doyle warns Scrow and tells him to cut the shit. Scrow lets up on the attack and sells Doyle some bullshit. Scrow goes on the offensive and lands a number of fists to the midsection of Jay Harvey.

Harvey does his best to cover up his body while he uses his other hand to tend to his eye. Scrow puts all his might into a vicious looking body kick. Harvey is dropped down to his knees and Scrow continues the assault. Martial Arts styled kicks to Harvey's body finally drop him to the mat. Benny Doyle keeps a short distance from the action as we cut to a replay of the vicious strikes administered by Scrow.

Lance:

That MMA background of Scrow is on full display here tonight at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Those kicks look like they hurt, Lance. Harvey is down and gasping for air. He might have broken a rib.

Harvey is down on the ground and Scrow's attack continues. Scrow keeps landing stomp after stomp on the mid section of his opponent. Harvey is down and in serious pain. Scrow goes over to the adjacent corner and sits down against the turnbuckles. He wipes the sweat from his face and then slaps himself.

DDK:

A deranged individual right there.

Lance:

I don't know why he's not going to finish Harvey off. There's blood in the water.

DDK:

Absolutely, Lance. It's the lack of experience.

Scrow soon rises from the corner and extends his arms out to a rain of boos from The Faithful. Scrow looks more agitated by their negative response. Scrow now zones back on his opponent who is grabbing for the ropes to regain his vertical position. Scrow gets Harvey back to his feet as he lands some stiff forearm shots to the injured mid section of Harvey. Scrow goes for an Irish Whip but it's reversed. Scrow comes back at Harvey and is met with a Spinning Elbow Strike right to the mush! Scrow is rocked and is staggering back. Harvey grabs at his ribs but isn't able to move fast enough to properly capitalize.

Scrow speeds toward Harvey landing a brutal Chest Kick that sends Harvey up and over the top rope. Before Harvey meets the padded floor he lands on the ring apron further adding to his anguish. He rolls on the pads and is stopped by the barricade. Scrow snaps his neck from one side to the other as he stands close to the ropes, basking in what he has just perpetrated.

Benny Doyle starts his Ten Count on the injured Harvey as Scrow goes through the ropes to the outside. Fans alongside ringside get hot as Scrow starts screaming at them.

Scrow:

This is for all of you! *[He gestures his right hand around in a circle]*

Lance:

Things are not looking good for Jay Harvey right now.

DDK:

I don't think that "The Natural One" thought his return to the Wrestle-Plex was going to go like this, Lance.

Lance:

The barrage of strikes to the rib cage area have taken their toll on Harvey. It has looked like he has had a hard time getting air for the last few minutes.

DDK:

Anything can happen in a wrestling match. Harvey is a fighter and too proud to throw in the towel.

The nearby camera gets a shot of the suffering on Harvey's face. The pain is all over it. Scrow keeps beefing with The Faithful as he continues to get a rise from them. Scrow lands some stiff looking boots to Harvey's ribs.

THREE!**FOUR!**

Benny Doyle keeps counting away and Scrow doesn't seem to care. Scrow gets in Harvey's face and screams at him

to fight. Scrow realizes Doyle is far in the Ten Count and goes back into the ring to break the count. The crowd is all boos as Scrow goes right back after Jay Harvey who is using whatever he has left in the tank to get himself back up.

Scrow goes back after Harvey, bringing him back to his feet. Harvey out of sheer desperation grabs Scrow around the waist and charges him into the ring apron. The crowd is back into this match and Harvey is showing some life. Harvey lands some hard right hands but is stopped prematurely by a knee to the ribs from Scrow. Scrow then pushes Harvey right into the barricade sending the fans jumping out of their seats.

Doyle is taking his time administering the new Ten Count. Harvey is seen sliding down the barricade and now rests on the padding, holding his injured midsection, breathing heavy. Scrow goes back to the stiff kicks as Harvey protects his ribs as best he can. Scrow lands some hard sounding chops to the chest of his opponent that echo out into the arena. Harvey's chest is red and you can hear fans near the action pulling for the beaten-down DEFIANT.

DDK:

Jay Harvey being assaulted on the outside of the ring by Scrow

Lance:

Scrow is in full control here, Darren.

Scrow back on Harvey takes the former Southern Heritage Champion and Irish Whips him into the ring apron. Harvey looks to be in such excruciating pain. Scrow comes at Harvey with a nasty looking Headbutt.

Scrow grabs Harvey by the arm and lands a few more gut shots with his fists and knees before sending Harvey under the bottom rope. Scrow once again poses for The Faithful to an overwhelming amount of boos. Benny Doyle yells for Scrow to get back into the ring. The crowd is all boos as Scrow looks for their approval.

Scrow soon rolls back into the ring and we switch to a camera view of Harvey whose face is covered in agony as he tries to make it to the ropes. The crowd can sense the end and boos the man standing in the ring.

Lance:

Like you said earlier Darren, anything can happen in the wrestling ring. I think Scrow needs to put an end to this.

DDK:

I think you're right. Jay Harvey might be wishing he didn't accept this match tonight.

Scrow is stalking Harvey like a wolf. Harvey is grabbing for the middle rope and finally gets it to pull himself to his knees. Scrow sees his shot and takes it. Scrow blasts Harvey in the ribs with a Roundhouse Kick. Harvey is in excruciating pain. Scrow follows that vicious Roundhouse up with a German Suplex, he keeps the hold on, bridging his body with Harvey's shoulders on the mat.

ONE!**TWO!****KICKOUT!**

The crowd is getting back into the action. Scrow checks with Referee Benny Doyle to make sure it was a Two count. Doyle holds up two fingers and Scrow is growing annoyed once again. Scrow is back at it, not wasting any more time. Scrow again lands some MMA kicks which Harvey tries his best to block.

Now Scrow lands some ruthless looking elbow strikes to Harvey's back. Harvey is trying to evade the attack but Scrow is on him like white on rice. Scrow has Harvey back to his feet and spins him around. Scrow lifts Harvey up in the air and keeps him to his side, struggling to keep the heavier Harvey in his grasps. Scrow takes a few steps and then drops Harvey's lower back across his knee. Harvey lets out a roar and his agony continues.

DDK:

Pendulum Backbreaker from Scrow! He goes for the Lateral Press!

Lance:

This is over, Darren!

ONE!**TWO!****KICKOUT!****DDK:**

Jay Harvey kicks out after suffering that savage-looking Backbreaker.

Lance:

Harvey has no quit.

Scrow again checks with Doyle who has two fingers right in his face. The crowd is picking up and loving the fight that Harvey is showing them. Scrow pulls at his hair and lets out a blood-curdling scream. He is growing more frustrated with his opponent. Somehow and somehow Harvey is still in this match and showing signs of life.

Scrow steps over Harvey and goes to the corner. He perches himself on the top rope, sitting and watching Harvey. Harvey is still down and barely moving. Scrow continues to gawk at his opponent still down on the mat. Scrow is growing more and more impatient with Harvey so he jumps down of the top rope and lands some boot stomps to Harvey's injured ribs. The crowd is not pleased with Scrow's actions.

BOO!

Scrow goes at his hair and pulls out a nice chunk and throws it into the front row. The crowd gets on him even more after this. Scrow again goes up to his perch on the top rope. Scrow can smell the blood in the water and is doing everything he can to put Jay Harvey away. Scrow for the second time in the match slaps himself in the face. Harvey is slowly going towards the middle of the ring, no man's land. The fans know what is coming next. A cameraman gets a great shot of a fan saying "*stay down*".

Harvey continues to struggle, getting closer and closer to his knees, holding his ribs, in absolute pain. His back is to Scrow who is lying in wait for his next move. Harvey is taking labored breaths but is finally up, holding his ribs. He turns around and Scrow leaps off the middle rope.

Lance:

Diving DDT from Scrow! He planted Harvey!

DDK:

God, let this be it...

ONE!**TWO!****JAY HARVEY KICKS OUT!**

The crowd is on their feet! Fans are seen holding the sides of their faces not believing Jay Harvey is still not done. The Wrestle-Plex is rocking. Scrow and Benny Doyle for that matter, are shocked.

Lance:

I'm speechless...

DDK:

Jay Harvey has always been one tough SOB!

Scrow's eyes are wide and he is beside himself. He grabs Benny Doyle and makes him tell him again that it was a Two and not a Three count. Scrow drops to the mat and shuffles over to the corner, just sitting there, back against the bottom turnbuckle. Harvey raises his right arm in the air and it quickly drops back down. He holds at his ribs and spits into the air.

DDK:

Jay Harvey can have a broken rib or even a punctured lung and he isn't giving up, Lance.

Lance:

He is showing this sold-out crowd a lot of moxie here tonight.

Scrow goes back to the drawing board as Harvey still fights for air. Scrow looks to be going over things in his head as Harvey stirs. Scrow needs to put Harvey away for good. Scrow makes his way out of the corner, sweating off whatever remaining face paint he had left. He moves the hair out of his eyes, exposing his disfigured face to the hard cam.

Scrow looks down at his opponent who hasn't stopped no matter what he has thrown at him. Scrow stands in front of Harvey who is now on all fours reaching up at the thighs of Scrow. Scrow slaps Harvey on the back of his head to the displeasure of The Faithful. Harvey is on his knees staring up at Scrow, still holding his injured ribs to alleviate the pain. Scrow slaps Jay Harvey right across the face... and Jay looks pissed. He snaps his head back to stare up at Scrow. He is breathing heavy with spit coming out of his mouth as he exhales.

Scrow:

You're nothing! You hear me!

Scrow slaps him once more and now Harvey is almost snarling. Scrow goes for another and Harvey grabs his wrist. The crowd goes wild as Harvey flips a switch and lands several forearm and elbow shots to Scrow's abdomen. Scrow is moved back with each blow.

Harvey gets to his feet and is letting Scrow fucking have it. The crowd is loving every second of it as Scrow gets brutalized. Harvey keeps attacking as Scrow can't block the fury fast enough.

DDK:

Harvey is like a man possessed!

Lance:

Where is this coming from?!

The crowd is on their feet as Scrow continues to eat elbows to the face. Harvey looks enraged and is letting his opponent feel his wrath. Scrow eats a few more shots to the face and looks like he is seeing stars. Out of just instinct, Scrow swings a right hand that is ducked by Harvey. Harvey takes Scrow's back and executes a beautiful Snap Dragon Suplex.

Harvey isn't able to turn it into a pin attempt but the two men scramble back to their feet. Scrow wins the race as Harvey is still dealing with his ribs holding him back. Scrow comes at Harvey, grabbing him by the back of the head and slamming Harvey face first into his knee.

DDK:

Scrow is going for the FearFall!

Lance:

Scrow is going to finally put Jay Harvey away!

Harvey staggers on his feet as Scrow hits the ropes. Scrow is looking to end this match.

DDK:

WAKE UP CALL! WAKE UP CALL!

Lance:

That knee almost took Scrow's head off!

Scrow running at high speed makes the impact more intense as Harvey is able to connect flush on Scrow's chin with a devastating knee that rings out over the electric crowd. Harvey falls on top of the unconscious Scrow as Benny Doyle makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Lance:

He did it! I don't know how but he did it!

Quimbey:

The winner of the match by Pin Fall... "THEEEEE NAAAATURAAAAALL OOONEE" THEEEEEEE JAAAAAY HAAAAAARVEY!

DDK:

My god! You talked about moxie!

Harvey's music hits as he rolls over to the side of his downed opponent. Benny Doyle goes down to check on Harvey.

DDK:

Let's go back and show you some of the action from this one, folks.

A video replay from the bout hits your screen, Warner and Keebler break things down.

Lance:

It started off with a bang. Scrow talked about having an opponent who was a former champion in DEFIANCE. He said beating him on Pay-Per-View would elevate him and make him a household name in DEFIANCE. All the speculation and to the shock of everyone, Jay Harvey answered the call.

DDK:

Shock indeed. Harvey looked to end the match early with the Wake Up Call knee but Scrow was able to put the match in his favor with a poke to the eyes, then that MMA background dominated Harvey.

Lance:

Those just brutal kicks took their toll on Harvey, Scrow kept working the body and more specifically Harvey's ribs the entire match. Then, then, Jay Harvey is able to kick out from three big moves from Scrow.

The final piece of video clips from the last few minutes of the match.

DDK:

Jay Harvey, you see here, just had enough of Scrow and his abuse. Harvey came back with a fury. Scrow then looked like he was going to put an end to Harvey but... wound up getting a Wake Up Call.

We go back to live-action where Benny Doyle is helping Jay Harvey to his feet. The crowd is all cheers as they give praise to the man who gutted out a victory before their eyes. Doyle goes to raise Harvey's hand but Harvey soon drops his hand while keeping his left hand on his ribs. Harvey slowly raises his right hand as Doyle does his best to not agitate his injury.

Harvey now stands alone in the ring as the hard cam catches Scrow walking on the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Scrow opened up some eyes tonight, Lance.

Lance:

In a short while, Scrow won't let ones like that slip through his fingers. There's your winner... Jay Harvey.

Harvey looks out into the crowd, taking deep breaths. He raises his arm in victory as high as he can. The crowd shows their appreciation for what they witnessed and the return of a former DEFIANT. Harvey appears to thank them as the show marches on.

Cut to the compensation station.

THE COMMENTS SECTION vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

DDK:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE is off to a hell of a start, folks! "The Natural One" Jay Harvey makes a triumphant return and pulls out a solid victory over Scrow in our opening bout!

Lance:

And we are just getting started, Darren!

The lights flash on Darren and Lance as we cut to a wide shot, and see the lights flashing around the arena as members of The Faithful settle in for what's about to happen next.

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

DDK:

And here comes Gulf Coast Connection! Are you ready for a little six-person tag team action, Lance?

All three members of the Gulf Coast Connection walk down to the ring. Each one looks like they have fully recovered from whatever injuries they endured over the last several months. They acknowledge the fans in various ways before finding a home at one of the ring turnbuckles.

Darren Quincey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this contest is set for one fall and it is a six-person tag team match! Introducing first, the team of the Crescent City Kid, Theodore Cain, and Aaron King, GULF COAST CONNECTION!

Lance:

I certainly am, Darren. Look, I will say this, I just want to see the absurdity over who gets more *attention* on social media to get dealt with and go away.

♪ "Attention Attention" by Shinedown ♪

The Comments Section theme music takes over the arena as Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames walk out on stage. Neither is paying any attention to their surroundings. Instead, Cyrus is holding his phone out in front of them in landscape mode. Videos of various wrestling moves are displayed on the screen as Cyrus mutters instructions on how to execute them to Teresa. The only thing that garners any kind of reaction is when The Faithful finally lay eyes on Malak Garland, who is sitting in a red metal wagon being pulled behind Teresa.

DDK:

Well, I'll be! Isn't this a sight for sore eyes.

Garland is in a near vegetative state. He stares blankly off into the distance as his fellow Keyboard Warriors exchange game plans and strategies.

Lance:

Malak Garland went as far as to feign his own retirement from professional wrestling because his nose got out of joint that Gulf Coast Connection had more likes on social media from DEFCON. And, yet, here he is, in what looks like a catatonic state, after essentially being duped into agreeing to this match.

Darren Quincey:

Introducing next, the team of Cyrus Bates, Teresa Ames, and Malak Garland, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

DDK:

For once, at least it looks like there aren't many *comments* to be said coming from this particular section.

The Comments Section arrives at ringside. They claim the corner opposite to Gulf Coast. Teresa nods to Cyrus as he enters the ring first. She latches onto the ropes from the apron and looks down at Malak who is still sitting in the red

metal wagon akin to what children play with.

Lance:

Is Malak even going to move from the wagon?

DDK:

Who knows what kinds of effort it took from Cyrus and Teresa to even get him in the wagon, in the first place! One other thing that has just come to mind, though, is the ability of Teresa Ames. It's her first action inside the ring and she's the only female in this match, so it'll be interesting to see how her dynamic plays into things.

Cyrus waits impatiently for Gulf Coast to settle on who will start the match for their team. Finally, Aaron King assures his partners he's got this and things get underway.

DING DING

Bates immediately pounces on King with a double axe handle smash. In pain, King falls to a vacant corner where Bates pummels him with closed fists.

Lance:

King pushes Bates back to gain some separation but his menacing opponent comes right back in with a big boot!

Bates' leg ricochets off King's face and drapes itself over the top rope. King takes advantage and slugs the big man across the back with a double axe handle smash of his own and a kick to the exposed hamstring.

DDK:

And Cyrus Bates falls out of the ring now. Nice recovery move by Aaron King!

It only takes a mere moment for Bates to collect himself and retaliate by sweeping the legs of King out from under him. Bates slides back into the ring and tries to catch his opponent off guard with a quick pin.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Not even close. It will take a lot more than that, to down a wrestler like Aaron King.

The two continue to fight as they exchange blows. Bates finally gets a better shot in, Irish whips King off the ropes and flattens him with a sidewalk slam. King wisely rolls away to his corner where Theodore Cain blind tags in.

TAG!

Cain comes roaring in like a storm. He crushes Bates with a clothesline after clothesline after clothesline. Bates rolls out of the ring, this time willingly because he needs to catch his breath.

Lance:

Theodore Cain is on fire here, folks! He's definitely releasing all that pent up frustration for being put through that table a few weeks ago!

Teresa shouts some encouragement over to her partner as he stations himself beside the red wagon Malak Garland is still sitting in. Cain gets tired of waiting and baseball slides out of the ring but Bates evades the attack.

DDK:

Bates swings for a clothesline of his own but he misses! Cain goes stumbling into the red wagon!

The wagon is turned on its side as Malak falls to a prone position but still doesn't move. Cain looks over at Garland, somewhat genuinely concerned for the health of another person but it's not long before Bates viciously backdrops him on the outside!

THUD!

DDK:

What a backdrop by Bates to Cain on the outside there!

Bates throws Cain back in the ring and tends to his fallen teammate. Garland is unresponsive to everything so Bates decides to pick him up and put him on the apron, opposite to Teresa. Garland's legs quiver but he is able to stay upright because he leans on the ring post.

Lance:

Well, it looks like Malak Garland has finally joined this match... sort of.

DDK:

Good gosh, someone needs to teach this boy some resiliency.

Bates gathers himself and then continues the fight. The action ends up being pretty even. Cain hits a backbreaker. Bates answers with a side slam. Cain delivers a devastating headbutt. Bates comes back once more with a marvelous cross-body splash!

Lance:

These two competitors are certainly going at each other, Darren! Each one trying to one-up the previous move pulled off.

It ends up deteriorating into a slugfest with massive wind-ups. Cain gasps for air as he barrels into Bates who staggers backward. He goes so far that he falls into the ropes and flings forward with even more force to his fist.

DDK:

These two are going to knock their heads off!

Bates and Cain seemingly end in a stalemate as they both sort of push off each other and groggily head to their respective corners for a tag. Cain tags The Crescent City Kid as Bates looks to tag Malak Garland in but he just stands there, staring off into oblivion.

TAG!

DDK:

And the Crescent City Kid gets Bates from behind with a dropkick! Those few precious seconds of inaction from Malak not tagging in immediately costs them!

The Kid unloads on Bates until he gets what seems like his fifth wind and judo throws the masked wrestler across the ring. Bates rises and gently tags Garland on the shoulder.

TAG!

The Faithful are unsure what they're about to see. Totally gassed, Cyrus Bates relocates to the apron. For what seems like the first time, Malak blinks and kind of comes to life. He low key enters the ring. He notices how The Crescent City Kid is down on his back.

Lance:

Just what exactly is Garland going to do?

Garland saunters over slowly and delivers about a half-speed kick to Kid's side. He then retreats back to his corner and tags in Teresa Ames.

TAG!

The crowd gets all over Malak for his lame, half-hearted antics and singular move before ducking out.

DDK:

Did you see that? Malak is alive but he comes in, executes one really low caliber move and tags someone else in. Pitiful.

Lance:

He didn't tag in just anyone, either, Darren. Teresa Ames is now entering the ring!

Garland and Ames essentially swap places. She glares down at her prey and tries to concoct what sorts of offense she can mount. The Crescent City Kid slowly gets to his feet when he is met with a kick to the gut and a pretty basic but effective vertical suplex!

Lance:

Big suplex there by Teresa Ames!

She dusts herself off and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

A near fall gained by Ames as I'm not quite sure if anyone was expecting her to be able to pull off such a move!

A scoop slam, snapmare and spinal tap kick later and Ames has The Crescent City Kid exactly where she wants him.

DDK:

Where is Teresa going?

Ames spryly climbs to the top rope and wastes no time connecting with a vicious elbow drop across the clavicle of CCK! She remains over her opponent for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Another near fall there by Ames! She has been quite impressive so far! I'll admit, her size might have had me thinking she wasn't this powerful!

Ames tries her best to stay on the attack despite receiving some defensive shots from The Kid.

DDK:

Crescent City Kid is doing his best to fight back here.

CCK sweeps the legs out from under Ames who rolls out of the ring. Bates drops down from the apron as does Cain and King from across the way. CCK rolls out of the ring and begins chasing Ames until he runs full bore into the massive chest of Bates who steps in front.

SAY HELLO TO BLOCK!**DDK:**

Ames went running right by Bates and The Crescent City Kid couldn't stop in time, so he got a face full of chest for his efforts!

Bates tosses the Kid back into the ring as he notices King and Cain inching a bit closer. There are some words exchanged between Cain and Bates before everyone goes back to their respective areas on the apron.

Lance:

The action is back in the ring as Teresa Ames has cinched in a camel clutch on the Kid!

She pulls back as hard as she can to the point where the referee gets in close to make sure her hold is legal. Cain and King try to energize the crowd and in turn, CCK but it doesn't seem to be working. With the referee focused on the hold, the focus of the match shifts to those on the aprons once more. Bates jowls some remarks over to Cain who gets agitated and enters the ring.

DDK:

The referee now gets in front of Cain and sends him back to his corner but he only entered the ring because Cyrus Bates was coaxing him!

The few precious seconds that the ref is turned to deal with Cain is the exact time Ames twists the clutch a little harder. With Cain finally back on the apron, Bates continues his verbal assault.

Lance:

The official is finally making a point to tell Bates to can it!

The crowd rises up and helps reinvigorate CCK to break free from the hold. In desperation, he springs up, off the ropes and hooks Ames by the arm, sending her off the other set of ropes. The two competitors wipe each other out with a double clothesline!

DDK:

Both wrestlers are down!

Lance:

It almost looked like they were dancing there for a minute but once they collided, both landed an equally devastating clothesline! This might be the opening The Crescent City Kid needs to make a much-needed tag!

Both CCK and Ames remain motionless on the canvas. With the action halted, Bates stirs the pot again by screaming at Cain!

DDK:

Bates looks like a bear that has rabies with the way he is yelling across the ring at Cain!

Lance:

Cain isn't backing down either. These two men want to tear into each other once more!

Bates leaves his spot on the apron again but instead of advancing towards Cain, he pulls a table out from under the ring! He sets it up and runs his hands along the top of it, all the while staring down Theodore Cain as if trying to invoke the memory of their viral spot a few weeks ago. The taunting through symbolism makes Bates smile and enrages Cain further!

DDK:

I don't think Bates has any intention of actually using that table because then his team would be disqualified.

Lance:

No, he just wanted to bring attention to it and annoy Theodore Cain. It seemed to have worked. Gulf Coast got the best of The Comments Section by tricking them into this match but now it's like The Comments Section is getting the best of them in this match.

As Bates provokes Cain, Ames finally reaches her corner and tags Malak back in.

TAG!

CCK tags Aaron King in.

TAG!

King jumps over the ropes as Malak slowly crawls through them.

DDK:

King is fired up! He wants to fight so bad!

King calls Malak on but still gets the same old stale response. Malak walks up close to King and slaps him across his face before walking back to his corner and tagging Ames back in.

TAG!

The Faithful make sure they let Malak hear what they think of him as King holds his face in mere confusion. Ames darts back into the ring and initiates a collar and elbow tie-up with King. Aaron easily overpowers his female counterpart but she gets right back up and slithers her way into a hammerlock.

Lance:

King trying to reach around his body unsuccessfully here.

Ames ducks a back elbow and releases the hammerlock. She propels herself off the ropes and goes for a cross-body splash but gets caught.

DDK:

Fallaway slam for her efforts! Ames is down!

King floats over for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Cyrus Bates slides into the ring and breaks up the count. The ref immediately bodies Bates back to his corner and eventually, the apron.

Lance:

King should tag Cain back in. The look on his face says it all.

King does just that. He tags his partner who takes Ames by the arm and slaps Bates with it.

TAG! TAG!

DDK:

Cain wants nearly nothing to do with Teresa Ames, so he tags in Bates for her!

The crowd gets a bit amped up as Bates refuses to enter the ring, despite both the referee and Theodore Cain inviting him. Bates complains to the referee that Cain needs to back up in order for him to enter safely.

Lance:

Bates is stalling! I don't think he wants any piece of Cain! He truly is all talk!

DDK:

Sounds like his partner.

Cain grows impatient and launches himself at Bates! The two wrestlers exchange blows until Cain hip tosses Bates into the ring! Bates fumbles into the corner of Gulf Coast where Cain unloads stiff kicks to his gut.

Lance:

The referee pulling Cain out from the corner after counting to four!

Bates cannonballs himself out of the buckle and lands a ruthless spear to the solar plexus of Theodore Cain! The move not only takes the air out of the arena but it incites a near riot as CCK and King jump the ropes and attack The Comments Section!

DDK:

You can't blame Gulf Coast Connection here! The Comments Section have been manipulating the rules as well as taunting and teasing them throughout this match!

With all hell breaking loose, Aaron King clubs Teresa Ames off the apron. CCK goes to swipe at Malak but he magically ducks in time. With his back exposed, Garland grabs CCK and tosses him out of the ring, crashing through the table below!

CRASH!

DDK:

OUT OF NOWHERE, THE CRESCENT CITY KID GETS BACK DROPPED THROUGH A TABLE!

A collective "Ohhhhh" murmurs throughout the arena as the pure and utter shock of what just took place is processed. King looks down at CCK in shock! Ames quickly pulls King out of the ring.

TAG!

Bates tags Garland who seemingly reverts back to his mopey ways. With Theodore Cain still down in the middle of the ring due to that vicious spear, Garland decides to lazily climb to the top turnbuckle. Once up there, he looks around the arena. His presumed "anxiety" is at an all-time high even though he was able to dispatch CCK. Chalk it up to a fight or flight moment.

Lance:

What is Malak going to do up there?

DDK:

Whatever it is, I'm sure he's upset no one from his team was able to take photos of The Crescent City Kid going through the table!

The house lights seem to feel a bit hotter when standing on the top turnbuckle. All eyes are on Malak and his glazed over appearance. Bates realizes something is about to go wrong but he is too late to grab his beloved partner. Malak

literally faints and falls off the top turnbuckle... landing right into the tenderized ribs of Theodore Cain!

DDK:

You've gotta be kidding me! How lucky is that!?

Lance:

Is that... two potentially viral spots in a row? First, an unexpected toss through a table and then anxiety and stress-ridden fall from the top turnbuckle that happens to land on his opponent!?

DDK

Not only that, but he fell **on** Theodore Cain's ribs, which, I know, he says has fully recovered but there's no way that didn't do some major damage!

Bates reaches over the ropes and manages to tag himself back in.

TAG!

He takes advantage of the moment and slaps on a Figure 4 Leg Lock on Theodore Cain.

COMMENT SUBMISSION!

The referee has no choice but to watch the chaos unfold as Theodore Cain lay motionless in the middle of the ring. CCK is out cold, sleeping amongst table wreckage on the outside. Aaron King is deposited against the steel ring steps by Teresa Ames with all the might she can throw at him. Malak Garland is face down on the mat and Cyrus Bates is screaming at the top of his lungs, wrenching away with the submission move he has locked in.

DDK:

This is... not good.

The incoherent babbling of Cyrus Bates nearly makes the fans want to tap out. The left arm of Cain flutters in the air as if trying to reach for the ropes, or anything.

Lance:

Bates has the figure four applied and looks to be going nowhere anytime soon and no one is available to help Theodore Cain!

The arm of Cain falls lifelessly on the canvas. The referee has no choice but to call for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

It's over! It's over! The Comments Section rises victorious for a second straight pay-per-view!

Cyrus Bates makes sure he releases the hold on his terms. He pulls back just a few more times before finally shoving Cain's corpse aside. Frustration and sweat melts off of Cyrus Bates' face.

Darren Quincey:

The winners of this match, by submission, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

♪ "Attention Attention" by Shinedown ♪

Cyrus looks over his shoulder and notices Malak getting to a knee beside him. As if a trance had been lifted from his being, Malak allows a vindictive smile to overtake his expression. Cyrus smiles too but not as evil. He can be seen mouthing the words, "I told you," and "We got this," to Malak.

DDK:

Well, there you go. Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates, and even Teresa Ames got into the action and they win this six-person tag team match... but I tell you, Lance, I still lack some major respect for this team. They act like children. All the time.

As if they could hear Darren, Malak goes as far as he can to prove this very point.

Lance:

What's he doing now?

Malak drops out of the ring and begins searching for CCK. He ends up pulling out a cell phone from The Kid's tights. Malak hastily swipes away before discarding it onto the ground. He looks at Cyrus and says, "Not only did we win, but we just took their likes too! I have their account information!"

DDK:

You're kidding me. The win wasn't enough. Now they really did take their likes too! Point proved, I guess.

Lance:

You call it "the socials" ... but you know what likes are? You are an interesting man, Darren.

Malak and Cyrus join Teresa as they walk arm-in-arm-in-arm up the ramp, much to the despicable dismay of The Faithful. The focus turns back on Gulf Coast Connection who are broken once more.

Cut to Darren and Lance in the commentary booth.

DEX JOY vs. CARNEY SINCLAIR

DDK:

We've seen some exciting action tonight but this next match, Lance ... well, this is definitely personal.

Lance:

I agree one hundred percent. Dex Joy has been the target of Carny Sinclair ever since Carny's first night in DEFIANCE Wrestling a few months ago. He has done literally everything he can to make the big fan favorite's life a living nightmare since they crossed paths.

DDK:

This one all started back before DEFCON when Carny Sinclair manipulated the unruly Scrow into doing his bidding. For weeks the two men took turns harassing and attacking Dex and his friend, Brazen star Nathaniel Eye. At Defcon, Scrow and Carny got the better of Dex in a triple threat and Scrow effectively gave Carny Sinclair the win. Since then, Carny has largely tried to disavow any ties to Scrow while going after Dex Joy.

Lance:

He stole his belongings from his car, he has repeatedly messed with him mentally by stalking him during his matches. He has even gone so far as possibly costing Dex Joy the FIST of DEFIANCE against Mikey Unlikely. But on the last episode of DEF TV, Nathaniel Eye made his return and helped Dex Joy get one over on Carny after Carny tried to mess with him again and run away.

DDK:

That he did ... but tonight there is no more running and no more mind games from Carny Sinclair. For the first time since DEFCON, these two men will be in the same ring but there's no Scrow. There's no Nathaniel Eye. It's these two men one on one. 'The Biggest Boy' Dex Joy takes on the mental mastermind Carny Sinclair and that match happens right now!

Cut to the ring.

The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the Wrestle Plex. The lights start to slowly come back in the Wrestle Plex, section by section until on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges ... charges ... charges ... and soon it's at 1000%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen!

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is a grudge match! From Los Angeles California ... weighing in at three-hundred and eighty pounds ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!

Standing on the entrance in a brand new black and gold version of his attire, the massive tank-like Dex Joy stands out and holds out a balled-up fist.

Dex Joy:

IT'S TIME TO FIGHT, PALLY!!!

He storms down the ramp and looks ready for a fight. He looks very excited for the opportunity to be competing in front of the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful once more and finally get his hands on Carny Sinclair without any other outside factors possibly interfering on his behalf.

DDK:

Ever since this charismatic juggernaut hit the scene, the fans have enjoyed Dex Joy very much! He's a fighter, through and through.

Lance:

He's quickly becoming a rising star with many people calling his match with Mikey Unlikely for the FIST among his best work! Since Defcon he has lost one match and that was to Mikey himself. He's coming in with a slight win streak. He has said he wants to be a champion, but before he can do that the first thing he has to do is finally defeat Carny Sinclair and put him in the rearview.

DDK:

And for the past few months that isn't something he's been able to do. Will that change tonight?

The Biggest Boy flexes for the crowd and the balled-up fist goes out one more time. Big Dex Energy is a go!

As quickly as the lights came back on for Big Dex's entrance ... they go out once again.

♪ Beat the Devil's Tattoo by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to ring from Hammond, Louisiana weighing in at two hundred and ten poundsCARNY ..SINCLAIR!!

The jeers fill the arena, but the lights are still out. The music continues playing but there is nobody at the entrance. Dex Joy is angrily walking in place and practically begging for Carny Sinclair to make his entrance.

But when the lights return ...

Carny Sinclair appears behind Dex and slams a chair into his back!

DDK:

No!!! What did Carny Sinclair just do?!

Lance:

Took yet another cheap shot, that's what!

The crowd jeers the mastermind when he brings the weapon again, this time on the arm of Dex!

DDK:

And the match isn't just going to stop! It hasn't officially started yet!

Lance:

No, it hasn't! And Carny knows that! This is payback for Dex Joy pulling one over on him with Nathaniel Eye's help so he can finally attack Carny!

Dex is down on his knees when Carny has the chair and then slams it down a second time against his arm and shoulder! Big Dex Energy appears to have been snuffed out for a moment! The official of the match gets in the way of Dex and Carny. Carny laughs at the utter misery he's caused and decides enough is enough as he throws the chair away. He calmly walks to the opposite corner that Dex is being checked on and looks pretty proud of himself.

DDK:

I hate to say this ... but maybe Dex should maybe wait another night. No way is he going to be 100%. He'd normally have the advantage in the size and power here, but right now he might just be a big target for Carny to take advantage of.

Lance:

Of course, he'd stoop to this.

Carny pulls himself up in the corner and now looks like he's chomping at the bit to finally get in the ring with Dex. The official checks on the left arm of Big Dex Energy. He is clearly favoring the elbow in particular, but he looks at the official.

Carla Ferrari:

Dex do you want to continue? It's your call.

Carny is looking across at him still, grinning as wide as he possibly could. Dex doesn't take his eyes off of Carny.

Dex Joy:

Ring ... that bell!

Carla doesn't want to do it, but she does anyway and calls for the bell.

DING DING

And when the bell rings Carny Sinclair comes out of his corner like a rocket and is already all over Dex with a volley of punches in the corner. The tattooed brawler is throwing punches like there's no tomorrow in the corner. Dex pushes him away for a moment and he rolls back but he's already on his feet and nails Dex with a charging dropkick right to the head.

DDK:

Big move right there by Carny! He's all over Dex and if he's going to beat the powerhouse this is his best shot.

Lance:

Maybe he shouldn't have taken this match!

Carny is back up and then charges from one corner right on back with another flying dropkick in the corner that is right on target. Dex stumbles around on his feet after the kick and that gives Carny a chance to head to the middle rope. He has Dex on the figurative ropes and then he jumps off the literal ropes ...

Lance:

No! Dex just caught him!

DDK:

But Carny is already out after the bell clap!

He bell claps his way free and then goes right back at Dex using a series of head butts to try and stun the big Los Angeles native. The blows rattle Dex but when Carny tries another move off of the ropes, Dex fires off a clear desperation clothesline that turns Carny inside out! Dex feels the shot and shake the feeling out of his good arm. Then he goes to check on the bad arm and it's clearly giving him some trouble but he tries to get feeling back to it as well.

DDK:

Those chair shots to the arm might have stopped Dex in his tracks, but tonight he's willing to fight it out if it means taking out Carny for good.

Lance:

But look ... the second Carny got hit, he rolled back outside. He's very smart. Definitely a product of his business, but he's such a manipulating and untrustworthy individual.

Carny is on the floor still making sure he has feeling in his chest after Dex clocked him a good one. He has to stop thinking about that for the moment because Dex is already climbing through the ropes to go after Carny. Carny tries to create some distance when Dex comes running at him! With some quick thinking, he takes a cameraman and shoves him right into Dex! Dexy Baby stops him and catches him.

DDK:

Did Carny just throw a cameraman at Dex?

Lance:

He did! Now look!

Dex sets the cameraman aside but leaves himself wide open for Carny to fire back with a sidekick to Dex's bad arm! He is favoring the arm now when Carny manages to take down the big man to the ground. He locks in a tight Fujiwara styled armbar on the floor!

DDK:

Submission attempt on the floor! Carny knows he can't win out there, but Carla now starting a ten count for both men to get back in the ring!

Dex is trying to fight his way out of the Fujiwara arm barm applied by Carny but he has the arm locked in tightly while Carla's count is going to continue.

One ...

Two ...

Three ...

Four ...

Five ...

DDK:

Carny lets go of the hold! And I think the damage may have been done to Dex's arm!

Dex is still feeling the burn of the arm and is favoring it badly with Carla's count moving forward.

Six ...

Seven ...

Big Dex Energy is being willed on by the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful and soon he starts to try and stand. Carny is already back in the ring and he's all over her to count faster.

Lance:

Don't tell me he's going to win this way!

DDK:

He's certainly going to try, that's for sure. No moral compass whatsoever.

Eight ...

Nine ...

But before that final number hits that would get Dex Joy counted out ... he is back in the ring!

DDK:

Dex avoids the countout loss! But Carney is staying on the attack! He's like a shark smelling blood in the water with that arm.

Carny tries to go at Dex's arm again when Dex goes low and lands a punch to the gut. He fires a second and a third and then knocks Carny back to the corner with a big bionic elbow to the dome! Dex continues to feel nothing but intense pain shooting up his arm but he guts it out like the tough man that he is and then rushes Carny in a corner ... but Carny gets two knees up to catch Joy in the jaw. Carny leaps to the top rope and then sits down on the cable before wrapping his legs around his neck in a figure four choke in the ropes!

Lance:

No! Just when Dex thinks that he has Carny Sinclair on the ropes, he pulls this out! He's got that figure four neck lock in the ropes to choke Joy out!

DDK:

Well if he cares about the rules he can only hold for five seconds at most, but ... well, it's Carny. You've seen all he has done so far.

Joy is being choked in the ropes and the official starts a five-count. Carny continues to hold on until the count of four before he finally let's go, but by the time that he does, the damage has been done to Dex. Big Dex Energy falls to his knees and tries gasping for air now with Carny Sinclair looking every bit happy with himself for staying one step ahead of Dex for the entirety of the match.

Carny rolls back into the ring and goes back to attacking Dex's arm. He tries to wrap the bad arm around the top rope when Dex punches him square in the jaw with his good hand. The blow has Carny seeing stars and a second punch from Dexy Baby does the same. Dex starts to fight back and tries to pick Carny up for a slam with his good arm but Carny is still coherent enough to slip right over Dex. A leaping knee strike from Carny puts Dex back to the corner and then gives him the chance to rush at him with a big flying forearm in the corner.

DDK:

Two big strikes by Carny Sinclair right there and he's got Dex on the ropes!

After the first forearm Carny runs from one side of the nearby corner right back and then lands a bicycle kick to Dex's jaw. He takes off from the cross corner and then lands a hesitation dropkick to the face. After the speedy blows, he manages to get Dex out of the corner, and then he goes to try and pin Dex.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Dex comes up with the good arm of his and Carny does not look pleased with the official on the count.

Lance:

That was an impressive volley from Carny but Dex won't quit. He has waited two months for the opportunity to get back into the ring with the man that has made his life miserable.

DDK:

Carny literally tries to throw everything and then some at Dex but like you said ... Dex will not give up. He fought off Carny and Scrow for a while before they were able to eventually win, but Dex is a fighter through and through.

Carny switches tactics and goes back to working over the arm of Big Dex Energy with another arm lock on the mat. He kicks the arm and slams into the mat. Carny then tries to pull Dex near to the close corner and it takes him some good effort to drag his weight across the ring. Carny goes outside and then he *hangs* off the ring post on the outside while pulling Dex's arm out with him as he is lying in the ring.

Lance:

Wow, this is vicious on Carny Sinclair's part! He is picking off that arm of Dex and if he doesn't have his arm then a lot of his power moves will be that much harder to do.

DDK:

Yeah, Carny is fundamentally sound in that ring and even more vicious and untrustworthy outside of it.

Dex is trying his best to fight back and while the five count from the official comes into play again, Carny lets go but it is clear the damage is really taking a toll on the arm of Big Dex Energy.

"DEXY BABY!" CLAP CLAP CLAP "DEXY BABY!" CLAP CLAP CLAP "DEXY BABY!" CLAP CLAP CLAP

DDK:

This crowd is all about Big Dex Energy tonight! They want to see him give Carny Sinclair what he deserves but outside

of a brief flurry it's been all Carny so far.

Lance:

And now what's he doing?

Sinclair starts to go back to the ring while Dex is curling back and facing away from the ring to protect his bad arm. Dex doesn't see it until it's too late when Carny leaps from the middle turnbuckle and then he hits the Carny Stomp right to the back! Dex falls over in pain now and Carny doesn't waste a motion to get him onto his back and then try to steal the win again.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex pushes Carny off of him with his good hand but he leaves himself wide open from a kick to the head from the manipulative brawler. Dex falls back to the canvas and now Carny looks about ready to end things. He leans back in the corner now.

DDK:

Carny looks like he's going for his big finish. He has a move he calls the Suicide Head Butt and if he hits this, I think Dex is as good as done after all the punishment that he's taken!

Lance:

He's heading up top now!

Carny is licking his proverbial chops and is waving at Dex to stand. When the big tank of a man gets back, Carny leaps off ...

... and then he gets grabbed across Dex's shoulders before he is brought down with a massive Samoan drop!

Now the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are on their feet!

DDK:

Wow! That Samoan drop shook that ring! I could feel that from here!

Lance:

A desperation counter from Dex, but it's one that paid off!

Dex is too hurt to follow up right away but he does manage to sit up first and with that a big grin is on his face now. Despite his arm feeling like it's burning still, that doesn't erase the fact that he has the crowd in the palm of his hand and feeds off the cheers to get back to his feet.

DDK:

And here comes the man called Big Dex Energy!

Dex slams right into Carny when he tries to stand smacking him with a clothesline. Carny crumbles like a piece of paper, but Dex brings him back up to his feet before too long. He throws him into a corner and then smashes into him using a big splash. Carny stumbles out into the middle of the ring and then throws him to the other side before smashing into him with another splash. Dex follows that up as he comes out of the corner and then plasters him with a massive crossbody!

Lance:

Look at him go! He's still feeling the pain in that arm, but Dex is fighting back! He's running on adrenaline!

Dex doesn't pin Carny and that might have cost him as Carny escapes the ring and rolls out to the floor out of

desperation. Dex points to the outside and the fans know what is coming next as he uses hsi right (the not beat up arm) to get the crowd to build a “whoooooooooaaaaa” chant.

DDK:

We haven't seen Dex bust this move out in a few shows ... is he thinking the WHOA-pe?!

Lance:

I think that he is!

Dex locks on to Carny Sinclair when he sits out to the floor and then runs ... only to get caught with a right hand from a punch-drunk Carny! The blow sends Dex back a couple of steps and Carny steps back feeling he is safe ... but he's not ... Dex yells out and then flies through the ropes with the grace of furniture flying out a window but he lands his target!

DDK:

HE DID IT! HE LANDS THAT WHOA-PE DIVE! HE FOUGHT OFF THAT PUNCH AND TOOK OUT CARNY ON THE FLOOR!

Lance:

He did it! That took a lot out of Dex, but Carny looks worse!

The crowd is on their feet when Dex Joy is limping, still holding his arm but looking pretty darn proud of himself.

Dex Joy:

Come on, Carny! Get your ass up!!!

He uses his good hand and then peels Carny off the floor and then he's hurled back into the ring. Dexy Baby gets another rev up from the crowd by pumping his good fist then goes up the steps into the ring. Carny doesn't know where he is when Dex stands over him. Big Dex Energy locks onto Carny and then picks him up before he throws him down to the mat with a fireman's carry into a flap jack. Carny bounces off the canvas and Dex tries to get the win.

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

As vicious as he has been, it seems Carny is just as tough and kicks out from the onslaught of everything Dex just threw at him. Dex can't believe he didn't get the win just now but he doesn't give up.

DDK:

I can't believe Carny kicked out of all that. He's tough so I don't understand why he feels he needs to play these mind games to get ahead.

Lance:

It doesn't look like Dex cares ... he's going for broke!

Dex has Carny up by the hair and then uppercuts him. He has him stunned and then pushes him to the ropes. He tries to catch him on the way back ...

DDK:

That's gotta be the Dex Drive ... no! No! That arm of Dex! He couldn't hold on!

Lance:

No! And Carny sneaks from behind with a roll-up!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

DDK:

No! Dex's arm almost fails him right there and Carny was almost able to take advantage!

Lance:

And another knee right there by Carny! Dex is back in the corner!

The big man is stuck backward and Carny lands another flying elbow smash to the corner. That blow rattles Dex and when he goes back to the other side of the ring for more momentum ... that momentum gets cut off when Dex comes out of the corner like a jumbo missile with a shotgun dropkick!

DDK:

I don't believe it! Dex caught Carny with that massive dropkick!

Lance:

But Dex is too slow to follow up!

Dex is hurt and favors his arm after the landing but he does get up and then goes after Carny with the faithful cheering him on. Dex picks up Carny and then throws him off to the corner. He beats his hand on his chest and the crowd starts clapping in unison when Dex comes running ...

DDK:

Jump for Joy ... NO!!! He missed! He missed!

Lance:

Carny moves in the nick of time!

Carny Sinclair has watched Indiana Jones at least a few times and manages to avoid Dex Joy's biggest weapon in the Jump for Joy cannonball senton! Dex is writhing about in pain ... Carny does not miss the superkick catching Dex on the button and he heads to the top rope again ...

DDK:

Is Carny thinking the Suicide Head Butt again?

Instead, he leaps off the top rope and then drives both feet into the barrel chest of Dex with a top rope version of the Carny Stomp! Dex is rolling about the mat in pain now but Carny quickly pins him down by sitting on his chest and pulling the leg back for a tight cover.

DDK:

Carny might have him here! This has to be the end for Dex Joy!

Lance:

I think so too!

One ...

Two ...

Thr ... NO!!!

Despite Carny landing one of his biggest moves and then going with a great cover, Dex Joy won't be denied tonight and he kicks out at two point nine!

DDK:

I don't believe it! How'd he kick out?

Lance:

I don't know! Carny has done a great job avoiding Dex's finishing moves, but he can't seem to put the big guy away!

Dex isn't moving for the time being, but Carny has another idea in mind when he heads out to the floor. He goes to the outside of the ring and heads right to the timekeeper's table. He puts his hand out, then yells at the timekeeper to move so he can grab his chair. He closes it up and the gears start to turn.

DDK:

Oh, no! What the hell is he doing now?

Lance:

Nothing good, that's for sure!

Big Dex Energy is looking awful dimly lit right now on his stomach, still not moving. Carny has the chair in hand when he enters the ring but the Official is quick to stop him and grabs the chair!

Lance:

That's a good call by Carla Ferrari! She's not going to let Carny get out of this by getting disqualified! These people want to see a winner!

DDK:

Good call ... wait, what the hell is that?

Carny smiles because while the official is putting the chair away, he has the ring bell hammer! He has the weapon and swings for Dex ... but Dex grabs him by the hand!

DDK:

Dex caught him! Dex caught what he was trying to do!

He squeezes Carny's arm until he drops the hammer, then Dex kicks it out of the ring! He throws Carny to the ropes again and this time ...

DDK:

Dexy's Midnight Runner! He hit him with the good shoulder and Carny goes *Flying!!!*

The crowd pops when Carny goes crumbling in a heap in the corner! Dex runs at him ...

DDK:

There it is! He lands Jump for Joy the second time!

It takes a winded Dex a few moments to get Carny Sinclair's body out of the corner but the second that he does he pulls him away from the ropes and lays all his weight across his chest.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

Dex pumps a fist in the air and then gets back up to his feet. It has taken him months to get to this point but in the middle of the ring he has finally defeated Carny Sinclair!

DDK:

What a win for Dex! Carny tried to give him everything and then some, but Dex wasn't going to let Carny get away with everything that he's put him through in the last several months! It's done!

Lance:

That's absolutely true! Dex more than earned this win! Carny tried just about everything he could to get the win but Dex finally overcomes his most personal feud in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Dex is on his feet and the official tries to grab his hurt arm when Dex stops her and holds his good right hand. She raises his hand in victory and Dex unleashes a loud to the crowd that they return back in kind!

DDK:

I gotta think that sooner than later, there may be gold in the future of that man!

Dex looks down at the battered body of Carny Sinclair and then out to the sea of hungry DEFIANCE Wrestling fans when he gets interrupted.

CROSSROADS

DDK:

Dex has finally put to rest Carny Sinclair, and The Faithful relish in his celebration.

Lance:

It was not easy for him, but in the end a familiar scene for Dex Joy his hand raised in victory.

Dex celebrates a few more moments with The Faithful, while Carny still remains on the mat. Joy finally leaves the ring and the Faithful notice Scrow has made his way to the ring. Dex still favoring his left arm as he heads up the ramp. They meet midway on the ramp. They exchange a look at one another and Scrow just walks by Dex without so much as a word. Joy watches him head to the ring before slapping a few fans hands as he makes his way toward backstage.

DDK:

Scrow has not had a great night tonight after that loss earlier in another close match this time with returning Defiant The Jay Harvey.

Lance:

This young man eventually is going to find that missing piece. He has taken the top talent in DEFIANCE to the edge. He has a bright future when he finally puts it all together.

DDK:

The Faithful lately have given him a little bit of acceptance, but it appears to not be enough for him. What surprises me is he did not bother to accompany Sinclair for his match tonight against Dex Joy. Now all the sudden he has appeared, what could he be thinking?

During the dialog of Lance and Darren Scrow has entered the ring. Carny is starting to move a bit. Scrow puts his hands on his hips as The Faithful sit quietly, they know something is going to happen but what?

DDK:

Scrow is not making any sudden moves here. There have been a few cracks in their foundation but Scrow has always been in check by Carny.

Scrow takes a knee, he looks out into The Faithful and some of them are waving their arms side to side. They clearly do not want Scrow to help Sinclair. Scrow looks back at Carny and ignores their response and goes to help Carny up.

Lance:

The Faithful are letting Scrow have it hear, the boo-birds erupt from this capacity crowd here in the DEFPLEXI.

As Carny gets to his feet he quickly shoves Scrow away from him. This gets the Faithful to quickly stop their jeers toward Scrow.

DDK:

Whoa! Carny clearly is not happy here.

Lance:

Yea, and now he is giving Scrow a verbal assault just for the assistance. Come on young man clearly you have got to be seeing what is going on here.

While Carny verbally berates Scrow whose head is turned to the side. After a few seconds of the verbal abuse Scrow looks to be trying to explain himself but Carny refuses to accept it.

DDK:

Another shove by Carny!

This push knocks Scrow to the ropes, he looks out into the Faithful who are literally egging him on to DO

SOMETHING! Scrow turns back to face Carny....He suddenly does a Scarecrow pose.

Lance:

Is he mocking Carny?

DDK:

Whatever he is doing, it does not look like it's sitting well with Carny.

Carny slaps Scrow across the face, and right on contact Scrow strikes Carny with that vicious roundhouse kick that has dropped many. The blow has enough force that Carny looks to spit a tooth out. The Faithful have quickly risen to their feet, as Carny lies face first on the mat. Scrow stares down at him with no emotion.

DDK:

Scrow pulled the trigger and he finally struck Carny! If he wanted acceptance from The Faithful he is getting it right now.

Lance:

Does he want it though?

DDK:

What do you mean Lance?

Lance:

Look at him, I don't think he cares.

DDK:

He just slid under the ropes, yea you might be right here Lance. His expression just does not give off the thrill of the admiration of The Faithful.

Scrow heads up the ramp and disappears behind the curtain with the same body language and expression he had after striking his "friend" Carny Sinclair.

LEFT 4 DEAD: THE SACRIFICE

Cut to backstage.

The MAXDEF backdrop interview location comes into play. Jamie Sawyers would normally be here at this point but in his place emerges the smiling and arrogant Conor Fuse. Dressed in his regular green wrestling attire and green "C" bandana, the younger of The Bros. stands dead in front of the camera, microphone in hand.

Conor Fuse:

Hello, hello Gamers of all shapes and sizes! In just a mere moment, for nothing more than a nickel, you'll witness the destruction and end of the guy they call DEFIANCE's Favorite Son.

Lance:

A nickel? Is that what pay-per-views go for these days? Who is he kidding, this isn't the arcade!

Conor Fuse:

We tried to help you, Scott. We tried to *free* you. But you didn't listen.

Conor takes a moment to collect his thoughts. His face grows intense, which is not a frequent sight to see coming from him.

Conor Fuse:

You went about your way, thinking everything would wind up okay in the end. But what has *life* given you recently? A loss here. A loss there. A worthless "*second player*". You gotta change the difficulty, upgrade to a new system, Scotty. The old you isn't working anymore. And to add even more problems to your *life*, you pissed my brother off. You made him angry. And nobody, I mean NOBODY likes it when my bro is angry...

Conor's determined and intense face lightens up again. He smiles into the camera and blows a kiss. Then he giggles. The camera slowly turns to his left, revealing the stoic yet fuming Tyler Fuse. The Game-Changer looks very different from any image of him shown over two months ago. He has a full beard, his hair is all ratty and getting longer and he seems more muscular than ever before.

Silence brushes by for a moment. No one says a word. Finally, Player One speaks.

Tyler Fuse:

Kerry Kuroyama is no more. He has been sacrificed, deleted from the system... and finally, out of *lives*. And yet, Douglas, you still want to *play*? You want to *play this game*? My brother and I need no *Achievements* to prove to you or ANYONE else we are the greatest tag team in DEFIANCE history. And now, we are the deadliest.

Princess Desire appears, standing behind Tyler.

Tyler Fuse:

You should've listened to The Princess while you had the chance. You should have realized your days are numbered...

Tyler looks at his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

Or as Conor would say, your *lives* are numbered. You are on the edge of a game you don't want to play and the beginning of a journey you can't dare to attempt.

The camera pans out, revealing all 3 members of Fuse Bros. 360 now. As Tyler ends the "interview", Conor mouths the last few words of every sentence that comes.

Tyler Fuse:

My brother is right, you wouldn't like it when I'm angry. Sub Pop Scott, I *am* very angry. Survival is out of the question. You better hope we just leave you enough pieces to pick up when this is all said and done.

Tyler walks off-screen. The Princess walks off-screen. Conor walks off-screen but comes back.

Conor Fuse:

Game over, bro. No continues.

He giggles again and skips away.

Cut back to Darren and Lance.

SEATTLE'S BEST vs. FUSE BROS. 360

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I am being told this upcoming contest is STILL booked as a tag team match!

Lance:

We don't know whether or not Kerry Kuroyama has his medical clearance! We caught a glimpse of him at the top of our program in Iris Davine's care but no official word as of yet!

Cut to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

♪ "Boss Theme" from Snake's Revenge ♪

Darren Quimbey:

...being accompanied by Princess Desire... Tyler and Conor Fuse, Fuse Bros. 360!

The trio come out with Tyler in front, The Princess behind him and Conor Fuse a distant third. Tyler is his usual expressionless self, with Desire in a similar fashion. Meanwhile, Conor Fuse takes his time to stop mid-way down the ramp and begins dancing. He pauses, only to point and laugh like a pantomime at some of The Gamers in the front row. Then he takes a few more steps down the ramp and jumps up and down profusely. He gives the finger to a teenager. He salutes some older gentleman wearing a "SAVE THE DAY" Fuse Bros. branded t-shirt but then tells him to get a haircut. Nearing the end of the ramp he stops once more. He's about to do something but The Princess is there, arms crossed. Player Two smiles and says he will quit "acting stupid". He follows her and Tyler to the apron. They pose collectively as fireworks go off behind them. Tyler enters the ring, Desire jumps off the apron and Conor goes to his respected corner.

Lance:

That Conor sure is something, huh.

DDK:

I've wondered how Tyler puts up with all of Conor's nonsense but you can see it in his eyes. Tyler is the polar opposite of his brother, stoic and intense. Yet, he's ultimately okay with it. As annoying as Conor is he brings a lot to the team and having that second person to back you up...

Lance:

Don't forget Princess Desire. Three now.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

Darren pauses.

♪ "Smiling And Dying" by Green River ♪

DDK:

Well, that music tells us something right there ...

Darren Quimbey:

Representing Seattle's Best... "Sub Pop" Scott DOUGLASSSSS!

The fans boo at the initial information provided, that it's just Scott Douglas who's coming and not alongside Kerry Kuroyama. Then they cheer at the name and the person who arrives.

DDK:

As we mentioned a moment ago this is STILL a tag team match but it appears Scott Douglas is out here alone. As far as we know, Kerry has not been cleared... leaving Scott at a great disadvantage.

Lance:

So, uh, does that mean Kuroyama CAN be part of this?

DDK: *[getting confused]*

Well, yes and no. I suppose he can but he's not cleared. So no.

Lance: *[just as confused now]*

Okay...

An obviously frustrated Scott Douglas makes his way to the squared circle with little fanfare. He enters the ring and readies himself for this offset match up.

DING DING

As referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell, Scott Douglas stands in the middle of the canvas, ready for a fight. Tyler simply waits in his corner, resting on the turnbuckle. Conor, stands holding the tag rope and laughing at Douglas in a way that would mimic The Joker in the Adam West Batman TV show.

Lance:

Scotty's in trouble...

Douglas calls Tyler towards him but Player One doesn't budge. Instead, he just continues to stand there, in a trance, staring a hole through to the back Sub Pop's head. By now, Conor has changed characters. He's laughing at Douglas like it's slapstick comedy from The Three Stooges.

DDK:

Douglas is going to be in a very tough spot here, folks. The Bros. are no push-overs, despite Conor's erratic behaviors. Tyler's on the meanest streak I've seen in some time and The Princess is, well, she's as manipulative as I've ever seen a manager.

The crowd tries to get behind Douglas but Tyler doesn't move.

Lance:

I wouldn't say Desire isn't even a manager. She trained in Japan. One of her nicknames is The Peach Puroresu. She's a submission and martial arts machine. It's just a matter of time before we see it...

*"SUB-POP SCOTT!"**"SUB-POP SCOTT!"**"SUB-POP SCOTT!"***DDK:**

The Faithful proving why Scott Douglas is "DEFIANCE's Favorite Son!"

Finally, Tyler emerges from the corner. He starts circling Douglas as one-half of Seattle's Best turns around the ring to keep an eye on Tyler. This leaves the opening Conor needs. He charges in once Douglas' back is turned and levels him with a forearm smash! The Gamers boo wildly as Tyler comes in and hits a slingblade!

DDK:

As if that NEEDED to happen!

Tyler stomps away on Douglas, who fights into the ropes. The referee asks for a break but Tyler doesn't give it until he

can get a few more shots in! Tyler pulls Douglas up by his hair and hurls him into the ropes... leaping forward and crushing Sub Pop with a high knee! Douglas collapses on the mat and Tyler drives an elbow into his forehead. Throwing him into a sleeper, the fans rally behind the former SOHER as he battles to one knee and then a vertical base. Douglas breaks free and flies into the ropes... he jumps up but Tyler throws him higher into the air. This gives Douglas enough momentum to wrap his legs around Tyler's neck and toss him across the ring in a hurricanrana! Player One lands on the bottom rope and Douglas wastes no time hitting the ropes for extra momentum. He jumps on Tyler's back with a splash as the crowd cheers in approval!

DDK:

Scott Douglas isn't letting the odds get to him, here in the opening moments of this bout!

Conor comes racing in but Douglas drops the top rope on him and Conor goes right back out in one fluent motion! However, this gives Tyler enough time to chop block Douglas in the back of the right knee. Sub Pop doubles over as Player One stands to a poor reaction. Tyler looks down at Douglas.

Tyler Fuse:

Better hope I don't take out *your* knee.

DDK:

He is referencing Kerry Kuroyama here. Tyler was the one who took Kerry out with that brutal figure four leg lock on the ring post one month ago!

The Game-Changer stomps away at Douglas while he tries to fight back but cannot. Then P1 pulls Sub Pop to his feet and hits a violent looking Russian leg sweep, followed by another elbow drop into the stomach. Tyler headlocks Douglas and drags him to the middle of the ring. He flips Douglas across the canvas, still holding onto his head and tightening the sleeper hold.

DDK:

Tyler's had a problem with Douglas since the beginning of all this. He's done nothing but want to inflict pain on him... and for what? I don't understand their business with DEFIANCE's Favorite Son.

Tyler keeps the hold locked in while Douglas tries to fight out of it.

Lance:

I agree with you, Keebs. The Bros. said they were doing this to *help* Scott Douglas. Well, that's what The Princess said, anyway. They took Kerry Kuroyama out because they felt like he was holding Douglas back. True or not, what made it their business to make this decision?

DDK:

And that also doesn't explain why Tyler hates Douglas so much. That explains why he hates Kerry. But Scott Douglas is the one Tyler's been fixated on since the beginning, like I said.

Douglas gets to a knee and tries fighting off Tyler with elbows.

Lance:

Exactly. But we've been told we're on a need-to-know basis and right now we don't need-to-know.

Douglas breaks free and pushes Tyler into the ropes. Douglas goes for a slingblade of his own but Tyler ducks it and Douglas crashes into the ropes himself. Tyler immediately takes Sub Pop and throws him on his head with a modified piledriver!

DDK:

Tyler with a leg drop and then an arm bar! Douglas is quick into the ropes, however but Tyler takes until the count of three to break the hold!

Player One hammers a high knee into Douglas' skull and then flips him down into a pendulum backbreaker. He walks over to Conor and tags him in.

Tyler Fuse:

Make it quick; I'm not done yet.

Conor smiles and pats his brother on the shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

Aye aye baby-o-baby-o-baby!

Conor gets on the top rope and flies off with a cutter! He waits for Douglas to see where he is and then explodes out of another corner with a spinning heel kick! Conor dances around the ring, waiting for Sub Pop again...

Rolling thunder splash!

Lionsault!

DDK:

It's all Fuse Bros.!

Conor looks over at Tyler as if to say "just one more move". Douglas ducks a clothesline attempt but Player Two comes back with an axe kick, roundhouse kick and then a superkick!! The boos fill the arena!

Conor Fuse:

Axe kick, roundhouse kick, superkick COM-BO!!!

DDK: *[sarcastically]*

Who needs commentary when Conor can do it for us?

Lance:

I just got the gig and they're already trying to take it away from me!

Conor tags Tyler.

Player One perches himself on the second rope. He measures Douglas and then hits a diving swinging neck breaker! Calling for the end, Tyler attempts CQC, the running bulldog up the turnbuckle and through the canvas mat...

DDK:

Douglas tosses Tyler away at the very last second!!

Sub Pop runs at Player One with a cobra clutch attempt but turns it into a release overhead suplex!

Still dazed, Douglas goes to the ropes and axe kicks Tyler to the canvas! The Game-Changer rolls out of the ring, holding his face but meets a baseball slide from Douglas! Scott pops right back into the ring but he's met with a knee to the back of the head from Conor Fuse!

DDK:

Benny Doyle didn't see it! He was looking at Tyler on the outside!

Benny Doyle turns back around, confused to see Scott Douglas laying there. However, by now, Conor is back in his corner with an innocent look in his eyes. He bats his eyelashes numerous times at Benny, creeping him out so the referee figures not to follow-up further.

Tyler gets back on the apron but Douglas recovers. Douglas sprints at Tyler but he's met with a superkick! With Tyler

on the other side of the apron, he pulls Douglas towards him and connects with a suplex, taking Douglas right out of the ring, off the apron and to the floor below! Both crash hard!

The Gamers give a concerned "oh!" upon impact and Doyle begins a TEN count!

DDK:

The numbers game is going to be too much, considering Douglas is clearly in beat-up shape, too!

Lance:

But for now, he's staying in this thing. Scotty is resilient to say the least!

Doyle is at FIVE when The Princess comes strolling over to look at the scene. The Gamers stir but she insists she will do nothing but observe. She raises her arms and looks at Doyle. Conor, however, doesn't care. He walks over to Benny, stuffs a pack of papers in his front t-shirt pocket and then exits the ring, kicking Douglas five times and sliding his brother back into the ring, breaking Tyler's TEN count.

Benny Doyle: *[shouting to Conor]*

What are you doing!?

Conor shrugs it off as he makes his way to The Fuse's corner.

Conor Fuse:

Man, don't even with me right now. I just gave you cheat codes.

Even more confused, Doyle pulls out the papers. They appear to be nothing more than numerous algebra equations with a title reading "SOLVE FOR X". Doyle doesn't know what to make of this. He just puts the papers back in his front pocket.

Conor Fuse:

Good.

Forgetting the TEN count can still be administered to Douglas, it doesn't matter anymore as Douglas fights to get back on the apron. Tyler has recovered and charges... but this time it's Douglas who drops the top rope and Tyler goes flying out of the ring and onto the floor below!

The fans give a cheer as Douglas looks back and shrugs. He jumps onto the top rope and then lands a perfect looking moonsault onto Tyler Fuse's shoulders, knocking him out again!

"LETS GO SUB-POP, LETS GO!" Thump, thump.

"LETS GO SUB-POP, LETS GO!" Thump, thump.

"LETS GO SUB-POP, LETS GO!" Thump, thump.

Scott hurls Tyler into the ring and goes to the top rope. As referee Benny Doyle has his back turned, The Princess jumps onto the apron and crotches Douglas in the process! Without hesitation, Tyler flies up to the top buckle before Benny Doyle can get a sense of what happened. P1 hooks both of Douglas' arms and in one swift motion, he double-arm suplexes the two of them off the top buckle and into the middle of the ring!

DDK:

That was a clear second wind for Tyler but he seems to be out of it again!

Lance:

He's got to tag Conor and Douglas has to make a tag too-

Lance stops, realizing what he said can't apply. There's no one in Douglas' corner.

Tyler fights to get to his corner and Douglas, well, tries to get to his. Not to tag but just to use it as leverage.

Smack, Tyler tags Conor.

At almost the same time, Douglas grabs the second turnbuckle and spins himself around...

DDK:

INTO A RUNNING SHOULDER BLOCK FROM CONOR!

Douglas' head almost pops off his neck upon impact! Even the ever-so-annoying Conor seems surprised by the force! Sub Pop Scotty stays down and Conor is back in business. He jumps up and down like he's won the Super Bowl. Then he pulls Douglas to his feet and connects with PWN'd, his version of a tilt-a-whirl DDT!

Conor Fuse:

It's OVER. GAME OVER!!

Player Two points to the top buckle. He doesn't have to walk up there, either. He simply jumps right on the top one, spins back around to the center of the ring and goes for it...

PHOENIX SPLASH.

DDK:

My god! Conor hit it! This one is over!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The Gamers give a cheer in support of Douglas, showing signs of life after staying relatively quiet throughout the beating! P2 looks up in disgust but then nods as if to say "okay, okay but you can't stop what's next".

Conor scoop slams Douglas back near the bottom-right corner of the television feed.

DDK:

He's going BACK to the top...

Again, Conor leaps from canvas mat to top buckle with ease. It takes less than a second for the talented aerial combatant to make his measurements and GO...

MOONSAULT.

DDK:

Conor hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!!!

KICKOUT!!!

The fans grow even louder, finally making enough noise to shake the hard-camera!

DDK:

Douglas kicked out!

Conor isn't happy but he continues to nod to himself, refusing to be rattled. He lifts Sub Pop up and plants him right back to the spot he's been in three times now.

DDK:

Douglas is a fighter but I think he's met his limit here...

Conor calls for his finisher, newly named the SUPER SPLASH 450. Which is exactly in its title, a 450 splash.

SMACK.

Super Splash 450!

DDK:

Conor hooks both legs!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

KICKOUT!!!!

The DEFarena becomes unglued! Everyone stands for the never-give-up never-say-die will Scott Douglas has on display! By now, Conor is fuming and even resembles that of his brother, Tyler. Conor pounds his hands on the mat, just adding more fuel to the fire for The Faithful! P2 screams at Benny Doyle, telling him it was a three and that he handed him cheat codes! Good cheat codes! How could he ignore these!? Conor is about to grab Benny by the neck but Tyler is back up and recovered in his corner, demanding the younger Fuse make the tag. Conor drops the idea of breaking Doyle's neck and agrees. He walks over and tags Tyler in.

The excitement turns to a hush as Tyler methodically enters. Eyes locked on a motionless Scott Douglas. P1 takes his time, walks around Sub Pop, stalking his prey, not even blinking as he does. Then The Game-Changer looks across to his wife, The Princess. She gives the okay.

Princess Desire:

Break him. Break his neck.

Tyler begins the Mudhole Stomps of Death!

There's no quit and the crowd roars in jeers! In his trance-like state, there's no getting through. Tyler throws every kick as hard as he can into Douglas' head! While Conor, meanwhile, provides his combo commentary.

Conor Fuse:

Down, down, up, down, down, X. Don't forget the R3 trigger either! Good job, dear brother! Down, left, down, down, right! Square!

Finally, after a good minute of beating... Tyler pulls Douglas to his knees.

Tyler Fuse:

WE TOLD YOU. WE TRIED TO HELP YOU.

Tyler looks into the crowd and then back at Douglas.

Tyler Fuse:

BUT YOU DIDN'T WANT OUR HELP. AND NOW YOU WILL PAY... THERE ARE NO CONTINUES FOR YOU. THERE ARE NO EXTRA LIVES.

Tyler plants Douglas in the middle of the ring with a DDT.

Tyler Fuse:

Now you will understand why we did thi-

“YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAHHHHHHH!!”

DDK:

What the... !?

Tyler looks to the rampway.

Lance:

THAT'S KERRY KUROYAMA!!! HE'S HERE!!! KERRY IS HERE!!!

Kuroyama sprints toward the ring, assisted by his recently acquired knee brace. In mere seconds he slides into the ring!

DDK:

But is he cleared!?

Now in the ring and on his feet, Kerry blocks an attempted shot from Tyler and lays on in himself! Tyler stumbles but returns fire and the pair trade blows wildly, practically over Douglas' near lifeless body!

DDK:

Now *THIS* is a GAME-CHANGER!

Lance:

Indeed it is, Darren!

Benny Doyle attempts to regain some order to no avail.

DDK:

... that's refreshing.

Conor has seen enough and attempts to join the fray but Doyle catches him and backs him toward his corner while Conor screams about cheat codes!

Lance:

What?

Kerry gains the advantage between Tyler and himself, working the elder Fuse against the ropes. Kerry leans in and shoots P1 off the ropes, Tyler having to step over slowly recovering Scott Douglas. As Tyler returns, Kerry takes the shortcut, leaps over Douglas and flies into Tyler with a forearm smash! The Faithful are ecstatic but with Conor back

on the apron, Doyle turns his attention toward Kerry...

DDK:

Nothing.

Kerry gets to his feet as Doyle approaches and demands he take his place on the apron if he intends to be a legal participant in this match up! Kerry attempts to argue his point and point out the disadvantage Douglas has been faced with for the bulk of the bout. Rules are rules, though and Doyle begins a five count!

Lance:

The Pacific Blitzkrieg is here to even out the odds but unless he is tagged in as the legal man he can't do much more than hurt the proceedings!

Kerry takes his place on the apron and reluctantly snatches the tag rope but Scott Douglas is in no immediate position to make Kerry's involvement legal. Tyler finds himself struggling as well to meet Conor's outstretched hand.

DDK:

Lance, this could be the turning point for the match up, beyond Kerry Kuroyama's surprise involvement!

Lance:

Agreed but *CAN* Scott Douglas make the tag!?

"SUB POP SCOTT"

"SUB POP SCOTT"

"SUB POP SCOTT"

The Faithful once again rally behind the beaten and battered star as he stirs but his movement is extremely labored! Kerry reaches out! As does Conor! Benny Doyle begins the ten count...

ONE!

DDK:

The Fuse Bros. 360 obviously maintains the advantage unless Kerry Kuroyama can get into this match!

TWO!

Tyler is on a knee!

THREE!

Douglas reaches in the right direction but he isn't even off the mat yet...

FOUR!

Tyler looks back toward Douglas, struggling to lift himself from the mat...

FIVE!

DDK:

Tyler Fuse is trying his best to figure out which is more effective! Does he stop Douglas now or make the tag?

SIX!

Lance:

If they let Kerry into this match as a legal man they lose all they've achieved here! Kerry is obviously the freshest of all

four!
SEVEN!

Douglas struggles to a knee. Kerry reached on the corner, begging Scott to make the tag and let him make right what has gone so wrong in the past few weeks!

EIGHT!

Tyler decides to make the tag himself and leaps toward Conor!!

NINE!

DDK:

Douglas lunges!

Lance:

TAG! TAG! Tyler and Scott Douglas both make the tag!

Kerry storms the ring as does Conor! A clothesline takes down P2 but he pops back up instantly, only for Kerry to knock him down once more! Again, Conor is up and the intensity is high!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama is fired up and now the LEGAL man!

Kerry jumps, split legged toward Conor, wrapping the torso. Conor appears in control as he shifts the momentum, lifting Kerry up. Kerry's legs come loose and he hooks Conor's head!

DDK:

Casdora BULLDOG! Kerry Kuroyama in full control here!

Kerry follows up, pulling Conor by the back of his tights, setting up and...

Lance:

Tiger Suplex! ...bridged for the PIN!

ONE!

DDK:

Conor kicks out, in a hurry!

The air is taken out of The Faithful but it doesn't last for long! Kuroyama hurls Conor into the ropes... Conor leaps over his counterpart and hits the next set of ropes, as does Kerry.

WHACK!!

DDK:

WHAT A YAKUZA KICK BY KERRY!

The two came sprinting at each other with so much force the kick sent Conor head-over-heels twice before hitting the mat! Kuroyama pulls himself together, hits the ropes, and lands a slingshot leg drop! He drags Conor by his hair and connects with a running palm strike and then a release German suplex, tumbling P2 into an empty corner of the ring!

Kuroyama screams to the crowd... they show him support...

DDK:

Running dropkick by Kuroyama! He throws Conor to the middle of the ring...

Kuroyama looks for The Green River Revolt, his running knee to the back of the head...

CRACK!

DDK:

KERRY HITS IT!! THIS MATCH IS OVER!!!

ONE!

TWO!!!!

DDK:

BROKEN UP BY TYLER!!

Most of The Faithful screamed "THREE" as Tyler was nowhere to be seen until the last possible second!

Lance:

That was SO VERY CLOSE!

DDK:

Indeed it was!

Kuroyama rolls to one knee, about to process what's happened but Scott Douglas, working with about 10% comes flying in and takes Tyler down with a dropkick! The Faithful roar as Kuroyama gets to his feet and looks at his teammate. In a way, Kerry is seemingly saying he's sorry but trying to make good of everything, too. Sub Pop takes about three seconds to process things, grins, and nods his head...

DDK:

Kuroyama and Douglas with double dropkicks to Tyler! It sends him outta the ring!

Seattle's Best turn their attention to Conor Fuse. P2 is dazed but can still put 2-and-2 together as he looks up at Kuroyama and Douglas and then at Benny Doyle.

Conor Fuse: *[to Benny Doyle]*

But I... I gave you cheat codes?

Then he looks at Douglas.

Conor Fuse:

I didn't even bring The Game Shark this time!

He pauses.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, okay, it's under the ring!

Finally, Conor looks at Kerry.

Conor Fuse:

Sorry about your knee. We still cool?

DDK:

SEATTLE'S BEST HAVE SEEN ENOUGH!!

Kuroyama picks up Conor and hits Douglas' finishing move on him, the Sub Pop Suplex (a Fisherman's Brainbuster) while Douglas is on the top rope and comes crashing down with the Fermont Plunge, his ultimate finisher, a shooting star press!!

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX AND FERMONT PLUNGE!!! SAY GAME OVER, BROS.!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

DDK:

WHERE'S THREE!?!? WHERE'S THREE!?

Lance:

Princess Desire pulled the referee out of the ring!

The crowd is chaotic! Douglas thinks it was a three because he didn't see Doyle's hand fall! Kerry Kuroyama is left wondering, too!

DDK:

She is something!! Seattle's Best had this match WON!

Once he's able to figure it out, Scotty is fuming! He looks down at The Princess and exits the ring in a huff! He starts arguing with Desire while Benny Doyle tries to separate them! Then the referee ejects The Princess to the back which is met with great approval from The Faithful!

Kuroyama looks on but then decides to go back to work. He pulls Conor to his knees and gets into a corner of the ring. He calls for The Green River Revolt!

Kerry sprints towards Conor but at the LAST SECOND his knee buckles!

Lance:

No!

DDK:

It had to happen eventually! He's been overusing his knee since he got out here!

The Pacific Blitzkrieg doubles over and slowly stumbles to the canvas as a hush flows throughout the arena! However, the hush eventually turns to great concern as Tyler Fuse is back in the ring. And he isn't alone.

BOOM!

DDK:

TYLER USED THE GAME SHARK ON KERRY KUROYAMA'S KNEE!!

The pinata-like shark breaks into a million pieces as Kerry tumbles over. Tyler is quick to throw Conor's limp arm on top of Kerry and slide out of the ring.

Across the way, Benny Doyle sees the pin and slips inside the ring. Scott Douglas has noticed what's happened by now, too but Princess Desire races back down the ramp and grabs him by the foot, right before Sub Pop can break the pinfall up.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The fans boo but mostly shock follows, as Kerry clutches the back of his knee for all its worth!

DDK:

The Fuse's have gotten away with murder!

Tyler enters the ring and takes a quick hold of Conor, dragging him out of harm's way. Finally, Scott is able to shake The Princess free but instead of seeking revenge, or continued frustration at his tag team partner, DEFIANCE's Favorite Son shows his noble colors and immediately checks on Kerry.

DDK:

Tyler, Conor, and Desire pulled this out from the skin of their teeth!

Lance:

You've got that right! I don't think we've ever seen Tyler resort to those, uh, video game tactics either. The Game Shark is usually a Conor thing...

DDK:

Desperate. He got desperate. Plus Kuroyama wasn't one hundred percent, either.

Lance:

The Pacific Blitzkrieg used his knee too many times in this match. It finally gave out! And then, to have that solid-looking "shark thing" hit your knee, too! It might look stupid but that has knocked a lot of people out before!

The Bros. and The Princess make it to the top of the ramp. By now, Conor is able to open his eyes and raise his hands, although his face says he has no clue what's going on. Furthermore, Tyler doesn't break his stare on Scott Douglas and The Princess is all grins from ear to ear, able to escape another contest without anything coming to her.

Scotty goes back and forth from looking at The Bros. to looking at his partner, overwhelmed with frustration.

Cut back to the compensation station.

SCOTT STEVENS vs MATT LACROIX

DDK:

I don't think for a second, Scott Douglas is going to let this end here.

Lance:

Knowing Scott as well as I do, I have to agree, Darren. He's not one to let things go, once he feels wronged.

DDK:

Time will tell, Lance. Next on our slate, we have something that's been building ever since the Ace In The Hole tournament, where Scott Stevens was eliminated but then took Matt LaCroix's spot after a backstage attack that rendered him unable to compete.

Lance:

While Scott Stevens went on to claim victory and become the Ace, Matt LaCroix was on the shelf recovering from the injuries he sustained. It wasn't until after DEFCON when he was able to come back far after Stevens had forgotten that he'd even put the BRAZEN standout on the shelf.

DDK:

And Matt LaCroix has been trying to get his hands on Scott Stevens ever since, but it's been a lot harder than he might've anticipated. Let's go to a recap package to show how we got to where we are tonight.

A video package airs to the song "Cut The Cord" by Shinedown. Scott Stevens in the ring on DEFtv 133 proclaiming himself the true FIST of DEFIANCE. Scenes interrupted of Matt LaCroix attacking George Stevens backstage and Scott Stevens going "on tour." Scott Stevens wins matches in several different promotions, collecting championships from across the globe as Matt LaCroix attacks Bo Stevens and faces off against Flex Kruger. LaCroix is speaking to the Faithful after an airing of a Scott Stevens match in Ireland when suddenly he's attacked from behind from the self-proclaimed FIST of DEFIANCE. The package ends with Stevens hitting LaCroix with every title he's earned and celebrating as the medical team tends to an angry and battered Southern Strong Style, who seethes with revenge as the medical team wipes the blood away.

Lance:

Needless to say, there is no love lost between these two, and we're in for a he..

Lights Out.

The Faithful cheer as heavy smoke begins to billow from the entrance. Green lights illuminate the area and the music begins to play.

↪ "Scenotaph (DJA Infected Remix)" by Emanuel ↪

Through the guttural screams and the smoke, a figure rises from a kneeling position with his back to the ring. He backs out of the smoke before spinning around and pulling the hood off of his head, revealing the face of Matt LaCroix. A snarl crosses the lips below a look of pure intensity in caribbean blue eyes as he takes a step forward, dropping his black denim hooded vest to the floor.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from New Orleans, Louisiana!

Darren pauses for the cheap pop.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 242 pounds...SOUTHERN. STRONG. STYLE. MATT LAAAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIXX!

DDK:

Big chance for Matt LaCroix here, Lance. For years now, there has been a pocket of fans on the internet who have

been clamoring for LaCroix to get a fair chance. He's certainly got the talent, and he had a run in another organization that earned him a ton of fans overseas. During his time in Japan people were calling him "The Best In The World" but his time in BRAZEN has been hit or miss.

Lance:

Absolutely. The talent has ALWAYS been there, Darren. No doubt about it. He has his own demons he's dealt with and his acclamation to coming back home hasn't gone smoothly. Not as much success as one would've hoped. It's put up or shut up time for Matt LaCroix. It's time to realize the hype. It's time to see what he has left in the tank. If he can't get it done here, does he even stay on the roster?

Sliding into the ring, Matt LaCroix climbs up to the top rope and looks out across the Faithful as they cheer him on. He nods his head and taps his fist across his chest before hopping down. Pacing back and forth in his corner, the former Green Reaper fixates on the entrance, waving down his opponent as the music cuts away.

The lights in the arena go out when a voice shouts over the arena speakers....

"MAKE THE FIST GREAT AGAIN!"

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The cheers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into jeers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... *SCOTT STEVENS* as

♪ *"Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers* ♪

Plays throughout the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

From The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...He is the ACE OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION! SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENS!

Quimbey can barely be heard over the crowd as a spotlight hits the darkened stage to reveal Scott Stevens on a Harley Davidson.

DDK:

Stevens coming to the ring in style..

Lance:

Damn second-hand smoke.

Stevens revs up his bike a few times before making his way down the ramp and pays no attention to the Filth cursing him out and throwing trash his way.

DDK:

Remember the ACE of DEFIANCE is not on the line tonight.

Lance:

Which is a travesty because Matt is going to destroy Scott.

DDK:

Easier said than done.

Stevens parks his bike and climbs the ring steps and makes his way into the ring. Once inside, he stretches out on the ring ropes.

DING DING!

DDK:

And here we go ladies and gentlemen.

As soon as the bell sounds, Matt LaCroix, like a bat out of Hell, sprints across the ring and attacks the ACE OF DEFIANCE just as Stevens finishes taking off all of his championships.

DDK:

LaCroix taking it to the former FIST fast and early.

Lance:

Smart strategy if he can keep it up long.

Matt staggers the Texan with a stiff forearm shot to the face.

DDK:

LaCroix displaying that Southern Strong Style with that wicked forearm shot.

Lance:

I think I saw a tooth fly.

Stevens tries to catch Matt off guard and goes to deliver a quick superkick, but LaCroix is able to avoid it by catching it and taking Stevens to the canvas with a dragon screw leg whip.

DDK:

Remember the Alamo Superkick failed and I'm surprised to see he went for one of his big moves early.

Lance:

I'm not.

DDK:

How come?

Lance:

Matt had him staggered and he was coming in fast and wild and Stevens was trying to not just keep distance but maybe surprise Matt with a quick kick that could've ended the match.

LaCroix starts kicking the right knee of Scott Stevens and the Texan grunts out in pain.

DDK:

Matt attacking the weak knee of Stevens.

Lance:

Even a bulky brace like Stevens has will wear down eventually.

LaCroix wrings the leg out some before dropping an elbow across it. He does it a few more times before driving his knee into the Texan's knee and wrenching back.

DDK:

LaCroix has Stevens in a bad way, Lance.

Lance:

He sure does Keebs. Matt is painting a masterpiece the Renaissance Era would be proud of.

The official asks Stevens if he submits but the ACE shoots him the bird.

DDK:

That's nice.

Lance:

Typical Stevens. Asshole until the end.

LaCroix goes for a Figure Four leglock but as he turns his back to Stevens the Ace kicks him in the butt causing Matt to hit the turnbuckle headfirst and stagger backward. As he staggers back, the former FIST uses enough strength he can muster in his legs to jump and deliver double knees to Matt's back.

DDK:

Stevens just stabbed Matt in the back!

Lance:

That backstabber was on point.

Stevens goes for a cover.

One.

Two.

No.

Kickout.

DDK:

Matt was able to kick out before the count of three.

Lance:

This is the opportunity Stevens needs.

Stevens begins to slap his leg to get the blood flowing through it once again and he uses the ropes to pull himself up as LaCroix starts to stir as well.

DDK:

Both men are to their feet.

Lance:

Stevens may be more hurt than we realize Keebs.

LaCroix kicks the bottom rope and the whiplash effect hits Stevens' leg causing the Texan to fall to the ground in pain.

DDK:

That was unorthodox.

Lance:

Maybe so but it was highly effective.

Matt picks up Scott and whips him towards the opposite ropes. The New Orleans native bends down as Scott approaches.

DDK:

Back body drop coming up.

Lance:

Not so fast Keebs.....

Stevens leapfrogs over LaCroix and bounces off the ropes and uses the extra momentum to deliver a massive Superman Punch as Matt turns around.

DDK:

The FIST!

The punch sent Matt staggering back through the ropes and onto the floor where Scott rolls out to meet him.

Lance:

This is not where Matt LaCroix wants to be.

Stevens picks LaCroix and sends him shoulder-first into the steel ring steps.

Scott Stevens:

Come here, boy! I'm not done with you yet!

Stevens yells as he makes his way over to LaCroix.

Lance:

Stevens is going to use whatever he can to hurt LaCroix.

Stevens picks up Matt and whips him into the steel ring post causing him to stagger and fall onto the motorcycle of Scott Stevens.

Scott Stevens:

WHAT THE FUCK?!?!?!?!?

Stevens yells as he goes over to his downed bike with LaCroix laying on top of it.

Scott Stevens:

First, you attack my family. Then you question my manhood. And now you attack my bike!

Stevens shouts as he mounts LaCroix and begins to rain down a flurry of right hands.

Lance:

Stevens showing why you don't mess with another man's wheels.

Stevens delivers one final right before getting off of Matt and throwing him back inside the ring.

DDK:

Matt may have gotten the upper hand on Stevens early on but this is where the Ace as made a name for himself in this kind of matches as he's switched into another gear.

Lance:

Stevens showing why he has been a top-level competitor wherever he has competed.

Scott rolls into the ring and begins to put the boots to LaCroix.

Scott Stevens:

Come on you overrated BRAZEN piece of shit!

Stevens shouts as he paintbrushes the side of Matt's face with his boot.

Scott Stevens:

You don't look so tough to me.

Stevens yells with a stiff right hand to the face.

DDK:

Stevens just toying with LaCroix now.

Lance:

Come on Matt!

Scott Stevens:

Let me show you how we do it in the Main Event.

Stevens says as he places Matt between his legs and delivers a massive powerbomb that shakes the ring on impact.

DDK:

Goodnight.

Lance:

Dammit.

Stevens goes for a cover.

One.

Two.

Thre.....

NO!

Stevens pulls LaCroix up.

DDK:

What is Stevens doing?

Lance:

Guess he wants to inflict more damage.

Stevens tells the official to fuck off as he grabs the face of Matt.

Scott Stevens:

You thought I was done with you?

Stevens asks before slapping Matt.

Scott Stevens:

Not by a fucking long shot boy!

Stevens yells as he whips Matt into the ropes and delivers a spine buster.

DDK:

Double S Spinebuster by the Ace.

Lance:

Stevens is just adding insult to injury now.

Matt gets to all fours and the Texan drives Matt's face into the ground.

DDK:

Curb stomp by Stevens and Matt has to be out.

Lance:

He will be after this.

Stevens begins to pat his knee brace as he back into a corner waiting to strike.

Scott Stevens:

You want my knee brace?!?!?!? Well, here it is!

Stevens shouts as he runs at LaCroix full force but the Renaissance avoids the attack and Stevens collides with the turnbuckles.

Lance:

Smart or dumb luck, Matt has just found the opening he needs.

Southern Strong Style goes for a schoolboy, but as he rolls him over instead of pinning Stevens he grabs the right leg and begins pulling away at the knee brace to the cheers of the Faithful. The ACE gets his bearings straight and shoves LaCroix back into the corner with his legs. However, the former Green Reaper bounces off the corner and grabs the leg of Stevens again as he tries to crawl away.

DDK:

LaCroix is getting a new burst of energy here from the Faithful! He's fighting through and getting a second wind!

Lance:

He's going to have to be tenacious to hang in there against Stevens! He's big and strong, you're going to be punched in the mouth, Darren! It's about how you get back up that determines if you can win this match!

Scott Stevens begins kicking like a bull, trying to shake LaCroix who stays low to the ground using his extensive amateur wrestling background to stay focused to ever-rising cheers. After weathering the tornado, LaCroix wraps the unbraced leg of Scott Stevens around his own, then does the same for the braced leg like the beginning of a Mexican Surfboard. Then, instead of completing the move, LaCroix just begins stomping away on the injured leg of Stevens whose trash talk is silenced by a painful roar.

Lance:

How did he hang on?! LaCroix is just destroying the right knee of the former FIST of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Oooh boy, I hope Scott didn't just hear that!

Lance:

Self-appointed FIST of DEFIANCE?

DDK:

That's not much better, but how is LaCroix planning on lifting that big Texan off the ground with this surfboard?

LaCroix doesn't even grab the arms, realizing the former FIST has too much fight still in him. Instead, he lets the good leg of Stevens free and spins around, wrenching the bad leg before reaching back and grabbing the head of the Texan with a bridge. Stevens begins clawing towards the ropes before he reaches up and rakes the eyes of LaCroix, then bursts free.

DDK:

The bull is loose!

Lance:

Watch out!

LaCroix gets up just in time to duck a massive lariat! The crowd is riled up as Scott Stevens turns around and eats a front dropkick to the right knee, bringing him down to a kneeling position before LaCroix rolls back and charges forward with a huge shining wizard.

DDK:

We heard that from here!

Lance:

The DIS! Destruction In Spades!

DDK:

LaCroix for the WIN!

ONE.

TWO.

THRE... NO! KICKOUT!

Lance:

CLOSE! Stevens powers out!

DDK:

That move puts the BRAZEN roster away, but he's not in BRAZEN anymore!

Scott Stevens kicks out with a massive buck. LaCroix looks back at Brian Slater for the count and sees a two, before the official points at the hand of Runessansu and sees the knee brace of the ACE. He rips the brace away from LaCroix's hands and tosses it across the ring as a smirk crosses the face of the former BRAZEN star.

Lance:

He got the brace! He's been working on it all match!

DDK:

Stevens might actually be in trouble here, Lance!

Scott grabs his knee in pain, looking around for the brace only to see it tossed across the ring. He opens his mouth to berate Brian Slater but is met with a series of stiff strikes from LaCroix. Chest kick. Chest kick. A spin kick dazes the self-proclaimed FIST but he still pushes himself up to his feet, favoring the leg. LaCroix gives some space to get a running start for another DIS, but instead Stevens lifts the bad leg for a big boot and grounds the hometown star. Matt is clearly dazed as he tries to get up to his feet, but Scott has trouble capitalizing on one leg. He tries to move in for the kill and stalls, giving Matt the time to grab the leg and roll, locking him into a knee bar and heel hook combination!

DDK:

Peacemaker! Peacemaker!

Lance:

He might tap him out here!

DDK:

Listen to the Faithful go wild, Lance! What an upset this would be!!

Slater asks Scott Stevens if he'd like to submit as he screams out in pain. His answer is "**FUCK NO.**" He crawls towards the ropes, but Southern Strong Style tries to deadweight and make his life as hard as possible while continuing to crank on his back. Scott Stevens is just too strong, pulling Matt LaCroix behind him as he reaches out for the ropes. LaCroix pops back up to his feet and tries to pull the big Texan away from the ropes but can't do it. Brian Slater calls for the rope break, but LaCroix holds on until a five count and releases.

Lance:

Brian Slater warns LaCroix he needs to break the hold quicker, but Matt is very adamant that he has until a five count. There is a bit of a gray are...

DDK:

WHAT A SHOT BY STEVENS!

Lance:

What just happened?!

DDK:

Scott Stevens just struck LaCroix in the side of the head with his knee brace!

Brian Slater missed the whole thing, getting in an impassioned argument with LaCroix he didn't notice what Stevens hit him with. Scott quickly gets rid of the evidence. Throwing his knee brace into the crowd with no compassion before dropping down and hooking the leg!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DDK:

You've got to be kidding me! Not like this!

Lance:

That son of a... dammit! LaCroix had this one!

Scott Stevens rolls off of the downed former BRAZEN star and looks into a jeering crowd in a sitting position with an arrogant smile across his face, raising his arms into the air. He looks back at Brian Slater to get his arm raised in the air, but Slater is shaking his head no and the Faithful roars in response.

DDK:

LaCroix's foot is on the rope!

Lance:

What awareness by the Green Reaper! He's still in this thing!

He might legally be still in the match, but a few drips of crimson begin to roll down the face of Matt LaCroix. His only movement is his chest up and down from heavy breath as Scott Stevens pushes his way past Slater and kicks the leg off of the rope. He then kicks Matt LaCroix, rolling him over onto his stomach and grabbing him by the hair. Stevens drags The Renaissance across the canvas, leaving a red streak behind where he's been before picking up his chin

and looking at his crimson masked face.

Scott Stevens:

Like I've told you from the beginning... you're just NOT. GOOD. ENOUGH.

Frustrated by his opponent, The Scorpion pulls LaCroix's head between his thighs, setting him up for the seldom used Moral Compass.

DDK:

He's going to end LaCroix's career!

Lance:

Just pin him, Scott! He's bleeding out!

As the Faithful boo as loud as they can, Scott puts a finger up to his lips telling them all to quiet down before suddenly they explode onto their feet in cheers!

Lance:

LACROIX HAS THE PEACEMAKER LOCKED IN AGAIN!

DDK:

He might do it, Lance! He might just do it!

A primal scream of pain erupts from the former FIST of DEFIANCE, but it's drowned out by the cheers of the Faithful. Once again Scott Stevens begins to drag his opponent across the ring, but looks to be in much more pain. Matt LaCroix digs his freeboot into the canvas and pulls back, wrapping and wrenching as hard as he can.

DDK:

HE TAPPED! HE TAPPED!

Lance:

Can you believe that?!

As the bell rings the Faithful explode for the former BRAZEN star in a way he hadn't heard since his days in Japan. With a look of relief, the New Orleans born Matt LaCroix collapses onto his back covered in his own blood as the bell rings.

DING DING DING!

♪ "Scenotaph (DJA Infected Remix)" by Emanuel ♪

Scott Stevens quickly rolls out of the ring and waves his arm at the ring, limping away with his back to LaCroix. Inside the ring, Brian Slater helps Matt up to his feet, fighting through the exhaustion to have his arm raised in the air.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner by submission.... MAAAAAATT LAAAAAAAACRRROIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIX!

DDK:

There you have it, ladies and gentlemen! Matt LaCroix, veteran wrestler, and world traveler has just defeated one of the best DEFIANCE has to offer right here in his hometown of New Orleans! In his home federation of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Matt LaCroix just took his spot on the DEFIANCE roster, Darren! Submitting Scott Stevens is a big, BIG win! I can't believe what we just saw!

DDK:

He's been through so much to get to where he's at right now, Lance... and there's a lot more room for him to go, but with his mother in the audience here tonight this has got to be a moment that he'll never forget!

Lance:

Just days after his 36th birthday, let this be a lesson to keep at it and if you work hard enough, it will all pay off!

As Scott Stevens limps past the announce table, you can just barely hear him yell over the crowd.

Scott Stevens:

YOU THINK THIS WILL STOP ME?!?!?! NO GOD DAMN FLUKE WILL STOP THE TRUE FIST OF DEFIANCE!
YOU HEAR ME?!?!?! ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN MAXWELL BECAUSE THIS IS THE BIGGEST VICTORY IN
YOUR WASHED UP NEVER-WAS CAREER!

Inside the ring, Matt LaCroix does one last curtain call for the Faithful, giving them a round of applause from the top before rolling out of the ring and embracing his mother over the barricade. The fans rush to congratulate Southern Strong Style as he makes his way to the back.

Cut to Darren and Lance.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. TEAM HOSS

Lance:

I'm excited for this next match, Darren! This match is not going to be won by anybody in terms of technical points, but it's going to be a heck of a brawl!

DDK:

I have no doubts about that my friend. Ever since The Lucky Sevens have stepped onto the scene in DEFIANCE Wrestling, the twin towers have been racking up wins over the competition, but it seemed some harmless comments by Mason and Max Luck earned them the attention of one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's most powerful teams in Team HOSS.

Lance:

Yeah you're right. These teams have mixed it up in some form over the last few weeks. Max Luck and Aleczander the Great fought to disqualification while Mason Luck and Angel Trinidad battled to a double count out on a recent edition of Uncut. The Lucky Sevens countered Team HOSS and helped Lindsay Troy earn her spot in tonight's main event but nothing has been settled between these two until tonight!

DDK:

What my partner is talking is about is that -- as you covered in that excellent preview special on Uncut -- this match will be a tornado tag team match where there *must* be a winner! The pinfall or submission has to happen in the ring, but The Lucky Sevens offered up the money to DEFIANCE Wrestling directly to cover any damages they may cause tonight to beat Team HOSS once and for all.

Lance:

Here we go, Darren! Will Team HOSS keep the place at the top of the tag team food chain or will The Lucky Sevens prove themselves at the top? Let's go to the action right now!

Darren Quimbey:

The next match is a tag team match that will take place under tornado tag team rules! There must be a winner by pinfall or submission in this ring!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are already ready for the next match to take place and cheer in approval of the announcement.

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The music goes right into the thunderous chorus of the song and right away, the camera cuts to the stage. Smoke begins to billow from the stage and through it... out come the two members of Team HOSS, both looking pissed off and ready to wreck fools, no matter how big they are.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, at a combined weight of 587 pounds... they are the team of Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great... TEAM HOSS!

The 6'5" and 269-pound Brit, Aleczander The Great and the 6'10" and 309-pound Angel Trinidad head toward the ring looking like they're gonna kill a bitch. There's no fooling around from Aleczander today and if it were even possible, Angel is looking extra aggressive. The crowd gives them a big chorus of jeers as they approach the ring. Aleczander and Angel both leap onto the ring apron. Aleczander steps through the ropes while the taller and more agile Angel grabs the top rope and then leaps over them in one fluid motion, landing on his feet. The two monsters bump fists, then await their opponents of the evening.

The arena lights up with several lights shining in various shades of red, green and gold and looks like the fans hit the jackpot ...

The numbers appear on the screen and soon the intro plays.

This is why the World Series of Poker
Is decided over a no limit poker tournament
Players, pro's even, can't handle the pressure of the game
They consider no limit the only pure game left

♪ "Pokerface" by Ghostface Killah ♪

The lights come back on and the fans are now standing in amazement and the fans look on at the two seven foot tall men on the entrance ramp, standing back to back arms folded. The two appear to be identical twins that both have brown hair and matching goatees. One twin wears red thigh length trunks and gold boots, the other wearing green and gold boots and both with "777" across a pair of weight belts. Both brothers turn and raise the signature "Winning Hand" to the fans that cheer them now.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the opponents ... from Las Vegas Nevada, they weigh in at a combined weight of six hundred and five pounds ... THE LLLLLLUUUUCCCCCKYYYYYYY SSSSSSEEEVVVEEEENNNNNSSSSS!!!!

After the showmanship for the crowd, it's now all business for the seven foot twins as they head on down to the ring.

And Team HOSS want to get this fight started just as bad when they climb out of the ring.

DDK:

Uh-oh ... here we go!

Lance:

And they are slugging it out before either team has even hit the ring!

DING DING

The two singles matches from the past few weeks are happening all over again at ringside! Angel Trinidad and Mason Luck are trading blows on one side while on the other, Aleczander is going at Max with chops to the chest. Max throws punches right back!

DDK:

The official is only here to count a fall or a submission! I don't pity him for having to be in the middle of these four massive men!

Aleczander the Great ducks a punch from Max and then uses his massive strength to push Max backward until he collides with his back to the ring post! And on the other side, Mason sees this and tries to go help his brother when Angel spins him back around and an uppercut rocks him in the jaw. Now Aleczander and Angel work together and double team Mason Luck with punches and kicks until they have the advantage and can throw him back into the ring. Max is still down near the corner and now Team HOSS are in the ring now hovering over Mason.

DDK:

It doesn't look like it took long for Team HOSS to get the advantage on their side! The Lucky Sevens have been great, but Team HOSS have been in multiple main events throughout DEFIANCE Wrestling's history!

Lance:

It's true and you have to wonder if even The Lucky Sevens bit off more than they could chew tonight.

Mason gets on his knees and when Team HOSS both approach him, he throws a right at the chest of Angel and one to Aleczander. He's back on his feet, but he doesn't stay long when he comes back and Team HOSS both bury their knees into his stomach. They push Mason back into the ropes and then send him for the ride with a double Irish Whip,

but with a quick surge of strength he's already broken through their double clothesline. Mason hangs near the ropes to save himself from going further. Angel rushes at him while Aleczander sees Max ...

WINNING HAND FOR ANGEL!!!

WINNING HAND FOR ALECZANDER!!!

The crowd pops as the stereo iron claws get applied to both members of Team HOSS by The Lucky Sevens!

DDK:

Double Winning Hands to Team HOSS! The Lucky Sevens learned this move from their grandfather, the great brawler "Wild" Winston Luck!

Lance:

Team HOSS have been disparaging of their wrestling upbringing on more than one occasion and think they may be regretting their decision now!

Now The Lucky Sevens have turned things around in a big way when they have both members of Team HOSS in opposite corners. Both Mason and Max look back at one another and then nod before they run to the opposite opponent and crush both Angel and Aleczander in the corner! They both get struck hard when Mason and Max nod again and then rush back to their original opponents with another set of big splashes! Mason then turns to crush Aleczander off in the corner with Max!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens now turning this around in a big way! They've got Team HOSS on the ropes!

Lance:

That they do!

DDK:

Now they both have Aleczander set up out of the corner! Where are they going to take him?

The Lucky Sevens both grab Aleczander by both sides and hoist him in a double vertical suplex ... but they shift his weight and they simply *throw* him across the ring with a double release suplex! The crowd loves the strength on display!

DDK:

Wow! They just out-hossed Team HOSS! I don't believe it!

Angel runs at Mason and Max and then starts teeing off on both brothers with a right hand for Max, then Mason, the Max and back to Mason. He screams out loud and then runs at the ropes looking for a big attack when both brothers come rushing right back and knock Angel off his feet with double running shoulder blocks! Both Mason and Max have the crowd going wild as they flex their arms and pose for them.

Lance:

Now The Lucky Sevens just cleared Team HOSS from the ring! They turned things around in a hurry!

DDK:

Wait ... what is Max doing?

Angel and Aleczander both are trying to gather themselves at ringside from the beatdown they have taken so far, Max Luck is starting to climb the turnbuckle slowly. The crowd is starting to get their flashbulbs ready for when Big Max tries to take flight. He stands up ...

Does a quick Hail Mary ...

And then takes flight with a massive dive onto Team HOSS on the outside floor!

DDK:

Max is more of the high flyer of the two twins and that was amazing! He's just taken out Team HOSS with that dive!

"MAX! MAX! MAX! MAX! MAX! MAX! MAX!"

While the crowd is cheering on the seven foot Max after taking out Team HOSS with a cross body plancha to the outside, Mason doesn't waste time. He grabs Aleczander the great from the pile of bodies on the floor and then rocks him with a trio of right hands before he throws him back into the ring where the official decision has to take place. Mason gets cheers from the crowd when he steps over the ropes and climbs inside

Aleczauder is starting to get back up when Mason throws a knee into his gut. Aleczander then gets taken for the ride when he has him up on his shoulders. Mason gives a thumbs up and then a thumbs down before spinning him around into a yokosuka cutter in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Deck Cutter! Aleczander doesn't know which way is up right now!

Lance:

And now he's going to try for the win!

Mason has Aleczander pinned middle of the ring.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The first cover of this brawl is unsuccessful when Aleczander's shoulder rises off the mat. Mason then gestures to his brother to come join him in the ring. Max finally joins him in the ring and now both brothers are on opposite corners of the ring now waiting for Aleczander to get up.

DDK:

They have this coming ... they call this No Luck at All and it is stereo clotheslines to the same opponent!

Lance:

Can they hit it?

When Mason tries to line him up, a pair of hands grab him from outside the ring ... those of Angel Trinidad! He grabs his legs and holds him so when Max goes running, he's alone. He tries for his clothesline but Aleczander ducks. Max turns around when Aleczander goes low with a low blow!

DDK:

Hey! Hey!

Lance:

Normally that would be a disqualification of course, but this tornado tag team match will not end in a disqualification! Remember that's how Aleczander got disqualified before in his singles match with Max a few weeks ago!

DDK:

Mason is trying to deal with Angel Trinidad, but Aleczander is back on the offensive! They're both all over Mason now, but he's trying to fight back just like what they did to him a few weeks ago also!

Mason now tries to fight off both Team HOSS members with punches flying everywhere but that stops when Aleczander goes low and grabs his leg ...

DDK:

No! Trampled Underfoot by Angel Trinidad! The pump kick lands and now Mason is out on the floor!

The crowd reaction from mere minutes ago now goes the other way. Team HOSS celebrate on the floor with manly chest bumps and then bumping of the elbows. Angel Trinidad grins at the carnage that he and Aleczander have caused, but things are about to get worse. Both Angel and Aleczander now have picked up Mason. Angel throws him at Aleczander who picks him up under the arms ...

Lance:

Oh, wow what strength by Aleczander The Great! He just taken out Mason Luck on the floor with that sitout spine buster on the floor! He calls that Spine Tingling and I don't think he could have picked a better name for it!

DDK:

And now look what's happening! Team HOSS have just taken out Mason Luck with two big moves on the floor and now they've got Max right where they want him!

Mason is now laid out on the floor with nowhere to go and the crowd is jeering Team HOSS while they celebrate their now being in control. Max is just now starting to get on his knees after the low blow by Aleczander. He turns and sees Angel behind him then swings with an elbow that catches him on the jaw. But he leaves himself wide open for Aleczander to tackle him into a corner!

Aleczander The Great now shoots back halfway across the ring and then launches himself like a missile at Max in the corner with a massive spear! That blow catches him in the chest which then allows Angel Trinidad a chance to take a shot with a running lariat in the corner. Not satisfied with just one shot he heads him out of the corner a second time and then lands another running lariat in the corner. Max gets hurt when Angel picks him up out of the corner and then runs for the ropes. He comes back with what has to be a massive drop kick that catches Max right on point!

DDK:

Max isn't the only agile giant in this match! Angel Trinidad with that running barrage of clotheslines followed by that amazing drop kick!

Lance:

And now Aleczander The Great for the win~!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The crowd cheers when Max Luck kicks out but not so much when Angel Trinidad stands up and stomps him while Aleczander The Great starts going right for the head.

Lance:

When Team HOSS have been able to exploit a two on one advantage over The Lucky Sevens in the last few weeks, they haven't been able to be stopped. We saw this on DEF TV 135 when they delivered separate attacks on both Mason and Max.

Angel has his boot on the throat of Max in the corner now and tells Aleczander to get some goodies. He quickly heads out and under the ring. He produces a set of about four steel chairs, throwing them in the ring one at a time.

DDK:

Uh-oh. Whatever Team HOSS are up to now, can't be any good.

Lance:

I'd definitely agree with that.

Angel grabs one of the chairs and another gets kicked toward Aleczander. Now both members of Team HOSS have the weapons. Aleczander is first when Max tries to stand once again only to get shut down with a huge chair to the rib cage by the Big Brit. Max struggles and then tries to get up when Angel rears back ...

BAM!!!

A wicked chair shot crashes down across Max's back and sends down to his knees! Aleczander drops his chair and then fires off a northern lariat to the back of Max's head that takes him down to the mat!

DDK:

What a beating that Max has been taking! That has to be it.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

When the crowd cheers the kick out, Angel Trinidad tells Aleczander to move so he can grab another chair and throw it down across his body!

Lance:

Team HOSS have just taken control of this match in a real hurry!

DDK:

They're definitely ruling the roost right now and this crowd is letting them have it!

The crowd is jeering both men, but Angel Trinidad doesn't stop the beatdown. He drops another chair on the ground and then he picks up Max and then drives him down onto the steel chair with a big power slam! Max is now thrashing about the mat in pain while Aleczander is basking in the jeers of the crowd. He cups an ear and smiles sadistically then Angel points down under the ring. He directs traffic to Aleczander and sends the Big Brit outside. He is now looking for something else in the way of a weapon from under the ring.

Lance:

What, were the chairs not enough?

DDK:

For Team HOSS, their only limit in wanting to hurt somebody is their own imagination.

Aleczander The Great pulls out a chain and throws it into the ring, then goes back one more time underneath looking for more plunder. Out comes a table and the crowd goes crazy because it is a table and the odds are somebody will go through it. He grins and then slides the table into the ring ... then Mason Luck is back on him on the outside!

DDK:

No, Mason is back up! And he's attacking Aleczander on the outside!

As Angel is continuing to put the chair down on the throat of Max Luck, he doesn't see his twin Mason going at Aleczander before throwing him face-first into the ring post! Aleczander bounces off the post with a dull thud and Mason then goes to celebrate.

That celebration is short-lived and the crowd *gasps* from what happens next ...

The six-foot ten Angel Trinidad *leaping* over the ropes after a run and taking out Mason Luck on the floor!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

How can you believe what we just saw?! Angel Trinidad wasn't kidding! I've seen him use that running plancha once or twice in his career! I guess that's a lucky third time that he's used it!

Lance:

Now there's bodies everywhere on the floor!

Max is still hurt inside the ring. Mason and Angel have been wiped out, but as this is going on, Aleczander The Great is just now starting to come to after having been slammed into the post by Mason. Aleczander The Great goes into the ring and makes his way to the table. He props the table up and then sets it up in the corner with bad intentions in mind. Max Luck is now trying to stand back up just as Angel Trinidad is back up on the floor and then makes his way into the ring with the chain from earlier in hand!

DDK:

Uh-oh! And Mason is down again! Now Angel and Aleczander have Max in a bad spot!

Aleczander and Angel both grab Max and Angel hands over the chain for Aleczander to brandish like a weapon. Max tries to struggle when Angel holds him in a full nelson but when the chain comes, Max gets a foot up and nails Aleczander in the head! Max tries to fight his way out but the powerful Trinidad still has his hold on him. The angry Aleczander comes running at him ready to swing with the chain wrapped around his fist ...

Lance:

Oh no! Max moved! He broke free!

DDK:

And Angel didn't move!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are going wild when Aleczander nails Angel in the ribs with a chain wrapped fist!

And when Aleczander realizes his mistake ...

Mason Luck:

HEY!!!

Aleczander turns and sees Mason on the ring apron but when he comes swinging at him, Mason gets a massive forearm up first and rocks Aleczander across his jaw. Mason steps into the ring and then nods to Max! Both members of Team HOSS are in either corner ...

Corner splash from Max to Angel!

Corner splash from Max to Aleczander!

One for Angel!

One for Aleczander!

Max Luck throws Aleczander out of the corner and then he makes a climb up top again. He is up on the top rope and then comes flying off with the Check-Raise!

DDK:

Check-Raise by Max Luck! He took his head off with that diving clothesline!

Lance:

And Mason runs in for the cover!

One ...

Two ...

But the fall gets broken up by Angel and a chair shot to the back of Max! He is still favoring his ribs where he got hit by Aleczander but saves his partner.

DDK:

These four men are going back and forth now! But Mason going after Angel!

Mason continues nailing a series of punches to Angel and makes the big New Yorker drop the chair before he kicks it aside. He pushes him off the ropes and tries to hit a clothesline on the way back, but Angel moves underneath and keeps running. Both men meet in the middle of the ring with Angel winning the exchange with an amazing flying cross body called ...

DDK:

That's the Flying HOSS Body! And I think this one is done!

Lance:

That might be it!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Angel cannot believe that Mason has just kicked out of one of his best moves, but Mason's shoulder is off the mat. He motions to Aleczander, but he's still groggy from Max's attack, so Angel picks up Mason by himself and a thumb goes across his throat. He tries to pick up Mason for a power bomb and points toward the corner with the table that was set up earlier ...

DDK:

No, no, no, no...

With energy from the crowd, Mason powers up with a back body drop and shoots Angel with a flip onto the mat! Mason has the claw in the air ...

DDK:

Mason back up! And so is Aleczander!

He tries to catch Mason with chair in hand when Max spins him around and *PUNCHES* Aleczander square in the forehead with a chain-assisted punch!

Lance:

Wow! Max just *dropped* Aleczander like a bad cancelled sitcom!

DDK:

Oh man and look at Aleczander! That shot busted him open!

The shot busts open Aleczander really bad and now the crowd cheers Max as he raises the chain-wrapped fist over his head. He kicks Aleczander's body out onto the ring apron and their attention is turned back to Angel Trinidad! The Beast from the Bronx turns around and gets the Winning Hand from Mason! The crowd is going crazy when Mason holds it on before hoisting him up and driving him down with the Winning Hand Slam through the table in the corner!

DDK:

Angel Trinidad gets spiked by The Winning Hand Slam!

Lance:

That table just exploded into a million pieces! Angel is done!

The crowd pops at the wreckage of where a table once stood with a giant body rammed right through it! Mason and Max start basking in the applause from the crowd as they now focus back on Aleczander. Max and Mason both take the pile of chairs in the middle of the ring before they drag The Big Brit back inside. He's a bloody mess and can barely stand when Mason has him in a back suplex and Max has on the Winning Hand ...

DDK:

Oh no! Aleczander won't like this!

He gets hoisted up by the twins and then he gets slammed violently onto the pile of chairs in the ring with a combination of a back suplex and the Winning Hand Slam! Aleczander's broken body sits among the wreckage and the crowd counts with Max while pinning him as the claw is still applied.

DDK:

And that's their finisher! No Luck at All!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!!

The bell rings! Mason and Max both stand up to their full height and then hug it out like brothers (okay more like bros) do.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of this match ... The Lucky Sevens!!!!!!

Brian Slater, DEFIANCE Wrestling's biggest official, looks like a small child next to the two twin towers when he goes to raise their hands. Mason and Max look at the damage caused to Team HOSS and look pretty proud of themselves.

DDK:

This one was definitely the knock down drag out fight that we knew it was going to be! Both teams gave the other their best shots but tonight, both Mason and Max have no doubt made their grandfather "Wild" Winston Luck proud with this win.

Lance:

I don't think I've ever seen Team HOSS had this done to them! Angel Trinidad was put through that table by Mason! Aleczander the Great got busted open by Max Luck with that chain they introduced to the match! And that pile of chairs!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens wanted the match this way and that's exactly what they got ... more to the point, I think they've just proven they can hang with any team in DEFIANCE Wrestling, either past or present!

Mason and Max stand over the bodies of Team HOSS and enjoy the energy from the crowd. Both giants step over the ropes and then step out of the ring and then head to the back to enjoy tonight's hard fought victory. Mason walks over to some fans in the front row and raises the Winning Hand claw which gets some fans to do the same. Max is offered another cup of beer from a fan and then he takes it before taking a big swig.

After tonight's brutal battle between two titanic teams it was party time for The Lucky Sevens!

DEACON vs. "THE LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO

Lance:

After tonight's brutal battle between two titanic teams... it's obviously party time for The Lucky Sevens!

DDK:

Party time maybe be over for Victor Vacio, coming up next!

Lance:

I'm not sure Vacio knows what a party would entail.

DDK:

Next up we've got --

♪ *Funeral March by Chopin* ♪

Cut to the stage.

The haunting tune plays over the PA and the crowd responds as expected - jeers. A moment later, those boos increase with the first sight of "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio. Beneath the mask, you can't tell his reaction, but you can guess.

Lance:

That guy is pure evil. What is that?!

DDK:

Is he bringing a hammer to the ring? This isn't a no disqualification match!

Victor Vacio grips the mallet tightly in his right hand as he heads down the rampway. One of the Faithful reaches out, touching Vacio's shoulder as he passes by, veering too close to the guard rail. Victor reacts and pulls back the mallet as if to strike the fan before waving the fan off before continuing to the ring.

Lance:

Vacio is focused on the wrong area.

Vacio slides into the ring, heading to the far corner and turns to the entrance.

DDK:

What do you mean?

Lance:

Deacon's entrances, especially for the larger shows, are legendary. He's used those as a psych-out moment for nearly two decades. I've been waiting for two months to see what he's going to do.

The Gregorian chant begins and the anticipation builds until Magdalena steps through the curtain. The Faithful pop for the newcomer, not the peak of the night but a loud one nonetheless.

Magdalena acknowledges with a nod, her white hair with red tips flowing over her leather-clad shoulders. With a smirk, she turns around as the Deacon steps out onto the stage.

DDK:

That's it?

Lance:

I...

The Deacon paces his way to the ring, led by Magdalena. The cheers fade.

Lance:

I... dunno. Maybe his health?

The Deacon steps over the top rope and enters the ring.

DDK:

He's had a health check - no way we'd let him in the ring otherwise.

Lance:

Working with an injury?

DDK:

That's a possibility, Lance. Deacon is an old school guy - spent half a decade facing Eli Flair, who was notorious for pushing through with injuries. Those guys used duct tape and super glue for everything.

Lance:

Which makes you wonder just what ... exactly is happening with Deacon.

Darren Quimbey:

The following bout is scheduled for one fall ... with a 20-minute time limit. Introducing first, from Mexico City, Mexico!! He is "The Lost Cause" Victor VAAAAAAAAACCCCIIOOOOO!

The Faithful recants the expected response. Victor pulls back the hammer as if to throw it but the Official Benny Doyle gets in his way, warning him off. Doyle demands the mallet, threatening to end the match before it begins; Vacio eventually complies, Doyle handing the mallet to a confused Darren Quimby who stares at it before realizing he needs to finish his announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

The Faithful erupt.

Darren Quimbey:

... hailing from Alexandria, Egypt and standing at seven feet tall and three hundred and twenty pounds, he is the Mute Freak - DEEEEEEEA-COOONNN!

Lance:

Stone-faced as ever, the Mute Freak's anger toward Victor Vacio boiled over a couple of weeks ago. Tonight, he gets his hands on the Lost Cause in a sanctioned match up!

Deacon leaning against the corner, Magdalena faces him, her small five foot tall frame dwarfed by the Mute Freak.

DDK:

Look out!

Vacio rushes toward Deacon's corner, Big D pushes Magdalena out of the way and stands in Victor's perceived path.

Vacio shoos at Magdalena.

Victor Vacio:

¡Fuera del camino, perra! ¡O también te terminaré!

Lance:

You don't have to know Spanish to know he's disrespecting Magdalena.

Deacon lunges at Victor who swivels out of the way, coming behind Deacon with a kick to the right knee. Deacon staggers. Another kick. Down to one knee. Vacio drops his weight on Deacon's bent knee.

DDK:

Victor knows something ... we don't.

It seems like he does as Victor goes to work on Deacon's leg; holding it, kicking it and driving Deacon's knee into the mat. Furthermore, driving his own knee into Deacon's quads.

Lance:

Vacio has shows no signs of letting up! He's laser-focused on the, downed, Deacon's knee.

Vacio:

Lo sé. ¡Lo sé todo!

Lance:

He should stop talking ... in ANY language ... and stay focused.

Vacio:

¡No eres SANTO! ¡Maldito hipócrita! Veo a través de tu fachada hombre gigante!

Lance:

He can't give Deacon a chance to recover if he hopes to defeat the Mute Freak.

DDK:

Victor must've heard you cause he's grabbing that leg and --

With his free leg, Deacon kicks out, connecting with Victor's chest and sending the Lost Cause through the ropes and to the floor.

Lance:

That's the power the Mute Freak has been known FOR!

DDK:

Deacon's slow to his feet, but he is getting up, still tender on that leg though.

Lance:

Victor getting up as well! Waving Deacon in, beckoning him to come at him!

DDK:

Deacon is holding the high ground, Lance. He'd be foolish to give into *ANY* request from Victor Vacio! All of this is giving him time to hopefully get that leg back into action.

Lance:

It's not been enough time for that, though... I feel like the damage has been done!

DDK:

Official Benny Doyle begins the count, but Victor Vacio is in no hurry to return to the ring! I swear, you can almost see him smiling under that dark mask.

Vacio:

Le mostraré al mundo el verdadero Diácono. La fe no es evidencia. ¡Le mostraré al mundo!

As Victor slips in the ring, under the bottom rope, Deacon hobbles over to start the attack. Victor grabs Deacon's large ankle and twists. The big man is toppled.

Lance:

That's three hundred and twenty pounds of man ... coming crashing down on top of the much smaller Victor Vacio!

DDK:

Deacon played that perfectly, Lance! Make your weakness... your greatest strength!

Benny Doyle calls for Deacon to give Victor a moment but Deacon ignores the warning; drawing Victor to his feet before shoving him into the corner and pelting him with hard knife edge chops. Pushing a shoulder against Vacio's chest, the Deacon cocks his elbow back and

DDK:

Delivering a devastating back elbow!

Once again, Doyle's warning's having gone unheeded ... get in between the two and Deacon backs away.

Vacio:

¡Eso es! ¡Mostrarles! Sí ... ¡demuéstrales quién eres!

Lance:

Deacon back on the attack and THUMB TO THE EYE!

Deacon staggers backward with his massive hand holding his affected eye. Vacio sprints toward Deacon who catches him and ...

Lance:

A picture-perfect spinning Spinebuster!

DDK:

Deacon with the cover!

ONE

TWO!

Lance:

Oh, only A two count!

DDK:

Vacio is laughing. I'm not sure Deacon knows what to do with him!

Deacon drops a knee (left knee) to the torso then drags Vacio back to his feet.

Vacio:

Eso era bueno! Me atrapaste allí ...

Vacio rakes the eyes.

Vacio:

... Hypocrite!

Lance:

Despicable actions by Vacio!

Deacon staggers back and The Lost Cause follows up with a flying back elbow.

Lance:

Deacon staggered against the ropes!

Victor Vacio continues his attack with a cross-body block which sends both men over the top rope and down to the outside.

Lance:

Vacio is getting exactly what he has wanted all along!

DDK:

There is the mallet at the timekeepers table!

Lance:

So Victor's goal is getting himself disqualified?

DDK:

This is Vacio... His goals are not within reason or understanding!

Lance:

True story.

Vacio to his feet, still staggered, but he gets up. With a stiff kick to the Deacon's head, he heads toward the table with the mallet.

DDK:

For the love of God! Why is that still at ringside!?

Lance:

Why? You know there has to be another one under the ring... Everything is under the ring.

Lance Warner is all too right but as Vacio makes his way toward Deacon, he stops short ... about five feet from Magdalena.

He points at her then bounds the few steps required to grab her by the arm.

Vacio:

No deberías haber estado allí. No deberías haber dicho el nombre del Diácono. Tu vas a pagar!

DDK:

She's not a combatant - this is outrageous!

Lance:

We may need DEF Sec ...

DDK:

Agreed, Lance! Though ... back off!

Lance:

I ... well ... I ah ..

Magdalena slaps Vincent directly across the face. He goes with the blow, but holds onto her other arm, now adding the

slapping hand with it.

Vacio:

Mas ... mista--

Deacon spins Vacio around and goes to town with rights and lefts, opening up on the smaller luchador. With the Lost Cause damaged, Deacon whips Vacio into the guard railing, following up with a clothesline that sends Vacio tumbling ass over elbow into the front row of the Faithful.

Lance:

Good lord!

DDK:

The FAITHFUL here in DEF Arena are loving this! Front row tickets just got more expensive!

Deacon follows up, entering the crowd tossing his large leg over the guardrail like he would the top rope. Although he's favoring the right knee, he is unfettered overall. The Mute Freak reunites with a punch drunk Vacio and begins tossing big right hands at his masked dementor. Once satisfied with The Lost Cause's impairment, Big D lifts Vacio in a gorilla press amidst the screaming Faithful. The tension builds as he holds this black clad stalker above his head but ...

OHHHHHH

The Faithful get the air knocked out of them as Deacon's knee gives way. Vacio, surprised as well, finds himself deposited on his feet as Deacon goes down.

DDK:

Deacon is not able to hold the weight, that right leg ... Lance, I think the damage is done!

Lance:

He's fought through worse pain - whatever is ailing him, it's not from this match alone!

A swift kick to the kneeling giant acts as the precursor to Vacio ushering the big man up and tossing him over the guardrail as Benny Doyle's continuing count reaches seven. Vacio rolls under the bottom rope then back outside, his eyes locked on the mallet from earlier. He goes to the table. Magdalena beat him to the punch, holding the mallet on the table, not allowing Vacio to lift it. Vacio stares at her.

DDK:

That's uncalled for!

Magdalena doubles over after taking a knee to the stomach.

DDK:

For the love of ...

Vacio, mallet now in hand, rolls into the ring ... just as Deacon realizes that Magdalena is doubled over and layed out at ringside.

Deacon hobbles to her side and she waves him off.

Lance:

Oh heavens

DDK:

By the look on Deacon's face, there's gonna be hell to pay tonight.

Benny Doyle attempts to get the mallet from Vacio who refuses to give it up, as Deacon enters the ring behind him.

DDK:

Deacon's got the hammer!

Vacio spins and takes a step away.

Vacio:

¡tómalo! ¡hazlo!

Vacio turns his back on one of the biggest men in DEFIANCE, who now wields a mallet.

Vacio:

¡tómalo! ... ¡tómalo!

Lance:

"Take it!" Vacio is saying ... "Take it, take it!"

Victor, still with his back turned, outstretches his arms ...

Vacio:

¡tómalo!!!!!!

Deacon with the mallet in hand, looks around ... thinking. He looks at the vibrant and boisterous crowd, to Magdalena

...

... then to the mallet in his hand.

The Mute Freak's face seems to play out all eventualities in a short amount of time. Victor Vacio has driven him to extremes recently...

... but how far has he been driven?

DDK:

Benny Doyle warns against using that foreign object but Deacon doesn't even seem to notice Doyle's admonishment!

Vacio:

¡tómalo!

Victor, with his back turned, persists. Begging the Holy Man to strike him down.

DDK:

No! NO!

Deacon looks back toward the crowd and then again to the mallet in his hand ... he grips it even more tightly.

DDK:

Come on!

The Faithful wait in bated breath... the silence in the Wrestle-Plex is palpable.

Vacio:

¡tómalo!!!!!!

Victor demands again ... and the Deacon acquiesces.

DDK:

My god!

The mallet thuds as it hits the mat.

Deacon grabs Vacio.

Lance:

John 11:12!

Hooking in the cobra clutch, the Deacon doesn't bother lifting Victor Vacio into the air, instead of dropping to the ground and wrapping his left leg around Vacio's torso.

DDK:

Vacio squirming and fighting to get loose! Benny Doyle ...asking but Vacio is screaming NO!

Victor Vacio rolls and fights, but Deacon's three hundred and twenty pounds is holding him firm until --

DDK:

Victor Vacio, reaching for that hammer!

His fingers touching the hilt, inching closer to...

DDK:

Vacio has that ... that damn HAMMER!

Lance:

Vacio's has the mallet!!

Benny Doyle reaches for the mallet to stop the potential of cheating but before Vacio can raise the weapon ...

DDK:

He's out!

Benny Doyle redirects his attention to the arm. He lifts it ...

DDK:

The arms are limp!

Doyle raises it once more.

DDK:

This match is over!

Doyle returns again ... lifting Vacio's arm. Benny lets loose of the Lost Causes's wrist and for a split second, it appears he will maintain control ...

Lance:

Not so soon ...

The Faithful's gasp is interrupted by Vacio's hand dropping back to the mat, lifeless.

Doyle scrambles to his feet and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Deacon wins! Deacon wins!

The nearly lifeless Victor Vacio lays in the middle of the ring as Deacon struggles to his feet, sliding himself out from underneath Vacio.

Doyle raises Deacon's hand as he becomes mostly vertical again.

DDK:

As much as I can't believe that someone as vile and terrible as Victor Vacio will let this go after a loss such as this ... Deacon HAS reigned supreme!

Magdalena joins Deacon in the ring and helps support the winged giant as he struggles to remain aloft on a bads wheel.

Lance:

Indeed, Darren. The White Knight of DEFIANCE has toppled the black hole that is Victor Vacio and his intent to drag EVERYONE down into his sick and twisted, nihilistic, and dystopian view of the human experience!

With the Gregorian chant playing once again, the pair exit the ring and head toward the entrance, victorious over Victor Vacio ... who slowly comes to in the ring.

Cut to the commentation station.

POP CULTURE PHENOMS Â© vs. THE SKY HIGH TITANS

DDK:

We've had some intense action tonight, Lance! And we still have our title matches to go.

Lance:

Oh, yeah, the Unified Tag Team Titles! The Sky High Titans started on this path after winning the Unified Tag Team Titles from The Stevens Dynasty in only their third official match as a team. The Sky High Titans quickly wanted to make a name for themselves against the reunited Pop Culture Phenoms, one of DEFIANCE's most decorated teams.

DDK:

That's right. They defeated The Stevens Dynasty, they defeated the team of Oscar Burns and Ryan Batts and even beat the heavies for the PCPs, Flex Kruger and Klein. But when it finally came time for the PCPs to fight them... they cheated the Sky High Titans out of the gold.

Lance:

Truly appalling... and the fact that they stole the win by imitating Minute and stealing his mask. I can't believe they were able to pull off the heist of the century like that, but that's exactly what they did. Management was going to rightfully strip them of the belts, but The Sky High Titans didn't want them to be handed back the belts. In exchange, The Family Keeling brokered a rematch with management for tonight.

DDK:

The Sky High Titans were proud champions and I have nothing but respect for them and The Family Keeling that they want to win them this way, but... The PCPs have had their number the last two shows. Winning the titles, and then Klein defeating Minute thanks to the numbers they have. If The Sky High Titans are going to pull this off, they'll need to find a way to overcome that. Now, let's take it to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the next match.

The camera does just that as the graphics for the Unified Tag Team Titles appear on the screen while the crowd lets out a massive pop.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall and will be for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Titles!

And with another crowd pop, we get...

Junior Keeling:

AHEM! The Family Keeling demands your attention!

The fans turn to ringside where out comes Junior Keeling, dressed in some BRAND SPANKING NEW Sky High Titans merch. Mainly a pair of new Aviator-style sunglasses and a pilot's jacket with the Sky High Titans logo adorning the back.

Junior Keeling:

Before The Sky High Titans FINALLY beat The Pop Culture Phenoms and win back the titles that rightfully belong to them... check these glasses out! Buy the jacket! And give it up for the brains of the group... Thomas Keeling!

Then Thomas Keeling makes his way out from the back and... yep, he's got on the same jacket!

DDK:

Whoa! I don't think that I've EVER seen Thomas Keeling dress up in anything less than a business suit ever! Maybe those jackets will be good luck?

Lance:

Maybe.

The crowd pops when they see the surly old strategist for the Sky High Titans dressed in merch!

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, son. And I love the jacket. Ladies and gentlemen, they are polar opposites. One is a giant who blocks out the sky, standing at seven-foot one...

Junior Keeling (and the crowd):

AND A HALF!

Thomas Keeling:

And a man so fast, you'll blink and you'll miss him. One is a Titan of Industry. The other can soar to amazing heights among the titans. Introducing...

Junior Keeling:

At a combined weight of 532 pounds... Please welcome making their debut as a proper tag team... "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! "The Sky High Kid" Minute! They are... THE SKY! HIGH! TITANS!

♪ "Let's Go (The Royal We)" by Run The Jewels ♪

As they belt out the lyrics, two new spotlights shine on stage.

On the left, the MASSIVE "Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez. Also wearing The Sky High Titans new aviator jacket.

On the right, the lucha dynamo in a modified version of his previous black mask stolen... but tonight in a special silver-colored mask and his usual black attire.

The foursome head towards the ring with Cortez and Minute both slapping hands with the fans on their way down. Cortez steps onto the ring apron and then lifts the ropes open so Minute can slide through them and get into the ring. Cortez tosses his goggles and glasses and reveals a sleeveless white business shirt and dress pants he likes to wrestle in. Minute leaps onto the top rope, then the corner rope, and then backflips into the ring... yes, all in his suit! The two men then meet in the middle and raise their fists in the air.

DDK:

Minute had his original mask taken by The PCPs when they stole the title just a little over a month ago.

Lance:

And from what I understand, that mask of his was a classic he used to wear before journeying to America to make a career for himself in the States. And what a career it has been in DEFIANCE so far, rising from the ranks of BRAZEN in only six months to winning the Unified Tag Titles in three!

The Family Keeling members both toss the jackets into the crowd and give the fans a few jackets before they wait on their opponents.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The Faithful let their displeasure be heard as the now-iconic intro by Krewella plays over the PA. A rumble can be heard as some kind of engine can be heard revving from behind the scenes. Suddenly, The D comes flying through the curtain to the ticking of a Vespa Sei Giorni II scooter in black. Behind him, Elise Ares does the same on a pink scooter, then one by one all the members of the Pop Culture Phenoms come out on black scooters and park on the entrance in a V shape like a very well-off biker gang.

DDK:

Oh boy, I don't think I've ever felt less threatened in my life.

Klein looks over at Darren Keebler and points at him.

DDK:

Ehhh... well, here come your tag team champions, without the titles?

Lance:

Must be hard to drive a scooter and wear a championship at the same time.

The D gets up and lifts the seat, pulling out a black bandana and attempts to tie it around his head like a headband but can't figure it out. Eventually Klein gets up and runs over to help, and once he does he puts on a pair of expensive aviator sunglasses and sits back down, revs his engine and motions for everyone else to follow him. Elise tries to pop a wheelie and almost goes into the crowd, but saves it at the last minute.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... hailing from Hollywood, California! Weighing in at a combined weight of 298 pounds. Accompanied to the ring by Klein, Flex Kruger, and O-Face... they are Elise Ares and The D... THE POP. CULTURE. PHEEEEEEEEEEEEEENOMS!

DDK:

You know... you don't have to read that.

Lance:

Hey insert idiot here, have you heard about the new Vespa Sei Giorni II Edition?

DDK:

Please, you don't have to do this, just stop.

Lance:

It's Vespa's racing soul. Technology and the touring credentials synonymous with the GTS family meet history and prized sporting tradition of the Vespa. Following on from the success of the first version, an exclusive new numbered, but unlimited, Vespa Sei Giorni picks up the mantle and carries on the fascinating story of the 1951 Vespa Sport Sei Giorni.

DDK:

I know you're new at this, but you don't have to read everything someone hands you, Lance.

Lance:

Contact your local Vespa dealer for more information. Pricing and options may vary by location.

Flex Kruger wears his black bandana like an ascot as they round the first turnbuckle going right. Revving their little ticking engines as they go around, they each make sure to beep their little horns at the Keelings on the way by. After they finish making a full circle around the ring, they all park their Vespas in a line. All of them are numbered 01, 02, 03, and 04... except The D's, which is 69. As Elise dismounts she notices.

Elise Ares:

Nice! Look how convenient this storage space is!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style lifts her seat and pulls out of her DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship before throwing it over her shoulder. The D can't figure out how to turn his off, before eventually he needs to take off his sunglasses to read the prompts. He then follows suit and does the same, lifting the seat to grab his championship. Klein does the same and grabs Minute's mask.

The D:

Wow! It's molto bello!

The pair climb the stairs and enter the ring like only they can, pretending they're going to pose for the crowd before blowing them off. Hector Navarro comes to grab the championships from the pair and they jump back before making some kind of comment about the possibility of highly contagious pathogens. They lay the championships on the

ground before backing away six feet and sanitizing.

DDK:

Ooooookay, we kind of got off track there for a minute but the Pop Culture Phenoms have been white hot since reforming. Taking down Seattle's Best before blowing off the challenges of the Sky High Titans. They accepted, won the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships, stole Minute's mask, and then helped Klein beat him the following DEFtv.

Lance:

So wait, you're telling me that wasn't a corporate sponsorship ad read?

DDK:

Stay on target, Lance. PCP. Sky High Titans. Tag Championships.

Lance:

Right. I'm not real sure how they continue to pull it off, but I'm sure Minute, Uriel Cortez, and the Family Keeling have prepared for every ridiculous thing the Pop Culture Phenoms may try to pull off here tonight. It certainly doesn't hurt to have a few keen eyes here at ringside on their side to keep track of that biker gang over there.

DDK:

It's not a gang, Lance. It's a faction! Faction warfare!

That's good shit. Hector Navarro holds out the collection making up the Unified Tag Team Titles and then hands them over to ringside. The D and Elise take their sweet time trying to decide who starts while Uriel Cortez and Minute stand across from them, both men itching to get the belts back. Klein then stands on the outside and waves the stolen mask of Minute. Minute growls under his breath and then looks up at Uriel that he wants to start. He relents and allows him the honor. Elise Ares starts for her team on her end. With that, Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING!

The South Beach Starlet and Minute circle up, but the second they do, Klein is on the ring apron already wearing the mask!

DDK:

What are they doing already? The match literally just started and they're already taunting Minute! Full house at ringside again for both sides!

Thomas Keeling yells at Minute to focus on Elise, but the impetuous luchador makes a beeline for Klein. The former Boxman hops off the apron with his mask and Elise sneaks up behind him with a Schoolgirl!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

NO! Minute kicks out! The PCPs tried to steal this one right off the bat!

Lance:

Why am I not surprised?!

The crowd bites on the nearfall, but Elise hurriedly tries to beat Minute! She goes for a La Majistral and rolls up The TJ Tornado!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

He kicks out again! Minute tries getting back to his feet, but when he gets there, Elise is already on him with a Casadora roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Three times, Elise just tried to steal the win from Minute, but he's not going easy!

Minute rolls out and meets Elise with both back on her feet, she doubles Minute over with a low kick to the gut before taking off to the ropes. She comes back and tries to take him down with a Flying Headscissors, but Minute cartwheels his way out to the side and lands on his feet! Not one to be outdone, The South Beach Starlet runs at him and kicks him before shoving him into the ropes. Minute comes running, hits the ropes, and then flies back into a Flying Arm Drag that sends her flying across the ring!

Lance:

Both Minute and Elise have these extensive backgrounds in lucha libre and we're seeing that come out!

Minute wows the crowd when he gets back to his feet and executes not one, but TWO front handsprings before making his way back to his feet! The Family Keeling and Uriel Cortez both clap as Minute motions for Elise to get back and fight. She heads back to her feet and doesn't look pleased that she was shown up... and then boots him in the chest and applies a Headlock!

DDK:

I think this might be one of the only times that Elise can get away with this type of offense! She's got Minute on the ropes... No, wait, scratch that!

The TJ Tornado bounces back to the ropes and then shoves Elise off of him. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style goes into the ropes and when she comes back, Minute takes her over with a Japanese-style Arm Drag! He kips to his feet and then rushes right at her, running at one corner. He does a sideways flip from one corner of the ropes to the other and then comes off with a Front Dropkick and knocks Elise down!

Lance:

The PCPs tried to cheat from the get go, but Minute has Elise up!

DDK:

And now The D makes the tag!

The Netflix A-Lister makes the tag and the rest of the PCPs on the outside watch on as he rushes at Minute and kicks him in the stomach. He throws a few Forearms into his masked head and then throws him off the ropes. Minute comes bouncing back with a no-hands handspring, then does another flip right over The D that wows the Faithful! The D turns around and swings with an elbow that misses The TJ Tornado by a country mile before he comes off the ropes and flies back with a Springboard Moonsault Body Block into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The D kicks out, but Minute is already back on his feet, going at the legs of The D with a few well-placed Shoot Kicks. The D winces in pain and tries to fight back with an elbow when Minute ducks and fires back with another kick to the chest. The D winces again and Minute fires off a Running Dropkick, sending The D flying out to the floor!

DDK:

There goes The D! He's out on the floor away from the rest of the PCPs!

Flex Kruger, Klein, and The O-Face all watch on as Minute sees his target. He runs off one side of the ropes and flies out like a bullet, **BLASTING** The D with a Suicide Dive through the bottom and middle rope!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd! They're on their feet!

Cortez watches as Minute tries to slide back into the ring. Elise Ares won't be outdone so she enters the ring and tries taking out Minute when he ducks and pulls the middle rope out, sending her packing to the floor.

DDK:

Quick thinking by Minute.. But what's going on now? What's he doing?

Minute bounces back into the ring, only to once again fly through the ropes like a rocket, taking out Elise Ares with a Suicide Dive going through the bottom and middle rope again! The Faithful go nuts now as Minute rises, then makes it back into the ring again.

DDK:

Now what's he doing?

Junior Keeling imitates an airline runway technician, waving his hands for Minute. He gets the all clear and then **DIVES** over the ropes onto BOTH Elise Ares and The D with a No-Hands Somersault Plancha!

"TITANS!

TITANS!

TITANS!

TITANS!

TITANS!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd! They're all about The Sky High Titans tonight!

Uriel Cortez looks extra fired-up tonight and roars along with the Faithful! Minute is the first person back up to his feet out of the collision of bodies on the floor. He runs quickly by both Thomas and Junior Keeling, high-fiving them before he grabs The D (hehe) and throws him back into the ring. Thomas points into the ring and tells The TJ Tornado to stay on him.

Lance:

The Sky High Titans have just come out of the gate!

DDK:

Yeah! You know how much being the Unified Tag Team Titles meant to them and they want those titles back against arguably the greatest tag team in DEFIANCE history... now tag to Cortez!

The giant smiles as he enters the ring with The D looking up at him like he's about to die. You know, because he

probably is.

The D:

Uh... we'll give you his mask back if you let me go?

Uriel smiles.

Then buries a massive right hand into the stomach of The D! The Netflix A-Lister falls to his knees while The Titan of Industry looks out to the cheering crowd... smile still on his face.

DDK:

The Keelings taught Uriel Cortez all about business and making deals... safe to say he wasn't taking that deal.

Lance:

Yeah, that's for sure! Now Cortez has The D on the ropes.

Uriel Cortez literally has his feet on the body of The D against the ropes and he's howling in pain because size 16 boots don't feel good crushing your spleen. Hector Navarro starts a five-count that Uriel holds onto until the count of four. Klein goes over to help Elise Ares back to her corner while The O-Face and Flex Kruger watch Uriel beat The D (hiyo!). Uriel grabs him by the arm, pushes him to the corner and then HURLS him almost 3/4ths across the ring with a massive Biel Toss!

DDK:

My God! Uriel is a beast! And he weighs more than both PCPs combined!

Lance:

That didn't stop the PCPs from being successful against them to win the titles, but tonight, I don't think the Titans are going to let them get that opportunity again.

The Titan of Industry gets cheers from the crowd when he picks him up and then goes for a Vertical Suplex... then decides to simply THROW him across the ring again, right back towards the corner of The Sky High Titans! The PCPs collectively groan in pain watching him get tossed around the ring. The D now finds himself propped up in the corner when Cortez holds his arms out...

DDK:

Uh-oh...

THWACK!

The Chop of Ages connects and The D falls to the mat! The Faithful let out a collective "OOOOOOOOOOHHHHH!"

Lance:

The Chop of Ages just stopped The D.

DDK:

Somewhere, Angus has a great joke cued up!

While Elise watches on in abject horror, Cortez holds him in a delayed Body Slam, not dropping him but letting him hang there while the crowd start to root for the giant. Junior gets the crowd going and waves at them, counting seconds on his Rolex before Minute tags in. Cortez SPIKES him down with a Delayed Scoop Slap followed by Minute leaping onto the top cable, then rolling off into a modified Senton! He then climbs back over and goes for a cover on The D!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

I can't believe The D kicked out of that!

Lance:

Say what you want about the PCPs. We said they probably wouldn't be main eventing the Tokyo Dome, but they've been in DEFIANCE a long time to see them all come and go. They aren't just survivors... they're winners.

Minute goes to pick up The D by the hair (eww) and then kicks him in the chest once again with a quick kick before sending him sailing into a neutral corner. Minute comes running, but The D tries a desperation Back Body Drop to send him flying outside the ring... but he lands on the ring apron. The D turns around, only for Minute to leap up and crack him in the head with a Jumping Enzuigiri from the apron. He goes stumbling back and Minute heads for the top rope... when The D grabs Hector Navarro and uses him as a human shield!

DDK:

What are they doing?

Hector pulls himself away, but he doesn't see Elise Ares rush over and SHOVE Minute off the top rope, sending him crashing and burning all the way into the barricade on the outside! The TJ Tornado crumbles to the floor and The D continues yelling at Hector and on the floor...

Flex Kruger and Klein put the boots to Minute!

Lance:

Come on, Navarro, look!

But The D won't let him turn around until Uriel finally sees enough and gives chase to Klein and Kruger and they speed off, but the damage has already been done. Uriel growls when Hector finally turns and sees the giant out of his corner. Junior and Thomas Keeling both protest with Hector, but he turns them away and yells at Uriel to get back to his corner. The Titan of Industry growls and then returns to his corner.

The D tags Elise and then both go to the floor before they throw Minute back inside the ring. Elise pushes him to the corner.

And now it's time.

Endless boots from Elise in the corner to Minute! Tag to The D.

The D makes it back in, still feeling the chops from Uriel. He turns to Uriel and shows him the double tall man before going back to Minute for more stomps!

DDK:

And here comes The Blacklist!

Lance:

And Minute is being punished in that ring right now. Once The PCPs get control, they're among the top teams in DEFIANCE.

Elise Ares is back in the ring now and she delivers the boots to Minute relentlessly. And then back to tagging The D. After he throws a few more boots into the corner, Hector Navarro continues a five-count to get him out of the ring. But before they do, The D and Elise both run off adjacent corners and then fly into the corner with Stereo Dropkicks to the head of Minute! The crowd groan from the great double team by both as The D pulls him out of the corner and then

goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Great combination of moves by The D and Elise Ares, but The Sky High Titans are still in this!

Lance:

And once they've got control, they aren't giving it up easily.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style now gets another quick tag from The D and the two now both take turns picking on Minute. Both of them whip him to the ropes and they drop him into a Double team Flapjack - probably one of the few times Elise Ares has ever taken part of a true power move.

DDK:

Great move... but they aren't done!

Lance:

The D holds Minute in the Camel Clutch... and Elise Ares... wait...

Elise runs off the ropes and looks to try a Dropkick while Minute is held up in a Camel Clutch.. Then stops and straight-up slaps him in the side of the head!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful are all up on the collective steezy of the PCP while Thomas and Junior Keeling watch on while The D and Elise celebrate like they've already won. The D goes back to his corner and now she goes to work on Minute with stomps.

Junior Keeling:

Oh, get out of here with that shit!

Elise winks at him and then springboards up to the nearby top rope and comes back with a Springboard Moonsault right onto Minute! She looks like she's going for a cover, but then stands up, then goes back to Junior Keeling...

Elise Ares:

QUE TAL ESO?!

Junior Keeling:

No, lady, YOU'RE the asshole!

More jeers come out for Elise taunting... then she finally tries to cover Minute again.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

She stares a hole through Hector Navarro, almost hoping he'll burn through his skull,, then mutters "count faster, poor" before she goes back to Minute... who then catches her with an Inside Cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Elise rolls out! The South Beach Starlet gets back and Minute tries for a Jump Spinning Roundhouse Kick, but Elise is the quicker of the two and ducks before catching him on the chin with a Superkick! The blow catches him and then she follows up with a Pele Kick to bring him back down!

DDK:

Minute almost made her pay the second she took her eyes off the ball, but Elise takes control! She has evolved so much as a performer in the last couple of years. Longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE history! Multiple time tag team title holder including the Unified Tag Titles! She's done just about all there is to do... but does things like that.

The "That" in question is Elise leaning back, basking in more jeers of the crowd while Flex jumps onto the ring apron and fist bumps her followed by Klein coming up and showing off the stolen Minute mask. Elise then makes the tag to The D.

Lance:

Here we go!

The D starts heading back into the ring and then throws him out to the floor and once again...

DDK:

Oh, come on with this!

This "this" that Keebler now refers to is Flex Kruger picking up Minute in a Press Slam and then THROWS him down onto the steel steps with a Snake Eyes! More jeering erupts from the Faithful and Flex makes his pecs dance in triumph because that's what he can do and you can suck it if you say otherwise!

Lance:

Minute getting picked off by the members of the PCP! This is taking too much now!

DDK:

And the PCPs have played a great game here, but they don't need this garbage. Sure, they give up size, but they have that dangerous entourage!

The D casually slides out to the floor and then throws him back inside, but by this point, Uriel Cortez's blood is about to boil. Thomas Keeling notices and tries to tell him not to give into his emotions... meanwhile, The D sneaks up behind the limping Minute as he tries to get back up...

DDK:

Contractual Obligation! That has to be it!

And after hitting his Reverse Leg Sweep Faceplant, The D rolls Minute onto his back and hooks both of his legs for the cover and the win!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

Lance:

No! Cortez has seen enough and pulls The D off of him!

Hector Navarro yells at him and orders Uriel to get back to his corner. The crowd loudly boos the decision for the giant to get back to the corner and reluctantly he does so... which then leads Elise to slap her hands with a loud phony tag and then slide right into the ring to catch Minute by locking in the legs and going for one big move...

DDK:

And now she's got Miami Vice locked in on Minute! He can't take much more in that ring!

As the crowd continues jeering the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style, she yells back out while applying the dreaded Deathlock with a Bridge...

Elise Ares:

Quiet, twos! A ten is giving you the in-ring performance of a lifetime!

DDK:

The PCPs really not endearing themselves to the fans, but they never cared about such things!

Lance:

What can he really do? She's got him in the middle of the ring! Is he gonna tap!?

The crowd tries to will Minute back up and as this goes on, Thomas Keeling is yelling at him to try and fight out, Junior is egging on the crowd to chant and as he does that, big Uriel Cortez stomps his feet down on the steel steps nearby, stomping along with the chant...

"TITANS!

TITANS!

TITANS!

TITANS!

TITANS!

Klein covers his ears while Flex looks confused.

Flex Kruger:

Isn't this like right by Saints territory?

The D shrugs because he doesn't give a shit about football. He's focused on Elise punishing Minute, but Minute now trying to scurry his way out of the hold by prying Elise's fingers apart! She jumps back and lets go of the hold, then rolls over to try and shift in the Sunset Stretch...

DDK:

Sunset S... NO! Minute with another roll-up!

He rolls her back and hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Elise almost has an aneurysm and tries to scurry back to his feet when Minute makes it to his and CRACKS the

longest-reigning SoHer Champion in DEFIANCE with a Standing Asai DDT! Both luchador and former luchadora are laid out on the mat with neither moving!

DDK:

This is finally the opening that Minute needed! If Uriel gets back into that ring, then this one is going to turn in their favor in a hurry!

Lance:

He is chomping at the bit to get in and the crowd wants it! Look!

Minute is barely able to move after all the punishment he has absorbed by The PCPs, but the gutsy luchador tries to get by while Elise crawls at the corner and makes it over to The D. Hurriedly, The D gets to the corner and just when he's about to make the tag...

DDK:

WOW! GREAT move by The D! He jumped off Minute's back and just cracked Uriel with that Heel Kick called With Everything!

He sticks the move and stuns Uriel Cortez, but he doesn't go off his feet...

Lance:

No... wait...

The D gets on his feet and slaps his chest like he's won the match before he turns to Uriel.. And then gets CLUBBED with a massive Elbow Smash!

DDK:

That just made him angrier! Look at him!

When The D goes stumbling backward, Minute rolls him up with a School Boy, but keeps rolling and then cracks him in the side of the head with a kick! The D gets rocked twice by The Sky High Titans and now...

The tag has been made.

And the roof gets blown off!

Lance:

Darren, do you hear this crowd! They're hoping for a win by The Sky High Titans tonight!

The D gets picked up and then ran into a corner where Uriel crushes him with a big Body Avalanche. He then runs off the ropes and the giant waits as The D comes stumbling right into a hard Running Shoulder Block by the well-dressed giant that sends him flipping through the air!

DDK:

This is a month's worth of frustration coming out right now! Uriel has been incensed since this path began towards wanting to defend those Unified Tag Team Titles against the Pop Culture Phenoms!

Uriel Cortez then sends The D back to the corner with a big throw and then launches him up and over with a massive Back Body Drop that almost sends him into the lights before he crashes down with a hard thud! Flex Kruger has seen enough and then tries to get on the ring apron...

DDK:

Here comes Flex!

And just as fast, Uriel turns towards him and throws the big man over the ropes like a small child! He gets tossed into

the ring and when a scrambling Flex tries to get back to his feet, Uriel bounces off the ropes and then wows the crowd with a massive Dropkick that sends him flying through the air! The Faithful come out of their seats for the only move that Cortez has leaving his feet!

Lance:

And dare I say there goes Flex!

DDK:

If the brute strength and size of Uriel Cortez is what they need to overcome the numbers game the PCPs have been using for the last few weeks, then that's what they'll do!

Uriel is back on his feet when Elise tries to hit a Springboard... and then gets caught out of mid-air! Now he presses her with two hands...

And now one hand!

DDK:

Where's he going to take Elise?!

Lance:

Who knows?!

Elise is freaking out when finally The D comes back up and hits a Dropkick going to the back of Uriel's leg. It doesn't faze him much, but it's enough to make her drop... and then she has a sleeper on Cortez! And now The D is kicking away at the legs of the monster like this literally was a Lake Placid IV: The Sequel coming up.

DDK:

I can't believe this! They're trying to stop the giant...

Lance:

Oh, no...

Thomas and Junior Keeling pop when Cortez grabs Elise, pulls her off and then throws her right onto The D (bad pun certainly intended because f*** you, that's why)! They both scatter while The Titan of Industry runs his thumb across his throat and calls for the end. He rips his shirt off and tosses it down, educing a few cat calls from the ladies in attendance and then waits for The D to stand...

DDK:

I think this is is! The Industry Standard is coming up!

As he hoists him back up, The O-Face throws the mask of Minute in the ring and screams bloody murder, trying to get the giant to stop. He throws The D off to the side while Hector Navarro yells at her to get out of the ring... when Klein slides in... SPEAR TO CORTEZ!

DDK:

NO! NO! COME ON!

Lance:

They're going to try this.. they're going to try and steal one again!

Thomas and Junior protest with Hector NAvarro for being the worst referee of all time (at least tonight) but he doesn't see Klein quickly getting the hell out of the ring and hiding back under Minute's mask that doesn't even fit around his whole head. Elise comes around and yells at The D to get back up. While Cortez is down, both Elise and The D finally have a good shot. She heads up top first...

DDK:

YOUR FEATURE PRESENTATION! SHE GOT ALL OF THE MOVE AND LANDED ACROSS URIEL'S CHEST!

She bounces off and the impact takes some out of her, but the earlier Spear from Klein did its job. Now The D (the legal man) heads up top...

Lance:

FOLLOWED BY THE B-MOVIE! IS THAT GOING TO BE ALL?!

He gives up a lot of size to Cortez, but he pulls all the weight down on his shoulders.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! POWER OUT!

DDK:

NO! HE KICKS OUT! CORTEZ JUST TOOK POSSIBLY THE BEST SHOTS OF THE PCPS AND HE STILL KICKED OUT!

Uriel sits up and can't contain his rage as he sits up, but The D quickly runs to the corner and tags Elise. They have one shot left...

Lance:

They're gonna try! They're gonna try the Drive-By At The Roxy... is this a smart move on their part?

Uriel sees them and grabs Elise's fist and The D's foot before HURLING them both out of the way! Minute looks fired up and then Uriel grabs the legal Elise, dropping her with a big release slam! Minute gets the tag!

DDK:

Here we go! Here we go! I think they're going for it...

Lance:

Minute off of the top rope to the shoulders of Cortez... DOWN ON ELISE! THIRTY STORY SPLASH! THAT'S ALL!

Minute sticks the splash and the Faithful are going crazy as they count along!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

DDK:

No! No! The D just broke up the fall with that kick to the back of Minute's head!

The crowd boos The D after he successfully saves the Unified Tag Team Titles for the PCPs! But as he gets back into the ring, so does Uriel Cortez who gives chase and follows him outside the ring! He ducks just past Klein who tries to stand his ground, only to get MOWED by a big Spear from Uriel Cortez on the outside, definitely a receipt from earlier!

DDK:

Uriel takes out Klein on the outside with a big Spear of his own! That's payback from earlier!

Lance:

It's gotten crazy and there's just too much going on for Navarro to control!

DDK:

Now what?!

The O-Face tries to slide in what looks like brass knuckles to Elise as Minute tries to recover from his earlier kick, but Junior Keeling is on that like white on rice and a glass of milk on a paper plate in a snowstorm. He grabs the weapons and THROWS them up the ramp! Then.. he gets kicked in the jewels by O-Face!

DDK:

It's breaking down!

Elise Ares is the first of the two between she and Minute to get back to her feet. She grabs Minute and tries to set up the Sunset Stretch again, but he slips out and sneaks between her legs to stand behind her. She turns and takes a kick before he leaps up with a Hurricanrana into a cover... NO! Elise rolls forward and RIPS the new mask off Minute!

DDK:

She just ripped his mask off!

She turns and holds the new mask out like another ill-gotten trophy, waving it around.

Elise Ares:

Look at him! Look at this ugly poor!

Lance:

WAIT, DARREN!

Elise turns to try and take advantage of Minute covering his face... only he's NOT covering the face because of a second mask underneath! Her jaw drops when Minute leaps up and CRACKS her with a Jump Spinning Roundhouse Kick!

DDK:

HE PULLED A FAST ONE ON THE PCP! NOW TO THE RING APRON! THIS CROWD IS GOING CRAZY!

Minute quickly leaps through the ropes and when Elise gets up, he springboards to the top cable...

Lance:

SALTO DE FE! SPRINGBOARD DRAGON-RANA! THAT'S IT!

Minute rolls her up into the pin after the spectacular aerial maneuver!

ONE!

TWO!

D tries to slide back into the ring when Uriel pulls him and back and LEVELS him with Big Business on the outside!

THREE!

"RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Minute rolls out of the cover and frantically punches the mat in excitement before rolling over onto his back! Uriel Cortez picks up the original mask of Minute and heads into the ring to celebrate with his partner!

Darren Quimbey:

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS OF THE MATCH... AND **NEW** UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... URIEL CORTEZ AND MINUTE... **THE SKY HIGH TITANS!**

DDK:

THEY'VE DONE IT! FOR THE SECOND TIME, THE SKY HIGH TITANS HAVE BECOME THE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY FINALLY TURN BACK THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS!

Lance:

That they did! This is the marquee win that they wanted before they were deprived of their first run when they fought the PCPs! They tried to mess with Minute's mask again and it came back to haunt them in a bad, bad way!

Thomas Keeling helps his son back up to his feet and the two slowly enter the ring to join the celebration. As much as Junior can celebrate with two testes kicked up into his throat, anyway. The O-Face is shrieking over the bodies of Klein and The D on the outside while Flex Kruger is back up in time to see what's just happened. He goes over to a visibly upset Elise while inside the ring, the collection of the former World Tag and Trios Titles get handed back to who some would call the rightful owners.

DDK:

They fought through everything the PCP could throw at them and when they tried to mess with Minute's mask yet again, he had a backup plan!

Lance:

They didn't expect the second mask underneath and Elise looking past Minute was the death knell!

An air of disappointment falls over the PCP on the outside as they lick their collective wounds, heading back up the ramp in an uproar. Meanwhile, back inside the ring, Uriel Cortez hands the original mask back to Minute, who takes it with pride and smiles at his massive tag partner. Cortez gets handed one of the World Tag and Trios titles while the remaining Two Trios and one World Tag go back to Minute. The two men raise the collection that makes up the Unified Tag Team Titles to a massive ovation from the crowd!

DDK:

The Sky High Titans wanted to win this on their own merits when management were going to strip PCP of the belts for how they won... and tonight, they did it!

Lance:

And what's more, they may have cemented their place as one of the top teams in DEFIANCE today!

Now the crowd pops even harder when Uriel has Minute on his shoulders and the two men raise the five belts for quite the visual. Thomas looks proud of his men while Junior Keeling tries to cheer, then winces and asks for an ice pack.

GAGE BLACKWOOD Â© vs. "TWIST AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS

MAXDEF goes to the pay-per-view battle screen reading Southern Heritage Championship: Gage Blackwood (Champion) vs. "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns (Challenger). The Faithful build immense anticipation upon the sight of this.

DDK:

Folks, it's here. Blackwood, Burns, SOHER. It's next!

The feed cuts to a recap of the feud, highlighting Gage Blackwood's initial challenge to Oscar Burns and then cuts between their promo from two weeks ago. Among the covered footage is Gage Blackwood's feuds with Lisil Jackson and Chris Ross, Oscar Burns capturing The UTA Championship and the FIST both times, the only other DEFIANCE scene where Blackwood and Burns crossed paths drinking in the parking lot after the UTA invasion was over. Next, scenes of Blackwood's heel turn is reviewed, showing his backstabbing of Mushigihara and subsequent victories against Scott Douglas, Elise Ares and Victor Vacio. Following, Burns' fall from grace is recapped, losing the FIST to Mikey Unlikely and losing a Tag Team Championships match with Ryan Batts. And finally, the scene where the two of them stand, face-to-face in the ring, where Blackwood spits on Burns and the fight is on, intercutting more of their DEFIANCE history in-between the battle. After a good five-minutes, the video package ends. MAXDEF goes to a wide shot of The Faithful, all of them standing on their feet at this point... waiting... waiting...

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall and it is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!!

♪ "Raise Your Flag" by MAN WITH A MISSION ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger... from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 243 pounds, he is "â€TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE's resident grappling expert as he walks out.

Tonight, he wears a bright blue "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, along with his familiar orange wrestling gear.

DDK:

Here comes Burns! No Ryan Batts right now, since Burns wants to go this alone.

Lance:

Yeah, for sure. Burns has said it himself. He has been a three-time World Champion in the confines of DEFIANCE. He won the WrestleUTA World Title and then that title was absorbed into the FIST when he defeated Cayle Murray. He won it once more from Kendrix and held the title for almost three-hundred days. The Southern Heritage Championship is a coveted title in its own right - one Burns has never held and one that Gage has been highly successful with since he won the title.

Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of a crowd that is certainly pro-Oscar tonight! He takes off the shirt and points to multiple sides of the arena to see who can garner the most noise before he then points to the one facing the hard cam for tonight's big show. He tosses it into the audience and then remains quietly in his corner, taking in the chants of the crowd as he awaits the arrival of his bitter opponent.

"LETS GO OSCAR!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Lance:

The Faithful are already deafening!

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dansson ♪

The jeers roll in as Blackwood calmly walks out from behind the curtain, once again without his sidekicks. He has The SOHER around his waist and his typical red and black designed kilt tights. He is also wearing a throwback t-shirt to his early DEFIANCE days, reading "There is No Tomorrow".

DDK:

We all know by now, it's put-up or shut-up time!

Blackwood makes his way down the ramp with only one thing in mind, staring a hole through Oscar Burns.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Edinburgh, Scotland, weighing 225 pounds... he is the current Southern Heritage Champion...
GAGE BLACKWOOD!!

Blackwood walks up the steel stairs and gets into the ring. He quickly takes off his championship belt and hands it to referee Benny Doyle. Doyle holds it in the air for everyone to see as Blackwood waits in his corner and Burns waits in the one across from the champion's.

DDK:

Neither man has taken their eyes off one-another!

Lance:

And that is to be expected.

Benny Doyle calls both men to the center of the ring. Even though he isn't given a microphone, the cameras pick up some of the noise, albeit still difficult to hear entirely because of the crowd.

Benny Doyle:

You two are both vets around here, you know what's expected of yourselves and of me. Let's keep it clean. Let's get a winner here. I know you both want that.

Burns nods while still not taking his eyes of Blackwood. Gage, however, stays remote.

Doyle turns to the time keeper.

Benny Doyle:

Ring the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

The chants are loud for Oscar but I'm sure that's only motivating Blackwood, too!

"WE LIKE GRAPS!"

"WE LIKE GRAPS!"

"WE LIKE GRAPS!"

They lock up and immediately Burns gets Blackwood into a headlock. Gage tries to break free but can't until he moves back a step and pushes Oscar forward. Twists and Turns runs into the ropes and comes flying back with a shoulder tackle, putting Blackwood on the floor! The Faithful cheer in approval but Gage gets right back up and shoves Oscar as hard as he can!

Oscar moves a step but then gets right into Blackwood's face! The two refuse to back down from each other. Finally, Gage starts jaring at the challenger.

Gage Blackwood:

Step up, pal! You're going to have to throw EVERYTHING at me in this one!

Blackwood continues to shout. The Faithful continue to roar. The announcers let it all play out.

Blackwood pushes Burns again and bounces off the ropes. He ducks a clothesline to go off the next set of ropes but eats another shoulder block! The SOHER gets on his feet and brushes it off. He locks into another grapple but gets thrown into a second headlock. Blackwood tries to fight free but Burns bites his bottom lip and readjusts his positioning, keeping Blackwood's head locked in. The champion tries to break out again but the clever challenger does the exact same thing and maintains the hold! Blackwood can't break free!

DDK:

It's extremely early in this one but it's very clear Oscar came to play!

Lance:

Yes, Darren. We were wondering if he would still be in a slump, so-to-speak but much like a pitcher, sometimes you can tell really early if he's got it going or not!

Blackwood is able to take one step back and almost break free. Finally, he hammers five elbows into Burns' side and breaks the hold. Blackwood goes off the ropes, ducks a clothesline, bounces off the next set of ropes, LEAPS over the shoulder tackle, hits the ropes for a third time and is caught with a hip toss! Blackwood rolls out of the ring and kicks the guardrail for good measure!

DDK:

Gage is taking an early time-out...

Blackwood looks back to his opponent. He gets on the apron and calls Oscar over. Blackwood tries to hang the challenger's head off the top rope but Oscar pulls away. He uppercuts Blackwood in the side of the face and then hits a suplex to get the champ back into the ring!

Burns marches over to Gage and is rolled into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The air sails out of the arena as Burns rolls onto one knee, making sure it was only a two count. Blackwood kicks Burns square in the back. He looks for a German suplex but Burns escapes and he slides to the back of the champion...

DDK:

And it's Burns who hits a German suplex!

Both men get to their feet and walk to the center of the ring. Again, neither man gives an inch as they get right into each other's face.

Oscar Burns:

It's-

Gage Blackwood:

SHUT UP! THIS IS MY TIME!!!

Oscar Burns:

BLOW IT OUT YOUR SAD-PACKING ASS!

Blackwood pushes Burns! Burns pushes Blackwood!

Blackwood spits on Burns!!

DDK:

AND BURNS COMES BACK WITH A CRAZY HEADBUTT!! Blackwood goes flying across the canvas!!

With The Faithful booming at the sight of the headbutt, also known as The Hard Out, Blackwood rolls to his knees and checks his forehead.

DDK:

Gage's trademark scar has already started to bleed! Normally that thing takes a while to reopen...

Blackwood starts shouting in his angry slang at Burns but Twists and Turns could care less now.

DDK:

Blackwood charges Burns and hits him with a left hand but Burns blocks it! Burns fries back with a number of uppercuts, working Blackwood into the corner and then Irish whipping him to the buckle across the way!

Blackwood hits with immense impact, flipping head-over-heels up the turnbuckle and then head-over-heels back down the turnbuckle... backtracking to the middle of the ring... and eating a release German suplex that sends Blackwood into the adjacent turnbuckle!

Burns keeps the onslaught going! He takes Blackwood and hurls him into the ropes, throwing his shoulder into Blackwood's face so hard blood flies off his forehead! Burns kneels down and digs his right fist into Blackwood's skull many times before Benny Doyle has to pry him off!

Burns gets a roar of support from The Faithful! Blackwood slowly begins to recover but is met with a belly to back lift into a backbreaker, aka the Crackbackamajig!

"LETS GO OSCAR!"

"BLACKWOOD SUCKS!"

"LETS GO OSCAR!"

"BLACKWOOD SUCKS!"

"LETS GO OSCAR!"

"BLACKWOOD SUCKS!"

Burns hammers Blackwood around the ring some more. Right forearm shots and uppercuts all over the place as Blackwood seems overmatched! Then, in a blink of an eye, Blackwood is able to slip away from one of them, grab Burns from the side and drop his head into the top turnbuckle!

DDK:

I was going to say, it looked like Blackwood was getting schooled but leave it to the champion to find a way to create breathing room!

Lance:

The one thing we know more than anything about Gage, -well, other than being a very bitter man-, is his ability to take a beating and give it right back!

Blackwood grabs his head but notices Burns is doing the same. With everything he has Blackwood shoots off the ropes and comes in with a dropkick to Burn's face! Gage shows an ever so small look of relief. This turns into a look of opportunity. He goes into the ropes again and hits the same dropkick to the head of Twists and Turns!

DDK:

This is the same move that put Titus Campbell in the hospital!

The crowd catches on and Blackwood hopes to do it again. He hits the ropes and connects with a THIRD dropkick to the head! The fans grow concerned as the cheering comes to a halt!

DDK:

Oh no... not again... Blackwood is going for a FOURTH dropkick!

The champion runs into the ropes and bursts across the canvas floor. He dives towards Burns' head...

DDK:

HE MISSES!!!

The Faithful pop as Burns, seemingly getting a second wind out of nowhere, shakes the cobwebs out of his head and rolls over to Gage, hammering him down with forearms!

DDK:

I'm not sure how Burns is doing it but he's a sucker for punishment, too! He just keeps on going!

Burns takes a moment to give his head a shake again and then rolls to his feet. He takes Blackwood and lands a snap suplex! Burns holds on and this time it's a rolling snap suplex! Finally, Burns tosses Blackwood halfway across the ring with a release suplex!

Twists and Turns rushes the champion... uppercut! Uppercut! Uppercut!

Off the ropes... HIGH KNEE!

Off the ropes... HIGH KNEE!

Off the ropes... HIGH KNEE!

DDK:

These stiff shots are BRUTAL to see!

Lance:

Oscar can work a crowd! I can't hear myself think!

Burns hooks Blackwood's arm and throws him into a nerve submission, making sure he is square in the middle of the ring!

Blackwood slams the mat but looks up at Benny Doyle, making sure the ref knew he wasn't submitting! Gage screams out in pain but can't slip free. He tries to take his left hand but can't move it from behind his back!

DDK:

Burns sinks the nerve hold in deeper!!!

Burns' face is beet red as he puts all his body weight into the hold!

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE!" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

DDK:

Blackwood has nowhere to go!!!

Gage screams in pain again as more blood starts to trickle down his face! He tries to wiggle his way out but he still can't do it! Gage looks up at the referee, ready to tap but-

DDK:

BLACKWOOD ROLLS BURNS INTO A PIN!!

ONE!!

TWO!!!!

KICKOUT!

Burns swift kicks Blackwood in the side of the head! He goes for another nerve hold but Blackwood slips out! The champion throws himself into the ropes and leaps across Burns' chest hitting a crossbody block! Blackwood gets to his feet, throws back his wildly long hair and wipes some blood from his eyes. He gives the middle finger into the crowd and goes to the second rope. He measures Burns with an elbow drop but the challenger moves at the very last second! Both men rush each other... Blackwood ducks an uppercut... Burns sidesteps a left hand... Gage whips Oscar into the corner and comes through with a splash attempt but Burns drops to a knee and shoots up upon Gage's impact, tossing Blackwood up and over the top rope, right out of the ring and to the floor below!

Rage fills Burns' face. He looks like he doesn't care anymore and is willing to try something completely different...

DDK:

BURNS IS GOING TO THE TOP ROPE!! THIS IS COMPLETELY UNLIKE HIM...

Burns looks out to the crowd....

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

Burns hits a diving knee drop from the top rope, to the floor below, knocking Blackwood for a loop and hitting him square on the forehead!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

WHAT A HIGH RISK MOVE FOR SOMEONE LIKE OSCAR... AND HE NAILED IT! HE ABSOLUTELY NAILED IT!

Lance:

That he did, Keebs!

Burns rolls around on the floor while Blackwood lays motionless! Twists and Turns takes to Doyle's count of EIGHT before he can even begin to move. However, he latches onto the ring apron and in one quick motion he rolls into the ring and back out of the ring, breaking the count at NINE.

DDK:

Blackwood can say he's a noble fighter but no one, and I mean no one is more noble than Burns!

Burns rolls Blackwood back into the squared circle. The challenger stands on the apron and then hurls himself through the top and middle rope, landing directly on Gage Blackwood with an elbow! Burns goes for a pin...

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Not quite enough! There was too much time for both men on the outside!

Burns stumbles back to the corner. As the champion starts to come-to, Burns measures him and waits... waits...

Blackwood gets to a knee. He pulls his head up, now revealing a full stream of blood and not just a trickle leaking from his trademark scar.

Burns screams and rushes towards Blackwood...

DDK:

SNAP POWERSLAM OUTTA NOWHERE!

Lance:

How did Gage have the wherewithal!?

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Blackwood looks up at Doyle, furious it's not a three! He struggles to get in Doyle's face and then Burns turns him around...

DDK:

Uppercut... uppercut... UPPERCUT! DDT!

Lance:

And Burns has an inverted facelock on Blackwood!

Burns has the hold locked in from both knees! Blackwood's hands flail wildly about, insinuating he's in a ton of pain! The Faithful get to their feet, thinking the end could be near...

DDK:

Blackwood breaks it by using his feet to run up the ropes and flip BEHIND Oscar Burns, turning the hold into an inverted DDT of his own!

The move (somewhat begrudgingly) creates an “oohh!” through the crowd! Blackwood storms the ropes and once more looks for a dropkick into Burns’ face...

SMACK!

Blackwood rolls Burns to his back. He hooks a leg...

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The champion slams the mat in anger!

DDK:

He has to know that, while as impressive as that was, it can’t win *this* match!

Blackwood pulls Burns in for a Northern lights suplex and looks for another pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Right back to work he goes... driving an elbow into Burns’ head, only to get up again and drive in another!

The Faithful begin a rally for Oscar as he tries to fight through the elbows but they are proving to be too much!

DDK:

Blackwood drops one last elbow into Burns’ face and then fires him into the ropes... a spinning toe hold follows and Blackwood slides across Burns’ back into a headlock!

Lance:

I’m not sure if this is in Blackwood’s game or he’s trying to show-up Twists and Turns!

Burns’ face shows determination and pain as he tries to fight free with his right hand. He can’t seem to break the headlock as Blackwood arches his back, ensuring the toe hold is also in place by creating a limited distance between both holds.

Lance:

Blackwood is the smaller wrestler but I have to say, Keebs, pound-for-pound he seems to be just as strong.

DDK:

Oh, I’ve never had any doubt about that. Oscar Burns is clearly an elite talent but Blackwood is no slouch, either!

"LETS GO OSCAR!"

"LETS GO OSCAR!"

"LETS GO OSCAR!"

Blackwood roars in anger as he tries to keep the hold locked in!

Lance:

Burns has not moved an inch towards the ropes! However, you can tell that's not his game plan here, as this double-submission hold looks to be too difficult to wiggle out of! Burns' only hope is using that free arm of his and breaking Blackwood's hands off his face!

Blackwood pulls back as hard as he can! However, this time by doing so his hands slip a little and it gives the challenger the window he needs!

DDK:

Burns escapes... and now he's trying to lock Blackwood into a submission of his own!

However, the champion immediately gets to the ropes creating a chorus of boos in the process! Burns uses this time to recover on the canvas...

Lance:

We are nowhere closer to finding a winner here, folks!

Burns waits for Blackwood to steer clear from the ropes... he charges at Gage with an uppercut but Blackwood side steps it! The SOHER takes Burns into a waist lock and throws him halfway across the ring! Blackwood runs towards Burns, perhaps looking for another dropkick to the head but Twists and Turns leaps up in the nick of time and takes hold of Gage's right arm... throwing him into the mat...

DDK:

ANACONDA VICE!!!

The move was performed with such grace and quickness, everyone is surprised. It even takes a minute to process what submission is actually on! Blackwood screams in pain as Burns moves his opponent to the center of the ring!

DDK:

There is nowhere to go in the Anaconda Vice!!

Blackwood furiously kicks his feet but they can't reach Oscar Burns! He tries to find the ropes with them but they are nowhere close! By now, blood has covered Blackwood's entire face so he's having difficulties seeing, too! Even Burns' right arm, which has Gage's head locked into the submission maneuver, is starting to cover in Blackwood's own blood! Gage tries to use the blood to slip out of the hold but can't seem to do it!

DDK:

There truly is nowhere to go! How long can Gage hold on for!?!?

The camera gets a close-up view of Gage's face. It's a look of worry as he continues to struggle to find... *something* to his advantage!

Lance:

Burns is putting his LIFE into this hold! Look at that intensity!

Twists and Turns tries to tighten the move by slightly getting on his left knee... this gives Gage Blackwood the smallest opportunity to break free if he knew what was going on.

He didn't.

The Faithful fill the arena with Burns chants as Blackwood begins to fade!!

DDK:

Is he going to do it!? Is Burns going to become the Southern Heritage Champion?!?

Blackwood is fading...

Fading...

Fading...

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!!

Somehow, Blackwood is *finally* able to escape by spinning Burns onto his side and using the challenger's own hold to pick him up! In one fluent motion, The SOHER throws Burns backwards in a fallaway slam!

Gage Blackwood falls right back down, completely out of it!

DDK:

I don't know how he did that... but Gage Blackwood BROKE a very good submission hold!

Lance:

And it might have come when Oscar needed that extra leverage, Keebs. As we see on the replay, when Burns used his knee for leverage, Blackwood was able to readjust for just a split second. This gave him the opportunity to, when he could finally put it together, to use everything he had to get on his feet and toss Burns away from him!

DDK:

Impressive!

Lance:

And I know what you're thinking at home, did Oscar screw this move up? To me, he absolutely did not. He NEEDED that extra leverage and that was the time to do it! He tried to ice Gage Blackwood and if it was anyone else in this match, I think he would have!

The Faithful start a rally cry of stomping for Burns to get up first. Blackwood hasn't moved yet and at least Oscar is showing signs of life by rubbing his head!

DDK:

Burns IS up first! The Anaconda Vice did its damage, even if it didn't win the match!

Burns struggles to make it to The SOHER. He pulls Blackwood up and looks for...

DDK:

THE GRAPS OF WRATH I.

But Blackwood rolls off Burns' back... he goes into the ropes and crushes Burns with a shoulder block and uppercut combination! Twists and Turns stumbles towards the ropes and Blackwood gets a second wind! He punches Burns and Irish whips him into the ropes where Blackwood first came from...

DDK:

A HURRICANRANA...

Lance:

INTO A POWERBOMB BY OSCAR!!

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

OOOOHHH SO CLOSE!

Both men rise and slug it out! Blackwood with a hard left hand and Burns with a strong uppercut! Blackwood with a left forearm and then Burns with a right forearm! The two exchange a crazy amount of STIFF AS SHIT looking forearm smashes, to the exchange of cheers and jeers from The Faithful, depending on who was doing it!

DDK:

I think these two are going to destroy each other!

Lance:

You mean they haven't already!?

Finally, Burns connects with back-to-back forearm shots! Then a third! Then a fourth!

DDK:

Burns with an atomic drop on Blackwood! He's looking for another nerve hold... NO! Blackwood slips through! Kick to the stomach by Gage and a quick brainbuster DDT!

Blackwood rolls Burns over and tells Benny Doyle to count again!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Faithful erupt and Blackwood grows more frustrated! The blood has stopped flowing from his scar by now but has created a sea of red crust across his eyes. The champion takes a moment to break it away from his face and then look back at Benny Doyle, tensing the expression in his eyes as if to say he isn't happy!

DDK:

ANACONDA VICE!! BURNS HAS THE ANACONDA VICE LOCKED IN AGA-

But before The Faithful can fill the arena with a loud pop, Blackwood stands right back up and throws Oscar Burns off him!

DDK:

BLACKWOOD BREAKS OUT-

Once more, DDK is cut off! By now, the arena has become unglued because this time Gage Blackwood has run into...

THE GRAPS OF WRATH I.

The deadly octopus stretch!

DDK:

BURNS HAS GONE TO HIS BREAD AND BUTTER! NOT ABLE TO PUT GAGE AWAY WITH THE ANACONDA VICE... NOW HE HAS GAGE IN THE GRAPS OF WRATH I... DEAD CENTER OF THE SQUARED CIRCLE!

Doyle slides into position and asks Blackwood if he wants to tap! The champion makes sure the ref knows it's a hard no, for now!

The look on Blackwood's face is one of dire concern! He's trying to break free but hasn't moved an inch... and this time, not to be outdone, Burns is in a perfect position to keep the hold locked in without having to readjust!

DDK:

The champion is in trouble and he knows it!

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Burns' face is almost as red as Blackwood's once was, without the blood. He's using everything in his power to keep Gage Blackwood from breaking free and hoping to make him tap very soon!

Lance:

Blackwood is fading!!

Doyle grabs Blackwood's hand but it doesn't drop yet!

The champion's face fills with fear, rage and confusion all at once. He's sawing his teeth together, trying to find a way out of the hold...

DDK:

Burns has withstood his ground tonight! This could be the final nail in the coffin!!!

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Drool starts falling from Blackwood's mouth as he tries to break free again! Burns screams for him to tap as Blackwood tries to form words but just isn't able to! Then, in a similar situation to the anaconda vice, Blackwood is able to move forward just a little... and pull Oscar Burns onto Gage's own back. The challenger doesn't drop the hold but he knows he's losing some leverage... so in one fluent motion this time it's Oscar who gets the surprise upper hand by turning the octopus hold into a pump handle, sit-down powerbomb!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?!? WE GOT A PIN!!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

KICKOUT!!!!

The crowd counted three, which clearly confuses everyone! The SOHER wobbles to his feet and Oscar goes right back after him! The Technical Spectacle looks for The Graps of Wrath II, a scissored armbar but Blackwood rolls out of it! Burns tries to attack Blackwood with a forearm smash as the champion goes into the ropes...

SMACK!

Gaelic Storm.

Blackwood connects with the flying double-knee takeout to Oscar Burns' head! However, the sheer momentum of the move not only knocks Oscar down but sends the striker sailing past him, crashing hard into the ring ropes and falling out of the ring! As Blackwood slips from the apron and to the floor below, his mouth is wide and his hands flail backwards, in hopes he would grab a rope and stay inside the ring. Instead, he watches in slow-motion, falling away from it all, as the move may render meaningless!

DDK:

Blackwood HITS the Gaelic Storm but can't make the cover!!

The Faithful are on their feet. There isn't much cheering or booing by now. Everyone anticipates what's going to happen next...

Panic flows across Gage Blackwood's face! He tries to get to a knee, but falls! He knows time is running out, so with one deep breath he leaps up and grabs the bottom rope, pulling himself into the ring without using his feet! He drags his broken body across the canvas floor slowly (but for him this is as quickly as possible), eyes locked on Oscar Burns like a wild animal finding a dead one to feed off of...

DDK:

Can he get there!? Burns hasn't moved since eating both knees!!

Blackwood is ----- close to Burns.

Lance:

C'mon Oscar! C'mon!

Blackwood is ----- close.

The Faithful remain silent, anticipating the potential worst-case scenario...

Blackwood is ----- close.

DDK:

It's been about FIFTEEN seconds since the Gaelic Storm was hit!

---- close.

Benny Doyle slides into position, just in case Blackwood gets there.

--- close.

DDK:

Burns is OUT. He has not moved. Not a muscle!

-- close.

The crowd is becoming restless!

And then Blackwood moves at double the speed, coming out of the blue and draping the hand overtop of Oscar Burns when he was still a good two feet away!

DDK:

OH MY GOD...

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

To say the DEFarena explodes would be an understatement!

DDK:

BURNS KICKED OUT!! OSCAR BURNS KICKED OUT OF THE GAELIC STORM! NO ONE HAS KICKED OUT OF THE GAELIC STORM!!!

Blackwood looks up at Benny Doyle, with tears starting to form in his eyes. He just can't believe it.

Gage Blackwood:

Why?

Neither can Benny.

Benny Doyle:

That's a two! Sorry, Gage. That's a two!

Gage Blackwood:

But... why?

There's no anger in Blackwood's face. No rage. Knowing this match truly meant everything to him, instead, Blackwood displays just sadness and frustration. For a moment, it almost makes The Faithful empathize with him!

That is, until Blackwood shoots to his feet and while holding his right knee, gets directly into Benny Doyle's face and his complexion changes entirely.

Gage Blackwood:

YOU STUPID BLOKE. YOU FUCKING BAW JUGGLER. PAL, THAT WAS A THREE!! TELL ME THAT WAS A THR-

THE FRUIT-ROLL UP.

DDK:

OSCAR WITH THE FRUIT-ROLL UP ON BLACKWOOD!!

ONE!!

TWO!!!!

KICKOUT!!!!

DDK:

NO NO NO NO NO! I THOUGHT OSCAR HAD HIM!

In a flash, Blackwood reels in Oscar and hits a Midlothian Hangover!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

KICKOUT!!!!!!

Lance:

KICKOUTS GALORE!!

The Technical Spectacle is breathing heavily but still gets on his feet! The Southern Heritage Champion is stunned but also gets on his! The two limp to the middle of the ring and stand face-to-face once more!

"FIGHT FOREVER!"

"FIGHT FOREVER!"

"FIGHT FOREVER!"

Oscar nods, showing a sign of respect. Gage returns the headnod. Then, the champion looks away, brushes more dried blood from his forehead and spits in Oscar's face!!

Gage Blackwood:

I HATE YOU. I HATE EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU. YOU SHOULD BE ON BRAZ-

HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

For the second time in the match, Gage gets CRACKED, this time in the chest! The blow rocks him and as he staggers around, a desperate Burns grabs him by the waist and then CHUCKS him over head with a huge Full Nelson Suplex!

DDK:

Burns going for the co... no!

Lance:

No, he's pulling him back up!

Then Burns goes right into the German! Gage gets dumped hard when Burns picks him back up and then DRILLS him into the canvas again, this time with an exploder suplex!

DDK:

BURNS HAS IT! BURNS HAS IT!

He rolls right into a cover on Gage and hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO! KICKOUT!

The crowd can't believe it and neither can Burnsie! The Technical Spectacle sits up but looks even more bound and determined to end this once and for all and not only shut Blackwood up, but claim his first Southern Heritage Championship. The dead weight of Blackwood does not offer up much in the way of resistance but Burns tucks a hand through Gage's own legs...

Lance:

I think the Head-Drop-O-Matic is coming! Burns has only used this move a few times but it won him his first FIST of DEFIANCE Championship against Cayle Murray!

Whether instinct or force of will, Blackwood ELBOWS Burns frantically in the side of the head and then Burns has no choice but to let go! Gage tries another uppercut and then Burns fires back with a slightly stronger one! Burns grabs The SOHER by the waist and then has the German locked...

DDK:

Another release Ger... NO! Gage rolls through after Burns falls...

Lance:

GAELIC STORM! GAELIC STORM TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD! HE GOT IT 100% PERCENT!

Gage doesn't go for a cover right away but out of having that one good moment to take his shot, he gets it and nails it clean. Burns is face-down, not moving on the mat and neither is a battered and beaten Gage Blackwood. The crowd is hanging on the intense moment right now.

DDK:

Gage NAILED that Gaelic Storm out of nowhere after Burns missed that one move! That's all Gage needs with that devastating move!

"BURNS!"

"BURNS!"

"BURNS!"

"BURNS!"

"BURNS!"

The crowd tries to will Burns onto his feet. However, he is VERY slow moving and is just now coming around! Gage is slowly starting to rise in the corner but not even he can believe that Oscar is still trying to stand!

Lance:

That Gaelic Storm has literally put down EVERYBODY he's face! Yet, twice now he's hit it and Burns won't stay down!

The Technical Spectacle is clearly glassy-eyed but is still coherent enough to see Blackwood in front of him, waving a hand defiantly as if he was telling him again to take his shot...

And he does.

DDK:

GAELIC STORM! THAT'S THE THIRD ONE HE'S HIT IN THIS MATCH! BURNS HAS TO BE DONE!

Gage slides right after the impact of the Gaelic Storm and collapses backwards on top of Burns, muttering "baw juggler" under his breath as he does so.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

And you can practically hear the air come out of the room. Almost in disbelief, Lance and DDK can be heard audibly shocked by what has just transpired.

Lance:

Wow. He did it. Gage Blackwood did exactly what he said he was going to do. He defeated the two-time former FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns.

DDK:

And all it took was one mistake by Burns. A rare mistake by a man considered by many to be the heart of DEFIANCE... and Gage Blackwood has just scored the biggest win by far of his career tonight.

The SOHER gets handed back to the fallen body of a hurt, beaten and bloodied Gage Blackwood.

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dannonn ♪

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH AND **STILL** THE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... **GAGE BLACKWOOD!**

DDK:

It took Gage hitting not one but THREE Gaelic Storms including one to the back of the head to finally keep Burnsie down for good! Despite all his bitterness, all of his moaning and complaining... he did it. I don't believe it.

Lance:

It's rare to see a loud mouth, albeit an extremely talented guy like Gage actually back it up. But you also have to think, out of one-hundred matches, each guy probably wins fifty.

DDK:

No argument there.

Blackwood falls to both knees at the edge of the ring. He has the title in his hands, his theme song over the airways and the silence and contemplation of the arena to ensure him he's won... and yet, his face seems to be in a different world altogether.

Rolling out of the ring, Blackwood staggers up the rampway while the camera turns to Oscar Burns, who is only now starting to sit up.

DDK:

What a war. These two laid it all on the line! You have to respect Blackwood, in the ring at least. But you have to give Oscar all the credit in the world, too!

Blackwood can barely make it halfway up the ramp before needing another breather.

Cut back to Darren and Lance.

MIKEY UNLIKELY Å© vs. LINDSAY TROY

A shot scans the crowd.

DDK:

We've had an incredible night thus far full of great action, and quite a few surprises. Speaking of surprises, at DEFCON Lindsay Troy shocked the world when she returned to DEFIANCE just as Mikey Unlikely won the FIST.

We cut to DEFCON with Mikey sitting in the ring clutching the FIST for the first time. Then we see Lindsay Troy ruin his parade with a big entrance. This is followed by a nice long montage of "How we got here!" no Limp Bizkit songs to accompany it however.

Cut back to the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEIANTS! The following contest, scheduled for one fall, is your main event of the evening, and it is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP!!!

The crowd ZOMGPOPSPLODES~!, as they are wont to do.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

♪ "Legendary" - 7kingZ ♪

Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Wrestle-Plex's speakers as the DEFIANCE Faithful jump to their feet with a roar. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and pyro explodes from the stage like cannon fire.

♪ "Showtime!" ♪

Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the stage, hyping the Faithful up amidst the pyro blasts. After a few moments, she marches down the ramp, a confident smirk on her face.

Darren Quimbey:

From Tampa, Florida... weighing in at 195 pounds she is "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" and your "High Queen DEFIANT" LIIIIIIINNNNNDDDDSSSSSSAAAYYYYYYYY TRRRRRRROOOOOOYYYYYYY!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy is looking amped and ready, Lance. After chasing Mikey for several weeks in the lead-up to tonight, she needed to pin the man in competition to secure her spot and she did just that at DEFtv 136 in a trios match with the Lucky Sevens and Team HOSS.

Lance:

Couldn't have said it better myself, partner. Lindsay was an, pardon the pun, *unlikely* return to DEFIANCE, but a return we sorely needed. Can she stop Mikey's reign before it even gets started? These two aren't strangers to each other.

DDK:

You know better than to bet against her, but you also know better than to count out Mikey. The man will do anything - *anything* - to stay atop the mountain.

Spotlights follow the Queen's path to the ring. Once she gets to the bottom of the ramp, she hops onto the apron and flips herself up and over the top rope. Troy then ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op before leaping off and taking to a corner to wait for Mikey to make his entrance.

She doesn't have to wait long.

A single spotlight hits the stage...

The red carpet rolls from behind the curtain and down the ramp.

The crowd boos loudly for the man they never expected to become FIST.

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring next... Weighing in at 235 pounds. Currently hailing from Glendale, California... he is the reigning FIST OF DEFIANCE Champion! Mikkeeeeyyyyyy Unnnnlikkkeelllyyyyyy!

Mikey hits the stage slowly. He's holding the glass display case with the FIST OF DEFIANCE in it, by the handle. He looks down at the ring and sees Lindsay Troy and instantly he frowns. Glancing around at the audience in the arena, his expression doesn't change. Sporting his ring gear and a Mikey Unlikely jacket, available exclusively at MikeyMoney.com.

DDK:

This is the first Pay Per View Defense for the newest FIST OF DEFIANCE. Mikey beat Oscar Burns at DEFCON, but now he's got the championship and is desperate to hold onto it.

Lance:

Desperate is right Keebs, At DEFtv this past week, Mikey Unlikely thought he set the longest of odds for Lindsay Troy only for her to come through and earn this shot here tonight.

DDK:

This is what it's all about folks, the FIST of DEFIANCE Championship. Mikey Unlikely has been setting DEFIANCE on fire the last 4 straight years, holding every championship we have in the process and becoming the first to ever do so...

Lance:

A fact he will not allow you to forget!

DDK:

Before those four years however... Lindsay Troy was a staple in DEFIANCE, a former FIST herself! A Legend in the last era of this company! It's a clashing of two styles, two times, two personalities the size of Louisiana as a whole! It's a clashing of the titans!

Unlikely is down the ramp and now climbing the ring steps. He wipes his feet on the apron and shoots one last glare to the crowd before entering the ring. He unzips the jacket and the referee checks him for weapons.

DDK:

DEFIANCE official Brian Slater in there to make sure Mikey isn't up to his usual shenanigans.

Once Slater is convinced he's ok, he backs off of Mikey. Unlikely takes off his jacket but before getting rid of it, he outstretches the arms and catches Lindsay Troy preparing for the match mentally, and clotheslines her using the jacket and proceeds to choke her with it. Brian Slater jumps in right away and begins to try to pull Mikey off.

Lance:

The FIST of DEFIANCE knows there's no rules... before a match starts!

DDK:

Brian Slater was looking for weapons, why would anyone assume someone would use a windbreaker as a weapon!

Mikey lets go of the blatant choke and tells the referee to ring the bell.

DING DING

Lance:

...and we are underway!

DDK:

Unlikely unceremoniously grabs Troy from the mat and whips her into the turnbuckle. He follows closely and lands a few kicks and strikes on the still surprised Queen of the Ring!

Unlikely now moves her to the ropes and shoots her off the other side. He goes for a big clothesline but catches nothing but air, as Troy rolls underneath. She gets up and attempts a standing enziguri on Mikey but he sees it coming and she just misses his head. Unlikely boots her as she lands on the ground. He then uses the time he bought to laugh at the audience and point out how smart he is.

Lance:

Mikey better quit gabbing with the Faithful or this is going.. Too late!

Troy is back up and as Mikey turns around she lands a jumping knee flush into the chin of Mikey that knocks him loopy and to the ground. The crowd jumps up and "oooohs" with the huge strike. Lindsay quickly gets Mikey back up and begins to pound on him.

Kicks, forearms, punches, elbows.

DDK:

What a relentless assault from the challenger here! The champion is dazed!

A spinning roundhouse heel kick knocks Mikey flat on his back and Troy scrambles to grab him for a cover. The champion however rolls out of the ring to avoid being caught again.

Lance:

Smart play by the Champion, he cannot be pinned on the outside.

Brian Slater begins his count from the ring as Mikey on his knees tries to catch his breath. He signals for a timeout with his hands but he's waved off by the official.

Lance:

No timeouts in wrestling! Everyone knows that!

Reluctantly after a few seconds, Mikey Unlikely reenters the fray. Before he's even in the ring Troy grabs him by the arm and pulls him to the center. He yells loudly his hair is being pulled although it's clear it's not.

Over her shoulder, she pulls his arm down. Unlikely cries out in pain and holds his arm. Troy follows up with a quick elbow to the back of the same shoulder. Mikey drops down to the mat once again. Lindsay follows him down and tries to grab the arm for an armbar, but Mikey is able to clasp his own two hands together preventing the hold from being fully applied.

DDK:

The Queen of the Ring is like a shark in water smelling blood. She's working that arm in an attempt to put Mikey Unlikely down systematically. It's old wrestling psychology. Work on one limb and then make them submit!

Lance:

Or in this case, I think she wants to pop that arm off of Mikey and beat him with it.

DDK:

That very well could be the case!

Unlikely uses what leverage he can gain to edge towards the ropes and finally, his foot finds it as he reaches his toes over. Brian Slater calls for the break. Troy slaps the shoulder and releases the hold. The champion uses the ropes to get back to his feet and is clearly flustered.

Troy takes aim and runs for Mikey. She goes for the big kick but Hollywood's Least Favorite C Lister sees it coming and pulls the top rope down. Troy goes spilling to the outside landing hard.

DDK:

Ring awareness by the champion!

Mikey drops down and rolls out of the ring himself. He picks up Lindsay Troy and uses his good arm to grab her by the torso and ram her back into the guardrail. Brian Slater on the inside is counting.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy is as well rounded as one could possibly be, but on the outside of the ring, well Mikey knows his way around the rules.

DDK:

Inside out, and back and front. Lindsay Troy is a real competitor, however. She's got grit and desire. Some things Mikey might not know so much about.

Clearly wanting to keep control of the match Mikey rolls in and back out quickly to break the count and keep it outside. He grabs Lindsay Troy and gives her suplex on the ramp her back slamming onto the steel.

Lance:

No pads on the ramp, that is solid steel!

Unlikely, proud of himself, tries to listen for a fan reaction; they boo him in response. Grabbing Troy by the hair he "helps" her to her feet. He picks her up and places her on the mat so that her body is in the ring and her head facing down. He hits her in the back with a couple quick forearms from the outside before hopping onto the apron. He takes a few steps back.

DDK:

Oh no! What's he have in mind? This could be catastrophic!

The champion moves towards the challenger and jumps for a leg drop.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy moves out of the way just in time! Mikey just landed flat on his... well... His backside!

Holding his lower back, the champion, clearly in pain, rolls back into the ring. Troy, meanwhile, is already to her feet, albeit breathing heavily. As Mikey sits up, Troy delivers a stiff kick to his back. The crack reverberates around the arena.

Mikey quickly stands up feeling the sting on his back and not wanting another. Troy follows him towards the turnbuckle. As she reaches out for Mikey he grabs her arm and pulls her towards him as he falls to his back. Troy crashes face-first into the second turnbuckle pad. Mikey holds a single arm in the air looking for appreciation. Slapping the mat when he gets none he gets back up and begins to untie the top turnbuckle pad.

DDK:

Oh no, we saw this against Oscar Burns, Mikey likes to use any advantage he can get; remember it was the loose pad that caused Burns to fall to the outside of the ring, nearly knocking himself out at DEFCON.

Referee Brian Slater is having none of it. He admonishes Mikey and pulls the pad out of the Champion's hand. Mikey tries to look innocent and shrug, to no avail. Brian Slater steps to Mikey and warns him. Slater begins to retie the pad in the corner.

Lance:

That's right! Official Brian Slater isn't going to let Mikey just... Oh no! The referee is busy with the pad and now Mikey Unlikely is reaching into his tights for.... BRASS KNUCKLES!

Unlikely slips them on his hand and cocks his fist back.

DDK:

The turnbuckle pad was just a ruse to distract the official!

As Lindsay Troy gets up, she slowly turns around where Mikey is waiting patiently. He swings but Troy ducks! She sweeps the legs out from under Mikey and the knuckles go flying outside of the ring, and land near the ring steps. The fans in attendance cheer loudly for the foiled cheating.

Troy sees it and climbs onto Mikey and begins to rain relentless fists and forearms down on him.

Through the barrage, all you can hear Mikey squeal is "Not the FACE!" to no avail. This is when the official turns around. Lindsay Troy gets up and is fired up.

DDK:

She's feeling it, Lance! She's got some momentum.

She pulls Mikey to his feet and gets him in a side suplex position. She goes to lift him up and over and onto his head but Unlikely grabs official Brian Slater's shirt and pulls himself back down. Slater slaps Mikey's hand away which causes him to stumble. Lindsay Troy hits the ropes and lines it up perfectly.

Lance:

Running Backflip DDT! What a move! Here's the cover...we could have a new champion!

One...

Two...

Kickout!

The fans in the front row are seen clutching their heads in disappointment as the Champion kicks out at the last second. Both competitors get to their feet, although it's clear Troy has more awareness at the moment. Troy throws a kick that lands flush in Mikey's chest. It rocks him. Another one... it backs him up. Another one! This one sends him into the turnbuckle, where the top pad is tied nice and tight thanks to official Brian Slater.

Lindsay sends Mikey off to the other side of the ring where he slams back first into the turnbuckle pad. Troy follows in and lands a huge Yakuza Kick right in the chops of Mikey. He stumbles out of the corner but it's not a second before Troy grabs him and pushes him sending him rolling forward. She grabs the arm and rolls with him. When they come to a stop she has it locked in!

DDK:

That's the Divine Right! One of Lindsay Troy's signature submissions holds! She's got him locked upright in the center of the ring!

Brian Slater slides into position as she wrenches on the hold. Mikey screams out in pain.

Lance:

The fans in the arena are calling for Mikey to give it up! He's got nowhere to go, the ropes are a long way away.

Unlikely tries to squeeze his head down and out, hoping his hair grease will aid him in the effort. No dice. She pulls tighter on the hold and Mikey tries to reach for his throat to pull her loose. He can't do that either. He reaches his arm straight out.

DDK:

He's going to tap!

He presses down on the mat and with everything he has he lifts Troy up just enough to roll her over onto her shoulders.

Official Brian Slater begins to count.

One...

Two..

She does just in time to break the count. The color slowly returns to Mikey's face as he breathes heavily and nears the edge of the ring via crawling for his dear life. Troy grabs his leg and pulls him back to the center of the ring. Much to the dismay of the champion.

DDK:

He's literally clawing, trying to get away from this onslaught.

They both get up, Mikey with a little help from the challenger. Lindsay is the first to throw a forearm and the only. After four blows Mikey is on wobbly legs. He falls to a knee and Troy goes to try to lift him back up, instead, Mikey falls straight back from exhaustion. Breathing heavily he tries to regain his composure. Troy smirks knowing she's got the conditioning advantage.

Lance:

The challenger now pulling Mikey to his feet once again. WOAHH Reversal! Unlikely with the roll-up pin. HE'S GOT HER TIGHTS PULLED!

One...

Two...

Kickout by Troy!

The crowd lets out a collective breath of air.

Both competitors get to their feet and Mikey strikes first this time with a kick to the gut. He bends over himself sucking wind. He places Troy's head between his legs and lifts her up.

DDK:

Powerbomb by the Cham... Wait... Lindsay Troy raining down fists from Unlikely's shoulders. Mikey's stumbling. Hurricanrana Revers~NO! Mikey holds on and doesn't flip! Lifting Troy back up now!

Instead, Lindsay hops off the shoulders of the Champion quickly and places her head under one of his arms and clutches around his leg.

Lance:

Spinning Fisherman Suplex! With the bridge! Here's the cover!

One...

Two...

Kickout again by the champion. As he rolls over Troy slaps the mat in frustration. She checks in with Brian Slater who assures her it was two. She nods acceptingly. Mikey uses the ropes to pull himself up. He holds his lower back once again. Troy turns around and they both swing and connect with forearms. They go back and forth each landing blows until finally Mikey skips the forearm and pokes the eyes of Lindsay Troy.

Unlikely off the ropes, he comes running back but Troy is ready and deflects the blow with both arms. Mikey swings again and she ducks. She pretends to jump for a dropkick and Mikey out of reflex ducks. The crowd laughs but Troy takes advantage. She underhooks his arms and drops him on his head with a double underhook DDT. Mikey once again is dazed. Troy tries to capitalize on the situation but Mikey's foot is under the ropes preventing the pin. The official is quick to point this out and Lindsay gets up again. She ascends to the top rope on the far side of the ring as Mikey stands up. She leaps looking for a jumping hurricanrana. Mikey sees it coming, grabs her in mid air and sits out for a huge powerbomb reversal.

DDK:

What impact, did you see Troy's head snap back onto the mat with that one!?

Unlikely is unable to follow up with a pin due to exhaustion. Both are down in the middle of the ring and Brian Slater is forced to begin the count on both of them. At the count of 6 both reach their feet in opposite corners. Both look at one another and almost simultaneously they both run for one another. Mikey swings his arm violently but Troy was ready. She catches the arm and swings her legs over Mikey's back. She twists with authority and Unlikely head crashes onto the mat.

DDK:

BY ROYAL DECREE! There it is! The Crucifix Driver! SHE DRILLED THE CHAMPION!

Lance:

She sure did, but she was unable to hold on for the pin!

Mikey lands on his head and neck and rolls over it onto his stomach. He appears to be out. The fans begin to cheer for Troy as she crawls over to where he is to make a cover. Unfortunately, Mikey rolls out of the ring JUST before she can fall on top of him. Mikey falls to the floor with the thud, and Troy's head falls knowing she just had him and needs to follow up fast.

Mikey sits up on the outside. He rests an arm on the steel ring steps trying to regain full awareness. He doesn't have long as Lindsay Troy sticks her head through the bottom rope and grabs Mikey Unlikely by the hair. She goes to pull him to his feet and into the ring but Mikey swings for her head and connects. He quickly pulls something off his hand and slides it under the ring before standing up and sliding in himself.

DDK:

DAMMIT! He got ahold of those Brass Knuckles that went flying earlier! He just hit Lindsay Troy right between the eyes with those knuckles!

He grabs both of her arms and pulls her away from the ropes. He rolls her up as tightly as he can muster.

One....

Lance:

Not like this!

Two....

Three!

The bell rings and the fans boo loudly!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner.... AND STILLLLLLLL FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION... MIKEEEEEYYYYYY UNLIKEEEELLYYYYYYYYYY!

Unlikely falls off of Troy and just breathes heavily in the center of the ring. His chest rising and falling quickly.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy gave it all she had, even catching Mikey earlier in the match with those knuckles only for them to be her undoing later on. Mikey Unlikely didn't get to the top by winning matches with dignity. He did it by outsmarting his opponents and always finding a way. Tonight the same thing happened once again!

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

Lance:

At the end of the day Mikey Unlikely could not be denied, he did not want to give up the FIST OF DEFIANCE and that's obvious by the locked display case he's now being handed.

Mikey on the mat clutches the display case with both arms. Holding it tightly. A small smile breaks across his face.

He gets up slowly and Brian Slater holds up his arm in victory, none the wiser that Unlikely used the Brass Knuckles to finish off Lindsay Troy.

Troy on the other hand gets out of the ring slowly trying to find her bearings. A small round of applause breaks out for her, but it's mostly booing for Mikey.

DDK:

God only knows what Mikey Unlikely will have to say after all this, but you can find out on the next edition of DEFtv! It's been a wild ride tonight folks. MAXIMUM DEFIANCE was a hell of a show!

Mikey Unlikely holds the display case high into the air above his head with both arms. He laughs maniacally as the show fades out.

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE!