

PRE-RETALIATION

After a full evening of looking at porn and jacking your pathetic excuse for a dick to pictures of chubby housewives with stretch marks for days you realize that it is almost time for the debut of Retaliation of DEFIANCEWrestling.com.

You wipe the stain of orange Cheetos on your chair before using the mouse to click through and find the URL. As you arrive at the website, you notice it is still early. The best thing about Retaliation's stream? It is pre-recorded. Even though shortly you will be able to watch two action packed DEFIANCE match ups, the website is now reporting what took place on the rest of the taping when the cameras were not rolling.

As you have time, and nothing better to do with your shit life, you click the link "Retaliation Taping Dark Match Results" and scroll to the text. You love DEFIANCE, don't you? Yea you fucking do. Well grab a sip of Diet Coke and take a look at what happened before the cameras began recording.

Welcome folks to the Retaliation taping dark match results. I'm the newest addition to the DEFIANCEwrestling.com website, your correspondent for all things DEFIANCE, David Smith. Retaliation was taped in Conroe, Texas at the Lone Star Expo center in front of a crowd of 1250. Not a bad turn out for the new web streaming show on DEFIANCEwrestling.com.

Before the actual Retaliation taping, Jeff Andrews thanked the hot crowd for being apart of history as expanding DEFIANCE is just the first step in his plan to take it to the top. Next up, the local Conroe High School band led us through a wonderful rendition of "America the Beautiful." Next up, the action was set to begin.

Adam Faulkner vs. Christopher Barton

Even match from the start, Barton gets frustrated at not being able to put Faulkner away after repeated attempts, Faulkner exploits this weakness and continues to piss Barton off until it turns into a win with a classic school boy roll up.

Both guys looked good here, but Barton lets his anger problems beat him. After the match Faulkner offered his hand to Barton, who refused to shake it and exited the ring with a scowl on his face.

Lash Graham vs. Jimmy Kort

Lash, coming off a big debut win on the last episode of DEFIANCE on TV, had some crowd backing. However, Jimmy Kort comes in and controls most of the match in the beginning.

Eventually, Graham's creativity and flippydoo powers end up getting the better of Kort. But Kort is in full on "Zombie Kort" mode, no selling the ongoing offense of Graham. Lash is able to catch Kort with a Flying Crucifix Cradle for a quick pin.

After the pinfall Graham celebrates with his stuffed armadillo, but Kort snaps and beats the dogfuck out of him. Jimmy Kort exits the ring as his music plays and the winner, Lash Graham, is helped out of the ring.

The Gorillas vs. Moral Majority

For our dark match main event, the crowd is hot for tag team action as The Gorillas take on Moral Majority. Frank Dylan James wrestles most of the match, over-protectively of Virginia Quell even. She does not like this and eventually tags herself in.

This proves to be the downfall of the team as The Gorillas work together to get James' attention away from the

match on the floor, sending him crashing into the steel steps to temporarily put him out of the picture.

Quell is pinned, as FDJ is able to come to and slide into the ring to check on her, as The Gorillas roll out and hastily exit to the back, celebrating along the way. We go into a short intermission as the crew preps the ring area for the actual taping.

INTRODUCTION

After reading the results from before the taping, you realize *"Oh Fuck! It begins to stream in about a minute!"* You quickly click the link that directly tells you to **STREAM RETALIATION**.

Buffering....

Buffering...

Even more buffering...

Seriously, it's 2013, it's time to get high speed internet you cheap fuck.

Buffering... 97%.... no movement... the hourglass appears and begins to spin...

Frustration....

You sigh, placing your forehead into your hand and wondering if this is really life before finally it moves to 99%....

Buffering....

100....

The screen is black, it is time for.... **RETALIATION@~!** A bad ass intro video plays with shiny sparkles and the Retaliation logo busting through. "Oh shit" you think to yourself, "DEFIANCE is moving up in the world!"

^ Work in Progress, Seriously It'll Get Better. For Now Just Pretend^

As the logo burst through the screen, we go to an energized crowd of Conroe's finest wrestling fans screaming their heads off, ready for even more action packed, fucking awesome DEFIANCE action. We zoom in on the fans as the camera moves from the back of the Expo center toward the stage.

These DEFIANCE fans are one of a kind, which can be seen by the various signs in the crowd:

FRANK DYLAN JAMES IS MY GRANPAPI!

WHERE'S ERIC DANE?

CANCER JILES IS THE COOLEST

MARRY ME HEIDI

As we finally find the stage, the camera rest upon it, showing off a brand new set debuting on Retaliation. Three screens and a ton of metal, yea, this is the big leagues baby.

Strobe lights begin to flash across the bottom of the entrance set as a set of smoke machines let out blast of fog. The fans get crazy as they know, RETALIATION is about to begin.

STEIN: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the debut episode of Retaliation, streaming live right here on DEFIANCEwrestling.com! I'm Frank Stein here with my broadcast partner "Millionaire" Morty Mayer and we are your exclusive broadcast team for Retaliation!

The camera fades from the stage to actually focus on the two men sitting behind the broadcast table.

MAYER: Man it feels great to be here Frank! All week the buzz has been huge for the debut of Retaliation here in Texas. DEFIANCE has fans like no other, I can tell you that.

STEIN: You are correct Morty, the energy in the Expo Center is so high right now, it is an amazing feeling. For the fans watching at home, if Retaliation comes to your town do not miss it. We guarantee an experience of a lifetime!

MAYER: The matches alone tonight are top notch! We have an hour of great action ready for you!

STEIN: Bronson Box and Justin Voss have been at each other's throats since this match was announced. I don't think they even care that it's a wrestling match.

MAYER: They don't Frank, these men are coming tonight for a fight.

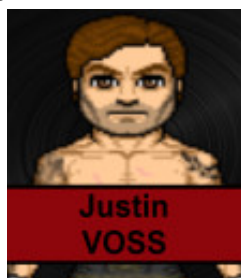
STEIN: In the main event, Cancer Jiles and Ronnie Long give us a preview of what's to come on DEFIANCE 33 as they clash for singles action.

MAYER: This match could possibly be a match of the year contender and it's only January!

STEIN: I agree, these two men are amazing competitors and they will bring their all tonight, in that very ring, as we get ready for RETALIATION!

We get a shot of the ring before fading into a segment.

Another fist for the Good Fight?



Backstage, standing against a RETALIATION backdrop, CHRISTIE ZANE has a microphone in hand as the camera is up close to get a good framing of her pretty face and enchanting rack.

ZANE: DEFIANCE fans, I'm standing backstage with a man who makes his DEFIANCE wrestling debut here TONIGHT on Retaliation.

CUT-TO: Wide shot of ZANE standing beside JUSTIN VOSS. He's wearing a black "You Bring the Stupid" t-shirt, already in his ring gear, eyes hidden behind a pair of black Ray-Bans with golden arms. Hands on hips, he stares off into the distance until he's called to address ZANE's questions.

ZANE: I'm with Justin Voss. Justin, tonight you're going to make your DEFIANCE debut against the man calling himself the ORIGINAL Defiant, the Bombastic Bronson Box. Not many people walk out of a ring from that kind of contest, Justin.

VOSS snickers, runs a hand through his hair and tugs at his t-shirt collar before answering.

VOSS: Look, Christie, I'm sure there are a lot of guys who roam around these locker rooms scared to death of the Bombastic Bronson Box. And that's *THOSE* guys, Christie. Not this guy. Not this little black duck. Not ol' VossMan. Nuh-uh.

(waggles a finger at Christie)

...You see, Christie, I'm looking *forward* to facing off against this monster. I'm looking forward to our little fisticuff. Win, lose or draw, I plan on showing this whole roster that I'm not just some schmuck who has come in here to take their gold. Oh no. I've come into DEFIANCE to prove something, Christie.

ZANE: Prove what, Justin?

VOSS: I've come to prove to DEFIANCE, to its fans, to the world watching at home, that I'm not the man I used to be and you'll see that tonight when I kick Bronson's butt all of the Lone Star Expo Center TONIGHT. You've seen that when I've stood shoulder-to-shoulder with the Good Fight, Christie.

ZANE: Speaking of the Good Fight... what is your association with them?

VOSS: Christie, the truth of the matter is I do not *KNOW* what the relationship between myself and the Good Fight is, to be honest with you. But I'll tell you this for free, sweetheart...

...This old VossMan isn't gonna stand idly by and let Jeff Andrews and the Three Stooges have the last laugh. They can bully who they want wherever they like and whenever they like... Oh... except for when *I'M* hanging around.

...Untouchables?

Voss points to this t-shirt.

VOSS: You bring the stupid... and I'll bring the ass kickin'.

...See ya soon, Bronson.

And with that, the FORMER AYATOLLAH OF ASS-A-HOLLAH turned about face and left ZANE in shot.

Bronson Box vs Justin Voss

As we return to the Expo Center, the camera focuses on the stage.

OVER THE PA: I'M BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

The music hits the personal announce system and after a few moments Voss emerges from the back. He stands on the stage and looks out over all the fans. He presses two fingers from his mouth, as if he were drawing back on a cigarette and as the music hits it's first crescendo he raises those fingers from his lips and blows out a plume of smoke.

He then turns his back to the fans and thumbs at the tattoo of his daughter's name across the top of his back. He spins and begins to turn and as he walks, raises his left arm to display one of his son's names and kisses the top of his forearm then the other. Then he beats his heart three times before making his way down the ramp.

STEIN: Justin Voss making his way as we get ready for the action to begin here on Retalia...

From the back, Bronson Box rushes behind Voss, slamming a forearm into the back of Voss' head.

STEIN: Bronson Box doesn't want to wait.

MAYER: After these two going at each other so verbally, I don't expect nothing less than two men just beating the hell out of each other!

Box brings down a flurry of forearm shots across the back of Justin Voss as they both stumble down the ramp toward the ring.

STEIN: This match hasn't even officially begun yet, and the action has started.

Voss is able to block a shot from Bronson and come up with a stiff right to jaw of his opponent. Justin grabs the back of Bronson's head and, with force, rolls him into the ring under the bottom rope.

MAYER: It looks like we are about to get started.

STEIN: Voss quickly into the ring after Box. The bell has yet to sound to start this match.

As Justin gets to his feet, Bronson Box rolls to his left and back outside of the ring. Justin heads to the ropes, grabbing the top one and yelling at Bronson to get back in the ring.

STEIN: The crowd is going crazy. This is what they came to see.

MAYER: Bronson tried to put Voss out quick, but wasn't able to. Now he's out here revising his game plan.

STEIN: Referee Mark Shields can't even call for the bell for the match to start as Box is refusing to get back into the ring. Voss isn't waiting any longer.

Justin Voss drops down and rolls out of the ring, as Bronson Box slides back in.

MAYER: Box using his smarts there Frank!

STEIN: I think he is just delaying the inevitable.

Voss, obviously irritated, goes to slide back in and is quickly met with several stomps to the upper back by Bronson Box. As Box reaches down and grabs Voss by the neck to yank him up, the bell sounds to begin the match.

STEIN: We are underway!

MAYER: Bronson Box back to controlling this encounter as he has tried to do since the beginning.

Justin Voss pushes Bronson Box backwards.

STEIN: Voss trying to get some space between him and Bronson, who has been on him like a rabid pit bull.

MAYER: Box is just vicious, Justin Voss will need to catch him off guard and just keep putting the pressure on his he expects to take home a win here.

As Box gets his footing and steps forward, Justin Voss steps in and grabs his left arm.

STEIN: Justin Voss whips Bronson Box with force into the corner.

Box brags the top rope on both sides of the turnbuckle to not only cushion his back, but stop the momentum.

STEIN: Justin Voss rushes Bronson Box in that corner.

Bronson Box steps forward, turning slightly to the left as Voss comes closer. Using one arm he catches Justin, lifts him up and throws him violently to the mat.

MAYER: Wooo-ey!

STEIN: One armed side slam by Bronson Box!

Bronson kneels down, placing his knee into the face of Justin Voss, while using his first to deliver thunderous blows to the exposed ribs of Voss.

STEIN: Each one of those shots harder than the previous.

Justin Voss tried to use his hands to puss Bronson off of him. Mark Shield finally warns Bronson to get up. One more shot before he complies.

MAYER: Bronson Box is one mean son of a bitch.

STEIN: Language Morty!

MAYER: This is DEFIANCE, we are streaming to the masses. There is no network censorship here Frank!

Bronson lifts one of Justin Voss' legs up, following up with a boot to his inner thigh.

STEIN: I'm unsure how much Justin will be able to take. Bronson Box is like a rabid animal.

Voss rolls over and scoots up before trying to push himself to his feet. Bronson Box moves up, straddling Voss' back. He reaches out with his arms then moves down, locking in a rear naked choke. Bronson pulls up and back, then rolls to the left, pulling Voss with him.

STEIN: Box locks Voss into that choke with his legs around Justin's waist. it may be over!

MAYER: There's no way Justin Voss can take much more punishment!

Bronson lets out animalistic like yells as he applies pressure. Justin Voss continues to try and break the choke. His flings his arms around.

STEIN: Voss is going nowhere! Mark Shields needs to end this now!

Voss begins to kick his legs, still unable to get free. He slightly is able to move down. Continuing to kick, he moves down a little more, this time his foot somehow getting caught on the bottom rope.

STEIN: MARK SHIELDS IS TELLING BOX TO BREAK IT!

MAYER: I don't think he's going to!

Bronson applies even more pressure. Justin Voss begins to turn purplish. Mark Shields yells at Bronson until he finally lets go. Justin Voss pops up and flies over face first into the mat, grabbing his throat and gasping for air.

STEIN: Justin Voss is loose!

MAYER: But for how long Frank?

Bronson pushes Shields out of the way and heads for Justin Voss who quickly exits the ring.

STEIN: Voss needs to reorganize and collect himself if he stands a chance of winning.

Justin Voss kneels down beside the ring, using the edge of the mat to hold himself up as he continues to try and catch his breath. Bronson Box exits under the top rope and leaps down to the ground outside of the ring.

STEIN: Box outside to continue his rampage on the possibly injured Justin Voss.

Bronson grabs the back of Justin Voss' head and directs him toward the commentator's table.

MAYER: Whoa! They are coming over here!

STEIN: This can't be good!

Box pulls Justin's head back and goes to force it into the table, but Voss is able to use his hands to stop the movement. He quickly pulls away, grabs Bronson's head and forces it into table.

STEIN: Bronson Box's head bounces off of our table right here!

MAYER: A little too close for comfort!

Bronson stumbles back, his arms flailing. Justin Voss comes forward, in one quick piece bends down slightly, grabs Box near his waist, lists while turning and slamming him to the ground.

STEIN: SPINEBUSTER OUTSIDE THE RING RIGHT HERE!

MAYER: That's floor is NOT protected!

The crowd pops like crazy. Inside the ring as Box hits the ground, Mark Shields stumbles back in shock as he watches the action on the outside.

STEIN: What a move by Justin Voss!

Voss rolls to his back and lays next to Bronson Box, trying to catch his breath again.

MAYER: I don't think either of these guys care about their own personal health.

STEIN: Both Bronson Box and Justin Voss now trying to get to their feet.

MAYER: It might come down to who can get up first.

As both men get to their feet, they face each other. Bronson Box comes forward with a closed fist, connecting with the side of Justin Voss' head.

STEIN: Voss connects with his own shot to Bronson Box. Box with another right. Now a right from Justin Voss. Back and forward shots between these two men.

MAYER: This is what I'm talking about!

Box comes forward with a headbutt, connecting with Voss.

STEIN: Headbutt by Box.

MAYER: That's gotta hurt.

STEIN: Box goes in for another headbutt.

Voss sidesteps.

STEIN: Justin Voss moves out of the way.

Bronson Box turns around. As he does, Justin Voss catches his arm.

STEIN: Justin Voss sends Bronson Box into the barricade out here!

The fans begin slapping the back of Bronson Box as he is propped up on the barricade. Voss runs towards him.

STEIN: Voss rushes Box.

MAYER: Ohhh hooo

STEIN: Bronson shoots forward and meets Justin with an elbow, catching him in the jaw.

Voss grabs his face, and stumbles back. Bronson comes forward and reaches out for Justin.

STEIN: Voss sees Box in time.

Justin bends down, coming back up and able to capture Bronson on his shoulders.

STEIN: Bronson Box on the shoulders of Justin Voss outside of the ring here.

MAYER: Too much action to be contained in the ring!

Voss falls back, releasing Bronson Box.

STEIN: Fall away slam on the cold hard concrete! My God!

The fans pop loud. Bronson Box rolls around on the ground. Justin Voss crawls over to the ring, and uses the edge of

the mat to pull himself up. He rolls in and back out to stop Mark Shields from finishing his count.

STEIN: Justin Voss could have won via count out, but all he wants to do is continue this fight.

MAYER: That's what it is! Just like I said it would be, a straight out brawl.

Justin heads toward Bronson, who is now curled up on the ground. As Voss reaches down, Box spins over swinging his metal spike he carries with him at Justin.

STEIN: WHOA!

Justin leaps out of the way, barely missing being struck. Bronson comes fully up, swinging the spike again.

STEIN: Justin Voss able to move out of the way again.

Voss backs away as Box continues to try to impale him with the spike. As Justin begins to back up the ramp, Bronson runs at him with the spike up high.

STEIN: Voss misses the spike again, brings a knee up into the gut of Bronson Box.

MAYER: Justin Voss able to maybe stop Bronson from killing him!

The spike falls out of Bronson's hand as Justin comes up again with another knee. He grabs Box's arm and whips him up the ramp toward the stage. Justin Voss follows behind as Bronson is able to stop his momentum.

STEIN: Both men now fighting again up toward the back. Mark Shields is counting again.

MAYER: They don't care about wins or loses, they just want to hurt each other!

STEIN: More hard hitting fist back and forward between both men!

Bronson blocks a punch from Voss and comes forward, almost leaping with an arm extended.

STEIN: CLOTHESLINE!

MAYER: He almost took Justin Voss' head off!

Bronson waste no time getting to his feet. Voss slowly begins to get up as well. Box grabs him, pulling Voss up with force.

STEIN: Bronson Box yanking Voss up, no... with force.. OH MY GOD!

MAYER: NO WAY!

Bronson Box sends Justin Voss off of the side of the ramp. Voss' body flips in the air as he goes off of the stage crashing violently through some speakers set up below, taking an amazing bump.

The fans pop louder than anytime during the match. From the ring, Mark Shield calls for the bell.

STEIN: This one is over! Double count out!

MAYER: Screw the count out, Justin Voss may be dead! Bronson Box may have killed him!

We get a replay of Voss flying over the edge of the stage.

STEIN: These two took each other to the limit, but Justin Voss may have paid the largest price.

Bronson drops down to his knees, looking over at the mess below as EMTs rush to help Voss. The camera zooms in from a wide angle, coming in close to focus on Bronson's face as he looks dead into the screen with a mischievous smile, almost sadistic as we go into a preview for DEFIANCE 33.



Defiance TV 33
Amarillo, Texas
Amarillo National Center

Cancer Jiles Promo: UST3K Edition

[You might be expecting a Cancer Jiles promo here.]

[Instead, what you get is a big drop down logo sort of thing that says "UST3K".]

[At the bottom of the screen, there's a row of movie seats with three heads silhouetted in black against nothing so far. One of the heads clearly belongs to Heidi Christenson, since it's shorter than the others, and surrounded by hair. The others belong to Jeff Andrews and Kai Scott.]

CHRISTENSON: What're we doing here?

ANDREWS: Clearly, someone has said something stupid. However, since I'm in charge now, it's my duty as a good boss to clarify what it is they're attempting to say. And to explain to everyone who isn't them why they're stupid and wrong.

SCOTT: Sounds fun. So who said what and what was stupid about it?



Cut to a prerecorded Count of COOL.

ANDREWS: You just answered both your questions at the same time.

ETS DAE TIMEZ STEEL.

CHRISTENSON: How would he know? He's in a recording studio.

He's shading out in the parking lot of the Lone Star Expo Center, catching a smoke before entering the building for the first time. He's rocking the silk and the T-shades, and his surfer-blond AXE'd up hairdo appears battle ready. In his possession, as in what he's slinging around his shoulder, a gym bag presumably with his wrestling gear and other green goodies inside of it.

SCOTT: Hey, wonder how many eggs he's got in that thing?

Oh, and some eggs. Can't forget about them eggs.

CHRISTENSON: Enough.

JILES: (exhaling) It's one of those electronic cigarettes, I swear.

Nonchalantly, Cancer drops the joint he's blazing on behind him and slowly takes a step back to extinguish with his foot.

JILES: *Crunch.*

Yeah, that was him mocking up the sound for the smashing of the robot cig.

ANDREWS: Electronic cigarettes. Smoking's homo enough as it is, but electronic? Cancer Jiles can't even fucktard properly.

SCOTT: Fucktard's a verb now?

ANDREWS: Sure is.

JILES: (squaring up) Well, needless to say I've come along way since the last time I spoke on a Defiance broadcast.

That's for certain. Normally he would've just kept smoking.

CHRISTENSON: Don't discourage him. If we're lucky, he might get lung cancer.

JILES: While it has undoubtedly been a bumpy road, in fact, *one* I was left to the side of to rot and die on. *Tonight*. Inside *that* Expo Center. In front of a sold out crowd. On the very first **EVAR** edition of Retaliation.

SCOTT: Cheap pop.

JILES: ...Cancer Jiles, The High Chief of COOL-- returns to the ring.

ANDREWS: Fuck this shit, I'm going to space.

The THC of COOL sinisterly rubs his two hands together, almost frothing at the mouth over all the wrong and evil he has planned for Ronnie Long later in the evening.

ANDREWS: You sure he's frothing over evil plans? I think it's just drugs.

CHRISTENSON: Just drugs.

JILES: And in doing so, he continues his quest to conquer and destroy those who saw to it he was... *displaced* for a time being.

ANDREWS: He's lucky he didn't get 'displaced' down into West Virginia. My dad's farm's pretty big, I could hide a body out there and no one would eeeeeeeever find it.

SCOTT: Or you could've left him alive, try and get a Deliverance reenactment going on.

CHRISTENSON: Squeal, Cancer.

A slight teeth grind.

SCOTT: What'd I say? Drugs.

JILES: This quest I embark on-- fueled by redemption, blood and the type of revenge that makes your weenie hard, started when I sent a message to the Untouchables on the last episode of Def Tee-Vee. A message, I assume they are still trying to get out of their collective ego.

SLAP~!

The OG of COOL briefly stops for an exaggerated knee-slap.

ANDREWS: Oh shit son, it just got real!

JILES: Indeed, using the sacred words of egg and shell I told *Stiff* Andrews, Ronnie **Dong**, *Stye* Scott and Heidi **Bitterson** that their actions will not be tolerated. That, they are NOT the benchmark they seem to think themselves to

be. They are NOT what Defiance needs, or wants, or desires. I told them Untouchable bastards that they are the problem, and **not** the solution.

Actions speak louder than words in this instance.

CHRISTENSON: Agreed. Actions speak louder than words. Which is why WE'RE all champions and HE'S still talking.

JILES: Well, golly gee if it isn't utterly fantastic that the Lord of COOL happens to know a thing or two about problems.

ANDREWS: I know! Like... der wheres my bong at man.

CHRISTENSON: And, how am I going to keep Ronnie from pulverizing my spine with the elevated powerbomb?

JILES: And Ronnie Long...

DRAMATIC.

PAUSE.

SCOTT: He's got nothin'.

JILES:

STILL PAUSING.

ANDREWS: Smart wrestlers decide what they're going to say before they say it. That way they don't cause dead air.

JILES: ...BOY DO I HAVE A PROBLEM FOR YOU.

A quick flex of the *loaded gun* to help aid in the foreshadowing process.

SCOTT: That-doesn't-make-any-sense why-is-he-still-talking?!

JILES: CHAWP_CHAWP. *Mongoloid*. You might not fear the reaper, but by the time tonight is over, you'll be shopping for a shovel made out of COOLtanium.

ANDREWS: Don't talk shit about the shovel. Fucking blasphemy, man.

Those sound like fighting words to me.

CHRISTENSON: Like he'd know.

JILES: ...*you can take that to the bank*.

SCOTT: Yeah. Ed White's bank.

Fade to OHSITDEF33ISGOINGTOBEWILD....

Cancer Jiles vs Ronnie Long



Screaming Jay Hawkins "I am the COOL" blast through out the speakers. The fans give a large mixed reaction as Cancer Jiles comes out from the back. He throws his arms out and twist before walking with confidence down the ramp.

STEIN: Cancer Jiles making his way down in our main event for one on one action.

MAYER: I love this guy!

Jiles walks up the steps and across the edge of the ring before entering. He rushes the corner and climbs, posing for the fans. Cancer's music fades as he drops back down to the mat. "Darkest Days" begins to play.

STEIN: His opponent tonight, one part of The Untouchables who \$\$Cool will face on DEFIANCE 33.

Ronnie Long walks with a stride as he reaches the ring. Upon entering, Ronnie's music fades and the two men prepare for their match.

STEIN: We have a stare down as he bell sounds.

MAYER: Ronnie Long with the size advantage, but I have to say, Cancer Jiles sure is cool.

Cancer Jiles extends his arms.

STEIN: Jiles now attempting to initiate a test of strength.

MAYER: Maybe not the smartest move, especially with Long just being bigger completely.

Long looks out to the right, then the left as if asking the fans if he should accept. Cautiously he accepts.

STEIN: Ronnie Long taking the test as he and Cancer lock their fingers together. Both men now attempting to take control of the situation.

Cancer gets the advantage at first as Long's knee begins to buckle and he slightly arches his back backwards. Soon though, Ronnie pushes forward with his strength raising up and forcing Cancer down to one knee.

STEIN: Long almost has Cancer Jiles completely under his control.

MAYER: Not a good place for Jiles.

Cancer is able to push back up, as soon as he is to his feet enough, he boots Long in the stomach, breaking the lock, and quickly following up with a thumb jab to the eyes.

STEIN: The fans are letting Jiles know how they feel of his tactics as he is warned by referee Benny Doyle.

MAYER: Win by any means necessary.

Jiles just shrugs as if he doesn't think he did anything wrong. The fans boo heavily. Ronnie still holds his eyes, walking around as Cancer stands behind him, waiting. Jiles then strikes, rushing Long enough to get air when he jumps.

STEIN: Dropkick to the back of Long who tumbles into the ropes.

Ronnie Long hangs between the ropes, draping over the middle.

STEIN: Cancer Jiles pushes past the referee to meet Long with a series of stomps to the lower back, that rope choking Ronnie.

MAYER: Cancer is a machine!

The entire crowd is on their feet booing.

STEIN: Jiles lifts Long to his feet. He warms him up with a couple of heavy chops before grabbing his arm. Irish whip into the ropes. Ronnie is on the return. Cancer Jiles meets him with the side of his knee.

Long flips over the knee and to the mat. More boos from the fans as Jiles climbs the nearby corner post.

STEIN: Cancer Jiles going up top.

MAYER: He's going to fly!

Once he reaches the top, he steadies himself, facing out to the angry crowd. He leaps, flipping backwards in mid air, landing perfectly as he hits Ronnie Long.

STEIN: Big chance move taken with a big pay off as Cancer Jiles hits his mark. He could end this match now.

But he doesn't. Cancer Jiles gets to his feet. He taunts the fans before running to the ropes.

STEIN: Jiles leaps to the second rope and uses it to bounce with momentum.

He twist in air and lands.

STEIN: Moonsault. Jiles defiantly showing how his aerial abilities tonight folks. It almost seems as if Ronnie Long will need a miracle to come back in this match up.

MAYER: The king of cool can't be stopped!

Jiles still refuses to put the final nail in the coffin as he rolls out of the ring.

STEIN: The referee now giving a small warning to Cancer who seems to be up to something on the outside here. Long needs to somehow get up. This may be his chance to regain his composure with all of the time Cancer seems to be wasting.

This becomes evident to everyone else as well, as Ronnie Long begins to move. Jiles sees that he has pushed up to

his hands and knees. Cancer bends down and digs under the ring, then rolls back in.

STEIN: What is he up to?

MAYER: Winning the match, that's what!

STEIN: Ronnie Long now attempting to get to his feet, but it looks like Jiles is going to deny him an offense yet again as he runs at Long, booting him in the stomach.

Long falls back to the mat, holding his gut. Jiles comes forward, booting him in the crotch. The fans do not let up from their chorus of boos as Cancer ignores Doyle's warnings again and runs to the corner post and up to the second rope. He leans out a bit, holding his arms to them, embracing their hatred.

STEIN: Once again, Cancer Jiles showing no interest in ending this, well, I hate to say it, but in ending this massacre of Ronnie Long.

MAYER: I'm loving it!

The fans begin to throw trash into the ring, which makes Jiles even happier. He jumps down to the mat and walks back over to Long, looking down at him with an asshole smirk.

STEIN: Cool Cancer Jiles sure is cocky. He is proving that tonight.

MAYER: Ah come on, Ronnie Long is any better? Cancer is amazing! What do these fans need to see that? Long should be put in his place and it's happening tonight.

Cancer Grabs Ronnie's head and begins to pull him to his feet. As Long comes up, he is able to send a fist into the gut of Jiles.

STEIN: Long getting a shot in.

MAYER: No!

Long sends Cancer into the ropes.

STEIN: Jiles hits the ropes, on the return. Ronnie Long with a big boot!

Cancer's face bounces off of Long's boot before he flies to the mat rolling to the edge of the ring, laying halfway out. Long drops down to one knee, still feeling the effects of the match up until now.

STEIN: Long to his feet. He may be on the offensive now.

Long limps over to the ropes, exiting to the edge of the ring.

MAYER: What he is going to do?! Move Cancer!

Long runs across the edge of the ring, grabs the top rope and uses it to help him jump up and come down with a leg across Cancer Jiles throat. The fans pop.

STEIN: Guillotine Leg drop on the outside of the ring! Wow!

MAYER: NO!

Long slides from the end of the drop gracefully down to the floor, landing on his feet. Cancer falls to the concrete outside of the ring as Ronnie walks a few feet away, apparently walking off the assault from Jiles.

STEIN: Cancer starting to get up, Long runs... BOOT TO THE TEMPLE!

The crowd pops. Long looks out to them and waves them off.

STEIN: Long not wanting the crowd behind him, just wanting to punish Jiles.

MAYER: Cancer, you have to come to!

Long snatches Jiles up and to his feet, sending him shoulder first into the nearby turnbuckle. Cancer lets out a scream of pain as he turns to face Ronnie who meets him with a knife edge chop.

STEIN: Jiles' chest is glowing!

Long grabs Jiles' arm and brings him into a short arm clothesline.

STEIN: Ronnie Long is back. The big man with a second wind like no other.

MAYER: That's that shit I don't like right there!

STEIN: Seriously Morty, a rap reference?

Long lifts Cancer and rolls him into the ring. Long walks over, forcing the time keeper up and takes his chair.

STEIN: Ronnie Long with a steel chair, rolling into the ring.

Cancer begins to get up as Ronnie lifts the chair. Benny Doyle grabs it from behind pulling it out of his hands.

STEIN: Denied by the referee!

MAYER: Ha!

Long argues with the referee then turns around to receive some sort of powder from Cancer's fist into his eyes.

STEIN: That's what Cancer must have been getting from under the ring earlier! Referee Benny Doyle missed it as he was tossing the chair out of the ring.

MAYER: Greatness!

Long grabs his eyes as Cancer shoots up with an inside cradle. The referee drops down and begins to count.

STEIN: Cancer Jiles steals a win!

The referee calls for the bell.

MAYER: I knew Jiles would pull it off!

STEIN: Cancer must be proud of himself.

Suddenly from the back, The Untouchables run.

STEIN: Jeff Andres, Kai Scott, and Heidi Christenson are charging down the ramp.

MAYER: What do these fools want?

As they slide into the ring, they quickly surround Cancer, who realizes right away he is in a bad position. Long pulls

himself up using the ropes, very pissed off.

STEIN: Jiles is in trouble now.

MAYER: Someone needs to save him!

STEIN: He dug his own hole here.

Heidi Christenson comes forward, kicking Cancer in the back of the legs, causing him to buckle.

STEIN: Christenson making the first move.

MAYER: Someone stop this! Please!

STEIN: There's no one here who has a reason to stop this.

Kai Scott kicks Cancer in the gut. As he bends over, he wraps her arm around his neck, hooks his trunks and lifts him into a vertical suplex position, holding him.

STEIN: Kai Scot lifting Cancer Jiles.

Instead of bringing Cancer over, he lowers him slightly into the grasp of Ronnie Long. Long holds him up and slams Jiles into the mat.

STEIN: Elevated powerbomb!

Scott, Christenson, and Long move out of the way, to reveal Jeff Andrews on the top rope.

STEIN: What is he going to do?!

Andrews leaps with a Senton Splash, hitting the mark.

STEIN: ULTRAGLIDE!

Long helps Andrews to his feet as The Untouchables stand over Jiles, laughing at him then raising their arms.

MAYER: How can no one want to stop this?

STEIN: The Untouchables reign supreme on Retaliation, but will Cancer Jiles do when he, White, and Katze meet on DEFIANCE 33? I'm Frank Stein, this is Morty Mayer and we will see you next time, on Retaliation right here on DEFIANCEwrestling.com!

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