

SHOW OPEN



The show opens to a black backdrop and Lance Warner.

Lance Warner:

Welcome everyone to DEFIANCE Spotlight! Tonight, we're highlighting the top matches of 2021 in DEFIANCE Wrestling. Some of these matches are finalists for the DEFy awards but all of these matches received critical acclaim from Faithful, Favored Saints and the DEFIANTS themselves.

An ad for the DEFIANCE Awards appears below.

Lance Warner:

A reminder this Wednesday, UNCUT 108, at the BALLYHOO BREW, we will be coming to you LIVE for the awards show! Hosted by yours truly, Lance Warner AND "Downtown" Darren Keebler. In the meantime, enjoy the show!

MATCH DIRECTORY

In chronological order...

[#1 CONTENDERSHIP TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD \(DEFIANCE Road\)](#)

[JFKAYLE vs. POP CULTURE PHENOMS \(DEFIANCE Road\)](#)

[SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP, LAST MAN STANDING: DEX JOY © vs. SCROW \(DEFCON\)](#)

[FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP, LADDER MATCH: MATT LaCROIX © vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT \(DEFCON\)](#)

[NO HOLDS BARRED: HENRY KEYES vs. REZIN \(DEFCON\)](#)

[MAUSOLEUM MATCH \(DEFCON\)](#)

[CAYLE MURRAY vs. LINDSAY TROY \(DEFCON\)](#)

[UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS, PLATFORMS AND PORTALS MATCH: FUSE BROS. ONE © vs. THE COMMENTS SECTION \(DEFCON\)](#)

[CORVO ALPHA vs. ELIJAH CROSS \(UNCUT 98\)](#)

[FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MINUTE © vs. REZIN \(MAXIMUM DEFIANCE\)](#)

[UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE COMMENTS SECTION © vs. SNS \(MAXIMUM DEFIANCE\)](#)

[EIGHT-MAN ELIMINATION MATCH FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: 24K \(MIKEY UNLIKELY ©, CAYLE MURRAY, KENDRIX & PERFECTION\) vs. OSCAR BURNS, GAGE BLACKWOOD, JAY HARVEY & DEACON \(MAXIMUM DEFIANCE\)](#)

[FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP, FAVORED SAINTS FIVEWAY: REZIN © vs. TITANESS vs. SEARCH PARTY CYRUS vs. COUNT NOVICK vs. KERRY KUROYAMA \(ACTS of DEFIANCE\)](#)

[FANS BRING THE WEAPONS: LINDSAY TROY vs. MALAK GARLAND \(ACTS of DEFIANCE\)](#)

[FIST OF DEFIANCE: GAGE BLACKWOOD © vs. "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS \(ACTS of DEFIANCE\)](#)

#1 CONTENDERSHIP TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD (DEFIANCE Road)

The DEFIANCE Road graphic appears on the screen showing/reading...

**#1 CONTENDERSHIP TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE
WINNER vs. FIST AT THE MAIN EVENT OF DEFCON
"SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD**

Lance:

We're gonna do this now?

DDK:

Yep, we're gonna do this now.

Lance:

Amazing.

The Faithful pop, seeing the graphic on the DEFIttron, knowing they're going to be in for a hell of a fight.

DDK:

These two had a war in the fall of 2019 at Ascension. It was arguably the match that skyrocketed Gage Blackwood's career after he beat Scott Douglas clean. Two months later, he's the Southern Heritage Champion and held the title for just under a year, passing Scott Douglas' reign but falling short of Elise Ares' by 36 days.

Lance:

And now something that's escaped both men up until this point, the FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

And to be in the main event at DEFCON of all places.

Lance:

It should be good! Let's get to the ring and Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for the number ONE contendership to the FIST of DEFIANCE! The winner will go to the MAIN EVENT of DEFCON! Introducing first, from Edinburgh, Scotland... he is "THE NOBLE RAIDER"... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪

Gage Blackwood appears, sporting the same patterned kilt ovetop of top of his wrestling gear. Blackwood's long ratty hair is slicked back, as he rubs the trademark scar over his left eyebrow before marching down the rampway, all business.

DDK:

A month ago Gage was attacked by Chris Ross, who DOESN'T work here by the way. The Scot sustained a handful of injuries but was cleared two weeks later.

Lance:

Back when Angus had this colour commentary position, he used to call Gage Blackwood The Walking Band-Aid, meaning Gage always seemed hurt. It's true, Blackwood was hurt frequently but he continued to fight. It's miraculous how many beatings this guy has gotten up from.

DDK:

Respect. I respect the man coming down to the ring right now. I may not *like* him... but I can respect him.

Blackwood enters the squared circle and takes off his kilt.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Seattle, Washington... "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGGGGGLAS!

♪ "Smiling & Dying" by Green River ♪

DDK:

Speaking of RESPECT...

Scott Douglas emerges in his normal wrestling attire and "Sub Pop" t-shirt. His long hair is slicked back, too as he makes his way down the ramp. Typically, Douglas would acknowledge the fans but the stakes are too high... Scotty's eyes are locked on his opponent.

The Faithful, however, cheer LOUDLY in support of Douglas. While Gage has some fans by his side, they don't call Douglas DEFIANCE's Favourite Son for no reason.

Lance:

They don't call Douglas DEFIANCE's Favorite Son for no reason!

Case and point.

Douglas rolls into the ring and looks over at referee Brian Slater with a nod.

Slater pulls both men to the center of the ring. The Faithful are HOT.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

Brian Slater:

Boys, you know what's on the line tonight. I figure this won't be a problem considering your last contest but... let's keep it clean. Let's keep it in the ring. Let's get a clear winner. Good luck.

Douglas nods. Blackwood nods. Neither man backs away from each other as Brian Slater turns around and calls for the bell.

DING DING

And The Faithful rise.

DDK:

Both men aren't giving an inch here. Douglas is 6'2", Blackwood is 6'0". Both men weigh around the same, two-hundred-twenty-five pounds. Both are wrestling technicians. Douglas, has lucha libre influence, Blackwood can get a little reckless at times. They had a thirty-minute battle two years ago... and here we are.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

Blackwood takes a deep break as he looks down at Douglas' boots and then straight into Scotty's face.

The Noble Raider starts mouthing off.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, ya think you can do this? I beat you once before and I'll-

DDK:

Douglas with a stiff forearm!

Blackwood stumbles back, initially looks pissed off... and then smiles. He walks back to Douglas, who's standing in place, asking for his return.

Thump.

DDK:

Blackwood with a stiff forearm!

Douglas leans back from the shot. However, Scotty gets right into position and the two continue their staredown. There's an unspoken agreement.

DDK:

Blackwood rushes the ropes and Douglas ducks the clothesline. Blackwood off the next step of ropes, charges and eats two knees to the chest!

Blackwood flips over, landing square on the mat. Douglas drops an elbow... two elbows... then peels Blackwood up and fires him into the ropes. A drop toe hold follows and Douglas attempts a headlock but Gage is quick to slip away. Blackwood shoots off the ropes himself but Douglas rushes, ducks down and sends Gage FLYING through the air via a backdrop! Gage rolls out of the ring to collect his breath but Douglas comes through with a baseball slide... However, Blackwood moves and snatches Douglas' feet as he slides through, making sure Gage throws Scotty hard to the padded floor below. Gage jumps onto the apron, punts Scott in the side of the head and then races up to the top turnbuckle...

DDK:

Flying crossbody!

Lance:

So much for keeping it inside the ring!

Blackwood, however, intends for the action to go there. He hurls Douglas towards the apron and under the bottom rope. Blackwood enters the ring through the middle rope but Douglas pops right back up and connects with a northern lights suplex and a bridge!

ONE.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Blackwood is back up in a hurry! He takes Douglas and connects with a belly-to-belly suplex! Blackwood holds on... looking for another but Douglas rolls him up!

ONE.

KICKOUT.

Forearm smashes follow, as Scotty works Gage into the corner and then Irish whips him to the buckle across the way. Gage puts on the breaks as Douglas races in. Blackwood sidesteps the former Seattle Best member and sends him right into the buckle. Now it's Blackwood with a pinning attempt in the form of a backslide.

ONE.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Not to be outdone. Both men are on their game with QUICK kickouts!

Lance:

You almost want to kick out AFTER two. Gives yourself an extra second to breath if it's in the early stages but then again, you run the risk of getting caught and not making it in time for the three...

Blackwood and Douglas lock horns in the center of the ring. It's clear both are evenly matched with the back and forth that's taking place. Once Blackwood is able to angle himself over Douglas, Sub Pop Scotty takes one step back and repositions, gaining the advantage on Gage and doing the same. This back-and-forth goes on... continuing to work The Faithful up. Although the chants for Blackwood are loud...

The chants for Scott Douglas are **deafening**.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

DDK:

Blackwood with a knee to the chest!

The odd fan boos as Gage snaps into the ropes but he's hit with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker by Douglas!

Release German suplex.

Release German suplex.

Release German suplex.

DDK:

You're seeing triple... Scott Douglas has thrown Gage Blackwood all around the ring!

A dazed Gage is trying to shake it off as he sees Scotty coming in with some kind of dropkick.

DDK:

Blackwood rolls away... he's into the ropes... another tilt-a-whirl backbreaker- NO! Blackwood escapes it and connects with a DDT!

Lance:

This has given Blackwood a chance to recover from those vicious Germans!

The more-recent SOHER champion hammers the side of his own head before lifting Douglas off the mat and connecting with a spinning heel kick! Blackwood chucks Douglas into the ropes and drops to the mat when Douglas runs past him and into the next set of ropes. Upon return, Blackwood lands a spinning toe hold and flips it into a modified sleeper!

DDK:

Chin breaker by Scotty!

Lance:

Quick to the counter, that's for sure!

It's Douglas' turn to inflict some damage. He pulls Gage off the mat in a type of cobra clutch hold... working it into an overhead release suplex! If it wasn't for the ropes, Gage would have flown out of the ring!

DDK:

Sub Pop Scott tries a forearm smash but Blackwood catches the arm and hurls him into the ropes... however, it's reversed!

Douglas doesn't wait. He races in and clotheslines both men up and out of the ring! Blackwood lands on his feet on the outside, however. This allows Gage to throw Scotty recklessly into the guardrail, head-first. Blackwood flies across the floor with a knee...

DDK:

Douglas backdrops Blackwood into The Faithful!

Blackwood fights off the fans as he jumps on the guardrail and comes at Douglas with an axe handle smash but Douglas elbows him right in the chest, throwing Blackwood back into the ring.

DDK:

Douglas is going to the top rope... ELBOW SMASH COMING UP...

Lance:

He's got him measured...

DDK:

NO! GAGE ROLLS OUTTA THE WAY!

WHAM.

DDK:

Blackwood just bounced off those ropes and hit Scott Douglas with The Royal Tattoo, that HARD missile dropkick to the FACE! It's put wrestlers on the shelf before! Titus Campbell was in concussion protocol for FIVE weeks!

With Douglas reeling, Blackwood grins sadistically, perhaps looking like Malak Garland would before one of his patented troll jobs on the internet. Blackwood grabs Douglas' legs and starts hooking them around his right one.

DDK:

No. There's no way he does this...

Lance:

Oh, it's happening!

The Noble Raider flips DEFIANCE's Favorite Son over... into...

DDK:

THE SHARPSHOOTER!

Square.

Middle.

Ring.

Lance:

If SCOTT DOUGLAS taps out to this move... of ALLLL things!

Blackwood has a sadistic look on his face like he's enjoying this more than he should. He leans back, putting all his weight on Douglas' lower back while asking Brian Slater to check on him.

DDK:

Scotty hasn't tapped just yet!

Lance:

But he hasn't budged, either!

Blackwood positioned Douglas' knee directly under his armpit. The submission is textbook. The move is formidable. It's almost as if Gage had a premeditated plan for this.

DDK:

There's nowhere to go and the pressure might be too much!

Lance:

I've never seen Gage perform a hold like this before. He's not known as a strong submission wrestler!

Douglas is fighting. He's pulling his hair, he's screaming out, he's trying to get his hands underneath him...

But he can't.

There's still no movement.

DDK:

CAN BLACKWOOD PUNCH HIS TICKET TO THE MAIN EVENT ON THE BIGGEST SHOW IN WRESTLING!?

Douglas raises his right arm. He's trying to fight it...

But...

DDK:

Oh my god! Douglas used Blackwood's own momentum to spin back around! He elbows Gage in the head and the sharpshooter is broken!

Blackwood stumbles three feet back as Douglas continues to be consumed by pain. Sub Pop Scotty is crawling towards the ropes but Blackwood is back at him before Douglas can find a vertical base.

Gage helps him up, however.

DDK:

Snap dragon suplex by Blackwood!

This is followed by a brainbuster, better known as The Midlothian Hangover.

DDK:

Blackwood COVERS!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER.

Blackwood agrees and goes back to work. He hammers Douglas with a number of forearms and then Irish whips his opponent into the corner... except Douglas EXPLODES out of the corner himself with an inside-out clothesline!

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

DDK:

Belly-to-belly suplex by Douglas places Blackwood firm in the center of the ring. Scott drops a leg for good measure and now he's going to the top rope!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son measures Blackwood...

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL! BLACKWOOD RACES UP AND MEETS SCOTT DOUGLAS AT THE TOP ROPE... SPANISH FLY!!

Lance:

Gage Blackwood with an EXPLICIT SPANISH FLY!? Gage has worked here since early 2016 and I have NEVER seen that man do a flip before!

The Faithful are RABID at the sight of this move. Replays show before Gage has the wherewithal to drape an arm over Douglas' shoulders!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

DDK:

Unreal.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

DDK:

The support for Gage has taken over the Wrestle Plex! I'm not sure I could blame them after THAT.

Blackwood gets to his feet. He looks down at Douglas, who's trying to get to his. Blackwood applies a waistlock and looks for a release German suplex but Douglas hooks his leg behind Blackwood's. Gage tries again... another hook of Scotty's leg.

DDK:

Standing switch by Douglas! RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX BY SCOTTY BUT BLACKWOOD LANDS ON HIS FEET!

Blackwood runs at Douglas with a spinning heel kick but Douglas ducks it, turns around and takes hold of Gage's legs... putting him into a half crab!

The Faithful change back to a SUB POP SCOTT chant as Scotty tries to work himself into the best position possible... however...

DDK:

Blackwood is already in the ropes!

Lance:

Gage was able to scurry over there quickly before Douglas was in the proper position.

DDK:

LEFT forearm smash by Gage! RIGHT forearm smash by Scotty! LEFT! RIGHT! LEFT! RIGHT! Knee to the chest by

Gage, off the ropes he goes... Scotty leaps into the air with a hurricanrana into a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

BLACKWOOD SLIPS AWAY.

DDK:

Gage is QUICK to his feet... off the ropes... DEAR GOD!!! THE GAELIC STORM!

Lance:

NO! It missed, Keebs, IT MISSED!

Blackwood skins the ropes as Douglas moves his head at the last possible second!

Lance:

The hurricanrana was a PIN attempt! It took nothing out of Blackwood physically, so he was the first one to his feet... I bet you he had this planned when he was IN the pinfall! I'd say this caught Douglas by surprise but it wasn't close enough.

Douglas stands in the middle of the ring, calling his opponent on. Blackwood sneers, down on all fours, looking up one of his most hated rivals.

Blackwood walks to the center of the ring and doesn't back down.

DDK:

Two of DEFIANCE's best Southern Heritage Champions fighting for ONE SHOT at the FIST. This, folks... THIS is DEFIANCE!

Gage Blackwood:

Ya think ya'll put me down that easy, ya stupid baw juggler.

Blackwood shoves Douglas. Douglas smiles at first and then shoves Blackwood back. Gage winks at Douglas and then charges in hard... but Douglas throws him out of the ring.

DDK:

Plancha by Douglas!

Scotty chucks his opponent into the squared circle and climbs to the top rope, shaking his head like he won't be surprised this time.

DDK:

MOONSAULT CONNECTS!! SCOTT DOUGLAS IS GOING TO DEFCON!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Lance:

Whhhhattttt?

A surprised Scotty looks up at Brian Slater but doesn't argue. Instead, he pulls Gage off the mat while feeding him

some forearms to keep Blackwood honest. Douglas hurls Blackwood into the ropes and looks for another hurricanrana...

DDK:

SIT-OUT POWERBOMB BY BLACKWOOD!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Gage screams at referee Brian Slater before locking in the full nelson sleeper.

DDK:

THE SOUL BREAKER! Gage has his secondary finisher, The Soul Breaker sleeper hold on Scott Douglas.

The clever Seattle native finds the ropes with his feet and pushes off, turning it into a pinning attempt for himself!

DDK:

DOUGLAS HAS A PIN!! I DON'T THINK BLACKWOOD KNOWS WHAT'S GOING ON!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Lance:

...Neither did the referee at first. Slater took a moment to realize Blackwood's shoulders were down. He slid into position rather late and Blackwood clued in when he heard the hand hit the mat for a second time!

Both men gain a vertical base. Blackwood nods like the sleeper hold is out the window. They grapple... Blackwood positions a waistlock on Douglas but Scotty turns it into a standing switch and a waistlock on Gage... which is maneuvered into a standing switch and a waistlock by Blackwood... and another standing switch by Douglas... so on and so on.

Working their way near the ropes, Blackwood standing switches again, latches onto Douglas and OVERHEAD throws DEFIANCE's Favourite Son OUT OF THE RING!

DDK:

Gage is not messing around. He exits the ring, collects Scott and throws him back inside. Blackwood connects with a snap suplex... he holds on... delayed vertical suplex... he holds on... rolling release suplex. The Scottish Trinity!

Lance:

This is the opening Gage needs. He's not one to waste time, either.

DDK:

No, not at all. Blackwood drags Douglas to the center of the ring... propping him up on his knees... oh no...

Blackwood takes to the ropes, looking for The Gaelic Storm...

DDK:

DOUGLAS SHOOTS TO HIS FEET AND HITS AN OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY!

Blackwood refuses to stay down! Although it's a struggle, he dodges a grapple attempt, kicks Douglas in the chest and hooks both his arms... however, it's Scotty who lowers his base, flips Blackwood around...

DDK:

VERTEBREAKER!!

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Lance:

Douglas is in a WORLD of hurt, though! Yes, he hit an overhead belly-to-belly and yes, he hit that vertebreaker but he's been unable to make a cover!

Douglas remains on all fours until he has enough energy to bounce off the ropes. Blackwood shoots up at the last second but this time Scotty's ready for him. Douglas hooks his arms around Blackwood's thighs and chest...

DDK:

PACKAGE PILEDRIVER!!

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPE.

Lance:

If Blackwood landed a MILLIMETER more to his right that leg would NOT have found the bottom rope!

Douglas is beside himself! He looks over to see Blackwood's foot barely dangling from the bottom rope. In fact, moments later it falls off, that's how *skin off his teeth* it was for Gage to still be in this contest.

DDK:

Douglas is not going to let this get the better of him! He's the heart and soul OF DEFIANCE. Instead, it may be time...

Lance:

For a Murder Death Kill!?

DDK:

Douglas is going back to the top. We MAY see the SHOOTING STAR PRE- HOLY SHIT! GAGE BLACKWOOD! BLACKWOOD GRABS DOUGLAS OFF THE TOP ROPE!! OLYMPIC SLAM!?!? NO!!! WHAT LOOKED LIKE AN OLYMPIC SLAM WAS TURNED INTO A MODIFIED PSYCHO DRIVER!!

Lance:

JESUS CHRIST! GAGE IS MOVING ON TO DEFCON!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!!

Now it's Blackwood's turn to feel the heat! Luckily, it looks like he doesn't even know where he is. Blackwood questions the referee, not about asking who won the match... but about asking *where the hell he is!*

DDK:

Oh boy... we're going down to the wire here.

Lance:

The wire is broken. Snapped. There is no wire. We're on a FREE FALL!

Breathing heavily, Gage takes hold of the ropes to drag himself up. He sees Douglas is doing the same at the other end of the ring. The two combatants turn around at the same time and charge each other!

DDK:

DOUGLAS SIDE STEPS THE CLOTHESLINE... spins Gage around... DDT is escaped by Blackwood!

Blackwood takes three steps back, looking for a high knee but NO! Blackwood misses! Douglas is off the ropes-

WHAM!!!

...

...

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD HIT THE GAELIC STORM!!! GAGE BLACKWOOD IS GOING TO DEFCON!

Blackwood simply falls into the pinning position, perhaps not even sure if he's making a pinfall attempt.

Slater counts.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

W.

T.

F.

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS KICKED OUT!?!?

Lance:

SCOTT DOUGLAS KICKED OUT OF THE GAELIC STORM!!!

DDK:

No one and I mean NO ONE has kicked out of the Gaelic Storm before!

Lance:

Oscar Burns did, one time... but that was after a good thirty second DELAY in a pinfall attempt!

Blackwood can't believe it. He's looking up at Brian Slater, fully aware of what's transpired. Blackwood raises his arms and then places them on the back of his head.

DDK:

This feels like the EXACT same sequence where Blackwood BEAT Scott Douglas at Ascension 2019! The only difference is... DOUGLAS SURVIVES THIS TIME.

Blackwood knows the stakes. He can't dwell on the kickout. There's only one thing left to do. The Noble Raider pulls Douglas off the mat and hurls him into the turnbuckle. Blackwood props Douglas on the top rope and then joins him up there, carefully balancing...

Lance:

We've never seen this move before! It's in his arsenal, that I know. It's a one-handed electric chair driver... FROM THE TOP ROPE!

The Faithful are on their feet, waiting to see if GAGE BLACKWOOD can punch his ticket to the MAIN EVENT of DEFCON. It's a struggle to get Douglas onto Blackwood's own shoulders, as they both face ringside. Blackwood almost has Douglas up...

DDK:

HURRICANRANA BY DOUGLAS!!! SCOTTY'S BACK TO THE TOP ROPE... FERMONT PLUNGE!! THE SHOOTING STAR PRESS LANDS PERFECTLY!! SCOTTY'S HOOKED THE LEG...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and the man going to DEFCON... SCOTTTTTT DOUGLASSSSSS!!!

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS... DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON... SUB POP SCOTT DOUGLAS... IS GOING TO THE MAIN EVENT OF DEFCON TO BATTLE FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!! DOUGLAS IS GONNA GET HIS SHOT ON THE BIGGEST STAGE POSSIBLE!!!

Keebler literally has to scream, not because of the excitement and energy he's feeling (although that can't hurt) but because the WrestlePlex is DEAFENING with cheers!

DDK:

He's been stalked by Reapers... hammered down from the UTA... had a psychotic Uber driver on his ass for more than FIVE YEARS straight... he's seen ups, he's seen MANY downs... but it's all WORTH it now! Scott Douglas will be in the show of all shows come April 2021!

Lance:

Bravo. To both men. Absolutely.

It's just starting to set in as Scott Douglas shifts to a knee in the middle of the ring. Brian Slater tells Sub Pop the match is over. Douglas momentarily rests his head in his hands before looking into the crowd.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

The new number one contender labors upon getting to his feet and shouting into the sea of excited Faithful. Meanwhile, Gage Blackwood crawls into a corner of the ring, watching on, completely dejected.

DDK:

This match could've gone any which way. In the end, Blackwood was NOT able to hit the electric chair driver from the top rope... and Douglas was close enough to the buckle to connect with the shooting star press.

Douglas thanks the crowd and raises his hand for the hard camera...

But his theme comes to an end when Scotty looks over at Gage. Blackwood scoffs at Douglas, who projects some inaudible words of what looks to be encouragement towards The Scot's direction. However, Blackwood shakes his head no.

The Faithful have stopped their celebration, too. They watch on, in anticipation. Sub Pop Scott walks closer to Gage Blackwood and applauds him. The Faithful follow their leader.

And yet... Blackwood doesn't move. He keeps an icy hard stare on the new challenger for the FIST, remaining in the corner.

Douglas turns away for a moment and that's when Blackwood gets to his feet. Using both hands to push off the turnbuckle padding, a wobbly Blackwood makes his way to the center of the ring and spins Scott Douglas around.

The two are once again... face-to-face.

The announcers maintain radio silence.

Douglas... extends his hand.

Blackwood scoffs.

Douglas doesn't budge.

Blackwood still looks pissed.

The stand-off runs for another thirty seconds, as The Faithful show their support. They want to see the two cap off the contest with the ultimate show of respect.

LETS GO BLACKWOOD

SUB POP SCOTT

Ultimately, Blackwood walks away, receiving a chorus of boos...

But then snickers, spins around and snatches the palm of his opponent.

YEEEEEEEEAAAAAASSSSSS

Scott Douglas and Gage Blackwood shake hands. The Faithful erupt.

DDK:

Now that's something you don't see every day.

Blackwood drops the hand shake and rolls out of the ring, leaving Scott Douglas to pick up his celebration while his theme song replays. The camera follows Blackwood up the rampway and then switches back to Douglas, celebrating inside the ring with The Faithful.

DDK:

It's Douglas' time. But that's not to say Gage won't have his turn.

Lance:

Blackwood lives to fight another day... and Scott Douglas is going to challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE in the main event at DEFCON.

The scene fades as Blackwood reaches the top of the rampway, stops and gives a dejected sigh while not looking back before vanishing behind the curtain. The camera switches to Douglas, hands raised, on the top turnbuckle, victorious.

Fade.

JFKAYLE vs. POP CULTURE PHENOMS (DEFIANCE Road)

DDK:

We're almost at the end of DEFIANCE Road night one here, folks, but there's one final bridge to cross before we get there. We've got ourselves a grudge match here in the main event as Cayle Murray and Kendrix, JFKayle of 24K, team to face the Pop Culture Phenoms of Elise Ares and The D. Lance, this one's been festering for months.

Lance:

It sure has. You know all four of these wrestlers have history stretching back years. Kendrix's involvement in the Sports Entertainment Guild is obviously the most notable example of that, but Cayle wrestled Elise all the back in November 2016, when both were vastly different performers. The roots of this most recent conflict started sprouting at Ascension 2020, however...

DDK:

Kendrix spent several months "tormenting" Mikey Unlikely with video packages, positioning himself opposite his fellow Hollywood Bruv on the same night that Murray returned to DEFIANCE. The former FIST of DEFIANCE spent weeks convincing the world, including D and Ares, that he was on the Sports Entertainment Guild's side... only to reveal the ruse at Ascension, costing Elise the FIST of DEFIANCE in the process.

Lance:

And it's been ugly ever since! JFKayle appeared to have the upperhand on the Pop Culture Phenoms every single week, attacking Ares' seemingly injured face and continually swerving DEFIANCE's long standing masters of swerve. That lasted until DEFtv 148, when The D pinned Cayle Murray, the second-longest reigning FIST in history, to "earn" a match that most would agree the Pop Culture Phenoms have deserved from the moment JFK stabbed them in the back.

DDK:

We heard from Cayle earlier on tonight, promising to bring a sharper, more focused approach tonight. He and Kendrix have infuriated everyone on the road to this match but the Scot was made to eat a slice of humble pie two weeks ago.

Lance:

Meanwhile, his tag team partner, behind all the bluster, is one of the sharpest technicians in the game - and they're going up against a PCP team with a clear disadvantage. Elise might be hurt, folks.

DDK:

Indeed, we don't know the true extent of her issues but it's clear from the past few months that something isn't right with Ares and her face. She folded like an accordion when booted there by Lucky Sevens a few weeks ago. Tonight, she's up against two of the best, but who's to say this won't fire her up? Elise is always tenacious - and you have to imagine the past four months have only stiffened her resolve to make these two Brits pay.

Lance:

And I don't think neither Cayle nor Kendrix can match The D's speed and agility. D beat Murray with superior trickery at 148, but if he sets a furious pace tonight, I can't see the 24K guys being able to keep up.

DDK:

Either way the building is buzzing and we're ready to go! Let's do this...

The lights cut. A few seconds pass before anything happens. The opening keys, vocals, and synths for one of modern DEFIANCE's most hated themes kick in...

ǒŸŽμ "Gold" by Sir Sly ǒŸŽμ

The building immediately turns sour, with the Faithful on their feet, jeering the imminent arrival of two of the most despised pricks in all of professional wrestling. There are no elaborate pyrotechnics tonight but beautiful golden light bathes the entrance ramp as Cayle Murray and Jesse Kendrix finally slip through the curtain.

Lance:

It's hard to remember the days when Cayle was received by the ultimate hero by this audience listening to the noise tonight!

DDK:

He did the unthinkable in November, Lance. Tonight, he claims he's ready not only to beat the Pop Culture Phenoms, but put them on the shelf.

Lance:

When you think about the career-shortening impact that wrestling this guy had on Eric Dane and Bronson Box - DEFIANCE's two pillars - you know you have to take those words seriously, particularly when you consider who his partner is!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a tag team match set for one fall and it is your main event of the evening! Introducing first, representing 24K, they weigh in at a combined weight of 428lbs, the team of KENDRIX and CAYLE MURRAY... JAY! EFF! KAAAAAAAAAAYYYLLEE!

JFKayle look stoic and meaner than usual as they walk down. Though Kendrix slaps a fan's hand away when they try to reach out, there's none of Cayle's usual taunting and mocking. Wearing matching ring jackets they eventually get to the squared circle, rolling beneath the bottom rope then popping to their feet. Pacing back and forth, Murray takes his jacket off and throws it away blindly, tapping the spot on his wrist where a watch might sit. Kendrix puts a hand on his shoulder, calling for calmness.

DDK:

Jeesh, what kind of world are we living in when JESSE KENDRIX is the calming influence...

The lights dim in the arena as we fade into the DEFiatron. There's multiple clips about the booming economic industry, overlaid with a stock ticker. A few obvious companies are shown, GE, APPL, along with Mikey Money. We watch MM's value climb, and climb, until the broadcast starts to show the advent and rise of cryptocurrency. The release of Lake Placid Vi 2. UTA's end. Mikey Money's value starts to deplete, and plummets to nothing. Before the dog from Dogecoin barks at him, his currency now worth more than Mikey's paper currency.

"BUT THE BIGGEST RISE?"

On the screen, we see a new form of currency. It looks like Mikey Money, but someone has hand written something. There is an arrow shooting upward on a graph signifying extreme growth in value. The voice of Elise Ares speaks over the DEFarena.

"Paper money is so 2017."

The arrows on the chart begin to become labeled. The falling stock is Mikey Money. The stock on the rise?

PCP ELECTRONIC NOTES & INTERNET SUBSIDIARIES

The graphics fade away and show just those words. Then only the first letters remain to show what the stock market abbreviation is. The D's voice is now heard of the sound system.

"Cryptocurrency is what's hot in 2021."

Now in complete darkness, the Faithful cheer while the only light is that of Elise Ares' trademark LED sunglasses. The new business venture glowing in the night. "PENIS." Then suddenly, to her side, around the upper back area of what is presumably the D, we see the word "PENIS" lit up in his jacket.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

With the familiar opening of the Pop Culture Phenoms entrance theme, the Faithful explode (Haha!) into cheers as the cyan and magenta lights ignite the arena. On either side of the ramp, there are three very muscular men in business suits and LED sunglasses also reading PENIS. They hold those t-shirt gun cannons, and they start firing unquestionably large amounts of defaced Mikey Money into the crowd. Elise and the D storm through, underneath the bridge of flying PENIS vouchers being sent to the Faithful. Elise raises her fist to the camera, wearing a glove that makes it look to be in the shape of a diamond, also shimmering and sparkling in the lights. The D wears a matching set, except he holds one up and it says "Dustin" on it.

DDK:

Did you manage to snag one there, Lance? What does it say?

Lance:

It's Mikey Money, defaced with what appears to be a silver sharpie and a child's handwriting?

DDK:

Oh, no, that's Klein's handwriting. Oh, I-I got one. Uh. This is definitely Flex's handwriting...

Lance:

How... Well -- It definitely says "PENIS" on it... and of course there's also a voucher for five dollars off the Lake Placid Vi Collector's Edition. Why wouldn't there be.

DDK:

I regret asking.

Lance:

Is that the sixth movie or? I wasn't here for the beginning of all... erm, this.

DDK:

No-No, Elise plays a character named Vi. There's a giant alligator or croc or something? It eats a baby?

Lance:

Yeah, I've lost interest.

DDK:

The second one's not half bad...

While this whole setup has been a lot of fun and games, the look on the D's face is that of focus and determination. He looks to Elise, who is busy writing something with a sharpie on a PENIS voucher and slipping it to one of the beefcakes. The D shouts for her attention, nods at her, and climbs up onto the apron. From here, he doesn't take his eyes off of JFKayle.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, from Hollywood, California, former two time DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champions, and former one time BRAZEN Trios champions, they weigh in tonight at a combined 300lbs even... the team of Elise Ares and the D, the Pop Culture Phenoms!

The D rips off his jacket and tosses it onto the turnbuckle post. Elise climbs onto the apron opposite the D and they pose just as Quimbey shouts. They both quickly hop into the ring afterward.

Lance:

Both groups of wrestlers are finally in the ring and the building is HOT! New Orleans is amped up for one last fight tonight!

DDK:

That's what happens when you have such a deep-rooted personal issue! The PCP's aren't traditional "heroes" by any

stretch of the word, but they are the most sympathetic parties in all of DEFIANCE tonight! The Faithful want to see them shoot JFKayle down!

P-C-P!

P-C-P!

P-C-P!

The chants bouncing around this cauldron of noise serve not only to fire Elise Ares and The D up, but JFKayle as well, with Cayle growing particularly impatient. Hector Navarro is all that separates the two sides as Murray barks at both PCP members, pointing with his finger at the same time. Kendrix turning around to shout something derogatory at the crowd serves only to rally them behind the PCP's even more.

DDK:

Hector's gotta get two of these guys out of the ring so this match can start, though I reckon it'd probably take five Brian Slaters to instill a semblance of order in this one...

Cayle finally takes the center of the ring. He points at The D and beckons him to start things off. Elise eventually moves back to her corner and slips through the ropes, but only after she has made sure Kendrix has done the same.

Lance:

Here we go! Murray wants another piece of his DEFtv 148 conqueror - and D is only happy to oblige!

DING DING

There's no circling, no feeling out, or no pensiveness from Cayle, who comes forward straight away. D tries to sidestep but Murray sees this coming and aggressively throws himself into a lockup, shoving the smaller man back against the ropes, holding him there until Navarro's count hits two, and violently pulling him out. The former FIST's technique allows him to keep the collar-and-elbow's pressure as they move towards the centre of the ring, then a corner, with Cayle controlling D all the way. Murray then breaks, pulls out, and slaps the PCP man hard across the face but stays too close for The Netflix A Lister to burst out.

DDK:

You can see Cayle's strategy right away here. He's no boss in most situations, but with his experience, know-how, and 40lbs on the opposition, he can wrestle like one.

Lance:

This is the kind of in-your-face grappling - and slapping - his brother was known for in the later stages of his career.

D swings at Cayle but Murray catches his flying limb but Cayle catches it, twists it around the back, and holds him in a tight hammerlock. Murray moves him towards the center of the ring and applied extra pressure to the wrist, a tweak of which causes D to shout in pain. The PCP knows he has to get out of this and tries to break free, only for Cayle to slip forward into a snug headlock. Trapping D's skull under one arm, Cayle balls a fist with his free left hand and grinds his knuckles into D's forehead.

DDK:

I think a lot of people might have expected both teams to come flying out the gates here. Perhaps that's what D wanted to do, but JFKayle know where their advantages lie and they are forcing their will on the PCP's right now...

Murray finally lets go of his opponent and shoves him down on the mat. When Derek sits up, Cayle boots him in the chest.

Lance:

Nasty, rugged, and ugly. Just the way JFKayle would want it.

D springs up quickly but Cayle is right there, dropping levels to scoop him up in a double leg, take his feet off the mat,

and charge him back-first into the JFKayle corner. Murray steps back to swing at D but the PCP man ducks under it and charges out of the corner, finally free.

DDK:

There we go!

Lance:

Great evasion by D to break that blanket-like offense!

Cayle doesn't tag Kendrix and instead goes right across the ring, looking to cut D off as he did in the earlier stages. D is wise to this. With enough space between him and Murray to manoeuvre, he runs to the ropes, hits them, ducks beneath Cayle's swinging arm and hits the opposite side. The D comes back again but tries to go high this time, leapfrogging over Murray.

It doesn't work out that way.

DDK:

Ohhh, D just went splat!

The elevated flapjack sends the PCP man straight into the air and right back down onto the mat. Cayle keeps control of the legs and rolls right into a Boston Crab. Wrenching back hard, he keeps the pressure nice and tight before letting one let go, then another, and moving back to his real target - the head. Climbing to his feet with the headlock applied, Cayle wrenches and starts tugging his opponent around, swinging him in different directions while still locked in.

Lance:

How do you even break a control period like this? Cayle, thus far, is fighting true to his word. He's fighting ugly, but he is fighting fair.

Murray's superior strength and technicality allow him to edge the tie-up closer and closer to his and Kendrix's corner. When he gets there, Cayle skips behind, grabs the arm, and tightens D up with another Hammerlock. Murray tags Kendrix with his free hand.

DDK:

Here comes JFK for the first time! Let's see what he's got up his sleeve...

Facing the turnbuckles, D clammers up them with his feet, finds the angle needed to loosen Cayle's grip, then pushes himself overhead with one thrust of his legs, flipping behind Murray! Both of JFKayle are in the ring as The D takes the centre. Sensing shenanigans, Hector Navarro waves a finger as he stomps over to Cayle, egging him out of the ring, while Elise Ares comes through the ropes on the other side!

Lance:

Uh oh...

As Navarro ushers Cayle towards the apron much to the Scot's protestations, D shakes his head at his partner and shouts something the microphones can't pick up.

DDK:

Ares is desperate to get her hands on these guys, but it looks like her partner is sending her back out!

Lance:

He is, Keebs, and that's smart. Elise's face is a huge concern. She has to tag in at some point - just not yet.

Reluctantly, Elise slips back through the ropes. We've left with The D and Kendrix and again, D isn't willing to get smothered by the heel and dashes towards him, making a sharp 90-degree turn to try and outfox JFK only to eat a clobbering elbow on the way back. It's a stiff connection but D rolls away before Kendrix can get back on top of him,

heading to the corner to regroup.

DDK:

The PCP's just can't find an early opening here. This is meticulous stuff from JFKayle. I think fans have been conditioned to expect a sudden violent explosion at the start of matches like this, where the two sides clearly detest each other, but these two have a point to prove.

Lance:

So do the PCP's, Keebs. They just need to find whatever's going to get under JFKayle's skin tonight. If Cayle and Kendrix are going to wrestle, they might need a similar answer.

Cayle hurls volleys of abuse towards PCP from outside the ring, Kendrix, meanwhile, yells that he "hasn't got all day." Elise shouts something back that catches The D's attention, unfortunately, allowing JFK to rush him from behind, strike his head, and knee him in the side of his torso to a smattering of jeers. He puts D to the ropes and elbows him down again, but his opponent pops right up!

Kendrix hits the rope now, skipping over the ducking D on the rebound. Another rebound but this time JFK runs right into a monkey flip! Athletic enough to land on his feet, Kendrix turns around into a leaping crescent kick.

DDK:

With Everything!

Lance:

And the building just came unglued!

Cayle immediately charges into the ring at the sight of his partner hitting the mat but eats a dropkick to the chest, knocking him to the mat as well! Not waiting for her partner's permission this time, Elise flies into the fray, springboarding over the top rope with a plancha to Cayle as soon as he pops up while The D reddens Kendrix's chest with chops. Elise stands and adjusts her LED shades that she's still wearing.

DDK:

PCP are alive, Lance, and they're taking care of business!

Lance:

Look at the fire!

JFK is quickly able to block a chop and shove The D away, taking a breather to the outside. Cayle, meanwhile, is slumped down in a corner, breathing heavily after taking an Enzuigiri from Elise. He wears a face like thunder.

DDK:

That's how you get these 24K guys on the backfoot! Create space and use it well! Murray looks furious over in that corner, and Kendrix knew he was in trouble there...

Lance:

Oh indeed! I can't imagine The D of all people was going to chop his chest down to hamburger meat, but it felt like a bigger move was only seconds away.

DDK:

It's never going to be a popular tactic but getting outta there was a smart one. JFKayle with a chance to recover now...

Navarro once again takes control of the situation, getting Elise the hell out of there. Kendrix has made his way round to his corner and exchanges words with his partner, strategising. He eventually climbs back onto the apron but waves The D away as he advances.

Kendrix:

REF! REF! Get rid of him, please!

D backs off a little as Hector casts him a knowing glance and Kendrix re-enters. The crowd noise swells to a level too loud to hear JFK's words again but he's looking at Elise, pointing at her face, and yelling again.

Lance:

What's he saying there?

DDK:

I think he's promising to break her face.

Lance:

It might already be broken!

DDK:

Yeah, this was always going to be an issue heading into the match. PCP have minimised it by keeping The D in the ring for the duration so far, but they can't do that forever...

Kendrix is full of himself. A mile-wide grin stretches across his face, knowing it won't be long before he can inflict brutal punishment on Ares.

Not long at all, in fact.

Lance:

Uh-oh!

An initial pop quickly turns to concern as Elise reaches over the top rope and slaps her partner's shoulder, tagging in. JFK's smile only grows wider.

DDK:

That is NOT what The D intended there.

Lance:

Elise is tempestuous, Keebs! She's spirited! But she may have played right into Kendrix's hands there.

Kendrix wastes no time and corners her as The D is leaving the ring, going straight for the face. With Ares' back against the turnbuckles Kendrix attempts to throw forearms but Elise raises her hands, doing a decent enough job of covering up and blocking.

DDK:

This isn't working, Jesse...

He knows it, so he grabs Elise's arm and whips her into the JFKayle corner. Ares hits the 'buckles back-first and stays there. When Jesse charges, she gets a boot up, staggering him, then tries to leap onto his shoulders for a 'Rana...

Lance:

Elise with the hurri--

DDK:

No! Kendrix has her!

A release buckle bomb sends Elise's tiny frame crashing into the corner! She's winded, but still has enough wits about her to immediately fix her glasses and cover her face as Kendrix comes clawing at her this time.

DDK:

Not the most forceful turnbuckle powerbomb you'll ever see but it prevented Elise from swinging the tide, and now JFK's going right back after the injury!

Frustrated by his inability to make Elise's obvious weakness count, Kendrix ties up and drags her across the ring, taking her to the ropes. He goes for her torso while Elise is covering the face, slugging her in the gut and sides a couple of times, even kicking her thighs a couple of times. When she pulls a hand down from her face, Kendrix tries to Irish whip her across the ring. He gets countered!

Lance:

Both wrestlers to the ropes!

Elise slides through Kendrix's legs on the rebound. Instead of running again, she sweeps Jesse's feet from beneath him and the Englishman hits the mat face first!

DDK:

OUCH!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd, Keebs!

The Faithful are ROARING now, getting all kinds of rowdy as Kendrix pops up, swings, misses, and gets hit with a standing kick to the face then driven into the mat with a facebuster!

DDK:

LOOK AT THIS! Elise Ares is on fire!

Lance:

And it's not her face that's getting messed up either!

Knocked a little loopy and more than a little frustrated, Kendrix rolls out of the ring while clutching his face. He kicks out at the ring steps while on the outside!

DDK:

Incredible scenes! Just when it looked like Kendrix was going to destroy Elise's supposedly injured face, look what happened!

Lance:

JFK was hoisted by his own petard there! And The Faithful are loving it!

DDK:

Who doesn't love it when a hated villain gets a taste of his own medicine!

Lance:

After weeks and weeks of screwing around, it's no less than what these guys deserve. They looked strong early on but JFKayle are finally finding out what PCP are capable of when they hit full flow.

DDK:

I can't imagine this will humble JFKayle, you know... but it definitely should!

Cayle Murray hops out of the ring to check on his partner. He tells Elise to get lost as she comes across the ring and gloats, before turning away, revelling in the crowd's support.

Lance:

Enjoy it, Elise! A beautiful piece of work!

DDK:

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

With JFKayle distracted as Cayle tries to aid his buddy, Elise suddenly dashes across the ring, leaping over the top rope with a plancha! Both men are wiped out but Ares avoids any damage and hops straight to her feet!

Lance:

WHAT A DIVE!

DDK:

INCREDIBLE! You know this crowd sounded mightily concerned when Elise first tagged in but listen to them now!

Both JFKayle boys are hurting. Cayle may have jammed a leg as he stumbles while climbing to his feet, cursing. Elise is already back in the ring. It takes Kendrix a little while longer to get to his feet and he grabs the apron curtain to help himself up. Meanwhile, Navarro starts counting...

ONE!

TWO!

Kendrix is on his feet and ready to slide back in.

THREE!

But you're damn right he's going to make the most of this breather.

FOUR!

FIVE!

DDK:

Again, The Faithful might not like this, but JFK is using his brain here. Whatever temper tantrum he took upon Elise targeting his face appears to have subsided.

SIX!

Lance:

His face does look pretty ready though! And... wait... is that?

SEVEN!

Lance:

It is!

A tiny tickle of blood dribbles down from one of JFK's nostrils. He stands on the outside, his hands on his hips, staring Elise Ares down.

EIGHT!

Finally back inside, Kendrix motions like he's going to attack Ares but inside turns around and slaps Cayle's outstretched hand.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!***DDK:**

So much for that!

Lance:

Calculated, Keebs. Totally calculated.

JFK finally notices the tiny trickle of blood, which makes him angry again as he wipes it away. He calls for Murray to take Elise out. Cayle is a little more cautious than he was when approaching The D, given Elise's flurry, but his hot-blooded opponent doesn't share his approach...

DDK:

Here she comes!

Ares dashes at Cayle and tries to knock him down with a flying knee, but Murray sidesteps! He turns around and eats a couple of leg kicks, blocks a third, then slaps Elise across the face who manages to push her glasses back onto her face before he hits the ropes, and gets arm dragged down!

Lance:

Cayle rolls through and pops up!

DDK:

Look at Elise though!

Elise flies into a wheelbarrow, elevates, and hits another arm drag, this time for the different position! Cayle goes to get back up but quickly ducks down again as Elise's swinging boot comes within a millimetre of his head!

DDK:

That was this close to Murray's skull!

Keeping the pressure with her faster feet, Elise attempts a kick to the gut but Cayle catches it, nailing a Dragon Screw!

Lance:

Oh man, not a good spot for Elise!

DDK:

A Dragon Screw is often a mere takedown in an average wrestler's hands. Not Cayle's. See that extra torque on Elise's boot as Murray twists her down? That's designed to stretch ligaments and snap sinews!

Lance:

And when you wrestle at Ares' pace, the last thing you need is one of your legs damaged!

Murray stomps down furiously for a few seconds but eventually becomes a blanket once more, smothering Elise with a grounded headlock after hitting the deck himself, pressing and crunching her own sunglasses into her injured face. He digs a curled fist into her ribs before standing up and tagging Kendrix in. Rather than getting double-teamed, however, Elise has the presence of mind to slide right out there, wagging a finger as she hobbles slightly on the outside.

DDK:

Elise evades and Lance, it looks like the PCP's have found a way under JFKayle's skin here! Kendrix in particular looks furious...

Lance:

He's still annoyed after Elise turned the tables and went after his face!

Hector Navarro splits JFKayle up after some fussing and sends Cayle to the apron. Ares gets back in the ring on the opposite side but is violently yanked through the ropes by JFK, who isn't playing anymore. Clubbing blows land on her neck and shoulders as she struggles up.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Sour grapes from Kendrix, but aside for the warning for pulling Elise through the ropes he's free to do as he pleases here.

Adopting Cayle's approach from earlier on, Kendrix puts Elise in a standing cravate, constantly twisting her neck around in awkward angles, talking trash as he goes. He adjusts angles and moves so he's standing by her side before digging his toes in behind Ares' knee, the pressure forcing her down towards the mat.

Lance:

Elise is on one knee now, and this is a side of JFK we're very familiar with.

DDK:

Indeed! People sometimes forget this because he's so full of himself, but JFK was once considered one of the most promising young technicians in the game. He's sharper than Cayle, even, and a phenomenal grappler when he wants to be.

Lance:

He'd just rather play the bad guy most of the time.

DDK:

Indeed!

JFK keeps working Elise and slips into a different hold. Taking control of both of her arms, he pulls back while placing a boot between her shoulder blades...

DDK:

Oh man, look at that pressure!

That pressure is immense and the excruciating pain is all over Elise's face as she wrinkles her nose to keep her sunglasses on, though she's able to scoot her legs from under her and place one foot under the bottom rope.

Lance:

Break! He's gotta break now!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Of course JFK waits for Navarro's final call before breaking it up. He mouths off at the crowd as he walks away from Ares, feeding off the jeers. Across the ring, Cayle tells him to focus.

DDK:

A respite there from JFKayle, who have thus far been unable to get anywhere near Elise's face!

When Kendrix turns back around, the injury is his first priority - but it turns out Ares isn't as worn down as he thought! She gets away from him as he comes forward. A couple of kicks sting JFK's legs as he turns around and both wrestlers turn to hit opposite ropes! Elise goes high as Kendrix goes low, evading him once more, but she takes her former stablemate down with a drop toe hold on the second rebound then springs to her corner, making the tag!

DDK:

Again, the PCP's superior speed comes into play!

Rather than climbing through the ropes, The D climbs the turnbuckles and leaps off, hitting an elevated stomp on Kendrix's right leg! Both boots land right on the knee!

Lance:

Oh my god! That impact!

DDK:

D is rolling!

Sensing he might be onto something and with the buzzing Faithful firmly behind him, D stomps down on the leg several times before whipping the knee down into the mat. He then backs off for a second, giving Kendrix a couple of moments to rise to his feet... before launching at him shoulder-first from behind!

DDK:

CHOP BLOCK!

Kendrix goes down like a tree.

Lance:

Are we witnessing target limbwork?! From the PCP's?!

DDK:

We are! It's far from conventional, but it's working!

Lance:

I never thought I'd say the day!

Having stumbled on a great little gameplan, The D kicks Kendrix's leg as hard as he can while the Englishman writhes in agony, rolling onto his front side so that D can't do anymore damage!

DDK:

Kendrix is in real trouble now!

D climbs through the middle and top rope. On the apron, he waits for an opening then suddenly jumps, springboards, flips, and lands a 450 splash on the leg!

DDK:

Flippydoo onto Kendrix's right leg! Have you ever seen anything like this, Lance?!

Lance:

Who needs a leglock, right?!

The D takes Kendrix over to the PCP corner so that Elise can get in on the leg-destroying fun, tagging her. Draping said limb across the middle rope, D sets it up so that Ares can come over the top herself and force JFK's leg back against itself on the connection!

DDK:

Kendrix is down!

Lance:

And hurting!

DDK:

But here comes Cayle!

The PCP's notice the advanced Scot and charge right at him with a double dropkick! Down goes Murray, and up go the pops!

*P-C-P!**P-C-P!**P-C-P!***DDK:**

What a show the PCP's are putting on here! It might not be the kind of technical dissection you typically associate with isolating a bodypart, but in a match where we assumed JFKayle were going to make a mess of Elise's face, Ares and D have ended up putting Kendrix's leg in a whole lot of hurt!

Lance:

They have a pathway to victory now! If they can do enough damage and keep using superior speed and agility to their advantage, the match is theirs!

With both 24K members down, the PCPs take it in turns to drop elbows on JFK's leg. One goes down, the other goes up, like a two-person merry-go-round.

The Faithful? They love it.

*P-C-P!**P-C-P!**P-C-P!*

Cayle? Not so much. He's on his feet, angrily yelling at Hector Navarro.

DDK:

I think Cayle just realised that this is only letting the beatdown continue longer...

Indeed, though he hates to do it, Cayle backs off, knowing that the longer Hector is distracted, the longer PCP can batter his partner.

Lance:

And after Cayle promised not to dive into the back of tricks, isn't it something that the PCP's are now doing just that!

Navarro dashes over to the opposite side and gets The D out of there once he figures out what's going on. This lull in the action gives Kendrix a couple of seconds of valuable recovery time.

DDK:

See, this is where Elise should capitalise! Get on that limb like JFKayle would!

Lance:

I don't think that's part of her gameplan, Keebs....

DDK:

Or her arsenal. Stylistically, Elise is the antithesis of a Cayle Murray.

Searing pain shoots up Kendrix's leg. He slaps the mat out of frustration and crawls towards Murray, who maintains his extremely vocal performance by shouting something that catches Ares' attention. She turns around, distracted...

DDK:

Don't do it Elise! Don't get caught up!

... then takes a step over Kendrix and towards Cayle.

Lance:

Oh noooo!

Big mistake. His leg might be hurt, but Kendrix is able to sweep Ares' feet as she tries to walk past him, snapping her down to the mat! Kendrix scrambles on top of her back and towards her head, nailing a couple of sharp elbows to the back of the skull. Elise is stuck between trying to keep her sunglasses on and trying to cover up from the blows.

Lance:

Look at this!

DDK:

Elise is gonna wanna get out of there!

Kendrix's next move isn't pretty, but it's effective. He grabs Ares by the hair and slams her face down into the mat over.

And over.

And over.

Until finally breaking away, falling back into a seated position. Ares' sunglasses are just shards of LED and plastic on the canvas as she covers up her face from the Faithful. From there, he puts one of her arms between his legs and pulls back on her injured face with a crossface submission!

DDK:

Kendrix Kross!

JFK is only able to keep it locked in for a few seconds, though. The combination of his weakened leg and Elise being just close enough to the ropes means she's able to get a hand on the bottom one.

DDK:

... aaaand break. Absolutely no remorse being shown from JFK. Ares might be hurt there, Lance!

Lance:

You know it. JFK was finally able to inflict some damage on that face - and now we're about to find out how messed up it really is.

DDK:

A worrying development for the Pop Culture Phenoms.

The D wears a mask of pure concern on the outside. He desperately leans over the top rope, shouting encouragement at his partner, even though he knows there's little he can do at the moment. Meanwhile, Cayle tags in as JFK finally rises to his feet.

DDK:

This is about to go from bad to worse...

Indeed, Cayle smothers Elise before she can get up. His kneeling forearms are stiff and knock her back against the ropes. The ensuing slaps are soft, but deliberately so.

Lance:

Looks like Cayle just wants to humiliate her now!

DDK:

Yeah, and JFKayle are doing a great job of keeping Elise isolated from D here! If they can restrict her to their corner and inflict enough damage on the face then Navarro might be forced to call this.

Lance:

Let's hope it doesn't come to that!

Murray puts his palm over Elise's face, grips tightly, then pie-faces her away. The Faithful gasp as they get their first look at the real extent of Elise Ares' injuries. Yellow, black, and brown bruises cover her swollen cheekbones. She's clearly needed medical attention for quite some time.

Cayle Murray: *[loudly]*

Do something you bloody gymnast!

The crowd comes back alive as Ares suddenly spins around, kicking Murray in the gut! A couple to the thighs follow, forcing Cayle to one knee, so Elise takes a couple of steps back, pops up on Cayle's own knee, then knees him square in the face!

DDK:

There's the cover!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Lance:

The crowd liked that one!

DDK:

And believe it or not, that was actually the first pinfall attempt of the entire match! Great recovery from Elise, though she might wanna think about getting out of there before the tide swings in the opposite direction.

Sure enough, Ares takes hold of one of Cayle's boots and keeps hold, preventing his escape as she tags The D in. A wave of relief washes over the building and D ain't playing! He pulls Cayle up off the mat and suddenly throws him through the top and middle turnbuckles, his shoulder clanging against the ring post!

DDK:

Huge shot!

D grabs Murray by the waistband and pulls him back through the 'buckles, before turning him around and backing him against the turnbuckles. Elbow after elbow after elbow follows...

Lance:

Cayle's getting ragdolled in the corner!

DDK:

D is on fire here!

Lance:

And over the ring he goes!

D smashes into Kendrix on the apron for good measure as he heads to the opposite corner! He then flies back over, nailing Cayle with a corner splash!

DDK:

D In Your Face!

Murray stumbles out and walks right into the DDT!

Lance:

RIGHT ON HIS HEAD!

DDK:

D WITH THE COVER!

... but an irate Kendrix breaks it up before Navarro can even count one! He is suddenly wiped out when Elise Ares comes careening through the ropes, knocking him to the floor, throwing down wild, uncoordinated blows from full mount!

P-C-P!

P-C-P!

P-C-P!

DDK:

Listen to this NOISE!

Lance:

PCP'S ARE FIGHTING ON PURE ADRENALINE HERE!

JFK weathers the storm and is able to get a hand through the rain of scrappy blows, clawing at Elise's injured face. Ares is forced to recoil as Navarro gets between them.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And there it is, the equaliser. JFKayle hasn't been able to attack the face like they'd want so far but it's proving to be a real hindrance for Elise...

Kendrix is glad to get the hell out of there and makes his way back around the ring, still limping a bit. Navarro is still getting rid of Elise when Cayle blindsides The D with a headbutt as the PCP man tries to take him off the mat! Then...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

... a volley of saliva right in the eyes!

Lance:

Disgusting!

DDK:

Just repulsive, Lance. Cayle is making a habit of this these days...

His face flush with frustration, Murray batters D with some hard elbows to the face then a knee to the gut, carrying him over to the JFKayle corner.

DDK:

Tag to Kendrix!

The 24K team isolated The D, pressing him back into their home turf and taking it in turns to stomp him in the gut. D eventually falls on his ass into a seated position, so Kendrix pushes his boot into the opponent's throat and pushes, hands on the top rope for leverag...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

FOUR.

JFK breaks just as Navarro is about to hit five. He then leans down, rolls D onto his stomach, and applies a half Boston Crab. His damaged leg means he isn't able to get as much pressure as he'd like, though, so he abandoned, hits the deck, and puts D in a grounded side chokehold.

DDK:

And just like that JFKayle have sapped the energy out of this match. They know exactly what they were doing! The PCP's were on top for a long, long time there because they were able to dictate the pace with their supreme athleticism.

Lance:

They may still be on top if not for Elise's war wounds, too!

JFK pulls D back to his feet but maintains the hold. He makes a quick tag to Cayle who comes in, smacking D in the face while Kendrix chokes him out. The Englishman then leaves the ring as Cayle puts D down to a seated position, kicks him in the back of the head and lets him fall to the ground. Rather than stomping, kicking, or applying a hold, Murray simply walks across his face...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Now that's ugly!

DDK:

Unconventional... but effective.

Another quickfire tag and in comes Kendrix. This time, JFKayle keep it simple, stomping away at the downed D...

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Ares charges at the duo as Navarro's count hits three, crashing into the back of Cayle! She sends him sprawling to the ropes but is immediately turned away and sent back to her corner by Hector.

Lance:

Elise is trying here, but Murray and Kendrix are just so stifling!

DDK:

They're working like a couple of guys who have been teaming together for years and years. Say what you will about the duo - and I think my personal opinion on them is pretty clear - but this is excellent isolation work.

Lance:

It's instilling frustration in a very reactionary wrestler in Elise as well as wearing her partner down. I hate that it works, but it works...

JFK still has control of D despite all this. He decides to switch his offense up, pulling D from the mat, nailing him in the face a couple of times, and sending him to the ropes. JFK punches him in the gut on the rebound then lifts him up, sending the PCP man's stomach crashing down on his good knee.

DDK:

Gutbuster!

The D gets up gingerly but walks right into a straightforward bodyslam from Kendrix. This puts D closer to the JFKayle corner and allows Kendrix to tag Murray, who comes in and immediately starts hitting D with mockingly soft kicks, a smile starting to stretch across his poisoned features. He turns and waves at Elise.

Lance:

JFKayle are getting cocky now! This may come back to bite them.

DDK:

Control can swing in the opposite direction within the blink of an eye in a match like this. Trying to stoke Elise's Cuban fire could go one of two ways...

Lance:

Either she'll get carried away and make a mistake, or JFKayle will live to regret it!

DDK:

Exactly.

Grabbing a handful of his opponent's hair, Cayle yanks D up off the apron and starts talking trash... but The D fires back! A couple of kicks break him loose! Murray moves in for a grapple but D ducks under and front dropkicks Murray, sending him stumbling back to the ropes. D's just getting ready to strike when...

DDK:

TAG!

Lance:

Elise reaches over the ropes and slaps the shoulder!

Letting his wounded partner hit the ring wasn't on D's agenda but he's forced to watch as she barrels across the ring and crashes into Cayle with a running high knee! She spots JFK coming through the ropes to help his partner but kicks him in the face before he can get in!

DDK:

Elise Areas is like a bolt of lighting!

Ares takes an extra second to shove Kendrix to the floor so that he can't recover and intervene! Unfortunately, this gives Cayle the opening needed to swing a desperate punch as she comes back around, connecting with the face!

DDK:

Ohhhh nooooooooo!

Lance:

Bolt of lighting or glass cannon?!

Both active wrestlers hit the deck. Cayle's on his forearms, smiling through the fatigue. Elise? She's hurting.

DDK:

This looks bad, Lance!

Lance:

Real bad! Remember, it was a single hard kick to the face that ended Elise's night against Lucky Sevens.

Murray takes his time in rising to his feet. He wipes the sweat from his brow, throws back his hair, and rolls Elise onto her back with the tip of his boot.

WHAM.

He stomps down hard on her face.

Again.

And again.

And again.

Until the crowd's jeers finally drown Ares' agony out.

Rising up on the outside, Kendrix gets a shot in as well.

Lance:

Navarro's really gotta do something about JFK here! Cayle is the legal man!

DDK:

I don't envy his task though! Frankly, we've got one man doing the job of four in this match...

Murray uses his feet to push Elise out of the ring and towards JFK. Navarro, to his credit, is on this straight away, calling for Kendrix to get back. Jesse raises his hands innocently, as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and steps aside as Cayle comes to the outside, slamming Elise's face down on the edge of the apron. He then pulls her over, lifts her off the ground, and drops her face first on the ring steps. Dusting his hands off, the Scot rolls back inside.

DDK:

That might be it for Elise, Lance!

ONE!

Lance:

If you've noticed the shift in the crowd... they're no longer unanimously willing Elise to her feet! Legitimate concern is taking over in the arena.

TWO!

DDK:

And who can blame them?! Yes, we all want to see the Pop Culture Phenoms rise up and take these bullies down, but I dunno, man...

THREE!

FOUR!

Ares is stirring on the outside. She falls back against the side of the ring, clutching her face.

FIVE!

When her hands come down the expression is equal parts agony and fury.

SIX!

Cayle's yelling at her to get back inside so he can finish her off. Elise, spirited as ever, pulls herself up and rolls under the bottom rope.

Straight into Murray's clutches.

DDK:

Look at this, now! He's just CLAWING at her!

Murray goes to offense straight out of the 1940s, applying a tight clawhold around the damaged area of the face. When Elise gets a hand on the bottom rope, Cayle waits for her to let go, pulls her away, and drops back down, rubbing his rough-as-hell wrist tape across the face.

Lance:

God, this is...

DDK:

... sadistic?

Lance:

It really is! Elise is getting tortured in there! And look at The D... he's dying for the tag but there's nothing he can do!

Indeed, D is leaning over the top rope, stretching for a tag he knows can't happen with his injured partner at the opposite side of the ring.

MAKE THE TAG!

MAKE THE TAG!

MAKE THE TAG!

Lance:

I don't think I've ever heard that from The Faithful before...

Cayle, meanwhile, is still wearing down Elise's face, digging an elbow into it. Ares writhes and struggles and does everything in her power to break away, but a clubbing blow soon puts an end to that. Tag to Kendrix.

DDK:

The isolation work continues!

JFK raises his boot onto the top rope so that Cayle can smash Elise's face into it. He comes into the ring, drives Ares' face down into the mat, then jabs a thumb into her eye while she's down.

Lance:

Oh come on! You can't do that!

Navarro catches the illegal move straight away. He admonishes JFK, giving him a full warning, but this distraction allows Cayle to pull Elise out of the ring, unravel a small ream of his wrist tape, and pull it back across her injured face. It doubles over and digs into the flesh...

DDK:

That was calculated! 100%, that was calculated! JFK did something he knew would attract Hector's attention so that Cayle could do that on the outside...

Murray is switched on enough to put Ares back inside once Navarro is finished with Kendrix, smiling wryly as a member of the crowd launches an empty cardboard drink cup at him. JFK takes her off her feet, picks her up, and

drills a Brainbuster!

Lance:

Look at D! I've never seen someone so desperate for a tag!

DDK:

He looks like he's about to explode!

Lance:

Elise has got to get out of there! Under normal circumstances she would have absolutely fought back right now, but there's something seriously wrong with her face.

DDK:

We don't know what it is - and if I was a guessing man, she's probably been trying to hide it all along. But you can't do that against JFKayle! They're just too clinical!

Kendrix is in his element. He's still moving a little gingerly from the knee-based attack earlier on but Elise's injury amplifies the punishment as he stomps down on her face. Close to the ropes, he places both boots on her face then pulls up on the top rope, gaining extra pressure...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

... and he breaks away just before five again. He, too, is smiling.

DDK:

It's too much, Lance! It's just too much! D is fired up and ready to go but how the hell is he going to tag in?!

Lance:

I don't--... hey. Hold on. Are you hearing that?

A chant perhaps never before heard in the building starts to break out.

It's quiet at first, but slowly spreads throughout...

DDK:

Oh, wow...

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

The D shakes his head and waves his arms frantically. He knows he can make a difference - but it's going to take a miracle tag.

DDK:

Pure concern has taken over, Lance. Nevermind winning the match: The Faithful just want to see Elise make it out of here in one piece!

The chants quieten down at The D's behest but Kendrix is loving it. He takes the lifeless PCP member, lifts her up, and

smashes her head down on the top turnbuckle over and over. When he lets go, Ares just falls to the mat.

Lance:

I don't think Elise can even support herself at this stage! Too much head trauma-- HEY!

The D has had enough. He BURSTS out of his corner and across the ring, barreling into Kendrix to break the punishment, wailing away on him with strikes. The Faithful ERUPT!

Lance:

LET'S GO!

D is FURIOUS!

But inevitably...

The intervention is illegal.

Hector Navarro has no choice.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

It's a struggle, but the official is able to get between D, Kendrix, and Elise.

Lance:

Fate is a cruel, cruel mistress, Keeps.

DDK:

You're right but Navarro has to enforce the rules! That's his job! He has done his absolute best to keep a lid on this, but-- OH FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!

D can't contain himself as he protests to Navarro, but again, this works against him. JFK has Elise backed up in the JFKayle corner and Cayle pulls an arm across her face, wrenching tightly as Kendrix stomps away.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

These two know exactly what they are doing!

Lance:

And they won't stop until D gets out of there... but he's too fired up!

Navarro quickly figures out what's going on and turns around, trusting D to leave the ring. D only gets out of there once Cayle lets go of Ares. Finally, Navarro intervenes more brazenly than at any other point in the match, getting between Elise and Kendrix to prevent further damage while he reads Murray the riot act.

DDK:

Great officiating here! Hector letting Cayle know he is one screw up away from a disqualification while protecting Elise from JFK's dirty tricks at the same time.

Lance:

That's why he's one of our senior officials - and his lucha libre experience makes him the ideal guy to handle matches like this with so many moving pieces.

So comfortable is Cayle that JFK has control that he hops down from the apron while Navarro lets him have it. The burly official finally moves away and let's Kendrix go back to work.

Here's the thing, though.

Those 20-30 seconds Navarro just spent talking to Murray?

Recovery time, baby.

DDK:

WAIT A MINUTE!

Battered and beaten her face may be, but Elise's spirit isn't yet broken! She dives shoulder-first at Kendrix's hurt leg! It buckles beneath him and he hits the deck.

Lance:

OH MY GOD!

DDK:

ELISE ARES IS ALIVE!

Lance:

MAKE THE TAG, ELISE!

She's exhausted, Elise. The pain is excruciating.

But she drags herself across the mat with her forearms.

MAKE THE TAG!

MAKE THE TAG!

MAKE THE TAG!

Then suddenly springs to life to clear the last couple of meters...

Lance:

YES!

DDK:

TAG! SHE GOT IT!

The building EXPLODES to life as The D charges across the ring, his knee connecting with Kendrix's skull as the Englishman is trying to get up.

DDK:

SHINING WIZARD!

D keeps the pace, immediately popping up, running up the turnbuckles, and leaping to the outside, landing on Cayle!

Lance:

WHAT A DIVE!

DDK:

JUMPING BODY PRESS! CAYLE IS DOWN!

Lance:

AND THE D IS BACK ON HIS FEET!

D hops onto the apron, grabs the top rope, and wills Kendrix to his feet. JFK is up, stumbling around, when D leaps

over the top, blasting him with a leaping forearm that sends Kendrix to the mat!

DDK:

LOOK AT THE SPEED! THE ATHLETICISM!

Lance:

AND HE'S GOING TO THE TOP ROPE!

Seemingly moving at 100mph, D gets to the top rope then steadies himself. He leaps off and makes a perfect connection on the landing!

DDK:

B MOVIE! HE GOT THE FROG SPLASH!

Lance:

HERE'S THE COVER!

D hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

NOOO! KICKOUT!

Lance:

INCREDIBLE!

DDK:

D is on fire! This is WILD! And The Faithful are losing their minds!

The momentum is firmly on his side and D wastes absolutely no time in quickly pulling Kendrix back to his feet with a handful of hair. A couple of pummeling elbows follow before he hits the ropes, dashes back, and hits another!

DDK:

Huge shot!

This would have sent JFK to the deck if not for the ropes. D pulls him away from there with both arms, then leaps, nailing the double-boot facebreaker!

DDK:

A-LISTER! A-LISTER! A-LISTER!

Lance:

HE'S GOT HIM! THE D HAS GOT HIM!

D makes the cover right in the middle of the ring.

ONE!

DDK:
BUT HERE COMES CAYLE!

TWO!

Lance:
YESSSSS!

HUGE pop as Elise runs in and wipes Murray out with the single leg dropkick.

THREE?

NOOOOOOOO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:
WOWWWWWW!

DDK:
So close! The PCP's are on fire! What an intervention from the injured Elise to wipe Cayle Murray all the way out!

Lance:
They've got this in the palm of their hands though! This is it!

Elise returns to her corner and The D is ready to put a fork in Kendrix. He pulls JFK across the ring and gets tagged by his partner.

DDK:
PCP are going for the Foley Pop & Lock-a-Thon!

Lance:
They're gonna do it, Keebs!

Elise puts JFK in the Muta Lock. He roars in pain, clawing to try and break the hold, as D hits the ropes for the running dropkick...

Lance:

NOOOOOOOOOO!

... only to have his legs swept by Cayle Murray, who pulls him outside the ring!

CRASH!

That's the sound of The D hitting the barricade headfirst.

And HARD.

DDK:

And with that intervention a bucket of cold water is poured over the arena!

Lance:

D was no longer the legal man, so there's nothing Hector can do about it either!

Concern for her partner, Elise lets go of the Muta Lock and moves over the ring. Cayle hops onto the apron, deliberately trying to distract her...

Lance:

No, Elise! NO!

DDK:

Turn around!

Kendrix is back up. Murray drops down.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Elise turns around.

SUPERKICK.

Lance:

...

DDK:

...

Elise's body goes limp.

Dead.

She falls to the mat.

DDK:

... it's done, Lance.

All that's left is for Kendrix to hook the leg.

And Hector to make the count.

Lance:

Just like the Lucky Sevens match...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

NOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
WHAT?!

Lance:
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

DDK:
SHE KICKED OUT, LANCE! ELISE KICKED OUT!

JFK cannot believe it. He was banking on that being the killshot.

Lance:
This is insane! Elise Ares is insane!

DDK:
She lives to fight another day...

But the pop quickly subsides.

DDK:
... for better or worse.

Because The Faithful know.

They aren't stupid.

They know the score.

JFK, enraged, immediately goes right after the face, slamming it into the mat over and over and over.

The fans want to boo, but they can't.

Lance:
... I... damnit...

They are worried.

Lance:

Fight back Elise! Come on!

DDK:

She can't, Lance! It's just too much!

Suddenly Elise bursts back to life as Kendrix pulls her to her feet. She stuns him with a couple of quickfire hits...

Lance:

THERE IT IS!

... until she is levelled by a relatively straightforward elbow to the face.

And that's when the chants come back.

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

DDK:

A simple blow from JFK, but in Elise's condition... it's devastating.

Kendrix has had enough. He drags Ares over to the JFKayle corner and tags Cayle. Murray comes in but gets met with another flurry of (weaker, this time) kicks from Ares, but chooses to absorb the pain and clawhold her face!

Lance:

Look at The D on the outside!

DDK:

He can't bear to watch this! And neither can the fans!

Lance:

But they won't give up! Look at Elise! Look at this FIGHT!

Ares lunges desperately at Murray, swinging a wild blow... it connects! Murray staggers backwards but Elise lands on the mat and can't capitalise. She slowly sits up but Cayle comes off the ropes...

DDK:

PK! Cayle with the Penalty Kick!

Lance:

NOOOOO!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

PLEASE STAY DOWN!

The chants now louder than ever, the out-of-it D tries to scramble under the bottom rope only to be met by Hector Navarro.

Lance:

D's desperately trying to get back in there!

Meanwhile JFK is rummaging around beneath the ring on the other side. Cayle catches him and, with Hector taking care of D, pulls Elise up.

DDK:

Hold on, what's thi--...?!

Lance:

NAVARRO! TURN AROUND!

Murray shoves his opponent towards Kendrix...

WHACK.

Who leaps up from the floor and clocks Elise with SOMETHING.

Lance:

NOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix suddenly dashes around the ring as Elise hits the deck, attaching himself to D like a limpet. Hector turns around as Cayle is rolling Ares up in a school boy...

ONE!

Lance:

HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

TWO!

Lance:

CAYLE'S GOT THE TIGH--

THREE!

DDK:

... it's over.

Cayle immediately leaps off Elise Ares and rolls out of the ring. Kendrix releases D, joining his partner at the bottom of the ramp.

DING DING DING

DDK:

JFKayle have defeated The Pop Culture Phenoms - and they did it by doing the exact thing they said they were going to avoid!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen your winners via pinfall... the team of CAYLE MURRAY AND KENDRIX... JAY! EFF! KAAAYYYYYLLLLLEEEE!

The Faithful are absolutely furious, launching venom and bile at the 24K duo. The D, meanwhile, slides in the ring to tend to his fallen partner. A wound has opened on her right cheek where Kendrix's weapon struck her...

Lance:

Look at Kendrix! That's a wrench in his hand!

DDK:

JFK struck Elise's already injured face while Navarro was turned away! A totally unnecessary move, just like the handful of tights! An overkill finish from JFKayle!

Lance:

It's awful, Keebs! Just awful! It's all very well clowning around for eight weeks, screwing around with fake injuries and spitting insults, but this?! Absolutely ridiculous!

All JFK can do is smile as he waves the offending wrench at the PCP's. The camera is close enough to catch his words...

Kendrix:

Unlucky, bell-ends!

Cayle, meanwhile, rubs his eyes to feign crying. He then pie-faces the camera lens, pushing it away.

DDK:

JFKayle went against their word tonight. Cayle was adamant earlier on... but I guess the joke's on us. We should have seen this coming.

Lance:

What incredible fight from the Pop Culture Phenoms though! JFKayle had them isolated for long periods and Elise's injured face took insane amounts of punishment, but they didn't slow down one bit.

DDK:

Oh, no...

Lance:

What?

DDK:

I've just realised... when Cayle spoke earlier, what did he say he was doing upon arriving at the building early? And with what tool?

Lance:

A wren--... oh, god. This was the plan all along.

DDK:

Seems that way. I'm worried though, Lance. You heard those "just stay down" chants. Ares might be seriously hurt...

In the ring, the D has rushed to Ares' side and cradles her head in his lap. He covers her very much busted face with

his upper body, trying to shield her from the cameras.

DDK:

Tonight has not been a good night for PCP. First Klein, and now Elise?

Lance:

I dunno Keebs. PCP may never be the same again.

The D looks up, tears streaming down his face.

He throws both hands above his head in an X, and at the same time, lets out a powerful wail, one that rattles through the Faithful.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

THREE HOURS LATER

Flex Kruger and Jack Hunter are still at a stalemate in Connect 4. Flex studies the board. Suddenly, the arena lights cut out.

Flex Kruger:

I think they forgot about us.

Jack Hunter slams his hand onto the table.

Jack Hunter:

YAHTZEE!

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP, LAST MAN STANDING: DEX JOY vs. SCROW (DEFCON)

DDK:

We have finally come to the end of a long long road for two different men who started in DEFIANCE Wrestling around the same time Lance. Coming up next it will be Dex Joy looking to defend the Southern Heritage championship against none other than his most dangerous opponent yet ... his longest rival, Scrow.

Lance:

We'd have to go back to late 2019 when both of these men had first met in competition with one another. Scrow was trying to curry favor with a former DEFIANCE wrestler by the name of Carny Sinclair. Scrow helped Carny defeat Dex at last year's DEF-CON and since then paths of two men have not been far apart.

DDK:

Yeah ... it has just been a roller coaster. They teamed together against Team Hoss and despite Scrow fighting against his own partner, Dex Joy got the win. Out of that Dex Joy moved on to great success. He was the winner of the Tag Party 2 series with his best friend Nathaniel Eye and then went on to end the very long reign of Gage Blackwood for the Southern Heritage title.

Lance:

For Scrow it has been a rising path but he hasn't had the title yet like Dex has. He was the finalist in the Favored Saints championship match and came up short, but during that entire time he was obsessed with Dex Joy. Everything he did and everything led to trying to outshine Dex but Matt Lacroix would win the title. After that, Scrow spent weeks targeting Nathaniel Eye and beat him at DEFIANCE Road. In DEFIANCE Wrestling, these two have been linked even when they have been apart.

DDK:

The last few weeks have been even more intense. They have fought all over the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex and batted each other off of garages, backstage, off our very own stage! But both men do not want to give the inch to the other. Tonight, DEFIANCE Wrestling is going to see one of its longest rivalries in recent memory put to bed. Either Scrow walks away with the Southern Heritage championship or the popular "Biggest Boy" finally gets Scrow out of his hair for good!!!

A bell rings to signify to the crowd that this next match is happening.

Darren Quimbey:

The next match is going to be contested for DEFIANCE Wrestling's Southern Heritage championship and this will be a last man standing match! There will be no pinfalls, submissions, count-outs or DQ's!! The only way to win is to knock out your opponent for the count of ten!!!

A very loud crowd tonight is ready to see a match that will no doubt be brutal.

♪ "Diabolical" by Nyxx ♪

The lights turn off. A huge pop from The Faithful who have been waiting for this match all night!

A raven appears on the Defiatron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. The Faithful get louder as Scrow walks from the westside of the stage, with Hive walking from the Eastside. Scrow is rockin new ring gear, along with Hive. Obviously the gift given to them by the financial backer's assistant Ravanna. Scrow has orange trunks, with black birds flying across the front of the trunks. Orange and black shin pads, knee pads, and boots. With a black leather coat, with a venom style design wrapping around birds. His collar is flared up and on the back of the collar is the name KABAL.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

Scrow's logo is on the front of the jacket. Hive is wearing dark orange leather pants with black shoes. A Scrow shirt, and a black jacket of her own. With the collar up and KABAL on the back of it. She has her black hair pulled behind her head, with the out part of her hairstyle braided down. Scrow heads to the ring, this time no burlap mask, just a pair of black and orange sunglasses. He enters the ring and his name is on the back of his trunks in a jagged lettering.

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 WrestlePlex. The lights slowly come back in the arena, 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! But for this big pay-per-view...

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Five bright yellow lightning bolts strike the stage and fire off massive streams of pyro as the theme kicks in!

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

Sparks shoot up from either side of the entrance where the lightning landed. Walking through it is the SO-HER himself! Dex pumps his open hand into the air and a shower of pyro falls from the stage with the prestigious DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage championship held up with his other hand.

DDK:

What an entrance! The one and only for DEF-CON tonight!!!

Lance:

And Dex has been the definition of a fighting champion taking on any one who wants a fight! He has put the title on the line and defeated some of the hottest stars! Cul and BRAGG from BRAZEN! He has defeated Tyler Fuse! Ryan Batts! Deacon! The D in an amazing match on DEF TV One-hundred Fifty! But none are more personal than what Dex is about to step into the ring with right now.

Dex Joy takes his time getting to the ring being careful to watch in case Scrow tries anything. Dex gets to the ring and walks inside. Scrow gets in his face and the official has to do everything he can to keep them from tearing one another apart before the bell has even rung. Dex shoves the belt in Scrow's face while the dangerous and violent Scrow shoves it out of the way just to get into the face of the man he has been obsessed with beating his entire time in DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Lance:

You can feel the tension here between these two. It's so thick I think the referee might choke.

DDK:

No truer words have been spoken tonight!

Dex Joy looks at the title and then hands it off to the referee ... perhaps for the last time if Scrow has anything to say about it. The referee hands the prestigious championship to another official on the floor and then he calls for that bell.

DING DING

Scrow is the first one to launch a move by faking out Dex for a kick to the face. The Biggest Boy tries to put up his

guard and leaves his legs wide open for the painful kicks that he has felt many times in the past! Scrow unleashes a vicious chest kick and then he strikes Dex on the knee with a drop kick. Scrow is the first up to his feet and then gets nailed on the side of the head with a big sliding kick and now Dex is already down on his back! Scrow tells the official to start his count right away.

DDK:

Goodness did you see that? Scrow faked out Dex! If he could win this match that quick what would that do for Scrow?!

Dex is checking his jaw on the ground and the official starts off a count.

"One!

Two!

Three!"

But Dex waves it off quickly when he sits up and starts to stand up again now looking like the Unhinged like he made the worst mistake of his life!

Lance:

Dex shaking off those kicks!

DDK:

We know Dex can overpower pretty much any one in DEFIANCE wrestling but he can absorb punishment like you wouldn't believe!

Scrow nails a chest kick and the blow starts to rock Dex ... but Big Dex Energy inches and dares the challenger to hit him again.

Dex Joy:

Come on, pally hit me!!!

Scrow won't turn down a chance to hit Joy! He kicks him the chest at least three more times but each blow only looks like it is firing up Dex! When Scrow tries swinging again Dex grabs the leg and then he pitches Scrow $\frac{3}{4}$'s of the way across the ring using a captured suplex!!!

DDK:

Dex Joy just busted out a new suplex!

Lance:

That is a new one from the Biggest Boy's playbook that is for sure!

Dex is up and Scrow isn't but he breaks the official's count by pulling Scrow up to his feet. Some Biggest Boy punches strike Scrow on his jab and he continues to pound away at him. He pulls Scrow back to his feet and puts him on his shoulders. The Unhinged challenger is carried around the ring and then dropped with a front fireman carry slam and then he lands a jumping senton!

DDK:

Scrow is paying right for what he did to Nathaniel Eye! We haven't seen him since Defiance Road and Dex Joy is going to make him pay for what he did to his best friend!

Lance:

I was going to say before that it wasn't smart on Dex's part to pick him up but he knows how dangerous Scrow is. He can't hold back any of his big power moves. He needs to hit him until he stops moving.

The official checks on Scrow and starts a count after getting crushed by The Biggest Boy.

“One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five-”

But again the official's count is broken when Scrow not only gets up ... but he gets up with a smile on his face. He is visibly hurt but he shakes it off and even dares Dex Joy to take his best shot again.

Scrow:

That title is gonna be Scrows'!

Dex Joy:

The shit it is!

Dex runs and a big clothesline spins Scrow over the top rope and gets knocked out to the floor to big cheers from the fans. Joy is running on his signature Big Dex Energy and he struts around the ring taking in the energy the fans are lending him right now.

DDK:

Don't play to the crowd tonight, Dex! Focus on Scrow!

Lance:

Oh I think that he heard you Lance!

Dex Joy climbs outside of the ring and he's waiting for Scrow to stand up before going to his next move. The reigning and defending SO-HER starts to get a running start and things go from bad to worse for the challenger when Dex Joy knocks him off of his feet using a huge running cross body on the floor! Dex rolls out from the big move and then he gets back into the ring with the official counting down Scrow again.

“One!

Two!

Three!

Hive is trying to motivate Scrow to get up.

Four!

Five!

Si-”

DDK:

Oh no, I don't believe this! Scrow just made it up to his feet again after taking a big move from Dex Joy!

Lance:

He is! We have seen these two try to shrug off attempts at punishment that would have stopped lesser people in their

tracks. We've seen amounts of insane brawls backstage and even during their tag team match during the main event of DEF TV right before DEF-CON and tonight it's only gonna get worse!

Scrow is back up on his feet again but Dex does not stop when he delivers a gut punch for Scrow and the next thing to happen is getting picked up and suplexed again on the floor with a belly to belly suplex thrown over head!

DDK:

What a suplex that was and on the floor no less! Dex has a lot of ways he can hurt you, but can any of them keep Scrow down?

Lance:

We're going to find out!

After Scrow's body bounces off the floor from being thrown by Joy, the official counts again and Dex is hoping that this will be enough. Dex heads into the ring and then uses the time to rest as he watches the count closely with the crowd.

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Hive once more trying to motivate Scrow to get up.

Five!

Six!

Sev-"

Scrow seems to be having a field day with the repeated failed attempts by the champion in order to stay down, but he uses the apron to get back up and not only that but continues to laugh.

Scrow:

He *told* you you can't keep him down this time, Dex!

DDK:

This is unreal! Dex has defeated Scrow in the past, but he's so much worse now than he was before.

Lance:

I know, I believe it ... but Dex isn't giving up! Look!

The Southern Heritage champion has almost been waiting for Scrow to stand this entire time just in case because now, he gives himself a full head of steam off of the ropes.

Lance:

Here comes the WHOA-pe!

DDK:

No ... No way to the WHOA-pe!

The crowd cannot believe it when Scrow leaps up and lands a huge jumping roundhouse to Dex before he can get all the way through the ropes! He not only stops the massive suicide dive through the ropes by Dex, but stops him near

the ropes. When he's now hung in them Scrow takes his time.

DDK:

What is he thinking here?

Scrow grabs the neck of Dex and then jumps up to deliver a *massive* falling DDT against the ring apron!

Lance:

OH MY GOODNESS!!!

Dex hits the ring apron hard but his big body still slumps over the ropes. That is when Scrow decides to help him by carefully measuring Dex so that way he can run and then he lands a sliding drop kick on the apron on the side of Dex's head!!!

DDK:

That wasn't just one bad shot ... that was two!

Lance:

Scrow lured him in and he just paid for it!

Dex's massive body spills through the ropes and hits the floor where he lays flat. The official waits and when he sees that he's not moving any more, he starts to raise a hand to count but Scrow threatens the official first to stop and then gets ready for his next move ... whatever that may be.

He is on the apron and with Dex Joy still reeling from the slingshot DDT and that is when Scrow leaps off after a running start and then nails a huge diving double stomp off the apron and right into Dex Joy's chest!!!

DDK:

That might be it! He might have let Dex Joy punch himself out and then lay into him like this!

Lance:

That's gonna be it and we're going to have a new Southern Heritage champion!

Scrow recovers from the landing and then tells the official that *now* he can count. The official sees that Dex is bowled over in a lot of pain and begins.

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!"

DDK:

Is this it for the Biggest Boy?

"Six!

Seven!

Eight..."

Lance:

No! Dex is doing what Scrow did earlier! He's using the guard rail to help himself stand up on his feet~!

Dex Joy is biting his teeth together and pulls himself up. He's got a headache and his chest likely hurts but is not going to give up that easily. The fans cheer as Dex rises but those cheers turn to jeers the second that Scrow has a chance. He throws a stiff kick under the jaw of the Biggest Boy! He gets nailed on it and Dex starts to fall over ... but then he rises up again! Scrow is caught by surprise but he nails a second stiff kick under the jaw and then Dex falls over against the guard rail.

Lance:

Oh boy what is he up to now?

DDK:

Bad news that's what!

Scrow walks the length of the ring with Dex Joy hurt against the barricade. Once the Unhinged has reached the other side he holds his hands out and the jeers are music to his ears. He runs with every hint of speed he can muster and then nails a huge hesitation dropkick to the face of Dex up against the railing!

DDK:

Another big shot by Scrow! He has taken over in this so quickly after Dex Joy has been attacking him throughout the match!

Lance:

And as good as Dex is ... Scrow is equally good at punishing people.

Scrow is up again after a couple of seconds on the floor next to Dex but the smile has not left his face the entire time since nailing the kick. Dex does not move and looks slumped over and hurt when the official counts again.

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!"

No signs of life from Dex. Scrow is now sitting on the apron and giddy as a schoolgirl that Dex is down.

"Six!

Seven!

Eight!"

But Dex ... lives! He stands up front and center and now has his chance to laugh.

Dex Joy:

DOWN BUT NOW OUT ASSHOLE!!!

Dex beats on his own chest and then limps towards the ring but Scrow climbs out and then takes hold of a cameraman. He grabs the camera and then takes it!

DDK:

What's he doing?! Come on! That camera man did nothing to you!

Lance:

Perhaps a bit of frustration here from Scrow. He is not one to resort to using weapons. He has always considered himself the one true weapon.

Scrow takes the camera and starts to head towards Dex and lobs the camera at him .. but he moves and shatters into tiny pieces on the ringpost!

DDK:

That barely missed! And I mean *barely*!

Scrow screams out in a fit of rage and then peels back a part of the ring apron to expose a pair of extension cords. He grabs one of the cords from ringside ... then starts to choke the life out of Dex with it!

Lance:

He's got a plan B with the camera cord! And now look he's on Dex's back!

DDK:

This is a great strategy though! If Dex Joy has the wind taken out of his sails then he's going to be at Scrow's mercy!

Hive:

Pop his head off! SQUEEZE!

Scrow continues choking Dex and now even climbs on his back as he has the cord wrapped around his neck. He's got the neck wrapped up and the grip tightens ... until Dex turns his back and then backs up into the turnbuckle to squash him against it!

DDK:

That's one way to free yourself from that death grip!

Lance:

That it is!

Dex is gasping for air and then breathes heavily in a bid to get some air back into his lungs. He keeps breathing ...

... Until Scrow comes back for him this time with a *nasty* chair shot to his back!

DDK:

Scrow back to laying the punishment on him!

Dex tries to get back into the ring to get away and his back is on fire, but he tries to get back up. Scrow then gets back up and then grabs the chair and then nails the kicks to his chest and back!

Again!

Again!

Again!

Again!

Again!

More kicks crack Dex across the chest until a final running soccer kick lands in Dex's rib cage! Dex starts to fall to the mat but when he tries to get back to the corner, Scrow grabs the chair and he throws it right into Dex's face

DDK:

Those kicks of Scrow are just as lethal as any weapon he can pick up ... but that chair to the face was vile!

Lance:

And he's not done! The official just tried to count again but Scrow cuts him off. He wants to keep punishing Dexy Baby!

Scrow grabs hold of the chair. He raises it up and then presses the closed chair down on Dex's throat and continues where he left off with the cable cord by trying to take the air away from him. He keeps on pressing and pressing further down onto the throat until Hive gets his attention, then he drops it.

Hive:

Blind man bluff!

DDK:

Blind man bluff?

Lance:

What exactly does she mean by that?

Scrow tosses the chair and mounts Dex, pressing his fingers into Dex's eyes! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are getting all over Scrow as this gets really violent now!

DDK:

Stalker did this to him on DEFTV 151, he is trying to seriously injure Dex here!

Dex is shouting in pain as he tries desperately to pull Scrow's thumbs from his eyes. Eventually Dex manages to pull Scrow's thumbs from his eyes, tossing him off of him. Scrow gets to a knee with a sadistic smile on his face. Dex is trying to reach for the ropes and is nowhere near them.

Hive:

Don't let him recover!

Scrow gets up and lifts Dex up and quickly eye racks Dex. The Biggest Boy staggers around like a wounded bear.

DDK:

Scrow is trying to take Dex's sight.

Lance:

It's a sound plan, if Dex can not see Scrow he removes Joy's biggest strength, his power!

Scrow continues to focus his strikes to the eyes of Dex, he shoves him against the ropes and irish whips him. On return he front sweeps Dex, forcing him to go face first into the mat. Scrow quickly looks for Hush.

DDK:

HUSH! Scrow has moved from the eyes to now trying to choke Dex out.

Lance:

First he blinds him, now he is trying to sap the vitality of the three hundred pounder! This type of match would have to favor Scrow just based on stamina alone but when he really focuses on this, we could be looking at the new Southern Heritage champion!

Hive:

He is out!

Scrow quickly drops Dex, a gasp erupts from The Faithful as their hero lay motionless on the mat. Scrow is signalling to count.

DDK:

Scrow has Dex Joy out cold on the mat!

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!"

No signs of life from Dex.

"Six!

Seven!"

DDK:

Dex is semi conscious and is crawling to the ropes, he has no idea where they are, he is just desperately reaching for something!

Eight!

Dex manages to find the ropes and slowly pulls himself up.

Nine!

T.." Dex gets to his feet!

Lance:

Dex beat the count, but now both Hive and Scrow are arguing about the count!

DDK:

They can argue all they want, but the referee has the discretion! If the belt isn't in your hand right now, Scrow, you didn't win!

Brain Slater continues to stand by Dex beating the count. While all this is happening Dex has managed to stumble into the corner desperately trying to rub his eyes trying to get some sort of vision back. Scrow finally stops arguing with Brian and moves in on Dex, The Faithful get louder as Scrow gets in range. Dex picks it up just as Scrow gets in range, the champ starts swinging nailing Scrow. Dex now points and The Faithful are now being his eyes for him. Scrow gets to his feet as The Faithful pop in cheers the moment Dex points at Scrow. The Raven's Eye turns around.

Lance:

MIDNIGHT RUNNER!

Scrow flies backward and up and over the top rope to the floor. Dex drops to a knee favoring his eyes. Motioning at Slater to count, Scrow is face first on the floor outside the ring. Hive rushes to his aid, this time it looks like Scrow is out

here.

DDK:

It looks like we have a different camera angle here, let's take a look.

A replay plays while Brian counts Scrow out. Scrow is elevated 5 feet in the air, upon the strike from the Midnight Runner, the height was enough for him to backflip over the ropes...it slows down as Scrow face slams off the apron before he falls to the floor!!!!

The camera catches a few fans who watched the replay, most have a cringe on their faces, some very concerned for Scrow's well being

Lance:

That was a nasty fall there! Scrow may be out here.

DDK:

And the count is now more than halfway through this replay!

"Six!

Seven!

Dex's looks like he is finally able to see again only for his eyes to widen! As he sees Scrow hand fall on top of the apron. Soon after his other hand.

Eight!"

Scrow still has yet to pull himself to his feet.

Nine!"

DDK:

Scrow has gotten to his feet, just before the ten count. Oh man he is busted open. His nose may be broken!

Scrow holds his face as he stumbles back into the barricade. Dex, still a bit stunned, exits the ring. He walks around the ring only for Hive to get in the middle. Dex yells at her to move. She refuses and slaps Dex. Dex rubs his cheek. He turns around and lifts her up by under her armpits and gently places her behind him. He turns around and...

Lance:

RAVEN'S CALL!

Dex drops like a sack of bricks!

DDK:

Hive was enough of a distraction and Scrow took advantage!

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!"

"Six!

Seven!

Dex is slowly getting his bearings.

Eight!"

Dex gets to a knee, and now Scrow is in shock.

DDK:

No one has ever gotten up from Scrow's Raven's Call!

Nine!"

Dex is on his feet again!

DDK:

How is Dex Joy doing this? How is *Scrow* doing this?

Lance:

I don't know. I really don't! But neither man wants to give an inch to the other!

Scrow is livid. Dex is very groggy. Scrow looks like he has had enough he pulls a chair out from under the ring yet again, looking to turn the lights out of Big Dex Energy and hopefully for good. The moment he pulls it up.

WHACK!

Lance:

Dex just punched the chair right into Scrow's face!

DDK:

Scrow is down, what a display of power from the champion! He even left a dent in the chair from his punch!

The Biggest Boy hobbles around and clutches at his right hand as the camera fixes on the chair and Keebler is definitely right! He's gonna definitely feel that tomorrow, but for tonight he's gonna do what he can to take down Scrow for good. Scrow gets knocked out for the moment and reels around the canvas. He looks over at Hive and then shoots a smile as he picks up her client and then throws him inside the ring. He picks him up and then chops him three times in the corner.

DDK:

Big Dex Energy is now on his second wind!

Lance:

He hits with a huge clothesline in that corner but Dex keeps going!

The Biggest Boy grabs his arm and then throws him onto the other side and when Scrow bounces back Dex turns him inside out using a big spinning clothesline! Dex falls to his knees but he's riding on adrenaline as he holds his fist out and then heads back up. He grabs Scrow by the bob of his hair and when he is up, Scrow gets slammed into the corner and then a hip attack from Dex gets Scrow down into the corner. The Biggest Boy sees Scrow and then heads to where he needs to be.

DDK:

This won't be good for Scrow! I think that Dex is about to channel the boulder from Indiana Jones!

Lance:

I think so too! Here we go with the cannon ball senton! Are we gonna see it?

Dex holds his fist out and gives the thumbs down to Scrow and then runs at the corner ...

DDK:

JUMP! FOR! JOY!

Lance:

THAT IS DONE! SCROW IS DONE!

The crowd cheers when he manages to hit his finishing senton that has won him many matches in the past including leading to him winning and keeping the Southern Heritage championship on many previous occasions. Dex gets to his knees and counts with Slater and the crowd.

“One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!”

DDK:

Scrow isn't moving! He's done!

Hive yells at Scrow to get up now! He keeps on not moving.

Lance:

He's really not moving!

“Six!

Seven!

Eight!”

Scrow manages to roll ... barely!

“Nine!”

And rolls out of the ring while clutching the ring apron ... *then* falls over, but just enough to stop the count! Dex falls to his knees and curses his rotten luck.

DDK:

That ... that was *genius* by Scrow! He fell out of the ring and just grabbed that apron to save himself! He was done there!

Lance:

That really was! I don't know if that was instinct or strategy by Scrow, but I think if he didn't roll out at nine and hang onto that apron, that would have been it!

Dex Joy doesn't let the moment try and get him down now that he knows Scrow is in a weakened state. The Biggest

Boy ducks out of the ring again and then takes Scrow on his shoulder and then he drives him by the back onto the ring apron. The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful keeps watching when he grabs Scrow and then throws him against the steel steps! Scrow knocks them over into the pile and then Dex Joy goes for the corner. Scrow's body is propped up against the steps and now Dex looks focused and ready to keep his title for a while longer.

DDK:

Dex Joy's title reign is gonna continue if he hits this!

Lance:

Another Jump For Joy:!

Dex Joy runs again ... and gets everything he wants ...

But the landing!

Scrow moves out of the way and then he *crashes* right into the steps! Scrow is still hurt and Dex Joy isn't moving now.

DDK:

That Jump For Joy back-fired! Badly! If Scrow has a chance to win the championship then this is it!

Lance:

But neither man is standing right now!

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!"

Hive is barking orders at Scrow and now he is starting to stand up again. Scrow is trying to get back and uses the guard rail as a prop for himself.

"Six!

Seven!

Eight!

Ni---

The count is interrupted because Scrow grabs Dex when he is about to stand and then pushes him so he goes right into the post!

DDK:

Scrow saw he was about to get back up and jumped on him!

Lance:

As much as we can't stand him or this sick obsession that he's had all this time with besting Dex Joy ... he is doing almost everything right try and keep Dex down.

DDK:

True ... oh no! Look!

Scrow has Dex winded but when he turns around The Biggest Boy is right behind him and seems to have shaken off the face plant into the buckle.

Dex Joy:

THIS ENDS NOW SCROW! YOU'RE DONE!!!!

Scrow is shocked and the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are loving every second of this! Scrow hits Dex with a chest kick but the big man leans right into it and absorbs the impact. Scrow looks shocked and then fires off another one but Dex takes it again and this time he smashes a few crossface forearms against Scrow in retaliation and then throws him inside the ring.

DDK:

Joy is rounding the corner here! Are we going to see a successful tenth defense of the Southern Heritage championship tonight?

Dex gets in the ring and blocks a kick from Scrow with a hand up and then smashes him in the chest with another big clubbing blow and then throws him right into the ropes. The second that Scrow bounces back Dex heaves him up in the air ...

DDK:

DEX BOM ... NO! THE MIST! SCROW WITH THE MIST TO THE EYES! HE JUST BLINDED DEX TO SAVE HIMSELF!

The Biggest Boy staggers around the ring as he drops Scrow. The Unhinged Mad Man makes a beeline for a possible finish by striking Dex upside the head using a kick to bend him over and then pushes him into the ropes. The momentum from the massive Dex coming back allows Scrow to use a snap German suplex! The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful can't believe Scrow's technique on the suplex and it gets worse when he takes flight using a bicycle knee strike!

DDK:

That was a deadly series of moves and ... no! Scrow is pulling up Dex! What is he doing?

Lance:

He's setting him up for something!

He has the blinded and possibly concussed Dex up on the top rope. Scrow is out on the apron and then climbs to the top turnbuckle. Scrow takes flight and nails Dex while he's down with diving meteora knee strike to the chest!

DDK:

He's done! Dex is done! We'll have a new champion here!

Dex does not move and Hive watches with Scrow as the ten count starts.

"One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!"

There is no movement in Dex Joy, face caked in mist and still down.

“Six!

Seven!”

Finally there are signs of life. He starts to roll ...

“Eight!”

And he is near the ropes ...

“Nine!”

He lunges upwards! Just enough to hang on and break the count ... and then falls over again still blinded by the mist!

DDK:

Who can believe this? This is completely unbelievable! Dex Joy cannot have anything left in the tank after that!

Lance:

And Scrow knows it too!

Dex reaches for the ring apron and starts wiping his his face on the skirt to try and get some of the mist out of his eyes but Scrow doesn't give him any more chances. He stomps on Dex's back again and again until he backs off to try and lead the reigning SO-HER champion to his knees. He grabs him by the hand and tries to drag Dex up for what be a kill shot. He waits patiently and then fires a kick at Dex ...

DDK:

No!!! Dex ducks the round house kick!!!

Scrow can't believe it and tries to hit a kick from the other side but when he tries, Dex grabs the leg and with a sudden burst of ... well what else do you call it but Big Dex Energy ... he has Scrow on the shoulder and hits a Dex Bomb by throwing Scrow right at the turnbuckle as hard as he can! He bounces back off the corner and Dex picks him up before he can fall. He gets powered into a reverse spinning power slam ...

DDK:

DEX DRIVER!!! DEX DRIVER!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have gone crazy but before the referee can make a count Dex sees the turnbuckle ... and he picks up Scrow off the mat and starts to head up ...

Lance:

What is he doing now? What is he thinking?

DDK:

I think he wants this one to be over that's what!

Dex has carried Scrow up. The fans are just waiting for whatever comes next and they do not have to wait long ... he leaps off the buckles and then he drives Scrow off the top rope and almost right through the ring using a super variation of the Dex Driver!!!!

DDK:

NOT JUST ANY DEX DRIVER!!! SUPER DEX DRIVER!!! HE'S NEVER DONE THAT MOVE BEFORE TO ANY ONE IN DEFIANCE WRESTLING!!!

Not a person is sitting in the arena with Dex Joy and Scrow both down and out. The official starts another count on both men!

“One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!

Six!

Seven!”

Dex is the first up by using the ropes to hold him up! He counts the rest of the way along with the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful and Hive is on the verge of her head exploding. Scrow isn't moving!

“Eight!

Nine!

...

TEN!!!!!”

Dex is leaning up by the ropes and the bell ringing is music to his ears!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is the winner of this match and *still!!!!!!!!!!!!* your DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage champion ... “THE BIGGEST BOY” DDDDDDEEEEEEXXXX JJJJJJOOOOOOYYYYYYYY!!!!

Dex retrieves the Southern Heritage championship from the official of the match and he hugs it close to his chest and looks at Scrow knowing just how close the match was to a very different outcome!

DDK:

I don't know where that last burst came from! Scrow had him right where he wanted him ... but one last shot of adrenaline just allowed Dex Joy to avenge Nathaniel Eye and to hopefully finally end this issue between him and Scrow for good!

Lance:

I'd like to think so I really would but what a match we just witnessed regardless! Normally in these types of matches you might see a lot of weaponry in play. While we saw some of that, what we really saw were two men's hate for each other boiling over to see who would truly be the last man standing based on their own abilities ... and the last man standing was The Biggest Boy himself!

Scrow sits in the corner and is being checked on in the corner by Hive. He says something to Hive, before staring at his nemesis still champion. Hive returns with a microphone.

Scrow: *[exhausted breathing]*

Shut that shit off!

Joy's music cuts. Dex stops and turns toward Scrow, Hive helps him up to his feet. Scrow favoring his ribs.

Scrow: *[talking through deep breaths]*

Scrow hates you Dex! He hates ..*[deep breath]* your music. *[Another gasp of air between sentences]* He hates your natural talent. He hates your ring attire, your smell, and most of all.

Scrow:

The way these sheep stand by you!

Jeers begins.

Scrow looks out into the Faithful for a second before returning his stare at his obsession.

Scrow:

If there is one thing Scrow has good to say about you, is you have shown him he is not quite there yet.

He cringes in pain still favoring the effects of that Super Dex Driver.

Scrow:

Scrow is not gonna stand here and complain about the result. You won Scrow accepts that. You have given him the answer he truly sought. Can Scrow beat you? Maybe not right now, but he knows for a fact he is just as talented if not more talented than the Defiants in the back who spend their time in the main event every night on DEFTV.

He points at the belt on Dex's shoulder.

Scrow:

That championship will be his, in the future whether you have it or not! So enjoy it while you have it!

Scrow drops the microphone and exits the ring, he gets a few Faithful giving him a round of applause, before returning to Dex in the ring. Dex watches Hive help Scrow up the ramp and decides to nod towards his opponent to pay him at the very minimum respect of his abilities. After he is finished and Scrow disappears he holds the Southern Heritage championship and pats his name on the face plate. He rests the title over his shoulder and holds up his fingers to the count of ten.

DDK:

That was a clear warning by Scrow ... but Dex Joy now holds up the championship! Another successful defense for Dex Joy but also his most personal one yet!!!

Dex Joy:

LAST! PALLY! STANDING!!!!

He revels in this moment to have finally vanquished Scrow and finally put this issue to bed.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP, LADDER MATCH: MATT LaCROIX Â© vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT (DEFCON)

DDK:

Night Two of the BIGGEST event in professional wrestling, in my humble opinion, starts right now, Lance. What an incredible lineup we have for you all tonight... culminating in Mikey Unlikely facing off against Scott Douglas in a Loser Leaves DEFIANCE match for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

We're going bell to bell tonight, Darren. We're starting and ending the show with championship opportunities. Arthur Pleasant has gone out of his way to make Matt LaCroix feel as uncomfortable as possible in his second bid for running the Favoured Saints gambit.

DDK:

It's a second chance LaCroix was given because of Arthur Pleasant in the first place. In hindsight, do you think Arthur was picking his victim?

Lance:

Now that's a thought, The Provocateur certainly could have been picking what he may have felt was the easier target. To be honest, I couldn't tell you how it's working out for him. He had a hand in every single one of Matt LaCroix's Favoured Saints defenses. Ending with a brutal attack on him in the middle of the ring in his last defense against Mushigahara.

DDK:

It was a return attack for LaCroix's involvement earlier in the night against him. Again, tying Trashcan Tim back into this feud. Tim and Matt's relationship is certainly... rocky, now, thanks to Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

Well one of two things are going to happen tonight, Darren. Matt LaCroix is going to finally get his hands on Arthur Pleasant and make things right... or Arthur's plans are going to finally come to fruition with championship gold. Let's get down to Darren Quimbey at ringside.

The camera then focuses it on DEFIANCE's long tenured ring announcer standing in the middle of the ring, surrounded by a particularly rowdy group of DEFIANCE's Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a LADDER MATCH for the DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!

The Faithful immediately break into a chant...

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

DDK:

Don't the Faithful know we can't start the show with F-Bombs?

Lance:

In this case I think it might be justified.

♪ "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens ♪

The horrific screeching of violins cut through the Lakefront Arena like a rusty, dull knife through flesh as "Danse Macabre", the classic orchestral piece written and composed by Camille Saint-Saëns and condensed into a much more frightening version for entrance theme's sake, plays throughout the arena. Soon thereafter enters Arthur

Pleasant, The Provocateur himself, from the Guerilla position. Standing with his arms out and a sick smile plastered on his pale, evil face, Arthur Pleasant sniffs the air with his eyes closed.

DDK:

Hey, where's those creepy cloaked dudes at?

Lance:

Hell if I know, Darren. I suspect Arthur's got something up his sleeve, though.

Taking in the derogatory chants from the Faithful, Arthur simply begins skipping down the ramp in utter delight. Arthur enters the ring by sliding underneath the bottom rope and promptly runs the ropes a few times, making a mockery out of colleagues who like to warm up before a match.

Retreating to the corner furthest from the ramp way, Arthur hunkers down with his arms holding onto the top ropes at his sides and sitting on the middle turnbuckle. A lustful look bearing the need for violence and mayhem, Arthur grins as widely as his jaw and skin will allow him to while he waits for the Champion to make his presence known.

DDK:

I sincerely hope that LaCroix wipes the floor with Arthur.

Lance:

Yeah, you and the rest of the wrestling community.

Lights Out.

A gasp of anticipation grows from the Faithful as smoke begins to rise from the entrance. A normally stable red light begins to flicker in and out as a silhouette can be seen in a kneeling position in the smoke. The figure of a man rises to his feet in the poorly lit smoke, flickering in and out of view as suddenly the light goes back out.

It begins with them, but it ends... with me

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

With a "HEY!" vocal red lights now flood the DEFplex.

HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!

HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!

The Faithful chant along to the music and pump their fists into the air in unison as the figure steps out from the smoke and into clear view. The man wears a black gas mask with bright red x hand painted across the front of it. Atop the mask are six hash marks, representing the successful Favoured Saints Championship defenses as he raises the Favoured Saints Championship high into the air with his right arm.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighing in at 242 pounds... he is the DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION. "The Louisiana Bloodletter" MAAAAAAATT LAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIX!

With his usual ragged black denim vest with hood up now over top what appears to be a well-worn black leather jacket, Southern Strong Style marches down to the ring with the Favoured Saints Championship on his shoulder.

DDK:

Isn't that a nickname that Arthur Pleasant himself gave Matt LaCroix trying to hype him up as the newest member of The Scourge?

Lance:

I'm pretty sure you're right, Darren... and I'm sure that's no accident. The champion is coming down to the ring with plans on letting The Provocateur know just how right he really was giving him that previously unrelated nickname.

Arthur Pleasant claps excitedly in the ring as Matt LaCroix enters and pushes his way right past him to get to the opposite corner where he holds up the Favoured Saints Championship for the Faithful. He puts the championship back on his shoulder and throws his hood back and peels the gas mask off of his head, letting it drop to the ringside floor. Looking across the Faithful, you can see Matt LaCroix has the same red X painted across his face with a look of fierce intensity across his face, snarling. He turns his head to look at his opp...

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Arthur Pleasant shoves past Carla Ferrari, rushing up to the champion from behind and launching him off the top rope to the outside of the ring! Matt LaCroix crashes through a ladder set up at ringside before both go crashing to the concrete floor.

Lance:

This match hasn't even started and Matt LaCroix has already been in what looks like a car crash!

DDK:

The Favoured Saints Championship is just laying on the concrete out here on the floor next to Matt LaCroix tangled in this steel ladder. Right next to his gas mask. Matt hasn't even taken off his jacket.

Arthur Pleasant is already outside of the ring where he grabs the Favoured Saints Championship up off the floor and quickly tosses it over the top rope and into the ring. The Faithful jeer as The Provocateur grabs a different ladder and shoves it into the ring under the bottom rope, almost striking Carla Ferrari who is at the ropes demanding he get into the ring. He does so and picks up the Favoured Saints Championship as he slides across the canvas. Shoving it into the chest of DEFIANCE's notable female official, he begins to point towards the brass-ring shaped hanging structure above their heads. Screaming.

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant wants this title hung before Matt LaCroix gets back up to his feet here.

Lance:

Carla Ferrari is sticking to her guns, Darren. She's letting Arthur know that the bell hasn't rang. The match hasn't even begun. And... of course, Arthur sets the ladder up for her. Such a gentleman.

DDK:

DEFmed have made it out here to ringside and have Matt LaCroix pulled out of the ladder. He's currently going through some kind of protocol here. They might be clearing him to compete.

Inside the ring, Arthur Pleasant has ripped the Favoured Saints Championship away from Carla Ferrari and has begun ascending the ladder. Now at the top, Arthur makes a big gesture in front of the jeering Faithful about fastening the Favoured Saints Championship to the hanging device before taking it back off and raising the championship above his head. Inside the ring Carla Ferrari is screaming over the boos about how the match hasn't started. Arthur begins screaming back demanding to be named Favoured Saints Champion whether she likes it or not.

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant has now proclaimed himself Favoured Saints Champion... but we still haven't heard a bell. As a matter of fact, we still don't know if Matt LaCroix is even going to be cleared to compete.

DDK:

So if you were a little late to the program tonight, folks, Matt LaCroix was launched off the top rope through a ladder from behind by Arthur Pleasant before the bell rang. Then The Provocateur grabbed the Favoured Saints Championship and ascended...

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

The Faithful roar as Matt LaCroix slides into the ring and immediately rams the ladder with Arthur Pleasant standing on the top, sending him sailing from atop the ladder and landing face first onto the barricade outside of the ring. The Favoured Saints Championship lands next to Carla Ferrari inside of the ring, who picks it up off the mat and looks at Matt LaCroix, then to DEFmed at ringside, then calls for the bell.

DING DING

The Red X on Matt LaCroix's face is now mixed with a little blood as he tries to pull his leather and denim jacket off of his shoulders. He gets one, but can't be bothered with the second shoulder as he follows up on Arthur who is already pulling himself back up to his feet outside of the ring. The newly christened Louisiana Bloodletter grabs Pleasant from behind by the shoulder and runs him into the corner of the barricade.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix is out here running on adrenaline alone! He has his jacket half off and blood running down his face as he backs up for another offensive attack.

Lance:

DESTRUCTION IN SPADES! We're starting EARLY folks!

DDK:

We don't play around at DEFCON, Lance. We have too much to do! THIS. IS. DEFIANCE!

After hitting his signature shining wizard on Arthur Pleasant against the barricade, Matt LaCroix rips Pleasant up off the concrete and begins to guide him towards the opposite barricade before tossing him head first into that one, then backing up before blitzing forward and hitting Arthur Pleasant with another D-I-S! The Faithful are going bananas as Matt LaCroix doesn't give the Provocateur even a second to recover, peeling him off the concrete again and moving towards the next barricade.

*FUCK HIM UP LA-CROIX, FUCK HIM UP! Stompstomp**FUCK HIM UP LA-CROIX, FUCK HIM UP! Stompstomp***Lance:**

This is just a relentless assault by Matt LaCroix, who is trying to use whatever fumes he has left through anger and adrenaline alone before the pain of what started this match catches back up to him and he comes crashing down.

DDK:

He's going for Destruction In Spades number three!

Lance:

No! He's going into the Faithful!

Just as he goes to throw Pleasant into the barricade for the third time, Arthur counters by reversing and throwing Matt LaCroix over the barricade and into the front row of the Faithful. DEFIANCE's biggest (and highest paying) fans scatter as LaCroix lands onto a symphony of shattered steel for the second time tonight. He lets out a scream as Pleasant jumps off the barricade and lands with both knees on top of the champion, who is still laying across steel chairs on concrete. Pleasant then begins chasing fans off and taking steel chairs and throwing them onto Matt LaCroix who is doing his best just to try and cover up as the assault continues.

DDK:

If I were one of the Faithful there, I wouldn't think twice about heading for the hills! This guy's a damn lunatic!

Lance:

You could say that again!

Satisfied with the amount of chairs he has thrown at LaCroix, Pleasant charges towards LaCroix who is rising to his feet. With a foot extended... and NAILS him with a snapping single-leg dropkick!

DDK:

PROVOCATION!

Lance:

LaCroix just got wasted like a GTA kill out amongst the Faithful!

Realizing LaCroix could be unconscious from the Provocation, Pleasant smiles sickeningly towards the crowd. Hopping over the guardrail, Pleasant starts heading towards the ring... and more specifically, the ladder that is inside of it.

DDK:

Oh my God. Arthur could end this thing right here!!

Lance:

And here I thought this guy didn't care about titles and wins. He's about to knock off the damn Favoured Saints Champion!

Sliding underneath the bottom rope like a snail poised to uncoil and strike, Pleasant looks at Carla Ferrari and licks his lips. Then, looking at the ladder, Pleasant goes to start climbing when he notices something out the corner of his eye. Matt LaCroix... is getting to his feet!

Clearly not happy that LaCroix wasn't unconscious, Pleasant baseball slides his way to the outside.

Arthur Pleasant:

Alright, kiddo. You wanna play?! LET'S. FUCKING. PLAY.

LaCroix leans over the guard rail, motioning for Pleasant to come at him. Obliging him, Pleasant races towards him with a lunging clothesline. LaCroix ducks and Pleasant goes soaring over him, spilling harshly onto the concrete in the money seats of the Lakefront Arena!

DDK:

The Louisiana Bloodletter is not done by a longshot! He just took one of Arthur Pleasant's most devastating moves and is back in this thing!

Lance:

And now Arthur is sucking on cement. Haha. Beautiful.

Turning back towards Pleasant, LaCroix guides him back to his feet. Giving him a couple of shots to daze him, LaCroix begins backtracking towards the guardrail, measuring him up in position for a suplex. With zero hesitation, LaCroix lifts Pleasant into the air and CRUSHES his cranium with a nasty brainbuster across the guardrail!

DDK:

OH MY GOD. That was disgusting!

Lance:

Holy f- that was disturbing! Pleasant's crown could be split wide open!

Sure enough, crimson begins flowing down the top of Pleasant's head into the shaved part of his right temple as he lays ringside. Holding the top of his head in clear agony, Pleasant's foot beats the ringside matting as he clutches the wound.

With The Faithful solidly behind their hero, they continue making noise for LaCroix as he follows Pleasant back into the ringside area. With The Faithful solidly behind their hero, they continue making noise for LaCroix as he follows Pleasant back into the ringside area. LaCroix wastes no motion as he sends kicks down onto Pleasant, who can only cover up from the kicks as both of his hands are holding the busted open section of the crown of his head. After about seven or eight stiff kicks, LaCroix stops his onslaught and looks toward the ladder.

DDK:

Now's your chance, Matt!

Lance:

He looks torn. Does he try to win it here or does he continue to take out his lingering frustrations on Arthur Pleasant?

Knowing in his heart of hearts that Pleasant isn't out of this match, he guides him to his feet. Setting him up in a full-nelson, LaCroix measures him up so that he is within a throw's distance to the ring post. Moments later, he suplexes Pleasant back into the ring post, causing him to awkwardly smash the back of his head against the unforgiving steel!

DDK:

AHHHH! GOD!

Lance:

Jesus Mary Mother of GOD!! High Tide right into the friggin' ring post!!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Pleasant is LAUGHING as he holds the back of his head.

DDK:

What the HELL?!

Lance:

Arthur is not human. Any normal human being would be either unconscious or crying out in agony. But Pleasant finds this FUNNY?! Man..

LaCroix looks at the blood spot on the post where Pleasant's head made an impact and then down at the Provocateur himself. Upon seeing him laughing a trigger goes off in LaCroix's brain. He begins sifting underneath the ring apron for something, and moments later he finds it: a nice, shiny, brand new, delicious looking table.

DDK:

Oh God. Don't lower yourself to his level, Matt! You have this thing won!

Lance:

I have to wonder if you are right about that, Deebs. I hope LaCroix doesn't regret this!

Setting it up, LaCroix slaps both of his hands on it to test its durability. Satisfied that the table remains standing, LaCroix turns to pick Pleasant up... but he doesn't have to as the Denizen of Decay is already there, IN HIS FACE, looking at him with blood oozing down his temple and a smile as wide as the night is black. LaCroix nearly goes pale with surprise and astonishment as Pleasant suddenly grabs the Favoured Saints Champion by the back of his head and SLAMS him face first into the table!

Pleasant picks LaCroix up and rolls him into the ring. Looking at the table, Pleasant cackles maniacally before screaming towards his opponent.

Arthur Pleasant:

I see your table... AND RAISE YA ONE!!

Pleasant goes underneath the ring much like LaCroix previously did and withdraws a table of his own. Setting it up, Pleasant places it carefully on top of LaCroix's table, creating a stacked pair! Happy with his construction, Pleasant rolls into the ring. Helping LaCroix the rest of the way to his feet, he tosses him into the ropes. Pleasant looks for a back body drop, but LaCroix counters by clutching Pleasant in a front chancery. Shrugging, he plants the challenger directly on his dome.

DDK:

What a phenomenal DDT!

Lance:

He truly spiked Pleasant on his noggin' there. If he wasn't damaged in the head before... he is now!

Taking a moment to catch his breath after expending a monumental amount of energy fighting on the outside, LaCroix gets to his feet. Looking up at his title dangling from the heavens above, LaCroix backs up to the corner turnbuckle as Pleasant remains on the mat. Pointing his fingers towards the ladder like a gun, he clicks and shoots before charging towards it. In one fluid motion, LaCroix hops to the fourth rung, and moonsaults backwards onto Pleasant.

DDK:

What a picture perfect ladder assisted moonsault by DEFIANCE's First Favoured Saint!!

Lance:

If pinfalls counted in this match, that one might've been a three!

Getting up right after he hits the move, LaCroix forces Pleasant up to his feet. Nailing some knife-edge chops, LaCroix adds some color to Pleasant's pale chest. Boot to the midsection and Pleasant is doubled over. Facing the turnbuckles, LaCroix looks out at the crowd as he positions Pleasant for either a powerbomb or piledriver.

DDK:

He could be looking for the Bourbon Street Bomb here.

The crowd reacts positively as LaCroix lifts Pleasant up for a powerbomb, but instead of slamming him down to the mat, LaCroix charges to the turnbuckles and throws Pleasant so that his spine crashes against them! Before Pleasant can fall to his feet, LaCroix sets him up for another one. This time, however, he faces the ladder. Lifting Pleasant up, he charges towards the ladder and throws Pleasant with reckless abandon into the steel ladder!

Lance:

BACK TO BACK BOURBON STREET BOMBS!!!

DDK:

From the turnbuckles to the ladder, too! Pleasant is in a seriously bad w- wait a minute. Is he laughing AGAIN?!

Pleasant laughs sadistically, almost enjoying the pain surging through his back and head. LaCroix looks bewildered.

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Matt LaCroix:

What in the actual FUCK are you?!

Looking up at the title, LaCroix notices the ladder is still upright and ready to be climbed.

He climbs one rung.

Then another.

And then another.

And yet another. The crowd begins to come unglued again as he ascends a fifth rung!

Lance:

With ten rungs, he's halfway to the tippy top! Which means he really only needs a few more to reach up and grab the championship!

DDK:

Arthur is up again.

Lance:

What?!

DDK:

Arthur.... is up... AGAIN.

Pleasant stands up in between the legs of the ladder and looks slightly upwards at LaCroix. Baiting him, Pleasant goes to grab a foot between the rungs, but LaCroix reaches for Arthur's head in return. That's when Arthur grabs his arm and YANKS LaCroix forward, smashing his face down directly onto the top of the ladder.

Lance:

Ooof! Pleasant baited him and Matt fell for it, hook, line, and sinker.

DDK:

That could be the turning point in this match!

LaCroix goes limp against the ladder as Pleasant climbs the opposite side until his head is directly across from his opponent's. Climbing further, nearly at the title itself, Pleasant measures LaCroix up and flips forward in a sunset flip motion, nailing a flip destroyer piledriver off the top of the ladder to the canvas below!

DDK:

DESTROYER OFF THE TOP OF THE FRIGGIN' LADDER!!!! WHAT THE HELL!!!!

Lance:

Oh my GOD these two are putting it all on the line at DEFCON!!! Universal hatred for Arthur Pleasant aside... THIS is what DEFCON is all about!!!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

The chant transitions into:

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

To no one's surprise, Pleasant is standing on his feet first while LaCroix is seemingly out on his back. Looking down at

the damage done, Pleasant beams with joyous abandon. Grabbing at LaCroix's head, Pleasant sits him up. The Provocateur speeds into the ropes, and on the rebound launches himself off with a nasty looking shining wizard. Sitting LaCroix up again, Pleasant launches himself into the opposite ropes and does the same type of launching shining wizard, but this time to the back of the champion's head.

DDK:

Arthur with the Friends 2 The End, but I don't even know if that was necessary. Matt seems to be unconscious.

Lance:

Yeah, this is academic at this point.

Pleasant is up and climbs to the middle turnbuckle, blowing kisses out at the fans.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

DDK:

Of course Arthur's going to waste time here. Why should I be surprised?

Lance:

Yeah, you know, it's not like it's DEFCON or any- oh wait.

Focusing back on LaCroix, Pleasant motions for him to get up.

Arthur Pleasant:

WE'RE NOT DONE, MATTHEW. WAKY, WAKY, EAT SOME CAKEY!!

As if summoned from the dead, LaCroix sits up, snarling at Pleasant... which actually catches him off guard!

DDK:

Whoa! I think LaCroix just tapped into something DEEP!

Lance:

Even Pleasant looks flustered!

Throwing caution to the wind, LaCroix charges at Pleasant and football tackles him into the ropes, causing both of the competitors to spill to the apron. Both competitors are up, and trading blows! Finally, a boot to the gut doubles over Pleasant and LaCroix ties his arm up in a hammerlock. Then, grabbing him in a front chancery, LaCroix drops beside the apron and SPIKES Pleasant on his head!

DDK:

Widowmaker to the damn APRON!!!!

Lance:

Pleasant is OUT! Go get it, Matt! GO. GET. IT.

With the Faithful willing him on as well, LaCroix slides back into the ring. Arthur clutches the top of his head which seems to have been reopened by the apron assisted Widowmaker. LaCroix is to his feet, but he is hurting. The champion slowly makes his way to the ladder, clutching at his neck and ribs (and if he could his toes), LaCroix makes it to the ladder.

He climbs one rung.

Then a second.

And a third.

Pleasant begins stirring and sits up on the apron, holding his bleeding crown.

LaCroix climbs a fourth rung, but stops.

He looks up and with the Faithful absolutely soaked in the drama they scream for LaCroix to continue to make the climb.

Pleasant rolls himself into the ring.

LaCroix climbs a fifth rung, returning to where his head was bashed into the top of the ladder.

DDK:

From what I can see, two more rungs and he's well within reach of that belt!

Pleasant is up and stumbles towards the ladder. He begins climbing.

Lance:

Climb... CLIMB you bastard!!! Do not let Arthur win this damn match!!

LaCroix climbs to the sixth rung and looks up. He reaches and his hand barely touched the goldm causing it to sway.

Pleasant is at the third rung.

LaCroix climbs to the seventh rung.

The fans SCREAM for LaCroix to reach up and unhook the title.

Pleasant is at the fourth rung.

LaCroix looks up.

Pleasant is at the fifth rung.

LaCroix reaches up to grab the title, but accidentally hits it while fumbling for it.

Pleasant makes it to the sixth rung.

The Favoured Saints Championship sways in Pleasant's direction.

Pleasant reaches up.

Lance:

NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Pleasant grabs it- NO! LaCroix nails Pleasant in the face with a right fist. The title sways back in LaCroix's direction... but Pleasant returns with a left!

Rights and lefts from LaCroix and Pleasant until they both stagger and nearly fall off the ladder.

DDK:

I can't take it anymore. The drama at the top of the ladder is giving me stomach pains!!

Both men hold onto their respective positions and reach up.

Both men have a hand on one side of the leather strap, but the gold buttons needed to be unstrapped are connected

on Arthur's side.

Pleasant lets go.

Lance:

YES!!!! MATT DID-

LaCroix goes to unhook the strap but Pleasant absolutely ROCKS him with a left forearm shot.

DDK:

NO!!!

LaCroix falls to the mat.

The Faithful cry out in desperation.

DDK:

No. Please.

Lance:

Ugh.

Pleasant goes to reach up... but stumbles and falls back! His legs are hooked on the sixth rung as he dangles upside down on his side of the ladder.

The crowd erupts as LaCroix gets up.

DDK:

Do it!!

Lance:

NOW!!!

Pleasant goes to sit up, but LaCroix reaches up and grabs him in position for an inverted suplex. LaCroix peels Pleasant off the ladder like an insect off of a juicy piece of fruit. LaCroix snaps down to the mat with an inverted brainbuster!

DDK:

Coup D'etat! Oh my GOD!

Lance:

Jesus, he just MurderDeathKilled The Provocateur!

Both men are down on the mat as LaCroix begins to feel the wear and tear of this match.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

The chant morphs into:

"THIS IS DEFCON!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

"THIS IS DEFCON!"

Clap, Clap, ClapClapClap.

LaCroix slowly gets up to his own two feet. Looking out at the Faithful, LaCroix nods his head. Then, looking at the title, he starts heading for the ladder again.

DDK:

He has it. Arthur is not moving a muscle.

LaCroix begins his ascent again.

He hops up to the third fourth rung, showing great agility and popping the crowd hard. He climbs a fifth, six, and a seventh.

He reaches up...

...

...

...

...

...

WHAAAAAAAAAACK!!

Lance:

NO!! AARON KING!!! WHERE THE HELL DID HE COME FROM!!

The crowd showers King in boos as he smashes the steel chair across LaCroix's back a second time. Still, LaCroix's anger shines through and he tries to reach up. But a third and final chair shot to the back sends him falling back down to the mat in absolute agony.

The air from the crowd has been let out worse than a flat tire as the reality of the situation comes to the forefront of everyone's minds.

DDK:

Son of a BITCH. Why did I think Arthur wouldn't have the Scourge help him win this?!

Lance:

I dunno, but I think we all forgot about Aaron King low key joining the Scourge a few episodes of UNCUT ago. Which, to be perfectly honest, was probably the intent of that all along.

King throws the chair away and the half-charred looking former Gulf Coast Connection member makes his way towards Pleasant. Smacking Pleasant in the face a few times, he seemingly brings The Provocateur back to the realm of the living, sort of speak. Helping him up, King motions towards the championship that's hanging above them both. Pleasant shakes his head, though.

Then he looks towards the stacked tables.

Arthur Pleasant:

Time to go ALL IN. Hahaha.

Aaron King removes himself from the ring and begins sorting through whatever is underneath the ring

DDK:

Oh sweet Jesus, what are they doing?!

Lance:

I don't know but... this is bad. REAL bad.

Pleasant smiles at King... who pulls out a red canister with yellow tubing at the top.

DDK:

NO!!

Lance:

NOT THIS GARBAGE!!

Aaron King hops up onto the apron and then onto the mid steel cabling between the post and the turnbuckle and just begins dumping gasoline across the top of the stack. Pleasant meanwhile, grabs the steel chair that Aaron King used on LaCroix and starts bashing it across LaCroix's arms, ribs, shoulders, and legs.

The fans utterly lose their collective shit on Arthur Pleasant.

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

FUCK YOU, PLEAS-ANT! Clap Clap Clapclapclap

DDK:

Yeah, I feel the same ladies and gents. Believe me.

Lance:

Oh NOW what is he doing?!

As soon as King empties the rest of the gas container he tosses it away. He then reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a cheap lighter you could buy at the counter of a gas station. With the flick of his thumb, the flame emerges. Locking it into place, King throws it onto the tables, watching the fire whoosh from the top all the way to the bottom. Then, looking back at LaCroix, King nods his head.

Pleasant tosses away the steel chair and tries to bring LaCroix to his feet, but the The Reaper of the Pontchartrain falls somewhat lifelessly to the mat. Pleasant laughs hysterically at this as the fans in attendance continue to let him have it. Some are even throwing trash.

"THIS IS GAR-BAGE!"

Clap Clap Clapclapclap

"THIS IS GAR-BAGE!"

Clap Clap Clapclapclap

Pleasant brings LaCroix more forcefully to his feet and slaps him across the face with malicious disregard. He does this again. And again. And again. Pleasant then spits in LaCroix's face before bringing him over to the corner turnbuckles closest to the wooden inferno. King climbs to the top rope, ready for LaCroix.

But as Pleasant goes to slap him again, LaCroix catches his arm.

LaCroix's face is full of fucking rage.

DDK:

YES!!!

Lance:

YES!!

LaCroix headbutts Pleasant so hard that, along with Pleasant going down to the canvas, he busts himself open just above his eyebrow. Turning around, LaCroix sees Aaron King perched on the top rope like a deer caught in the headlights. Bleeding, LaCroix smirks at King, who looks absolutely terrified. Then, hopping up to the second turnbuckle, LaCroix positions himself underneath King for a suplex.

Lifting him upwards, LaCroix **THROWS** Aaron King with a throwing release vertical suplex into the fiery inferno that's blazing from the stacked tables!!

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

The wreckage is a sight to behold as DEFmed frantically sprint from the back to put out whatever flames were still lit after Aaron King's entire body was thrown into the veritable pit of hell. Smoke rises from the wood as Aaron King yells out in absolute agony. LaCroix looks awestruck at his own actions as he witnesses the destruction of Aaron King and the DEFmed team do their best to help Aaron King with possible skin trauma after such a horrific landing.

DDK:

I think Aaron King's a piece of garbage for helping Pleasant, an even **BIGGER** piece of garbage... but that did not need to happen. Aaron King might be even more burned than he was after Pleasant lit him on fire. He might have only himself to blame but... man... I don't even-

Lance:

TURN AROUND, MATT!!

Pleasant, through all of the chaos on the outside, has begun ascending the ladder once again.

He climbs to the third rung.

Then the fourth.

Then the fifth.

DDK:

No, no, no, no, NO!!!!

Lance:

Not like this!!!!

But LaCroix is not having it as he instinctively turns around, picks up the steel chair, and **WHACKS** Pleasant across the back with it, stopping him from climbing completely.

The fans **ERUPT** as LaCroix smashes and smashes Pleasant across his back until the Composer of Chaos is down on the mat. Hovering over Pleasant, LaCroix bends down and spits in Pleasant's face.

Matt LaCroix:

You wanna surprise, Arthah? I gotchu one!

Dropping the steel chair, LaCroix rolls to the outside furthest from the wreckage and DEFmed team and scours underneath the ring apron like Pleasant and Aaron King previously did.

DDK:

Is that-

Lance:

-a straight jacket?!

The Faithful once again erupt into a prolonged frenzy as they realize that it is indeed a straight jacket.

Sliding into the ring, LaCroix unhooks the white straps of the straight jacket and slides Pleasant's arms into it.

DDK:

Damn! It looks like he's been practicing at that!

Finally getting Arthur into it, LaCroix hooks the straps tight behind him, locking him into place. LaCroix wipes the blood that has been pouring out from the accidentally self-inflicted wound from the head-butt and looks up at the championship. Pleasant looks up at it too and begins laughing. LaCroix motions "*After you.*" to Pleasant, knowing full-well that he can't do anything at this point. Pleasant gets to his feet and races helplessly over to the ladder.

DDK:

This... this is great.

Lance:

How about that? A natural fit.

LaCroix makes his way over to the ladder as well and begins climbing. Pleasant ascends as well, cackling like a fucking madman the entire time. LaCroix shakes his head at Pleasant as he ascends all the way to the seventh rung.

Reaching up, LaCroix looks at Pleasant.

Still laughing.

LaCroix places his hands on the Favoured Saints Championship as Pleasant struggles helplessly in the straight jacket atop the ladder.

LaCroix flips off Pleasant with his free hand while pulling down the championship.

The crowd goes batshit as the bell finally sounds.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of this match...

*"AND STILLLLLLLLLLL"***Darren Quimbey:**

... and STILL DEFIANCE Wrestling's Favoured Saints Champion... MAAAAAAAAAATT LACROOOIIIIIX

Lance:

I cannot believe what we just witnessed. That was pretty much beyond anything I thought it would be. And, is it me, or is that a first for a ladder match where the ladder remained standing almost the ENTIRE time?! Unbelievable!

DDK:

That's for sure. I mean, we all knew the ladder match would play into Arthur's game of violence, but never did I imagine we'd see half of the stuff we just saw in that match. And for the love of GOD, is Aaron King still alive?!

Before Lance can respond, DEFmed have hoisted King up on a gurney and begun wheeling him out of the arena. Meanwhile, LaCroix continues to stand atop the ladder with the Favoured Saints Championship draped proudly over his shoulder... as he stares into the evil eyes of the straight jacket adorned Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant just might be the sickest man I have ever seen. He may have lost the "match", but... this guy isn't going away anytime soon, I fear.

DDK:

More importantly, Matt LaCroix just earned himself a shot at DEFIANCE Wrestling's coveted Southern Heritage Championship! Though he may not have wanted to get here the way he did with his previous title defences, it's important to remember the trials and tribulations that Arthur put him through.

Lance:

Absolutely, Keebs. NOBODY can deny the sheer grit and fortitude it took for Matt LaCroix to not only SURVIVE Arthur's games... but to WIN in the endgame at DEFCON as well.

The final shot from this scene is Matt LaCroix descending from the ladder with his championship gold, and Arthur Pleasant remaining on top in his straight jacket, empty handed.

NO HOLDS BARRED: HENRY KEYES vs. REZIN (DEFCON)

DDK:

Coming up next, fans, we have one of the most highly anticipated matches of this monumental DEFCON event... the ultimate "punk rock" showdown between "The Escape Artist" REZIN and "The Airship Pirate" HENRY KEYES!

Lance:

I'm excited, Keebs... we're finally going to see these two go at!

DDK:

Same here, Lance! This has been brewing ever since DEFIANCE Road, when Rezin scored the pinfall on Keyes, earning a hard-fought victory for the Kabal over some of the greatest DEFIAANTS to ever grace the ring.

DDK:

Indeed, and yet in spite of that short-coming, Keyes has been determined to settle the score, and has displayed what can only be called a heroic amount of patience as he endured Rezin's insane antics week after week.

DDK:

Will tonight be the steampunk superstar's chance at redemption, or will the nefarious "Goat Bastard" deny him the chance? Let's go to the ring and find out!

The lights fade out...

♪ *"Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima" by Krzysztof Penderecki* ♪

As atonal, dreadful music blares through the PA, the DEFIAtron blurs through a series of flash cuts showing several images depicting scenes of chaos: Mushroom clouds, burning buildings, time-lapse footage of decaying animals, people rioting in the streets.

Then all at once, the music and footage cut, leaving the Lakefront Arena in blackened silence.

Through the void, feedback fades in...

♪ *"I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores.* ♪

Flood lamps light up the stage, revealing the entry-way obscured within a cloud of billowing SMOKE. The silhouette of a man struts through the haze, and the moment the riff hits like a gutshot, the house lights pop on to reveal REZIN, flanked by two streams of wet black sludge cascading down the DEFIAtron and pooling around his feet.

"LET'S SEE HOW LOW I CAN GOOOOOO!"

"I'M GONNA SINK THIS SHIP DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!"

"EVERYONE ALREADY KNOOOOWS!"

"STAND BACK! WATCH ME DROWN! DROWN! DROWN!"

DDK:

Ugh... who is going to clean that mess up!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following is a no holds barred contest set for one fall! Introducing first, REAP-resenting the Kabal... he hails from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighs in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is the ESCAPE ARTIST... RRRREEEEEEZZZZIIIIIIINNNNN!!!

Rezin at the top of the ramp for several moments, grinning with sinister intent as he scans over the jeering Faithful and soaks in the hate. He then takes his first step down the ramp...

And slips in the sludge.

Lance:

Whoops!

Before he can react, Rezin is sent careening headfirst out of control down the slime-soaked rampway like a Slip-n-slide.

"I'VE SEEN ALL I WANT TO BE NOW!

"I'VE LISTENED TO THE LIES!

"LORD I'M READY TO TAKE MY PLACE!

"SMEARED OUT ACROSS THE SKY!"

He eventually skids to a stop at ringside and groggily gets to his feet. He sees that he's now covered head to toe in sticky black tar, and his scowl finds the camera as the Faithful enjoy a good laugh at his expense.

"UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN LANGUAGE!

"UNSEEN BY PRYING EYES!

"SAIL OUT INTO THE DARKNESS!

"I'M FINALLY ALIVE!!"

Nonplussed, but not about to let his day be ruined, Rezin slaps his chest a few times and accepts it.

Rezin:

FUGGIT, I DON'T CARE!! I am ONE with the filth! Still cleaner than YOU SCUM!!

Lance:

Keebs, is it "punk rock" to wrestle a match slathered in tar?

DDK:

I don't know, but I do know it's damn disgusting.

Rezin slowly walks a lap around the ring, milking every minute he can out of the song while staring down the ringside Faithful and stoking as much heat as he can. The fans boo and jeer with contempt, but it only seems to add fire to the unstable glint in his bulging eyes.

"YOU DON'T WANNA TOUCH MY SKIN!

"YOU CAN SEE IT ALL, UNCLEAN!

"YES I KNOW THEY LOVE A WINNER!

"YES I KNOW I CAN BE SO MEAN!

"I NEVER LEARNED THE LANGUAGE!

"FOREVER AN AMPUTEE!

"ROLL ME OUT INTO THE WATER!

"I SINK! I'M GONE! I'M FREEEEE!!"

Rezin finally slides under the ropes and crawls on his hands and knees to the center of the ring, where he proceeds to somersault to his feet and snarls into the crowd with his arms outstretched in the classic J-C pose. The Faithful give him what for...

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

What an absolutely repulsive human being...

Lance:

You're right about that, Keebs. But you can't deny that he radiates a certain kind of charisma.

DDK:

Makes you wonder what could've happened if Keyes chose a different path when Rezin challenged him to the Gang War! Not to mention - those guys are better musicians than they are dancers!

Lance:

We mentioned this before, but it's worth saying again - I don't know how many wrestlers in DEFIANCE could have exercised the amount of restraint shown by Keyes over the last few months. He made it clear on the very FIRST DEFtv after DEFIANCE Road, all he wanted was a one-on-one scrum with Rezin!

DDK:

And typical of the Kabal, when they have something you want? They're never going to let you have it, at least not easily! Pardon my French, but Rezin has really become The Bullshit Artist in my mind. Keyes stepped up week after week, and it was never enough for Rezin!

Lance:

But you can't keep a Pirate from his booty forever, and I suspect we're about to see a WAR!

DING DING

Keyes and Rezin take powerful strides towards each other - Keyes reaches back to deliver an immediate big right, but before he can swing forward, Rezin simply smears his tar-covered hand down Keyes' face, neck, and chest, leaving a big black stripe.

OHHHHHHHHH!

Rezin cackles at this and ducks a wild haymaker from Keyes, following up with a couple of quick peppering jabs! Keyes accepts these blows and barrels forward like a dad, mad at his misbehaving puppy, and grabs Rezin by the scruff! He throws Rezin into the corner!

Lance:

Keyes is LAYING INTO REZIN here, and listen to the crowd erupt!

DDK:

This is LOOOOOONG overdue!

After a series of rights and lefts to the abdomen, Keyes wraps up Rezin's head and drops him with a running bulldog! Before either man can get vertical, Keyes sinks in deeper and grabs a rear naked choke! Rezin is bug-eyed as he frantically kicks his legs out, finally slipping through Keyes' grasp (likely with the aid of that tar, which is now all over Keyes' arms). Rezin scrambles to his feet quickly and throws a thrust kick at Keyes, who dodges and grabs Rezin's extended leg, flipping him up in the air! Rezin SOMEHOW lands on his feet, only to crash to the ground when Keyes delivers a thunderous lariat! Keyes goes for a quick cover, but Rezin escapes at one.

DDK:

Keyes is just SMACKING Rezin here, but he's a slippery little noodle!

Lance:

...hey Keebs.

DDK:

Yeah?

Lance:

Looking at Rezin right now, would you say he's...squid ink pasta?

DDK:

...hey Lance.

Lance:

Yeah?

DDK:

Squid Ink Pasta is the most Punk Rock pasta I can possibly imagine.

Rezin is clearly a little dazed here, and Keyes ragdolls him around by the head and neck a bit before locking in an Abdominal Stretch! Rezin shakes his head frantically!

Rezin:

TAPPING OUT ISN'T PUNK ROCK!

Henry Keyes:

IT'S OVER, REZIN! I HAVE THE HIGH GROUND!

Rezin's eyes go WIDE at this comment in disbelief as he cranks his neck towards Keyes' face to confirm he heard him right. Keyes uses his free right arm to grasp Rezin in the ribcage HARD, squeezing with all his might, and Rezin's agony is apparent on his face before he shakes his head again and regains a frenetic composure.

Rezin:

YOU UNDERESTIMATE MY POWER!

Rezin SOMEHOW finds the leverage and hip-pivot angle to sling Keyes forward and plant him on his back. Rezin clutches his ribs for the briefest moment before mounting Keyes' chest and throwing sharp right hands straight to the mush! Keyes weathers the blows as best he can before shoving Rezin off.

Lance:

These two came out the gate HOT! Both are eager to prove they are the better man in this battle!

DDK:

I've got to point out here - these men have been punking each other out week after week after week. Mindgames GALORE, Lance, and they definitely aren't stopping now!

Lance:

There was a while there where I thought MAYBE the whole Punk Wars thing was all a goof, but Rezin and Keyes are attacking each other with FEROCITY! It's clear to me that if this was ever a joke, these two men aren't in on it!

Rezin goes for a speedy lock-up as the two men regain their balance, and Keyes quickly slips behind and locks in a Full Nelson! Keyes uses his significant size and strength advantage to really cinch in the hold - Carla Ferrari asks Rezin how he's doing, and Rezin just spits an awful glob in her face to a smattering of boos. Ferrari stumbles backwards and signals to the timekeeper to get her a towel to clear this awful sludgy goop out of her face - meanwhile, Keyes has lifted Rezin while holding onto the Full Nelson and begins swinging him around!

"RAHHHHHH!!"

After a dozen swings, Keyes brings him back to earth, still grasping onto that Full Nelson submission hold. Ferrari has regained her vision, though her face is noticeably grosser than it was before.

Henry Keyes:

DON'T TRY IT!

Rezin's right leg snaps back...

"BOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

Rezin with the LOW BLOW! That BASTARD!!

Lance:

That was out of pure desperation! But unfortunately, it's perfectly legal in a no holds barred match!

Keyes, stunned, drops to his knees in agony, and after shaking out his shoulders and neck, Rezin capitalizes with a few blatant punches to the temple to put him the rest of the way to the mat. Back on his feet, the snarling Goat Bastard follows up with some punishing stomps boot Keyes around the ring.

DDK:

And now the tide is turning as Rezin puts the boots to Henry Keyes, and the Airship Pirate can only cover up at this point!

Lance:

Rezin can be absolutely relentless in these situations!

DDK:

Rezin finally reaches down and grabs Keyes by the head, and throws him over the bottom rope... and now he's blatantly CHOKING HIM as he pushes down with both legs into the back!

Lance:

A rope break can't save Henry Keyes from this predicament!

Keyes' legs kick frantically as Rezin holds onto the top rope for leverage. The Goat Bastard wears a dastardly grin as he taunts the ringside Faithful. Finally Keyes pushes with all his strength to knock the fiend from his back, but is left lying there exposed as he tries to catch his breath.

DDK:

Keyes forces his way out, but Rezin isn't going to let him! He pulls Keyes into position, hooks the leg... and posts his OWN legs up on the second rope as he makes the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Keyes POWERS OUT once again, but Rezin didn't make it easy!

Lance:

Rezin is taking full advantage of the stipulations at this point. And that makes him doubly dangerous.

Rezin gets to his feet first and catches the winded Henry Keyes with a knee strike to the temple before picking him and dumping him into the corner. The Goat Bastard proceeds to lay into him with wild rights and lefts, cackling with every blow.

DDK:

Rezin now has Keyes trapped in the corner, barraging him with a flurry of punches with now end! Henry finally shoves him right off... but Rezin rolls to his feet and POUNCES on him yet again before he can get out of there!

Lance:

Without rope breaks, he's constantly putting Henry into situations where he's been forced to expend valuable strength to break loose. That could seriously affect his chances at victory as this match goes on.

DDK:

Henry Keyes, still taking those lefts and rights... but wait, he reaches up and grabs Rezin by the THROAT, and WALKS to the middle of the ring... DOUBLE-HAND CHOKESLAM by the Airship Pirate, finally giving himself a second to breathe!

Rezin hits the mat HARD and takes a roll in the direction of the ropes. Keyes sees his chance to turn this around as he crawls after Rezin, who in turn is crawling to the edge of the ring, still lost in a daze. Rezin gets ahold of the bottom rope... but Keyes snatches his foot. The Faithful cheer!

Lance:

Rezin was feeling the momentum turn and tried to get out of the ring, but he's going to have a hard time now!

DDK:

Henry Keyes, brimming with determination, taking ahold of BOTH legs and gets back to his feet! He's trying to pull Rezin back, but the Goat Bastard has a hold on that bottom rope in a death grip!

Lance:

The Escape Artist can't get away from this one as--oh, WAIT!

DDK:

Rezin suddenly RELEASES the bottom rope, and the unsuspecting Henry Keyes inadvertently pulls him into a wheelbarrow! And Rezin ROLLS FORWARD! Clever reversal!

The momentum dumps Keyes into the ropes, but before he can get his balance back, Rezin wrangles him around the head and shoulders, hops over the ropes to the apron, and locks on a leg scissor through the ropes...

DDK:

My God... Rezin with the CABRO CLUTCH using the ROPES for assistance! Henry Keyes is in a horrible place now!

Lance:

It's going to be even more difficult to power his way out of this one! Best he can do is fight it and hang in there as long as he can!

Keyes clenches his fist as he tries to fight the hold, but Rezin squeezes even harder and pulls him back further over the top rope. After what seems like forever, Keyes looks to be slipping away... but the Faithful refuse to let it happen.

"HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!!"

DDK:

The Faithful are coming ALIVE tonight in the Lakefront Arena, trying to rouse the Airship Pirate back into this match!

Lance:

And I think it's working!

Keyes' body starts trembling with energy as he again shows signs of life. He forces himself out of the body scissor, and Rezin's face whips around in sudden anxiety as he realizes he's losing control. Thinking quick, he pulls Henry over to the turnbuckle and steps up the ropes...

DDK:

Rezin's got something planned here... he's coming over the ropes, right into a CABRO CLUTCH BULLDOG to force Henry Keyes face first into the canvas!

Lance:

Oof... that completely killed the crowd. But the Goat Bastard loves to disappoint.

DDK:

That could be it as Rezin rolls Keyes onto his back and hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--KICKOUT at the last moment by Henry Keyes! The Airship Pirate is still in the match, but Rezin has managed to remain firmly in control!

Lance:

Thanks greatly in part to quick thinking and resourcefulness... and a bit of dirty wrestling thrown in there. The question now is, does Henry Keyes have enough gas in the tank to catch up with this high-energy opponent?

Rezin, still firing on all cylinders, rolls to his feet and goes to the corner to position himself to the top rope as Keyes recovers. Henry gets to his feet, and turns around right into a Missile Dropkick that hits him like a bullet to the chest! The Escape Artist quickly jumps onto an arm...

DDK:

BIG Missile Dropkick puts Keyes down, and here's Rezin capitalizing with... LA MAGISTRAL!

ONE!!

TWO!!

NO!! Keyes powers out of yet another pin attempt!

Lance:

And now Rezin is no longer wearing that nasty grin, as he looks annoyed at Henry Keyes' will to fight on!

Rezin verbally berates Keyes as he tugs him back to his feet, putting a couple right hands right to the forehead. The last shot BUSTS open Keyes' brow... and the Airship Pirate responds in kind with a BIG right hand of his own! The fans pop hard!

DDK:

Keyes took an ugly shot there, and now blood has been shed, but he is FIGHTING BACK with a hook that sends Rezin twirling!

Lance:

This could be his chance to turn it around!

DDK:

Keyes running in with a LEFT haymaker--NO!! Rezin ducks down and takes him by the waist... LIFTS HIM UP...

GOOD GOD, KRYPTONITE KRUNCH stops Henry Keyes momentum DEAD!!

Lance:

Ouch... so close, and all he got for it was being dropped on his head!

DDK:

That may very well do it as Rezin again makes the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! KEYES KICKED OUT AGAIN!! Rezin cannot believe it!

The Faithful are screaming wildly as Rezin gets back to his feet and paces the ring, screaming back like an enraged hobo while he tussles restlessly with his unkempt skullet. He reels up as Henry Keyes slowly works his way back to his feet.

DDK:

Rezin is almost unhinged now, but he's ready to end it... Keyes back up as Rezin comes forward with the CLOVEN HOOF KICK--no, KEYES CATCHES HIM BY THE LEG!!

The Lakefront Arena POPS HARD as Rezin's eyes BULGE and Keyes uses his free hand to wave his finger in the classic "NO" gesture.

Lance:

Nope... Henry Keyes says that's not gonna happen!

DDK:

Keyes twirls Rezin around... but MISSES on the spinning back elbow! Rezin hooks him around the head--INTO THE VOOOIII--NO!! Keyes STOPS HIM on the descent and reverses with a HUUUUGE BACKBREAKER!!

The fans are going wild as Rezin knee-walks across the ring, croaking in agony. He instinctively goes for the corner, and kicks Keyes off of him with a mule kick as the Airship Pirate tries to grab him again.

DDK:

Rezin is desperate to get away at this point... he's going up the turnbuckle, but Keyes is waiting! Rezin... off the top with the REZINRANA... and Keyes CATCHES HIM ON HIS SHOULDERS!!

Lance:

I think the Airship has left the station!

DDK:

Keyes THROWS Rezin back onto the top rope... now HE'S going up!

Rezin throws shots to knock him back, but a HEADBUTT by Keyes leaves him stunned. Keyes grabs him around the waist, and lightbulbs flash through the entire Lakefront Arena as the Airship Pirate tosses the Escape Artist ridiculously high through the air. Rezin hits the mat and bounces off the canvas, limps thrashing wildly, before landing in a broken heap.

DDK:

CCCLOOOOOCCCCCKKKWWOORRRKK!!! MY GOD, Rezin was thrown by that belly-to-belly suplex into some SERIOUS elevation!

Lance:

That was absolutely DEVASTATING! The Escape Artist got ancy, and now he's paying the price for it!

Keyes works up the crowd as Rezin continues flopping around on the canvas, struggling to find his way back to his feet. Using the ropes, he eventually pulls himself back up and wobbles for a few moments. He turns to face his opponent and snaps awake at the very last moment when he sees Keyes coming at him with arms outstretched...

Rezin:

AAHHH!!

CLAP~~!!

DDK:

NOOO, Rezin just BARELY DUCKS the BELLCLAP~!

Lance:

That was a ridiculously last minute reaction! Rezin is fortunate that Henry Keyes needs to wind up for that fatal blow, otherwise he wouldn't have had that split second to get out of the way!

DDK:

Rezin rolled out of the ring to escape, and now... wait... where is he going?!

Angrily waving his arms in a recognizable "I'm Finished" gesture, Rezin stumbles around the ring and begins walking back up the rampway to the back. In the ring, Keyes watches him leave in disbelief while Carla Ferrari begins the ten count.

"BOOOOOOO!!!"

Lance:

I think he's had enough, Keebs! And he's not interested in sticking around to give Keyes the satisfaction of besting him in a one-on-one contest!

DDK:

I can't believe this... after ALL of those bizarre challenges, ALL the antics, and ALL the speeches, Rezin is just chickening out of the match!

Lance:

I guess he wouldn't be called "The Escape Artist" if he didn't find ways to escape a beatdown!

Scowling angrily, Rezin ignores the jeering fans as he continues up the ramp, being pelted by trash and popcorn by the enraged ringside Faithful. The Airship Pirate almost just as stubbornly shakes his head, not allowing his foe to slink off so easily. He cups his hands around his mouth and throws his head back.

Henry Keyes:

YOU'RE! NOT! PUNK! ROCK!!

...

YOU'RE! NOT! PUNK! ROCK!!

...

The Faithful quickly catch on.

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!”

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

The chant gets louder and louder... and finally, Rezin stops in his tracks right outside the curtain...

DDK:

THAT got his attention!

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!”

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

Slowly, Rezin turns around and glares across the capacity crowd, cheering hate upon him in unison. Then his scowl finds Henry Keyes, beckoning him back into the ring.

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

“YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!”

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

Then the Goat Bastard snaps...

Rezin:

...OH YEAH?! YOU WANNA SEE PUNK ROCK?!

DDK:

HE'S COMING BACK TO THE RING!

Lance:

Looks like we're going to see this showdown after all! I guess if there's one thing the Escape Artist CAN'T escape from, it's his ego!

The crowd POPS as Rezin begins stomping his way back down to the ring, screaming “I’LL SHOW YOU WHAT’S PUNK ROCK!” at the top of his lungs. Keyes stops Carla from counting as she reaches eight and even holds open the ropes. Rezin, still bellowing and sputtering like a stark raving lunatic, obligingly steps through. Both men take places across from each other in the ring and raise their fists...

Rezin:

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT'S PUNK--*BLEGHK!!*

Keyes shuts Rezin up with a combo of jabs and an uppercut to the face, and the Goat Bastard goes down to a tremendous crowd pop. He almost immediately rolls back to his feet on pure muscle memory, but his gaze is completely empty as he staggers in a daze.

DDK:

Rezin got his BELL RUNG after those shots, as he can barely keep his guard up!

Lance:

I think Henry busted his NOSE open!

DDK:

You're right, Lance! Carla Ferrari checks on the damage, but has to DUCK out of the way as the disoriented Rezin throws a series of sloppy punches at the first person he sees!

Annoyed, the official twirls Rezin around and pushes him back into Henry Keyes' direction. Keyes swings a big right hook, but the Goat Bastard instinctively deflects it and fires back with lightning fast jabs of his own that catch the Airship Pirate off guard.

DDK:

And now REZIN gets in some shots, and Henry Keyes falls into the corner! He wasn't expecting that!

Lance:

Neither were we, but Rezin is returning the fight!

Grinning ear to ear, Rezin thumb-swipes his nose a couple times and beckons Keyes back onto his feet. Henry can't help but grin himself as he pulls himself up and puts up his guard. Both men circle each other for a moment with the crowd cheering wildly...

DDK:

And both men TEAR INTO EACH OTHER with a STORM of rights and lefts!

Lance:

This No Holds Barred match has turned into a full-blown DONNYBROOK of epic proportions!

The ironclad fists of Henry Keyes eventually win over as Rezin falls into the ropes, but the Airship Pirate keeps him from falling out of the ring. Instead, he lays into the Goat Bastard's chest with PROPELLOR-EDGE CHOPS. The force causes Rezin's legs to kick wildly in the air.

DDK:

Henry Keyes is damn near knocking Rezin's HEAD OFF with those chops... and one BIG LAST chop to the fast sends Rezin OVER the top rope--and his HEAD gets trapped between the ropes!

Choking and sputtering in panic, Rezin's legs comically kick around on the apron as the top and middle ropes clamp down around his neck. Henry obligingly flips him back over the ropes and takes him around the waist...

DDK:

BIG SIDE SUPLEX!!

Keyes keeps hold as he gets to his feet again...

DDK:

TOWERING VERTICAL SUPLEX!!

The Airship Pirate STILL keeps hold as the Faithful, popping out of their seats, cheer him on in a deafening roar...

DDK:

RELEASED GERMAN SUPLEX, and Rezin got FLUNG across the ring like a RAGDOLL thrown out of a moving AIRSHIP!

"HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!! HEN-RY!!"

Keyes takes a moment to stand up and pose for the crowd, who are absolutely electric! Rezin flounders around on the canvas in a complete daze as he struggles to find the ropes. The Airship Pirate redirects his attention to him again, and eagerly waits for him to get up.

DDK:

Henry Keyes is proving himself to be a FORCE to be reckoned with in toe-to-toe fisticuffs! Rezin is seeing STARS right now!

Lance:

More like black holes!

DDK:

The Faithful are firmly behind the Airship Pirate, as he calls for Rezin to get back to his feet! He's ready to finish this here and now! Rezin is in a completely different WORLD as he tries to get to his feet using the ropes, and just FALLS OVER again!

Lance:

Henry knocked him all the way back to 4/20 last week!

DDK:

Rezin trying to get up again... finally up, he turns around--Keyes MOVING IN--Rezin DUCKS--

SMACK!

DDK:

CLOOOOOVVVEEEENNHOOOFFF KICK!!! WHERE THE HELL DID THAT COME FROM?!

Keyes goes out like a light and falls over onto his back like a felled tree, and Rezin likewise splats face-first onto the canvas, completely spent. With both men motionless on the mat for several moments, the crowd begins brimming in volume to cheer them on.

DDK:

This match almost ended in a bust, but somehow became the ultimate punk rock slugfest! And now the Faithful are doing what they can to rouse both men into settling this feud for once and for all!

Lance:

It's going to take everything they have! So much energy has been expended up to this point, and now they're fighting on reserves!

Rezin begins pushing himself up, looking around confused as though unaware that he's in a wrestling match. Keyes rolls onto a side, gritting his teeth through the pain, and flashes his determined gaze to the Goat Bastard as he fights to get back up.

DDK:

Rezin getting up... Keyes getting up... the Escape Artist on his feet FIRST as he goes to meet Keyes--and the Airship Pirate STOPS HIM with heavy body blows!

Keyes punches the ribs of Rezin with the force of engine pistons. The Escape Artist drops to his knees, face filled with agony, as the Airship Pirate rises up to his feet, face filled with conviction.

DDK:

Keyes winding back with the right... but Rezin BLOCKS at the last second, and wraps him under the arm! Keyes with the LEFT--ALSO blocked by Rezin's free arm, and he wraps that up as well!

Dripping in sweat and blood, both men dance around the ring, struggling for leverage as they growl and snarl into each other's face. The Faithful are SCREAMING! Finally, Keyes twists himself around and reverses the hooks...

DDK:

GORY SPECIAL!!

Lance:

This is something we haven't seen before in Henry Keyes!

DDK:

Carla Ferrari is looking for the signal, but Rezin is REFUSING to give in!

Rezin is frantically shaking his head, somewhere between cackling in insanity and screaming in agony. It's like he's used to the pain.

Rezin:

I CAN DO THIS ALL NIGHT, HEN'RY KEEYYEESS!! I'LL NEVER LET YOU BEAT ME!! *NOBODY* CAN BEAT ME!!

Lance:

Keyes is already at the point of exhaustion! How long can he keep this hold in place before the Escape Artist breaks free?

DDK:

Where does Henry Keyes go from here?!

Keyes thinks... and backs his way to the corner. Rezin sees he has a place for footing, and kicks out...

Lance:

No, Henry... you're too close to the corner! He's going to--

Rezin's feet catch the second turnbuckle, and he pushes off to ROLL out of the Gory Special and drops to the mat right in front of Keyes...

DDK:

HE ESCAPED!

...whose arms are still outstretched.

Rezin:

HAHAAA--BLEGHK!!!

CLAP~~~!!!!!!

DDK:

BBBEEEELLLLLLLCCCCLLLLAAAPPP~~~!!!

Lance:

HE FINALLY GOT IT!

An ear-splitting pop rings out through the Lakefront Arena, immediately followed by a near deafening one as the Faithful jump to their feet, cheering ecstatically! Rezin's eyes roll back into his head as he stiffens up like a board, rolls back onto his head, stays in a perfect headstand position for several seconds, before collapsing into a heap in the very center of the ring. Henry Keyes, overwhelmed with exhaustion, likewise collapses across the chest.

DDK:

KEYES with the PIN!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREEEEE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

The Lakefront Arena EXPLODES with cheering and jubilation as Keyes rolls off of Rezin's chest.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...HENRYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!!!!

Lance:

My god, what an absolute BATTLE between these two men! There is no question that there were a number of moments where this match could have gone either man's way, but in the end, Henry Keyes persevered just long enough and his ultimate weapon, that world-renowned BELL CLAP, sealed the deal!

Keyes gets to his feet and stumbles to a ring corner, soaked in sweat, blood, and tar, and clearly exhausted. He looks out to the crowd and gives a big double-thumbs up to the Faithful, sharing in this big love fest with a look of deep relief on his face, a long-held burden finally lifted.

DDK:

LOOK OUT, HENRY!

Sensing someone behind him, Keyes twirls around... and Rezin is there, eyes wide and wild. He's removed his studded belt, which he now brandishes in his hand. Henry hesitates to see what the Goat Bastard's next move is...

...and rather than attack, Rezin drops to a knee, and holds the belt out. The Faithful CHEER!!

DDK:

...what is going on?!

Lance:

If I had to guess, Keebs, I'd say Rezin is formally giving Henry Keyes the title of the most PUNK ROCK wrestler in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Well, it may be a rather unusual gesture, but apparently even the Goat Bastard has a code of respect! And I'd say

after that brawl, Henry Keyes has earned it in droves!

In another world, a wrestler in this position might have looked around to the crowd for their approval or input, but in this moment and in this world, Keyes locks eyes with Rezin hard, unflinching, as if he's trying to look into his very brain stem. A grin crosses his face, and he accepts the belt from Rezin to raucous applause from the crowd! Rezin turns to leave the ring and give the moment to Keyes... but a sharp whistle catches his attention. He turns around to see Henry... EXTENDING THE HAND!

DDK:

Keyes is AGAIN OFFERING THE HANDSHAKE!

Lance:

Is that wise? Last time he offered his hand to Rezin out of respect, he took a shot to the jewels! If I were him, I'd be happy just taking the belt and the win and the satisfaction that comes with it!

DDK:

That may be the case, but Henry Keyes' honor is unquestionable, and he's tipping the hat to an opponent that gave him a hard-fought challenge, and the opportunity to redeem himself! Even if he IS the lowly Goat Bastard, Keyes is courageous and willing enough to forgive and forget!

Rezin GLARES at the open hand like it was a venomous snake. His head whips around as he looks into the crowd, cheering him on in earnest. He flutters around, unable to make a decision, one part of him wanting to say "screw it" and leave, and a more curious part of him wanting to take it up.

Lance:

Is he going to go for it? Can Rezin actually perform a friendly gesture?

Tentatively, he creeps toward Keyes, who is standing like a beaming golden statue. His fingers flutter restlessly as he reaches out... and clasps the HAND...

And immediately finds himself involuntarily twisting around, clapping, shaking, and knuckle-bumping in tandem with Keyes. His face is filled with abject surprise and confusion as he loses control of his body. The Faithful POP HARD once again!

DDK:

IT'S THE SPECIAL HANDSHAKE!!

Both men go through the motions, ending with Keyes raising his hand UP HIGH! Rezin ALMOST caps it off...

...until his unbelted pants fall around his ankles and trip him to the canvas, He rolls dizzily through the ropes to the ringside and scrambles to his feet, absolutely stunned as to what just happened.

DDK:

HOW DID HE EVEN KNOW HOW TO DO THAT?!

Lance:

I don't know, Keebs! Even REZIN looks surprised! But when anybody can do the HANDSHAKE with Henry Keyes, you know there's a special connection between these two!

DDK:

I guess that means Henry Keyes and Rezin are frenemies for life!

Henry Keyes stands tall in the ring, continuing to celebrate the hard-fought as the Faithful chant his name. Rezin retreats back up the ramp, clutching his pants by the waist, and shaking his finger with begrudging respect.

Rezin:

NEXT TIME, HEN'RY KEYES... NEEGGZZ TIME!!

MAUSOLEUM MATCH (DEFCON)

The arena lights go out, the jumbotron being the arena's only lightsource, and it only showing Lance and Keebler sitting at their desk illuminated by a couple of small lamp lights over their notes. Crowd responds as they do in these situations - they get loud!

Lance:

What's happening?

DDK:

Hell if I know.

DEFeed and the Tron cuts to a single white dot, and then nothing. The cheers get garbled, as if being pulled into the speakers, ran through a guitarists wah-wah pedal, and then spat back out; similar but not the same. In a moment, the crowd notices and then quietens, at least until the dot multiplies, growing exponentially, spreading across the screen to reveal an old-styled "snowy" television-type screen. After a few more moments, the snow on the screen starts to clear, revealing a black and white image of the face of Jason "Stalker" Reeves, lying unconscious on a rough hewn concrete floor. Stalker groans, grimaces then squeezes his eyes harder as if trying to blot out the light that surrounds him. He moves, first his head slightly, and then his whole body uncoils from the fetal position to lay on his back, the blinding light forcing him to cover his eyes with his arm.

"Wh..." Stalker tries to speak but the words won't come. He swallows hard, grimaces, then licks his lips.

"Your deeds have been measured," a voice booms in Jason's ears, "and found wanting."

Blinking, Stalker's vision clears to full color. Surrounding the light, surrounding him, he finds Codename: Guardian. And another Codename: Guardian. And another. And another. And another.

"What the--," Stalker's eyes widen and he rolls to his knees, staggering to his feet and straight into a Guardian, easily heavier than the one who joined Stalker in the casket. "You're not--"

Stalker staggers away and into another, bouncing into the mountainous one, much bigger and taller than Jason Reeves. Wide-eyes, Stalker's eyes search from one to another, settling on the big one he just stumbled into. Wild-eyes, he lunges, ripping the mask from the Guardian's face to reveal--

"The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan, impassively stares down Jason Reeves. Jason's mind races, his facial expressions changing with the varied thoughts until Dan breaks the confusion with one quote-

"Your fight's not with me," Dan says, then with a Sparta-styled kick to the chest, sends Jason tumbling into another mountainous mass dressed as a Guardian. That mass removes first the Guardian mask, revealing a half mask covering the lower half of its face, and the glaring eyes of the Deacon.

"Oh shit," Stalker says, his mind going from confusion to realization. Quickly, his mind searches for a way out. "Wait! I didn't sign this match!"

Still glaring, the Deacon removes the mask covering his mouth to say, "I know. T'is not a match."

The Guardians that had surrounded Jason disappear, leaving the Stalker and the Deacon standing in the midst of a column-filled mausoleum. The Deacon takes a step forward, bumping Stalker with the Mute Freak's chest before adding, "T'is a burial."

♪ "Game On" by Disciple ♪

♪ When the lights go up & the game is on - ♪

♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you?♪

♪ When the the bell rings out & the fight is on - ♪
 ♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you?! ♪

Deacon's fist connects with Stalker's jaw, the impact sending Jason tumbling into a raised, concrete slab. A bronze marker notes the person within the tomb, the dates of their life etched into the metal. Jason doesn't have time to read it. The Deacon smashes Stalker's face off the bronze before cinching Reeves' head and sending Reeves flying with a suplex... throw... thing.

♪ Take a look & see who's standing now ♪
 ♪ It's time for us to start throwing down ♪
 ♪ Look & see who's standing now ♪
 ♪ Didn't even know that you & I were cross until a sneak attack from the weak side ♪
 ♪ Unaware that we were in a fight, I guess that's part of the problem, but guess what? ♪

Jason doesn't get up under his own power, but Deacon grabs the hardcore veteran using his arm to help him. With an old school hard irish whip, Deacon sends Stalker across the room into a marble column. Stalker hits then ricochets, dropping to one knee then tumbling the rest of the way to the ground. His forehead wet, Jason touches it tenderly, feeling the swelling grow. He blinks, trying to see how much blood, but his vision still spins from the last few blows. With a shake of his head, Reeves gets some of his vision back just before the giant Mute Freak collapses on top of him with an elbow nearly caving in Stalker's chest.

♪ When the lights go up & the game is on - ♪
 ♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you?! ♪
 ♪ When the the bell rings out & the fight is on - ♪
 ♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you?! ♪

Deacon could feel Stalker's chest cave, feel the harsh breath rasp out of the elder Reeves. Deacon had waited so long, so many hours and days and weeks to get his hands on the man who had tortured, not just him, or even his wife, but his son for nearly a year.

The Deacon gets to one knee then uses Stalker's battered chest to push up to a second knee, Reeves giving a harsh exhale in response. By Stalker's torn and battered wife beater shirt, Deacon lifts Reeves up, the stunned Stalker's legs rubber beneath him.

♪ It's time for us to start throwing down. ♪
 ♪ Take a look & see who's standing now. ♪
 ♪ It's time for us to start throwing down. ♪
 ♪ Take a look & see who's standing now. ♪
 ♪ Look & see who's standing now. ♪

"I went to Stalker's world," Deacon growls, his accent thick. "T'at was not problem. T'e problem where you went. You came... my world. You came... my family. You put t'em t'rough hell."

Deacon pulls Stalker so their faces almost touch. "And I send you back t'ere."

Stalker lunges forward like a rabid dog, mouth open then closing on Deacon's cheek. Pain shots through Deacon, the Mute Freak reflexively pushing Stalker away before the Deacon grabs his cheek and feels his blood pour around his fingers.

He bit me, Deacon thinks. He actually bit me. I'm gonna put this animal down!

The Deacon turns to find that animal, but he finds a shovel against his head instead. The Deacon hits the cold concrete and then everything goes black.

♪ Say what you wanna say about me ♪

♪ *Throw up what you wanna throw up at me* ♪
 ♪ *But when you mess with those that are around me* ♪
 ♪ *That's when you & I will have a problem* ♪

They thought they had me, Stalker thinks, they actually thought they could get one over on Jason Reeves. He laughs, and it hurts, so he laughs some more as he tightens and loosens the grip on the shovel still in his hands.

"I'd bury you, with all of our secrets and lies. But... what really happened.. they'll never know about Riley..." Stalker says incoherently, "and this... this is New Orleans. No one gets buried around here, except under water."

Stalker swings the shovel down again, the dull thud of metal on flesh drawing another smile. "You should've stayed dead, Deacon, but I guess you types have a tendency to bounce back." With another snicker, Stalker adds, "Well, if at first you don't succeed..."

Stalker doesn't finish the cliché; the clang of the shovel against Deacon's back and the exhilarating groan sounds better anyway.

♪ *When the lights go up & the game is on* - ♪
 ♪ *Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you?* ♪
 ♪ *When the the bell rings out & the fight is on* - ♪
 ♪ *Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you?!* ♪

Stalker grabs Deacon and pulls him to his feet before hooking the Mute Freak. With a heave, Stalker sends Deacon back to the concrete with a russian leg sweep, but he's not through. Keeping the hook, Stalker rotates his body around, spending 'PAINFUL' seconds picking up the big man for a second russian leg sweep, the smack & pain feeling good to Stalker knowing that Deacon's back would be on fire. Stalker rotates his hips again, and draws Deacon back up for one more. Again, it hits, and again, Stalker knows exactly what Deacon must feel like, and it brings Reeves joy. The Deacon doesn't move, not even a twitch, as Stalker's head lies next to the Mute Freak's. Dreamlike, Stalker stares at the ceiling, the two combatants' heads positioned almost like they're children sharing a pillow, chatting about all they're gonna accomplish when they grow up.

"So tell me, Mute Freak," Stalker says. "Are you going to tell me who your little White Masked friend is or... should I just leave you for the carcass you are?"

The Deacon stirs slightly. A groan escapes the Mute Freak's lips.

♪ *It's time for us to start throwing down.* ♪
 ♪ *Take a look & see who's standing now.* ♪
 ♪ *It's time for us to start throwing down.* ♪
 ♪ *Take a look & see who's standing now.* ♪
 ♪ *Look & see who's standing now.* ♪

The Deacon couldn't clear his head. The shovel. The drops. The leg sweeps. All of it scrambles any hope of a coherent thought. He squeezes his eyes shut, forcing thoughts forward. With bloody lips, Deacon tries to say his wife's name, but the words aren't there. He focuses on her face, or tries to, but it's so dark.

A thought breaks through - she's watching, followed quickly by another - he's watching.

"Jack," Deacon croaks out.

♪ *I'm not afraid of loving my enemies* ♪

"What's that, Deacon?" Stalker says, wondering if he just made the purported mute freak an actual mute. "Don't worry. Gonna call this fight over in a moment."

♪ Turning the other cheek.♪

Stalker hooks Deacon's head in the front facelock like so many others before.

♪ Blessing those that would curse me ♪

"It'll all be over soon," Stalker says then lifts Deacon up for the patented Evenflow High Impact DDT. Reeves lifts Deacon's body up.

♪ I honestly want peace with you ♪

"Night, night!" Stalker screams as he drops with the angle.

♪ But when you come against my country ♪

The Deacon rotates enough, using his 7 foot frame to make the angle so his feet hit the concrete first, stopping the momentum cold.

♪ When you come against my family.♪

Stalker, still holding on to Deacon's head, realizes the DDT didn't go as planned & releases the hold.

♪ You try to destroy my people ♪

But the Deacon doesn't release anything, still holding to Stalker's midsection.

♪ I can't just stand by ♪

The Deacon grips Stalker tighter.

♪ There's no way I can stand by.♪

Stalker squirms and throws a heavy blow to Deacon's back.

♪ This time I will not stand by ♪

Deacon heaves up, sending Stalker from New Orleans straight into the Northern Lights of Suplex-land!

♪ I am coming ♪

Stalker keeps going until he finds another marble column to crash into.

♪ I am coming, and if I come, the pain is coming with meeeeeeeee!!!!♪

Stalker blinks, and looks up to find lights. Lots of light, but not the Guardian variety, just the stars that circle his vision until it clears enough to reveal a bloody, glaring, seven foot Mute Freak looking down at him.

♪ When the the bell rings out & the fight is on - ♪

The Deacon heaves Stalker up, sticking Jason's head between Deacon's knees before lifting him up and putting the Stalker in the Crucifix position for the Altar Call. Deacon pauses for a moment, then shakes his head, emphasizing his decision with a simple, "no." He releases Stalker, the stunned Reeves dropping to one knee.

♪ Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you?!♪

"What the--" Stalker says then feels the Deacon's arms wrap around his throat.

♪ *It's time for us to start throwing down* ♪

♪ *Take a look who's standing now* ♪

♪ *It's time for us to start throwing down* ♪

♪ *Take a look who's standing now* ♪

Cinching in the Cobra Clutch, Deacon pulls Reeves up by the head. Shards of pain shoot through the Mute Freak's back. Stalker reaches, squirms, kicks, and drops all his weight. Deacon cinches in tighter, holding the weight, and then with a roar that starts in Deacon's belly and extends, filling the mausoleum, the Deacon stands to his full 7 foot height.

♪ *Look and see who's standing now* ♪

The Stalker fights, claws at Deacon's face.

♪ *Take a look who's standing now* ♪

The Deacon screams and grabs Stalker's grimy hands between his teeth.

♪ *Take a look who's standing now* ♪

Until the blood stops flowing to Stalker's brain and he goes limp.

♪ *Take a look who's standing now* ♪

The Deacon drops the Stalker to the ground and turns toward the exit. The battle is over. The war has ended. And when he exits the mausoleum and steps beneath the starlit sky, the Deacon knows that one way or another, Jack is smiling.

"It is finished." Deacon says as he limps his way across the graveyard. "Time to go home."

The light on the Tron starts to break apart, diffusing into a multitude of dots that get smaller and smaller until they disappear, replaced by the DEFIANCE fist logo.

DDK:

That was...

Lance:

Not something we've ever seen before.

DDK:

And we've seen a lot with this feud.

Lance:

Do you think he's right?

DDK:

Pronouns, pal.

Lance:

Deacon. Do you think he's right?

DDK:

About what?

Lance:

If it's finished.

DDK:

If Stalker's smart, it is.

Lance:

For now.

DDK:

For now.

CAYLE MURRAY vs. LINDSAY TROY (DEFCON)

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for a certified dream match as two of the most decorated and accomplished wrestlers in DEFIANCE history meet in a big-time singles match for the first time on pay-per-view.

Lance:

And let's be honest, you can probably get rid of your "on pay-per-view" qualifier there, Keebs, because the last time Cayle Murray and Lindsay Troy went one on one was a total farce. Murray faced LT at DEFtv 74. This was back in November 2016, when Troy was the FIST, and while The Faithful were understandably excited about the prospect of them facing off, Curtis Penn ruined the match by attacking Cayle.

DDK:

I was there calling the action that night, Lance, and while that clash was a competitive but fair affair, that's not what we're going to get tonight.

Lance:

Cayle Murray is a completely different professional wrestler and, indeed, human being in 2021, and the level of animosity between these two hit a new level two weeks ago, when LT launched Cayle from the stage...

DDK:

... as revenge for Murray beating her up in the parking lot earlier in the evening, hoping to put her out of action tonight. Well, Cayle couldn't get the job done! Lindsay Troy is here, in the building, and she's got mauling on her mind.

Lance:

I wonder what kind of match we're going to get here, Keebs? It doesn't have a particularly violent stipulation attached but I can't imagine either is going to want to hold back. On top of this, stylistically, you could say that LT and Cayle used to know each other very well. Troy was close with the Murray brothers for a long, long time, but Cayle is a completely different wrestler nowadays. His style has completely flipped.

DDK:

It has, but Troy is one of the smartest and most adaptable wrestlers the sport has ever seen. If anyone's going to be able to adjust, it's her, but we won't know until the bell rings. When it does, Cayle won't be able to rely on the avoidance tactics he has been applying for the past couple of months...

Lance:

Let's kick it to Quimbey!

The shot switches to DQ, who stands in the middle of the ring, ready to roll. Benny Doyle paces around behind him.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall...

♪ "I'm Better Than Everybody" by Lakutis ♪

The most obnoxious entrance theme in DEFIANCE history starts blaring around the arena with otherworldly synths and horrendous "rapping" violating the audience's earlobes. The Faithful immediately erupt in jeers, not even waiting for Cayle Murray to arrive on the stage. Puffs of gold confetti shoot up from the edge of the stage as a wall of perfect white sparks falls from the tron.

Out comes Cayle Murray, decked out in his standard colour-vomit ring attire and 24K track jacket. He looks out to the crowd, smiling, and holds his hands to his chest, asking "for me?!" in response to their reaction, before laughing it off. Jack Hunter accompanies him on his ring-walk.

DDK:

Perhaps unsurprisingly, given his general unwillingness to engage Troy face-to-face, Cayle Murray is bringing the

cavalry.

Lance:

I'm not sure Jack Hunter qualifies as "cavalry," Keebs, but he might be able to use him as a projectile or something.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! Making his way to the ring from the Geo City, he weighs in at 220lbs, this is the self-proclaimed 'MOST DEFIANT'... CAAAAAAYLE MURRRRRRAAAAAYYYYYY!

As usual, Cayle talks shit with a few audience members en route before finally hitting the bottom of the ramp and sliding him in the ring. He doesn't bother with any fancy poses and instead takes his corner. Hunter joins him and the two converse, but not loudly enough for the microphones to pick it up.

DDK:

Let's not forget that Cayle is coming into this on the back of a win over Jay Harvey, albeit through less-than-honest means. No matter what us or The Faithful may think of him, he remains one of the best in the world.

Lance:

But he might be up against *THE* best in the world tonight!

♪ "Legendary" by 7kingZ ♪

Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Lakefront Arena's speakers as the DEFIANCE Faithful turn their attention to the entranceway 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, switching to "all business" mode and glaring daggers through the two 24K shitheads in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Tampa, Florida... weighing in at 195 pounds, she is a former Trios Champion and FIST of DEFIANCE ... **"THE QUEEN OF THE RING"** and your **"High Queen DEFIANT"** **LINDSAY TROY!**

Lance:

If looks could kill, Darren...

DDK:

Cayle Murray has ducked and dodged Lindsay Troy for two months, after many more of running his mouth unchecked. Sooner or later, it was going to catch up to him.

Lance:

And what better time than now?

Spotlights follow the Queen's path and she climbs the stairs and slips between the middle and top rope, foregoing her usual hop-onto-the-apron, flip-herself-over-the-top-cable routine. She then ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op before leaping off and turning to face Cayle.

Once everything has settled down from LT's ring entrance, Benny Doyle takes the middle of the ring, putting a wall between the competitors. Fortunately for him, it doesn't look like they're about to leap into each other just yet. Troy is focused and stoic, glaring at Murray from beneath a furrowed brow, and while Cayle is more animated, he's giving instructions to Hunter while keeping his other eye on the opposition.

DDK:

Do you think Jack Hunter is capable of taking instructions, Lance?

Lance:

I have no idea what that man is or isn't capable of, Keebs. None at all. It's interesting that these two aren't just leaping into each other, though. An acknowledgment of each other's pedigree, perhaps?

DDK:

That's entirely possible. Troy and Murray can both be hot-blooded, but each has a head for the game as well. It can pay to be cautious in situations like this.

The building is full of loud, roaring chants for Lindsay Troy. Doyle turns around to call for the bell but notices Hunter is still in the ring.

FUCK HIM UP L-T, FUCK HIM UP!

FUCK HIM UP L-T, FUCK HIM UP!

FUCK HIM UP L-T, FUCK HIM UP!

Surprisingly, Jack heads out of the ring as soon as Benny tells him to, with Murray putting his hands up and backing into his corner. Doyle finally signals to the timekeepers' table...

DING DING**DDK:**

And we're off!

... only for Murray to immediately hit the deck and roll out of the ring.

Lance:

Oh no we aren't!

DDK:

If you had under one second for Cayle Murray's first powder, folks, take a drink...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Murray tells the audience to pipe down as soon as his feet hit the floor. He goes back across to Hunter, saying something in his ear. LT, meanwhile, stays perfectly still in her adopted corner.

DDK:

Benny Doyle's not going to have any choice but to start a count here...

And he does.

ONE

TWO

THREE

As the count progresses, Murray looks up at Troy and opens his body up a little.

FOUR

He calls for her to come outside.

FIVE

SIX

And again, beckoning her to the outside.

SEVEN

DDK:

Uh, I don't think that's going to work...

EIGHT

But Troy doesn't bite. Cayle cautiously hops onto the apron...

NINE

Then gets back inside.

Lance:

Looks like those head games aren't going to have much of an effect here.

DDK:

Let's see how things progress. What doesn't work in the first minute might do later on...

Murray is still coming through the ropes when LT closes the distance and forces him into a collar-and-elbow tie-up before he can get his bearings. She's able to force Murray towards the middle of the ring thanks to his early advantage, but Cayle gets his footing, pushing Troy back in the opposite direction.

Lance:

A tight, heated lock-up here, Keebs! They're really jostling for position!

DDK:

For now, it looks like this one is going to be a wrestling match between two people who really hate each other rather than a fight. Let's see who breaks parity!

The grappling goes back and forth, with both wrestlers finding spells of control, before LT is able to back Cayle decisively against the ropes. Benny Doyle makes his count, gets to four, and Troy breaks, holding her hands up before gently tapping Cayle's chest, letting him know she's in control.

Lance:

Troy with some head games of her own!

Cayle Murray:

Alright, alright. Very cute...

The Most DEFIANT smiles, watching as Troy takes the center of the ring. He comes forward slowly at first before exploding, feinting a lock-up attempt before throwing a looping kick that Troy ducks. Down low, she sweeps the legs then runs to the ropes...

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

... only for Jack Hunter to grab her ankle as she attempts to rebound.

DDK:

And that's why Cayle brought the, uh, Superbest to the ring.

Lance:

I know, Keebs. Feels like you lose brain cells whenever you say that name, right?

DDK:

Right.

Jack lets go as Benny Doyle looks over at him. Meanwhile, Cayle clobbers Troy from behind, knocking her to the mat with a cheap shot to the back of the head.

Lance:

Oh come on!

Benny has his head in the game tonight. He forces Cayle away from Troy, backs him into a corner, and issues a swift admonishment, before pointing to Hunter...

DDK:

Uh oh!

... and throwing him out! The Faithful pop huge as Doyle throws his arms to the backstage area. When Hunter protests, his instructions only get louder.

Lance:

That's how you level the playing field!

DDK:

A no-nonsense approach from Doyle here, throwing Hunter out at the very first sign of shenanigans. Given the shortcut-taker Cayle has become over the past year or so, that's a wise piece of officiating!

Murray joins the protest, attempting to plead with Benny, but Doyle is having none of it. The Scot eventually hops outside the ring and joins Hunter at the end of the ramp, telling himself...

Lance:

Here comes LT!

Bursting into life, Troy baseball slides out of the ring, barges Hunter to the ground, then throws forearm after forearm in Murray's face! She puts a knee to his gut and rolls him back inside as the crowd explodes.

DDK:

LT is fired up now!

Murray dashes across the ring to hit the ropes as Troy puts him inside. Lindsay leapfrogs him as he comes back so Cayle hits the ropes again, this time attempting a charging low dropkick which LT side steps. The Queen of the Ring hits the ropes herself and comes back with a John Woo dropkick to Cayle's gut, sending him against the ropes. Murray hooks his arms over the top rope to prevent a rebound.

Lance:

Troy gets the better of the first big exchange, but out goes Cayle!

Sure enough, Murray is straight out of the ring, looking to regroup, but Troy is right out after him! Hot on his tail, Troy's baseball slide knocks Murray into the barricade before she climbs out, throws Cayle back inside, and tries to ground him this time, immediately applying a headlock. Murray battles to his feet and throws fists into LT's ribcage, slackening her grip enough to weasel out and wrap his hands around her waist for a German Suplex... but Troy lands on her feet! The crowd pops for the athleticism as The Queen lands a stiff high kick to the back of the head, knocking Cayle down.

DDK:

There's your first true knockdown of the match - and it's advantage LT! Great poise to counter out of the German too.

Lance:

It looks like Cayle is trying to lay traps for Troy to walk into but Lindsay is coping with them well for now! She's gotta keep the pressure applied, though...

Troy pulls Cayle to his feet by his hair and stifles him with a couple of forearms to the face. With Murray staggered, LT hits two body kicks with her right foot, a leg kick with her left, and a spinning back kick to the gut. A couple of chops redden Cayle's chest up as he backs into a corner.

DDK:

A clear striking advantage for LT here early on!

Cayle gets stomped in the gut then hit with another couple chops, before Troy monkey flips him out of the corner. She darts across the ring, hits the ropes, and puts him flat on his back with a sliding lariat!

Lance:

Look at the pace LT is setting here! How do you stifle a stifler? By kicking his ass all over the ring!

DDK:

That's exactly what she's doing too. Cayle looks like a drunk trying to leave the bar at 5AM in there...

Troy lets Murray get up but he's all over the place. Wobbly on his feet, he staggers back and forth, unsure of where he is, instinctively swinging a wild punch as Troy comes close. LT dodges this easily, then another, before she grabs a third, wrenches the arm behind his back in a hammerlock, then clubs him in the head. Seeing the opportunity, LT hits the ropes with a springboard and comes flying at Cayle with a back elbow!

DDK:

And down goes Cayle again! This is all Lindsay Troy at the moment and it stemmed from Jack Hunter getting banished from ringside!

Lance:

I wonder if that goofball managed to make it back to 24K's Sweet Suite or if he got lost along the way?

DDK:

Huge Poochie vibes from that guy, admittedly.

Not letting the pressure drop for a second, LT assumes full mount and rains forearm after forearm down on the Scot below. She breaks on four then gets up to her feet, taking a breather for a second.

DDK:

A hot start from Troy for sure but she's got to be conscious of burning through too much gas here. She's a supreme athlete, no doubt, but Cayle Murray is a survivor. Remember his wars with Eric Dane and Bronson Box?

Lance:

She's smart enough to control her levels of exertion, for sure. It's a fine balance because while everybody needs to catch their breath at times, Troy won't want to let Cayle back into it.

Let Cayle back into it, she does not. Troy pulls Murray up, puts him in the corner, and chops his chest a couple more times. His pectorals are now bright red. She grabs a free arm and tries to whip Murray across...

DDK:

Cayle with the counter!

The Scot hammer-throws with the whip, so LT hits the deck upon connecting with the turnbuckles. Murray charges for the basement dropkick!

Lance:

NO!

But Lindsay Troy rolls out! Cayle's boots hit the bottom 'buckle, jarring his knees painfully!

DDK:

Great escape from Troy there! Her clear strategising is paying off huge!

LT gets back inside, pulls Cayle up, puts him in the front facelock and hits a standard edition suplex, releasing a little early so that he lands in the center of the ring! Not relenting for a second, Troy takes Cayle up to his feet, applying a clinch.

Lance:

Lindsay could really do some damage here. We've already seen how pronounced her striking advantage appears to be.

Troy lands some punishing Muay Thai style knees to Cayle's body in the clinch. He's in trouble, and he knows it, so he pulls his and Troy's bodies back as one, reaching the ropes. Lindsay breaks as Doyle begins his call but Murray slides his torso through the top and middle ropes, shaking the grogginess away.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Cayle needs this breather! This match has been little more than a blitzing from Troy so far. While The Faithful might not like it, this is actually smart.

Lance:

Smart or cowardly, take your pick. We've seen this kind of behaviour from him before.

DDK:

And we will continue to see it until the day he retires.

Cayle Murray:

Piss off a second, would you?

The Scot attempts to *shoo* LT away.

Cayle Murray:

Ref! Ref! Get her to piss off, please.

Doyle just shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

Alright, fine!

The Most DEFIANT attempts to slide out of the ring but Troy is wise to it! She pulls him back through the ropes and throws a kick... but Cayle catches it! A Dragon Screw leg whip twists LT's knee ligaments and brings her down onto the canvas. Finally in the ascendancy, Murray waits for Troy to get up, adopts a striking stance... then rolls out of the ring again.

DDK:

Finally, one of Cayle Murray's traps pays off.

Lance:

And when it does, he bails! At least the crowd is letting him have it.

FUCK YOU CAYLE!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

FUCK YOU CAYLE!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

FUCK YOU CAYLE!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

Troy is far from downed. In fact, she's on her feet, rushing across the opposite set of ropes, cartwheeling...

DDK:

OH NO!

... and eating a faceful of mat before she can execute her diving suicide corkscrew senton! Murray swipes her feet, makes her hit the deck, pulls her a few inches closer, then slams her right knee down on the edge of the ring!

Lance:

Troy just hit the mat hard! And now Cayle is going after the knee!

Indeed, Murray has taken Lindsay over to the post. He wrenches the knee around it tightly for a few seconds, waiting until Doyle counts to three before slamming it violently against the steel, drawing vitriol from everyone in the building. He walks away from the official, cursing him.

DDK:

And this is the dangerous thing about *this* version of Cayle Murray. He is very, very adept at suckering people in, even somebody as skilled as LT.

Lance:

Those traps didn't come off for him early in the match and he has likely had to switch his gameplan since Hunter got thrown out, but he's doing it.

DDK:

In his own dastardly way, yes he is.

Rather than getting inside the ring, Cayle pulls Lindsay Troy to join him on the outside. He slaps her hard across the face and she tries to swing back, but the pain in her knee makes her stumble. Murray comes forward with a couple of forearms then slaps her in a tight headlock, using that to pull her across and smash her face into the edge of the ring. Doyle starts counting...

ONE

TWO

CRASH!

That's the sound of The Queen of the Ring going into the barricade!

THREE

FOUR

While Lindsay Troy struggles on the outside, Cayle just sits himself on the edge of the ring, tapping an invisible wristwatch.

FIVE

Lance:

I feel like we say this every week, but Cayle Murray sure is a piece of work, isn't he?

SIX

DDK:

He is, but he can't win the match from there... as happy as he'd be to take a count-out.

SEVEN

Cayle finally rises to his feet and gets back inside. He walks away and holds his hands to his sides, expecting to be called the winner...

EIGHT

NINE

But Troy gets back in just at the last second!

DDK:

Phew! That was a little too close for comfort!

Murray doesn't see Troy coming back in but knows it has happened from the crowd noise. Already feeling it in her knee, LT isn't quick enough to react when Murray comes at her with a low dropkick while she's still kneeling, dropping her to the mat again. Seconds later, Cayle has put her out of the ring again.

Lance:

He's dragging her back over to the barricades!

That he is. Once there, Cayle slips Troy's leg through the steel bars and pulls back tightly, stretching the knee again. Doyle hops out of the ring and administers the count. Murray breaks his hold just before the five, removes LT from the barricade, lifts her leg, and starts stomping down on the targeted joint.

DDK:

Classic, textbook limb work from Murray here. A strategy as old as the sport itself, even if he has carved this opening by playing loose and fast with the rules...

Lance:

Troy needs to get out of this situation! We saw against Pop Culture Phenoms how effective Murray's grinding, targeted assault can be. Elise Ares walked into that match hurt, admittedly, but Cayle can be surgical!

LT lands a couple of forearms as Cayle brings her to her feet but she gets stung by a kick to the knee, making her buckle. Murray lifts her boot up and smashes the knee into the deck. Finally, he rolls her back inside, joining her in the ring.

DDK:

Jeesh, look at this guy...

In firm control now, Cayle flexes both of his biceps and drops to one knee, basking in the vitriol.

Lance:

He's loving this - but will it be his undoing?

Murray paces around the ring, recovering some of his lost stamina, letting the lactic acid build-up leave his muscles before stepping back towards Troy, who tries to hit him with an upkick using her good leg.

DDK:

Oof! That was close!

Cayle skips behind Troy and pulls her to her feet. She battles back with some elbows to the ribcage but again, a shot to the knee stifles her. Murray applies a full nelson then lifts LT overhead, putting her into the mat with a Dragon Suplex! He follows up by immediately hitting the deck, putting Lindsay in a knee lock.

Lance:

And now comes the blanket-like grappling, which is surely a product of training alongside James 'Perfection' Witherhold.

DDK:

We know how effective this strategy can be for a guy like Perfection and with LT's knee already hurting, Cayle is in a good spot here.

Lance:

The building is baying for an LT comeback, though! They'll will her to her feet!

Troy has enough about her to work closer to the ropes. Suddenly, Cayle twists the knee violently, then hits his feet. He grabs a handful of Troy's hair and mouths off before slowly pulling her up. He takes too long, though! Troy fies back with a few shots to the gut and explodes to her feet!

DDK:

Here she comes!

But no! A swift eye gouge breaks the flurry. Cayle quickly throws her head under his arm and launches her into the corner with a standing suplex before Doyle can admonish him for the eye gouge. Popping back up, he parades around the ring with his arms outstretched before going over to Troy, who is slouched in the corner. Murray palms her face with mockingly soft slaps, telling her to get up...

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

Lance:

Man, Cayle's really poking the hornet's nest here...

DDK:

I'm not sure this is the wisest idea myself.

Spoiler: it was not the wisest idea.

The building comes unglued as Lindsay Troy fights through the pain, bursting to her feet to take Cayle by surprise. Murray eats some *HARD* forearm shots!

DDK:

Here comes the comeback!

The adrenaline helps Lindsay battle through the pain as she runs to the ropes, leaps...

Lance:

Oh my god!

... but gets caught as she attempts the leaping Hurricanrana! Cayle grabs her legs as she jumps almost like a modified flapjack, driving her knee down into the mat!

DDK:

Man that was a *TOUGH* landing for Troy!

Lance:

Right on the knee as well. Did you see the way Cayle bent the joint midair to ensure Lindsay's knee would take the full brunt of the impact?

DDK:

The technique is impeccable, but you know, I think those forearms may have taken a bit out of Cayle...

Murray backs off before continuing the assault, holding his jaw. Troy shuffles back towards the corner as she is composing himself and slowly pulls herself to her feet. When she's up, Cayle charges... and eats a mouthful of boot!

DDK:

Troy got her good leg up!

Lance:

And now she has bought herself a breather! That landed right on his jaw!

Cayle goes to one knee but Troy needs the recovery time herself. A few seconds later she shakes the pain from her knee, comes forward, sidesteps a kick aimed at the knee, skips behind, and puts him down with a reverse DDT!

DDK:

This should be the opening Lindsay needs!

As quickly as she possibly can, Troy moves across the mat and through the ropes. She pulls herself to her feet on the outside...

Lance:

Really? On one leg?!

When Cayle gets to his feet, The Queen of the Ring hops up, flies forward, and springboards in with her flying front-flip neckbreaker!

DDK:

She got it!

She did, but the move takes a toll. The impact of crashing back into the ring sends barbs of hot pain pulsing from her targeted knee.

Lance:

That obviously did more damage to Cayle than Lindsay, but she's going to have to deal with that pain all match long.

Both wrestlers are on the deck. Cayle is clawing his way across the rough canvas while Troy is clutching at her knee, then trying to stretch it out.

DDK:

Who'll be first to their feet here!

Murray, dazed, uses the ropes to pull himself up. The Queen of the Ring doesn't but hops on her good leg before planting the other one down. It's a pain she has fought through hundreds of times before. She's used to it.

But it still hurts.

The Most DEFIANT comes back across the ring, looking to lock things up, but he gets clocked by Lindsay and her superior reach. A jarring straight palm strike lands flush on Cayle's jaw and sends him tumbling to the deck! Towering over his downed body, Troy battles through the pain to hit a standing Moonsault!

DDK:

Such fight from Troy here - and beautiful Moonsault to boot!

Lance:

She's rolling, now. Finding her groove!

The support of the audience helps Lindsay back to her feet one more time. She moves across to a corner for a moment's respite then turns back around, ready to continue, but Cayle's body flies up from the canvas and launches into her knee before she can properly turn!

DDK:

Chop block! Cayle with the chop block!

Lance:

To the side of Troy's knee as well! That could snap a ligament!

DDK:

Murray came here to take shortcuts. We always knew that was going to be the case, but will Troy be forced to do the same with the punishment he is inflicting on that knee?

Having found his wind again, Cayle gets up, takes Troy with him, and immediately drills her with a standing DDT. The Queen gets set up in the corner and eats a running Yakuza Kick! Murray stops her from falling, sets her back up in the corner, props the bad leg up on the ropes and kicks upwards to choruses of jeers! He takes her out of the corner, clutches the wrist, and pulls her into a short-arm elbow strike!

DDK:

SUPERNOVA ELBOW!

Lance:

That could be it!

ONE!

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

Whoa!

Lance:

LT kicking out at one! It's going to take a lot more than that to put her down tonight!

Murray vocalises his frustration and slaps the mat before getting back into it. He stalks his opponent for a few seconds then charges with another attempted chop block.

Troy jumps over him!

And comes crashing down onto the small of his back with a double stomp!

DDK:
WOW!

Lance:
What a counter!

The crowd comes alive. Troy falls down immediately, the move hurting her own knee, but Cayle is in agony.

DDK:
Incredible, but that's what happens when you're facing somebody with the ring IQ of Lindsay Troy! Just like that, the tide could be turned!

Back on her feet, The Queen pulls Cayle to his feet and applies a lock-up, attempting to maintain control while also giving herself a breather. This goes well for her as she works into a side headlock until Cayle swings a boot backwards, catching the bad knee. Another shot to it and LT is forced to break. A leg-hook STO sends Troy face-first into the mat, but both wrestlers are down now.

DDK:
On the balance of it, you'd have to say this is a pretty even match so far, though Cayle likely has the advantage as a result of his targeted knee work.

Lance:
I can't argue with that at all. The crowd haven't relented in their support of Troy, who'll need to act fast to escape another period of control from Murray.

The Most DEFIANT is the first to his feet. He has a new idea for Troy, now, as he takes her across the ring and sits her up on the top turnbuckle. Cayle climbs onto the second, rattles her jaw with a couple of forearms, sending her reeling. Now, he puts her head under his arm...

DDK:
Cayle's looking for a superplex!

Lance:
But Lindsay's fighting it!

Troy smacks him hard in the side a couple of times, forcing Cayle to break. He clutches his side, hurting, but swings with his other hand. LT's body slumps backwards almost to the point of falling off...

Lance:
WHOAAAA!

... but the crowd gasps as she lunges forward, blasting Murray again!

DDK:
Troy almost got toppled!

Murray suddenly leans forward, thumbing the eyes for a cheap advantage, before applying the front facelock, adjusting his balance, and driving LT down into the mat!

DDK:
And there's the superplex!

Lance:

He had to fight for it, but that'll drive the wind out of anybody's lungs.

DDK:

Think of the pain shockwaving its way down through Troy's body as well, all the way to that knee...

The move appears to have taken something out of Cayle, who sits up, holding his back. Benny Doyle says something to him but the only words we pick up are "eyes," "again," and disqualification."

Lance:

What a benefit it is, having a guy like Doyle officiating this match. He takes his craft very, very seriously and while wrestlers like Cayle Murray will always find ways to bend the rules, Doyle isn't allowing him to outright break them.

DDK:

And make no mistake, Cayle doesn't want to be disqualified here. He wants to *BEAT* Lindsay Troy. He'd likely take a countout if it meant his name being read at the end of the night, but he's here to win, despite spending much of the past two months trying everything to actively avoid LT.

The Scot is back on his feet, now. A smile stretches across his face as he kneels down towards the struggling Troy, openly mocking her. He takes a step back and calls her to her feet.

Troy obliges.

DDK:

Careful now...

LT suddenly comes to life and lays into him with an explosive flurry of strikes, including a couple of kicks with her good leg, the last of which is so hard it forces her bad knee to briefly collapse between her. Sensing danger, a dazed Murray bails to the outside...

Lance:

And out he goes again!

DDK:

HOLD ON THOUGH...

Running on adrenaline, ignoring the pain, LT hits the ropes, cartwheels, and flies over the top with the suicide corkscrew senton!

Lance:

SHE HIT IT!

DDK:

HUGE MOVE FROM LT! LISTEN TO THIS AUDIENCE!

Everyone in the building is on their feet as LT rolls off Cayle on the outside.

Lance:

A huge one, no question, but at what cost?! Look at Troy...

Indeed, LT's face is a mask of agony. She clutches her bad knee as she rolls another metre or so away from the Scot.

DDK:

That's what happens in the heat of battle - you reach deep into your bag of tricks and pull out things that might end up hurting you as much as the opposition. You only get so many of them, though...

Lance:

It looks like Troy's gonna be able to get back inside the ring at least!

ONE

TWO

THREE

LT is back under the bottom rope, now. She's still hurting and opts to stay seated on the mat, gritting down on her teeth as she tries to straighten the knee out. Meanwhile, Murray stirs...

FOUR

FIVE

DDK:

Looks like Cayle's going to be fine here as well...

SIX

"Fine" might be a stretch, but Cayle gets back inside before he's in any real danger. Adrenaline takes over for Troy who charges at the seated Murray, hitting a diving shoulder tackle that knocks him back down to the mat. Pain is etched across her every feature as she clambers up, takes Cayle with her, and knees him in the gut. With Murray doubled over, Troy hooks the arms...

DDK:

FINAL JUDGMENT!

The front face plant sends Murray into the mat. Groggily, LT rolls him onto his back.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Dammit, Cayle's foot is under the bottom rope!

DDK:

He might have kicked out anyway, but that saves him the exertion of having to kick out.

Lance:

I'll tell you what, Keebs, this has been one hell of a strategic battle so far. The explosions have come in short bursts only, with both wrestlers' strategies telling the story of the fight.

DDK:

Indeed. Cayle is crafty and loose of morals, using those traits to open doors that wouldn't have existed for him a few years ago. Troy, meanwhile, has clearly done her homework and is doing a good job of utilising her physical advantages, even if she is up against it, injury-wise...

Hobbling and staggering to her feet, Troy grabs Murray's head and tries to pull him up.

DDK:

SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! TROY KICKS OUT!

Lance:

Cayle almost had it!

Both wrestlers get to a knelt position. Cayle is breathing heavily, looking a little messed up from the head shots he has taken, while LT is ready to throw. She launches the first knelt forearm...

YEAH!

The crowd likes that one.

When Cayle responds with a forearm of his own?

BOOO!

Not so much.

YEAH!

BOOO!

YEAH!

BOOO!

YEAH!

BOOO!

Lance:

They're slugging it out!

The two rivals battle to their feet, throwing bombs back and forth.

YEAH!

BOOO!

When they're all the way up, Lindsay throws the full force of her upper body at Cayle, immediately dropping him to the mat with a short lariat!

DDK:

What a stiff shot from Lindsay Troy!

Lance:

Shades of Jason Natas in that one! A man very, very familiar to both of these former friends!

Troy decides it's time for her, too, to get nasty. She kneels down, pulling Cayle up by under his chin, hitting him with a

few slaps of her own.

DDK:

A taste of his own medicine for the Starbreaker!

Another slap.

Another.

Before Cayle desperately *PUNCHES* her straight in the knee! Murray shakes away the immediate jolt of pain and looks to work the advantage, stomping down on Troy a few times before pulling her up from behind, locking up, and driving her into the mat with a German Suplex - one that actually lands!

Lance:

Cayle's back up!

Murray stumbles a little, not quite in full flow, but goes over to LT nonetheless. He slowly hauls her up to her feet, putting her hand under his arm.

DDK:

Another suplex, perhaps? A Brainbuster?

Whatever it is, it doesn't come.

Cayle struggles to get Lindsay up in the air but Troy is able to slide right out of the attempted move!

Lance:

Excellent counter!

LT applies a half-nelson and hooks the neck but gets backed into the corner before she can hit whatever she's attempting! She shoves Cayle away and comes forward. An enzuigiri misses, Cayle ducks! The upkick catches Murray's chest, sending him backwards, and up goes Troy...

Head kick?

Ducked!

Leg sweep?

Cayle leaps over it!

LT then jumps, trying to apply a flying cross armbreaker, but Cayle prevents her from straightening his arm out and straight *LIFTS* her off the mat!

DDK:

Look at this strength! He's going for a one-armed powerbomb!

No! Sharp 12-to-6 elbows come crashing down on Cayle's skull! Troy lands on her feet and checks herself as Murray charges... but she counters with a monkey flip into the corner!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Lance:

Cayle landed right on his head! You wouldn't typically call a move like a monkey flip dangerous, but when you smack

your back against the turnbuckles and fall straight down? Awful.

DDK:

And at the end of such a frantic exchange of counters too! These two still know each other very, very well!

The flurry of activity comes at a cost to LT, whose knee is hurting more than ever. She is forced to tend to it before unleashing further punishment.

Lance:

But this is where the accumulated damage comes into it! Yes, Troy is on top at the moment, but she hasn't been able to hurt Cayle like he has her.

DDK:

This goes without saying, but she's really going to need to avoid further damage to that knee from here on out. She's as tough as they come but every human body has its limitations!

Murray clambers up slowly. He leans his entire body weight over the top rope and catches his breath, noticing that the entire side of the arena is mocking him.

Why?

Because LT is right behind him!

Cayle turns around and throws wild shots, but he's woozy. Troy dodges them with ease and hits a teep kick to push him back against the ropes. Lighting Cayle's chest up with a couple of shots, LT looks to the corner, getting an idea. Slowly, carefully, she puts the Scot on her shoulders and starts walking across on one good leg.

DDK:

Is she...?

Lance:

She's going to put him in the corner! Lawn dart!

No!

Murray *SQUIRMS* out the back before Troy can throw him head-first into the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Cayle's loose!

He elbows the back of her skull, grabs her head and waistband, and violently throws Troy through the top and middle ropes, her shoulder crashing into the post before she falls all the way down! Murray uses so much force that he falls to the mat himself.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Keebs, that was brutal! LT might have a separated shoulder! Did you hear the *CLANG*?!

DDK:

How could I miss it?! It looked like her bad knee wasn't playing with her there as she attempted the lawn dart, and Cayle is feasting now!

Lance:

This could be the turnaround!

Wiping the smile from his face, Cayle amplifies his own intensity, rolling out of the ring and stomping down hard on LT, using the top of the barricade for extra elevation. He targets the knee with the last one, bringing his full body weight down on it.

DDK:

More punishment! I think that limb might fall off by the end of this...

Working quickly and with increased urgency, Murray ragdolls LT towards the steps then pulls the top step up...

Lance:

Uh, Keebs?

DDK:

Yes?

Lance:

What on earth is he doing?

DDK:

I dread to even think...

... before sandwiching LT's bad leg between them. The people in the front few rows gasp as he gets back inside.

Lance:

No...

Cayle climbs to the top rope.

DDK:

No, no, no...

Leaps from the top.

DDK:

AHHHHH!

And hits a double stomp onto the top part of the stairs, with LT's knee taking the full impact!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Lance:

A STOMP! A STOMP FROM THE TOP ROPE WITH LINDSAY TROY'S KNEE *SANDWICHED* IN THERE!

DDK:

How is she going to be able to continue?!

Benny Doyle is anxious to get the wrestlers back inside, knowing he can't disqualify Cayle for something that technically isn't illegal. He watches as Murray slides under the bottom rope then begins his latest count...

ONE

TWO

DDK:

My god, will this be a tall order...

THREE

FOUR

Lance:

Maybe she should stay down... for her own good?

FIVE

LT is conscious, at least, but rolling on the floor, agonised. She won't let go of her knee.

SIX

DDK:

Staying down isn't in her vocabulary, Lance!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Cayle Murray's eyes widen.

NINE!

Benny gets ready to call for the bell...

TE-- NOOOOOO

DDK:

SHE'S IN! TROY BROKE THE COUNT!

A surge of hope pulses through the building as Lindsay drags her broken body back inside.

It is extinguished in *milliseconds*.

Lance:

KNEEBAR! KNEEBAR BY CAYLE MURRAY!

Murray seizes the hold like a lion catching its prey. He wrenches back with everything he's got.

DDK:

Look how tight it is!

Cayle keeps wrenching.

And twisting.

And pulling.

Lance:

I don't think there's any way out of this!

Murray's face is rapidly turning purple as he roars at Troy to tap out! She balls her fists and smashes them into the

mat.

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

LET'S GO L-T!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

DDK:

Listen to these people! If anything's going to get Lindsay Troy through this, it's them!

Gritting her teeth, Lindsay digs her elbows into the cold, unforgiving mat.

Lance:

SHE'S MOVING!

And lurches backwards, bringing her about a foot closer to the ropes.

DDK:

INCREDIBLE!

Another almighty heave takes her closer still.

DON'T TAP OUT!

DON'T TAP OUT!

DON'T TAP OUT!

Cayle has roared himself hoarse at this point. Balls of spittle fly from his mouth as he wills Troy to tap...

Lance:

ANOTHER ONE! ONE LAST PUSH!

Desperate, Murray lets go with one hand and tries to use it to pull himself backwards...

DDK:

SHE GOT IT!

But this momentary lapse in pressure allows Troy to *FINALLY* reach the ropes, falling backwards and grabbing the bottom one with both hands.

Lance:

Incredible! An unbelievable display of resilience from Lindsay Troy!

DDK:

That's why she's one of the best in the world!

Lance:

And Cayle is furious!

So angry is Murray that he doesn't even keep the move locked in for the full four count. Instead, he pops to his feet and gets right in Doyle's face, yelling with whatever's left of his voice.

DDK:

Oh no, Cayle might get himself disqualified here!

Lance:

What is he doing?!

DDK:

He's frustrated! I think he really thought Troy was going to tap to the kneebar!

The arena becomes a cauldron of noise as Doyle *BITES BACK*, asserting his authority with a finger to the chest and a little shove that sends Cayle back a step or two.

DDK:

GET 'IM BENNY!

Lance:

CAYLE CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Murray's eyes are wider than perhaps they've ever been. The entire building is on its feet now, united in its hatred of the conniving Scot.

And hey, just when you thought it couldn't get louder.

DDK:

SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

There it is!

Troy flies in at Murray, who lands in the corner.

Lance:

LT OUT OF NOWHERE!

DDK:

And now she's moving across the ring, *DRAGGING* that leg behind her!

In the opposite corner, Troy gets ready for something that she knows is going to hurt like hell, but might be the next step in putting Cayle Murray away.

She runs as fast as the bad knee will carry her.

Leaps.

Flies.

DDK:

A SINGLE QUEEN'S GAMBIT IN THE CORNER!

LT's one good knee strikes Cayle right in the face. The adrenaline helps her forget the immense pain she's in for just a second as she grabs the top two ropes in the corner, pivots up, then swings all the way back down, crashing her good, left knee into Cayle's face again.

Lance:

WOWWWWWW!

DDK:

LINDSAY TROY IS ON FIRE!

Lance:

SHE'S GONNA DO IT!

As quickly as she can, Lindsay pulls Cayle up, grabs one of his legs...

DDK:

THY KINGDOM COME!

Lance:

HERE IT CO--

No.

Murray slips out.

Hits the deck, rolls to the outside.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

A few bits of trash get thrown at the Scot, who collapses in a pile of pain and sweat.

Lance:

How many times?!

DDK:

An ungodly amount, Lance, but Cayle Murray just saved his own skin! LT was about to put him away!

This time, there will be no waiting around from Lindsay Troy, who heads straight out after him, practically lands on top of Murray, and starts blitzing the downed man with ground and pound!

DDK:

LOOK AT TROY GO!

She gets up and, without taking a step, tosses Cayle into the barricades. Pivoting around on her good leg she throws him into the side of the ring, next, then throws his corpse back inside.

Lance:

PURE, UNBRIDLED FIRE FROM TROY!

She stumbles on her way up, but Troy gets there and puts Cayle in the corner, peeling off a couple of stinging chops. Her control is complete.

DDK:

That leg's gotta be on fire, but never doubt the grit of Lindsay Troy!

Lance:

She's entered a different zone here, Keebs! She's got murder on her mind...

Perhaps wanting to make an example out of Murray, Troy lays off for a second, pacing back into the middle of the ring. Stone-faced, she extends her arm, calling for him to come forward.

DDK:

Huh...

Which he does.

Troy taps her own chin. She wants Cayle to throw.

She wants to embarrass the prick.

Cayle throws.

TROY throws.

And catches him a split second before his own strike lands, knocking him down! The crowd pops huge for the sheer badassery on display.

DDK:
WOWWWWW!

Lance:
The confidence on display there, Keeps! Unbelievable!

DDK:
Lindsay Troy rules the DEFIANCE ring!

LT lets Cayle writhe on the mat for a second or two. She might be enjoying this, but you'd never know from her face.

DDK:
The end is nigh, Lance. Troy will have her day.

Troy goes to pick Murray up. It's a struggle at first, but she gets there, then takes a position behind him and applies the inverted underhooks, driving him down with a reverse DDT. She sits upright and throws her sweat-sodden hair back instead of covering immediately.

Lance:
The knee damage has robbed Troy of much of her offense, and I'm sure the physicality she has enacted has taken a huge toll as well, but that one's still good!

DDK:
And it looks like she's about to finish it off!

She is.

Tired and sore, Lindsay Troy gets up.

She takes Cayle Murray with her.

Or at least *tries* to.

Because just as Troy grabs his hair, Cayle lunges himself forward with what might be his last surge of energy.

LT goes back-first into the turnbuckles!

Lance:
HE LIVES!

Murray bursts to life, charging at Troy with a low dropkick to the knee! He gets right up, grabs that boot, and Dragon Screws LT into the middle of the ring.

Then hits the turnbuckles!

DDK:

MURRAY'S GOING UP TOP!

Lance:

BUT LOOK HOW LONG IT'S TAKING! HE'S HURT TOO!

It takes Cayle a lot longer than he'd have hoped to struggle to the top. LT is stirring by the time he rises.

But he shakes the grog away.

Flies.

DDK:

MOONSAUL--

Lance:

NO!

LT rolls out of the way!

But Cayle adjusts.

Lands on his feet.

And then.

Karma.

His own knee buckles and collapses beneath him.

An *UNGODLY* sound comes out of Cayle Murray's mouth. It resembles a dying animal.

DDK:

Oh... oh no...

Lance:

This doesn't look good.

DDK:

At all.

Murray is thrashing around on the mat. He screams and yells, his face turning purple once more. A man in complete and utter agony.

Lance:

I've never seen Cayle in such pain, Keebs. Nobody in this building likes the guy, but he could be seriously hurt.

DDK:

Is he going to be able to continue? What's going on?!

Lance:

Looks like Benny's about to check him over...

DDK:

God, what an awful way for this to end...

LT has come-to. She's back on her feet, wiping the sweat from her brow. Momentarily, her better nature takes hold.

Lance:

Doyle's checking him over, seeing if he's good to continue.

But no, fuck this.

Troy's compassion disappears. That little shit doesn't deserve a single second of it.

She hobbles forward, goes right for the wounded animal.

DDK:

Troy's moving in!

And then.

In a split-second.

Far, far too quickly for Lindsay Troy to react.

ONE!

Her shoulders are being pinned to the mat.

TWO!

With a handful of tights, unknown to Benny Doyle.

THREE!

DDK:

What the?!

Lance:

WHAT?!

DING DING DING

The bell rings. Cayle Murray springs off of Lindsay Troy and immediately gets the hell out of the ring, sliding under the bottom rope and collapsing on his backside.

DDK:

It was a *FAKE!* Cayle was never injured! He suckered Troy and Doyle in for long enough to pull the trigger, and he pinned her with the tights.

Lance:

That piece of--... UGH!

A mile-wide grin stretches across Murray's face. In the ring, an exhausted Lindsay Troy can only collapse backwards, a medical team rushing down the ramp to tend to her brutalised knee.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner... CAYYYLEEE MURRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

Have you ever seen anything like that in your career, Lance?

Lance:

Cayle knew he was in the deepest of trouble - Troy had the match won - so he set the greatest trap of all. He missed the Moonsault and yes, it looked like he hurt himself, but he clearly didn't.

DDK:

The Faithful are letting him have it, and rightly so! What a robbery!

Outside, Cayle springs to his feet, leaping in the air like he has just won his second FIST.

Lance:

You know, it says a lot about Cayle Murray that he's willing to celebrate *THAT!* A pathetic display, truly.

DDK:

And yet his name is being read as the winner. Pro wrestling isn't fair, Lance, but I can't imagine Lindsay Troy is going to take this one lying down either.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS, PLATFORMS AND PORTALS MATCH: FUSE BROS. ONE vs. THE COMMENTS SECTION (DEFCON)

The DEFCON match graphic appears with a Mortal Kombat remix accompanying it.

DDK:

It's time for night one's main event. Fuse Bros. One vs. The Comments Section for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships. The winning team leaves with the titles and the losing team will no longer qualify to tag together in a DEFIANCE ring for the rest of their careers.

Lance:

Intense stuff.

The scene switches to the ring and the Platforms and Portals construction. There is a pole added to the top of each ring post, standing at least ten feet high. At the top of each pole is a mini platform where a Fuse Bros. trademark powder blue question mark box sits, from their original days on the independent scene and first tag run in DEFIANCE. Obviously, the contents inside are unknown, hence the "???" printed on them. In addition, all four poles have a wire attached, connecting with the pole adjacent, which means in the center of the canvas, the wires cross and X marks the spot (think TNA X-Division layout [view](#)). At the X, a larger powder blue question mark box hangs from the rafters. It's clear the only way to get at this power-up is to climb a wire and reach the center. The announcers explain the rules.

DDK:

As you can see, there are five boxes/blocks/power-ups, from what I've been told. This match will fall under tornado rules, so it will be our second tornado tag match tonight. It's one pinfall or submission to a finish and that has to happen inside the ring. I've also been told it is anything goes, however, apparently the contents in those trademark Fuse Bros. blocks are far superior to the other weapons one could get their hands on.

Lance:

So no portals?

DDK:

I believe "portals" may be a metaphor. They could be considered the question mark blocks? They're a portal to violence, if you will. We do have platforms, though. Narrow ones at that.

Lance:

Who knows what kind of "power-ups" those blocks entail.

DDK:

I will say this, that's awfully high up and might not be worth the risk.

Lance:

Or it might.

The lights dim, signifying the introductions to come. Darren Quimbey enters the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman, this is the MAIN EVENT for Night One of DEFCON and it is a Platform and Portals match for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships!

The Faithful cheer in anticipation.

Darren Quimbey:

The losing team will not be able to tag with each other for the rest of their DEFIANCE careers!

As Quimbey's voice drifts away, allowing those words to sink in further, the lights switch off and the DEFI-A-

TRON/DEFCON entrance lettering lights up, revealing a drone's view of the COMPLIANCE Warehouse (the building formerly known as The Funhouse, now in Malak Garland's possession amongst other services). There's a large gathering on the roof of the building and a giant drive-thru screen, showing the live stream of DEFCON. Many of the individuals in attendance, however, are not paying attention to the show. Instead, they are either on their phones, laptops or iPads, typing away. Searchlights pan back and forth, giving that big party vibe and feel like something straight out of a New Donk City music festival.

DDK:

A snowflake viewing party?

Lance:

Looks like it.

Suddenly, the DEFI-A-TRON and DEFCON letters turn off, only to be replaced by sounds of iMessage and email notifications.

The tweets, Facebook statuses, text/discord and forum comments fill the screen at a furious pace.

FIRST!

#NOTMYCHAMPIONS

CONOR FUSE SUX

FUSE BROS OVERRATED

FAITHFUL BLOW

NO ONE CARES ABOUT TYLER

GAME BOY? PASS.

TERESA > DESIRE

ROOFTOP PARTIES ARE CRINGE

STOP TRYING TO MAKE FETCH HAPPEN, CONOR IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN

LET IT SNOW

FAKE IT TIL YOU MAKE IT

VPNS ARE MY BFFS

DON'T @ ME

TYLER IS A BAD WRESTLER

CONOR IS A JOKE

SHINY SHINIES

The entire arena goes dark when the screen is flooded with too many messages and notification sounds.

Lance:

Great, they've crashed the system.

A chorus of jeers slowly makes its way around the arena. However, most of The Faithful wait in silence.

A tiny, blue light flickers from the entrance. Soon, there are tiny blue lights flickering all the way up and down the rampway. As the scene becomes clearer, the lights are being held in the hands of men and women dressed in black cloaks. These people stand across both sides of the rampway, from the top to the bottom, lighting the way. Their faces are in partial view.

The colours of their faces range from different shades of orange, blue or green. All of them wear prosthetic noses which are long, boney and rigid. The heights of these individuals vary. Some are tall and lanky, others short and fat. They resemble the look of evil leprechauns.

Or trolls.

ALARM SOUNDS blare over the PA.

"ATTENTION."

"ATTENTION."

The stage off to the right of the entrance reveals itself with bright lights, showing the band Shinedown as they play The Comments Section's theme.

[*♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪*](#)

The boos are heavy for The Keyboard King and The Bellicose Brawler but no one comes out of the DEFCON entranceway yet. Instead, a rotating helicopter shot shows the COMPLIANCE viewing party. Still, no one in attendance there is watching. Everyone remains on their phones, typing away.

Back to the Lakefront stage. Finally...

The DEFCON entrance letters separate in the middle, making way for what looks like a giant snow globe. And inside the globe?

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates, standing motionlessly, like they're part of the display as snowflakes drift around them. The words "HANDLE WITH CARE" are plastered across the bottom of the snowglobe in sponge-like lettering.

Darren Quimbey:

First, the challengers. They are Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

As the snow globe sits atop of the ramp, additional "trolls" lift the structure and carry it down to ringside. Shinedown continues playing the challengers out and the trolls "lighting the way" dance along with the theme by providing fake karate chops.

Lance:

Teresa Ames was carried to the ring in a litter. Malak and Cyrus are ALSO carried to the ring in a snow globe. Boy, Keebs, I'm in with the wrong people.

DDK:

You and me both, buddy.

The eeriness inside the snow globe sees Malak Garland staying absolutely motionless while Bates' facial expression says he may not be able to hold this mannequin pose much longer.

DDK:

The fun and games are going to end for both teams very soon. Garland and Bates might be carried to the ring but they'll be carried **out** if they don't pick up their game.

Lance:

You know, I wonder how much of this is an *act* by Malak and Cyrus for them to get comfortable in their surroundings. Take this massive DEFCON entrance. We've seen a lot of them tonight. Get lost in the entrance. Perhaps walking out normally might be deemed overwhelming for two guys who like to hide behind a computer screen.

Nearing the end of the rampway, Cyrus finally snaps and reaches up to scratch his nose. Malak immediately smacks The Bellicose Brawler's hand as hard as possible and Bates reverts to his mannequin pose, as if he repositioned quickly enough for no one to notice.

The snow globe arrives and the trolls take the top off. Pyro explodes at the top of the rampway as flakes of snow gently fall from the Lakefront Arena rafters. Malak nods to Cyrus like *now* is an appropriate time to break their freeze. Bates

hops off the globe and rolls into the ring. Malak, however, sees the "HANDLE WITH CARE" sign in front of him and goes absolutely ape shit on it, kicking it and tackling it to the ground. A couple of trolls try to compose Garland but he immediately drops them with elbows and starts screaming "AVALANCHE"!

DDK:

Jesus.

Malak cracks one of the shorter trolls in his jaw before the troll's prosthetic nose falls off and he screams in pain, breaking character. Garland sneers, rolling into the ring.

Lance:

So he hires these guys only to beat them up?

DDK:

Surprised?

Lance:

Oh, no. Not at all.

Malak coyly smiles as he snaps his fingers. The broadcast immediately shows the COMPLIANCE rooftop party once more. Endless amounts of fireworks go off in the background, startling all the snowflake patrons not paying attention to the pay-per-view feed on the big screen.

DDK:

A fireworks show at an illegally streaming rooftop party? All those people should be over at Ballyhoo partaking in the official DEFCON watch party.

Back in the ring, Malak and Cyrus are wearing special matching DEFCON gear. They're each in black wrestling trunks, pads and boots, all adorned with powder blue snowflake images randomly placed on them. Malak is the only one wearing a black tank top, though. The lights dim again. The trolls disappear and Shinedown finishes playing.

[♪ "Emergence" by VWLS, the Mortal Kombat 2021 Theme Song ♪](#)

Highlights across the Fuse Bros. DEFIANCE career play on the DEFI-A-TRON...

...winning the Tag Team Championships for the first time in a 6-way contest on DEFtv 100, the night DEFIANCE was supposed to close. Tyler and Conor hold the titles up, each standing on a second turnbuckle pad while the hell in a cell raises.

DDK:

They've done it! Forever entrenched as The LAST DEFIANTS!

...until that wasn't meant to be and DEFIANCE found new ownership. Clips of successfully defending the championships against The ToyBox and The Stevens Dynasty air.

DDK:

The Bros. lift the behemoth George Stevens up and into a BRAINBUSTER!! Unbelievable!

...to their tag title loss at the hands of Jestal and Dandelion.

...to their stab in the back of comrades, The WrestleFriends.

...to the dissection of Kerry Kuroyama and "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas.

...to their singles careers, Conor & his Game Boy defeating the legendary Deacon.

...and Tyler Fuse wrecking the Southern Heritage Championship with a sledgehammer.

...to their coming together, this final time by surprising Malak Garland and taking his titles.

All five of them.

DDK:

IT WAS THE FUSE BROS. ONE, MALAK. IT WAS THE FUSE BROS. ONE ALL ALONG, MALAK!

Arms raised, confetti falling from the rafters, the last image of Tyler and Conor Fuse is one of glory.

Lights out. Music off.

GONG.

An orchestra and opera appears in place of Shinedown. They begin their rendition of the original Mortal Kombat theme, in EPIC MODE.

[!\[\]\(25443c13ba682f2de8b6f8be57623a89_img.jpg\) Mortal Kombat Theme !\[\]\(ca23340563b6d1bd2f3754ba70807ce9_img.jpg\)](#)

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... they are the reigning UNIFIED Tag Team Champions... Tyler and Conor Fuse... FUSE BROS. OOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!

"TEST YOUR MIGHT!"

"TEST YOUR MIGHT!"

"TEST YOUR MIGHT!"

"TEST YOUR MIGHT!"

"DEFIANCE WRESTLING!"

Two large plastic DRAGONS have replaced the DEFCON-lettered entrance. One orange, one green.

"FIGHT!"

Smoke fills the entrance way as Tyler walks out of the orange dragon and Conor emerges from the green one. Although the dragons represent the Bros. original DEFIANCE colours, they are sporting a much different look than their roots. Conor resembles MK character Sub-Zero, complete with the blue MA140 BB gun airsoft facemask and additional armour. Tyler resembles MK character Reptile, dressed in green, with bone spikes popping out of his uniform, conveying a more modern version of the character.

"DEFIANCE WRESTLING!"

Conor lifts four of the five UNIFIED Tag Team Championship belts, stacked on top of one another (the other is around his waist) and swings them over his shoulder.

"EXCELLENT!"

"EXCELLENT!"

Fuse Bros. One make their descent towards the ring as orange and green pyro explodes behind them.

"CAYLE!"

"BLACK OUT!"

"ELISE ARES!"

"HENRY KEYES!"

The scene switched to Malak and Cyrus inside the ring, briefly. Malak whispers something to Cyrus and he nods in reply.

"DEACON!"

"RYAN BATTS!"

"BROCK NEWBLUDD!"

At the end of the rampway, Conor raises his arms and pyro detonates for the final time. The Fuse's sprint to the ring as Tyler slides under the bottom rope and Conor performs his usual leap to the apron and then a rolling leap over the top rope and into the ring.

"DEFIANCE WRESTLING!"

The opera and orchestra come to a close, leaving The Faithful standing and cheering the champions on. Tyler and Conor take off their excess ring gear as Conor hands all five belts over to referee Mark Shields. Shields tries to hold them up but two fall, one smacking him in the side of the face. The incompetent ref says screw it and moves the belts to the time keepers table.

Tyler tells Conor it's "go time" as the two of them walk to the center of the ring, asking their opponents to meet them there.

For now, The Comments Section don't budge from their corner.

Arms crossed, Tyler Fuse's expressionless face doesn't acknowledge the challengers. On the other hand, Conor, who is also sporting his most serious expression by his standards, takes one look at Malak and then stares straight ahead. The Faithful ROAR in support of the champions and have their shot at one of the challengers.

LETS GO FUSES

MALAK SUCKS

LETS GO FUSES

MALAK SUCKS

Lance:

Much different than those text messages we saw flooding the DEFI-A-TRON earlier, huh!

DING DING

Realizing there's no way out of this, Malak pats Cyrus on the chest and they slowly walk to the center of the ring, squaring off with their main event counterparts.

Tyler and Cyrus.

Malak and Conor.

The tension inside the Lakefront Arena builds.

There's some off-mic exchange from Tyler to the two men in front of him. Malak shakes with anxiety, fear and anger all in one. The Soapbox Superstar looks outside the ring, towards the time keepers table.

Malak Garland:

Mine. *My* titles.

His voice is loud enough to be picked up by the apron microphone. Tyler laughs.

Tyler Fuse:

Take us down.

Malak nods. He takes two steps back, looks at The Bros. and screams.

Malak Garland:

Avalan-

DDK:

From out of nowhere, Conor with an inside-out discus clothesline to Malak Garland!

And we are off.

DDK:

Bates aims for Conor but Tyler blasts Bates with a HARD superkick!

Lance:

They've hit each other's moves, Keebs. Tyler has the discus clothesline and Conor is the true superkicker!

The crowd stands.

DDK:

The Fuse Bros. are going down fighting. They are welcoming The Comments Section to join them!

Tyler paces around the ring with a ton of energy. He looks towards his younger brother and thumps him on the chest.

Tyler Fuse:

Let's gooooooooooooooooooooo!

DDK:

Tyler hurls Cyrus into the ropes. Bates attempts to duck a clothesline but Conor Fuse LEAPS in with a thunderous shoulder tackle, knocking the big man down from the side. Malak races towards Tyler but the older Fuse connects with a spinebuster slam!

FUSE IS LIT

FUSE IS LIT

FUSE IS LIT

DDK:

Tyler deadlifts Bates and Conor positions Malak... into simultaneous snapdragon suplexes! The Double Dragons!

Lance:

This might be over FAST!

Tyler pushes Conor. Conor pushes Tyler. They're hyping themselves up.

DDK:

Player One drags Cyrus Bates on his feet as Conor hits the ropes. Dropkick by Conor into a backdrop by Tyler!

The champions turn their attention to Malak, performing a magic killer on him. Conor hooks the leg!

DDK:

And without any power-ups needed!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Faithful let out a sigh. There's fight in the snowflake.

Conor looks up from the mat, about to direct Tyler to the top rope but-

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?! Bates took Tyler's face off!

Cyrus rolls to a knee, holding an object in his hands.

Lance:

Cyrus has one of the question mark blocks from the platforms! He crushed Tyler with it! How in the hell did he get that!?

Conor attempts to pop up and help Tyler but Malak slithers into position and applies an arm lock on P2! The Bellicose Brawler hurls Tyler into a corner, racing in himself with a splash! Tyler falls out of the padding and Bates hip-tosses the older Fuse to the center of the mat.

Player Two slips free from the arm bar and lifts Malak with both arms. He smashes Garland to the ground but turns around just in time to catch a big boot from Bates! Garland instructs his partner and muscle to pick up the powder blue question mark box again. As this takes place, a picture-in-picture instant replay shows that during The Fuse Bros. entrance, Malak whispers something to Cyrus and The Bellicose Brawler slowly makes his way up the nearby pole, retrieving a power-up before the match started!

Lance:

How did we not see that!?

DDK:

Well, I don't think any of us were looking inside the ring at the time and it **was** very difficult to see, considering the lights overtop of the ring weren't on!

Bates hands Malak the box. The Keyboard King punches the top open and reaches inside. His eyes light up, knowing he has something in his hands initially meant to be used *against* him.

An NES controller, wrapped in barbed wire.

Tyler struggles to his feet, so Malak casually tells Cyrus to blast The Game-Changer in the face with a boot. Conor works his way over to Malak, but Bates does the same to Player Two!

Garland carefully tries to take the controller out of the box. Even the cord is barbed. The Keyboard King licks his lips.

Malak Garland:

Joy.

And as Conor attempts to find a vertical base, Garland screams "AVALANCHE!" by kneeing the younger Fuse in the face! Garland continues to orchestrate Bates' attack.

Malak Garland:

Get me the angry one.

Tyler pumps a hard left hand into Bates chest. The Faithful come alive as Tyler gets to his feet and hammers Cyrus again, again, again-

DDK:

OH MY GOD, NO!! MALAK FROM BEHIND WITH THE BARBED WIRE CONTROLLER!

Garland wraps the wire around Tyler's head and pulls back HARD. Blood immediately trickles down Tyler's face! Some sprays onto Cyrus!

Malak Garland:

HAHAHAHAHA! I GOT YOU, BUTTON MASHING BITCH!

Like a kid in a candy store, Malak drives the wire as deep as it can go!

DDK:

What's he doing now?

Garland pulls the controller cord off Tyler and uses it as a whip.

SMACK.

SMACK.

SMACK.

The barbed controller digs into Tyler's back! Malak is in blissful delight!

SMACK.

SMACK.

SMACK.

DDK:

ENOUGH!

Malak goes back to applying the wire across the elder Fuse's face.

A determined Tyler Fuse tries to break away but ultimately, Bates hits the ropes and lands THE KEYBOARD KICK!!

DDK:

Dammit! IT'S OVER!

With Tyler down on the mat, wire across his face, Malak sports a wide-eyed grin. He pins Tyler and demands Mark Shields make the count!

ONE.

TWO.

SAVE BY CONOR!

A minor Frank chant surfaces but more people are worried about what's to come next than get excited about The Ultimate Gamer saving their titles (and their tag team careers).

DDK:

Malak dropkicks Conor in the face and Cyrus Bates props Conor onto his shoulders, running him around the ring in a circle FOUR times before hitting a earth shattering powerslam!

Malak jumps up and down for joy, watching his monster put it altogether.

DDK:

This is a much different Cyrus Bates we're seeing right now. Malak, too.

Lance:

They had a head start, Keebs. You give anyone a head start like this and I'm sure they'll have confidence.

Garland knees Conor in the face and then connects with a suplex. The former Tag Team Champion takes the NES controller off Tyler and methodically walks over to Conor.

DDK:

There might not be anything left of the Fuse Bros. even if they win!

Garland tells Bates to pull Conor's arms back. Bates does as Garland stretches the wire and looks to wrap it around Conor's head...

Until he pricks his own finger.

Malak Garland:

OWWIEEEEEEE! I'M BLEEDING!

DDK:

It's the opening Conor needs! He kicks Garland away, breaks free from Cyrus Bates and races into the ropes but a HARD LEAPING KNEE from Bates puts Conor back down!

The wind is knocked out of the crowd as Bates hits a gutwrench powerbomb on Conor and places him beside his brother. Malak kisses his finger numerous times before he looks over at the other poles and remaining power-ups. Hand on his chin, Malak contemplates which one he wants next.

Malak Garland: *[pointing to one of them]*

I want that one, get me that one.

Bates nods and scales the pole. It's clear the big man's anxiety is kicking in as he stands on the top turnbuckle and *then* start to climb.

Malak Garland:

You already got one of them! Stop being a little bitch!

Bates nods.

DDK:

The match has been ruined. Because of the cheap attack by Garland, they'll likely get to use all these weapons before The Fuse Bros. do!

Bates is almost at the platform. He closes his eyes and reaches out for the power-up block. Meanwhile, Garland is spouting off at him, like he should've had it in his mits already.

Malak Garland:

You were faster the last time!

Bates shakes and looks back.

Cyrus Bates:

Last time no one was watching me.

As Bates finally grabs the box, The Faithful come alive!

DDK:

That's Tyler Fuse! Fuse with a cutter to Garland and he's going to the turnbuckle Bates is at!

Wobbly, blood on his face, Tyler makes it to the top rope and reaches out for Cyrus. The Game-Changer seizes Bates' waist and connects with a MASSIVE German suplex, sending both of them off the pole and towards the center of the ring!

Crash!

DDK:

What has to be a solid eight footed drop! Tyler was standing upright on the top turnbuckle and Bates was hugging that pole!

LET'S GO TYLER! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

LET'S GO TYLER! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

LET'S GO TYLER! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Garland stands off to the side, rattled. Seeing his partner fall from such heights has him scared.

ALTHOUGH, Malak notices something in the far corner. The question mark block Bates was going for had been knocked off and sits underneath that turnbuckle.

Malak Garland:

Joy. Again.

He rushes to the box as the crowd jeers upon sight of it. Garland leans over, picks it up and holds it like Indiana Jones holds The Crystal Skull.

Malak breaks the top open but his face becomes puzzled. Dropping the box, he takes its contents out.

A mini potted flower.

Malak Garland:

What the hell is this for? Useless.

The Keyboard King discards the potted flower and walks himself over to Tyler Fuse, who's still recovering from the German suplex fall himself. Malak kicks Tyler in the side of the face and mocks him for being "tough". The Faithful grow louder... and louder...

Conor Fuse pops up behind Malak and taps him on the shoulder. Malak steps back but then laughs, seeing Conor holding the flower.

Malak Garland:

That's nonsense. This is silly. Get that shit outta here. FLOWERS WITHER IN THE SNOW, CONOR!

Conor smirks.

Conor Fuse:

Fuse is...

Garland crinkles his face.

Malak Garland:

What?

Conor nods, like he knows Malak heard him.

Conor Fuse:

Fuse is...

Again, Garland scoffs.

Malak Garland:

What!?

Player Two clears his throat.

Conor Fuse:

I SAID, FUSE... IS...

Malak shrugs as Conor bends down to pick up the question mark block. Malak only got half of what was inside.

Malak Garland:

A lighter?

The mischievous Conor Fuse grins from ear-to-ear.

Conor Fuse:

Fuse. Is. LiT.

And then...

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!! CONOR'S LIT THAT FLOWER ON FIRE.

Lance:

IT'S A FIRE FLOWER!!!

The Faithful BOOM in support, as Garland immediately backtracks to a corner. The Thirst Trapper's eyes bulge out of his head, begging Conor not to use the weapon on him.

P2 winks.

And throws the burning flower at Malak's beaten up tank top, catching it on fire!!

DDK:

MALAK GARLAND IS **LIT!!** THE KEYBOARD KING IS HOT!! AND FOR ALL THE WRONG REASONS!

THUMP.

A spear by Conor Fuse puts out the flame... and also knocks BOTH men through the top and middle rope and to the padded floor below!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Lance:

The notion these power-ups may be silly, sure, but barbed wire, **LIGHTING** a man on **FIRE**. God Almighty!

Inside the ring, Tyler and Cyrus pull themselves together. Tyler rushes Bates but Bates ducks and sends Tyler flying over top of him. Tyler hits the mat and Bates hits the ropes... although Tyler gets to his feet and connects with a sitdown hip toss to the big man!

Lance:

Tyler hits a lot harder than you'd think for a guy his size.

DDK:

Bates meets a stiff left fist from Tyler Fuse. Another. Another. Tyler has Bates in the corner now and kicks him down hard.

Commence the ANGRY stomps of DOOM.

Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp.

Stompstompstompstompstompstompstompstomp-

Pause.

Conor is in the ring and wants to join the fun. Tyler, obviously, welcomes it.

Commence the ANGRY **and** HAPPY stomps of DOOM.

DDK:

The Brothers are walking a portal and stomping it dry!

Lance:

Eh, could've been a better line there.

DDK:

I know.

Conor's face is pure joy while Tyler's is furious. They are hammering every last life bar out of The Bellicose Brawler. Tyler pats Conor on the chest like a job well done and Player Two immediately puts away his smile. The Champions whip Bates into the ropes. Tyler goes low with a chop block and Conor goes high with a sling blade.

Taking a deep breath in and not exhaling, Tyler positions Bates into a pile driver position.

DDK:

The strength of Tyler!

Conor jumps onto the top rope and leaps off, implanting Bates as Tyler lands the pile driver.

DDK:

Modified Tillinghast Driver to Bates! Tyler hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

DDK:

Bates shows some resiliency!

Lance:

You know, Cyrus is not a bad wrestler. He needs some more confidence and to lose his partner.

Tyler immediately perches himself on the top rope. Once Bates is up, Fuse A connects with the LANline! This is

followed by Achievement Unlocked, the Koji Clutch!

DDK:

Tyler's pulling out all his old school moves!

Bates shouts as he waves his arms around, hoping the ropes are nearby (nope, sorry bro). Conor, meanwhile, hits the ropes and dropkicks Cyrus SQUARE in the jaw!

DDK:

I can't see Cyrus lasting much longer in this hold!

Death himself, Malak Garland, sways unsteadily on the apron. He's holding the ropes to keep himself upright and he's...

DDK:

Crying?

Lance:

Oh ya, those are tears.

DDK:

I'll say this much, the guy was lit on fire and speared out of the ring. How is he still standing?

Tyler's attention is kept on Cyrus while Conor invites The Soapbox Superstar into the squared circle.

Malak Garland: *[shaking]*

You lit me... on fire.

Conor shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

You destroyed my hammock, mother fucker.

The Gamer rages.

DDK:

Conor with a dropkick to Garland and it knocks him off the apron and into the guardrail!

The Faithful are in full support of The Best Pout Machine.

!RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

Conor with a suicide dive onto Malak Garland!

Inside the ring, Bates might tap out but he IS trying his best to make it to the ropes!

DDK:

Do rope breaks count in a match like this?

Lance:

I'm not sure. It's referee Mark Shields after all!

Bates is close, he reaches out.

But Tyler drags him back in!

DDK:

OH NO! On the way back to the center of the ring, Bates rolls over and puts all his weight on top of Tyler! Bates is pinning Tyler!

It takes Mark Shields a moment to figure things out but he slides into position and counts.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Not only did Tyler have to BREAK the hold, which seemed hard to do given Bates was on top of him but he also had to pull his shoulders off the mat! Tyler barely got them up in time!

The elder Fuse takes hold of Cyrus and tosses him into a discus clothesline, leaving his feet in the process.

DDK:

The Glitch connects!

Lance:

Cyrus is a two-hundred-forty pound rag doll!

DDK:

Tyler hits a side Russian leg sweep and is looking for his trademark pendulum backbreaker. I can't believe he's lifted Cyrus up-

As Keebler speaks, Tyler's leg gives from under him and he drops Bates back to the mat, without performing the maneuver. The OG P1 falls into the ropes and checks on his knee. Obviously, referee Mark Shields is clueless and doesn't follow-up with Tyler, either.

The Bellicose Brawler shakes the cobwebs from his head, locates Tyler and races towards him. Fuse flips around the second rope, sending his good leg, the left one, over the top rope and landing on the top of Cyrus' head. This buys Tyler more time to pump feeling into his right knee.

On the outside, Conor drags Malak Garland to a vertical base. Fuse B drills an elbow into Malak's skull and starts super kicking The Keyboard King across the floor, working their way around the corner of the ring and towards the entrance ramp. On superkick number four, Malak ducks, rolls free and hits a desperation poke to Conor's eyes. Garland tries for a breather, charges at Conor but is ultimately hit with a thunderous powerslam into the top of the steel steps! Garland cries out yet again while The Faithful cheer at the landing! The #9 representative on TEPF Top 100 peels Malak Garland off the steel and looks into his dead eyes.

Conor Fuse:

You hurt my MEE6 BOT.

Conor punches Malak square in the face.

!rank

Conor punches him again.

!rank

And again.

!RANK

And again.

!RANK

And many more times!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Fuse works Garland up the DEFCON rampway, as the challenger tries to retreat but his chest was lit on fire, his ribs connected hard with the guardrail, his back feels like it's been stabbed with a sharp knife from the steel stepped powerslam and now, on top of all of this, his bell is being rung.

!rank after !rank after !rank

DDK:

The Locker Room Leader has worked Malak Garland to the top of the rampway!

Fuse takes hold of Malak's tights and looks to run him off the edge of the ramp but Malak comes to a screeching halt before he's thrown off. The COMPLIANCE Ruler tries for another desperation move and it connects.

DDK:

Malak with a low blow to Conor!

Followed by a DDT!

Inside the ring, Bates circles Tyler, who's basically using one leg to stand. Cyrus licks his chops and charges at Tyler, only to take a couple of steps back and laughs. It's clear the bigger man is toying with the champion.

Bates moves in again. Tyler tries to kick him away but Bates never gets close enough. P1 hops around the canvas, almost begging Bates to take him down.

Tyler Fuse:

Hey, Cyrus, what's it like being the NPC of The Comments Section?

Bates is confused.

Cyrus Bates:

NP... C?

Tyler nods.

Tyler Fuse:

Yeah. Non-Playable Character? BOT? Extra? Stand-in? Understudy? Walk-on?

The Bellicose Brawler draws a blank. Tyler's losing patience.

Tyler Fuse:

Just hit me, dumbass.

Bates charges and Tyler leaps over him, forward rolling on the canvas before the big man spins back around. The OG Player One sees Bates coming and launches onward with a flying forearm knocking the ex-power lifter down!

On the top of the ramp, Conor and Malak are going shot for shot and working their way to the performance stage. Malak takes hold of a drum set and throws it in Conor's direction but he misses. Malak finds a guitar and swings it like a baseball bat but Conor sidesteps it easily. Furious the guitar didn't work, Garland smashes it on the ground which allows for an opening. Conor races across the stage, taking hold of Malak's head and performing a tilt-a-whirl DDT right into the floor tom drum!

DDK:

Malak's PWN'd in the drum!

Garland's feet are all that can be seen, kicking back and forth as he struggles to work his way out of the drum.

CLANG!

DDK:

Conor takes the hi-hat symbols and starts smashing them together.

Conor Fuse: *[impersonating Malak Garland with the hi-hat]*

My name is Malak. I get anxiety over everything. Cry, cry, cry. I'm a pussyass-

Whack!

Malak pops out of the drum with a pair of drumsticks in hand. He cracks them over Conor's head. Garland finds a recorder sitting on a nearby music stand, likely from the Mortal Kombat orchestra performance.

Malak Garland: *[doing his best Conor Fuse impersonation]*

My name is Conor, one toot on this whistle will send me to a far away land.

Garland takes the whistle and attempts to jam it where the sun doesn't shine but Conor kicks it away at the last second and the two continue brawling across the rampway, working their way back to its center.

Inside the ring, Bates and Tyler are going shot-for-shot, as Tyler continues to stand on a leg and a half.

Wham, Tyler's knocked back pretty hard. He nods. He likes it.

DDK:

Tyler with a left of his own.

Wham, Bates stumbles further back than his opponent. But he does return the favour.

Wham. Tyler, again, loves it.

Lance:

These two might do this forever.

The scene switches to the top of the rampway, where Malak and Conor are going shot-for-shot too but it's not with nearly the same *impact*.

Malak Garland:

I told you to buy the EXPENSIVE, three-ply hammock and you didn't.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, will you STFU with that stuff. This is not the reason we're fighting.

Malak Garland:

It's not? You hurt my feelings! I'll tweet about it!

Conor Fuse:

You gotta look past the stupid hammock, moron. We're fighting because I tried to be your friend and you continued to take advantage of me. The hammock is a fucking McDuffin.

DDK:

He means Maguffin, right?

Lance:

Pretty sure.

Garland spits in Conor's face.

Malak Garland:

I CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ANYONE I WANT. YOU DIDN'T CATER TO MY NEEDS! YOU'RE A STUPID BRAT WHO SHOULD BE PAYING ATTENTION TO ME. **ME.** MEEEEEEEEEE-

The Faithful cheer as Conor cracks Garland in the face but Garland follows it up with another low blow, snatches Conor by the head and runs him right into the C in the D E F C O N entrance sign!

CRACK!

BOOM!

POP!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Malak threw Conor through the DEFCON C! I believe that's a LIVE LED display Fuse collided with!

Sparks fly everywhere. The Lakefront Arena loses power for a brief moment before regaining it. Garland looks pleased as he stands back (far back, so he doesn't get hit from the sparks), admiring his work.

Malak Garland:

C for Conor. There's your portal.

Without a care for his former friend, Garland turns around and starts to make his way down the DEFCON rampway. He's clearly in pain and can barely walk a straight line but he is alive.

Inside the ring, Bates and Tyler keep going shot-for-shot until Tyler gets the upper hand for good.

DDK:

Still on one leg, Tyler delivers three straight left fists into Cyrus and then pushes him into a corner. Tyler positions atop Bates, reigning more fists.

Lance:

Did Tyler see what happened to his brother?

DDK:

I know we lost power for a split second but Tyler seems to be in that *rage* mode so I don't think he has just yet.

The crowd counts the punches Tyler places into the top of Bates' hairless skull.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

FOUR.

FIVE.

SIX.

SEVEN.

EIGHT.

NINE.

Sit-out powerbomb.

DDK:

Malak Garland entered the ring, inserted himself right between Bates and Tyler and hit Tyler with a powerbomb!

Garland asks for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

As if he's ready to give up already, the very un-resilient Malak Garland pulls his hair and screams at referee Mark Shields. This gives Tyler enough time to get to his feet, bounce off the ropes and fly halfway across the canvas with a shoulder block, knocking the spit right out of The Tyrant Troll.

The Faithful are loud as Tyler pulls himself up.

In something out of Conor's playbook, Tyler tilts his head back and does something extremely out of character.

Player One limps to the first turnbuckle and smacks the top pad.

Tyler Fuse:

Power up.

He limps to the second turnbuckle and smacks the top pad.

Tyler Fuse:

Power up!

Now, with 50% less of a limp, he walks to the third turnbuckle pad and smacks it.

Tyler Fuse:

POWER UP.

And then, to the final turnbuckle pad, the one where Cyrus Bates is laid across. Tyler pushes The Sidekick to the canvas and smacks the pad.

Tyler Fuse:

POWER UP!!!!

Once Malak gets to his feet, he's met with the Fatality Punch!

DDK:

That's Conor's original move from their independent days!

The arena is in a FRENZY as Tyler drops to his knees and hooks both legs.

DDK:

THE FUSE BROS. ARE GOING TO SUCCESSFULLY DEFEND THE TITLES!

ONE.

TWO.

LAST SECOND SAVE BY CYRUS BATES!

Half the crowd thought it was over as Tyler rolls to his back and looks at the ceiling!

DDK:

DAMMIT!!

Lance:

An out of character move for a guy that's never FULLY bought into the gaming stuff.

DDK:

Until now!?

Tyler uses the ropes to pull himself up. He sees Bates coming to. Cyrus drags his teammate up with him.

There, Tyler stands in a corner of the ring and a recovering Malak Garland rests against the chest of his "muscle". Tyler tries to take a step forward but once more, his right knee gives a little.

Malak cracks the faintest of smiles.

Malak Garland:

Bingo.

Garland pats Bates on the chest like he takes the left side and Malak takes the right. They slowly enclose on Tyler and the OG Player One, Intensity Personified, has nowhere to go.

Malak Garland:

Wanna play "tough big brother" with me now?

Tyler shows no fear and no intent to back down. He prepared himself to take on whoever comes at him first.

Or two at the same time.

Malak nods.

Malak Garland:

Attack.

DDK:

Garland and Bates charge Tyler but Tyler hits them with elbows! Still on one leg, Tyler hurries to find space and shoots himself into the ropes... he flies across the ring and jumps onto Malak's shoulders with a hurricanrana. Bates charges at Tyler but Player One lowers the top rope on Cyrus and he falls out of the ring. Tyler spins back to Malak Garland-NO! Garland with the airplane arm clothesline!!!

Tyler's flipped inside-out and crashes to a heap on the canvas. Suddenly, Malak Garland gets an idea.

Malak Garland:

WEAPON... GET!

He smacks Tyler across the chest, rolls the elder Fuse to the corner of the ring and then hops outside.

DDK:

Malak Garland is STEALING Conor's maneuver!

Lance:

Well, let's be honest Keebs, Weapon Get is Conor STEALING his opponent's maneuver!

The Faithful catch on. Malak Garland has dragged Tyler Fuse to the ring post and is going to apply a figure four leg lock around it!

DDK:

Tyler's crippled numerous people in his career with this figure four! Kerry Kuroyama, for one. Tyler put Kuroyama on the shelf for SIX MONTHS with this move!

Malak needs Cyrus' help to figure it out but once Tyler's feet are in position, Malak hooks his legs around P1 and the post, takes hold of Tyler's legs, jumps up and falls back.

DDK:

He's got it locked in!

Mark Shields slides into position, asking Tyler if he's going to submit.

DDK:

This is a legal submission!?

Lance:

Normally, no, no it wouldn't but I guess this is a move being performed in the ring!? Tyler's in the ring!

DDK:

And he's going to tap from his own calamitous hold!

The elder Fuse shouts in pain as Malak tugs on Tyler's legs for all its worth. Cyrus Bates nods like a madman, taking it in.

Tyler's hand goes up but the crowd is shouting for him not to tap! The Original Player is trying his best to fight through the torture!

DDK:

I don't believe what I'm seeing!

Tyler's hand lowers... lowers... lowers.

He ta-

He screams into the rafters instead.

Garland looks over to Bates, while still tugging at the leg, as if to ask Cyrus "is it over yet"? The Bellicose Brawler shakes his head no.

This rattles Malak. It rattles him so much his body starts to tremble, causing him to lose grip. In a strange turn of events, the longer this goes...

The less it hurts Tyler.

By now, Garland's not hanging off The Game-Changer. His back is pressed to the floor and the figure four leg lock is barely applied.

DDK:

Luckily for Tyler, Malak's terrible at submission-based wrestling.

Lance:

He had him, too, Keebs. Malak had Tyler dead-to-rights but showed no patience whatsoever!

Tyler tries to crawl to the other side of the ring, away from the challengers. Beside himself, Malak screams at Cyrus to pull back the apron and take out as many tables as he can find. Bates agrees while Garland slides into the ring and finds Tyler pulling himself up on the other side.

Malak Garland:

Hey, big bad bro.

Tyler seethes while staring a hole into his opponent.

Garland toys with Tyler to get to his feet. Suddenly, The Armchair Expert has an idea.

There are three more power-up blocks to be opened.

Garland looks towards the DEFCON entrance and sees EMTs tending to Conor from inside the C. Malak knows there's nothing to be scared of now as he scales another pole and knocks down a powdered blue question mark box in no time.

Malak lifts the box and gives it a shake, as if it were a Christmas present and he was trying to guess its contents.

This block in particular is larger than the other two. It's rectangular in shape. Garland busts the top open and pulls out...

DDK:

A keyboard!?

Lance:

Oh boy, Keebs. Do you see it?

The camera zooms in to show every key on the keyboard has a thumb tack glued to it... point facing out, of course. The Faithful view a close up on the DEFI-A-TRON and respond with horror.

Garland places the keyboard on the canvas and immediately charges Tyler. Tyler tries to get his foot up but Garland catches him with a lariat. Garland mercifully attacks Tyler with an overwhelming amount of rights and lefts, putting Tyler's ass on the mat. He lifts Fuse, sitting him on the top turnbuckle pad. Malak joins him up there.

DDK:

Malak Garland is going to suplex Tyler Fuse off the top buckle and into the thumbtacked keyboard!?

Lance:

I think so!

Finally, there's a LOUD !RANK chant as the scene switches to Conor, who finds his second wind, an Extra Life or another Continue. Conor reFUSEs further medical attention and makes his way down the ramp!

DDK:

Malak better move quickly in order to-

SPLAT.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Tyler headbutts Malak Garland, lifts him up and TOSSES him back-first into the thumbtacked keyboard!

Lance:

He's not wearing his tank top, either! Malak discarded the burnt remnants of it after it was lit on fire!

Garland SCREEEEEEAMS at the top of his lungs! He rolls on his stomach but the entire keyboard is stuck to his back!! It's a perfect opportunity for Tyler to inflict more damage.

DDK:

LEG DROP TO THE BACK! The keyboard is jammed further into Malak's skin!

Tyler shouts into the rafters but no one can hear him because the arena is unglued! Conor finally enters the ring and this is when Cyrus Bates realizes what's happening. He's been stacking layers of tables on top of each other (two layers, three tables wide). Malak would've been proud. Maybe. Okay, doubtful.

DDK:

Bates charges at Tyler but Conor pops him with a superkick! The younger Fuse hits the ropes... LION SUIT SAULT!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Conor stomps around the canvas, pumping his arms back and forth, psyching himself up. A hobbled Tyler Fuse gets in Conor's way. They almost bump into each other.

Tyler shoves Conor with everything he has.

Tyler Fuse: *[pointing to Cyrus Bates]*

FINISH HIM!!

Conor shakes with intensity as Tyler drags Bates out of the ring and begins placing him on top of the stacked tables! The Armlock Aristocrat turns to the pole displaying one of the last remaining power-ups.

DDK:

CONOR'S GOING UP! UP! UPPPPP!

The excitable Fuse climbs as the stoic one has Bates placed appropriately across the tables. Once Conor reaches the top of the pole, he climbs onto the miniature platform, a solid twelve-plus feet in the air.

Conor holds the block in his mits.

Conor Fuse:

Pick a box. Its contents will help you on your way.

And opens it.

The Faithful are trying to figure it out. Conor reveals some kind of golden *cloth*.

Lance:

I think it's a cape?

Conor shakes the "cloth" open, revealing that it is indeed a cape. He puts it over his shoulders. Despite the nonsense of the cape, the crowd is beginning to catch on and everyone rises to their feet. Additionally, it just so happens to be the power-up on the pole that's directly ABOVE the tables.

Tables Cyrus Bates rests on.

DDK:

Don't do it.

Lance:

No. Do it. It's DEFCON!!!

DDK:

Lance!

Lance:

What?

Fuse takes a deep breath as Tyler clears the way. Conor says a quick prayer from the platform before he leaps off it.

CRRRRRAAAAASSSSHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

CONOR FUSE WENT THROUGH CYRUS BATES AND TWO LAYERS OF TABLES WITH THE SIDE-SCROLLING SENTON!

CONOR!

CONOR!

CONOR!

Conor and Cyrus lay in pieces. There's not much time to waste, though, as Tyler slides back into the ring and sees Malak Garland using the ropes to knock the thumbtacked keyboard off his back.

DDK:

Tyler rolls into the ring and delivers a discus clothesline to Malak!

Lance:

I think the end of The Comments Section is near!

Standing directly in the center of the ring, Tyler looks up. There's one final power-up to go... the one directly hanging above, wires attached to each one of the platform posts.

Tyler walks to a corner and starts climbing the pole. To everyone's shock, MALAK GARLAND is up! Garland makes his way to the opposite corner, climbs the turnbuckles and scales the pole!

Lance:

How is Malak moving!?

DDK:

He's not moving well, Lance. Blood is pouring down his back!

Lance:

Neither is Tyler for that matter. His knee may be damaged!

Tyler gets to the wire attached to the top of the pole. He starts monkey-baring his way to the center of the ring. Malak, however, is not that far behind, hugging the wire as he shimmies across.

DDK:

You'd have to think whatever's in this one will seal the deal!!

LET'S GO TYLER, LET'S GO! Clap, clap.

LET'S GO TYLER, LET'S GO! Clap, clap.

LET'S GO TYLER, LET'S GO! Clap, clap.

Tyler arrives first but his balance isn't strong. He waves at the large question mark block, unable to hook it off its latch. This gives enough time for Malak to arrive. However, he does not have interest in retrieving the big powder blue question mark box. Instead...

Click.

DDK:

Malak's handcuffed Tyler's right arm to the wire!

Garland sneers as Tyler looks at his wrist, completely caught off guard by what took place. Fuse swats at Malak but The Thirst Trapper has made sure he's moved back far enough. Knowing Tyler can't get him, Garland swipes at the question mark block.

Lance:

Where did Malak get the handcuffs from!?

Garland comes close to knocking the box off the latch. He stops for a moment, looks at Tyler and swings his feet forward, knocking the box to the canvas below. Malak jumps down to join it.

A replay shows Malak getting the thumbtacked keyboard off of him and sliding out of the ring, looking underneath the apron and taking a pair of handcuffs before getting back into the ring and meeting the discus clothesline by Tyler.

DDK:

There's nowhere Tyler can go! He's STUCK on the wire!

Garland looks at the block but then makes a mad dash out of the ring and finds Conor Fuse on the floor. Garland drags Conor to his feet and works him into the ring. Malak follows.

Tyler, who remains on the wire, tries to rip at the handcuff with his free hand but it's no use. The older brother's only hope is to let himself go from the wire and see if he can either snap the handcuffs off it, or take the wire and the whole

system down with him.

Garland shouts at Conor, with Player Two propped against the ropes.

Malak Garland:

IT'S OVER FOR YOU! AVALANCHE!!!!!!

#OHMYGOSHYOULOSTSOSADLOL

Pumphandle DDT. Garland laughs.

Tyler knows he has no choice. He drops his weight from the wire. Either his wrist is going to snap or the wire is going to give!

Mark Shields slides into position for the pin!

Luckily, the wire DOES give under Fuse's weight and Tyler's feet touch the floor! However, the handcuffs haven't snapped and neither has the wire! Instead, the wire is pushing against the second wire attached to the other two poles! And BOTH wires are bending the platform poles into the ring... but nothing is breaking! Not yet!

Malak hooks Conor's leg.

Tyler tries to pull forward but he can't find anymore slack in the wire!

ONE.

Tyler screams.

TWO.

He attempts to dive forward but the wire brings him back!

KICKOUT!

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!! !RANK !RANK !RANK

DDK:

CONOR KICKED OUT! CONOR KICKED OUTTA THE PUMPHANDLE DDT!

Lance:

SO YOU'RE TELLING ME THERE'S A CHANCE!?

Malak's hands shake as he runs them across his face. No one has ever kicked out of that move before! The crowd is roaring and Tyler shows signs of relief. Garland gets to a knee, then a foot, then both feet. He's about to cry until he remembers the final power-up block, unopened, laying in the corner of the ring.

Garland carefully fetches the box, making sure he's out of Tyler's range as the elder brother is furiously back to breaking the handcuff or snapping the wire from the platform poles.

DDK:

Garland has the box!

He opens it, revealing the classic piñata-like Fuse Bros. branded Game Shark. Wrapped in barbed wire, of course.

Meanwhile, Conor is rising. Barely.

With anxiety bags under his eyes, Malak turns to Tyler. The two make eye contact. In a cold and calculating voice, Malak realizes he has this match won.

Malak Garland: *[deadpan]*

I'm sorry but your princess is in another castle.

Garland charges Conor, winding the piñata back like a baseball bat.

CRACK!

BOOM!

POP!

Not only does the game shark burst across the chest of Conor Fuse but smoke and sparks fly from its insides upon impact!

DDK:

JESUS CHRIST!! SOME KIND OF EXPLODING BARBED WIRE GAME SHARK!!

Conor's down.

Malak's on a knee.

And Tyler pulls and pulls and pulls at the handcuffs.

It takes Garland a moment to recover himself but he positions Conor Fuse properly and tells Mark Shields to make the count. Shields slides into position.

Tyler, once again, decides his only course of action is to take the wire and platform poles down with him. He pulls back WITH EVERYTHING he possibly can on the handcuff.

The only sounds heard within the Lakefront Arena are the pin, the slow bending of metal poles and the verbal struggle Tyler Fuse is going through.

ONE.

Tyler bellows and the four platform poles bend inward as far as they can!

TWO.

The wire **FINALLY** snaps and so does the handcuff chain! Tyler leaps towards the pinfall while Malak Garland looks up and gives Tyler the finger.

THREE.

Tyler lands on top of his brother, a moment too late.

DING DING DING

DDK:

No.

The arena continues its silence as Malak Garland wobbles towards the time keepers table.

Malak Garland:

GIVE ME MY GOD DAMN **FUCKING** SHINIES.

And snatches all five title belts before he **BLASTS** the time keeper in the face!! Blood on his chest, tacks stuck to his back, Garland doesn't even care about Cyrus Bates who remains sprawled across the six broken tables.

Darren Quimbey: *[somberly]*

The winners of this match and new Unified Tag Team Champions... The Comments Section.

Some boos reign in as the Shinedown theme plays but most of the fans sit in the reality that The Fuse Bros. are no more.

Malak reaches the top of the rampway before he falls to his knees, unable to stand any longer. EMTs race out to Malak and Cyrus while Tyler stays perched over his fallen brother.

DDK:

An unreal match. In the end, Malak Garland pulls it off.

Lance:

You have to give everyone credit here. The knock on Malak was he can't wrestle. He's weak. Perhaps he's found something in this 'avalanche mode'.

Conor slowly comes to on the canvas and Tyler refuses medical attention for them both.

The broadcast goes through a number of replays for the match.

DDK:

We thank you all for being here tonight.

Lance:

An incredible night, Keebs, despite this down note.

Conor is upright and asking Tyler what happened. The younger Fuse looks above, seeing the two wires completely destroyed and the four platform poles slanted inward. Conor is struggling but he pats Tyler on the chest.

DEFCON switches to a montage, recapping night one events.

CORVO ALPHA vs. ELIJAH CROSS (UNCUT 98)

We cut to the ring where the super edgy and extreme entrance music of Elijah Cross continues to pulse through the Wrestle-Plex.

Darren Quimbey:

This next contest is scheduled for one fall and is a **HARDCORE MATCH**...

The fans in attendance perk up at that announcement as Cross finishes setting up a table at ringside then slides back in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Already in the ring... hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing in tonight at two hundred and twenty five pounds... He is "2 XTREME"... ELLIIIIIIJAAAAAAAAAAAH CROOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Cross hops on the middle turnbuckle and raises a defiant fist over his head to lukewarm response just as the lights in the arena (and his music) cut and fade out.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Electric Funeral (Instrumental)" by Black Sabbath ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring with his "handler", Lord Nigel Trickelbush... Hailing from Parts Untold...

Red spotlights sweep across the arena in all directions just as Lord Nigel Trickelbush appears through the curtain to a chorus of boo's from the arena faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in tonight at two hundred and sixty eight pounds... Call him... COOOOORRVOOOOOOOO
ALLLLLLLLLLPHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Corvo emerges and follows six paces behind his Lord, shoulders heaving, muscles tense and rippling beneath his sweaty, hairy skin.

DDK:

Here comes the enigmatic Lord Nigel Trickelbush and the brutal, vicious brawler known only as "Corvo Alpha"!

Lance Warner:

We saw Corvo Alpha make his debut on UNCUT 97 with a dominant victory over "The Birdman" of DEFIANCE, Walter Levy, in a truly unorthodox contest. Tonight, the returning Elijah Cross is looking to stake his claim and rise up the ranks in a "hardcore" match! I've gotta say... I'm not convinced that this match type doesn't play into the style and attitude of Corvo Alpha just as much, if not more, than Elijah Cross!

DDK:

I tend to agree, Lance!

The camera zooms in on a crouching, waiting Corvo Alpha - half seated/half kneeling in the corner of the ring - face obscured by hair and black paint. The music rises and falls as the red spotlights slowly fade to normal arena lighting. The fans buzz with anticipation. Referee Benny Doyle signals for the bell and Elijah Cross immediately slides out of the ring.

DING DING

DDK:

Cross is searching under the ring, conceivably for something that can be used as a weapon!

Lance Warner:

He's already set up a table at ringside, Keebs! I have a feeling this is going to be ugly!

Before Cross is able to retrieve anything, Corvo Alpha is upon him, bludgeoning him from behind with a clubbing forearm.

DDK:

Elijah Cross didn't have a chance to find anything! Alpha is just stomping him into the ringside mat! Pulling Cross up by his hair -- OHH!! Cross came up with a kendo stick and **BLASTED** it across Corvo's face!

Lance Warner:

I'm pretty sure I just saw splinters fly!

DDK:

I have to assume that Cross planted that weapon there prior to fans being let in the building...

Lance Warner:

Elijah Cross has been largely on the **BRAZEN** sidelines for over a year, Keebler! He knows that this is a **PRIME** opportunity in the days following **MAXDEF** with the eyes of the wrestling world still lingering here on **DEFIANCE**! Elijah Cross **BLISTERS** Corvo Alpha across the back with that kendo stick! And **AGAIN!** "2 Xtreme" Elijah Cross knows he has to make the most of this opportunity and he is doing it!

Cross raises the kendo stick over his head once more... and **CRACKS** it again across the side of Corvo Alpha's face just as Corvo stands straight up. Alpha barely flinches.

DDK:

...my god...

Corvo snatches the stick from the Xtreme Fool's hands. Elijah backpedals and trips backwards over the steel ring steps as Alpha pursues him. Crawling, Cross scrambles around the ring again, reaching under the apron and the ring, frantically seeking another weapon.

Lance Warner:

Corvo Alpha is stalking Cross. Uh... Alpha just tosses the kendo stick aside...

DDK:

I don't think he needs it!!!

Lance Warner:

Corvo grabs Cross and **HURLS** him into the guardrail! Elijah Cross wanted a hardcore match, fans! There is no disqualification... no count out... no rules! There's nowhere to go! That's the match he wanted and that's the match he is getting!

DDK:

Alpha picks Cross up, what a display of power, and drops him throat first across the guardrail... this is just a mugging. He is **MAULING** Elijah Cross!

Cross finds his footing and charges at Alpha who catches him. A brief struggle ensues before Alpha powers Cross off of his feet and **DUMPS** him on his head on the ringside mat, just inches from exposed concrete.

Lance Warner:

That could have been a disastrous impact, Keebler!

Referee Benny Doyle attempts to move in and check on Cross but Corvo Alpha shoves him aside and pulls Cross back to his feet, his limbs limp and uncooperative.

DDK:

Alpha is DRAGGING Cross around the ring...

Lance Warner:

But Cross is alive! He is fighting! Throwing elbows into Alpha's midsection! But Corvo Alpha is unmoved! ANOTHER series of elbows! Cross frees himself, grabs Alpha by a handful of his hair and goes to SMASH his head across the banquet table that Cross set up before the match -- NO! Alpha won't have it! BLASTS Cross across the face!

DDK:

Corvo Alpha with another display of power... EFFORTLESS OVERHEAD SUPLEX puts Cross THROUGH the table! Did you SEE that?!?

Lance Warner:

He powered two hundred and twenty five pounds over his head like it was nothing! Staying on his own feet!

DDK:

That table got OBLITERATED on impact! This crowd has come alive!!!

Lance Warner:

Not what Elijah Cross had in mind when he set that table up I'm sure!

Again, Benny Doyle moves to check on the motionless Cross, lying in a bed of wooden and metal shards. There is a look of very real concern on the officials face. In the background, we see a smiling Lord Nigel Tricklebush adjust the bowler cap atop his head. Our shot cuts to Corvo Alpha who is half knelt at ringside, eyes flitting wildly between the fans at ringside and the unmoving body of his opponent.

Lance Warner:

Corvo Alpha is one of the most menacing performers we have seen here in DEFIANCE... and I'm thinking it might be ANOTHER year before we see Elijah Cross again!

DDK:

I think you might have spoken too soon! Elijah Cross is just "2 Xtreme" to go out like that! He is moving! Crawling towards the guardrail, looking for anything to help get himself to his feet!

The camera briefly cuts to a smiling Lord Nigel placing a hand on the kneeling Alpha's shoulder. We cut again -- Elijah Cross's hands find the kendo stick once more and he uses it to rediscover his footing once more. Turning, he frantically swings it--

DDK:

Corvo Alpha CAUGHT the kendo stick with his left hand!

The camera zooms to the wide, shocked expression locked on Elijah Cross's beaten face. Tearing the kendo stick from Cross's hand--

Lance Warner:

Alpha just THUNDERCLAPS the stick across Elijah Cross's face -- splitting it in half!!

DDK:

Splitting it into a MILLION pieces!!!

In the background, we see Lord Nigel politely clapping. Corvo pulls Elijah Cross to his knees by his hair and then slowly powers him onto the apron, under the rope, and into the ring. Alpha slinks into the ring after him.

Lance Warner:

I'm almost certain that "2 Xtreme" Elijah Cross is unconscious, Keebler! His body is absolutely lifeless!

Alpha maneuvers behind Cross's yielding and soft body, clamping on a variation of the katahajime lock.

Lance Warner:

I'm told that Lord Nigel calls this Alpha Lock! B-but, I don't think Cross is in any condition to even tap out!

DDK:

I think you're right and it looks like Official Benny Doyle recognizes that! He quickly drops Elijah Cross's arm once... twice...

Three times!

Lance Warner:

It's OVER!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this bout--

Corvo doesn't acknowledge Doyle's attempts to get him off of Cross. Nor does he acknowledge the bell. If anything, his hold only tightens. The camera cuts to a tight shot of Corvo's unhinged, wild eyes, glaring through flecks of black paint and strands of dark, wet hair.

DDK:

He has to let him go!

The bell rings again! Again and again!

Lance Warner:

This isn't right! Let him go! Somebody get him off of Cross!

Doyle is close to putting Corvo in a headlock to pull him off of Elijah Cross. But it isn't helping. Trying to pry him off of him, Doyle finally signals for assistance from backstage.

The bell rings again! Non-stop now.

A mix of DEFsec and DEFmed stream down the aisle. DEFsec moves to confront Alpha and, finally, he relinquishes the hold and slides to his feet. Fists balled and flexed, Alpha swings and kicks to keep them all out of the ring.

DDK:

This monster is out of control!

Lance Warner:

He's like a PREDATOR keeping the vultures off of his KILL, Keebs! He hunted Cross! He wore him out! Wore him down! He FINISHED him! And now he aims to KEEP him to himself!

The bell continues to ring as DEFsec and DEFmed encircle the ring. Corvo squats over Cross, frothing at the mouth as he keeps a bestial eye on everything and every one all at once. He clubs Cross about the chest and head twice before lashing back at a member of DEFsec who momentarily reached under the rope in an effort to grab and pull Cross out of the ring.

DDK:

Someone has to do something?!?

As if almost on cue, Lord Nigel trickelbush wades through the waves of security and medical personnel and breezes up the ringsteps. On sight of his master, Corvo abandons his kill, kicking the lifeless body of Elijah Cross out of the ring and into the waiting arms of DEFmed.

The bell stops ringing and we hear ring announcer, Darren Quimbey, clear his throat.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this bout.... By submission... CALL HIM... COOOOOORRRRRVOOOOO
ALLLLLLLLLLLPHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

♪ *"Electric Funeral (Instrumental)" by Black Sabbath* ♪

Lord Nigel Trickelbush stands center ring, smile wide and bolted across his face. Corvo kneels, head hung low, at the feet of his Lord. One hand placed on the shoulder of Alpha, his other tips his bowler cap towards Elijah Cross, who lies ringside surrounded by DEF personnel. Red spotlights sweep the Wrestle-Plex.

DDK:

Just pure, simple brutality at the hands of Corvo Alpha...

One last lingering shot on the heaving, slumping shoulders of Corvo Alpha, head bowed. His head snaps up towards the ceiling, revealing the remaining flecks of black paint across his face, his expression a twisted mask of rage.

Lance Warner:

And, I fear, this is just the beginning...

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MINUTE vs. REZIN (MAXIMUM DEFIANCE)

DDK:

Folks, welcome to the opening match of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Coming up first, we've got one that you won't want to blink at or you might miss something special! Minute is one defense away from making it to four successful defenses of the Favoured Saints Championship, but in order to do that, he'll have to go through Rezin!

Lance:

Since Minute won the title by upsetting Jack Mace, we have seen his stock rise greatly! He became the first man to defend the title in the main event of DEFtv and put himself on the map in singles action, but he attracted the attention of The Kabal's Rezin in the process.

DDK:

At first, it became a game of trying to top one another, but Minute managed to shine any time he put his aerial skills on display, but things became personal when Rezin and Victor Vacio not only attacked the hand of Uriel Cortez, but also attacked Minute and Titaness after his defense over High Flyer IV on DEFtv 156. Which brings us to now!

Lance:

Rezin promised to bring Minute down to his level and the man calling himself DEFIANCE's Favourite Sinner proclaimed he would win the title tonight. Will Minute make the fourth defense and follow in the footsteps of Matt LaCroix or will Rezin stop him and finally win the title? Who's going to win this match in the battle of DEFIANCE's Favourite Sinner against The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World? We find out... NOW!

The lights in the arena SLOWLY dim, while gradually fading in on the massive Pay Per View Edition DEFIAtron is a black and white view of a ring of islets in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. A plain subtitle appears on the bottom of the screen:

BIKINI ATOLL - 1954

The stage suddenly EXPLODES in piercing bright light as the screen flashes to white and fog lights lining the stage instantly pop on in unison. The Faithful cannot help but shield their eyes from the flash.

♪ "Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima" by Krzysztof Penderecki ♪

The light slowly resolves into an image of the Castle Bravo MUSHROOM CLOUD as sanity-strangling music blares atonally from the PA system, filling the arena with a sense of overwhelming dread. A wall of SMOKE blasts out from the entry-way and sides of the stage, simulating a "blast wave" rocking the building.

DDK:

If the music sounds like a pit orchestra being thrown down a flight of stairs, then it can only mean one thing...

A blurred shadow appears standing before the billowing mushroom cloud on the DEFIAtron, growing larger as something approaches the camera. Meanwhile, the screeching violins fade into screeching feedback...

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

The shadow comes into focus revealing REZIN, "surfing" off the wake of the nuclear explosion in an obviously terrible green-screen effect. The Goat Bastard looks slathered head to toe in sludge per his usual Pay Per View appearances, and for the occasion wears giant sunglasses and a black flower shirt printed in cannabis leaves, pentagrams, and circle A's.

Emerging from the smoke covering the entry-way, Rezin "surfs" out onto the stage and hops off his board to stand with his head reared back and his arms outstretched to the sides as a line of mushroom cloud pyros explode behind him. Cackling wildly, he's about to make his way down the ramp when a beach ball from the crowd bounces to his feet.

Scoffing, he punts it right back.

He takes two steps down the ramp when...

BONK!

The beach ball comes back with a vengeance, smacking him in the back of the head and sending him careening down the ramp. He rolls twice, somehow gets back to his feet, stumbles, falls on his ass, and rolls another three times before coming the rest of the way to the ringside floor and landing face-up, giving the camera a great view of his outraged and bewildered face.

DDK:

Is this dastardly bum ever going to have a Pay Per View entrance where he doesn't end up botching his way to the ring?!

Lance:

It's become something of a tradition at this point. But regardless, few can deny the energy that permeates the room when the Escape Artist comes into the arena.

DDK:

Rezin's coming to DEFIANCE coincided with the creation of the Favoured Saints Championship. Is tonight the night the Favoured Sinner finally takes that title for himself?

Once Rezin is in the ring, the lights fade out. The entire arena goes dark with a bad knock-off of a certain Mexican beer campaign that is not a sponsor of DEFIANCE starting to play. With them, random factoids appear on the screen... none of which impress Rezin.

BEFORE HE HITS DEATH-DEFYING FEATS LIKE 630 SPLASHES AND CORKSCREW SHOOTING STAR PRESSES... HE HOLDS HIS OWN BEER!

TO HIM, WARP SPEED NINE IS NOTHING MORE THAN A BRISK JOG!

USAIN BOLT CALLS HIM PERSONALLY ONCE EVERY FOUR YEARS TO THANK HIM FOR THE MEDAL-WINNING TIPS... HE'S WAITING FOR YOU NEXT ONE, USAIN...

HE IS THE MOST INTERESTING HIGH FLYER IN THE WORLD

HE...

IS...

♪ "Chase Me" by Danger Mouse feat. Run The Jewels and Big Boi ♪

Finally, a spotlight shines on the stage and a lone figure in a dapper-looking suit gets LAUNCHED from a platform beneath the stage, sending an explosion of pyro on stage! There stands a man with the Favoured Saints Championship as well as a mask in the shape of the new Tres Equis... also, get Tres Equis now at Ballyhoo Brew.

DDK:

THERE HE IS! THE MOST INTERESTING HIGH FLYER IN THE WORLD!

Lance:

Big entrances to kick off MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Let's do this thing!

DDK:

...No, Lance. No.

Minute takes off the branded Tres Equis mask, and then tears away the suit to reveal a silver version of his normal attire as well as a silver mask with the Los Tres Titanes logo.

Minute runs up the ropes and then starts to climb the ropes while Rezin looks up from the ringside area, ready to take his head off the first chance he gets. Minute raises the title for all to see and then hands over the Favoured Saints Championship. He hands the title over to Rex Knox and then looks out to the crowd before doing a front handspring into the ring, then a series of front kip-ups in a circle around the ring to a HUGE pop from the crowd! Rezin enters the ring and now stares down the young luchador.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Champion! Introducing first, the challenger, REAP-representing the Kabal... hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing in at two hundred and five pounds... the self-proclaimed FAVOURED SINNER of DEFIANCE... **"THE ESCAPE ARTIST" REZIN!**

The Faithful jeer loudly as Rezin walks out to the center of the ring and pirouettes with his arms outstretched, roaring hate right back at them.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Los Tres Titanes... from Tijuana, Mexico, weighing in at 161 pounds, he is the reigning and defending Favoured Saints Champion... And The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World... he also wants you to try the new Tres Equis, Sky High IPA, and the new Mirame cerveza now at Ballyhoo Brew... **"TITAN DE LOS CIELOS" MINUTE!**

A massive pop fills the arena as Minute pumps his arms into the air and holds up the title, before handing it over to the official Rex Knox. Knox holds the belt up to all four sides of the arena before handing it over to the time-keeper. Both men look ready to go at each other as Knox cues for the bell.

DDK:

Here we go. This should be a good one.

DING DING

Right at the bell, Rezin attacks first and goes right at Minute with a kick to the gut before whipping him across the ring. When the luchador comes back, he fakes out Rezin and suddenly veers to his right, catching Rezin off-guard! The TJ Tornado comes back and The Escape Artist prepares to strike him when Minute suddenly shifts direction a second time to the left! He comes back and when Rezin tries a kick, Minute slides between his legs and then lands on his feet behind him.

Minute catches him in the chest with a low sole kick, then tries a whip of his own, but the sludge-covered Rezin turns that around and sends him to the ropes. Minute can't shift direction this time because Rezin manages to knock him down with a shoulder block! The Faithful boo when he paces around the ring that he showed up the young high flyer...

But Minute kips up to his feet!

Lance:

Rezin scores the first knockdown of the match, but Minute already back up. He wants to beat Rezin tonight and earn that Southern Heritage Title shot!

Rezin growls and then strikes Minute with another kick, but Minute reverses the whip this time around. He tries a dropkick off the ropes, but the slippery Escape Artist hangs onto the ropes and Minute hits the mat with a crash!

DDK:

What a fast-paced opening there, but Rezin catches himself on the ropes.

Lance:

Rezin did outsmart him there. His personality is way out there, but how much of it is an act? We know how good he is in between those ropes when he shows it!

Rezin grins and then puts another boot to Minute before sending him back into the ropes again. He leaps up and then ducks down for Minute to cross. He leapfrogs over on the second passthrough, but Minute leaps over with a lucha roll and comes back on his feet. The TJ Tornado leaps at him, but Rezin catches him and then tries a belly to back suplex. Minute flips through and stands behind him. He tries a jumping spin kick, but Rezin ducks and nails a front kip-up of his own! When he turns, Minute falls back at a clothesline attempt, then kicks up again. Minute tries a kick, but Rezin catches the leg, but Minute backflips and lands on his feet! The rapid-fire exchanges get the Faithful on their feet.

DDK:

Oh, my Lord, look at them go!

Lance:

That was amazing action by both! We... ugh!

The Faithful go APE for the action for a second... until Rezin jabs him in the throat with a double chop! Rezin laughs and then bats Minute in the back of the head!

Lance:

Spoke too soon.

Rezin:

I TOLD YOU YOU'RE COMING DOWN TO MY LEVEL!

Rezin goes for another big move off the ropes again, but Minute does a front roll forward and then CRACKS Rezin in the chest with a shotgun dropkick, sending Rezin spilling through the ropes and out to the floor in front of the ring!

DDK:

Minute was doing a little too much hot-dogging at the start, but Rezin gave Minute the chance to strike back.

Lance:

And Minute hasn't forgotten the attack by Rezin and Victor Vacio after his third defense of the Favoured Saints Title!

Rezin stumbles to the floor and tries to pick himself up, but the second that he starts, he gets BLASTED by The TJ Tornado flying through the ropes like a rage-fueled rocket with one of the fastest suicide dives done through the bottom and middle ropes! Both men crash to the mat viciously, but Minute is the first one to his feet and shouts out, getting thousands more from the Faithful in return!

DDK:

That suicide dive through the ropes was amazing! Great precision... but I don't think Minute is done!

Sure enough, he's not. Rezin is just now coming around and trying to get the name of that luchador that hit him. But if he missed the first chance, he gets a second when Minute comes OVER the ropes this time with a no-hands tornillo over the top rope, wiping out Rezin a second time... with Minute landing on his feet out of the dive!

Lance:

The battle between these two -- at least until recently -- was over who owned the skies. I'd like to think right now, that's Minute! That was amazing!

DDK:

Rezin got under his skin with that cheap shot and that slap! Now he's paying for it!

The Littlest Flippy-Doo springs back to his feet and then he goes for broke a third time. Minute runs off the ropes and

Rezin starts to stand again, spaghetti-legged AF. But when he looks up, Minute not only leaps to the second rope, he leaps with a spin to get on the top rope facing the other way, and then takes flight with an INCREDIBLE top rope asai moonsault, crashing down on Rezin with the third big dive in a row!

DDK:

OH, MY LORD! HOW DID HE DO THAT?!?!

Lance:

THE FAITHFUL HAVE LOST IT! THAT WAS AMAZING!

"MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!"

The action catches the replay from several big angles! Minute leaping from one rope to the next to hit the top rope springboard asai moonsault to the outside! And once more in slow motion as both champion and challenger are both still crashed out on the floor, both men trying to catch their breath!

Back to the action in the moment with some of the sludge Rezin covered in, rubbing off on Minute but he doesn't look any less determined to make his fourth defense and shut The Goat Bastard up for good. When Rezin starts to crawl to the ring, he throws him back under the ropes! The Escape Artist remains floored on the mat and things get even worse when Minute takes flight again, crashing down with a huge springboard frog splash!

DDK:

All those dives capped off with a big springboard frog splash! Is that it?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The knockout by Rezin deflates the crowd!

DDK:

Big, big series of moves by Minute, but not enough to keep Rezin down.

Lance:

He isn't called The Escape Artist for nothing!

When Rezin tries to sit up, Minute lays into him with a stiff set of shoot-style kicks; one to his back, then another to his chest to knock him back to the canvas, then pulls him by the leg closer to the turnbuckles. The Littlest Flippy-Doo starts to head to the ropes again. He looks out to the crowd...

DDK:

MINUTE DETAIL... NO!

Lance:

Rezin moves out of the way... but Minute rolls through the landing!

The Goat Bastard rolls through the rope, but when Minute knows he won't stick the landing, he rolls through the move to get on his feet. Rezin then rushes over to Minute to try and catch him, but The Favoured Saints Champion leaps and clips him on top of the head with a big pele kick!

DDK:

Counter by Minute! What a big move and now Rezin is stunned again!

Lance:

He's just one or two big moves away from ending this!

Minute then runs to the nearby ropes to try and set up something else... but when he gets there, Rezin leaps to the corner and then hits a HUGE leaping hook kick that knocks Minute over the top rope, sending him crashing to the apron and then the floor!

DDK:

Minute goes down! He goes to the well once too often and Rezin just made him pay for it!

Lance:

He's hurt now! No way he's not after that well-placed kick sent him to the floor.

Rezin leans over the ropes, trying to catch both his breath and his bearings while Minute has spilled out to the floor and not in the way he had previously with the cool dives. The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World now finds himself grounded in the worst possible way. Finally coming to, Rezin moves through the ropes to the apron as Minute is pushing himself off the floor.

DDK:

Rezin going into motion, throws himself into a diving senton into the rising Minute! The Favoured Saints Champion was just pancaked back into the ringside floor!

Lance:

Rezin has the opportunity to turn this match to his favor now.

As he gets back to his feet, the rejuvenated Escape Artist cackles in the faces of the jeering ringside Faithful, getting them even more worked up. He pulls Minute back to his feet and rolls everything from the neck down back into the ring, then climbs up and takes a bounce off the second rope to land a guillotine leg drop across the exposed head!!

DDK:

Rezin with the guillotine, nearly taking Minute's head off!

Lance:

His high flying methods may not be as flashy, but it can be just as effective!

Minute crawls away from the ropes as Rezin climbs back to the apron. Grinning like a sludge-soaked devil, the Goat Bastards takes a firm grip of the top rope and flips over to come back into the ring, twisting into an elbow drop across the small of the TJ Tornado's back.

DDK:

Flipping elbow drop back into the ring, and Rezin hooks the leg for the championship!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

The Faithful pop as Minute keeps his hopes for a SOHER Title shot alive. On the contrary, Rezin is irate. He takes Minute again by the arm and wrenches it at the shoulder. Minute tries to get to his feet, but a set of boots to his thigh keeps him down.

Rezin:

NO... NO!! You're staying DOWN THERE!!

Rezin tucks Minute's arm under his own to cinch in the lock and begins whispering disparagingly into his ear. The crowd gets into it again, building up volume to show support to Minute until the Favoured Saints Champion courageously pushes himself back up to his feet, much to Rezin's shock.

DDK:

Rezin, trying to keep the Most Interesting High Flyer in the World grounded, is losing this battle as the Faithful throw their support behind Minute!

Lance:

He's finding out first-hand that keeping the Littlest Flippy-Doo grounded is easier said than done!

Rezin switches to a wristlock, again trying to kick out the legs, but Minute keeps his distance. Then he flips over a sweep attempt to reverse the hold, giving Rezin's arm a twist back so hard it flips the Goat Bastard to the mat. Minute quickly runs off the ropes as Rezin sits up.

DDK:

Minute with an opportunity off the reversal, comes off the ropes with a low running dropkick--NO!! Rezin rolls to the side!

Lance:

That slippery devil...

Minute baseball slides harmlessly to the mat as Rezin scrambles to his feet. Minute gets up his arms to defend himself, but can't do anything against all of Rezin's weight pressing down into his chest after a double stomp from the Escape Artist! While he writhes on the mat gasping for air, Rezin hurries in from the side.

DDK:

WOW! Rezin with a STANDING SHOOTING STAR PRESS right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!

Rezin groans loudly as Minute twists to his side and pops up the shoulder, galvanizing the fans yet again. The Goat Bastard then pulls the Favoured Saints Champion back to his feet and dumps him into a corner, where he proceeds to kick and stomp him relentlessly. The Faithful boo loudly as Rezin gets carried away with the kicks to the point where he's holding the top rope to dance a number on Minute's chest and face until the ref finally pulls him off and gets in his ear.

DDK:

Rezin is now mud-stomping Minute like a man absolutely unhinged, and these fans are absolutely livid!

Lance:

It looks as though Rezin is losing patience with Minute's resolve to stay alive in this match.

Running across the ring to the other corner for distance, Rezin waits for Minute to slowly pull himself to his feet before sprinting back and getting CRAZY air for a big splash, but hits nothing but turnbuckle pads as Minute slips through the ropes to the apron. As Rezin reels, Minute pops to the top rope, and the fans cheer in wild anticipation.

DDK:

Minute to the top rope after Rezin misses on the corner splash... diving off with the DRAGONRANA--NO!! REVERSED into a sit-out POWERBOMB by Rezin! Shoulders down!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--MINUTE KICKS OUT!!

Rezin gets back to his feet and rolls into a jackknife pin!

DDK:

Rezin rolls through into another pin!

ONE!

TWO!

ANOTHER KICKOUT!

Rezin groans loudly as Minute sits up. The Goat Bastard quickly snatches him from behind with a leg-scissor around the upper torso and twists him over to put his shoulders to the mat yet again.

DDK:

Rezin going for it again with the GEDO CLUTCH!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! Almost had him, but Minute pushed out of it!

With the Faithful cheering louder than ever, Rezin angrily pounds his fists into the canvas like a child throwing a tantrum. He pops back to his feet and paces the ring, snarling into the crowd like a caged animal before redirecting his murderous gaze on Minute, who is still trying to catch his breath.

DDK:

Rezin just can't keep the fighting spirit of the Favoured Saints Champion down! But the more unhinged he gets, the more dangerous he becomes.

Lance:

He's like a vulture circling a wounded animal right now. One can only wonder what he's scheming next?

Rezin scans the ring plotting his next move, until a grin forms on his face as an idea comes to him. As Minute recovers with his back to him, Rezin drops from the ring and gets low, hiding from sight beneath the edge of the mat. Minute gets to his feet and finds himself alone in the ring, as the Escape Artist stealthily circles around to the other side.

DDK:

The Escape Artist is luring the champ into a game of hide and seek, and now Minute finds himself looking everywhere! Where and when will Rezin strike!

Lance:

Rezin promised he would come at Minute like a shot out of the dark, completely unseen. And now Minute is showing the anxiety of not knowing just where and when it will come. This is exactly the kind of mind games that give the Escape Artist a psychological advantage.

DDK:

Be as it may, Minute looks ready for anything!

The referee has lost track of Rezin as well, but audibly continues the count. Rezin takes a few peeks from one corner as the count gets ever closer to ten. Minute's fists are balled up as he circles around in the center of the ring, ready for whatever may come. Finally, once the referee reaches the count of nine, Rezin picks his spot and scales the top rope in two unbelievably fast bounces.

DDK:

Rezin on the TOP ROPE--SPOTTED by Minute! And Minute runs in with a HIGH ROUNDHOUSE to the head of Rezin!

Lance:

Gotcha!

The Faithful POP HARD as Rezin's eyes roll back and he doubles over the top rope stunned. Minute sees his opening as he runs out the apron and scales up the turnbuckle to join Rezin. The arena begins to buzz as Minute hops up and leg-scissors Rezin around the head to send him flipping off the top rope.

DDK:

Minute to the top, going for the TOP ROPE HURRICANRANA on Rezin -- and Rezin LANDS ON HIS FEET!!

The crowd is hushed as Rezin smoothly flips through and lands safely on his feet. He laughs triumphantly in the wake of this feat and points to his head, but only realizes after he casually turns around that Minute is already back on the top rope, and diving off again. The Faithful EXPLODE!

Rezin:

AAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

MINUTE WITH A TOP ROPE PHOENIXRANA!! MY GOD, THAT WAS AMAZING!! Rezin got thrown through the ropes to the outside!

Lance:

That was an unbelievable maneuver from the Most Interesting High Flyer in the World! Rezin thought he had once again escaped his clutches, but this time, it was Minute's turn to come down on him out of the blue!

The Faithful have gone nutso for the amazing counter with both men down. Minute in the ring, Rezin on the floor. When neither champion nor challenger are immediately back on their feet, Carla starts to count them both down.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

DDK:

That move was incredible, but took so much out of Minute after all the punishment by Rezin.

Lance:

Where do they go from here?

SIX!

Rezin is the first to start to stand, but Minute is not far behind him.

SEVEN!

The Goat Bastard uses the ring apron to pull himself up just as Minute is starting to rise.

EIGHT.

When the angry Escape Artist tries to get back to his feet, he sees Minute coming at him and then nails him through the ropes with a wrecking ball dropkick! Minute hangs onto the ropes after knocking Rezin over. He looks out to the floor and then starts to really hear the fans go crazy for whatever The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World will do next?

DDK:

What... what the hell is he doing?

Lance:

Minute measuring him up on the ring apron, but with his back turned. A moonsault?

Not a moonsault... but Minute waits until he can do so... then leaps to the ropes and then flies BACKWARDS with an INSANE imploding 450 plancha to the outside, crashing down onto Rezin and wiping both men out!

DDK:

WHAT DID MINUTE JUST DO?!?! SOME SORT OF... I DUNNO, IMPLODING 450 PLANCHA! THAT'S INSANE!

Lance:

THE CROWD HAS GONE CRAZY! I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT BEFORE, LANCE!

The replays are rapid-fire once again showing the incredible dive by Minute, wiping out both he and Rezin once again but in possibly his most unbelievable maneuver yet. Minute takes a few moments to himself, but he gets up and The Faithful have lost their minds, the fans completely behind the gutsy luchador as he goes to throw Rezin back into the ring.

After Rezin gets back inside, Minute looks out across the DEF-Plex on all sides and then waits. When Rezin starts to finally come back around, Minute leaps off and drives him down into the canvas with the Interceptor! Rezin gets DRIVEN into the canvas with his body full vertical before he slumps over after the incredible move!

DDK:

Interceptor! The springboard tornado DDT plants Rezin into the mat!

Lance:

He looked like a human exclamation point right there! That's it!

Minute covers again and hooks a leg, using a free hand to count with the Faithful.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-- NO!

DDK:

What the... HOW DID HE KICK OUT! HOW?!

Lance:

Rezin fought tooth and nail in the original match to go for this title before he was disqualified and he has fought to get back here whether we like him or not!

Minute can't believe it, but he sits up and wonders what exactly he has to do next in order to put The Escape Artist down for the three. The Kabal member doesn't look like he knows where he is, but Minute stands up and opts to kick him in the chest again to keep him down.

DDK:

He's doing what he can! He does well with those kicks, picked them up in Japan!

The Littlest Flippy Doo goes for broke again by running across the ring to hit something big, but out of nowhere, Rezin manages to leap over Minute in the corner... then counters against the smaller wrestler...

Lance:

INVERTED CROSS DRIVER! HE'S GOT MINUTE PINNED!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-- NO!

At the count of 2.99999, Minute BARELY kicks out and slumps over! The Faithful have gone crazy while Rezin does the same on the official, but for very different reasons!

DDK:

What is it going to take to keep Minute down for good? Fighting tooth and nail for the Favoured Saints Championship!

Rezin is about to come out of his skin, but looks up at the corner and one can see the gears turning in the head of the Kabal member. Rezin grabs Minute by his mask and leads the dizzied luchador to the corner. Minute is lost in a daze seated on the top rope. Rezin moves to the outside and climbs up to position himself between the champion and the post. Tension begins to rise as the Goat Bastard traps Minute's head into a three-quarter facelock and slowly stands him up.

DDK:

I get the feeling we're about to see something BIG, Lance!

Lance:

You said it, Keebs! Rezin is pulling out all of the stops here tonight with the Favoured Saints Championship on the line.

DDK:

If he does the Asai DDT from all the way up there, then I don't think there will be any coming back for Minute!

The Escape Artist is grinning ear to ear and nodding maniacally as he looks out into the audience, with Minute's head held over his shoulder. He moves to jump off... but Minute steps on his feet to block him! Rezin's face melts into panic as he desperately pushes Minute's feet off and jumps again, flipping backwards for the INTO THE VOID...

DDK:

Rezin with the **INTO THE VOID--**

Lance:

But Minute didn't go with him!

The Faithful POP as Minute drops and hooks his legs to the top rope as Rezin dives off without him and crashes head-

first into the canvas! Rezin remains in a headstand position for a few seconds looking like a slimy, twisted, dead tree growing out of the canvas before collapsing into a completely open position. Minute sits up back to the top rope and sets his positioning.

DDK:

Yes... Minute is alone on the top rope, and Rezin is in the PERFECT POSITION!

Lance:

Minute sees his chance before him! This is his moment! This is his shot at the Southern Heritage Championship on the line!

"MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!"

Minute stands up perfectly straight and pumps his hands into the air, getting a huge pop from the fans. Below him, Rezin squirms around listlessly like a bug on its back, begging to be stomped on. With the arena exploding in flash photography, Minute jumps off and flips through the air SIX-HUNDRED AND THIRTY DEGREES...

DDK:

Here it comes... Minute with the amazing **MINUTIAE!!**

...and Rezin gets the knees up.

DDK:

GOOD GOD, NO!! MINUTE DROPPED RIGHT ACROSS THE KNEES!!

Lance:

I thought Rezin was out!

Minute howls in agony as he is bent the wrong way across the bridge formed by Rezin's knees. The Escape Artist quickly wraps his legs around his body and pulls Minute into a Cobra Clutch.

DDK:

And the Goat Bastard pulls him into the **CABRO CLUTCH!!** He's got the body scissor locked in! They're right in the middle of the ring! There's nowhere for Minute to go!

Lance:

This doesn't look good for the Favoured Saints Champion!

Minute reaches out with the free arm, but the ropes are nowhere near close, and he has neither the height or the stamina to fight against the bodyscissor. Rezin's eyes are bulging with Nick Cage levels of intensity as he cinches the hold in even tighter. Minute is beginning to fade, and eventually the arm drops.

DDK:

Could that be IT?!

Rex Knox raises Minute's arm and releases... it drops to the mat.

Rezin:

C'MAAAAWWNNN...

Knox checks the arm again... it hits the mat again.

Lance:

I don't know if he can hang on, Keebs!

"MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!

MINUTE!"

Rezin:

STAY DOWN... STAY DOWN!!

For the third time, the official takes Minute's limp arm by the wrist. There's fluttering in the tips of his fingers. Rezin's eyes look like they may burst free from his skull as he watches in livid anticipation. Then Knox releases...

...and the arm hits the mat.

DING DING DING

The arena ERUPTS in jeers! Rezin releases the hold and rolls to his knees just as Minute snaps back to life, a second too late. The Escape Artist slowly and shakily gets to his feet before throwing his head and hands back and crows in triumph with a laugh so bombastic and maniacal it would make one think he burned through the last shreds of his sanity to pull off that win.

Rezin:

HA HA HA HA HA-HA-HA-HAHAHAHAHA!!!

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... and **NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION OF DEFIANCE...**

RRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZZZZZZIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNN!!!!

BOOOOOOOO!!!

The hate rains down on Rezin as Knox raises his arm in victory. A moment later, Rezin falls face-first into the mat, landing in a lifeless splat. Knox rolls his eyes before going to check on Minute.

DDK:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, it appears as though whether we like it or not, we are all about to witness the reign of the Favoured Sinner in the coming weeks as Rezin picks up the hard-fought victory here at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE over Minute, claiming the Favoured Saints Championship for his own!

Lance:

We always expected it would come down to one big spectacular high flying maneuver to blow the roof off the entire arena, but in the end, the Escape Artist Rezin, proving that he always offers us what is UN-expected, changed course and won this match on the ground rather than in the sky!

DDK:

It looked as though he had no choice! Regardless of the outcome, nobody can say that Minute didn't leave us dazzled and amazed with his technique here tonight! Even Rezin's vaunted aerial prowess couldn't hold a candle to it! Going for the submission was a last ditch effort on the part of the Goat Bastard, and somehow it paid off!

Lance:

Minute may still be the most Interesting High Flyer in the World, and DEFIANCE's own Titan of the Skies, but the Favoured Saints Champion tonight goes to the Goat Bastard that would be the one to drag him down.

In the ring, Rezin eventually comes back to as the official presents him with the Favoured Saints Championship. The sinister grin reappears on his half-dazed expression as he holds the belt up into the air, naturally upside-down. In the far corner, Minute recovers to himself, shaking his head as he grapples with the defeat.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE COMMENTS SECTION Â© vs. SNS (MAXIMUM DEFIANCE)

The Faithful let out a roar as the hype video slowly fades from the DEFIttron and the camera switches its focus ring announcer Darren Quimbey. Next to him stands referee Benny Doyle.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following is scheduled as a tag team contest and it is the main event of the evening! It is scheduled for one fall and is for the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP!

♪ "Attention, Attention" by Shinedown ♪

The Tag Team Champions walk out on stage to a dubious reaction. Malak clutches all five title belts, stacked on top of each other, over his shoulder to the point where it looks like he's wearing body armor. Cyrus Bates continually nods his head and shouts the word "CLASSIC" for everyone to hear.

DDK:

Here they come! The reigning and defending tag champions have done everything in their power to disrupt the momentum of Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd and not only were they finally successful with that by cornering young, innocent Siobhan Cassidy but earlier tonight, those falldowns set Ballyhoo on fire, or simulated it? I have no idea if that was real or not but regardless, it has removed Davey LaRue from the picture too.

Malak DEMANDS Cyrus lifts him into the ring so he naturally does what he's told. The Keyboard King spins around a few times before reluctantly handing his belts over to the referee. The reigning champion's music fades from the arena's speakers and is quickly replaced with...

The Faithful:

SNS! SNS! SNS!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The Faithful ERUPT in cheers as The Saturday Night Specials' adrenaline fueled theme blares throughout the arena and "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd makes his way out onto the stage with a fist raised high above his head.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponent! Representing The Saturday Night Specials! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin... weighing in at two-hundred and forty pounds... "The Innovator" Brock Neeewbluuuuudd!!

DDK:

Newbludd said earlier that even though he didn't have a partner he wouldn't be walking into this match alone and this ovation from The Faithful proves it!

Lance:

That might be true in a sense, partner. All the cheers in the world aren't going to replace Pat Cassidy... or Davey LaRue for that matter! Once that bell rings, Newbludd will be on his own against the best tag team DEFIANCE has to offer. There's no getting around that.

Making his way to the top of the ramp, Newbludd glares at his two opponents standing in the ring. Fixing his gaze squarely on Malak, Brock raises his arm and points directly at The Comments Section leader just as the rampway unleashes a flurry of pyro that draws a roar from the crowd. Smoke quickly fills the ramp, causing Newbludd to disappear within it. A couple of seconds pass and the crowd lets out a second cheer when Brock suddenly bursts through the smoke halfway down the ramp. Tearing off his SNS t-shirt, Newbludd tosses it into the crowd and breaks into a sprint!

DDK:

Brock Newbludd charges the ring!! He's wasting little time!

Lance:

He can't! Hitting fast and hard and ending this quickly might be his only chance!

Inside the ring, Quimbey makes a quick escape as Doyle waves frantically for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

This championship main event is official and here comes Newbludd!

Brock sprints to the ring and slides smoothly under the bottom rope. Cyrus is there to meet him, but Brock blocks his right hand and fires back with rapid shots of his own. Malak takes a step back, yelling at Cyrus to "GET HIM!" while seemingly having a panic attack. Newbludd lights Bates up with rights and then sends him off the ropes. Brock ducks an attempt at a clothesline by Bates and catches him on the rebound with a CRISP armdrag! Bates back up... a second armdrag! A dropkick to the chest sends Cyrus crashing to the outside. Malak Garland takes this chance to try and attack Newbludd from behind, but Brock is ready for it and ducks Malak's clothesline attempt, boots him sharply in the gut, and drops him with a DDT! He frantically covers and yells at the surprised Benny Doyle to make the count!

ONE...

TWO...

No! Malak gets a shoulder up. Brock won't slow down, though. He yanks Malak back to his feet and brings him to the corner. He lights The Keyboard King's chest up with a knife edged chop that echoes throughout the arena! Malak tries to escape, but Brock shoves him back into the corner and hits another! A third! A fourth! Malak collapses into the corner, holding his chest and saying that he's sorry through tear-filled eyes. Brock grabs him by the collar and roughly lifts him up to the top rope, perching him in position for what appears to be an incoming superplex. As Brock begins to climb up, though...

DDK:

Cyrus Bates back in! He peppers Brock with forearms from behind, saving Malak.

Bates brings Brock to the center of the ring, firing him off the ropes. Brock ducks a back elbow, slides under Cyrus' legs on the rebound when he attempts to hit a big boot, and when Cyrus turns around...

Lance:

OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY!!

With Cyrus stunned, Brock is back to his feet. He runs at Malak, who is still perched on the top rope...

DDK:

SUPERKICK! Malak crumbles off the top and falls to the outside!

Lance:

Brock is alone in the ring with Cyrus Bates!! Can he actually do this!?

The fans are on their feet in anticipation as Brock stalks the rising Cyrus. He hooks him from behind, looking for the Shock and Awe...

DDK:

But Cyrus counters with a mule kick to the groin!!

Brock falls to the ground in pain as Cyrus leans on the top rope and shakes the cobwebs away. Crawling on all fours

on the outside floor, Malak looks up to Cyrus and barks at him to quit messing around and take care of Newbludd.

DDK:

This handicap match has been nothing short of chaotic to start. With Malak on the outside it appears that Doyle has gotten things under control and Cyrus is the legal man.

Lance:

That mule kick from Bates stopped Newbludd dead in his tracks. It was dirty but effective. In championship matches the rules favor the champion. The title can't change hands on a DQ, so don't be surprised if you see more cheap shots from Malak and Cyrus, even though it's already two on one.

Following Malak's orders, Bates stomps towards the still down Newbludd and drops an elbow into Brock's lower back. Scrambling back to his feet, Bates unleashes a flurry of kicks to his opponent's ribs. Satisfied, Bates starts to bring Brock back up to his feet. The tables suddenly turn on the powerhouse when Newbludd captures him in a surprise small package!

DDK:

Small package! Newbludd's got him wrapped up tight!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--Bates kicks out!

Lance:

Brock came close to stealing the victory! Malak looks like he's about to have a heart attack!

Not even bothering to crawl up onto the apron and stand in his team's corner, Garland slaps a hand on the mat in frustration as he watches from the outside. Frustrated about being caught, Bates beats Brock to his feet and clobbers him with a hard knee to the side of the head that sends Newbludd back down to the mat. Yanking the woozy Brock back upright, Bates fires him into the ropes and turns on a heel to bounce off the opposite side.

DDK:

Cyrus with a full head of steam... clothesline! Ducked! Newbludd reversed it into a backslide!

ONE!

TWO!!

Bates kicks out again!

Lance:

Newbludd's pin reversals are crafty and fun, but they're useless unless he deals some damage to Cyrus! He needs more offense!

This time both grapplers make it to their feet at the same time and Newbludd follows Lance's advice by unloading on Bates with piston-like punches. Driving Bates back with the barrage, Brock finishes the flurry with a hard shove that causes Cyrus to stumble backwards and bounce off the ropes. Stumbling forward, Cyrus lashes out with a desperation

lariat but Newbludd avoids it easily. Unable to stop his momentum, Bates does a complete 180 and Newbludd hits him in the lower back with a forearm. Now stumbling forward, Bates bounces chest first off the ropes and back towards Brock. Dipping low, Newbludd shoots up and hooks both of Cyrus' arms...

DDK:

RELEASE TIGER SUPLEX! Bates is DOWN!

Lance:

Brock didn't go for the bridge on that suplex, partner. It looks like he has something else in mind, he's heading to the corner!

With Cyrus staring up at the lights, Brock sprints to the nearest corner and hastily climbs up to the top rope. Rising up, Brock zeroes in on Bates and leaps off...

DDK:

Here comes that big elbow!

Lance:

And here comes Malak!

Having slid under the ropes as Brock was climbing up, Garland grabs his partner by the wrist and drags him out of harm's way at the last second. With his target gone, Newbludd hits nothing but mat! The Faithful let loose a chorus of boos as Garland smiles and backs away from Benny Doyle, who orders him to exit the ring. Meanwhile, the still dazed Cyrus crawls to the ropes and begins to slowly pull himself back up to his feet.

DDK:

Malak seems to be enjoying this, Lance. This is the culmination of his mind games breaking up SNS, and he's loving every minute of it.

Lance:

It sure looks that way, partner. Look at this, Brock's back up to his feet and he's spotted Malak!

Holding his aching elbow, Newbludd looks across the ring and sees Malak arguing with Doyle. Shaking the pain out of his arm, Brock breaks out in a sudden sprint towards the Grammar Grappler. With his focus fixed on Garland, Brock is abruptly blindsided by Cyrus, who nails him with the KEYBOARD KICK!!

DDK:

Cyrus just creamed Newbludd with his signature axe kick! Brock's focus was on Malak and it left him wide open!

Letting out an obnoxious laugh right in Doyle's face, Malak steps through the ropes and finally makes his way to TCS' corner. Limply hanging his arm over the top rope, The Social Media Savant yawns and calls for the tag.

Lance:

Like a true paper champion, Malak's calling for the tag now that Brock has been softened up for him. Why isn't Bates going for the pin, though!?

DDK:

Because Malak's gotta get his shots in first, Lance. This isn't about retaining tag belts, it's about giving Newbludd a lesson! It's never enough for Malak and I don't like it one bit!

Back up on his feet, Bates picks the jelly-legged Newbludd up off the mat and rocks him with a European style uppercut. Brock staggers backwards and begins to fall to the mat but Bates reaches out to latch onto The Innovator's wrist to stop him. Yanking Brock towards him, Bates scoops him up onto a shoulder. Taking a couple of quick steps towards his corner, the powerhouse comes to an abrupt stop and drops to a knee to deliver a shoulder breaker. Showing off his impressive strength, Bates maintains his grip on Brock and rises back to his feet, throwing Newbludd

back on his shoulder as he does so. Taking a step back, the Bellicose Brawler lines up with the turnbuckles and charges towards them, slamming Brock backfirst into them!

Lance:

Newbludd's in a real bad spot now! He's stuck upside down in the corner in the Tree of Woe!

Leaving the groggy Newbludd hanging, literally, Cyrus backpedals and charges back in to smash his defenseless opponent with a running knee. Giving Brock one last kick to the face for good measure, Bates makes the tag to Malak and the Armchair Expert slings himself over the top rope and into the ring. Immediately the boos intensify from The Faithful and Garland feigns being hurt by the ovation while behind him Cyrus proceeds to stomp the holy hell out of the upside down Innovator.

DDK:

Get Cyrus out of there Doyle! C'mon!

Malak does his best to 'accidentally' get in the referee's way to attempt to buy Cyrus a few extra seconds of stomping but the veteran referee darts around him to get in the face of Bates. Doing an accelerated count, Doyle reaches four quickly and Cyrus finally relents. Throwing his hands up, Cyrus steps out onto the apron as Malak takes over in the corner. With Benny's focus still on Cyrus, the Keyboard King immediately puts his boot on Brock's neck and begins to choke him, grabbing onto the top rope with both hands for extra leverage as he does so. A true master of his craft, Garland removes his foot a second just as Doyle's attention shifts back to the action.

Lance:

Malak is as slippery as they come inside of the ring. He slipped that cheap choke in there perfectly to avoid getting caught by the ref.

DDK:

That he did, Lance. Now he quickly backpedals out of the corner...the look on Malak's face tells me he's got something painful for Brock.

Having backpedaled all the way to the middle of the ring, Garland races back in towards the still upside down Newbludd and NAILS him squarely in the face with a shotgun dropkick! The force of the blow snaps Brock's head back and causes him to crash stomach first onto the mat!

Lance:

Did you hear that!? Brock ATE that shotgun dropkick!

DDK:

Talk about going from bad to worse! Newbludd was helpless in the corner and Malak took full advantage of that fact. Things are not looking good for Brock right now!

Back up on his feet, Malak delivers a series of soccer style kicks to Brock's ribs, drawing another volley of boos from the crowd. Ending the barrage with a flurry, the Keyboard King puts his hands on his knees and mockingly wipes the sweat from his brow. Still bent over, Garland raises a hand up and Cyrus tags in.

Lance:

Now it's Bates back in. Apparently Malak needs a breather already.

As Cyrus steps through the ropes, Garland flips the glassy eyed Brock onto his back and pulls him out of the corner. Tucking both of Newbludd's legs under his arms, Malak watches as Cyrus races past him in an all out sprint. Malak tightens his grip and begins to fall backwards just as Bates hits the ropes...

DDK:

Here comes Cyrus off the ropes and it looks like Malak's going for a catapult!

Showing impeccable timing, Malak falls backwards onto the mat and catapults Brock right at the oncoming Bates... who SPEARS him in mid air! The Bellicose Brawler drives Newbludd into the mat!

Lance:

What a spear by Bates! Malak set him up perfectly for that!

Before Doyle can give him an earful, Malak hops over the top rope and returns to his corner. Meanwhile, Bates bounces off the ropes and drops a big leg across Brock's chest. Hooking the leg, Bates looks to seal the victory!

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE-NO! Brock gets a shoulder up!

The Faithful let out a resounding cheer while the visibly frustrated Malak slams a fist into the top turnbuckle. Cyrus mimics his partner by doing the same into the mat as he glares at Doyle. The veteran ref won't be intimidated and puts two fingers right in the powerhouse's face.

DDK:

You know, partner, I wasn't sure how the fans would respond to Newbludd tonight. There were some who put the blame squarely on him for the breakup of the Saturday Night Specials, which is not a bad argument. But, from the moment he walked down the aisle tonight The Faithful have been solidly behind him.

Lance:

My opinion is Brock was put between a rock and a hard place, so I personally never blamed him. That being said, you gotta believe the crowd's reaction tonight is also about how much they hate The Comments Section. Because at the end of the day, the blame falls completely on Malak for SNS breaking up.

Back up on his feet now, Cyrus scrapes Brock off the mat and hits him with a hard knife edge chop that sends The Innovator stumbling backwards a step. Newbludd manages to stay on his feet and lunges at Bates with a wild haymaker. The powerhouse easily avoids it and uses Brock's forward momentum against him by grabbing a wrist to send him into the ropes with an Irish whip.

DDK:

Bates in total control now as he sends Newbludd into the ropes. Cyrus is winding up his arm, signaling for a big lariat...

The Milwaukee Made Man rebounds off the ropes while at the same moment Cyrus bounces off the opposite side ropes. The two meet in the middle of the ring and The Keyboard Warrior throws a nasty looking clothesline. The tables suddenly turn on Bates when Newbludd latches onto his opponent's swinging arm at the last second. Doing a spinning go behind, Brock brings Bates to the mat with a Gannosuke Clutch!

Lance:

Gannosuke Clutch out of nowhere! Newbludd's got both of Bates' shoulders pinned to the mat!

ONE!

TWO!!

Malak breaks the pin again!

DDK:

Garland intervenes yet again and now he's laying into Brock with some stiff kicks! Cyrus is back up and joins in! This is a mugging!

Referee Doyle begins the ring count and Malak gets a few more kicks in before Benny chases him away. Malak steps back out onto the apron and Cyrus angrily picks up the battered Newbludd. The Bellicose Brawler doubles him over with a knee to the gut and wraps his arms around Brock's midsection. Letting out an audible grunt, Cyrus puts his power on display by lifting Newbludd up onto his shoulders with a gutwrench.

Lance:

Cyrus has got Brock up for the powerbomb and now he's sprinting towards the corner... big time BUCKLE BOMB!

The Saturday Night Special crashes hard into the turnbuckles! He begins to slump to the ground but manages to stay upright due to his arms being slung over the top rope. With Malak cheering him on, Cyrus charges in and crushes Brock with a corner splash! Taking a step back, Bates does a bad impression of Pat Cassidy raising a glass to the crowd. The Faithful respond with thunderous boos, causing Cyrus to smirk obnoxiously.

DDK:

The Bellicose Brawler tries his best to impersonate The Scrapper from Southie and this crowd is not impressed at all.

Lance:

No, they are not. But, he did pull off that corner splash quite nicely. So, you have to give credit where credit is due.

With the groggy Newbludd still upright in the corner, Bates ducks down and grabs onto the middle rope. Rearing back, Cyrus doubles Brock over with a series of hard shoulders to the stomach. Staying low, Cyrus picks Brock up and places him on the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

Newbludd is on dream street on the top rope and it looks like Cyrus is planning something big to try and finish him off!

Climbing up to the middle rope, Bates wraps his arms around Newbludd and stands him up. The crowd roars in anticipation as Cyrus maintains his grip on Brock as he steps up to the top rope.

Lance:

Cyrus has Brock setup for a top rope belly to belly! Wait, look at this! There's still some fight left in The Innovator!

No stranger to delivering a belly to belly, Brock's survival instincts kick in as he rears back and nails Cyrus in the face with a head butt! Bates staggers but keeps his grip on Newbludd! Another headbutt from Brock! And another! The Bellicose Brawler's foot slips and he lets go of Brock, landing on his feet in the corner!

DDK:

Brock's fought out of it but here comes Cyrus again! Newbludd denies him with a double axe handle!

Cyrus drops down to the mat for a second time and Brock clobbers him with a right hook! The Bellicose Brawler does a complete 180 from the blow! With his opponent's back to him, Newbludd jumps off the top rope onto Bates' shoulders! In one fluid motion Brock takes Cyrus down to the mat with a Victory Roll!

Lance:

Victory Roll! Brock's got the pin yet again!

ONE!

TWO!!

Bates kicks out!

DDK:

Still not enough! Here comes Malak!

Malak makes a bee-line across the ring but this time Doyle is able to cut him off! Instantly Garland starts arguing with the ref, but Doyle forces him back to his corner. Behind them, Bates and Brock stagger to their feet. Brock is the first to act and hits Cyrus with a stinging knife edge chop. The powerhouse shakes the blow off and fires back with a forearm that connects with the side of Brock's head. Stunned, Brock takes a step back and Cyrus whirls around...

Lance:

Discus punch by Bates... Newbludd ducks it!

Missing the tornado punch, Bates keeps spinning on his heel and Brock grabs him from behind to lock in a Cobra Clutch!

DDK:

COBRA CLUTCH! COBRA CLUTCH! Newbludd's got the submission locked in tight!

The Faithful erupt in cheers as Newbludd squeezes down on the big bull. Flailing his arms and spinning in a circle, Cyrus tries to shake Newbludd off of him but The Innovator refuses to let go. Desperation sinking in, Bates stops spinning and stumbles backwards towards the ropes.

Lance:

Bates is trying to get to the ropes!

Not letting go, Brock maintains the hold and squeezes down with everything he has, causing Bates to drop to a knee.

DDK:

Bates almost got to the ropes but Brock's got that cobra clutch locked in perfectly! Bates is down on a knee and it might be only a matter of time!

Lance:

What's Malak doing!?

Needing to help his partner, Garland races towards them along the ring apron. Mustering whatever energy he has left, Bates powers back up to a standing position. A few lumbering steps later and Bates pushes Brock back first into the ropes. Malak moves like lightning along the apron and nails Brock in the side of the head with a superkick!

DDK:

Malak saves Bates with that kick and now he's got a hold of Brock!

Holding Brock's arms from behind, Malak yells at the coughing Bates to snap out of it. Shaking his head, Bates sees his partner holding Newbludd for the free shot and charges towards them. With only a second to spare, Brock slams his head back into Malak's face, causing the Social Media Savant to fall down to the floor. A second later the charging Cyrus is sent up and over to the outside as well!

Lance:

Newbludd with the back body drop and Cyrus is on the floor!

Still woozy, Newbludd turns around and grabs onto the top rope as he zeroes in on Bates.

DDK:

What's Brock thinking here?

Lance:

He's not, DDK. At this point he's running on guts and instinct.

Having recovered from his fall to the outside, Malak scrambles up onto the ring apron just as Brock rears back. Garland races along the apron and just as Brock throws himself forward the Keyboard Master grabs him by the head! Dropping down, Garland delivers a modified stunner to Brock, slamming his neck across the top rope! Newbludd flies back into the ring and crumples to mat with both hands on his throat!

DDK:

What a move by Malak! Did you see the top rope snap up into Brock's neck!?

Lance:

I sure did, and it wasn't a pretty sight. Now, Newbludd's down in the ring and Bates is down on the outside!

DDK:

Bates has got to get back in the ring to avoid the countout!

Inside the ring, Benny throws his hands up and The Faithful are quick to help with the count.

ONE! TWO! THREE!

On the outside, Malak puts his arms around Cyrus and makes a motion for him not to re-enter the ring. With Brock down, Malak simply stands, holding his partner, and watching Doyle continue the count.

FOUR!

DDK:

Unbelievable. Or, I guess, really believable. But even in a two-on-one situation, Malak is taking the easy way and taking the countout - but keeping the titles.

FIVE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The ringside fans are giving Malak hell, but he's paying them no mind. Suddenly, a first row fan with a hood up and around his face reaches over the barricade and roughly spins Malak around. Malak sneers.

Malak Garland:

Take your hands off me! Respect my space!!

SIX!!

The fan reaches up and removes his hood... THE ARENA COMES UNGLUED...

DDK:

IT'S PAT CASSIDY!!! CASSIDY IS IN THE FRONT ROW!!!

*RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!***Lance:**

Malak has gone white as a ghost!!

SEVEN!! EIGHT!!

Malak stumbles backwards like he's seen a ghost, as Cassidy leaps the barricade and approaches him looking extremely pissed off. Cassidy removes the hood to reveal that he's wearing his elbow pads and taped wrists and then removes his baggy pants to show his ring gear underneath! Bates tries to come to Malak's rescue, but Cassidy blocks his shot and lights him up with three punches of his own!

NINE!

Cassidy bounces Cyrus' head off the nearby ring steps and rolls him into the ring... breaking the ten count!

Lance:

And now on the outside of the ring... it's just Pat and Malak!!

DDK:

That's the man who made some... insulting... claims about his baby sister!

Malak falls to his backside as he pleads with Cassidy.

Malak Garland:

Oh wow, lots to unpack here. Hi Pat. It sure is great to see you on this fine evening. Um. How are you? Maybe we can solve this with a cordial conversation? Please?

With the fans still in a frenzy and Cassidy stone-faced in total rage, Black Out does the slow horror movie villain walk toward Garland who is holding his hands up and begging him to calm down. Suddenly, Malak decides to spring up and run away as Cassidy immediately gives chase! Pat chases Malak all around the ringside area twice until Garland rolls into the ring. Cassidy follows... and the angry Boston native runs right into another Boston-native: referee Benny Doyle. Doyle holds up his hands, demanding Cassidy stop. Pat, for half a second, is so angry that he looks ready to deck Doyle, but he quickly thinks better of it. We can't hear what Benny is saying, but we do see him pointing to the SNS corner.

Lance:

I think Benny is giving Pat a choice... if he wants to get his hands on Malak he'd better be a part of this match!

Cassidy looks to the corner then looks at Doyle. Looks back to his corner. Looks to Malak who is clinging to the safety of The Comments Section's corner. Finally, he looks to Brock Newbludd, who has just gotten back to his feet and his eyes go wide at the sight of his former tag partner. Cassidy and Brock make eye contact and there's no handshakes or smiles. Instead, keeping Brock's gaze, Cassidy moves into The Saturday Night Special's corner and then holds out his hand for the tag! Brock breaks into a grin (which Cassidy does not return) and then walks over to make the tag as the fans go wild!!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is in the match!

Malak is still on the apron absolutely breaking down in anxiety! Cassidy bounds into the ring and grabs the rising Cyrus Bates. He sends Bates into the ropes and catches him on the rebound with a vicious Alabama Slam. Bates' head bounces off the mat and he's stunned. Cassidy brings Cyrus to his feet, grabs his hand... and FORCES HIM TO

MAKE THE TAG TO MALAK GARLAND!!!!

Malak Garland:

NO! TAGGING IS A CHOICE! IT CAN'T BE FORCED UPON ME!

Malak has half a second to look shocked before Pat grabs him by the scruff and launches him up and over the ropes and into the ring. Malak scrambles up to his knees and begins to beg off, holding his hands up in the air and asking for mercy. Malak backpedals all the way into the corner while Pat stalks him. Finally, with nowhere else to go, he closes his eyes and waits for the shot... but when it never comes, he peeks out with one eye open to find Cassidy smiling. The camera is close enough that we can hear their conversation.

Pat Cassidy:

...you promise that you're sorry?

Malak shoots to his feet, nodding enthusiastically.

Malak Garland:

So sorry! My whole truth is that I feel awful about the entire thing. That's from my heart's center!

Cassidy nods understandingly. He reaches into his tights and produces a phone. He makes a motion toward Malak as if they're going to take a selfie together. The fans seem... unsure of this development. As does Brock.

Malak Garland:

As long as I can approve it before posting. Make sure to raise it up high to catch a good angle.

Cassidy pats Malak on the shoulder assuredly. He puts his arm around Malak and holds the phone up in front of them...

...and JUST AT THE FLASH, HE SMACKS THE ABSOLUTE DOGSHIT OUT OF MALAK!!!

DDK:

I hope he posts that later!

Lance:

He had to use the burst setting for sure!

Cassidy now unloads on the fallen Malak with right hands. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Repeat about fifteen times before Doyle forces him off. Cassidy grabs Malak by the head and slams him face first into a neutral top turnbuckle. Again. Again. Again. Then he climbs up to the second turnbuckle and with Malak's head dangling below him, unloads with punches as The Faithful count along...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

Cassidy pauses before the tenth punch, looks toward the fans, makes a "cheers" motion and then connects with the right hand! Cassidy whips Malak across the ring into the opposite turnbuckle. Cassidy runs after him, leaps...

Lance:

SPLASH OF JAMESON!

DDK:

Malak stumbles out of the corner right into a Pat Cassidy small package...

ONE!

TWO!

Cyrus Bates breaks up the pin! Brock jumps into the ring and goes after Bates, peppering him with shots and then a big clothesline that sends BOTH men over the top rope to the outside. On the outside, they continue their brawl and Benny Doyle climbs out of the ring to try to convince them to settle down and return to their respective corners. With Doyle between the two brawling men, Pat Cassidy also climbs onto the apron. He looks toward the three men, and runs forward along the ringside apron, leaping forward...

DDK:

Cassidy with a diving axehandle off the apron and he lands on all three men!!

Lance:

Bates, Doyle, and Newbludd are down. Do you think he hit Brock on purpose?

DDK:

I'm not sure if Pat is thinking straight or if he's even super concerned about his "partner." I get the feeling he's in this match more to get at Malak and less to help Brock...

Cassidy rolls back into the ring, with the stage now cleared of everyone but him and Malak. He picks The Keyboard King up and hooks and drops him with a big pumphandle slam. There's no ref, so he gets up and simply smiles toward the fans who roar their approval. Cassidy points toward the turnbuckle and The Faithful get even louder!

DDK:

Cassidy has something big in mind.

Cassidy perches the snowflake onto the top rope, sitting and facing outward into the people. He climbs up behind Malak and hooks him for the big belly-to-back superplex...

...but Cyrus Bates comes out of nowhere, nailing Cassidy RIGHT in the face with a chair from the ring apron!

Lance:

Bates AGAIN saving Garland from the brink! That steel chair just halted Cassidy's momentum cold!

DDK:

Benny Doyle is just gathering himself outside the ring so he didn't see it.

Bates drops the chair on the ring apron and climbs in the ring where the now unconscious Cassidy sits. Malak is still sitting on the top turnbuckle, and Bates walks over so that The Keyboard King can climb onto Bates' shoulders. With Malak getting a ride, Bates brings him over to Cassidy. Malak leaps off Bates and crashes down onto The Scrapper from Southie with a big splash! He covers!

DDK:

Comments Section is about to retain!

Doyle, who has just entered the ring, drops down for the count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO! BROCK PULLS BENNY OUT OF THE RING!!

DDK:

Cassidy was knocked silly by that chair shot but Brock just saved the match!

Doyle scolds Brock who quickly defers to the referee's authority and returns to his corner. In the ring, Cyrus Bates does the same. With the ref back in control, Malak is up and standing over the dazed Cassidy. Now that Pat is hurt, Malak finds his courage and begins to unload on Cassidy with a series of stomps.

Malak Garland:

I didn't really want to take a selfie with you anyways!

DDK:

We've seen this sequence before. Is this a shot at Conor Fuse?

Malak mounts the downed Cassidy and unloads with a flurry of punches.

Malak Garland:

Siobhan says hi!

He takes a moment to laugh at Brock Newbludd before bringing Cassidy up and whipping him off the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a spinning heel kick! Cassidy crumples and Malak covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!

DDK:

Cassidy gets the shoulder up!

Malak doesn't let Pat have a second to catch his breath - he locks Black Out in his version of The Camel Clutch, the FOMO!

Lance:

How insulting and humbling would it be if Malak Garland made Pat Cassidy tap out after those disgusting comments about his sister?

DDK:

You've got to think if Cassidy's heart is still beating he won't give in but Malak DOES have that hold cinched in tight!

Malak is all smiles as he rears back on the camel clutch and the crowd is booing mercilessly. Cassidy's arms flail and his eyes are forced to stare at the ceiling but still convey rage and hatred. Doyle moves in to catch either the tap out or verbal submission. On the apron, Brock encourages the fans to start clapping to get behind his (maybe?) tag team partner. They oblige, and Malak shakes his head "no" as the fans begin to will Cassidy on to make the big comeback. Cassidy's fist starts shaking as the fans turn up the volume and his leg finds its footing. He begins to buck and sway as Malak's eyes go wide in fear.

Malak Garland:

No. Simply no. No one breaks out of the FOMO!

Lance:

"Black Out" Pat Cassidy isn't done yet!

Cassidy continues to sway his body. Malak tries desperately to tighten his grip, but Pat now has his footing and is pushing himself to his feet. Malak breaks the hold and rebounds off the nearby ropes, looking to put Cassidy back down with a clothesline...

Lance:

But Cassidy ducks the clothesline and hooks and drops him with the GREEN MONSTA BOMB!!!

Pat's version of the Blue Thunder Bomb plants Malak and now both men are down!! The crowd is at a fever pitch as both Brock and Cyrus have their arms extended for the tag! As Cassidy rolls over to look toward Brock and Malak does the same, a chant rises up among The Faithful...

S - N - S! CLAP! S - N - S! CLAP! S - N - S!

Brock is leaning over, reaching as far as he can. Cassidy army crawls closer, shakes his head to clear some cobwebs, and looks up at Newbludd. He lunges forward... AND MAKES THE TAG!

DDK:

BROCK IS IN! He charges Cyrus Bates and knocks him off the apron just before Malak can make the tag out!!

Lance:

BROCK IS ON FIRE!

Belly-to-belly to Malak Garland!! Bates rolls back into the ring and HE eats a belly-to-belly!! Clothesline Malak back down!! Clothesline Cyrus back down!! Malak tries to attack Brock from behind but Brock ducks the shot and brings Malak down from behind into the DRAGON SLEEPER!

DDK:

Malak is not going to last long in that hold!

Garland's eyes are already beginning to flutter. Doyle moves in to check on him and call the match (and the titles) if need be. Malak's arm flails widely and he looks about to tap...

...when Bates breaks the hold with a kick to Brock's head!! Newbludd crumples and the fans boo loudly.

DDK:

Cassidy is back in! He and Bates slug it out!! This match has broken down!!

Lance:

Benny is trying to restore order but neither man is listening!

Cassidy and Cyrus continue to trade punches until Cassidy slowly begins to get the better of the exchange. Cassidy's right hands Cyrus back into the corner, and when Cassidy is sure he has Bates reeling, he takes a few steps backwards, looking to charge with a Splash of Jameson. He leaps...

DDK:

NO! Bates just shoved Benny Doyle into Cassidy's path!! Black Out's frame creams the referee!!

Lance:

Poor Benny can't catch a break in this wild match!

Benny is down, but Pat doesn't dwell on it as he quickly clotheslines Bates out of the ring. He turns... and notices the steel chair that hit him earlier that had been knocked on the apron. He looks to see that the ref is down and looks to the fans, raising an eyebrow. They pop!

DDK:

I do believe Pat Cassidy has some bad intentions here...

Cassidy picks up the chair and turns around... to see *both* Brock Newbludd and Malak Garland slowly climbing to their feet. He looks to Malak... but then he looks to Brock. He looks to the fans.

Lance:

Wait a minute...

DDK:

He wouldn't... would he?

Lance:

Last time Pat Cassidy was on TV he was trying to tear Brock's head off... I don't like this...

Cassidy clutches the chair like a baseball bat. He looks to Brock. To Malak. To Brock. To Malak. The fans in the front row are pleading with him to do the right thing. Cassidy's facial expression betrays nothing except somebody is getting their brains scrambled in a few seconds.

Lance:

The moment of truth!

Brock is up to a knee. So is Malak. Both men reach their feet and turn around toward Cassidy at the exact same time. Cassidy takes the chair back, and swings for the fences...

*CRACK!!!!***DDK:**

DOWN GOES GARLAND!!!

THE FANS EXPLODE FOR GOOD CHOICES!!!

Malak is out and Brock is shocked. He and Cassidy make eye contact. Cassidy is still holding the chair and his expression is less than friendly. The tempo in the arena shifts from celebratory to concerned...

DDK:

Come on now, Pat. Come on.

Cassidy won't break his eye contact with Brock. Finally, he drops the chair to the mat. He grabs Malak... and positions him over the chair for a piledriver!! The fans ERUPT as Cassidy points to the top rope!!!

Lance:

A Keg Stand on the chair!?

Brock is picking up what Pat is putting down, and he climbs to the top rope. He pauses on the top rope to take a second to look out to the fans as Cassidy holds Malak in the piledriver position. The fans, in unison, know exactly what to chant here...

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

Brock leaps off... he leaps for Siobhan, he leaps for Pat, and he leaps everyone who has endured The Comments Section's stranglehold on the tag belts for nearly a year...

DDK:

KEG STAND! KEG STAND! KEG STAND ON THE CHAIR!!!

Lance:

Malak's head is driven into steel!!

Cassidy grabs Benny Doyle and brings him over to where Brock is making the cover. Bates tries to get back into the ring but Cassidy is there to meet him with a shot that knocks him back out. Doyle counts Brock's pin.

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THREEEEEE!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

We have NEW tag team champions!!!!

The fans are on their feet as The Saturday Night Special's theme begins to play over the sound system. Brock rolls off Malak and turns to his partner... but Cassidy does not look happy.

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR WINNERS... AND NEEEEWWWW...

Quimbey stops as Cassidy suddenly snatches the mic out of his hand! The cheering fans suddenly quiet down as Cassidy tells Quimbey to wait. He hands Quimbey back his mic and walks toward Brock, who is breathing heavily with his hands on his knees after that marathon of a match. The cameraman, looking to do his job, moves in close to try and pick up whatever is about to go down here... but Pat Cassidy stops him! We see Cassidy's hand fill the screen and we hear him say...

Pat Cassidy:

Back up. This isn't for you.

The camera person obliges, and the camera moves to the other side of the ring so the mic can't pick up whatever Pat and Brock are about to say to each other. Looking each other dead in the eye, we see Pat talking. Brock says something. Pat responds. Both have serious stone-face faces and Pat has not stopped looking angry. Cassidy grows more animated, using his hands more as he speaks.

DDK:

Folks, we can't hear what's going on between these two... but we do know they've just won the Unified Tag Titles... but are we about to see another brawl??

Finally, Cassidy points to himself. Then he points to Brock. Then he points to the fans. Then he shakes his head... and his facial expression softens. Brock allows himself a small smile. Whatever Cassidy just said, Brock agrees. **THE FANS POP AS CASSIDY EXTENDS HIS HAND...**

...AND BROCK TAKES IT! Pat raises Brock's hand in victory as the fans go nuts! Cassidy nods to Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR NEEEEEEEEEW UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS!!!!

The crowd's roaring swells to new heights as Benny slides into the ring with the championship belts. Spotting him first, Newbludd takes the collection of belts off of the ref's hands and turns to face Cassidy. Throwing one of the straps over a shoulder, the exhausted Innovator smiles at his partner and offers him his own piece of gold. Returning the smile, Cassidy takes the belt from Newbludd. Leaving his hand outstretched, Brock nods at Pat and the Boston native goes

in for a second handshake. The instant the two partners' hands meet Newbludd pulls Pat in for a big-time bro hug.

DDK:

These two men have been on an emotional, mental, and physical roller coaster over these last few weeks. But, they survived it all and now they've taken their place on top of the mountain!

Lance:

They say that the strongest bonds are those that are forged in fire, partner. Well, these two guys have survived the inferno and are for that they are now the world champions. What a way to end the first night of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Laughing, the two friends separate as Benny steps in between them and grabs each man by a wrist to raise their hands in victory. The new champions soak in the cheers of the crowd and then make their way to separate corners. Climbing up, they both raise all five belts high above their heads. A camera shot quickly cuts to Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates who are watching the festivities from the seated safety against the barricade, outside the ring. Malak is understandably crying uncontrollably.

Malak Garland:

It happened again! Cyrus!? Cyrus!? Was this my fault? This wasn't my fault, right?

Cyrus whispers whatever comforting words he must to calm down his partner as they gaze at the triumphant Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd, who raise their title belts high. With all five belts in hand, they've hopped the barricade and are celebrating out among the fans by drinking beers and crowd surfing. The Faithful continue their hot cheer as the DEFIANCE chyron wraps up a raucous and federation changing first night of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE

EIGHT-MAN ELIMINATION MATCH FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: 24K (MIKEY UNLIKELY Â©, CAYLE MURRAY, KENDRIX & PERFECTION) vs. OSCAR BURNS, GAGE BLACKWOOD, JAY HARVEY & DEACON (MAXIMUM DEFIANCE)

The match graphic appears and The Faithful go wild!

DDK:

It's come to this.

Lance:

Sound strategy by Mikey to put the FIST of DEFIANCE on the line. You'd have to think if 24K can pull this one off, it's done, over, buried. No one's ever going to defeat Mikey.

DDK:

That would be the sentiment but that's also WHY he's putting the title on the line, too. Likely hoping Team DEFIANCE won't be able to cooperate with each other and egos will get in the way. I wouldn't say ALL hope would be lost if Team DEFIANCE loses this match but it'll be a major blow.

Lance:

We're getting ahead of ourselves, aren't we?

DDK:

Hard not to.

Lance:

Agreed.

DDK:

To the ring and Darren Quimbey.

The scene switches to ringside and the big match feel lingers. Darren stands in the center of the ring, mic in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

It's time for the main event of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! The rules are an elimination style, four-on-four tag team match. Once a wrestler is pinned, submitted, counted out or disqualified, they are eliminated from the contest. If 24K lose the match, whoever pins the final 24K member will become the FIST of DEFIANCE. If 24K wins the match, Mikey Unlikely will retain the FIST of DEFIANCE, even if he has been eliminated from contention prior!

The Faithful cheer at the positives of Quimbey's message (literally anyone on Team DEFIANCE winning) and boo the negatives (Mikey retaining).

Darren Quimbey:

For the sake of time, we've asked everyone to come out as a team! Therefore, introducing first, the challengers...

Each DEFIANT comes out one-by-one, to fifteen seconds or less of their theme song. They wait on the rampway, until the next member appears.

Gregorian chants begin.

Darren Quimbey:

The Deacon!

♪ "Bullet Holes" by Bush ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Jay Harvey!

♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Gage Blackwood!

♪ "Raise Your Flag" by MAN WITH A MISSION ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And Oscar Burns!

With all four men on the top of the rampway, they exchange nods with one another and make their way down.

DDK:

One of these men MIGHT be the FIST of DEFIANCE after tonight!

Lance:

Four-hundred-ninety-nine days as champion for Mikey Unlikely. How do we still call him UNLIKELY?

DDK:

Perhaps because he's backdoored his way through many of those title defenses?

Lance:

I'll go with it.

Team DEF has entered the ring. They rally The Faithful, which isn't hard to do, as Quimbey gives them a moment to shine before continuing.

The lights die down and the crowd goes to a hush, seeing who comes out first for this epic clash between DEFIANCE and 24K!

♪ "Gold" by Sir Sly ♪

The supergroup move from behind the curtain and all stand side-by-side on the stage as the fans boo loudly. Many yell directly at Mikey and he smirks before leading the men down to the ring. He holds the FIST of DEFIANCE over his shoulder confidently.

DDK:

For a day short of five-hundred, Mikey Unlikely has held the FIST, for a day short of five-hundred, DEFIANCE has been under ATTACK by him and his antics. I for one, hope that ends here tonight!

Lance:

Say what you want about his reign, there's not been one wrestler as crafty, or intelligent as Mikey Unlikely during his FIST run. If 24K somehow manage to slow down Team DEFIANCE, then I'm not sure if anyone can take it from him.

The group gets to the apron and split up. Two enter on one side, the other two on the opposing side. They all wipe their feet on the apron in unison before entering the ring. They look out over the fans who pelt them with insults.

Mikey finally gets on the second rope and holds the belt high into the air for the fans to see.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring, the group of Cayle Murray, Perfection, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix and The FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely... THIS IS 24K!

They pose as if they're expecting the fans to boo and they do boo!

DDK:

We are not going to have to wait for much longer!

Lance:

Mark Shields as the referee, too, huh?

DDK:

Poor Carla had the FML-Better Future tag match last night. I have no idea how Mark fell his way into this one but one thing for sure, Mark Shields or Hector Navarro, this is gonna get outta hand, no doubt.

DING DING

The fans inside the arena stand on their feet as 24K determine Perfection will enter the ring first for their team and DEFIANCE has chosen...

The Deacon.

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

DDK:

We have one of the HOTTEST crowds in a while! Deacon is going to start the match off with James Witherhold-

Before Keebler can finish his sentence, Perfection runs right into a big boot by Deacon and a massive crowd reaction! Deacon gorilla press slams Perfection to the mat, bounces off the ropes and crushes Perfection with a second big boot! Withhold stumbles around the floor and finally topples head-over-heels back to the canvas as Deacon hits the ropes again...

DDK:

Leg drop!

Panic covers the faces of the other 24K members as the big man hurls Perfection into a free corner. Deacon charges in with a splash attempt but Perfection ducks and shifts to the center of the ring. Witherhold kicks Deacon in the chest and looks for a snapmare takedown but Deacon doesn't budge.

Perfection tries again-

No.

The crowd starts another I BELIEVE chant behind the legendary giant.

DDK:

Deacon takes Perfection by the neck... he's looking for a chokeslam... NO! Perfection escapes, a rake to the eyes follows and off the ropes James goes! ANOTHER big boot by Deacon! THIS TIME THE CHOKESLAM CONNECTS!

On the apron, Blackwood smacks Harvey on the shoulder. Harvey smacks Burns on the shoulder. Everyone nods.

Immediately, the DEFIANCE members enter the ring, race across the canvas and simultaneously dropkick Cayle Murray, Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely off the apron!!

DDK:

DEACON WITH THE ALTAR CALL! I CAN BARELY HEAR MYSELF THINK!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

YESSS!!!

Darren Quimbey:

PERFECTION has been... **ELIMINATED!**

24K are stunned as they pull themselves together and Mark Shields shows some actual referee competence by rolling Perfection out of the ring. Meanwhile, all four members of Team DEFIANCE stand in the center of the squared circle, calling for the next legal man!

Cayle throws a fit on the outside, kicking the steel stairs and swearing profusely. Mikey looks stunned but his Bruv tells him he's "got this" and slides into the ring.

DDK:

INSIDE OUT CLOTHESLINE BY DEACON!

The Faithful are unglued!

Lance:

I don't believe what I'm witnessing!

Harvey, Blackwood and Burns have made it to their corner. Deacon lands another high angle leg drop, this time on Kendrix and then makes a tag to Jay Harvey!

DDK:

Exploder suplex by Jay!

Cayle and Mikey are back in their corner. Cayle looks like he's going to burst!

DDK:

Elevated DDT!

Lance:

ALL DEFIANCE! All day, all night!

DDK:

Brainbuster! Springboard moonsault! Harvey has got this!

Lance:

Unbelievable!

Caule's seen enough. Starbreaker flies into the ring and is about to crush Harvey with a clothesline. HOWEVER, Murray's met with a dropkick from the top rope, thanks to Gage Blackwood!

DDK:

Blackwood coming to SAVE Jay Harvey!

Lance:

I never thought I'd see the day!

Mikey is the next to enter and Oscar Burns knocks the FIST for a loop with a European uppercut! This is followed by a sling blade from Blackwood!

DDK:

Murray and Mikey are discarded... Jay's looking for the Wake Up Call... NO! Kendrix rolls Jay into a small package! HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS, THE TIGHTS!!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

YYYYEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!

DDK:

Blackwood and Burns were too busy working their way to their corner! Luckily, Jay Harvey escapes the pin!

Both legal men are up. Harvey blocks a right fist from Kendrix and positions/connects with a release snapdragon suplex! Jay hits the ropes...

WAKE.

UP.

CALL.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!!

The arena counts along, LOUDLY.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

Darren Quimbey:

KENDRIX has been **ELIMINATED!**

DDK:

WE'RE DOWN TO A FOUR-ON-TWO!!!

Mikey's face is in shock and awe as Mark Shields rolls Kendrix out of the ring. Cayle, on the other hand, can't wait. He slides into the ring RIGHT AWAY!

DDK:

WAKE UP CALL AGAIN!

ONE.

TWO.

SAVE BY MIKEY!

The sigh in the Wrestle Plex is a NOISY one, with everyone buying into a potential FOUR-on-one! The second Mikey gets to his feet, he's ejected out of the ring via Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

Jay Harvey tags Deacon!

But before The Deacon can peel Cayle Murray off the canvas, he sees Perfection and Kendrix helping Mikey Unlikely to his feet on the outside. He points to Cayle in the ring, holding one finger up. Then, Deacon points to the outside where the rest of 24K is present and holds up three fingers before thumping his chest and races to the far ropes.

DDK:

No. No, Deacon, don't do this...

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

Deacon hits those ropes, rebounds with the momentum across the ring and then performs a crazy plancha, landing across all three members of 24K, knocking them out!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

DEACON WENT AIRBORNE! WHAT A LEAP... OF **FAITH!!!**

Lance:

This is the level of commitment the match needs! It doesn't matter WHO walks out with the FIST of DEFIANCE as long as it's NOT MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Blackwood and Burns can't believe it as The Faithful are worked into an absolute shitshow! Deacon is DOWN and OUT. Cayle Murray slides out of the ring and clubs Deacon in the back of the head with a forearm. Somehow, somehow, the former FIST works the big man into the ring.

DDK:

Dragonscrew to Deacon's knee! Cayle's looking for a submission of some kind... might be an STF...

Blackwood charges in but Cayle shows he was playing possum by popping to his feet, stunning Gage with a kick, chinbreaker and then discards his fellow Scotsman out to the floor!

Jay Harvey and Oscar Burns are next to enter. Cayle eats an uppercut from Burns but Kendrix appears at the last possible second, significantly hurting. This draws Jay's attention, as Harvey clobbers Kendrix! Both men go up and over the top rope...

DDK:

Cayle Murray has rolled up Deacon. Murr has BOTH FEET ON THE TOP ROPE FOR LEVERAGE!

Lance:

LIFT YOUR HEAD UP, MARK!! DON'T YOU DARE COUNT THIS...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

DEACON has been **ELIMINATED**!

DDK:

Dammit! Oscar got there too late! He was staying on guard for anyone else entering the ring!

Lance:

Deacon was REALLY struggling after that plancha!

Burns is declared the next legal man by ref Mark Shields (since he's in the ring already) and Cayle Murray hooks him into The Incredibly Painful & Extremely Powerful Flaming Death From Outer Space... OF DOOM!

DDK:

ANOTHER ROLLUP!!

ONE.

TWO.

SAVE BY BLACKWOOD!

Gage makes his way to his corner and Jay Harvey meets him there. On the outside, Mikey is slowly making his way back to the 24K side. Perfection has been taken backstage, suffering what looks to be an injury at the hands of Deacon's plancha. Kendrix is laid out, hard, thanks to Jay Harvey and hasn't moved since.

DDK:

So it's three-on-two... but it might be three-on-ONE very soon! Oscar Burns and Cayle Murray have found a vertical base and stand across from one another. Burns is egging Cayle on...

Lance:

And Cayle's not thinking straight. He's irate at what's happened so far!

Murray moves towards Burns but Oscar throws a knee up and catches Cayle under the chin! The fans pop as Burns hits the ropes and hammers his right knee against Murray's jaw for x2. "Twists and Turns" deadlifts Cayle into a German suplex and a bridge pin!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Murray's on the attack first, perhaps using the three count as a way to recover. Cayle blasts a stiff boot across Burns' face and positions Oscar into a suplex. Although Burns blocks the first attempt, Murray lowers his base and connects with a snap suplex instead.

DDK:

Murray with a Pele kick, inverted atomic drop and off the ropes he goes... **POWERSLAM BY BURNS!**

Burns leaps forward and tags Gage Blackwood! The crowd cheers in support of The Noble Raider who makes his first appearance in the match. It's a consistent display of clothesline after clothesline, as Cayle tries to get to his feet but he's denied.

Lance:

Great tag by Burns, showing real teamwork here. You know Gage wants his hands on Cayle for revenge from their match two weeks ago!

DDK:

Blackwood Irish whips Murray into the ropes... a dropkick to Cayle's knee gets him down. Blackwood grabs Cayle's knee and slams it into the canvas as hard as humanly possible!

Blackwood applies a Boston crab!

Lance:

Murray is dead to rights!

Suddenly, Mikey enters the ring but so do Burns and Harvey! Although the FIST IS able to nudge Blackwood off Murray, the two DEFIANTS ensure that's all he can do before working the champion to his corner!

DDK:

NO!!! MURRAY WITH AN INSIDE CRADLE AND A HAND FULL OF BLACKWOOD'S TIGHTS!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Lance:

I thought it was over!

DDK:

Well it wasn't the Incredible Death Rollup pin... or whatever you want to call it. This was a true inside cradle!

As Burns and Harvey turn around to see the end result, an enraged Blackwood pulls to his feet, kicks Murray in the chest and bounces off the ropes.

DDK:

GAELIC STORM- NO!

Lance:

Murray dodges it! That's twice in two weeks he's been able to do so!

With everyone back in their respective corner, Blackwood tries to kick at Murray again but he's met with a low blow!

DDK:

Of course Mark Shields didn't see it!

Lance:

Now Cayle's attempting this STUPID looking chokeslam!

DDK:

It IS stupid! Cayle is a tremendous wrestler and now is not the time to be denying the audience of what you can do inside the ring!

Lance:

Well... it's not HIS FIST to lose!

Murray attempts the worst looking chokeslam in the world but Gage holds onto the arm and plants Murray back on the mat!

DDK:

STEP OVER TOE HOLD... INTO AN ANACONDA VICE!

Jay Harvey and Oscar Burns enter the ring before Mikey can even think about it. The FIST looks on, hesitantly putting one foot through the top and middle rope to "test the waters" but Burns and Harvey stand side-by-side. Mikey pulls his foot back.

Meanwhile, behind the DEFIANT wall, Murray screams in pain as Blackwood sinks the hold in, as deep as he can. Mikey tries to put his foot into the ring again. This time he comes close enough to bend down and almost go through the ropes himself.

Burns and Harvey cross their arms.

The Faithful are deafening as Murray raises his hand... AND TAPS!

DDK:

MARK SHIELDS! GOD DAMMIT, MARK! He's too busy watching what will happen between Mikey, Burns and Harvey THAN DOING HIS ACTUAL JOB!

Lance:

Murray's tapping but it's not in the record books!

Blackwood drops the hold, walks over to Mark Shields and spins him around.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye ya filthy baw juggler, PAY. ATTENTION.

The Noble Raider goes back to Cayle Murray. This time he applies his sleeper finisher, The Soul Breaker.

DDK:

Instead of making Murray tap, he's gonna KNOCK HIM OUT INSTEAD!

Lance:

That might be too much to ask of Mark Shields. Raising a guy's arm three times...

Mikey realizes he has no choice. He HAS TO jump through the Burns and Harvey Wall of DEFIANT. The only problem is...

They go to him first.

DDK:

BURNS WITH AN UPPERCUT TO MIKEY AND HARVEY CHOP BLOCKS THE FIST DOWN!

Perfection and Kendrix are out from the back to a chorus of boos.

Lance:

You had to figure this would happen AGAIN.

DDK:

This match is nonsensically chaotic. No surprise, just saying.

Perfection can barely walk and Kendrix's ribs are taped. Nevertheless, the second they approach the ring apron...

DDK:

Harvey with a baseball slide takes out Perfection! Oscar dives through the top and middle rope with a shoulder block to Kendrix!

The four men brawl, although it's all DEFIANCE getting the upper hand. Jay discards Perfection by throwing him shoulder-first into the steel steps before looking into the ring and seeing Mikey Unlikely FINALLY make it to Gage Blackwood and kick Gage in the small of his back.

DDK:

Mikey hits Blackwood with a whiplash DDT!

The Natural One races back into the squared circle and ejects Mikey Unlikely immediately. Harvey goes to his corner, leans forward and sticks his hand out as far as possible.

Jay Harvey:

C'mon Gage, tag me!

Blackwood shakes the cobwebs out and although Cayle Murray is knocked out beside him... looking over to his enemy, Jay Harvey, Gage nods and crawls his way towards the DEFIANT corner.

TAG!

Blackwood falls out of the ring in the process.

DDK:

JAY HARVEY IS LEGAL!

Low blow, Cayle to Jay.

Another school boy rollup.

Handful of tights.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The arena is MADNESS as Jay Harvey collects himself, bounces off the ropes and hits Cayle Murray with the Wake Up Call!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

CAYLE MURRAY has been **ELIMINATED!**

DDK:

HOLY SHIT, WE'RE DOWN TO A THREE-ON-ONE!

Lance:

Cayle had nothing left. From the anaconda vice to The Soul Breaker, his last ditch attempt was another low blow and roll up but he couldn't get it done. We're down to THREE DEFIANTS against the FIST of DEFIANCE! THAT'S ALL WE HAVE LEFT!!

As Mark Shields tries to see Cayle Murray out of the ring, Mikey Unlikely enters.

But he doesn't come in alone.

*WHACK!***DDK:**

STEEL CHAIR TO JAY HARVEY!

Followed by Roll Credits.

Of course, Mark Shields turns around in time for *this* pinfall.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:**JAY HARVEY** has been **ELIMINATED!****DDK:**

Shit.

Lance:

I don't think I've ever heard you swear.

DDK:

Stressful times, Lance. THIS is their opportunity. A three-on-one... there would NEVER be better odds in the history of, dare I say, WRESTLING where the champion is at a disadvantage such as a three-on-one!

Lance:

Well, we're still down to two-on-one! Those are good odds, too!

DDK:

And those odds will start with the man who Mikey Unlikely DEFEATED for the FIST of DEFIANCE to begin with... Oscar Burns!

The scene switches to Perfection, who hasn't moved from being thrown into the steel steps and Kendrix, who's being helped to the back by three referees.

Lance:

I really think it's down to Mikey Unlikely and ONLY Mikey Unlikely now! Needless to say Cayle hasn't moved since being eliminated, either!

"Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns stands in the center of the ring, looking directly at Mikey who's on the outside, bottom

of the rampway. Mikey looks to his left... to his right... he sees no one.

Mikey Unlikely: *[whispering to himself]*

Yeah, sure, I got this.

But he doesn't look confident at all.

WE LIKE GRAPS

WE LIKE GRAPS

WE LIKE GRAPS

DDK:

GET INTO THE RING, MIKEY. BE THE FIST OF DEFIANCE YOU SAY YOU ARE... AND LOSE THE CHAMPIONSHIP BACK TO THE MOST DESERVING FIST OF ALL TIME!

Lance:

You are very worked up, my friend!

DDK:

Well!?

Lance:

Oh, I am too. Let's go Mikey! Get in there!

Once again, it's Oscar Burns who goes to Mikey Unlikely first. Burns blocks a right hand from Mikey, who was immediately on the defense. Burns grabs Mikey by his tights and runs him into the apron and through the bottom rope.

Into Gage Blackwood...

WHAM!

DDK:

THE ROYAL TATTOO! Blackwood was waiting for Mikey!

The Noble Raider dusts his hands off and walks back to his corner.

Lance:

See, THIS gets real interesting! Burns and Blackwood are on the same team but if one of them pins Mikey Unlikely THEY are the FIST of DEFIANCE and the other, despite surviving, IS NOT!

DDK:

This is Mikey's only hope now! It's all he can pray for... that Burns and Blackwood, who've had MANY differences in the past, are not able to co-exist and decide for themselves on who gets the pinfall!

The Faithful are HOT as Oscar Burns slides into the ring and nods at Gage. Oscar takes hold of Mikey's waist and throws him into a belly-to-belly suplex. The crowd, once again, erupts!

Stomps follow, working the FIST of DEFIANCE all the way into a corner. Burns looks at Gage Blackwood...

And happily walks over to him with a tag.

DDK:

Wow...

Blackwood picks up Mikey and drapes him across the corner.

CHOP.

WOoooooooooooo.

CHOP.

WOoooooooooooo.

CHOP. CHOP CHOP.

Mikey's chest is purple by the time Blackwood is done with him. Gage hip tosses Mikey to the center of the ring, walks over to Oscar Burns and tags him back!

DDK:

So far, it's actual teamwork! Each man is giving up a chance at the FIST by tagging out!

Lance:

We'll see what happens when a pinfall takes place!

Burns connects with the back-crack-a-ma-jig, a belly-to-back lift into a backbreaker before tossing Mikey to the ground like an insignificant object.

DDK:

Again, IF Burns and Blackwood can co-exist, Mikey is in TROUBLE. He's in the ring with two of the hardest hitters DEFIANCE has ever seen.

The Technical Spectacle whips Mikey to a corner. As the champion ricochets off the padding, he's met with a stiff as shit knee to the side of the temple! And although it doesn't put Mikey on the canvas... the hard out headbutt CERTAINLY does!

Burns looks over to Blackwood. Gage gives a nod of approval.

DDK:

Burns is going for the Head-Drop-O-Matic... Mikey is trying his BEST to wiggle away...

Lance:

Dammit, Mikey breaks free!

A stumbly FIST of DEFIANCE falls backward into the ropes and leaps towards Burns with a high knee-

DDK:

BURNS CATCHES HIM... POWERSLAM!

Sweet as Knee Drop follows!

DDK:

HOLY SHIT!! BURNS HITS THE EXPLODER SUPLEX! HEAD-DROP-O-MATIC CONNECTS!!! WE HAVE A NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE!

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT UNDER ROPE!

Lance:

OH BOY!

The arena comes out of their seats as Mikey moves his foot a mere INCH for referee Mark Shields to show his worth and make the correct call!

Lance:

I don't know what I'm stunned about... the fact Oscar slipped up and made that pin too close to the ropes or the notion GAGE BLACKWOOD stood in his corner and allowed this to happen!

DDK:

It looks like they have an agreement!

"Twists and Turns" drags Mikey Unlikely to the center of the ring. Hoping to apply The Graps of Wrath, Mikey pokes Burns in the eyes and slithers away...

To the wrong turnbuckle.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD HITS MIKEY WITH A LEFT HAND! In comes Oscar Burns... NO! Burns eats a back elbow from Mikey!!! And Mikey... MIKEY IS LOCKING IN A SLEEPER HOLD ON OSCAR!!

The FIST of DEFIANCE's eyes meet Gage Blackwood's. Mikey has a shit eating grin on his face as he hooks his right arm around Burns' neck and hops onto The Technical Spectacle's back! Burns falls to a knee and then to the canvas floor completely!

DDK:

This goes back... MONTHS! Mikey Unlikely was furious at Gage Blackwood for debuting a sleeper finisher and thought HE could do one better!

Lance:

Mikey's won matches with this thing, Keebs! HE'S GOT BURNS DOWN AND ALMOST OUT!

Mark Shields slides into position and looks to raise Oscar's hand-

BOOOOOOOM!

DDK:

GAELIC STORM!!! GAGE BLACKWOOD'S HIT THE GAELIC STORM ON MIKEY!

Lance:

KEEBS!!! KEEBS!!!!

DDK:

What!?

The fans are in HECTIC MODE as Mark Shields jumps up and waves his hands around, saying GAGE BLACKWOOD is the legal man!

Mark Shields:

THERE WAS A TAG! TAG!

The Faithful are on their feet, everyone is screaming at the top of their lungs! Blackwood sees both men are OUT! Oscar Burns, via the sleeper hold and Mikey Unlikely, via the running double knee smash!

Mikey Unlikely... out.

Mikey Unlikely... the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Gage looks up from the mat at referee Mark Shields.

Gage Blackwood:

I'M LEGAL, RIGHT!? RIGHT?!?!?!?

Eyes bulging out of Gage's head, hands trembling, the Edinburgh native screams at the typically incompetent Shields who once again outlines what he saw.

Mark Shields:

YES! You tagged Burns before the sleeper was applied!

The Faithful BUZZ in anticipation!

DDK:

HOOK THE LEG, GAGE! HOOK THE BLOODY LEG!

Blackwood takes one final glance at Oscar Burns and decides to pin Mikey Unlikely!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!!!

DDK:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!! GAGE TOOK TOO LONG-

WHAM!

Gaelic Storm, X2.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD HITS IT AGAIN! ANOTHER PIN!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

...

Lance:

...

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP, FAVORED SAINTS FIVEWAY: REZIN Â© vs. TITANESS vs. SEARCH PARTY CYRUS vs. COUNT NOVICK vs. KERRY KUROYAMA (ACTS of DEFIANCE)

The lights slowly come down and anticipation builds up in the crowd.

♪ "Requiem: II Kyrie" by Györgi Ligeti ♪

Lance:

I think it's about to get SPOOKY in here, Keebs.

DDK:

Well, I suppose it *is* the season for it.

Static and unsettling images flash across the DEFIATron: scenes of out-of-control riots, urban skylscapes set afire, natural disasters laying waste to civilization. Through the PA system we get blasted by random arrangements of news reports and movie quotes, all cutting in over each other.

"Reports are coming in of a WIDESPREAD UPRISING--LOOK UPON ME!! I'LL SHOW YOU THE LIFE OF THE MIND!--redrum... redrum--out-of-control acts of VIOLENCE in the STREETS--FIRE IT UP!! FIRE IT UP!! FIRE IT UP!!--you tell 'em I'm coming and I'M BRINGING HELL WITH ME!--we are witnessing scenes of rampant CHAOS and DESTRUCTION!!"

We get a montage of file footage and mugshots of infamous anarchists, charismatic cult leaders, and occult figures. Peppered in between the images of Mansons and Rasputins and Kaczynskis and Joneses and Crowleys are close-ups of an scruff-lined evil grin, various tattoos, and tar-stained fingers clenching the air.

"--ongoing public RIOTS continue to threaten the safety of--I'LL SHOW YOU THE LIFE OF THE MIND!--I think human consciousness is a tragic misstep in evolution--a complete BREAKDOWN of communication and social order as--I'LL SHOW YOU THE LIFE OF THE MIND!--...the horror... the horror--BURN, BABY! BURN!--I! WILL! SHOW! YOU! THE! LIFE! OF! THE! MIND!--we are facing the END of TIMES!--the END as WE KNOW IT--ARMAGEDDON!!"

In an instant, the chaos comes to an abrupt end as everything goes black. In the silence of the dark, the only sound that comes through is the gravely subdued voice of J. Robert Oppenheimer.

"Now I am become Death, the Destroyer of Worlds."

BOOM!!

A deafening pyro ROCKS the WrestlePlex as a MUSHROOM CLOUD rises up from the stage.

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

The shredding of riffs is joined by the ripping of engines, as spotlights hit the far corners of the arena revealing Reapers Cyan and Magenta on DIRT BIKES, zipping along tracks set around the upper mezzanine area while leaving trails of FIRE in their wake! The bikers converge toward the curtain, RAMPING dramatically onto the stage as pillars of fire shoot up from behind them!

Lance:

And here I thought I saw it all... apparently, we're kicking off ACTS of DEFIANCE with a motocross event!

"Cyanide" and "Maggot" pull up on either side of the entry-way, just as the ROAR of an engine can be heard. The curtains pull aside...

DDK:

... WHAT?!?

Lance:

Unbelievable...

...and out rolls a road-scarred GOLF CART, fitted with skulls, spikes, and a diesel engine to give it that perfect "apocalyptic war wagon" look. Behind the wheel, the Escape Artist REZIN, grins fiendishly into the crowd. Perched on the rear we can see Reaper Chartreuse, savagely strumming a ukulele through a ten-inch amplifier with a streaming sparkler affixed to the headstock.

DDK:

Okay, NOW I've seen everything...

Rezin parks his chariot at the head of the ramp, revving the engine a few times with his dirtbike-riding compatriots. He's dressed for the occasion in a blackened get-up of straps, studs, and shoulder pads. The tips of his hobo skullet are additionally dyed red and flared out.

Lance:

Is he supposed to be the mohawk guy from the Roadwarrior movie?

DDK:

Maybe that's what he was going for, but it looks more like some sort of Bozo-from-hell thing to me.

With the Favoured Saints Championship strapped upside down around his waist, the Goat Bastard stands up out of his seat and clutches the transceiver mic affixed to the dashboard. When he speaks, his voice comes in over the PA.

Rezin:

DEFIANCE... The Kabal welcomes you to... THE A-PUNK-ALYPSE!!!

He throws up his arms victoriously as the crowd responds with a BOOMING reaction, with quite a few charged up by his high-octane entrance, while the many others clearly just annoyed with more Kabal tomfoolery.

Rezin:

What better way is there to kick off an event like ACTS of DEFIANCE than with ME -- the FAVOURED SINNER!? Cause when it comes to DEFIANTly actin' up and makin' a scene, you can't beat the ol' ESCAPE ARTIST!

He slaps the inverted fleur-de-lis face of the belt around his waist.

Rezin:

TONIGHT, you scum, you're gonna bear witness to a NEW CHAPTER in the REIGN of the FAVOURED SINNER! TONIGHT, I BREAK THE CURSE that this wretched belt has brought me! TONIGHT, I will FINALLY defend this title successfully, and set myself on the path of defacing your SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE!

He earns another reaction, this time leaning more heavily on the side of jeers. Rezin cackles again.

DDK:

Rezin as Southern Heritage Champion? The idea just sends chills down my spine, Lance...

Lance:

He may be an outstandingly talented and charismatic athlete in the ring, but DEFIANCE would truly be in the darkest of times if a clown like him had his sticky hands on a belt with the kind of prestige of the SOHER.

Rezin extends his pitch-covered finger and points from one corner of the arena to the next, eyes bulging wildly with crazed intensity.

Rezin:

TONIGHT, you're going to learn, DEFIANCE... no matter what you throw at me, you can't stop the CHAOS I bring! NOTHING can hold down THE ESCAPE ARTIST! But enough talk... I came here to BURN THE HOUSE down, so let's go ahead and FIRE IT UP!!

Rezin retakes his seat, and LOUDLY REVS UP the engine to his war wagon! Reapers Cyan and Magenta likewise rev up as they prepare to race down the rampway. Pointing dramatically to the ring, the Goat Bastard shifts into gear and slams on the gas...

Prrbbfft...

...and the engine completely dies on him.

DDK:

Womp-womp...

The Faithful laugh hysterically at Rezin's dud moment, as the Favoured Saints Champ glances around nervously and turns the key again and again, trying to get it to turn over. Cyan and Magenta rev their bikes to cover the noise of a choking engine.

For a moment, the golf cart of carnage appears to roar back to life as Rezin gives it some gas. The Goat Bastard cackles triumphantly, until he puts it into gear and it dies again, this time emitting a long whine and spewing black smoke everywhere.

Rezin:

SON of a BISH!!

Finally, Rezin hops out and pops the hood. The other Reapers likewise set their kickstands and crowd in to get a glance. The Escape Artist's face is inches away from the engine as he pokes and prods it from every angle.

Rezin:

Stupid piece of... I KNEW I should have got that lawn mower from a different tweaker! Maybe I can get Hank to take a look and --

Splurk.

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

Apparently, removing that cap was a bad idea as a stream of filthy oil spews out into Rezin's face. He gags violently in revulsion as he sprawls backwards, losing his balance and being sent tumbling chaotically down the rampway. The Reapers frantically run after him, but can't stop him from rolling out of control until he falls into a heap at ringside.

Lance:

Okay, NOW it's a DEFIANCE Pay Per View!

The Reapers help Rezin to his feet, with much of his skin now tarnished by a black sheen of oil splatters and smoke. He explodes in rage and backs them off.

Rezin:

SCREW IT!! Weeks of planning DOWN THE TOILET, because you idiots are COMPLETELY WORTHLESS!! Just get outta my sight!

At first, the Reaper trio lingers around appealingly, but another expletive-riddled tirade from Rezin finally sends them scrambling back up the rampway. The Favoured Saints Champion snags a new mic from the timekeeper before

sliding himself into the ring, where ring announcer Darren Quimbey and official Carla Ferrari are waiting.

Rezin:

Keebler!

Darren Quimbey:

It's Quimbey...

Rezin:

How many friggin' Darrens work here?! Jeez, WHATEVER! Go iron the starch out of your tux while I make this place the big bucks, ya normie, while I run this down...

The beleaguered ring announcer groans, but steps back to give him the ring. Rezin turns his attention to the cameras, and the millions watching at home.

Rezin:

For the sake of those losers who weren't around a year ago, or just weren't paying attention, allow me to remind you all of the RULES to the FAVOURED FIVEWAY!

He points to the DEFIATron as a four-digit "doomsday clock" appears, initially set at 15:00.

Rezin:

We begin with TWO, and work our way up to FIVE across FIVE minute intervals of THREE!

DDK:

For those doing the math at home, that means it will be a full fifteen minutes before the fifth and final entrant comes into this match!

Lance:

It should go without saying that whoever comes into this match last will have a serious advantage.

The Escape Artist unslings his belt and moves it to his shoulder.

Rezin:

As the reigning champion, NATURALLY, it's my right to take that last spot for myself...

The fans jeer as he moves to the ropes to leave... and suddenly stops himself and scrambles back to the center of the ring.

Rezin:

Except if there's anything you normies should all know about me by now, it's that I'm ANYTHING but natural! Which is why I'm making myself EL NUMERO UNO!

The crowd does a one-eighty and begins cheering as the Favoured Sinner of DEFIANCE begins spastically tearing off his Roadwarrior costume.

Rezin:

You think I'm just gonna sit back there and spend half the match missing out on all the acts? You think I'm gonna sit there and just WATCH everyone else have all the fun? You think I'm here just to do cosplay and do references in overly convoluted set pieces?!

One he throws off the shoulder pads and kicks them from the ring, he jumps onto the ropes and practically falling over them as he continues ranting to the Faithful.

Rezin:

HELL NO!! I'm too PUNK ROCK for that! This Favoured Fiveway is MY MATCH, and I intend to wrestle in EVERY GODDAMB SECOND of it!

He hops back to the mat and points to Quimbey.

Rezin:

On you, Mr. Mayor!

Darren Quimbey:

Ugh. Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a FAVOURED FIVEWAY match, for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!!

Rezin HOISTS the Favoured Saints Title high over his head, upside down as always, before tossing it into the waiting arms of Carla Ferrari.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the first entrant, REAP-resenting the Kabal, he is the reigning three-time FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE... he is "THE ESCAPE ARTIST"... RREEEEZZZZIIIIINNNNN!!!

Rezin throws up his arms and revels in the mixed reaction as his crazed stare finds the entry-way. He paces back and forth, impatiently waiting to see who he's starting off against.

The lights go black. Then a set of words appears on the DEFTron in silver...

THE SHOW OF FORCE
TITANESS

Rezin:

Ohhh SHIT!!

DDK:

OH YES!!

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

The Faithful show love for the powerhouse as a single violet spotlight shines on the female powerhouse of Los Tres Titanes, flexing her arms, back to the stage. She rocks new attire... white top, white pants-length tights with gold stripes down the left leg, diamond designs down the right and a vest in the same style.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing the second entrant, representing Los Tres Titanes... please welcome, TIIIIITAAANNEEESSSS!!!

She pops The Faithful with a standing backflip on the ramp, sending a quick shower of gold and silver pyro on either side of the stage! The Faithful react well to the tall powerhouse. Before she heads to the ring, she favors a glance at Rezin's modified golf cart, still sitting dead at the head of the rampway. She squats low beside it, grabs it near the bottom and...

CRASH!

FLIPS OVER the golf cart in an impressive show of force! The Faithful pop HUGE as the dumbstruck Rezin falls to the mat in shock and outrage.

DDK:

WOW!! What power on display by Titaness! And she thankfully did something about that eyesore!

Titaness then heads down the ramp, shedding her vest and slapping hands with the ringside Faithful. Her arms are raised as she climbs the middle rope in the corner, and finally hops down to the mat. Rezin is backed into his corner looking like a rat that just got tossed into a cage with a python.

DDK:

Rezin suddenly isn't crowing with confidence now that he sees just who he'll be tangling with to start off this match! The Show of Force is looking pumped and determined tonight, no doubt eager to bring that Favoured Saints Title back to Los Tres Titanes!

Lance:

In their last one-on-one encounter, Titaness picked up the win over the Escape Artist. But that was before he managed to take the Favoured Saints Championship from her friend and fellow Titan, Minute.

DDK:

There's no telling what will happen this time around, in a contest that will eventually get three other hungry competitors involved!

Ferrari checks both corners to see if they're ready. Titaness nods without hesitation, bouncing in place in anticipation. Rezin takes in a deep breath as he braces himself and steps out of his own corner, solemnly giving the nod to the ref to indicate he's ready.

DING DING

15:00... 14:59... 14:58...

DDK:

The bell is rung, the clock has started its countdown, and this Favoured Fiveway has begun!

Rezin and Titaness go right into a lock-up, which ends almost immediately when the latter shoves the defending champion effortlessly to the mat. Rezin pops back up and tries again, this time trying to catch her off guard with a swift kick to the gut. But instead, Titaness catches him by the foot, wags a finger, and shoves him back hard to send him sprawling to the mat. Rezin pops to his feet and stooge-slaps his face a few times in frustration.

Lance:

Rezin is already having problems confronting the overwhelming advantage in strength Titaness has over him

DDK:

He's taking no chances this time as he goes off the ropes, and comes in hot with a RUNNING DROPKICK--no, Titaness SIDESTEPS, and brings Rezin down over the KNEE when she turns it into a BACKBREAKER!

Rezin knee-walks around on the mat, clutching his back in agony as Titaness takes a bounce of her own off the ropes. She practically obliterates the Goat Bastard's perfectly positioned face with her impressively built thigh when she connects with a running leg strike that sends him ragdolling across the ring like a crash test dummy ejected from a violent collision.

Lance:

Looks like it's going to be a long fifteen minutes for Rezin. Titaness is in complete control of this match right out of the gate!

Rezin is in a stupor as he fumbles against the ropes to get to his feet, walking straight into Titaness' Military Press! The Show of Force moves in a circle as she pumps Rezin over her head a few times, getting a huge pop from the crowd!

DDK:

Titaness is putting her strength on display, getting the Faithful even more charged up! She's got the Favoured Saints

Champion right where she wants him... and lets him fall straight into a DEVASTATING POWERSLAM!! Hooks the leg for the COVER!

ONE... TWO...

KICKOUT!

Rezin sits up, but Titaness immediately wrangles him into a side headlock to keep the wily daredevil grounded.

13:20... 13:19... 13:18...

DDK:

We're still only within the opening minutes of this match, and already the reigning "Favoured Sinner" is looking like he's about to lose his title for the THIRD time!

Unable to power himself up, Rezin maneuvers his body around and reaches out with his legs to make contact with the ropes. Titaness breaks it up on Ferrari's request, and the Escape Artist escapes to the ring apron for a breather. Titaness doesn't let him rest long, however, stunning him with a forearm and locking up his head!

DDK:

Titaness won't let the champ run far as she brings him back into the ring with a VERTICAL SUPLEX over the ropes--but Rezin LANDS ON HIS FEET! DROPKICK to the back sends Titaness to the outside!

Rezin finally shakes out the cobwebs as he gets to his feet and sees his window of opportunity as Titaness recovers on the outside, clutching the shoulder she landed on. The Favoured Saints champ sends himself into motion off the far set of ropes and gets some absolutely HELLACIOUS hangtime after he springs off the top rope and comes down onto Titaness with a Springboard Senton Splash! Only Titaness doesn't go down...

DDK:

Rezin gets HIGH with the SENTON to the outside--but Titaness CATCHES HIM RIGHT ON HER SHOULDER!!

Lance:

That takes some unbelievable strength and resiliency to withstand that impact!

DDK:

Rezin looks as though he can hardly believe it himself as Titaness just THROWS HIM through the ropes and back into the ring!

Rezin scrambles to his feet as Titaness climbs back to the apron. A desperate and wild CLOVEN HOOF KICK whiffs through the air as she leans back off the ropes, and the Escape Artist gets himself straddled over the top rope. Titaness gives it a few shakes to bounce him painfully across his tender nether regions, getting a huge favorable reaction from the crowd, before knocking Favoured Sinner HARD to the mat with a lariat as she runs down the apron!

DDK:

Titaness is still looking strong as she hurries through the ropes and goes for a cover! Could this do it?

One... TWO... NO!! Rezin got the shoulder up!

11:40... 11:39... 11:38...

Lance:

As this match continues to wear on, Rezin has got to wonder if he'll come to regret choosing to start off this Favoured Fiveway.

DDK:

It was a daring choice made by a man trying to prove himself as DEFIANT. But yeah, while I could technically DEFY a Mack truck by standing in front of one on the road, I'm not going to do that any time soon!

Titaness has the Favoured Saints Champion back up and onto her shoulders in a kneeling Torture Rack, as Rezin lets out raspy groans of agony. He furiously shakes his head when Carla asks if he's tapping out, and instead breaks himself free with a blatant GOUGE to Titaness' eyes! The Show of Force drops him as her hands go to her face, and Rezin is chided by the official.

Rezin:

Naw, you got me wrong! I thought I saw one of those Japanese death hornets on her face and was just courteously trying to swat it and--OH GOD, THERE'S ANOTHER ONE!!

Rezin spastically points to the far corner, and Ferrari buys the distraction. As her head is turned, the Escape Artist slips by and chops the leg out from under the Show of Force, sending the amazon to the mat! Ferrari is further incensed when she sees Titaness rolling on the mat, clutching her leg, but the Goat Bastard merely shrugs.

Rezin:

Sorry, musta been an acid flashback, heh heh!

DDK:

Ugh... not surprising to see that the Favoured Sinner has needed to resort to dirty tactics to stay in the match!

Rezin hits the ropes and catches Titaness with a BULLDOG as she works her way back up to her knees, then puts the boots to her from all angles. The boots give way to a leg drop. Then a standing senton splash. Then a standing MOONSAULT!

Lance:

Rezin's finally in a place in this match where he can get some shots in, and he's going to make every one of them count.

Titaness is effectively winded as Rezin goes to the corner, and begins going up to the top rope! Titaness slowly works back onto her feet, but doesn't see Rezin perched on the turnbuckle behind her.

DDK:

Turn around, Titaness! NO! Rezin OFF THE TOP... and GETS HER TO THE MAT with the MISSILE DROPKICK!! He goes right for the PIN!

ONE!!

TWO!!

And Titaness POWERS OUT with such strength, it sends Rezin through the ropes to ringside!

Lance:

Look at the clock, Keebs! We're almost at the five minute mark!

DDK:

Who is going to be revealed as the THIRD entrant?

10:08... 10:07... 10:06...

As the clock runs down its final seconds, the Faithful en masse begin counting down with it.

"FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE!!"

♪ "Savage" (Military Search Squad Remix) by Megan Thee Stallion ♪

Search lights flood the arena as the sound of a helicopter propeller can be heard. Random burst radio transmissions screech out of the loudspeakers as Cyrus Bates marches out on stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the THIRD entrant, representing the Comments Section... here is, CYYYYYYRUUUUUUSS
BAAAAAAAATTESSSS!!!

DDK:

Did someone call in the search party? I wasn't aware we were missing anyone!

Bates stares outward like he's looking for *someone*. Machine gun noises accompany the jazzy theme song as Bates flexes his bare chest. His camouflage military pants are accented by big black shiny boots.

Lance:

Who invited this guy to the party!?

Search Party Cyrus begins strutting to the ring with an intimidating look on his face and a ballistics headband securely fashioned around his forehead.

DDK:

Look out!

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

The Bellicose Brawler absolutely obliterates Rezin on his way to the ring with a thunderous shoulder block! It's clear Search Party Cyrus is going to be a problem in this match. Bates pulls out a mini cargo net from one of his pockets and begins choking Rezin with it as his theme music fades away.

DDK:

The Escape Artist is incapable of escaping the wrath of Search Party Cyrus' binds, as the dedicated muscle of the Comments Section makes his presence known before even entering the ring!

Bates throws Rezin into the apron to roll him back into the ring before scaling the steps and stepping through the ropes himself. Immediately, he stares down Titaness standing tall in the ring. Cyrus FLEXES his rock-hard physique to assert his dominance. Titaness FLEXES her amazonian form to show she's not deterred. The two immediately clasp hands and throw themselves into a test of strength!

DDK:

Bates and Titaness lock horns, as the Show of Force FINALLY has an opponent in this match that can equal her in sheer power!

Lance:

That's a keen observation, Keebs! Titaness has had little problem in handling the lightweight Rezin, but now with Search Party Cyrus thrown into the mix, she's suddenly faced a different kind of challenge!

Cyrus gains an edge in the struggle, nearly forcing Titaness down to her shoulders... but the third member of Los Tres Titanes suddenly powers her way back up, charging up the fans as she turns the tables on Bates! Cyrus suddenly looks worried, and it turns into panic when Titaness pulls him into a waistlock and whips him hard to the mat!

DDK:

BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEX by the Show of Force!

Lance:

She may have been competing for five minutes now, but the Show of Force is showing she's got the momentum on her side, and plenty left in the tank!

Cyrus rolls to his knees off the impact and clutches his back as he bares his teeth in pain. Then he notices an especially out-of-sorts Goat Bastard clumsily pulling himself back into the ring, and an idea comes to him. He quickly pulls him up and lifts him off the mat, and as Titaness rushes in to follow up, throws the lightweight Rezin into her arms.

DDK:

Cyrus Bates plays HOT POTATO with Rezin as Titaness catches him out of the air... and Bates LAYS HER OUT with a SAVAGE Running Lariat!

Titaness hits the mat hard with Rezin on top of her, but before Carla can make a count, Bates lifts him off the mat again, Gorilla Presses the Goat Bastard HIGH into the air, and drops him down across the chest of Titaness!

DDK:

Rezin has become a human projectile in there!

Lance:

Shades of Ascension 2020, when he first fought for the Favoured Saints Championship in the Favoured Fourway!

8:15... 8:14... 8:13...

Bates kicks the Favoured Saints Champion aside as he directs his focus on the competitor who has been dominating up until this point, prying Titaness back off the mat and bulling her into the corner where he proceeds to punish her midsection with a series of shoulder blocks! Rezin eventually makes it back to his feet in a daze, and Cyrus thinks fast as he takes the stunned Titaness by the wrist and whips her out of the corner.

DDK:

Bates puts Titaness into motion... and Rezin gets RUN OVER BY A TANK as she collides into him! Cyrus follows out of the corner... and JUMPING KNEE TO THE FACE takes the unsuspecting Titaness down! Here he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!

Titaness sits up, but leaves herself open to a direct KICK to the spine delivered by Bates! Then Search Party Cyrus notices the groggy Rezin getting back to his feet, and quickly slaps the Favoured Saints Champion into a Full Nelson! The Favoured Sinner's arms flail spastically into the air as Bates struggles to hold him down into place.

DDK:

Submission attempt locked in by Cyrus Bates, but the Favoured Saints Champion is fighting it for everything he's got!

Lance:

Is the Escape Artist going to find a way to break out of this one?

Titaness eventually makes it back to her feet and closes in, only for Cyrus to release Rezin at once and shove him into her! Titaness catches Rezin into her arms and transitions smoothly into a SPINEBUSTER that turns the Goat Bastard into a stain on the canvas, but soon joins him on the mat after a high-elevation Back Suplex from Cyrus!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, what impact off that suplex, as Titaness lands hard on her back!

Lance:

Through strength and cunning, Cyrus Bates has inserted himself into this match as the new force to be reckoned with.

DDK:

Here he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TITANESS KICKS OUT!

Cyrus is undeterred as he peels Titaness off the mat and scoops her up onto his shoulder. Rezin comes to just in time to see her crashing down on top of him as Bates delivers a devastating powerslam! Titaness rolls to the side and groans in pain, clutching her back. Cyrus falls on top of the prone body of the Favoured Saints Champion.

DDK:

Bates going for the pin off that assisted powerslam! Is the Favoured Sinner going to be the first one eliminated from this Favoured Fiveway?!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! Not yet anyway!

Bates gets Rezin off the mat before glancing over to the clock...

5:32... 5:31... 5:30...

DDK:

Only thirty seconds until the fourth entrant appears!

Lance:

It's about to get crowded in there!

Rezin is effortlessly lifted off the mat with the Gorilla Press by Cyrus as Titaness rises back onto her feet. Bates TOSSES the Escape Artist at her, but the Show of Force DUCKS with lightning quick reflexes, and Rezin instead sails over the ropes and crashes onto the ringside floor! Titaness rises up and catches Cyrus unsuspecting in the ribs with a HARD inside kick to the midsection!

DDK:

Titaness sees her shot as she runs in... NO!! Cyrus counters with a SAMOAN DROP, bringing her down HARD on the mat!

Lance:

Her back has taken a lot of punishment since Cyrus stepping into that ring.

DDK:

Time is ticking away as Bates goes for the pin to eliminate Titaness...

ONE!!

TWO!!

SHE KICKS OUT!!

The Faithful pop HARD for Titaness before directing their attention back to the clock on the DEFIATron...

5:08... 5:07... 5:06...

"FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE!!"

The lights go to black yet again. Eerie blue lights illuminate the stage as a spectral MIST covers the stage. After a moment, a COFFIN rises up from the stage, appearing through the fog, just as a set of nearby candelabras suddenly come alight. In the distance, a wolf HOWLS at the moon.

♪ *"Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blonds* ♪

DDK:

Oh boy! It just got SPOOKIER, Lance!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the FOURTH entrant... here is, COOOOUNNNT NOOOOOOVVIIIICK!!

All at once, the coffin begins rolling down the ramp, pushed by an unseen force. At ringside, Rezin gets to his feet just in time as it CRASHES into his chest and CRUSHES him against the ring apron!

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

The Favoured Sinner is nothing but a pair of splayed out arms and legs beneath the casket, when the lid suddenly pops open and COUNT NOVICK springs out, clearing the ropes and rolling into the ring in a spectacular display that leaves everyone stunned.

Count Novick:

AH-HA-HA!

"AH-HA-HA!!"

DDK:

The COUNT is here! Awakened from his slumber in the dark vaults of the BRAZEN locker room!

Lance:

How the heck did he clear those ropes?!

Bates fearlessly charges toward the vampire, but Count Novick throws off his aim with a twirl of his cape and dumps him to the mat with a fireman's carry, followed up by a dropkick to the back of the head! Titaness slowly works herself back to her feet, but immediately gets caught with a Swinging Neckbreaker by the Count! Novick spins around in a circle, baring his fangs as he sPoOkIY cackles, and the crowd goes nuts!

DDK:

Four bodies in the ring! Rezin and Titaness have been in there for at least ten minutes! With Count Novick now in there as the fresh man--well... as "fresh" as the undead can get, I suppose--anything can happen at this point!

The Count spots Rezin slowly crawling back into the ring and waits for him to get to his feet before throwing his hands forward and attempting to ENTHRALL his mind! Rezin's face and eyes are completely void as Novick's hands dance hypnotically before him.

DDK:

My God... did Rezin REALLY fall for that enchantment baloney? Or is he just severely concussed? Or is he... just really, really high?

Lance:

Is it possible, Keebs, that it could be a little bit of all three?

4:22... 4:21... 4:20...

Rezin suddenly blinks, and for the first time appears to be lucid.

Rezin:

Four-twenty... time to get SURRIOUSS!!

Novick bursts forward, and Rezin suddenly EXPLODES with a spinning heel kick!

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK BY REZIN!! That nearly took Count Novick's head off!

Lance:

I mean, how else can one kill a vampire...?

Rezin begins to get Novick back to his feet, but gets interrupted by an axehandle smash across the back by the recovered Search Party Cyrus. Bates takes him by the arm and sends him to the corner, running after him, but Rezin turns the tables when he jumps to the top rope in a single bound and springs off with a MOONSAULT that lays Bates out onto the mat! Rezin rolls through back onto his feet just as Novick attempts to grab him from behind as sink his fangs into his neck... but the Escape Artist blocks it and flips himself backwards!

DDK:

INTO THE VOID!! The Count went for a BITE, and inadvertently put himself into the perfect position for the Somersault Reverse DDT!

Lance:

It only took ten minutes and forty seconds, but Rezin is FINALLY looking like a champion!

DDK:

He hooks the leg on Count Novick... does he have him?!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!! HE DOES!!

DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

COUNT NOVICK... has been **ELIMINATED!**

DDK:

The reigning Favoured Saints Champion earns the first elimination in this match over Count Novick, who had only just come into the ring!

Lance:

Like you said, Keebs... at this point in the match, ANYTHING can happen! The Count let his guard down for only one

second, and that's all it took for the Goat Bastard to put a stake through his heart!

Count Novick gets rolled out of the ring as Rezin quickly scrambles back to his feet, spotting Cyrus Bates back on his feet first. Bates comes at him with a lariat, but Rezin ducks, hops up onto his back into the crucifix position, trying to roll him to the mat. Bates digs his heels and blocks it, until Titaness suddenly rises up and gets some much deserved payback from the beating she took earlier with a BIG BOOT that sends Cyrus flipping backwards into Rezin's Crucifix Driver!

DDK:

Titaness with the YAKUZA KICK, and Rezin nails Bates the INVERTED CROSS DRIVER!! Cyrus shoulders are ON THE MAT!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

CYRUS BATES... has been **ELIMINATED!**

Lance:

Just like that... TWO are gone! I suppose the search party continues for Cyrus Bates, as a run with the Favoured Saints Title will not be in his immediate future!

DDK:

Eliminations are suddenly happening left and right, and now Rezin finds himself in the best position he's been in the entire length of this match! Titaness is hurt... Rezin is hurt... they've been in this since the beginning! How much further can they withstand all this mayhem?

As the exhausted Rezin and Titaness stare each other down, Cyrus is busy arguing about the three count with Ferrari. The two remaining competitors are about to tie up when Bates, overcome with frustration, pushes past the official and blindsides Titaness with an ELBOW to the back of her head, earning absolutely nuclear heat from the crowd! Search Party Cyrus responds with an arrogant and self-absorbed DOUBLE FLEX before finally taking his leave of the ring, remembering that he's looking for somebody.

DDK:

GOOD GOD, what an absolutely unsportsmanlike parting shot by Cyrus Bates! That man is absolutely BITTER! That is a Search Party FOUL if I've seen one!

Lance:

And he just left Titaness completely at the mercy of the reigning Favoured Saints Champion!

Rezin watches indifferently as Titaness lies hurt on the mat, and shrugs off the morality of the situation as he runs in and connects with a vicious SOCCER KICK to the side of the head that makes her go limp! The Faithful BOO vehemently, but the Favoured Sinner nevertheless drags the Show of Force to a near corner to put her into position, and snaps off a lightning fast split-legged MOONSAULT right across the ribs!

DDK:

VOIDSAULT!! Right into the lateral press, as Rezin makes the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--SHE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

Lance:

I thought for certain she'd been knocked unconscious!

Rezin shakes his head wildly like a man possessed as he quickly gets back to his feet and goes to the corner, once again going to the top rope! Titaness has enough life to squirm around on the mat, but is completely helpless as Rezin dives off AGAIN...

DDK:

IMPLODING STAR PRESS!! He can be a fool for the most part, but he is DEADLY in the air, and that devastating maneuver may be enough as he goes for the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE--NO!! SHE KICKED OUT!! HOW DID SHE KICK OUT OF THAT?!

Rezin sits up, snarling in frustration. He promptly pulls Titaness off of the mat and throwing her into a corner before blasting her with a jumping KNEE LIFT to the chin to keep her stunned against the ropes!

Lance:

Titaness has been absolutely brutalized over the course of this entire match, and despite being with her from the start of this match, Rezin looks like he's finally hit his stride in this competition!

DDK:

But he still has to put the Show of Force down for the THREE, and she is not making it easy! Titaness has a real opportunity here to take the Favoured Saints Championship back to Los Tres Titanes, and she's not giving that up so easily!

Titaness stumbles out of the corner as Rezin quickly goes back up top, measures for distance, and catches her unsuspecting with a diving DRAGONRANA that sends her careening across the mat!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, what a REZIN-RANA!! Rezin again going for the cover... could THAT be it?!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE--NO-NO-NOOO, SHE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

Lance:

Unbelievable! Rezin is just throwing the book of high-flying aerial attacks, and the Show of Force has withstood all of it!

Rezin pops to his feet, his eyes wild and full of disbelief as he glares at Carla Ferrari, who confirms the three count. Still, rather than kicking the female official in the face for a fleeting moment of cheap heat, the Escape Artist stays focused on the task at hand, and throws himself onto Titaness' back.

DDK:

CABRO CLUTCH!! Rezin has the choke LOCKED IN, and the body scissor to boot!

Lance:

This is the very move Rezin used to take the Favoured Saints Title from Minute! Is this how he slays yet another one of the Titans tonight?

Rezin:

That's right... THAT'S RIGHT... just let the VOID take you, nice and easy now! It'll all be over soon!

Rezin rolls onto his back to sink the hold in even tighter. Carla leans in and asks Titaness if she's tapping. Instead, she shakes her head no.

"TI-TAN-ESS!! TI-TAN-ESS!! TI-TAN-ESS!!"

The cheers of the Faithful cause her eyes to suddenly pop open. Titaness reaches up with her free hand and grasps Rezin by the wrists. Screaming in rage and agony, she uses what's left of her strength and PRIES the Goat Bastard's hand off of her wrist, freeing herself from the hold! The crowd is going WILD!

Rezin:

WAIT... WAIT!!

Titaness twists free from the body scissors, and suddenly reverses holds. Now it's Rezin trying to scramble away, but the strength of Titaness is too much to resist as she rolls back to her feet and wrangles him up with him.

Rezin:

Oh NO YOU DON'T!! This... is... MY... RREEEEIIGGGNNN!!!

Rezin wraps up her midsection and throws all of his weight into midsection, trying to crush her into the corner. Instead, she deftly JUMPS to the second rope to block it!

DDK:

LOOK-AT-THAT!!

Rezin can do nothing as she hooks the arms... LIFTS...

DDK:

TITANIUM DRIVER OFF THE SECOND ROPE!! Rezin lands right on his HEAD AND SHOULDERS and gets folded up LIKE AN ACCORDIAN!! Is this REALLY HAPPENING?!

Rezin bounces off the mat and sticks the landing on his shoulders, looking like a dead bug with its legs curled into the air. Titaness sees her chance as she desperately crawls over and throws all of her weight on top of the reigning champion into a prawn hold pin.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!**DDK:**

YES, SHE DID IT!!

DING DING

The crowd EXPLODES joyously as Titaness falls back to the mat to let herself catch her breath and to soak in the cheers in her moment of triumph.

Darren Quimbey:REZIN... has been ***EEEE-LIMNNATED!!***

When he comes to, the Escape Artist realizes he's now lost the Favoured Saints Title for the THIRD time, and begins to thrash around on the mat in shock, rage, and pain.

DDK:

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!! TITANESS got the pin on REZIN, and THAT'S IT!! We're going to have a NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION! The Reign of the Favoured Sinner is OVER!!

Lance:

She dug deep to earn that, but there's little time to celebrate, Keebs! Look at the clock!

DDK:

Oh no, I nearly forgot... we still have ONE MORE competitor to this match, and only SECONDS remain on the clock!

0:06... 0:05... 0:04...**DDK:**

Who is it? Who is lucky number five?

"THREE... TWO... ONE!!"

♪ *"Cause" by Human Impact* ♪

"RRRAAAHHHHH!!!"

As soon as they recognize the music, the Faithful lose their collective minds. The hourglass clock on the DEFIATron disappears as stormclouds begin to brew and green spotlights fill up the stage. Tension builds until the solo hits, and KERRY KUROYAMA strides out onto the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring, the fifth and FINAL competitor... "THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG" KERRY KUROYAMA!!

DDK:

And so the last entrant in this Favoured Fiveway is revealed, and what an absolute surprise! Kerry Kuroyama is here tonight at ACTS of DEFIANCE, and at the absolute worst timing for Titaness!

Lance:

The fifteen minutes she's been in the ring since the bell rang has already taken its toll, and now she's faced with the tall task of outlasting the Pacific Blitzkrieg, coming into this match looking fresh, fit, and laser focused!

DDK:

Hang on... where does Rezin think he's going with THAT?

We cut to the defeated Goat Bastard, trying to make a clean getaway with his (now former) belt. As he stumbles and staggers his way toward the rampway with the Favoured Saints Championship clutched in his grip, he's too busy jaw-jacking with the ringside fans trying to raise alarm to his caper to take any notice of the approaching Kuroyama.

POW!

Kerry breaks into a sprint in the last few feet and clocks the now former Favoured Saints Champion with a running elbow that sends the title soaring from his hands and his body sprawling back wildly.

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

Rezin tumbles back into Count Novick's open casket, and disappears from all view as the lid slams shut upon him. The airborne Favoured Saints Title falls into Kerry's hands, and he smoothly hands it back over to the timekeeper on his way up the steps.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Keep it warm for me.

Titaness' triumph has melted into worry as she digs deep and fights through the pain in her body to push herself off the mat. Kerry steps through the ropes but courteously keeps to his corner to allow her to get to her feet. Eventually, Titaness gets there, and tells him to bring it.

Lance:

Whatever may come from this, that woman has earned the respect of thousands of DEFIANCE fans with her spirited performance here tonight!

DDK:

I'm inclined to agree with you on that statement, Lance. But no amount of respect can protect her now from Kerry Kuroyama's uncompromising hunger for glory!

They collide into a lock-up. Titaness digs in her heels and pushes with all her might, but eventually caves to a knee and groans in pain as the combination of the damage to her back and Kerry's advantage in conditioning proves too much to bear. Eventually, he works her over into a waistlock, lifts her off the mat, and drops her across the knee with a brutal looking Gutwrench Backbreaker! Titaness howls in agony!

Lance:

Kerry has had the whole fifteen minutes to watch the action play out. He knows right where Titaness is weakest right now.

DDK:

Kerry hooks the legs now, and goes right into a JACKKNIFE PIN hold!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--TITANESS KICKS OUT!!

She does, but nevertheless groans in anguish as the effort put even more strain on her back. Kuroyama doesn't release the legs, lifting her off the mat and dropping her down HARD onto her back and head with a standing inverted powerbomb... and another! And ANOTHER!!

DDK:

DOMINATOR!! DOMINATOR!! DOMINATOR!! ONE RIGHT AFTER THE OTHER!! Good God, he is just PULVERIZING HER into the canvas with!! How much more punishment can she take!

Lance:

Kerry is pulling absolutely no punches!

DDK:

Kuroyama goes for another cover... hooks the legs!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE--ANOTHER KICKOUT!!

Titaness breaks free and rolls to her side, but can do nothing to escape the armtrap Kerry immediately sets her into. A moment later, she's off the mat and upside down after the pumphandle lift...

DDK:

KU-RO-YA-MA DRIVERRR!!! MY GOD, HE DROPPED ALL OF HER WEIGHT DOWN ON HER HEAD AND NECK!!

Lance:

I think... that may be it, Keebs.

DDK:

You may unfortunately be right, Lance, as Kerry quickly goes for the cover with the legs hooked to finish this match for

once and for all!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Kerry triumphantly rises to his feet, having barely broken a sweat. His arm is raised by Carla in victory, and soon after he's handed the Favoured Saints Championship, which he proudly holds up over his head. The Faithful cheer on his victory, although it's a bit dampened after seeing the fan-favorite Titaness fall after such a long and spirited performance.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, here is the winner of the Favoured Fiveway match... and the NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE...

"THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG"... KEEERRRRYYYYY KUUUURROOOYAAAAAMMAAAA!!!!

DDK:

It's OVER!! And just like that, we have a NEW CHAMPION!!

Lance:

A massive notch in the belt for Kerry Kuroyama tonight, although it can hardly be said it was hard fought.

DDK:

I feel a lot of fans were eager to see Titaness walk away with the title after the fifteen-minute long battle against the odds she went through, but Kuroyama had plans of his own. He came in last, and mopped up whatever was left from the first fifteen minutes with seemingly little effort. It may not be a valiant win, but it was a smart one, nevertheless.

Lance:

I'm still rather surprised to see him in this match. I thought he had other plans for ACTS of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Apparently, those plans changed at the last minute, and now the Favoured Saints Championship has changed hands to a competitor who is hungrier than ever to define his legacy in this company! Knowing Kerry as he's been these past few months, he's going to take every advantage of that title's stipulations and work his way toward a shot at the Southern Heritage Title!

Lance:

Perhaps... but that feat is easier said than done. Matt LaCoix is currently the only person in DEFIANCE to hold that distinction, but time will tell if Kuroyama can repeat that success.

DDK:

Can't be as bad as Rezin's "Reign of the Favoured Sinner", in any case. Speaking of... where did that Goat Bastard go

off to?

Lance:

Um... does anyone really care?

DDK:

Good answer. Folks, this has been an absolute EPIC beginning to this Pay Per View event, but we're only one match into what's shaping up to be a show to be remembered for ages! One Championship has already changed hands... what other surprises are in store for us?! I guess we'll find out soon enough, as we continue with this first night of ACTS of DEFIANCE!

With Ferrari's help, Titaness gets into a sitting position, but still clutches her head. She locks eyes with Kuroyama, who respectfully nods, acknowledging the heroic effort she put into the match. A moment later, he posts up onto the turnbuckle, holding the Favoured Saints Title high for all of DEFIANCE to see his first title victory. Then, as if remembering he has other business to attend to, Kuroyama ends his celebration and leaves the ring for the locker room almost as quickly as he came.

FANS BRING THE WEAPONS: LINDSAY TROY vs. MALAK GARLAND (ACTS of DEFIANCE)

The crane cam zooms around to settle on Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Let's keep this sensational night rolling, Lance, because up next is our semi-main event, and it's gonna be a doozy!

Lance:

That's right, Darren! It's the Fans Bring the Weapons match. Lindsay Troy. Malak Garland. The Faithful. It's time for retribution. It's time for Malak to finally pay everyone back for his ridiculous antics over the past year and a half and Lindsay Troy is just the wrestler to make him do it.

DDK:

We could be here until Last Call at Ballyhoo rattling off the transgressions Garland has perpetrated against DEFIANCE since his and the Comments Section's arrival here. Hiding behind his muscle Cyrus Bates and terrorizing the tag team division. The Siobhan Cassidy relationship reveal. His horrible treatment of Conor Fuse and the stealing of Martin Evans-Everett VI, Alex Pietrangelo, and the Game Boy. And on and on until the Keyboard King finally poked one bear that should absolutely **not** be poked.

Lance:

Say what you will about the last six months of the Queen of the Ring's DEFIANCE tenure, but since Maximum DEFIANCE she has been on an outright frightening tear. Mauling Ned Reform. Breaking Kerry Kuroyama's fingers. Decimating Arthur Pleasant. I haven't seen this kind of aggression from her since she returned from the neck injury Dan Ryan gave her in 2016. And truth be told? I think she's scarier now than she was then.

DDK:

It's that kind of brutality that's been a hallmark of this company, Lance, and I can't wait to see it play out...right now.

The camera cuts to the stage where a pair of bikini clad chicks, bouncing basketballs and blowing referee whistles dance out from behind the curtain.

DDK:

Oh what the hell is this?

The women bracket the top of the ramp as they continue to dribble and blow their whistles. They're mad skilled.

Lance:

It looks like we're getting a show from two basketball ladies but I don't quite understand what this has to do with wrestling.

Suddenly, they stop dribbling their basketballs. They place them at their feet as silver confetti begins to fall from the rafters and get shot into the air from confetti cannons on the ground.

[*♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie \(2020\) â€• ♪*](#)

As the bass of the song drops, so too do the respective booties of the bikini girls.

DDK:

You've gotta be kidding me...

The fans can't help but see through the cheap production value as none other than Malak Garland slowly paces out on stage with a devilish grin on his mug.

Lance:

We should've known.

The beats keep pumping as the bikini girls twerk HARD, trying to one up each other. Malak stands between the two of them, arms folded and nodding like a boss.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this is the Fans Bring the Weapons match! Introducing first, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, he is the SNOWFLAKE SUPERSTAR, MALAK GARLAND!

With glistening silver confetti still in the air, Malak Jonas Garland instructs the ball girls to go to the back before heading to the ring for the biggest match of his career.

DDK:

Ridiculous nonsense aside, this has a big fight feel written all over it and the look on Malak's face tells you all you really need to know.

Lance:

He's out here solo and he's staring at the ring for starters.

Malak passes by the front row fans. Some of them hold out weapons for him to possibly take but he doesn't accept any of the offered baking sheets, kendo sticks or concrete bricks.

DDK:

This has the makings of getting very violent very very fast if those weapons are any indication.

Lance:

I wonder how these fans were permitted entry into the venue with those.

DDK:

They aren't guns or knives, which Malak should be thankful for.

As he finally approaches the ring, more of his brand new ring attire becomes the focus. Malak is wearing traditional navy wrestling trunks, kneepads and boots all adorned with sky blue and white snowflake logos. Sponsorship branding about sensory deprivation pods run across his trunks. His wrists are secured with white tape and a chakra energy bracelet.

DDK:

I've been told that Malak's appearance is brought to us by sensory deprivation pods and the physical and mental benefits they can provide. Apparently, I must make this announcement for contractual purposes.

Malak takes his time walking up the ring steps, swiping at the last few remaining pieces of flashy silver confetti still fluttering in the air before entering the ring. The song still plays as he poses, clearly pointing to the branding stitched into his trunks. The recording of Saweetie telling people to tap tap tap in fades, giving way to a raucous crowd verbally piling on top of Malak.

Lance:

Listen to this crowd! I don't think Malak has ever felt this kind of pressure.

Garland finds solace in a corner, keeping his emotions well hidden for once, just like a poker player. He bows his head to await the arrival of his opponent, and that's when the DEFplex is plunged into darkness.

Screams and shouts of anticipation immediately rise from the crowd while cell phone cameras and flashlights wink on. Fog pours across the stage and the rigging along the DEFIAtron slowly, eerily, lights up as a message fades onto the screen.

"An enemy is a nuisance.

A nemesis ... is motivational." - Roxane Gay

The message lingers for a few seconds before fading to nothing. Then...

♪ "Put 'em in the Grave" - Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

The ominous, opening chords to "Put 'em in the Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks blasts through the DEFplex's speakers as a raucous ovation from the DEFIANCE Faithful calls for the Queen of the Ring to appear. The fog grows thicker, white-hot spotlights snap to the entrance way, and from underneath the stage a red and white light shines bright, carrying their hero upward.

Troy rises to the dais, head bowed, hands clenched, and once the platform locks into place an explosion of light and sound erupts around her. And in the ensuing pyro blasts from above and to her side, the fans catch their first glimpse of the new-look High Queen DEFIANT, her signature curls are dyed black and piled atop her head in an impressive and intimidating fauxhawk, and a tight black leather duster with ghoulish artwork of Ned Reform, Kerry Kuroyama, and Arthur Pleasant on the back: haunted, dead expressions with mouths agape, coins covering their eyes...a veritable victims list to carry with her.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Tampa, Florida! She is the Queen of the Ring and your High Queen DEFIANT....LINDSAY TROY!

The DEFplex's lights come back up and Troy whirls on her heel. Her attire underneath her coat - halter, MMA shorts, kickpads and boots - is nearly all-black with just slivers of red and silver along the trim. She marches down to the ring with a blank look on her face, and it's not until the Faithful start holding out weapons for her that an evil smirk crawls along her mouth.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy looks like the harbinger of war, Darren, my Lord.

DDK

If Malak Garland's anxiety wasn't through the roof before, it's gotta be about there now.

Troy climbs the step, wipes her feet on the apron, and slips between the ropes. She scales the nearest corner to give the Faithful a much deserved photo op, then jumps off to face the Source of Envy, who is doing his very level best not to look completely petrified.

Lance:

Troy shrugging out of her jacket and the fans are about to come unglued.

DING DING

DDK:

Here we go!

Benny Doyle calls for the bell as Lindsay storms to center ring and Malak reluctantly meets her there. The crowd simmers in the background as the two stars exchange unpleasantries.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy BERATING Malak Garland in the middle of the ring and it looks like our tender little snowflake isn't backing down.

Lance:

We should've had Benny mic'ed up for this.

Malak gets verbally pushed to the point where he physically pushes Troy, who comes right back with a thunderous chop across the chest! The crowd shrieks at how loud it is until she unloads consecutive chops!

Lance:

Get 'em, Lindz, chop the hell out of him!

Malak is quick to cover up and roll out of the ring where LT promptly follows. In a panic, Malak grabs the first thing he can from the crowd and begins swinging it at Lindsay Troy.

DDK:

Look at what he has!

Malak ends up wielding an actual computer keyboard that's straight out of the Windows 95 era, complete with coffee and other questionable stains on it. Malak realizes he's holding a keyboard and becomes even more confident! LT starts forward but halts her progress with each wayward swing.

Lance:

A keyboard warrior literally swinging a keyboard! How poetic!

Troy tests the waters but realizes they're too dangerous as each time she tries to get close, Malak swings wildly, nearly grazing her with the keyboard cord. So instead, Troy follows suit and grabs something from the crowd but not in a panic. She knows what she's taking, and it's something that she's not all that unfamiliar with.

Lance:

Is that? Is that a pair of nunchucks!?

DDK:

Indeed it is Lance, and if you remember this is not the first time Lindsay Troy has used a ninjutsu weapon in a DEFIANCE match.

Malak grows impatient and lunges at LT, swinging wildly once more. Of course, he misses and his keyboard shatters against the ring steps, sending QWERTY letters everywhere. Seizing the opportunity, LT twirls the nunchucks and then swings them at Malak HARD!

THWACK! THWACK!

Welts almost immediately begin to appear across Malak's tender, spineless back as he turns and gets fed a few nunchuck shots to the face, drawing blood instantaneously! The Faithful love it. Somewhere in New Orleans, Angus Skaaland is marking out.

Lance:

Malak just got popped!

The Source of Envy falls to his knees, holding his mouth. In control, LT discards the bloodied nunchucks and begins asking for more tools of destruction. By the time she retrieves a frying pan from the crowd, Malak has rolled back into the ring to force Benny Doyle to check his mouth for any missing teeth.

DDK:

Look out!

From the top rope, the Queen of the Ring comes crashing down, breaking the pan over her adversary's cranium!

Lance:

The Faithful are in a full out frenzy!

Malak lays prone on the canvas as Troy tries to make quick work of things with a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TWO POINT NINE NINE!

DDK:

Malak BARELY gets a shoulder up! He's in trouble here. He looks out of it!

Lance:

He took direct nunchuck shots to the face and a frying pan shot to the dome, Darren! I know we're supposed to be impartial but this is great!

The fans are a bit surprised at Malak's ability to kick out even though it's early but the Queen stays on top of things by cinching in a headlock.

DDK:

Listen to the crowd! The fans are rabid for this! They want more blood!

Troy grins out to the Faithful and starts punching Malak in the mouth, drawing more blood and giving the people what they want! Malak flails and manages to catch her with a lucky shot to the side of the head. He steadily fights to his feet and throws the Queen into the ropes. He is quick to duck a clothesline and catch her on the way back with a desperation cutter! The Snowflake Superstar continually checks his mouth for imperfections before scurrying over and stomping Lindsay as much as he can.

Lance:

LT getting stomped, much to the chagrin of our fans!

Troy manages to catch a flailing leg and trip Malak down to her level on the mat. She takes the mount and starts clubbing away again but Malak manages to shove her off him and gives her some right back! They exchange a few violent punches before both roll to the outside once more. Fans try to reach out to help or hand the Queen some weapons.

DDK:

Both competitors are getting to their feet now! What will happen next?

Malak and Troy decide to lock horns in a grapple on the outside as they inevitably spill over the guardrail and into the crowd. There's the typical fans who love getting on TV so they throw up some hand gestures and there's some who shift back to give the wrestlers space. Malak shoves the Queen away from him and sprints over to a specific section of fans like he has something devious planned in order to turn the tables in his favor.

DDK:

Where is he going!?

Lance:

Hopefully he realizes he can't win so Malak is quitting like the quitter he is!

None other than Cyrus Bates stands eerily still amongst the rabid fans. He's wearing a propeller hat and a circus outfit and looks completely ridiculous and out of place. He holds a ceramic kitchen sink and doesn't say or do anything.

DDK:

Good God! Is that Cyrus Bates? Dressed as a clown? Holding a kitchen sink of all things!? They really brought everything to this fight, including the kitchen sink. Now it all makes sense why Malak came down to the ring alone.

Lance:

Oh, LT from behind, though!

Troy jumps on Malak's back and begins bashing his brains in as Cyrus just stands there, holding the kitchen sink. Malak grabs ahold of LT's hair and throws her onto the hard concrete!

Lance:

This man has a death wish, I'm telling you.

DDK:

Uh oh, look out!

Malak tries to Irish whip Troy into the front of the sink but she reverses course and tries to throw Malak into it but he slides under and in between Cyrus' legs! The fans are left in suspense, watching and wondering what's about to happen!

Lance:

This is simply too dangerous!

DDK:

Nunchucks weren't!?

Malak jumps up on Cyrus' shoulders and nails the Lady of the Hour with a cross body splash! The Source of Envy suddenly grabs the sink when everyone is least expecting it and chucks it at LT's head! The Faithful can't believe their eyes as Troy dodges it at the last minute. The sink shatters against the ground, sending bits of porcelain everywhere!

DDK:

DEAR MOTHER OF MERCY! Malak just tried to kill Lindsay Troy!

The buzz subsides for a moment as everyone can't believe what they just saw. Shit just got real as Troy eyes Malak like 'you fucking serious?' and Malak looks back like 'I hate you, Karen, you nunchucking bitch.' The heat finally returns and is poured onto Malak's shoulders with even more ferocity. Troy savagely leaps at Malak, takes him down and pummels him in the face.

DDK:

DESTROY HIM, LINDSAY!

Cyrus can't even get involved as The Faithful hold the big man back.

Lance:

LINDSAY TROY HASN'T STOPPED PUNCHING MALAK IN THE FACE! I WOULDN'T EITHER IF SOMEONE THREW A SINK AT ME!

Benny Doyle watches helplessly alongside the fans as Lindsay unleashes hell on Malak for nearly killing her.

Somehow, somehow, through all the chaos, Malak manages to squirm away from Troy. He pathetically crawls away on his hands and knees, turning back to plead with Troy who stalks him into section 113 of the crowd. Blood trickles down from his hairline and his mouth as he looks overly worried.

DDK:

Isn't that rich!? Malak Garland grovelling at the feet of Lindsay Troy for no more carnage yet he was the one who nearly slugged her face off with a kitchen sink!

Garland rubs the base of her wrestling boots as a sign of goodwill as the fans do not buy into it. Yet suddenly, Troy keels over! The crowd is left in shock as a rabidly wild fan seems to act alone in attacking Troy from behind as Malak

looks up and begins to smile delectably!

Lance:

WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING NOW!?

It's the same fan who approached Malak before the show! Percy Collins begins slamming his huge forearms into Lindsay's head as Malak laughs, claps and dances like an annoying idiot.

Malak Garland:

Get her, Percy! Fucking decimate her! PERCY IS HERE TO SUPPORT ME! UNLIKE ALL YOU SWINE!

DDK:

If it isn't Cyrus aiding Malak, it's this new superfan of Malak's by the name of Percy Collins!

DEFsec hustles over and quickly pulls the fan off even though he got a few good shots in and Malak goes to bat for him right away.

Malak Garland:

Whoa, whoa! Percy is with me! Take your hands off him! PERCY! PERCY!

DEFsec disregards the Snowflake Superstar's direction and drags the poor man off to the holding cells on the premises.

Malak Garland:

PERCY! IT'S OKAY! I KNOW A GOOD LAWYER! I WILL BAIL YOU OUT!

Troy tries to shake the cobwebs off but Malak seizes the opening. The Keyboard King grabs a fan's iPhone and smashes it over her skull!

Malak Garland:

Hope you bought the protection plan!

With the Queen down, Malak cinches in a crossface submission and starts screaming his head off!

Malak Garland:

TAP! TAP, TAP, TAP IN, KAREN!

He wrenches back as the fans boo relentlessly. Benny Doyle slides into position and asks Troy if she submits, which she adamantly declines despite beginning to bleed herself.

DDK:

Malak's got the 'Tap In' locked in. Great.

Troy doesn't give up easily as she feeds off the crowd's energy. She literally muscles herself out of the move, busting Malak's grip. Both competitors resume fighting once at a vertical base.

Lance:

These two just have motors that won't quit! They're still fighting through the crowd!

They go blow for blow, punch for punch as they begin ascending the arena stairs. Spotlights within the arena follow the action as Troy grabs a kendo stick and Malak grabs a trash can lid. They swing their weapons at each other, temporarily knocking each other back!

DDK:

That broke the kendo stick!

Lance:

That warped the trash can lid!

They discard the weapons and continue climbing the steps until they reach the second level of seats near section 214. Malak grabs for her hair again but this time LT places some well targeted body shots and keeps his hands away. The duo shuffle down a row of seats, teetering a little too close to the safety rail.

Lance:

I don't know if I can watch this. Someone might fall here.

Garland senses Troy getting the physical upperhand so he promptly spits in her face which enrages the fans in closest proximity. One fan even throws their beer at Malak, showering everyone in the vicinity in Tres Equis! The beer stings Malak's eyes, which distracts him long enough for Lindsay to clothesline him over the rail, sending him falling.

SWOOSH!

CRASH!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

MALAK IS DEAD!

The Comments Section leader plummets from the second level and into conveniently placed black clothed tables. The crunch is heard throughout the arena as LT stares out at the fans with a sick smile on her face.

Lance:

WHO BROUGHT THE TABLES?

The Queen isn't done...not by a long shot. A little kid licking ice cream gives her a Ziploc baggie full of sharp edged LEGOs. She pours the contents of the bag on the fallen snowflake before steadying herself on the top of the railing.

DDK:

No! Don't do it, Lindsay!

Anticipation within the building rises as Troy looks down at Malak who appears to be out of it.

Lance:

IS SHE INSANE? DON'T JUMP FROM THAT HEIGHT!

Turns out she is as Lindsay leaps off and delivers a thunderous elbow drop from the second level, about 20 feet up, and onto her nemesis, sending tiny LEGO pieces into the air upon impact! Benny Doyle rushes down the flight of stairs to check on everyone.

DDK:

LISTEN TO THIS CROWD! THERE'S NO WAY EITHER WRESTLER WILL BE ABLE TO CONTINUE AFTER THAT!

The Faithful show their appreciation.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT

Obviously, it takes everyone a few moments to calm down and for Doyle to check things over. The Queen begins to stir first, albeit slowly. The Armchair Expert still hasn't moved an inch. Troy slowly rolls over and finally drapes an arm over Malak's scarred chest. Doyle mercifully counts.

ONE!

TWO!

THREENOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
HOW!?

Garland gets a second wind and somehow shoots his arm up. Troy glares at him in disbelief and outright anger.

Lance:
It's not over! What's it going to take?

The two competitors are slow to their feet as they cautiously navigate through the wreckage. Each time Troy takes a step, Malak pushes her aside and tries to gain his own balance. Finally, both wrestlers begin to wander back toward the ring, throwing shots at each other as they go.

DDK:
How are either of these two still standing!?

Troy throws a fist but Malak blocks, whirls her around, and pushes her in her back. Troy stumbles forward which gives Malak time to pick through the selection of weapons in the crowd.

Lance:
Is that a hand mirror?

Indeed, Malak has his hands on a travel-sized hand mirror, which its owner doesn't want to give him. Dazed, he pushes her away and grabs it from her, parading it around.

Malak Garland: *[groggy AF]*
Mirror, mirror in my hand, who is the grandest bitch in the stands? Is it that ditch pig?

Malak turns the mirror in the general direction of the fans.

Malak Garland: *[still groggy AF]*
Is it this ditch pig?

He turns it to the other side of the arena.

Malak Garland: *[yup, still groggy]*
Oh wait. It's this cow, Karen! Mooooo! Time to bring the beef to the slaughter. Let's make hamburgers.

Malak obviously turns the mirror in LT's direction before swinging it at her head. Troy ducks it and shatters it with a judo kick before grabbing Malak by the neck and tossing him over the guardrail towards the ring.

Lance:
Folks, DEFIANCE would like to apologize for the crude comments Malak keeps making. His opinion is not representative of what this company is all about.

Malak catches Lindsay as she hops the rail and he is quick to plant her with a jackhammer suplex!

DDK:

He calls that the Banhammer! Troy's brains must be scrambled!

Malak goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The crowd tries to energize the Queen some more as Malak retrieves a table from under the ring. He slides it in and sets it up, only to refocus back on Troy.

Lance:

Troy lands some body shots but Malak is quick to shove a knee in her gut! It was no more than five minutes ago when Malak appeared to be out cold but now he's totally in control!

Malak chops Troy hard across the shoulder, sending her back until her spine rests against the rail. Malak smiles, thinking he has everything in control. Naturally, he goes for another chop but a determined woman shields LT with her very large, very expensive, Louis Vuitton purse!

DDK:

Malak chopped the purse! He's waving his hand around like it smarts!

Lindsay nods in appreciation to the fan before taking the purse and slinging it at Malak's head, successfully landing a blow! Troy takes a second and peers inside. Now she's the one smiling.

Lance:

No way!

Lindsay pulls an orange and green paintball gun out of the bag.

Lance:

How did THAT get in?

DDK:

At this point, Lance, I've stopped wondering. Plaster him, LT!

It doesn't take long before the Queen pops off orange, blue and red colored pellets Malak's way. Garland crawls along the ground like a rodent as the ammo makes contact with his skin!

Lance:

Malak's back is getting painted all the colors of the rainbow!

Malak shelters himself by rolling under the apron. LT keeps popping the gun off until she runs out of rounds. The scared snowflake peeks out from under the apron once the *ping pings* and the *pew pews* stop. He sees Troy holding the paintball gun but unaware that it is empty so he retreats once more. It's during this time that the Queen discards the paintball gun in exchange for a morning star flail.

Lance:

Oh Jesus....

DDK:

I think once Malak sees what Lindsay has for him, he'll wish the paintball gun was reloaded.

A few seconds pass until Malak peers out once more and sees Troy readying the weapon. He shrieks like a child and tries to scurry away but Lindsay confidently walks over to the other side of the ring and meets him with a grin. She tosses the chain at him, making contact across his colored back!

Lance:

There's red paint but now there's red blood on Malak's back too!

Like the whipping boy he is, Malak stays prone as Lindsay unleashes hell across his back with the whip! She reaches down, swipes some blood from Malak's back, and paints her face and chest with it. When she raises the flail again, Malak somehow finds the will to move by tripping up Benny Doyle who ends up being the recipient of an errant Lindsay Whip lashing!

DDK:

BENNY DOYLE GOES DOWN!

Lindsay immediately curses, drops the chain whip and checks on Benny as she didn't mean to get him. Meanwhile, a battered and bruised Malak Garland crawls onto the apron.

Lance:

DESTROYER!

Malak jumps off the apron and throws Troy around into a Canadian Destroyer he calls the ROFLCOPTER! LT takes a nasty spill on the outside.

DDK:

Unreal! Lindsay was bent over, looking after Benny which gave Malak the opening for the destroyer.

The Grammar Grappler escorts Lindsay's body back into the ring and eventually onto the table as he looks to end things promptly. He begins his ascent to the top turnbuckle.

Lance:

Malak is signalling for the end! Could this be it? Could he be looking for *SNOWFALL*???

Once at the top, a wobbly Malak looks around. He points and laughs at Troy who lays helplessly on the table. Malak spreads his arms out wide to his side before teetering forward until he falls from the turnbuckle to deliver a headbutt!

CRASH!

The fans gasp as Troy manages to move off the table at the last second, which causes Malak to land into the wooden table top head first!

DDK:

SNOWFALL! BUT HE MISSED!

Lindsay viciously grabs Malak like she's fed up with his shit and locks in the Divine Right!

Lance:

LT HAS THE KOJI CLUTCH LOCKED IN AND THERE ISN'T ANYWHERE TO GO FOR MALAK!

Garland taps immediately but Benny Doyle is still comatose on the outside. Lindsay doesn't care, though, as she tries to rip Malak apart.

Malak Garland:

Help! Help! HELP! ANYONE! HELP ME! Why is no one trying to help me!? YOU ALL HATE ME!?

DDK:

YES, MALAK! WE ALL HATE YOU! HOW LONG HAS IT TAKEN YOU TO REALIZE THAT!?

However, Malak's cries don't go unanswered as none other than Thurston Hunter comes sprinting down the ramp, but like the typical little bruiser he is, he stops dead in his tracks at the foot of the ring when Lindsay makes eye contact with him.

Lance:

Where is Thurston going?

Thurston does a prompt about-face and books it back up the ramp as the Renaissance Woman continues to wrench away with the Divine Right.

DDK:

Thurston wants nothing to do with an enraged Lindsay Troy and you know what? I don't blame him!

With Hunter disappearing to the back, LT finally releases the hold. She stands tall over a broken Malak Garland. She's covered in sweat and blood in her own right. Exhausted and pissed, she signals for the end. Benny Doyle is slowly pulling himself up with the help of the ring steps on the outside as Troy yanks Malak up by his shitty snowflake trunks.

DDK:

COULD THIS BE?

Lindsay cradles Malak into a package piledriver position as the crowd rises to a fever pitch!

Lance:

IT IS!

THUNK!

THY.

KINGDOM.

COME.

Malak's cranium bounces off the canvas as Lindsay spikes her finishing move square in the middle of the ring. She hooks a leg as Doyle groggily rolls into the ring and begins slapping the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Relief, jubilation and satisfaction permeates from the crowd as a fatigued Lindsay Troy rolls off Malak in victory.

DDK:

SHE DID IT! LINDSAY TROY IS THE ONE WHO FINALLY SHUTS UP THAT SENSITIVE, TENDER, SORRY EXCUSE FOR A WRESTLER!

Doyle rubs his neck and back as he gingerly raises Troy's hand for the world to see. The arena gives their loudest cheer yet as the Queen checks on Doyle for a moment, making sure he's okay before getting to her feet with a roar!

Lance:

Unbelievable. What a match. And I can't wait to see Malak Garland's face on the back of Lindsay Troy's jacket come DEFTv!

Fans pour it on as they begin tossing bubble wrap, facial tissue boxes, baby wipes and weighted blankets towards the ring in a sarcastic supportive gesture to the snowflake who just got dispatched.

DDK:

It's raining pity party items, Lance!

Lindsay turns back to the center of the ring and notices Malak has disappeared from sight altogether, which is probably for the best. She shrugs her shoulders and crosses her arms DEFIANTLY.

Darren Quimbey:

FAITHFUL! THE WINNER OF THIS MATCH IS—

Darren Quimbey & The Faithful:

LINDSAY TROY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Troy nods as the chants simply do not stop. The fans are in a frenzy as Troy soaks it in.

Lance:

Never, in all my years with DEFIANCE, have I witnessed a reaction after a match like this! The fans truly *appreciate* not only who Lindsay Troy is and what she stands for but also, what she's been able to accomplish tonight. Malak was game but LT was LiT!

A final panning shot of the fans thanking their High Queen DEFIANT airs before finally fading to black.

FIST OF DEFIANCE: GAGE BLACKWOOD & vs. "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS (ACTS of DEFIANCE)

DDK:

Here we go! We've finally reached the end of ACTS of DEFIANCE Night Two and we're at the big one! The maiden voyage of Gage Blackwood's FIST title reign is about to hit possibly the biggest wave that he can crash into. The former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!

Lance:

There is no love lost between these two. Around June of last year, Gage Blackwood and Oscar Burns had a very bitter rivalry over the Southern Heritage Championship back when Blackwood was one of the more despised members of our roster. He bashed Burns relentlessly, accusing him of quite frankly false things like holding other members of the roster down while he himself had to suffer a lot of indignities.

DDK:

A year plus later, the crowd changed their tune on Gage as time went on. He and Oscar Burns were both instrumental in finally ousting Mikey Unlikely out of power and ending his near, 500-day run! Something that Burns hasn't forgotten.

Lance:

And since this match was made, both men have had no shortage of unkind things to say about one another. Gage Blackwood has been willing to be a fighting champion and giving new wrestlers new opportunities. Burns has also turned back any opponent in the last few months, however, he hasn't let go of Gage's past transgression. I can sympathize with everything these two went through, but Burns isn't convinced that Gage has changed.

DDK:

And likewise, Gage isn't impressed by Burns' stellar resume in DEFIANCE and wants to prove himself as a fighting champion by taking on the absolute best we have and Oscar Burns is chief among them. Tonight, two men want to be the champion. But as we all know in this sport, only one can hold that distinction. Gage has had one match with Burns before that saw The Noble Raider win, yet Burns remains determined he can change his fortune this time and he can counter Gage's key moves. So without further adieu, let's get to the introductions for the main event.

The Faithful reach a fever pitch before Darren Quimbey gets ready for the match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of the evening! This is a singles match set for one fall and will be contested for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

♪ "Raise Your Flag" by MAN WITH A MISSION ♪

The opening riffs build anticipation and soon... the former champion arrives!

The DEFIANCE flag with "DEFIANCE: WE LIKE GRAPS!" drapes over his shoulders. Dressed in navy blue wrestling gear for the evening, the crowd erupts in loud cheers as the DEFIANCE flag comes out! However... there's a small undercurrent of jeers in regards to Burns' recent attitude. He looks out to the crowd, but he shakes off the reaction and basks in the cheers still afforded to him!

DDK:

Wow! I picked up on a little bit of the attitude that Oscar Burns was giving to Gage Blackwood during that head to head. I think some of the Faithful may have picked up on it as well. He hasn't told any lies in his assessment of he and Gage's past... but I dunno... I can't put my own finger on it.

Lance:

Trusting people has gotten Oscar Burns hurt before and that's what led to Mikey Unlikely winning the FIST. But not everyone is Mikey. He hasn't given Gage a chance to prove himself as a champion and has been fixated on who he was instead of the now.

DDK:

I don't know... either way, we know Oscar Burns takes this match seriously. He didn't ask for a rematch in his contract and worked his way back into title contention over the last several months. If anyone in DEFIANCE can make the most of that type of opportunity it would be Oscar.

Burns takes the large flag and balls it up before handing it to an attendant near ringside. He points out to the members of Team Graps waving their DEFIANCE flags before Burns walks up the steps and into the ring. He scans the crowd and then raises one finger while leaning against the ropes before taking his spot and waits for Gage Blackwood to arrive.

Lights out.

Guitar rift.

Bagpipes.

[*♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪*](#)

The new theme song blares on the PA as numerous bagpipe players appear sporting Edinburgh-native kilts while the rampway lights flicker on and off. Gage Blackwood immediately follows behind them, wearing a kilt himself. Hair wet, slicked back, he holds a bottle of water in his hands. Gage looks to take a sip but places it down on the rampway instead and winks towards Oscar.

DDK:

A new entrance theme for Gage Blackwood!

The Faithful cheer along to the celtic folk metal as Blackwood walks to the center of the rampway, ten bagpipe players to his left, ten to his right. FIST around his waist, Gage lifts both hands in the air and sparkler pyro goes off behind him. The sparklers are finished by an explosion of golden pyro.

Lance:

Gage ISN'T one to have pyrotechnics, nor a big entrance.

DDK:

I would say this is a medium-size entrance.

Lance:

Either way, it could be mind games. The old Gage was obsessed with the spotlight Oscar had on himself. It makes all of the sense in the world to "outshine" THE DEFIANT and the cornerstone of this company.

DDK:

Is Burns really the cornerstone? I'm not trying to be rude with that comment, I'm simply asking.

Blackwood starts walking down the rampway.

Lance:

And a fair question. Burns is often #1 in merchandise sales, he's a two-time FIST, three-time "world" champion. I mean... we don't have to get into it. I'm simply coming from Gage's perspective.

Blackwood marches up the steel steps, through the top and middle rope and removes his kilt to show the same designed wrestling tights, which is his typical wrestling gear except "FIST of DEFIANCE" is written down the side of both legs.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger, from Wellington, New Zealand, currently residing in New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing

two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... he is "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURRRRRRRRRNNNNNSSSS!

Most of the fans cheer. A WE LIKE GRAPS chant breaks out.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Edinburgh, Scotland... weighing two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... he is THE FIST OF DEFIANCE... "THE NOBLE RAIDER"... GAGE BLACKWOODOOOOOOOOD!!!

Again, most of the fans cheer but no chant follows because Gage doesn't have a catchphrase. Blackwood takes the strap off his waist and hands it to referee Hector Navarro. The FIST of DEFIANCE raises a hand to Oscar Burns, telling him the theatrics are over and it's time to go.

Navarro holds the title in the air momentarily before handing it over and calling for the bell.

DING DING

Both the champion and challenger lock up in physical fashion, both men locking up cleanly. Both struggle around the ring, trying to get the first advantage. Burns has the height advantage and uses that leverage to control the pace. Gage smartly gets back to the ropes and then Hector Navarro tells The Guru of the Graps to break it up. Oscar does so and holds both hands up for the clean break.

Oscar circles the ring as Gage pensively steps from the ropes and towards the ring to meet a second time for a lock-up! Both men fight again in the collar-and-elbow tie-up and they struggle to gain control when Blackwood shoots low, sending the Kiwi into the corner. Burns leans against the ropes and Hector orders the FIST to break it off. Gage seems to want to show what he's worth and backs off as well from the former two-time FIST.

DDK:

Intense lock-ups to start and both men about even for the moment.

Lance:

And Gage made the clean break. For what Burns has been saying about him, he's playing fair... but then again, this match has only just begun.

DDK:

I would have to say, that's the one knock I don't understand ON Gage. He's always played fair in the past. He has been extremely bitter, though. It goes without saying.

Burns attempts the first go-behind of the match but Gage won't stay put and flips control around for himself to shoot for a rear waistlock of his own. The Kiwi turns the tables on the Scot and sneaks up behind Gage before Burns lifts the champion up and scores with an extra-aggressive takedown! Oscar doesn't stop to celebrate and tries to ground Blackwood with a front facelock but Gage grabs the arm and twists (and turns) it around on Twists and Turns, holding him in an armlock on the mat.

Oscar quickly goes to a knee and then tries to take Gage down by locking his neck. However, Gage turns that around and slaps on a headlock but Burns rolls Blackwood forward on the mat to break his grip before hooking both head and neck to work backwards into a crucifix pin!

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

First attempt going to Burns. He's more than just submissions and boasts a number of pin attempts that have not only won but retained titles with.

Lance:

And they're getting back to the mat!

Gage kicks out although Burns stays on the attack and uses a headlock takeover. He can't hold on for long, however, when Gage uses a headscissors to get Burns to break his grip. Burns snaps away and both men start to meet on their feet but Gage shoots a single-leg and takes The Technical Spectacle back on the canvas before trying to maneuver around to go for a neck lock. Burns spins around quickly to snap the champion back to the mat. Burns can't hold on for long due to Gage grabbing a foot and then turning Burns around into a schoolboy!

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

Close one!

Burns rolls out of the pinning predicament and inches back to his feet, yet Gage tries again. This time, Burns grabs the left arm and holds it tightly with a stiff-looking armbar! He keeps a tight grip to try controlling where the current FIST goes, but Blackwood fights back and grabs Burns' arm! Blackwood works to his feet and jerks the other arm so he can be in control. He holds the arm for a few moments and then tries to control the challenger... but Oscar rolls back!

Lance:

Oscar keeping his cool and trying to have that arm locked up tight. Now he's got Gage in the grounded armbar!

Burns keeps Blackwood down for the armbar variation, but Gage is quick to recover and spins himself around on the mat to take the fight back to the Kiwi by grabbing the leg. Burns still doesn't let go so Gage spins Twists and Turns around to monkey flip Burns over and he does... but the challenger STILL keeps hold of the arm!

DDK:

Gage can't get free of this armbar. Burns is keeping it on tight!

The Faithful watch on in amazement at the mat work between the two men with the challenger in control, but eventually Gage is able to maneuver himself sideways and then use a kip-up to get to his feet before he puts the pressure on Burns and flips Oscar over with a high and tight arm drag! Once the FIST sees his opening, Gage looks like he has a Gaelic Storm all ready... BURNS MOVES! Gage doesn't fully leave his feet but sends the challenger backing off for the moment.

DDK:

Wow! Gage almost tried for the Gaelic Storm right there!

Gage looks at Burns and flashes the faintest of smirks his way, saying he was that close. Oscar doesn't look pleased at The Noble Raider's actions and says nothing, standing up to his feet.

Lance:

Gage trying to get under Burns' skin. Their feud was so personal last year although Gage is not that guy we've witnessed. Burns seems to believe otherwise, that Blackwood hasn't really changed and has attacked his character the last few weeks.

DDK:

Gage has, but right now it's not about the past. It's about what happens between the ropes and it's about the top prize in DEFIANCE. Period.

Burns and Gage lock up again with Oscar coming out as more of the aggressor, sneaking up behind Gage and throwing him to the mat with another waistlock takedown. This time, Twists and Turns goes right for the leg but The Noble Raider knows what's coming! The champion frantically scratches for the ropes and makes it just in time before

Oscar can fully lock in the Graps of Wrath III!

DDK:

Almost by Burns! Oscar playing a few games of his own with Gage. That heel hook is dangerous, especially as the only person that has ever tapped out Lindsay Troy with it!

Lance:

Indeed. Gage is absolutely no slouch on the mat, either. Both men are clearly bringing their A-game tonight and this match may come down to a rare mistake or the smallest opening available by either competitor.

Oscar and Gage both size up one another carefully and go to the mat again... this time, Gage makes the quicker move and snaps The Technical Spectacle right over with quickness into a headlock takeover of his own!

DDK:

Back to the mat with these two! You can just feel the tension here!

Lance:

Gage takes Burns on the mat now and he's not letting go!

The FIST tightens his grip on the head and neck of Burns and CRANKS violently on the hold! Burns tries to get at the face of the Scot and starts to grind his taped forearm across the face of Blackwood, but that forces the champion to pull back even harder on the hold to get Oscar to release his grip. Burns keeps his ground but the reach advantage of Burns allows him to try and pull Gage back. Twists and Turns shifts his shoulder and gets to the ropes. With the quick advantage, Burns uses the ropes as an ally to fire Gage off of him into the ropes. Gage comes back with a shoulder and it knocks Burns to the ropes... but Twists and Turns comes back and hits Gage. The Scot bounces into the ropes and uses that extra force to KNOCK Burns down!

DDK:

Gage is getting more aggressive!

Oscar looks shocked at being knocked down while The FIST stands over him, all business. The Kiwi rises but Gage is just a hair quicker and snaps the challenger down into another headlock takeover!

Lance:

After Burns had control for a bit, now Gage comes right back! I have to say, it's a refreshing change of pace from the near 500 days of Mikey Unlikely ruling the roost. Two people, wanting to see who the better one is on the mat. That simple.

DDK:

I'll agree with you there as well. Both men have pretty much kept this match clean for the most part! Aggressive, sure, but clean.

Gage keeps Burns down but Oscar grabs the neck and rolls the FIST into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The FIST rolls out of the pin and both men meet up again. This time Gage rolls Burns into a pin of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Both Gage and Oscar break off and Gage tries a headlock for a third time. However, Burns gets his legs up and has Gage trapped in a headscissors on the mat! The FIST tries to fight out but the former two-time champion grabs his own leg and has Gage trapped in a tight figure four neck lock on the mat!

DDK:

And another submission attempt by Burns! He learns quickly on the mat. Blackwood's headlocks kept him grounded for a minute or two but the challenger might have lured Blackwood into that submission now!

The crowd continue to watch and cheer as Gage tries to shift his weight over. Instead, Burns grabs Blackwood's right arm and pulls him back while the neck lock is still applied. Gage elbows at the left leg of Burns and finally turns over to free himself for a pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

But then Burns shifts his weight upward into a bridge that pops the crowd! He has hold of Gage's arms and turns around into a backslide!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Gage rolls out and both come back to a face-off as the crowd applauds!

DDK:

Just amazing matwork by both guys! Burns has the variety in the holds he knows but Gage makes the basics absolutely work for him on account of how physical he is.

Lance:

Definitely and these people are enjoying it!

The applause fills the arena but Burns and Blackwood pay no mind to what is around them. They are focused on one thing: The FIST. Plain and simple. They get ready to lock up once more and Burns forces him into the ropes by going back and Burns works into a corner. Navarro once again gets between the two and asks for a clean break. Burns backs up and lets go.

DDK:

It's almost a virtual stalemate right now. Both men have had the advantage at various points, back and forth but neither have found anything to really sink their teeth into yet for too long.

Lance:

It's true. Somebody will have to do something to change that in order to get a real foothold.

Gage and Burns yet again make with the graps, as Burns might say. They both fight for control and this time like before, Gage takes them to the corner and Burns grabs the ropes. Navarro has to keep the two apart again and Oscar tells Hector to break it. Gage backs off cleanly and looks over to Hector to let him know it was clean...

HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

DDK:

What!? Did... did Oscar Burns of all people in DEFIANCE just take a cheap shot on Gage Blackwood?

A cacophony of both booing and cheering fills the DEF Arena and Burns looks out to take notice of the reception while Gage is left looking up at the lights and checking his face for blood.

Lance:

I don't believe it! I'm not going to try and justify it... but if I had to, this match is important to both men. Gage took his eye off Burns for a second in a title match!

DDK:

Oscar Burns was a survivor in that big elimination to crown the new FIST of DEFIANCE. He was a winner in technicalities but he didn't win the FIST. That's what all this is about.

The Technical Spectacle takes a moment before grabbing Gage in a facelock to bring him up, then lays in a stiff European uppercut! The shot rattles the jaw of Blackwood and sends the FIST of DEFIANCE into the corner. Burns tees off on Gage with a second shot that sends him reeling. The challenger moves the wrist of a stunned Gage around before he sends the champ flying across the ring with a big hammer throw into the corner, jarring Gage's back! Blackwood falls to his knees in the process while Burns carefully watches on.

DDK:

And now Burns is taking Blackwood apart. That encounter with Gage last year really did a number on the psyche and confidence of Burns for a time. Between that and the two out of three falls loss to Lindsay Troy, too.

Lance:

Burns climbed out of that funk eventually, but the issue with Gage... he clearly hasn't let it go.

A little more booing from the fans. Burns goes over to where The Noble Raider landed. He takes the champ by the side and throws Blackwood down with a big gutwrench suplex. Instead of letting go, Burns opts to roll over with Gage still in his grip. He impressively holds the 225-pound Gage and drops Blackwood right on his back with a second one. The fans are a little more mixed than they were at the start when Burns hoists The Noble Raider up. Gage tries to fight the third one and fires away at the arm of Burns!

DDK:

Gage tries to escape... no! Burns with another uppercut... then hits the third suplex! Cover, FIST on the line!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER!

The shoulder comes up off the mat for Gage but The Team Graps Cap stays calm, cool, and collected for the moment.

DDK:

A big kickout by Gage although Burns has him where he wants him. What's Oscar doing?

Burns slaps on a grounded cobra twist submission and cranks on the midsection and the neck of the Scot at the same time! Gage isn't content to sit around and tries to struggle free. Unfortunately for him, Burns' grip is tight.

Lance:

Grounded cobra twist! Burns loves this submission for grinding the opponent down and can even turn it into a pin combination if need be!

DDK:

Yeah, one he picked up in Japan and one he's made great use of over the years.

Burns keeps the pressure on Gage and the fans are vocal!

BLACKWOOD!

BLACKWOOD!

BLACKWOOD!

BLACKWOOD!

The chants seem to get under the skin of Burns and yet he keeps focus on the champion and winning back the title he held for almost 300 days during his second run.

DDK:

The crowd behind Gage right now! They've been mostly split but I think after that cheap shot earlier on in the match, Oscar might have turned a few more away!

Lance:

Look! Gage is fighting back!

The champion drives elbows with his free arm and then spins around to throw a STIFF chop to the chest of the challenger once Oscar's back on his feet! The shot makes Burns wince in pain but Gage isn't happy with just one...

CHOP!

CHOP!

CHOP!

CHOP!

Blackwood lights the chest of Burns with vicious chops and lets Burns have it with a NASTY headbutt of his own to the chest!

Lance:

Oh, that's absolutely a receipt from earlier!

DDK:

No doubt!

Gage has Oscar right where he wants him and connects with a northern lights suplex... but not to be outdone, Gage rolls through and takes the larger Burns with him into a rolling northern lights suplex for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Excellent combination by Gage! Burns with the shoulder up!

Lance:

Blackwood had Burns under his control for a few moments there!

Gage goes for a big move and tries an Olympic slam on the challenger but at the apex of the move, Burns counters out with an arm drag, sending the FIST flying across the mat. Gage scrambles up and sees Burns coming his way, rocking Blackwood with a European uppercut while he's against the ropes! Burns holds a fist up and runs at the ropes again, expecting Gage to be there... instead, Gage sidesteps and pushes Oscar into the ropes before rolling back into a pin!

DDK:

Rolling prawn hold! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Burns escapes in the nick of time but not before Gage has him lined up. The crowd cheers when they see what The Noble Raider is going for...

DDK:

SOUL BREAKER! HE'S TRYING FOR THE SOUL BREAKER!

Lance:

Remember! The big bone of contention between Burns and Gage was Burns being in a sleeper hold that Mikey Unlikely employed, called the Stand-In! Gage mocked Oscar not being able to counter!

DDK:

And Mikey developed his sleeper hold the same time Gage Blackwood did. It offended Mikey when he saw Gage had a sleeper of his own.

Lance:

Correct! This goes back months, even before Mikey and Gage had on-air problems! It all intertwines!

Gage tries to fully lock the submission in, however, before he can get to the dropdown portion, Burns grabs him by the side and hoists him up...

Then DRIVES Blackwood viciously across the knee with the Back-Crack-A-Ma-Jig! Oscar falls to his own knee gasping for air. Gage looks much worse for wear though, after being spiked across the back, making it the target of his attacks.

DDK:

Back-Crack-A-Ma-Jig! Burns told him during their face-off a few weeks ago he was working on counters for the Soul Breaker and the Gaelic Storm! So far, it's all true!

Lance:

It's all true!

Burns looks over at Gage Blackwood on the mat. Oscar's chest is red from the chops from Gage earlier.

Oscar Burns:

I told you I had counters, Gage! There's nothing noble about you!

Blackwood is struggling to pull himself up.

Gage Blackwood:

Jog on.

The two lean on each other to find a vertical base. Burns pushes Blackwood's shoulders back and SMACKS him with one of the hardest knife-edge chops he's ever had to perform. The crowd WOOS.

Blackwood, not to be outdone, pushes Burns more upright and gives him a knife-edge chop, too.

The two wrestlers go back and forth, at least ten times, until they are bleeding out their chest. It's Blackwood who's

able to hit back-to-back chops so he shoots to the ropes, looks for some kind of spear but Burns throws a knee up and Blackwood topples into it, flying head-over-heels to the mat below. Burns wastes no time. He bounces off the ropes, somewhat recovered from the shots and absolutely drills a flying uppercut underneath Blackwood's chin.

Backdrop. Elbow. Numerous knee strikes. Burns' face looks like a man possessed as he clubs Blackwood across the jaw with his knee over and over and over and over again.

Lance:

Is this getting out of hand?

Navarro slides into position, seeing if Blackwood is knocked out. However, The Noble Raider gives a quick huff, insinuating he's still mentally awake so Hector doesn't call for the bell even though the trademark scar above Blackwood's left eye has opened a little. Burns drives a final knee into Blackwood's skull and props the FIST on his feet. He's looking for a knockout knee blow but somehow, somehow, Gage catches it before it TKOs him!

WHAM!

DDK:

Jumping enzuigiri by Oscar!

Lance:

Holy shit, that might've knocked Gage to next year!

Burns with the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

HAND ON THE ROPE!

Burns' facial expression becomes irate. Looking to see Blackwood's hand on the bottom rope, Twists and Turns storms to his feet, kicks the hand away and places his own hands on his hips.

DDK:

Do you think Burns is in the right frame of mind right now? It's VERY unlike Oscar to make a pin that close to the ropes!

Lance:

It was a rare mistake, Keebs. Oscar knows it!

T&T wastes a moment to berate himself but makes up for it by walking over to Blackwood cautiously. Gage does reach out, attempting some kind of roll up pin but Burns has it well scouted, pulls back and DRILLS his knee into Blackwood's temple again. A little blood spews from Gage's forehead scar.

Lance:

Lights, are, out!

Burns has deadweight to lift. He pulls Blackwood to his feet and connects with a German suplex and a bridge!

ONE.

TWO.

BLACKWOOD SLIPS AWAY!

DDK:

Unbelievable! The crowd comes alive!

Burns' chest is a mess from droplets of blood. Then again, so is Gage's (plus his forehead). As The Technical Spectacle wipes some blood away, he stands with use of the ropes, thinking he will find Gage Blackwood laying on the canvas floor.

Burns doesn't.

Blackwood finds an uncanny second wind, bounces off the far ropes and looks for the double running knees, The Gaelic Storm!

DDK:

DID GAGE HIT IT!?

Lance:

NO! NO HE DID NOT! Burns moved at LITERALLY THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND!

Indeed it is the last possible second as Blackwood's knee lightly grazes Burns' nose. The Noble Raider flies straight into the ring ropes and almost falls out of the squared circle but Burns latches onto Blackwood and hits an inverted suplex instead! This is followed by a gut wrench suplex and a pinfall attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Faithful cheer as Oscar Burns shakes his head. He fires a couple of lighter (by his standards) uppercuts into Gage's chin before hurling the FIST of DEFIANCE into the a turnbuckle with all of his might. Blackwood hits the buckle, bounces off but rebounds with a clothesline to Oscar!

DDK:

Both men are down-

Keebler stops before the end of his sentence. Gage slips into an anaconda vice position!

Lance:

Blackwood with a submission on Burns! Seemingly out of nowhere!

Dead center of the ring, Blackwood has the hold clinched. The crowd gets to their feet, thinking it could be over right here. Many cheer for Blackwood...

But many, also, cheer for Oscar.

*TAP TAP TAP!**LET'S GO OSCAR!**TAP TAP TAP!**LET'S GO OSCAR!*

Gage isn't one to show a lot of emotion during a wrestling match. Here, however, his eyes bug out of his head, similar to when he tagged Oscar Burns, kneed Mikey Unlikely and won the FIST of DEFIANCE all in the span of ten seconds. Burns, too, has a sense of worry on his face (from what can be seen of it) and Oscar's right arm waves around frantically, hoping for something to hold onto.

Lance:

Blackwood has this move applied TEXTBOOK!

The fans rumble their feet, shouting as loud as possible. It looks like Oscar is fading...

But with everything he has, Burns rolls his momentum onto Gage Blackwood. It's not a lot yet it's enough to push off and gain an inch towards the ropes. Blackwood keeps the move locked in. To him, the challenger is no closer to the ropes than he was before. It's because Burns isn't interested in reaching out to the ropes with his HANDS. Instead, he's trying to get his FEET there.

Lance:

A clever ploy by Burns!

DDK:

I don't think Oscar has a choice!

Burns tries to shift his weight and once again he's able to move an inch closer with his legs. Also, AGAIN, Blackwood doesn't seem to know! The fourth attempt is quick. Like lightning, Burns moves his weight back and sticks his leg out.

The literal TOE of Oscar Burns taps the bottom rope. Referee Navarro calls the submission off!

DDK:

Hector Navarro isn't Mark Shields. He's one of the most competent refs we have here, so he's made a great call!

Blackwood mouths the words "fuck off" although he believes Navarro. Gage rises and Burns follows. Both are hurting, Gage from all the knees he took and Burns from the recent anaconda vice.

CHOP!, Blackwood goes right after Burns' chest with a knife-edge.

CHOP!, Burns returns the favour.

DDK:

Here we go again!

CHOP!, Blackwood.

CHOP!, Burns.

CHOP!, Blackwood.

CHOP!, Burns.

CHOP!, Blackwood.

HARD OUT HEAD BUTT BY BURNS!

A few more people in the crowd boo as Burns breaks the shot-for-shot "code". Twists and Turns goes into the ropes and finds Blackwood's face with a knee!

DDK:

OH NO... Burns is looking for The Graps of Wrath II!

The octopus stretch but The Noble Raider IMMEDIATELY tumbles backwards and pushes himself into the ropes. Burns breaks the hold before it's even applied and Blackwood comes in with another knife-edge chop. Burns looks pissed and ready to play again.

CHOP!, Burns.

CHOP!, Blackwood.

CHOP!, Burns.

Blackwood is about to send a CHOP! forward. However, he pulls back, gives Oscar the finger and lunges ahead...

DDK:

OLYMPIC SLAM!!!

Blackwood floats over and hooks the leg! The crowd comes alive as this time it's the FIST of DEFIANCE who breaks the shot-for-shot "code"!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Air is let out of the arena as Blackwood rolls to his side, breathing heavily. Meanwhile, Oscar Burns is rubbing his chest, attempting to get the feeling back in it.

DDK:

Gage typically comes close with the Olympic slam but never close enough for victory.

The FIST gathers himself. Burns, too, recovers in a corner. A solid minute of time passes before Blackwood hobbles over to Burns and drags the challenger to his feet. Blackwood hooks onto Burns' back and attempts a belly-to-back suplex but Oscar holds his ground. Blackwood tries to thrust Burns over again but Twists and Turns doesn't budge. For a moment, on try number three, it looks like Burns is about to hook his leg back and hit Blackwood with a low blow... although this is only speculation because Oscar's leg comes to a stop midway through. Instead, the challenger standing switches Gage and connects with a belly-to-back on his own.

Blackwood lands on his feet, hits the ropes and on the return readies in position for the Gaelic Storm.

DDK:

Burns leapfrogs over Blackwood!

But Blackwood also stops in his tracks and pumps Burns with a knee to the back of the head when Oscar lands on his feet. Blackwood pushes Burns into the ropes and on the bounce return, Gage swings around Oscar's body and sinks in his sleeper!

DDK:

SOUL BREAKER!! BLACKWOOD HAS THE SLEEPER ON!

Burns scurries his hands around, hoping to power free but it's no use! The fans are alive when suddenly Burns jumps, finds his feet on the bottom turnbuckle and runs up it. With the FIST of DEFIANCE still hanging on to the sleeper, Burns pushes off the top buckle with his feet and forces Blackwood to the mat. Burns is positioned overtop of the champion with a pinfall attempt. Blackwood wants to break the sleeper but the pressure is on his arms and he can't do it!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER!?!? THREE!?!?

DDK:

Navvaro is saying Blackwood got out of it!

Lance:

No, he's not!

DDK:

Yes, yes he is!

Referee Hector Navarro bellows to both parties the match is still on and Blackwood slipped out. Replays show Gage was able to let go of the sleeper and BARELY side his right shoulder off the canvas! Navarro's hand practically meets the mat for a three but does not connect with the canvas floor heavily.

Lance:

My apologies! You're right, partner!

The Faithful are rampant while Blackwood breathes a huge sigh of relief. He's resting on his knees, beside himself while Oscar Burns is crawling to the ropes.

DDK:

Gage has pulled out a LOT of moves. Oscar, true to his word, has countered them!

Lance:

Not to be outdone, Burns has been on the offensive plenty as well!

Blackwood slams the mat and storms over to Burns. The Noble Raider grabs Twists and Turns by his hair and whips him into a modified brainbuster, looking more like a falcon arrow suplex. Gage doesn't pin, however. He's right back up and hurls Burns into a corner.

DDK:

Gage has to watch it, here. He's a loose cannon sometimes and wrestles recklessly.

Blackwood races into the turnbuckle. He likely sees Burns stirring but it doesn't matter when the Scot is seeing red.

DDK:

Burns moves! Blackwood hits the padding!

Burns with an exploder suplex! Burns with a dragon suplex! Burns with a German release suplex! The fans cheer but the challenger seems a little rattled anyway, perhaps hearing the odd boo chime in.

Blackwood pops up, clubs Burns with a ripcord clothesline and both men are down!

DDK:

Oscar took his eyes off things for a SECOND. That was it. A SECOND and look what transpires!

Lance:

Blackwood has always been a guy to absorb a beating. He's running on empty thanks to those suplexes but he had just enough power to get up, hit Burns with something... anything and then fall back down.

The crowd rumbles their feet as Navarro begins the ten count. The count gets to eight before Burns is on his feet... and the count is at nine before Blackwood finds a knee.

Burns blasts Blackwood in the chest with a boot. Again. Again. Maybe five more times... it's tough to count because

the kicks are so quick. Burns has worked Blackwood on the canvas and quickly walks to the second rope. He's looking for the knee drop he's known for. It's Burns' only high flying move.

DDK:

A measured attempt here, staying on the second turnbuckle pad.

Burns is about to jump off but *this time* he sees the FIST of DEFIANCE moving so he doesn't jump.

Lance:

Smart move by Oscar.

...Until Blackwood's on a knee.

Then Burns connects with the Sweet As Knee Drop to the back of Blackwood's head! Gage goes limp.

DDK:

Perfectly placed! What a move!

Burns smacks his chest. The end is seemingly near and the crowd can feel it.

I LIKE GRAPS.

LET'S GO BLACKWOOD!

I LIKE GRAPS.

Burns huffs and puffs. He's trying to drag Blackwood into his specialized exploder suplex, the Head-Drop-O-Matic.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD PUSHES OFF! He's into the ropes...

The champion is trying for the Gaelic Storm. Once he makes contact with the ropes, Blackwood leaves his feet and comes FLYING across the canvas.

BOOM!!

DDK:

HOW DID HE DO THAT!?

Lance:

UNBELIEVABLE!

Burns CATCHES Blackwood in MIDAIR and turns the Gaelic Storm into a sharpshooter! Even the fans that (may have) been booing Oscar likely cheer on how fluent this counter looks!

DDK:

Burns catches Gage and steps through his legs. He easily flips the FIST of DEFIANCE around and applies the sharpshooter!

Lance:

A real testy move! I've been told some people don't like this submiss-

DDK:

Don't. Just don't.

Blackwood struggles to push up and off the canvas as Burns sits back as hard as possible. Blackwood is near the ropes, yet not close enough for a break. The fans are on their feet, watching the events unfold... likely knowing both

men don't have much left so this *could* be it.

Blackwood's in the hold for a minute.

Lance:

It's not Burns' speciality, the sharpshooter that is. Perhaps if this was an Oscar Burns trademark move, he'd have put Blackwood away by now. However... Burns' attempt at the move IS solid. His leg positioning is very good. Great base. Impressive weight on the back. Blackwood's only made the smallest of increments towards the ropes...

The FIST of DEFIANCE is almost in the sharpshooter for two minutes now. You can see he's beginning to fade.

And then...

DDK:

Blackwood pushes off the canvas... HE MAKES A HUGE GAIN TOWARDS THE ROPES!

Burns' face conveys shock and anger all at once. He's about to drag Blackwood back to the center of the ring but drops Gage's legs slightly as he does. This allows the champion to spin around, kick Burns off and pop to his feet. Burns runs into the ropes and Blackwood leaps up as Oscar gets towards him. The FIST lands on top of Oscar's shoulders. Gage wraps his legs around the challenger's neck and throws him into a hurricanrana.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD HOOKS THE LEGS ON THE FOLLOW THROUGH!

Gage has Oscar dead to rights with Burns' legs as far back as they can go. Navarro counts while Burns' legs wobble, struggling to get out of the hold!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

The Faithful come ALIVE at the unlikely way Gage scores the victory!

DDK:

HE DID IT! GAGE BLACKWOOD RETAINS!

Blackwood lets go of the hurricanrana and falls face-first to the canvas as Burns kicks out but it's much too late.

Lance:

Wow! Blackwood changed it up! Oscar countered the Soul Breaker. He avoided the Gaelic Storm on many occasions! Blackwood has some 'flippy' stuff in his arsenal. He doesn't break it out often but this... was something Burns was unable to counter!

The FIST crawls to a corner of the ring while Oscar Burns sits up, staring at the canvas. The crowd is electric as Blackwood's new theme plays and Hector retrieves The Noble Raider's title. Narravo is about to hand the belt to Gage Blackwood who's sitting in the corner but Oscar Burns comes over and snatches the title from the referee. A louder chorus of boos begins.

DDK:

Oscar!? C'mon now!

Blackwood pulls himself up with use of the ropes. Both men are running on fumes by now but given the fact Burns took Blackwood's possession, Gage is using the last of it to get in his opponent's face.

Burns continues to look at the FIST, not at Blackwood. The announcers maintain radio silence.

And then Twists and Turns pushes the championship into Blackwood's chest. The rightful winner takes it and tilts his head before Burns drops to his knees, rolls out of the ring and limps up the rampway. Navarro wanders over, wanting to raise Gage's hand but the FIST shakes his head no and rests in the turnbuckle.

DDK:

This has been a HELL of a night! I'm Darren Keebler and for my partner, Lance Warner... goodnight everyone. The road to DEFIANCE Road begins next week!

Burns makes it to the top of the rampway, turns around for a moment to let out a huff and then makes his exit. Meanwhile, Blackwood puts the title around his waist and breathes heavily before checking his forehead and the trademark scar above his left eye. It stopped bleeding a while ago. The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner before Blackwood exits the ring himself and walks up the LCD ramp, mouthing off to the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

Gage two, Oscar zero.

The serious looking Edinburgh native is limping worse than Oscar was. However, he ascends the rampway... victorious.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.