

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "Go" by The Chemical Brothers ♪*](#)

The scene switches to inside the Smoothie King Center in New Orleans, Louisiana, the true HOME of DEFIANCE! A plethora of fireworks explode from the DEFCON rampway revealing a massive FIST logo in the center of the stage while the NOLA The Faithful are FIRED UP! The pay-per-view theme blares on the PA as cameras catch as many signs as possible.

I FLEXED IN A BOX ONCE. JUST ONCE.

MvW WHATS YOUR FFXIV USERNAME

SOCIETY IS ONE MASSIVE #REZINSIGHTING

REZIN FOREVER, OSCAR NEVER

I HAVE PHOTOS OF TERI MELTON WEARING A DOG COLLAR, DM ME, BRO

NO AP FOR ME

LA FAMILIA LO ES TODO

THIS IS DEX JOY'S NIGHT, DEX JOY'S TIME

MALAK GARLAND BLOCKED ME ON TWITTER AND IT WAS AWESOME

LINDSAY TROY DESERVES YOUR RESPECT

TOM MORROW, TOM MORROW, WE HATE YA, TOM MORROW, WE HOPE YOU JUST FADE AWAY.

TOOOOOOOOOOM MORROW, TOM MORROW, WE HATE YA, TOM MORROW, WE HOPE YOU JUST

FAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADE.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY.

JASON REEVES WALKS AMONG US

A JASON REEVES DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF CANNOT STAND

LMAO DEX (if cOnOr wins)

LMAO CONOR (if Dex wins)

DEFCON MAIN EVENT AKA I JUST HOPE BOTH ASSHOLES HAVE FUN

JASON REEVES 2: REEVES

VAE VICTIS CAN'T HOLD ALL THE GOLD

LITTERCON IS BACK

JUSTICE FOR SCOTTY FLASH

SGT. SAFETY IS MY TROJAN DADDY

BRING BACK THE SGT SAFETY DEFMOJI OR FACE OSHA FINES

**LINDSAY TROY WAS DISAPPOINTING. EVERYONE ELSE WAS WONDERFUL
BUTCH VIC TOUCHES STICKS
FLY, FRENCHIE, FLY!
CHRIS TRUTT: EMBEDDED
IM HERE ON NIGHT 2 BUT I STILL LIKE NIGHT 1 WRESTLERS!
LETS GO DEXY! (CONOR SUCKS!)
LETS GO CONOR! (WE HATE DEX!)
IF REZIN LOSES IM TEARING THIS PLACE DOWN
WHO HAS THE BEST FACIAL HAIR IN VAE VICTIS HOLD UP 1 FOR KEYES 2 FOR BURNS 3 FOR SONNY 4
FOR CLAY...WAIT IS CLAY STILL HERE?
WAIT THERE'S A DOG COLLAR MATCH???
STRANGER FRUIT MAY GROW AND GROW BUT I PLANTED A SEED, A FLOWER, AND A ROSE TO FIND
OUT WHICH ONE GROWS AND IT'S A SECRET NO ONE KNOWS
HELP TURN THAT TRIPLE L INTO A TRIPLE W WHEN YOU DONATE TO THE LOST LITTLE LUCHADOR
FUND TODAY**

The scene switches to the announce table with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome one and all to DEFCON Night Two! After a history-making Night One, Night Two looks to pick up where we left off!

Lance:

Here is the card!

DOG COLLAR: JJ DIXON vs. NATHAN EYE

DANGEROUS MIX vs. FLEX IN A BOX

LADDER MATCH FOR DEFIANCE CONTRACT: ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. MICHAEL VAN WARREN

TITANES FAMILIA vs. TEAM HOSS

#1 CONTENDER TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: DEX JOY vs. CONOR FUSE

SPECIAL ATTRACTION:

MALAK GARLAND vs. FLYING FRENCHIE

FIST of DEFIANCE: LINDSAY TROY (C) vs. ALVARO de VARGAS

Lance:

And our opener...

THE FINAL FAVOR, FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: OSCAR BURNS (C) vs. REZIN

DDK:

We've got a HUGE match coming up. Perhaps the biggest match in the history of DEFIANCE's coveted Favoured Saints Championship when the defending champion, Oscar Burns, puts it on the line against his long-time rival, Rezin!

Lance:

The history of these two goes all the way back to Acts of DEFIANCE and the preceding ACTS Tournament last year! Rezin was the finalist coming up short against our current FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy. Afterwards, the former two-time FIST Oscar Burns attacked Rezin and joined Vae Victis in the same night! Since then, Rezin has made it his singular focus... at least when his attention can be put to it... by taking out Vae Victis one by one!

DDK:

But Oscar Burns hasn't made it easy for him by any stretch. A loss to Burns at ACTS of DEFIANCE saw Rezin question himself and leave the company for a few months, only to make a shocking return at DEFIANCE Road! In that time, Oscar Burns bought stock in our parent company, Favoured Saints, and earned the title of Creative Consultant with the company, not to mention taking the Favoured Saints Title from Dr. Ned Reform!

Lance:

That's right. And with that new power of his, Burns has booked Rezin in a number of matches built solely to deter The Escape Artist in his quest to take the fight to Vae Victis, but nothing has stopped him. Tonight, we have what is being billed as The Final Favour! If Rezin wins, he becomes the Favoured Saints Champion AND Oscar Burns loses his stocks in Favoured Saints! However, if Rezin loses... he's gone from the company for good.

DDK:

BIG, BIG stakes to start off the show for Night Two! Can Rezin strike the first major blow against Vae Victis since their rise to power tonight? Or will one of DEFIANCE's biggest stars in Oscar Burns put the final nail in Rezin's coffin? Let's get right to the action with ring announcer Darren Quimbey ready to introduce the competitors!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in a dapper-looking suit ready for the introductions...

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores ♪

Feedback fading in over the PA precludes the lights gradually dimming, and a nondescript brick wall appearing on the DEFIATron. The wall begins to quake in time to the music as the thumping drums and bass playing through the song's intro. Then, as the guitars rip into the first verse, the wall collapses into a destructive cascade of mortar, muck, and mayhem. When the dust settles, five scratched letters carve their way out of the black void that lies beyond.

R E Z I N

The curtains draw aside, and emerging from the back are two rope-hauling trains of Rainbow Reapers leading something BIG out onto the stage. Moments later, it comes into the light... and the Faithful POP as the Escape Artist makes a grand return to the city of New Orleans riding out in a what else but PADDLE STEAMER!

...well, a miniature paddle steamer, in any case. There's a possibility that it's just a stolen parade float that was repurposed into an old-fashioned riverboat. Upon which, standing upon the upper deck of the vessel, and for some reason dressed like a Peruvian rubber baron in a reference that's likely to go over everyone's heads, REZIN stands tall, confident, and DEFIANT!

DDK:

"The Escape Artist" Rezin returns to NOLA in STYLE, in as jaw-dropping of an entrance as we'd ever expect from the notorious aerial arsonist! How did he get that thing in here?!

Lance:

I heard they had to drag it over a mountain. On that note, condolences to the families of Reapers Cornflower and Russet, whom I was told tragically perished during the transport process.

The Reapers drop the ropes and head down the aisle, forming ranks along either side. Rezin takes a fierce drag off a spliff wedged in an old-fashioned cigarette holder before tossing it aside and vaulting from his balcony to the stage below in a show of astounding agility. As he sticks the landing, he thrusts his arms out to the sides in perfect sync with the pyro.

BOOM!!

Mushroom clouds rise off the sides of the stage. Down the rampway, the Reapers unsheathe their color-coordinated glowy kendo sticks and form a chromatic saber arch leading to the ring, through which the Goat Bastard struts and swaggers, feeding off the energy from the fans. He makes it halfway down when--

Rezin:

Hang on... my VOIDY SENSE IS TINGLING!

Rezin twirls around to look back up the ramp. Sure enough the weight in the untethered mini-riverboat is somehow shifting *forward*, and on the verge of rolling down the rampway! Realizing they're on the verge of being flattened, Rezin's goes into outright panic-mode, until one of the Reapers keeps his head before the situation can turn dire.

Reaper Green:

REAPERS... ATTAAAAACK!!

Dropping their wish.com-level lightsabers where they stand, all of the Reapers burst into action and charge back up the rampway. They sprawl out before the soon-to-be-out-of-control vehicle and, amazingly, succeed in stopping it from rolling forward!

DDK:

Well that was a close call!

The Reapers flash the Goat Bastard a series of reassuring thumbs up, and begin the process of pushing his entry-vehicle back the other way. Bullet successfully dodged, Rezin breathes a quick sigh of relief, turns back to the ring, and--

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

Trips over all of the stupid kendo stick things carelessly left behind by the Reapers and wildly careens the rest of the way down the ramp in an endless tumble, eventually sliding into ringside and disappearing under the ring apron with only the bottoms of his legs visible.

Lance:

Well... perhaps not close enough.

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win! His SIXTIETH win in DEFIANCE! More recently...

Two DEFy Award wins in 2022! Match of the Year vs. Dex Joy at Maximum DEFIANCE 2022 and Faction of the Year as part of Vae Victis!

And a few more highlights to add...

Oscar Burns defeating Rezin at ACTS of DEFIANCE... (the Clay Byrd debut and interference being completely left out)

And Oscar Burns winning the Favoured Saints Title.

And now... showing the DEFIANCE and Favoured Saints logo!

Then finally...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns in latest change in gear. He wears a burgundy red and black coat with long black tights with "DEFIANCE" down one leg and now.... "Favoured Saints" on the other in a light blue. And now, holding The Platinum Shovel proudly! And... the Favoured Saints Championship!

DDK:

Oscar Burns wearing all this hardware proudly! After Rezin took the Golden Shovel from him months ago and Declan tried to take The Platinum Shovel, he has been very selective with its appearances, but tonight, it's all out for DEFCON!

Lance:

Shockingly, this is Oscar's first defense since winning the Favoured Saints Title. Remember that four successful defenses allows the titleholder to cash in for a shot at the Southern Heritage Title. I suspect since his fellow Vae Victis member Henry Keyes holds the title currently, that Burns has been in no hurry to defend.

DDK:

Indeed.

With faithful sidekick Butcher Victorious next to him, Oscar Burns makes the walk down the ramp as Rezin watches the elitist, pompous champion makes his way to the ring. When he gets there, Butcher grabs a towel and wipes down the steps quickly before slapping them for a sign of approval. He gestures to Oscar as he slowly walks up the steps. Burns sheds his robe and hands the shovel off to Butcher before entering the ring. Oscar then takes his place in the corner. His face is completely cold and stoic.

DDK:

Oscar looks to be in the zone tonight. Rezin says tonight, he wanted the old Oscar Burns. The one who was willing to fight anyone, anywhere, anytime. I hope he knows what he's asking for. Oscar is the first former FIST to hold the Favoured Saints Championship so again, putting himself in rarified air.

Lance:

Here we go... Darren Quimbey for the intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is your opening contest of DEFCON Night Two and it is for The Favoured Saints Championship! Per the stipulations, know as The Final Favour... if Rezin wins the title, Oscar Burns also loses his shares in Favoured Saints! If Oscar Burns retains... Rezin's career in DEFIANCE is over!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar smiles at the prospect of this happening in his corner.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger... from Indidanapolis, Indiana, weighing in at 205 pounds... he is the former three-time

Favoured Saints Champion... **REZIN!**

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAA!

Rezin goes ape and climbs the second turnbuckle near him to take in the massive response he's earned from The Faithful! He jumps down and then looks up to Oscar, gesturing at the Favoured Saints Title he holds.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, accompanied by Butcher Victorious... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... he is a two-times former FIST of DEFIANCE! He holds more wins than anyone else in DEFIANCE history... he is the reigning and defending Favoured Saints Champion... and HE! IS! DEFIANCE! And Favoured Saints...

Oscar holds the title over his head.

Darren Quimbey:

OSCAR BURNS!

The defending champion steps forward and practically **SHOVES** the belt in Rezin's face, telling him it is as close to the title as he will ever get again. Rezin shoves him away but DEFIANCE's head referee Benny Doyle breaks the two up. Burns folds up the strap properly and then hands the title over to Benny Doyle. Butcher yells words of encouragement from his corner.

DDK:

Rezin has waited months for this opportunity to get Oscar Burns in the ring with him one-on-one... but was that a mistake? Can he finally overcome Oscar Burns one-on-one tonight or is his career with DEFIANCE done?

The two get ready to lock up...

DING DING

The Escape Artist tries to catch Burns off-guard early going for a single-leg, but Oscar keeps his distance and stays away from the former three-time Favoured Saints Champion while Butcher watches at ringside.

Lance:

With so much history going back to the middle of last year, you'd think both men would come out swinging?

DDK:

But with so much at stake in this match for BOTH men, neither wants to be the first person to make a crucial mistake, either. Rezin said he wanted the old Burns and if he's back in his old ways, he'll want to keep this match as close to the mat as possible.

Burns tries to go low, but Rezin rolls across the mat... then rolls again... and rolls again. He gets back up and tells Burnsie to bring it, but DEFIANCE Himself isn't taking the bait at the moment, trying to keep his composure. They get in close. Burns...

PFFT!

...Spits on the chest of The Escape Artist!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out of fighting instinct, Rezin goes wild and swings at Oscar, but he counts on that as he grabs his arm and then takes control of Rezin's wrist!

Lance:

That was both despicable AND disgusting! Burns spitting on Rezin... all to gain an advantage?

DDK:

But it worked, though. Oscar Burns knows exactly what he's doing when it comes to that ring.

Burns holds the arm and the Kiwi cackles as he keeps Rezin all locked up. He grabs the arm and then tries to contort the arm in ways not meant to bend, but The Escape Artist shows what gives him his name when he stands up, steps over Burns' own arm and then rolls him over with a snapmare... then into a quick crucifix pin!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Oscar FRANTICALLY kicks out quickly, rolling away from Rezin as Hell's Favorite Hoosier kneels over on the mat, flashing Burnsie a DEFIANT toothy grin. Burns slaps the mat in frustration!

DDK:

Rezin was almost able to catch Burns for a second! Both men are trying to be careful with their moves in this match! For Burns, he loses a title AND his position as the Favoured Saints' Creative Consultant. For Rezin... he's out of a job.

Lance:

And anything less than a perfect match and Rezin's career is toast.

Oscar circles up again with Rezin, but when he moves forward, Rezin sidesteps him and delivers his own cackle as he slaps on a headlock! He keeps Oscar at bay for the moment and tries to lead the bigger Kiwi around the ring, however, Burns quickly rolls back to the mat and rolls Rezin right off him. When both men meet on their feet, Oscar jumps up and STEPS right on Rezin's hand!

Lance:

Rezin tried to outwrestle Oscar on the mat, but Burns adjusts quickly!

Oscar pulls Rezin's other hand while still holding his foot down on the first and PULLS back on the arm, bending Rezin backwards! Rezin lets out a howl as Oscar continues trying to use submission work early to torture the former three-time Favoured Saints Champion. Oscar pulls back... then BENDS the fingers back, forcing the challenger to shout out louder!

DDK:

We've been saying it... the old Oscar is out!

Lance:

He's showing no remorse for anything he's put Rezin through. He and Vae Victis have been acting like they're so far above everyone else in DEFIANCE and whether we agree with Rezin's methods or not, his heart is in the right place. Vae Victis need to be brought down a peg.

DDK:

That they do, but much easier said than done! Rezin trying to escape...

Oscar transitions right into a modified standing surfboard. Rezin tries to twirl himself around in order to break free from the grip of Burnsie, but the current FS champ moves along with him to keep him from making his escape. The Faithful watch Oscar Burns work the magic that has helped propel him to great heights in DEFIANCE as he works over Rezin. The Escape Artist growls and then looks up before he jumps forward... and crashes to the mat after the flip, perhaps going for a mule kick to escape and coming up short.

Lance:

That was... something...

DDK:

No, wait! Rezin kips up to his feet while Burns holds the arms... he throws Burns up and over! He used momentum to escape that standing surfboard!

Burns looks on in shock when he tries to get up, only for Rezin to take him down to surprise him with another pinfall attempt in the form of a quick jackknife!

ONE...

TWO... NO/a-

The defending Favoured Saints Champion kicks out, but freaks out when he realizes Rezin's almost countered him twice. Oscar seethes quietly as Butcher on the outside is trying to give him words of encouragement.

DDK:

Rezin looking for any opening he can take which is what he needs to do against an athlete of Oscar Burns' caliber! All it takes is three seconds to either win it all or lose it all!

Lance:

Truer words have never been spoken and this is just the OPENING match here tonight, Darren!

After Oscar and Butcher complete their little huddle in the corner, Oscar eyes Rezin who tries shaking some feeling back into his arm before Oscar rushes in for a single leg of his own! He drags Rezin to the canvas and then goes right after the arm again, this time keeping Rezin where he needs him. The Escape Artist rolls forward and scoots to his feet before grabbing Burns and twisting his arm!

DDK:

I don't believe it! Rezin trying to meet Oscar at his own game and more than holding his own!

Lance:

Beneath that crusty exterior of his is both a heart of gold AND a veteran who has been doing this deceptively longer than one might think!

Rezin grabs Oscar by the arm, but Oscar THUNKS his opponent upside the head with a nasty elbow smash that catches him in place! The man who hopes to be Vae Victis Kryptonite gets rattled when Burns hooks him by the neck and then tries to take him over with a suplex...

DDK:

Burns with the cheap shot... No! Rezin reverses the suplex into a small package!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

The Faithful are still buzzing after the third consecutive time that Rezin has almost eked out the pin on Oscar... but he gets STOPPED once both men reach their feet, courtesy of an extra stiff Hard Out Headbutt from the champion! Burns gets jeered by The Faithful.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar quietly scowls out into the thousands in attendance.

Oscar Burns: *[snarling]*

...urns.

DDK:

Rezin gets floored with the Hard Out Headbutt! And now where's Oscar taking him?

Lance:

I think any hopes of this staying as a technical contest inside the ring are over!

Oscar picks up the challenger and ragdolls him right through the ropes! Rezin takes a nasty spill out to the floor as a seething Oscar slides out after him.

Oscar Burns:

Move.

Butcher Victorious gets out of his boss' way and then grabs Rezin by the arm...

SMASHING HIS LEFT ARM INTO THE STEEL STEPS!

Lance:

This is awful! Oscar Burns now trying to supplement that arm work he did earlier by using the outside environment to his advantage!

DDK:

Oscar isn't playing around. His title and powers as the Creative Consultant of Favoured Saints are on the line here tonight!

Burns then grabs Rezin once again...

THUNK!

And SHOVES him by the arm ring into the ring post! Rezin is hunched up against it by the arm while Oscar rolls quickly into the ring and then back outside to restart Benny Doyle's mandatory count.

DDK:

Burns with some quick thinking here tonight! He's done playing around with Rezin. But not once has he resorted to help from Clay Byrd or Butcher Victorious. He's doing this himself... through questionable means.

Burns grabs Rezin's arm as he's up against the ring post, then PULLS on his arm! Rezin howls out again in pain as Oscar shouts at him.

Oscar Burns:

Get... the hell... out of MY DEFIANCE!

After the tortuous few seconds he's allowed before Benny Doyle demands a break, Burns relinquishes the hold and then walks a few steps away from The Escape Artist.

DDK:

I've never seen one man so driven to be rid of someone else in DEFIANCE. It was only a couple short years ago when Mikey Unlikely retained his title to oust "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas from DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Oscar fancies himself as the literal face of the company. And anything less than his insanely high standards has no place in these walls. He's gotta hate the fact that people gravitate to a never-say-die attitude like Rezin.

Oscar sees Rezin trying to pick himself up... then charges as fast as he can to CRACK Rezin in the chest with a

running knee strike just as he tries to get up! Rezin goes tumbling backwards, still holding his jaw as Burns rolls back into the ring. He doesn't pay any mind to what's happening to Rezin as Benny Doyle starts the new count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Rezin is trying to stand up, but is having a hard time doing so as he favors both his arm and his chest.

DDK:

Would Burns really stoop to a countout win to keep the title?

Lance:

Normally, no... but he would. A loss is a loss here. If Rezin is counted out, his career is over!

FIVE!

SIX!

Rezin tries to stand, but is still reeling from the recent attacks from the champion. Oscar counts along with Benny Doyle. Butcher does the same by holding up his fingers!

SEVEN!

Oscar Burns and Butcher count again.

EIGHT!

Rezin pulls up on the ring skirt... but almost slips!

NINE!

...THEN JUST MAKES IT INTO THE RING!

RRRRRAAAH-BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Rezin made it right in... but Oscar goes right for the gutwrench!

Just as Rezin slides back in, Oscar swarms all over the challenger and then dumps him into the canvas with a gutwrench suplex. The Kiwi rolls through and takes Rezin with him before rolling into a second big suplex! The Faithful cheer Oscar as he rolls a third time and plants the challenger with a third consecutive suplex!

DDK:

Oscar Burns going for his first cover of the match!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Rezin kicks out and The Faithful cheer while Burns can't believe his luck!

Lance:

That attack on the outside... the knee strike... the suplexes... Oscar is pulling whatever he can think of out of his back pocket to win the match, but nothing is sticking!

DDK:

Now Oscar, back on the arm!

The Favoured Saints Champion grabs the arm and then drives down a vicious elbow into the joint! He winces in pain when Burns smacks him across the jaw with a big European uppercut! Rezin falls to a knee, but Burns hangs onto the arm.

Oscar Burns:

You have no place here, you burnout! I've been for this promotion for far longer! These people don't love you. They love me!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar almost looks a little taken aback by the reaction of the crowd, but turns his ire towards Rezin with another stiff elbow smash! He crumbles back to a knee, but Oscar once again keeps him by the arm and maintains arm control. He pulls Rezin up... but Rezin fires back with a big right hand! The champion is caught off-guard and the challenger fires back with more rapid rights! Burns finally lets go of his hold as Rezin fires himself up!

DDK:

Rezin is fighting back! Off the ropes he goes!

Rezin charges and Burns tries to stop him off one side for a running clothesline, but the challenger ducks! Rezin darts off the opposite ropes, then The Escape Artist leaps up and tries for a hurricanrana...

DDK:

No! Oscar counters with a powerbomb! Rezin gets drilled back to the canvas!

Lance:

Every time Rezin tries something, Oscar stymies his momentum completely!

Rezin is blinking rapidly and staring up at the buzzing lights while Oscar is checking his jaw after the punches from Rezin moments before. He growls and then snatches Rezin up by the skullet before whipping him to the ropes! He misses once! Burns tries a jumping knee on the second pass, but Rezin rolls underneath! When Burns lands, he turns around, right into a dropkick to the knee from The Escape Artist!

DDK:

Rezin counters! He stops Burnsie in his tracks!

Rezin jumps up and rolls over a hobbling Burns right into a huge victory roll!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Lance:

Rezin tried to steal the match again... both men on their feet!

Rezin hits the ropes and has something in mind, but the only thing that goes through it is a jumping knee strike from Oscar! He twirls around from the impact and crashes on the canvas to jeers from the crowd!

DDK:

Another big comeback stopped, courtesy of the jumping knee! Oscar slides into position! Cover on Rezin? Is his DEFIANCE career over?

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Rezin shoots up... off the canvas, you judgmental monsters. He snarls and takes in deep breaths, fighting on adrenaline! Oscar growls and angrily glares at Benny Doyle with two fingers raised.

DDK:

Another kickout by Rezin! He's not staying down tonight! Vae Victis have imposed their will on this roster long enough and Rezin's going to keep fighting or go down swinging!

Lance:

Likewise, though, Oscar isn't letting him get any traction going!

Oscar goes back to the arm.

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

Stomp stomp stomp-stomp-stomp!

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

Stomp stomp stomp-stomp-stomp!

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

Stomp stomp stomp-stomp-stomp!

DDK:

He's gonna destroy that arm of Rezin's before this match is over!

After all the stomping, Burns kneels over the chest of Rezin and goes for a cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Rezin gets the shoulder up, but Oscar quickly switches to a cross arm breaker in the middle of the ring and keeps it locked in!

Lance:

Burns knew that kickout was coming and segued right into a cross arm breaker! Rezin is trying to fight this, but if Oscar gets it fully locked in, this one is done!

REZIN! REZIN! REZIN! REZIN! REZIN!

THUNDEROUS chants for the challenger ring out throughout the Smoothie King Center.

DDK:

He has to tap out at this point! Oscar Burns could effectively end his professional career by breaking that arm!

Lance:

Or, he'll end that career via tap out.

DDK:

Good point, Lance. It's a lose-lose situation for the Escape Artist! He has no recourse but to fight his way through this!

In inconceivable agony, Rezin screams! He spasms! He sprawls! He scrambles! He swears! He sputters! He spits! He squirms! He squeezes! He scrounges! But despite his best efforts, the Goat Bastard is no closer to the ropes than when he began!

Desperation fills his wild and bulging eyes. Is this how it ends for Hell's Favorite Hoosier? To be fair, there are worse ways to go than being outwrestled and outclassed by one of the greatest pure technical talents to ever grace the ring.

But that ain't PUNK ROCK...

DDK:

Rezin is pushing himself off the mat!

Lance:

Unbelievable!

DDK:

If he can only get up far enough to get the leverage to--NO!!

Burns' core strength wins out as he tilts his weight forward and forces Rezin back to the mat. Outside the ring, Butch Vic crows in triumph, and even DEFIANCE Himself grins ear to ear as he can smell the victory closing in. Meanwhile, Rezin's eyes begin to roll back as the pain becomes too much to bear.

Lance:

I think Rezin is fading!

DDK:

I think you may be right, Lance! Rezin's attempts to hold out may be in vain, and there's no telling what lasting damage is being done to that arm while--WAIT! REZIN BRIDGES!!

The Goat Bastard's feet find their footing and push off the mat! Before Burns can react, Rezin uses the leverage to ROLL his body backwards and the arm slips free!

Lance:

The Escape Artist ESCAPES!

Oscar finds himself in a vulnerable state on his hands and knees, but before he can react, Rezin pounces across his back.

DDK:

OKLAHOMA ROLL!!

ONE...

TWO...

THR--NOOOO!!

Burns is back on his feet in a heartbeat. Rezin scrambles to his feet as well, a hair slower, thanks in part to the fact that his arms are now just large, limp noodles hanging off the sides of his torso. Oscar slugs him with another European Uppercut that connects so hard, it sends Rezin pirouetting into a 360 degree stupor, following through by snagging him by the skull and tossing him toward the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Rezin goes head-first into the corner, now on rubber legs as he stumbles back to Burns... Oscar waiting for him, and VAULTS the Goat Bastard with a released Belly-to-Belly Suplex!

Lance:

Burns is not messing around anymore, throwing Rezin around that ring like a... hang on a sec...

Burns pivots and readies himself, but does not find Rezin where he expects to see him lying on the mat. That is because Rezin never made it there.

When he looks up, he instead finds that Rezin has somehow found his way onto the top rope.

He gets as far as thinking the words "How did he get up--", with the "there?" to close it off being grievously cut off.

That is because Rezin is not "there" anymore. Rather, he's on top of him.

DDK:

REZINSAULT FROM THE TOP ROPE LAYS OUT OSCAR BURNS FLAT IN THE RING!!

Veteran instinct kicks in as Burns, unexpectedly finding himself on his back, rolls Rezin off his chest. But as he soon discovers, the Escape Artist had no intention of going for the pin. Instead, Rezin pounces onto the ropes and vaults himself into another picture perfect backflip.

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD REZINSAULT!! Back to the mat goes Burns!

Lance:

And back to his feet goes Rezin! It's complete moonsault madness in there right now!

DDK:

The animal has been let loose from its cage, and there's a STANDING REZINSAULT to cap off a spontaneous flurry of backflips! Now Rezin tries to hook the leg! Could he have it here?!

ONE...

TWO...

THR--NO!!

Rezin's arm fails to keep the leverage applied on Oscar's shoulders, who powers out of the pin and rolls through with an applied leg scissor around the shoulder, attempting yet another cross arm breaker. But Rezin won't be fooled twice, snatching his arm out of Oscar's hands before he can get a good grip and rolling out of reach.

Lance:

Quick thinking on Rezin's part, given the damage that arm has already sustained.

DDK:

Good point, Lance! He knows he can't let Oscar trap him on the mat again. He has to keep his distance and quicken the pace! Rezin off the ropes now to build up some speed! He's swinging for the fences with a running CLOVEN HOOF KICK--

But the Favoured Saints Champion is waiting for him and ducks through! Rezin's leg sails wildly through the air, pitching him into a spin that puts him right in position for a stiff HEADBUTT by Burns!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, what a headbutt!

Lance:

That may have knocked Rezin's lights out!

Rezin is left staggered and listlessly standing on both legs, eyes rolled back into his head. A slight breeze could knock him to the mat at this point. Before that can happen, Burns pulls him in and clutches the wrist of Rezin's embattled arm through his legs.

DDK:

Burns putting this one away with the HEAD-DROP-O-NO-NO-NOOOO Rezin BITES BACK with an elbow from his free arm!

The stiff shot to the face knocks Burns away, but the Escape Artist can't help but wince as he further agitates the arm. Before Oscar can fully recover, Rezin repositions his feet, traps the arm, and locks up the head...

DDK:

HERE GOES REZIN, OFF THE REVERSAL, AND INTO THE VOOOIII-OI-OI-OIOIOIOOOHHH NO!!

...but the veteran's survival instincts kick in!

DDK:

Burns is FIGHTING IT!

Lance:

And Rezin's arms don't have the strength left to hold him in place!

Teeth clenched in pain, Rezin's arms quiver as he struggles to keep hold of him, but the damage to his arms proves to be too much as DEFIANCE himself powers out and forces the Goat Bastard forward.

Before Rezin can react, the Favoured Saints Champion jumps onto his back, tangles his legs around his hip and head, and wrings the arm like his life depended on it.

DDK:

GRAPS OF WRATH!! BURNS HAS THE GRAPS OF WRATH LOCKED IN!!

Rezin:

AAAAAAHHHHH!!

DDK:

Rezin is in a world of AGONY right now! Oscar Burns is looking like he's trying to pry that arm free from the socket!

Rezin:

AAAAAAHHHH!!

Lance:

This is exactly what Oscar Burns wanted! He set the stage for this perfectly! Now all that wear and tear on the arm of Rezin is paying off in this pivotal moment!

DDK:

I'm not sure Rezin has what it takes to hold on! What's more important to him right now: his arm, or his career?!

The face of Oscar Burns is stretched into a raging, insane grin of egomaniacal triumph. He's done it once again, and nothing can stop him! Outside the ring, Butcher Victorious is emphatically hopping up and down and pumping his arms into the air.

Rezin:

AAAAAAHHHH!!

BOOOOOOO!!

Oscar Burns:

--OOOUUURRNSS!!

Rezin:

AAAAAAHHHH!!

BOOOOOOO!!

Oscar Burns:

--OOOUUURRNSS!!

Rezin:

AAAAAAHHHH!!

DDK:

How is Rezin HOLDING ON?!

Burns is without an answer, but doesn't need to know. He pulls harder in his direction, looking to bring his unfortunate prey off balance and take them off their feet where he can proceed to easily squeeze and stretch the remaining fight out of them there on the canvas. *HIS* canvas.

Rezin, knowing DAMB well that the mat is the last place he wants to be, counters the shift in weight by leaning the other way. Burns pulls back, and the tug of war of an ever-shifting center of gravity puts Rezin into a turning motion as he struggles (and gradually fails) to maintain his balance.

DDK:

Seeing some movement here! Rezin is trying to fight his way out, but if Burns can get him to the mat, I don't think even HE can escape this one!

Lance:

It's a matter of keeping on his feet, which he's done so far, but I think he's about to topple over!

Indeed, as having a man thirty pounds heavier than himself entangled on his back is making the effort of staying on his

feet all the more precarious. Rezin continues to turn in a small circle as he continuously repositions his footing, both bodies continuing to waver back and forth as they struggle to shift weight one way or the other.

Rezin's slow rotation quickly accelerates into a spin...

DDK:

He's losing control in there!

Lance:

And strangely enough, he's going with it!

By now, any attempt at maintaining balance has been losing. Rezin's feet are simply pushing off of whatever canvas that happens to be beneath them. As the two twirl around the ring like a precariously balancing spinning top, Rezin's agonized screams wail out like a pivoting siren.

Rezin:

AAAaaaAAAaaaAAHH!!

As do the screams of Oscar Burns, the world blurring around him, hanging onto the wildly whirling dervish for dear life.

Oscar Burns:

AAAaaaAAAaaaAAHH!!

Rezin:

AAAaaaAAAaaaAAHH!!

Oscar Burns:

AAAaaaAAAaaaAAHH!!

Without any other option, Burns RELEASES the Graps of Wrath!

DDK:

BURNS BREAKS THE HOLD!

Violently, they come apart, and centripetal force sends the champion flying into one corner and the challenger careening into the other! The crowd cheers thunderously through the break in the action while both men slowly recover.

Lance:

What a battle!

DDK:

The career of the Escape Artist, and the power of the man who calls himself DEFIANCE, are both on the line here tonight!

Oscar rises to his feet first, but immediately loses balance from the dizziness and goes back down after a brief twirl of disorientation. Across the ring, Rezin is moving only on muscle memory. Weakly, his arms reach up and grip the ropes at the top turnbuckle. His body shakes as he uses every last bit of his strength to pull himself up. He's almost there, when the strength in his arms fails again, and his face hits every turnbuckle pad on the way back down.

DDK:

Rezin's arms are completely blown at this point! He's no better off now than when he was handcuffed against Arthur Pleasant all those weeks ago!

Lance:

It's definitely an un-FAVOUR-able predicament, if you'll pardon the pun. How does he manage to get one over on a certified wrestling master like Oscar Burns without the use of his arms?

Burns is back on his feet, shaking his head until the world stops spinning around him. Rezin has managed to turn himself around. With his back against the corner, he pushes his way back onto his feet, cradling both arms close to his body. When things come back into focus for Oscar, he moves in to finish the job.

DDK:

Oscar charging the corner... NO!! Rezin with a boot to the gut! Rezin, going... UP?!

The Goat Bastard parkours off the bottom buckle and the back of Oscar's head to boost himself to the top turnbuckle! By the time Burns rears up, Rezin is AIRBORN!

DDK:

REZINRANAAAAA!!!

Rezin forward somersaults off the top rope and brings the Favoured Saints Champion crashing down to the mat!

DDK:

HE HOOKS THE LEGS!!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

OSCAR ROLLS THROUGH!!

From the outside, Butcher Victorious extendss his arm into the ring, gifting Burns his hand, and all the precious leverage that goes with it. Benny Doyle, checking Rezin's shoulders, doesn't see it.

DDK:

BURNS NOW WITH THE PIN!

ONE...

Oscar REACHES for Butch's hand...

TWO...

...and JUST MISSES IT by a HAIR!

DDK:

REZIN ROLLS THROUGH WITH A REVERSAL OF HIS OWN!!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!! THREE!! THREEEEE!!!

Lance:

He got him!

DING DING DING

Bodies split apart. Rezin and Burns simultaneously sit up, exchanging matching agape stares of astonishment. They look to the official, who holds up three fingers to confirm the count, then back at each other. Reality sets in. The face of Oscar Burns turns red with rage, while Rezin gradually breaks up into a triumphant cackle.

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of the match... and NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION...

RRREEEEZZZZIIIIIIINNN!!!

DDK:

UNBELIEVABLE! The sonovagun pulled it off! That was an absolute blink-and-you'll-miss-it finish to a barn-burner of a wrestling match! Against all expectations, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns was outdone tonight in the Escape Artist, who keeps his DEFIANCE career ALIVE tonight, and begins what is now his FOURTH run with the Favoured Saints Championship!

Lance:

I have to wonder if that would have played out differently had Burns not tried to go for the assist from Butcher Victorious! Ironical how in that very pivotal moment, he broke down and decided to take advantage of outside help, and it cost him everything!

DDK:

Make no mistake, we saw Oscar Burns at his absolute best here tonight, but sheer grit and determination paid off for Rezin, in a battle where arguably everything was at stake!

Rezin is awarded the FS Title, and celebrates by throwing himself onto every turnbuckle in sight and whipping the belt wildly over his head to set the crowd ablaze! Burns and Butch are arguing with the referee, until Oscar sees the timekeeper in motion with a briefcase.

HIS briefcase.**Oscar Burns:**

...NO!

He scrambles to intercept the timekeeper, but the moment he hops from the ring he crashes into a wall of DEFsec.

Oscar Burns:

Hey! No! Out of the way, you morons! Do you know who I am? I'm your BOSS! Your MASTER! Because I am Favoured Saints! Because I am DEFIANCE! You hear me?! I... AM... DEFIANCE!

Security usher Burns and the groveling Butcher Victorious back up the ramp while the timekeeper makes the hand-off to Lance Warner, who has left the commentation station for ringside with a mic in hand. Warner enters the ring, joining the new Favoured Saints champ, his milktoast voice coming over the public address system.

Lance:

Rezin, congratulations on tonight's victory! I'm sure many are pleased that the Escape Artist will remain here in DEFIANCE, at least for the foreseeable future. Additionally, per the pre-match agreement made with the now former Creative Director to Favoured Saints Financial, you have now officially inherited Oscar Burns' stock portfolio!

Rezin's face warps into wide-eyed astonishment as the Faithful FAVOURably roar, clearly approving of this turn of events. On the rampway, Burns grievously wails.

Lance:

As unlikely as it may seem, I am obligated to inform you that *you*, Rezin--the Escape Artist, the dopesmoking daredevil, the aerial arsonist--now officially have a stake in Favoured Saints Financial. A *national bank*.

Rezin's head slowly turns until his face finds the camera. Dastardly spreading grin. Deviously bouncing eyebrows. The ominous rubbing of hands together. You can practically see the devil's horns popping through his hairless dome.

Lance:

And, by extension, DEFIANCE Wrestling as well!

Rezin snaps back to attention. While the reality of being a bank investor comes all sorts of creative anarchist opportunities to his disruption-oriented mind, having a hand in a wrestling company--*THIS* company--leaves him strangely humbled and overwhelmed.

Lance:

Which I suppose means that you arguably wield more power than anyone else in DEFIANCE right now. And, well... I have to admit, that is kind of unsettling to think about. Which is why I am compelled to ask right now, what will be your first major decision as Creative Director?

The Escape Artist stews and grumbles for a bit while thoughtfully scratching his beard, and finally comes around to the natural conclusion of "aw, eff it".

Rezin:

Baaaahhh, ya know what, Lance? It's FOUR-TWENTY! And right now, I plan on gettin' HIGH as HAWKWIND! I ain't really in the mind to be makin' decisions, so...

Snap!

Rezin:

Hey, here's an idea! How 'bout YOU?

Warner balks.

Lance:

ME?!

Rezin nods intensely.

Rezin:

YEAH! I think if anybody should be callin' the shots around here, it's YOU, Lance-Pants!

He points to Darren Quimbey.

Rezin:

And YOU TOO, Mayor Quimbey!

He points to Benny Doyle.

Rezin:

And YOU AS WELL, Benny Benzos, ya goddamb narcoleptic zebra!

He points to "Downtown" Darren Keebler back up at the commentation station.

Rezin:

And YOU UP THERE, Keebs, ya elvish, cookie-cookin' sum'bish!

DDK:

Wait... what?!

Rezin points down the camera.

Rezin:

Even Freddie the camera guy! ALL the workers of DEFIANCE! Erry last one of those stiff and stupendous erryday people that keep the gears of pro wrestlin' progress a-grindin' away! If ANYBODY should be takin' a cut of the pie, I think it should be YOU!!

He looks into the crowd.

Rezin:

I dunno, what do all ya PUNKS out there think?!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

Rezin:

All those opposed?

Oscar Burns:

NAY! NAY, I SAY! NAYYY!

Rezin:

Well, I guess the yeas have it!

Rezin shoves the briefcase into the commentator's hands.

Rezin:

I want these shares split evenly among the staff, Lance! I want it goin' to erry last janitor and popcorn vendor and pyro jockey they got back there back there! And then I want ya to tell 'em, "CONGRATS, fam! Y'all just became minority shareholders of the BEST GODDAMBED WRESTLIN' COMPANY ON THE MUTHAFUGGIN' PLANET!!"

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

Rezin tears open the briefcase and sends stock certificates bearing the Favoured Saints logo raining across the ring. Lance, Quimbey, and Doyle scramble after them when the crowing Goat Bastard scales another turnbuckle and hoists the Favoured Saints Championship over his head.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I... don't know what to say right now! This is such a momentous occasion for all of us here behind the scenes at DEFIANCE Wrestling!

The camera catches one final close-up of Rezin, whose wide, furious eyes DEFIANTly glare back.

He covers one eye...

...and points.

“.....keeeeeeeeeyyyyYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!”

DEFCON WATCHALONG 1

DDK:

What an incredible match we just saw to kick off the show! Rezin deals the first significant blow to Vae Victis by not only wrestling the Favoured Saints Championship away from Oscar Burns, but also his Favoured Saints stocks, only to turn around and give them back to the roster!

Lance:

What an incredible moment it was! Rezin Hood robbing from the rich to give to those less fortunate!

DDK:

Before we get to what will surely be a violent Dog Collar match between JJ Dixon and Nathan Eye, we kick it on over to an event we had going on last night on the DEFonDemand app as well as tonight! We've got some of our roster that you can follow along for the first-ever DEFCON Watchalong! We now send it over to interviewer Chris Trutt as well as one of DEFIANCE's newest staff members. One of our new production crew members...

Lance:

...Whose voice you heard on MY latest edition of DEF Radio...

DDK:

SuperDEFFan64!

And it's on to the digital lounge backstage where a nervous Chris Trutt and an exuberant SuperDEFFan64 are in attendance. Trutt has on a stylish (especially for him) black suit while the heavysset SuperDEFFan64 has on a black tux... and tuxedo shorts for the occasion.

Chris Trutt:

Hey, everyone! I'm Chris Trutt on UNCUT... but wait, it's DEFCON instead! And let me welcome you, SuperDEFFan64!

SuperDEFFan64:

Hello, Chris Trutt! That's right! The voice you've heard in press pools, DEF Radio and almost being killed during a Halloween Special is now here on your TV in DEFIANCE as a member of their digital team! 64th in SuperDEFFan name, but FIRST in DEF Fan's hearts! Suck it long and suck it hard!

Chris Trutt:

How are you feeling being a part of the team now?

SuperDEFFan64:

AMAZING! And we're here at the DEFCON Watchalong where we just saw a PERFECT wrestling match with Rezin overcoming one of the best to do it in Oscar Burns! Watchalong crew, how are you doing?!

Cut over to the big couch behind them! The entirety of everyone's favorite party boys, The Gulf Coast Connection of Crescent City Kid, Theodore Cain and "Wingman" Titus Campbell, partying along with Mardi Gras-themed noisemakers and other things.

Alongside them are No Fun Dean, who looks like he is not enjoying himself, his wife Slightly Fun Jen who is at least trying to enjoy himself.

Sgt. Safety in a corner all to himself, making sure the noise levels are at an acceptable number.

Fellow interviewer Jamie Sawyers, watching along.

Massive Cowboy, arms folded on the couch and studying intently.

Wrestling cosplayer/comedian cosplayer "Wise Ass" Tripp Wise, entertaining himself with jokes. Kyle Shields next to

him, shoving his cell phone in his face and trading dank memes back and forth.

And on the far end, a very, VERY grumpy Gentlemen's Agreement. Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe, annoyed by the cheering on the other end of the couch.

Theodore Cain:

WHOOOOOOOOO! DOG COLLAR!

Wingman Titus Campbell:

BLOOD LET'S GOOOOOOOOOOO!

Finally, Lord Sewell has heard enough.

Lord Sewell:

Please! A little decorum! Mr. Monroe and I are trying to take notes!

The two teams shout over one another as the camera returns to the foreground with Chris Trutt and SuperDEFFan64.

Chris Trutt:

And up next will be Nathan Eye and JJ Dixon in a Dog Collar match! On DEF Radio, we heard that JJ Dixon was the odds-on favorite, but Supe? Super... 64?

SuperDEFFan64:

You can call me Supes if you want! I like both of these guys! Both of them are freak athletes who would normally be jumping around one another, but tonight, we're getting a BLOODBATH instead! The real winners are gonna be us blood-lovers! You can follow us on the DEFonDemand app for live reactions as the show goes on! Darren, Lance, back to yoooooooouuuuuuuu!

Chris Trutt:

Hey! I wanted to do that part!

SuperDEFFan64:

Suck it, Trutternut Squash, I did it firrrrrrst!

Back to The Commentation Station.

DOG COLLAR: JJ DIXON vs. NATHAN EYE

Darren Quimbey:

And now is time for our next match... a dog collar match!

The crowd erupts at the mention of the stipulation.

Darren Quimbey:

The rules of the dog collar match are simple. Both combatants will be attached via a 15-foot dog collar! Pinfalls and submissions count anywhere! In addition, if the dog collar is removed from any man's neck at any time, his opponent will automatically win the match!

DDK:

A unique stipulation with some unique rules, Lance!

Lance:

Indeed. The last rule, about the dog collar needing to stay on either man's neck, was petitioned by Teri Melton on behalf of JJ Dixon. We've seen Nathan Eye act very hesitant in his desire to be in this type of match despite his initial acceptance of the stipulation. This is done to ensure that, well, he doesn't just run away after recent run-ins with JJ Dixon saw him do that very thing!

Darren Quimbey:

And now coming to the ring --

The lights go out and the crowd buzzes.

♪ In the Air Tonight by Phil Collins ♪

The DEFIA-Tron screen shows "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon and new BRAZEN signee Caitlyn Kinsey! Caitlyn's dressed in a floral print blouse over jeans. JJ's shirtless, wearing silver trunks with the phrase "Special Attraction" down each side, already with the dog collar around his neck!

Caitlyn:

Well, good luck tonight, JJ...

JJ Dixon:

I'll see you after. Maybe Whataburger tonight?

Caitlyn smiles.

Caitlyn:

Or we can just skip dinner!

The two start to tongue kiss right there. Then a scowling Teri Melton walks into the scene. She is in her Silver Vixen look -- silver hair with silver flecks in a netting, silver earrings, and a silver designer dress with a darker silver shawl over it. Teri loudly clears her throat and the new couple break their lips from each other. Caitlyn awkwardly waves goodbye as JJ gets into formation behind Teri as they begin their walk and talk.

JJ Dixon:

Allright alright allllriigghht! Nathan Eye, you fancy yourself an inspirational figure. And, my guy, it is true. You have absolutely inspired me. The story of these past few months was scheduled to be my continued ascent from being a guy about to lose his career to the top of the card -- from being a nobody to becoming That Dude, to becoming a main eventer worthy of the name The Special Attraction. Yet every step of the way, you've been tagging me. Coming after my shoulder. Running away. Dodging and ducking. Because of that, you have inspired me greatly. To punch you many times in the face with both my fists and this chain. To choke you. To hurt you in many different ways I have planned and have not yet imagined. And I hope, in turn, I inspire you this evening when you return to the hospital bed you sat in

for many months, where you can do as God intended -- and that's provide voice-overs for a poorly made YouTube "Guide to Deep Breathing" tutorials. Breathe in and out, Nathan Eye. Because breathing's going to be impossible once I get this chain around that messed up neck of yours.

Teri Melton:

So much of the talk at DEFCON has been about you, Mr. Morrow. Are you as you claim the best manager in this promotion? Or is it Sonny Silver, the man who hilariously took a fireball to the face? Well, my answer is neither. Because I made Sonny Silver dance like a fool. And I made you spend a whoooooole bunch of hours at the DMV after I poached your wallet. Tonight, I show you and the entire world that I'm not the rookie of the year. I'm a legend. I don't just steal cheap watches. I don't just steal hearts. The Gangster In A Gucci Gown steals the entire damn show. And when these two nights are over, they aren't going to be calling this place DEFIANCE... they're going to be calling it something else --

Teri flashes her starlet smile, turns to the side, and puts her hand on her hip. JJ stands behind her and mouths it with her.

Teri Melton:

MINE!

Pause for effect.

Teri Melton:

Because I'm about to show the world why I'm the best manager in DEFIANCE. And everyone here knows why! It's because --

Teri pauses and raises her eyebrows for a second. She slowly holds her arms out, letting the buzz build.

A spotlight is at ringside as Your Uncut Gems seemingly teleported, with Teri on the floor (the spotlight hitting her at an angle that makes her have a glow and literal aura around her) and JJ standing on the ring apron behind her, wildly swinging the chain as Teri raises her hands and says her catchphrase, along with the crowd.

Teri Melton + Fans:

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

Three words in red appear on the DEFIA-Tron Screen

CONCEPTUALIZE
ACTUALIZE
REALIZE

♪ "All Eyes On Me" by Jean Deaux ♪

Tom Morrow walks out first, frothing at the mouth as usual. Walking behind him, with noticeable apprehension in his face, is Nathan Eye. He's wearing a white coat and white pants with those inspirational words all over his outfit. Nathan is also wearing his Prince-themed "third eye" sunglasses.

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the Prize! And you can do anything you want ... like beat the hell out of JJ Dixon!

But as soon as he steps foot, JJ Dixon jumps off the apron and over Teri Melton, and makes a beeline to Nathan.

DDK:

And JJ Dixon is not waiting! He has part of the dog collar around his hand and is already slugging away on Nathan Eye!

Lance:

And the inspirational figure for his Eye-luninati does not even have the dog collar attached to him yet!

JJ continues to wail away on Nathan, the Third Eye sunglasses flying off of his head immediately, and already cut from his forehead. Teri is behind JJ screaming at him to get the collar around his neck. But JJ instead rips off Nathan's jacket.

DDK:

Now JJ has the chain... and he whips Nathan across the back with it! And a second! And a third!

Nathan yelps out with each whip that smacks against his back.

Nathan Eye:

Ahh! Ahhh! Ow! This is not ... inspirational!

Lance:

You can tell JJ has been thinking about this for weeks now!

JJ continues to whip Nathan, who is trying to crawl away from JJ who is continuing to whip at Nathan! He continues to scream with each whip. Tom Morrow is beside himself.

Teri Melton:

JJ, put the collar on—

But instead accidentally catches Teri with the chain in the face as he moved his arm back. JJ turns to tend to her and —

Lance:

Oh no look out!

JJ Dixon goes to check on her and that gives Nathan Eye the chance to strike Dixon down with a big boot!

DDK:

Nathan Eye just kicked JJ Dixon who plowed into Teri as she was propping herself up on the run railing! Oh my god, Teri Melton is laid out!

Lance:

And Tom Morrow could not be enjoying anything more.

Tom Morrow stands over Teri, laughing and pointing at her as she lays unconscious on the floor!

Tom Morrow:

Go on, Nathan! Inspire this little stooge! Show him how to rise above pain ... or die trying!

Nathan gives Tom Morrow the thumbs up!

Lance:

This is ridiculous ... *now* Nathan Eye wants to put the chain on!

DDK:

Nathan Eye puts on the dog collar! And he whips JJ with the slack of the chain! And he whips him again.

Nathan wipes his brow and realizes he is bleeding — a lot! He looks down at He puts the chain around his fist and starts punching JJ, screaming at him as JJ starts to bleed. Tom starts gesturing at Nathan to attack JJ's shoulder.

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the Prize and I can do anything I want, JJ! Like to your shoulder!

DDK:

Nathan Eye now wraps the chain around his wrist... and he is punching away on JJ's left shoulder!

Lance:

It is no secret that JJ's left arm has been a problem for him for weeks now, even dating back to his Ironman match against MV1!

Nathan Eye is laughing as JJ moans in pain, holding that shoulder. Blood pours down Nathan's face, which makes him resort to returning to punching JJ in the left shoulder.

DDK:

Now Nathan Eye is wrapping the chain around JJ's shoulder... and he's dragging him down the aisle back toward the ring!

Lance:

You can just see the torque and pressure wrenching on that shoulder!

DDK:

Now Tom Morrow is barking out more orders to Nathan, who is happy to oblige!

Nathan takes turns between punching JJ in the head and then the shoulder with the chain wrapped on his hand. He then drives Dixon's back into the ring apron and starts to wrap the chain around the ropes so JJ's full left arm is fully exposed.

DDK:

Nathan is now on the apron, and he is just stomping on that left shoulder and arm!

Lance:

He is berating JJ, telling him to quit, and I don't think anyone could blame JJ if he did! That arm might be seriously damaged.

Both men are covered in blood quickly! JJ is now standing on the floor, his left arm still fully exposed, the steel post right behind it. Nathan moves back as far as the distance of the chain will allow and charges —

DDK:

No! JJ meets Nathan with a super kick right to the chin! And now JJ has Nathan up and slams his head into the steel post!

Lance:

That gash on Nathan's forehead just got bigger!

DDK:

JJ again punching Nathan in the forehead with the chain wrapped around his right hand!! Now JJ steps up to the ring apron... and he has the chain around Nathan's neck! JJ falls over the top rope.... And he is hanging Nathan Eye!

Nathan's eyes are bulging as his feet leave the floor. Carla Ferrari is asking if he wants to quit.

Lance:

Nathan Eye sat out for fourteen months with two shoulder injuries and staph infection, as he constantly reminds everyone!

JJ now drops Nathan, holding his left shoulder in pain. But he sees Nathan on the floor. And he leaps and the crowd

gasps.

DDK:

JJ DIXON JUMPS TO THE TOP TURNBUCKLE FROM THE MAT — SOMMERSAULT SENTON TO THE FLOOR!

Carla Ferrari counts.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Both men are rolling on the floor in a mixture of chain, agony and blood.

Lance:

JJ jumped up to the top, knowing he did not want to use that hurt shoulder of his to climb! But at what cost?

Both men are rolling around but Nathan, with some assistance from Tom Morrow, gets up first. He starts to stomp on JJ's left shoulder. Nathan now once again wraps a bunch of the chain around the left shoulder.

DDK:

Nathan Eye now on the ring apron... MOONSAULT ONTO JJ!!!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

As obnoxious as Nathan Eye is, he is a top-tier athlete!

DDK:

Both of these men are just battered and bloodied. And both men slowly get back up, with JJ now with the chain wrapped around his right hand and just digging and scraping into Nathan's deep forehead gash! But Nathan with a kick to the left shoulder.

Nathan uses the torque of the chain and propels JJ toward him where he pops him up and in one gesture turns it into the Rise and Grind spine buster, spiking JJ's head., shoulder and back onto a nest of chain and the floor.

DDK:

Rise and Grind on the floor into that small pile of leftover chain!

Lance:

That was vicious! This might be it!

One!

Two!

Thr— no!

DDK:

Nathan Eye just nearly drove JJ through the floor!

Lance:

And anytime they land on the chain — keep in mind, that is not some even thing they are landing on. The prongs of those chains are sharp and just out at different angles, meaning it is impossible to protect yourself on any of those falls!

There is a closeup of both men on the floor, tied up against each other and blood and cuts all over themselves. There is a collective “ewwww gross” reaction from the crowd.

DDK:

Nathan is up and he smiles to the audience! He is wrapping the chain around his elbow! Now he’s climbing to the top rope with JJ on the floor! I think he wants to go for Eye’s Up Here, that elbow drop of his!

Lance:

He’s about as high as the chain will let him go!

JJ sees Nathan on the ropes and shakes the chain violently! This causes Nathan to wobble, and then JJ with a big yank sends Nathan crashing hard, head first, right onto the ring railing, squirting even more blood into the air.

DDK:

That could have just saved the match for The Special Attraction!

Both men are now on the floor, struggling to get up. Each man rises to their feet at the same time, but JJ ducks under a charging Nathan Eye and using the combination of adrenaline and instinct, drops Nathan with a Death Valley Driver onto the ring steps!

Lance:

Dear god, the sound of that crash! But you can see JJ holding that dangling left arm of his. It’s a downright miracle he’s still in the match, let alone able to just throw the bigger Nathan Eye onto the ring steps like that!

DDK:

JJ now behind Nathan, and he is wrapping part of the chain around Nathan’s neck, choking him, and standing on the chain to keep him in place! And JJ has some of the chain around his right first, and pounds away at that awful, awful cut Nathan Eye has had since the start of this match!

Lance:

This is an absolute bloodbath.

Now JJ is raking his fist across the cut, with Nathan’s head trapped against the steps! Nathan is screaming in pain. Carla Ferrari goes to check on him, but —

DDK:

Tom Morrow steps in Carla’s path, preventing her from checking to see if Nathan wants to give up!

Lance:

And from the looks of things, he would right now! But that damn Tom Morrow is right in the way to prevent Carla from being able to tell!

JJ gets up and starts to walk to Tom Morrow. But JJ thinks twice and turns back to Nathan, who uses the opportunity to pounce through JJ and tackle him right to the floor!

DDK:

Nathan calls that The Side-Eye!

Lance:

Allegedly inspired by his alleged best friend Dex Joy!

DDK:

Both men are spent, bloodied and battered! Nathan Eye is once again punching that shoulder of JJ's with the chain in his hand. But JJ gets up to his feet, and he is attacking that cut!

Lance:

These two are just in survival mode, now! These two are both headed to a hospital as soon as this is over!

DDK:

But Nathan, in an act of desperation, falls backwards and slams JJ into the ring post!

Lance:

And the brunt of the impact was on that left shoulder!

Tom Morrow is once again yelling something to Nathan, who gets a smile on his face. Now with the help of Tom, he is wrapping himself up in the chain light Christmas lights around a tree.

DDK:

What in god's name is he doing?

Nathan now propels himself backwards into JJ who is leaning against the right post.

Lance:

Nathan is using the chain to do some extra damage with those thrusts backwards! And he is also making sure he lands with his elbow right into JJ's hurt shoulder!

DDK:

But now JJ takes part of the chain and is strangling Nathan again, wrenching back on that hurt neck. And once again Tom Morrow is preventing Carla Ferrari from checking on Nathan.

JJ let's go but shoves Nathan forward first. This sends Nathan propelling face first onto the timekeepers table. Nathan Eye's face is covered so much in blood that he looks like an alien. JJ's not quite as bloodied but it appears like his left arm is falling off.

DDK:

JJ now again wraps the chain around Nathan's neck... Full Nelson!!!

JJ then drops forward onto the table with Sunset Boulevard!

Lance;

But JJ does not have enough in the left arm to get Nathan Eye through the table! He just slumps on the floor as Nathan is laid out on the table!

DDK:

Tom Morrow is yelling at Carla Ferrari, telling her to award the match to Nathan!

Lance:

I have no idea of what loophole Tom is trying to exploit here.

But there is a buzz in the crowd —

DDK;

Teri Melton! Teri Melton! Teri Melton! Where has she been?

Lance:

Laying in wait, just for the right moment to strike!

Teri, with deadly intent in her eyes and a predatory smile on her face, lurches around the far ring post. Tom does not see Teri at all... and she gladly takes the opportunity to spin him around, smile, and then knee him in the balls, just like she did in their first encounter.

DDK:

Tom Morrow collapses to the floor, holding the family jewels! And now what is Teri doing???

Teri Melton pops up on the apron. And then she smiles at her adoring public and... starts to climb up the turnbuckles! The crowd just buzzes as they realize what she -- no way -- may be doing!

Teri! Teri! Teri!

DDK:

Teri said before the match that her goal was to steal the show! To prove she was the best manager in DEFIANCE!

Teri stands perched on the top rope! The crowd is abuzz. She precariously balances before she stands as the crowd all stand and flashbulbs pop, which illuminate even more so due to her Silven Vixen outfit. She gestures dramatically with one arm and the crowd screams it with her!

Teri Melton + Fans:

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

DDK:

AND TERI MELTON LEAPS OFF --

Teri dives off the rope in a way that makes the bottom of her dress rise in the air like Marilyn Monroe! But the effect lasts for only a split second as Teri reaches her target in dramatic fashion.

DDK:

-- AND ONTO NATHAN THROUGH THE TABLE!!!! THE DIVE FROM THE GRAND DAME OF DEFIANCE!

Teri! Teri! Teri!

Lance:

Teri Melton is a 5'4" woman of a certain age! She should not be climbing or diving off of anything! But has been intent since her arrival here in DEFIANCE in asserting herself and Your Uncut Gems as stars! She's proving she'll do anything to get there!

Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems!

Teri is holding her side in pain but with a giant smirk, beckoning JJ to come over and make the cover! JJ crawls over!

One!

Two!

Threee--

But Carla stops the count and is instead pointing at JJ's neck! And she's calling for the bell! She yells something over to Darren Quimbey.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the dog collar has been detached from the neck of JJ Dixon... per the rules of this match ... that

means that the winner of the match... is NATTTTHAAN EYEEEE!!!!

Lance:

WHAT?!?!

DDK:

It is true, Lance! Remember that Teri Melton had that stipulation put into this match ... but ironically ... it ended up being JJ's undoing!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Teri is pounding on the floor, screaming at Carla. JJ just rolls over onto his back, holding his shoulder. Medics immediately come running to Nathan Eye, tending to the horrifying and potentially tragic blood loss. The crowd continues to rain down boos on the decision!

A replay of Teri's highly awkward but highly incredible dive shows that as she lands, the torque snaps the chain hard off of JJ's collar.

DDK:

Oh no! Oh no! When you look at the replay, the chain snapped off of JJ's collar when Teri crash landed onto Nathan Eye! That means Nathan Eye automatically wins!!!

Lance:

And it was a rule that she insisted put in place in this match to ensure Nathan Eye kept the dog collar on the whole time! I don't think she imagined it would come back to haunt her in this way!

Nathan Eye gets up on his feet, a medic on one end and a still limping Tom Morrow, enduring the pain from the nutshot, on his other shoulder. Teri is on her knees tending to the very hurt JJ and just looks up at the two of them hobbling past, seething in disbelief!

Nathan Eye:

Eye did it! Eye did it! Eye did it!

Nathan fall down to his knee, as the blood continues to pour down his head, as he's now being dragged to the back while still screaming about his accomplishment.

Tom Morrow:

That is what makes me the best manager in DEFIANCE Wrestling, Teri!

Nathan Eye:

Say it with me, Eye-luminati ... EYE IS THAT GUY!!!

DDK:

I don't think we will ever hear the last of Nathan Eye and Tom Morrow about this result...

Lance:

And you have to think that Teri Melton's desire for ascendency here in DEFIANCE just came back to bite Your Uncut Gems in the you know what!

Teri is looking completely distraught with this decision. She is checking on JJ Dixon who can't believe the rotten luck. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are booing Nathan Eye for a complete sham of a victory but tonight the Better Future Talent Agency have scored a much needed win!

LADDER MATCH FOR DEFIANCE CONTRACT: ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. MICHAEL VAN WARREN

DDK:

Well folks, our next match for the evening should be quite an interesting one. While it's *supposed* to be a ladder match, due to the absolute war over the Southern Heritage Championship last night, I've just been told that there are NO ladders in the building!

Lance:

Whoa. So, uh, shouldn't the match be changed, then?

DDK:

Not so fast, Lance! I've also been told that the Favoured Saints put in a large order to Home Depot for more ladders this morning. But alas, they have not arrived yet!

Lance:

Jeez. Well, hopefully they arrive soon, otherwise this one could go on forever. Unless Arthur or Michael figure out a way to reach the DEFIANCE Wrestling contract hanging above!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall... and it is the LADDER MATCH for a contract to DEFIANCE WRESTLING!

The audience buzzes in anticipation as Darren Quimbey continues with the pre-match rundown.

Darren Quimbey:

If Arthur Pleasant loses, he is fired from DEFIANCE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Darren Quimbey:

If Michael Van Warren loses, he is banned from joining the DEFIANCE roster!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

I really want to see Michael Van Warren win this.

Lance:

Duh. Who doesn't?

DDK:

Fair enough, Lance. But here's the thing... as much as I hate Arthur Pleasant? I like Michael Van Warren more. There's a difference.

Lance:

Oh, I completely agree with you, Keebs. It's that difference between liking someone over someone else and liking someone's God given talent against something superficial like pure hatred.

DDK:

Exactly, Lance. Michael Van Warren has a BIG future ahead of him if he can knock off Arthur Pleasant, who has remained undefeated since his return from injury at the start of the year. This match has massive implications all around for the future of DEFIANCE, in my humble opinion!

Lance:

You just might be right, Keebs.

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Three words appear on the DEFIAtron with a bleeding effect; this is created by a machete graphic that slices through the bottom of the screen, as we've seen in previous weeks before.

DEFIANCE'S

WORST

NIGHTMARE

DDK:

Well, if that isn't the truth, then I don't know what is.

Lance:

More like humanity's worst nightmare, to be honest.

Arthur Pleasant emerges from the curtain, clad in a different kind of longcoat for the evening. Rather than the black and red blood-spattered longcoat, the pattern is black and gold-spattered. He's adorned in a golden wolf's mask, too, intricately detailed and downright intimidating.

Absorbing the boos like a sponge absorbing water, Pleasant slowly removes the mask, revealing a smirk filled to the brim with devilish intent.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way out to the ring first, weighing in at 230lbs...from Under The Midnight Sun, AK...

ARRRTHURRR...PLLEEEAAASAAANT!

With nary a ladder in sight, Arthur Pleasant makes his way down to the ring, self-assured and ready for war. Throwing off his longcoat toward the timekeeper's area, Pleasant slithers his way into the ring where he awaits his opponent.

♪ "Upper Echelon (feat. T.I. & 2 Chainz)" by Travi\$ Scott ♪

Three letters appear on the DEFIAtron.

M v W

The crowd roars for the youngest member of the Van Warren family, as he makes his way out from the curtain. His long-legged wrestling singlet is white and black. An intricately designed picture of the King of Dragons, BAHAMUT, of Final Fantasy lore, is on his left leg in white. On the right leg, the word "ONSLAUGHT X2" is written vertically.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, making his way down to the ring, weighing in at 265lbs...from the Yokota Air Base in Tokyo, Japan, but now residing, right here, in NEW ORLEANS...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

Darren Quimbey:

Mr. Onslaught... MICHAEL... VAN... WARRRRRRRRRENNN!!!

DDK:

Michael Van Warren has proved to be one of the best Onslaught Champions in BRAZEN history, and he's damned proud of it, as evident of him displaying that admiration right on his gear for DEFCON.

Lance:

Well said, Keebs. If things don't go his way tonight and, God forbid, Arthur stops him from joining DEFIANCE? I suspect we may see "X3" on his gear next time. Or maybe the BRAZEN Championship itself across his waist. Either way, Michael has to be proud of making it to a marquee match at DEFCON in only his first few matches in DEFIANCE. What an incredible story for this kid.

MvW hops onto the apron with great agility, and steps through the ropes. Immediately heading to his corner, Brian Slater looks at both competitors... and calls for the bell!

DING DING

Arthur and Michael make a beeline for each other towards the center of the ring. Pleasant extends a foot and goes for his patented Provocation kick, but MvW military rolls out of the way!

Once Pleasant is back to his feet, MvW charges forward for his Zodiac Spear, but Pleasant leap frogs out of the way! MvW drops to a knee and hits the middle turnbuckle with both forearms, stopping himself from going face-first into the corner. Pleasant is back in his corner, and once MvW is back to his feet, he leans back into his. Both men are smiling at one another.

Arthur Pleasant:

Not bad, ya big little fucker.

Michael Van Warren:

Not bad yourself, ya werewolf lookin' dickhead.

DDK:

Annnnnd we're seeing the first of many verbal exchanges through this match, I'm predicting!

Lance:

With all this animosity between "Uncle" and "Nephew"? I'm sure of it, Keebs.

MvW cracks his neck.

Pleasant rolls his shoulders.

Both men... go for a collar and elbow tie-up in the center of the ring?

MvW having two-inches of height on Pleasant, he grabs him in a side headlock. Pleasant looks for a way out and grabs a handful of hair. Brian Slater goes to admonish, but it's out of habit, as he quickly realizes he can't enforce a five-count or disqualification. Pleasant tugs harshly, but MvW grits his teeth and squeezes his arms even tighter around his opponent's head. Pleasant finally just musters the strength to push MvW into the ropes. On the rebound, MvW knocks Pleasant down with ease after a stiff shoulder block.

DDK:

Both competitors are surprising me with their wrestling exhibition. I thought this one would be a bloodfest right at the gate!

Lance:

I think they're both feeling each other out right now. I'm sure they realize that, they *could* go for the kill, but it won't help them if there aren't any ladders to grab the briefcase!

Looking down at his "nephew", Pleasant rolls backwards and gets to his feet in one swift motion. On the rebound,

MvW goes for a clothesline, but Pleasant drops to his knees and delivers the meatiest of meat-hooks to MvW's netherberries!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

MvW stays standing, clutching his Van Warrens. Pleasant, meanwhile, laughs hysterically as he looks out at everyone watching, bowing to them all.

DDK:

And there we go. Arthur Pleasant resorting to his Arthur Pleasant-ness.

Lance:

That was a really hard shot, too. I could hear the proverbial ding from over here!

With his arm still in the meat-hook position, Pleasant is back to his feet. The former Favoured Saints Champion scoops up MvW and slams him down with a bodyslam. Holding his hands up as if he just won the FIST, Pleasant looks out into the crowd and yells at them.

Arthur Pleasant:

I AM THE BEST...PURE...WRESTLER... IN THE WOOOOOOORLD!!

With MvW writhing on the ground after the low blow and follow-up scoop slam, Pleasant looks down at his Uncle and starts laying some stomps into him. One after another, he plants a boot into the mid-section and head of MvW.

Bringing MvW back to his feet, Pleasant sets up the bigger man for what looks to be a suplex. With great strength, Pleasant lifts MvW into the air, and leaps back down for an excellently executed suplex. Sitting up, Pleasant shouts some more.

Arthur Pleasant:

BEST...PURE...WRESTLER...EEEEEEVVVEEEEEERRR!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I can't believe we're seeing suplexes and bodyslams from Arthur Pleasant right now. In a LADDER MATCH.

Lance:

Well, we can thank the SoHer Championship Ladder Match last night for the distinct lack of ladders to use presently, subjecting us to this sarcastic technical wrestling from Arthur. Blargh~!

Once again guiding Mr. Onslaught to his feet, Pleasant lifts his Uncle up into a fireman's carry.

DDK:

Calamity Pain!

Lance:

Michael just got free!

Slipping down behind him, MvW hooks in a Katahajime.

DDK:

LIMIT BREAKER!!

Lance:

If this were a regular match, this would be over!! Not even five-minutes in and Michael Van Warren had this match

won if it were contested under normal one-on-one rules! Heck, if this ladder match had LADDERS, this match would be over!

MvW's biceps bulge as he squeezes the life out of Arthur Pleasant. Grapevining him, MvW gets the full version of the Limit Breaker applied to Pleasant. Within moments, he's unconscious. Brian Slater admonishes MvW, warning him that he cannot win the match this way. Finally, after having the hold on him for about thirty-seconds, MvW relinquishes his boa constrictor-like grip with the hold. Pleasant is out on the mat and MvW stands up to an applauding crowd.

But as he looks down the ramp, he still does not see a ladder in sight.

DDK:

Come on already. There *has* to be a ladder somewhere in this building!

Lance:

Not according to officials backstage. Henry Keyes and Elise Ares literally used every single ladder on Night One.

DDK:

Yeah, but... EVERY single ladder?!

Lance:

Yes, Keebs! However, As I said before this match got underway, an order was placed for ladders at a local Home Depot. Multiple DEFsec personnel have made a special trip to pick up the expedited order. I'll have more on that as the match continues!

MvW steps between the ropes and hops down to the outside. Looking under the ring skirt, MvW searches hopelessly for a ladder. As expected, he comes up empty.

Except for a box.

A box with something written on it.

"IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, BREAK BOX"

Shrugging, MvW stomps down and begins pulling apart the bamboo box. Various weapons catch his eye as he keeps an eye on Pleasant's unmoving frame inside the ring.

A pizza cutter. Nope.

Brass knucks. Maybe later.

A mandolin slicer. Now we're talking.

MvW pulls out the mandolin slicer as seen on various cooking shows, and holds it up in the air for the Faithful to see.

DDK:

Lord have mercy... I think Michael's picked up some character traits from his "nephew".

Lance:

Somebody get a ladder out here already! Someone's gonna DIE!

Hopping up onto the apron and entering the ring between the ropes, Van Warren has the mandolin slicer in his grasp. Looking at Pleasant, Michael just shakes his head.

Michael Van Warren:

YOU... did this.

With the audience watching in horror, Van Warren places the mandolin across Pleasant's forehead, and begins moving it back and forth.

DDK: *[gagging]*

I think I'm gonna be sick!

Lance:

I...don't even know what to say right now.

Finally, after seeing enough red flowing from Pleasant's face, he stops cutting him with the mandolin slicer.

There's a big gash where part of an eyebrow once was.

The audience shrieks in horror as MvW tosses the mandolin slicer away.

Mocking Arthur for the way he mocks professional wrestling, MvW contorts his face to the camera.

Michael Van Warren:

HAAAAAARDCOOOOOOOOOORE YEEEEEEEEAH!!!

This grotesque act seemingly revives Pleasant from his unpleasant slumber, though, as he reaches up with both hands and shoves his thumbs into MvW's eyeballs. Pressing as hard as he can, Van Warren screams in agony before pulling away from the man he just literally sliced open. This gives Pleasant enough reprieve from the vicious onslaught of Mr. Onslaught, and he soon begins using the ropes to help himself up to his feet.

Touching his half sliced left eyebrow, Pleasant squints in pain. That's when a devilish grin takes over.

Arthur Pleasant:

You want to play it that way, kid? You fucking GOT. IT.

With Michael reeling from the double thumbs to the eyes, Pleasant runs up to Van Warren and punt kicks him right between the legs.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

And that would be the second severe low blow Michael Van Warren has been on the receiving end of tonight. Jeez.

Lance:

I knew this was going to be ugly but... I didn't expect this. They're family, for God's sake!

With MvW on the mat, dry-heaving from the blunt force to his balls, Pleasant slithers outside again. Looking at the pile of 'toys' Michael excavated from the bamboo box, Pleasant lets out a delightful squeal as he surveys his options.

An action figure of GVP? No.

A large neon pink vibrator? Hmm. Nah.

A wooden spurdle? Booooring.

DDK:

God, I really hope there are not many kids in attendance tonight.

Lance:

I'm with ya there. How do you explain a GVP action figure to an 8-year-old?!

After choosing not to use the three aforementioned objects, Pleasant spots a table further in and begins pulling it out much to the delight of the crowd. It has the initials "M v W" on the surface as he kicks the legs into place. Then, deciding a table wasn't enough to inflict pain, he picks up a spool of barbed wire that the table had dragged behind it.

DDK:

Oh this is getting bad. FAST.

Lance:

Ya think?! Any updates on those damn ladders, Keebs?

DDK:

Not yet. But rest assured, as soon as I hear anything, I will let you and the world know!

Unraveling it from the spool, Pleasant slides back into the ring. Van Warren has finally come to his feet after having his beanbag mashed twice already. Pleasant goes for a clothesline shot on MvW, but he misses! Smashing a forearm into the back of Pleasant's neck sends the former Plaguebeast and Provocateur into the top turnbuckle. Hard.

At this point, MvW wraps the barbed-wire around Pleasant's neck, over and over. Then, turning around, Michael pulls on the barbed-wire until Arthur's legs are off the ground!

Lance:

Michael is hanging The PURE WRESTLER with the damned barbed-wire!!

Limbs flailing, MvW spins around and around in an airplane, with Pleasant riding on his back. Each rotation, the crowd counts along in all their bloodthirsty excitement!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

TEN!

DDK:

My God, this is insane!

ELEVEN!

TWELVE!

THIRTEEN!

FOURTEEN!

FIFTEEN!

SIXTEEN!

SEVENTEEN!

EIGHTEEN!

NINETEEN!

TWENTY!

Lance:

And there are no signs of him slowing down!!

TWENTY-ONE!

TWENTY-TWO!

TWENTY-THREE!

TWENTY-FOUR!

TWENTY-FIVE!

TWENTY-SIX!

TWENTY-SEVEN!

TWENTY-EIGHT!

TWENTY-NINE!

THIRTY!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

I'd have thrown up by now. Holy MOTHER of TRUCKERS!

THIRTY-ONE!

THIRTY-TWO!

THIRTY-THREE!

THIRTY-FOUR...

Finally, MvW relinquishes the barbed-wire, causing Pleasant to fall to the canvas, clutching his now bleeding throat and hands to go along with his bleeding face!

DDK:

That was the damndest thing I've ever seen!

Lance:

That must've taken a lot out of Michael, too!

Sure enough, MvW falls to a knee, dizzy after the thirty-plus rotations of carrying Pleasant on his back. Pleasant tries to unwrap the barbed-wire while flat on his back, but the sharp black barbs keep sticking into his hands and fingers.

DDK:

I don't know if either of these guys will be capable of climbing a ladder after spinning that many times. Speaking of which, I'm being told that the ladders have entered the building. I REPEAT... THE LADDERS... HAVE ENTERED THE BUILDING!!

Almost as if on cue, we hear Josh Lucas' voice over the PA System:

Actor Josh Lucas' Famous Voiceover: *[From Home Depot Commercial]*

How Doers... Get More Done.

♪ "The Home Depot Beat" by ??? ♪

Suddenly, dozens of Home Depot workers wearing their trademark orange vests work their way out to the ring, directing a couple of forklifts to the stage area. The forklifts lower to the ground and the audience pops hard.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Did that really just happen? Did the ladders for this match just...get...AN ENTRANCE?!

Lance:

It appears so, Keebs. It appears so. Welcome to DEFCON!

THIS IS AWESOME!

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap

THIS IS AWESOME!

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap

Not even sure what to make of the Faithful at this point, Van Warren just shakes his head, gesturing "It's about time!" to the Home Depot crew for arriving with the expedited shipment of ladders.

Pleasant's face is a crimson mask as he lays in the middle of the ring, sprawled out like he just got hit by a Panzer tank. MvW, meanwhile, is walking down the ramp towards a few of the newly unwrapped ladders that had just been delivered by the hardworking Home Depot team. Grabbing a ladder, MvW rips it out of one of the employee's hands.

DDK:

FINALLY. Now we have ourselves a ladder match!

Lance:

Yup. And if anybody thought things were getting out of hand before now? Folks, you haven't seen anything yet!

MvW carries the ladder down the ramp and slides it into the ring. Following the ladder inside, MvW looks up at the briefcase hanging above with the DEFIANCE Wrestling contract inside of it. Motioning to the crowd, they begin cheering as MvW stands the ladder up vertically. He presses down on the aluminum spreader, but as soon as the ladder widens, the spreader dislocates from the ladder on the right side and a bolt goes flying into the Faithful like a rogue hockey puck.

DDK:

I don't like the look of that ladder. I don't think there's a bolt inside the spreader to keep it steady!

Lance:

By the look on Michael's face, I don't think he likes the look of it either!

Debating whether to march down the ramp and grab another ladder or take his chances with the wobbly one while Pleasant is still down... MvW shrugs... and starts climbing!

One rung!

Two rungs!

Three rungs!

DDK:

He may do it if this ladder holds!

Lance:

Hold on a sec, Keebs... Arthur looks to be stirring here!

As soon as MvW gets to the fourth rung, Pleasant gets to a knee. He looks up at MvW and laughs, blood still pouring out of the gash in his forehead courtesy of the slicing mandolin. Using the shaky ladder to help himself up the rest of the way, Pleasant backs up from it and leans into the ropes. Off the slight rebound, it's enough to help Pleasant launch himself in the air and deliver a Provocation kick to the already wobbly ladder. The impact destroys the unbolted metal spreader, and the entire right portion of the ladder collapses... with MvW falling along with it!

DDK:

Look out!!!

The left portion of the ladder bounces awkwardly off the top rope, where MvW loses his grip. He spills headfirst to the outside, as his entire 265 lbs frame OBLITERATES the table with the letters "M v W" on it that was set up earlier by Arthur. Watching the destruction happen on the outside, Pleasant smiles that sick smile of his, wiping the blood from his forehead.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DEFIANCE's Worst Nightmare looks at the destroyed ladder and grabs at one of the rungs, loosened by the impact of the Provocation and shoddy assemblage.

DDK:

I think next year we go with Lowe's.

Stomping on the second rung, it separates from the rest of the ladder.

Lance:

What the hell does Arthur have in mind here? Michael hasn't moved since he went through that table!

Slithering his way to the outside, Pleasant stalks MvW before rolling him out of the wreckage. Mounting him, Pleasant takes the jagged ladder rung and starts taking brutal swipes at MvW's forehead. After about seven or eight strikes with the makeshift weapon later, MvW is pouring blood from just under his scalp.

DDK:

What a sick you know what!

Lance:

That was just more evidence as to why the entire DEFIANCE locker-room wants Arthur GONE.

Pointing the jagged ladder rung into the air, Pleasant laughs with his typical brand of malice, and the audience reacts in kind with their hatred.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tossing the broken rung at Brian Slater, who nearly pulls a Matrix-type move to avoid getting hit with it, Pleasant pulls Michael away from the wreckage by his scalp and back up to his feet. Tossing him back in the ring, Pleasant follows him in closely. Then, unexpectedly, Pleasant gets down onto the mat with Michael. Arthur stays under MvW's arm and moves his arm around his Uncle's neck. Forming a choke, this allows Arthur to use his other hand to complete the grip. Arthur then squeezes the life out of MvW, completing a D'Arce Choke.

DDK:

Holy crap. That's a D'Arce Choke!

Lance:

Looks like Arthur just added a new move to his already impressive repertoire. Why he chose to use it in the middle of a ladder match is beyond me, though.

DDK:

I'm getting confirmation on that move and, it is definitely a D'Arce Choke. But apparently Arthur is calling it 'Nightmare Fuel'.

Lance:

Oh my God! Is he GATOR ROLLING Michael Van Warren with it?!

Sure enough, adding extra torque to the expertly applied chokehold, Pleasant gator-rolls Van Warren twice, assuring that his limbs go limp. Much like when MvW locked in the Limit Breaker earlier, Brian Slater warns Pleasant that he cannot win the match via submission and is flat out refusing a stoppage. After nearly a full minute, Pleasant releases the hold and eyes all the ladders that sit on the fork lift down at the top of the ramp.

With Michael Van Warren completely unconscious from the DEFIANCE debut of Arthur Pleasant's new submission hold, 'Nightmare Fuel', DEFIANCE's Worst Nightmare himself begins heading into the direction of the ladders.

As soon as he reaches them, Pleasant removes a ladder from the same stack that MvW removed one and props it up straight.

DDK:

The hell is he doing here?!

Lance:

God only knows, and I'm not even sure if he *wants* to.

Then, pulling it away from the two pallets of ladders... Arthur grabs another ladder and sets it up right next to the one he just set up. After this, Arthur pulls ANOTHER ladder out from the stack and wedges it between the second rungs of both ladders, creating a makeshift bridge.

At this point, Michael Van Warren begins to stir, choking and sputtering from being choked out momentarily by the Nightmare Fuel.

Just when you thought Pleasant was finished setting up ladders, he removes another ladder from the right pallet that he's already broken into. Removing the fourth ladder, he sets this one up between the third rungs of both ladders, reinforcing the makeshift bridge.

DDK::

This is some of the craziest sh- stuff, I have ever seen in a ladder match. I thought I'd seen everything last night, but these sick sons of you-know-whats just keep upping the ante!

Lance:

Oh my GOD. Arthur just got inside the fork lift. He's not doing what I think he's doing.

Pleasant raises the forklift as high as it will go with the untouched left pallet of ladders. At this point, the entire arena is standing on their feet, each one afraid and excited as to what's coming as the next person.

Van Warren has pulled himself to his feet, wiping the blood oozing from his scalp thanks to the detached rung Arthur attacked him with earlier. Pleasant mechanically lifts the pallet of ladders as high as it will go- which, as it turns out, is slightly above the ladders he's used for the makeshift reinforced bridge below. Satisfied with this, the bleeding psychopath climbs out of the fork lift and climbs to the top of it, and then onto the stack of ladders.

He sits down with his legs crossed, looking out at Michael Van Warren.

Mr. Onslaught looks back with a newfound fury.

The former two-time BRAZEN Onslaught Champion looks out at the nearly 18,000 people in attendance at the Smoothie Center and then out towards Arthur Pleasant. Realizing what he has to do, Van Warren exits the ring, wiping the blood off his face as he walks up the ramp. Pleasant wipes his face the same from atop the 20-foot or so drop from atop the pallet of ladders.

DDK:

These two are going to kill one another. No hyperbole, there. Someone's gonna die tonight, I'm convinced.

Lance:

I... I... I don't even know what to think right now. Other than how right you just might be.

Upon making his way to the ladders and fork lift, MvW starts climbing the left ladder. As soon as he finds his footing, Van Warren climbs onto the fork lift. Arthur remains on the edge of the pallet of ladders, simultaneously begging Michael to get on the pallet and keeping him at bay with kicks. Finally, after a third kick, Van Warren catches his nephew's foot and pushes him back, causing Pleasant to land on the back of his head against one of the cellophane wrapped ladders.

DDK:

I can't even see what's happening up there!

Lance:

Look down at your monitor, Keeps.

DDK:

Oh. Right!

Pleasant tries to get to his feet in time before MvW can maneuver his way up onto the pallet!

DDK:

My God, this just turned into a scaffold match!

Lance:

They have to be fifteen feet from the stage floor!

MvW and Pleasant unsteadily make their way towards each other on the shaky pallet. Van Warren makes the first move with an overhand strike that catches Pleasant right in his bloodied face. Pleasant hits back with a jab right to

MvW's bloodied face.

Van Warren appears dazed and looks like he's going to fall backwards.

Pleasant goes for a strike... but Van Warren blocks it!!

MvW boots Pleasant in the gut and sets him up for a powerbomb.

Van Warren lifts Pleasant up, turns to the ladders below, and...

...CRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRASH!

MvW drops Pleasant with a Jackknife powerbomb down onto the bridged ladders, bending them both severely!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lance:

ARTHUR IS DEAD!!!! ARTHUR IS DEAD!!!!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Arthur Pleasant is motionless in between the ladders that have been set up (and didn't break...), with a leg hanging off the makeshift bridge. The fans continue to buzz all throughout the Smoothie King Center.

THIS IS AWESOME!

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap

THIS IS AWESOME!

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I don't even know what to say.

Lance:

There's not much TOO say! Michael Van Warren just annihilated Arthur Pleasant with a Teraflare Powerbomb off a freakin' PALLET of ladders, onto a freakin' BRIDGE of ladders! Pleasant could be seriously hurt here.

Enjoying the moment, despite possibly ending the career of his nephew, MvW holds his hands in the air for the entire Faithful in one hell of a photo-op.

Meanwhile, down below, Arthur Pleasant flops himself off the bent ladder bridge onto the stage itself. Parts of his back are incidentally cut from the impact onto the ladder. Pleasant, meanwhile, doesn't care one iota about anything that just happened, and starts trying to climb the ladder... AGAIN!

DDK:

What in the actual F-

Lance:

HOW?! How the hell is Arthur not dead right now, never mind trying to climb back up to where MvW is?!

Looking down, Michael cannot believe his own eyes as Arthur is slowly climbing his way back up the ladder. Shaking his head, MvW starts climbing down from the pallet of ladders, onto the left ladder he originally climbed up to. Looking at Arthur between the rungs, Michael shakes his head again and simply climbs down to the stage.

Moving over to Pleasant's side, MvW positions himself under Pleasant into another power bomb... but Arthur rakes his eyes! Pleasant reaches forward for the ladder and steps back onto a rung. Turning around to face MvW, Pleasant waits for his Uncle to look at him. As soon as he does, Arthur leaps off the middle rung of the ladder...

... AND RIGHT INTO A MASSIVE SPEAR!

DDK:

Zodiac Spear in mid-air! My GOD!!! Pleasant just got cut in half!!

Lance:

How much punishment can this man take?! He's already fallen fifteen feet from the pallet onto two ladders, and now he gets obliterated with a Zodiac Spear?! Arthur isn't HUMAN.

With the crowd still buzzing, Van Warren makes the throat slice motion and "throws it" at Pleasant's fallen body. But as he goes to turn away, Pleasant reaches out and grabs his boot. MvW looks down at Arthur in disbelief, kicking away his hand. Shaking his head, MvW grabs a ladder from the right pallet that's already been dug into by Arthur. Carrying the ladder down the ramp, MvW slides it into the ring.

But rather than slide in and start his ascension, Van Warren wipes the blood that's been pouring from his scalp and places both hands on the ring apron. Shaking his head, Van Warren shouts out loud.

Michael Van Warren:

HOW THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING THIS?!

MvW looks back at Arthur Pleasant, who has begun crawling towards Michael, using only an elbow to pull his weight towards him. MvW turns away from the ring and starts heading towards Arthur, looking as frustrated as ever.

DDK:

Forget Arthur, Michael! CLIMB!

Lance:

He has this won! Just climb! CLIIIMB, KID!!

Arthur motions for Michael to "bring it", smiling, while blood flows from his cut-up face.

Michael Van Warren:

JUST STOP. IT'S OVER. STAY DOWN!!

Pleasant just looks up at his younger Uncle, and flips two birds at him, a smile yielding to the insurmountable pain and possible internal injuries.

MvW shakes his head and brings Arthur to his feet. Lifting him up, he carries Michael Carrie's Arthur to the ring apron and sets him down. The cameramen get close to them both as Pleasant says something in Van Warren's ear.

Arthur Pleasant:

Go get it, kid. *[groaning in pain]* I'll be just fine.

Michael smiles as he hops up onto the apron. Stepping between the ropes, Mr. Onslaught goes for the ladder he slid into the ring. Setting it up, Pleasant remains motionless on the ring apron. At this point, MvW starts to climb!

One rung!

Two rungs!

The entire audience is waiting with bated breath.

DDK:

HE HAS IT!!!! MICHAEL VAN WARREN IS JOINING DEFIANCE!!!

Three rungs.

Michael climbs the fourth rung.

Lance:

GOODBYE ARTHUR!

Nearing the top now, MvW looks out at the Faithful standing on their feet, waiting for Michael to reach up and grab the briefcase.

DDK:

Just reach up and GRAB. IT.

Michael looks up at the briefcase, but before he can grab it, there's a commotion on the outside. Pleasant is back on his feet, but barely.

Arthur looks up at Michael and once again... flips him off!

DDK:

Arthur won't stop!

Lance:

He's GOADING Michael into literally killing him!

Michael looks up at the briefcase.

Then back to Arthur.

The Faithful are all SCREAMING for MvW to take it.

TAKE THE CON-TRACT!

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

TAKE THE CON-TRACT!

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

Michael starts climbing back down...

... and Arthur slides into the ring!

MvW goes for the Zodiac Spear!

DDK:

HE HIT IT!

Lance:

BUT LOOK, ARTHUR HAS THE SLEEP PARALYSIS HOOKED!

Showing incredible resilience, Pleasant grips Michael tightly in the guillotine choke, despite having been battered and beaten by the younger Van Warren.

Arthur Pleasant:

YOU SHOULD'VE GRABBED IT!

Laughing hysterically now, Pleasant squeezes the hold in tighter!

DDK:

DAMMIT!

Lance:

I don't know how Arthur is doing this! He has taken every bit of punishment any normal man could possibly take, and now he's choking out MvW!

Just when it appears that MvW's arm goes limp, he holds it up!

Van Warren gets to a knee!

AND HE PUSHES ARTHUR FORWARD OFF HIM!

DDK:

MICHAEL VAN WARREN JUST BROKE THE SLEEP PARALYSIS!!

Pleasant leans back into the ropes after being pushed into them... and NAILS MvW with the single-leg dropkick!

Lance:

Provocation... oh no.

But MvW does not go down!

Pleasant lifts MvW up across his shoulder with a fireman's carry. Seconds later, he's snapping down to the mat, crushing his Uncle's face with the double-knee facebuster!

DDK:

Calamity Pain!

Lance:

BUT MICHAEL VAN WARREN REFUSES TO GO DOWN!

Looking like he's seen a ghost, Pleasant looks out at the Faithful and then at the man who continues to DEFY him.

Running back into the ropes, Pleasant rebounds with another Provocation kick... this time to the groin!

DDK:

NO!!!

Lance:

Dear GOD!

Lance:

I don't get it, Keebs. Like you said, he had this match. That briefcase was within his REACH. Arthur wasn't even climbing! Michael just... just fell for Arthur's damn psychological crap.

DDK:

That's the thing about Arthur, Lance. The man, or monster if you will, can withstand an inhuman amount of punishment and torture. But, even if you manage to scrape past that? He will still get in your head and somehow find a way.

The crowd is completely blasé after seeing Arthur Pleasant still employed by DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Some trash makes its way into the ring as Arthur Pleasant holds the briefcase atop the ladder as he bleeds profusely from his head and back. Opening up the briefcase, he withdraws the contract from inside and throws the briefcase down below, hitting the unconscious MvW with it.

As the whole world watches, Arthur rips the contract into the tiniest of pieces and throws it down below like confetti.

Lance:

This truly is a dark day. Not just for DEFIANCE and Arthur's continuing dominance, but for the future of a kid who could've been on top in no time.

TITANES FAMILIA vs. TEAM HOSS

DDK:

We're only a few matches into a STACKED DEFCON 2023 for Night Two. This one has been a personal affair for Titanes Familia both inside and outside the group. Since DEFIANCE Road when Uriel Cortez, Titaness and Minute were all involved in a six-way fray for the Favoured Saints title won by then-champ Ned Reform, things have not been good for the trio.

Lance:

It appears lately, Minute has been suffering some sort of inferiority complex and wrestling with recent losses and his place within Titanes Familia. Uriel Cortez and Minute nearly came to blows after a tag team loss to The Reapers. And during all this, former DEFIANCE group Team HOSS made a surprise return and has singled out Titanes Familia by branding them weak.

DDK:

Original members Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great recruited Strong AF and attacked his rival, Dan Leo James, leading to Uriel Cortez, Titaness and Minute crashing a BRAZEN show to attack Angel Trinidad. In the middle of that, Minute attacked former Team HOSS member and BRAZEN Matchmaker Capital Punishment, leading to a thirty-day suspension for Minute. That time is up, but we don't even know if Minute will be here tonight.

Lance:

Not at all. And to make things more tumultuous, Team HOSS recruited Capital Punishment for one night only in this eight-person tag! As far as we know, this could be four to three tonight.

DDK:

I've called many of Team HOSS's matches at the height of their danger back in 2015 and they wrecked everyone from newcomers to main eventers during their World Trios run. A united Team HOSS is dangerous for the health of everyone. Titanes Familia will have their work cut out for them tonight if they are at less than full strength.

Lance:

Indeed. It will be a very tough test for Titanes Familia. Can the family overcome their internal strife to deal with the external threat they now face? Let's go to ringside for the next match.

Darren Quimbey is now in the ring for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following eight-person tag team match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

DDK:

Team HOSS bringing back their original theme, "Overlord" by Black Label Society! Turning the clock back tonight for DEFCON!

Smoke starts to billow from either side of the entrance ramp as the rap anthem preaching violence starts to play...

Out come the monsters, one at a time.

Strong AF, flexing his muscles and hitting a pose to show off his massive arms.

Aleczander The Great, showing off his own pecs and hitting the pec dance.

Behind them, The Big Bad of Team HOSS, Angel Trinidad. Angel bumps his fists with Strong AF and then with Aleczander The Great. And getting an actual POP from the crowd... the 54-year-old but still double-tough veteran... Capital Punishment! Angel, Aleczander and Cappy are all decked out in their original red and black Team HOSS gear while Strong AF wears a black and red wrestling singlet to match their colors!

Darren Quimbey:

At a combined weight of ONE-THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED AND ONE POUNDS... the team of Angel Trinidad... Strong AF... Aleczander The Great... and Capital Punishment... they are YOUR HOSS overlords... **TEAM HOSS!**

Lance:

Over HALF A TON of humanity on their side! Listen to these stats, Darren: Aleczander The Great. Six-five, two fifty-seven. Strong AF. Six-two, two sixty-seven. Angel Trinidad. Capital Punishment. Six-seven and two-eighty. Angel Trinidad. Six-ten! Two ninety-seven!

DDK:

Titanes Familia have size on their side where Uriel Cortez and Dan Leo James are concerned, but being a man down is not going to bode well for them tonight.

One by one, the members of Team HOSS surround the ring and then climb inside. Capital Punishment looks limber enough to fight for one night tonight with his old comrades. After they pose in the ring, their music cuts as they await their opponents.

The lights darken.

On the DEFIAtron, a limo starts to roll up to the arena.

And driving said limo?

The long-awaited return...

OF MOMMA CORTEZ!

DDK:

Momma Cortez! She was a good luck charm when Uriel Cortez and Titaness defeated The Lucky Sevens in Los Angeles for the Unified Tag Titles last year. Can she work her magic this time?

Carolina "Momma" Cortez turns her head to face whoever is in the back seat. The camera doesn't reveal this.

Carolina Cortez:

Make me proud, son! Go out there with your friends, have fun... I hope that Minute kid shows. Oh... and don't be afraid to choke a bitch, mijos.

Laughter erupts before the limo goes dark.

*This is everything
The Glitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive
It's BOBBY by the way
Let's get it*

♪ "RISE (remix)" by Glitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive and BOBBY ♪

The lights flicker back on and the crowd EXPLODES!

Left side of the ramp: The silhouette of Titaness! Wearing a blue top with gold trim and pants of the same color held together by a gold belt design. Her hair is tied up in a small series of ponytails in a mohawk style.

Right side of the ramp: Uriel Cortez, arms in the air! Wearing a brand new set of blue and gold thigh length trunks, kneepads and boots. Wrists taped in a golden color! He raises a hand in the air!

Center of the ramp: Dan Leo James in blue and gold pants-length trunks with golden tassels on his boots and blue

upper arm bands! He is standing backwards in the spotlight until Uriel rolls his eyes, flips him around so he's facing the right side...

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of nine-hundred sixty-four pounds... they are the team of URIEL CORTEZ... TITANESS... DAN LEO JAMES... AND MINUTE... **TITANES! FAMILIA!**

The Faithful give them a nice ovation for the team of multiple-time Unified Tag Team Champions... but there is no sign of Minute among the trio. They still soldier on with Titaness and Dan Leo James reaching out to slap hands with the fans on either side of the stage. Uriel Cortez looks stone-faced, but something is clearly bothering him not having his best friend, Minute, anywhere alongside them.

DDK:

Oh, no... we might be looking at a virtual handicap match for Titanes Familia. There's no sign of Minute anywhere and we heard on DEF Radio even Dan Leo James put out some campaign for help to find him!

Lance:

Like we said before, he has served that thirty-day suspension for attacking Capital Punishment, who has... until now anyway... been an esteemed member of DEFIANCE staff and serving as the key authority figure and matchmaker for our BRAZEN developmental brand! The fact that he's not here is troubling.

Uriel Cortez, Titaness and Dan Leo James all stop at the edge of the ring with all four members of Team HOSS looking smug. Angel looks around and doesn't see anyone as their music continues to play.

Angel Trinidad:

Where's that little dingleberry?! He did the smart thing and bailed on you bitches, didn't he?!

Cortez, Titaness and Dan Leo James talk amongst themselves on the outside, but get ready to advance...

♪ "Chase Me" by Danger Mouse feat. Run The Jewels ♪

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHH!

All heads turn back towards the stage!

Standing in the shadows...

Now coming to light in a new blue and gold lucha mask and tights...

Stands Minute!

DDK:

He's here! Minute is here!

Lance:

Minute coming through for his Familia after all!

Minute slowly looks out to The Faithful and then heads towards the ring. He looks over to Titaness, Dan Leo James, then finally up to Uriel Cortez. He offers them a nod of understanding, and then points to the ring!

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

There we go! It's a full house and that's what Titanes Familia need tonight if they want to overcome Team HOSS!

Lance:

Angel Trinidad and the rest of Team HOSS don't seem too concerned, though. They're looking pretty confident.

DDK:

We don't know what conversations have been had with Team HOSS. Minute when he last saw this group, he said he didn't want to be a part of the group anymore, but he's coming through for Familia tonight!

Aleczaider The Great starts for his team on Team HOSS side while the four members of Titanes Familia select Dan Leo James for theirs. Aleczaider The Great charges in and pie-faces Dan before the bell rings!

DING DING**DDK:**

Here we go! And Aleczaider starting off on the aggressive side! He tackles Dan Leo James into the corner!

The Mancunian Muscle bum rushes DLJ right into a neutral corner and goes right to work with a series of shoulder thrusts! He gets doubled over in pain when Aleczaider then switches to grinding his boot into the chest of The Young Titan. Uriel, Minute and Titaness all cheer on their budding young protege as he gets attacked in the corner. Hector Navarro warns him off, but Aleczaider isn't listening and he's pressing a knee into DLJ's chest while he flexes with a free hand.

Aleczaider The Great:

Sorry, mate, can't hear you over the sound of me own awesomeness!

DDK:

Aleczaider was always the flashiest member of the original Team HOSS trio... and that hasn't changed one bit.

Lance:

The more they change, the more they stay the same.

Aleczaider gets out of the corner and pulls on his ears as The Faithful jeer him... but as he turns around, Dan Leo James charges like a bull, LIFTS Aleczaider on his shoulder and then PLANTS him back-first into the opposite corner to the cheers of the crowd! The Young Titan zips like mad to the opposite end of the ring, then comes back and then lands a STIFF running shoulder thrust of his own!

DDK:

Dan Leo James fighting back! He has that scary mashup of speed and power for a man that size!

He picks up Aleczaider out of the corner and dumps him on the mat with a big amateur-style double leg slam! He stands over Aleczaider and then feeds off an energized crowd!

Dan Leo James:

Take THAT, assbutt!

That gets more cheers, but Aleczaider limps away to tag Strong AF! The Faithful jeer the rival of Dan Leo James from their time in BRAZEN together as he climbs into the ring.

Lance:

And here comes Strong AF! These two picked up where they left off at the end of last year when they fought in a No DQ match on DEFtv!

Dan Leo James eats a big chop from the former powerlifter! He lands another one, then backs up Dan into a corner for another chop, but Dan fights back with a big right hand! He stuns Strong AF, then points to the rest of Titanes Familia before CRACKING Strong AF in the chest with his signature Fastball Chop! The shot doubles him over and allows Danny to bring him to their corner and makes the tag to Titaness!

DDK:

Tag made to Titaness! And here is where Titanes Familia gets so good. They've all worked together closely. Trained together. They work so well together.

Lance:

As a family should!

Titaness and Dan both grab Strong AF by the back of the head and then RAM him face-first into the turnbuckle! He stumbles back when Titaness jumps to the second rope and then comes off with a front dropkick! Strong AF is down just as The Show of Force looks up to Team HOSS. She extends the double bird their way! Angel, Aleczander and Cappy want in, but Titanes Familia have cut the ring in half.

DDK:

Titanes Familia getting some payback tonight for what they've endured from Team HOSS for the last two months! And now...

A nice reaction as Titaness tags in Uriel! The big man climbs into the ring with Strong AF trying to stand. Both Titaness and Uriel look at one another and then whip Strong AF to the ropes. When The Seattle Strongman comes back, he gets two pairs of double-handed chops from Titaness and Uriel, knocking him down! They both pose over the fallen body of the Team HOSS member!

Uriel Cortez:

Tag Partners For Life!

Titaness:

Tag Partners For Life!

And drop the double elbow drop across his chest to mass cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

Big double-team by the first-ever married couple to have held the Unified Tag Team Championships in DEFIANCE! Cover by Cortez!

ONE...

TWO...

But Aleczander comes in to break things up with a boot! He yells at Uriel before returning to his corner, all the while Dan Leo James is watching along with Minute and for the most part, seem to be enjoying themselves.

DDK:

Aleczander breaks up the count, but Titanes Familia doing a great job feeling like the team of old. Fun fact that they are undefeated as a eight-man tag combination, but Team HOSS have plenty of experience, too.

Uriel Cortez grabs Strong AF, who tries to fight back against the much taller Cortez with a few rib shots. He tries to get away, but Cortez grabs him by the collar and drags him back to the corner with ease!

Lance:

I ran down the stats for each member of Team HOSS earlier... but seven-foot two and three-hundred thirty-nine pounds of Uriel Cortez trumps all of that!

Cortez throws him in the corner and Dan has his hand out first, so he offers James the tag. He climbs into the ring and both men ROCK him with headbutts! Uriel yells out while Dan holds his own head in pain...

Dan Leo James:

Father-Son Time!

DDK:

I guess they call that... Father-Son Time. Dan Leo James taking the family thing a bit too literal at times.

Cortez shakes his head as Dan grabs Strong AF. Finally, Minute has his hand out and The TJ Tornado gets the tag!

DDK:

Big reaction for the returning Minute!

Uriel picks up Strong AF and dumps him with a big slam, allowing Minute to leap up to the top rope, poses, then rolls right off with a delayed slingshot senton across Strong AF's chest! He rolls off, zips to the ropes just out of reach of Team HOSS, then comes back with a running shooting star press! He makes the cover on Strong AF!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

DDK:

Early kickout, but good teamwork so far by Minute and Dan Leo James. The Titanes Familia members always train together and work together.

Lance:

Whatever is going on with Minute and the rest of the group, they seem to have worked out their issues for the moment.

That does appear to be the case for the moment when Minute grabs the arm of Strong AF to keep him from getting away. He reaches his arm out, but Strong AF moves forward and ducks just as Uriel is about to take a swing...

DDK:

No! Strong AF ducked that attempted chop by Uriel from the apron!

Uriel is able to just barely stop himself! He protests and tells Minute that he's sorry, which Minute seems to accept... until Strong AF CLUBS him in the back of the head and then runs to make a tag!

Lance:

Maybe not! Uriel stopped himself from almost hitting Minute there thanks to Strong AF! Strong AF tags Capital Punishment!

DDK:

We don't know if they've fully made peace or if they are just making up long enough to take on a common enemy, but he's felt lost among the group! Uriel was trying to avert a potential disaster and it just cost the team their lead!

The Faithful give a mixed response to Capital Punishment as the former IWO World Champion and former DEFIANCE World Trios Champion steps into his first ring in several years, gunning right for Minute and RUNS right through him with a big running clothesline! Minute spins and crashes down on the mat as Cappy runs his arms. The other Team HOSS members laugh and bullshit from their corner.

Angel Trinidad:

You still got it! *[clapping]* You still got it! *[clapping]*

The other members of Team HOSS clap along with him.

DDK:

First time I've called Capital Punishment in the ring in years. He's keeping it simple!

Lance:

He was allowed a one-night only chance to wrestle, given that it was Minute who attacked him during a BRAZEN show and got a thirty-day suspension for attacking an official. Now Minute's feeling that frustration!

Capiand dumps him on the mat with a huge body slam! The crowd jeers at him as he stands over Minute.

Capital Punishment:

Wanna kick ME in the dick and get away with it, kid?

He grabs Minute and goes for another big body slam... but this time, Minute slips out and then tags Titaness!

DDK:

No! Tag to Titaness! Is she going to stand up to Capital Punishment?!

The Show of Force stands up and is not intimidated by the grizzliest of grizzled vets as he gets in his face... but Angel reaches a hand out and then makes a tag. Angel climbs in and the largest member of Team HOSS looks down... then taps her on the head.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Come on. That type of disrespect isn't warranted from anyone!

The Beast from the Bronx looks down at Titaness, then tries to catch her for a charging clothesline. He telegraphs the move a little too soon, allowing her to duck and hit the ropes. When she comes back, she goes low for a chop block to the leg! Angel's knee buckles in the knee and it's enough to bring him down to the other knee!

Lance:

There we go! She has power in her frame and if she can apply it to the right spots like that, she can chop anyone down to size!

Titaness is back to her feet, standing just level to Angel... then taps HIM on the head in a LOUD applause from The NOLA Faithful!

DDK:

Right back at Angel! Angel was always the biggest bully of the original Team HOSS trio, but Titaness isn't going to let herself be bullied by anyone!

Angel lets himself get angered quickly and hobbles up, but Titaness makes the tag to Dan Leo James! He climbs over the ropes and both she and Titaness hit the ropes and connect with a double flying shoulder tackle to take Angel off his feet! She leaves while James goes for a quick cover!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

DDK:

Another great double-team by Titanes Familia! Team HOSS haven't been able to keep an advantage for too long thanks to this teamwork!

The other members of Titanes Familia cheer Dan on as he holds up his right hand!

Lance:

No way.. Is he thinking the Titan's Orbit chokeslam on Angel?!

The young rookie shows his lack of experience when he grabs Angel... but Angel fights him off with big elbows and a headbutt out of nowhere! Dan gets knocked into the corner when Angel charges forward and then SMACKS him with a big running splash in the corner! He pulls Dan out and charges off the ropes, only to MOW right through The Young Titan with his signature Flying HOSS Body!

DDK:

Angel saw that chokeslam coming and he just WIPES OUT Dan Leo James with the Flying HOSS Body! From a man that is almost seven feet tall, that move is a game-changer!

Angel stands up and instead of going for a cover, he presses his boot down into Dan's throat.

Angel Trinidad:

What did you three do to this little bitch? He had promise! He could have been a MONSTER! Like us!

Uriel wants in the ring, but Titaness tries to hold him back. But Minute isn't standing around! He leaps up and KICKS Angel with a springboard dropkick without a tag! He knocks Angel back... but the Team HOSS member only laughs as now Hector Navarro is all over Minute!

DDK:

Uriel didn't take the bait, but Minute did! I think Angel counted on that!

Angel is joined in the ring by Aleczander The Great as the two rain down stomps all over Dan Leo James to loud jeers from The Faithful! The Littlest Flippy-Doo is forced to watch with the rest of the crew. Uriel wants to say something, but lets it go when Titaness points out the action.

Lance:

Titaness is now trying to play peacekeeper between Uriel and Minute while Dan Leo James is being picked off!

Aleczander gets of the ring just before Hector turns around. Angel grabs Dan by the back of his trunks and then powers him into the corner. He tags to Capital Punishment.

Lance:

Early on in Angel's career, Capital Punishment was his mentor when he was nothing more than an energetic rookie kind of like Dan is now... and speaking of Dan, he's being laid into by Capital Punishment with those targeted body shots!

The grizzled vet buries left and right jabs body shots to James in the corner and looks like he's having fun doing it for old times sake. Cappy reaches out and tags Aleczander who comes in, points to the members of Titanes Familia, then charges in and nails Danny with a huge corner clothesline! Tag to Strong AF!

DDK:

Now they make with the quick tags! Team HOSS were so good for big men working over the ring, cutting their opposition down. It took a super team of Lindsay Troy, Dan Ryan and their biggest rival, Ty Walker to end their year-long World Trios Title run!

Aleczander clubs away with several shots to the chest of Dan, with a combo he calls Clangin' and Bangin! After the strikes, he whips him into the waiting arms of The Seattle Strongman. He hoists him on his shoulders in impressive fashion... then DRIVES him down with a torture rack into a front slam!

DDK:

Vulgar Display of Power! He busted that out against Titaness a couple weeks ago!

Strong AF follows up the ring-shaking slam with a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Young Titan kicks out using his legs! Strong AF glares at Hector Navarro and slaps his hands together multiple times.

Lance:

Strong AF wasting a little too much time arguing with the official and not enough time trying to win this match!

DDK:

And now tag by Strong AF to Capital Punishment!

Strong AF picks up Dan Leo James and drops him down with a stiff body slam! Now Capital Punishment steps in. He grabs Dan and then pulls him by the neck, boots him in the gut... body slam!

DDK:

And another Team HOSS signature. They would drill an opponent with these repeated body slams! It's one of the more simple moves in wrestling, but done often and repeatedly? That's gonna HURT.

The Faithful continue jeering Team HOSS. Capital Punishment makes another quick tag to Aleczander The Great. Both men pick up Dan and then double him over with a double arm wringer, followed by stereo punches to the gut, then double axe handles to either side of the body! The Young Titan winces in pain, but before he can fully slump over, Aleczander picks him up again...

Body slam!

Lance:

They're slowly picking Dan Leo James apart! He's a big kid! Six-seven and around two sixty-five, but he's being worked over by these monsters!

Angel Trinidad is the last member of Team HOSS to get the tag! He jumps into the ring and then puts a lazy foot down on the chest of Dan as if he's going for an arrogant cover.

ONE...

Dan pushes the foot off him, but The Beast from the Bronx stomps away at Dan's chest! He then turns to Uriel, Minute and Titaness.

Angel Trinidad:

YOU'RE WEAK! YOUR FAMILY IS BULLSHIT!

Minute wants in again, but Uriel tries to stop.

Minute:

I told you! I don't want you protecting me!

Uriel Cortez:

I'm not! Don't buy his crap!

Angel Trinidad laughs as he has the two men bickering again with Titaness trying to keep the peace.

Lance:

Uriel is trying to talk some sense into Minute tonight, but things are looking volatile. And Team HOSS knows that!

DDK:

They do! And now Dan Leo James is hurt! Angel bringing the punishment!

The giant from The Bronx jets off the ropes and then drops almost all three bills down on the chest of The Young Titan with a running jumping splash! He drives the air out of James and makes a serious cover.

ONE...

TWO...

TH... NO!

Dan fights with the shoulder up to the cheers of The Faithful!

DDK:

Team HOSS completely separating James from their corner. He has to get away from these beasts now.

Lance:

And now Angel tags to Capital Punishment! Angel and Cappy working together well again like they haven't missed any time!

Angel runs him off the ropes to deliver a knee strike on the way back, doubling him over for Capital Punishment to underhook both arms and then deliver a huge facebuster!

DDK:

Capital Punishment calls that move the Impeachment and he just drilled him! That's over! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Minute to the rescue with a huge leaping dropkick to the side of Cappy's face! He breaks up the cover and attacks Capital Punishment with right hands until Hector has to step in and threatens to disqualify The TJ Tornado if he doesn't return to his corner! He angrily jumps off of Cappy and returns to the corner as The Faithful jeer!

DDK:

Minute isn't taking this match well! Uriel and Titaness try to talk sense into their partner, but he isn't hearing it!

The Faithful want Minute in the match badly, but he's held back by the rules! Meanwhile, Capital Punishment works over Dan Leo James with a modified surfboard stretch, placing a foot in between his shoulder blades as he's left seated. Dan tries to fight out, but the big and proud ginger kid is being worked over. Uriel tries to help him on from the Titanes Familia corner along with Titaness while Minute groans.

DDK:

A lot of damage has been done to that back of Dan Leo James thanks to these four monsters!

Lance:

He's gotta get to his corner, but like you said, this entire group is great tag wrestlers and they've taken Strong AF under their wing!

Cappy continues to stretch The Young Titan mid-ring. He looks up at the rest of Titanes Familia and tries to fight! Cappy tries to keep him down, but BRAZEN's Matchmaker has a hard time keeping him down. Dan starts to get back to his feet... then JUMPS with a flip forward and kicks Cappy with a mule kick! The Faithful cheer!

DDK:

That looked like something out of Minute's playbook! What a counter to the surfboard stretch!

DLJ is hurt and favors his back as Cappy stumbles up, holding his chest. Capital Punishment makes a tag to Angel who climbs into the ring and waits. Dan tries to stand with Uriel, Minute and Titaness warning him to turn around!

DDK:

Angel looking for another HOSS Body?

He runs...

BUT DAN LEO JAMES CATCHES HIM! FALLAWAY SLAM!

The Faithful go crazy as both men are down! Dan is hurt and holding his back again while Trinidad is seething, kicking the mat and hurting.

DDK:

What a counter by James! Can he get the tag?

Uriel, Titaness and Minute are ready to jump in as needed as Angel rolls over and makes a tag to Aleczander The Great. He jumps in and tries to grab Dan by the leg... but he kicks him away! Then Dan reaches out...

TAG TO URIEL CORTEZ!

DDK:

HERE COMES THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY!

Minute watches Uriel as he jumps in and SLUGS Aleczander with a wide clothesline that knocks him down! Strong AF tries to enter the ring, but meets the same fate as Aleczander when he gets clubbed down with a big clothesline! Aleczander starts to stand...

THWACK! Then gets a HUGE chop to the chest that knocks him back into a neutral corner! The Faithful let out a collective wince as Aleczander holds his chest.

Lance:

Good LORD that was brutal! I could hear that chop all the way up here!

DDK:

And now Strong AF is about to get one...

THWACK!

A discus chop sends The Seattle Strongman to an opposite corner. With Uriel in the center of the ring, he roars and charges at Strong AF, CRUSHING him with a splash on his side. He runs to the opposite corner and then CRUSHES Aleczander with a big splash, then pulls him out of the corner to deliver another STIFF doubled-over Chop of Ages!

DDK:

Chop of Ages rocks Aleczander! His chest is beet red!

Aleczander's muscular pecs have been ripped up by Uriel's chops and now he tries to go for the win!

ONE...

TWO...

SAVED BY CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!

DDK:

Capital Punishment breaks up the cover! Now he's going after Uriel!

He attacks the giant while he's down and throws right hands, but Titaness charges in and nails a pump kick on the former corrections officer! He gets staggered when The Show of Force grabs him... **AND HITS A BODY SLAM ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!**

Lance:

Unbelievable! Titaness drops Capital Punishment and saves her husband!

Titaness drives him down, but before she can do more, Angel reaches in and drags her out of the ring before **THROWING** her back-first into the barricade!

DDK:

Things are starting to break down!

Uriel manages to roll over...

Minute looks down at him...

Lance:

They've been at odds... what is Minute going to do?

Uriel Cortez:

YOU'RE PART OF THIS TEAM AND PART OF THIS FAMILY, DAMN IT! KICK THEIR ASS!

Minute looks out to the people around him... **THEN MAKES THE TAG!**

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

THERE WE GO! MINUTE IS IN THE MATCH!

Lance:

The TJ Tornado is in!

He leaps over the ropes and then takes flight with a huge diving meteora on Strong AF just as he tries to stand! He rolls through and lands on his feet with Aleczander on the apron, then does a roll before leaping up to grab him by the neck to pull him down across the top rope, sending him out to the floor!

DDK:

Minute is in! And he's all over the place!

Minute gets on his feet and then he sees Aleczander trying to stand. He looks out to The Faithful and then zips quickly across the ring before he **LAUNCHES** himself like a bullet right through the ropes with a high-speed suicide dive that wipes out Aleczander and sends The Mancunian Muscle crashing into the barricade!

DDK:

That speed is incredible! He just wiped out Aleczander!

The former two-time Unified Tag and Favoured Saints Champion slips back into the ring and sees Capital Punishment on the other side, duking it out with Dan Leo James on the floor. Minute takes flight and LEAPS over the ropes with ease, crashing down hard onto Capital Punishment next with the MIRAME Flying Space Tiger Drop and the crowd goes crazy!

DDK:

He hits Mirame! Mirame on the outside!

Lance:

Look at him go! He's attacking anything that moves!

Minute slides back into the ring when he sees Angel Trinidad outside of the ring trying to continue his attack on Titaness. He gets to the ropes, looks out to the sea of fans... then WALKS ACROSS THE ROPES AND takes flight with a HUGE top rope moonsault off the top rope, wiping out an unsuspecting Angel Trinidad!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

MINUTE JUST WIPED OUT TEAM HOSS ON THE OUTSIDE WITH THOSE DIVES!

Lance:

Minute has been questioning his place among Titanes Familia and it looks like tonight, he might be the difference maker!

After taking down The Beast from the Bronx with the final dive, Minute gets back up and The Faithful are on their feet! He slides into the ring... but Aleczander is back up and DRIVES Minute into the mat with a massive spinebuster!

DDK:

No! No! He caught Minute!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... KICKOUT!

The luchador kicks out at the last second! Aleczander screams!

DDK:

Minute almost got caught by that spinebuster, but he kicked out!

Aleczander gets back into the ring and tries to attack Minute by pulling him up and then hitting a knee to the gut!

Lance:

Aleczander trying for Weapon Flex... his signature powerbomb!

With gusto, he tries to get him in the powerbomb position and tries for the elevated sitout powerbomb... but Minute slips out! Minute kicks him in the legs, but Aleczander slugs him first. The tag gets made to a returning Capital Punishment!

DDK:

Tag by Capital Punishment!

Minute goes for a tornado DDT on Aleczander... but he gets stopped! He gets picked up and thrown into Cappy right into a huge backdrop suplex!

DDK:

No! Minute trying to fight off Team HOSS by himself and it might have just cost him!

Cappy for the cover on Minute!

ONE...

TWO...

URIEL WITH THE SAVE!

Lance:

No! Uriel reaches in and pulls Cappy off his best friend! Uriel saves the match!

DDK:

But Angel is back on the attack! Pump kick to Uriel on the outside!

Angel wipes out Uriel Cortez and then climbs into the ring. Strong AF and Dan Leo James fight it out outside, but when Dan tries a powerslam, Strong AF slips out and pushes him into the barricade!

Lance:

Oh, no! Team HOSS are regrouping! Uriel is down! Dan is down!

Titaness tries to get back into the action, but she gets knocked aside by a big boot from Capital Punishment to jeers from The Faithful! Hector tries to restore order, but Team HOSS aren't leaving the ring and surround the ring... and Minute. Angel talks trash to Minute as he looks around.

Angel Trinidad:

You ain't shit without your friends. You know it! They know it!

He points out around him. Aleczander to his left, Strong AF to his right and the legal man Capital Punishment behind him.

Angel Trinidad:

You're all alone. You're done!

Aleczander The Great:

Let's get the little wanker!

Before they can close in, The Faithful roar!

DDK:

No! No! Look what's happening!

Lance:

Titanes Familia!

Uriel is back.

Titaness is back.

Dan Leo James is back!

Team HOSS turn...

Chops to Angel from Uriel! Chops to Aleczander from Dan Leo James! Chops from Titaness to Aleczander! Capital Punishment tries to grab Minute, but he slips between his legs! When he turns, he CRACKS him with a 540 kick to the side of the head!

DDK:

It's a chop-fest inside the ring! Titanes Familia cleaning house of Team HOSS!

Uriel clotheslines Angel over the top rope as Dan Leo James and Titaness get rid of the other Team HOSS members!

DDK:

And now Uriel and Titaness are setting up!

Uriel looks out to Titaness, then presses her up over his head before throwing his wife outside the ring, wiping out Angel Trinidad to the delight of The Faithful! Dan Leo James wants a turn and points to the outside onto Strong AF!

Lance:

And what is he thinking?!

Uriel nods, then PICKS UP Dan Leo James and THROWS him over the ropes, sending him crashing onto both Aleczander and Strong AF on the other side of the ring!

DDK:

URIEL CORTEZ AND TITANES FAMILIA CLEARING A PATH FOR MINUTE!

Capital Punishment is groggy on his knees when Uriel gives a thumbs up to Minute. He responds in kind and hits the ropes with a handspring enzuigirl that CRACKS him upside the head and puts him on his back! The Faithful go mad as he climbs through the ropes and starts to head to the top rope...

DDK:

Cappy is down... CAPPY IS DOWN... 630 SPLASH! MINUTIAE! MINUTIAE CONNECTS!

He lands all 630 degrees into the rib cage of Capital Punishment and hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "RISE (remix)" by Gitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive and BOBBY ♪

Minute jumps up and The TJ Tornado rises to his feet, pumping both fists in the sky!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Lance:

What a win here tonight! Titanes Familia overcome Team HOSS!

DDK:

Minute's whole issue with Titanes Familia was him trying to find his place. Dan Leo James on the rise. Uriel Cortez and Titaness getting married. It was heading down a rocky path, but tonight, they overcame internal issues to deal with the external threat of Team HOSS here at DEFCON!

Titanness, Dan Leo James and Uriel Cortez all join Minute in the ring. He looks to all of them that he's been fighting with over the past several months. Titanness. Dan Leo James. Uriel. He looks up at his best friend... and all four hug it out in the middle of the ring to HUGE cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

Sometimes, brothers fight!. Sometimes, you question your place. And when you lean into family, you can overcome doubt and you can overcome anything!

DDK:

That was very poignant of you, Lance. Nice work.

Lance:

All these public speaking classes I've been taking to prepare for DEF Radio helped!

All four members of Titanes Familia celebrate in the ring with the members of Team HOSS left to regroup on the outside, shouting over one another. Minute is picked up on the shoulders of Uriel Cortez and Dan Leo James while Titanness applauds the young luchadors efforts for family tonight!

DDK:

A happy ending to this particular story, but we have so many more coming at you! This and much more coming your way here at DEFCON 2023!

THE D vs. ???

Lance:

Up next, we are anticipating the battle for the number one contendership... Dex Joy, Conor Fuse!

The D:

LAAAAAANNNNNCEEEE!

DDK:

Lance. I think you're being called.

Lance:

This feels very unprofessional. What is he even doing here?

DDK:

Why don't you find out?

Lance removes his headset and we hear a thud. Darren takes control as Lance climbs up onto the entrance rampway.

The D:

Give it up for Lance Warner everyone! The best damn dry radio show host in DEFIANCE history ya'll.

The Faithful pop to the recent Radio host, as he makes his way over to the Side interview stage. He politely waves like a President would.

DDK:

The D returned last night during Elise Ares' unsuccessful attempt to dethrone the SoHer Pirate, Henry Keyes. He hasn't seemed to lose a step, even with that medically assisted facemask no doubt obscuring his view.

At the Side stage, the D taps his heels with his arms crossed. Conor Fuse would be proud. He wears his medically cleared yet stylish drama/comedy themed forehead mask, which covers his eyes and nose and wraps around like Zorro. He wears golden tights with PCP purple and white trim. The D sees Lance and beckons him toward. Warner hops off the stage and the D shoves a microphone into his chest. He then beckons Lance to roll on with his hand signals.

Lance:

Faithful... it's the D!

The D humbly accepts the Faithful's cheers with a wave.

Lance:

D, what have you been up to?

The D:

Well Lance, besides spending hours watching tape and getting ready for my return, I had a bit of down time during my medical quarantine. So, I produced a solo feature film. Here's a first print blu-ray of my remake of 127 Hours, "32 Minutes," runtime 96 minutes, where I get trapped in my apartment under a fallen bookcase. The worst part? My tv keeps playing the same whiny Malak Garland promo on a never ending loop. And you see it three times from three angles because storytelling.

Lance:

Why? Why would you do that to yourself? And then make others watch?

The D rubs the back of his neck, startling himself when he initially touches the back of his mask.

The D:

It was an accidental feature. It's mostly just go pros. Plus a tax write off.

Lance:

The Faithful are glad to have you back Derek! What are you doing out here? I didn't see you on the runsheet...

The D no sells Lance. He doesn't move, doesn't say a word. Lance blinks, and realizes his faux pas.

Lance:

D.

The D instantly reacts in a positive upbeat manner and continues along.

The D:

Yes Lance?! Or should I call you El? Maybe Dubya?

Lance straightens up and continues with a smile.

Lance:

What are you doing out here?

The D grabs a few papers Lance brought with him out of his hands and tosses them off camera. He grabs Lance's hand to pull the mic close.

The D:

Lance. The D, puts the D, in DEFCON!

Lance:

Well you've certainly done just that. You were a pivotal if unsuccessful part of Elise's bid to recapture the Southern Heritage championship in our Night 1 opener, and now, you're here!

The D:

I'm here.

Lance:

So... why?

The D:

Why? Why? Cause I just got medically cleared Lance! Well, as long as I wrestle with this protective thing on my forehead. I mean, can't be that hard, Klein does it every week... Hell, I used to be a fountain drink. So, I'm cleared, I'm at DEFCon. And the D? Well, the D knows you miss him. You miss my power, my agility, my hip thrusts... and just, you miss how the D makes you FEEL inside, when he's inside that ring. See... Get close.

The D stiffens, leans forward and seems to tower over Lance.

The D:

The D has one love. He's had a lot of likes, epic likes, affairs even with Hollywood starlets you wouldn't believe... Love you Betty White. But I've only ever had one love. I share it with the rest of my PCP brethren. And it's not just the spotlight. Although that's a part of it...

The D steps forward and points toward ringside.

The D:

That ring. We all love being in that ring, wrestling in front of you Faithful. PCP may usually say we're entertainers, but y;know, you can be both. We are both. We've proved that, time and time again., So, I plan to prove it yet again tonight. Cause the D misses being inside you DEFIANCE. The D missed the Faithful. Just... let me inside, let me enter DEFCon

and give you the NIGHT OF YOUR LIVES! You can find your way back, right Lance?

Lance:

Y-you mean, to my desk?

The D pulls the microphone away and starts making his way toward ringside.

The D:

Cause the D is ENTERING DEFCON, and he's not leaving until he gets a dancing partner! Hit my music!

♪ *"Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison* ♪

The D storms his way to ringside, working his way through the crowd as he does. He's got a camera out and flashing selfies with some of the Faithful as he passes through.

DDK:

A far cry from when the Pop Culture Phenoms first joined DEFIANCE, where they would recoil at the touch of the Faithful. Now, the D basks in their love. Lance! Welcome back!

Lance:

I don't know why he called me over. I feel like he could have done that with anyone.

DDK:

Oh it's alright. The D is just riding the coattails of your recent Radio appearance.

Lance:

Maybe, but the D is cleared to wrestle, and it looks like he doesn't want to leave the ring until he gets a fight!

The arena grows dim as the Defi-a-tron flickers to life.

"He's a strongman from yesteryear."

Cut in on a sepia-toned film reel of two men in black trunks, jerkily throwing one another around in the ring. The moves weren't flashy, they were just effective. A music box began to tinkle, slowly playing the familiar tune to "The Entertainer".

"He's a throwback to a bygone era."

A Model T Ford putt-putts by the camera, skinny little wheels rolling over a gravel road. The driver smiles out the window, waving enthusiastically. The aged camerareel makes his waving look spastic, and frantic.

"A relic of a time long ago."

A penny-farthing bicycle rider races by the camera, and then tips over! Oh, what fun!

The music stops cold.

"And he's the first ever DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion."

As the camera slowly goes black, you can hear the D shout "SHIT" loudly over a house mic. The camera wipes horizontally in on a manically grinning Bronson Box, raising the FIST of DEFIANCE over his head.

#You can run on for a long time...

Johnny Cash's slow, soulful croon is a grim accompaniment to the Bombastic One, as Bronson turns, hauling off and

belting someone directly in the face.

#Run on for a long time...

Bronson grabs Eugene Dewey by the waist, and flips him up... Charges forward, and powerbombs Eugene onto the exposed nut of the top turnbuckle, an added sound effect of a metal-on-metal CLANG sounding at the moment of impact.

#Run on for a long time...

Lyndsey Troy is yanked into the Boston Massacre, pulled back until her poor spine was simply creaking with agony, strained against itself under Box's violent grip.

#Run on for a long time...

Bronson Box yanks the old WWA World Championship out of Boston Bancroft's hands as Boston lays in the wreckage of a ladder. Slowly, both title belts are lifted into the air, over Bronson's head, as the Bombastic One just smiiiiiled...

#Sooner or later, God'll cut you down.

As the video ends and the lights come back up The one true ACE of DEFIANCE stands with his redwood sized arms folded across his barrel sized chest. He peers out over his faithful for the first time in years. The fans in attendance are going absolutely apoplectic as Boxer begins his decent down the ramp and towards... his ring. The Original DEFIANT makes his way up the ring steps, pausing only for a moment to soak in a little more of the faithful's adoration.

DDK:

Can you believe this? Can you really believe this is happening... again!?

Box gives a little nod to referee Mark Shields before scaling all four turnbuckles, reintroducing himself to his fans.

Lance:

I can't! Bronson Box has just answered the D's open challenge here at DEFCon! Two years ago, this exact scenario played out, and the D fell short against the Hall of Famer.

Box finishes being checked by our official Mark Shields, and stares across the ring. He cracks his knuckles. The D shakes his head from side to side, loosening up both his neck and then his shoulders.

DING DING

Box steps toward the D as the D circles around to prevent a quick close. Before Box leans in for a tie up, the D extends a hand for a hand shake.

Box nods and they shake once, before continuing to circle. Collar and elbow tie up, Box grabs the D's arm into an arm wringer. The D forward rolls and knips up, and then locks in a side headlock. Bronson just deadlifts the D into a belly to back suplex. The D's head rattles as he rolls into the corner. He shakes his head clear and meets Box back in the center for another collar and elbow. The D takes advantage this time, locking Box into a front headlock. Before Box just northern lights release suplexes the D over his head.

DDK:

Box really just throwing the D around here early.

Lance:

As much of an amateur wrestling background the D has, I wouldn't stay within clinching distance of Box in that ring.

The D tries to work the kinks out of his back, and circles around an amused Box. The D goes in for another collar and

elbow, but ducks at the last moment into a go behind hammerlock. The D points to his head, finally in a position where Box can't easily suplex it. However, this gives Box the moment to break and spin, going into his own go behind. German suplex follows, but this time, the D lands on his feet. Box gets up after his suplex, dusting his hands, as the D grabs the back of his head and uses all his body weight to hit a thunderous neckbreaker. The D then backrolls on top of Box, hooking his head in a guillotine choke in a mounted position.

DDK:

What a series of moves! Box is in the center of the ring Lance! Could this be just the opening the D needs?

Lance:

Maybe if this was forty minutes from now, but Box is just too fresh.

Indeed, Box is already fighting to his feet, and now the D is just hanging onto his choke with his feet wrapped around Box's midsection as if he were a toddler being carried home. The D shakes his head no as Box just rushes into the nearest corner. The D screams as his back strikes the steel, breaking the hold. Box then catches him with a stiff european uppercut under the jaw. A second one sends the D perched onto the second rope. A third one looks to take the D out of the ring, but the D back bridges and hooks Box's arm in a triangle lock over the top rope. Shield's there to make the count, which the D breaks at four by backflipping onto his feet on the outside.

Box rubs his shoulder and starts to loosen up himself, as the D climbs back up on the apron. The D springboards onto the top rope and Box braces to catch him, so D drops back onto the apron side. Box charges forward to knock D off, so D baseball slides underneath. He rushes off the far side and catches a lumbering Box with a stiff forearm shot. It doesn't rock him, he just eats it. So D rushes off the camera side and returns with another forearm shot.

Box just takes it.

DDK:

The D is going to have to do more than that to take Box off his feet.

Lance:

D trying again, WITH EVERYTHING! No! Box just side steps!

Box avoids the flying crescent kick and the D lands with a thud on the canvas. Box grabs the D by his head and cranks his neck. The D cries out and reaches for the ropes, as Box puts more pressure on with his beastly mitts.

DDK:

Box is going to keep this pace slow and methodical. Use his brute strength to wear down the D.

Lance:

One thing the D is known for, is his stamina. He can wrestle for hours if given the opportunity.

DDK:

Listen, everyone knows the D can go. He can go hard. But Bronson Box is on another level. He's a Hall of Famer for a reason.

The D springs to his feet, and headbutts Box in the gut with his mask. It breaks the hold as Box clutches his ribs, wind broken. D quickly rushes off the ropes and leaps, this time striking true with "With Everything." This takes Box off his feet for the first time with a lumbering thud. D quickly rushes off the ropes, hitting them chest first, and then moonwalks, before moonsaulting onto the prone Bronson Box.

One.

Box just presses the D off. D lands on his feet, and charges, hitting a shooting star press before Box can get up.

One.

Box again presses out, but this time rolls onto his knees. The D doesn't let up, jumping off Box's back and then landing on top with a senton. D rolls forward out of the senton and races off the ropes. He returns to serve up a basement dropkick to Box's skull, spinning him onto his back. The D scrambles on top for a cover.

One.

Two.

Box gets a shoulder up with authority. The D grabs Box from behind in a chinlock, as Box doesn't take long to just stand with the D still barely hanging on. Box tries to grab the D, but the director of Lake Placid releases and drops behind Box. Box turns and swings with a clothesline but the speedy D is already racing off the far ropes. When he returns, he sunset flips over top Box and tries to bring him down for a pin. Box wobbles, he sways, but then wraps both paws around D's neck.

DDK:

Aloha Box, but Box is just too strong.

Lance:

I can't imagine what Box has planned here.

Box repositions D onto his shoulders, hooking a leg and an arm in a fireman's carry position. D tries to pull Box down in a Crucifix but Box just stretches the limbs and D lets out a cry.

Bronson Box keeps the D's arm and leg hooked as he front flip tosses him and follows him down to the mat in a near free fall. The D bounces off from impact as Box keeps the arm and leg hooked. He lifts the D off the canvas just enough to drive his knee into the small of the D's back. Here, Box just wrenches both limbs as the D shakes his head wildly no at Mark Shields.

DDK:

The D is in a bad position here Lance.

Lance:

You know what I said about not wanting to be in within clinching distance of Box? It's because of all the ways Bronson can stretch you once you're cinched in a clinch. This is just one of the many ways the D is going to experience.

As the D shakes his head wildly no, Box lifts D up and drops him across his knee with a back breaker. He then puts his knee into the back of D and stretches him even further somehow.

DDK:

Bronson Box is treating the D like a Stretch Armstrong doll!

Lance:

But you notice he's not attacking the D's skull. I mean, the Box of old would probably have just popped this little annoying sports entertainment gnat like a fly soaring to a bug zapper. Box I think, respects what the D can do in the ring. Pomp and circumstance aside.

DDK:

Pomp and circumstance aside, of course.

The D refuses to give. So Box lifts him again for another back breaker. This time, D anticipates it and spins a full rotation to put himself onto Bronson's back. He continues his momentum to spin and drops Box with an inverted DDT out of sheer desperation. The D starts crawling over to the corner.

DDK:

I - I think the D's looking for the tag.

Lance:

A near life long tag team wrestler, the D's in for the test of his life. You're in there one on one with the Ace of DEFIANCE. Let's see what you can do!

The D pulls himself up in the corner and realizes his fate. He turns to meet Bronson, who's charging for a european uppercut. The D quickly rolls out and Bronson hits the buckle hard. D off the far side.

DDK:

D IN YA FA-

Lance:

NOPE! Box catches the D's big splash and plants him with a spinebuster!

Box just face palms the D for a cover.

One.

D gets a shoulder up.

DDK:

I think Box is wondering how D got his shoulder up after one.

The Bombastic One reaches down and grabs the D by his trapezoid and just squeezes with is Red Right Hand as the D screams in pain but continuously shakes his head no at Mark Shields.

Lance:

Some heavy throws the D's taken this far, and that submission back breaker sequence was pure torture for the D. Then you get a new version of Box's Fiery Right Hand slash Sacred Hart to the neck and shoulder... We said at the start though, sometimes it's hard to find someone who can go harder and longer than the D.

After a moment, Darren clicks his tongue. Lance sighs.

Lance:

I honestly don't even hear it...

DDK:

That's impossible.

Lance:

I don't even mean to, it just comes out that way.

The D slides down to the mat as Box keeps the nerve hold held. From this position, the D can curl and kick Box once, twice, three times in the head to break the hold. Box comes back before the D can recover, so D catches him with a drop toe hold, rolling over into a single legged boston crab. Box immediately pushes up his upper body, to disrupt D's positioning, and then rolls through sending the D flying forward into the referee in the corner!

DDK:

Oop. Unintentional from Box, Shields was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

D wobbles out of the corner as Shields falls. Box grabs him for a vertical suplex, but D blocks it with his knee. Then drops from the hold and catches Box low.

DDK & Lance:

Ooooh.

Lance:

No.

DDK:

Bad idea.

Lance:

The D just hit Bronson Box with Da-Dick Punchah... his Johnny Cage inspired split low blow. Why does he name a low blow?

DDK:

I don't know. Why does PCP do anything?

The D hooks Bronson in a $\frac{3}{4}$ facelock, and then plants. He backflips.

DDK:

Destin-oHH NO!

Lance:

Again, Box just stops the D's momentum and catches him in mid air. And then he just chucks him halfway across the ring!

The Director of Defiance clutches his lower back as he gets to his feet in the corner. Box is there on a rush, charging forward with a european uppercut. But Box keeps the D from flipping out of the ring from the blow. And then just overhand palm slaps the D's chest.

He does this again. And again. And again.

Ten times. Ten times. By the end of it all. Bronson Box has turned the D's chest into a bruised maroon and black and blue slab of meat. The D feels pretty sure Box both killed him and saved his life, cause Box both stopped and restarted his heart during that beatdown.

The D just falls to his knees out of the corner, and then faceplants on the canvas. Box kicks him and rolls him onto his back, and places one foot on his beaten chest.

One.

The D gets a shoulder up.

DDK:

At one Lance! This is pure DEFIANCE.

Lance:

What a better place than DEFCon when you're in the fight of your life!

Box just chuckles. He grabs the D around his waist in a gutwrench, and tosses him over his shoulder. All the while the D wildly flails his arms to try to off balance him.

Before D can react, Box hooks his big right paw around the D's ribcage and squeezes.

DDK:

The Sacred Heart! Right around the gut, and he's got it synched in. I don't think the claws are quite coming out tonight.

The Dreaches out to a neutral corner, but no one's there.

Lance:

And see, this is where the D shows his...

DDK:

Balls?

Lance:

In a way. He's willing to put himself at great risk, but he's not known as a singles star. I don't think he's won a singles championship in over twenty years. Great hand, no doubt. But never the leading man.

DDK:

In this case, he's in there with one of the leading greats in this industry. He's holding his own, but yes, this is the portion of the match where you either turn your gear up to another level, or you falter against superior competition.

Mark Shields is right there asking the D if he gives up, but each time he shakes his head no, Box just digs in a little deeper. He doesn't break the skin, he's very specific in the type of damage he's providing. That being said, the muscles underneath the skin are bruising and turning a deep purple, as The D gasps for air. In desperation, the D reaches up and starts to claw at Box's eyes. Box squeezes a bit harder in D's gut, drawing a tiny bit of blood before he finally has to break the hold. D hobbles to his feet, over to the camera side ropes.

Once Box shakes his eyesight free from D's eye rake, he charges toward the Director of Defiance, who drops down and hooks the top rope, sending the bruiser up and over the top rope. The D, now building a bit of momentum, climbs up to the top rope. He waits for Box to start to get to his feet, and waves him to stand.

The D:

IT'S ME! IN YA FACE!

The D leaps with a high angle cross body, where he yes, indeed, lands a top rope D in your Face, sending both him and Box tumbling to the outside. The Faithful cheer as the two men re-enact a car crash on the outside.

DDK:

The D is a house of fire here Lance. That's pure adrenaline as he desperately pulls Box up and rolls him in under the bottom rope.

Lance:

Could he do it? D's up top. B-Movie! That big time frogsplash into a pin!

One.

Two.

Box powers out. As Box sits up, the D pounces with a stiff kick to Box's midsection. Box just takes it, and slaps his own chest, shouting at the D to give him his best.

DDK:

Box wants to see what the D's made of here! And he's about to find out!

The D lets loose with three stiff low side kicks to the ribs, which Box just absorbs in his pecs. The D knife edge chops Box once, twice, and then a fourth low kick, one more BIG overhand palm chop that resonates, and finally a spinning mid kick directly to the jaw of Bronson finally takes him down. Until the last blow, Box seemed to heartily absorb the blows, but this kick, it's as if he leaned into it. Box's head whip lashes a bit as he falls onto the canvas.

DDK:

The D... of course... calls that sequence of strikes... Beat it.

Lance:

Like Michael Jackson?

One.

Two.

Box powers out yet again. The D seems to be a bit frustrated, and tries to run his hands through his hair only to feel that tough ceramic and steel mask. It's in this moment he realizes what he has to do.

He takes a few steps back, and lines up his shot. He's wrestling against Bronson Box. He uses both hands to mimic a camera, as he waits for Box to get to his feet.

The D charges...

And Bronson Box reaches up and locks in God's Fiery Right Hand!

DDK:

Box just caught D rushing at him! I think this is it Lance! It's gotta be.

Box tightens his grip... on the mask. The hard almost ceramic, curved and shaped mask that covers the D's nose eyes and forehead. The D doesn't react. The Faithful react in confusion. Box does too, before the D kicks Box three times in the gut. Box releases, so the D rushes off the far side and returns... this time diving face first into Box's face.

The sound it makes is more of a chair shot being rung out than two skulls cracking. D lands on top of Box from the blow, and hooks the legs.

One.

Two.

Box kicks out! The D looks up at the camera, his mask cracked in two places. His eyes wide below the slits as he slams his hand against the mat.

DDK:

I uh, I know the D is medically cleared to wrestle with that mask... but is he legally cleared to wrestle with it?

Lance:

I dunno, what's it made out of?

DDK:

I imagine steel and ceramics, based on the fact it didn't even crack at Box's God's Fiery Hand!

Lance:

I think we might need to have a joint meeting between the medical and officiating crews at some point in the near future.

The D lightly guides Box to his feet. But with sudden speed and strength, Box rushes the D and lifts him onto his shoulders. He rushes toward the nearest turnbuckle, but before he can launch the D, he's hurriconrada'd into the corner. The D uses his own momentum against him. As Box spins, the D is there to plant boot after boot after boot into Box's midsection. Box however, won't go down to a seated position, as the D keeps stomping him, Box uses his upper body strength and the top rope to pull himself back up. Almost testing D to see how long he'll go, the D is almost endless with his strikes as Box just absorbs them, a smile across his face. As Box rubs and checks his lips for blood, the D rushes off the far side and returns.

DDK:

D in your Face!

Lance:

CAUGHT! SNAKE EYES DROP! GERMAN SUPLEX! Box! HE HAS HIM!

DDK & Lance:

BOSTON MASSACRE!

The D's eyes go wide as Box's bear like mitts wrap around his throat and signal his end. The D shakes his head side to side no immediately as Shields gets into view. The D's free hands frantically reaching out for ropes that are, literally, just an INCH too far.

Lance:

It was this very move that ended the D in 2021 at DEFCon against Box. I think it's deja vu for the D. Even with how close they are to the ropes.

DDK:

He's lasting longer than he did in 2021 already Lance. He eventually tapped out... but I don't see how he can withstand that torque and the pressure on those pivot points much longer.

Mark Shields is in view. He sees the D's arms slowly stop fighting, until there's no fight left. Shields reaches down and grabs his hand. He drops it once. He grabs it again. It drops. He lifts the D's hand.

DDK:

IT DOESN'T FALL!

Lance:

No way!

Instead of falling, the D is able to lean his body weight and pull Box an inch or so to the right, which is just enough for his finger tip to slip onto the middle rope. Box can't believe it. The Faithful can't either. But Shields is there to tell Box to let go. Bronson does at three mostly out of sheer confusion and then stands. He just laughs for a moment, as he watches the D pull himself up by the ropes.

The D, meanwhile, looks like he's just been hit by two city buses. He stands, wobbly legged, holding onto the top rope. He also makes sure to adjust his mask, which appears to be slowly leaning forward the longer he wrestles.

He sticks out his hand, palm up, and motions for the Bombastic One to bring it to raucous cheers.

DDK:

Box isn't going to need to be asked twice!

The two meet, near the corner, Box taking advantage with a european uppercut. This sends the D a step back into the ropes. As Box closes the gap, D once again just uses his mask to catch Box square in the nose. This allows a bit of distance to form. D hooks Box...

Lance:

REALLY!?

DDK:

NETFLIX MONEY! That backflip ddt! Center of the ring! D cradles into the pin.

One.

Two.

Box gets a shoulder off and then shoves the D to the side as he rolls. As Box gets to his feet, the D charges into a tilt-a-whirl, but Box uses his strength to hook the D and just hold him, and then drop him in a gutwrench front slam. The D's face bounces off the center of the ring, as Box turns over. The Faithful scream as Box locks the D in his camel clutch.

DDK:

I think this is it! Center of the ring, the D is locked in the Boston Massacre.

Lance:

Not entirely Darren! Bronson can't get D's left hand in, D is being quite squirrely!

DDK:

Is he really trying to crawl from the center of the ring to the bottom rope?!

Box keeps trying to set up D's arm on his leg and hook him but the D keeps wriggling free. Each step takes him closer to the bottom rope. But Box does have one arm fairly securely hooked, and is sitting entirely on his back. As the D continues to crawl, he feels the ropes are closer than they are and reaches out. Bronson grabs his exposed outstretched arm and uses this opportunity to firmly lock in the camel clutch. Then, he starts to pull at the head and neck. The D shaking his head and screaming as he does.

Lance:

Valiant effort Derek! But no one survives a massacre...

Mark Shields is there, and he's asking the D if he gives up. Box seems surprised when he feels the D's head shake no. So Bronson starts to put a bit more pressure on the D. The D winces, he reaches his hand out, and then it falls limply to his side.

Shields looks in and shakes his head. He rushes to the timekeeper and waves.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, via knockout... The Ace of DEFIANCE, BRONSON.... BOOOOOOXXXXX!

Bronson lets go of the hold and drops the D face first on the mat. He looks and cocks his head to the side.

Bronson Box:

Better.

It's here Mark Shields rushes in and raises Box's hand to the cheering Faithful.

Lance:

Bronson Box has returned and has beat the D!

DDK:

Lance, really?

Lance:

Oh God. What did I say?

DDK:

That being said, quite an impressive performance from the D... although this time, it seemed Box was more... scouting than anything.

Lance:

To say DEFIANCE's landscape has changed over these past two nights is an understatement... and we still have the number one contender's match, and the FIST on the line!

Bronson Box walks up the ramp victorious and takes one last look back toward the cheering Faithful. He doesn't give them any sign or taunt, but just his turning around to acknowledge them is enough. The Faithful roar for the return of the Ace, before he disappears backstage.

YOU'RE GONNA GO FAR, KID

After the conclusion of the latest match, all eyes turn backstage where Jamie Sawyers is standing in the interview area.

Jamie Sawyers:

Welcome back to the show! And before I return to the DEFCON Watchalong, it's been two big nights here in DEFIANCE! Earlier tonight, we saw some other big winners among us. And I'm about to interview them now so they have a chance to clear the air.

He motions to his side.

Jamie Sawyers:

Welcome at this time... Uriel Cortez, Titaness, Minute and Dan Leo James... Titanes Familia!

The Faithful respond with loud cheers for DEFIANCE's favorite family. Uriel and Titaness walk in from the left while Dan Leo James walks in from the right. Right behind him, getting a big reaction The Faithful is Minute, the final piece of the family puzzle.

Jamie Sawyers:

Congratulations are in order. In the end, it appears that you were able to hopefully put aside any issues long enough to defeat Team HOSS once and for all after enduring weeks of attacks.

Uriel Cortez:

Damn right, we did. They've been picking us off one by one... but they fucked up when they didn't finish the job. We pulled it out in the clutch. We hashed out our differences...

Dan Leo James jumps in.

Dan Leo James:

And we beat those assbutts! And I didn't even have to use anything from the Little Lost Lucahdor fund.

Titaness looks at Dan.

Titaness:

God help me, that I'm even asking this... but how much did you even make? Did anyone even donate?

Dan Leo James:

...Five dollars. And I donated four of those dollars.

Laughter erupts from The Faithful, but Jamie Sawyers moves on to get to the heart of the matter.

Jamie Sawyers:

Obviously, we've seen some conflict front and center between Uriel Cortez and Minute. The Faithful want to know... do you want to shed any light on how we were able to overcome these issues and move forward? That is, if you have even done that.

Minute nods.

Minute:

Si... that's where I owe you guys an apology. I spent months being angry and upset because things weren't going my way. Nadie más tiene la culpa sino yo... you guys showed me earlier that I am apart of this Familia. I never should have doubted any of this.

Cortez looks down.

Uriel Cortez:

No, dude... I need to apologize. I was angry over Ned Reform. And I needed to learn my lesson from DEFCON last year. Last year, I was driven by revenge on Tom Morrow and I nearly lost Titaness for good...

Titaness reaches over to hold the arm of Uriel.

Uriel Cortez:

And I almost let it happen again. And it won't. Not now... and not ever again.

Minute:

Familia de por vida?

Uriel Cortez:

Familia de por vida.

The two bump fists to a nice cheer from The Faithful!

Uriel Cortez:

We're always familia whether or not you're flying solo. Remember that.

Jamie Sawyers picks up on the last thing Cortez says.

Jamie Sawyers:

Wait... what?

The Faithful pick up on this as well and wonder what's happening as Titaness slaps Uriel's arm now.

Titaness:

Spoilers, dumbass.

Minute laughs.

Minute:

Si, Jamie... Uriel y Princesa... they won the Unified Tag Titles and they want to get those back. Uriel and I were lucky to have held them twice already. I'm a former Favoured Saints champion as well... but I think it's time.

Jamie Sawyers:

Minute:

I need to go higher. I need to elevate. Southern Heritage Champion... The FIST. Two goals I have yet to try... and two goals I want to make it to.

The TJ Tornado turns to address The Faithful directly.

Minute:

I will always be a part of Titanes Familia. If they need me, I got their back. But I'm announcing that going forward... I'm going SINGLES in DEFIANCE!

Cheers erupt in the background for this announcement.

Minute:

I've listened to everyone tell me I'm small. I've listened to people tell me that I won't amount to anything standing in the shadows of giants... but tonight, I SLAYED giants. This name I have now, I wore it to show people that no matter what you thought of me, I could overcome all expectations and I have. I did what Titans do. I stood tall... and going forward, I am Minute NO LONGER!

The cheers get louder!

Minute:

On the next DEFtv... you will see EXACTLY who I really am!

He reaches over and he hugs Titaness, high/low-fives Uriel, then goes over and Dan gives him a hug so big, Dan pulls him off the ground.

Dan Leo James:

I'm gonna miss you, Big Little Uncle! Write and text me every day, please! I... I might cry.

Minute:

Put a! Put a, put me down!

Dan finally does.

Dan Leo James:

...Sorry. I don't handle goodbyes well.

Minute:

I'm not going anywhere. Literally, amigo. We work in the same place.

Uriel and Titaness both try and hide their laughter behind them.

Jamie Sawyers:

There you have it! Uriel Cortez and Titaness as the new tag team representatives of Titanes Familia and Minute about to embark on a solo career... and a name change!

Minute:

You'll see soon enough. Gotta leave the people with something.

Titaness:

Let's go celebrate. Momma Cortez is visiting and she's got that banger empanada recipe I'm gonna learn.

Dan Leo James:

YAY! DESSERTS! I WANT SPRINKLES... do sprinkles go on empanadas?

The four depart as Jamie Sawyers nods.

Jamie Sawyers:

Darren, Lance... back to you!

DANGEROUS MIX vs. FLEX IN A BOX

DDK:

Our next matchup tonight at Night Two of DEFCON is the latest chapter in the rivalry between two of DEFIANCE's rising factions in the tag team division, in the Dangerous Mix and Flex in a Box, representing the Pop Culture Phenoms. This has been bubbling since DEFIANCE Road, where David Fox pinned the PCP's own The D in a three-team match for the Unified World Tag Team Championships.

As Keebs is explaining the events, a replay of Fox dropping his heel on the back of the D's head with the Rough Divide, followed by the winning pin and subsequent celebration, before the Lucky Sevens attack the supposed winners.

DDK:

However, the Lucky Sevens had a stipulation requiring the deciding fall involve them as champions, and in the chaos that revelation caused, they pinned Fox and left Madison Square Garden as champions.

The camera returns to Keebs and Lance at commentary.

Lance:

Since then, Dangerous Mix have been a lot of Faithful's "Uncrowned" tag team champions, including Flex in a Box. When Klein confronted the duo about the robbery the Lucky Sevens had done, he challenged the pair to a match at DEFCon, to test his partnership with Flex.

DDK:

Flex in a Box have been an on again off again tag team since Flex joined PCP about four years back. Their most impressive showing was an almost five star affair against D and Elise at last year's DEFCon. Let's see what they do tonight, in this friendly exhibition.

♪"Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains♪

The lights illuminate a single spotlight at the top of the ramp. There, is a large wooden shipping container. As the song crescendos, Flex Kruger and Klein power their way out from all three sides that are camera facing to emerge. Flex quickly flexes and lets his pecs do the dancing as Klein throws a wild taunt to each side of the sea of Faithful. Flex of course, wears his trademark LED "Flex" sunglasses. Klein meanwhile, wears his box over his head as always. They come wearing PCP themed colored matching outfits, matching what Elise had worn the night before.

Flex pats Klein in the chest, tells him it's time to go to work. The two get their game faces on as they storm their way ringside. Once inside, official Rex Knox checks both men for weapons before they each climb up opposite camera facing turnbuckles to pose.

♪"Run Rabbit Junk" by Hideyuki Takahashi♪

The Smoothie King Center lights up in the familiar red glow that heralds the duo of longtime DEFVETs, as David Fox leads the way, rallying the Faithful as the Kaiju flanks him.

DDK:

The GodBeast and the Jersey Devil make their way to the ring. Lance, this team came ever so close to being crowned tag team champions. They held the belts in their hands. I'm sure they'd really like to get back there.

Lance:

Mushi especially. He's been part of DEFIANCE for ten years now, and the only real championship gold he's held is the Trios belt alongside Fox and his former manager and mentor Eddie Dante. Must be frustrating to be wrestling for that long and to have come up short so many times.

DDK:

I remember that three way dance he had for the FIST that Cayle Murray came out of victorious.

Lance:

Mushi's been part of DEFIANCE forever, and David Fox almost just as long. These two have had storied careers here, and another chapter continues tonight.

Fox tags hands while Mushi suspiciously carries what appears to be a black duffel bag, casually making his way to the Mix's corner before placing the bag on the top turnbuckle. Fox hops onto the ring apron and climbs onto the middle turnbuckle on the outside, while Mushi releases a mighty...

OSU!!!

...and the Dangerous Mix looks at one another with a nod, with David unzipping the duffel bag and pulling out a pair of familiar-looking championship belts.

DDK:

While no actual value here in DEFIANCE, these replica championships have kind of represented the fact that Dangerous Mix should be the rightful champs, after the Lucky Sevens used their contracts to retain by the skin of their teeth!

Lance:

Still, these are replica belts Darren. Dangerous Mix don't need to be trotting them around. I know it hurts Klein's feelings but, let a kid have 'em. What about Chickentenders?

David Fox saunters over to Flex Kruger, raising both title belts in front of him and giving a sharp nod at Klein in the corner.

DING DING

Fox and Flex nod to each other, before having a brief stare-off. As the tension builds up, Flex lunges in for a tie-up, which Fox steps back from and gets into his kickboxing stance, and lashes with a quick roundhouse to the muscled calves of Kruger. Kruger dodges it, and rushes in with a clothesline that Fox rushes under, bounding off the ropes and nailing Flex with a flying forearm that bumps him back-first to the opposite ropes! Fox gets on the offensive, rushing in with a series of roundhouse kicks and locking in a clinch and following up with several knees!

FLUMP!

However, Kruger manages to get leverage on Fox, and shoves him down to the mat, sending him rolling backwards!

Lance:

Flex is going to have the size advantage over Fox, for sure, but Fox has the heart and tenacity to always bounce back!

Flex rushes forward and flattens Fox with a shoulderblock, then pulls him back up to his feet before driving him back down with a MASSIVE scoop slam! Fox is reeling, and starts to stumble for the corner before Flex drives a boot into his back, causing the Soul Survivor to yelp in pain and frustration! Kruger reaches down and grabs Fox by the hair, and pushes him into FiaB's corner, before whipping Fox HARD into the opposite corner!

Kruger lumbers his way to Fox, but Rex Knox steps in, slapping his hands above his head to signify a tag. He holds Flex back as David Fox rolls under the bottom rope and Mushi makes his way in!

DDK:

Usually, tag teams try to cut off the ring, work with a 2 on 1 advantage. In this case, Flex sent Fox steam rolling into his own corner. The impact from the Irish Whip definitely hurt Fox, but now, you've got to deal with a fresh God Beast.

Lance:

That being said, perhaps Flex wants to test his strength with the Japanese Juggernaut.

The crowd heats up as the God-Beast stomps towards Flex and grins, flexing his own muscles to get under the musclemans skin!

OSU!

Flex starts to make his pecs pop, as Klein urges on the Faithful from the apron.

FLEX!

Mushi looks around at the cheering Faithful, and proceeds to give them one hell of a pose down with Flex. Each time Mushi takes a stance, the crowd shouts OSU! And in response, Flex adjusts his position and the Faithful shout "FLEX!" with Klein's urging of course. After three back and forths, Flex extends his hand for a handshake, which Mushi takes. But Flex does try to grip the hand a little extra hard just to put some pressure on the God Beast. The two circle up, collar and elbow, into a side headlock by Mushi. Flex pulls him to the ropes and shoots him off the other side. The two meet in the center with a shoulder block. Neither man goes down.

DDK:

Big meaty men slappin' meat huh Lance?

Lance:

You said it Darren.

Mushi back off the ropes again, and a second one causes the immovable object not to be moved by the unstoppable Juggernaut. Mushi rushes off a third time, and this time leaps off his feet with a shoulder block that takes Flex off his! Both men climb up quickly, but Flex charges into a clothesline. Both men up again, and Flex charges in only for a big Mushigahara powerslam in the center of the ring.

One.

Two.

Flex gets a shoulder up. Mushi goes right into a rear chinlock to keep Flex down.

DDK:

Mushi and Klein have a long history here in DEFIANCE, and they've spent most of that time trying to outstrengthen the other. Flex, meanwhile, known for his pectoral region, may want to toss his hat into the strongman competition.

Lance:

Flex Kruger is a beast of an athlete. With a little seasoning and, regrettably, some more serious compatriots, Flex could very well be in ADV's position in a few years time!

DDK:

Don't sell PCP short. They may be entertainers first, but they can go in the ring. Elise showed us that last night when she came up short against Henry Keyes.

Flex fights to his feet and breaks the hold with a few elbows. Off the ropes, shoulder block, but neither man budes. Again, off the ropes and Klein makes a blind tag. Flex and Mushi collide, but neither man budes. Flex off the far side, and both Flex and Klein charge at Mushi, taking the God-Beast off his feet with dual running shoulder blocks. Klein then drops an elbow to Mushi's gut as Flex is escorted out of the ring.

DDK:

Mushi didn't catch the blind tag and he paid for it.

Lance:

And now Klein dropping elbow after elbow into Mushi's ribs.

After four quick elbow drops, Klein grabs Mushi by his tights and helps him to his feet. Big scoop, and then a powerslam toward Fiab's corner. Tag to Flex, who strangely climbs to the top. Klein grabs Mushi, and hits an atomic drop, causing Mushi to bounce off into a double ax-handle from Kruger. Mushi stumbles, and doesn't go down, so Flex hooks him and slams him with a spinebuster that shakes the ring.

One.

Two.

Fox slips in and boots Flex to break the count.

DDK:

Mushi probably would have kicked out, but Fox had to make sure.

Lance:

And Flex now grabs Mushi's arms and pulls back, driving his knee into the back like a surfboard. Usually, this might look like someone pulling the wings off of a fly, but Mushi's upper body strength is almost unparalleled.

DDK:

Mushi isn't going to submit now Rex, why are you wasting your time?

Indeed, Mushi refuses Rex's inquiry to his submission. Mushi starts to strain, and pull, and just outright butterfly curls out of Flex's grip. He spins and grabs Flex by his throat.

OSU!

DDK:

Flex is being used as a workout tool! Multiple gorilla presses from Mushi!

Lance:

He calls that the Osu Press, and the fans are chanting along with him!

After a few reps, Mushi finally lets loose with a ring shaking slam. He dives on top for a cover.

One.

Two.

Klein this time, enters and boots Mushi to break the fall. He's quickly escorted out by Knox as Mushi grabs Flex and tosses him into the Dangerous Mix corner. Knox turns to see Mushi and Fox tag, and signals he saw it. Mushi hits two forearms to a dazed Flex in a corner, before Fox comes charging in with a running Yakuza kick underneath Flex's jaw.

DDK:

Old School David Fox right there with that running boot in the corner.

Lance:

Fox got some serious impact on that boot, and that just might be what the Dangerous Mix needs to take home the win!

Fox with the cover, Knox with the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Flex pops a shoulder up, and Fox responds by bouncing off the ropes and rushing in for a kneedrop... that misses! Fox

is clutching his leg as Flex Kruger manages to slowly get on all fours and crawl towards Klein in the corner. Fox starts to stagger on his hands and one knee, toward Mushi!

DDK:

The action has picked up, but who will make it to their partner first!

The Faithful start shouting and stomping as David Fox and Flex Kruger slowly make their way to their corners. Kruger is the first to reach his partner, tagging in Klein, but right after Fox leaps on his good leg to tag in the Kaiju, who slowly saunters in to face his rival in strength!

Lance:

This one's been brewing for a long time, Keebs!

With a grin, the God-Beast rushes in for a collar-and-elbow, and the two tussle, exchanging the upper hand while Fox and Flex try to recover at ringside! The two break their grips, before having a brief stare-off...

...in which Mushi rushes forward with a salvo of palm strikes! Klein manages to deflect some of them, but the ones that land are NOT pleasant!

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

Eventually, Klein manages to grab Mushi's wrist mid-thrust, and whip him into the corner, following up with a BIG corner splash! Shoving the Kaiju to the mat, Klein makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

OOOOOOSU!

The Faithful lose it as Mushigihara shoots his arm up, clenching his fist and driving his way back up to his feet! Klein bounds off the ropes and waffles Mushi with a clothesline, but Mushi doesn't go down! Klein goes back for another round, but the second clothesline doesn't take him down either! Desperation on his face, Klein rushes to the ropes in hope that the third time will be the charm, but Mushigihara comes to his senses just in time to get a meaty arm around Klein's neck!

DDK:

Could this be the uranage?!

Mushi hoists the Boxman up, but Klein throws an elbow to the side of his head, forcing the Kaiju to loosen his grip and send Klein back on his feet! Klein manages to beg Mushigihara off for a second, causing the Kaiju to run the ropes, only to get lifted onto Klein's shoulders in a fireman's carry!

The crowd goes wild as Klein starts to spin with almost 300 pounds across his shoulders. He shouts...

Klein:

BOX!!!!

...before swinging Mushi's legs out and dropping his jaw onto Klein's shoulder!

DDK:

THINK OUTSIDE! THINK OUTSIDE! THIS COULD BE IT!

Klein makes the cover and Rex Knox comes in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

...

DAVID FOX RUSHES INTO THE RING...

THREE!!!

...and collapses just short of his partner as Flex hooks the heel!

DING DING DING

♪"Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... FLEX! IN A BOX!!!

Rex Knox raises the hand of Klein just as Flex Kruger rolls into the ring to get his raised. Meanwhile, David Fox is tending to his partner Mushigihara, who is holding his jaw and shaking his head in frustration as he gets back to his feet. The monster pushes forward, getting into both members of Flex in a Box's faces as the tension mounts...

Lance:

This doesn't look good, Keebs, what could Mushigihara be thinking here?

DDK:

He's worn the black hat as one of DEFIANCE's most notorious villains, but he wouldn't to back to that, would he?

FiaB stares at Mushi, and then at Fox, who squeezes his way into the pile...

...and all four men embrace in the center of the ring, patting each other on the back.

DDK:

A show of camaraderie and respect?

They break, smiling and shaking hands, and... is Mushi shedding a tear?

The teams make their way out of the ring, with Flex in a Box leading the way back up the aisle, as the Dangerous Mix tag hands in the crowd and work their way up. Eventually, Mushi makes it to the entranceway, and takes a bow before disappearing backstage.

OSU.

DEFCON WATCHALONG 2

Cut to the live Watchalong backstage. Everyone on the couches from earlier, minus Gentlemen's Agreement, look equally pumped as the show continues.

SuperDEFFan64:

Holy balls! HOLY BALLS! Tag team wrestling alive and well! Let's goooooo!

SuperDEFFan64:

I manifested this! I MANIFESTED THIS! I SAID WE SHOULD HAVE A LOT OF TAG MATCHES AND THAT'S WHAT WE GOT! YAAASSSS!

Chris Trutt:

And we've still got a second half of the show to go! We've seen returns! We've seen a major title change hands! Guys, what are we thinking for this show? Thumbs up? Thumbs down?

The Gulf Coast Connection, Massive Cowboy, Jamie Sawyers, Tripp Wise and even Slightly Fun Jen give the arrival a thumbs up. Sgt. Safety gives a thumbs up for the safety of the room. Kyle Shields, laughing at dank memes on his phone. A thumbs middle for No Fun Dean who isn't ever easy to please... and an irritated Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe largely showing indifference.

Chris Trutt:

We've got a positive audience here in the lounge!

SuperDEFFan64:

And we've got some big matches to go! Dex Joy vs. Conor Fuse for the #1 Contendership to the FIST! Malak Garland vs. The Flying Frenchie! Lindsay Troy and Alvaro de Vargas! I can't believe it! We've g... HEY!

Before the mega fan of all things DEFIANCE can spit out another syllable, his microphone gets snatched by Lord Sewell.

Lord Sewell:

UNACCEPTABLE!

Chris Trutt:

What is the meaning of... WHOA!

Oliver Tarquin Monroe snatches the microphone from Trutt and pushes him aside.

Oliver Tarquin Monroe:

THIS is how you feature us? A tag team that came THIS CLOSE to becoming the Unified Tag Team Champions a few months ago... and we're now having to waste our energy on a couch as if we were common riff-raff... ugh... FANS? Instead of competing on the largest stage that this organization gives to its competitors?

OTM glares at Chris Trutt and SuperDEFFan64.

Oliver Tarquin Monroe:

We! Demand! Satisfaction!

"Wise Ass" Tripp Wise holds a hand up from the couch.

Tripp Wise:

I might know a place or two where you can get satisfaction for an hour.

Kyle Shields:

Oh! Blondie's on Fifth! I know that place! Dude, we might be eskimo bro...

Lord Sewell:

SILENCE!

The room goes quiet after the former British naval officer speaks.

Oliver Tarquin Monroe:

Let this be known, DEFIANCE! We have recently ventured to BRAZEN... and we have recruited another for our cause! We will not be ignored any longer and you will rue the day that you tried to cast us aside! We are distinguished gentlemen and we won't be besmirched one day longer !

Lord Sewell:

Stand aside, knaves! Your Lord is vacating these premises!

Both Sewell and OTM shove the microphones back at the Watchalong hosts respectively and then storm out of the room. The Gulf Coast Connection glare at one another along with Massive Cowboy shaking his head and eating popcorn out of his cowboy hat.

Massive Cowboy:

That wasn't nice.

Theodore Cain:

Duuuude, what a couple of buzzkills.

Wingman Titus Campbell:

For real... dicks.

CCK nods with the group. Chris Trutt and SuperDEFFan64 both turn back to the camera awkwardly.

Chris Trutt:

Uh... back to ringside.

#1 CONTENDER TO THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: DEX JOY vs. CONOR FUSE

The match graphic appears and The Faithful go wild!

DDK:

We're coming to the final few matches here at DEFCON and what better way to begin the stretch run than to have Dex Joy and Conor Fuse - arguably two of the most popular DEFIANTS over the past five years - battle it out for the right to be the official number one contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE, and the next in line to stop Lindsay Troy's reign or be the first to challenge Alvaro de Vargas.

Lance:

It's one of those odd times where both wrestlers have a strong connection with the fanbase, so it's not going to undersell the excitement.

DDK:

Let's go to ringside and Darren Quimbey.

The scene switches to the ring announcer in the center of the squared circle.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL and it is for the NUMBER ONE contendership to the FIST of DEFIANCE!

YAAAAYYY from the fans.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

Darren's voice trails as the scene switches to a backstage hallway where a closed locker room door reads "CONOR FUSE" in lime green letters on the nameplate. After a moment, the door opens and out walks The Ultimate Gamer, looking focused and ready. He's wearing his first ever DEFIANCE wrestling gear, dressed in lime green, however, for this special event, it's glossy lime green. Shiny bandana, shooting sleeve (on only his left arm), tights... all the way down to shiny lime green sneakers. The locker room door shuts behind Fuse as he closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. Conor rolls his shoulders back and begins moving forward, where it's revealed he's not alone. Standing to his left is none other than High Octane Wrestling's Hall of Famer, Bobbinette Carey. Fuse briefly looks over to The Queen of Epicness but no words are said between them. Bobbie is sporting her magenta and black wrestling outfit. Fuse holds up his left fist and knocks it against Carey's. Conor takes a few more steps forward, revealing Darin Zion is also there waiting for him, dressed in a LOVE CONVOY PRETTY PINK® robe. Similar to his interaction with Carey, no words are exchanged between Zion and Fuse. Rather, just a simple fist bump. Fuse goes to walk away but Zion reaches out and hugs him. Conor is stunned but hugs back and then moves on. And then, a few feet further away from the others is HOW Hall of Famer and legend, Jatt Starr. Carried out in the exact same way, Conor and Jatt don't exchange words, just a confidence glance and fist bump. Starr also seems to distance himself further from Zion and Carey, as if insinuating through his own body language not everyone there is exactly on the same page... but they support Conor Fuse no less.

Fuse pumps himself up and walks down the hallway, the camera remaining in front of him as his three HOW friends soon become blurs in the background.

DDK:

My understanding is these are Conor's closest friends outside of DEFIANCE. You have to respect them coming here in support of the gamer.

Fuse continues to walk down the hallway, looking focused and ready, while the crowd inside the arena holds their anticipation in.

Lance:

We're seeing a much different side of Conor here. Don't get me wrong, he's wrestled on a high level before, Keeps.

He's challenged for titles and been in matches with serious consequences but right now, watching him make his way to ringside, I don't think I've ever seen him THIS serious. There's always been a lightheartedness to the guy...

DDK:

As Conor reminded us himself, believe it or not this is his first ever DEFCON singles match.

Lance:

Hard to believe.

Fuse makes a right-hand turn down the hallway before it looks like he's reached gorilla. The feed cuts back to ringside and the lights go out.

The emotions from inside the arena grow. No longer are The Faithful as subdued, they are ready to explode, waiting for the (likely) elaborate entrances.

The rampway lights dim on, only slightly, as the stage and ramp are revealed to be lined with female dancers, dressed in lime green suits, completely with lime green top hats and lime green canes.

Text on the LCD FIST logo is revealed.

DEFCON

DEFCON

DEFCON—OR

DEFCONOR

The theme song begins as the LCD text changes from DEFCONOR to "SONIC MANIA" but then it immediately switches to "CONOR MANIA", while the women begin their choreographed dance and the FIST-DEFIatron plays through the DEFIANCE history of Conor Fuse...

...from Conor and brother Tyler debuting alongside Team HOSS, in the war against the United Toughness Alliance.
...to Conor and Tyler winning their first Tag Team Championships in a 6-pack hell in a cell challenge, on what was, at that point in time, told to the world as DEFIANCE's last ever show before it was bought by the Favored Saints.
...to Conor and Tyler defeating The ToyBox at their first DEFCON event.
...to Conor and Tyler battling the initial version of The Reapers (Resident Evil), before Jason Reeves' return.
...to Conor and Tyler breaking off in singles careers.
...to Conor's victory over The Deacon at ACTS of DEFIANCE 2020.
...to Conor's near victory against Mikey Unlikely for the FIST of DEFIANCE on DEFtv.
...to Conor and Tyler reuniting and defeating Malak Garland & Cyrus Bates for the Tag Team Championships.

The clips and successes of Conor Fuse speed up and finally, at the 0:55 of the song, lime green "championship" rings fall from the rafters

The "Studiopolis" Sonic Mania theme comes to a close and it's replaced by "Stardust Speedway" from Sonic Mania.

At the 0:31 mark of the song, Conor Fuse arrives at the top of the stage, via a spinning lift from underneath the ramp. Fuse sports a lime green jacket, something out of CastleVania, with various hashtags printed all over it. These, however, are not the slanderous Comments Section-branded tags but rather ones that sport Fuse's own views such as !RANK, PRESS START, POWER-UP, WEAPON GET, and so on.

And even though the entrance is elaborate and, perhaps, silly enough, Conor's demeanor hasn't changed since he

was shown backstage. As intense as before, Fuse takes a step forward and sucks back the intensity in his eyes.

More lime green rings fall from the rafters and into the crowd, as well as the stage. The dancers have lifted their canes to create a pathway for Conor to walk underneath as he finally makes his way to the ring.

DDK:

The Video Game Kid has arrived!

Swinging his arms around as he marches down, it's clear Conor is holding back everything he can until he reaches the end of the rampway. Once there, he pushes the jacket off his shoulders as lime green pyro EXPLODES at the top of the rampway. With one easy jump forward, Conor lands perfectly on the top of the apron. He clears the ropes again with another jump, flipping in the air as he does and landing perfectly on his feet, then spinning into a ball on the mat, rolling forward and popping up directly in the center of the ring. Lime green pyro bursts from all four corners and Fuse raises his left arm, hammering it down. He raises it again and hammers it down a second time. With each thrust of his arm, the crowd chants *!RANK*.

As the theme song picks up, Fuse bounces off the ropes... and bounces off the ropes again. He starts smacking his head, screaming into the crowd as they scream back. The *!RANK* chants are loud until the theme ends.

Darren Quimbey:

From Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at two-hundred-ten pounds... he is The Ultimate Gamer... he is The Power-Up King... he is the Character Formerly Known as Player Two... he is... CONORRRRRRR
FUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

DDK:

As ready as he'll ever be, in Conor's biggest match to date, on the greatest stage... we now await The Biggest Boy.

The fans continue to *!RANK* along, as there's a lag between the gamer's entrance and what's to come.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing ... performing the entrance theme for Dex Joy, "Undeclared." Please welcome producer Tommee Profitt and Beacon Light!

The musical duo appears on the stage to the sounds of thousands in attendance getting ready to bring the beats.

One by one in the Smoothie King Center the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time....

BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!!

The beeping continues and then two words back up from opposite sides of the DEFIA-tron

DEFCON

A time bomb graphic appears just below ... three ... two ... one ...

BOOM!!!

is all that is left ... followed by a small 8-bit Dex Joy graphic bending the F to become ...

DEXCON!!!

YEEEEAAHHHHH!!!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

DDK:

A very good point!

Joy stops and he poses on the apron with both fists shot high to the sky! Looking ready to become number one contender, Dex pulls on the top cable as tightly as he can and then jumps over the ropes to enter the ring. The music goes quiet.

Now all that stands between Dex and Conor from destiny ... is each other.

LET'S GO CON-OR!

LET'S GO DEX!

LET'S GO CON-OR!

LET'S GO DEX!

LET'S GO CON-OR!

LET'S GO DEX!

The crowd is at its peak as Joy and Fuse stand on opposite ends of the ring. Just when Hector Navarro spins around to call for the bell-

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

The OG Comments Section theme, which hasn't been aired for some time, blares on the PA to a chorus of boos. Conor Fuse doesn't look happy. Of course, neither does Dex Joy.

DDK:

We REALLY don't need this!

Percy Collins, Thurston Hunter, Martin Evans-Everett IV, ALEX P. and The Game Boy emerge from the back, making their way down the ramp. Collins leads the way, clapping along and "cheering" for Conor Fuse. The cheers are washed out by a crowd that's absolutely hating the idea of a dream match being ruined by "extracurricular activities".

DDK:

None of these clowns have any business being out here. Let's have a good DEFCON moment! Screw this!

Collins giggles to himself as one of the nearby mic cameras picks up his speech.

Percy Collins:

DEFCONOR vs. DEXCON? Can't be complete without DEFCON-MENTS, hahaha!

The extremely poor attempt at a joke cracks the hell out of Hunter, who begins laughing hysterically! The Street Thug thinks it might be the most hilarious thing ever said! No one else is laughing, though. It's clear the entire arena can't stand the thought of these goons being here.

The BADASS Master points at Conor Fuse as the group continues to stroll down to ringside.

Thurston Hunter:

ONE OF US! ONE OF US! ONE OF US!

The scene switches to the ring where Conor can't stop shaking his head and Hector Navarro, known as the referee who puts up with the least amount of nonsense from managers or anyone else outside the ring, is working on a heart attack as he stands on the bottom rope and screams at The Comments Section to leave.

Additionally, Thurston Hunter is carrying what looks to be a lawn chair. Like the famous lawn chair GIF of Jason Momoa from The Game (season 3, episode 20 BTW), once the group reaches the bottom of the rampway Hunter pops it open with one fluent pump of his left hand and takes a seat with a shit eating grin on his face. The others hover

around Hunter, while Collins looks particularly in his glory, shouting poorly cheered “!RANK” chants.

Meanwhile, Dex Joy begins shouting his own displeasure to the group, first by telling them to get the hell away and then pointing to Conor, as if the gamer has something to do about it.

Hector Navarro’s given up. He realizes he can’t boot the goons away without a cause but warns them to stay where they are, because if they make any wrong move or interfere in the match whatsoever, he will call for backup and then they will be ejected.

Navarro brings his attention to the time keeper. He raises his hand for the bell when-

Conor Fuse:

PAUSE!

Navarro stops, Dex raises an eyebrow and Conor Fuse walks over to the referee.

Conor Fuse: *[pleading with Hector Navarro]*

One second, okay. Just- just don’t ring the bell. One. Second.

Fuse bounces off the ropes on the fair side and then surprisingly DIVES out of the ring, crashing into Percy Collins and ALEX P.! The crowd ROARS with approval as Fuse takes hold of MEE6 and hurls him into the steel steps. Conor spins back around in the nick of time to trip up The Game Boy, who absolutely EATS the top of the steel steps with his face, and more specifically his mouth, before Fuse hops onto his head in a modified curb-stomp-meets-head-stomp!

RAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Completely fired up, Conor superkicks the spit right out of Percy Collins, then performs a tilt-a-whirl DDT on ALEX P., driving his skull into the bottom of the ramp! Finally, the gamer sees Thurston Hunter, who is still sitting in the lawn chair, frozen in fear.

Conor Fuse:

Get up.

Hunter shakes his head no.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, GTF up.

Again, Hunter with a shake of the head no.

Fuse races over, snatches the “thug” by his long, ratty brown hair and EJECTS him into the fourth row of Faithful!

Conor runs back towards the ring, slides under the bottom rope and continues to slide all the way to the middle of the canvas. He pops up, easily standing on his two feet and nods to referee Hector Navarro.

Conor Fuse:

UNPAUSE!

Navarro doesn’t waste a second, he likes what Fuse did and he calls for the bell!

DING DING

Dex Joy appreciates the gesture by his opponent...

And the entire arena is on their feet, going absolutely batshit insane.

LET'S GO CON-OR!

LET'S GO DEX!

LET'S GO CON-OR!

LET'S GO DEX!

LET'S GO CON-OR!

LET'S GO DEX!

DDK:

We've reached cabin pressure!

Lance:

And these two haven't even touched each other yet!

Conor and Dex simultaneously walk to the center of the ring and take in the atmosphere. The crowd continues to shake the building, as Fuse peers into the bleachers and slowly raises his left hand in the air... until he crashes it down. The crowd screams.

!RANK

Fuse grins with intensity and raises his arm again, he's going to drop it down and orchestrate another *!RANK* chant but this time Dex blocks Conor from doing so and gives his head a serious tilt. Fuse doesn't look happy about it so he raises his arm again... this time both of them. Although it's clear he's not going to command a chant. Instead, Fuse wants to lock up with the big man.

They grapple, the crowd loses their shit and also, for good measure, EMTs are down to take The Comments Section away. (All except The Game Boy, who ends up leaving under his own strength.)

Inside the ring, Joy clearly overpowers Fuse in the matter of seconds but The Ultimate Gamer swings around to Dex's back in a standing switch and pushes The Biggest Boy a step forward. Fuse leaps into the air, grabs Joy's head and attempts a DDT when Dex refuses to go down, wraps his arms around Conor's waist and holds the gamer in the air, looking for a German suplex.

Joy throws Fuse backwards but Conor flips in the air and lands perfectly on his feet! The former SOHER turns around and realizes the gamer is standing in the center of the ring. They're back at square one.

LET'S GO CON-OR!

LET'S GO DEX!

LET'S GO CON-OR!

LET'S GO DEX!

LET'S GO CON-OR!

LET'S GO DEX!

Fuse ducks a clothesline and hits the ropes ahead of him. He comes sprinting across and ducks another clothesline attempt, going off the next set of ropes. Conor is so quick, Dex doesn't have a moment to turn around this time. Instead, Joy is hit with the first real move of the match, in the form of a missile dropkick to his chest!

The crowd cheers but Dex shows he has abilities, too. In this case, it's the ability to not easily be knocked off his feet. Joy only takes a step back while Fuse kips up, eyes wide, knowing this match is going to be a war since the move barely phased his opponent.

DDK:

It isn't going to be easy.

And then they go at it again. Fuse comes in with a superkick but Dex shows surprising flexibility by leaning back, almost like he was in The Matrix, and missing Conor's sneaker kick completely. Joy bursts forward and tackles Fuse

to the mat, then he starts unloading with forearm smashes as the crowd cheers along. Joy whips Conor to his feet and Irish whips the gamer into a corner. Fuse goes in so hard, he does his typical flip upside-down across the padding so that he's sitting on the top turnbuckle, before flipping right back down and stumbling backwards to the center of the ring.

Joy looks for a backdrop but Conor lands on his feet for the second time!

WHAP!

Fuse connects with that superkick!

Conor bounces off the ropes and leaps forward in a flash. He spears Joy but he's practically absorbed by the big man's chest and falls out on the mat, as if the spear didn't phase Dex. Fuse gives his head a shake on the mat, as The Biggest Boy runs towards the ropes and finds Conor Fuse-

OOOHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Dex connected with his diving headbutt, Jump for Joy!

The crowd is stunned, seeing one of Joy's biggest moves hit so early in the match. Dex drops to his knees and hooks a leg.

ONE.

KICKOUT!

The crowd shouts again, as Fuse kicks out with authority! Joy glances over to Hector Navarro and then back at Fuse, with a look on his face suggesting to bring it on. It just means the tempo is going to pick up that much more.

Joy wraps his arms around Conor's neck and hurls the skinny gamer into the air. Fuse kicks his legs around as he flies into the air and comes crashing back down to the mat chest-first. Fuse rolls to his left but he doesn't realize he's rolling right into a corner of the ring, when Joy races in, jumps onto the second rope and connects with a corner slingshot splash (Vader Bomb)!

Joy hooks the leg...

ONE.

KICKOUT!

The crowd roars and Joy smiles once more, albeit it's a smile suggesting Conor is simply going to endure more punishment. Dex doesn't waste a second before tossing Conor into the corner across the way and then running in with a massive body splash! Fuse stumbles out of the buckle, swinging his hands around but ultimately not hitting anything but thin air. Joy races forward, takes hold of Conor's head, looking for a running bulldog when Fuse makes a hard turn to his right, escaping the hold! Joy lands on the canvas, sitting up-right, as Fuse spins around and dropkicks Joy in the back of the head. Dex remains seated, as Conor races towards his opponent again, flips in mid-air while grabbing Joy's head and slams it to the mat in a spinning DDT!

Fuse kips up and hurries into a corner. He leaps onto the top rope immediately and already has Dex measured. Fuse goes for a HUGE leg drop but Dex rolls out of the way at the last second! Conor grabs the back of his right thigh, looking like he may have hurt it. Meanwhile, Joy is on his feet, he reels Conor in and lands a massive falcon arrow suplex!

Joy wants to go for a cover but Fuse knocks his legs together, chopping Dex in the neck. The Biggest Boy rolls to his

side as Conor falls into the ropes and uses them to get up. Joy charges in, clubbing Conor on the side of the head and sending him head-over-heels to the canvas. The Ultimate Gamer refuses to stay down, so Joy chops Conor in the gut and then scoop slams him to the mat, followed by a diving headbutt. Joy realizes more work needs to be done so he drags Conor to a vertical base and begins chopping the pale gamer in the chest.

The crowd WOOs along as Fuse is worked into a corner. Joy tries sending Conor to the corner across the way but Fuse with a reversal, although it's countered by Joy, who reverses the reversal. Dex CRUSHES Conor with a clothesline, sending the Canadian once again head-over-heels, inside-out on the canvas.

RRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHH!!

Fuse pops back up and Joy grunts. Dex tosses Conor into the ropes but follows in fast, too. Once Fuse hits the ropes, Joy is there to give him a bearhug and a belly-to-belly suplex!

DDK:

Conor REFUSING to stay down!

Lance:

Gotta love the heart, Keebs.

Joy with a running release German suplex this time!

Again, Conor doesn't stay down!

Dex with another clothesline. He peels Conor off the mat and lands an exploder suplex!

Followed by another.

And another.

The crowd is going wild.

DDK:

Conor gets up every, single, time.

Lance:

He has a death wish!

On this account, however, Fuse is standing but he's SIGNIFICANTLY wobbly.

And then he collapses on the mat without any further damage taken!

Joy looks like he mouths the word "finally". He decides to race in and land a big splash on Fuse. He hooks Conor's leg.

ONE.

KICKOUT!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

I think this is the third time Conor has kicked out at one!

Lance:

Look at Joy's face... he's fuming!

By now, the fun and games are over. Dex immediately whips Conor upright and CHOPS him as hard as he possibly can into a corner. Dex proceeds to apply stomps to Conor's chest, sending him further down into the canvas with each boot.

The mudhole stomping has the Dex fans cheering loudly and the Conor fans beginning to boo. For the most part, though, the crowd is worked into a positive frenzy either way because many of The Faithful are fans of both men and cheer for offense regardless.

Joy pulls Fuse from the mat and Irish whips him into the buckle across the way. Fuse once again goes 'trademark' into the turnbuckle, flipping over on impact and sitting on the top of it. However, this time, before he stumbles back down, Joy is having none of this theatrical pissposh and comes racing in, snatching the gamer off the padding and connecting with a beautifully looking muscle buster!

THUMP!

Fuse is spread out in the center of the ring as Joy hits a big splash!

DDK:

The air DEFINITELY looked to be knocked out of Conor Fuse there!

Joy throws Fuse up against the ropes and then begins drilling the gamer in the ribs with a plethora of shots.

Lance:

Dex is going to make sure Conor's DOA before he tries another pin!

Fuse is trying to cover up but Dex drapes Conor's arms over the top rope so he can't quite defend. Shot after shot is taken by Fuse, as the crowd continues to love whatever offense they see. Joy finally hip tosses the younger Fuse Bro. to the center of the ring and comes in again, this time with a major elbow drop to the chest. He covers.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

A much longer pin this time seems to keep Joy less frustrated and still focused. It's clear after Joy started REALLY laying into Conor, he's done a lot of damage.

Dex continues to pummel The Power-Up King around the ring while Conor is trying his best to cover up. It's a tough task to do. Heavy elbow smashes to Fuse's head and ribs have the former two-time Tag Team Champion reeling. He's in the center of the ring, getting crushed.

DDK:

It's been all Dex Joy since Conor's last quick kickout. I don't think Fuse has got a shot in.

Joy tosses the gamer into the ropes and then charges in again, perhaps looking for another belly-to-belly suplex the second Conor bounces off the ropes but this time, Conor hooks his arms around the top rope and comes to a halt. Dex ends up receiving nothing. Fuse sprints forward and roundhouse kicks The Biggest Boy in the side of the head. It phases Dex minorly, as he takes Conor and hurls him into the next set of ropes across the way. This time Conor stops before he meets the ropes, however, and he baseball slides smoothly out of the ring.

Fuse stands outside and dusts himself off, as if telling Dex he's easily handled everything coming his way so far... even though Conor's body language suggests he's clearly spent and needs the breather.

Joy rolls his eyes and calls Conor on, as Fuse hops onto the apron and Dex comes running. Conor drops the top rope

on the former SOHER and Joy falls out of the ring. Fuse realizes he has a great opportunity so he slingshoots himself over the top rope, back into the ring and then bounces off the far ropes. But before Conor can even begin to clear the ropes on the Dex Joy side, diving out of the squared circle with a (likely) corkscrew splash onto Joy, the LA native slides back into the ring, catches Conor Fuse in a bearhug and connects with a ring shaking bearhug suplex!

Conor stumbles around the canvas, looking to be put out of his misery when Joy bounces off the ropes and tries for a spear. However, Conor jumps ovetop of Dex, clearing him with ease! Fuse rifles a superkick into the back of Joy's head, further sending the California native stumbling forward. Conor roars in, hops onto Joy's shoulders and attempts a tilt-a-whirl DDT-

Joy freezes, anchoring all his weight to the canvas and doesn't budge downward. Instead, he stands and has Conor dead-to-rights, unable to complete the attempted DDT. Joy whips Fuse onto his shoulder and looks for a sidewalk slam when Fuse wiggles out, spins Joy back around and this time connects with the tilt-a-whirl DDT!

Fise fires to his feet and scales the turnbuckle. He doesn't go all the way up, though, just the second rope. He measures Joy quickly and then shoots off with a flying forearm smash, sending Joy to the mat! Conor finds another turnbuckle pad and does the same thing. Second buckle, measures Joy, waits for him to rise and then thumps the big man with a second flying forearm. To the third corner of the ring Fuse goes, knowing exactly what to do. Yes, he hits it... a third flying forearm!

And finally, the fourth buckle. Fuse jumps- jumps right into Dex Joy's arms and finally meets that MASSIVE pending sidewalk slam from moments ago!

DDK:

Both men are down!

The crowd cheers the back-and-forth battle while Fuse and Joy take a moment to recover and Hector Navarro begins a TEN COUNT.

Lance:

Hell of a battle so far! Who will be the first to rise?

DDK:

You have to think Dex. Dex has been on offense for longer.

Navarro is at THREE.

Lance:

But those were some solid flying forearms by Fuse.

DDK:

Absolutely. Look, Conor is a hell of an athlete. It takes him almost no time to scale the turnbuckle, second rope or top level. He's way faster than Joy, it's the feather in his cap, no doubt about it. Conor might be the fastest wrestler I've ever seen. The speed at which he jumps in the air... the impact he can hit anyone with. It keeps the odds even in my books. But Joy has been on offense for longer and he hits extremely hard. As you can see... he's starting to move.

Navarro is at SEVEN.

Darren Keebler is right. Dex Joy is on a knee and Conor Fuse is still breathing heavily on the mat.

Navarro is at EIGHT.

Finally, The Biggest Boy is on one foot... then another... while Fuse has rolled into the ropes and needs the use of them to get on his feet. Regardless, Conor is standing and Navarro stops the count at NINE.

Joy races towards Conor and Conor drops the top rope on Dex! The wrestling giant falls out of the ring.

Fuse IMMEDIATELY sling shoots himself over the ropes and hits a corkscrew splash on Joy! Dex was able to catch Conor but like Keebler said, the speed at which Conor can fly through the air gave him enough of an impact to crash through Joy's arms and into his body. Both men are down!

Hector Navarro starts another TEN COUNT. We only get to FIVE, however, when Conor Fuse kips to his feet, collapses his upper body onto the apron and rolls back into the ring.

Only to roll out of the ring-

AND RIGHT INTO A DEX-5 FIREMAN'S CARRY FACE BUSTER!!

GO DEX GO!

GO DEX GO!

GO DEX GO!

Joy falls on all fours as Navarro counts again but it's not too long before Joy finds the limp body of Conor Fuse and rolls the gamer into the ring. Now it's Joy's turn to try fighting back into the squared circle with the use of the bottom rope.

Lance:

If Joy can get in there quickly, he MIGHT have the match won!

DDK:

Dex took a hard corkscrew splash, no doubt. He's really hurting.

Finally, Joy rolls under the bottom rope and begins to crawl towards Conor Fuse. He realizes Conor is already on his back, so he drapes the arm over top...

ONE.

TWO.

CONOR FUSE SUDDENLY ROLLS ON TOP OF DEX, SPINS HIM AROUND AND APPLIES AN ANACONDA VICE!

DDK:

I don't believe this! Conor has his submission move, DPS - Damage Per Second - locked in!

The crowd is on their feet as Conor Fuse screams into the rafters and Hector Navarro slides into position to make a call.

Lance:

Dex IS a big boy, as we know him to be the BIGGEST Boy... but this anaconda vice is no joke. It's an upper body, head and neck hold, it really doesn't matter how big you are when you're on the mat. Absolutely brilliant call by Conor Fuse!

DDK:

I don't know if Conor was playing possum with that pinfall or just happened to roll into this submission by fluke but either way, it's in there.

Joy shouts out in the center of the ring. He's trying to push off the mat with his feet but Conor applies all his weight and tension on Dex's neck, head and left arm with everything he has!

LET'S GO CONOR, LET'S GO!

LET'S GO CONOR, LET'S GO!

LET'S GO CONOR, LET'S GO!

Fuse is merciless in his approach. He's shouting for Joy to tap and giving no inch whatsoever of an escape. Joy is trying to find his free hand, his right hand, and attack Conor Fuse with it but he just can't reach the gamer!

Joy tries once again to push off the mat but Conor's weight is perfectly placed on his shoulders and neck. It's not an easy thing to do... Joy can't even seem to move closer to the ropes.

Finally, with one last gasp, Joy puts all his weight on the right side of his body and then tries to roll to his left with everything he has, in the hopes to move Conor ever-so-slightly off his upper body. It seems to work, for a brief second, and then Joy powers his legs underneath him and pushes his lower body up...

Fuse's eyes nearly fall out of his head. He drops the anaconda vice, only because he's going to elbow Joy back to the mat. But it's the opening the big man needs. Dex tosses Fuse to the side of the ring, in a modified hip toss. Joy rises, stands, and then collapses into a corner of the ring, sitting at the bottom of the buckle, rubbing his left shoulder and neck.

DDK:

Lance, before the match you had mentioned about Dex's serious neck problems. Well, Head Stomp or not... an anaconda vice will suffice!

Conor takes a deep breath. He shouts... screams... then leaps to his feet and comes charging into where Dex is sitting. At the last possible second, Joy pulls himself up with use of the ropes and clubs Conor so hard, with the stiffest looking inside-out clothesline Conor may ever have been hit with!

Fuse meets the mat with so much force, he instantly stops moving.

DDK:

Oh my god! I think Conor's out cold!

Lance:

But Dex is also in no form to capitalize. It's clear he was in a ton of pain pulling himself off the mat. That's a lot of weight the big man put on his left arm and shoulder- the same shoulder that literally took Damage Per Second in the anaconda vice!

Joy is hunched over. He's slowly finding his way towards the knocked out Conor Fuse when suddenly The Character Formerly Known as Player Two SPRINGS to life and hits a double knee facebreaker (codebreaker)!

Joy SHOOTs up in the air and then crashes to the canvas on his back!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

It takes Fuse a good ten seconds before he finds his footing and fumbles into a corner of the ring.

But without further notice, Fuse stands on the top buckle in a blink of an eye! He barely needs to measure Dex, he knows where his opponent resides...

DARK PHOENIX SPLASH!

The air is knocked right out from Joy! The Faithful are beside themselves! A move Conor Fuse RARELY breaks out was hit perfectly!!

DDK:

CONOR IS GOING TO BE THE NUMBER ONE CONTENDER!

Conor hooks a leg and puts all his weight on Dex's shoulders.

ONE.

TWO.

HARD KICKOUT!

Disbelief.

Shock.

Nobody can understand WTF just happened!

Dex Joy chants FLOOD the arena. Although it wasn't a kickout at one, it was an extremely forceful kickout after two!

A disgruntled, albeit still focused Conor Fuse rolls forward and leaps onto his feet. Once again, he finds himself on the top rope in a split second. He's about to jump off when Dex Joy is stirring so Conor changes course. Instead of connecting with a dive, Conor flies off the top rope and over Joy, landing on the opposite side of him.

Dex is on his feet but the big man is hurting so badly he doesn't have enough time to make a move.

Conor hits a roundhouse kick... then another... another... working Dex into a corner. Fuse cocks back his head, sucks in the intensity and then lets it all come out.

...In the form of the HAPPY STOMPS OF DOOM.

Except, this time, they aren't so happy.

More Tyler Fuse like than anything, Conor is walking a mudhole in Dex Joy and walking it dry, although Hector Navarro has a FIVE count going and Conor has to stop at FOUR...

Conor Fuse: *[screaming]*

CALAMITY CONOR FTW!

...Only for Conor to roar back into the corner and begin the ANGRY STOMPS OF DOOM all over again, forcing ANOTHER FOUR count.

Fuse backs away while Navarro works on heart attack number two, telling Conor he doesn't want the match to end with a "garbage disqualification".

And then out of nowhere Dex Joy gets a second wind and BURSTS out from the corner! He grabs Conor by the waist and sends Fuse FLYING half-way across the ring in one of the biggest overhead belly-to-belly suplexes to date!

A slingshot senton splash follows! Now Dex Joy seems to have momentum on his side. He's pumping up the crowd... it looks like he's calling for the end...

Joy drags Fuse up for The Dex Drive (swinging powerslam) when Conor breaks free at the last second! Fuse bounces

off the ropes, leaps into the air, directing the soles of his feet into the top of Joy's skull for what looks to be The Head Stomp when Joy moves ever-so-slightly and catches Conor Fuse instead! Fuse lands on Joy's shoulders... he's sitting right on top of them! Joy tries for a modified powerslam when Conor slips off Joy's shoulders while wrapping his feet around Dex's neck and driving him down into the canvas... working Joy into a rolling pawn hold pinning combination!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd thought it was over but nevertheless both men are on their feet. Fuse hurries towards Dex, leaps towards him but Joy catches Conor-

SLAM!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

THE DEX DRIVE!!! Joy hits his finisher!!

The Biggest Boy hooks the leg and the crowd counts along.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Shock and awe! The announcers are dumbfounded!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

DDK:

WE CONTINUE!

Conor Fuse: *[attempting to shout while on the canvas but it comes out weak]*

I have... more quarters...

Joy can't believe it! He, too, has a shocked look on his face to coincide with the rest of the arena. Nevertheless, Dex knows he's on the verge of winning, he simply needs to step it up a notch.

In other words, his MDK finisher, the Dex Drive Dos. A sitdown piledriver.

He positions Fuse on his shoulders...

The crowd are on their feet...

The announcers stay silent.

And then Joy drives Conor Fuse down to the canvas with him, Conor going head-first.

THUMP.

...Except Dex was empty handed.

DDK:

CONOR BROKE FREE!! HE SLIPPED OUT AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND!

Fuse bounces off the ropes and connects with The Head Stomp on an unsuspecting Biggest Boy!

Joy lies spread out in the center of the ring. Conor is holding onto his back... his neck... his head... but he has a crazy amount of intensity in his eyes as he stumbles into the ropes and starts shaking them furiously while the crowd !RANKS along.

Fuse punches his head. Over and over and over he does this. He's psyching himself up before he leaps easily from mat to the top rope, without having to climb. He points to Dex... he raises his left arm... and then he crashes it down as the crowd SCREAMS !RANK.

He jumps.

SUPER SPLASH 450!

Fuse hooks the leg.

DDK:

CONOR IS THE NUMBER ONE CONTENDER!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

CONOR IS NOT THE NUMBER ONE CONTENDER! OH MY GOD!!!

This time it's the gamer who is absolutely baffled. His jaw is almost comic book-like on the floor. He glances down at Dex with a puzzled expression.

Conor Fuse:

You?... have more quarters.

The crowd is going bonkers. Fuse starts shaking his head... and then he hammers his head again, trying to refocus. Similar to Dex Joy a moment ago, Conor knows the match is still right there in front of him.

The Video Game Kid fights the pain in his head as he gets on his feet. He stumbles into a corner and has decided to wait until Dex Joy finds his own footing.

DDK:

It looks like Conor is going to ready for another Head Stomp when he gets the chance...

Lance:

The head and neck. It's the right call.

The !RANK chants are deafening, the DEX chants are equal. Eventually, Joy is finding a way upright and Conor Fuse is shaking at the buckle with intensity.

FINALLY, Dex stands.

At the same time, Conor runs towards him.

SHOTGUN DROPKICK BY DEX!

Both men fall to the mat and the crowd roars while Hector Navarro begins another TEN count...

DDK:

We're at a stalemate. Both men have hit their finishers. Both men have pulled out a lot of tricks. Neither have been put down. Is it DEFCONOR or DEXCON? What will it be!?

Lance:

I don't know what it will take to end this, Keebs. I really, really don't!

Navarro is at FIVE but his voice is easily washed out by the standing DEFCON crowd. Then, at SEVEN, Conor Fuse finds his 92nd wind and KIPS to his feet, tilts his head back and screams into the rafters.

Once he gets that out of his system, Dex Joy sits, stands and marches to the center of the ring where he draws a line in the middle of it with his boot.

DDK:

These two are barely functioning right now.

Lance:

But they ARE functioning nonetheless, partner!

It's clear Dex is running on fumes. Then again, so is Conor. Merely frothing at the mouth, Fuse nods and walks to the center of the ring to meet Dex Joy there. The two begin trading shot-for-shot.

DDK:

This isn't a smart move by Conor, Dex Joy is clearly the stronger man-

And before Keebler can finish his thought, Conor steps back and connects with a fast-as-lightning superkick, followed by a tilt-a-whirl, implant, HIGH Resolution DDT! Fuse stumbles into a corner and rests, as he raises his left hand and begins to beckon the !RANK chants again, in a Mana Recovery moment of zen.

*!RANK**!RANK**!RANK*

Fuse is feeding off the cheers as he sprints forward and runs right into another Dex Drive!

DDK:

HOLY SHIT!

But this time the impact of the move is so strong, the force at which Conor meets the mat and the speed that he came into the move with, well, it sends Fuse tumbling towards the ropes, onto the apron and ultimately to the floor below!

Lance:

Dex had it! This was over, no doubt about it! You don't survive TWO Dex Drives and Conor Fuse wasn't going to. The only thing Fuse had going for him was the momentum of his own sprint towards Dex, which sent him out of the ring!

Joy is on a knee, gasping for air. He runs a hand through his hair and tilts his head back, in the hopes he will have enough energy to exit the squared circle, snatch Conor Fuse and send the gamer back to the middle of the canvas in order to end the match FOR GOOD.

Joy tells Navarro to forget about a ten count. He wants to win this definitively. Dex finds the ropes, falls underneath them and rolls out of the ring. He finds Conor Fuse there, collects the gamer in the glossy lime green outfit, lifts him up and places Fuse onto the apron. Dex pushes Conor into the ring and then enters himself.

Joy is struggling, clearly. This took almost as much out of him as the 450 splash from Conor. Joy tilts his head back, balls his fists together and drags Conor into position for the Dex Drive Dos.

Conor comes to... and he's trying... trying so hard to wiggle free! But Dex's face is full of determination. He doesn't want this match to go on any longer and he doesn't think he can withstand additional offense.

Conor begins hammering anvil elbows against Joy's temple, in the hopes he will break free and escape Dex's shoulder. The elbows come in hard, perhaps with the most amount of force Conor has ever delivered a striking, hand-to-hand combat maneuver. He knows it's DOA for him if Dex hits this. Fuse knows he won't have anything left in his life bar.

Dex tightens his grip around Conor. It looks like Fuse is dead to rights...

When Conor kicks his feet upwards and hooks them onto the top rope! Dex isn't able to bring Conor into the perfect position. And while most of the crowd is already screaming, the roof is blown off the arena when Conor finds a way off Dex's shoulders and is standing on the top rope in the MIDDLE of the ring, nowhere near a turnbuckle.

Dex turns.

Hector Navarro shouts.

And Conor Fuse leaps.

HEAD STOMP!!

RRRAAAHHHH-

Yet the cheers are slowly washed out when the crowd realizes what happened!

DDK:

NO!!! NOT THIS WAY!!!

Hector Navarro was in a poor position and he took a brunt of the blow, mostly from Dex Joy who crashed down to the mat in a hurry and ended up knocking into Navarro on the way to the canvas.

Lance:

I don't think Navarro thought Conor would be able to leap off the ropes like that. Fuse is nowhere near a turnbuckle! Hector was in a tough position!

Warner's sentiment rings true. Navarro, who is one of DEFIANCE's pro referees, never thought Conor would've been able to perform an aerial offensive maneuver like that on the center of the ropes and was caught as off-guard as Dex Joy.

Conor has the leg hooked... he doesn't realize what's happened.

...Until now.

Some of the crowd was counting ONE-TWO-THREE but most of them realized there was no pinfall to be made official.

A mild panic crosses Conor Fuse's face as he looks to his right and sees Hector Navarro lying chest-down on the canvas. However, it looks like the ADHD kid is giving himself a brief pep talk as he continues to stay in a pinning position. The cameras can't pick up what he's saying to himself, but it's clear the gamer is trying very hard to figure out the best course of action moving forward.

Finally, Fuse discards Joy's leg and stumbles to his feet. Then he backtracks into a corner. He turns his head and hits the top buckle.

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

The Ultimate Gamer stumbles over to the second turnbuckle and smacks the top pad.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

The crowd is catching on, as Fuse works his way over to the third corner of the ring.

DDK:

I think Conor is going to keep this offense going.

Lance:

It's smart; I like the call. Don't spend your time waking up the referee. Instead, keep your eyes on Dex and continue the offense. Conor hasn't taken his eyes off Joy yet.

Fuse reaches the third corner. He smacks the buckle.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP.

And as he finds his way to the fourth corner. The arena is rocking in prime video-game mode.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!

Fuse marches to the center of the canvas and with all his effort, he props Dex Joy onto his knees and slaps him across the chest.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

And then with the most amount of intensity ever bestowed from him in a DEFIANCE ring, Conor Fuse falls back into that fourth corner, keeping his eyes locked on the nearly motionless Dex Joy. Fuse is breathing heavy... real heavy... as he waits for Hector Navarro to show any minor signs of life.

The second Navarro does, Conor EXPLODES from the corner.

WHAM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**I TRIGGER!!**

The crowd is stunned. Dex is completely knocked out and Conor Fuse has a leg hooked!

DDK:

COME TO, HECTOR!

Fuse is rocking his head around as he screams for Hector Navarro to realize WTF is going on and slide over to make the pinfall attempt.

Navarro lifts his head!

Conor Fuse:

L.

The ref sees what's going on!

Conor Fuse:

F.

He slowly crawls over!

Conor Fuse:

G!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

HE BEGINS COUNTING!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The crowd ERUPTS and Conor Fuse explodes.

Conor Fuse:

FUCK OUTTA HERE!

The gamer's eyes are going to bulge out of his head.

DDK:

Would Conor have had the three count if Hector was able to count appropriately!?

Lance:

It's a good question, partner. Or was Dex Joy waiting for the last possible second to kickout!?

DDK:

I think he has the three. No doubt.

Lance:

I'm not so sure.

Fuse is literally frothing at the mouth as he rolls off Dex Joy and sits beside the big man, rocking back and forth with his hands wrapped around his knees.

Lance:

CONOR, don't lose focus! You have the match still in front of you!

Dex is showing signs of life as he rolls onto his side, too. Conor, meanwhile, continues to shake in disbelief.

DDK:

These two have landed everything. EVERY. THING. And nothing has brought the match home!

Suddenly, from out of the crowd appears a (slightly) recovered Thurston Hunter. LOUD boos reign down upon seeing Thurston, who was likely not attended to by the EMTs from earlier... since he was ejected into the crowd and, therefore, never seen again.

Until now.

Hunter stumbles to the edge of the apron, appearing to hold a duffle bag in his hand. Fuse realizes Hunter is there, thanks to the boos from the crowd, when Hunter puts a finger up as if to tell everyone to "chill TF out" as he digs into the duffle bag.

Thurston reveals the construction paper FIST championship belt he made a couple weeks prior. The same construction paper FIST belt... with thumb tacks stuck to the back of it.

Hunter slides it into the ring. The belt stops right beside Conor Fuse's legs.

Hunter grins. He nods his head. He's begging Fuse to use it.

Thurston Hunter:

END THE FAT BOY. NO ONE WANTS TO SEE *HIM* AS CHAMPION!

Hunter winks.

Thurston Hunter:

One. Of. Us.

Hunter doesn't overstay his welcome this time. He grabs the duffle bag and slowly makes his way to the back, still in a lot of pain from before.

Dex Joy is stirring. The former SOHER is on a knee, Hector Navarro remains on the canvas...

And Conor Fuse sits there, thumb-tacked construction paper championship beside him.

Some of the fans boo when they see Conor is looking at the title and hasn't kicked it away yet. Others cheer, likely because they're caught up in the match and are going to cheer no matter what.

Fuse screams. He stands.

He leans over and takes hold of the thumb tacked FIST.

DDK:

Conor, don't do this. You don't have to...

Other than Keebler's recent comment, the announcers stay silent as Conor looks across the ring at Dex Joy, who has his back towards the gamer but is slowly finding his way off the mat.

Fuse breathes heavily. He looks at the title in his hand and then he raises it with his left arm.

This time, there are no !RANK chant commands from Conor. The Video Game Kid has the title in the air and an intensity unforeseen in his eyes...

His left arm is stretched out to his side, as the belt dangles beside him, the thumb tacks glistening in the arena lighting.

Conor Fuse drops the title out of the ring, since Conor's hand was over the top rope.

Fuse seems to mouth the words "fuck that noise" as he sprints towards Dex Joy, leaps into the air-

AND EATS A DEX DRIVER FOR HIS TROUBLES!

The crowd goes crazy! Joy stumbles into the ropes... he scoops up Fuse and then delivers the Dex Driver Dos!

An absolutely spent big man falls on top of the gamer as Hector Navarro sees the pin and tries his best to count again! He's a little quicker at counting this time around.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

DDK:

Wow.

Lance:

Unbelievable!

The crowd goes apeshit, although some of the hardcore Conor Fuse fans reign in a few boos as Dex Joy's theme song blares over the PA.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and NEWWWWWWW number one contender... DEX JOY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DDK:

These two gave it EVERYTHING they had!

Lance:

Dare I say it was so evenly matched...

DDK:

Conor did the right thing. No need to use a weapon. But also that time contemplating what to do might have cost him in the end, Lance.

There's a limited celebration because Dex Joy can barely stand. He simply rolls off Conor Fuse and, after a solid thirty seconds, puts a right fist in the air.

EMTs follow to check on Dex, Conor and Hector while the crowd continues to celebrate the war they witnessed first hand.

DDK:

I'm being told Dex Joy will move on and challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE in July!

Joy is finally on his feet as he holds both hands in the air and the crowd roars in approval. It's clear Dex is in a lot of pain and the celebration is short-lived as the big boy rolls out of the ring and slowly walks up the rampway, speaking to a couple of the EMTs as he does. Hector Navarro is also helped to the back.

Lance:

The winner of Lindsay Troy and Alvaro de Vargas tonight will have to contend with an unstoppable Dex!

Dex Joy has a camera on him and he yells directly into it with some last words.

Dex Joy:

Ayy Dee Vee ... or El Tee! The winner doesn't matter to me! You are looking at the next FIST of DEFIANCE right hurr, pallies!!! Dextradamus! Has! Spoken!

Dex heads up the ramp... when the fans realize Conor Fuse is the last person in the ring. By now, Dex's theme song has come to a close and Conor has waived off the EMTs for further assistance.

DDK:

Again, a hell of a match here by Conor Fuse.

Lance:

There will be another battle and another day for Conor. This is certain.

It takes the gamer a while to stand upright with the use of the ropes but once he's there The Faithful give him a standing ovation. Nevertheless, Conor looks devastated. He looks to his left... his right... to the hard camera side and then the back... before he falls to the mat, rolls out of the ring and gingerly makes his way up the ramp.

DEFCON goes elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

DEFCON ATTENDANCE: 560,340 give or take a couple hundred-thousand people but still a new DEFIANCE record

MALAK GARLAND vs. FLYING FRENCHIE

The DEFCON set dazzles as fans know what match is up next. A graphic of Flying Frenchie and Malak Garland with Siobhan Cassidy appears on every arena video screen imaginable indicating the next match up as the crane cam nestles into a shot of the commentary team.

DDK:

Up next is a deeply personal rivalry that comes to a head tonight.

Lance:

Long story short, Flying Frenchie has finally returned to the United States on a mission. He wants to show the world that he's the best cheater in all of pro wrestling, not his counterpart here tonight.

DDK:

And of course, anyone could have guessed that the snowflake sleazebag himself, Malak Garland, obviously thinks otherwise. Let's take a look at this very special feature.

The following video promo is best viewed with this [song](#) in the background.

♪ "Pompeii" by Savage Souls ♪

A highly edited promo begins to play with the traditional 16:9 widescreen aspect ratio as if the clip was a high budget hollywood film. A grainy filter overlays a large landscape. There's some mountains in the far distance.

♪ I smack ya in ya dumb face ♪

A pair of feet wearing running shoes tear up the steep incline of a hill as the music picks up. A voiceover begins to be heard.

Everyone doubts me.

No one takes me seriously.

They don't know me.

They don't see the amount of work I'm putting in.

Sweat accumulates on this person's brow as the hot sun shines down on everything.

The weather is getting warmer.

Yet here I am, busting my ass.

I'm still the coldest killer in the game even in these desert temperatures.

The runner arrives at the top of the hill. They look at the panoramic view. It's Malak Garland, cross training for his greatest challenge yet. The view at the top of the tall hill is quite exquisite. Delectable, even. Wide open. He takes it all in with a deep breath.

♪ Pure evil ♪

I need this.

I need this more than anyone else does.

No one understands what this opportunity means to me.

No one thought I would get it.

No one's giving me a chance.

That's where everyone is wrong.

The chorus of the song plays alongside a workout montage. Battle rope alternating waves, jumping skip rope, and flipping tires are just a few examples of Malak's outdoor crusade. He shoves the tractor tire over once more, sending

sand clouds airborne. He dusts his hands as he lifts his chin skyward in a slow motion cut.

Sky's the limit for me.

My oasis awaits up there.

I am unbeatable.

I will do this.

Time to bury the past.

You're looking at—

The song reaches its crescendo. Malak stares a hole through you.

The Future.

The promo ends as the ring sits empty save for the referee, the dubious Mark Shields fencing at his teeth with a toothpick.

DDK:

Let's go down to the ring and Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

This is a GRUDGE match with a thirty minute time limit!

♪ "Juke Joint Jezebel" by KMFDM ♪

The arena comes unglued as Flying Frenchie walks out on stage, wearing his sparkly wrestling attire for the first time in what feels like an eternity. The house lights bounce off his signature smile as he stands atop the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Toulouse, France, weighing in at two hundred and forty two pounds, THE BERET BARRAGER, FLYING FRENCHIE!

CRACK!

The theme song stops abruptly as Frenchie immediately crumples to his knees. Behind the Aerial Aristocrat stands the Snowflake Superstar, grinning from ear to ear with a badly warped chair in hand.

DDK:

OH YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME! MALAK JUST RUINED FRENCHIE'S DEFCON ENTRANCE BY NAILING HIM IN THE BACK WITH A STEEL CHAIR!

The Faithful are irate as Malak looks down at his opponent. The chair is bent beyond repair so Garland tosses it aside. He's not done though, no. Not by a long shot. Malak swipes the beret from atop Pierre's head, proceeds to throw it off the stage and spit on his downed opponent with the ultimate sign of disrespect.

DDK:

These are absolute despicable actions but the Keyboard King and the match is nowhere near getting started! Malak couldn't even let Frenchie walk down to the ring for crying out loud!

Garland laughs as he hand signals for everyone to wait for a minute before stepping over the semi-conscious body of Flying Frenchie.

Lance:

Where's he going? To the back?

Indeed, Malak disappears behind the DEFCON curtain and waits for his entrance cue.

DDK:

You have got to be kidding me right now. He still needs his entrance? Come on. Give me a damn break. GET UP FRENCHIE! KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO THAT FLAKE!

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

The deep bass rocks the arena as Malak walks out on stage, acting like this is the first time he's being seen tonight. He's met with an equally hostile response.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Siobhan Cassidy, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, weighing in at two hundred and ten pounds, THE SNOWFLAKE SUPERSTAR, MALAK GARLAND!

Garland grabs Frenchie by his hair and begins dragging the body of his opponent down to the ring with him. The duo are followed by Siobhan Cassidy who has her cell phone out to record a delectable video of the ambush.

DDK:

Garland gets one up on Frenchie immediately.

Lance:

And you have to wonder if this whole 'who is better at cheating' thing has gone straight to Malak's head? I mean, here he is trying to out-exploit his opponent from the word go.

Garland throws Frenchie into the diamond plated ring steps as hard as he can.

THUD!

DDK:

This is preposterous! Malak should be ashamed!

Frenchie tries to reach up but Garland shows his ruthless side by delivering a shotgun dropkick!

Lance:

Frenchie's head bounced off the steps once more!

Siobhan's shrill laugh is nearly all that can be heard as Malak springs to his feet and meets her with a salty peck.

DDK:

It's to Malak's advantage to prolong the start of the match as much as possible because any cheating before the bell rings is technically passable.

Once the Keyboard Couple finally come up for air, they turn their attention to riling up the front row fans. One verbal exchange gets so heated that ringside security needs to step between Malak and the irate fan. Siobhan cackles as her man turns his attention back to Frenchie.

DDK:

DESPERATION LOW BLOW!

Garland doubles over in pain but Cassidy makes sure she gets her heel to meet Frenchie's chin flush.

WHACK!

Lance:

Wow! What a shot from Siobhan!

Enraged, Frenchie holds his jaw in agony and before he's able to lunge at the lass, Mark Shields skirts out of the ring and begins holding the Beret Barrager back for a health check.

DDK:

Frenchie got pelted in the face with her boot. The ref is doing the right thing here by checking on him, even if it's Mark Shields. Who knows if this match will even take place tonight.

Frenchie is having none of it as he pushes the referee aside. He begins stalking Siobhan who looks like she's a deer caught in the headlights. She's pleading for her life as he gets closer. Fans all around are pointing and laughing, wishing Siobhan nothing but the worst but the air is soon let out of their balloon as Malak rushes to her aid with a vicious chop block to the back of Frenchie's exposed leg.

WHACK!

DDK:

Down goes Frenchie once more! It's clearly a numbers game that Flying Frenchie just can't keep up with!

Garland completes his boyfriend duty and checks on Siobhan. She's shaken up but she will survive and they end up exchanging yet another delightful kiss.

Lance:

I don't think Malak will ever toss Frenchie into the ring at this rate. Just keep him on the outside and keep pummeling him into submission.

Malak holds his opponent by the neck and stares up the ramp. He signals with a nod for someone *else* to come join the fun. Malak kneels down beside Frenchie to whisper some words of encouragement.

Malak Garland:

I'm going to bleeping end you. Watch this.

♪ "Helikopter" by Fazlija ♪

The crowd erupts in awe as "Search Party" Cyrus Bates walks out on stage, patting a two by four between his mitts. The entire arena knows what this means as they begin fearing for Frenchie's life. Bates paces down the ramp with an evil smile on his face and bad intentions in his mind.

Lance:

The numbers game goes from bad to much much worse for Frenchie.

Garland pushes Frenchie down once more before moving to the side and allowing his large muscle man to loom over everything.

Malak Garland:

I called in a little favor over the transistor radio for the world to see. Not just a cheap two second run-in this time. I wanted you to see him coming.

Bates raises the chunk of wood and holds it at its apex for a split second before breaking it half over Frenchie's back.

THUNK!

The fans are irate as Frenchie lays prone on the outside floor. Malak high fives Bates. Siobhan claps for joy. The ref tries his best to talk Malak into either making an exit or somehow getting the match started.

Lance:

This is done. This is over. Malak should just walk to the back now. A full, three-on-one frontal assault is complete.

Congratulations Malak Garland, you just destroyed a hero.

Malak is really feeling himself now as he tells Bates not to go anywhere, to stay and watch and enjoy the show.

DDK:

This is not okay. Malak should get fired for this straight up ambush.

Any sort of anticipatory buzz around the arena dissipates. FINALLY, Malak picks up the limp body of his opponent and slowly rolls him into the ring. Malak takes his sweet ass time to jump up on the apron and wipe his feet while playing to the crowd. It takes a few moments before Malak enters the squared circle through the ropes. Mark Shields slides in and consults Malak about the attack and that Frenchie MUST be checked to see if the match can go on as scheduled. He does care about being employed, after all.

DDK:

Shields is again doing the right thing here by checking on Frenchie. Unfortunately, I don't see him fighting here tonight, folks. I'm sorry.

Malak grows impatient within seconds. He grabs the ref by collar and shouts at him to start the match. He has a strategy to employ, after all.

Malak Garland:

If you don't start this match RIGHT NOW, I will I TRIGGER your brain out of your body and make sure you never gain employment anywhere, ever again! RING THE BELL!

Mark gazes over to Cyrus Bates who is standing on the outside with a jagged piece of lumber in his grasp. It gets worse as Siobhan Cassidy also roams ringside and who knows what sorts of thoughts are going through her mind. He shrugs saying "SCREW IT" and signals for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

I wonder if Mark Shields is on the take. I mean yes, he showed some compassion for Frenchie to check on him BUT when it boils down to it, Mark is not a man of integrity and probably has a dinner date to get to so why not start the match in this shape? We all have to wonder, how long will this thing go on for though? That assault has Frenchie literally down and out.

Lance:

It has to! Frenchie is OUT and Malak is already going for the cover!

Malak hooks a leg as everyone counts along, thinking it's academic.

ONE!

TWO!

TWO POINT NINE NINE NINE NINE!

The fans bite their nails and explode in cheers to see Flying Frenchie shoot a shoulder up JUST in time.

Malak Garland:

Bullshit. This is bullshit.

Malak stomps a mudhole into Frenchie before wisely kicking him out of the ring. Malak gets in the ref's face once more.

Malak Garland:

COUNT HIM OUT. IMMEDIATELY!

Bates and Cassidy circle like sharks as Frenchie can barely move. The ten count commences to the best of Mark's counting abilities.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Frenchie begins to stir ever so slightly but he's already been beaten down so much that he can't help but collapse to the mat when he tries to raise himself up by the forearms.

DDK:

This doesn't look good.

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Bates eyes the referee and then looks beyond to Malak who is displaying elaborate hand signals. Cassidy watches on too. Frenchie doesn't look like he's moving anywhere anytime soon.

NINE!

Lance:

The count is at nine!

DDK:

That two by four shot did the most damage. Frenchie is hurt badly.

Mark winds up for the final count of ten but just before his hand gets thrown up in the air and the word TEN can be yelled, somehow, rather miraculously, Flying Frenchie owns his namesake and flies INTO THE RING!

RAHHHHHHHHH!

Mark Shields:

Sorry, Malak. The match goes on. He beat the count. On the brightside, I reached a new personal best by counting to nine without screwing it up.

DDK:

BACK FROM THE DEAD!

Lance:

HE MOVED WAY TOO FAST FOR CYRUS BATES TO CATCH HIM. PLAYING POSSUM UNTIL THE ABSOLUTE LAST MOMENT!

Bates thrashes around in frustration as Siobhan bitches him out. The fans are in a full throat frenzy and Malak is stunned. Flying Frenchie stares down Garland, albeit breathing heavily and showing the effects of the brutal pre-match attack.

DDK:

GET HIM FRENCHIE!

Malak decides this is the time to be assertive so he walks up to Frenchie and tries to lay in some forearm shots.

No sold.

RAAAHHHHHHH!

The arena comes unglued as Malak's shots unfaze Frenchie. The Beret Barrager stands there and revels in the crowd's chants.

Lance:

Has the momentum turned? Malak CANNOT hurt him!

Looking like he might soil himself, Malak tries to hush the crowd.

DDK:

He's dealing with a very pissed off Frenchie, Lance!

Frenchie walks up to Malak, smiles and delivers an eye gouge to end all eye gouges! The arena erupts in laughter as Malak holds a hand to his eyes.

DDK:

THUMB TO THE EYES! THUMB TO EYES! MALAK FELL FOR THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK!

Lance:

And Mark Shields is letting it go with just a warning too! He should, considering the elaborate plan Malak pulled earlier!

Malak Garland:

NOT THE FACE! NOT THE FACE!!!

Garland stumbles blindly around the ring and eventually turns into a Loire Valley Driver by Frenchie!

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Malak is quick enough to get his shoulder up. He wriggles away from Frenchie and gathers himself in the corner. The fans clap loudly at the sequence. Malak looks around, still trying to hush everyone. He takes too much time as Frenchie comes diving in with a jumping splash!

DDK:

DOWN GOES GARLAND!

The snowy one's body crashes down to the mat. Frenchie shoots off the ropes but Siobhan is able to slap his back, not doing any damage but more so distracting him from completing any followup move. The referee doesn't see it as Malak is being tended to.

DDK:

Bad idea.

Frenchie turns and points down to Siobhan. The fans rise once again, wanting to see what he'll do to Malak's impressionable woman. She begins emulating her inner Malak, trying to hush the crowd but little does she know, she's left her back open to Frenchie who reaches over the ropes and grabs her by the hair.

Lance:

Frenchie's pulling Siobhan up onto the apron!

However, before anything further can be done, Cyrus Bates rushes by and sweeps Cassidy away. Frenchie examines his empty hands, knowing he almost had something there.

Lance:

School boy!

Malak rolls Frenchie up from behind.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Frenchie rolls out of it and bounces off the ropes!

DDK:

Springboard dropkick connects!

Malak goes flying head first into the second rope turnbuckle! Dazed, he lollygags his way out of the corner and into Frenchie's grasp for a belly-to-belly suplex! The apron shakes upon impact. Frenchie rolls off Malak to catch his breath for a moment.

DDK:

Let's reset here. Frenchie just nailed Malak with a high impact move but I'm going to go out on a limb and suggest Pierre might be a little mentally drained, having to deal with those sharks circling the ring on the outside.

Lance:

Forget mentally draining keeping an eye on them but he's obviously PHYSICALLY hurt too. That two by four shot was one of the loudest I've ever heard and I'm almost positive Bates and Cassidy aren't done plotting yet.

Knowing he needs to do something, obviously outside the scope of the rules to even the odds, Flying Frenchie asks Mark to check on his fallen opponent. With the ref and Malak taken care of, Frenchie uses the opening to spring up and dive over the top rope right onto Cyrus Bates!

DDK:

OVER THE TOP ROPE DIVE ONTO CYRUS BATES! The search party just got taken out!

Siobhan runs over to see if she can get a shot in on Frenchie but weirdly stops in her tracks within a few feet. She watches Frenchie glide back into the ring where Malak and Mark are finally separating.

DDK:

Frenchie grabs Malak with a headlock!

With his back turned to Shields, Frenchie flashes his signature smile as the fans are in an uproar at the sight of his hands.

Brass knuckles.

Frenchie clenches Malak in the headlock, peppering him with shots to the jaw every now and then just for kicks. Mark Shields is oblivious as Frenchie maneuvers and positions his body in the most advantageous way.

DDK:

Brilliant cheating by Frenchie! He got Mark to examine Malak, jumps to the outside to take out Bates and in the process, slips himself a pair of brass knuckles from under the ring. That's why Siobhan stopped where she was or else she might've gotten closer to the Beret Barrager!

Everyone can tell Frenchie is a seasoned cheater as he doesn't play loose and fast with his fists. It finally gets to a point where he's able to ditch the knucks into the band of his tights before bulldogging Malak to the mat!

Lance:

Look at Bates!

Enraged, Bates finds himself up on the apron, swinging around a sizable wrench he retrieved from under the ring! Malak groggily directs Siobhan to distract Mark on the other side of the ring which is easily executed. Malak pulls himself to his feet and looks to attack Frenchie from behind but his opponent is too aware.

Lance:

Down goes Bates once more!

Frenchie lambastes Bates with an uppercut and manages to snatch the wrench away before the Bellicose Brawler falls from grace.

DDK:

Frenchie's got the wrench but look out! Malak is behind him!

Frenchie turns and stares down the snowy one who is staring back at him. Seeing Mark Shields entangled with Siobhan, Frenchie smiles once more before tossing the wrench to Malak and falling to the canvas on his back. He feigns injury as the crowd is loving every second of it. Malak looks like he's caught red handed as Siobhan disengages at the wrong time and Mark Shields turns to see Garland standing there, with wrench in hand and a downed Flying Frenchie.

Mark Shields:

YOU! Yo man, did you hit him with the wrench? I thought you told me backstage that all your cheating was elaborately planned so you wouldn't get caught?

Malak's cheeks immediately go rosy red. He begins to deny everything.

Malak Garland:

No, no, no. You see, I didn't hit him with the wrench! He grabbed it and threw it at me, so I caught it and then he fell to the mat without incident! He's faking! HE'S FAKING!

Pierre stops being "hurt" for a mere moment to check on the progress of his well laid trap through squinted eyes. The Faithful are eating it all up.

Lance:

Oh what a cheating spot that Flying Frenchie just pulled off!

DDK:

If Mark Shields doesn't believe Malak then the match could be potentially over via disqualification!

Malak is shaking in his little booties as Mark holds court in the middle of the ring and deliberates over what he thinks actually happened.

Mark Shields:

So let me get this straight. What you're actually telling me is that you DID NOT hit Flying Frenchie with a wrench!? That he got the wrench somehow and gave it to you and fell and now he's ACTING like he was hit?

Malak nods emphatically.

Mark Shields:

Shit, that sounds like a solid story to me.

Nearly half of the lower bowl section of fans facepalm.

DDK:

What.

Malak jumps for joy.

Malak Garland:

Yup, yup, yup. That's exactly what happened! I didn't even hit him! I'd never hit him with this! That would be crazy!

DDK:

But a two by four is acceptable?

Mark places his hands on his hips, STILL in confusion.

Mark Shields:

Well shit, I don't actually care if you hit him with it or not. Go nuts. I won't ring the bell if you throw in another twenty in addition to what you gave me backstage.

That gives Garland license. He turns and eyes Frenchie dangerously. Pierre begins to notice his plan might have backfired as Garland jumps over to him, swinging the wrench outright.

DDK:

Swing and a miss! Frenchie got out of the way just in time.

The Aerial Aristocrat has to do some more tightrope dodging before he finally gets a good opportunity and kicks the wrench out of his deranged opponent's hands. Frenchie runs and nails Malak with a spinning hurricanrana! The wrench lands safely out of the ring and out of harm's way. The same can't be said for the Snowflake Superstar who spins in the air before crash landing on the mat. Schemingly, Malak rolls out of the ring where both Cyrus Bates and Siobhan Cassidy come rushing to his aid.

Lance:

Looks like Malak is rallying and regrouping here.

DDK:

He can rally and regroup all day long but it appears the will of Flying Frenchie simply won't be broken tonight.

Garland eyes his opponent as he realizes he might have bitten off more than he can chew. Frenchie conducts every

trope in the book from sitting on the ropes, inviting Malak back in, to a simple hand wave to resume the fight. Malak notices the endless amount of charisma his foe has.

Malak Garland:

I need to put a stop to this once and for all.

Like piranha's infesting the water, Frenchie and Mark Shields watch from inside the ring as Bates and Cassidy patrol down opposite sides of the apron. Garland quickly dives in and ducks a lunging Frenchie towards him.

DDK:

Malak goes off the ropes!

The Keyboard Master zips by Frenchie and smacks him on the shoulder along his way.

Malak Garland:

wEaPoN gEt!

Garland rallies by taking out Frenchie's legs with a shotgun dropkick! With his foe temporarily down, Malak climbs to the second rope and attempts a guillotine legdrop!

Lance:

Legdrop incoming! Malak is trying to use Frenchie's own move against him!

But he comes up empty, completely whiffing on the opportunity. Malak's hamstrings smack the mat hard as he grasps at his leg in pain.

DDK:

Malak misses the rather poor attempt at the weapon get! Maybe he should leave that to someone who knows how to use it, like Conor Fuse.

Staring up at his nemesis, Malak begins to plead for his life before deciding to dip once more. This time, with a limp, Malak looks like he's had enough as he calls Bates and Cassidy over again and makes several throat slashing motions.

DDK:

Is this it!? Has Malak realized nothing will work? That Frenchie will continually overcome all of his wild tactics!?

Lance:

We might be in for a soft exit here, Faithful!

Malak begins limping towards the ramp as Mark Shields hangs over the ropes.

Mark Shields:

Hey, are you quitting? Errr, I mean soft exiting? I could just end the match now, if that's what you want but that's kind of weak, even coming from someone with my opinion.

Malak stops right where the ramp begins to ascend up to the stage. What a conundrum. Heck, you could even call it a true quarrel. Should he stay true to his tender self and soft exit yet another pay-per-view match? He has been unable to put Frenchie away thus far and the fans are certainly feeling it, which leaves many to wonder if Malak's options are limited.

DDK:

Do it! Turn your back on everyone again!

Malak swings his head to the ramp. The people cheer. He looks back to the ring. They boo. This carries on a few times

until Malak gets fed up with hearing what the people WANT him to do. They want him to fold like a cheap tent, pack up his unpacked ball and go home so no, he will not be soft exiting this bout tonight. Severely triggered, Malak throws a tantrum before instructing Cyrus Bates to retrieve a brown leather satchel from under the ring.

Lance:

What the heck is in that?

DDK:

Well I can all but guarantee it won't be thumb tacks.

Malak snatches the bag from Bates and rolls into the ring. Frenchie chuckles as he prepares to deal with more of Malak's silliness.

Mark Shields:

Hey, what you got in that baggy? It isn't cocaine, is it? Listen, my brother Kyle knows a guy and got me kind of hooked. It's been a while but I could probably use a hit. Give me that!

DDK:

Mark Shields FINALLY stepping in to nip this cheating in the bud.

Unaware that Mark actually wants the presumed cocaine for himself, DDK and the rest of the arena watches as Mark extends a hand, asking for the sack. Now Malak is the one left laughing as he throws the contents of the pack into Mark's face faster than a flash! A white dust cloud explodes on Mark's face. No, sadly it's not cocaine and it's not snow either. It's just good old fashioned chalk dust, meant to blind of course.

Lance:

Malak just blinded Mark Shields! But why? Why him and why not Frenchie?

Garland's laughter picks up as Mark stands there, clawing at his eyes in agony. Malak jets off the ropes and demolishes the referee with a stinging I Trigger! Frenchie watches, wondering too but it all becomes clear as Cyrus Bates and Siobhan Cassidy climb the apron to enter the ring.

DDK:

It's so more cheating can be done! It's three-on-one now that Mark has been blinded and knocked out cold!

Like a villain sending his henchmen, Malak steers clear of things as Cyrus Bates enters the fray. Bates misses with a tackle attempt and gets a spinning heel in his kisser for his efforts. Malak joins Siobhan in the corner and watches the action ensue.

Lance:

Bates and Frenchie are exchanging blows! Malak can get away with anything now that the ref has been taken out of the equation!

Frenchie knows he must turn the tide and do it fast so he blatantly kicks Bates below the belt, right in front of Malak. Frenchie shoots off the ropes and crashes into the back of Bates' neck with his signature guillotine legdrop! The crowd goes nuts. Malak nearly drops bricks in his pants as Frenchie throws the much bigger muscle man out of the ring where he disappears from sight.

DDK:

Bates is dispatched without much effort! What does Malak have planned next?

Quivering in his wrestling booties, Malak doesn't hesitate to push Siobhan forward. The dick move definitely gets major heat from the crowd, even if the Faithful aren't too fond of his girlfriend. Frenchie grabs Siobhan and cradles her into a double underhook position but just as he looks to plant her, Malak comes running in with a clothesline! Siobhan is able to escape the confines of the ring without further incident.

DDK:

Malak knew full well that he could sacrifice Siobhan to create an opening to take advantage of. However, Mark Shields is still down and out with a face full of powder.

Malak knows this time is most critical to make or break his chances of winning so he does what anyone under pressure would do. He becomes entirely one-dimensional.

Lance:

Malak sits Frenchie up! Look out!

I TRIGGER!

Malak smacks the edge of his kneecap off Frenchie's face! Looking increasingly worried, Malak repeats himself and delivers another thunderous I Trigger to the head and neck area of Flying Frenchie.

DDK:

Another one! That's three shots directly to the head! Malak STILL looks worried Frenchie might overcome all this offense!

Mark Shields begins to sit up and wipe his eyes once more as Malak delivers ANOTHER I Trigger.

Lance:

He wants to leave NO DOUBT that he has done enough to put Frenchie away. The question remains, is it enough?

With Frenchie down but still breathing, Malak hooks a leg and begins shouting at Shields.

Malak Garland:

Mark! MARK! I am covering Flying Frenchie! COUNT! COUNT! IT'S A PINFALL! MAKE ME FAMOUS, MARK! I DESERVE THIS WIN!

Dazed, Mark shakes his head as he tries to clear the cobwebs. He's clearly still blind and not entirely sure what's happening but he begins slamming the mat with an open hand. Albeit, slowly.

ONE!

DDK:

No! No, come on! Not like this! First Malak blinds the ref, then takes him out so he has no idea what hits him, tries to cheat some more and somehow, somehow, Malak ends up getting the better of Frenchie! This ending is a travesty!

TWO!

Lance:

I can't watch this.

Mark lifts his hand up. It's at its apex.

And it stays there.

Malak bites his lower lip in frustration.

Malak Garland:

WHAT IN THE ACTUAL INNER CHAKRAS IS HAPPENING, MARK!? COUNT THE THREE! COUNT THE THREE!

All Mark does is point to the ropes. Somehow, someway, Mark was able to look through the powder on his face and see Flying Frenchie's leg dangling on the lowest ring rope.

RAHHHHHHHHHHH!

The arena comes unglued as Malak rises from the cover and unleashes an unbelievable tirade.

DDK:

Frenchie had his foot on the ropes! Shields saw it! I'm not sure how because that powder is caked on pretty good but he stopped the count!

The energy within the arena is palpable and then some.

FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP!

FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP!

FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP!

FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP!

FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP!

FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP!

FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP!

Feeling it slipping from his grasp, Malak grits his teeth as Flying Frenchie struggles to his feet. Mark Shields is on his knees, still wiping away at his eyes, not paying too much attention to what's going on between the competitors as Siobhan sneaks up behind Frenchie and delivers a low blow shot from the apron!

DDK:

Noooooo!

Frenchie stumbles forward before landing face first on the canvas. Garland jumps up to the top rope and hits his signature falling headbutt!

Lance:

SNOWFALL CONNECTS!

Like a burrowing rhino, Malak uses his head and entire body weight to turn Frenchie's limp body over for a cover. This time, he doesn't hook any legs and Siobhan is easily able to reach into the ring and hold down Frenchie's feet. Mark is still a bit blind, so he needs to be prompted to count yet again.

Malak Garland:

COVER, COVER! I AM PINNING FRENCHIE AGAIN! COUNT, MARKY MARK! SEND ME HOME!

Shields counts with a bit more vigor this time.

DDK:

It's over. This is over. There is absolutely no way Frenchie can kick out of this!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

You were saying!?

Trying to keep their energy up, the fans conduct a rally and regrouping of their own. Malak's facial expression looks around as if asking what he needs to do to put Frenchie away for good. Siobhan bites her nails as she watches her man hatch a makeshift plan. Garland immediately mounts Frenchie and applies his modified camel clutch.

DDK:

FOMO latched onto Frenchie! Here we go! Fight out of it!

Frenchie claws at Malak's fingers which are trying to keep the Beret Barrager's eyelids wide open so he doesn't miss anything. Siobhan thinks fast once more and sees Frenchie's other arm resting against the mat. She quickly decides to grab his arm and slam it against the canvas multiple times, simulating a tap out.

Suddenly.

Mark Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Malak begins to laugh and cry as he fails to relinquish the hold. Siobhan retracts her arm as it's clear Mark thought he saw Frenchie genuinely tap out from his obstructed view.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

It's not until the music hits that Malak breaks the hold and staggers away from Flying Frenchie.

DDK:

DAMMIT! HIGHWAY ROBBERY!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner by submission, MALAK GARLAND!

Boos reign down from the highest seats of the arena as Mark Shields raises Malak's arm in victory, no matter how jaded it might appear.

DDK:

That's a damned robbery! Frenchie didn't tap out! Sure, he might have been close to passing out but dammit, he didn't tap out! Siobhan played a huge factor and slammed Frenchie's hand on the mat, making it SEEM like he was tapping out and Mark Shields couldn't really see it!

Lance:

There was just too much cheating. For every answer Frenchie gave, Malak somehow found another way to cheat his way to victory. I guess we really do have to call him the greatest cheater of all time.

Malak looks spent and acts like he just won the super bowl, which in some respects, downing an absolute legend in a wrestling match is a justified response. Siobhan slides into the ring and the conniving girlfriend embraces her man.

Malak Garland:

I DID IT! LOOK AT ME! I WON!

DDK:

This makes me sick because Frenchie fought such a hard match only to get screwed over in the end.

Malak and Siobhan don't stay longer than they need to as they exit the ring and head to the back. Mark Shields disappears from sight too but not before grabbing a bottle of water on the outside and clearing his vision of any remaining powder.

There, in the middle of the ring kneels none other than Flying Frenchie. A solitary spotlight on the Aerial Aristocrat shines down as the fans beckon their appreciation. The broadcasters remain silent as the fans pay tribute to the legend.

THANK YOU FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!
THANK YOU FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!
THANK YOU FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!
THANK YOU FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!
THANK YOU FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!
THANK YOU FRENCHIE! CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

Lance:

An unbelievable showing by a true legend here tonight at DEFCON in what many pundits thought was a dream match that could only be booked on fantasy cards. Flying Frenchie is and forever will be one of the best and most respected to ever lace up a pair of wrestling boots.

Frenchie gets to his feet and acknowledges the crowd, which only fuels their passion further.

DDK:

It doesn't matter if the record books will read Malak Garland defeated Flying Frenchie because we all know the truth and you're right, Lance. Frenchie is a living legend and we just got to see his magic one more time. Unreal.

Frenchie gingerly exits the ring with the typical tough luck look on his face. He slaps a few hands with the fans before making the slow trek to the back. DDK gets the last word.

DDK:

Collectively, we will never forget the night Flying Frenchie returned to the ring and we all thank you endlessly for this. It was more than we deserved.

DEFCON goes to a commercial.

DEFIANCE: UP NEXT

The camera is on DDK and Lance Warner at the announce table.

DDK:

What an incredible two nights it has been! We have one match left to go but also a number of HUGE announcements to make!

Lance:

Oh, what are they!? They don't feed me the announcements on the headset. You always get the good stuff!

DDK:

Well, next year's DEFCON will be going to SEVENTEEN nights!

Lance:

Uh?

DDK:

I'm kidding. Folks, we are going to give you the next CALENDAR YEAR of pay-per-view locations right this moment!

Lance:

Drum roll!

DDK:

First, MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, our summer pay-per-view will be held in July. It will be...



DDK:

Coming to you from Nashville!

Lance:

I like it, I like it. What's next?

DDK:

ACTS of DEFIANCE is in October and it's going to come to you from...



Lance:

Philadelphia. That is going to be one hectic crowd! I hope Troy is FISTless by then!

DDK:

As we will move into 2024 with DEFIANCE Road, we are going to REALLY put the ROAD in DEFIANCE Road. As in, we are going back to our roots. The entire series of DEFtv as well as the January pay-per-view will come to you from...

Lance:

GERMANY!

DDK:

You said you didn't know anything!?

Lance:

I peaked at your notes.

DDK:

Well, you're correct. And DEFIANCE Road will be in...



DDK:

Last, DEFCON. Next year's DEFCON will also fall in April and it will be live from...



Lance:

Amazing! I can't wait! Are we going to have cheesy trailer commercials to coincide the hype?

DDK:

I don't think that would make our most outspoken twitter fans happy.

Lance:

Makes sense.

DDK:

There's a lot to look forward to for next year. Specific dates, venues and other information regarding these events will come out soon. Until then, let's get on with the MAIN EVENT!

FIST of DEFIANCE: LINDSAY TROY (C) vs. ALVARO de VARGAS

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... the time is now. We have seen titles change hands. We have seen heartbreak and triumph. But now, we're likely to see nothing less than pure, unadulterated violence in our main event. The FIST of DEFIANCE -- our biggest title in our organization -- will be defended momentarily when our champion, Vae Victis' Lindsay Troy, takes on Better Future Talent Agency's Alvaro de Vargas.

Lance:

This is not a usual tale we see in our sport, especially for our biggest show of the year. Oftentimes in our sport, we see a hero either trying to attain greatness or trying to fend off all challengers. This will be nothing like Dex Joy versus Conor Fuse... this is two people who are loathed by our fanbase wanting to see who is the worst of them all by fighting to be the best.

DDK:

It all started when Alvaro challenged Lindsay Troy for the title at DEFCON. Troy quickly accepted. For weeks, it seemed the champion was unflappable. She acknowledged Alvaro de Vargas' credentials as challenger while constantly riling him up... a mistake that may have proved costly to the champion.

Lance:

Since then, one can argue that Supernova Cubana has had the number of Vae Victis. His manager, Tom Morrow, and Vae Victis spokesperson Sonny Silver agreed to meet in the ring on behalf of their respective clients for a contract signing... that ended up being a trap with Alvaro throwing a fireball in Sonny Silver's face. He hasn't been seen or heard from since that attack.

Stills now show the events of DEFtv 185 as Keebler describes them.

DDK:

And since then, we've not heard much from the champion. After the conclusion of Alvaro de Vargas defeating JJ Dixon in the DEFtv 185 main event, he was attacked without warning by the champion! But Lindsay Troy's need for revenge by attacking Tom Morrow left her wide open to a Scorcher from Alvaro de Vargas!

Stills show Alvaro about to put Troy down with the Ardiendo piledriver, but being chased off by the other members of Vae Victis.

DDK:

Vae Victis spent weeks pushing the buttons of the challenger only for Alvaro and Tom Morrow to take the fight right back to them and hit Lindsay Troy where it hurts, by attacking one of the few people in the sport that is close to the Queen of the Ring. Have Alvaro de Vargas and Tom Morrow rattled Lindsay Troy enough into throwing her off her game tonight? Or does the Queen of the Ring and Vae Victis have an ace up their sleeve that we don't know about?

Lance:

We have to say this... neither one is especially loved by The Faithful right now, but this match is sure to be a spectacle regardless of that.

DDK:

Now that you know the road we took to get to our DEFCON main event... it's now time to see where our final destination takes us. Will Vae Victis continue to hold the top gold in DEFIANCE? Or will Tom Morrow fulfill his promise of a Better Future tonight for the FIST?

The camera focuses on Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! This is YOUR main event of the evening for DEFCON 2023 and is for the FIST! OF! DEFIANCE!

The ROWDY New Orleans Faithful let out a loud chorus of cheers for the main event and what will likely be much violence to come. But then those cheers?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...Yeah. Gone.

Tom Morrow makes his appearance for the third and final time over two nights as he steps out onto the stage. With his clients suffering mixed results in the past two matches, he tries to compose himself after the prior events and focuses on what's to come as the crowd lets him have it.

Tom Morrow:

There are MANY stars in the universe... but there are NONE that burn brighter than him...

Names start to populate the DEFIAtron.

URIEL CORTEZ

MINUTE

SCOTT STEVENS

FLEX KRUGER

THE GAME BOY

THEODORE CAIN

JACK MACE

HENRY KEYES

DEACON

Tom Morrow:

The list you see above is just a few of the many names in DEFIANCE that have been included in his list of Burn Victims... there have been many casualties. All the way from the bottom to the top.

Each clip is accompanied by Alvaro's heinous fireball attacks on each of the listed victims, each one burning brighter and brighter.

Tom Morrow:

Even former World Champions and Hall of Famers alike try to fly too close to the sun...

Another name added...

SONNY SILVER

Tom Morrow smirks.

Tom Morrow:

...But they all suffer the same fate. Flames do not bother my client. Flames do not HURT my client... because when he's BEATEN Lindsay Troy in that ring tonight to take what's rightfully HIS, he will feel no pain when he RIPS that torch right from her hands and TAKES the richest prize in the game! Cause tonight... we add the biggest name of them all to his list...

One more name appears next to Sonny's...

LINDSAY TROY

Then? The name starts to burn in flames as Morrow continues. The symbolism's not subtle at all, but that has never been a Tom Morrow thing.

Tom Morrow:

He is not your challenger... he is YOUR next FIST! OF DEFIANCE! STANDING AT SIX-FOOT EIGHT! WEIGHING TWO-HUNDRED SEVENTY-EIGHT POUNDS! **"SUPERNOVA CUBANA" ALVARO! DE! VARGAS!**

The DEFIAtron shows a burning yellow star in space. The flames continue to rise. The heat continues to burn brighter...

The colors then become blue... and white...

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

The thundering guitar riffs and intro lead to the towering menace storming through the curtains...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Bright blue-white pyro explodes from the stage as Alvaro de Vargas finally stalks the stage wearing pristine white gear with light blue flames running up one leg. The arena is covered in alternating flashes of blue and white. Hiding his eyes behind a pair of now blue-tinted sunglasses, his walk is more deliberate than before. He takes his time as the jeers get loud.

DDK:

Many people didn't expect Alvaro de Vargas to be the guy that came out to challenge Lindsay Troy point-blank for this main event at DEFCON, but you can't deny the role he's been on. He defeated the former FIST, Deacon. He's mowed down everyone since. Uriel Cortez. Scrow. JJ Dixon. Everyone that's been in his path has met the same fate.

Lance:

As we said earlier, Lindsay Troy was doing a good job of needling Alvaro de Vargas. He's incredibly volatile and dangerous with even Tom Morrow sometimes having a hard time keeping his temper in check... but since that contract signing where they burned Sonny Silver with a fireball, the shoe has been on the other foot.

Alvaro de Vargas walks down the ramp with Morrow proudly crowing behind him. With each big step, a pillar of blue pyro fires off from either side of the stage! When he makes it to the ring, he walks a circle around the outside and basks in the hate of the crowd with only the faintest of smiles on his face. He looks out to The Faithful one last time, then steps onto the apron. He climbs into the ring and removes his sunglasses. He hurriedly paces around the ring now as his music finally fades.

And then, in an instant, the Smoothie King Center is plunged into darkness, save for a lone spotlight shining down onto the stage.

DDK:

Is...can it be?

Lance:

I have no idea, Darren...but given what Alvaro's done, I sure hope so.

A figure steps into the spotlight as an OLD SKOOL MIC~! is lowered down from the rafters. It's not Sonny Silver that's standing on the stage, however. In his place is Les Enfants Terribles member and one-half of Silver and GOLD~! II, Archer Silver.

DDK:

Oh my, Lance. That's Sonny Silver's nephew, Archer Silver. Both Archer and Lindsay Troy's son, Kaz, were trained by Sonny and were in the building when he was injured by Alvaro de Vargas at DEFtv 184.

Lance:

And, they came to the aid of their stablemate, High Flyer IV, last night when Victor Vacio took things a little too far after his match with the son of Jack Harmen.

DDK:

Both those young men were understandably distraught over what happened to their mentor. It makes sense that Archer is taking Sonny's place for the FIST of DEFIANCE's introduction tonight.

Lance:

Well, let's let him have the floor, then.

Both commentators fall into silence as the cameras remain on Archer. Arch has on a tight burgundy button-down shirt with the top two buttons undone, black slacks, and snakeskin shoes. His hair looks stylishly disheveled and his permanent smirk is working overtime. If he's nervous about this task, he doesn't show it.

Archer Silver:

You two cornballs sure think you did somethin' a few weeks ago, huh?

In the ring, Tom Morrow's grinning and nodding his head, while Alvaro's pacing back and forth like a caged animal. Archer runs his hand over his chiseled jaw, scratching his five o'clock shadow. After a moment, he laughs mirthlessly.

Archer Silver:

Alright, bet. The FIST is about to make you both look real goofy here in about a minute, because in case you forgot, **Junior**, when you go after one of the Queen's own, she makes you pay for it ten-fold. My uncle found that out the hard way over the years, so did you about a decade ago, and now you and that big dipshit are about to get a lesson in history repeating.

The Faithful let out a cheer for the Keeper of the Silver Bullet. In the ring, Tom Morrow isn't smiling anymore. Supernova Cubana looks even more pissed off, if such a thing were possible.

Archer Silver:

It's my honor to introduce the REIGNING...DEFENDING...and after tonight....STILL YOUR FIST OF DEFIANCE....the LADY OF THE HOUR...the STAR OF THE SHOW...THE QUEEN OF THE RING....LINDSAY TROY!!!!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

The Queen slowly walks out onto the stage and approaches Sonny's nephew, her expression intense and her eyes fixed on the two men waiting on her in the ring. She rolls her shoulders first, then her neck, before lifting a fist for Archer to bump and making her way down the ramp. About halfway down the aisle, Troy sheds her coat, unfastens the belt from around her waist, and hops up onto the apron. She steps in-between the ropes and hands the title off to Benny Doyle.

We aren't gonna waste any more time here, folks. Let's get this bad boy underway.

DING DING

Alvaro goes for a charge, but the last thing he expects is for the Lady of the Hour to open up with a rolling koppou kick to the head!

DDK:

No! ADV tries to get the jump on Troy at the onset, but the FIST was ready!

Alvaro stumbles back into the corner as the reigning FIST gets back to her feet. She charges full speed ahead and CRACKS Supernova Cubana upside the head with a running boot in the corner! Morrow's jaw drops and Alvaro is slumped over in the corner while Lindsay fires off several EXTRA stiff shoot kicks to his chest!

Lance:

We spent weeks thinking that Alvaro de Vargas would have to be the one to control his temper... but he and Tom Morrow have set Lindsay Troy off since then! But was that a mistake to attack Sonny Silver with a fireball?

DDK:

Lindsay Troy showing that just might have been!

Alvaro BARELY manages to shove Lindsay Troy back, but the High Queen DEFIANT rolls backwards, gets herself upright and then CLOCKS Alvaro with another jumping high kick in the corner!

DDK:

Alvaro gets staggered again!

Supernova Cubana gets his leg swept by Troy and she throws another pair of kicks to get him into a seated position, then comes off the ropes to deliver a big flying kick to the head of Alvaro as he's slumped in the corner!

Lance:

Yet another kick! Alvaro de Vargas and Tom Morrow have also been needling Troy about how she's defended that title against injured competition or, in the case of the War Games match from DEFIANCE Road, how she may use Vae Victis' numbers advantage, but she's doing just fine solo!

DDK:

That she is! Now where's she going? We don't see Lindsay Troy take flight too often!

She gets up to the top rope as Alvaro tries to figure out which way is up. He's been staggered from kicks when Troy takes flight off the top with a big front-flip neckbreaker! The Faithful cheer moreso for the move than out of a desire to root for the Vae Victis leader as she crawls over for the first cover of this title match!

Lance:

What an opening salvo to start! Is this the match already?!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Alvaro, but Lindsay Troy is not stopping!

Lindsay grabs Alvaro by the back of the head and SMACKS him with a sharp kick between the shoulder blades. He tries to shake the first one off, but the two more that follow get him to wince in pain. She charges right off the ropes and comes back to plant a nasty penalty kick smack-dab in the middle of his chest that's so hard, a loud grunt can be

heard from the challenger! She knocks Supernova Cubana flat on his back!

Lance:

You can HEAR those shots! Lindsay Troy smartly pulls Alvaro away from the ropes!

She goes right for another pinfall on the big man.

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Alvaro kicks out and tries to sit up, but Troy stands up and SMACKS him in the face with a vicious kick that knocks him back to the mat! The Faithful jump from the impact and Morrow SHRIEKS in disbelief!

Lance:

Oooh! That one RIGHT into the face of Alvaro! That might have done some damage! A broken nose, a jaw... something! I didn't see where it caught him, but it looked awful!

Tom Morrow is stunned silent and The Faithful are reacting with collective shock in their own right as a replay shows the kick in slow motion... her boot colliding directly with the side of Alvaro's head!

DDK:

That was a receipt for the Scorcher kick he gave Troy on DEFtv 185!

The self-professed ACE of DEFIANCE shoots Morrow a look that indicates she's the wrong one to mess with tonight and he shows worry for once for the crown jewel of BFTA as he's on the mat seeing stars!

DDK:

I didn't expect a one-sided affair thus far from either side. Lindsay Troy hasn't taken her foot off the gas since this match started and this might be the best way to deal with Alvaro, who is an overwhelming presence in his own right.

Lance:

He had this transformation into Supernova Cubana and it's served him well, defeating FIST of DEFIANCE in Deacon on his own, as well as injuring him, but their attack on Sonny might have been a mistake.

DDK:

Troy grabbing Alva... NO! OOH!

As Lindsay tries to pull Alvaro to his feet, he SMACKS her with a nasty elbow smash that has The Queen rocked. ADV is still dazed and confused in his own right from every kick and every shot from before, but when he tries to attack Lindsay, he gets CRACKED with a big palm strike! She fires off several more in alternating succession, doubles him over with a low thrust kick to the stomach before firing another kick up into his chest to knock the wind out.

DDK:

These two are just beating the HELL out of one another!

Lindsay charges at the ropes for another strike, but Alvaro gets a boot up and squarely hits Troy in the jaw! She flies back into the ropes, but comes back with a flying knee strike that catches Alvaro right on the button! She's feeling the stiff boot, but Alvaro is feeling the collective damage and both champion and challenger are down to the applause of The Faithful!

Lance:

This had to be one of the more talked about main events of DEFCON just by sheer virtue of not having a clear-cut

favorite... but you can't say these two aren't fighting with everything they've got to be the FIST.

DDK:

That, you can't, Lance! That, you can't!

One of the cameras around ringside catches the blind kick from Troy to his face!

DDK:

Good lord! That kick from Troy... she caught him flush in the side of the head!

Lance:

But Alvaro is still going!

Morrow is shouting at Alvaro to get back up, but he's seeing stars while hunched over on both knees. Lindsay Troy looks the same from the shots that the bigger Alvaro was able to fire off, but she's a little faster to her feet. She goes in to follow up, but Supernova Cubana fires off a huge knee lift to the ribs that stops her in her tracks! He follows this up with a pair of huge clubbing blows across her back. He yells out and then muscles her to the corner...

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

Four nasty chops from Supernova Cubana catch Troy across the chest before he buries a few more knees into her rib cage!

DDK:

Now Alvaro is going low! Attacks to the rib cage. It's going to be hard for Troy to keep pace if Alvaro is attacking the midsection.

The 6'8" Alvaro presses a foot on her throat and then goes to try and choke the life out of The High Queen DEFIANT! Supernova Cubana continues to strangle her until Benny Doyle orders him to get out of the corner.

Benny Doyle:

Break it off! Now!

Alvaro doesn't listen until Benny Doyle starts to count down further.

Benny Doyle:

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Supernova Cubana backs off and then almost brushes away Benny Doyle while Tom Morrow yells from the outside.

Tom Morrow:

Control your temper! Focus! You can't win the title by getting disqualified, Al!

Lance:

Alvaro now seeing red here after Lindsay has been blasting him with endless kicks! As long as he has Morrow to keep him from going over the line, the FIST could change hands here tonight!

DDK:

And now Alvaro buries a shoulder into the ribs of Troy. And then gets her in a front facelock in the corner...

He has the champion where he wants her and then THROWS her across the ring with a huge release vertical suplex!

DDK:

That was brutal! He just chunked Lindsay Troy across the ring with that move!

After watching the body of LT skittering across the ring, she slumps over in the corner as Alvaro takes his time getting up and enjoys the damage done.

Lance:

What a brutal suplex by Alvaro... and he isn't done!

DDK:

Not by a long shot!

Troy tries to stand up, but Supernova Cubana beats her to the punch and catches her with a forearm to the back! The defending FIST winces in pain when he picks her up and then hoists her up in another front facelock. He picks her up...

DDK:

Another release vertical suplex by Alvaro de Vargas! No grace to those throws whatsoever!

Troy crashes across the canvas a second time and then lands near the first corner she was just thrown from. Tom Morrow can't help but taunt her.

Tom Morrow:

One more time, Al!

When he stands up, ADV starts to get showered with boos from The NOLA Faithful, but he doesn't care. This time, he picks up Lindsay...

DDK:

Third suplex in a row! This time, a belly-to-back suplex!

After colliding with the canvas, she arches her back in pain while Alvaro takes over!

DDK:

ADV going for the pin and the FIST OF DEFIANCE!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

The reigning and defending FIST holds onto said championship with another kickout, but ADV doesn't let her take much of a breather.

Lance:

A kickout by Troy, but Alvaro's taking her to the corner!

He muscled The Queen of the Ring on his shoulder and then rams her into the corner quickly! He throws a shoulder thrust into the ribs!

DDK:

ADV with a big shot there! He's taking control!

He backs off and then charges for a running shoulder thrust...

NO! Knee by Troy!

As Alvaro goes for another shoulder thrust, Lindsay CRACKS him with a knee strike that staggers ADV! The challenger for the FIST goes stumbling back and it gets worse when Troy measures him up and drops the hammer on him with a question mark kick as he's kneeled over, dropping him to the mat! She then delivers a roaring elbow right on the jaw!

DDK:

Question Mark kick! Roaring elbow by Troy! This match has resembled something more akin to an MMA fight than a wrestling match!

Lance:

Troy off the ropes... spinning roundhouse heel kick! Alvaro down again!

The Faithful groan with the kick as Alvaro crumbles to the mat! Lindsay goes for another cover on the big man.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Alvaro kicks out again! He's a man driven to rip the FIST away from Lindsay Troy tonight! Something nobody else has been able to do.

DDK:

Lindsay hasn't lost a match in almost two years in DEFIANCE by virtue of this newfound mean streak she's tapped into!

The FIST of DEFIANCE backs off and then charges off the ropes for another penalty kick... but Alvaro CATCHES her foot with his arms! Surprise washes over her face when Alvaro starts to stand! She tries to swipe at him with palm strikes as the battered monster stands up and then PULLS her by the leg into a KNOCKOUT lariat! Troy goes spinning and hits the canvas with a thud as Alvaro stands over Troy and yells out for every fan in the arena to hear!

DDK:

Good lord! Alvaro took those kicks and just returned fire with one of his own! These two are just beating the holy hell out of each other!

Morrow points at Alvaro and screams at him to do some more damage first to Troy before he goes for a pin. ADV nods then pries Lindsay off the mat. She tries fighting back with a pair of palm strikes, but ADV stops her with a big knee lift that sends her back into the corner. Alvaro then grits his teeth and charges forward, CRUSHING her with a running corner clothesline!

He charges away cross-corner and then charges with a second running corner clothesline...

He charges again... a third! After that third shot, Alvaro throws her out of the corner and ragdolls her across the ring so she lands near the ropes.

DDK:

Uh-oh. Lindsay Troy is undoubtedly the more experienced striker, but outside of that ring might better serve Alvaro and his size!

Lance:

That's true... and look out!

The Queen of the Ring finds herself pulled out about halfway outside. Alvaro delivers a NASTY clubbing forearm to her back, then follows up with a big knee strike that catches her in the ribs again!

DDK:

Two big shots from Alvaro... now he takes her out to the floor!

After a showing of brutality to start, The High Queen DEFIANT has been dragged out to the floor with Alvaro standing over her.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Pedazo de mierda! I'm taking your title!

Alvaro grabs her by the arm... but she STILL fights back! Troy cracks him in the mouth with a solid palm strike, but he blocks a second one by grabbing the arm...

Lance:

Uh-oh!

...Troy gets LOBBED back-first against the barricade at high speed! She collapses to her knees and falls to the floor! Supernova Cubana stands his ground and roars out loud when he overhears Morrow shouting more instructions!

Tom Morrow:

Make it quick, Alvaro! Make it quick!

ADV nods, then continues his assault on the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

When Alvaro first alluded to this challenge, these two have had one match here in DEFIANCE before this just as Lindsay Troy was tapping into this new mean streak. They fought to a double countout... something both are not eager to repeat!

Lance:

Alvaro better make this quick, though. Benny Doyle is giving them a tiny bit of leeway here, but he's gonna count sooner than later if they don't get back inside!

Alvaro grabs Lindsay again and then gets ready to pick her up. He has her on his shoulders and aims her towards the timekeeper's table...

DDK:

Uh-oh... is this a Cuban Missile coming up?

The Faithful continue to watch on as Alvaro goes to throw Troy with the running snake eyes throw... but at the last second, the Lady of the Hour kicks her feet, ends up behind Alvaro and pushes him ribs-first into the edge of the table! Alvaro yelps out in pain as he hobbles over!

Lance:

No! Missed opportunity by de Vargas! Troy sends him into the edge of the table!

Alvaro is hobbling about while the High Queen DEFIANT tries to regain her senses after ADV has taken control! All the while, Benny Doyle is beginning his count after warnings to get back inside have gone ignored.

Benny Doyle:

ONE! TWO! THREE!

Lindsay waits and charges... then pushes Alvaro into the ring post! He bounces off with a thud, but still remains upright!

Benny Doyle:

FOUR! FIVE!

DDK:

Troy's using the environment around her to take down Supernova Cubana!

Tom Morrow starts to warn the Crown Jewel of BFTA to get back into the ring, but he's starting to now bleed from his forehead after smacking the post!

Lance:

Alvaro is bleeding! Lindsay has to strike now while she can!

The High Queen DEFIANT charges again and looks for another flying knee...

Benny Doyle:

SIX! SEVEN!

BUT ALVARO CATCHES HER IN MID-MOVE!

He spins around...

...

AND BOTH GO CRASHING THROUGH THE BARRIER!

THE FAITHFUL GO CRAZY!

DDK:

OH, NO! TROY WAS GOING FOR THE QUEEN'S GAMBIT, BUT ALVARO CAUGHT HER! THEY BOTH GO THROUGH OUR BARRIER AT RINGSIDE!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THE CROWD!

RRRRAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Alvaro is bloody and not moving with a bump on his forehead. Lindsay Troy is not moving.

Benny Doyle:

EIGHT! NINE!

Nobody moves...

Benny Doyle

TEN!

DING DING DING

Alvaro himself is barely moving and favoring his ribs and his head. Lindsay Troy may not know where she is at this moment in time, but The Faithful are up in arms! Tom Morrow yells!

Tom Morrow:

NO! BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT! NO! NO!

Lance:

No! This is history repeating itself! Lindsay Troy and Alvaro de Vargas with another double countout! At our biggest show of the year?!

DDK:

No way! Like them or hate them.. However you feel about the people in that ring... this should NOT end like this! Not tonight! Not DEFCON!

Darren Quimbey:

DUE TO NEITHER COMPETITOR MAKING IT TO THE RING BY THE COUNT OF TEN... THE TITLE CANNOT CHANGE HANDS! THIS MATCH HAS BEEN RULED AS A NO CONTEST!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

As the chaos continues, the replays show what happened. Lindsay Troy escapes the Cuban Missile to send Alvaro crashing ribs-first into the timekeeper's table. Then the ring post where he gets busted open on the other side of his forehead. Then Alvaro catches Troy before she connects with the Queen's Gambit flying double knee strike, only for Alvaro to ram her right through the barricade!

Tom Morrow rushes over to check on his client as the crowd is standing upright, watching and waiting with baited breath...

Benny Doyle is having some sort of conversation with someone in his headset...

Then goes over to summon Darren Quimbey at ringside...

Lance:

Is something going on in the ring right now?

DDK:

Indeed, it is...

Tom Morrow is trying to overhear something between Doyle and Quimbey. Doyle taps his earpiece, then yells something else at Darren Quimbey. The other Darren nods and then picks up his microphone.

Darren Quimbey:

By order of DEFIANCE management... this match WILL be restarted effective immediately! THERE MUST BE A WINNER BY PINFALL OR SUBMISSION!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

YES! That's the right move! This issue between Vae Victis and Better Future Talent Agency needs to be settled here tonight!

Lance:

Morrow has a second chance to bring the title to BFTA! This match is being restarted!

The Faithful are buzzing and the reaction is at a fever pitch with Tom Morrow yelling for Alvaro to get up first.

Supernova Cubana is the first to stand with the FIST not far behind, favoring her back. ADV grabs Troy and then hits a big knee to her rib cage to double her over!

DDK:

It's taken them both some time to stand again, but remember, Troy got the worst of that impact through the barricade! If there's a time now for Alvaro to strike, this is it!

Supernova Cubana drags the Renaissance Woman over the barricade and throws her back into the ring! He slides back inside as Benny Doyle calls for the bell...

DING DING

Alvaro scoops Lindsay Troy up and this time, he connects with the Cuban Missile right into the corner!

DDK:

Cuban Missile! Cuban Missile by ADV! That might be enough to do it!

Morrow almost jumps out of his suit and hops along, yelling at Alvaro to pin her! Alvaro goes for the cover! He hooks both legs tightly!

ONE...

TWO...

TH... NO!

Lindsay kicks out! Half of ADV's face is caked with blood, but looks more angered than shocked that the Queen of the Ring kicked out!

DDK:

That was Alvaro's first official pinfall of the match and that was an easy two and a half!

Lance:

Tom Morrow barking instructions to Alvaro de Vargas! He's telling him to finish this now!

Morrow yells "DO IT!" Alvaro nods and then pulls Troy up again by two handfuls of her hair! He runs a thumb across his throat and then has the self-professed ACE of DEFIANCE on his shoulders...

DDK:

New move! Alvaro hit something like a reverse TKO! A rack spun out into a vicious neckbreaker on the Queen! That title might be coming home to BFTA!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

A weaker cover than last time, but the High Queen DEFIANT lives up to one of her many well-earned monikers with it! Tom Morrow shouts at Benny Doyle that he had a three-count while ADV yells out and punches the mat in frustration.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Quédate abajo!

DDK:

Alvaro IS livid!

Lance:

He really is! He's gotta keep that temper in check!

Still in a seated position, Alvaro tries to figure out his next move when Morrow tells him to end it. He grits his teeth and then goes over to grab Lindsay Troy by the back of the head again.

Tom Morrow:

ARDIENDO! NOW! WHILE YOU CAN!

Alvaro grins for the first time since the match started and snatches Lindsay up by her arm. He goes to pull her up and tries to set up Ardiendo.

DDK:

The Ardiendo piledriver has been ADV's trump card since setting foot in DEFIANCE! 100% success rate. Nobody that has been struck down with this move has been able to kick out!

ADV goes to pick Lindsay up by the neck...

But she surprises him with a RAKE OF THE EYES!

DDK:

NO! TROY GOES RIGHT FOR THE EYES OF ALVARO!

Lance:

She CLEARLY heard the decree by management! There must be a winner in this main event and she's happily skirting that line!

She sweeps him down with a Reverse STO right into...

DDK:

DIVINE RIGHT! DIVINE RIGHT! ALVARO IS TRAPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING IN THE KOJI CLUTCH!

The Faithful are going rabid moreso for two of the most hated in DEFIANCE trying to destroy one another with a slight edge of some of the crowd siding with The Queen of the Ring! She continues to lock in the submission on Alvaro as he yells out, trying to get towards the ropes!

Tom Morrow:

NO! ALVARO! NO! DON'T TAP! DON'T TAP!

DDK:

What a comeback if Lindsay Troy pulls this out! Alvaro has been downright dominant since just before the restart!

Lance:

That Divine Right is locked on tight! She's taking the air out of the big man! If she's got a surefire way to win tonight, this might be her best bet!

The Faithful are reacting in a major way, wanting Alvaro to tap, but the Cuban tries to roll! He manages to crawl! Inch by painful inch, he makes his way towards the ropes! Morrow continues shouting to Alvaro and waves at him frantically, trying to inspire the big man to get closer to the ropes. The defending FIST of DEFIANCE cranks on the hold tighter, causing Alvaro to almost gasp for air as he struggles...

BUT HE MAKES THE ROPES!

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas makes the ropes.... But Troy isn't letting go!

Lance:

Anything goes! There has to be a winner! You heard the decree from DEFIANCE management! They aren't ending the biggest show of the year on a double countout, and Benny Doyle's gonna let things ride!

With the title literally in the balance, Alvaro continues to cling to the ropes and when Troy isn't letting go, he reaches up and grabs the referee's leg! Benny Doyle pulls and twists himself away from de Vargas...

THEN ALVARO REACHES OVER AND RAKES THE EYES OF TROY TO GET HER TO LET GO!

DDK:

Troy raked the eyes of Alvaro, now he does it to her in return to escape the Divine Right!

Lance:

And with that, he might have bought himself some time.

ADV rolls through the ropes and he escapes to the ring apron while Lindsay Troy grabs her face and tries to check on her own eyes to make sure she can still see. A bloodied and struggling de Vargas starts to stand on his feet with ill intent in mind...

But the High Queen DEFIANT strikes first with a SHARP kick to the leg!

Another kick!

Another kick!

Another kick!

ADV collapses to a knee!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy with the kicks! If she takes the leg out from under Alvaro de Vargas, he'll be at his most vulnerable!

Lance:

Lindsay keeps going! Those kicks are being sponsored by Energizer and nobody told us!

Another kick!

Another kick!

Another kick!

The last kick chops down the giant and brings him down flat, allowing Lindsay Troy to keep going!

Another kick!

Another kick!

Another kick!

Another kick!

Enough kicks finally get ADV to where the Cuban has to roll through the ropes and escape to the floor... but that isn't

enough!

DDK:

OOOH! Baseball slide headscissors by the champion! She snaps Alvaro over to the floor!

After rolling him over, it takes The Renaissance Woman some doing, but she gets up to her feet and then waits for Alvaro as she climbs the ring apron. She measures her target and then takes flight...

DDK:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT! QUEEN'S GAMBIT OFF THE APRON! ADV IS DOWN! ADV IS DOWN!

Lance:

The Faithful are hanging off every move right now! They want to see a winner here with both competitors being given a second chance!

There is a huge seventy-thirty reaction for The Queen of the Ring as she limps back to her feet and grabs the challenger by the back of his trunks and rolls the big man back into the ring. Lindsay carefully gets in and now goes for the cover!

Tom Morrow:

NO! KICK OUT, ALVARO! KICK OUT! KICK OUT!

ONE...

TWO...

THRE... KICKOUT!

The Queen of the Ring is stunned when Alvaro gets the shoulder up! Morrow's hand is over his mouth as even he can't believe it!

DDK:

How the hell did Alvaro kick out of all of that?! He fought through the Divine Right! He absorbed so many of those kicks, the Queen's Gambit off the apron... but he's still going!

Lance:

And look... look at de Vargas!

She looks over.

Bloodied.

Beaten up.

But Alvaro is GRINNING.

DDK:

I think... I think Alvaro de Vargas has just lost it! He's... laughing!

Staring over at Alvaro, she hears him spit and even laugh.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Morrow tenía razón... Estás desesperado... hahaha.

She clearly understood enough of that to want to prove the bloodied Alvaro wrong. She snarls and snatches him by the

back of his neck, then plants another big kick firmly between the shoulder blades! He winces as Troy tries to bring him up!

DDK:

This one might be done! We're gonna see it! Thy Kingdom Come! If she connects with the package piledriver, this match is over!

With Alvaro firmly in place, Lindsay goes for the package piledriver. She tries to cradle the big man's body... but he kicks! He kicks his legs frantically... then BREAKS FREE!

Lance:

No! Alvaro counters!

He pushes her up and over with a back body drop, but the Queen of the Ring lands on her feet out of the shot! She waits for Alvaro to turn and then plasters him from the left and the right side with another pair of quick palm strikes! He's stunned but when she tries to pull him down again, presumably for another Divine Right, he catches her with an elbow...

THEN A STIFF HEADBUTT!

DDK:

GOOD LORD!

He leans back and then CRACKS Lindsay in the face with an extra-large thrust kick from an extra-large man!

Lance:

I think Alvaro got under her skin again with that last bit! And he's not done!

Once the headbutt connects, the Queen of the Ring sinks to her knees while the impact of Alvaro's own strike has him staggered backwards into the corner.

DDK:

Troy got the worst of that headbutt, but it looks like ADV took some damage as well.

Morrow is shouting at him and points at Lindsay in the ring, telling him to strike now! Alvaro sees her out of the corner of his eye and then charges forward just as she tries to stand up...

DDK:

ABAJO VAS! RIGHT ON TARGET!

Alvaro's signature running knee lift catches Troy just before she tries to block the shot, knocking her flat on her back!

Tom Morrow:

NEW CHAMP! NEW CHAMP, YOU SONS OF BITCHES!

ADV slumps over and then hooks a leg!

Lance:

I hate saying this, but Morrow might be right! New champ!

ONE...

TWO...

THRE... NO!

Just BARELY at two-point-nine-nine-nine, the shoulder of the Queen of the Ring escapes the mat! ADV goes ballistic and then tries to cover her again!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... KICKOUT!

The Faithful can't believe it, either! Alvaro de Vargas seethes and it takes all the (very little) restraint he possesses not to grab Benny Doyle and burn his face off as well!

DDK:

HOW DID SHE KICK OUT? THAT HEADBUTT AND THE KNEE STRIKE WERE BOTH FLUSH!

Lance:

Troy and ADV have given each other their best shots and it has all either been countered or only caught nearfalls!

Morrow grabs his two hands and cranks at air, telling Alvaro.

Tom Morrow:

INMOLACION!

He nods!

DDK:

The Ardiendo and Thy Kingdom Come have both been countered... but ADV still has Inmolacion... AND IT'S LOCKED IN!

The Faithful now scream as not a single person in the arena isn't making noise! The Stretch Plum is locked in a seated position on Troy!

DDK:

HE STARTED USING THIS MOVE WHEN HE ANOINTED HIMSELF AS SUPERNOVA CUBANA! THIS MOVE BEAT DEACON! TROY HAS NOWHERE TO GO!

Lance:

ARE WE GONNA SEE A NEW FIST?

With the big man locking in Inmolacion, there are still many among The Faithful yelling at her to tap out! She has a hand up...

Tom Morrow:

Yes! YES! **YES!** TAP OUT! TAP! TAAAAPPP!

The BFTA Brainchild is going CRAZY at ringside!

Lance:

TOM MORROW IS ABOUT TO MAKE HIS WISH COME TR... OH, GOD! WAIT!

Next to Morrow, a hooded figure jumps the barricade...

AND BOOTS HIM SQUARE IN THE FACE TO A HUGE POP FROM THE CROWD!

...

DDK:

SONNY SILVER! IT'S SONNY SILVER!

Lance:

WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE THAT FIREBALL ATTACK OVER A MONTH AGO... BUT SONNY IS BACK! AND HE LEVELED TOM MORROW WITH A SILVER BULLET TO THE FACE!

Sonny takes off his hood to reveal part of his face bandaged up after what happened! He takes off the hoodie and throws it under the rope while standing over Morrow, endlessly crowing about what he's pulled off!

Sonny Silver:

CALL ME MISTER GATCHO.... CAUSE I GATCHO ASS!

DDK:

Mixed reaction for the return of Sonny here... but LOOK! ALVARO!

Alvaro lets go of his hold on Troy as Sonny is talking trash and then rushes over, KICKING the Silver Lining in the chest with a foot between the ropes. Alvaro gets jeers from the crowd.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Cállate la mierda, viejo!

Doyle kicks Sonny's hoodie out of the ring as Alvaro grits his teeth and turns back around, only to find the champ not on the mat where he left her, but standing upright with something in her hand...

A flick of her wrist, a lift of her arm, and a spray of *something* is spat at Supernova Cubana...**FWOOOOOOOOOSH~!****DDK:**

OH MY GOD! FIREBALL TO THE FACE OF ALVARO! LINDSAY JUST GAVE HIM A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

Lance:

WHAT? HOW? WHERE DID SHE EVEN GET THAT?!

Doyle turns to see Alvaro frantically thrashing at his face when Lindsay runs off the ropes...

DDK:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT! ANOTHER QUEEN'S GAMBIT RIGHT UNDER THE CHIN! ALVARO IS OUT!

Lance:

THAT'S IT! IT'S OVER!

The beast is finally stunned when Troy hurriedly grabs him by the body...

DDK:

THY KINGDOM COME! IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER!

Alvaro is SPIKED with the package piledriver! The Queen of the Ring hops into the cover, keeping Doyle from seeing whatever damage may have done to Alvaro's face!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

With the match won, Lindsay Troy limps and gets the hell away from ADV's body, nursing a sore neck and still feeling the effects of the Inmolacion submission... but when Benny Doyle arrives with her title, she **SNATCHES** it away from him.

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... AND **STILL** THE FIST OF DEFIANCE... "â€œ**THE QUEEN OF THE RING**"
LINDSAY TROY!

DDK:

IT'S OVER! IT'S FINALLY OVER! ALVARO DE VARGAS GAVE LINDSAY TROY HELL THE PAST FEW WEEKS AND IN THIS MATCH! HE TOOK HER BEST SHOTS!

Lance:

BUT HOW... WHERE DID THAT ALL COME FROM?

The replays start to play.

Lindsay Troy bombarding Alvaro de Vargas with kicks to keep the beast down.

Alvaro de Vargas **SMASHING** Lindsay Troy with a sickening clothesline as a counter to a kick followed by a barrage of ugly suplexes.

Alvaro putting Troy through the barricade outside and the match being restarted.

Lindsay Troy applying the Divine Right with Alvaro having to rake the eyes to free himself! The Queen's Gambit. The Abajo Vas... then Sonny Silver's return!

DDK:

They both threw their best, but Sonny Silver was the difference maker here tonight!

Then a replay of Sonny throwing his hoodie into the ring after his grand reveal... then Lindsay Troy reaching into the jacket behind Benny Doyle's back to pull out a tiny bottle of whiskey and a lighter from an inside pocket!

Lance:

That's where she got what she needed for that fireball! That was insane!

DDK:

Sonny Silver got burned with Alvaro's fireball a few weeks ago, but in the end, Supernova Cubana got a taste of his own medicine... but think about this, Lance. It looked like we could have had a new FIST of DEFIANCE had Sonny not been around!

Lance:

Was there some truth to Tom Morrow's claims? Is the Queen getting more desperate to hold onto that title? Desperation makes anyone do dangerous things!

DDK:

It does Lance, but at the same time, we know this to be true....if you come after one of the Queen's own, she's going to come back for one of yours just as hard, if not harder. We'll have to see which case will hold true.

In real time, The Queen of the Ring has Sonny Silver at her side as she raises the FIST of DEFIANCE high, sending a barrage of pyro raining overhead to celebrate her momentous win!

DDK:

Vae Victis have lost their first title in the form of Oscar Burns dropping the Favoured Saints Championship to Rezin... but Henry Keyes and now Lindsay Troy stay on top of DEFIANCE as the top champions of our promotion, like it or not!

Lance:

They are among two of the most hated in DEFIANCE today, but that didn't stop them from putting on a violent display for all to see to close out DEFCON! Lindsay Troy now has to contend with none other... THAN DEX JOY!

DDK:

And what a match we have there to look forward to! Ladies... gentlemen... for all of us here at DEFIANCE, thank you for joining us! For Lance Warner, I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler! Thank you for joining us tonight... for DEFCON!

The rest of Vae Victis... Southern Heritage Champion Henry Keyes, a titleless Oscar Burns (with Butcher Victorious behind him), Kerry Kuroyama and Clay Byrd all walk out from the back. Following behind them is Archer Silver. Archer and Sonny shake hands before Sonny pulls his nephew in for a tight hug. Henry Keyes embraces his bestie, who looks exhausted. Then, both Henry and Lindsay are picked up and put on the respective shoulders of Kuroyama, Byrd and Sonny Silver, proud of what they have pulled off tonight.

VAE VICTIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

CLOSING

♪ "Go" by The Chemical Brothers ♪

DEFCON ends with a closing montage...

- Henry Keyes climbing the ladder, retrieving the championships with a bloody Elise Ares below.
- Victor Vacio defeating HFIV and revealing a box cutter until he's stopped by Flyer's teammates.
- Scrow forcing Crimson Lord to quit and then walking away from him afterwards, while Lord screams for him to return.
- Declan Alexander going toe-to-toe with Kerry Kuroyama but a Kuroyama Driver from the top rope secures the victory for Kerry over Declan.
- Tyler Fuse and Princess Desire beating on Teresa Ames until Jack Harmen shows up and steamrolls Ames and himself to victory.
- MV1 besting Corvo Alpha and Lord Nigel Trickelbush being carted out on a stretcher... never to be seen again.
- Numerous Ned Reform shenanigans until Gage Blackwood returns and absolutely wrecks him in a flash.
- The Specials and The Sevens squaring off in an all-out war, completed with the feel good victory of Cassidy and Newbludd holding the straps for the second time in their careers.

A switch over to night 2...

- Rezin with a reversal on Oscar Burns, the victory, the Favored Saints Championship, and shouting for Henry Keyes.
- A blood bath between Nathan Eye and JJ Dixon... until the dog collar pops off and Carla Ferrari can no longer count the three for JJ which reveals devastation in his eyes.
- Arthur Pleasant with the Sleep Paralysis on MVW and, ultimately, securing the briefcase, ruining Van Warren's DEFIANCE dream.
- Titanes Familia overcoming Team HOSS and finally hugging it out in the middle of the ring.
- The D making a challenge... and then it's answered, once again, on back-to-back years, by the Hall of Famer Bronson Box.
- The Faithful going batshit insane when Conor Fuse and Dex Joy stand in the center of the ring. Fuse takes out the goons and then Conor and Dex start kicking out of everything... until Fuse holds a weapon in his hands, only to drop it out of the ring, charge at Dex and take a Dex Driver for his troubles. Dex pins for the win.
- The crowd is massively behind the legendary Flying Frenchie until he's attacked on entrance by Malak Garland. Then Garland comes out as if nothing happens and the cheat-off between Frenchie and Garland begins... a Search Party Cyrus showing... and ending where Frenchie "taps" and Malak wins the biggest match of his career.
- Finally, Lindsay Troy and ADV square off in a brutal war, Lindsay kicking the shit out of ADV, Alvaro grinning, laughing, loving the pain he's in... Troy eventually connects with Thy Kingdom Come, pins ADV and holds the FIST high... while the rest of Vae Victis come down to celebrate.

The FIST logo appears.

Fade to black.