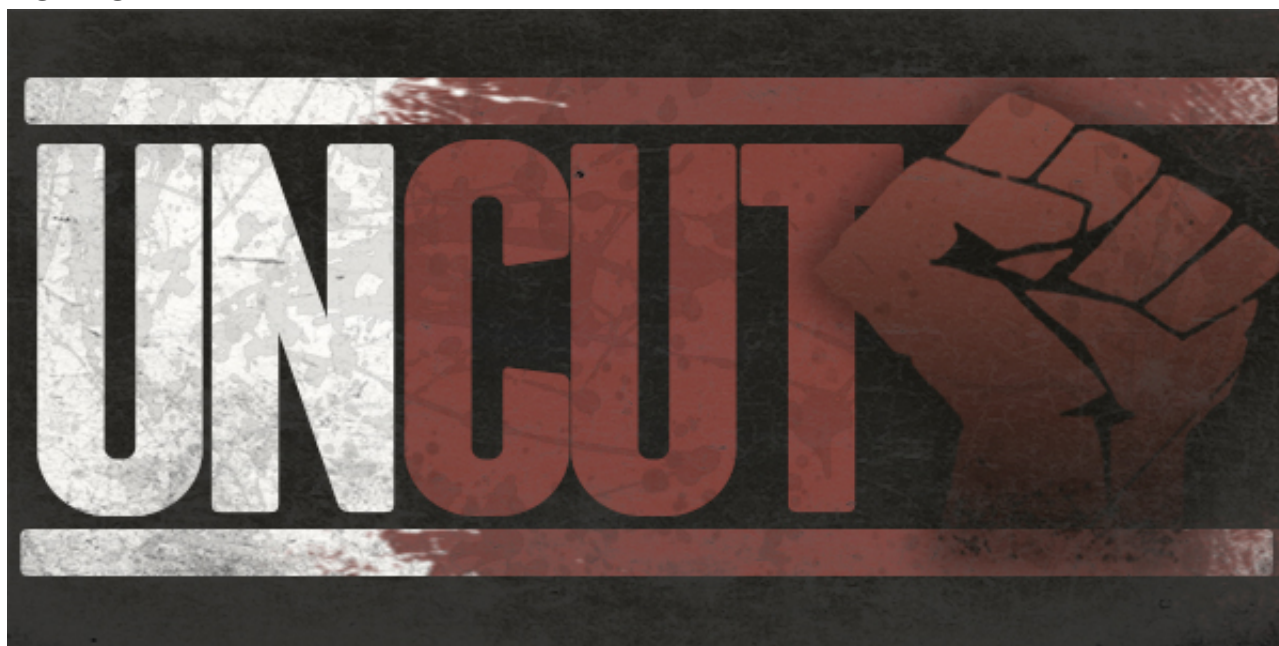


**SHOW OPEN**

## **BRAZEN STAR CUP: BUTCHER VICTORIOUS (c) vs. NATHAN CROSS**

**DDK:**

Welcome one and all to our final stop before we get to DEFIANCE Rising! I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler and alongside, I have Lance Warner giving YOU the stories as I call the action!

**Lance:**

That's right! And tonight, we've got some great action on tap! We've been told that we have a Special Challenge Match in our main event! We don't even know the competitors!

**DDK:**

You can color me intrigued! But first, we've got "The BRAZEN Supersenior" Butcher Victorious putting the BRAZEN Star Cup on the line in a special one fall to a finish match against a former holder of the cup itself, the self-proclaimed "Sauce" Nathan Cross! What can you tell us about Cross' recent change in attitude, Lance?

**Lance:**

My understanding is that he's been frustrated with his recent lack of success after losing the Cup last year. He's aligned himself with "Dirty" Surrey Slate and "Not A Nice Fellow" George Othello to form the group Mad Rhymes in BRAZEN! Nathan looks to bring the Cup home to the group, but Butcher Victorious is a tough man who just recently took people like Titaness, Henry Keyes and Dan Ryan to the limit in recent outings!

**DDK:**

That he did, so we'll see how he fares tonight! It's the BRAZEN Star Cup on the line to kick off our very last UNCUT before DEFIANCE Rising! That match is now!

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is your opening contest! This is scheduled for one fall and it is for the BRAZEN Star Cup!

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

A HUGE pop for Butcher Victorious, standing on the entrance ramp with both The Stick.... And the BRAZEN Star Cup and in each of his hands! Wearing a sparkling brand new blue and yellow jacket, blue trunks and yellow kickpads, he points towards the ring and takes in the reception from The Faithful! He gestures to the Mic Dropz Energy holster belt around his waist! Behind him, "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray is dressed in black pants and a "Shake Hands or Throw Hands With The Lads" shirt!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Representing The Lads AND The Butch Vic Clique... accompanied by Janna Ray... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 230 pounds... sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy, he is **"THE MICROPHONE FIEND" BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Butcher starts heading down the ring and his music drops.

**Butcher Victorious:** [with The Faithful repeating]  
BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK!

He taps his head with The Stick.

**Butcher Victorious:** [with The Faithful repeating]  
BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK...

He points to Janna Ray, who points both hands at the Cup!

**Butcher Victorious:** [with The Faithful repeating]  
AND TONIGHT, BUTCH VIC... DEFENDS THIS!

A big cheer for the defending champion!

**Butcher Victorious:**

Lyon, France! This BRAZEN Star Cup defense is sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy!

Hometown pop!

**Butcher Victorious:**

Tonight, I'm putting The BRAZEN Star Cup against another guy that thinks he can rhyme. "The Sauce" Nathan Cross! Cross, you might think that you're a boss... You're a little taller than me so you're KIND of a boss... but at the end of THIS! You're gonna learn that BUTCH VIC DON'T QUIT!

The BRAZEN Star Cup is held at ringside as Butcher climbs into the ring!

♪ "Learn To Crawl" by Black Lab ♪

Booing follows out the young blue chipper from BRAZEN as he makes his way out! A three-year product of the BRAZEN brand, Cross comes out wearing a white and black vest, wrestling trunks and boots as he looks to be feeling himself with his recent change in attitude. He points towards the ring and gestures that the Cup is coming home with him.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent, the challenger! Weighing in at 240 pounds... he is **"THE SAUCE" NATHAN CROSS!**

The man who thinks that he's the hottest thing on the Scoville Scale hits the ring. He leaps from the floor to the apron and then leaps from apron into the ring to show off his tremendous hops!

**DDK:**

This man has agility for days! With his change in attitude, we'll see how he hands a battle-tested Butcher Victorious. A man who has scraped for a long time to get to where he is today!

The Good Lad, Butcher offers a handshake to Cross. Cross looks like he's gonna take it... then brushes him off to shake hands with referee Rex Knox, who looks put off by the gesture. Butcher looks at Janna with his best Ross Gellar-esque "get a load of THIS guy" expression as Knox calls for the bell!

**DING DING**

Both men lock up and it's Nathan Cross that actually lands the first headlock on Butcher Victorious! A twist from his normal matches, Butcher has to get his footing under him. He twirls around to hit a headlock, then transitions into a quick hammerlock before spinning around behind him to trip up the agile athlete on the mat with a quick drop toe hold! Then into a grounded headlock to cheers from The Lyon Faithful!

**DDK:**

Butch Vic with the quick wrestling! He's got Nathan in one of his signature headlock variations!

Nathan tries to get free and tries fighting back to his feet while Janna Ray cheers on her fellow Lad from the outside. Cross leans back into the ropes and launches Butcher off of him. When he comes back, Nathan leapfrogs over him clean and then catches Butcher by surprise with a jumping crossbody off the return for a quick cover!

ONE!

TW... NO!

Butcher kicks out, but Nathan looks cocky getting the first pinfall attempt here and starts cheesing. Butcher reluctantly hands it to the BRAZEN star and claps his hands together before he stands up and the two get ready to lock up again.

**Lance:**

He better not get too cocky. Nathan Cross no doubt has the athletic advantage but Butcher has the experience edge.

Butcher tries for another headlock, but Nathan uses a belly-to-back suplex attempt. Butcher flips over and lands on his own feet and when Nathan turns, he catches an uppercut to the jaw! Nathan is rocked when Butcher comes off the ropes and hits a running bulldog that knocks the bigger man right off his feet! The BRAZEN Supersenior sits up and gets cheers from The Lyon Faithful for his efforts before he runs and hits a picture-perfect corkscrew elbow drop onto Nathan's chest! Cross retreats to the floor as The Faithful are firmly behind the defending Star Cup Champion!

**DDK:**

Nathan Cross going to the floor now after that flurry from Butcher Victorious... but he's not done!

As Cross takes a moment to recollect himself, Butcher measures up Cross and then FLIES through the ropes catching him with a suicide dive on the outside!

**DDK:**

And Butcher takes out Nathan Cross! He's just leveled him there with that big suicide dive!

Butcher is back up to his feet. He points over to Janna Ray and the two point at each other before shaking hands like Lads! Firing themselves up, Butcher grabs onto Nathan Cross by his trunks and then throws him back into the ring.

**Lance:**

Butcher is taking control of this match quickly! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cross kicks out and once again rolls out to the ring apron to try and save himself from any further harm. Butcher isn't playing that and goes after him to get him back into the ring. He grabs Nathan by the neck and tries to suplex him back inside over the ropes.

**DDK:**

Vertical suplex attempt... NO! Nathan counters!

He throws a punch between the ropes to kicks him backwards, then leaps up to hit a rope aided high kick! Butcher goes flying backwards and that gives Cross the chance to take control of things. He LEAPS clean over the ropes with a slingshot corkscrew splash on top of the champion!

**DDK:**

Great movement by Nathan Cross! A 240-pound man hitting a slingshot corkscrew splash is crazy! Cup is on the line!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

**Lance:**

Butch Vic with the kick... out! Did I do that one right?

**DDK:**

Sounded good to me! Nathan Cross has taken control! He's got Butcher up! No! Butcher with the whip!

Butcher reverses a whip and sends Nathan into the corner. Butcher charges towards him with an uppercut in mind, but Nathan counters by getting both knees up, sending Butcher crashing into them! Butcher hobbles over after the

attempted strike backfires. Nathan waits on his target, then makes one HUGE leap to the top rope and then flies back with a HUGE twisting diving clothesline!

**DDK:**

LORDY! That twisting clothesline off the top turnbuckle might have just taken Butcher's head off, and just might have secured the BRAZEN Star Cup!

Cross crawls over and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Butcher kicks out! Nathan Cross gets up and he hooks Butcher by the neck. He pulls Butcher up back to his feet.

**DDK:**

Nathan Cross looking for what he calls the Cross-Over! That inverted facelock gets spun out into a DDT... NO! Butcher counters!

The Microphone Fiend twists around out of the move and then pushes him away. When he comes back, Butcher SMACKS him in the chest with the Hard Out Headbutt to a big chorus of cheers!

**DDK:**

WHAT A HARD OUT HEADBUTT! Nathan's now on spaghetti legs!

Butcher leaps up and catches him with leaping reverse bulldog!

**DDK:**

Butcher hits the Reverb! He's just dropped Cross!

**Lance:**

And now he's back in that corner! We know exactly where Butcher is going! He loves that Mic Dropz Drop!

The Mic Dropz Energy spokesman reaches towards his corner and quickly shotguns a can provided by Janna Ray at ringside! When he gets back to middle rope, he points to The Faithful before he jumps to the top rope and takes flight!

**DDK:**

MIC DROPZ DROP! BUTCHER HITS THE DIVING ELBOW DROP!

Butcher hooks the legs of Cross as Janna Ray counts along, as well as The Lyon Faithful!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner and STILL BRAZEN Star Cup Champion... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Knowing that he's just been in a fight, Butcher takes a moment and then gets back to his feet! Janna Ray enters the ring and has the BRAZEN Star Cup before handing it off to the defending champion!

**DDK:**

Butcher's going to be a busy man as well! He'll be a part of that BRAZEN EN FRANCIA special later this month to defend the BRAZEN Star Cup against one of its top stars, Nick "Lotto" Otto!

Butcher holds up The Cup and then shakes hands with Janna Ray before the pair leave the ring and celebrate with some fans in the front row!

## Two VVings Good, Four VVings Better

The scene opens outside a thick pair of brown wooden doors. The plaque hanging overhead reads "FAVOURED SAINTS EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM".

After a moment, the doors come open, and junior reporter Chris Trutt exits the room.

He's not more than two steps across the threshold when a set of hands grab him by the lapels of his suit and yank him off to the side.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Spill the beans, Trutt.

**Scott Hunter:**

I swear to God, PAL, if there aren't beans all over this floor in two shakes of a peacock's tail feathers...

The VVingmen -- Kerry Kuroyama and Scott Hunter -- are crowding Trutt in a way that suggests they're looking for answers.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Did you forward our petition to the board?

**Scott Hunter:**

Yeah did you??

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Are they going to honor our rematch demands?

**Scott Hunter:**

Will they honor them??

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Who is Harmen facing at DEFIANCE Rising?

**Scott Hunter:**

Yeah, Rising!

The junior reporter looks anxiously between the two Vae Victis stalwarts peppering him with a barrage of questions.

**Chris Trutt:**

Uhh -- look, guys... I made your requests clear to the board members, and they've come to a decision!

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

And?

**Chris Trutt:**

At DEFIANCE Rising, the Favoured Saints Champion Jack Harmen will defend his title against... YOU, Kerry...

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Excellent...

**Chris Trutt:**

And YOU, Scott...

**Scott Hunter:**

Yes, I'm Scott.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Hmm, so... a triple threat then? Well, I suppose that's just as good.

**Chris Trutt:**

And...

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

"AND?"

**Chris Trutt:**

...Victor Vacio.

Kuroyama and Hunter balk at this news.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Vacio? Seriously!?

**Scott Hunter:**

That guy who is illegally using the VV initials???

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Victor Vacio is the literal reason we had to ASK for this match!

**Chris Trutt:** [shrugging]

Evidently, the champion reached out ahead of you guys, and made this request himself.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Harmen... sly bastard...

**Scott Hunter:**

Sly AND the family stone.

Kerry and Scott shake their heads in disappointment as they process the news. After a minute, the Emerald Apex slaps his VVingman on the shoulder.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Hey, you know what? This changes nothing. We just beat those dipshits in a tag team match, so why should a four corners match be any different?

**Scott Hunter:**

Heck yeah! The more corners the better, I always say... at least twice a week and the occasional holiday. Of course, this means we will technically be pitted against each other as well.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

That is a point of view I had not considered until now. But whatever the case, we'll have each other's backs in this match. And may the better man between us be the one to step up and finally win that title off that prick. So long as it leaves with Vae Victis, I'll be happy with the outcome.

**Scott Hunter:**

WINGMEN UNITE!!

Kerry and Scott EPIC HANDSHAKE, and exit the shot. Irritable and shaking his head, Trutt leaves the other way.



## Secrets of the Multiverse...for Dummies

Backstage.

The crowd inside the LDLC Arena boos at the sight of the Masters of the Moscowverse, the PRIME tag team instantly recognizable by their t-shirts. Kenny Freeman, sporting his Superman-esque insignia on a dark gray tee, stands next to Randall Schwartz, whose mustard yellow shirt immediately clues you in on the fact he is from Moscow. Both men wear a smile on their face, enjoying the attention the crowd is giving them as Kenny looks to his tag partner.

**Kenny Freeman:**

Welcome to DEFIANCE, Randall. Would you believe me if I told you I competed here over a decade ago?

**Randall Schwartz:**

Yeah? How'd that go for ya?

Kenny is nearly taken aback, stumbling over his words as he debates whether to get into it. Eventually, he just shakes his head before moving on.

**Kenny Freeman:**

Anyway... It's lovely to finally be back here after so long, and I'm here with my pal Randall Schwartz. Together, we are...

**Both:**

The Masters of the Moscowverse!

They pause for an echo that never comes. They wait even longer for adulation from the crowd, and get only more booing much to the chagrin of Freeman.

**Kenny Freeman:**

And we're here to discuss with you the secrets of the Multiverse...

**Randall Schwartz:**

For dummies!

We cut to an animated video featuring two stick figures (presumably representing the Masters), sitting on a crudely-drawn airplane while Kenny speaks as a voice over.

**Kenny Freeman:**

See, depending on who you ask we either got here on the first flight from Atlanta...

The animation changes to the pair sitting on what appears to be a grandfather clock, with stars and planets surrounding them.

**Kenny Freeman:**

Or all the way from Earth-3000. How we got here today is up for debate, but you know what isn't up for debate? The fact that the Multiverse is real.

We shift the scene to something out of a planetarium, a computer-generated overview of galaxies beyond as Randall chimes in.

**Randall Schwartz:**

Far beyond the world you know, there are countless universes, a myriad of realities. Believe you me, we have traversed just about every corner of the Multiverse...landing here in DEFIANCE.

We hear a light sigh from Kenny, presumably shaking his head at the charade as he presses on.

**Kenny Freeman:**

And we come to you PRIMED and ready to take on the Atomic Punks at IMMORTALS.

**Randall Schwartz:**

So, Punks, know that after you settle your bidness with Money Talks at DEF Rising, that you've gotta deal with the masters of the Best of One Fall Match, the masters of traveling through galaxies beyond...

We come back to the pair standing by backstage once more as they shout in unison.

**Both:**

The MASTERS OF THE MOSCOWVERSE!

**Randall Schwartz:**

For the Multiverse! For Moscow! For...the pay windah!

The crowd boos the PRIME pairing some more as UNCUT rolls on.

## SPECIAL CHALLENGE MATCH

**DDK:**

This seems as good of a time as any to give a huge thank you to our French Faithful for already making this one of the more memorable trips in the history of DEFIANCE.

**Lance:**

You're right, Keebs. The hospitality has been incredible and these fans have been loud and have shown up to everything. I have no doubt that after the success of this tour, DEFIANCE will be back here in Lyon as well as a few other cities in not only France, but the EU as a whole.

**DDK:**

You know Lance, just last night I met a fan outside of our hotel who had told me that this trip was the first time they had ever see-

♪ “Émeute Dans La Prison” by Michel Pagliaro ♪

A wave of surprise rushes over the crowd here, as avid ACE NETWORK watchers recognize this theme song from PRIME television! Straight from Montreal, out walks former PRIME Alias Champion Luc Labelle, who hasn't been seen since losing the title to Blaze Claymore! He was always going to come back eventually, but nobody expected him to show up in DEFIANCE!

**Lance:**

Well, this certainly wasn't on my bingo card! Luc Labelle, one of the brightest young talents in the sport, is here on UNCUT! And this capacity crowd seems pretty split on him here.

**DDK:**

I thought everybody hated this guy.

**Lance:**

Usually, they do, but speaking French in France can go a long way.

A trademark scowl on his face, Labelle saunters into the ring and demands a microphone.

**Luc Labelle:**

Bonsoir, Marseille!

Even the fans that were booing Luc decide to cheer for the cheap pop.

**Luc Labelle:**

And that's all the French you get! I refuse to speak your fake, boujee bastardization of MY language!

So much for the cheers.

**Luc Labelle:**

When I first got to this city earlier today, so many of you so-called French people asked me to slow down because you couldn't understand my accent, or my slang, but you know what? Quebec French is the ORIGINAL French! We speak the way your ancestors did, before the rest of you capitulated to what the rest of Europe wanted! As a matter of fact, what you guys speak isn't French at all. As far as I'm concerned, it might as well be...ENGLISH!

Labelle gets booed immensely for that line, and he soaks it in as he paces the ring.

**DDK:**

This Labelle kid might need a security detail to get out of here tonight.

**Luc Labelle:**

The last time I was in a ring like this, I lost my PRIME FC Openweight Championship. I could take the blame, but honestly, PRIME knows damn well that I'm the best thing they've got going, and they worked me like a dog, week in and week out! I had the toughest schedule in that company, and if I was well-rested, I would have NEVER lost that Alias Ti-I mean, Openweight Title. So I took my well-deserved break, and now that I'm done with that, I figured I might as well visit the motherland, and maybe even see what DEFIANCE is all about.

Labelle pauses for effect, looking around, almost as if he's inspecting DEFIANCE's set-up.

**Luc Labelle:**

I'll tell you right now, I'm not impressed. I'm better than this country, and I'm better than everybody in the back. And just to show you snooty, cocky, baguette-eating Quebec-wannabes that I'm telling the truth, I'll give anybody in that locker room the chance to prove me wrong!

With that, Labelle turns to the stage and leans himself on the ropes, beckoning to the back for anybody that wants a fight.

**HOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWL LLLLLLLLLLLLL!**

♪ "The Baying of the Hounds" by Opeth ♪

A sound that is familiar to the BRAZEN fans in the audience perks their ears and brings them to their feet. While your casual French Faithful looks at the entrance intrigued, the diehards cheer as the BRAZEN Onslaught Champion marches out to pounding guitars of Opeth. Wearing a pair of black tights with giant claw marks shredding the fabric to show red, white, and blue underneath, "The Hound" Aiden Harlow stops at the beginning of the aisle and adjusts his black wrist bands and the championship on his shoulder before pointing an index and middle finger gun into the air and howling with the Faithful.

**DDK:**

What an unexpected surprise!

**Lance:**

The BRAZEN Onslaught Champion is in the building tonight. On his shoulder is the championship formerly held by fellow PRIME roster member and French national FLAMBERGE, who has really made a name for himself in their ranks.

**DDK:**

A PRIME Triple Crown member if I remember correctly?

**Lance:**

That being said, Luc Labelle is a former PRIME Alias Champion in his own right. While he may not have made the best impression on the Faithful, I assure you he's able to back it up.

The trademark intense glare from Harlow meets the eyes of Luc Labelle as he marches down to the ring with laser precision. He slides under the bottom rope and gets right into the face of L'Assassin Rouge. Labelle measures up the much shorter Harlow, who gives up almost 6 inches and can't help but to smirk and look over his shoulder at the commentary team on the stage as if asking if this guy is for real.

As the music cuts, Aiden lifts the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship into the air and nods, but the title is slapped away by The Montreal Main Event.

**BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**

**Luc Labelle:**

Am I supposed to know who you are? Am I supposed to be afraid of you? Am I supposed to give a damn about a

champion from some place called...BRAZEN?

Luc squints as he reads the name emblazoned on the title.

**Luc Labelle:**

Listen, Monsieur Harlow...Aiden? Can I call you Aiden? Listen, Aiden, it's really brave of you to come out here, especially considering the fact that you're not even tall enough to reach my jaw, bu-

The PRIMEate can't even finish his sentence before he's met with a slap across the face from The Hound.

*RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!*

Labelle, having immediately been proven wrong, cocks his head to the side and swears under his breath, checking for blood before running the back of his hand across his lip. Monsieur Métropole turns around and glares back at the Onslaught Champion before looking over at DEFIANCE official Rex Knox. His face says "are you kidding me?" but his foot says...

**DDK:**

What a cheap shot by Labelle!

**Lance:**

Labelle is not above doing whatever it takes to gain an advantage, Keebs.

A low blow lands on the BRAZEN Onslaught Champion that immediately drops him chest first, hunched over onto the canvas. The former PRIME Alias Champion wastes on time going on the attack to Harlow's legs, raining down a series of stomps as Rex Knox tries to break it up.

**Luc Labelle:**

Sonner la cloche!

Knox has no idea what the Quebecois said, but looks over at the time keeper and asks for the bell.

**DING DING!**

As soon as the bell rings, Harlow pops to his feet like a man possessed, but the taller Labelle uses his range to grab him by the ears and pull him in, before violently bringing him back down with a headlock takeover! The Montrealer goes right back to stomping Harlow out.

**Lance:**

Aiden Harlow may be the BRAZEN Onslaught Champion, but the only onslaught that Luc Labelle cares about is the one that he's inflicting on The Hound!

While continuing to stomp, Le Bourreau continues to jaw-jack in French with this capacity crowd, but he's cut off as Harlow catches his foot. Luc tries not to lose his balance as Aiden wraps his arm around Labelle's ankle and tucks it close to his ribs, turning to a knee as he struggles to stand up. Luc takes a few swipes at Harlow, but despite the reach advantage, he's not able to connect.

Harlow is back to a standing base now, and he quickly takes things back to the mat, sweeping Labelle's leg for the single-leg takedown. He paces around his downed opponent, looking for an opening to work his grappling. Aiden doesn't seem to like the look of Labelle's guard, but undeterred, he begins to lay into the Montrealer with some brutal stomps, returning the favor! The former PRIME Alias Champion quickly rolls to the ropes for safety, and official Rex Knox forces The Hound to give Labelle some space.

**DDK:**

Harlow is taking it to Labelle right now, this is why you never underestimate your opponent!

**Lance:**

PRIME watchers know that Labelle famously doesn't do his homework, but I'm willing to bet that he wishes he studied Aiden Harlow before stepping into the ring with him tonight.

Labelle dusts himself off, a little worse for wear, and he meets Harlow back in the middle of the ring. Luc looks primed for a lock-up, and Harlow seems ready to engage, but once again, Labelle goes low with a kick to the kneecap. He soaks in the boos from the audience as Aiden grabs his knee, before grabbing Harlow by the head. He tries for the DDT, but Aiden manages to keep himself upright, and he muscles Labelle up for a picture-perfect Northern Lights Suplex! Into the bridging pin!

One...

Two...

And Labelle powers out, but Harlow immediately goes back on the attack. He grabs Luc's arm, seemingly trying to twist it into a Kimura-like hold, but Labelle is a trained grappler and learnedly rolls his way out of danger, though Aiden still maintains wrist control. Labelle tries to separate, but the Onslaught Champion grabs his thumb and uses the leverage to twist Luc's wrist! Labelle grimaces, but once again rolls to release the tension, and this time, he's able to pop up and quickly step behind Harlow to grab a Waistlock.

Labelle looks for the German Suplex, but Harlow hooks his leg around Luc's. Not discouraged by the counter, Luc shoots his arms around Harlow's neck, looking for a sleeper hold, but once again, Harlow thinks quickly, driving his hip away from Labelle and ducking under, before grabbing the bigger man around the ribs! He could be looking for a Saito Suplex here! Labelle reactively drives his elbow into the back of Aiden's head, before throwing a knee to the body! Harlow folds, Luc goes for the DDT, and this time he succeeds! He flashes a cocky grin at the cameras before rolling Harlow over for the pin.

One...

Two

And Aiden Harlow gets the shoulder up! Frustrated, Labelle scoops Harlow up and plants him with a second DDT! And again, the cover.

One...

Two...

Harlow kicks out again! But Luc Labelle obviously isn't familiar with the definition of insanity, as he lifts Harlow up and attempts a third DDT! Harlow struggles, and manages to drag Labelle closer to the ropes, but Luc tries to overpower him and use his bodyweight to drag Harlow down with him! Aiden intelligently grabs the middle rope, using it to remain upright, and Luc sends himself crashing to the mat! He's defenseless in a seated position, and Harlow capitalizes, launching himself at Labelle with a European Uppercut! Labelle's on dream street here! Harlow drapes his arm for the pinfall attempt!

One...

Two...

And Labelle snaps out of his trance, shooting his shoulder off the mat!

**DDK:**

What a shot by Aiden Harlow, he's putting on a show to represent BRAZEN tonight!

Both men stagger to their feet, one repping PRIME, one repping BRAZEN, all in a DEFIANCE ring. It doesn't get more

inter-promotional than this! Harlow is slightly fresher right now, and he unleashes a barrage of forearm strikes! Labelle is rocked, and Harlow scoops him up into the Fireman's Carry position! But Labelle is present enough to throw elbows, and one of them catches Harlow right in the temple! He's out on his feet, and Labelle manages to escape his grasp and duck behind the much smaller opponent. Waistlock into a brutal German Suplex! Labelle rolls through, still shaking off the cobwebs, and he hits another German Suplex! Another roll-through, and this time, he's looking for the Vertebreaker!

**Lance:**

He calls this La Fin, and that name will be very fitting if this connects!

Harlow is still out of it, but running on pure instinct alone, he manages to slip out of Labelle's control! The Hound grabs a Waistlock of his own and puts absolutely everything he has into a Release German Suplex! Labelle's height seems to work against him here as he lands awkwardly on his neck! He's conscious, but he's in a lot of pain as Harlow crawls towards him and hooks the leg!

One...

Two...

And Labelle kicks out! But as he powers out of the pinfall attempt, he simultaneously digs his fingers into Harlow's eyes! Rex Knox was paying attention to Labelle's shoulders, he didn't notice the Quebecer's underhanded tactic!

**DDK:**

What a cheap, disgusting move from Luc Labelle! He's back to his feet now, clutching his neck, what's he about to do?

Keebler's question is answered almost immediately. While Harlow remains on all fours, gritting his teeth and trying to rub the sting out of his eyes, Labelle runs the ropes and delivers a nasty soccer kick right to Aiden's dome! Harlow is out cold, but for good measure, Labelle jerks him up to his feet, hooks the arms, lifts him up, and plants him with La Fin! Cover!

One...

Two...

THREE!

***DING DING DING!***

The French Faithful boo as Luc Labelle rises to his feet victorious. Rex Knox goes to raise the arm of L'Assassin Rouge, but he quickly rips his arm away.

♪ "Émeute Dans La Prison" by Michel Pagliaro ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner by pinfall. Luc Labelle.

A less than enthusiastic announcement gains the ire of the former Alias Champion, who marches to the ropes and demands the microphone.

**DDK:**

Please, I think we've heard enough. Does this guy ever shut up?

**Lance:**

You got your win, Luc. We have a show to finish.

## THE EMPIRE CLAPS BACK

Before Luc Labelle can even get a word in with microphone in hand, the French Faithful have something to say to him.

TAAAAAAA GUEULE!

TAAAAAAA GUEULE!

TAAAAAAA GUEULE!

**Luc Labelle:**

Your pronunciation is wrong.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

**DDK:**

Can we please get someone out here to shut off this guy's microphone? Enough is ENOUGH.

**Luc Labelle:**

Shut up and listen to me! You have now witnessed both PRIME and Quebecois superiority. Now that my point has been proven, I will no longer sully myself with your minor league champions and THEIR minor league champions. As a matter of fact, I'm going to take that BRAZEN Onslaught Championship and dispose of it correctly.

The Montreal Main Event stands between Rex Knox, holding the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship and Aiden Harlow, who is laying in the corner still recovering from the match attempting to pull himself up by the bottom rope. Aiden watches as Labelle begins to corner the official and attempts to pull himself up to his feet, fighting through the pain when suddenly the lights go out.

An unfamiliar guitar lick plays repeatedly before a set of drums kick in. As the synth joins the drums, each drum hit begins reveals a yellow letter on the DEFIANtron

**DEC4L**

♪ "Joker And The Thief" by Wolfmother ♪

The Faithful cheer as on the last drum hit leads into a rhythm guitar lighting the arena in a party of green and gold. Inside the ring Luc Labelle turns his attention away from Rex Knox and towards the entrance where former BRAZEN Champion and DEFIANCE Tag Team Champion "DEC4L" Declan Alexander walks out into the arena flanked by M4NTRA members Nathaniel Eye and Makayla Namaste.

**DDK:**

Finally! Someone has come to silence this lunatic.

**Lance:**

I don't know how familiar Luc Labelle is with Declan, Keebs, but he should be very familiar with one of The PogChamp's trainers. That being PRIME Owner Lindsay Troy. These two men are of similar age but have very different personalities.

With microphone in hand, Declan holds up a finger as Natty Eyce holds up The Good Book™. With a single word, DEC4L pauses the music.

**DEC4L:**

Pausechamp.

The Intrepid Influencer takes just a second to gather his thoughts.

**DEC4L:**

As a former founder of the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency, I have to ask... is this cap?



Luc Labelle goes to answer but he's interrupted.

**Makayla Namaste:**

Declan, he is giving No Cap Vibes.

**DEC4L:**

Say less. I've been sitting backstage listening to this... human embodiment of mid talk about the greatness of PRIME and honestly, Luc, you're draining all the rizz out of the room. You come out to the ring doing your NPC walk with your big beta energy. I tried my best to not give you the time of day but you just wouldn't shut up, bruh.

The French Faithful cheer as Declan reaches his arm out and Nathan puts a can of Beta Blocker into his hand.

**DEC4L:**

This can isn't big enough to clean up the mess you made, but it's a start. We can do this the easy way or the hard way. You can take a seat and go back to PRIME with... whatever all of this is or I can show you why they call me Gen Z's Finest, and why I think I can speak for all of us when I say... we don't claim you.

The Faithful cheer in appreciation of DEC4L as he takes a small step to the side to allow Aiden Harlow to exit with his BRAZEN Onslaught Championship over his shoulder. They share a glance as Labelle rebuttals.

**Luc Labelle:**

You're that stream guy, right? My brother watches you. Unfortunately, I never understand most of what you say, and your little call-out there was no different. I did catch the end of it, though, and I'll tell you right now, in no way do I WANT to be claimed by you, or anybody like you. I have my issues with PRIME, but after hearing you speak, I want nothing more than to go back there, and wave their flag, and tow the company line. Anything to avoid whatever that was. To be honest, every time I hear my brother watching one of your little videos, I get the overwhelming urge to beat your ass. And it looks like I have my chance...

The PogChamp shakes his Beta Blocker and takes a step towards the ring.

**Luc Labelle:**

But not here. Not in enemy territory. I've already disgraced myself enough, showing up on this second-rate show, in this second-rate country. If you want to step to me, you can do it on my terms, at IMMORTALS.

The Faithful boo and Declan sighs.

**DEC4L:**

That's gucci! As long as you just shut up, bruh.

Alexander feigns exhaustion and Makayla gives him a quick shoulder rub.

**DEC4L:**

I'll see you in Miami, and I'll give you a bit of a spoiler. When you step into the ring Gen Z's Finest... you're going to realize that you're not in PRIME anymore and here in DEFIANCE, it just hits different. DEC4L. OUT.

♪ "Joker And The Thief" by Wolfmother ♪

The former BRAZEN Champion tosses his microphone into the air and turns his attention over to his M4NTRA brethren who all exchange words under the music. Meanwhile, Labelle rolls out of the squared circle, shaking his head and arguing in French with the crowd on his way out.

**DDK:**

That confirms it, Lance. It looks like we're having Luc Labelle take on Declan Alexander at PRIME x DEFIANCE: IMMORTALS. A showcase of what the future of this business looks like as two of our younger competitors duke it out for superiority.

**Lance:**

A 20-year old Luc Labelle taking on 24-year old Declan Alexander. Both of these kids can go, Keebs, I think we're in for a treat!

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***