

**AFFICHER OUVERT**

We are live from Paris as over 30,000 fans are packed into La Defense Arena for NIGHT TWO! There's a big FIST at the top of the rampway in the colours of the French flag with a large DEFI-A-TRON above it. And as the camera pans, there are signs, signs everywhere! Then we go to the announce booth with "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

**DDK:**

Welcome back for the second night!

**Lance:**

FIST on the line. SOHERrrr, SO-US on the line. We've got a lot to get through!

**DDK:**

A SHOCKING, and I mean shocking first night. I can only imagine what's in store tonight.

**Lance:**

Enough small talk! Let's see what's first!

The match graphic rolls...

## FAVORED SAINTS: JACK HARMEN (C) vs. KERRY KUROYAMA vs. VICTOR VACIO vs. SCOTT HUNTER

**DDK:**

This is it ... the Favoured Fourway! First fall wins the championship. No tags. Every man for himself... but you have to believe the preexisting alliances are bound to come into play here tonight!

**Lance:**

They will, at least for a little while... but in a first fall wins situation like this, trust only lasts until someone sees an opening. This is the kind of match where friendships are quickly tested.

**DDK:**

Fair enough... but Harmen, losing the champions' advantage here, still retains the advantage of being aligned with Victor Vacio, who ... doesn't care about championships or accolades of any kind.

**Lance:**

Right, but let's not forget the man who cares about nothing has seemingly found purpose in getting a rematch with "The Emerald Apex" Kerry Kuroyama... and one has to presume winning it. And after losing the tag match two weeks ago, you have to imagine that fire is burning higher and hotter than ever

**DDK:**

And speaking of fire, Kerry Kuroyama has made it clear that he is done playing games. He wants Harmen. He wants that Favoured Saints Championship. And tonight might be the closest he has come to grabbing it.

**Lance:**

If he can keep his head straight. If he and Scott Hunter can stay on the same page, even for a few minutes, they might have the best odds of anybody in this match.

**DDK:**

Big "if," Lance. Because in a one-fall contest, the second either man sees gold within reach... teamwork goes right out the window.

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

Two bold words materialize on the DEFIATron.

**V A E V I C T I S**

After a beat, an old-school EXPLOSION effect causes multiple letters to scatter in every direction. All that remains are the two "V's", which merge together into a resplendent "W" that pulsates with neon light.

The "W" sweeps across the screen, revealing a new word.

**V V I N G M E N**

When the view returns, the screen is filled with a blue-tinted view of us hurtling down an open stretch of road. As the camera zooms out, the view is revealed to be the reflection in Scott Hunter's aqua-tinted aviators!

The man from the small fishing village of Miami, Florida, is wearing a bombastically loud floral print silk shirt and gold medallion to complement the ensemble. His copper mullet sways through the breeze as he rides shotgun in a royal purple Ferrari Testarossa Spider.

Behind the wheel is Kerry Kuroyama, invoking his inner Ricardo Tubbs in a pastel mint green leisure suit and gold chain. He looks to Hunter, and nods. Scott looks back and answers with a nod of his own, before grabbing the shifter, and setting it to a special gear that reads "GET SERIOUS"!

We cut to the rear of the car, getting a clear look at the "VV4LIFE" license plate, before the Testarossa suddenly SURGES forward down the asphalt, disappearing into a neon horizon while leaving behind trails of fire.

At last, the tandem of Kuroyama and Hunter step out through the curtain, dressed in their standard gear and looking hyped. As they stand at either side of the stage with their arms pumped overhead, their honorary mascot Kerry Koalayama rolls out on his tricked out rascal scooter, blinged to the gills with gold chains, rings around his double-thumbed fingers, and peeking through jewel-encrusted shades.

**DDK:**

Kerry Kuroyama and Scott Hunter, the "VVingmen" of Vae Victis, are choosing to come out together!

**Lance:**

These two are looking as chummy as Darryl Hall and John Oates. From forty years ago, in any case...

**DDK:**

Quite the unlikely duo, but the two of them have agreed that whatever the case, a member of Vae Victis will leave with the Favoured Saints Championship here tonight!

Kerry and Scott advance down the ramp. Koalayama follows... mostly. Because he's a koala, notoriously one of the stupidest animals on the planet, and perpetually high on eucalyptus, his ability to navigate the scooter in a linear path isn't quite feasible. He instead drives it off the side of the stage, crashing into a pile of electronic equipment that sends up a volley of pyrotechnics that were probably meant for Conor, or something.

**KA-BOOOM!!!**

The crowd cheers. Hunter continues to fire them up. Kuroyama drapes his towel over his neck, staying cool with a confident smile. The two slide into the ring and post up on opposite corners, where they continue to pose.

**Lance:**

Remind me, Keebs... aren't Vae Victis the bad guys?

**DDK:**

Traditionally, yes, but these two are apparently spearheading a campaign to soften the group's image.

**Lance:**

...okay then.

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

Victor Vacio steps out onto the stage slowly, deliberately, his expression unreadable. He does not pose. He does not acknowledge the Faithful. He stands stoic ... his eyes fixed on the ring.

Behind him emerge Los Caídos.

LIPS lingers to one side, Gerardo Villalobos to another ... as Corey Nunez steps out last. The three of them fan out behind Vacio.

**DDK:**

And here comes Victor Vacio... and he is not alone.

**Lance:**

He never is. Los Caídos don't just accompany Victor Vacio... They follow him.

**DDK:**

Follow? Sure ... but who do they answer to? Vacio ... or Lord Nigel Tricklebush?

**Lance:**

Fair question, Keebs!

Vacio begins his walk down the ramp, unhurried, methodical. Los Caídos trail just behind and to the sides. They don't intend to enter the ring until Harmen comes out.

*"ALL ABOARD~! AH HA HA HA HA HA HA HA..."*

*♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪*

A light fog rises from the entranceway as Harmen parts through the smoke. He tosses his hand high in the air in a Devil Horn metal taunt, while slapping the FS title wrapped around his waist. It's here where Lord Nigel steps out from the back. Dressed in a coal black suit and matching bowler cap, he appears with an open umbrella over his head. He closes it with a smile and tucks it under a bony arm.

Harmen storms to the ring, ignoring the screaming Faithful as he goes. Once he reaches ringside, he climbs the buckles, unstraps the title, and raises it high for everyone to see. He then shares a knowing glance toward Vacio.

The lights come up on Darren Quimbey standing in the center of the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen... your following contest is a FAVOURED FOUR-WAY... scheduled for one fall!

The reaction swells as Quimbey pauses, letting the moment breathe.

**Darren Quimbey:**

...and is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship!

The Faithful pop for the stepping stone title, the anticipation rolling through the arena as Quimbey continues. In the background, Benny Doyle goes to grab the FS title from Harmen but Jack yanks it away.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first ... from the small fishing village of Miami, Florida... weighing in at two hundred forty-five pounds... SCOTT... HUNNNNNNNNTERRRRR!!!!!!!

Hunter steps forward with a fist raised to rally the Faithful.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent ... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at two-hundred and thirty-eight pounds... "The Emerald Apex" KERRRRRRYYYYY KUROOOOYAMAAAA!

Kuroyama tosses his towel over his shoulder, catches it behind his back with the other hand, and pumps his fists to the crowd.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And their opponent ... from Mexico City, Mexico... weighing in at two hundred and twenty-five pounds, he is ... "THE LOST CAUSE" VICTTTTTTORRRRR VAAAAACCIIOOOOO!!!

Vacio turns his head slightly, looking out to the French Faithful ... but doesn't play into any other fanfare.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And finally ... their opponent... from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, he is the current reigning Favoured Saints Champion, the veteran Lunatic... "The 29-year-old prodigy Wildcard" JACK! HARMEN!

Harmen raises the title high above his head and to the hard cam. He tosses it over his shoulder and jaw jacks at

Hunter and Kerry across the ring. Only then does he hand the belt over to Benny Doyle.

Doyle takes the title and raises it to the Faithful. He rushes to the Timekeeper's side and hands the belt over to ringside.

**DDK:**

The official Benny Doyle calls for the bell!

**DING DING**

The bell rings, and Jack Harmen's head is on a swivel. The Champion without the Champion's advantage. Scott Hunter squares his shoulders ... ready to react. Victor Vacio leans against the turnbuckle, as far as he can get away from the impending fray as he can get without leaving the ring altogether.

**DDK:**

This is where four-way matches get dangerous, Lance. One mistake, one opening, and it is over.

**Lance:**

No tags, no alliances ... on paper anyway. Every decision matters.

Kuroyama suddenly charges Victor Vacio, forcing the nihilist to react. Vacio scurries out of the way at the last second, moving toward Jack Harmen, who calmly pivots around him to avoid contact altogether. Kerry slams on the brakes and catches himself in the turnbuckle. Scott Hunter approaches the champion, and the pair lock up. "The Lunatic" gets the advantage and muscling Hunter backward.

At the same time, Kuroyama turns around and goes after Vacio once again. Victor slides out of the ring and takes off around the apron, passing directly in front of Los Caidos at ringside. As Kerry gives chase, LIPS suddenly steps forward and levels him with a stiff clothesline out of nowhere. The Faithful explode.

**BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**

**DDK:**

Kerry Kuroyama just got *laid out* by LIPS right in front of us!

LIPS immediately throws his hands up and backs away, as if to say he did nothing at all but ... Benny Doyle missed the whole thing anyway.

**Lance:**

It always comes down to the numbers game with Victor Vacio... and obviously, The CROWN is no different. Just adding bodies, guided by the ever-devilous Lord Nigel Tricklebush.

Back inside the ring, Scott Hunter turns the tide and takes control, but not for long. Victor Vacio slides back in and attacks Hunter from behind, freeing Jack Harmen from Hunter's grip. The two members of Tricklebush's CROWN swarm Hunter, raining down kicks and strikes.

**DDK:**

This is just a mugging!

On the outside, Kerry Kuroyama pulls himself up by the apron and tries to get his footing.

Harmen and Vacio keep Hunter trapped in the corner, alternating boots and short strikes. Benny Doyle attempts to gain some control, gesturing for space and physically trying to wedge himself between them to force a break.

They don't listen. In fact, Harmen turns to wave Doyle off with a few choice words.

That moment of arrogance costs him. Scott Hunter explodes upward with a sudden elbow strike that catches Harmen flush, sending the champion staggering backward.

**DDK:**

Scott Hunter isn't giving up that easily!

Hunter's attempts are cut short by Vacio's boot.

**Lance:**

... but it's *STILL* two on one here!

Kerry Kuroyama slides back into the ring from the apron, pops up, and barrels straight into "The Lost Cause" with a forearm, sending Vacio stumbling. Victor catches himself on the ropes and instinctively backs up toward Jack Harmen.

Kuroyama checks on Hunter as the latter pulls himself back to his feet. The two exchange a quick nod, no words needed. They charge toward Jack Harmen and Victor Vacio across the ring.

Jack and Victor get their wits about them just in time to step forward and meet the oncoming fight. The four men trade blows back and forth.

**Lance:**

What a melee!

The four-way slugfest breaks in the VVingmen's favor, driving their opponents back into respective turnbuckles.

**DDK:**

And the VVingmen finally find some breathing room!

With a glance and a nod, the pair whip Jack Harmen and Victor Vacio out of the corner. "The Lunatic" and "The Lost Cause" are sent speeding toward one another and meet in the center of the ring. They slam into one another ... hard, both men reel from the impact and appear to be out on their feet.

The VVingman stay on them. Leaping and landing double dropkicks.

**DDK:**

Stereo Drop KICKS!

The French Faithful are on their feet and singing a song that would require a Google translation and then a second Google search for relevance.

Kerry Kuroyama peels Jack Harmen up off the mat, snaps a sharp kick to the midsection, then lifts him clean into the air and drops him with a crisp vertical suplex. At nearly the same time, Scott Hunter scoops Victor Vacio up and drives him down with a slam.

**DDK:**

The VVingmen in unison and in control!

Scott Hunter drops a standing elbow across Victor Vacio's chest and immediately hooks the leg.

**Lance:**

Cover! Benny Doyle in position! ...wait...

On the other side of the ring, Kerry Kuroyama follows the snap suplex with a cover of his own on Jack Harmen, hooking the leg tight.

**DDK:**

We've got two pin attempts!

Benny Doyle freezes for a split second, caught between them, dropping to a knee and trying to track both sets of shoulders at once. He shifts, unsure which fall is legal to count.

Realizing the problem, Kerry releases Harmen and scrambles up, rushing over to pull Scott off of Vacio's pin attempt before the count can even start.

Scott pops to his feet instantly, eyes wide and throwing his hands up in frustration. Kerry fires back just as quickly, gesturing toward Harmen and the confusion they just created.

**Scott Hunter:**

What the HELL, dude?!

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

I'm SORRY, bro! Force of habit!

**DDK:**

That's the danger right there. One title. One fall.

The VVingmen bicker in the center of the ring as Harmen rolls towards the ropes to regroup. Victor slowly sits up, trying to get his bearings.

**Lance:**

This may be the opening Vacio and Jack Harmen need to turn this back around.

Scott Hunter breaks eye contact first. He exhales, shakes his head, and turns back toward Victor. Kerry does the same.

Kuroyama hooks the recovering Harmen from behind and snaps him over with a belly-to-back suplex. Kerry is back to his feet before Harmen, who tries to rise and throws a wild lariat out of desperation, but Kerry ducks it. Momentum takes the champion on around, and The Emerald Apex snatches him again and drives him down with a German suplex and bridges for the pin.

At the same time, Scott Hunter is all over Victor Vacio. He whips "The Lost Cause" into the ropes and catches him on the rebound with a clothesline that causes the masked man to flip and crash down to the mat. Hunter follows up quickly and drops a leg across Vacio's neck and chest, before hooking the leg.

**DDK:**

Here we go again!

Benny Doyle looks from one cover to the other and does not even bother dropping down to count. The problem is obvious before it can begin.

Both VVingmen realize it at the same moment. Kerry looks across the ring at Scott. Scott looks back at Kerry.

Again?

**Scott Hunter:**

DUDE.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

BRO.



They both get up almost simultaneously. Clearly irritated, as the reality is abundantly clear. One fall. One title. This could get ugly.

**Scott Hunter:**

How did we not figure this out ahead of time?!

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

I mean... I just assumed...

**Scott Hunter:**

You just ASSUMED??

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

I mean, um... should we flip a coin, or something?

This moment is all Jack Harmen and Victor Vacio need.

From behind, both the champion and "The Lost Cause" roll up the VVinmen in desperate attempts at a flash victory. Harmen has Hunter, Vacio has Kuroyama ... but again, Doyle doesn't count.

**DDK:**

Did no one tell these guys the rules?!

Victor looks around for Doyle but instead sees Harmen's pin out of the corner of his eye. He lets go of Kerry and stomps toward Harmen, shouting.

**DDK:**

I guess this newly formed alliance, under the auspices of Lord Nigel Tricklebush and the CROWN, is going to keep Victor Vacio from stealing the title out from under Jack Harmen!

**Victor Vacio:**

*¡Tiene que ser KERRY!*

Vacio shouts at Harmen, who relinquishes the pin attempt and begins to argue with Vacio.

**Lance:**

Victor Vacio does not care about winning... he just wants Kerry Kuroyama to lose!

**Jack Harmen:**

Since when do you give a shit!?

**Victor Vacio:**

*¡Since AHORA!*

**Jack Harmen:**

Ugh... FINE!

Kerry and Scott are in the process of pushing themselves off the mat when Harmen and Vacio suddenly break and knee either man back to the mat. The two quickly set their sights on Hunter, stomping away at him until he rolls under the bottom rope and to the ringside floor.

**DDK:**

There goes Hunter! Vacio and Harmen have Kerry isolated now!

The Lunatic and the Lost Cause set their sights on Kuroyama. Vacio sends him to the corner with a hard whip, leaving



him staggering off the turnbuckles while Harmen hits the ropes.

**DDK:**

Here comes the champ with the coup de gras... NO!!

At the last moment, Kerry DUCKS the Locomotion Yakuza kick. Harmen quickly recovers and snaps to action, only to be leveled by a massive discus lariat as the Emerald Apex comes off the ropes.

**Lance:**

Squall Line Lariat by Kuroyama!

**DDK:**

The champion has just been laid out!

Vacio moves to put a stop to this, only to walk into a sharp boot to the gut. In a flash, he's on Kerry's shoulders and is brought crashing down onto his head and shoulders!

**DDK:**

KUROYAMA DRIVER!! KUROYAMA DRIVER!! ONE TITLE! ONE FALL! THIS COULD BE IT!

Rather than going for the cover, Kerry leaves Vacio on his back and helps pull the recovering Scott Hunter back into the ring.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Go for it, dude! I got your back!

**Scott Hunter:**

You got it, bro! VVINGMEN FOR LIFE!

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Let's GET SURRIIOUS!!

EPIC HANDSHAKE!

*RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!*

**DDK:**

The VVingmen are back on the same page! It looks like Kerry is giving HUNTER the pin!

Doyle hits the mat to make the count as Hunter pins Vacio. Meanwhile, Kerry turns around to stand guard.

ONE!

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Ah SHI--

TWO!!

**DDK:**

LOCOMOTION!! LOCOMOTION BY HARMEN OUTTANOWHERE!! BUH GAWD, HE NEARLY TOOK KERRY'S HEAD OFF!!

THR--!!

NO!!

Before Doyle can make the three count, the Yakuza kick's impact barrels Kerry across Scott's back!

**Lance:**

ALMOST three, but Harmen gained a lucky fall off the Locomotion!

Scott rolls off of Vacio and sits up, confused. The Lunatic pounces on him in an instant, pulling him up by the mullet and sending him through the ropes.

**DDK:**

Out goes Hunter!

**Lance:**

Leaving Kerry all alone!

Vacio returns to his feet as Harmen flops over Kuroyama's chest and hooks the legs. Vacio sees the cover and approves; he runs up the ropes and turnbuckle -- launching himself to the outside and down on a recovering Scott Hunter.

**DDK:**

Harmen with the cover TO RETAIN...

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

**DING DING DING**

*"ALL ABOARD~! AH HA HA HA HA HA HA HA..."*

*♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪*

**DDK:**

Jack Harmen retains!

Harmen rolls off the cover and scrambles to his knees. Doyle delivers the Favoured Saints Championship, and Jack clutches it to his heaving chest.

**Lance:**

This is just how fast everything can change in a match like this!

Harmen backs into the corner and raises the championship high, an evil grin spreading across his face. At ringside, Los Caídos pull Victor Vacio to his feet as Lord Nigel Trickelbush lingers nearby, watching the ring with quiet satisfaction. Los Caídos step over Scott Hunter on the floor as they circle the ring, regrouping and heading toward the ramp.

**DDK:**

You have to think this match was designed from the beginning to put Scott Hunter and Kerry Kuroyama at a

disadvantage.

**Lance:**

How could it not? Any competitor who actually values fair competition would have found themselves in the same position Kuroyama and Hunter were in tonight.

Harmen leaves the ring and joins Los Caidos, Victor Vacio, and Lord Nigel Trickelbush as they back their way up the rampway, eyes locked on the vanquished VVingmen.

Harmen slides out of the ring and joins Los Caídos, Victor Vacio, and Lord Nigel Trickelbush. Together, they slowly back their way up the ramp, Harmen clutching the Favoured Saints Championship while all eyes remain locked on the fallen VVingmen.

**Lance:**

And look at Victor Vacio. I have never seen an emotionless man seem so content. This was about one thing and one thing only for him... keeping Kerry Kuroyama from climbing the ranks in DEFIANCE. Just months ago, we were talking about Kerry as a potential challenger for the FIST, and tonight we watched him lose a shot at the Favoured Saints Championship ... at the hands of THE CROWN!

**DDK:**

I can't imagine this is the last we'll see of the bad blood building between these four men, but for now... we've got more action coming up on DEFIANCE Rising.

## NOTHING IMMORTAL ABOUT THIS SH\*THOLE

We cut back over to the commentation station and Downtown Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

**DDK:**

I'm being told here in my earpiece that... wait, who are you? Where's Dave? What do you mean *"just cut backstage"* this isn't on our runsheet out here pal. We have a packed show, whoever you are and we... ok, ok, fine.

Darren Keebler shrugs at his partner as we're apparently forced to cut away.

We are indeed backstage at the Paris La Défense Arena in Paris, France.

Night two of DEF Rising is continuing unabated out in the arena proper. Backstage is busy as always with producers and production assistants and crew hustling this way and that. All with their own duties and skills that have collectively kept this wild show running for as many years as it has.

A clearly handheld camera silently pushes through a small throng of folks and emerges unassumingly a few paces from one of the coffee stations dotted around the backstage area.

After a few moments of nothing particularly interesting happening none other than the recently victorious DEF Hall of Famer, the Bombastic Bronson Box, saunters up to the table and begins fixing himself a proper cup of tea. We can tell by the handheld camera's movements it's pretty clearly trying to remain unseen by the brutal Scotsman.

Boxer sets the little electric kettle to heat and starts picking through the selection of teabags provided by the arenas commissary. Boxer mumbles some barely audible words.

**Bronson Box:** *[under his breath]*

Fookin' pathetic... bloody prick French bastards...

Just as he makes his choice and the little kettle makes a click of completion

**WHAM!**

A steel chair absolutely wraps itself around the back of Bronson's head.

The unseen attackers shot hitting with such impact it drops Boxer to his knees. Not out cold, mind you... Bronson reaches back and dabs at the fresh trickle of blood with a confused scowl. Looking back over his shoulder just in time to get CLOCKED across the bridge of his nose by the same chair.

As the handheld camera maneuvers around for a less hidden look at the attack we get a much clearer look at Bronson's assailant. Hayes hazards a glance over at the cameraman with a satisfied smile of acknowledgement.

**DDK:**

I think I see what's going on here!

**Lance:**

That's Box's opponent for the upcoming joint DEFIANCE versus PRIME supershow Immortals! That's "The Event Horizon" HAYES HANLON from PRIME! I'd ask what he's doing here, but that answer is *CLEAR!*

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

Box stepped on Hayes' turf and right into the middle of his big promo in front of tens of thousands of fans at the Mercedes-Benz Stadium in Atlanta during PRIME's huge show COLLOSSUS. I'd heard tell he didn't take kindly to that. Something tells me this is something of a receipt from Hayes, partner!

The ravenous DEFIANCE Faithful out in the arena echo through the halls of the backstage area at the mere sight of this PRIME interloper on their turf assaulting one of their Hall of Famers. He might be a vile prick, but he's *their* vile prick.

Hayes looks directly over at the handheld camera with a grin behind his 'stache before rearing back and absolutely WEARING the Original DEFIANT out with the chair...

**WHAM!**

**WHAM!**

**WHAM!**

**WHAM!**

He stops.

The PRIME superstar pushes the edge of the chair into Bronson Box's throat.

He leans over the folded up bottom strut, putting his whole weight down on the chair's edge.

**Hayes Hanlon:**

Y'know man, I've got my issues with our locker room, and our *fearless* leader, too.

He releases the pressure, then eyeballs the chair, as if it were a golf club.

A *jolf* club.

**Hayes Hanlon:**

But Lindsay Troy aside, you still did a biiigg no-no, buddy.-

Halon wallops Boxer one more time for good measure before tossing the char aside and grabbing the Wargod by the back of his suit jacket and hauling the DEFIANCE legend to his feet.

Hayes positions Boxer's head between his thighs and proceeds to pop off a quick and dirty powerbomb in the middle of this narrow hallway that sends the wide bulk of the Original DEFIANT awkwardly crashing through the refreshments table. Hot coffee and the scalding water from Boxer's kettle flies dangerously, absolutely everywhere.

On his way down it was clear Boxer's head caught the wall behind the table.

There's an audible "OOOOOH" of general concern from the fans out in the arena.

There's no movement from the pile of table wreckage from the Wargod.

**Hayes Hanlon:**

-*YOU* decided to take your minor league *ass* and drag it not only to PRIME, but to *Colossus*, and buddy, it just. Don't. Work like *that!* "Immortals?" *Who* exactly? Because if it's not half of my own locker room, it's *definitely* not *any* of yours!

Home Run Hayes puts his hands on his hips, lips curling behind his 'stache, and shakes his head.

**Hayes Hanlon:**

But shit, man. If we're gonna do this? Then I guess we'd better do it right, huh? Because if "tHe OrIgInAl DeFiAnT" is gonna run his mouth on *our* biggest stage?

Hayes turns his finger, and points it to his own chest.

**Hayes Hanlon:**

Then PRIME's *ReVival* is gonna send you back to yours in a *fucking wheelchair*.

A commotion coming down the hallway, Hayes looks up and gives his camera person a sideways glance. The camera man ducks low as Hayes makes moves with a sneer in the opposite direction. Just as he vanishes into a throng of people around a corner Boxer's proteges "The Concrete Killa" Duchess Vaughn, "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne all approach the scene at full speed.

Money Talks start pulling table and coffee detritus off their peerless leader as Boxer's niece Duchess takes a few aggressive steps down the hallway, a huge scowl on their face. They turn back to the scene just as a now tattered and bloody Bronson is slowly unearthed...

And even through the considerable pain, he does *NOT* look happy.

We hear a quiet chuckle from the sly, unseen camera person before the feed is cut and we're back out at the commentary desk with Darren and Lance.

**DDK:**

There's a lot of threads and situations congealing as we barrel towards IMMORTALS, partner, but none more personal than this burgeoning heat between PRIME's Hayes Hanlon and our own Bronson Box.

**Lance:**

They're so similar. Heck, they both loathe the ground Lindsay Troy walks on... normally that might be enough for the two men to unite against their common enemy. But this IMMORTALS show is clearly shaping up to be *anything* but normal.

## M4NTRA vs. KILL OR BE KILLED

**DDK:**

We've got a tag team grudge match up next! We have fan favorites and former Unified Tag Team Champions, M4NTRA, taking on the monsters of Titanes Familia - Kill or Be Killed!

**Lance:**

This started back at Acts of DEFIANCE during the Ace of Tag Teams tournament when both teams faced off in the semi-finals! After a dominating show from Kilgore and Killjoy, M4NTRA surprised them with a last-ditch victory. Since that night, Kill or Be Killed have made them pay for that and it started when they arguably cost M4NTRA the Ace of Tag Teams finals to The Triple 7s!

**DDK:**

Since then, M4NTRA have gone straight at the monsters with payback in mind. They set a trap for Kilgore and Killjoy at DEFtv 226 when Makayla Namaste sprayed her Beta Blocker Plus spray in his face! But since then, it's been ALL Killers. Kilgore would get revenge by defeating Nathan Eye on DEFtv 227 and also laying out Declan Alexander. And as if that wasn't enough, M4NTRA tried to jump them after a victory over The Atomic Punks, that ended in a bloody massacre!

**Lance:**

A couple of weeks ago this challenge was issued for this tag team rematch and accepted by Siofra... but are M4NTRA even 100% after these repeated beatings they've taken?

**DDK:**

Yes, they have beaten Kill or Be Killed before. They've been the only team in their short tenure that's handed them a defeat in tag team action, but Kill or Be Killed have gelled very well in a relatively short time and they have been on a tear. Will M4NTRA have their revenge or will Kill or Be Killed continue their path of destruction? This grudge match is up next!

To Darren Quimbey we go!

**Darren Quimbey:**

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

The sounds of a viking's horn blast over the PA!

♪ "War (Viking Chant)" by Peyton Parrish ♪

A red mist creeps over the stage and behind Siofra emerges two shadows: Kilgore - the focused, face-painted monster. Not far behind, the half-Native American monster, Killjoy, adorns a brand new black and red mask obscuring his entire face. Both are sporting black vests with gold spikes on the shoulder pads!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first, representing Titanes Familia! Accompanied by "The Fury of the Familia" Siofra... at a combined weight of SIX-HUNDRED FIFTY POUNDS... they are the team of "The Good Son" Killjoy... "The Attack Dog" Kilgore... **KILL! OR! BE! KILLED!**

Showing some solidarity matching his mask's colors with Kilgore's face paint, the two giant brutes stand side by side. Siofra places her hands on the stoic Kilgore's chest and leans back and laughs. The Kills - both -Gore and -Joy - share a nod. She then turns and begins to sinisterly slink toward the ring with Kilgore and Killjoy slowly walking behind her.

**DDK:**

Kill or Be Killed have been racking up some big wins in both singles and tag team action! It was Kilgore who defeated Nathan Eye on DEFtv 227, followed shortly by Kill or Be Killed defeating The Atomic Punks!

**Lance:**



M4NTRA have been one of DEFIANCE's top teams, but since being cheated out of the Ace of Tag Teams, these two monsters have had their number!

Once the trio reaches the ring, Siofra is lifted by both Killjoy and Kilgore onto the ring apron. With a sadistic smile, she watches as both monsters both step onto the apron and head into the ring. The two monsters hold out their arms and tap them together with Siofra posing in the middle.

### **M A N T R A**

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathan Eye, "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, and Makayla Namaste's new theme, sampling "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick Astley! White lights join the fray as the guitars kick in ...

#### **Darren Quimbey:**

And introducing their opponents! They weigh in now at a combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-five Pounds of Pure Perseverance! Accompanied by Makayla Namaste ... they are "Natty Eyce" Nathan Eye! Declan "DEC4L" Alexander! M4NTRAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

But a good twenty seconds passes. There is no sign of M4NTRA anywhere.

#### **Lance:**

I'm not sure what's going on Keebs. I did hear that M4NTRA were given the all-clear to compete tonight despite their recent injuries.

#### **DDK:**

Are we seeing second thoughts? I don't know!

Kilgore and Killjoy are standing stoically and Siofra is between them. But something tells her that something is majorly wrong right now.

Her instincts are right!

#### **Lance:**

LOOK OUT!!!

It is too late because Kilgore and Killjoy are both surprised by both members of M4NTRA coming off respective turnbuckles with missile drop kicks!

Seeing there is no other alternative the referee signals for the match to start!

### **DING DING**

#### **DDK:**

Where the heck did M4NTRA even come from in this crazy crowd? Paris La Défense Arena is huge!

#### **Lance:**

I don't know but they had a sneak attack coming! Remember that M4NTRA tried to attack these monsters head-on a few weeks ago which led to them being medically uncleared until now! They may have figured this was a better way!

Nathan Eye runs with a full head of steam at Kilgore and takes him outside of the ring with a big clothesline first!

#### **DDK:**

The larger Killjoy charges at Nathan in retaliation for Kilgore ... Nathan ducks ... DEC4L with a super kick on the jaw!

The first super kick isn't enough to take Killjoy off his feet. He stumbles back but takes the kick and tries to hand M4NTRA receipts in the way of a double clothesline. M4NTRA both kneel to avoid that and then Killjoy takes a double super kick head-on! That is enough to kick him out of the ring! The beasts have been cleared from the ring and Siofra is coming undone outside. Makayla Namaste starts poking fun at her!

**Makayla Namaste:**

Your boys got merc'ed! Dead! Ass!

But the party is far from over. Nathan goes over and holds the ropes open as a good tag partner and gentleman should. DEC4L runs at the ropes with high speed and he takes out Kilgore on the floor using a tope suicida!

**DDK:**

THERE'S A TOPE SUICIDA FOR KILGORE!!!

Nathan Eye is focused on Killjoy on the other side of the ring. The Golden State Guru follows his tag team partner's lead ...

**Lance:**

AND THERE'S A TOPE SUICIDA FOR KILLJOY!!!

After he has just taken down the Good Son, Nathan Eye realizes that time is of the essence. He gets up and he heads around to go help Declan Alexander grab Kilgore and get him back inside the ring while Killjoy is out.

**DDK:**

M4NTRA have called their shot! They defeated these monsters at the Ace of Tag Teams. Can they make it two in a row tonight and finally get their revenge on these monsters?

Kilgore is rolled into the ring. Nathan Eye goes to the top rope. He tags DEC4L before leaping off the turnbuckles to catch Kilgore using a high cross body! Nathan rolls off and Kilgore is down again for DEC4L to salute the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and then follow his tag partner's cross body with a diving splash! Killjoy starts to get up again but Nathan Eye cuts him off at the pass by hitting him with a baseball slide!

**Lance:**

Killjoy is out! Is Kilgore going to follow suit!

DEC4L makes the first cover of this match a good one!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Kilgore kicks out at the last second! Declan Alexander's hands are behind his head!

**DEC4L:**

CHAT, I THOUGHT HE WAS COOKED!!!

**Lance:**

The element of surprise almost worked on Kill or Be Killed tonight, but these monsters just don't want to stay down, do they?

**DDK:**

Kilgore and Killjoy have been so lethal and effective for La Familia! It's easy to see why!

Nathan is back in his corner. DEC4L makes a tag. It's Nathan Eye that lands an elbow to the face that leads to DEC4L hitting a running elbow off the ropes! They both realize they have Kilgore hurt. The Viking-like monster has been stunned. DEC4L jumps at Kilgore.

**Lance:**

Declan's Play of the Game is how they won this match last time!

He jumps up ... but Kilgore's power keeps DEC4L in the air! He drops him right across the knee with a release back breaker and the POG Champ falls!

**DDK:**

Kilgore knew the Play of the Game was coming! It took a desperate Play of the Game to beat them in the Ace of Tag Teams, but they were ready for it this time!

Kilgore winds up his massive up when DEC4L is just trying to stand. One home run-like swing of his arm with a wind-up lariat means that he is not standing any more! Nathan Eye is worried about his partner.

**DDK:**

Declan just got dropped! Kilgore tips the scales at six-six and three hundred pounds! Killjoy is six-ten and three-fifty and they are one of the most powerful teams in our entire division!

Kilgore takes his time before he makes his next move to DEC4L. He's almost encouraging Declan to make the tag. Natty Eyce is surprised by this, but Declan army crawls to his tag team partner ...

But there is no tag!!!

**THWACK!**

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Nathan Eye gets SMACKED square in the chest from out of nowhere by the returning Killjoy! He collapses from the impact and falls to the floor!

**Lance:**

KILLJOY JUST STRUCK NATHAN EYE OFF THE APRON WITH THAT CHOP!

**DDK:**

I DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIM GET BACK UP!

Killjoy grabs Nathan by his waistband and with some serious force he throws Nathan Eye right back at the metal railing behind him! The railing might have moved back an inch!

**Lance:**

And just like that, Kill or Be Killed completely changed the complexion of this match! M4NTRA came out swinging, but the Famiia's beasts are swinging back even harder now!

With Nathan Eye laid out just outside the ring, Declan Alexander is easy pickings for the monsters! Kilgore sets up DEC4L by grabbing his legs and then setting him up underneath the bottom rope. Kilgore falls back and The Intrepid Influencer's neck SNAPS up against the rope!

**DDK:**

Oh, my goodness! DEC4L just got hit with that Decapitator from Kilgore!

The Viking pulls the legs of DEC4L away from the rope. Siofra yells at him to go for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder of Declan comes back up and he sits up, trying to gut out the pain that he's in! DEC4L gets snatched up by Kilgore and muscled into the corner of the Killers. Kilgore makes a quick tag to Killjoy on the apron!

**Lance:**

And now here comes the Familia's biggest weapon in their vast arsenal! 6'10"! 350 pounds! He's defeated a number of big names in DEFIANCE! Former FISTS such as Kendrix and OSCAR BURNS! Punch Drunk Purcell, Butcher Victorious.

**DDK:**

Indeed! When Uriel Cortez and Titaness rebuilt Titanes Familia, he was their very first and still most influential acquisition yet!

With DEC4L pinned to the corner by Kilgore, he moves just as all 350 pounds of Killjoy comes CRASHING into the chest of The Intrepid Influencer! DEC4L has been hurt by the splash, but things are about to go from bad to worse when he picks up Declan with ONE ARM! The massive Native American wrestler gives a quick spin and then DRIVES him down across his knee with a vicious pendulum backbreaker! Declan cries out in pain as on the outside of the ring, Makayla Namaste looks shocked for the well-being of DEFIANCE's favorite Good Vibes trio!

**DDK:**

Declan is being picked apart by these monsters! And Killjoy doesn't look done, either!

Rather than go for a cover, The Good Son of the Familia pulls Declan up by the neck and tilts his body backwards to deliver a STIFF clubbing forearm to the chest! Declan is coughing up in pain now as Killjoy simply stares at him coldly from behind his masked face.

**Lance:**

Is he even going to try for a cover like Kilgore did moments ago?

**DDK:**

I don't think so! Look at Siofra!

Siofra calls for no pinfall. She points towards the corner where Kilgore is waiting for another tag. He muscles DEC4L up again and throws him towards the empty corner. The tag is made. Kilgore climbs inside the ring as Killjoy climbs out. He winds up a hand...

**THWACK!**

And a HUGE chop lands across the chest! Alexander is hunched over, but things only get worse from here. Another tag is made back to Killjoy. He winds up...

**THWACK!**

And another chop lands!

**DDK:**

These monsters are just putting Declan Alexander on the chopping block... pun intended!

**Lance:**

Maybe a name for this combination?

Kilgore's turn for the tag...

**THWACK!**

DEC4L falls to a seated position after the last tag! Kilgore presses a boot onto his chest to keep him there. Killjoy then gets a tag!

**DDK:**

This has to stop, but these monsters are working even more in sync than they did in their last match with M4NTRA!

Killjoy measures up Declan...

**THWACK!**

A fourth and final chop from these monsters has dropped Declan! Nathan Eye is fighting to get upright just outside and once he does, he pulls the rope to get himself up in the corner to see the wounds of war being inflicted on The Intrepid Influencer...

**Lance:**

That is WILD! Do you see those welts on his chest, Darren? These monsters are just laying into him!

**DDK:**

Declan hasn't found a way out of the danger he's in right now, but Kill or Be Killed don't make it easy!

The modern-day Viking has hold of Declan again as he pulls him to his feet. He winds up and runs off the ropes for a clothesline, but DEC4L evades it!

**DDK:**

Declan ducks the clothesline... and he follows up!

He lands a chop across the massive chest of Kilgore! He lands an elbow, then another chop and sends him back to the ropes! The M4NTRA Rays are out in full force right now as Declan hits the ropes! He comes back...

**DDK:**

KILGORE COUNTERED! TILT-A-WHIRL SLAM!

Makayla Namaste can be seen jumping outside in fear after that big slam! Nathan is shocked by what just happened as Kilgore stands up and starts reeling from the hatred being thrown his way by the Paris Faithful. The Familia's Attack Dog starts pacing around DEC4L as he's on the mat, almost like he's daring him to get back up again.

**Lance:**

There has been no respite for M4NTRA ever since Kill or Be Killed took over this match. Declan has been trying to get what he can get out of this match, but they have not made it easy!

**DDK:**

They haven't even given Declan so much as a chance to get that tag! He needs to get out quick!

Declan is crawling upwards and has a foot on Kilgore's boot to pull himself up, but a STIFF elbow smash sends him back to the corner! DEC4L is hurt bad and Kilgore slowly makes the tag to Killjoy! He steps over the ropes and carefully watches Declan. He pulls him out of the corner and tries to look for an Atomic Throw....

**DDK:**

No! The Atomic Throw from Killjoy was coming, but Declan fights back! He's raining down punches on the head of Killjoy!

DEC4L throws enough shots to free himself, but Killjoy quickly stops him with a knee lift! Declan is upright, but doubled over when Killjoy whips him back towards the corner...

RUNNING DROPKICK ON KILGORE!

**Lance:**

Great counter by Declan! He used Killjoy's momentum in that whip in the corner to hit a dropkick on Kilgore when he didn't suspect it!

DEC4L gets back up and sees Killjoy charging for a spear...

ONLY TO HIT THE RINGPOST IN THE CORNER!

*RRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHH!*

**DDK:**

That was some spectacular evasion from Declan Alexander! Kilgore is knocked off the apron and Killjoy just posted himself looking for that big spear in the corner!

**Lance:**

NO WAY!

Kilgore is back up and tags himself in! He jumps in! Nathan warns DEC4L who turns...

**DDK:**

DEC4L ducks the Call of the Wild! OOOH! RED LINE KICK!

Charging off the ropes, Kilgore misses his signature running big boot called The Call of the Wild, but when he comes back, DEC4L CRACKS him in the face with a leaping gamengiri kick! The beast goes down! Now Makayla is leading cheers from the Paris Faithful/M4NTRA Rays!

**Lance:**

Here comes the tag ...

DEC4L is so close to his corner ...

AND THE TAG IS MADE TO NATHAN EYE!!!

**DDK:**

HERE WE GO!!! WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY FOR M4NTRA!

The M4NTRA Rays jump out in full force when Nathan is in the ring and lays right into La Familia's Attack Dog using rights and lefts! Kilgore is feeling it and Nathan spins around to take him down using a snap russian legsweep! Nathan hits the move and then he nips up to his feet!

**DDK:**

There is a snap russian legsweep for Kilgore! Natty Eyce is showing out tonight!

He gets up to his feet and when he spots Killjoy trying to re-enter the ring, he hits him using a chop! He throws a punch and then he finishes the combo with a big super kick and takes Killjoy off the apron with the Third Eye Blind!

**DDK:**

Third Eye Blind combination! He's taken care of the big monster for the moment!

When he sees that Kilgore is right behind him, Nathan unleashes a standing drop kick to the back and that sends him

flying into the middle of the ropes. When Kilgore has been set up against the ropes, he starts counting along to people and signals two, five, and one with his fingers! Makayla is doing the same!

"2-5-1!!! 2-5-1!!! 2-5-1!!! 2-5-1!!! 2-5-1!!!"

**Lance:**

And here comes three of the most dangerous numbers in DEFIANCE Wrestling today! The 251 is geared up!

Nathan Eye flies off the ropes and swings his legs through the ropes to kick Kilgore in the face with two pairs of feet!

**DDK:**

THERE IT IS!!! 251 TO KILGORE!!!

After kicking Kilgore in the face, he jumps out onto the ring apron and then he jumps off the ring apron to hit a somersault dive onto Killjoy to take him out again!

**Lance:**

Nathan Eye is just flying all over the place! He's trying to take out these monsters and go two in a row over Kill or Be Killed!

Once Killjoy has been dealt with, Nathan Eye slides into the ring once again while Kilgore has yet to recover from the attacks that he has suffered. Nathan Eye dives off the ropes and drives a wicked flying senton bomb!

**DDK:**

EYE FROM OUTTA THE SKY!!! CAN M4NTRA LOCK IN THIS WIN?!

The Inspirational One makes the pin!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Kilgore has kicked out again! Nathan Eye swears on The Good Book (being *251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance*) that he made the three-count but it is not to be!

**Lance:**

What's it going to take to deal with these monsters for good, Darren?

**DDK:**

A nuclear weapon, for starters!

Nathan jumps over at Declan and makes the tag! Kilgore is locked on the shoulder of Nathan Eye!

**DDK:**

But since these two monsters don't have that, I think that the M4NTRA Code might do it!

Nathan Eye has pried the Attack Dog on his shoulders ... but Siofra is on the ring apron to try and distract the boys!

**DEC4L:**

Nah, that ain't it, chief!

And while this fight continues, Makayla grabs Siofra and snatches her leg to yank her off the apron! Siofra hits her face and Makayla stands over her and starts talking smack!



**DDK:**

That's one way to deal with Siofra!

Kilgore is able to use the distraction to slip out and push Nathan into Declan! The two collide and Declan is knocked out of the ring. Kilgore grabs Nathan and he whips him for the ropes. Nathan crouches under a running clothesline and both men have the same idea. They hit the ropes at the same time and they knock each other out with a double clothesline!

**Lance:**

Look outside of the ring, though! Look out!

Declan makes sure that Makayla is okay. But lurking behind them both, a monster approaches!

**DDK:**

KILLJOY IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM!!!

Declan tries to turn around, but Makayla moves him out of the way just as Killjoy comes charging...

**Lance:**

NO!!! NO!!! MAKAYLA NAMASTE TOOK THAT SPEAR FOR DEC4L!!! I ... I ... GOD, DARREN!

Time stops for just about everyone! Killjoy was clearly aiming for Declan Alexander, but he turns around and he's shocked by what he's seeing.

Makayla Namaste laid out on the canvas. Killjoy takes advantage and he picks up Declan and throws them on the ring apron with an atomic throw!

**DDK:**

And the monsters take advantage of what they have just done! Makayla Namaste might have been broken in half from that spear from that massive monster, Killjoy!

In the ring, Killjoy reaches in and he tags in Kilgore! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have been hushed! They single out Nathan Eye with Kilgore hitting a running big boot in the corner called the Call of the Wild!

**Lance:**

AND THERE'S NO ONE TO SAVE NATHAN!!! DECLAN IS DOWN AND MAKAYLA ... SHE MIGHT BE INJURED!!!

Kilgore sends him into Killjoy and hits the FreeFall powerbomb!

**DDK:**

FALL OF THE WILD!!!

Killjoy moves and Kilgore takes the pin!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "War (Viking Chant)" by Peyton Parrish ♪

The crowd still cannot believe what has just happened to Makayla Namaste, but Kill or Be Killed have won!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here are the winners ... KILLLLLLLL OR BE KILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLED!!!

**Lance:**

That was a very strong win by these monsters! After one of their biggest career wins as a team has been realized, Kilgore and Killjoy have gained some revenge for losing the Ace of Tag Teams and not to mention they have assaulted Makayla Namaste!

**DDK:**

Whether it was on purpose or not, they don't care! They're walking out of here with a huge win over the former Tag Team champions!

As Kill Or Be Killed's arms are raised in victory in the middle of the ring, Declan crawls across the canvas to check on Makayla, who hasn't moved an inch since being speared nearly in half. A look of desperation comes across DEC4L's face as he looks towards the official and then towards the backstage area. He waves his arms trying to get someone down towards the ring to help InstaFamous, however in the ring Siofra can't help but snicker as she leads her victors out of the ring.

**Lance:**

I can't believe what I've seen ... Makayla is not a wrestler. She hasn't been trained a day in her life and he attacks her!

**DDK:**

We need to get medical out here, Lance.

Nathan looks like he has been hit by a truck after being pinned by the monsters but when he notices what's happened to Makayla Namaste, Declan helps him up. They both frantically wave for medical and EMTs to show up.

**Lance:**

And here they come ... that spear from Killjoy looked vicious.

Medical is heading to the ring and a few different replays of the brutal assault occur.

Killjoy charging full speed ahead from different angles.

Makayla pushing Declan out of the way moments before the collision.

Turning Makayla Namaste inside out with the spear.

**DDK:**

She didn't deserve that! She's been M4NTRA's manager for over a year now but has stuck with them through good times and bad. And now this is what happens as a result of that.

DEC4L and Nathan Eye look worried for the well being of Makayla as she's carefully placed onto a backboard and then lifted onto a stretcher. Once they finish, Nathan and DEC4L follow her up the aisle. The fans clap for the trio leaving.

**Lance:**

We'll provide a medical update as soon as possible but we still have a show to get to. We'll let you know as soon as possible.

## ED WHITE vs. DABNEY DOUBLEDAY

The arena is already buzzing when the opening chords of Glen Campbell's "[Southern Nights](#)" drift softly through the speakers. It's an odd choice for a wrestling entrance. There's no bombast, no menace, no promise of destruction.

And yet, the reaction is immediate.

A swell of cheers rises up organically, not because the song tells them to cheer, but because the crowd knows exactly who this music belongs to. It's the sound of warmth, of optimism, of someone who still believes wrestling can be something uncomplicated and good.

### DDK:

DEF Rising rolls on and listen to this crowd. Dabney Doubleday might be early in his DEFIANCE career, but the people have already decided how they feel about him.

### Lance:

You can't manufacture this kind of connection, Keebs. You either mean it or you don't.

Polite blue-and-gold pyro flickers above the stage. Not an explosion, not a spectacle, just a gentle punctuation mark to the moment.

Dabney Doubleday steps through the curtain like he's stepping into a dream he's been carrying since he was a kid. He pauses at the top of the ramp, soaking it in, then breaks into that wide, earnest grin that feels almost defiant in a place like DEFIANCE.

The satin "Fair Play" jacket gleams under the lights. Dabney takes his time, slapping hands along the barricade, leaning over to speak to fans like they're old friends. He crouches down to kids' eye level, calling them "champ" and "pal," laughing, nodding, letting the moment breathe.

Halfway down the ramp, he stops.

There's a kid in the front row clutching the barricade, eyes wide, jaw slack. Dabney gently removes the jacket, folds it with care, and drapes it over the kid's shoulders. The reaction is immediate and overwhelming. Dabney gives a thumbs up, taps his chest, and continues on.

Douglas Doubleday follows, a study in contrast. Brown suit immaculate, bowl haircut unmoved, eyes locked forward. Where Dabney absorbs the moment, Douglas radiates tension. He shoots a glare toward the announce desk as he passes, muttering something under his breath.

### DDK:

Dabney Doubleday wrestles like this is all still special to him.

### Lance:

I think it's Douglas' aim to keep it that way. *Protect* Dabney, weird as that sounds.

Inside the ring, Dabney wipes his boots carefully on the apron before stepping through the ropes. He jogs the perimeter, stretches, rolls his shoulders, then turns to Carla Ferrari and offers a respectful handshake.

Ferrari nods and returns it. Professional. Appreciative.

The lights dim.

The warmth drains from the building as "[Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds](#)" begins its strange, bouncy opening chords. The crowd's reaction flips instantly, boos cascading down like a storm.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Edward White emerges alone.

No Jane Katze. No Nicky Corozzo. No wall of hired bodies between him and consequence. His hair is streaked with gray now, his beard trimmed short, his body hardened by eight years of prison routine. He looks leaner, meaner, but there's something else there now.

Pressure.

He pauses at the top of the ramp, scanning the crowd, then the ring, then the shadows beyond the curtain. He isn't soaking anything in.

He's measuring exits.

**DDK:**

Edward White once controlled rooms with money and influence. Tonight, he's fighting with his back against the wall.

**Lance:**

Bronson Box told him to end this. That's not motivation. That's a *deadline*.

White stalks to the ring, slides under the bottom rope, and immediately gets in Carla Ferrari's face. He points at the ropes, the mat, Dabney, rattling off complaints before the bell even rings.

Ferrari cuts him off sharply, finger to chest, warning him in no uncertain terms.

White backs off with his hands raised, smiling thinly.

Dabney steps forward.

Hand extended.

White looks at it.

Scoffs.

Swats it away.

Then shoves Dabney hard enough to knock him backward.

The bell rings.

**DING DING**

White attacks like a man trying to outrun time itself.

He storms forward, driving Dabney into the corner with sharp, angry boots. Stomps to the ribs. A forearm across the throat. Ferrari counts loudly, stepping in.

*One.*

*Two.*

*Three.*

*Four.*

White breaks late, then snaps a short elbow into Dabney's jaw as he stumbles out.

The boos intensify.

*BOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

Edward White immediately establishing the tone.

**Lance:**

This isn't *wrestling* to him right now. This is *survival*.

Jawbreaker.

Dabney's head snaps back. White follows with a hip toss, leg drop, and a casual cover.

*ONE*

*TWO*

*KICKOUT!*

White clamps on a side headlock, grinding his forearm across Dabney's jaw, whispering venom into his ear. Dabney grimaces but keeps moving, planting a foot, then another, fighting upright.

Elbows to the ribs. *One. Two. Three.*

Dabney breaks free and launches a crooked arm lariat, the Blond Bomber knocking White backward. The crowd erupts.

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

Dabney builds momentum. Atomic drop, the Hot Seat. Shoulder-breaker, Daybreak, complete with theatrical flair. Snap suplex. Dabney claps once, soaking in the noise.

*LETS GO DAB-NEY!*

*LETS GO DAB-NEY!*

*LETS GO DAB-NEY!*

White rolls to the ropes, irritation etched across his face.

He clamps his hands over his ears to block out the Faithful's full throated support for Mrs. Doubleday's Baby Boy.

White slides outside, forcing Ferrari into a count. Douglas leans into Edward's personal space at ringside clapping sarcastically, jawing nonstop at The Socialite.

White turns slowly.

Smirks.

Then explodes forward, yanking Douglas by the arm and *HURLING* him shoulder-first into the barricade.

The sound is sickening as Dougie's little body makes contact.

**DDK:**

Douglas Doubleday just got wiped out!

**Lance:**

Edward White just crossed the line from dirty to *personal*.

The crowd erupts in boos.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Dabney sees all this and just snaps.

He dives out of the ring, fury finally overtaking baked-in politeness. White catches him mid-charge with a knee to the gut and launches him back-first into the apron, the thud echoing through the building.

White rolls Dabney back inside and slows the pace deliberately. Stomps to the arms. Neckwrench. Facewash in the corner. Ferrari warns him again and again.

A Sidewalk slam followed by a forearms SMUSHED into Dabs' face and neck...

Cover!

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

*THR-NO!*

Dabney kicks out, *barely*, and the crowd surges for the young man from Mayo, Florida.

*LETS GO DAB-NEY!*

*LETS GO DAB-NEY!*

*LETS GO DAB-NEY!*

White drags Dabney up, nails a Recession Buster, hooks the leg deep.

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

*THR-NO! AGAIN DOUBLEDAY KICKS OUT!*

**DDK:**

The resilience of this young man, folks!

Dabney gets a shoulder up and White slams the mat in fury.

White argues with Ferrari, pointing, shouting. As Dabney pulls himself up behind him, White snaps off a low blow out of her line sight.

**DDK:**

Good lord! This man is despicable!

**Lance:**

That's a man who knows what happens if he *fails* tonight.

White cinches in a neckwrench, cranking hard. Blood trickles from a small cut near White's hairline, streaking into his beard. Dabney claws inch by inch toward the ropes, finally forcing a break.

White refuses to release until four and three quarters.

He puffs out his chest to the diminutive official.

**Edward White:**

*I HAVE TIL FIVE, DAMN YOU!*

Ferrari's warning is sharp now. Final.

White hoists Dabney for the Stock Market Drop. Dabney wriggles free at the last second and lands a desperation German suplex.

Both men are down.

The crowd claps rhythmically, willing Dabney up.

Dabney rises first, firing Ham n' Eggs punches... into a Flapjack!

Dabney heads up top.

**DDK:**

Rise & Shine! Top Rope Fist Drop from Doubleday!

Cover!

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

*TH-NO! KICKOUT!*

White kicks out and quickly and ruthlessly headbutts Dabney square in the face, the Laissez-faire staggering him. Ed rises to his feet.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

White charges for Trickle Down Theory. Dabney blinks through the headbutted nose and blocks it, spins through, and lands Florida Sunrise clean! Dabney flashes a woozy thumbs up!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*



**DDK:**

FLORIDA SUNRISE FROM DABNEY DOUBLEDAY! This is it!

**Lance:**

Lock it in, kid! Lock it in!

Dabney drops down and scoops up Edward's arm and bridges back.

**Lance:**

LAZY SUSAN! DOUBLEDAY HAS THE LAZY SUSAN LOCKED IN!

White thrashes helplessly in The submission maneuver colloquially known as the Cattle Mutilation. Confusion flooding Edward White's face as Dabney begins the spider-walk, adjusting constantly, tightening, squeezing the breath out of The Socialite and original FIST of DEFIANCE.

We can see clearly the absolute, almost humanizing desperation in Ed's eyes as he frantically looks around the ring searching for an exit, for assistance.

But he's all alone.

White slaps the mat once.

*Twice.*

The Socialite **taps**.

The bell rings.

***DING DING DING******RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!***

Dabney releases immediately. Douglas slides in holding his injured shoulder, hugging his brother, raising his hand in victory with his good arm. The Faithful ROAR in support of Mrs. Doubleday's Baby Boy.

Across the ring, Edward White sits slumped, blood in his beard, eyes wide.

Literally *pale* with worry.

Not angry.

*Afraid.*

**DDK:**Dabney Doubleday has *arrived* at DEF Rising, partner!**Lance:**

And I think Edward White just ran out of time. He's off for the most terrifying performance review of his rotten life.

**DDK:**

We'll have to wait and see what Bronson Box has planned for Ed... something tells me it won't be good.

Dabney exits to thunderous cheers as Edward White remains seated, staring at the mat, knowing exactly who's waiting backstage.

We cut away as DEF Rising rolls on.

## **CAREER vs. MASK: CORVO ALPHA vs. MV2**

**DDK:**

Up next, it's yet another contest with potentially DIRE consequences for either competitor! It's one man's livelihood versus another man's identity! CAREER... versus MASK!

**Lance:**

Corvo Alpha has waged a one man war on a quest for WHO HE IS for what feels like half a decade... All while Lord Nigel has raised an army to seemingly battle the truth. Tonight, we discover who prevails perhaps – and I hesitate to say this– once and for all.

**DDK:**

If MV2 wins, then Corvo Alpha's career in DEFIANCE Wrestling and in this sport is well and truly over and done with. If Corvo Alpha wins, then MV2 must unmask. Alpha believes MV2 to be a fraud. Tonight, he seeks to prove it to himself and to the world.

**Lance:**

Let's get to it!

Darren Quimbey steps into the center of the ring with a little spring to his step.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is CAREER... versus MASK!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first...

The lights dim. Just enough for a spotlight to standout. The spotlight sweeps and swoops all over the crowd as the tension rises. A rhythmic, galloping clap breaks out and swells.

**Darren Quimbey:**

He hails from Parts Untold and weighs in tonight at two-hundred and fifty eight pounds...

The spotlight shudders and halts on a hulking, heaving figure who stomps down the arena steps, surrounded by hooting and cheering frenchmen. The booming synchronized clapping only grows in volume and intensity. The silhouette bops his head, tossing his long dark hair with it to the beat.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Call him SAVAGE! Call him VICIOUS! Call him The ABSOLUTE ANIMAL! Call him... **CORVO! ALPHA!**

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Alpha starts down the steps, clapped on the back by fans, his face painted in a fresh coat of yellow and blue. On his right pec is a crudely painted 2 in canary yellow, dripping down his stomach.

**DDK:**

Listen to these fans! It was two years ago during our long, winding trip through Germany where Corvo Alpha became something of a cult hero in Europe, defending the SOHER against all comers! Europe has NOT forgotten Corvo Alpha!

**Lance:**

Indeed, partner! It's deafening!

The galloping clap is in full canter now, echoing through the arena as Corvo pushes forward, eyes wide, jaw set, face paint stark under the lights. Fans reach toward him as he descends the arena steps, feeding off the cadence that

follows him toward the floor.

It ends suddenly and instantly.

**DDK:**

OH NO!

Like a shot, MV2 BARRELS into him from the side, smashing Corvo shoulder-first into the metal railing lining the steps. The clap dies mid-beat, replaced by a sharp roar of shock. Corvo staggers, trying to turn, but MV2 is already HAMMERING him with forearms and clubbing shots to the back and neck.

**Lance:**

Shades of several months ago at ACTS of DEFIANCE! Then it was CORVO with the sneak-attack as the Masked Violators made their entrance! This time, the tables have turned and in a bad way!

Alpha spills down the steps, limbs in a tangle, but MV2 keeps his footing. Corvo CRASHES hard to the floor at ringside, rolling onto his hands and knees. MV2 grabs him by the man's long wet hair and forces him forward, driving him toward the ringside guard rail before he can recover.

**DDK:**

A BRUTAL clothesline sends Alpha over the railing! And Masked Violator #2 is relentless! Pressing his considerable advantage!

MV2 pins Alpha against the edge of the ring and unloads with tight, violent strikes, snapping Corvo's head back and keeping him disoriented. He drops to a knee and reaches under the ring, dragging out a steel folding chair. The french crowd groans a french groan. Close your eyes. You can hear it.

**Lance:**

I don't think he's grabbing that chair to offer Corvo a seat to catch his breath, Keeps!

**DDK:**

I'd say that's a fair assumption!

Corvo turns just in time to see it. But even then it's too late.

The chair CRACKS across the top of his head with a brutal metallic sound. Every human in sight flinches upon impact. Corvo collapses face-first to the floor, arms folding beneath him. The arena buzzes with stunned noise as MV2 stands over him, chair still in hand.

**DDK:**

The inhuman chairshot may have decided this contest before it even begins! Wait... what's that?!

**Lance:**

Lord NIGEL!

It's true. The slight old man smiles sickly as he glides down the aisle, a closed umbrella resting over his right shoulder as though he were a soldier marching to battle and it was a rifle. The fans despise him and it's justified.

**DDK:**

Lord Nigel Tricklebush is here... and I'd say this plan of his is working to perfection! We saw Jack Harmen steal victory earlier tonight and he would LOVE to see that trend continue here!

**Lance:**

Ridding DEFIANCE of Corvo Alpha has been his goal since returning to DEF over a year ago. This is the best chance of achieving that he's had. You know he won't let it slip through his fingers. Not if he can help it!

Nigel rounds the ring and tips the brim of his bowler cap to MV2.

MV2 drags Corvo Alpha up from the floor and rolls him under the bottom rope. Corvo rests on his side near the ropes, still shaking off the chair shot as MV2 follows him in without hesitation.

Hector Navarro steps between them, palms out, barking for space as he checks on Corvo. Corvo pushes himself up to a knee, waving Navarro off, eyes glassy but burning. Navarro glances between the two men, then calls for the bell.

### **DING DING**

MV2 does not give Corvo a solitary second to breathe.

He SURGES forward and snaps Corvo backward with a short-arm clothesline, dumping him hard in the center of the ring. Corvo sits up, uses the ropes to find his footing and immediately eats a running body block that flattens him again. MV2 pulls him to his feet and drives him down with a hard scoop slam, then another, each one planted with precision and force.

### **DDK:**

It's clear that MV2's strategy here is to just smother Corvo Alpha! To overwhelm him with an onslaught of offense!

Corvo fights up, throwing a wild right hand, but MV2 ducks it and answers with a STIFF knee to the midsection. He hooks Corvo around the waist and hurls him with a belly-to-belly suplex, sending him skidding across the canvas.

### **Lance:**

Picture perfect by MV2!

Corvo crawls toward the ropes, dragging himself up, only for MV2 to grab him from behind and snap him over with a release German suplex.

Corvo lands in a heap, clutching his neck.

### **DDK:**

He landed awkwardly there, Lance!

### **Lance:**

I'm yet to be convinced there's an UNAWKWARD way to take that maneuver, Darren!

Every attempt to rise is met immediately. Corvo lunges forward and is caught, lifted, and dropped with a thunderous side slam. He tries to fire back with a headbutt and staggers MV2 for half a moment before MV2 answers with a forearm that spins him inside out.

### **DDK:**

Smothering him!

Lord Nigel claps at ringside. MV2 stays on Alpha, methodical and relentless, never rushing, never wasting motion. Corvo's offense just never gets started. Every swing is either avoided or absorbed with ease. Every grab is countered. Every burst of power is cut off and stifled before it can build. MV2 stands over him, measured and composed, firmly in control as the early minutes slip away.

### **Lance:**

Look at the eyes of Lord Nigel. He is trying to project calm confidence, but if you look hard you might see desperation in those eyes. The eyes of a man who knows that if his man can capture victory right here, tonight, then EVERYTHING changes. The biggest thorn in his side, the most dangerous animal in his way will be put DOWN.

### **DDK:**

You've gotta believe Corvo knows that too!

MV2 slows the pace, grinding Corvo Alpha down on the mat. He traps him in the corner and drives a shoulder into his ribs, then another, leaning his weight in and forcing the air out of Corvo's lungs. Yellow and blue paint smears MV2's bare shoulder and fists. As Corvo slumps forward, MV2 wraps an arm around his throat and pulls him back, cutting off his breathing.

Hector Navarro moves in immediately, starting his count!

At ringside, Lord Nigel Tricklebush steps onto the apron, drawing Navarro's attention with an indignant wave of his arms. Navarro turns his head just long enough for MV2 to cinch the choke tighter, forearm grinding across Corvo's windpipe as he pulls him down to the canvas.

Navarro snaps back around and barks at MV2 to break it. MV2 releases at FOUR, raising his hands innocently as Corvo drops to a knee, gasping.

Moments later, MV2 whips Corvo hard into the corner and rushes in again.

**DDK:**

Big splash in the corner!

He presses a boot across Corvo's throat, leaning in with his full weight. Navarro storms toward him, starting another count.

Again, Tricklebush inserts himself, suddenly on the apron and leaning through the ropes, loudly protesting and gesturing for Navarro's attention. Navarro points sharply at Nigel, warning him back to the floor. The distraction buys MV2 just enough time to drag his boot back across Corvo's throat before stepping away at the last possible second.

**Lance:**

Referee Hector Navarro saw that!

He turns fully toward Tricklebush, stepping to the ropes and laying into him with a stern warning, finger pointed, voice raised. He makes it clear that the interference stops now: No more distractions. No more leeway.

Nigel backs away slowly, hands raised, wearing a thin, faux-faultless, knowing smile. He hops off the apron with a surprising amount of spryness, adjusting the cap on his head delicately.

Behind them, Corvo Alpha drags himself up in the corner, throat raw, eyes burning, still fighting to stay upright as MV2 watches him with cold patience.

**DDK:**

Alpha is struggling... but there is still fight in the Monster!

He lurches forward out of the corner as MV2 closes in. Corvo SNAPS his head forward with a brutal headbutt that forces MV2 back a step. Corvo fires again, then AGAIN, raw and almost-frantic, backing MV2 toward the ropes. A heavy forearm CRACKS across MV2's jaw! Another drives him into the ropes.

**Lance:**

The Monster's ALIVE, Keebs!~

Noise rolls through the building as Corvo presses the opening, muscling MV2 up and over with a sudden slapdashed belly-to-belly suplex. MV2 hits hard and scrambles to his feet, but Corvo is already on him, dragging him back up and SLAMMING him down.

**DDK:**

Side suplex by Alpha!

**Lance:**

You can see how their “movesets”, if you will, mirrors the other!

Corvo stays tight, hauling MV2 upright and smashing him into the corner with a crushing body blow. He charges again and collides into him, pinning MV2 against the turnbuckles. For the first time, MV2 looks unsettled. At ringside, Lord Nigel is visibly concerned. His pale face is tight and emotionless, eyes agape at what might be a very definitive shift in momentum.

Corvo pulls MV2 out of the corner and hooks him for ANOTHER suplex.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush’s arms dart under the ropes from ringside, clutching Corvo’s ankle and yanking it backward. Corvo stumbles, his base gone for just a moment, and MV2 slips free, shoving him away.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Hector Navarro sees it immediately. He turns and locks eyes with Nigel, face red with exertion and frustration. He snaps at Nigel, much to the delight of the crowd, in booming French:

**Referee Hector Navarro:**

Ça SUFFIT! Toi! TU ES DEHORS!

RAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

**DDK:**

Wait, WHAT-?!

Nigel’s mouth drops open, his shade finds a new level of pale-and-sickly as the roar of the fans engulfs him.

**Lance:**

The referee just EJECTED Lord Nigel Tricklebush from ringside! He kicked him out of the match!

**DDK:**

Oh my god!

Nigel tries to argue but Navarro doesn’t listen. Slowly, Nigel melts backwards, retreating with abject disbelief. The Lord’s composure cracks as he creeps up the aisle, his closed umbrella hooked on an arm while he anxiously kneads his bowler cap to oblivion.

**DDK:**

There he goes! I can’t believe it! This... HAS to be a HUGE boost to the odds of Corvo Alpha tonight!

**Lance:**

Without question!

Navarro turns back toward the action just as Corvo regains his footing.

**DDK:**

MV2 is already moving!

He drives Corvo down with a sudden spinebuster, flattening him in the center of the ring and cutting the rally off at the knees. MV2 drops into the cover, hooking the leg hard as Navarro slides back into position.

One!



Two!  
NO!

**Lance:**

Corvo kicks out, but the opening he had has evaporated! MV2 is back in control and while Lord Nigel may have just got the boot, he may have left an unavoidable impression on how this contest ultimately goes!

MV2 rises with a flash of anger and hauls Corvo Alpha up by the hair, and TOSSES him through the ropes and out to the floor with a THUD.

**Lance:**

It feels like whatever modicum of restraint MV2 had been employing is gone now! Precision has given way to punishment!.

In the jungle that is ringside, MV2 RAMS Corvo chest-first into the guard rail, the metal bowing under the force of impact! Corvo folds forward, arms draped over the barricade, and MV2 hammers him with forearms across the back and shoulders. He grabs Corvo again and whips him into the steel ring steps. The steel clatters loudly as Corvo crashes into them, landing hard on his side. His chest heaves.

**DDK:**

Hard to tell who is the monster here, Lance!

MV2 drags Alpha up and shoves him face-first into the ring post, then WHIPS him back into the rail for good measure. He stalks him, pacing, jaw clenched, feeding off the damage he is doing rather than looking to finish. MV2 runs his fingers through his own short dark beard, a smile crinkling his mask.

As MV2 rushes in again, Corvo lashes out with a sudden elbow that catches him FLUSH in the jaw. MV2 staggers, more surprised than hurt. Corvo fires another, then a third, backing his double away from the barricade. He hooks MV2 around the waist and drives him backward into the edge of the ring apron, the impact jolting both men.

**Lance:**

I'd say it was a choice to bring Corvo Alpha outside the ring, where all these blunt edges and unforgiving surfaces are his playground! He was BORN inside a cage! MV2 may have made a crucial error!

Corvo grabs the steps, hoisting them over his head with a grunt before THROWING and SMASHING them into MV2's knee. MV2 drops to his other knee with a guttural yelp, clutching at his hurt leg. Corvo does not hesitate. He grabs MV2 and rams him shoulder-first into the ring post, then sends him sprawling over the bottom step.

For the first time, MV2 is the one down on the floor. He clutches at his knee, rolling in pain as if set on fire.

**DDK:**

MV2 might be in trouble!

Corvo stands over him, chest heaving, face paint & sweat smeared further, eyes burning as the balance finally shifts. He rolls MV2 back into the ring, following behind

**Lance:**

Yes, Corvo may have turned MV2's own aggression into an opening of his own!

Corvo Alpha pulls MV2 up as they spill back through the ropes. The masked menace is still trying to get his footing when Corvo breaks into a run. He plants a foot and leaps-

**DDK:**

CORVO CUTTER!!! CORVO CUTTER!!!

RAHHHHHHH!!!

**Lance:**

Sudden and VIOLENT! Center of the ring!

**DDK:**

Is it OVER?!

Corvo does not cover. Instead, he drops down on him and goes straight for the mask.

**DDK:**

He's trying to tear that yellow mask off of MV2!

**Lance:**

He feels it belongs to HIM! That the man wearing it isn't worthy! That he's a fraud!

Alpha's fingers claw at the eyeholes, tugging and tearing, trying to pull the fabric away from MV2's face. He finds the lacing at the back and yanks hard, loosening it, unraveling it as MV2 thrashes beneath him.

MV2 bucks wildly, throwing elbows and forearms, trying to create space, but Corvo stays on him, snarling as he pulls again at the mask, stretching it, exposing flashes of skin beneath. The fabric strains under his grip.

Hector Navarro rushes in, shouting for Corvo to stop, grabbing at his arm, warning him away from the mask. Corvo shrugs him off, still tearing, driven by something deeper than the match.

MV2 finally plants a boot and kicks free, rolling away and scrambling to his knees. He clutches at his mask, one hand desperately holding it in place, the lacing loose and hanging as Corvo rises, eyes locked on him.

Corvo Alpha charges. MV2 meets him halfway and rakes his fingers across Corvo's eyes, tearing at them through the face paint. Corvo recoils with a roar, hands flying to his face, blinking blindly as he staggers forward.

MV2 moves quickly to re-lace his mask as Corvo reels. The referee moves to check on him and he subtly moves Hector Navarro directly into Corvo's path and sidesteps.

**DDK:**

DAGGER KICK! But MV2 moved out of the way! Corvo NAILED NAVARRO!? The referee is down!

**Lance:**

Corvo was blinded by that rake to the eyes! That wasn't intentional!

The impact sends the referee flying backward, crumpling hard to the canvas as he lands awkwardly and does not move. Corvo turns, disoriented, eyes still unfocused and watering, and MV2 is there.

**DDK:**

ANOTHER DAGGER KICK!

**Lance:**

That one hit its mark! SQUARE in MV2's jaw! He is down!

Corvo falls into the cover immediately, hooking the leg deep, pressing his weight down as hard as he can.

There is no count.

Corvo looks up, confused at first, then furious as he realizes Navarro is down and unmoving. He stays on MV2 for a moment longer, then pushes himself up, pacing, shouting in frustration as the moment slips through his fingers.

MV2 lies still, mask loose, chest rising and falling, saved only by the absence of a referee. And perhaps by the return of his master.

BOOOOOO!!!

**DDK:**

Look! On the ramp! Lord Nigel is back!

Awkwardly jogging towards the ring with a furrowed brow and sans bowler cap, Lord Nigel is as dishevelled as he is unathletic.

**Lance:**

Navarro TOSSED Trickelbush! He shouldn't be out here!

He struggles to slide under the ropes yet moves as quick as he can, catching Corvo Alpha from behind before he can react. The umbrella cracks across Corvo's back.

Then again. And again. On the LAST blow, it splinters and explodes across the back of his skull.

**DDK:**

No!

Corvo stumbles forward, arms hanging loose, barely able to stay upright as Nigel drives the curved handle into his spine and shoulders. Corvo drops to a knee, then collapses to the canvas as Nigel finally backs away, breathing hard, satisfied with the damage.

MV2 pulls himself up using the ropes. He drags Corvo to his feet, the mask still loose, the lacing hanging perilously. Corvo barely resists as MV2 slips behind him and snakes an arm around his throat, locking in the Alpha Clutch.

**DDK:**

NO!

MV2 drops his weight and squeezes, forearm pressing in as he tries to cinch the hold tight. But it is not right.

Corvo thrashes, instinctively fighting the grip, clawing at MV2's arm, twisting just enough to keep the choke from fully settling. MV2 readjusts, trying to slide his arm deeper, trying to lock his hands, but Corvo refuses to go limp.

**Lance:**

Look closely! He doesn't have it clamped on!

**DDK:**

Accept no imitations, Lance!

Nigel watches from the corner, urging MV2 on as Corvo staggers forward under the pressure, still standing, still fighting, still not finished.

**Lance:**

Nigel knows what's at stake here! This is all or nothing for him!

Corvo Alpha refuses to fade. Refuses to give Lord Nigel Trickelbush what he yearns for.

As he thrashes under the Alpha Clutch, he swings his leg forward blindly and catches Lord Nigel Trickelbush square in

the midsection. The kick sends Nigel TUMBLING through the ropes, crashing hard to the floor in a heap, shattered umbrella skittering away from him.

**DDK:**

DOWN GOES TRICKELBUSH!

**Lance:**

Hallelujah!

MV2 tightens his grip, trying to salvage the hold, the moment, his future. Corvo snarls and lashes out again, this time driving a brutal back-leg kick straight between MV2's legs. The impact forces MV2 to cry out and break the hold, staggering backward as his grip finally gives way.

**DDK:**

That's ONE way out of that hold!

Corvo lurches forward, barely upright, and hits the ropes chest-first. He rebounds, gathering what little he has left, turns and explodes forward.

**DDK:**

CORVO CUTTER! ANOTHER CUTTER IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!

**Lance:**

But still no Ref!

Corvo rolls to his side, gasping, face paint smeared beyond recognition. MV2 lies flat on his back, mask half-loosened, chest heaving. Across the ring, Hector Navarro remains down, unmoving.

Then the vibe and the noise changes. Shifts. A murmur starts near the entrance. Not cheers... Not boos... Confusion.

MV1 appears at the top of the aisle.

**Lance:**

What is HE doing here?!

He moves slowly, deliberately, supported by a single crutch. Dressed in his trademark red, yellow, and blue mask, a black t-shirt, jeans & cowboy boots, he carefully measures every deliberate step. Every placement of the crutch is aware. He never looks at the crowd. Not once.

His eyes stay fixed on the ring.

**DDK:**

The last we heard, fans, MV1 has retired from this sport following the injury he sustained at ACTS '25! A third surgery on a horrifically wounded knee put him on the shelf and, we thought, away from DEFIANCE for GOOD! So... why is he HERE?!

Masked Violator #1 makes his way down the aisle without theatrics, without acknowledgement, splitting his attention between the canvas ahead of him and the ground beneath his feet. His right leg from mid thigh to ankle is contained and shielded by a combination brace & cast..

At ringside, Lord Nigel Tricklebush pulls himself up using the guardrail. The camera finds him just as he looks up. The color drains incredibly further from his withered face. Shock, confusion. and something close to fear flickers across his expression as MV1 reaches the apron. He never regards the man. Nigel stares, frozen.

MV1 climbs the steps, grips the ropes, carefully steps through, and enters the ring. He stands there, crutch planted,

breathing steady, eyes moving between Corvo Alpha and MV2. He says nothing. Does nothing, just stands in the middle of the wreckage as Hector Navarro twitches and begins to stir in the far corner.

**DDK:**

This crowd isn't sure to boo, to cheer, and I don't blame them! What is he gonna do?!

MV1 doesn't waste anymore time. Just as each man rouses at his feet, he grips the crutch in his hand and slowly raises it overhead like a deadly weapon.

**Lance:**

Oh NO!

**DDK:**

LOOK OUT!

And MV1 BLASTS MV2 in the skull with the crutch! MV2 goes down in a heap. MV1 turns towards Corvo who is now up on one knee, eyes wide in disbelief.

The two men share a long moment as MV1 slowly lowers the crutch and tucks it under his right arm, his expression unchanging as his eyes meet those of Alpha.

**DDK:**

I can't believe it! MV1 just levelled MV2 with that crutch! What... what does it mean?!

**Lance:**

M-maybe Corvo was right all along! About the truth, about who he is! About who he has ALWAYS been!

MV1 glances towards the referee, slowly regaining his wits, and turns to the ropes. Alpha appears to call out to him, but his words can't be made out over the cacophony in the arena. MV1's response is equally drowned out, but he says his piece, carefully steps through the ropes, down the steps, and up the aisle. Leaving Corvo staring after him, half exhausted, half bewildered.

MV1 casts one dark glance in a stunned Lord Nigel's direction before continuing on his way, ignoring even the cheers he receives along the way.

In the ring, Corvo blinks twice, eyes MV2 and falls upon him. He hooks his far leg, pinning him. Navarro crawls into place, slowly, arm trembling as he forces himself upright!.

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

**DING DING DING**

At ringside, face peeking over the apron, Lord Nigel Tricklebush is aghast.

♪ "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath ♪

**DDK:**

Corvo Alpha has DONE it! With the... unlikely assistance of Masked Violator #1!

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of the contest by PINFALL... the ABSOLUTE ANIMAL: **CORVO! ALPHA!!!**

MV2 rolls under the bottom rope and out of the ring, holding the back of his head with one arm. Lord Nigel quickly collects him, struggling to help lift him up, and the devious pair start up the aisle. Tricklebush throws MV2's massive arm over his shoulder and quakes beneath his weight.

**Lance:**

Where do they think THEY'RE going?! They made a deal! Corvo Alpha put his CAREER on the line tonight! And won! That means Masked Violator #2 has to unmask! Where are they GOING?!

Nigel trudges slowly forward, urging MV2 on. They reach the top of the ramp and MV2 drops to a knee.

In the ring, Corvo Alpha slowly rises, his arm raised triumphantly by Referee Hector Navarro. His breathing labored, his eyes flutter and he collapses back to his knees., completely spent. Glaring up the aisle at the escaping masked man and his malevolent master, Alpha snarls.

**Lance:**

That man's career will go on!

**DDK:**

And MV2 has to unmask! That was the deal!

**Lance:**

You spoke earlier about DIRE CONSEQUENCES, Darren, and I have no doubt they will catch up with Lord Nigel Tricklebush and the SOON to be UN-Masked Violator #2.

**DDK:**

Unbelievable... Well, catch your breath, fans... there's six-man action coming up next!

## LET vs. HEIRS TO THE THRONE

### DDK:

For months, we have seen the Heirs to the Throne and Les Enfants Terrible go at it! These former stablemates have been long since the point of becoming allies from LET's days in BRAZEN. Tonight, both teams are looking to be done with this issue when Cecilia Ryan, Kaz and Ami Troy take on LET's Archer Silver, High Flyer and Ms. Massacre in six-person tag team action!

### Lance:

At Acts of DEFIANCE, Archer Silver and High Flyer would steal the win thanks to Archer using Ami Troy as a human shield to get the better of Kaz Troy, falling to the Arrow in Flight knee strike!

### DDK:

Not long after that, Ami would challenge Archer to a singles match on DEFtv 227! That match was won by Archer via DQ when he provoked Kaz Troy into attacking him. Shortly thereafter, BRAZEN star Ms. Massacre would join LET and be revealed as Flyer's younger sister!

### Lance:

On DEFtv 228, Kaz would defeat High Flyer, but Silver would even the score on DEFtv 229 over Cecilia Ryan. They've traded grudges and wins but tonight, everyone is in the ring at one time! We now kick it over to DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey for the introductions for this six-person tag team grudge match!

Inside the ring, Darren Quimbey is ready to go!

### Darren Quimbey:

The following is a six-man tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Get What I Came For" by The Phantoms ♪

As the beat drops, "The Merry Mischief Maker" Ami Troy struts out, shoulders twitching in rhythm as she crouches with each step until stopping center-stage and smiling wide from one side of her face to the other. Behind her, one on each side, "The Heir Apparent" Kaz Troy and "The Murder Daughter" Cecilia Ryan step out and flank her in the middle of the stage.

Purple and Gold pyro erupts behind them, running from left to right, then back again.

Ami Troy holds a fist out on either side. Her brother and cousin fist-bump her back, and all threestart to make their way down the ramp with one goal in mind: mess up LET for good!

### Darren Quimbey:

From Tampa, Florida... AMI TROY... "THE HEIR APPARENT" KAZUHIRO TROY!!... "THE MURDER DAUGHTER" CECILIA RYAN!!... **THE HEEEEIIIIIRRRSSS TO THE THROOOOOOONNNNEEEEE!!!!**

All three Heirs make their way into the ring. Kaz and Cecilia each climb a turnbuckle and look out into the crowd while Ami stands proudly in the middle of the ring. After a moment, the cousins end the photo op and reconvene with Ami in a corner.

### DDK:

The Heirs to the Throne want to end this tonight!

### Lance:

The Heirs are a fantastic team as it is, but LET are willing to cut any corner and take advantage of a situation to win. They better hope they've learned their tricks!

All three pace around the ring... yes, even adorable Ami as LET begins their entrance...

♪ "Good L\_ck, Yo\_'re F\_cked" by Celldweller ♪

The hard-rock opening heralds the arrival of the hungry young multi-generational talents. Stepping out on stage, a tall man under a silver coat with gold trim! Basking in the jeers of the Albuquerque Faithful, arms wide open, Archer Silver then starts a slow walk towards the ring with some shadowboxing thrown in. Next to him, High Flyer holds out his arms and his arms have a version of the old BRAZEN LET flag and a theatrical mask over his face! They both open their coats to reveal the new LET "I BOO YOU!" shirts! Behind them, Ms. Massacre brings up the rear and stands between the long-time tag partners. They nod at one another and then head towards the ring!

**Darren Quimbey:**

And their opponents... at a combined weight of 647 pounds... "THE GREATEST" HIGH FLYER... "THE PRINCE OF PRICKS" ARCHER! SILVER!... MS. MASSACRE... **LES! ENFANTS TERRIBLES!**

**DDK:**

Once more into the fire for these two teams! We've seen incredible action, but both teams are looking to plant their proverbial flag in the tag team division! Which team is going to walk away with the win tonight to settle this long-time grudge?

A sadistic smile can be seen from under the hood and Archer throws it back. High Flyer walks alongside Archer and throws off the flag while Ms. Massacre looks ready to hurt whoever's put in front of her. Once Les Enfants Terribles reach the ring...

**DDK:**

It looks like The Heirs aren't waiting!

Kaz Troy and Cecilia Ryan say screw it and climb out of the ring to meet LET on the ramp with Kaz gunning right for Archer Silver and Cecilia Ryan going for High Flyer! Ms. Massacre runs past them and goes into the ring to charge after Ami Troy! Referee Hector Navarro tries to warn both teams to get the action back in the ring, but there's fights everywhere!

**Lance:**

We aren't waiting for a proper start! These teams want to end this issue tonight!

Archer and Kaz are trading elbows outside while High Flyer and Cecilia Ryan are trading chops! Inside the ring, Carla Ferrari calls for the bell with Ms. Massacre and Ami Troy inside the ring!

**DING DING**

Ms. Massacre lays right into Ami Troy with chops of her own and sends her back into the corner. After some big shots, she grabs Ami by the hair and biel throws her across the ring!

**DDK:**

What strength from Ms. Massacre! This will be our first time seeing her in action since aligning herself with LET, but she's been very instrumental in their recent success!

**Lance:**

That big spear called the Disembowl helped her Archer Silver score the win over Cecilia Ryan two weeks ago!

Ami gets up in the corner and Ms. Massacre flies right towards her with another big chop! Ami is reeling from the chop when the sister of High Flyer whips the sister of Kaz Troy into the ropes. She waits for her on the return, but Ami recovers quicker than expect and comes back with a shotgun dropkick to the chest!

**DDK:**

Big move from Ami Troy!



Carla Ferrari is warning all parties outside the ring to get back to their sides or get disqualified, but the fights continue! As this goes on, Ami charges at Ms. Massacre in the corner again, but the taller LET member gets her boot up and then charges at her to kick Ami square in the chest sending her backwards!

**DDK:**

Ami Troy and Ms. Massacre having at it... no! Cecilia Troy is on the ring apron! Tag!

Kaz regroups and gets to his corner while Archer and Flyer finally do the same for their side, ready to back up Ms. Massacre at a moment's notice! Ryan and Massacre start laying into one another as well with stiff chops!

**Lance:**

Look at them go! Cecilia Ryan was very decorated during her time in Japan as a member of Bang! Pro Wrestling among others! Ms. Massacre was a former BRAZEN Women's Champion and took that roster by storm quickly!

**DDK:**

We could be looking at the future of DEFIANCE among all six of these stars!

The Murder Daughter blocks a chop and fires back a few more, but one of hers is blocked and Massacre rakes the eyes! With Ryan stunned, she makes the tag to her brother and High Flyer hits the ropes! The brother and sister both whip Ryan to the ropes. Ms. Massacre hits a big belly-to-belly suplex on Ryan and then leaves the ring as Flyer poses and connect with a gorgeous standing moonsault!

**DDK:**

High Flyer with the standing moonsault right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

CeCe gets the shoulder up! Flyer picks her up and tries for a suplex but The Murder Daughter fights out of it! She lands a few kicks to the nearby leg to free herself and then lands some stiff kicks before kneeling Flyer over and landing some Kawada kicks upwards to the head! The series of kicks stagger him enough to send him back to the corner of the Heirs for Kaz to get the tag!

**DDK:**

And here comes Kaz Troy! The last time they shared the ring, Troy tapped out High Flyer in a matter of seconds!

Kaz hits some chops to the chest while CeCe works in tandem and delivers some hard kicks to the chest! Chop! Kick! Chop! Kick! Chop! Kick! After taking advantage of the five-count, Ryan returns to the corner while Kaz grabs onto Flyer and hits a snapmare before landing a hard soccer kick to the back! Flyer arches his back in pain but he's left in a seated position and wide open from a PK from the front side that knocks him on his back!

**Lance:**

Heirs to the Throne are working together so well right now!

**DDK:**

Kaz was right on target with that pair of Penalty Kicks! Lateral press on Flyer!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Flyer kicks out, but Kaz has his hands on the self-proclaimed Greatest to keep him from getting away, but he drops low with a jawbreaker and tags into Archer!

**DDK:**

HERE WE GO! ARCHER SILVER AND KAZ TROY! THE BATTLE OF SILVERS AND TROYS CONTINUES TONIGHT AT DEFIANCE RISING!

Silver and Kaz go right at one another again! Elbows get thrown between the two with quick intensity! Both former stablemates continue to trade shots and for a good solid thirty seconds, neither man is slowing down! Kaz starts to get the better of Archer in the striking exchange with an elbow that stuns Silver, but as he fires back for one more, The Prince of Pricks surprises him with a STIFF headbutt! Troy gets stunned and then staggers back into the corner while Silver grabs his own forehead and looks stunned from his own strike as well!

**DDK:**

That headbutt might have rocked both men!

Silver goes to the corner and fires off body shots from the left and right side to Archer before ending the combo with a quick elbow to the side of the head! He crumbles him in the corner with a boot until he's in a seated position and then hits his signature slingshot stomp in the corner! He continues to press both feet into the chest!

**DDK:**

Standing on Business by Archer Silver! He's got Kaz in the corner gasping for air!

He continues pressing down on him and he's seeing red until he hears Carla Ferrari counting him down from five! When she gets to four, Archer stops and jumps in her face.

**Archer Silver:**

Kiss my ass! It's Beat-Down-Kaz-Troy O'Clock when I say it is!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Prince of Pricks takes an extra second or two to taunt Cecilia Ryan and Ami Troy on the apron by flashing the double tall man!

**Lance:**

Always remaining classy. The Silver Gene, ladies and gentlemen.

He ignores Ferrari and goes to pick Kaz up... only for Kaz to fire back with a rolling koppu kick from Troy!

**DDK:**

OOOOHHHHH! Rolling kick catches Silver off-guard!

**Lance:**

That'll teach him to talk trash!

Pretty Boy Troy is slowly pulling himself to his feet, as is Archer leaning against the ropes. Kaz charges and then lands a nasty teep kick that sends Silver packing right from the ring!

**DDK:**

And there goes Archer Silver! The Heirs are in control!

When The Crown Prince is sure that Archer is right where he wants him, he points to outside the ring and the Paris Faithful get ready for what's next! Kaz gets momentum off the ropes...

**DDK:**

CORKSCREW PLANCHA BY KAZ! HE TAKES OUT ARCHER SILVER!

Kaz gets up to his feet and he stands over Archer, talking some trash of his own to the delight of the crowd! However, the gloating session doesn't go for too long! He turns around...

**Lance:**

Whoa! Where the heck did High Flyer even come from?!

He FLIES clear over the ropes with ease, landing a diving cannonball-style senton and wipes out Kaz!

**DDK:**

High Flyer comes to the aid of his partner!

Flyer stands up and he's made up of 100% pure gloatonium...

Until Cecilia Troy takes flight by running off the apron to connect with a big flying knee strike!

**Lance:**

And there goes The Murder Daughter to the aid of her cousin! This match is breaking down!

Cecilia goes over to help Kaz Troy back to his feet and The Faithful cheer on both Heirs to the Throne...

MS. MASSACRE WITH A DIVING PLANCHA TO THE FLOOR!

**DDK:**

WHAT IS GOING ON?! BOTH TEAMS ARE PLAYING A GAME OF "CAN YOU TOP THIS?!"

**Lance:**

AND LET IS WINNING RIGHT NOW! MS. MASSACRE JUST TOOK OUT BOTH TROY AND RYAN!

Ms. Massacre picks herself up and as the sole wrestler standing on the floor, she goes over to help her brother up first, but Flyer warns her to look out...

AMI TROY SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE MIDDLE AND BOTTOM ROPE!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Now only Ami the Tsunami is standing and she gets a HUGE ovation from The Faithful for taking out Ms. Massacre!

**DDK:**

BODIES FLYING EVERYWHERE AND IT'S AMI TROY AS THE LAST WRESTLER STANDING!

The Tiny Tornado goes over to get her Ms. Massacre back into the ring. Kaz Troy is able to crawl up and reach over to legally tag Ami! Ami grabs the arm of Ms. Massacre in the ring and wrenches the arm! The younger sister of Flyer is flinching now as she makes the tag to Cecilia Ryan back on the apron. She climbs in and Ami holds her hand in place for Cecilia to leap off the second rope with a chop to the elbow! Ms. Massacre is in pain as she hobbles back to her corner. Silver and Flyer are both trying to help one another up outside the ring as Cecilia lays into Ms. Massacre some more and and SMACKS her with a bicycle kick in the corner! She's stunned and follows with a release german suplex!

**DDK:**

Suplex! Cover by Ryan!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

**Lance:**

Another two-count! The Heirs to the Throne remain in control of things and Ryan's not letting Ms. Massacre go!

Ms. Massacre kicks out and rolls over onto her stomach. The Murder Daughter goes after her again and tries to get her into the corner when High Flyer throws his "I BOO YOU" shirt into the ring! Cecilia swats it away!

**Lance:**

What even was that?!

Carla Ferrari yells at Flyer to get back to his corner since he's not the legal man when Archer slides into the ring!

**Lance:**

Hey! Look out!

Silver spins Ryan around and DRIVES her into the canvas with an STO! The Faithful are BOOING as he quickly rolls underneath to the outside!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**Lance:**

No! Carla Ferrari didn't see what Archer just did!

**DDK:**

Les Enfants Terribles thrive in chaos and they're showing that tonight!

Kaz and Ami Troy are both shouting at Carla Ferrari but Silver is quickly back in his corner, allowing Massacre to get the advantage! She tags in High Flyer who goes over to pick up CeCe by the hair. He sets her up right into a Gory special submission!

**DDK:**

What are they doing now?

As The Murder Daughter is trapped in the gory special, Ms. Massacre has free reign for a few seconds to lay in some NASTY chop! Ryan struggles to break the hold as Ms. Massacre leaves! Still wrenching in the classic lucha libre-based submission, Flyer walks over to his corner and makes the tag to Silver. He comes in to the middle rope and flies off...

**DDK:**

OOH! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO CALL THAT! SILVER WITH THE MIDDLE ROPE BULLDOG AS HIGH FLYER HITS THE GORY BOMB!

Silver is seated upright and looks over at Kaz. He stares Kaz down the entire time as he rolls Ryan over into the cover off the double team.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

**Lance:**

No! I don't know how the heck Cecilia Ryan kicked out of that!

**DDK:**

Me, neither! Nobody need to be stroking the ego of LET, but that was some great tag team maneuvering! Ryan's in a bad spot and LET knows it!

Archer forces The Murder Daughter back to her feet and then reaches out for the tag to High Flyer. He braces himself on the ring apron and then as Silver holds onto Ryan, Flyer leaps and hits a springboard into a 360 degree into an axe handle! Flyer gets jeers from The Faithful as he takes a knee over the fallen Ryan and laughs.

**Lance:**

This has to be poetic in a way. Years ago when Flyer was a young BRAZEN star, he got his arm broken by her father, Dan Ryan.

**DDK:**

Good memory.... Maybe Flyer should try and win the match instead of posing.

Nah, the posing suits him fine right now, at least he thinks. Seeing the Troys far away from any chance at a tag, Flyer hits a cartwheel for reason, twirls his hands around and then hits the old F-U before he runs to the ropes. With no hands, he lands on the middle rope and then flies backwards for a springboard moonsault on top of Cecilia Ryan!

**DDK:**

What agility from this show-off of a kid! Here's the cover! Can LET make it two in a row on pay-per-view over The Heirs?

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Ryan gets the shoulder up!

**Lance:**

Another kickout from Cecilia. She's proven herself to be double-tough as a singles and tag competitor but the three members of LET have cut that ring in half!

**DDK:**

Like them or not, LET have been extremely effective. Tag to Ms. Massacre!

Massacre is in the ring and as Cecilia tries to stand, she charges forward and knocks her right over with a big lariat off the ropes! Nothing fancy about that, nor the sleeper hold she's applying now to try and keep Cecilia grounded!

**DDK:**

Great work in this match! LET have done a lot of damage in the past few minutes to Ryan and she's yet to really get anything going since that cheap STO from Archer Silver.

The grip of Ms. Massacre is extra tight and even applies leg scissors to keep The Murder Daughter trapped. Both High Flyer and Archer Silver are cheering on Flyer's sister while on the other side of the ring, both Ami and Kaz Troy have their hands out to try and make a much needed tag. Cecilia tries to stretch her arm out, but Ms. Massacre is the more fresh of the two athletes and rolls her over away from the corner to keep her away!

**Lance:**

Ryan either has to find a way to get to her corner! Either Troy, pick a Troy!

Kaz calls out to his partner to try and get her to follow the sound of her voice. Finally, Ryan pushes off the ground and rolls to the corner to hook an arm on the bottom rope! Carla Ferrari is on top of Ms. Massacre to let go of the hold!

**DDK:**

Massacre has to let go of that submission! Cecilia Ryan just made the ropes!

The former BRAZEN Women's Champion gets elbowed in the stomach by Ms. Massacre as she tries to pull her upwards again. Ms. Massacre takes the shot and swing for a standing lariat. Ryan ducks the lariat...

**DDK:**

HAMMER OF GOD! RIGHT TO THE JAW! MS. MASSACRE IS DOWN!

Massacre crumbles to a knee and hits the canvas while Ryan is out of breath. She reaches over and starts to crawl to the corner. Ms. Massacre is still seeing stars while The Faithful cheer on the Heirs to the Throne! Ami and Kaz both stomp on the mat, getting The Faithful to clap along and encourage Cecilia to make it to her corner. She's almost there...

**Lance:**

She's within reach...

TAG TO AMI TROY!

High Flyer gets the tag as well on his side, but he Troy's are already in action! Ami Troy gets into the ring and immediately tags in Kaz right behind her before she runs, leaps off of Cecilia Ryan's back and wipes out Ms. Massacre with a diving body attack, taking them both out of the ring!

**DDK:**

Ami takes out Ms. Massacre... AND KAZ TROY IS LEGAL!

The Heir Apparent runs in and starts swinging at everything that moves, smashing right through High Flyer with a big running elbow smash!

Running elbow smash for Archer Silver as well, knocking him into the ropes!

He charges off the ropes and he takes down High Flyer with a running sling blade off the ropes!

**DDK:**

Good GRIEF! Kaz Troy has had his fill of LET's antics for the past several months! He is DONE!

As he rises off the sling blade, Silver surprises him with a kick in the gut and tries to whip Kaz into the ropes, only for Kaz to reverse course and send Silver into the ropes. On the comeback, he takes down instead with a second sling blade!

**Lance:**

Look at Kaz go! I've heard of a house of fire, but this is the entire block right now!

Flyer is up in a corner and gets stunned by a jumping high kick from Kaz in the corner! Seeing Silver rise up, he charges and takes him down with a big clothesline, followed immediately by charging at Flyer a second time in the corner and hitting a big facewash kick in the corner! He then grabs onto High Flyer by the neck and runs right at Archer Silver, taking them both out with a running bulldog on Flyer and a sitout clothesline for Silver! After taking both men down, Kaz is on his feet and he lets out a shout! Thirty-thousand plus in the arena follow suit as he gets ready to attack the legal man!

**DDK:**

Kaz grabs Flyer... HUGE double knee backbreaker!

High Flyer gets his back blown out (pause) by the backstabber and Kaz reaches over into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

**Lance:**

Kaz Troy has just gone wild in that ring, but Flyer kicked out of the double knee backbreaker!

**DDK:**

He's going for the submission on Flyer! He's got the neck!

Kaz tries to roll him over to secure The Heretic's Fork, but Silver jumps right in and delivers a soccer kick of his own to the small of Troy's back to get him to let go! Seeing his tag partner in danger, Silver hits the ropes and makes the tag!

**DDK:**

Archer and Kaz are the legal men now! Back to where this entire grudge of teams started!

Silver goes after Kaz just as he gets to his feet. He doubles him over using a thrust kick to the midsection, then follows with an upwards kick to the chest! Kaz gets staggered into the corner when Silver flies right in at him with a running elbow smash! He rolls The Heir Apparent out of the corner and then pulls down his knee pad!

**Lance:**

Kaz Troy has taken more knees to the face from Archer Silver than anybody else!

**DDK:**

This is how he beat Kaz Troy at Acts of DEFIANCE! He's laid him out with that Arrow in Flight knee strike repeatedly!

Archer is practically frothing like a rabid animal ready to take Kaz's head off! He runs forward for the knee strike...

KAZ DUCKS!

Silver crashes into the canvas and comes up empty! When he gets back up, Kaz hooks the neck and DRILLS him into the canvas with a twisting brainbuster!

**DDK:**

THE ARROW IN FLIGHT MISSED! KAZ WITH THE TWISTING BRAINBUSTER!

He hooks both legs of Silver, hoping to put an end to this!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... MS. MASSACRE BREAKS UP THE COVER!

**Lance:**

SO CLOSE! I THINK KAZ WOULD HAVE BEATEN HIM HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR MS. MASSACRE!

Ms. Massacre stand up and gears up for a spear on Kaz Troy. She's about to get up but gets cut off from Ami Troy with a double knee face breaker!

**DDK:**

No! Ami Troy again cuts off Ms. Massacre!

Silver rolls over and High Flyer blind tags himself in! He jumps in and locks in on Kaz Troy! He runs for a yakuza kick!

Kaz ducks!

**DDK:**

BLIND TAG BY CECILIA RYAN!

Flyer hits the ropes and leaps up for a springboard...

CAUGHT BY TROY IN MID-AIR...

**DDK:**

DEATH KNELL! THE HEIRS PUT DOWN HIGH FLYER WITH THE DEATH KNELL!

Cecilia Ryan kneels down and pins High Flyer!

ONE!

Silver tries to cut off the pin...

TWO!

But Archer eats a corkscrew roundhouse kick from Kaz!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Get What I Came For" by The Phantoms ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here are your winners of the match... **HEIRS TO THE THRONE!**

**Lance:**

THEY'VE DONE IT! HEIRS TO THE THRONE HAVE FINALLY DEFEATED LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES!

**DDK:**

What a fast-paced match that was! These six kept up a fast pace this entire time and didn't let up! LET tried their tricks! Cheap shots, attacks from behind, but the Troys and Cecilia Ryan have had enough! And tonight, they walk away with the win at DEFIANCE Rising!

On the outside, Ms. Massacre goes to help High Flyer! Ami celebrates in the ring and gets her arm raised while Kaz Troy stands on the middle buckle to celebrate. He looks down at Archer Silver, holding his face and leaning against the barricade, clearly irate with this major setback!

**DDK:**

We said these six could be among future stars of DEFIANCE and tonight, they all had a chance to show out. Heirs to the Throne walk away with the win tonight!

Kaz leaves with Cecilia and Ami Troy and they head back up the ramp, taking in the cheers from The Faithful as they depart!



## LE BÉRET SANGUINAIRE

The scene switches to the interview stage, off to the far right, where Jamie Sawyers stands.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Faithful, last night none other than Malak Garland came back with a vengeance and challenged Tyler Fuse to a match on our awards show. We will be back in New Orleans for that, as DEFIANCE is Home for the Holidays! Joining me now is the man who will wrestle Malak in that Safe Space cage match... Tyler Fuse!

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

Tyler slowly appears from behind the FIST logo and casually makes his way over to Jamie with a sour look on his face. Fuse wears the same thing he did a night ago, black jeans and a black t-shirt, as he wanders over to the interviewer and the theme music dies down.

Tyler looks Sawyers over, from head-to-toe.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Good, you?

Jamie doesn't know how to respond so he takes a moment and then goes into his premeditated speech.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Tyler, I'll be honest, when you, specifically, requested this time, I thought you were joking. You're typically a man of few words. But I suppose this rivalry with Malak runs deep. So... what's on your mind?

Tyler surveys the crowd, as the Paris Faithful provide nothing but boos in response. When the jeering simmers down, Fuse leans forward and shakes his head. It's a small shake, not a lot of emotion is behind it but the sentinel narrows his eyes and gets down to business.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Malak keeps coming back and coming back and coming back, doesn't he? Some would say the schmuck is more DEFIANT than we thought. Others, like me, think he's just stupid.

Tyler looks into the camera lens.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Conor and I, we took EVERYTHING from you, Garland. It was my promise to you from the beginning, when all of this started many years ago. I told you I'd do it, and guess what? I did. You no longer have your 'safe space'. Percy, Alex, Game Boy... even Cyrus himself. They belong to me now. They are done with you. Conor and I are providing a safe haven from needy snowflake fucks like you.

**DDK:**

Sorry for the swear words, Faithful but we are on pay-per-view.

**Tyler Fuse:**

So, I guess, since you keep coming back, I have one final nail to hammer straight into your coffin. I've taken EVERYTHING from your career, but I have not yet taken your life. You want to sign on the dotted line and face me in a solid steel cell? When the clock counts down on New Year's Eve, rest assured it's not just counting down the 2025 calendar, it's also counting down the last few moments you have left to breathe.

Tyler peers into the crowd.

**Tyler Fuse:**

I have kept every god damn promise. Malak, you have no idea what you've gotten yourself into. You think you're DEFIANT but you hide behind others. Well, those others aren't there for you anymore. You are now **truly** exposed.

And on December 31st I will expose you for the final time. You're the exact same Malak Garland. A simp, triggered, over-sensitive bitch. Safe space? Biggest mistake of your life, bud.

Fuse smirks.

**Tyler Fuse:**

I promise.

Tyler takes a moment. Initially, it feels like he's done but he reaches up and pats the top of his head. He looks into the French crowd once more, leans into the mic, and then glances over to Sawyers.

**Tyler Fuse:**

You seen my beret? Lost it last night in the "kerfuffle"...

The fans boo at the reference to one of their fallen heroes. Tyler knew Jamie wasn't going to give him an answer. He simply smirks again.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Malak, you wanna make it to Immortals and challenge for the Universal Championship? Brother, you are anything but the title of that upcoming joint pay-per-view.

Suddenly, out of the darkness from the side of the stage, the bloody beret is in plain view. Tyler looks over, grins, and motions towards Sawyers.

**Tyler Fuse:** [genuinely surprised]

Oh, so you did know where it is.

**Jamie Sawyers:** [confused]

Ummmm...

Tyler reaches for the beret and snatches it.

**RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**  
**RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**  
**RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**  
**RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**

The building is about to melt down.

**DDK & Lance:**

OH MY GOD!

Tyler takes a step back. His eyes are about to fall out of his head, he's stoic no more.

Because Fuse took the bloody beret back alright. It was sitting on top of another man's head.

The man has since lifted his head. He's looking right at Tyler.

**DDK:**

IT'S PIERRE DELACROIX!

**Lance:**

THE LEGEND HIMSELF!

The Flying Frenchie is back in France! He's still staring at Tyler Fuse. The crowd is worked into a pandemonium

before Tyler charges at Delacroix but Frenchie blocks a left hand and SPEARS Fuse through the interview backdrop!

**BOOM!**

**POP!**

**CRASH!!!!**

The fans eat it up!

*PUTAIN DE MERDE!*

*PUTAIN DE MERDE!*

*PUTAIN DE MERDE!*

The entire interview set falls apart as Jamie Sawyers sprints away while the nearest camera man tries to zoom in on the action. That action? The Flying Frenchie is HAMMERING the piss outta Tyler Fuse!

*PUTAIN DE MERDE!*

*PUTAIN DE MERDE!*

*PUTAIN DE MERDE!*

Security attempt to get into the scene, but Frenchie and Fuse are tangled up in the interview backdrop, curtains, lighting... there's so much around them.

*FLYING FRENCHIE, KICK HIS ASS!*

*FLYING FRENCHIE, KICK HIS ASS!*

*FLYING FRENCHIE, KICK HIS ASS!*

Pierre shouts into the crowd as The Faithful scream in approval. FINALLY, DEFSec is there as they start to pull Frenchie away from Tyler Fuse. The crowd is not supportive.

**DDK:**

I never thought I'd see him again!

**Lance:**

I don't think anyone did!

The arena remains completely haywire as Frenchie continues to take shots at Tyler until he's FULLY pulled away.

**DDK:**

Good lord do the Fuse Bros. have problems! From Max Kael and Sutler Reynolds-Kael, to Malak Garland, to the Flying Frenchie!?

**Lance:**

Yeah, it's not looking good.

Tyler is DOA in the massacre of the interview stage, while Pierre Delacroix is at the top of the rampway, arms in the air, firing up the crowd while still being restrained by security.

But at least he has his bloody beret back.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

## SOHER/SO-US: URIEL CORTEZ (CO-C) vs. LINDSAY TROY

### DDK:

It's been a WILD night here at DEFIANCE Rising, but we're about to get to a huge match! In the City of Love, there is NO love lost between the participants! Because coming up, we've reached the Southern Heritage Championship! "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez defends the Southern Heritage - slash - SOHER - slash - SO-US Championship against the largest threat to the title yet: "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy!

### Lance:

This all started when Uriel Cortez won the Southern Heritage Championship from Brock Newbludd at Acts of DEFIANCE! That same night, Titaness defeated Brock's tag team partner, Pat Cassidy! And shortly thereafter, due to those victories, Cortez had a championship made just for Titaness! The two declared themselves to be the first-ever co-holders of the Southern Heritage Title!

### DDK:

DEFIANCE management made Titaness earn that distinction by defeating Butcher Victorious to successfully be declared the co-champion! But after declaring Titanes Familia the premier stable in DEFIANCE and some shots taken at Vae Victis... Lindsay Troy of all people disputed that claim and we started the road that led here!

### Lance:

Since then, the SO-US Champion have done what they could to keep Troy from the title! On DEFtv 228, Titaness and Lindsay Troy wrestled in the main event and it looked like The Queen of the Ring was about to claim the title until Uriel intervened! On DEFtv 229, a special challenge was made: Cortez and Titaness against Lindsay Troy and a mystery partner -- her own husband, "The Bad Dog" Wade Elliott! Troy and Elliott would win that match, earning this rematch for tonight!

### DDK:

Titanes Familia have arguably been on the biggest tear of their DEFIANCE careers! Main events, major victories and the coveted Southern Heritage Title in their possession! But Lindsay Troy now has the chance to take all of that away tonight! While Troy is a former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE and a sure-fire future Hall of Famer, she herself has never held this title. What's going to happen when The Queen of the Ring collides with The Man of the House?

### Lance:

Now that you know how we got here... it's time to get down to business. Let's send it over Darren Quimbey for the intros!

The opening bells ring as DEFIANCE Hall of Famer ring announcer Darren Quimbey is in the ring!

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall and it is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

The entire arena goes dark...

Three gold spotlights shine.

To the left, "The Fury of The Familia" Siofra, wearing a black and gold dress!

To the right, "The Motherly Saint" Titaness, wearing black leather pants, gold heels and a stained-glass colored sleeveless muscle shirt! Wielding the SO-HERS Championship!

And in the center... The TOWERING Titan standing in the spotlight has his arms wide open! Wearing his signature sunglasses and gear covered by a black hoodie over his head, he unzips the hoodie slowly to reveal a new white singlet with red and blue trim in place of his regular singlet, along with additional blood-red trim, covered to show off the SOHER Title around his waist with "SO-HIS" shined extra polished on the name plate.

♪ "Big Poppa" by Notorious B.I.G. ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Looking smug, Uriel points to the back of the singlet so it's nice and clear for The Faithful in attendance and at home to read and then heads towards the ring looking extra determined tonight.

**Lance:**

This looks to be a more focused version of Uriel Cortez tonight. Ever since Lindsay Troy has become involved with Familia Business, she's been someone that's arguably gotten the better of them!

**DDK:**

That she has. She came close to possibly defeating Titaness in her first title challenge! The second time, she and Wade Elliott defeated them to earn that shot. The momentum is on the side of The Queen and Cortez cannot afford to take her lightly.

**Lance:**

Nope, not for a second!

The lyrics belt out as Cortez makes his way to the ring.

♪ To all the ladies in the place with style and grace  
Allow me to lace these lyrical douches in your bushes (Uh)  
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mams?  
The back of the club, sippin' Moët is where you'll find me (What?)  
The back of the club, mackin' hoes, my crew's behind me (Uh)  
Mad question askin', blunt passin'  
Music blatin', but I just can't quit ♪

Sauntering to the ring bathed in a gold spotlight, the trio head to ringside. Cortez cups a large hand near his ear, getting MORE jeers as he reaches ringside. Cortez smirks and then reaches for the top rope to pull himself up onto the apron. The Man of the House pushes the ropes down and clears right over them as he steps inside. The giant throws his arms out and takes in the overwhelming negative response from the Paris Faithful before he throws off the hoodie to show off a special message on the back of his singlet in red and blue lettering:

**LE PAPA DE LT**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cortez, Titaness and Siofra all stand proud in the ring!

**DDK:**

The heads of the Familia look ready for this defense tonight. Cortez has had a banner past year and some change. Some of the names he's defeated recently on big shows... Dex Joy, Scott Douglas. OSCAR BURNS. Brock Newbludd. They've all fallen to this giant.

**Lance:**

Does Lindsay Troy have a game plan tonight?! Let's go!

The Paris La Défense Arena is plunged into darkness, and screams and shouts of anticipation immediately rise from the crowd. Cell phone cameras and flashlights wink on while fog pours across the stage. The rigging along the DEFIATron slowly, eerily, lights up, helping to fuel the crowd's anticipation, then...

♪ "Put 'Em In The Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

The ominous opening chords to "Put 'Em In The Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks fill the arena as the DEFIANCE Faithful cheer and call for the Queen of the Ring to appear.

"♪ So who the next to get it? ♪"  
 "♪ I'll take the life of anybody tryna change what's left ♪"

The fog grows thicker, white, pink, and blue spotlights snap to the entrance way, and from underneath the stage pink and blue lights shine bright, carrying the Queen upward.

"♪ Yo roll the dro and spark, a bunch of animals like Noah's Ark ♪"  
 "♪ A rapper so ill, my flow just stole Jehovah's heart ♪"  
 "♪ My fist'll break a fucking boulder in half ♪"  
 "♪ When I was young, I'd smack a stick off of your shoulder and laugh ♪"

Troy rises to the dais, head bowed, hands clenched, and once the platform locks into place an explosion of light and sound erupts around her.

"♪ I've chosen a path, spoke on my emotional past ♪"  
 "♪ Spoke on everything from war to how the ocean is vast ♪"  
 "♪ My flow is too fast, you can't contend with me there ♪"  
 "♪ Or it's gonna be a massacre, Tiananmen Square ♪"  
 "♪ My pen is prepared, and so the guns and the swords ♪" "♪ And death the only thing you get for fucking with lords ♪"

Troy takes a moment to soak in the reaction, then marches down the ramp, her pink and blue military coat billowing out behind her and her LED sunglasses reading "URIEL'S." "MY." "BIMCH." She climbs the steps and takes a moment to pose on the turnbuckle before entering the ring.

"♪ Been stuck in some wars, but Vinnie fought his way out ♪"  
 "♪ The double jab, right cross what they caught in they mouth ♪"  
 "♪ I'm calling em out, anyone who fuck with my fam ♪"  
 "♪ Thinking that they got away and they was lucky, then bam! ♪"  
 "♪ Buck 'em and scram, don't use the shotty no more ♪"  
 "♪ They didn't think that Vinnie P was catching bodies no more ♪"

As Jedi Mind Tricks fades out, the Queen shrugs out of her coat, takes her glasses off her face, and hands them off to a ringside attendant. She hops up and down in anticipation, ready to get this show on the road.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first: the challenger. Representing Vae Victis. From Tampa, Florida. She stands at six feet, three inches. She weighs in at 195 pounds...she is the Lady of the Hour, the Renaissance Woman...your High Queen  
**DEFIANT...THE QUEEN OF THE RING...LINDSAY TROY!**

The Queen smirks and rolls her neck from left to right, feeling the momentum on her side.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

And her opponent. Being accompanied by Siofra and one-half of the SO-US Champion, "The Motherly Saint", Titaness...

Titaness and Siofra are on the ring apron cheering Cortez proudly.

### **Uriel Cortez:**

Representing Titanes Familia, form The City of Industry, California... he stands at SEVEN-FEET ONE AND A HALF INCHES! He weighs in at THREE-HUNDRED FORTY-ONE POUNDS! HE IS THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY... HE IS PAPA TEZ... HE IS DEFIANCE'S SELF-PROCLAIMED LANDLORD... **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Cortez and Titaness both raise the SO-HIS and SO-HERS Championships over their heads with Siofra clapping

along! The titles are handed off to Brian Slater, who raises them both in the sky!

The Queen of the Ring.

The Man of the House.

And the bell rings!

### **DING DING**

Cortez comes out swinging and charges for a clothesline right off the bat, but Troy sidesteps the truck-like Man of the House! As she turns around, she fires off a series of Muay Thai kicks to the leg to try and slow him down.

### **DDK:**

Right to the knee! She's trying to chop down the giant as quickly as she can!

More kicks are fired to the leg, but Cortez stops her in her tracks with a knee lift to the gut! Troy instantly gets doubled over and is hunched over in pain as Cortez stands over here.

### **Uriel Cortez:**

The disrespect ends NOW!

Troy gets whipped across the ring and hits the corner.

### **DDK:**

Cortez has Troy in his sights!

The Man of the House tries to crush The Queen of the Ring with a running back elbow in the corner, but Troy moves first! Cortez turns around to get his legs kicked some more with some powerful kicks from The Lady of the Hour! Troy switches up to some Muay Thai-style punches upside the head of the big man to stun the champion! He tries to swing back with a shot, but Troy crouches and returns fire, KICKING Cortez in the chest with several kicks!

### **DDK:**

Cortez is feeling these kicks!

### **Lance:**

Lindsay Troy is about as experienced and well-rounded a competitor as you're going to find in DEFIANCE! She's going to need every trick in the playbook to chop the giant down and walk out of here with the Southern Heritage Title!

With Cortez stunned on his feet, Troy charges at him for another attack. To her surprise, Papa Tez tries to counter with a back body drop, but The Queen lands on her feet. As Cortez turns around, she clips him right between the eyes with a high jumping kick from the apron! The Faithful are behind Troy almost by default by nature of the two competitors and cheer her on again when she rocks the defending SOHER with another nasty kick! The Familia's father figure goes cross-eyed for a moment while Titaness and Siofra watch on with worry from the outside!

### **DDK:**

Lindsay Troy knows where and when to strike! She's been staying away from Cortez and targeting her strikes!

And she continues to do. Angrily, Cortez tries to land a shoulder between the ropes, but Troy moves and then CRACKS him on the side of the head with a hook kick that knocks him back again! With the titan still dazed from these precision strikes, LT re-enters the ring and charges off the ropes before colliding with a big dropkick, this time aimed at the left knee! Cortez is reeling back now and is in the corner! The Paris Faithful have chosen the challenger as their favorite and cheer on Lindsay as she charges yet again and connects with a high kick in the corner!

### **Lance:**

This isn't how I thought this match was going to go! Lindsay Troy is chipping away at Uriel Cortez and that title could come back to Vae Victis!

**DDK:**

The last time Vae Victis had that title was Henry Keyes' record-setting reign of 447 days! Could she follow suit and claim a title alongside her bestie?!

The cumulative effect of the striking game seems to be working as Cortez is still upright, but he's resorting to using the ropes to keep him upright! Siofra warns Cortez as...

**THWACK**

BUT LT GETS SWATTED AWAY BY CORTEZ WITH A CHOP!

**DDK:**

CORTEZ THWARTED THE KICK BY SMACKING LINDSAY TROY WITH ONE OF THOSE FAMOUS CHOPS!

Troy hits the canvas and things go from bad to VERY bad when the pissed-off Cortez pulls her up by the arm and lands a NASTY headbutt so powerful that The Queen of the Ring goes flying outside of said ring! She hits the floor hard and not far away, Siofra and Titaness are there to both cackle like vultures! The Motherly Saint holds up the SO-HERS.

**Titaness:**

NOT TONIGHT, QUEENIE, NOT TONIGHT!

She and Siofra both walk away laughing. Inside the ring, Cortez is in no mood to mess around as he's still feeling the effects of being kicked upside the head repeatedly but eventually is able to shake it off long enough to get to the outside to continue the punishment.

**Lance:**

Cortez isn't happy right now! He came in thinking he was just going to run Troy over like he did to Brock Newbludd at Acts of DEFIANCE, but she clearly did her homework.

He picks Troy up. She tries to swing with an elbow, but he blocks it and ragdolls her by throwing her back-first into the ring apron! And as if that wasn't bad enough, Cortez grabs Troy a second time. She gets put on the shoulders and Cortez holds her high...

**THWACK**

REBOUND CHOP AGAINST THE ROPES!

**DDK:**

Oooh! No! Cortez just hurled Lindsay Troy right into those ring ropes and chopped her on the way back!

**Lance:**

This is one of those times where size does indeed matter! Troy had to avoid Uriel long enough to land those kicks! Cortez only had to land two big shots and it looks like The Queen of the Ring is worse off than he is!

**DDK:**

Well said! This might be Uriel Cortez's best year as far as in-ring results go and if he can pull off a high-profile win like this over a first-ballot future DEFIANCE Hall of Famer? We'll never hear the end of it.

Troy is still reeling on the mat from the chops. Cortez simply rolls under the ring and then back outside to restart the ongoing count from Brian Slater.



**Uriel Cortez:**

Nah, no countouts tonight, Bri!

He picks up Lindsay and then sets up the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE against the ring post.

**DDK:**

Uh-oh. Could be looking at another chop!

He reels back...

**THUNK!**

But it's not the usual THWACK because Lindsay moves and Cortez's left hand collides with the post! He lets out a howl and starts cradling the possibly injured hand!

**DDK:**

No! Cortez missed! He waited a little too long to fire the shot that may come back to bite him!

And it sure does because Troy surprises him with another few kicks to the leg! He lets go of his hand and Troy quickly grabs the arm to SLAM it into the ring post a second time to wild cheers from The Faithful!

**DDK:**

Lindsay Troy has a game plan! And if she can work over that arm, not only will she hinder those chops but could compromise his power offensive as well!

Troy tries to grab the arm a third time, but Cortez brings up a knee first and then SLUGS her across the back with a clubbing shot before throwing her back into the ring! Troy is back inside, but it's very clear the left hand is already giving him trouble as he rolls under the ropes to re-enter the ring as well!

**Lance:**

That's definitely going to be something to watch as this match progresses. How's that left hand going to affect Cortez's ability to deliver offense?

**DDK:**

One thing we've known is that while he CAN utilize offense by giants, he does have some technical experience as well beyond a normal giant. He's been doing this long enough to know what he's doing in the ring. Can he adapt?

Cortez is about to get back up, but a determined and gold-seeking Troy goes after the leg again with more kicks! She tries to find any opening and has the arm again, but Cortez pushes her back! Troy doesn't leave her feet, but when she spins around, Cortez CRASHES right into her with a huge running shoulder tackle that sends her spinning before hitting the canvas!

**DDK:**

Like that! He's still got explosiveness for a giant! He doesn't leave his feet very often but he can still move!

And this is a lesson that The Queen of the Ring finds out. Cortez favors the left hand again before he picks up Troy and then hoists her on the shoulders. He charges and drops her across the top rope with a snake eyes! The challenger staggers back on her feet as Cortez hits the ropes! He comes back and nearly KICKS Lindsay Troy's face off into the mezzanine with a running big boot! Cortez puts his right hand up over his eyes to scan where the head might have landed up there, then points up in the rafters! Titaness wields her SO-HERS Championship close while she and Siofra enjoy the show!

**DDK:**

That's called The Familia Chain! That snake eyes-big boot combination might have done it!

Cortez kneels downward and drapes a forearm over Troy's upper body for the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The shoulder of Troy rises off the canvas!

**Lance:**

Whether or not you like Lindsay Troy's attitude or antics these days, bell to bell she's one of the very best!

**DDK:**

Something Uriel knows as well! And he's not done punishing her, either!

Cortez readies to pull Troy up by the wrist... but she fires back! More STIFF round kicks to the leg catch The Man of the House until he lets go! Troy even fires back with a STIFF chop of her own! She hits another one! And another one! He's able to shake off the first and second, but not the third or a surprise fourth and fifth!

**Lance:**

Troy's still very much in this!

She measures up and tries connecting with a step-up enzuigiri. Cortez tries to block it with a left hand out of instinct, but he winces in pain and holds his hand as Troy gets back to a knee and realizing she's making more progress!

**DDK:**

Uriel Cortez tried to swat away that jumping enzuigiri, but he used that compromised left hand!

Against the ropes, Cortez howls and tries to shake the feeling out from his hand, but as he turns, Troy connects with a rolling elbow to the jaw! Cortez is reeling now as Troy gets ready to fight back! She grabs the left arm...

But before she can do anything, Cortez PICKS her up with the right and THROWS her across the ring with a release belly-to-back suplex! The Queen of the Ring lets out a howl of her own after the impromptu crash landing! While she's hurt, Cortez looks down at his own left hand and then starts getting angry.

**DDK:**

Uh-oh! Cortez is mad now! What's he got in mind!

As Troy's on her knees, Cortez has no trouble picking up the smaller challenger up off the canvas and then drops to a knee with a huge rib breaker! Lindsay lets out a scream and then Cortez spins around to THROW her across the ring once again!

**Lance:**

There's a little tit-for-tat going on right now between Troy and Cortez! We've seen Uriel do this to others working his leg where he might work a body part in retaliation! He's pretty petty when he wants to be as well!

**DDK:**

And if he works over the back of Lindsay, that speed advantage can be compromised!

Cortez then STEPS on the back of Troy while near the ropes! The Vae Victis member is hurt and thrashing around

trying to get free. Brian Slater has to step in.

**Brian Slater:**

Break it up, Uriel! Now!

One-half of the SO-US doesn't comply.

**Brian Slater:**

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Papa Tez finally steps off her back, but some damage has clearly been done. He shakes his arm and then yells down at her.

**Uriel Cortez:**

See? I can work body parts, too!

Seething equal parts rage and pain, LT is in a bad spot and finds herself in more peril. The SO-US Champion grabs her by the neck and hits a NASTY Big Business chop that sends her crashing back down to the canvas!

**DDK:**

Is Big Business going to led to one of Uriel Cortez's biggest wins ever? Lateral press on the challenger!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

**DDK:**

Lindsay Troy kicks out again!

**Lance:**

It's not often we see her in the spot of working from underneath like this, but against a man of Uriel Cortez's size, most of the roster doesn't have a choice in that regard!

**DDK:**

Cortez is doing a wonderful job holding court, though, especially against an opponent of Lindsay's caliber!

Seeing that he's going to have to do something more, The Man of the House pulls Troy up again and then a knee lift sends her into the corner. Uriel blows a kiss outside the ring towards Titaness, who watches the entertainment with her "sister" Siofra! Cortez goes over to the corner to pull Troy up by the arm again and then launches her into the opposite end of the ring. Cortez leans back and basks in the jeers as the self-professed Ace of DEFIANCE is hurt!

**Uriel Cortez:**

JE SUIS TON PAPA MAINTENANT!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cortez runs from one corner to the other side and lands a big running splash! The impact doubles Troy over and she's barely hanging on to the rope to keep from going over.

**Lance:**

That running splash in the corner looked nasty!

**DDK:**

And I don't think Cortez is done, either!

He pulls Troy out of the corner and runs off the ropes again. He looks for another big move... but instead, ends up taking a basement dropkick to the leg that drops him off his feet!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

**DDK:**

LINDSAY TROY DID IT! CORTEZ WENT TO THE WELL ONCE TOO OFTEN AND NOW HE'S OFF HIS FEET!

**Lance:**

CAN SHE USE THIS CHANCE TO FIGHT BACK, THOUGH!

Even with the crowd cheering her on for tonight, she's not paying any attention whatsoever to The Faithful. Her focus is all on Uriel Cortez and looking for an opening as she fights back to her feet.

**DDK:**

Cortez is trying to push back to his feet... NO! Penalty kick to the left arm!

Just as the champion tries to push upwards with his hands, Troy runs from behind with a penalty kick square on the left arm! Cortez faceplants on the canvas and it's clear that he's in pain now. Troy measures up Cortez and waits for him to try and sit up, then throws another NASTY running penalty kick to the small of his back!

**Lance:**

Lindsay Troy must have been a champion soccer player in a past life! That's two for two with the penalty kicks!

Cortez is seated upright when Troy runs the ropes. She tries for another penalty kick...

BLOCKED!

**Lance:**

The third kick wasn't a charm!

LT wears worry on her face as Papa Tez has the leg. He starts to get back to his feet and then throws her leg down to hit a knee lift to the midsection! With Troy doubled over, Cortez sets up a powerbomb...

**DDK:**

HE'S LOOKING FOR THE TWO-EIGHTEEN! POWERBOM... NO! NO! THE LEFT ARM!

Cortez's left arm gives him even more trouble at the apex of the move, allowing Troy to fight back with a number of elbows to the top of the head, and then shifts around to DRIVE him into the canvas with a huge DDT! Both Titaness and Siofra both jump up in shock, fearing the worst!

**DDK:**

All that work to the left hand and arm is paying off! He couldn't hold her up for the 218 and Lindsay Troy countered into the DDT!

The Lady of the Hour rolls back away from Cortez and then goes after the left hand! She slams the arm against the mat twice, then starts delivering repeated stomps to the compromised hand!

**Lance:**

She's not only staying one step away from Cortez, she's one step AHEAD right now!

She goes for the arm again and then tries to fully secure a cross armbreaker submission!

**DDK:**

Lindsay Troy's going for the submission! If she fully secures this cross armbreaker, the SO-US might be SO-GONE!

Fighting like heck to keep his arms together, Cortez keeps his fingers interlocked as Troy locks in the cross armbreaker on the canvas! She repeatedly kicks Papa Tez in the head again and again until she manages to grab the arm!

**Lance:**

It's fully locked now! She's going to hyperextend his elbow!

The cross armbreaker is doing some damage now! Brian Slater asks Cortez if he wants to submit, but he shakes his head! He grits it out and then uses the size advantage on his side to try and roll upwards to alleviate the pressure! He gets to his knees and then tries to pull Troy up... so she switches into a triangle choke instead!

**DDK:**

From one submission to the next! LT knew the cross armbreaker may not have been working and just switched things up to a triangle choke!

The Faithful are RABID trying to urge The Man of the House to tap while Titaness and Siofra watch outside the ring! Cortez holds a hand up with Brian Slater about to check the submission!

**Lance:**

IS URIEL CORTEZ GOING TO TAP OUT!

Slater continues to check the submission!

**Brian Slater:**

DO YOU GIVE UP?!

Cortez shakes his head, no! He tries to roll with Troy still securing a grip on the ropes, then SURGES to his feet and in a last-ditch effort, SLAMS Troy towards the corner to get her to let go! Troy is hunched over the top turnbuckle now and Cortez falls back to a knee, still gasping for air AND favoring what could be a damaged left hand and arm!

**Lance:**

THAT... THAT WAS CRAZY! I'VE **NEVER** SEEN A TRIANGLE CHOKE BROKEN LIKE THAT!

**DDK:**

But what does Cortez have left?!

With Troy still perched up against the turnbuckle, Cortez angrily marches towards the corner after shaking some feeling back into his left hand! He grabs onto Troy and hooks her by the head and neck before picking her up for a HUGE toss suplex across the ring!

**DDK:**

OOOH! LINDSAY GOT SLAMMED INTO THAT CANVAS WITH FORCE!

With anger now rising to the surface, Uriel unleashes a guttural roar that gets him booed out of the building! He grabs onto Lindsay by the side and then HOISTS her up onto his shoulders. He does a half turn and then DRIVES her into the canvas with a spin-out facebuster!

**DDK:**

Lindsay Troy gets planted with that Yokosuka Cutter! She got dropped from just over seven feet in the air!

The champion pushes the challenger over onto her side! The left arm is still reeling and he shakes the arm again before going for the pinfall! He counts along with Siofra and Titaness on the outside of the ring!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

RRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Cortez is red-faced and ready to knock Brian Slater into next week! He holds up three fingers!

**Lance:**

How the heck did Lindsay Troy kick out?!

**DDK:**

A question that many opponents have asked over the years!

**Lance:**

But look at Cortez!

He leans back and seems to be waiting on Lindsay to get back to her feet, albeit slowly.

**DDK:**

He's got something else in mind? I don't know what, but if he's got any tricks that won't compromise that arm, he better use them!

Cortez charges across the ropes again. Troy turns...

LINDSAY DROPS DOWN!

**DDK:**

Father Knows Press misses! I think that might be the first time that hasn't worked!

He tries the running crossbody but Lindsay hits a drop down and Cortez CRASHES hard on the canvas!

**Lance:**

I don't know how Troy had the wherewithal to avoid the Father Knows Press! Uriel Cortez tried to surprise her only to come up short!

The Man of the House tries to push his way back to his feet and is up to his knees while the challenger is leaning back towards the ropes. LT charges ahead...

**DDK:**

Rolling Koppu Kick!

...and kicks him right between the eyes! The Man of the House goes down to the canvas, but The Queen of the Ring fights back to her feet, slowly!

**Lance:**

She's got Uriel reeling!

**DDK:**

That rolling kick was on point! What else does she have up her sleeve to bring the Southern Heritage title back to Vae Victis?!

Troy points towards Cortez again...

She charges...

BUT GETS A HAND AROUND HER NECK!

**Lance:**

URIEL CORTEZ IS BACK TO A KNEE!

He has The Queen by the neck, but Cortez is still level enough for Troy to CRACK him in the side of the head with a roundhouse kick to free herself! Siofra and Titaness can't believe what's happening as Troy leans back again and charges! The champion is completely glassy-eyed now as the challenger leans back...

**DDK:**

QUEEN'S GAMBIT! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES! CORTEZ IS DOWN! CORTEZ IS DOWN!

The giant is flat on his back and Troy pumps a fist in the air! Lindsay hurriedly rushes into the cover, yelling at Brian Slater to get the lead out! She hooks a leg as tightly as she can!

**Lance:**

TROY FOR THE WIN AND THE SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Cortez LAUNCHES Troy off of him!

**DDK:**

THAT QUEEN'S GAMBIT WAS RIGHT ON THE MONEY AND URIEL CORTEZ STILL KICKED OUT!

The Queen of the Ring can't believe it and she wonders what the hell she's gotta do to take the title home! Cortez fights to get back to his knees again, but Troy fires back with a HARD kick to the chest!

**Lance:**

She's not letting Cortez breathe! If she can keep him off his feet, the Southern Heritage Title could be back with Vae Victis?!

Another kick to the chest knocks the wind out of The Man of the House! She leans back and tries to fire a third kick... Cortez catches the leg! He gets to his feet! He charges like an angry bull at LT...

She ducks...

BUT BRIAN SLATER DOESN'T!

**DDK:**

LORDY! CORTEZ JUST KICKED BRIAN SLATER SQUARE IN THE FACE WITH THAT BIG BOOT!

**Lance:**

WHEN'S THE LAST TIME SOMEONE DID THAT TO **BRIAN SLATER!**

The kick to the face knocked Slater CLEAR through the ropes and knocked him out of the ring in the process! Cortez realizes his error, but leaves himself wide open as he turns around, catching a thrust kick directly to the knee!

**DDK:**

Slater's not here and Lindsay Troy takes advantage! She's back at the knee!

She gets back to her feet and Cortez eats a jump spinning roundhouse kick to the temple as he's on a knee! Cortez is stunned on a knee when Troy grabs the arms...

**DDK:**

DIVINE RIGHT! CORTEZ IS ON THE MAT!

With all her might, she manages to roll The Man of the House onto his back, but doesn't even try a cover when she sees that Slater is still down! She gets up and runs over to check on Slater...

**Lance:**

BIG BOOT FROM TITANESS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The rare mistake by Lindsay Troy costs her dearly as Titaness KICKS her between the ropes! She hands over the SO-HERS Title to Siofra and dashes into the ring to attack Lindsay!

**Lance:**

TITANESS JUST ATTACKED LINDSAY TROY! SLATER'S STILL DOWN OUTSIDE THE RING!

The Motherly Saint lands some not-so-motherly rights into the temple of LT! After she's sure that Lindsay is down, she leans back...

**DDK:**

Titaness is looking for the Pretty Striking Spear! She's got LT in her sights!

She rushes...

TROY MOVES AND SENDS HER OUTSIDE THE RING!

**Lance:**

Titaness is out! And Lindsay Troy is on the move!

Troy is locked in on the ring...

BUT GETS TACKLED FROM OUT OF NOWHERE IN THE RING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The people are outrage... OUTRAGED, I SAY... over the perpetrator of the crime. Standing over her...



**DDK:**

Is that...

The shades are on.

**DDK:**

IT'S THE BIG BOSS DAN! HE'S HERE TO HELP SERVE THE FAMILIA AND PROTECT THE GOLD!

**Lance:**

FORGIVE ME, DARREN, BUT ALL COSPLAY COPS ARE BASTARDS!

The Faithful are JEERING Dan as he pulls Lindsay up and throws her back into the ring! Cortez is still down as The Big Boss Dan climbs inside the ring, giving Papa Tez a thumbs up.

**DDK:**

What's he going to do...? Ugh! He's got that weapon!

The Big Boss Dan has a retractable baton in hand! He gets ready to use it... but ANOTHER party enters the ring to a HUGE ovation...

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

**Lance:**

DARREN! DARREN... IT'S WADE ELLIOTT! PRIME'S WADE ELLIOTT IS HERE!

**DDK:**

IF URIEL CORTEZ'S BETTER HALF AND ONE OF HIS QUOTE-UNQUOTE "KIDS" CAN GET INVOLVED, THEN NO REASON WADE ELLIOTT CAN'T ON BEHALF OF HIS WIFE, LINDSAY TROY!

The Big Boss Dan sees him coming and swings the baton, but The 'Bama Bruiser ducks! Dan comes back but Wade picks him up into a HUGE over-the-shoulder spinebuster!

**DDK:**

GOOD GRIEF! WADE ELLIOTT! HE SPIKED THE BIG BOSS DAN WITH THAT ROUGHNECK SPINEBUSTER!

**Lance:**

GET THAT GIANT PUNK OUTTA HERE!

Wade stands victorious... until he gets hit in the back with the SO-HERS title belt from Siofra! The problem, though?

All that seems to do is make Wade even MORE pissed!

Siofra's eyes go wide as she drops the title! She tries to run away... but Wade has her by the arm! He presses Siofra over his head... and THROWS her to the outside right on top of The Big Boss Dan!

**DDK:**

GOOD RIDDANCE! WADE ELLIOTT IS HERE TO EVEN THINGS... OH, NO!

Wade has just finished dealing with Dan and Siofra, but as he goes over to help his wife, he's WIDE OPEN from a massive spear, courtesy of Uriel Cortez!

**DDK:**

NO! WADE'S DOWN! WADE'S DOWN! URIEL'S BACK UP!

The Man of the House shoves Wade Elliott under the ropes and gets him out of the ring, but he's not laughing for

long...

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

**DDK:**

QUEEN'S GAMBIT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD! LINDSAY TROY IS BACK!

**Lance:**

AND IT'S BACK TO CHAMPION AND CHALLENGER!

Caught from behind with a second Queen's Gambit double knee strike, The Man of the House is flat on his face! Lindsay Troy is seeing RED now and her sole focus is only on hurting the man that just attacked her husband! She has her target acquired!

**DDK:**

One more Queen's Gambit could do it! Cortez has eaten two of those through this match and even a man of his size isn't taking three!

Troy gears up...

She charges...

PRETTY STRIKING SPEAR BY TITANESS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**DDK:**

WHERE THE HELL DID TITANESS COME FROM! SHE'S BACK! SHE'S BACK IN THIS! I THOUGHT LINDSAY TROY GOT RID OF HER EARLIER!

Titaness sees Brian Slater and quickly yells at her husband to get back up before she rolls out of the ring! Slater climbs back into the ring with Uriel Cortez coming around! The Queen of The Ring has been folded in half by the Pretty Striking spear! After FUMING, he pulls the straps down! He PULLS Troy off the canvas and then shakes his left hand again... in one fell swoop, he HOISTS The Queen of the Ring onto his shoulders...

**DDK:**

TWO-EIGHTEEN! TWO-EIGHTEEN! BUT CORTEZ... HE'S NOT STOPPING!

After the first jackknife powerbomb, he grabs Troy's leg and rolls her back upright before setting her up for a second one...

**DDK:**

SECOND TWO-EIGHTEEN! TWO JACKKNIFE POWERBOMBS!

Snarling MAD, Cortez kneels over! Vehemently, he hooks both legs and Slater jumps into position to count the fall!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Big Poppa" by Notorious B.I.G. ♪

Cortez certainly looks like he has been through a war. His favors his left arm and there's a knot on the side of his forehead from what may have been the first Queen's Gambit double knee strike... but the smile on his face may not be removed tonight after hearing what he's about to hear next...

**Darren Quimbey:**

YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... AND STILLLLLLLLLLLLLLL! YOUR SOUTHERN HER... Hey!

Titaness rushes over to collect her husband's SO-HIS Championship belt! She yells at Quimbey and then rushes into the ring to award her husband with his belt!

**Darren Quimbey:**

...AND STILLLLLLLLLLLLLLL! SO-US CHAMPION... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

Cortez limps over towards the corner.

**Uriel Cortez:**

AND TITANESS, SMALL! SAY IT!

Quimbey looks hesitant.

**Uriel Cortez:**

SAY IT! SAY OUR FUCKING NAMES, SMALL!

Finally... he relents.

**Darren Quimbey:**

YOUR WINNER AND STILLLLLLLLLLLLLLL! SO-US CHAMPION! **URIEL CORTEZ... AND TITANESS!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Limping into the ring themselves, The Big Boss Dan helps Siofra into the ring! Brian Slater goes to raise Uriel's left arm, but he pulls the damaged arm away and throws out his right arm out for Slater to raise to a booing crowd!

**Lance:**

That ending was WILD! Bodies were flying everywhere in this contest, but what a crock! Lindsay Troy was on the verge of victory towards the end, but that last-second Pretty Striking spear and the 218 from Uriel Cortez sealed the deal!

**DDK:**

And what's worse is we are NEVER... EVER... going to hear the end of this.

Outside the ring, Wade Elliott is tending to a very pissed-off Lindsay Troy before they collectively head to the back together. Inside the ring, Cortez and Titaness are ready to put the titles on their waists, but The Big Boss Dan and Siofra both have the same idea and stop them. Dan takes Uriel's title and Siofra takes Titaness' before they secure the SO-HERS and SO-HIS titles around their waists for them!

**Lance:**

Tell me where Siofra and Big Boss Dan's titles are for helping out here tonight!?

Siofra and The Big Boss Dan clap! THE power couple of DEFIANCE both turn and share an affectionately annoying kiss...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

...as gold celebratory pyro fires off from the stage!

**Lance:**

The most romantic city in the world and we have to watch THESE TWO!

The Man of the House and The Motherly Saint embrace along with Siofra and The Big Boss Dan in a big Familia hug as the camera is in close for the Familia.

**The Big Boss Dan:** [totally not crying, you're crying]

I LOVE A HAPPY ENDING!

**Titaness:**

Me, too, Danny. Me, too.

After the nauseating hug is shared, the four leave the ring and celebrate!

**DDK:**

We've got one match to go! Unfortunately for Vae Victis, Lindsay Troy was cheated out of the Southern Heritage Championship... but we have to switch gears shortly to our main event! It will be Vae Victis versus Vae Victis in mere moments when FIST of DEFIANCE Henry Keyes takes on the ONLY man to hold the FIST three times, and looking to break his own record for four... Dan Ryan!

## DIRE CONSEQUENCES

Backstage. The cameraman seems to trot down a winding corridor. There is no sound other than the sound of several running-feet on tile. A right turn, then a left. The corridors are becoming wider.

**DDK:** [breaking in]

Fans, pardon the interruption but we've been told there is some type of disturbance backstage! We, of course, want to check-in on it and keep you all apprised of-

Suddenly, the twisting corridor ends, the cameraman turns into a half-open door and peeks inside what appears to be a dim locker room. Two men argue.

**MV2:**

-told you, already! I'm done! It's over, Nigel!

Dress shirt half-untucked and looking more frazzled than stately, Lord Nigel Tricklebush paces behind his charge.

MV2 - notably still masked - stands at an open locker, visibly dejected and undeniably irritated.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

You are making a grave mistake. You must understand... We are on the precipice of something great. Can't you see? I'm assembling an ARMY! I... I need you! *The CROWN* needs you!

MV2 pivots to face the old man, leering over him just enough to back the brittle manager down.

**MV2:**

YOU don't understand! I knew this was gonna happen. I TOLD you! MV1 never bought it. He just went along with it. You didn't handle your loose ends and now this "experiment" of yours is over. I'm done being your dancing monkey.

MV2 rubs the top/back of his head where a crutch had blistered him earlier.

**MV2:**

I'm done taking shots meant for you. I signed a contract that said I'd unmask. I don't have a choice, Nigel. Your game is over. You're gonna have to find someone else to fill out your little army. Someone else to wear your mask.

The bigger man turns back to the gym bag he's hastily packing. Nigel finds his courage and his fire.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

Do not forsake me, young man. Lest you forget it was \*I\* who plucked you out of nigh-obscurity. It was \*I\* who gave you an opportunity that not even Oscar Burns would give you. It was \*I\* who saved you from a low-card life, who rescued you from BRAZEN mediocrity.

Now Nigel turns on the melodrama.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

I gave you an identity. I gave you a purpose. I let you into my family.

"MV2" spins around again, this time he's had enough. He pulls down the single strap of his singlet and jabs a finger in Tricklebush's face.

**"MV2":**

You're nothing to me but a paycheck, old man. You're nothing to me. And you certainly ain't family. Now get out of my face before I rearrange yours.

Nigel bristles from the words. Taking two steps back, he smooths a lapel and stiffens his upper lip.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

I won't forget this. ... I will have my due.

With the click of his heels, he turns and brushes past the cameraman, now extra annoyed.

Turning back to the open locker with a sigh, "MV2" rolls his shoulders. His hands reach up and fingers begin to unlace his torn and stretched mask. Well-practiced, the laces melt undone and with only a gentle tug, the mask slips mercifully off of the man's face and head. He breathes deeply again before turning to the camera.

A slow ripple of realization sweeps over the viewer as "Downtown" Darren Keebler puts words to what they see.

OHHHHHHHHH!!!!

**DDK:** [breaking in]

Oh my god... Is that-?!

**Lance:** [breaking in]

It is!

**DDK:** [breaking in]

That's "**BIG BOSS**" **RYAN BATTS**! MV2 was Ryan Batts?!

**Lance:** [breaking in]

B-but-

Batts looks at the beaten yellow mask in his hands for a long while.

**DDK:** [breaking in]

Ryan Batts is one of the most talented journeymen in the sport! He's been all over the world and, I think the last time we saw him, he was in BRAZEN!

Batts hangs the mask up on the open locker and gives it one last stare.

**Lance:** [breaking in]

Correction, Keebs! I... I think we've been seeing Ryan Batts every two weeks on DEFtv!

Batts exits the lockerroom as the shot returns to the broadcast location where we find a stunned pair, jaws slacked open.

**DDK:**

...Corvo Alpha was right.

**Lance:**

Please let the record reflect that I never doubted him. Alas, Ryan Batts, as MV2, racked up some major wins these last eight months! Tag wins over some of the best teams! Singles wins!

**DDK:**

I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't that.

**Lance:**

Whatever the future may hold for Ryan Batts, and we know it won't be under a yellow mask, well... it's going to be worth keeping an eye on!

**DDK:**

I'll say! Wow.

**Lance:**

Let's get to our next bout!

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**IVAN STANISLAV w/ ALEXEI RUSLAN (PRIME) vs. DAN RYAN w/ LINDSAY TROY (DEFIANCE)**

**KAEL FAM. (PRIME) vs. FUSE BROS. (DEFIANCE)**

**CORAL AVALON (PRIME) vs. oscar burns w/ sonny silver (DEFIANCE)**

**BRONSON BOX (DEFIANCE) vs. HAYES HANLON (PRIME)**

### **DEFIANCE'S SOHER OPEN CHALLENGE**

**URIEL CORTEZ (C) vs. ??? (???)**

**SCOTT HUNTER & RIA (PRIME) vs. DOCTOR NED REFORM & LEVI COLE (DEFIANCE)**

**KERRY KUROYAMA w/ AMI TROY (PRIME) vs. DABNEY DOUBLEDAY w/ DOUGLAS DOUBLEDAY (DEFIANCE)**

### **FLYNN CUP CHAMPIONS SHOWCASE**

**RAIN CITY RONIN (DEFIANCE) (2025) vs. NEW WORLD TRASH w/ AMI TROY (PRIME) (2022)**

**REVEREND ERIK BLACK (DEFIANCE) vs. BLAZE CLAYMORE (PRIME)**

**MASTERS OF THE MOSCOWVERSE (PRIME) vs. THE ATOMIC PUNKS w/ DOCTOR AYUMI SATO (DEFIANCE)**



**JACK HARMEN (DEFIANCE) vs. THE ANGLO LUCHADOR (PRIME)**

**BAFFROOM FIGHTS**

**FOR THE COVETED SKETTI BUCKET**

**FRED DICK (C) (PRIME) vs. JUSTIN SANE (DEFIANCE)**

**THE DASHERS (BRAZEN) vs. THE AMAZING AMARETTOS (BRAZEN / DEFIANCE) vs. POP CULTURE  
PHENOMS (PRIME) vs. MYSTERY TEAM~! (???)**

**LUC LABELLE (PRIME) vs. DECLAN ALEXANDER (DEFIANCE)**

## FIST of DEFIANCE: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. DAN RYAN

### DDK:

Well, partner, here we go. It's time for our absolutely epic main event. Henry Keyes has been the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE for an incredible 238 days since defeating Malak Garland at DEFCON earlier this year.

### Lance:

It's been one hell of a run so far, and tonight may be his toughest challenge yet as he takes on DEFIANCE legend and Vae Victis stablemate Dan Ryan.

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

The lights go out, and a dual spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening notes of the song play. The opening chorus paints a forboding picture, and a single spotlight comes down from center-stage. Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Bronson Box, superkicking Mikey Unlikely, taking Scott Stevens' head off with a clothesline, hitting Virginia Quell with the Headliner on the ring ramp, countering an Impulse dive into a vicious powerslam, and smirking as he pins Heidi Christenson.

*"Hold your noses cuz we're going for another long dive"*

*"Some call me father, others call me Johnny Topside"*

*"Long forgotten, I was swept up by the wrong tide"*

*"Thought my bed was made but I just woke up on the wrong side"*

*"Jump startin' up my heart, I've hit my second wind"*

*"Back from the dead, subject Delta checkin' in"*

*"Revving up the engine that has blended our genetics"*

*"Have you felt the natural selection that's already setting in?"*

*"Fire at my fingertips, I won't be told to chill"*

*"Stacking plasmids, like an addict, total overkill"*

*"I'm the one who's gonna call the shots, time to roll the film"*

*"Oughtta have a splicer fill you in, because they know the drill"*

*"Step between me and my daughter and you'll get bounced"*

*"Then any ADAM that you had is getting ripped out"*

*"Who's your daddy now?"*

*"Who's your daddy now?"*

*"I'm the heavyweight champ, you won't even last a round"*

*"Too long your brutes abuse the juice, now you get smacked around"*

*"Betas held the belt, so many years in rapture now"*

*"Baddest motherfucker in the building, who's your daddy now?"*

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!!! Introducing first, the challenger.... hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He... is... DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAAANNNNN!!!

Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope, and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.

♪ "Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

Pink and blue beacons swirl around the arena, and an absolute Fourth of July-worthy fireworks display pops off around the stage in sparks of white, gold, blue, and pink. We see a galloping white tiger on the DEFIatron as we see Henry Keyes emerge onto the stage. Notably, it's just him - no Lindsay Troy.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Aaaaand his opponent! Hailing from San Francisco, California...weighing in at 249 pounds!! He is the reigning and defending FIST OF DEFIANCE! THEEEE KRRRRRAKEN! HENRYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEYES!!

**Lance:**

I have a few things to say right now.

**DDK:**

Go on.

**Lance:**

First of all - no bonus music? What gives? That's become a Henry Keyes staple these days!

**DDK:**

Well, in his previous pay-per-view encounters, there's no question that Keyes held deeply personal grudges against his opponents. Tonight, it's Dan Ryan - while there may be some lingering question marks when it comes to fighting for the FIST, they've also been friends for years.

**Lance:**

Second of all...Quimbey's introducing Keyes? Where's Lindsay Troy? Where's the Old Skool Mic?

**DDK:**

I actually do have some information there - while Lindsay Troy has acted as Henry Keyes's manager during his reign as the FIST, she is also literally Dan Ryan's family. She spoke with both men privately before tonight's match, and coming out of that discussion, she has decided to stay neutral. Not to mention, I'm sure she'd like the time to recover from her earlier match!

**Lance:**

It's just strange to me to see Keyes entering a main event like this without being EXTREMELY over the top.

Indeed, Keyes is all business as he makes his way down the ramp, Big Blue strapped tightly around his waist. He enters the ring climbs to the top turnbuckle, holding the FIST aloft and soaking in a mostly VIGOROUSLY negative reaction.

He hands the FIST to Benny Doyle, who holds it aloft before handing it to an attendant at ringside. He checks both men, nods, and signals the timekeeper!

**DING DING**

**RAHHHHHH!!**

Both men stand in their opposite corners, looking out into the Parisian crowd - so vocal, so very Euro in their enthusiasm. There's not a single ass in a seat.

**DDK:**

This is a clash of titans. Dan Ryan, three-time FIST of DEFIANCE, a cornerstone of professional wrestling for decades. We've heard in recent weeks how he wants to know just how much Henry Keyes has grown in the decade-plus since the one time they ever faced each other in the squared circle. Ryan was FIST of DEFIANCE back then - tonight, the roles are reversed.

**Lance:**

That's right, and it's important to note, the current champion saw Dan Ryan make Bronson Box bleed *buckets* at Acts of DEFIANCE. For all the talk of a clean fight, Henry Keyes is understandably suspicious! These two both fly the Vae Victis banner, yet they nearly came to blows after Lindsay Troy was blindsided by Cancer Jiles. These are two men with a lot of pride, a lot of confidence, and oh, by the way, they're two of the physically strongest wrestlers DEFIANCE has ever seen.

Keyes and Ryan waste no more time soaking it in - with Les Faithful roaring in full-throat all around them, they lock eyes and approach the center of the ring, matching step for step. There's no trash talk - they both know that there's nothing more to say that hasn't been said. Words replaced with raw intensity - no one ever asks the question about what might happen if an unstoppable force meets an unstoppable force. The two men in the ring understand immediately. It slowly spreads out among those assembled here today in Paris - the understanding that this, these two unstoppable forces colliding, is the experiment we're about to run.

How can either give?

Keyes slowly raises his right hand high in the air. Ryan looks up at the hand, then back at Keyes, raising an eyebrow. Keyes nods once and keeps his hand aloft. Ryan slowly reaches up - briefly shows off his significant size advantage by extending his hand several inches higher than Henry's - and then calmly engages in a knuckle lock. The grips are already getting feisty.

Keyes raises his left, and Ryan meets him, and the test of strength is fully underway.

The strain on Keyes's face is pretty significant - he's putting everything he's got into these knuckle locks, and has a brief moment where it looks like he might have the edge - but Ryan, calm, cool, collected, weathers the rush and methodically works the exchange back to neutral. With a grin, he presses just a little bit harder, and suddenly Keyes is on his back heel.

Henry pushes forward one more time and gets it to neutral, but he's unable to push it any further; Dan's barely breaking a sweat, in stark contrast to Henry's wild eyed efforts. It clicks for Keyes that there's a tremendous amount of work to be done before this battle has any chance of swinging his way - he releases from the knuckle locks and quickly positions behind Dan for a rear waist lock. Dan throws a couple back elbows - Henry ducks one, but the second one hits. Keyes goes for a lift, but Ryan's able to block it and counter into a collar-and-elbow. He then wraps one of his massive arms around the back of Keyes's head, grabbing the FIST's waistband in an attempt at a big suplex - as he gets lifted up, Keyes kicks his legs out and blocks himself from going vertical.

Keyes shoves Ryan off and throws a hellacious Propellor Edge Chop -

**SMACK!**

Ryan takes a half step back, but absorbs it, broadly appearing to have no ill effects from the strike. He then takes a half step forward to throw a clubbing lariat in response - Keyes ducks it and runs towards the ropes. He rebounds off of them and leaps in the air, connecting with a forearm smash to Ryan's jaw, which again Ryan seems to shrug off.

Panic hasn't set in for the champion yet, but he does frantically charge the ropes once more, rebounds - and is sent ass-over-teakettle by a discus lariat from the challenger!

**Lance:**

I tell you what, Keyes has tried a few things so far in this match that just don't seem to be working on the Ego Buster.

**DDK:**

He'll certainly need to rethink his strategy if he hopes to hold onto the FIST of DEFIANCE going into 2026...you don't pull on Superman's cape, and you don't challenge Dan Ryan to a strength contest.

Dan peels Henry off the mat before he has the chance to shake all the cobwebs out and locks in a Full Nelson. Keyes is bug-eyed, arms out, straining to get away, but he seems to be trapped - and Ryan follows it up by planting Keyes to the mat with a Full Nelson Slam. He goes over to engage Keyes once again, but this time Keyes is able to scuttle away to the ropes. Referee Benny Doyle observes this but doesn't intervene when Ryan approaches - he's letting them fight it out.

**DDK:**

We almost forgot to mention the referee for tonight's main event - Benny Doyle, one of our finest officials.

**Lance:**

A far cry from the last FIST defense when we had Mark Shields out here. DEFIANCE is still feeling the reverberations from the controversial finish where Shields missed Elise Ares's foot on the ropes - a missed call so glaring and destructive, you wonder if he'll ever call a FIST match again.

**DDK:**

I don't even think he's in the building tonight. Too many threats of violence from the roster.

Ryan has Keyes backed into the corner now and he throws some heavy shoulder blocks into Keyes's midsection. He then locks Keyes's arm and sends him barrelling towards the opposite corner with an Irish Whip. Keyes crashes back first, just in time to see the freight train coming straight for him. A lariat from Ryan absolutely pancakes him against the turnbuckles.

Ryan goes for another Irish Whip - this time, Keyes counters it! He sends Ryan towards the corner - Ryan catches himself with his hands on the top ropes before he crashes, but as he turns, he sees a (slightly smaller) freight train coming for him this time. A big European Uppercut from the champion whips Ryan's head back. Keyes looks to press the advantage by stepping up onto the second rope, standing over Ryan, and raining down forearms. Ryan absorbs a couple, but before it can get out of hand, he wraps his arms around Keyes's legs, stomps forward - and hits a big Powerbomb! The ring rattles with the impact!

Ryan hooks the far leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Keyes gets the shoulder up, raising his arm high in the air!

Ryan wastes no time and grabs that arm, locking in a Fujiwara armbar! Benny Doyle wheels around to check for the submission!

**Lance:**

That's the mark of a veteran, Keebs - he's not going to sit there wide-eyed, jaw dropped, at every single kickout. He knows he can't give Henry Keyes even the slightest window here.

**DDK:**

Dan Ryan, one of the most tenacious competitors in DEFIANCE history. He's absolutely wrenching that arm. We've seen that arm be a real problem for Henry Keyes in years past, though less so lately...but Ryan knows his Vae Victis teammate well, he knows that old wounds can be opened anew.

Indeed, Keyes's left elbow is getting pulled hard out of place, but he's determined not to tap out. After a few more agonizing seconds, he digs deep and rolls backwards through the hold, Ryan holding on all the way - but Ryan's shoulders are down!

ONE!

TWO - Ryan releases the armbar and kicks out!

Keyes scrambles away to the far corner and grabs at his elbow, stretching it out, testing it. Dan takes a beat to take a deep breath before rising to his feet, looking his opponent in the eye, searching for something. Keyes gives his arm a couple firm slaps before returning Ryan's gaze. Wry grins cross both their faces. Keyes beckons Ryan to come at him - the Ego Buster doesn't need to be asked twice. He rushes forward...

Keyes counters with a sudden toe drop! Ryan crashes face first into the top turnbuckle! Keyes rushes in, grabs Ryan, and heaves -

Biel Throw!!

Ryan almost bounce-rolls from his back to his knees at the impact, and Keyes is fired the hell up at this feat of strength. Keyes lurches forward and throws a few stomping kicks into Ryan's midsection to moderate effect. Ryan tries grabbing at a boot, coming close a couple times only to get an extra stomp to the ribs - before finally latching his giant mitts around Keyes's ankle. Keyes tries freeing himself, hopping on one foot and pulling, but Ryan doesn't let go, slowly getting to one foot, then the other, all while maintaining control of Keyes's ankle.

Keyes swings wildly hoping to connect with anything that might distract Ryan long enough to break free, but his arms can't reach due to most arms famously being shorter than most legs. Ryan pulls Keyes in by his ankle, wraps, and leans back - Exploder Suplex into the corner! Keyes crashes and burns!

Ryan fully shakes the cobwebs out from his own earlier crash landing, and he goes back to the bread and butter effectiveness of shoulder tackles to the guts. He connects with four of them, and Keyes looks dazed. Ryan stands up, grabs Keyes by the arm pits, takes a little hop towards the middle of the ring, and HURLS Keyes through the air with a Biel Throw of his own!

**BOOOOM!**

**Lance:**

That Biel Throw was even bigger!

**DDK:**

And Dan Ryan knows it!

There's a certain swagger Dan Ryan has, a *je ne sais quoi*, an effortless charisma that comes with the territory of Legend Status. The French Faithful are on their feet, roaring in applause as Ryan slowly saunters towards the splatted Keyes - they want more.

*ENCORE UN FOIS!**ENCORE UN FOIS!**ENCORE UN FOIS!**ENCORE UN FOIS!*

Does Dan Ryan know a little French? Or does he just happen to have the same idea in mind?

He sees Keyes's chest heaving with huge breaths in the corner - yeah. Let's take him for a ride again.

Dan picks Henry up off the mat and pushes him into the corner. He gives Keyes a little *pat pat* on the chest - Keyes's expression changes from fatigued to confused to wide-eyed in the span of about two seconds, as Ryan locks, pivots, and HURLS Keyes across the ring once more with another Biel Throw!

**BOOOOOOOM!**

If Dan's earlier impact was a sort of bounce-roll, Henry's impact from this one is a full-on BOUNCE bounce. It's such a big bounce, in fact, that Keyes would look like he was doing an intentional Superhero Landing pose, if he wasn't also writhing in pain...but there's something noticeably different now on the face of the FIST. A clenching of the jaw, a gritting of the teeth. He sees the challenger stalking back towards him, and a burst of adrenaline surges through him.

Keyes powers up and goes nose-to-nose with Ryan, wide-eyed, maniacal - roaring, maybe? Whatever's coming out of Keyes's lungs, it's guttural. Ryan frowns and throws a big right - Keyes ducks it and cracks him with a Propellor Edge Chop!

**SMACK!**

A hard right from Dan, two more chops from Henry.

**POW! SMACK! SMACK!**

Keyes has Dan on the back foot!

**SMACK!**

He reaches and grabs at Dan, grabbing hold of anywhere he possibly can on his enormous torso, bends, and HEEEEAVES~~

**BOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!****DDK:**

Even Benny Doyle was rocked by that one!

Ryan's on the ground, clutching at his lower back. Keyes looks out to the crowd, still on their feet, many hands on many heads at these two huge men throw each other across the ring back and forth. Keyes shrugs his shoulders and holds out his hands.

**Henry Keyes:**

WHOOOPSIE DAISY!

He shakes his arms a bit like tentacles and pats at the arm that was recently Fujiwara'd - still intact, if smarting - then goes over and prepares to peel Ryan off the mat - but before he can get settled, Ryan fires back with a headbutt and a big chop!

**THONK! SMACK!**

Propellor Edge from Keyes!

**SMACK!**

Back and forth they go, strike after strike! Ryan, Keyes, Ryan, Keyes!

**SMACK!**

**SMACK!**

**SMACK!**

**SMACK!**

Both men's chests turning red with welts!

**SMACK!**

**SMACK!**

**SMACK!**

**SMACK!**

A big right hand from Ryan!

**BOOM!**

A big European Uppercut from Keyes!

**WHACK!**

**BOOM!**

**WHACK!**

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

**WHACK!**

**BOOM!**

**WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!**

**Lance:**

Good GRAVY, how are these men still on their feet??

**DDK:**

Pure willpower, that's how!



Dan throws another right, but Keyes ducks and hits a spinning back elbow flush to the jaw! Ryan is stunned! Keyes whips Ryan into the ropes, and on the rebound he bends, lifts, and slowwwwwly gets Ryan around for an absolutely stunning Tilt-A-Whirl Backbreaker! Exhausted at the effort, he sprawls across Ryan's shoulders!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! Ryan kicks out! Keyes reaches down at the knee that delivered the backbreaker - the weight of Ryan and force of the impact may have done some damage there. He's actually slower to get to his feet than Ryan is - and the former FIST closes the gap! He engages Keyes and forces him up high in the air! Ryan stalls, positions himself, and then drops down - BRAINBUSTER! Ryan hooks the near leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!! Keyes kicks out! Ryan smacks the mat before getting back to his feet. Determined to press the advantage, he peels Keyes off the mat and whips him into the ropes. On the rebound, Ryan throws out a clothesline, but Keyes ducks! On the rebound, Keyes connects with a shoulder tackle that sends Ryan backwards into the ropes! Ryan rebounds and charges into Keyes with a shoulder tackle of his own! It connects! Keyes rebounds off the ropes - Ryan goes to try to Irish Whip him even harder on the rebound, Keyes reverses the whip! Ryan rebounds, and Keyes bends deep down. With an absolute ROAR~, Keyes hoists Ryan on his shoulders in a fireman's carry!

**Lance:**

No way, absolutely not!

**DDK:**

The Kraken's going for it!

Keyes steadies his feet beneath him, then slowwwwwly starts to spin in place...he gets a good four revolutions in when he gets the courage to place his hands on his hips for the Airship Spin! He can only hold Ryan up for a couple more spins after that, and soon he drops the Ego Buster to the mat! He sprawls across Ryan and does his best to get a hook of the far leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NOOOO! Ryan gets the shoulder up! Keyes is absolutely gassed and he can only hold his hands to his face as he lays down on the mat next to Ryan!

Les Faithful continue losing their minds at the back and forth from these two absolute bulls. Benny Doyle calls for both men to get up, but they've both given and taken quite a number of heavy shots. Doyle begins a ten count, and it's not long before both men start to stir, working their ways from their backs to their stomachs so they can get to their feet. They may not be wearing crimson masks, but bruises and welts cover each man's torso. They're feeling every moment of blunt trauma in full effect with each movement - but these are the deep waters.

This is for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Sometimes, a car crash is part of the job.

By the time Doyle reaches 6, Keyes is up, and Ryan is up at 7. Both are notably less nimble on their feet, each with arms raised, wary of giving away openings. They lunge for each other to lock up, and it's SNUG, but clean - Keyes almost looks like he may win the bullying shoving match to the corner, but as they reach the ropes, Ryan pivots, and suddenly he's absolutely *pressing* Keyes into the corner. Doyle begins a five count to disengage, but Ryan gives a few shoulder tackles to the midsection for good measure before stepping away at three.

Keyes slumps down and rolls beneath the bottom rope to the outside, holding his arm, holding his stomach.

**Lance:**

Listen, we've heard Henry Keyes say over and over, "never let it be said that he's a coward", but look at him now, Keebs!

**DDK:**

Keyes taking the opportunity to gain a little space, and champion's advantage in this match means the FIST won't change hands on a count out. He's usually the bully in big matches like this, but it seems like Dan Ryan has had his number at every turn - and when the Kraken gets backed into a corner, we've seen him bend the rules before.

Ryan watches Keyes from the middle of the ring, and the two start jaw jacking a bit - Ryan asking where Keyes is going, Keyes saying he'll fight anywhere. Les Faithful at ringside are letting the Kraken have it, with all sorts of French insults to his manhood.

Benny Doyle begins a ten count, when Dan puts a hand on his shoulder, raising his other as if to say "hang on." Doyle pauses his count but seems confused. As Keyes beckons Ryan to fight him on the outside, Ryan responds by sitting on the middle rope and lifting the top rope up and onto his shoulders, waving for him to come back into the ring.

**Dan Ryan:**

I ain't chasing you, and you ain't running away. Come on.

**DDK:**

He's inviting the Kraken back in!

**Lance:**

Look at Keyes - he doesn't trust this for a SECOND.

Keyes's eyes are super wary. Dan's waving him towards the ring, interrupting Doyle any time he tries to interject. Keyes has his hands on his hips, and he looks out to the Faithful, who continue showering him with boos and insults.

COOOOO-WARD!

COOOOO-WARD!

COOOOO-WARD!

*COOOOO-WARD!*

Keyes is infuriated at this and shouts at Les Faithful.

**Henry Keyes:**

NEVER, LET IT, BE, SAID, THAT HENRY, KEYES, IS, A, COWAAAAARD!

*COOOOO-WARD!*

*COOOOO-WARD!*

*COOOOO-WARD!*

*COOOOO-WARD!*

Dan Ryan is chuckling at this, and he calls out towards Henry.

**Dan Ryan:**

I know you ain't, so get your ass back in here!

Keyes is visibly angry by this point, and he tells the crowd to shut up for good measure - but he still takes his sweet time walking towards the ring steps. He keeps an extremely wary eye on Dan every step he takes, and as he gets to the ropes that Dan's holding open, Keyes pauses.

Is this a trap, or is Dan Ryan a man of his word?

Keyes keeps his eyes on Ryan as he slowwwwwly steps one foot through, and then the other. He quickly hops backwards towards the middle of the ring, keeping an eye on his opponent, who re-enters the ring himself. Doyle points towards each man and then towards the midpoint between them - frankly, if there HAD been a count-out situation, Keyes may have been counted out two or three times with the amount of time that took.

Dan Ryan looks ready to lock up again, when out of nowhere, Henry Keyes swings!

BELL CLAP~~

RYAN BACKS HIS FACE AWAY AT THE LAST MOMENT! Keyes's hands clap mere millimeters from Ryan's face! Ryan places a finger to an ear at the gunshot-loud clap, and Keyes holds up his index finger to his thumb, saying "thiiiiis close!"

**DDK:**

Reminiscent of their first encounter nearly a decade ago!

Ryan shakes his head and throws a stiff jab that connects! Keyes swings for another BELL CLAP~ - but Ryan ducks it! Heavy elbow strikes to Keyes's stomach! Keyes retaliates with knee strikes to Ryan's ribcage! More strikes from Ryan! More from Keyes!

Ryan shoves Keyes away and connects with a huge elbow strike! Keyes swings in for another BELL CLAP~~

**SMMMMMACK!**

It connects! But Ryan doesn't go down! He somehow finds his feet and throws an absolute bomb of a Superkick!

**CRRRRRACK!**

It connects! Keyes and Ryan both go down! Les Faithful erupt in cheers!

But soon, the cheers turn into frantic yells, as two figures emerge from under the ring...

**Lance:**

What's going on??

**DDK:**

Ah hell, not THEM! NOT NOW!

The T-shades are unforgettable. His girlfriend, we only wish we could forget.

Cancer Jiles and Vickie Hall are out of view of Benny Doyle, who is checking on both downed competitors. The fans who see them are hollering loudly, but it's not registering to anyone in the ring (though in fairness to Ryan and Keyes, they've both had their bells recently rung). Jiles nods towards Doyle, and Vickie springs into action, grabbing the referee by his feet and pulling him out of the ring. When he wheels around to see who's done this, he's met with the yellow mist of Coollympian Yoljk from Jiles, and Doyle is blinded by the poison mist.

Vickie stays outside the ring to keep tabs on Doyle as Jiles slips into the ring...and he's holding something.

**DDK:**

That's the old "Defiance Heavyweight Championship" - before we went all caps in DEFIANCE!

**Lance:**

This is bad, Keyes and Ryan have no idea they're in danger here!

Jiles splits his attention back and forth between Keyes and Ryan, trying to decide who looks like they're getting up first, because whoever's up first is getting absolutely brained first...but neither Keyes nor Ryan are getting upright particularly quickly.

And then, the crowd erupts in even more chaotic noise! Someone's hopped the rail!

...

**DDK:**

IT'S LINDSAY TROY! LINDSAY TROY IS OUT HERE!

She first makes a beeline for Vickie and absolutely tanks her with a roundhouse kick to the head. In the ring, Jiles has the belt raised, and it looks like he's chosen Henry to be concussed first...he steps forward...

...

TROY BEATS JILES TO THE PUNCH! SHE SUPERKICKS HIM RIGHT IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD, SENDING HIS T-SHADES FLYING!

**DDK:**

Terminal Cancer!!

**Lance:**

We had heard that Troy decided to stay backstage for this match because she didn't want to get caught in the middle of two of her closest allies - plus, she's gotta recover from her own match earlier in the night!

**DDK:**

When it comes to settling a score, Lindsay Troy says "yes, please," especially if it involves Cancer Jiles!

Troy tackles Jiles out of the ring, and they brawl on the outside. Vickie is completely staggered, and wanders towards her sweetie in hopes of - well, who knows what she may have hoped to accomplish, because LT has plenty of kicks for both of their asses.

A ringside attendant has brought over several bottles of water to Benny Doyle, and they're working together to rinse out his eyes as best as they can. Keyes and Ryan are fully stirring to their feet now, and they look around the outside only to find chaos - LT fighting Cancer Jiles (who they didn't even see arrive), Benny Doyle looking halfway towards a Corvo Alpha cosplay with the yellow streaks running down his face...and they lock eyes once more.

Both men have given as much as they've taken. This time, as they go nose to nose, Keyes isn't wild-eyed and frenetic, and Dan isn't ice cold. They're just - themselves. No masking, no gimmicks, no attempts at intimidation - this is Henry recognizing Dan, and Dan recognizing Henry.

Dan holds his right hand up. It's his turn to start the test of strength.

Keyes looks up, and sees that Dan's holding his hand up very very high - and fucking with him. Dan and Henry chuckle to each other, and Dan winks. Henry gives a last "a-huh" of a guffaw, and his face flattens. He returns the wink -

And wraps up Dan Ryan! Belly to belly suplex!

**DDK:**

The Kraken says "no thank you!"

Keyes mounts Ryan and throws down some stiff elbow strikes - Ryan scrambles and turns, and now finds himself in position to rain down clubbing blows of his own. They separate, then immediately and ferociously lock up. Ryan quickly whips around and locks his wrists - Release German Suplex! Keyes goes flying and crashes into the mat!

Benny Doyle is still getting his eyes treated with water, and he's beginning to indicate that he can see, but he still needs some help. Troy, Jiles, and Vickie have brawled back up the ramp and are out of sight.

Keyes looks to use the corner ropes to get back to his feet. Dan Ryan comes charging in - SPEAR INTO THE CORNER - KEYES DODGES OUT OF THE WAY! Ryan crashes shoulder first into the corner! He staggers out! Keyes grabs him - Fisherman suplex! He holds it for a pin!

But Benny Doyle isn't in the ring yet! Keyes looks around, waiting for a count that isn't coming, before releasing his hold on Ryan. Keyes sees Doyle blinking frequently and toweling his dripping face, and he sets off outside the ring. He approaches the referee.

**Henry Keyes:**

Doyle, do your hands work?

**Benny Doyle:**

...My hands? Yes?

**Henry Keyes:**

Terrific.

He then takes Doyle by the arm and shoulder and pulls him away from the ringside attendants, bodily directing him towards the ring. The momentum of all this brings both men into the ring under the bottom rope at the same time. Keyes rises up and helps Doyle to his feet - Doyle, for his part, is still blinking a ton and rubbing his eyes, but at this point, that's good enough for the Kraken. He turns to re-engage Ryan...

And gets caught! Ryan locks him up! He goes for a Dragon Suplex!

Keyes reverses! Propellor edge chops!

**SMACK!**

**SMACK!**

BELL CLAP~~

**SMMMMMMACK!!**

Ryan drops to his knees! Keyes takes both wrists, and pulls, throwing up a knee to meet Ryan's face!

COIN!

Keyes pauses and looks down at his opponent - wounded, but not out of it. He then looks over to Doyle - who doesn't seem to be clocking the action very well. Keyes calls out to make sure he'll be ready for the pin, and Doyle nods as he gets in better position. Keyes returns his attention to Ryan, and he prepares to launch his knee once more for the ferry man...

COIN-NOOO! DAN RYAN DUCKS UNDER THE KNEE! He springs up, grabbing Keyes by the waist, and he sends the Kraken crashing to the mat! Ryan roars out with a surge of energy!

Dragon suplex - IT CONNECTS!

Another Dragon - IT CONNECTS AGAIN!

Ryan with the cover! Doyle is ready for it, but he's a touch slower because he's still dealing with Yolk!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! But Ryan isn't done!

He peels Keyes off the mat - DOUBLE UNDERHOOKS - AND ABSOLUTELY *SPIKES* KEYES'S HEAD INTO THE MAT WITH A PILEDRIVER! Keyes crumples in a heap! Ryan shoots the half!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEENOOOOOO!

**DDK:**

TWO POINT NINE ON THAT ONE!

We're not sure exactly what's motoring Henry Keyes at this moment, because his eyes say he's out of it. Ryan gets Keyes back up and whips him into the ropes - Keyes's legs somehow stay under him, even though he looks like he could drop at any step. On the rebound, Ryan grabs him! Pivots! SPINEBUSTER!!

**Lance:**

RING SHAKING OFFENSE FROM THE EGO BUSTER!

He hooks both legs! Doyle's trying to keep up, but he's struggling!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEE

NOOOO!! TWO POINT NINE NINE!

Ryan is frustrated at this point, but he knows that he's still got major weaponry in the arsenal.

It's time to break out the big guns.

After Ryan takes a moment to catch his breath, he grabs Keyes by the head and sets him up in the standing headscissors. Les Faithful roar out in approval as they see what Ryan's signaling.

Ryan lifts Keyes up to his shoulder for the elevated powerbomb!!

***SMMMMMMACKKK~*****DDK:**

HOLY HELL, WHAT A BELL CLAP FROM KEYES!

The nearly 600 pound human tower that once was Dan Ryan and Henry Keyes begins to topple from the concussive impact of the Bell Clap Keyes just delivered...and then, they both crumple onto the mat. Keyes is gasping for air and clutching at his arm, which must still be reverberating from that Bell Clap and the damage it's sustained all night.

But, for maybe the first time all night, Keyes sees that he has the opening here. A real, honest-to-goodness opening. And he knows, he's not getting another one.

He locks both of Ryan's wrists, and with everything he has left in the tank, he tries to kick a 70 yard field goal with just his knee...

...

***CRRRRRRRRACK!*****DDK:**

The second Coin connects! Will we see Henry Keyes retain the FIST once again??

Keyes calls out for Benny before pressing his hands to Ryan's shoulders, hoping to God this will be enough.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEEEEE!

***DING DING DING***

"Ride The Tiger" by Jefferson Starship blasts through the arena speakers.

**Darren Quimbey:**

HERE IS YOUR WINNER, AAAAND STIIIIIIILL, THE FIST! OF DEFIANCE! THE KRRRRRRRAKEN!  
HENRYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEYES!

There are PLENTY of boos coming from all around, but perhaps not everyone - a significant portion of Les Faithful are sickos who just want to applaud two beefy guys for beating the hell out of each other. This one was an absolute slobber knocker, and even if Henry Keyes is among DEFIANCE's most hated men - this one felt a little different than his matches against Conor Fuse or Elise Ares.

As pink and blue confetti showers the arena. Dan slowly gets to his feet. Keyes holds a hand out to him, which Ryan takes, and they share a tight handshake before an actual, genuine, bro hug. We see the back of Dan's head moving a bit, likely because he's saying something in Henry's ear. Henry nods at whatever Dan's saying, and whatever wariness there was before, whatever concern there may have been that this feud was going to turn ugly, or that Dan Ryan might go full bastard on him, or anything else - it's gone from Henry's face.

Soon, the pair are joined in the ring by Lindsay Troy, and the three share a hug. Ryan and Troy then work together to strap Big Blue around Keyes's waist - once finished, Troy raises both men's arms in the air.

**Lance:**

I'll tell you something - love them or hate them, tonight, Vae Victis showed why they have been on top of DEFIANCE for so long. They are some of the very best professional wrestlers on planet Earth.

**DDK:**

And tonight, Keyes extends his reign even further! An absolutely massive win against Dan Ryan here tonight!

Here would typically be where we find out that ***This. Is. DEFIANCE.***

However...



## EPILOGUE

*About ten minutes later...*

The door to the primary staff and wrestler parking area swings open as Dan Ryan pushes his way through. His sunglasses are pulled down over his eyes, even though the only light comes from multiple halogen tubes on the roof of the parking structure. There's a duffel bag slung over one shoulder, and still some sweat glistening on his forehead, with a healthy shiner from taking not one, but two 'Coins' from Henry Keyes.

For the first few moments, the only sound is the sound of his own footfalls echoing, but soon there is another set that joins in. Dan pays it no mind, but before long, there are more, then more still. He stops in place. The sounds stop, so he turns slowly in place.

Standing in front of him, about fifteen to twenty feet away, is the towering Ivan Stanislav, standing to attention, looking down at him. Standing right next to him is Alexei Ruslan, and flanking both of them are Kenny Freeman, Tony Gamble, and Randall Schwartz.

Dan's eyes follow from left to right, taking in the full sight of The Red Army.

**Ivan Stanislav:**

Well... well... well... look who it is, comrades. Dan Ryan. All alone. Imagine that, an individualist without an army...

Stanislav snarls and glances at his comrades in arms.

**Ivan Stanislav:**

Shame you are all alone, Ryan...

Dan reaches up, takes the sunglasses off his face, and tucks them into his duffel bag, then unstraps it from his shoulder and lets it drop to the cement below.

**Dan Ryan:**

Yes. Yes, it would be a shame... if I were all alone.

From the shadows, doing everything but snapping their fingers, emerge the FIST of DEFIANCE Henry Keyes, Lindsay Troy, Wade Elliott, Kerry Kuroyama, and last but not least, Scott Hunter.

Scott Hunter is holding a grenade.

Everyone looks at Scott, so he suddenly puts the grenade behind his back and pretends like it was never there.

Ivan looks at Scott and sneers at his old foe. Scott looks back at him and literally hisses like a cat. The Russian Bear grinds his teeth as he looks at the group that backs Ryan up. They're outnumbered now, but then again, how many people does Stanislav count for, anyway? Nonetheless, he levels his huge finger first at Scott, then Kerry, Wade...

**Ivan Stanislav:**

Each and every one of you would betray PRIME to back up this hooligan?! To stand against one of your own?! Especially you?!

He finishes with his finger pointed squarely at Lindsay Troy. The Queen scoffs in response.

**Dan Ryan:**

Lindsay doesn't owe you an explanation, Ivan. I would expect that someone like you would understand the concept of loyalty and family. But maybe I'm mistaken. Perhaps that's a foreign concept to you: having your friends' backs, having your family's backs, lifting them when they fall instead of kicking them while they're down. After all, how's Arina doing, anyway?

Lindsay smirks, Kerry looks very surrious, Henry is full out smiling, Wade snorts, annoyed with all the talking and ready to fight, and Scott is wondering why Simon Tillier keeps dressing up like Alexei Ruslan.

Ivan's jaw clenches, but Alexei Ruslan looks positively giddy. He rummages around in a "pocket" inside his overcoat and pulls out a steel baseball bat (Siberian-made, of course). He takes out a second and tosses it over to Randall Schwartz.

Ivan hefts up the front of his pants.

**Ivan Stanislav:**

Well... I am going to be fined. Rest assured, I am going to make the most of it.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Pay Alexei's too while you're at it.

Ryan finds himself flanked by his in-laws to each side, while Henry Keyes stands to Lindsay's left, fists clenched. For a moment, he and Dan make eye contact, a knowing glance after the recent events of the main event.

Just behind the first four, Kerry and Scott ready themselves, with Scott nervously clutching the grenade like it's a stress ball.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

Why do you even *have* that??

**Scott Hunter:** *[shrugging]*

I thought it might be useful.

In front, Dan Ryan turns and makes eye contact with each member of Vae Victis one last time. Getting an affirmative nod from each one, he turns back to Ivan...

**Dan Ryan:**

Yep...

...and **charges**.

**Dan Ryan:**

Fuck it.

Ryan barrels into Ivan, but he barely moves the behemoth, who counters with a clubbing blow to the side of the head that sends the Texan backward.

Keyes, meanwhile, sets his sights on Alexei Ruslan, but his Bestie cuts him off, shouting '*he's mine*'. Ruslan pulls back the baseball bat and snarls in Russian. He takes a wide swing that Lindsay sees from a mile away. She feigns to the side and hits Ruslan's hands with a spin kick, sending the baseball bat clanging far overhead. Ruslan's eyes widen like a deer in headlights while the Queen grins.

Keyes turns his attention away and joins Wade in confronting Kenny Freeman and Tony Gamble. The four men slug away at each other, but Keyes turns the tables quickly, ducking a Tony Gamble right hand, clenching him, and tossing him ass over feet to the concrete. Meanwhile, Wade Elliott avoids a swing from Randall Schwartz's baseball bat, clips his knee, then tosses him hard into a nearby dumpster.

Kerry Kuroyama intercepts Kenny Freeman, who tries to slug it out with the Emerald Apex, but soon finds himself hooked into a Kimura up against a car door, which Kerry uses to add extra leverage and pain to the hold, causing Freeman to scream out for backup.

Meanwhile, Scott stands in the middle of the chaos, holding the grenade aloft like a referee's whistle. Both sides pause for a moment, unsure if he's serious. Scott grasps the pin...

**Scott Hunter:**

I think this is how you win, right??

**Kerry Kuroyama:** *[eyes wide and holding a hand out]*

PUT IT DOWN!!

Freeman uses Kerry's distraction to wriggle out of the hold, rolling under the car and off to the other side, away from the PRIME 5-Star Champion.

Suddenly, Ivan roars, lifting Dan Ryan and slamming him onto the hood of a pickup truck, denting the metal.

Lindsay Troy leaps onto Ivan's back, choking him with one arm and clawing at his eyes with the other. Ivan flails and swings his body around, trying to reach her.

**Ivan Stanislav:**

*Otstan' ot menya!!* (Get off my back!!)

He manages to grip Lindsay's shoulder and swings her over his head, slamming her on the hood next to Ryan. The Bear doesn't go for them; instead, he grips the hood of the truck and rips it off, sending both of them rolling to the concrete.

Wade Elliott tackles Alexei Ruslan to the ground and mounts him, preparing to blast Ruslan, who yelps and tries to cover his face. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Ivan toss Lindsay onto the car hood and snarls, seeing red. He starts to turn away from Alexei when a loud CRACK barrels into his back, as Ivan blasts him with the hood and knocks him off Ruslan.

**Alexei Ruslan:**

I had him, Vanya!

Ivan looks over his shoulder to see Henry Keyes making his way in their direction.

**Ivan Stanislav:**

Yeah? Then take care of him.

Ruslan gulps and adjusts his tie while Ivan stalks back towards Ryan and Troy with the hood.

Scott, confused, pulls the pin halfway before Kerry snatches the grenade away, hurling it as hard as he can. The grenade clangs as it lands in a nearby metal trash can. It echoes inside, and everyone freezes for a heartbeat.

But nothing happens.

Feeling the opening, Henry Keyes lands a devastating knee strike to a distracted Kenny Freeman, knocking him out cold.

Meanwhile, Tony Gamble snarls and tackles Scott Hunter. Kerry leaps into action, tackling the Permascar Superstar off his best friend. Tony and Kerry fight on the ground, with Gamble getting the upper hand, mounting Kerry, and raining fists down on his forehead.

Seeing this, Scott gets a surge of fighting spirit, leaps to his feet, and spreads his arms wide.

**Scott Hunter:**

GET OFF OF MY BEST FRIEND!!!!

With a scream, he leaps forward and screams out like Miss Piggy.

**Scott Hunter:**

HIIIIIIII-YAH!!!!

Scott delivers a useless judo chop to Tony Gamble's shoulder, irritating Gamble enough for him to swing a back elbow that whiffs over Scott's head as he ducks. Scott's second attempt at offense is more effective, as he jumps up and delivers a precision elbow strike to Gamble's temple, making him go limp and fall over from on top of Kuroyama.

**SUDDENLY...**

*The entire scene goes black and white...*

♪ "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

Slowly... Clay Byrd walks into the scene, hat pulled down over his eyes, oversized leather trenchcoat on, and a healthy measure of stubble on his chin. He stops in front of a befuddled Alexei Ruslan...

Clay turns to him..

And...

**BLAMMMMMMMOOOOOO!!!!!!**

Cold cocks him right in the kisser.

The music stops for exactly two seconds.

Then starts back up again.

♪ "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

Clay adjusts his hat, turns, and walks slowly out of frame.

*The entire scene returns to color... and the music stops*

The action resumes.

Mere feet away, Stanislav, having missed Clay's actions, growls as Dan Ryan rises. He rushes at Ryan, seeing red (which is normal for Stanislav). A moment later, he drops to a knee from Troy, who trips him. Ryan grins and charges at Stanislav, hurling himself into the hood without a car. The hood slams into Ivan's head, snapping him back and crumpling him to the concrete. The back of his head smacks against the concrete hard, but Ryan is on top of him.

He swings hell for leather on Stanislav, battering the Russian with lefts and rights, knocking his head one way, then the other. The Bear roars and paws at his face, palming it, and shoves him off. Staggered and dazed, the Soviet Giant drags himself to his feet, while behind him, Kenny Freeman and Tony Gamble collect themselves, and Randall Schwartz has Alexei in a fireman's carry.

Ivan wipes blood from his lip and snarls, but it's clear that he's in enemy territory, outnumbered, and outgunned.

**Ivan Stanislav:**

This is stay of execution for you, Ryan! And all of you might cheer tonight, but we Russians play long game. This is hardly over!

He spits blood on the concrete, and for a split second, it looks like he might change his mind. But with all of Vae Victis

standing in front of him, and the rest of The Red Army nursing various wounds, even The Russian Bear knows his limits.

He turns and stomps off... quicker than he'd ever prefer, and brings his comrades with him.

Dan reaches up and takes Lindsay's hand, and she pulls him to his feet. He looks over at Henry Keyes, who nods, signaling that he's okay.

**Dan Ryan:**

Whew... feels like the old days.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Less neck braces and tire irons this time.

Dan reaches out and clasps hands with Wade Elliott as well, thanking him for the help. Slowly, they walk in the opposite direction from The Red Army.

To the side, Kerry is talking with Scott one-on-one.

Scott has a giant smile on his face.

**Scott Hunter:**

See? I told you the grenade was the key!

Kerry facepalms.

**Kerry Kuroyama:**

You're lucky we didn't all blow up.

Scott's face goes blank. We think. It's hard to tell the difference.

**Scott Hunter:**

It's the grenade I wore as part of my army man costume for Halloween last year.

**Kerry Kuroyama:** *[sighing]*

Of course it is.

They turn and follow, as the credits roll.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***