

Obsidian vs Joshua Hydrex

It's a sad thing, but when the Rush To The Playoffs was cancelled, it cut down a few promising late-joiners of the league. And maybe it's a stretch to call Obsidian promising, but... entertaining is safe.

It's not safe to call Joshua Hydrex anything.

Obsidian won himself a meaningless dark match against an absolutely helpless and useless opponent with a springboard cross body. At least he got five points for showing up.

Winner: Obsidian

SportsCenter: Intro

"Downtown" Darren Keebler:

Fans, welcome to Defiance Heritage TV 08! We are live here in East Lansing, Michigan, and we're coming at you with one of the biggest non-PPV cards Defiance has ever put on!

[Pan around the arena. Signs. Banners. Fans screaming and mugging for the camera. You know.]

DDK:

I'm here with Cito Conarri on Technical Commentary and Angus Skaaland on Color. And tonight, fans, is the singles match that everyone has wanted to see since this tournament started. Christian Light, living legend and former World Champion in three different interfeds, takes on rookie phenom and undefeated league leader, Clair St. Sure.

Cito Conarri:

It's a tremendously anticipated match, Darren, and as commissioner I sort of hate to give it away for free - but on the other hand, Defiance and Heritage League are, as always, committed to giving the fans what they want to see, and that is singles action between Light and St. Sure!

Angus Skaaland:

You wanna know how much of a big deal Light St. Sure is? I'm not no-selling it. I've got my opinions on how it'll go, sure, but this is a match that, if I weren't calling it live, I'd be watching on the monitors backstage. Oh and by the way, by popular demand we WILL be calling that one live!

DDK:

We're going to hear quite a bit more about Light and St. Sure this card. We're also going to be hearing from St. Sure's manager, Kai Scott, who was injured on Heritage TV 07, via a live satellite interview! Scott has promised to discuss the match, his clients, and the state of his injuries. However, we've got more than just one big match tonight.

Cito:

Last week, \$\$Cool reunited after Edward White made a completely unannounced and unexpected return. Things devolved into a clusterfuck after that, with an impromptu eight person tag match, which in turn lead to this. It was going to be The Untouchables vs \$\$Cool, until Elijah Goldman pulled an executive trump card and stole Heidi Christenson back to Heritage League. Jeff Andrews, who has less than no fear, was ready to do it up as a handicap match.

Angus:

Then this guy on a motorcycle started talking and I have a baaaad feeling about this.

Cito:

What Angus is trying to say is that an unknown entity, who does in fact ride a motorcycle and has been obscuring his identity behind his helmet, has declared his intention to step up and team with Andrews against \$\$Cool.

DDK:

Moving down the card, we've got a three way dance to select the final member of Heritage League's War Games Team. Diamond Shazam, Jack Cassidy, and Michel LaLiberte.

Cito:

And after that we've got Bronson Box stepping up to Jan Gin Xiao's Bodyslam Challenge, and to start the card off, a singles match between Eugene Dewey and Frank Dylan James.

Cast Your Vote

Conarri:

Instead of going straight into Dewey vs FDJ though, we're going to go to Christy Zane, who has an update for us.

DDK: This should be interesting... [And we cut directly into unorganized chaos.] [Behind the beautiful Christy Zane, who is dressed in a low-cut blouse and a pair of gray businesswoman pants, is a mass of humanity standing in front of a table. Behind the table, four young people wearing Defiance Heritage League logo T-shirts are scrambling to meet the demands of the mass of fans in front of them. In front of us, we witness one of the staff behind the table take a small red towel out of a box on the floor and hand it to a man in a Detroit Lions Suh jersey and black jeans. The happy man looks at the towel as he makes his way through the mass of humanity the other way.] [While things are generally going as orderly as can be expected at the tables, it looks like a whole lot of people shouting for service at a busy bar. Only instead of drinks, they're receiving red and blue towels from boxes on the floor behind the tables.] [Mind you, Christy seems to be separated from the mass of fans, although some of them see the camera light up and turn to cheer in the background. But a solid meat wall of Defiance's finest security force is enough to keep the generally happy fans at bay.] **DDK:** Christy, what are we looking at right now? [Christy smiles a wide, pearly white smile as she speaks.] **Christy Zane:** Darren, I'm down here in the hallways near one of the arena gates with some of our newest volunteers, and they have very unique assignment today. These men and women are in the lobby near the main gate and they're handing out FREE rally towels to any fan in attendance who answers one simple question: Who will win in tonight's main event: Christian Light or Clair St. Sure? If your allegiance lies with The Last Nighthawk... [It's at this moment that someone off-screen tosses a small blue towel at Christy Zane. Using her free left hand, Christy catches the towel and, pausing to glance at it, adjusts it in her hand before lifting it for the crowd to see. At the end of the towel being held up, we see the picture of a Nighthawk's head, a gleam in his eyes, looking stoically into the distance. Above the head, the word "The Last Nighthawk" in block white font are printed, while "Christian Light" is printed in a black script font.] **Zane:** ...you get a blue rally towel with his logo stitched into it. That's right, folks, I said stitched; no cheap iron-on logos here. [Zane tosses the blue towel aside.] **Zane:** However, if you stand behind The Truly Untouchable, Clair St. Sure... [Much like before, Christy uses her free hand to catch a red towel from someone off-shot. And much like before, she pauses to toss the towel around in her hand before holding it up, logo first. The logo is similar in design to Christian's, but with a different symbol in the middle; namely, a taped hand balled up into a fist. Like Christian, the words "Truly Untouchable" are in white above the taped fist in the same block font, while "Clair St. Sure" is in black script font below the first.] **Zane:** ...then you'll get this red towel with Clair's logo stitched in. So no matter who you choose, everyone who came out to support Defiance can go home with a souvenir, free of charge, to remember this occasion by. [Christy tosses the red towel aside as well.] **Zane:** So tonight, it'll be easy to tell who in the audience is supporting who in the main event. But for those of you who aren't here in East Lansing, we want to hear from you, too. Who do YOU think will win in the main event between Christian Light and Clair St. Sure? To show your support for your choice, we want you to log onto Twitter and tweet to the official Defiance Account, "at ESENDefiance" with either hashtag "HeriLight" if you think Christian Light will win or hashtag "HeriSure" if you believe in Clair St Sure. Throughout the broadcast, we may read some of your tweets on the air, and one lucky fan, whose Twitter handle will be chosen at random from those who tweet at ESENDefiance with either of those hashtags will receive one of each rally towel, autographed by the two competitors in the main event. [A pause, and a smile from Christy as she takes a quick breath.] **Zane:** So fans, get to your Twitter accounts and tell us how you feel about the biggest main event in Heritage's history! [Christy stands smiling in the foreground as the chaos continues in the background.] **Conarri: [v/o]** Thanks for that, Christy. Could you please repeat the Twitter details for all our fans at home? [Before Christy can speak, we see some graphics on the screen in front of her that spell out the two options in Twitterspeak. "@ESENDefiance #HeriLight" on one line, and "@ESENDefiance #HeriSure" on the other"] **Zane:** Of course, Darren. To vote, log into your Twitter and tweet at ESENDefiance with either hashtag HeriLight for Christian Light or HeriSure for Clair St Sure. If you tweet before the main event opening bell, you will be entered into the contest for the pair of autographed towels. **DDK:** Thanks a lot Christy. Have a good evening and watch yourself. I hear Misseur LaLiberte is on the prowl out there. [We cut back to the broadcast booth before Christy can answer, though she smiles meekly and appears to giggle a little.]

Investigation

[Backstage.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

No, no... No worries, I'll be there.

[...]

CCJ:

Yes.

[COOL Cancer Jiles keeps the cell phone pressed to his ear and nods along like a bobble head.]

CCJ:

I know...

[He turns and cuts short his response as he sees a familiar face stood behind him.]

CCJ:

Look, I'll call you back... Something's come up.

Eugene Dewey:

Jiles.

[CCJ hangs up the phone and drops it into his pocket. He smiles broadly at Eugene.]

CCJ:

Gene. How's it going, Man?

[Dewey doesn't respond.]

CCJ:

Anything I can help with, Buddy?

[Again Eugene doesn't say a word.]

CCJ:

Ooor, do you just wanna stare at me like I'm some kinda meatball sub?

Eugene:

What happened last week, Jiles?

CCJ:

What'chu talkin' 'bout, Dewey?

Eugene:

You know.

[Jiles simply stares back at Eugene and shakes his head in confusion.]

CCJ:

I don't think I do, Gene. Care to enlighten me?

[Eugene purses his lips.]

Eugene:

I failed a pee test last week and I have no idea why. I mean, at first I thought maybe it was because I touched that joint you gave me. But I searched online and it turns out that's impossible. I'd have had to have smoked it or eaten it, which I didn't do. I just threw it in the garbage.

[Cancer's face screws up, probably in disgust at the revelation that Eugene simply discarded perfectly good green.]

CCJ:

So where do I fit into this, Columbo?

Eugene:

Well, I didn't get to see the show because Wayne deleted it from the Tivo, but I remember I peed in that cup and I went to take the cup to that guy... Only... I didn't get there, did I?

[Jiles doesn't say a word.]

Eugene:

YOU took it. Not me.

CCJ:

Are you accusing me or something, Gene?

Eugene:

Are you going to admit to something, Cancer?

[Eugene squares up to Cancer and goes nose to nose with him.]

CCJ:

Back up, Gene, before I do something you're gonna regret.

[Dewey doesn't back down though.]

Eugene:

I think I already let you do something, and I'm regretting it right now.

CCJ:

I couldn't give a shit what you think I've done. And whether I did it or not, it's done.

[Eugene looks a little confused.]

CCJ:

Can't keep up? How about this, Whatever happened, you're out of WarGames, guaranteed, and I... Well I'm gonna grind Jeff Andrews career into the ground tonight and take my spot on the Heritage team.

Maybe I lucked out that I've still got that spot.

Or maybe, just maybe, I lucked out that there's somebody out there...

[Jiles claps Eugene on the shoulder.]

CCJ:

So monumentally...

[Jiles rubs Eugene's shoulder a little.]

CCJ:

So oblivious to the fact that he's borderline retarded.

[Eugene slaps Jiles' hand from his shoulder.]

Eugene:

If you did this, Jiles... I swear... I'll...

CCJ:

You'll what?

Nerdrage all over me?

Write a strongly worded letter?

No, you'll do jack shit just like always.

Little Eugene Dewey, good for nothing but sitting at home eating cheetos, playing World of Warcraft and jacking it to anime.

Can't even piss in a cup correctly.

[Laugh.]

CCJ:

I really should be thanking you though, Gene. You've helped make these past few weeks that little bit more bearable.

Taken my mind off of Jeff Andrews a bit.

But tonight I'm one hundred percent fixed on killing his mongo face.

Now, if you don't mind, I've got a phone call to return.

[CCJ claps Eugene on the shoulder once more and heads off out of shot with a laugh, leaving Eugene to stew by himself.]

SportsCenter: Dewey vs James

DDK:

We'll be going down to the ring for the match between Frank Dylan James and Eugene Dewey in a minute. Before we do that, gentlemen, how do you see this match going down?

Cito:

Darren, the truth is that Frank Dylan James looks like he hasn't really even been showing up out in the ring. What Frank can do when he's actually out to wrestle is almost irrelevant, because he hasn't even been attempting to do it. He's in pin-me-pay-me mode.

Angus:

And you tolerate this why?

Cito:

We need living bodies on the roster.

Eugene Dewey vs Frank Dylan James

Back at ringside, and first out came Frank Dylan James, as always, to Ted Nugent's Stranglehold. Frank rolled into the ring and circled it for a bit while shouting incoherently at anyone and everyone around him.

Stranglehold faded to be replaced by some 8-bit goodness and Eugene Dewey made his way out from the back. Dewey didn't look too happy though, and strangely for him, he carried a microphone with him. **Eugene Dewey:** Can somebody turn that music off? Eugene looked around at the stagehands and production team as the jogging theme from Mike Tyson's punch out faded. He then looked down the ramp at his opponent for the evening and raised the microphone back to his lips. **Eugene:** I've got nothing against you, Frank, but I've been having a pretty crappy week. And I've just come from the back, where it just got a bit more crappy. Dewey started to make his way down the ramp to ringside. **Eugene:** There are some people in this company that think I'm some kind of idiot, or that I don't know what I'm doing here. Well I'm not an idiot, and I know exactly why I'm here! This isn't personal, Frank, but tonight I'm going to prove to all my doubters just why I'm here in Defiance! With that Dewey dropped the microphone and slid into the ring. He didn't manage to get to his feet though as FDJ charged in and planted one of his bare feet to the side his ginger afro. Eugene sprawled out on the canvas and received an elbow to the back of the head for good measure. FDJ got back to his feet and dropped an axehandle across the back of Eugene's head, Eugene tried to cover up and escape from FDJ's attacks, but James managed to land a stiff right hand to the back of Eugene's skull. Dewey went limp for a moment, which allowed FDJ to roll him over and cover him! ONE! TWO! Eugene placed a foot on the ropes to break the count! FDJ didn't argue with the referee, instead he opted to grab Dewey by the hair and drive a headbutt directly into the forehead of the fat nerd in front of him, whose leg was still dangling over the bottom rope. Benny Doyle started a count as James landed another headbutt. He broke his grip on Eugene's hair at four and heaved himself back to his feet. Dewey on the other hand rolled to the outside to regroup. James tried to climb through the ropes to go after Dewey, but Doyle held him back and told him to let Eugene catch his breath. James seemed to follow the instructions until Doyle turned away from him. He backed up and exited the ring on another side before rounding the ring post, grabbing Eugene from behind by the hair and slamming him face first into the ring apron. James didn't release his grip and walked Eugene to the ring post, whereupon he slammed the ginger gamer's nose directly into the steel. With one almighty heave James lifted Eugene and took him down to the floor with a back suplex. Doyle stopped his count and dropped through the ropes to check on Eugene's condition. James wasn't going to allow it though and grabbed Eugene by the hair again. He tugged at Eugene's head and pulled him into a seated position, ignoring all of the referee's calls to give Eugene some time and landed another stiff right hand. Eugene would have fallen back to the floor, but James' handful of hair kept him in the seated position. Slowly a trickle of blood started to flow from Eugene's nose, probably from the impact with the ring post seconds before. It worked its way around Eugene's lip and into the corner of his mouth. As though he'd drunk from the fountain of youth, Eugene opened his eyes and kicked out at the shins and knees of his opponent. James let go of Eugene's hair and stepped back to avoid the kicks, which gave Eugene enough time to scramble backwards and get to his knees. James advanced again though and threw a right hand, but Dewey blocked it. He responded with a right of his own into the gut of James and soon enough the two were slugging it out at ringside. Frank seemed to gain the upper hand as he landed a couple of flush shots in succession, but Eugene still had the wherewithal to stomp down onto the bare toes of FDJ. James clutched at his foot and hopped in pain before being clotheslined to the floor by Dewey. Now it was Eugene's turn to grab FDJ by the hair and pull him to his feet. He drove James backwards, colliding his lower back with the ring apron before pulling him forwards, lifting him and dropping him chest first down across the barricade. It all seemed to be going so well until Eugene decided to throw a couple more right hands at James' jaw. FDJ, being more than used to taking harder and better placed shots than Eugene was able to muster, was able to weather them nicely and retaliate with a right hand of his own that knocked Eugene back against the ring apron. James closed in on his opponent and lifted a knee into Eugene's gut before bringing an elbow down across the back of his head. James spun Eugene around quickly and threw him into the ring. Eugene tried to crawl away, but James followed him in quickly and grabbed him by the waistband. He pulled Eugene to his feet and landed a clubbing forearm across Eugene's back. Dewey stumbled forwards and dropped throat first across the middle rope. FDJ hit the ropes on the opposite side of the ring and came in looking to jump on Eugene's back, but Dewey moved out of the way at the last second. FDJ's crotch met nothing but the rope and he bounced back into the ring. Eugene shook the cobwebs from his head and closed in on FDJ. He grabbed the mountain man and scooped him up before dropping him with a surprisingly good body slam. Dewey hit the ropes and came back with a running splash. Of course, FDJ rolled right out of the way, leaving Eugene to connect with nothing but canvas. Both men got back to their feet, Eugene gripped at his chest though, while FDJ seemed to be relatively unharmed. Eugene swung a wild fist that collided with nothing but

microscopic dust particles, which allowed FDJ to strike out with a jab that caught Eugene in the bridge of the nose once more. FDJ clotheslined Eugene but didn't take him down to the floor. Instead he pushed Dewey back into the corner of the ring and wailed away with rights and lefts to Eugene's head and body. Soon enough Eugene fell to his ass in the corner of the ring and FDJ started to lay in the stomps. Some may say he was stomping a mudhole in the ginger gamer. Stomp after stomp after stomp found it's mark as James' foot connected with Eugenes chest, arms, face and any other body part he could find. Benny Doyle simply looked on, he'd tried asking James to cease, but he was simply ignored. He'd even counted to four, but as he didn't want to end the match on a disqualification, he wrapped his arms around FDJ's waist in an attempt to pull him off of Eugene. All to no avail. Finally, as FDJ dropped to his knees in front of Eugene and landed unprotected shot after unprotected shot to his temple, Benny Doyle called for the bell. **Winner via disqualification: Eugene Dewey** FDJ didn't seem to care though, and he continued to punch away at Eugene, all the while shouting at him. **FDJ:** "YEW AIN'T PROVIN' NUTTIN' TA NOBODEH FATBOY! Finally, and mercifully, DEFSec filed out from the back and filled the ring, putting an end to the beatdown. FDJ slowly left the ring with Buffalo Brian Slater as an escort as medics arrived on the scene to tend to the unconscious, yet victorious, Eugene Dewey

On Location w/Kai Scott

DDK:

Fans, I'd like to take you back to Heritage Television 07, during the contract signing between Christian Light and Clairra St. Sure. Clairra's stablemate in the Truly Untouchables, Jonny Booya, had not been invited to attend the signing. This is what happened.

{{Previously Taped}}

Booya:

...And speaking of War Games, how is it fair that Clairra gets the fucking red carpet treatment and I get bad information from my manager about whether Dan Ryan's going to be in the building or not?! EVERYTHING about this is BULLSHIT!

[Jonny Booya kicks the contract signing table over, sending papers flying and Light and St. Sure jumping back out of the way.]

[Alceo Dentari and Yoshikazu YAZ, disguised as fans, enter through the stands to attack Light and St. Sure, and with them occupying everyone's attention, Jonny Booya clobbers Kai Scott from behind with an axe bomber lariat.]

V.O DDK:

Jonny Booya attacked his boss and turned on the Truly Untouchables, joining with Elijah Goldman's hand picked league leaders.

V.O Cito:

While Booya's newfound stablemates focused on the wrestlers, Booya continued to attack his boss, and would deliver his Booya Bomb across the table used for the contract signing.

[This is a slightly different angle of the same event that was seen on HERI TV 07, with Booya and Scott center-frame. Booya throws Scott down at the table used for the contract signing. This table was not your ordinary pro wrestling wooden table, it was a more traditional table. Smaller, round, and with the table leg in the middle.]

[Booya had dropped Scott so that the table's edge was just below his shoulderblades. In slow motion, Scott's upper torso bends back over the table's edge.]

[Freeze frame.]

V.O DDK:

There was a ruckus in the ring after this in which multiple wrestlers got involved, and the severity of Scott's injury wasn't immediately apparent. After the wrestlers were removed from the area, Scott was loaded onto a gurney and taken to a nearby hospital.

[Insert a cruddy looking freeze-frame of Kai, sporting a neckbrace and strapped to a gurney, being wheeled up the ramp by technicians.]

V.O Cito:

Scott has been out of action since this injury – this week, we heard Clairra speak entirely for herself for the first time in her wrestling career as a matter of fact – but we do have Lance Warner live, at Kai Scott's apartment in Dundalk, Maryland.

V.O Angus:

Kai Scott only has an apartment?

V.O Cito:

sigh ... let's hand things over to Lance Warner.

[After a few seconds, the shot goes live.]

[Lance Warner, in his usual suit, is sitting in a steel folding chair.]

[Kai Scott, who is wearing an IWA-era Untouchables T-shirt, a blanket over his lap, and a neckbrace, is sitting in a wheelchair.]

[This must be his bedroom, but it's so sparsely furnished as to be depressing. A single person bed sits in one corner, a desk with a computer on it near it, and other than that there's just a whole lot of empty space. People who've been following Kai's career might take note of the absence of a certain decoration – for over a decade Kai had a lifesize statue of a 'supermodel' named Rena Mero who was famous around the turn of the century in his room, but it's nowhere to be seen.]

Warner:

First of all, Mr. Scott, thanks for having me here.

[Scott nods.]

Warner:

First of all, obviously you took some damage, but how do you actually feel?

Scott:

Lance, people don't always put the pieces together so well. I'm hurting, but I've been hurting for a very long time. I injured my left knee back in 1998, and it never really healed properly. I had an experimental surgery done on it that got me back in the ring for a few years, but by the time Old Line Wrestling was reaching the end game, I was looking to move because my apartment was second floor and after I'd worked, I had to go up the stairs on one leg and my hands.

Warner:

What can you tell me about your actual injury?

Scott:

When my back the table, what my doctor believes happened is that my spinal cord got bent far enough that it caused some damage. I had an MRI done, and I'm lucky in that we're not seeing any damaged bones or herniated discs, so if I'm lucky and careful I've dodged the 'crippled for life' bullet. My back bent far enough the wrong way though, that it did some damage to my spinal chord itself. Probably not permanent, but that's what this neckbrace is for. Long story short, I'm supposed to take it very, very easy for another week then go in for another MRI and decide whether to start rehab or if more medical procedures are needed.

Warner:

I'm sorry to hear that.

Scott:

It's wrestling. It happens. My biggest regret is that I really wanted to be in Clair's corner when she took on Christian Light.

Warner:

About that match, how do you feel about Clair's chances?

Scott:

Look. Christian Light's one of the best that has ever laced up a pair of boots. I'd have been an odds-on underdog against him, *in my prime*, and in my prime I was actually pretty good and kind of a big deal. I know that me getting injured this week really threw Clair, and Diane too, into the fire. But Lance, let me tell you this – I trust Diane Parker implicitly, I told her to get Clair ready for this match and I fully believe she's going to do just that. As for Clair herself, she hasn't lost yet this season.

Warner:

Neither has Christian Light.

Scott:

No, he hasn't, and what was I saying about him just a few seconds ago? Speaking as a wrestler, I'd have loved a chance to get in the ring with him for a singles match. I *envy* Clairra this opportunity. Back when I signed her up to wrestle in the Masters of Wrestling Tournament because Dane wanted a few more people to get the season started, though, I would not have expected her to last 5 minutes against Light. Now? I'm saying flat out she's got all the tools she needs to win, and I think she's got a decent shot at pulling it off.

Warner:

Clairra St. Sure takes on Christian Light in the main event of this show, and Darren, Cito, you can bet that Kai, myself, and the camera crew you sent here with me will be watching it live right here in this apartment. Back to you guys in the arena!

SportsCenter: Box vs Xiao

DDK:

We're just moments away from Bronson Box taking on Jan Gin Xiao, and I think the operative question here is - is Box going to be able to capitalize on the bodyslam challenge?

Cito:

Let's talk points for a minute. Bronson Box really needs those five bonus points. We know that the playoffs are going to be open to the top six in each league. Right now, Box has a mere 5 points, but in addition to the usual 5 for simply winning the match, he'd collect 5 points for an underdog bonus, which would move him up to 15. Winning the bodyslam challenge, which is worth 5, would bring him up to 20. That would take him up into the top 6, and depending on how the triple threat between Cassidy, Shazam and LaLiberte goes, possibly move him up to #5.

DDK:

Can he get him up though? Diamond Shazam's quite a bit bigger than Box and even he wasn't able to turn the trick.

Angus:

Listen, Darren, This is Bronson fucking Box we're talking about. Yes he can, yes he will, and then he'll do it again just to spite the entire world. The challenge is only 5 points for the first person to slam him, and not five points to the person who slams JGX each time he gets slammed, right?

Cito:

Right, if it were 5 points per slam, we'd just have someone like Karl Pace in here slamming JGX 20 times and winning the league without doing anything. As for the slam challenge, Box has all the tools to win the match. He's very strong, has a great mat game that he doesn't often use because he'd prefer to stand and bang, and I don't think JGX will have a defense for what Box brings. As for slamming him, ordinarily I'd call it not worth the risk, but definitely expect Box to go for it.

Bronson Box vs Jan Gin Xiao

Steel guitar and rhythmic stomping, as the sepia filter hit the camera and the arena's lights fell out, a single limelight-powered spot hitting the entryway.

"God's Gonna Cut You Down"

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

In his mysterious, spooky robe, Bronson Box stepped out from the gorilla position, both hands coming into the air over his head. The Scottish Strongman, the DEFIANCE Terror would not compete to entertain these fans...

Run on... for a long time #
Sooner or later, God'll cut you down

He'd compete to prove, once again, that he was better than someone.

Bronson Box walked smoothly down to the ring, ignoring the heaps of abuse being piled on him by the fans.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Bronson wasn't beloved.

He rolled into the ring and came up, shiny head bowed as he gritted his teeth. He wouldn't let this yellowskinned heathen Communist get the better of a child of Catholicism.

"March of the Volunteers", the Chinese National anthem blared. The trumpets honked, the chorus of proud singers sang, and Jan Gin Xiao pounded his way to the ring.

Bronson Box allowed JGX his ring entry, and then began to circle him, adopting a look and motion akin to a prowling hunter.

A leopard given a moustache.

JGX moved to keep facing Box, but even as he did, Box came roaring across the ring, leaping and bashing both of his forearms into JGX's face!

The sumo wavered, and Box went crazy with jabs and hooks and crosses, rattling JGX's cage and beating the holy crap out of the Chinese man's dome!

Bronson stepped back, ducked, and slid an arm between JGX's legs! With the power of the Old Testament God running through his veins, Bronson howled a demonic noise...

Lifted JGX off the mat, and dumped the fat lard onto his back with a dismissive toss!

WHOOMPF!

Xiao slowly stirred, the impact of... himself onto the mat having knocked a lot of his wind out of his lungs. He got up onto both hands, then went for a knee, to rise...

BOX COMES FLYING IN TO SNATCH GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND, THAT IRON CLAW, ONTO JGX'S FACE!

As the fingernails dug in, blood went pouring down Xiao's face, and Bronson tore, squeezed, and most of all,

GRIPPED JGX's face!

The referee signalled frantically for the bell as JGX howled! The bodyslam challenge was over, Box won! Stop, stop, he's already dead!

DEFSecurity began to pour out from the back, but Box took a step forward, twisted, and DROPPED to the mat, slamming JGX's skull into the mat! Victorious, Box rolled under the bottom rope and out to ringside.

JGX lived to fight another day, Box walked away smug and self-satisfied, and everyone was happy. Except the bookies putting money on the Sumo. And the Sumo.

WINNER: BRONSON BOX

Blue Together

[Pre-recorded.] *"Dude, come on, we got to get to the staff meeting. Cito's gonna rip us a new one if we don't get there on time."* [The voice is unfamiliar. The picture, which shows a full-spread of a catering table half-decimated with a box in the immediate foreground on the left, doesn't provide any clue as to who is speaking, either.] [The picture shakes a bit.] **Voice2:** One second, bro, I'm just making some final adjustments. **Voice1:** Hurry up! [As they continue the conversation, into the shot walks The Last Nighthawk, Christian Light. Dressed in jeans and a Pittsburgh Pirates T-shirt, he's carrying a small blue towel over his shoulder as he looks over the offerings for tonight. Big bowl of Caesar salad, some bread cut into small portions...ah, there we go, macaroni salad. Gotta have the carbs for this evening, you know.] **Voice1** [now whispering]: Come on! [Christian doesn't seem to notice the whispering. Also, he didn't appear to see the camera or the two men.] **Voice2** [also whispering]: Forget that. I'm gonna stick this out, see if something interesting happens. Go on without me. **Voice1** [whispering]: Fine, but I'm not covering for you. [The voices cease. And we watch as Christian Light picks up a paper plate...and is joined by someone.] **"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:** Hey Michel, how's it going? [Michel LaLiberte gives Christian a half-hearted wave as he focuses his attention on the table.] **Michel LaLiberte:** Oh, 'ey Chris. Not so bad, yourself? **Light:** Psyched, man. Big test tonight, looking forward to it. You've got a pretty big one yourself, too. [Michel waves him off as he looks over the offerings at the catering table.] **LaLiberte:** Two freaks. Nothin' I can't 'andle. The big match tonight is yours. Winner take all, non? [Light nods as he takes a small scoop of the macaroni salad onto a paper plate.] **Light:** Looks that way. Hope I'm up for the challenge. Speaking of challenges, I've been meaning to ask you...how would you feel about getting some extra match experience in another federation? I'm about to send in my application for a tag team tournament coming soon in New York, and I could use a partner I can trust instead of someone from the random pool of people. I asked Cito already, and we'll be OK to partake so long as we keep making our Defiance dates. [Michel takes a plate and starts to scout out what's left at the table.] **LaLiberte:** New York, eh? There's a lot of ladies in that big city that could use a dose of powder blue to brighten their nights. [Christian sighs.] **Light:** Yes, I'm sure there's lots of pretty ladies in New York City as well. But if we do this, we're going to have to train for this, not just show up and fight. And in your case, hit the clubs afterwards. **LaLiberte** [slightly annoyed]: Yes, yes, we'll do some training too, but all work and no play makes Michel an un'appy man. [Light smiles slightly and heartily slaps Michel on the shoulder.] **Light:** Good, I'm glad you're on board. Empire Pro isn't going to know what hit them. [Light snipes at a piece of bread with his fork.] **Light:** How do you think your match is going to go? [Michel is half-chewing on a pig in a blanket.] **LaLiberte** [matter-of-fact, half-full mouth]: Best Face Forward, Un, Deux, Trois, and I'll be fighting for the big points prize next show. [Michel swallows, reaching for another.] **LaLiberte:** What about your match? **Light:** Not sure. What do you think? [Michel puts the remaining three or four pigs in a blanket on his plate before he pauses for a moment.] **LaLiberte:** I dunno, she is a tough customer. S'e 'as a lot of fans, like you. **Light:** Funny you should mention the fans. They're doing some kind of promotion for the evening with these towels. [Light puts his plate down before he takes the blue towel over his shoulder off and shows it to Michel.] **Light:** It's kind of like making some support section. Clair's got some red ones, I have some blue ones, and I guess the fans will wave them during the match and all that to show their support for their favorite. [Michel glances at the towel, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.] **LaLiberte:** And so you would like me to 'ave one? **Light:** Sure, but I'm not going to tell you who to pick. You have to make that decision yourself. But if you do choose me, I'd be happy to have your support. [More thoughtful stroking of the chin from Michel. It's at this point that those that notice subtle things see that Michel offers a very slight glance something over Christian's shoulder.] **LaLiberte:** Well, it's not exactly powder blue... [Michel reaches out and takes the towel.] **LaLiberte:** But it'll do. Just one question, Chris...do you have another? **Light** [slightly puzzled]: Yeah, sure, why? [Michel is interrupted by another, female voice off-screen.] **Christy Zane** [o/s]: Hey boys! [And immediately Light shoots Michel a look as he pulls a second one out of his jeans pocket and hands it to Michel. It's at this time that Christy Zane walks into the shot, back to the camera, so we can no longer see anything but her *ahem* assets.] **Light:** Hey Christy! **LaLiberte:** 'ello, Christy! 'ave you seen these towels? **Zane:** Yeah, pretty cool! What do you think, Michel? **LaLiberte:** I'm partial to the blue one myself. I've even saved one for you, Christy, so we can be blue together. [Christy's back is to us, so we cannot see her facial reactions.] **Zane:** Thanks, Michel. [Pause.] **Zane:** Oooh, nice! I'd love a pig in the blanket! [Zane leans over, presumably towards Michel's plate. This is where we cut.]

SportsCenter: Cassidy vs LaLiberte vs Shazam

DDK:

Up next, we're going to be seeing who will join Christian Light and Clair St. Sure in War Games. Diamond Shazam, who's been on a roll since joining Defiance, taking on the inconsistent but very-good-when-he's-on Jack Cassidy, and the ever-obnoxious Michel LaLiberte.

Cito:

Once again, it's hard to imagine what kind of advantage LaLiberte is going to be able to take into this match. Shazam's as much stronger as he is as Cassidy is faster than he is, and they're both veterans of several years.

Angus:

Shazam, he works what they call Japanese Strong Style, and I dig me some of that. I've... never really gotten into lucha that much, not really a fan of all the flipping. Jack's a better flipper than some, I think Shazam's just gonna swat him right out of the air and go to town. But I'll give this to LaLiberte, he's smart. Prediction? Shazam pastes Cassidy into the mat and Lillyberty steals it.

Cito:

Although I'm a bit partial to Cassidy, having trained him and everything, there's no denying that there's two completely different Jacks. Sort of like I touched on with Frank Dylan James earlier. I'll go with what Angus said, except that I think LaLiberte's routine is pretty well known by now, and Shazam's going to keep his pinfall for himself.

Jack Cassidy vs Michel LaLiberte vs Diamond Shazam

"Lemuria Rising" brought a relaxed but less than focused looking Jack Cassidy down to the ring. He tagged some hands and then jumped into the ring, tested the ropes.

Diamond Shazam's theme song played. Shazam was in rare form, threatening fans all the way down to the ring and stopping to snarl at the commentation station.

"Your Man" by Down With Webster was what really brought the boos. Michel LaLiberte wasn't quite as... vulgar about it as Pete Whealdon and Rich Mahogany were, but he was entirely interested in scoping chicks and not so much in the match.

Jack decided to jumpstart the match by running to the far ropes. He meant to dive on LaLiberte,

Instead, Shazam caught him with a powerslam.

LaLiberte stalled about getting into the ring as Shazam took over on Cassidy with brutal knife edge chops in the corner. By the time LaLiberte had gotten to the apron, Cassidy was bleeding from the chest. Shazam turned on LaLiberte, who quickly got back out of the way. And Cassidy collected himself and ducked Shazam's chop, rocked the big man back with a thrust kick! Another! And a leaping twisting spin kick that put Shazam down! Jack left him to dive out of the ring and chase LaLiberte around it.

Shazam collected himself, rolled out of the ring, caught LaLiberte, lifted him overhead and threw him at Cassidy, putting his two smaller opponents down in a pile. LaLiberte was brought to his feet first and T-bone suplexed! Cassidy was lawn darted into the ring post!

Shazam selected LaLiberte for further punishment and rolled him into the ring. Referee Mark Shields decided he couldn't be bothered to do 2 things at once, and so he watched Shazam and LaLiberte instead of counting Cassidy out. Shazam put LaLiberte in the corner and went to town with the elbows. Shazam has no technique, but a lot of force behind his strikes, and LaLiberte fell down.

Shields called for Shazam to back up, and let LaLiberte up. Shazam didn't appreciate it and whirled on the referee. Shields, who never liked it when wrestlers argued with him, started to argue back - then thought better of it. Shazam turned around, and LaLiberte quickly took him over with a schoolboy! One, two, and Shazam was out. LaLiberte grabbed his arm and wrenched it, actually showing good mastery of a very very very basic maneuver. He elbowed Shazam on the arm, twice, Shazam suddenly powered loose and pulled LaLiberte in for a T-bone suplex!

Only, the thing is, LaLiberte learned about T-Bone suplexes from his match with Christian Light. He instinctively countered with an outward elbow, and then he DDT'd Shazam. Of course, instead of going for the cover, he decided to play to the fans, requesting that they admire his abs and then informing that they were just jealous when they booed.

Jack Cassidy had finally recovered and he slid into the ring and covered Shazam. LaLiberte didn't turn around, but Shazam pressed Cassidy off his chest after one and a half anyway. Shazam was quick to his feet but Jack hit a triangle jump spinning heel kick that knocked Shazam to one knee, and then a jump spin twisty flippy enzuigiri variation. He went for the cover and LaLiberte FINALLY noticed and dove to broke it up.

Jack got out of the way and LaLiberte landed on Shazam's face.

Trying to get the match won quickly Jack booted LaLiberte and hooked him up for the Facewaster. LaLiberte blocked, overpowered the cruiserweight, Jack flipped out the back - and landed RIGHT in Shazam's clutches!

Diamond Driver!

Shazam flung LaLiberte from the ring and covered Cassidy for the win.

White Trash Tailgate Party

[There was a circle of trucks in the HERITAGE parking lot, tailgates facing in. The Bresling Student Center had a big-ass blacktop lot, which was perfect. And they were in Michigan. Plenty of trucks and SUVs.]

["Hillbilly Deluxe", by Brooks and Dunn was blaring from the speakers of one of the trucks, as grills flared and beers were drunk. Miss Christie Zane, the gorgeous (currently) brunette interview goddess of DEFIANCE was slipping into the circle of trucks.]

[In a DEFIANCE shirt custom-modified to allow room for her enormous twins, the beaming brunette sidled up to Jimmy Kort, who held a Budweiser in one hand and Katie Lynn Johnson's waist in the other hand. The Sheriff wore his ten-gallon hat and a big ol' grin.]

Christie Zane:

Jimmy Kort, you're not on this card! Why are you in Michigan?

Jimmy Kort:

I done heard there's a wrestlin' event goin' on tonight, being held by mah soon-ta-be rivals in HERITAGE league. I came t' scope out m' opponents.

Christie Zane:

Why are you still outside, then?

Katie Lynn Johnson:

What's it to you, Barbie?

[Katie Lynn hadn't missed the appraising look Jimmy had given Christie. Or the inhale that Christie had taken, when she noticed Jimmy looking.]

Christie Zane:

DEFIANCE wants to know, of course!

[Christie Zane: Unflappably perky.]

Jimmy Kort:

It's like this, Christie... I came all the way up t' Michigan to send a message.

[Jimmy jabbed a finger downward through the air.]

Jimmy Kort:

Light and St. Sure. They're the ones I'm warnin' now. And...

[Kort looked skyward, ticking something off on his fingers as he thought.]

Jimmy Kort:

Cassidy, LaLiberte, Shazam. Jiles, White, Andrews or... Uh, th' Stig? Whoever ends up bein' the other two, I'm warnin' 'em startin' t'morrow.

[Jimmy Kort turned to face the cameraman, shoulders blocked, finger jabbing at the lens.]

Jimmy Kort:

I'm not gonna end yer careers, I'm not gonna kill ya. I'm just gonna beat ya. At Wargames, th' Sheriff will be the first one in, if I get any say about it. An' I'll be the last man standin'.

[Christie Zane had helpfully held the microphone close as Kort had spoken. The cameraman had zoomed in on Kort's face, but now zoomed back out to get Christie Zane's... face... in shot.]

[Yeah. Face. That's the ticket. It wasn't her chest that he was under direct orders to showcase or anything.]

Christie Zane:

Strong words from the Sheriff! Who do you think is likely to be your opponents? Light and St. Sure are both tough competitors, but what about the element of chance that will end up letting you fight only two out of seven possible people?

Jimmy Kort:

It's simple. Th' guys who want it most will get it. And then I'll get ta fight 'em, and show 'em just why I'm the Sheriff. And as for this Rider guy, claiming he's here to clean this place up, let me just remind you, buddy.

[Jimmy jabbed a thumb at his chest.]

Jimmy Kort:

I am the Sheriff. Not you. Not anybody else. Everybody in the world likes to steal my nickname, but I got the badge, and I got the gumption. I was here, am here, and will continue to be here, in DEFIANCE, layin' down the law. And it's my will that's Law.

[All of a sudden, the lights on all of the trucks died, at once. The grills running off electric from the truck batteries shut off, the music died, and even the parking lot lights went out.]

Jimmy Kort:

What th-

[One of the trucks' radios slowly came back on, playing a low, slow, lilting piano tune. It would be easily recognisable to anyone who was alive prior to 1984, if not for the group of motorcycle riders rolling on up to the Tailgate Party.]

[All were in yellow, and wearing full helmets with black visors. All were on yellow-and-black motorcycles. Mostly Hondas. Some Yamahas and Suzukis.]

[Four of the men were carrying something on their laps, and picked 'em up, placing them carefully down on the ground. A strange black box per rider, with a glassy lens on top.]

Christie Zane:

Pink Floyd?

[Indeed, the song was "The Great Gig in the Sky". And as the black boxes all lit up, the piano-playing got to the happy crescendo. The drums kicked in. Clare Torry began to wail, her voice sounding more like instrument than mortal woman.]

[The projectors' images came together to form a 3D vision in the sky above the Tailgate Party. Another rider, in yellow-and-black, arms crossed. But there was something different about his demeanor.]

[The arranged men were riders. But that was The Rider.]

The Rider:

Jimmy Kort.

[His voice was a mechanical mashup of noise, one of those strongly encoded studio maskings of a human voice, to avoid betraying the person behind the mask. But behind the computer-generated interference was something else. Something more dangerous, and pure. The visceral ferocity of a lion, or something.]

The Rider:

A great storm is coming. And I will only be the vanguard of it.

[The Rider extended a hand, pointing squarely at Kort, who stood front and center, chest out, chin thrust defiantly out. He mouthed "Oh yeah?"]

The Rider:

And I come to DEFIANCE not for victories. Not for money. Not for title belts and tournament wins. I come to be a lawman.

[Jimmy friggin' HATED that line. He grabbed at his shirt, where a golden star was pinned, and frantically pointed to it, howling incoherent threats up at the Rider.]

The Rider:

I come to be a bulwark against evil. A dam against the rising tide of darkness. A shield-wall for the villains to crash against, to smash their swords and snap their maces against, to ensure that there will be a tomorrow.

[The Rider brought both hands to his hips, adopting a very Peter Pan-like pose.]

The Rider:

You have a choice to make, Jimmy Kort. A line will be drawn in the sand. Either you will stand with me, a soldier of light on a mission from all that is good and decent and pure, or you will stand against me, a mercenary of the dark, who will be smashed and rent by my fiery blade.

[Kort... stopped his tantrum at that. Wait, what? He turned to face the projection fully, mouthing the word in confusion. Who the hell was the Rider to ask-]

The Rider:

Your true test comes not from Wargames and EVOLUTION and HERITAGE. It comes from the eternal struggle for DEFIANCE's soul. Choose your side, Jimmy Kort. Or your side will be chosen for you.

[And flick, out went the lights, Clare Torry continuing to wail and howl in the darkness. The motorcycles revved, and as a unit, the cyclists vanished into the dark, racing off as their superbike engines sprayed gasoline into combustion cylinders and shot the exhaust from the tailpipes.]

[Jimmy Kort's truck turned back on, bathing the circle in light once more. He glanced over to the truck blaring Pink Floyd, and snarled for the owner to turn that shit off. Katie Lynn Johnson turned to Jimmy, already offering placating words, but Jimmy looked like he was sucking on a lemon.]

Christie Zane:

Back to you, Angus and Cito!

[The image fades, and goes back to the Commentary Station.]

SportsCenter: Andrews/The Rider vs Jiles/White

DDK:

Coming up next it's the semi-main event of the evening, with Jeff Andrews and The Rider taking on Cancer Jiles and Edward White.

Cito:

Of course its' going to be very hard to predict a match with an unknown quantity like the Rider in it, but to focus entirely on the three known ones. Andrews and White have never wrestled a singles match. They were scheduled to, but that was on the infamous 'riot show', and it got turned into a four way dance with Jiles and Heidi Christenson involved as well.

Angus:

Here's the thing. Jiles won both singles matches against Andrews, one by cheating, one by DQ. Andrews, much as I'm loathe to admit it, won the only clean pin in the entirety of the Jiles/Andrews rivalry. And it was a tag match, just like this one's going to be.

Cito:

Meanwhile, Andrews and White are... diametrically opposed to each other, to the point that they actually understand each other very well, and I think, respect each other to an extent. As for the actual wrestling, one thing I think neither White nor Jiles have an answer to is Andrews' striking. However, they have a pretty easy time manipulating his emotions so he makes a mistake.

Angus:

Totally. You'll notice that the time he beat them, Andrews had Heidi at his side. Now, I think Heidi's kind of a spoilt princess, but she and the Jeffer countered each other's weaknesses pretty well. Of course, E-Gold banned her from entering the building, which makes me kind of conflicted. On one hand, I want Cancer Jiles to win this match. On the other hand, I hate it whenever anything goes the way E-Gold wants it to.

DDK:

Let's talk about the Rider, as much as we can.

Cito:

If you take what he's saying at face value, I think the Rider's not going to bring any subterfuge to this match. He's been playing the Good Guy Card face up all this time.

Angus:

Somehow, I really, really don't like that guy. Already.

Cito:

All I can really add to that is that he's obviously not a heavyweight wrestler, and he's most likely to be bringing a faster paced style to the match, which means that Andrews will be able to use similar strategies to the ones he used teaming with Heidi - assuming he calms down enough to strategize.

DDK:

And with that, let's go down to the ring!

Jeff Andrews & ??? vs \$\$Cool

Everything began with "Sin's a Good Man's Brother".

Ain't seen a night #
Things work out right, go by #
Things on my mind, and I #
I just don't have the time #
And it don't seem right

Jeff Andrews' typical entrance music blasted, and yellow-green spotlights shone. Already champing at the bit to unleash some Surly, Jeff stomped out from the back, a John Deere hat clutched in a tense right hand.

His walk down to the ring was all business, eyes hard and face cold. He was being the stoic toughguy, since nobody had shown up to be his tag partner. Heidi was contractually barred from doing it, and nobody else had shown the gumption to take on the task.

Or maybe they didn't want to help Jeff.

In either case, Andrews rolled into the ring and tossed that mangled John Deere cap into the crowd with barely a look, eyes focusing solidly on the entryway. "Come on, you mother-...", he muttered. Just before he got to the fateful bomb...

I want my...#

A deep, heavy thud.

I want my...

And another. This was no pyrotechnics.

I want Ed White's Moneeeeeeeeeeeey...

Then, the guitar solo. "The" Guitar Solo. You know it.

As Dire Straits' "Money for Nothing" blared, a loud trumpet pealed out from behind the DEFIATron, and Edward White and Cancer Jiles rode out from the side, sitting on a litter. Wait, that was no trumpet! That was an elephant! \$\$Cool waved from atop the mighty beast, complete with gold-tipped ivory tusks. They smiled, and waved. Jiles threw handfuls of plastic beads out into the crowd. From his almighty vantage point, he could check out a LOT of cleavage.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The elephant was led by a half-dozen smaller men in black, running around in circles before the elephant, guiding it by its leadropes. Not that the elephant would go they way they wanted if it got mad. They were good, though. The best that money could buy.

Behind the elephant was White's omnipresent manservant, as well as his always-visible bodyguard. Hector Perez and Nicky Corozzo, a 6'3" Cuban with a hard right hook, and a 7'2" lump of Sicilian muscle.

As they walked, they tossed handfuls of green cash into the crowd. A bill was caught by a person up front, who held

the useless thing up for the camera. It had Cancer Jiles' sunglasses-wearing face on it.

Andrews rolled his eyes in the ring, glancing at his wrist. An eye went up to White, and Andrews tapped his wrist a few times. They still had Light/St. Sure to get to, and while ESEN would let Heritage run long, it would be hell in the negotiating room next time contracts came around.

The elephant stomped his way down to the ring, trumpeting and even rearing up for a dramatic photo op, Jiles waving a green-and-yellow mesh trucker's cap over his head as he let out a triumphant "COOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOL!". Ed White just smiled and waved, a lit cigar clamped between his lips. He sucked greedily at the smoke, enjoying the ability to blow blasts of thick, white smoke out at the crowd.

It made him feel demonic.

Jiles liked being able to do that, too. It made him feel rebellious.

The elephant slowly lay down upon its stomach, and a ladder descended from the side of the platform. COOL Cancer Jiles stepped over to it and slid casually down, as... COOL as a cucumber.

Edward White grabbed onto the ladder, and let the ladder lower him mechanically. Of course his ladder was an elevator. It saved him effort, time, and sweat. And that was why anyone wanted money.

Oh, right. Power. Edward White grinned as he turned to face the ring. Four of the six elephant-handlers... Well, they hadn't been too necessary. In fact, it was almost like they were plants. They pulled their ropes off the elephant, the long, heavy things capped with huge knots. The faux elephant trainers slid into the ring, Andrews' eyes widening.

The match hadn't begun yet, and \$\$Cool knew it. They had to approach the ring. So, Jiles and White watched, and waited.

One man rushed in ahead of all the others, lashing out with his rope, and that heavy knot. Andrews easily ducked, snapping out a sidekick first to the man's side, then a bicycle-style front kick sent the rope's head shooting straight upward!

A second and third trainer rushed Jeff, swinging with their ropes, but Andrews ducked both, shadow-stepping past the thugs. The flying rope-head came tumbling down, cracking directly into the top of the head of Sucker Number Two.

Jeff kept going, rushing the delaying Sucker Number Four, arm slashing out to clothesline the hapless nublet over the top rope! The thug spilled to the floor in front of Jiles and White, leaving Andrews alone in the ring with the still-standing Sucker Number Three.

The Kendo Sidekick, that snapping Superkick to the mush, laid him out in a half-second. White and Jiles glanced to one another, deliberating thoughtfully.

"JEFF! JEFF! JEFF! JEFF!" chanted the crowd, in unison. The Cross-Wired Time Bomb was really doing it!

And then, they rushed the ring, as one. They had one chance to stop Andrews' momentum.

They dove into the ring before Jeff was even fully back down from the Superkick, and White slammed a foot into the back of Jeff's supporting leg.

Andrews went down, and White and Jiles were quick to begin kicking Jeff directly in the head. They had a more complex plan, but "kick Andrews in the brain until he's too concussed to tie his shoes" sounded good at the moment.

BBB000000000000000000000000000000!

After a few long moments of head-kicking, the referee got past the downed bodies and into the ring, then forcefully hauled both men off Andrews' body.

One man in, one out. That was the rule!

DEFIANCE Stagehands dragged the Thug-bodies out of the ring, as the animal trainers wrangled Jumbo the Elephant backstage. White and Jiles would have to hoof it backstage after the match.

Jiles let himself get pushed out of the ring, holding up his hands innocently. White came in, grabbing at the slowly-stirring Andrews' head.

Jeff was hauled halfway to his feet, before White snapped a foot into the soft part of Jeff's stomach, doubling the King of the Bittermen(Hereafter acronym'd to KotB) over. White stepped back, then lunged through with a powerful kneelift directly to Jeff's chest!

Andrews went straight, but White grabbed the arm and sent Andrews running off into the turnbuckles, quickly following behind with leaping flying avalanche! The impact smashed Andrews' chest, hard, and he was having some SERIOUS wind issues.

White hooked Andrews into a side headlock, dragged him on over to the Cash Cool corner, and offered a tag. King COOL agreeably took it... And Andrews placed both hands on White's side, bodily shoving the Socialite across the ring!

This freed Andrews to greet the half-in-the-ring Jiles with a leonine grin.

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

White could have gotten the hell out of Dodge, let Jiles have to deal with this himself. But he was good tag partner, who had a score of his own to settle.

White came rushing back in, and grabbed Andrews' arm, leaping and spinning the two around, transferring that momentum! Andrews was sent off to the ring-ropes, in complete defiance of the laws of physics!

Jiles saw his chance, and came leaping in as Andrews returned... FLYING MONGO CHAWP!

It connected. Solidly.

...

A long moment passed, Jiles' hand still pressed to Andrews' forehead. Neither moved. Which would give first?

Andrews doubled forward, shoving Jiles' hand away as his fists came down, slapping against the ringmat below him. He straightened, letting out a BEASTLY roar.

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" went the crowd, in accompaniment to Andrews' adrenaline rush.

Surly: Unleashed. Andrews shot a series of punches, then a backhanded chop, a knife-edged chop, a spinning back-kick to Jiles' stomach, a soccer-style sidekick to Jiles' ribs, and as he was setting up for the Kendo Sidekick...

White came flying in again, a leaping shoulder tackle and right hand to the face taking Jeff right off his feet!

White kept rolling after he hit the mat, rolling right out of the ring. The cameraman following White over to the side of the ring caught a glimpse of his hand slipping out from under the behemoth of canvas and steel.

More importantly, Andrews was down.

"BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" cried the fans, as Jiles began to savagely kick Andrews in the side of the head, again and again and again! White rolled back into the ring and popped up, stamping brutal feet down on Andrews' midsection. Maybe he'd lacerate a kidney! Ooh! Ooh! Or puncture Andrews' spleen!

The DEFIATron flicked on all of a sudden, the overhead arena-screens taking a moment to catch up. A single cameraman had run his ass on out to the end of the nearby traffic ramp, and stood in the dark of the night, filming. There, way down the highway, just barely within sight, was a headlight.

As the cameraman continued to roll film, the motorcycle came flying down the interstate, smoothly changing lanes. With motor howling, the rider zipped right onto the exit ramp. A yellow and black streak flew down the ramp at ludicrous speed, and bounced right over the grassy divider, into the parking lot.

Big spotlights had been lighting up the front of the arena all night, and a scrolling DEFIANCE HERITAGE LEAGUE WRESTLING marquee was posted just off to the left. Perfect framing, cameraguy.

The motorcycle zipped through the parking lot, weaving and flying like a psychotic bumblebee, but unerringly forward towards the arena. The yellow and black streak slid neatly into the ramp going into the arena's internal parking garage, almost with a gulping sound.

Back inside, Cancer Jiles and Edward White were continuing to stomp Jeff Andrews as the King of the Bittermen(Or KotB) covered up. This two-on-one mugging was turning into assault, and fast. But then...

The sound of that racing motor, from one end of the arena. The squeals of rubber, melting onto the floor. Screams of terrified popcorn vendors, nearly run down. And the sound was moving. White stood up straight, eyes narrowing. Jiles closed his eyes in delight... The parallax effect was setting off his weed-induced synesthesia.

The motor continued to race and rev, going all the way around the arena and to the DEFIATron... And most importantly, backstage. That motor sang a song of petrol fumes as it raced closer... And closer...

And that sound guy ought to get a raise. Just as the VF1000 F-II burst through the gorilla position curtains, a song hit that big note.

BWEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOW

A modern day warrior, a mean mean stride #
 # Today's Tom Sawyer, mean mean... pride #

OHMYGODRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The motorcycle screamed down the steel entryway ramp, and as the rider got to... oh... About the three-quarter mark, he climbed up onto the 'bike, perched on the seat. Sacrificing the vintage ride, he leapt off the motorcycle, diving nimbly between the bottom and the middle ring rope. Gracefully, he somersaulted forward and to his feet.

Cancer Jiles rushed in, hand flying for a Mongo Chop.

Though his mind is not for rent #
 # Don't put him down as arrogant #
 # His reserve, a quiet defense #
 # Riding out the day's events #

The masked rider took the Mongo Chop directly to the crown of the helmet. Hand lost to fiberglass. Jiles stumbled to the side, cradling his hand as the rider went rushing forward, blowing past Edward White.

The rider hit the ring ropes and returned, ducking a clothesline, but wrapping an arm around White's beefy arm. Dextrously, the rider held on, arched up, and hooked a headscissors onto the Socialite! Let the gymnastics begin!

THE RIVER!

Around White the rider flipped and contorted and spun, defying gravity and common sense, until he finally sent Eddie White flying across the ring with a flying armdrag! The Socialite, realizing that discretion, better part, valor, etc., kept going and scrambled out of the ring, seeking refuge inside the protective sphere of Nicky Corozzo and Hector Perez.

The Rider was left alone with COOL Cancer Jiles... and one Jeff Andrews, crawling into the ring corner to watch. Jiles snarled, still cradling that abused hand. The Rider beckoned Jiles on with a gloved hand, featureless behind the full head mask.

Jiles came in, lifting a knee. The rider sidestepped, grabbing one of Jiles' hands and twisting it to his side. He brought one foot high, planting the leather boot-wearing foot against Cancer's jaw. And then, the rider dropped to his back, feeding Jiles a taste of Sole Food!

"YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" screamed the crowd. Cavalry: Arrived!

Jiles fell, rolled, and ended up outside o' the ring. The rider popped back to his feet, reaching up and grabbing at his helmet. Desperately unlatching the chinstrap, he tore the plexiglas contraption from his skull, revealing the blonde-haired, blue-eyed visage of Tom Sawyer. His eyes went wide, and his grin grew to stretch from ear to ear. His index fingers pointed outward, and Tom spun in a circle, pointing out to that screaming mass of people on all sides.

Ooh Yeah! The former three-time DEFIANCE World Tag Champion, winner of the DEF Tag Superbowl, two-time Aggro Crag winner was INDAHOUSE!

"TOM! TOM! TOM!" they chanted.

Tom turned, offering a hand to Jeff Andrews to get up with, but the King of the Bittermen just arched his back, and nimbly climbed to his feet, hardly letting the two-on-one assault affect him. He had a partner, now they had a match to win. Andrews pointed a finger to the two members of "Money for Nothing and COOL for Free" and said... something, and as Tom unzipped his motorcycling jacket, the kid nodded.

The heavy leather was left behind as Tom took off, nimbly going from canvas to top rope with just a hop... And Tom leapt off the top, twisting and corkscrewing as he fell, landing across White and Jiles and Perez and Corozzo with a

terrific impact!

This put Tom in a bad part of town, all by himself as Perez and Corozzo began to get up, barely affected by one impact of a falling body.

Which made Andrews' sprint towards the ropes and his no-hands front flip over the top rope so timely.

Andrews came crashing down across the group as well, and quickly began to hammer punches and elbows and knees into the heads of Perez and Corozzo! a backhanded slap to Sawyer to wake the kid up! And a ball-punch to Jiles, just 'cuz!

After his tope con hilo took err'body out, Andrews grabbed White, tossed his ass in the ring. Grabbed Jiles, tossed his ass in the ring. Grabbed Perez, tossed his ass over the guardrail. Grabbed Corozzo, the 7 foot tall giant, and tossed HIS ass over the guardrail!

Jeff even grabbed Tom, and rolled his ass back into the ring! At this rate, he might as well grab himself and roll the Cross-Wired Time Bomb back into the ring! Instead, Jeff just slid into the ri-WHITE WITH A FLYING ELBOW DROP!

Stomping and kicking feverishly at Andrews, White shoved the former DEF-VP back out of the ring. Perez and Corozzo were in no state to assist, soooo... White glanced to the referee.

Remember the referee?

He's kinda important to a match.

The referee, Senior Ref Benny Doyle, waved White out of the ring, holding up two fingers. "Two men in, two men out!", he admonished. White put up his hands affably, and sauntered over to the "Money for Nothing and COOL for Free" corner, nimbly climbing out.

This left Tom Sawyer and COOL Cancer Jiles alone in the ring. Jiles had been stalking, watching and waiting. Sawyer had been on his hands and knees, trying to get a wind back after that initial rush had blown out.

Jiles came sneaking up behind Tom... And Tom whirled to his feet, eyes wide, index finger aiming at the sky... Then coming back down, jabbing squarely at Jiles' heart! Tom let out a titanic cry of "YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU", and...

"YOOOOOOUUUUUUUUUU!" echoed the crowd.

Jiles came in, hauling off to deck Tom in the face. A block! Tom responded with a punch to the mush, rocking Jiles back! Jiles wouldn't give up, so he cocked his fist back and sent another punch flying at the kid!

Tom blocked that one, too! Punch in the face! And another! And a third!

As Andrews and White both grabbed the tag rope, reaching out to try and offer a quick tag time for their partner, Tom grabbed Jiles by the arm, turning and hauling off with an Irish Whip, sending CCJ jogging across the ring!

Tom put up a foot for the Big Boot, but as Jiles came runnin' back, he nimbly jumped over the foot and landed behind Tom, where a quick back-lift of the foot tagged the kid in the plums! Tom's eyes went wide, knees went close, and he staggered, stumbled, weebled, wobbled, and dropped to his knees!

"WELCOME BACK, TOMMY!", howled Cancer Jiles before he stomped the small of the kid's back. "WELCOME BACK, YOU MONGOLOID!" Another stomp, then a kick to the side of the head. Cancer Jiles stepped forward, fingers pointing out to both sides as he mocked Tom's stolen taunt.

Jiles turned, right into an Andrews clothesline, turning the COOL one inside out! Jeff grabbed Tom's wrist and forcibly

dragged the kid back to the Untouchashadowing corner, hopping out onto the apron only to slap Tom's hand and hop right back in.

King of the Bittermen. Guru of COOL.

Andrews seethed and raged, standing still and watching Jiles pull himself up using the ring ropes. The COOL one came to his feet, Andrews clenching and unclenching his fists, waiting for a chance to fly across the ring and beat Jiles' face i-

Jiles leapt to his corner and slapped White's hand, tagging out and immediately rolling to the floor. Edward White narrowed his eyes, and slowly climbed into the ring, keeping a wary eye on Jeff Andrews.

Well. If Jeff Andrews had to be in the ring with Edward White, he'd enjoy his time in the ring with Edward White. Soon, White would beg to tag out to Jiles. And Jiles would either do it, or take a tope con hilo.

Jeff began to circle the ring, cracking his knuckles. His face served as a surlometer, and he was pushing 83%. Edward White just settled into a loose boxer's stance, breaking into a slow grin as he watched Andrews' movements. The two took a few moments to study one another, before they made their moves.

Andrews rushed forward, going for a high kick.

White ducked, and used his hands as a sturdy brace to double-boot Andrews in the supporting leg!

Jeff dropped, and White lashed out, hooking an arm around Jeff's head for a side headlock! Even as he tightened that headlock up, Andrews pumped his legs, forcing White to sidestep awkwardly on his way into the ring corner.

Andrews shoved free, and before White could fully cover up, WHAM WHAM WHAM went the fist into the cheek! Into the stomach, WHAM WHAM WHAM! Andrews stepped back, hauled off...

CHOP!

"Whoo!"

CHOP!

"WHOO!"

CHOP!

"WHOOOOOO!"

Andrews grabbed White by a double-fist of his hair, and shoved White's face against the top rope. White's face was DRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGED down that rope's length, to the other ring corner, wher-

Tom Sawyer tagged in!

Andrews shot a hateful look at Sawyer, irritated at his wrath being interrupted, but as Tom bounced into the ring, he shot Jeff a dazzling grin, a double thumbs-up, and hammered a boot into White's stomach!

Andrews seethed his way onto the ring apron. Right. Tag match. Two people on a team.

87%...

Tom twisted Ed White's right arm around with some wrist leverage, then snapped a pretty high kick into Eddie's chest. Eddie stumbled back, Tom rushed in and whipped Edward off...

White went charging across the ring, only for Tom to leap into the air and deliver a picture-perfect, eight-foot-off-the-ground dropkick to White's chest!

"The Socialite" fell backwards, rolling into the \$\$Cool corner, and Cancer Jiles took a tag! Andrews immediately began to bounce up and down on the ring corner, arm stretched as far out as he could reach!

Tom turned to face Jeff, moving towards his outstretched hand, but Jiles ran right through Tom with a flying clothesline, putting all his temporary COOL powers into a COOL burst of speed!

You can modify your temporary COOL usage, but Jiles' permanent COOLitude was all tied up in being like a cucumber.

You know. COOL.

Jiles rebounded off the ring ropes, and as Tom came scrambling back upwards, CCJ came flying by with a kneelift, cracking Tom right in the face with it!

The mysterious Rider dropped like a discarded roach, as Cancer Jiles landed, both feet, on Tom's chest. And he began to furiously stomp away with both feet.

"WHY! WON'T! YOU! DIE! AND! NEVER! TROUBLE! ME! AGAIN!", screamed COOL Cancer Jiles. Sawyer was like a friggin' cockroach.

The ref was distracted enough with... Was this a submission? Or illegal strikes? That Jeff Andrews managed to fly over the top rope, come leaping across the ring, and KERTHWACK went his flying back heel kick!

Grazing across Jiles' retreating head!

Jiles had felt Andrews coming as a disturbance in the COOL, and went diving for \$\$Cool's corner.

White caught the tag, but as Andrews caught himself, he went leaping across the ring, crashing into White with a full-body shoulderblock! Eddie went flying from the apron, smashing into the protective guardrail...

Clearing the way for Jeff Andrews to leap onto the top rope, then come screaming down onto the rising Cancer Jiles, all flying fists and headbutts!

"YAAAY!" cried the crowd. FINALLY, Jeff got to punch the COOL's mouth.

Tom Sawyer rolled to his feet, wincing and holding an arm across his chest.

But, as he surveyed things... Andrews and Jiles were rolling around at ringside, White was being tended to by Perez and Corozzo...

Tom quickly rushed to the ring corner, stepped to the top, and leapt off, front-flipping off! The crowd held their breath for a moment...

Corozzo stepped up to catch Tom! Tom caught Corozzo with the legs-around-the-neck! Tom backflipped, twisting, and Nicky Corozzo was tossed headfirst into Hector Perez's stomach! Tom grabbed the still-dazed White, and tossed him into the ring!

"TOM! TOM! TOM!"

Tom rolled into the ring after White, popping to his feet and clenching his fists. Tom brought both hands upwards,

flexing everything from the waist up as he gave a mighty battle cry!
"RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!", he cried!

The crowd echoed him. "RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Eddie White pushed himself up onto his hands and knees, blinking a few times dazedly. Tom came rushing across the ring, stepped off White's back on the way past, kept running...

White came to one knee, and Tom leapt over Eddie, leapfrog-style. White's wrist was grabbed in the process, Tom landed on his heels, dug down with those boots, and twisted as he fell, propelling White overhead with a fancy lucha-style armdrag!

Tom Sawyer was quick back to his feet, and as Edward pushed himself up, Tom went running across the ring once more, stepped off the rising White's shoulder, and came flying at the Guru of COOL!

More like the Guru of being kicked in the face!

Tom dropkicked Jiles square in the jaw, managed to pull himself back up, and looked over to where White was rising. Perfect...

Sawyer rushed to White, shoving Eddie's head between his thighs and pointing to the ring corner, where Jeff Andrews was standing. Tom motioned down to White, up to the top rope...

Andrews' eyes widened. The little shitstain wanted the Untouchadriver. Sure, plenty of folk had done it, but Tom hadn't earned any part of that.

96%...

Eddie White dropped to his knees, pulling free from Tom's headscissors. The Socialite hauled off, and smashed a forearm across Tom Sawyer's junk! With the ref keeping his eyes on Cancer Jiles, it could have just as easily been a stomach-blow...

Or a payoff. Everybody had a price.

White leapt to his feet, grabbing Tom by the hair, leapt and brought his legs up as he did...

Tom was smashed facefirst into the mat by the sheer force of the Wall Street Warrior! And before Tom even knew what was going on, White was up, hauled off, and kicked Tom directly in the side of the head!

White grabbed ahold of Tom's hair, other hand going under the kid's arm to haul Sawyer to his feet. A sharp elbow to the head, and White hooked Sawyer's head in a standing front headlock, backing up into the safest corner of all.

The COOL one.

White held Tom steady, as Jiles tagged in, smoothly slid under the top rope, and began to hammer kicks into Tom's side. White held Tom steady for the full five-count, before letting go, an innocent look on his face. Eddie stepped out of the ring, letting the COOL do his thing.

The COOL's thing was to whip Tom off to the ropes.

As the kid came running back, propelled by bullshit wrestling physics, Cancer Jiles took a hop, and LEAPT, snapping both his feet right into the side of Tommy's head with a beautiful dropkick of his own!

Who said the face got to do all the impressive spots? That was a pretty pretty dropkick, Cancer.

Jiles landed on his knees, and crossed both arms over his chest, smirking to the hard camera.

Tom Sawyer bounced back to his feet behind Cancer, fists clenching, eyes wide.

Cancer Jiles, taking his moment to gloat over his sw33t move, never saw Tom coming. Or heard Edward howling in distress. Cancer Jiles was too...

COOL.

Tom Sawyer leapt into the air, both knees coming together, and he CRACKED COOL Cancer Jiles in the back of the head with the flyin' attack. Cancer hit the mat, and Tom sprang to his feet, leaping with a need, a purpose...

And he tagged Jeff Andrews in.

"RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" went the crowd!

Andrews came flying across the ring, and as Cancer Jiles came up to his feet, Jeff Andrews hit him with a full-body tackle, spearing Jiles to the mat! Punches rained down like manna from heaven, and Tom Sawyer grinned, standing beside the scene.

Oh, right, match. Tom rushed across the ring, leaping into the air! Edward White, calling to Perez and Corozzo to pull the car around, wasn't looking! Tommy hit White with the flying Muai Thai elbow to the crown of the skull! White crumpled, falling into the desperate arms of his henchmen!

As Cancer Jiles backhanded Jeff Andrews off him, Tom came back up and spied Cancer Jiles, standing and turning to run.

That could not be allowed.

Tom came rushing across the ring, leaping around Jiles as both hands went for the right wrist! Tom caught it, and sent Jiles tumbling head-over-heels... But Jiles managed to cartwheel through, landing on his feet! The Guru of COOL hit the ropes, grinning as he rebounded...

And Jeff Andrews came walking steadily across the ring to punch Cancer Jiles right in his goddamned face. Jiles stopped dead in his tracks, both hands going to his abused nose!

Tom ran in, and with the shout of... Well, something unheard by the cameras, but instinctive to Jeff Andrews, Andrews automatically braced for what he knew was co-... Wait, why was he helping this dumb mark ki-

Tom grabbed onto Jeff's side, smoothly transferring around, using the King of the Bittermen as a pivot point for a Tiger Feint kick! Jiles took it hard in the chest, but as Tom easily landed, the kid booted Cancer more in the stomach, grabbed the waistband of Jiles' pantaloons, and gestured wildly to Andrews!

Andrews' eyes widened. Tom wanted the god damned Untouchabreaker again, how DARE this ki-...

It was on Cancer Jiles. Opportunities like this didn't just come along every day.

Andrews went to the ring corner. He turned to face the delicious situation, easing himself up onto the second ring rope. The King of the Bittermen, the Modern Day Warrior, Untouchashadowing, setting up for the Untouchabreaker.

Of COURSE one of Edward White's God Damned Goons had to interrupt and ruin EVERYTHING

Hector Perez went diving into the ring, shoving COOL Cancer Jiles away from Tom's grasp, and Jiles took the opportunity to roll out of the ring!

Tom almost dropped an f-bomb, as he was denied ONCE AGAIN one of his FEW STUPID CHILDHOOD DREAMS, and he hauled off, kicking Perez in the stomach! A grab, a stuff of the head, and Tom had Hector Perez set for the piledriver!

Jeff Andrews sadly watched Jiles go, realizing that Cancer was now not the legal man. Great sorrow.

Tom lifted Perez for the piledriver part!

Might as well. Jeff Andrews leapt off, grabbing onto Hector's legs at the calves! The three men fell! Perez' head hit, and his neck may have crumpled like a Kleenex in a high wind!
UNTOUCHABREAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKER!

Tom went over to the side of the ring, shoving and kicking Hector Perez out of the squared circle. Andrews rose, and followed Tom over, looking to see where Cancer had go- THERE! THERE HE WAS! ANDREWS WENT TO GIVE CHASE!

Tom had already seen it as he shoved Perez out of the ring at Cancer's feet, and had grabbed onto that top rope, pulling back to give him the burst of energy to go flipping over the top...!

Andrews made a false start to go after Jiles, but... That meant that Jeff was the legal man, and he DID want to go to Wargames. Where was Whi-

Andrews turned around into a blinding cloud of the most shiny, brilliant starstuff imaginable. The heavy metal coated the throat, lungs, eyes and nose! Jeff coughed, and a blast of the sparkles came flying out of his grill!

Edward White grinned, ducking to haul Jeff Andrews up and onto his back. With Andrews unable to breathe/think, much less resist, it was easy pickings for the Sophisticate to angle Jeff to the center, and then... Well, metaphorically, the NASDAQ plunged.

White dropped Jeff Andrews like an old girlfriend, and rolled him through for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"BOOO!"

"Chasing Sheep", by Edward Nyman. Ed White sat back on his haunches, grinning brightly as he lifted one hand triumphantly into the air. Jiles and Corozzo were laying the boots in on Sawyer, out by the side of the ring. White didn't even have to hit Andrews anymore. The impact(And the choking) was doing White's work for him.

But that was likely enough to tip the surly to 100%. Or perhaps... Maybe...

Just maybe...

That was enough to break physics and go past. 105%. 110, even!

Jeff Andrews powered to his feet, one eye stuck shut with the paste of platinum and involuntary tears. Ed White took one look at his face, and beat feet out of the ring. Andrews went flying after him, but security, having been brushing up on their Keep Jeff Andrews From Running Around Backstage Destroying Fucking Everything maneuvers, intercepted him.

White and Jiles and Corozzo and Perez all moved away so that DEFSec could charge in and separate everyone from everyone else. As the fab foursome gloated their way up the ramp, Jeff Andrews slid back into the ring, storming mad. He was pissed.

Tom Sawyer had vanished from ringside... No, there he was! He pushed the VF1000 out from under the ring and righted it, a big grin on his lips.

Andrews might look like Mr. Freeze, but Tom had places to go. He hopped on the cycle, righting it as White, Jiles et. al. stood on the entryway ramp, hurling insults and obscenities. Andrews was being blocked by the security guards, but DEFIANCE Security had no interest in being in front of a motor vehicle. They parted.

Giving Tom a clear shot at "Money for Nothing and COOL for Free".

Tom revved the motor, as Edward White began to realize what was about to happen. As Tom hauled on the accelerator, White dove for cover! Jiles brought a hand back, threatening to chop the Mongo right out of Tom. Perez froze up. Corozzo tried to lumber his steroid-addled ass out of the way, but to no avail!

The Rider raced through the lot of the group, Corozzo falling, Perez tripping and falling off the stage, and Jiles... Well, he swung with the Mongo Chop and missed. And Tom reached out, a finger coming up to flick COOL Cancer Jiles' nose.

Flick.

Tom vanished backstage, The Guru of COOL stunned, everyone else on the ground.

Jeff Andrews seethed in the ring.

This Is The Moment

[Cut to a close-up of Lance Warner from the neck up.] **Lance Warner:** The moment is almost upon us, folks. The main event of the evening is nigh! *RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!* **Warner:** And right now I'm standing next to one of the two participants in this gargantuan main event that threatens to change the face of Heritage...and maybe Defiance...forever. [The view pans backwards. We see that we're backstage, in front of a giant Heritage banner, and standing next to Lance, as promised, is one of the participants in the main event tonight.] *RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!*
RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! [The Last Nighthawk is dressed for war. He's got his blue and white tights on, and he's also debuting a new camouflage T-shirt with Christian Light's logo on the front. As the camera is on him, he finishes the bottle of water that he's sipping from and tosses it off-screen, where it lands with a thunk. **Warner:** Christian, thank you for joining me tonight. **"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:** Anytime, Lance. **Warner:** As you well know, we have been doing an all-night live fan and Twitter poll. The polling just closed, and I have the final results in my hand. [Christian appears to be listening closely to Lance as he adjusts his wrist tape.] **Warner:** Out of all the fans here tonight, the number of fans that think you're going to win this match is sixty-one percent... **Light [interrupting, smiling]: Sixty-one percent!** Thank you all for your support on the night of my greatest challenge in Defiance to date. I hope that I can live up to each and every one of your expectations tonight! [Unexpected, but Warner's the professional, he adjusts and rolls on.] **Warner:** Well, the fans seem to have huge expectations for you tonight, Christian. How do you think you'll handle the pressure? **Light:** Handle the pressure? Handle the pressure, Lance? I was **born** to handle this kind of pressure, man! Ever since I was a little kid, I spent my nights dreaming about standing in front of a capacity crowd full of men, women, and children looking for the best wrestling action in the world. I've been fortunate enough to live that dream most of my life, and I've loved every second of it. This is one of those moments...the moment where it's all about the competition, pure and simple. It doesn't matter if it's ten or ten thousand, Lance, I think I'll be OK with the pressure tonight. **Warner:** Fair enough, Chris. But with such a tough opponent on tap for tonight...Claire St. Sure is thus far undefeated in the Masters of Wrestling tournament...do you have any concerns about winning the match? **Light:** Sure I have my concerns. Claire's a deadly woman with a lot of momentum on her side. But Lance, I've been to the mountaintop, and I've been to the valleys. I've done plenty of shoulder pinning in my career, but I've also taken my share of losses as well. I know Claire will fight honorably and fairly, and I know that if I lose, we both gave it our level best and the better wrestler will have won this evening. I can leave tonight with my head held high. And if my hand is raised, all the better. **Warner:** Chris, I know they're looking for you down at the entranceway, best of luck to you tonight. **Light:** Thanks, Lance, and thank you all, again, for voting! *CHEAPOPPRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!*
Warner: Well, Darren, Christian's ready. How do you guys see this one going down?

SportsCenter: Light vs St. Sure

[At the commetation station, one of Angus' eyes is red. His head is clasped in both hands and he's muttering under his breath.]

Angus:

hatetomsawyer hatetomsawyer hatehatehatehatehatetomsawyer

DDK:

Fans, we just saw a chaotic match. And if you didn't manage to catch it, the Masked Rider turned out to be former Defiance World Tag Team Champion, Tom Sawyer!

Angus:

AAAAIIIIIIIIIIIGGGGHHHAABLARGLE!!!!

DDK:

The fans were thrilled to see Tom make his Defiance return. Angus here, not so much. But enough of that - It's almost time.

Angus [abruptly going back to normal]:

It's about damn time.

Cito:

The awaited main event, Christian Light vs Clair St. Sure, is coming up next. Now, for fans who're just joining us, at the top of the card, we were encouraging Defiance fans to log onto Twitter and provide us with their predictions. We've got a lot of responses from wrestlers, past and former. Since we'll be calling Light/St. Sure live, let's take a look at this. Here's what former Defiance World Heavyweight Champion had to say about this one!

@BigBadBostonB:

@ChristianLightRTD is a bad dude who is gonna bring the heat, @TrulyUntouchableCSS. Sorry, but I pick him.

Cito:

And this was our most recent champion's take. Heidi Christenson.

@HeidiChristenson

If @TrulyUntouchableCSS sticks to not using her armlocks, Light wins. If she doesn't, it's too close to call.

DDK:

Not that St. Sure doesn't have her supporters. And those supporters include, I'm not sure whether to be surprised or unsurprised, two former members of The Untouchables, Danny Vicious of OLW infamy and Mr. Dude who originally founded the stable.

@SensationDannyV

Light's good. St. Sure's good, half his age, and has Kai Scott in her corner. Get ready to pass the torch Christian.

@FirstUntouchableMrD

Trust Kai Scott to make sure @TrulyUntouchableCSS beats @ChristianLightRTD whether he's there or not.

DDK:

We've only had one response that's predicting anything other than a close match. And that was, incidentally, the Boss' personal assistant, Kelly Evans.

@KellyEvansDEF: Not to sound biased, but I think that @ChristianLightRTD is going to squash @CSS like a bug. I know him, personally, he's too big, and too good, and no that's not what I meant... #LightvsCSS

Cito:

...she does sound biased, actually.

Angus:

As well she should. Team Danger Represent!

Cito:

You guys do nothing but call her names when she's around.

Angus:

I fail to see your point.

DDK:

Guys, to get back on topic, here's what a couple of former Defiance wrestlers had to say. Former Tag Team Champion Lucas Harper...

Angus:

ragesplutter

@H20Waterman:

Claira St. Sure is nuts. Christian Light? Call me arrogant, but I think his day is done.

@SentryLHarper:

Christian Light and Claira St. Sure go for a 60 minute time limit draw, get 5 more minutes, Light in a squeaker.

@PythonDEF

CSS isn't quite ready yet. Light might need the Sledgehammer for this one though.

Cito:

That one got out of order, but yes, we heard from former WfWA Heavyweight Champion Python as well. Python was here in Defiance for a cup of tea during the preseason, but he'd gotten too used to the retired life.

Angus:

He got dry-humped by Heidi. I don't care how hot she is, if I got dry-humped by a chick I'd quit and never come back too.

Cito:

.....well, while immaturity's out the window here's what Alternative 2.0 had to say about things.

@BradAndrewsAlt

Light wins in about 15 minutes. Everyone gets their moneys worth. #WhyIStillWatch

@JayAndrewsAlt

@BradAndrewsAlt NUH UH @TrulyUntouchableCSS wins in 15 w/busaiaku knee

Cito:

And yes, Brad and Jay are former CAL World Tag Team Champions and related to both Jeff Andrews and Jonny Booya. We've been trying to beg them back to Defiance for a while, actually. We even sold Jay's gimmick change even though he hasn't even appeared on a wrestling show as Jay Andrews.

Angus:

I *thought* that guy's name used to be Miah DeVan! Oh, and hey, hey guys, I just tweeted! Look!

@DefiantAngus: Ha! @ChristianLightRTD FTW! @TrulyUntouchableCSS has been lucky, but CL is was and always will be the king of exposing weaknesses and winning when it counts!

Cito:

We even got a pair of old-timers to commentate here. Robert Lancaster, also known as former OLW Heavyweight Champion Avarice, and Sam Carnage, former CAL World Champion and later general all around mentor figure to the entire place.

@RobertLancaster

People who say @TrulyUntouchableCSS is getting lucky do not understand wrestling.

@SamCarnage

@ChristianLightRTD Kai Scott is a snake in the grass. Don't trust him or any of his.

@ChristianLightRTD over @TrulyUntouchableCSS in ~25

Angus:

Oh hey check what just came in this very second.

@TheMasterBaytor:

I finish first, during Clair's entrance. And then four or five more times when the camera focuses on her ass.

#JERKINIT

Cito:

...can we get a 15 second delay on that? Or...

[The fifteen second delay cuts in about 5 seconds too late.]

Christian Light vs Clair St. Sure

Let me hear you scream!

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!
RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!
RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

I'm black and bruised, beat up, but still I take the blows #
Cos all I need is blood and sweat and skin and bone #
I'll take this bait, resolve your case, get ready for the last stand #
Get ready, I'm your hangman!

[The house lights dim, as the hard, powerful Osbourne-grade guitars begin to play.]

[Fans inch to the edge of their seats. Blue towels swing up over people's heads. The Last Nighthawk was coming out to his "big psyche-up time" song.]

["Let Me Hear You Scream" from the Prince of Darkness. As the spotlights hit the entryway ramp, Christian Light stomps out from the back, cracking the knuckles of his right hand, then his left.]

[The Last Nighthawk throws his fists into the air, trying to keep his face a warrior's mask. He wasn't about to compromise his poker face at all.]

[Instead, Light heads down to the ring, moving on over to one side of the ring rampway, slapping hands of the people extending their arms, all the way down.]

[Light takes a few fast steps and dives underneath the bottom rope, quickly scrambling to his feet. A quick, wide-armed pose for the cameras and the kiddies at home, before Light heads on over to his corner of the ring.]

Let me hear you scream like you want it! #
Let me hear you yell like you mean it! #
If you gotta go down, go loud! Go strong! Go proud! #
Go on! Go hard or go home! #
Let me hear you! (let me hear you!) #
Let me hear you! (let me hear you!) #
Let me hear you scream!

[He grabs onto the top rope with both hands, leaning forward and stretching out his shoulders. Eyes focus intently on the entryway, where...]

[More metal guitarwork. No electronica. Fight Ozzy with Maiden.]

Hand of fate is moving and the finger points to you #
He knocks you to your feet so what are you gonna do? #
Your tongue was frozen, now you got something to say #
The Piper at the Gates of Dawn is calling you His way

[Red and silvery-white lights began to flash in an alternating rhythm along with the beat of the song.]

[Diane Parker is the first person through the curtains, stepping into the role usually filled by the injured Kai Scott. Her wrestling-functional black vinyl and red trim bodysuit catches the lights quite well, but this isn't her moment. She

[This is off mic, but due to a camera zoom-in and a boom mic, it's picked up for the benefit of home.]

Ferrari:

Wrestlers to the center.

[They both listen without argument.]

Ferrari:

Any questions about the rules?

[Two abrupt shakes of the head.]

Ferrari:

Shake hands?

[Without hesitation, Light looks square into Clairra's face, and offers her his ultimate sign of equality in the squared circle. Right hand, out for a handshake.]

[Clairra hesitates for a moment, then plants her hand firmly into Light's palm, grabbing and shaking it. And Clairra looks like a woman who could return a forceful handshake.]

[After a moment of staring and shaking, they both break the shake and step backwards to their corners.]

Ferrari:

Ring the bell, let's go!

DING! DING! DING!

[Light takes a few steps to circle Clairra, then steps forward, signalling for a tie-up. St. Sure, possibly ill-advised, accepts it. She promptly rolls to her back and shoots in on the arm, but deadlifting a 150 chick up for a suplex isn't really something that's hard for Christian Light.]

DDK:

And Light starts the match off big, with a high release fisherman's suplex!

Cito:

It goes almost without saying, but Light's got the power advantage here. St. Sure's very good on the mat, but Light's no slouch himself. Still, I think the game changer, which Light has just demonstrated...

[Up comes CSS and right into a T-bone suplex!]

Cito:

Is that if Clairra gets him in trouble, he can suplex his way out of it.

[St. Sure crumples up, rolls to her corner, and rises to a knee. Light, sportsmanlike, allows her to collect herself. She rises, and instead of meeting the tie-up, shoots in on Light's leg - but he catches her around the waist and lifts her up into a big gutwrench suplex! Hanging on for a pin, St. Sure bridges out from underneath him.]

Angus:

So, c'mon. She beat the sumo, she beat Adam Waterman, why can't she seem to hurt him?

Cito:

Christian Light is built like an ironwood tree. Her kicks aren't having much effect early on for the same reason his suplexes aren't killing her. They both take conditioning very seriously, and in a lot of cases that's one of the best defenses you can have.

[St. Sure decides to try fighting from her back. She drives a two-footed kick into the side of Light's leg, and he takes a stumbling step backwards. St. Sure's up like a bolt throwing a spinning back kick, but Light's fast, and he catches the foot, pulls St. Sure in for a back suplex... and St. Sure escapes out the back!]

[A pair of solid kicks connect with Light's lower ribcage/kidney area. He turns around, leading with a backfist, but St. Sure with her thai boxing training ducks it. A thrust kick to the chest... doesn't really accomplish much. Rather than trying a punch or a kick, Light leads in with his shoulder, knocking his opponent off her feet and backwards.]

DDK:

Light immediately grabs the legs, he's got a good Texas cloverleaf hold, and a good half crab too, and he knows he can make St. Sure exhaust herself trying to squirm out of his holds.

[St. Sure isn't looking to get caught in such a predicament, and when Light grabs her leg, she shoots in on his arm. Light hoists CSS to her feet, she breaks his grip and lands on her own feet, Light pulls her in for a suplex, but....]

THWAAAAACK!**Cito:**

Koppu kick from St. Sure! Countered that suplex attempt and drove her heel into Light's face!

[Light clutches his ringing head, and St. Sure quickly jumps for an enzuigiri. It lands flush, and Light drops to one knee. Running the ropes, St. Sure delivers a basement dropkick right at Light's temple, knocking him to his back. She quickly shoots in on the arm, tying it around her legs and then dropping down across his shoulders...]

ONE...!

...TWO...Kickout!

DDK:

Flash pin attempt by St. Sure instead of an arm submission. I'm not sure why she might have done that.

Angus:

C'mon Keebs, it's simple. She and Light have to work together in War Games in like two weeks, right? She messes Light's arm up bad enough that he'll tap out, I'm not sure he'd tap out in the first place and then he'd be going into War Games with a messed up arm, and he'd be a liability in the cage, and then a liability in the playoffs.

[Light rolls to his knees, but St. Sure is quicker, and she plants a Kawada kick right under his chin. Still hooking the arm, she spins around his body and hooks an arm octopus, then drops her weight back as much as she can.]

Cito:

Claira going for the choke-out with that one though. She knows a lot about leverage, but Light's probably in the neighborhood of 3 times stronger than she is.

[Light bulls his way to his knees, then stands, and yanks his torso vertical, sending St. Sure overhead for a ride.]

DDK:

Modified northern lights suplex to escape by Christian Light, and St. Sure's taking a breather!

[CSS did indeed roll out of the ring. Light does not follow up. Instead he rubs his head, as though he's a bit glad she decided to do it.]

DDK:

Also worth mentioning is that Clairra is being managed solely by Diane Parker, since Kai Scott's in the hospital with a back injury of undetermined severity.

[The two women do confer over something, then Clairra rolls back into the ring at the count of six. Light, still a professional, asks her if she's ready, and she nods.]

Angus:

Shit be saccharine, yo...

Cito:

Right, aside from the suplexes and face kicks.

[Clairra quickly dropkicks Light's ankle, slowing him down. She delivers another one of those kicks from her back, then rolls to her feet and gets on Light's back. Wrapping one arm around her legs, she drives an elbow into the back of his head, and a second one! Light, of course, stands up. St. Sure slides off his shoulder, maintaining control of the arm, and smacks him with a roundhouse to the back of the head.]

Angus:

That one's gotta hurt. Wow.

DDK:

That one did land hard, and St. Sure's heading up to the top rope, she spent some time in Mexico but we haven't seen much lucha out of her so far in Defiance. And she's off with a missile dropkick and down goes Christian Light!

[St. Sure goes right back to the top rope.]

Cito:

Flying knee drop to the head!

Angus:

She's got him down, she's gotta do the damage before he gets his bearings. Light can, will, and is going to shake this shit off and suplex her again, for serious.

[St. Sure wraps her arms around Light's neck and one arm, then twists her body to the side. This hold is called an arm triangle. As Cito explains, it puts pressure on the carotid artery, and it also puts St. Sure in a more easily defensible position. Even if Light stands up out of it, she can step away before he can suplex her.]

[Incidentally, he does stand up, and she does get back behind him.]

DDK:

St. Sure, losing the arm triangle, trying to switch it over to a rear naked choke. Light looking for an escape, and he's got one!

[Light runs backwards into the turnbuckle, squishing St. Sure between the bolt and his back. Holding her against the turnbuckle so she doesn't slump to the mat, he pulls her in, and lofts her overhead with an overhead belly to belly suplex! St. Sure lands hard, and Light takes a running start and drops a leg across her neck.]

DDK:

We've been mostly talking about what strategies St. Sure needs to employ in this match. Cito, what's Christian Light's best bet?

Cito:

The thing is, Light doesn't need a special strategy to wrestle St. Sure. He's been demonstrating all match that the Usual Christian Light Offense works just fine against St. Sure, and he's had a lot of experience using his size to his

advantage.

[Light applies a full nelson. St. Sure knows the counter, she grabs her own knee. But, there goes that power advantage again, and Light pretty much ignores her counter attempts. He lifts her up, applying an extra jolt of pressure that elicits a yelp of pain.]

Cito:

And now he's slowing it down, making her work, trying to tire her out. Light will almost undoubtedly win if he can make her gas before he does.

[Light hauls her up again, but this time CSS jumps with him, and kangaroo kicks him on the chest. He loses his grip, and St. Sure breaks free of the full nelson, lands on the mat in a crouch and drives a kick into the back of his legs. Make that four in rapid succession. She throws a kick at Light's head, but he gets both forearms up to block it.]

[St. Sure's on to this game though. She throws a kick to the other side, Light barely blocks it. She feints once, twice, Light moving his guard.]

[Then she smacks him right on top of his head with an axe kick!]

OOOOHHHHH!

[The fans howl out as the kick lands.]

Angus:

Yep, that's a game-changer.

[St. Sure steps in, off Light's shoulders, and falls to the mat, trapping him in a triangle choke.]

Cito:

Again, St. Sure looking for a hold that might earn herself a knock out win. The basic triangle choke isn't an overly difficult move to counter, but depending on how much damage that axe kick did...

[Light rolls over onto his belly. You can see him gauging how far it is to each of the ropes, trying to formulate an escape plan. His feet are nearest the ropes, he could drag himself back to them without too much trouble, but should he just do that, or should he try to counter? Chokes are dangerous, you can go from fine to unconscious in just a few seconds...]

[Light gets to his knees, brings St. Sure up with him, and hits a sort of half-range powerbomb. It's enough to loosen her grip, and he gets to his feet, brings her up overhead, over his shoulders and straight down on the mat behind him.]

[Only, St. Sure escapes his grip somewhere in the air and hooks her legs over his shoulders, trying to sunset flip him!]

DDK:

St. Sure just tried to counter that modified powerbomb from Light, but she hasn't got the weight and leverage to get him over! Light, shifting his grip on her legs and bringing her back up and over!

[But St. Sure hangs onto his torso for dear life, and doesn't get powerbombed.]

[Then she tries to snap the move to the mat. You've probably seen this done right before, it's called an Infra-Red Powerbomb. Thing is, she doesn't get it.]

Cito:

St. Sure didn't have the strength to hit the InfraRed, but she's managed to turn it into a sunset flip!

ONE..!

...TWO!

.....THR-KICKOUT!

[Light rolls through the pin up to his feet, then leaves his feet to turn Claira upside down with a diving clothesline.]

OHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Light swung for the fences that time, but he got lucky and landed that clothesline flush. Taking a few seconds to collect himself, and now he's setting up an arm triangle choke like she used earlier NO! SUPLEX!

Cito:

Side-grip head and arm suplex from Light, and Claira St. Sure just crumpled with the impact!

Angus:

Light's been needing to land something like that all match. I'm serious. You got release suplexes, and you got headdrops, and if you let Claira go in the air she's gonna land on her feet like she's a cat. SHE'S BEEN DOING IT ALL NIGHT OHMAHGAWD! Anyway, Light dropped her on her head, that's what he's got to do.

[St. Sure covers up. That one hurt, a lot. And Light, who seems to be giving up on the trying to win a battle of endurance by tiring her out, seems to have decided on suplexing her until she decides getting back up isn't worth it.]

[Light wraps his arms around St. Sure's waist to lift her off the mat, then changes grips so he's got her waist with one arm and her leg with the other.]

Cito:

Reverse cradle suplex from Light, and he's bridging!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THRE-KICKOUT!

DDK:

Two-and-a-half off that one, and Light's pulling St. Sure right back up, I think he's decided to focus on the head. St. Sure, hooked for a suplex, up AND...

WHAAAAM!

Cito:

Brainbuster! Rather, Marissa-Buster! Light named his brainbuster after his daughter, and he's going for the cover on St. Sure!

[However, referee Carla Ferrari points to the ropes. St. Sure's leg is under them. Incidentally, Carla got this match instead of Benny Doyle since Heritage Staff wanted the head ref watching the tag match, and Light and St. Sure can be pretty well trusted to listen to a ref.]

[Light puts his hands on his hips. He doesn't usually make mistakes like that. But, deciding not to give her any

breathing room, Light assists St. Sure to her feet, lofts her overhead in a press slam, and the lighter wrestler slips out of his grip!]

[St. Sure drives a back-kick into Light's right knee, dropping him to one knee. She then backflips over his body, hooking his head on the way over, and driving it into the mat with a modified over-the-shoulder DDT!]

DDK:

What a counter!

Cito:

St. Sure trying to recuperate, she brought out a desperation maneuver there and Light's down, but he's already back up and St. Sure's heading out of the ring.

[Only as far as the apron though.]

[As Light rises, St. Sure uses the ropes to add a little mustard to a shoulder block between them. Light is staggered, just a bit, but St. Sure grabs the top rope and using it for balance, hits a high jump ganmengiri.]

Cito:

Big kick to the face from Clairra right there, and that's out of the playbook of former Truly Untouchables member Cole Christenson. Light drops to one knee, and St. Sure with a springboard double foot stomp!

[CSS connects right across the back of Light's head. Light falls to the mat, but St. Sure grabs him by the chin and begins encouraging him to stand. As he gets to a half crouch, St. Sure plants a kick under his jaw, sending Light into the turnbuckle, and St. Sure gets a running start, charges him, steps up to the middle rope and drives her knee into his face!]

DDK:

BIG shot there, and St. Sure now running up the corner, and taking Light out of it with a tornado DDT! Cover!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE-KICKOUT!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

SO CLOSE! Light got his shoulder up a split second before the three count, and Clairra needs to follow up right now, and she's doing just that!

[St. Sure hooks Light's arm with her legs, but again, instead of going for an arm submission, uses it to roll him over onto his front. Keeping the arm scissored, she wraps him up in a sleeper. Almost a Crippler Crossface-style sleeper.]

DDK:

I know St. Sure's had a remarkable run here in Defiance, but I still say that if she can beat Christian Light clean, in the middle of the ring, it will be one of the biggest upsets in Defiance history.

[Light scrabbles with his free arm. St. Sure has a brainwave. She switches her grip to a kata-hijame.]

DDK:

And we could be seeing the end right here! St. Sure's got legitimate muscles on girl-sized arms, she can apply an

astounding amount of pressure to a sleeper hold. A lot of force applied over a much smaller area.

Angus:

YEAAAAAAAAAH, SSSCCIIIIEEEENNNCCEEE!

[Light no longer has the use of his arms. He begins twisting his lower body to the side. St. Sure has no way of stopping him from reaching the ropes, so instead of trying, she leans back on the hold as hard as she can, hoping to either knock him out before he gets them, or to just do as much damage.]

[After a tense 20 seconds or so, Light manages to drape his ankle across the bottom rope. St. Sure waits for Carla to tell her to break the hold, but follows the instruction immediately.]

DDK:

Claira has not been working the arms, which makes me think she's not looking for the Truly Untouchabreaker. She has, however, won matches with a back mounted sleeper, and she has that flying busaiku knee kick as well.

[And speaking of the busaiku, St. Sure pulls Light up to a kneeling position, thwacks him on the head with a kick, another kick, and then she rebounds off the ropes...]

[And for one of the first times in his career, Christian Light decides discretion is the better part of valor and rolls out of the ring.]

Cito:

Light, anticipating the busaiku knee I think, and leaving the ring. It's a decent strategy too, Claira has to shift her game plan to attack him outside the ring, or wait and give him time to recover.

[CSS has decided to go with 'attack outside'.]

[She runs off the far ropes, bolts back towards Light, and dives straight between the middle and top rope, colliding with Light at chest high!]

[When a smaller wrestler hits a much bigger wrestler, physics ensues. St. Sure is brought to a hard stop, and drops to the ringside mats. She's lucky to hit at an angle where she landed feet first instead of face first. Light falls over backwards too, but...]

Cito:

Folks, I think Claira mis-judged that dive a bit. She went for the somewhat easier through-the-ropes tope, but she hit Light too low and I believe hurt herself as much or possibly more than she hurt him. In fact, if you watch Heidi Christenson over on EVO do suicide dives, she almost invariably does a flipping dive, a tope con hilo, as opposed to the tope suicido.

[Light and St. Sure are up at roughly the same time. This is not what St. Sure wanted. And Light decides to go for a bit of a risk himself. No suplexes, no methodical slow moving stuff. He just runs straight at Claira and jumps, knee raised.]

[Again, physics ensues. Light's weight carries St. Sure backwards, and they both bounce off the ring apron. Light lands, and shakes his knee out, he banged it against the apron, but St. Sure's nursing her back now. Light decides to put it back into the ring. Or rather, he puts St. Sure on the top rope, and steps over the ropes himself.]

DDK:

Superplex from Light! He's got a two pronged offensive attack now, having done some damage to the back to match the damage to the head, and that gives him a wider array of optimally effective finishing moves.

[Light throws his fists into the air.]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

[Feeling the rush, Light lifts St. Sure overhead in a press slam. And he stalls, enjoying the reaction.]

[This was ill-advised.]

[St. Sure delivers a two-handed chop to the elbow, and Light drops her upper body.]

[St. Sure catches his head on the way down, bringing the unexpected Light down to the mat with her in a DDT!]

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Claira St. Sure just escaped the Realizing the Dream! Both wrestlers are down, Light's taken some brutal shots to the head so far and St. Sure's taken some body-jarring suplexes.

[St. Sure landed near the ropes. Diane Parker runs around to her, gets right up against the apron to talk. Light rolls in the other direction.]

Angus:

Did you guys see something? When that other girl, whatsername, talked to Claira.

Cito:

Angus, this match really isn't a.

Angus:

Cito, I am not making a lesbian joke, I am seriously calling something here. Claira's manager did something, but I can't see. Can we get a camera over there?

[Light is up to his knees.]

[St. Sure rolls over, and then we get that camera angle.]

[St. Sure's got a bicycle chain wrapped around her fist.]

DDK:

Oh, no. Please, not after a match like this.

Cito:

It... appears that Diane Parker passed Claira St. Sure a weapon.

Angus:

Hey, first, I told you all, but second, she's still Kai Scott's protege. Lemme repeat that. Kai. Scott. KAI SCOTT! That motherfucker would sell this promotion out in a second if he thought he had a reason to. He said he was gonna have her play the good guy, and she is, but key word. PLAY!

[Christian Light doesn't suspect anything. Claira gets to her knees, looks at her loaded fist.]

[And then she comes to a decision.]

[The bike chain is shaken off and pushed towards the ring apron, and St. Sure, as Light moves in on her, lurches to her feet with a completely un-assisted by any foreign object spinning backfist.]

[It lands like poetry, about a half inch to the side of Light's right eye, and on the closeup, you can see his eyes just so briefly move in opposite directions. He weebles and he wobbles, and he doesn't quite go down, but the lights are flickering on and off. St. Sure runs the ropes, and launches herself at the back of his head knee first.]

[Light ducks!]

[Well, more like drops and rolls.]

[The Busaiku comes, and whiffs, so quickly that the fans are barely ready for it. St. Sure gets her leg unbent just in time to miss smashing her knee against the ropes. Instead, she hits them with her hips. St. Sure is rolled backwards and lands on her feet, but completely dizzy, and Light lifts her up overhead!]

[And his grip is no good! St. Sure slips out of it, lands on his shoulders, and bulldogs him down to the mat!]

DDK:

That's the third time St. Sure's escaped Realizing the Dream, and whatever else she's done she's had it very, very well scouted. But Light's had the Busaiku Knee scouted, and St. Sure's got to find something else now.

[St. Sure wraps Light's arm around her legs. And then she twists his other arm up around her ankles, bending it in the wrong direction.]

Angus:

Truly Untouchabreaker!

Cito:

She didn't want to use it, but when everything else failed, I guess she felt she had nothing else left.

[Light straightens his legs, trying to prevent himself from being deathlocked. It works pretty well, St. Sure doesn't have the strength to unbend them. She does, however, have the ability to hit Light in the back of the head with a bunch of elbow strikes.]

DDK:

Can Light hold on now? Light and St. Sure sort of mutually agreed to try not to injure each other trying to win this match, but Light's already got a guaranteed playoff spot. Could you see him tapping here?

[Light's right arm is bent all out of shape, but he can get his palm against the mat, and so he pushes himself up. He roars in pain as it puts even more stress on his elbow joint, but he gets his knees under him.]

[And St. Sure moves. She halfway releases the omo-plata'd left arm and steps over his body - then falls to the mat. Light is dragged with her, and St. Sure still has the right arm twisted around her ankle, and it's a pinning combination!]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THRE...

.....EEEE...

.....EEEE!!!???

[Claira struggles to her feet, her arms raised above her head - but Carla Ferrari's right there, shaking her head no and pointing at the ropes!]

DDK:

Claira St. Sure turned the Truly Untouchabreaker into a pinning combination! During this week's promotional footage we saw Diane Parker claim she had a move to show Claira, and that must have been it - but Light was able to get one foot under the ropes and that was enough to break the fall.

Cito:

Claira's inexperience in using pinning combinations would have to be responsible. Look on the replay, you can see her fall towards the ropes, and Light just got his feet on them.

[Claira drops to her knees, shaking her head. She's tried damn well everything. Light's avoided the Busaiku, Light survived the Truly Untouchabreaker, and the Truly Untouchapin ended up in the ropes. She's just about out of ideas, and so there's one last thing she's going to try.]

[As Light gets to his knees, Claira buzzsaw kicks him in the head, and then axe kicks him like she did earlier in the match. Then she gets Light in a standing headscissor, and underhooks the arms.]

Cito:

And I recognize this! Claira's trying Kai Scott's own finisher, the Kryptonite! She doesn't have to get him up very far, and it may just be worth a try...

[Claira strains to lift Light.]

[She even gets him a little bit off his feet.]

[But Kryptonite is a spinning sit-out double underhook facebuster, and St. Sure can't get him high enough to hit the spin part, so she lets go, leaving Light on his knees again.]

[Buzzsaw kick!]

[Sole butt!]

[Axe kick!]

[Light's wobbling on his knees!]

[Axe kick again!]

[CAUGHT!]

[Light leaned forward and St. Sure's axe kick came down with her knee across his shoulder instead of her heel on top of his head. He grabbed onto Claira for dear life, and bulled his way in, veins standing out on his neck. Unsteady, he lurches to his feet, lifting her cannonball style - but instead of powerbombing her, drops her sideways across his shoulders.]

[And. Then.]

WHAAAAAAMMMM!!!

DDK:

SLEDGEHAMMER!

[Christian Light, spinning Claira's body in front of him, sits down while dropping her. Claira takes it right on top of her

head and flops to the side, Light collapses across her.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THRE...!

.....EEEE...!

.....EEEE!!!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

[Light rolls off of St. Sure's unmoving body and clutches his head with both hands. Carla Ferrari takes one knee and raises his arm while he lies on the mat.]

Angus:

That... was one HELL of a wrestling match. Christian Light is still the man, and St. Sure, well, you don't go 20 minutes with the Last Nighthawk if you aren't legit.

[A blue towel flies through the air and lands in the ring. Then a few more land next to it, and suddenly the air is full of flying blue towels as the Light supporters blanket the ring.]

[Light, wearily and still nursing his head, gets to his knees.]

[Diane Parker rolls into the ring and helps the just-coming-to St. Sure up to a seated position.]

Cito:

The time of the match, 24:37. Christian Light takes the win, but he needed everything he had in his arsenal to keep St. Sure down to for three.

DDK:

Those two competitors took each other through an absolute war.

[Light manages to get himself up to his feet, and raises his arms overhead. The fans erupt.]

CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!!! CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!!! CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!!!
CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!!! CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!!! CHRIS-TIAN-LIGHT!!!

DDK:

In the end, the Last Nighthawk perseveres! Christian Light will be leading Clair St. Sure, Edward White and Diamond Shazam into War Games two weeks from now.

Cito:

Tremendous effort from Light here tonight, and in the end, the Sledgehammer got it done.

[Light drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring. He takes the long way back, going a full lap around the ring, tagging hands with all the front and second row fans. Even a few third row fans who got excited enough to dive into the laps of those in front of them.]

Angus:

That man, right there, is a living legend. I'm absolutely dead serious. He's been one of the best for over a decade, and he's still proving he deserves every accolade he gets.

[Light is headed backstage now. Later, we'll learn that he made no further detours and went straight to the medics office.]

[This leaves Clair St. Sure in the ring. Diane has helped Clair to a seated position and gotten her some water, and Clair climbs unsteadily to her feet.]

[And then the red towels go flying through the air, blanketing the ring. Clair ducks her own head as they come in from all directions, landing on top of the blue ones.]

[And the appreciative fans let loose almost as loudly as they did for Christian Light a few minutes earlier.]

C-S-S!!! C-S-S!!! C-S-S!!! C-S-S!!!

THAT WAS AWESOME! *clap clap clapclapclap*

THAT WAS AWESOME! *clap clap clapclapclap*

[Clair manages to find the wherewithal to turn and bow to the fans, once in each direction, before dropping and rolling out of the ring. Diane walks close to her as they head back up the ramp.]

Angus:

And lemme say something else on this real quick. Someone just made herself a goddamn superstar.

Cito:

Clair came agonizingly close to the upset win more than once. And that Truly Untoucha-pin she used, it was as much bad luck as anything else it didn't pick up the win.

DDK:

Twenty-four minutes with Christian Light. That is excellent, by anyone's standards.

[St. Sure raises one fist as she disappears through the curtains.]

[The camera turns back to the towel-covered ring.]

[And there's really nothing further here that needs to be seen or said.]

[End.]