

AnguJeffy show opening

[DEFIANCE goes live on ESEN TV in...]

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Jeff Andrews:

MERRY CHRISTMAS, ladies and gentlemen, and while we're at it a Happy Hanukkah, Kuh-wazy Kwanza, Tip Top Tet, and Solemn, Dignified Ramadan! The preseason is over, the regular season is starting, DEFIANCE is bringing you Heritage League and the finest in PROFESSIONAL GOD DAMN WRESTLING ACTION! I'm your host on play by play, Jeff Andrews, alongside Angus Skaaland, and we are just minutes away from getting started on our first show of the regular season!

[At the commentation station, you've got Jeff Andrews, Angus Skaaland, and a good two dozen batshit crazy wrestling fans mugging for the camera behind them.]

Angus Skaaland:

Here's the deal. We've got seven singles matches. Points on the line in all of them. Here in Heritage League, out of the active wrestlers we've got J Stevenson with 3 points and Eugene Dewey with 2. The Faces of Death are inactive, so they don't count at this point in time.

Jeff Andrews:

Oh yeah, by the way. We decided to do some juggling with the match order based on who showed up to work and how good. You know how it is. Holidays, annoying people, too much food. So what we decided to do is move the Eugene Dewey Jan Gin Xiao match up to the main event, and the Justin Brooks Kevin Cage match to the bottom.

ANGUS, can you tell me why that is?

Angus Skaaland:

Because Brooks ain't here and Cage ain't got a profile up yet!

Jeff Andrews:

Yes indeedy, Angus, now let's get to it!

Justin Brooks vs Kevin Cage

Winner: Kevin Cage

AnguJeffy commentary

Jeff Andrews:

What an epic match!

Angus Skaaland:

For serious though! Anyway what's next?

Jeff Andrews:

Looks like aside from moving Brooks/Cage to the bottom and Dewey/Xiao to the top, things are gonna stay the same order we planned on. Which means up next we got the in-ring debut of Mr. Destruction, as he takes on Nick Regan.

Angus Skaaland:

Cue up the funeral march, son.

Mr. Destruction vs Nick Regan

The match was already in progress, with Nick Regan jumping the bell and raining down haymakers on Mr. Destruction. Mr. D covered up in the corner, and then charged forward, knocking Regan head over heels with a running boot. He didn't let up either, following Regan across the ring, helping him up, stuffing him into the corner and choking him with both hands. Mark Shields backed him off, Regan fell to the mat. Mr. D got him by both ankles, and slingshotted the bottom of his face into the bottom turnbuckle pad!

Then it was to the outside, where Destruction draped Regan across the apron and clubbed him on the chest and head before slipping back into the ring to break the count. Murray Monroe got all in Regan's face to shout at him, and then Mr. D pulled him back into the ring and hoisted him up in an upside down bearhug! Regan kicked, and one of his feet hit face, Mr. D dropped him. Regan hit the ground fighting, buried his shoulder in D's ribs, doubling him over. Dropkick staggered him, dropkick wobbled him, third dropkick - got him plucked out of the air!

D decided to choke Regan with both hands while he was on the mat. A break was called, D held the choke until 4, then made a cover. Regan kicked out in two. D pulled him up, put him in the corner, and there was some more clubbing, then a choke toss to the middle of the ring, then a running knee drop, and another pin. One, two, close kickout.

As Murray shouted instructions at him from the outside, Mr. Destruction picked Regan up, slashed his finger across his throat, lifted Regan for a scoop slam - Regan slipped out the back, jumped, and took Mr. D crashing to the mat with a jumping neckbreaker! Trying to make up for lost time he headed straight to the top rope, came off with a flying elbow drop! One... two... and Mr. Destruction bench pressed him off and to the side! As D got to his knees, Regan ran the ropes for momentum and came off with a running knee to the side of the head - but it wasn't enough to put him back on the mat. Regan took another running start...

And Mr. Destruction reached out and wrapped one meathook of a hand around Regan's neck!

Murray yelled on the outside as Mr. D scooped Regan up, turned him upside down, and dropped him right on his head with the Armageddon Driver! Placing both hands on Regan's chest, Mr. Destruction made the cover.

One, two, three, and it was over.

Winner: Mr. Destruction (Armageddon Driver)

Michel LaLibere has a fan...

[Relaxing before the match, feeling safe behind all this beefed up security due to Bronson Box, Michel LaLiberte strolls over to the craft services table for a quick bite and a coffee. As he strolls up, he sees a wisp of red hair trailing from underneath the hat of the barista working the coffee bar. He puts on his most charming smile, and waits for the barista to turn around.]

Michel LaLiberte:

Un cafe, double double, s'il vous plait.

[The barista turns around, a smile from ear to ear.]

Betty:

I love it when you talk French, my love!

[It was as if the world just stopped. Stopped completely short. LaLiberte opens his mouth to call for security, but finds nothing but air. His mouth closes, then opens again, as if to think that a second attempt would succeed where the first one failed. Betty steps from behind the counter, and each step she takes towards Michel, he takes one backwards. This odd, uncomfortable dance catches the eye of a security guard, who immediately takes action, and moves to step in. Betty sees this, and takes off at a run, security in hot pursuit, leaving a visibly shaken LaLiberte standing in the middle of the common room.]

Michel LaLiberte:

Great. Now I need something stronger than coffee.

[Fade.]

AnguJeffy commentary

Angus:

What the shit was that all about?

Jeff:

Michel's got himself a stalker.

Angus:

How do you know this shit? And don't fucking say magnets.

Jeff:

He told me, dude. He's like "Hey Jeffman you're the VP you make sure this crazy chick stays out." Seriously, security has her picture, I don't know what the hell's up with this.

Fishman Deluxe vs Michel LaLiberte

With a marginal female stalker on his mind, Michel LaLiberte was even less in the mood for Fishman's overaffectionate hairy homosexuality than he would have normally been. And so rather than scream in horror and entertain the fans, he decided to give stiffing the luchador a try.

Not that kind of stiffing. Fags. I mean the hitting him really really hard part.

LaLiberte kept it nice and simple, taking advantage of his athleticism and conditioning and minimizing his greenness by putting Fishman in the corner and chopping him. Repeatedly.

Thwack.

Thwack.

Thwack!

THWACK.

Fucking **THWACK!**

Fishman was cowering and clutching his chest, the fans were booing, and LaLiberte yelled at them to be quiet, and then he snapmared Fishman and gave him a crown elbowdrop and a spinal tap. I mean, he's no martial arts dude, but getting kicked in the back fucking hurts. Maybe worse, because LaLiberte fucked up and hurt his toe, but that also means he toe kicked Fishman in the kidney or something.

Fishman rolled on the mat while LaLiberte hobbled for a bit.

Then he picked Fishman up and body slammed him.

Then he did it again.

And a third time.

With Fishman in a mess, LaLiberte decided why not go for the finish. He gave Fishman the Best Face Forward (forward Russian legsweep), rolled him over, and made the pin.

That's when it happened.

Even as LaLiberte was planting Fishman, a red haired girl jumped the guardrail and skulked up to the ring. Now she wasn't ugly, per se, but she was marginal, and compared to wrestling babes like Heidi Christenson... yeah, might as well be ugly.

She pushed Carla Ferrari to the side and raised LaLiberte's hand herself!

Security was only a few steps behind her, and she ran from the ring and over the other guardrail as LaLiberte booked it backstage in a fit of terror!

Winner: Michel LaLiberte (Best Face Forward)

AnguJeffy commentary

Jeff:

Of all the...

Angus:

I know! Maybe security's too busy watching out for Bronson Box.

Gabriel Grimm vs Darren Michaels

"Bleed for Me" announced the arrival of the first half of St. Louis #3, the green eyed, brown haired Gabriel Grimm, who ran down to ringside slapping hands with the fans and soaking up every drop of attention they chose to give him. In black cargo jeans and a blood n skull covered attitude t-shirt, he leapt from the floor to the ring apron and let out a howl, before flipping over the top rope into the ring, where he tore off his t-shirt and flung it into the crowd.

The music faded, even as Gabriel continued to pander to the crowd. When "All American Nightmare" hit, he stopped his antics to stand on the far side of the ring, watching as his cousin and tag team partner came up the aisle. There was no running here, no slapping hands, no soaking up cheers. Darren Michaels walked up the center of the aisle, avoiding the booing fans, his blue eyes on the figure waiting for him. Taller in height, a little bit heavier, his short hair a contrast to the length of his cousin's, Darren walked up the steps to the ring, flipped off the fans, then stepped in between the topes. In blue baggy jean shorts, knee pads and wrestling boots, there was nothing for him to take off and discard.

The ref gave his instructions. The SL#3 boys all but ignored him. Eye to eye, a stare down took place, before Gabe stepped back and offered Dare his hand. Dare took it, but family or not, he wanted to win. He yanked Gabe into a kick to the midsection, the drilled him with a DDT.

Quick cover and a One count

Hair trigger temper met hair trigger temper, as both SL3 boys rolled to their feet. Lefts and rights exchanged, the referee ignored, they rolled across the ring apron, treating the match like a bar room brawl, spilled to the outside and kept throwing punches there.

Six

Seven

The counting finally permeated their brains and they scrambled back in the ring, catching hell from the ref for their behavior. Already Dare had a split lip and Gabe's eye was swelling. Proof positive that they'd done their level best to beat the hell outta one another. Weren't no handshake offered now, they went for a tie up and Dare caught Gabe with a knee to the midsection, doubled him over then clubbed him across the back, once, twice, a third time before he backed him into a corner. Irish whip attempt by Gabe, Dare reversed it, Gabe put on the breaks, boot to the midsection of Dare, a kick to the face and a whip back to the corner. Gabe made the mistake of following him in and Dare drove his feet into his cousin's face, staggered him back, then took him down with hurricanrana. Asai moonsault followed it up, Gabe got the knees up, and Dare went rolling around the mat in a world of pain. Gabe gave him no time to lick his wounds, stomped his left knee repeatedly, grabbed it, rammed it down into the mat, then yanked him up and delivered a wicked kneebreaker.

Dare clutched his knee in pain, Gabe went back to stomping the knee before he dragged his cousin to the corner and slid out the ring. The ref began his count, as Gabe wrapped his cousin's leg around the ringpost, slamming it into the steel several times before he slid back in to break the count. Dare was clutching leg, rolling away from the corner, with Gabe stalking him like a pissed off jungle cat. The ref checked with Dare to see if he wanted to continue, and of course, he said yes.

Gabe stomped the knee twice more, pulled him up, and Dare with a headbutt to his cousin's face, followed up with a clumsy tornado DDT and got a Two Count out of it.

Gabe was up first, Dare to use the ropes to get his footing, which was quickly kicked out from under him by his cousin, who went right back after the knee. Gabe soon applied a figure four, center of the ring. Dare fought to reach the ropes and failing that, ended up reversing it. Gabe fought for the ropes next, before he reversed the reversal, Again Dare refused to give up, and again, he reversed it. This time they were close enough to the ropes that Gabe was forced to grab them to break the hold.

Neither got to their feet quickly after the hold was broken. Dare used the ropes, leaning against them, but when Gabe charged him, he was quick to lean out of the way. Dare pulled the ropes down too, sending Gabe crashing to the floor. Dare stepped through the ropes, steadied himself, springboard corkscrew summersault plancha hit Gabe as he was staggering to his feet, and the SL3 boys went down in a heap on the outside.

Counting by the ref. The pair barely made it back in to avoid a count out.

They slugged it out on their knees, Gabe's face cut in the process, his eye swelling even more. Dare's mouth looked to be bleeding from more than one place by that point, and his nose was soon bleeding too, after his cousin smashed him in the face with a headbutt. Gabe slammed his face into the mat to follow it up, once, twice, then dropped a knee on the back of Dare's head. Gabe struggled to pull a staggering Dare to his feet, shoved him backwards in a corner, and limped halfway across the ring. Rolling Liger kick found it's mark, Dare slumped over in the corner, Gabe dropkicked him in the head, pulled him away from the ropes and all but fell on top of him for the cover as his knee gave way.

One

Two

Three.

Winner: Gabriel Grimm (pinfall)

AnguJeffy commentary

Jeff:

Jesus Christ!

Angus:

Wut.

Jeff:

Were you paying attention to the match?

Angus:

Not really.

Jeff:

You stupid verbal-no-selling fuck. Gabriel Grimm and Darren Michaels beat seven shades of hell out of each other, hell of a match too, and you didn't bother watching?

[Angus shrugs.]

Jeff:

Someday someone you buried on commentary's gonna walk in here and hit you in the mouf and I'ma laugh so hard.

Angus:

Kinda like that time Jiles walked in here and made you cough up a bounty, right?

[Jeff raeges. Angus smirks.]

Leon Maddox in-ring

It's time to take it back I'M TAKING WHAT IS MINE!

ME LO VAS DEBAR!

NO MURDER! NO MURDER! NO MURDER! NO MURDER!

NO MURDER! NO MURDER! NO MURDER! NO MURDER!

[Leon Maddox appears at the top of the ramp. Without fanfare, he walks straight down to the ring and rolls in under the bottom rope.]

Leon Maddox:

If you believe the phrase 'short cuts make long delays', I guess you could say I got what I deserved, teaming with the Faces of Death.

[He pauses to let the fans react.]

Maddox:

You know, it's every wrestler's dream to make it to the leagues big enough that you get to be on TV. It's damn hard to make money wrestling, much much harder when no one's ever heard of you. I got impatient. I got told that the Faces of Death needed a third man. I got warned about them. I didn't listen. My eyes were on the prize, not my back.

[Moving the mic away, he drops his head and sighs.]

Maddox:

I could've seen the powerbomb coming. What I didn't expect was the dislocated elbow. But what I really didn't expect was for the elbow to pull a Peyton Manning and refuse to heal.

[He raises his left arm with his right.]

Maddox:

As long as I don't stress it, it's fine, doesn't hurt. But as soon as I try to put some weight on it, it hurts. It's interfering with my gym routine. Lifting someone for a wrestling move is way out of the question. And while getting on TV meant a lot to me, enough that I'd risk teaming with the Faces of Death, there's two things I have to realize here.

[Pause.]

Maddox:

One, as much as I wanted to keep going, wrestling with a small injury is begging for early retirement with a big injury.

[Another.]

Maddox:

And two, making risky decisions hasn't been working out so well for me lately.

[Another off-mic sigh.]

Maddox:

So I've got to, reluctantly, take my busted elbow and my five points for winning the preseason, and go sit at home and hope time helps, and maybe work on my education or something with the money I made during the preseason. And hope that maybe... just maybe, I'll be lucky enough to get back in here before the points go bad, get my hands on Adam Waterman, get my hands on Kengoro Sugamoto, and help clean up this mess I've made helping the Faces of Death!

[Maddox tosses the mic over his shoulder and jumps out of the ring. He heads back up the ramp at his leisure, taking time to slap the outreached hands.]

AnguJeffy commentary

Angus:

Get powerbombed, turn into a lamewad. SIGH. You know, if Leon Maddox had any character whatsoever he'd hijack a plane and ride an H Bomb down into the Pro Wrestling FURY ring and redefine the word 'powerbomb'.

Jeff:

Nuclear warfare is illegal.

Angus:

Yeah, cos Leon Maddox is a pussy.

Claira St. Sure vs J Stevenson

One thing you've gotta give Death in Vegas is that "Death Threat" does sound damn well like a death threat. Claira St. Sure, accompanied by Kai Scott and Diane Parker, walked to ringside. To cheers. She stepped out of her red boxer style robe and into the ring.

Then, Eminem began to rap and J Stevenson, accompanied by Wildside, made his way out to the ring.

St. Sure had turned around to confer with Kai Scott, and so Stevenson didn't wait for the bell, he just charged and attacked from behind.

Carla Ferrari called for the bell as Stevenson decided to give Claira the Young Kid treatment, pull her up by her hair and just chop the hell out of her, over and over and over and over and over and over and over again. When he finished, he turned his back and walked away with his arms raised as Claira sank to the mat and clutched her chest. With her leaning back into the lower turnbuckle, Stevenson decided it was boot scrapes time.

As soon as he picked his leg up, Claira decided it was kick Stevenson in the knee and make him fall down time. And she repaid the chops favor, hanging onto the ankle and kicking the leg. The fans got louder with each kick, and Claira finished it off by flipping over his body and snapping the leg.

So here's a little history lesson. Back about 3 years ago during the dying days of OLW, Scott brought St. Sure into wrestling to be an evil clone of Heidi. And even though that whole thing is no longer a thing, St. Sure's style is still a sort of dark reinterpretation of Heidi's. More technical and less flashy, more BattlArts and less Toryumon.

What I'm getting at is that she's quite good at making legs and elbows bend in ways that they hurt when they're bent.

Claira worked the square armbar, using what little weight she had as best she could. As Stevenson tried to power out, she converted it to an arm triangle choke. Stevenson almost made the ropes and Claira pulled him back down and into a rear naked choke.

Stevenson had no intentions of being schooled by a new girl who weighed 100 lbs less than he did, and so he actually held onto her as he stood up, then dropped over backwards, squashing her against the mat and breaking the hold. Stevenson then decided to return the favor and do some kick neutralizing, grabbing Claira's ankle and stomping the knee and back of the thigh, then smacking the leg into the mat and then hitting a knee drop to the knee and that simplistic knee-bendy submission that doesn't even have a name because it's a rest hold.

Because it was a resthold Claira was able to backfist Stevenson and force her way out of it. Stevenson stumbled back clutching his face, and Claira rolled up to her feet, jumped, and kicked him right in the face with a ganmengiri! Stevenson weebled and wobbled and turned a full circle and Claira hooked the arm, maring to the mat and keeping the pressure on until Stevenson was face down. She hooked an omoplata on the near arm, managed to trap the far arm in a scissor hold, and then leaned back, deathlocked the legs, and twisted the ankle!

J Stevenson flailed his arms, but he couldn't even get them down to the mat! Completely trussed up in the Truly Untouchabreaker, he had no choice but to tap out.

AnguJeffy commentary

Angus:

Stevendon taps, hot damn.

Jeff:

Not surprised in the slightest.

Angus:

So I'm guessing that Heidi won't tolerate you arguing with me about whether Clairia St. Sure is hot.

Jeff:

Not even a little bit.

Angus:

Yeah, because I had this thing going with Satan about her. He said she was hot, I said she was a shebeast.

Jeff:

Cos of the abs?

Angus:

Yeah, no shit. Can't Kai Scott convince her to eat and buy her a nice set of implants or something?

Jeff:

Uh.

Angus:

Fucking baffling.

Faces of Death satellite interview from Japan

[When Cito steps himself out from the back, he smiles, waves, and adjusts his suitjacket. Man's still getting used to the damned thing, having to wear it all the time rather than something more comfortable. Like an OLW tee-shirt. Or, y'know, anything that isn't a suit.]

[Also, for some reason, the fans don't cheer him half as much when he wears a suit.]

Cito Conarri:

Before we get to tonight's main event, I wanted to deliver one thing promised to you fans that was not quite delivered.

[A moment passed, and Cito gestured up to the DEFIATron, where the Faces of Death (Banned in 50 countries!) logo appeared, and a chant broke out.]

CHOOSE! DEATH! CHOOSE! DEATH!

Cito Conarri:

Indeed, Adam Waterman and Kengoro Sugamoto are not in the house tonight. They're still over in Japan, finishing up a DEFIANCE promotional tour through Pro Wrestling FURY and LIONS, two of the top companies in the puroresu world. However, tonight, I've got them live on satellite!

[The Baws of the Heritage League began to walk down the entryway ramp, intending to head to the ring...]

[Steel guitar began to play. Cito froze in his tracks, and boos began to rain down like it was goin' out of style.]

[There was only one man to have the grit to use a Screamin' Jay Hawkins song as his theme. Cito whirled around, eyes narrowing.]

[COOL Cancer Jiles was here. Not Adam Waterman and Kengoro Sugamoto.]

[The COOLmaster stroked a hand up his spiked mane, then adjusted his shades. He smirked broadly, and twirled the pilfered microphone in his hand, before jabbing a finger down toward Cito.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

I smell the stink of lameosity.

Cito Conarri:

Cancer Jiles, you are not and never will be a part of the Heritage League, and if you walk any further down this ramp I'm going to turn you upside down and drop you on your head with the Afterburner.

COOL Cancer Jiles:

And I'm gonna give you five seconds to explain why I didn't get drafted to your league to make you money before I EGG every fan in this crowd.

[Cito arched an eyebrow, and CCJ pointed skyward, where a spotlight hit a man armed with a garden hose and a big grin on his lips. The man was armed! He had Egg Beaters, and he wasn't afraid to use them!]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

Love you too, Dooze. Now. Ceets. Explain to me why I'm not your crown jewel. I'm the COOLEST man in pro wrestling. Every top name in DEFIANCE can't step to me. And I make all the ladies swoon. What more do you want?

[Cito curled his lip with irritation, and shook his head.]

Cito Conarri:

For one thing, you aren't a particularly good wrestler - your wrestling style comes straight out of sports entertainment

central. For another thing, you've won one match that matters during your two year run in Defiance so far. Two, I suppose, if you count the battle royal. And third, because the fumes from your hairspray make me sick to my stomach.

[CCJ narrowed his eyes behind his huge shades, and pointed a finger down the ramp at the Spokesman of Professional Wrestling.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

Sounds more to me like you got food poisoning, and it's addling your brains, Cheeto. But it's okay. I'll give you one more chance to-

Voice:

HEY! JILES!

[COOL Cancer Jiles looked around. Nobody on the stage.]

COOL Cancer Jiles:

WHO SPEAKS WORDS TOO COOL TO UTTER?!

Voice:

On the teevee.

[CCJ looked up to the DEFIATron, where Kengoro Sugamoto and Adam Waterman were starin' down at the Guru of COOL.]

CCJ:

Oh. Two Christmas hams, half a world away. What do you want?

Kengoro Sugamoto:

Stop wasting my time. This was to be the time for me to address the DEFIANCE Heritage fans, those who would soon pay worship to my destruction. Not the time for a last-chance loser to beg for mercy.

CCJ:

Mercy? MERCY?! HERE I AM, OFFERING MY COOLITUDE TO A WEASEL WHO NEVER BROKE THROUGH MIDCARD STATUS, AND I'M BEING SNUBBED! I...

[CCJ closed his eyes behind his shades, taking a breath. No sense losing his... temper over some far-away Jap.]

CCJ:

Whenever you want to prove that you got balls bigger than your rainbow-colored friend's mouth, then feel free to come back, get Cito to draft me to the Heritage roster-

Cito:

Not happening.

[Jiles ignored Cito's interjection.]

CCJ:

And I'll gladly slap the moustache off your rice-eating mouth, Sumo Santa.

[Kengoro curled his lip, and nodded thoughtfully. He glanced to Adam, and Mr. H2O just grinned.]

Adam Waterman:

Silly little twink. You really think you got one over on us because we're in Japan, right? Because we're making big fat checks for kicking some big fat ass, and making our star off the backs of kiddies who wish they had TV time in a country actually relevant in 2011.

CCJ:

Did I ask for you to speak? Hush your spunky mouth, before I commit a hatecrime.

Oooooohhhhh...

[Adam glanced to Kengoro. The two nodded.]

Adam Waterman:

I think I've had enough of this witty banter. Let's do what we were originally intending to do, K.

[The DEFIATron burst into static.]

[Spastic frenzy of drumming. Masayuki Suzuki was going apeshit on those drums. LOUDNESS was exploding through the speakers, blaring "KING OF PAIN", and... Well, the man was an international, head-drop superstar. He was a dick first class, but he liked to kick faces. So, call it your standard mixed reaction. Smarks yay, marks boo.]

[Adam Waterman and Kengoro Sugamoto strode right out the gorilla position. And yes, both COOL Cancer Jiles and Cito Conarri were shocked.]

CCJ:

NOW WAIT JUST A MINUTE, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN JAPPYLA-

[Jiles never got to finish, because Kengoro led with a boot to the stomach. Adam was quick to hammer a chopping forearm across Jiles' back, dropping the COOL one to his knees. A stamping kick to the side of Jiles' head, and CCJ was thrown to the steel of the stage. The two Faces of Death grabbed Jiles by the hair, and yanked him to his feet.]

[COOL Cancer Jiles was hurled, ass over teakettle, right off the stage and into some expensive-looking sound equipment! Sparks flew, and Jiles ended up in a heap, and the Faces of Death stood tall!]

Cito Conarri:

I thought you guys were in Japan!

Adam Waterman:

Back home for the holidays, boss. Surprise.

[Kengoro glanced at Cito, narrowed his eyes, and turned away, heading to the edge of the steel stage. Sure, he was an asshole and lots of people in the audience hated him. But as Kengoro slammed his fists into his chests and threw those hands upward, he was getting quite a few cheers.]

Kengoro Sugamoto:

NONE CAN STAND BEFORE ME!

[Adam grinned, and pointed upward, one finger signifying the position of the Faces of Death. Numbuh One.]

Eugene Dewey vs Jan Gin Xiao

The main event of the evening started with Eugene Dewey heading out to the ring flanked by his brother Wayne. All to the 8 bit musical masterpiece of the jogging theme from Mike Tyson's punch out. slowly the music faded and was replaced by the Chinese national anthem... I think it's called a number 86 and a House Special Rice. Jan Gin Xiao slowly made his way out to the ring. Fans held out their hands hoping for a slap from the debutant but it never came. JGX was focused solely on the ring and it's occupant.

JGX stepped through the ropes and removed his robe. Wayne slid under the ropes and the bell sounded to signal the start of the Heritage league's first main event.

The two titans circled the ring slowly, neither looking to advance too quickly. Finally they tied up, but not for long as JGX pushed Eugene back to his ass. Eugene scrambled to his feet and started circling again. Another tie up and another shove by JGX, this time knocking Eugene to his back. Dewey stared up at his opponent who offered a hand to Eugene to help him get back to his feet.

"GET UP!" screamed Wayne Dewey from the outside of the ring.

Eugene did so, ignoring the extended hand of JGX. A couple more steps circling and Eugene lunged in again. JGX expected a tie up but Eugene dropped and delivered a shoulder right to the knee of his opponent. Eugene once again got back to his feet and laid a couple of boots into the side of JGX's left knee before grabbing it and trying to sweep his other leg from under him. Before Eugene could sweep though JGX knocked him back with a massive headbutt.

Eugene stumbled back towards the corner but came right back at the bigger man with a clothesline. JGX absorbed the blow and taunted Eugene to hit him again. Dewey hit the ropes and came back with another clothesline. Again JGX stood tall as though nothing had happened. He taunted Eugene a second time and Eugene hit the ropes again. This time, JGX reacted and dropped Eugene with a clothesline of his own before following up with an elbow drop to the downed gamer.

JGX got back to his feet and pulled Eugene up off the mat. JGX whipped Eugene into the ropes and simply stood still, allowing Dewey to run back into him. Eugene looked as though he'd run into a wall as he fell to the floor. JGX hit the ropes himself this time before coming back with a huge leg drop right down across Eugene's chest. He went for the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

Eugene got a shoulder up.

Undeterred, JGX peeled Eugene up off the mat again and whipped him into the corner. The sumo followed him in and went for an avalanche splash, only to have Wayne jump up on the apron and pull Eugene out of the way. JGX collided with the turnbuckle and stumbled out into the middle of the ring. While the referee ordered Wayne to get off of the apron and warned him about interfering Eugene came to his senses and charged at the china-man, knocking him down to one knee with a running boot to the back of the leg. Eugene hammered a few forearms into the shoulder blades of the big, big man before hooking his head as though he were going for a DDT.

JGX simply stood up though, lifting Eugene with him and dropped him in a flapjack to the canvas. Eugene still had the where-with-all to roll to the outside though to regroup with his brother. JGX showed his displeasure to the referee who had started his count.

Eugene rolled back into the ring on the count of four and the two men returned to a stalemate. They stood opposite from one another in the middle of the ring. Eugene looked uncomfortable. JGX the polar opposite.

“HIT HIM!” screamed Wayne Dewey from the outside. Which is exactly what happened. Except it with JGX who did the hitting. Eugene stumbled backwards, trying to cover up and block the shots that rained down on him. JGX backed Eugene into the corner again and hammed in palm slaps to the chest. Eugene couldn’t block anything though and soon found himself hooked up for a belly to belly suplex.

JGX sent Eugene halfway across the ring. On another day the ring may have collapsed with all that weight crashing down on it, fortunately though, that wasn’t the case though. JGX rolled over and covered Eugene again!

ONE!

TWO!

Eugene just pushed his shoulder off the mat!

JGX didn’t waste any time. He got back to his feet and scooped Eugene up off the canvas.

SHORYUKEN!

Out of absolutely nowhere Eugene leapt into the air and connected with a jumping uppercut to the jaw of JGX. The biggest man dropped to the ground, stunned from the shot.

“GO UP TOP!” Wayne screamed to his brother.

Something Eugene obliged. Eugene slowly pulled his way to the top rope, checking behind him with every step up he took to make sure JGX was still in position. Eugene crouched on the top rope and fell backwards, looking to bring every last ounce of mass he possessed onto the torso of his opponent.

BUT JGX ROLLED OUT OF THE WAY!

Eugene hit nothing but canvas.

JGX got back to his feet and pulled Eugene up to his. He wasted no time in lifting Eugene up and slamming him right back down with The Red Wave! Instead of going for the cover though JGX peeled Eugene off of the canvas one more time and dropped him a second time with another Red Wave!

This time he stuck the landing and held the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Winner: Jan Gin Xiao (Red Wave)

Crispy Aromatic Duck and pancakes with Hoi Sin sauce played over the PA as JGX celebrated his first match win in Defiance and Wayne Dewey rolled into the ring to revive his brother.

Slowly Eugene came round, got back to his feet and stood face to face with JGX. Jan Gin Xiao extended his hand to Eugene for a handshake.

Dewey stood in the middle of the ring, before extending his hand in kind to shake that of his opponents.

Before the two could shake though Wayne slapped Eugene's hand down and dragged him from the ring. As the Dewey brothers headed up the ramp Wayne turned back to JGX and flipped him off, all to a mixed reaction from the capacity crowd.

Wrap-up

Angus:

Holy Kung Pao Chicken with monosodium glutamate not included!

Jeff:

I'll say it. We just saw ourselves an upset.

Angus:

Natural causes, Jeffman, natural causes. JGX just outfatted him.

Jeff:

Sometimes I wonder if Eug wouldn't be better off without that little shit he calls his younger brother 'managing' him. Well, anyway. Huge win for Jan Gin Xiao. Dewey, luckily, still has the 2 points he won in the preseason, so he's not too far behind for this loss. And with that...

Angus:

Check the points?

Jeff:

Check the points~!

- 1) Adam Waterman: 10 (no change)
- 2) Michel LaLiberte: 7 (+5)
- 3) Clair St. Sure: 5 (+5)
- 3) Gabriel Grimm: 5 (+5)
- 3) Jan Gin Xiao: 5 (+5)
- 3) Kengoro Sugamoto: 5 (no change)
- 3) Kevin Cage: 5 (+5)
- 3) Mr. Destruction: 5 (+5)
- 9) Eugene Dewey: +2 (no change)
- 10) Darren Michaels: 0 (no change)
- 10) Justin Brooks: 0 (no change)
- 12) Fishman Deluxe: -2 (-2)
- 12) J Stevenson: -2 (-5)
- 13) Nick Regan: -5 (-5)

Angus:

So... if Adam Waterman's inactive, that means... Michel LaLiberte is in first place? what is this i dont even.

Jeff:

Two plus five is seven, son. Anyway. Call it on the spot Angus. Surprise of the night?

Angus:

JGX over Dewey. LaLiberte in the lead. And what was up with Kengoro giving Cito the stinkeye?

Jeff:

Man don't even ask me. You got a witty closing line, Angus?

Angus:

Naw.

[Black.]

[End.]