

SHOW OPEN

[♪ "The Time is Now" by Atreyu ♪](#)

Inside the DEFplex we go as fireworks explode from the rampway! A massive DEFITron sits above the entrance, twice the size of the screen typically used for DEFTv. The word ACTS is on a smaller LCD screen beside the entrance curtain and an LCD rampway projects "THIS IS DEFIANCE" down to ringside. The ring ropes are dark blue; the canvas is clean and light blue as always.

There are SIGNS and excitement everywhere!

REZIN'S PROMOS ARE LONGER THAN HIS TITLE REIGNS

DUDE! WHERE'S MY CRIMSON STALKER?!?

GATORS AND TIGERS AND CHAIRS -- OH MY!!

FREE MY HOMIE ZACK! HE AIN'T DO IT!

I HAVEN'T WATCHED ANY DEF PROGRAMMING IN WEEKS, BUT DAMNIT, I MADE IT TO ACTS of DEFIANCE!

THIS IS THE FBI - DEFIANCE, YOU ARE UNDER INVESTIGATION FOR THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SEVERAL EMPLOYEES AND WORKPLACE HARRASSMENT

LUCKY SEVENS ARE THE ONES WITH THE HAIRY CHESTS

PAT CASSIDY MARRY ME

LET'S GET DANGEROUS

SATURDAY NIGHT (SPECIAL) IS ALL RIGHT FOR A FIGHT!

YIKES, IT'S SYKES!

ACTS OF DEFIANCE IS LIT BABY!

I LOVE ME SOME SPECIALS!

!RANK !MUTE

WEAPON GET ME!

ANYONE BUT REZIN AS FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION!

The broadcast feed rolls through the graphic images of the NIGHT 1 ACTS of DEFIANCE card.

JACK HARMEN vs. NATHAN EYE

THE STEVENS DYNASTY vs. THE DANGEROUS MIX

KLEIN vs. JESTAL
GANG WARFARE: THE KABAL vs. THE GUARDIANS
CONOR FUSE & DEACON vs. NED REFORM & LEVI COLE
UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: SNS © vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

The scene switches to the announce team, at their booth off to the left-side of the entrance stage. Darren Keebler and Lance Warner greet the viewers.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to night one of ACTS!

Lance:

It's going to be a great show! Lots of matches I can't wait to see!

DDK:

And the card you saw... well, we have one more to add. In what is clearly becoming a tradition, the FS title will be the opener!

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP, FAVORED FIVEWAY

The graphic rolls across the screen. It's literally just Rezin standing in the middle of four question marks looking VERY confused.

Lance: *[commenting on the match card]*

Figures.

DDK:

Rezin's reign(s) have been... interesting but this might be the most interesting match of all!

Lance:

Let's get at it!

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP, FAVORED FIVEWAY

The lights slowly come down and anticipation builds up in the crowd.

♪ "Requiem: II Kyrie" by Györgi Ligeti ♪

Lance:

I think it's about to get SPOOKY in here, Keebs.

DDK:

Well, I suppose it *is* the season for it.

Static and unsettling images flash across the DEFIATron: scenes of out-of-control riots, urban skylines set afire, natural disasters laying waste to civilization. Through the PA system we get blasted by random arrangements of news reports and movie quotes, all cutting in over each other.

"Reports are coming in of a WIDESPREAD UPRISING--LOOK UPON ME!! I'LL SHOW YOU THE LIFE OF THE MIND!--redrum... redrum--out-of-control acts of VIOLENCE in the STREETS--FIRE IT UP!! FIRE IT UP!! FIRE IT UP!--you tell 'em I'm coming and I'M BRINGING HELL WITH ME!--we are witnessing scenes of rampant CHAOS and DESTRUCTION!!"

We get a montage of file footage and mugshots of infamous anarchists, charismatic cult leaders, and occult figures. Peppered in between the images of Mansons and Rasputins and Kaczynskis and Joneses and Crowleys are close-ups of an scruff-lined evil grin, various tattoos, and tar-stained fingers clenching the air.

"--ongoing public RIOTS continue to threaten the safety of--I'LL SHOW YOU THE LIFE OF THE MIND!--I think human consciousness is a tragic misstep in evolution--a complete BREAKDOWN of communication and social order as--I'LL SHOW YOU THE LIFE OF THE MIND!--..the horror... the horror--BURN, BABY! BURN!--I! WILL! SHOW! YOU! THE! LIFE! OF! THE! MIND!--we are facing the END of TIMES!--the END as WE KNOW IT--ARMAGEDDON!!"

In an instant, the chaos comes to an abrupt end as everything goes black. In the silence of the dark, the only sound that comes through is the gravely subdued voice of J. Robert Oppenheimer.

"Now I am become Death, the Destroyer of Worlds."

BOOM!!

A deafening pyro ROCKS the WrestlePlex as a MUSHROOM CLOUD rises up from the stage.

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

The shredding of riffs is joined by the ripping of engines, as spotlights hit the far corners of the arena revealing Reapers Cyan and Magenta on DIRT BIKES, zipping along tracks set around the upper mezzanine area while leaving trails of FIRE in their wake! The bikers converge toward the curtain, RAMPING dramatically onto the stage as pillars of fire shoot up from behind them!

Lance:

And here I thought I saw it all... apparently, we're kicking off ACTS of DEFIANCE with a motocross event!

"Cyanide" and "Maggot" pull up on either side of the entry-way, just as the ROAR of an engine can be heard. The curtains pull aside...

DDK:

... WHAT?!?

Lance:

Unbelievable...

...and out rolls a road-scarred GOLF CART, fitted with skulls, spikes, and a diesel engine to give it that perfect "apocalyptic war wagon" look. Behind the wheel, the Escape Artist REZIN, grins fiendishly into the crowd. Perched on the rear we can see Reaper Chartreuse, savagely strumming a ukulele through a ten-inch amplifier with a streaming sparkler affixed to the headstock.

DDK:

Okay, NOW I've seen everything...

Rezin parks his chariot at the head of the ramp, revving the engine a few times with his dirtbike-riding compatriots. He's dressed for the occasion in a blackened get-up of straps, studs, and shoulder pads. The tips of his hobo skullet are additionally dyed red and flared out.

Lance:

Is he supposed to be the mohawk guy from the Roadwarrior movie?

DDK:

Maybe that's what he was going for, but it looks more like some sort of Bozo-from-hell thing to me.

With the Favoured Saints Championship strapped upside down around his waist, the Goat Bastard stands up out of his seat and clutches the transceiver mic affixed to the dashboard. When he speaks, his voice comes in over the PA.

Rezin:

DEFIANCE... The Kabal welcomes you to... THE A-PUNK-ALYPSE!!!

He throws up his arms victoriously as the crowd responds with a BOOMING reaction, with quite a few charged up by his high-octane entrance, while the many others clearly just annoyed with more Kabal tomfoolery.

Rezin:

What better way is there to kick off an event like ACTS of DEFIANCE than with ME -- the FAVOURED SINNER!? Cause when it comes to DEFIANTly actin' up and makin' a scene, you can't beat the ol' ESCAPE ARTIST!

He slaps the inverted fleur-de-lis face of the belt around his waist.

Rezin:

TONIGHT, you scum, you're gonna bear witness to a NEW CHAPTER in the REIGN of the FAVOURED SINNER! TONIGHT, I BREAK THE CURSE that this wretched belt has brought me! TONIGHT, I will FINALLY defend this title successfully, and set myself on the path of defacing your SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE!

He earns another reaction, this time leaning more heavily on the side of jeers. Rezin cackles again.

DDK:

Rezin as Southern Heritage Champion? The idea just sends chills down my spine, Lance...

Lance:

He may be an outstandingly talented and charismatic athlete in the ring, but DEFIANCE would truly be in the darkest of times if a clown like him had his sticky hands on a belt with the kind of prestige of the SOHER.

Rezin extends his pitch-covered finger and points from one corner of the arena to the next, eyes bulging wildly with crazed intensity.

Rezin:

TONIGHT, you're going to learn, DEFIANCE... no matter what you throw at me, you can't stop the CHAOS I bring!

NOTHING can hold down THE ESCAPE ARTIST! But enough talk... I came here to BURN THE HOUSE down, so let's go ahead and FIRE IT UP!!

Rezin retakes his seat, and LOUDLY REVS UP the engine to his war wagon! Reapers Cyan and Magenta likewise rev up as they prepare to race down the rampway. Pointing dramatically to the ring, the Goat Bastard shifts into gear and slams on the gas...

Prrbbfft...

...and the engine completely dies on him.

DDK:

Womp-womp...

The Faithful laugh hysterically at Rezin's dud moment, as the Favoured Saints Champ glances around nervously and turns the key again and again, trying to get it to turn over. Cyan and Magenta rev their bikes to cover the noise of a choking engine.

For a moment, the golf cart of carnage appears to roar back to life as Rezin gives it some gas. The Goat Bastard cackles triumphantly, until he puts it into gear and it dies again, this time emitting a long whine and spewing black smoke everywhere.

Rezin:

SON of a BISH!!

Finally, Rezin hops out and pops the hood. The other Reapers likewise set their kickstands and crowd in to get a glance. The Escape Artist's face is inches away from the engine as he pokes and prods it from every angle.

Rezin:

Stupid piece of... I KNEW I should have got that lawn mower from a different tweaker! Maybe I can get Hank to take a look and --

Splurk.

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

Apparently, removing that cap was a bad idea as a stream of filthy oil spews out into Rezin's face. He gags violently in revulsion as he sprawls backwards, losing his balance and being sent tumbling chaotically down the rampway. The Reapers frantically run after him, but can't stop him from rolling out of control until he falls into a heap at ringside.

Lance:

Okay, NOW it's a DEFIANCE Pay Per View!

The Reapers help Rezin to his feet, with much of his skin now tarnished by a black sheen of oil splatters and smoke. He explodes in rage and backs them off.

Rezin:

SCREW IT!! Weeks of planning DOWN THE TOILET, because you idiots are COMPLETELY WORTHLESS!! Just get outta my sight!

At first, the Reaper trio lingers around appealingly, but another expletive-riddled tirade from Rezin finally sends them scrambling back up the rampway. The Favoured Saints Champion snags a new mic from the timekeeper before sliding himself into the ring, where ring announcer Darren Quimbey and official Carla Ferrari are waiting.

Rezin:

Keebler!

Darren Quimbey:

It's Quimbey...

Rezin:

How many friggin' Darrens work here?! Jeez, WHATEVER! Go iron the starch out of your tux while I make this place the big bucks, ya normie, while I run this down...

The beleaguered ring announcer groans, but steps back to give him the ring. Rezin turns his attention to the cameras, and the millions watching at home.

Rezin:

For the sake of those losers who weren't around a year ago, or just weren't paying attention, allow me to remind you all of the RULES to the FAVOURED FIVEWAY!

He points to the DEFIATron as a four-digit "doomsday clock" appears, initially set at 15:00.

Rezin:

We begin with TWO, and work our way up to FIVE across FIVE minute intervals of THREE!

DDK:

For those doing the math at home, that means it will be a full fifteen minutes before the fifth and final entrant comes into this match!

Lance:

It should go without saying that whoever comes into this match last will have a serious advantage.

The Escape Artist unslings his belt and moves it to his shoulder.

Rezin:

As the reigning champion, NATURALLY, it's my right to take that last spot for myself...

The fans jeer as he moves to the ropes to leave... and suddenly stops himself and scrambles back to the center of the ring.

Rezin:

Except if there's anything you normies should all know about me by now, it's that I'm ANYTHING but natural! Which is why I'm making myself EL NUMERO UNO!

The crowd does a one-eighty and begins cheering as the Favoured Sinner of DEFIANCE begins spastically tearing off his Roadwarrior costume.

Rezin:

You think I'm just gonna sit back there and spend half the match missing out on all the acts? You think I'm gonna sit there and just WATCH everyone else have all the fun? You think I'm here just to do cosplay and do references in overly convoluted set pieces?!

One he throws off the shoulder pads and kicks them from the ring, he jumps onto the ropes and practically falling over them as he continues ranting to the Faithful.

Rezin:

HELL NO!! I'm too PUNK ROCK for that! This Favoured Fiveway is MY MATCH, and I intend to wrestle in EVERY GODDAMB SECOND of it!

He hops back to the mat and points to Quimbey.

Rezin:

On you, Mr. Mayor!

Darren Quimbey:

Ugh. Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a FAVOURED FIVEWAY match, for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!!

Rezin HOISTS the Favoured Saints Title high over his head, upside down as always, before tossing it into the waiting arms of Carla Ferrari.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the first entrant, REAP-resenting the Kabal, he is the reigning three-time FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE... he is "THE ESCAPE ARTIST"... RREEEEZZZZIIIIINNNNN!!!

Rezin throws up his arms and revels in the mixed reaction as his crazed stare finds the entry-way. He paces back and forth, impatiently waiting to see who he's starting off against.

The lights go black. Then a set of words appears on the DEFTron in silver...

THE SHOW OF FORCE
TITANESS

Rezin:

Ohhh SHIT!!

DDK:

OH YES!!

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

The Faithful show love for the powerhouse as a single violet spotlight shines on the female powerhouse of Los Tres Titanes, flexing her arms, back to the stage. She rocks new attire... white top, white pants-length tights with gold stripes down the left leg, diamond designs down the right and a vest in the same style.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing the second entrant, representing Los Tres Titanes... please welcome, TIIIIITAAANNEEESSSS!!!

She pops The Faithful with a standing backflip on the ramp, sending a quick shower of gold and silver pyro on either side of the stage! The Faithful react well to the tall powerhouse. Before she heads to the ring, she favors a glance at Rezin's modified golf cart, still sitting dead at the head of the rampway. She squats low beside it, grabs it near the bottom and...

CRASH!

FLIPS OVER the golf cart in an impressive show of force! The Faithful pop HUGE as the dumbstruck Rezin falls to the mat in shock and outrage.

DDK:

WOW!! What power on display by Titaness! And she thankfully did something about that eyesore!

Titaness then heads down the ramp, shedding her vest and slapping hands with the ringside Faithful. Her arms are raised as she climbs the middle rope in the corner, and finally hops down to the mat. Rezin is backed into his corner looking like a rat that just got tossed into a cage with a python.

DDK:

Rezin suddenly isn't crowing with confidence now that he sees just who he'll be tangling with to start off this match! The Show of Force is looking pumped and determined tonight, no doubt eager to bring that Favoured Saints Title back to Los Tres Titanes!

Lance:

In their last one-on-one encounter, Titaness picked up the win over the Escape Artist. But that was before he managed to take the Favoured Saints Championship from her friend and fellow Titan, Minute.

DDK:

There's no telling what will happen this time around, in a contest that will eventually get three other hungry competitors involved!

Ferrari checks both corners to see if they're ready. Titaness nods without hesitation, bouncing in place in anticipation. Rezin takes in a deep breath as he braces himself and steps out of his own corner, solemnly giving the nod to the ref to indicate he's ready.

DING DING

15:00... 14:59... 14:58...

DDK:

The bell is rung, the clock has started its countdown, and this Favoured Fiveway has begun!

Rezin and Titaness go right into a lock-up, which ends almost immediately when the latter shoves the defending champion effortlessly to the mat. Rezin pops back up and tries again, this time trying to catch her off guard with a swift kick to the gut. But instead, Titaness catches him by the foot, wags a finger, and shoves him back hard to send him sprawling to the mat. Rezin pops to his feet and stooge-slaps his face a few times in frustration.

Lance:

Rezin is already having problems confronting the overwhelming advantage in strength Titaness has over him

DDK:

He's taking no chances this time as he goes off the ropes, and comes in hot with a **RUNNING DROPKICK**--no, Titaness **SIDESTEPS**, and brings Rezin down over the **KNEE** when she turns it into a **BACKBREAKER**!

Rezin knee-walks around on the mat, clutching his back in agony as Titaness takes a bounce of her own off the ropes. She practically obliterates the Goat Bastard's perfectly positioned face with her impressively built thigh when she connects with a running leg strike that sends him ragdolling across the ring like a crash test dummy ejected from a violent collision.

Lance:

Looks like it's going to be a long fifteen minutes for Rezin. Titaness is in complete control of this match right out of the gate!

Rezin is in a stupor as he fumbles against the ropes to get to his feet, walking straight into Titaness' Military Press! The Show of Force moves in a circle as she pumps Rezin over her head a few times, getting a huge pop from the crowd!

DDK:

Titaness is putting her strength on display, getting the Faithful even more charged up! She's got the Favoured Saints Champion right where she wants him... and lets him fall straight into a **DEVASTATING POWERSLAM!!** Hooks the leg for the **COVER**!

ONE... TWO...

KICKOUT!

Rezin sits up, but Titaness immediately wrangles him into a side headlock to keep the wily daredevil grounded.

13:20... 13:19... 13:18...

DDK:

We're still only within the opening minutes of this match, and already the reigning "Favoured Sinner" is looking like he's about to lose his title for the THIRD time!

Unable to power himself up, Rezin maneuvers his body around and reaches out with his legs to make contact with the ropes. Titaness breaks it up on Ferrari's request, and the Escape Artist escapes to the ring apron for a breather. Titaness doesn't let him rest long, however, stunning him with a forearm and locking up his head!

DDK:

Titaness won't let the champ run far as she brings him back into the ring with a VERTICAL SUPLEX over the ropes--but Rezin LANDS ON HIS FEET! DROPKICK to the back sends Titaness to the outside!

Rezin finally shakes out the cobwebs as he gets to his feet and sees his window of opportunity as Titaness recovers on the outside, clutching the shoulder she landed on. The Favoured Saints champ sends himself into motion off the far set of ropes and gets some absolutely HELLACIOUS hangtime after he springs off the top rope and comes down onto Titaness with a Springboard Senton Splash! Only Titaness doesn't go down...

DDK:

Rezin gets HIGH with the SENTON to the outside--but Titaness CATCHES HIM RIGHT ON HER SHOULDER!!

Lance:

That takes some unbelievable strength and resiliency to withstand that impact!

DDK:

Rezin looks as though he can hardly believe it himself as Titaness just THROWS HIM through the ropes and back into the ring!

Rezin scrambles to his feet as Titaness climbs back to the apron. A desperate and wild CLOVEN HOOF KICK whiffs through the air as she leans back off the ropes, and the Escape Artist gets himself straddled over the top rope. Titaness gives it a few shakes to bounce him painfully across his tender nether regions, getting a huge favorable reaction from the crowd, before knocking Favoured Sinner HARD to the mat with a lariat as she runs down the apron!

DDK:

Titaness is still looking strong as she hurries through the ropes and goes for a cover! Could this do it?

One... TWO... NO!! Rezin got the shoulder up!

11:40... 11:39... 11:38...

Lance:

As this match continues to wear on, Rezin has got to wonder if he'll come to regret choosing to start off this Favoured Fiveway.

DDK:

It was a daring choice made by a man trying to prove himself as DEFIANT. But yeah, while I could technically DEFY a Mack truck by standing in front of one on the road, I'm not going to do that any time soon!

Titaness has the Favoured Saints Champion back up and onto her shoulders in a kneeling Torture Rack, as Rezin lets out raspy groans of agony. He furiously shakes his head when Carla asks if he's tapping out, and instead breaks

himself free with a blatant GOUGE to Titaness' eyes! The Show of Force drops him as her hands go to her face, and Rezin is chided by the official.

Rezin:

Naw, you got me wrong! I thought I saw one of those Japanese death hornets on her face and was just courteously trying to swat it and--OH GOD, THERE'S ANOTHER ONE!!

Rezin spastically points to the far corner, and Ferrari buys the distraction. As her head is turned, the Escape Artist slips by and chops the leg out from under the Show of Force, sending the amazon to the mat! Ferrari is further incensed when she sees Titaness rolling on the mat, clutching her leg, but the Goat Bastard merely shrugs.

Rezin:

Sorry, musta been an acid flashback, heh heh!

DDK:

Ugh... not surprising to see that the Favoured Sinner has needed to resort to dirty tactics to stay in the match!

Rezin hits the ropes and catches Titaness with a BULLDOG as she works her way back up to her knees, then puts the boots to her from all angles. The boots give way to a leg drop. Then a standing senton splash. Then a standing MOONSAULT!

Lance:

Rezin's finally in a place in this match where he can get some shots in, and he's going to make every one of them count.

Titaness is effectively winded as Rezin goes to the corner, and begins going up to the top rope! Titaness slowly works back onto her feet, but doesn't see Rezin perched on the turnbuckle behind her.

DDK:

Turn around, Titaness! NO! Rezin OFF THE TOP... and GETS HER TO THE MAT with the MISSILE DROPKICK!! He goes right for the PIN!

ONE!!

TWO!!

And Titaness POWERS OUT with such strength, it sends Rezin through the ropes to ringside!

Lance:

Look at the clock, Keebs! We're almost at the five minute mark!

DDK:

Who is going to be revealed as the THIRD entrant?

10:08... 10:07... 10:06...

As the clock runs down its final seconds, the Faithful en masse begin counting down with it.

"FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE!!"

♪ "Savage" (Military Search Squad Remix) by Megan Thee Stallion ♪

Search lights flood the arena as the sound of a helicopter propeller can be heard. Random burst radio transmissions screech out of the loudspeakers as Cyrus Bates marches out on stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the THIRD entrant, representing the Comments Section... here is, CYYYYYYYRUUUUUUSS
BAAAAAAAAATTESSSS!!!

DDK:

Did someone call in the search party? I wasn't aware we were missing anyone!

Bates stares outward like he's looking for *someone*. Machine gun noises accompany the jazzy theme song as Bates flexes his bare chest. His camouflage military pants are accented by big black shiny boots.

Lance:

Who invited this guy to the party!?

Search Party Cyrus begins strutting to the ring with an intimidating look on his face and a ballistics headband securely fashioned around his forehead.

DDK:

Look out!

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

The Bellicose Brawler absolutely obliterates Rezin on his way to the ring with a thunderous shoulder block! It's clear Search Party Cyrus is going to be a problem in this match. Bates pulls out a mini cargo net from one of his pockets and begins choking Rezin with it as his theme music fades away.

DDK:

The Escape Artist is incapable of escaping the wrath of Search Party Cyrus' binds, as the dedicated muscle of the Comments Section makes his presence known before even entering the ring!

Bates throws Rezin into the apron to roll him back into the ring before scaling the steps and stepping through the ropes himself. Immediately, he stares down Titaness standing tall in the ring. Cyrus FLEXES his rock-hard physique to assert his dominance. Titaness FLEXES her amazonian form to show she's not deterred. The two immediately clasp hands and throw themselves into a test of strength!

DDK:

Bates and Titaness lock horns, as the Show of Force FINALLY has an opponent in this match that can equal her in sheer power!

Lance:

That's a keen observation, Keebs! Titaness has had little problem in handling the lightweight Rezin, but now with Search Party Cyrus thrown into the mix, she's suddenly faced a different kind of challenge!

Cyrus gains an edge in the struggle, nearly forcing Titaness down to her shoulders... but the third member of Los Tres Titanes suddenly powers her way back up, charging up the fans as she turns the tables on Bates! Cyrus suddenly looks worried, and it turns into panic when Titaness pulls him into a waistlock and whips him hard to the mat!

DDK:

BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEX by the Show of Force!

Lance:

She may have been competing for five minutes now, but the Show of Force is showing she's got the momentum on her side, and plenty left in the tank!

Cyrus rolls to his knees off the impact and clutches his back as he bares his teeth in pain. Then he notices an

especially out-of-sorts Goat Bastard clumsily pulling himself back into the ring, and an idea comes to him. He quickly pulls him up and lifts him off the mat, and as Titaness rushes in to follow up, throws the lightweight Rezin into her arms.

DDK:

Cyrus Bates plays HOT POTATO with Rezin as Titaness catches him out of the air... and Bates LAYS HER OUT with a SAVAGE Running Lariat!

Titaness hits the mat hard with Rezin on top of her, but before Carla can make a count, Bates lifts him off the mat again, Gorilla Presses the Goat Bastard HIGH into the air, and drops him down across the chest of Titaness!

DDK:

Rezin has become a human projectile in there!

Lance:

Shades of Ascension 2020, when he first fought for the Favoured Saints Championship in the Favoured Fourway!

8:15... 8:14... 8:13...

Bates kicks the Favoured Saints Champion aside as he directs his focus on the competitor who has been dominating up until this point, prying Titaness back off the mat and bullying her into the corner where he proceeds to punish her midsection with a series of shoulder blocks! Rezin eventually makes it back to his feet in a daze, and Cyrus thinks fast as he takes the stunned Titaness by the wrist and whips her out of the corner.

DDK:

Bates puts Titaness into motion... and Rezin gets RUN OVER BY A TANK as she collides into him! Cyrus follows out of the corner... and JUMPING KNEE TO THE FACE takes the unsuspecting Titaness down! Here he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!

Titaness sits up, but leaves herself open to a direct KICK to the spine delivered by Bates! Then Search Party Cyrus notices the groggy Rezin getting back to his feet, and quickly slaps the Favoured Saints Champion into a Full Nelson! The Favoured Sinner's arms flail spastically into the air as Bates struggles to hold him down into place.

DDK:

Submission attempt locked in by Cyrus Bates, but the Favoured Saints Champion is fighting it for everything he's got!

Lance:

Is the Escape Artist going to find a way to break out of this one?

Titaness eventually makes it back to her feet and closes in, only for Cyrus to release Rezin at once and shove him into her! Titaness catches Rezin into her arms and transitions smoothly into a SPINEBUSTER that turns the Goat Bastard into a stain on the canvas, but soon joins him on the mat after a high-elevation Back Suplex from Cyrus!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, what impact off that suplex, as Titaness lands hard on her back!

Lance:

Through strength and cunning, Cyrus Bates has inserted himself into this match as the new force to be reckoned with.

DDK:

Here he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TITANESS KICKS OUT!

Cyrus is undeterred as he peels Titaness off the mat and scoops her up onto his shoulder. Rezin comes to just in time to see her crashing down on top of him as Bates delivers a devastating powerslam! Titaness rolls to the side and groans in pain, clutching her back. Cyrus falls on top of the prone body of the Favoured Saints Champion.

DDK:

Bates going for the pin off that assisted powerslam! Is the Favoured Sinner going to be the first one eliminated from this Favoured Fiveway?!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! Not yet anyway!

Bates gets Rezin off the mat before glancing over to the clock...

5:32... 5:31... 5:30...**DDK:**

Only thirty seconds until the fourth entrant appears!

Lance:

It's about to get crowded in there!

Rezin is effortlessly lifted off the mat with the Gorilla Press by Cyrus as Titaness rises back onto her feet. Bates TOSSES the Escape Artist at her, but the Show of Force DUCKS with lightning quick reflexes, and Rezin instead sails over the ropes and crashes onto the ringside floor! Titaness rises up and catches Cyrus unsuspecting in the ribs with a HARD inside kick to the midsection!

DDK:

Titaness sees her shot as she runs in... NO!! Cyrus counters with a SAMOAN DROP, bringing her down HARD on the mat!

Lance:

Her back has taken a lot of punishment since Cyrus stepping into that ring.

DDK:

Time is ticking away as Bates goes for the pin to eliminate Titaness...

ONE!!

TWO!!

SHE KICKS OUT!!

The Faithful pop HARD for Titaness before directing their attention back to the clock on the DEFIATron...

5:08... 5:07... 5:06...

"FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE!!"

The lights go to black yet again. Eerie blue lights illuminate the stage as a spectral MIST covers the stage. After a moment, a COFFIN rises up from the stage, appearing through the fog, just as a set of nearby candelabras suddenly come alight. In the distance, a wolf HOWLS at the moon.

♪ *"Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blonds* ♪

DDK:

Oh boy! It just got SPOOKIER, Lance!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the FOURTH entrant... here is, COOOOOUNNNT NOOOOOOVVIIIICK!!

All at once, the coffin begins rolling down the ramp, pushed by an unseen force. At ringside, Rezin gets to his feet just in time as it CRASHES into his chest and CRUSHES him against the ring apron!

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

The Favoured Sinner is nothing but a pair of splayed out arms and legs beneath the casket, when the lid suddenly pops open and COUNT NOVICK springs out, clearing the ropes and rolling into the ring in a spectacular display that leaves everyone stunned.

Count Novick:

AH-HA-HA!

"AH-HA-HA!!"

DDK:

The COUNT is here! Awakened from his slumber in the dark vaults of the BRAZEN locker room!

Lance:

How the heck did he clear those ropes?!

Bates fearlessly charges toward the vampire, but Count Novick throws off his aim with a twirl of his cape and dumps him to the mat with a fireman's carry, followed up by a dropkick to the back of the head! Titaness slowly works herself back to her feet, but immediately gets caught with a Swinging Neckbreaker by the Count! Novick spins around in a circle, baring his fangs as he sPoOkIlY cackles, and the crowd goes nuts!

DDK:

Four bodies in the ring! Rezin and Titaness have been in there for at least ten minutes! With Count Novick now in there as the fresh man--well... as "fresh" as the undead can get, I suppose--anything can happen at this point!

The Count spots Rezin slowly crawling back into the ring and waits for him to get to his feet before throwing his hands forward and attempting to ENTHRALL his mind! Rezin's face and eyes are completely void as Novick's hands dance hypnotically before him.

DDK:

My God... did Rezin REALLY fall for that enchantment baloney? Or is he just severely concussed? Or is he... just really, really high?

Lance:

Is it possible, Keebs, that it could be a little bit of all three?

4:22... 4:21... 4:20...

Rezin suddenly blinks, and for the first time appears to be lucid.

Rezin:

Four-twenty... time to get SURRIOUSS!!

Novick bursts forward, and Rezin suddenly EXPLODES with a spinning heel kick!

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK BY REZIN!! That nearly took Count Novick's head off!

Lance:

I mean, how else can one kill a vampire...?

Rezin begins to get Novick back to his feet, but gets interrupted by an axehandle smash across the back by the recovered Search Party Cyrus. Bates takes him by the arm and sends him to the corner, running after him, but Rezin turns the tables when he jumps to the top rope in a single bound and springs off with a MOONSAULT that lays Bates out onto the mat! Rezin rolls through back onto his feet just as Novick attempts to grab him from behind as sink his fangs into his neck... but the Escape Artist blocks it and flips himself backwards!

DDK:

INTO THE VOID!! The Count went for a BITE, and inadvertently put himself into the perfect position for the Somersault Reverse DDT!

Lance:

It only took ten minutes and forty seconds, but Rezin is FINALLY looking like a champion!

DDK:

He hooks the leg on Count Novick... does he have him?!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!! HE DOES!!

DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

COUNT NOVICK... has been **ELIMINATED!**

DDK:

The reigning Favoured Saints Champion earns the first elimination in this match over Count Novick, who had only just come into the ring!

Lance:

Like you said, Keebs... at this point in the match, ANYTHING can happen! The Count let his guard down for only one second, and that's all it took for the Goat Bastard to put a stake through his heart!

Count Novick gets rolled out of the ring as Rezin quickly scrambles back to his feet, spotting Cyrus Bates back on his feet first. Bates comes at him with a lariat, but Rezin ducks, hops up onto his back into the crucifix position, trying to roll him to the mat. Bates digs his heels and blocks it, until Titaness suddenly rises up and gets some much deserved

payback from the beating she took earlier with a BIG BOOT that sends Cyrus flipping backwards into Rezin's Crucifix Driver!

DDK:

Titaness with the YAKUZA KICK, and Rezin nails Bates the INVERTED CROSS DRIVER!! Cyrus shoulders are ON THE MAT!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

CYRUS BATES... has been **ELIMINATED!**

Lance:

Just like that... TWO are gone! I suppose the search party continues for Cyrus Bates, as a run with the Favoured Saints Title will not be in his immediate future!

DDK:

Eliminations are suddenly happening left and right, and now Rezin finds himself in the best position he's been in the entire length of this match! Titaness is hurt... Rezin is hurt... they've been in this since the beginning! How much further can they withstand all this mayhem?

As the exhausted Rezin and Titaness stare each other down, Cyrus is busy arguing about the three count with Ferrari. The two remaining competitors are about to tie up when Bates, overcome with frustration, pushes past the official and blindsides Titaness with an ELBOW to the back of her head, earning absolutely nuclear heat from the crowd! Search Party Cyrus responds with an arrogant and self-absorbed DOUBLE FLEX before finally taking his leave of the ring, remembering that he's looking for somebody.

DDK:

GOOD GOD, what an absolutely unsportsmanlike parting shot by Cyrus Bates! That man is absolutely BITTER! That is a Search Party FOUL if I've seen one!

Lance:

And he just left Titaness completely at the mercy of the reigning Favoured Saints Champion!

Rezin watches indifferently as Titaness lies hurt on the mat, and shrugs off the morality of the situation as he runs in and connects with a vicious SOCCER KICK to the side of the head that makes her go limp! The Faithful BOO vehemently, but the Favoured Sinner nevertheless drags the Show of Force to a near corner to put her into position, and snaps off a lightning fast split-legged MOONSAULT right across the ribs!

DDK:

VOIDSAULT!! Right into the lateral press, as Rezin makes the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--SHE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

Lance:

I thought for certain she'd been knocked unconscious!

Rezin shakes his head wildly like a man possessed as he quickly gets back to his feet and goes to the corner, once again going to the top rope! Titaness has enough life to squirm around on the mat, but is completely helpless as Rezin dives off AGAIN...

DDK:

IMPLODING STAR PRESS!! He can be a fool for the most part, but he is DEADLY in the air, and that devastating maneuver may be enough as he goes for the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE--NO!! SHE KICKED OUT!! HOW DID SHE KICK OUT OF THAT?!

Rezin sits up, snarling in frustration. He promptly pulls Titaness off of the mat and throwing her into a corner before blasting her with a jumping KNEE LIFT to the chin to keep her stunned against the ropes!

Lance:

Titaness has been absolutely brutalized over the course of this entire match, and despite being with her from the start of this match, Rezin looks like he's finally hit his stride in this competition!

DDK:

But he still has to put the Show of Force down for the THREE, and she is not making it easy! Titaness has a real opportunity here to take the Favoured Saints Championship back to Los Tres Titanes, and she's not giving that up so easily!

Titaness stumbles out of the corner as Rezin quickly goes back up top, measures for distance, and catches her unsuspecting with a diving DRAGONRANA that sends her careening across the mat!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, what a REZIN-RANA!! Rezin again going for the cover... could THAT be it?!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE--NO-NO-NOOO, SHE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

Lance:

Unbelievable! Rezin is just throwing the book of high-flying aerial attacks, and the Show of Force has withstood all of it!

Rezin pops to his feet, his eyes wild and full of disbelief as he glares at Carla Ferrari, who confirms the three count. Still, rather than kicking the female official in the face for a fleeting moment of cheap heat, the Escape Artist stays focused on the task at hand, and throws himself onto Titaness' back.

DDK:

CABRO CLUTCH!! Rezin has the choke LOCKED IN, and the body scissor to boot!

Lance:

This is the very move Rezin used to take the Favoured Saints Title from Minute! Is this how he slays yet another one of the Titans tonight?

Rezin:

That's right... THAT'S RIGHT... just let the VOID take you, nice and easy now! It'll all be over soon!

Rezin rolls onto his back to sink the hold in even tighter. Carla leans in and asks Titaness if she's tapping. Instead, she shakes her head no.

"TI-TAN-ESS!! TI-TAN-ESS!! TI-TAN-ESS!!"

The cheers of the Faithful cause her eyes to suddenly pop open. Titaness reaches up with her free hand and grasps Rezin by the wrists. Screaming in rage and agony, she uses what's left of her strength and PRIES the Goat Bastard's hand off of her wrist, freeing herself from the hold! The crowd is going WILD!

Rezin:

WAIT... WAIT!!

Titaness twists free from the body scissors, and suddenly reverses holds. Now it's Rezin trying to scramble away, but the strength of Titaness is too much to resist as she rolls back to her feet and wrangles him up with him.

Rezin:

Oh NO YOU DON'T!! This... is... MY... RREEEIIIGGGNNN!!!

Rezin wraps up her midsection and throws all of his weight into midsection, trying to crush her into the corner. Instead, she deftly JUMPS to the second rope to block it!

DDK:

LOOK-AT-THAT!!

Rezin can do nothing as she hooks the arms... LIFTS...

DDK:

TITANIUM DRIVER OFF THE SECOND ROPE!! Rezin lands right on his HEAD AND SHOULDERS and gets folded up LIKE AN ACCORDIAN!! Is this REALLY HAPPENING?!

Rezin bounces off the mat and sticks the landing on his shoulders, looking like a dead bug with its legs curled into the air. Titaness sees her chance as she desperately crawls over and throws all of her weight on top of the reigning champion into a prawn hold pin.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!

DDK:

YES, SHE DID IT!!

DING DING

The crowd EXPLODES joyously as Titaness falls back to the mat to let herself catch her breath and to soak in the cheers in her moment of triumph.

Darren Quimbey:

REZIN... has been ***EEEE-LIMNNATED!!***

When he comes to, the Escape Artist realizes he's now lost the Favoured Saints Title for the THIRD time, and begins to thrash around on the mat in shock, rage, and pain.

DDK:

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!! TITANESS got the pin on REZIN, and THAT'S IT!! We're going to have a NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION! The Reign of the Favoured Sinner is OVER!!

Lance:

She dug deep to earn that, but there's little time to celebrate, Keebs! Look at the clock!

DDK:

Oh no, I nearly forgot... we still have ONE MORE competitor to this match, and only SECONDS remain on the clock!

0:06... 0:05... 0:04...

DDK:

Who is it? Who is lucky number five?

"THREE... TWO... ONE!!"

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

"RRRAAAHHHHH!!!"

As soon as they recognize the music, the Faithful lose their collective minds. The hourglass clock on the DEFIATron disappears as stormclouds begin to brew and green spotlights fill up the stage. Tension builds until the solo hits, and KERRY KUROYAMA strides out onto the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring, the fifth and FINAL competitor... "THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG" KERRY KUROYAMA!!

DDK:

And so the last entrant in this Favoured Fiveway is revealed, and what an absolute surprise! Kerry Kuroyama is here tonight at ACTS of DEFIANCE, and at the absolute worst timing for Titaness!

Lance:

The fifteen minutes she's been in the ring since the bell rang has already taken its toll, and now she's faced with the tall task of outlasting the Pacific Blitzkrieg, coming into this match looking fresh, fit, and laser focused!

DDK:

Hang on... where does Rezin think he's going with THAT?

We cut to the defeated Goat Bastard, trying to make a clean getaway with his (now former) belt. As he stumbles and staggers his way toward the rampway with the Favoured Saints Championship clutched in his grip, he's too busy jaw-jacking with the ringside fans trying to raise alarm to his caper to take any notice of the approaching Kuroyama.

POW!

Kerry breaks into a sprint in the last few feet and clocks the now former Favoured Saints Champion with a running elbow that sends the title soaring from his hands and his body sprawling back wildly.

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

Rezin tumbles back into Count Novick's open casket, and disappears from all view as the lid slams shut upon him. The airborne Favoured Saints Title falls into Kerry's hands, and he smoothly hands it back over to the timekeeper on his way up the steps.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Keep it warm for me.

Titaness' triumph has melted into worry as she digs deep and fights through the pain in her body to push herself off the mat. Kerry steps through the ropes but courteously keeps to his corner to allow her to get to her feet. Eventually, Titaness gets there, and tells him to bring it.

Lance:

Whatever may come from this, that woman has earned the respect of thousands of DEFIANCE fans with her spirited performance here tonight!

DDK:

I'm inclined to agree with you on that statement, Lance. But no amount of respect can protect her now from Kerry Kuroyama's uncompromising hunger for glory!

They collide into a lock-up. Titaness digs in her heels and pushes with all her might, but eventually caves to a knee and groans in pain as the combination of the damage to her back and Kerry's advantage in conditioning proves too much to bear. Eventually, he works her over into a waistlock, lifts her off the mat, and drops her across the knee with a brutal looking Gutwrench Backbreaker! Titaness howls in agony!

Lance:

Kerry has had the whole fifteen minutes to watch the action play out. He knows right where Titaness is weakest right now.

DDK:

Kerry hooks the legs now, and goes right into a JACKKNIFE PIN hold!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--TITANESS KICKS OUT!!

She does, but nevertheless groans in anguish as the effort put even more strain on her back. Kuroyama doesn't release the legs, lifting her off the mat and dropping her down HARD onto her back and head with a standing inverted powerbomb... and another! And ANOTHER!!

DDK:

DOMINATOR!! DOMINATOR!! DOMINATOR!! ONE RIGHT AFTER THE OTHER!! Good God, he is just PULVERIZING HER into the canvas with!! How much more punishment can she take!

Lance:

Kerry is pulling absolutely no punches!

DDK:

Kuroyama goes for another cover... hooks the legs!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE--ANOTHER KICKOUT!!

Titaness breaks free and rolls to her side, but can do nothing to escape the armtrap Kerry immediately sets her into. A moment later, she's off the mat and upside down after the pumphandle lift...

DDK:

KU-RO-YA-MA DRIVERRR!!! MY GOD, HE DROPPED ALL OF HER WEIGHT DOWN ON HER HEAD AND NECK!!

Lance:

I think... that may be it, Keebs.

DDK:

You may unfortunately be right, Lance, as Kerry quickly goes for the cover with the legs hooked to finish this match for once and for all!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Kerry triumphantly rises to his feet, having barely broken a sweat. His arm is raised by Carla in victory, and soon after he's handed the Favoured Saints Championship, which he proudly holds up over his head. The Faithful cheer on his victory, although it's a bit dampened after seeing the fan-favorite Titaness fall after such a long and spirited performance.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, here is the winner of the Favoured Fiveway match... and the NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE...

"THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG"... KEEERRRRYYYYY KUUUURROOOYAAAAAMMAAAA!!!!

DDK:

It's OVER!! And just like that, we have a NEW CHAMPION!!

Lance:

A massive notch in the belt for Kerry Kuroyama tonight, although it can hardly be said it was hard fought.

DDK:

I feel a lot of fans were eager to see Titaness walk away with the title after the fifteen-minute long battle against the odds she went through, but Kuroyama had plans of his own. He came in last, and mopped up whatever was left from the first fifteen minutes with seemingly little effort. It may not be a valiant win, but it was a smart one, nevertheless.

Lance:

I'm still rather surprised to see him in this match. I thought he had other plans for ACTS of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Apparently, those plans changed at the last minute, and now the Favoured Saints Championship has changed hands to a competitor who is hungrier than ever to define his legacy in this company! Knowing Kerry as he's been these past few months, he's going to take every advantage of that title's stipulations and work his way toward a shot at the Southern Heritage Title!

Lance:

Perhaps... but that feat is easier said than done. Matt LaCoix is currently the only person in DEFIANCE to hold that distinction, but time will tell if Kuroyama can repeat that success.

DDK:

Can't be as bad as Rezin's "Reign of the Favoured Sinner", in any case. Speaking of... where did that Goat Bastard go off to?

Lance:

Um... does anyone really care?

DDK:

Good answer. Folks, this has been an absolute EPIC beginning to this Pay Per View event, but we're only one match into what's shaping up to be a show to be remembered for ages! One Championship has already changed hands... what other surprises are in store for us?! I guess we'll find out soon enough, as we continue with this first night of ACTS of DEFIANCE!

With Ferrari's help, Titaness gets into a sitting position, but still clutches her head. She locks eyes with Kuroyama, who respectfully nods, acknowledging the heroic effort she put into the match. A moment later, he posts up onto the turnbuckle, holding the Favoured Saints Title high for all of DEFIANCE to see his first title victory. Then, as if remembering he has other business to attend to, Kuroyama ends his celebration and leaves the ring for the locker room almost as quickly as he came.

JACK HARMEN vs. NATHAN EYE

DDK:

What an amazing intense opener to ACTS of DEFIANCE as Kerry Kuroyama becomes the Favored Saints Champion! Well deserved! And up next on tonight's big show, we will see what has become a very personal issue between the Scourge member Jack Harmen and a man he helped mentor in Brazen, Nathan Eye!

Lance:

Nathan Eye has been hesitant to really do anything with Jack since these two crossed paths while Eye's bestie Dex Joy has issues with Arthur Pleasant. Eye revealed that he once looked up to Jack Harmen and in fact revealed it was Harmen who talked him out of quitting Brazen.

DDK:

We have seen people target Nathan Eye to get to Dex and that almost took a toll, but Harmen once convinced him to stick it out. Eye is one of the promising younger talents in DEFIANCE Wrestling today and has felt like Harmen betrayed him. But according to Harmen all he has been trying to do is motivate Eye to make him stronger.

Lance:

History has taught the long time fans of DEFIANCE Wrestling that you can never fully trust what Harmen's motivations are, but tonight we will see if experience will trump youth.

Darren Quimbey:

The next match is set for one fall! Residing in New Orleans, Louisiana, weighing in at 235 pounds... he is He Who Can't Be Stopped... He is "THE HANDSOME FACE" NATHAN EYYYYEEEEEEEE!!!!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!

♪ "You Can't Stop Me" by Andy Mineo ♪

The crowd pops! Coming out for the next match is Nathan Eye who looks more determined than ever to test his mettle against one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's true veterans. There is no playtime tonight from Nathan Eye who just takes his shirt off and throws it on the ramp. Nathan is quick to get into the ring and is looking for payback from a vicious sneak attack by a man he once looked up to. Nathan kneels over in the corner, possibly formulating a strategy for his unpredictable opponent.

DDK:

Nathan Eye, prepared to take on his own fallen hero. Imagine what's going through his mind right now...

♪ "Idol" by Hollywood Undead feat. Tech N9ne ♪

There's a slight murmur as the crowd hears something different than the usual "Crazy Train" Harmen bursts out onto the entrance ramp with wide eyes and devil horn taunts. His hair has been dyed bright blood red, almost that kind of red pigment that would actually be toxic to breathe. His tights match the same color, as leading into his black boots which are slowly being engulfed by spooky fog smoke. Flyer surveys the crowd and then storms to the ring.

Lance:

And there he is, Jack Harmen. The Lunatic. New outfit, same asshole.

DDK:

Lance.

Lance:

No, I'm sorry, unless he's playing stupid pratcal jokes or in a tag team, this guys can be just the worst.

DING DING

Harmen offers a hand from the second that the bell rings but Eye has different ideas ... ideas that involve hitting a drop kick square in the face of his former mentor!

DDK:

Oh my goodness! Harmen just got nailed! He questioned if Eye had killer instinct in this match and I'm thinking he does!

Lance:

He will need it tonight! He knew it was a trap!

Natty Eyce gets up and Harmen doesn't know where he is. He dangles against the ropes and it doesn't take long for the athletic young gun to hit a cactus clothesline! Eye lands on the apron after the tumble but Harmen gets nailed and gets sent packing completely from the ring.

DDK:

Jack Harmen is known in DEFIANCE Wrestling as The Lunatic, but it looks like this entire issue has made Eye go crazy! Look at him go!

Nathan Eye is fueled by rage when he picks himself up on the apron. Jack still doesn't know where he is and if the first drop kick wasn't dangerous enough, Eye hits a running missile drop kick from the apron to the floor that sends Harmen flipping backwards onto his stomach! The impact doesn't leave Nathan unharmed after he rolls around on the floor in pain but it is a sacrifice he is clearly willing to make.

Lance:

Nathan Eye really has gone loco! He's taking extra risks I don't know he can afford to take against a guy like Harmen but he doesn't care.

DDK:

Harmen joining the Scourge and then beating him until he was bloodied was complete betrayal in Nate's eyes. This is payback plain and simple.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are cheering for Eye when he puts Harmen back into the ring. The second in command of the Scourge is now trying to get up and find out where Eye is. He doesn't have to wait long for the answer. Natty Eyce is on the top rope and then he jumps off to knock Harmen down using a diving shoulder tackle!

DDK:

And another big move! Is that over already?

Eye covers Harmen.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Lance:

Kick-out!

The shoulder comes up before the three. A fired-the-hell-up Nathan Eye takes a spot in the corner closest to him and then gets ready to unleash what could either be a spear or the Starry Eyed Surprise. He waves and wants Harmen to get back up to his feet but when he is about to do it, he sees Eye coming. Natty Eyce jumps on top of Harmen and then uses a tight chin lock to keep him on the mat where he can get to him quicker. The Lunatic is struggling in the clutches of the former Brazen mega-star and he keeps the headlock even tighter now. Harmen is gagging for air but Eye will not let go and keeps grinding him down.

Nathan Eye:

You still think I'm weak now, Jack?

DDK:

And now Eye is taking it to the mat with Harmen and showing what he's made of. He has a slight size and power advantage over Harmen and he's using both now.

He keeps the head lock in but Harmen switches it into a roll-up to get him to let go.

One ...

Two ...

He makes Eye let the hold go to break up the pinning predicament. Harmen works smarter and lets Eye come to him and nails a standing side kick to his rib cage.

DDK:

Harmen suckered him in by reversing that chin lock. That's experience talking right there!

It is a brilliant move but the kick is more to buy time to catch his breath after being muscled around by the young blue chipper. When he checks his airways and they seem to be working again, Harmen tees off on Eye with elbow shots of his own. The blow backs him up into a corner then Harmen takes him for a ride into the ropes. Harmen charges and hits a stiff elbow on the return. The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful start booing Harmen for his actions.

Harmen takes the moment to exaggeratedly yawn at them in response.

DDK:

Big shot there by Harmen on the return. Eye is down. He better not take him lightly.

Eye is flat on his back as Harmen just starts to open palm chop Eye's exposed chest. Eye fights to his knees, still knocked silly from the earlier elbow, so Harmen stings him with knife edged chops to the chiseled chest of the pretty boy star of DEFIANCE Wrestling. After a few chops turn Eye's chest blood red, Harmen picks up Eye by the head and twists his neck into a neckbreaker. Harmen smiles at the camera before he rolls over to make a pin on Eye.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Harmen, now in control again, but Eye has shown it will take a lot more than a neckbreaker to beat him!

Lance:

The Lunatic is going to the ring apron ... and he takes flight!

The second in command of the Scourge leaps in and uses a spring board thesz press and begins laying the heavy-handed rights to the side of the pretty boy's head all so he can un-pretty him up. He keeps the fists going until the referee tells him to stop or he'll count. Harmen takes a brief break to say he won't do it again ... and then does it again!

DDK:

Harmen really milking this count! Yet more veteran instincts right there!

Lance:

He knows all the tricks!

Harmen keeps punching until the count of four happens and then he stops. He puts his hands up and swears he'll never do it again. He lets Nathan try to crawl away while hurt but then Harmen pushes him against the middle rope so he can press down with a knee to the back of the head! He chokes Natty Eyece against the ropes.

DDK:

More of that rule-bending! Eye has to be careful here.

Lance:

I think we're past careful here. He needs to fight back.

The Lunatic lays off of Nathan for a few seconds while Eye is trying to catch his breath. Harmen throws his arms up in the air as Rex Knox chastizes him. Harmen tries to tell him he's not the one who put these ropes here. As Eye starts pulling himself up by the ropes, Harmen ignores Knox and charges off the far side. He doesn't hear Eye rushing up behind him.

DDK:

Locomotive already ... ? No! Roll up by Eye!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Harmen kicks out but when he is back on his feet, Eye grabs the legs and tackles him to the ground! A very fiery Natty Eyece puts the boots to the gut of Harmen while he's down. He keeps stomping and then he tries to go for the Eye of the Tornado but Jack breaks it up by kicking Eye away from him. Harmen tries to get back to his feet but again Eye gets at him first using a huge flying forearm to the face to knock him down followed up with a running leg drop from off the ropes.

DDK:

Eye still in the fight again!

Lance:

And the cover! Can he beat Jack Harmen?

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Eye gets up and then takes Harmen for the ride with another whip to the ropes, but Harmen uses both arms to hang onto the ropes. The young pretty boy charges at Harmen again but he learns from the first time Eye took him over the ropes and then pulls down the top rope. That sends Nathan spilling over the ropes and then taking a nasty spill ringside! He gets up and points to his brain to jeers.

DDK:

Harmen has been taking a lot of punishment from Nathan Eye, but he's using these veteran moves to take advantage.

Lance:

And now what is Jack up to?

Nobody but the Lunatic knows for sure. Nathan Eye is still hurt on the floor but Harmen looks like he knows exactly what he has in mind. He climbs onto the ropes and when he knows the exact time to strike, Harmen makes his move ...

and it is a doozy ...

SPRINGBOARD SHOOTING STAR PLANCHA TO EYE!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cannot believe the veteran is still capable of such a move and making it look easy but that's exactly what he does!

DDK:

No way! Harmen goes for his own high risk move and it pays off!

Lance:

That could've ended any number of ways for most other wrestlers, but he pulled that off flawlessly!

Neither wrestler is moving at first. That gives the fans at home as well as the fans in the arena watching a chance to witness the replays flying by. First a regular motion of the springboard shooting star plancha and then one in slow motion to show how skilled Harmen is. You can tell, it's a bit rougher and not as quick and smooth as it was ten years ago. But there's a sense of tranquil grace to it when slowed down. It'll be a GIF.

Now back to the match in real time with Harmen looking proud that he's still got it. He stands proud, looking for his adulation. But, because of his recent alliance with Arthur Pleasant and the Scourge, he receives no praise, no cheers. He looks around at the sea of Faithful, who have done mostly nothing but boo him since the day he re-entered this promotion in 2016, who have laughed at having his rental car keyed by a former commentator, who laughed at him being Rick Rolled right before challenging for the FIST...

He throws up a devil horn taunt, expecting and embracing the booes as the Faithful let him have it. He smiles, in a sick and vindictive way as he stares down the fallen Nathan.

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant is just a bad influence all around for everyone that comes near him.

Lance:

Yeah if there is anything about Jack Harmen that Nathan Eye once looked up to ... I don't think it's there any more.

The Lunatic hits Nathan with a kick to the ribs and then a kick to the head to make sure he stays down. He walks over Eye and wipes his feet next to him.

Jack Harmen:

Just quit, Nate! You almost did once, remember?

DDK:

Come on, that's a low blow. Eye came out with that information to show how vulnerable he was and what he owed to Harmen and that's how he repays gratitude?

Lance:

That's low.

Harmen kicks Eye again

Jack Harmen:

Wahhhh people picked on me cause I'm Dex's bff! Waahh ... OOF!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful cheer when Eye gets up and lands a huge gut punch that doubles him over!

DDK:

That's what he gets!

Eye gets up and grabs Harmen by the waist. Harmen panics and then he runs forward with Eye still holding him. He ducks down so Eye ends up running right into the turnbuckle! Eye is out on his feet when Harmen sneaks up behind him and then hits a german suplex.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

And there goes Jack Harmen making Eye take the bait with more taunting.

Lance:

Eye has to learn to keep his emotions in check or he's gonna get beat!

Harmen doesn't look like he's having as much fun because Nathan Eye won't sit there and let himself get pinned. Harmen crosses his arms around his neck and pulls back just so he can continue taunting the kid.

Jack Harmen:

Go join AA if you're gonna be a little quitter kid.

Eye is trying to pull away from the hold but Harmen keeps his grip tight.

Jack Harmen:

I told you you could be stronger but you want to be a little whiner! I'm trying to help you here, Eye!

Cheers ring out from the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful when they chant for Eye. He tries to fight but when he is up on his knee, Harmen kicks him in the back.

DDK:

The crowd has been taking to Nathan Eye but right now Harmen might have this one wrapped up.

Eye is down on his knees. Harmen's eyes light up like Christmas day when he runs for the Locomotive. When he comes back and tries to kick Nathan's head off he finds there is nobody on the tracks. Eye ducks at the last moment and keeps running for the ropes. Both men meet in the middle and Eye collides with Harmen using a massive spear! Eye rolls out of the spear and lands on his back while Harmen might have his stomach knocked through his back!

DDK:

That was a grade-A spear! Both Harmen and Eye are down!

Lance:

Eye has his chance to mount a comeback but he has to shut out Harmen's taunts and go for the kill here.

Neither wrestler moves but the fans want Eye to get back up and give Jack what they think he deserves.. Eye's neck is hurting while Jack Harmen is trying to catch his breath for once. Eye makes it to a knee and then uses his recent boxing training to smack Harmen in the face with a few jabs. He lands three shots and then uses a big clothesline to knock the Lunatic off his feet. He holds a fist out and readies another attack. He pulls the neck of Harmen back and then sets him up for another move over his shoulder but Harmen slips out and grabs his hair!

DDK:

No! Harmen still cheating!

He keeps Eye from hitting whatever move he wants to hit next, but Nathan uses another one and jabs Harmen with repeated body blows until he lets go of his hair. He gets Harmen in the corner where a corner flying forearm greets him

upside the head. Eye runs from the next corner and hits another corner flying forearm upside Harmen's head. He pulls the Lunatic out of the corner and places him on his shoulder. He swings him around to the other side and then Harmen gets hit with a swinging side slam!

DDK:

Eye of the Tornado! Unique move by Eye! Is Harmen done here?

Eye rolls over and hooks one leg.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The kick out deflates what was an energetic crowd just a few short seconds before!

DDK:

He should have used both legs there! Eye thought the Eye of the Tornado was going to be enough.

Lance:

Look at Eye, Darren, he's got Harmen on the ropes.

Harmen tries to plead his way out of his punishment but the fact that Eye is not letting up with more body shots indicates that the time for talking is very much over. He gets Harmen into the corner and then hits him with another forearm. Once Harmen is stunned it is Eye who finds himself with the advantage. He sets Harmen up around the neck for his Eye-Popping swinging reverse STO, but before he can hit the move Harmen spins out of it. The Lunatic hits a jawbreaker that stops Eye in his tracks. He grabs the arms.

DDK:

Hypothermia! What a wicked elevated double arm brain buster!

Lance:

I can't see Eye kicking out of that move!

Harmen is smiling like the cat that ate the canary with his next pin on Eye hooking both legs.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Eye pushes his way free just before the three count!

DDK:

No way! How the hell did Nathan Eye kick out of Hypothermia?

Lance:

I really don't know! We saw Eye endure a whole lot when he tussled with Ned Reform at our last pay per view but this match is a whole lot more personal to Eye.

DDK:

He's proving Harmen wrong tonight. Eye is certainly not weak!

And the crowd reaction that Eye is being given shows that the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful believe that as well. He grabs him by the neck again and then might be trying for his michinoku driver but Eye gets free and then hooks both arms of his own to take down Harmen for a back slide!

One ...

Two ...

Harmen kicks out and rolls as far away from Eye as he can!

DDK:

Harmen doesn't want any part of Nathan right now!

Lance:

But Eye isn't giving him any more space!

He runs at the corner again with another forearm in mind but Harmen tries to dump him over the ropes. This time Eye is ready when he catapults himself over the Lunatic and lands on the apron. Jack turns his head into a right from the Handsome Face and that sends him backwards. Eye tries to climb to the top rope but when he gets to the top, he finds himself cut off by Harmen who sets him up for a back drop off the top rope!

DDK:

No! Harmen cuts off Eye before he can set up the Eye's Up Here!

Lance:

And he's down! Now what is Harmen going to do?

Harmen taps a finger against his head to show he's outsmarted the overeager kid and then takes flight with a frog splash that is five and a half stars!

DDK:

The Five and a Half Star frog splash! That move is a thing of beauty!

Lance:

And it might have just given Jack Harmen the win!

It takes Harmen a few seconds to adjust himself after the impact of the splash but he put all his force into it and tries to beat Eye again.

One ...

Two ...

Thre ... no!!!!

Once more Eye's stubbornness against his former mentor comes back to annoy Harmen! The member of the Scourge sits up and tells the referee that he had a solid three count.

DDK:

Eye won't stay down!

Lance:

And now where is he going?

Harmen grabs the neck of Eye as he is trying to get back to his feet.

Jack Harmen:

I told you you're weak!

He runs at the ropes and tries to hit Sliced Bread #3 but Eye grabs the ropes and hangs on so Harmen flips without him. Harmen somehow lands on his feet ...

STARRY EYED SURPRISE!!!

The flying knee strike of Nathan Eye sends Harmen right through the ropes. Instead of being able to go for a pin, Harmen hits the floor and when he does, his left knee looks like it buckles underneath him when he topples to the ground! He cries out in pain and the tone completely changes.

DDK:

Eye hits the Starry Eyed Surprise ... but that knee! That knee of Harmen's might be messed up!

Lance:

That looked bad ... really bad!

Nathan hit the move out of desperation and isn't able to follow right away. Meanwhile on the floor, Jack yells out in agonizing pain!

DDK:

This doesn't look good. Harmen has had a history of knee injuries and he could always be one more away from serious damage.

Lance:

I'm not a doctor and I don't want to speculate on the damage ... but that doesn't look good. He's had three surgeries on the left and two on the right, and that spill looked really bad.

Harmen's doesn't let go of his knee and isn't moving from the spot. Nathan wants to finish the match, but when he tries to walk to Harmen, the referee gets between him and tells him to stay back.

DDK:

We have to take another look at this. This match has just come to a screeching halt and not in a way either of these competitors want.

Eye looks angry at the official and at Harmen but the referee is making him stay still so he can call for help as the replay shows Harmen's knee looking like it slipped underneath him when he hit the floor after the Starry Eyed Surprise. When the referee tries to throw up the X, Eye grabs his hands and tells him no. He rolls under the ropes to approach Harmen.

DDK:

Now what is Nathan Eye going to do? He wanted this match against his mentor and he looked like he might have been on his way to the win and then this happens.

Harmen looks up at Nathan Eye and pleads for him to get back. Nathan looks like he's unsure of the entire situation but he decides to approach him any way

...

Harmen grabs Eye by the tights and then drags him forward for his head to collide with the apron!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

DDK:

Damn it! Of course he was faking it.

Lance:

He had us fooled too! Eye wasn't sure how to react and in the moment, Harmen took full advantage of it.

The jeers continue as Harmen stands and then starts to do a little tap dance to show that the knee is fine. He throws Eye into the ring and then goes for the kill. Eye can barely stand, but Harmen can apparently stand just fine. He targets him in the corner, his eye's flashing red and bloodshot. He charges and lands an extra nasty and extra venomous Locomotive in the corner! Eye folds over like a piece of paper before he hits the mat.

DDK:

Locomotive. This one is academic.

Jack pulls Eye's leg from the corner and he pins the young man he once helped in Brazen ... now to turn his back on him.

One ...

Two ...

Three.

Jeering rings out loud but Harmen wins and then asks to have his hand raised. He looks pleased with the victory and then does a couple of jumps on one foot just to really lay it in that he was faking the injury.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match ... JAAAAACCKKK HAARRRRRRMMMMEEEEENNNN!!!

DDK:

Harmen suckered him in with that fake knee injury! I don't know for sure if Eye believed him or not, but the pause he took trying to figure it out left him wide open.

Lance:

Indeed it did. Harmen has tried to pass off these as lessons that Eye needs to learn to get stronger, but I doubt very much that after this match he is going to see things that way.

Harmen stands on top of Nathan Eye and then tells him something.

Jack Harmen:

Ya lost... but you won't lose like that again.

Harmen nods, and smiles through a grunt. He leaves and then walks to the back happy with his win tonight, and even more happy to ignore the Faithful jeering him as he does.

Nathan Eye just now starts to roll around to see the Lunatic leaving. Eye looks angry with himself for falling for the deception, but doesn't take his eyes off of Harmen as he leaves.

DDK:

I don't know if Nathan Eye is going to let things end like this, but right now we have more action to get to tonight. On this night, Jack Harmen shows that a veteran's tricks can still help him win!

Harmen turns around at the top of the ramp to tip his cap one last time to Eye, who can't do anything but stare through a daze from the ring.

THE STEVENS DYNASTY vs. THE DANGEROUS MIX

A single spotlight appears as the crowd boos as the sound of a guitar wails throughout the arena followed by a gunshot.

♪ *"When the Smoke Clears" by Dale Oliver, Ducky Medlock and Bigg Vinny Mack* ♪

The video screen shows three shadows and as they appear as George, Bo, along with Cary and the Faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty is looking to put Troy Matthews out of commission for good here tonight Lance.

Lance:

You got that right Keeps, but Troy isn't coming alone here tonight..

Cary looking spiffy in a shiny, golden jacket as he leads the charge while his son and nephew follow behind him as they appear on stage.

Lance:

Cary hamming it up tonight.

Cary blows kisses towards the crowd as Bo and George throw free beer coupons to the Ballyhoo Brew to the Filth as a golden waterfall of pyro falls down behind them.

DDK:

Cary thinks he's already won the match.

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Cary Stevens... from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 702 pounds...THEY ARE WORLD'S GREATEST TAG TEAM! BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEEEVEEEEEENSSSS DYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSTTTYYYYYY!"

Bo and George reach the end of the stage and make their way up the ring steps and once inside Bo and George go towards the center of the ring and raise their arms high in the air as fireworks explode from the turnbuckles while Cary is hyping up his boys. The jeers begin to die down as the lights of the DEFplex slowly fade out, leaving the arena in darkness for a brief moment, before the house lights begin to flicker in line with a cacophony of beeps, boops, and static that seems to animate the DEFtron, almost like white noise. The noise gradually builds up, before reaching a climax that has the arena entrance almost blindingly lit, before cutting to black once again!

Lance:

Well, this is certainly an interesting introduction for the Dynasty's opponents!

As a muffled, yet rhythmic salvo of white noise hums fills the arena, the entrance and the DEFtron are now tinted a dim red, gradually brightening as a beat accompanies the hums and Eddie Dante casually saunters to the ring to a burst of cheers. With a sly grin, the longtime DEFIANCE manager simply points his cane back at the entrance, where two familiar faces emerge as a cohesive unit for the first time in almost eight years.

♪ *"Death Threat" by Death in Vegas* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents! At a total combined weight of four hundred ninety-one pounds! Accompanied by Eddie Dante, they are Troy Matthews! And the GOD-BEAST, Mushigihara! They are... THE DANGEROUS... MIX!

DDK:

The former Philosopher Kings and former DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Champions have united as the Dangerous Mix, and tonight they seek to put an end to this bitter rivalry that has seen attempts on Matthews and Mushi's careers here in DEFIANCE. They definitely seem to have a spring in their step, as they make their way to the ring.

Matthews leads the way, casually strolling into the ring and keeping his distance, but still staring daggers at Bo Stevens, who is waiting at his corner. Mushigihara follows suit, standing on the apron, but beckoning to the crowd with a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

"OSU!"

As Bo Stevens turns to his cousin George to discuss strategy, referee Brian Slater calls for the bell...

DING DING

...and Troy Matthews charges across the ring like a shot, catching the just-turning Bo right in the face with a flying knee that takes him down!

DDK:

Troy Matthews is wasting no time here, as the match is off to an explosive start!

Not satisfied with simply downing the Texan, Matthews stalks over Bo, slowly getting back to his feet, and ROCKS him with a bevy of fists to the jaw from around the back! George stumbles in and pushes Matthews off, but the New Jersey native simply storms over to the massive big cousin and mouths off to him! George responds by shoving Matthews with enough force that he drops onto his back, and rolls backwards onto his feet, as Mushi joins in the fracas.

DDK:

Referee Brian Slater trying to break this up, and he forces the big men back into their corners!

Matthews takes a second to talk smack at George, who is immediately stopped by Slater... but this just buys some time for Bo Stevens, who rises to his feet and sticks a surprise thumb into Troy's eye!

Lance:

A dirty play by Bo Stevens sends Matthews reeling, and now the Dynasty's grappler is back on the offensive!

Bo scoops Matthews up and over, slamming him down to the mat, before bouncing off the ropes and landing an elbowdrop, which he leans into for the cover. However, Matthews kicks out almost immediately, and blindly tries to swing for the fences with a roundhouse, but whiffs! Bo takes the moment to tag in the gargantuan George Stevens, who gleefully walks over to his much smaller prey and waffles him with a hard clothesline that sends Troy rolling towards his corner, where the God-Beast nonchalantly taps Troy on the chest for the tag!

OHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

And Mushigihara is about to take on big George Stevens! The crowd is buzzing!

The two monsters stare at each other a moment, before tearing into each other, dueling forearms and headbutts! The battle seems fairly even, but Bo Stevens is trying to rush in... but Troy Matthews manages to break in and cut him off at the pass! George steps away to stop Matthews, Mushi follows, and it just becomes a total fracas! Brian Slater tries to step in and break this up, to no avail! The match spills to the outside.

DDK:

It's pure chaos here tonight!

Lance:

You got that right, Keebs. Each one of these men wants to tear the other one apart.

Brian Slater tries to regain control, but not before the patriarch of the Stevens Dynasty, Cary Stevens, goes low and takes out Troy Mathews when Slater was dealing with Mushi and George.

DDK:

COME ON!

Lance:

You had to know he was going to interfere at some point.

As the Faithful let Cary hear it, the numbers become too much for Mushi as he falls victim to Bo and George. The Dynasty put the boots to the big man and when they are done they throw their arms high into the air as if they are celebrating a victory.

DDK:

Bo and George are celebrating like they won the tag titles.

Lance:

Well they are cocky for a reason Keebs.

Bo helps George pick up the Mushi and toss him back into the ring. Once inside, George goes for a cover, but Mushi powers out before the count of one. The behemoth George quickly grabs Mushi and puts him in a reverse chinlock.

DDK:

A submission.....from George?!?!?!

Lance:

You gotta do what you can to take down Mushi Keebs. He's one of the few people in DEFIANCE that can match strength with George.

The official asks if Mushi wants to quit, but the big man shakes his head no. Cary barks out orders from the outside of the ring and George begins to rake the eyes of Mushi causing the official to begin his five count which George releases before five and Slater gets into his face.

DDK:

TURN AROUND REF!

As George has the official distracted, Bo comes into the ring and puts the boots to a blinded Mushi and exits the ring just in time as Brian Slater turns around. George makes his way over to his corner and tags in his cousin. Bo tells George to pick Mushi up which George does and whips him across the ring and when he comes near, Bo takes him down with a drop toe hold and George quickly hits the ropes and delivers a ring shaking splash to the back of Mushi. Bo follows it up with a half Boston Crab.

Lance:

Looks like the strategy of The Stevens Dynasty is to submit Mushi or cut him down to size.

Slater asks Mushi if he wants to quit, but the big man shakes his head no. Mushi slams both of his fists into the mat and he lets out a primal yell as he begins to push himself up off of the canvas.

DDK:

OH MY!

The Faithful seeing this extreme feat begin to cheer loudly for Mushi as he has pushed himself up and Bo is faced down on the canvas.

Lance:

You got it Mushi!.....COME ON!

George delivers a running kick to the gut of Mushi sending all the air out of his lungs and him crashing face first back to the canvas. The crowd comes alive as Troy Matthews slides into the ring and goes right after George with a barrage of right hands. Troy pushes George back into a corner with a front kick and looks to deliver a running knee when the official breaks it up drawing massive boos from the crowd.

DDK:

LET THEM FIGHT REF!

Lance:

I AGREE WITH YOU KEEBS!

Bo quickly tags George in as the official is forcing Matthews out of the ring. A sinister grin forms over the big man's lips and he reaches down to pick up Mushi and possibly end the match.

DDK:

The end could be near Lance.

However, the end is not near as Mushi stuns George with a massive headbutt and The God-Beast grabs the Texan and shakes the Earth when he drives George into the canvas with a huge Uranage suplex.

Lance:

Did you feel that Keebs?!?!?!?

The Faithful get behind Mushi who is crawling towards a pacing Troy Matthews.

DDK:

The roof is going to explode if he can make the tag.

Cary yells at Bo to stop Mushi, but the Texan gets there too late as the Faithful ignite the fuse as Troy Matthews explodes into the ring and begins laying him shots to Bo.

Lance:

What did you say, Keebs?!?!?!?

Troy lets out a yell before delivering a roundhouse kick that sends Bo over the top rope.

DDK:

What force on that kick!

As Troy turns around he is immediately dropped by a big boot from George.

Lance:

Short lived flurry of offense.

Cary begins to yell at George to pick Matthews up.

DDK:

What's Cary doing?

Lance:

I don't know.

The patriarch hops onto the apron and yells in Matthews' face as he reaches into his golden vest to pull out....

DDK:

Baby powder???

Lance:

I guess his hands are chapped.

Cary sprinkles the baby powder into his right hand and grabs Troy's face with his left and rears back to slap the taste out of his mouth.

DDK:

Look out! It's Mushi!

Mushi is on the apron and drills off of it Cary with a clothesline. George throws Troy to the mat and goes to hit the big man but Mushi drops to the floor and the two behemoths lock eyes.

Lance:

Mushi and George will tear this place apart to get their hands on each other.

Mushi sees Bo recovering and makes his way over to him as George turns his attention back to Troy.

DDK:

Mushi and Bo are brawling at ringside, and George has a wide-open path to Troy Matthews in the center of the ring! The giant lumbers over, but the quick-thinking Troy responds with a sharp dropkick to the knee! And George Stevens is compromised!

Indeed, as George drops to a knee and grimaces in pain and anger, Troy wipes the rage off his face with a roundhouse to the chin, before backing up into the ropes and rushing forth...

DDK:

ROUGH DIVIDE! The last time Troy Matthews hit a Stevens with that axe kick, they had to resort to cheating to stop him! Will it work this time?!

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

As the bell rings, Mushigihara shoves Bo Stevens to the ground and grins before making his way back into the ring, as Brian Slater raises his partner's hand in victory!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... THE DANGEROUS! MmmmmmmmmmmIX!

♪ "Death Threat" by Death in Vegas ♪

Lance:

A BIG victory for a reunited team in the Dangerous Mix! Is this just the beginning of the reformed former Trios Champions?

DDK:

Time will tell, Lance, but the future sure looks as bright as it has for both men in a while.

Cut.

LIKELY TRICK

The fans cheer as The Power-Up King Conor Fuse wanders the hallways wearing a green Xbox inspired trench coat and his green tights underneath.

Conor Fuse:

Gonna be a great night tonight Mr. Cameraman! Conor Fuse and The Deacon! Get this... we're a team! "Doctor" Ned Reform and his "Teaching Assistant" are about to get a whole new education. An education in GAMING and badassery! Because gaming is legit. You can still be awesome inside the ring and play video games on your mom's basement couch, who gives AF? Just a little fun fact for all you Faithful out there! Don't let some dipshit asshole who thinks he's prestigious tell YOU that you can't live your life the way you want. After tonight, Dr. Ned is gonna be an ivy league dropout. Let's GOOOOOOOOOOOOoooooooooo--

Fuse's voice trails off as something is ahead of him.

Conor Fuse:

Ooooooooooooooooooooo... oh. Hey, bro. We keep running into each other at, like, every pay-per-view, don't we?

The camera spins to find Tyler Fuse standing across from him. He's donning the Reaper Red costume although the hood isn't up.

Conor Fuse:

Trick or treating early I see? Gosh, I'm such the joker.

Tyler stands there, saying nothing.

Conor Fuse:

God damnit you guys are a hot mess, eh? You kinda remind me of myself but hey, I gotta be world champion *somewhere...*

The younger Fuse winks at his brother. Tyler remains deadpan.

Conor Fuse:

These are amazing reunions we have. Did you know my Game Boy bounced? Yeah, LOL. What a dummy. He decided he'd rather be with MALAK GARLAND! You remember him, huh? Jeez, what is DEFIANCE coming to? Apparently we signed someone who thinks he's a vampire. We already have a guy who thinks he's a pirate and no, this isn't the movie Dodgeball. I really like the pirate, though. The pirate is such a legit Boss. Hope he wins tomorrow. Awesome blossom! However, the *vampire* is a CastleVania BOT through and through, that's for sure. Oh, hey, I picked up Metroid: Dread. Maybe you can come over and watch me play it sometime? It's so scary. Need my blanket while playing...

Silence. Conor winks.

Conor Fuse:

Okay well good luck with the candy collecting or whatever the fuck you're insane friends are up to. Does Crimson Stalker hold your guys hands when going door-to-door? Rezin, man, WTF. Scrow's book has to be a pop-up book, right? I mean who the hell writes a book on their career WHEN IT'S JUST STARTED. Plus, doesn't it kill the mystique of Scrow? "I Scrow, I so dark and scary. I Scrow, I also write book published by company". Bahaha. Man, I digress. Be who you want to be! That's what I told The Faithful! Let Scrow write a trilogy. Anything his little heart desires!

Conor starts walking away.

Conor Fuse:

Okay bro, love ya. See ya at DEFIANCE Road lol.

The scene ends on stoic Tyler.

KLEIN vs. JESTAL

Lance:

This next contest has been a long time coming. One on one, Jestal versus Klein. A lot of people say DEFCon should have seen these two tear each other apart. Tonight at Acts of DEFIANCE, we get to see these almost brothers tear a family apart.

DDK:

Look, the circumstances coming to this may not be ideal. Dandelion and Klein form a partnership that becomes more real than ever, and then they have to deal with a serious loss. Now, Jestal and Klein, who have been on each other's nerves since the very beginning, come to their inevitable conclusion under the cloud of cold harsh reality.

Lance:

These two are going to tear each other apart Darren. If Angus were here?

DDK:

Hossfite, no doubt.

Darren Quimbey stands in the middle of the ring, and adjusts his tie.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first...

♪ "Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains ♪

The lights cut, as a soft fade spotlight shines onto the entrance ramp. Klein steps out from the curtain to wild cheers. He hunches his shoulders forward, throwing both hands into the air. He winces a bit, nursing the tape still covering his ribs. The Faithful loudly cheer for the Man in the Box as Klein now takes a moment to wave to the fans. As he takes his first steps...

DDK:

Jestal!! From behind!!

The jester with a chair in hand slams it into the back of Klein, dropping him quickly, and to a chorus of jeers. Jestal starts to unload on the prone Klein with chair shot after chair shot on the entranceway. Tom Morrow with Clucky in his hand gives his words of encouragement for The Proprietor of Better Future.

DDK:

Klein is all alone here tonight Lance, the PCP are set to do battle tomorrow against Les Tres Titanes for a shot at the tag titles.

Lance:

And Jestal and Tom Morrow are taking full advantage. This is a heinous assault. Now, if Jestal pins Klein, his victory is going to have a huge clucky sized asterix.

Jestal drops the chair after a few more shots to Klein, the damage done. Morrow throws Clucky into the air in celebration as the Faithful rain down boos. Jestal straddles Klein and then drops his hips onto the attempting to recover Klein, sending him splattering back to the harsh steel ramp. Jestal camel clutches Klein just to start to rip and tear away at the box protecting the man behind it. Through an eye hole and a rip, Jestal just tears the box off of Klein's head.

Jestal stands and holds the cardboard box out to look at it. He doesn't even look at Klein as he just stomps the back of his head with a curbstomp onto the ramp. Jestal then looks out to the jeering Faithful.

DDK:

This... is anything but a fun time.

It's here Jestal drops Klein's box, and then.

DDK:

Jestal is stomping on Klein's signature box!

Lance:

I can't believe how much everything that represents Klein has really stuck in Jestal's crawl.

Tom Morrow sneaks in and gets one stomp in, until he notices Klein stirring. He almost shrieks and rushes away. Klein looks up with a loose front tooth that just dangles and falls with a tongue poke as Jestal stomps one last time onto his cardboard shield. Jestal promptly kicks it out into the front row of the Faithful with the effectiveness of a soccer star. The jester picks up Klein and drags him to the ring. Throwing him back first into the steel steps!

DDK:

This match hasn't even started Lance! This is just an assault!

Lance:

We can't be surprised Darren. The Ringmaster has had this plan for a long time, and it's coming to fruition now.

Jestal paces and yells at the crowd. Klein coughs up a bit of red that dribbles down his chin.

DDK:

I don't think Klein is in any condition to have a match here.

Lance:

Jestal has nothing but evil intentions on his mind here.

The jester indeed does. He kicks the tops of the steel steps off. He jaws with a few PCP fans, as he pulls Klein away from the steps. Body slam on the steel steps. Klein archs his back and tumbles down the one step. Jestal steps on top of the steel steps and hops down to the other side he picks up the other part of the steel steps.

DDK:

Oh man Jestal obviously has bad intentions here.

Lance:

The man is blinded by rage, is anything off limits for this jester.

Backstage Dandelion is seen, staring at the monitors backstage. She looks very worried and is biting her nails. Klein has gotten to his feet, and Dani quickly shakes her head. She quickly looks away as Jestal slams the side of the steps right into the injured ribs of Klein.

DDK:

If only Jestal can see what kind of trauma he is putting his sister through. All he sees is Klein as the villain.

Lance:

Klein is really hurt here.

Brian Slater is outside the ring now checking on Klein, who is in extreme pain. Jestal slides in the ring, with Morrow smiling at Klein in a lot of pain. Jestal in the ring extends his arms out wide as though he wants an embrace from The Faithful and gets nothing but jeers. Slater is motioning for medical treatment in the back. Klein tries to tell him it's okay before coughing up a bit more red from his injured ribs.

DDK:

This match could be over before it even started. Iris Davine is out here. Klein is in serious pain here.

Lance:

Here comes Dandelion, and her brother just saw her.

Dani tries to check on Klein, but is pulled away by Jestal.

Jestal:

I did this for us! He has infected your mind and your body! Stop caring about this deviant!

Dani starts to plead with Jestal. The jester however is having none of it.

Jestal:

Get out of here if you do not want to watch me bend this predator into a pretzel. Go on! Get out of here! GO!

Dani backs away, Jestal turns around and pushes through the medical staff and grabs Klein. Only for the medical staff to hold him back. Jestal backs away with his arms up. Klein is helped to a vertical base...

Klein:

It's okay. It's okay. Just. Let this happen.

Klein nods directly toward Iris, lucid and awake, but definitely masking an immense amount of physical pain. A minor respite is had before Jestal pushes through the crowded medical team.

DDK:

Jestal on the attack again! Come on keep him back!

Jestal manages to run into the group of officials, with a yakuza kick into the ribs of Klein dropping him quickly. Slater now orders Jestal to get in the ring. Surprisingly Jestal listens and gets in the ring. He exchanges a few words with Morrow.

Lance:

Jestal now wants Slater to get in the ring and count out Klein. Are you serious this match hasn't even started.

As they take a few steps and turn toward the entrance ramp, Klein starts to shake his head no toward Iris. He stumbles to cause them to pause, and Dani rushes down the entranceway. Klein looks back at Jestal, who laughs into the face of Brian Slater. Klein looks at Dani.

Dani: *[in sign]*

It's over.

Klein laughs once.

Dani: *[in sign]*

No. no. It can be. It--

Klein leans in and kisses Dani, interrupting her. Briefly. Then Klein just shakes his head no.

DDK:

Klein just rushed past Iris and Bronson!

Klein pushes his way through the medical and Iris and staggers to the ring.

Lance:

Dandelion is in shock, along with the rest of medical! We really don't know the condition of Klein.

Dani has her hands over her mouth in horror. Klein slides in the ring...

DDK:

Doesn't matter now Lance.

Lance:

Here we go!

DING DING

Slater calls for the bell. Jestal tries to attack Klein as he's prone but Klein leg trips Jestal to the ground and dives on top with rights and lefts and a flurry of blows to wild cheers. Klein doesn't have the discipline to pin Jestal so squirts him in the face with a flower on his lapel, distracting the Boxless Boxman. Jestal quickly scurries out and back to his feet. Iris motions for her staff to head to the back but to "Remain in Standby." Iris remains ringside, and looks in the ring with a worried Dandelion. Iris nods to Dani, and offers her hand.

As Jestal rises to his feet, Klein pounces with a surge of adrenaline, slamming elbow after elbow into Jestal's sternum with arena echoing thuds. The Faithful cheer on the heart of Klein as he drives Jestal back as Jestal can only cover up. Jestal backs up and slams into the turnbuckle. Realizing his positioning...

DDK:

OH! Jestal with a kick right into the injured ribs of Klein!

Lance:

Man I admire the heart of Klein to fight through the cowardly actions of Jestal here. He is putting himself in a very bad spot. Chronically injured, refusing to take time off, and now here he's at a clear disadvantage, not even counting Jestal's pre match assault.

Jestal jaws with a few fans, before driving knees into the injured ribs of Klein. Shouting toward Dandelion, watching in horror still. With each knee driven into Klein midsection he yells in pain. Slater is more involved in the condition of Klein then normally during a match.

DDK:

It's not often we have the head of Medical at ringside. Brian Slater is making sure that Klein is healthy, and he's ensuring he doesn't lose his medical license.

Lance:

Man, imagine losing Brian tonight cause something happens to Klein, and losing Carla tomorrow cause Arthur Pleasant is unpleasant.

Jestal picks up Klein...Bear hug!

DDK:

Tactically sound move by the Mad Prince. He spotted a weakness, and zeroed in on it.

Lance:

I must say, since Jestal's alliance with Tom Morrow, not only have we seen a more vindictive Jestal, but a more scholarly Jestal. He's learning, he's adapting, his game is filling out and he's becoming a true Ringmaster. Too bad he's such a clown.

DDK:

He might take that as a compliment.

Lance:

He shouldn't.

Klein struggles to free himself as Jestal continues to focus on the ribs of Klein. Klein strikes once with a clubbing elbow

to the back and clavicle of Jestal. But Jestal just squeezes harder to make more Klein OJ. Klein winces in pain, but fights through, another elbow, a second, and a third, before Jestal is knocked loopy enough to be forced to release the hold. Klein wasn't expecting it then, and falls to his knees, unable to stand right away as he winces in pain from his no doubt shattered ribs. Jestal takes a moment and just shakes his head at the battered so called "Nice Guy" Klein.

DDK:

Klein able to break the hold but not able to capitalize.

Klein, with help from the ropes, tries to get to a vertical base, Jestal however pulls him up and looks for a power bomb...

DDK:

Jestal with a Gory Special! Klein is in alot of trouble here!

Lance:

Jestal just punishing Klein's back.

LET'S GO KLEIN CLAP....CLAP...CLAP!

LET'S GO KLEIN CLAP....CLAP...CLAP!

LET'S GO KLEIN CLAP....CLAP...CLAP!

DDK:

Klein is trying desperately to find a way out of the hold. Jestal has him dead center of the ring.

Lance:

Dandelion hasn't left the entranceway. This poor girl has been through an emotional roller coaster these past few months.

Klein struggles. He fights, he refuses Slater's requests to end the match. Jestal spins Klein around so he's looking at Dani, who can't do anything but stand there in shock, her hands covering her face and eyes. Jestal revels in the grunts of pain as he further syncs in the hold, putting further pressure onto the small of Klein's back.

DDK:

They say this man is the heart of the PCP. He was the heart of SEG. He is showing a hell a lot of that tonight.

Lance:

He's doing all this out of love Keebs. He's putting his body on the line against a sociopathic clown because it's going to be his brother-in-law and he doesn't want to fight with him every Thanksgiving.

DDK:

And Jestal is enjoying every moment of this. Just, give up and fight another day Klein!

Slater leans in and asks one last time, as Klein emphatically shouts "No!" After that shout and a good two to three minutes of this hold, Jestal finally turns it into a Gory Bomb! He wastes no time and quickly lifts Klein's legs right into a Boston Crab!

DDK:

This jester is just punishing Klein! Slater is right there, but Klein is refusing to give up! You have got to hand it to Klein. He is fighting through the pain.

Klein crawls to the ropes, inching, desperately. Klein's hands reach out as he gets closer, and Jestal tries to swat them down. With a final lunge, Klein dives right toward Dani and grabs the bottom rope with his ring finger. Dani opens her eyes to see, and breathes a sigh of relief.

Jestal on the other hand has refused to let go of the hold.

Brian Slater:

Come on Jestal BREAK THE HOLD!....ONE.....TWO....THREE....

Jestal:

What I can't hear you?

DDK:

Break the damn hold Jestal come on!

Lance:

This has Tom Morrow's fingerprints on it. He's been an incredibly negative influence on Jestal, he's become one of the most evil and dastardly men on the planet Darren.

DDK:

Like the clown from It.

Lance:

I can't watch Tim Curry movies. I said it.

Jestal finally breaks the hold and starts to argue with Slater, turning him away from Klein. Klein crawls further to the ropes and to Dani, trying to tell her through his bloody mouth that "It's okay!" Dani shrieks and turns into the awaiting arms of Iris, away from a charging Tom Morrow.

DDK:

Oh come on!! Tom Morrow just nailed Klein with that loaded rubber chicken Clucky!

Lance:

This is getting ridiculous. Klein appears to be out cold!

Jestal struts around as Klein remains motionless on the mat. With a nonchalant pin he covers Klein.

ONE.

TWO.

THRE--

DDK:

Klein manages to grab the bottom rope! Jestal is infuriated with Slater and the slow count.

Lance:

Klein has managed to roll out of the ring....Oh come on Slater is too busy arguing with Jestal and Tom is laying the boots to Klein on the floor!

Dandelion seems to have seen enough and power walks to the ring, and The Faithful jump to their feet. She walks around the ring, and spins Tom around...

DDK:

Dandelion just sent Tom Morrow's nuts into the third row!

Lance:

Oh she is not done....Morrow head first into the steel steps!!! Attagirl!

Dani checks on Klein. Jestal is livid as he watches his sister seemingly choose Klein ahead of him. He exits the ring grabbing Dandelion by the hair and pulls her away from Klein, shouting at her.

Jestal:

What are you doing?

He shoves her to the ground and continues to berate her, with a chorus of jeers throughout the Wrestleplex.

DDK:

What kind of brother acts this way to his sister! Damn you Jestal, you really are a grade "A" piece of shit.

Lance:

All this time he was saying PCP broke up The Toybox, and he is doing it right now before our very eyes!

DDK:

This is breaking up the Toybox, Jestal! THIS!

Lance:

Let love LOVE!

Jestal picks up his sister grabbing her by the mouth, now screaming obscenities at her. Klein while all this has been going on has managed to recover. He watches Jestal slap Dandelion across the face, pointing to the entranceway. The Box Man explodes from his position catching Jestal turning around just to meet one of the vicious looking lariats tonight!

DDK:

WHAT a clothesline from Klein! It almost turned Jestal inside out!

Lance:

You've got to imagine that brotherly abuse won't go unpunished now!

DDK:

Klein is not letting up, just laying into Jestal with crushing blow after crushing blow!

Lance:

Klein now has the stairs! ...Oooooo Jestal gets a taste of his own medicine!

Klein slams the steps on the ground and picks up Jestal... but his back kind of gives out on him. While he still manages to hit a snake eyes on the apron onto Jestal, he also falls to his knees in the process. He reaches down and helps Dani to her feet, using his other hand to brace his ribs. He quickly helps her behind him to separate her from her brother.

Lance:

Jestal is on dream street right now. He has no idea where he is!

DDK:

Klein! OH MAN! That lariat turned the Jester inside out!

Indeed, the large 260 pound clown landed on his face from that clothesline that turned him into an inside out boy. The Box Man raises one hand to the Faithful but winces and clutches his ribs. He then waves to the Faithful as they cheer him on. Jestal stirs, so Klein grabs him and helps him into the ring, under the bottom rope with a shove. Klein rolls in to follow.

As Jestal gets to his knees, he begins to back up. Klein points to him with righteous anger and then points back to Dani. Jestal begs off, but Klein charges and just kicks him square in the chest. Klein grabs Jestal and whips him off the ropes. On the return, Klein sends Jestal Airborne with a flapjack, but can't catch him on the way down with a strike because he has to compensate for the pain shooting through his ribs. Jestal lands with a face plant on the canvas and tries to roll out of the ring. Klein is quick enough to grab the Mad Prince by gelled mohawk.

Jestal:

Let go!

Klein hair tosses Jestal across the ring. Looking at the teal and green hair in his hand. Jestal holds the top of his mohawk in agony. Klein rushes toward Jestal and nails a knee right into the skull of the jester. Without much hesitation, Klein begins to stomp a mudhole in Jestal, doing his best impression of the Blacklist for the PCP. He even tags above his head in the middle and then keeps going.

DDK:

Klein is letting all his frustrations with Jestal come all out and The Faithful are loving every minute of this!

Lance:

Classic PCP!

Morrow, who has recovered, hops on the apron, only for Klein to knock him right off the apron with a big elbow. Jestal backs away and now is begging for Klein to forgive him. Klein looks out into the fans and agrees with their "no" chants. Klein looks at Jestal and just shakes his head no in response. To wild cheers, he lifts Jestal up and shoves him into the corner. One knife edge chop....a second....a third.....a fourth! Klein irish whips Jestal across the ring, Klein gets a head of steam and charges in toward the jester in the corner.

Lance:

Jestal just pulled Brian Slater in front of him!

Slater gets sandwiched in between the two. Leaving the ref unconscious. Klein checks on Brian, but with eyes in the back of his head turns around quickly with a european uppercut sending Jestal flying back into the corner. Iris is there to check on Brian as Klein climbs the second turnbuckle and unloads on Jestal. The Faithful count and chant along with each redemptive blow!

ONE
TWO
THREE
FOUR
FIVE
SIX
SEVEN
EIGHT
NINE
TEN!

Klein looks out at the Faithful. They cheer and chant for More! More! Klein nods and continues!

ELEVEN!
TWELVE!
THIRTEEN!

A shot of Dani holding her face, shocked.

FOURTEEN!
FIFTEEN!
SIXTEEN!
SEVENTEEN!

Dani starts to shout and shake her head no, but Klein just keeps continuing the assault!

EIGHTEEN!

NINETEEN!

Morrow hops back onto the apron!

TWENTY!

Klein launches himself from the second turnbuckle and clotheslines Morrow right off the apron to wild cheers. But he overshot his jump, and actually kind of rammed his body and mid section into the ropes as he landed. The moment he bounces off the ropes and hits the mat, he clutches his ribs as they send shooting stabbing pains up his side. His breath is taken from him as he tries to fight to a vertical base.

DDK:

That move looked like it took a lot out of Klein there.

Lance:

When you twist your body like that your core is going to have to engage. you had to risk yourself to eliminate Tom Morrow from the equation.

Jestal stumbles outta the corner and soccer style kicks Klein in the stomach, forcing The Box Man to fall on his side holding his midsection. Morrow slides in a chair, which Jestal quickly picks up.

DDK:

I don't think Jestal is concerned about winning the match. It's about winning the war.

Lance:

He's going to kill him Darren. He's going to try to kill him.

Jestal raises the steel chair high, prepared to deliver a nasty chair shot. The Faithful jeer. Jestal looks outside, and notices Dani, pleading with him not to. This hesitation allows Klein to quickly roll out of the ring. Jestal whiffs with his shot, smacking the chair against the ring, and almost shattering his hands.

Klein barely holds himself up using the ring apron for support. Dani walks up next to him and helps him get a bit more vertical. But Tom Morrow is on the other side, and Dani rushes toward him and KNOCKS him out with a HUGE roundhouse kick. The Faithful pop like CRAZY as Jestal slides out of the ring and begins to argue with his sister. He's pointing and yelling with the steel chair in his hand. Quickly, Klein grabs the chair out of Jestal's hands!

DDK:

Jestal is stuck between the two people that appear to not be his allies.

Dani quickly stops, asking Klein not to hit Jestal. Jestal looks at Klein, and just shrugs his shoulders. Klein takes one last look at Dani...

And strikes the clown down.

Lance:

What a blow from Klein!

The chair shot sends a loopy Jestal stumbling about. The Faithful urge him on, screaming and cheering for the assault. Jestal then rolls into the ring only to get right back up, putting his dukes up for a second before Flair flopping to the mat. Klein slides in the ring chair in hand.

Jestal tries to crawl to the nearest corner, but Klein, there's a flicker... there's a moment... of just pure hatred. He points at Jestal, eyeing him down.

Even with Dani's shouts of protest on the outside, Klein destroys the steel chair by slamming it into Jestal.

WHACK

And again, with authority.

WHACK

DDK:

Jestal is getting decimated by Klein with this chair! He is getting everything he was asking for!

Lance:

Couldn't have happened to a funnier clown.

WHACK

Dandelion slides in the ring, as Klein raises the chair again. He doesn't even notice her as she tries to rush to his side. So caught up and wracked with anger, he slams the steel chair into Jestal again.

WHACK

The second time, Dani tries to grab it out of Klein's hand but her grip isn't tight enough.

WHACK

Dani just sobs. As Klein raises the steel chair above his head, he hesitates, hearing Dani. Dandelion grabs the chair out of Klein's hands. Klein turns, stunned.

Lance:

Dandelion just took the chair away from Klein! Why is she trying to protect her abusive brother?

Klein stops. He looks at Dani. He looks at Jestal, writhing in pain, barely able to move on the canvas. He looks at his own hands, and then back up to Dani.

Klein:

I'm... I'm so sorry.

Lance:

Dani must think Klein went too far here, Jestal may be a prick but apparently she thinks he has had enough.

Klein chokes a sob down before he rushes to Dani's side. He embraces her in a deep hug, grabbing the back of her head and pulling her into his chest. He just keeps saying, over and over.

Klein:

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm so--

Behind Klein, Jestal has managed to get to his feet, blood staining his face paint. The Faithful jeer, but they can't react faster than Jestal nods.

DDK:

DANDELION JUST LOW BLOWED KLEIN!

Klein eyes almost roll into the back of his head, stunned. He falls to his knees into her arms. She takes the chair and lets Klein fall to a kneeling position.

WHACK

Lance:

Dandelion just CROWNED Klein!?!

Morrow wakes up Brian, Dandelion backs up emotionless as she watches her brother dive on top, and then grab a handful of tights to pin the man she loved.

ONE.

DDK:

I DO NOT BELIEVE THIS!

TWO.

Lance:

Why....?

THREE.

DING DING DING

♪ Return of the Mad Prince - {Kefka Symphonic Metal Version - Falkkone} ♪

Morrow quickly slithers into the ring, and raises both Jestal and Dandelion's arms. Dani has not looked away from Klein with that blank stare of hers. Klein quivers and seems to shudder with each breath, sobbing from unimaginable pain.

DDK:

This ...this...I can't believe what I am seeing here. Has Tom Morrow now acquired the services of The Toybox now too?

Lance:

This is horrible...I just am at a loss for words, and The Faithful clearly are not happy about this either.

Jestal can barely stand but celebrates with his sister, who still looks like a living doll...utter emotionless. Morrow follows Jestal out of the ring, but not before holding the ropes for Dandelion, who has not taken her eyes off of Klein. Who is semi conscious of what just happened as he sees his girlfriend exit the ring with Tom Morrow. The physical pain in his face is ignored in that split moment and all you can see is a man heartbroken.

He lets out a blood curdling sob that is only stopped by editorial cutting the arena mic, as we prep for GANG WARFARE.

GANG WARFARE: THE KABAL vs. THE GUARDIANS

Lance:

Well folks not sure what we are going to expect to see here but we are at the currently assigned timeframe for The Kabal vs. Guardians Street Fight.

DDK:

When Codename: Guardian was officially revealed back at DEFtv 157, I thought Jessica was done for.

Switching to a replay of Guardian's unmasking at DEFtv 157, after being hunted down as a bounty by Rick Dickulous, the former Storm Shadow was finally revealed to be Jessica Reeves.

Lance:

Darren, I honestly thought Jessica was done for that night. Surrounded by The Kabal, at the mercy of the wicked queen Teresa Ames. There was no way she was going to get out of there.

DDK:

Turns out we were all wrong as Rick Dickulous had a sudden revelation or at least a slight change in heart as he regressed with Jessica expeditiously from the ring.

The rescue mission performed by Rick Dickulous at DEFtv 157 is once again displayed, the surprising actions of the Lumberjiant detailed out before this upcoming volatile street fight.

Lance:

Rick's actions did not come without consequences as the very next UNCUT, the strongest of all DEFIANTS, was SWARMED INTO THE SHADOWS! By Teresa Ames and Crimson Stalker!

Once again replays show Rick Dickulous being dogpiled by an endless black wave of Reapers at UNCUT 100, Teresa commanding the shadows with her fiery and snake-like voice.

DDK:

Jessica Reeves wasn't alone however, as once Rick Dickulous was swallowed into The Kabal, Jessica along with the Rain City Ronin challenged The Kabal to this very street fight we are about to see!

Lance:

Little did we know or much less, ANYONE, knew... Jessica Reeves had a surprise plan up her sleeve that cost her friend his own status here with the DEFIANCE main roster, in that of young 'Skyfire' Zack Daymon!

A montage of clips plays through detailing Zack's ambitious challenge to Crimson Stalker along with the fiery attitude Zack displayed towards his fellow stable mates in the Guardians. Followed by Jessica's surprise appearance at DEFtv 160 which cost Zack Daymon a suspension for three months from DEFtv broadcasts.

DDK:

For Jessica however, this appearance at DEFtv 160 was apparently what she wanted from the very beginning, to pull Jason 'Stalker' Reeves from the grasp of Teresa Ames.

Lance:

But can she cure him? Can she pull him from whatever concoction is inside of him? The original DEFIANT Stalker was insane yes but he wasn't a mute and seemed to have a purpose even if it was convoluted; now he's a monster on a leash which...

DDK:

Makes him more dangerous than a man with free will.

Lance:

Folks... getting word now that we are about to switch to somewhere live. Not sure if we will get a chance to....

Darren and Lance mics cut off to the sound of static.

♪ "Last One Standing" by MAYDAY! ♪

Fading into an abandoned warehouse, the camera provides a huge overarching DEFDroneCam view of the surrounding area. A desolate road leads into a large and open riverside warehouse, the street lights are half broken, half shining brightly. The drone flies around the complex, lining the roads are several dumpsters, sharp looking waste bins, broken down cars and several rusted and old looking newspaper dispensers.

Sitting with his legs dangling out of the back of the white and old looking ambulance is none other than one half of the Rain City Ronin, 'The Iceman' Leo Burnett, he bobs his head to music seemingly in his own world but he's dressed for war. Wearing a similar fighting suit that Codename: Guardian wears, Leo sports his armor without a hood or a mask. The Kendo stick is laying next to him leaned against the open ambulance door.

Jessica Reeves:

LEO! Get in here, he's waking up!!

The music drowns out Jessica's request from within the ambulance, but Leo's attention is drawn to something more important, headlights approaching from down the road as Stalker's black Dodge Charger comes speeding from down the road. Leo rips out his earbuds as he hops down from the ambulance picking up the kendo stick he readies himself.

Leo Burnett:

Jessica... JESSICA! THEY'RE HERE!!

Much like an action movie the black dodge charger comes to a screeching and side swinging slide, the tires peeling against the gravel and causing smoke to flare up briefly as the former UBER carriage comes to a halt.

Jessica Reeves:

SHIT! SHIT! Leo, I need you to buy me some time... he's... my Dad is still drowsy... fuck!

Jessica's red hair is bobbing in and out of camera shots as she pokes her head out of the back of the ambulance only long enough to confirm The Iceman's statement. Rocko Daymon calmly speaks out from behind the driver's wheel at the front of the ambulance..

Rocko Daymon::

I will buy us more time

With that the old engine to the ambulance attempts to crank on but much like a horror movie, the engine sputters to a slow start but then suddenly stops as white smoke rises from under the hood.

Rocko Daymon::

...it would appear that we are suffering from automotive failure.

The cameras switch inside of the ambulance just in time to see Jessica's face turn flush from that statement, looking over her father, Jason 'Stalker' Reeves, she grips the side of his gurney and reaches for his hand to take it into hers.

Jessica Reeves:

Dad... please.. I know you are in there. Please LOOK AT ME!!! I know you can hear me Dad, I know.. Listen to me. Whatever hold she had on you... it's gone now just listen.. You're with Jessica now. The Kabal are coming to hurt us.. Please help us!

Jason's head rolls back grudgingly as his formerly scarred face seems to be in near full repair under Jessica's care, no longer is he 'Crimson Stalker', no this is Jason 'Stalker' Reeves. His condition looks better for the lack of wearing the mask that once covered his mouth, but the protecting father of Jessica Reeves was still out of consciousness or at least coherence at this point.

Jason Reeves:

Urghh. Where.. What... who is that you... Riley..?

The name of Jessica's Mom strikes a cord in the red headed hero, she pulls her costume tightly around her as the front door to the ambulance flies open! Burnett and Daymon get out of the ambulance in an attempt to check under the hood of the vehicle. Leo keeps his eyes peeled on the Kabal vehicle as three of the four doors to the Charger fly open.

From the driver's side door, Tyler Fuse steps out wearing a dark leather jacket and otherwise his usual wrestling attire he seems ill-pleased with the scene in front of him, the passenger side door swings open and out steps 'The Queen of The Kabal' Teresa Ames featuring the brand spanking new 'The Kabal' t-shirt (coming soon to ewtees.com). Slapping the back of the hood, from behind Teresa, Victor Vacio looks agitated with something in the backseat.

Victor Vacio:

El ridículamente grande está inconsciente.

'The Iceman' Leo Burnett picks up his kendo stick as Tyler Fuse approaches the ambulance the two of them meet eyes and suddenly it's ON!

Flying Kendo STICK SMACKS! against Tyler Fuse's face, he adjusts and drives a running knee into Leo! The two of them go crashing into the nearby trash bin!

Burnett yelps out in pain as Tyler growls in frustration standing up to his feet he grabs Leo with him and yanks him around like a rag doll, TOSS INTO THE AMBULANCE SIDE! Burnett bounces off with a thud, landing face first into the wet pavement. The BRAZEN tag teamer struggles to get to his feet.

Tyler Fuse:

The Guardians are weak.

Tyler runs forward and KNOCKS the wind out of Leo with a thrusting kick into the young man's ribs! Leo howls in pain as he lands on his back, suddenly the kendo stick is just barely out of reach from his fingertips. Tyler Fuse leans over... PEPPER SPRAY!

Tyler Fuse:

YOU MOTHER FUC-

As a last ditch effort Burnett pulls out a small can of pepper spray, accessible from the flack jacket of the Guardian suit he is wearing, Tyler Fuse stumbles back in surprise but he does not seem to be in pain, rather annoyed. LEG SWEEP! Tyler HITS the concrete hard with a loud THUD!

Leo Burnett:

I'll show you weak!

Leo hops on top of Tyler Fuse and unleashes a stellar ground and pound attack as the camera cuts to a different action piece!

Jessica springs out from the ambulance, tackling Teresa Ames from behind, without hesitation the two female leads of this insane exchange become determined to rip each other's heads off.

Jessica Reeves:

Take this you fucking BITCH!

With a lethal twist of Teresa's arm Jessica Irish whips The former Qwerty girl into the Ambulance's open door! Teresa hits the ambulance with a thud that would make Butcher Victorious squeal in pain. Jessica doesn't relent as she follows Teresa with hatred in her eyes.

Jessica Reeves:

For months you've been haunting my god damn nightmares you little...

Growling out before she finishes her statement Jessica lifts Teresa away from the ambulance with force but Teresa uses her feet to kick backwards and the pair stumble backwards!

Teresa Ames:

Kabal QUEEN!

Springing up to her feet with a kip up, Teresa shows out her gymnastics as she now looms over the fallen guardian, Jessica Reeves.

Teresa Ames:

Such a dramatic little bitch you are, I swear. Who the hell sets up their BEST friend to be suspended by DEFIANCE? Who dresses up like a costumed 'False Hero' to free a pawn from his Queen? I'll tell you who.. A Psycho...

A SWIFT kick from Teresa sends Jessica flying backwards against an old metal newspaper bin dispenser. The former Codename: Guardian splits her head open against the sharp metal, blood pouring down her face almost immediately upon the impact. Jessica tries to defend herself but is overtaken by Teresa as the Kabal Queen rams her knees into Jessica's chest repeatedly.

Jessica Reeves:

GET OFF ME!!

Screaming at the top of her lungs, Jessica lunges her body upwards into a bull charge! Launching Teresa Ames up into the air Jessica carries her ten yards forward and sends her SPINE CRUNCHING DOWN! Into the hood of Jason Reeves' black Dodge Charger. Without hesitation, Jessica springs up to her feet - STANDING MOONSAULT! Onto Teresa's who is sprawled on the hood of the car! The frame of the car doesn't forgive as it crunches hard under the weight of both female leads! In the distance we hear the engine of the ambulance turn over.

Rocko Daymon manages to get the Ambulance started up with Stalker still groggy in the back and chaos surrounding him. Thrusting the old ambulance into drive he hurdles the siren sounding emergency vehicle forward with force, literally launching Stalker off his gurney in the back and onto the floor of the Ambulance.

Rocko's journey forward is immediately cut short as Rick Dickulous STEPS IN FRONT OF THE AMBULANCE AND STOPS IT WITH HIS BARE HANDS!!

Rocko Daymon::

...hmm.

The tires squeal harshly into a direct stop. Rick reaches through the driver's side window, snagging the elder Daymon by the collar and yanking him fiercely out of the vehicle. Rocko hits the dirt and looks up in time to see Dickulous break his cane across his knee, effectively taking him out of the action.

With a nigh inhuman roar, Rick excitedly pounds his chest as oil and grease drips down his face. His forearms, cut and bloody, leave crimson smears and spatters down his arms and chest! Rick's eyes scan the scene for the next course of action, stepping over the fallen Daymon, Rick has his eyes set on the back of the ambulance door. During the ruckus the door was slammed closed and seemed to be wedged shut!

With a deep growl, the formerly swarmed in shadows Lumbergiant looks to be focused on the originating task, 'free' Crimson Stalker. Wrapping his large hands around the door handle, Rick gives it two fierce and extreme pulls before the door itself is ripped from its hinges, crashing to the ground with a solid thud as the enraged Canuck discards it like a kindergartener throws construction paper. Rick glares inside into the shadows looking for Jason 'Stalker' Reeves but his attention is diverted as he suddenly begins sniffing the air outside as he begins to seemingly chew the air in anticipation. His hollow, vacant stare locks on to Victor Vacio, who appears to be calling Rick Dickulous back over to

him while pointing inside the back of the black Dodge Charger. Vacio waves a Doom Burger as Rick stomps off screen in excitement, the camera switching to a different view.

Jason 'Stalker' Reeves emerges from the back of the Ambulance, landing on his two feet he's dressed in an older looking wrestling attire, similar to his run during his more 'successful' times. Cracking his neck he looks at his fellow Kabal members, The Guardians who are attempting to turn him good and the chaos around him.

Jason Reeves:

....I told Fear that I wanted no part in his fucking experiments and I swear to god.... What... What YEAR? Is this? And Why the fuck are we on a street?

Jason's confusion is cut short when his eyes settle in on Teresa Ames, he squints at her as she recovers from the beating she received from Jessica. The Kabal Queen finger snaps at Jason Reeves while tossing him his Crimson Mask. The Hardcore Icon catches the mask without flinching and he looks at it with a confused look on his face.

Teresa Ames:

Put your mask back on, my pet! Hurry, now and come back over to your Queen so I can pet you!

Stalker starts laughing, before tossing the Crimson Mask back onto the ground.

Jason Reeves:

Look it's clear that i've been under some fucking spell with you all but i'm not anyone's fucking pet. And not sure what exactly you are the queen of... um.. What's your name again?

Jason's response irks his handler Teresa to her core so harshly that she lets out a mind numbing shriek that feels like it could shatter the very existence they stand in.

Jason Reeves:

Ugghhh...

Falling to his knees Jason's eardrums feel like they are melting, a smirk crosses Teresa's face as her hand reveals a hand held device, some sort of 'sound amplifier'. Nodding towards Victor Vacio and Tyler Fuse, Teresa points towards Stalker to be apprehended by his fellow Kabal members.

UPPERCUT! By Stalker on Vacio! Spinning FOREARM from Stalker to Tyler Fuse's face! Both men go stumbling hard backwards as Stalker lifts his head up to face his would-be allies and adversaries. Uncurling each of his arms in front of the assortment of heroes and villains, Stalker stands DEFIANTLY against all of them, ready to fight to the bitter last breath.

Leo Burnett stumbles up to his feet and runs forward in an attempt to leave but Stalker blindly rips at his first, carrying him like a deadweight Leo goes head first through an abandoned car window on the side of the street!

Teresa Ames:

Good work with the lightweights, now Stalky honey take a breather and listen to me....

Teresa's words fall on deaf ears as Jason 'Stalker' Reeves ignores her wishes instead he turns to face Teresa Ames and seems to be ready to punch her face in when Jessica Reeves beats him to it with a SUPERKICK to Teresa's jaw out of nowhere! Jessica hooks an arm under Jason's and attempts to pull him back into reality, but she pays the price as Stalker's anger is leveled against Jessica as well! Back ELBOW to Jessica's gut, Stalker hooks his daughter, RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP into the concrete!

Jason Reeves:

Leave ME ALONE!!!

Growling the words out in sheer anger, Jason Reeves seems furious with the plight he finds himself in, spitting blood up from his own mouth, Stalker is slow to get up to his feet after this latest action against his own flesh and blood.

Teresa Ames:

She... isn't....

Breathing heavily Teresa is pulling herself up to her feet, retrieving what looks to be another audio device from her jacket pocket, with a sinister smirk on The Queen's face, she presses play and suddenly time stops.

Jessica Reeves: *[on the tape]*

Scott... I know you aren't wanting to talk to me anymore and my obsession with The Kabal has been too much for you to want to hear but I need to tell you this. I need to tell you this to understand why my obsession is the way it is.

Teresa pauses the tape.

Teresa Ames:

You know with such information it's quite a shock she didn't simply turn to you... Jason Reeves.

Flickering her tongue like a snake towards Stalker's willing and abiding ears, he pauses as he stares down at his fallen daughter, who is clinging to rocks and rubble in an attempt to pull herself up and free. Teresa clicks play on the tape once more.

Jessica Reeves: *[on the tape]*

When The Collector... recruited me... I was told of something that changed my outlook on life forever. I had always hunted for the elusive goal of not being like my 'father' Jason Reeves, but... what I didn't know and what helped me become what you know me as today, is Jason Reeves is not my father. My father is Fear.

Jason 'Stalker' Reeves stops in his tracks from moving, he looks down at his daughter Jessica Reeves who's holding up her hands, asking for forgiveness.

Jessica Reeves: *[crying]*

Please Dad! I would have told you if I could have but you... you were gone to them... I didn't know how to tell you what I knew.

Anger spills over in Jason's mind as he boots Jessica in the face after her remarks, the Crimson Mouth Breathing Monster eyes bulging from his sockets, his inner rage fueling this outburst of terror.

Jason Reeves:

FUCK FEAR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The Hardcore DEFIANT screams out in rage as Tyler Fuse and Victor Vacio come from off camera in an attempt to tackle Stalker but he does not concede, instead he fends them off! Spinning clothesline to VACIO! Tyler gets a swift kick to the groin from Stalker, followed up by a hook and a NASTY SUPLEX onto the hood of Stalker's Black Dodge Charger.

Jessica Reeves:

Dad! Please pick me up and get us out of here!!

Begging out from the concrete, Jessica Reeves looks up to her father who is hunched over in a haunting and still like pose. Stalker's hands are shaking as he looks at them, the world shattering around him, what does it mean, Jessica is Fear? Related to them, a daughter to 'them'. Jason Reeves lips start to tremble when suddenly a familiar hand approaches the back of his neck.

Teresa Ames:

One Voice, you'll say it and rejoice! Take the mask, and let me take control...

The words are whispered in Stalker's ear and grudgingly the tone sets off his inner switch over to 'Crimson Mode'. Jessica cries out in horror as Jason nods yes, Teresa's quick hands producing the Crimson Mask once more, it's

quickly fastened around Jason's mouth as his eyes revert back to the 'gloss over' look they normally have in his Crimson Stalker form.

Victor Vacio:

¡Vamos!

Vacio tries to get The Kabal back into the car that Rick Dickulous is already mostly stowed away in, his brief but 'extreme' appearance enough to shut down his current experimental form, loud snores emanate from the trunk of the charger as the trunk hangs partially open with Rick's leg draping from within it.

Crimson Stalker stands like a horror monster, lingering and breathing as he intakes the chaos of the scene as fuel to his inner fire. Teresa Ames coaxes him over to the front of the car, where Jessica Reeves has managed to crawl towards, in her last ditch attempt to escape the carnage.

Teresa Ames:

Stalky Bear, let's put this little runt out of her misery. Mr. Fear is going to write his own daughter out of the BOOK for good, when he comes to DEFIANCE. Might as well make it so that she has to sit on the sidelines for good while her 'real' family brings DEFIANCE to its knees! Break her damn legs and make it so that she can only crawl away from here. She's not your daughter - remember that!

As the camera pans away, Tyler Fuse looks on at the exchange in silence. Crimson Stalker looms over his beaten daughter as she begs for forgiveness and a way out. Teresa climbs into the passenger side of the Dodge Charger, already typing away on her cell phone as if different matters have garnered her attention. At the front of the car, Jason Reeves lifts his 'former' daughter up by her costume, yanking her like a dead object up high into the air. The Crimson mask beats with pride against Jason Reeves face as his eyes peer into the girl he raised as his own, knowing now she's not even his but rather from the bloodline of a man he hates.

Crimson Stalker:

[illegible]

The scream shatters the silence of the scene as the cameras cut elsewhere.

CONOR FUSE & DEACON vs. NED REFORM & LEVI COLE

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, as we shift gears here we've got a match coming up that I am going to do my best to remain neutral about. Unlikely allies Conor Fuse and Deacon will team up to take on Ned Reform and TA Cole, collectively known as The Honor Society.

Lance:

We wouldn't fault you if you couldn't, Darren. Two weeks ago Ned Reform and TA Cole crossed a line with you and frankly I'm surprised they're still employed.

DDK:

I'm told that Ned Reform had to take certain actions to avoid termination, and that one of those actions is going to take place tonight...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

DDK:

Looks like we won't have to wait to find out.

The arena is awash in jeers and boos as the rock version of Beethoven's classic begins to echo off its walls. Ned Reform appears through the curtain, forgoing all his usual pomp and circumstance and instead opting for a rather serious and somber expression. Flanking him is his muscle, TA Cole, who has ditched his red, white, and blue color scheme for a purple/white singlet that more closely matches his mentor's wrestling gear. Reform and Cole make their way to the ring, and Reform avoids eye contact with any fans. In his hand, curiously, is a crumpled up piece of paper.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... introducing first, at a combined weight of...

Quimbey doesn't get to finish his introduction as TA Cole snatches his mic away. With a threatening look, Cole points to outside the ring and Quimbey, a highly intelligent man, quickly shuffles out of the ring. As the fans boo and Reform's theme fades out, Cole hands the mic to Ned Reform. Reform opens the piece of paper and without looking at either the fans or the camera, he begins to read. When he reads, there is absolutely zero emotion in his tone.

Ned Reform:

Ladies and gentlemen... I am here to express how deeply and meaningfully I regret my actions of two weeks ago.

BOOO!

Ned Reform:

I am a man of high culture, a man of logic, and a man of reason. I allowed my emotions to get the better of me and I instructed my protegee, young Mr. Levi Cole here, to assault and threaten a non-wrestler employee of DEFIANCE. From the bottom of my heart...

Reform has to stop as the jeers have gotten too loud. When he pauses, the camera cuts for a moment to "Downtown" Darren Keebler, who is leaning forward with his hand on his chin thoughtfully. Back to Ned.

Ned Reform:

...from the bottom of my heart, I would like to apologize to Favored Saints Financial for acting out of turn, Mr. Keebler and his family for any pain and suffering my thoughtless actions may have caused, and to...

Reform chokes up a bit. He's having a hard time getting this last one out.

Ned Reform:

...and of course, to all the DEFIANCE Faithful.

BOOOO!!

Reform nods as if that was very difficult for him. Then with a sneer and looking into the camera for the first time, he crumples the paper up into a little ball and throws it over his shoulder.

Ned Reform:

With that, I have fulfilled my legal obligations. And now, children... and now...

Reform looks like he's barely holding back an explosion of anger. He slowly turns, looking all around the arena and giving the appearance he's somehow managing to make eye contact with every member of the Faithful.

Ned Reform:

I thought I could help. I thought I could change the culture here. But you've chosen, haven't you? You've chosen people like Conor Fuse. People like Deacon. Obviously, I have been informed that my bid to become General Manager of DEFIANCE is over as the suits seem unhappy with my recent actions. But you know what?

Reform smiles.

Ned Reform:

I don't think I want to be the head monkey in the circus anyway, do I? My illusions of making DEFIANCE better were pure naive optimism - I can see that now. This place will never change. You people will never change. At least...

Reform looks to TA Cole. They share an understanding nod.

Ned Reform:

At least not willingly. So Dr. Reform cannot be some jovial messenger of good-will. Dr. Reform, it seems, must beat this lesson into you. And I will start by... what is it the kid's say? "Being real" with you. I will name you all, the DEFIANCE fandom, exactly what you are: miscreants and scoundrels.

BOOO! Kinda? That's a weird insult.

Ned Reform:

And since you are miscreants and scoundrels, I have dubbed you unworthy of my performance tonight. Look at your ticket: "the card is subject to change," yes? And so it will. Dr. Reform and TA Cole will not be wrestling on this card. Let's go, Mr. Cole.

As the fan's booing intensifies, Reform motions for Cole to follow him and they begin to get out of the ring - but they're interrupted by an unlikely source. DDK is standing up from his seat at the commentary station - and he has a mic!

DDK:

Excuse me. Mr. Reform?

In the ring, The Honor Society stops in their tracks. We see Ned mouth, "that's DOCTOR Reform."

DDK:

Word was going around today that you might be thinking about attempting to walk out. And as such, I had a statement here from the brass at Favoured Saints Financial...

Keebler picks up a piece of paper, and now it's his turn to read.

DDK:

"If Mr. Reform and Mr. Cole, collectively known as The Honor Society, do not go through with their previously scheduled contest... they will be found in immediate breach of contract, fined up to 10,000 dollars, and they will never wrestle in a DEFIANCE ring again."

The crowd pops! In the ring, Cole looks full of rage as Reform is losing his mind. He's pacing around and pointing and even though he's not mic'ed, we can faintly hear him screaming "you can't do that!" Keebler, despite his promise to remain professional, has a coy smile on his face.

DDK:

Good luck tonight gentlemen.

Reform continues to rant when...

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents. First, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at two-hundred pounds... he is The Power-Up King... CONOR FUUUUUUSSSSSEEEE!!

The fans sing along for Conor's upbeat gaming theme as he appears from underneath a lift on the stage. Immediate !RANK chants are rampant throughout the DEFplex. The former Tag Team Champion throws his hands in the air and green pyro explodes when Conor's lift reaches the top and he jumps forward.

DDK:

The Ultimate Gamer is here and he's about to team with someone I never thought he would.

Lance:

I never thought he'd be Game Boy-less.

Fuse smacks some hands and bounces about, looking to be in good spirits. At the bottom of the rampway, however, Conor pauses and his theme song closes. The Power-Up King smiles and turns to the entrance. The Faithful begin a Gregorian Chant.

The chant grows. Louder and louder. Meanwhile, Dr. Reform stares at the canvas, not wanting to be entertained, seemingly depressed by everyone enjoying the moment.

Lights out. A single spotlight shines on the rampway and Magdalena appears. From there, the chants take over completely. The legendary Deacon emerges, eyes locked on the two men in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner, from Alexandria, Egypt, weighing three-hundred-twenty pounds... he is THE MUTE FREAK, THE DEACON!!!

Magdalena exits to gorilla and the legend makes his way slowly down the ramp.

DDK:

Likely a smart call for Magdalena not to be at ringside for this one, given what Dr. Ned Reform tried to do weeks ago.

Lance:

Absolutely.

As Deacon arrives at the front of the ring, Conor seems reluctant at first since The Deacon doesn't particularly acknowledge the gamer but stops beside him. Ned Reform mumbles something and then Conor leaps onto the apron and Deacon grabs the top rope to pull himself up. With both Fuse and Deacon on the apron, Reform "bails" and exits out the other side leaving TA Cole to fend for himself.

DDK:

That tracks...

Conor jumps over the top rope and Deacon pushes the top rope down to walk over it. Both men move towards TA Cole but don't engage. Dr. Ned shouts an audible from the outside but it's too tough to pick up due to interchanging I BELIEVE and !RANK !RANK !RANK chants.

Lance:

We've got a rocking crowd for this one, no doubt about that! Two of The Faithful's favourites working together!

The people are on their feet as TA Cole and Conor Fuse are ready to start this match off. Mark Shields calls for the bell and the fans are at a fever pitch with " !RANK " chants to encourage the Former Player Two. Conor is fired up as he and Cole circle each other, both eyeing their opponent and getting ready for the first lock-up of the contest. Conor appears ready to dive in... when suddenly, to a round of jeers from the crowd, Cole ducks away from the potential lock up and walks over to The Honor Society's corner. Cole and Reform appear to be having a quick strategy session. Conor looks to Mark Shields for some help getting the match started, but Shields can't seem to be bothered.

Lance:

You've got to believe this is a tactic to defuse the fire in Conor. He's ready to go but Reform and Cole are pretty blatantly stalling for time.

Finally, Reform pats Cole on the shoulder and points into the ring toward Conor. Cole pounds his fist into his palm and turns back, ready to engage with DEFIANCE's locker room leader.

DDK:

Finally... here we go.

Cole and Fuse resume their circling, mimicking their actions to begin the match. Conor pumps his arms up and down, encouraging the fans to erupt in a second " !RANK " chant. Finally, after they've circled three times, Conor again moves in for the lock-up.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

...and Cole again ducks away, returning for another round of one-on-one strategizing with Ned Reform. This time, however, Conor has had enough... and he levels TA Cole from behind with a crisp dropkick! Cole's head shoots forward, colliding with Reform's and the Good Doctor sprawls forward off the apron and to the ringside floor. The fans are behind Fuse as he lights Cole up with !RANK kicks in the corner. Fuse whips Cole across the ring to the opposite corner, and as the former Levi Cole stumbles out after colliding with the turnbuckle pad, he's met with a Conor Fuse spinning wheel kick!

DDK:

Conor decides he's not waiting any longer!

Cole gets to his feet in a daze only to be dropped back down via Fuse snap armdrag. Cole lands in a seated position and eats a Fuse kick directly to the mush. With Ned Reform's Teaching Assistant stunned, Conor points to Deacon and the fans again EXPLODE!

Lance:

Conor calling for the tag... we haven't seen Deacon in the ring in some time.

With the fans encouragement, Deacon gives the slightest of nods and reaches out his hand, allowing the Former Player Two to make the tag! Stepping over the top rope, Deacon eyes the fallen TA Cole with bad intentions. Cole, shaking away the cobwebs from being kicked in the head, looks up to see the towering Mute Freak standing over him. Cole is spooked enough to scurry away (still sitting on his ass) to his team's corner where his mentor has pulled himself back up the apron. Deacon gestures to Ned Reform, back to Cole, back to Reform before giving a shrug and an invitation for someone to come at him.

DDK:

I think Deacon wants himself a piece of Ned Reform!

Lance:

Or TA Cole. He may not care.

Ned backs away. The half masked Deacon darts into the corner and snatches TA Cole before lifting the protege into the air with a European Uppercut that sends the TA crashing into the turnbuckle. Deacon grabs Cole's arm and with a quick spin, slaps Ned Reform.

Lance:

Clearly, I've been proven wrong. Honestly, it makes sense. Reform is the one who nearly got physical with Magdalena last month. You've got to believe that getting his hands on Ned Reform was the whole reason Deacon returned!

Reform looks to Deacon, looks down to Cole, and looks to the cheering fans. With a sneer and look of defiance, Reform nods to the fans and mouths pretty clearly, "I'll show you!" He steps between the ropes and into the ring.

DDK:

Here we go!

Reform is in the ring, circling the monstrous Deacon - ducking and weaving and trying to throw the big man off his game. Deacon impassively watches then goes into his fighting stance. Ned moves in for a lockup, faking out with a quick pull back before pointing to his head like he's the smartest man in the world. Finally, Ned finds himself standing directly in front of Deacon, and he goes for a lock up... only to immediately find both of Deacon's hands wrapped around his throat!! Reform is flailing in the big man's grip as Mark Shields hasn't quite figured out that he's supposed to do something about this.

DDK:

Deacon lifts Reform high into the air with a double choke!!

Reform frantically tries to get at Deacon's face before The Mute Freak drops The Good Doctor to the mat. Ned clutches his neck and gasps for breath. The Deacon pulls the doctor back to his feet and throws him into the corner. With Reform trapped, Deacon unloads with a series of stiff back elbows to his head that sends Reform's head bobbing like a ... well, bobblehead. With Ned dazed, Deacon takes a step back and scores with a BIG European-styled uppercut that sends The Good Doctor flailing high into the air and nearly falling backwards over the turnbuckle. Reform stumbles like a drunk man out of the corner right into a Deacon sidewalk slam.

Lance:

Deacon with a hook of the leg and a cover!

ONE.

TWO.

DDK:

It's a two count, but clearly Deacon is sending a message.

Holding Ned by the back of the head like it's a basketball, the big man glares down for a moment and might say something from beneath his half-mask. Then Deacon hoists Reform into the air.

DDK:

Gorilla press! What power from The Mute Freak!

Deacon holds the Doctor in the air, full press, walking around the ring and--

TA Cole with a chop block to the outer knee of the Deacon. The Mute Freak falls and Ned Reform collapses on top of

him.

Lance:

Oh, come on!

DDK:

Deacon is down!

TA Cole runs at Conor Fuse. Shields gets between them, totally missing Cole grabbing Dr. Reform's arm. Cole pulls Ned to their corner as The Deacon fights to one knee. With a clap of Cole's hands, referee Shields turns as Cole leaps back over the top rope in a race on The Mute Freak.

Cole should've gone in slower. He met a stiff right for his trouble, staggering him back toward the ropes. The crowd pops. The !RANK chants begin once more with renewed vigor! The Deacon finds Conor and holds out his seven-foot wingspan.

Until that arm is trapped by TA Cole for a trap suplex.

Lance:

Say what you want about Cole's decision making in his choice of friends, but to sling the three-hundred-twenty pounder through the air like that... he's got talent.

The Deacon rolls to one side, trying to use his long frame to reach the ropes. Leaning over the ropes, Ned Reform shouts at The Mute Freak and then instructs TA to grab Deacon's arm. Dutifully, Cole obeys, cinching one arm up over TA's shoulders and then grabbing the Deacon's head in an arm stretch. TA works the arm for a moment, the crowd cheering for Deacon to break free...

Ned Reform:

Cole! What are you doing? Remember the plan?

TA releases the hold. The Deacon starts to crawl toward his corner.

Ned Reform:

The leg! Grab the leg!

TA grabs Deacon's foot as Deacon rolls onto his back. Cole hooks the right shin just as Deac's left foot comes cascading through TA's jaw.

Lance:

Listen to this crowd !RANK up!

Whether someone wants to hear it or not, the whole arena is rocking as Deacon turns over to crawl towards his corner. Conor Fuse bounces on the bottom rope, reaching his arm out to Deacon. The Mute Freak gets a few inches closer. The !RANK cheers grow louder. Another inch. Another decibel. The Deacon lunges--

A split second too late.

DDK:

What!?

Ned Reform could not be less evil if he grew a handlebar mustache and wore a top hat. He exudes pure joy after grabbing Conor's foot and pulling him to the mat's outside!

Lance:

Your best buddy, Downtown, doing what the not so good doctor does best.

Mark Shields informs everyone no tag was (obviously) made. TA Cole is back on his feet and races over to Deacon, dropping an elbow. The Teaching Assistant drops three more elbows before connecting with an atomic drop. TA runs into the ropes...

And he's met with a powerslam by Deacon!

DDK:

Both men are down!

Conor's back on the apron, waiting for a tag with a fully extended arm!

Deacon moves to Conor as The Good Doctor leaps off his apron and races over to Conor Fuse again. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two reaches out and makes the tag before Ned can get there this time! The crowd is alive as Conor jumps over the top rope and superkicks TA Cole under the chin! The SMACK is loud and forces Cole to pop up in the air, although the teaching assistant stays on his feet so Conor superkicks him again.

The same thing happens. Cole hasn't fallen yet!

Conor with a third superkick. Cole remains standing but the fans are eating it up. Fuse leans his head back and shouts into the rafters...

Conor Fuse:

SUPERKICK COM-BO!

The Power-Up King bounces off the ropes and crushes Cole with a FULL BLAST superkick that immediately sends Cole to the mat. Conor's back into the ropes again, leaps off and connects with a spinning corkscrew legdrop. He drags Cole to an empty corner of the ring and props him up, beginning the HAPPY stomps of DOOM.

The Faithful !RANK along as Conor walks Cole dry. Meanwhile, Dr. Ned Reform remains solemn in his corner.

DDK:

Conor's getting revenge on a guy who's continued to one-up him for a while now!

Fuse hurls Cole to the vacant buckle across the way. TA meets it chest first and sticks. Fuse comes racing in with a massive splash, grabs Cole's head in the air and in one fluent motion, pushes off the turnbuckle and spins around, performing a tilt-a-whirl DDT, aka PWNd.

Lance:

All Conor Fuse! Very nice move there!

The Green One isn't done. He kips to his feet, runs up the turnbuckle pads and leaps off with a beautiful looking moonsault and a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Dr. Ned Reform thought of coming in but was only halfway through the ropes. Conor looks over and sees The Good Doctor there as Ned recedes his leg. Fuse brushes the kickout away, pulls Cole to his feet and hits three chops before going into the ropes and finding the spot under Cole's jaw again, crushing the TA with a spinning heel kick.

Fuse kips to his feet for a second time as TA Cole struggles to find a vertical base.

DDK:

It's all Conor Fuse. He's putting on quite the show!

The Gamer calls Cole on while the woozy protege is trying to figure out where he is. Conor pump kicks Cole in the side of the head and TA falls into his own corner.

Mark Shields:

TAG!

Reform's about to have a stroke! TA Cole definitely did not make contact with The Good Doctor but the referee thinks he did so he calls on Reform to enter. Meanwhile, TA Cole has fallen out of the ring. The crowd is alive waiting to see some revenge transpire.

Dr. Ned carefully places a foot through the ropes. He hasn't yet gone through.

Conor Fuse stands, center of the ring, hands on his hips. The younger Fuse then checks his fake watch.

Lance:

Get in there! C'mon!

Reform slowly lowers his vertical base as Conor shouts to the former General Manager "candidate".

Conor Fuse:

I'm basically the same size as you, dummy! Nothing to be afraid about!

This seems to have a minor effect on Dr. Reform. As he enters the ring, Ned's body language becomes a little less tentative even though the crowd remains hot. Conor raises his hands as if to say he won't touch Reform until Ned meets Conor in the center of the canvas. This makes The Good Doctor move a little faster.

DDK:

Check his hands, Conor. Check for that steel ring he knocked you out with the last time-

Keebler's voice trails off because he and Lance have caught on. As Reform makes it to the center of the ring, realizing Conor isn't going to hit him because his hands are in the air, The Warrior Poet's confidence grows. He strolls up to Fuse...

And clubs Conor across the face with a slap.

Ned Reform shouts at Conor, telling the gamer he's not the future of DEFIANCE and that Fuse needs an education instead. Reform slaps Conor again. Still, however, Fuse's hands remain in the air.

And a third slap.

Reform's irate. He's letting all his anger out from before. The educator winds up for a final slap and Conor still has his hands in the air. Except this time, Reform can't move his arm forward.

...Because it's being held by The Deacon.

Conor winks at Ned.

Conor Fuse:

Oh ya, I tagged him a while ago.

Fuse wanders off as The Mute Freak turns Ned Reform towards him, while still holding onto The Philosopher King's hand.

DDK:

I'm being told Conor tagged Deacon right as Dr. Ned Reform was entering the ring. I don't think anyone saw it but Mark Shields!

Replays show the unthinkable actually took place. Shields watches Conor reach his hand out behind him and Deacon tags it. Conor does this without turning his body so his "attention" looks to be at Dr. Ned Reform the entire time.

Lance:

Selfless move by Conor! Both men have gripes with Ned Reform but Conor is giving Deacon the opportunity.

DDK:

Conor lost a match because of Ned. Deacon could have lost his manager! It makes sense.

Deacon HAMMERS Ned Reform in the chest.

DDK:

Oh, that has to hurt!

Deacon DRILLS Reform with a second blast across the chest and this time the doctor falls to his knees, begging Deacon not to hit him again. If Reform could "quit", he likely would but it's too late. Instead, the Connecticut native eats a big boot to the face! The crowd booms in support!

DDK:

I would not be opposed to some jaw surgery, Deacon!

The Deacon works quickly. He snatches Reform and places the doctor on his shoulder. Deacon runs a few feet forward and spins Reform into an F10! The Warrior Poet SAILS halfway across the ring and lands in a heap! Before Deacon can do more damage, TA Cole is in but ejected right out the other side by the former fWo megastar!

DDK:

And now The Deacon returns the favour, tagging Conor Fuse!

Fuse perches himself on the top rope and goes coast-to-coast with a crazy looking missile dropkick! He grabs Reform by the waist, positions behind him and connects with a running release German suplex.

And then, once more, the HAPPY stomps of DOOM. This time to Dr. Ned. This time... they aren't so happy even though !RANK chants follow.

Fuse walks Reform dry, pulls the doctor up and Irish whips Reform as hard as humanly possible. Ned meets the turnbuckle across the way so hard, the buckle clicks and Reform wobbles back to the center of the ring.

Conor smacks Reform across the shoulder blades, tilts his head back and screams into the rafters.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

The Faithful are wild in support as Fuse races around the ring, pulling out some of Reform's mannerisms before throwing the doctor into The Syllabuster powerbomb!

DDK:

We've got our winners right here!

But Mark Shields isn't paying attention! However, in Mark's defense, he is checking the turnbuckle because of the sound it made when Dr. Ned hit it!

Lance:

I think the buckle's broken, Keebs. Unfortunately, I think Mark's doing his job for a change!

Conor realizes there's no pin so he props Dr. Ned up and smacks him across the shoulder blades again. This time, though, Fuse screams into Dr. Ned's face!

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON. GET!

And applies the crossface chickenwing!

DDK:

We've got The Ad Hominem locked on Dr. Reform!

Lance:

AND HE'S TAPPING OUT!

It looks like Conor doesn't mind referee Mark Shields not being able to witness the submission just yet as Fuse wrenches back as hard as he can! Reform taps like a motherfucker and The Ultimate Gamer laughs in his face.

WHAM!

DDK:

DAMMIT! That's TA Cole with a massive punt kick to Conor!

The Deacon enters the ring but he's immediately intercepted by Mark Shields who finished fixing the turnbuckle pad and found The Deacon entering, not what transpired before it!

Lance:

Mark, STOP doing your job! Deacon has a right to be in there! Wait, what am I saying?

TA Cole returns to his corner only to exit again. He grabs Conor Fuse and hits the gamer with a hard shoulder block, flipping Conor inside out! Cole also performs his own version of the F10 on Conor, then shouts to The Mute Freak his F10 was better and Deacon should go back to wrestling school.

DDK:

Great. So we're back at square one.

Cole returns to his corner and Deacon realizes he has to return to his. The fans rumble their feet for Conor to get up first but it's a Mario pipe dream at this point. Reform is the first one to stir.

DDK:

I think Conor's in trouble.

Reform pulls to a knee, finally realizing what's going on. He smirks, ever-so-slightly before standing on weak legs. Ned slowly bounces off the ropes and drops a knee to Conor's temple. Next, Reform rests on his knees and rains down fists. Open or closed, no one can tell and Mark Shields isn't about to ask (because he doesn't care). The crowd boos as Dr. Ned seemingly recovers from the beating he took, although limping. Reform pulls Conor by his green tights and into a snapmare suplex. Reform holds on and hits a snapmare into a surfboard! Fuse shouts out and Shields slides into position to ask for a submission. The only thing working in Conor's favour is the fact Reform's midsection is in pain and he can't hold the surfboard for as long as he hoped. The Philosopher King drops the hold, finds the ropes and looks for another knee to Conor's temple. It connects.

Neckbreaker. Dropkick to the face. It's all The Good Doctor right now.

DDK:

Reform is focusing on Conor's head.

Lance:

I hate to say it but that's a good call by Ned. Conor landed on the side of his head with that F10. He's looked spaced out since!

Dr. Reform scoffs at The Deacon in the corner before he hurls Conor into The Honor Society's side of the ring. TA Cole starts choking Conor to keep him in place and Shields has gone back to being incoherent, administering what he says is going to be a twenty count to break the hold. Ned rubs his hands together and charges in with a back elbow to the side of Conor's head. TA has the choke hold still applied, wrenching it across Conor's neck. Reform bellows about the uselessness of video games before he walks to the center of the ring and takes another running back elbow shot at Conor.

The Faithful are trying to rally but nothing comes of it when Dr. Ned Reform hits a third back elbow. TA Cole releases Conor and the gamer stumbles right into a t-bone suplex!

DDK:

Conor lands on his head!

Reform marches in slowly, looking down at the younger Fuse Bro and sarcastically slapping him in the back of the head. Reform shakes his own head, saying the match should've just ended with an apology. So, no match.

DDK:

Reform is looking for The Syllabuster... NO! Conor breaks away!

Fuse ends up finding the ropes and bouncing off... but Ned Reform ducks a clothesline attempt and bounces off the ropes himself. The Good Doctor races towards Fuse, suddenly stops, drops to his knees and hits The Thinking Man's Uppercut!

The fans boo heavily as Reform hurls Conor into the Society's turnbuckle and once again. Reform comes steamrolling in with back elbow smashes to Conor while the Teaching Assistant wraps his arm around Conor's neck. It's the same story as before. Reform is on back elbow number three...

DDK:

Fuse is in a bad way.

Lance:

Reforms' absolutely drilling him!

And Reform connects with the third elbow.

DDK:

He wants one more!

Reform steps to the center of the ring, mocks The Deacon and charges.

Then stops.

Then tells Mark Shields to look the other way.

Mark obviously does.

Reform pulls out the golden ring he's beaten Conor Fuse with before. The Good Doctor slips it on his finger as The Deacon tries to enter but of course, Mark says he will DQ The Mute Freak if he does (even though Shields isn't

watching the match). Reform is focused, determined and ready to go. He runs at Conor with his right arm extended.

DDK:

Conor Fuse breaks free!!

Fuse slips out of Cole's grasp and underneath Reforms' punch. The Faithful give a cheer, seeing Reforms' fist about to go into the side of TA Cole's face instead but the educator stops RIGHT before it hits Cole. Reform smiles and points to his brain because he's "so smart".

Conor Fuse dropkicks Reform into Cole! The ring hits Cole anyway!

DDK:

YES!

The Gamers burst into a cheer as Cole falls off the apron and Reform stumbles into a backstabber! Conor Fuse backward rolls twice to find himself near The Deacon and Fuse tags the big man.

DDK:

House on fire!

Lance:

I believe! I BELIEVE!!

Deacon clotheslines Reform. He clotheslines Cole who enters the ring. Deacon drills Reform with a heavy headbutt. Of course, TA Cole gets the same treatment! The Mute Freak shows no signs of stopping. Running boot to the face of Reform nearly decapitates The Warrior Poet. Cole is much taller than his partner but it doesn't matter, Deacon drives his boot into the TA's face, too. With both Society members on the mat, The Deacon drops measured knees into their skulls. Then he takes Cole, tosses him into the ropes and hits a ring shaking powerslam!

Conor Fuse leaps over the top rope, superkicks Cole when he rises and The Ultimate Gamer ejects the Teaching Assistant out of the ring.

Fuse stumbles into Deacon. Deacon looks down at Fuse stoically. There's somewhat of a standoff between the two of them before Conor smirks and smacks The Mute Freak across the shoulders.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!!!

The fans come alive as they figure it out. Conor pulls Reform up and looks for a crucifix powerbomb!

DDK:

THE ALTAR CALL!! Conor Fuse hits Deacon's finisher on Dr. Ned!

Lance:

I love it!

The fans are bedlam as Fuse races around the ring, pumping his hands, smacking the turnbuckle pads, shaking the ropes and screaming into the rafters. Deacon follows by snatching Ned Reform by his neck, hitting a wild chokeslam and then walking to their corner, allowing Fuse to tag in.

From floor to top rope, it doesn't take long for Conor to hit the Super Splash 450.

The crowd counts along as Deacon stands above them.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... the team of THE DEACON AND CONOR FUSE!!!

Conor's theme plays as he allows for Mark Shields to raise his hand. A struggling TA Cole slides into the ring, simply taking Ned Reform by his feet and getting the hell out of there as fast as possible when The Deacon looks over. Fuse turns to his partner, albeit a little reluctantly. He decides to tap The Mute Freak on the chest, thanking the legend. In return, Deacon either nods slightly or happens to ironically flinch.

Conor hits a turnbuckle, the !RANK cheers mixed in with Gregorian chants.

DDK:

A great match and Dr. Ned Reform gets what he deserves!

Lance:

No General Manager position and a hard L! You love to see it!

ACTS of DEFIANCE goes to a commercial break for the next pay-per-view DEFIANCE Road with the fans, The Freak and The Ultimate Gamer enjoying their victory.

WE GOOD?

We cut backstage, where Christie Zane stands in front of a DEFIANCE banner. She's joined on either side by "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd and "Black Out" Pat Cassidy... The Saturday Night Specials! They each sport two of the five DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship belts.

Christie Zane:

Brock, Pat... we are moments away from what might be the toughest challenge you've faced since becoming tag team champions. The Lucky Sevens, to be frank, have had your number. Pat, weeks ago they broke your arm in a brutal parking lot attack. Are you ready heading into this showdown?

Cassidy isn't smiling, but he does flex his left arm - no longer in a sling and now wrapped in a soft cast.

Pat Cassidy:

That's a good question, Christie. But I've got an even more important one...

He raises an eyebrow... and produces a sharpie.

Pat Cassidy:

Will you be the first to sign my cast?

Per usual when Cassidy is speaking, Christie rolls her eyes. Cassidy tosses the sharpie behind him before looking into the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

Maybe later. But Zane, you know we love to run our mouths. It's part of our charm... or so I'm told. But we're about to go to war, and the time for talking is over. In fact, I think there's only one thing to say.

Pat turns to his tag team partner. Brock meets his gaze.

Pat Cassidy:

I bet you've got a question for me, buddy. I know I'd have one if the roles were reversed.

Brock Newbludd:

Shit, brother. Not gonna lie, I really dug pulling these titles off the wall from behind the bar this morning. These titles...this team...I'm ready to fight my ass off for both. I wanna hang this gold back above the bar tomorrow morning. But, I won't be able to do that without my best friend's help. So, the only question I have is this: can I count on you when the shit hits the fan tonight?

Pat shakes his head. He reaches out with his good hand for a fist bump.

Pat Cassidy:

Fuckin' A right you can.

Brock smiles back and bumps fists.

Brock Newbludd:

My man. Now, let's go blow the fuckin' roof off this place.

Without another word, the champs move out of frame. Christie looks into the camera.

Christie Zane:

Back to you guys.

Lance:

Brock Newbludd seems to be ready to take his partner's word that his head is in the game tonight.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: SNS Â© vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

DDK:

I hope they're on the same page, Lance. It has been a tumultuous night indeed and we have finally reached the main event of Night One! It will be the Saturday Night Specials of Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy putting the Unified Tag titles on the line against their #1 contenders, the Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

The tag team division has heated up in so many ways! Tomorrow night the Pop Culture Phenoms and Los Tres Titanes battle for the next shot at the titles in a two-out-of-three falls match, but tonight they'll find out who they'll be facing for that shot.

DDK:

So true. This issue with the Lucky Sevens and Saturday Night Specials has become so personal since the Lucky Sevens won a battle royal for this title shot. Their official spokeswoman, Ophelia Sykes, has clearly been using her feminine wiles to play Pat Cassidy like a fiddle. It led to a backstage assault on DEF TV 158 and since then, he has been out of action. Since then the Sevens have had their number in and out of the ring.

Lance:

The running theme here is that bad things have happened any time SNS have matched up with the Lucky Sevens. The seven-foot twins, Mason and Max Luck, have been more than a match physically for the Specials and unless they find a way to win, tonight could be more of the same.

DDK:

That could be it. We've nothing left but the introductions so we should ...

Keebler gets cut off by a clearing of the throat over a microphone. That comes from Tom Morrow on the stage, along with none other than Ophelia Sykes. The booing is so loud it could probably be heard from the next block over outside the arena.

Tom Morrow:

Thank you thank you thank you for the lovely reception! Normally I would be letting just Ophelia take care of the introductions for your next Unified tag team champions but tonight I couldn't resist being here for this momentous occasion!

Ophelia Sykes:

You tell 'em, Tommy!

Tom Morrow:

Ok then, I will! Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy have been walking through these halls with stolen property for the last three months and tonight it ends! With permission from their official spokeswoman, the very lovely and ravishing Ophelia Sykes!

She blushes.

Ophelia Sykes:

Keep going!

Tom Morrow:

I will! With her permission, I have come out to handle intros for the evening! Both these giants stand at a combined weight of six-hundred and fifteen pounds! They stand at a combined height of fourteen feet! And after this match they'll be somewhere between thirty to forty pounds heavier from having to lug five belts around this place! From Sin City they are the next Unified tag team champions! They are the men who are going to not only break Pat Cassidy's heart, but his spine and any other bones they choose! Please welcome Big Money Max Luck and Big Money Mason Luck! They are ...

The lights go dark and then the golden “7 7 7” symbol appears on the DEF-Tron.

Tom Morrow:

THE LUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKYYYYYY SSSEEEEEVVVEEEEEENNSSSSSS!!!!

The lights come back on and the twins putting up “The Winning Hand” while wearing solid green capes! The Lucky Sevens head on down to the ring and then shed the capes while Ophelia can’t help but fawn over the two muscle men. Mason bumps fists with Morrow and Ophelia, then so does Max before the giants stomp toward the ring. They get to the ring and then both Max and Mason lift Ophelia up and each plant a kiss on her cheek and then drop her on the apron. The Lady Luck of the Lucky Sevens steps into the ring and then Max and Mason both climb over the ropes after her. Once they enter the ring they get ready to fight. Morrow claps along and is already mouthing “next tag champs!” over and over again until the ears of the crowd start to bleed. Thankfully they get drowned out by chants for the champions.

Quimbey turns his attention back to the stage and begins to raise his mic back up to his lips but stops when The Faithful break out in a thunderous chant.

S..N..S! S..N..S! S..N..S! S..N..S! S..N..S!

The Faithful’s cheering reaches a fever pitch as the lights suddenly go out in the arena. In the darkness, the crowd quickly changes gears as they begin to buzz in anticipation. That anticipation grows when Quimbey’s voice booms out through the dark.

Darren Quimbey:

AND THEIR OPPONENTS!

A few seconds later the arena comes back to life when two parallel lines of flaming pyro appear at the bottom of the entrance ramp and quickly race up towards the stage. The Faithful let out another roar when the twin lines of fire each converge at the top of the stage to erupt in a massive explosion that brightly illuminates the arena for a brief second. Once again blanketed in darkness, the anxious crowd watches as another flame appears on the stage. In a matter of seconds, the pyro carves a path across the entirety of the stage to draw three flaming letters..

SNS

Cue the lights...

♪ “Drink” by Alestorm ♪

With the flaming SNS logo still blazing, the Unified Tag Team Champions make their way out onto the stage with the belts raised high above their heads. Following close behind Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy is Davey LaRue, along with his pet alligator, Mojo. While Brock and Pat brandish two of the tag belts, Davey has his hands tight on the other three. Circling around the pyro to come together at the top of the ramp, The Saturday Night Specials take a moment to soak in The Faithful’s cheers as they raise the belts up high for a second time. Keeping the gold held up, both Newbludd and Cassidy slowly raise their free hands to point menacingly at their opponents in the ring. Noticeable is Cassidy’s left arm - now in a soft cast instead of a sling.

Lance:

SNS is here and they look ready for a fight, DDK. And believe me, that’s exactly what we’re about to have on our hands, a fight.

DDK:

The bad blood has been building for weeks between these two teams and now it’s time for them to settle the score. After everything that has happened, especially Pat Cassidy getting his arm broken, this is about a lot more than gold. Things will be intense in the main event, to say the least.

The Specials, along with Davey and Mojo, make their way down the ramp as the flaming pyro continues to burn on either side of them.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at a combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-four pounds! They are the Unified Tag Team Champions of the World! The team of "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd and "Black Out" Pat Cassidy...THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS!

Inside of the ring, Tom Morrow and Ophelia Sykes both slither their way to the relative safety of the outside while The Lucky Sevens walk to the set of ropes closest to the bottom of the ramp. Clearly not impressed, nor intimidated, by their opponents' pyro-filled entrance, Max and Mason start to talk trash to the champions.

Lance:

Lucky Sevens are wasting no time in trying to get in the champion's heads. I don't think I've ever seen the two towering brothers look so confident. I guess breaking a man's arm is one hell of a confidence booster.

DDK:

It might be, partner. But, let's not take anything away from Pat Cassidy. He's sporting that soft cast with pride tonight.

Stopping at the bottom of the ramp, Newbludd and Cassidy glare at their gloating opponents for a long second. Looking at each other, the champions exchange a few quick words and nod their heads in agreement. Fixing their fiery gazes back on The Lucky Sevens, the tag team champions each drop the belt they were carrying and break out in a sprint towards the ring!

DDK:

The Specials aren't waiting one second longer to get their hands on The Lucky Sevens!

With the crowd roaring in the background, Newbludd and Cassidy both reach the edge of the ring and slide in under the bottom rope. The waiting Sevens are quick to meet SNS, but the fired up champions both avoid getting stomped into the mat and quickly scramble to their feet. Caught off guard by their opponents quickness, the two seven footers quickly find themselves on the defensive as Brock begins to unload on Max with a volley of haymakers while Mason is hit with a salvo of punches from Cassidy!

Lance:

SNS hit the ring with a fury and they're taking the fight to the Sevens! This championship match is breaking down before it has even officially started!

DDK:

Here comes Hector Navarro to try and get the ring back under control!

Referee Navarro slides underneath the bottom rope and frantically scrambles up to his feet. Yelling at the top of his lungs, Hector makes it two steps and is immediately sent down to the mat when an errant right hook from Mason clobbers him across the head!

Lance:

Oh no! Cassidy ducked that wild punch from Mason and the big man hit poor Hector instead!

DDK:

The match hasn't even started yet and the referee is already down and out.

Eyes wide in surprise, Mason takes a second to glance down at the ref. The brief distraction is all Cassidy needs and he capitalizes by delivering a barrage of fists that send Mason stumbling backwards towards the ropes. Meanwhile, the shellshocked Hector rolls to the edge of the ring and down to the floor on the outside.

DDK:

With Navarro down on the outside, there's no one to make this match official but these two teams are too busy tearing into each other to care!

Across the ring from his brother, Max stuns Newbludd with a punishing headbutt that causes Brock to almost drop to a knee. Grabbing Brock by an arm, Max yanks him back up and tries to take his head off with a short-arm clothesline. Brock manages to duck underneath at the last second and turns the tables on Max by nailing him with a knee shaking jawbreaker!

Lance:

Oof! Newbludd just turned Max Luck's world upside down with that jawbreaker. The big man's stunned!

Shaking the pain out of the top of his head, Brock rises back up to his feet and grabs the staggering Max by his wrist. The Innovator gets Black Out's attention with a quick shout out just as the Boston native nearly knocks Mason over the top rope with a well placed uppercut. As the big man struggles with keeping his feet under him, Cassidy makes eye contact with his partner and nods his head.

DDK:

The champs showing why they're on top with that unspoken language. Looks like they have something planned, Lance!

Snapping his attention back to Mason, Cassidy grabs him by an arm and irish whips him towards the middle of the ring with everything he has. At the same time, Brock does the same with Max. The two giant brothers hit maximum velocity before crashing into each other in the middle of the ring!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens just had a head on collision in the middle of the ring and now both of them are on dream street!

The Faithful cheer in delight as the two stunned challengers stumble backwards after hitting their heads together. That roar grows even louder when Brock and Pat charge towards them from opposite sides of the ring.

DDK:

Here comes SNS with the follow up! Newbludd hits Max with a big German Suplex! Look at this! Cassidy spins Mason around and nails him with a knee to the midsection!

Cassidy grabs the doubled over seven footer and roughly puts him into the pumphandle position just as Brock gets back up to his feet. Eyes wide in delight, Brock raises a single finger in the air to point at the rafters. Newbludd uses his other hand to work the crowd as Cassidy starts to lift Mason up...

Brock and The Faithful:

BAAAAALLLY!!!

Cassidy muscles Max up on his shoulder and lets out an audible grunt as he drives the big man into the mat with an impressive Pumphandle Slam!

Brock and The Faithful:

HOOOOOO!!!!

Lance:

Cassidy follows up Brock's German with a huge pumphandle on a huge man! The ring shook from the impact and The Sevens have been laid out!

The people are on their feet as the champs have come out of the gate firing on all cylinders. Both Max and Mason have rolled out of the ring to the outside where both Ophelia and Morrow are waiting with words to try and fire the big men back up. The Saturday Night Specials play to the crowd a bit, working The Faithful to a frenzy. Outside the ring, Davey LaRue has Mojo held tight and getting caught up in the ballyhoo, he raises the monstrous lizard high. With a

devilish grin, LaRue approaches the huddled mass of Lucky Sevens/Morrow/Sykes. He laughs as he puts Mojo down on the ringside floor with one Cajun hand firmly on the leash. He points forward and Mojo charges!!

DDK:

Mojo the alligator is on the attack... and Tom Morrow is running for the hills.

Lance:

I'm thinking about doing the same, DDK. I have a phobia about reptiles and I don't like this one bit!

Letting out a shriek, Morrow leaps over the back of the kneeling Max Luck and begins to run as fast as he can. With a gleeful laugh, Davey and Mojo are hot on his heels. They chase Morrow all around the ring and all the way up the back! A terrified Morrow disappears through the curtain with Davey and Mojo hot on his heels!

DDK:

Thanks to Davey LaRue and one hungry alligator, I think The Lucky Sevens have lost the services of one Tom Morrow for the night.

They still have Lady Lucky in their corner, though. As both of The Lucks get back to their feet, she is slapping both meaty men on their meaty backs and yelling at them to get their heads back in the game. Inside the ring, Brock and Pat lock eyes. They smile. They fist bump! And they charge under the bottom rope, rolling out of opposite sides of the ring! Ophelia has just a second to duck for cover as SNS and The Lucky Sevens again collide in a wild brawl, but this time on the outside. The fans are again on their feet as all four men are exchanging right hands!

Lance:

We have no ref. There's a wild man with an alligator on the loose backstage. This brawl is out of control - and the match hasn't even started!!

Cassidy is lighting Max Luck up with his good hand while Brock is letting Mason have it. Both pairs brawl until they're on opposite sides of the ring - Cassidy/Max near the ramp and Brock/Mason near the timekeeper's table. In the ring, Hector Navarro has begun to pull himself back to his feet and is trying to shake the cobwebs away. Brock has Mason reeling, and he wraps his hands around the big man in preparation for a T-Bone Suplex on the outside! All the ringside fans stand in anticipation for a huge bump... but they let out a disappointed BOOOO when Sykes kicks Brock's right in his little Newbludds, bringing The Innovator to his knees!

DDK:

Ophelia Sykes has once again proven herself to be a game changer.

With Brock down, Mason takes advantage by grabbing him by the head and in one powerful motion, launching him face-first into the nearby ringpost. Brock's skull bounces off the steel and he falls to the ringside floor, holding his head in pain. Mason doesn't let up, grabbing Newbludd and lifting the stunned tag champ back to his feet. With a cry of pure rage, Mason lifts Brock up and drops him head first onto the steel ringside barricade - immediately busting Brock wide open! Newbludd falls to the floor in a seated position, holding his now crimson forehead. Mason moves in to deliver more punishment, but Ophelia Sykes gets his attention. She points to the other side of the ring, where Cassidy has just sent Max Luck into the ring steps. Mason marches over toward The Scrapper from Southie.

Lance:

Brock has been busted open by Mason Luck! He's left in a bloody heap and now Mason's coming to give his brother a hand with Black Out.

DDK:

Cassidy doesn't see the big man coming!

With Max down, Pat Cassidy has accepted a solo cup from a ringside fan and is raising it high into the air in a "cheers" motion. He suddenly notices as the fans in the front row are frantically pointing behind him in a warning, and he turns just in time to eat a Mason Luck boot to the face! Inside the ring, Hector Navarro has gotten his bearings and he's

yelling at Mason to bring the fight back into the ring. Mason completely ignores him and instead wraps his meaty paws around the ringside steps. With a grunt of strength, he lifts the steps into the air. As Cassidy climbs back to his feet, he turns RIGHT into a shot directly into the forehead with the steps. Cassidy is down and out... and much like his partner in crime, he's busted wide open!

DDK:

And just like that, The Lucky Sevens have taken control of this brawl. Both members of The Saturday Night Specials are bleeding!

Lance:

It is a brawl - we can't even call it a match because no bell has rung!

Max and Mason are both vertical now and they toss the bleeding Pat Cassidy into the ring. Mason takes position on the apron while Max enters the squared circle. Max points to the dazed Cassidy and then points to himself, telling Hector to ring the bell. Although he's clearly unhappy by the hectic start to the contest, Navarro does indeed call for the match to begin.

DING DING

DDK:

Brock Newbludd is still on the outside, and Pat Cassidy is alone in the ring with two sharks. This is not the way SNS wanted this championship match to officially begin.

Max dances around the dazed Pat, mocking his injured arm with a cocky smile on his face. Max points to Cassidy and then looks to the crowd who shower him with boos. He mocks the fans before jumping up and stomping directly onto Pat's cast! Cassidy shoots up from the mat into a sitting position, holding his arm and crying out in agony before again crumpling to the canvas.

DDK:

The Specials had the advantage at the start but right now I don't think it's looking good for them at all.

Lance:

I have to second that, Darren. They started with a big advantage in this fight but thanks to Ophelia and the brutality of the twins it just shifted the other way quickly.

Max stands over Pat.

Max Luck:

Oooooowwwwww my arm!

He keeps mocking Cassidy. He tries to snatch Cassidy up but already the Scrapper from Southie has a puncher's chance and tries to punch his way out of it with his other hand. He gets about two shots in on Max's body but Big Money Max shakes them off and scoops Pat right off the mat with ease for a big slam. Right after he goes down Max grinds the heel of his boot down on the cast of Pat!

DDK:

You can hear Pat crying out in pain! Max and Mason are taking their time here but that might be ill advised.

Lance:

I would have to agree. The titles are on the line. They don't have time to taunt and gloat. They need to win!

Mason holds out his hand from his corner and Max makes the legal tag to his brother. Mason holds Pat down on the mat with a knee on his chest so Max can hit the Box Cars elbow drop off the ropes and landing it right on the cast!

Lance:

No, no, no! He dropped that three-hundred pound elbow drop right to the cast! Max might be feeling that impact in his own arm but it's way worse on Cassidy.

Cassidy is kicking around the ring on his back trying to protect his arm but Mason is equally relentless. With Cassidy near the ropes Big Mase stands on his back and holds trying to press all his weight down on the midsection of one of the Unified tag team champions. The Scrapper from Southie keeps getting crushed under the weight of three-hundred and ten pounds of Mason Luck until Hector Navarro gets involved and orders him to stop or he will get his team disqualified.

Mason Luck:

Stop being a square, Navarro! I'm just having fun crushing another man's innards.

He puts up his hands in a scout's honor to Hector and then throws a back low kick to Cassidy's ribs behind him. One of the cameras shifts over to Brock Newbludd who is still down and out at the moment.

DDK:

Brock hasn't even been involved since the match officially started. He's been busted open and he hasn't been able to help Pat at all.

Lance:

This might be done sooner than we think.

Mason Luck grabs Pat's arm and locks in what looks like a cobra clutch and uses his own arm against him. Before the submission is fully locked up he casually swings and throws Cassidy across the ring back to the corner of the Sevens with Ophelia watching!

DDK:

What a throw! And it was a throw right back to the Lucky Sevens's corner. Tag to Max!

Mason grabs Pat by the neck and then Max comes in and does the same. Both twins easily hoist one of Ballyhoo Brew's lovable co-owners and toss him across the ring like a rag doll with the Coin Toss!

Lance:

And there's the Coin Toss! The double release suplex! I think the Sevens have this one all wrapped up!

Max goes to cover Pat.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful nearly take the roof off after Pat's shoulder comes up!

DDK:

How did he kick out of that move?! I don't believe it!

Lance:

I don't know, but those belts mean everything to the Saturday Night Specials! They won't be giving them up without a fight.

Max growls at Hector Navarro and then reaches out to tag Mason again. The twins launch another double team move by pushing Pat into the ropes and then hitting a tandem shoulder tackle. Cassidy spins and falls over on his stomach after hitting twin brick walls. Max leaves the ring with Mason kneeling over Pat and pointing at his corner and then

clapping in mocking support.

Mason Luck:

Come on Patty Mayonnaise! You got this! Tag Brock! Tag hi ... oh right!

No Brock still.

DDK:

These guys really are bullies, aren't they?

Lance:

Yeah, they are. But they need to stop playing and win the titles.

Mason grabs Cassidy and then claps down a Winning Hand claw on his shoulder! He starts shaking the hold violently and putting more pressure on Cassidy any way he can.

DDK:

There won't be much left of Cassidy if he doesn't find a way out of this hold!

Cassidy gets the other arm up and then rocks Big Money Mason with two elbows. He tries to fight his way up and then gets to his feet, but Mason grabs him and then drops him with a big release gut wrench suplex! Cassidy is back on the ground and the crowd jeers but that is short lived. The reaction changes in a big way and the Lucky Sevens and Ophelia see something across the ring.

DDK:

Look ... Look!

Lance:

Brock is slowly getting back up! He's hurt, but he's able to fight!

The defending Unified tag champion finally returns to the corner but to the sight of Mason Luck standing over Pat Cassidy. Mason waves a hand at Brock and begs him to get into the ring to fight. Brock wants more than anything to grant Mason's wish but when he gets between the ropes, Hector Navarro stands in between them and keeps Brock in his corner!

"BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!"

DDK:

You'd swear Hector Navarro is the most reviled man with that reaction tonight! But he's doing his job!

Lance:

And the Sevens know it, too!

Mason grabs Pat and then chops his chest in the corner. Navarro is still blocking Brock (or Brock-blocking?) as Max steps off the apron to grab a chair.

DDK:

No no! He has a chair, Navarro! Turn around!

Mason grabs the hand of Cassidy and holds Pat up for Max to take the swing. He climbs on the apron with the chair and gets ready to fire ... but Pat throws his head back to catch Mason in the lip and ducks as the chair comes down ... right on Mason's head! Max freaks out and drops the weapon!

DDK:

No! That backfired for the Sevens in the worst way! And look!

Lance:

I see it! Mason is busted open from that chair shot!

Mason is on his knees holding his head while a trail of blood starts to flow! He angrily yells at Max and then tells him to finish the job while Pat is still crawling at the corner. Brock sees his partner and reaches out for a tag after Max gets a tag into the ring. Mason rolls out while bleeding with Max going into grab Pat. He grabs the cast-covered arm of Pat before he can get the tag! He drags him back and rips his soft cast off of his arm!

Lance:

The arm is exposed! This could get really bad.

He grabs Pat's arm and then tries to do something but the Scrapper from Southie continues to show why he is a tenacious DEFIANCE wrestler and a snap headbutt catches Max in the chest followed by a stiff shot from his exposed and injured arm! Pat is hurt, clutching his arm in pain ... but oddly enough, Max Luck seems to have been knocked silly by a simple forearm shot!

DDK:

What the ... ?!?! He just hit him with that Arm! Pat has to be in pain, but how did that do so much damage to Max Luck?

Pat Cassidy is in agony right now but whatever happened must have been worth it. He looks like he is in severe pain but he yells out.

Pat Cassidy:

Bionic arm, bitch!

DDK:

Did ... did he use the has a steel plate in the arm as a weapon!? That was put in there after that attack! That's comeuppance!

Lance:

Cassidy has been playing his cards close on a lot of things, partner. That steel plate was one of them, and he couldn't have picked a better time to reveal it!

Both hurt men lie on the mat for a few seconds before Max hears his brother shouting for him to get up. Holding his aching jaw with one hand and clearly on dream street, Max rolls onto his belly and spots Mason calling for the tag in the corner. Stretching out to maximize his long reach, Mason stomps his foot angrily while Ophelia joins in by slapping the mat.

DDK:

Both men are still down, but it looks Max has the jump on Cassidy to make the tag!

Lance:

That steel plate might have cleaned Max's clock but you can tell that Cassidy paid the price for using it.

Brock begins to stomp his foot on the edge of the ring as well. The Faithful soon join in and their presence gives Black Out a shot of adrenaline. Rolling onto his stomach, Cassidy glances behind him to see Max only seconds away from making the tag and he snaps his head back toward his desperate partner.

DDK:

Cassidy's moving but he might be too late!

Gritting his teeth, Cassidy pushes himself up off the mat with his good arm. Locking eyes with Brock, the Scrapper from Southie lunges forward and sticks his hand out. Newbludd's eyes go wide and he stretches towards his friend as far as he can. The arena explodes in cheers as the tag is made!

Lance:

Here comes The Innovator! He was the first man to be split open in this main event. Let's see how much that took out of him.

The roar from the crowd causes Max's instincts to kick in and he digs deep to make his own desperate lunge to make a successful tag to Mason!

DDK:

And here comes the man who gave Brock that nasty cut!

The Faithful's cheering amplifies as Mason steps over the top rope and charges in to meet the incoming Newbludd head on. Both men meet in the middle of the ring at full speed and Mason tries to take Brock's head off with a clothesline but misses wildly as his opponent ducks underneath. Mason stumbles forward from the miss but quickly regains his footing. He spins around just in time to see Brock nail the unsuspecting Max squarely in the chest with a shotgun dropkick! Caught completely off guard by the attack, Max flies backwards off the apron and plummets down towards Ophelia...

Lance:

Ophelia better move!

With only a second to spare, Sykes jumps out of the way and Max lands hard on the outside floor!

Inside of the ring, Newbludd tries to make his gamble pay off and quickly pulls himself up with the ropes. Mason is all over him though, and he immediately grabs his smaller opponent from behind. Flashing his formidable power, Mason throws Brock back first into the nearest corner and immediately starts laying into him with cracking chops to the chest.

DDK:

Brock got greedy when he nailed Max off the apron and now Mason is hammering him in the corner.

Smiling from ear to ear, Mason drives a knee into Brock's midsection and takes a step back. Watching Brock's head slowly slump into his chest, the seven-footer barks out a laugh and makes a show of licking his hand to draw the ire of the crowd. Mason ignores them and picks Newbludd's chin up with one hand while he rears back his freshly licked one.

Lance:

Mason's making a show of taking the homerun swing here. It just isn't enough to beat their opponents, the Sevens need to disrespect them too.

Getting Brock's chin all the way up, Mason smirks at the bloody sight. That grin is suddenly wiped from his face when Newbludd's hands shoot up and grab him by the ears. Before Mason can react, Brock yanks him in and smashes him with a headbutt! Luck stumbles backwards and Newbludd explodes out of the corner to hit him with a flurry of piston-like punches!

DDK:

The Innovator has turned the tables! He's got Mason on his heels!

Capping off the barrage with another headbutt, Brock roughly grabs onto Mason and pulls him in close. The Faithful let out a cheer when Newbludd pops his hips and picks the big man up off his feet. Before Mason can react in any way, Brock sends him flying with a T-Bone Suplex!

Lance:

There's that t-bone suplex he tried earlier! He got all of it and then some!

DDK:

Newbludd's moving like a man possessed right now. He's already pulling Mason back up!

With his wide open crystal blue eyes contrasting sharply against his crimson mask of a face, Newbludd also looked like a man possessed. Having roughly pulled the shellshocked Mason back to his feet, Brock ducks low and rises up to lock the big man in a waist lock. A second later Mason's sent flying again courtesy of an Overhead Belly to Belly!

Lance:

There's that belly to belly he loves so much! Something tells me Mason Luck hasn't been thrown around like this for a long, long time!

As Mason struggles to process what just happened to him while he lies in pain on the mat, Brock pops up on all fours and slams his fist into the ground repeatedly. Letting out a beast of a wacry, the adrenaline fueled Innovator pops up to his feet and pulls down the straps of his singlet. The Faithful instantly recognize the "It's Fucking Go Time" strap pulldown for what it is and they let out a cheer Newbludd stomps towards Mason.

DDK:

Newbludd is feeding off this crowd. He's feeding off this atmosphere!

Sensing Brock closing in, the woozy Mason wills himself up to a sitting position and he's immediately laid back out by Newbludd's knee smashing into his face!

Lance:

Face Melter! Newbludd nails his signature shining wizard! Mason Luck ate all of it and blood is now gushing from his face! Look at that!

With his already busted up face made even worse by Newbludd's knee, Maz's survival instincts kick in and he almost immediately pushes himself up. Behind him, Brock smiles menacingly as he watches Luck slowly pull himself up with the ropes. Crouching low, The Innovator puts his hands on his knees and waits.

DDK:

Is he thinking what I think he's thinking? Is he setting up for the Shock and Awe!?

Lance:

I don't know, partner. It would take everything he has left in his tank to hit a dragon suplex on a man as big as Mason. And would that be enough?!

Time to find out. Brock's eyes narrow in determination as Mason just gets his knees off the ground to finish pulling himself up. Racing forward, The Innovator fully locks Mason up in a full nelson and pulls the man away from the ropes. The Faithful explode in a supportive cheer as Brock lets out a scream of effort and picks Mason's feet off the mat!

DDK:

He's going to hit it! It's going to be over!

Mustering all the power and determination he has left in him, Brock pops his hips and Mason begins to fly backwards towards the middle of the ring! Boos suddenly engulf the arena when Max Luck scrambles up the ring apron and lunges over the ropes! Reaching out with both hands, Max clutches onto his brother's ankles in mid flight to block the dragon suplex! His momentum completely stopped, Newbludd is helpless as he's flattened into the mat underneath Mason!

OOOOooooooooOOOOOOOoooo...

Lance:

What a save by Max Luck! I can't believe it! Talk about last second!

DDK:

Newbludd just had over three hundred pounds basically dropped onto him while he was close to finishing that bridge. I wouldn't be surprised if his knees are blown out, Lance.

Mason immediately covers...

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Brock powers a shoulder up. Mason rolls off Newbludd and on shaky legs, wipes the blood dropping off his forehead, and makes it to his corner and tags in his brother. Brock's still hurting as Max Luck enters the ring, taking shots with his huge foot and putting the boots to the downed tag team champion.

DDK:

Brock is wearing the proverbial crimson mask... Max is bleeding... and even as he reaches out for the tag, Pat Casisdys is bleeding. This is brutal!

Max brings Brock Newbludd to his feet, tossing him into the corner and lighting him up with big meaty chops. Max sends Brock off the ropes, looking to catch him with a lariat on the rebound, but Brock ducks. On the rebound, Max leans forward for a back body drop but Brock is ready for it and he leaps across Max's back with a sunset flip! Hector Navarro is right in position!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Max Luck manages to power out. The big Luck brother is right back to his feet - and so is Brock Newbludd. Brock goes for a kick, but Max catches The Innovator's foot. Max has exactly one second to shoot The Saturday Night Special a smug look before Brock's other foot connects with the back of his head with an enzuigiri! Both men are down and Brock is looking for the tag.

Lance:

Look! Pat is reaching out to make the tag... but Ophelia Sykes is on the apron next to him!

She is. Sykes appears to be again counting on being the apple of Cassidy's eye, as she cozing up next to him and trying to distract him from making the tag. Pat is having none of it, however. He brushes her aside and reaches out to Brock Newbludd who is crawling slowly toward his partner in tandem with Max Luck who is doing the same thing on the other side of the ring. Sykes looks pissed that her feminine wiles don't seem to be getting the job done here, so she opts for Plan B - she pretends to stumble off the apron and hit the ringside floor. The second she meets the mat, she cries out in pain and holds her ankle. This does get Cassidy's attention and he jumps down off the apron to check on her as the fans begin to boo.

Lance:

Just when you thought she wasn't going to get away with it...

As Brock realizes there's no one there for him to tag, he instead uses the ropes to pull himself up to his feet - squinting through the blood pouring out of his forehead. Meanwhile, Max has made the tag and Mason Luck enters the ring, charging right for Brock. On the outside of the ring, Ophelia Sykes is doing her best "A List" actress impression with her "injured ankle." Cassidy, despite the exposed injured arm, manages to get Lady Luck up cradled into his arms. As Mason hammers away on his partner in the ring, Cassidy begins carrying Sykes toward the back for "medical attention" as The Faithful let him know they do not approve of his actions.

DDK:

Brock is battling back ... no! He's dropped by a big shoulder block.

With the fans booing hitting it's apex, Pat is nearly at the curtain to the back when he hears Brock hit the mat following the shoulder block. He stops and turns to look back toward the ring with a concerned look on his face. Ophelia grabs his face in her hand and forces his gaze to look at her. Despite the blood pouring down Pat's face... she plants a kiss on him!!

DDK:

That....uh... that can't be sanitary.

Sykes breaks the kiss with a smile, confident that she's again pulled a fast one. But Pat smirks back at her in a way that shakes her confidence. The camera is close enough to the two that it can pick up what he says to Lady Luck as he looks into her eyes.

Pat Cassidy:

Sorry, babe. But... tag titles. You understand.

Before she can protest... Cassidy releases her and she falls on her ass! The fan's boos changes to a roar of cheers as he turns and charges to the ring! Despite Hector Nevarro's attempts to restore order, Cassidy is all over Mason with quick right hands. Max Luck enters the ring to cut off Cassidy's flurry, but Pat is ready for him and he ducks and pulls the top rope down with him - sending Max over the top and spilling to the floor below! Mason tries to catch Cassidy with a clothesline, but Cassidy ducks and plants Mason Luck with the GREEN MONSTAH BOMB!

Lance:

"Black Out" Pat Casisdy is ON FIRE!

Mason stumbles into the corner, and with a twinkle in his eye, Pat takes position in the opposite turnbuckle. Suddenly, an angry Ophelia Sykes enters the ring and plants herself in front of Mason, almost daring Pat to do something. Cassidy looks her up and down, shrugs, mouths something that might be "sorry" and with a running start...

DDK:

SPLASH OF JAMESON TO BOTH MASON LUCK AND OPHELIA SYKES!!

Ophelia and Mason are both down and out. As Brock Newbludd gets back to his feet, he and Pat lock eyes... and despite the blood gushing from both their foreheads, the Saturday Night Specials break into identical grins. Brock grabs Mason and sets him up in the piledriver position as Pat points to the turnbuckle and the fans erupt!

Lance:

The Saturday Night Specials have won so many contests with their spike piledriver, The Keg Stand. They're looking to put an end to this bloody war!

With a busted arm and blood in his eyes, Pat begins to climb the turnbuckle. He's nearly ready to steady himself... when out of nowhere, Max Luck appears on the apron to shove him off!! Cassidy crashes to the ringside floor!

DDK:

NO! MAX LUCK interrupts the KEG STAND!

Brock has a split second decision to make - and he doesn't hesitate. Since he has Mason in the piledriver set up position, he simply leaps over Mason's back and hooks him for the sunset flip.

Lance:

They're the legal men!!

Max sees the pinning predicament, and he steps through the ropes to save his brother...

ONE!

TWO!

Max is... a second too late!!

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

They've done it! This has been a brutal, bloody war... but the champions have squeaked one out!!

But the ringing of the bell seems to fill Max with rage... he doesn't give Brock Newbludd a moment to get to his feet as he plants a huge foot right upside his head. Brock is stunned and Max gets down to his level, firing meat hook after meat hook right into Brock's already gushing forehead. The fans voice their disapproval as even though the match is over and the referee is attempting to pry him off, The Luck brother won't stop his relentless barrage.

Lance:

Can we get some help out here? The match is over!

Now Mason is up and just as pissed as his brother. Both of the giants lift Brock Newbludd to his feet... and drop him back to the mat with NO LUCK AT ALL! Brock is planted with The Lucky Sevens finish!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is crawling up on the apron... but I don't think that's smart, Pat...

Cassidy has lost a lot of blood and although he's trying, he can barely stand. Both of The Lucky Sevens grab one side of his head and flip him over the top and into the ring. Pat can do little to defend himself as he suffers the same fate as Brock... dropped on his head with NO LUCK AT ALL!

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen, we are out of time... we're gonna need to get some help out here to stop these two monsters before they tear the building down!

Ophelia Sykes is in the ring now, carrying the tag belts as if The Lucky Sevens won them. She hands each brother a belt... and they promptly drape the belts over the bleeding and broken forms of The Saturday Night Specials.

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials have won the battle... but The Lucky Sevens may have taken them out of the war permanently!

The last image we see is a furious Ophelia Sykes with her arms spread wide, gesturing to The Lucky Sevens on either side of her. Mason is sneering as the blood drips down his face while Max is wearing a dark smile of satisfaction. They both stand over the unmoving forms of the bloody tag team champions. The ring has been stained bright red into the absolute melee that was our main event.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.