

TREAT YOURSELF

Cold open to Malak Garland hunched over a chair in a room all by himself. The buzzing from a nearby electrical panel is all that can be heard as he clasps his hands and slowly raises both his neck and head skyward. His face is full of hope, full of ambition.

Malak Garland:

Tonight, everything changes.

Rising from the seat gradually, Malak paces over to an open locker where many wrestling trunks divinely sit on hangers. Garland's eyes gently gander at the choices in front of him, although they are all quite similar in theme.

Malak Garland:

Tonight is a special night and, therefore, I must wear something equally as special. I have a plethora of custom trunks to pick from! Wow okay, lots to unpack here. Tonight, tOnIgHt I aM gOiNg tO rEaLly tReAt mYsELf! I deserve this! I deserve this moment, don't I? DON'T I!?

He passively leifs through the many blue snowflake themed sets of wrestling gear.

Malak Garland:

Hmmmm, this one says maximum on it. Too much. That puts way too much pressure on me. In fact, I find that word utterly offensive because it indicates the constant ability to work at full capacity and I simply cannot sustain such a demand for a long period of time. I will surely lose if I wear this. Back to the rack they go.

He continues down the line until he lays his eyes upon a wondrous pair of trunks. He plucks them from its hanging position and holds them in front of his face. The word 'DELECTABLE' is gracefully stitched in gold lettering across the crotch area of the trunks, predictably with the D starting right in the middle of the fabric and wrapping all the way around to where the middle of the buttocks would be on the back.

Malak Garland:

How delectable. How original too. The D starts right at the d. I don't know anyone that this could be more fitting for. I especially like them because they are not iterative whatsoever. I hate being iterative. Hate it. Absolutely hate it.

The Source of Envy rubs the fabric between his fingers, feeling every thread of goodness.

Malak Garland:

These trunks are one wear only for sure. Tonight, I win the FIST then these either get bronzed or framed forever! My keepsake!

The Sinister Minister brings the trunks to his cheek. He cuddles the fabric with love and hope.

Malak Garland:

Tonight, Deacon's reign of tyranny ends.

And so, night two kicks off.

SHOW OPEN

["Wide Awake" by Katy Perry](#)

The scene begins inside the Watsco Center in Miami as fireworks explode from the rampway. A massive DEFITron sits above the entrance, twice the size of the screen typically used for DEFtv. LCD lettering M-A-X-I-M-U-M stretches across the rampway, with the "I" being used for the entrance from Gorilla and is shaped in the form of a palm tree... but the palm tree is covered in snow. There are two palm trees flanking the edge of the stage on both sides with beach balls and towels scattered around them... but they are also covered in snow. An LCD rampway projects nothing but snow from the top of the stage to the edge of the ring apron. The top and bottom ring ropes are dark blue and the middle one is white. The canvas is clean and light blue as always but has advertisement stamps on the turnbuckle padding for local safe spaces and rage rooms.

Signs and excitement EVERYWHERE!

SCOTT STEVVENS

IS THAT AARDMARK'S MUSIC??

VICTOR VACIO'S INITIALS ARE LITERALLY VV, I FEEL LIKE I'M TAKING CRAZY PILLS

GAGE BLACKWOOD WINNING THE FIST WAS THE LAST TIME I WAS TRULY HAPPY HERE

GREEN RANGER > WHITE RANGER

THE D BECOMES THE V

DDK IS THE ANONYMOUS GM

I'M THE NEXT MEMBER OF VAE VICTIS

ELISE ARES IS A SECRET DOCTOR

ELISE ARES IS ... DR. PLAGUE DOCTOR?!

^ THIS MEANS SHE KNOWS 6 LANGUAGES OR AT LEAST 6 FAKE ACCENTS

BUTCH VVIC AS VV's THIRD MAN OR WE RIOT

3RD MAN? IT BETTER NOT BE HOGAN!

ADVV IS RIGHT THERE

VVICKIE HALL ITS TIME FOR HER TO SHINE

VVERMILION REAPER

CHRIS CHICKENTENDERVVS

AND THE NEW VIST OF DEVIANCE!

I SUBSCRIBE TO TERESA AMES ONLY FANS

**VAE VICTIS WILL DISBAND BEFORE STOOVVINS IS EVER LET IN
JASON REEVES
THIS IS A MESSAGE FROM THE KA.....ZUHIRO TROY
OH YOU'RE A REAL FAN? NAME EVERY HEAD OF HOUSE IN THE KABAL
LT'S MYSTERY PARTNER IS HELEN
NOT ONLY AM I THE NEWEST MEMBER OF VV BUT I'M ALSO THE BROODINGEST
OH YOU'RE A VAE VICTIS FAN? NAME EVERY PLAGUE DOCTOR
OH YOU'RE INTO MALAK GARLAND NOW? LIST ALL OF HIS INSECURITIES, FOUNDED OR UNFOUNDED
OH, REALLY, TERESA AMES? DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHERE SHE STUDIED HOMEOPATHY?
OH YOU LIKE JAY HARVEY? NO WONDER I HAVENT SEEN YOU IN OVER A YEAR
OH YOU LIKE JACK MACE NOW? WHAT BEAR IS BEST
O M G, BFTA, ARE YOU SERIOUS? NEXT YOU'LL TELL ME YOU PREFER MISSIONARY
IS THAT A REZIN SHIRT OR DID YOU STOP DOING LAUNDRY LAST DECADE?
SO YOU LIKE NED REFORM? TELL ME HOW YOUR MOTHER HURT YOU
OH WOW YOU WATCH UNCUT? YEAH? WELL, WHO IS KYLE SHIELDS THEN?
YOU STILL LIKE CONOR FUSE? ...YEAH, ME TOO TBH
NOT ONLY AM I THE PRESIDENT OF VAE VICTIS BUT I AM ALSO A CLIENT
OH, YOU'RE A TERESA AMES FAN? TELL ME YOU'RE A 16 YEAR OLD BOY WITHOUT TELLING ME
YOU'RE A 16 YEAR OLD BOY
MALAK DEMANDS TRIGGER WARNINGS FOR "SIGN CUT OFF" BECAUSE IT SOUNDS TOO AGGRESSIVE
If /VV/ALAK WINS WE RIOT**

The scene goes to the announce team, DDK and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, if you joined us for an epic and eventful Night 1 of Maximum DEFIANCE, you know that the show went off the air with a litnay of questions concerning the current state of our DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship. We currently don't have an updates, but we understand they are coming soon.

Lance:

Correct. Let's see what's coming up tonight.

The match graphics roll through.

**TERESA AMES vs. TITANESS
ALVARO de VARGAS vs. JACK MACE
VAE VICTUS (LINDSAY TROY & ???) vs. REZIN & JACK HARMEN
SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: SCROW © vs. HENRY KEYES
FIST of DEFIANCE: DEACON © vs. MALAK GARLAND w/ CONOR FUSE as GUEST ENFORCER**

And the opening match.

POP CULTURE PHENOMS vs. HONOR SOCIETY

POP CULTURE PHENOMS vs. HONOR SOCIETY

DDK:

We are going to kick off tonight with tag team action!

Lance:

I have to say, It'll take QUITE the event tonight to top Night One. But we still have a full slate of things! Who is the new member of Vae Victis? Who will walk out the FIST of DEFIANCE? Who will walk out the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion?

DDK:

Will Ned Reform get his revenge after WEEKS of torture from the Pop Culture Phenoms?

Lance:

The man just has to accept the fact that Elise Ares is just a freak of nature, Darren. Beautiful. Talented. Apparently brilliant?

DDK:

Until a few weeks ago I would've been blown away by that statement but you're right. The Pop Culture Phenoms are just a thorn in the side of everything that Ned Reform stands for. He'll get his opportunity to prove superiority right now.

Lance:

Or perhaps the Phenoms get revenge?

DDK:

We can only hope. Can you imagine how insufferable Reform will be if they don't?

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The house lights turn purple as we are set for our first entrance of the evening... and the two men who walk through the curtain do not get a warm reception. Ned Reform is in full ring attire, smiling and waving as usual. TA Cole stands next to him in matching gear, jumping up and down and loosening his hands to warm up for the contest to come. Reform, as to be expected, has a microphone, and he gestures for his theme to stop as it slowly fades away. Reform raises the mic to his lips, but...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Whatever he was going to say is drowned out in a sea of jeers. Reform's eyes go wide, and for a moment he seems shaken, but he quickly turns and whispers something to TA Cole - followed by his jovial demeanor returning. He again raises the mic...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

And again, he drops it as he stares bug eyed into the sea of fans calling for his head. Reform simply lets this one pass before again bringing the mic up, but this time he pushes through the negative response to say...

Ned Reform:

Miami, Florida.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

A smirk. He repeats himself.

Ned Reform:

Miami, Florida... you disgust me.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

No, no, no. Please, listen children - for all our sakes. You see, I could stand here and deliver the usual professional wrestling platitudes. I could insult the mindless garbage that passes for culture in this hellhole, I could reference the abundance of mind altering drugs in this city... that clearly is flowing through the blood of everyone here tonight, I could insult the hideous smell coming off your beaches that rivals only the odor of the locals on the strip, I could...

SHUT THE FUCK UP! Clap clap clapclapclap

SHUT THE FUCK UP! Clap clap clapclapclap

SHUT THE FUCK UP! Clap clap clapclapclap

Reform slowly trails off as the impromptu chant drowns him out. He lowers the mic, this time making it clear that he is, in fact, being shaken by this. TA Cole tries to give him a shoulder massage but Reform angrily shrugs him away. When he speaks back into the mic, there's more rage in his voice.

Ned Reform:

I could insult your sports teams - I could, for example, describe in detail exactly how the Miami Heat are even bigger choke artists than the Pop Culture Phenoms...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

But no! I am not a walking cliché, children. I will not stoop to those levels. Instead, I will come to you on merit. With well reasoned, logical points. With IRREFUTABLE evidence. You see, children, my argument tonight comes down to one thing...

Pause for dramatic effect.

Ned Reform:

... we are in... *[shudder]*... Florida.

Reform shakes his head and his eyes go wide. He begins to walk toward the ring with TA Cole in tow as he continues to speak.

Ned Reform:

Don't blame me because your state is quite literally a punch line. That's displacement, children. Your anger is not really about me, is it? I did not gut this state's education system, did I? I didn't doom your children to learn from a textbook that tells us George Washington invented dinosaurs, did I? Honestly - how many people in this arena tonight can count past twenty? That's a little advanced for the Florida math curriculum, isn't it? No, that was the leadership that YOU elected. So in a way, this is all your fault. I believe...

Reform is nearly at the ring when another chant rises up that cuts him off...

E-LISE AR-ES! Clap clap clapclapclap

E-LISE AR-ES! Clap clap clapclapclap

E-LISE AR-ES! Clap clap clapclapclap

Reform stops in his tracks, more rage building in his eyes. Everytime he has to stop talking and start again, his tone grows angrier.

Ned Reform:

YES! ELISE ARES! Worry not, my Flordian simpleminded bath salt taking cretins, you'll get to see your queen soon enough! And how fitting...

Reform pauses as he steps through the ropes with TA Cole hot on his tail.

Ned Reform:

As tonight, in this state best known for being the chosen destination for people to come to DIE, we will see the end of Elise Ares. Oh, don't fret, she's not going to perish... only her career. Mr. Cole and I are going to embarrass the Pop Culture Phenoms in the squared circle on this night... months of frustration will come boiling over. The headline will read "Florida woman picks the wrong fight." And when all is said and done, you'll all be able to say that you were present for the LAST match of Elise Ares, as she will be permanently put on the injured list... courtesy... of DOCTOR... Ned. Reform.

E-LISE AR-ES! Clap clap clapclapclap

E-LISE AR-ES! Clap clap clapclapclap

E-LISE AR-ES! Clap clap clapclapclap

The Watsco Center chants begin again, and this time it is so powerful that it shakes the building as Ned Reform covers his ears. He marches around the ring in a circle with his ears covered as he screams to try and drown out the Faithful. Ever the dutiful sidekick, TA Cole mimics his exact motion and marches behind him. The commentary team doesn't even try to speak over the crowd. Their chants then turn into a massive roar as...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

From behind the palm tree'd "I" drives out a hot pink low rider with Flex Kruger behind the wheel. Klein rides shotgun. In the back seat sit Elise Ares and The D waving Cuban and City of Miami flags for the Miami Faithful. The car comes to a stop and The D sticks the Miami flag in a holder on the side of the car before exiting. Elise Ares, on the other hand, stands on the back of the car waving her Cuban flag to a thunderous ovation before planting it into the holder on the other side of the vehicle and screaming something back into the Faithful that is completely muffled by the crowd noise. Her trademark LED sunglasses read "I'M" and "HOME" before she drops her normal purple and gold jacket on the back of the car to reveal a special red, white, and blue Cuban flag inspired ring gear.

DDK:

What an ovation for the native Cuban who became a US Citizen in this very city!

Lance:

I thought she was from Beverly Hills, California?!

DDK:

She currently resides in California but make no mistake about it, Miami claims her as their own. Elise came to Miami as a teenage model and professional wrestler. A former Miss Hawaiian Tropics and PRIME 5*Star Champion when she was barely an adult. The South Beach Starlet is a Miami girl at heart!

Lance:

Ned Reform is FURIOUS at this ovation!

The D helps Elise off the back of the car and they march side by side in their matching red, white, and blue ring gear. The D shares a glance with his former protege and gives her a comforting pat on the back.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents hailing from Hollywood, California by way of MIAMI, FLORIDA! With a combined weight of 298 pounds. "The Netflix A-Lister" THE D! "The South Beach Starlet" ELISE ARES! THE POP. CULTURE. PHEEEEEEEENOMS!

Ares launches her LED sunglasses into the crowd from the apron before The D opens the ropes and they enter the ring together. Reform and Cole immediately bail as they ascend opposite "Safe Space" advertised turnbuckles playing up the massive ovation. As they descend, Ned Reform enters the ring and Elise Ares makes a nod at The D that she wants to start this match.

DDK:

Ned Reform is in their corner and that's all Elise Ares needed to see to know she wants to start this match!

Lance:

The Faithful are PLEADING for it!

Hector Navarro calls for the bell and immediately Ned Reform tags out to TA Cole for a thunderous chorus of jeers.

DING DING

Elise can't even get a word out before The D slaps her on the back and fires into the ring from the outside wanting a piece of TA Cole after his cowardly attack on him outside of the ring on the last episode of DEFtv! The Faithful explode as he tackles Cole and begins to rain down a series of punches immediately causing Navarro to call for a rope break. The Netflix A-Lister takes all five seconds before being pulled off of his opponent by Navarro. The D throws his arms up into the air, hyping up this electric crowd before firing back at the corner with D In Your Face! Cole stumbles out of the corner after the impact and The D whips him into the opposite corner. He goes to take off after him once more but he's jerked back by Ned Reform and falls hard to the canvas, causing another outbreak of boos.

DDK:

Well that didn't take long.

Lance:

You know Reform is going to be involved early and often here tonight, Darren. This one has become extremely personal and he's going to do anything it takes to walk out of Miami looking like a winner.

Navarro turns around to warn Reform, who puts his arms into the air in innocence as TA Cole leaves the opposite corner to capitalize on the situation before Elise Ares uses the ropes to leap up and strike him in the back of the head with a kick, also sending him down hard to the canvas. The Faithful erupt as Ned Reform screams at Navarro to pay better attention, who then turns to find both competitors on the ground getting back up to their feet.

DDK:

The PCP are pretty adept at playing this game as well!

Lance:

I can't say it's a style I particularly enjoy but I suppose turnabout is fair play!

The two reach their feet before a collar and elbow lockup in the middle of the ring. TA Cole gains first advantage, using his collegiate wrestling skills to apply a back waistlock. The D snapmares him over to gain a rear headlock into a side before Cole lifts him up and plants him with a back suplex. However, before he can maintain advantage The D grabs him with a headscissor and pulls him down by his arm, applying an armlock before Cole somersaults out and tries to arm drag The D who instead lands on his feet. The Faithful applaud the superb technical exchange.

DDK:

I think people often forget how technically sound The D is behind all of his... how do I put this nicely... sophomoric humor and dim demeanor?

Lance:

I don't think it comes as a surprise that TA Cole knows his way around a good grappling session, but The D always takes me by surprise. (HA!)

TA Cole adjusts his headgear while the man who's birth certificate reads Derek Edwards fixes his wrist tape and they lock back up once again. Immediately The D drops Cole to the mat with a drop toe hold. Before The D can mount his opponent, Levi begins to move forward forcing The D to grab onto his ankle to keep him from getting away. Cole gets up on his hands and somersaults forward reversing the situation and locking The D in a kneebar that gets a small golf clap from Ned Reform on the apron. Before it gets fully locked in, The D manages to kick Cole in the face and break free of the lock. Trying to remain on offense, Cole stays aggressive and doesn't let The D escape, grabbing another kick attempt before being flipped ass over tea kettle with a monkey flip! However, Cole lands on his feet in a crouching position nullifying much of the impact as the PCP trainer gets back up to his own feet. He goes for an arm wrench that

Cole reverses into his own arm wrench. Feeling the pressure, The D uses the ropes to his advantage by walking up the turnbuckle and rope walking before Reform shakes the rope and crotches The D!

DDK:

We all saw that one coming!

Lance:

Including our official Hector Navarro who immediately begins lecturing the lecturer Reform!

The Good Doctor argues his case as Cole hits The D with a massive lariat while he's still on the ropes, sending him falling to the apron outside of the ring. Immediately Reform reaches out and tags himself in. Ignoring Navarro's warnings, he picks up The D on the apron and hits him with a snap suplex onto the apron! The Faithful gasp as Cole then drags The D into the ring before being forced out by Hector. Reform dives between the ropes and goes for a cover!

ONE!

,

TWO!

KICKOUT.

A short two. Reform, however, has picked his spot and drops a knee onto the back of The D and begins pulling his head back further damaging the neck. Reaching into the mouth, the Warrior Poet uses the corners of The D's lips to pull further back gaining leverage. The audio picks up Reform screaming "Is it still funny?! Am I still funny?!" as Navarro gets in a full five count before he releases the hold by shoving The Netflix A-Lister face first into the mat. He then begins to slap The D on the back of the head continuing to shout something unable to be picked up by the audio. The Pop Culture Phenom begins crawling towards his partner, leaning out with arm outstretched. Reform lets him crawl, continuing to insult and slap the former tag team champion until he's juuuust out of reach from his partner. Then Reform grabs the arm of his opponent and reaches out for him, taunting him.

DDK:

Talk about adding insult to injury.

Lance:

He's lucky Elise doesn't just jump the ropes and kick him right in the face.

The Good Doctor shoves The D to the canvas and slaps Elise's hand away before dragging The D over to the ropes and hanging him neck first over the middle rope before dropping the knee across the back of his head. Again Navarro begins a count and again Reform doesn't care as he strangles The D under his knee. A sadistic smirk grows wider and wider as the count increases before he finally releases him. The PCPer gasps for air before he's grabbed by the back of the hair, Reform waves goodbye to Elise Ares, and drags The D back to his own corner and tags TA Cole back into the match. Cole steps into the ring as Reform puts D into position for a back suplex. Cole comes up behind him and they drop The D into a suplex/neckbreaker combo. Quickly Reform runs over and knocks Elise Ares off the apron, getting a huge boo from the Floridians as he begins to exit the ring.

DDK:

A cheap shot by Ned Reform!

Lance:

The D started strong but he's really been slowed down by a terrifying suplex out on the apron. He's still fighting, Darren, but how long can he stay in this match?

DDK:

The Honor Society look like they have plans to not have Elise Ares get into this match at all!

The Faithful perk up as Ares dives back into the ring to try and get her hands on Ned Reform. However, Navarro is in the perfect position to keep her away. Meanwhile Reform slaps his hand, faking a tag before Cole drags The D into a sitting position in the corner and Ned begins to stomp away at him. Tag. TA Cole comes in and begins to stomp. Tag. Reform continues. Tag. TA Cole continues. Tag.

Lance:

Well, it looks like The D is getting "Blacklisted" here.

DDK:

The Honor Society is getting a little arrogant here! Using PCP's own moves against them.

This time, Ned Reform wipes his feet on the mat before spitting onto The D's face and then giving him a face wash with the bottom of his boot. He goes for the pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

No noticeable difference in count length, The D is still fighting hard (get it?). Frustrated Reform drags The D to the middle of the ring and puts him in a side headlock, much like the one he had Elise Ares in the DEFtv before. He motions towards Ares and then at his eyes to make sure she's paying attention before he begins doing the same leg lunges he was doing to her. Ares has something to say muffled by the crowd, Navarro turns to keep her out of the ring and then...

Lance:

DA DICK-PUNCH-A!

The Faithful erupt into cheers as Reform's legs cross in agony. Hector Navarro turns around just in time to see The D use every ounce of strength he has left to grab the Warrior Poet and slam him face first into the mat with his Contractual Obligation!

DDK:

This thing isn't over yet, boys!

Lance:

The D needs to get Elise Ares into this match!

On command, the Netflix A-Lister takes a few steps towards Ares before faceplanting dramatically into the canvas. The Faithful are on their feet. Stomping. Yelling. Screaming for The D to move as Ned Reform lays motionless on the canvas as well. Reform begins to move first, changing positions before crawling across the mat towards TA Cole eagerly waiting to come in and remain in control. No movement from The D. Reform inches closer and closer, reaching out for his partner before...

TAG.

TA Cole enters the ring like he's on fire to the jeers of the Faithful. Suddenly The D gets to his knees and leaps across the ring.

TAG.

DDK:

HERE WE GO!

The Faithful go banana as Elise Ares springboards into the ring with Amethystation clocking TA Cole right in the jaw. She kips up and immediately sprints over to Ned Reform and dropkicks him off the apron. The Watsco Center feels like it begins to shake as the South Beach Starlet grabs Cole, trying to get his wits back about him and runs him to the ropes and drops him neckfirst with the Cuban Necktie. Laying across the apron, Elise poses and looks dead into the camera, smirks and winks before pushing herself back up to her feet. She shakes her butt for the crowd before she jumps back up on the ropes and hits Amethystation again!

Lance:

Elise Ares isn't wasting any time, Darren! She's going straight to the greatest hits!

DDK:

It's been a loooong time since she's wrestled in Miami! She has a lot of time to make up for!

She kips up a second time, doing her Que Tal Eso dance for the hometown crowd before getting into position for Extreme Makeover. TA Cole reluctantly begins to rise once again, pushing himself up with his hands right into position for...

Lance:

NO!

DDK:

NED REFORM OUT OF NOWHERE!

The Warrior Poet just tackles Elise Ares in mid-air! He begins just raining down punches on her head in uncontrolled rage as Hector Navarro tries to pry him off. The Faithfull jeer as The D still lays on his back on the apron, battered and broken from his time in the match. Navarro somehow is able to pry Reform off his opponent, and in his frustration The Good Doctor shoves the DEFIANCE official with two hands across the chest. Hector flies backwards so hard that he hits the ropes - but he rebounds with an even more powerful shove that plants Reform on his ass! The people love it! Ned is back up, shaking his head in anger... but he can't follow up because he's taken by surprise with an Elise Ares hurricanrana! Reform rolls through and gets back up - but right into an Elise Ares dropkick! Reform back down, back up - same result! After the pair of dropkicks, Reform uses the ropes to pull himself up... but a third dropkick sends him UP and OVER the top as he tumbles to the floor. Ares dances as the crowd goes nuts... but she's caught from behind in the setup for a German suplex by TA Cole!

DDK:

NO! Ares lands on her feet off the suplex! She's lighting Cole up with forearms!

The people are in an uproar as Ares unloads with a flurry. She has Cole reeling when she hits the ropes, looking to come back on the rebound with something big... but Ned Reform, from the outside, pulls her leg out from under... leg. Ares gets back up, turning to The Good Doctor to deal with him... but she's leveled from behind by a big sledge by TA Cole. Cole begins to hammer kicks down on The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE and Reform rolls in the ring to join him. The fans begin to boo loudly as both Honor Society Members stomp a mudhole in Elise Ares.

Lance:

Hector Navarro stepping in to try and restore order...

The long time DEFIANCE official is trying to tell Reform that he has to get out of the ring, but Ned simply instructs Levi Cole to pick Elise up and toss her over the top rope. The Good Doctor shoots Navarro a smirk as both Honor Society members exit the ring to continue working over Elise from the ringside floor. She's able to catch Cole with a few surprise right hands and this brings the crowd to life - but that is only momentary as both Ned Reform and TA Cole are able to grab ahold of Ares and double whip her brutally into the steel guardrail! Elise screams out in pain, holding her back and collapsing to the ringside floor.

DDK:

That lower back was targeted at DEFTv 172 by TA Cole's Letter Jacket, and The Honor Society may be setting her up for a submission loss.

Ned grins cockily and struts and taunts the ringside fans while Cole lifts Ares up, puts her in a bearhug position, and drives her spine-first into the turnbuckle. While Cole continues to stomp away, Reform is right in the face of a young girl in a Elise Ares t-shirt sitting in the front row. The girl is giving him hell while Reform simply leans down to smirk and point to his own big brain. Reform grabs Elise by the hair, roughly pulling her to her feet and now shoving Ares' pained face right in front of the little girl. The little girl looks ready to cry... but the tears of a fan seems to be enough to will Elise Ares back into things, as she suddenly grabs Reform by the head and drives him forehead first into the barricade! The crowd POPS as TA Cole tries to move in to intercept... but he's blindsided out of nowhere by a tackle from The D!! The D has Cole down and he begins raining down a flurry! Meanwhile, Elise Ares grabs the now dazed Reform and holds his shiny bald head out toward her young fan... who is able to nail Ned with a very tiny SLAP! Reform sells it like he's been shot, falling backwards and flipping ass over teakettle. Ares high fives and hugs the young girl before turning to return to the work at hand.

Lance:

A memorable moment for that young lady!

DDK:

And now we have total mayhem on the outside! Hector Navarro has lost control!

Inside the ring, the official pleads with the competitors to re-enter the ring but they pay him no mind. TA Cole has gotten to his feet and he and The D trade shots as they brawl all around the ring. Meanwhile, Elise Ares measures Ned Reform before leaping on top of the guardrail, running across, and flying off and catching the Good Doctor with a hurricanrana! Reform hits the ground and cries out in pain and when Elise follows up, he throws his hands up and begins to beg off. With The Good Doctor crying for mercy, Elise turns to her hometown Faithful and points down at him, seeming to ask whether or not she should grant his request. They let her know, in no uncertain terms, that Reform deserves nothing, so she grabs him and rolls him under the bottom rope and back into the ring!

DDK:

This raucous Miami crowd is eager for Ned Reform's head!

Reform again tries to beg for mercy, but Elise peppers him with kicks that cause him to stumble back into the corner. Ares takes position in the opposite corner before running at Reform and leaping to catch him in the head with a flying sidekick. Meanwhile, on the outside, The D tries to send TA Cole into the ring steps, but Cole reverses and instead The D hits the ringsteps, flying up and over. Cole stomps over to the timekeeper's table, pushing him away and folding up a nearby steel chair.

Lance:

It's possible that Cole might be giving up on winning the match and instead just punish the Pop Culture Phenoms!

In the ring, Reform is on dream street, stumbling around and swinging wildly... while Elise measures him before springboarding off the ropes and looking to come crashing down on The Good Doctor with Amethystation... but at the last moment, Reform grabs Hector Navarro and moves him into Elise's path!

DDK:

Navarro is down!

Elise looks down at her unintentional handiwork... and out of nowhere, TA Cole appears to hit Ares with the steel chair... but she is able to drop toe him into the ground before he can swing the weapon! Cole releases the chair on impact, and Elise is quick to pick up the chair herself. With a devilish smile and a roar of approval from the crowd, Elise puts the chair in prime swinging position as she eyes Ned Reform - who is climbing back to a vertical base. At the same time, Hector Navarro is beginning to clear the cobwebs. Reform reaches his feet, and Elise goes for a swing...
CLANK!

DDK:

NO!! Elise Ares drives the chair into the mat and then tosses the chair into Reform's hand... and she takes a dive!

Lance:

Ares playing mind games like only she can!

Elise falls to the mat, holding her head and pretending to be in pain from Reform's "chair shot." Ned looks down at the weapon in his hand, down at Elise on the mat, and his eyes go wide as he realizes that he's being set up. He sees that Navarro is almost to his feet but he hasn't caught wind of this yet... and he also sees that The D has entered the ring, ready to fight! Thinking quickly, Reform mimics exactly what Elise did - after a bang of the chair into the mat, he throws it at The D, who catches it in surprise. Now it's Reform's turn to hit the canvas, holding his head and moaning in pretend agony. It doesn't take the D long to realize that now HE'S the mark - so he throws it to TA Cole and ALSO takes a dive!! Cole looks down at the chair... looks at Reform... looks at The D... looks at Ares... and shakes his head in utter confusion.

DDK:

Poor Levi.

Of course, it's now that Hector Navarro is upright and turns around to see Levi Cole, standing dumbfounded while holding the steel chair, and all three other competitors on the ground writhing in pain around him. It FINALLY dawns on Cole what's happening here and he throws the chair aside and begins to shake his head and protest his innocence. Navarro gets in his face, and while the ref and Cole get into an argument - the other three wrestlers spring into action! Reform is on his feet and going for the steel chair, looking to take advantage of the referee's distraction - but The Pop Culture Phenoms beat him to the bunch, as he runs right into...

DDK:

DRIVE BY AT THE ROXY! DOWN GOES REFORM!

Ned is easily dispatched over the top rope and out of the ring. The fans are on their feet as both members of PCP turn their attention to TA Cole. Cole sees that he's outgunned, but he's got far more guts than brains as he charges the former tag team champions anyway. He runs into a sit-out jawbreaker by The D, and this stuns Cole long enough for Ares to springboard off the ropes with the Amethystation! Cole is rocked, but he doesn't go down. Ares chooses a different set of ropes - another Amethystation! Cole is woozy, but he somehow manages to remain on his feet. Doing a quick dance for her adoring crowd, Ares figures the third time is the charm - and it is! Cole goes down on Amethystation number three! Elise stalks the fallen Teaching Assistant as the fans lose their minds!

E-LISE AR-ES! Clap clap clapclapclap

E-LISE AR-ES! Clap clap clapclapclap

E-LISE AR-ES! Clap clap clapclapclap

Reform has a hand on the ring ropes as he tries to pull himself up and get back into the ring, but he eats a running back elbow from the D that sends him back down. In the ring, Cole manages to get on all fours... putting him in prime position for Ares to get a head of steam off the ropes and drop him with the EXTREME MAKEOVER! She goes for the cover as the fans chant along...

ONE!!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match, ELISE ARES and THE D! PCP!

The people lose their minds as Elise Ares is back up and hugging The D. Klein and Flex hit the ring as well, and all her fellow Pop Culture Phenom members hoist Elise up into the air, while she pumps her fist for the Miami Faithful!

DDK:

What a way to kick off the night, Lance!

Lance:

We may not know the current status of the tag team championship, but you've got to believe that this big victory puts PCP right back in contention!

Reform and Cole roll out of the ring and begin to lick their wounds - but they're mostly forgotten in the outpouring of support for the home town girl.

TERESA AMES vs. TITANESS

DDK:

Welcome to our next match on tonight's amazing card for Maximum DEFIANCE! Up next, we have one with rather... unique... circumstances. The first-ever Love Me or Leave Me Match that will see Teresa Ames look to make Titaness hers at long last... if she can win this match!

Lance:

That's right! In the fallout of the apparent engagement being called off of Uriel Cortez and Titaness, the latter tried her luck with a wrestler-themed dating app... and ended up getting catfished by Teresa Ames. Out of that, Teresa has been obsessed with making Titaness her significant other and has launched attacks on her through The Game Boy and of her own, most recently on DEFtv 172 with a tire iron to the rib cage!

DDK:

Titaness has been cleared for tonight's match at the insistence of our medical staff. But it must be noted she's not at a hundred percent. Teresa has defeated people in singles matches like Gage Blackwood and others and in her state of mind... you cannot look past what she's willing to do to get whatever... or whoever... She wants.

Lance:

Not at all. Titaness may have the power, but going into a match with an injury can decrease your chances at winning. Teresa Ames' never ending quest for attention-seeking may go her way tonight if she wins tonight's match! Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the intros!

Darren Quimbey is dressed to the nines for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a Love Me or Leave Me Match set for one fall! If Titaness wins, Teresa Ames must no longer harass her. Should Teresa Ames win... Titaness will become her girlfriend!

Lance:

Only in the sport of professional wrestling, folks!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

A set of words appears on the DEFIAtron in silver as the Faithful start to buzz...

*THE SHOW OF FORCE
TITANESS*

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

And the crowd starts to cheer when they see what it looks like...

DDK:

No way...

Lance:

Yes, way!

A group of six unnamed men carrying Titaness...

On a silver and violet-covered litter right out of the "I" entrance!

DDK:

It's Maximum LITTER-Fiance! Okay, come back to me on this one.

Lance:

If that's not a shot at Teresa, I don't know what is!

Titaness has a special look for the evening! Purple top, silver vest, boots and tights, and her hair tied up in a series of short tails in a mohawk style as she points to the ring. The loud bass continues to thump and the rap lyrics continue as the crowd cheers her on!

Darren Quimbey:

...From The Bronx, weighing in at 200 pounds... she is "The Show of Force" and One Tall Glass of Kick-Ass... she is **TITANESS!**

The Faithful show love for the powerhouse as a single violet spotlight shines on the female powerhouse, flexing her arms as the litter comes to a stop at ringside! The unnamed gentlemen drop her at ringside and then she climbs out. Her arms are raised as she climbs the middle rope in the corner, and finally hops down to the mat. The Tall Glass of Kick-Ass enters the ring and sheds her vest and flexes one more time, sending four sparks of purple-colored pyro from the buckles! Under the ribs and all the playful jabs at Teresa... the reality is apparent when she sports black rib tape just under her top.

DDK:

There we go. That will definitely be something to watch during this match, that's for sure.

Lance:

Titaness might want to try and end this quickly not only because of the stipulations, but also those injuries. The longer this goes, the more it can hamper her chances.

Despite the heavy task ahead of her... Titaness looks ahead to the entrance ramp.

♪ "The Ending" by Papa Roach ♪

The lights dim as Teresa walks out on stage with a fully blown bitch face on her mug. She is fuming at the fact that Titaness mocked her DEFCON entrance. Ames marches down to the ring but not before stopping at one of the unnamed litter carriers. She swoons, rubbing his big pecks and jabbing her tongue into his mouth, much to the disgust of the Faithful and surprise of Titaness!

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent, currently french kissing a stranger, TERESA AMES!

Ames pulls back only to go in for more. The unnamed dude is loving it. They do finally finish up and he asks her for her phone number but she shrieks and puts a hand to his face.

Teresa Ames:

In your dreams. That was a freebie. Just showing my soon-to-be wife in the ring what I'm going to do to her come our honeymoon. Can't wait for the kids either.

Ames sends the litter men to the back before sliding into the ring like the serpentine valentine she is.

Teresa Ames:

Ring the bell so this bitch can be my scissor sister.

DING DING

Just after the bell rings, an angry Titaness comes charging and RAMS The Keyboard Queen... Not in the way she wants, either, because she gets knocked right over with a powerful shoulder tackle!

DDK:

She must have heard what we've been saying earlier, Lance! It looks like Titaness is going to try and end this one QUICK!

The Show of Force takes in the cheers from the Florida Faithful while Teresa Ames is still confused and possibly punch-drunk, but on shoulder blocks. Titaness quickly gets her to her feet and then whips her as hard as she possibly can before he lands in the corner. She charges full speed ahead at The Tasty Gurl and throws a big corner clothesline that rocks her! Titaness sees her chance and then steps back a few times before she runs a second time and then spikes her with another big running clothesline in the corner! Ames gets rattled from the shot as Titaness gets fueled up by the amazing crowd on hand tonight!

Lance:

She must HAVE, Darrren! Titaness is already trying to wrap this up quickly and be done with Teresa for good!

She throws Teresa out of the corner as quickly as she can and then hurries right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Teresa kicks out as fast as she can, so Titaness switches up her plan of attack... by attacking some more. She lays right into Teresa by battering her across the back with a pair of stiff clubbing shots! She gets rattled by the blows before The Show of Force lives to her name...

And presses Teresa over her head! Teresa shakes her head frantically and spits out something about wanting to be together...

Teresa Ames:

Yes! Pick me up! Show me what you got! You need to be able to throw me into our honeymoon suite bed at some point!

Titaness looks up at Teresa... then holds her up with ONE ARM to the shock of the crowd, then drops her down with a big one-armed press slam!

DDK:

Not quite the reaction I'd expect to Teresa getting womanhandled like this at the start, but Titaness is dead serious. She's seen what happens to other wrestlers when they find themselves in Teresa's snare. Jay Harvey... Gage Blackwood...

Lance:

And look... Titaness already going for broke!

She tries to hook Teresa up and then points in the air to cheers from the crowd! She picks up Teresa Ames... then tries to take The Tasty Gurl high in the air... but she tries a small package...

DDK:

No! Teresa tries to steal a quick win... but Titaness BLOCKS!

The Faithful continue to cheer when she blocks the small package attempt with ease, then hoists her up with a delayed vertical suplex! With relative ease, she carries the smaller Teresa across the ring... and then keeps her high in the air as she starts to walk in a circle to let the blood rush to Teresa's head.

DDK:

Round and round she goes! Where she stops, only Titaness knows!

After walking one full circle around the ring, Titaness lets an arm go and then waves it to the crowd for more

applause... then drops Ames hard into the mat! The landing seems to be a little tender on Titaness' ribs, but she shakes off the pain and then rolls over into another cover on the former two-time Unified Tag Team Champion.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Teresa kicks out, much to the shock of the crowd... and Titaness! She's hurt, but she continues to talk through pained breaths.

Teresa Ames:

This was kismet, girl! You and me! Forget that giant asshole, Uriel! He'll treat you like garbage! Or maybe, just maybe we could spice things up and invite him over for the odd threeway? See? I AM OPEN TO NEW THINGS! Rumor is though, he might be big and tall but he's got a pencil where it counts most.

This only seems to anger Titaness even more. He throttles Teresa by her shirt and then pulls her up before throwing her right into a corner.

DDK:

Our camera just caught that Uriel comment... That might have struck a nerve...

She tries to wind up and then SLAMS a hand just above the chest of Teresa with a stiff open-handed chop! Teresa is hobbling around in pain now and staggers out of the corner. Teresa is trying to get back to her feet and tries to scam, but The Tall Glass of Kick-Ass continues to hold her in the corner. She goes for a second chop...

NO DICE!

Teresa finally moves out of harm's way and before Titaness knows what hit her, the quicker Teresa throws a forearm to the rib cage! Titaness flinches from the shot, so Teresa peppers her with several more shots and kicks! The Show of Force huddles up to try and protect the bullseye wrapped around her ribs and shoves her away quickly...

DDK:

Uh-oh! That can't be good! That tire iron did more harm than we might have thought!

Teresa gets back up and then tries to throw a dropkick to the ribs of Titaness, but she gets swatted away before she can do anything. The Keyboard Queen rolls backwards and when Titaness tries to stalk her, she gets caught in the stomach from a thrust kick! The blow stops the taller woman right in her tracks!

DDK:

Uh-oh! I think Teresa really hit that bullseye now! Thrust kick to the ribs!

With Titaness doubled over, Teresa throws a second thrust kick that catches the lowered Titaness right on the jaw! She still doesn't go down, but gets stumbled into a corner where Teresa finally looks like she might have the opening that she's looking for. She limps over to a corner, then runs forward and lands a nasty running front dropkick that knocks the wind right out of Titaness while against the ropes!

DDK:

Right on target with those moves! Titaness just got rocked by those thrust kicks and then the running front dropkick to the ribs!

Lance:

Titaness ran roughshod over Teresa Ames and this might have been a bigger mismatch without that attack from the tire iron two weeks ago. Not enough time for a rib injury of any kind to fully heal and now that might have made it

worse!

Titaness falls to a knee and then Teresa pushes her down to the canvas for a cover!

ONE...

But the crowd CHEERS when Titaness pushes her off quickly, sending Teresa flying into the ropes!

DDK:

Oh, my lord! That's power! Titaness, we have seen do incredible things! Just a few weeks ago, she used leverage to help her hit a standing Clash of the Titaness on the 340-pound Game Boy! That's how she earned this match with Ames!

Lance:

But now Love Me or Leave Me! We never thought we'd see this!

Teresa quickly sees the needed chance. She gets her elbow ready...

Teresa Ames:

Come on! Scissor Sisters, go!

She runs for the CTRL + ALT + ASLEEP quickly, but Titaness catches her in her arms before she can connect! Titaness stands to her full height while Teresa holds out a free hand in a scissors set-up... she offers the hand...

Teresa Ames:

Um... Scissor Me, Mommy? Give me that good milk!

Titaness' retort?

She SLAMS her into the mat in return!

DDK:

Close one there by Teresa Ames, but the power of Titaness has just been too much to contend with right now.

Also true when she grabs the body of Teresa and pushes her into the corner before THROWING her right back out with a release German suplex! The impact takes a minor toll on Titaness compared to Teresa, who gets thrown overhead and lands on her stomach! She holds her own ribs in pain and then heads out to the floor to try and protect herself. Titaness holds up a finger for the crowd.

ONE MORE TIME!

ONE MORE TIME!

ONE MORE TIME!

But she doesn't get her "One More Time" because Teresa Ames rolls out to the floor after all the damage she's suffered.

Lance:

This might be the smartest thing for Teresa. She needs to leave that ring and get out of Titaness' way because the direct approach hasn't worked.

The Show of Force follows her out to the floor and then starts to chase down the Tasty Gurl, who right now wants no part of her! She starts to hobble away quickly and manages to run a circle around the ring before she slides inside (minds out of the gutter, fools...)

DDK:

Titaness following... Teresa tries another kick!

But the foot gets grabbed! Teresa freaks out, but the Florida Faithful cheer her on as she trips up Ames and then PULLS her out of the ring, right into her grip again! She's over the shoulder of Titaness... then gets pressed again!

DDK:

Oh no! Where is Titaness going to take her?

Lance:

Wherever the hell she wants at this rate!

Titaness gestures that she's about to toss Teresa Ames into orbit... but as she starts to run, Teresa kicks her legs frantically and then slips out behind the Show of Force...

THEN SHOVES HER RIB-FIRST INTO THE SIDE OF THE TIMEKEEPER'S TABLE!

DDK:

OOHH! TERESA JUST MIGHT HAVE FOUND A REAL OPENING HERE! SHE PUSHES TITANESS INTO THAT TABLE CORNER!

Titaness howls in pain and gets doubled over again while Teresa breathes a sigh of relief... then grabs her by the neck so she can drop Titaness with a swinging DDT on the floor! Teresa rolls around in pain after the impact, but she leaves her rival and possible future love interest looking as vulnerable as she has since the start of the match!

Lance:

Oooh! Did you hear that thunk? That wasn't good at all! Titaness hit the corner of that table and then took that swinging DDT on the outside by Teresa Ames!

DDK:

We've seen Teresa be very resourceful and this could do it! She climbs into the ring!

Referee Carla Ferrari starts to count just as Teresa Ames limps into the ring. She yells at Carla to count faster.

Teresa Ames:

Count faster, slut! If you don't count faster, I will be breathing down your neck next!

Lance:

Did Teresa Ames just try and... call Carla a... you know what? I'm taking the high road and fear of HR being called on me for this one. Not commenting further.

DDK:

Save it for the match, partner! Now she's got Titaness down!

Teresa counts along with Carla as Titaness has yet to make a real move outside of barely moving on the mat outside.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

With the cheers of the crowd, Titaness starts to will herself much, much to the chagrin of Teresa!

FIVE!

SIX!

DDK:

The clock is running down! Can Titaness make it back inside?

Lance:

A countout might force her into a relationship with this whackadoo!

Titaness is up and hugs the apron close...

EIGHT!

NINE!

TE...

The count is waved off in the nick of time as Titaness makes it back in, but this allows Teresa to grab the legs of Titaness and then try to steal it with a jackknife pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

She kicks out again, but not with the authority that she did earlier in the match!

DDK:

CLOSE one there! Ames now has her on the ropes!

Titaness is still feeling the pain from earlier and then tries to push Teresa away again, but a kick to the ribs from Ames sends Titaness into the second rope. With the target there, Teresa cackles evilly as she grabs the top rope and stands right on the back of the Los Tres Titanes member, PRESSING down!

Teresa Ames:

YOU'RE MINE! YOU HEAR ME? MINE! MINE! I AM GOING TO BUY A PANDORA CHARM TO REMEMBER THIS MOMENT BETWEEN US!

She's screaming so much that she almost doesn't hear Carla's count! She leaps off of her by landing on the apron and then hits a dropkick to the side of Titaness' head against the ropes, knocking her back into the ring!

DDK

I can't believe that Teresa Ames found a way to ground Titaness so effectively. We've often seen Titaness fight opponents larger than her, but that rib injury has grinded her early momentum to a halt.

Lance:

You've called it, Darren! Teresa is getting jeered out of this building while Titaness is still suffering!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

But she pays no attention to the crowd and then SLAPS Titaness across her face while she's down! She starts to get in her face and then looks to have another rant all fired up...

BUT TITANESS CLAPS BACK... VIA A SLAP!

DDK:

OOOH! WHAT A SLAP! THAT RUNG TERESA'S EARS!

Teresa takes the slap and falls to a knee while Titaness gets back to her feet and starts to take in cheers from the crowd. She leans back and then looks for a spear...

Lance:

One spear might do it!

But when she runs... Teresa stops her with a leg trip! The taller Titaness goes down, then Teresa hits a double foot stomp on the ribs! She's hurt when she runs off the ropes and hits another running dropkick to the rib cage!

DDK:

Two more attacks to the rib cage! She rolls Titaness over! Is she finally going to have that companionship she has been longing for?

Teresa hooks a far leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Faithful roar in approval when Titaness shoves The Keyboard Queen off of her! The longest count Teresa has had yet, but she can't believe it and slaps her hands three times!

DDK:

That was two! But these kickouts have gotten progressively weaker! Titaness needs to find a way to shake Teresa Ames off her game!

Lance:

Now what's she doing?

Teresa leans back from the corner and then waits for Titaness to get back up, but when she leaps up for a Killswitch-type facebuster... Titaness shoves her off! She hits the ropes and then swings with a lariat... but Teresa ducks and keeps running! She comes back, only to be caught in a wheelbarrow position. Titaness picks her up... but Ames shifts her weight and FACEPLANTS Titaness instead with a flatliner!

DDK:

The double arm facebuster didn't work, but that modified flatliner did! She has her!

It takes Teresa a good few seconds to get Titaness over, but eventually pushes the more powerful wrestler over and hooks the leg in hopes of gaining a new girlfriend!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Titaness once again kicks out, but frantic Teresa Ames rolls to the mat and then tries to pin her shoulders down with a modified crucifix pin!

Lance:

Ames with another pinfall attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

No! No! Teresa trying everything she can to keep her down, but The Show of Force kicks out!

tlhe tries to stand, but before she can get fully vertical to stabilize herself, Teresa tries to make her dreams come true by getting horizontal... with a schoolgirl, you Filthy McNasties!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

The kickout and the subsequent reaction from the people registers to all, except Teresa, who once again screams at Carla.

Teresa Ames:

Three! THREE! **THREEEEEEEEE!** I had her hooked by the yoohoo and everything!

DDK:

How the hell did Titaness kick out of that?

Lance:

I don't know, but Teresa needs to stop giving Carla Ferrari grief and start trying to win!

But as the match continues, there's commotion all over the arena...

Out from the back... none other than...

DDK:

Oh, my God.. it's Uriel Cortez!

Lance:

What's he doing out here? Does this have anything to do with Titaness coming out to help out Los Tres Titanes against Cerberus last night? They seemed to be on the same page at least for last night, anyway...

The giant comes out and starts shouting words of encouragement to his (former?) beau... but a jealous and angry Teresa Ames starts to freak out!

Teresa Ames:

No! Get out! Fuck you! You had your chance! You blew it! She's mine now!

Cortez flashes her a smirk and then slaps the ring apron.

Uriel Cortez:

GET HER, HOLLY! GO!

He points behind her and when Teresa starts to turn...

SHE GETS PICKED UP AND FRONT POWERSLAMMED BY TITANESS!

DDK:

OOOH! THE RING SHOOK WITH THAT ONE! TERESA GETS DRILLED!

Lance:

AND NOT IN THE WAY SHE WAS HOPING!

DDK:

LANCE! BE A PROFESSIONAL!

Titaness gets back up and rears back in the corner, still holding her ribs but ready to fight as the Watsco Center starts to cheer... Ames slowly gets back up...

SPEAR!

DDK:

And she got all of that spear! Teresa Ames gets turned inside out!

The Titan of Industry cheers her on from the outside and with the crowd support as Titaness gets up and then hooks Ames on the shoulder...

DDK:

CLASH OF THE TITANESS!

The Death Valley Driver connects and Titaness hooks the leg as the crowd counts along!

Lance:

Is that going to do it?

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

Titaness falls back to the mat with a sigh of relief. Her ribs especially don't feel great, but she has put away Teresa Ames and won the first-ever Love Me or Leave Me match! Uriel Cortez slaps his hands together and hoots and hollers like mad!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **TITANESS!**

DDK:

Big win for Titaness tonight! She manages to shake free from the clutches of Teresa Ames and her obsessions!

It takes some doing after all the damage done by Teresa, but Titaness is able to stand of her own accord and then

gets her arm raised by Carla Ferrari. The first thing she notices after is Uriel Cortez, clapping and cheering before he starts to walk to the back without her.

Lance:

Nice show of solidarity between these two. Whatever happened between the two, they're still supporting each other as members of Los Tres Titanes.

DDK:

They seem to be civil after these past few months.

Cortez starts to get halfway up the ramp but doesn't notice Titaness rolling out of the ring. She limps after him and catches up to him. She grabs him by the hand, then the giant looks down... then gets the dreaded lip lock submission by Titaness!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

WHOA! They're more than civil, I guess! Does this mean they're back together?

Lance:

Some relationships are smooth sailing and some are smooth like gravel road... but as long as both have the same destination in mind, the journey is worth it.

DDK:

...You been replaced by a pod person, Lance? Or worse... The Hallmark Journey?

A giddy Uriel salutes the crowd with cheers and then helps Titaness to the back while getting cheers from the crowd supporting the young tall people couple. Meanwhile, Teresa is beside herself in the ring with her latest attempt at a relationship appearing to be up in smoke! The ex-Mrs. Blackwood rolls under the ropes, her eyeshadow running down her cheeks and emptiness in her sadistic heart. Is this it for her? No man. No woman. No nothing. A failure at love, relationships and wrestling. Shit guy, shit.

ALVARO de VARGAS vs. JACK MACE

DDK:

Ready for the next match, Lance? This one has a lot of bad blood and it promises to be violent.... Just how a lot of DEFIANTS like it! It's a modified No Holds Barred match here at Maximum DEFIANCE, as first head on DEF Radio! After weeks of both men going right at it... Jack Mace will finally get his hands on a man that has literally spit on his family, talked endless trash and assaulted him on multiple occasions... that being, Miami's own Alvaro de Vargas!

Lance:

Alvaro de Vargas may be the proverbial hometown favorite tonight, but he hasn't endeared himself to anyone. This stems back to DEFCON. Tom Morrow and Alvaro de Vargas gave him the boot from BFTA and tampered with Mace's work visa, only for Mace to come back with a vengeance with help from Morrow's own father, Thomas Keeling. Jack Mace coerced Morrow to accept a cage match that Mace promptly won!

DDK:

Mace thought that he was done with Morrow and BFTA... but Alvaro proved otherwise. He assaulted Mace after a match on DEFTv 169 with Jack Mace's father, Randall, and sister Esme, in attendance... then spat on them. Things have escalated since, including Alvaro assaulting him with both a steel chair as well as bloodying and strangling Mace with his chain.

Lance:

And we can't forget when Alvaro talked trash comparing his own tenure with Mace's. While Alvaro has arguably been more successful in terms of the main roster with several marquee wins, Jack Mace spent a lot of time in BFTA helping Alvaro make those wins happen, choosing money to help his family, as we've come to find out, over his own personal success.

DDK:

Both men agreed to two stipulations in this match. The first...a final confrontation of sorts. The second... No Holds Barred with a twist. Relaxed Rules as it may be known. No DQs for chokes, low blows, eye gouging, no bans on any literal choke they want to use. No rope breaks. And there must be a winner.

Lance:

Massive stipulations for both men so let's get to the action! Now!

The bell rings to signal the next match on deck with Darren Quimbey for intros.

DDK:

The following is a modified No Holds Barred match set for one fall! No DQs for chokes, low blows, eye gouging, all holds that would otherwise be illegal... are allowed! No rope breaks. And there MUST be a winner. Introducing first...

Then a chant starts to build over the speaker to the tune of an "Ole, Ole, Ole" soccer chant...

GO, MACE, GO, MACE, GO, MACE, GO, MACE! GO, MACE, GO, MAAAAACE!
GO, MACE, GO, MACE, GO, MACE, GO, MACE! GO, MACE, GO, MAAAAACE!
GO, MACE, GO, MACE, GO, MACE, GO, MACE! GO, MACE, GO, MAAAAACE!

Then the DEFIatron lights up with a soccer stadium full of cheering people... then the boot of Jack Mace delivering what has become his signature Roy Kent kick... then a firework fires from the top of the stage to the bottom...

BOOM!

♪ "Seal The Deal" by Volbeat ♪

...And out comes Jack Mace, wearing brand new attire as he gets loud cheers from the crowd! The rowdy Mace wears a silver and black soccer-style jersey with the silhouette of a big bear on the front and on the back... Mace 88. He turns around, wearing black thigh-length trunks, boots and kneepads also colored with silver underneath his jersey with a

black towel in hand. He has his signature flat cap and then flings it out into the audience as far as he can throw it! A lucky fan catches it!

Darren Quimbey

Introducing first... from Grewelthorpe, North Yorkshire, England, weighing in at 268 pounds... **"THE KILLER BEAR" JACK MACE!**

DDK:

And here he comes! No frills and no flash, all straight-ahead mayhem is Jack Mace! He himself has said now that he's free from Better Future Talent Agency, he just wants fights from anywhere and everywhere... and I have no doubt in my mind Alvaro is going to give him just that.

Lance:

Without a doubt.

The Killer Bear takes in the cheers from the crowd and then throws off his soccer jersey before it also ends up in the audience. He rolls inside the ring and then looks out to the cheering fans. The permascowl on The Killer Bear's face reserved for Alvaro de Vargas doesn't leave his face as he rolls inside the ring. He's more than ready for a scrap as he paces around the ring in very tense circles. He's been waiting for this and he's more than ready for whatever Alvaro is going to bring tonight. As Mace's music goes quiet, Darren Quimbey clears his throat and pulls out a card from his back pocket.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... I have been asked to read the following... he is "the Cocky Cuban... he is El Sol Dorado... The Golden Sun of DEFIANCE. Yannick Fillimore's Favorite Wrestler..."

DDK:

Who?

Darren Quimbey:

"He is the reason that this... hairy pendejo..." sorry... "still has a job!"

Jack Mace rolls a finger telling Quimbey to hurry it up... and an f word is probably used in there as well.

Darren Quimbey:

He wants the people of HIS HOMETOWN OF MIAMI to stand up and cheer! He asks you to celebrate his greatness, otherwise, you're a pendejo like Jack Mace...

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Jack Mace gives not one single shit about the crowd reaction as he continues to wait in his corner. His face remains unchanged.

Darren Quimbey:

He stands 6'8" and weighs in at 274 pounds... from RIGHT HERE IN MIAMI, FLORIDA...

♪ "Wherever I May Roam" by J Balvin♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Fire erupts from either side of the stage and coming out from the back in wrestling gear - dark purple tights with orange and yellow flames, red Adidas sneakers...AND A MIAMI HEAT JERSEY...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Another blast of fire from either side of the stage, eyes hidden behind red-tinted sunglasses and a cocky smirk to match as he gets a hero's welcome!

DDK:

Well... this is surreal. The man spitting on people, throwing fireballs and being a general piece of garbage... cheered in Miami.

He continues on the stage and a seeing-red Mace is ready to fight, but Alvaro milks the crowd's response! The Watsco Center goes mad as he continues to wave the jersey and show it to all sides of the arena... until he whips it off....

TO REVEAL A LAKER'S JERSEY UNDERNEATH!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Wow! And flipped on a dime!

Alvaro continues to cackle like the giant dickbag that he is as he comes sauntering down the ramp. He yells into the camera in front of him.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Fuck these pendejos! I don't need any of you kiss-asses! I wanted to dress like a WINNER tonight!

He continues to pace around the ring and taunts the crowd for a time, doing a circle at ringside... then talking to the camera again...

Alvaro de Vargas:

Tell that waste of money Jimmy Butler that I'M Miam's biggest star! i'M-AAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alvaro goes flying right into a cameraman at ringside, wrecking the feed before it switches over to another one!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! JACK MACE JUST RAN RIGHT THROUGH ALVARO ON THE FLOOR WITH A LARIAT!

The crowd ROARS when The Killer Bear finally has his fill of ADV's pomp and circumstance. He rips the Lakers jersey off Alvaro's back and starts choking him with it before the match has officially started!

Lance:

Mace doesn't give a damn about local sports teams and any of that. He's here to FIGHT!

He continues to strangle ADV around ringside before throwing him inside the ring. Once he's tossed inside, Mace grabs Darren Quimbey's microphone.

Jack Mace:

Oi... shut up, you fuckin' asshole. Ring the bell!

RRRRRRRRRRRAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Mace throws the microphone away. He takes the Lakers jersey and just for an extra reaction, stomps it on the ground and wipes his feet on it before he rolls into the ring...

DING DING DING!

Then the action starts!

With a surprise eye poke from Alvaro!

DDK:

Remember the rules! He can do that as many times as he wants, no questions asked!

Alvaro continues to assault Mace by throwing a wild headbutt and then backs him into the corner. He holds his boot up to the throat of Mace and then continues to press it on him, knowing he can choke him!

DDK:

It's getting vicious in a real hurry! These men fought once before and it was Jack Mace getting a victory by disqualification when Alvaro choked him out with his chain and busted Mace's forehead open with it, requiring fourteen stitches!

Lance:

And Mace hasn't forgotten that. He wants Alvaro and wants to finally put Better Future Talent Agency behind him for good.

Mace continues to get stomped away by Alvaro in the corner and he's free to wail on him as long as he likes, given there are no rope breaks! He continues to wail away on DEFIANCE's Wild Man with stomping and then presses a knee against his face and throat.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Where you belong, pendejo! At my feet!

After beating the brakes off of his former BFTA stablemate, Alvaro waits as he starts to stand in the corner, then charges full speed ahead, clobbering him with a big corner clothesline!

DDK:

Oof! Alvaro rattles him with that charging clothesline in the corner! And we know where he hits one of those, there's going to be three!

ADV creates some distance by running cross-corner, then comes right back to hit Mace with a second charging clothesline! Mace convulses after the shot and hunches over. Alvaro then grits his teeth and delivers a stiff right hand to make sure that he stays there. He shakes his hand after the shot, then runs again... then his charging corner clothesline number three!

Lance:

And that completes the trifecta... but ADV not going for a cover?

DDK:

Nope. Appears not.

He instead is milking the angry Miami fans for earlier. He taps his ear and tells them to bring it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alvaro looks like he's having the time of his life as Jack Mace is still hurt. He turns his attention back to Mace and then grabs an arm to set up a short-arm clothesline.

Problem?

Mace ducks, then goes right into a go-behind... **RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!**

DDK:

No! Counter by Jack Mace! Counter! He catches him with Release German!

Lance:

And look, he's not done!

Alvaro de Vargas gets stunned from the first suplex and then tries to stand in a fog, but gets taken down with a second Release German suplex! He bounces off the canvas to a loud cheer from the crowd while Mace gets up and then tries to fight back.

DDK:

That early opening by Alvaro de Vargas must have woken something up in him!

Alvaro gets back up from the second suplex and tries to fight when he feels Jack's arms wrapped around his waist. Mace eats a back elbow from ADV, but doesn't let go. Then he eats a second one... but keeps on holding... then throws him over anyway with a third release German suplex! He goes skittering across the canvas like a flat rock across the water!

Lance:

He ate those shots from Alvaro like they were breakfast and hit that suplex anyway...

Then Mace latches on...

JACK OF ALL HOLDS!

The Miami Faithful go nuts when he locks in the grounded arm triangle choke, sending Alvaro right into a panic!

DDK:

Alvaro is locked up in the Jack of All Holds! Can he get out of this?

He continues to try and claw his way to the ropes... but almost hoisted by his own petard, there's no rope break! He panics further and then pulls himself through the ropes...

BUT MACE STILL HOLDS ON!

Lance:

These two want to end this quickly! Remember, no more singles matches to be made between the two of them so wherever loses this... that's that!

DDK:

But ADV might have saved himself just a little! The submission has to happen in the ring!

ADV is STILL trapped, but he's able to shove Mace back into the barricade! But Mace STILL manages to hold on! He turns him around again and then drives him spine-first into the ring post...

Lance:

NO! Mace STILL hanging on! This is unreal!

DDK:

He wants payback so bad for what Alvaro and BFTA have put him through in the last several months! Beatdowns, verbal assaults, personal assaults! There's a reason both sides agreed to this tonight!

ADV has no other choice and is fading fast... so with the last of his strength, ADV manages to pick Mace up and then RAM him back-first into the ring post to finally get him to let go of the Jack of All Holds! Mace lets out a yelp and then collapses to the floor while ADV does the same, trying to catch his breath.

DDK:

He finally does it! He breaks the hold, but how much did that arm triangle choke take out of El Sol Dorado?

Lance:

It looks like a lot! He's not even to his feet!

The Killer Bear limps around ringside after having been tossed into the ring apron, the barricade and finally the ring post. He uses the post to keep himself up while ADV is still sucking in wind. He looks up when he sees Mace lined up in his sights. Alvaro clutches his throat and then takes in another breath while Mace is still hurt. He charges right for him...

SPEAR INTO THE BARRICADE!

DDK:

OH, HELL! ALVARO RAMS JACK MACE RIGHT THROUGH THE BARRICADE USING THAT SPEAR!

The barricade comes tumbling right over, spilling both men's massive bodies into the first row just past the timekeeper's table! The timekeeper and two techs at ringside scatter as fast as they can while the crowd goes nuts!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

The replay catches what just happened from several angles.

The proper angle with Alvaro de Vargas spearing into Mace hard enough for both men to go crashing through it.

The partition exploding into pieces as both men go through it.

And of course, tried and true slow motion.

Back to the world of real time and both big men are still fighting through ringside.

DDK:

This fight has been moving at a hundred miles per hour! No holding back in this one!

ADV quickly gets up first from the mess and grabs two handfuls of Mace's matted hair before dragging him up into a knee lift to the chest. He gets him back into the ring as quick as possible and then goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mace's shoulder is the first up off the mat and Alvaro goes into a frenzy by pounding the mat and then snarling at the referee like he's going to deck him.

DDK:

ADV not liking Jonny Fastcountini's call there.

Lance:

Cause - oddly enough - he didn't count that fast? Looked like a solid call to me.

Jonny has two fingers up. ADV ignores the diminutive official and goes back to striking Mace across the back. He sets him up for a piledriver... the crowd starts to react loud and jeer when he has the piledriver up, but before he can use it, Mace breaks free by picking him up and snapping him over with a back body drop!

DDK:

Jack Mace with the counter to the Ardiendo! He takes him over with a back body drop to save himself.

Lance:

But Mace took considerable damage going through the barricade earlier the match! How's he going to come back from that?

The Killer Bear decides once again to go back to the well by going for broke and trying another suplex when Alvaro breaks his grip... by BITING him on the forehead! Mace yells out in pain again as ADV continues to bite down until he stops. He stuns Mace long enough to run the ropes and then connect with a HUGE home run swing in the form of a running discus clothesline!

DDK:

ADV with the discus clothesline! I think Mace's head could have been knocked into the bleachers if he had hit him any harder than that!

Lance:

And now here comes ADV! Hooks the leg! Cover on Jack!

*ONE!**TWO!**NO!*

Mace uses his legs to power out of the cover! ADV angrily shoots the crowd another look when he kicks out again.

DDK:

The Killer Bear is not staying down! What does Alvaro have to do to get him to stay down?

Lance:

I don't know!

ADV curses Jonny Fastcountini's name once again under his breath and then is back to punishing his ex-BFTA stablemate. He leads him up by the arm and then buries another knee and then another shot to the back. He tries to hook Jack up for a belly-to-back suplex, but Mace grounds himself and holds onto the waist of Alvaro. The Cocky Cuban drops elbows into his head and despite Mace's best efforts, he gets picked up and dumped down hard with a belly-to-back suplex!

Despite all that work to get the suplex, he isn't done. He runs off the ropes and then comes back, dropping a double foot stomp right into the chest of Mace! The Burly Brit is left grunting and holding onto his chest when Alvaro moves over, kicks him onto his back and makes the cover!

DDK:

Cover by Alvaro! That has to be it!

*ONE!**TWO!**THR... SHOULDER UP!***Lance:**

No way! Three different nearfalls and Jack Mace has kicked out of all of them!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Ahhh! Hijo de puta! Vete a la mierda! A la mierda a todos!

After cursing his heart out in his native language at Mace, Fastcountini and anyone within earshot, Alvaro reaches under his tights and pulls down a knee pad he's wearing underneath, exposing the knee for whatever he has planned next.

DDK:

Uh-oh... Abajo Vas is up next! If he hits this, he could easily lead right to Ardiendo or the Garra del Tigre!

Lance:

And if he hits either one of those, he's not kicking out!

He leans back in the corner as the Miami Faithful continue to jeer ADV, though small pockets of cheers still permeate the noise for the hometown guy. De Vargas doesn't care who cheers or boos him right now, his sole attention lies on Mace and his ability to stand so he can nail him with the running knee lift to the chest called Abajo Vas. He fully sheds the kneepad and then gets ready for a run! But before he is able to, Mace shoots his arm up in mid-run...

MACE WITH A LOW BLOW!

DDK:

What a counter to the Abajo Vas! But modified No Holds Barred rules as we've pointed out! Both men agreed to a fight where they could beat each other down with their bare hands to end this!

ADV's eyes bulge out before he collapses to his knees! Mace does the same after weathering a lot of offense and is down along with his ex-BFTA stablemate.

DDK:

WOW! Mace lately hasn't been the kind of person to need a shortcut since being kicked out of BFTA, but "do unto others" is the name of the game tonight!

Lance:

He did it to save himself and I mean - come on - Alvaro.

While Mace is on one side of the ring trying to get up with the aid of the ropes, de Vargas is hunched over another corner and can barely stand. El Sol Dorado starts to try and stand up but when he is able to get vertical... he gets taken back down flat on his back, courtesy of another Release German Suplex!

DDK:

Oooh! Alvaro gets dumped again with another Release German! He's back in the game!

Mace slowly limps up again and favors his own midsection, but he yells out a guttural roar and the Miami Faithful respond in cheers! He picks up Alvaro again as he tries to ground himself... but he takes Release German suplex number five in this match!

Lance:

I'm counting five Release German suplexes right now! Mace using what he calls "Killer Bear" style which is just him picking you up and putting you down where he wants to!

He holds out his hands to tell the crowd one more time and they want it, so The Killer Bear gives it to him... Release German Suplex number six! Alvaro has taken two sets of three German suplexes in this match and is left bouncing around.

Lance:

Six! Six release German suplexes! How much more can Alvaro take from The Killer Bear?

DEFIANCE's Wild Man now has a grin on his face, showing he's REALLY enjoying this. Mace shouts out again and another finger...

Release German Suplex number seven!

Then Release German suplex number eight!

DDK:

How long is he going to keep doing this? Any time Alvaro tries to escape, Mace is right on top of him!

Mace slows down a bit on behalf of his own rib cage with a suplex-dazed Alvaro trying to figure out which way is pancakes. The Cocky Cuban has nobody left to defend him here. No Morrow. No Jestal. No Lucky Sevens!

Release German Suplex number nine!

DDK:

I don't believe this! This is ridiculous and the crowd is loving it!

Mace smiles like a kid on Christmas morning who likes to suplex the hell out of people and is going to end it there. One last time, Alvaro hasn't even risen up... and it takes some effort on his part... but he DEADLIFTS Alvaro up into his grip before hitting Release German suplex!

DDK:

TEN! THAT'S TEN GERMAN SUPLEXES IN THIS BOUT SINCE IT STARTED!

Lance:

AND LISTEN TO THE FAITHFUL! THE END IS NEAR FOR ALVARO!

The thousands of Miami Faithful cheer Jack Mace as he grabs him by the side and then picks him up into the side saito suplex...

DDK:

JACKDROP SUPLEX! THAT'S IT!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE.... KICKOUT!

BARELY kicking out a two and nine tenths, Alvaro rolls a shoulder up and collapses to the side before rolling into the nearby ropes! Mace curses under his breath at the kickout!

Lance:

These two have just unleashed on one another since before the bell and we still don't have a winner yet! What's it going to take tonight?

DDK:

I don't know! They've gone through their arsenals so far and neither one has an answer! That's the stakes tonight for these two!

Alvaro hangs onto the ropes when The Killer Bear tries for yet another suplex... NO! He has the Jack of All Holds locked in a second time! Alvaro is on his feet, but Mace is swinging him around to try and ground him!

DDK:

Mace with the Jack of All Holds again! Alvaro barely escaped this once! Can he even do it a second time?

Mace shakes him up against the ropes, but with no rope breaks, he can continue to do it! He continues to shake him up as the Miami fans yell and scream for Alvaro to tap out or pass out... ADV has no place else to go and grabs Jonny Fastcountini by the shirt before shoving him away...

DDK:

Hey! What'd he do that for?

With quick thinking left, ADV pulls something out of his pocket... then JABS Mace in the forehead with it!

Lance:

What the hell! What the hell does he have! Look! Mace is bleeding from the forehead!

Mace cries out after whatever weapon ADV just hit him with has cut him open! The weapon is tossed from the ring before Jonny Fastcountini sees it... then an angry ADV lunges out of the ropes...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

It looked like some kind of a... I don't know! A spike? HE'S the one who called for this match on DEF Radio! Man to man, no weapons, bare hands only!

DDK:

I know... OOOOH! HE HITS GARRE DEL TIGRE!

The spinning backfist CRACKS an unsuspecting Mace in the back of the head and has him fall against the ropes. One isn't enough, so Alvaro swings around a second time and then NAILS Mace across the face this time, sending him crumbling to the mat!

DDK:

TWO Garre Del Tigres! That's it! That's gotta be it!

ADV falls on top of Mace and then hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Who's Gonna Stop Me" by Tommee Proffit ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

Jeers fill the Watsco Center as he laughs in triumph.

DDK:

What a scumbag AND a hypocrite! He wanted this match with these stipulations... then used a weapon anyway?

Lance:

He just lives to mess with people. It's all he does. If they don't suit him, they're expendable. And ANY chance ADV is

going to have to break the rules, even if it's the ones he asked for!

ADV isn't done, though. His music cuts when he grabs Mace and then snatches him right out of the ring. Mace can't even defend himself on the floor and things go from bad to much, MUCH, **MUCH** worse when he rips some padding off the ringside floor.

DDK:

What... what the hell is he doing? What is this?!

Lance:

I don't know, but I don't like it!

The Cocky Cuban laughs as he fully peels back the padding to reveal a section of concrete floor. He slowly stalks a beaten-up and bloodied Mace... then grabs the neck of his former business colleague...

...ARDIENDO ON THE CONCRETE!

DDK:

NO! DAMN IT!

Lance:

After all that Better Future Talent Agency have done to Mace! He doesn't deserve this!

The jeering is high when Alvaro de Vargas stands up after driving Mace into the concrete floor, standing up over his battered body.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Adiós, pendejo!

He waves a not-so-polite wave to Mace as he's down and then leaves the ringside area, slowly. Taking in the jeers of the crowd, he heads up the ramp.

DDK:

Monster! He did this to Henry Keyes back at DEFIANCE Road! He did this to Mace tonight! When it looks like his own back is against the wall, ADV has pulled out victory and denied the comeuppance of others!

Lance:

He's a monster, plain and simple.

Medics rush out with a stretcher quickly as ADV walks past Wesley Miller and company, waving goodbye as he heads to the back with an extra spring in his step tonight. DEFIANCE's Head Nurse as well as several staff stand by as Jack Mace has not moved.

DDK:

That weapon he used... some sort of spike... caught him in the head! The two Garre del Tigres and that piledriver on the concrete...

Lance:

I know. I'm not a doctor and I don't even want to speculate on the damage. But he's not moving. This can't be good.

The crowd go quiet as Mace starts to be carried off. As this happens, the show cuts to advertisements for the next specials as a break to the next match.

VAE VICTUS (LINDSAY TROY & ???) vs. REZIN & JACK HARMEN

DDK:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE has been a monumental event thus far, ladies and gentlemen! And now, we're entering the final leg of matches! Next up, tag team turmoil with bragging rights at stake!

Lance:

You may be right about the "turmoil" part, Keebs. This began weeks ago when Vae Victis, the society of wrestling elite that have steadily grown in influence and power, threw down the gauntlet to all of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

And it was subsequently picked up by none other than one of the most uncanny and unpredictable DEFIANTs we've seen in years... "The Escape Artist" Rezin!

Lance:

A gutsy act, to be sure... but "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy has proven time and time again that she is as dangerous as she is ambitious. And even with the loss of Dan Ryan, her conviction in Vae Victis has only been tempered. As some might say here in DEFIANCE Wrestling, "Hell hath no fury like a *queen* scorned."

DDK:

This also brings up the question we'll finally have the answer to tonight: WHO will be in Lindsay Troy's corner as her tag partner? And to that end, WHO will be revealed as the newest addition to Vae Victis? And will they withstand the combined forces of two of the most deranged and DEFIANT daredevils to ever grace the ring? Let's go to the ring and find out!

The house lights dim as a low and heavily modulated voice comes in over the PA...

...and for once, it's not a message from the Kabal.

"I'm fflyiinnngg aawwaayy..."

Whirling sci-fi noise escalates in volume. Lights of all colors flicker in random corners of the arena. The Miami Faithful are looking to the entry-way, but see nothing. Sporadic high-pitched voices begin peeking in...

*"I'm flying! I'm flying! I'm flying!
I'm flying away! I'm flying awayyy!"*

DDK:

And I am very confused!

*"I'M FLYING!!
I'M FLYING!!
IM FLYING!!
I'M FLYIINNG!!"*

Cue the electric guitar, and the whole arena looks a lot HAZIER all of a sudden...

♪ "Who Was In My Room Last Night?" by the Butthole Surfers ♪

The riff kicks in. Nobody can tell what is happening because the stage remains completely dark.

DDK:

I can't tell if anyone's coming to the ring or not! Can you see anything, Lance?

Lance:

No, I'm not seeing... oh. Look up, Keebs.

DDK:

Look up? But--PFFWHAT THE--?!

All eyes finally look upward as something descends DOWN from a dark corner of the ring!

It's the dope-addled duo REZIN and JACK HARMEN, cruising down to the ring on a flying rocket-powered surfboard!

DDK:

Well jeez, that's something you don't see every day!

The team of the Lunatic and the Goat Bastard are wearing matching rainbow-shaded Pit Viper sunglasses and black, red, and green Hawaiian shirts patterned in pot leaves and pentagrams. Rezin is up front, rockin' Oscar Burns' golden shovel like an air guitar, while Harmen boogies on the back end with a smoking bong in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, at a combined weight of four-hundred and twenty-nine pounds... the team of "The Escape Artist" REZIN, and "The Lunatic" HIGH FLYER...
HIIIIIGH FIDELITYYYYY!!!

Smoothly, they surf down from the upper mezzanine and over the ringside seats. The Faithful, mere inches beneath them, hold up their hands to receive passing high-fives.

*♪ All night long, my body burned! The sheets were wet and cold!
The lights were on, my eyes were gone, and any second lose control!
The pounding on my window's just the pounding in my head!
I wonder who was in my room that night? WHO THE HELL WAS IN MY BED?! OWWWW!! ♪*

A dastardly grin forms on Rezin's face as he pulls out what appears to be a remote control labeled "NITRO" with only a single, shiny, candy-red button. He buries his finger into that button and--

FWOOSH!!

Streams of FIRE shoot out of the thrusters as the surfboard suddenly ROCKETS forward! Harmen, completely caught off guard, falls off the back end and transitions from surfing a board to surfing the crowd! Rezin, meanwhile, falls onto the speeding board beneath him and grips it for dear life, as it quickly accelerates beyond his control. A few of the cables snap from the stress, and suddenly the "flying" surfboard is doing barrel rolls as it swings a wide circle around the ring!

Rezin:

AAAAAAHHH!!!

*♪ There must have been a body there, I swear I felt some flesh!
It took a little time, but I figured they were mine, there were fingers going down my chest!
My mouth went through the ceiling and my body fell to the floor!
I couldn't find a key 'cause there was no hole I could see and SOMEONE HAD MOVED THE DOOR!! YOWWWW!! ♪*

Jack rides the crowd out over the barricade and quickly hops to the apron for a boost. He leaps and SNAGS the chaotically corkscrewing surfboard! In one hand, he succeeds in leveling it out, but in another, finds himself dangling precariously underneath it as it continues to swing around out of control!

DDK:

This is MADNESS! One of these two is going to break their NECK if they aren't careful out there!

Lance:

I mean... is that anything out of the ordinary for these two?

Harmen gets Rezin's attention and points to the ring. Regaining his wits, the Goat Bastard grips the end of the board and redirects its course to their final destination. Hanging off the bottom, Jack tucks in his legs to clear the ropes and safely touches down to the canvas, gracefully landing on his feet. Rezin hops off next, but inexplicably falls into the ropes, into which he naturally becomes entangled!

DDK:

With yet another Pay Per View event, we are gifted with another gloriously botched entrance for the Escape Artist!

Jack picks the golden shovel that had been dropped in the ring during the chaos and hurries over to pry his partner from the ropes using the gilded spade. After a quick straightening out, the two realize (or remember?) where they are, and immediately begin playing to the cheering crowd. There's strutting and smirking and arm pumping and cackling and--

Jack Harmen & Rezin:

AAHH!!

They HIT THE MAT just in time to avoid the rocket-accelerated surfboard they came in on, which still careens wildly through the air like a missile! Unable to hold any longer, the last cable SNAPS and the rocket board takes a NOSEDIVE!

DDK:

LOOK OUT!! IT'S COMING DOWN!!

"Thankfully" in the direction of the LCD rampway...

CRASH!!

When the smoke clears, a dead surfboard stands erect out of the snow-covered palm tree giant "I" that serves as the rampway. Obviously, it's no longer lit.

Lance:

So, I guess for the rest of the night, DEFIANCE presents "MAX MUM?"

Bellies still on the mat in the ring, Rezin and Harmen glance at the disaster in astonishment. Then they look at each other, and shrug.

DDK:

These two together are going to be as volatile a pair as fire and gasoline!

Lance:

A match made in hash heaven? Still, I for one am interested in seeing how these two utilize their similar daredevil approaches to wrestling in working together as a tag team.

DDK:

Well, at least they managed to work together to make it to the ring in one piece. Just barely though...

Again, the house lights come low. The mood in the arena suddenly shifts. A familiar pounding piano line begins to play, accompanied by soft, ethereal chants.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

*♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪*

Fog rolls across the entrance stage as a bright white light from underneath beams upward. Vae Victis is lifted skyward while spotlights instantaneously light up two figures on the lift, revealing the pair of “The Queen of the Ring” Lindsay Troy and “The Kraken” Henry Keyes. They stoically keep their heads down as they stand side by side. The crowd roars the moment they appear!

On the screen, all of the letters disappear, leaving only initials behind.

V V

*♪ Stranger fruit is a plant of the well,
Flesh so bitter it picks itself. ♪*

Two scorch-marks appear on the screen with a crackle of electricity, underscoring the two remaining letters on the screen. Troy and Keyes slowly look up, wearing matching confident smiles.

V V

*♪ Stranger fruit with a beckoning call,
From the crown to the root, this tree won't fall. ♪*

Slowly and in unison, the two underlined “V’s” rotate clockwise to form two new letters...

K K

*♪ STRANGER FRUIT, GOT HOLES IN FLESH!
BUT IT AIN'T GONNA SCAR 'CAUSE IT NEVER HOLDS FAST! ♪*

The fans are LOUD as they begin to put two and two together... and at that moment, a third spotlight pops on, revealing the figure standing between the Queen and the Kraken.

DDK:
WHAT?!

Lance:
I knew it!

The third member of Vae Victis raises his head and looks out into the stunned crowd, his name now fully spelled out on the screen above him.

KERRY KUROYAMA

The trio remain motionless and let the crowd roar around them for several moments. Then the Pacific Blitzkrieg looks to Troy and gets a nod. He likewise gets one from Keyes when he looks at him.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of four-hundred and thirty-nine pounds... the team of “The Queen of the Ring” LINDSAY TROY and “The Pacific Blitzkrieg” KERRY KUROYAMA... **VAAAEIEE VICTIIIIIIIS!!!**

Henry gives his compatriots supportive forearm bumps before walking to the back. Lindsay and Kerry make their way down the darkened LCD rampway, now thankfully without the surfboard but bearing an obvious gaping hole in the center. Kerry leads the way, showing off his new black trunks with silver and emerald trim and thundercloud and dragon decals on the sides. The self-proclaimed ACE of DEFIANCE swaggers behind him, looking very, very smug.

♪ *There's a STORM out there...*
There's a storm out there...
They're out somewhere...
There's a storm out there. ♪

Troy and Kuroyama split up when they reach the bottom of the ramp and flank either side of the ring. They climb the steps at opposing sides, effectively coming at their opponents from each direction. Between the ropes, Jack Harmen and Rezin are back-to-back, fists raised, and ready to tussle.

DDK:

After weeks of speculation, the reveal has finally been made! "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama has joined Troy and Keyes in Vae Victis!

Lance:

A perfect fit on paper, if you ask me. I can only wonder how long this has been in the works, or if the pair of Troy and Kuroyama have had any time to develop team chemistry. Tonight's match may be an initiation, so to speak, for Kerry.

DDK:

But on the other hand, you can count on the likes of Jack Harmen and Rezin to SPOIL that initiation, if they had their way!

LT and Kerry are grinning like hungry predators closing in on prey as they step through the ropes... but after some prolonged tension and cold stares, immediate confrontation is avoided when both teams maneuver around to their respective corners.

Referee Brian Slater checks on both teams, but it's clear they're both ready. Starters are already selected as the official cues for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

It would appear that Vae Victis intends to give Kerry the start in this match, which would serve as an opportunity to show exactly what he intends to bring to this elite group. Rezin, meanwhile, is coming out of his own corner with all the calmness of a volatile stick of unstable dynamite!

Kuroyama is the image of quiet, calm focus, while Rezin bounces impatiently from foot to foot. Kerry looks to grapple but Rezin, looking to fight and raring to go, unleashes a Bruce Lee-style flurry of kicks, chops, and strikes. The Pacific Blitzkrieg calmly parries through everything thrown his way.

DDK:

Rezin comes out swinging like a spitfire, but Kuroyama stays on the defensive... and a SWEEP trips the Goat Bastard to the canvas off a missed hook kick!

Lance:

His patience paid off in that case.

Kerry quickly goes for the ankle, but Rezin pushes himself up, rolls through, and slips free before he can get a grip. This time, he practically crashes himself into Kuroyama going into a collar-and-elbow tie-up.

DDK:

Rezin is dauntlessly opting for his mat game here!

Lance:

I don't expect he'll get much out of it against the likes of Kerry Kuroyama!

DDK:

It could be a case of having more guts than brains! Nevertheless, Rezin is struggling to overpower the Pacific Blitzkrieg... and Kerry just effortlessly shoves him off and sends him flying!

Kerry's strength causes Rezin to bounce off the canvas and continue rolling out of control, nearly tumbling through the ropes to the outside, but Jack reaches out in the nick of time and snags him by the pants for the save!

Tangled in the ropes, Rezin scrambles up to his feet. The consummate veteran Harmen assists him with a tug into the corner and some words of support. Galvanized and refocused, Rezin digs up his determination and gets back into the fray, where Kerry is patiently waiting.

Lance:

Do you think Jack gave him a spot of advice there, or just suggestions on where to get burgers after the event?

DDK:

With those two, I honestly couldn't tell you. As we get back to the action, Rezin now looks a bit more careful in his approach! Kerry Kuroyama has stone-walled him to this point, but one false step and the Pacific Blitzkrieg will effortlessly turn him inside out!

Rezin steps lightly and does some odd, distracting handwork as the two resume encircling each other. Kuroyama moves in for another tie-up, but barely gets his hands up in time to catch a boot shooting for his midsection. Rezin quickly gets spun around, bound into a waistlock.

DDK:

Kerry moves behind off the blocked kick... GERMAN SUPLEX -- NO!!

The Escape Artist deftly lands on his feet! Momentum continues as he bounces off the ropes and keeps running. Kerry waits with a Back Body Drop -- but again, Rezin lands on his feet and keeps moving!

The Goat Bastard moves out of control yet again, chest hitting the ropes and sending him running backwards into Kuroyama. Kerry dips down and flips him over through the air with a Back Suplex...

DDK:

Rezin lands on his feet AGAIN! Incredible athleticism!

Lance:

Kuroyama is not getting anything sending the Escape Artist through the air, and it's beginning to frustrate him!

DDK:

The slippery devil Rezin hits the ropes again, but this time Kerry is waiting... NO! Rezin baseball slides through his legs! He pops back up to his feet... CLOVEN HOOF KICK--JUST barely misses!

Kerry jukes out of the way and barely misses Rezin's heel as it swings by his face. He immediately seizes on his opportunity while his opponent is off balance, trapping the leg and grabbing him around the waist. Before Rezin can react, he is flung violently with an Exploder Suplex that leaves him ragdolling across the mat!

DDK:

After a series of reversals, Rezin went for a killshot out of nowhere, but instead gifted Kerry with the suplex he had been looking for!

Lance:

Kuroyama somehow kept his head through all that.

Rezin, shaken up, steadily pulls himself up with the ropes, but Kuroyama runs in with a forearm to the back of the head to dash any ideas about making a tag. He instead leads the Goat Bastard to the opposite side of the ring to make a tag

of his own to Lindsay Troy, getting a decidedly mixed reaction from the Miami Faithful.

Kerry hooks Rezin by the arms from behind, leaving him completely exposed. Rezin comes-to just in time to look up and see the Queen of the Ring gracefully descending upon him through the air. Both of her feet bury themselves into his face, right as Kuroyama lifts him up from behind!

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK by Lindsay Troy off the tag, right into a TIGER SUPLEX by Kuroyama! Wonderful tandem maneuver!

Lance:

I guess that answers what kind of chemistry these two would have teaming together. But I can speculate that they've had plenty of time to prepare for this.

DDK:

Waiting until tonight to unveil the newest member of Vae Victis has definitely worked to their advantage. The Queen of the Ring has Rezin at her mercy now, and she immediately goes for the pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Rezin slips out the back door and attempts to get to his corner for the tag, but Troy snags him by the skulllet before he can get there and yanks him into an inverted facelock. A quick twist and drop later, and the Goat Bastard is clutching his jaw and dropping onto his back after the Rolling Stunner!

The Queen of the Ring has rule over the ring as she takes a moment to pass by the opposing corner and exchange some words with the Lunatic standing on the apron. Her face is one of full cockiness. She measures the distance, breaks into a run, and NAILS Rezin with a low dropkick as he fumbles around on the mat that knocks him through the ropes to the outside!

DDK:

There goes Rezin to the outside, as the Escape Artist can't escape this beating at the hands of Vae Victis!

Lance:

He fearlessly answer their challenge, but he may not be realizing that he bit off more than he can chew. Lindsay Troy is undisputedly one of the greatest talents in DEFIANCE, and Kerry Kuroyama's surprise entry into this match has only made this situation worse for the Goat Bastard.

LT, standing tall in the center of the ring, outstretches her arms and slowly does a circle, giving the Miami Faithful an opportunity to cheer or boo her to their hearts' desire. Meanwhile, official Brian Slater begins a mandatory ten count on Rezin, but doesn't get too far into it when Kerry comes off the apron.

DDK:

Rezin is struggling to get up on the outside... but here comes Kuroyama, pulling him the rest of the way up and PRESSING HIM off the floor! And through the ropes and back INTO the ring goes Rezin!

Lance:

Offering his teammate a bit of a helping hand, rather than Troy having to leave the ring herself. I don't think the Queen of the Ring is daring enough to allow Jack Harmen to leave her periphery for too long.

DDK:

Good point...

Rezin scrambles to his feet as Troy advances on him, JUST BARELY ducking a high roundhouse aimed for his head, and catches the former FIST off guard with a middle hook kick that catches her in the ribs! Troy clutches her side, and the crowd pops when Rezin suddenly has an opening.

Rezin takes the head and flips her over with a Snapmare, but Troy BRIDGES instead of hitting the canvas! LT twists and reverses, looking to transition into a standing Cobra Clutch, but the Escape Artist slips free from her grip and counters with a jumping Reverse STO!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK: Rezin puts Troy to the MAT with the S-T-O to counter, and he dives to make the much-needed tag to Jack Harmen!

The crowd pops LOUD as Lindsay Troy rallies herself on the mat and sees Jack Harmen hopping the top rope to enter. The longtime rivals wear matching grins as they stare each other down.

Lance:

Just like old times with these two.

DDK:

There is no love lost between Lindsay Troy and Jack Harmen, whose battles have gone back years through various federations! And now, inexplicably, they find themselves face to face once more!

Troy and Harmen tie up. Troy comes out on top with a tight armbar. Jack slaps his shoulder and flips out of it, reversing the torsion back into LT's arm. Troy counters with a sweep that puts Harmen on his back, but misses on a leg drop when the Lunatic sits up!

Jack Harmen jumps HIGH and comes down with a spiking double stomp that hits only canvas, as Troy rolls out of the way! LT kips up and instinctively ducks LOW as Harmen comes at her with a roundhouse kick! Troy sweeps again, but Jack spryly avoids it with a standing FLIP and pounces back with a hurricanrana!

But Troy BLOCKS herself from flipping over, leaving Harmen dropping onto his shoulders! Thinking quick, Jack twists himself into a headscissor takedown, which Troy gracefully CARTWHEELS her way out of! The two pause in the action to stare each other down while the Miami Faithful cheer wildly at the exchange!

Lance:

I could watch this ALL NIGHT, Keebs! These two only get better with years!

DDK:

These two know each other inside and out in that ring! It all comes down to who blinks first!

Egged on by the crowd, the two rivals begin circling each other again. They go into motion for another lock up--but the Queen swerves everyone by turning into an inside chop that hits Harmen point blank in the chest! Harmen backpedals off the impact, and Troy keeps him going by pushing him off the ropes!

The former High Flyer leapfrogs a back body drop attempt off the rebound and springboards off the opposite end with a MOONSAULT--which Troy keenly avoids by taking a big step back! Harmen is off balance when he lands on his feet, giving LT an opening to put him into a full nelson.

DDK:

Moonsault misses the mark, and now Lindsay Troy goes for a DRAGON SUPLEX--NO!! Harmen blocks it with a LEG-SCISSOR around the hips... and REVERSES INTO A WHEELBARROW VICTORY ROLL!!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Lindsay Troy breaks free, but Harmen summons reinforcements, making the tag back to the Goat Bastard!

Troy quickly rolls to her feet as Rezin hops the ropes, standing alongside his partner. Rezin and Harmen come at her with kicks from either side. LT deftly catches them by the legs... but in doing so, leaves herself completely defenseless...

DDK:

DOUBLE-ENZIGURI!! Lindsay Troy's bell was just RUNG after that tandem maneuver!

Troy drops to her knees first before falling flat on her face!

Lance:

Astonishingly, they were somehow thinking the same thing!

DDK:

Well, a broken clock is right twice a day...

Harmen and Rezin congratulate each other with a high five, before the Lunatic heads to the apron. The Goat Bastard grins mischievously, seeing Lindsay Troy completely at his mercy!

The "Ace" is gradually coming to her senses as Rezin stalks her from behind, grinning like a devil and taking a special kind of delight in stalking the Queen of the Ring. He pounces from behind... but a BACK ELBOW from Troy leaves him reeling! Troy capitalizes with an inverted facelock, and lifts Rezin into a Reverse Suplex--

DDK:

REZIN LANDS ON HIS FEET, AND COUNTERS WITH A BLACK THUNDER BOMB!! HE HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Rezin's got to be feeling confident right now. Can these two really pull it off tonight?

Rezin pounces on Troy, locking up the arms and looking for a VERTEBREAKER... but instead, Troy unexpectedly snaps back to life, twists out of it, and BURIES his face into the canvas with an inverted double-underhook facebuster!

DDK:

OH!! Down goes Rezin, as Lindsay Troy literally and figuratively turns the tables! And now she makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Troy keeps at it, pulling Rezin off the mat and sending him running to the corner with a whip. She runs in after him, but doesn't expect the sudden HEADSTAND the Escape Artist performs on the top turnbuckle, and her shoulder takes an unforeseen bump! As she stumbles off the impact, Rezin resets himself on the top rope...

DDK:

Rezin is GOING UP... and there's the REZINRANA OFF THE TOP ROPE!

Lindsay Troy is sent head over heels... until she sticks the landing! The capacity crowd GASPS as thousands of minds simultaneously explode!

DDK:

WHOA!

The Goat Bastard is too busy patting himself on the back over his aerial feat, unaware that Troy is staring daggers into his back. On the apron, Harmen gets his attention and gestures to check his six. Rezin's joy melts into a dismal expression of absolute dread. Slowly, he turns himself around to face the music...

A vicious HAYMAKER to the noggin from the Queen of the Ring rocks Rezin into the corner! He staggers off the turnbuckles and runs straight into her waiting arms, as she locks up his head and hooks his leg.

DDK:

FISHERMAN BRAINBUSTER!! Rezin was just SPIKED into the canvas!

Rezin takes an UNGODLY bounce off the top of his head... and amazingly, miraculously lands on his feet as well!

DDK:

...WHAT?!

Rezin is seemingly unphased from having his head drilled straight into the mat, and manages a few steps... then his legs give way, and he's hobbling away on his knees. A second later, the delayed reaction fully kicks in as his torso falls into the ropes and convulses in agony, eyes rolling back into his head.

DDK:

Rezin's BRAINS must've been sent straight to his feet! The Queen of the Ring drags him clear from the ropes, and here's the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Troy rises up to her feet the moment she spies Jack Harmen looking to step through the ropes and break it up!

Troy taunts the Lunatic into pressing his luck, but Jack decides against it at the last minute, as though he knows there will be plenty of opportunities to get crazy later on. The former FIST redirects her attention back to her new favorite punching bag, peeling Rezin off the mat and sending him running to the corner off an Irish whip!

Rezin's face bumps off the top turnbuckle, seemingly knocking him sober with a shake of his head, BARELY dodging a flying double knee strike coming his way from LT!

DDK:

Queen's Gambit JUST MISSES the mark! Rezin is NOT READY to be put away without a fight!

Rezin lands a **HARD** swift kick to the trunk of the Queen of the Ring, nearly doubling her over! Troy's face turns red with rage before straightening up and responding with a **HEAVY** kick to the chest of her own, sending the Goat Bastard reeling back and unleashing a raspy, agonized groan!

And like a madman, he comes back for more...

Rezin kicks!

RAAAHHH!

Troy kicks **HARDER!**

RAAAHHH!

Rezin kicks **HARDEST!**

RAAAHHH!

LT kicks **HARD-FINITE!!**

RAAAHHH!

The two of them are stumbling on rubber legs at this point, clutching their lungs and struggling to breathe...

DDK:

It's like titans trying to topple one another, but neither one is giving the other an inch!

Lance:

Nowhere to go from here, but all in.

LT pivots herself and comes back with a Spinning Heel Kick... but in the same instant, Rezin unleashes a Cloven Hoof Kick of his own! The sound of heels smacking into jaws rings **LOUD** throughout the arena, and the Faithful **GASP!**

DDK:

GOOD GOD, NO! DOUBLE SPINNING HEEL KICKS, and both competitors have TAKEN EACH OTHER OUT!!

Rezin and Troy simultaneous **CRUMBLE** into heaps

The crowd is doing its best to blow the roof off of the Watsco Center. Slater has begun the count to ten as Rezin and Troy slowly come to their senses on the mat and begin the race to their respective corners. Troy, eyes fluttering, focuses on Kuroyama's arms stretched over the top rope. She digs deep to drag herself inch by inch across the canvas...

On the other side of the ring, Harmen is gaining ridiculous hangtime bouncing off the ropes, excitably trying to wake up the crowd and rally behind the Goat Bastard! Rezin is still out like a light, face down and ass up on the mat.

FIGHT-FOR-EV-ER!!

FIGHT-FOR-EV-ER!!

FIGHT-FOR-EV-ER!!

FIGHT-FOR-EV-ER!!

DDK:

Troy is down! Rezin is down! Who is going to tag out first!? It's literally ANYBODY'S game now!

Lance:

Kerry looks desperate to get back into the ring. The longer these two stay alive in this match, the more unpredictable things are bound to get!

Troy is gathering her senses and pushing herself back up to her knees. She sprawls the last couple feet to tag in Kuroyama, who hits the ring like a house of fire! He makes a beeline for the crumpled body of Rezin...

Until the Goat Bastard suddenly snaps to life, springing across the ring in a single bound and slapping the SHIT out of Jack Harmen's hand! The Miami Faithful POP LOUD!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

TAG MADE... and Jack Harmen comes into the ring with the SPRINGBOARD THESZ PRESS to put Kuroyama on his back! And now the Lunatic is WAILING AWAY on the face of the newest member to Vae Victis!

Lance:

Kerry and LT seemed to have things under their control for a while, but these two upstarts are not to be taken lightly. Harmen and Rezin have proven many times in their individual exploits that they can shift the momentum of a match in a heartbeat.

After a flurry of shots, Harmen pops to his feet and fires up the Miami Faithful, who are nothing short of thunderous after the hot tag! Then he backs up into the corner and patiently waits for Kerry to shake out the cobwebs and push himself to his feet...

Troy is calling Kerry to attention, but he can't seem to hear her as he slowly turns around. Harmen comes running like a bolt of lightning...

DDK:

LOCOMOTION--NO!!

Lance:

Missed by a HAIR!

Kuroyama sidesteps the running Yakuza Kick at the last second and takes Harmen to the mat with a quick leg tackle! Before Harmen can react, Kerry sets him into the pumphandle hold and lifts him up...

DDK:

Kerry with the reversal, and now he has Jack Harmen up on his shoulder... going for the KUROYAMA DRIVER--but REZIN REACHES OVER THE ROPES and YANKS Harmen back down the mat before the Emerald Flowsion could be completed!

Lance:

Quick thinking by the Escape Artist, giving his partner the assist. He is all but too familiar with the wrath of the dreaded Kuroyama Driver.

Kerry twirls around with a lariat, but the cagey veteran smoothly DUCKS and bites back with a kick to the midsection! Kuroyama is in perfect position for Harmen to hook both arms, dig in his heels, and pull the Pacific Blitzkrieg off his feet!

Kuroyama goes back into the mat head-first following a Double Underhook Brainbuster! On the apron, Rezin ecstatically bounces off the second rope and rallies the Miami Faithful! Across the ring, a look of concern crosses the face of the former FIST.

DDK:

HYPOTHERMIA! Jack Harmen may have just ruined Kerry Kuroyama's initiation into Vae Victis! Cover made!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--KERRY POPS THE SHOULDER!

Lance:

LT just breathed a sigh of relief over in her corner!

Harmen rolls off of Kerry's chest and grabs his head in shock and frustration, but referee Brian Slater holds up the two fingers to confirm the count. Undeterred, Jack pulls Kuroyama back off the mat and wraps his head into a three-quarter facelock before running to the turnbuckle...

But Kerry slips out and **SHOVES** him off at the last minute, forcing Harmen's face to collide with the top turnbuckle! Seeing his opening, the Pacific Blitzkrieg dodge-rolls over to the corner of Vae Victis and slaps the outstretched hand of the former FIST!

DDK:

Troy gets the tag, and the Queen of the Ring is back in the ring and delivers a running **KNEE** to the head of Jack Harmen before he can regain his bearings!

Lance:

I can't help but notice that Lindsay Troy is no longer wearing her trademark confident smirk; she is all business right now. This newfangled team of "High Fidelity" has given Vae Victis more trouble than they anticipated tonight.

DDK:

Right now, she looks ready to end things! Troy has the dazed Jack Harmen from behind... and **DROPS HIM** with a Reverse Hurricanrana, right into the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT! Still some life in Jack Harmen!

Troy wastes no time wrangling Harmen back off the mat and doubles him over with a sharp boot to the gut! The Lunatic can go nowhere as she hooks the arms and **CRUSHES HIM** with a double-underhook face plant!

DDK:

FINAL JUDGMENT! That could be all she wrote! Troy hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY REZIN!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!

A soccer kick to the temple kicks the former FIST off of Harmen's chest! Rezin ignores the official's commands to return to his corner, and intends to keep the assault on LT going before she has a chance to strike back. But Kuroyama is there with a DISCUS LARIAT that nearly takes the Goat Bastard's head off!

DDK:

Kerry is right there to even the scales, and punishes Rezin with some stiff stomps to the head! But here comes Harmen, hooking him from BEHIND--COLD SNAP!

Lance:

Brian Slater is desperately trying to regain control of this match, but it might be too late by this point!

DDK:

Harmen is setting Kerry into something now...

Lance:

Mexican Surfboard?

DDK:

Here comes Troy to break it up--CAUGHT OFF GUARD by a Drop Toe Hold by REZIN... and now he's setting her up into the same move!

Jack and Rezin lock up the legs, grab their respective opponents by the arms, exchange a glance, and nod to one another... before simultaneously throwing their weight back and stretching both Kuroyama and Troy into the air!

DDK:

DOUBLE MEXICAN SURFBOARDS!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!

DDK:

NEITHER of these submission attempts are LEGAL MATCH-UPS! THIS MAKES NO SENSE!

Lance:

Does that really surprise you with these two, Keebs?

Troy and Kuroyama are both groaning and struggling to get free as the dastardly daredevil duo keep them held up for several moments. Finally, Slater has had enough, and begins threatening Rezin with a disqualification if he doesn't break it up and get out of the ring.

Rezin:

...WHAT THE HELL?! WHY ME!? What about HIM?!

Kerry Kuroyama:

GRRR REZIN YOU SON OF A--

The brief distraction is all Lindsay Troy needs to free an arm, fall back, and drop an elbow across the throat of the Goat Bastard, effectively breaking the hold! She rolls back onto her feet, stretching out her shoulders before snagging a handful of Rezin's BEARD and throwing him violently over the ropes to the outside!

Lance:

That looked painful...

DDK:

To the outside goes Rezin, as Lindsay Troy runs in and gets an open KICK to the ribs of Jack Harmen, freeing up Kerry! Vae Victis are taking this back into their control now... double Irish-whip sends Harmen HARD into the corner... but HEADS UP!

Then a shadow in the shape of a human falls over them. They look up just in time to see the Escape Artist coming down out of the sky like an atomic bomb in the shape of an inverted cross...

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!

DDK:

HUUUGE REZINSAULT! THE GOAT BASTARD JUST CAME OUT OF NOWHERE and LAID OUT BOTH MEMBERS OF VAE VICTIS!

Lance:

This match has descended into all-out madness!

Bodies are chaotically strewn across the ring, stirring themselves into recovery. Ever the cunning ring veteran, Lindsay Troy inches herself to the ropes and makes use of them to pull her way up.

Troy is the first to make it to her feet... but then sees someone up and standing by in the opposite corner.

DDK:

Wait a minute, HARMEN IS BACK TO HIS FEET!

Dread fills the face of the Queen of the Ring when she finds herself completely vulnerable! Then the Lunatic CHARGES FORTH, a living CRAZY TRAIN set to derail!

DDK:

LOCOMOTION... CONNECTS!

...only Kerry Kuroyama is the one to go down.

DDK:

NO! KERRY PUT HIMSELF into the LINE OF FIRE at the LAST SECOND! Jack Harmen hit the WRONG TARGET!

Lance:

Quick thinking by Kerry! He just saved this match for Vae Victis!

Kuroyama sprawls off the impact, but ends up colliding heads with Rezin, and both men hit the mat. Harmen is caught flat-footed when LT twirls him around and pops a boot into his gut to double him over. Troy reaches down to hook the legs, and it's academic...

DDK:

THY KINGDOM COME!

The Queen of the Ring looks diabolically pleased with herself as she keeps her old foe folded into the prawn hold, shoulders on the mat.

DDK:

SHE MAKES THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The crowd is torn between exuberance and disappointment. Troy rolls over onto a knee for a beat, teeth grinding as she rubs her jaw, but looking content that the job was handled in the end. She walks over to where Rezin and Kerry are slowly recovering, giving the former a swift kick to the hind quarters that sends him tumbling through the ropes to the floor!

Kuroyama looks up to see Troy extending her hand to help him up. He accepts it and returns to his feet. Brian Slater stands between the victors and holds their arms up in triumph.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, here are your winners... LINDSAY TROY and KERRY KUROYAMA... **VAE VICTIS!!**

DDK:

Queen takes Bishop, and THAT is checkmate! Ever the consummate veteran and ring commander, "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy picks up the hard fought victory tonight for Vae Victis!

Lance:

Kerry Kuroyama played his part in the match as well, and I'd say in the eyes of LT, he's earned his place in the group here tonight. It shouldn't go without mention also, this alliance between Rezin and Jack Harmen was everything it was hyped up to be!

DDK:

I'll agree with you there. The Lunatic and the Escape Artist were absolutely STUPENDOUS tonight, and I hope this isn't the last we see of the newly christened "High Fidelity!" But the poise and posterity put on by the team of Troy and Kuroyama proved to be too much for their combined craziness!

Troy and Kuroyama exit the ring and walk side-by-side up the ramp. In the ring, Harmen is starting to come-to while Rezin slides back under the ropes to check on him. The Goat Bastard puts his hand on the shoulder of the Lunatic, but his eyes are glaring angrily at the backs of Vae Victis.

WE ARE

An image with borders of a Polaroid style frame of two young boys— possibly brothers aged between 8 to 10-years old— materializes from the abrupt transition after the previous commercial break. There's a loud "WE ARE!" chant heard that's been superimposed into the background of the aforementioned picture. It's sudden. It's jarring. It's LOUD.

The Polaroid picture shows both boys with a head of blonde hair. One has a headlock on the other and a smile on them both.

"WE ARE!"

The loud chant snaps our attention to the next picture that slides into focus. This one shows the two boys around the same age, wearing amateur wrestling outfits complete with Under Armour headgear. Clearly, it's a Youth Wrestling tournament with about a hundred parents watching on from the stands. Signs for E.P.E., Easterly Park Elementary, are littered throughout a gymnasium full of parents cheering on their sons and daughters.

The focus, for only a moment, is on one of the young boys we saw previously. In a short video clip with the same "Polaroid" borders we saw in the picture, he goes for a double-leg takedown on another young boy of equal size. Our boy in question is successful in his attempt and the other boy crashes to the ground in a heap.

We flash to a short video clip of another kid, presumably the other brother seen in the previous picture. He goes for a single-leg takedown on another equally sized boy and is as successful as his presumed brother was.

"WE ARE!"

Flash to another still picture of the two boys. This time they're in their teens, and their manes of hair are a lot longer and much more profound. Each of them sports a Letterman jacket and they are about 14 to 16 years old. Holding each other's shoulders with one arm and holding out a fist in a "cool" pose with one another, a much older man stands behind them. He's as proud as a Papa, and holds trophies in his arms with first place medals in each of his arms.

We switch to another short clip of one of the two adolescents, wearing similar amateur wrestling gear as before. He goes in for a takedown but shoots behind his opponent and takes him to the thin gymnasium mat harshly on the back of his neck. Floating over, he criss-crosses a leg on the kid's arm, trapping him as he stretches out his leg. It's not long before the referee calls for the point.

As expected, we flash to a second video of the other teenager. Holding his opponent by the waist, the second long-haired brother drives him forward unexpectedly, landing on top of his opponent. Turning to his back, the young man waits for his moment. Just as expected, the opponent swings a leg up, trying to escape, but is caught immediately. Neutralizing him from a normally disadvantageous position, the young but strong brother still manages to get both of his opponent's shoulders down and the referee calls for the defensive pin.

"WE ARE!"

Flash to a third still picture of the two boys— who have grown into big strong men. Both are in a hunched position next to one another, gilded in gold from medals galore along with three "Division I Champions" trophies underneath them. A whole team of amateur wrestlers stand behind them. Some flexing. Some posing. All showing their support for these two brothers.

Flashes from video clips happen in rapid succession.

One brother lifts an opponent up and smashes him to the mat with a brutal forward-facing front slam.

The other brother also lifts an opponent up with a waist-lock and deadlifts him to the mat with a German suplex.

The first brother flips forward with both arms tucked underneath his own, trapping him indubitably.

The same brother who German suplexed his opponent, traps his opponent in a side-mount, burying his face into the mat as he awaits the slam of the referee's hand to signify the pin.

"WE ARE!"

"Unless you continually work, evolve, and innovate, you'll learn a quick and painful lesson from someone who has."

The person's name who is quoted fades in:

~Carl Sanderson, Legendary PennState Wrestling Coach

"WE ARE!"

Silence. Followed by a lone graphic:



HE IS WHO SCROW THINK'S HE IS!

We go backstage where Christie Zane is standing by with the Southern Heritage Champion Scrow and Minerva Hive. The champ has his venom-style leather jacket, and his wrestling gear is lime green with black birds on the sides of his trunks, and on the shin pads of his footwear. He has a transparent rimmed green lens monocle over his right eye, with his hair slicked behind his head. The Soher over his left shoulder. Minerva is pretty much in the same color scheme as Scrow, Unlike Scrow though she has a green corset, with black leather pants and boots. Her hair braided behind her head with a pair of shades on.

Christie Zane:

In just a few moments, you Scrow will have to step into that ring and face "The Kraken" Henry Keyes, what do you have to say before your title defense?

Scrow:

Only that Scrow's entourage has set up the afterparty, so after The greatest, Southern Heritage Champion goes out there and once more bitch slaps another Favoured Saints Champion. Scrow is going to indulge himself in a little bit of the bubbly, and have a happy ever after sort of night if you know what he means.

Christie seems a bit disgusted by that remark, Hive on the other hand has her arms crossed staring at Scrow, she pulls Christie's hand with the stick over to her lips.

Minerva Hive:

Do you think just because you sent a message to Henry at DEFTV 172, that this is still in the bag? Scrow we beg of you to stop taking this match lightly. Keyes is a formidable opponent.

Scrow grabs Christie's hand a slight grunt is heard from her while he pulls the mic back to his mouth.

Scrow:

You know what Scrow has a thought Hive. Since your SOOOO into Henry Keyes, why don't you be his valet? Hell go joined Vae Victus, Scrow hears they are down a member maybe you can fill the spot.

Christie again gets her hand grabbed from Hive and pulled to her mouth.

Minerva Hive:

Are you trying to burn your last bridge?

Scrow off-mic.

Scrow:

Not burn it blow that son of a bitch up!

Minerva Hive:

You are the biggest self-centered egomaniacal bastard we have ever seen.

Christie tries to bud in.

Christie Zane:

Do you really believe your own hype that much?

Shouting toward Christie.

Scrow:

SCROW IS THE HYPE!

Her eyes quickly widen with a bit of a step back, as she tries to collect herself.

Christie Zane:

Look you two obviously...

Scrow:

Shut up, Kristen!

With an annoyed look on her face, she replies.

Christie Zane:

It's Christie!

Scrow just stares at her, then looks back at Hive.

Scrow:

He said it on DEFRADIO, he said it in that museum. Scrow is the best damn professional wrestler in this company PERIOD! He does not need ANYONE!

Scrow's attention is taken from Hive as he notices someone walking from off-camera. A few steps into view is Ravanna, Crimson Lord's assistant, and Reaper the Grey, Lord's muscle.

Ravanna:

Anyone huh?

She looks at Hive.

Ravanna:

Mis Hive your services are required by Mr. Lord.

Scrow:

Wait a minute here, she is with Scrow!

Ravanna:

No, Scrow she is with The Kabal, you decided to go solo. So since you want to take it upon yourself to leave The Kabal then Mis Hive's services are no longer at your disposal.

Scrow:

Now, wait jus...

Before he can get his train of thought out Reaper the Grey steps in front of the two ladies with his arms crossed.

Minerva Hive:

....

Ravanna:

Let's go, Ms. Hive.

Christie tries to catch a word with Ravanna.

Christie Zane:

Ravanna...Ravanna do you mind if I ask a question?

Everyone just gives Christie a glare, she mutters through, though.

Christie Zane:

Tyler Fuse mention at DEFTV 169 that The Kabal was dead, yet you four seem to think it's not. So is it dead or alive?

Ravanna:

Ms. Zane, Tyler Fuse is not one of the leaders of The Kabal, his house may be in disorder, but I can assure you The House of The Harvest is very much alive.

Christie seems even more confused, she thinks to herself "There are houses in The Kabal...WHAT!?" All the while as Christie ponders what Ravanna said to her, Hive realizes she has no choice takes a deep breath, and looks at Scrow one last time before walking off camera with Ravanna.

Scrow:

Wait...Minerva! Scrow didn't mean it...

Reaper the Grey:

Well, rich boy have fun out there. Now, remember don't lose *[taps on the SOHER]* this, who knows what might happen without all those big paydays anymore huh?

Grey turns around and gives one last remark to Scrow who is dumbfounded right now.

Reaper the Grey:

By the way, if you think leaving the Kabal is as easy as a snap of your fingers then you are in for a world of hurt.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪ plays in the background.

Grey walks off camera Scrow looks at Christie, who just returns a bewildered look at him. Scrow grits his teeth and walks off camera.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: SCROW Â© vs. HENRY KEYES

We cut to the ring.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

White beacons circle the Watsco Center. Some form of dry ice fog machine blasts smoke into the air, and that's...that's it. The era of Secondary Litters is gone; Helen Because You Demanded It isn't here. Secondary bonus fun theme song - not now. We just see a man - Favoured Saints Championship forfeited - marching with a sense of doom and propriety to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIIIIIP! Introducing first, from SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA...weighing in at TWO hundred FORTY-NINE POUNDS.....THE KRAKEN! HENRYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

DDK:

Over the last few months, Henry Keyes has metaphorically killed his past: Conor Fuse, Rezin, LDO, and Alvaro de Vargas...this man went through war after war after WAR, every week, to get here as our Favoured Saints Champion. At this point, it's hard to picture a world where Henry Keyes gives even an inch.

Lance:

And let's not forget - as much as Henry and Vae Victis are capable of mind games, it seems very clear that Scrow doesn't have these games on his radar at all. An unencumbered mind can be a dangerous mind, and Scrow has clearly shown that he is not sweating his opponent here tonight!

♪ "Diabolical" by Nyxx ♪

DDK:

Well, the champ has dug himself into a hole here. No Hive tonight, and he has to do this all by himself. Henry Keyes is a MASSIVE task.

Lance:

You've got that right, especially this new attitude of his. I don't think Scrow knows exactly what he is in for in a few minutes.

Darren Quimbley:

His opponent, from The Fields of Torment! He is the Southern Heritage Champion..."The Raven's Eye...SCROW!"

Scrow storms out of the backstage area, power walking to the ring removing his jacket and as he gets to the bottom of the ramp dropping the SOHER and sliding in the ring.

DING DING

The bell quickly rings but Scrow is already trading fists with Henry back and forth.

DDK:

Scrow and Henry battling it out right away. No feeling out process in the opening minutes of this match it would seem.

Scrow eye gouges Henry, stunning him. He shoves him in the corner and a loud *CRACKKK!* as Scrow strikes with a knife edge chop into the chest of Henry, who briefly holds his chest. Henry quickly grabs Scrow and reverses positions with him and returns the favor with a Propellor Edge Chop! Scrow is equally pained by the maneuver. The champ reverses and throws a powerful chop, and Keyes immediately reverses AGAIN and throws a chop, AGAIN!

Lance:

Each man trading stiff shots in that corner!

Henry tries to Irish Whip Scrow out of the corner, but Scrow reverses it. Keyes hits the opposite corner and Scrow charges in, but Henry bursts out of the corner himself and meets Scrow with a vicious European Uppercut which makes Scrow fall prone in baseball slide position!

DDK:

Henry with a European Uppercut that may have brought Scrow back down to reality!

Henry wastes no time and picks Scrow and lifts him up into a suplex, but Scrow floats behind him. He shoves Henry forward as he turns around...

DDK:

RAVEN'S CALL!...Henry barely got out of the way!

Lance:

Scrow is off balance, Henry hits the ropes...BELL CLAP!!!...Scrow just in the nick of time side steps it!

Scrow quickly grabs the back of Henry's head and nails a backstabber right into a crossface!

DDK:

Both men are looking for home run shots early, but both men also found ways to avoid them! Meanwhile, Scrow has a firm lock on that crossface here.

Lance:

I think Scrow realizes that Ravanna has taken his protection away and has made the champion feel a bit desperate here. Perhaps that is why he is trying to finish this quickly in the opening moments!

DDK:

Indeed, but as much as we fawn over Henry's striking, he's very adept at escaping these submission predicaments...let's see if he can solve this maneuver here.

Keyes has managed to take a lot of the pressure off the crossface by tucking his knees toward his stomach. It is taking a ton of energy out of him as is, but he managed to force Scrow to change from a crossface right into a side headlock as they come to a vertical base. Henry digs deep and Side Suplexes Scrow to the mat! The Kraken takes a few moments to breathe before getting to his feet. Scrow is holding the back of his head for a few moments as he gets to his knees.

CRACK!

DDK:

What a sickening thud of Keyes's shin right across the skull of Scrow!

Lance:

Henry not wasting any time as he goes for the cover here!

ONE!...TW...KICKOUT!

Keyes does not look too happy with the referee's count, but continues his attack now driving stiff forearm shots across the side of Scrow's skull!

DDK:

Scrow is in LaLa land right now, his eyes are glazed over from these blows by Henry!

Lance:

Keyes has Scrow back to a vertical base here....EXPLODER SUPLEX!

Henry pops to his feet, The Faithful firmly by his side, although they have had their questions as of late from their former Airship Pirate. The general consensus seems to be that the hardcore 18-49 Male Demographic is super into The Kraken in this match, though the vibe is decidedly more mixed with everyone else. Henry sets himself in the corner, poised for another running strike.

DDK:

Keyes may be looking to set up for a Coin here. Scrow is slow to get up....HERE HE COMES!

Scrow quickly reacts in the nick of time and drops to his back and rolls out of the ring, as Henry is annoyed he missed!

DDK:

Scrow is trying to get his bearings here. Here comes Henry!

Scrow turns around and is met yet again a running European Uppercut! Scrow doesn't leave his feet but stumbles back into the barricade. Keyes rushes in with a Lariat that makes Scrow backflip over the barricade!

Lance:

Keyes stalks his prey as Scrow stumbles into the crowd!

Both men meet in the middle of the front row now exchanging knife edge chops, ear rattling strikes that seem to get louder after each blow. Keyes gets one of his Propellor Edge Chops that knocks Scrow back over the barricade!

DDK:

Both men's chests are turning beet red here! Spine-shivering blows from both men!

Scrow rolls back in the ring as the ref has reached eight. Keyes manages to get in just before the nine count. Scrow quickly takes advantage of being the first in the ring by driving knee strikes into the right shoulder of Keyes on the mat. He quickly chickenwings Keyes's arm, trying to focus on the right shoulder of Henry.

DDK:

Scrow realizes that exchanging blows with The Kraken may not be the best game plan!.

Lance:

I don't think he was expecting this sort of strong style from Keyes here tonight.

DDK:

It makes you wonder: is he regretting not listening to Hive's advice about Keyes?

Lance:

If it were ME, I would regret it!

Henry has managed to get to a vertical base, and with his free arm he strikes Scrow in the face with a stiff couple of elbow shots! Scrow quickly releases the submission and tries to clothesline Henry! He ducks and German Suplexes Scrow right into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Henry is ruthless here! The Faithful seem to have a mixed reaction to him.

Lance:

Honestly, Keebs, I don't think he cares.

Henry grabs Scrow from out of the corner and lifts him up into a Jackhammer! BIG slam...Cover!

ONE!...TWO!...T....KICKOUT!

DDK:

Scrow once more is able to get out of a near fall. Look at this Henry again with the stiff forearm shots to the skull of Scrow!

Lance:

Scrow has no defense against Henry's offense here!

Scrow manages to poke the eyes of Henry, which is FINALLY enough to stop the onslaught. Scrow slides out of the ring and now is talking to himself, but the audio from the cameras catch what he is saying.

Scrow:

It's not Henry Keyes...no way that is Henry Keyes!

DDK:

Scrow has just snatched his championship...he is leaving!

Lance:

Not if Keyes has anything to say about it!

Keyes meets Scrow midway up on the ramp...

CRACK!

Another ear screeching Propellor Edge Chop to the beet red chest of Scrow, dropping the champ and the championship belt! Keyes grabs Scrow and escorts him back to the ring, tossing him in without any regard of his well-being.

DDK:

Henry won't allow Scrow to take the cheap way out here tonight!

CRACK!!!**Lance:**

OHHH, Scrow with a stiff knee strike into the side of Henry's head as he was trying to step through the ropes!

Keyes tumbles to the outside, his equilibrium obviously out of sorts.

DDK:

Scrow! Moonsault from the top rope right on top of Henry! The Faithful enjoyed that high flying moment!

Lance:

Scrow has Keyes to a vertical base...

CLANG!**Lance:**

Keyes is slumped over against the steel steps!

DDK:

Here comes Scrow!

CLANG!

Scrow hits a knee strike compressing Henry's skull against his knee and the corner of the steel steps. Scrow quickly picks Henry up and whips him right into the ring post! He takes a few deep breaths. Henry appears to be in no

condition to fight. Scrow quickly slides back in the ring at the count of five. He sits in the furthest corner, moving his jaw back and forth.

DDK:

Scrow is not going on the offense here, I am not sure that is wise.

Lance:

Is he doing the same thing he did with Henry's fellow Vae Victis member Lindsay Troy?

DDK:

You might be right, he forced Lindsay to spend more energy than she needed to, all the while he was recovering.

The ref has reached seven, and Henry is leaning against the barricade still looking like he doesn't have his footing.

EIGHT!

Scrow grabs the top rope and limbos to his feet, as Henry has managed to get on the apron. Scrow quickly exits the ring behind Henry and lifts him up...

DDK:

German Suplex on the apron!

Henry tumbles to the outside once more, Scrow joins him and grabs his legs...

Lance:

Good GOD! Scrow just giant swung Henry into the steel post!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Scrow once more slides back in the ring as Henry holds both sides of his head. The Raven's Eye once more sits in the corner.

DDK:

Again, Scrow is forcing Henry to exert energy to get back in the ring! A countout means the champ retains, of course!

SIX!

Lance:

The pacing of this match has dramatically slowed down. It seems to be in Scrow's favor as well. Lindsay fell victim to this strategy, will Keyes as well?

NINE!

Henry manages to slide in the ring just in time. Scrow limbos out of the corner once more and picks up Henry and throws him with as much velocity as he can right into the corner. Henry falls face first.

DDK:

Now Scrow is throwing stiff crosses to the side of Keyes's head!

Scrow grabs Keyes by the hair and lifts him to a vertical base then drives knees into the gut of the challenger. The blows push him back into the corner and opens up Scrow unloading with a flurry of kicks, back hand strikes, and finishing with countless knife edge chops that leave welts on Henry's chest!

DDK:

Scrow now with a snap mare, this usually is followed by that stiff kick to the upper back.

As Darren calls it, that is exactly what Scrow does. He then runs to the opposite corner and does a hesitation dropkick into the chest of Henry!

Lance:

Scrow is pulling Henry to the middle of the ring...COVER!

ONE!....TWO!....TH....SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Henry just barely beats the count, and Scrow is livid at the count! Be careful Scrow, you may get disqualified...wait, he may want that! What was I thinking?

Henry tries to get to his feet, Scrow is still arguing about the count. Henry finally is able to get to a vertical base and slumps over in the corner. Scrow looks toward him and charges and drives a back elbow right in the jaw of Keyes dropping him once more to the mat.

Lance:

Henry looks exhausted, this does not bode well for the challenger...Scrow is acting like he's as fresh as a daisy.

Scrow grabs Henry and positions him on the top turnbuckle quickly following he goes to the top rope.

DDK:

Superplex!...COVER once more!

ONE!...TWO!....THRE....SHOULDER UP!

Scrow puts his hands through his hair in clear frustration. He begins to look around. When he finds what he is looking for he heads that way.

DDK:

Scrow is heading to the top, another high risk move by Scrow. He's been flying off the ropes a lot this match - pretty uncharacteristic of the champ!

Lance:

WAIT A MINUTE! Henry is up!

Keyes dashes at Scrow and springs up the ropes, and nails a devastating European Uppercut! The SOHER seems to spit out a tooth up in the air before somersaulting off the top rope to the floor!

DDK:

That must have taken all of Henry's reserves to manage that counter! He is face first on the mat. Scrow is in no better condition on the outside either.

As the referee begins counting, Scrow is cringing in pain as he holds his lower back.

Lance:

Neither man is getting up, and we are at five already.

DDK:

Remember, Lance: Henry has to get Scrow in the ring to win the championship. Judging by how he looks in the ring he doesn't look like he is in any condition to do so.

SIX!

Scrow has managed to pull himself up on the apron to see Henry still has not moved. The Unhinged starts to laugh

between periods of pain. He glances up at the referee who is now at seven.

Lance:

Scrow knows it too, he is in no rush to get back in the ring either.

Scrow notices the SOHER still on the ramp from earlier in the match. With a cocky smile on his face he walks over, alternating between periods of pain and laughter. He picks the championship up and just admires it. Meanwhile, the Faithful are quickly on their feet. Scrow turns around and a look of shock quickly appears on his face. His jaw is wide open as well.

DDK:

Keyes is on his feet, and he looks like he's ready to kill a man!

EIGHT!

Lance:

Henry breaks the count by rolling in and out of the ring!

Scrow grits his teeth, and charges Henry with the title in hand.

DDK:

Scrow is trying to hit Henry with the belt!....NO! Henry ducks and the belt flies into the ring!

The referee grabs the title and puts it in the corner nearest the time keeper. Meanwhile Scrow has been positioned with his back against the apron, and is being lit up with variations of hand slaps, knife edge chops, and Propellor Edge Chops!

Lance:

Henry is not stopping! The count has started once more and Henry is just turning Scrow's chest into the entire Arby's menu!

Henry just keeps going over and over, while the count continues. Scrow is screaming in pain trying to protect his chest, but Henry is relentless!

NINE!

After what seemed like the longest nine seconds of Scrow's life, Henry tosses him into the ring and quickly follows, breaking the count. Scrow quickly retreats to the opposite side of the ring.

DDK:

Scrow is running again, and Keyes is like a rabid dog hunting his prey!

The Raven's Eye tries to get away from The Kraken. We linger on Scrow's lower back and his beet-red-welted chest which shows signs of bleeding from under the skin. Henry finally catches him and grabs his arm to spin him around...

Lance:

YELLOW MIST!....NO! I don't believe it! Henry put his forearm up to block the mist from getting in his eye!.

Scrow:

SHIT!

Scrow tries to get away as Henry wipes some of the mist from his mouth, but Henry grabs a handful of hair before Scrow can gain any distance. Keyes forces Scrow in the ring. Scrow quickly gets up and tries the same knee strike as he did earlier in the match, but Henry pulls his head back for the dodge! Henry quickly snatches Scrow's outstretched leg and pulls his hopping adversary into the center of the ring. Suddenly, Keyes lets go of Scrow's leg, but without any

wasted motion kicks Scrow in the gut and follows up with a BELL CLAP! Scrow drops to his knees - Henry immediately gains wrist control! He thrusts forward with his patented knee strike!

DDK:

Coin!!

Keyes looks to maintain wrist control and stares deeply into the soul of the man on the ground before him. He takes an extra second to evaluate, charges up, and prepares to launch a second crushing knee to the cranium...

DDK:

And a second COINN—NOOOOOOOO! SCROW DUCKS IT! SCHOOLBOY ROLL UP, HE'S GOING TO STEAL IT!

ONE! TWO! THRE-

-NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Lance:

TWO POINT NINE NINE NINE NINE, Keebs!

DDK:

Scrow has made his way up to one foot - HAYMAKER TO KEYES! The Kraken is FURIOUS!

Henry looks like a man possessed as he swings recklessly with a Propellor Edge Haymaker to Scrow's skull, and unfortunately for DEFIANCE's legal team, it connects. We cut to a few parents in the crowd, covering up their children's eyes at the blow.

Lance:

BRUTAL strike! He's got Scrow's wrists once again - oh no!

CRRRRRRRRUNCH!!

DDK:

SECOND COIN CONNECTS! WE HAVE A COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...AAAAND NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEW! SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION...HE IS THE **KRAKEN!** HENRYYYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

After the exhausting match, Keyes is still on the ground as his new championship is placed across his waist. We see his one good eye close and the briefest glimmer of a smile cross his lips as he pumps a fist to himself while prone. Lindsay Troy and Kerry Kuroyama make their way to the ring and lift Henry to his feet. Kerry and Lindsay each take one of Henry's wrists and lift them up in triumph as black, white, and red streamers (and is that a pink one too?) are tossed into the ring.

DDK:

What a massive showing for Vae Victis! At this rate, I hate to say it Lance...they may be unstoppable!

Lance:

Fans have clamored for years and years for Henry Keyes to hold major championship gold in DEFIANCE, though I would wager that no one would expect THIS to be the form it would take for this to come to fruition. Congratulations to Henry Keyes, and, well, Lord help anyone from the roster looking to take this gold away!

BAD MOON RISING

The lights go out in the Watsco Center. Faint echoes play through the PA system before fog begins to creep upon the darkness on the DEFIAtron.

♪ *"Bad Moon Rising" by Mourning Ritual* ♪

The Miami Faithful watch in collective silence as a picture of the moon begins to focus in behind the rolling clouds in the distance.

♪ *I see the bad moon arising / I see trouble on the way* ♪

Quick black and white images of catastrophic weather events flash in mere frames between the moon coming into focus. Buildings ripped apart. Flood waters raging through city streets. All the while the picture seems to zoom in towards the icon of the night sky.

♪ *I see earthquakes and lightnin' / I see bad times today* ♪

The hue of the video begins to shift pink as the moon draws closer and closer through the clouds. Missiles fire through the night sky shredding skyscrapers like paper. A coin rolls around on a dimly lit floor on edge. A silhouette vaguely forms on the surface of the moon. The colour fully shifts to shades of bright red as wildfires spread rapidly across a forest, unable to be controlled.

♪ *Don't go around tonight / Well, it's bound to take your life* ♪

♪ *There's a bad moon on the rise* ♪

The right red moon comes into focus with a humanoid shadow cast across the surface. Flickering back into the void of black. Words appear in the same colour red against the darkness.

COMING SOON.

Then, as quickly as it came, it leaves. The Watsco Center returns to normal still in silence. As if nothing had happened at all.

FISTED

The match graphic shows the main event of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE... a stoic looking Deacon, FIST over his shoulder and an overly confident, almost oozing with arrogance, Malak Garland as the challenger. Conor Fuse stands between them, which is likely the reason why Garland looks so righteous. Fuse, as the guest enforcer, seems frustrated. The crowd comes alive at the sight of the match graphic.

DDK:

So it's come to this.

Lance:

I have my resignation ready if Malak Garland walks out of this event with the FIST in hand.

DDK:

I won't be far behind you.

Lance:

But there is hope. Obviously Deacon is miles better than Malak when compared to in-ring talent... and as Conor Fuse said yesterday, he plans to just sit back and make sure nothing "funny" happens. You have to believe the guy.

DDK:

I do. I just don't trust Malak.

Lance:

Nobody does.

DDK:

Folks, let's take a deeper look at this main event...

The match graphic disappears and MAXIMUM DEFIANCE goes into a video package. The scene first shows Conor Fuse climbing the ladder to retrieve the ACE of DEFIANCE, only for Malak Garland to nudge the ladder and the ACE falls through Conor's hands, landing on the mat... where Malak Garland crawls over to recover it like a fumble in football.

The scene changes to Conor Fuse sitting in an unknown location, staring into the camera.

Conor Fuse:

This was *my* fault.

His interview is intercut with footage about what Conor's speaking on.

Conor Fuse:

I'm not even speaking about the ACE, I'm talking about joining The Comments Section, being Malak's lackey. Honestly, this full circle issue with The Deacon, that's my fault, too. I made a name for myself two years ago when I asked The Game Boy to wreck Deacon so I could pick up a victory against him.

Conor huffs.

Conor Fuse:

I hear the comments. People think there's MOAR to this relationship now... the relationship between Malak and I. I can assure you, there's not.

Conor shakes his head.

Conor Fuse:

There's little, if anything there. Just like my relationship with The Deacon.

The scene switches to a similar interview location where Malak Garland is seated. He's not alone. To his right is Percy Collins, his personal sports psychologist and to his right is Thurston Hunter, his worst dumbass lackey.

Malak Garland:

Hello? Hello? Are we rolling?

Garland looks to his right.

Malak Garland:

My FOMO is through the roof right now and I have another appointment I need to get to.

Although he's serious, once Collins reaches out and starts rubbing his back, Garland sneers into the camera.

Malak Garland:

Mark my words, my anxiety won't be sky high in Miami because I'm gonna get FISTED.

The scene switches to Deacon and Magdalena seated in a similar environment from a previously recorded separate interview. Magdalena is mid-sentence, attempting to answer a question.

Magdalena:

Do we trust Conor Fuse? C'mon, what a silly question. We've been through this. Because of Conor, Deacon was brutally attacked by The Game Boy not once... but twice. Not just "two years ago". Try a few weeks ago, too. We don't trust him.

Deacon shakes his head no as the interview switches to Conor Fuse.

Conor Fuse:

Is this what wrestling is about now? We never forgive, never forget? Huh? Because I've lived wrestling my entire life. You see Masked Violator 1 and 2 used to be best buds and now they're bitter rivals. I'm pretty sure we fast-forward to a couple years from now, they'll be best buds again. Lindsay Troy? That woman's gone through MOAR friendships and also mended MOAR fences than Jack Harmen. Like seriously, Mags. I said I'm going to make sure everything goes smoothly.

Scene switches to Malak, who's in mid-sentence himself... but off on his own tangent, having nothing to do with the topic at hand.

Malak Garland:

The word MAXIMUM, however, is triggering to me. It indicates constantly working at full capacity and I feel like I simply cannot sustain such a demand for a long period of time.

Garland glances at Percy Collins and then cuddles himself with a FOMO self-hug.

Malak Garland:

Right. I got cOnOr watching my back.

The scene switches to Magdalena and Deacon.

Magdalena:

Deacon never asked to be placed in this position. Being the FIST of DEFIANCE is one of the highest statuses any wrestler can achieve. Deacon's been around the block, former fWo World Champion. He's seen everything. We... he... will be ready for what's going to come. If it's two-on-one, fine. If it's one-on-one, fine. It's going to be the same outcome regardless because Malak has no skills and will be easy to take apart when the real bell sounds.

Back to Malak Garland and co.

Malak Garland:

Listen, all I want is to be the FIST World Heavyweight Champion. I don't care about any previous accolades of Sub-Zero. He was fWo Champion? Cool, no one cares about that indie fed from the late 90s. What's a Travis Beaven? I bet the Boston Strangler is from Las Vegas. Flying Frenchie is a fake moniker. He's probably some Dutch guy named Kevin or something. Scott Slugger plays baseball? Baseball is boring.

Garland stops to collect himself.

Malak Garland:

But when I manage to beat Deacon, they might as well crown me fWo Champ, too.

The Miami Faithful boo profusely at Malak's butchering of the historical company.

Malak Garland:

Is that too much to ask? Because I don't think it is. DEFIANCE has an emo for a SOHER and has two drunks for its Tag Team Champions. Why is it such a big deal that someone like me, who actually **IS** DEFIANT, by literal definition, becomes the main representative of this "organization"? Huh?

Garland looks to his right and then his left.

Malak Garland:

Like, can anyone tell me why I can't? Because I'm gonna be after Thursday.

The feed switches to Conor's pre-recorded interview.

Conor Fuse:

Honestly, I've said everything. We can talk forever. We can build hype nonstop. Everyone's gonna find out what I'm all about very shortly. Then hopefully we can move onto a new level, a new game, a new world.

Fuse seems rattled at his last statement.

Conor Fuse:

I mean the same world, with Malak Garland NOT the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Back to the interview from Magdalena and Deacon. Even though these were clearly recorded at separate times, it's clear the interviewer and editors tried to keep everything on the same track.

Magdalena:

Yeah, we will see what everyone is about. And that's Deacon still at the top of DEFIANCE's mountain. Last stop before the Hall of Fame.

Back to Malak, who's now in a warm embrace from both Percy and Thurston.

Malak Garland:

Can't wait to get the ultimate shiny shiny. I can feel my previous trauma withering away.

And the feed returns to Conor Fuse who looks past the camera and towards whomever is interviewing him.

Conor Fuse:

You think this is all about Malak? You think this is all about Deacon? Let me be clear, I got myself into this mess. I WILL get myself out of it. It won't come at the expense of anyone... other than myself.

Scene switch: Garland still coddling with his cronies.

Scene switch: Deacon and Magdalena looking confidently into the camera.

And back to Conor Fuse.

Conor Fuse:

I am going to keep the integrity of this match. That's what Conor Fuse is about come MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. If Malak IS going to become the FIST, he's gonna earn it. And if Deacon is the legend he thinks he is, then he's gonna power through whatever might happen on the outside of the ring and instead, Deac's gonna worry about what's going on inside of it. I'm the moderator. And this interview is over.

The scene cuts. The feed goes to Darren Quimbey at ringside.

FIST of DEFIANCE: DEACON Â© vs. MALAK GARLAND w/ CONOR FUSE as GUEST ENFORCER

Darren Quimbey:

This is the MAIN EVENT!

Big cheer!

Darren Quimbey:

And it is for... THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Another pop!

Darren Quimbey:

This is for ONE FALL!

Everyone is jacked it's for one fall!

Darren Quimbey:

The ACE of DEFIANCE is the challenger to the FIST of DEFIANCE. As per the rules of winning the ACE, the challenger has created stipulations for this contest! In this match, there will be a guest enforcer!

Once again, more cheers. But they are cautious ones.

Darren Quimbey:

The guest enforcer will remain at ringside. He has **full control** in this match. He has the right to count a pinfall, call for a disqualification, restart a match or kick anyone from ringside. He has all the same abilities as the referee and beyond!

Referee Mark Shields stands in the center of the ring finishing his last dart.

DDK:

Really? We got Mark Shields as the ref?

Lance:

My understanding is Shields was also hand-selected by Malak Garland.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... he is the guest enforcer... he is The Ultimate Gamer... he is... CONORRRRRRR
FUUUUUSSSSSSSSSEEEEE!

[*♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪*](#)

The crowd goes ballistic for the upbeat opening of the theme song. However, Conor Fuse is not out right away... it takes some time but eventually he does emerge from behind the palm tree "I" that's covered in snow. Fuse sports lime green Adidas track pants and an "ENFORCER" branded t-shirt in 8-bit font. Conor looks all business and not as peppy as normal. He marches down the rampway.

DDK:

You have to feel the pressure on Conor Fuse. I know he said he's going to call things down the middle and I fully believe him. But you have to feel the pressure. Because I doubt Malak Garland doesn't have tricks up his sleeve and to borrow a phrase from the video game world Conor is most familiar with, I'm not sure Conor Fuse is going to be able to "catch 'em all".

Lance:

Every which way you've looked at it, Malak has outsmarted Conor when it's counted. The Platforms and Portals match at DEFCON 2021. Their Paper Championship battle six months ago. Their match when Conor tried to free his friends. The ACE of DEFIANCE. Over and over and over again, The Snowflake Superstar has been a move ahead. It's a lot of pressure on Conor. Even if Malak wins and it's not specifically Conor's fault, he can easily take the blame.

Fuse enters the ring and nods to referee Mark Shields before exiting out the other side. His theme song comes to a close.

Darren Quimbey:

And now the wrestlers. Introducing the challenger...

The fans are booing Quimbey so heavily he's forced to take a break between speaking. The house lights dim. There seems to be some sort of bass pulsating in the background.

Darren Quimbey:

From Cheyenne, Wyoming... I was told to say he is weighing in at a ROCK SOLID two-hundred-ten pounds... The Superstar Snowflake... MALAK GARLAND!

"DON'T EVER STOP IF YOU WANT TO BE ON TOP, BITCH!"

The stage illuminates to white. The LCD letters spelling out MAXIMUM turn into a blizzard as Saweetie struts onto the stage, mic in one hand, basketball in the other. She begins rapping Garland's theme song. She's wearing under armor snowflake themed gear and soon she is accompanied by a plethora of dancers in the same getup with a basketball in hand, dancing across the stage.

[*♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪*](#)

The crowd turns the Watsco Center into a bedlam of PTSD for Malak Garland as he also struts out onto the stage to the beat of the theme.

DDK:

Look at this nonsense.

Garland is dressed like he's a prizefighting boxer, silk robe included. He widens his arms Teresa Ames looms behind him, holding up the vaunted Paper Championship belt briefly before vanishing to the back.

Lance:

Does Malak think he's got a puncher's chance? See what I did there?

Garland is anything but rattled. ALEX P. and MEE6 walk out to his right and Percy Collins and Thurston Hunter are to his left. The five of them stand behind Saweetie as she continues to rap his theme song. Soon enough, Garland strolls up to the musician. He snatches the basketball from her hands and dribbles poorly around the top of the stage until he loses the ball and then punts it into the crowd. Garland giggles. He turns to his cronies and they all walk down the rampway, completely ignoring Saweetie.

Malak Garland:

I am literally the shit right now.

DDK:

This might be the most confident we've ever seen Malak.

Lance:

Oh, it is. Typically, someone like Deacon would provide way too much anxiety for a guy like him to work through.

DDK:

Careful, you might get in trouble for saying this.

Lance:

I only mean Malak Garland. We all know he hides behind a lot and his actions aren't related to someone with serious anxiety- you know what? You're right, I'll stop.

Garland arrives at the bottom of the rampway. He raises his hands and snow starts falling from the rafters. Garland bumps and grinds around to the rap song. He looks at Percy Collins.

Malak Garland:

Where's my basketball? Go fetch it.

Collins nods excitedly.

Percy Collins:

Yes sir, Mal!

And off the personal therapist goes. Collins struggles to climb over the guardrail before wandering into the crowd. Meanwhile, Thurston Hunter screams at a few front row fans, telling them he can't wait to "street fight" The Deacon as the snow continues to fall. The scene switches to Conor Fuse, who stands in the middle of the ring, clearly unimpressed.

Conor Fuse: *[mouthing]*

Kill me.

As Saweetie keeps rapping, Garland strolls up the steel steps. ALEX P. and MEE6 jump onto the apron and open the top and middle rope for Malak. At first, Garland's reluctant to step through. He surveys the space between the ropes and asks ALEX P. and MEE6 to pull the ropes apart further or else he's worried he may slip and fall and his perfect entrance would be ruined. The crowd is all over this. At times it's tough to hear Saweetie go through her uncensored song but Garland, eventually, makes it into the ring safely much to the painful response of Conor Fuse. The Keyboard King continues to bounce around to the theme song like an offbeat, unrhythmic, oversensitive clown would. Fuse wanders to a corner in order to stay out of their way.

DDK:

Can we get this over with already?

Collins has come back to ringside with the basketball in hand. He slides into the ring and makes a poor bounce pass to Garland. The challenger takes the basketball, dribbles it once and then points at Saweetie while she finishes his theme song. Garland bounces the ball again and then punts it into the crowd, much further this time. The Source of Envy leans on ALEX P. and MEE6, laughing hysterically at the thought of the basketball going through the crowd and likely hitting someone who's booing. Finally, Malak turns to acknowledge Conor Fuse.

Malak Garland:

Oh me, oh my. Didn't see you there, cOnOr.

Garland dance-thrusts his way over to The Ultimate Gamer and then starts shaking his ass in front of Conor. The Video Game Kid looks like he's about to puke.

Mercifully, Saweetie finishes the song and heads to the back. Darren Quimbey retakes the center of the ring.

Malak Garland: *[to Conor Fuse]*

Would you do me the honors and take my robe off? Please?

Conor pays no mind to the request as heat builds within the crowd. Noticing he's not getting his way, Malak peers over his shoulder and asks again.

Malak Garland:

Take my robe off, cOnOr. I need my robe off in order to perform in the ring.

Fuse still doesn't budge. By now, it's been a few good moments since the theme music died down and Saweetie has made her highly paid exit. Malak chooses not to budge, either.

Malak Garland:

I said, TAKE. MY. ROBE. OFF. NOW. Need I remind you that I own you? I OWN YOU! DO AS I SAY! In fact, do everything as I say tonight and you're home free.

Malak assumes "the position" as cOnOr reluctantly begins to reach for the back collar of the robe as the fans warn him to stop. Malak closes his eyes and tilts his head back, flourishing in the moment.

Malak Garland:

Do it, oh please, for the sake of baby kittens everywhere, disrobe me, cOnOr. Unleash me for this all important wrestling match.

He can't. He won't. Fuse retracts his arm and minds his business in his corner. The fans IGNITE. Before Malak can notice or retort, ALEX P. and MEE6 hastily jump in and disrobe the snowy one. Malak relocates to a vacant corner, all the while eyeing down Conor Fuse as things finally move on.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Alexandria, Egypt... weighing three-hundred-twenty pounds... he is THE FIST OF DEFIANCE... HE IS... THE DEACON!!

♪ "Gregorian Chant" by some Gregorian monks (duh) ♪

The lights go out, only the snowy LED landscape that is the ramp to the ring. Two spotlights shine from the top of each line of the "X" in "Maximum", the only letter currently visible. Where the two beams cross, Magdalena stands on a small, gleaming, metal platform.

Magdalena:

Challenges come in all forms.

The platform starts to descend toward the "X". Lightning slashes from the X outward, shimmers of lighting dancing across the MAXIMUM lettering. A larger than life silhouette of a robed man stands in front of the snow-covered "I" palm tree, their arms outstretched in the crucifix form.

Magdalena:

Each challenge coming in what they perceive as their power.

Like something out of a video game, a dragon image soars across the MAXIMUM letters. With a roar, a fireball explodes from the dragon's snout and into the silhouette, hitting one outstretched arm, then spreading, like through a kindled forest.

Magdalena:

Each challenge, like a dragon hunting its prey, toying with its target, whether that quarry be a woman [Magdalena gestures], a child, or something more.

The dancing flames lick across the form and then begin to gather in the hand furthest from the dragon. The flames add color, the unmistakable ring gear of the man known as the Deacon. Magdalena's platform is about halfway to the ramp as she continues.

Magdalena:

But this challenge should know there are not enough games, not enough allies, reluctant or otherwise, that will contain

the fire in this FIST.

The Deacon pushes the arm containing the fire toward the dragon. A blast, not unlike the dragon's earlier one, returns to sender, incinerating the dragon into ash as Deacon steps forward and the barely visible sheet falls to the ring entrance as the Gregorian chant changes to–

♪ *“Revolution” by Skillet* ♪

Magdalena's platform reaches the top of the rampway. She steps out as the Deacon joins her, both making their way to the ring.

DDK:

This crowd is wild! Legendary entrances for the biggest shows. Legendary FIST making his way to the ring for his second defense.

Lance:

I can barely hear myself! These nine thousand plus are breaking the roof off.

DDK:

Eight.

Lance:

Ate what?

DDK:

It's wrestling. Never mind.

The crowd is HOT. Deacon stands on one side of the ring, Malak Garland the other. Beside Deacon is Magdalena and behind Malak Garland are his four henchmen. In-between both parties is Mark Shields and Conor Fuse while Darren Quimbey has exited the ring. Both Shields and Fuse speak to one another before turning to the wrestlers. Suddenly, Garland puts a finger in the air.

Malak Garland:

Goodness me! I almost forgot!

He sticks his index fingers into his mouth and whistles hard. The lights go off. Pyro EXPLODES from the rampway.

♪ *“Mega Man 3 Boss Theme” from Mega Man 3 NES* ♪

The Game Boy BURSTS through the entrance, completely destroying the LCD “I” in the process. The palm tree-like letter falls to the ground and sparks fly into the air as DEFSec crew are quick on the scene to use a fire extinguisher before anything else can happen. Looking more menacing than ever before, The Game Boy, all 6'5”, three-hundred-forty pounds of him hammers his way down the ramp. He sports a new SNES-style luchador mask along with a singlet with an emoji version of Malak Garland's face and thumbs-up plastered all over it. The scene switches to Deacon who readies for a fight while Malak Garland jumps up and down like a kid on Christmas morning. Garland points and laughs at what he sees.

Malak Garland:

MY GAME BOY CAN JOIN THE FESTIVITIES TOO! JOY. JOY!!!! MY GAME BOY!!! LET'S FUCKING GOOOOOOO!

Game Boy slides into the ring with authority and gets right in Deacon's face. He pushes the FIST of DEFIANCE as hard as he possibly can. Conor Fuse jumps in-between the two parties immediately and starts screaming into The Game Boy's mask. The causes Thurston Hunter to get all “street fought”. He shoves Deacon from behind, although it barely budes the big man. This allows Magdalena to go off and get in Hunter's face. Basically, all hell is breaking

loose.

Garland grabs Fuse by the shoulder and spins him around. Malak sees the anger on Conor's face.

Malak Garland:

Don't do it, Fuse! Don't do it! Don't toss them, Fuse! Don't do it! Leave them here. Leave them here, cOnOr!

The Ultimate Gamer looks like he's going to lose his mind.

DDK:

Can we get on with the wrestling already!?

By now, The Game Boy's new theme song has come to a close. The crowd shouts randomly towards ringside and Conor Fuse, with no help from Mark Shields, tries to settle things down. Finally, the guest enforcer has all of Malak's group on one side and Deacon and Magdalena on the other.

Conor Fuse:

SHUT THE HELL UP!

Conor eyes both teams while he talks and the apron mic picks it up.

Conor Fuse:

ONE warning, that's all. Malak, get your group to exit the ring over there. Magdalena, exit to the rampway side.

Garland rubs his hands together, feeling like this is a solid victory. Magdalena, on the other hand, isn't liking it. She's clearly outnumbered and begins expressing her frustration with Malak Garland being allowed FIVE people on the outside of the ring when she is an actual registered manager.

Conor Fuse:

Mags, I'm on the outside, too. I said ONE warning. Anyone lays a hand on Deacon, you or even myself... ALL of them are gone.

Mags rolls her eyes but exits the ring.

Magdalena:

Two distracting. One with hand. Easy cover story.

Now with only the champion, challenger, referee and guest enforcer in the ring, Conor Fuse calls everyone together. He starts rambling on about the rules in a very serious and authoritative voice. The crowd is shouting so loudly by now, no mic is able to pick up what Fuse is telling them. Neither Deacon or Garland acknowledge what Conor Fuse has told them but after the gamer is done ranting, he turns to Mark Shields and tells the referee he can call for the bell. Fuse slides out of the ring and stands at the hard-camera side of the ring that's in-between both The Comments Section and Magdalena.

DING DING

KILL HIM, DEACON *clap clap clap clap clap*

KILL HIM, DEACON *clap clap clap clap clap*

KILL HIM, DEACON *clap clap clap clap clap*

Garland doesn't budge. He looks Deacon over from head to toe.

Malak Garland:

Go ahead. "Kill me", Deacon. Even though committing a term like that is rather offensive...

The Armchair Expert eggs the champion on.

DDK:

Misplaced confidence by Malak Garland.

The crowd anticipates Big Deac to wreck Malak but to everyone's surprise... the giant is just standing there.

Malak Garland:

KILL ME, bahahaha. Because then my fucking Game Boy is gonna kill you. AGAIN! Like all the other times! Then we will piss down your throat, you little putrid Mortal Kombat wannabe.

Garland leans past Deacon and looks at Magdalena.

Malak Garland:

Call or text me, bae. Not going to lie, you've grown on me. Not sure Siobhan has a chance anymore.

Garland straightens up and is looking up at Deacon again.

Malak Garland:

So when I win the FIST, do you think-

WHAM!

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

Deacon with a HUGE right blow to Garland!

Deacon's just getting started. He drills three more shots into Malak's face before throwing Garland into the ropes and hitting him with a big boot. Garland spins and tumbles to the mat, Deacon's into the ropes and comes off with a HUGE ring shaking leg drop. Deacon pulls Garland to his feet and Irish whips him into the ropes. This time it's a running boot to Garland's face. The Keyboard King goes down like he's been shot and everyone in the crowd is ballistic with cheers. Deacon drags a dazed challenger to his feet and attempts a choke slam...

NO! At the last second, Garland wiggles free but the Social Media Savant finds a hard roundhouse kick from Deacon for his troubles!

Lance:

There's a move you don't see from the champion too often, if ever.

Deacon drags Garland to a corner and begins unloading on the challenger for everything Malak's done to him. It's shot after shot after shot after shot. Suddenly, Thurston Hunter jumps onto the apron and yells at Conor Fuse to yell at Mark Shields to administer a five count. Conor looks over at Mark and tells him to do so. The crowd boos and Deacon steps back to the center of the ring... first eyeing Mark Shields, then Thurston Hunter (who jumps back down to the floor below) and finally, Conor Fuse. The referee turns to the outside of the ring.

Mark Shields:

Shit man, sorry Conor. I totally forgot there's a four count!

DDK:

Jesus, Mark. It's five. Five.

This quick break allows Garland to collect himself. He shoots out of the corner, screaming like a battle hardened soldier...

And goes right into a wicked powerslam by Deacon!

DDK:

Deacon hooks the leg!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

But the FIST isn't phased. Instead, he drags Garland upright and hammers the challenger with stomach punches. Percy Collins screams at Mark to make sure it's open palm strikes and Conor Fuse agrees. Shields looks in and realizes they aren't so he asks Deacon to step away.

Magdalena is fuming on the outside.

Magdalena:

Come on! You're letting them ref the match!

Conor Fuse:

I'm only following the rules!

For now, Percy Collins and company weren't wrong. Magdalena shakes her head and paces back and forth. However, inside the ring, Deacon still has everything well under control. He hurls Garland into the ropes and lands another big boot, this one catches Garland right under the chin. Spit flies from Malak's mouth as he stumbles around the canvas, waiting to be put out of his misery. Deacon hits the ropes... and absolutely CRUSHES Garland with an inside-out clothesline from hell! (in a manner of speaking)

Conor Fuse: *[to Magdalena]*

You have NOTHING to worry about!

Deacon snatches Garland by his neck and tosses the challenger into a corner. A stinger splash later, Garland is on spaghetti legs, wobbling to the middle of the ring. Deacon bursts out from the corner and shoulder blocks Garland in the back. The King of Trolls FLIES halfway across the ring and crashes sternum-first into the buckle across the way. Deacon takes Garland and turns him around. He Irish whips the Wyoming Snowflake into the buckle adjacent. Garland meets back-first and screams in pain. Deacon follows this with another Irish whip, sending Malak back to where he came. Garland hits the padding back-first again.

Another Irish whip into a buckle.

Another.

Another.

The Miami Faithful are in a FRENZY!

The Comments Section watches on with concern. This time it's ALEX P. who turns to Conor Fuse while pointing to the action inside the ring, as if asking Conor to put a stop to this.

Conor Fuse:

Sorry ALEX, dude. This is legal!

ALEX P.:

It's ALEX P. now. I earned a letter back.

Mark Shields allows the Irish whip madness to happen. After what has to be at least ten Irish whip tosses (and the crowd seemingly counting along with each one), Garland catches his breath by falling over onto the canvas floor. Deacon hits the ropes and connects with a leg drop. He peels Garland off the mat and lands a high, HIGH suplex... but holds on and turns it into a release suplex.

DDK:

The FIST is in full control and looking to end this bout soon.

Lance:

A fair match is an unfair match for Malak Garland. We all knew this.

Deacon signals for the Altar Call. He places Garland between his legs but the challenger can't even stand. He collapses to the mat. Deacon tries again but once more, Garland collapses. The champion tilts his head. It's onto the next plan. He grabs Garland and holds him high in the air for a gorilla press slam but doesn't drop Malak yet. Instead, Deacon turns to the outside of the ring and eyes none other than The Game Boy... before dropping Garland dead center of the ring.

Deacon falls to his knees and hooks a leg.

DDK:

It's over.

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A SHOULDER UP!

The crowd is stunned and so are The Comments Section. It almost looked as though MEE6 was going to fly into the ring but knew he couldn't get there in time.

DDK:

This is just delaying the inevitable.

The most important thing is... Deacon isn't bothered. He merely leans over and lifts Garland into a gorilla press slam again. Somehow, somehow, The Troll Master is trying to wiggle free but can't do it because he's simply taken on too much damage. Deacon walks to the edge of the ring... the same edge of the ring where The Comments Section stands.

DDK:

Is Deacon going to throw Garland at them?

Lance:

It looks that way...

But Deacon shakes his head "no" while still holding Malak. He drops Garland with another gorilla press slam inside the ring. The Source of Envy lands in the center of the canvas and Big Deac takes off into the ropes.

Thurston Hunter tries to trip Deacon but he's only able to slow the big man down. Deacon comes crashing down with a semi-measured knee drop but Garland rolls out of the way at the last second!

Magdalena screams at Conor Fuse and Mark Shields for missing the Thurston trip. Conor says he didn't see anything and that the match is still heavily in Deacon's side. While Garland escaped the knee drop, the challenger is nowhere near able to do much else.

Malak rolls to the edge of the ring, the same side where his teammates are. Deacon gets to his feet, although it looks like he did tweak his knee upon landing. Deacon marches over to Garland...

And Garland falls out of the ring.

Conor Fuse slowly walks around to The Comments Section's side of the apron. He warns everyone to stay away from Malak Garland. Fuse tells them not to touch their leader or else he will boot everyone to the back.

Suddenly, a ROAR of the crowd is heard as Deacon bounces off the ropes on the far end and builds a head of steam...

DDK:

HOLY SHIT!

The Miami Faithful agree with Keebler.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Deacon connects with his over-the-top plancha to ALL of The Comments Section other than The Game Boy, who happened to see it coming and moved away in time.

DDK:

What an INSANE move from The Deacon!

Lance:

I believe he used to do this in fWo, called My Death is Gain! He's not pulled it out a lot in recent years.

The crowd is hot as Deacon takes Garland and throws him back into the ring. Everyone else is down and out!

LET'S GO DEACON, LET'S GO! Clap, clap

LET'S GO DEACON, LET'S GO! Clap, clap

LET'S GO DEACON, LET'S GO! Clap, clap

But before the big man enters the ring himself, he's greeted by someone who's only a few inches shorter than he is.

The Game Boy.

Game Boy stands in front of the FIST and neither man flinches. Conor Fuse shouts at Game Boy but it's clear The Halo From Hell isn't going to do anything other than impose his physical presence against DEFIANCE's champion.

DDK:

There is so much bad blood here. I know it's an obvious comment but one day these two are going to fight in a legitimate match.

Lance:

That's nice and all, Keebs, but Deacon needs to focus on Malak Garland.

Warner says these words as Malak Garland rises to his feet from inside the ring. He's clearly groggy but he has an idea of what's going on. Garland looks behind him and sees Magdalena. He gives her the finger before bouncing off the ropes that are right in front of Deacon's manager and then scurrying to the other side, the side where Deacon and Game Boy are.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!!

WHAM!!!

DDK:

MALAK GARLAND JUMPED THROUGH THE ROPES AND CONNECTED WITH I TRIGGER ON THE DEACON!

The arena is stunned as Garland tumbles to the ground and Deacon falls on his knees. Game Boy simply cracks his neck and walks away. Conor Fuse is bug-eyed, stunned at what he just saw.

Jeers reign down as both men recover on the outside. A replay of Deacon's plancha shows Malak Garland actually fell to the mat BEFORE Deacon crashed through everyone, so he likely took on minimal, if any, damage!

A second replay showed that while the standoff happened between Deacon and Game Boy, Malak Garland pulled himself together and then delivered the wicked knee strike to Deacon's temple.

Lance:

We knew Malak Garland can't hang with The Deacon physically. We knew that. Everyone does. But there's one thing Malak Garland actually has... and I honestly can't believe I'm going to say it, but it's resiliency. Resiliency in the sense that he CAN take a beating and survive. When his head is turned off, that is. When the chips are actually down. We've seen it before. I hate myself for saying this but Malak can hang in there and find an opening.

With all of his might, Garland pushes Deacon into the apron. The challenger leans into the champion with his head and arms, sending Deacon under the ropes and into the ring. Another replay of I Trigger is fed into the broadcast.

DDK:

Deacon might be concussed. That was an unbelievably solid shot.

The knee hit flush in Deacon's temple and because of this... the arena is mostly silent. Magdalena paces back and forth, even more stressed than before. Conor Fuse doesn't know what the hell to do.

Deacon's on his chest. Garland's on a knee. It's clear The Sinister Minister is barely making ends meet but he only has to figure it out for another ten seconds or so.

Garland cries as he uses every ounce of energy to flip Deacon onto his back. Suddenly, it's like Malak knows what's in front of him. An opportunity.

THE opportunity.

Garland hooks a leg... if you call draping a hand over the back of Deacon's knee hooking a leg.

Shields counts.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The Faithful are alive!!

DDK:

Thank god!

Garland looks up at Shields with a tear in his eye.

Malak Garland:

My FOMO. My three count?

Mark shakes his head no.

Mark Shields:

Fucking sorry, guy. It was a two.

Garland tilts his head towards Conor Fuse's direction.

Malak Garland:

My FOMO. My three count?

Fuse rolls his eyes.

Conor Fuse:

What the fuck does this even mean?

Garland stumbles to a knee. He uses the ring ropes to pull himself up. And then he smiles.

Deacon may have kicked out...

...But Deacon hasn't moved since.

Garland gives himself a self hug.

Malak Garland:

My FOMO. MY FOMO!

Intensity reveals itself on Malak Garland's face. It's a different level of intensity... one nobody in DEFIANCE has seen before. Garland lets out a tribal Wyoming farmers chant before using the ropes to take him all the way to a corner. Garland climbs. Once he's on the top rope, he looks to have gained a serious second wind. He measures the champion. He shouts for the Snowfall.

WHAM.

DDK:

Garland hits the falling headbutt from the top ropes!

Lance:

We're in trouble!

This time, Malak hooks the leg a lot better. The crowd is hushed as Shields makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Malak Garland:

NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO! MY FOMOOOOOOOOO!!! THAT WAS MY FINISH!

Malak kicks Deacon in the back of the head. He screams in the direction of Magdalena and then Conor Fuse. He pushes the FIST of DEFIANCE onto his back with all of his might...

DDK:

There's no way he does this.

Lance:

Absolutely. There's just no way...

DDK:

Folks, Garland is attempting to put a camel clutch on THE DEACON!

Lance:

In other words, it's a submission he calls FOMO.

Shock rings through the arena as Malak Garland IS able to put the camel clutch on the massive seven footer. It's not the most solid of holds but Deacon looks to be out cold.

Lance:

Those kickouts were instinct, Keebs. I think Deacon's concussed and I think this match is going to be over.

Most of The Comments Section have recovered on the outside... they are the only ones in an otherwise silent arena who are screaming and cheering Malak Garland on!

DDK:

I feel sick to my stomach. A sight I never thought I'd see. Deacon in a camel clutch performed by none other than our resident snowflake.

Garland screams into the rafters like a mother fucker as he tries to peel back Deacon's eyelids so his foe won't miss any of the crowd's reactions.

Malak Garland:

I AM GETTING FISTED. I AM THE FIST CHAMPIONSHIP OF DEFIANCE! MY FOMO!! MY FUCKING FOMOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Thurston Hunter and Percy Collins walk over to Conor Fuse. Collins grabs Conor by his t-shirt.

Percy Collins:

You know it and I know it, Deacon is done! Make the call of your life right now.

Hunter gets in Conor's face, too.

Thurston Hunter:

You know Shields won't do shit! But this match is OVER! Make the call!

Hunter points to the time keeper's table.

Thurston Hunter:

Call for the bell. Do it. Do it!

With Hunter doing his best Starsky and Hutch impression, telling Conor Fuse to "do it", a lightbulb goes off in Percy Collins' head. He digs into his pocket and pulls out...

A white towel.

Collins has a clever grin across his face. He places the towel into Conor's hands. And now there are two talking heads in Fuse's face.

Percy Collins:

Throw in the towel.

Thurston Hunter:

Do it, man. Do it. Do it. You gotta do it.

Percy Collins:

Freedom awaits.

Thurston Hunter:

Do it. Do it.

Percy Collins:

MY RIGHTS, MY FREEDOMS!!!

Thurston Hunter:

Do it or I'll fucking street fight you into oblivion and cover you in tiny little bruises.

Percy Collins:

Deacon equals fear. Freedom equals love. Malak equals champion.

Conor pushes them aside.

Conor Fuse:

Shut the fuck up.

But as Conor takes a closer look into the ring... it's all right there in front of him. Malak Garland has a weak looking camel clutch applied. But it IS applied and Deacon hasn't shown any signs of life. Conor looks at the towel in his hands. He then glances up at Mark Shields. Magdalena shouts from her side of the ring. And everyone else watches on with baited breath as things seem to move in slow motion.

Percy Collins:

Give Malak the gift of a lifetime! Make him the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Fuse's face suggests confusion, as in WTF is Collins even talking about...

Conor takes a deep breath. He closes his eyes. He raises the towel...

The camera zooms in on a confident Malak Garland, who's totally recovered. His smile is wide and he licks his lips at the thought of taking what was once a noble DEFIANCE organization and turning it into a soft and cuddly safe space.

Garland giggles with glee.

Deacon's eyes are closed. The mask over his mouth isn't visible because Garland's hands are across it.

...

...

Suddenly Deacon's eyes shoot open.

No one else knows... until the crowd catches a glimpse. And then Conor Fuse sees, too.

But the rest of The Comments Section? They have no clue.

Percy Collins:

Toss the towel in. Seriously.

Collins creeps towards Fuse. He slowly reaches out for the towel.

Percy Collins:

Okay here, I'll do it for you.

Collins snatches the towel from Conor Fuse and turns to the ring. It's there he sees Deacon's eyes are open.

WIDE OPEN.

And bloodshot.

Collins screams a high pitch cry to Malak Garland.

Percy Collins:

Hey Mal, we- we got a problem on our hands!!!

The crowd has turned the Watsco center into a bedlam. Since the submission has been applied so poorly, it's clear Deacon isn't being greatly harmed by staying in the current camel clutch position. Worse off for Malak, he thinks the crowd has finally come around to the thought of him being the champion. Garland shouts back to his therapist, although it's clear they aren't on the same page.

Malak Garland:

Percy, it's okay! I will figure out what color of confetti I'd like on DEFtv tomorrow. Sub-Zero themed icy blue and white which also happens to be snowflake themed!

Collins shakes his head no.

Percy Collins:

That's not what I mean!

Malak rolls his eyes.

Malak Garland:

Perc, R-E-L-A-X. I am feeling so snuggly and secure right now. I am not triggered at all. I have no anxiety. I am just so so so in my safe space right now. This is my eLeMeNt.

Garland eyes Conor.

Malak Garland:

So call the match already, cOnOr. Go get your FREEDOMS. Get a haircut too while you're at it. You need a haircut cuz you look like a simp bitch, quite frankly.

Garland's body language suggests Conor should get on with it.

Malak Garland:

So? Call it.

Fuse shakes his head no.

Conor Fuse:

I can't...

A rush of anxiety sweeps over Malak Garland. From 0 to 100 he goes from overly confident to an absolute trainwreck. He feels Deacon move from under him as if he was standing on a landmine about to detonate... and then he lets go of the camel clutch.

Garland backs into the ropes. Like something out of a horror movie, he sees the big man rise and methodically turn to where The Mega Troll is located.

Malak Garland:

Deacon, what the actual? Listen, I have severe PTSD right now. I'm feeling triggered and need a genuine time out!

Playing possum is over. Deacon grabs Garland by the neck and connects with a chokeslam. The crowd BOOMS in cheers as the FIST of DEFIANCE calls for the end. He throws Garland in position for the Altar Call...

SLAM!

And it connects!

DDK:

It's over!

Shields slides into position as Deacon covers Garland.

ONE.

TWO.

???

WHERE'S THREE!?

The Faithful boo wildly, as Thurston Hunter and Percy Collins slide into the ring and start distracting Mark Shields.

Thurston Hunter:

Hey, hey Mark I hear you have a brother Kyle who also likes to street fight? Cool, how does something like that happen? I'd love to meet him sometime.

Percy Collins:

Yeah! We're sick of his get rich quick scheme shit!

Mark looks up at Collins and Hunter with a weird look in his eyes. Then his demeanor changes on a dime and he starts nodding along.

Mark Shields:

Fucking right! That Slamazon app he's been pushing... those chicks are ugly as fuck! As for the street fighting stuff, this is the first I'm hearing about it but it wouldn't surprise me!

Deacon stands from the pinfall attempt and grabs Hunter and Collins by the neck. ALEX P. and MEE6 slide into the ring next and try pulling their friends away before Deacon can do any damage. This sends Magdalena into the ring as well. She's shouting at everyone to GTFO.

Next up is The Game Boy. He stoically steps over the top rope and once Deacon sees Game Boy has entered the ring, he lets go of the other cronies. Collins and Hunter gasp for air as they fall to their knees.

Finally, Conor Fuse jumps onto the apron and slingshots himself over the top rope. He pushes ALEX P. and MEE6. He gets right into The Game Boy's face before Magdalena takes Conor by the shoulder and swings him around so she's face-to-face with him (well, sorta... she's still a lot shorter).

Magdalena:

Get these idiots OUT OF THE RING!

Collins and Hunter find a second wind.

Percy Collins:

We didn't do anything!

Thurston Hunter:

Yeah! We didn't interfere! We didn't interfere!

The Comments Section continues to repeat the same words over and over again. Conor is growing impatient.

Thurston Hunter:

Let us stay! Let us stay!

Percy Collins:

Don't you want your frEEdOms!? FREEDOMS!!!

Fuse pushes Hunter. He turns and shoves Percy Collins.

Conor Fuse:

All of you. Every single one of you... GET THE FUCK OUT!

Conor ejects them like a baseball umpire. The crowd goes wild!

DDK:

As it should be! About time!

Game Boy stands in front of Deacon but Conor Fuse is at his limit. Conor finds a space in-between both of them and pushes each man back. The Ultimate Gamer gets right into Game Boy's luchador mask.

Conor Fuse:

That means you too. GTFO, dude. Or I call this match in Deacon's favour.

The usually stoic Game Boy's body language changes ever-so-slightly, which may suggest he's furious himself. Game Boy gives Deacon one more look over before exiting the ring with the rest of The Comments Section.

Fuse turns to Magdalena.

Conor Fuse:

You too, Mags.

She's beside herself.

Conor Fuse:

I said you too, Mags! This ends with NOBODY else at ringside!

Thurston Hunter shouts from the rampway.

Thurston Hunter:

Yeah, you too, Mags! Little bruising bitch cakes. Haha.

Magdalena rapidly taps her foot before she scoffs at Conor Fuse and exits the ring. Meanwhile Deacon goes back to pummeling Malak Garland.

As Magdalena walks up the rampway, Thurston Hunter decides to be brave (or stupid, depending on how you look at it). He detaches himself from the rest of his group and walks back to ringside, at the bottom of the rampway where Magdalena has just begun to make her way up.

Thurston Hunter:

Yeah, you too, Mags! Bahahahahah! Get street foughted, whore! I'm so original with my slander! Early to the showers with ya! Maybe you will actually clean all the religion off you for once!

Thurston pulls out the mangled bible they destroyed on the last DEFtv and waves it in her face mockingly. Magdalena isn't putting up with any of this shit. She cracks Hunter across the jaw HARD and he goes down like a sack of potatoes. The crowd erupts at the spot.

DDK:

Damn right!

Hunter is legitimately out cold on the floor as ALEX P. and MEE6 see the hard blow from Magdalena. They remain stopped in their tracks, presumably with soiled underpants. (The Game Boy is gone, he's already vanished backstage.)

Percy Collins decides to walk right into Magdalena's face next.

DDK:

Percy is as stupid as he looks.

Collins, however, ducks a right hand from Magdalena and then attempts to reach out and grab her-

WHAM!

The crowd cheers as Conor Fuse comes racing across the ramp and nails Collins with a spear. Fuse pops to his feet and superkicks the boots right out of ALEX P. and MEE6. Conor takes both the statistician ALEX P. and the BOT Martin Evans-Everett the sixth and walks them all the way up the ramp. He drops MEE6 in the middle of the stage and drags ALEX P. to the left side of the ramp...

BOOM!

Conor tosses ALEX P. straight into the palm tree snowfall set.

The Power-Up King matches back to the middle of the ramp. He snatches MEE6 and continues to the right side of the stage.

BOOM!

And hurls MEE6 through the other palm tree snowfall set.

Conor Fuse:

I hate snow themed levels.

Fuse dusts his hands off. He walks to the center of the stage and is met once again by Magdalena.

Magdalena:

I had them. I didn't need *your* help...

Already on edge, Conor doesn't back down and the two of them start mouthing off against each other once again. Back to the ring, Deacon's destroying Malak Garland. Deac hurls Garland into the ropes and comes charging through with a crossbody block. It looks like the end of Malak is coming as Deacon calls for one more Altar Call. Garland is hooked high in the air... he's trying his best to break free and happens to kick Mark Shields inadvertently in the side of the head!

Shields falls over and rubs his face while Malak escapes the move! The Snowflake hits the ropes-

WHAM!

And Deacon whacks Malak out of thin air with a heavy headbutt!

On the rampway, everyone has been helped to the medical room by DEFSec... everyone other than Magdalena and Conor Fuse. They continue to jawjack at one another.

DDK:

There is serious mistrust between these two.

Inside the ring, Deacon looks down at Mark Shields. Shields shows signs of life and says he should be okay in a moment, once he can get his eyesight back. Deacon turns to lift Malak off the mat and crushes him with another heavy headbutt. The FIST calls for the end but before anything can be done, the crowd comes alive!

Lance:

KEEBS! OH MY GOD!

A shadow wearing nothing more than camo gear slips through the crowd, hops the rail and enters the ring.

Lance:

IT'S CYRUS BATES! WHAT THE HELL!?

Deacon turns to see Search Party Cyrus but it's too late! Bates stands there, seething at the mouth as the fans look on with breathless expressions on their faces. Bates hits Deacon with a boot to the head... lifts the champion up...

...And plants him in the center of the ring with a devastating uranage!

DDK:

This is bullshit! I've had enough of this nonsense!

Bates looks to his left, right, center... and then pussyfoots out of the ring and back through the crowd to which he came, driving the Faithful crazy in boos!

DDK:

We've seen this act a bunch of times by now! Cyrus Bates says he's terrified of uranages after receiving one from Mushigihara last year. And yet Cyrus vanishes from the face of the earth only to show up randomly and execute the very move that haunts him!? This is such BS!

Malak stirs on the mat. It's clear he saw what took place while he was recovering. Garland slithers over to the fallen

Deacon...

DDK:

Not this way!

Conor and Magdalena didn't see a damn thing.

Lance:

Oh boy...

Everyone inside the arena is on their feet as Malak Garland is inching closer to an attempted pinfall!

Finally, Conor and Mags turn to the ring. Conor seems as confused as Deacon's manager, witnessing the champion laid out on the canvas and Malak Garland inches away from draping the arm overtop of him.

Mark Shields rubs his eyes.

Conor hears additional commotion from a spot in the crowd where Search Party Cyrus disappeared back into, but Fuse can't put it all together because there's no sign of Bates.

Conor and Mags watch on in horror as Garland puts an arm over Deacon's chest. Shields is seeing double but nonetheless, the referee slides into position to make the count.

DDK:

Please. No.

ONE.

TWO.

T

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R
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-

KICKOUT!

DDK:

At the very last second, there's still life in The Deacon!

Lance:

I don't have to quit my job!

Garland rolls to his side. He realizes Mark Shields is still struggling to rub his eyes out so Garland wastes little time. Although certainly hurting, Malak exits the ring and pulls back the apron. He takes a chair and reenters the ring.

Magdalena slaps Conor in the chest.

Conor Fuse:

Get to the back, right now. I'll deal with this shit.

Magdalena:

YOU BETTER.

Begrudgingly, Mags is the last one to make her exit as Conor power walks back down the rampway and towards the ring. Malak looks down at Deacon, chair in hand and he smiles.

Malak Garland:

Bless.

Garland holds the chair above Deacon's right leg. He's about to drive it into the big man's knee...

When Conor Fuse slides into the ring and takes the chair from him.

Garland turns to Fuse.

Malak Garland:

WTF, man!? Don't you want to be free!? Just let it happen!

Garland grabs the chair back from Conor's hands.

Malak Garland:

Let. It. Happen. I am inevitable.

The challenger looks down at Deacon who's starting to stir from the uranage blow. It's clear Malak doesn't have much time. Garland's demeanor changes... he looks at Conor now, as if almost pleading with him.

Malak Garland:

Let it... happen? I am inevitable?

Garland tries for a chair shot but Conor takes it away again and the crowd cheers! Malak's demeanor changes, like a snowflake at a drop of a dime, instantly triggered. The Keyboard Warrior shoves Conor who was surprised by the push and goes into the turnbuckle, dropping the chair in the process. Conor rubs his head from the whiplash as Garland realizes neither Conor nor Mark Shields are paying attention.

WHAM!

So he snatches the chair and drives it into Deacon's right knee.

Malak Garland:

Bless!

Malak with a quick peek over his shoulder at both men.

WHAM!

And does it again.

Quick peek at the ref and the guest enforcer. Does Malak have enough time to get one MOAR shot in?

WHAM!

Of course he does. This time it's a shot across Deacon's head.

DDK:

What a gutless troll!

Garland tosses the warped chair to the ground. He drops to his knees and hooks both legs.

Malak Garland: *[shouting to either Mark Shields or Conor Fuse]*

Okay, someone can count now. Anyone! LFGGGGG!!! FOMO!

Fuse recovers and sees the pinfall attempt. He's about to fall into position but as he does he slides past the steel chair.

The DAMAGED steel chair.

Conor grabs the chair instead. He pulls the snowflake up by his white hair.

Conor Fuse:

Did you fucking use this when I said not to!?

Garland shakes his head no.

Malak Garland:

Nope. Wasn't me. It came like that out of the box.

But Conor doesn't buy it.

Conor Fuse:

You're going to answer me HONESTLY because I am absolutely sick of your shit. Did you use this chair?

Garland doesn't bite.

Malak Garland:

Nope. You're crazy, man. We should get a refund from Amazon for that.

Fuse holds up the chair and points to the damaged seat.

Conor Fuse:

So what the hell happened?

Garland's deadpan.

Malak Garland:

Eric Dane came back and didn't want me to be the FIST of DEFIANCE - haha, so he hit me...

Fuse pushes Garland.

Conor Fuse:

Fuck off.

But once again, Malak doesn't break. He turns towards the Deacon and plans to lay more punishment in.

Malak Garland:

Can you just, like, count the pin!? I'll even say please!

Garland applies a fury of boots to Deacon while the fans boo.

Conor Fuse:

I'm going to ask you one more time...

Fuse grabs Garland by the shoulder and spins him around. This triggers the challenger...

Malak Garland:

You know what, fuck you cOnOr. I didn't use the chair. You are so accusatory! Your projections hurt me. Quit projecting on me! You didn't see me use the chair. So get bent, dipshit. Count the three and go on your merry way!

As Garland speaks, Deacon's coming to. He gets on a knee.

Fuse shakes his head. He looks down at the chair in his hands.

Malak Garland:

I hate you. I can't stand you. You're a loser. No one likes video games. No one likes you. No one uses LANs anymore. Everyone adores WIFI. You ruined DEFIANCE. You ruined HOW. You ruin everything you touch!

Deacon is up.

And Malak Garland spits right in Conor Fuse's face.

It all happens so fast. Once the spit lands on Conor's face, he runs a hand through it to make sure the incident actually took place. Conor tightens the grip on the chair... and he swings it in Malak's direction.

WHAM!!!!!!

But Garland ducks.

Deacon was standing right behind him. He eats the chair H.A.R.D.

DDK:

No...

Lance:

Holy shit.

The arena is silent. The FIST of DEFIANCE is out cold once again. And Malak Garland didn't use the chair this time.

Conor Fuse did.

It's clear Conor's rattled and this was NOT what he had intended. However, Garland giggles on the canvas floor, realizing he's still in one piece and Deacon...

Is not.

Malak Garland:

Haha, oh me, oh my. What a predicament indeed. How delectable!

The announcers are so stunned, they don't say anything. Garland falls on top of Deacon and looks at Conor Fuse like he's expecting the gamer to get down and count.

Fuse throws the chair to the mat in a rage but exits the ring. He places both hands on top of his head and paces around like the world has come to an end.

Garland grins sadistically. He sees Mark Shields has recovered.

Malak Garland:

Hey Marky Mark! cOnOr over there didn't want to count this LEGAL pinfall attempt but... maybe you can!? Can you? CAN YOU!?

Shields falls into position. Conor is having a meltdown outside the ring. It's a bit of a slow count on Mark's end, since his head is minorly spinning...

ONE.

TWO.

THR

EE-

MARK SHIELDS IS PULLED OUT OF THE RING BY CONOR FUSE!

The crowd cheers as Conor tears at his own hair. Fuse is having an extremely difficult time making sense of what he just did.

Conor Fuse:

Mark, I'm sorry man, but I'm gonna have to knock you out right now.

Shields nods.

Mark Shields:

Fuck man, sure thing! Whatever you need from-

Whack!

Conor decks Shields with a left hand.

Inside the ring, Malak Garland goes from 0 to 100. He's screaming at the top of his lungs while still maintaining a pin on The Deacon.

Malak Garland:

CONOR! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!? I NEARLY HAD THE ALL-FIST WORLD TITLE IN MY BACK POCKET!

Garland's voice is on a completely different octave. It's clear he's never faced this legitimate level of stress before, having the FIST of DEFIANCE taken right out from under him, which is ironic considering the tables were turned with the whole fumbling of the ACE.

Malak Garland:

I DIDN'T HIT DEACON WITH THE CHAIR. YOU DID. This is not MY fault! Nothing bad is ever my fault! I am a good person! I am a good wrestler! I am a CHAMPIONSHIP wrestler! Give me credibility!

Conor slides into the ring. Garland wastes no time and gets right in Conor Fuse's face.

Malak Garland: *[pointing to the fallen Deacon]*

I DIDN'T DO THAT.

Garland scoffs.

Malak Garland:

I. DIDN'T. HIT. DEACON. WITH. THAT. CHAIR.

This time, Conor pushes back.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, but you did.

Fuse stares at Garland until MagnumG finally cracks.

Malak Garland:

So what if I did!? Do you really want to be with me FOREVER? Because it will be FOREVER. I will make your life the biggest living fucking hell imgainable! No FOMO. No safe spaces. You think I've been hard on you before, cOnOr!? You've seen NOTHING YET!

Fuse knows he's in a tough spot and Garland can sense it. Instead of arguing with his nemesis any further, Garland props Deacon upright and smacks the champion between the shoulder blades. Garland laughs sadistically.

Malak Garland:

Weapon Get.

Malak finds the ropes, runs off them and leaps into the air.

DDK:

Head Stomp on Deacon!

The champ falls to the mat and Garland dusts off his hands, dropping to a pin position. The challenger eyes Conor.

Malak Garland:

Now you HAVE TO count.

Fuse clutches his head and starts pulling at his hair once more. The crowd shouts for Conor not to make the count but there's really nothing more he can do. The gamer checks Deacon's shoulders. Fear is heavy in Conor's eyes as he does the unthinkable...

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Instant relief crosses Fuse's face as Garland's jaw drops out of his skull. It was clearly NOT a three count but the Mega Troll isn't going with *this* narrative. Instead, The Thirst Trapper shoots to his feet and begins throwing a temper tantrum like he's a two-year-old.

Malak Garland:

MY SHINY SHINY! I AM FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION!!!

Garland pushes Fuse.

Malak Garland:

You are nothing. You're the video game loser! Why don't you get out of here!? Why do you do this to me!? I'm supposed to WIN!!!

Garland spits at Conor again, catching him square in the face for a second time. However, the crowd is slowly coming alive...

Malak Garland:

I will get you to do household chores in a degrading maid's costume the likes of Christie Zane should wear. You will become my hydration technician! Shine my shoes. Clip my nails. Give me a sponge bath? Dude, I'm The King of Trolls. I have no limit!

The fans are cheering louder.

Malak Garland:

I'll pull your DEFIANCE contract. I'll fire you from PRIME even before you begin to work there. I'll put you on ICE. No one will remember your shit sipping face by next year!

The arena is rocking!

Malak Garland:

RIP Conor Fuse. No continues. No extra lives. Not even 'start from the beginning'. No game. No console. Perma death. FUCK YOU.

Conor cracks a smile.

Conor Fuse:

Na, man. Fuck you.

Garland spits on Fuse for a third time. But Conor isn't phased.

Conor Fuse:

Turn around.

Garland doesn't have to. He feels what's breathing down his neck.

The Deacon.

Shit.

As Deacon stirred, the crowd stirred. Now fully recovered, Deacon grabs Garland by the throat and hits a wildly high chokeslam! Deacon shoots off the ropes and nearly spins Malak's head right off the snowflake's shoulders with a massive running big boot! Miami goes ballistic and Deacon positions the challenger for the Altar Call. Before The Mute Freak hits the finisher, the champion looks dead into Conor Fuse's eyes.

WHAM!

DDK:

Altar Call!

Conor drops to his knees and makes the count while the entire arena counts along.

