

SHOW OPEN

♪ "Icky Thump" by The White Stripes ♪

The scene begins inside the Bridgestone Arena in Nashville 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 D-E-F-I-A-N-C-E stretches across the stage, with the space between the two words being used for the entrance from Gorilla. There are two palm trees flanking the edge of the stage on both sides with beach balls and towels scattered around them. An LCD rampway projects nothing but sunlight 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.

As always, signs, signs everywhere when a pan of the crowd is made.

I AM A MEMBER OF THE TERESA AMES OF

I AM A MEMBER OF THE SCOTT HUNTER FANTIME

GREEN EGGS AND HAM MORE LIKE LIFT LEGS AND SLAM

DEX WINS OR WE RIOT

LINDSAY TROY HAS HAIRY ARM PITS

DEX WINS OR WE WILL MEAN TWEET ABOUT IT

I PREFER TO MAXIMIZE MY DEFIANCE

MY DEFIANCE GOES TO 11

META SIGNS ARE BEST SIGNS

HEAVY ARTILLERY SHOOT BLANKS

VICTOR VACIO IS THE OG VV

SOMEONE TELL LINDSAY TROY THE LETTER OF THE DAY IS L

DEX JOY MAKES HISTORY TONIGHT

FOX STOCKS UP

DOWN WITH TROY

BOO, LINDSAY, BOO

**MAXDEF FEELS BIGGER THAN DEFCON IS SOME WAYS, LETS TALK ABOUT IT - FOLLOW ME ON
THREADS**

**THIS SEEMS TO HAPPEN EVERY YEAR AND I THINK MAX DEF IS ACTUALLY THE BIG SHOW BUT WE
DONT WANT TO ADMIT IT**

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

DDK:

HELLO and welcome to night two!

Lance:

Well, we've got two titles matches on the line tonight, two Scotsmen out for blood and then some.

DDK:

Let's check the match graphics.

SCOTT HUNTER vs. SGT. SAFETY
MASK vs. HAIR: VICTOR VACIO vs. HIGH FLYER IV
KERRY KUROYAMA vs. DAVID FOX
FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE: ALVARO de VARGAS vs. MIL VUELTAS
CONOR FUSE vs. THE FLYING FRENCHIE
THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. BRONSON BOX & GAGE BLACKWOOD
FIST OF DEFIANCE: LINDSAY TROY (C) vs. DEX JOY

DDK:

And our opener...

UNIFIED TAG TITLES: SNS (C) vs. FLEX IN A BOX vs. HEAVY ARTILLERY

Lance:

I can't wait!

PAYBACK

DDK:

We're ready to kick the second night of Maximum DEFIANCE off in style with the Unified Tag Team Championship's up for grabs in a triple threat match. Can't get much better of an opener than that, Lance.

Lance:

I'm not complaining, partner. The Saturday Night Specials' may have conquered their bitter rivals, The Lucky Sevens, at DEFCON to reclaim the titles but that's in the past. Now they're going to have to prove that they can keep them by fending off two incredibly talented teams in Flex in a Box and Heavy Artillery. Brock and Pat better bring their A game tonight if they hope to leave Maximum DEFIANCE with the belts still around their waists, and even that might not be enough. This will be a highly contested match, I can promise you that.

DDK:

I'm on the same page, and excited to get to the action. Before we send things down to the ring, we're going to send it to Christie Zane, who's standing by backstage with the champions.

Lance:

Take it away, Christie!

Cutting away from the announce team, the scene transitions to the backstage and Christie Zane. Standing in front of the men's dressing room with microphone in hand, Christie flashes a smile to the camera. The picture zooms out a little further to reveal that she's flanked on both sides by The Saturday Night Specials. The Faithful let out a resounding cheer at the sight of the primed and ready Unified Tag Team Champions. Raising up the microphone, Zane looks into the camera.

Christie Zane:

Thanks, guys! And welcome back to Maximum DEFIANCE, everyone! BallyHOO'S excited to get this thing started!?

Both Brock and Pat smirk as The Faithful respond with another ovation, causing Zane to grin slightly as she turns her attention to them. Cassidy shakes his head mockingly and crosses his arms, looking down at her.

Pat Cassidy:

You call that a BallyHOO, Zane? That was amateur, kid. No hard feelings or nothin', but it's go time for your boys here and we're gonna do this thing right. Here, let the master show you how it's done.

Before Zane can react in any sort of way, Cassidy snatches the microphone from her and tosses it over her head to Brock, who sticks an arm up and catches it with ease. Once again Christie is too slow as Newbludd raises the mic up before she can even turn to face him.

Brock Newbludd:

It's all about breathing through your nose, Christie. It's easy...BALLY!?

The Faithful:

HOOOO!!!

Brock Newbludd:

One more time, just in case you didn't catch that. Through the nose and...BALLY!?

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOO!!!!

Newbludd pumps a fist and reaches over Zane to highfive Cassidy. Shrugging his shoulders, Brock smiles and offers her the mic back. She reaches her hand out but the mic and Newbludd suddenly vanish when a hulking mass appears out of nowhere and spears him into the concrete wall!

DDK:

What!? Roosevelt Owens!?

Before Zane can even process what has just happened, Bobby Horrigan bulldozes his way past her and blindsides Pat Cassidy with a hard forearm to the side of the head!

Lance:

It's Heavy Artillery! Are you kidding me!?

DDK:

This is despicable, plain and simple! You want a piece of the champions, do it the right way, in the damn ring!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

As Zane scrambles away from the chaos, the stunned champions both regain their bearings enough to attempt to defend themselves. Still pinned against the wall after being driven into it, Brock manages to get his hands up in an attempt to block Owens' flurry of punches. Meanwhile, Horrigan follows up his initial attack with a knee to Cassidy's gut that hits hard enough to lift Pat off his feet.

Lance:

Somebody get security over there now! SNS is being mugged!

Heavy Artillery continue the vicious attack. Horrigan latches onto Cassidy's throat and slams the back of his head against the concrete wall. As the dazed Cassidy drops down to a knee Owens grabs Brock by the ears and mimics his partner's attack, smashing the side of Newbludd's head into the wall.

DDK:

This is short sighted - Heavy Artillery might be stopping their own title match from happening!

Lance:

Looks like they're seeking revenge for SNS coming to the aid of MV1 last night!

Keebler stops abruptly and The Faithful let out a roar of approval when Cassidy suddenly surges up from his kneeling position to CRACK Horrigan in the face with a steel plate loaded forearm. Now Horrigan finds himself stumbling back, causing Owens to take his eyes off of Brock. Fighting through brain fog, Newbludd doesn't let the opportunity go to waste. Lunging forward, Brock throws all of his weight into Owens and brings him to the ground with a single leg takedown.

Lance:

The Specials' are fighting back! The champions won't be put down that easily!

As the Faithful continue to roar Cassidy takes a quick, but shaky, step forward and clocks Horrigan with a second forearm that sends Bobby stumbling back into the opposite wall. Meanwhile, Newbludd follows up the takedown with a wild flurry of punches to Owens.

DDK:

And they have The Faithful rallying behind them! They paid good money to come here tonight to see these teams battle for the gold and Heavy Artillery is trying to rip them off!

SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS!

The rumble of the capacity crowd ignites the tag team champions and they put immediately put that energy to good use. Charging ahead, Cassidy spears Horrigan into the opposite wall, pinning him against it. At the same moment, Newbludd slips between Owens defenses with a pair of cracking forearms. The comeback is short lived, however, as out of frame flies in TA Cole! Cole just blisters Newbludd with a lariat that knocks him silly. All three men: Cole,

Horrigan, and Roosevelt begin putting the boots to Cassidy. Reform steps into the frame with his arms folded and his smile wide.

DDK:

We saw this newfound alliance form last night - and now they're targeting the Saturday Night Specials!

DEFsec appears on the scene along with a concered Ophelia Sykes, swarming and attempting to stop the melee as the scene cuts to the commentators.

DDK:

We're supposed to kick off tonight with the triangle tag match, ladies and gentlemen, but Heavy Artillery got things started early by attacking The Saturday Night Specials.

UNIFIED TAG TITLES: SNS (C) vs. FLEX IN A BOX vs. HEAVY ARTILLERY

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

The opening chords ring out as a light fog rises.

DDK:

I don't think anyone told Flex in a Box what just happened.

Lance:

How could they!? There's been no time Darren!

Entering from the back and waving enthusiastically is Klein, who's flanked by Flex. Klein drops to a knee and the two flex at the top of the ramp. When suddenly a voice rings out.

The D:

Ladies and gentlemen!

The D steps out from the backstage area wielding a microphone. He raises it above his head and speaks up into it. He accompanies Flex and Klein as they make their way to the ring. Flex occasionally has his pecs jump, as Klein is very friendly with the Faithful, slapping their hands on the way to ringside.

The D:

Your Master of Ceremonies, the best damn ring announcer of all time, has arrived for tonight's proceedings! One half of the greatest foursome in DEFIANCE history, multiple time Tag Champions the Pop Culture Phenoms, I am MC the D! And TONIGHT, Faithful, my very best friends, the powerhouse pummelers, the basher brawlers, each a former BRAZEN Champion... it is Catering's Nightmare, FLEX KRUGER, and SIR REIGNALD, BOXINGTON THE THIRD, aka KLEIN, CHAL-LEO-UNGE-ING, for the DEFIANCE Tag Team CHAMPIONSHIPS! Combined, they are the dynamic duo of FLEX... IN A BOX!

Both men climbed on opposite turnbuckles and flex, posing for the cheering Faithful.

DDK:

I'm not sure Flex in a Box is even aware of what just happened to the champs in the back. I'm getting word that the match will proceed, but no updates on the status of The Saturday Night Specials

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

DDK:

Wait... what is this?

The crowd is confused, but they boo anyway as Ned Reform's theme plays throughout the arena. The Good Doctor, dressed in a tweed jacket and khaki slacks, steps through the curtain with a mic in hand. He smiles as he politely waits for this theme to die down before bringing the mic to his lips.

Ned Reform:

Ladies and gentlemen. Rejoice! Much like last night, when you all witnessed my dominating performance over MV1, you are all witness to history! For tonight, we are guaranteed to have NEW Unified Tag Team Champions! The Saturday Night Specials have been taken out of the equation!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

It is my pleasure to present to all of you... AND the two simpletons in the ring... to a reborn tag team. For you see, children, Heavy Artillery is no more! I present to you the newest members of The Honor Society: TA Robert Horrigan! TA Roosevelt Owens! THEY ARE... WEIGHTED! GRADE!

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

Behind Reform appears Owens and Roosevelt, now sporting purple singlets very similar to those worn by Reform and TA Cole. Horrigan is wearing a purple and white "Honor Society" jacket and aviators while Owens is decked out with a big, loud, extravagant scarf. They are flanked by a suit wearing and scowling TA Cole.

DDK:

Last night, Levi Cole made his choice when he returned to the side of Ned Reform. It appears Heavy Artillery have also allied with The Good Doctor.

Lance:

Weighted Grade.

DDK:

...right.

Reform and Cole shake the heads of their new compatriots before turning and heading to the back. Weighted Grade begin their cocky walk to the ring, cracking knuckles and talking shit toward Flex in a Box the entire way.

Darren Quimby:

And their opponents... HEAVY... er, WEIGHTED GRADE!

DDK:

And so what's going to happen here? Are we having the match without the champs?

Lance:

Ned Reform seems to think so.

Weighted Grade enter the ring, taking position across from Flex in a Box. Hector Navarro, seemingly getting briefed on how to proceed from the back, shrugs and tells each team to get into position. Flex and Klein discuss strategy in their corner.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The fans are not happy that the champs aren't out here for this contest!

Robert Horrigan starts for his team, while Flex pats Klein on the shoulder for good luck as he climbs out onto the apron.

DING DING!

Horrigan and Klein begin to circle each other, both eyeing for an opening. When Horrigan lunges, Klein ducks and waves. Again when the big man goes in for the kill, Klein is able to dodge out of the way. Horrigan becomes visibly frustrated, kicking at the bottom rope.

BOOOOOOOOO!

The crowd begins to boo as Ned Reform and TA Cole have reappeared at the entrance way. Klein turns to see the source of this ruckus, and that's all the opening Horrigan needs to jump him from behind. Horrigan lays in the CLUBBERIN' blows as Klein tries to cover up. TA Horrigan muscles Klein into the corner, continuing with the powerful shots. The newest Honor Society member then brings Klein into the Weighted Grade corner before tagging in Owens. Rosey whips Klein into the opposite corner and comes charging in with a big splash..

..but Klein moves! Owens collides with the turnbuckle as Klein tags in Flex Kruger!

Lance:

Flex in a Box using their superior speed full to their advantage!

Flex bounds into the ring and he is ALL OVER the stunned Owens with punches and forearms. He whips the near five hundred pound man across the ring... and in an incredibly impressive display, manages to back body drop the behemoth over his head! The ring shakes, the crowd pops, and Flex... flexes!

Lance:

Flex Kruger knows that this is THEIR chance to walk out with the tag belts - one of the most prestigious titles in this company - and he's going to take advantage!

DDK:

They might have wanted to do it with the Champs involved though Lance. They've shown nothing but honor throughout their tenure here in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

In stark contrast to the unaptly named Honor Society.

With Owens trying to get back to his feet, Flex hits the ropes... but he's tripped up by TA Cole, who along with Reform has come down to ringside! Flex turns to scowl at Cole and Nevarro moves in to scold the outside interference, but when Flex turns his back to the match he walks right into a big powerslam!

On the outside, The D approaches both Reform and Cole, warning them to back off, or "GET THE D!"

In the ring, Flex eats a big Owens leg drop before the big man covers.

ONE!

Flex powers out. Rosie maintains control, bringing Flex into the Weighted Grade corner. The two big men isolate Flex, making quick tags and taking turns stomping away.

DDK:

The D is livid on the outside! This is the Blacklist! PCP uses this move all the time!

Lance:

And look at the grin on Ned Reform's face. So satisfied with his new charges.

With Horrigan as the legal man, Flex is brought to the center of the ring and then dropped hard with a big right hand.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

What's the commotion? Oh!

DDK:

It's the champs!

Lance:

Things are about to pick up Darren!

Indeed it is! The crowd pops as The Saturday Night Specials march down the ramp. They're beaten and limping slightly... but they're pissed! Horrigan turns his attention to their arrival as they blow right past Reform, Cole, and The D to get into the ring and the fists are flying!! Roosevelt enters the ring to help his partner from the attack! Klein and Flex join the fray! The whole thing has broken down into a melee!

Lance:

Pier six in Nashville!

Hector desperately tries to restore order as Brock battles Flex, Cassidy brawls with Horrigan, and Klein hammers away at Owens. Eventually, Nevarro is able to get some semblance of order restored, and we end up with Brock Newbludd and Bobby Horrigan left in the ring. Were they the original legal men? No, but nobody seems to mind too much.

Brock sends Horrigan off the ropes and staggers the big man with a crisp dropkick. He again rebounds off the ropes and hits a stiff clothesline that also puts Horrigan on shaky legs. Newbludd reaches out for the tag... but not to Cassidy, interestingly, but to Flex Kruger!

DDK:

Anyone can tag anyone else under these rules. The only restriction is, obviously, that you cannot pin your partner. We call that the PCP rule.

Lance:

The Phenoms, most famously, became the first ever tag team champions at DEFCon seven years ago, almost to the day, when Elise Ares pinned the D in an ill thought out three way.

DDK:

This will certainly make for an interesting and unusual dynamic in this tag team title contest, since there can only be two legal men at a time.

Working in tandem, Flex and Brock send Horrigan off the ropes and meet him on the rebound with double elbows that finally take him down. On the outside, Reform bangs on the apron in frustration. Brock moves back to the SNS corner as Flex gets down on Horrigan's level and locks in a headlock. Despite Horrigan's size, Flex's power and vice-like compression on his head makes it impossible for him to get up.

Flex maintains the hold, but Horrigan is able to power slowly to his feet - barely making it up to his knees. Flex responds by maintaining the headlock but also firing rapid punches into Horrigan's face. With the Weighted Grade member stunned, Flex hits the ropes and drops him back down with a wicked clothesline. Flex then reaches out... to tag Pat Cassidy! Cassidy and Flex work together to hook and impressively DROP Robert Horrigan with a double vertical suplex!

DDK:

Weighted Grade injected themselves into what by all rights should be a Flex in a Box vs. Saturday Night Specials tag match... and I think they're working together to teach Horrigan and Roosevelt a lesson!

Cassidy covers.

ONE!

...but Flex pulls him off!

DDK:

Make no mistake: there are no allies in this match. Everyone has their eyes on the prize.

Cassidy stands up. There is a moment of tension between the two before Flex shrugs, let's a pec flex and leaves the ring. Cassidy lights his fellow Boston native Bobby Horrigan up with right hands until he's backed into a corner. With Bobby slumped in the turnbuckle, Cassidy gets a running start and hits the SPLASH of JAMESON! He tags Flex... corner clothesline! Tag to Klein! Splash! Tag to Brock! Corner clothesline! The fans are on their feet for the flurry of babyface offense!

Lance:

Weighted Grade has made their beds and now they have to lie in them.

Brock leans back, cups his hands to his mouth, and screams out “BallyHOOOOO” before leaping at Horrigan... but the Boston native surprised Newbludd by backdropping him up and over the top rope! Brock takes the move awkwardly and as he crashes down to the ringside floor, his back clips the apron, prompting a collective “Ohhhhhhh” from The Faithful in attendance. Brock hits the floor hard.

And doesn't move.

The D is closest and drops down to his knees to take a look at Brock.

DDK:

That... that was a nasty spill.

Lance:

Brock's back clipped that apron at such an awkward angle. Can we take another look at that?

The screen fills with an instant replay as we indeed do see the point of impact between Brock's spine and the canvas. Off camera, the D motions toward the ring to Pat. The cameras follow Cassidy as he leaps down to ringside. He makes his way over to his partner, who is still motionless. The D steps back to give him space. Hector Nevarro also exits the ring, and the action has stopped to check on Newbludd's situation.

DDK:

The action has stopped for a moment, fans. We know that both Brock and Pat were feeling the effects of that attack before the match started, but this appears to be one of those accidents you always hope to avoid.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Have some respect!

The fans begin to boo as Weighted Grade has taken advantage of the distraction and jumped both members of Flex in a Box! Nevarro hops back into the ring to try to restore order as Horrigan beats on Klein in the ring and Roosevelt pulls Flex off the apron to put the boots to him. Horrigan sends Klein into the ropes and meets him with a clothesline. He covers. Hector seems unsure of what to do or who is legal, but eventually decides that the match must continue and he goes down for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Klein kicks out! Horrigan drops an elbow before bringing Klein to his corner where Rosie has taken position. Bobby makes the tag and Rosie comes to drop Klein with a sidewalk slam. He covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

The fans applaud as medical staff has now made its way to ringside to check on the injured Brock, who is thankfully moving. In the ring, Owens lights Klein up with chops in the corner before snapmaring him to the mat. Owens looks to a grinning Reform for approval before hitting the ropes and coming off with a big ol' elbow... but Klein moves out of the way!

The Faithful explode as Klein reaches out... and makes the tag! Flex is in! Right hands for Owens! Right hands for Horrigan! Flex grabs both members of Weighted Grade by their head... and introduces their skulls to each other! Flex clotheslines Horrigan out of the ring. He turns to Owens.

DDK:

BODYSLAM! Flex has slammed that five hundred pound man!

Flex covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!

Lance:

Pat Cassidy breaks the count! Cassidy is back in this match!

Cassidy hammers away at Flex with right hands as Hector gives up at getting any control over this. Pat sends Flex off the ropes and looks for a back body drop, but instead Flex is able to stop his momentum and kick Pat in the chest. Flex levels Cassidy with a clothesline followed by an elbow drop attempt, but Cassidy moves. Flex turns into a Pat Cassidy clothesline attempt, but he ducks. On the rebound, Flex connects with an armdrag. Cassidy back up and Flex tries another, but Cassidy lands on his feet and instead armdrags FLEX to the mat. Pat goes for a pumphandle slam, but Flex slips out and boots Cassidy in the stomach.

DDK:

Despite Brock's injury, Pat is fighting for those belts!

Cassidy doubles over and then walks into a suplex from Kruger. Flex lifts Cassidy up, and hooks him for a slam... but Cassidy catches him off guard with a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

That's broken up, and Cassidy charges - right into a Flex backslide!

ONE!

TWO!

...THREE!?!?!?

DING DING DING!

DDK:

HE GOT HIM! HE CAUGHT HIM! WE HAVE NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!!

The fans are stunned as Hector presents the belts to a shocked and over the moon Flex Kruger. Cassidy is on his knees, running his hand through his hair in utter disbelief. The D hops in the ring and he jumps into the arms of Flex Kruger, pumping his fists in victory. Klein joins them as they really begin to take stock of this huge win. Flex glances at

a title. Klein glances a title. And they go in for the hug!

Darren Quimby:

Here are your winners... AND THE NEEEEEEEW UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... FLEX! IN! A! BOOOOOX!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Great moment here, ladies and gentlemen. We know both these men work so hard and are a very respected tag team. With this victory, the whole world can't deny that any longer.

Pat Cassidy stands. He walks over to Flex in a Box. And despite his face being less than friendly... he extends his hand. To a big pop, Flex first takes it, and then Klein. Cassidy rolls out of the ring to check on Brock Newbludd, who is speaking to medical staff but moving extremely gingerly, clutching his lower back.

Lance:

A shocking end to the second reign of The Saturday Night Specials. One has to hope that Brock's injury isn't serious.

Flex in a Box and The D walk up the ramp, holding the titles high as Alice in Chains plays over the loudspeaker. They take one last moment to bow and exit backstage.

At ringside, Pat and Ophelia stand by DEF medical officials who are helping Brock to his feet. The crowd gives The Saturday Night Special a round of applause as he leans on two EMTs for support and begins to walk toward the ramp.

DDK:

Standing ovation for Brock Newbludd... you gotta know that when he's squared, SNS will be right back in the title hunt... NO!!

The special moment is interrupted as Ned Reform, TA Cole, Bobby Horrigan, and Roosevelt Owens - the Honor Society - blindside Brock and Pat! The EMTs and Ophelia are shoved aside as Reform and Horrigan beat on Cassidy and Owens and Cole put the boots to Brock! Horrigan grabs Cassidy by the scruff and throws him roughly into the ring steps. Reform turns his attention Brock Newbludd.

Ned Reform:

End him.

Owens grins, grabbing Brock by the head and bringing him to his feet... only to body slam him back first on the steel ramp!

OOOOOOHHH!

DDK:

Somebody get out here!

Brock grabs his back in pain, but is helpless as Cole turns him back over so that his back is facing upward toward the ceiling... and Owens stands over Brock with an evil grin.

Lance:

NO!

Roosevelt Owens drops all five hundred pounds DIRECTLY on Brock's injured back. Of course, this is when DEFsec finally arrives, but the damage has been done. Reform barks orders to his minions to make a hasty exit as Brock, who is in absolute agony, is swarmed by doctors.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... what we saw just sick. Brock Newbludd, who injured his back in a freak accident during the match, was just destroyed by a gang of thugs led by the man who pretends to be an academic. They might have taken years off Brock's career here!

Lance:

I don't want to be pessimistic... but they may have ended it.

DDK:

We're going to need a moment to get this sorted out and help poor Brock... we'll be back with our next match.

SCOTT HUNTER vs. SGT. SAFETY

DDK:

Getting back to the ring, we are about to witness the PPV debut of Scott Hunter as he takes on Sgt. Safety. This is a big match for both of these men, as Scott Hunter definitely wants to make a good impression on one of the biggest shows of the year, and likewise, Sgt. Safety gets a chance to show what he's got on a bigger stage.

Lance:

Scott Hunter continues to be one of the odder wrestlers in DEFIANCE. As we saw last night, he's more than willing to be as, shall we say, unorthodox as they come.

DDK:

He's definitely unique, I'll give him that. He managed an impressive win over Massive Cowboy a few weeks back in his television debut, and he'll need to be on his toes against Sgt. Safety, someone who is well placed to make a big impact in the second half of the year.

Lance:

Scott Hunter will probably want to stick to chain wrestling and technical work to keep Sgt. Safety off balance. Hunter may be a... well...

DDK:

An idiot?

Lance:

Sure, sure... but he has also shown himself to be a very capable wrestler, and that is, after all the name of the game.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Health and Safety Video" by Work Safe™ ♪

Darren Quimbey:

...from the second city! Chicago, Illinois!... weighing in at two hundred twenty-three pounds... **THE SAFEST MAN IN DEFIANCE!... SGT SAFETY!**

Sgt Safety steps through the curtain, holding his decibel up in the air. It rises as the crowd cheers enthusiastically and he starts his walk to the ring.

DDK:

The faithful are really behind Sgt. Safety here tonight!

Lance:

They certainly are! Scott Hunter of course took umbrage with the idea that Sgt. Safety is the safest man in DEFIANCE, and he promised to take some... interesting action to prove it.

DDK:

That's one way to put it. The man wrapped himself in bubble wrap and wore swim floaties.

Lance:

He did. And I don't wanna know why he would be wearing a condom to the ring, and God knows I don't want proof...

DDK:

Once more, I have no words.

Sgt. Safety climbs in through the ropes and throws his left arm in the air again, and walks to the ropes to soak in the cheers from the crowd.

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Miami, Florida...

Scott Hunter steps out through the curtain. He's wearing a bike helmet, swim floaties on each arm, and his torso is wrapped in bubble wrap. He gives a quick glance to the faithful, shaking his head, then turns his attention to Sgt. Safety in the ring, pointing his finger at him and shouting admonishments about his safety precautions.

Darren Quimbey:

...weighing two hundred forty-five pounds... **SCOTT HUNTER!**

Lance:

And here we are again. I don't think this guy is working with a full deck. He's actually trying to tell Sgt. Safety how to be more safe.

DDK:

I hope you're not expecting me to make sense of that.

Lance:

I don't think anyone could make sense of this guy.

Hunter reaches the ring and climbs up onto the apron slowly, and keeps an ever-present eye on Sgt. Safety, who is frowning while leaning against a turnbuckle, and waits. Scott finally, slowly, climbs through the ropes, taking great care to not get his helmet or swim floaties caught up in the ropes, then throws both arms up to the crowd. The faithful don't seem to know what to do with him still, although the mixed reactions are interspersed with some laughter at what he's wearing. He frowns, then spins around, and points at Sgt. Safety again.

DING DING

DDK:

Surely he's not keeping all of this ridiculous nonsense on while he wrestles, is he??

Lance:

I mean, it looks like he is. I don't think I've ever seen anything like this.

The two men start to circle each other. Sgt. Safety keeps his eyes locked on his opponent. Scott Hunter pulls on the strap to his bike helmet, making sure it's securely fastened. They lean in and lock up, and Sgt. Safety has the leverage to push Hunter back toward the corner thanks to Hunter's loss of leverage with all of his gear restricting his movements slightly. Hunter nearly trips on his way back, finally hitting the turnbuckle where the referee starts his count. Sgt. Safety releases though and unleashes a hard knife-edge chop across Scott Hunter's chest. A handful of the bubbles on the bubble wrap pop with each impact as he hits one, two, then a third.

DDK:

This is one of the more ridiculous things I've ever seen in a DEFIANCE ring. Those chops did little more than pop some of the bubbles on that bubble wrap. Scott Hunter is actually smiling.

Lance Warner:

I'm starting to think this kid is smarter than he let on! He didn't take any of the brunt of those chops!

Sgt. Safety backs up and Scott Hunter advances. They lock up again. Again Sgt. Safety gets the advantage, spins around behind his opponent, and flips Scott Hunter up and over with a hip toss. Hunter lands flat on his back, causing another loud series of pops as his bubble wrap loses a few more bubbles. Hunter hops right back up, again having been cushioned from any damage, and immediately kicks at Sgt. Safety's knee. The Sarge goes down on his knee, then takes a hard knee to the forehead that sends him backward, landing flat on his back.

DDK:

Sgt. Safety is gonna have to figure out how to do some damage despite all of the protective gear Scott Hunter is wearing in this match. For the life of me, I don't know why the referee is allowing this but hey, here we are...

Scott slowly walks until he's standing over Sgt. Safety. Scott adjusts his floaties, then reaches down to grab the Sarge, but he's caught off guard when he gets rolled up and finds himself in a pinning predicament.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance Warner:

Surprise roll up... now a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Scott Hunter is reeling! Sgt. Safety is back on his feet...

Sgt. Safety throws a series of forearm strikes, backing Scott Hunter into the ropes. He whips him across the ring, and on the comeback executes a picture-perfect dropkick that catches Scott Hunter right in the forehead, snaps the strap on his bike helmet, and sends it flying out of the ring and to the floor near the barricade. Hunter hits hard but scrambles to pull himself up to his feet. He makes it but is hit immediately by a clothesline that drops him again. Sgt. Safety hits the ropes and goes for another one, but Hunter catches him coming in with a big power slam.

DDK:

Scott Hunter takes over... he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Hunter jumps up immediately, and scoops Sgt. Safety up and then body slams him right back down to the mat. A split second after his opponent hits the mat, Hunter leaps in the air and drops a big elbow across his throat. He covers again.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

He jumps back up. Knee drop! Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Back to his feet AGAIN. Leg drop! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Frustrated, Scott Hunter gets to a vertical base and roughly pulls Sgt. Safety up to his feet by the hair. As the safest man in DEFIANCE wobbles near the corner, head buzzing, not knowing where he is, Scott Hunter climbs the turnbuckle, tightens his floaties, makes a swimming motion, then leaps off into a crisp flying body press. Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Hunter slams his hand on the mat in frustration. He pulls Sgt Safety up one more time, locks in a front face lock, and lifts him high into the air for a vertical suplex. He holds him there for what seems like an eternity, then finally drops him hard to the mat.

DDK:

Sgt. Safety survived that flurry of offense, but this is starting to look like the beginning of the end!

The Sarge lies prone in the ring and Scott Hunter steps over near his head. He looks down at him and kicks Sgt. Safety's arm into the place, then slowly pulls off a floatie, then slowly pulls off another. He flings them both into the crowd, then crosses and uncrosses his arms quickly and dashes into the ropes. He rebounds back, and hops over Sgt. Safety, hits the opposite ropes, comes back again and pauses, holding his arm up as if about to drop an elbow.

DDK:

Are we about to see an elbow?!

Lance Warner:

Sure looks that way!

But instead of an elbow, he immediately goes over to his opponent's legs and instead quickly wraps him up into a figure-four leglock.

DDK:

No! He feigned the elbow drop and went for the legs! He's got him locked in!

Lance Warner:

I don't know why he needed all of the theatrics, but he's got that locked in tight. Sgt. Safety looks like he isn't going anywhere.

DDK:

Hunter has this thing cinched in, definitely!

Sgt. Safety thrashes around trying to get any sort of leverage, but Hunter holds onto his foot and pulls tightly. He tries

in vain to reach out for the ropes but doesn't have enough strength to make any progress. Finally, he slaps his hand down on the mat in rapid succession, forced to tap out in order to avoid risking permanent knee damage.

DING DING DING

DDK:

He taps! Sgt. Safety tried to hold on as long as he could, but in the end, the pain was just too much!

Lance Warner:

Not to mention, it's just good common sense. You know his motto... safety first.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... SCOTT HUNTER!!

DDK:

Another big win for the young newcomer!

Lance Warner:

Indeed. He's a strange one, to be sure, but you certainly can't say he's boring.

DDK:

Scott Hunter stays on a roll here on Maximum DEFIANCE. Plenty more action to come!

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. DAVID FOX

DDK:

Next up, ladies and gentlemen, we have what promises to be a classic technical match-up between two longstanding DEFIANCE veterans, David Fox and Kerry Kuroyama, in a rematch from a face-off back at DEFTv 186!

Lance:

Kerry handily came out victorious in that first encounter, but seemingly ruffled the feathers of Jersey Devil by indirectly disparaging the longtime DEFIANT's talent and placement in the locker room.

DDK:

Kuroyama is known to be outspoken, albeit a tad arrogant, but nevertheless, David Fox has rallied himself in recent weeks, finding himself on an upward trajectory and having some really impressive showings as of late. Including a very close match against Rezin for the Favoured Saints Championship. One has to wonder if he can keep that momentum going tonight, but first, he has to prove he can come back from the man that handed him defeat months ago!

Thump... clap
Thumpthumpclap
Thump... clap
Thumpthump-zooooooooom

♪ "Same Ol'" by The Heavy ♪

The Bridgestone Arena comes alive, all bathed in white light and those triumphant strings reverberating along the walls.

DDK:

And here comes one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's elder statesmen!

Sure enough, almost bursting from backstage, comes the booming presence of one David Fox; he's got a lot riding on the outcome of tonight's match, but you wouldn't know it from how he bellows out to the crowd, calling for their support as he storms down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is schedule for one fall! Making his way to the ring, from Blackwood, New Jersey, weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds... he is The Soul Survivor, Daaaaaaaaaavid... FOX!

*I believe, if a man could fly
I'd be just like a bird, tryin' to escape from your lies
And the truth would never die
It would be just like I remembered when you... swallowed my pride*

As Kelvin Swaby's dulcet tones fill the air, Fox tags more than a few hands along the way to the ring, raising his arms as if to absorb the increasing amount of cheers the Soul Survivor has gotten in recent years.

Lance:

David Fox has had strong showings in his return to singles competition, including an intense challenge for the Favoured Saints Championship at DEFTv 188, and even if his win-loss column may not reflect it, he has been proving himself to be a real threat in the ring once again, not to mention coming into his own as a fan favorite!

*When you were talkin' that same ol'
And kept makin' that same ol'
Keep workin' that same ol'
Ol'... fool outta me*

Fox makes a final dash to the ring before sliding in under the bottom rope and rolling to his feet.

*All that same ol'
Everyday it's that same ol'
You keep makin' that same ol'
Ol'... fool out of me, yeah*

Without much adieu, Fox gets to his corner, leaning hard against the turnbuckles as he stares daggers at the backstage entrance, waiting.

Lance:

And that momentum could be at risk, because on the last UNCUT, Fox decreed that if he lost tonight, he would voluntarily not wrestle on DEFtv or any pay-per-view events for the rest of 2023, and given that he is sharing a ring with Vae Victis' Kerry Kuroyama, one has to wonder if his mouth has written a check his skills simply can't cash.

The house lights go black.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The rumble of thunder joins the thumping opening notes to the iconic Vae Victis anthem. Fading in across MAXDEF stage's array of bigscreens, a view of rolling green thunderclouds appears to the audience.

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

Emerging from the clouds, nine weathered stone letters drift out and float toward the screen.

*Stranger fruit is a plant of the well
Flesh so bitter it pick itself.*

The ancient runes align themselves and form two unmistakably DEFIANT words across the panorama of giant displays. The peal of the thunderclap accentuates their presence.

VAE VICTIS

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

The flicker of lightning within the stormfront sends quick flashes of light across the stage. Through the periodic strobes, a faint but recognizable silhouette can be seen standing in the entry-way.

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

The figure strides out to the head of the ramp and comes to a stop as soon as the spotlight hits. KERRY KUROYAMA tears away the towel draped over his head and throws his arms into the air into a triumphant apex.

KRRR-RAACCKK!!

Bolts of lighting strike the stage in a brilliant display of pyrotechnic ability. Emerging from the smoke, Kuroyama strides down the ramp with authority and determination.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, representing VAE VICTIS... he hails from Seattle, Washington, and weighs in at two-hundred and forty-six pounds... "THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG"... KEEERRRRRRYYYYYYYYY
KUUUROOOYAAAMMMMAAAAAAAA!!!

BOOOOOOOO!!!

The Faithful's jeers are deaf to the ears of Kuroyama, cutting a path through the hostile air with an empyrean sense of pride and self-assurance. Scaling the steps to the apron, he lobs his towel high into the air and deftly catches it as soon as he steps through the ropes.

There's a storm out there...

There's a storm out there...

They're out somewhere...

There's a storm out there...

Kerry scales the turnbuckle and peaks his fists overhead once more, DEFIANTly posing over the seething ringside crowd in a show of presence and confidence.

DDK:

Pure teflon. Kuroyama is looking very sure of himself here tonight.

Lance:

Which is hardly a surprise. Kerry is in peak physical shape, and, despite his shortcoming back at DEFtv when he challenged for the Favoured Saints Championship, he knows he's competing at his absolute best right now.

DDK:

There has hardly been a question of Kuroyama's abilities in the ring. And although he bested Fox back at DEFtv 186, the question remains if that confidence is actually masking a sense of arrogance!

Lance:

Good point, Keebs. In this sport, you're only as good as your next match.

DDK:

Looks like official Carla Ferrari is ready to get this one underway, as she cues for the bell! Here we go!

DING DING

David and Kerry exit their respective corners and circle the center of the ring in the opening moments of the match, then shoot into the lock-up. Their bodies twist and quake as both competitors attempt to overpower the other. Being the heavier of the two, Kerry wins this battle and hooks one of Fox's arms.

DDK:

Kerry with movement, slips behind... and wrenches his way right into a hammerlock!

David slaps his shoulder, and dips under and goes behind for the reversal, extending Kerry's arm into a wristlock. Fox torques the shoulder in an effort to double him over, but a sharp forearm from Kuroyama's free arm stings him in the ribs.

DDK:

Fox with the reversal, but doesn't get enough of it before Kerry, with the forearm, stuns him long enough for the Pacific Blitzkrieg to break free and slap on a standing headlock!

Lance:

Kerry is jockeying for control here, but let's see where Fox goes from here.

DDK:

Kuroyama, wrenching the head... now David has him by the waist! Looking to count with a SIDE SUPLEX--but no, Kerry hooks his leg to block it!

A headlock takeover rolls Fox onto his side and Kuroyama goes down with him, using his weight as leverage. He keeps him in place for a few moments in an attempt to wear him down, but the savvy Jersey vet has other intentions. David finds his footing and leverages Kuroyama onto his shoulders.

Lance:

Fox is making moves. He knows this isn't the position he wants to be in this early in the match.

DDK:

Wait a sec, David leans back, and we have shoulders on the mat!

One!

Tw--a quick kickout by Kerry!

Fox kicks off the mat and rolls through back to his feet. Kerry turns over and begins to push himself up, only to be met with a quick low roundhouse from Fox that clips him in the kisser and rolls him into the ropes. Lying there, Kuroyama's hand goes to his mouth and his eyes flash anger and astonishment toward his opponent. David beckons him back to the match, getting a supportive cheer from the crowd.

David Fox:

COME ON!

Kerry stares daggers at his opponent, before pounding his fists onto the mat and pushing himself back to his feet, and shooting for the legs. Fox manages to stuff the takedown and stand at Kerry's side in a gutwrench position, but Kerry easily overpowers him and manages to flip him up and over onto his back, before cradling the leg and head for a quick roll-up!

One!

Tw- Fox manages to break out just as quickly, the camera catching a stern look on his face as he looks at his opponent behind him.

DDK:

A lot on the line for the long-time DEFIANT, as he has stated that if he loses to Kerry Kuroyama tonight he will not wrestle on DEFtv or any major DEFIANCE events for the remainder of 2023!

Lance:

One can't help but wonder if right now, David Fox is thinking he might be in over his head?

The look of uncertainty only seems to brighten on David's face as he slowly gets to his feet, facing his already-standing opponent. KK raises his arms in a "bring it" gesture, and Fox advances.

They tie up once again, but Kuroyama forgoes the grappling for straight brawling by laying into David with heavy forearms to back him into the ropes. Kerry pushes him off and traps Fox around the waist with a Belly-to-Belly suplex to put him to the canvas!

Lance:

Kerry feels he has the higher ground now!

DDK:

Belly-to-belly brings Fox to the mat, and now Kerry transitions around to the north-south and hooks the arms... there's a KNEE to the chest to keep him stunned, and--OH MY!! DOUBLE-UNDERHOOK BACKBREAKER right to the SPINE of David Fox!

Fox groans loudly as he writhes on the mat. Kuroyama boots him onto his back and falls upon him, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Fox pops the shoulder, but Kuroyama quickly transitions to a facelock. David fights his way back onto his feet, but another knee to the ribs stops him in place. Kerry throws the arm over his neck and grabs the tights by the waistband...

DDK:

Kuroyama with another SUPLEX--NO!! Fox down the back!

David pushes off Kuroyama's back, and Kerry takes a bounce into the ropes. When he comes back, Fox catches him with a Japanese armdrag. Kerry pops up again, and runs into another. He rolls back up to his knees and sidles up against the ropes, clutching his back.

He doesn't have to wait there long before Fox is upon him, being cheered on by the Faithful. David traps him into a headlock before he can make a move, and Kerry soon finds himself on the canvas following a drop toe hold.

DDK:

KAZAMA SPECIAL by David Fox!

Lance:

He knows this is his time to press the advantage!

Before Kuroyama can rise up, he catches an elbow to the back of the head to keep him on the mat. Fox applies a three-quarter bulldog to keep him held in place. Kuroyama powers his way up, but David curls him over his shoulder with a snapmare before he can make a move and goes right for an inverted facelock.

DDK:

David Fox going for the DRAGON SLEEPER? NO! He goes right into a ROLLING CUTTER! Kerry is DOWN, and now Fox hooks the leg! Will THAT do it?!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Not quite! But Fox doesn't waste any time, grabbing Kerry's arm and spinning around to his side before tripping his leg and rolling him over back down to the mat!

DDK:

Fox debuted this hold against Leyenda del Ocho, and he calls it the Fox Trap; could it get him the win here?!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- NO, Kerry manages to break loose!

Lance:

But David is beginning to find his groove in there! Kuroyama came in strong, but the Jersey Devil has kept up with him move for move, and now finds himself in control of the action!

Fox rises up and brings Kerry up with him in the clinch. He lands a pair of Muay Thai knee strikes that leave Kuroyama briefly rocked, but goes to the well too many times going for a third, which Kerry reverses into a Dragon Screw.

DDK:

Just when he gets something going, Kerry keeps on coming!

Kuroyama shakes off the effects off the knees to his jaw before timing Fox's rise and shooting off the ropes. When he returns, the knee connects.

DDK:

GREEN RIVER REVOLT!! Shades of Seattle's Best with Scott Douglas! That may do it as Kerry hooks the legs and makes the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! HE KICKED OUT!

Kuroyama glares at Carla's two fingers, but nevertheless gets back to his feet, bringing Fox up with him. Now in full BEAST mode, Kerry slams Fox violently to the mat with a Dominator.

DDK:

INVERTED POWERBOMB!! Kerry with the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

But Kerry picks Fox up again... and hits him with ANOTHER Dominator.

DDK:

A SECOND INVERTED POWERBOMB!

Lance:

Kerry is just going to keep doing this until David stays down for good!

DDK:

ANOTHER pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT AGAIN!! David Fox WILL NOT GIVE UP!!

Getting frustrated, Kerry shakes his head, and hauls a nearly limp David Fox back to his feet by the waist.

DDK:

Kuroyama going for a THIRD INVERTED POWER--

NO!

Fox slips free and drops down his back!

Kuroyama pivots...

DDK:

Kerry with a DISCUS ROARING ELBOW... NO!! Fox DUCKS!

THWACK!

Fox with a roundhouse to Kuroyama's ribs! Kuroyama stumbles, but he steels himself enough to respond in kind with his own!

THWACK!

Fox staggers back a little more than Kerry did, but he manages to hold himself together and push forward, ripping another kick into those bruised ribs!

THWACK!

Something in Kerry snaps, and adrenaline begins to kick in; with a toothy snarl, he snaps off another roundhouse!

THWACK!

This one is the loudest of them all, and Fox is clearly in agony, clutching his side as he grits his teeth; however, his own adrenaline kicks in, and he snarls back at Kerry, responding with a kick just a *little* lower...

THWACK!

...to the leg. Kerry wobbles a bit, before dropping to a single knee; an opening he doesn't realize he just left until it was too late, as David Fox now steps off of Kerry's bent knee with one foot, and raising the other as high above his head as possible...

DDK:

He WHIFFS the Rough Divide!

Indeed, David Fox's heel hits nothing but mat, and Kerry takes advantage of the wide open Fox by grabbing him by the wrist and pulling his hand down between his legs and hooking the other arm for the pumphandle position.

Lance:

And now it might be Kuroyama Driver time!

KK turns his head to his opponent, and we can pick up his parting words...

Kerry Kuroyama:

...have fun in BRAZEN, Kickpads.

With a mighty heave, he gets Fox up and over onto his shoulders... but Fox blocks the move by hooking his legs around Kuroyama's neck! He forces his way out of Kuroyama's grip, pulling himself up until he sits on Kuroyama's shoulders, face marked with tension and determination, as he SNAPS behind Kuroyama, spiking his head onto the mat with a Poisonrana!

DDK:

Kuroyama is driven to the mat, but he just won't stay down!

Indeed, Kuroyama is still standing... on one knee, and he is too stunned to realize what that means as Fox rushes in and goes for the kill!

Ka-THWAAAAAACK!

The Rough Divide hits flush on the back of Kerry Kuroyama's skull this time, and The Pacific Blitzkrieg crumples to the mat like a lifeless husk. Fox wastes no time in making the cover, but he still leans in and whispers into Kerry's ear; good thing the camera is sharp enough to pick up his message.

David Fox:**Don't...**

ONE!

David Fox:

...call me...

TWO!

David Fox:

...Kickpads.

THREE!

DING DING DING*♪ "Same Ol'" by The Heavy ♪***Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... David... FOX!

Carly Ferrari raises the elder statesman's hand as David Fox smiles in relief and celebration.

DDK:

And Fox's spot on DEFtv is safe!

Lance:

The past few months saw Fox try to prove his worth against Kerry Kuroyama after a decisive loss just after DEFCON, but Fox has shown just what he can do and has gotten payback!

Recovering on the mat, Kuroyama is beside himself in shock, humiliation, and anger. His head shakes, unable to comprehend what has just happened. Fox takes a second to look behind him and see his opponent seething. Without any second thought, Fox does an about-face and moves toward Kuroyama, before extending a hand to him.

Lance:

Look at this!

DDK:

Ever the sportsman! David Fox is giving Kerry Kuroyama his due respect here tonight!

Kerry groans in disgust and discomfort... but reluctantly shakes the hand for a half second. He then quickly exits the ring and heads back up the aisle, face glowering with rage.

Fox looks at Kuroyama storm off, before looking to the Faithful with a shrug and taking a bow for a job well done tonight.

FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE: ALVARO de VARGAS vs. MIL VUELTAS

DDK:

Our next match is going to be PHYSICAL. The talented luchador formerly known as Minute - now Mil Vuelas - goes one-on-one against "Supernova Cubana" Alvaro de Vargas in a Falls Count Anywhere match!

Lance:

This goes back to post-DEFCON when ADV came up short against Lindsay Troy for the FIST of DEFIANCE. He was in a mood. He and his manager, Tom Morrow, tried to take out their frustrations when Tom Morrow's father, the illustrious manager Thomas Keeling, made his return to announce he'd be the promoter for young Mil Vuelas. Since then, these two have gone at it tooth and nail.

DDK:

Mil Vuelas scored a HUGE win over ADV in a singles match on DEFtv 188, but since then, Alvaro de Vargas has stood over him twice. Once by powerbombing him through this table, and once at the end of a six-man tag team match on DEFtv 189 involving Titanes Familia and M4NTRA. ADV demanded this rematch and wanted it as Falls Count Anywhere - the same stipulation that many say handed Henry Keyes the single worst defeat of his entire career and one that led him to Vae Victis.

Lance:

Mil Vuelas wants to have a successful singles career with Thomas Keeling guiding him. He's an incredible high-flyer, but he's gonna have to do EVERYTHING in his power if he wants to have a chance against Alvaro de Vargas here tonight - one of DEFIANCE's most dangerous athletes.

The camera goes to ringside for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first... he is the official promoter for Mil Vuelas... he is **THOMAS KEELING!**

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, Other Darren! Ladies! Gentlemen! Prepare to feast your eyes on the exception to the laws that we call gravity! There's no jump he can't make and no leap he won't take!

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

As the music cues up, lightning-quick shots of many dives, jumps, twists, corkscrews, and everything in between play...

BANG!

Red and green sparks EXPLODE as Mil Vuelas ROCKETS out from under the stage! Wearing a pristine white coat and mask with red and green sleeves and designs all over, Mil points to the camera.

Mil Vuelas:

ALVARO! AMIGO! JUST... LOOK... UP!

Mil Vuelas heads to the ring and then leaps up to the top rope, points to the sky, then jumps into the ring to join Thomas Keeling. Mil gets ready.

Thomas Keeling:

One flip for every nickname he's got! Let's go!

The Man of a Thousand Flips lives up to his name and does a front flip for every nickname listed, rolling in a circle around Thomas Keeling mid-ring!

Thomas Keeling:

Prince of the Plancha! Dynast of the Dive! Ruler of the Ropes! The Sovereign of the Shooting Star! The FLIPPIEST of Doos! Man of a Thousand Flips! And if you want to know where he's from... (the Faithful join in) JUST... LOOK... UP...

Mil jumps to the middle rope, then rolls into one more flip before posing for The Faithful!

Thomas Keeling:

MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL VUELTAS!

The Man of a Thousand Flips raises both hands in the sky and gets a great ovation from The Faithful!

DDK:

THAT'S making an entrance tonight! But the fun and games are over from here on out.

Lance:

You're right, cause...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

...And here comes trouble.

Specifically, Tom Morrow out on the stage getting a tremendous chorus of boos. Thomas Keeling looks up on the ramp to see his estranged son looking down at him.

Tom Morrow:

DAD... I hope you enjoyed this little comeback tour. Cause this tour is OVER. The Jazz music stops! Mil's annoying little crap music stops! ALVARO DE VARGAS SHOULD BE YOUR CHAMPION RIGHT NOW...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow:

We've told everyone that he's gonna work his way back up to FIGHTING for the FIST, then he's gonna FINISH what he started on Lindsay Troy! Gold isn't on the line tonight, but Mil Vueltras' career IS for agreeing to this match! The same match that ADV has made HIS! The same one where he DRAGGED Henry Keyes up to the very skybox, burned his face with a fireball, and then PILEDROVE him through a table right in the CEO of Favoured Saints himself! And tonight, that's EXACTLY where you're going!

He points back towards the entrance.

Tom Morrow:

STANDING SIX-FOOT EIGHT! WEIGHING IN AT 278 POUNDS! HIS STAR BURNS FAR, FAR BRIGHTER THAN **ANYONE** IN THIS COMPANY! HE IS SUPERNOVA CUBANA... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

The DEFIatron now shows a burning yellow star in space. The flames continue to rise. The heat continues to burn brighter...

The colors then become blue... and white...

And with a thunderous explosion...

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

The thundering guitar riffs and intro lead to the towering menace storming through the curtains...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Bright blue-white pyro explodes from the stage as Alvaro de Vargas has traded his old attire for pristine white with light blue flames running up one leg. The arena is covered in alternating flashes of blue and white. Hiding his eyes behind a pair of now blue-tinted sunglasses, his walk is more deliberate than before. He takes his time as the jeers get loud!

DDK:

The mood just changes when a guy like Alvaro de Vargas enters. This new presence of his. He's a completely explosive athlete.

Lance:

Agreed. He's a very dangerous man. The number of people that he's put on his list of what he calls Burn Victims - people who have been struck with his fireball attack - Minute was included in there early on as one of his first victims!

DDK:

Mil will have to stick and move if he wants to win this one. He's got nothing to hold him back and can leap from anywhere... but that same thing applies to ADV. His only limit to hurt Mil is his imagination.

Once ADV steps up to the ring apron, he climbs through the ropes. Mil wants to fly at him right away, but Thomas Keeling is advising him against it so as not to leave himself open for an attack. ADV turns and faces Mil Vultas. With anger burning in his eyes, his sunglasses come off... and he BREAKS them with the clutch of his hand.

DDK:

Alvaro is ready to hurt someone...

DING DING

Mil Vultas opens up with a massive front dropkick that staggers Alvaro before he can even react!

Lance:

...but The Man of a Thousand Flips manages to land the first strike!

Mil rolls up to his feet and then doubles over Alvaro in the corner with a second front dropkick! Supernova Cubana is doubled over in the corner when Mil kips up to his feet! Alvaro is doubled over and leaves himself wide open for a big 540 kick from Vultas as he's kneeling over!

DDK:

Right at the bell, Mil Vultas is taking the fight to Alvaro de Vargas! And in a match where Alvaro can do just about anything he wants to injure someone, that's exactly what Mil Vultas has to do! Stick and move!

Lance:

Mil has to find a way to chop him down, but he's not limited to just the ring, either!

Alvaro is brought to his knees from the number of strikes and Mil fires back with shoot kicks to the chest of ADV!

Lance:

Mil went to Japan for some time and added those kicks to his arsenal for his singles run! So he could add some more offense to his arsenal!

The strikes bring ADV down as Mil charges across the ring. Alvaro somehow springs himself up and shoots Mil over the ropes... but Mil lands on the ring apron. ADV turns around and then gets caught with a rope-aided gamengiri kick from the apron, then a second one! He's staggered around when Mil gets ready to leap...

Lance:

He's got Alvaro where he wants him...

Mil leaps... but Alvaro surprises him by CHOPPING him out of mid-air!

DDK:

Oooh! One shot! One shot is all Alvaro needed to turn this around for himself!

Lance:

That chop was vile! Mil tried to hit a springboard move, but just like that... ADV swatted him right out of the sky!

The Nashville crowd are BOOING Alvaro as he paces around the ring, trying to shake off the early kicks thrown at him by Mil, while The Man of a Thousand Flips is reeling on the mat, holding his chest in pain. Supernova Cubana looks down at Mil and snarls before he grabs him by the back of the head to force him to his feet.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You want to fly, pendejo? You want to FLY?!

He THROWS Mil with all the force he can right into the turnbuckle! Not even with an Irish whip, but just completely THROWING him chest-first into the corner! Mil crashes hard and ADV gets jeered by the masses.

DDK:

And remember, this one can go anywhere. Referee Rex Knox has two jobs tonight. Follow them WHEREVER they go. And count the fall or submission for a winner.

MIL! MIL! MIL! MIL! MIL!

The fans start chanting for Mil Vueltas with Thomas Keeling trying to lead the charge while Tom Morrow is on his side of the ring, telling him to hush! Alvaro grabs Mil by the back of the head and then whips him to the ring. Alvaro charges... but Mil runs up the ropes and backflips behind him, sending Alvaro crashing into the buckles! He's stumbling over the ropes when Mil comes out of nowhere and hits a top rope tiger feint kick to nail him in the side of the head!

DDK:

Innovative offense by Mil! Now where's he going!

Mil looks out to the crowd while ADV is holding his face in pain, allowing Mil to flip off the ropes and connect with a springboard Tornado DDT...

Lance:

No! Alvaro has it blocked! He's too fresh to keep down... AHH!

ADV simply counters on strength alone and then THROWS him high before crashing with a splat on the canvas! Vueltas bounces off the canvas in pain and cradles his chest before Alvaro runs a boot across the side of his mask!

DDK:

ADV is just using his size and power to counter anything big Mil Vueltas can throw at him!

Alvaro points to the outside of the ring and then has a grin on his face that indicates he's up to no good. He snatches Mil up by his mask and then sets him up...

DDK:

Is this gonna be the Ardiendo already?!

Lance:

No... powerbomb attempt! He's going to put him outside the ring?!

The Faithful are making loud noises and have no idea what's going on until ADV runs towards the ropes...

DDK:

NO! NO! Mil reverses with a big hurricanrana! He takes Alvaro over and uses his own momentum against him! He goes out to the floor!

The Faithful cheer when Mil does just that and reverses with a hurricanrana takeover, sending Alvaro sailing right over the ropes and crashing down out to the floor! Mil Vueltas lands onto the ring apron and braces himself with the ropes! Tom Morrow is beside himself, angrily yelling at Mil and his father on the other side of the ring.

Tom Morrow:

You son of a bitch!

Thomas Keeling is cheering on Mil who gets back into the ring and measures up Alvaro on the outside.

DDK:

We're taking things outside for the first time in this match! Can Mil land his move?!

The Duke of the Dives looks around and then charges off the ropes before coming back. He CLEARS the ropes and tries to hit Supernova Cubana with a tope con hilo dive...

Operative word: tries. The crowd is HUSHED when Alvaro SNATCHES him out of the air once again in a powerbomb position...

CUBAN MISSILE INTO THE RING POST!

DDK:

No! Mil gets PLANTED on the ring apron! He tried to clear over that rope, but this match has been mostly one-sided! Any time Mil gets an opening so far in the early going, ADV shuts him down. And I think we could be looking at it sooner rather than later!

Lance:

You're right! Alvaro de Vargas dominated Lindsay Troy for big periods of time during their match at DEFCON for the FIST so this shouldn't be a surprise!

Thomas Keeling and the fans look worried for Mil as he falls to the ground while Alvaro de Vargas takes his time and milks in the jeering.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Eres un niño pequeño luchando en un mundo de hombres!

The Cocky Cuban slowly takes his time and even eggs on Mil himself to try and get back to his feet. He claps and even encourages the crowd to do so, but when Vueltas doesn't get up fast enough, Alvaro grabs Mil by the back of the head and then HURLS him right into the nearby barrier!

DDK:

No pinfalls have been attempted yet by either man, but we know that de Vargas had an ulterior motive for wanting a Falls Count Anywhere. He wanted to send a message to the roster by making an example out of Mil Vueltas.

Lance:

Mil got the win in their other meeting with that cross-legged victory roll, but this is a different monster entirely. He defeated HENRY KEYES in his last Falls Count Anywhere match!

Tom Morrow shouts at Alvaro.

Tom Morrow:

Break that little 170-pound toothpick in half! Finish this!

Alvaro pulls Mil to his feet... then PLANTS him with a sidewalk slam on the ramp! Mil shouts out in pain as Alvaro grins and then goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Somehow, Mil kicks out of all the punishment he's endured so far! The Faithful cheer loudly while Thomas Keeling continues to cheer him on from his side of the ring!

Lance:

What a kick out! I thought that might have been in, but Alvaro didn't bother hooking a leg and Mil took advantage of that.

DDK:

But look at Alvaro... he's still smiling. To him, all Mil is doing is delaying the inevitable.

When he looks back, the smile has faded. Business time by grabbing Mil and throwing the Duke of the Dive back inside the ring. Alvaro follows quickly and then jumps to deliver a big flying knee drop into the chest of The Prince of the Plancha! Mil hunches over in pain! Thomas Keeling can't do anything but watch on while Tom Morrow yells at his dad.

Tom Morrow:

THAT'S how you manage someone, fossil!

While Thomas eyes his son silently, Mil is trying to stand up in a corner and swipes at ADV with a forearm, but Alvaro laughs and moves back. Then ADV muscles him up by both hands around the throat and then throws him into the corner. He charges forward and hits him with a huge running corner clothesline! Mil is about to fall from sheer impact, but Alvaro grabs him by the neck. He hoists Mil up into a vertical suplex, only to RELEASE at the apex!

Lance:

Oooh! He took that vertical suplex and hit that release variation! Mil just went FLYING across the ring with that move!

DDK:

This is getting really dire for Mil Vuelas. He hasn't been able to get out of the blocks in this match! And it might be over!

ADV now goes for another cover by driving a forearm into Mil's head.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Now, Alvaro is starting to look a little concerned when Mil gets a shoulder up. Thomas Keeling nods and then points at his charge.

Thomas Keeling:

Come on, you got this, Mil! You got this!

Tom Morrow:

He won't have anything except CTE! Shut it!

DDK:

Mil is still kicking out, but you gotta wonder how much more he can take here.

The battered and roughed-up luchador rolls away from Alvaro and goes to the outside to try and escape from his opponent and create space, but Supernova Cubana is busy staring down Thomas Keeling.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You should have never come back, pendejo. I burned him once in front of you and I'll do it again.

DDK:

A chilling reminder of their history by Alvaro. Remember years ago... Tom Morrow was the one who tried to fracture the relationship between Mil - then Minute - and Uriel Cortez by starting the Better Future Talent Agency and bringing in ADV as his first major client.

Lance:

And they've been together since. He took Alvaro all the way to DEFCON's main event not long ago!

Alvaro goes to the floor and confidently walks past Thomas Keeling. Supernova Cubana sees Mil start to stand when he reaches under the ring for his first weapon. The Faithful start cheering when he pulls out a table... but then they jeer when he folds the table up and slides it back under the ring. Instead, he grabs a toolbox!

Lance:

Better Future Talent Agency isn't about giving the fans what they want unless they quit the company tomorrow. But he's got that toolbox.

He sees Mil up against the steps and HURLS the toolbox his way...

NO!

Mil moves out of the way!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas barely avoids getting smashed up by that toolbox! But now Alvaro is ready to attack!

Alvaro de Vargas has Mil lined and grabs him by the arm to force him up again. He whips him at the steel steps... BUT MIL LEAPS UP AND FLIPS OVER THE STEPS! Mil lands on his feet on the other side and DEFIANTly... yeah, we said that... flips the double tall man to Alvaro and gets cheered! Angrily, Alvaro gives chase as Mil turns and tries to limp up the ramp with Supernova Cubana giving chase to the young luchador!

Lance:

No language barrier there! Now Vuetles trying to get Alvaro our way...

DDK:

We better be prepared. Alvaro put Mil Vueltas through our table a few weeks ago all from that upset victory with the cross-legged victory roll!

Mil gets to the top of the ramp, but Alvaro catches up to him and runs him down on top of the stage with a big forearm to the back! Alvaro angrily ducks down and then presses Mil's face into the steel ramp!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Talk shit now, you little pendejo! Talk shit!

The fans continue to jeer as he throws Mil towards the ground near one of the stage lights near the entrance.

DDK:

Uh-oh... what's Alvaro going to do up here?

With Mil at his feet, he starts pummeling the luchador! Over and over again, then starts to BITE at his mask!

Lance:

WHAT IS ALVARO DOING?!

Mil cries out in pain, then Alvaro grabs the mask and RIPS a part of the corner off the top, exposing a small portion of the side of Mil Vueltas' face, now bloodied as well. Alvaro lets out a shout from the ramp as Vueltas tries to crawl away from him towards one of the stage lights.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Alvaro is scum. Plain and simple! A luchador's mask is not just some trinket to them. That's their identity. That's what makes them who they are!

Supernova Cuban takes a moment to bask in the hatred being showered on him as he stands over The Flippiest of Doos, taking it in and cackling.

Lance:

How's Mil going to come back from this at all?

The Luchador Formerly Known as Minute is on the ground when Alvaro starts stalking him. He heads his way...

Alvaro de Vargas:

AHHHH!

...when Mil Vueltas kicks one of the stage lights so the bright light shines directly in his eyes! Alvaro gets blinded!

DDK:

Ingenious! De Vargas talks about how bright his star shines, but that spotlight just caught him in the eye!

It blinds him for a few seconds, but that's all that Mil needs as he runs at ADV... then SLAMS him with a standing shiranui on top of the ramp! The Faithful EXPLODE as Mil is writhing about in pain, but it is ADV who gets the worst of it on the ring apron!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas finally has a chance! Can he stop Alvaro de Vargas tonight?

Lance:

That maneuver planted Alvaro hard on that stage!

Mil has to take a moment, but Thomas Keeling watching up from ringside is clearly loving what he's seeing while Tom Morrow can't believe it, watching the replay on the DEFIATron of Alvaro being blinded by the light and then getting dropped on the ramp with the running shiranui. Back in real time, Mil looks up and then starts to climb to one side of the stage and starts to climb up the tron.

Lance:

Where's Mil going? Where's he going?!

DDK:

Like he says! You want to know where he is, Lance? Just! Look! Up!

Mil braces himself... then DIVES off the top just as Alvaro is standing..

CORKSCREW CROSSBODY OFF THE STAGING!

DDK:

INCREDIBLE! MIL VUELTAS FINALLY TAKES ALVARO DE VARGAS DOWN FROM JUST ABOUT TEN FEET IN THE AIR!

Mil rolls off of Alvaro and he's in pain as the crowd yells out.

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

Mil finally crawls over to where Alvaro is on the edge of the ramp and hooks both legs!

Lance:

Rex Knox leaps to count the fall! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Alvaro shoots a shoulder up on top of the ramp and the crowd can't believe it and neither can Mil Vuelatas!

DDK:

Thomas Keeling wasn't selling a false bill of goods where Mil Vuelatas is concerned. No dive he can't make and no risk he won't take! But he's gotta get Alvaro down for good!

The Man of a Thousand Dives sits up and adjusts his torn mask. He's still bleeding, but he's able to move as he slowly sits up and gets his second wind from The Faithful as Mil rushes over to the announce table... then raises a chair high overhead!

Mil Vuelatas:

Perdona!

DDK:

I'm thinking he's not going to be showing Alvaro de Vargas to his seat!

Alvaro is finally coming around and limping back up to his feet in the direction of the ring, but Mil isn't too far behind him...

THWACK!

Then cracks ADV once the back with the chair, sending him stumbling down the ramp! Mil holds it up again...

THWACK!

Another shot! Tom Morrow is screaming out as Alvaro gets pummeled twice with the chair and rolls back inside while Vuelatas holds up the weapon!

Lance:

Now Mil has Alvaro on the back foot for the first time in this match!

Mil throws the chair at Morrow, sending him scattering from ringside! Thomas Keeling looks almost disappointed that he didn't hit him with the chair, but then goes back to cheering on Mil as he stands near the apron! Alvaro is starting to get to his feet when Mil tries to jump...

But Alvaro lunges forward and stops him with a gut punch!

DDK:

No! Alvaro once again cuts off Mil Vuelas before he can do anything!

Lance:

He's got him doubled over!

Alvaro goes to head back to the ring apron... but Mil slips through the ropes. Alvaro jumps, but Mil grabs him by the neck and pulls him down on the apron!

DDK:

What a move by Mil! Stunning Alvaro on the apron!

Lance:

Now where's Mil going?

Mil looks out among The Faithful and then charges off the ropes. He once again clears the ropes, this time SNAPPING Alvaro off the ring apron...

FLYING HEADSCISSORS OFF THE APRON!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! MIL VUELTAS JUST TOOK AN INSANE RISK! HE JUST TOOK ADV OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOR!

Mil gets taken down as well, but ADV flips over and crashes back-first on the floor, earning another "HOLY SHIT!" series of chants from The Faithful! The replay shows what Mil just did by taking Alvaro down off the ring apron and popping him to the floor!

Lance:

THAT WAS INSANE! WHERE IS HE GETTING THIS FROM?

DDK:

I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE'S GETTING BACK UP!

Mil slowly slides back into the ring with the diving headscissors taking a lot out of him, but he gets into the ring. He sees Alvaro trying to get back to his feet on the outside before he runs off the ropes and ZIPS through the ropes like a bullet, wiping out Alvaro on the outside with a twisting top rope suicida!

DDK:

What a move! He just RIPPED right through Alvaro! He calls that dive Qué Demonios!

Lance:

And... what? He's STILL not done!

Mil has The Faithful cheering for him as he slides back into the ring and waits for Alvaro to try and stand one more time on the outside. He looks out and then leaps to the ropes again...

IMPLODING SPRINGBOARD SENTON!

DDK:

Mil got him! Mil got him! Springboard imploding senton! He wipes Alvaro out! And now he's finally going for the cover on the outside!

The Man of a Thousand Flips slides into position and then leaps on top of Alvaro by pinning him just outside the front of the ring!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Alvaro kicks out and the fans can't believe it! Mil can't either and Morrow is beside the ring apron collecting himself!

DDK:

Mil threw himself at Alvaro de Vargas several times, but he's still able to kick out!

Lance:

And look... this maniac... he's laughing about it!

Alvaro is crawling towards the barricade and laughing about it while Mil and Thomas Keeling are exchanging glances.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Pendejo... you'll never beat me again!

An angry Vueltas charges towards the cackling Alvaro... but Alvaro catches him on his shoulders...

BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX ON THE RING APRON!

DDK:

That was BRUTAL! Alvaro de Vargas just chunked him right into that ring apron!

Lance:

We knew this match was not going to be a technical masterpiece, but these two are destroying one another and I think ADV is about to take this one!

Supernova Cubana is laughing about bodying Mil Vueltas with his favorite suplex variation on the ring apron! The Man of a Thousand Flips looks like he's done!

DDK:

Alvaro with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Vueltas escapes with the right shoulder in the nick of time! Alvaro ANGRILY screams at Rex Knox and stands up to shout in the face of DEFIANCE's shortest official.

DDK:

Rex Knox can't disqualify him here for this, either. No Disqualifications here, but Alvaro's not having the same fun he was at the start! He didn't think this fight would go like this!

Lance:

And now where's he going?

That question is answered quickly when Supernova Cubana reaches under the apron and finally brings a table out! He places the table and quickly props it up, this time ignoring the crowd reaction for a wrestling fan's favorite piece of furniture. Thomas Keeling shows concern while Tom Morrow yells and laughs.

Tom Morrow:

Break him! Break him in two, Al! Finish this now!

With his marching orders clear and the table now propped up, Alvaro laughs and grits his teeth when he has it propped up... but gets an unexpected surprise...

THWACK!

When another chair from Mil Vueltas gets THROWN and catches him in the head! The chair bounces off Alvaro's face after being tossed at him and he gets smacked with it!

DDK:

Oooh! Alvaro took too long to set up that table! Mil Vueltas just clobbered him with that chair!

He grabs the chair and then CRACKS Alvaro in the leg with it! Alvaro jumps again and then the chair gets brought down across his back!

Lance:

He's striking him with that chair again and again!

Tom Morrow finally has seen enough and tries to save his client by running over! He grabs the chair out of Mil Vueltas' hands!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And Rex Knox can't do anything to stop that! Tom Morrow trying to save his client!

Lance:

But look!

Mil yells at Tom to turn around. When Tom doesn't, he gets spun around and DECKED by Thomas Keeling to LOUD cheers from The Faithful!

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

He's seen enough! Thomas Keeling knew it was only a matter of time before his scumbag son tried to get involved and now he just paid for it!

Thomas Keeling has him down, but Alvaro is back up and has Thomas by the throat!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Not smart, pendejo!

He gets ready to hit a chokeslam on Thomas Keeling as the crowd starts yelling!

DDK:

No! No! Remember... a Winning Hand Slam from Mason Luck a few years ago was the reason that Thomas Keeling had to stop managerial duties for over two years! And Alvaro trying to do the same!

He tries to hoist him up... but Mil CRACKS him with the chair yet again! Over and over until he drops his promoter!

Lance:

Yes! Mil with the save! He stops history from repeating itself tonight!

DDK:

And Mil Vueltas is wearing that chair out! Over and over again! He's got Alvaro down on the table!

Mil finally tosses the chair away as Thomas Keeling points to the ring and tells his own client to end this! Mil hobbles back into the ring one more time with Alvaro on the table...

DDK:

He's got Alvaro down! Tom Morrow is down! This could be Mil Vueltas' chance!

With The Faithful fueling him, Mil charges across the ring and gets ready...

He takes a leap...

SPRINGBOARD 630 SPLASH THROUGH THE TABLE ON THE OUTSIDE!

RRRRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! HOW THE HELL DID HE DO THAT?1 SPRINGBOARD 630! HIS OLD FINISHER, MINUTIAE, SPRINGBOARDED THROUGH THE TABLE ON THE FLOOR! THIS ONE IS OVER!

Mil barely is able to move after, but crawls into the wreckage he just put Alvaro through on the outside! He hooks the leg as Thomas Keeling pumps his fist and counts along with The Faithful!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

Mil collapses after rolling off of Alvaro de Vargas' prone body on the floor and out of the wreckage where a table once stood, then gets helped up by Rex Knox to have his arm raised!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **MIL VUELTAS!**

Lance:

Mil Vueltas did it again, this time beating Alvaro de Vargas at his own game!

DDK:

I don't know how many people gave Mil Vueltas a fighting chance tonight! Alvaro de Vargas was sure that roll-up victory was a fluke, but tonight, this was no fluke. Mil Vueltas set out on his own as a singles star after DEFCON... and tonight... he's proven himself! He's here to STAY in DEFIANCE as a singles star!

Mil Veltas uses the ring apron skirt to pull himself up to his feet. Bloodied, ripped mask and all, he pumps a fist in the air! He'll be feeling this match for a few weeks, but tonight, he and Thomas Keeling have proven themselves to be a winning combination!

Lance:

Mil took so much punishment in the early going by Alvaro de Vargas, being beaten halfway across the arena and back, but Veltas never gave up. He found openings where he could, he made the most of it and tonight, he proved he could hang among the upper echelon in DEFIANCE!

While Tom Morrow rolls over to check on Alvaro de Vargas, clutching his ribs, Thomas Keeling and Mil Veltas both pose for The Faithful from halfway up the ramp. Mil looks out to the crowd, now with a towel over his head and takes a bow and mouths the word "gracias!" before he and Keeling take their leave to celebrate his biggest singles win to date!

CONOR FUSE vs. THE FLYING FRENCHIE

The match graphic shows and the crowd goes wild in anticipation.

DDK:

We have, what I would say, is a dream match.

Lance:

You mean Flying Frenchie versus Malak Garland wasn't a dream match?

DDK:

Nothing Malak Garland does is worth my time.

Lance:

Well MOST importantly, **this** match was a huge question mark coming into the week, as Flying Frenchie was attacked by The Game Boy and Thurston Hunter at the end of DEFtv 189. Frenchie was brutally blindsided in the parking lot area and thrown through his rental car. Windows, hood, roof... you name it.

DDK:

Frenchie has been cleared. He was cleared two days ago so the match is a go.

Lance:

And I, for one, don't want Hunter or Game Boy anywhere near this match.

DDK:

From what I've been told, neither are in the arena tonight. Hunter made it clear he was going to bow out of Conor Fuse's business.

Lance:

Yes, but look what happened. That Frenchie attack was AFTER he said that.

DDK:

Oh, I'm fully aware.

Lance:

IF we get an uninterrupted contest between Fuse and Frenchie, it should be a good one, Faithful. Before the Hunter-Game Boy nonsense, Conor challenged Frenchie to a match but the legendary wrestler made it clear: he's going to stick to his style, no matter what.

DDK:

In other words, we should anticipate an eye poke here, a low blow there. Frenchie is a world renowned cheater.

Lance:

As long as it's only Frenchie doing the cheating, I'll be good with it. To the ring and Darren Quimbey!

The scene switches to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall! Introducing first, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at two-hundred-ten pounds... he is The Ultimate Gamer... CONOR FUSE!

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

Conor pops out from behind the curtain sporting his OG lime green tights, shooting sleeve on his left arm and bandana. He starts to make his way down the ramp and smacks fans hands as he does.

DDK:

We know what Conor has been through recently. Two pay-per-views ago, he was the last survivor on his team against Vae Victis, nearly capturing the FIST from Lindsay Troy. At DEFCON, Conor faced Dex Joy for the rights to main event this pay-per-view for another FIST shot but Dex pulled off the victory.

Lance:

A win against the legendary Flying Frenchie could easily place Conor back in the top tier of this roster.

Fuse approaches the apron and hops onto it. Then he clears the top rope with another jump, landing perfectly in the center of the ring as green pyro explodes from the ring posts.

Fuse's theme dies down and is soon replaced.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toulouse, France... weighing two-hundred-forty-five pounds... he is THE FLYING FRENCHIE!

♪ "Juke Joint Jezebel" by KMFDM ♪

Flying Frenchie makes his appearance to a thunderous response. The former fWo World Champion strolls down the ramp, taking the time to slap a few hands in the process, just like Conor, but ultimately paying attention to his opponent in the ring.

DDK:

Frenchie is looking for his first singles match in DEFIANCE. Albeit, he's only had a couple. A loss to Malak Garland -and a cheap one at that- and another loss at the hands of Oscar Burns. Conor and Frenchie teamed up a few months ago and took down Thurston Hunter and The Game Boy for Frenchie's first DEF W.

Lance:

There will be hell to pay for Thurston Hunter. Frenchie is going to get his revenge. Hopefully, it's just Fuse vs. Frenchie tonight.

The legend rolls under the bottom rope, props himself up in a corner and then glances over to Conor Fuse with a head nod.

DDK:

We have inept referee Mark Shields on this one. That doesn't bode well IF Thurston is lurking.

Lance:

Mark isn't that bad. He has his moments of usefulness.

DDK:

Care to point out an example?

Lance:

Okay, fine. Let's just hope he stays completely out of it.

Mark Shields walks to the center of the ring and wonders why no one is wrestling. Then he realizes he needs to call for the bell.

DING DING

The crowd EXPLODES upon the bell sounding as Shields removes himself from the middle of the ring.

At one end of the squared circle is Conor Fuse, on the one directly across is The Flying Frenchie. Both men move to

the center of the ring as the crowd stands on their feet.

LET'S GO FRENCHIE

LET'S GO FUSE

LET'S GO FRENCHIE

LET'S GO FUSE

The dueling chants pick up around the entire arena as Conor and Pierre stand toe-to-toe.

DDK:

A small height advantage for Frenchie. A decent weight advantage. And still more years of experience.

Fuse looks into the crowd from his left, Frenchie looks into the crowd from his right... they bring their attention back to each other.

Conor Fuse takes a small step back. He smirks. He winds up...

And he slaps Frenchie lightly across the shoulder blades.

Conor Fuse:

Weapon Get.

Frenchie cocks his head, unsure of what's about to come.

DDK:

Conor is stealing Frenchie's move already? What move can he perform at this stage-

Before Keebler can finish, Conor pokes Frenchie in the eyes, drops to his knees and hits the legend with a low blow! The crowd goes wild as Conor rolls Frenchie up!!

DDK:

Frenchie said he was going to keep to his own cheating gameplan... Conor beat him to it! We have a pin!

Worthless referee Mark Shields doesn't know a DQ if he saw it but thankfully for Conor Fuse, he knows what a small package pin looks like. He slides across the mat and starts the count!

ONE.

TWO.

THRE-

BARELY A KICKOUT!

Fuse fumbles backwards into a corner, collapsing his arms across it, looking to the center of the ring where his opponent, the legendary Flying Frenchie is on his knees.

Frenchie sees Conor in the corner. Fuse has an adorable "it was worth a shot" look on his face, while he shrugs and soaks in the crowd's reaction.

Frenchie, meanwhile, seems to agree.

The match is ON.

Fuse races forward but Frenchie leapfrogs over him. The crowd is chaotic during the opening moments as Conor bounces off the far ropes and flies across the ring in return, attempting a crossbody block.

Frenchie ducks, forward rolls on the mat, pops to his feet and tries for a codebreaker on Fuse. Conor, however, slips free at the last possible second and Frenchie meets the mat on his back without Conor's head against his legs. Nevertheless, Frenchie kips to his feet, ducks a superkick from Fuse, tries for a roundhouse kick himself but Conor dances away...

And then the two have another stand-off pause at opposite sides of the ring to a round of applause from the fans.

DDK:

I don't think EITHER man has hit a move.

Lance:

Outside of the eye poke, low blow and subsequent pinfall attempt, nada. No. Not one.

Fuse races forward and this time Frenchie leaps in the air, wrapping his legs around Conor's neck in an attempt at a hurricanrana but Conor digs his feet into the ground at the last second and then attempts a powerbomb.

Frenchie won't budge. Instead, Delacroix swings around Conor's body and hooks Fuse into a tilt-a-whirl DDT but Conor's head doesn't plant on the mat. Rather, Fuse pops RIGHT back up on his feet.

There's another stand-off pause between them.

The Faithful are even more DE(A)Fening than before! Another standing ovation. Another nod from both men.

And another charge towards the center of the ring!

Frenchie looks for a clothesline but Fuse FLIPS around Frenchie's arm and lands perfectly behind him. Conor looks for a backslide pin but The Flying Frenchie easily escapes, bounces off the ropes and tries for a spinning heel kick but Fuse ducks it.

Conor leaps onto the top rope PERFECTLY and in milliseconds he finds where Flying Frenchie is standing in the ring. Conor performs a beautiful looking moonsault!

However, Frenchie avoids it as Fuse lands on his feet! Conor tries for a roundhouse kick but Frenchie ducks. Frenchie looks for a leaping knee but Conor sidesteps.

FINALLY, Frenchie rakes Conor's eyes, knees Fuse below the belt and then rolls Conor into a pin... TIGHTS IN HAND!

ONE.

TWO.

THRE-

BARELY A KICKOUT!

Fuse rolls backwards and into a standing position. He is all smiles, loving the gamesmanship of The Flying Frenchie. Frenchie, meanwhile, rolls his neck around and has an expression on his face as if to say "you knew this was coming".

The two shoot forward and lock into a grapple.

DDK:

Chain wrestling is not typically Conor's game, but he's shown the ability to do it before with Oscar Burns.

Lance:

I can only take an educated guess, as it's been years since I've watched The Flying Frenchie in his prime... but I doubt chain wrestling is *his* game, either.

Fuse performs a standing switch on Frenchie, working him into a German suplex where Frenchie flips and lands perfectly on his feet! The crowd gives a cheer as Conor turns around, into a kick to the gut and a flash powerbomb pin by Frenchie.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

The energy in the crowd hasn't slowed down, as the entire arena is on their feet and now it's time for both men to lay their big guns out. Fuse flies into the ropes. Despite being hit with a powerbomb and pin, he's quicker than Frenchie, who hasn't slowed down significantly, either. It's just Conor Fuse is HELLA fast.

The younger Fuse brother leaps in the air and immediately looks for the Head Stomp but narrowly misses Frenchie because TFF dodges at the last second.

Frenchie hip tosses Conor to the mat, holds onto Fuse's arm and then twists it around into a really impressive looking cradle pin.

ONE.

TWO.

FUSE ROLLS OUT.

Conor hops to his feet and whacks Frenchie under the jaw with a superkick. A second superkick follows and the combo is complete with Fuse connecting once more. Conor claps his hands to keep the crowd into it as he races into the ropes, leaps in the air and lands a spinning back elbow strike.

Frenchie shoots himself into a corner of the ring on impact. Fuse doesn't waste much time as he races in with a cannonball splash, taking hold of Frenchie's head and lands his tilt-a-whirl DDT PWN'd upon working out of the corner.

Conor hops to his feet again. He's shaking his hands in tiny fists of rage as he easily finds the top rope and comes off with a side-scrolling senton splash.

Conor hooks a leg.

DDK:

We might have a victory here!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse doesn't argue with Mark Shields, although he thought the count was a little slow. Instead, he sprints to the ropes,

finds the second rope and jumps off with a lionsault-

Frenchie gets his knees up!

With both men on their feet now, Frenchie hits the elusive hurricanrana he wasn't able to in the initial stages of the match. TFF follows up with a springboard dropkick because Conor refuses to stay down.

Still, Conor doesn't stay down. The Ultimate Gamer is on wobbly legs so Flying Frenchie sends him to the mat again with a flying headscissors takedown. Next, Frenchie Irish whips Conor into the corner. Fuse hits the padding so hard he flips upright, sits on top of the buckle and then comes back down the exact same way... backtracking to the center of the ring.

And meeting a reverse suplex into a cutter.

Frenchie pumps up the crowd. He perches himself on the second rope, measures Fuse and lands a perfect elbow drop.

DDK:

What's he doing?

Lance:

Frenchie is pointing to the TOP rope.

DDK:

It might be a little too ambitious to hit his legdrop at this point in the game... and it also takes longer to set up.

Keebler is right. This is a very quick visit to the top rope. Frenchie doesn't even stand straight up when he's there. Instead, he finds Fuse shuffling on the mat and connects with an explosive second elbow drop!

The crowd gives a cheer but Frenchie doesn't want to pin just yet. He peels Conor off the mat and looks for his delayed powerbomb, the Time Bomb.

He hoists Conor onto his shoulders... he begins to take a running start when Fuse reverses the move into a hurricanrana and a pinning combination.

ONE.

TW-

REVERSE PIN BY FRENCHIE!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd thought it might have been over but both men rise to their feet. Fuse bounces off the ropes, comes flying across the ring but Frenchie catches him and turns it into the Time Bomb!

DDK:

Not as DELAYED of a move as Frenchie typically would like, but it gets the job done!

TFF collapses in a corner of the ring, as he glances over to referee Mark Shields with an expression on his face suggesting "I'm too old for this shit", and nevertheless, also loving every second of it.

Frenchie props himself up on the second rope.

He shakes his head no.

DDK:

He's going to the top again!

OUT OF NOWHERE Fuse gets a second wind, sprints to the top rope, meeting Frenchie up there and takes hold of his tights.

BOOM.

SUPERPLEX!

The crowd loves it, likely because they don't see a powermove like that from Conor Fuse often and most importantly, the superplex took less than a few seconds to perform. Conor wasn't up there for long, it was one fluid motion. Grab the tights and throw them both off.

Suddenly, Fuse kips to his feet.

He storms around the ring, !RANK chants echoing throughout the arena!

Conor walks over to a turnbuckle pad and hammers the top buckle.

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

He makes his way to the second turnbuckle.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

And the third.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP.

Fourth.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP!

He tilts back his head, lets out a vicious scream into the rafters and then as Flying Frenchie is getting onto his feet, Conor takes charge.

Fuse goes in quick, he's looking for the Head Stomp when-

WHAM!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Frenchie caught Fuse with the Loire Valley Driver!

The death valley driver was hit so smoothly by Frenchie, it would rival the superplex Conor performed in sheer

quickness, impact and beauty.

Frenchie hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Lance:

I feel like they've packed in forty moves in three minutes!

The Faithful respond in a variety of cheers at the fast and frantic pace this match has displayed.

Frenchie pulls himself upright and doesn't want to waste time. He finds the ropes, leaps off and looks for a bicycle kick-

Fuse catches Frenchie's leg and twists it in midair as they both fall to the mat. The legend lets out a minor shout in the process.

DDK:

That was a smart counter by Conor. I know he wants to keep the match at lightning speed but so far Flying Frenchie has been able to match him!

Conor fumbles into a corner and starts to perform his Mana Recovery, where he slams his head around to the cheers of the crowd in an attempt to pump himself up.

Flying Frenchie gets on a knee.

Then he rises to both feet.

As he tries to take a step forward... he stalls. He cringes. He clutches his leg. The same leg Conor just hit.

DDK:

Oh no. I think Pierre's hurt.

The crowd is immediately taken out of it as concern spreads across Conor's face. Fuse stops his "leveling up" as he steps away from the corner-

Only to be hit with a Head Stomp by Flying Frenchie!

The crowd EXPLODES as Frenchie uses one of Conor's finishing maneuvers out of nowhere! While also clearly showing his leg was fine... he was playing possum!

DDK:

COVER! WE HAVE A WINNER!

ONE.

TWO.

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

Fuse rolls onto his chest and begins hammering the mat with both fists, trying to power himself back on his feet.

Conor Fuse:

SHOULDA KICKED OUT AT ONNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!!

Fuse looks over to Frenchie with another gamesmanship grin, knowing he was almost DOA in the process but still lives to see another day.

Frenchie is vertical. He wraps his arms around Conor's waist and tries for a belly-to-back suplex...

That connects.

Frenchie holds on.

A second suplex...

Connects.

Frenchie holds on.

He looks for a third when Conor slips free, pushes Frenchie into the ropes and charges with a yakuza kick!

It hits!

Fuse, however, doesn't cover. He goes to the top rope instead.

With the crowd on their feet, Flying Frenchie is too far away to receive the Super Splash 450 so instead Conor performs a jump from over halfway across the ring...

BIG ELBOW DROP!

DDK:

Cover!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP-

Conor doesn't give AF because he immediately changes it up and locks on his submission the anaconda vice, otherwise known as Damage Per Second!

DDK:

Fuse digging into his wide bag of tricks! He has Frenchie square in the middle of the ring with a submission hold!

Frenchie screams in pain and this time he isn't doing it to suck his opponent in. Frenchie kicks his legs around as Conor takes his free hand and snatches Pierre's free hand with it. In a nod to DEFCON, Fuse tries to smack Frenchie's hand against the mat and make Mark Shields believe Frenchie is tapping but Conor can't seem to do it.

DDK:

Malak cheated that way, so I guess all is fair here...

Frenchie tries to move his body towards the ropes. He's able to make up a little ground because he's carefully moving his *lower body* to the ropes and Conor doesn't realize.

Fuse is more concerned, and rightfully so, with Frenchie's upper body as the anaconda vice is locked in. Also, The Ultimate Gamer has given up the game of "trying to make Frenchie look like he's tapping out".

Meanwhile, Frenchie is close to the ropes.

Closer.

CLOSER.

ALMOST THERE...

Fuse suddenly sees Frenchie's feet are near the ropes and even though it's Mark Shields who's a terrible referee, Fuse lets go of the anaconda vice, in order to drag Frenchie back to the center of the ring-

When Delacroix rolls free, into the bottom rope and then uses the top rope to sling himself upright and catch Conor with a desperation pump kick!

Both men collapse to the mat.

And for the first time since the bell rang, the match sees dead air.

DDK:

The crowd is fully in support of both men! Both men who have given us a barn burner in what is a little over ten minutes so far...

Lance:

I think we're at a thirteen minute mark, Keebs. Maybe closing in on fifteen.

DDK:

Either way, these two are SPENT.

As Keebler finishes this sentence, the crowd does a complete 180.

DDK:

Get. Him. OUT. Of. Here.

Thurston Hunter makes his way down the ring with a bucket of popcorn.

Looking something like the Michael Jackson popcorn GIF, Hunter is thoroughly enjoying what he sees as the crowd reigns down boos upon him.

Hunter reaches the bottom of the rampway and stops. At this point in time, all he wants to do is get a close-up view.

Inside the ring, both men are slowly gaining a vertical base. Conor needs the ropes on one end of the ring and Flying Frenchie needs them on the other. They both notice Hunter... and then look at each other.

Conor turns towards Mark Shields.

Conor Fuse:

PAUSE!

The stupid referee looks at the time keeper's table and frantically waves his hands around.

Mark Shields:

THAT'S AN OFFICIAL PAUSE! AN OFFICIAL PAUSE!!!

DDK:

What the hell is Mark going on about?

Lance:

I don't know, man.

Frenchie seems to agree as Conor slings himself over the top rope and races towards Thurston Hunter. Hunter is far too happy basking in the boos to see Conor coming his way until it's too late.

HEAD STOMP.

Popcorn goes flying in the air as Conor picks up Hunter and tosses the goon into the ring, right where Flying Frenchie is ready for him!

Hunter comes to. He looks up and BEGS the legend to leave him alone...

DDK:

Like that's going to happen.

Frenchie blasts Hunter in the face with a knee, then begins to UNLOAD a fury of right hands and stomps into his chest! Flying Frenchie deadlifts Hunter off the mat and connects with his death valley driver, followed by dragging Hunter up by his ear and ejecting him out of the ring as the crowd roars in approval!

Conor slides back into the ring and looks at Mark Shields.

Conor Fuse:

UNPAUSE!

Mark makes a motion to the time keeper's table.

Mark Shields:

THAT'S AN OFFICIAL UNPAUSE! WE'RE BACK ON TRACK!

Frenchie admires his work. He doesn't see Fuse is sneaking up on him.

Conor drops to his knees right behind Frenchie. He knows Shields isn't looking... and... for a split second... it looks like the gamer is going to hit a low blow.

He hesitates.

Frenchie turns around. The legend sees Conor on his knees and likely knows what's up.

Fuse gives a shrug.

Conor Fuse:

I decided not to-

Whack!

Frenchie with a superkick to Conor! Then a low blow of his own! The vet races into the ropes, leaps in the air-

And Conor hits a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker on Frenchie!

Both men are down again to a thunderous ovation!

Lance:

Conor felt guilty for the low blow attempt. It almost cost him the match!

The crowd rumbles their feet, in the hopes both men have more fight left in them. There's no TEN count here, as Mark Shields doesn't know WTF is up. With Thurston Hunter DOA on the outside of the ring, it's clear this is anybody's game and the fans will receive a definitive winner with no extra interference.

Conor is on a knee, Frenchie is also on a knee.

Conor ends up on a foot, Frenchie does the same.

Conor now stands... Frenchie stands, too!

They turn towards each other, Frenchie ducks a left forearm attempt and spins Fuse around into a neckbreaker. The former world champion races towards the ropes and connects with a running senton splash, followed by a standing moonsault, aka his move entitled Deja Vu.

DDK:

COVER!

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPES!

The crowd comes alive again as Fuse reFUSEs to stay down. Frenchie can't believe this one but Mark Shields did count properly and the foot was on the ropes in time.

DDK:

Stunned Mark saw that.

Lance:

Same, Keebs. Same.

Frenchie nods to himself as he drags Conor up with him... but then The Power-Up King hits an out-of-nowhere jawbreaker on Flying Frenchie!

Fuse falls back to the mat but kips to his feet. He fires up the crowd as he starts pumping his arms. Despite the pain on his face, Conor is going for everything here. He stumbles into a corner and a !RANK chant begins.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Louder and louder it gets, as Fuse measures Frenchie. Once the legend is on his feet, Conor doesn't waste another second.

He runs towards him.

WHAM.

HEAD STOMP.

DDK:

It's over!

The crowd counts along.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse's eyes almost fall out of his head!

DDK:

HOW ON EARTH...

Lance:

The legend of Frenchie! It's true!

Nashville LOVES what they've seen. Nevertheless, Conor doesn't want to quit right now. Fuse cracks his head around, loosens his arms and intensifies the look on his face.

It takes Conor a little longer than he'd like but Fuse makes his way to a corner of the ring and then leaps onto the top turnbuckle pad.

DDK:

I think it's Super Splash 450 time.

At first, it looks like that's what Conor is going for until a smirk crosses his face.

He's changing it up.

Dark.

Phoenix.

Splash.

...

...

MISSES!

DDK:

Frenchie rolls out of the way! My god, Frenchie moved at the VERY last second!

The crowd is hectic as Frenchie uses the ropes to get on his feet. Not to be outdone -and knowing the magnitude of the match at hand- to get back on his winning ways, Conor Fuse is also on his feet.

There's no longer the "friendly" gamesmanship between both men. They look hungry and ready for the final connection...

Both men burst forward. Fuse looks for the Head Stomp but Frenchie moves out of the way! Frenchie tries for a Loire Valley Driver but Conor wiggles out of it. Fuse with a superkick that misses... and Frenchie can't find a leg lariat.

Conor swings forward but misses his opponent. Frenchie tries for an eye gouge but Conor swats Frenchie's hands away!

Fuse backpedals into the ropes, while Frenchie leaps up at the wrong second and this time Conor catches him with a running release German suplex!

A rolling thunder splash follows.

Suddenly, Fuse is back on the top rope.

SUPER SPLASH 450.

Hits!!!!

DDK:

Fuse got all of it!

He hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!

DING DING DING

The crowd continues to stay alive, as they would've for either man as Conor rolls off his opponent and starts sucking back as much air as he can.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... CONOR FUSE!!!!

The gamer's theme song plays over the PA as a rather emotional Conor Fuse realizes what he's just accomplished.

Mark Shields wants to raise Conor's hand but Fuse shakes his head no. Considering this a victory for himself, and less work to do, Shields exits the ring and walks to the time keeper's table to collect his pack of darts.

Instead, Fuse sits on the mat beside Flying Frenchie and ultimately pats the legend on the chest to more cheers from The Faithful.

DDK:

What a hell of a match. Both men put it all on the line in a super fast-paced war!

Lance:

I loved what I saw. A huge win for Conor Fuse. Flying Frenchie, well, as cliché as it is... he still has it.

Flying Frenchie starts coming to as Conor is on one knee. Frenchie sees where Conor is and begins clapping for him... as The Power-Up King moves to the center of the ring...

And helps The Flying Frenchie on his feet.

The crowd cheers as Conor holds the Frenchman's hand high in the air, then drops to the mat, almost insinuating he would hit Frenchie with a low blow but it's after the match so it's not on his agenda. Conor rolls out of the ring and leaves Frenchie with The Faithful.

Fuse walks up the rampway, a smile on his face and a nod into the camera after a hell of a battle.

DDK:

Folks, we'll be back after this!



COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2023

MASK vs. HAIR: VICTOR VACIO vs. HIGH FLYER IV

DDK:

Lance, this next matchup has been brewing just about as long as BRAZEN has been a thing.

Lance:

High Flyer IV, the son of Jack Harmen, and Victor Vacio, former BRAZEN champion, have not liked each other since the first day they met. Vacio doesn't care for IV's braggadocio. High Flyer IV thinks Vacio could have the world if he just gave a shit.

DDK:

It's the case of natural talent versus earned skill, pure and simple on display.

Lance:

That's not mentioning the monumental stipulation here. Let's throw it to Darren to introduce.

The spotlight falls on Darren Quimbey in the center of the ring, wearing his finest three piece suit as he has all evening.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match...

The Faithful are silent.

Darren Quimbey:

... is HAIR vs. MASK.

The Faithful cheer in response. A moment passes before...

♪ "The Best" by Awolnation ♪

A golden hue falls over the entrance area. As the opening lyrics play over the guitar beat, High Flyer IV steps out from the backstage area wearing the official DEFIANT to the DEATH hoodie (available at efedtees.com). All that can be seen are his eyes and nose as he's zipped up tightly. He has on new wrestling tights that resemble the Miner's Trunks from Tears of the Kingdom, and his trademark comedy/drama mask is hung around his neck. The third-generation wrestler keeps his hands in his hoodie pockets and quickly makes his way to the ring, head down, focused.

DDK:

High Flyer IV is all business tonight Lance.

Lance:

He better be, or he can kiss those long blue dreadlocks goodbye.

DDK:

Why does he even have dreadlocks?

Lance:

I hear he wanted to look like his uncle Tony Davis. Why anyone would choose that, I don't know.

High Flyer IV reaches ringside and quickly stomps up the stairs, and then up onto the second turnbuckle with grace. He still hasn't removed his hands from his pocket as he stares out to the sea of Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, wagering his hair. Hailing from BRAZEN and Les Enfants Terribles, weighing in at two hundred and seventeen pounds, The Greatest, High Flyer IV!

HF IV hops off the buckle and bounces off the canvas. He walks stiffly, unlike his usual braggadocious self.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

Cut to the stage as the live audience begins to boo.

The eerily haunting piano drones through the public address system as machine-made smoke slowly rises from the stage. The black-clad Victor Vacio steps through the curtain, into the cloud of simulated fog, and onto the DEFIANCE stage. He is quickly flanked by Corey Nunez and Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez with the big man, Gerardo Villalobos, bringing up the rear. The three-man team, Los Caidos, dressed in black denim pants and leather jackets.

Darren Quimbey:

Wagering his mask... weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pooooounnds and accompanied to the ring by LOS CAIDOOOOOS ... "The Lost Cause" ... VICCTOOOOORRR VAAAAAACIOOOOO!

In the smoke-distorted view, Victor's black lucha mask blends seamlessly into his black leather waistcoat. The sheen of Vacio's black tights catches the light refracted through the mist; as he and "The Fallen" slowly make their way to the ring.

DDK:

We spoke about it on DEFtv, two weeks ago, but the numbers game *really* tips this in Vacio's favor.

Vacio and The Fallen make it to the ringside, Los Caido's remaining on the floor as Victor enters. Inside Vacio glares at High Flyer from across the ring as he slowly takes off his black leather waistcoat. He hands it over the top rope, down to Corey Nunez but he never takes his eyes off his blue-haired opponent.

Lance:

I couldn't agree more, Darren. High Flyer IV has to keep his head on a swivel as we know good and well, Victor Vacio and his newfound lackeys won't hesitate to cheat at every possible turn.

High Flyer hasn't removed his hoodie as he stares across the ring. Doyle goes to check him, so Vacio backs up the turnbuckle and sits nonchalantly on top. Doyle then walks over to Vacio, and quickly checks the relaxed Vacio for weapons. Satisfied...

DING DING

Benny Doyle steps away and swats his hands to signal to engage. Vacio casually slips himself off of his top rope perch. High Flyer IV takes a few steps towards Vacio and mimes ripping his mask off. The two step to the center of the ring, HF IV jaw-jacking as Vacio just stares at his soul.

High Flyer IV:

Here you go! Big stage. Finally, you get to show you give two shits!

Vacio is non-plussed. HF IV takes a moment to look to the Faithful, before ripping off his hood.

The crowd is stunned. Darren and Lance are taken aback, as HF IV stands in front of Vacio completely bald. Even the normally, nonchalant, Vacio reacts in subdued shock.

High Flyer IV:

Cause I got nothing to lose.

With that, HF IV kicks the back of Vacio's knee sending him down, before striking him with a stiff right roundhouse kick to the chest. Vacio tumbles backward and tries to backroll to his knees but HF IV gives him no leeway. Victor swats away a rising knee strike but HF IV just turns it into a left elbow strike that catches him in the chin.

HF IV goes for a superkick but gets swatted away, spun into a rear waist lock. Vacio tosses HF IV in a German, but the luchador lands on his feet. With Vacio off balance, High Flyer IV rushes in and grabs him in a sleeper.

It's not long until his true intentions are revealed.

DDK:

He's grabbing Vacio's mask, Lance!

HF IV has his hands crudely in the eye holes of Vacio's mask and is trying to pull it off his face. Vacio uses the sleeper as a fulcrum and jumps. As he falls, momentum snapmares HFIV to free Victor from the sleeper hold. Both men roll and stand to their feet, sizing each other up across the ring. HF IV now walks with his trademark bravado as Vacio nurses his chin.

Lance:

I think, Vacio realized this isn't about winning or losing the match. High Flyer's goal tonight is to remove Vacio's mask. He can do that by winning, or you know, just about whenever.

HF IV throws his arms out to the Faithful and tosses Vacio a sly wink.

DDK:

And look at that. High Flyer IV, who wants to be called the Greatest.

Lance:

I'm not calling him that.

Vacio adjusts his mask to see through the eye holes a bit better.

DDK:

Of course, we're not. That's absurd. But High Flyer IV is going to do everything in his power to show how much anonymity means to Victor Vacio.

High Flyer IV offers a gentleman's collar and elbow tie-up. Vacio is apprehensive but slowly eases into it. Quickly, HF IV hooks his arm and wrings it, and shouts out to the Faithful.

High Flyer IV:

See! Sportsmanship.

The Apathetic Miser reaches out and digs his fingers into HF IV's eyes, as Doyle slaps his hands and admonishes him. Vacio locks in his own arm wringer, and then instinctively tries to grab the hair only to whiff on scalp. With his free arm, HF IV pleads his case to Benny about Vacio trying to cheat before Vacio jumps onto his shoulders and head scissors the 23-year-old LET star across the ring, only for HF IV to cartwheel and land upright.

He shouts and throws his arms to his sides.

High Flyer IV:

You wanna wrestle or you wanna fight?!

He throws Victor a sly wink. Victor just shrugs. HF IV takes a few steps toward Vacio and throws a wild right that Victor backsteps. HF IV keeps going with a left elbow but Vacio blocks the blow. He even blocks the knee but can't block the simultaneous European uppercut. Vacio backsteps and HF IV keeps closing the gap with a spinning back kick to the midsection, which Vacio catches. HF IV leaps for an Enzeguri, but Vacio ducks. HF IV lands on his foot on the other side and then leaps for a second Enzeguri from the other side that Vacio can't duck and catches him flush on the cheek. Vacio stumbles into the corner as HF IV nips up to his feet. He charges and leaps onto the second rope, and starts ten count punching Victor in the corner.

DDK:

This animosity has been brewing since the early days of BRAZEN. Vacio thought HFIV got the nepotism treatment.

Lance:

And the world has been saying Victor Vacio is a future world champion, but he's been his own worst enemy. HF IV is trying to show him that fact. However blunt he may be.

The Faithful count along up to 8 before Vacio recovers enough to lift HF IV off the second ropes, stumble forward two steps, and then drop his balls into an atomic state. HF IV bounces off the impact and clutches his testicles before Vacio dropkicks him off his feet. Vacio lifts HF IV off his feet and locks in an arm wringer, taking him to the far camera turnbuckle. He slaps HF IV's chest twice with the palm of his right hand as his left holds in the arm. A few leaps and a jump off the top send HF IV careening across the ring in a luchador-themed arm drag. Vacio doesn't let up, as HFIV stumbles to his feet into the far corner, Victor springs off the middle rope and knees HF IV in the face. He spins, hooking HF IV, and pulls him out with a bulldog into the center of the ring for the first pin attempt of the night.

ONE

HF IV kicks out early. Vacio slams his forearm into HF IV's cheeks and tries another pin, this time with a leg hooked.

ONE

HF IV defiantly kicks out again. Vacio just locks in a rear headlock as HF IV's arms flail to grab at Victor's mask.

DDK:

Vacio is going to slow this contest down. As talented as Vacio is in the air, the consensus is that he's leaps and bounds better at the ground game than HF IV.

Lance:

Flash gets you to the dance Darren. But sound technical skills give you the W.

Vacio keeps the headlock in for a bit before HF IV fights to his feet with the help of the Faithful. They cheer as he elbows Vacio once, twice in the gut. HF IV rushes off to the far ropes and Vacio reaches out by instinct to grab at HF IV's hair, but whiffs. HF IV off the far ropes and almost gets tripped up by Corey Nunez. HF IV turns and shouts at him, allowing Vacio to charge. HFIV ducks underneath a clothesline as Vacio hits the far ropes. On the return, HFIV goes for a back body drop, but Vacio lands on his feet. As HFIV turns, Vacio just pops him once in the jaw.

DDK:

Oh. I heard that up here Lance!

Lance:

No love lost between these two Darren.

HF IV hawks and spits a bit of blood out of his mouth, before spinning and looking for a much quicker version of a Capoeira Armada kick. Vacio ducks barely, but HF IV maintains balance and tries a jawbone kick, blocked, but the Roundhouse kick connects flush. Vacio back steps, dazed, so HFIV drops for a Capoeira scorpion kick. Vacio blocks with both hands, but HFIV plants with his right hand and tries a double Chapeu De Couro dual kick to the gut, sending him back into the corner. Vacio bounces off and walks right into a straight toe kick to the gut. Harmen Jr. hooks Victor and hits a quick vertical suplex.

DDK:

You may have noticed it, but HF IV's put on about ten or twelve pounds of mostly muscle since we last saw him against Rezin. He's been putting an immense amount of time and energy into preparing for this matchup tonight.

Lance:

On top of that, those kicks are precision Capoeira, sped up like film in timelapse mode. I remember his father doing

something similar in his youth. It's like a blast from the past Darren.

Recoiling from the impact, Vacio reaches for his lower back and he clamors back to his feet.

DDK:

Normally we don't see the younger Harmen lifting people off the canvas. Normally he uses his body as a weapon.

Lance:

Indeed, Darren, and although he has bulked up I don't know if this is the time and place to forgo speed and try to match strength!

HFIV stays vigilantly on the attack, pulling Vacio in once again with the front chancery and driving his masked head down into the mat with a high-angle DDT. High Flyer pops up as Vacio lays prone, face down and Harmen's kid goes for the laces of the mask.

Lance:

High Flyer IV is unrelenting, Darren. He wants that mask! He wants to prove Victor Vacio cares about something!

Benny Doyle steps in, waving off HFIV and backing up the newly blind wrestler off of Vacio.

DDK:

What is this now?

Gerardo Villalobos pulls himself up on the apron, Doyle takes his attention off of HFIV to admonish the big man. With Doyle's back turned, Corey Nunez hops up on the apron, grabbing High Flyer IV.

Lance:

It was only a matter of time before the numbers game came into effect.

High Flyer is able to spin around in an attempt to defend himself but Corey drops to the floor and pulls High Flyers neck down over the top rope in the process. HFIV chokes and collapses to the mat before rolling to the apron in shock. Corey Nunez and Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez pound on HFIV as Benny Doyle remains clueless, still dealing with George on the other side of the ring. Nunez and Hugo pull HF IV out of the ring and then slam him into the ring barricade. Then back into the ring apron. Then back into the barricade. As George takes a moment to scratch his head to contemplate what Benny Doyle is telling him, Corey Nunez slams HF IV's head into the hardest part of the ring and rolls him in just under the bottom rope..

DDK:

This is ridiculous! The former DOC champion is distracting Doyle as there's a mugging going on!

Finally, as Vacio is getting back to his feet, George relents and gets off the apron. Hugo gets in one last cheap shot as Doyle turns around. Both Hugo and Corey plead innocence, backing away from HF IV.

Lance:

... and Benny Doyle is none the wiser!

Vacio approaches HFIV and grabs the top rope and leans back kick-pushing High Flyer Jr. under the bottom rope and to the floor. Corey and Hugo are still in close proximity and Doyle immediately warns the pair and they hold their hands up signaling they aren't doing anything. With Doyle holding Vacio's goons at bay, High Flyer is able to pull himself up by the apron but just as he surfaces Vacio comes in hot with a baseball slide. The sliding kick sends High Flyer IV... flying back into the guard rails as Corey and Hugo scatter to avoid the collision.

Lance:

Big baseball slide from Vacio!

Vacio, now on the outside, stays on the attack. High Flyer IV finds himself caught between the guard rail and Vacio's fists reigning down on him. Inside the ring, Benny Doyle counts.

ONE.

DDK:

High Flyer IV needs to get back into the ring. The longer he stays on the outside, the more advantage Vacio gains.

TWO.

Lance:

Absolutely, Darren. High Flyer can't fly on the floor!

THREE.

Vacio pulls High Flyer off the guard rail and sends him back in the ring, under the bottom rope.

FOUR!

In the ring, High Flyer is pushing himself up from the mat as Vacio returns. Victor delivers a soccer kick to the midsection turning High Flyer over, landing on his back.

Vacio takes an extra second on the outside. He reaches behind his head and grabs at his mask's laces, signaling to The Faithful that his mask is secure and isn't going anywhere.

High Flyer fights back to his feet and is intercepted by Vacio. Vacio takes hold of High Flyer's head, spins him around, and hits him with a neck breaker.

DDK:

Cover!

ONE!

TW-

DDK:

...and barely a two count.

Lance:

Vacio has to know by now, it'll take more than that to count out High Flyer IV!

Vacio is back to his feet, but he doesn't argue with Doyle over the count. Instead, he toys with HFIV as he tries to get back to a vertical base.

DDK:

Victor Vacio is just nasty as ever, putting that boot to High Flyers' face and shoving him back down.

Victor Vacio:

¿quieres mi máscara hijo de puta?

Translation: You want my mask you son of a bitch?

Victor Vacio:

¡tómalo!

Translation: Take it!

Vacio screams at High Flyer as leans down and palms his face.

Victor Vacio:

¡tómalo!

Vacio continues on but he is taken by surprise when High Flyer IV gut-checks him, sending Vacio reeling for a moment. HFIV follows up with a forearm but he is on rocky legs and Vacio fights back with a rising knee to the midsection. High Flyer stumbles back but regains his composure and returns with a quick snappy left jab like his father does. Benny Doyle warns about the closed fist and HFIV follows up with a forearm. Vacio stumbles back and feigns a strike but instead catches HFIV with another knee to the gut.

Vacio has had enough of the back and forth and whips High Flyer IV into the ropes. High Flyer grabs the top rope and puts the brakes on. Vacio, undeterred, charges toward HFIV and is met with a thunderous back elbow. Vacio, holding his mouth, stumbles back. High Flyer IV engages but Vacio pushes him back into the corner, Vacio charges in but HFIV rears back, leveraging himself with top rope and putting two boots in Victor's chest, shoving the masked luchador back with force. Vacio hits the mat back first and the momentum force-flips him over. He rolls to his feet but it's only to catch a high-angle dropkick from HFIV. Vacio hits the mat hard and rolls to the outside, where Los Caidos comes to aid, checking on "jefe."

Inside, High Flyer is about to go aerial, he hits the opposite ropes and sprints toward the entranceway ropes.

Lance:

High Flyer takes the air!

High Flyer springboards onto the top rope, and then, like his father before him, shooting star presses but with a corkscrew thrown in. He lands on all four men, Vacio and Los Caidos, back first like a mosh pit. Yet somehow, the young aerial daredevil lands on his feet. He throws up his father's trademark Devil Horns as all four men are down at ringside.

DDK:

Los Caidos toppling like bowling pins at ringside!

High Flyer IV wastes no time as Doyle begins the count, he shoves a dazed Vacio back into the ring and follows him in but goes directly to the top rope.

Lance:

This is his chance Darren. The numbers will never be more in his favor than right now!

Vacio is laid out flat.

With his back to the ring, HFIV takes a peak over his shoulder before...

DDK:

Corey Nunez trying to stop High Flyer IV from putting a button on his match and taking Victor Vacio's mask!

Nunez, from the ring steps, has an unsure hold of High Flyer's ankle.

Lance:

Doyle has to get a hold of this --

Before Lance can finish his sentence, High Flyer shoves Corey Nunez off of his leg, sending Nunez falling down into the ringside barricade. Another quick glance over his shoulder ...

DDK:

MOONSHOT SPECIAL!!

HFIV hits a picture perfect moonsault, crashing down on Victor Vacio.

DDK:

JACK WOULD BE SO PROUD!

Lance:

HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE!

TWO!

The recently recovered George and Hugo rush to the ring but it's too little too late. Corey is still ailing on the ringside floor.

...

THREE!

The Faithful ignite!

DDK:

HIGH FLYER IV WINS!

DING DING DING*♪ "The Best" by Awolnation ♪***Darren Quimbey:**

... and your winner via pinfall is ... HIGGGGGGHHH FLYYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEERRRR IIIIIIVVVVVV!

High Flyer IV stumbles up to his feet after a hard-fought win to have his hand raised by Benny Doyle. He uses his free hand to run his hand through his now bald non-existent hair with the biggest grin in the world. Hugo and George hit the ring, Hugo checks on Vacio as George stares down High Flyer, stepping all over his celebration. HF IV takes a moment to step toward George.

The music fades out and we are down to nut-cutting time.

DDK:

Victor Vacio has lost and now ... must unmask. In the lucha libre tradition, nothing is held more sacred than the mask. If Victor Vacio has ever cared about anything ... surely it is his mask.

The big man, George, is fired up. The much larger former DOC champ backs High Flyer IV into the corner as the two jaw jack with one another. The size difference aside, it's an unfair fight given HFIV just went through a sprint with Vacio, only to somehow overcome a solid amount of interference.

Lance:

Lucha Libre masks are considered sacred in Mexico, and mask vs mask matches carry more significance than world championship titles. The mask represents a symbol of pride and heritage, and to lose it is supposed to be like losing a piece of yourself...

Vacio begins to recover as tensions between George and HFIV are reaching a fever pitch. Now that Vacio is getting up, Hugo turns his attention and anger toward HFIV as well.

Lance:

For some, it can be so humiliating that it signifies the end of their career. I can't imagine Victor Vacio can feign that this isn't a somber moment for him and his career.

And the hits keep on coming, now Corey Nunez is back up and in the ring. If the numbers didn't win the match, it looks like they'll prove a point. Benny Doyle attempting to play this middle man but this is a lost cause the moment the former Barrio Boys decide to jump.

HF IV now is paying attention only to the recovered Vacio, and points over Geraldo's shoulder at his leader.

DDK:

The question is ... will he capitulate? Currently, it doesn't seem like that is in the cards as Los Caidos have surrounded the victorious High Flyer IV!

Vacio, now back to his feet, tries to shake off the impact of the Moonshot Special before he calls out to "The Fallen."

Lance:

Is Vacio calling off the dogs?

DDK:

It would appear so. Very uncharacteristic, to say the least.

Vacio does, and they listen. The trio back off and fall into ranks behind "el jefe."

High Flyer IV is cautious and doesn't step forward just yet. He just uses one hand to point to his own face, and then motions to rip it off.

Vacio reaches behind his head with his left hand and starts unlacing his mask. One by one he works his way up the laces until the mask is loose enough ...

DDK:

I can't believe what I'm seeing.

Lance:

It would appear Victor Vacio is a man of his word...

With the mask loose, Vacio drops his left hand back to his side and lets the moment breathe as he and High Flyer stare at one another.

DDK:

It ain't over until it's over, Lance...

Victor reaches up with his right hand, gripping the top of his mask, and pulls it forward. Exposing his face to the Faithful and the world.

Lance:

There it is!

Vacio stands in the middle of the ring, backed and flanked by Los Caidos with his face in full view. His sweat-soaked, low-cut black hair gleams under the ring lights. After a beat, he extends his mask toward High Flyer IV.

DDK:

High Flyer IV is understandably cautious ... Vacio is rarely on the level, it's hard to believe he will be here.

It takes him a moment but HFIV reaches out and takes the mask. With it in hand, a smirk slowly grows across his face...

... only to shut it down seconds later as Vacio shrugs, completely unbothered by losing his mask. The rage begins to build in HFIV but before he can react, Vacio turns around, pushes his way past the Los Caidos, drops to the mat, and rolls out of the ring.

Victor Vacio:

¡vamonos!

Los Caidos back their way out of the ring, keeping an eye on the progressively more angry and confused High Flyer IV.

DDK:

Can Victor Vacio truly be that unflappable!?

Lance:

He is a self-proclaimed nihilist... this may just be a brave face he is putting on but it doesn't really seem like it.

Los Caidos join the unmasked Victor Vacio at the top of the ramp. They look on as High Flyer, with a foot on the bottom rope, leans over the top rope screaming toward the ramp with Vacio's black mask in hand.

DDK:

I don't think this is the satisfactory conclusion High Flyer was hoping for... but that aside he put it all on the line and brought home the victory and the mask.

Lance:

Well, technically he didn't put anything on the line... he shaved his head before the match. This certainly isn't over as it's become a very petty tit-for-tat between these two BRAZEN Alumni.

HISTORY

High Flyer IV bursts through the backstage area, shaking his head in frustration. He quickly shoulder bumps someone.

Who cries out in pain.

It's his father, Jack Harmen, who had just gone to war with Tyler Fuse the night prior, and is about to accompany Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box as they take on the Lucky Sevens. HF IV takes a step back, stunned. He pauses, looks at the mask, and then back at Jack. Then

High Flyer IV:

He didn't even care. That... prick. It just means nothing...

Jack leans in, and even through immense pain, raises his hand and places it on his son's shoulder. The adrenaline starts to kick in as he looks his son in the eyes.

Jack Harmen:

It means everything. You were part of wrestling history, again. I don't say this enough... but I am... so proud of you.

HF IV holds back a tear. Harmen coughs.

Jack Harmen:

You look like Mr. Clean.

HF IV just breaks into one of those happy laughs.

High Flyer IV:

Nice eyebrows.

In fact, it looks like one of Jack Harmen's eyebrows was singed. Harmen can't help but smile. HF IV reaches out and hugs his father by instinct. Harmen winces in pain from the bearhug, and HF IV quickly relents. He awkwardly steps away.

High Flyer IV:

Oh, right.

Jack Harmen:

Of course.

High Flyer IV moves to walk away, and then turns back to his father as Gage and Bronson walk up.

High Flyer IV:

Tom Morrow's jacket looks good on you.

Jack Harmen:

I know. Right?

They smile, and part. Harmen turns to Box and Blackwood and provides some final encouragement, directing them to enter, sans music.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. BRONSON BOX & GAGE BLACKWOOD

The match graphic appears and the crowd anticipates a stiff-as-shit wrestling match coming up.

DDK:

I can already feel these guys' punches connecting.

Lance:

Feel? I'm good to check myself into a hospital.

DDK:

A little over a year ago, someone paid The Lucky Sevens to take Gage Blackwood out. Max and Mason did. They ambushed Blackwood after a DEFtv show. Gage was on the shelf for a full year before making his return with two new friends, Bronson Box and Jack Harmen. We still don't know *who* paid off the Lucky Sevens but right now, it's Blackwood's first line of revenge.

Lance:

To ringside we go!

The scene switches to Darren Quimbey in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This is a tag team match! Introducing first... the team of Bronson Box and Gage Blackwood!

The lights dim and smoke fills up on the stage. It doesn't take long before Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box make their way out... and Jack Harmen emerges behind them. Harmen is bandaged up from the night before, mostly covering his upper shoulder and forehead. Nevertheless, his blue jeans, plain white t-shirt and the Tom Morrow jacket likely cover up a lot of the additional damages at the hands of Tyler Fuse, bruises galore. However, nothing can hide the partially seared right eyebrow.

DDK:

It's good to see Jack is okay. Definitely moving gingerly after his epic brawl.

Lance:

I'm told Tyler Fuse is okay, too, but he is definitely not in the arena tonight.

DDK:

Can we be so sure?

Lance:

No, I saw them leave for the airport. I don't think Tyler has any interest in getting involved further. Tonight, anyway.

Box and Blackwood make their way down the ramp, cold, calculating, and only interested in business. Harmen winces as he trails behind, a step definitely lost.

DDK:

This is still a really interesting team to dissect. The Scottish heritage between Gage and Bronson. Box and Harmen, who are living legends in this industry. Box, who really is the Original DEFIANT and Hall of Famer. Jack Harmen, who belongs in the Wrestling Hall of Fame with a wing to himself. Gage Blackwood is no push over, either. Former FIST, former SOHER. He has less years of experience in DEFIANCE and wrestling, he's also younger. But he's well on the pathway to finding the same success as his teammates.

Lance:

Max and Mason are nothing to look down at. We might not like their attitude and the way they conduct their business... but they are as legitimate as they come. Two brutes that beevy competition just like this.

The trio arrive at the bottom of the rampway. Box stomps up the steel steps and Blackwood rolls under the ropes. Meanwhile, Jack Harmen is going to find a spot across the other side of the ring, so he can watch the next team come down from the entrance.

Blackwood's theme song comes to a close as the ring announcer repositions himself in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... being accompanied by Tom Morrow... Max and Mason Luck... THE LUCKY-

Quimbey is cut off by Morrow's presence.

Tom walks up to the stage in a suit that is one half red and one half green in honor of his clients and he is looking down on the two DEFIANCE superpowers as well as the third at ringside.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies! Gentlemen! Morons! Idiots! Drunks! Keep your ticket stubs because after tonight, those will be commemorative items! Tonight will be the night you remember for the rest of your natural-born lives! Tonight will be remembered as the night that The Lucky Sevens will play the part of exorcists and get these Ghosts of DEFIANCE Past out of our ring, out of our halls and out of your *lives!* for good!

Morrow can't stop smiling at the thought he is picturing.

Tom Morrow:

You can tell your kids that you witnessed history! You can say this was Bronson Box's "ONE AND DONE" Retirement Tour!

Tom stomps around the ramp.

Tom Morrow:

They weighed in this morning at a fighting fit combined weight of six-hundred twenty pounds! Standing at a combined height of *FOURTEEN* feet tall! They are the two time Unified Tag Team champions and they are going to be the two-time masters of putting Gage Blackwood right back on the shelf for longer than a year this time ...

His finger is up.

Tom Morrow:

"THE BIG MONEY MONSTER" MASON LUCK!!! "THE BADASS OF THE BRIGHT LIGHTS" MAX LUCK!!!
THEEEEEEEE LUCKYYYYYYYYYYY SEEEEVVVVVEEEENNNNNSSSS!!!!

The Bridgestone Arena's lights go pitch black like they forgot to pay the electric bill this month. A new version of the Lucky Sevens Slot Machine logo starts to appear on the DEFIA-Tron illuminating in the darkness. Three numbers appear in gold as an old western theme starts to play. Three bells ring in tune with the numbers stopping on the digital slot machine.

DING!!!

DING!!!

DING!!!

7 7 7

The stage lights up and flashes "JACKPOT!!!" all across the screen ...

WINNERS!!!

♪ "Ecstasy of Gold (Bandini Remix)" by Ennio Morricone ♪

Stepping out onto the massive DEFCON stage, Max and Mason Luck appear with their newer ring attire built more for fighting than for wrestling. Both men wear dark tattered jeans with thick leather belts and cowboy boots. Mason's belt and boots are clad with red designs, Max's identical, but in green. Wearing black gauntlets on their arms, the twin seven foot monsters both bang their gauntlets together and scream in unison with the entire arena showering them with jeers. They raise their hands up ...

And pyro shoots everywhere from the stage! Pyro from up above the DEFIA-Tron, pyro across the stage, and obnoxiously long-lasting pinwheel pyro on either side of the stage, firing off in red and green colors! Mason, Max and Tom all storm the ring.

DDK:

And here come the Main Event Monsters! We've seen them be very successful on PPV. They ended the year-long first run of Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd. They helped Better Future Talent Agency pull off a clean sweep at Madison Square Garden by defeating Pop Culture Phenoms and Dangerous Mix at the same time in the main event of that show.

Lance:

These two were in on the fix with Tyler Fuse. They completely massacred Box and Blackwood. Victory is a very real possibility against their opponents. Box is a Hall of Famer. Gage Blackwood has been both the SOHER and the FIST. But neither of them have had the more recent ring time that The Lucky Sevens have had. They aren't called Main Event Monsters because they took it easy.

As they approach the ring, they turn to let themselves get showered in jeers but when they turn...

TOPE SUICIDA FROM BRONSON BOX TO MAX LUCK!!!

DDK:

What the what?! Was that... is the camera busted or did I just call Bronson Box's first ever tope suicida?!

You can see Harmen in the background across the ring using both hands to pull at his own hair.

Lance:

I wouldn't believe it if I wasn't here calling it with you!

Max Luck goes down in a heap and Mason goes over to check on his brother. Before he can, Morrow tries his best to get his attention...

GAGE BLACKWOOD WITH A SUICIDE SENTON TO THE FLOOR!!!

DDK:

And Gage Blackwood just flew! Both men wipe out the twins before this match even gets going!

Lance:

That's a crazy strategy from these two that I can believe they came up with on the fly! Go unexpected and keep The Lucky Sevens off their game! This might be the best way to keep the Sevens grounded!

A quick shot of Harmen on the outside. He points to them like a proud parent, wincing for a moment to clutch his ribs before shouting.

Jack Harmen:

I TAUGHT THEM THAT!

Bronson Box is the first man to his feet and not long after that Gage Blackwood joins him. Tom Morrow looks stunned

by what he's just seen... and even more when Bronson Box eyes him.

DDK:

Uh... oh...

Lance:

Morrow should have worn a darker suit!

Morrow backs up and then Box fakes a lunge forward that causes Morrow to panic and fall on his backside! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are all laughing at him now as Box and Gage head back into the ring as the trio of baddies try to regroup after the pre-match attack.

Bronson Box:

LET'S GET THIS BASTARD STARTED, SHALL WE?!

Gage Blackwood:

Aye!

Max goes and helps Mason up. They both shove one another to hype the other up and then storm the ring!

Lance:

Here we go!

The referee is trying to get order going, but all four men are in the ring throwing their best shots!

DDK:

Mason fighting with Box! Max fighting with Gage! Max takes a swing... but Gage ducks and he hits him with a headbutt into his chest!

Lance:

Boxer is throwing everything at Mason! Kicks! Body shots! All in the corner. What these men don't have in height and power compared to the Sevens, they have plenty of fire and big match experience!

Max has Gage pushed into a corner. The Beast of the Bright Lights has a full head of steam but Gage moves out of the corner where Max's big boot hits nothing but the top turnbuckle! He's left hanging there when Bronson Box has charged and hits him with a running shoulder into the other leg! The blow catches Max unexpectedly. Then Box grabs the leg of Max... and pushes him over the top rope!

Lance:

Max tried to catch Gage but the DEFIANCE Wrestling Hall of Famer is there to watch out! And Jack Harmen is loving this at ringside!

Harmen is having a good time and still has the original jacket he stole from Tom Morrow several shows ago when Gage revealed his new group with himself, Box and Harmen.

DDK:

Now the referee Hector Navarro is going to call for the bell!

DING DING

Lance:

Bronson Box and Gage Blackwood are the legal men in the match by virtue of being the only ones inside!

Mason is still shaking his head and Morrow is screaming instructions like a football coach!

Tom Morrow:

Stick to the plan! Stick to the plan! Ground them! Pound them! Turn their insides to mush!

But a staggering Mason is pushed with all of Boxer's might into the corner to get Gage Blackwood inside. Boxer hits some shoulders into the mid-section of the big man and that gives Gage Blackwood the chance to hit a move that the Luck family has never felt... a double headbutt from Gage and Box!

Lance:

Good gravy I don't recall the last time anyone has tried to headbutt one of The Lucky Sevens, but I do believe that Box and Blackwood might be the only two people who could!

DDK:

Mason is down in the corner... and what is Gage doing?

Gage goes over and shoots a look at Max Luck. Luck tries to grab him, but Blackwood has already moved away and hits Mason Luck in the corner with a heavy drop kick!

DDK:

The Royal Tattoo! Mason Luck is out in the corner! They have him down!

Tom Morrow is completely shaken up by his monsters being taken to task like this. Box and Blackwood's opening surprise seems to have worked enough and Gage goes to pin Mason for the first time.

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

The Big Money Monster spoils that party by kicking out after two and Gage throws three big knife edged chops right at Mason's chest. The monster is feeling them, but he tries to hit a lariat that misses. Gage, however, hits three more chops and Mason is back into the ropes. The Noble Raider charges at the corner that Mason is in and strikes him with a flying forearm to the face and then turns for a bulldog...

Lance:

Gage rocking him, but Mason is hanging on after Gage tries out that bulldog!

Mason picks up Gage instead and Luck starts to try a back suplex that Gage flips out of and lands feet first behind him. Mason turns into a dropkick from Gage and he is knocked back to the corner again.

DDK:

Box and Blackwood's training for this match is definitely something. They have isolated Mason Luck and are trying to keep this giant chopped down.

Lance:

Tag by Box!

The DEFIANCE Hall of Famer enters the ring. Gage and Box both take turns hitting big chops on Mason! Box hits a kitchen sink knee lift in the corner and the Big Money Monster is back to being doubled over. Gage gets the tag and now he's back inside and finally able to take down Mason with a bulldog!

DDK:

Gage has him down! And I think he's signaling for the Gaelic Storm already! He laid out Mason with this move when he made his return!

Lance:

He sure did and he's got the target locked and acquired.

The Faithful charge... but when Gage runs, Mason springs to his feet and he takes Gage off his feet with one of the biggest lariats of the evening! The Noble Raider is flipped around ass over tea kettle.

DDK:

No way! How'd Mason Luck take all that punishment and still come back!

Mason shouts and then tags in Max Luck. The energized Beast of the Bright Lights enters the ring. The former FIST in Blackwood is up but he gets struck with a big shoulder tackle and then Max catches Bronson Box by surprise with a suckerpunch to the side of the head!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens are about to kick into a higher gear now!

Max turns around. Blackwood is full of fight and still tries to hit the single-leg on Max in a daze, but Max strikes Gage across the back with hammer blows over and over again. Luck spins Blackwood to face the Lucky Sevens corner. The tag is made and an angry Mason climbs over the ropes. Max holds on to where Gage is...

Corner splash by Mason!!!

Another tag...

Corner splash by Max!!!

Another tag...

Corner splash by Mason!!!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens are working overtime! They've been embarrassed by the former FISTS but now they are through playing around!

An angered Bronson tries stepping back up on the apron but this time Mason gets to lay a shot in on Boxer! Box drops to the floor and Mason talks smack while he is down.

Mason Luck:

Jump at me again you old piece of shit!

Nashville is booing the roof of the building for the complete lack of respect for the DEFIANCE Hall of Famer. Harmen animates loudly to the ref about the Luck's despicable tactics. Mason offers him to hop on the apron himself, but Harmen doesn't bit. Max hits a corner knee on Gage Blackwood just as Mason turns and then drops him with a big boot! After that the brothers shout in unison...

Max and Mason Luck:

KA-CHING!!!

DDK:

There's that deadly Ka-ching combination by the brothers! Mason Luck now with another tag to Max.

Lance:

Gage and Bronson had such a good game plan going for them, but as the saying goes... plans are all good until someone gets clotheslined in the mouth! And that's what the Sevens did!

Mason and Max both have Gage picked up. Max grabs the arm of The Noble Raider before stepping up the ropes. The seven foot star walks along the ropes briefly while Blackwood has been roughed up and then jumps off!

DDK:

Walking the Strip! And Max wants to make this pinfall a one and done!

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Gage kicks out first!

Lance:

I'm surprised Gage was able to kick out of that! The Lucky Sevens picked up the pace for a little bit and they have thrown a lot at the former champion.

DDK:

This is a star-studded match without a doubt. The Lucky Sevens are one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's most successful tag teams. Main event caliber like we said before. Bronson Box and Gage Blackwood. We've covered their credentials! This one is a fight!

Blackwood is pulled up by Max and surprised with an upper cut before Blackwood rolls him up in an inside cradle!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Gage tries to get up, but Max picks him up and then drops him across his knee with a big back breaker.

Max Luck:

That was fucking stupid.

DDK:

Gage almost did it, but Max kicked out! How many times have the Lucky Sevens been caught off-guard from the Specials for flash pins during their three-year on and off rivalry?

Lance:

And they haven't forgotten.

Max grabs Mason and the brothers both take a page out of the playbook of the Scotsmen. They wind up...

DOUBLE HEADBUTT TO GAGE!!

The double collision of skull on skull is so strong, Gage slips right through the ropes and at Tom Morrow's feet! Mason watches Gage's fall while Max is enjoying it.

DDK:

Oooh! That was a clear receipt from earlier on by Box and Blackwood! Gage is down and out of the ring!

Gage is in a heap on the ringside area at Morrow's feet. When one of the ringside camera crew catches Gage... his face is a bloody mess! Morrow is laughing about it while Jack Harmen is seriously concerned for his partner.

Lance:

That was sick. That was sick and we have one of our medical team checking on Gage.

The Edinburgh native is woozy and the blood is starting to drip bad from his face. The medical technician at ringside tries to check on him, but The Noble Raider shoves them away and rolls back under the ring at Mason Luck's feet! Blackwood gets loud applause from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful by reentering the ring but Mason does not look impressed.

DDK:

I absolutely respect Gage Blackwood's ability to continue the fight. He's fought with the best in this game but this might not be a fight he can win.

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens resume working over Gage Blackwood. There's a tag to Max Luck.

The monster steps into the ring alongside his brother who now has Gage set up in the pump handle position. He picks him up off the mat...

JACKPOT DROP!!!

The pump handle back breaker is followed up quickly by Max Luck jumping off the ropes...

DDK:

And the Box Cars elbow drop right to the heart!

After hitting the running jumping elbow drop, he pushes down on Gage's chest with the very same elbow for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The bloody mess that is Gage Blackwood still kicks out... so Max Luck applies the Winning Hand!

Lance:

And now there's the Winning Hand by Max Luck! The iron claw working over Gage!

DDK:

That hold was passed on by their grandfather, Winston Luck. He didn't invent the claw but he helped perfect it in his day.

He continues to squeeze the life out of Gage and then starts to force him on his feet. The Winning Hand slam is attempted... but Gage hits an elbow to the back of Max Luck's head and he counters the move into a big single armed DDT! Max's head gets dropped into the mat and Gage finally has a chance to make the tag to Blackwood!

Lance:

DDT counter by Gage! I can't believe he had that in him!

Bronson Box is on the apron and wants a tag. Jack Harmen is leading the crowd in a chant for Bronson!

BOXER!!! BOXER!!! BOXER!!!

DDK:

Gage is almost there...

Lance:

Reach out, Blackwood!

Gage lunges forward and the crowd erupts! A tag is made!

Box fires into the ring with a head full of steam. He clotheslines Max to the mat, then he clotheslines Max down again. Mason is in the ring and Bronson scoop slams Mason on the mat. Then he scoop slams Mason for a second time.

Max is making his way towards the Hall of Famer and Box DESTROYS Max's jaw with a European uppercut. Many, many, **MANY** uppercuts.

Mason is back up and Bronson EJECTS Mason out of the ring!

With the crowd eating out of the palm of his hands, Box goes to jack up the fans even more.

SLAP!

He slaps Max across the face as hard as he possibly can.

SLAP!

Again.

SLAP!

Again!

SLAP!

AGAIN!

Max's cheek is so red it looks like he's bleeding. The entire time Bronson wants a returned shot but he's whacking Max so hard the Lucky Sevens member can't do a thing about it.

Bronson hits the ropes for a final blow when Tom Morrow gets involved by carefully tripping Box up.

DDK:

Hey now!

Lance:

Usually Hector Navarro is on top of things but Morrow did that so quickly, Navarro didn't see it. He was so sly with the trip.

And in return Max Luck charges Bronson Box and crushes the legend with a high knee strike.

The crowd, however, comes alive... when Jack Harmen has witnessed what happened.

DDK:

Harmen is not going to put up with this nonsense!

Jack takes off his Morrow jacket and starts to pace towards Morrow's side of the ring. The worried Seven's manager wants nothing to do with Morrow so he runs towards the guardrail and leaps over the barricade at the exact moment Jack Harmen gets there, reaching out for him.

Morrow sprints through the crowd, tripping over the odd chair in the process but he keeps on going. He wants to get as

far away from Harmen as possible!

Meanwhile, Jack Harmen swings the coat around like a madman at the guardrail to the thrill of the fans closeby. Every swing he winces a moment before swinging again to continue to shoo Morrow away.

Inside the ring, Max is working over Bronson as he Irish whips the legend into a corner-

But it's reversed!

The crowd screams in joy as Max hits the buckle chest-first, bounces out of the corner and walks himself right into one of the hardest European uppercuts ever delivered to either of the Sevens.

Boxer isn't done. It's uppercut after uppercut, showing no signs of quitting.

Lance:

Uppercut party!

DDK:

Box is going to work Max all around the ring.

A recovering Mason Luck is back in his corner. He wants in the ring... he's planning to charge but this time Hector Navarro is there to stop Mason.

Box winds up an extra amount before he levels Max so hard with an uppercut, Max FLIES in the air and crashes to the mat in a heap!

By now, Gage Blackwood has another solid wind and is ready to get back into the match, too.

Bronson tags Gage. The Hall of Famer then lifts up Max and places him on his shoulders as Gage Blackwood...

Goes to the top rope!

There's nothing Mason can do about it because Navarro is SCREAMING and blocking Mason Luck's path.

A doomsday device is hit!

The crowd roars in approval as Blackwood makes the cover and Box stands on guard for Mason Luck's entry.

ONE.

TWO.

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

DDK:

Lucky for Mason Luck because there was no way he was going to break through the Bronson Box wall.

Lance:

Not a chance.

There's another tag between the Scotsman as Box is back in the ring and Blackwood exits.

Box looks down at Max with a scoff. He lifts Max to his feet and then looks for the BOMBASTO Bomb... when Max slips free and collapses towards his corner. Mason is able to make the tag!

DDK:

Huge moment there by Max. He was not only able to break free but he just so happened to be facing his side of the ring. One stumble towards his corner and Mason tags in!

Mason sprints forward and hits a shoulder block to Box that doesn't budge Box.

Box takes three steps back and then connects with a shoulder block to Mason that doesn't move Mason.

The two look pissed.

They unload on each other with rights and lefts at the same time!

DDK:

This is bonkers!

The Faithful, of course, are eating up everything they're seeing. The shots are so stiff, spit is flying from all sorts of different directions. The brawl continues for sometime... even Gage Blackwood looks like he's ready to sit down with a bucket of popcorn and watch the fight play itself out. Either way, Mason decides he's going to make a move for a low blow but Bronson catches it. Box keeps wrist control and wallops Mason with a series of short-arm clotheslines that follow.

DDK:

You pay the price, Mason. You pay the ultimate price!

Lance:

Oh he is. I can hear those short-arm clotheslines from here!

DDK:

I can ALSO hear Tom Morrow screaming and crying from where we are right now. I believe he's been wandering the bleachers, knowing full well he ain't getting back to ringside because Jack Harmer HASN'T taken his eyes off him one bit, if you can believe that!

Box points to Blackwood who points back as Box sets up Mason in the BOMBASTO Bomb position.

Right as Mason's back makes contact with the turnbuckle, Gage Blackwood (with insane timing) catches the massive Sevens member with a dropkick to the side of the dome!

RRRAAAAHHHHHH!!

Mason staggers out of the corner and falls to his knees at center ring.

DDK:

Blackwood and Box are in total control!

Meanwhile, Max is screaming from the Sevens' corner and Tom Morrow is screaming from a few rows back, still avoiding physicality with Jack Harmer.

Bronson Box decides to join in on the fun.

Bronson Box: *[screaming]*

YOU WANT A CLAWHOLD, DO YA!?

And suddenly the Wargod applies GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND, digging his intentionally left-long nails of his red right hand deep into the skull of Mason Luck's flesh, who screams for bloody murder under Bronson's violent touch!

The exact second Max hooks his leg through the ropes Gage Blackwood comes STORMING across.

DDK:

GAELIC STORM!!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Max falls out of the ring as Blackwood marches around the canvas and starts pumping up the fans!

The crowd is going insane. Box keeps his hold locked in.

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens are in a heap, Keebs!

The cameras switch to show Tom Morrow practically crying on the floor, hidden within a group of fans because yes, Jack Harmen, through pure adrenaline, has started to swing Morrow's jacket around again, telling him to make his way over.

Mason can't take much more as Box bears down on the clawhold. Mason's resolve breaks and he finally crumbles to the mat.

With blood starting to pour from five deep holes around the top of his head...

Mason reluctantly taps.

TAP. TAP. TAP.

DDK:

They did it! Box and Blackwood win!

Box holds the move on WAY longer than necessary as The Faithful eat it up.

Lance:

That's classic Boxer right there.

Harmen relents, letting Morrow back over the guardrail as Jack slips into the ring. Morrow collects his beaten and bloodied team after Box finally lets go of the clawhold and Blackwood ejects Mason to outside the ring, where Max lays due to the running double knee smash.

DDK:

Gage Blackwood gets his revenge on the Sevens and Bronson Box shows he's back and maybe better than ever!

Lance:

This was no small victory. We might not like their attitude or direction but The Lucky Sevens are two of the most talented men in wrestling. It's not often you see a seven footer TAP OUT.

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

Morrow hangs over his boys as Blackwood, Box and Harmen celebrate in the center of the ring. It's clear Jack is still hurting, significantly, but Blackwood goes to check on him and Jack gives him the "I just pulled something but I'm ok" sign as he walks gingerly.

DDK:

Folks, a hell of a match. We have one left, and it's for the biggest prize in the industry...

The scene fades as the GOOD trio continue to pump up The Faithful while Max, Mason and Morrow lick their wounds... both physical and mental.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2023

FIST OF DEFIANCE: LINDSAY TROY (C) vs. DEX JOY

After a quick break between matches the camera is on the commentary booth with Lance Warner and "Downtown" Darren Keebler about to give the rundown of how we got to tonight's FIST of DEFIANCE match and the main event of Maximum DEFIANCE.

DDK:

It is finally time, Lance. After two nights of amazing action we have come to the main event of Maximum DEFIANCE where Dex Joy looks to make history tonight by securing the FIST of DEFIANCE. To do that, he will have to defeat the unstoppable champion Lindsay Troy.

Lance:

Dex Joy earned this title match by defeating Conor Fuse in one of the most talked about matches of DEFCON. He battled over thirty minutes to put away Conor Fuse and in the process, set himself on the path that many said he has been destined for this past year: competing for the FIST against Lindsay Troy.

DDK:

But to defeat the Queen, he'll have to do something that nobody has been able to do since she won the title and that's pin her shoulders to the mat. Vae Victis have made enemies of the entire promotion by holding onto the top titles with iron fists and doing anything to keep them. That includes Lindsay Troy attacking the knee of Dex Joy twice leading up to this match.

Lance:

This has been the MO of the Queen of the Ring by picking off her challengers by any means necessary. She literally told Dex Joy that she'd send him back home to his mom in a body bag as if she wasn't classy enough.

DDK:

People at 100% haven't been able to stop Lindsay Troy but now Dex Joy is going to take his shot tonight at less than 100%. He's had a few weeks to recover from the chop block that she struck him with on the final show leading to tonight's match and that will have to be enough if he wants to be the next FIST of DEFIANCE and finally get to the top of our promotion.

One by one in the Bridgestone Arena the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time ...

BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!!

The beeping continues and then two words back up from opposite sides of the DEFIA-tron ...

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE

A time bomb graphic appears just below ... three ... two ... one ...

BOOM!!!

MAXDEF

That's all that is left ... followed by a small 8-bit Dex Joy graphic bending the F to become ...

MAXDEX!!!

YEEEEAAHHHHH!!!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Game time, Set it off
Lace em up
Let em know
Tell them doubters in the stands imma rise
We undefeated
We hold the light

Legends never die
I will never quit
Never back down
Yeah the game gon flip
We bring it straight your body swinging that right hook
Tyson with a left
They been biting since I could write hooks

But I'm way up
And legends never die when their days up
Yeah yeah

The lights flicker back on where on the stage ... Dex Joy is fueled by both determination and of course, unlimited stores of BIG DEX ENERGY!!! Dex turns his attention on the crowd by waving his hands and on the back of his sleeveless lightning-colored body suit specially colored for tonight's patriotic theme of Maximum DEFIANCE with red, white and blue lightning patterns! He spins around to show the two words on the back that bring the Nashville crowd to their feet ...

AND
 NEW!!!

DDK:

That says it all! Dex Joy has made a promise after he was screwed by Kerry Kuroyama and Vae Victis all those months ago in the ACTS of DEFIANCE tournament won by Lindsay Troy. He'd get his payback and go through everyone to get to the Queen. Oscar Burns. Kerry Kuroyama. Henry Keyes. Recently, Clay Byrd. Now ... just one left ...

Lance:

As we covered earlier, that will be easier said than done.

Momma Joy's Baby Boy gives out high fives and fist bumps to anyone that wants them and then arrives at the ring. With determination and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful all on his side, the Wrecking Crew Foreman makes his biggest steps into the ring yet. He turns his back to the cameras at ringside to show the "AND NEW!!!" graphic written in red, blue and white lightning. Once the music has finished, Dex is ready for the match ahead.

Everything is plunged into darkness again, and the Nashville Faithful immediately begin booing. Fog begins to slowly roll across the stage while silhouettes dash into place amidst the flashes from cell phone cameras and the light from thousands of cell phone screens.

Then, through the gloom, the doom piano begins its symphony.

♪ "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... ♪

The fog thickens as the haunting melody continues on.

*Stranger fruit is a plant of the well
Flesh so bitter it pick itself*

The arena lights slowly come up to reveal a dozen or so jacked, shirtless men wearing owl masks and feathers over their crossed arms. They're truly a menacing sight to see: a parliament of personified murder owls.

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

Suddenly, "Stranger Fruit" cuts out and is replaced with a much faster, up-tempo beat. All the millennials in the crowd with a decent taste in music immediately recognize the song, because 18 years later it's still a damn banger.

♪ "Conceited (There's Something About Remy)" by Remy Ma ♪

The big beefy boys in their owl get-up make two rows and face one another. They lift their arms above their heads, and as they do, both the FIST of DEFIANCE and the Silver-Tongued Devil appear at the end of the line. The Queen is wearing her usual black, silver and red ring gear except it's taken on extra pieces of flair with the addition of rhinestones added to the crown and VV insignias. She also wears a heavy black glove on her right hand where Athena is perched with her yellow eyes locked on Dex Joy down at ringside.

♪ *See this ain't nothing' that you used to
Out of the ordinary unusual
You got to have the mind state like I'm so great
And can't nobody do it like you do
Miraculous, phenomenal and ain't nobody in here stopping you
Show no love 'cus you what's up
Look at ya self in the mirror like what the fuck* ♪

Lindsay and Sonny make their way through their hired hands and down the aisle while Falconer Plague Doctor follows in their wake.

♪ *Damn I look good and can't nobody freak it like I could
Yeah okay I got a little fat butt
My shorty tell me that he like it like that
I'm happy
Another me there never can't be
See, I'm so outstanding
Don't care if they can't stand me
I'm sittin' on top of the world like Brandy* ♪

♪ *See I look too good for this necklace
And I look too good to be wearing this
You know, I look way too good to be innocent
I'm conceited I got a reason* ♪

♪ *See I look too good to be driving that
And I look too good to be buying that
You know, I look way too good to be trying that
I'm conceited I got a reason* ♪

The FIST and her entourage arrive at ringside. Athena hops over to Falconer Plague Doctor, but not before screeching loudly at Dex, who flinches (it's an owl, and she's loud). The Champ and her Advocate ascend the stairs, wipe their feet on the apron, and enter the ring as "Conceited" fades out.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your main event of the evening is scheduled for one fall and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing first...the challenger! From Los Angeles, California...weighing in at 308 pounds....**DEX JOY!**

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Dexy Baby points across the ring at Troy and slaps the back of his body suit in Troy's direction but doesn't take his eyes completely off her in case she tries something.

Sonny Silver:

And his opponent... the person who DIDN'T waste money slapping "AND NEW" on her gear because she doesn't have to. She is the favorite tonight. She is my favorite EVERY night that she holds this title. She is the High Queen DEFIANT! She is The Lady of the Hour! She is the TRUE Ace of DEFIANCE! She is The Star of the Show! YOUR FIST of DEFIANCE and the CRUSHER of all of Momma Joy's Baby Boy's dreams...

He points to the champ.

Sonny Silver:

"THE QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY!

Lindsay smirks at Dex as she unfastens the FIST from around her waist. She holds it high in the air before folding the belt straps, giving the faceplate a kiss, and handing it off to Benny Doyle. Benny hands it off to the timekeeper while Darren Quimbey exits the ring.

One last look to both champ and challenger, and away we go.

DING DING

LT and Dex are staring at each other with neither of them quick to make a move just yet. They haven't locked up but the DEFIANCE Faithful have chosen a favorite ...

WRECK 'EM, DEX! WRECK 'EM, DEX! WRECK 'EM, DEX!

The support is overwhelming but Dexy Baby shuts it out and pays attention to nothing but the Queen of the Ring.

DDK:

There has only been one match between these two. Two years ago to the day when Dex Joy was the Southern Heritage champion, he put the title on the line against Lindsay Troy, but that match did not have a conclusion thanks to interference by Scrow. Tonight, there will be a winner and a loser.

Lindsay Troy starts to use what's going to be a speed advantage against her larger opponent. Troy circles around Joy and starts trying to get him on the defensive. She shoots low for one leg and when Dex puts his guard up, the tease works and she goes right for an ankle pick. Troy tries to take Joy down to the mat early and she almost gets him there, but he braces himself on the mat to keep from going down.

Troy changes her strategy and then kicks the bandaged leg. Another kick hits the leg. Another kick. Dex tries to fight back with an elbow smash but Troy dodges first and then lays in a slap across the face of Momma Joy's Baby Boy. Sonny Silver is laughing outside the ring and Lindsay Troy has her usual smirk on her face knowing that she can get under the skin of the challenger for her title. Dex starts to march towards the Queen of the Ring when she slides back behind the rope and tells the referee to get him to back off. Dex is frustrated with this turn of events but he does follow the referee's warning for a clean break.

DDK:

This is why Lindsay Troy fancies herself as the unquestionable Ace of DEFIANCE. She hasn't held that title for nearly three hundred days by not doing her homework.

Lance:

Dex Joy has called her tactics as champion into question but what cannot be denied is that she knows what to do to get the job done. She has to get Dex off his feet and that banged up knee is going to be the key to grounding him.

Dex is backing up and that gives Troy the chance to kick his leg again. Dex marches in her direction a second time but she heads back between the ropes to play games with Dex. He gives her a dirty look and she responds with another smirk.

DDK:

Now she's trying to get under Dex's skin again by hiding in those ropes.

Lance:

Or is she?

When Dex walks away, Troy sees her opening and goes for the leg for real and it almost works! She tries to move the three-hundred and eight-pound Dex Joy off his feet and then he *tosses* her away with a sudden gut wrench!

DDK:

She tried to bait Dex into leaving his bad knee wide open and Dex caught her!

Lance:

Troy is in that corner!

Dex can put some movement in the leg and he demonstrates this when he runs at Lindsay Troy and then strikes her with a running chop! That gets the crowd cheering! Dex throws Troy as hard as he can at the opposite corner of the ring. Dex runs at her, but Troy gets a foot up. Joy catches the foot but Troy is able to get the other foot up and nail Dex in the side of the head with an enziguri kick. He is dazed and confused with Lindsay trying to go for the leg again. She almost gets him off his feet, but Dex stands firm.

DDK:

Troy caught again ... and now Dex is taking her for a spin!

He has her in the gut wrench again and spins around! He spins with her several times and then she gets canned for a second time on the mat!

Lance:

This is what Dex is going to rely on. He's at a career low as far as his weight goes at being three-hundred eight pounds but he still has the firm power advantage over Troy and he has to use that in any way possible!

DDK:

And it looks like he might!

The DEFIANCE Faithful watch as Dex grabs Troy's arm while she's on the canvas and then lifts the champion right up into his arms! He swings for the Dex Drive but before he can hit the spinning power slam, Troy is able to sneak out and then she rolls out of the ring and goes to the floor with Vae Victis' manager trying to talk her up. Lindsay Troy hears the boos from the Wrecking Crew but she doesn't care about any of that now since she has to regroup. Lindsay isn't trying to deal with this but Dex points at Troy outside of the ring. The crowd builds up the chant that comes with the WHOA-PE!

DDK:

And here comes the WHOA-PE! The biggest and most important one of his career if he hits it!

Troy doesn't seem to be paying attention to the big man that is running in her direction ...

No, she is! She strikes Dex with a jumping kick just before he can make the jump through the ropes!

DDK:

Troy counters the WHOA-PE with that kick right into his dome! She saw it coming and got to the Biggest Boy first!

The smirk comes back as Dex is dazed ... but it goes away when he shakes off the kick and runs a second time ...

DDK:

WHOA-PE!!! HE GOT IT!!

He completely wipes out the Queen of the Ring on the floor and Sonny Silver looks pale! Dex's knee doesn't seem to be too much of a bother to pull off the sideways dive through the ropes and the DEFIANCE Faithful are with Dex when he gets up! Troy is pushed up and pushed back into the ring.

DDK:

That was a great move by Lindsay Troy to fake him out but tonight Dex Joy will not be denied with what is on the line!

Lance:

He has had two shots at the FIST in his entire career prior to this. He had the very first defense of Mikey Unlikely's four-hundred ninety-nine day run as a mystery opponent and then a shot against one of his most respected opponents, Deacon, when he was the champ. Will the third time finally be the charm?

Momma Joy's Baby Boy has put Troy back into the ring but when he climbs on the ring apron, Sonny Silver is there to talk some trash to him.

Sonny Silver:

You're not winning that title. You'll *never* get that title and you just don't know it yet!

Dex ignores him until Sonny realizes he isn't taking the bait, but when he starts approaching Dex he changes his tune and gets his elbow up. Dex is ready to throw down but ignores Sonny and he steps into the ring.

That becomes a problem when Lindsay Troy is up and uses a penalty kick to the bad knee! Dex fumbles through the ropes and he hits the mat favoring his leg!

Lance:

Damn it! Sonny Silver ... he's the reason she's still the champ after DEFCON when Alvaro de Vargas had her on the ropes. It may be the same story here tonight!

Troy starts mimicking Dex as he is hobbling on one leg by doing the same. She starts jumping up and down quickly on two good legs just to show the DEFIANCE Faithful that she can and then runs to hit a rolling koppou kick on the top of Dex's head!

DDK:

And Dex is down! And like you said, Lance, thanks to Sonny Silver getting into her business like always.

Troy has the chance to do some damage with Dex laid up on the mat. She grabs his bad left leg and doesn't have to go too far. She uses all of her strength and then pulls Dex towards the ring ropes. She throws his leg into the ring post!

She throws it a second time!

Then a third time!

DDK:

Dex's leg is bad! The ring post is undefeated against any man of any size and that leg is taking a beating!

The Biggest Boy has the biggest pain in his leg! Troy has the leg and then grabs the other for a very dangerous move ...

Ring post figure-four!

Lance:

This is bad for Dex Joy! That ring post figure-four is a dangerous move! The referee is giving her until a count of five ... but that five second is still going to do some lasting damage!

DDK:

That it is! Troy is milking every second of the referee's count!

She holds on for the count of four and almost gets to five but she lets go at the last possible millisecond. Dex is freed from the deadly submission but he's been left very vulnerable.

DDK:

She could have gotten disqualified and fought another day, but tonight she wants to send a message to the DEFIANCE locker room by beating Dex: the FIST of DEFIANCE is hers and nobody else's.

Lindsay Troy gets back into the ring and she starts going right after Dex's legs. Kicks come flying and each blow weakens it. Dex tries to fight to a knee, but Troy continues to land more kicks to the leg making it harder for the Biggest Boy to stand. She throws a kick and Dex catches it, but Troy quickly turns it into a step-up enziguri while he's kneeling!

Lance:

Dex's lights just got shut off with that enziguri! He tried to block those incoming kicks, but Troy's feet are Harvard-educated.

Dex falls on his back after another kick and then Troy tries pinning the Biggest Boy.

ONE!

TWO!

But Dex uses his power to push Troy off him with authority! She looks a little surprised by that but jumps up.

DDK:

Dex kicked out ... but Troy comes back with a running knee strike! Dex is on his back again!

The FIST tries to pin the challenger and do away with him for good.

ONE!

TWO!

No!

Dex kicks out, but the Queen of the Ring tries to pin him for a third time and hopes it's the charm.

ONE!

TWO!

No!

DDK:

Dex kicks out a third time but Lindsay Troy looks like she's counting on that. Make Dex Joy use up all his energy with these kick-outs. The longer he's on his back, the more this serves Troy's advantages.

Lance:

Begrudgingly you have to give Vae Victis their flowers. They have dominated as champions for some time because they're good at this. The big title fights are where they shine the most.

Dex is still trying to play keep-away with the bad knee, but Troy kicks the leg three more times to straighten it out before taking the leg and falling backwards to the mat with it to work the knee joint! The Biggest Boy is in agony right now and he tries to turn on his stomach and pure instinct but that may be a bad move. Lindsay Troy grabs the leg and then goes to lock a modified half boston crab and puts her own knee in the crook of the leg! She pulls back on the leg and Sonny Silver is outside the ring loving this.

DDK:

Dex tried to turn away but Troy knows submissions for just about any situation! The perfect counter to offset the size and power advantage that she gives up to stronger opponents.

Lance:

What can Dex do in this situation? I think all he can do is get to the ropes, right?

DDK:

That's correct. That's all he can do!

The DEFIANCE Faithful are lending their own energy to Dex Joy as if he were Goku prepping for a Spirit Bomb. Troy isn't listening to any of the Nashville fans and keeps the hold on ... but before she knows it Dex is starting to fight out! She looks shocked when Dex is pushing up off the mat on his hands! Sonny even looks shocked when the Wrecking Crew Foreman starts to get on his hands, then even powers his legs back, throwing Lindsay Troy off him simultaneously!

DDK:

No! I was wrong! Dex just used his leg strength and *powered* out of the half crab!

Lance:

But right now, Darren, I'm thinking how much did that take out of him to do that? He could have fought to the ropes, but I think he was trying to send Troy a message that he can fight out of whatever she's got!

The Queen of the Ring is shocked when Dex starts to stand up again. He climbs up and then tries to swing at the Queen with an elbow ... but Troy is still faster! She ducks and then hits a low thrust kick at the leg and then one to the stomach of Joy before she takes the leg and pulls him into a dragon screw! Just as Joy is able to make the comeback, Troy is able to take it back just as quickly and now the Big Dex Energy is looking depleted.

DDK:

No! I thought that was it! I thought Dex had her there, but Troy is still too fast for Dex Joy to fight while he's on only one good leg.

Lance:

And now look where Lindsay is taking him. She's putting the leg under the bottom rope.

Dex tries to fight away from the ropes, but Troy gradually drags him and pulls his leg to the ropes. She jumps and stomps down on the leg while it is placed on the bottom rope! Troy uses the ropes for leverage to apply more pressure!

DDK:

I've normally seen a seated senton when weight is put down on the ropes, but a double stomp is just as effective!

Troy stops before the referee starts to count her down. She stops to talk some more trash.

Lindsay Troy:

How's that feel, *pally*?

She jumps up and drops another pair of feet while Dex's leg is draped on the rope! She stands on the leg again and applies more pressure. She stops when Dex is hurting. She jumps one more time ...

But Dex uses his right foot to kick her over the ropes! The DEFIANCE Faithful are cheering Dex for literally kicking Troy in the backside to get her out of the ring! She spills out over the ropes and then hits the floor!

DDK:

Troy just paid for that dearly!

Dex is trying to fight through the pain and sticks his head through the ropes to yell at the Queen of the Ring trying to get up outside.

Dex Joy:

How's *that* feel, *pally*?!

Lindsay Troy tries to pick herself up from outside and then climbs back in but Dex cuts her off with a shoulder to the stomach between the ropes. The ACE of DEFIANCE is hanging onto the ropes when Dex pulls the ropes to propel Troy forward right into his grip to spin and plant her into the mat with a big powerslam!

Lance:

Oh my God! What a display of raw power from Dex! Slinging Troy back into the ring and catching her for that powerslam! But ... Dex's knee!

Dex is on the ground and is cradling his left knee after dropping on the canvas. He's now trying to ride on adrenaline while Troy has been planted in the middle of the ring looking up at the arena lights.

DDK:

I think Dex is about to make his comeback! But what's he got left to give with that leg?!

WRECK 'EM, DEX! WRECK 'EM, DEX! WRECK 'EM, DEX!

Joy fires up with the DEFIANCE Faithful chanting for the Wrecking Crew Foreman to hand out the biggest wrecking in DEFIANCE history. The challenger for the FIST waits as Troy gets up and then he runs into her with a big shoulder and she smacks the corner hard. Dex pulls on his elbow pad and then runs the short distance at the corner to slug Troy with a running elbow smash! She gets rocked and then Dex catches her with a belly to belly before pulling her up and into a big overhead suplex out of the corner. Dex sits up after the throw and then holds out both hands to the DEFIANCE Faithful. He slaps the mat once and then stands up again!

Lance:

Where is Dex getting this energy from?

DDK:

From the very people he wants to represent as the champion of DEFIANCE!

Troy doesn't know where she is when she feels the hands of Dex Joy wrap around her waist before the big released German suplex! Troy gets bounced off the mat and when Dex spins to try and go for a pin, she continues bouncing to hit the floor!

DDK:

No! Tough break for Dexy Baby! He almost catches Troy with a pin but she keeps rolling to get out of the ring and keep from getting pinned. Always thinking!

Dex is showing signs of frustration after his bad luck, but goes out of the ring and follows Troy. He picks up the

champion and puts her back inside. He starts to climb up while Troy is tugging at Benny Doyle's pant leg. She stops and that gives Sonny a chance to strike ...

A CHOP BLOCK TO DEX'S LEG ON THE APRON!

Lance:

No! Again! The leg! The leg has been the focal point of everything Lindsay Troy has done in the lead-up to the match! And Dex fell backwards on that apron!

DDK:

Not to mention that Dex Joy fell backwards on that apron! I think this one is done if Lindsay can capitalize!

The Murder Buzzsaw is still reeling from Dex having slammed her in every direction around the ring with suplexes and slams, but she gets up and quickly pulls Dex Joy up by the arms as he rolls back into the ring. On a bad leg and possibly now knocked groggy, she takes the chance to strike and hits her double under hook face plant!

DDK:

Final Judgment! Final Judgment! Listen to this crowd! They wanted a title change here tonight and I think the High Queen Defiant is going to deny them their wish!

Troy pushes Dex over to his back and she snags a leg with the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!!

DDK:

Closest fall we've had yet! Troy almost had it there, but Dex Joy didn't come this far to let himself get cheated now! Now when he made a promise to the DEFIANCE Faithful he wants to represent!

Lance:

What's Troy doing now? She's got a lot of weapons in a very big arsenal.

Troy gets up and then she goes to work on Dex when he looks eye to eye with the creator of Vae Victis. She kicks him with a wicked kick to the chest.

She lands another!

Another!

But Dex is still fighting!

The general disdain that she's treated Dex with is now replaced with anger that he's taking the kicks! She throws another one ... but Dex leans into the kick and absorbs it!

DDK:

Dex is taking the kick! He just took those kicks to the chest and he's not stopping!

She throws another kick with extra force behind it to the chest and Dex slips back for a moment ...

But he returns with a shotgun drop kick and sends the champion into the sky! She bounces back!

DDK:

Dex won't be denied tonight!

Lance:

What's he going to do?

Dex has Troy up and then hits a scoop slam near the corner. He points.

Lance:

What's he doing? Is ... he's gonna climb to the top rope isn't he?

Dex goes over to the corner and Sonny Silver is starting to look worried for the state of his client and friend being down on the mat. Dex slaps the turnbuckle padding and then he goes step by step but the knee is giving him trouble.

DDK:

Does Dex really want to do this? Right now in a title match? I can't advise this!

The Biggest Boy is to the middle rope, but he is cut by a painful pump kick to the left leg once again by Lindsay Troy! Dex falls back off the middle rope and that leaves the Murder Buzzsaw with a big chance to strike. She jumps to the second rope and leaps back into a moonsault reverse DDT out of the corner!

Lance:

Dex doesn't hit his high-risk move, but Lindsay Troy hits hers seamlessly!

Troy makes sure that Dex can't use the ropes to kick out and then she pulls a leg back with a seated cover to ensure the Biggest Boy stays down.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE- NO!!!

Troy looks to Benny Doyle to make sure that she heard right because she can't believe that Dex kicked out before the three. When Benny's got two fingers up the Queen of the Ring is starting to grow livid.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy once told Dex that his overwhelming positivity was enough to make her want to vomit. She must need some Pepto right now.

DDK:

Troy has taken the lion's share of the offense after a certain point in this match. Dex's best moves have either been stopped or countered but he's gonna have to do more than just kick out. He needs to land something.

The High Queen DEFIANT has definitely had more than her fill of Dex's never say die attitude tonight and she has another move in mind. She stomps at the leg of Joy for good measure to keep him down and then leaps over him. Troy is at the ropes and comes back.

DDK:

I think we're about to see the Queen's Gambit!

She's running ...

But Dex stands up and charges into her ...

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!!

Troy gets spun through the air and lands badly on the canvas first!

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER! THE BEST DEFENSE IS A GOOD OFFENSE! THE FAITHFUL JUST ERUPTED!

Every member of the DEFIANCE Faithful is standing out of their seats! Sonny Silver is about to develop a bad habit of biting his nails! Dex can feel he's one big move away from winning his first world championship!

Lance:

Not an empty seat tonight for this show! Dex Joy has Troy on his shoulders ...

DEX-5!!!

Lindsay bounces up and off the mat a second time from another big Dexy Baby signature move! He hurries along into a cover with the knee still slowing him down but not enough that he can't get the pin!

Lance:

So close! So close! Dex Joy is about to become the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Benny Doyle is right in position!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE— NO!!!

Troy kicks out between two and somewhere close to 99 hundredths of a second! The Biggest Boy's face falls into his arms as he can't believe that the combination of two of his biggest moves has failed him!

Lance:

Dexy's Midnight Runner landed! The Dex-5 landed! But Dex Joy still doesn't have the FIST in his possession!

DDK:

And Lindsay Troy will do everything in her power to keep it that way!

It's a hard time for Momma Joy's Baby Boy with the DEFIANCE Faithful collectively on the edge of their seats. The ACE of DEFIANCE can see Sonny Silver in her corner telling her to look out for Dex Joy who is trying to pull her back up to her feet. Dex has the arms grabbed. The Wrecking Wrestling Machine has Troy up and then rip cords her into the twisting power slam ...

DDK:

Dex Drive! He's gonna ... no! No way! Troy counters! Troy just countered into a crucifix!

She has Dex rolled up tight!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE — NO!!!

Dex rolls over ... but so does Troy and swiftly takes Dex's leg down with a rolling *knee bar!!!*

DDK:

Troy has the knee bar locked in! The very same knee bar that she used to inflict this injury on Dex Joy in the first place!

Lance:

Is Dex Joy going to tap out?! Is he going to give in now? He came in with an injury like a lot of Lindsay Troy's prior opponents and she's about to claim another victim!

The High Queen DEFIANT has the knee bar applied to expert positioning as always and is screaming at Dex Joy while applying the leg submission tightly!

Lindsay Troy:

You aren't carrying *anything* but a broken leg! This title is *mine!*

DDK:

You can hear what Lindsay is saying! She's not going to relinquish this title as long as she has anything to say about it! She'll take the title and she'll take Dex Joy's leg, too!

Dex has a hand up and he's considering tapping to save himself. He has his hand up and has the DEFIANCE Faithful all gasp when he's about to slap his hand on the canvas ... but instead, he reaches out! He drags Troy with him!

Lance:

There's still a fight in Dex yet! He's still in this!

He picks himself up again! Troy is trying everything she can to worsen the pain ...

But the Wrecking Crew Foreman is almost there!

And he puts a finger on the ropes!

DDK:

He was a fingertip away and that very fingertip brings Dex to the ropes! Lindsay Troy cannot believe it!

Troy has lost it and she's boiling over with rage but she has to let go of the hold! She hangs on a few extra seconds in order to make Dex's life pure hell before she releases the knee lock!

Lance:

But how much damage has been done to that knee! The constant leg attacks, the earlier chop block from Sonny Silver and that knee bar ... can he even put weight on the leg at this point or is Dex Joy dead in the water?

Sonny Silver is shouting at Benny Doyle that he saw Dex Joy tap by tapping one hand into his palm frantically.

Sonny Silver:

Stay down, you fat asshole! Stars like Lindsay Troy are champions! Not people like you!

But all his words do is fuel Dex more. Lindsay Troy isn't trying to hear anything about a comeback story as Dex pulls on the ropes one level at a time until he's back on his feet to give Troy the chance to hit the leg again with another kick! She turns him around and hits chops! She hits elbows and then doubles him over with another kick to the chest. She thinks that she has him when she goes for another kick ...

BIONIC ELBOW BY DEXY BABY!!!

The shot sends Troy back to the mat and Dex Joy to his good knee! The Wrecking Crew Foreman is depending on

adrenaline to be able to stand at all but Lindsay Troy is the one that may be KO'ed!

Lance:

A bionic elbow out of nowhere! Troy is the much more refined striker, but Dex has the power and he just used it again!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy just had her clock cleaned by that big bionic elbow from the Biggest Boy! Dex is on only one good leg, but he can still hit!

There isn't a person who isn't standing in the Bridgestone Arena by now when the Biggest Boy has Lindsay Troy up and then throws her across the ring. On the return he catches her on his shoulders again and it looks like he has another Dex-5 with the Queen of the Ring's name on it. He turns to spin, but sees Sonny standing on the ring apron.

Lance:

Get him out of here, Doyle! Get him out of here!

Dex drops the champion and then drops her manager by hitting a jumping head butt! Sonny gets rattled off the apron!

AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Benny Doyle hasn't seen Sonny do anything to get ejected, but we've all seen what he's done and that's payback for the chop block!

The Biggest Boy shakes his head and he's about to get up ... but Troy knocks him back down with a spinning roundhouse kick to the back of the head!

Lance:

Oh God! Joy just left himself wide open for that kick from Troy!

She has the big boy rocked and then has him rocked again when she hits the Queen's Gambit that Dex countered earlier in the match!

DDK:

That spinning roundhouse kick and the Queen's Gambit! This might be check and mate for Lindsay Troy! Lindsay Troy is about to retain!!!

With no motion being wasted by the ACE of DEFIANCE, she pins Dex by trying to hook his bad leg with the cover!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THRE— NO!!!

DDK:

JOY KICKS OUT AGAIN!!! HE IS NOT GOING TO LET LINDSAY TROY AND SONNY SILVER BE RIGHT TONIGHT!!!

The dream of Momma Joy's Baby Joy still lives and so does Dex with a kick out when every single soul in the house makes noise! The ACE of DEFIANCE doesn't get mad though at the noise. She just tries to get even.

Lance:

BUT LINDSAY TROY ISN'T DONE EITHER!!! SHE'S GOT THY KINGDOM COME IN MIND!!!

She starts to cradle the arms and the legs of the big man. Being the same height she can at least get the leverage to get him up ... but Dex breaks free of her grip! And then puts the Queen of the Ring on his shoulders again! With every last ounce of strength he throws Lindsay into the lights ...

DDK:

JOY COUNTERS!!! JOY COUNTERS!!! *DEX DRIVE DOS!* MY GOD HE JUST HIT THE DEX DRIVE DOS AFTER TRYING FOR IT ALL MATCH!!! HOW THE HELL IS HE DOING THIS?!

The Dex Drive spikes Queen of the Ring near the corner but Dex doesn't go for the cover on the sit down pile driver! He points two fingers at the turnbuckle again! It is so loud in the Bridgestone Arena that Lance and Darren are having to shout over the noise!

Lance:

IS HE GOING TO TRY FOR THE MOONSAULT AGAIN?!

DDK:

HE IS! TROY IS DOWN AND OUT?! CAN HE DO THIS ONE MORE TIME! HE'S TRYING TO MAKE SURE SHE STAYS DOWN!

Joy finally makes it to the top turnbuckle and he screams out in a wave of emotion and then flies backwards!

DDK:

HE HITS IT! THE JOY BUZZER! DEX JOY SCORES WITH THE TOP ROPE MOONSAULT! THIS HAS TO DO IT!

The Biggest Boy pins Troy and hooks the leg, shuts his eyes and hopes for the best!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE!!!!!!

DING DING DING

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

After the pin, a wave of emotion strikes Dex Joy all at once! The Biggest Boy tears up when he falls to the canvas! What doesn't seem real at all becomes all too real when Benny Doyle arrives and awards Dex with the championship. He can't fight back emotion when he sees the reflection in the title looking back! And when he still can't believe it ...

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR WINNER ... AND *NEEEEEEEWWWWWWWW* FIST OF DEFIANCE ... *DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXX* JOOOOOOOYYYYYYYYY!!!

... that seals it! Dex Joy is hugging the title and he rises the title up into the sky!

Lance:

OH, MY GOD! OH, MY GOD! LINDSAY TROY RULED ON TOP WITH VAE VICTIS AS THE CHAMPION FOR ALMOST THREE HUNDRED DAYS ... BUT HERE TONIGHT! HERE IN NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, IN ONE OF

OUR BIGGEST CROWDS IN RECENT MEMORY ... DEX JOY IS NOW THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!

DDK:

HE SAID HE'D GO THROUGH EVERY MEMBER OF VAE VICTIS TO GET TO TROY, BUT WAS DERAILED BY INJURY BY CORVO ALPHA! BUT HE FOUGHT BACK! HE OVERCAME CORVO! HE OVERCAME CONOR FUSE! HE OVERCAME A BAD KNEE AND HE OVERCAME THE QUEEN HERSELF!

Lindsay Troy is being slowly helped out of the ring by both Sonny Silver and some medical team members at ringside. After she is helped out of the ring the Biggest Boy is limping, but he is on his feet. He turns his back to the camera at ringside and holds the title up to face it behind him, also pointing at the "AND NEW!" graphic on his back!

DDK:

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPION! SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! AND NOW ... FIST OF DEFIANCE! MOMMA JOY'S BABY BOY STANDS PROUDLY!

Dex leaves the ring and has to limp his way out. He limps out onto the floor and raises his title while telling fans nearby to touch the title!

Lance:

FOUR YEARS AGO ... DEX JOY WALKED IN AND WAS IMMEDIATELY RIDICULED BY SOME OF THE ROSTER FOR HIS SIZE! HE WAS TOLD HE WAS NEVER GOING TO BE A CHAMPION! HE WAS TOLD HE WAS BETTER OFF ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARRIER BEING A FAN! BUT NOW ... THIS CHAMPIONSHIP BELONGS TO THE FANS! IT BELONGS TO THE DEFIANCE FAITHFUL!

Confetti falls from the rafters and gold and blue pyro explodes on the stage but Dex is not posing in the ring. He is instead letting fans have their time by touching the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Dex Joy:

DON'T *EVER* TELL ME WHAT I CAN'T DO, PALLY!

Lance:

This is the end of Maximum DEFIANCE! And this is the end of Vae Victis' run with the FIST of DEFIANCE! DEX JOY ... MOMMA JOY'S BIGGEST BOY ... THE BIGGEST BOY ... IS NOW THE BIGGEST CHAMP!

DDK:

Thank you for joining us for Maximum DEFIANCE! I am "Downtown" Darren Quimbey and thank you for watching as we kick off the Era of Everyone! Good night everyone!

Dex Joy holds the title up one last time by sitting on the barrier with the fans, basking in the joy of holding the FIST for the first time!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE!