

SHOW OPEN

The scene begins inside the Mercedes-Benz Arena in Berlin, Germany as fireworks explode from the top of the ramp. A massive LCD FIST in German colors sits in the middle of the entrance around the “Autobahn” and an LCD big screen hovers above the FIST logo, too. There are numerous highway signs scattered across both sides of the stage and down the rampway, such as the exit to the city, tourist streets and arena, as well as the Autobahn speed limits (there are none) and the main Autobahn signs. Two black DEFIANCE branded Mercedes-Benz cars sit on the edge of each side of the stage. The rampway is also one LCD image of a highway leading to the center of the ring. The ring ropes are blue and the canvas is blank as always.

The broadcast pans the crowd. Signs are everywhere. Lots of German ones, but some English.

**WHEN DID THESE FANS TURN HEEL
WHILE WE'RE AT IT, VAE VICTIS WAS RIGHT
CASSIDY'S RED FLAG IS TRYING TO BE A WHITE KNIGHT
THIS ISNT HOW SIGNS WORK
WRESTLING FANS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HEELS
DON'T LET BRIAN HEAR YOU
ED WHITE BOUGHT MY LOYALTY FOR A DOLLAR
PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL IS THE BIGGEST BABYFACE IN THE COMPANY
BRODETTE HERE!
HIGH WANT TO BELIEVE
I BELIEVE IN REZURRECTION
HIDE YOUR PCP FROM THE TA'S
PICK ME SCOTT HUNTER I'LL FIGHT YOU
DER JESSICA FEAR ÜBERFUHR??
STRANGER FRUIT INTENSIFIES
DEX JOY WILL (B)EAT THE RICH
ED WHITE IS GONNA GO BANKRUPT
HE IS LYING TO YOU BUTCHER
JACK IS HARMEN TYLER FUSE TONIGHT
MIL VUELTAS IS TOO FAST FOR OSCAR
M4NTRA RAYS SECTION
SHUT UP AND WRESTLE**

The match graphics roll through night two's lineup.

SCOTT HUNTER OPEN CHALLENGE
M4NTRA vs. RAIN CITY RONIN
OSCAR BURNS vs. MIL VUELTAS
NO HOLDS BARRED: TYLER FUSE vs. JACK HARMEN
LINDSAY TROY & HENRY KEYES vs. PAT CASSIDY & OPHELIA SYKES
UNIFIED TAG: POP CULTURE PHENOMS (C) vs. WEIGHTED GRADE
FIST of DEFIANCE: DEX JOY (C) vs. EDWARD WHITE

The scene switches to the top of the announce team!

UNIFIED TAG: POP CULTURE PHENOMS (C) vs. WEIGHTED GRADE

DDK:

Meine Dammen und Herren, WILKOMMEN, DEFROAD!

Lance:

Night two is about to start off with a bang! We have a new Favored Saints Champion, we've scraped the brains and blood off the mat from War Chamber, and up next on this two night extravaganza is a trios match for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships!

A prematch graphic displays showcasing the three on three contest.

DDK:

It was only a few months ago when Mikey Unlikely made the unlikeliest of returns. He ran afoul of Ned Reform and his Honor Society, and it wasn't until he was able to re-acquire the friendship of his former SEG brethren, the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Lance:

And vicariously, the PCP ran afoul of Weighted Grade, our BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, and TA Cole, the original TA, leading us to tonight's opening contest. TA Cole and Weighted Grade challenge the three time DEFIANCE Champions, Klein, The D, and Elise Ares!

DDK:

Let's head to the ring, where Darren Quimbey is on standby.

We go to Darren Quimbey standing proudly in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Willkommen alles! The following matchup is our opening contest for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships!

The Berlin Faithful roar in approval... until the music hits.

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena lights turn purple as three quarters of the Honor Society march through the curtain: the hulking TA Owens, wearing an extravagant white-and-purple fluffy boa. The brickhouse TA Horrigan, wearing purple shades and stroking his goatee and laughing. And in the center: the uber-focused hyper athlete TA Cole. Cole's eyes tell the story of a man who is ready as unlike his compatriots, he hops in place and appears ready to tear some heads off.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... first, Weight Grade: TA Horrigan and TA Owens. And their tag team partner, TA Cole. They are the Honor Society!

The three man march toward the ring. Weighted Grade on either side of the ramp taunting the nearby fans while Cole marches in the middle with eyes locked on the ring.

The pounding groove behind Beethoven's Fifth is interrupted by the sound of a starting engine. The Berlin Faithful cheer as the house lights dim into a light & laser show of neon green, sky blue, hot pink, and bright yellow.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Whether it be the roar of the Faithful or the roar of the engine, the Faithful go bananas as a blacked out 2013 Mercedes SLS AMG Black Series pulls around the massive DEFIANCE fist and onto the staging area. Laying across the hood is Elise Ares with her black crop top leather jacket and criss-cross black and hot pink ring gear and the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship belt hanging from her hip. As the car comes to a stop, the gullwing doors

lift up and The D & Klein exit the car wearing matching sunglasses, nylon jackets, and driving gloves. They lift Elise Ares off the car by under her arms and the trio pose in front of the pinnacle of sexy German engineering for all of Berlin to see.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents hailing from Hollywood, California. They are the reigning DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions. Klein. Elise Ares. And The D. They are the POP. CULTURE. PHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENOMS!

All three of their glasses flash on LEDs spelling "Pop" "Culture" "Phenoms" as they swag their way down towards the ring, shiny gold championships on full display on their shoulders.

DDK:

Over the years we've seen the Pop Culture Phenoms pull some rabbits out of their asses for sure but they are going against two men who weigh more than The D and Elise Ares' weight *combined*.

Lance:

The Phenoms really needed Klein here to balance the load a little, Darren. Just the size discrepancy in person is unreal.

DDK:

And this isn't the first time, either. Throughout their legendary DEFIANCE career, these three have managed to persevere. It's not just like that finds a way, but also PCP.

The D and Klein hold the ropes open for Elise Ares who enters the ring as suggestively as possible after dropping her jacket onto the apron. The trio pose in the ring for the benefit of those with cameras on their cellular devices with Klein and The D on opposite corners and Ares on the rope between. They throw their LED sunglasses into the Berlin Faithful and hand their championships over to Jonny Fastcountini who is ready to officiate the opening contest.

The lights return to normal as The D does what he does best and directs Elise and Klein out of the ring. On the other side, it's TA Cole who steps in. Potentially saving the big men for a last bomb to put the match away.

DING DING**DDK:**

Looks like it'll be TA Cole, probably the most seasoned of the Teacher's Assistants, will start off this contest against the forty-(mumbles)-ish, The D.

Lance:

Don't sleep on the D Darren, this is going to be a technical marvel.

The D and TA Cole circle. The D goes in to sweep the legs but Cole backs up and swats him off. The D tries again, and Cole repeats his counter. Instead, Cole raises one hand in a claw like motion to the D. Reluctantly, the D reaches out and grabs Cole by his palm, then they lock the other arms. Cole twists and D lets out a cry, falling to a knee. The D tries to get to his feet and Cole just kicks him in the stomach to send him back to his knee. The D powers to his feet and kicks the left hand free. Then spins into an arm ringer into a hammerlock go behind. Cole reaches behind and can't grab the D, so rushes toward the ropes and hooks the top. Jonny Fastcountini admonishes D to break the hold, and as D goes, Cole catches him with a back elbow. Jonny is in TA Cole's face as the D back rolls out of the hold. He stares toward TA Cole and checks his lip before the two stand and circle again.

Collar and elbow, into a side headlock from Cole. The D pulls Cole to the ropes and shoots him off, breaking the headlock. Off the other side, the D drops down and Cole goes over. Back off the other side into a snap arm drag from the D, into a standing arm bar. Cole scrambles to get out, front rolling and then swatting the D's awkward limbs to break the bar. Cole lets out a knife edge chop that resonates throughout all of Germany, as the D falls back to his knees, clutching his beat red chest.

DDK:

I think they heard that in the nosebleeds.

Lance:

I think that made the nosebleeds bleed. My ears are ringing Darren.

The D rocks back with a forearm shot. Cole then rears back with another chop that echoes. He grabs the D and whips him off the ropes. Returning, Cole hits him with a huge back body drop. The D scrambles to his corner but TA Cole grabs his boot and drags him back to the center of the ring, before dropping his entire body weight on the knee and then using it as a pivot point for some ground game.

DDK:

PCP are quite talented at high flying, so grounding the D is a sound strategy.

Lance:

It's keeping The D down that always seems to be the problem.

TA Cole has a front face lock on The D who continues to try to push his way up to no success. The Faithful start to get behind The D, chanting him on before he manages to get Cole up to his knees. D shoves TA Cole away and begins firing away with babyface fire forearms before Cole ducks and goes around the back, lifting D back up and placing him right back on the ground. The Faithful jeer as Cole slaps The D on the back of the head and then lets him back up. The D slowly gets back up to his feet and goes for a takedown but Cole dodges and throws The D down with a snapmare before applying a side headlock. Berlin gets restless from all the rest holds that are crippling the exciting, high flying move set of the Pop Culture Phenoms. The D elbows Cole in the abdomen to break loose and Cole instead throws D into the ropes. Ares reaches across with the blind tag and The D baseball slides between Cole's legs. Confused, Cole turns around before he's missile dropkicked in the back of the dome by Elise Ares.

DDK:

The blind tag gets The D out of his position and here comes the former Southern Heritage Champion!

Lance:

The Faithful are excited, Darren! But for me it's hard to get too excited when there is about 700 or 800 pounds of humanity in the other corner.

The D sluggishly gets back up and helps drag TA Cole by his legs back over towards Klein in the corner before Elise and The D split his legs like a wishbone. The D is forced out of the ring by Fastcountini. Cole tries to crawl away but Ares grabs him by the headgear and tosses him back into the corner seated. She begins to rain down stomps, tags out to The D who comes in and rains down stomps, who tags out to Klein who comes in and rains down stomps, who tags in Elise who comes in rains down stomps before Fastcountini jumps in and pushes Elise away from the corner.

DDK:

TA Cole joins the blacklist!

Elise argues her case as The D and Klein both get into the ring and begin to rain down stomps behind Jonny's back causing the big men to begin to make their way into the ring, but their much larger silhouettes catch Fastcountini's attention who quickly leaves Ares to force them back out to the apron, leaving her free to run back and rain down a few more stomps to the delight of the Faithful.

DDK:

I think TA Cole has had more foot traffic tonight than Reichstag!

Lance:

Well of course he has! Everyone is here to see DEFIANCE Road!

DDK:

You have a point there!

Finally Ares is separated from Cole again by Fastcountini, leaving TA Cole to pull himself up and take a few steps forward before faceplanting back on the mat. The FACE of DEFIANCE pulls Cole off the mat with a side headlock but Cole shoves Ares off of him right towards his corner. Elise quickly baseball slides to avoid that situation and begins to get back up to see Cole rushing her and she rolls out of the way leaving him to impact the turnbuckle with no one home. TA Cole stumbles around after impact only to be grabbed in a front headlock by Ares, who then runs up the massive frame of TA Roosevelt and uses his chest as a springboard and whip around, kick TA Horrigan in the head, then plant TA Cole with a tornado DDT. The crowd roars as Ares goes for the cover.

ONE!

TW-

Suddenly Elise is pulled out of the ring by the massive paw of TA Horrigan. Seeing his friend in danger, The D sprints around the apron and dives onto Horrigan, who catches him throws him down onto the concrete floor like a stuffed animal, giving Elise just enough time to get back into the ring. She goes after Cole immediately to try and keep momentum but she's hit with a drop-toe hold by the mat veteran and lands neck first across the ropes.

DDK:

Elise hit with a version of her own Cuban Necktie by TA Cole!

Lance:

That can't feel good, Darren... but this is going to feel even worse!

The sound of the tag echoes across the Mercedes-Benz Arena as TA Roosevelt is tagged into the match while Ares is crawling across the ring trying to regain her breath. She never gets it as Roosevelt does a running senton right onto the back of Ares and the Faithful all gasp in unison. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE screams out in pain. Roosevelt sits up and brushes his hands off before rolling Ares over for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

T-

Jonny Fastcontini sees the foot on the rope. The Faithful applaud in relief as Roosevelt can't believe what he's just seen. Frustrated, he rips Ares up off the mat and biel tosses her into his corner where TA Horrigan reaches his hand out for a tag and gets one. Horrigan enters the ring and immediately charges the opposite corner where he knocks The D and Klein off the apron before rushing back and crushing Elise with a seismic splash into the corner. Roosevelt repeats the gesture and does the same thing. Ares leaves on wobbly legs and falls down to a knee before the two men hit the opposite ropes and crush Ares between them!

DDK:

Elise Ares was just thrown into the middle of a head-on collision between two dump trucks!

Lance:

We might need to get medical help out here. Iris, get the boys ready. We're going to need them early tonight.

Fastcountini even winces when he sees the impact and screams for Roosevelt to leave the ring, who does with a grin on his face. Jonny goes down to check on Elise but Horrigan immediately shoves him aside and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE?

The Mercedes-Benz Arena erupts as Elise Ares manages to wiggle a shoulder up under the pile of flesh that is TA Horrigan. Horrigan immediately roars in the face of Jonny Fascountini and begins to hold up three fingers and Jonny reassures him if there is anyone on the DEFIANCE roster who can count to three quickly it's him. Just look at his driver's license. While those to continue to argue, the broken corpse of Elise Ares drags herself by the fingernails across the canvas slowly towards Klein who is reaching out as far as he can.

DDK:

How in the world did Elise Ares manage to get out of that pinfall attempt? Let's not even discuss the fact she was just crushed between two tractor trailers before hand, but just the mass of a 400 pound man on a barely 120 pound woman. TA Horrigan is over 3 of that young lady. THREE! She still managed to wiggle free!

Lance:

Well Darren, it's something we've all experienced before. Have you ever tried to pin a toddler?

DDK:

Are you trying to get me on a list, Lance?

Lance:

No! You... uh, there's no getting out of this now is there?

Horrigan notices the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style out of the corner of his eye inching towards Klein to the excitement of the Faithful and immediately turns around and grabs her by the boot where she remains a good foot away from her corner. He drags her back to the middle of the ring before leaning against the ropes and hopping into the air for a massive splash only for Ares to roll out of the way. She keeps rolling all the way into her own corner where she finally comes to a stop and tags in Klein. Her arms collapse to the canvas as Klein tears the roof off of the Mercedes-Benz Arena.

TA Horrigan slowly rises back up to his feet only to be lifted into the air and slammed onto the mat by Klein.

DDK:

HOLY...

Lance:

How strong Klein is NEVER ceases to amaze me!

TA Roosevelt rushes the ring and he's also picked up and slammed hard onto the canvas by Klein. The impact makes Fastcountini lose his balance, leaving him unable to stop TA Cole who runs into the ring to try to halt momentum as well... but he's quickly thrown over Klein's head in an overhead belly-to-belly that practically launches him into PCP's corner. The D takes advantage of the chaos and jumps into the ring and begins to rain down stomps on TA Cole again. Horrigan is back on his feet and takes a swing at Klein who ducks under the attempt and then lifts Horrigan up off his feet again and drops him with a backdrop. TA Roosevelt thinks better of putting himself in this situation and rolls out of the ring, leaving Fastcountini free to see The D's shenanigans over in the corner. However, instead of going back outside to the apron, The D runs past Jonny and then launches himself over the top rope landing on TA Roosevelt with a plancha but...

DDK:

He caught him!

Lance:

Speaking of strength, unbelievable.

TA Roosevelt holds The D on top of his shoulder like a child before suddenly Elise Ares goes sailing over the top rope as well landing on both of them... but Roosevelt STILL doesn't leave his feet, falling down to one knee but catching

Ares as well! The Faithful look on in horror as Roosevelt immediately rises back up to his feet with both Elise and The D, one on each shoulder. Elise and the D look wide eyed at each other and brace for impact...

... before Klein goes flying between the ropes knocking all four people back into the barricade in a violent crash.

HOLY SHIT! (but you know... German instead.)

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

All six members of the tag match are sprawled out in various parts of the ringside area. TA Cole still in the corner. TA Horrigan laid out in the middle of the ring looking at the lights. All four other people are embedded into the steel barricade or surrounding area as Jonny Fastcountini looks around in horror but has no choice but to start counting them out. Klein is the first to move, pulling himself out of the wreckage in a daze. The D appears to be trapped under TA Roosevelt and Elise Ares can be seen trying to pull herself up from the audience side of the barricade.

DDK:

It seems only fitting that we have started Night Two of DEFIANCE Road with what I can only describe as a multi-car crash at outrageous speeds here in Berlin.

Lance:

In any other country, Darren, what we just witnessed would be borderline illegal.

DDK:

I'm not sure it's so legal here either, Lance.

At the count of five, Klein slides back under the bottom rope and finally is able to get back inside the ring. Inside the ring, TA Horrigan is back onto his feet and waiting for him. The two begin to exchange massive haymakers back and forth to the delight of DEFIANCE's very vocal European audience.

RAAAA!

BOOOO!

RAAAA!

BOOOO!

Klein begins to get the upper hand when suddenly TA Cole chop blocks him right in the corner of the knee, leaving him to crumple down onto the mat. Horrigan capitalizes by landing a huge splash on the Man In The Box. He hooks the leg.

ONE!

TW- NO!

Klein kicks out to the delight of the Berlin Faithful. Horrigan slams his fists down on the canvas in anger before grabbing Klein and pulling him back up to his feet, however the Boxman cometh to lift Horrigan off his feet one more time with a slam but the knee gives out and both men tumble awkwardly onto the canvas. Fortunately for Horrigan, however, he rolls directly into his own corner where TA Cole, still covered in boot marks, slaps his partner for a legal tag.

DDK:

And TA Cole is on a mission here Lance.

Lance:

He's going right for that knee he chop blocked.

TA Cole grabs Klein by his foot and rams his knee into the mat. Then does it three more times in quick succession. Then he lifts Klein's foot up, and stomps on the knee into the canvas on top of it. Klein screams in pain, and the D rushes into the ring under the bottom rope. He goes for a wild right, but TA Cole ducks and locks in a rear waist lock. HUGE German Suplex. He holds on, and lifts the D to his feet, just as Elise Ares dives off the top for an ax-handle, but TA Cole catches her!

DDK:

He's got the D in a german, Elise is in a bear hug, DOUBLE Overhead throw! German on the D, belly to belly on Elise!

Klein takes this moment to stumble to his feet. He hooks TA Cole in a rear waist lock, but Cole with a go behind and tries to lift Klein.

But Klein puts his foot down, and becomes as much a tree as he can.

TA Cole however, through sheer force of will and strength, deadlift german's Klein into the center of the ring.

Elise charges from the corner and TA Cole goes behind into a SWIFT German suplex, sending Elise's sprawling body splashing on top of Klein as she falls. The D is quick to attack, rushing toward TA Cole, who again slips into a go behind.

TA Cole lifts and throws the D, as the D pivots to try to backflip onto his feet, instead, TA Cole just gives a little extra oomph and the D goes for an extra rotation before he lands on his back with a thud and skitters out of the ring.

DDK:

The D tried to land on his feet but Cole must have overpowered him!

Lance:

Just threw him for a loop de loop!

DDK:

TA Cole, he lifts Klein up, into a vertical suplex. This is one of Klein's patented maneuvers, the delayed vertical suplex, as all the blood rushes to Klein's head...

TA Cole drops Klein with a BIG ring shaking suplex. He keeps the suplex hold hooked and lifts Klein back to his feet. From there, TA Cole lifts Klein into another suplex, but instead drops him square on his head in a tombstone.

One.

Two.

DDK:

The D! Just barely makes it in time!

TA Cole yells at Jonny Fastcountini as he tags out to TA Horrigan. Bobby enters just as TA Owens recovers and slides into the ring himself. The D, looks at the odds, audibly gulps, then runs at TA Owens. TA Owens tosses him high in the air in a body press, only for TA Horrigan to catch him and hit a samoan drop. TA Owens quickly lands a senton as Bobby rolls away.

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION! She just ROCKED TA Cole.

Lance:

She rushes toward TA Owens and hooks him, Cuban Necktie over the top rope!

DDK:

And Klein's back to his feet! He lifts TA Horrigan onto his shoulders.

Lance:

Oh! But the knee! Can he lift him!

DDK:

I think it's pure adrenaline Lance, he's got him up!

Klein begins to spin TA Horrigan in the center of the ring, once, twice, with the German Faithful counting along in German.

EINS!

ZWEI!

DREI!

...

Their count doesn't actually match up and speeds up quicker than actual rotations, but Klein gets about 5 spins in before he lowers his hands and does it no handed. There's a swell in cheers as he does. He gets closer to the PCP corner, where the D has recovered. The D blind tags in, as Klein moves back to the center of the ring. TA Owens stumbles to his feet only for Klein to smack Rosey with TA Horrigan's legs. TA Owens tumbles through the middle and top ropes to the outside.

TA Cole climbs into the apron, as Elise Ares grabs his boot. TA Cole looks at Elise, who just gives blows him a kiss. Confused, TA Cole turns and eats the boot of TA Horrigan as Klein has traveled clear across the ring.

TA Cole lands with a thud on the barricade, only for Elise to hit ANOTHER Amethystation.

In the ring, Klein finishes his eleventh rotation, but falters and falls to a knee. He breathes heavy, looks out to the sea of German Faithful, and with one last burst of adrenaline fueled by their cheers.

DDK:

Think Outside! Center of the ring!

Lance:

And the D! Off the top! B-MOVIE!

The D flies off with a frogsplash after Klein's Fireman's $\frac{3}{4}$ front neckbreaker. After landing, the D bounces off, and rolls to his feet. He motions for TA Horrigan to get to his feet, as Klein rushes and double clotheslines both himself and TA Owens over the top rope. TA Horrigan turns to the D, who kicks him once in the gut, and into a front face lock.

DDK:

TRIPLE D- DT! Shook the ring! And the D! He keeps the headlock, and he's got his legs wrapped... that's like a Guillotine choke!

Lance:

You know what he calls that Darren?

DDK:

Do I want to?

Lance:

Probably not.

DDK:

What is it?

Lance:

Choking it.

DDK:

Choking what?

Lance:

It.

DDK:

Oh. Gross.

Lance:

But it's effective Darren! The D has TA Horrigan locked in that Guillotine and he is fading fast.

Jonny Fastcountini has been checking Horrigan, and drops his arm. And then again. And then he runs over to the corner and shouts toward the time keeper.

DING DING DING*♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪***DDK:**

Wait.

Lance:

Did we miss the first hand drop?

DDK:

I... we must have. Because we were talking about choking it.

Lance:

I mean... he is called Jonny Fastcountini... Maybe he actually skipped one?

The D releases the hold as TA Horrigan falls asleep on the mat. Elise slides into the ring as Klein reaches out for a hug. Fastcountini grabs the tag team titles and starts handing them out to PCP.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners, and STILL, DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions... the Pop Culture Phenoms!

The D, Elise, and Klein raise the championships between them to the cheering Faithful, giving time to show off to each side of the ring.

DDK:

Ultimately it doesn't really matter Lance, TA Horrigan is OUT. You take his hand and drop it, it'll fall at least five more times unless a huge bucket of water is thrown onto Bobby or he gets some smelling salts.

Lance:

The BRAZEN Tag Team Champions can definitely hold their heads high here tonight Darren. They could have taken this at any time tonight. Only through sheer will and strength of the heart of PCP, along with the D appropriately choking it... saw the Pop Culture Phenoms remain Tag Team Champions!

DDK:

I... I don't know what to say.

Lance:

And once again, PCP make Darren speechless.

DDK:

We'll have to see how the victorious Ned Reform takes the defeat of his pupils on our next DEFtv. And where do, arguably, the greatest tag team in DEFIANCE history go as we continue on the Road to DEFCon...

MAKAYLA'S MUSINGS: MIL VUELTAS

The scene opens in the backstage area where it appears an impromptu interview area has been constructed for Night Two of DEFIANCE Road. Overtop of DEFIANCE branded metal signs and steel beams are intricate tapestries made of hemp and wooden beads. Two small round wood tables hold what appear to be burning incense and KAYNASTE branded items front and center. Stepping into frame wearing a white tube top with a sheer green shaw overtop is Makayla Namaste. Her beautiful smile lights up the room but draws yet again no audible reaction from the Berlin Faithful as she appears on the DEFIAtron.

Makayla Namaste:

Ay yo, your girl is back for Night Dos! Makayla Namaste here once again from the Mercedes-Benz Arena here in Berlin, German for DEFIANCE Road! Of course I'm your hostess with the mostest on your television screen to guide you through what is TOTALLY gonna be the most must-see show in DEFIANCE history.

Her breathtaking ocean eyes stare directly at you, the viewer.

Makayla Namaste:

But... this isn't completely about me, just a little bit, but mostly about the incredible performers here in DEFIANCE and we could argue that perhaps none of them are more exciting than mi amigo, Mil Vueltas! Como estas?

Stepping into view in his ring gear and his BRAND NEW silver "Just Look Up!" hoodie, The Man of a Thousand Flips earns cheers from The Faithful in the background. Behind him is his promoter, Thomas Keeling dressed in his flashy silver business suit. Both men look particularly sullen, given the events that transpired the night before with the rest of Titanes Familia.

Mil Vueltas:

No es nada bueno... but... gotta focus. Big night tonight.

Thomas Keeling:

The young man is right, Ms. Namaste. You'll have to excuse our mood, but my clients honor their appearances and when they asked us to be here tonight, that doesn't change a thing. We're here to talk about tonight and beating some respect into Oscar Burns!

InstaFamous nods her head in understanding, but quickly tries to change the mood.

Makayla Namaste:

I understand that things did not go the way you might have planned on Night Uno with Uriel turning his back on Dan Leo James but I want to be clear, in case you couldn't tell by the incense in the decor this is a good vibes zone. Those bad vibes, you leave them at the door. You see in my book "The Fitness Protection Program", available for 20% off with code DEFIANCE on kaynastelifestyle.com through the end of tonight, we go over the power that things like negativity and dark clouds can have over your journey. I, of course, want everyone to find success in their own ways and hope that the two of you can take a step back... reflect on your destiny... and let me be your guide towards a positive mindset.

The pair look at each other questionably before looking back at the lifestyle influencer in front of them.

Makayla Namaste:

Hold out your hand.

Thomas Keeling: *[concerned]*

Oh, boy... You gonna fall for that one again, Tommy?

Mil Vueltas:

I told you to touch nothing when we were with Malak Garland in Mexico. That's on you.

Both men put their hands out for Makalya. Inside she puts a crystal, cloudy and translucent. They look confused as she continues.

Makayla Namaste:

These are purity crystals, close your fist, hold on to them tight. Let these babies go to work and in 5 minutes you'll both start to feel like all new men. In the meantime, we have to do something to pass the time, yeah? Let's play a game. I'll put 60 seconds on the clock and you have to name a member of the DEFIANCE roster past or present. You can ask any questions you'd like but if you name that DEFIANT before the timer runs out... you win a prize! You guys game?

Mil and Thomas look at one another, then both shrug as they palm their crystals tightly.

Thomas Keeling:

Mil?

Mil Vueltas:

Si. When my crystal is done, I'm making wish that Butcher Victorious becomes real boy and walks away from that asshole.

Thomas Keeling:

You heard Mr. Vueltas. Let's do this!

Makayla Namaste:

Alright boys. 60 seconds on the clock aaaaaaaaand go!

Mil Vueltas:

Hmm... have they won the FIST of DEFIANCE before?

Makayla Namaste:

YES! Great first question, you're on the right track.

Mil and Thomas converse with one another before Mil asks his next question.

Mil Vueltas:

Are they on the active roster right now?

Makayla Namaste:

Have you guys done this before? YES. Keep it coming!

Thomas Keeling:

Hmm... wait...

He whispers something into the ear of Mil, then The Ace of Space responds.

Mil Vueltas:

Lindsay Troy?

Makayla Namaste:

Ooooh no, 30 seconds.

Mil and Thomas think it over.

Thomas Keeling:

Wait... Henry Keyes?

Makayla Namaste:

No. So close but you're running out of time!

Mil comes to a quick realization and sighs.

Mil Vueltas:

...It's that asshole, Oscar Burns, isn't it?

Makayla Namaste:

At the buzzer! Way to go guys! See, I think those crystals are working already the vibes in this room are better already. Here I am, next to a couple of winners and your prize as promised is...

The Goddess of Good Vibes grabs a handbag from just off camera and pulls out what appears to be a miniature golden shovel, which she delicately moves in front of her.

Makayla Namaste:

You're not the only one with new merch in the DEFshop Mil, here we have a 1/64 replica of Oscar Burns' golden shovel made out of real 24K gold! There are only 100 of these available. The rarest of collector's items... and one of them, are yours. Officially on sale at the conclusion of DEFIANCE Road tonight. What a way to move past last night's bad vibes, right?

Mil looks at the shovel, then politely shoves it away.

Mil Vueltas:

Eh... you keep it. I'm not interested in anything Oscar has to sell. He's gotten away with lying to enough people as it is... (picking up the shovel) this probably fool's gold he had Butcher dig up.

He looks up to Thomas.

Mil Vueltas:

Let's go, Tommy. I think I got enough good vibes.

Thomas Keeling:

Yeah, it's probably not worth anything...

Mil Vueltas:

Thank you for the game, Ms. Namaste.

The Ace of Space is the first to step away, but Thomas grabs the shovel and pockets it when he thinks nobody is looking, then takes off behind his client. Makayla's jaw drops and she rolls her eyes while putting her hands on her hips and taking an exaggerated sigh.

Makayla Namaste:

Rude.

OSCAR BURNS vs. MIL VUELTAS

DDK:

Night Two is already off to a great start with PCP managing to retain the Unified Tag Team Titles against The Honor Society in a grueling match! Coming up next, we've got what's become a personal rivalry brewing between Mil Vultas in his quest for respect against the man who proudly calls himself DEFIANCE - Oscar Burns!

Lance:

This one goes back to just after Acts of DEFIANCE when Oscar Burns was defeated by Dex Joy! He attacked Mil Vultas unprovoked after a match, demanding respect and not even acknowledging the luchador. His protege, Butcher Victorious, had just lost the Favoured Saints Title and failed to wrestle away the Southern Heritage Title from Corvo Alpha. Burns' disrespect of Butcher has reached an all-time high!

DDK:

Indeed! Enough that Mil Vultas had seen enough. These two met once before at the 150th episode of UNCUT where Oscar stole the victory thanks to interference by Butcher, but instead of thanking him, Oscar has treated him even worse! So much so that Mil Vultas has seen enough. He and Thomas Keeling have been trying to convince Butcher to stand up for himself, but seems hesitant to do so.

Lance:

Right... He's been with Oscar for almost two years now and you can't argue he's seen success. He's defeated Corvo Alpha, by hook or by crook. He won his first-ever title in the Favoured Saints Championship. He just WON his first DEFy as part of Vae Victis... only for Oscar to give that award away to Kerry Kuroyama, who isn't even with DEFIANCE any longer!

DDK:

Oscar Burns' reign of blatant disrespect towards everyone around him is reaching an all-time high and tonight, The Man of a Thousand Flips has a second chance to beat some respect into him... I can't imagine right now what he's thinking after Uriel Cortez lashed out at Dan Leo James and proclaimed The Young Titan was no longer part of the Familia.

Lance:

Uriel Cortez and the rest of Titanes Familia aren't here tonight and we hope to have an update on Dan Leo James' condition, but for tonight, we go back to action. Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the introductions to the next match!

The opening bell rings to kick off the first singles match of Night Two of DEFIANCE Road!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Ultimate Battle (intro)" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Oscar winning the Favoured Saints Championship! Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win! His SIXTIETH win in DEFIANCE! More recently...

Oscar Burns... winning his SEVENTIETH match against Mil Vultas - naturally the footage of Butcher getting involved during that match from UNCUT 150 is omitted...

The DEFIANCE logo.

Then the name "OSCAR BURNS" written in the same familiar red DEFIANCE font.

Then finally...

...

♪ dun dun dun.

dun dun dun.

dun dun dun.

dun dun dun.

Ahhhhhh-ahhhhhhhhhhhhh.

ahhhhhh-ahhhhhhhhhhhhh. ♪

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows

We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dread. Dread and red beacons are flooding the arena. Red Dread Redreadmption. And of course, the familiar text across the DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns in a very simple ring gear. A large sequined burgundy robe. Underneath? Black pants-length trunks with the familiar Oscar Burns/DEFIANCE logos. White taped wrists and black wrestling shoes. And next to him?

Butcher Victorious, wearing his tattered, dirty and worn white tee with "VV TRAINEE" scribbled in sharpie... holding out the return of the Gold... nay... The PLATINUM Shovel!

DDK:

Oh, boy... the Platinum Shovel making its triumphant return tonight! After the feud last year with Declan Alexander involving the shovel, he has been selective about bringing this out.

Lance:

He used to bring out the original Golden Shovel as part of his Dig Down Deep Challenges where he'd challenge BRAZEN and young stars to outwrestle him to take it. The shovel usually has different connotations in our business... but for Burns, this was a symbol of digging himself out of despair to become the massive success he is today... his words, not mine.

Oscar reaches the ring, but instead of making Butcher wipe down the steps, he points at an open chair at ringside near the timekeeper's table. He POINTS at the chair with the shovel and orders Butcher to sit. Butcher protests, but Oscar gestures one more time for him to have a seat. A dejected Butcher finally has a seat. Oscar gives him the shovel.

Oscar Burns:

If ANYTHING happens to that shovel, Butcher... it'll be digging you a hole, GC. Savvy?

Butcher nods in agreement. Burns then takes off his robe and throws it at Butcher, making him hold all of his things. As the jeering continues, he wipes his feet and then enters the ring.

DDK:

How much more is Butcher Victorious going to take? In Butcher's mind, he explained to Mil Vuelas that he thinks that if he does these things and sticks it out, he'll be bumped back up to a full-time Vae Victis member, but Oscar has been nothing but cruel.

Lance:

When Mil Vuelas defeated Butcher to earn this rematch, we saw Mil offer the handshake. We saw Thomas Keeling offer to manage. Butcher was about to shake his hand when Oscar intervened!

Oscar walks a circle in the ring and then stretches himself out to get ready for his match against the fastest man in DEFIANCE as his music plays out.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing next... the official promoter of Mil Vueltas... **THOMAS KEELING!**

The crowd shows some love for the father of Tom Morrow fka Junior Keeling... not for his part in Morrow walking the earth, but for his part in being a well-meaning manager. Thomas Keeling also looks pretty upset considering what's happened with Uriel Cortez, considering their relationship, but tries to shrug it off and get his mind right.

Thomas Keeling:

LADIES! GENTLEMEN... AND WHEREVER OSCAR BURNS FALLS IN THAT CATEGORY!

Burns doesn't appreciate the dig, but lets it roll off him as Keeling continues.

Thomas Keeling:

Willkommen bei Maximum DEFIANCE!

That gets a cheer from the German Faithful!

Thomas Keeling:

I am Thomas Keeling! I am the OFFICIAL promoter for the young man that's gonna come down there, run circles around the man that calls himself DEFIANCE, then show EVERYONE that it is NEVER too late for a second chance at redemption.

Keeling looks down at Butcher, who's ears perk up. Oscar takes notice of this and growls silently.

Thomas Keeling:

Introducing the Fastest Man in DEFIANCE! The Ace of Space! The GIF That Keeps on Giving! The Man of a Thousand Flips! HE IS... **MIL VUELTAS!**

♪ "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...

Thomas Keeling:

AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE HE IS, DON'T LOOK UP... LOOK BEHIND YOU!

Oscar looks confused, then turns around...

RIGHT INTO A SPRINGBOARD FLYING HEADSCISSORS BY MIL VUELTAS!

DDK:

MIL VUELTAS! MIL VUELTAS IS HERE! BENNY DOYLE CALLING FOR THE BELL!

DING DING

The Ace of Space kips up to his feet after the very first big move of the match! Oscar Burns is even more discombobulated when he tries to stand. Mil hits the ropes like a rocket with high-grade jet fuel and ducks under an elbow smash! He comes back off the other side and hits a headscissors... but executes not one, but TWO rotations around the head of Oscar Burns before SNAPPING him over with another headscissors variation this time around! The Faithful are on their feet!

Lance:

Mil fighting fire with fire! Remember that it was Oscar who had Butcher's help the first time defeating Mil back at UNCUT 150!

DDK:

Payback!

Mil is up on his feet a second time around. Oscar Burns is near the ropes when Mil hits the ropes and charges directly at Oscar once again. The Man Called DEFIANCE grabs Mil quickly and throws him up on the top rope, but when he charges in to try and catch him with a clothesline, Mil grabs him with yet another headscissors and snaps Burns up and over the top rope, sending him crashing to the floor below right in front of where Butcher Victorious is seated! Butcher is watching and sitting as he was told to do by Oscar before their match. Mil poses for The Faithful on the ring apron!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd! 100% behind Mil!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas has been trying to do the right thing by Butcher as well as stand up to a man like Oscar. You can't deny the success Oscar has had. If there is ANYONE who can claim these days to be synonymous with our promotion, Burns is on a very short list -- but other people saying it and one proclaiming it about himself CONSTANTLY? Two different things entirely!

Mil Vueltas leaps over the ropes with a roll and gets back into the ring, just in time for Oscar Burns to try and get back up to his feet. When he doesn't see what's coming, he gets WIPED OUT at ringside quickly with a lightning-fast flipping suicide dive through the ropes! Thomas Keeling is finally at ringside and he pumps a fist!

Thomas Keeling:

Stay on him, Mil, stay on him!

DDK:

Que Demonios! Literally a unique twist on the traditional suicide dive! Mil can attack anyone from anywhere at any angle with those dives of his!

Mil gets back to his feet after the twisting suicide dive at ringside and then grabs a dazed Oscar and helps push him back into the ring. Mil looks over to Butcher. Butcher tries not to even look at him since he's gotten in trouble with Oscar.

Mil Vueltas:

Señor Keeling tiene razón! Never too late, Butcher!

Butcher doesn't register it as Mil goes to the ring apron. When Oscar tries to stand, Mil leaps clear over the top rope, lands with both feet on the middle rope inside the ring and connects with a shotgun dropkick off the middle rope! Burns hits the mat when Mil rolls to his feet once again! He stands back and then runs forward and hits a running CORKSCREW shooting star press!

DDK:

More innovative offense tonight by Mil! He makes the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Kickout by Oscar, but look at Mil go tonight! He hasn't forgotten about UNCUT 150! He wants payback for what he's done to him and what he's been doing to Butcher!

Oscar gets a shoulder up just after the count of two, but Mil stays on the attack with some stiff kicks to the chest just as Oscar tries to sit up! DEFIANCE is wincing in pain after each kick!

DDK:

Mil Vuelas is staying on the attack with those kicks!

He pulls Burns up for his next move, but Burns tries to quickly hit him with a back elbow. Mil ducks the first one, then one from the other side before Oscar reaches through his own legs to sweep Vuelas off the mat with an ankle pick! He tries for a submission, but Mil kicks him away to the ropes. Burns comes back and grabs the leg! He tries for what looks like an ankle lock, but Mil leaps upright on one leg and pelts Oscar with forearms. Oscar tosses his leg upward, but Mil backflips and lands on his feet! Oscar charges towards The Man of a Thousand Flips and trips him up with drop toe hold near the ropes!

DDK:

Burns tries to outwrestle Mil, but Mil is just too quick! He swings for the fences with a tiger feint kick!

Mil swings forward with his legs through the ropes, but Oscar gives him the slip! He slips through the ropes and grabs The Ace of Space by the back of his leg and DRAGS him out full force to the floor! Vuelas groans in pain after hitting the mat below!

Lance:

Rough landing by Vuelas thanks to Oscar picking the leg! He saw that kick coming and he made Mil pay.

DDK:

Now look at Oscar.

With the luchador on the mat, Oscar points out at Butcher Victorious.

Oscar Burns:

See that?! THAT'S how you handle business! THAT'S how you get things done, GC!

Butcher remains silent from his seat at ringside when Oscar grabs onto Mil and then hurls the smaller man back inside the ring. DEFIANCE himself doesn't bask in the jeers and in fact, ignores them to focus on the task at hand of taking control. When The Man of a Thousand Flips tries to stand upright, Burns comes charging in and CLOCKS him with a big running elbow smash upside the head! Mil collapses to the mat with Thomas Keeling helpless to do anything outside but look on.

DDK:

Brutal shot by Oscar! Those elbow smashes and uppercuts he likes to use can stop anybody in their tracks once he finds his target!

Lance:

And I think we're gonna get a live demonstration of that right now!

He has Vuelas by the mask and he nails him again with a brutal elbow smash that has some noise to it! Mil stumbles backwards into the corner. Burns slowly walks towards him and then lets Mil have it with a big European uppercut that sounds equally as nasty as the elbow smash just a moment before. Mil is reeling in the corner when Burns hooks him by the head and SNAPS him up and over quickly with a simple snap vertical suplex! Mil is left reeling on the mat while Burns sits up and hears the boos.

Oscar Burns:

THAT'S RIGHT! MAKE SOME NOISE, OSCAR BURNS FAITHFUL!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

-URNS! THANK YOU!

He rolls over and finally covers Mil.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil shoots the shoulder up!

DDK:

Big kickout by Mil, but now Oscar's in control of the match in a big way. He's going after that back!

Oscar pulls Mil up by the waistband of his tights and then SMACKS him in the back with a brutal elbow smash! Mil flinches and starts to fall to a knee, but DEFIANCE Himself keeps hold of his waistband. He pushes Mil to the ropes and then tries for a back body drop by flipping Mil up and over! Oscar smugly laughs, but doesn't realize that Mil hasn't hit the canvas and flips forward to land on his feet! Oscar looks stunned when he spins around, then charges at Mil, only to catch a quick kick to the gut!

DDK:

Oscar didn't see that coming! Mil not only has more lives than a cat, but lands on his feet like one, too!

Mil leaps off the bottom rope and flies backwards to catch Oscar with a wheelbarrow setup, but the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE holds on! He tries for a wheelbarrow suplex, but Vueltas hangs onto the ropes to keep from going over. Oscar strikes him across the back with more shots and tries to pull him away, but Mil flips over to the side and uses the momentum to roll Oscar up!

DDK:

He wants a suplex, but Mil catches him with the roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Oscar kicks Mil off and when he gets back up, he CRACKS him with a flying uppercut out of nowhere! The fans quickly go from 100 back down to 0 as soon as Burns nails the move. There's more jeering as Oscar rolls his arms, and then goes for a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Ace of Space uses his legs to kick out underneath Oscar's weight!

Lance:

There's another kickout from Mil! He came out of the gate as a whole lot of hot fire, but Burns might have extinguished it.

DDK:

This is the type of thing that he's so good at. He finds the place to hit you and he doesn't stop. He's submitted the best of the best in DEFIANCE and if Mil doesn't find a way out of this, he will be no exception.

Oscar in control once again grabs Mil and then pulls him near the ropes. Mil tries to fight back with an elbow or two to the face of Oscar, but the former two-time FIST and Favoured Saints Champion puts a boot back into the small of his back! Burns pulls Vueltas in between the middle rope and then PULLS back in a chinlock, effectively bending him around the ropes!

Benny Doyle:

Oscar! Oscar, break it up! ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Burnsie backs off then gets into Benny's face.

Oscar Burns:

Excuse ME? That's 'DEFIANCE, BREAK IT UP!' Thank you very much!

DDK:

This is exactly what Mil Vueltas is fighting for! Oscar's never ending quest to demand respect lately has been out of control.

Lance:

It really has... wait, where is he taking Mil now?

Oscar grabs the luchador and throws him out of the ring so he's out on the floor, now practically at the feet of where Butcher Victorious has currently been told to sit. Burns smirks and then climbs out of the ring to stand over him. Thomas Keeling watches on and starts walking their way.

Oscar Burns:

Back off, GC, or you're next!

Thomas Keeling:

Mil, come on! Get up!

But Mil's in no spot to get up. Burns presses his foot down on Mil's back and continues to apply pressure while looking at Butcher.

Butcher Victorious:

YOU WANT TO BE HIS FRIEND?! YOU WANT TO TAKE HIM AWAY FROM **ME!** BUTCHER BELONGS TO **ME!** HE WORKS FOR **ME!**

Oscar grabs Mil and then holds him up in front of Butcher.

Oscar Burns:

COME ON, BUTCHER! SHOW HIM! SHOW THE LITTLE BUGGER YOU WORK FOR **ME!** FREE SHOT! REMEMBER WHAT I PROMISED YOU!

Butcher looks at Mil, then up at Burnsie unsure of what he should be doing in the moment. The Faithful are pleading with Butcher to not do it!

Lance:

No way! If he does this, that's a disqualification would it not?

DDK:

It would be! What is he doing by putting Butcher Victorious on the spot like this?

Oscar continues to hold Mil up, but before Butcher can make a decision, it is taken out of his hands when Mil STOMPS down on the foot of Oscar! Oscar yells in pain while The Faithful cheer him on!

DDK:

That's what Oscar gets for trying to win the match!

Mil gives a quick glance over to Butcher.

Mil Vueltas:

He's NEVER going to give you what you want! He doesn't respect you, amigo!

Butcher shakes his head as Vueltsas tries to go after Oscar, only to catch a quick knee to the gut from Burnsie. Oscar throws him back underneath the bottom rope, but Mil swings his legs back and hits a modified tiger feint kick to Oscar on the way back!

Lance:

Mil can hit that tiger feint kick any number of ways and just caught Oscar flush in the face!

With Thomas Keeling and The Faithful all cheering him on, Vueltas slips into the ring and heads to the other side as fast as he can. He swings around the ring post and STRIKES Oscar with a second tiger feint kick that knocks DEFIANCE Himself right down on DEFIANCE's Arse!

DDK:

The Man of a Thousand Flips swings and connects again!

Still slowed down by the back, but still trying to grin and bear it, Mil positions himself on the apron and then charges forward...

RUNNING SHOOTING STAR PRESS OFF THE APRON!

OOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

Mil got him! Mil got him! But now he's gotta get Oscar back into the ring!

Lance:

Oscar spent too much time lipping off to Butcher Victorious and I think Mil is about to make him pay for it!

Oscar is hunched over and holding his rib cage from a near-170 pound man hitting him with a big move! Mil goes to get him back inside and then rolls over into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

I thought that was it! I thought Mil Vueltas had him there!

Lance:

Me, too!

Oscar gets lit up with another kick and another big forearm! Mil shoots off the ropes for his next move...

...

BELLY TO BACK BACKBREAKER BY BURNS!

DDK:

OOOHHHH! BURNS WITH THE COUNTER!

The replay on the DEFIAtron shows Mil being thrown up high into the air and then brought down across Oscar's knee with his signature belly to back backbreaker on the way down, almost being folded in half in slow motion! Back in real time, Oscar seethes as he checks his knee in pain before going for a cover of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Lance:

Just when we thought Mil fought his way to a big comeback, Oscar was able to shut it down again!

DDK:

He's not done!

Picking up Mil off the canvas in a gutwrench position, he takes Vueltas over with a big gutwrench suplex! Oscar hangs on and then rolls over to get himself upright again. He hooks Mil and takes him up and over with a second suplex! Once more, he rolls over again...

DDK:

There's the rolling gutwrench suplexes by Oscar! Loves hitting those in threes! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil kicks out of the cover, but Oscar covers again!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

And then one more time with a tighter leg hook!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Burns shakes his head in disgust after the multiple covers didn't get him a win, but he then has a smile.

DDK:

Multiple pinfall attempts, but Oscar knows what he's doing. After such a big move like that, Mil had to exert energy and he just did it each time... and now he's going for the leg

The former FIST of DEFIANCE has the leg of Mil and then PULLS him up into a high angled half crab with half of his body pulled up off the mat! Mil is fighting at a bad angle while Burns continues to punish his back in painful ways!

Lance:

Oscar's bending his body! How the heck is Mil going to fight this?!

DDK:

I don't know, but Oscar has him in a bad spot! He's not anywhere near the ropes!

Thomas Keeling tries to get him to fight and turns to The Faithful to start a chant to hopefully fire Vueltas up!

JUST LOOK UP!

JUST LOOK UP!

JUST LOOK UP!

Keeling fires The Faithful up and Mil tries to wiggle his body free! Burns holds on!

DDK:

Burns isn't letting go! He tries to twist... NO! MIL COUNTERS!

When Burns tries to pull Mil one way, Vueltas counters into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mil tries once again to get up, but once again, Oscar shuts it down with a HUGE running high knee!

Lance:

Again! Mil keeps fighting, but Burns keeps shutting things down!

He tries a desperation cover again.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

RAAAAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas kicks out again! He won't stay down!

Lance:

It looks like that very thing is starting to grate on Burns' nerves!

Oscar pulls Mil up by the head and measures him up slowly before SMACKING him on the chin with a brutal European uppercut! Mil hits the canvas with a dull thud while Oscar shakes a hand!

Oscar Burns:

STILL WANT MY ATTENTION, MILLY? STILL WANT WHAT I HAVE?!

He pulls Mil up again and then ROCKS him with another brutal European uppercut! He goes down a second time, then points at Butcher.

Oscar Burns:

MINE! NOT YOURS!

Burns picks up Mil again and reels back for an uppercut... but Mil sidesteps the third one! He pelts Burnsie with a big forearm to the face! The Faithful cheer as the shot stumbles him, but he comes back only to eat another one! Mil is winded, but fires off with a volley of forearms, then STRIKES with a series of quick kicks at the left leg of Oscar to stun him! The back of Mil Vultas slows him down again, but he takes to the nearby middle rope and hits a moonsault, landing on Oscar's shoulders before swinging around to DRIVE him down with a huge tornado DDT!

DDK:

ASESINO GIGANTE! He lands the moonsault into the satellite DDT! This is the break that Mil Vultas needed!

Lance:

He's taken a lot of damage to that back, though! Does he have anything left to follow up?

Keeling is nearly jumping out of his shoes on the outside and pumps a fist for his client to make the big comeback! Mil is hurt and holding his back with a free hand while Oscar rolls to the outside holding his neck in pain. The Ace of Space starts to get to a knee and then to his feet as he points outside the ring square at Oscar!

DDK:

Where's he gonna go?

Mil takes his sweet time just as Oscar is trying to get back up on the outside. He tries to get back to his feet and climb inside the ring, but Mil catches him in the knee with a big baseball slide dropkick first, making him smack his face on the apron and fall back to the outside!

Lance:

Mil Vultas cuts him off!

Shooting back up to his feet, Mil zips across the ring and runs up the corner, then ZIPS across the top rope before taking flight and LEAPING off midway with a corkscrew moonsault all the way to the floor!

RRRRRRRAAHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

SIN MANOS! LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE!

Lance:

THEY WANT TO SEE BURNS GET HIS! MIL VULTAS HAS BURNS ON THE ROPES!

Butcher looks very interested in what's happening across the way as Mil slowly gets up out of the pile near the ring! He's still favoring his back, but trying to ride on the adrenaline high he's on right now! He pulls Burns up and then nudges him back towards the ring! He kicks Oscar back inside of the ring and then looks up before leaping up to the middle rope with his back facing the ring. He positions himself and then LEAPS over the ropes to hit a middle rope springboard PHOENIX splash!

DDK:

PHOENIX SPLASH FROM OUTSIDE IN! COVER BY MIL! COVER BY MIL!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Both Mil Vuelas and Thomas Keeling can't believe what they've just seen! Mil has his hands on his hips and looks stunned, but Keeling quickly tells Mil to keep going!

Lance:

The nick of time! 2.9999! Call it what you want, but I thought Mil had Oscar beat!

DDK:

No doubt what would be the biggest win of his career was just nanoseconds away!

Mil heeds the advice of his promoter with The Faithful still buzzing loudly feeling the end could be near! When Oscar is up in a daze, he kicks the leg again. He tries for a 540 kick, but Oscar is able to duck the move! Burns tries to grab the elusive Mil, but he slips out behind him and then manages to CRACK Oscar on the jaw with a quick thrust kick one way, followed by landing the 540 kick and knocking Burns off his feet!

DDK:

MIL'S GOT HIM! MIL'S GOT HIM!

The Man of a Thousand Flips has Oscar down when he goes up top one more time! He looks out to The Faithful, then quickly runs again... AND THE FAITHFUL EXPLODE!

DDK:

SIN MANOS STAR PRESS! HE WALKED THE ROPES INTO THE SHOOTING STAR PRESS! THE LAST TIME THEY FOUGHT, BUTCHER KEPT HIM FROM HITTING MOVE, BUT HE DID IT THIS TIME!

The Ace of Space hooks the inside leg of Burns and covers him!

ONE!

TWO!

FOOT ON THE ROPES...

BY BUTCHER.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mil thinks that he has won and holds both hands up, but Doyle tells him that Oscar has his other leg on the ropes! Mil looks out and sees Butcher standing nearby, finally out of his seat to put Oscar's foot on the ropes!

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! BUTCHER SAVES HIM! AGAIN!

Thomas can't believe what he's seeing, either and yells at Doyle what happened, but Benny was counting!

Lance:

And Doyle never saw it!

An enraged Vultas stands up and jumps towards Butcher, who looks like he didn't want to do what he just did. Vultas looks like he can't believe what he's just seen and neither can The Faithful!

Lance:

I can't believe this! For weeks, Mil Vultas and Thomas Keeling have been trying to break through to Butcher to stand up for himself... and he can't even do that!

For his part, Butcher seems to be remorseful while Mil wonders what the hell is going on!

Butcher Victorious: *[remorsefully]*

Butch Vic... is sorry, Mil...

DDK:

Is he, though? I suppose a leopard can't change its spots!

Mil turns around to deal with Oscar...

CRACK!

...only to get ROCKED with the Hard Out Headbutt to LOUD jeers!

DDK:

Hard Out Headbutt! Mil got distracted by Butcher Victorious sticking his nose where it didn't belong... AGAIN!

Burns grabs Mil and hooks the arm, then SPIKES him with the wrist-clutch exploder suplex!

DDK:

HEAD-DROP-O-MATIC!

The jeering is LOUD when Burns grabs onto the legs of Mil and hooks tightly!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Oscar Burns sits up and cackles, all the while the jeering is off the charts. Burns looks happy with what's just happened!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **OSCAR BURNS!**

Lance:

Mil HAD that match won, but for the second time, Butcher Victorious is the difference maker!

Oscar leaves the ring and then puts an arm around Butcher gleefully.

Oscar Burns:

DEFIANCE... AND BUTCH VIC... DID IT!

Butcher does not look thrilled with what's just happened. Thomas Keeling goes into the ring to check on the young luchador while Oscar heads up the ramp while walking with Butcher, arms over his shoulders and then heads to the back.

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BUTCHER!

He gives one last glance behind him, then Butch Vic leaves along with Oscar. Mil sits up and holds the back of his head in pain, but it doesn't hurt half as much as his pride.

Lance:

Why is Burns now buddying up to Butcher NOW after months of treating him like gum on the bottom of his shoe? All the demeaning things they've done? The DEFY Award they gave away...

DDK:

No idea, partner, but those questions will have to wait... we've still got plenty of DEFIANCE Road to go!

Oscar Burns saunters all the way up the ramp after his huge victory tonight with Butcher taking one last glance back to the ring, and then heading backstage.

SCOTT HUNTER OPEN CHALLENGE

DDK:

Well ladies and gentlemen, after a fantastic matchup between Oscar Burns and Mil Vueltas we're about to head back up to the ring for Scott Hunter's Open Challenge.

Lance:

I'm hoping this will be interesting.

DDK:

Interesting, yes. Strange, also probably yes. But before Scott Hunter comes out here tonight, we've been told there was some relevant footage shot on the concourse here in the arena a few hours ago right before the show.

Earlier today.

Backstage people are lining up for assorted refreshments, people trying to rush back to their seats before the show resumes following the previous match, and along a wall, four or five tables are set up and overflowing with merchandise.

Conspicuously next to one of these tables is another smaller table, about six by four feet. Standing behind it is Scott Hunter.

As people walk by, some recognize him and point him out. One small child giggles as she goes past, and Scott frowns. He does not trust children.

A man and his preteen daughter walk over, stand in front of Scott's table, and look down. On the table, on one side, are rows of cinnamon buns shaped like cars, and on the opposite side are assorted chocolates.

In front of the cinnamon buns is a sign that says "Autobons", and in front of the chocolate is a sign that says "Autobon-bons."

In the middle is another sign with pricing. In this case, it reads "Autobons 700 Euros, Auto-bon-bons 400 Deutsche Marks."

Scott is bad at math, economics, and history.

The preteen girl has her head down in her phone, fast typing a series of messages.

Her father points to the cinnamon buns.

Father: *[in broken English]*

What are these?

Scott looks confused.

Scott Hunter:

Um, duh. We are near the Autobahn and these are my Grandma Hunter's famous Autobons, made in honor of the famous German philanthropist and renowned baker Marlene Dietrich.

Father:

I'm pretty sure she was an actress and singer.

Scott Hunter: *[holding out his finger menacingly]*

She also made delicious cinnamon buns, so you shut your whore mouth!!

The man's eyes go wide, a little put off by Scott's aggressiveness.

Scott somehow recognizes he may have gone too far.

Scott Hunter:

I may have gone too far.

Father: *[pointing to the chocolates]*

What about these?

Scott Hunter:

Once again, these were also made by my Grandma Hunter, this time in honor of the famed German chocolatier company, "Rammstein." I think they also did some music or fire juggling or something weird, but mostly they were famous for chocolate. Grammy says the name "Autobon-bons" is clever, but frankly, I do not get it. She also said they are guaranteed to help you reach Fahrvergnügen, which means spiritual one-ness with chocolate.

Father:

Okay well... *[turning to his daughter]* Honey, which would you prefer, a cinnamon bun or a chocolate?

The girl doesn't look up. She just keeps typing. But, she responds.

Girl:

Cinnamon Bun.

Father:

Very well. Okay, here's seven Euros.

He holds the cash out to Scott, who looks back at him, blinking.

Scott Hunter:

No, it is seven hundred Euros.

The man is flabbergasted.

Father:

Seven hundred?! Are you insane?

Scott Hunter:

No, I am not. These are high-quality cinnamon buns, imported from Tallahassee.

Father:

What is Tallahassee?

Scott Hunter:

How should I know?! I think it's German for 'sugar bread' or 'sticky buns' or something. You should know, it's your language! Enough! I have grown tired of your weird German tricks! My buns are not yours to hold! **YOU WILL NEVER HOLD MY BUNS!!!**

The very frightened and slightly concerned man places his hand on his daughter's shoulder and slowly moves away from the table. The girl still doesn't even look up as they walk away.

Scott Hunter: *[muttering to himself]*

Seven Euros... pffft.

Back to DDK and Lance.

DDK:

Well, we did ask for something interesting.

Lance:

And strange. Definitely strange.

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

As the music plays, everyone's attention turns toward the stage. A few moments later, a child's drivable toy car rolls out, and squeezed into it is Scott Hunter, his knees high and his feet barely fitting through the hole in the bottom of this... vehicle.

Scott is dressed in a full Speed Racer costume, complete with a helmet and regalia, although we had to explain to him what regalia is.

DDK:

Boy, this is... uhh... this is... what is this?

Lance:

Hey, there's cars all over the stage already! What's one more?

Slowly he rolls forward until he reaches the sloping portion of the ramp, at which time he picks up speed, then more speed, and before he knows it he's careening down the ramp at breakneck speed. A look of panic crosses Scott's eyes and he braces himself for impact. The car swerves out of control near the bottom of the ramp and then crashes with a bang into the side of the ring apron. Scott is thrown clear, and half of his body ends up underneath the ring.

Scott instantly springs to his feet and stands tall, pretending nothing happened, and straightens out his 'costume.'

Ignoring the 'wreckage' around him, he climbs into the ring via the steps and asks for a microphone. A crew member hands one up to him and Scott takes his place in the center of the ring.

Scott Hunter:

Thank you all for coming. My name is Scott. Now, as many of you know, and as I CORRECTLY pointed out last month, I am undefeated in DEFIANCE against people with first names longer than three letters. So I must say that when I was told that I did not have a match lined up for me here at DEFIANCE Does Germany, I was very disappointed. Sad, hungry, and disappointed. Bewildered too, perhaps, depending on what bewildered means. I think it was a TV show about a witch. But never mind that. The bottom line is this, I decided that if an opponent for me could not be found, I would come out to the ring tonight and make an open challenge to anyone backstage who has a first name longer than three letters because having three letters or less in your first name is illegal. I want anyone who fits this description to come out to the ring and take your thrashing like a man, or woman, or Canadian.

Lance:

Good lord.

Scott tosses the microphone to the side and it bounces a few times before going through the ropes to the floor. Scott has the biggest grin this side of Munich on his face and he looks up at the stage beckoning his opponent to come down to the ring.

A few moments pass and nothing happens.

Scott looks around at the crowd, who are murmuring to each other, with a few laughs mixed in. Scott starts to look dejected.

Scott Hunter:

This is very disappointing.

Scott hangs his head low and starts walking toward the ropes to leave. But then...

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

DDK:

Oh my! Could it be?! Could it be MV1 taking up Scott Hunter's challenge?

The crowd roars and Scott's face goes pale as he stares up at the stage, but no one comes out. He watches and continues to wait, and slowly starts to relax, a smile creeping over his face. Eventually, the music stops without anyone coming out.

DDK:

Well, that's MV1's music, but no MV1.

Lance:

I don't know what just happened. OH WAIT!

Suddenly in a blur of motion we catch a glimpse of someone jumping over the barricade from the crowd. The driving music and crowd response leaves no doubt about this person's identity. The crowd again roars as MV1 quietly slides into the ring and stands behind Scott Hunter.

Dressed in his classic bright red wrestling mask trimmed with yellows and blues and matching singlet, MV1 now wears a large brace on his right knee. He glares at the back of Hunter's head. Scott as usual is oblivious.

MV1 shakes his head.

Lance:

He's right behind you!

Keebler looks over at Lance.

Lance:

I kinda feel bad for the kid.

Slowly Scott starts to turn around and catches a glimpse of MV1 in his peripheral vision. Scott freezes in place, his head slowly turning to look at his old nemesis.

MV1 waves at him, then immediately leaps into the air and connects with a dropkick flush on Scott Hunter's chin.

DDK:

Ohh... you know that hurt.

Scott bounces backward into the ropes, gets his footing, and tries to charge MV1 but takes a hurricanrana for his trouble. Scott goes flying across the ring and MV1 is quickly right on top of him.

Lance:

MV1 isn't playing around, that's for sure. He underwent serious surgery under the knife of Dr. Andrew James to reconstruct that right knee, injured at the hands of Scott Hunter at ACTS of DEFIANCE back in October!

DDK:

He was expected to be out for at least five months and yet, here he is! And as shocked as we all are to see MV1 in the flesh here in Germany... NO ONE is as shocked as Scott Hunter!

Before Scott can get his bearings, MV1 has him in a front facelock and lifts him high in the air. He holds it for a few moments then drops him down hard near one corner with a brain buster.

Faster than #1 can go for a cover, Hunter has already rolled under the bottom rope and escaped the ring. The crowd boos him up the aisle... but MV1 gives a spirited chase!

DDK:

LOOK at this! Hunter is getting back into that tiny Racer-X mobile! He's going to try to peel out of here!

Hunter seems to comically struggle to get the imaginary engine started and at once, MV1 has him pulled out of the "vehicle". The crowd roars in approval as MV1 punches, chops, kicks, and whips Hunter around ringside and back into the ring.

As MV1 follows Scott back in, Hunter has the sudden wherewithal to nail a HORRIFIC low blow. The referee leans in and warns Hunter, who pretends to not understand.

Lance:

The momentum can change in an INSTANT, Keebs!

Hunter rises back to his feet and immediately puts those boots to use, stomping on MV1 with abandon. Hunter targets MV1's right leg, bashing the brace and smashing it.

DDK:

Just DESPICABLE! Masked Violator #1 was told he shouldn't WRESTLE again! Somehow, he overcame, he persevered - he is BACK! But Scott Hunter wants to FIX that! LOOK at this!

Hunter drapes MV1's leg on the bottom rope, leaps, and then comes down on it with an elbow drop. MV1 screams in agony. Hunter drags #1 to the center of the ring.

Lance:

FIGURE FOUR LEGLOCK!

DDK:

He's got it locked in! The hold that put MV1 on the shelf for 3 and a half months!

As MV1 flails in torment, Scott Hunter turns his frown even deeper for dramatic emphasis. The Faithful's cheers and boos are at a fever pitch as the tension builds. MV1 lays back, reaching for the bottom rope - but it's just out of reach.

Lance:

How much MORE of this can that freshly-reconstructed knee take?!

MV1 cries out, sitting up. He slaps Hunter across the face, screams out, then turns to ROLL THEM OVER.

RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

REVERSAL?!

#1 works the Figure 4 over and suddenly, magically, inexplicably, it's Scott Hunter who is feeling all of the miserable pain!!! Hunter frantically scrambles forward and hugs the bottom rope, forcing the hold to be broken.

Both men slowly pull themselves up to their feet with the ropes before charging at each other!

DDK:

MV1 ducks a wild running clothesline from Hunter - both men hit the opposite ropes - RUNNING SWINGING NECKBREAKER by MV1!!

Against all odds, as quick as lightning, MV1 scurries up onto the top rope. Halting briefly to adjust the brace on his

knee with a wince of discomfort, MV1 points to the ceiling, holding his hand and index finger up high. Pausing long enough to appreciate the moment, he leaps off and nails 1-derstruck, his top rope somersault leg drop!

DDK:

NAILED IT!

The referee drops to the mat for the pin attempt.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!

Lance:

Justice is served!

DING DING DING

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout, by pinfall... MASKED! VIOLATOR!! NUMBER ONE!!!

Hand being raised in triumph, MV1 can't help but show emotion.

Lance:

This is a man who is no stranger to having the odds stacked against him. Overcoming the injury he sustained almost 4 months ago, competing here at DEFIANCE Road, answering the challenge of Scott Hunter, and BESTING him on this stage.... Might be one of the biggest wins in MV1's career. What a feeling that must be.

MV1 climbs a corner and applauds the cheering fans for an emotional moment. The scene fades with MV1 celebrating on the turnbuckle as Hunter stirs on the canvas, being attended to by the referee.

MAKAYLA'S MUSINGS: M4NTRA

We open in a now familiar place, draped in hemp tapestries with wooden beads. The incense still burns on the side tables. The KAYNASTE full-product line is still front and center along with "The Fitness Protection Program" now available at your local bookstore and all major chains. The stunning Makayla Namaste smiles back straight into the camera once again from her station now to a little bit larger of a reaction than her previous three attempts. Although the choir of boos from the Berlin Faithful isn't exactly what she may have anticipated.

Makayla Namaste:

DEFIANCE Road is winding up here in Berlin and WOW, what a ride it's been, right Faithful? Although you don't have much time left with your humble hostess, this will certainly be a memory that I will, and I hope all of you, will cherish for a long time.

A chant breaks out in German across the Mercedes-Benz Arena. A rough translation would reveal it to mean "Shut up, please."

Makayla Namaste:

So... before we got any further, let's take time to take a few deep breaths. Align our chakras. Really get in touch with ourselves so that we're physically, mentally, AND spiritually ready to complete our journey through DEFIANCE Road. Let's close our eyes. Put our hands together. Then breathe in for 8 seconds. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Si-

Nathaniel Eye is the first to walk into the frame with an even bigger jeer from the Berlin Faithful. Following him is "DEC4L" Declan Alexander with Tom Morrow being suspiciously absent. Potentially off celebrating at a local beerhaus. With matching white and gold ring gear, Natty Eyce puts his arm out in front of Declan who immediately goes to talk to his fellow influencer. Alexander pulls his third-eye sunglasses down further on his nose, looking up at his tag team partner.

Nathan Eye:

Girl, don't mind me checking out your ... chakras. Looking pretty good and inspirational I gotta say!

That deep breath is almost immediately released as she grabs a nearby cloudy crystal and balls it into her fist. Nathan reaches into his jacket and pulls out an identical cloudy crystal.

Nathan Eye:

Me too! Man, I got hooked on these things when I was recovering from a *near death* experience! Two shoulder surgeries and MRSA ... *fourteen* month recovery, only to come back stronger and rule the Tom Morrow Division with the most inspirational and enlightened mind I've ever worked with! Want to hear about our new co-authored book, too?

Thankfully Declan interrupts his tag team partner.

DEC4L:

Natty, respectfully, this isn't just some pretty girl at the bar. This is Makayla Namaste. THE Makayla Namaste.

Nathan looks over at her and then he realizes this.

Nathan Eye:

Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa ... oh man, that is! She is!

Nathan reaches out and emphatically shakes her hand, well her fist, almost off her body.

Nathan Eye:

Big fan of her work! "The Fitness Protection Program" helped to inspire my first award-winning book, "251 Pages of Pure Perseverance!" I'm so sorry!

DEC4L:

I'm sure she's too busy to read our book but that's okay, fam. Hey Kayla, it's your boy DEC4L. Remember when we were at Vegas Vidcon? It's nice to see you again. What brings you to my neck of the woods?

Makayla Namaste:

Thank you for finding inspiration in my work, there is really no greater compliment a girl can have than being told they inspired change in someone's world. As for you... DEC4L you said? The video game guy?

DEC4L:

Video games are one of the many lifestyle streams I've touched. Don't get me wrong, it's a passion of mine but it isn't the only thing I am. It would be like saying you're "the vegan girl" or that you're some chick who talks about vibes all the time. Both of our journeys are much deeper and less superficial than that, wouldn't you say?

Makayla's grip on her crystal loosens a bit, perhaps she was too hasty to fear the worst. An encounter with Corvo Alpha will do that to a girl.

Makayla Namaste:

You know what... you're right. That was judgmental of me. It's nice to meet you again...do you prefer DEC4-

DEC4L:

Declan. You can call me Declan.

Makayla Namaste:

Declan and Nathaniel Eye. M4NTRA isn't it?

Nathan Eye:

Nathaniel, Nathan, Natty Eyce, 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance ... all good to me! But yes, we are M4NTRA! And in just a few minutes, we're going to enforce the rule of the Tom Morrow Division and teach those unenlightened chumps, the Rain City Ronin, that you can attack me, attack DEC4L or insult us ... but you never *EVER* interrupt our in-ring book reading! Ever! Nothing is sacred!

Makayla Namaste:

The audacity some people have to keep you from sharing your journey with the world. The Earth would be a much better place if other people were just more willing to listen and experience someone else's journey. For now, it seems our paths have crossed and you know what that means...

The PogChamp looks over at Nathan Eye and begins to mouth "Bro, what does that mean?" when she answers her own question.

Makayla Namaste:

It's time to play a game!

DEC4L:

You see Kayla, NOW you're talking my language. If there's someone in the arena who you can count on to win a game... it's your boy, DEC4L. You mind if I take this one, Natty?

Nathan Eye:

This definitely falls within your realm, my friend. Show them and the RCR what enlightened minds can do under pressure!

DEC4L:

So, bet. What kind of game are we talking about? Mario Kart? Game of Seven? Trivia?

Makayla Namaste:

Kiss or slap.

The Intrepid Influencer's jaw goes to drop but he immediately closes it by force with his hand. He looks back at his tag team partner who immediately begins to start having regrets about his choice of letting his protege play this game on his behalf. Nathan tries to take a step forward to "take one for the team" but under his breath you can hear Alexander go "No, no no no. I got this, bro. I got this." He quickly composes himself but can't manage to wipe the goofy grin off his face.

DEC4L:

Are you kidding me, Kayla? A girl of your quality only deserves the kiss. Any man that would pick slap would simply be uncultured.

Makayla seems surprised and smirks but as soon as Declan puckers up and goes in for the kiss she quickly sticks her index finger up telling him to wait, touching the end of his nose.

Makayla Namaste:

Kissing... is for winners.

She grabs her crystal off the table and hands Declan a copy of her book.

Makayla Namaste:

Good luck out there. I heard you're gonna need it.

The crowd responds with an "Ooooooh" as the Goddess of Good Vibes walks right past M4NTRA and out of the scene. DEC4L turns back around and looks at his tag team partner with a look that says "Did that just happen to me on pay-per-view?"

Nathan looks over and elbows his tag team partner in the arm.

Nathan Eye:

I think she likes you bro ... but let's handle Tom Morrow Division business first.

Nathan leaves towards the ring and DEC4L follows behind.

M4NTRA vs. RAIN CITY RONIN

DDK:

Coming up next, ladies and gentlemen, DEFIANCE Road features tag team action between two hot, up and coming tag teams looking to make names for themselves! Tom Morrow's favoured team of M4NTRA will face off against the Rain City Ronin!

Lance:

A contest featuring two former BRAZEN Champions in Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander as well as the longest reigning BRAZEN Tag Team Champions in Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett. These young athletes, at one time considered DEFIANCE's stars of the future, are on the cusp of being stars of the present.

Speaking of stars ...

Out comes a very giddy Tom Morrow who is practically swaggering down the stage. The booing is very *loud* for the man behind Better Future Talent Agency.

Lance:

Tom Morrow out here without the security detail. We'll try and get a word in on the condition of the Lucky Sevens after what happened last night with Alvaro de Vargas's sudden return.

DDK:

That fireball from ADV caught Mason Luck when he wasn't expecting it and Max's knee was attacked with a chair by the Devil's Circus! Absolutely heinous, but it's Tom Morrow we're talking about here ...

Tom Morrow is pointing a finger at his brains.

Tom Morrow:

Did you all think that I wouldn't have a plan earlier tonight? Did you all think that those giant pyromaniacs were going to just come after me? *Think again!* After Alvaro de Vargas and the Devil's Circus dealt with Mason and Max Luck for me, I'm about to show the Rain City Ronin what happens when you disrespect the leader of the TOM MORROW DIVISION!!!

Tom Morrow looks at the stage!

Tom Morrow:

They are the most *enlightened* individuals in this promotion! They are the youngest, most talented and they are the *future* of the Tom Morrow Division! They beat the Lucky Sevens at Acts of DEFIANCE and their streak continues tonight running through Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett ... A team of two of the finest, purest prospects that DEFIANCE Wrestling has ever produced! Both former BRAZEN champions! Both two of the top talents this company has found! The first man weighs in at two-hundred and fifty-one pounds of pure perseverance! The other is one of the most popular streamers going today and he weighs in ... also at two-hundred and fifty-one pounds of pure perseverance because they are on the same page! Eyes on the Prize and you can do anything you want like my clients ...

Tom Morrow gestures at the entrance behind him.

Tom Morrow:

"The Golden State Guru" Nathan Eye! "DEC4L" Declan Alexander! They are ... MAAAAANNNNTTTRRRRAAAA!!!

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The word darkens the arena bulbs and golden lights flicker to the pulsating intro from Bring Me The Horizon, now with gold and white lasers firing from the stage! As the scream kicks in the guitar riffs, Nathaniel Eye comes walking out into the Mitsubishi Electric Halle with his metal-plated book, 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance raised high above his head. Following him out is "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, wearing matching "third eye" sunglasses and white with gold

ring gear.

DDK:

M4NTRA had quite a year for 2023! Only a team for maybe half that time but already nominated for the DEFIANTS of the Year in a field that included two of the most decorated teams in DEFIANCE, PCP and of course, the team that won DEFIANTS of the Year, the Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

And thanks to Tom Morrow's help in screwing them over, M4NTRA defeated them at Acts of DEFIANCE.

The exciting pair share a fist bump with one another, then both wrap an arm around Tom Morrow and give him a nice hug before they head to the ring! They reach the ring and Declan starts waving his hands to inspire the M4NTRA Rays. Nathan Eye adjusts his sunglasses then holds out his book high! They enter the ring and get ready to take on the super talented team about to come out next.

The lights cut, and a beat hits the PA.

♪ "Rage" by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

A spotlight hits the stage, revealing a pair of ice sculptures: two men, knuckles connected as though punching fists. Overhead, a ball of fire suddenly flares into view. It drops onto the icy figures below the moment the bass hits, creating a kinetic explosion that covers the stage in a cloud of steam!

When the mist clears, "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON and "THE ICEMAN" LEO BURNETT appear in the place of the frozen statues, hands clasped a la Dutch and Dillon from Predator. Blue and red lights strobe from every corner of the arena as if the One Time had just rolled up. Following a beat, the two break apart and pose at the head of the ramp to a booming pop from the Berlin crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Announcing the opponents... hailing from Seattle, Washington, and fighting at a combined weight of four-hundred and fifty-five pounds... the team of "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON and "THE ICEMAN" LEO BURNETT... please welcome, the RAIN... CITY... ROOONIIIIINN!!!

Daymon and Burnett begin the descent down the rampway. They extend their arms to slap hands with the fans draped across the aisle, but otherwise never stop staring daggers at the pair of Eye and Alexander.

DDK:

At one time, Tom Morrow courted these two to join his ranks, but the tandem of "Skyfire" Zack Daymon and "The Iceman" Leo Burnett had other plans, choosing to follow their own path, and wrestling by their own mantra!

Lance:

And if these two were to succeed tonight, Morrow could very well be feeling buyer's remorse after giving his favor to M4NTRA. The spirit of "Shut Up And Wrestle" is strong tonight within these two, walking into their first major Pay Per View event appearance since they joined the main roster over a year ago.

The trip from the stage to ringside doesn't take long. The Rain City Ronin slide in under the ropes and pop to their feet with such urgency that Morrow cowers around to the other side of the tandem of Eye and Alexander. Despite Daymon and Burnett's intensity, M4NTRA show no signs of being intimidating, Nathan looking cocky and Declan brimming with confidence.

DDK:

Daymon has elected to start for the Ronin, and Nathan Eye seems eager to join him!

Lance:

No doubt looking to even the score after the upset he was handed back at DEFtv 196.

DDK:

Official Hector Navarro gives the cue for the bell, and this one is underway!

DING DING

Both young athletes hurry out of their respective corners, their bodies practically slamming into one another as they go into the lockup. Eye begins to overpower the lighter Daymon, until Zack slips under an arm and goes around behind him. He works the waistline in an effort to take Nathan off his base, but Eye digs his heels into the canvas to stay vertical, twists back.

DDK:

Eye with a side hip toss to counter Daymon's rear waistlock, coming out on top in this opening exchange! Now he sets the rear chinlock to keep him grounded!

Lance:

A smart and methodical opening move. Nathan's not going to risk giving Zack an opportunity to build some momentum and turn up the pace of the match.

DDK:

But Daymon is fighting the hold! Now Nathan switches to the inverted facelock to bring him back to his feet... what does he have planned here?

Taking a handful of Daymon's tights, Eye answers Keebler's question by scooping him up...

DDK:

Looks like a Reverse Suplex--NO!! Zack gets loose and lands on his feet... and counters with THE O'CONNOR ROLL!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! An emphatic kickout by Nathan Eye!

Lance:

He's not about to let himself fall to that move again. Especially so early.

They roll apart. Daymon gets to his knees, but gets tagged on the jaw by a grounded kick from Eye. While he falls back to the mat, Nathan gator rolls over to his corner and makes the tag to DEC4L.

DDK:

Tag to Declan Alexander... and DEC4L with the SPRINGBOARD!

Declan takes a bounce and arcs his way into the ring. Holding his jaw while rising up, Daymon attempts to intercept him mid-air, but doesn't account for Alexander's curled body suddenly extending itself into a human spear.

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD MISSILE DROPKICK nearly tears Zack Daymon in half! Daymon is clutching his ribs on the mat, and now Declan makes the cover...

One!

TWO!

Daymon kicks out! And he looks hurt!

Lance:

The faster pace of this match might actually be working in M4NTRA's favor here.

DEC4L is feeling pumped as he bounds back to his feet and stalks Daymon in his blindspot. Zack is clutching his ribs and looking discombobulated, but he hears a warning be shouting from his corner that alerts him to what's up. Daymon perks up, right as Alexander pounces on his back.

DDK:

DEC4L gets his knees up, looking for the lungblower--NO!! Zack sensed it coming and broke free before it could connect!

Lance:

He broke the C-C-C-COMBO BREAKER!

DDK:

Both competitors are back on their feet... Declan Alexander with a HIGH hook kick, but Daymon rolls under and gets to his corner for the tag!

Leo Burnett steps through the ropes and bows up at Alexander, telling him to bring his best shot. DEC4L attempts a chop to the chest, but Leo anticipates it and slaps it aside. Instead, he spins Alexander around, wrangles his arms, and launches the former BRAZEN champion through the air.

DDK:

THREE-QUARTER NELSON SUPLEX by "The Iceman" Leo Burnett, practically ragdolling Declan Alexander across the ring!

Lance:

What a way to change the tempo of this match, and I don't think he's finished!

DDK:

Burnett pulls Alexander up... ANOTHER THREE-QUARTER SUPLEX, GOOD GOD! This one with a bridge to cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--BROKEN UP!

The crowd jeers at the sight of Natty Eyce rushing into the ring and laying in a few blatant stomps into Burnett's ribs. Official Hector Navarro finally intervenes and ushers him back to his corner. Across the ring, Zack Daymon begins to step through the ropes, but holds off when he notices his partner waving him off.

DDK:

Daymon looks fired up, but Burnett is keeping his partner cool.

Lance:

No need to risk making the situation worse. Declan Alexander may be a person of integrity, but there's no telling what might happen if the referee takes his eyes off Eye.

DDK:

Eyes on Eye! Good advice! And now Navarro finally gets him back to the apron, keeping this match from falling out of his control.

Alexander and Burnett respectively recover and work back to their feet, going straight into a collar and elbow. DEC4L wins out with an arm wrench, only for Burnett to power out and reverse the torsion into an arm wrench of his own. The PogChamp fights back with a set of chops to Leo's chest to leave him momentarily stunned, then pushes both their bodies into the ropes and forces a whip!

DDK:

Here goes Leo Burnett into motion, hitting the other set of ropes... Declan leapfrogs over him on the return... and he TAGS OUT to Nathan Eye!

Lance:

Found his window, and jumped through it.

DDK:

Eye quickly steps in, and puts himself right in the way of Burnett, rebounding off the other set of ropes... RISE AND GRIND! The pop-up spinebuster connects, and he immediately goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

...and BURNETT COUNTERS with a TRIANGLE CHOKE!

The crowd begins cheering wildly at the sudden shift in momentum. What was once a pinfall has now become a submission attempt, and the former BRAZEN Champion finds himself in a precarious position.

DDK:

Wait a sec... Eye DEADLIFTING Burnett off the canvas... and there's a POWERBOMB onto the shoulders and back of the head... and ANOTHER, and finally, Burnett breaks the hold!

Lance:

That could have been an unfortunate turn of events for M4NTRA, but Eye was quick to think of a way out of it.

Burnett lies stunned on the mat while Nathan catches his breath. Eventually, Eye pulls him up and dumps him against the turnbuckles.

DDK:

What's Eye planning here? He gets some distance... and a running elbow into the corner connects! Back again... looking for another?!

Lance:

He's going for the Third Eye Blind! Talk about a semi-charmed life!

DDK:

Eye charging in... NO!! Leo dashes aside, and Nathan hits the corner... now Burnett with a T-BONE SUPLEX OF HIS OWN!

Burnett forgoes a cover attempt to make a run for his corner and tag out to Daymon. Zack hops to the top rope while Leo puts Eye into the wheelbarrow and holds him parallel to the mat. Berlin cheers as Daymon dives off the top rope...

DDK:

Daymon with the GUILLOTINE LEGDROP across the back of Nathan Eye's head to come into the ring!

Lance:

Great double-team maneuver! Rain City Ronin have finally found their rhythm.

DDK:

Here's Daymon with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP by Declan Alexander!

DEC4L's running knee rolls Daymon off his partner's chest. He grabs a handful of hair to pull him up, until Burnett steps in and shoves him off. The two men bow up and engage in a tense staredown, with only the wiry frame of Hector Navarro keeping them apart.

Lance:

DEC4L may have been intending to do more than make the save, but Burnett doesn't look like he's about to give him the chance.

DDK:

Hector Navarro is working hard to maintain order in there, trying to split these men apart and get the attention back on the two legal--HEY!! EYE WITH AN EYE POKE!!

Lance:

And Navarro didn't see it!

As Daymon goes to pull him up, Natty Eyce pounces and rakes his fingers across the face while the ref's back is turned. Eye rises up quickly, scooping Zack off his feet, first flipping him over and bringing him down across the knee with a shoulder-breaker, then rearing back the other way into a falling powerslam that leaves Daymon rolling violently across the ring.

DDK:

Eye with a MASSIVE shoulder-breaker into a fallaway slam combo, and just like that, this match has shifted back into M4NTRA's favor!

Lance:

All in the blink of an... EYE.

DDK:

Puns aside, it's clear now that Nathan Eye is going to take advantage of every opportunity that presents itself in that ring. Nathan, sizing up Daymon now... Zack rises up--AND NEARLY GETS DECAPITATED by the running clothesline! Eye with the cradle to make the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! Daymon kicks out!

Eye pulls Daymon up and throws him hard into his own corner before making the tag to bring Declan Alexander back in. DEC4L steps through the ropes and crosses the ring, taunting Leo Burnett out on the apron with a smirk and a wave of his hand across his face. Burnett swipes at him, but gets nothing when Alexander suddenly bolts back to his corner where his partner stands positioned in front of Daymon.

DDK:

Here comes DEC4L... Eye with a BELLY-TO-BELLY--and ALEXANDER GETS SENT INTO ZACK DAYMON with an ASSISTED SENTON into the corner!

Lance:

Incredible combination there!

Daymon's lifeless body flops face-first to the canvas, and Eye and Alexander subsequently celebrate over him to a largely jeering crowd. Navarro finally gets things moving again by ordering Eye out to the corner, but Natty Eyce doesn't stay there long as DEC4L high-fives him back into the ring.

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the Prize ... and you can win any match you want!

DDK:

DEC4L right back out, and Eye back in! Daymon is down and not moving! Nathan rolls him onto his back and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--NO!!

Lance:

Just got it up.

Eye sets Daymon up and bulldogs him with a headlock, burying his forearm into his neck to cut off the circulation. The life begins to fade from Zack's eyes. Seeing his partner in trouble, Burnett actively begins slapping the turnbuckle to rally the crowd.

DDK:

Zack Daymon is in bad shape here, with Nathan Eye literally squeezing the life out of him! But Leo Burnett is doing whatever he can to keep his partner in this!

Lance:

It's practically all he can do from out there on the apron, short of going in there and breaking it up himself.

The expression on Burnett's face is concerned, but far from distressed. He still believes the fight is there within his partner. Slowly, the fans crescendo into a chorus of accelerating claps. Hearing them, Daymon extends his arm and balls his hand into a quaking fist, dredging up all of his willpower to hang on. Eye's head shakes in disbelief.

DDK:

Hold the phone! Zack, digging deep, finds his footing! He's working his way up! Nathan Eye can hardly believe it!

Lance:

Nevertheless, he's got a vice-like grip on Daymon's head.

DDK:

But perhaps not for long! Zack gets in an elbow to the side of Nathan Eye! There's a second! He's trying to fight his way out of this!

Eye winces from the sharp shots, but tries to maintain poise and bring Daymon back to the canvas by turning around and using his hip to leverage him over. But Zack senses it coming and rolls through over onto his feet. Eye tries to hang onto a three-quarter facelock, but Daymon breaks him off. Now facing each other, both men go into motion...

DDK:

Daymon... Eye... DOUBLE JUMPING ENZIGURIS--AND THEY BOTH CONNECT!!

Lance:

They both had the same idea, and it led to a double knock-out!

DDK:

Navarro begins the ten count! Nathan's EYES are fluttering! Daymon, running on fumes, is trying to drag himself to his corner!

Berlin is thundering with cheers as the battle wages on. Zack creeps in one direction toward the outstretched arm of Leo Burnett while Nathan heads to the waiting DEC4L.

Lance:

Zack Daymon had to make a tag here.

DDK:

And both Eye and Alexander look desperate to not let that happen! Daymon is SO CLOSE now...

Daymon's fingertips close the distance from feet to inches to mere *hairs*. Then, without warning...

DDK:

WHAT?!

To the surprise and dismay of everyone, DEC4L rushes in and pulls Daymon back to the center of the ring! Angry and frustrated, Burnett slaps the top rope and yells at Hector to do something about it. But before the official can do anything, Alexander hurriedly rallies Nathan back to the corner and hops out to the apron to receive the tag.

DDK:

I would have expected something like that out of Nathan Eye, but not DEC4L! What's gotten into him?!

Lance:

I guess the desire to win this match is that great. A highly competitive battle like this may be forcing Declan to reevaluate some of his values.

DDK:

Yeah, but... wait a second, DEC4L now calling upon his partner for an assist! I think M4NTRA smell blood in the water here!

Eye remains groggy off the kick to his noggin, but DEC4L takes command and directs traffic. Picking up what he's putting down, Natty Eye picks up the nearly lifeless Zack Daymon and sets him onto his shoulders into an electric chair position while Alexander posts up to the top rope. Burnett intently watches the proceedings, wanting to put a stop to it, but steadfastly holding back...

Lance:

"Skyfire" Zack Daymon is getting a bit closer to the sky now!

DDK:

He's being set up for an ELEVATED PLAY OF THE GAME... DEC4L OFF THE TOP with THE JUMPING CUTTER--

...CAUGHT BY DAYMON!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

Nathan's legs nearly buckle under the sudden weight of two men on his shoulders. Daymon, successfully deflecting Declan's attempt to bring him crashing down to the mat, instinctively resets the PogChamp into his arms, twists, and rolls. In an amazing feat of killing two birds with one stone, Zack brings Eye flipping to the mat with a hurricanrana while ALSO landing a flipping powerslam on Alexander!

DDK:

WOW!! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN MY LIFE!!

Lance:

Now Daymon has his chance!

Daymon pops up to his feet, but immediately staggers on rubber legs, visibly disoriented. His unfocused eyes search for his corner, where Leo is about to jump out of his own skin looking for a tag. Zack's weight suddenly pitches in the wrong direction, but at the last second, he pivots and falls the other way, hand BARELY slapping Burnett's waiting palm.

DDK:

TAG MADE TO LEO BURNETT!

The crowd roars with approval! Paradoxical to his nickname, "The Iceman" hits the ring like a house on fire. Running polish hammers going either way to both DEC4L and Eye keep the opposition from finding their footing. When that doesn't keep them down, Leo switches to throwing scoop slams left and right.

DDK:

LEO BURNETT IS CLEANING HOUSE IN THAT RING! THE ROOF IS ABOUT TO COME OFF THIS PLACE!

Lance:

He's been waiting a long time to get his hits in! This could be the game-changing moment for this match!

Declan retreats to a corner to catch his breath, but gets met with a boot to the gut to double him over. Before Eye can intervene, Burnett pulls Alexander up and POWERBOMBS HIM straight right into his chest. M4NTRA lie in a heap while Leo pops back to his feet and roars, getting a charge from the Berlin Faithful. If his wrestling gear had straps, he'd no doubt be tearing them down.

DDK:

Burnett has single-handedly taken control of this ring! Now he just needs to put this one away! He brings Nathan Eye up to his feet... and throws him over the ropes!

Lance:

And then there was one!

Burnett draws a thumb across his neck as he pulls the dazed Declan Alexander back to his feet and chickenwings both arms from behind.

SHEEEEEEEEEESH!

♪ "Sheesh!" by Surfaces & Tai Verdes ♪

DDK:

...What in the world?

Lance:

...Sure this was a mistake from the audio crew, I apologize on behalf of DEFIANCE at this big mome-

DDK:

Don't look now, Lance.

Sure enough, Makayla Namaste begins walking out from behind the giant DEFIANCE fist to the massive jeers of the Berlin Faithful.

Leo Burnett stares down the aisle completely confused as the Goddess of Good Vibes looks down over her big brown sunglasses towards the ring. This is neither wrestling, nor is it shutting up.

The Faithful have had enough of Makayla, their original apathetic silence has turned into boastful boos as Declan Alexander falls limp to the mat. Burnett can't help but hold his arms up confused at the InstaFamous Influencer paying no attention to Nate Eye who slides the loaded book into the ring.

Lance:

Someone needs to get this girl out of here! She overstayed her welcome. Does she really think she can just come out to here anytime she wants?! We have a match going on here!

DDK:

DON'T DO IT, DECLAN!

DEC4L takes a look over at Makayla walking down towards the ring and then again down at the book in his hand. Burnett waves off Namaste and reaches down to grab Alexander...

DDK:

Dammit, Declan! What has gotten into you?!

The PogChamp slams the steel book across the head of Leo Burnett. Daymon attempts to jump into the ring, but between his rubber legs and Nate Eye grabbing his leg and pulling him off the apron at the last second there isn't

much he can do. Hector Navarro missed the whole thing as Makayla Namaste stops at the end of the aisle and pushes her sunglasses back up her nose and crosses her arms. Alexander then drops Leo Burnett with the play of the game!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The Berlin Faithful roar in a cacophony of chaotic anger as Declan Alexander rolls over onto his back, his chest heaving in and out as his victory is tolled. Behind Hector Navarro, Nathaniel Eye slides into the ring and grabs his loaded book on the way to greet his tag team partner in victory.

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Zack Daymon makes his way into the ring to have a few words with Hector Navarro as Natty Eyce encourages his victorious tag team partner to leave the ring with him and they do without even getting their arms raised in victory. Inside the ring, Leo Burnett is trying to process what just happened to him as Nathan Eye and DEC4L meet Makayla Namaste outside the ring. Nate has his partner's arm raised triumphantly, but the look on Alexander's face doesn't exactly look like that of a proud victor. That is, until Makayla Namaste turns his face to her's and kisses him right on the lips to an even bigger boo from the Faithful. Declan can't help but smile after as they both raise his arms proudly.

Lance:

It's fair to say we've had doubts about Declan Alexander's affiliation with Tom Morrow and Nathaniel Eye since day one, Lance. It seemed like a fantastic pairing of BRAZEN stars but DEC4L never fit into their dynamic... until now.

DDK:

Like a sheep in a den of wolves.

Lance:

Declan has taken the wool off of all of eyes. We've watched him become a wolf right in front of us tonight.

DDK:

If Vivica J. Valentine could talk to you right now, Declan, she'd be sick to her stomach. This is against everything you are and everything you've stood for. She taught him better. He was corrupted, Lance. Plain and simple. Sickening. Disgusting.

Lance:

Perhaps the gaze of the opposite sex makes fools of us all, Darren.

DDK:

Ain't that the truth. Unbelievable.

Frustrated with Hector Navarro, Daymon finally gives up his fight and Leo appears to apologize to his tag team partner as the pair look back at the trio celebrating their way up the aisle. Embarrassed. And furious.

DO YOU BELIEVE?

The feed goes to the handsome duo in the commentation station.

DDK:

DEFIANCE Road continues, ladies and gentlemen, and what a trip it's been thus far! But the journey is far from over, as next up we have...

Keebler's smile melts into a look of confusion. He taps at his headset.

DDK:

Strange, we appear to be getting some audial interference. Is that static? Are you hearing that, Lance?

Warner's lips make words, but nothing can be picked up on his mic. They now exchange equally bewildered expressions.

DDK:

Lance??

The two frantically begin checking buttons and fiddling with wires to diagnose the issue. Instead, it seemingly spreads out further into the Mercedes-Benz Arena in the form of flickering lights and white noise fading in over the PA system.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm not sure what's going on here, but we appear to be experiencing technical diff--

Keebler's voice abruptly cuts off, and static fills the screen.

For several seconds, the globally streaming Pay Per View broadcast is overtaken by indecipherable buzzing and marching ants. A production blunder of categorically epic proportions... or so it should seem.

But eventually, the static begins to disperse, as though a televised signal was push its way through. An image comes into focus: A human head. A mane of black hair. A tinfoil hat.

And two unforgettable, blazingly bloodshot eyes.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWWWWRRRRRRRRRRRIIIIGHT YA MUTHAFUGGIN' SCUM NOW LISTEN UP!!!"

The Escape Artist. The Goat Bastard. The Favoured Sinner. The King of Bong Style.

REZIN.

Rezin:

Do NOT adjust your boob-tubes, my doob-dudes! OL' DOPESMOKER IS PATCHIN' INTO THIS BROADCAST TO GET AT YA!! Transmittin' this important message from MY SECRET SUBTERRANEAN BUNKER, where I'm currently ridin' out the inevitable takeover of Earth by the devious, scheming ALIEN SHAPESHIFTERS FROM THE FURTHEST REACHES OF THE WITCHHEAD NEBULA!!

In the months since we've last seen the Goat Bastard, his beard and skullet have seemingly grown thicker. New cracks of age and anxiety fill the corners of his taut and twitching face. He appears to be in a very dark, cramped room. A Pepe Silvia wall of photographs, newspaper clippings, and random connections of yarn hangs on the wall behind him.

Rezin:

Now look, gang, I ain't got much time here, but YA GOTTA BELIEVE ME! I've been watchin' DEFtv from down here, and based on what I'm seein', I am completely CONVINCED that the SHAPESHIFTERS have FINALLY TAKEN

OVER all of DEFIANCE WRESTLING! AND YOU'RE ALL IN DANGER!!

He leans further into the screen. The view is nothing but his insane glare.

Rezin:

So, while ya still can, PLEASE... get yourselves underground! ANYWHERE! Basements, cellars, caves, crypts, tunnels, sewers, sex dungeons, secret science labs... WHATEVER and WHEREVER ya can get to! We can rebuild the wrestling society BELOW THE SURFACE! I know of this ABANDONED MINESHAFT that would be a GREAT place to fit a wrestlin' ring! YA FUGGERS EVER SEEN A MOONSAULT OUT A MINECART?! WE CAN MAKE IT SO!! TRUST ME, THEY'LL NEVER FIND US DOWN HERE!! YA GOTTA BELIEVE ME!! HIGH NEED YA TO BELIEVE ME!!

KA-POOMF!!

Rezin:

HWHOAFUCCTHEYFOUNDMEIDUNNOHOWBUTTHEYFOUNDMERUNFORRITMARTY!!!

Rezin pitches backwards and falls out of the shot as a two plumes of PURPLE SMOKE. When it soon clears (because unsurprisingly, an underground shelter belonging to someone who used to roll with the name DOPESMOKER comes equipped with impeccable ventilation) two dapper twin magicians appear on the screen.

Carlo Amaretto:

AVANTI, D'FIANCE!

Gomez Amaretto:

And GUTEN TAG, Berrrr-LIN!

They pose.

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AAAMAAAZIIIIuuuh..?

The Amazing Amarettos suddenly realize that something is amiss.

Carlo Amaretto:

Wait just a tap of the wand here... THIS is not Berlin! The TANTRIC TARTARIAN TELEPORTATION TECHNIQUE has NEVER failed us! What happened here, Gomez?!

Gomez Amaretto:

I am just as astounded as YOU, Carlo! Something MUST have disrupted our MENTAL MAGIC LINK to the ETHEREAL PLANE!

Carlo Amaretto:

BAH! What an absolute FIASCO! We were meant to bring the gift of MAGIC to the poor, pitiful, meager-minded little people watching D'FIANCE Rue! You know, I bet it was Suzie who screwed up!

Gomez Amaretto:

Oh, I KNOW it was Suzie! Infernal woman! She's on the ACCURSED COMMODORE of the AZTECS cleaning duty for a solid month after this!

Carlo Amaretto:

Whatever, let's beat it! Smells like... dead skunks and... hot peppers in here.

Gomez Amaretto:

Okay, let's try this again...

Carlo Amaretto:

BOJACK! ARCHER! MORTY AND RICK!

Gomez Amaretto:

GET US OUTTA HERE, AND MAKE IT QUICK!

KA-POOMF!!

In another burst of purple smoke, the Amazing Amarettos disappear.

Rezin's eyes reappear seconds later peeking out from the bottom edge of the frame. Timidly, he creeps his way back into position before his "transmission device".

Rezin:

Well COOK MY KEEF CATCHER! My position has obviously been COMPROMISED! I gotta get outta here... get my ass set up OFF-OFF THE GRID! Maybe my ol' pal Florida Man still has that room available... unless...

His wary eyes flash to the camera. Then, he clears his throat and recomposes himself.

Rezin:

Ya know, gang, I've been thinkin' lately...

Duck and cover, ladies and gentlemen. Nothing good ever follows those words.

Rezin:

Had a lot of time to reflect down here in this five-by-five cube of brick and mortar, smokin' weeks old dope, shittin' in a bucket, and subsidin' offa diet of cheddar jalapeno-flavored Cheetos. Not always, but more often than not, in that exact order. But honestly, while escape is this ol' Dopesmoker's art, I gotta admit to myself that runnin' off and hidin' from the world ain't really all that PUNK ROCK. Cause I just keep thinkin' how while I'm down here, safe and sound, all ya crazy muthafuggas are out THERE, EXPOSED and VULNERABLE to the COUNTLESS DANGERS that are THREATENIN' YOUR ERRYDAY WRESTLIN' LIVES!!

He furiously shakes his head.

Rezin:

NNAAHH, FUCK that noise! I ain't gonna sit down here any longer and wait for the end to come! No matter the odds, I'm gonna go out there and FIGHT! And if I go down in the face in inevitable, then IF THERE'S ANYTHING YA CAN BELIEVE, IT'S THAT THIS HEAD-PUNTIN', BUG-HUNTIN', FAT-BLUNTIN', PUBLICITY-STUNTIN' SUM'BISH IS GOIN' DOWN SWINGIN'!

Rezin clenches his FIST before the camera.

Rezin:

I, REZIN, WILL BE THE **DEF**-ENDER OF DEFIANCE!! From Goat Bastard to GOAT BASTION!!

He salutes.

Rezin:

BELIEVE ME, DEFIANCE!! Together, WE CAN STOP 'EM FROM TAKIN' OVER! JOIN ME, DEFIANCE! **THE RESISTANCE** BEGINS NOWS!

"Hey, bub..."

A raspy voice from within the room startles Rezin mid-rant the moment he realizes he's not alone. To his surprise, Suzie, the not-so-lovely assistant to the Amazing Amarettos, leans into the shot.

Suzie:

So, uhhh... my shift at the bar starts in fifteen, and those bozos left me here. Ya thinks youse can give me a ride to the Applebee's?

Rezin redirects his attention back to his transmitter. Or, in other words, his phone.

Rezin:

THE REZISTANCE BEGINS AS SOON AS I KILL ME SOME WON-TON CHICKEN TACOS!! But until then, gang, remember to keep your eyes open, your hands busy, your bowls packed, your lighters burnin', your heads foiled, and your pants shitted, and I'LL BE BACK THERE IN NO TIME, and TOGETHER we'll KICK! ALIEN! SHAPE! SHIFTER! ASS!!

As his transmission begins to tune out, he whips his head back to Suzie.

Rezin:

Okay, you horrible, horrible woman... let's hit it! To the REZIN-MOBILE!

Or, in other words, his decommissioned giant metal spider.

Static overtakes the screen. It lingers for a beat, and in a flash...

...the broadcast returns to the Mercedes-Benz Arena.

NO HOLDS BARRED: TYLER FUSE vs. JACK HARMEN

The match graphic appears and the crowd anticipates a serious, upcoming brawl.

DDK:

This has been going on for a year and it will finally come to a close. The last time these two men met in a singles match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, the contest was immediately thrown out because Tyler Fuse tossed Jack Harmen off the stage and then both of them brawled around the arena. This time, it is anything goes, so Tyler and Jack can do whatever they'd like.

Lance:

Tyler broke High Flyer IV's arm, Jack Harmen's son, on three separate occasions, via an arm bar over the last calendar year and a half. Legally, and inside the ring. Before Tyler broke HFIV's arm for the third time, Fuse was tapping out to an arm bar applied **by** High Flyer IV. MOST of this feud between Fuse and the Harmen's has been kept inside-the-ring but it spilled out of it over the awards show, when Tyler challenged The Flying Frenchie, the longtime friend and rival of Jack Harmen.

DDK:

Well, Fuse didn't exactly come out to challenge Pierre now, did he?

Lance:

No. Instead, Tyler revealed he was in possession of The Flying Frenchie's signature beret. Except the beret was covered in blood, Frenchie's blood. Tyler attacked Frenchie backstage and left him laying in a massive pool of his own blood, taking the beret as his "trophy", since Tyler didn't win a DEFy award.

DDK:

Unfortunately, we have an update on Pierre Delacroix, The Flying Frenchie, and it's not good. He's going to be out for a significant period of time. Given his age and disposition, it is rumored his career might be done.

Lance:

No way to sugarcoat this. Awful news. We here at DEFIANCE wish Frenchie a speedy recovery and if we don't see him back in the ring, we just hope his health remains intact.

DDK:

He is expected to make a full recovery, but given the miles he's gone through... we are hearing reports that Pierre Delacroix is going to step away permanently. He only signed a one year DEFIANCE contract directly after his 2023 DEFCON match with Malak Garland, and he most certainly isn't going to be cleared until after this year's DEFCON...

Lance:

Well, Pierre, if you're watching at home, we're all rooting for you. Jack Harmen, please let Tyler have what's coming to him - his first singles loss in over two years. It's more than deserved.

DDK:

Let's go to ringside with Darren Quimbey!

The scene switches to the announcer in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

RRRRRAAAHHHHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

And it is a NO HOLDS BARRED match! Introducing first... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... TYLER FUSE!

However, no theme music plays. The crowd waits, slowly wondering what's happening.

DDK:

Faithful, Faithful, we have to go backstage!

The scene immediately cuts to somewhere in the back where Jack Harmen is hammering the living piss out of Tyler Fuse! Fuse, who's sporting black jeans and the bloody beret on his head. Jack is relentlessly clubbing Tyler around, then grabs him by his jeans and hurls him straight into the brick wall!

OOF!

Harmen wears faded blue jeans and slick, wet hair as he tosses it back and runs towards Fuse...

With the Locomotive!

The charge pops the bloody beret off Tyler's head, then sends Fuse in a spin and a quick collapse onto the floor. Harmen has absolutely no quit in him. He peels Tyler off the cement and throws him **AS HARD AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE** into the wall once again.

Harmen looks down and sees the beret.

Jack Harmen:

This does not belong to **you**.

Jack slowly walks the beret over to a production crew member but before he gets there Tyler Fuse leaps into the scene and jumps onto Harmen's back. Jack drops the beret on the floor as Tyler rakes at Jack's eyes... so The Lunatic only has one move he can think of.

Jump backwards, to the floor, with Tyler still attached to him.

SLAM!

Fuse meets the cement and Harmen's body further crashes into the OG Player. Tyler lets out a cry of pain as Jack rolls off, completely unharmed. The legend drags Tyler off the floor by his hair and starts to wave the nearby cameramen and production assistants out of the way.

DDK:

I believe they are making their way out here!

Harmen's march is with purpose, a headstrong purpose. To hurt and to pummel. To give Tyler exactly what he gave his son and his longtime friend.

The Faithful cheer loudly as Harmen appears behind the giant LCD FIST logo at the top of the stage with Tyler in a headlock. Harmen takes a brief second to survey his surroundings... and then grabs Fuse by the back of his jeans once again.

Lance:

Oh... oh no! He's going to do it!

DDK:

I never want to see carnage like this but... Tyler has it coming.

Lance:

Jack's going to launch Fuse off the rampway! Exactly what happened to himself at **MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!**

Harmen shouts into the crowd and runs Tyler towards the edge of the rampway when-

When-

When-

When Jack stops!

Smirks.

And reverses course.

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?

Jack starts running Tyler towards the ENTRANCE and the massive LCD FIST.

He lets go of Fuse. Tyler FLIES towards the FIST, right shoulder and side of his head first-

CRASH!!

BOOM!!!

POP!!!

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHH!!

Tyler not only meets the middle of the massive LCD FIST but he crashes halfway through it, breaking apart the crystal display and causing the entire FIST logo to short circuit!

It doesn't stop at the FIST. The lights in the arena flicker on and off; the video screen above the ring completely shuts down. Electrical sparks fly from the production section behind the stage. Even one tiny PINK pyro fires off from the right side of the rampway, probably meant for a Vae Victis entrance. Tyler Fuse remains stuck in the FIST, halfway in, halfway out, as Harmen takes a moment to spit on him amongst the sparks...

Zip.

Zap.

...darkness.

The entire arena loses its power.

The German Faithful, however, are rabid.

ACH DU LIEBER

Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap

ACH DU LIEBER

Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap

ACH DU LIEBER

Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap

Harmen is down on all fours, staring across the way at Tyler Fuse as Tyler's lower body sticks out of the LCD structure.

Harmen slowly works his way upright and he calmly, almost methodically like Tyler Fuse would, stalks his prey...

Meanwhile EMTs swarm the location but Jack Harmen easily walks through the group, bumping shoulders with a couple of them, eyes locked on Fuse. The Lunatic snatches Tyler and pulls him out of the FIST logo with a German suplex, since, of course, they're in Germany.

Tyler lands on the back of his neck! He looks to be completely DOA. Or, at least, as DOA as the cameras can make out in darkness mixed with people's cell phone lights.

Lance:

We still need to get this match underway.

DDK:

Match? There's no way they're having a match-

Cutting off the Hall of Fame announcer, referee Brian Slater is out from the back and Jack Harmen has immediately tagged him for duty. Harmen walks over and plucks Slater by the ear, who then brushes Harmen's arm away. The OG High Flyer tells the referee he's going to make his way down to ringside... dragging Fuse across the ramp. Furthermore Jack would love... LOVE... LOVE!!! for there to be a pinfall count.

Brian Slater figures it's no holds barred, he might as well do his job.

DDK:

I don't think this match needs to be in the ring for it to be deemed official but Harmen is going to do it anyway.

Halfway down the LCD ramp which is not currently running, Harmen stops and hurls Fuse into the guardrail, breaking one of the Autobahn street signs in half.

CRACK!

Harmen picks up Fuse and hip tosses him into the guardrail across the other side of the ramp.

CRACK!

Finally, emergency house lights have come back on so the entranceway isn't merely lit by a plethora of cell phones.

By now, Tyler's forehead is a bloody mess, as a gush of blood seeps from the right side of his skull and down across his right arm, the same side of his body that was whipped into the LCD FIST structure.

Harmen drags the former gamer to the end of the rampway and around the side of the ring furthest away from the hard camera. With as much force as he possibly can, Jack Harmen hurls Tyler Fuse THROUGH the guardrail.

CRRRRRAAACCCCKKKKK!

Breaking it in half.

The Lunatic stops, chuckles and then takes a run towards the apron with Tyler in his hands. He tosses Fuse under the bottom rope and into the ring. Harmen puts his hands in the air like he won the Bundesliga and casually climbs up the steel steps.

Referee Brian Slater enters the ring and calls for the bell.

DING DING

Harmen doesn't enter the ring through the ropes, however. He's going to the TOP BUCKLE.

He measures.

He leaps.

HARD ELBOW to the side of Fuse's head.

Tyler's body shifts ever-so-slightly across the canvas mat. His eyes are closed, his body is motionless. He looks unconscious by the looks of things.

Harmen hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THRE-

BARELY A SHOULDER UP!!

The German Faithful are shocked but nonetheless... Tyler Fuse IS ALIVE!

Jack Harmen simply licks his lips. He leans back on his legs, cracks his shoulders and glances down at his nemesis.

Jack Harmen:

If you say so...

DDK:

Harmen is insane, he's completely out of whack. Tyler Fuse ASKED for this type of Jack Harmen and he's got him. A man who doesn't blink when his opponent kicks out. Look at him, Lance, look at the legend. He's HAPPY there's still a fight left inside Tyler Fuse!

Lance:

And we are going to the next level, aren't we? Pardon the video game pun. Tyler dropped that act a long time ago.

Harmen exits the ring but he forgot something. Oh, yes, his opponent. He reaches into the squared circle and grabs Fuse by the legs, dragging him out. By now, the blood has stopped gushing from Tyler's head but there was so, so much of it, Fuse's entire right arm is red, looking like he's wearing body paint and could join his brother, Calamity Conor, in a new body paint approach.

Harmen props Fuse onto his feet and intends to hurl him into the steel steps. Harmen Irish whips Tyler towards them-

In a last ditch effort, suddenly Fuse's lights come on. Through his crimson mask, Tyler's brown eyes shoot open. He grits his white teeth together, which also shine through the crimson mask. Tyler has a hold of Harmen's arm and reverses the Irish whip.

THUMP!

Jack goes knees first into the steps! He shoots up and over, crashing down upon the other side.

DDK:

Dammit!

Fuse falls to all fours. He closes his eyes and shuts his mouth. He is merely trying to recover from the hell he's been put through.

Lance:

Remember Darren, if there is ever a weak point to the Lunatic, it's his left knee. He's had two reconstructive knee surgeries on it in his twenties and he always prefers to use the more dominant right leg when planting.

DDK:

Seems like both knees have been chopped down on this great High Flying cherry tree by a well timed reversal. It's like a fuse has been lit in Tyler, as Harmen grovels in pain.

Harmen, on the other hand, clutches both his knees looking up at the ceiling, as if the expression on his face suggests he completely understands what the future will bring.

Tyler leaps off the unstable steel steps and drops an elbow. Fuse lands on the transcendent hero as the elder Fuse brother throws left hand after left into the temple of the fallen Lunatic. Jack sputters out a laugh from every third below, before Tyler lifts Harmen and throws him face first into the surrounding ring barricade, hitting an Autobahn speed unlimited sign. Harmen bounces off the road sign before Tyler hooks him from the side.

DDK:

Russian leg sweep into the barricade! That smack was something else Lance, I think it rattled ear drums in the upper deck!

Tyler isn't done. Another. Another!

Lance:

This is going to go at Tyler's pace now, Darren, I can feel it. And one FINAL leg sweep!

Tyler sweeps himself completely off his feet to slam Harmen back first stiffly into the barricade. Once Fuse has stunned Jack enough, Tyler grabs Harmen's left leg and kicks the underside of the knee, before dragon screwing Harmen's knee. Jack screams and reaches out but Tyler just drops his entire weight onto the knee.

Fuse pulls himself up and the German Faithful boo. It's clear Tyler needs a moment or two. He places his hands on his hips and leans forward.

DDK:

Make no mistake, damage has been done to Tyler, too. He is in A LOT of pain.

That pain suddenly starts to fade as Tyler walks to the ring, pulls back the apron and looks deep within.

What he pulls out brings a GASP to those in the first few rows.

A light tube. A Camco 54880 multi purpose light bulb for those keeping score.

Lance:

Fuse knew EXACTLY where to look. No doubt he placed it there!

Fuse has one in his hands but fuck it, it's pay-per-view. Also, you can say fuck now. Tyler goes back underneath the apron and pulls out another light tube.

He nearly clangs them together but realizes what a mistake that would have meant. The coy and clever smile on his face suggests he's rather lucky he wasn't the idiot he almost made himself out to be.

Fuse walks over to Harmen. He raises the light tubes above his head-

LOW BLOW by Harmen.

Fuse falls over. He ends up dropping the tubes but only from the side of his waist so luckily... they don't break.

Harmen's eyes go wide as he sees the tubes sitting there, slowly rolling away.

Harmen connects with an evenflow DDT to Tyler. Then he scurries after the light tubes. He bends down, picks them up... and charges towards Tyler.

Fuse moves at the last possible second, or else he would have been hit with a Scott Slugger double-tubed baseball swing! Harmen strikes out, spins around and is raked in the eyes.

Tyler pulls the tubes out of Harman's hands. Fuse swings for the fences this time.

SMASH!!!

Harmen ducks and Fuse clubs the tubes straight into the ring post! Glass explodes everywhere and some even explodes in his hands! Fuse screams, spins around and eats a roundhouse kick to the side of the head.

Harmen lifts Tyler and drops Fuse back-first into the broken pieces of glass to the horror and cheers of the crowd!

DDK:

Dear god! Tyler's plan backfired!

Harmen pushes Fuse into the ring and then joins him. Jack is about to drop a knee, his good knee, when he figures he can do a lot more damage with a weapon.

Harmen slips out of the ring and pulls forth a chair from under the apron. He reneters, drops the chair across Tyler's head.

CRUNCH.

And THEN drops the good knee!

Harmen shouts out in pain. Maybe it wasn't the good knee after all... or who the hell cares? As Tyler crawls on all fours to get away from Harmen. However, Jack picks up the chair and aims for Fuse's back.

CRACK!

Tyler drops to the canvas and yet... the OG Player shows how tough he is. He's not going to be put down easily. He's back on all fours, he's trying to crawl away.

CRACK.

Fuse falls to the canvas once more like a pancake. However, it only takes him a few seconds to get back on all fours...

CRACK.

CRACK.

CRACK.

The chair is so badly dented, Jack's not sure he can swing it anymore. Needless to say, he peels Fuse off the mat and hurls him into the ropes. He's going to yakuza kick him with the chair against the side of his leg-

But Tyler Fuse doesn't BOUNCE off the ropes. Instead, the elder Fuse Bro. somehow, someway, has the wherewithal to know his surroundings. He trips himself up and slides out of the ring. He starts to stumble back up the ramp to where he came from.

DDK:

I don't believe my eyes! Is the big, bad, tough Tyler Fuse mailing it in?

Lance:

I believe he is PACKING it in, Keebs. Mailing it in might mean he would've let Jack finish him and end the damn thing. I doubt Harmen would've just ended the match there, though. So yes, now we have Tyler on the run!

Except Fuse is barely walking. He's stumbling up the rampway. Jack Harmen stands in the middle of the ring. He drops the chair and taps his chin with his right index finger. He's almost asking the crowd through his body language if he should go after Tyler Fuse or not.

Harmen winks at the city of Berlin. DUH, he knows what to do.

Nevertheless, Harmen contemplates if he's going to take the broken chair or not. Then figures screw it, his own two hands will do... and who else knows what he will find when he's back out there.

Harmen marches forward, finding Tyler mid-way up the LCD ramp which isn't going to turn back on for the rest of the night. Jack rakes Tyler's back with his fingernails and then snatches him by the jeans, running him up the staging. Maybe Harmen figures Fuse would like to go for another trip through the broken LCD FIST.

DDK:

Not this again, we only JUST GOT BACK full power!

Lance:

I hear the pyro is caput, though. And the LCD screens are done for the night.

DDK:

Figures.

Lance:

Well, Henry Keyes' amazing entrance is clearly ruined. Not that I cared or anything.

Jack Harmen stops right before launching Fuse back into the clearly destroyed LCD FIST.

The legend sports a sarcastic frowny face.

Then The Lunatic sees the cars. The two DEFIANCE branded Mercedes-Benzes on both sides of the rampway.

Harmen walks Fuse over to the left automobile when-

CRASH!!

DDK:

Hey! What the hell!?

Princess Desire is there, light tube in hand.

Well, she used to have a light tube in hand. The glass shatters across Harmen's back and he falls to his knees, elbows in the air as if he wished he could spin his arms around and start picking out the pieces of glass stuck to his back.

The Faithful gasp wildly as Desire drops whatever is left in her hands and stoically stands over Harmen.

DDK:

Disgusting, cheap, awful. Oddly enough, Jack would be so proud.

Tyler Fuse starts crawling on the ground but he's not helped any further by The Princess. Jane Fuse merely stands there, looming over Jack Harmen before Tyler has the ability to pull himself upright.

DDK:

These two have such a strange relationship. It's like they barely interact with each other.

Lance:

Marriage.

While Lance was (likely) joking, Tyler simply grabs Jack by his green dyed hair and starts dragging him to the other side of the rampway, eyes locked on the second Mercedes-Benz.

DDK:

I don't get why Tyler would bring Harmen over to the car that's further away-

Keebler doesn't have to finish the sentence, as he realizes his eyes are answering his own statement rather quickly. Fuse drops Jack Harmen beside the driver's door and then the ex Tag Team Champion opens it...

Revealing a steering wheel and seat absolutely covered in thumb tacks.

Lance:

He boobytrapped it!

Fuse glances over to Desire, both sharing expressionless faces to one another. Tyler brings his attention back to his main target. First, Fuse drives his left boot **HARD** into the side of Harmen's temple. Then he hammers that same boot down across Jack's back, digging those broken pieces of glass even deeper into his skin.

Harmen is too knocked out to scream or shout. Perhaps, somewhere in that sick man's head, he's enjoying it... slightly.

Fuse deadlifts Harmen from the waist and directs his wife to the open car door further.

DDK:

He's going to place Jack Harmen **ON THE THUMB TACK SEAT**.

Lance:

Tyler is a sick man. This whole thing was premeditated!

Tyler is just about to drop the lifeless Harmen into the seat...

And...

And...

The crowd groans in despair!

Tyler Fuse drops Jack Harmen onto the seat!

Harmen lands on the thumbtacks but his body and eyes **IMMEDIATELY** shoot to life. He's trying to break free but Tyler places his right boot between himself and Jack Harmen, in an effort to push Jack's body deeper into the thumbtacks.

Princess Desire is once again on the scene. She takes hold of the seatbelt... but it's not a seatbelt made out of fabric.

It's one made out of barbed wire.

The horrors in the crowd... the cries of the fans... as they witness Tyler Fuse continuing to pin Jack Harmen against the thumb tack seat and Jane Fuse stretching the barbed wire seatbelt into place.

CLICK.

It's done, he's stuck there.

Tyler gives two middle fingers to his nemesis.

Tyler Fuse:

You know what they say...

He spits on the floor.

Tyler Fuse:

Safety never takes a fucking holiday.

Fuse decides he doesn't like the safety position Jack Harmen finds himself in. He nudges his wife and marches towards the car. With both hands firmly wrapped around Jack's head, Tyler directs Harmen's face towards the thumb tack steering wheel!

DDK:

No. Please. You've done enough!

Tyler Fuse:

ROAD RAGE AHEAD!

Fuse pushes Harmen's right cheek into the steering wheel.

HONK.

He pushes it further.

HONK.

And as far as it can go.

HONK!!!!

Blood is seeping down Harmen's cheek and neck, as Tyler pulls the legend's head off the wheel and to the headrest he came from (which is also covered in thumb tacks, so there you go).

Next up... Tyler takes Harmen's left leg and sticks it out of the car, with Harmen's left knee, his BAD knee, directly in harm's way. Because if someone was to close the driver's door...

Well, Tyler Fuse clearly intends to close the door.

He places both hands on the door. He cranks the door back, further than it's typically intended.

He **THROWS** it forward.

SLAM!

Fuse cocks his head. The slam didn't sound like it met anything other than the lock and placement it was supposed to. Nothing broke its fall.

Tyler walks around the car door. He realizes it's completely closed.

A furious Fuse grabs the door handle and opens the car. Suddenly, the seat belt has been unbuckled and Jack Harmen's left leg is free to PUNT Fuse in the face.

Peeling himself off the thumb tack seat, Harmen is out and his back is a god damn bloody mess. Running off whatever is left in his system, the former fWo World Champion stumbles forward and kicks Tyler Fuse for a second time. Harmen eyes Princess Desire, as if to suggest he WILL lose his shit on her if she takes a step forward. So, instead, she takes a step back. Nevertheless, her face doesn't break a sweat.

Like a bat out of hell, Harmen takes Fuse and tosses him straight into the back passenger window.

CRASH!

Fuse ricochets out of it so Harmen steers Fuse into the rearview window.

CRASH!

Why stop there? Let's put Fuse's head through the other passenger window on the opposite side of the car.

CRASH!

Harmen chuckles.

Jack Harmen:
SHOTGUN!

CRASH!

Through the front passenger's window.

Jack Harmen: [trying to sing]
...Of his best friend's ride, trying to holler at me!

Fuse is more of a bloody mess than he was when he went shoulder first through the LCD screen.

Ohhh and Harmen isn't done. He marches Fuse to the trunk of the Benz and hip tosses Tyler onto it!

The former Favored Saints Champion rolls off and the trunk latch opens. Jack lifts it up higher and peers inside. His eyes go wide with glee.

There's a rather large bag sitting there.

DDK:
I have no idea how this man is able to function right now. Look at the glass and tacks in his back.

Lance:
Hmm, I think Harmen found something to keep him going.

Jack takes the brown bag and looks inside. His smirk twirls with delight! His eyes shift between the contents in the bag and what he's going to do with them. There's no magic mushrooms in here. Not even the regular kind Conor likes to munch on.

Harmen stomps towards the front of the car. He hops onto the hood and then pours out what's inside of the bag, all over the front windshield.

MOAR thumb tacks.

Lots and lots of thumb tacks!

Lance:

I guess Tyler had leftovers.

Harmen hops off the hood. He collects Tyler Fuse and drags him towards the Mercedes-Benz.

DDK:

We all know what's coming.

Harmen lifts Fuse onto the Mercedes-Benz. Standing on the hood, Jack wastes little time. With one glance over to The Princess, to ensure she is far, far away (yep, she is) he connects with a leg sweeping side slam (Rock Bottom), putting Tyler Fuse's back through the scattered thumb tacks and also, inconsequentially, through the windshield.

CRAAAACCCCKKK!!

No clapping this time from The German Faithful, only a bedlam of cheers and chants.

ACH DU LIEBER!

ACH DU LIEBER!

ACH DU LIEBER!

DDK:

TYLER FUSE HAS BEEN ABSOLUTELY DESTROYED THROUGH EVERY SINGLE SIDE AND ANGLE OF THIS MERCEDES!

Lance:

I am here for it!

Harmen drops down on his knees and decides to put his elbows and upper body through whatever pieces of glass and tacks are laying there as well. Brian Slater does remain relatively closeby. It looks like Harmen wants to make a cover!

Slater gingerly approaches the car and taps his arm against the space between the driver's door and the back door beside it for the count.

ONE.

TWO.

Slater stops. He waves off the THREE by telling Jack Harmen that Tyler Fuse's left shoulder is no longer pinned against the automobile. It's actually slipped off the edge of the windshield entirely.

DDK:

Attention to detail- c'mon!

Lance:

Slater is right, though. It's no holds barred but there still needs to be a pin. It's NOT a legal pin if someone's shoulder isn't PINNED. Hence why it's called a pin. Sorry, Keebs. Tyler's shoulder is not up against a thing right now. Therefore, Harmen can't win the match!

DDK:

I guess you're right.

Harmen realizes he can't exactly drag Tyler's shoulder back to where he came from because Fuse is slipping off further and further. Tyler is totally comatose, so Harmen lets him fall off the car and like a ragdoll dummy and Tyler crumbles to the floor below.

Harmen dusts off his hands and stands on the hood as the crowd gives him a massive cheer in response. Finally, Jack jumps off the Mercedes with an axe handle smash across the back of Tyler. Then he lifts the OG Player onto his shoulder and slowly but surely marches towards the ring.

However, as he's making his way down the ramp he sees what Princess Desire is doing.

She left the scene alright. She's in the middle of the ring, setting up tables, leaning them over each corner of the ring. But these aren't any of your typical, regular tables...

They all have barbed wire wrapped around them.

Harmen drops Fuse at the bottom of the ramp. He sees Desire working on setting up table number three in corner number three. He slides in, realizing Jane hasn't figured out what's going on.

Jack taps her on the shoulder while the crowd stands in anticipation.

She spins around and kicks Harmen in the balls! She was playing possum this entire time.

...Then again, so was he.

Because Jack Harmen doesn't double over. Instead, he's got Desire's foot trapped in-between his legs, stopped JUST short before his boys could take a beating. Outsmarted by the crafty veteran, she should have known better.

A groggy as shit Tyler Fuse slides into the ring, in an attempt to save his wife but Jack Harmen pushes Desire into the ropes and in one easy swoop, he hip tosses Tyler through barbed wire table number one in corner number one!

CRACK!

JAAAAAAAAA!!!

Fuse's face is a flood of agony and pain as Harmen peels Tyler off the barbed wire and marches him towards table number two in corner number two.

A second hip toss.

CRACK!

The fans wince in pain as they see Tyler's body crash through! His skin picks up a number of barbs in the process.

DDK:

This backfired alright!

Lance:

You're telling me.

Jack Harmen sees that, yes, Princess Desire WAS initially able to set up table numero three. He's going to send Tyler through it with another hip toss when Jane jumps in front of them both.

The Lunatic shrugs.

Jack Harmen:

Have it your way.

Without a second thought, Jack drops Tyler Fuse, scoops up Desire and POWERSLAMs her through the third barbed wire table in the third corner, to the ballistic and sickening delight of The Faithful!

CRACK!

DDK:

Desire FINALLY gets what she deserves!

Lance:

Honest question, has she ever ended up in harm's way before? Because I can't seem to recall...

Desire is near motionless on the canvas, only her eyelids blink once or twice. Otherwise, she's a complete zombie.

Harmen sees the fourth and final barbed wire table lying unopened in the middle of the ring. He bends over, picks it up and then drags it across the canvas to the only empty corner in the squared circle, the fourth corner.

He drapes the table over the buckle. He turns around-

CRASH!!!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

The German crowd cheer in English, they clearly can't help themselves.

DDK:

TYLER FUSE SPEARED JACK HARMEN THROUGH THE TABLE.

Both men are destroyed. replays show the back of Harmen's head eats the table and then the second turnbuckle, while his entire body is shredded through the barbs and broken pieces of wood. Tyler, on the other hand, ends up absorbing a barb through his mouth in the process of the spear... and as he rolls onto his back, staring at the ceiling above, a gush of blood spills down the left side of his bottom lip.

GEH ZUM TEUFEL

TYLER FUSE

GEH ZUM TEUFEL

TYLER FUSE

GEH ZUM TEUFEL

TYLER FUSE

DDK:

All three of them are down and I don't think anyone is getting...

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

DDK:

Up.

Keebler has to finish the sentence but Princess Desire is on her feet first. Well, she's on her knees. She's barely functioning. No matter, she eventually lands on her own two feet except that blank look upon her face, this time it's not there on purpose. She's clearly trying to comprehend what's going on.

She scans the ring. She sees the broken tables. She sees broken table one... two... then hers...

Then theirs.

Jane collapses like an accordion and falls out of the ring. Meanwhile, inside the ropes Tyler Fuse is somehow, somehow, also coming to.

He's on all fours. He sees Jane outside the ring. He nods to her.

Tyler Fuse:

Do it.

She nods back.

Tyler Fuse:

Yep.

Jane sucks back whatever is in her mouth and spits a wad of blood to the floor. Receiving a second wind, she walks around to the side of the ring directly in front of the rampway and entrance. She pulls back the apron, kneels down and drags out another table covered in barbed wire. However, as she sets this one up on the outside, she walks back to the apron and pulls out a bucket...

Of broken glass.

She pours the many, massive and small pieces of broken glass across the table.

She's not done.

She reaches back underneath the apron and reveals...

A gas can.

The crowd is hysterical! There are cheers, boos, screams of concern as Jane Fuse twists off the gas lid and drops the entire bucket on top of the table, coating it for what's about to come.

Lance:

This is going to bring a whole new meaning to "light the fuse", isn't it...

DDK:

You had to go there.

Inside the ring, Tyler Fuse crawls. He's once again doused in his own blood and he's kicking at Jack Harmen, in the hopes to keep the legend down. Fuse cracks his neck to the left, then cracks it to the right. He leans over and plucks the wrestling Hall of Famer off the mat and pushes him towards the side of the ring where the next piece of carnage -and perhaps the final piece at that- is waiting.

Desire hasn't lit anything just yet... but she does reveal the last element.

A lighter in her back pocket.

Tyler nods, so Princess places the lighter in her pocket again and slides into the ring.

Both Fuse's start unloading boot after boot to Harmen.

DDK:

There's no help! There's none! High Flyer IV isn't here, with his arm broken and all. Flying Frenchie is injured. Hell, my understanding is Gage Blackwood is with Bronson Box from the events of last night, likely still in ER!

Lance:

No help, you say?

But Harmen is trying to fight, he's trying to regain a vertical base and blow through the merciless boots stomping down upon him. The crowd attempts to get behind Harmen. There's a massive ROAR for the OG High Flyer.

Stomp, stomp, stomp.

Yet The Lunatic has a smile on his face!

And then...

POP!

Jack Harmen is on his feet.

Harmen with a clothesline to Desire! He spins around and almost flawlessly takes down Tyler with a back elbow smash! Harmen hits the ropes-

His right knee gives away.

Tyler pounces.

Implant DDT.

On a broken table piece and a barbed wire for added insult.

Desire slips out of the ring, as Tyler pushes Harmen and himself through the middle rope and onto the apron. Fuse takes a deep breath. He looks into the rafters. It's one of the first times he's ever displayed a facial expression... of fear.

He meets eyes with his wife.

Tyler Fuse:

DO IT.

She doesn't bat an eye.

She reveals the lighter.

She clicks the trigger.

She lights the table on fire.

It is ablaze!

DDK:

NO, TYLER. THERE HAS TO BE ANOTHER WAY TO DO THIS. THERE HAS TO. THERE HAS TO!!

Fuse places Jack's head under his right shoulder. He runs up the turnbuckle pad from the apron. He pushes off. He spins in mid-air and he directs both himself and Jack Harmen's head and upper body into the flames below.

CRASH.

CRACK.

BURNNNNNN!!

The crowd screams and cheers, as Tyler and Jack go through the burning table! The flames are put out, but not before Tyler rolls around in a crazy amount of torture!

DDK:

Fuse connects with CQC, the running bulldog, putting Jack Harmen's HEAD and the both of them collectively THROUGH THE BLOODY TABLE!

The legend is out like a light, laying on his back, through the broken pieces of wood, glass and aforementioned blaze.

Tyler Fuse, on the other hand, is almost passing out himself.

So Princess Desire drags him over to Jack Harmen and places his arm on top.

Brian Slater (who yes, is still lingering around) drops to the floor and makes the academic count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Stunned silence.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... Tyler Fuse.

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Princess Desire wastes very little time. She leans down and starts helping Tyler Fuse to his feet. It's obvious Fuse doesn't know where he is but thankfully, for his sake at least, he has the ability to put a mild amount of weight on his feet as Desire starts walking him up the rampway.

DDK:

This is a devastating loss for Jack Harmen...

Lance:

Keebs, I respectfully disagree. Harmen absolutely brought it and so did Tyler Fuse. Yes, many people are going to point to Desire's interference but the bottom line here is Tyler won the match. This is a massive victory for him and I truly believe it has less impact on the legendary High Flyer. Jack Harmen is a made man, no matter what. He's a household name. He's transcendent. Well, Tyler Fuse made a statement tonight. Through the LCD screen, barbed wire, a windshield, thumb tacks, tables, glass and fire, Tyler Fuse initially targeted Jack Harmen last year to make a statement: he's a solid wrestler, he should be taken extremely seriously and he has the ability to put anyone down. The man has not been pinned in singles action since January 6, 2022. Yes, he's lost matches outside of singles competition but I have a feeling 2024 is going to be huge for Tyler Fuse...

The cameras stay with Desire, helping drag Tyler behind the broken FIST logo, past the curtain, through gorilla and into the backstage hallway. Meanwhile EMTs are down to check on Jack Harmen, who hasn't moved an inch since losing the match.

The feed once again switches to the backstage, as Tyler is a little more upright. The couple walk past the location where the cameras first caught them fighting and Fuse can't help but squeak out a request.

Tyler Fuse:

Wait.

Fuse slowly stumbles forward, reaches out...

And picks up the bloody beret that was left laying on the floor during the start of their fight.

A weak, clever, shit eating smile crosses his face.

Tyler Fuse:

Mine.

He places the beret on his head as Desire and Fuse limp into the distance.

The scene once again switches to Jack Harmen, it looks like he's going to be placed in a neck brace and stretchered out. The fans give a standing ovation and chant his name.

DDK:

Folks, whatever happens with Jack Harmen's career moving forward, the man has done this for twenty-plus years. He deserves every flower we can throw.

Lance:

One-hundred percent.

The Faithful continue their cheering as Harmen is placed upon a stretcher but gives the thumbs up with his right hand, as the announcers stay on radio silence. DEFIANCE Road keeps with the situation for another twenty seconds or so and then the pay-per-view goes to a longer commercial break.

LINDSAY TROY & HENRY KEYES vs. PAT CASSIDY & OPHELIA SYKES

DDK:

Well, after such a wild display... believe it or not folks, but the show isn't over!

Lance:

Up next is a marquee tag team bout between two of the heavy hitters of Vae Victis, Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes, taking on the duo of Pat Cassidy and Ophelia Sykes.

DDK:

This match came together in a rather interesting way, fans. Ophelia Sykes, our current BRAZEN Women's Champion, went to Lindsay Troy for advice. That indirectly led to Sykes accepting this challenge by Troy and Keyes. Ophelia felt that despite her hard work, she wasn't being taken seriously. Not even by her romantic partner, Pat Cassidy. Make no mistake about it: Vae Victis has had issues with Pat for some time now, and they used this situation to strong-arm him into what is essentially a handicap match.

Lance:

With all due respect, that's not entirely fair, Darren. Ophelia has been extremely impressive during her recent BRAZEN run.

DDK:

Oh, absolutely... but we're talking about former FIST of DEFIANCE Lindsay Troy. We're talking about the longest reigning SOHER ever in Henry Keyes. They, along with their entire group, have been on an unstoppable tear through DEFIANCE over the past few years. BRAZEN is a far cry from what Ophelia has gotten herself into, and I only hope she and Pat have a plan to get through this.

Lance:

Well, we're about to find out. Let's send it down to Darren Quimbey for introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a tag team match!

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

The Berlin Faithful are up as Pat Cassidy's theme hits. Marching through the curtain with a purpose is Pat Cassidy. He's dressed to compete in usual wrestling gear: dark blue and black tights with "BOPC" on the back, black everything else (knee pads, taped wrists, boots, elbow pads) and a black vest with the SNS logo on the back. Next to him appears Ophelia Sykes, matching his stride. Her ring gear is also her usual, but the color is now dark blue to match Pat and she holds the BRAZEN Women's Championship over her shoulder. Cassidy adjusts his elbow pad as they both walk down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, at a combined weight of 373 pounds! The team of "Black Out" Pat Cassidy and "Bally-Cat" Ophelia Sykes!

DDK:

I know Pat wasn't thrilled with the prospect of this match, but both he and the BRAZEN Women's Champion have their game faces on!

In the ring, Cassidy hits the top rope with arms extended. Next to him, standing on the middle rope, is Ophelia holding the championship high. Both get down and meet in the middle of the ring. They lean in close, with Cassidy apparently offering words of encouragement as he hypes Sykes up with intensity. Her fires flash with fire and she nods intently. He ends the strategy session with a quick peck on the forehead as the boyfriend and girlfriend duo turn toward the entrance and the music dies out.

Lance:

Ophelia Sykes has been extremely impressive in her recent BRAZEN run, but she is still relatively inexperienced. It's a tough spot to be a rookie and about to be in there with what is arguably the most dangerous group DEFIANCE has ever seen.

DDK:

Don't forget that she wanted this, Lance. I just hope that she hasn't bitten off more than she can chew.

And then, the all too familiar doom of those piano chords

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

DEFIATron footage, comin' in hot!

VAE VICTIS

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy is out first, wearing a special cobalt blue military coat with shoulder tassels - it looks like the kind of thing that Henry Keyes would normally wear (though tailored to fit the Queen of the Ring), especially with the steampunky chains and gears and dangles hanging off - and she also wears her most signature piece, a sinister smirk. In her arms, she's cradling the Flynn Cup like a child or beloved pet. She steps between the two onstage vehicles - one clearly in better shape than the other.

Sonny Silver is out next to do the announcing honors, wearing his sharp black suit with mahogany shirt and tie. Apparently the Besties couldn't convince him to go along with the color scheme, to the surprise of absolutely nobody.

Following shortly behind, Henry Keyes has a bright pink bomber jacket with a matching blue leather cap - if not the Red Baron, perhaps the Pink Baron? - and he looks just so excited. He hustles up to his Bestie and they exchange an elaborate and impressive insiders-only handshake before Keyes dramatically shimmies, bends down, and HOISTS up his arms!

...to nothing. To nothing?

Keyes looks around - this isn't right. Where's the kaboom? There was supposed to be an earth-shattering kaboom!

Figuring that maybe there's something off with the production team - he normally has beacons of light in his intro rather than pyro, after all - he quickly bends back over and quickly HOISTS UP AGAIN!

...this time, there are some errant sparks from the nearby production wreckage.

Henry Keyes:

Hey, HEY! WHERE IS MY PYRO??

He looks over at Silver and Troy, who shrugs and sets down the Flynn Cup, which is quickly retrieved by a Plague Doctor. Keyes is UNHAPPY. He goes over to inspect the spots where he expected a shower of pink sparks and sees instead a mangled heap of wires that have been tangled up with broken boards and other OSHA-non-compliant mess. Keyes cranks his head towards the announcers desk and shouts.

Henry Keyes:

Lance, did YOU have something to do with this?? THE FLYNN CUP CHAMPIONS REQUIRE OUR POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE, LANCE!

"Downtown" Darren Keebler chuckles.

DDK:

Yeah, Lance, care to explain?

Lance:

I have no idea why Keyes is shouting at me - we all saw what happened earlier. Everything's a wreck! It's a wonder Vae Victis and those cars are able to stand on the stage at all!

DDK:

Well, it looks like Keyes is about to throw a tantrum without his pyro...how do you think that changes the complexion of this match?

Keyes indeed is giving the entire arena the business end of a hissy fit. He stomps and huffs and rants and rages at the injustice done to him. Silver is yelling at some dummy staffer off to the side while Troy, at this point, is just laughing, and maybe trying to decide if she wants to step in to refocus her Bestie or let him get it out of his system.

Henry Keyes:

No, NO! UNACCEPTABLE! I'm the greatest Southern Heritage Champion in history, Mister Silver is the greatest manager of all time and was ROBBED at the DEFys, Miss Troy is the greatest FIST in history, and we are the greatest tag team in the world today! WE WILL HAVE OUR POMP BEFORE I WRESTLE! GIVE IT TO ME, LANCE! GIVE ME MY POMP!

Lance:

...I would say that if Keyes refuses to wrestle, this definitely swings the advantage over to - hang on now, I think Cassidy and Sykes have heard enough. They're done waiting around!

DDK:

I think you're right, partner. They're out of the ring and heading up the ramp!

Lance:

I'd imagine Cassidy feels like the element of surprise is the only equalizer!

Sprinting towards Vae Victis shoulder to shoulder, Black Out and Bally-Cat split off from each other and engage their surprised opponents. The Faithful cheer as Cassidy and Keyes start trading blows at the top of the ramp. Meanwhile, Sykes and Troy do the same near one of the freshly destroyed cars.

Lance:

We knew this was going to be a fight, Darren. The bad blood has reached a boiling point between them.

DDK:

Cassidy and Keyes aren't giving an inch! They're absolutely hammering one another but neither man is backing down!

The Kraken slips through his foe's defenses and manages to crack Cassidy in the side of the head with a forearm that sends Pat stumbling backwards a few steps. He moves to follow up with another heavy blow but Cassidy retaliates by lunging forward and spearing Keyes down to the unforgiving steel. Keyes manages to keep his wits about him and begins throwing punches up at Cassidy despite just getting laid out.

Lance:

Cassidy may have brought Keyes down but he didn't take any fight out of The Kraken!

Further up the ramp, Sykes drives Troy back into the bumper of the nearest car and grabs her by the head. Driving a knee into The Queen's gut, Sykes grabs her by the hair and spins her around to face the vehicle's hood.

DDK:

The Bally-Cat has her claws sunk into Lindsay Troy!

Sykes rears back and attempts to smash LT's face into the hood of the car but the veteran's instincts kick in and she thwarts Ophelia's attack by putting her hands on the hood at the last second. Wrenching free from Ophelia's grip, Troy turns the tables with a stiff headbutt. Not skipping a beat, The Renaissance Woman doubles Sykes over with a knee to the gut and lifts her up.

Lance:

Oh no! This isn't looking good for the Brazen Women's Champion!

Kicking her legs frantically, Ophelia tries to escape but The ACE of DEFIANCE denies her and violently suplexes her onto the car's hood! Landing with an audible THUD, Sykes rolls off the car and down to the stage floor.

DDK:

Vicious snap suplex by Lindsay Troy! You could feel the impact on that one!

Lance:

Getting suplexed onto the mat is one thing but having it done to you on steel is a whole 'nother level of pain, DDK.

While Sykes holds her back in agony, Cassidy tries to separate himself from Keyes to come to his partner's aid by nailing him with a short-arm clothesline. Henry hits the ramp hard and Cassidy rushes towards Troy with a furious look on his face. Instead of going for the former FIST, his face instead melts from rage to concern as he sees how hurt Ophelia actually is. Forgetting the match for a minute, he drops to his knees to check on her. Ophelia is not getting up, but instead clutching her back and crying out in frustration.

Pat Cassidy:

HEY! We need some help out here!

DDK:

Ophelia hit that hood hard... let's not forget that while she is growing more talented in the ring every day and is a certifiable spitfire, Lindsay Troy out-powers her by a lot. She was driven hard onto that hood.

Vae Victis have actually taken a step out of frame as the focus instead shifts to the potential injury. Pat is talking to Ophelia while DEFMed arrives on the scene. Lindsay, Sonny and Henry quietly talk to one another and watch as Pat rises to his feet to give the medical staff room to examine Ophelia. With a nod, Sonny takes his leave while the Besties shrug out of their coats. Then, they charge back towards Pat, beating him down with forearms to his back and knees to his ribs. Pat tries to fight them off, however the numbers aren't in his favor and Vae Victis are able to wear him down just enough for Keyes to take over on his own and toss the Scrapper from Southie onto the other car with all the thumbtacks!

DDK:

Oh this is despicable. Keyes and Troy are like a pair of vultures.

Lance:

Looks like they aren't done yet, Darren.

Lindsay Troy has pushed her way through DEFMed to yank Ophelia by her hair back to her feet. She climbs atop the hood of the car she suplexed the BallyCat on, and when Ophelia begins to struggle Lindsay clocks her with a couple of forearms.

DDK:

What's she thinking of doing here?

Lance:

Nothing good. And Henry's got Pat incapacitated. We might need DEFSec out here quick.

Henry's ramming Pat's head against the side of the car and only stops when he hears Lindsay calling his name. He leaves Cassidy, marches over to the other side of the stage, and hops on top of the adjacent car's trunk. By this point, Lindsay's on the roof of the car and she motions for Henry to join her. DEFMed are all waving their arms and yelling for the Vae Victis Co-Consuls to let Ophelia go, but their pleas fall on deaf ears. Lindsay clobbers Ophelia across her already injured back with more brutal forearms, which have her crying out in pain and sending her down to one knee.

DDK:

Please don't tell me they're going to do what I think they're going to do.

Lance:

You two have proven your point, come on!

Once Henry's standing next to Lindsay, they effortlessly lift Ophelia high into the air. She barely has time to scream before the Besties in the World send her hurtling down off the stage into a table full of electrical and sound equipment.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DEFMed immediately jump off the stage to check on Ophelia, who isn't moving. More DEFMed spill out from the back, including Iris Davine. Satisfied with their work, Vae Victis turns their attention to a still stunned Pat Cassidy. Keyes disorients Pat with some hammer-like blows before he and his Bestie grab the Boston native's scruff and half drag him toward the ring!

DDK:

This isn't a match. It's a mugging. Can we get someone out here to stop these two??

With Cassidy in the ring, referee Hector Navarro gets in the path of Troy and Keyes. He throws up his hands to get them to stop the onslaught as officially, this match never even got started. Amused, Troy playfully slaps Keyes on the shoulder as they put on a front of being oh so scared of the referee, but they do comply with stopping the beat down. Navarro moves over to Cassidy and the camera moves in close so we catch the exchange.

Hector Navarro:

Ophelia's hurt, Pat. You're in rough shape. This is a no contest.

Fire in his eyes, Cassidy suddenly reaches up and grabs him by the collar

Pat Cassidy:

Like FUCK it is. Ring the bell.

Hector Navarro:

I can't! You...

Pat Cassidy:

Ring. The. Fucking. Bell.

Still very hesitant but also maybe a little frightened, Hector sighs... and then he does just that!

DING DING

And immediately Vae Victis are all over the still downed Cassidy, both peppering him with gleeful stomps. Cassidy does what he can to cover up but the Besties are relentless. Navarro also tries to get one of them to go on the apron so this can be some semblance of a match, but he is swatted away and promptly ignored.

DDK:

Pat's got heart, but this was not a smart move. Ophelia might be seriously injured and he could be next!

Henry Keyes holds Cassidy in place by restraining both his arms while Troy moves in front of him and takes aim at his exposed chest.

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!

And Pat crumples. Vae Victis are mighty proud of themselves while the fans give them hell. A quick cut to the stage reveals that DEFmed staff are helping a barely conscious Ophelia to the back. Back to the ring, and Henry Keyes has Cassidy set up for an airplane spin. While Troy leans back in the corner like she's enjoying a trip to the beach, Keyes begins to rotate, taking the Scrapper from Southie with him. Around and around and around... it seems to never end until The Kraken finally releases his prey, sending Pat again to the mat. Keyes makes a "your turn" motion to Troy, who feigns shock and then honor. Walking over to Cassidy, she lines up and then delivers a brutal kick to the head that sends him sprawling, eyes half glazed.

Lance:

Okay, you've proven your point. Just pin the man and we can get to the main event.

DDK:

They're enjoying this. I don't know what Pat did to deserve this in their eyes, but they are taking him apart seemingly for their own amusement.

Lindsay Troy takes position in the corner, playfully stalking Pat Cassidy. Hector Navarro moves in to check on the former Saturday Night Special, but Cassidy shoves him away - getting big belly laughs from both Troy and Keyes. Pat (ironically) crawls around on hands and knees like a drunk man before uses the ropes to slowly bring himself to his feet. This is when Troy chooses to strike. Bursting out of the corner, she leaps toward Pat.

DDK:

Queen's Gambit... WAIT NO!

Lindsay's signature flying knees finds no one as Pat, at the very last second, ducks out of the way. Troy crashes into the ropes and nearly goes over the top although she catches herself on the apron at the last second. Seeing his partner in trouble, Keyes charges with what appears to be an attempt at a clothesline, but Cassidy ducks. Keyes' momentum causes him to rotate nearly fully as Cassidy grabs him by the waist and uses his own momentum...

Lance:

Green Monstah BOMB!!

The fans are LOSING IT as Keyes is driven into the canvas. Cassidy gets back up, and Lindsay charges...

Lance:

Green Monstah Bomb for LINDSAY TROY!!

Unbelievably, both members of Vae Victis are down! Cassidy stands in the ring, blinking and unsure, but the roar of The Faithful causes him to snap out of it! In one of those happy coincidences that only happens in wrestling, both Keyes and Troy find refuge in opposite corners, using the turnbuckles for support. Cassidy first looks to Troy... he gets a running start and leaps...

SPLASH OF JAMESON TO TROY!

Keeps the momentum as he sprints to the opposite corner...

SPLASH OF JAMESON TO KEYES!

DDK:

HE MIGHT DO THIS, LANCE! I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT WE'RE SEEING!!

Running on pure adrenaline fueled by The Ballyhooligans in attendance, Cassidy beats his chest with both arms and howls into the fans who respond in kind! Egged on by the crowd, Cassidy takes aim at Keyes once more, running to the corner for a second Splash of Jameson...

...but he went to the well one too many times, as Keyes moves out of the way and Pat's head meets turnbuckle. He stumbles out of the corner right into a snap German suplex by the Kraken. The air has been let out of the building.

Lance:

You can't give Vae Victis an inch...

That little uprising seems to be close enough for Vae Victis, as they've stopped messing around. Keyes hooks Cassidy for a powerbomb and Troy heads to the top rope. As The Kraken drives Cassidy's neck into the canvas, The Queen of the Ring flies off the top with a guillotine leg drop!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Mercifully, they appear ready to end this.

ONE!

Lance:

You have to admire the guts shown here tonight.

TWO!

THREE!

...NO! Cassidy gets a shoulder up! The place EXPLODES and neither LT nor Keyes can believe it!

DDK:

Somehow, Pat Cassidy is still alive!

Lance:

I have to believe that kick out was pure instinct, but nonetheless the match isn't over!

DDK:

And he may not have done himself any favors...

Both Vae Victis members say EFF THIS NOISE. Keyes makes the "hand slit" motion than nods to Troy. Lindsay picks Pat Cassidy up, hooks him, and drives him into the mat with THY KINGDOM COME.

DDK:

And nobody is getting up from that.

Lindsay covers, hooking the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

And mercifully, it's over.

Hector Navarro moves in to raise both of the victor's hands, but they brush him aside. Instead, they go right back to stomping the barely conscious Cassidy!

Lance:

Enough is enough!

Navarro, unable to do much, tells the timekeeper to remind Vae Victis that the match is over - as if they didn't know.

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

This is downright despicable! Pat Cassidy is being mugged by Vae Victis and the Berlin Faithful are not having it!

Lance:

I don't blame them one bit, partner. Cassidy put up one hell of a fight despite the odds being completely stacked against him. This isn't about picking up a win for Vae Victis, this is about sending a message.

Inside the ring, Keyes grabs Cassidy from behind and lifts him from the mat. While he holds the jelly-legged Saturday Night Special up, Troy backpedals into the ropes and bounces off of them. Charging in, LT crushes Pat with a stiff running forearm that violently torques his head sideways. Keyes barks out an approving laugh as he grabs Cassidy by the back of the head and slams him face-first into the canvas.

DDK:

C'mon! Did you see Cassidy's head bounce off the mat!?

Lance:

More importantly, I heard that impact. Keyes just bought his long-time rival a one-way ticket to dream street. I think it's about time we got some security out here!

With glazed eyes, Cassidy somehow manages to slowly push himself back up the mat and the crowd rallies behind him. Standing over him, the besties shake their heads and chuckle as they watch Pat struggle.

DDK:

Look at them gloat. Talk about low...

Their snickering quickly turns back to sneering as Troy lines up with Cassidy and drives her heel into the back of his head, smashing his face into the mat again. Ignoring the Faithful's boos, Keyes and Troy scrape Cassidy off the mat and force him against the ropes. As Keyes keeps the groggy Cassidy upright, Troy twists the top and middle ropes to trap Pat's arms between them. Taking a step back to admire their handiwork, Vae Victis grins as Cassidy's chin slumps to his chest.

Lance:

Cassidy is completely defenseless!

Mocking the Saturday Night Special tradition of paper, rock, scissors to determine who will start a tag match first, Keyes beats out his bestie's scissors by going with rock. Keeping his fist balled up, The Kraken turns on a heel and unloads on Cassidy with a resounding discus-like punch that snaps Black Out's head back.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

While The Queen of the Ring claps in approval, Keyes follows up the blow with a flurry of rights and lefts to Cassidy's exposed ribs.

DDK:

Good god! Enough is enough!

Finishing off his barrage with a big uppercut and a smile, Keyes steps away and motions for Troy to step up to the plate. The woman known as The Murder Buzzsaw struts her way over to the punch-drunk Cassidy and slowly picks his head up to lock eyes with him.

Lindsay Troy:

Don't worry, Cass. I'm sure they'll put you next to Ophelia at Waldfriede Hospital.

DDK:

Real classy! Unbelievable!

Punctuating her words with a resounding slap across the cheek, Troy spins around and bolts towards the opposite ropes. She bounces off of them and charges towards her target at full speed.

Lance:

Don't do it, Lindsay!

Moving like a bullet, Troy leaps into the air and CRACKS Cassidy in the face with a Queen's Gambit that nearly sends him flipping backwards over the ropes! Gravity kicks in at the last second and Cassidy's limp legs land back on the mat as the Besties in the World give each other a double high five, much to the dismay of the angry crowd.

DDK:

I'd say whatever damn message Vae Victis wanted to send to Pat Cassidy has been delivered in full! Now clear the damn ring!

Fully embracing the moment, Vae Victis untie Cassidy and let him drop to the mat in a heap before each place a foot on his back to further assert their dominance. Raising their arms up high, the Besties soak in the hate-filled jeers raining down on them.

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

Lance and DDK:

What!?

♪ *"Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)" by Quiet Riot* ♪

All attention turns to the wrecked stage as the opening riff of Quiet Riot's classic metal anthem booms throughout the Mercedes-Benz arena...

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

IT'S BROCK NEWBLUDD!

The arena explodes in cheers at the sight of Newbludd stomping out onto the stage. Dressed in blue jeans and a classic SNS t-shirt, the retired grappler glares at the scene in the ring. Wielding a giant glass boot synonymous with German beer drinking in one hand, Newbludd finishes off Das Boot's remaining contents and breaks out in a dead sprint down the ramp.

Lance:

Here comes the calvary! Brock Newbludd is in Berlin and he's seen enough!

DDK:

What's he doing here!?

Lance:

Does it matter!? Milwaukee's Beast is back and he's heading towards the ring!

With the crowd roaring wildly, Brock doesn't break his stride as he slides underneath the ropes and pops up to his feet. As he does, Keyes rushes towards Newbludd and attempts to take his head off with a lariat. Ducking at the last second, Brock shoves Henry in the back and Keyes bounces awkwardly off the ropes.

DDK:

Keyes missed the blindside attack and Newbludd's winding up!

Rearing back, Newbludd swings Das Boot with everything he has and SHATTERS it over The Kraken's skull!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!

Lance:

Oh my! Henry Keyes just got his brains scrambled!

Hitting the mat with both hands on his now bleeding head, Keyes instinctively rolls out of the ring and down to the floor. Glaring down at him, Newbludd throws the rest of the glass boot down to the floor and lets out an angry roar.

DDK:

Newbludd's only solved half the problem, though! Here comes Troy from behind!

With Newbludd's back turned, The Queen of the Ring shakes off the shock of Keyes being taken out and takes a quick step towards him. She's abruptly stopped by Cassidy reaching a hand up and grabbing her by an ankle. Letting out a frustrated growl, Troy uses her free leg to stomp Cassidy in the face. The blow causes Pat's grip to loosen and she rips her leg free just in time to turn around and eat a superkick to the jaw from Newbludd!

Lance:

Somehow Cassidy had enough wits left to buy his former partner some time and Brock delivered on his end with that superkick!

Hitting the mat, Troy immediately rolls on her back to push herself up but Newbludd is already on her. Grabbing the ACE Defiant by the trunks, Brock whirls around and tosses her through the ropes.

DDK:

Brock Newbludd has returned and he has just sent Vae Victis packing! Keyes is bleeding on the outside! Troy is also down on the floor! And this crowd is on fire!

SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS!

Propping up on one elbow, Lindsay Troy stares daggers at Newbludd as she puts her other hand up to her jaw. Locking eyes with her, Brock leans over the ropes and points a finger.

Brock Newbludd:

Queen of the Ring my ass! You come back in here and I'll put you down for good! You hear me!? You go scrape that piece of shit Keyes up off the ground and get the hell outta here!

As the arena continues to cheer wildly, DEFSec along with members of the medical staff make their way onto the stage and rush down the ramp.

Lance:

Talk about being late to the party. Sheesh!

Troy angrily pushes herself back up to her feet and takes a step towards the ring, intent on making Newbludd pay for sticking his nose in Vae Victis business. Before she can do so, she's cut off by DEFSec. The peacekeepers form a wall between her and the ring, where members of the medical staff check on Cassidy. With the help of Newbludd, the Boston native struggles up to his feet with glazed eyes.

DDK:

Finally we have some order here after what has been a rollercoaster of events to say the least!

Lance:

Pat Cassidy may have taken a beating at the hands of Vae Victis but he's still standing, partner.

At the bottom of the ramp, a bleeding Henry Keyes is helped up by medical team members. Shaking his head, The Kraken angrily pushes through them and attempts to re-enter the ring but is stopped short by DEFSec. Troy soon joins him on the ramp, and Vae Victis glares up at the reunited Saturday Night Specials.

Lance:

He may be still standing, DDK. But something tells me that Vae Victis will not let bygones be bygones. Knowing them, I would almost guarantee it.

DDK:

So many questions and too few answers. What's the condition of not only Pat Cassidy, but also Ophelia Sykes? What does Brock Newbludd showing up mean for the future of SNS?

Lance:

Newbludd's supposed to be making B-movies out in Hollywood. He's not even under contract with DEFIANCE anymore, I'm pretty sure. So, what the hell is he doing in Berlin of all places!?

Inside the ring, Cassidy stumbles away from Newbludd and into the closest corner. The cobwebs somewhat cleared in his head, he looks at Brock in confusion.

DDK:

I think Cassidy is wondering the same thing, Lance.

Up on the ramp, security maintains their wall as Vae Victis slowly backpedal up the ramp. Lindsay's got one arm around Henry's waist to support him as they walk, and a sneer crosses her face as she stares back at the two men still in the ring.

Needless to say, this is far, far from over.

FIST of DEFIANCE: DEX JOY (C) vs. EDWARD WHITE

The camera is back to Darren Quimbey and Lance Warner about to go over the recent but intense history of the two men in tonight's main event!

DDK:

It has been a *wild* two-night edition of DEFIANCE Road 2024! Most of our set was *destroyed* by the earlier match between Tyler Fuse and Jack Harmen, but we still stand! We are finally here to the main event between two people who couldn't be more different. The current FIST of DEFIANCE, Dex Joy - champion of the people! The man who has proclaimed that his title belongs to everyone to the point where it is listed on the title's name plate! His challenger - "The Socialite" Edward White. The *very* first man to hold the FIST of DEFIANCE. A man who was gone for nearly a decade in jail! A man out for only himself and what his money can buy, now back for that very title!

Lance:

This all started back at Acts of DEFIANCE Night Two! Dex Joy had successfully defended the title against former rival Oscar Burns. He thought he had closed the book on Vae Victis at the top, only for Edward White and his cronies, Jane Katze and the gigantic Nicky Corozzo. The three-on-one assault came after that very brutal match with Burns and ending with White burning his face with a lit cigar!

DDK:

And after their first confrontation, Dex Joy pencilled in this match for tonight. He waited this long to get to Ed White to prove that he can beat him on one of the biggest stages possible for DEFIANCE. He wanted to shut the book on White, but White had secretly been plotting.

Lance:

While Dex Joy has been making defense after defense including a very recent match with 2023 DEFIANT Breakout of the Year Ned Reform, it was White who schemed behind the scenes. Dex Joy mentioned in their first confrontation that he used some of his pay-per-view winnings for charity - all undone by Edward White in mere weeks. The lot that Dex funneled money into was bought out and replaced by a golf course - all to get under the Biggest Boy's skin.

DDK:

Dex has made it clear that he hasn't looked past Edward White this entire time, but we also know Dex Joy is a very emotional champion who wears it proudly on his sleeve - sometimes to his detriment. Ned Reform tried to play on Dex's recent emotional state and came close to winning.

Lance:

And we can't forget that while Dex has been wrestling constantly, Edward White has had one short match against Lonnie Stone. Edward White is fresh as a daisy. Could that come into play tonight?

DDK:

Definitely a lot of factors to consider. Tonight, talking is over. Tonight, Edward White looks to get his hands on the championship he was the first person to ever hold. Tonight, Dex Joy looks to continue the Era of Everyone, but only one person will be able to get what they want by the end of tonight!

The lights all over the arena dim and start flipping to a new color palate- the entirety of the Mercedes-Benz Arena is bathed in the glow of glittering gold and money green. We all witness a section of the stage split apart and move aside- behind it, gliding out into the arena on a retractable stage is a full twelve piece orchestra complete with grand piano. The conductor of the orchestra tap-tap-tap's his baton on the music stand perched in front of him, calling his ensemble to attention.

Lance:

Well this certainly is fancy-

As the group begins playing Michael Nyman's "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" the tron flickers to life- we see LIVE up in the corner of the feed. It's Dex's park back home outside of LA. The scene moves along a chain link

fence that's been erected on the outermost edge of the enormous construction zone. There's protesters lining the other side- peppered here and there we actually see a few Dex Joy t-shirts, and his name referenced on a handful of signage poking up out of the angry mob. Despite their best efforts- the construction seems to be persisting on the planned exclusive golf resort.

DDK:

The mind games persist.

Lance:

Just pure villainy, Keebs- one of the lowest moves I've seen someone pull in YEARS.

The Faithful in the arena join the protesters across the Atlantic back in LA in pouring out white hot hatred at the feet of the man responsible, the man currently making his way out onto the stage and into what he feels is his spotlight by rights-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The little announcer is drowned out by the cacophonous reaction from the German Faithful here in the Mercedes-Benz Arena.

His white ring pants inlaid with gold and green glittering embroidery that shine and shimmer under the green and gold lighting. He's sporting a beautiful full length ring robe covered in gold and green inlay, covered in sequins from neck to heel. As Ed makes his way out onto the top of the rampway he turns his back to the ring and holds his arms out wide and across his back it reads "ONLY CHAMP" in bold, shimmering green letters.

Jane and Nicky appear on either side of Ed as he turns and the trio start down the ramp towards the ring. Ed and company take their time- The Socialite takes each ringstep very deliberately. He steps through the ropes with a flourish, spinning with his arms outstretched- his robe glimmering and reflecting the ring lights. Nicky posts up outside the ring in The Socialite's corner- after Jane helps Edward with his robe she joins him.

Once the challenger is in the ring with Corozzo and Katze lurking outside the ring, it's now time for the introduction of Dex ...

BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!!

The beeping continues and then two words back up from opposite sides of the DEFIA-tron ...

DEFIANCE ROAD

A time bomb graphic appears just below ... three ... two ... one ...

BOOM!!!

DEFROAD

That's all that is left ... followed by a small 8-bit Dex Joy graphic bending the F to become ...

WELCOME TO
DEX ROAD
EVERYONE IS WELCOME ...
TO CATCH THESE HANDS!!!

♪ "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 the final show of DEFIANCE's extensive tour of Germany! The sleeveless black body suit with red and gold lightning patterns! He spins around to show words on the back that bring the crowd to their feet ...

*MONEY CAN'T
BUY YOU THIS
TITLE, EDWARD!*

DDK:

That message could not be more clear! Dex Joy is ready tonight and he is all fired up!

Lance:

But is Dex Joy burning the candle at both ends? Like we said just a few short weeks ago, he competed in a pay-per-view quality main event against DEFIANT Breakout of the Year Ned Reform! Does have another one in him tonight?

Dex steps down and blue and yellow pyro explode ... followed by blue and pink pyro?!

DDK:

AHHH! Was that supposed to be Keyes' pyro?

Dex spins around and shrugs at the extra pyro. He heads towards the ring and Edward White's eyes do not leave that of the champion's. When Dex reaches the ring, he walks past the portion of the barricade that was destroyed during the Fuse/Harmen match earlier. The title is up and he shows it to Edward White and gets close enough to him that they are nose to nose. The official gets in the way of the champion and challenger and ushers Dex back to his corner. White is smiling and pointing at the title and gesturing that he'll be putting it around his waist. Dex wants to take a swing right now, but he knows that he only has to wait a few more moments to do so.

DDK:

Edward White knows he's gotten under Dex's skin with ruining all his charity work. But enraging an opponent could be a double edged sword.

Lance:

We've both called plenty of matches that have gone both ways!

When Dex finally gets to his corner his theme silences and is replaced with a fever pitch from the German Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is your main event of DEFIANCE Road! This match is set for one fall and is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!!! Introducing first ... accompanied by his associates Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze- hailing from Louisville, Kentucky- now residing in his palatial plantation home in New Orleans, Louisiana! He would like to remind you all he was the first FIST of DEFIANCE and in his words "by far the greatest to ever lay hands on the thing." LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- THE SOCIALITE- EDWARD WHITE!

White poses in the middle of the ring when his name is called up. A smug look at Dex.

Edward White:

How's that cheek, little pig?

Dex is biting his teeth and wants to punch White square in the face, but he does his best to remain restrained.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent hails from Los Angeles, California! He weighed in this morning at three-hundred and ten pounds! He is the *current* FIST of DEFIANCE On Behalf of *EVERYONE* ... "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEXX ... JOOOOOOOOOYYYYYYYYY!!!

Dex Joy has the FIST of DEFIANCE in his hands and he hoists the title up to the sky. He circles all sides of the arena and then pats the title plate. He gives up the title belt and then official raises the championship in the air. Dex Joy is ready. Ed White is ready.

DING DING

AND DEX JOY IS READY WITH A RUNNING BODY BLOCK TO EDWARD WHITE!!!

Lance:

OOOOHHHHHH!!! DEX JOY UNLEASHES AN ATTACK RIGHT AT THE BELL!!!

Both Katze and Corozoz are both shocked on the outside! White is blinking on the mat and is stunned!

DDK:

ED WHITE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!! EVERYTHING HE HAS DONE INCLUDING THAT TASTELESS INTRO IS GOING TO COME BACK TO BITE HIM!

The German Faithful cheer on the Biggest Boy for coming out swinging against White. The inaugural FIST of DEFIANCE gets yanked upright and then catches fists to the face from the current FIST of DEFIANCE! Jabs catch White across his jaw until he gets backed into a corner for Dex to hit him with several more. Katze and Corozzo are both shocked when Dex puts White's arms up against the corner and brings down a hard chop right into the chest! The sound carries all throughout the venue!

DDK:

What a blow! Weeks of pent-up frustration are coming out right now!

Lance:

And look at The Socialite! He's trying to get away from Dex, but the champion isn't letting him go!

White is trying to get out of the corner, but Dex won't let him leave! He throws Ed back and then winds up and *slaps* him as hard as he can across the face! Dex pats his own cheek.

Dex Joy:

An eye for an eye and a cheek for a cheek, pally!

Lance:

What a slap that was! Ed might have gotten his bell rung!

DDK:

And what Dex said to White: that was a receipt for that attack at Acts of DEFIANCE when Ed White and Associates jumped Dex Joy and burned his cheek with that lit cigar!

The disoriented challenger is firmly placed against the ropes and taken for a ride. When White comes back, he strikes Dex with a boot when he ducks too soon for a back body drop. After checking his own jaw to make sure he's all right, he hits the ropes and comes back for a bigger move of his own ... but what it is, the fans will never know because Dex catches him with a thes z press on the way back! An infuriated Dex then grounds himself and a torrential downpour of punches catches Ed on any portion of his face he can land!

Lance:

Dex Joy is on the warpath right now! Edward White hasn't even had a chance to fight back yet!

DDK:

It's true! And this is what Dex needs to do. He went through a pay-per-view like main event with Ned Reform just a couple of weeks ago so he hasn't had much time to rest. He can't give White any openings. If you give him an inch, he'll take a mile ... and the clothes off your back along with it.

Lance:

And even the title around your waist!

The official has to step in and keep Dex from the punching, so he stops and switches up to a super tight headlock to keep White grounded! White frantically tries to escape when Dex tries pinning him in the head lock!

One ...

But White quickly and frantically gets a shoulder up!

DDK:

White is now trying to escape! Dex is trying to keep White grounded and not give him a chance to mount a comeback!

The Socialite uses his great physique to try and pry Dex's fingers apart, but the Biggest Boy isn't budging. White decides to try and fight and squirm his way out of it until he gets back up to one knee. He strikes away with open shots to Dex's side and tries to fight him off, but he isn't letting go. The Socialite switches up tactics and goes to the ropes to use momentum to launch Dex, but the Wrecking Crew Foreman goes back to a knee and grounds himself! White struggles with Dex yelling out to the Faithful.

Dex Joy:

WHO HEADLOCKS LIKE DEX?!

NO ONE!

Lance:

Dex Joy is really working that headlock right now! White can't seem to escape the Biggest Boy no matter how hard he tries!

DDK:

That he is. All he's had to scout is old footage and one match against Lonnie Stone. We known that White's been taking extensive notes on Joy's recent open challenges for the FIST of DEFIANCE so Dex is switching up his tactics and working a ground game!

Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo are watching ringside at Dex Joy continuing to do his best at keeping White restrained. White finally has to grab the hair of Dex and pulls back until he makes him let go ... and then finally has the headlock

on! Benny Doyle is all over White for what he's just done, but the Socialite won't hear it.

DDK:

White is so smug! He truly thinks that the rules don't apply to him at all.

Lance:

A leopard never changes his spots.

White continues to grind down on the headlock as tightly as he can humanly do so and then turns away from the official long enough to fire an open punch at Dex for earlier. He rams a few punches into the head of Dex and then turns around and faces Doyle to show he's not doing anything.

DDK:

That was definitely a receipt for what Dex did earlier!

Lance:

White is trying to take advantage of the referee's obstruction!

The first ever FIST of DEFIANCE tries to take Dex down to the ground with a headlock takedown, but Dex puts on the brakes and is too big. He pushes White into the ropes first! When White comes back, Dex hits a huge leap frog and then a drop down off the second go around. The third time is not a charm for the Socialite when he runs smack dab into a huge cross body by Dex!

DDK:

Great takedown by Dex and he's going for the cover!

One ...

Two ...

White kicks out!

DDK:

White spent all this time underestimating the Biggest Boy and it's coming back to haunt him fast!

Dex goes right for a headlock and then takes White down again. The Socialite's shoulders are back on the mat as quickly as they came!

One ...

Two ...

White gets a shoulder up but Dex's grip is iron-like.

Lance:

The Dex Joy of 2019 when he first got into the doors of DEFIANCE would definitely not be able to kepe this pace. It's amazing what he's capable of now, a hundred pounds lighter!

Katze and Corozzo continue watching what's happening at ringside and aren't in any position to do anything but watch their employer. White finally is able to get up and pushes Dex into the corner to keep him from going anywhere. When Dex is in the corner, he has to release the headlock and that gives White the chance to strike him in the throat with a chop!

DDK:

Another cheap shot by White!

The Socialite now takes his time with one Dexter Michael Joy. Momma Joy's Baby Boy is pushed into a corner where White chokes him! He continues to do so until Doyle reaches the count of four and moves away. Dex is grabbed with a headlock and White scrapes the face of Dex over the top rope in truly old school fashion! Boos come out for the Socialite who does not play to the crowd because he's busy talking smack to the dazed Dex.

Edward White:

Every second you have *my* title is a second more that it loses value! I can't have that!

Another choke in the corner and Doyle once again warns Ed that if he doesn't stop, he'll be disqualified. The threat doesn't seem to do anything to faze the challenger.

Lance:

Edward White's shady tactics have let him get the advantage now. He's got Dex gasping for air.

He goes over to the next corner with Dex along for the ride and face plants him onto the buckle. With Dex facing the buckles, White climbs to the second rope and pushes his body weight on top of Dex while he is draped on the ropes. The Socialite continues to choke Dex and for the third time Doyle threatens another disqualification. The first ever FIST of DEFIANCE is telling him to calm down and then tells Doyle to stop getting in his face. White turns ...

DDK:

Oh no! Dex is back! A jab finds its mark!

A big shot by the champion sends White reeling and then Dex speeds off one side of the ropes and back to White to hit him with a huge running clothesline! White is sent over the top rope and he gets knocked out to the floor in front of his subordinates! Katz and Corozzo are checking on Edward White on the floor while Dex Joy is standing his ground firmly inside the squared circle.

DDK:

Ed White hasn't been able to keep up a long period of offense before Dex is able to turn the tables on him. It definitely feels like a game of chess tonight.

Lance:

That it does! Dex is one step ahead of the challenger.

Not eager to take a countout even on a guy like Edward White, the EveryChamp is on the floor next to White. He goes to pick him up when the *gigantic* Nicky Corozzo stands in front of Dex.

DDK:

Good God, the size of Nicky Corozzo is astounding. If I had a guy like him on the payroll I think I'd be confident, too.

Lance:

But look at White!

White is behind Dex and spins him around, but Dex is faster and punches him in the mouth then throws him back in the ring! Nicky wants to attack him, but Benny Doyle is looking right at both big men.

Dex Joy:

Do it, pally! I bet your boss would love it if you cost him the title cause you wanted to do more than make goo-goo eyes!

Katze stands in between then and Dex goes into the ring. White is back up, but Dex throws him at the corner where the EveryChamp follows with running splash in the corner. Joy starts climbing up top and holds out his fists ...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

The FIST kisses his fist!

Dex Joy:

TEN!!!

Ten punches disorient the challenger and a belly to belly suplex out of the corner just might finish the job!

DDK:

Dex with another cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!

The Socialite kicks out for a third time!

Lance:

I'm shocked that White kicked out! He's had this beatdown coming since he and his Associates did what they did to Dex upon their return to DEFIANCE!

DDK:

And now look at Dex! He's just not letting up on Ed!

After having been battered with ten more punches and a big belly to belly suplex, the challenger is now trying to back off. He gets to the ropes and when Dex inches closer, he grabs onto his leg and then pulls him through the middle rope. Dex spills to the apron but White is there to quickly grab the neck and hit a jawbreaker styled move over the top rope! Dex falls over and hits the floor!

Lance:

Just when you think you've got him backed into a corner, White finds a way to survive!

White has all of Benny Doyle's attention now inside the ring and Jane Katze stands on the apron next to him and tells Doyle to check on White's face to make sure his jaw is not broken. Outside the German Faithful are really stirring and showing worry for the well being of Dex. He's still coming around on the floor and doesn't notice the massive monster lurking behind him. Dex turns ...

AND GETS A HUGE SCOOP SLAM ON THE FLOOR FROM NICKY COROZZO!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Benny thinks he hears something, but Katze is yelling at him nonsensically with Nicky moving away from Dex Joy on the floor so the official's suspicions can't be confirmed. Joy's in severe pain from being slammed by the goliath of a man!

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I SAW! WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU SAW DEX JOY JUST GET COMPLETELY MANHANDLED LIKE THAT?!

Lance:

I KNOW! ALMOST NEVER!

When Corozzo is sure he can get away with it, he snatches the FIST of DEFIANCE back to his feet and pushes him onto the apron. When the coast is clear, White discovers a miracle has happened and his face is fine enough to

continue. He runs towards Dex quickly and when the big guy tries to get back onto his feet, he scores right away with a big DDT on the Biggest Boy!

DDK:

That's a one-two punch if I've ever seen one! Body slam on the floor by Nicky Corozzo! DDT by the challenger? Will Edward White claim the title after eight long years of being away from it?

He goes for a quick pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Dex throws a shoulder up, but White smells blood in the water and goes right for a face lock!

DDK:

And right into the submission by White! We saw just a few weeks ago during that hard fought match with Doctor Ned Reform that the neck was a constant target. Reform has many moves in his arsenal to attack the neck ... and so does White!

Lance:

Don't forget, too. This time last year, what kind of injury was Dex recovering from? He talked about it in his DEFIANT of the Year speech.

DDK:

His neck!

White is pulling back on the neck and head of the Biggest Boy and is trying to get Dex to tap out with a neck wrenching submission. The EveryChamp is struggling to make it to the ropes with all of White's weight on top of him, but he tries to make the trip. He almost gets to the ropes ... he fights for them, but White rolls backwards and takes Dex with him. He tries to fully lock in the cross face now but Dex pushes him off.

DDK:

Dex escapes! He's back on his feet!

The Socialite charges at Dex, but in a show of agility, Dex leaps up against the corner and rolls him out of the corner!

One ...

Two ...

But White kicks out!

Both men make it back to their feet, but White fires a kick at the knee of Dex to stun him and then follows that up with a running bulldog off the ropes behind him!

DDK:

Impressive roll-up by Dex! You don't see that too often, but Edward White shuts him down again!

The first to hold the FIST makes a pin and tries to be the next to hold the coveted title!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Lance:

White beats Dex to the punch, but he isn't done yet!

Dex still tries his best to fight back to his feet. He starts to sit up and then grabs him by the head and neck. He slowly contorts the neck of Dex around then *jerks* him down to the mat violently and drops his neck across the shoulder with a deadly hangman's neck breaker!

DDK:

Trickle Down Theory! Another bad attack on that neck!

White stands up and follows up with a jumping knee drop for good measure and then makes a pinfall attempt with hooking of the leg included this time.

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

DDK:

Dex was able to kick out of that hangman's neck breaker called the Trickle Down Theory, but how much longer will he be able to keep this going?

Lance:

I really don't know! And how much of being on offense did that take out of Dex, too. He's shown time and time again that he can go the distance when he's really pushed, but he hasn't come up against anyone as cunning and vile as White.

White does what Dex did to him earlier and is letting him have it with right hands all over the place. He keeps punching and punching until the referee once again has to step in and do his job unless he wants to get himself disqualified. White protests with the official and then gets up to stomp down on the back of Dex's neck!

DDK:

After the neck again!

Dex is forcefully dragged near the ropes where he can apply pressure to the knee right to the upper back of the Biggest Boy. He is choking Dex against the ropes and applying pressure to the neck simultaneously! Doyle counts again and he reaches the count of what amounts to four and likely nine tenths when White backs off.

Edward White:

Unlike the educational system that failed *you*, the finest schools money can buy paid for my ability to count, Benjamin!

White is still protesting with Doyle who is oblivious to the fact that Jane Katze is now grabbing Dex by the neck and pulling it down to jeers all across the arena!

Lance:

Turn around, Benny! Turn around!

DDK:

It's hard to turn around when White is talking his ear off.

Katze stops pulling on Dex's neck but that gives the monstrous Nicky Corozzo a free shot across the neck of Dex when he strikes him with a stiff right hand!

Lance:

WHAT A PUNCH BY COROZZO!!!

DDK:

The "Associates" part of Ed White and Associates are getting their licks in too! That should be a disqualification, but like we noted, White's a master of diversion!

Dex is holding the side of his face and it looks like a knot might be forming on the side of his temple where he was hit by Nicky. White turns around to his pleasant surprise and then puts a boot across Dex's face. He face washes him multiple times up against the ropes. He repeated this several times and then backs up to about mid ring before he runs again and nails a big face wash kick to the other side of Dex's head!

DDK:

There's a face wash boot to the head by White! I think that might be doing it!

He rolls Dex away from the ropes to avoid any potential rope breaks and then makes the cover again!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

All members of Edward White and Associates are stunned that Dex has managed to kick out!

Lance:

That was smart strategy by White to move the champion away from the ropes, but I wonder if those seconds might have cost him!

DDK:

I think Dex kicked out on instinct, maybe? He still looks glazed over after that massive punch from Nicky Corozzo, who has been a difference maker tonight.

Lance:

Looks like it's back to the neck by Edward White! He's turning Dex over!

The Socialite crossed a leg, but somehow Dex is still trying to fight. He tries what he can to fight Edward White off of him! The first man to hold the FIST of DEFIANCE is knocked back with Dex on his feet!

DDK:

The Biggest Boy is doing what he can to fight back! DEX-5 coming up!

He goes to pick White up on his shoulders and he's about to go for the DEX-5 ... but when he spins, White is able to sneak out and land a big released German suplex! Dex bounces off the canvas and when Dex tries to get back on his feet, he gets dropped with the Recession Buster! White kicks him in the gut and then manages to counter out with the Recession Buster!

Lance:

I hate to give Edward White any respect because he certainly doesn't show it to anyone else he can't buy ... but he saw that DEX-5 coming!

DDK:

And followed with another neck breaker variation he calls the Recession Buster! With a three-quarters neck breaker give him the FIST?

One ...

Two ...

Thr ...

NO!!!

Dex once again kicks out, but the Socialite already moves on to the next move by grabbing Dex's leg! He throws some strikes to the head and then finally has Dex tied up in a perfect STF in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

No way! The Recession Buster doesn't get the job done, but White moves right into the STF! The neck of Dex may not be able to take this punishment much longer!

The Düsseldorf Faithful are making so much noise, the wrestlers in the ring can barely think! The Socialite continues to use his acquired muscles from the pokey to pull back on the neck and head of Dex while he is secured in the confines of an STF.

Lance:

He's trapped right where he wants him! Middle of the ring in this deadly submission!

DDK:

How much more can the Biggest Boy stand? He claims there's no limit to Big Dex Energy, but Edward White has done everything he can in the last few months to test these limits!

Edward White:

Time to hand over that championship, boy! Unworthy hands have soiled it long enough!

White is screaming as loud as he can with the STF and still wrenching at the neck of Dex, but the Biggest Boy is moving forward and using his size to his advantage! He is heading towards the ropes. Jane and Nicky can't take their eyes off the action with the champion close to tapping! Dex has a hand up and his palm is open ...

DDK:

Is he going to? Is he going to tap tonight?!

Dex finally reaches his hands out ...

But instead of tapping, he lunges forward with one big last burst of energy and he's grabbed the bottom rope which gets a *huge* ovation! Ed White looks like the vein in his forehead is about to burst!

DDK:

Where does Dex keep getting this fight from? Where does he find this?

Lance:

It's the reason that he's been able to go as strong as he has since winning this title! The "Era of Everyone" is not just a catchy tag line to sell on a t-shirt. This is his belief. People have put this much faith in him to get where he is and what he does in that ring is him giving back in return!

White pulls the leg of Dex back and tries to get him far away from the ropes before he tries another application of the STF, but this time Dex is ready. He pushes White away with his other foot! White stops himself from going face first into the turnbuckle but when he comes back around to confront the Biggest Boy ...

DEX-5!!!

DDK:

Dex scores! DEX-5!!!

Jane Katze nearly jumps out of her heels the second that Dex hits White with the fireman carry face buster! White is on the mat looking up at the pretty lights, but Dex is in no position at all to follow up with a pinfall. His neck is in a bad spot and has both hands on the back of his neck while White is seeing stars on the ground.

DDK:

Both men are down and it's now on Benny Doyle to check on both men.

Doyle checks on White, who is still not moving. He goes over to Dex and he is very much the same. When neither man is responding he starts the ten count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Lance:

No way this ends in a double count-out! Not like this!

DDK:

It will if neither man can stand on their own two feet, Lance!

White is the first to register movement as he tries to get on his side. Katze and Corozzo are both just outside the ring yelling out to him.

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

Dex is now finally moving! He is careful to move.

DDK:

We're at seven now!

EIGHT!

NINE!

White is up first and just as Dex is on his feet, he strikes the Biggest Boy with a big punch across the face! Dex staggers against the ropes, but he sports a grin across his face and fires back with a bigger right of his own that makes White almost fall off his feet!

DDK:

Both men break the count and they're already back at it!

White comes back and fakes a punch, only to stomp on Dex's foot! He lands multiple kicks to the stomach of the

EveryChamp and he makes sure he stays in place. White goes for the ropes and wants a lariat, but Dex meets him with a jumping enziguri upside the head when he comes back!

DDK:

Jumping enziguri kick by Joy! White just had the upstairs attic cleaned out with that kick!

White is stumbling on his knees and swings a fist in the air on account of being dazed. When White gets up to his feet, he walks right into a big running clothesline from the Biggest Boy! He's down, but not for long when the Biggest Boy takes him to the ropes and sends White for a big ride. The second that White comes back, Dex throws him up in the air with a big back body drop to the heavens! Joy's holding his neck but he seems to be riding on a second wind right now!

Lance:

I think White just got some frequent flyer miles!

DDK:

Now Dex has White! What's he gonna do?

Dex pulls the Socialite up to a knee with one arm wrapped around his head. The Socialite tries to beg off from whatever punishment that he has coming his way, but the Biggest Boy is getting a big reaction with his free hand and then lets the punishment begin by clubbing White's chest repeatedly! The Düsseldorf Faithful count along!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

After ten nasty shots, White collapses to the canvas with the EveryChamp standing over him feeding off the energy being given to him by a sold out crowd!

DDK:

The Biggest Boy has a chance to make a comeback! What's he doing?

Dex Joy looks like he has something big planned for the man that burned his cheek three months ago. The Wrecking Crew Foreman takes off the ropes ... but he runs right past a rising Edward White ...

WHOA-PE CON HILO TO NICKY COROZZO ON THE OUTSIDE!!!

DDK:

DEX HITS THE WHOA-PE CON HILO ON NICKY CORROZO!!! THE BIG MAN NEVER SAW THAT COMING!!!

The misdirect by Dex allows him to leap over the top rope and land on the massive Corozzo with a running somersault plancha!

Lance:

We thought he might have been going for Dexy's Midnight Runner, but he takes out the big man! That's payback for that body slam and the punch from earlier in the contest!

Dex stands up after wiping out the giant and walks past the stunned Jane Katze! Dex heads back inside the ring... but when he gets through the ropes, Ed is back up and grabs his neck!

DDK:

No way! Ed White is right there to catch Dex with an inside cradle!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Dex almost loses the title right then and there by taking his eyes off White, but he kicks out!

Lance:

That was *almost* a disaster for the FIST!

White tries getting to Dex, but the EveryChamp catches him first and then plants White in the middle of the ring with a front power slam! The Socialite is in the center of the ring with nowhere to go with Joy standing over his body.

DDK:

I think I know what's next! Dex has been working on something new and he's about to use it!

Dex looks out all over the Mitsubishi Electric Halle and then makes it to the ropes. He runs past the prone White and the big man pops the crowd with a handspring then flips back into a standing moonsault right on top of White!

DDK:

THAT WAS IT! THE NEW MOVE! HE CALLS THIS MOONSAULT FOR EVERYONE!!!

The crowd is on their feet after the big athletic move when he hooks White's legs!

One ...

Two ...

Thre ...

NO!!!

White gets the shoulder up at two and one-half! Dex gets disheartened with Benny Doyle showing only two fingers up in the air!

DDK:

Dex was counting on the element of surprise there with that new move, but it wasn't enough!

Lance:

Trust me that on a personal level, there is no love lost for Edward White, but it takes a special kind of monster to get away with all that he's gotten away with and still last this long in his career!

Despite the recent kick out, Dex is living and thriving off the energy of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful right now and with Nicky Corozzo wiped out by the unsuspecting Whoa-pe Con Hilo, he knows that he's got a shot to put the match away for good! White is pulled up by the hair and then pulled right in the grip of Dex. He swings ...

DDK:

I think the Dex Drive is coming up!

... but he misses when White throws an elbow to the jaw of Dex and then sneaks out of the back and stutters backwards into the corner. Dex switches things up and runs at him with the chance to hit the Dexy's Midnight Runner ... but White kicks Dex's leg and he hits the corner!

Lance:

Ed had the Dex Drive *and* Dexy's Midnight Runner scouted!

White trips Joy to the mat with a quick double leg and stacks him up for the pin!

DDK:

Roll-up by White ... AND HE'S GOT FEET ON THE ROPES!!!

One ...

Two ...

THR - NO!

Lance:No! Dex kicks out again! The EveryChamp will *not* stay down no matter what misdeeds Edward White tries to throw his way!

The very livid Socialite only scores with another big two and a half count. Perhaps out of desperation, he goes towards the corner and in full view of the official, he's attempting to undo the turnbuckle pad off the corner closest to him. He tries to obstruct the view of Doyle, but the head official of DEFIANCE Wrestling is on to him and yells at him to stop what he's doing!

DDK:

No! Doyle was onto him! He caught what Edward White was trying to do there and he kiboshed it!

Edward White is talking to a yelling Doyle and telling him to calm down ... unbeknownst that behind him, Jane Katze sneaks into the ring on a rising Dex and *kicks* him with a big low blow!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!***Lance:**

We should have known, Darren! We should have known! He still has Jane Katze and his loyal assistant hits the low blow! He's ripe for the picking!

White leaps right back into action and brushes right past Benny Doyle! He grabs the doubled-over Dex into a piledriver set up ... then *drills* him almost through the canvas with the Market Failure! Dex bounces off the mat and slumps over!

DDK:

MARKET FAILURE!!!

Lance:

No way! The low blow and that picture-perfect pile driver! This one's done, Darren! We have a new champion!

White grits his teeth and rolls Dex over into the prime position for a cover and even hooks the leg for extra leverage!

One ...

Two ...

THREE— NO!!!!

Lance:

NO! NO! BENNY DOYLE SAYS THAT WAS TWO!!! THAT WAS THE CLOSEST FALL IN THIS WHOLE MATCH!

Doyle is so close to counting three that he almost calls for the bell, but then waves it off immediately when Dex

manages to use his legs to kick out of the cover! Katze is outside looking in with eyes bulged out and White himself thinks he should be the champion! The Socialite has lost his cool and desperation starts to sink in!

DDK:

I THOUGHT THAT WAS IT, BUT HOW MUCH MORE CAN DEX JOY'S NECK TAKE?!

White still knows that there's a chance to wrap up this match and he makes the most of it. He pulls Dex up and throws a series of knees into his stomach as he rises to make sure that he ends the bout and The Era of Everyone at one time! Dex is on the shoulders ...

DDK:

STOCK MARKET DROP INCOMING!

With some strength he has the Biggest Boy secured for the death valley bomb ... but at the last moment Dex hits elbows until White has to let go! Dex grabs Ed by the side of the head ... and then *bites him!!!* White is reeling in pain and frantically trying to get away from the possessed Joy!

Lance:

Oh, No! Dex just *bit* Ed White!

DDK:

AN EYE FOR AN EYE AND A CHEEK FOR A CHEEK!!! LIKE HE SAID TO START THIS MATCH!!!

ed hen pushes him as far as he can into the ropes! Dex runs the other way ... then *crashes* like a runaway train into the Socialite! Edward White racks up the frequent flyer miles as he gets sent flying across the ring and crash lands near the turnbuckle!

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER LANDS!!! AND WE KNOW WHAT COMES NEXT!!!

The emotionally charged Joy runs as quick as he can to the corner and then climbs up the corner until he reaches the top! He calls out to the thousands of people in attendance and then backflips off the top rope to land the same move that defeated Ned Reform last year, but the very same move that won him the FIST of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

THE JOY BUZZER! THE THREE HUNDRED POUND MOONSAULT CRASHES DOWN ON EDWARD WHITE!!!

Katze freaks out and Nicky Corozzo is finally sitting up after what he's seen! But Dex hooks the legs and looks out to both of White's henchmen.

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner this match and *STILLLLLLLLL* the FIST of DEFIANCE, On Behalf of Everyone...
DEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

Dex rolls off of Edward White and both men aren't moving right away after the fall! The neck of Dex Joy cannot be a hundred percent and he whispers something to Benny Doyle. He is able to sit up under his own power and the FIST of DEFIANCE is finally returned to him!

Lance:

WHAT ... A ... WAR!!! Edward White used every dirty trick in the book he could come up with to turn the tide against the vengeful and powerful champion. Nicky Corozzo evened the odds for a time and when that went south, White showed what he can do at the top level and did everything he could and *almost* got the title he wanted after all this time ... but in the end, Dex Joy's proud hold on the title continues!

DDK:

I can't believe it! I thought the Market Failure had it! That low blow and the pile driver combination could have done it, but after the violent attack at Acts of DEFIANCE and after months of insults and the deplorable acts that Edward White did to Dex's philanthropic endeavors away from the ring ... Dex finally gives the Socialite some much deserved comeuppance!

Dex kneels in the ring with the FIST of DEFIANCE laid out in front of him. He watches as Corozzo and Katze help Edward White out of the ring and retreat back up the ramp. Dex is still clearly hurt from the brutality of back to back bouts with the top tier talent of DEFIANCE such as Ned Reform and Edward White.

Lance:

With DEFIANCE Road now in the books, all eyes are now set towards DEFCON! It was last year that Dex Joy defeated Conor Fuse in a thirty-minute bout that earned him the chance to become FIST of DEFIANCE! Who will step up and challenge the Era of Everyone?!

DDK:

It won't be long before we find out ... but for tonight, Dex Joy gets to finally enjoy the moment of defending this title successfully and gets payback on Edward White taking that first big moment away from him at Acts of DEFIANCE!

The Biggest Boy slowly rises up and then climbs to the second turnbuckle. He taps his finger on the "Everyone" name plate on the championship as yellow and blue confetti starts to now fall from the rafters! The reaction from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful is at a fever pitch with Dex posing with a foot on the middle and one on the top rope!

DDK:

On behalf of Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler and we want to thank every single person that joined us either in person or watching around the world to see DEFIANCE Road! We'll see you in a few weeks for UNCUT, the eventual *TWO HUNDREDTH* edition of DEFtv as we travel the final road right to DEFCON!!!

"Undefeated" continues to play out the show with Dex Joy raising the title up high with all eyes now turned towards DEFCON ...

And a big chorus of jeers cuts off the celebration!

DDK:

MALAK GARLAND!!! MALAK GARLAND IS HERE!!!

Lance:

MALAK DID NOT HIDE IT AFTER HIS VICTORY OVER HALL OF FAMER BRONSON BOX LAST NIGHT!!! HE'S GOT HIS FOCUS NOW ON THE TOP PRIZE IN DEFIANCE!!!

Malak Garland stands on top of the ramp looking straight ahead at the man wearing the very gold he wants. As he did last night, Malak gestures with his hands around his waist about what he wants!

DDK:

IS THIS A LOOK AT THE FUTURE?! THE MOST SELFISH MAN IN DEFIANCE WANTS TO TAKE THE TITLE FROM THE MAN THAT REPRESENTS THE ERA OF EVERYONE! WE HAVE TO SIGN OFF! FOR LANCE WARNER I'M DARREN KEEBLER!!! GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY!!!

Dex Joy lays the FIST of DEFIANCE down in front of him inside the ring and draws a line with his foot to dare Malak to try and take it! Malak simply flashes a grin that some say is most delectable as the show ends!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.