

SHOW OPEN

18,500 strong in San Juan, Puerto Rico welcome MAXIMUM DEFIANCE to the Coliseo de Puerto Rico José Miguel Agrelot!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

BROCK NEWCHAMP
AMAMOS A LA FAMILIA
MELTON ES UNA REINA
CAMARILLA DE BUTCH VIC EN LA CASA
GLUEFIST - HOW DOES IT WORK!?
DOUGMORE, DOUGLAS.
RCR > VV
KEEP IT DOWN & TURN IT UP, RONIN!
FEAR THE KRAKEN, LONG LIVE THE QUEEN
REMEMBER THE KABAL
THE MASK IS EVERYTHING
NO TENEMOS 103.9 AQUÍ ABAJO
DESAFÍA A PUERTO RICO POR SIEMPRE
I NEVER KNEW I LIKED GUNTHER ADLER UNTIL HE WAS GONE
SUB POP BRUV!
I WONDER WHAT TRASHCAN TIM IS UP TO THESE DAYS?
VIVA LA CUBA!
251 PAGES OF BULLSHIT. I DEMAND A REFUND. BAD VIBES
KYA-HA-HA-HA-HA!!!
URIEL CORTEZ. I'M NOT MAD. JUST DISAPPOINTED.
DOES ANYONE ELSE WANT TO EAT CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS? NO? JUST ME?
I WENT TO FRANCE BUT COULDN'T FIND THE FRENCHIE

The card rolls through in match graphic form.

VAE VICTIS vs. RAIN CITY RONIN
BRONSON BOX & EDWARD WHITE vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION
TYLER FUSE vs. MIL VUELTAS
MASK vs. MASK: MV1 vs. JJ DIXON
THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS & SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. TITANES FAMILIA
FIST of DEFIANCE: MALAK GARLAND (C) vs. BROCK NEWBLUDD

To ringside and the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

VAE VICTIS vs. RAIN CITY RONIN

DDK:

We are BACK, ladies and gentlemen, coming to you live from San Juan with the second night of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Last night was a doozy, Keebs. You sure you got another in you?

DDK:

We're just getting started, partner! Let's head to the ring and get right into the action!

Maybe it won't be the doom piano this time.

Maybe it'll be something nice, like an absolute banger by Papa Roach, or like a cheery, third wave ska joint from Reel Big - ope, no, sorry.

It's the dundunduns again.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

STRANGER FRUIT, HOW IT GROWS AND GROWS

WE ALL SAW THE SHOOT BUT WE TEND TO THE ROSE

It's a fucking *cascade* of hot pink and sky blue fireworks - from the stage to the entrance ramp to the towering heights above the stadium. Whoever was on budget duty for this must have been slipped a few extra hundred (or thousand?) by Keyes or Troy to pay for all...all *this*.

It's such an overwhelming about of bangs and pows and sparks and blasts that the stage has become enshrouded in smoke (or mist? Dry ice? Again, the budget must have been juiced for this one) - but then we see two shadows inside that fog.

Side by side, shoulder to shoulder, each with arms crossed in what can only be called a "cartoonishly exaggerated angle". She's wearing a blue military coat with crowns emblazoned upon it and golden tassels. He's wearing a pink military coat with steampunky gears and chains with silver tassels.

We might even see a shadow of a very large jungle cat for a moment - but just briefly. She's not there to join in the party, she's just seeing her dad and aunt make it safely before heading back.

And the fog subsides. The Besties, Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes, are statuesque, before moving their hands to their hips, pointing their faces to the sky, and posing iconically for all the world to witness.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... the CO-CONSULTS of VAE VICTIS... "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY... "THE KRAKEN" HENRY KEYES... YOU CAN'T WITH THEM... THEEEEEEE BEEEEESTIIIIIIIEESSS!!!

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

The lights drop, and Atlanta POPS. Interchanging lights in red and blue fill the stage. The tandem of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett step through the curtain the moment the lyrics hit, and promptly come striding down the rampway with determined authority.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, making their way to the ring... hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at a combined

four-hundred and fifty five pounds... "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON... "THE ICEMAN" LEO BURNETT... the RAIN... CITY... ROOOONIIIIIIIIIN!!

Both teams stand face to face in the center of the ring as official Hector Navarro pats them down for foreign objects. Satisfied, he gives the cue to the timekeeper.

Nobody seems interested in going to the corner.

DING DING

A long staredown ensues, while the crowd roars around them. Troy and Keyes look to one another and exchange twin smirks. Daymon and Burnett square up, ready for anything and everything.

No words need to be spoken. In an instant, they collide!

DDK:

And here we go! The rights and lefts are flying everywhere as both teams launch themselves into a four-way melee!

Lance:

Zack and Leo are showing some real guts going toe to toe with a pair of the most dangerous DEFIANTs to ever grace the ring.

DDK:

It's definitely a risky approach. On the other hand, showing their fearlessness and resolve right out of the gate may be their only hope against the co-consuls of Vae Victis.

LT and Keyes begin gaining the upper hand in their respective battles. Thinking alike, they split the Ronin into opposite corners. Troy deals the trapped Burnett with lashing chops against the turnbuckles, while the Kraken bulls Daymon against the post across the ring and lays into his taped ribs with a salvo of body shots.

Lance:

Experience is beginning to win over on the part of the Besties.

DDK:

To be expected, considering the veterans have been in countless scraps over their extensive careers. OOH! The Queen and former FIST with a jumping knee lift catches Burnett on the jaw!

Lindsay leaves Leo slumped in the corner, arms draped over the top ropes, and crosses the ring to give her support to Keyes, who has switched from punches to straight shoulder blocks into Zack Daymon's midsection.

Troy gets in a few knees of her own, before a double Irish whip sends Zack on a collision course with his partner in the opposite corner. But before that can happen, Leo Burnett springs forth, dips low, and sends Daymon back over the ropes.

DDK:

Burnett sends Daymon to the outside!

Lance:

Given Zack's condition, it's probably safer out there than in the ring right now.

Troy charges in first with a running lariat, which Burnett easily ducks. But this was only part of the plan, as the moment he rises up, Henry Keyes meets him with a stunning headbutt.

LT keeps running and pounces to the second rope. At the same time, the Kraken lifts Burnett off his feet into a spinebuster, only for the Queen of the Ring to catch him by the head off the turnbuckle springboard into a falling

neckbreaker!

DDK:

DEVASTATING tandem maneuver by the Besties! And with that, they have secured control of this match only minutes from the bell!

Lance:

This can't be a good sign for the Ronin.

Troy and Keyes stand tall in the ring and take a moment to smile and pose to a mob of jeering fans who simply *cannot* sit with them. Then Navarro decides he's entertained these antics for long enough, and directs someone to their corner.

Troy steps out to the apron while Keyes puts the soles of his sky-faring pirate boots to work against the head, chest, and shoulders of Burnett. Knowing he has to act before being picked apart, Leo rolls to his hands and feet to make his move, until Henry throws himself on his back and bulldogs him into a headlock.

Burnett makes a reach for the ropes, but Henry maintains perfect side control and pins him in place, half wrenching back on the neck and half digging his wrist into the Iceman's windpipe to disrupt his breathing.

DDK:

The Kraken, using those tentacle-like arms of his, has the powerhouse of the Rain City Ronin thoroughly under his control.

Lance:

Burnett has to get out of this situation as soon as he can. The hole the Rain City Ronin are finding themselves in right now is only getting deeper.

DDK:

Keyes now leaning in, rolls Burnett over... shoulders down!

One!

T--

Burnett rolls himself back up!

Keyes clinches the hold and forces Leo onto his shoulders once more.

DDK:

Shoulders down again!

One!

Kickout!

Burnett gives his body a twist as he kips his shoulders off the mat, giving himself better leverage. He finds his footing and works his way up. Keyes keeps control of his head, trying to force him to the mat again like a wrangler bringing a raging bull into the dirt. However, Leo rolls through the attempted takedown, slipping free and snagging the Kraken by the wrist to force him into an armbar.

The crowd cheers the turn of events, but it's a short-lived victory as Keyes swiftly reverses out into an arm wrench. With Burnett in his clutches, he reaches behind him and makes the tag to Troy.

DDK:

The former FIST comes back into this match, as the Besties continue to dictate the flow of the action.

Lance:

I know Burnett wants to protect his partner, but he should probably worry about protecting himself right now.

Keyes pulls Burnett in and pushes him off the ropes to send him into motion before hopping out to the apron. Troy gets in position for the return. Leo comes back with a roaring lariat, but the Queen of the Ring nimbly ducks the arm, spins him around, and peppers him with a right-right-left combo of punches and chops before leveling him onto his back with a spinning heel kick!

DDK:

Devastating roundhouse by the Queen of the Ring! Now she makes the cover!

One!

Two!

Burnett kicks out!

Troy is back on her feet, but her attempt to bring Burnett back up with her ends with a forearm to her abdomen and a European uppercut that leaves her reeling. Clutching her jaw, Lindsay angrily charges back to dish out some retribution, but instead runs straight into a powerslam!

Rather than pin, Burnett rolls himself up against the ropes for a quick breather. Nearby, he can see Zack eagerly reaching over the ropes for the tag. After a moment of hesitation, Burnett reluctantly slaps the hand.

Lance:

Looks like Leo Burnett has figured out that he can't win this one on his own!

DDK:

Daymon in the ring... takes a bounce off the near second rope as Troy gets to her feet... SPRINGBOARD DDT!!

Troy slumps on the impact. Before she can roll over, Daymon keeps his arm clenched around her head and applies a guillotine choke with an added body scissor. The crowd cheers the sudden submission attempt.

Navarro moves in to check on the former FIST, but she promptly shakes her head, refusing to tap. Instead, thinking quickly, she pushes herself onto her feet and rolls Daymon back onto his shoulders.

DDK:

Troy putting Zack Daymon into a pinning predicament!

One!

Two!

ALMOST three! But nevertheless, the Queen breaks free!

Lance:

The Ronin are bringing the fight, but the battle-hardened Besties seem to have an answer to everything they bring.

Daymon quickly rolls back to his corner and tags Burnett back into the ring. He meets Troy with a running forearm before she can get vertical, and quickly Northern Lights suplexes her back to the canvas. LT takes the bump and rolls back to her feet, clutching the back of her head and wearing an expression of fury. Blinded by rage, she charges.

Burnett slips behind and Dragon Suplexes out of her boots with a bridge so beautiful it belongs in a song.

DDK:

PIN off the Dragon Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Troy kicks out!

Lance:

But for the time being, the Rain City Ronin are finally building some momentum. Albeit at the risk of making their opponents angry.

DDK:And *dangerous* as well!

Burnett pops to his feet and quickly tags back out to Zack Daymon... but before Zack can get a leg through the ropes, he's BLASTED off the apron by a shoulder block courtesy of Henry Keyes, who came halfway around the perimeter of the ring to put an end to this bullshit.

Before Leo can react, the Queen's flying knee to the back of his head levels him. Navarro immediately protests, but it falls on deaf ears. Keyes joins LT in the ring as she scrapes the Iceman off the canvas like frozen morning dew off a windshield and hands him over. Henry scoops him over a shoulder while she goes upstairs to the top rope.

The Besties pose arrogantly, drawing the ire of San Juan, before Troy comes flipping off the top with a somersault guillotine legdrop across the back of Burnett's head.

DDK:

LEGDROP TO THE ELEVATED LEO BURNETT!! That nearly DECAPITATED him!

Lance:

Went right for the killing blow!

Troy hooks the leg for a cover, but Navarro is busy trying to get the Kraken back to the apron. LT finally shouts to him to pull his head out of his ass, and Hector reluctantly swoops in to make the count.

DDK:

Troy with the pin...

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--BROKEN UP BY ZACK DAYMON!!

The crowd CHEERS! But Henry Keyes is less amused. Continuing to ignore Navarro, he brushes by the ref and pulling the upstart Ronin off the mat by his hair. Daymon's face meets his knee multiple times before he locks up the face and brings him vertical.

DDK:

BRAINBUSTER by Henry Keyes onto Zack Daymon!

Daymon's body goes limp and he slumps into a heap. Meanwhile, Troy wrangles Burnett back to his feet by the head and steps over his back, hooking the arm with her leg. In a flash, Leo is yanked back and driven down onto his head.

DDK:

CRUCIFIX DRIVER by Lindsay Troy onto Leo Burnett!

Lance:

No doubt about it, Keebs, we are witnessing a MURDER PARTY right now!

DDK:

You said it, Lance!

LT kicks Burnett aside, and the Besties regroup over Daymon, now desperately trying to push himself up and crawl to the ropes. Wearing matching murderous grins, Troy and Keyes peel him up and prep him for more punishment.

Navarro steps in once more, desperate to keep control of the match. Tragically, he doesn't anticipate the Kraken scooping the nearly lifeless body of "Skyfire" Zack Daymon off his feet and onto his shoulder. Daymon, himself desperate to escape his clutches, kicks his feet, and inadvertently clips the official.

DDK:

Navarro is DOWN!

Keyes and Troy turn and watch the official grasp at his face, fall through the ropes and bonk his head on the ringside floor. They look to each other, and shrug. Guess that means more murderin' to do?

Before Daymon can put up another fight, the Besties get back to work. Troy goes to the second rope as Keyes goes to the opposite corner... and comes charging out of it. The Kraken stops halfway and launches Daymon off his shoulder like firing a rocket launcher, just as the Queen of the Ring springs off the turnbuckles and drags him out of the sky with a double-knee chinbuster!

DDK:

ANOTHER devastating move! Is there NO STOPPING the KRAKEN and the QUEEN?!

Lance:

At this point, Keebs, they'll only stop when they get bored!

DDK:

At this point, the only thing that can save the Rain City Ronin will be nothing short of a MIRACL--

Black.

Lance:

What?!

DDK:

WHAT HAPPENED!?

The crowd cheers excitedly as the arena goes pitch.

Then a WHITE SPOTLIGHT appears over the ring, ensconcing the confused Besties.

A shadow suddenly appears over them. Slowly, they begin to look up...

“.....uuuuuuuuUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKSSSSS!!!”

SPLAT!!!

DDK:

WHAT THE--?!

Troy and Keyes suddenly collapse beneath the weight of a crooked and crusty figure in black that has literally just dropped out of the sky.

It doesn't take the commentary team long to put a name to the face.

DDK:

REZIN!?!

Lance:

He... *literally* came out of nowhere!

The crowd POPS at the sight of the Goat Bastard splayed out on top of a heap of Besties, pancaked (nyuk nyuk) to the canvas beneath them.

Rezin:

UUuuggghhhh...?

Rezin sits up, and slowly realizes he's surrounded by thousands of screaming fans. Beneath him, he notices Henry Keyes under his legs and Lindsay Troy under his ass. His sudden and swift descent has only temporarily knocked them senseless.

But now, both are angrily glaring up at him.

Rezin:

Uhhh, hey guys! How ya been? Got some good news! I can now DEFINITELY confirm that ya ain't aliens!

The duo EXPLODE to their feet, upheaving Rezin off of them. Across the ring, Burnett is back up with the help of the ropes, his free arm hooked under Daymon's and desperately trying to pull him up with him. Graced by the mythic *deus ex Strawchina*, they see their only window of opportunity.

In an instant, the Kraken seizes the Goat Bastard and *COIN/s* his unkempt ass through the ropes and to the outside. Troy moves to intercept the other team...

...until two-hundred and forty plus pounds of muscle and bone barrelling behind the shoulder of Leo Burnett plows right into her breadbasket and knocks the wind from her. The impact sends their bodies careening through the ropes. Troy's hand instinctively grabs the top rope before she can fall to ringside. But miraculously, Burnett somehow lands on his feet. Maintaining his hold around her waist, the Iceman tears her off the apron and chucks with an over-the-shoulder powerbomb that busts apart the barricade!

SMASH

Seeing his true Bestie violently ragdolled out of the ring and practically broken in half, Henry Keyes can't help but pause and turn his attention to the outside with a look of concern.

Ironically, it's this brief show of humanity that ends up being the Kraken's undoing.

DDK:

BOOT THE GUT by Zack Daymon!

Lance:

Who can barely stand!

Keyes doubles over. Zack pulls his head into a leg scissor and hooks the arm...

...but COLLAPSES in exhaustion before he can hook the other!

Lance:

The kid has nothing left!

DDK:

No! Keyes breaks free!

Daymon slumps to his knees as Keyes raises himself up. Henry takes a handful of hair and POUNDS Zack in the face.

AGAIN... and AGAIN... and AGAIN...

...and Daymon POUNDS BACK!

DDK:

Zack Daymon is not going down without a fight!

Lance:

And if he does, "Skyfire" is going down in a blaze of glory!

Keyes has had enough, stunning Daymon with a HEADBUTT and yanking him to his feet. The Kraken grasps him by the wrist and ripcords him straight into a--

DDK:

DUCK!! DAYMON DUCKS!!

Henry pivots around. His lungs empty when a boot connects with his diaphragm. Zack traps his head, hooks his arms, and lifts...

DDK:

TIGER DRIVER NINETEEN-NINETY-ONE!!!

Lance:

That took ALL HE HAD!

Bodies lie splayed out in the ring. Slowly, Daymon uses every last bit of his strength to roll over and drape an arm across the chest. Navarro slides into the ring just then to make the count.

DDK:

Daymon with the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREEEEE!!!

DING DING DING

The San Juan Faithful explode! Moving like an old man that's just been hit by a train, Leo Burnett crawls into the ring and tends to his partner. At ringside, medical crew check in on the Queen of the Ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of the match... ZACK DAYMON... and LEO BURNETT... the RAAIIIIINNN
CIIIIITTTYYYY RROOOOONNNIIIIIIINNN!!

DDK:

A glorious victory tonight for the young Rain City Ronin, picking up a win over a veteran team! I still can't believe they SURVIVED that!

Lance:

They had a lot of help, from the most unexpected of places. Perhaps Rezin finally got his revenge on Vae Victis in the end?

DDK:

In a strange way, you may be right, Lance. But for tonight, the glory goes to the team of Daymon and Burnett. Another statement victory by these young up-and-comers. But we've still got a whole night of action left, ladies and gentlemen! Maximum DEFIANCE continues!

RESISTENCE MOVEMENT

"O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic hits over the sound system.

DDK:

Well, this was a late in the day addition to our program tonight, folks.

Lance:

Big surprise, Ed White throws his considerable weight and his *checkbook* around and here we are subjected to this nonsense on what was a blissfully Blood Diamond-less night two of this stellar PPV.

The Faithful are immediately on their feet rattling the guardrails and raining noise down on the small army of individuals currently making their entrance. First out are the two biggest baddest men in BRAZEN. The Onslaught champion "The Problem Solder" Adrian Payne followed immediately by the BRAZEN Champ "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby. Both athletes dressed in matching Blood Diamonds branded tracksuits and shades.

The noise is amplified tenfold when "The Socialite" Edward White steps through the curtain clad in his usual crisp white suit and glittering adornments. He smiles that big fake Ed White smile and takes a look at his huge, gold Rolex and gives the face a little rap-a-tap. He stares down the barrel of the camera as he lightly quaffs his salt and pepper hair.

Edward White:

IT'S ABOUT THAT TIME, FOLKS! 'BOUT THAT TIIIME!

Clearly still recovering from their arena spanning brawl with the Atomic Punks on night one. A bloodied and still limping "Submission Siren" Jane Katze and her shadow, the slightly less so but still worse for ware Nicky Corozzo follow their employer out onto the stage and down the ramp towards the ring where Felton and Adrian are already perched on opposite turnbuckles jawing with the front row Faithful.

A familiar, grating voice cuts through "O Fortuna" like a hot knife through butter.

Angus Skaaland:

I'd cut this promo in Spanish but I've never been big on pandering like some sad desperate prick! Because you see, we don't need your approval. None of you, not one single soul here tonight. And why would we? Honestly? And not just you, you *savages* here in the arena.

The Motormouth of Malcontent, The Herald of the Wargod Angus Skaaland himself strolls from the entrance tunnel slicking back his bleached blond hair with his free hand. He's dressed up tonight in a sharp red blazer and matching red loafers. We notice a twin to Edward's gorgeous gold Rolex dangling from the wrist of the hand holding the microphone.

He looks directly into the camera as "O Fortuna" fades out.

Angus Skaaland:

All of you out there. *Faithful*, feh... hate that term about as much as I hate people calling the announce desk the "commentation station" you fuckin' *nerds*. You fickle fucks are faithful to precicely JACK SHIT. If I had ten bucks for every white hat, good guy dickhead you people have gotten all rah rah for over the years I'd have a bigger stack of cabbage than ol' Eddy down there. Dusty Griffith, Eugene Dewey, Cayle Murray, *Gage GODDAMN Blackwood*. I could rattle them off all night. All overrated! Oh, and all very much *NOT HERE*. And every hero that HAS stuck around this joint? They all eventually turn into goddamn dickheads, *just like us*.

He's out at the top of the ramp now. He clears his throat.

Angus Skaaland:

There's been one constant in this company. ONE. One guy that's flown the flag with the gusto of a great general of old, of an ARTIST. From day one, MATCH ONE. The OG-est of DEFIANCE OG's. He's never had to split his time

between UTA or PRIME or SHOOT or SCORE or POWWOW or ZIPPY-FUCKIN-DO or whatever the hell other shitty, *random* acronyms come down or *BACK UP* the pipe these days! He NEVER left these black and blood-red shores, folks! *EVER*. Not a lot of guys can say that in this business, ladies and gentlemen. Not a whole damn lot...

Down the ramp Adrian Payne, Felton Bigsby, Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo are all perched around ringside listening with rapt attention.

The Motormouth points back towards the entrance tunnel.

Angus Skaaland:

But this man can.

Edward stands alone in the ring, leaning on the ropes beaming with pride as Angus continues on with his tirade.

Angus Skaaland:

I can admit that I didn't see it then. Not for a long time, anyway. I cracked jokes for years sittin' over there next to Keebler, same tired shit jokes *some people* think still land in 2024. Laughed when people ran down his style, his fuckin' *facial hair*. Like any of that goddamn matters when that bell rings. And when it does ring nobody does this quite like him. His record was never perfect. But that wasn't the *point* with this crazy motherfucker.

The Motormouth stops and shakes his head with a disbelieving chuckle to himself.

Angus Skaaland:

I sat right there and watched this man sacrifice *championship opportunities* and *main events* simply to make a *point*. Like a goddamn blacksmith this man has sacrificed body, mind and *opportunity* to hammer the SOUL of this company into shape from JUMP STREET. This man walked so flag bearers like Oscar Burns could *run*, game recognizes game Burnsy... *regardless of the lame-ass company you've tended to keep around here*. DEFIANCE has stayed a vital, cool fuckin' brand for killers like Oscar to hitch their waggons to because this crazy motherfucker MADE it that way, goddamnit! You feel me, Puerto Rico?!

Scott Joplin's 1902 rag time piano classic "The Entertainer" begins to play.

The Faithful explode into a wall of hostile noise that rattles the rafters of the arena.

RAAAA-BOOOOOOOOOO!

The unassuming music might as well be some wild death metal track the way the fans react as the jaunty piano music continues to play.

Angus Skaaland:

I hear tell you Puerto Rican wrestling fans LOVE a good crazy, blood thirsty foreign motherfucker, is that right? Folks! I'm lookin' down there at poor Nicky and Jane and seein' exactly what a couple *Rican endorsed psychopaths* can do when properly motivated... well, making his way through the curtain right now is the craziest, bloodiest, ice cold son of a bitch to ever DO this. Ladies and gentleman the DEFINITION OF DEFIANCE. My new best friend! The WARGOD! BRONSON BOX!

The crowd roars even louder when the man himself pushes through the curtain.

Lance:

Polarizing doesn't even begin to describe this man, ladies and gentleman. We can and will refute a lot of the drivel that comes out of my predecessor's mouth, but nobody can deny Bronson's face is on DEF's Mount Rushmore.

Joplin's "The Entertainer" plays on. The juxtaposition of the jovial music and this gnarled scowling human being and the reactions that follow him around is, as always, jarring.

Behind Boxer like a shadow dressed all in black his long time cohort Reinhardt Hoffman.

Boxer's not dressed in his snazzy custom made three piece suit tonight. The Bombastic Bronson Box is dressed for battle.

DDK:

The Wargod is dressed for business, partner!

The mustachioed Scotsman runs his thumbs under the straps of his singlet as he steps out under the lights. Down in the ring, those of us not glued to the entrance of the Original DEFIANT, we notice Edward White shucking his jacket and shirt, handing them off to Nicky at ringside. His wrists and fingers are taped in his usual fashion, he also seems to be ready for in-ring action.

Angus hands off the microphone to Bronson and falls in beside Hoffman as the trio head down to the ring. Bronson shakes hands and embraces Adrian Payne and Felton Bigsby. He stops for a moment and leans in beside Jane Katze, whispering something privately. He pats her shoulder and nods. She nods back solemnly. He gives the seven foot Corozzo a similar nod of acknowledgement before heading up the steps and into the ring.

Hoffman peels off and joins the rest of the Blood Diamonds around ringside.

In the ring Edward White and Angus Skaaland flank the Wargod as they all take center stage.

Lance:

Gracious what a sight those three are standing shoulder to shoulder, gods help us...

Before Bronson can even open his mouth the apoplectic Puerto Rican crowd let him know exactly how they feel. The music cuts, serving only to amplify the riotous reaction from the Puerto Rican Faithful.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Box waits patiently.

He closes his eyes for a moment and lets the reaction wash over him.

DDK:

Bronson Box in his element, Lance.

The Wargod smiles a small, *genuine* smile.

*FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

His bloodshot brown eyes open suddenly.

Bronson Box:

Aye! Stomp yer' feet and scream bloody murder, ya' numpty pricks! Won't change a blasted thing. Consider this impressive collective right here like you'd consider a bloody hurricane or an earthquake. An inevitable, permanent part of life. As far as DEFIANCE is concerned this right here is the sort of wanton destruction you can't escape. It's a part of life, a force that might seem brutal and unnecessary that at the end of the day is a *vital* part of the machine that keeps this place spinning on its axis! Always has been, always will be, sunshine!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

The Socialite has his own microphone now.

Edward White:

Not everybody thinks so though, my friend. The Favoured Saints certainly don't. If that ridiculous Sato woman hadn't duped my associates Jane and Nicky into that MESS on night one, the Blood Diamonds would have been left off this show completely! THE NERVE of these blasted people, honestly! They want pliable, obedient little soldiers to populate a cute, run of the mill little wrestlin' show they don't have to *think* about. Yogurt brained little windup toys like Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell is what they want... turns my *goddamn* stomach, pardon my french.

Angus' turn now.

Angus Skaaland:

Hey, look who you're in the ring with Eddy, my mouth is filthier than the dirt caked bare feet of all these pathetic, shoeless, island dwelling peasants here tonight!

The Socialite bellows a big, put-on guffaw.

As does the Motormouth.

Angus Skaaland:

You like that Daddy Warbucks? Came up with that joke on the shitter the other night at the hotel, just for you, bud.

Are Ed and Angus becoming *friends*? Yikes.

Angus Skaaland:

What these two titans are sayin' is gospel though, ya' dinks. The Blood Diamonds make up several of the pillars keeping this once GRAND home from being torn down and replaced with dinky Favoured Saints branded economy housing! Ya' feel the vibe I'm layin' down?! These two brave visionaries are trying to SAVE THIS PLACE! Save it from itself, goddamnit! SAVE IT'S DAMN SOUL. The fact you people can't see that shows what blind-ass SHEEP you've all become! Faithful my *gorram foot*!

Boxer places a hand on Skaaland's shoulder.

Bronson Box:

Indeed, mate, indeed. That's why tonight Edward and I, despite the Favoured Saints disinterest in our little *movement* here, have decided to take matters into our own capable hands. To be honest with ye' it's almost embarrassingly easy to hijack a DEFIANCE show. You'd be shocked how little respect some of the tenured backstage employees of this company have for these Favoured Saints pricks and their blasted hands off approach to DEFIANCE television. So to that end, Edward and I *carved* ourselves out some time tonight. To take a page out of our *wretched* former champions playbook, a little BLOOD DIAMONDS *OPEN CHALLENGE*.

The Sophisticate laughs out loud and claps the Wargod's shoulder.

Edward White:

And not any of you permanent main roster bastards, either! We want someone who, like all of us out here tonight, has gotten forgotten and overlooked by the bastards that "run" DEFIANCE Wrestling. Somebody that hasn't held gold, that hasn't had their moment in the sun. Boxer and I want a team that's HUNGRY, by God! COME ON DEFIANCE! Show us what you got, damn you! I hope there's folks trippin' over themselves back there, by God! Two former FIST's of DEFIANCE standin' here offering the opportunity of a lifetim...

"The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/ KB and Trip Lee interrupt The Socialite mid sentence.

The little distorted trumpet followed by the heavy danceable beat gets the fans on their feet.

OG BRAZEN superstars, the Gulf Coast Connection, make their way out onto the ramp.

DDK:

Well how about that, some BRAZEN originals stepping into the lion's den, folks!

Lance:

I get not letting an opportunity on PPV pass you by but can these lads COUNT? The chances of these guys walking out of here under their own power is nil, Darren.

Crescent City Kid is the first out. He leaps out onto the stage like he was *launched*. He's in street clothes and his mardi gras colored mask, sprinting from one side of the stage to the other hyping up the crowd as his much bigger partners make their entrance. The serious raw bone tough Theodore Cain and the massive Wingman Titus Campbell step out of the entrance tunnel with more focus than we've ever seen from the usually fun loving group. Cain, Campbell and CCK huddle for a moment before breaking and heading directly for the ring.

Up in said ring Angus Skaaland and Edward White are both laughing, being quite dismissive of the tenured Gulf Coast trio. But not Bronson Box, his bloodshot brown eyes are eagerly locked on Cain and Campbell as soon as they stepped through the curtain.

Referee Hector Navarro appears at ringside and steps through the ropes to officiate this unscheduled tag team match. He looks a little less than enthused at being involved, but he's a professional and here to do his job.

Skaaland struts over to the official and gets right in Hector's face, jabbing a finger into the portly old referee's chest.

DDK:

Considering referee Navarro is a retired luchador with decades of in ring experience, that might not be the smartest move right there.

Navarro is unmoved by Angus' intimidation attempt, stoically standing his ground. The Motor Mouth of Malcontent makes his way out of the ring with a smug shrug.

Angus Skaaland:

Your funeral, Cheech.

The Gulf Coast Connection makes their way down the ramp. Cain and Campbell fearlessly step through the ropes and into the ring with the two former FISTS of DEFIANCE. The two men don't wait for pre-match instruction, they don't waste a precious second of time just straight up RUSHING Edward and Bronson starting this one off as hot as humanly possible.

DDK:

Here we go folks! Oh boy...

Lance:

What? OH GOD NO! NO! NOOOOOOOO!

Much to Lance Warner's chagrin, Angus plops down behind the announce desk.

Angus:

Shut your goddamn gob, Warner. I'll graciously allow you to talk this time...

Adrian Payne and Felton Bigsby both post up behind Angus' spot at the announce desk.

They adjust their BRAZEN championships on their giant shoulders in their matching DEF-red and black tracksuits.

Angus:

Just remember to *watch your mouth*. Guh, both figuratively and literally, ya' nasty.

Angus throws a handful of breath mints at Lance Warner with a disgusted frown as we cut back to the ring where

Hector Navarro is desperately trying to get a member of each team to relent long enough to take their respective places in their corners. Much to no avail.

Complete disregard for the rules of tag team wrestling aside, the tag team continuity between Cain and Campbell is clearly on display. The two men instinctively having one another's backs, fending off the brutal but disjointed attack from the two primary Blood Diamonds.

DDK:

Been a few years since Boxer and Ed have tagged guys.

Lance:

And it shows.

Angus:

Lance, sweetie... *STFU*.

BRONSON BOX & EDWARD WHITE vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

Finally Edward and Titus Campbell both take their places on the apron allowing for the match proper to begin. Already looking a little exhausted, Hector Navarro calls for the opening bell.

DING DING

Theodore Cain and Bronson Box circle for a moment before locking up. Bronson's massive mitts engulfing Cain's. The canny New Orleans Native knows full well he doesn't stand a chance in a contest of strength versus the Scottish Strongman, so he dips and dodges and manages a leg trip and takes Box down to the mat, immediately clapping on a tight headlock around Boxer's huge bald mellow.

DDK:

Box might not advertise this fact, but he's a more than capable technician when he wants to be.

Angus:

You're damn right he is! Just because a guy prefers stabbin' folks in the bean doesn't mean he still can't pepper 'round a little chain wrasslin' Keeps!

Cain and Box go back and forth in a rather impressive game of reversal of the reversals reversal and so on and so on. The unexpected display of mat prowess from the Original DEFIANT pops the crowd despite everything.

The appreciation for the two mens in ring stylings quickly become secondary however to a developing shouting match at ringside between Reinhardt Hoffman, Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo and the clearly fearless masked member of the GCC trio, the Crescent City Kid.

Lance:

OH COME ON!

Angus:

HAHAHA!

The three Blood Diamond hench-people promptly jump CCK and start kicking him into the thin mats at ringside. Skaaland, Bigsby and Payne can all be heard laughing it up over commentary. Hesitating preciously half a microsecond, the massive Wingman Titus Campbell lives up to his moniker and LEAPS from his spot in the corner onto the dogpile of his friend and teammate!

DDK:

Wingman indeed!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

Remind me to go to the club with big Titus as my co-pilot!

Angus:

A. like you go to the club, and B. you couldn't catch pussy with a *literal pussy catcher*, you demonstrative fuckin' dork.

With Campbell now embroiled in a huge brawl at ringside, Cain realizes he's all alone and kicks it into high gear...

Angus:

THEY CLUBBERIN' MEAT, BOYS!

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

Back and forth Bronson Box and Theodore Cain go until both mens chests are beat red... It's not long before Boxer's power, not to mention giant meaty, scarred up hands win the day and leave Cain's chest an open, bleeding wound. A series of quick tags and shady behavior from the Blood Diamonds leaves poor Theodore Cain in poor condition.

His tag team partners aren't much better off. As we cut to ringside we see Jane Katze locking CCK in her patented Golden Gate Guillotine submission hold. Titus Campbell has his arms pinned back by the seven footer Corozzo as Reinhardt buries the lip of a folding chair in the Wingman's midsection.

DDK:

This is a MUGGING!

Angus:

Ain't it grand?! Hey... all the silent Favoured Saints dinks upstairs had to do was show a little respect for the boys here and all this would have been avoided. It's not our fault these three idiots are the best this company has to offer!

Suddenly, the beatdown is provided with the weirdest soundtrack of all time as the song "**Southern Nights**" by **Glen Campbell** starts up over the

Lance:

Don't speak so soon, Angus!

Up on the stage we see none other than BRAZEN player coach and former BRAZEN champion BIGBOSS Batts emerge through the entrance tunnel shoulder to shoulder with the owner of this particular, cheery entrance tune...

DDK:

Fresh off a stint in PRIME, ladies and gentleman it's "FAIR PLAY" DABNEY DOUBLEDAY!

The tall, handsome blond grappler is glad in a pair of BRAZEN brand track pants and a look of pure determination.

Batts and Doubleday are joined out on the stage by several *more* BRAZEN stars. The tenured trio of Walter Levy, Hijo del Fishman Deluxe, and CAGE! Known collectively as The Midcard Experiment, and the big beefy Texas Stampede Gordy Lovett. The six men make haste down the ramp and DIVE in to save the two beleaguered Gulf Coast boys at ringside.

Angus:

JESUS! GO, BOTH OF YOU GO! GO DAMNIT!

Skaaland orders Adrian Payne and Felton Bigsby from their posts behind him at the commentation station, down into the fray.

BIGBOSS Batts and the raw greenhorn Gordy Lovett meet the two huge BRAZEN title holders halfway and immediately start throwing hands at the foot of the ramp.

The arrival of Dabney Doubleday and the Midcard Experiment boys at ringside frees up a battered but still clearly game Titus Campbell to climb back up on the apron and extend a hand to his besieged tag team partner still fending off the quick, uninterrupted tags between Bronson Box and Edward White.

DDK:

The resilience of Titus Campbell!

Lance:

Guess those reported "team meetings" Dabney and his little brother had down in BRAZEN the last couple weeks have paid dividends! This is a locker room united!

Angus:

So this is all that smilin' blond kid and his penis shaped haircut havin' brothers fault, is it? Noted. *Fucking noted.*

Back in the ring, it looks like Theadore Cain might never get out from under Box and Edward's assault to tag that extended hand of his partner. It's a miscalculation by Edward White that allows the wiley but clearly exhausted Cain to roll back towards his corner and tag in the ready and waiting Wingman.

DDK:

Here comes Campbell!

The Wingman more than holds his own against The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE. Several huge shoulder blocks knock Ed White prone over and over. Campbell showing off his spooky quickness for his weight class. The crowd roars as Bronson Box grinds his teeth in the Blood Diamonds corner.

Lance:

How 'bout that! Go get 'em Titus! What do you have to say about THAT Skaaland?

It's still chaos around ringside with Hoffman, Jane, Nicky, Felton and Adrian Payne still all throwing hands with the BRAZEN contingent of player-coach BIGBOSS Batts, the The Midcard Experiment (Walter Levy, Fishman Jr, and CAGE!), the double tough Texan Gordy Lovett, the Crescent City Kid and the clear ringleader of this motley band of white-hats "Fair Play" Dabney Doubleday.

Wingman Titus Campbell roars with emboldened confidence as he drags Ed White around by the hair.

RAAAA-BOOOOOOOOOO!

All that momentum ends abruptly as Bronson Box steps into the ring with an audible, frustrated harumph... reaches into his boot, pulls forth his favorite weapon and plants it, all in one smooth movement, directly into the meaty forehead of Titus Campbell. Ed White hits the mat and bails to ringside to assist his beleaguered Associates.

Angus:

What was that you were sayin', Lance? You stupid dick?

Lance:

REAL nice, Angus! Real nice! Your *CLIENT* there is really taking DEFIANCE back to the good ol' days! Is this all the big bad Bronson Box is anymore?! Some Hall of Famer!

DDK:

Ok, partner, calm down. Take a breath.

We hear Angus' response in the form of laughter as the bell once again begins to...

DING DING DING DING DING

The madness outside the ring begins to spill in as Cain and CCK are both immediately in the ring to protect their partner, Dabney Doubleday is close behind them. The Gulf Coast boys dive in to cover their brother Titus from further harm, the big man now bleeding profusely from the huge gaping gash in his forehead. Box is about to lay boots to all three of the GCC when he's SHOVED back by none other than Mrs. Doubleday's Sweet Baby Boy!

The collective, impressed "OOHHH-RAAAAAAH!" from the Faithful only further serves to further piss Bronson Box off.

Angus:

Kid has guts. He's *stupid*. And *dead*. But he does have guts.

DDK:

He's BRAVE, Angus! *Damn* brave!

Almost as though he heard Darren Keebler's cries, Dabney backs quickly into the nearest available turnbuckle. As Bronson Box lunges wildly after him Spike first, Doubleday dodges dips and darts his way down and under the ropes just in time for Box to BURY the Spike in the turnbuckle pad that was just behind Dabney's well intentioned blond head.

Lance:

DEAR GOD, RUN KID! RUN!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The wild sight of Box's Spike stabbed *THROUGH* the turnbuckle pad pops the crowd.

The Original DEFIANT makes chase out into the fray. He shoves his way through the throng of wrestlers as he stalks after Dabney.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! x2

A second and even louder pop as the camera cuts back to the ring where Dabney's little brother Douglas aka Lil' Dougie Doubleday is double stepping his way across the ring to quickly PLUCK the Spike from the turnbuckle where Bronson left it. As soon as Dougie appears, he splits from the ring like greased lightning and books it back through the audience!

Angus:

DID. DID THAT LITTLE PENIS KID STEAL BOXY'S BABY?! BOX! BRONSON! Jesus *gorram* Christ...

The sound of clattering headphones is heard as The Motormouth of Malcontent leaps from the announce desk and heads towards the teeming mass of Blood Diamonds on BRAZEN white-hats violence.

As Angus tries to rally the troops in the same direction, Ed White can be seen desperately urging a furious Bronson Box back up the ramp away from the fray.

DDK:

What an absolute disaster for Bronson, Ed and their Blood Diamonds!

Lance:

How sweet it is, partner!

The greater numbers of the BRAZEN contingent eventually drive the Diamonds reluctantly from ringside and back up the ramp where their two frustrated leaders await them. All three members of the Gulf Coast Connection including a blood covered but still standing Titus Campbell, BIGBOSS Batts, the Midcard Experiment, big Gordy Lovett, and Dabney Doubleday ALL take to the ring and perch on the turnbuckles and ropes taking in the raucous reaction from the Faithful watching the might Blood Diamonds running like scalded dogs.

The last thing we see before we cut to the next segment is Angus Skaaland and Edward White both trying to calm down an absolutely incensed Bronson Box.

TYLER FUSE vs. MIL VUELTAS

DDK:

Up next, well, Tyler Fuse believes he's cleansing DEFIANCE before he becomes the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

That's a big task, isn't it?

DDK:

It's a nonsense task. Look, Tyler is an incredible wrestler and dare I say this has been his strongest year in DEFIANCE yet. He's undefeated in singles action for two-and-a-half years. Something has to give very soon, though. He says he has a plan on when he wants to cash in the ACE. I guess we have to wait and see.

Lance:

He has one calendar year from winning it. He has to announce the "cash in" before the actual date. So, for example, it can't be tonight. Either way, tonight he's lined up against Mil Veltas, who Tyler has scoffed at for the last three months.

DDK:

Tyler better take Mil seriously.

Lance:

I think he will. I just think he doesn't respect Mil's style.

DDK:

To ringside and Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at one-hundred-sixty-eight pounds... he is THE RULER OF THE ROPES... MIL VUELTAS!

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

Veltas emerges from the back to a massive reaction from The Puerto Rico Faithful. He hops his way down, smacking hands with fans as he does. After high-fiving fans on either side of the entrance, he ROCKETS down the ramp and the slides under the bottom rope. When he stops mid-ring, he pushes up with his hands and does a front flip to make it to his feet!

DDK:

Tyler can short-change Mil but the bottomline is Veltas is damn good and I bet he shows it tonight.

Lance:

It's also got to shoot him up the ranks if he does pin Tyler. As we've mentioned, it's something that hasn't been done in singles competition for a long time.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at two-hundred-eight pounds... he is The OG Player... TYLER FUSE!

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

The methodical and determined Tyler Fuse, ACE of DEFIANCE in hand, marches out and down the rampway, his stone cold eyes locked on the flippy man in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

It's not often Tyler will outweigh someone. However, his sheer strength and toughness can usually match anyone.

Lance:

Oh absolutely, Keebs. Mil has his hands full tonight. I expect Tyler to hammer Vueltas as hard as he can throughout the match and really put Mil's body through hell. Going to be tough to jump off things tonight, no doubt.

Tyler's already in the ring. He tells referee Brian Slater to "get on" with whatever nonsense the ref wants to go over before the match begins. It's clear he's not paying attention, Fuse just wants the bell.

Then again, with the body language from Mil, so does he.

Brian Slater obliges.

DING DING

Tyler Fuse cautiously circles around the ring. He sticks his right arm out but then pulls it down the second Mil takes a step forward. Tyler puts his left arm up but then moves it down and takes two steps back as Mil motions forward. The two continue to circle and the crowd wants to get the match going.

Vueltas makes his way to the middle of the ring. It looks like he's willing to lock into a grapple with Tyler and not start off with the "flippy shit". Fuse considers meeting him there. Tyler takes one step forward, albeit still with tentativeness in his moves, on guard for a kick or a flip or whatever the hell Mil will end up trying.

And then Tyler Fuse takes three steps back, drops to his knees and rolls out of the ring to a chorus of boos!

DDK:

This is our ACE?

Tyler goes for a light stroll around the outside, the entire time he doesn't look Mil Vueltas' way, either. Instead, he simply holds out his left arm, the one closest to the ring and gives the middle finger as he walks from corner to corner to corner.

Vueltas decided to get the crowd going. He waves his hands up and down, the Puerto Rico crowd in the palm of them. He sprints over to the ropes and aims to jump out of the ring-

When Tyler slides back into the squared circle!

The crowd jeers as Vueltas is denied the dive. However, Tyler is right there at the soles of his feet. Vueltas tries to jump and stomp Tyler but Fuse shows there's a little bit of his younger brother in him and he slips away at the last second with graceful and deceptive speed.

Fuse hits the ropes but instead of coming across to take down Mil Vueltas, Tyler hooks his hands around the top rope, stopping all his momentum. He easily flips up and over the ropes, onto the apron and drops back down to the floor.

Another leisurely stroll around the ring, followed by more booing.

Lance:

Mil is going to get tired of this real quickly.

DDK:

Everyone has.

The ACE of DEFIANCE walks from corner to corner again, flipping off Vueltas as he does. Fuse even takes a moment to stand in front of a mother and her ten year-old-child. The demeanor across Tyler's face suggests they are idiots buying a front row seat to this kind of show.

Fuse shrugs and keeps walking. Once again, Mil hits the ropes on the far end and is ready to jump out when Tyler suddenly springs to life and shoots himself...

...Over the guardrail and into the crowd, taking another stroll through the booing onset of fans.

Vueltas glances over to referee Brian Slater. Slater has started the TEN count and is already at FIVE.

DDK:

Is Tyler going to lose his first singles match in over two years BY COUNT OUT!?

It certainly looks that way. However, bless Mil Vueltas' heart, he's not going to allow it. He hops out of the ring, even though Brian Slater warns he will start another ten count. Slater isn't one to put up with much shit and will call the match the way it should be.

Needless to say, Vueltas has hopped the guardrail and is working his way through the crowd but Tyler Fuse is no dummy, he wasn't walking away with eyes in the back of his head. He cuts through row 10 and 11 on the floor and the lane is so tight it would take Vueltas a hell of a time to catch up. Fuse arrives at the end of the row and starts walking back to ringside, seeing Mil in the middle of the madness. Of course, Tyler keeps his right hand out and middle finger extended.

The OG Player jumps the guardrail and enters the ring, breaking Brian Slater's count at FIVE. He grins at Slater and then rests in a corner, looking at a watch he isn't wearing. The Puerto Rico Faithful boo. Meanwhile, Slater restarts his count.

DDK:

So far we are a solid five minutes into this match and neither man has done anything, not for Vueltas' lack of trying.

Mil tries his best to make it through the crowd. Once he's at the end of the row, he races towards the guardrail, hops it and slips into the ring, stopping the count at SIX.

WHAM!

Fuse charges in and destroys Vueltas with a hard knee to the side of the head. The crowd once again hates it and Tyler merely flips Mil over in order to hook a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

ABSOLUTE LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

Fuse's eyes go wide but he's not going to allow one kickout to ruin this plan. He sinks his arms around Vueltas' legs and flips him over in a modified Texas cloverleaf!

DDK:

Tyler has not only won matches with this move, he's put careers on the shelf. Kerry Kuroyama and Scott Douglas come to mind!

Lance:

More importantly, he's taking Mil's game out of him before Mil even has game in this match! If Vueltas escapes, his legs might be out entirely, regardless!

And Mil Vueltas is trying to escape. He has power in his lower body and he is moving closer to the ropes. He's almost there, but Tyler is pulling Vueltas' legs back as far as he can go and sitting on the small of the Mexican star's back.

Vueltas reaches out...

Narrowly misses the ropes!

Vueltas moves forward.

He reaches out...

Grazes the bottom rope but still can't get it!

Vueltas moves forward.

He reaches out...

Tyler drops the hold and delivers an elbow to the back of Vueltas' head!

Lance:

I hate to say it but that's a solid move right there. Fuse KNEW Vueltas was going to grab the ropes this time so he dropped the hold immediately and then leveled an unexpected elbow into the back of the neck.

Fuse drags a limp Vueltas into the middle of the ring, ready to reapply the cloverleaf.

WHEN MIL ROLLS TYLER INTO A SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Fuse kicks out and onto his knees. He looks over at Brian Slater as if Fuse needs confirmation he kicked out on time. Luckily for the ACE, Mil is nurturing his right knee and hasn't gotten to his feet yet to do flippy shit or whatever it is that he does.

Wham!

So Tyler throws his shoulder into the back of that right knee.

Vueltas goes down like he's shot and the crowd boos further.

DDK:

Unfortunately, this has gotten off to a very poor start for Vueltas.

Lance:

Goes to show you how vicious Tyler Fuse can be. On the other hand, I'm not going to count the OG Minute out of this, not even for a second. He fought to the ropes, he pulled off a terrific inside cradle. He's got one of the biggest hearts in DEFIANCE!

Fuse drags Vueltas into the ropes. He places Mil's right leg on the bottom rope as Tyler hoists himself up in the air with the top and then crashes all of his weight down on Vueltas' right knee upon landing. Fuse does this three more times until Mil is whimpering in pain on the canvas and trying to crawl away.

Tyler marches over, lifts Vueltas off the mat and then hammer throws Vueltas across the ring, as the Mexican star lands on his bad knee because he was trying to flip out of it.

Mil screams. He falls down and grabs his knee with both hands.

Tyler slides over, plucks Vueltas from the mat and delivers a German suplex. Fuse finds Vueltas again, drags him off the mat and lands a dragon suplex. Then it's back to the right knee with relentless ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM.

The Man of a Thousand Flips hasn't performed one flip all match so far, he's simply trying to survive. Tyler throws Mil on his feet and Irish whips him into the ropes but Vueltas can't even get there on both wheels, he falls to the ground before he reaches them.

Tyler, however, is cautious upon approach. He knows he almost lost a match due to an inside cradle and he won't be caught off guard again. So in stealth version, he carefully approaches Vueltas and reaches out for him. The OG Player throws a limp floppy guy into the corner and proceeds to twist Vueltas' right leg around the middle rope.

Tyler cranks the leg around, hard. Twisting and twisting it. Mil cries out, he pulls at the back of his head. He's trying to wiggle free when-

POP!

It's no use. Tyler Fuse drives his left forearm square into Mil's nose!

It looks like the lights are out and no one is home, because this time as Tyler twists the leg around the ropes, Vueltas isn't saying a thing.

Fuse peels Vueltas away from the corner. He lifts the Mexican into the air as he does.

Sheer drop brainbuster.

There is a sickening THUMP as Vueltas' body crashes against the mat. Tyler, also, hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

But Tyler grabs Vueltas' arm and whips him into a rings of saturn!

DDK:

It's not working the knee but right now, Fuse doesn't have to. He has Mil Vueltas dead to rights and he had the opening for this submission so he's going to use it!

Lance:

I think Tyler feels like the match is now within grasp by any means necessary. Might as well make Mil pass out.

And Mil looks like he's going to. He's in the center of the ring and his arms are no longer waving up and down as Fuse locks in the hold.

All Vueltas can do is push off his left foot, his good foot. His good leg.

HE DOES!

He rolls Tyler into a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

FUSE DROPS THE SUBMISSION!

Tyler hits the ropes and absolutely destroys Mil Vueltas with a full on missile dropkick to the face!

Fuse flips Vueltas onto his back. The Duke of the Dive is DOA.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Tyler shakes his head, as the crowd starts to rally around the kickouts. Tyler doesn't ask for clarification on the count, he knows it was a two and he's not going to argue. Instead, he stands and starts to drag his opponent up with him-

RRRAAAHHHHHHH!!

When the crowd comes alive and Vueltas lands a desperation jaw breaker!

DDK:

Never would've seen this coming.

The man hasn't even done a flip yet and the crowd rumbles their feet on the ground as Tyler lays on the mat holding his jaw and Mil Vueltas is trying to knock some feeling into his difficult right knee.

Finally, the crowd comes alive once more.

Because Mil Vueltas kips onto his feet.

Vueltas' body language suggests he's in a hell of a lot of pain but he's going to give it a go. He makes his way over to Tyler and tries for a roundhouse kick as Fuse gets up but the crafty wrestler ducks and Irish whips Vueltas into the ropes.

Vueltas SHOOTs off the ropes, using them to somersault across the canvas and then whack Tyler Fuse with a handspring gamengiri! Fuse fumbles into a corner and Vueltas stands on both feet. He limps slightly for a moment and then runs into the ropes at full blast. Finding the corner Tyler walks out of, Mil jumps in the air, wraps his legs around Fuse's neck and 180 head scissors the ACE to the middle of the canvas.

Vueltas is off the ropes again. He leaps in the air and performs a wonderful running shooting star press.

DDK:

We have a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

But almost just as quickly as Tyler would apply a move to Mil, The Man of a Thousand Flips is on his feet, into the ropes and springs off with a corkscrew elbow to the side of Tyler's head. Vueltas snatches Fuse's neck, runs into the

ropes and follows with a rolling DDT.

Lance:

It looks like Mil has all the feeling back in his knee!

DDK:

I wouldn't say that but he's certainly fighting through agony.

Vueltas with a superkick. Vueltas with a running knee. Vueltas with a sit down hip toss, followed by diving into the second rope and coming across with a lionsault!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

If there's one move Tyler would love to lose to, it's a lionsault.

Lance:

Sarcasm?

DDK:

You tell me.

Tyler rolls away from the middle of the ring. He catches the ropes and then pulls himself away and onto the floor below. This time, Fuse is going for a walk but he's huffing and puffing as he does, there's no middle finger shown to Mil Vueltas' because Tyler has taken an onslaught of moves right now and he is in desperate need to catch his breath.

There's also the whole issue that he almost lost the match in a flash.

Now is the time to strike. The Prince of Plancha is going to do just that. He bounces off the far ropes and comes rifling across the canvas. He leaps upon reaching the end of the line and flying through the air with a 360 corkscrew plancha, landing perfectly across the current ACE of DEFIANCE.

Vueltas shoots to his feet. He beats his chest and then throws Tyler under the bottom rope and back into the ring. Vueltas hops on the apron. He leaps onto the top rope, directly in the middle of the ring. He's about to do, well, something-

But his knee gives out!!

Vueltas looks like he's going to crotch himself on the ropes but he actually does jump off. It's just nowhere near the intended target...

And Tyler Fuse catches him on the way down with a double knee facebuster (codebreaker).

DDK:

Damn!

Vueltas is laid out. Tyler doubles over in the middle of the ring.

It's anyone's game.

The crowd rallies for the flippy one... but both men are struggling to find out what the hell is going on.

Lance:

It really is the tale of two types of wrestlers. Mil was fast and furious, no rhyme or reason to his madness other than throw everything he could at Tyler. Fuse, on the other hand, has been methodical. He's tried to take the legs out of Mil. At least for this very moment, it's the reason why Tyler hasn't lost his first singles match in over two-and-a-half years.

The OG Player is the first one up, with help from the ropes on the far camera side. Meanwhile, Mil Vueltas needs to use the ropes on the hard camera side since his knee is bothering him.

Both men move towards the center of the ring and towards each other.

Fuse goes for a clothesline but Mil jumps it. Vueltas with a roundhouse kick. Then another. Another! He's working Tyler into a corner of the ring.

Mil stumbles to the center of the squared circle. He's firing up the crowd before he roars in-

WHAM!

With two hard double knees to Tyler's face!

Vueltas throws Fuse to the center of the ring and with both his arms he pushes up and onto the top rope.

DDK:

Clever way to get there when you've got a bad knee.

It takes a moment for Vueltas to face the ring, however. He measures Tyler Fuse rather quickly...

And then goes for the Phoenix splash!

NO!

Fuse moves and Vueltas meets the canvas.

Lance:

This is a move Tyler has well scouted. He has to! It's one of Conor's signature dives.

DDK:

Well, I don't know how you scout a splash from a senton other than trying to roll out of the way, which is what Tyler did.

Lance:

Fair enough.

Fuse is rubbing the side of his head as he's on his knees, watching Mil Vueltas recover in the middle of the canvas. The second Vueltas gets on his feet...

Tyler charges.

OOF!**DDK:**

Fuse with a running forearm to Vueltas' face!

This is followed by an exploder suplex, where Tyler slides over quickly, pulls Vueltas up and wraps his arms around Mil's neck.

JML DRIVER!

The crowd is stunned! Fuse has never performed this before!

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A KICKOUT!

The crowd thought it was over, some of them sighing as the THREE was about to hit the mat. Now, though, The Puerto Rico Faithful are on their feet... cheering.

Fuse slams the mat in a rage. He's frothing at the mouth as he slowly rises to his feet. The wheels are spinning in Tyler's head as he thinks about how to end this once and for all.

Fuse bounces off the ropes as Mil Vueltas slowly finds a vertical base.

BOOM!

DDK:

Vueltas with a Spanish fly from out of nowhere!

Mil pops up. He's shaking his fists around as the crowd continues to cheer. He's limping- he's limping **significantly** but he pounds on his chest again and he flips into the ropes.

Mil with a hurricanrana. As Tyler gets back up, Vueltas sends Fuse to the canvas again with a triple rotation head scissors takedown. And as Fuse won't quit himself, trying to get back on his feet...

Vueltas (perhaps?) takes a page out of Tyler's book. He grabs Fuse by the head, runs up the buckle padding and flips off, sending the OG Player's head crashing to the mat in a reverse running bulldog attempt.

Vueltas isn't done. He's already on the top rope.

The crowd is going bananas. B A-N A-N A-S!

Vueltas jumps.

Shooting star press!

DDK:

MIL WITH THE COVER!!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

FOOT ON THE ROPES!

Brian Slater sees the foot at the VERY LAST SECOND! The air is taken out of the arena!

Lance:

What a dive by Vueltas! I have to say, an even better desperation call by Tyler Fuse to find his foot on the bottom rope or his streak was OVER!

Vueltas won't be denied! He's not going to take no for an answer! This match FLIPPED into FAST MODE the second he got going and it's been nonstop ever since.

Vueltas thinks about the top rope again but first he's going to throw Tyler Fuse into the ropes and come back with another SPANISH FLY-

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Oh no.

Lance:

Oh my god!

Tyler Fuse, at the very last second, shoves Brian Slater into his path and Vueltas ends up grabbing Slater for the Spanish fly! Vueltas was going way too fast to do anything about it and Brian Slater took all of the move instead!

Tyler's eyes go wide as he fumbles into a corner of the ring. Did he know what he was doing when he threw Brian Slater in front of him? The ACE's facial expressions suggest he might not have been as aware as one would've thought.

Vueltas stands up and looks down at Slater. Remorse covers Mil's body from head to toe-

And Tyler Fuse charges forward.

WHACK!

Superkick by Vueltas.

WHACK!

Another.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Vueltas has worked Tyler into a corner before throwing him into the center of the ring.

Tyler finds a second wind. He hits the ropes, looks for a clothesline... but Mil ducks it. As Tyler hits the next set of ropes, Vueltas cartwheels across the canvas at least FOUR times in a row, leaps in the air, grabs Tyler's head and in one fluid motion Mil Vueltas lands an amazing looking cutter!

DDK:

Tyler Fuse is D. O. A.

That he is, as Vueltas hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Two and a half years is OVER.

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

Oh, right, there's no referee.

Lance:

Brian Slater is also DOA, folks. There's no way around this!

DDK:

Tyler should no doubt be taking the L right now!

Vueltas realizes no ref is coming so he drops Fuse's leg and decides to inflict more damage. Mil kicks and kicks at Tyler before placing him dead center of the ring and pointing to the top.

DDK:

It's clear Mil's right knee isn't close to one-hundred percent but he's making it work.

Lance:

It's a get in, get out mentality. I don't think Vueltas has much left.

Vueltas works his way to the top rope. It looks like he's going for it all... and it's going to be a hell of a flight to get halfway across the ring, as well.

The Faithful aren't exactly sure what Vueltas plans on doing. Tyler is a little too far for the 630 splash. However, the fans DO come alive as Carla Ferrari is racing down the rampway, ready to call this match.

Mil sees her, too. In fact, this takes his attention away from everything for a split second.

It also means Tyler Fuse has unfortunately come to. In a daze, the OG Player stands and runs towards the ropes. He snatches Vueltas by the arm in the hopes of throwing him off the top buckle.

But Mil lands on his feet in the center of the ring!

With Carla Ferrari ready to call the action, the look on Tyler's face suggests he's SOL. Fuse grits his teeth and charges at Vueltas- who pops Tyler under the jaw with a spinning crescent kick! Vueltas Irish whips Tyler into the ropes but this time Fuse ducks a Pele kick and hits the next set of ropes. Vueltas races towards Tyler and then runs up Fuse's chest, flips in the air and grabs the ACE's head in the process, hitting a magnificent cutter as he does!

Fuse's body flies in the air before falling back into the ropes and out of the ring.

And then, for a brief moment, Carla Ferrari attempts to roll the unconscious Brian Slater towards the ring apron so the oncoming EMTs can get a better look at him.

A desperate Tyler Fuse finds himself in front of the time keeper's table and takes an item from nearby. He slides into the ring as Vueltas makes a play towards him-

But Mil's knee gives away at the last second!

Also, sadly, so does something else.

OOF!

Mil goes down like he's shot.

Tyler punches Mil square in the temple with the ACE in his hands as the crowd boos mercilessly. Fuse follows this up by throwing the ACE out of the ring, while seemingly sweating the entire time, thankfully realizing Carla didn't notice a thing.

Winning streak still intact.

DDK:

The luckiest man in the world!

The crowd boos heavily as Tyler rolls Vueltas onto his back and hooks BOTH legs for his troubles. He starts shouting at Carla, so Ferrari spins around and sees what's up.

She slides into position.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Robbery! Fuse got so lucky!

Lance:

I agree with you and disagree with you all at once, partner. While Tyler had some horseshoes up his... well, you-know-what tonight, the earlier work on Vueltas' knee paid off in the end, or I'm not sure he's knocking him out, even without Carla Ferrari looking!

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

Fuse doesn't want his hand raised, he doesn't even stay in the ring. He simply rolls out of the squared circle, looking like he knows deep down he got significantly lucky. The ACE doesn't look back, either. He interacts with no one. He merely walks up the rampway as he's announced as the winner.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... TYLER FUSE!

Carla checks on Mil as the EMTs check on Brian. Thankfully, Slater shows minor signs of life and also Vueltas' eyes are open as he looks into the rafters. Mil barely has time to look up and stare out to Tyler with vengeful eyes, knowing he was bested on this night.

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE goes to a break.

MASK vs. MASK: MV1 vs. JJ DIXON

DDK:

Up next, it's a high-octane grudge match that has been long in the making.

Lance:

These men were friends and compatriots backstage until Madame Melton dug her claws into JJ Dixon and, over time, his entire persona and psyche was twisted and misshapen by her will. In recent months, Dixon's obsession with MV1, along with Melton's lust for the man's mask, has culminated in one final showdown with very personal stakes.

DDK:

Tonight, it's Mask versus Mask.

The arena lights go completely out.

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

A spotlight appears as the top of the ramp. Stealing it, as always, is Madame Melton — silver hair freshly curled, dangling silver earrings, a silver ball gown and silver elbow-length sparkling gloves. Before her, kneeling, is "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon. He's wearing a black tank top that reads "Your Mask Is Not Who You Are" in the same shade of silver as Madame's outfit. But JJ is also wearing... a replica of MV1's mask. The camera zooms in on the Dastardly Duo as she clutches the mask.

Madame Melton:

Since my arrival.... I have told you all that Madame Melton is ready for her closeup! Tonight, MV1... get ready for yours!

She snatched off the mask as JJ pops up to his feet, wearing his brown leather mask that protects his lower face and nose. Melton holds the MV1 mask up with her index finger and thumb above her head before dropping it to her side like a used Kleenex.

Darren Quimbey:

Now making his way to ringside... accompanied by the DEFIANCE 2023 Manager of the Year... making his residence at the Melton Estate in Hollywood, California.... On behalf of Madame Melton's Most Precious Gens... this is "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon!

The spotlight trailed the duo as they made their way to ringside. JJ holds her gloved hand as she climbs the steps, then leaps up to the apron and holds the ropes open for Madame, before slingshotting into the ring and kneeling with his arms held wide open. Melton snaps her finger, and the spotlight turns off and is replaced by the full arena lighting.

DDK:

Dixon looks to be in the greatest shape of his career!

Lance:

You'll hear no argument from me! But he's also completely unhinged!

The lights dim once more and the fans hit their feet at the precise moment the pyro and drums strike.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent!

Sparklers and fireworks stream around the entranceway as the music pulses. The anticipation builds as the curtain remains still amongst the smoke.

We cut backstage, just behind the go-position where Masked Violator #1 paces. The crowd explodes at the sight of

him but it is quickly clear that MV1 is as fired up and intense as he has ever been. He spots the camera and wheels towards it – jabbing a single index finger towards the lens for punctuation.

MV1:

JJ Dixon! You think you have it all figured out! You think you know me better than I know myself! You say that my mask isn't who I am?!

MV1 is apoplectic. His music pounds behind him.

MV1:

THIS MASK IS ALL THAT I AM!

He breathes, pausing just a beat, wind sucking into his lungs.

MV1:

This mask is EVERYTHING to me! You don't understand me at all, JJ. It's... it's all I have LEFT!

He seems to feel the weight of the words leaving his body.

MV1:

And I will be *DAMNED*... if I let you take it away from me.

Leveling one last lingering look at the lens, MV1 pivots and tears through the curtain. We cut to the arena in time to see him burst down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Parts Undisclosed, he weighs in tonight at two-hundred and thirty eight pounds...

He marches, slapping hands along the way. He stops, half-way to the ring, to fist-bump a small child in the front row–

DDK:

WAIT! NO!

Streaking into shot, JJ Dixon BLASTS MV1 across the side of his head with a running forearm/elbow strike. MV1 goes sprawling across the ramp – but is quickly back to his feet, meeting JJ under the spotlight in a hellacious flurry of traded fists, alternating forearms, elbows, and other assorted strikes.

DDK:

The animosity between these two has only built since their Ironman match all the way back at DEF Road 2023!

Lance:

You can see it in these blows! You can FEEL it in these strikes! Each one that lands true is harder than the one that preceded it! Each one that finds its mark is designed not just to inflict pain, but to PUNISH! Designed to do DAMAGE!

DDK:

That kick from MV1 just found its mark in the midsection of JJ Dixon! MV1 hooks him – SUPLEX ON THAT RAMPWAY!

Suddenly, Referee Rex Knox is there, pointing towards the ring, urging the pair to bring their battle to where it counts. Before MV1 can follow that directive, Madame Melton appears in his face, screeching at him.

She SLAPS him across the cloth, then backpedals. She does so not out of fear, but out of strategy.

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

DDK:

FROM BEHIND! JJ RAKES THE EYES of MV1!

Lance:

JJ goes to whip MV1 into the barricade but it's reversed!

DDK:

Enraged, here comes JJ!

He charges at MV1 who BACKDROPS the Fatal Attraction onto the steel ringsteps.

CLAAAAAAAAANNNNGGGG!

Melton throws herself at JJ's side, his smashed body writhing in anguish. She compels him to his knees before MV1 snatches him by the back of his leather mask and wills him under the bottom rope and into the ring.

Rex Knox is visibly relieved as he signals for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

Masked Violator #1 is on FIRE! He whips Dixon into the ropes and MEASURES him with a standing vertical dropkick!

Dixon stumbles first back into the ropes, then lurches forward into #1's waiting arms.

DDK:

MV1 SCOOPS Dixon and PLANTS him in the center of the ring! Hits the ropes – RUNNING SOMERSAULT LEG DROP! Kind of a low-key version of that 1-derstruck!

Lance:

Dixon is RATTLED!

DDK:

Cover!

*ONE!**TWO!!***DDK:**

Dixon with a frustrated kick out!

Lance:

That would have been a short contest, Keeps!

DDK:

Dixon isn't done yet! He's fighting out of MV1's rear waistlock! Standing switch reversal! Dixon tries for a belly to back suplex but MV1 puts the brakes on! Back elbow to the JAW of Dixon! MV1 hits the far ropes – DIXON IS READY FOR HIM!

Lance:

SPINNING POWER SLAM!

DDK:

Devastating maneuver by Dixon! Running off of instinct! He... isn't going for a cover!

Lance:

Oh NO! He's trying to RIP the red, blue and yellow mask off of MV1's head!

Dixon maniacally wrenches and jerks on the fabric of the mask, stretching an eye hole with all of his considerable might! MV1 struggles as, outside the ring we see/hear the theatrical cackling of Madame Melton.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

JJ pulls MV1 upright and TOSSES him across the ring by his mask. MV1 rebounds to his feet and charges—

DDK:

Dixon SNATCHES MV! CARTWHEEL DEATH VALLEY DRIVER!!

Lance:

Spiked MV1!

DDK:

LOOK AT THIS! Dixon off the ropes – PUNTS MV1's mask nearly off of his face!

Lance:

JJ hooks the far leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

TH— KICK OUT!!!

DDK:

You can tell that MV1 had to dig down DEEP to get his shoulder off of the canvas! He is HURTING right now!

Melton starts slapping the mat to get Dixon's attention. She barks instructions to him and her charge dutifully goes to pull MV1 upright once more. This time, it's MV1 that fires back up.

DDK:

European uppercut from MV1! ANOTHER! He caught Dixon off guard! Snapmare takeover by MV1 who shoots into the ropes – RUNNING DROPKICK SQUARE TO DIXON'S JAW!!

Dixon now is the one who struggles to stand, using the ropes for balance. He EATS another boot.

DDK:

SUPER KICK!! Dixon stumbles! INTO A DDT!! MV1 just ROOTED Dixon's head into the canvas!

Sensing a change in tide, MV1 reads the room. He scrambles up the turnbuckle and stands to full height - holding a single finger in the air.

Lance:

Could it be?!

DDK:

He signals for it— WAIT!

Before he can fly off the top for the 1-derstruck – Teri Melton has appeared on the ring apron, stealing #1's attention. The only opening required.

In a flash, Dixon LEAPS up from the mat and DROPKICK's MV1's bad leg out from under him – sending him tumbling backwards off the turnbuckle and CRASHING to the ringside floor! The Faithful gasp as one.

The camera finds the maniacal eyes of Dixon, sweat beading behind his leather mask.

DDK:

JJ Dixon, no matter your opinion on where he has taken his career and who he aligned himself... is an absolute freak athlete!

As if to punctuate that sentence, Dixon measures the broken masked man on the outside, charges and–

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT! He NAILED it!

Lance:

He just folded MV1 in half over the steel barricade!

DDK:

But now I think Melton and her Tortured Treasure are turning their sights onto you just like they did a few weeks back!

Lance stands up worried as Melton struts to the table, pointing at her eye. JJ comes next to her, his arms out wide as he growls at the announcer. But then MV1 runs and bulldogs The Fatal Attraction onto the table!

DDK:

And just like weeks before, MV1 saves my partner from The Gems!

MV1 stands on the table --

M-V-1!

M-V-1!

M-V-1!

But as the crowd cheers, Madame appears on the table and hops on MV1's back, clawing at his mask with her long fingernails!

DDK:

Where did she even come from?

Lance:

She wants his mask now!

MV1 reaches up and grabs her arms. Melton shakes her head profusely "NO!", shaking her earrings as well!

DDK:

MV1 JUST FLIPPED MADAME MELTON OVER HIS HEAD ONTO THE FLOOR WHILE STANDING ON THE TABLE!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY –

But JJ hops up on the table, and knees MV1 down low as he turned around. And then --

DDK:

JJ DIXON WITH A DESTROYER OFF THE TABLE AND TO THE CONCRETE FLOOR!

The crowd is just on their feet, with a collection of noise and gasps with MV1, JJ Dixon and Madame Melton all laid out on the concrete! Rex Knox's jaw is dropped.

Lance:

Rex Knox has let this match get completely out of control!

DDK:

I don't think he had a choice! The emotion between these two men is absolutely raw, with both men trying to keep their identities intact! He knows what's at stake! He knows how important the mask IS in wrestling. He can't let a DQ get in the way!

Lance:

To a point!

Knox starts telling both men to get in the ring, as each man starts to get up to their feet, with Melton completely laid out on the floor.

DDK:

JJ rolls in first, wobbly from being driven face first onto our announce table with a violent running bulldog from MV1! MV1 just behind, holding his neck from that insane flipping destroyer from the table to the floor!

JJ up first meets MV1 with a double arm DDT.

Lance:

JJ just spiked his head off the mat!

DDK:

But not going for the pin, intending to dish out more punishment!

JJ rolls on top of MV1, and grabs him by the mask! He then clocks him with a forearm, and then continues his 400 Blows.

JJ Dixon:

THIS! [Smash] MASK! [Smash] IS! [Smash] NOT! [Smash] WHO! [Smash] YOU! [Smash] ARE! [Smash Smash Smash Smash]

DDK:

JJ now ripping at the mask like a dog attacking a child's stuffed animal!

JJ screams, tears and even bites the mask!

Lance:

Now he wants to end it! He's hooking on that straightjacket crossface he calls -- or, more accurately, his deranged starlet manager -- A Streetcar Named Retire!

JJ wrenches back, screaming for MV1 to tap! MV1 shakes his head no.

M-V-1!

M-V-1!!

M-V-1!

DDK:

JJ is screaming at the crowd to stop!

Lance:

He's so desperate for The Faithful's approval that it hurts him!

MV 1 uses the crowd to power out of the vicious submission hold, with JJ on his back. He then powers JJ into the corner.

DDK:

JJ with the wind knocked out of him with that one!

But JJ wrenches MV1's mask before hitting a cutter!

Lance:

But he still has the presence of mind to hit another concussive blow!

The Masked Marvel is out on the mat.. JJ glares at him while on his knees, before climbing the top rope -- his back to the ring!

DDK:

What is this maniac doing now?

But MV1 at the last second hops up and falls on the top rope, and JJ goes spread eagle over the top rope.

Lance:

Something he just regretted! Never turn your back on your opponent like that!

MV1 quickly climbs the ropes with JJ prone behind him. He hooks his arms around Dixon's waste before stepping to the top --

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX FROM THE TOP ROPE! JJ CRASHED RIGHT ON HIS HEAD AND NECK!!!

WHOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Lance:

But MV1 hit the mat hard, too! But he sees JJ out and crawls over for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- KICK OUT!!

DDK:

JJ just barely kicked out!

MV1 is quickly up, starting to look a little exasperated and frustrated.

M-V-1!

M-V-1!

M-V-1!

DDK:

He's a house of fire right now!

MV1 his one knife edge chop on JJ, now holding himself up in the corner. Then a second! Then a third, with JJ holding his chest, sucking for air and screaming in pain.

Lance:

Those chops sounded like blasts from a shotgun!

MV1 hooks JJ for a suplex --

DDK:

JJ kicks the legs to counter.

JJ tries to suplex MV1, who kicks his legs to do the same. Then he lifts JJ in the air --

DDK:

BRAINBUSTER!

Lance:

MV1 can smell victory! He's going to the top!

MV1 slingshots himself over the top to the apron, and then quickly climbs to the top. The crowd roars. It's one fluid motion.

DDK:

1-DERSTRUCK!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

THRE— NOOO!!!

Lance:

Dixon managed to get the tip of his index finger on the edge of the bottom rope at the very last second! He came literally a fingernail scratch away from losing his mask to MV1!

MV1 sits on his knees, holding his head, exasperated and exhausted. He gets up wobbly, holding up three fingers to Rex, seeking confirmation that he indeed did not get the three count.

DDK:

And JJ uses MV1's brief discussion with Rex to rip at his mask from behind!

The mask is torn. and MV1 instinctively puts his hand up to adjust it.

DDK:

JJ with a chop block to the right knee!

Lance:

The same knee MV1 has had surgically repaired and has been so detrimental to his health these past few months!

MV1 screams, holding his knee. JJ crouches from behind, and hooks a full Nelson and hoists his opponent into the air.

DDK:

SUNSET BOULEVARD!!!

*ONE!**TWO!**THR—***Lance:**

MV1 kicks out! MV1 is still alive!

JJ is screaming max, rips some his hair out and then pops up, holding three fingers in Knox's face, backing the ref into the corner. He doesn't see MV1 charging to him... except at the last second and dodges.

DDK:

MV1 put the breaks on at the last second to avoid crushing Knox in the corner!

But JJ moves MV1 out of the way and hops on the bottom turnbuckle.

Lance:

JJ is blocking Knox's vision!

DDK:

JJ with a nasty finger directly into the eye of MV1!

Madame Melton now appears (almost magically at ringside).

Lance:

Wait, JJ is rolling MV1 up! With a foot on the ropes! And Melton hanging onto JJ's boot for extra leverage!

*ONE!!!!**TWO!!!!!!**THREE!!!!!!!!!!!!***DING DING DING**

DDK:

No! Not like this!

*♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪***Lance:**

Of all the cheap, low ways to win such an emotionally charged, brutal match!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

JJ rolls out of the ring, where Melton is holding his face, similar to her reaction at the end of their Ironman match at DEF Road 2023.

Madame Melton:

We did it! We did it!

DDK:

The Most Precious Gems should be absolutely ashamed of themselves! These masks supposedly represent honor! It's the most important thing in the world to anyone who wears a mask in the wrestling ring!

Dixon slinks back into the ring.

Lance:

Oh no...

UNMASKED

An air of despondence and shock sweeps through the arena. At once, Madame Melton is in the ring, shoving Knox aside.

The music ominously lowers until it's gone entirely. It's been wholly replaced by the loud, vocal displeasure of the crowd.

DDK:

I... I think we all knew, rationally, that this match could have gone either way when the bell first rang, Lance... But I don't think any of us really considered that MV1-

The camera zooms in on the ruddy, sweaty, exhausted face peeking out of the stretched, beaten red, blue and yellow wrestling mask. It becomes clear that Masked Violator #1 is realizing what has happened... And what comes next.

Lance:

Oh NO!

As suddenly as Melton had appeared in the ring, the other Most Precious Gems, Raiden and Jean-Pierre de la Reeves, have joined her.

DDK:

Why do THEY have to be out here?!

They soon illustrate why, each grasping one of MV1's arms – forcing him up to his knees in the center of the ring for display. An equally exhausted JJ Dixon falls to his knees in front of him. Dixon whispers in MV1's ear. The fans revolt. Melton has produced a microphone. She slithers around the mid-ring display.

Melton Madame:

You came so close, MV1. And yet fell so far. So the time has come.

Reeves and Raiden tighten their respective grips on MV1 as he struggles against them.

Melton Madame:

But because I'm feeling so incredibly magnanimous. I offer you a *bargain*.

MV1 wearily eyes the Mistress of Madness with mellow malice.

Melton Madame:

You can JOIN us... or... you hand that mask over NOW.

B00000000000000000000000000000000!!!!!!

Dixon, still knelt in front of MV1, nods his head. But MV1 is unmoving. Dead inside. He is unresponsive.

Melton circles them all, one high heel planted before the other.

Melton Madame:

Well then...

Lance:

Just get it over with!

Melton must agree with the sentiment.

Melton Madame: *[just off-mic]*

Take his mask!

B00000000000000000000000000000000!!!!!!

Dixon moves to remove it but MV1 lashes and thrashes about.

DDK:

He's making them work for it at least!

Melton steps forward, brushing Dixon aside long enough to SLAP MV1 across the face. Dixon puts a calming hand on her forearm, gesturing to himself with his other hand.

JJ Dixon: *[just off-mic]*

Let me do this. I've got it! He'll listen to me!

Dixon gets nose to nose with MV1, pleading for his him to just do what needs to be done. To give up the ghost. To accept his new reality.

To give him his mask.

MV1 hangs his head. It's impossible to tell if he is crying amidst the sweat on his face.... But it feels as though that wouldn't be outside the realm of possibility.

DDK:

This ... this is hard to watch.

Shaking his head, MV1 mouths the word “no”. That’s all it takes for Dixon to turn to anger. Now *he* slaps MV1 across the face. He uses the loose, torn mask to pull his face close to his.

JJ Dixon:

I'M YOUR BEST FRIEND! Don't you understand?! I'm HELPING you! I'm setting you FREE!

He reaches behind MV1's head, loosening the mask's laces.

B00000000000000000000000000000000!!!

Lance:

END this, damn it!

Laces unfurled, Dixon grasps the mask on either side at the neck. He stands up to full height and starts to pull it off.

B000000000000000000000000000000000000!!!

DDK:

The fans here in San Juan, Puerto Rico understand the gravity of this event. The wrestling mask is a sacred thing all over the world... and to MV1, it is certainly that.

Lance:

I can't believe that-

Warner's voice trails off.

It happens both slowly and all at once. It's hard to quantify; that subtle change in the air that is suddenly far from subtle. Somewhere in Coliseo de Puerto Rico José Miguel Agrelot, a cheer catches hold and swells into something

powerful. A wave that suddenly crashes onto the ring.

A wave in the form of Corvo Alpha.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!!!

Lance:

ALPHA IS HERE!

Alpha hits the ring like a force of nature. He nearly decapitates Raiden with a charging clothesline.

DDK:

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

De la Reeves hopes to come to his partner's aid and eats a back-elbow in the mush for his troubles. Alpha grabs him by the air and **TOSSES** him out of the ring.

DDK:

WAIT! HERE COMES DIXON!

JJ catches Alpha with a running knee before grabbing him – setting him up for Sunset Boulevard!

DDK:

NO! Alpha fights out of it! Lands an elbow to the side of Dixon's head!

Corvo spies Melton in his peripheral and **SHOVES** Dixon at her!

Lance:

Oh MY! Melton went spilling out of the ring on that impact!

Dixon spins back to face Corvo – and eats a **CHARGING BOOT** to the face! Dixon spills out of the ring right behind his Mad Mistress!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Corvo hangs on the ropes, baring his teeth at the Most Precious Gems as the building shakes all around them. Raiden uses the ropes to pull himself back to his feet and stumbles right into a Corvo Cutter.

MV1 stirs on the mat, perhaps just now recognizing that he has been saved. And by whom. Raiden rolls out of the ring and flops onto the ringside floor.

M-V-1!

M-V-2!

M-V-1!

M-V-2!

M-V-1!

M-V-2!

DDK:

Finally! A moment seven years in the making! Could it be?!? The Masked Violators! **REUNITED!!!**

Alpha pulls his old friend up, still slightly limp. They embrace in the center of the ring, every heart in the building laid

bare with them. Words are exchanged.

Lance:

It's been a long winding road to get here, Keebs! Detours and roadblocks and obstacles in the path!

An animated Alpha scrambles up a turnbuckle and throws his arms up, popping the whole island.

Lance:

Along the way there have been moments when you thought it might be impossible! That made you think this was out of reach! Moments that tested your faith! But we have *arrived*!

Corvo hops off the turnbuckle, turns–

–and walks into a BLISTERING SUPERKICK.

DDK:

WHAT?!

A superkick delivered by Masked Violator #1. The air is sucked out of the room.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

MY GOD!

MV1 crumbles back to the canvas, kneeling at the motionless body of his once and former friend.

DDK:

Was he... might MV1 have been CONFUSED?!

Earlier, mere minutes that now feel like hours ago, there might have been a question if MV1 had been crying. There is no question now. He is nearly sobbing.

Lance:

I... I don't think so, Darren!

Distraught, dejected and inconsolable, MV1 speaks to his unconscious would-be savior. But no microphone can capture his words.

DDK:

Then... What just HAPPENED?! What did we just see?!

1's heartbroken eyes search the sky while, around the ring, the Most Precious Gems stir. MV1 looks back to Corvo.

MV1: *[just off-mic]*

WHERE WERE YOU?!

Raiden and de la Reeves leap onto the apron as Dixon stalks up the ringsteps. Melton circles like a vulture.

DDK:

What NOW?!

Dixon walks across the apron, willing MV1's eyes off of Alpha and onto him in time for Dixon to sit on the second rope and lift the top – inviting MV1 to come with him. Still sobbing, MV1 looks back to Corvo – to Dixon – and back to Corvo.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

MV1: *[just off-mic]*
...what have I done?

At ringside, Melton stretches out a gloved hand to MV1, beckoning him.

JJ nods his head when next his eyes meet with #1s. Slowly, with the weight of defeat and surrender, MV1 pulls himself to his feet. His swelling eyes swollen under his tattered mask, he seems to apologize to the broken dog at his feet.

DDK:
Oh no...

Taking the invitation, MV1 steps through the ropes and follows the parade of Gems up the aisle. The Faithful pelt them with trash. Dixon revels in the chaos.

Lance:
I can't believe what we have just witnessed!

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

DDK:
I'm not SURE what we've just witnessed, Lance!

MV1 pauses atop the ramp to look over his shoulder at the mess he has left in the ring. Alpha is unmoving. Dixon places a hand on MV1's shoulder which gets his feet mindlessly shuffling towards the curtain once more. Before they all disappear, Madame Melton is sure to face the raging fans and "conduct her symphony" with her graceful arms.

DDK:
She disgusts me.

Lance:
Before this match began, we heard MV1 say that he would be damned if JJ Dixon won tonight's match and took his mask... My god, he may have been right.

Her sick smile stretches as DEFmed stream past her to the ring.

Lance:
We should really all try to collect our collective breaths, Keebs.

DDK:
You're right... we've got a big six-man tag match just ahead and the FIST on the line still to come!

THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS & SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. TITANES FAMILIA

DDK:

What a night we've already seen tonight! And with the last two matches to go, we're saving the biggest and best for last! Coming up next... the VERY LAST team-up I ever thought that you would I would EVER call, Lance. The Hollywood Bruvs - Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix - team up with the man that Mikey Unlikely ran out of DEFIANCE back at DEFCON 2021 when he was the FIST - "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas!

Lance:

This all started back just before DEFTv 202. Titanes Familia had taken umbrage with a message that was directed towards The French Connection. The Hollywood Bruvs dared any team to try and knock them off their perch - along came the Familia!

DDK:

Indeed. And it was on DEFTv 202 when Killjoy of Titanes Familia scored the biggest singles win of his career by defeating Kendrix, another former FIST of DEFIANCE, followed by laying out the Bruvs and keeping them off TV for almost a month. In that time, Uriel Cortez, Titaness and Killjoy crashed Mikey Unlikely's podcast studio, made themselves at home and issued the challenge for MAXDEF if they could find a partner.

Lance:

That partner arrived in the form of, OF ALL PEOPLE, Scott Douglas! With Mikey Unlikely's blessing to return, Scott Douglas returned to the active roster once again and returned the favor by aiding The Bruvs in fending off the Familia from another attack on DEFTv 204. On DEFTv 205, we did see Scott Douglas gradually warm up to the Bruvs, but at the end of the night, Uriel had a conversation with Douglas and as much as I hate it - he had a good point or two.

DDK:

Do we truly know where Scott Douglas' head lies in this match? Uriel is 100% right... he's teaming with a man that literally cost him three years of his DEFIANCE career. He seemed to warm up to the Bruvs, but a loss like that... that can't be easy to forget. Regardless, the Bruvs and Douglas BETTER be on the same page. If they're not, Titanes Familia have the size and power to do them in!

Lance:

They do... Uriel Cortez - 7'1", almost 340. Killjoy. 6'10", around 355. Titaness stands 6'1" and is a powerhouse in her own right. She beat Elise Ares in singles competition not too long ago as well, so the Familia have what it takes to get it done tonight against a team of DEFIANCE Legends!

DDK:

A COLOSSAL six-person tag team match with both size AND star power is up next!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey inside the ring for the introductions to the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a six-person tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "F*cking in the Bushes" by Oasis/Kerstell ♪

The opening of the song brings the fans to their feet. The Hollywood Bruvs are quick to come out from behind the curtain with their flashy green and black ring gear. Mikey and Kendrix strut onto the stage with an exaggerated swagger. Mikey is smiling and twirling a fake mustache, a clue that the man might just have a plan, Kendrix on the other hand flexes his muscles and points to a couple of ladies in the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

The team of Mikey Unlikely, and Jesse Fredricks Kendrix, THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

The fans cheer loudly for them as Mikey and JFK soak it in.

DDK:

Here come the Hollywood Bruvs, looking as cocky and confident as ever. You'd think they would be worried heading into a match where they give up literal feet in height to their opponents, but looking at them, you'd think they couldn't be beat!

Lance:

Love them or hate them, The Hollywood Bruvs know how to put on a show. The real question is, can they coexist with their partner?

Mikey and JFK make their way to the ring, high-fiving the fans and hitting some quick gluefists with the little bruvs in the audience. They slide into the ring simultaneously and each go to opposite turnbuckles to pose. The cameras go off as the two hit their poses.

Darren Quimbey:

And their partner....

♪ "Smiling And Dyin' " by Green River ♪

The fans get excited as the music begins.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Seattle, Washington, he is DEFIANCE'S FAVORITE SON... This is "SUUUUUUB POP" SCOOOOOOTT DOOOOOOUGLAS!

Scott Douglas comes from behind the curtain looking intense and focused. Unlike the Bruvs, he walks to the ring with a purpose. He exudes his usual no-nonsense attitude, dressed in his standard cut-off jeans jorts and a sleeveless Sub Pop Records t-shirt.

DDK:

The thoughts in Scott Douglas' head have to be swirling. Does he trust the Bruvs and open himself up to the danger that is trusting former snakes, or does he pick his own side and have to watch his back against FIVE opponents instead of three?

Douglas gives a nod to the Bruvs as he reaches the corner, He's not looking to do the big show of pageantry that the Bruvs enjoy so much.

Lance:

You can tell, Douglas is all business tonight, but how much of what Uriel Cortez told him is sticking with him?

DDK:

Based on his standoff nature, I'd venture a guess to say quite a bit!

Once The Hollywood Bruvs and Scott Douglas have all settled in, the camera cuts back to the entrance for the arrival of their opposition.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

The lights go out all over the arena. On the stage, the opening beats to the Familia's anthem start to play.

*Father, father, unforgivable
This is my house, you made it personal*

A gold spotlight shines on the right of the stage, revealing "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness. Wearing black pants, a sleeveless gold top with a hood over her head, wearing her gold weightlifting chain over shoulders

*It's always trouble when they go too far!
Nobody mess with my familia*

A gold spotlight shines to the left of the stage, revealing the MONSTROUS Killjoy. Under a black sleeveless coat of his own with a black mask covering his face, he faces away from the stage.

*Father, father, could you bless his soul?
He talking crazy, I may lose control*

A third gold spotlight shines in the center of the stage, revealing The Man of the House himself. Eyes hidden behind gold-tinted sunglasses, a black vest with the "Familia First" logo and black pants with gold trim.

*It's always trouble when they go too far!
Nobody mess with my familia*

"Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu

The entire arena becomes bathed in a golden light as the trio make their way towards the ring to loud jeers from The Faithful. Titaness and Uriel walk arm-in-arm like a happy, confident couple and behind him, Killjoy tilts his head down at the camera, then coldly inches towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of EIGHT-HUNDRED NINETY-SIX POUNDS... the team of "THE GOOD SON" KILLJOY... "THE PRETTY POWERFUL" TITANESS... "THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" URIEL CORTEZ...

TITANES FAMILIA!

The Bruvs and Douglas watch as the trio of Titans arrive at ringside. Uriel helps Titaness get lifted up to the ring ropes. Uriel has a cold snarl on his face with Killjoy standing by, arms crossed in an X in front of him. The trio climb into the ring one by one and occupy one side of the ring.

DDK:

Whether or not the Bruvs and Douglas can get along is one thing - but the unity that the newer Titanes Familia have had since they've gone down this path is strong. They're out for themselves and anyone else is expendable.

Lance:

What a win it would be tonight if Titanes Familia could knock off this superteam standing across from them!

Titaness wants to start for her team and she looks confident in her chances.

DDK:

Looks like it'll be Mikey Unlikely and Titaness starting this one.

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go!

Mikey circles around Titaness, sizing her up. He darts in, attempting to grab a wrist lock, but Titaness powers out, sending Mikey stumbling back. The crowd pops, reacting to Titaness' raw power.

Mikey shakes off the surprise and rushes in again. Titaness catches him with a thunderous body slam, sending Mikey crashing to the mat. He quickly rolls to his feet, only to be met with a powerful shoulder block that knocks him down again. After taking the former FIST of DEFIANCE down to the mat, Ms. Cortez takes a mock bow in front of Mikey.

DDK:

Titaness is showing off her strength early on, putting Mikey on his back twice quickly.

Mikey, realizing he can't match power with power, points to his head before ducking under Titaness' attempt at a clothesline and swiftly rolls her up with a schoolboy pin. Titaness kicks out quickly but Mikey is back on his feet just as quick.

Unlikely winks at the crowd, drawing a mixture of boos and cheers. He taunts Titaness, who charges at him in frustration. Mikey sidesteps and trips her, sending Titaness face-first into the turnbuckle. The Faithful love it as Titaness shakes her head, disoriented.

DDK:

Mikey using his agility and wit to gain the upper hand now but as we know the former FIST of DEFIANCE is prone to being a bit of a well ...

Titaness turns around, but Mikey is already bouncing off the ropes.

Lance:

Cocky showboat?

He leaps, catching her with a flying crossbody.

DDK:

Sure, that works.

Titaness catches Mikey but staggers and loses her grip on the Hollywood Star. Mikey, now free from her grasp, quickly follows up with a dropkick to her knee, finally bringing the powerhouse to a knee.

Lance:

Smart strategy by Mikey Unlikely, targeting the legs ... He's trying to chop her down to size!

Mikey smirks as he takes a bow, before conferring with Kendrix on his excellent technique in the corner. Douglas, points back to Titaness, reminding Mikey to keep his head in the game but Mikey's expression says; I got this.

Extending his hand, he tags in Kendrix, who enters the ring and sprints to the neutral corner. Mikey takes to the opposite corner and The Hollywood Bruvs exchange a quick nod before charging at a crouched Titaness.

DDK:

OHHH! Double knee strike by the Hollywood Bruvs! Could this match be over this quick?

Kendrix makes the pin as Mikey exits to the apron.

ONE!

TW --

Titaness powers out, shoving Kendrix off with authority. JFK looks surprised but stays on the attack, laying in a kick before Titaness can make it to her feet.

With Titaness ailing, Kendrix heads to the corner, tagging Mikey back in, and the Bruvs set up for another tag team maneuver.

Lance:

Here we go again. The Bruvs are working like a well-oiled machine!

They hoist Titaness up together, then bring her crashing down with a vertical suplex. Mikey immediately goes for the

pin.

ONE!

TWO --

Titaness kicks out again, showing her undying resilience.

DDK:

What a pair of moves by The Hollywood Bruvs so far! Uriel Cortez and Killjoy have yet to tag in and if they're gonna have a chance against these powerhouses, cutting the ring in half is gonna do it.

With Titaness still down reeling from the double-teams of The Hollywood Bruvs, Kendrix points to Scott Douglas and The Faithful explode! Uriel's hands noticeably tighten around the tag rope he's holding.

Uriel Cortez:

DON'T YOU DARE! YOU TAG IN AND YOU'RE DONE!

Scott looks at Uriel... then without hesitation, tags Kendrix!

Lance:

Uriel Cortez's warnings to Scott Douglas might have fallen on deaf ears! Scott Douglas has chosen his side tonight!

Scott comes into the ring. Titaness tries to fight her way out, but Kendrix and Douglas both whip Titaness to the ropes with Douglas scoring with a drop toe hold just as JFK comes off the adjacent ropes with a leaping elbow drop across her back as she's down! Kendrix and Douglas both stand to their feet and take in the explosion of cheers from the Puerto Rico Faithful!

DDK:

Well-done tag team work so far by Douglas and The Bruvs! I can't believe I'm seeing what we're seeing. I'm still in disbelief of seeing Douglas and Unlikely on the same side tonight, but they are pulling it off!

Kendrix returns to the corner with Titaness still on the mat seeing stars. Douglas with another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

URIEL DRAGS DOUGLAS OFF THE COVER!

Lance:

Another two-count! And look at THAT staredown.

Douglas looks up at Uriel and The Man of the House does the same. Hector Navarro warns Uriel to get back to his corner and begrudgingly, he does. Once he's back, Douglas turns his attention back to Titaness... only to get stopped with a chop! Ms. Cortez is reeling, but fights back with another chop and then backs Scott to the ropes. She tries for a German suplex on Sub Pop, but the Seattleite stops her in her tracks with a big elbow to break her grip before tagging in Mikey! Mr. 499 himself climbs into the ring with Titaness trying to fight for another suplex!

Lance:

Great teamwork! I don't think Titaness saw the tag!

Scott flips around to a standing switch. Mikey charges off the ropes for a clothesline...

Titaness moves...

BUT SCOTT DOUGLAS DOESN'T!

DDK:

OH NO! We were just talking about how the cohesion of The Bruvs and Douglas has been... but THAT was a malfunction at the junction!

Unlikely looks down at Scott and can't believe what he's just done. While he's distracted, Kendrix tries to warn the former FIST of DEFIANCE what's behind him. He doesn't see Titaness with a wicked grin across her face, and when he does turn, he gets DROPPED by The Lady Lariat, a nasty running lariat takedown!

DDK:

And Titaness just blindsided Mikey with the Lady Lariat!

Lance:

But if you looks, she looks worse for wear. She's gotta tag out.

Titaness is still grabbing her side but picks herself up and then tags to Uriel Cortez, who climbs over the ropes. Mikey is still seeing stars when he gets picked up by Cortez and THROWN back into the corner of the Familia. Uriel turns to Douglas.

Uriel Cortez:

THIS is who you're gonna side with? The guy that SCREWED you?

THWACK!

Mikey gets KNOCKED to the canvas after just one big chop from Uriel Cortez!

DDK:

MY GOD! That chop was BRUTAL!

But things are far from done there. With Douglas and Kendrix forced to watch the violence, Uriel reaches out and tags to The Future of the Familia, the monster Killjoy! Killjoy also climbs over the ropes as Uriel leaves. Killjoy looks down at Mikey...

THWACK!

Once again, Mikey falls to the mat! Clutching his chest in the corner, Killjoy hovers over him!

Lance:

One from Killjoy! But look... wait, Titaness wants a tag as well!

Killjoy nods and then tags Titaness. She quickly gets into the ring and then as Killjoy moves, Titaness gets both hands out...

THWACK!

...And NAILS Mikey with a double-handed chop!

DDK:

The Familia That Chops Together! All three of these titans are getting their licks in, but they're tagging quickly in and out!

Lance:

That they are! Tag back to Uriel!

The Man of the House tags in from his wife again and then climbs in. He stands in front of Unlikely, daring the man with one of the longest reigns as FIST of DEFIANCE to try and fight back. Mikey hears the cheers and guts it out, crawling back to his feet. He charges and then goes after Uriel with a big right! He comes at him with a flurry of rights, but Uriel stops him with one knee strike to the chest, followed by palming the back of his head and SLAMMING him down to the mat face-first!

DDK:

Did you ever think we'd seen Mikey Unlikely in THIS position? One of the longest-reigning FISTS in company history being picked apart by these massive vultures looking to make names at their expense!

Lance:

Not at all... HEY!

THWACK!

What catches Lance off-guard is Uriel turning around to CHOP Scott Douglas off the apron!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Cortez cheap-shotting Scott Douglas! Uriel has almost taken that decision personally and it's motivating him to hurt Mikey Unlikely and his side more!

Uriel then turns around... BUT MIKEY TRIES TO SLIP BETWEEN HIS LEGS!

DDK:

No! Was that a mistake?!

The Faithful pop big when he tries to get to his corner, but Uriel cuts him off just before and DRAGS him back!

Lance:

No way! Mikey Unlikely ALMOST pulled one over on the Familia, but Uriel Cortez isn't Bill Buckner and he caught him before he could give him the slip!

Back in enemy territory, Mikey is hurt as Uriel PRESSES his boot into his chest in the corner to keep him from getting away again! As he pins Mikehy there, he tags in Killjoy! Uriel moves as Killjoy runs at Mikey and SQUASHES him in the corner with a running back elbow! Killjoy pulls Mikey out of the corner and then HOLDS him up for a double arm suplex. He hangs on for a few seconds and lets the blood rush to the head of the former FIST before dropping him violently with a double arm suplex!

DDK:

That stalling double arm suplex was vile! Cover by Killjoy!

Kendrix is forced to watch the attacks on his partner continue just as Scott Douglas gets back up to his corner, favoring his chest after the cheap shot of a chop from Uriel. The Good Son puts both hands against the chest of Mikey for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Close, but no! Killjoy should have hooked a leg there!

The masked monster looks over to where Titaness wants a cover. Killjoy nods to his regular tag team partner. The Good Son listens to The Mother of Suplexes and tags in Titaness!

Lance:

Now what are they going to do?

Mikey doesn't stick around to find out. He snaps to life when Killjoy tries to pull him up by stunning the big brute with a jawbreaker! Killjoy is rocked briefly, but before Mikey can capitalize, he's cut off once again by Titaness hitting a running shoulder thrust, knocking Mikey back into the corner!

DDK:

No! Mikey is taking advantage of ANY opportunity he can to get to his corner, but these giants just aren't letting him go!

An angry Killjoy still has a moment or two to be legally allowed in the ring, so he charges and CRUSHES Mikey with a running body avalanche in the corner! Killjoy then palms the back of Unlikely's head and sends the Hollywood Star into a HUGE spinebuster by Titaness!

DDK:

Another double-team by Titanes Familia! Titaness hooks the leg this time!

The Pretty Powerful matriarch of the Familia makes a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mikey kicks out again, much to the shock of the rest of the Familia! Kendrix pumps a fist and holds out a hand for his fellow Bruv in Arms while Scott Douglas continues to watch the match!

DDK:

Mikey kicks out again! Where's he getting this from?

Lance:

Remember, he said he and Kendrix were taking a stand against any team trying to get famous off their expense, even this family of giant bullies! He's not backing down, not without a fight!

Titaness doesn't let the opportunity pass her by to do more damage! She picks up Mikey again and manages to get the Hollywood Star on her shoulders with a fireman's carry with some effort... but he slips out and PULLS her down to the canvas with a huge backstabber! Titaness thrashes around in pain and Uriel and Killjoy both snarl from their corner!

DDK:

That's it! That's the counter that Mikey needed! That's the opening Mikey needed, but he needs to get to his corner BADLY!

Lance:

Both Kendrix AND Scott Douglas are ready? Are they gonna make the tag?!

Mikey tries as quickly as he possibly can to get to his corner. He's almost there, but Navarro is busy contending with Uriel Cortez trying to get back in the ring!

Lance:

Uriel Cortez is trying to stop him, but Navarro won't let him in!

Mikey reaches out...

TAG TO KENDRIX!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHH!

But the second that Kendrix comes in... HECTOR NAVARRO STOPS HIM! He's getting booed out of the building!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

No way! No way! Hector Navarro never saw the tag!

And to make matters worse, Mikey gets PULLED back to the corner yet again! Killjoy is back in the ring and knocks down Kendrix! Mikey tries to fight off the beast with right hands! They stun Killjoy momentarily until he is able to block a shot, spin him around and ROCK him with a big man headbutt and sends him back towards the Familia corner once again!

DDK:

What heartbreak! I thought that Mikey Unlikely had the tag! We ALL thought he had the tag, but Titanes Familia... AGAIN... stopping the tag!

Douglas is FURIOUS! But Uriel Cortez quickly makes the tag! With Mikey all alone, Cortez charges off the ropes...

Lance:

NO! FATHER KNOWS PRESS!

The running crossbody from the giant might do it!

ONE!

TWO!

BASEMENT DROPKICK TO THE HEAD BY SCOTT DOUGLAS!

DDK:

NO! NO! DOUGLAS TO THE RESCUE! I THINK THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IT, HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE FORMER SOHER GETTING INVOLVED!

Uriel holds his face in pain from catching the basement dropkick by Douglas, who returns to his corner despite wanting to do more than just that as a receipt from earlier. Uriel points at Navarro and threatens him to get Douglas back to his corner.

Lance:

That dropkick stung him bad, but Uriel still has more in the tank than Mikey does right now!

Uriel has had enough! The big man kneels down and goes for a chokeslam! Still holding one side of his face in pain, Papa Tez has Mikey with his free hand and slowly pulls him to his feet! He calls for a chokeslam and lifts him... but Mikey TAGS him with a finger to the eye in mid-move! Cortez cries out and Mikey then grabs him by the head and DRIVES The Man of the House to the mat with a huge DDT!

DDK:

But can Mikey Unlikely make the tag!?

Uriel begins to stir as Mikey crawls toward his corner, desperate for a tag. The Faithful rally behind him, clapping and chanting as Mikey inches closer to his corner. Douglas and smacks the top of the turnbuckle to the rhythm of the chants as Kendrix reaches as far out he can.

Lance:

Unlikely is digging deep but does he have enough left in the tank to make the tag?

Uriel, now up on one knee, finds himself a bit closer to his corner and with a much greater reach.

TAG!

Killjoy is tagged in and hits the ring as Mikey lunges toward his corner making contact with Kendrix.

TAG!

Kendrix explodes into the ring, hitting Killjoy with a series of forearms. The big man staggers but doesn't fall. Kendrix hits the ropes and returns with a clothesline, but Killjoy stays on his feet. Kendrix hits the ropes again, delivering another clothesline with more force. Killjoy teeters but remains upright.

Lance:

Kendrix isn't holding anything back, but Killjoy is a monster!

Undeterred, Kendrix keeps on the attack. He hits the ropes one more time, this time hitting a dropkick to Killjoy's knee. The big man finally drops to one knee. The crowd erupts as Kendrix quickly follows up with a running knee strike to Killjoy's head, and then a superkick that chops him down to the mat.

DDK:

Shade's of Kendrix's own partner at the start of this match-up!

Kendrix hooks the leg and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Killjoy powers out, pushing Kendrix up and off. The Faithful groan in disappointment, but Kendrix remains focused. He knows he has to keep the pressure on.

Lance:

What resilience from Killjoy!

Kendrix looks stunned as Killjoy powers out of the pin, but he doesn't waste any time. He quickly transitions into the Kendrix Krossface, locking in the submission hold on the big man! The Faithful erupt as Killjoy struggles, trying to find a way out.

DDK:

Kendrix has the Kendrix Krossface locked in! Is Killjoy going to tap out?

Killjoy roars in pain, his massive arms flailing as he tries to reach for the ropes. The Faithful are on their feet, willing

Killjoy to tap. But the big man isn't done yet. With a tremendous show of strength, Killjoy starts to push himself up, dragging Kendrix with him. He powers his way out of the Krossface, throwing Kendrix off him with a mighty heave.

Lance:

Unbelievable!

Kendrix scrambles, but Killjoy is already charging at him, aiming for a spear in the corner. Kendrix ducks out of the way at the last second, and Killjoy crashes shoulder-first through the turnbuckles and into the steel post!

DDK:

This could be the opening Kendrix needs!

Kendrix sees his chance. Titaness reaches out, as Killjoy painfully pulls himself back into the ring proper.

TAG!

But simultaneously, Kendrix dives and makes the hot tag to Scott Douglas!

TAG!

The Faithful erupt as Douglas hits the ring. Titaness meets him head-on, but Douglas ducks her swing and rebounds off the ropes, hitting her with a flying forearm. Titaness staggers but stays on her feet. Douglas keeps up the assault, delivering a series of rapid strikes to the powerhouse. He hits her with a hard forearm before running off the ropes. When he comes back he lands a clothesline flush across the neck of Titaness. Scott Douglas moves to the turnbuckle and begins to climb.

DDK:

What's Scott Douglas doing? He's going for a high-risk maneuver it appears!

As Titaness stands up Scott jumps and lands a beautiful moonsault body press on the tall lady. He goes for a cover but Uriel Cortez is quick to step in and break it up before the referee can even get into position. From the other side of the ring come BOTH Hollywood Bruvs. Mikey and Kendrix run and grab Uriel driving him down with their momentum.

Lance:

DOUBLE BELL END ON URIEL CORTEZ BY THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

The crowd explodes with excitement. The Bruvs push Uriel's heavy body under the bottom rope and he splats on the mat below. Douglas distracted by the Bruvs' help, turns back to Titaness to find she is up on her feet and is waiting for him to turn around. Titaness runs full speed and attempts a spear. Scott Douglas is aware enough to leapfrog over the attempt. Titaness, slaps the mat frustrated, but gets right back up and charges Douglas again. Scott is able to lock in his move first as he wraps his arms around the body of Titaness.

DDK:

What a counter by Scott Douglas! Belly to Belly suplex! Both competitors got back up quickly, Scott Douglas by adrenaline, and Titaness by sheer will!

Titaness staggers to her feet, dazed but not confused, she has a job to do. Douglas, meanwhile, sees the perfect opportunity and grabs her by the head... hooks the leg ... lifting her ... an careening back towards the middle of the ring. Headfirst.

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX! SUB POP SUPLEX! TITANESS IS DOWN! HERE COMES THE COVER! THE BRUVS ARE BACK UP!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE~!

DING DING DING

*"F*cking in the Bushes" by Oasis/Kerstell*

Lance:

THEY DID IT! The most unlikely of tag teams, all the puns intended, have prevailed here tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, here are your winners.... THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS AND SCOTT DOUGLAS!

The crowd erupts as Douglas, Mikey, and Kendrix celebrate their hard-fought victory. Uriel Cortez looks on with fuming disbelief as Killjoy pulls Titaness out of the ring.

The Bruvs and Douglas soak in the adulation from the fans until they all three meet in the middle of the ring. Mikey smirks at Kendrix and puts his fist inbetwixt the trio. Kendrix then puts his fist in as well, touching Mikey's. They both look up at Scott Douglas with anticipation.

Scott Douglas looks at the Bruvs ...

... then up at the Faithful.

A small swell starts within the crowd mirroring their internal anticipation. Almost as if a ball was rolling toward a goal.

Lance:

What's he going to do, Darren!?

Douglas shrugs and puts his fist in the middle. The Faithful go ballistic and all three feign trying to pull their fists back to their own bodies.

Scott & The Bruvs:

GLUEFIST!

DDK:

What a match! Against all odds, Scott Douglas and the Hollywood Bruvs have pulled off an incredible win here tonight!

Lance:

Scott Douglas has shown where his loyalties lie and the Bruvs have once again proven you can't predict their next move. Not once did the Bruvs have bad intentions with Scott Douglas!

Killjoy props up an ailing Titaness at ringside while motioning for Uriel, who stands stoic. Fuming, his brow furrowed staring daggers at the celebrating Bruvs and Douglas. As the celebration begins to wind down, Uriel catches Douglas' eye. Expert camera works catches Douglas' shrugging at Cortez.

Scott Douglas: *[feigning amazement]*

... no glue!?

Uriel steps toward the ring apron but a referee and Killjoy urge him to let it go, for now, as Douglas returns to the Bruv's second wind of celebration.

The screen fades out of the ring with the triumphant team celebrating their victory, leaving the crowd buzzing with excitement and anticipation for our MAXDEF Main Event.

FIST of DEFIANCE: MALAK GARLAND (C) vs. BROCK NEWBLUDD

The José Miguel Agrelot Coliseum of Puerto Rico abruptly darkens and the crowd lets out a collective gasp from the sudden black out. Their surprise turns into a buzz of anticipation as the darkness continues.

Then the DEFtron comes to life and bathes the arena in a soft glow. All eyes turn to the giant screen and a roar erupts as the source of the neon glow is revealed. Taking up the entirety of the screen is a bar sign reading two words.

"Milwaukee's Beast"

An explosion of pyro on both sides of the stage causes the arena to illuminate for the briefest of moments before an iconic drumbeat booms out of the arena's speakers. It's followed by a warcry that electrifies the arena...

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

↪ *"Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)" by Quiet Riot* ↪

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The Faithful continue bellowing along with their part of the deal as Brock Newbludd makes his way onto the stage. Decked out in bright baby blue trunks and white boots with yellow tassels, Newbludd walks confidently from one end of the stage to the other, firing up the crowd. Stopping at the top of the ramp, Milwaukee's Beast surveys the crowd for a second before throwing up a single fist as another round of pyro blasts off.

DDK:

There is a lot riding on that man's shoulders tonight. I don't envy the position Brock Newbludd is in.

Lance:

This is the biggest singles match Brock has had in his DEFIANCE career. Not only is he fighting for the FIST, he's fighting for the whole Cassidy family. To be honest, he might be fighting for all us!

Slapping hands with fans as he makes his way down the ramp, Newbludd's face is that of pure determination. He reaches the bottom of the ramp and slides underneath the bottom ropes to enter the ring. Popping up to his feet, Newbludd makes his way to his designated corner and climbs up the turnbuckles to soak in some final cheers as his music fades out.

Lowering his fists, Milwaukee's Beast drops down, and just like everyone else in the arena, he turns his attention to the stage.

With the challenger in the ring, the lights transition to a soft blue glow. White light pulses around the main stage as a gaggle of baggy clothed rappers storm the area. Suddenly the dopest beat drops.

↪ *"Rock Superstar" (Snowflake Remix) by Cypress Hill* ↪

The electric beat of an iconic song riffs throughout the arena. Custom lyrics are sung by the Cypress Hill cover band.

*"So you wanna be a snowflake superstar
And live large
A parents basement, five bars, iPhone charged
Fallin' down from the clouds
Don't dust nobody
Gotta look over your shoulder constantly"*

BOOM!

Pyro explodes at the most opportune time through the song as Malak Garland emerges from the back. He's wearing his FLAKE of DEFIANCE Championship belt around his waist. Flanking him to both sides is Siobhan Cassidy, Teresa Ames, Cyrus Bates, Thurston Hunter and Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe.

DDK:

Do you think Malak has enough people coming out to support him during his main event match tonight!?

They begin the march down to the ring. Malak gazes down towards his challenger at the ready. Teresa totes along a small gift bag that says 'ENGAGEMENT RING' on it. She twirls it around, making sure the important people see it.

Lance:

Don't forget, if Brock loses, that means Malak will propose to Siobhan Cassidy tonight and they will be wed live on the next DEFtv! Thanks goes to Teresa for the reminder with that ring bag!

Cyrus Bates points over to Teresa, just in case no one can see what she's holding. Malak saunters into the ring after Thurston holds the ropes open for him.

DDK:

The champion has every reason to be confident tonight, especially with an entourage that size but I must say, Brock has more than a punchers chance seeing how he outsmarted and outmuscled the entirety of The Comments Section last DEFtv. He laid out Malak and correct me if I'm wrong Lance, but I think I can see some bruising on Malak's chin from that encounter!

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe holds up her BRAZEN Women's Championship with prowess. Siobhan wraps her arms around Blythe's waist in a friendly hug.

Lance:

Seems like everything is peachy keen and everyone is getting along just fine within Malak's crew.

Brock begins to grow impatient as everyone else seems to be interested in taking their time. Finally, Mark Shields strips the belt off Malak and things get turned over to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen...it is time for our main event of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Darren Quimbey:

This match is scheduled for one fall with no time limit...and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Quimber motions to Brock Newbludd. Milwaukee's Beast hops from one foot to another, never taking his eyes away from Malak and his entourage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...the challenger...from Milwaukee, Wisconsin...he is one half of The Saturday Night Specials...representing Ballyhoo Brew and the Ballyhooligans...he is MILWAUKEE'S BEAST...he is BROCK NEWBLUDD!

The arena gives the challenger a tremendous ovation as Newbludd walks out of his corner with a single fist raised, his gaze still fixed on Malak.

Lance:

Look into the eyes of the challenger. He's ready, partner.

DQ looks over at Malak who is punching the air like the prizefighter he pretends to be.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the champion, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, he is the future fiancé of Siobhan Cassidy, he is the FLAKE of DEFIANCE, he is MALAK GARLAND!

The announcement provokes the obvious boos from the crowd. Mark Shields holds up the belt with a tiny tilt to it because he doesn't really care. He hands the belt to Quimbey who exits the ring. In fact, the ring is left to the two competitors and the referee only. Everyone else finds their place ringside. Mark shakes his hand.

DING DING**DDK:**

And the main event is officially underway! The air is absolutely electric right now, Lance!

Lance:

You can say that again, partner. The Puerto Rican chapter of The Faithful have been fantastic all night. Now they've focused all that energy and put it behind Brock Newbludd. But, will it be enough to help carry him to victory against Malak and his cronies?

Puerto Rico's largest indoor arena rumbles in anticipation as champion and challenger step out of their respective corners, ready to battle over the biggest prize in DEFIANCE. As the two bitter rivals begin to circle each other in the middle of the ring, Malak's entourage disperses around it to stand watch on all four sides of the squared circle.

DDK:

The Comments Section have setup a perimeter around the ring. If this thing spills to the outside at some point, Newbludd is going to have his hands full to say the least.

Lance:

Malak knows that the only way he can be dethroned is between the ropes. You better believe he's going to try and use that to his advantage at some point.

Brock takes the initiative and lunges towards Garland in an attempt to lock up with him. The quicker Garland avoids Brock's outstretched hands by leaping away from him. He flashes a smirk at Newbludd as he continues to circle away to strategically put referee Shields between himself and the challenger.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Gimme a break. We're not even a minute into this match and Malak is already playing one of his games. These people came here to see a championship match, not whatever this is!

Malak grins over the confused referee's shoulder and Newbludd narrows his eyes at him. A half second later, Milwaukee's Beast charges at full sprint towards both of them. Shields lets out a surprised yelp and dives out of the way of the incoming Newbludd, leaving Malak exposed.

Lance:

Brock's had to put up with Malak's games longer than anyone and he's done playing around!

Dipping low, Brock drives his shoulder into Malak's stomach and wraps his arms around him. He keeps his legs pumping forward and powers Garland off his feet. With the crowd roaring in the background, Newbludd carries the surprised FLAKE to the nearest corner and drives him into the turnbuckles with authority. Staying low, Milwaukee's Beast rears back and rams his shoulder into Garland's stomach a second time. Then a third time! And a fourth time!

DDK:

Newbludd's putting everything he has behind those shoulders! There's a lot of pent up rage behind them!

With his shoulder buried in the dazed Thirst Trapper's midsection, Newbludd applies a waistlock around his foe and pulls him out of the corner. Popping his hips, Brock sends Malak flying back towards the center of the ring with a release Northern Lights Suplex!

Lance:

Beautiful northern lights from the challenger! The veteran Newbludd has a reputation for delivering some of the best suplexes in wrestling and he didn't disappoint with that one.

Staggering to his feet, Malak spins around just in time to catch a barrage of forearms from Newbludd that send him stumbling backwards. Not wanting his opponent to stray too far, Brock grabs him by a wrist and smashes him with a short arm clothesline that sends him down to the mat. Newbludd doesn't let go of Malak's wrist and immediately jerks him back upright to nail him with a second short arm. Once again the champion crumples to the mat while Brock maintains an iron grip on his wrist as he stands over him.

DDK:

Malak looks absolutely bamboozled right now and these fans are eating it up!

Brock plants one tasseled boot on his rivals face and looks to the cheering masses.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!

The Faithful eagerly respond.

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Milwaukee's Beast grins approvingly as he pulls Malak up off the mat again to double him over with a sharp knee to the guts. Finally letting go of Garland's wrist, Brock wraps his arms around he's keeled over opponent.

Lance:

Newbludd with a gutwrench and he powers the FIST all the way up into the launch position!

Sitting on Newbludd's shoulders, Malak comes to his senses slightly and his eyes go wide as he realizes his predicament. The revelation comes too late for him as Brock charges forward towards the nearest corner. With only a few feet to spare, Milwaukee's Beast let's out a roar and throws the helpless Malak off of him...

BOOM!

DDK:

GUTWRENCH BUCKLE BOMB!

Lance:

With authority! Did you hear that impact!?

Having fallen to his knees from the powerbomb, Newbludd wastes no time in keeping the pressure on. Racing to the corner, he stops Malak from collapsing with a cracking knife edge chop. A second chop causes Garland to stomp his feet from the stinging pain and he instinctively puts his hands up to his chest to protect himself. This prompts Newbludd to switch gears as he begins to unload with a wild flurry of punches to his trapped opponent's face. The Faithful's roaring intensifies with every blow, reaching it's crescendo as Brock finishes off the barrage with a discus punch that violently snaps The Social Media Savant's head back and causes his feet to leave the canvas.

Lance:

Huge right hand by the challenger has Malak reeling and...well, that didn't take long. Siobhan is up on the apron.

Brock's ex-girlfriend angrily scrambles up the apron and leans over the top rope, unleashing a torrent of obscenities and insults at him. Glaring at her, Milwaukee's Beast quickly sends the devil woman back to floor by pulling on the top rope with both hands and releasing it, causing the rope to snap back towards Siobhan. Unable to keep her grip, she falls off the apron and crashes to the floor ass first.

DDK:

And she's sent down to the floor!

The future Mrs. Garland let's out a banshee like scream as she kicks her feet in frustration and Brock mocks her with a whining scream of his own as he grabs Malak by the throat with both hands. Tightening his grip, Milwaukee's Beast starts to choke the Thirst Trapper. Malak tries to pry his opponent's fingers off his neck and the star of Over the Top drives a knee into his stomach in return.

Lance:

Brock is trying to choke the life out of Malak Garland and I can't say I blame him one bit after everything that Malak has done!

DDK:

Neither can I but he better keep his emotions in check or he could find himself disqualified!

Forcing Malak down into a seated position, Newbludd continues to squeeze as he grins menacingly. Shields is quick to jump in and start counting. Barking at Brock to break the hold, his count reaches 4.99 before Brock finally releases Malak and backs out of the corner with his hands up. Shields tries to give Newbludd a earful but the fired up challenger ignores him and barges past him to go back on the attack.

Lance:

Well, I guess you can hand it to Mark for at least trying to stick to the rules. That's a big step for him.

Bending down, Brock attempts to yank Malak out of the corner but the Snowflake Superstar lashes out with a kick that connects with The Innovator's face. Another kick hits Brock squarely in the chest and he stumbles away from Malak.

DDK:

Malak has bought himself a window of opportunity here with those kicks. That first one caught Brock right between the eyes and he's staggered!

Crawling out of the corner, Malak sees Siobhan's outstretched hands sticking underneath the bottom rope and he lunges towards them. Siobhan begins to pull her woozy lover underneath the bottom rope but the champion's deliriousness isn't helping with the effort.

Lance:

Siobhan's trying to pull Malak to safety but the punch drunk champion isn't cooperating!

Shaking the cobwebs out of his head, Newbludd sees what is happening and rushes towards the two.

DDK:

Here comes Newbludd!

With Malak's upper half hanging over the ring apron, Siobhan gives another yank and Garland begins to fall to the floor but his momentum is suddenly halted as Brock dives ahead and latches on to his ankles. Still holding Malak's ankles, Brock rises up to his feet and smiles at her.

Brock Newbludd:

I DON'T THINK SO, BITCH!

DDK:

We got ourselves a tug of war with Malak as the rope!

The tug of war doesn't last very long as Newbludd violently yanks Garland back into the ring. Having not let go of her lover's arms, Siobhan comes along for the ride and smashes into the edge of the ring, causing her to stumble backwards and fall to the floor for a second time! Malak's eyes go wide in fear as he's pulled all the way back into the ring!

Lance:

A war easily won by Milwaukee's Beast!

Letting go of Malak's ankles, Brock reaches down and wraps his arms around his squirming opponent. He locks his hands together and lets out a roar of pure effort as he begins to deadlift Malak off the mat...

DDK:

Look at the strength! What's Brock got planned here!?

Lance:

Nothing good for Malak, I can tell you that much!

With the Fauthful urging him on, Brock gets Malak completely off the mat before suddenly popping his hips and throwing the FLAKE of DEFIANCE over his head! The arena explodes in cheers as Malak flips head over heels in the air and crashes hard into the mat!

DDK:

Deadlift German Suplex! Newbludd put some stank on that one, holy cow!

Popping up to a knee, Brock raises a fist to the crowd as he stares at his laid out opponent. He keeps the pressure on by rising to his feet, hitting the ropes, and dropping a big knee right into the lower back of the champion. Rolling through the landing, Brock sprints to the opposite ropes and rebounds off of them to drop a second knee on Malak. Rolling through again, Newbludd immediately spins around and stands over him.

Brock Newbludd:

Let's see if you're as flexible as your mom!

Reaching down, Brock hooks Malak's legs around his own. Maintaining his balance, Newbludd grabs both of Malak's arms and begins to rock back and forth. Using the momentum in his favor, Brock throws himself backwards to the mat, lifting Malak up above him to lock in a Mexican Surfboard!!!

DDK:

Could this be it!? Could Malak give up here?

Malak is screaming to the heavens as it looks like Brock has no intention of letting go. Seeing both men stationary in the ring, Cyrus Bates takes it upon himself to climb the apron and get the attention of Mark Shields. Bates begins to point at the referee and jirate uncontrollably. Mark looks quizzically at Cyrus.

Mark Shields:

Hey! What are you doing? That's a rather distracting dance!

Cyrus Bates:

Keeping watching me! I am doing something important!

Meanwhile, with Shields entranced, Thurston Hunter pops into the ring where he swats at Brock's extended arms, breaking the hold! Newbludd quickly gets to his feet and chases after Hunter but the Pipsqueak Pulverizer is already out of the ring. With Brock's back exposed, the champion takes control by jumping on Newbludd's back and hammering away!

DDK:

Could someone PLEASE get Cyrus Bates off the apron? They were quiet until now.

Lance:

How about getting Thurston Hunter out of there too? We need a distraction free zone for Mark Shields to operate cleanly here.

Cyrus eventually runs out of moves and disengages the apron but not before Mark hands him a five dollar bill for an excellent showing. The action carries on but now Malak seems to have the upper hand.

Lance:

Brock is reaching back, trying to scrape Malak off like the latched on monkey he is! Just like that, momentum has swung!

Newbludd manages to throw Malak forward but the cagey champion turns things in his favor once more by initiating a roll up small package!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Near fall there by Garland!

Both men get to their feet and exchange chops until Malak reels back and smacks Newbludd under the chin with a super kick!

DDK:

The challenger is reeling!

Garland casadora's into a seated bulldog that lands flush! He follows things off with a leg drop off the ropes, nailing the challenger in the back of the head!

Lance:

What a move, brother!

Malak double underhooks Brock's arms and twirls his opponent into a back breaker!

DDK:

Malak is showing why he's the champion. He was given an opening from his friends at ringside and now he's delivering a relentless attack, completely turning the tide!

Brock pushes Malak away to create some space but it doesn't keep them apart for long.

Lance:

Clothesline over the top rope! Both men spill out to the floor and it looked like Brock smacked his face off the edge of the apron on the way down!

Mark Shields neglects to start a count. Instead, he slides to the outside and checks on the competitors as a double feature replay confirms Brock took the nastier part of the spill.

DDK:

That clothesline hit so hard that Malak went flying out of the ring too but again, he's much safer on the outside, seeing

all his cronies are there.

They circle like sharks. Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe holds her BRAZEN Women's belt by her hips, ready and waiting to strike as Siobhan Cassidy distracts Mark Shields.

DDK:

Turn around, Mark!

The ref is too busy looking at Cassidy's nails to notice Blythe level Brock in the back of the head with the belt! Malak gets to his feet and Irish whips Newbludd into the ring stairs! The ruckus causes Mark Shields to turn his attention back to the action, thinking that was the only move that took place.

Lance:

No one can win in this scenario! None. Look at how they compliment each other too. Jocelyne gives Malak a high five and that damned dame, Siobhan, just gives her man a big old wet one.

Brock holds his shoulder as everyone but Mark Shields gives him space. Malak coordinates his next plan of attack before the arena comes unglued!

DDK:

LOOK! AT THE RAMP! IT'S PAT CASSIDY!

The other half of SNS sprints down to the ring and clobbers Cyrus Bates from behind! Cassidy runs right by Siobhan, Malak, Mark, Brock, Teresa and Jocelyne as he spears an innocently standing Thurston Hunter THROUGH THE BARRICADE! Cassidy rises up and turns towards the rest of the crew.

DDK:

HE LOOKS PISSED!

Malak shoots all sorts of looks Pat's way and implores the referee to do something. Before Pat can take two steps, DEFsec storms the area, creating even more chaos and anarchy. With everyone distracted, Teresa Ames takes the moment to thwack Brock over the shoulder with the ENGAGEMENT RING bag!

Lance:

No one saw that! Everyone is more concerned with crowd control at the moment which allowed Teresa to get a cheap shot in but I mean, it looks like Brock took a pretty hefty shot from a bag that is supposed to only have a ring in it?

Everyone seems confused by Brock being laid out by a bag that shouldn't be as heavy as it is until Teresa removes a red brick from it. She gawks loudly as she pulls out the ring from her pocket.

DDK:

That haggard wench! She had a brick in that bag and the ring was in her pocket the whole time!

Lance:

She just struck Brock over the shoulder with a BRICK! This isn't the first time Comments Section members have resorted to using bricks, either.

DDK:

But Lance, also, Brock got hit over the very same shoulder that got sent into the stairs with! Malak and his crew are too good at zeroing in on specific body parts! They truly are silent assassins that way!

Garland throws Newbludd into the ring as chaos continues to boil on the outside. DEFsec removes a comatose Bates and Hunter from ringside while trying to contain Pat Cassidy who shouts things towards his baby sister. For some reason, Mark Shields sticks to the outside and doesn't feel the need to slide back into the ring yet.

DDK:

I think Mark needs to get back in there and officiate. Sure, there's lots else going on but the more he goes unsupervised, the more likely Malak will deploy even more tactics.

Garland delivers some knees to Newbludd's gut, softening him up even more before refocusing on the arm and shoulder.

Lance:

Jumping cross arm breaker by Malak! Another one! Garland is looking to dislocate Brock's shoulder from his body!

Malak strikes with meticulous precision on Brock's shoulder which has turned red. It's absorbed being thrown into the steel ring steps, endured a brick hit and now is being torn and twisted in various ways.

DDK:

It looks like things are finally settling down outside!

Indeed, DEFsec gets things under control as everyone except Pat and Siobhan are removed from ringside. They make sure to stay on opposite sides of the ring. Jocelyne and Teresa cry and blow kisses towards Malak as they are carried out of the ring area. The crowd tries their best to get behind Brock with chants, claps and energy.

Lance:

Pat Cassidy is PUMPING up the crowd! He's trying to get everyone behind Brock and why wouldn't he!? Newbludd has proven just how tough he's been over the last few months which has led him to this moment tonight, challenging for the FLAKE of DEFIANCE! He can't be done. He's got to have SOME resiliency left.

Malak shoves his elbow right into the AC joint of the challenger. Brock screams in pain but then, as if he is a OVER THE TOP movie star, he musters the spirit to grab Malak's elbow and strongly push it away. Malak leans in with all his might but Brock's muscles work harder. The fan's fever pitch rises as they can see Brock's strength on display.

Lance:

Brock Newbludd won't be dispatched so easily tonight!

Malak looks TERRIFIED as a hurting Brock Newbludd dangerously snaps the champion's arm backwards in no joking manner. Garland crumples to a knee where he is fed a few vicious shin shots!

DDK:

Keep at it!

Mark Shields watches as Brock places his opposite hand on his sore shoulder. Malak springs up and lands a belly-to-belly suplex! Brock wills himself to his feet. Malak hits a spinning heel kick! Brock rises from the ashes again.

DDK:

Both men are swinging WILDLY!

Newbludd shatters Garland's jaw with an unprotected headbutt! The champ stumbles backwards and retaliates with a drop kick to the exposed shoulder once more.

Lance:

Newbludd felt that one!

Brock smacks his numb shoulder, trying to encourage some blood flow and then he throws his whole body, bad shoulder first, into Garland!

DDK:

SHOULDER BLOCK! BOTH MEN DOWN! THE FANS ARE LOVING THE BACK AND FORTH ACTION HERE!

Lance:

That was with his BAD shoulder that has been worked over too. Amazing determination by the challenger here!

Brock pulls Malak up in an inverted headlock with his one good arm and nails a reverse DDT but also holds on! He pulls the champion up again in an attempt to hit another one but Malak swirls out of it and grabs Brock in a reverse DDT position of his own!

DDK:

Garland counters!

The FLAKE lands a spinning cutter, planting Brock by the head!

Lance:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!!!

Brock kicks out with as much authority as his pain-laced body enables him to. Siobhan slaps the mat, trying to rile up her man so Pat does the same, trying to encourage Brock. The battle of everyone else ensues as the fans get in the action.

DDK:

Brock is getting to his feet.

Lance:

So is Malak!

Garland slaps the taste out of Newbludd's mouth.

Malak Garland:

Brock. I am going to propose to your ex tonight. She always said I was better. Tonight, I prove it.

Brock delivers a closed fist across Malak's nose.

Brock Newbludd:

The only thing that is going to be called an ex tonight is you. Ex-champion.

By now, both men show the sweat of battle. Although they are breathing heavily, they are still just as invested and engaged in the contest as ever. Malak slaps Brock against the chest. Brock does the very same to the champion. Malak pushes Brock into the corner as they both maneuver their way to the top rope.

DDK:

Malak is trying to get in position for a super plex!

Lance:

But Brock is fighting it!

At the last possible second, Brock sneaks behind Malak and cinches in a dragon suplex. Their momentum carries them off the top turnbuckle!

SLAM!

DDK:

AVALANCHE SHOCK AND AWE!

Lance:

Are they dead!? I don't think Brock got all of it! His one shoulder looked like it was killing him!

The fans are marking out as Siobhan and Pat look on with extreme concern. The double feature replay shows Malak just about to win with a super plex when Brock makes the bold last second move to nail his finisher from THE TOP ROPE!

DDK:

Brock needs to cover him! COVER HIM!

It's not as easy as that though as both men went flying a fair distance. Malak's chest pumps up and down quickly, trying to capture as much oxygen as possible. Meanwhile, Brock reaches for his shoulder once more, in immense pain. The crawl is long and tedious but Newbludd nearly gets there.

Lance:

IT'S SIOBHAN!

The lady Cassidy jumps on the apron and tries to divert everyone's attention by REACHING FOR THE BOTTOM OF HER SHIRT in an attempt to take it off and flash the crowd into oblivion. Naturally, Mark Shields is all for it and completely ditches his refereeing duties but Pat sees it coming and gently trips his kid sister off the apron and into his arms. Some of the more piggish Faithful react in disbelief but Pat Cassidy ensures his sister's keg's stay under wraps.

Lance:

Was she about to flash everybody!?

DDK:

It looked like it but it doesn't matter now! Brock is almost there!

Newbludd throws his good arm across Malak's chest. It takes Mark Shields a split second to snap back to reality and get into position for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

UMMMMM. JUST NO.

The fans refuse to accept the two count as that split second hesitation by Mark Shields cost everything. Pat looks discouraged on the outside of the ring, all while holding his kicking and screaming sibling.

DDK:

Pat can't let go of Siobhan! She's squirming too much!

Pat helplessly looks into the ring as Malak corrals Brock into a crossface, extending the challenger's hurt shoulder once more. Mark Shields jumps around, emphatically asking if the challenger gives up. Pat shouts words of encouragement like nobody's business. Siobhan literally claws at her brother.

Malak Garland:

TAP OUTTTT! GIVE UPPPPP! I AM GOING TO MARRY HERRRR! YOU CANNOT WIN!

Brock is nearly lifeless but still insists on fighting. He rakes his free hand over top of Malak's to which the champion responds by shifting his verbal focus to the referee.

Malak Garland:

MARK! HE GIVES UP! CALL FOR THE BELL! MAKE ME A MARRIED MAN! SEND THE FANS HOME HAPPY!

Mark obsessively checks on Brock, looking for the slightest reason to call for the bell but Milwaukee's Beast does not quit.

Lance:

All Pat can do is cheer his buddy on! He can't let go of Siobhan because she will likely do something to sway the outcome of the match but it isn't looking good for Brock, either!

Newbludd begins the crawl to the ropes, DRAGGING the champion with him! The fans RISE up both in voice and from their seats as they chant and cheer Brock to the ROPES!

DDK:

HE'S NEARLY THERE! MY GOODNESS, HE'S GOING TO MAKE IT!!!

Brock reaches out. He misses. Malak laughs maniacally. Brock reaches out again. His fingertips bounce off the taped cables. Pat Cassidy stands, holding Siobhan firmly right in front of his tag team counterpart struggling in the ring. He nods at Brock.

Brock reaches.

One final time.

ROPE BREAK!!!!

RAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

The arena comes unglued as Brock FIRMLY snatches the rope. Pissed, Malak disengages and promptly stomps away at the spent challenger. Garland stares down at Pat from the ropes.

Malak Garland:

Jokes on you, Patty cakes. I'm going to make Siobhan hawk tuah, spit on that thang tonight after I KILL Brock Newbludd.

Cassidy's eyes burn with an urge to kill of his own upon hearing that but he's still helpless to watch. Malak stomps on the back of Brock's head. It bounces off the canvas.

Malak Garland:

It's going to be okay, Pat. I promise to take good care of her.

Garland winks at Pat before delivering an I TRIGGER to Brock Newbludd!

DDK:

Malak just hit a lethal I Trigger on the challenger!

Lance:

He's not done, either!

Slowly but surely, as the fans reign hate down on him, the FLAKE of DEFIANCE slaps Brock on his hurt shoulder.

Malak Garland:

Weapon Get. Ex-Girlfriend Get. Score.

SHOCK AND AWE!

Lance:

MALAK JUST HIT BROCK WITH HIS OWN MOVE!

He's still not done. Lastly, Malak pulls Brock's head between his legs. Garland never breaks eye contact with Pat Cassidy on the outside. He blows a kiss.

Malak Garland:

IS IT OKAY IF I CALL YOU MY BIG BROTHER!?

DDK:

What's this!? Malak's trying a one man KEG STAND!?

Pat Cassidy can only watch with disgust on his face as Malak begins to pull Newbludd up to hit the piledriver that helped put SNS on the map.

Lance:

He's got him up...HANG ON! BROCK'S FIGHTING BACK!

Kicking his tired legs, Brock resists having his head spiked into the mat with everything he has left in him. The arena

EXPLODES in cheers and Cassidy slams his fist into the mat as he urges his best friend to fight on. Garland tries his damndest to keep Brock held up but his tired muscles finally give out and he's forced to drop Brock's feet back to the mat!

The second his feet touch the mat, Brock let's out a primal scream and powers Malak up, sending him crashing to the mat with a back body drop!

DDK:

He got out of it! Brock Newbludd isn't ready to give in! He wants the FIST and he NEEDS to stop Malak! Not just for him but for his best friend!

The wild eyed challenger digs deep and bursts towards the ropes in a sprint. Bouncing off of them, he zeroes in on Malak and throws himself at him. Stunned by the recent turn of events, Garland sits up just in time to see Newbludd hurtling towards him like a missile...

FACE MELTER!!!

Lance:

BROCK HITS THE SHINING WIZARD! MALAK IS LAID OUT!

Crashing into the mat awkwardly, Brock crawls to the nearest set of ropes and pulls himself up while Malak lies unmoving in the center of the ring.

DDK:

Pin him! Here's your chance to Brock!

Taking a second to stare at his fallen opponent, Brock then turns his glazed eyes to Cassidy who screams at him to go for the pin. Wiping the sweat from his eyes, the battered challenger begins to move. Not towards Malak. Towards the nearest corner.

Lance:

Newbludd's not going for the pin, he's going up top! He wants to put Malak Garland away once and for all, partner!

An anxious buzz fills the arena as Brock struggles his way to the top turnbuckle. Gripping the edge of the ring with a white knuckle grip, Pat Cassidy watches as his woozy partner slowly stands up from his perch.

Cupping his hands over his mouth, Brock calls out to the people...

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAALLLLY!!!!

Pumping his legs, Milwaukee's Beast leaps off as The Faithful answer his call...

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Soaring through the air with camera flashes flickering all around him, Brock sticks an elbow and aims at Malak's evil heart...

BALLYHOO ELBOW!!!

Malak's eyes suddenly shoot open and he rolls out of the way!

MISSED!!!

DDK and Lance:

NO!

Brock crashes hard into the mat and immediatly grabs at his elbow while Malak scrambles up to his feet and sprints to the nearest set of ropes. Rebounding off of them, the FLAKE silences the arena...

I TRIGGER!!

Smiling from ear to ear, Malak crawls over and hooks the leg of Brock Newbludd while the feisty Siobhan is held back by Pat who watches his grasp on his family literally slip away while holding it.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!!!!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

I have no words.

Lance:

There's wedding bells in the future, Darren and it looks like this one is arranged.

Malak struggles to rise off Brock as he's quite spent himself but that shit eating smile isn't going anywhere. It requires zero energy.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, here is your winner and STILL FLAKE OF DEFIANCE, MALAK GARLAND!

Malak points and laughs at Pat who stoically releases the hold of Siobhan. His kid sister turns to face her older brother.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Screw you! Malak makes me feel alive and I can't wait to be his bride!

Siobhan jumps from Pat's arms and into the waiting ones of Malak in the ring to begin celebrations.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is looking on with sheer shock on his face.

Lance:

Siobhan was literally in his grasp a few moments ago. Now it's guaranteed she will be under Malak's spell for a VERY long time to come.

Mark Shields tends to the fallen Brock Newbludd WHO STILL tries to get up and fight but the finishing move was JUST enough to edge out a win tonight.

DDK:

I don't care what anyone says. No one should ever question the toughness of Brock Newbludd. He's a top wrestler in this company bar none. He overcame so many silly odds but just like the last few men who've tried, Malak's antics somehow found a way through in the end.

Pat puts his hands at his side as his facial temperature rises from cool and calm to red hot. Siobhan gives her older brother the two handed, middle finger salute as she proceeds to shove her tongue down Malak's throat as far as it will go.

Lance:

Brock Newbludd did everything right. He was formidable. He was a threat. He could have won tonight but not until someone can somehow break through this Malak mirage, will we ever be rid of The Snowflake Superstar as champion.

SAVE THE DATE

With tears in her eyes, Teresa Ames unsteadily walks down the ramp. She clutches the engagement ring between her fingers. She makes sure to get in the ring without coming in close contact with either Brock or Pat. She hands the ring to Malak before quickly departing. Malak looks around, furious that no one has offered him a microphone yet. Finally, Darren Quimbey offers one up through the ropes. The champion snatches it.

Malak Garland:

Look bae, we're in beautifully scenic Puerto Rico just like I planned everything to be. I love that for you.

He constantly looks over at Pat Cassidy every few seconds or so.

Malak Garland:

This moment. It's perfect. It's so perfect that I probably don't have to waste money on a honeymoon seeing that we're already in this wonderful tropical destination and we can just spend the next few weeks together until the day we wed.

The crowd groans.

Malak Garland:

That day will affectionately be known as M day and will go down in the history of humanity as the single greatest marriage in recorded history. So, without further ado.

Garland lowers down to a single knee while holding the ring outward. The fans are nearly throwing fits as all Pat Cassidy can do is watch and shake his head... with the occasional pantomime of "I'm gonna barf" thrown in for good measure.

Malak Garland:

Shivvy, my honey boo mellon muffin, I love you. It's you. It's always been you. It's always been me. I deserve the best and therefore I must ask you this very important question.

He pauses and looks around for dramatic effect.

Malak Garland:

Siobhan Cassidy, will I make you the luckiest woman in the world? Will you love us for me? WILL YOU MARRY ME!?

The crowd gets the hottest after the proposal leaves Malak's lips. Pat clenches his fists, ready to pound Malak into oblivion. Tears begin to cascade down Siobhan's delicate face. It's a scene with mixed emotions to say the least. She acts completely surprised, shocked and caught off guard by the AMAZING proposal. Malak hands her the microphone.

Siobhan Cassidy:

YESSSSSSSS I WILL MARRY YOU!!!!!!!

Celebratory pyro echoes throughout the arena as Malak wastes no time plunging the ring on that finger and smooching away on his newly minted fiancé. Balloons and confetti fall from the rafters as all video panels in the arena show a white background with gold 'CONGRATULATIONS' text on it.

DDK:

I'm being told to let everyone know that Siobhan Cassidy and Malak Garland are expected to tie the knot at the next DEFtv. Apparently everyone is invited. Brock Newbludd will be the officiant. Pat Cassidy will be the best man and it will be a night NO ONE will forget.

The two star crossed lovers embrace with the pay-per-view broadcast runtime expiring.

DDK:

Faithful, thank you so much for joining us tonight. For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler wishing you all a great night. Hopefully, we have more good ones on the horizon.

A final shot of a befuddled Pat Cassidy is shown. He's stood in the same spot for what seems like an eternity. Balloons, confetti and fireworks are all around him. One might expect to see defeat in his eyes... but that's not quite it. He's watching. Waiting. Looking. It's not defeat... in fact, it's... it's... defiance?

This isn't over.

It's only just beginning.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.