

**SHOW OPEN**

LIVE from [EDINBURGH CASTLE](#), DEFIANCE Road 2025 Night One kicks off with pyro and screams from The Faithful! As always, signs, signs EVERYWHERE.

**BROCKHEART**

**SCOTLAND HAS BEEN DEFIANT SINCE WILLIAM WALLACE**

**BOXWOOD WILL BREAK EDINBURGH**

**I CAME TO SEE THE LADS**

**NO PYRO. JUST BOSS BITCH ENERGY.**

**DEPORT NED REFORM**

**SCOTT DOUGLAS IS AN HONORARY SCOT**

**I GOT MY TICKETS WITH THE LADS AND FAMILIA DISCOUNT (MOSTLY THE LADS)**

**WE WANT KING NEDWARD'S HEAD**

**DROP THE MIC TITANESS!**

**NED IS RIGHT**

**NO ROPES? NO PROBLEM**

**KEEP KERRY OUT OF OUR DISTILLERIES**

**I WANT REZIN TO RELAPSE, I ADMIT IT, AND THAT DESIRE IS REALLY ROOTED IN MY RELATIONSHIP**

**WITH MY MOTHER AND WILL NEVER TRULY BE RESOLVED**

**WELCOME HOME GAGE**

**SCOTLAND IS BOX COUNTRY**

## **NO ROPES: BRONSON BOX vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD**

The camera switches from the panoramic view of Edinburgh Castle to the announce team, strangely located AT RINGSIDE for this event!

**DDK:**

Hello, everyone! I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler and this is my partner, Lance Warner!

**Lance:**

Lance Warner here, reminding you in this country they don't speak Scottish, they speak English!

**DDK:**

We're on with that again, are we?

**Lance:**

Apparently that previous comment I made weeks ago about the language they use in Scotland, as well as this specific fan base who wants me to become a BAD GUY at the announce table, has dominated the online internet wrestling community when you search my name on Twitter.

**DDK:**

You have Twitter?

**Lance:**

Oh god no, I'm far too smart for that.

**DDK:**

Then you'll never be a real bad guy.

**Lance:**

Fair enough.

**DDK:**

Anyway, Faithful, we have a hell of a show lined up for you tonight AND tomorrow.

The scene switches to show the ring, which is set up. However, it remains ROPE-LESS.

**DDK:**

Fans, do not adjust your televisions! The ring crew has NOT forgotten something because we are going to start off...

The match graphic shows and the fans in Edinburgh go haywire.

**DDK:**

...with the HOMETOWN kid against the Scottish Icon!

**Lance:**

Oh I am excited for this! The legend, the Hall of Famer, the unofficial MOUNT RUSHMORE of DEFIANCE, the mascot, if you will... except mascots are funny and appeal to children. This man Bronson Box, however, is nothing but a pure nightmare! Box will do battle with the Edinburgh born and raised Gage Blackwood in a NO ROPES MATCH!

*BLACKWOOD!*

*BLACKWOOD!*

*BLACKWOOD!*

**DDK:**

For ten-thousand fans, it might as well be one-hundred-thousand because they are HOT!

**Lance:**

What a way to kick off the show! I don't think DEFIANCE has ever done a NO ROPE match! What is there to expect, Keeps?

**DDK:**

Well, for starters, blood. We've been through the history before. One more time, quickly, just in case anyone is watching DEFIANCE for the first time. A couple years ago, The Lucky Sevens were paid off by a mysterious source to take out Gage Blackwood. They did just that, injuring Blackwood for almost a **full calendar year**. When Gage came back to seek revenge against The Lucky Sevens, he brought with him fellow countryman and legend, Bronson Box by his side! The two of them laid waste to Max and Mason Luck and for the next year teamed against various opponents. One year to the date of their alliance, Bronson revealed HIMSELF as the one who paid off The Lucky Sevens to take Gage Blackwood out! Box proceeded to injure Blackwood again for almost six months, nearly ending Gage's career. Gage came back two months ago to confront Bronson Box once and for all and HERE. WE. ARE.

**Lance:**

Excellent use of the recap system, while this crowd continues to scream and shout! Box's reasoning for taking Gage out: he didn't want another countryman to step on Bronson's legacy. Box wants to be the ONLY Scotsman worth remembering in DEFIANCE.

**DDK:**

Utter nonsense. There's spots for both of them. Plus, as you said Lance, Bronson Box really is the face of DEFIANCE. He might be all four MOUNT RUSHMORE heads. Box is the pinnacle of this company. His status would never be bounced out for anyone!

**Lance:**

Paranoia can do crazy things. Box is totally unstable.

The scene once again goes to ringside as Darren Quimbey stands in the middle.

**Darren Quimbey:**

This match is FOR. ONE. FALL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH MOTHER FUCKING RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!*

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first... from RIGHT HERE in EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND-

Darren can barely be heard, the cheers are so ruckus.

In fact, he isn't audible. The crowd IS so loud, that despite Quimbey announcing Gage Blackwood, no one can pick it up.

*[♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪](#)*

One of Blackwood's OG themes queues and the crowd is on their feet. The camera crane swings towards the Edinburgh Castle, as two Scottish guards in kilts pull back the giant metal doors. Smoke rolls out of the castle, until there Gage Blackwood stands. His tights are blue and white, they are decorated in the Scottish flag. The Noble Raider stands tall, his long brown hair soaked and pulled back, revealing his trademark scar above his left eye, ready to burst open and bleed at a moment's notice. For a typically expressionless man, Gage looks over the stands, from left to right. He seems genuinely appreciative of his countrymen and women in front of him.

He salutes and marches forward.

**DDK:**

A homecoming moment, from a former FIST of DEFIANCE.

Blackwood reaches the crowd, where he extends his hands on both sides, allowing the fans to slap his arms and hands as he walks towards the ring, even though he doesn't slap back. Arriving at the apron, he pretends to reach out for the ropes in order to pull himself into the ring. Of course, there aren't any.

Instead, he simply rolls onto the mat, as if going under the ropes. He pops up, dusts himself off and receives an enormous ovation!

### DDK:

Make no mistake, Blackwood has come to fight!

Gage allows the crowd to take in the scene, as he does the same. An aerial shot of the castle, the stands and the ring runs through the broadcast, as Blackwood marches to the edge of the squared circle and screams a noble cry into the night sky. The small roof overtop of the ring, to ensure there is no downpour, captures some of the noise but for the most part, it's a cry that even rattles the metal bleachers.

Blackwood's theme comes to a close.

The Faithful await, already booing their other countryman.

[♪ "The Entertainer" by ragtime pianist Scott Joplin ♪](#)

The reaction from the Scottish Faithful can't really be put into words.

Hatred? Pride? A little of both?

A flickering sepia tone accompanies the song, it's cast over the entire complex as the song continues.

The architecture, the stage, the people, everything is shaking.

The soundwaves from the unheard of reaction from the fans can be felt in our collective core. That is until the relatively cheery tune warps and fades like the old film reel it was playing on melted through. The sepia tone light similarly bends and warps and splits, casting the whole of the audience into complete, silent darkness.

After a few tense moments...

### THRUM!

[♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by the immortal Johnny Cash ♪](#)

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

As though rehearsed, the crowd in unison all sing along with the opening stanza of the Wargod's classic entrance tune.

♪ YOU CAN RUN OOON FOR A LOOONG TIME ♪

♪ RUN OOON FOR A LOOONG TIME ♪

♪ RUN OOON FOR A LOOONG TIME ♪

♪ SOONER OR LATER GOD'LL CUT YOU DOOOWN ♪

♪ SOONER OR LATER GOD'LL CUT YOU DOOOWN ♪

The sing-along devolves back into a cacophonous wall of sound.

HUGE pillars of flame shoot out of the stage area illuminating the man himself. Like some ancient standing stone that's been here for as long as time immemorial. Broad shoulders, scarred forehead, arms like redwoods the living embodiment of DEFIANCE itself is bathed in the roaring pillars of flame. We see the man himself in a sharp new grey and red pinstripe singlet. Backlit by the pyro, his long shadow is cast down the ramp like an arrow pointing directly towards the ring and his countryman Gage Blackwood.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent! Making his way down to the ring weighing in tonight at seventeen-stone and hailing from the cold shores of Banff, Scotland! He is a two time former FIST, a former DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion, he is...

An off-camera voice from backstage cuts Quimbey off, one that garners one HELL of a chorus of boos.

**Voice From Backstage:**

I'll take it from here, bald and beautiful. SCOTLAAAAAAND! You bunch of mead swilling, sheep spearing chucklefucks!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**DDK:**

To be expected I guess.

**Lance:**

Just classless.

Platinum blond hair slicked back atop his head and sporting a custom blood red three piece suit The Motormouth of Malcontent, the Herald of the Wargod Angus Skaaland saunters from the entrance tunnel and stands beside his still yet to move client. His client who's unblinking eyes haven't left the ring and Gage Blackwood.

**Angus Skaaland:**

He is the ICON. Words like that get tossed around pretty willy-nilly around pro wrestling today. Most of it's absolute bullshit. But here in DEF? The house I personally helped build? There's a short-list I could count on one gorram hand of the absolute unquestionable icons around this joint and right here? Right here is numero uno! SCOTLAND... to hell with that stupid trophy, this right here is the only, singular ACTUAL ACE OF DEFIANCE, RIGHT GORRAM HERE! THE WARGOD! THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT HIS-GORRAM-SELF!

He slaps his client across the chest and screams out over the deafening crowd reaction.

*ANGUS IS A BAAAAAAWBAG! ANGUS IS A BAAAAAAWBAG!*  
*ANGUS IS A BAAAAAAWBAG! ANGUS IS A BAAAAAAWBAG!*  
*ANGUS IS A BAAAAAAWBAG! ANGUS IS A BAAAAAAWBAG!*

Even shouting into the mic at the top of his lungs Skaaland is struggling to be heard.

**Angus Skaaland:**

DIDN'T CATCH A DAMN WORD OF THAT! NOW ON YOUR FEET YOU FAT TONGUED, MUSH-MOUTHED MUTANTS! SHOW SOME RESPECT TO THE PINSTRIPED BRINGER OF PAIN! FROM THE VERY SOIL WE STAND ON TONIGHT! THIS HERE IS THE BOMBASTIC BRONSON BY-GOD BOX, YOU FUCKING REPROBATES! YOU ALL PROSTRATE YOURSELVES IN HIS PRESENCE! BOW AT HIS SHITTY LITTLE WRESTLING BOOTS! HERE'S A SPOILER FOR YOU GORRAM HAGGIS GOBBLING MONSTERS FOR RIGHT HERE TONIGHT! OL' BOXER'S ABOUT TO FINALLY KILL THAT RAT-FACED LITTLE BITCH RIGHT THERE! SO LET'S DO THIS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Red faced with intensity, Angus Skaaland points towards an absolutely unphased Gage Blackwood down atop the

eerie ropeless ring.

With that the Bombastic Bronson Box puts one foot very deliberately in front of the other and makes a very dramatic beeline for he and Blackwood's immediate, violent future.

**DDK:**

Here we go folks! The road has led us right here! What a way to kick off this massive show but with two sons of Scotland squaring off in front of their countrymen!

**Lance:**

Blackwood is clearly the favorite but... God would you listen to these people?

Involved UK sports stadium style chants of WAAARGOD and BROOONSON echo in between a sheer, indecipherable wall of noise both for and against one of Scotland's most controversial sons.

**Lance:**

Is "angry pride" a thing? This is a pro-Blackwood crowd but... well. Wow.

**DDK:**

It's Bronson Box in front of a Scottish wrestling crowd for the first time under the DEF banner, partner.

**Lance:**

Need we say more?

*BROOOON-SON! BROOOON-SON! BROOOON-SON!  
BROOOON-SON! BROOOON-SON! BROOOON-SON!  
BROOOON-SON! BROOOON-SON! BROOOON-SON!*

A wall of sound and pure passion.

Hatred for Boxer's actions but clear unabashed pride at the sight and sound of two sons of Scotland being featured here and now.

Even Gage Blackwood, unphased as he attempts to be, casts a few impressed glances out over the crowd and the almost indescribable reaction from these fans for the DEF Icon marching towards him.

**DDK:**

I'm not sure I've ever seen a crowd more... OH MY GOOD GREAT LORD!

Angus Skaaland emits a shrill scream the sound and pitch of an eleven year old school girl.

Like lightning Gage Blackwood leaps off the ring and cross bodies BOTH Bronson and Angus. The Wargod tumbles backwards and almost immediately back to his furious feet. Skaaland falls like he's been stabbed, sprawling into the valley between the ramp and the ringside barrier.

The ringside medical technician is seen making his way over to the overdramatically whaling Skaaland at a certain point.

**Lance:**

Welp, night made for old Lance Warner ladies and gents! Can't get any better than that!

All of this happening in almost an instant. Gage has very little time to enjoy Angus' cries as he's immediately set upon by the furious fists of the Original DEFIANT. As the two fresh competitors throw furious overhand blows it's clear the much stronger, clearly incensed Boxer has almost an immediate upper hand in the exchange of rawboned fisticuffs. Blackwood at one desperate point even reaches up and rakes at Bronson's eyes only to find the Wargod painlessly

roaring through the blinding with furious, unhinged tears in his eyes.

*WHAM WHAM WHAM*

Three, thudding, stomach churning straight headbutts from Box that sends Gage to one knee with a very foggy look in his eyes. Bronson just utterly unphased, with a tiny trickle of blood now seeping from between the pile of nasty, calloused scars he calls a forehead. Not wasting any time, Box reaches down, yanks Blackwood to his feet and...

**DDK:**

STUMP-PULLER PILEDRIIVER ON THE FLOOR!

Blackwood lolls and rolls from side to side, desperately, blearily trying to clear the cobwebs and get up to a less prone position... this giving the Wargod a few moments to look angrily around ringside before he spies and accosts poor Darren Quimbey.

**Lance:**

Hey now! What's he... oh, oh no. He's not. Is he?

From inside the terrified little ring announcer's coat, Bronson gingerly produces a very nice looking Montblanc fountain pen.

**DDK:**

That was a gift the Favored Saints folks gave all of us on the broadcast team several years ago, but what...

Boxer turns, makes a little show of unscrewing the pens cap, and makes a beeline right for Gage now finally, desperately up on his knees just now getting his bearings. The second Gage's refocused eyes are finally re-locked onto his opponent, said opponent just straight-up BURIES the business end of the very fancy looking pen deep enough into the crown of Gage's head for the writing instrument to stay stuck in place, upright, for a few moments before quietly clattering to the floor.

*OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!*

Boos and reactions of furious anger mixed in with the general bloodthirsty cheers from the Faithful as blood begins to POUR from Gage Blackwood's hairline. Boxer grabs a wet handful of Blackwoods now bloodsoaked hair and hucks the bleary warrior up into the ring.

**Lance:**

Is he trying to KILL this poor bastard?

**DDK:**

The Wargod's mental state has been... iffy as of late, partner. It's clear Gage Blackwood here is representing a few more of Bronson's demons than just Gage Blackwood, if you catch my drift.

**Lance:**

Oh boohoo! What? He's sad that he's old and reaching the end of his best days in the ring, I'm so sad for poor Bronson Box! Meanwhile we're all about to bear witness to a literal HOMICIDE live on DEFIANCE pay per view!

In the few moments it takes Boxer to clomp up the ring steps and step into the ring, Gage finds some emergency reserves and launches himself at the Wargod with wild, frantic rights and lefts fighting for an opening, any little crack in Boxer's armor to get a leg up. Everything Gage reaches down to produce is rebuffed and swatted away by the Original DEFIANT. Blackwood finds himself regrettably on his backfoot, backstepping away from his constantly advancing Vorhees-like opponent.

To his credit, Blackwood manages to deftly avoid most of Boxer's blows at this point.



**DDK:**

Box has tunnel vision here, folks.

**Lance:**

But look at the fight in Gage, Darren! He already looks like hell but he's still in this thing! What focus from the hometown boy!

Blackwood's quickness and avoidance of his offence starts to visibly frustrate Bronson. With his own expression of inhuman quickness Boxer snatches Blackwood's wrist with a devilish non-smile. All before rolling back and with all his might Irish whipping Gage Blackwood with such speed and power the Scotsman **FLIES OFF THE RING, OVER THE GUARDRAIL AND IS SENT CRASHING THROUGH THE FIRST TWO ROWS OF SEATS!**

**DDK:**

OH GOD FOLKS!! WATCH OUT! INCOMING!

**Lance:**

WHAT IS EVEN HAPPENING RIGHT NOW?!

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*  
*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*  
*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*  
*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*  
*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

Absolute chaos ensues. Security and folks in DEF branded shirts appear all around the now obliterated first few rows of chairs on this side of the ring trying to assist bewildered fans. By the looks of things nobody was hurt but a few fans were clearly taken off their feet by the incoming Gage Blackwood shaped missile that just pushed all their commemorative event folding chairs into a huge painful looking pile that came to rest underneath the twisted metal and plastic carnage.

**Lance:**

What's he doing now?!

**DDK:**

The very same thing he and Cayle Murray did at this very pay per view so many years ago! Tear the ring to pieces!

Indeed he does. In the time it takes the crew to untangle Gage from the mess of folding chairs, Bronson Box goes about ripping back one corner of the vaguely padded canvas covering of the ring itself. He goes about completely skinning the surface of the ring leaving only the pale bare boards of the ring's foundation exposed.

***STOMP STOMP STOMP STOMP***

Box makes a show about bringing his boots down on the bare wood, the unmuffled sound echoing loudly through the already deafening arena. Box stands perched on the edge of the ring facing the pile of chairs and detritus containing Gage Blackwood and hollers at the top of his lungs just as Blackwood emerges, once again trying to find his bearings.

**Bronson Box:**

OYE PRICK! NAPS OVER! STAGE IS ALL FOOKIN' SET!

Blackwood scowls and stumbles forward, regaining his wits and balance with every step. He leaps over the guardrail and leaps confidently back into the ring as he can looking like an absolute bloody mess.

**Lance:**

People that have survived full-on car wrecks look less like hell than Gage Blackwood does right now, Keebs!



A somewhat reinvigorated Gage Blackwood in an almost “fuck you move” to the incensed Wargod, starts circling, looking for the matches first actual lockup. The sight of Gage Blackwood, after ALL that, still looking to do a spot of wrasslin’ garners a huge reaction from the fans.

**DDK:**

The resilience of Gage Blackwood, ladies and gentleman! The GUTS!

Blackwood locks up with Box and uses his sheer strength to work Boxer into a headlock, then slides across Bronson’s body, hooking Boxer’s right arm behind his head. In what looks like some twisted choke hold, Blackwood maneuvers around his opponent a few more times and has suddenly worked the other Scotsman into a hammerlock.

Blackwood follows up with a hammer throw, hurling Bronson down on the bare wood, a HARD thump upon landing.

Gage grins.

**DDK:**

That was a MESSAGE, make no mistake about it. While Blackwood is out for blood, to hurt the man who tried to end his career TWICE, Gage wants to get inside Box’s head. He wants to show the Hall of Famer that he, Gage Blackwood, is ultimately the better WRESTLER.

**Lance:**

And that’s going to drive Box insane!

**DDK:**

Exactly.

Blackwood pulls Box to his feet and completes another hammer throw! Box lands super hard, pain shoots through his extremities.

A bridging dragon suplex follows, throwing Bronson on the back of his head in the process.

Gage looks at the “ropes” for a moment. He’s not trying to make a joke by running off an empty set of them. What he’s trying to do, however, is embarrass his opponent.

Which is what he does.

Blackwood “bounces” off the ropes, leaving Bronson Box to reside on a knee. Blackwood stops cold in the center of the ring-

**CRANK!**

And knees Box as hard as he can in the side of the head!

A brainbuster slam follows, on the wooden board!

**DDK:**

My GOD I could hear that one!

Blackwood pulls Box up for more punishment. He shoves Box into the corner of the ring, Bronson’s chest meeting the padded buckles when he gets there. Blackwood stomps towards the Wargod, flips him around, and proceeds to reign down punches into Box’s big skull.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

FOUR.

FIVE.

SIX.

SEVEN.

EIGHT.

NINE.

There's no ten. Just another hammer throw, sending Box halfway across the ring and onto the wood.

Blackwood starts jaw jacking in angry Scottish gibberish. Even the fans in the first few rows don't know what the hell he's saying. Blackwood charges in, but doesn't see Box has pulled a second wind together. The reality is Gage gave his opponent too much time to recover.

At finding himself on the proverbial backfoot, Bronson reaches a new level of unhinged and fucking FURIOUS. Catching Blackwood by the wrist, Box yanks the much smaller Scotsman into a tight Cobra Clutch. Boxer's massive arms wrap, grasp and then LIFTS Gage in the air, bringing Blackwood down across his knee over... and over... and OVER again.

**DDK:**

Cobra Clutch Backbreakers from the Scottish Strongman!

Boxer releases Gage from the hold, Blackwood tumbling to the mat clutching the small of his back. Box however leaves very little room for Gage to convalesce as the massive Wargod grabs his own wrist and drops down with all his weight... CLAW FIRST.

**DDK:**

God's Fiery Right Hand! Bronson Box's classic Iron Claw!

Lance:

Don't forget about those fingernails on that right hand, Keebs!

Indeed. Classic Bronson Box, utilizing his fabled "red right hand"... the fingernails kept just a little longer on that hand. Long enough to truly DIG INTO his opponents tender, delicate head-flesh. Bronson lands on Gage with the impact of a goddamn tree limb. His massive calloused hand now clamped violently around his head, thumb and pinky digging into his temples.

**Lance:**

It's like having a dang lunchbox clamped around your face, Darren! The claw of some BEAST!

DDK:

I don't think the self-proclaimed "ACE" is quite done making his point, partner!

With the claw hold still clamped on like a vice thanks to the inhuman strength of Bronson's freakish, scarred up hand... he proceeds to lift Gage up off the mat and just painfully hoist him up and across the ring over to one of the ring posts.

Where he BASHES the back of Gage's already Claw-inflicted cranium back against the bare turnbuckle-less metal post.

**WHAM! WHAM!**

Box releases Blackwood who just slumps over and ragdolls off the ring and down to ringside.

**Lance:**

Is Gage moving? Should someone go check on... OH COME ON! No! I thought he was still out cold over by the ramp, Darren! DAMNIT!

A clatter is heard over commentary. The unmistakable sound of the spare set of headphones being put on over greasy platinum blond hair.

**Angus Skaaland:**

FUCK YOU LANCE, WATCH THE GODDAMN LANGUAGE! NOW SHUT THE FUCK UP! Gage! You fecal-brained PRICK! How DARE you lay hands on me! ME! If my boy up there doesn't leave you a drooling tapioca eating invalid in some rest-home somewhere here in this piss-soaked shithole of a city you'll be hearing from my GORRAM LAWYER! Oh, and another thing!

Skaaland sputters and trips over a few more profanity-laced tirades directed at his "assailant" from the start of this match. Whilst his manager fills our ears over commentary, Bronson himself is hard at work. Dismantling the ring. Over the several minutes it takes Gage Blackwood to stir at ringside and Angus Skaaland to join commentary and make himself heard Bronson has lifted three of the huge, wide planks of wood out of their fittings and gone about draping the lumber across the large gap between ring and guardrail.

Much to the absolute DELIGHT of the deafeningly bloodthirsty Scottish Faithful.

**DDK:**

I do not see a comfortable rest of the evening for whomever is unfortunate enough to go through that here tonight, gentleman.

**Angus Skaaland:**

Oh... there's only one skinny Scottish ass that's going through those big bastards! He's the one bleeding out like a farm animal, struggling to climb back in the ring right now!

True enough, he takes a licking and you know the rest. Bronson stands back with his huge tree trunk sized arms crossed over his enormous chest and just watches as Blackwood struggles to claw his way back up onto the mat and into an upright and standing position. Gage has barely taken a single breath before Bronson Box rushes in like a bull at a scary rate of speed and clubs Blackwood in the gut, doubling him over...

Fortuitous position. Perfect for Box to tuck Gage's head between his huge trunk-sized thighs, turn him towards the suspended planks of wood, and...

**KER-CRACK-SNAP-SNAP-CRACK-SPLINTER-SNAP!**

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!  
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!  
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!  
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!  
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

The wood just goddamn, no-lie explodes when all of Gage's momentum and weight fully hit them. There's a lot of give, but when they go boy do they ever go. Wood detritus, long splintered pieces of plank pop off and splinters in all directions. Mostly inward. Once the proverbial sawdust settles we get a look at the absolute state of poor Gage Blackwood.

**Lance:**

Oh that's just... \*hurk\* oh my God, that's just awful.

The main injury to Blackwood is one particularly sizable dagger-like shard of wood protruding out of his right shoulder-meat. This particular injury catches Lance Warner's eye and he very nearly throws up live on pay per view. All much to the delight of one Angus Skaaland who snort-laughes at both Warner's and Blackwood's collective misfortune.

Bronson takes his time making his way down the ringsteps and wading into the wooden detritus and bits and pieces of what's LEFT of his opponent. Once he's standing over Gage he reaches down and wraps his huge hand around the shard of lumber lodged in Blackwood's shoulder and YANKS it out as painfully as he can manage.

OOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

The crowd collectively recoils at the disgusting spurt of blood that erupts from the wound.

Once again Boxer reaches down and grabs himself a fistful of Gage's blood-soaked hair and DRAGS him behind himself, back up the ringsteps and back atop the quarter-dismantled ring. He drops Gage with a hollow wooden clunk, dropping to his knees and wasting no time DIGGING the loosed wooden shard into Blackwood's forehead. Blackwood reaches up and grabs Bronson's shard-wielding hand by the wrist with both hands. He struggles under the Wargod's immense strength... not to mention the searing pain from the business end of the shard of wood.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Inch-by-God-inch, Gage slowly but surely gets his feet underneath him, RALLYING under even Bronson's raw-boned might. The Original DEFIANT's eyes grow wide at the attempt. Up to one shaky knee, Gage SMILES into Bronson's scowling face and then like lightning, he drops down to his back and quickly and tightly hooks Bronson's leg...

**DDK:**

WOH NELLY!

Referee Brian Slater slides in as best he can without getting a splinter on the bare wood and begins the count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

As Brian Slater's hand hits the bare wood with a third and final thwack, Bronson Box's entire world grinds to a complete and total screeching halt. Meanwhile, the Faithful are SHOCKED as Gage Blackwood rolls to his knees. Even he is unsure the pinfall was counted because he's seemingly gearing up for a Gaelic Storm.

**DING DING DING**

He doesn't have to.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match...

The crowd goes wild, regardless.

**Darren Quimbey:**

GAGE BLACKWOOD!

The world shifts out from under Bronson Box as he sees an exhausted, bloody Gage Blackwood rolling and bailing from the ring, getting his hand raised by Slater at the foot of the ramp. For Bronson, all the air in the room is gone. For

Bronson, there is no DEAFENING crowd reaction and a triumphant Blackwood kneeling and quietly bleeding with an ENORMOUS smile plastered across his utterly exhausted face.

From Bronson's perspective, he's still on all fours up in the ring, on pause. In silent shock.

Back in reality though?

He's really not taking it well at ALL.

*FUCK HIM UP BRONSON! \*clap clap clapclapclap\**

*FUCK HIM UP BRONSON! \*clap clap clapclapclap\**

*FUCK HIM UP BRONSON! \*clap clap clapclapclap\**

Out of nowhere, the Wargod takes hold of Angus.

**Brian Slater:**

LET HIM GO, BOXER! GODDAMNIT MAN! SNAP OUT OF IT!

Both of Bronson's big brown eyes are as wild and wide and bloodshot as we've ever seen them.

**Angus Skaaland:**

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR CRACKED GORRAM SKULL?! PUT ME DOWN YOU NUTCASE!

Bronson releases the starched red lapels of Angus Skaaland's suit jacket with a shocked start.

The usually cock-sure Motormouth of Malcontent backs away from his client with both fire and FEAR in his eyes at his client's crazed fugue state freakout.

Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are both visible on camera standing waaaay back over the barricade amongst the fans with shocked expressions on their faces. At the overturned announce table, Darren Quimbey is cowering with a couple other shocked ringside staffers over by the now overturned ringbell table. Thankfully, Brian Slater is not a referee to be messed with, so he remains untouched. However, the utter chaos and destruction caused by Bronson Box has half the security and backstage staff storming down the ramp to try and subdue the clearly FULLY cracked Wargod.

The now commentary-less broadcast takes on the feel of a horror film as Bronson's head whips around and his eyes take in the sight of Gage Blackwood, who's still convalescing up at the top of the ramp. Still kneeling and bleeding with that big exhausted smile plastered across his crimson mug.

Gage weakly raises his head and meets Bronson's crazed gaze...

And raises a double bird salute to the absolute delight of the Faithful.

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

This clearly is the straw that breaks the proverbial camel's back.

Again, with almost freakish speed and agility for a man his age, Box leaps up into the ring and charges across what's left of the ring and LAUNCHES himself out into the huge crowd of security and production staff that have filled the rampway in response to Bronson's freakout.

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

Half the individuals in question crumple under Bronson's weight, the rest hold fast and keep the rampaging Wargod from making his way any further up the ramp.

The unhinged Original DEFIANT swings and pushes against the wall of some of DEF's beefiest security goons to no effect. The match weary Wargod SCREAMS at the top of his lungs like some sort of massive wounded animal.

Blood tinted spittle flies from his beet red face as he rages fruitlessly in the direction of his perceived prey.

Gage is utterly unphased, his arms still out stretched flipping Bronson off.

Blackwood's weary, smiling crimson-colored face is the last image we see before the eerie commentary-less broadcast cuts away suddenly to the next segment of the show.

**COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2025**





## "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. QUALITY CONTROL CYRUS BATES

The match graphic flashes on the screen, showing Cyrus Bates, looking as menacing as ever, standing next to Sub Pop Scott Douglas.

**DDK:**

Okay, Faithful! We have a full new ring set up WITH ropes and a mat! Boy, what insanity we just saw.

**Lance:**

Yes. However, the night WILL go on.

**DDK:**

Exactly. Next up we have ourselves a grudge match as Cyrus Bates, Malak's very own personal Quality Control Officer, takes on Sub Pop Scott Douglas. To the ring we go for the introductions.

**Darren Quimbey:**

This bout is a one-on-one contest and it's scheduled for a twenty-minute time limit!

**Loud Voice:**

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA HOLD UP!

Before any music can start playing, Cyrus Bates marches out on stage, holding a microphone. He's in his quality inspection uniform as he can't swivel his head around quick enough to soak in all the crowd's hate.

**Cyrus Bates:**

The QCO is in the house! And what a finely made house it is, I might add. I had my team survey the construction and test out the foundation and indeed, this arena is grade A goodness. High quality. High quality indeed. However, Faithful, do you know what's NOT high quality?

He pauses speaking but doesn't stop moving.

**Cyrus Bates:**

My opponent tonight. Scott Douglas is a fraud and after I expose him to the world tonight, he will be next in line for Master Malak to romp all over, harder than a one thousand-person freight train romping all over Bonnie Blue! Am I right? Now that's a high-quality good time!

**Lance:**

I was wondering what the Vegas over/under odds were on someone mentioning Bonnie Blue tonight and here we are.

Bates climbs into the ring with steady confidence.

**Cyrus Bates:**

Scott Douglas, get your buns down here so I can check them out! Wait! That's not what I meant! I meant something else! Wait! No! Grrrr!

Flustered, Cyrus throws the microphone down in frustration. He unbuttons his shirt and limbers up quickly in anticipation for the arrival of his opponent.

♪ "Smiling and Dyin" by Green River ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

... his opponent! From Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at two-hundred and twenty six pounds! He is DEFIANCE's Favorite Son! He is "SUB POP"... SCOTT... DOUGLAS!!!

The Scottish Faithful pop, in a way that might tell you Douglas was Scotland's Favorite Son as well, the crowd greets

the whining and wailing of the grunge tune like a long lost friend. When the guitar and drums come in, they are at a fever pitch. Douglas stomps through the curtain with purpose, clearly being fed by the large and growing response. Intense and focused, Douglas tags hands on the way to the ring before sliding into it and pausing on one knee. Douglas wipes his mouth with the back of his taped hand as the lights pulse around him to the beat as he stares down Cyrus.

**DDK:**

Big ovation here for Scott Douglas, he's been itching to get his hands on Cyrus Bates for a few months now!

**DING DING**

**DDK:**

Here we go!

Bates makes no bones about locking up with Sub Pop, who promptly performs a standing switch. In the position of advantage, Scott is able to easily dodge some elbow shots, proceeds to sweep the leg and cruise into a laying front headlock!

**Lance:**

Bates might be bigger and therefore, stronger, but Scott Douglas looks exceptionally speedy and sharp right off the hop.

**DDK:**

There isn't even *that* much of a size difference between the two. Just a few inches and about twenty pounds!

Douglas pulls up to his knees and nails a half-range DDT! Bates rolls until he's at the ropes where he can pull himself up. Douglas charges in but misses with a forearm and is slung over the ropes and onto the apron for his efforts. Bates swings and misses with a few clubbing blows until Douglas hotshots Bates' neck off the top rope!

**DDK:**

The Quality Control Officer stumbles backwards!

Douglas slides back into the ring and delivers a chop block. Bates grabs Douglas by the hair, not allowing his foe to bounce off the ropes. Cyrus tries to focus on the shoulder of his opponent but Sub Pop is far too slippery and somehow delivers a German suplex!

**Lance:**

Off the canvas bounces Cyrus Bates!

Briefly checking his hair, Scott Douglas remains on the attack by mounting and pummeling his adversary. Bates tries to cover up but Scott's fists find their way through.

**DDK:**

I don't think Bates was prepared for this onslaught!

Douglas' fists finally lose pace so Sub Pop transitions into a single leg crab! Riving in pain, the QCO rubs his sweaty chrome dome. The referee slides into position and asks Bates if he gives up, to which he denies.

**DDK:**

Bates trying to reach the ropes!

Just before his fingertips can touch, Bates finds himself pulled back into the center of the squared circle. Douglas wrenches back even more, pulling up with what is supposed to be his injured arm and shoulder. Bates notices this and begins to fret even harder.

**Lance:**

I think the realization that Scott Douglas is not 'easy prey' is finally sinking in to Cyrus Bates!

Somehow, the Bellicose Brawler manages to power out of the crab. He scoots around to a seated position, checking his leg for irreparable damage and staring a hole up at Seattle's Favorite Son who is barely out of breath, cracking his knuckles as if the pace that is being held is not causing him any issue.

**DDK:**

Bates mutters to himself and you have to wonder if he's out of his depth? Remember, he was the one who SOUGHT out what he thought was an easy opponent in order to get back into Malak's good graces.

**Lance:**

Yes, while true, this all could have been avoided if Bates realized he's not actually at fault for Malak and Siobhan's divorce. Yet another trivial thing our FIST has pinned on someone else.

Bates makes sure he has the time and space to get up safely but Douglas smells blood in the water. Bates realizes it too and therefore breaks out the big guns almost immediately!

**KEYBOARD QUALITY KICK!**

But it misses. Douglas sidesteps under the elevated axe kick attempt. Bates turns quickly and is met with a downward spiral drop!

**DDK:**

DOWN GOES BATES! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Bates powers up as his eyeballs nearly pop out of his skull. Douglas laughs as if he knew what he had in himself all along. Bates tries to reason with his foe, only to go for the old thumb to the eyes trick. Instead of connecting, Bates finds his arm coiled in a wristlock. Douglas doesn't hold it long and instead smashes his forearm into the back of Bates' cranium and follows that up with a running bulldog!

**Lance:**

The fans are coming alive here! They are witnessing some PRIMETIME vintage Scott Douglas on display!

**DDK:**

Like, this is FIST-level worthy. Seems like he's one step ahead of Cyrus Bates at every move! The QCO might want to rethink "recommending" Sub Pop be Malak's next "cannon fodder."

Face first on the mat, contemplating general life decisions, Cyrus Bates darts up in pure fear. He throws his hands up.

**Cyrus Bates:**

TIMEOUT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Surprisingly, Scott Douglas is caught off guard and stops in his tracks. Even the referee, Carla Ferrari, looks quizzically at Bates.

**DDK:**

Is this, is this the first ever timeout that's actually been granted in pro wrestling history!?

Bates, holding his arms steady in the universal signage for 'TIMEOUT' looks around, in pure shock and awe that his request was not only heard but it seemed to go through at least for the time being.

**Cyrus Bates:**

Wow okay, you stopped!

Douglas takes one step closer to Bates before the QCO cuts to the chase.

**Cyrus Bates:**

WAIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I WANT TO TEST YOUR INJURY AND THE QUALITY OF YOUR REHAB! INDULGE ME!

Bates puffs out his chest and calls Douglas on to slam down on his protruding pectorals. Douglas obliges and nails a forearm slash against the glistening flesh of QCO. Bates takes a half step back.

**Cyrus Bates:**

Again.

Douglas winds up and connects with an even harder unprotected shot which sends Bates ONE FULL STEP BACK.

**Cyrus Bates:**

ONE MORE TIME! WITH FEELING!

Douglas machine gun knife edge chops Bates nonstop until the receiver has his back up against the ropes. It's here where Bates covers up like a coward and Douglas piledrives him to oblivion!

**DDK:**

WHAT A MOVE!

**Cyrus Bates:**

You're-you're not injured. You're-

Douglas pulls a dazed Bates up for a jackhammer. The crowd is stunned at the array of power shown as Bates gets slammed down to the mat with authority!

**Cyrus Bates:**

You're high quality shit.

Douglas measures Bates, who remains grounded. Sub Pop ascends to the top rope where phone cameras flicker before he nails a shooting star splash!

**DDK:**

FREMONT PLUNGE ON THE BACK OF BATES! WOW! HE SOARED THROUGH THE AIR LIKE AN EAGLE!

**Lance:**

Seahawk would be more accurate for Sub Pop.

Douglas double underhooks the arms of his foe and lifts him high up for a tiger driver!

**Lance:**

Simply menacing offense by SUB POP!!!

The crowd is at a near fever pitch before Scott hooks Bates in, fisherman suplex style.

**DDK:**

HERE IT COMES!

**SUB POP SUPLEX!**

Douglas downs Bates with his patented fisherman suplex brainbuster! The flurry of moves has Bates seeing quality stars. The former SOHER hooks a leg and the crowd counts along like it's academic.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Smiling and Dyin" by Green River ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

HERE IS YOUR WINNER, SCOTT DOUGLAS!

The Scottish Faithful are buzzing as the cheers still rumble the unique event center. Scott Douglas stands tall in the center of the ring. The adrenaline coursing through his veins is evident as he wipes the sweat from his brow and looks down at the fallen Cyrus Bates, who's sprawled out on the mat, clutching his ribs and grimacing in pain.

**DDK:**

What a dominant performance by Scott Douglas! Sub Pop is BACK in DEFIANCE, and he just sent a statement not just to Cyrus Bates, but to the entire roster!

**Lance:**

Well and the whole point of this was to see if Douglas was up to snugg to face Malak Garland for the FIST!

Scott Douglas makes his way to the ropes and reaches out for a microphone.

The shot cuts back to Cyrus Bates, leaning against the bottom rope, a dazed look on his face. Carla Ferrari checks on him but Bates waves her off, muttering something about "quality control" while struggling to pull himself up using the ropes.

**DDK:**

What's this? Scott Douglas has something on his mind...

Douglas, with mic in hand, signals for his music to cut off.

**Scott Douglas:**

Cyrus, I don't know what you thought was gonna happen tonight... but if you, or anyone else back there, thinks I'm here to be some kind of test case, you've got another thing coming.

The Scottish Faithful roar their approval, and Bates glares at him from across the ring, shaking his head weakly.

**Scott Douglas:**

I've spent too much time on the sidelines watching this place pass me by. That's over. I'm not just here to prove I'm healthy. I'm here to prove I'm the best. So whether it's you, Bates, or anybody else back there ... including Malak Garland - you'd better bring your A-game...

He points directly at Bates, who stumbles to his feet, clutching his ribs and looking furious.

**Scott Douglas:**

Because I'm not just back... I'm better than ever!

Douglas drops the mic and the Faithful erupts once again. Bates, now leaning on the ropes, shouts something unintelligible at Douglas, but DEFIANCE's Favorite Son raises a fist one last time before exiting the ring.

## HOLLYWOOD BRUVS vs. RAIN CITY RONIN

**Darren Quimbey:**

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

*"Mouth is made of Metal..."*

*"Pocket full of Yellow..."*

*Pocket full of Gold and I hope you find...*

*I hope you find your dreams!"*

♪ "Gold" by Sir Sly ♪

The FAITHFUL erupt in mixed cheers and boos as Kendrix strides out onto the stage, his usual cocky smirk plastered across his face. He takes a moment to look out at the crowd, soaking in the reaction, before Mikey Unlikely follows behind him with a slow, confident swagger, adjusting his sunglasses. The Hollywood Bruvs look poised and ready, but somethings missing... smiles.

**Darren Quimbey:**

...Making their way to the ring... at a combined weight of 451 pounds... hailing from THE GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD, Los Angeles, California... This is Mikey Unlikely... This is Jesse Fredricks Kendrix... they are the HOLLYWOODOOOD BRUUUUUUUVS!

**DDK:**

Well, listen to this reaction, Lance. The Hollywood Bruvs have always been beloved by some and despised by others, but lately, they seem to thrive on the division. You can feel the tension in the air! Now it seems they're playing games with them as we hear the old 24K theme song.

**Lance:**

They've been leaning hard into their old tricks, DDK. It's like they're testing how far they can push the FAITHFUL!

Kendrix spins in place, tossing his hands out wide like a conductor orchestrating the crowd's reactions, while Mikey gestures toward his custom vest, motioning for the cameras to zoom in. Mikey leans over to Kendrix, points at a loud booing fan in the front row, and both men laugh obnoxiously as they begin making their way down the ramp.

Mikey yells toward the fans, Kendrix walks slightly ahead, flipping the invisible hair of his styled fade as if he's brushing off the negativity. The pair exchange casual banter with one another, slap at one another's chest, clearly amused by the crowd.

**DDK:**

This is exactly what I mean, Lance. They don't care, just as long as the spotlight stays on them!

Kendrix jumps onto the apron and leans lazily against the ropes, dramatically blowing a mock kiss to a particularly unimpressed section of fans. Mikey struts around the ring like it's a red carpet, sliding under the bottom rope in a slow, exaggerated motion before standing tall and removing his sunglasses with a flourish.

**Darren Quimbey:**

...and their opponents...

As the lights come down, a single word is whispered through the PA...

*"Silencio..."*

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

A projected image flashes up across the castle: two mountains. Peaks, if you will. With the lights still low over the stage, the fans can scarcely make out two individuals walking within them.



**Darren Quimbey:**

...hailing from Seattle, Washington, United States, ZACK DAYMON... and, hailing from Chicago, Illinois, LEO BURNETT... together, at a combined weight of four-hundred and fifty pounds, THEY ARE... the RAAAAAIN CITYYYYYYYY ROOOOONNNNNNNN!

The stage becomes alight with strobes, revealing Daymon and Burnett to a raucous pop from the Scottish Faithful. The Ronin are sporting special blue, white, and green chevron-patterned tights for the occasion. They step out into full view, come to a stop side by side for a beat to scan the stadium from north to south and take in the ovation.

*"Hey, you wanna hear a joke?"*

*"Nobody speak... nobody get choked!"*

**KA-BOOOM!!**

Pyrotechnics explode across the stage in perfect sequence with the Ronin pumping their arms overhead in perfect synch. Edinburgh is Edin-it all up!

**DDK:**

Another stoic yet resounding entrance by the masters of silence and violence themselves, Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett!

Zack and Leo stride down the aisle, lockstep and perfectly in sync. As they reach the ring, they split apart and encircle the ring from either side, staring daggers at the Bruvs and leaving them anxiously looking over their shoulders for any funny business.

**Lance:**

This match has been months in the making, ever since the Rain City Ronin took exception to being referred to as "future stars" by the Hollywood Bruvs. Daymon and Burnett are resolved to prove tonight that for the two of them, the future is NOW.

But instead, the Rain City Ronin converge on the hard camera side, climb to the apron, and pump their arms once more for another booming pop from the fans. Behind them, Mikey and Kendrix naturally believe the reaction is for them.

**DDK:**

With the momentum they've carried through a very impactful year 2024, I'd be hard pressed to disagree! But the Bruvs are tried and true veterans of DEFIANCE, and I feel that they're hardly interested in being defined as the stars of yesterday!

Both teams eventually assemble in their respective corners to hash out their starting line-ups while official Benny Doyle makes his final checks. Once everything is in order, he gives the cue for the bell.

**DING DING****DDK:**

This is it, we've been waiting for this one, two big name tag teams in DEFIANCE that have never tangled as a group. Mikey & JFK will pull out all the stops tonight to prove they are the superior tag team, but RCR is all business, and this is some big business that they have tonight!

**Lance:**

That's right, two former FISTs including the longest reigning one. The Bruvs are a lot of flash, but don't mistake that flash for all show. These two have made winning the big one, their best known achievements.

Mikey Unlikely and Leo Burnett start this one off, and circle one another. Leo feels Mikey out for an opening and motions to lock up with him. Just before he does, Mikey turns to Zack Daymon and flips him the bird. Zack gets

immediately fired up and steps through the ropes only to be stopped by the official.

Mikey smirks widely and points to JFK who motions back. The fans boo loudly. Leo Burnett uses this to barrage Mikey with some big right forearms. He locks up with a dazed Mikey and pushes him into the turnbuckle. The same official separates the two...

**Mikey Unlikely:**

REF, He's got no Rizz!

Leo shakes his head in wonder and Mikey regroups. Leo doesn't wait long and rushes back in. Mikey dives through the ropes and calls for a timeout.

**Lance:**

There's no timeouts in wrestling!

They lock up again and once more Leo takes advantage, this time spinning to a side headlock and applying pressure. Mikey screams loudly and looks for the ropes but doesn't find any. Burnett takes him around the ring, just out of reach of the ropes. He looks at Zack who desperately wants in. Leo looks out to the crowd and reaches for a tag, but JFK comes barreling from the other side of the ring, and drops Leo Burnett with a diving forearm to the back of the head.

**DDK:**

There's an example of The Bruvs doing what needs to be done, legal or not, to win the big one.

JFK gets up and despite being admonished, drags Mikey by the arm back to their corner, where he steps out, and tags right back in. JFK comes in, but on the other side of the ring Zack Daymon also tags in. Like a ball of fire he beats JFK to the middle with a clothesline, JFK stumbles back up but Zack is ready for him with a scoop and a slam. He comes off the ropes, but JFK bounces over to his stomach and Zack steps over. On the return JFK is up and hits a shoulder block that sends Daymon sprawling. JFK goes for the big elbow drop off the ropes but finds nothing but mat.

**Lance:**

No one home! Kendrix going early on the high risk and it backfired.

Kendrix nurses his elbow as he gets back to his feet but he's met by a beautiful standing dropkick from Zack sending the Brit back down to the mat. Zack holds his hand out to Burnett and the tag is made. Kendrix goes in for another shoulder block but it's sidestepped by Leo, bouncing Kendrix out of the corner and into a scoop slam on his return to the center of the ring.

**DDK:**

Burnett off the ropes and knee drop to JFK's temple, cover.

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!

The camera pans to Mikey who breathes a huge sigh of relief seeing his tag partner pull his shoulder up. Wasting no time though, Leo keeps the pressure on Kendrix, keeping him grounded specifically this time with a headlock.

**Lance:**

Kendrix has been a little reckless in his decision making and Burnett now looking him to wear him down further. RCR looking like the more accomplished tag team of the two so far in this match.

JFK reaches out towards Mikey who stretches his arm out towards his partner but they're nowhere near each other. Kendrix leverages to get to one knee, finds enough room to get and elbow into the ribs of Leo, and another. Leo

doubles down which gives Kendrix the opening to get back to his feet.

**DDK:**

Burnett misses with the swing BACK SUPLEX COUNTER BY JFK!

Jesse shakes off the cobwebs quickest and ambles over to tag an eager Mikey in. Unlikely jumps into the ring connecting with a diving shoulder block on Leo and immediately goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT.

Zack claps, encouraging his partner but Mikey doesn't let up. He dives in with hand around Leo's neck.

**DDK:**

Chokehold, that's savage from Unlikely.

Mikey releases at the refs count of three and drags Leo to his corner. He works him over with some stomps to the chest. Against he goes for the choke, this time with the boot to the throat. At the count of three once more Mikey release, but not without getting in the refs face and letting him know a piece of his mind.

**Lance:**

And look at Kendrix, pulling at the throat with his t-shirt!

Zack, incensed with what he's seeing, steps in but Mikey gets the refs attention at the illegal entering of the ring. As the ref deals with Zack Kendrix enters the ring and the Bruvs leave stomp after stomp at the windpipe of Leo.

**DDK:**

And now we see first hand the years of experience the Hollywood Bruvs have over RCR.

With Zack back in his corner Kendrix steps out and leaves Leo, holding his throat gasping for air, softened up for Mikey to continue the onslaught. Trapping Burnett into a facelock, he drives a few forearms down into back before tossing the arm over his head and grabbing hold of the waistband.

**DDK:**

Mikey bring Burnett UP and DOWN HARD with the vertical suplex... wait, keeps the hold in place as he rolls over and brings him up again... and DOWN GOES BURNETT off an impact DDT!

**Lance:**

And a tag made right back to Kendrix! The Bruvs showing why they're masters of the game here tonight!

Leo is agog as Unlikely scoops him back to his feet and shoots him into the ropes. Kendrix steps in and gets to his partner just as Burnett returns, and they throw him for a ride with a HIGH elevation double backdrop!

**DDK:**

Kendrix makes the cover now off the double back body drop!

ONE!!

TWO!!

SHOULDER UP!

Undeterred, JFK peels Burnett of the canvas and sets him there again courtesy of a side Russian legsweep! He rolls over and makes another quick tag to Mikey, who eagerly hops the ropes.

**DDK:**

Mikey Unlikely comes back into this following a quick Russian legsweep!

**Lance:**

Bruvs are absolutely hitting Burnett with a relentless assault of moves!

**DDK:**

And here comes another one... Mikey and JFK together, lifting Burnett UP... and a BIIIIIG double vertical suplex shakes the ring! Now Mikey floats over and hooks the leg!

ONE!!

TWO!!

BROKEN UP by Zack Daymon!

Unable to stand by and watch any more, Daymon storms the ring and pulls Mikey off. Considerably irritated by this, Unlikely pops to his feet, wipes the sides of his hair of sweat, and flicks it right into Zack's face!

**Lance:**

Oh my! That's no way to make friends!

Daymon snaps and attempts to throw himself at Mikey, but official Benny Doyle gets in his way and orders him back to his corner. While his back is turned, Unlikely and Kendrix lock eyes...

**DDK:**

The Bruvs look like they're cooking something!

**Lance:**

With the ref's back turned, I'm not sure they can help themselves!

Zack and Doyle continue to argue. Mikey pulls Leo off the mat while Kendrix raises his boot to the turnbuckle, pointing to it and nodding enthusiastically. The longest reigning FIST is picking up what he's putting down.

**DDK:**

Bruvs looking for a quick double team attempt while they have the window--

Doyle suddenly spins around.

*RRRAAAAAAAHHH!!*

**Lance:**

Caught red-handed!

The Bruvs are momentarily frozen like two hilarious looking deer in headlights. All at once, they begin making excuses of the most preposterous fashion. Mikey was merely giving Leo's dome a courteous little shining up, see? And JFK

over there was just stretching his leg! Yeah... that's it!

**DDK:**

Benny Doyle does not look like he's buying any of this!

Seeing that the best way to proceed past this is to just keep moving forward, Mikey instinctively tags to Kendrix. After bringing his "stretched" leg down, JFK steps in and helps Unlikely shoot Burnett off the ropes.

**DDK:**

Leo off the ropes... here come the Bruvs with a DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE--

DUCKED!

Burnett hits the opposite set of ropes and returns fire with a DOUBLE LARIAT of his own! Mikey and Kendrix drop to the mat, and the crowd cheers approvingly!

**Lance:**

Finally! This is Leo Burnett's chance to get a much needed tag!

**DDK:**

Daymon cannot wait to get into that ring! Leo is looking for his corner! He's crawling for it!

...only he doesn't quite get there! With his hand mere inches away from Zack's, his ankle is suddenly snagged by a one Jesse Frederiks Kendrix! Soon after, Mikey has him by the other leg!

**DDK:**

Oh no! Bruvs are cutting off this tag attempt right away! Together, they flip Leo Burnett over... and a WISHBONE SPLIT to cap it off!

**Lance:**

Yee-ouch!

Doyle ushers Unlikely back to the apron while Kendrix maintains control of the situation. Within seconds, he has a worn and weary Burnett back to his feet, folds him over, and flips him inside out with a sit-out powerbomb!

**DDK:**

BIG POWERBOMB by the former FIST JFK, and he hooks both legs to pin the shoulders!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! Almost, but Burnett got the shoulder up!

Frustration begins to show on the face of Kendrix as he gets up and tags back out to Mikey. Feeling very confident in himself, Unlikely steps through the ropes and immediately posts up to the second rope. In a preamble to his triumph, he thrusts his FIST into the sky...

*BBRRAAAAAAHHHHH!!*

**DDK:**

Mike launches himself with a diving FIST DROP--

**Lance:**

But there's NOBODY HOME!

Unlikely's face fills with anguish as he holds his now wounded hand. Using everything left in the tank, Burnett begins the crawl to his corner, while Mikey likewise hobbles to his.

**DDK:**

This could be a PIVOTAL MOMENT in this match!

**Lance:**

Everything can and WILL change if Leo Burnett makes the tag here and now!

Burnett is still shaking out the cobwebs, but can see his partner Daymon, arm stretching as far as it can over the top rope. Across the ring, Unlikely comically knee-walks the few feet to Kendrix and makes the tag.

**DDK:**

Tag made to Kendrix, who absolutely tears into the ring--

TAG TO DAYMON!

*RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!*

**DDK:**

ZACK DAYMON IN THE RING!! NAILS Kendrix with a running KNEE STRIKE that just lays him out!

JFK is instinctively back up, but looking like he has no idea what just hit him. Daymon tears across the ring like a man on fire, bringing the dazed Kendrix down again with a slingblade! Back on his feet, he turns around in time to see the remaining Bruv charging at him.

**DDK:**

Here comes MIKEY!

Zack sets himself... but it proves to be pointless as Unlikely instead runs PAST him and dives through the ropes.

**Lance:**

And there GOES Mikey!

Unwilling to let him get away, Daymon heads out after him, and a chase ensues around the ring.

**DDK:**

Mike is on the run, and Zack Daymon is hot on the heels!

**Lance:**

No doubt, he's itching for payback after Mikey's singles win at the last DEFtv!

Mikey leads Daymon for an orbit around the ring while the fans cheer them on, either hoping he gets away or that Zack catches up to him. At the last second, he dives back in under the ropes. Daymon follows, but the moment he comes to his feet, the waiting JFK lays him out with a devastating lariat!

**DDK:**

BIG LARIAT by Kendrix, and down goes Daymon!

**Lance:**

Some classic Mike Unlikely misdirection, and the Bruvs completely cut off the Ronin's chance at a comeback in this match.

**DDK:**

Kendrix has him up again... LIFTS... and DRILLS HIM straight into the canvas with the brainbuster! That might be it! JFK hooks the leg for the win...

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NOOO, just BARELY gets the shoulder up!

Daymon attempts to roll to the side, but Kendrix keeps him in his sights. Zack slowly rises up, but as he does, JFK bursts forth, jumps into the air while grabbing him by the head, and brings him down into a double-knee chinbuster.

**DDK:**

THE BELL END!! IT CONNECTS--

Daymon sprawls off the impact, favorably falling toward his corner...

...where he inexplicably reaches out and TAGS Leo Burnett before going down.

**DDK:**

But DAYMON TAGS OUT TO BURNETT!

With the legal man changed, Kendrix shifts his attention to Leo. Burnett steps through the ropes... only to immediately get besieged from behind by a waiting Mikey Unlikely! Kendrix, meanwhile, knocks Zack off the apron to the floor with a low running dropkick!

**Lance:**

The Hollywood Bruvs are coming into the ring at full force now! They sense this is their opportunity to put this away!

**DDK:**

And with Burnett sufficiently softened up from before, they have have that opportunity!

The Bruvs double-team a pounding on Burnett to keep him on his knees, ignoring the commands of referee Benny Doyle. When they're ready, Kendrix scoops Leo up over his shoulder while Mikey hits the ropes...

**Lance:**

This could be it!

**DDK:**

The Bruvs are going for the A-LIST HERE AND NOW!

Mikey returns off the ropes...

...only for Leo Burnett to inexplicably roll forward too soon and feed him his BOOTS!



**DDK:**

REVERSAL BY LEO BURNETT!

Mikey flails to the floor as Burnett drops to his feet and slips away from Kendrix. Jesse moves to grab him once more, but Leo instinctively ducks around him and underhooks both arms. The double-chickenwing facebuster that follows rocks the entire ring!

*RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!***DDK:**

COLD LOCKER! BURNETT NAILS THE COLD LOCKER!

**Lance:**

The Bruvs are in DANGER! Mikey is moving to stop this!

Leo rolls Kendrix over and drags himself across his chest while Mikey Unlikely desperately pulls at the ropes to pull himself up.

ONE...

Back on his feet, Mikey sprints to break up the pin.

TWO...

**DDK:**

DAYMON SHOOTS BACK INTO THE RING AND CUTS MIKEY IN HALF WITH A SPEAR!!

THREE!!

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

Burnett rolls off of Kendrix and lies on his back, gasping for air while the music plays. Daymon crawls to his partner and helps him to sit up. With a win under their belts, the partners clasp hands and silently congratulate one another.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of the match by pinfall... LEO BURNETT and ZACK DAYMON... the RAAAAAIN CITYYYYYYYY ROOOOONNNNNNNNN!

**DDK:**

They had to dig deep for this one, but in the end, Burnett and Daymon pulled out all the stops to pick up the hard-fought victory over a veteran team here at DEFIANCE Road!

**Lance:**

All credit to the Hollywood Bruvs and the fight they put up here tonight! Mikey Unlikely and JFK proved they can still fight at a top level, but I feel there's no longer any dispute as to where the Rain City Ronin currently stand in the tag team division!

**DDK:**

No question! The Rain City Ronin are hardly up-and-comers; with this statement win, they reinforce their argument that they are one of the top teams in DEFIANCE right now! Respect has been earned!

Both teams, bruised and beaten from the war that had just taken place, pick themselves up on either end of the ring and stare each other down. After a few moments, the Bruv swallow their pride and give the Ronin their due. The Scottish Faithful POP as both teams shake hands, Mikey and Kendrix obligingly holding up the arms of the winners, before leaving them the ring.

## **STICK ON A POLE MATCH: BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. TITANESS**

**DDK:**

What a unique match we have coming up for you next here at DEFIANCE Road... Butcher Victorious and Titaness have been battling since October and tonight, the winner will gain full possession of The Stick aka Butcher Victorious' customized microphone! It's The Stick On A Pole match!

**Lance:**

You've heard that right! For months, Butch Vic and Titaness have been going at it! After Titaness attacked Butcher at Tag Party VI during his hosting duties, Butcher defeated her in a singles match on DEFtv 210, only for Titaness to attack post-match with Titanes Familia and steal Butcher's custom microphone, aka The Stick!

**DDK:**

And since that time, Butcher and Titaness have been at odds! Titaness cost him a chance at the Southern Heritage Title by Ned Reform, as well as a recent tag team match where The Stick led to Titaness getting the victory.

**Lance:**

Butcher and Titaness are at one win a piece in the past few months, but it's gonna end tonight! Both have agreed to this stipulation... The Stick is placed high above the ring and the first wrestler to retrieve it will become sole owner of The Stick!

**DDK:**

Let's get to ringside for the next match now!

The camera cuts to the ring where ring announcer and DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey stands ready to make announcements while a spotlight shines on The Stick, placed on a pole above a corner of the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is a Stick On A Pole match! The first wrestler to climb up to retrieve The Stick will not only win this match... but will become the sole possessor of The Stick! Introducing first...

The DEFIatron comes to life. The camera is fixed on a familiar mohawked and tattooed figure that gets LOUD cheers from The Faithful, but his back is turned to the camera. He walks through the backstage area and guerilla...

**Butcher Victorious:**

THIS IS BUTCH VIC... TALKING TO YOU, THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE... with just a regular stick...

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

The camera is on Butcher, wearing a sparkling pink, purple and blue coat! He continues as the fans ROAR! He makes his way to just before the entrance to Guerilla position.

**Butcher Victorious:**

IT'S ALL GOOD! CAUSE TONIGHT... HERE... EDINBURGH...

*RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!*

Making his appearance on stage, Butcher Victorious tosses away the regular microphone and holds out...

A sparkling purple MEGAPHONE!

**Butcher Victorious:**

TONIGHT, YOU CAN CALL ME THE MEGAPHONE FIEND! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE TO YOU... MY AMAZING MICROPHONE PROXY AKA... THE **AMP!**

He waves "The AMP" in the air and gets cheers!

**Butcher Victorious:**

BUTCH VIC IS GETTING BACK THE STICK!

He holds up the AMP again.

**Butcher Victorious:**

CAUSE BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK!

He waves it up again!

**Butcher Victorious:**

AND TONIGHT, TITANESS' PRETTY POWERFUL ASS IS GETTING WHIPPED! AND THAT'S A PROMISE TO THE BUTCH... VIC... CLIQUE!

*RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

**Butcher Victorious:**

BUTCH VIC... SAYS LET THAT MUSIC HIT!

*♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪*

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first, representing The Butch Vic Clique and sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 223 pounds... **BUTCHERRRRRR VICTORIOUS!**

Getting The Faithful all fired up, Butcher takes a knee, pats the big stage with his hand and then leaps to his feet before heading on down the long aisle towards the ring with The AMP in hand! He reaches into his Mic Dropz Utility belt and produces a can of the new Mic Dropz Check One-Two flavor, now with watermelon lemonade!

**DDK:**

Butcher Victorious has really come to the aid of The Lads and we've understood they've struck up a friendship of sorts in recent months. The Lads first came to Butcher's aid when Titanes Familia did what they always do and that's bully others around. Butcher returned the favor for them.

**Lance:**

And we're glad we reinforced the ring for THAT one cause when Uriel Cortez and Killjoy collide with "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell, that one is guaranteed to be wild!

Once Butcher reaches the ring, he takes a swig off the drink! He takes off his belt and puts it in the nearby corner with The AMP. He points towards The Stick, hanging from the pole above the ring. He takes an extra gaze at the signature microphone he has not had possession of in some time. He waits for his opponent.

*♪ I was born of the ice and snow!  
With the winter wolves, in the dark, alone!  
The wildest night, I became the one!  
And you'll know you're mine when the silence comes ♪*

*♪ "Power is Power" by SZA, The Weeknd & Travis Scott ♪*

One gold spotlight shines in the center of the stage. Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg, along with what has become her signature gold weightlifting chain. Taking in the jeers as if they were fueling her now, Titaness slowly saunters down to her new solo theme. Next to her, "La Angelita" Brooklyn Rivera... riding a black and gold ring-shaped platform to the ring! Titaness waves while Brooklynn Rivera looks like she's ready to scrap with somebody right behind her.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent, on her way being wheeled to the ring gracefully..., representing Titanes Familia and accompanied by "La Angelita" Brooklyn Rivera... You may refer to her as The Mother of Suplexes... Breaker of Backs... Baroness of Big Boots... Bringer of Bombs... She is **"THE PRETTY POWERFUL" ... TITANESS!**

**DDK:**

And there's Titanes Familia's newest member as well, Brooklynn Rivera! So far, she's caused a LOT of trouble in a short amount of time!

**Lance:**

The surrogate "daughter" of Uriel Cortez and Titaness within Titanes Familia. But here comes Titaness!

Confident as ever, Titaness nods to Rivera and she says her goodbyes to Titaness as she heads down to the ring solo.

**DDK:**

Titaness has had quite a year herself. Titanes Familia won Faction of the Year 2024. She defeated Butcher Victorious in tag team action and has defeated Elise Ares in singles action.

**Lance:**

And if she beats Butcher Victorious tonight? That microphone has been his identity. It means a lot to Butcher so to take that away from him? That would be the ultimate humiliation!

Butcher wants to jump, but the official holds him back as Titaness brushes him off. She takes off her gold weightlifting chain and then puts it off to the side before climbing into the ring. The gold spotlight goes away and both stars get ready to compete.

**Lance:**

Here we go. Butch Vic has been obsessed with getting The Stick back! Can he finally do it tonight or will Titaness be its new owner?

They get ready...

And the bell rings!

***DING DING***

Both have the same idea at the exact same time and climb towards the corner! Butcher is faster and gets up to the middle rope before Titaness grabs his leg and pulls The Megaphone Fiend off the corner. He gets thrown backwards so she can try her luck to get up to the corner...

No!

Butcher grabs the leg and pulls her off! He climbs up...

Now Titaness snatches him off the middle rope.

She goes up...

NO!

**DDK:**

Both of these stars are going right away for The Stick, but neither are able to gain footing!

Titaness tries to get to Butcher, but he uses some fancy footwork first to outmaneuver The Pretty Powerful. He locks in

a side headlock, then twists around to a quick hammerlock! Titaness struggles to fight against the technical advantage Butcher has over her as he moves into a quick drop toe hold and right into a ground side headlock that gets cheers from The Faithful!

**DDK:**

Pinfalls and submissions are out the window in this one, but this is still a great move by Butcher: wear down your opponent first and then go for The Stick!

Titaness decides enough is enough and resorts to dirty tactics by grabbing at the face of Butcher and RAKING his eyes! While not technically breaking rules, the official does admonish The Mother of Suplexes, but she ignores the official. The Pretty Powerful gets back to her feet before she CHOPS the daylight out of Butcher with a double chop to the chest!

**Lance:**

Ooh! If you're a member of Titanes Familia, say nothing else about how they conduct themselves... but they know how to throw chops!

She throws some forearms to the head of Butcher while against the ropes, then shakes both of her hands before CRACKING The Megaphone Fiend across the chest a second time!

**DDK:**

A second double chop by Titaness! Titaness has shown over the past few years that she can throw hands!

The Faithful watch as Titaness tries to whip Butcher across the ring. He goes for the ride and when Titaness tries a lariat, Butch Vic leaps up and over behind her! He running the ropes, only to come back and take her down with a huge flying European uppercut! The Edinburgh Faithful get louder as Butcher yells out "SOUND UP!" He hits the ropes and drops a quick leg drop across the throat of the Mother of Suplexes!

**DDK:**

Impressive footwork by Butcher to avoid that corner shot to come back with some offense of his own!

Butcher is up a second time and drops a second quick running leg drop across the throat! Once he fires up, he points towards the corner and tries his luck to be reunited with The Stick!

**Lance:**

Here comes Butcher Victorious now! He's about to go to that top rope!

Fighting to get up to the top rope, he can't get much further as he now feels himself being pulled away from the corner! The Edinburgh Faithful are in SHOCK when Titaness is back up and carries him away from the corner and PLANTS him in the middle of the ring with a brutal release back suplex!

**DDK:**

OH, MY GOODNESS! TITANESS IS THE MOTHER OF SUPLEXES ALL RIGHT! THAT WAS THE MOTHER OF ALL BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEXES!

Titaness sits up and nurses the side of her face, but looks better off than Butcher right now, being deadlifted into an elevated belly-to-back suplex from off the middle rope! She looks up at The Stick, then back to Butcher before she decides that she's going to do something further to punish him. Butcher tries to get back to his feet, but the second that he does, he gets KNOCKED back down to the mat with a running pump kick to the face!

**DDK:**

Titaness strikes Butcher down with that running pump kick! We saw these two at a stalemate at the start of this match trying to climb up into that corner. This is good strategy on the part of Titaness.

Deciding to continue with the punishment, The Mother of Suplexes continues the punishment. She grabs Butcher by

the side of the body and then snaps him over with a nasty gutwrench suplex!

**DDK:**

Gutwrench suplex! Big move there by Titaness and I don't believe she's done!

A second time, Titaness gets back up to her feet and has Butcher up with her. She grabs him by the side and then hits a second gutwrench suplex!

**DDK:**

And there's another one! Is she looking for the trifecta?

Butcher holds his side in pain, but Titaness continues to be unrelenting against The Megaphone Fiend. She sees him as he starts to sit up, yelling at her to bring it! She happily obliges the side a third time and then hits a third gutwrench suplex!

**Lance:**

There's the third one! Butcher is down! Now she's got a clear path to head to that corner!

She starts to head to the corner. The Edinburgh Faithful are BOOING Titaness as she heads to the corner and gets to the second rope. She starts to plant a foot on the top rope...

BUT BUTCHER IS STILL THERE!

**DDK:**

No! Butcher is back up!

She turns and uses her free foot to kick the former Favoured Saints Champion away from the corner. Knowing Butcher is still up, she puts her attention back on her opponent. She runs forward and the Bringer of Big Boots... well... brings another big boot upside the head of Butcher that knocks him back into the corner.

**Lance:**

I'm kind of shocked, to be honest with you! Titaness has been taking the fight to Butcher!

**DDK:**

Titaness admitted on UNCUT she hasn't liked the attention Butcher Victorious has been getting between hosting duties for Tag Party VI back in October and his first-ever sponsorship deal! These two have traded wins back and forth in the past few months. How much would this win hurt Butcher to take something that has been his identity in DEFIANCE?

She decides to be a dick and locks in a headlock on Butcher to mock him. She runs out of the corner and then tries to hit a running bulldog...

BUTCHER PUSHES HER OUT OF THE WAY!

**Lance:**

Titaness played around a little too long and she just paid for it! She went flying to the mat!

**DDK:**

And now she's on the outside!

Butcher looks around and holds onto his back in pain, but he's back up. He points to the outside and then leaps over the ropes with a huge slingshot plancha that wipes out The Pretty Powerful! Once isn't enough as he slides back into the ring. As Titaness tries to stand again after the first plancha, Butch Vic hits the ropes and then launches himself into



a suicide dive...

...INTO A HEADLOCK ONTO TITANESS ON THE OUTSIDE!

*RRRRRAAAHHHH!*

Titaness tries to fight her way out of it, but Butcher runs and shows the mother figure of Titanes Familia how headlocks are done by planting her face first with a running bulldog on the padded floor!

**DDK:**

What a high-speed comeback by Butcher Victorious! Both are reeling from that running bulldog.

He's still reeling from the earlier suplexes, but he's pointing up at the corner in the ring knowing that he now has a golden opportunity to take back what's his! He turns to look down at Titaness.

**Butcher Victorious:**

BUTCH VIC... SAYS GET YOUR OWN SHTICK!

With an opening now, Butcher heads back into the ring and starts to head towards the corner.

**Lance:**

Butcher Victorious is about to take back what's his! It was Halloween Night that these two first met in the ring! Butcher won the match, but Titaness attacked him with The Stick and she's been in possession of it since!

**DDK:**

But can Butcher take it back tonight?! He's at the corner now!

Butcher points up at the corner and then makes the climb. He goes to the middle rope, then plants a foot on the top rope. On the outside of the ring, Titaness is still feeling the effects of the bulldog out on the floor, but she uses the ring apron to get back up to her feet and then limps towards his direction.

**Lance:**

He's there! Butcher's on the top rope!

The 6'1" Butcher has enough height to him to get his hand upwards to almost touch The Stick! But before he can get his hands fully wrapped around his stick (phrasing)....

He's carried away from the corner again...

...

...

ELECTRIC CHAIR FACEBUSTER BY TITANESS!

**DDK:**

NO! NO! WHERE DID TITANESS COME FROM?!

**Lance:**

I don't know, but she just PLANTED Butcher face-first into the canvas with that electric chair drop!

The 6'1" Titaness is also down on the mat with Butcher Victorious, but once more, he's taken the worst of the punishment. She hobbles back to her feet and then heads to the corner.

**Lance:**

I don't know what to think other than Titaness seems to be driven by spite tonight! She's already back up!

Getting jeered by the Edinburgh Faithful, she ignores them and has a turn at making the climb to the top rope. She almost gets up there and almost grabs The Stick to become its sole possessor...

But Butch Vic catches her leg!

**DDK:**

NO! Butch Vic is too quick! He's got Titaness!

**Lance:**

We said Titaness is driven by spite, but Butcher is driven by proving himself! He proved he's no longer a pushover when he left Vae Victis and now he's out to prove himself again!

He pulls her by the leg and then snatches her off the middle rope to put her back on the mat, but The First Lady of the Familia kicks Butcher in the gut and tries what looks like a blue thunder bomb... but Butcher counters into a headlock takeover that rolls her over! He lands back on his feet then comes back and hits a running dropkick to knock her off her feet! Starting to fire himself up, he slaps on the mat and gets the Edinburgh Faithful going!

**Lance:**

No! Butcher counters and hits a running dropkick! He's back in the game!

**DDK:**

That he is! And I think he wants to finish Titaness before going for The Stick!

He locks in another headlock and tries to score with Butch Vic's Greatest Hit... but Titaness PUSHES him into the ropes! When he comes back, she catches him with a running flying lariat!

**'DDK:**

No! Titaness scores with a HUGE lariat! No pinfalls or submissions as we said before, so where does she go next?

She pulls Butcher up and runs back to CLOCK him with a big sliding axe bomber!

**DDK:**

LADY LARIAT! TITANESS SCORES WITH THE LADY LARIAT!

Butcher is left to look up at the staged lights over the outdoor venue while an angry Titaness gets back to her feet first. She once again makes the choice as she looks up at The Stick in the corner or continue to punish Butch Vic... but it doesn't take her long to decide. She grabs THE Megaphone Fiend and then picks him up before throwing him to the ropes and out to the floor!

**Lance:**

The action is going outside! Titaness wants to punish Butcher Victorious!

**DDK:**

That she does!

She grabs Butcher...

**THUD**

...and SHOVES him into the steel steps! The Faithful now let their negative feelings be felt towards Titaness. She looks up and cups her ear, actively encouraging the Edinburgh Faithful to speak up.

**Lance:**

Now what's she doing?!

Rather than go for The Stick, The Familia's First Lady walks over to Darren Quimbey and then pushes the Hall of Famer back into his seat!

**DDK:**

HEY! What the hell did Darren Quimbey do to deserve this?! He's a DEFIANCE Hall of Famer!

She snatches his microphone out of his hand, but stops then walks towards Butcher. She then changes her mind and throws the microphone back to the fallen Hall of Famer, then walks over to where Butcher's belongings are...

And takes The AMP!

**Lance:**

Titaness is going to try and take The AMP, too?! He has that megaphone because Titaness stole The Stick in the first place!

While Butcher is still reeling on the outside, she flicks the switch on the AMP to turn the megaphone back on and starts yelling at the people.

**Titaness:**

I AM THE FIRST LADY OF **YOUR** DEFy AWARD-WINNING FAMILIA! YOU WILL SHOW **ME** RESPECT! NOW!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Titaness:**

I SAID YOU ARE GOING TO SHOW ME SOME RESPECT! **NOW**

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Angrily, she goes over to Butcher, who is trying to crawl back into the ring! She has the AMP.

**Titaness:**

AND WHAT THE HELL ARE **YOU** DOING, YOU TEXAN DUMBASS!

She starts stomping away at Butcher!

**Titaness:**

I'M GONNA TAKE YOUR STICK!

Stomp!

**Titaness:**

I'M GONNA TAKE THIS STUPID MEGAPHONE!

Stomp!

**Titaness:**

THEN I'M GONNA LIGHT THEM BOTH ON FIRE JUST SO YOU CAN'T HAVE 'EM!

She clicks off the AMP and throws it near the corner where the pole is set up. She stomps Butcher a few more times to keep him grounded, and then makes the climb!

**DDK:**

It's a shocker how Titanes Familia were once upon a time standouts in the tag team division and a real family unit, turned into the dark side. Now they're entitled AND dangerous.

**Lance:**

A deadly combo for sure!

Titaness gets jeers as she heads to the top rope. She makes the climb and then stands confidently on the top rope! She points and has The Stick!

**DDK:**

No! Titaness has the victory in hand! If she pulls it down, The Stick becomes her property!

She has a hand on The Stick and a hand on the chain to unbuckle it from the pole...

But once again, Butcher is back up! He grabs her leg and PULLS her off the top! She struggles to land on her feet, but when she does...

**DDK:**

OOOOH! HARD OUT HEADBUTT! WHAT A HEADBUTT! THEY'RE BOTH DOWN!

*RRRRRRRAAAAAHHHH!*

Both Titaness AND Butcher fall back to the canvas with neither moving! Titaness is blinking rapidly and will no doubt have a headache. Butcher isn't much better off, but he holds his forehead and gets cheers when he gets to the corner!

**Lance:**

Butcher is back up! Butcher is back up! He's got a clear path to get The Stick back!

Titaness is still down and Butcher stomps on her twice to make sure she stays down, then makes his trip to the corner! He hops up to the second rope, and then makes it to the top rope.

**DDK:**

He's almost there! Butch Vic is about to be reunited with The Stick!

**Lance:**

He's almost to the top rope!

He gets back up... he's almost there...

...

...

*OOOOOOHHHH!*

Titaness gets back up at the last moment and TRIPS Butcher on the top rope!

**DDK:**

There goes Butcher's post-show plans!

Taking advantage of the situation, she pulls Butcher and then hangs him upside down in the corner in a tree of woe position! Now hearing the worst of the jeers from the Scotland Faithful, Titaness steps right over him while Butcher is in the corner!

**Lance:**

No! Titaness has Butcher trapped! There is nowhere for him to go!

Taking advantage of the situation she created for herself, she climbs over Butcher until she starts to get to the top rope. But unbeknownst to her, Butcher gets his hands on the nearby AMP that Titaness tossed earlier...

He flicks it on, then pulls himself up so he's up...

**Butcher Victorious:** *[with AMP in her ear]*

HEY!

The feedback stuns Titaness! She covers her ears, but Butcher is able to pull himself up, wrap his arms around her waist, then DRAGS her back down to the canvas with a SPIDER GERMAN SUPLEX TO A BIG OVATION!

**DDK:**

THE AMP! HE JUST MADE TITANESS GO DEAF AND HIT THAT SPIDER GERMAN SUPLEX OFF THE TOP ROPE! TITANESS IS DOWN!

**Lance:**

HE HAS A CHANCE TO GET TO THE TOP!

With the ROARING of the people, Butcher pulls himself up and then uses the pole to pull himself up carefully onto his feet. Titaness isn't moving...

He grabs the chain that has The Stick tethered to the pole...

BUTCH VIC GRABS THE STICK!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHH!

Butcher Victorious ALMOST falls, but carefully steadies himself on the top rope and holds up The Stick in the air for everyone to see!

**Darren Quimbey:**

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH BY WAY OF RETRIEVING THE STICK... **BUTCH VIC!**

**DDK:**

He did it! He did it! After three months... Butch Vic has regained sole possession of The Stick!

**DDK:**

Titaness just got hoisted by her own petard! She took time to steal Butcher's AMP megaphone and berate him with it! She threw it into that corner! Great ring awareness by Butcher to see it and her taunting came back to haunt her!

A SEETHING Titaness rolls out of the ring, holding both the back of her head with one hand and holding her left ear with the other as she might be temporarily deaf! Meanwhile, Butcher climbs off the top rope and picks up The Stick and the AMP! He puts The AMP in front of The Stick and holds them both back!

**Lance:**

Butcher Victorious uses some quick thinking to win the match! Thor has been reunited with his hammer... does that mean the AMP is his Stormbringer?!

**DDK:**

A HUGE win for Butcher Victorious tonight! We've still got a lot more of the show to go, so stay tuned, folks!

Butcher Victorious stands on the middle buckle, holding both The Stick and The AMP. He puts The Stick in front of The AMP.

**Butcher Victorious:** *[echoing over the AMP megaphone]*

BUTCH VIC THANKS YOU... THE BUTCH! VIC! CLIQUE!

# KERRY KUROYAMA vs. MIL VUELTAS

**DDK:**

It's been a truly wild night so far and we're just to the halfway point of Night One of DEFIANCE Road! Up next, a very personal grudge match between "The Emerald Apex" Kerry Kuroyama and "The GLOAT" Mii Vuelgas!

**Lance:**

This all started a few months ago when OSCAR BURNS and the GC Universe had their eyes on OSCAR's old Vae Victis stablemate, Kerry Kuroyama. Things seemed to be on the up-and-up between them, but Mil Vueltas seemingly showed some sort of jealous streak, costing Kerry a potential victory over Hall of Famer Bronson Box. We thought this was just Mil going rogue, but it turns out it goes far beyond that.

**DDK:**

It turns out that OSCAR BURNS and Sonny Silver, one of Kerry Kuroyama's most trusted confidants, had been keeping tabs on Kerry since he came back to DEFIANCE. Kerry turned over a new leaf from his more ruthless Vae Victis days, which didn't sit well with Sonny and OSCAR; Mil Vueltas trying to help Kerry win against him was a test that to the GC Universe, Kerry did not pass.

**Lance:**

And it's been Kerry trying to get his hands on Mil ever since. These two fought at our Year-End Award Show with Mil getting the win via disqualification. Then on DEFtv 213, Mil Vueltas walked away with the win in tag team action with DL:J against Kerry and The D. He took advantage of miscommunication between Kerry and The D, leading to this match now.

**DDK:**

The normally-stoic Kerry Kuroyama has been emotionally pushed to the brink by The GLOAT and now Sonny Silver. Will Kerry finally get his hands on Mil Vueltas and make him pay for his transgressions or does Mil have something else up his sleeve for tonight? We'll find out... next!

The opening bell rings to signify the start of the next match as Darren Quimbey is in the ring.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... he is the official spokesperson for the GC Universe AND for Mil Veltas... please welcome... The self-professed... GSOAT to the GLOAT... Greatest Spokesman of All Time... SONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNYYYYYYY... SIIIIIIIILLLLLLLVVVVVEEEERRRR!

Walking through the castle entrance into the arena proper, Sonny Silver is dressed in a fancy charcoal-colored suit and black tie. He holds a hand up and has a special OLD SKOOL MIC~! Because outdoor venue.

### Sonny Silver:

Ladies... gentlemen... this is going to hurt Kerry Kuroyama a lot more than it hurts me. I looked up to Kerry... until he looked down at me and he looked down at what OSCAR BURNS did for him as part of Vae Victis. Now... since K-Squared won't get with the program and wants to "pLaY fAiR"... ugh... he's about to get a reality check from the Fastest Man in the GC Universe!

He points to the stage behind him.

**Sonny Silver:**

Accompanied by The Lucha Lovelies... Bonita en Rosa I y II... He is the GC Universe Employee of the Month for September! OSCAR BURNS has anointed him as "The OSCAR BURNS of Lucha Libre!" Earlier today, I said that Mil was short for "Millions" that's what this man is going to bring to DEFIANCE. He is nothing short of The Greatest Luchador of All Time! He is **THE GLOAT... MIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII VUELTAASSSSSSSSSSSSS!**

♪ Mera dime Akon lo' diablo', ¿Oí'te cabrón?  
Mera dime Frabian  
Real Hasta La Muerte, ¿Oí'te bebé?

*Brrr ~♪*

*So much paper locked in my ball  
You name it, we did it  
All my homies they got called  
But we are here, still get me  
Whole love, oh, wow  
These acting like bitches  
And haters coming from every corner  
And mad at all of my riches ~♪*

*~♪ "Get Money" by Akon and Aneul AA ~♪*

Walking out between the aisleway, Bonita I y II each take a side of the stage, do a quick swivel and then gesture towards the doors. Through the open doors of the arena, a throne is wheeled through the doors.... Decked out in a SPARKLING white fur coat, boots, sleeves and a brand new mask all covered in blue and white rhinestones, Mil Vueltas leans forward in the mechanical throne. He stops and then calmly steps down off the throne. He holds out an arm for his valets each to hold. The eyes that once used to be visible have been covered up by gray slits and the only thing that can be seen of his face is what has become his new fashioned permasmirk.

**DDK:**

And here comes Mil Vueltas as only he can make. Normally, he has that SUV limo, but tonight, he's got a throne!

**Lance:**

Like him or hate him, he's managed to fester under Kerry Kuroyama's skin at every opportunity. In two prior matches, it's been Mil 2, Kerry 0 even though technically, he has not scored a decisive pinfall or submission over The Emerald Apex.

**DDK:**

These days for Mil, victory is by literally any means necessary.

As Mil reaches the ring, he holds out his arms and both Bonita en Rosa I and II remove his jacket, revealing the JACKED physique that he's been sporting since becoming a full-time member of the GC Universe. The Lucha Lovelies happily clap along as the arena is filled with jeers. Mil lets the Lucha Lovelies each plant a kiss on his cheek, then he jumps onto the apron. He grabs the ropes, FLIPS over to land on his feet, flips forward a second time, then poses with the fans watching. He turns up to look at the official and then lays across the top rope as smug as a smug bug in a rug.

*BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!  
BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!  
BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!  
BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!*

*~♪ "Blouses Blue" by Konrad OldMoney and Sleep Steady ~♪*

The crowd comes alive as green spotlights and lasers dance through the open air stadium. The pop is nothing short of thunderous as the Pacific Blitzkrieg KERRY KUROYAMA steps out into the light. For the special occasion, Kerry has traded the standard silver-and-green robe for a flashy snakeskin jacket.

**DDK:**

What's with the snakeskin jacket?

**Lance:**

Not sure, Keebs, but if I had to guess, I'd say it's a symbol of his individuality, and his belief in personal freedom. To prove he's Wild At Heart.



**DDK:**

...you lost me, partner.

From the lapel of said jacket, Kuroyama pulls out a vibrant blue rose. He holds it up and looks deeply into the center of its petals, getting momentarily lost in its strange and unnatural existence. Then he throws it into the crowd to a huge pop, and heads to the ring.

*♪ No doubt that I'm skeptical, and I don't sweat nothin' technical  
When I'm in the zone, bumpin' methadone, doin' prednisone, feelin' hella torqued!  
Always comin' respectable, 'cause my momma she taught me to bless the food  
So I came through, playin' silver spoons, 'til I pinched the fork and I'm blessin' you! ♪*

**Darren Quimbey:**

And the opponent, making his way to the ring... he hails from Seattle, Washington, and weighs in at two-hundred and thirty-two pounds... please welcome, the EMERALD APEX... the PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG... KERRRRRRYYYYYYYY KUURROOOYAAAAAAAAAMAAAAAAA!!!

*♪ And I'm FEASTIN'! Muthafucka, I'm BEASTIN'!  
Wanna know all my secrets? It ain't nothin' special--I'm eatin' all of my vegetables,  
And I'm takin' all of you tater-head, carrot-top, Cabbage Patch Kids,  
Sit you down on my granite top, you ain't sayin' shit but we chop it up! ♪*

Kuroyama's eyes are burning with white hot intensity as he marches down the rampway, slapping hands with fans hanging over the guardrail but never looking away from the ring.

*♪ And we get the stash and we lock it up, get the keys jump in the whip,  
Then we dip where they whippin' keys, wholesale the rock and we split the brick!  
Pussy-ass ain't sayin' shit! Pussy-ass ain't sayin' nothin'!  
Lotta cats done came and went, but we still bangin'! Still thuggin'! ♪*

Arriving at ringside, Kerry pauses at the steps, looking between Mil Vueltas, the thorn in his side these past several weeks, and Sonny Silver, his one time friend and mentor. There is clearly no love lost in his expression. Tonight, he's out for blood.

*♪ Still bangin', makin' hits! Still bangin' with your bitch!  
Still bangin' extra clips! Toe taggin' just for kicks!  
Toe taggin' for the hell of it, n\*gga! Man, I be toe taggin', leavin' hella dead, n\*gga!  
And if you gon' drag me to the pearly gates, I'll bring a thirty-eight, and make a helluvit just like--  
BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!  
BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!  
BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!  
BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!! ♪*

When the moment is right, he finally scales the steps, climbs a turnbuckle, and dramatically throws off the snakeskin jacket, revealing the grinning tattooed DRAGON on his back. Fans cheer as he pumps a fist and glares down at the opposition. Sticking to the GCU corner, Mil simply sneers and shakes his head.

**DDK:**

A massive entrance for the self-styled "Emerald Apex" of DEFIANCE! Mil Vueltas, who has for weeks provoked and prodded Kerry Kuroyama, is undoubtedly getting the all-business side of the Pacific Blitzkrieg here tonight!

**Lance:**

And in front of Sonny, so much more is on stake for Kuroyama aside from putting the GLOAT into check. The Greatest Spokesman of All Time told Kerry he wasn't good enough for the GC Universe... that while Kerry went to explore other opportunities in wrestling, HE that built a new foundation in DEFIANCE in the wake of the Vae Victis.

**DDK:**

Clearly, this is more than just a meeting of clashing egos! Let's see how it plays out when Kerry Kuroyama and Mil Vuelas lock horns here in just a few short seconds!

The music ends as soon as Kerry drops back into the ring. Johnny Fastcountini quickly goes through his final checks on both competitors. When he's satisfied and Sonny clears out to ringside, he gives the cue to the timekeeper.

**DING DING**

Kerry goes right for Mil, but he jumps out of the corner with a fast kick and then lands on his feet. He grins underneath his mask and uses his signature speed! He runs towards Kerry, who wants to lock up, but Mil quickly shifts direction and heads to the adjacent ropes. Kerry tries to catch Mil once again, but he turns...

**SMACK!**

The five lucha fingers get introduced to the face of Kerry, much to the shock of the Edinburgh Faithful!

**Lance:**

What is this! The endless disrespect by Mil Vuelas! I stand by my opinions on DEF Radio... Mil Vuelas is disappointing. He's fallen far from the proud young man he used to be.

**DDK:**

That's definitely that GC Universe influence!

Kerry isn't fooling around tonight and goes right for Mil a second time, but Mil speeds past him and heads to the ropes. The Emerald Apex tries to catch Mil on the rebound with a back body drop, but Mil rolls through and lands on his feet again. Kuroyama tries to change direction...

**SMACK!****BOOOOOOOOOOOO!**

Mil smacks him again, this time in the back of the head! Mil grins again and holds up two fingers, telling the people he's been able to disrespect Kerry twice now. Or flipping them off in British. Why not both? Meanwhile, it's clear that the signature stoic attitude of the Emerald Apex is on the brink of collapse as he turns to stare down his opponent.

**DDK:**

He is SERIOUSLY playing with fire by doing this. Kerry Kuroyama is one of the most talented men I've seen in a long time and he is not one to cross.

**Lance:**

You'd think either Vuelas doesn't know that or doesn't care... care to guess which?

El Intocable evades Kerry going for a lock-up and tries to slap him a third time... but this time, Kerry is ready! Mil's eyes can't be seen behind his current mask, but his mouth registers worry as Kerry delivers a STIFF kick to the gut and then slams Mil face-first into the corner!

**Lance:**

Oooh! The third time was most definitely not the charm there by Vuelas!

**DDK:**

Kerry with a little payback of his own! And now he's got Mil by the back of his head!

Kerry kicks Mil and then throws him into the corner. He moves back for a chop, but Mil scurries out of the corner like his life depends on it. Kerry kicks him in the gut and then whips him across the ring. The Emerald Apex follows

through, but Mil leaps to the middle buckle and flips right over the Seattleite. He does not one... not two... but THREE front flips across the ring! The GLOAT turns around...

RUNNING ELBOW SMASH BY KERRY!

**DDK:**

OH, MY LORD! WHAT A RUNNING ELBOW!

OOOOOOOHH!

Mil collapses right into the corner as if Kerry struck him with a world-champion-like shot! Kerry stands over Mil and the look on his face suggests that he is through with whatever foolishness The GLOAT is bringing to the table! He looks out to the Edinburgh Faithful and while not directly playing up to them, he hears them and he's intent to continue the punishment.

**Lance:**

The showboating of Mil Vueltras might have just come back to haunt him!

Kerry goes to pick up Mil and goes to town, DRILLING El Intocable with a volley of stiff elbow smashes to the face as he's down in the corner! Both Bonitas and Sonny Silver watch on worried for The GLOAT as he continues his punishment!

**DDK:**

But Kerry better be careful! Disqualification is exactly how Mil won last time by driving him into a fit of rage.

Official Jonny Fastcountini tells Kerry to either break it off or get DQed, but The Emerald Apex continues to batter him.

**Jonny Fastcountini:**

One! Two! Three! Four!

Angrily, Kuroyama finally backs off out of the corner and tries to regain the composure he started the match with. He shoots a look outside the ring at Sonny Silver -- a man he once called a friend and mentor -- and mouths "you're next" before his attention goes back to Mil.

**Lance:**

Good on Kerry to keep his cool. He wasn't about to fall for the same trap twice!

**DDK:**

One thing you can absolutely say is Kerry learns from his mistakes. Now he's back for Mi... HEY!

Back to the task at hand, he once again snatches Mil out of the corner and then plants him with a huge gourdbuster in the center of the ring! The GLOAT hits the canvas and Kerry rolls him over into a lateral press.

ONE!

TWO!

Mil kicks out!

**DDK:**

The first cover of the match is a two-count!

Kerry doesn't spend any energy arguing with Jonny, but instead turns the focus back on Mil. He goes for another suplex, but out of desperation to save himself, Mil claws at the left eye of The Emerald Apex! The Edinburgh Faithful boo him, but Vueltras ignores it all and escapes from the corner and out to the apron to save himself from certain harm.

**Lance:**

Come on! More of Mil taking shortcuts!

Kerry holds onto his eye, but he still sees that El Intocable is near the ropes preparing to launch an attack. Mil springboards to the top rope... and Kerry walks away!

**DDK:**

We've seen Kerry walk away from moves like this... NO! Mil readjusted!

Mil fakes out Kerry and lands with both feet again on the apron. He leaps a second time so when Kerry does turn, he get ROCKED by a springboard European Uppercut! Double-K hits the canvas while Mil sits up!

**Lance:**

That was incredible! Mil was able to adjust himself in mid-move, faked out Kerry on the springboard only to come back and hit him for real!

Mil kisses his bicep and then rolls over and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Kerry powers out! He sits up and holds his jaw, annoying Mil to no end.

**DDK:**

I think that Mil should have taken a little extra time covering and a little less time rubbing it in.

**Lance:**

Agreed. Both men here have all the talent in the world to be top-name players in DEFIANCE, but it's wild how much both men's approach has changed. Kerry used to run with Vae Victis while Mil was a career fan favorite until recently.

Mil quickly peppers the back of Kerry with stiff kicks to try and wear down The Emerald Apex and keep him at bay. Kerry wears pain on his face after each shot, but he fights through as Mil turns to the front and tries to deliver a kick, only for Kerry to block the shot by grabbing his leg. Vueltas hobbles around on one foot as Kerry throws his leg down, sending Mil's face sailing right into a big knee! Mil goes hobbling back as Kerry rears back and BLASTS The GLOAT square in the face with a rolling elbow! The blow sends Mil tumbling through the ropes and he lands on the floor at ringside!

**DDK:**

What a nasty series of shots! Kerry has just run with things since he's been able to do the impossible and catch up to Mil!

**Lance:**

And look, Mil's out near us! I'm not used to this!

Mil hobbles over and reaches onto the table where he steals Lance's water bottle and takes a drink!

**Lance:**

Hey! That's mine!

**Mil Vueltas:**

Cállate, Lance! Eres la decepción! YOU'RE the disappointment!

The GLOAT hurls the half-empty water bottle and throws it at Lance! Lance Warner jumps out of his chair.

**Lance:**

Hey!

**DDK:**

Uncalled for, Mil! You better focus on the action!

Before Mil Vuelas can come up with a catchy response, he hears The Faithful cheering. He turns around... RIGHT INTO A YAKUZA KICK FROM KERRY! Mil once again gets sent flying by the Pacific Blitzkrieg, this time being knocked up and over the announce table to huge applause! Darren Keebler jumps up out of his seat just in the nick of time as Mil gets knocked onto the other side.

**DDK:**

Lance and I aren't used to normally being this close to the action like we are tonight and it shows!

A very vengeful Kerry stands over the table and does the right thing by taking the handkerchief out of DDK's suit pocket and hands it over to Lance before he retrieves Mil from behind the table! Lance takes it.

**Lance:**

Thank you, Kerry!

Kerry gives him a curt nod before he goes back to attacking his rival. Mil Vuelas gets picked up from behind the table and then gets SMACKED face-first into the announce table for good measure. Kerry leads him to the ring apron and politely introduces Mil's face into that as well! Vuelas gets thrown back inside the ring and rolled back underneath the bottom rope before Kerry starts to follow back inside. He gets a foot on the apron... when Bonita I comes out of nowhere and tries to grab his leg!

**DDK:**

Bonita en Rosa I is getting involved now, trying to save her man!

Bonita en Rosa II joins in and clips the other leg of Kerry with a chop block, grounding him on the apron!

**Lance:**

The Bonitas paying off for Mil... wait... or are they!

Bonita I lets go and runs over to celebrate the successful distraction with her twin sister Bonita II... until they hear Jonny Fastcountini.

**Jonny Fastcountini:**

YOU! YOU! YOU'RE OUT OF HERE!

The Lucha Lovelies protest while The Faithful cheer that they're being thrown out! Sonny Silver protests as well, but the Bonitas are given the boot and both stomp towards the other side of the ring and take a long walk down the aisle.

**DDK:**

That has to be a relief! We've seen Mil Vuelas rely on the distractions of the Lucha Lovelies at ringside!

Kerry checks his leg to make sure it's okay and then stands up, but when he turns back to the ring, The GLOAT launches back into action with a HUGE rolling wheel kick that cracks him on the dome and sends him flying out to the floor!

**Lance:**

The Bonitas still played their part! That rigamarole getting them out of the ringside area was still more than enough for Mil to recover and strike back against Kerry in a big way!

**DDK:**

He didn't see that rolling wheel kick coming! Now what's Mil got planned?

El Intocable rolls back to his feet and stares directly at Kerry as he tries to find his footing on the outside. There's little time for The Emerald Apex to prepare when Mil comes SPEEDING through the bottom and middle rope like a rocket, CRASHING directly into Kerry with the Super Rapido tope dive!

**DDK:**

Lordy! Kerry went flying into our table off that dive! And Mil's back up!

Unlike most of his actions, The GLOAT heads back into the ring. He runs across the ring and second time and then goes crashing directly into the Seattleite as he tries to stand again! Both men are down in a heap!

**DDK:**

Second Super Rapido in a row! But... Mil's back up!

For the third time, Vueltas is up again. He rolls back into the ring and then makes for a third run... but this time, springboards to the second rope and then LEAPS clean over the ropes, hitting a springboard tope con hilo directly on top of Kerry called The Come-up!

**DDK:**

There's The Come-up! Three big dives on top of Kerry to keep him grounded!

The Emerald Apex is down at ringside while Mil hurriedly gets into the ring. He points at Jonny Fastcountini and tells him to live up to his name and count fast! Jonny does count at normal speed, but he does count!

**Jonny Fastcountini:**

One! Two! Three! Four! Five!

Kerry starts to try and stand, getting up to a knee!

**DDK:**

Those dives were amazing as they always are from Mil, but Mil would be proud to take a countout win. He acted like beating Kerry in The Sphere in Las Vegas via DQ was like winning the big game!

Mil tells Jonny to hurry up and count faster! He doesn't.

**Jonny Fastcountini:**

Six! Seven! Eight!

Kerry pulls himself up with the ring apron!

**Jonny Fastcountini:**

Eight! Nine...

But Kerry makes it back into the ring... RIGHT INTO A PAIR OF RUNNING DOUBLE KNEES FROM MIL!

**DDK:**

Where the hell did Mil Vueltas come from with those knees!

Mil points at Jonny and tries to steal the win!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Kerry gets the shoulder up, stunning Mil Vultas, but making The Faithful very happy!

**DDK:**

That was a close one! Mil set the trap after those dives, but Kerry still kicks out!

An angry Mil goes to work on Kerry again as he tries to sit up by KICKING him with a series of stiff round kicks to the chest. Kerry eats each one with a tight grimace on his face, but guts it out! He looks up and Mil and blocks a kick before laying into him with a nasty open palm strike! Mil spins around in a daze as Kerry gears up.

**Lance:**

No! Kerry back up!

Cocking an arm back, Kerry looks ready to try and get in a little Highlander action by decapitating his adversary with a lariat, but the last thing he expects happens when The GLOAT is already on top of him! Mil hooks onto his neck and spins off the ropes to spike him into the canvas with a huge step-up tornado DDT!

**DDK:**

What a counter! Mil shut down Kerry's attempt at a lariat!

While Kerry is favoring his neck after the high-impact move, Mil Vultas grins. He stands over Kerry... then puts an L on his forehead and starts doing the "Take The L" dance from Fortnite right over the Seattleite's body!

**Lance:**

Come on! Is any of this posturing really necessary!

The Edinburgh Faithful are not amused at all and shower him with jeers, but Mil has his fun, then goes over to high-five Sonny Silver through the ropes. Sonny Silver claps his hands together.

**Sonny Silver:**

Show that ungrateful turncoat what happens when you turn your back on us!

Kuroyama turns himself over and swipes at Mil's ankle, but ends up being a half second too slow as Vultas takes a bounce off the ropes and crashed down across his back!

**DDK:**

Delayed springboard senton by the GLOAT, keeping up the pressure!

Mil is quickly back to his feet and takes a quick bounce against the ropes for a head of steam, catching Kerry in the mush with a sliding dropkick. Kuroyama rolls over onto his back while Mil quickly gets into his next position.

**Lance:**

Looking for a standing moonsault to make the cover here?

**DDK:**

NO!

Instead of landing hard on the chest of Kuroyama, Mil Vultas flips himself over and ends up lying on the mat beside his opponent. A quick pick and wipe later, and Kerry is rolling away in anger and revulsion, thrashing at his face!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Sonny is hooting and hollering at ringside at the blatant disrespect shown by Mil towards his former Vae Victis stablemate.

**DDK:**

Mil Vultas forgoes the cover to WIPE A BOOGER across the FACE of the Pacific Blitzkrieg!

**Lance:**

Absolute disrespect... you hate to see it.

**DDK:**

Look at that arrogant smirk on Mil Vultas' face right now!

Mil plays more to the crowd before stepping out onto the apron and taking aim. Slowly, Kerry comes back to his feet and regains his bearings. As he turns around, Mil Vultas once more takes flight, springing off the top rope and shooting into the ring like a bullet out of--

**DDK:**

KUROYAMA JUST WALKS OUT OF THE WAY!!

*RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!*

Kerry favors a moment to flick Mil's mucus from his cheek before slowly turning around and giving the luchador the look of DOOM.

**Lance:**

Mil got too cocky with that one!

**DDK:**

And now he has to pay the piper!

Mil, now panicked, begs Kerry off as he backs into a corner to get away. Kuroyama takes a step forward. Another. Then several more. Then, he's a blur.

**DDK:**

RUNNING SENTON by Kerry Kuroyama into the corner! Mil Vultas just got SMASHED against that bottom turnbuckle!

Seattle's BEAST takes control by pulling Mil up to his feet and setting him up against the corner.

**DDK:**

BIG chops into the chest of the GLOAT!

*ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN! RRRRAAAAAAHHHH!!*

Taking ahold of the scruff of his mask, Kerry walks Mil to the adjoining corner, and sets him there.

**Lance:**

And MORE chops!

*ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN! RRRRAAAAAAHHHH!!*

**DDK:**

Making sure Mil Vultas pays his receipts, and... oh wait!

To a huge pop, Kuroyama walks Mil to the NEXT corner, and proceeds to do his thing.

*ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN! RRRRAAAAAAHHHH!!*



**DDK:**

BY GOD he's nearly CUT HIM in HALF!

Kerry steps back, allowing Mil to lifelessly drop to the--

Oops, no wait... Kuroyama changes his mind and snags him by the collar before he can go down, proceeding to drag him to the fourth and final corner. As he sets Mil there, he briefly shakes some of the soreness out of his hand to a mild laugh from the crowd, and lays it in.

*ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN! RRRAAAAAHHHH!!*

The GLOAT staggers listlessly out of the corner, walking straight into Kerry's double-underhook backbreaker.

**DDK:**

BLACK MOUNTAIN BOMB! That could be it! Kerry Kuroyama hooks the legs for a cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NOO! Mil got the shoulder up!

**Lance:**

And I can see Sonny Silver breathing a sigh of relief after that one!

Kerry gets up first, keep low and waiting for his chance to strike. Mil rises up in time as he pivots around and extends the arm into a spinning motion...

**DDK:**

Kerry with the SQUALL LINE--NO!!

Mil Vueltas BACKFLIPS out of range of the discus clothesline, landing perfectly on his feet! Before Kerry can react, the GLOAT doubles him over with a sharp thrust kick, and vaults across his back, headscissors around Kuroyama's torso, and brings him down to the mat right into an armbar!

**DDK:**

And with a show of astounding agility, Mil Vueltas ROLLS KERRY INTO LA FLIPSTICA!

**Lance:**

Kerry is in a world of hurt! That modified Fujiwara armbar is torquing his shoulder without mercy!

While Vueltas continues giving the arm a sickening twist, the official Johnny Fastcountini leans in looking for the tap. But instead, Kuroyama grinds his teeth and looks over to the ropes.

**DDK:**

He knows he's gotta make the break! Every second counts here!

With all the strength he has in his remaining limbs, he slowly begins to drag himself over to the nearest set of ropes...

**Lance:**

Only a couple feet away!

*KER-RY! KER-RY! KER-RY! KER-RY! KER-RY!***DDK:**

Now only a couple inches!

As a last-ditch measure, Mil bends the arm and attempts to roll him back to ring center. Instead, Kerry POWERS himself back and finally snags the bottom rope!

*RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!*

**DDK:**

And there's the rope break! Mil Vueltas can hardly believe it!

**Lance:**

Neither can Sonny Silver! I think he's critiquing the ring size being too large!

A pissed-off Mil criticizes Jonny Fastcountini by sitting up and tapping his hand repeatedly, saying he heard and saw Kuroyama tap, but Jonny tells him the match is still on. The GLOAT scowls back towards Kerry underneath his mask and then goes back on the attack as he tries to push himself up off the canvas, delivering a penalty kick directly to the same arm he worked over moments before!

**DDK:**

Mil goes back to the arm with the dropkick! Then another penalty kick to the chest! He's making sure that Kerry stays down for whatever he's got planned!

Looking down at Kerry, he looks up at the corner. When he's sure that The Emerald Apex is gonna stay down, he leaps to the first... second... third... and goes for the moonsault double foot stomp!

**DDK:**

GLOATED... NO! KERRY ROLLED OUT OF THE WAY!

**Lance:**

Mil rolls through it!

Mil lands on his feet and rolls gracefully through the impact as only he can! He lands on his feet and speeds towards Kerry...

Right into a huge pop-up powerbomb!

**Lance:**

No! Kerry was ready for him! Mil got DRILLED!

**DDK:**

There was venom in that pop-up powerbomb! How many weeks of pent-up frustration from all of Mil Vueltas' antics?!

Kerry shakes off the pain in his arm after the pop-up powerbomb and the Edinburgh Faithful go crazy as Kerry runs a thumb across his throat and goes to pick up the troublesome luchador. He scoops Mil up and runs across the ring to plant him with a HUGE running dominator! Kerry clutches at his arm a second time!

**DDK:**

Dominator! A Kerry Kuroyama signature, but that arm is still giving him trouble after that La Flipstica submission!

Mil rolls over, but Kerry follows and goes for the cover to finally put Mil away!

ONE!

TWO!

SONNY GETS HIS FOOT ON THE ROPE!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Sonny gets Jonny's attention and points at the rope where Mil's foot just mysteriously appeared! Kerry looks up and gives Silver the death stare, knowing what he just did!

**Lance:**

Sonny put his foot on the ropes! Doing what he can to save his GC Universe client!

**DDK:**

And Kerry just realized it!

Sonny tries to protest, but Kerry won't hear it as he immediately runs and KICKS Sonny in the face with a face wash kick that knocks the wrestling Hall of Famer right on his ass!

Jonny Fastcountini goes to check on Sonny while Kerry goes over to pick Mil up. He goes to grab him by his leg, but he gets the other leg up and kicks Kerry where the sun doesn't shine! Kerry goes wide-eyed and collapses to a knee while The Faithful shower Mil with jeering!

**Lance:**

More tricks and more tricks from Mil! He's doing every last dirty tactic he can think of to keep Kerry down for good!

Sore, but still in the game, El Intocable pushes Kerry into the ropes! He bounces back into the waiting arms of the luchador, who surprises EVERYONE by hitting a rebound German suplex on the larger Kerry, sending him crashing backwards to the canvas!

**DDK:**

No way! Rebound German suplex! He's got Kerry measured!

Kerry instinctively rolls to his knees, but soon ends up on his back as he gets CRACKED upside the jaw with a bicycle knee strike by Mil! He goes down and then Mil hurriedly heads to the apron. He absorbs the jeers, but there's no more playtime as he jumps on the ropes...

**DDK:**

SPRINGBOARD 450! THIS ONE'S OVER!

Crashing on top of Kerry with a beautiful springboard 450, Mil hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-... NO!

EVERYONE watching is in utter shock!

**Lance:**

NO WAY! NO WAY! KERRY KICKED OUT! HOW THE HELL DID HE DO THAT AFTER EVERYTHING MIL JUST THREW AT HIM?!

MIL JUMPS UP! HE GOES INTO PANIC MODE AND YELLS AT JONNY!

**Mil Vueltas:**

TRES, CABRON! TRES! TRES!

Jonny holds firm that it was a two-count and it takes The GLOAT a very sizeable amount of restraint to not haul off and sock the official. He turns to face Kerry, who is just barely able to sit up when Mil stands over him.

**Mil Vueltas:**

NOBODY WANTS YOU HERE, QUITTER!

He KICKS Kerry extra-stiff in the chest!

**Mil Vueltas:**

NOBODY NEEDS YOU HERE!

Another STIFF kick!

**Mil Vueltas:**

Why don't you go back to PRI...

***THWACK!***

But ANOTHER chop nearly knocks the wind out of Mil Vueltas!

**Lance:**

Kerry's back up! KERRY'S BACK UP!

Kerry rises and then swings again for another chop... but Mil ducks and SMACKS him again with another bicycle knee strike!

**DDK:**

Vueltas returns fire with a second bicycle knee strike!

Mil screams in his face and then hits the ropes...

RIGHT INTO THE SQUALL LINE LARIAT TO A HUGE OVATION! MIL FLIPS BACKWARDS AND SIDEWAYS BEFORE HITTING THE CANVAS!

**DDK:**

KERRY LANDS IT! HE FINALLY LANDS THE SQUALL LINE LARIAT AFTER MIL'S DODGED IT ALL MATCH!

No doubt seeing an entire universe full of stars (not just the GC kind), Mil is in a daze while Kerry points directly at Mil behind him while still shaking his good lariat arm from the impact. He hits the ropes...

**DDK:**

GREEN RIVER REVOLT! GOD, WHAT A KNEE TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

Kerry FINALLY has enough! He doesn't go for the cover, but instead, picks up Mil's carcass! He hooks him in a

pumphandle, pivots him around...

**DDK:**

KUROYAMA DRIVER! MY GOD, THERE WAS FORCE BEHIND IT!

Kuroyama looks all around the arena and FIRMLY hooks both legs of Vueltas!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

***DING DING DING***

♪ "Blouses Blue" by Konrad OldMoney and Sleep Steady ♪

Finally able to have a moment's peace with an antagonistic luchador up in his business, Kerry exhales and looks up to a sea of people in the stands up on their feet!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... **KERRY KUROYAMA!**

Kerry hobbles to his feet and then lets Jonny Fastcountini raise his arm in victory.

**Lance:**

Kerry weathered a seemingly never-ending storm of dirty tricks, chicanery and pure ego to FINALLY walk away with the victory tonight!

**DDK:**

Begrudging credit where it's due... Mil wanted bigger spotlights like this. He took it and he ran with it, but he spent far too long festering under Kerry's skin and ultimately paid the price!

Kerry looks down at Mil and simply walks past the fallen luchador after his mission tonight is accomplished. He exits the ring and sees Sonny at ringside, holding the side of his face after the kick. Kerry points at Sonny, then heads back up the ramp. He doesn't pay attention to the people, but the feeling of victory likely feels good on the inside.

**DDK:**

What a match we just witnessed between two world-class athletes on the DEFIANCE roster... but we've still got what promises to be an ALL-OUT WAR between Titanes Familia and The Lads, then our main event! The Southern Heritage Championship is on the line when Brock Newbludd takes on Dr. Ned Reform for the gold!

## **TORNADO TAG: TITANES FAMILIA vs. THE LADS**

**DDK:**

What a match we're going to have for you up next... TORNADO TAG RULES! Literally, one of the BIGGEST matches we've had in DEFIANCE Road history in terms of the size of these four men! One team, almost seven-hundred pounds! The other team, OVER seven hundred pounds! Titanes Familia's "Man of the House" Uriel Cortez and "The Good Son" Killjoy take on the team of The Lads - DEFIANCE Triple Crown winner "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell!

**Lance:**

What started out back on Halloween night as a confrontation has turned PERSONAL. After The Lads came to the aid of Butcher Victorious that night, who knew things would grow so far out of control?

**DDK:**

Indeed. Uriel Cortez has been spouting lies about Dex Joy abandoning his spot at the top of DEFIANCE after he lost the FIST at DEFCON to Malak Garland. Joy changed his focus to the tag team division after he formed The Lads with rival-turned-friend Punch Drunk Purcell. These two teams fought in their home state of California, only for the unthinkable to happen... Dex Joy getting whipped with Uriel Cortez's belt!

**Lance:**

The ultimate humiliation served up by The Man of the House. This match was made official just after the DEFIANCE Year End Awards Show in Vegas, after The Lads retaliated by putting Cortez through our very own announce table! Uriel and Dex in have been on sight since then, to the point where both men laid hands on DEFSec security and getting tossed out from the OVO Hydro.

**DDK:**

But tonight, nothing is holding these teams back anymore. Tonight, it's Tornado Tag Team Rules and there must be a winner! So with that... let's get to the action!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the (reinforced) ring for the next match!

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is a TORNADO TAG TEAM MATCH set for one fall! No tags are needed and all competitors are in the ring at the same time! The only way to win is by pinfall or submission inside the ring!

The buzzing is LOUD all throughout Edinburgh Castle!

One by one in the arena... The lights go dark.

The arena lights.

The LED panels at ringside.

The stage.

All black.

The lights continue to flicker until the entire arena is left in darkness! That includes the OLED panels on the stage! Grinding is heard. Lights start to flicker up ... Lightning in colors of blue and gold begin to flicker among the darkness on the giant DEFIAtron with light coming from nowhere else as fog begins to swirl around the ramp and the entrance floor. The lights continue to spell out words on the screen:

**SHAKE**

A blue hand made of lightning forms.

**HANDS**

Another lightning bolt forms a red MMA glove.

**BECOME**

The two hands shake hands in meme style ...

**LADS!!!**

People have their phones ready to take pictures and video for their memories, their friends and probably some illegal streams. The handshake turns the power back on in the building, sending LED sparks of blue and yellow lightning all over the stage!

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

The music plays and bathed in blue and yellow lighting all over the arena, Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell stand on the apron and they have matching blue and red boxing robes. The two big men turn around and get a BIG welcome!

**DDK:**

WHAT AN ENTRANCE BY DEXY BABY AND PUNCHY TONIGHT!

Feeding off The Faithful, things get crazy as the two big men make the long walk down the aisle towards the ring!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first... at a combined weight of SIX-HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE POUNDS... they are the team of PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL... "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY... **THE LADDDDDSSSSS!!!**

Both men take a turnbuckle and raise their hands, pointing at all the signage around. Once they pose, both Dexy and Punchy hold their hands out, then lock them together, Predator handshake-style!

**DDK:**

It's all fun and games for the moment, but the second that bell rings, it's not going to be shaking hands for The Lads. After everything Titanes Familia have said and done tonight, they're getting theirs!

**Lance:**

I don't foresee many headlocks and grappling in our immediate future, that's for sure!

Once The Lads end their customary entrance, Dexy Baby is all fired up.

**Dex Joy:**

TONIGHT, TITANES FAMILIA ARE GETTING PUT IN TIME OUT!

Dexy and Punchy look ready! Their music ends and that of their opponents begins...

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

On the DEFIATron, is "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 ♪

Now showing the MONSTROUS Killjoy. Under a black sleeveless coat of his own with a gold and black mask

covering his face.

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

The form of “La Angelita” Brooklynn Rivera, wearing a black jacket with a Puerto Rican flag patch.

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

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

The final form is that of 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, his arms are folded and he towers over the other members of The Familia.

Uriel Cortez, Killjoy and “La Angelita” Brooklynn Rivera are all riding towards the ring in a black and gold mobile platform shaped like a wrestling ring. Rivera pats Cortez on his arm. waves and Killjoy has his arms folded and remains stoic the entire ride towards the ring. In the center, Uriel Cortez is only fixed on the ring ahead.

**DDK:**

I see the Familia Mobile got through customs.

**Lance:**

Appears that way! No Titaness here at the moment as she's still having her hearing checked out after that Stick on a Pole match with Butcher Victorious!

Once the platform stops, Rivera undoes the ring ropes of the ring-shaped platform and opens them for Uriel Cortez to step off. He turns around, he waves to Brooklynn, then waves for Killjoy to follow. The Native American monster and Papa Tez head towards the ring as Dexy and Punchy watch at ringside. Both men pull themselves up to the apron simultaneously and then step into the ring.

**Lance:**

Titanes Familia making their entrance in grand fashion!

Rivera leaves on the moving platform, leaving only the four monsters in the ring. The Lads look up and lock eyes with The Familia as Rex Knox calls for the bell...

**DING DING**

Cortez and Killjoy walk forward and look down towards Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell. Despite a clear height advantage, the smack talk is commencing between all four men.

**Lance:**

Listen to these stats, Darren. Dex Joy - six-three, 308 pounds. Punch Drunk Purcell - six-one, three-fifty. Killjoy - six-TEN and three fifty-five! Uriel Cortez - SEVEN-ONE! Three hundred-forty pounds.

**DDK:**

No doubt four of the heaviest hitters DEFIANCE has ever produced! The Lads have been undefeated since coming together and if you can believe this statistic... this is the very first time Uriel Cortez and Killjoy have teamed in a two-on-two situation.

**Lance:**

He has tagged with Titaness a number of times and in six-person tags, but we'll see what destruction Uriel and Killjoy can bring as a duo... OH, HERE WE GO!



No more talking as Uriel and Killjoy have the same idea to try and take the heads off Dexy and Punchy, but The Lads both duck their shots! Dex guns right for Uriel and the two brutes exchange blows! Killjoy goes after Purcell with clubbing forearms, but Purcell is taking the hits and wailing away on Killjoy with body shots!

**DDK:**

It was Dex Joy who called for this tornado tag team match on social media and it was Cortez who accepted! Both teams wanted it this way!

Uriel has Dex in the corner and tries to unleash one of his signature chops, but Dex ducks underneath and blasts him with right hands on the return! Killjoy and Purcell continue to scrap, but Purcell gets the better of the exchange by blocking a shot and hitting a stomp to the leg, followed by a back elbow that rocks Killjoy! Dex directs some traffic and tells the DEFIANCE Rookie of the Year 2024 to follow his lead!

**Lance:**

Both men are thinking the same thing! Irish whips!

Dex grabs Uriel and Purcell grabs Killjoy before they try and whip the monsters at one another. They collide... but no effect on EITHER monster! Cortez and Killjoy turn...

CLOTHESLINE FOR DEX! CLOTHESLINE FOR PUNCHY!

Both men are now completely off their feet with the titans standing tall! The fans gasp as the proverbial father and son of Titanes Familia lord their power over their opponents!

**DDK:**

What the...? I don't believe it! The Familia turned this one around on a dime! Who the hell else can knock down THE LADS in one shot like that?!

**Lance:**

The answer is right there.

Uriel grabs Dex first...

**Uriel Cortez:**

Kiss my ass... "pAlLy."

The Man of the House FLATTENS Dex with a big running splash in the corner, then whips The Biggest Boy into the path of Killjoy SCOOPING Dex up on his shoulders! He holds him before THROWING him up in the air and sending him crashing down with an over-the-shoulder release flapjack! Dex hits the mat with a huge thud and is left sucking in wind while Killjoy and Uriel are towering over the both of them.

**DDK:**

What a double-team by Titanes Familia! This may be our first time seeing Cortez and Killjoy in a two-on-two format, but don't forget Uriel is a former three-time Unified Tag Champion! This is his realm!

**Lance:**

And what brutal strength by Killjoy! I didn't think this match was going to start out like this! Punch Drunk Purcell, one of the fastest-rising rookies in recent memory! Dex Joy... Triple Crown winner! His career speaks for itself, but Titanes Familia are manhandling them!

The Edinburgh Faithful cheer them again as Punch Drunk Purcell comes back in and blasts him from behind with a nasty clubbing forearm! He goes after Uriel with a jab to the gut, then one to Killjoy! One for Uriel! One for Killjoy! One for Uriel! One for Killjoy!

**DDK:**

Purcell is trying to fight off both giants by himself!

Purcell hits anything that moves! He starts to go after Killjoy, but Uriel cuts him off with a knee, followed by Killjoy whacking him in the back of his bald head with a huge northern lariat! The HUGE smack is heard even outside in the fabled Edinburgh Castle as Purcell is brought to his knees. With both of The Lads down at their feet, Uriel holds his hands up... and KILLJOY GIVES HIM A HUG!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

Less time posing and preening and more time winning the match! We saw that kind of thing come back to bite Titaness against Butcher Victorious, now the one true owner of The Stick once again!

Uriel points to Killjoy to help pick up Purcell. They both pick up Purcell and whip him across the ring. Uriel whips Killjoy towards the corner... but eats a big elbow to the face! Uriel sees what's happened and tries his luck at going after Purcell, but the big man ROLLS out of the corner, leading to Uriel coming up empty in the corner!

**Lance:**

Purcell... he just ROLLED out of that corner!

And to make matters worse, Dex Joy comes back in and the Biggest Boy hits the biggest corner spear, knocking the wind out of Uriel Cortez in the process!

**DDK:**

Dex is back and just delivered a hell of a gut check to The Man of the House!

Killjoy charges at Dex Joy, but he moves and that leaves only Cortez to eat the brunt of the corner splash from his own "son!" The Good Son jumps, sending Killjoy crashing into his own tag partner!

**Lance:**

No! Dex was able to dodge that, but not Uriel!

The fans cheer when Cortez is doubled over! When Killjoy turns, the beast gets ROCKED by a huge Rope-A-Dope left jab to the temple by Purcell that leaves him staggered! Killjoy looks more punch-drunk than Punch Drunk right now with both giants left in opposite corners. Dex Joy and Purcell look at one another, then Dex runs past Purcell and nails a big flying back elbow to Cortez! Purcell charges towards Killjoy and hits a big corner uppercut that cleans Killer's clock!

**DDK:**

The agility of Dex Joy never fails to surprise me! Big flying back elbow by Joy and a flying corner uppercut by Purcell!

Dex runs back to Cortez and has him in the ropes and Purcell does the same to Killjoy! The Titans try to fight back, but The Lads won't deny the people of this next moment as the giants are locked in the ropes... And start raining down clubbing forearms across the chests of their respective opponents!

*ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!*

**DDK:**

Hitting The Bag! That's normally a Punch Drunk Purcell move, but BOTH members of The Lads are taking it to the Familia!

**Lance:**

And STILL GOING!

*ELEVEN! TWELVE! THIRTEEN! FOURTEEN...*

The collective counting of The Faithful trails off and just gives way to MASSIVE applause as the shots rain down! Uriel Cortez grits his teeth and slips out to the floor, along with Killjoy after being clobbered! As the titans take to the floor, Dex points at Purcell... The Lads shake hands to a HUGE roar!

*RRRRRRRAAAHHHH!*

**DDK:**

What an ovation by the people of Edinburgh! Moments ago, we were wondering how Titanes Familia took the fight to The Lads so fast, but they have turned it around quickly!

**Lance:**

They certainly have! More handshakes and hugs in this match than I thought we might see, but it's been a slugger so far!

Dexy and Punchy head to the floor where it's all above board under tornado tag team rules! Purcell goes after Killjoy on the outside and takes the fight to the giant while Cortez is near the timekeeper's table trying to catch his breath after being repeatedly punched across the chest by Dex. Dex sees him.

**Dex Joy:**

Get your big-and-tall ass back here! You wanna be the Man of the House, right? Here's your chance!

Dex speeds across the ringside floor with intent to go for Dexy's Midnight Runner...

**DDK:**

Dex is gunning right for Uriel...

*OOOOOOOOOOOOH!*

...Only to get an office chair THROWN right into his face first! The Biggest Boy is down in a heap!

**Lance:**

WHERE THE HELL DID URIEL EVEN GET THAT CHAIR! HE JUST NAILED JOY IN THE FACE WITH THAT OFFICE CHAIR!

Uriel looks over at Darren Quimbey, having taken his chair to cut Dex off from Dexy's Midnight Runner! He turns to Quimbey.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Thanks for the seat, Hall of Famer. Keep them pipes warm to announce the Familia as winners!

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound is still slugging away at Killjoy and bombarbs him with clubbing forearms as he's up against the ring post... only to get SMACKED in the back with a huge high knee by Cortez! Purcell's attack is cut off right away while Uriel goes over to check on The Good Son.

**DDK:**

And just like that, we're back where we started with Titanes Familia in control! And... What's going on?

Killjoy is able to stand under his own power. Uriel whispers something in his ear and then Killjoy nods. He sees Dex Joy starting to get back up around the corner and then turns his attention to Dexy Baby.

**Lance:**

Looks like they're trading dance partners. It's almost like individual issues have developed between Dex and Uriel, along with Purcell and Killjoy.

**DDK:**

Dex is still reeling! I don't know how he doesn't have whiplash after being put against the chair.

Purcell is picked up against the post by Uriel...

**THWACK!**

And EATS a nasty chop from The Final Hoss!

**DDK:**

OOOH!

He picks up Purcell a second time...

**THWACK!**

...And a second one! Purcell's chest is on fire as he falls to his knees! But Uriel grabs him by the head and then SMACKS him right into the ring post! Punchy hits the ground!

**DDK:**

Oh no! Purcell is down and out!

**Lance:**

And look over on the other side of the ring... what does Killjoy have planned for Dex?

Killjoy goes after Dex, but as he gets him back to his feet, The Biggest Boy fights back! He drills the masked monster with rights and continues to fight back! He backs him up and the two continue to fight near the timekeeper's area. Both the timekeeper and Darren Quimbey scatter as the two monsters continue fighting, until a third intervenes! Uriel comes to Killjoy's aid and catches him with a big blow to the back! Uriel holds Dex near the timekeeper's table...

**Lance:**

Oh, no, what are they planning?

**DDK:**

Nothing GOOD!

Killjoy takes the upper half of the steel steps apart! The monster has them in hand as Uriel whips Dex...

**THUD**

RIGHT INTO THE STEPS!

The Biggest Boy is down! Uriel laughs as Killjoy raises the steps and then throws them inside the ring!

**Lance:**

Good grief! Dex Joy might be done! First, that chair being thrown at him and now those steel steps directly to the head!

**DDK:**

You might be right, Lance! Titanes Familia have just wrought havoc tonight on The Lads! Purcell is still down and out at ringside as well. And... yeah, I think Titanes Familia realize it, too!

Killjoy gestures to Cortez and then points at Purcell, still on dream street after colliding with the post from Cortez moments before. Cortez and Killjoy nod and with Dex down, they go over to Purcell. The Round Mound of Ground and Pound is picked up and hung on the apron. As he's in the ropes, Killjoy places a boot on the left side of the former boxer's head while Cortez does the other! Purcell shouts out in pain as a pair of feet both press his face! As he does

so, Uriel encourages the people to take a picture.

**Uriel Cortez:**

Familia Portrait! Take a picture! He ain't gonna look like this much longer!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Uriel and Killjoy stop pressing their boots into his face and both head into the ring to dish out more punishment.

**DDK:**

The only way to win is pinfall or submission and Titanes Familia have Purcell singled out!

Cortez takes Purcell and then sets him up in the corner. He tries to fight back, but Killjoy jumps in and shoves himself ahead of Cortez to go right after him! Killjoy pins him to the corner and then levels The Brick Hithouse with alternating left and right back elbows as he's trapped in the corner, hitting each side of his head! Cortez looks pretty impressed with Killer taking the initiative to hurt someone.

**Lance:**

What a series of shots by Killjoy, but looks like Cortez wants a turn, too!

Cortez breathes into his hands and rubs them together...

**THWACK!**

...Then SMACKS Purcell with yet another chop! Purcell slumps over in the corner, but Killjoy jumps in as well. The giant readies a hand...

**THWACK!**

And SMACKS him with an open-handed chop! Purcell is barely on his feet, but still tries to pull himself up with the ropes. Uriel gets another turn...

**THWACK!**

And then finally, Killjoy gets a second turn!

**DDK:**

OOH! The Familia That Chops Together Stays Together!

**Lance:**

Oh... look, his chest! It's BLEEDING!

Sure enough, the chops from the giants start to draw blood on the bare chest of Punchy, but there's little time to dwell on it as Killjoy picks him up out of the corner and HURLS him back down to the canvas with a HUGE Atomic Throw!

**DDK:**

Killjoy... he just LOBBED a 350-pound man like it was nothing!

With a chance to finally end things, Cortez leans back in the corner casually and tells Killer to make the pinfall.

**Lance:**

I believe this is the first pinfall attempt of the match and it may be the ONLY one!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Purcell gets a shoulder up! Killjoy is outraged and so is Cortez. He points at the referee.

**Uriel Cortez:**

You better count faster, little man.

Killjoy picks up Purcell off the canvas along with Uriel... but Purcell STILL fights back! An elbow catches Killjoy in the face! The Faithful are up and cheer for Punchy as he hits the approaching Uriel with blows! He turns around... spinning back elbow for Killjoy!

**DDK:**

No! How is Purcell doing this? We saw he was full of fight when The Lads defeated The Blood Diamonds at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Purcell kisses a balled-up right hand and goes for Killjoy again, but before he can even score with the deadly right, he eats a Chop of Ages from Cortez!

**DDK:**

No! Chop of Ages! What a shot!

Uriel grabs Purcell and then SCOOPS the big man up onto his shoulders before dropping him against the corner with a snake eyes! Purcell collides with top turnbuckle and then staggers out as a CHARGING Killjoy follows Cortez's attack, shocking The Faithful when he takes down Purcell with a 355-pound FRONT DROPKICK!

**DDK:**

Are you kidding me?! Killjoy just mowed right through Punch Drunk Purcell with that running dropkick! That was nuts!

Like a proud papa, Papa Tez is even shocked at what Killjoy pulled off! He can't help but clap and look proud like a... well, Papa. The big beast gets to a knee and looks down at Purcell with a cold stare behind his mask.

**Lance:**

Killjoy has been frightening tonight! He dropped Dex with those steps! He's muscled Punchy around and unleashed a front dropkick! Uriel recruited a winner when he picked him up from BRAZEN, didn't he?

**DDK:**

Unfortunately, that he did.

Killjoy picks himself up and gets back to his feet as he watches the massive patriarch of Titanes Familia stand. Uriel Cortez grabs Purcell, with more blood starting to trickle from chops in his chest. He doubles over Purcell and then SMACKS him down with another chop variation into his already wounded chest, this time in the form of Big Business!

**DDK:**

How much more punishment is Purcell going to take from these monsters?!

**Lance:**

Maybe no more because this match might be over!

Cortez goes for a cover...

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

Purcell barely gets the shoulder up this time! Uriel is surprised!

**DDK:**

How the heck did he kick out of that?! Titanes Familia have been teeing off on Purcell for the past few minutes now and Dex Joy is still out at ringside from that shot with the steel steps!

Cortez and Killjoy look at one another, then back at Purcell who sits up, just barely. He looks at the blood from the chopped chest of his... then looks at Cortez...

**Punch Drunk Purcell:**

...bring it, bitch!

*RRRRRAAAAHHHH!*

**Lance:**

We saw Purcell this defiant as well! Remember that BRUTAL match between he and Dex Joy in Puerto Rico last year?! The top rope fell, he barely made it into the ring... and he was... well, for lack of a better term... DEFIANT!

Cortez responds by KICKING Purcell between the eyes, knocking him back to the canvas! He points at the steps thrown into the ring earlier by Killjoy and tells him where to prop them. He nods and then drags the steps just behind the monster...

**DDK:**

Oh, no, what are they gonna do?

Uriel puts more boots to Punchy and then Killjoy helps him up. The two giants grab Purcell and get ready for what looks like a double-team vertical suplex onto the steps behind them...

**Lance:**

No... No way! No one is walking away from this if they can hit this double-team!

Cortez and Purcell get ready to lift him...

...

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER TO URIEL CORTEZ!

DDT TO KILLJOY!

*RRRRRRRAAAAHHHH!*

**DDK:**

DEXY BABY IS BACK! HE'S BACK AND HE JUST WIPED OUT URIEL CORTEZ WITH DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!

The Man of the House finds himself in the rare position of being one-shotted right off his feet! Meanwhile, Purcell landed back on his feet after the failed suplex attempt and now both of The Lads are reunited again!

Dex himself has a nasty cut on his forehead and while not flowing, it's a very clear bloody cut! He points at Purcell's chest and wonders what happened while Purcell looks at his forehead and shrugs. Purcell sees Killjoy trying to stand on the ring apron after the DDT and then CRACKS him with a running headbutt to send him packing outside the ring!

**DDK:**

Bald Bull for Killjoy!

The Man of the House is down outside the ring as well, holding his rib cage! Dexy Baby poses in the middle of the ring and The Faithful know what's coming next...

**Dex Joy:** *[with The Faithful joining in]*

WHOOOOOOOOOAAAAA....

He runs and DIVES clear through the ropes, knocking Uriel Cortez's block right clean off with a WHOA-pe dive that sends both men crashing directly into the barricade!

**DDK:**

WHOA-pe by Dex Joy! They're down and out!

Purcell looks out and sees he's the only man in the ring while everyone else is outside. He looks up at Killjoy outside the ring... then looks up to the heavens and does a Hail Mary.

**Lance:**

What... what is he doing?! What is Punchy thinking?!

Taking a deep breath, Purcell holds his hands out as well and lets the people do what they just did for Dex...

WHOOOOOOOAAAAA...

Purcell CHARGES through the ropes practically sideways and though not the most graceful suicide dive, he still WIPES OUT Killjoy! All four beasts are down on either side of the ring!

**DDK:**

What the heck did we just see?! Did we just see The Lads do stereo WHOA-pes?!

**Lance:**

We did, Lance, we did! This is some SYNERGY between The Lads tonight!

It takes some time, but Purcell looks up to the heavens and gives a silent "thank you" before heading over to Dex to help him get Uriel to his feet. They both get him back inside the ring and follow The Final Hoss!

**DDK:**

What do The Lads have planned?!

They both wait on Cortez to get back to his feet. The 7'1" monster does just that, but fights back!

**THWACK!** A HUGE chop catches Dexy! **THWACK!** Then one for Purcell!

**Lance:**

No! Cortez isn't doing down without a fight, either!

Cortez has stunned both Dex and Punchy with big chops, then runs off the ropes to FLATTEN them both with the Father Knows Press! The Faithful jump up at the sight of the 7'1" monster flying with a pretty graceful running crossbody!

**DDK:**

No way! Father Knows Press! Uriel wipes out BOTH of The Lads with that running crossbody! Unbelievable!

And not only that, but he tries to pin BOTH Lads!



ONE!

TWO!

BOTH KICK OUT!

Dexy and Punchy both push their way free, enraging Cortez further!

**Lance:**

That was crazy... but... NOW what's Cortez doing?!

Seemingly fed up with the state of things, Papa Tez grits his teeth and then gets BOOS as he starts to unwrap the belt around his pants!

**DDK:**

No way! Uriel's not thinking he's going to whip BOTH of The Lads, is he?!

The Man of The House takes off his belt and gets ready to swing. He heads towards Dex... but Dex moves! Uriel turns around only to get ROCKED by a swinging back elbow from Purcell first, stunning him and making him drop the belt! That's when Dex grabs the belt, he gets ready... AND LASHES CORTEZ WITH HIS OWN BELT IN THE CORNER!

**Lance:**

No! The tables get turned on Uriel Cortez! That's gotta feel good! Payback from Cortez whipping him in front of his friends and family with that belt!

After having his fun, Joys tosses Cortez's belt out of the ring. Cortez has gashes forming underneath a part of his tank top, but there's little time to dwell when Purcell hooks him by the arm and then SLAMS the massive Cortez with the Sweet Science Slam!

**DDK:**

Sweet Science Slam! The ring shook on that one!

The Edinburgh Faithful are RABID as Dex Joy heads to the top rope and then points up to the sky. He taps on his head and then leaps off the top rope to deliver a diving headbutt directly into the chest of Cortez! He crawls over emphatically and goes right into the cover!

**DDK:**

Jump For Joy! The Lads for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Disappointment washes over Edinburgh Castle as The Man of the House gets the shoulder up!

**Lance:**

No! I thought that was it! How the heck did he kick out of that?!

**DDK:**

I don't know, but they have to strike while the iron is hot right now! They have Titanes Familia where they want them!

Dex points outside the ring and Purcell nods. The Round Mound of Ground and Pound starts wailing away on Cortez while Dexy Baby goes outside. He hurries under the apron... and it gets LOUD throughout the Castle when The

Biggest Boy pulls out a table!

**DDK:**

Drastic measures here, but The Lads are probably going to NEED this table to put away the Familia!

The table goes into the ring and Purcell gets up to prop the table up, setting it into the corner. Dex Joy slides into the ring and points towards the table before they go to pick up Uriel.

**Lance:**

These two have bad intentions for The Final Hoss!

Dex and Punchy try for a double whip... but KILLJOY is back! He grabs Purcell by his leg and then pulls the big man out of the ring, leaving Dex Joy all alone with Cortez! Dex tries to get Cortez on his shoulders for a DEX-5... but Cortez fights his way out. He pushes Dex towards the table... but Joy stops himself short! He spins around, but The Final Hoss kicks Dex in the gut! He slashes a thumb across his throat...

**DDK:**

Dex misses the DEX-5, but can Uriel land the 218?!

He points towards the corner and tries to get Dex up for the 218 powerbomb, but at the apex of the move, Dex shocks all when he punches Uriel in the head to turn him away from the table, then SNAPS him over with a hurricanrana!

**Lance:**

No way! He counted the 218 into a Hurricanrana?!

After the shocking move, Dex is back on his feet and then gets the dazed Cortez on his shoulders... RIGHT INTO THE DEX-5!

**DDK:**

DEX-5! DEX-5! THE LADS MIGHT HAVE THIS IN THE BAG!

Dex Joy crawls over to where Uriel landed and then goes to hook the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

KILLJOY SNATCHES REX KNOX OUT OF THE RING BY HIS BELT!

Killjoy HANGS onto Rex Knox with one hand, hovering over the ringside floor! Knox looks terrified!

**Lance:**

Unreal! I have NEVER seen a save like that in a tag team match before!

**DDK:**

BUT HERE COMES PURCELL!

Killjoy drops Rex Knox on the ringside floor when Purcell comes running and launches himself at Killjoy, wiping him out with the King Hippo press!

**DDK:**

King Hippo by Purcell! He just took out Killjoy! This one might come down to Dex and Killjoy!

Both big men are down! Back inside the ring, Dex Joy runs over and he drives his weight into Cortez with a running senton to soften up The Final Hoss! Uriel holds his chest while Joy heads to the top rope a second time, this time

looking for the top rope moonsault that has won him many titles!

**DDK:**

He's looking for the Joy Buzzer! He's won both the Southern Heritage Title AND The FIST with this very move!

The DEFIANCE Triple Crown Winner is almost to the top... but out of nowhere, he takes a STIFF jumping kick right square to the face... COURTESY OF BROOKLYNN RIVERA!

**Lance:**

Rivera is back out here?! Where did she even come from?!

Dex yells out and holds his eye, but behind him, things go from bad to worse when Uriel is back up and CHOPS him in the back with the Chop of Ages MAX! Dex thrashes about in pain when Uriel grabs him in the 218 powerbomb position...

RUNNING 218 POWERBOMB THROUGH THE TABLE!

**DDK:**

NO! NO! DAMN IT! 218 THROUGH THE TABLE AFTER BROOKLYNN RIVERA KICKED DEX SQUARE IN THE FACE!

Rex Knox is back in the ring and hasn't seen any of Rivera's involvement! After the table has exploded into thousands of little pieces, Uriel grabs Dex by his leg and then pulls him towards the middle of the ring before going for the pin!

**Lance:**

NO! NO WAY!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

**DING DING DING**

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

**Darren Quimbey:**

HERE IS YOUR WINNER.... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

**Lance:**

This was a highway robbery! That's TWICE now that Brooklyn Rivera has been crucial in giving Titanes Familia an advantage over The Lads!

**DDK:**

And you are not seeing things... "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez has just PINNED Dex Joy!

Uriel smirks and then limps up to his feet. He gestures to Rex Knox and holds a hand out, demanding he raise it. Knox shakes his head and does, then Uriel brings his arm up, taking Rex with him in the air to thunderous boos! He looks

down at Dex and has a smile plastered across his mean giant cosplaying dad face.

**DDK:**

I can't believe this... hey, wait... Look at ringside. I think Purcell just realized what's going on! He sees Rivera at ringside!

Punchy puts two and two together and charges at Rivera, grabbing her by the hand! The former MMA fighter tries to pull away... until Purcell is cut off by a HUGE spear from Killjoy! Rivera jumps back as Purcell is laid out on the mat outside the ring!

**DDK:**

No! Dex is down! Purcell is down!

Cortez doesn't stand around to celebrate too much.. He moves past Rex Knox and steps out of the ring... They pick him Purcell and and drag him by his arm to place it between the bottom half of the steel steps and the ring post....

**Lance:**

No, no, no...!

Purcell can't fight back as Uriel holds his hand in between the steps... allowing Killjoy to KICK the steps and CRUSHING HIS HAND!

**DDK:**

DAMN IT! IT'S NOT ENOUGH THE LADS GET SCREWED OUT OF THIS MATCH... NOW THIS?!

Rivera is LAUGHING at what just happened to Purcell! Uriel looks at Dex in the ring.

**Uriel Cortez:**

I TOLD YOU YOU'D LET YOUR FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES DOWN! **THIS IS ON YOU!**

He looks at Purcell, yelling out in pain on the ground and favoring his left wrist!

**Uriel Cortez:**

AND YOU DON'T PUT YOUR FUCKING HANDS ON MI FAMILIA!

Walking towards the back and being showered with jeers, their music resumes as The Final Hoss walks away with Killjoy on his left and Brooklynn Rivera on his right. Rex Knox gets on the radio for members of medical to make it to the ring.

**DDK:**

This match... it was brutal and could have gone either way, but the extra edge by Brooklynn Rivera provided was enough to take the Familia over the finish line. And as if defeating Scott Douglas wasn't the biggest victory of his career recently... Uriel might have topped it tonight by defeating Dex Joy.

Dex hasn't moved from being powerbombed through the table. Rex Knox waits as trainers arrive at ringside to check on Purcell.

**Lance:**

I don't believe this... but, folks, we do have to get this sorted. We've still got a lot of DEFIANCE Road to come, but we'll try to provide a medical update on The Lads as soon as we possibly can.

## INTO THE BREACH

Backstage in the bowels of Edinburgh Castle. The crowd boos as the first person we see is the Southern Heritage Champion with the belt around his shoulder and wearing his trademark purple, white, and pink singlet. Around him, showing support, are the other five members of his Honor Society: TA Cole, TA Horrigan, TA Owens, TA Black, and Miss Saunders. Reform jogs in place to warm up as he addresses his pupils.

**Ned Reform:**

Gentlemen... Miss Saunders... I prepare to go to war. And I do this for all of us! Brock Newbludd represents everything that this Honor Society stands against, and I when I slay that dragon we will ALL slay that dragon.

Levi Cole, eyes full of fire and reverence, steps forward toward The Good Doctor.

**TA Cole:**

I'm ready, Doc! Let's get out there and do this!

Reform puts a hand on Cole's shoulder and appears sympathetic.

**Ned Reform:**

Levi, as always, I appreciate the support. However, I thought it best to give our newest member an opportunity to show his merit, yes?

Reform turns to TA Black.

**Ned Reform:**

Mr. Black, if you would be so kind as to be ringside during my championship match.

TA Black's eyes light up.

**TA Black**

Wait a sec, Doc... you're asking ME to join you? ME?? You trust ME enough to have your back out there!?

Smiling with joy, he uses both hands to cover his heart.

**TA Black**

I... am ABSOLUTELY HONORED by this, Doc! And I PROMISE, I won't let you down! Let my ETERNAL SOUL be condemned unto HECK should I fail you!

**Ned Reform:**

I'm sure you won't. Come now! Once more into the breach!

Reform and Black walk off, leaving a grinning Honor Society... except for TA Cole, who can't hide his disappointment... and frustration.

## SOHER: NED REFORM (C) vs. BROCK NEWBLUDD

**DDK:**

It's been one heck of a night, ladies and gentlemen... but now it's time for the main event!

**Lance:**

A match between two diametrically opposed Defiants for one of the most sought-after prizes in the company... and this rivalry has become intensely personal!

A wide shot of the ring before...

Lights out.

The arena sits in darkness for an uncomfortable amount of time, prompting the fans to begin to buzz. A chant tries to get going but it doesn't get enough steam for us to make out what it is. And then..

The DEFlatron glows to life. It's a creepy looking Scottish countryside with a small, almost medieval looking hut. Inside the hut, a small fire burns. The whole picture has a somber greyness to it and we can hear the light rain to complete the melancholy mood. In the background, a slow and creepy horror-movie-esque song begins to play. A man's voice, deep and filled with the gravitas of a Shakespearean actor, begins to recite a rather well-known speech...

*Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;*

The creepy background song begins to become more familiar to us: it's a slower, more unsettling version of Beethoven's "Für Elise." Superimposed over the creepy Scottish setting is a familiar outline of the Southern Heritage Champion. So faint at first it is almost ghost-like, the silhouette begins to slowly gain more color as the speech/song progresses.

*And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more.*

The music begins to pick up in intensity as the figure becomes fully visible: it is, of course, Dr. Ned Reform. Some boos begin to be heard over the video.

*It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,*

Ned has fully come into view. The music comes to a sudden stop to emphasize the last line of the soliloquy...

*Signifying nothing.*

The arena lights roar to life in a deep purple. Reform's video begins to play on the big screen, and while he IS coming out to "Für Elise," it's not the usual guitar version - it's played entirely by bagpipes! The Scottish Faithful voice their displeasure as Ned Reform, pink-strapped SOHER sitting proudly on his shoulder, struts onto the stage with a swagger befitting a champion.

**Lance:**

Our Southern Heritage Champion making a very special Scottish-themed entrance tonight. That was a famous soliloquy from Mac-

**DDK:**

Shhh! You mean “The Scottish Play”!

**Lance:**

Quite right! Still, you have to believe these are head games designed to throw Brock Newbludd off his game!

As the purple lights continue to pulsate and swirl, Reform is in no rush to get to the ring. He saunters slowly, holding tightly to the title and making eye contact with some of the members of the Faithful in the rows near the aisle. When he hits the ring, he walks the apron before ascending a turnbuckle and holding the strap high into the air for the entire arena to see. Reform’s face remains stoic and serious throughout this all.

**DDK:**

Ned Reform has proven a lot to the doubters during his championship reign, but I don’t know... it feels like tonight may be Brock Newbludd’s night!

**Lance:**

We’ve had our issues, but you can never count Ned Reform out... and look! Here’s why!

Coming down the aisle, applauding the leader of the Honor Society the entire way. In the ring, Reform hands his yellow scarf off to a ringside attendant before taking position in his corner with eyes laser-trained on the entrance way as the bagpipes die down.

Edinburgh Castle begins to buzz in anticipation as the spotlights above the ring slowly dim. Seconds later, the remaining lights encompassing them follow suit, blanketing The Faithful in near pitch-black darkness. A few more seconds pass, and the anxious crowd lets out a small cheer when the DEFtron suddenly comes to life to show a sweeping view of the majestic Scottish Highlands.

The scene suddenly shifts to show a man in a kilt standing on top of a grass-covered cairn, a longsword clenched in one hand. The high winds whip his long brown hair across his face, and he keeps his head hung low, further obscuring his identity. He raises the sword up in front of him to grip it with both hands as he presses the hilt against his forehead, never opening his eyes.

A bolt of lightning pierces the sky and scorches the earth behind him. A second later, rolling thunder reverberates through Edinburgh Castle’s speakers, drawing a surprised roar from the crowd.

*“I am Connor MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod. I was born in 1518 in the village of Glenfinnan on the shores of Loch Shiel. And I am immortal.”*

The warrior’s eyelids suddenly open to reveal a familiar pair of crystal blue eyes underneath. He raises the sword above his head and The Faithful ERUPT at the sight of Brock Newbludd...

### **The Highlander**

The picture quickly fades out and is replaced with Newbludd standing in a parking garage wearing Connor MacLeod’s signature grey trenchcoat. In one hand is a katana with an ivory handle.

♪ “Princes of the Universe” by Queen ♪

*“Here we are, born to be kings. We’re the princes of the universe.”*

Standing across from him, holding a rapier, is his enemy. A man with a striking resemblance to JJ Dixon. He raises the rapier up with a wicked grin and charges ahead with murder in his eyes.

*“Here we belong, fighting to survive. In a world with the darkest powers.”*

Brock MacLeod meets him head-on, and they collide with the sound of ringing steel! His opponent is quickly overwhelmed by the furious katana and begins to lose ground...

*"And here we are, we're the princes of the universe!"*

A lightning-quick slash of his katana, and MacLeod removes his enemy's head clean from his shoulders! Blue energy rises from his fallen foe and flows into the stone-faced Newbludd as he cleans his bloodied blade with the sleeve of his trenchcoat.

*"Here we belong, fighting for survival We've come to be the rulers of you all!"*

Blade in hand, Newbludd stands in a field of wheat. Across from him is another adversary, a doppelganger of Malak Garland. He raises a sleek longsword up and smirks arrogantly. Brock sneers and steps forward. The two battle across the plain. Like his previous foe, the Malak mimic makes a fatal mistake, and he pays for it with his head. Power surges into Brock from his fallen enemy!

*"I am immortal, I have inside me blood of kings!"*

We return to the Scottish Highlands, where Brock stares down a terrible and menacing foe brandishing a massive claymore. Towering over Newbludd by at least a foot, there's no mistaking this giant as a near identical twin to Dr. Ned Reform with his shaved head and trimmed beard. With a wicked laugh, the monster swings his sword down, and Brock raises his katana to block. The sheer strength of the blow sends him flying backward!

*"I have no rival, no man can be my equal!"*

While his foe laughs at the sight, Brock finds his weapon lying next to him and slowly rises back to his feet. Eyes wide in a fury, Newbludd lets out a roar and charges in with reckless abandon. His strikes are powerful, and his will is unbreakable. The Ned Reform monstrosity cannot hope to resist his fate.

*"Take me to the future of you all!"*

With a ferocious swing, Newbludd decapitates his final foe and the bald head falls to the ground, landing with a thud. Blue energy POURS from his fallen enemy's corpse, and the victor roars in triumph before snatching the head off the ground to raise it high. The picture slowly zooms in on the lifeless head until it takes up the entirety of the screen, its dead eyes staring ahead at oblivion.

The music suddenly cuts out as suddenly turns black. A couple of seconds pass, and five words slowly fade in...

**THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE.**

The crowd erupts with a deafening roar as the words disappear from the screen and a familiar battle cry booms from the speakers!

**BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!**

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

**HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!**

A lone spotlight shines down onto the stage, and The Faithful rise to their feet. They roar loudly as "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd steps out onto the stage clad in his ring gear. He holds Connor MacLeod's signature katana in one hand while his other hand is held behind his back. Brock raises the blade up to the cheering masses, and they respond with a swell in their cheering. Walking to the start of the aisle way, Newbludd looks to the ring and locates Dr. Ned Reform.

**DDK:**

Tremendous ovation for the challenger, Lance! Scotland is firmly behind Brock Newbludd tonight!



**Lance:**

You can say that again, partner! I can barely hear myself think right now!

An evil grin slowly spreads across Brock's face as he stares down at the Southern Heritage Champion. Whirling the katana around with his wrist, Newbludd drives the blade down into the stage floor, leaving it standing perfectly straight. He then moves his other hand from around his back and Edinburgh Castle explodes with a roar!

**DDK:**

THAT'S NED REFORM'S HEAD!!

Holding the decapitated prop head from the video up for Ned Reform to see, the challenger's eyes go wide from adrenaline. His fists clench and he is visibly grinding his teeth.

**DDK:**

We said that Ned's entrance was intended to play head games... but Brock Newbludd just gave that term a whole new meaning!

Keeping the head raised up and pointed at his opponent, Newbludd marches ahead with a confident stride. He suddenly stops halfway down and looks out to the cheering masses for a brief second before lowering his head down to look at it. A sneer grows across his face, and he spits right in the prop's eyes. Snapping his head back up to The Faithful, Milwaukee's Beast grins wickedly.

**DDK:**

This is more about the Southern Heritage Championship for Brock. This is about as personal as it gets after everything Ned Reform has done to him, and, most importantly, his friends.

**Lance:**

Vengeance is on his mind, partner. No doubt about it.

Grabbing onto the head with both hands, Brock takes a quick step forward and PUNTS it into the crowd! The camera follows it as it sails through the air and is caught by a female fan! She raises it above her head in celebration, and then the crowd becomes UNGLUED when she tosses it up and serves it to another fan like a volleyball!

**DDK:**

The Faithful are bouncing Ned Reform's head around like a volleyball! Something tells me this isn't the first time that's happened at historic Edinburgh Castle!

Brock pumps a fist in approval of The Faithful's antics as he continues down the aisle and slides into the ring. Popping up to his feet, the challenger finds his way to a neutral corner and climbs up the turnbuckles to raise his fists up to the masses. Dropping down, Newbludd slowly turns around to stare daggers at the champion as his music fades from the castle's speakers.

**Lance:**

You can feel the electricity in the air. This is going to be a fight.

Darren Quimbey enters the ring and joins Referee Rex Knox in the center of the ring. The lights around the castle suddenly dim to a soft glow, and a spotlight shines down on Quimbey. The veteran ring announcer raises his mic and addresses the buzzing crowd.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen...the following singles contest is the MAIN EVENT of the evening...and it is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAAAAAAMPIOOOOONSHIIIIIP!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Quimbey pauses for a second to let the people simmer down slightly.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first... THE CHALLENGER!

A second spotlight shines down, and the Faithful cheers as Newbludd takes a step forward out of his corner. Rolling his neck around, Brock hops from one foot to another as adrenaline begins to build up inside him.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Hailing from Milwaukee, Wisconsin! Weighing in at 259 pounds... The Diehard DEFIANT!... The Last Action Hero!... This is "Milwaukee's Beast" BROOOOOCCK NEEEEEWBLUUUUDD!!

The challenger receives a tremendous ovation from the capacity crowd. Cupping both hands over his mouth, Newbludd calls out to them...

**Brock Newbludd:**

BAAAAAALLY!!

Edinburgh Castle answers.

**The Faithful:**

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

**Darren Quimbey:**

And the champion... from New Haven, Connecticut and weighing in at 239 lbs... he is the Sage on the Stage, the Mad Gadfly, the most Prolific Man in Sport's Education, The Good Doctor... and the reigning Souther Heritage Champion.... NEEEEEDDDD REEEEFORM!

**Ned Reform:**

That's DOC...

SPEAR BY BROCK NEWBLUDD!

**DDK:**

Here we GO! The challenger is done waiting!

It's absolute chaos inside the ring as Brock mounts Reform and starts wailing on him with a barrage of fists, forearms, and elbows. The surprised champion does everything he can to block the blows, but more of the blows land home than are deflected. The Edinburgh Castle is in an absolute frenzy as Rex Knox frantically calls for the bell!

***DING DING*****Lance:**

Milwaukee's Beast is letting months of built-up rage out on Ned Reform's face! Reform didn't even get a chance to take his shirt off!

Breathing heavily, DEFIANCE's Last Action Hero raises his arms up high for a double axe handle, and Ned uses the split-second opening to fire a fist straight into Newbludd's throat. Brock is stunned by the blow, and a follow-up punch to the jaw by The Good Doctor causes his coughing opponent to rise up and retreat away from him.

**DDK:**

Ned bought himself some much-needed space with that jab to Newbludd's throat. That being said, the champion took some heavy blows right off the bat!

**Lance:**

The Mad Gadfly looking to regroup here as he crawls towards the ropes in a hurry!

Removing his hand from his neck, Newbludd sees Reform trying to escape to the safety of the outside, and he races over to him. He catches up to Ned just as The Good Doctor begins to crawl under the bottom rope and he latches onto Reform's "Formally Neducated" t-shirt, stopping him. Ned's eyes go wide, and he sticks his hands out towards TA Black, who grabs onto them. Ned's prize pupil leans back as he tries to pull his mentor to safety!

**DDK:**

We got a tug of war going on, and Ned's the rope!

With a roar, Newbludd wins the battle and Ned's wrists slip free of his protege's grip! As Black falls squarely on his ass on the outside, Milwaukee's Beast yanks his panicking opponent back toward the center of the ring and leaps forward to stand over him. Newbludd squats down and wraps his arms around The Sage on Stage.

**Lance:**

There's no escape for Ned Reform, and look at this! Brock's powering him off the mat!

Brock deadlifts the flailing champion off the mat and LAUNCHES him backward!

**DDK:**

Deadlift German Suplex by the challenger! Brock Newbludd is fired up and this crowd is loving it!

The SOHER crashes to the mat and instinctively rolls towards the closest set of ropes. With a look of pure shell shock on his face Ned begins to pull himself up by the ropes. He manages to make it up to his feet, and he turns around woozily just in time to eat a big forearm from Brock!

**Lance:**

Lefts and rights from the challenger! He's putting everything he has behind those punches!

Grabbing onto an arm, Brock roughly pulls Ned away from the ropes and turns him inside out with a short-arm clothesline. Not letting go of The Good Doctor's wrist, Milwaukee's Beast pulls him up to his feet and grabs onto the back of his shirt with his other hand to pull it over the champion's head. The Faithful explode in cheers as Brock begins wailing away with rights and lefts on the blind champion!

**DDK:**

Newbludd has turned this thing into a schoolyard brawl, Lance! This could spell big trouble for Ned early on!

**Lance:**

That he has, DDK! He's pulled Ned's shirt over his head like a bully at recess!

Finishing off the flurry of punches with a kick to the gut and elbow to the back of Ned's neck, Brock grabs a wrist and fires him towards the nearest corner. With his shirt still pulled completely over his head, the blind and battered champion can't keep his legs underneath him, and he begins to stumble forward. With only a few feet separating himself and the corner, Reform falls forward and smashes face-first into the turnbuckle!

**DDK:**

Oh my! The bamboozled champion just spiked himself head-first into the turnbuckle! He's still on his feet, but I'm not sure if he knows where he is!

**Lance:**

How could he with his shirt still pulled over his face!?

Reform stumbles backward out of the corner and right Brock's waiting arms. Newbludd lifts the champion up in the air for a belly-to-back suplex.

**DDK:**

Brock's got him up for a suplex and...hang on...maybe not!

Keeping Reform held up at the apex of the suplex, Brock spins towards the ropes and drops The Mad Gadfly crotch first onto the top rope! Ned cries out and Brock raises a fist to the cheering masses before grabbing onto the top rope. With a wicked grin spread on his face, Brock begins to violently shake the top rope, causing Reform to bounce wildly on top of it! The bucking causes his shirt to finally fall from his head, and The Faithful let out another roar at the sight of the wide-eyed Ned howling in pain!

**Lance:**

My stomach hurts just watching that, DDK!

**DDK:**

Same here, partner! But, if anyone deserves a ride on the top rope it's gotta be Ned Reform!

TA Black suddenly appears on the apron and attempts to put an end to Brock's antics with a forearm but Newbludd ducks it. Rearing back, Brock pops Black with a forearm of his own to send him flying off the apron. Spinning in a circle, Newbludd pops the dazed Reform with a discus punch that sends him flying down to the floor as well!

**Lance:**

Milwaukee's Beast is unleashed here in Scotland!

The wild-eyed challenger wipes the sweat from his eyes and begins to step through the ropes to follow after Reform. Having recovered from being knocked down to the floor, TA Black scrambles up to his feet and CRACKS Brock in the head with Ned Reform's autobiography! The blow from the thick hardcover book sends the challenger stumbling back into the ring, and he falls to the mat!

**BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!**

**DDK:**

Are you kidding me!? Black just smoked Newbludd square in the face with that bloated mess of a book!

The surprised referee Knox checks on Newbludd for a brief moment while Black quickly drops the book and kicks it under the ring. He throws his hands up in innocence when Knox leans over the ropes and eyes him suspiciously. Turning his attention away from the pesky ref, Black helps his mentor up to his feet, and the glassy-eyed champion grabs onto him with both hands to pull him in close.

**Ned Reform:**

This is not a match! This is barbarism! Good day, Scotland!

**Lance:**

Did you hear that!? It sounds like Ned Reform's walking away from this match!

With Newbludd still recovering from being tattooed with Ned's book inside the ring, TA Black races over to the timekeeper's table and snatches the Southern Heritage belt off of it. The boos of The Faithful rise to a deafening roar as he races back to Reform and hands him his title belt.

**DDK:**

This is unbelievable! Ned Reform will do absolutely ANYTHING to keep that title in his possession, including screwing these people and Brock Newbludd out of a match!

With one arm slung over Black's shoulder and the other clutching the SOHER tight to his chest, Ned sneers at the raucous crowd as the two begin to walk up the aisle way. Left with no other choice, Knox begins his count and shouts a warning to the champion. Reform and Black ignore the ref as they slowly make their toward the exit.



brings Brock Newbludd back to his feet before slamming him head-first into the nearby ring steps! Taking just a second to jaw jack with the front row fans, Ned again grabs Brock before dropping him knee first on the steel barricade! When Brock falls, his leg is caught up on the barricade, and Ned takes the opportunity to fire a flurry of right hands right into the exposed joint!

**DDK:**

It appears The Good Doctor has found his target d'jour... Brock Newbludd's knee!

**Lance:**

Brock relies so much on explosive power... you take out the knee, you take out a good majority of his offense.

Rex Knox turns away from TA Black to admonish The Sage on the Stage and after shooting a cocky grin to the front row Faithful, Ned rolls the dazed challenger back into the ring. The Good Doctor follows him back in as does official Knox.

**Lance:**

And this is a place that Brock Newbludd does not want to be. When the SOHER takes control, he knows how to keep it.

Reform uses the top rope for support as he leaps up and brings several boots to Newbludd's skull. Grabbing Brock by his black hair, Ned drapes him over the middle rope so that his head and arms dangle toward the outside. Reform turns to The Faithful with a shit-eating grin.

**Ned Reform:**

bAILILILyHoOoOoOo!!

Ned runs to the opposite ropes, and bounces off with a head of steam before dropping his leg across Brock's back in a textbook leapfrog body guillotine. Ned doesn't get off Brock, however, instead opting to reposition himself and STAND on Brock's back! As he pulls on the top rope, he pushes his feet harder into the spine of Newbludd as hard as he can!

**DDK:**

Unorthodox but effective!

Rex Knox moves in to begin the five count since they're technically in the ropes. Right before he hits five, Ned uses Brock's body as a trampoline: pushing down one final time, he leaps off Brock and OVER the top rope! As he lands on the ringside floor in a standing position, he catches Brock's neck and snaps it against the middle rope in an over-the-top hotshot like maneuver. Newbludd falls backwards, clutching his neck and writing in pain.

**DDK:**

Brock's fiery offense seems to be a thing of the past as Ned has grinded the pace of this contest to a halt.

Reform gets back on the apron, ignoring the beginning of Knox's ten count and staring down at the vulnerable challenger. He turns to face The Faithful - who naturally give him hell - as he points to his brain. Walking toward the turnbuckle, he ascends to the top rope. Reform remains crouched on the top as he eyes Brock Newbludd.

**Lance:**

Reform's one of the most efficient and calculated wrestlers on the mat, partner. He's also an underrated high flyer, but this seems like a risky move. Then again, I'm sure he'd call this a "calculated" risk and tell me to shut my ignorant mouth, so what do I know?

Milwaukee's Beast gets his feet under him to stand back up. Woozy and favoring his right knee from Reform's focused attacks on it, Newbludd staggers and blindly turns toward his perched opponent.

**DDK:**

Brock's stumbling his way down dream street right now!

The moment that Brock squares up to him, The Mad Gadfly spreads his wings and leaps off the turnbuckles...

Flying Crossbody!

**Lance:**

Incoming!

Brock snaps his head up at the incoming Reform and braces himself, catching him in mid-air!

**DDK:**

Newbludd's veteran instincts kicked in when he needed them the most right there! But, I don't think his knee's cooperating with him!

Stumbling backward with Reform in his arms, Brock's knee buckles, and he's forced to drop down onto it. TA Black suddenly jumps on the apron behind him, and the crowd let rip with a chorus of boos. Knox spots Black and barks at him to get down. The frustrated ref stomps towards him.

**Lance:**

Get him outta there, Rex!

The Diehard DEFIANT lets out a roar of pure exertion as he POWERS back up to his feet and throws himself backward, launching Ned in the air with a fallaway slam! The SOHER Champion flies towards Black and the referee, though Knox is the only one who sees him. He dives out of the way at the last second, and TA Black is helpless as his mentor crashes into him! Black now finds himself holding Ned as he falls backward off the apron. With Reform on top of him, Black crashes to the floor!

**Lance:**

Milwaukee's Beast with a HUGE fallaway slam, forwarding Ned's crossbody onto his prized pupil!

Pained etched on his face, Newbludd stays on the mat and clutches at his knee while on the outside, a stunned Ned Reform rolls off of Black.

**DDK:**

That might have hurt Brock just as much as it helped him, Lance. He pushed that knee too far with that move.

Shaking his head, Reform crawls to the ring apron and pulls himself up. The Southern Heritage champion breathes heavily and looks up to see Brock still on the mat.

**Lance:**

On the flip side, TA Black just inadvertently did Ned a solid by acting as breaking his fall for him!

Still jet lagged from his recent flight, Reform pushes off the apron and puts his hands on his hips as he ignores Rex Knox's demands to get back in the ring. His gaze turns to the timekeeper's table where his Southern Heritage belt sits, and he makes his way over to it. The nervous timekeeper immediately stands up from his chair and backs away at Ned's approach.

**DDK:**

What's Reform up to? His focus should be on his opponent in the ring!

Ned sneers at the cowering timekeeper and roughly grabs one of the man's arms. Yanking it straight, the Southern Heritage champion uses the sleeve of the man's tuxedo to wipe the sweat from his face.

**Lance:**

I know for a fact that's a rental tux! Gimme a break!

Releasing the man's arm with a snide smile, Ned then grabs the man's water bottle off the table and unscrews the cap. He flicks the plastic top at the man, and it bounces off his forehead.

**DDK:**

Don't let his degree from Yale fool you, Ned Reform is a grade-A jerk, plain and simple. Was that really necessary?

With the same malicious grin, Reform throws his head back and takes a deep drink out of the bottle. A sudden roar from The Faithful gets his attention and he instinctively drops the water bottle as he turns around to face the ring. His eyes go wide at the sight of Newbludd charging at him!

**Lance:**

I think Ned's break time is over!

Water sprays like a geyser from Ned's mouth as The Diehard DEFIANT drives a shoulder into the champion's stomach and drives him backward into the barricade! With Ned pinned to the barricade, Newbludd unleashes a torrent of wild haymakers that rock the champion and leave him slumped against the barricade. Brock rears back for a knockout blow but suddenly stops when he spots something in the crowd.

**DDK:**

Newbludd suddenly pumps the brakes! What's he looking at!?

Ned begins to show signs of life, and Newbludd stifles him with another series of punches. He snaps his attention back to the crowd and points at a woman holding up Ned Reform's decapitated head! After another punch to keep Reform stunned, Brock throws both his hands up like a wide receiver ready to catch a touchdown pass...

**Brock Newbludd:**

I NEED THAT HEAD, LADY! THROW IT!

The camera turns to the crowd just in time to see a hee rear back and throw the Ned Reform prop head down towards Brock! The pass is on target, and Brock snatches it out of the air! The Faithful roar at the completion and Brock winds up with the prop head, smashing the real Ned Reform in the face with it! Ned crumples down against the barricade and Brock shoves the head right in the champion's face, so close that their noses are touching.

**Brock Newbludd:**

Look at it, Ned! The people want your head, and I plan on givin' it to em'! This is your future, buddy!

Reform recoils in revulsion at the sight, and Newbludd smashes him with the prop one more time for good measure before throwing it back into the crowd.

**Lance:**

I think The Good Doctor is going to have to find a good therapist after that experience!

Brock latches onto an arm and roughly yanks Ned back up his feet. He immediately snatches the champion in a front waist lock and pops his hips, sending Reform flying towards the announce table with an Overhead Belly to Belly!

**DDK:**

Belly to belly sends the champion crashing to the ground right in front of us! Brock's on the warpath now, and he's fighting through that injured knee to keep the pressure on!

**Lance:**

I knew being this close to the action was a mistake!

Still looking traumatized and dazed, Ned reaches up and grabs onto the front edge of the announce table with one hand. He awkwardly hangs for a second before latching onto the table with his other hand. Ned slowly begins to pull himself up, while behind him, the limping Newbludd stalks towards him.



**Lance:**

Watch out! Here comes TA Black!

Recovered from being pancaked on the floor, Black rounds the corner and charges at Brock at full speed. The Sacred Lamb leaps into the air to deliver a shotgun dropkick to Brock's chest but telegraphs it, and Milwaukee's Beast lunges forward to smash Black in the face with a vicious forearm!

**DDK:**

Newbludd just turned TA Black inside out! There's nothing standing between him and Reform!

Scrambling back to his feet, Newbludd limps frantically to Ned and reaches him just as the champion gets fully back to his feet in front of the announce table. Milwaukee's Beast latches onto Ned's bald head with both hands...

SLAM! He drives Ned's face into the table!

He yanks Ned back up and immediately brings it back down!

**SLAM!** He yanks him up again!

**SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!**

The Faithful explode as Brock continues to smash Reform's face into the table!

**DDK:**

We're getting sprayed with sweat, spit, and who knows what else! Ned Reform is being dismantled right before our very eyes and The Faithful are loving every second of it!

Breathing heavily, the wild-eyed challenger rips Ned off the table and points right at Lance Warner.

**Brock Newbludd:**

I saved this one just for you, buddy!

With a roar, Brock feeds Reform the announce table one last time before letting go of him and letting him crumple to the floor. Sucking in heavy breaths, Milwaukee's Beast rests a hand on the table and then sticks one out towards Lance. The color commentator stares at the hand for a second, and he grins.

**Lance:**

Ah, what the hell...

Lance gives Brock a solid high-five that his headset picks up, amplifying the loud smack for the fans watching at home. The Faithful approve!

*"LANCE! LANCE! LANCE! LANCE!"*

**DDK:**

After everything Ned Reform has put you through, I can't say I blame you one bit, partner!

**Lance:**

Not going to lie, that felt pretty damn good...

Brock brings Ned back to his feet, but now he also has to deal with Rex Knox who has followed them outside to bark at them to return to the ring. Taking advantage of the brief distraction, Ned fires a quick thumb to the eye of the Last Action Hero! With Brock stunned, Ned falls into the arms of Rex Knox! With The Good Doctor having the referee's full attention, TA Black FLIES into frame and hits Brock with a spinning heel kick! Brock is sent flying forward over the announce table and crashes face-first into the barricade!

**DDK:**

Black just crushed Newbludd with that kick! He's down on the floor, but the damage was done as Brock is collapsed and in pain right between us!

**Lance:**

It's time to find a minimum safe distance, partner!

Keeping their headsets on, the duo quickly leave their chairs to back away from the carnage. Ned, meanwhile, has made a miraculous recovery and approaches the stunned challenger. He disrespectfully rocks Brock with a quick slap across the face before dragging him away from the announce table and back toward the ring. Wrapping him in a collar-and-elbow, Ned Reform throws everything behind him as he whips Brock Newbludd into the ring steps... and he collides with a sickening THUD... knee first!!

The brief shuffling sound lets us know that the dynamic announce duo have returned to their seats.

**DDK:**

Are we on?

Having enough of this, Rex Knox enters the ring and begins to start a ten count. Reform pantomimes cleaning out his ears as if he can't hear. Grabbing Brock's leg, he extends it out before nailing the challenger with a sharp kick to the knee. Just as Knox hits nine, Ned rolls into and right back out of the ring to restart the count. He makes sure to land one more sharp kick to Brock's knee before rolling the challenger back into the ring.

Back inside, Ned hooks Brock for a neckbreaker. He stands in place, delaying it for a few seconds, before dropping him to the canvas. He immediately rolls over for the first cover of the contest.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Sitting up, Ned pantomimes brushing dirt off his shoulder and grins. He gives a quick salute to TA Black who responds with two enthusiastic thumbs up. Standing over his downed challenger, The Good Doctor grabs each of Brock's legs and spreads them apart like a turkey wishbone. Taking just a second to talk some trash, Reform then fires a stiff kick into what could generously be called Brock's stomach but may have been a bit lower.

**DDK:**

A thinly disguised low blow by The Sage on the Stage.

**Lance:**

I dunno how thinly disguised it was... Rex Knox is admonishing the champion, but Ned positioned that well - he has plausible deniability.

Picking Newbludd, Reform keeps the pressure on by firing him off the ropes. On the rebound, the crowd comes alive when Brock ducks a Reform clothesline attempt! When Brock hits the opposite ropes, he uses both his arms to halt his momentum before he goes running back toward The Good Doctor. Instead, Ned him charges toward The Saturday Night Special. Brock leans forward, looking to back-body drop the SOHer over the top rope to the outside, but Reform seems to be two steps ahead when he instead leaps UP and OVER Brock... grabbing on to his neck on the way and snapping Brock's neck over the top rope as Reform lands on his feet on the outside!

**DDK:**

Personal feelings aside, Ned Reform showing once again why his ring awareness is second to none! He had that reversal well scouted!

The Mad Gadly knows it, too. While Brock holds his neck and writhes in pain inside the ring, Ned stands on the outside and points several times to his cranium as the people boo. Ned brushes his hands together in a “well, that’s THAT” motion before rolling under the bottom rope and back into the ring. Back inside, Brock has crawled into the corner for respite, but he gets none as Reform presses his boot into his face and uses the ropes for leverage. Knox hits the five count, and Reform breaks the illegal move on four. Then... an idea occurs to him... he grins... and he resumes the choke with his foot! Knox again hits the five count, but this time... Ned doesn’t let go!

**Ned Reform:**

Perhaps you must disqualify me!

Instead of giving the SOHer what he wants, Knox shows his impressive physique is not just for show and PULLS Reform off Newbludd! The Good Doctor gets in the officials face but Knox doesn’t back down. However, with the referee distracted, TA Black takes the chance to choke Brock on the bottom rope! The Honor Society member releases Newbludd JUST as Knox turns back around.

**Lance:**

TA Black once again proving that he IS the difference maker in this bout!

**DDK:**

I wonder if he can be this big a player in the Rumination Chamber tomorrow night!

Reform whips Brock roughly into the opposite turnbuckle. He follows up by charing after him and leaping into the air for a flying forearm... but Brock slides out of the corner and out of the path! The SOHer is able to stop himself JUST before he collides with the turnbuckle pad. Brock, meanwhile, tries to take Reform off guard as he hits the ropes and charges toward the Good Doctor with... well, we’ll never know, because his knee buckles and he stumbles! He doesn’t go down, but he does stumble right into a crisp Fireman’s Carry back-body drop from the champion! Reform immediately rolls over and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

**Lance:**

Newbludd had a chance to get back in this, but all the work Reform has put in on the knee has paid off in spades.

Reform brings Brock up before locking in a collar-and-elbow that he immediately transitions into a sharp back elbow to the challenger’s skull. Ned doesn’t let him fall, instead pulling him in for a second! Again, Ned doesn’t let go... and he hits a third! This time, with Newbludd reeling, he hooks him in a headlock and takes him down to the mat! Reform keeps the headlock synched in, flexing and making every attempt to turn Newbludd’s head red. Knox moves in to check on the challenger, and although he is in considerable pain, Brock doesn’t appear ready to give up.

**Ned Reform:**

Ask him!!

Knox does... Brock isn’t submitting. In response, Ned kicks his feet up and brings his whole body off the mat for a moment, crashing down and applying ripples of pressure through his bicep. He does this two more times for good measure.

**DDK:**

You have to give it to Reform... he’s making even a textbook move count!

**Lance:**

When’s the last time someone ever won with a headlock? We could see it tonight!

Keeping the hold locked in, Ned shifts his body slightly. In doing so, he moves his feet closer to the ropes... allowing TA Black to grab them and hold them down for extra leverage!

**DDK:**

We saw some frustration on the part of TA Cole last night when Reform chose Black to accompany him tonight... but I have to say, he's been a bigger asset to Reform than anyone else I've ever seen!

Brock plants his fists on the canvas and with a roar pushes up, rolling Ned backwards! In this position... Ned's shoulders are on the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

**DDK:**

Reform has no choice but to break the hold or lose the championship!

Even with that burst of energy, Brock Newbludd is still worse for wear. Reform stands over him, looking down with utter contempt. Turning his head to take in the entire arena, Reform's gaze finally settles looking directly into the hard cam. With an arrogant smirk, Reform uses his thumb to flick his nose once, twice, three times. The booing arena is able to figure out what this gesture means... as is DDK.

**DDK:**

The champion has thoroughly softened up his challenger, and now he's looking to finish it off with The Syllabuster!

With an arrogant smirk spread wide across his face, Reform stomps the mat with both feet and begins to lift Newbludd off the mat. The Edinburgh Castle fills with boos as Reform raises Milwaukee's Beast higher and higher.

**Lance:**

He won't need Black's help if he hits this, DDK!

With his feet nearly reaching the apex of the deadly brainbuster, The Last Action Hero begins to squirm in Ned's arms, causing him to take a step forward to keep his balance. He tries to muscle through the resistance, but his upside-down opponent starts kicking his legs!

**DDK:**

Signs of life from Milwaukee's Beast!

Unable to keep the wriggling Newbludd held up, Reform is forced to drop him down. The second that his feet hit the mat, Brock grabs a leg and rolls Reform up in a TIGHT small package pin!

**Lance:**

Woah! Brock with the pin reversal and Knox is there for the count!

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE—NO! Reform kicks out with authority!

**Lance:**

Newbludd nearly stole it with that one, and The Good Doctor is NOT happy about being caught off guard like that!

Despite the one being pinned, Reform beats Newbludd to his feet with a look of pure frustration and immediately barks at Knox. The ref stands his ground and tells Reform to let him do his job in a tone that is anything but polite. The Sage

on the Stage sneers at Knox and turns his attention back to Brock as he struggles up to his knees.

**DDK:**

Reform needs to quit worrying about Rex Knox and focus on his opponent. Despite catching Reform with that surprise pin, Newbludd's still feeling the effects of the champion's offense.

With his dazed opponent down on his knees, Reform's eyes go wide, and he takes a quick step back. Lined up perfectly, the champion fires a soccer-style kick aimed right at Brock's head...

CAUGHT!

**Lance:**

Ned almost beheaded Brock with that kick, but The Diehard DEFIANT got his hands up and the last second!

Hopping on one foot, Ned tries to rip his leg free, but Brock tightens his grip and suddenly surges upward. He torques his body and Ned's knee sideways, sending Reform flying to the mat courtesy of a Dragon Screw Leg Whip!

**DDK:**

A beauty of a Dragon Screw from Newbludd! The veteran dug deep into his repertoire and surprised the champion for a second time!

The Good Doctor immediately grabs at his knee upon hitting the mat. In obvious pain, Ned frantically checks it with both hands while Brock scrambles towards him. Finally making it back up to his feet just as he reaches Reform, Newbludd wrenches Ned's leg away from him with one hand and promptly punches the inside of it with his other. As Reform howls in pain, Milwaukee's Beast whips a leg forward and begins to spin around...

**Lance:**

Look at this! He's going for a figure four!

The savvy champion's big brain sparks him to react, and he does, kicking Newbludd squarely in the ass to block the submission attempt. The force of the kick sends the challenger stumbling ahead in the direction of the nearest corner. Brock tries to put on the brakes, but his knee betrays him again, and he falls forward, smashing face-first into the top turnbuckle.

**DDK:**

That knee is in rough shape right now, and Brock just ate turnbuckle because of it! I can see why he went for the submission, Lance.

**Lance:**

Good observation, partner. He was trying to ground Reform but the champion was one step ahead of him on that figure four.

Arms spread out over the top ropes and face still buried in the turnbuckle, Brock struggles to recover and Ned seizes on the opportunity. Pushing himself up on his feet, Reform races over to Brock with a slight hitch in his step and promptly grabs him by the back of the head. He yanks Newbludd's head off the turnbuckle and promptly smashes it back down into it. Reform changes floors and follows up with some hard forearms to Newbludd's kidney's. This causes Brock to throw his head back in pain and Reform grabs onto it with both hands.

**DDK:**

Those shots to Brock's kidney's have him in a bad way, and Ned's back in control in the corner.

The Sage of the Stage attempts to smash Brock's face into the turnbuckle again, but this time around, the challenger grabs the ropes and stops him cold. Before Ned can react, he eats a stiff elbow to the jaw. A second one sends him stumbling backward!

**Lance:**

Newbludd fights his way out of it and he's got Reform stunned!

A cheer from Ballyhooligans gives their leader a spark, and he whirls around to face his opponent. Charging forward with a snarl, Brock grabs Reform and powers him up enough to hit an inverted atomic drop. He then wraps his arms around The Mad Gadget and pops his hips like a pro...

Overhead Belly to Belly! Reform crashes upside down into the turnbuckles! He begins to slide down to the mat but suddenly stops due to one of his legs hooking around the top rope!

**DDK:** HUGE belly to belly by Brock! The knee managed to hold up, and he made the most of it!

**Lance:**

And now Ned finds himself in the dreaded tree of woe!

Flipping onto his stomach to see Reform hanging awkwardly in the corner, Milwaukee's Beast frantically scrambles towards him and lunges forward to drive his shoulder square into Ned's stomach. Landing on all fours, Brock rises to his knees and starts unloading with follow-up rights and lefts, smacking them against Reform's exposed stomach. Referee Knox races over and immediately warns Newbludd to stop. Brock ignores the referee's plea and chooses to start choking Ned with both hands instead, and the referee immediately starts the count for a rope break.

**DDK:**

As much as I'm sure he's enjoying himself right now, Brock better back off or risk being disqualified!

Brock goes back to punches, rocking Ned in the face in rhythm with the referee's count. After hitting the champion with four solid punches, Milwaukee's Beast relents and grabs onto the ropes. Pulling himself up, Newbludd backs away, and Knox gives him an earful as he does.

**Lance:**

Rex Knox has done a heck of a job tonight if you ask me. A personal rivalry like these two have is hard to contain but Knox has kept things in line so far.

With the back's ref fully turned, TA Black hops up on the apron and pushes Ned's leg off the top rope, causing him to finally fall to the mat. Just before Knox turns back around, Black rolls... something... into the ring and right into Ned's waiting hand.

**DDK:**

That was... that was the pencil! The pencil that Black used on Brock Newbludd on DEFtv!

And just as Newbludd grabs Reform and tries to bring him up...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...Ned DIGS the pencil right into Newbludd's eye!!

**Lance:**

Knox didn't see it!!! Again, Ned Reform's ring positioning is almost supernatural!

Brock falls to the mat, screaming and holding his eye. Ned craftily disposes of the evidence before standing over Brock. The Good Doctor roughly grabs Brock's head, exposing his face before firing a STIFF fist right into the injured eye! Another! Another! ANOTHER!

**DDK:**

This is where the truly sadistic side of Ned Reform comes into play! He drove a pencil in Brock's eye and now he's targeting it with extreme prejudice!

Another! Another! Another! Another! Another!!! Brock's eye has swollen and turned blue. Reform simply releases Newbludd's head and lets him crumble to the mat. With a grin, he arrogantly places a foot on the challenger's chest!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE ... NO!!

**DDK:**

Eye injury or not, you're not going to beat Brock Newbludd with a cover like that!

Unperterupted, Reform simply lifts Brock up... boots him in the gut... and drops him with a Fameasser! A move that not coincidentally plants Brock right on his face. Reform rolls over and covers, shooting his hand into the air and counting along witht Knox.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE... NO!! Brock manages to get a shoulder up!

**DDK:**

And that kick-out seems to have gotten to the champion a bit!

**Lance:**

Reform needs to keep a clear head... as we've seen before, when he lets his anger the get the better of him, he gets sloppy.

Reform stands up, stomping around a bit and regaining his composure. TA Black offers some encouragement on the outside, and it seems to help: Reform's face slowly morphs from anger to resolve. He stalks Newbludd, eyeballing him and waiting in the wings as the challenger tries to get back to his feet with the Scottish crowd's enthusiastic encouragement. It takes Brock a bit with his rapidly swelling eye, but eventually he does regain a vertical base... only to eat a boot to the gut and Reform once again hooks Newbludd for the Syllabuster!

**DDK:**

Ned Reform's version of the brainbuster has put countless opponents away... and if he hits it here, I believe this main event is over!

And lift him Reform does... but again Brock is able to kick and squirm enough to disrupt Reform's balance! He sways a bit and eventually falls back into the ropes! Brock tumbles over the top, but Newbludd's feet hit the apron, and he yanks his head out from the front facelock. Reform attempts to hit his pesky opponent with a forearm and Brock leans back off the apron to avoid it.

**DDK:**

For the second time, Newbludd has thwarted The Syllabuster but he still finds himself in a precarious position on the apron!

Both hands on the top rope, Brock yanks himself forward and throws a knee straight into Reform's stomach. The champion doubles over, and Newbludd leans back again. This time around, he vaults himself over the top rope and grabs onto the champion for a Sunset Flip!

**Lance:**

Sunset flip by the challenger caught the champion off guard but Reform's resisting being taken down!

With The Faithful cheering wildly all around him, the wide-eyed Ned frantically waves both of his arms as he struggles to stay on his feet with Brock pulling on him. He reaches for the top rope with both hands and lets out a frustrated cry when he realizes he's only inches away from them. With one last ditch effort The Good Doctor reeeeeaacchhess as far as he can with one hand...

And latches onto the rope with his middle finger!

**DDK:**

Ned Reform somehow gets to the safety of the ropes! Quite the effort by the champion, right there.

Knox orders Brock to release Reform, and he promptly does, causing the champion to stumble against the ropes. Milwaukee's Beast immediately flips over onto his stomach and lunges at Reform to grab him by the legs. With a roar, the challenger lifts The Mad Gadfly off his feet and dumps him over the top rope. The champion awkwardly lands on his feet on the outside before stumbling and falling to the floor!

**Lance:**

The safety of the rope break didn't last long for Reform, and he finds himself down on the floor once again!

Inside the ring, Newbludd falls back to the mat and breathes heavily as he winces in pain.

**DDK:**

Brock needs to capitalize, but it looks like he can't! I think the damage is starting to pile up for Milwaukee's Beast.

On the outside, TA Black rushes over and helps Reform back up to his feet. The groggy and battered champion shrugs off his disciple and leans on the barricade to glare at Brock. Knox rushes to the ropes and immediately starts the count. The referee orders Reform to get back in the ring, and The Sage of the Stage gives him a look of pure disdain. Turning to his protege, The Good Doctor quickly issues an order to him.

**Lance:**

What's this about? Reform's taking his sweet time on the outside, and now TA Black is sprinting towards us...

Black cruises by the announce team and comes to a stop in front of the timekeeper's table, swiping the Southern Heritage Belt off of it. Meanwhile, Reform waves a dismissive hand at Knox and begins to slowly walk toward the aisle way. Title belt secured, Black runs around the opposite side of the ring to meet up with him.

**DDK:**

After all this, Ned Reform's WALKING AWAY!? Are you kidding me!?

Wiping his sweaty face with TA Black's shirt, Dr. Reform asks for his belt and his prized pupil holds it up to him. Both men suddenly freeze at the sound of The Faithful letting out a roar...

**Lance:**

Not if Brock Newbludd has anything to say about it!

Reform and Black both snap their heads towards the ring to see that Newbludd is no longer lying on the mat. They quickly locate The Diehard DEFIANT when they look to the closest corner just in time to see him leap off the turnbuckles!

**DDK:**

Milwaukee's Beast has taken flight here in Scotland!

No flips, twists, or spins. Just a two-hundred-and-sixty-pound missile coming straight for Reform and Black. Both shocked men manage to get their hands right before Brock CRASHES into them!

**Lance:**



And he finds his target with a huge crossbody! Now all three men are down!

Rolling off his two foes, Brock stares up at the lights in exhaustion. Inside the ring, Knox restarts the count while the riled-up Faithful breaks out in a very familiar chant...

*S-N-S! S-N-S! S-N-S! S-N-S! S-N-S! S-N-S! S-N-S! S-N-S!*

**DDK:**

Listen to this! That chant helped Newbludd will his way to tag team gold with Pat Cassidy, but will it help him tonight?

The Faithful begin stomping their feet in rhythm with their chanting to increase the volume, and Newbludd responds to their energy by slowly rolling onto his stomach. As Knox's count hits four, Milwaukee's Beast pushes himself off the ground and staggers to his feet. He looks out to the Ballyhooligans with glazed and swollen eyes...and throws up a fist!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

**Lance:**

Brock is punch-drunk, but he's standing, partner! I've seen him look like this at closing time at a couple of hotel bars before!

Knox reaches six on his count, and Newbludd shakes the cobwebs out of his head as he focuses his attention Reform. Bending down, he grabs Ned by a wrist and pulls the groggy champion up to his feet. The champion lashes out with a punch that snaps Brock head back but the adrenaline-fueled challenger comes right back with a headbutt that nearly sends Reform back down to the ground.

**DDK:**

Time's running out to get things back in the ring!

The count hits seven and Brock roughly grabs Ned by the back of the neck and drags him towards the ring. Fighting through his limping leg and swollen eye, Brock gets Reform close to the edge of the ring and promptly smashes his face into it. He grabs the stunned champion by the trunks and neck, rolling him back into the ring!

**Lance:**

And the count stops at nine! If Brock's going to make his move, there's never been a better moment! TA Black is still down and Reform's looking in rough shape!

Sliding under the bottom rope right after depositing the champion, Brock pulls himself by the ropes while Reform begins to push himself up on shaky arms. Newbludd takes a soft bounce off the ropes and rushes in to wrap his arms around the champion's midsection. With a roar, Brock lifts The Good Doctor off the mat...

**DDK:**

Raw strength is on display here by Milwaukee's Beast!

Brock muscles Reform all the way up and drives him back into the mat with a Gutwrench Powerbomb!

**Lance:**

HUGE powerbomb by the challenger! What's he doing!? He needs to go for the cover!

Having landed on his knees after throwing Reform to the mat, Newbludd winces in pain and sways slightly from the exertion.

**Lance:**

What's he doing!? He needs to go for the cover!

With Reform splayed out on his back in front of him, Brock turns on his knees towards the nearest corner and starts to

crawl towards it.

**DDK:**

He wants to deliver the dagger to the champion, partner! Brock wants to seal the deal with The Big Elbowski!

Brock reaches the corner and pulls himself up. Woozy and favoring his leg, the challenger steps out onto the apron and slowly scales the turnbuckles. He nearly falls off when he reaches the top but manages to keep his balance. Rising up, Milwaukee's Beast cups his hands around his mouth and tilts his head back.

**Brock Newbludd:**

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYY!!

TA Black suddenly appears on the apron!

*Boo!!!*

Black latches onto Brock's ankle but Newbludd manages to swat him away with a swift kick. The distraction lasts long enough, however, for Reform to leap forward and shake the ropes, causing Brock to drop down onto the turnbuckle crotch-first! Reform immediately (but slowly) climbs up in front of Brock, hooking him for a superplex!

**DDK:**

High impact move incoming!!

And it does, as Ned brings Brock back off the top and to the ring with a textbook superplex!! Both men are sprawled on the mat. Reform slowly shakes the cobwebs away and manages to drape an arm on Brock's chest... but there's no count!?

**DDK:**

Referee Rex Knox is too busy ejecting TA Black from this match!!

**Lance:**

It's about time!!

Black protests, but Knox continues to do the ol "you're ooooooutta here!" motion. Eventually, Black can only throw his hands up in anger and retreat up the aisle. Reform, meanwhile, grows increasingly frustrated that nobody was there to count the three and he lets Knox know it. Getting his head back in the game, Reform whips Brock into the corner.

**DDK:**

Ned with a head of steam... flying forearm in the corner!

The forearm connects with Brock's swelling eye, causing the challenger to stumble forward, punchdrunk, out of the corner. Ned hits the ropes and catches an unaware Newbludd with a flying headbutt!! Brock goes down and Ned sits up. He remains in a seated position and begins to clap for himself, prompting the crowd to jeer.

**Lance:**

Showboating is a mistake here! Ned needs to end this if he can!

**DDK:**

The Good Doctor might have the same idea... he's heading up top!

He's spent from this contest so it's somewhat more slowly than normal, but Reform does indeed reach the top rope. He steadies himself for a second for leaping off and crashing down directly into Newbludd's chest with the Scholar and Elbow! Somewhat exhaustively but also with a clear sense of relief, Reform positions himself on top of the challenger.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

...NO!!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

**DDK:**

Brock kicks out at 2.999999!!

Reform's eyes nearly bug out of his face and his bald dome turns a crimson red. He gets to his feet and gets right up into Rex Knox's face!! He yells at Knox, holding up three fingers, all while the DEFIANCE official keeps his cool. Finally, Ned crosses a line when he roughly grabs Knox by the collar with both hands... and Knox immediately breaks Ned's grip and shoves the SOHER right on his ass!!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

**DDK:**

There's that temper we're talking about! Reform wasting precious time bickering with referee Rex Knox!

Reform remains in a seated position for a moment looking shocked before slowly climbing back to his feet. He looks eyes with Knox, mumbling something to himself. If he was planning on doing more we'll never know... because OUTTANOWHERE an exhausted and desperate Brock Newbludd catches Ned from behind with the SHOCK and AWE!!! He brings Ned over and drops him right on his neck!!

**DDK:**

SHOCK AND AWE!

**Lance:**

Brock usually bridges on that one, Darren, but he can't capitalize!

**DDK:**

Either from just being spent or that hurt knee, Brock bought himself some time but he can't follow up with the pin!

And now both men are down as the fans rise to their feet in a round of appreciative applause. Referee Knox briefly checks on both men before taking position in the center of them both and beginning a ten count...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Brock shakes the cobwebs out and turns to his side. Reform's leg begins to twitch slightly.

FIVE! SIX! SEVEN!

Brock is now on his belly, preparing to try to push himself up. Reform's head comes up with glazed over eyes and he tries to blink the fog away.

EIGHT! NINE!

Brock gets to his knees. Ned grabs the bottom rope. Brock shoots up to a vertical base just as Ned pulls himself up! Reform takes a step toward the challenger but he's still on dream street and he doesn't even try to cover up or mount counter offense as Brock begins to light him up with right hands!!

**DDK:**

Reform is reeling!!

With the fans losing their minds, Brock whips Ned into the corner. The challenger cups his hands to his mouth...

**Brock Newbludd:**

BALLLLLLLYHOOOOOO!!!!

And he charges toward Reform... but the Good Doctor, moving swiftly and rather desperately, grabs referee Rex Knox and shoves him in Brock's path!! Newbludd ends up colluding with BOTH the SOHER and the official!

**DDK:**

Rex Knox goes down!!

Reform stumbles, somewhat punk-drunk, toward the center of the ring... just as Brock rushes forward, leaping into the air, and connecting with a picture perfect FACE MELTER!!

**DDK:**

The champ is down!! The champ is down!!

And Brock falls on top of him, hooking the leg and holding on with all his might. Just one problem: Knox is still rocked from the runaway train collision and he's on the other side of the ring trying to get his bearings. Brock keeps the pin on as The Faithful provide the count!

"ONE

TWO

THREE!"

**DDK:**

This should be over! We should have a new Southern Heritage Champion!

**Lance:**

Unfortunately the count of the Scottish Faithful is not legal!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

TA Black!!

With Knox still undisposed, TA Black - who had moments ago been ejected from the ringside area - SPRINTS down the aisle like a madman. Instead of getting into the ring, he instead runs the side, returning to the timekeepers table where the Southern Heritage Championship title belt was dropped a while back. Grabbing it by the pink strap, Black brings it into the ring, and in one quick fluid motion, he brings it down on the head of Brock Newbludd who is still holding Reform in a pinning position!

**Lance:**

Unbelievable!

Brock is rocked by the metal plate of the belt, and he rolls Reform with eyes closed. Black grabs his mentor's arm and drapes it over Brock's chest before scooting out of the ring and ducking behind the apron. They sit in this position for roughly five seconds before Knox, who has just gotten his bearings back, turns and sees the pinning predicament!

**DDK:**

Come on... not like this!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

***DING DING DING***

**DDK:**

Ladies and gentlemen... many of us felt in the air that this was Brock Newbludd's night, but thanks to numerous assists from Erik Black, Ned Reform has retained the Southern Heritage Championship tonight.

**Lance:**

The newest member of the Honor Society is paying off in spades... one has to wonder if Ned will find a way to be of similar assistance in tomorrow night's FIST match!

Black rolls into the ring and pulls The Good Doctor out by the foot. Supporting the SOHER over his shoulder, TA Black begins to slowly walk with Reform around the ring and toward the aisle. The duo get pelted by trash by the Scottish Faithful as they walk... but even though Reform is woozy, he still has the wherewithal to raise the championship high in one last act of defiance toward the fan's outrage.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***