

SHOW OPEN



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

FILET MIGNON**MALAK'S MOM IS A BANSHEE****MALAK'S MOM WISHED UPON MY STONES OF DESTINY****THE ROOMINATION CHAMBER -- OH HI, MALAK****TURN MINUTE INTO HAGGIS****SCROOGE MCDUCK > ED WHITE****WHAT HAPPENED TO A GOOD OLD FASHIONED WARCHAMBER?****GREETINGS PUNY M4NTRAS****MALAK LOSES OR WE REVOLT****I CONCEIVED MY FIRST CHILD THE FIRST TIME I SAW DAN RYAN IN A MAIN EVENT -- HE JUST ENROLLED INTO COLLEGE****SCOTLAND LOVES cOnOr****a sign in lowercase is the ultimate statement of DEFIANCE****NUMBER FOUR FOR DAN RYAN****STREETBOB SENT ME****GIVE ELISE THE FIST FOR THE LOVE OF FUCK****EQUALITY: HOW ABOUT FISTS FOR EVERYONE???****I BROUGHT A WHOLE BOTTLE OF GLENLIVET TO WATCH MALAK DIE****I WISH TA BLACK WOULD RETURN TO THE HIGH-LANDS****WILLIAM WALLACE COULD'VE USED A GUY LIKE CORVO****I WAS A HOUSEMATE IN THE ICONIC 2006 SEASON OF BIG BROTHER UK (SERIES 7)****TOURING MADE THIS EVENT POSSIBLE****WHERE'S THE PISS FOUNTAIN?****MP1 IS TOO EDGY****FUSE FEARS FUSE FEARS FUSE****I CAME ALL THE WAY FROM NEW ORLEANS... CAN I STAY?****ELISE IS ALREADY ALL CAPS****RUMINATE THIS!****PURE M4NTRA VIBE-AGE**

***ISN'T DLJ TWO LETTERS BETTER?
I CAME HERE FOR THE LUCKY 777s.
I WANT WHAT DR. SATO IS HAVING
CAN'T WAIT FOR RCR/BRUVS... WAIT? WHAT?!***

FAVORED SAINTS: DLJ (C) vs. THE D

DDK:

Welcome to Night Two of DEFIANCE Road! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and along with me for the ride, my broadcast partner in crime, Lance Warner!

Lance:

Thanks, Darren! I still can't get over what an incredible night of action we saw on Night One of DEFIANCE Road and Night Two promises to top that! We've got EIGHT of DEFIANCE's best going at it to become the FIST of DEFIANCE! Malak Garland defends against a slew of DEFIANCE legends and former FISTS such as Dan Ryan and "The Socialite" Ed White! He defends against rising stars! Corvo Alpha! MP1! But watching his back in this match, two other participants. BOTH Tyler and Conor Fuse!

DDK:

But to kick off tonight's proceedings, the first of two major matches between the GC Universe and The Pop Culture Phenoms! Later tonight, OSCAR BURNS and Elise Ares will finally settle a months-long grudge where if OSCAR BURNS wins, Elise Ares will be forced to leave the Phenoms to join the GC Universe! But first up, The Favoured Saints Champion, Dan Leo James, defends against the man he took the title from back in November, The D!

Lance:

Say what you want about this new vapid and vainglorious demeanor; DLJ has been a winner for the GC Universe as he won his first singles title in DEFIANCE -- with a little help from his El Escuadron partner, Mil Vueltas. We've seen DLJ defend the title successfully against a former DEFIANCE legend, Angel Trinidad in his home town of San Diego, as well as fellow PCP member Klein at the Year End Show in Las Vegas!

DDK:

Tonight, The D has a chance to get back the title that was stolen from him, but that's gonna be a LOT easier said than done! The D has technical expertise, speed and experience on his side. However, DLJ first and foremost is a true blue-chip athlete and has size, power and deceptive speed of his own. Will DLJ score his third defense of the title tonight or can The D find a way to take back the Favoured Saints title that was stolen from him two months ago?

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

Bright strobe lights flicker and sway in arcs. As the loud wail kicks off the vocal track, the D saunters out from the backstage area, wearing his traditional PCP garb. Flanking him is Klein, wearing his box and cheering on his PCP brethren. The D wears a "Kill Oscar Dead, no caps" t-shirt. He poses for a moment, before ripping it off and tossing it into the crowd. The two men storm toward the ring, not waiting for pleasantries or pageantry.

DDK:

The typical fanfare of a PCP entrance is a bit muted tonight.

Lance:

Of course. Later tonight, Elise takes on Oscar Burns and if she loses, she has to leave PCP and join the GC Universe.

DDK:

The D creating a t-shirt just to show off his displeasure.

The D reaches ringside, and climbs up the turnbuckle to the middle rope. He looks out and stares out across the sea of cheering Faithful, before hopping into the ring. He turns his attention to the entrance as Klein circles around to the PCP's corner.

It's here the D is rudely interrupted by Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Lance:

And later tonight, we still have OSCAR BURNS against Elise Ares and for Elise, the stakes could not be higher. The D can't throw in the towel for that one.

DLJ stands in front of the ring and hands the title to the official. He makes a single leap from the floor to the apron! He climbs through the ropes and starts running the ropes at fast speed for a man his size! After he stops, he steps in place as The D is ready as everyone's favorite super-serial championship introductions begin. A spotlight shines solely on the ring as the champion and challenger stand across from one another.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the participants... first, the challenger, representing The Pop Culture Phenoms! Accompanied to the ring by Klein, From Culver City, California weighing in at 185 pounds... he...is... **THE D!**

The D looks right ahead at the champion, who is currently working on his mewing. Sonny Silver climbs on the apron to handle the introduction for the champion.

Sonny Silver:

And his opponent, PROUDLY representing both The GC Universe! The man who brings divinity to masculinity! He is the reigning, defending and soon-to-be STILL Favoured Saints Champion of DEFIANCE... **"GIGA" DAN LEO JAMES!**

DLJ looks into his reflection in the face of the Favoured Saints Championship. When he likes what he sees, he hands the title off to the official. Once the belt is handed off to ringside, he calls for the bell...

THE D JUMPS AT DLJ WITH A FLYING FOREARM!

DING DING

The Faithful EXPLODE as the first match of the show starts off with The D flying right at DLJ!

DDK:

DLJ stole that title from The D back in November, thanks to the help of El Escuadron member Mil Vueltas! He defeated Klein to retain the title! Now he has a chance to get it back!

Lance:

And The D is leaving nothing to chance to regain it!

The D unleashes a number of chops against the chest of the larger DLJ and goes right after Giga-Dan with forearms, only for James to block a shot and SHOVE him across the ring! The D uses the momentum to roll through and get back on his feet so when Dan turns around, he gets walloped with another big flying forearm by The D! Klein is on the outside cheering on his tag team partner and best friend while Sonny Silver watches on stone-faced. James tries to cover up and finally pushes The D off of him again!

DDK:

James with the power advantage... but The D's not letting up!

For a THIRD time, The D comes running right at James, but The Favoured Saints Champion grabs him by the throat with both hands.

DLJ:

STOP FOREARMING ME! IT REALLY HURT...AH!

Danny picks The D up, but in mid-move, The D hits him in the jawline again! James takes the shot and stumbles around while The Director of DEFIANCE pops back to his feet, feeding off a rabid fanbase to kick off Night Two!

DDK:

For weeks, DLJ has flaunted the fact that he beat The D for that title. The GC Universe in general have been running roughshod over Pop Culture Phenoms for months and tonight is finally the chance for them to turn the tide!

The D lines up in the opposite corner with Danny square in his sights. He charges across the ring and goes for another big move.

Problem?

DLJ is ready this time and SHOVES The D high in the air, sending him crashing back down to the canvas with a brutal pop-up flapjack!

Lance:

The D had to hit Dan Leo James several times just to gain any footing! And DLJ just took it all away with one move!

DDK:

When DLJ gets focused, his blend of power and speed is downright frightening. And he's only 24 years old!

Sonny tells DLJ to get serious and take the fight back to The D. James nods and waits for The Director of DEFIANCE to stand. He charges right at him looking for the running big boot...

Problem?

The D rolls out of the way and DLJ gets his foot hung onto the top rope, allowing The D to dropkick the other leg and sending the big man back to the mat!

DDK:

No! Great counter by The D! He's got him staggering around!

DLJ tries to get back to his feet and crawls around, but The Netflix A-Lister is already on the attack, catching DLJ and slamming him face-first into the canvas with a sliding variation of the Contractual Obligation! The D tries to go for the pin, but DLJ holds his face and he rolls out of the ring.

DDK:

What a great counter by The D! He scores with the Contractual Obligation, but DLJ is now out on the floor!

Still holding his face, he goes over to Sonny and starts waving his hands around his face.

DLJ:

Sonny... Sonny... is anything broken? My jaw okay?

Sonny blinks.

Lance:

DLJ not endearing himself to his mentor there... wait, here comes The D!

The D slides through the ropes and hits DLJ in the side of the head with a baseball slide through the ropes! He looks out to the floor and then gets ready to leap as Sonny jumps back. He leaps over the ropes and tries to hit a slingshot forearm to the floor...

CAUGHT BY DLJ!

DLJ holds him in place, swings him around and then DRIVES The D back-first into the ring post! The Netflix A-Lister falls to the floor in pain while DLJ now towers over him. He stands up and holds his hands out, taking in the jeers from the Scottish Faithful!

DDK:

Oh, my goodness! Just one move and DLJ turns the tide again!

Lance:

The D is in a bad way!

DLJ grabs him by the side of the head and then picks him up against the barricade. He gears back and then SMACKS The D across the chest with an open-handed chop that brings him to his knees! He then picks up The D and slaps him around with a big shot!

DLJ:

Told you I'm three letters better! I'm D-L-J and you're just A D!

DLJ then muscles The D up and then HURLS him back inside the ring! DLJ stands on the ring apron and when he gets there, he starts flexing his jawline to more jeering.

Lance:

I never thought I'd see a vain Dan Leo James in my time in DEFIANCE, but here we are.

DDK:

It's that influence of Mil Vuelas and the GC Universe at large rubbing off on him.

James rolls back into the ring as The D tries to get back on his feet in the corner. DLJ swings his arm and gets ready to charge. He speeds towards The D like a train, but the corner clothesline misses as The D jumps out of the corner! The challenger for the title sees a chance to mount an offensive and then goes right towards DLJ with a series, raining down more forearms, then swings and hits a chop! The blow only seems to anger DLJ, who pushes him away and ducks off to another corner, but the former Favoured Saints Champion comes back with yet another series!

DLJ pushes him off the middle rope, but The D backflips through and lands on his feet. DLJ catches him and throws him back into the corner. Giga-Dan charges once more, only to catch a back elbow from The D. Dan flinches and charges again, but The D gets both feet up into the chest of DLJ to kick him away once more. Seeing him staggered, The D goes to the apron and then leaps for a springboard...

THWACK!

OOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Only to be make like a Food Network show and get **CHOPPED** square out of the sky first!

Lance:

OOH! That... that was BRUTAL! I could hear that down here!

DDK:

Due to the layout of his arena, we're pretty close to the action just at ringside tonight and I just saw sweat in the air after that Fastball Chop!

Proud of his three-sport background including baseball, track and field and amateur wrestling, DLJ kicks his feet in place, then jumps up and points like he hit a home run just off the edge of the castle! Sonny keeps pointing at DLJ to make the pin and when he remembers he's in a match, he follows the instruction of his mentor and goes for a pinfall on The D.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

The D gets the shoulder up after the first cover of the match, but things aren't in favor of the challenger after that Fastball Chop!

Lance:

He got practically swatted out of the sky like a bug!

DLJ goes to pick up The D again. He drags the Cali native up to his feet before putting him right back down to the mat with a regular-flavored chop to the chest! The D rolls back on the canvas before cradling his chest in pain.

Lance:

Just one chop from this kid is enough to drop The D... oh, come on now!

The D has a boot now grinding into the back of his head as he's on the mat while DLJ stands up, tilts his jaw upwards and starts giving the hard cam at ringside a smoldering look.

DDK:

This recent success of his has really gone to his head. I hope he learned something from the man he calls his hermano, Mil Vultas. He got humbled last night by Kerry Kuroyama after some downright disrespectful tactics.

Lance:

That he did, but what DLJ has that Mil didn't last night is a distinct size and power advantage.

After Rex Knox warns DLJ about his actions, he nods and then pulls The D back to his feet. He smacks The D again, this time with a big elbow to the side of his face that knocks him up against the nearby middle rope. He presses his knee down into the chest of the challenger and goes to work choking him until Rex Knox warns him a second time. Sonny waves a hand across his throat to tell James to stop and he does.

DDK:

Good call by Sonny Silver to get DLJ to stop the choke. If he gets disqualified, the Favoured Saints Title will remain with DLJ, but the defense count of the title falls back to zero, meaning DLJ would have to log four new successful defenses if he wants a shot at the Southern Heritage Title!

Lance:

He's sitting at two very impressive defenses. He defeated former World Trios Champion Angel Trinidad and more recently in The Sphere in Las Vegas, retained against Klein!

Klein remains on the outside, trying to support The D by slapping the ring apron. Sonny tells DLJ to go after The D again. He puts The Netflix A-Lister over his shoulder, but The D slips out behind him. When he turns, he catches a sharp kick aimed right at the knee which makes Dan stagger in his tracks! The D gets a full head of steam off the ropes and tries for a big move... only for DLJ to LEAPFROG over him! The crowd is in shock when The D comes back and eats a HUGE big boot on the return!

DDK:

Oooh! What agility by James! The D just went limp after that big boot!

Lance:

And I don't think Danny is done, either!

Danny lifts the challenger for the second time and this time, hits him with a delayed scoop slam smack-dab in the center of the ring. He runs off one set of ropes, then the other only to come back with a HUGE leg drop with a lot of hangtime right behind it!

DDK:

Wow! What speed off those ropes like always from DLJ! And he's right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The D kicks out by using his leg strength!

Lance:

Great maneuver, but a lax cover by Dan! He should have hooked a leg there!

DDK:

Dan has been a main roster member for just over two years now, but Dan can still be prone to rookie mistakes.

Sonny tightens his hands together and then goes to clasp a very tight rear chinlock on the former Unified Tag and Favoured Saints Champion!

DDK:

Even when he makes a rookie mistake, a mind as brilliant as Sonny behind him really does make him that much more dangerous.

Lance:

Danny has logged some big wins under his belt and is arguably having his best year in DEFIANCE under the tutelage of Sonny Silver and OSCAR BURNS.

The Edinburgh Faithful continue to cheer for The D while Klein is on the outside cheering on his best friend of many years. DLJ tries to throttle The D, but The D isn't playing around tonight. The Netflix A-Lister fights hard to get to his feet before he throws a big elbow into the breadbasket of The D. He rears back and throws a second one! He slugs the big man then The Man with The D heads to the ropes... but what he doesn't expect is DLJ running past him! The D turns around...

SPRINGBOARD BACK ELBOW OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!

DDK:

Good NIGHT! DLJ just wiped out The D completely!

DLJ sits up and then the large agile man rolls back and right into a lateral press on The D, who may be out!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

The D gets the shoulder up, but DLJ goes right back to locking in a rear chinlock while he's on the canvas!

DDK:

Another kickout by The D, but great thinking on display by James here tonight after that springboard back elbow from the middle rope!

Lance:

That was insanity!

The Edinburgh Faithful are jeering Giga-Dan, but he ignores them and continues his firm hold on The D and doesn't let go. The challenger tries to get an arm up and free himself from the very tight grip of the Favoured Saints Champion, but James continues holding the advantage. Sonny and Klein watch from opposite sides of the ring, then Klein turns to get a chant going for his BFF.

D!
D!
D!
D!

They are not chanting just for the fourth letter of the alphabet, nor the bird-like woman from It's Always Sunny In Philadelphia, but rather trying to get The D back to his feet! He hears them and continues to fight until he gets to a knee, then both knees, and back to a vertical base!

DDK:

The Scotland Faithful are willing The D back into this! The D is rising... elbow to DLJ! He's trying to free himself again!

The D continues to fight, this time, landing more elbows to the rib cage! DLJ flinches after each shot, but he definitely feels it when The D repeatedly stomps on his foot! James finally lets go, but he stops The Netflix A-Lister using a knee to the chest! The D is hunched over when he tries another short-arm clothesline! The D ducks! He almost hits Rex Knox, but stops himself!

DDK:

Whoa! Close call by James! He was almost disqualified!

Knox is backed away by James, but when he turns around to face The D...

DA DICK-PUNCH-AH!

DDK:

The D! The D just got him with that uh... blow to the nether regions!

Rex Knox turns around to see DLJ on his knees holding the uh... Giga-Chads. He looks over at The D, who is feigning the same exact type of pain so Rex Knox is none the wiser!

Lance:

This isn't the type of activity I would condone, but PCP have never shied away from who they really are. DLJ has been using illegal tactics for some of this match, so he brought that on himself!

The D knows he has a chance to make a comeback as DLJ rolls to the floor still trying to do his best to stay upright. Still feeling the effects of the earlier punch, Big Dan turns and gets a dropkick to the face through the ropes courtesy of The D! Dan goes stumbling backwards into the guardrail outside the ring.

DDK:

What is The D thinking about here?!

With some gusto, the former Favoured Saints Champion takes flight right through the middle rope and nailing the current Favoured Saints Champion with a flying tope through the ropes! The blow knocks DLJ back into the turnbuckle!

Lance:

What a dive... but somehow, Dan is *still* on his feet!

The D runs into the ring again while Klein cheers on his buddy. Sonny Silver tells him to shut up while The D takes flight a third and final time, this time with a running somersault plancha that FINALLY gets the giant off his feet!

DDK:

The D is finally getting Dan Leo James on the back foot! He just might be closing in on that Favoured Saints Championship!

The Director of DEFIANCE has the people going as Sonny yells at DLJ to get back inside the ring. DLJ rolls back inside still feeling the effects of the earlier low blow and the dives from The D. The D slides inside the ring a hair quicker and as James is on his knees, he gets wiped out with a crescent kick!

DDK:

With Everything! The D for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DLJ still has too much power and PUSHES The D right off of him! Danny sits up slowly and then tries to get back to his feet while The D is shocked!

Lance:

This is the most offense that The D has been able to string together so far against this big man! What else can he do?

The D gets brazen (not the developmental) and goes for a rear waistlock on Danny! He attempts a german suplex on the much larger Danny, but Danny quickly elbows him away. The D is stunned as DLJ runs for a big clothesline, only to be sidestepped by The D and pushed into the ropes, right into a HUGE REBOUND GERMAN SUPLEX THAT HAS THE CROWD STUNNED!

DDK:

Unbelievable! DLJ tried to swat The D away with that clothesline and The D uses leverage to take the big man down!

Lance:

The D has an opening! He's gotta get inside!

DLJ is down on his knees when The D comes running and snaps him down with a running DDT on the canvas! Sonny is floored when his protege is flat on his back as The D goes for broke! He climbs through the ropes and heads up top, far away from where Sonny is. He stands on the top rope and comes CRASHING down on Dan Leo James with the frog splash!

DDK:

The Netflix A-Lister hits The B Movie! That might do it!

The D sits on DLJ's chest and hooks a leg as tight as he can for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DLJ once again POWERS out of the cover, but the count was the closest yet! The D can't believe his luck and looks over at Rex Knox, who has only two fingers up! Sonny breathes just a little bit easier while Klein's head sinks downward.

DDK:

That could have been The D's best shot! He's found a way to chop Giga-Dan down to size, but he hasn't found a way to keep him down!

Lance:

The D has wanted this match for weeks and now that he's finally here, he's knocking on the door of victory!

With Klein outside leading the charge for the Edinburgh Faithful cheering them on, he measures up DLJ by putting his hands in a camera motion in front of him as he gets to his knees.

DDK:

Could we see that shining wizard variation? The D calls this Beat It... because it's The D and of course he does...

He speeds across the ring...

GOOZLED BY DANNY!

DDK:

NO! HE'S GOING FOR THE GIGA-DAN SLAM!

DLJ towers to his full height and then pulls The D up for the sitout chokeslam... but The D rocks him with a knee! DLJ stumbles back into the corner as the challenger saves himself from certain defeat. He leans back in the opposite corner and points towards Dan before running again...

Lance:

No! Dan moves!

He throws The D in the corner he just was and then SMACKS him with a big running corner clothesline first! Sonny rolls a finger and tells Danny to do it again!

DLJ:

BRB says DLJ!

DLJ runs cross-corner and comes back with a second corner clothesline! The D reels from the shot!

DDK:

Two big corner clotheslines... and Dan likes to hit these in threes!

The blue chipper goes across the ring and hits a THIRD one! He finally gets The D out of the corner and onto his shoulders before running and PLANTING him with the running fireman's carry neckbreaker!

DDK:

What a move! Danny calls that the Looksmax!

DLJ rolls over on top of The D and counts along with both hands in the air!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

DLJ's blue eyes bulge out of his head as he sits up and looks right at Rex Knox! He gets the Riot Act read to him by both Sonny and Danny!

Sonny Silver:

That was a three-count, you fucking bum!

DLJ:

Yeah, you little ass-butt! One! Two! Three!

Rex returns fire by holding up two fingers and showing them to both men! Klein from his corner holds up two fingers towards Sonny, setting him off!

Lance:

That might have been a costly mistake on Danny's part! He should have hooked a leg there when he had the chance!

DDK:

He really should have! That combination might have put The D away if he had!

Sonny points at Danny and tells him to wrap this one up. He nods and then stands directly over The D with a hand out, ready to strike again.

DDK:

Even if The D kicked out, he doesn't look like he's in any position to fight back! The last time these two fought, The D fell to the Giga-Dan Slam to lose the title in the first place!

DLJ stomps at the mat and is practically ready to put him through the canvas. The D stands up and gets a hand wrapped around his throat! James points up and hoists him up for the chokeslam... but for the second time, the D manages to save himself this time by way of a hurricanrana counter! He sends DLJ over and sends him stumbling head-first into the top turnbuckle!

DDK:

No! Giga-Dan Slam reversed! The D gets him from behind! Schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

DLJ kicks out! But before he can recover, The D jumps on him with a guillotine choke as he's grounded!

DDK:

Choke It! The D is choking it... er, Danny! The guillotine choke is locked on tight!

The Edinburgh Faithful are going nuts as The D cranks in the submission while DLJ is on one knee!

Lance:

Is this going to be it?! Will we see a tapout in our opening match tonight?!

The D continues to hold on for dear life while Sonny is trying to get Danny's attention, directing him towards the ropes to force a break! Danny is visibly in pain right now! That's when Sonny gets an idea and slips a chair right into the ring in full view of Rex Knox!

DDK:

What is Sonny Silver doing?! Danny will keep the title, but his defense count will reset to zero if he gets intentionally disqualified using that chair!

The D doesn't let go of the Choke It submission while Rex Knox takes the chair and picks it up out of the ring! Sonny climbs up on the apron as The D crawls towards the ropes and jabs a thumb in The D's eye! The D lets go long

enough for DLJ to firmly plant him mid-ring with a big spinebuster to break the submission up!

DDK:

Of course! It was a distraction! It was a damn distraction by Sonny! Knox never saw it!

DLJ can't follow up as he's gasping for air while The D is down! Outside the ring, Klein has had enough and runs over, pointing and threatening to lay out the wrestling Hall of Famer as he backs away from the big man.

Lance:

Klein has had enough of Sonny's presence!

Sonny protests as The Boxman looks ready to scrap.

Sonny Silver:

You need to back the hell up with that Metal Gear Solid shit on your head! I'm wrestling royalt... AH!

Klein has Sonny by the collar and pushes him down on the floor! He stands over Sonny...

DASH AND BASH BY DLJ!

DDK:

NO! DLJ comes to the rescue of his mentor! Klein just got tackled out of his boots with the Dash and Bash!

DLJ stands over Klein, still holding his neck from the past attack! Sonny points in the ring to tell Danny to get back inside and finish the job! James nods and then goes back into the ring as he lines up The D, getting ready to take his head off as he's up in the ring!

DDK:

That Dash and Bash just rocked Klein! If The D gets run over by Danny, I think this could be over!

DLJ runs forward and goes for the Sigma Kick... THE D DUCKS AND DLJ CRASHES ON THE CANVAS!

DDK:

No! DLJ used that Sigma Kick successfully in their first match, but The D had it scouted this time!

The D wraps up DLJ and goes for a high and tight cradle pin! An h

Lance:

He counters into the inside cradle!

ONE!

DLJ struggles!

TWO!

AND THE D HOOKS A HANDFUL OF TIGHTS!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Return Of The Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

DLJ bolts up after the three-count in complete shock! The D rolls out of the ring as quickly as he can! James sits up and yells at Rex Knox, who goes outside the ring to retrieve the Favoured Saints Title! The Faithful roar with approval!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... and the NEEWWWWWWWWWW Favoured Saints Champion... **THE D!**

On the outside of the ring, The D is awarded the Favoured Saints Championship!

DDK:

THE D DOES IT! THE D DOES IT! HE BECOMES A TWO-TIME FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION!

Lance:

Remember, too... that's EXACTLY how DLJ became champion in the first place! He did it as a favor when The D rolled up Mil Vueltas with tights to win the title the first time! The D returns the favour in kind... you know, with a U cause Favoured Saints! He won the title back!

The D holds up the title proudly as Klein gets up and picks up his partner, celebrating in the aisleway! Meanwhile, inside the ring, Sonny Silver is trying to calm down DLJ, throwing a fit and kicking the ropes!

DLJ:

HE STOLE THAT TITLE! HE'S A TITLE-STEALING ASS-BUTT! CALL INTERPOL, SONNY, THEY NEED TO FIX THIS!

Sonny Silver and DLJ both corner Rex Knox and bully him by telling him The D hooked the tights! The camera cuts back to The D, grinning from ear to ear and then holding up the title!

DDK:

What an opening match to kick off the show! But tonight, we have plenty to come! The D's partner, Elise Ares, faces the man that leads the GC Universe, OSCAR BURNS in what may very well be the biggest match of her career!

Lance:

Night One was pure mayhem all across the board and judging by this opening match. I can't imagine this will be the last we'll see of this issue with the Favoured Saints Title, but for now, we've got a whole lot more on tap for DEFIANCE Road!

THE BADDEST DAD

At a special interview backdrop set up in the hallows of the Edinburgh Castle, Jamie Sawyers stands by.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, with me at this time... Titaness, Brooklynn Rivera, Killjoy and "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez... Titanes Familia.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

One night removed from two big battles, Titaness stands by with a bandage over her left ear, but otherwise dressed in a black and gold body suit, coat and sunglasses. Next to her, the surrogate daughter Brooklynn Rivera has on a black coat with a Puerto Rico flag patch, dark glasses, her hair in two long braids and a gold necklace with a charm in the shape of a knife around her neck. Next to them, Killjoy towers over the two with a black sleeveless button-up shirt and black jeans. Right behind him as the camera rounds out the frame...

"The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez with his gold-tinted sunglasses, blue jeans, a white turtleneck and black overcoat. Wearing a bandage over a part of his forehead, Uriel looks down at Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

Last night, Titanes Familia members were in action. First, Titaness was defeated by Butcher Victo...

Titaness: *[tilting her head and gesturing to her left ear]*

What? Jamie, I'm gonna need you to talk in my other ear.

Jamie Sawyers inches forward, trying to be conscious of Titaness' situation.

Jamie Sawyers:

Last night, Butcher Victorious scored the victory in the Stick on a Pole match and caused you some damage in your lef... HEY!

Brooklynn Rivera SNATCHES Sawyers by his tie and pulls him closer.

Brooklynn Rivera: *[tensely]*

No... Butcher Victorious made Titaness go DEAF. That's all he did. That dumbshit think he's done with us, but I ain't done with HIM. He ain't fought me yet... And next time I see him, Imma drop him on his head!

Titaness:

Preach, Brookie. Preach.

Brooklynn finally lets go of Jamie's collar and lets him pull back.

Uriel Cortez:

All good, Angelita. Let him do his job...

He eyes Jamie.

Uriel Cortez:

...But you better watch how you talk to my wife.

Jamie Sawyers:

That well... brings me to my next question. You and Killjoy were victorious in a very brutal tornado tag team match. Not only are you the first team to defeat The Lads, but you're also one of a short list of people who have pinned Dex Joy on pay-per-view!

Uriel rests his arm on the shoulder of Killjoy next to him. Killjoy almost appears to be... beaming under his mask.

Uriel Cortez:

Damn right we did and damn right, I am. Joy made his little jokes about Pop-Pops and Sticks and all this... but let me ask you a question, Jamie... this whole time The Lads got in Familia Business... did I lie?

Jamie Sawyers:

About?

Uriel Cortez:

I've TOLD HIM TO HIS FACE the longer he drags this out, the more he lets people down. He let down his friends and family when I took my belt to him in California. He let down Butcher Victorious and Punch Drunk Purcell when they jumped us and we got thrown out of the building cause frail little security are made of fucking paper. He wasn't there for them when my wife and Killer beat them.

Uriel points at Jamie.

Uriel Cortez:

And tonight, he got Punch Drunk Purcell's wrist fractured. I already heard that The CTE Kid isn't expected to be cleared for at least a few months because Killjoy SMASHED his wrist with steel steps. I don't lie. THAT is what you get when you put your hands on one of mine... Killer will make sure you don't have working hands no more.

Killjoy inches lower towards the much smaller Sawyers.

Killjoy: *[growling behind mask]*

Keep your hands... to yourself.

Uriel Cortez:

Tell 'em, son. Dex, everything that's happened... that's on YOUR conscience, pally. You two started a war with Mi Familia that Killer and I FINISHED last night. I wanted this time tonight because I want EVERYONE to hear me... I want EVERYONE to understand what we're capable of... Last night wasn't an example; it was a fucking STATEMENT and that statement is this... Dex Joy? You aren't the man around here: I AM. The Biggest Boy got the ass-whomping he deserved... courtesy of me, THE BADDEST DAD!

He pats Killjoy's arm.

Uriel Cortez:

Killjoy gave Purcell exactly what he deserved, too. I can do what I did to Scott Douglas... and what I did to you... DEFIANCE doesn't have to worry about all these soft and fragile little twats running around in groups to save themselves... because now you have someone with STRENGTH. You have someone with FORCE that can take DEFIANCE where it needs to be. You have a father figure you can finally trust to do the things that nobody else wants to do.

Uriel gestures with two fingers for the camera to move up closer. He puts two fingers to his eyes.

Uriel Cortez:

DEFIANCE? Look at me...

Then back to the camera.

Uriel Cortez:

I'm your father now.

Uriel and Killjoy walk off the set first with Titaness and Rivera right behind them.

Titaness:

Let's get the hell out of Scotland. Like... NOW. Tired of this gloomy weather.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Girl, same.

SIX MAN TAG ELIMINATION MATCH: THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. THE MOST PRECIOUS GEMS

DDK:

And now comes a match that a lot of us have been looking for, with its roots dating back to Tag Party VI!

Lance:

Madame Melton is known for many things -- and her pettiness is at the top of the list. She has had it out for The Lucky Sevens due to Max Luck and Rowzilla defeating "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon and Nick "Lotto Otto" en route to their victorious triumph at Tag Party VI!

DDK:

This led Madame Melton to hide Algernon -- her beloved pet cobra -- in the Lucky Sevens locker room, where her viper bit Mason Luck, forcing him to lapse into a coma in hopes that the antivenom would save his life!

Lance:

The Most Precious Gems used the numbers game so JJ Dixon could score a pinfall win on Max Luck soon after. But The Lucky Sevens got revenge at our annual awards ceremony when Mason Luck miraculously returned from his coma -- and allegedly cooked Algernon and fed Melton burgers made of his flesh, along with a cold dish of revenge.

DDK:

The Gems have made it clear that their spite for the legendary Lucky Sevens goes beyond what we stated just above. The needy unit are jealous of the popularity of the Sevens who have in their nefarious past been among the most hated teams in DEFIANCE history -- and have also made it clear they believe youngster Lonnie Luck is a weak link beneath their status!

Lance:

Phew! This elimination match is going to be an absolute barnburner! Carla Ferrari is going to have her hands full!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is an elimination rules six-man tag team match! Eliminations can take place by either pinfall, submission, countout or disqualification! The first team to eliminate all competitors from this match will be declared the winner!

Words appear on the screen that show the Lucky Sevens logo engulfed in flames ... And now ... a flame morphing into the picture ... of a SNAKE!!!

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team
TAG PARTY SIX WINNER!!!
AND DEFIANCE'S COLD HEARTED SNAKES!!!

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Words flash all along the screen and the response is deafening from the Scottish fans! Lonnie Luck comes out first, followed shortly by his much later twin cousins, Max and Mason! All three men are wearing matching gear for the occasion! Max and Mason stand back to back, wearing dark jeans, black boots and red and green snake-skin vests! The seven-foot twins both stand with Lonnie who is wearing a matching gray snake-skin vest! All three men are throwing up the Winning Hand and the fans in the stands are as well!

AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Darren Quimbey:

They are a combined weight of seven-hundred twenty six pounds! They are the team of "The Pocket Ace" Lonnie

Luck! "The Maim Event Monster" Mason Luck! "The Beast of the Bright Lights" Max Luck! THEEEEEEEEEEEEE LUCKYYYYYYYYYYY SEEEEVVVVENNNSSSS!!!

On the way to the ring, high fives are handed out by Lonnie Luck. Max and Mason Luck are less receptive to the fans and they do hand out a few but their focus is on the ring and the ring only.

Lance:

Look at those snake-skin vests! More mind games from the Sevens tonight!

DDK:

This is the first time in a few months that we have seen the Lucks reunited at full strength! As dangerous as they can be, the Most Precious Gems can match them with crazy!

All three of the Luck family hold up the Winning Hand one more time for everyone to see! They get ready for the fight that's coming.

The lights dim as the DEFIatron shows the Olde Hollywood filmstrip countdown.

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The crowd boos as the entrance ramp spotlight blares as Madame Melton comes out, wearing a black Jackie O-style pillbox hat with a funeral veil on it with a silver feather. She stands at the top of the entrance ramp, standing in the spotlight.

Darren Quimbey:

And being led by the two-time DEFIANCE Manager of the Year Madame Melton —

Melton issues a wicked smile and snaps her finger. The arena lights turn back on and WHAM! The Sevens were facing The Damsel of Distress and didn't see it coming.

DDK:

JJ Dixon just cracked Mason Luck in the back with a chair! De La Reeves just did the same to Lonnie Luck!

Max Luck turns around to see what has happened and —

DDK:

Raiden just clocked him with his Suddenly Last Slumber backfist right near his eye socket!

Lance:

And look! He did so with Madame's cigarette holder in his hand!

Carla Ferrari is looking around as the chairs keep crashing on Lonnie and Mason. Max is on all fours trying to figure out what happened before Raiden fires off the ropes and gives him a shotgun dropkick, sending him to the floor.

DDK:

This is an ambush! Straight out of Melton's playbook these past few years!

Lance:

What the hell are The Most Precious Gems doing now?

JJ Dixon stands on the top of one corner, with Raiden on the opposite. The New Flying Frenchman is crouched down and is measuring up Max, as he's getting to his feet.

DDK:

JJ with a missile dropkick from the top to Max on the floor —

Which sends Max backwards —

DDK:

Into a release German Suplex from Reeves —

That flips Max completely over, face first on the concrete —

DDK:

RAIDEN OFF THE TOP WITH A DOUBLE STOMP TO THE BACK OF MAX'S HEAD!!!

Lance:

He is trying to live up to the name The Cause of Concussions!

Madame Melton finally enters the frame, hopping on the apron and pointing mad at Carla.

Madame Melton:

Ring the bell! Ring the bell or else!

The Gems are picking Max up and rolling him into the ring, as Mason and Lonnie are still laid out.

Lance:

I don't think Carla wants to find find out what "else" means!

DING DING

DDK:

Raiden with the cover on Max, who has not moved at all since that insane, incredible triple team suplex on the floor!

One!

Two!

Three!

Madame makes a perfect pantomime to go along with the —

DING

Darren Quimbey:

Max Luck has been eliminated from this match!

DDK:

And just like that, The Most Precious Gems have eliminated Max Luck from this match!

Raiden stands sneering, looking at Max underneath him, with his cousin patting him on the back and JJ kneels in front of them, his tongue hanging out like Venom through his mask.

Lance:

And as diabolical as Melton is, you have to give credit where credit is due! Mason Luck was just in a coma for several weeks. Lonnie Luck does not have a lot of experience, on top of being perhaps the smallest member of the DEFIANCE roster!

DDK:

That's why that witch has won the Manager of the Year award twice in a row!

DefMED comes to the ringside area to help Max to the back. But he shoves them off to leave on his own, holding the area near his eye but still gesturing and yelling threats at The Gems, even as Madame Melton sits on the ring apron waving him goodbye.

DDK:

Now Mason and Lonnie are back up regrouping in their corner, shaking loose the cobwebs from the chair attack right as the introductions to this match started.

De La Reeves stands in the ring first for The Gems, and he's pointing at Mason.

De La Reeves:

I don't want The Weakest Link! I want the big man!

Mason makes an "oh, really?" look. Then Reeves reaches up.

DDK:

The New Flying Frenchman just slapped the 7-footer in the face!

Lance:

I don't think that was a good idea at all!

De La Reeves makes a shocked face and backpedals apologizing as Money Makin' Mase storms after him.

DDK:

Reeves makes a beeline for the floor with Mason following —

Raiden then runs down the apron and clocks Mason with a running yakuza kick right as the big man was leaning over the ropes.

Lance:

A well timed set-up that has become the trademark of The Gems!

Ferrari admonishes Raiden for his kick. Jean-Pierre smirks and does a Fargo Strut as he turns to the audience and makes two victory signs with his opposite hands.

De La Reeves:

Vive Le France!

Boooooo!!!

But Mason rolls out of the ring with a furious look and meets The New Flying Frenchman with a running elbow smash.

DDK:

Pretty Face Mase now ducks under a kick from Raiden and pulls him off the apron! And The Cause of Concussions just got rocked by an elbow smash, too!

Mason takes one of his paws and puts the Winning Hand on Reeves. Then he takes the second onto Raiden!

Lance:

The finishing hold that made his family famous!

Mason shakes them both around to the delight of a happy crowd! But JJ comes running out of nowhere with a running throat spike!

DDK:

The Fatal Attraction was laying in wait!

Lance:

But so is Lonnie Luck!

The Pocket Ace is on the top rope and flies off onto Dixon, and Raiden who shoves his tag partner/faux Frenchman out of the way.

DDK:

Reeves now grabs Lonnie and runs him head first into the ring post!

Lance:

This type of planned chaos from The Gems is what has made them such a dangerous threat this past year!

De La Reeves rolls into the ring... but didn't realize Mason had rolled back into the ring already.

DDK:

Spinning sidewalk slam from the big man! Wheelin' and Dealin'!

Lance:

But Mason, the biggest man in the match shows that size is always the great neutralizer!

Mase winks to the crowd (with an outsized female fandom cheering) as he picks up The New Flying Frenchman and tosses him into the corner, followed by a splash.

DDK:

I think the turnbuckle almost just shattered from the force of the 300-plus pound giant from the Sin City!

Lance:

He's not done yet!

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!

De La Reeves screams in pain after each of the mammoth chops.

DDK:

You can feel those chops all the way in Paris, by way of Delaware! Four of a Kind chops!

Lance:

This is exactly why The Lucky Sevens have been as dominant a force as we have ever seen in DEFIANCE!

Dixon feints like he's going in the ring, getting the attention of Carla Ferrari. That distraction allows Raiden to sprint down his side of the ring and blast Mason across the jaw with a running palm strike.

Lance:

Mason Luck is a giant target, and Raiden was poised to strike! Many people are predicting big things from the striking specialist in 2025, and that's why!

Raiden:

Say! My! Name!

Boooooo!

DDK:

And so is Madame Melton!

With Ferrari now admonishing Raiden, Mason is trying to pull himself back to his feet via the ropes, except The Damsel of Distress rakes her well-manicured fingertips across his eyes!

DDK:

Never take your eyes off that woman!

Lance:

You can see Mason just getting angrier by the second from the non-stop distractions and cheap shots.

De La Reeves limps to his corner and tags in Raiden who quickly lays the boots to Mason. Dixon reaches in and tags in and quickly off the ropes with a shotgun dropkick to the big man's head. Dixon now sits on Mason's back and props him up, and Raiden delivers the same!

DDK:

The Most Precious Gems just never stop swarming!

De La Reeves tags in and lifts Mason up from behind --

DDK:

Wait, is he trying to deadlift Mason?

Raiden tags in from his partner... but Mason instead pushes back into The Gems corner, splatting De La Reeves. Then he springs out --

Lance:

Mason just turned Raiden inside-out with a lariat!

Lonnie Luck is back on the apron, and he turns to the crowd and stomps his foot! Mason is on all fours, trying to catch his breath

Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck reaching out as far as he can in hopes that Mason can make the tag!

But JJ tags in and becomes the legal man, and sprints across the ring and crushes the unexpected Lonnie with a running big boot to the face.

Lance:

What a hell of a kick that sends Lonnie back to the floor!

Dixon now ducks another lariat attempt from Mase, who rebounds off the ropes as a result --

DDK:

DIXON HAS MASON ON HIS SHOULDERS, CARTWHEEL DEATHVALLEY DRIVER WITH A 300-PLUS POUND MAN ON HIS SHOULDERS!

Dixon without even looking then bounces onto the middle rope into a springboard moonsault!

DDK:

Cover!

One!

Two!

Thre-- No!

Lance:

That sequence right there shows why JJ Dixon may be the purest athlete in all of professional wrestling today! He made that sequence look easy!

The Fatal Attraction whips Mason into their corner, with Raiden tagging in. Raiden whips JJ into the corner with a leaping leg lariat!

DDK:

And Raiden follows with a triangle enziguri kick that just brained Mason, who falls to the mat.

Lance:

Now The Flying Frenchman's on the top!

Reeves, who tagged in, leaps off with a flying headbutt from the top!

One!

Two!

ThreeNO!

DDK:

Mason just kicked out!

Lance:

He has to be exhausted considering how this is his first in-ring action in months after the vicious bite from Madame Melton's pet cobra Algernon!

Jean-Pierre for some reason decides it's ideal to first walk on Mason's back, before dropping down to meet him eye level and do pushups!

DDK:

What is this idiot doing?

De La Reeves:

Zero! Un! Deux! Trios! Quatre!

Booooooo!!!

Lance:

This was not a good idea!

Mason headbutts The New Flying Frenchman. And again. And again, as he powers to all fours. Reeves tries to hold him off, but Mason instead catches him --

DDK:

Jackpot Drop! That pumphandle right into a backbreaker!

Lonnie again stomps on the mat and the crowd ralles., Raiden slides into the ring but can't get there in time.

Lance:

The fiery Lonnie Luck finally gets in the ring! Forearm smash to Raiden! And again! Now a dropkick sends The Cause of Concussions to the floor!

Madame Melton is besides herself at ringside.

DDK:

The Fatal Attraction runs in and charges -- OH MY GOD!

Lonnie sidesteps JJ and kicks him in the rear, which sends JJ jumping through the top and middle rope, backfirst onto the floor at the feet of the despondent Silver Vixen!

Reeves gets up and turns to Mason --

Lance:

He just hocked a loogie right into the face of Mason Luck! He's furious!

Mason reaches in and tags Lonnie, despite The Pocket Ace's momentum, and immediately runs after Jean-Pierre and claws him!

DDK:

It's time for The Winning Hand!

But JJ's on the apron, getting Carla's attention (again.) Raiden rips Lonnie down to the floor and clobbers him with a roundhouse kick.

Lance:

Melton uses the distraction and grabs Mason's feet!

Mason drops Reeves and immediately reaches over the ropes, knocking over her pillbox hat.

DDK:

HE HAS MELTON IN THE IRON CLAW! HE'S GOING TO SLAM HER WITH THE WINNING HAND!

She screams but takes something in her pillbox hat and slides it between his legs.

Lance:

She slipped in brass knuckles!

Reeves crawls to grab the brass knuckles, but Mason drops Melton and then stomps on the brass knuckles before The Faux Frenchman can get to them. Reeves begs off as Mase.

Madame Melton:

NOW! NOW! NOW!

Just like that, De La Reeves plays dead on the mat, and Dixon drops down for Carla to turn to see the unused weapon under Mase's boot.

DDK:

No, Carla! No!

Carla points at Mason, and calls for the bell!

DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Referee Carla Ferrari has determined that Mason Luck used an illegal weapon and as a result of his disqualification... has been eliminated from the match!

Booooooooooooo!!!!

DDK:

Mason Luck is absolutely furious! He can't believe it!

Lance:

The Gems absolutely roped him into that! Jean-Pierre De La Reeves is an absolute irritant. He and Melton did everything to get under Mason's skin, and then used Luck's reputation for devious tactics in his not-so-recent past against him!

Madame coolly blows on her fingernails as DefSEC comes down to pull him to the back, as he continues to lob threats towards the ring.

DDK:

I hate to give that woman any credit at all... but she's managed to get her Most Precious Gems in position for a clean sweep!

Lonnie Luck starts to get up and nervously stares at the ring as all three Most Precious Gems stand in the ring, licking their chops, with Melton smirking on the other side of the ring.

De La Reeves:

Au revoir, Weak Link Luck!

Dixon and Raiden slither on opposite sides of the rings.

DDK:

Lonnie with a forearm to Dixon! And now to Raiden!

Lance:

He's absolutely NOT going to go down without a fight!

But The New Flying Frenchman meets Lonnie with a boot to the head to quell the momentum.

DDK:

Front facelock... and Jean-Pierre with a beautiful release suplex!

Lance:

Despite his annoyingness, he's very fundamentally sound like so many second generation wrestlers.

The other Gems are back in the corner.

DDK:

De La Reeves hooks the legs... Texas Cloverleaf!

Raiden quickly tags in, with Dixon tagging him.

DDK:

Raiden measures up... and he just punted the exposed knee of Lonnie Luck!

The New Flying Frenchman lets go and does a backwards roll to the floor. Dixon then slingshots over the apron with a legdrop to the back of Luck's head!

Lance:

Madame Melton is beaming as her Plan A has unfolded to perfection, and you get the sense that a clean sweep is coming!

Reeves and Raiden are both on the floor and grab Lonnie in a wishbone and pull back.

DDK:

Oh no, they just posted Lonnie crotch first!

Lonnie makes an “ohhhh” face, and not in a good way. Mommie Dearest beams as both members of The French Connection give her pecks on opposite cheeks.

Booooooooooooo!

Dixon picks up the smaller Lonnie, and rams him with a shoulderblock in the corner.

DDK:

I don't like the looks of this!

The Fatal Attraction lifts Lonnie to the top rope and follows him. Raiden tags in at the same time.

Lance:

Dear god! They're going to break the kid's ribs!

Dixon throws Lonnie high off the top rope with a gorilla press, and Raiden meets him with a bicycle kick to the midsection on the way down.

DDK:

Come on, they can just end this at anytime they want!

Madame Melton is screaming for them to do just that. She sits on the apron with a wide eyed smile of madness and pulls down the top rope with her right hand.

Lance:

You can tell that she has had this moment planned for weeks now!

All three of The Most Precious Gems hold Lonnie over their heads. The Scotland crowd rises in fear and anticipation of what's coming next:

DDK:

THEY JUST LAUNCHED LONNIE LUCK INTO THE CROWD!!!

But...

Lance:

EDINBURGH JUST CAUGHT LONNIE LUCK!

The crowd screams as the first few rows catch Lonnie, who comes alive as they start passing him around like he's Eddie Vedder.

DDK:

And Madame Melton is furious, berating Carla to stop this! But she won't!

The crowd continues to pass Lonnie around, now several rows back and heading to the other side of the ring.

Lon-nie! Lon-nie! Lon-nie!

Lance:

This she did not plan for!

Melton is stomping mad as Lonnie appears energized from the crowdsurfing, and the audience starts to push him back to the ring.

Lon-nie! Lon-nie! Lon-nie!

DDK:

Melton points to her charges to get Lonnie!

Raiden is first and tries to meet Lonnie with his Suddenly Last Slumber spinning backfist, but Lonnie ducks!

Lance:

Raiden may have just broken his hand against the steel ring post!

Now Reeves charges, and Lonnie ducks under.

DDK:

Back body drop that sends The Faux Frenchman crashing into his tag partner!

Lance:

Now a double stomp to Raiden! And one to De La Reeves!

Lon-nie! Lon-nie! Lon-nie!

Lonnie stomps up the steps and leans into the ring.

DDK:

Oh no! Dixon was waiting for him with a running knee right to the temple when Lonnie was trying to get back in the ring.

Dixon mounts Lonnie for his 400 Blows forearm shivers.

JJ Dixon:

WHY! [Smash] DO! [Smash] THEY! [Smash] HURT! [Smash] MY! [Smash] FEELINGS! [Smash]

Dixon Sucks! Dixon Sucks! Dixon Sucks!

Lance:

There is nothing that bothers JJ more than the crowd jeering him!

JJ holds his hands over his ears and screams in frustration from the crowd's chant. But then he sits on Lonnie's back and grabs the arm.

DDK:

Hearing to cinch in that stanglehold crossface he calls A Streetcar Named Retire!

Lonnie screams in pain when JJ wrenched back —

Lance:

But Lonnie is biting JJ's arm!

DDK:

The ultimate counter!

Dixon screams in pain now as Lonnie powers up and rams JJ back first right into the corner.

DDK:

But JJ hooks on the full Nelson! Sunset Boulevard NO!

Lonnie rolls up Dixon instead!

One!

Two!

Three!

DING**Darren Quimbey:**

JJ DIXON HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Lance:

Lonnie just pinned JJ! He just pinned a former Favoured Saints champion and the de facto captain of this unholy trio!

JJ's face is shocked as he looks up in dismay. Melton is even worse, as she's screaming bloody murder claiming it was a two-count. JJ slinks out of the way, and Madame climbs to the apron and berates Ferrari.

DDK:

Raiden sneaks into the ring for a cheap shot —

Lance:

But Lonnie sees it coming!

Lonnie side steps the running yakuza kick from Raiden, who instead kicks Ferrari, who crashes into Melton, who then flies off the apron onto De La Reeves who was just getting to his feet.

DDK:

Ferrari is stunned! Lonnie grabs that hand Raiden just injured moments ago and rams it into the turnbuckle! Now he's biting that injured hand!

Raiden hops up and down holding the hurt hand.

Lance:

Lonnie now with a shotgun dropkick with Raiden in the corner.

DDK:

What's he doing now?

Lonnie rolls out and grabs a chair at ringside before rolling back in.

Lance:

He's a Luck after all!

Lonnie turns and sees Carla stirring. He pounds the mat on the chair to make a noise. Raiden starts to get up from the corner...

DDK:

Lonnie just slid that chair to Raiden's feet!

Lance:

And now he's playing dead!

Carla comes to and sees Raiden trying to get the planted evidence out of the way, but he's caught. Raiden starts shaking his head "no" repeatedly...

But to no avail! She calls for the bell!

DING

Darren Quimbey:

As a result of a disqualification... Raiden has been eliminated!

Raiden remains furious as Ferrari is ordering him to go. Lonnie sits on his knees and laughing at the fast one he pulled off.

Lon-nie! Lon-nie! Lon —

DDK:

Jean-Pierre just sneaked into the ring and clocked Lonnie from behind with a knee trembler!

Lance:

He's called Lonnie Luck the "weak link" of the Lucky Sevens many times these past few weeks! Now he's the last hope for the Gems!

Reeves stands over Lonnie in a smug fashion to pick him up —

DDK:

Roll up! Come on Lonnie!

Oneee!

Twoooo!!!

Threennooo!

The Frenchman kicks Lonnie to gain control and whips him into the corner — reversal that sends Jean-Pierre chest first into the corner.

DDK:

Lonnie with the front face lock and up the ropes for The Pocket Ace —

But De La Reeves bends down with his hips and catches Lonnie —

Lance:

What core strength —

And he snaps back with a backdrop suplex that crashes Lonnie on his head and neck.

Lance:

And what devastation!

Jean-Pierre is also slow to get up, but has a devilish look as he catches his breath... and sees Lonnie in a daze.

DDK:

Superkick!

Lance:

You could hear that boot cracking against Lonnie's skull all the way in Glasgow!

Lonnie falls so his head and shoulders are on the second rope. De La Reeves dusts imaginary dirt from his shoulders.

DDK:

He's trying for his Gone With The Pinned suplex!

The New Flying Frenchman runs and rebound flips over Lonnie while snapping back in a German Suplex —

DDK:

Lonnie landed on his feet!

Lance:

How did he do that?

Jean-Pierre gets up confused, and Lonnie hooks the front facelock and runs up the ropes...

DDK:

POCKET ACE! COME ON KID!!!

Lonnie makes the crawl and pits an arm over the man who called him The Weak Link for weeks.

Lonnie Luck:

WEAK LINK *THIS*, BITCH!!!

Lance:

DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES???

Onnnneeee!!!

Twwwwooo!!!

Madame Melton picks herself up from the floor on the far side of the ring just in time to see—

Threeeeeee!!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

The crowd explodes!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... Max, Mason and LONNIE Luck... The Lucky Sevens!!!

Lonnie pulls himself up and screams in excitement along with the fans as he looks to the entrance for his cousins.

Meanwhile, Madame rips off one of her heels and angrily whips it into the crowd. Then she does it with the second, tears of mascara dripping down her face.

DDK:

That woman thought she had a brilliant, foolproof strategy mapped out! The Gems attacked the Lucks to start this match and eliminated Max! Mason got tricked into a disqualification!

Lance:

But she and her Most Precious Gems failed to compute the resiliency and the size of the heart of the undersized Lonnie Luck! But Lonnie Luck ... a man that The D once ignored and had to fight for respect! A man that the Gems referred to as the "weak link" of the group ... he just clean-swept the Most Precious Gems! Now you can't ignore him any longer!

Melton's fists are balled as she pounds the mat, screaming and crying. She then turns and kicks the ring steps in anger, forgetting she is not wearing shoes and now hopping up and down somehow screaming louder.

Back in the ring, Mason and a wincing Max head back into the ring. Mason turns to the crying Melton.

Mason Luck:

Snakes taste like chicken! Did you know that?

The hysterical Madame Melton goes even crazier and runs off to the back!

Max Luck:

Cry harder!

Mason and Max climb into the ring and Mason goes to help Lonnie up, placing their little cousin on their shoulders!

DDK:

What a performance by Lonnie Luck! The Lucky Sevens have firmly established themselves as one of the most successful teams in DEFIANCE Wrestling today! And tonight, Lonnie Luck just established himself firmly as the most resilient!

Lonnie Luck gets paraded by his cousins all across the ring. Mason throws him up in high in the air and catches him before Lonnie gestures around his waist for gold!

DDK:

That gesture means everything! Could Lonnie Luck be hunting for gold of his own in the near future? With a performance like this, he may have earned a shot!

HIGH FLYER OPEN INVITATIONAL #4

DDK:

Faithful, we have had one heck of a show thus far, a new Favoured Saints Champion and one heck of a six man elimination tag... up next, I'm seeing a spot here listed for High Flyer's Invitational.

Lance:

True, and it's being called the seventh iteration, but I believe it's only the fourth. I spoke to High Flyer earlier today, and he told me San Diego and Glasgow didn't deserve to see him perform. Plus, it helped him and Silver vacation alongside their M4NTRA mates, who later tonight defend the Unified Tag Team titles against the Atomic Punks!

DDK:

But tonight, who do you think's going to come out and challenge the foul mouthed peacemaker?

Lance:

I don't know Darren, a lot of the likely DEFIANCE candidates are already booked on tonight's show. Perhaps we could get someone from the past to knock some sense into the little brat? Perhaps a Deacon, or a Stalker even?

DDK:

Oh God, I think the Kabal just woke up...

Lance:

But, neither man would qualify, as it's only competitors 220 and under! Let's take it to the ring!

♪ "Misfit Lunatic" by MISSIO ♪

A light fog emanates around the entranceway, as clips of High Flyer performing are interlaced between shots of the M4NTRA logo and HIGH FLYER written in large block text. Stepping out from the back as the song rises is Archer Silver, who side steps just as the drums break to reveal High Flyer, the former IV, walking out from the backstage area. He's walking out with a saunter.

It's only now that we notice Archer Silver carrying a briefcase to his side. It's actually been handcuffed to his wrist.

DDK:

Well, that's not something you see every day.

Lance:

I guess Archer has an important business meeting to get to after this...

DDK:

Again, High Flyer and Archer Silver are BANNED from ringside later tonight, so it's just Dec and Eye against the Punks for the belts. I honestly don't know what they're planning tonight. Let's just go with it.

The two reach ringside, as Archer sits on the middle rope to help Flyer into the ring. Flyer nods, and just rushes the corner turnbuckle with a single jump, perched on the pad's edge, arms extended. He hops into the ring, as Archer just rolls in from his seated middle rope position. Archer holds the briefcase above his head, as High Flyer taps twice into a microphone.

High Flyer:

Good Vibes, Faithful.

The Faithful do not respond in kind.

High Flyer:

Well, if that didn't just throw off the vibes in here. You all need to center yourselves. But no time for that. Tonight, I initiate yet another open challenge to continue my claim as the greatest High Flyer this sport has EVER seen. Archer,

tell 'em what I've won.

Archer steps forward, and unclicks the briefcase. He opens it to reveal...

Paper?

Torn, pieces of paper, with mouth marks and slobber, stitched together with pieces of duct tape and scotch.

Archer Silver:

Fly, from everyone in M4NTRA, from the bottom of our hearts, you deserve this. And while they may have destroyed this momentous moment... this is also from the Faithful.

They boo, as Archer pulls out what looks to be Malak Garland's formerly torn apart Paper Title, put back together on top of a DIFFERENT wrestling championship.

Archer Silver:

I present to you, the one, TRUE, High Flyer's Paper Championship!

High Flyer's eyes well up. He can't hold back the emotion as Archer slowly hands him the title. High Flyer cradles it in his arms, and then drops to his knees, imitating an iconic pose from wrestling history. That's when pyro shoots off behind him, a large M4NTRA written in the sky.

DDK:

Oh come on! He cheated against Conor Fuse. He cheated against Victor Vacio! He hasn't earned anything!

Lance:

You gotta wonder if Malak even knows what's going on out here right now. He's deep in Ruminati0n at the moment.

Archer Silver:

You see, I fished these pieces of LEGACY out of the trash, and I repurposed them, to help show the world, just how truly great you are.

High Flyer:

You're great.

Archer Silver:

You're great.

High Flyer:

Yeah Yeah.

Archer Silver & **High Flyer:**

We're both great.

Boos from the Faithful.

High Flyer:

So!

High Flyer tosses the championship over his shoulder and looks up to the entrance.

High Flyer:

WHO, is a worse High Flyer, than ME! C'mon and FACE ME!

There's a moment pause as the Faithful boo.

Archer Silver:

Did you get someone?

High Flyer:

I thought you got someone?

Archer Silver:

Oh... Well...

High Flyer:

Guess there's no match tonight! Anyway folks! We'll seeya at DEFCon!

♪ "Ballad of Dwight Fry" by Alice Cooper♪

High Flyer stops in his tracks. As he hears the opening vocal lines from the little girl, his eyes go a bit wide. Then, Alice Cooper begins his opening lines...

A light fog rises from the entranceway, just as it did for High Flyer. The only lights in the arena are in the ring, and on the entrance, on this empty, black DEFIATron.

As the guitars kick in earnest, stepping out from the backstage area, we can kind of make it out on a wide shot, but it's too far... to a rapturous applause.

DDK:

No Way. It's been almost a year!

The camera starts at the soles of the boots and glides up past the fluffy snow like pants and the worn out abs of a strong older man, up to the clean shaven cheshire cat like grin of the original High Flyer, Jack Harmen. His green hair wildly as fluffy as the snow-like material of his pants.

There's a record scratch as the first chorus ends, and the music quickly changes... and Harmen throws his head back in laughter alongside it.

"ALL ABOARD~! AH HA HA HA HA HA~!"

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne♪

Jack finishes laughing, smiling toward the ring as his son and the nephew of Sonny freak out. The music record scratches... and stepping out behind him, wearing a tight red pants suit, is none other than the Head of Legal for DEFIANCE, Mary-Lynn Mayweather. She holds up a microphone.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

HOLD UP! HOLD UP! HOLD UP!

Mary-Lynn looks at Jack to her side, and just looks confused. She turns her attention back to the ring.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

High Flyer Jr... You can't just go around making TITLES UP!

Jack Harmen blinks.

Jack Harmen:

You can't?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

NO! Why are YOU even here?

Jack Harmen:

I thought I'd commit some ... light domestic violence... then get some beers?

Mary-Lynn rolls her eyes.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Close enough.

Mary-Lynn tosses the microphone as High Flyer OG starts storming to the ring like a father about to ground their son for totalling the porsche. Mary-Lynn Mayweather backs him up.

DDK:

Jack Harmen is back! And there is no escape for his flesh and blood!

In the ring, High Flyer is freaking out, asking Archer to help him in whatever way he can. Archer however, still has the unlatched briefcase attached to one wrist and is shouting about a key. They turn to Mark Shields, who checks both pockets but shrugs with nothing. They both turn to face Jack Harmen on the apron, who springs off the top and dropkicks both men, one leg to his son, one to Archer. Archer oversells, flying completely out of the ring sliding under the bottom rope as we hear a loud "SLAM" of the briefcase relatching.

DING DING**DDK:**

Shields rings the bell, but I don't think the younger High Flyer was ready for that!

Lance:

And Jack is giving him no quarter, picking up his son and back peddling him into the corner. His son is almost trying to apologize and beg...

High Flyer does just this, and falls to his knees, crying. He reaches up to his dad, asking for his forgiveness...

... only to hit a low blow.

But his dad Jack no sells it? And his son cries out in further pain, clutching the bruise developing on his tricep.

Jack just lightly tapes the metal cup cover his nards. He then rushes off the far side as High Flyer jr nurses his bruise, only to turn directly into a leaping crotch to the face by Papa Harmen. High Flyer gets knocked loopy, and just falls out of the ring next to Archer.

DDK:

Remember, High Flyer, the former Four, has a metal plate replacing his elbow, not his tricep. Otherwise, that might have turned out sour for the Senior Harmen.

As both Archer and High Flyer recover on the outside, Archer starts screaming at Mary-Lynn Mayweather to give him the key. She inches closer, telling him she has nothing.

Lance:

Jack Harmen has a notorious history of knowing other wrestler's patterns and anticipating other people's cheating ways to turn it against them.

DDK:

And who knows High Flyer better than the original High Flyer, Jack Harmen?

Papa Jack Harmen springs to the top rope, and wipes out everyone with a springboard shooting star press to the outside.

DDK:

Oh that rotation was not as smooth as it was 15 years ago, but it is still SUCH a sight to see!

Lance:

Back in the day, that man could land on his feet. Now? This is just a plain ol' car wreck.

Indeed, all four individuals are down, Archer still clutching the briefcase handcuff'd to his wrist. Harmen is first to his feet, throwing up his trademark devil horn taunt to wild applause. He grabs his son and rolls him under the bottom rope, before quickly following him inside.

High Flyer backs toward the center of the ring, scooting on his behind as he begs off. Harmen charges for a soccer kick, which High Flyer barely bridges under. He then back hand stands, wrapping his legs around Harmen's arms. Harmen holds him there, as High Flyer uses his arms to swing his body like a pendulum, and then swing back between the legs to slam Harmen's back into the center of the ring in a unique pinning combination.

One.

Two.

Harmen gets the shoulders up. High Flyer rolls to his feet, finally with an advantage. He charges, leaps off his father's back and lands squarely on the top turnbuckle. As Harmen recovers, High Flyer flies with a picture perfect moonsault.

Harmen rolls through into the corner, and High Flyer lands on his feet. As he does, he doesn't have nearly enough time.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE! No! Duck into a go behind into a picture perfect Harmen style German! With a bridge!

One.

Two.

NO, Harmen swats the bridged ribs of High Flyer to break the hold.

Lance:

Jack Harmen hasn't been seen in a wrestling ring in nine months Darren. Do you think there's a bit of ring rust?

DDK:

Perhaps. I think ultimately, father time catches up with all of us. He used to be one of the quickest men in this sport... I think he's lost a step or two.

Lance:

But even a slower Harmen...

DDK:

Still a dangerous foe no doubt.

High Flyer licks his chops as he watches his dad crawl to the bottom rope. Harmen pulls himself into the middle ropes, and it's here where High Flyer takes the top rope and spins it, catching his father's left arm as the ropes twist and intermingle. Jack Harmen tries to pull away but can't, only for High Flyer to charge, leap, and catch him flush in the jaw with a bionic elbow.

Jack Harmen's eyes roll into the back of his head, and he falls unconscious. But he doesn't fall onto the mats, he just is hung suspended by his wrist stuck in the ropes, almost looking as if he's dislocated his shoulder.

High Flyer quickly tries to unhook his father, and even enlists Mark Shield's and Archer's help to do so. Finally, Harmen falls to the mat, and High Flyer dives on top for the cover.

One.

Two.

Th-Mary-Lynn climbs into the apron and grabs Mark Shield's attention, pointing to Jack Harmen's foot on the bottom rope.

Shields waves off the pin, so High Flyer pulls his dad to the center of the ring, and hooks both legs.

One.

Two.

Kickout!

DDK:

It looked like the son would overtake the father here Lance, but I guess Harmen's bad luck flipped to good there for a moment.

High Flyer locks his father into a rear headlock and really wrenches the hold in, occasionally head standing to add pressure to the lock. Mary-Lynn Mayweather begins to slam her hand against the mat to encourage the Faithful to rise in support of her client. Archer on the other side of the ring mimes dramatically for them all to quiet down, only riling the Faithful up further. As they build, Harmen slowly fights his way back to his feet. High Flyer keeps the hold as long as he can, his face widening in shock with every passing moment as his father fights back. As the pitch in the arena hits fever, and Mary-Lynn's rhythmic slams against the canvas are matched by the Scotland Faithful, Harmen gets to his feet. Elbow to the gut. And another. Breaks the hold. Harmen quickly rushes off the far side, with a speed not yet seen. Flyer's taken aback, and BARELY back bridges to avoid ANOTHER Locomotive. This time, Flyer however just backflips, moonsaulting onto his bridging son. He gets up, hits a standing shoot star press, and then another moonsault before dizzily covering.

One.

Two.

High Flyer barely gets a shoulder up to deflate the crowd. It seems Archer's the only one cheering that on. High Flyer lifts his son to his feet.

DDK:

Double underhook, looking for that brainbuster Hypotherm-High Flyer with a northern lights! Impressive counter!

Lance:

If anyone knows your gameplan, it's gotta be your own son who looked up and admired you!

DDK:

To be honest, I'm pretty sure the kid was a Brand Frontier fan.

Lance:

There's a name I haven't heard in ages.

High Flyer quickly scales the ropes, first stepping onto the middle and then hopping onto the top turnbuckle. He faces the ring as he motions for his father to get up. Once he does, High Flyer leaps off the top, cannonballing onto his father. Harmen is hit by the impact and it's almost as if he throws his legs out from under him and splats back first onto the canvas. High Flyer rolls through, to the far side and springs to the top. He turns around again, and sees his father body flop dead center in the ring, before rolling a few feet closer. Once there, High Flyer sizes up the move, and leaps.

DDK:

720 Cannonball Senton!

High Flyer rolls dizzily off the move, right into the hard camera and just gives the corniest thumbs up. He takes a moment to pose as Archer climbs onto the apron to join him.

Then, he dives on top for the cover.

One.

Harmen places his foot onto the bottom rope. Flyer grabs it quickly before Shields notices.

Two.

Harmen kicks out! High Flyer can't believe it, so he just kicks his father once square in the skull. He then grabs Harmen and tosses him on the middle rope. He takes a few steps back, and then starts to complain to Mark Shields. He starts to mime blindness, and points to the canvas.

DDK:

Oh come on Mark! High Flyer doesn't even USE contacts! You'd know if you read the medical reports!

Lance:

And here comes Archer, he's pulling back!

Archer goes to swing the briefcase handcuffed to his wrist into Harmen's face, but Mary-Lynn Mayweather barely grabs it at the last moment. The Faithful pop as the two tug of war. As in the ring, Shields continues to look for the missing contact, High Flyer abandons the search and goes to check on the ruckus.

As he arrives, Mary-Lynn releases. Jack Harmen slips off the middle rope and just as High Flyer sticks his head out.

Archer Silver clocks him.

DDK:

Woah!

Lance:

That backfired!

Jack Harmen quickly rushes off the far ropes, and just as a dazed High Flyer turns.

DDK & Lance:

LOCOMOTIVE!

DDK:

Straight into the cover!

One!

Two!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

Mark Shields calls for the bell as Jack climbs to his feet. He looks at the sea of cheering Faithful, and for some reason...

He feels a bit empty.

DDK:

This should be a moment of celebration! Jack Harmen returns to DEFIANCE, and proves his son wrong!

Lance:

But Darren. The only reason Jack Harmen ever joined UTA against DEFIANCE over a hundred shows ago was to get his son a job with DEFIANCE when he was only 15. Jack Harmen would do anything for his son...

DDK:

And he just taught him a lesson!

He looks down at his fallen son, and wonders where he screwed up to get here. What neglect, what moments of regret led him to come out here at DEFRoad and answer his son's thinly veiled call out. "Greatest High Flyer?" Give me a break. It's tattooed on his fucking arm.

Mark Shields hands Jack Harmen the High Flyer Paper Championship, and Harmen just looks at it confused. Mary-Lynn enters the ring and asks for him to hand it over. Archer pulls High Flyer out of the ring as the two converse.

High Flyer reaches up and pulls off a slip of the paper, and another, and then a third... Underneath?

It's his old IWO High Flyer's Championship. A belt he created, much like Malak's Paper Championship. And now his own son's High Flyer Paper Championship.

He turns to Mary-Lynn.

Jack Harmen:

Am I the original Malak Garland?

After a moment, they both dismiss the idea immediately.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather:

Don't be stupid. Give it to me. It's not sanctioned.

Jack Harmen:

I don't want to be a snowflake. I want to be a snowman.

As Jack reaches out to hand the title over, Archer Silver and High Flyer hit the ring, Archer striking Harmen in the back with the briefcase. Archer takes a moment to slam the briefcase two more times into the fallen Harmen's jaw, as High Flyer steps closer and closer to Mary-Lynn.

There's a brief stand off. MLM doesn't back down, but it's two on one, She nods politely to the two, and takes her leave. As she tries to exit, High Flyer reaches out and grabs her by her hair. She lets out a startled cry, before turning and just socking High Flyer square in the jaw with a stiff elbow shot.

So he fires back with a stiff bionic elbow shot of his own.

She falls like a ton of bricks, and immediately begins bleeding from the nose.

DDK:

Oh dear GOD! High Flyer just struck the head of Legal in the FACE with his steel plated elbow!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather lies there, as High Flyer looks on at his work...

...in pure shock.

Lance:

That's just uncalled for! This woman probably BABYSAT you and you treat her like THIS!?

DDK:

I think Harmen just is coming too and putting the pieces together.

High Flyer looks down at his dad, and then at Mary-Lynn. There's a moment of actual regret there, and he looks over at Jack and tries to apologize. Harmen crawls over and covers Mary-Lynn, looking up at his son.

Archer rushes off the side ropes and then leaps, striking Jack Harmen with the Cody Rhodes Disaster Kick.

DDK:

There it was! The Peaceful End to Jack Harmen. And Jack is just unconscious on top of Mary-Lynn. This is just disgusting Lance! They lost this match, and they're just being sore losers!

High Flyer reaches down, and grabs the torn High Flyer's Paper Championship from the hands of Mary-Lynn. He looks at the sea of Faithful, booing.

So he places the belt back around his shoulder and gives them the slyest of smiles.

DDK:

And now this kid thinks he's just going to walk around here with an unsanctioned title?

Lance:

That he LOST!

DDK:

This is a travesty Lance. We waited nine months for Jack Harmen to come back, and now THIS?! The disrespect from his OWN. FAMILY.

Lance:

This is a relationship that has been torn and broken before Darren. Remember, the two challenged for the tag titles and Harmen's hubris caused them to lose. Then, High Flyer attacked his father after he'd already been injured throughout the match.

DDK:

High Flyer never forgot that, and I don't think the relationship has ever been the same since then.

Lance:

And these two... these two foul mouthed fraudulent peacemakers... They may not be Les Enfants anymore...

There's one last shot of Archer and High Flyer celebrating up the rampway as if they've just won the Super Bowl to a ruckus jeer.

Lance:

...but they sure are terrible.

OSCAR BURNS vs. ELISE ARES

DDK:

We're back and we are almost through with Night Two! Still to come, M4NTRA to defend the Unified Tag Team Titles against the team they have been unable to find an answer for, The Atomic Punks! And later tonight, the first-ever Rumination Chamber for the FIST of DEFIANCE! But up next... a return match from Acts of DEFIANCE between OSCAR BURNS and Elise Ares!

Lance:

And the stakes are much higher for Elise. Should Elise lose, she will be forced to leave the Pop Culture Phenoms and will be forced to serve under OSCAR's GC Universe stable. The last time these two fought, Elise did her best, but it was a mostly one-side affair that saw OSCAR BURNS assert dominance. He attacked the back of Elise so relentlessly that she was missing from TV for two months.

DDK:

Much has been made about the status of Elise's health. For months, she has been obsessed with finally putting her name among the greats of DEFIANCE. She's done a lot in her career as a multiple-time Tag Team Champion, along with one of the longest reigns of the Southern Heritage Championship, but has never been the FIST of DEFIANCE. She has promised to win the title in 2025 or will leave the company once her contract is up.

Lance:

OSCAR and Elise have fought on a few occasions, but Elise has never been able to find an answer to defeat BURNS. OSCAR, meanwhile, a two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, former Favoured Saints Champion and considered to be of the best in the history of this company.

DDK:

Elise Ares being forced to become a member of the GC Universe isn't just the only stipulation at play tonight in this rematch. This time, no seconds from either side are allowed at ringside. No GU Universe, nor PCP members. And the referee does not have the ability to stop the match at his discretion in the event of injury. We saw how Elise was defeated and now with OSCAR having free reign to do what he wants to make it happen a second time... someone could get seriously hurt.

Lance:

Indeed. The time for talking is over. Let's take it to Darren Quimbey to kick off the announcement of our competitors.

The camera cuts to Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey in the ring ready for the introductions to one of the biggest matches for either night of DEFIANCE Road!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Here to introduce his opponent... the OFFICIAL Spokesperson for the GC Universe... and it is contractually obligated per one OSCAR BURNS, to remind you that this man is a Wrestling Hall of Famer, multiple-time World Heavyweight Champion and has an AMAZING head of hair and pleasing baritone voice...

Darren Quimbey rolls his eyes at the introduction he's been asked to read.

Darren Quimbey:

SONNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYYYY... SILLLLLLLLLLLVVEEEEERRRR!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Strutting his stuff to no music at all, the 6'3" former wrestler in the burgundy-colored suit grins and smiles. Once arriving on the stage, he holds out his hand and waits as the OLD SKOOL MIC~! Is lowered from the rafters, landing in his hand.

Sonny Silver:

Ladies... gentlemen... save your tickets. Save your stubs. Remember where you were the night of January 30th, 2025... because tonight will be the night! You know, the night that you have been waiting for! Many people over the years have called themselves the Backbone of DEFIANCE, the Lifeblood, the Foundation...

He stops talking with all the exaggerated bass and happiness in his voice.

Sonny Silver:

The... (air quotes) "Face"...

He points to the DEFIatron.

Sonny Silver:

But no matter how many imitators come along, no matter how many duplicators come along, ACCEPT. NO. SUBSTITUTES. You can slap LED sunglasses on your face any day of the week, cry and pour your heart out and SAY you're a star... but until you beat the VERY BEST that this company has ever produced, you can never BE a star, let alone THE BIGGEST STAR IN DEFIANCE HISTORY...

Silver looks to the entrance behind him...

Sonny Silver:

He is DEFIANCE! He is FAVOURED SAINTS! He is PROFESSIONAL GODDAMN WRESTLING ITSELF! Please welcome... and feel free to say it in all caps as I will...

OSCAR BURNS

ALL CAPS

ALL GRAPS

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

Sonny Silver:

OSCARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR! BUUUURRRRRNNNNSSSS!

The symphonic rock starts to play and the entirety of the group part ways. Raising up from a platform, OSCAR steps onto it and then lowers a spotlight shines on an upper part of the castle structure surrounding the entrance! Wearing a green cape draping behind his back, brand new green and white tights with green boots and white wrist tape, surrounded on either side of him by white pyro...

DDK:

Leave some of that pyro budget for someone else!

Lance:

How'd he get all of that here?!

OSCAR BURNS steps off the platform as behind him, Sonny Silver stands to his left and his new all-caps bodyguard, FLEX, stands to his right. Flanked by the rest of his group, he heads towards the ring with intent to make an example of a young rising star looking to make a name for himself. Once he reaches the ring, OSCAR climbs up the steps slowly. He surveys the jeering masses, wipes his feet on the ring apron and climbs inside. He holds out his left arm, then his right, then falls to his knees. A BIG explosion is heard and in the rafters behind him, a giant GC Universe banner unravels in the rafters as two more giant sparklers of pyro go off on either side of the ring.

DDK:

This one will truly be one-on-one as agreed to by OSCAR BURNS and Elise Ares! The official, Benny Doyle, cannot step in for any reason for this special singles match, either.

Lance:

And OSCAR isn't sweating at all. He demolished Elise Ares in a pretty dominant fashion. Elise will have to try and find a different way of approaching this match than she did last time if she has any hope of victory.

OSCAR takes off his cape and neatly folds it over before handing it to Sonny on the outside of the ring. Sonny and FLEX both walk down the aisle and head to the back while in the ring alone, the Center of the GC Universe confidently starts looking out to the masses. Then, the lights go out. The Scottish Faithful roar. An unfamiliar scrape echoes through the highlands.

SHHHHHHHK K K K K K K K K K K K T!

A low bass synth accompanies the sound of the platinum shovel scraping across concrete. Two spotlights hit the entrance as a platinum throne slowly begins to rise from the floor. Sitting on the throne, leaning to her left side slowly reveals the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style.

Bite my tongue, bide my time / Wearing a warning sign / Wait 'til the world is mine

Wearing a matte white crop top leather jacket with chrome accents she continues to rise from the floor. New matching wrestling gear consists of a trade mark criss-cross top with ample cleavage and a pair of boyshorts. A black fishnet runs down her right leg to her white knee pads and boots but not her left.

Visions I vandalize / Cold in my kingdom size / Fell for these ocean eyes

Her LED sunglasses flash "BOW" and "DOWN" as it comes to a stop. Holding the bloody and beaten platinum shovel as a scepter, Elise rises from her throne, takes the tiara off the top of her head and hangs it from one of the two large pillars that mark each side of the throne. She descends the three step platinum staircase just as the chorus kicks in,

♪ "you should see me in a crown (IIZI Remix)" by Billie Eilish ♪

A new lightshow of white lights and lasers accompany Ares to the ring with flashes of red that almost look "glitched" in as she begins her swagger down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent hails from Beverly Hills, California. She weighs in at 126 lbs. Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms. She is the FACE of DEFIANCE. She is EEEEEEEEEEEEEELIIIIIIIISE
ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRES!

The camera shows a sign in the crowd that reads "NO PYRO. JUST BOSS BITCH ENERGY."

DDK:

"Elise Ares" and "Motivated" may seem like an oxymoron, Lance, but ever since losing the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships the former long-time Southern Heritage Champion has focused in on the ONE thing that has eluded her near decade long career in DEFIANCE, the FIST.

Lance:

One might even say to her own detriment? She has been motivated, sure, but she hasn't been successful. That match against OSCAR was hard to watch. If she wants to prove to DEFIANCE, or to herself, that she's FIST material... she's going to have to shake off the singles rust and survive against one of the greatest to ever hold it.

DDK:

As much as I hate to say it, if their last match was any indication, survive might be the best word to describe what we're about to witness.

Inside the ring, Elise Ares has long dropped her crop top leather jacket to the apron and removes her LED sunglasses. She goes to launch them into the Scottish Faithful but instead rushes OSCAR BURNS!

DING DING**DDK:**

There goes Elise making the jumpstart!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style goes right to the man that injured her at Acts of DEFIANCE! With a big shotgun dropkick, OSCAR gets knocked back into the corner! Elise kips up to her feet and charges towards Burns while he's in the corner! She climbs up to the middle rope and doesn't punch along with the count of the fans and just swings wildly from either directly trying to get to OSCAR!

Lance:

This might be the best chance Elise has to really even the score! She's gotta stick and move here!

OSCAR blocks a shot and tries simply dumping her over the ropes, but Elise lands out on the floor. OSCAR turns around just to take a leaping kick right between the eyes by Elise! The FACE of DEFIANCE has BURNS seeing stars for just a moment, but he comes back only to eat a second kick!

DDK:

She's doing it! She's got OSCAR stunned!

Elise flies over the ropes and rolls off OSCAR's back to land on her feet before hitting the ropes! She charges with the entire crowd behind her...

ONLY TO GET CAUGHT BY A RUNNING DROPKICK OFF THE ROPES FROM OSCAR!

DDK:

NO! OSCAR LAYS ELISE OUT WITH THE DROPKICK!

The fire of the South Beach Starlet gets snuffed out by one single dropkick by the 245-pound OSCAR, but the Center of the GC Universe doesn't rest on the one big move. OSCAR yanks Elise up and pitches his much smaller opponent into the corner with some extra force, sending her crashing back-first before OSCAR heads right in and puts a boot to her chest! He angrily charges...

Uppercut!

Uppercut!

Uppercut!

She gets rocked by the uppercuts followed by OSCAR hooking her by the arm and THROWING her almost halfway across the ring with a huge hip toss!

DDK:

GRACIOUS! Just a simple hip toss looks brutal! Elise wants nothing more than to be able to walk out of here with the victory tonight and cement herself at the top, but OSCAR is a wall she has yet to overcome in her career.

OSCAR kneels over and practically dares Elise to make a move, but she's been grounded and is writhing on the mat. He shrugs and the Kiwi goes to pick her up by her hair, only to eat a quick kick between the eyes from Elise! He flinches as she rolls back to her feet. She runs right at OSCAR with intent to hit him with another shotgun dropkick... only to get swatted right out of mid-air first!

DDK:

No! OSCAR sees the dropkick coming this time! Elise gets struck down this time!

And not only that, but OSCAR is livid. He picks her up again and then rams her right into the corner back first a second

time! Another flurry of European uppercuts rocks The South Beach Starlet.

OSCAR BURNS:

Did you learn NOTHING last time facing me, you ponce?!

He grabs Elise under one arm and runs forward out of the corner to deliver a nasty pendulum backbreaker! Ares collapses to the mat!

Lance:

Oh, no! There was venom in that backbreaker.

DDK:

Remember... OSCAR made that back a target the last time they faced off. That was practically Elise's undoing.

OSCAR BURNS doesn't go for a cover on Elise and simply opts to take a quick jog around the ring to loud jeers as The FACE of DEFIANCE is left laying on the mat. Her back is hurting, but Ares slaps the mat and tries to fight her way up again. OSCAR (twists and) turns to see her getting back up and he's quick to cut her off with a big knee to the ribs. He picks her up in a bearhug-like move...

Overhead belly-to-belly suplex across the ring!

DDK:

Oooh! OSCAR with that deadly overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Now he's just mauling Ares with these moves of his!

Lance:

Elise exploded right out of the gate in their first match and she set OSCAR off bad after she nearly beat him with the Extreme Makeover... this time, he's not leaving anything to chance.

Despite the punishment she's eaten, the young Cuban star is gutting it out and is still very much defiant against the man who calls himself DEFIANCE. OSCAR sees this and Elise is given the dubious reward of being grabbed by the waist and pushed into a corner before being HURLED across the ring once again with a second belly-to-belly suplex! The South Beach Starlet is sent skittering almost the entirety of the way across the ring going the other way!

Lance:

Elise eats another huge suplex! She tried to take the fight to OSCAR to start, but he has just shut any offense down!

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS knows he has the size and strength advantage. We scoff at this GC Universe bubble he's surrounded himself with and all of the selling out he's done with this branding, but at the end of the day, he still knows what he's doing in the ring.

The Center of the GC Universe stands over Elise.

OSCAR BURNS:

Where's the Boss Bitch Energy now? You can't be the face of something I already am, you bloody idiot!

When Elise doesn't sit up fast enough, he pulls her up again. OSCAR pitches her into yet another corner and gears up to swing for what looks to be another running uppercut. He charges at the corner, but Elise gets a foot up! OSCAR blocks the foot and throws it down before he SMACKS Ares with a stiff forearm!

DDK:

Oooh! What a shot!

He charges and he's free to deliver a running knee right to the rib cage that doubles her over! BURNS hangs on to Elise by the side and then takes her out of the corner with ease, pitching her up and over with a big gutwrench suplex!

DDK:

That knee was nasty and so was that gutwrench suplex!

Lance:

And Burnsie isn't done! That's lowercase, I don't care.

OSCAR grabs Elise again by the waist and then snaps her over with a second gutwrench suplex! Elise once again writhes in pain on the mat, but OSCAR kneels next to her and holds up a finger for one more. OSCAR grabs her by the side and she tries to hook a leg to try and keep the suplex from happening!

DDK:

Elise tries to block the suplex... NO! OSCAR hits the third gutwrench anyway!

Ares arches her back in pain after the third suplex!

Lance:

OSCAR is just too powerful for her! He knows he has the advantage.

He rolls over and starts to get into a position for a lateral press...

But sits up instead?

DDK:

Why isn't OSCAR going for a cover?

The Center of the GC Universe grabs Elise instead and decides to THROW her through the ropes instead in rather ugly fashion! Ares stumbles through the ropes and lands hard on the floor in front of the announce table at ringside. OSCAR BURNS instead decides to take a quick victory jog across the ring.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Come on now! He should be trying to win! But he's doing everything he can to prolong this punishment.

Lance:

We've seen how OSCAR has become since coming back with one of the biggest individual contracts in DEFIANCE history, though. Disrespect is the ultimate taboo to him.

OSCAR brushes right past Doyle and climbs out of the ring and walks down the steps to reach the floor. He goes to Elise and points towards the barricade. She's powerless to stop what's coming...

CRASH!

The FACE of DEFIANCE gets thrown back-first into one of the barricades!

Lance:

Oooh! OSCAR BURNS is a technical marvel, but there's very little that's technical about being thrown into the barricade like that!

DDK:

There really isn't!

He picks her up again by the arm. He points towards the opposite barricade..

CRASH!

And she goes crashing into the opposite side!

DDK:

He's taking Elise apart! This really is reminiscent of their last match and I think BURNS is showing even more relentlessness than he did before!

Cradling her back while laying against the guardrail, Elise is in agony right now. But things go from bad to worse for the FACE of DEFIANCE. He picks her up again...

OSCAR BURNS:

How's that FACE of DEFIANCE doing, Elise?

He doesn't wait for any sort of answer as he throws Elise...

RIGHT INTO THE RING POST!

Her body twists from the impact before she falls to the floor yet again!

Lance:

Oh, my God! He threw her right into that ring post! That... that was nasty! I have no other way to describe that!

DDK:

That really was... oh, no. Lance, get ready. We've got OSCAR coming our way.

He rolls into the ring very briefly to restart Benny Doyle's count and then heads back to the announce table. He gestures for a headset while Elise is still down and half-buried under the ring skirt of the apron.

DDK:

OSCAR.

Lance:

Oscar.

OSCAR BURNS:

I distinctly heard you say my legal-given wrestling name with lowercase, Lance. You do that again and I'll have your job, GC!

The camera cuts to Elise finally starting to pull herself up and it's not looking good...

Blood running down her forehead.

OSCAR BURNS:

Gents, come on... you want THAT as the FACE of DEFIANCE? You want THAT leading this company?

Concern rings out all around the arena for the safety of Elise Ares. Benny Doyle looks outside the ring, but there's literally nothing he can do. OSCAR points up.

OSCAR BURNS:

DON'T YOU DARE, BENNY! I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE MY FAVORITE OFFICIAL, BUT I **WILL** HAVE YOUR JOB, TOO IF YOU TRY AND STOP THIS MATCH! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

Lance:

Unfortunately, that's the truth... This is uncomfortable to watch. Elise is crawling this way.

OSCAR BURNS:

Good. Let her.

Elise finally climbs up to the announce table... bleeding, but still defiant in the face of DEFIANCE Himself. She looks up.

OSCAR BURNS:

YOU wanted this. YOU w... AH!

SMACK!

Elise SMACKS the headset right off the head of BURNS to a HUGE cheer from The Faithful! OSCAR is in shock while Keebler and Lance step back!

DDK:

No matter what condition she's in, Elise is THROUGH with the disrespect!

The FACE of DEFIANCE looks square at OSCAR, but he boots her in the stomach and throws her back inside the ring!

Lance:

She might be through with the disrespect... but respectfully, I don't know what type of condition she's in to do anything.

BURNS untangles himself from the cords, tossing them aside in frustration as he scowls and goes to follow Ares back into the ring. The former FIST of DEFIANCE slides under the bottom rope and immediately catches a sliding dropkick against the side of his skull. The Scottish Faithful roar in approval, getting themselves and Elise back into this match. Blood continues to rush down the face and neck of Ares, a stark contrast to her bright white and chrome attire. She rains down a series of stomps on OSCAR but he fights his way up to his feet and tries to level Elise with another uppercut but misses and Ares strikes the side of his knee with a vicious kick.

DDK:

There is just no knocking the fight out of Elise Ares tonight!

Lance:

Did you just see the way OSCAR's knee buckled on that kick, Darren?! Elise might've just found the opening she's been waiting for!

OSCAR falls down to one knee and Elise lands a spinning kick to the back of OSCAR's head knocking him face down into the canvas. The FACE of DEFIANCE heaves in pain before sliding her palm down her bloodied face and wiping it like a sash across her white ring top. She puts her boot on the back of BURNS and steps over him screaming...

Elise Ares & Faithful:

QUE TAL ESO?!

Ares begins to do her gyrating dance with much less enthusiasm than normal, but suddenly her ankle is grabbed and it's lifted awkwardly off the ground, stretching her leg behind her. Elise knocks OSCAR off of her with a reverse enziguri, staggering him before she hits the ropes. BURNS recovers and catches Ares as she flies at him, but Elise counters by twisting around the Master of the GC Universe with a Tornado DDT but-

DDK:

OH NO.

Lance:

She's caught!

The strength of OSCAR BURNS catches the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style before she can complete the move. She tries to wiggle free but can't as OSCAR lifts her up and slams her down with a belly-to-back backbreaker! Elise's body goes limp as she's snapped in half before she slides off onto the canvas. OSCAR looks around, realizing he was in more danger than he would've liked and unexpectedly makes a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

I don't know what shocked me more about that sequence, the fact that Elise managed to kick out or that OSCAR went for a cover?

Lance:

Does he feel threatened, Darren?

OSCAR BURNS immediately admonishes Benny Doyle and his inability to count to three as the Faithful attempt to will Elise back into the match. A passing comment "this is on YOUR head, Benny" is made as OSCAR grabs a handful of hair and blood to rip the FACE of DEFIANCE up off the mat. Elise staggers in a standing position, unable to get her bearings before being snatched up from behind and tossed overhead with a massive German suplex... but she lands on her feet! The crowd volume rises with approval as Ares stumbles back into the nearest corner. Her impact against the turnbuckle brings her down to a knee as OSCAR BURNS chases with a with a running knee of his own!

DDK:

Swing and a miss!

Lance:

Elise just BARELY cleared that knee! She's finally found an opening.

Ares crawls away from BURNS back towards the middle of the ring, blood still dripping from her head down onto the canvas below. Heavily favoring the knee, BURNS tries to chase and stay on the offensive but can't before eating a dropkick to the good knee sending him back down to the mat. He retreats back into the corner and uses the ropes to pull himself up when Ares does a parkour "wall run" across the top rope then swings OSCAR BURNS down in a massive Tornado DDT!

DDK:

Ares with a... would you call that a wall run DDT?

Lance:

I don't know what it's called, but it's effective!

DDK:

The Scottish Faithful are FEELING it! Elise Ares is gaining momentum!

That huge DDT took its toll on a battered and bloodied Ares as well, as she reaches her feet at around the same time as a hobbled OSCAR BURNS. With every strike to his favoured knee, the crowd cheers with approval. In desperation OSCAR attempts to shove her away to gain space, but in response Ares jumps up onto the middle rope and soars backwards with a beautiful moonsault... into the waiting arms of OSCAR BURNS.

DDK:

Even on one leg the size and strength advantage of OSCAR BURNS is undeniable!

Lance:

Elise Ares might be the fastest and most agile wrestler in all of DEFIANCE, but at only 120ish pounds... OSCAR knows how to play to his strengths.

BURNS takes a second or two to parade the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, despite the noticeable limp, and throws Ares to the side for a Tilt-A-Whirl slam but Elise latches on to swing around the body of BURNS and plant him with yet another Tornado DDT! The Scottish Faithful roar in approval as OSCAR rolls out of the ring after impact to escape the new onslaught. Inside the ring, Elise begins stomping her foot on the mat. Getting the Faithful even more riled up as she makes her way to her feet, stalking OSCAR BURNS he uses the apron to try and get back up and stagger away.

DDK:

The self-proclaimed FACE of DEFIANCE looks ready to fly!

Lance:

Where is this fight in Ares coming from?! Not 5 minutes ago she looked dead and now she's ready to take another high risk move! You have to wonder how many times she can try these high risk moves and them not pay off before she's done.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style sprints towards the ropes and dives between the top and middle, landing a bullseye right into the core of OSCAR BURNS... who doesn't budge! BURNS catches Elise again, this time staggering a little before snarling and hoisting her up onto his shoulder. He eyes the steel steps outside of the ring, ready to launch Ares into the like a lawn dart before she escapes off of his back and gets a little distance with a shove of her own! Her shove makes the former FIST strike bad-knee first into the steel steps with a thundering wham. As he stumbles back he loses track of Elise, who is now running across the apron and baseball slides next to BURNS, grabbing him and using the steps as a launching back to spin him around with ANOTHER Tornado DDT!

DDK:

There goes ANOTHER tornado DDT, this time on the outside of the ring! Where is Elise finding this?!

Lance:

I don't know, but it appears Elise Ares finally found something that can do lasting damage on DEFIANCE Himself!

Never one to shy away from a photo op, Ares pushes herself back up to her feet immediately and wipes more blood out of her eyes before holding up a bloody 3 fingers, now soaking her formerly bright white hand & arm cover.

DDK:

The adrenaline must be running, Lance, Elise Ares is looking back to herself!

Lance:

This is the first time all night where Ares has REALLY looked like herself again. Side-effects of a bad concussion be damned, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE is FEELING herself.

Behind Ares, OSCAR BURNS has scraped himself up to his feet and is crawling into the ring. Elise turns around and climbs up onto the apron, a grimace crossing her face as she measures her opponent. OSCAR is dazed and doesn't know where he is as he staggers up to his feet only to be immediately dropped with Amethystation! The Faithful roar for Elise's setup move as she then positions herself in the opposite corner, framing OSCAR BURNS with her thumbs and index fingers before running and...

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER!

Lance:

ELISE MIGHT HAVE JUST PUT OSCAR AWAY! CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS?!

The former Southern Heritage Champion collapses on top of her opponent and hooks the leg! The Faithful count along with an echoing boom.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

OSCAR BURNS powers his shoulder up at the last second before rolling over and holding his skull in his hands. Elise takes a second just to look up into the lights and puts her hands on top of her head.

DDK:

Elise has been struggling to get back into this match all night and she finally got momentum going, hit OSCAR BURNS with her best shot, and can't keep him down.

Lance:

You can't let this demoralize you, Darren. You have to keep up the aggression, this is how tides change!

BURNS reaches his feet, completely oblivious to his surroundings until he runs into the ropes and drapes over them trying to get his vision straight. Behind him, Elise wipes the blood out of her eyes once again and the toll of the match is beginning to set back in. Her body looks heavier and her breaths shorter, her cocky smirk replaced by a grimace. OSCAR knocks the proverbial cobwebs loose and turns around to find his opponent only to find her flying at him. He catches her once again trying to quickly drop her to the mat but he finds himself falling to a knee to the Sunset Stretch!

The Scottish Faithful go banana!

DDK:

She's trying it again! The Sunset Stretch! She's trying to beat OSCAR BURNS with the move that he taught her!

Lance:

He's countered this move every. Single. Time. That she's tried. You have to wonder if it's becoming a liability at this point in time.

DDK:

Some might call it a liability, Lance, but I think Elise would like to think it's poetic just-

Before he can even finish the line OSCAR BURNS breaks free and slams Elise Ares down across his knee with another killshot of a backbreaker bringing the Faithful to almost complete silence. Elise drapes over his knee and is about to fall onto the canvas again, but OSCAR has adapted. He lifts Ares up and snaps her over his knee again. And again. And again, before lifts her back up one more time and tosses her body back into the center of the ring like a corpse!

DDK:

No... not again! That's EXACTLY what OSCAR did last time these two met! And ultimately, it was the very last thing he did, leading to the one-side BURNS victory at Acts of DEFIANCE!

The Master of the GC Universe takes a few steps towards Ares with the look of a fed up psychopath before he stops and takes a second to marvel at his own handiwork. The Faithful, who have been nearly silent during this past exchange begin to heavily boo as OSCAR turns his back to Elise Ares and appears to signal for a microphone.

DDK:

Just finish the damn match, OSCAR. What is this all about?

Lance:

I know they told Benny not to stop the match but... you have to think it might be a good idea to get medical involvement here at least.

Almost as if on cue, Iris and DEFmed appear from backstage and begin making their way towards the ring when suddenly...

Thump. Thump. Thump.

OSCAR BURNS taps the microphone and points upwards at the Ruminaton Chamber to be used in tonight's main event. He runs over and stomps at Elise a few times to make sure she STAYS down for whatever is about to come next...

OSCAR BURNS: (huffing)

That Chamber... I want it lowered...

He looks at Doyle.

OSCAR BURNS:

If someone back there can hear me... I want the Ruminaton Chamber lowered over this ring... NOW.

DDK:

What... what's the meaning of this? What's he talking about?

Lance

He... look! He's one of the biggest names going in DEFIANCE. No one disputes that... but who the hell does he think he is, asking for this in mid-match?!

Elise tries to get up again, but BURNS runs forward and throws another low big boot to the face to keep her on the mat!

OSCAR BURNS:

Sonny! FLEX! If you did what I asked you to do... if you're back there! Lower that chamber!

DDK:

Wait... what?!

On the DEFIatron, the camera cuts to the production truck that appears to have been commandeered... by Sonny Silver and OSCAR's own bodyguard and Elise's former PCP stablemate, FLEX! FLEX is holding the door shut to prevent anyone else from entry while Sonny bullies a member of the staff.

Sonny Silver:

You heard the man! Drop that shit! Now!

The technician does as he's told... and back to the ring as the Chamber starts to lower over the ring.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

WHAT IS THIS?!

Lance:

Remember, though... this match, there MUST be a winner! Benny Doyle cannot legally step in to stop this match for any reason!

Now with the Ruminaton Chamber fully lowered, OSCAR BURNS begins to circle Ares like a vulture as she still continues to lay still on the mat. Benny Doyle comes over and asks for BURNS to just make the pinfall attempt but he's shoved away and OSCAR rolls Elise over with his foot. BURNS puts his boot across Elise's neck causing her to cough and choke before he uses it to just roll her over onto her stomach again. Grabbing her by the back of her top, OSCAR drags Ares like an overweight duffle bag across the ring and to the ropes before heaving her onto the steel floor of the chamber.

DDK:

I apologize folks, if you thought the last match between these two was hard to watch now might be a good time to get up and grab you a snack... maybe use the bathroom.

Lance:

I just don't understand the logic in beating a woman to near death on pay-per-view and then expecting her to have some kind of use for his GC Universe. Isn't he better off beating her healthy?

DDK:

I don't think it's ever been about getting a useful pawn for his team, it's about having power over her. It's about control. It's a sick, narcissistic play by a delusional man who wants to make Elise Ares suffer for having the guts to call him out on his BS.

Stepping through the ropes, OSCAR hoists Ares up by the back of her ring top once again and puts her in position for a suplex. He lifts the South Beach Starlet into the air, but a knee to the dome brings the Faithful back to life and Elise comes falling back the other direction and lands a stunner on OSCAR!

DDK:

There's some fight left in her yet, Lance!

Lance:

I'm starting to wonder if it's even a good idea to keep fighting at this point.

Pissed, OSCAR BURNS shoves himself up to his feet, getting to a vertical base before Ares and waits for her to reach her feet. As soon as she does, he rushes the former SoHER with a massive uppercut. Except...

DDK:

HE MISSED!

Lance:

MY LORD!

The FACE of DEFIANCE collapses just in time, leaving OSCAR BURNS to slam into the plexiglass chamber pod knocking the plexiglass out of place and sending him crashing into the steel wall. The Faithful don't even get the chance to start a "HOLY SHIT!" chant before Ares digs deep and pounces on the back of OSCAR BURNS, repeatedly slamming his skull into the steel gate that surrounds the chamber. The Faithful grow louder and louder with every strike. Ares can only hold off the damage done to her body for so long before she staggers back herself, giving OSCAR the opportunity to crawl out of the chamber pod past her in an attempt to escape.

DDK:

I can't imagine what OSCAR BURNS is thinking right now, Lance. Even I think I'm seeing a ghost. This match should have ended in a medical stoppage before this chamber was even lowered, but now it's Elise Ares using it to do some damage!

Lance:

This has GOT to be the bottom of the tank though, if this is going to happen it needs to happen right no-

DDK:

HOLY-

-SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!

The roar of the Scottish Faithful chant as Elise Ares leaps into the air and lands the back of her foot right across the back of OSCAR BURNS' skull, driving it straight into the unforgiving steel floor. Immediately after, Ares collapses herself, leaving both competitors down on the steel. A trickle of blood begins to pool on the metal under the face of OSCAR BURNS as seconds pass with both wrestlers motionless. BURNS eventually rolls over onto his back where you can see his face is now covered in a matching crimson mask as his opponent. He reaches out and grabs the gap in the metal floor and starts using it to pull himself back towards the ring.

DDK:

Benny Doyle is forbidden from stopping this match. Somebody here has GOT to beat somebody!

Lance:

Neither of these two will die. They're both too stubborn to lose!

OSCAR BURNS crawls under the bottom rope and back in the ring, mostly blinded by his own blood trying to find shelter. He reaches out towards Benny Doyle, looking for a hand that he isn't given... but it is grabbed from behind. The Faithful reach a fever pitch as Elise Ares holds the hand of OSCAR BURNS barely able to stand like a drunkard. She grabs the other hand with her other hand and straddles the former FIST, lifting his torso up and showing off his bloodied face to the world.

Elise Ares:

You... can't call this... Benny.

Ares places her boot on the back of OSCAR BURNS skull and slams it straight into the canvas, but never releases the arms. The Faithful roar even louder once Elise pulls his torso back up again, then slams another Extreme Makeover into the canvas. She spits blood onto her nemesis and does it again. And again. And again. And again. Benny Doyle begins to plead with Elise just to cover the man but she can't hear him over the roars of the Faithful and her own bloodrage.

Six.

Seven.

Eight.

Nine times.

Even DDK and Lance watch in uncomfortable but justified silence as Ares collapses down to one knee in exhaustion. She uses her last bit of strength to roll OSCAR BURNS onto his back, and doesn't even have it in her to do anything but lie across him as Benny counts.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

The Faithful are on their feet and the chamber immediately begins to rise. Outside of the chamber, the medical team has been waiting for clearance and quickly make their way inside as soon as they're able.

♪ "you should see me in a crown (IIZI Remix)" by Billie Eilish ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ELISE! ARES!**

Benny Doyle helps Elise Ares up to her feet and she's forced to use him as a brace as he raises her arm into the air. Iris swiftly checks on the motionless OSCAR BURNS.

DDK:

Some would say this was quite the upset, Elise Ares lives to fight another day with the Pop Culture Phenoms and leaves DEFIANCE Road victorious over OSCAR BURNS for the first time in her career.

Lance:

It feels like a lot of people have been spending the last 8 years telling Elise things that she can't do and now she's ready to do them.

DDK:

It didn't come easy, Lance. It was brutal, violent, and frankly uncomfortable. There is a good chance this match has forever changed both people in it, but it's over. Elise Ares gets to walk out of Scotland with her head held high.

And that's exactly what she does. Walk out of the ring and towards the backstage area without the help of any medical assistance. A cruel twist of fate for OSCAR BURNS as he's continued to be tended to by medics in the ring. He can do nothing but turn his head to the side and watch as Elise drags her body out of sight and the scene fades to the next.

1 DAY BAN

Somewhere deep in the dungeons of Edinburgh Castle...

Archer Silver:

You can't do this to me! This is against my contract! I am peacefully protesting my incarceration!

High Flyer:

These are clearly UNSAFE conditions! What if there's a fire?

Archer and Flyer both protest, Flyer still in his ring garb and Archer still having that briefcase handcuffed to one wrist.

Makayla Namaste:

I'm pretty sure this violated the GENEVA CONVENTION, which is kind of a BIG deal. Does this place have any LAWYERS? I'm sure they'd LOVE to hear about this.

Archer and High Flyer high five at this comment.

The Scottish Faithful roar as Wyatt Bronson and a dozen or more members of DEFsec escort the trio of Archer Silver (with a briefcase still handcuffed to him), High Flyer, and Makayla Namaste down the dark hallway by torchlight. InstaFamous turns around and tries to bolt but her arm is quickly grabbed by Bronson, who continues to pay no attention to her cries.

Makayla Namaste:

That's ASSAULT. Unhand me IMMEDIATELY you perv. This whole place is a LIABILITY!

A pair of figures shove their way through the mass of security and towards the trio, their protests muffled out as they wave their arms frantically in the air. Finally making their way to the front, M4NTRA members Nathaniel Eye and DEC4L Declan Alexander cut off the convoy.

DEC4L:

Hey! What's going on here fam?!

Nathaniel Eye:

Look here gentleman, these folks know that according to the stipulation they're not allowed to involve themselves in the match. They're going to stay backstage and let us handle business because they don't want us to lose our prized Tom Morrow Memorial Division Championship titles. Don't you think this is going a little overboard?

Wyatt Bronson stares back at Natty Eyce, cocks his head slightly to the side, and then pushes past him to open up one of the previously locked cells and pulls the door open.

Makayla Namaste:

DEC4L, baby, you can't let them do this to us! PLEASE.

High Flyer:

They took our phones away!

Nathan Eye gasps!

Nathan Eye:

Where are we?! Scotland or DEF-tanamo Bay?!

DEC4L:

THEY TOOK YOUR WHAT?!?!

Alexander immediately charges to liberate BRAZEN Future Talent Agency's electronic devices but the other members

of DEFsec swarm the PogChamp and pull him away. Nathaniel Eye tries to close the cell door to protect his stablemates from imprisonment but faces the same fate as there are enough bodies to separate the five of them. Archer is dragged into the cell by the suitcase still cuffed to his arm and is quickly joined by a shoved High Flyer and Makayla Namaste before Wyatt Bronson slams the door shut.

Wyatt Bronson:

Hopefully I won't do what you bozos did and lose this key.

High Flyer and Archer Silver scowl back at the head of security.

Wyatt Bronson:

Hopefully.

As the tension rises, something seems to fly through the bars to the outside of the dungeon, like a miniature drone.

Archer Silver:

What the...

Before Archer can complete his thought, the drone glows, before putting on a little light show culminating in a hologram beaming in front of BFTA; a familiar image, with a familiar greeting.

"GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!!!"

Makayla Namaste:

No. Ew. EW! Get it away from me!

The Sato hologram smiles and giggles in delight as Makayla swats at it, but it's just out of reach.

Dr. Ayumi Sato (hologram):

I'm sorry you won't be able to watch in person, but don't worry; I'm sure you'll know exactly what happens in that ring when your M4NTRA boys come back, full of weeping and gnashing of teeth, after my Atomic Punks win the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships, and establish the beginnings of my grand empire! The chickens are coming home to roost, my friends... and a new era is about to begin.

A pause. The hologram seems to zoom in, as Dr. Sato giggles and closes her message with an enthusiastic...

Dr. Ayumi Sato (hologram):

Toodles~!

Without warning, the hologram vanishes, and the drone suddenly drops dead to the floor. Alexander immediately crushes it under his boot. Coming up to the cage and grabbing hands with Makayla.

High Flyer:

I thought you could only be a hologram if you were dead... huh.

DEC4L:

Don't worry, we won't let anything happen to you, on God. We'll stand here and protest all night if we have to. This is inhumane and unsanitary, and you expect us to WORK under these conditions?! That's gotta be cap fam. You need to free our people.

Nathaniel Eye:

I'll start making the poster boards. Consider this a PROTEST.

DEFsec continues their large presence between the cell containing the other 3 members of BFTA and M4NTRA

Wyatt Brunson:

The way I see it you boys have two options. Option 1, you can go out there and defend your Unified Tag Team Championships as scheduled. Or-

DEC4L:

As long as our brothers and sisters are behind bars, we will be REFUSING to defend these championships out of PROTEST. No Justice! No Peace!

Wyatt clears his throat.

Wyatt Brunson:

Or option 2, you can forfeit those titles to the Atomic Punks, and we'll let your friends go right now. Your choice, "fam."

The look on Declan's face shows he didn't appreciate the way Wyatt Brunson said fam, but Nate grabs Declan by the shoulder and motions for them to have a private conference. Meanwhile, Makayla speaks up.

Makayla Namaste:

Excuse me, Mr. Police. I've never been locked in jail before, so excuse me if I don't know how this works... but don't I get a phone call?

Wyatt Brunson looks back at her unamused.

Makayla Namaste:

And we're allowed to use that one phone call to do an Instagram Live, right?

Nathaniel Eye:

We've made a decision.

Nate's voice interrupts the reality check Wyatt Brunson was surely about to give Makayla, which would really kill the already bad vibes.

Nathaniel Eye:

This isn't something that came to us easy and we had to do a lot of soul searching, but we think it is in the best interest of both DEFIANCE and our dearly departed Tom Morrow... who made a sacrifice so that this division may live, to continue our journey as the greatest team to ever hold these championships. I'm so sorry, Makayla.

Archer Silver:

We'll stay strong, brother. Keep surviving and one day we may be free.

DEC4L:

Just know Makayla, the entire time I'm in that ring showing the Atomic Punks why we're the GOATs, I'll be thinking about you. You'll be the inspiration that keeps me going.

Wyatt Brunson:

Leave.

Nathaniel cocks his head to the side like "Who are you talking to?"

Wyatt Brunson:

Now, before I change my mind and lock you two up next to them.

DEC4L runs up to the cage and grabs Makayla's hand one last time before Wyatt smacks it away. Alexander measures him up, adjusts his championship belt, then walks out of frame with his tag team partner. Wyatt shakes his head in frustration.

Makayla Namaste:

I can still do that Instagram Live... right?

TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: M4NTRA (C) vs. ATOMIC PUNKS

Lance:

Right before we get to the Ruminaton Chamber match for the FIST of DEFIANCE, we've got one more title match this evening. The Unified Tag Team championships are at stake. There's no more ducking and running from the hungry challengers, the Atomic Punks. M4NTRA's Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander have been avoiding the challenge of Fission and Gigaton for the past three months!

DDK:

Since M4NTRA crashed Dr. Sato's Halloween party, the Punks have been on a quest for their first tag team gold. They had a crack at the titles back on DEFtv 212, but M4NTRA got disqualified to retain the gold when it looked like the Atomic Punks were about to win!

Lance:

M4NTRA avoided the Punks every chance they had and even avoided the DEFy Awards by going on a retreat when Dr. Sato pulled their internet and got M4NTRA sunburned. DEC4L wrestled Fission in an important singles match to set this title match up. Fission won and as a result of that win, earned this match and got High Flyer, Archer Silver and Makayla Namaste all barred from ringside!

DDK:

M4NTRA have used the numbers game to defeat PCP and the Lucky Sevens to win the titles, then relied on them again to beat the super team of Dan Ryan and Conor Fuse. Now they'll have to find a way to win by themselves. M4NTRA are a great team when push comes to shove but the Atomic Punks may have their number!!!

Almost on cue, a blaring siren fills the air, the DEFtron suddenly staticking into a still of the one and only Dr. Sato's grinning visage.

♪ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♪

The crowd goes wild, as the familiar glowing clouds appear around the entrance, and the familiar silhouettes of Fission, Gigaton, and Dr. Sato form in the mist.

DDK:

The Atomic Punks have to be feeling confident tonight; the Better Future Talent Agency has been locked down, away from ringside, and there is nobody in between the Punks and the tag team titles. They just have to beat M4NTRA in the ring tonight!

Lance:

BFTA or not, that's still easier said than done - M4NTRA have been the top tier of skills and athleticism among DEFIANCE's intense tag team division, so Fission and Gigaton better not think the road to gold is so cut and dry!

The mad science trio stalks their way to the ring, taking their time to tag hands from the Faithful, while Dr. Sato takes some time to cackle in front of the camera. The Punks roll into the ring, rushing to opposite corners, and roaring in defiant challenge! The good doctor saunters in herself, tilting her head to the sky and cackling with glee before looking back to the arena entrance and the champs!

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathan Eye and Declan "DEC4L" Alexander! They look around and they look visibly irritated with their circumstances.

DDK:

They are all alone! No High Flyer! No Archer Silver! No Makayla Namaste! Tonight, if they want to retain their titles, they'll have to go it alone.

Declan and Natty come out and hold their titles, then start M4NTRA Ray-ing to the music. DEC4L and Eye hold the gold and they walk towards the ring with their titles. Eye has his special metal-plated copy of *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* in hand almost praying to his version of the Good Book closely. When the music drops, the big championship introductions begin.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the DEFIANCE Unified World Tag Team Championships! Introducing the challengers! Representing and accompanied by Dr. Ayumi Sato... from Three Mile Island, at a total combined weight of four hundred ninety-five pounds... FISSION! GIGATON! THE! ATOMIIIIIIIIIIIC... PUNKS!

The Atomic Punks stand side by side and Dr. Ayumi Sato is putting her hands together and cackling in between them.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a total combined weight of four-hundred eighty-two pounds ... the Unified Tag Team champions! They are the most enlightened! They are *streamer famous!* They are as unified as the titles they hold now! They are Nathan Eye and Declan "DEC4L" Alexander...

The Atomic Punks stand side by side watching the entrance.

Darren Quimbey:

M4NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNTRRRRRRAAAAAA!!!

The Golden State Guru and the PogChamp raise their titles to the sky. Nathan Eye and Declan do another quick M4NTRA Ray dance and then gesture to the "third eye" in their foreheads.

Lance:

They're trying to put on a brave front, but the Atomic Punks are living in their heads rent-free right now.

DDK:

They have been for some time!

DEC4L and Nathan pose together one more time and Nathan holds up his *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* up high. The referee picks up the Unified Tag Team Titles and holds them up together. Dr. Sato decides that Fission will start for their team. Nathan wants to start, but Declan holds out an arm.

DEC4L:

He's mine ... dead ass.

Nathan doesn't exactly put up a fight and takes his place on the apron.

DDK:

Here we go. Unified Tag Team championships are on the line!

DING DING

Declan Alexander goes right at Fission and it is clear he wants some payback for the stinging singles loss to Fission a few weeks ago. He chops at Fission and the brawler from Puerto Rico is backed into a corner. Hector Navarro already warns Declan about trying to attack the smaller half of the Atomic Punks in the corner for too long, but DEC4L does not hear him and instead just goes to town with a barrage of punches.

DDK:

It appears that singles loss to Fission might have lit a fire under Declan Alexander! He's on the offensive with those blows in the corner.

Declan grabs Fission and then he muscled Fission out of the corner with a big hip toss. DEC4L is getting booed by the masses and Nathan Eye is in the corner holding up his copy of *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance*. DEC4L points to the book and Nathan talks to the Scottish crowd.

Nathan Eye:

Conceptualize ... Actualize ... Realize!!! You can open your minds eye ... now with Scottish Translation!

DEC4L:

That's on God! And that's for Makayla!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DEC4L lays in the kicks to Fission. He picks Fission up and then throws him towards an empty corner with an Irish whip. He runs full speed ahead at Fission, but the crafty technical brawler evades the charges and Alexander hits the corner. DEC4L is taken off his feet next with a very slick arm drag and then he gets locked into a stiff arm bar by Fission. DEC4L's size advantage over Fission is negated for the moment with the Atomic Punks member wrenching away on the arm.

Lance:

DEC4L got a little too aggressive there and fell right into Fission's trap!

Fission goes to a head lock but Declan grabs his arm and with his size advantage, he escapes and then turns the tables on him. Fission leans into the ropes and gives DEC4L a shove, but the PogChamp comes back and knocks him down with a shoulder block. Declan gives him a taste of his own medicine using an arm bar of his own.

DDK:

Look at Declan Alexander going technical! I know he has it in him, but M4NTRA are wrestlers second and self-serving motivational speakers first.

Lance:

They really are talented. We can't forget these two men, along with Archer Silver and High Flyer, are four of the most successful talents that BRAZEN has produced.

Gigaton and Dr. Sato are watching Fission get his arm wrenched around by DEC4L but he gets up and uses a free hand to wrap around Declan's head. He jumps up and then gets the PogChamp off him with a flying snapmare take down. When DEC4L is up a drop kick from Fission knocks him down to the canvas to cheers!

DDK:

Fission takes over and there's the tag now to Gigaton! The Punks have been so successful in the tag team division! They've beaten the Blood Diamonds in Puerto Rico and followed that up by beating the French Connection! They've been unstoppable!

Dr. Sato is proud watching her Atomic Punks now go at Declan. Gigaton stands up, but Declan surprises him with a head lock and then locks it tight. DEC4L is very cocky for the moment but that cocky smile is wiped away quick because Gigaton's size lets him push Declan free. When he comes back an international flight in Scotland awaits him with a sizeable back body drop. Nathan looks away while his partner is getting whooped! DEC4L is nursing a sore back when he's picked up and then slammed into the mat with a scoop slam and Gigaton follows with a elbow drop to his heart. He makes a cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Lance:

The Atomic Punks are doing what they did last time they fought with M4NTRA over the gold! They've had them isolated and without having to worry about the rest of the M4NTRA gang at ringside, I think this bodes well for their chances.

Gigaton picks DEC4L up by the arm but a jaw-jacking jaw breaker shuts that down first. The larger half of the Punks is stunned in place while Declan tags the larger Nathan Eye.

DDK:

Tag to Nathan Eye just in time!

The Golden State Guru jumps over the ropes and lands in the ring to attack Gigaton with a big running elbow upside the head. Gigaton is knocked back into the corner. Nathan hits repeated shoulders into Gigaton's gut and surges forward. Four more shots are enough to elicit a warning from Hector Navarro, which Nathan Eye hears and gets away. Gigaton is still in the corner feeling the blows when Nathan runs in and hits a clothesline right on the Puerto Rican brawler.

Lance:

Look at Nathan Eye go!

Nathan leads Gigaton out of the corner and charges at him with a flying forearm in mind but to the shock of not only DEC4L but the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful, he is caught in mid-air!

DDK:

No way! Gigaton just caught a two-hundred fifty pound man in mid-flight!

Nathan Eye shakes his head and yells before gets slammed into the canvas with a scoop slam! Like DEC4L was earlier, the Inspirational One gets hit with a jumping elbow drop from Gigaton right into his chest! The groans can be heard all through the Edinburgh Castle as Nathan pops up grabbing his chest! Gigaton pops up with a snarl while the Edinburgh Faithful are firmly behind the Punks in their quest for gold!

DDK:

Gigaton is too much for either member of M4NTRA to contend with alone! Tag to Fission!

Fission is ready and waiting inside the ring. Gigaton takes hold of the Golden State Guru and hangs him upside down with a suplex. Fission leaps off the second rope and scores a drop kick just before Gigaton takes him down to the canvas using a big stalling suplex! Fission makes a cover on the champion hoping to bring home the gold!

One ...

Two ...

Kick-out!

Nathan gets the kick-out, but Fission takes it back to the mat by grabbing the arm of Nathan Eye and going back to an arm bar like he did on DEC4L earlier.

Lance:

The Atomic Punks have continued to control the tempo against M4NTRA so far! But I also know better than to count M4NTRA out. They've found a way to defeat the best of the best in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

That's very true. PCP, The Lucky Sevens, Rain City Ronin, Dan Ryan and Conor Fuse ... they have proven themselves time and time again in what they call the Tom Morrow Division!

A cross arm bar awaits Nathan Eye, but he does the smart thing to try and keep his arms closed together to prevent Fission from hyperextending the arm. Eye uses his power to roll to his feet and then tries to lift Fission up and over, but Fission slips right over him and changes tactics to try and take him down with a sunset flip. Nathan punches towards the ground, but Fission moves in a hurry, catching nothing but the canvas. Eye holds his hand and Fission hits another drop kick to the back that knocks Eye at the ropes.

Lance:

I'm incredibly impressed with Fission! He's been able to use his technical skill to stay one step ahead of M4NTRA as he needs!

DDK:

He's got Nathan in the ropes, but where's he going next?

Fission stands on the back of Nathan Eye and starts to choke him. Hector Navarro warns Fission to stop what he's doing so he does that. He jumps over Nathan and lands on the apron to smack him with a running knee. Nathan is hurt and when he tries to get back into the ring, DEC4L trips him up in the ropes! He gets booed by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful, but Declan tells them all to shush up so as not to alert Hector.

DDK:

He knows what he did taking that cheap shot on Fission!

Nathan gives the tag to DEC4L and he's even angrier than he was at the start of the match. Boots from all over rain down on Fission until Alexander decides to sit him up and then hit a sliding drop kick to the back. He covers Fission.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Gigaton is halfway through the ropes before Fission kicks out. Declan sees him coming.

DEC4L:

He's trying to unalive us, dead ass! Disqualify him! He said he was gonna eat our faces!

Dr. Sato and Gigaton just look at each other over Declan's wild allegations. Hector Navarro isn't buying it so he goes back to attacking Fission. He gets ready to try and take it home. He jumps at Fission and tries for the Play of the Game, but Fission grabs tightly on the near ropes and Declan crashes on the canvas!

DDK:

Great thinking by Fission! Declan's Play of the Game can come from anywhere, but he had that jumping cutter scouted!

Lance:

And now Fission is back to the tag with Gigaton!

Gigaton is back in the action again. Nathan tags Declan, but he doesn't see both of the Atomic Punks coming! They attack Nathan Eye with nothing fancy but some good old-fashioned clubbing the fans of Scotland can truly appreciate!

DDK:

Listen to these people! They are all for the Atomic Punks showing M4NTRA that they can run, but they can't hide!

Hector Navarro warns Fission to get out of the ring. Gigaton holds Nathan Eye in the ropes and Fission nails him with a running enziguri kick against the ropes! The Golden State Guru is now outside the ring with Declan Alexander.

Gigaton seemingly has an idea himself.

Lance:

What could be on the mind of Gigaton right now? That man is three-hundred ten pounds!

Gigaton gets on the apron. DEC4L is trying to help Nathan back to his feet but neither man sees the fate that awaits them ...

GIGATON WITH A ROLLING APRON CANNON BALL!!!

DDK:

I didn't know we were bowling!

Lance:

What are you talking about?

DDK:

Gigaton just picked up the seven-ten split with that diving cannon ball off the apron! He just flattened M4NTRA!

PUNKS!

PUNKS!

PUNKS!

PUNKS!

PUNKS!

Lance:

Listen to those chants! The Atomic Punks have gained such a big following with dominant performances like this!

Gigaton is greeted with cheers by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful as soon as he stands on the mat. Dr. Sato seems to be confused by the reaction a little bit, He snatches Nathan Eye up and picks up the legal man to set him up back inside the ring.

Lance:

And there is another quick tag by Gigaton and Fission.

DDK:

Fission with a knee on Nathan! He's down!

Fission holds down Nathan while Gigaton jumps around and gets ready to deliver the big Atomic Splash that Nathan has felt once before! Gigaton runs to one set of ropes and gets to the other for speed but before he can connect ... DEC4L PULLS THE ROPES OPEN!!! Dr. Sato and Fission are shocked when he falls through the open ropes and out on the floor!

Lance:

Where the heck did DEC4L come from?!

DDK:

I don't know, but he just saved Nathan Eye and the Unified Tag Titles for now!

Fission is stunned, but he tries to stay on task by going back to attack Nathan Eye, but Nathan hits a thumb to the eye as Navarro is distracted! DEC4L goes back to the corner as fast as he can as Nathan stands up, puts Fission on his shoulders and then runs him all the way back to M4NTRA's corner!

DDK:

This is what you and I talked about earlier, Lance... *never* count M4NTRA out!

Lance:

They can still cheat their way to success with our without the numbers at ringside!

Now that they are fed up with being shown up by the Atomic Punks, the Golden State Guru and the PogChamp put the pedal to the floor. Fission is left wide open from a running elbow smash from Nathan Eye. One shot stuns him but a second shot from the other side nails him again. Two shots lead to Nathan making a tag to DEC4L and then getting suplex out of the corner with a release t-bone suplex!

DDK:

Third Eye Blind by Nathan Eye! He's working with some urgency!

Lance:

M4NTRA have their opening now! This is exactly what they needed!

Fission is laid out in the middle of the ring as DEC4L comes in and stands in front of Nathan. They both point at the "third eye" in their forehead before Nathan throws his own partner with an aided standing moonsault right on top of Fission!

DDK:

And there's the Trust Fall Exercise! Declan for the win!

Declan hooks Fission's leg!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Fission with a kick-out of his own! DEC4L goes to pick up Fission, who is trying to free himself. He slowly turn his neck and then poses before he suddenly falls to the mat with a hangman's neck breaker!

DDK:

Fission's neck can't be good after that neck breaker! And now look at Declan!

A cobra clutch ties up Fission on the canvas in a seated set up. DEC4L shakes Fission around while the hold is locked on.

DEC4L:

Take several seats, bro! You're done!

Nathan joins in on the M4NTRA style trash talk.

Nathan Eye:

I bet you can't even *spell* enlightenment! My good book compels you, demon!

Nathan starts doing the "M4NTRA Ray" dance on the apron to booing but there are some in the stands doing it with him that are caught on camera now and forever. Dr. Sato and Gigaton watch Fission try to fight his way out from the grip of the cobra clutch. His other hand is free to reach up and rake at the nose of Declan! Declan yells and has to let go of the submission.

Lance:

That's *one* way to escape a cobra clutch!

DDK:

Fission and Gigaton cut their teeth in Puerto Rico on the deathmatch circuit. They know their way around a good brawl!

Declan tries to grab Fission again, but he gets kicked in the knee. Fission runs at Nathan and then kicks his knee! Doing whatever he can to fight against his larger opponents, Fission tries to leap between DEC4L's legs, but he is able to grab him before he can slide through. He pulls Fission up and then pushes him back towards the M4NTRA corner. Nathan Eye gets a tag and then Fission holds him in place before Nathan runs in and hits a jumping corkscrew splash in the corner. Fission is hurt when Nathan follows up with a standing enziguri upside the head!

DDK:

I can't believe how much athletic ability both of these men have! Nathan was right on target with that spinning splash and the enziguri kick in the corner!

Fission is on the mat and Nathan goes for a second cover on the challenger for their titles!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Nathan is surprised to see a shoulder up!

DDK:

Fission is showing his toughness tonight, but M4NTRA are showing something as well.

Lance:

In a lot of Atomic Punks matches, we've seen them overwhelm opponents with brawling, but M4NTRA have done an excellent job weathering the early storm to take control now.

Nathan Eye gets DEC4L's attention and he walks over to his corner to give the tag back to his partner. Declan ties Fission up and some of his face paint is starting to run. Declan holds him in the ropes while Nathan goes to work with a series of punches right at the face of the Atomic Punks member. Declan holds onto Fission while he is up against the ropes. Nathan runs and then leaps over his own partner to deliver a seated senton to Fission!

DDK:

Oh, my goodness! I think that Declan Alexander and Nathan Eye could have hurt Fission bad on that one!

Lance:

The Punks have proven their toughness time and time again, but M4NTRA are showing why they've been champs for just over two-hundred days now!

Declan jumps up and puts a boot right into the small of Fission's back against after their last double team. Fission looks to be in very bad shape. Declan takes a moment to point towards Gigaton daring the big man to get in. He swipes at Gigaton and the big brute tries to climb in the ring, but both Dr. Sato and the referee have to keep him at bay.

DDK:

These two know what they're doing! They just lured Gigaton in! Now look!

Booing is a-plenty for Declan and Nathan are both now in the ring putting boots into Fission any place they can put them. When Nathan sees the referee about to turn, he smacks his hands together to simulate like they actually made a tag when Declan returns.

Lance:

Not even a legal tag, but the ref thought it was!

Nathan points at Gigaton and talks trash as only M4NTRA can.

Nathan Eye:

Crack open a book, you unenlightened slob! Don't antagonize! Realize!

Nathan focuses once more on Fission. He is kicked and taken up for a suplex but Fission surprises him by countering into an inside cradle!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

Fission almost snuck away with the titles!

Fission tries to get up first, but Nathan picks him up first and he's driven down with Rise and Grind!

DDK:

M4TNRA cut Fission off again! The Rise and Grind lands and that pop-up spine buster might be the key to their victory!

Nathan stacks the legs for a pin!

One ...

Two ...

GIGATON WITH THE SAVE!

DDK:

What a close call! Fission has been punished for the last few minutes and I don't know if he would have kicked out of that on his own!

Lance:

As much as we can't stand them, that's what's made M4NTRA such an incredible team. Their natural chemistry is unheard of!

Fission is picked up and dumped outside the ring. Nathan points at Declan and makes another tag and they get ready to end things on their time. Fission is trying to get back up.

DDK:

M4NTRA planning something bad here. What are they going to do to Fission on the outside?!

Dr. Sato can't believe it either. Nathan picks up Fission and turns to throw him into the announce table. He charges, only for Fission to squirm free taking Nathan for a ride right into the table face first!

DDK:

Ooooooh!!! That'll leave a mark!

Declan comes to the aid of his fellow champion. He boots Fission and picks him up but Fission turns it around into a

floatover neck breaker on the floor!

Lance:

Fission has just evaded hard from both M4NTRA members! And now he has a chance to get back into the ring!

The beatings that Fission has taken wear on him, but he slides into the ring. Nathan walks over outside and tries to grab Fission's leg ...

THE TAG IS MADE TO GIGATON!!!

DDK:

Oh no! Here comes trouble for the Unified Tag Team champions!

The beastly Gigaton steps between the ropes, roaring with laughter as he grabs Nathan by the shoulders and clubs him with a meaty forearm across the shoulders that sends the champion to his knees! Taking advantage of the dazed champ, Gigaton grabs him by the wrist and launches him into the ring post, making him go ass-over-tea-kettle and freeing the big man to stalk after DEC4L!

Gigaton grabs DEC4L by the scruff and whips him into the ring, before following him in and stomping DEC4L on the back. The bigger, burlier challenger keeps up his rampage, taking a second to smile at his brother Fission before whipping DEC4L into the ropes and sending him up and over with a back body drop!

WHUMP!

With a roar and a nod toward a cackling Dr. Sato, Gigaton peels DEC4L off the mat and crowds him into the corner, before teeing off with a LOUD chop to the chest, followed by a whip to the opposite corner. DEC4L staggers out, and gets a Black Hole Slam for his troubles!

DDK:

The ring shook on that Black Hole Slam! Gigaton makes the cover!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

By the skin of his teeth, DEC4L is able to kick out of the big power move!

DDK:

I thought the titles were theirs! I really did!

Lance:

The Atomic Punks are still in control!

Gigaton grabs DEC4L and then looks to put away the Intrepid Influencer for good. Some big cross face forearms whip Declan across the face. Gigaton grabs DEC4L and tries to belly-to-back suplex DEC4L, but he flips out and lands on his feet behind Gigaton before Nathan comes back to make the tag!

DDK:

There's a tag by Nathan!

Gigaton kicks Declan and has him on one shoulder. Nathan tries to cut off whatever the big monster has planned, but Gigaton shows some mettle of his own by taking hold of both members of M4NTRA over his shoulders!

DDK:

No way! Gigaton isn't gonna do this to both men, is he?

He powers them *both* over his shoulders with a released version of northern lights suplexes to the delight of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Gigaton sits up with a sinister look on his face. Dr. Sato approves of everything!

Lance:

Gigaton is just a one-man army in that ring right now! M4NTRA haven't found an answer to contend with him!

Fission grabs DEC4L and gets him out of the ring in order for Gigaton to grab onto Nathan and plant him with a huge running powerslam in the center of the ring! He holds his hands up and the cheering people in the stands of the Edinburgh Castle take full notice!

DDK:

Gigaton is locked in! I think he's going to try again for that Atomic Splash! If he hits this, we've got new champions very shortly!

Fission grabs DEC4L and attempts a DDT on the floor, but DEC4L pushes him back and then nails him with the Red Line kick to the face!

DDK:

There's DEC4L with the Red Line on Fission!

Lance:

He's trying to save Nathan!

DEC4L tries to get back into the ring, but Gigaton sees him coming and charges with a big hip attack!

DDK:

Declan is out! He got knocked clean off the apron by Gigaton!

With DEC4L disposed of, the beastly half of the Atomic Punks turns back to see Nathan, but he's now trying to get to the ropes.

Lance:

Nathan used that distraction to get away from Gigaton!

The brawler tries to pull Nathan away, but he's hanging onto the ropes for dear life to keep Gigaton from crushing him. He pulls and drags Nathan right into Hector Navarro!

Lance:

No! Navarro is down!

Navarro goes down briefly and using this, Nathan gets behind Gigaton and pushes him into the ropes. Out of nowhere, a man dressed in an all-white suit and brimmed hat pops up ...

And *sprays* Gigaton in the eyes with some sort of vial!

DDK:

Wait?! Who is that at ringside?! The camera didn't catch it!

The stranger in white disappears under the ropes, but it's clear Nathan knows something judging by the grin on his face! Gigaton is blinded and gets his jaw rocked by a big superkick from Eye!

Lance:

Eye scores with that superkick right to the jaw of Gigaton! But ... who was that man?

Declan is back and the Faithful jeer when he gets the tag! Nathan has the blinded Gigaton on his shoulders and struggles to hold him there but does so long enough to throw him right into the jumping cutter by Declan!

DDK:

M4NTRA CODE!!! M4NTRA CODE ON GIGATON!!!

Lance:

M4NTRA ARE GONNA STEAL THIS MATCH!

Fission slides back into the ring to try and make the save again, but the Golden State Guru tackles him to the ground while DEC4L has the cover!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Booing comes from every direction but in the ring, the champions could not be any happier!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners ... and stiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii Unified Tag Team champions ... Nathan Eye! Declan Alexander ...
MMMMMMMMMM4NTTTRRRRRRRRAAAA!!!

DDK:

No way! M4NTRA had some kind of contingency plan for tonight and it just paid off to retain their titles! Remember the stipulation was that the rest of M4NTRA were barred from ringside. We literally saw them locked up just before this match ...

Lance:

I don't believe it ... I really don't. Who is this?

The person in the all white suit enters the ring and stands between the M4NTRA members with his brimmed hat obscuring his face. Nathan seems to know who it is and when Declan sees for himself he looks very surprised.

DDK:

Oh no ... don't tell me ...

The hat comes up...

TOM MORROW with the most shit eatingist grin ever!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

IT'S TOM MORROW!!! TOM MORROW IS BACK!!! WE HAVEN'T SEEN TOM MORROW IN ALMOST A YEAR! HE WAS POWER BOMBED BACK AT DEFCON LAST APRIL BY THE LUCKY SEVENS! HE'S BACK IN DEFIANCE WRESTLING!

Tom Morrow hugs Nathan Eye and then hugs Declan Alexander. Nathan falls to a knee and then points at Tom Morrow.

Declan Alexander:

TOM MORROW ... HE HAS RISEN!!!

Nathan Eye:

The Tom Morrow Memorial Division is now once again ... the Tom Morrow Division!

DDK:

I don't believe this ... I'm going to hurl ... this ambulance chasing, greedy, soulless, crass snake oil salesman ... Tom Morrow is back ladies and gentlemen!

Dr. Sato and Fission are both getting some water outside the ring in order to help Gigaton out from whatever mystery liquid was sprayed into his face.

Tom Morrow stands in between his clients and helps each man fasten their Unified Tag Team titles back around their waists. Booring rings out but M4NTRA couldn't care less what the people think!

Lance:

Once again, M4NTRA hang onto the titles thanks to help from one of their circle. With M4NTRA having additional numbers and now Tom Morrow back?! I shudder to think how long they'll have a stranglehold on those titles.

DDK:

Me too, partner ... me too.

M4NTRA and Tom Morrow saunter up the ramp with Tom Morrow's suit looking quite evangelical for the evening. DEC4L and Nathan show off the titles and yell right into the camera while they leave.

DEC4L:

Cope!

Nathan Eye:

We are your enlightened superiors!

Tom Morrow:

I'MMMMMMMMM BAAAAACCK!!! PRAISE BE TO ME!!!

NO, JUST NO

A camera crew catches up with Cyrus Bates who is pacing like a maniac in his hotel room. With his phone clutched to his ear, he can't help but rub his bald head.

Cyrus Bates:

Come on, come on, come on! Pick up!

It's a good thing he's wearing a black turtleneck, otherwise the pit stains of panic would be more than visible.

Cyrus Bates:

Gotta try one more time.

Bates smooches his finger into his phone a bunch of times like someone trying to make a really urgent call. Well heck, he is.

Cyrus Bates:

It's ringing.

He stops dead in his tracks and gazes out the window, back turned to the camera recording him.

Cyrus Bates:

Percy, yeah hey, it's me, Cyrus. Listen, do you have a moment?

Silence ensues as it's presumed Bates is listening to Percy Collins' response.

Cyrus Bates:

Yeah no, I totally get that and I get that you and Malak are preparing for the daunting main event ahead, it's just, this is pressing and I can't hold it in anymore. You need to know this info NOW. Malak needs to know this info NOW!

More silence, this time longer, as Cyrus' ear gets berated off by Percy from the other end of the phone.

Cyrus Bates:

Okay, okay but then just like, can you just pass the message on to him if he can't come to the phone because he's in the middle of a deep meditative stretch session?

The shortest amount of silence takes place.

Cyrus Bates:

Great. Okay, I will be brief. Listen, Scott Douglas is a no go. No, just no. Do not engage. I repeat, do not engage. His quality is far too high. He might end up beating Malak for the FIST if he's still champion after Ruminaton Chamber.

Bates pulls the phone from his ear and cringes as if the yelling from the other end of the line pierced his ear drum all the way through.

Cyrus Bates:

You're right! You're right! Not if he's still champion. When he's still champion. But like, you heard what I said, right? Steer clear of Scott Douglas. I failed. I failed my mission. I thought I could be the best Quality Control Officer this side of a Hostess twinkie factory but gosh golly was I wrong.

Bates listens intently to Percy's response.

Cyrus Bates:

Okay fair. Tell him after the match. I understand because he has a lot going on right now but I just don't want him to forget about me. I am loyal, you know. Until the end. I need to be in his good graces, Percy. You gotta tell him for me. I

make every action with him in mind. He is my world and I would NEVER do anything to jeopardize that. I-I love him so much. I miss him too.

Getting teary eyed, Cyrus tries to shy away from the camera but it's no use. In an odd turn, he begins to smile.

Cyrus Bates:

Th-thank you, Percy. That is a really kind thing to say to me. I appreciate it and I am glad to hear Malak thinks that way too even though I am a big screw up. I hope he ruminates all over everyone's faces tonight. I'll be watching from my room.

A quick reply from Percy.

Cyrus Bates:

Okay. May your chakras be aligned. Bless.

Bates palms his phone one more time, ending the call. He takes the deepest breath possible before noticing the camera lens locked on him.

Cyrus Bates:

You heard me. Scott Douglas is a no go for the FIST so long as Malak is champion. We're looking for success here, not a massacre.

Bates deposits his phone in his pocket.

Cyrus Bates:

I just hope to the heavens that Malak can get through tonight's nightmare. I hope.

The segment ends, sending things back to the stadium.

FIST of DEFIANCE, RUMINATION CHAMBER: MALAK FUSE (C) vs. TYLER FUSE vs. CONOR FUSE vs. ED WHITE vs. DAN RYAN vs. CORVO ALPHA vs. MP1 vs. TA BLACK

Fresh off the match graphic and a continual hot crowd at the Edinburgh Castle, the main event is here and the RUMINATION CHAMBER starts to lower.

(For the record, the RUMINATION CHAMBER is just an Elimination Chamber with a little bigger 'chamber' space, for those wondering.)

DDK:

Faithful, you saw this structure during OSCAR BURNS and Elise Ares. We have six pods, one in each corner of the metal unit and one on the left and right side, at least from the view of the hard camera. As you can see, the cage has about five feet of metal platform space between the ropes and the end of the cage, thus expanding the area for "wrestling". Otherwise, eight participants will take part with the FIST of DEFIANCE on the line! Six wrestlers will enter these pods, or the RUMINATION CHAMBERS as Malak Fuse defined them, and two will start the match. Pinfalls or submissions can happen at any time and I am told they can also happen "outside" the ring, on the extended metal platforms. No one, and nothing, is to exit or enter the CHAMBER other than our eight participants. A pod will open, one at a time, after FIVE minutes intervals. So no matter what, this contest will last for thirty minutes. Because at that time, the final pod will open. It would either be one-on-one or one-on-a-few, maybe everyone is still active at the end of all entries. I guess we're going to see.

Lance:

I'm also told it was a random draw for the six pods and the two who start the match. Obviously, it's a massive disadvantage to the wrestlers who start. However, amongst those six wrestlers in their pods, they will not know their entry into the match until the five minute intervals.

DDK:

Yes, and I'm told a few of them even went as far as to "decorate" their RUMINATION CHAMBERS. This happened before we went on the air this afternoon. However, during BURNS-Ares, you couldn't see inside the pods because the pod lights were off.

Lance:

Really? Decorate?

DDK:

Uh, yeah. I was told Malak Fuse of all people wanted his to be a 'safe space'.

Lance:

Great, so he's not starting the match...

DDK:

Apparently not. Then again, everyone has a seventy-five percent chance of at least starting inside a pod. The odds *are* in your favour.

Lance:

As the massive cage structure lowers, let's go to ringside and Darren Quimbey!

The scene switches to Darren Quimbey inside the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is THE MAIN EVENT OF THE NIGHT and it is for the FIST. OF. DEFIANCE.

RAAAHHHH

RAAAHHHHH

RRAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Darren Quimbey:

The rules are as follows: six wrestlers will enter their respected RUMINATION CHAMBER and after a five minute mark, one CHAMBER door will open by random draw! A wrestler is eliminated when they are pinned or submitted and the last man standing will be the FIST of DEFIANCE!

More cheers as the Edinburgh Faithful rise to their feet.

Darren Quimbey:

The first six introduced wrestlers have drawn a spot into one of their RUMINATION CHAMBERS. Introducing first...

[*♪ "Big Dawgs" by Humankind ♪*](#)

Very audible boos.

Darren Quimbey:

From Cheyenne, Wyoming... weighing two-hundred-ten pounds... he is the CURRENT FIST of DEFIANCE... he is the SNOWFLAKE SUPERSTAR... he is the ELDEST BROTHER of the GREATEST TRIO IN DEFIANCE HISTORY... he... is... MALAK JONAS FUUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSSSEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Out walks the champion flanked by none other than his beloved and cherished Sports Psychologist and Chief Social Media Strategist, Percy Collins. Percy clutches the FIST like it's a loose babe at a Playboy pool party. Collins wags his tongue generously as Malak can't shake the look of concern off his face. They pause atop the castle entrance before Malak rips the belt from Percy's grubby fingers, sending his advisor backstage.

DDK:

It's time to "go it alone" I guess, even though Malak's made it clear that he plans to use his "brothers" as his own personal bouncers.

Lance:

I was REALLY hoping Malak would have started this match off and pinned right off the bat.

DDK:

We'll have to wait for this dream to come to fruition later on in the night.

"Garland" enters the ring, handing his FIST over to referee Brian Slater. Fuse walks over to the top right-hand corner of the hard camera. He exits the ring and stands in front of his black pod, before a light flicks on at the top and the automatic door slides open, revealing a miniature snowglobe environment, tiny flakes fluttering from the ceiling. Malak's demeanour immediately improves as he gives himself a warm, self-embraced hug. He's tickled pink as he wiggles his way into the cozy chamber. The pod door automatically swoops shut behind him.

DDK:

Garland has help, or so he believes. Now he has BOTH real Fuse Brothers working for him, it's the only reason they are in this match.

Lance:

Tyler Fuse is on RECORD to say the man who will beat Malak for the title is him, Tyler. Therefore, I really doubt Malak has **both** Fuse Brother's on his team tonight.

DDK:

It is going to be damn near impossible for Tyler to "give in" to anything Malak Garland wants him to do. Tyler is nothing like Conor.

Lance:

Also, I'm being told through my headset right now we should be referring to Malak Garland as his "real name", Malak Fuse.

DDK:

Sometimes, I hate this job.

With Malak "Fuse" in his pod, his theme song comes to a close. Darren Quimbey remains in the center of the CHAMBER.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next...

[*♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪*](#)

Darren Quimbey:

From Parts Unknown... representing the Most Precious Gems and weighing two-hundred-thirty-three pounds... he is their Most Precious One... he is MP1!

Stepping out into the open air are two figures: one slender and sleek, the other decidedly less so. Madame Melton smiles proudly as she presents her prize to the Edinburgh Faithful. They are less enthused than she. Tuning out all of the negativity, with fists balled and head down, MP1 marches down the aisle way with purpose. Melton doesn't accompany him, instead she clutches her pearls with high drama and fades back through the curtain, holding back well-practiced crocodile tears.

DDK:

Another thing to note, amongst the many notes we've already made, there are no managers welcomed at ringside for this contest. This is because, well, there's BARELY a ringside with how wide the RUMINATION CHAMBER is.

Lance:

It's right in front of our eyes, Keebs! Literally we are the only space between the cage and the barricade. It's times like this I miss having the announce table where it should be. You know, near the entranceway!

DDK:

The Favored Saints didn't want us to take away from the gorgeous view of Edinburgh Castle.

Lance:

Understandable.

MP1 enters the ring and is steered toward his pod on the top left-corner of the hard camera. He watches the pod door close behind him and bristles. He turns his back to the center of the ring but is sure to keep his gaze downcast, never meeting a set of fans' eyes. All around him, hung on the glass walls of his pod are replicas of his black, reay and white mask – as if to remind who he is, of his purpose.

With two men in their respective RUMINATION CHAMBERS, Quimbey brings the mic to his mouth once more.

Darren Quimbey:

And now introducing...

[*♪ "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman ♪*](#)

Darren Quimbey:

Originally from Louisville, Kentucky but now hailing from the homebase of DEFIANCE New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... he is THE FINANCIAL BACKBONE of DEFIANCE... he is... THE SOCIALITE! ED WHITE!

A chorus of boos immediately erupt from the Scottish Faithful as The Socialite struts confidently out onto the stage clad in his usual crisp white wrestling gear and perfectly quaffed salt and pepper mane. Over his gear he wears a plush white velvet and gold evening robe, a sort of smoking jacket to go along with... well...

Lance:

Is he smoking a PIPE?

DDK:

Have you seen his pod?

Lance:

Can the fans even see over all that junk?

Flying solo tonight, Edward White makes his way down the ramp and towards his pod, which is on the bottom left-side of the hard camera. Inside the pod we see a plush green carpet, a very expensive looking leather wingback chair and a side table atop which is perched a small ashtray and everything necessary to pour a nice glass of very expensive looking scotch whisky. On the largest available wall of the pod, utterly blocking the view of a whole section of the audience, is a large portrait of The Socialite himself astride a horse holding a sword. He makes a slow beeline towards his throne, making a fun little todo about taking his very comfortable seat and pouring himself a little drink underneath the most ostentatious, tacky, view disrupting piece of "pod paraphernalia" in the entire match.

Lance:

I'm speechless, Darren.

DDK:

At this point I'd honestly be shocked at anything less when it comes to Edward White, partner.

Lance:

Never would've guessed White's pod has more going on than Malak's.

The camera switches over to Malak in his neat protective snowglobe. However, there are a few motivational posters hanging around his unit, too. Such as "YOU. ARE. ENOUGH." and "BE THE CHANGE THE WORLD NEEDS". Shit that is the complete opposite of what Malak Fuse represents. It almost makes Lance Warner throw up.

Nevertheless, the crowd is HOT as Ed White's theme comes to a close and his pod door swings shut on his little smoking lounge.

Darren Quimbey:

And now...

The lights dim. A darkness settles over the entryway. Then, quiet and graceful, a gentle and uplifting guitar overtakes the PA...

[♪ "Light & Day / Reach For The Sun" by The Polyphonic Spree ♪](#)

A spotlight hits the castle entrance, revealing a vocalist dressed in a white robe and holding a microphone.

"Light...!

"And Day...!

"Is mooore thaaan yoouu'll say...!

"Cause aall...!

"Myyy feeeliings are more...!

"Thaaan Ill caaan leeet by...!"

Soft purple lighting slowly comes over the entrance, revealing a band and back-up singers. All wearing similar white

robes.

“Or not...!

“Mooore thaaan you’ve got...!

“Just follow the daaaaaaaaay...!

“Follow the daaay, and REEAACH FOOR THE SUN!!”

KAA-BOOOOM!!

PYROS!! RAPTURE!! WHITE-WHITE-WHITE EVERYWHERE!!

Grandstands have been set up across the front, and when the BLINDING LIGHTS pop on, they reveal an entire white-robed choir! Everyone is smiling, clapping, and singing with joy while WHITE CONFETTI falls from the sky!

“YOU DON’T SEE ME FLYING TO THE RED!

“OOONE MOOORE YOOUUR DONE!

“JUST FOLLOW THE SEASONS, AND FIND THE TIME!”

“REACH FOR THE BRIGHT SIDE!

“YOU DON’T SEE ME FLYING TO THE RED!

“OOONE MOOORE YOOUUR NUTS!

“JUST FOLLOW THE DAAAAAAAAY!!!

FOLLOW THE DAAAY, AND REEAACH FOOR THE SUN!!”

Darren Quimbey:

From Indianapolis, Indiana... weighing two-hundred-five pounds... T! A! BLACCCCCCCCCCK!

TA Black bursts forth from the entry-way, streaking from one end of the entrance at a full sprint. One hand is being energetically pumped over his head while the other brandishes a microphone.

TA Black:

YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

“FOLLOW THE DAAAAAAAAY!!!

FOLLOW THE DAAAY, AND REEAACH FOOR THE SUN!!”

Black runs to the north end of the castle wall.

TA Black:

YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Black runs to the south end of the castle wall.

TA Black:

YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Back to the north, because why the hell not?

TA Black:

SING!! CLAP!! BE JOYOUS!!

The musicians continue to smile and sing and clap... although it feels rather forced. There’s a weird tension in the eyes of many of the choir members, as if there were a bomb placed somewhere under the grandstands rigged to go off should a single of them sing below the appropriate amount of decibels.

“YOU DON’T SEE ME FLYING TO THE RED!

*“OOONE MOOORE YOOUUR NUTS!
“JUST FOLLOW THE SEASONS, AND FIND THE TIME!”
“REACH FOR THE BRIGHT SIDE!
“YOU DON’T SEE ME FLYING TO THE RED!
“OOONE MOOORE YOOUUR NUTS!
“JUST FOLLOW THE DAAAAAAAAY!!!
FOLLOW THE DAAAY, AND **REEAACH FOOR THE SUN!!”***

TA Black:

BE FRICKING JOYOUS, ALL OF YOU, GOSHDARNIT!! YYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Fountain pyrotechnics fill the aisleway. A line of Tibetan monks release a flock of doves into the air. A gaggle of Amish carpenters fire streamers into the air. Everybody and everything is PURE, UNADULTERATED, and COMPLETELY REFORMED WHITE!!

*“FOLLOW THE DAAAAAAAAY!!!
FOLLOW THE DAAAY, AND **REEAACH FOOR THE SUN!!”***

When the camera gets a close-up of the live band’s vocalist, he briefly closes his eyes. Printed on his eyelids are the words “SEND” and “HELP”.

Black comes charging down the aisle, still shaking his fist into the air and trying in vain to pump up the jeering Faithful like some cocaine-infused Evangelical preacher.

TA Black:

WWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

*“FOLLOW THE DAAAAAAAAY!!!
FOLLOW THE DAAAY, AND **REEAACH FOOR THE SUN!!”***

The moment TA Black enters the chamber, his band and choir *HAUL ASS* out of there. Meanwhile, Black steps through the ropes and walks to the center of the ring.

TA Black:

EDINBURGH... YYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

TA Black:

LET ME HEAR THAT POSITIVITY, YYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

TA Black:

Ladies and gentlemen... DO YOU KNOW WHY I’M EXCITED TONIGHT?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

TA Black:

TONIGHT... I REALIZE MY DESTINY! TONIGHT... MY LIFE COMES FULL CIRCLE! From LOWLY WRETCH to GLORIOUS FIST! There has NEVER -- *EVER* -- **WHAT!! SO!! EV-URR!!!** -- been a STORY as GREAT and INSPIRING as MY OWN!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

TA Black:

THANK YOU!! THANK YOU!! YYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!! I LOVE YOU ALL!! But for now, I must CONTAIN all this POSITIVE ENERGY to my RUMINATION POD!! A SYMBOL of my DARK and DREARY PAST! And forever a BLIGHT on the legacy of DEFIANCE WRESTLING!! A BLIGHT that shall be PURIFIED HERE TONIGHT by my GLORIOUS ASCENSION!!!

Black tears the canvas hanging off his pod, revealing...

DDK:

Oh God... Oh Man... Oh God, Oh Man, OH GOD, OH MAN, OH-GOD-OH-MAN-OH-GODOHMANAOHGODOHMAN!!

Lance:

It's... IT'S...

DDK:

IT'S CRIMSON STALKER'S GOO POD!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Lance:

Well... if there was EVER a blight in Rezin's tenebrous past that was in need of purification...

DDK:

SOMEBODY KILL IT WITH FIRE!!

The crowd waits as Black's pod closes but an unfamiliar theme song takes the airwaves next.

[♪ "Bloody Tears \(Piano Cover\)" from Castlevania II ♪](#)

There are two small DEFIATrons placed on both sides of the castle entrance walls, where TA Black's choir previously resided. They flicker on and run through various close-up shots of a man bleeding... fighting for his life... in various high stakes battles. Judging by the theme song, The Scottish Faithful easily gain a sense for who's going to emerge.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

As one of the close-up shots pan out, it's Conor Fuse, covered in his own blood, going toe-to-toe with Mikey Unlikely.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

As the song picks up, a blood-thirsty cry from The Power-Up King comes to a screeching halt.

BOOM!

Lime green pyro explodes from the castle, suddenly switching to the colour of crimson red. Not to be confused with Crimson Stalker Red, WE ALREADY WENT DOWN THAT ROAD A MOMENT AGO, JEESH.

BOOM!

More red pyro explodes!

The Scottish Gamers come alive as Conor Fuse slowly marches out from behind the castle gate doors. He's wearing a white and red Castlevania-inspired trench coat, as he glances around the bleachers and cracks a faint grin.

Lance:

A CASTLEvania-like entrance fit for an Edinburgh CASTLE! *[Asking DDK directly]* Did I try too hard with that one?

DDK:

Maybe.

Red light illuminates the entire building behind Fuse as he now smiles from ear-to-ear and throws his arms up, pumping his fists forward.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Darren Quimbey:

From Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... he is THE ULTIMATE GAMER... HE IS THE POWER-UP KING... HE IS THE CHARACTER FORMERLY KNOWN AS PLAYER TWO... HE HAS A MILLION NICKNAMES AND ALIASES... HE IS... CONOR FUUUUSSSSSSSSSEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

DDK:

What a response!

Fuse nods to himself as he winds his arms around and around, cranking them to loosen them up. He wears his OG lime green wrestling gear, however, it's in the colour of crimson red and void of the typical "Comments Section" hashtag slander that's appeared on his tights (by Malak's demand). No doubt Malak is trying to soften up his "brother" by allowing Conor to wear whatever he likes, so the real Fuse can feel the need to protect the champion when shit really hits the fan.

DDK:

Conor Fuse has been given a few various chances at the FIST of DEFIANCE but has come up short each time.

Lance:

I MIGHT be wrong about this - and I will no doubt be corrected online if I am - but I believe Conor has had THREE cracks at the FIST of DEFIANCE across the last six years. His first, versus Mikey Unlikely, which we saw in the promo video. Even Conor would tell you he deemed himself as "not being ready" for that moment. Fuse's second attempt - two years later in a battle against Lindsay Troy and, ultimately, in that same year from within a steel cage elimination match between Vae Victis and a makeshift team of Conor, Tyler, Malak, Brock and Pat.

DDK:

I remember the elimination match well. Conor and Pat had their wires crossed at the end and it cost them both the FIST.

Fuse bounces across the pathway towards the ring. More red pyro goes off behind him.

As the violin continues to play BLOODY TEARS, Fuse marches up the steel steps and through the metal doorway. Before entering the ring, he takes a moment to stop in front of the first pod he sees, Ed White, the man who defeated him a month ago at the YEAR END AWARD SHOW. Conor can't stop staring at the large photo of The Socialite on a horse holding a sword. Even Fuse mumbles under his breath that is "pretty badass".

Next, the gamer moves towards TA Black's pod. Fuse shakes his head, while Black says something along the lines of how Conor should "give up video games".

Conor Fuse: *[rolling his eyes]*

You used to be cool, man.

Conor even remembers [smoking up](#) with REZIN a couple times on pay-per-view off nights. Needless to say, Conor moves to the next pod, MP1's, with a look on his face like "hey, wha' happened?" before going to the last occupied pod, across the other side of the ring.

Malak Fuse.

The FIST of DEFIANCE sheepishly waves to Conor, while Conor simply looks over the snowglobe. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two has a look on his face suggesting he expected more from Malak's interior.

And then Fuse makes his way to his own pod, the bottom-right side of the hard camera, completing the four corners of the RUMINATION CHAMBER so far (and Rezin's in the center-left). Conor's door shoots open, with the plastic door vanishing in a slip between the cage and the rest of the pod. There, inside his own chamber, sits a tiny little red bean bag chair, a Legend of Zelda: A Link to the Past poster and a special edition golden Legend of Zelda Nintendo Switch Lite.

Conor looks back at Malak while saying through his body language "this is how it's done".

Fuse dives into the pod and onto the bean bag chair as the plastic door swings back to where it came from, the pod now illuminated as Conor rests inside.

Conor Fuse: *[shouting to the other four members in their respected pods]*
GONNA BE A WHILE FOR SOME OF US, BOYS! MIGHT AS WELL GET COMFORTABLE!

Conor's theme comes to a close.

DDK:

Faithful, the NEXT entrant will be the LAST man who has scored himself a pod and a chance to enter this match at a later time!

The crowd waits on a theme music to begin, as do the announcers.

Lance:

Who is it!? The suspense is killing me!

The castle remains a quiet hush, waiting to explode.

When...

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the stage while the opening notes of the song plays. The chorus paints a foreboding picture and a single spotlight comes down from center-stage.

Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him.

The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Bronson Box, standing over a defeat Bronson holding the FIST up high, standing over Clair St. Sure holding his first FIST, superkicking Mikey Unlikely, taking Scott Stevens' head off with a clothesline, hitting Virginia Quell with the Headliner on the ring ramp, countering an Impulse dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Eugene Dewey, and holding up the FIST after ending Dewey's record title reign.

Dan is all business, eyes locked on the ring and the pods in front of him.

Darren Quimbey:

And now... he is the legend from Houston, Texas... weighing three-hundred-five pounds... he is THE EGO BUSTER... DAN. RYAN!

♪ Hold your noses cuz we're going for another long dive ♪
♪ Some call me father, others call me Johnny Topside ♪
♪ Long forgotten, I was swept up by the wrong tide ♪
♪ Thought my bed was made but I just woke up on the wrong side ♪
♪ Jump startin' up my heart, I've hit my second wind ♪
♪ Back from the dead, subject Delta checkin' in ♪
♪ Revving up the engine that has blended our genetics ♪
♪ Have you felt the natural selection that's already setting in? ♪
♪ Fire at my fingertips, I won't be told to chill ♪
♪ Stacking plasmids, like an addict, total overkill ♪
♪ I'm the one who's gonna call the shots, time to roll the film ♪
♪ Oughtta have a splicer fill you in, because they know the drill ♪
♪ Step between me and my daughter and you'll get bounced ♪
♪ Then any ADAM that you had is getting ripped out ♪
♪ Who's your daddy now? ♪
♪ Who's your daddy now? ♪
♪ I'm the heavyweight champ, you won't even last a round ♪
♪ Too long your brutes abuse the juice, now you get smacked around ♪
♪ Betas held the belt, so many years in rapture now ♪
♪ Baddest motherfucker in the building, who's your daddy now? ♪

Ryan reaches the ring, enters the doors, and makes his way to the pod adjacent from the entranceway, dead smack in the middle of the ropes, and right between both Malak and Conor Fuse. The whole walk, he doesn't acknowledge anyone.

Ryan's RUMINATION CHAMBER opens, revealing...

Nothing.

An empty pod. No decorations. No bean bag chair. No mirror. No ashtray. No snowflake globe. Nadda.

Conor Fuse is stunned. Then again, should anyone be surprised?

The door swoops shut behind Ryan as he stands idly.

Meanwhile, Malak has his jaw on the floor. He is rattled fucking hard upon seeing Dan Ryan is ALL BUSINESS and doesn't give a shit what his pod looks like.

Malak Fuse:

Wh-why is his pod eerily void of anything!? Is he going to murder me?

Probably, Malak. If he gets a chance...

Ryan ends up finding Malak's location and stares at him. All the champion can do is gulp and look away. Ryan's theme comes to a close.

But Ryan still stares at Malak.

Malak Fuse closes his eyes and prays he can become invisible. Then he opens them.

Nope. Ryan is still looking DIRECTLY at Malak.

Malak Fuse: *[to referee Benny Doyle on the outside of the cage]*

Excuse me good sir, can I leave for a minute and use the potty?

Doyle raises an eyebrow, is this guy serious?

Well, at least Malak thinks Dan isn't looking at him anymore-

OH WAIT, FUCK NO. HE STILL IS.

Thank god for the next theme song.

[*♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪*](#)

Tyler Fuse, there to save the day for Malak and provide the distraction needed, or so Malak hopes. Garland is not looking over in Ryan's direction, he's just assuming Dan has the attention span of a squirrel and is now watching the entranceway.

Darren Quimbey:

From Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... he is THE OG PLAYER... TYLER FUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSSSEEEEE!

DDK:

So Tyler Fuse and Corvo Alpha are going to start this one off!

Tyler makes his way towards ringside, staring up at the ominous cage. The roof is nearly twenty feet high but it doesn't matter to Tyler. He walks up the steel steps, into the cage doors and towards the center of the ring. He takes a moment to stare at all six members in all six pods, before landing his eyes on Malak's RUMINATION CHAMBER. Tyler exits the ring and strolls over to it.

WHAM!

Fuse slams forearms in unison HARD against the thick plastic entrance door. Malak shatters.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm gonna kill you, Garland!

Typical, Malak is shaken. Now he has Tyler to deal with, too!?

Malak Fuse:

Oh no, I'm hoping you're not going to kill me, kind sir. We are a team!

Add a very cheesy and desperate thumbs up to which Tyler Fuse no sells.

Lance:

I really can't see Malak surviving tonight.

DDK:

You jinxed it.

Tyler was probably going to do more to rattle Malak but the slow rhythmic clapping of the Scottish Faithful grabs his attention.

DDK:

There's only one combatant left and this crowd knows it!

Their galloping clap increases in tempo into a full canter and a sweeping crane camera captures the singular elation of the fans. Suddenly, the crane comes to a jerking halt and the lens zooms in on a figure amongst the crowd, standing against a bright light. The silhouette holds up a thick arm and smears something colorful on his face. It is yellow.

Darren Quimbey:

And finally, the last entrant... from PARTS UNTOLD... weighing two-hundred-sixty-eight pounds... call him CORVO.
ALLLLLLPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

Corvo Alpha has not been seen since our last premium event - when Lord Nigel Tricklebush returned to DEFIANCE and was welcomed back with open arms by MP1. One has to imagine that Corvo Alpha has thought of nothing other than this moment - to get MP1 in the ring. Toss in the FIST and the combustible combination of other competitors and... well... this is going to be a spectacle.

Alpha eyes the chamber with suppressed awe. Stomping down the aisle, he leaps the rail, enters the cage, and slides into the ring in a blur.

Brian Slater also enters the RUMINATION CHAMBER and with help from Benny Doyle on the outside, they lock the cage up!

DDK:

Brian Slater is our main referee on the inside and Benny Doyle is here to make sure nothing happens on the outside. The padlocked cage door will only open when a wrestler is eliminated.

DING DING

The Edinburgh Faithful ERUPT as Tyler brings his attention to the shorter and stockier Corvo.

DDK:

I do believe this is the first time Tyler and Corvo are going to wrestle one another!

Lance:

The crowd REALLY likes this opening draw, partner. Two of the strongest pound-for-pound DEFIANTS, even though Tyler is barely over two-hundred pounds. He hits like Corvo. And Corvo, well, we all know what he's capable of.

Tyler and Corvo lock up in the center of the ring to a loud ovation! Tyler pushes Corvo back a couple of steps before Alpha drops his base, pumps himself upright and then has Tyler moving backwards.

Corvo maneuvers out of the grapple, clutching onto Tyler's arm with an arm bar. Fuse is trying to get out of it but Corvo has it locked in.

WHAM, a hard elbow to the back of Tyler's head.

WHAM, another one!

WHAM, a third shot sends Tyler stumbling forward as Corvo lets go of Tyler's arm with his left hand and fires into the ropes.

WHAM! A stiff-as-shit short-arm clothesline from Tyler, spinning Corvo around and onto the mat. The crowd gasps as the move was so blunt, it almost took Alpha's head off.

Tyler lifts up one half of the former Masked Violators.

Exploder suplex!

Tyler throws Corvo halfway across the ring, showcasing an enormous amount of strength for who some would say is still a wiry little Fuse Bro. Alpha lands near Conor's pod. Conor is sitting there playing his Nintendo Switch as he peers up from his screen and sees Tyler marching towards him, and ultimately, Corvo Alpha.

Conor gives a "go get 'em" thumbs up as the REAL wiry Fuse Bro. goes back to playing his video game.

Lance:

What's Conor got on that thing, anyway?

The outside CHAMBER camera pans around to show Conor is playing the new DEFIANCE '25 video game where he's using Tyler Fuse and wrestling against none other than Corvo Alpha inside a steel cage. However, in real time, the OG Player lifts Corvo from the mat and hurls him halfway across the ring with another exploder suplex. Conor is literally trying to tell Tyler he's doing the EXACT same thing on his game!!

Tyler ignores his brother's comments and moves away.

Conor Fuse:

Fine! Whatever! I was only kidding around! *[Switching to sarcasm]* It's not like I don't have time to kill or anything! *[Switching to serious]* Okay, I'll see you soon.

Tyler stalks his prey. He's marching up to Corvo when-

Corvo pops Fuse in the face!

Another! Another! Another! Like a man possessed, Alpha has Tyler reeling. He hurls Fuse into the ropes and clobbers the former Tag Team Champion with a spear, followed by a plethora of mounted punches! Meanwhile, Conor looks over from his bean bag chair with a worried look on his face as he lowers the Nintendo Switch to the ground.

Conor Fuse:

BRO, THIS WASN'T PART OF THE PLAN!

Indeed, it was not. Corvo lifts Tyler and whips him into the ropes. Upon return, Corvo lands a ring shaking powerslam!

DDK:

It's our first pinfall attempt of the night!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Relief crosses both Conor AND Malak's face. Then Malak realizes Dan Ryan is STILL staring directly at him and, needless to say, the FIST of DEFIANCE should've packed a fresh pair of snowflake tights because he's about to piss himself for real.

Back to the action, Corvo with a headbutt to Tyler and then claws relentlessly at Fuse's eyes. It's clear Tyler is significantly annoyed with this little beast of a man, as he's trying to move away. Tyler ends up exiting the ring but can't escape Alpha. Fuse is pressed up against Ed White's pod and despite these two having a previous alliance, there's nothing the first ever FIST of DEFIANCE can do other than just watch.

Corvo Alpha comes running in.

CRACK!

DDK:

Tyler moved out of the way and steered Corvo RIGHT into that thick plastic door!

The see-through door receives a solid mark in the middle, as Tyler looks at it, then looks at Corvo and then looks at the crack again.

He smirks, albeit slightly.

Fuse snatches Corvo and marches him over to Malak Garland's CHAMBER.

SLAM!

Tyler throws Corvo's head right into it!

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

However, *unlike* Ed's door, this plastic pod hasn't cracked yet. Not even a little.

Tyler bites his bottom lip. He's not impressed... since he's throwing Corvo into the pod MUCH harder than the first time Alpha went into White's.

It doesn't matter. Corvo blocks Fuse from doing further damage and this time *he* steers Tyler's head into the pod.

SLAM!!!!**SLAM!!!!****SSSSLLLLAAAAMMMMM!!!****DDK:**

Alpha is absolutely KILLING Tyler Fuse! Still no dents in the door, though!

Lance:

Look at the relief across Malak's face! Then again, even though it's Tyler that's going into the door, I would suspect Fuse would be okay to know his forehead was *actually* breaking it open!

It's not so Corvo peels Tyler away from the door and delivers a fallaway slam onto the metal ground below! Corvo kicks Tyler into the ring and then proceeds to drop an elbow to the chest! It's clear Corvo is going to do more but-

:10

:9

:8

:7

DDK:

The countdown is on! It's been five minutes so we are going to get our first POD ENTRY!

:6

:5

:4

:3

:2

:1

BUZZ!

All pod lights shut off. There is a moment of nothingness that follows.

...

CLICK.

One pod light switches on and the door opens.

MP1!

The crowd SCREAMS as out walks Most Precious One from his RUMINATION CHAMBER. Directly across the way... Corvo Alpha. Laying in the middle of the ring, Tyler Fuse.

The crowd is white hot!

MP1's mask is twisted with tense emotion as the pair meet eyes. Circling, Alpha says something to him. Again. MP1 ignores his words at first. Tyler wisely rolls aside, clutching his skull. Still circling, Alpha mutters back at his old friend, their words swept away with the wind and the roar. They lock up.

DDK:

Here we go! Alpha immediately forces MP1 into the corner, but look at this! MP1 ducks under and grabs a rear waistlock. Half-nelson applied-

Now MP1 just shoves Corvo off of him, hands held up as if to negotiate a settlement.

Suddenly, Tyler Fuse enters the picture. He launches himself towards MP1 with a spear! The crowd boos, obviously wanting to see more action between Corvo and MP1. The eldest Fuse peels himself off the canvas with a sneer towards Corvo Alpha, the OG Player doesn't care what he was, or wasn't, interrupting. Because knowing Corvo got the better of him five minutes ago, Tyler isn't going to let that slide.

Fuse throws himself towards Corvo but Corvo attempts to steer Tyler out of the ring and into Dan Ryan's pod. However, Tyler puts on the breaks and stops at the ropes. He says "fuck off" to Ryan before snapping back around and sending a leaping knee under Corvo's jaw.

The knee stuns Corvo but Alpha is still on his feet. Tyler runs into the ropes, leaps in the air...

Corvo catches him.

Another powerslam-

NO! Tyler breaks free at the last second. Fuse sends an elbow into the back of Corvo's head, followed by a side Russian leg sweep, followed by... a Texas cloverleaf!

Fuse grits his teeth as Corvo pulls at his face, trying to work through the pain.

DDK:

We could get a tap! There are also NO ROPE BREAKS because there's no disqualification when you're locked inside

this unit!

Corvo's hands are in balls of fists as he tries to push up and off the mat, yet the submission is textbook.

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

MP1 is on the top buckle across from Malak's pod. He leaps off and catches Tyler with a wicked missile dropkick, inadvertently saving Corvo.

Most Precious 1 hits the ropes and delivers a dropkick SQUARE into the face of Corvo! Frustrated with himself, MP1 hops up, floats over to Tyler Fuse and delivers a Michinoku driver!

ONE!

TWO!

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

MP1 rolls away as Tyler tries to find a corner to recover. MP1 would've gone back on offense but at the last second he sees Corvo trying to get to his own feet. Corvo stands in the center of the ring, albeit stumbling. The only person Corvo sees is Tyler Fuse, since MP1 is a little out of Corvo's vision. Alpha leans down and deadlifts Fuse into a belly-to-back suplex with a bridge and a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Fuse not only kicks out, he gains a wicked second wind. He's up on his feet first as he sprints towards Corvo and blasts Alpha under the jaw with an elevated running knee smash. Corvo flies in the air and as he does, Tyler grabs Corvo and in one swift and smooth motion, Tyler delivers a lifting high-angle sitout spinebuster (D'Lo Brown's Sky High).

The Faithful pop at the flawlessness of it!

DDK:

WE HAVE A COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Tyler cranks his head to the left and then gives it another pop to the right. He spins onto his feet and snatches Corvo's head, looking for that running bulldog-

NO! Alpha pushes Tyler away-

AND MP1 COMES IN WITH A SPINNING HEEL KICK! It connects to BOTH Tyler and Corvo!

DDK:

MP1 was running so fast, the spinning heel kick sent him out of the ring and onto the metal grated floor! All three men

are down!

However, the crowd's attention is diverted. They won't be rallying for anyone to get up right now. Because...

DDK:

We're FIVE more minutes in!

:10

:9

:8

:7

:6

:5

:4

:3

:2

:1

BUZZ!

The RUMINATION CHAMBERS go dark.

Lance:

I wonder who it will be!

DDK:

I hope it's Malak FUSE.

CLICK.

Suddenly, one chamber light comes on and the door swings open.

The Faithful cheer!

CONOR FUSE ensures his Nintendo Switch is neatly placed to the side of his pod as he takes a step out and his door swoops shut behind him.

It takes The Faithful a moment since all three men wrestling before Conor's entry have stood up and recovered. It even takes the talent inside the ring a moment to realize...

Because all of a sudden, Conor stands right beside his brother on one side of the ring.

And Corvo Alpha and MP1 are on the other.

DDK:

Not the Masked Violators or Fuse Bros reunion anyone expected!

Of course, Alpha and MP1 are standing nowhere close to each other, even though they are on the same side of the squared circle. Nevertheless, the last person to “figure it out” is Conor Fuse himself. He looks at his older brother.

Conor Fuse:

Yo, bro! We can totally take those guys! They HAAAAATTTTEEEEEEE each other!

Conor raises a questionable eyebrow.

Conor Fuse:

Wait, unless *wehate* each other, too.

Conor cracks a smile.

Conor Fuse:

Do we hate each other?

Conor stares at his tough as nails bro with a harmless twinkle in his eyes. Tyler, meanwhile, looks like he wants to vomit.

Tyler Fuse:

Dude, shut the fuck up.

The lightbulb goes off in Conor’s head. Oh yeah, right, of course the REAL Fuse’s don’t hate each other!

Conor Fuse:

GAME ON!!!!

Conor cries as he races across the canvas and leaps into the waiting arms of MP1. Meanwhile, Corvo and Tyler are going at it again, the crowd losing their preverbal shit as this happens.

Conor quickly disposes of MP1 with a superkick and comes in high on Corvo, while Tyler goes low, knocking Alpha down. The Fuse’s lift Corvo in the air and hit him with a double suplex.

Conor smacks Tyler and Tyler gives a nod. They change course to MP1, throwing him over the ropes and onto the metal floor parallel to the canvas. Tyler lifts MP1 for a suplex but throws Most Precious to the mat without falling down along with him.

All because Conor is on the top rope!

DARK. PHOENIX. SPLASH!

DDK:

ON THE METAL GROUND, GOOD LORD!

SAVE THE DAY!

SAVE THE DAY!

SAVE THE DAY!

The Faithful chant the VERY old Fuse Bros. slogan.

It doesn’t even look like Conor’s in pain (even though he hit the metal ground HARD too), because he is hearing the chants. One singular tear basically appears in his eye as he looks up at Tyler.

Conor Fuse:

It’s like... *they remember*.

Tyler Fuse:

Yes, you dipshit.

Anyway, Conor pops up, pounds his chest and screams into the Scottish sky. With MP1 discarded, Tyler hits Conor to bring his attention back to the man inside the ring.

They call him Corvo Alpha.

Fuse smirks.

But which one?

Tyler enters through the top and middle rope while Conor stands at the buckle. Tyler races in with another running knee smash to Alpha as Conor walks up beside his older brother.

The crowd is HYPED as Tyler PUSHES Conor as hard as he can.

Tyler Fuse:

FINISH. HIM.

The OG battle cry has Edinburgh morphed into a Glasgow-like crowd (which is much more bloodthirsty in general, trust me), as Conor pulls his hair and jumps around on the canvas. Conor points to the top rope and in a moment's notice, he's up there.

But he doesn't leap off, not yet. He's got an idea. A clever... evil idea.

Conor Fuse:

Hold on a second, bro!

Conor is eyeing the TOP OF THE POD.

Tyler, meanwhile, has Corvo on his shoulders and knows there's only so much time to be had.

Tyler Fuse:

Jesus Christ, hurry up-

Before Tyler can even finish his sentence, Conor is ALREADY STANDING on top of Malak Fuse's RUMINATION CHAMBER. It only took a second for Fuse to leap over, grab the top of Garland's pod and pull himself to the top!

Even Tyler is stunned and *somewhat* impressed. Conor stands on top of Malak's pod, while Malak has a sappy face.

Malak Fuse:

Hey, I want in on this! FOMO!!! FOM-

But the champ quickly shuts his mouth because he once again notices Dan Ryan is staring at him.

Conor jumps off the pod, over the turnbuckle and into the ring.

The doomsday dropkick device connects!

RAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Tyler drops down for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

KICKOUT!

The entire castle is beside themselves as Corvo Alpha survives! Particularly Tyler Fuse, he cannot believe what happened.

DDK:

CORVO JUST KICKED OUT OF A MOVE THAT PUT A MILLION TAG TEAMS AWAY!

Lance:

Been a while since they did it, Keeps. Gotta be the reason.

MP1 is back in the picture, too. While groggy AF from the Dark Phoenix Splash, there was enough time for him to recover. MP1 roundhouse kicks Conor to the mat and starts unloading on him with a fury of punches and jabs!

Meanwhile, Tyler is **pissed!** He peels Corvo off the canvas and hooks Alpha's head between his right armpit. It seems like Tyler wants to go for CQC, although Corvo sinks his feet into the mat and delivers an olympic slam instead!

DDK:

What a counter!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

This time it's Corvo who looks at the referee, he thought he had a three count.

It doesn't matter, because ANOTHER count is happening.

:10

:9

:8

:7

:6

:5

:4

:3

:2

:1

BUZZ!

The pod lights shut off once again until only one flicks on and a pod door shoots open.

CLICK.

Everyone in the ring stops cold.

Daddy's home.

Dan Ryan marches out. He's so big, he has to tuck his head ever-so-slightly upon exiting his pod. One mere look towards Malak Fuse, and Garland sinks DEEEEEEP into his RUMINATION CHAMBER, closes his eyes and prays he can wait this one out until the Fuse Bros. eliminate Dan Ryan.

Yep, Malak definitely should've packed an extra pair of tights in his chamber.

Needless to say, Ryan steps over the top rope and towards Conor and MP1, driving an elbow into the crown of MP1's head.

DDK:

Dan is making it very clear the bond between him and Conor remains!

Conor looks up with an expression like "thanks, big guy" but that is soon put to waste as Corvo Alpha races in and delivers a forearm smash to Ryan!

Yet Ryan barely staggers.

Instead, the legend plucks Corvo off the canvas and HURLS him over the ropes and into the steel cage! With MP1 and Corvo down, Ryan stomps over to Malak's pod. It looks like he's going to say something-

When Tyler Fuse pushes Ryan out of the way! Stunningly, Tyler *is* able to move Ryan a step to the right, as Tyler now stands in front of Malak's pod and starts mouthing off at the FIST. However, Dan doesn't take too kindly. Ryan merely shoves Tyler back.

From the other side of the ring, Conor rolls his eyes with anxiety and concern.

Conor Fuse:

Oh boy. Here we go...

Tyler slaps Ryan SQUARE in the face! So Ryan replies with a HELL of a forearm smash into Tyler's chest!

The two start UNLOADING on each other!

The Scottish Faithful are eating it up as one of the toughest DEFIANTS on the roster is going shot-for-shot against the biggest legend in the wrestling industry. There's only so much Tyler can take, however. Even if he is pound-for-pound able to stand in there and take it. Eventually, it's no use. Dan Ryan has Tyler on the ropes. Also, quite literally. Ryan forces Tyler back into the ring.

Ryan SMACKS Tyler across the chest and Fuse folds forward into an accordion. Ryan Irish whips Tyler to the ropes across the way and then levels the boom with a big boot to the face.

Enter: Conor Fuse.

The crowd gives an "OoOoOOooOO" as Conor stands in front of Tyler. But Conor isn't there to defend his brother, not at all. The younger Fuse knows Tyler can stand up for himself, and, realistically, Tyler had it coming.

Conor cracks his head to the right. Then to the left. He looks right at Dan Ryan.

Conor Fuse:

ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THIS!

Conor grins but no doubt he will immediately regret it.

Conor Fuse:

HIT ME!

Ryan's eyebrows raise as if saying "okay, you *did* ask for it". But before the former World Champion can crank his arms forward, Corvo Alpha is there to pay back an earlier receipt.

In the form of a roaring elbow to the back of Ryan's neck-

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Corvo Alpha lifts Ryan, albeit briefly, into a package piledriver!

DDK:

Corvo is going to eliminate Ryan!?!?

ONE!

Well, not exactly. Conor Fuse comes charging in with a missile dropkick to Corvo's face, breaking the count!

Fuse kips to his feet. He screams into the rafters. He's about to go all haywire STOMPS of DOOM when MP1 comes running in, trying to catch Conor off guard-

Tyler Fuse with a sidewalk slam to MP1!

The Fuse Bros. stand beside each other. Corvo laying at Conor's feet, MP1 at Tyler's.

Commence the STOMPS of DOOM.

ANGRY stomps for Tyler, of course.

HAPPY stomps for Conor, a joyous smile on his face!

STOMP, STOMP, STOMP. STOMPSTOMPSTOMP ALL OF THE STOMPS.

The crowd cheers along, until Dan Ryan comes lumbering across the canvas. Tyler Fuse sees him. Tyler with a double knee facebuster (codebreaker)! And yet to everyone's shock, Ryan is NOT put on the ground, he's stumbling on his feet. Tyler races towards Dan-

CRACK!

Ryan steers Fuse over the top buckle, throwing Tyler into Edward White's pod, CRACKING the door in half!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Ryan exits the ring portion of the CHAMBER and pulls Tyler away from the door. The pod door is broken but it's still locked into place. In other words, Ed White is stuck in his pod and he doesn't seem to mind.

Ryan tosses Tyler into the ropes and comes back with the Hammer of God!

NO! Tyler ducks it... and with a trickle of blood coming down his face, Fuse jumps into the ropes on the far end and catches Dan Ryan with a flying cross body, first clubbing his knee against the side of Ryan's face.

DDK:

BIG MAN IS DOWN!

Brian Slater rolls into the picture and makes a count.

ONE!

TWO!

IT'S REVERSED INTO A BACKSLIDE BY DAN RYAN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Shock and awe fill the castle!

DING

Darren Quimbey:

Tyler Fuse has been eliminated!

Conor, on the other hand, didn't even realize WTF was going on because he was in the middle of a three-way fight between Corvo and MP1!

Now, however, Conor removes himself from that kerfuffle and stands dead center of the ring, a stunned look on his face.

While Malak is going batshit bananas inside his RUMINATION CHAMBER, crying and screaming that one of his "protectors" is gone.

Tyler Fuse is on his knees, while Dan Ryan resides on both of his.

Lance:

Listen, Dan was merely trying to survive. Tyler pinned Ryan first. I mean, this match really IS every man for himself and there's no way someone, ANYONE, should not take another person out when the stakes are so high... but I think Dan Ryan ultimately had other plans than to actually eliminate a Fuse first.

The look on Tyler's face... well, there isn't a look. It's void of emotion. He knows he's been eliminated. He looks over to Malak's pod, which hasn't even opened yet. Referee's Brian Slater and Benny Doyle are shouting at Tyler to exit the CHAMBER, because Doyle has already unlocked the doors.

Also, the ten count has started.

:10

:9

:8

But Tyler refuses to leave.

:7

:6

His eyes are locked on Malak "Fuse".

:5

:4

:3

The FIST of DEFIANCE is scared as shit.

:2

:1

The light in the final three pods shut off. It takes a moment but then one of them comes back on and the door opens.

CLICK.

Malak Fuse opens his eyes.

THANK FUCKING GOD HIS POD IS STILL CLOSED.

Anyway...

TA Black walks out.

This is where Tyler lowers his head and walks towards the exit. He hops out of the ring, as Benny and Brian lock the CHAMBER shut once again.

DDK:

Tyler might not be everyone's favourite wrestler but he certainly has my respect. This has to be heartbreaking, even if he doesn't want to admit it.

Regardless, with the eldest Fuse gone... TA Black EMERGES from the accursed goo pod that once housed and incubated the abomination upon all of wrestling known as Crimson Stalker.

Lance:

Here comes TA Black into the action!

Through caution to the wind (almost the same way a certain Goat Bastard would have, but his excuse was at least that he was stoned all the time), the Sacred Lamb dives head-first into the action with a blind run.

TA Black:

YYYYEEEEAAAAAHHH--

He runs straight into the brick wall that is Dan Ryan's back. Ryan, as though tickled by an errant breeze, turns around in confusion.

Lance:

THAT... was a fatal error.

Dwarven in comparison to his size, Black appears to grimace within his shadow.

TA Black:

Oh, um... DANNY BOY! When did YOU get here?

Dan Ryan:

Erik...

TA Black:

Well, this is a surprise, umm, yeah, uhh, HEY! I just had a brilliant idea! Maybe we could JOIN FORCES here, or something!

Dan Ryan:

Yeah?

TA Black:

YEAH!! For old times Empire Pro sake!

The Ego Buster takes only half a second to mull it over.

Dan Ryan:

Sure, okay.

TA Black:COOL, well then, I'm thinking I can take Conor there, and maybe you can go after Corvo, and then we'll *BLEGGHHKK!!*

Snatching him by the hairplugs, Ryan effortlessly scoops Black off his feet and thrusts him headfirst like a battering ram into the small of Corvo Alpha's back, crumbling the primal beast to the canvas.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is using TA Black as a HUMAN WEAPON!!

In a flash, MP1 makes his move, until Ryan swings Black back around, clutching him around the throat.

TA Black:

AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

DOWN GOES MOST PRECIOUS ONE, swept off his feet as Dan Ryan swings TA Black around like he's giving him free airplane rides!

Except TA Black is not enjoying this particular ride. Taking him by the ankles, Ryan proceeds to beat out the rug, slamming the Sacred Lamb down across the chest of MP1 AGAIN and AGAIN and AGAIN!

TA Black:

AAAH--AAAH--AAAH--AAHH!!

DDK:

Certainly not the hot start TA Black was looking for!

Lance:

I blame the curse of the goo pod.

With the opposition laid to waste, Ryan pulls Black into a standing headscissor and poses. The crowd EXPLODES, knowing what's coming next!

DDK:

Here comes the HUMILITY BOMB--

Ryan raises Black UP...

...and at the last second, TA Black somersaults through, landing safely on his feet behind him.

TA Black:

HA-HAAA, I'VE BEEN SAV--

DDK:

SUPERKICK BY CONOR NEARLY TAKES TA BLACK'S HEAD OFF!!

Black flops and flips across the ring like a car crash victim ejected from a vehicle and lands in a broken heap in the corner of the chamber.

Conor Fuse stands in front of Dan Ryan but before they can decide to join forces, or fight each other, Corvo Alpha is back on the scene. He leaps and catches Conor with a crooked European uppercut, sending Fuse stumbling into a corner. Alpha snatches Conor by the head and whips him high in the air, as Conor crashes to the middle of the canvas. Meanwhile, Ryan and MP1 do battle near the fallen Teaching Assistant.

Corvo narrows his eyes, he takes a charge at Conor. Dagger kick to the throat-

NO! Fuse rolls out of the way. Conor leaps in the air, aiming for a standing HEAD STOMP.

NO! Corvo slides to the right.

Conor is stunned, it should've been an easier move since Corvo is so small and tiny-

Alpha with a swinging DDT! He pops up and he gives a shout as the crowd cheers along. Corvo lifts Conor from the canvas and might be looking for his running ace cutter when Conor suddenly rolls Alpha into a small cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

IT'S REVERSED BY CORVO ALPHA!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING

DDK & Lance:

WHAT!?

Darren Quimbey:

Conor Fuse has been eliminated!

Edinburgh Castle is stunned! Corvo Alpha just pinned Conor Fuse! Both Fuse's are gone and both due to reversals to pins!

Malak Fuse is having a crazy conniption inside his pod, screaming "NO NO NO" like The Riddler in the latest Batman movie, he's having a fucking meltdown because BOTH real brothers are DOA.

DDK:

Tyler, followed by Conor, are the FIRST two wrestlers eliminated!

Lance:

Maybe the Fuse Bros. should stick to tag team matches.

DDK:

Lancel!?

Lance:

What? Just working on that *heel persona* everyone wants me to develop.

Inside the ring, Conor remains on his knees while Corvo Alpha finds TA Black to do battle with in a far corner of the ring. Dan Ryan is whipping MP1 around on the outside, against the metal cage bars.

Benny Doyle unlocks the CHAMBER door and asks Conor Fuse to leave.

But not before Conor glances over at Malak with an "I'm sorry" expression. Either Conor is sorry for Malak, sorry for himself, or both.

The Ultimate Gamer tucks his tail between his legs and makes his exit, right past Ed White's pod, while The Socialite smokes his pipe and seemingly enjoys Conor's agony.

Fuse exits, the cage locks, and the countdown begins for the second last time.

DDK:

Only two men left to enter!

Lance:

Malak Fuse may have lost his "support" but it's a benefit to still be in his pod.

:10

:9

:8

:7

:6

:5

:4

:3

:2

:1

BUZZ!

The last two pod lights shut off.

DDK:

Who's it gonna be!?

One comes on and the door swings open.

CLICK.

The Socialite, Ed White.

The fans boo at the sight of White and also because Malak has "won the lottery", giving him the final five minutes of rest. White marches over to where Ryan is pounding MP1's head against the cage-

And White pops Ryan in the mouth!

The Ego Buster stops what he's doing... and then the two DEFIANCE legends stand face-to-face while time comes to a screeching halt.

Malak Fuse screams from his pod.

Malak Fuse:

WHICHEVER ONE OF YOU KILLS THE OTHER, YOU WANNA BE PART OF THE COMMENTS SECTION!?

The Socialite throws the first hard right at Ryan. Ryan replies with one of his own. Back and forth they go, as MP1 quietly tries to sneak away from them-

Not so fast.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Dan Ryan stops exchanging shots with Ed White and snatches MP1 by the neck.

CHOKESLAM ONTO THE METAL FLOOR!

MP1's body tenses up as he rolls away...

Rolls into HARM'S WAY.

The crowd is on their feet. TA Black stands on top of his own RUMINATION CHAMBER. He measures MP1 and leaps off.

VOIDSAULT.

SLAM!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Since pins are legal outside the canvas, Brian Slater exits the ring and makes the count against the mental grated

floor.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING

Darren Quimbey:

MP1 has been eliminated!

DDK:

Most Precious One took a TON of impact tonight. The Dark Phoenix Splash from Conor. Honestly, that could've finished him off right there. But the Voidsault, from such high elevation, ends MP's day. He is the next eliminated.

MP1 is helped out of the ring by Brian Slater while Dan Ryan and Ed White continue to punish each other. The camera catches a look of realization wash over Corvo Alpha's face as his once and former friend is helped out of the cage and the match. With a deep breath, he pushes himself to his feet and turns back towards the chaos...

Corvo Alpha comes in and ROCKS Ed White with a running, flying shoulder tackle! The crowd loses their minds again because this shoulder tackle sends White through his own pod door, breaking it completely apart! They are in his pod!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Well, we know Ed had the faulty pod.

Lance:

There's a faulty one?

Corvo doesn't waste a second. He starts ramming White's head against the pod walls over and over. Meanwhile, Ryan shrugs and has a look on his face like why bother getting involved, he will simply find TA Black and lay another beating on him. (Which is exactly what happens.)

Corvo is a man possessed inside White's pod. After numerous, NUMEROUS sickening shots to The Socialite's head, Corvo quickly scans the pod.

He snatches the ashtray and breaks it over White's head.

SMASH!

Corvo pulls the plush green carpet off the ground, revealing the metal below. Corvo starts to bounce White's head off the exposed metal. The crowd continues to cheer for MOAR and MOAR carnage. Alpha throws White onto the leather wingback chair, takes a number of steps back and exits the pod, before running in with a missile dropkick to Ed's face.

Corvo takes the chair and breaks it across White's head.

Finally, the poster. The poster with Ed White riding horseback and holding a sword.

SMASH!

Destroyed across The Socialite chest.

WE WANT MORE!

WE WANT MORE!

WE WANT MORE!

Alpha picks up the broken poster frame and smashes it over White's head! He throws the first ever FIST out of his own pod and stalks White across the chamber.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is HELL BENT on becoming the next FIST of DEFIANCE!

The camera quickly pans over to Malak Fuse, who witnessed this torment from the other end of the RUMINATION CHAMBER. To think that in less than five minutes, that might be HIM.

WTF DID MALAK GET HIMSELF INTO!?

He didn't have to wait long.

Five minutes are up.

:10

:9

:8

:7

DDK:

We all know who's coming now!

:6

:5

:4

Lance:

Yes we do!

:3

:2

:1

BUZZ!

The last pod light shuts off, then comes back on...

And the door, swings, open.

CLICK.

Everyone else stops what they're doing.

But there's no way in hell Malak Fuse moves. In fact, he's trying to shove the door back out of its location and CLOSE IT once and for all!

Dan Ryan discards of TA Black. Corvo Alpha kicks Ed White to the ground. Both Ryan and Corvo are moving towards Malak Fuse's pod.

Malak Fuse: *[sweating profusely]*

No. NO. STAY AWAY. PLEASE GOD. I DON'T WANNA DO THIS!

Some might say Malak has NEVER put effort in like this before, because he is using **everything** he possibly can to stay inside his chamber.

Malak Fuse:

THIS IS MY SAFE SPACE!!!!

Ryan and Corvo are almost there.

Malak Fuse:

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Suddenly-

CLICK!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

What the hell!?

Somehow, somehow, Malak Jonas Fuse was able to pull the door so hard that it automatically swooped back the other way and locked again! The eyes of the FIST of DEFIANCE, looking like he's lifted right from the Dumb and Dumber movie and the moment Sea Bass ends up finding Lloyd Christmas in the bathroom stall, he can't bloody believe it. He's safe!!

Malak Fuse:

I'm safe. Oh my god, I'm safe!!!

Malak giggles profusely.

Ryan reaches the pod. Him and Corvo seemingly put aside their differences to start smashing and pulling at the pod door but it's no use. Unfortunately, this also gives TA Black and Ed White time to recover.

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

A scream is audible as Corvo spins around but it's too late. It's Edward White with a HEAD FULL of steam running full sprint at Corvo. Ed hammers Alpha into Malak's pod door!

CRACCCCKKKK!!!

Oh, THIS TIME the door breaks alright. But it caves heavily inward and only ensures Malak an even SAFER SPACE!

Lance:

Good lord, I don't think Malak can exit now even if he wanted to!

Corvo was absolutely pasted against the door and looks like he's lost consciousness. Edward White is seething with Corvo at his feet but Dan Ryan is also right there.

POP!

Ryan with one of the hardest punches yet! He clocks The Socialite square in the nose as White falls to the ground. Ryan sneers at Garland, realizing there *really* is no way now he will be able to get Malak out of there. So the legend might as well take care of honest business first. He kicks White under the ropes and into the ring.

Ryan steps over the top rope when he's pumped in the side of the head with a TA Black boot to the face!

Black is rather proud of himself, it's not often a boot of such nature can knock a man of Ryan's size down. But Black went in there full blast.

Black with additional kicks to Ryan, keeping the Texan on the mat. The TA pulls Dan to a vertical base and then crushes the former champion and Vae Victis member with a one handed running bulldog.

DDK:

We have a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Black slams the mat but needless to say, he keeps the offense going. He hits the ropes and lands a flash leg drop, followed by another. Black points to the top rope and heads up there, knowing he doesn't have a lot of time.

Black aims for the frog splash-

KNEES UP!

TA Black eats the knees as Ryan rolls onto his stomach. Dan is about to push up and off the canvas when Corvo Alpha comes in and delivers a curb stomp to him instead!

Alpha is ready to roll Ryan onto his back... it looks like the lights are out and Corvo may be able to steal this-

But TA Black has entered the picture again, as he snatches Alpha and sends him to the mat via a reserve STO!

DDK:

WAIT A SECOND!

STOCK. MARKET. DROP.

Edward White, reasserting himself into this contest, has seemingly come out of nowhere and hit TA Black with his finisher, the Stock Market Drop, otherwise known in real wrestling terms as the death valley driver.

TA Black is DOA.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING

Darren Quimbey:

TA Black has been eliminated!

Lance:

White pins Black, which makes the color gray, and we are down to FOUR: Dan Ryan, Corvo Alpha who started this contest, Ed White and Malak Fuse... who hasn't done a thing!

DDK:

I don't think he can. He's honestly stuck in his pod!

Lance:

Had to happen to the one guy who didn't want to wrestle.

TA Black slowly makes his exit as Benny Doyle locks the pod. Meanwhile, Doyle and Slater are conversing because *something* has to be done about Malak's pod. Of course Garland himself doesn't look too concerned, he's actually calmed down a whole hell of a lot since his pod door caved in but realistically the match can't end until he's pinned... or ends up (vomit) winning.

Inside the CHAMBER, however, White is laying the boots to Corvo Alpha.

DDK:

Ed hasn't forgotten what happened earlier.

Lance:

I wouldn't, either. Corvo took apart his RUMINATION CHAMBER and proceeded to use everything in there against him!

White is throwing Corvo from pillar to post. Ed also throws Alpha against the empty pod doors.

Lance:

It's boiled down to a potential triple threat match because it doesn't look like Malak is joining this contest anytime soon!

Warner's comments are valid, because Dan Ryan is back in the match, looking to take down both Corvo and White. First, The Ego Buster shoulder blocks Edward into the metal cage before making sure Alpha will pay from the previous curb stomp he received. Ryan hoists Corvo up with both hands around his neck and throws the man previously known as Masked Violator 2 into the ring. Ryan steps over the top rope and upon Corvo getting to his feet, delivers a big boot to the face.

DDK:

I think Corvo is in deep trouble!

Ryan takes a quick glance at Malak. This isn't a prolonged stare, not like when they were both in their respective pods. This is a *message*.

Lance:

Dan may be looking for the Humility Bomb...

Ryan hoists Corvo up, but Corvo is trying to break free with whatever strength he has left.

It's no use.

However, Ed White is there to pull Corvo down. Not because White wants to *save* Corvo Alpha, just that The Socialite

wants them BOTH to himself. The Socialite makes quick work of Corvo, sending him over the ropes and onto the metal ground beside it.

As Dan Ryan looks behind him to see what's going on, he eats a punch straight into the face! White clobbers Ryan to the mat with a sidewalk slam. The Edinburgh Faithful are impressed, Ed White is not the size of Dan Ryan but he certainly has some pounds and strength behind him, too.

With Ryan on the mat, White looks over to where Corvo Alpha lies.

Corvo kicks White in the head, through the ring ropes as Alpha springs to life once again. Like a pitbull, Corvo leaps over the ropes, snatching White by the torso as he does and rolling The Socialite into a pinfall attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

BARELY A KICKOUT, BUT ONE NONETHELESS!

The air is snatched out of the castle, as Corvo rolls onto all fours. He won't take no for an answer, so he kicks White in the throat and may look to apply the Alpha Clutch.

Although White is stunned, he figures something is up.

DDK:

Ed's trying to get to the ropes. There's no rope break in this match, however!

Lance:

Correct, but I don't think that's the sole reason White's trying to make it to them. Obviously, the ropes can help him get up, so he may be able to pull away from Corvo a little easier than he would otherwise!

Corvo tries to capture the right arm of White but The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE still has his left arm out there... White reaches for the ropes...

Wait a second, he flings his right hand back around.

Low blow on Corvo!

The fans boo, as White now has both hands free and pulls himself upright with use of the ropes. A solid boot to the head follows, as White drags Corvo towards him and connects with a spike piledriver, aka Market Failure!

White isn't done. He's aiming for the death valley driver to finish Corvo Alpha off once and for all-

Dan Ryan enters the scene with a running shoulder block to White! Edward fumbles into the ropes and ultimately falls out of the ring and onto the metal ground beside it. Ryan snatches Corvo, he's looking for the Humility Bomb...

NO! Corvo escapes. Alpha bounces into the ropes and flies across the canvas with a dropkick to Ryan's right knee. The legend's leg gives way, but he's still on one leg. Corvo hits the ropes again, directing his dropkick to Ryan's other knee-

Dan snatches Corvo out of the air and lands a chokeslam!

Followed by the Humility Bomb!

The crowd counts along as Ryan makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING

Darren Quimbey:

Corvo Alpha has been eliminated!

DDK:

We are down to THREE. Dan Ryan, Ed White and Malak Fuse!

With help from Brian Slater, Corvo Alpha is rolled towards the exit and receives a standing ovation from The Edinburgh Faithful!

Lance:

That's one HELL of a fight in Corvo. He took a beating, he also gave a beating. He's been in there since the start and we are WELL over forty minutes now!

Ryan searches for Edward White and finds The Socialite resting against one of the ring posts. Ryan lumbers in with a big boot to White's face...

One problem.

Ed was playing possum.

The first ever FIST of DEFIANCE grabs Ryan's leg the second it was raised towards him. White hangs Ryan's leg across the top buckle, twisting Dan's knee in the process. Ed chuckles to himself as he launches his body over the top rope, tackling Dan to the ground.

Hard, stiff-as-shit elbows to Ryan's head follow. He's softening The Ego Buster up.

DDK:

Two of the most long standing members of DEFIANCE's roster going at it with EVERYTHING on the line!

Lance:

Outside of Bronson Box, I don't think there's anyone else, not even OSCAR BURNS, who could say they were on this roster during its inception other than these two.

White pulls his large opponent off the canvas. With one quick look into Malak Fuse's pod, the one with the caved in door, Ed knows when he finishes Dan Ryan off, this match is as good as DONE.

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

DAN RYAN WITH A WICKED SPINE BUSTER SLAM ON WHITE!

Ryan slowly rises, his shadow looming over the fallen Ed White as he does. Eyes locked on The Socialite, Ryan gives his head one simple crack to the left. His neck pops in the process.

Ryan plucks White off the canvas and tosses him into the ropes.

POWERSLAM!

Lance:

Putting the POWER in POWERslam on that one! I could hear it from here, even though we are really close to the action!

A release german suplex follows.

And then one more for good measure.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is in complete control!

Ryan peels White off the canvas once more. It's going to be a tall task... to throw Ed White into the Humility Bomb but be damned, Dan Ryan is going to try. He throws White between his legs and then tries to hoist him up-

No! White anchors himself to the ground.

Ryan sucks back a whole pint of air in order to find the strength to try it again...

He has Ed White up.

HE THROWS ED WHITE DOWN!

THUMP!

DDK:

OH. MY. GOD!

Ryan makes the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING

Darren Quimbey:

Ed White has been eliminated!

Before Darren Quimbey can EVEN FINISH those words, Dan Ryan is standing in the center of the ring, staring at Malak Fuse quivering inside his RUMINATION CHAMBER.

DDK:

WE HAVE TWO! I REPEAT, WE HAVE TWO!

Ed White is helped out of the cage and then Benny Doyle AND Brian Slater make a b-line towards Malak's pod, demanding he get himself out of there.

Malak Fuse: *[fretting HARD]*

I- I can't! The door is jammed.

In all honesty, Malak Fuse is correct. There really seems to be no way out because the door is completely caved in. The referees look at each other, as Doyle scurries out of the ring, runs over to the time keeper's table and comes back with a box of tools to work on prying open the FIST of DEFIANCE's pod door.

Doyle and Slater work, they are trying everything they can... all the while Dan Ryan stands in the center of the ring, eyes locked on Malak.

Fuse has baby blue snowflake tights on but there might actually be a wet spot in the middle of his crotch.

Doyle and Slater continue to work away at the door, The Faithful are now booing. They want to see BLOOD, god dammit!

DDK:

Hold on a second!

Dan Ryan approaches the referees. He calmly moves them aside, cracks his knuckles and gives his head a tilt. Malak Fuse knows what's about to happen. If that door caves in any further, it might potentially kill Garland.

So the champion drops to the floor and morphs himself into the smallest ball possible, hoping it's enough protection.

...While Dan Ryan clubs the door as hard as he possibly can!

Once.

Twice.

THRICE.

BOOM!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Ryan's eyes are wide. Malak raises his head from the little ball he put himself in. Garland smiles, he's still in one piece!

...One piece **for now**.

DDK:

THE POD IS OPEN! THE POD. IS. OPEN!

Ryan grabs Malak by his hair and WHIPS him out of the pod and into the ring post! The crowd gives an OOOOOO upon seeing Malak's body slam down on the metal floor. Inadvertently, Malak ends up knocking into Benny Doyle. Doyle stumbles but assures Brian Slater he's fine, he just accidentally dropped the padlock key to the RUMINATION CHAMBER in the process.

Needless to say, nobody seems to care at the moment.

Malak Fuse: *[looking up]*

P- p- please... I'll give you anything. Money, wealth, LIKES.

Ryan remains deadpan.

Malak Fuse:

You wanna be the next leader of The Comments Section? I have that kind of power! It's called succession management!

Nothing.

Ryan merely walks over to Malak and drags him off the metal ground... hoisting the champ up and holding him above his head...

Ryan tosses "Fuse" into the ring.

The challenger steps over the top rope as Malak watches on. For a moment there, Malak remembers he IS the FIST of DEFIANCE and he HAS beaten some damn good players! To everyone's shock, it looks like Malak Fuse is going to MAN UP.

Malak takes a run at Ryan. Garland ducks a clothesline from hell and hits the ropes on the far end. Ryan isn't fast enough (and sustained enough damage in this match himself) to swing around in time.

A spinning heel kick catches Ryan under the chin. Malak's on his hands and knees... he can't believe it!

DDK:

Faithful, as much as I hate to admit it, Malak IS the fresh man here!

The FIST of DEFIANCE is gaining confidence by the second. He sends a shotgun dropkick into Ryan's knee, knocking the legend *to* his knees. Another shotgun dropkick follows, Malak putting his boots straight into Ryan's right temple.

Malak Fuse: *[screaming into the crowd]*

I AM THE KING OF THE WORL-

Snatch.

Ryan has Malak by the neck.

The champion can barely gulp. He's relentlessly lifted off the floor as Ryan stands with Malak in his hands. Fuse is kicking and swinging his arms around, hoping to hit something.

But doesn't hit shit.

Ryan works Malak into a brainbuster.

Yet to the surprise of everyone, Malak wiggles free! The FIST decides he doesn't want to take another shot at Ryan, instead, he leaps out of the ring and starts climbing the chamber!

Ryan snarls. He looks over to where Malak is trying to get away and exits through the ropes. With Garland halfway to the top, Malak closes his eyes, says a prayer and leaps off-

INTO RYAN'S ARMS.

FALLAWAY SLAM!

DDK:

Ryan just THREW Malak Fuse over the ropes and back into the ring! That was a ten foot throw!

Malak goes splat in the middle of the canvas, as the Scottish Faithful rally to see history be made, and Ryan become the FIST for the fourth time in his career!

Desperation low blow by Malak Fuse!

With both men reeling, Malak grits his teeth and spits out blood at the hands of Dan Ryan. Fuse screams and bounces into the ropes.

SMACK!

I TRIGGER!

But Ryan doesn't fall over.

Malak's eyes bug out of his head. He's literally stressed as fuck right now, about to have a nervous breakdown because his finisher didn't TKO the legend.

"Okay," Malak mumbles to himself. "One. More. Time."

Malak hits the ropes.

I TRIGG-

Burning Hammer by Dan Ryan.

The castle screams with joy as Dan Ryan pulls himself together and stumbles into a corner of the ring. No doubt the I Trigger running knee stunned him, he's still trying to recover. But he is seeing straight. He has Malak Fuse DOA in the center of the ring.

Ryan marches over.

He throws Malak between his legs.

Humility Bomb.

DDK:

WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE!

What the hell?

Second Humility Bomb.

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

RYAN!

RYAN!

RYAN!

Lance:

Keeps, IT'S HAPPENING! DEFIANCE IS SAVED!

Ryan drops to his knees-

WHAP!

BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

THAT'S TYLER FUSE!

Tyler stands over Dan Ryan, having just sprinted into the ring and delivered a nasty looking running knee to the side of the legend's head.

DDK:

HOW DID TYLER GET IN?

Lance:

I don't know! I don't- well, I think Benny lost the lock for the chamber doors a little earlier!

It's a moot point now, as Tyler Fuse stands over both Dan Ryan and Malak Fuse. He looks down at these two men, seething. And then, without a second thought, Tyler snatches Ryan by the head and with ALLLLL of Fuse's might, he pulls Ryan up and connects with his finisher, the running bulldog.

Tyler isn't done.

As if time is of the extreme essence, the eldest Fuse exits the ring and finds one of the RUMINATION CHAMBERS. He starts kicking the door down for all its worth, and is successful in doing so. It's Conor Fuse's previous pod. Tyler bursts into the unit, throwing a number of comic books and posters around and then emerges with the Nintendo Switch.

In one fluid motion, Tyler enters the ring and sees Dan Ryan regaining his senses. Fuse looks at the object in his hands, then at Dan Ryan, and then at the object again.

Tyler Fuse:

Fuck it.

CRACK!!

He runs at Ryan and cranks the console across Dan's head, breaking it apart in the process. The Switch falls into two separate pieces as Tyler closes his eyes, breathing heavily.

The crowd boos. Both Malak and Dan lay on their backs, right beside one another.

Tyler looks down at Ryan. He appears to say something.

And then... for a second there, the typically stoic Fuse shows a sense of angst. Perhaps even... regret. He's looking right at Malak Garland. Malak, who hasn't moved a muscle since the two Humility Bombs. Tyler even sees blood start dribbling down Dan's forehead.

Lance:

It looks like Tyler doesn't know what to do.

The OG Player tilts his head back and screams into the rafters, as if he KNOWS what he has to do... but suddenly doesn't want to.

Tyler walks right up beside both men. He takes hold of Dan Ryan's limp right arm...

And tosses it on top of Malak Fuse, to **everyone's** surprise!

DDK:

Whoa!

Tyler pulls at his hair. Drool spills out of his mouth. He screams at Brian Slater to "make the bloody count". Tyler starts to walk away.

DDK:

Oh my god!? New FIST of DEFIANCE!

Slater starts the count.

ONE!

TWO!

TYLER RUNS BACK AND PUNTS RYAN'S ARM OFF MALAK.

Chorus of boos follow!

Once again, Tyler pulls his hair, he screams into the rafters and then he leans down, looking straight into the unconscious Dan Ryan.

Tyler Fuse:

I said NOBODY beats him but **ME**. DO YOU UNDERSTAND!?! NOBODY DEFEATS MALAK BUT TYLER FUSE.

Fuse is completely unhinged. He spins around to kick the ring ropes and yell into the crowd.

He finally comes back. This time, draping Malak's arm over Dan Ryan.

DDK:

No.

Lance:

God, no.

Tyler exits the ring. Brian Slater makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match AND STILL the FIST of DEFIANCE... MALAK FUSE!

♪ "Big Dawgs" by Humankind ♪

Malak's theme plays, however nothing else happens *inside* the ring. Both men are DOA and haven't moved. Brian Slater merely drapes the FIST across Malak's chest while both refs check on Ryan and Garland.

Meanwhile, the cameras catch up to Tyler Fuse, who marches away in a serious huff and doesn't look back. The

crowd boos him the entire time.

DDK:

I don't believe what I just saw. Dan Ryan was robbed tonight. Absolutely robbed.

Tyler reaches the Edinburgh Castle entrance. He stops when none other than Conor Fuse appears in street clothes, wearing a gray Splatoon 3 t-shirt and some black Adidas track pants. Conor is **extremely** concerned, first looking at his brother and then he peers towards the ring, where the final carnage resides.

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the broadcast, as Conor places a hand on Tyler's shoulder and in the most concerned voice he can ever put together, tries to squeak out a sentence, knowing a world of hurt is going to be pending for Tyler in the not too distant future.

Conor Fuse:

Bro, what the hell have you just done?

Tyler brushes Conor's hand off his shoulder...

And vanishes to the back.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.