

SHOW OPEN

The match graphics...

BLOOD DIAMONDS vs. WRESTLE HOUSE

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. LOS CAÍDOS

FAMILIA FEUD RULES MATCH: TITANES FAMILIA vs. THE LADS

DAN RYAN vs. TYLER FUSE

OSCAR BURNS vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

NO DISQUALIFICATION: CORVO ALPHA vs. MP1

SOHER, TRIPLE THREAT: BROCK NEWBLUDD (C) vs. DR. NED REFORM vs. TA BLACK

Rezin joins the Honor Society.

Becomes TA Black.

Say, Doc... Brock Newbludd defeats Dr. Ned Reform for the SOHER on DEFtv!

Lord Nigel makes his shocking comeback!

MP1 and Corvo Alpha stare down.

Tyler Fuse costs Dan Ryan the FIST of DEFIANCE in the RUMINATION CHAMBER.

Burns vs. Kuroyama, pure wrestling personified.

Scott Douglas runs the gauntlet.

Titanes and Lads in a Familia Feud.

Blood Diamonds standing across from Wrestle House.

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE TOURING THREE YEARS AGO.

We are in CHICAGO!

And now.

DEFIANCE WRESTLING PRESENTS...



Chicago welcomes DEFIANCE as the United Center is hyped for DEFCON!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant oversized FIST logo as the entrance, across a golden stage as wide as can be.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere for the BIGGEST EVENT OF THE YEAR!

BROCK NEWBLUDD: HE IS RIZZIN'

TA BLACK: HE IS REZIN

MALAK FOR POPE

REZIN FOR POPE

TA POPE

ERIC DANE FOR POPE. ('NUFF SAID)

WHITE SMOKE = NEW POPE

BLACK SMOKE = REZIN SIGHTING

ED WHITE = NEW POPE?

THEY DIDN'T NAME A NEW POPE, THE SMOKE IS JUST FROM DR. SATO'S LAB

HAS REZIN SAID THANK YOU EVEN ONCE TO NED?

MOREVO CORVO

IM ROOTING FOR FUSE AND REFUSE TO SPECIFY WHICH

FINISH THE JESSICA STORY, SCOTT DOUGLAS YOU COWARD

COME OOOOOON DOOOOOOWWWN

IM HERE FOR THE SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN

HOLLYWOOD IS CALLING, BROCK!

TEAM RCR

TELL THE TRUTH, NIGEL

FRIENDS > FAMILIA

BUY THE POOL PAUL

No more hype. We move right to the OPENING MATCH GRAPHIC!

OSCAR BURNS vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

DDK:

Welcome to the first of two nights for the biggest two-night offering of DEFIANCE's calendar year! Welcome to DEFCON! And kicking off the show in mere moments... a match that has been brewing with bad blood for months! A match between one of the top names - perhaps THE top name if you ask him - and a DEFIANCE star who has been marked for big things finally looking to take that step - OSCAR BURNS takes on Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

Both these former Vae Victis stablemates have been at odds for months, but this goes beyond that! For months, OSCAR and Sonny Silver were testing the loyalty of one Kerry Kuroyama by sending GC Universe member Mil Vuelas to needle him at every turn, only for Kerry to effectively say "thanks, but no thanks" to working with OSCAR again. Since this revelation dating back to the DEFIANCE Year End Awards Show, it's been so contentious!

DDK:

After OSCAR BURNS tried to hold up a recent edition of DEFtv, Kerry Kuroyama came out to confront OSCAR, only for it to be revealed what the thought of Kerry - he never saw him as an equal, but rather a footsoldier. Since then, these two men have not stopped going tooth and nail any time they could get their hands on one another!

Lance:

All true. We've seen OSCAR BURNS attack Kerry's closest allies - he arranged a beatdown of the Rain City Ronin alongside their opposition, the Unified Tag Team Champions, M4NTRA, along with Kerry's former tag partner and friend, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas! All in a bid to get under Kerry's skin!

DDK:

Despite all that, Kerry has remained resolute in settling this grudge once and for all. He will not be bullied. He will not be pushed aside. He will not back down. The Emerald Apex made a promise that he will put BURNS' head through that mat and walk out of DEFCON victorious, but that's easier said than done. OSCAR BURNS remains one of the overall best big-match wrestlers going today and he'll stoop to any low to see his own hand raised. In recent weeks, he's defeated Corvo Alpha AND Douglas himself walking into tonight's show!

Lance:

Now that you know how we got here, let's take it to Hall of Famer, ring announcer Darren Quimbey in the ring to handle the introductions for tonight's big match to kick off the show!

The opening bell rings and the United Center is ready to explode as the show begins!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is your opening contest to DEFCON: Night One. Here to introduce OSCAR BURNS... the OFFICIAL Spokesperson for the GC Universe... and 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 as Nicky shakes his own head.

Darren Quimbey:

SONNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYYYY... SILLLLLLLLLLLVVEEEEERRRR!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Strutting his stuff to no music at all, the 6'3" former wrestler in the charcoal-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... it took Kerry Kuroyama TEN LONG YEARS to make it to this level of the game... for the man I'm

about to introduce, it only took one try for him to become a World Champion less than two years! And tonight, there is no better way to kick off DEFCON than with DEFIANCE Himself! He's going to be putting a hurting on Kerry Kuroyama, he's got a bag packed to take his annual trip post-DEFCON to his beautiful home country of New Zealand!

Sonny waves his hand and a nondescript stagehand wheels out a sleek silver roll-on bag. After he leaves...

Sonny Silver:

Kerry... you are talented, you are special, you are gifted... but boy, you are barking up the Wrong. Goddamn. Tree. Cause when OSCAR BURNS humbles you and makes you have to wait another ten years for an opportunity as large as this...

He gestures to the bag.

Sonny Silver:

You can occupy yourself in that time by doing what you were always meant to do and that's carry our fucking bags.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sonny Silver:

Come on! We're giving the man a helping hand! Now anyway... Put your hands together! He is DEFIANCE! He is FAVOURED SAINTS! He is PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING ITSELF! And most importantly, he stands at the VERY CENTER of the GC UNIVERSE... **OSCAR..... BURNS!**

Worlds flash all across the screen and all across the LED boards...

OSCAR BURNS
ALL CAPS
ALL GRAPS

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The symphonic rock starts to play and the entirety of the group part ways. Raising up from a platform beneath the ring, a familiar form begins to rise up! 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:

And here he comes. We begrudgingly sing his praises each time that he makes an appearance like this... but one of the best big-match wrestlers that we have in DEFIANCE today!

Lance:

Kerry Kuroyama is going to have his work cut out for him tonight. He's walking into this match with victories over two of the best to ever do it in the current DEFIANCE landscape in Corvo Alpha and "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas!

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 out of a man he once called a stablemate and friend. 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:

And there goes our Christmas bonus.

Lance:

You got a Christmas bonus?

OSCAR takes off his cape and neatly folds it over before handing it to Sonny on the outside of the ring. He calmly waits with his hands behind his back in the ring for the arrival of his former friend. FLEX keeps the roll-on bag close by and protects the precious cargo of one OSCAR BURNS.

♪ “Stranger Fruit” by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The lights come down as the familiar piano tones of DOOM fill the United Center, and the crowd ROARS!

DDK:

OOOOOOOH BOY!

The LED screens spanning the stage go dark, until two bold white words suddenly appear.

V A E

V I C T I S

Lance:

Someone is calling back to some very familiar territory!

PINK lights slowly come up, revealing a palisade of marble columns erected along the length of the stage. Etched along them are large Roman letters that spell out “NON POTES SODERUM NOBISCUM”. Then, a silhouette suddenly emerges out from behind one column.

When the spotlight hits, it’s revealed to be KERRY KUROYAMA, pumping a fist and drawing a massive pop from the Chicago crowd! Just for the occasion, he’s wearing the classic magenta-and-black VV standard tights.

DDK:

I hope you’re wearing PINK tonight, ladies and gentlemen, because we’ve got VAE VICTIS being represented out here tonight!

Lance:

A clear attempt get into the head of OSCAR BURNS, by giving him a point blank reminder to the comradery they once had as a part of DEFIANCE’s erstwhile inner circle of elites!

Kuroyama points to a corner of the arena, and the spotlight hits a regal entourage of familiar faces sitting in the box seats of the upper level VVIP suite...

Rising to her feet to a THUNDEROUS ovation, “The Queen of the Ring” Lindsay Troy takes a moment to wave to the fans and give Kerry a favorable nod. In the seat next to her, former BRAZEN Champion Kaz Troy, favors Kerry with a salute, and Kuroyama salutes back. Further along the row, Ami Troy, wearing her patented “SEATTLE’S BEAST TAMER” t-shirt, grins wryly while her hands eagerly twist down on a leather whip. Seeing this, Kerry blushes, and quickly makes his way down the ramp.

Also seated in the VVIP suite in a hammock to himself, “The Eucalyptic Apex” Kerry Koalayama scarfs down on a stalk of eucalptus leaves. He’s too intoxicated to fathom what is happening, except that everything is very loud, and his human counterpart kinda looks like an ant from way up here.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring... hailing from Seattle, Washington, U.S.A., and weighing in at two-hundred and thirty-two pounds... the EMERALD APEX... the PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG... Seattle’s BEAST... KEERRRRYYYYY
KUUUROOOYAAAMAAAAAAA!!!

Kuroyama comes down the rampway, clapping hands with the fans reaching over the barricade. Reaching the ring, he scales the steps, sheds his robe, and climbs up the near turnbuckle, taking a few moments to pump the fist and fire up

the crowd, then looking down at BURNS with the fury and intensity of a warrior ready to go to battle.

DDK:

What a way to kick off this first night of DEFCON! Former allies, now fierce rivals!

Lance:

And while OSCAR BURNS has embraced the future of the GC Universe, Kuroyama is looking to prove that the glory of Vae Victis still lives on through him.

Kuroyama drops into the ring and keeps to his corner, staring daggers across the ring to OSCAR. Likewise, BURNS glares back, taking one last shoulder pat down and a few final words of advice from Sonny. Going through his final checks on both competitors, official Benny Doyle gives the cue to the timekeeper.

DING DING

The bell rings and The Faithful come alive, but neither man flinches, nor budes as they carefully circle up. Chicago's response is at a fever pitch at the moment with neither man locking up!

Lance:

What a major way to kick off DEFCON! Perhaps one of the best pure wrestling matches we're going to see over these next two nights! A man who has been to the big dance countless times versus a man looking to carve his own path to get there.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama has been heralded as one of the best unsung talents that DEFIANCE has ever seen. OSCAR BURNS - like him, hate him, respect him, however you feel about him - has more than fulfilled any expectations of him when he came to DEFIANCE in 2016.

OSCAR and Kerry finally lock up! The two men are of about equal size and strength, locking up and fighting amongst the ropes. When Benny Doyle tries to get them to break, they simple roll past him and take the struggle to another side of the ring! OSCAR has Kerry against the ropes, but The Emerald Apex flips the script and takes the tie-up to the adjacent side of the ring! They continue to fight and continue to struggle. As the fight continues, suddenly OSCAR goes low and takes Kerry to the canvas with a huge arm drag! Kerry hits the canvas and Burns holds the lead with an armbar on the canvas.

DDK:

And OSCAR takes control. Kerry has skills on the mat as well, we all know that. But I think you'd have to call OSCAR the favorite on the ground game.

OSCAR keeps the hold locked in.

OSCAR BURNS:

See my baggage out there? That's your future, Kerry! THAT'S where you belong!

Upon hearing those distasteful words, Seattle's Beast fights back, and gets back to his feet, before being able to switch it up and then Kerry has control with a hammerlock! The Center the GC Universe winces each time that Kuroyama tears away at the arm, but OSCAR manages to regain control by ducking down to grab the leg of Kerry to take him down to the canvas! Burns turns around and tries for a leg lock, but Kerry gives him the slip and pushes him away with his other foot. BURNS comes back and then flips him over into a grounded headlock!

Lance:

Kerry managing to keep OSCAR at bay! This must give him PTSD from last year! One of the biggest upsets in DEFCON history when Butcher Victorious defeated OSCAR using those headlocks he calls a signature move today!

This does seem to trigger OSCAR and he starts to get a little snowflakey. OSCAR tries to fight his way out to get his

legs on Kerry's neck and Kerry tries to shove him away. OSCAR finally gets his legs up on third try, forcing Kerry to get out. Both men reach their feet, but when The Emerald Apex faces OSCAR, he gets five fingers across the face unexpectedly! The Chicago Faithful can't believe the disrespect!

DDK:

How classless is he!

OSCAR follows the slap with another disrespectful piefacing, leading to Kerry firing back with a STIFF open palm strike that knocks OSCAR across the mouth! OSCAR stumbles through the ropes and nurses a sore jaw as he takes a powder to the floor!

Lance:

Tonight's not the night! Kerry Kuroyama has had to deal with at least SIX months of disrespect, first from Sonny Silver and Mil Vuelas, and now OSCAR himself! Tonight, he has the chance to shut him up!

Kerry slides out of the ring and the second OSCAR sees him, he chases him around ringside and then rolls back inside. Sonny Silver gets in his way to LOUD jeers, putting a finger in Kerry's face. Kerry rolls his eyes and tries to sidestep him when FLEX comes up from behind him and tries to hit him with his luggage...

Benny Doyle:

HEY!

FLEX drops the briefcase instantly and then pleads his innocence! But for this action, Benny Doyle points towards the locker room! OSCAR points at Doyle and shakes his head, but his decision is final! The Chicago Faithful erupt in cheers!

Lance:

No! FLEX tried to get the cheap shot in, but Doyle caught him with his hands in the cookie jar!

FLEX angrily kicks the steel steps, then hops up and down on one foot because kicking metal hurts! He hobbles away from ringside, leaving Sonny Silver to manage OSCAR alone. After watching FLEX leave, Kerry darts back inside the ring but OSCAR is there to greet his erstwhile stablemate with a number of stomps to the back!

DDK:

These days, you can't ever put it past OSCAR BURNS to take shortcuts wherever he can. Apparently, "ALL GRAPS, ALL CAPS" is codeword for "whatever it takes to win."

OSCAR pulls The Emerald Apex back to his feet and then jacks his jaw with a stiff European uppercut! Kerry's jaw gets rattled by a second uppercut soon after followed with a shoulder thrust to the midsection to double him over. With Kerry stunned, OSCAR hits the ropes, but doesn't expect Kerry to be running him behind him as he comes back, turning right into a huge shoulder block by Kerry! The Chicago Faithful respond in kind when he comes back and hits another shoulder block that knocks OSCAR to the canvas a second time.

With The Faithful behind him, Kerry grabs OSCAR and shoots him off the ropes, but The Center of the GC Universe puts the brakes on and sends Kerry running. Before he can attempt a counter, Kerry is once again on him with a standing dropkick that takes OSCAR down! The former two-time FIST hits the canvas hard and allows Kerry to go for the cover.

Lance:

Kerry gets the first cover here!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

A shoulder from the former FIST rises off the canvas. People can be seen standing up out of their seat for the highly-respected Kerry as he looks down and sees OSCAR retreating to the corner. Kuroyama remains not far behind and his former Vae Victis compadre in the corner with a big corner clothesline. He tees off on the Kiwi with a huge barrage of chops to the chest! Each one elicits loud sounds from the crowd before he rocks Kerry with a big boot to the jaw!

DDK:

That big series of elbows in the corner followed by that big boot just knocked OSCAR to the apron! OSCAR's trash talk might be having the opposite effect he intended!

BURNSIE is hurt but still standing on the apron. Kerry comes up from behind OSCAR, who panics and flails his arms when he tries for a suplex back into the ring. He tries to get BURNS up, but the Kiwi kicks his feet so he remains on the apron, then snatches Kerry's left arm out of the suplex before sitting down and snapping the arm off the apron!

DDK:

OSCAR was seconds away from a suplex back into the ring, but he finds a counter!

Lance:

And check out Kerry! Darren, I think he might be hurt!

The Emerald Apex is favoring his left arm and tries to shake some feeling back into it. Out of the corner of his eyes, he sees OSCAR coming back in but no time to react before a big running high knee catches him on the side of the head, sending him spinning towards the corner!

DDK:

And there goes OSCAR! He's got Kerry on the ropes!

With the former two-time FIST and FS Champion in control, he tries to pull Kerry out from the corner and then elevates him up for a gutwrench suplex, but Kerry kicks his own legs and firmly plants himself back on the ground! He spins OSCAR around and elbows himself free before smacking palm into jaw with another palm strike upside the jaw! BURNS gets stumbled backwards and retreats yet again!

Lance:

For the second time, OSCAR's outside the ring! And I think Kerry's got him in his sights!

The laser-focused Kuroyama shakes his left hand again and then climbs under the bottom rope to get to the floor. He has OSCAR lined up and looks like he's about to take his head off with a huge running lariat...

THUD!

...DROP TOE HOLD INTO THE STEEL STEPS!

Lance:

OH! GOOD GRIEF! I THINK KERRY JUST HIT HIS ARM INTO THOSE STEPS!

As OSCAR darts away from Kerry, a replay shows all what happened. As OSCAR hit the drop toe hold, Kerry tries to get his left arm up out of instinct to try and absorb the blow! It works to a degree, but now in the present time, Kerry is left favoring his arm. Seeing a chance to get on top of things, OSCAR grabs Kerry quickly and grabs Seattle's Beast before rolling him back inside the ring!

DDK:

That was such a smart move by OSCAR. He knew Kerry was coming for him and changed things up on a dime.

Lance:

That's how technically dangerous OSCAR BURNS is. One hold, one counter, one shift... and he can change the complexion of a match in an instant. Like he is now!

With a firm target in place, OSCAR goes right to what might be a compromised left arm and slaps on a top wristlock! Kerry is locked into a kneeling position at the moment and the facial expressions he wears indicate severe pain as the arm continues to get wrenched in a way not meant to do so. The former two-time FIST continues to keep the pressure on the ultra-tough Seattleite who tries to push upwards.

OSCAR BURNS:

Stay down, GC! This is only gonna get worse!

Kerry Kuroyama: [straining]

Not... gonna happen... asshole!

To the delight of the Chicago Faithful, he has hands up on trying to get to his feet. He uses his free right arm to elbow the rib cage of The Center of the GC Universe. Through pained breaths, Kerry fights upwards...

DDK:

Kerry's almost up... No! BURNS with the short-arm clothesline!

Kerry's fiery comeback gets doused in a hurry with the big short-arm clothesline! OSCAR flattens his former stablemate and hooks the far leg for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Shoulder up... Wristlock!

The Seattleite kicks out, but OSCAR practically expects it and grabs the left arm to go back to the top wristlock submission attempt!

Lance:

Well done on OSCAR's part! He knows how tough Kerry is. All of Vae Victis knew it when they recruited him!

DDK:

Very anticipatory move here. Now Kerry's trapped again... oh, no! Look at him bend Kerry's fingers!

The Emerald Apex finds himself in agony when OSCAR starts making contact with some joint manipulation. He's not only got the arm bent in a gruesome direction, but also starts CRANKING back on each one of Kerry's fingers for several seconds at a time! Referee Benny Doyle watches for signs of verbal or non-verbal tapout as Kuroyama keeps his hand up, but OSCAR continues to crank on the hold.

DDK:

For all of his arrogance, on some level... it's earned because of skill like this. OSCAR knows exactly how to manipulate his opponents. Lately both in mind and in the ring.

Lance:

Kerry knows his way around holds as well, but how much of his offense is going to be stymied with this assault? He could limit his striking power and some of those high-impact moves he likes to use!

OSCAR continues wrenching on the hold.

OSCAR BURNS:

What are you gonna do? Drop me on my head! You promised these people, Kerry! You promised! Now you're gonna let them down!

This last verbal salvo forces Kerry to lock in and try to fight his way back up, much to the shock of DEFIANCE Himself.

With the Chicago Faithful willing him forward, the former Favoured Saints Champion tries to fight himself upwards and gets to a knee. OSCAR struggles with the wristlock and tries to bend it even further, but Kerry rides the adrenaline he's on and tries to shut out the pain long enough to SMACK the Kiwi upside the head with a brutal headbutt! He follows with a knee to the stomach and brings down OSCAR to catch him in an inside cradle!

DDK:

He's got him! Kerry fight back with an inside cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Both men scramble out of the hold! OSCAR stops Kerry with a quick shoulder thrust to the midsection again. He swings for a European uppercut, only for Kerry to turn around and hook the arm before trying to negotiate BURNS to the mat with a backslide. He struggles with the bad arm as pain is etched on his face, but finally gets BURNS's shoulders to the canvas. Doyle drops down into the sudden cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Two attempts by Kerry Kuroyama!

DDK:

We don't normally see Kerry use a lot of flash pins, but that could be an indicator of how bad that arm really hurts!

OSCAR charges at Kerry after both men are back up, only for Kerry to move and OSCAR to crash chest-first in the corner, allowing Kerry to try and catch him behind with a schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

NO! Oscar reverses the schoolboy into that cross armbreaker! He's trying to hyperextend Kerry's arm!

OSCAR kicks away frantically at the interlocked arms of The Emerald Apex as he tries his best to keep from being fully locked in to the cross armbreaker! He tries to get OSCAR up and go back to the schoolboy pin, but BURNS fights him off and continues to strike away with his boot... until the hold is fully locked in!

Lance:

No! No! Kerry tried to block it, but OSCAR was just too tenacious to be denied!

The normally stoic Kuroyama is now yelling out in pain as the submission is fully locked in! Not intent to give into panic, he turns his head to see the ropes fairly close by near the corner. He struggles until he gets his right foot on the bottom rope to a big ovation from the Chicago Faithful! Benny Doyle catches it and tells OSCAR to let go of the submission, but the former two-time FIST argues and keeps the hold locked in for a few extra seconds. The four seconds feel like thirty minutes to Kerry by the time the submission hold is finally released.

Lance:

Smart of Kerry to see those ropes nearby, but how much damage has already been done onto that arm. It's an old cliché, but this is definitely a "Blood in the Water" type situation we're witnessing.

DDK:

Indeed it is. This is how dangerous OSCAR is. He has some moves he likes to stick to in that ring these days, but he's so adept at transitioning from one hold to the next.

Favoring the left arm close to his chest, Kuroyama can barely defend himself in the moment when OSCAR charges in and rocks Seattle's Beast with a knee strike up against the jaw! With Kuroyama left reeling, OSCAR hurriedly drags him away from the ring by hitching up the bad arm and taking him to the center of the ring where a vicious-looking seated armbar. Kerry yells out a second time and keeps his grip tightened!

DDK:

OSCAR won't make the same mistake twice! The second that Kerry got to the safety of the ropes, he just pulled him right back to the middle!

Lance:

You're right! The ropes won't be there to save Kerry a second time!

As the submission continues to be cinched in tightly, OSCAR BURNS continues providing some great words of wisdom for his erstwhile stablemate.

OSCAR BURNS:

REMEMBER! YOU WANTED THIS, GC! YOU WANTED ME TO GIVE YOU YOUR BLOODY FIFTEEN MINUTES! I'M GONNA MAKE SURE EVERY. SECOND. HURTS!

Wrenching the hold even tighter, Kerry can't help but growl as he's racked with pain! The ropes feel like they might as well be a mile right now as he OSCAR continues his brand of torture.

LET'S GO, KERRY! Clap-clap-clapclapclap!

LET'S GO, KERRY! Clap-clap-clapclapclap!

LET'S GO, KERRY! Clap-clap-clapclapclap!

The people are once again lending support to Kuroyama as Seattle's Beast tries to gut out the pain once again. He starts getting to both of his knees, but OSCAR keeps his arms clasped tightly on the arm and shoulder joint! Kerry hears The Faithful and he fights upwards, shocking even OSCAR! When he gets to his feet, he RUSHES his tormentor into the corner with a sudden burst of energy to break the hold!

Lance:

I can't believe it! Kerry is back on his feet, but OSCAR is still going for the arm!

He tries to go for the arm again... when suddenly, Kerry grabs Burnsie by the waist and DRILLS him into the canvas with a brutal backdrop suplex!

DDK:

Derechoplex! How the hell did Kerry pull that off?! Where did he get that energy from?!

The Chicago Faithful pop loud at the sudden shift in momentum! Kuroyama and BURNS are motionless, lying side by side in the center of the ring. Slowly, both competitors begin to stir, and eventually work themselves over onto their hands and knees. Then they lock eyes, and push harder to rise onto their feet.

DDK:

BURNS back up... but Kerry is there to meet him! And Kuroyama catches him with an ELBOW strike to the jaw! And ANOTHER!

Lance:

He knows this is his chance to turn the tides of this match, and he's going all out!

Successive shots steadily back OSCAR into a corner. With nowhere else to go, OSCAR desperately blocks the next shot coming for his temple and swings back with an elbow of his own.

DDK:

OSCAR trying to fight back... but Kerry DUCKS! And COUNTERS with a Snapdragon Suplex!

Kerry KIPS UP to his feet to charge up the crowd! Feeling the energy, he steadily nods, and goes to pull BURNS back off the mat.

Lance:

Through sheer tenacity, Kerry Kuroyama has turned this match around, and now he knows he's on the cusp of victory!

DDK:

It may be time for him to bring OSCAR down on his head, as promised! Kerry has him up... hooks him from behind... lifts him up for the KUROYAMA DRIVE--

But Kerry's arm quivers slightly on the lift... and OSCAR slips down his back!

DDK:

NO!! BURNS twists and turns himself free... and an ARMBAR TAKEDOWN takes Kerry right to the mat!

Lance:

Kerry saw the finish line, but OSCAR has plenty left in the tank!

DDK:

A veteran instinct like that can't be taught! Now OSCAR wrangles Kerry into a CROSSFACE right in the center of the ring!

Wrenching back on the crossface and keeping the arm extended and trapped in a legscissor, BURNS mercilessly stretches the shoulder joint, drawing an agonized groan out of Kuroyama.

Lance:

I'm not sure that arm can hold out much longer!

DDK:

OSCAR has been punishing it all through this match, and right now, it may have reached a breaking point! How does he get out of this one? Kerry is far away from the ropes, and OSCAR has him pinned in place!

Chicago is screaming, either willing Kerry to continue fighting or in anticipation of a sudden tap out. But instead of the latter, the Emerald Apex chooses the former, and somehow finds his footing. BURNS keeps the crossface held in place, but Kuroyama digs deep and pushes himself up...

DDK:

My God... Kerry is POWERING UP TO HIS FEET!

Lance:

And OSCAR is going up with him!

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS, still maintainig that crossface, but even THAT isn't enough to hold down Kerry Kuroyama! Kerry has him up on his shoulders now... READJUSTS...

DEATH!

VALLEY!

DRIVERRR!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

DDK:

MAKES THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!!

The cheering dissipates into disappointment, while Kuroyama flops over onto his back, physically spent and staring at the lights in disbelief. After a beat, he rallies forth to finish the job, and backs himself into a corner once he's back on his feet.

DDK:

Kuroyama in the corner now, stalking BURNS! Waiting for him to get to his feet!

Lance:

Setting him up once more for the coup de gras! But if he can't crush OSCAR's head into the canvas, he can still at least take it off!

Slowly, OSCAR pushes himself off the mat, still looking groggy after the impact of the DVD. Kerry crouches in wait in the corner, beckoning back up and getting the crowd riled up with anticipation. Eventually, BURNS finds his footing, and turns around to see Kerry bursting forth with--

DDK:

SQUALL LINE LARIAT--

DUCKED!

Sudden as a cobra and slick as an eel, BURNS slips underneath Kuroyama's powerful discus lariat, pivots, and launches himself into a twisting overhead kick that tags Kerry in the back of the head.

DDK:

NO!! BURNS WITH THE ENZUIGIRI to COUNTER!

Lance:

OSCAR almost seemed to bait him right into that one!

The Faithful deflate as Kerry's face goes vacant and he falls to his knees, stunned. Jumping on the opportunity, BURNS scrambles back up, grabs Kuroyama by the head, and launches him into the corner! Kerry flies through the ropes, shoulder impacting the steel post before he bumps off the apron and crashes onto the ringside floor, once more

clutching his arm.

DDK:

GOOD GOD, BURNS just sent Kerry's shoulder RIGHT INTO THE RINGPOST!

Lance:

And with his opponent on the outside, OSCAR BURNS just bought himself a moment to recouperate.

BURNS gets a breather, and takes a moment to work up the crowd.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO--

OSCAR BURNS:

--OOOOOUUURNS!! THANK YOU, THAT IS MY NAME!

DDK:

The fans of DEFIANCE need to find an alternative means of jeering this man.

Lance:

How about instead of "boo", they go... "FLAAASH!! FLAAAASH!!"

Against the objections of Benny Doyle, OSCAR rolls out to the floor on the opposite side of the ring. In a moment of role reversal, BURNS is now the one stalking Kuroyama, steadily coming around the ring and watching Kerry slowly pull himself up with the help of the apron.

DDK:

What's OSCAR plotting here?! Kerry looks absolutely defenseless right now!

Lance:

The pain he must be feeling in that arm has to be unimaginable!

Then, just as Kerry's getting to his feet, OSCAR breaks into a dead sprint...

DDK:

BURNS coming in hot around the ring!

OSCAR slaps his arm as he turns into a running Europe Uppercut aimed straight for Kerry's--

DDK:

YYYYAKUZA LIKE A DRAGON KICK!! MY GOD, WHAT A COUNTER!!

Kerry's explosive big boot doesn't stop OSCAR's momentum, but instead sends him planting wildly past him. BURNS takes several bumps off the ringside mats, but half out of veteran wile and half out of sheer luck, manages to somehow roll right back up to his feet, looking shocked, hurt, and most of all--

DDK:

SQUALL LINE LARIAT!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

Lance:

He got it this time! But it may have cost him!

OSCAR flips over and lands face first on the ringside mats! Kuroyama winces and cranks the afflicted arm, but still moves with urgency, scooping BURNS off the floor and rolling him back into the ring before Doyle even gets to the

count of seven.

DDK:

Every second counts at this point! And wasting no time, Kerry brings this match back into the ring... HE HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NOOOO!! BURNS popped the shoulder!

Kuroyama looks to the official, stunned, but Doyle shows him only two fingers. OSCAR tries to wriggle away and make an escape by making a crawl for the ropes, but doesn't get far.

DDK:

Kerry knows he has to finish this NOW! He's got OSCAR back up... once more looking for the KUROYAMA
DRIV--NO!! OSCAR BURNS TWISTS and TURNS himself LOOSE!

Lance:

He had that move scouted!

OSCAR slips around behind Kerry, and a sharp shove sends him stumbling into the ropes. Kuroyama's chest takes a bounce, sending him right back into the waiting arms of the former FIST.

DDK:

BELLY-TO-BACK BACKBREAKER!! OSCAR BURNS WITH THE COVER!!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--KYYYYEEEEIIICKOUT!!

LET'S GO, KERRY! Clap-clap-clapclapclap!

LET'S GO, KERRY! Clap-clap-clapclapclap!

LET'S GO, KERRY! Clap-clap-clapclapclap!

BURNS, completely LIVID, slaps the mat and glares at Benny Doyle.

OSCAR BURNS:

DID YOU SUFFER SOME SORT OF HEAD INJURY BEFORE THE BELL?

DDK:

OSCAR has completely LOST IT!

Lance:

Kerry's stubborn refusal to stay down is beginning to get to him! He can out-think, out-pace, and out-wrestle almost anyone in this industry, but his former Vae Victis comrade has a fighting spirit that refuses to be extinguished!

Ready to rip Kerry's arm right out of the socket, BURNS traps it into a legscissor while locking up the wrist, and smoothly rolls his quarry over onto his back.

DDK:

BURNS once more going for the CROSS ARM-BREAKER--but NO!! KERRY has his HANDS INTERLOCKED! He's keeping OSCAR from fully extending that arm!

Lance:

This time, HE has OSCAR scouted!

DDK:

BURNS is fighting him! If he can get ahold of that arm, I think this is OVER! But NO! Kuroyama, working up to his feet, ROLLS BURNS ONTO HIS SHOULDERS!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--SOOOO CLOSE, but OSCAR BURNS KICKS OUT!

Both men roll apart. They are exhausted and sucking wind, but still determinedly pushing themselves to their feet, knowing this fight must continue! BURNS is up half a second before Kerry, popping him in the jaw with a European uppercut!

BOOOO(urns)!!

Kuroyama briefly reels, but bites back with a open-handed chop to OSCAR's chest!

YAAAAA!!

OSCAR clutches at his chest, but twists and throws another uppercut!

BOOOO(urns)!!

Kerry soaks it up, and chops him back!

YAAAAA!!

With neither one refusing to back down, they being mercilessly exchanging blows back and forth!

BOOOO(urns)!! YAAAAA!! BOOOO(urns)!! YAAAAA!!

BOOOO(urns)!! YAAAAA!! BOOOO(urns)!! YAAAAA!!

BOOOO(urns)!! YAAAAA!! BOOOO(urns)!! YAAAAA!!
BOOOO(urns)!! YAAAAA!! BOOOO(urns)!! YAAAAA!!

DDK:

Neither of these men are giving an INCH to each other!

Lance:

This far into the match, they both know that right now, it's do or die!

DDK:

Endless blows being exchanged as these two competitors throw everything but the kitchen sink at each other! Kerry! OSCAR! Kerry! OSCAR! Kerry! OSCAR! Kerry! Kerry! KERRY!!

The cheers ramp up as Kuroyama pulls ahead in the strike exchange, putting OSCAR BURNS on his heels, reeling in pain and fatigue! Seeing his chance to finish him off, Kerry pivots around into ANOTHER Squall Line Lariat--

DDK:

NO WAIT!

...only to FREEZE at the sight of official Benny Doyle in his path!

Lance:

BURNS pulls the referee in the way!

DDK:

A classic desperation play from Twists and Turns! Fortunately, Kerry stopped himself before he could--NO!! BURNS with a THUMB to KERRY'S EYE!

Lance:

And with Doyle trying to get out of the way, it was behind the official's back!

Kerry's hand goes over his eye as he wobbles in pain and disorientation. Doyle is suspicious of how that came to be, but before he can further look into it, Kuroyama is swept to the mat and rolled onto his shoulders.

DDK:

SCHOOLBOY BY BURNS!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!

They break away from each other, and Kuroyama scrambles to his feet. But in a flash, OSCAR has him in a waistlock and pulls him back...

DDK:

Now BURNS with the O'CONNOR ROLL!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

Kuroyama rolls to the side, gasping for air and clutching the ropes. BURNS, meanwhile, shoots right up to his feet and gets face to face with Doyle, relentlessly barking insults into his face.

OSCAR BURNS:

DO WE NEED TO MAKE YOU PASS A COGNITIVE TEST BEFORE EVERY MATCH, DOYLE?!

DDK:

BURNS is completely UNHINGED right now! He thought he had it there! To be honest, I thought he did too!

Lance:

The official's hand was literally a HAIR away from the hitting the mat for the three count! Nevertheless, Benny Doyle is making it clear that Kerry got the shoulder up!

Despite the verbal tirade, Benny stands his ground to the former FIST, and OSCAR turns away from him in disgust and gets right back onto Kerry. He lands two stiff kicks to the injured arm before grabbing it and yanking Kuroyama back to his feet.

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS has him from behind... I think he could be looking for UNIVERSAL ACCLAIM!!

Lance:

It will be all over if he lands this--

Kerry HEADBUTTS him using the back of his head!

DDK:

NO!! KERRY BREAKS FREE!!

BURNS backpedals, clutching his nose. Kuroyama spins around...

DDK:

SKKWWAAAAULL LINE LARIAT!! HE NEARLY TOOK OSCAR'S HEAD OFF!

Chicago ROARS!! BURNS kisses the mat while Kerry flops the other way. The former fumbles for the ropes to get himself up, while the latter shakes and rages with explosive energy!

Lance:

There it is! He's got the FIGHTING SPIRIT in him now!

Shaking like he were lightning and thunder incarnate, Kuroyama finds his footing. By the time BURNS is back up, Kerry tears after him once more.

DDK:

SECOND SQUALL LINE LARIAT to the BACK of the HEAD!

Lance:

Kerry is throwing him everything he's got right now!

DDK:

BURNS is OUT... but Kuroyama scoops him up! This time, can he make it happen...?

With his face showing agony as he fights through the pain, the Emerald Apex attempts to lift the former FIST over his shoulder...

...but DROPS HIM!

DDK:

NO, he cannot!

Lance:

All that punishment that arm took is just too much for--

OSCAR suddenly SHOOTS UP overhead!

DDK:

NO!! SPOKE TOO SOON!! HE HAS HIM UP...

...

...annnnnd DOOOOOWWWWWNNN with a SKULL-CAVING KUROYAMA DRIVER!!

BURNS goes limp on the mat. Kuroyama desperately flops over his chest.

DDK:

HE HAS THE PIN!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREEEEE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Kuroyama rolls off of OSCAR's chest onto his back, heaving for air and staring up at the lights while he let's it soak in. Then Doyle assists him to his feet and raises his arm in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the WINNER of the match... by PINFALL... KEEEEERRRRRRYYYYYY
KUUUROOOOYAAAAAAMMMMAAAAAAAAAA!!!

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Lance:

WOW...

DDK:

Couldn't have said it better myself, pard! What a WAR we just witnessed! And what a way to kick off DEFCON 2025! Kerry Kuroyama and OSCAR BURNS threw everything they had at another!

Lance:

I'm still in shock that Kerry Kuroyama eked out a victory there! Scoring a win over a former FIST and certified future Hall of Famer in OSCAR BURNS is no easy task!

DDK:

I fully agree with that sentiment. At times, it felt as though the founder of the GC Universe was on the verge of putting him out to pasture, but through sheer grit and fortitude, the Emerald Apex pushed through to a glorious win!

Lance:

A statement DEFCON victory for Kerry Kuroyama here tonight, that will undoubtedly bring some momentum in his endless pursuit of the DEFIANCE main event scene.

Kuroyama celebrates by pumping his fist to the crowd and basking in their approval. Across the ring, Sonny Silver has slipped in through the ropes and assists OSCAR BURNS in making it back to his feet. BURNS clutches the top of his head and winces in a way that would make one think he has a splitting headache... but is at least conscious.

Then, the two competitors' eyes meet. The tension is palpable as they continue to stare each other down, with neither one looking all that eager to pick up right where they left off. Instead, they both slowly shuffle to meet each other in the center of the ring... where BURNS extends his hand.

And Kerry accepts it.

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS, in a surprisingly sporsmanlike move, is giving the winner the tip of the hat as it were! A true show of respect between competitors!

Lance:

Respect that was duly earned. Regardless of whether it's the GC Universe, or Vae Victis, these two recognize within each other kindred warrior spirits!

DDK:

Folks, DEFCON has only just BEGUN! And if this first match-up is anything to go by, we may be in for a night for the ages!

BLOOD DIAMONDS vs. WRESTLE HOUSE

[♪"Southern Nights" by Glen Campbell ♪](#)

Sparkling, falling pyrotechnics in gold and blue falls like rain across the stage. Through which bounds the three representatives of the freshly baked babyface faction, Wrestle House.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen coming up next is tornado taaaag team match, the war to settle the score between "The Socialite" Edward White and company and THESE gentlemen! Currently making their way to the ring...

Long time DEFIANCE journeyman "The Texas Dragon" Jun Izuchi and BRAZEN new blood "The Texas Stampede" Gordy Lovett, collectively known now as The Massive Cowboys are the first out onto the stage. The new tag team, separated by one another by years of in-ring experience, both men are awestruck by the massive, fiery crowd of DEFIANCE Faithful here at DEFcon.

Lance:

What an opportunity for these Wrestle House guys, Darren!

DDK:

The Doubleday's got their boys to the dance, partner! They rolled the dice mixing it up with Ed White, of all people. But that risk has clearly paid off!

Lance:

You heard Lil' Dougie, they can't stand bullies! And Ed is the biggest bully DEFIANCE has ever seen!

Right behind the Cowboys emerges Mrs. Doubleday's Perfect Gentleman, the hottest free agent in wrestling, Mayo Florida's finest "Fair Play" Dabney Doubleday. Crimson boots and baby blue tights. Dabney gets a few moments to clap the shoulders of his tag team partners and take one good look out over the raucous crowd before...

BOOOOOOOOOO!

As the solid curtain of blue and gold pyrotechnics "drops" standing concealed from sight is the other half of this tornado trios tag team match ready for war! The BRAZEN tag team champions "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne, Money Talks... wearing brand new crisp white and gold versions of their usual gear... are flanking their boss. "The Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling" Edward White.

All three men resplendent in their white and gold are each holding a matching GOLD FOLDING CHAIR. With which they CLOBBER Dabney and the Massive Cowboys with three brain-rattling chair shots to the collective beans of Wrestle House!

CLUNK! x3

DDK:

Expected no less from the Blood Diamonds!

Lance:

Ed forgoing a big, showy, elaborate entrance here at the biggest show of the year to pull this sort of stunt? You know he means business.

Referee Hector Navarro immediately calls for the bell to start this lawless match in earnest. Knowing full-well this is about as good a "start" to this mess as we're liable to get.

DING DING

Felton and Adrian immediately pair off against the two Massive Cowboys, using their superior power to kick and shove

the two equally large men back down the ramp. Payne hucking poor Gordy Lovett head and shoulder first into the rampside guardrail. Felton wraps his HUGE arm tightly around the neck of Jun Izuchi and simply leads him down to ringside.

Edward White digs the edge of his gold chair into the neck of Dabney Doubleday with a scowl on his perfectly quaffed face. After planting his white and gold boots into Dabs' bread-basket several times, Ed collects the Florida native and proceeds to "escort" him towards the ring. Ed deposits the limp Doubleday under the bottom rope, requests a microphone and makes his way up the steps and into the ring.

Edward White:

How are we doin' this evenin' Chicago, y'all enjoyin' the show so far? Sorry about this here little INTERMISSION we're gonna' have ourselves about now...

He drops another boot, this time across the side of Dabney's head sending the kid sprawling.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Edward White:

But this here boy, another half-baked product of Lindsay Troy's cockamamie trainin' school... Florida trash trainin' more Florida trash, ain't that somethin'... I say, this here BOY has the presumptuousness to pop up 'round here in my company and start dictatin' terms to me!

All the while, as Ed preaches and takes cheap shots at Doubleday, around ringside the BRAZEN tag team champions are taking poor Lovett and Izuchi to the proverbial woodshed. Especially Felton, still squaring off opposite Izuchi, is clearly taking out the frustration of losing his BRAZEN championship to Rowzilla at BRAZEN's "Clash at the Con" last Saturday.

Edward White:

Callin' me a dadgum BULLY of all things. You and your shrimp-dicked little brother hate bullies, least that's what y'all said...

We hear the announcers quietly note *"say, where is Douglas?"*

Edward White:

Y'all don't know the half of it. Welcome to *GOTdamn* DEFIANCE, boy.

*THOOMP *squeeeeeeeep**

The Socialite buries the butt of the microphone into the forehead of Doubleday just as he was struggling up to one knee.

Lance:

I want to feel sorry for Dabney and company, but this is the end result of the risk they took. You step up to Ed White, doesn't matter if you have the moral high ground or not, you're life is *immediately* going to get more complicated no matter what.

With Doubleday firmly on the struggle bus, Ed goes about "schooling" Dabney on the mat, believe it or not. A quick side headlock takedown fish hooked into a tight side headlock. After a few moments Ed relents and dismissively slaps the back of Doubleday's head. Gordy Lovett, free from the massive Adrian Payne's assault for a moment tries desperately to get into the ring to help Dabney to no avail, Ed rushes in and plants the sole of his boot right across the side of Gordy's head sending him tumbling back down to ringside where the furious Problem Solver is waiting to wrap his gargantuan arms back around the Texan natives neck.

Lance:

Clearly Ed White has no intention of engaging the Massive Cowboys here, Darren.

DDK:

He wants Dabney Doubleday's *blood*, partner. He wants to make an example of the poor kid.

At ringside the fans marvel as the former BRAZEN champion Felton Bigsby LAUNCHES poor Jun Izuchi clear across ringside with an irish whip utilizing every ounce of his almost inhuman strength. The Texas Dragon makes contact with the bit of ring barrier that surrounds Darren Quimbey and the gentleman that rings the bell.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Izuchi goes crashing THROUGH the barrier and rolls to a stop right at a clearly terrified Darren Quimbey's feet. With blood now seeping down out of his hairline, Jun shows insane resilience almost immediately, wobbly, gets to his feet and gives Felton the old double bird. Bigsby, not in the mood for this sort of shit, SPRINTS across ringside showing spooky speed and spears Izuchi through yet ANOTHER ringbarrier. Both men spilling out into the crowd directly behind.

HO-LY SHIT!

HO-LY SHIT!

HO-LY SHIT!

Payne, in full control of Lovett, drags the rookie behind him as he makes his way over to where his championship tag team partner is struggling to his knees, still throwing forearms and closed fists at Izuchi who is at this point, already just a bloody mess. The last we see of all four men, Money Talks was dragging a helpless Izuchi and Lovett out through one of the upper exits onto the arena's concourse and out of our sight.

DDK:

I think we might be down to something of a singles contest for the time being, folks!

Back in the ring Ed is going about circling Doubleday dropping boots on each of his unprotected limbs, especially his arms. He backs off after a tick, he stands back and crouches down just watching Doubleday get to his feet. Dabney turns...

WHAM

DDK:

Laissez-faire headbutt from The Socialite!

Doubleday staggers back, Ed makes after him and stumps him. Quickly capitalizing.

DDK:

Market Failure Spike-piledriver! Dabney is in a BAD way here, partner!

White slides in for a pinfall. Hooking the leg with an almost blasé attitude.

Referee Navarro is right there with the three count.

ONE!

TWO...KICKOUT!

The Socialite looks miffed at this verifiable greenhorn having the gaul to kick out with such authority. Dabney PUSHES Ed off of him and rolls as confidently as he can back to his feet LAUNCHING into some sudden juking and jiving that

catches Ed off guard. Doubleday lands a few cracking punches across White's chin, sending the Sophisticate back several steps to the absolute delight of the Faithful.

As he gains a little ground, Dabney clearly looks to his corner finding nobody there.

Lance:

Dabney's still looking for Douglas. Did he come out with them?

DDK:

I don't think so. Dabney showing some clear concern for his brother.

That moment's hesitation allows Edward to sneak in and snap off a quick DDT and deftly transition into a sloppy but effective STF submission. Dabney claws desperately at White's hands to no avail but shows clear resolve as he tries to push his way towards the ropes.

The longer Doubleday holds out, the more resolve he shows the madder Ed White gets.

Lance:

Something tells me Ed thought this would be a little more of a cakewalk.

DDK:

Underestimating this kid, Dabney Doubleday, seems to me to be one heck of a mistake, partner.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

As Dabney Doubleday struggles in Ed's STF down in the ring Money Talks and The Massive Cowboys all reappear back up on the stage area. Lovett and Izuchi are both back on their feet trading blows with Bigsby and Payne. All four men now looking a little worse for wear, Adrian joining Jun in showing some color. The Problem Solver now wears the proverbial crimson mask after what must have been a wild trip through the backstage area. The blood only serving to fuel the former powerlifters' unhinged fury. He wraps Gordy up in his enormous arms and pops off a release overhead suplex that sends the huge Gordy Lovett impressively down the entire length of the rampway.

Seeing his beefy tag team partner hucked several feet like a sack of produce, Jun does his best to swat away Houston Strong's attacks to little avail. Eventually Felton simply boots poor Jun with a front kick to the breadbasket, simply shoving him down the ramp to ringside.

The massive BRAZEN tag team champions stalk back down the ramp shoulder to shoulder. Eventually depositing both of the Massive Cowboys under the bottom rope and into the ring where Edward White is just relenting and releasing Dabney Doubleday from his STF submission hold in a complete huff.

DDK:

Ed White clearly unhappy with the incredible resolve of Doubleday!

Lance:

The kid has shown this year he has zero quit in his entire body!

With his new favorite henchmen back in the ring, Ed finds himself an unoccupied corner and seems to just kick right back with a smarmy smile on his bearded face. Big Adrian Payne just levels Jun Izuchi with a simple short-arm clothesline that drops the exhausted Texas Dragon.

Almost immediately Felton picks up Gordy and spinebusters him ATOP IZUCHI. Bigsby violently stacking the Massive Cowboys in a near unconscious heap. Money Talks fistbump before turning their attention to Dabney Doubleday, who has reached his feet with his fists raised in front of his clearly exhausted face. Still in the fight.

Lance:

ZERO quit, Keebs! Zero!

Sadly wrestling isn't a points based endeavor, so you don't get anything for being the pluckiest guy in the match.

Money Talks rush Doubleday and straight up assault the Mayo, Florida native. Dabney throws as many quick forearms and closed fists as he can manage but is quickly swarmed by the two enormous men. Money Talks proceed to drop poor Dabs with an assisted powerbomb atop the still piled up heap of his tag team partners.

The Sophisticate claps from his spot still resting in the corner. He laughs as the three Wrestle House boys as they all try to disentangle themselves from one another. But before they can big Adrian bounces off the ropes and does a massive splash onto the pile of white-hats.

Wanting clearly to end this as quickly as he can Felton proceeds to violently wrench Dabney up by the arm, slingshot him into a free corner and hits him with a full speed running splash that just compresses Doubleday's chest cavity and further impedes his breathing.

Not wanting to be shown up by his tag team partner, Adrian picks up BOTH Cowboys and tries for an insane feat of strength and a double suplex overhead suplex on both men. He tries and tries again only for the entire endeavor to backfire. Adrian finds HIMSELF suplexed by Gordy and Jun, the Problem Solver launched across the ring.

At the same time, Dabney takes advantage of the distraction and attaches himself to Felton's back with a textbook sleeperhold. Felton struggles as Dabney manages to lock his legs around Bigsby's waist. For a moment Edward is slack-jawed at the sight of everything going sideways so quickly. Jun slides in and starts dropping fists into Adrian Payne's dome, pulling the huge man out to ringside.

Felton is still clawing at Dabney Doubleday's tight sleeper, the effects of which have the resilient Bigsby almost on dream street. Before Houston Strong even knows what's happening, Lovett saunters over and CRACKS off a headbutt that drops Bigsby to his knees.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Dabney lets the sleeper go and Bigsby drops down to the mat and rolls from the ring to shake the cobwebs and possibly assist his still beleaguered tag team partner still getting worked over nearby by the Texas Dragon. Before he can, however, the big ol' country boy Gordy Lovett takes a few steps back and *DIVES THROUGH THE ROPES AND JUST WIPES OUT THE FORMER BRAZEN CHAMPION WITH A TEXAS-SIZED SUICIDE DIVE!*

HO-LY SHIT!

HO-LY SHIT!

HO-LY SHIT!

The crowd and Dabney's eyes still glued to the incredible feat, Edward snakes in and picks Dabney's neck with a sleeper of his own and proceeds to crack off a simple but effective Hangman's neckbreaker that sends Doubleday reeling.

DDK:

Trickle Down Theory neckbreaker from Edward White!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Socialite stalks after Doubleday who once again finds himself struggling to find his feet.

Ed notices Dabney's eyes darting over to the spot at ringside where his brother "Lil' Dougie" Douglas Doubleday would normally be standing, watching his brothers back and rooting him on.

At that Edward stops and smiles the most sinister smile we've ever seen peek from behind his perfectly quaffed beard.

The Sophisticate pounces on this distraction like a lion on a wounded gazelle. Dabney, to his credit, does his absolute best to roll out of the way of a majority of Edward's offence until...

Lance:

Awww, come on now!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Edward, the classic black-hat that he is, reaches up and digs his thumb into the eye of Doubleday putting a stop to any resistance the Florida born greenhorn might have had going for him. Ed takes a moment and places a finger under Dabney's chin and brings his head back up to eye level. The Socialite says something only he and Doubleday can hear, right before dropping to one knee and delivering Darren Keebler's favorite move on earth to call.

DDK:

Nope. Not doing it, not saying...

Lance:

COCKPUNCH!!~ FROM ED WHITE!

Dabney drops to his knees just breathless at the obscene signature maneuver.

On the outside the war between Money Talks and the Massive Cowboys continues.

Much to everyone's dismay Edward hollars for a receives the microphone once more.

FUCK YOU ED-WARD!

FUCK YOU ED-WARD!

FUCK YOU ED-WARD!

Edward White:

Yeah, well fuck you too, ya' damn *POORS! GOTDAMN NERDS!* You all think I could give six speckled dog shits about what you think about me?! I'm about to kick this poor boy's teeth down his throat, pocket my DEFcon payday and board my private jet and get the hell OUT of this pathetic excuse for a metropolis, this frigid midwest hellscape leaving you lot to continue your pathetic, frostbitten lives here in... GOTDAMNIT WHATWHAT...

Dabney Doubleday suddenly pops up behind The Socialite and snags the DEF legends neck.

DDK:

FLORIDA SUNRISE FROM DOUBLEDAY!

Dabney pops up and quickly pulls a plastic athletic cup from his tights with a smile, tossing it aside. Much to the absolute delight of the fans.

Lance:

HE WAS PLAYING POSSUM, DARREN!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The delayed hangman's neckbreaker takes Ed completely off guard.

But yet again, for a few moments, Dabney's eyes search desperately for his brother Douglas.

Enough time for Ed to recover and, in an unusually deft in ring generalmanship, White shoulders the distracted Doubleday in the breadbasket and proceeds to hoist the Floridian up onto his broad shoulders for his signature DVD.

DDK:

STOCK MARKET DROP... NO! NO DABNEY SKINS THE CAT!

Doubleday drops down off Ed's shoulders, and in one quick motion reaches in and pulls the Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling back ass-over-teakettle in a quick, textbook...

Lance:

SCHOOLBOY ROLLUP FROM DABNEY?!

Referee Hector Navarro slides in for the count.

As a quick note. A history lesson if you will. Hector Navarro. Uncle of Dabney's good buddy Hijo del Fishman Deluxe, in fact the *original* Fishman Deluxe... well, suffice to say Hector's admittedly fast count could be interpreted as having a little bias involved.

But like they say, there's no replays in pro wrestling.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING***RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!***

Hector wastes zero time signaling for the bell, raising a shocked Dabney Doubleday's hand aloft.

The sounds of both the bell and Darren Quimbey's announcement wrench Money Talks and the Massive Cowboys out of their brutal ringside dance. Shock, pure shock on all four faces...

No face more shocked however than Edward White, who hasn't moved an inch from the spot he was pinned. His eyes wide as dinner plates.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! Your winners of this wild tornado trios tag team encounter... THE MASSIVE COWBOYS AND "FAIR PLAY" DABNEY DOUBLEDAY! ***WRESTLE HOUSE!***

Lance:

Can you believe it Darren?!

DDK:

I can't, partner! What a win! What a year these guys have had, going head to head with Ed White and the Blood Diamonds. Well, *most* of them anyway.

No sooner do the words escape Downtown Darren Keeblers mouth does the oxygen get sucked out of the arena.

The Faithful are the first to react.

A tidal wave of disgust pointed up at the stage area where a frighteningly familiar figure is sauntering out onto the stage carrying something, hucked over his shoulder.

Something small in an ugly brown suit.

DDK:

Oh holy... it's Douglas Doubleday!

The Bombastic Bronson Box is dressed in his traditional three piece suit, minus the jacket.

His shirt sleeves and collar are absolutely covered in blood.

He unloads the limp but clearly still breathing body of Douglas Doubleday onto the stage with a wet, bloody THWUMP. Clutched in the Wargod's free hand is that shiny new Spike we saw him debut with Christie Zane on the last episode of DEFtv.

A perfect copy of the original one melted down by the Doubleday brothers so many weeks ago.

An insult unanswered. *Until now.*

All of this happens in an instant.

Dabney Doubleday is halfway through the ropes before Box is even completely out of the entrance tunnel. As Doubleday scrambles off the ring apron and approaches the foot of the ramp at absolute full-tilt speed he's caught completely off-guard by a WHOLLOPING double clothesline from the BRAZEN tag team champions.

Lance:

God, the poor kid got what? Forty five good seconds of the thrill of victory before... well, Jesus...

The camera cuts quickly to Gordy Lovett and Jun Izuchi out of commission on the other side of the ring thanks to the efforts of Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne. Then back up to the horror show perpetrated by the two time FIST of DEFIANCE, Bronson Box.

Finally we cut back to Dabney Doubleday, against all odds, his two massive attackers looming over him... *STILL* trying to claw his way up the ramp to his little brother. As Doubleday actually manages to get to one wobbly knee he's once again cut off at the pass.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Ed makes his way out of the ring, clapping Money Talks on their shoulders before casually dropping to one knee and delivering the final blow, so to speak.

DDK:

LOW BLOW FROM WHITE! Oh, this poor kid...

Dabney finally, absolutely *crumples*.

The Socialite hangs there for a minute, knelt before his now crushed opposition. He closes his eyes and smiles,

listening to the reaction from the Faithful.

FUCK YOU ED-WARD!

FUCK YOU ED-WARD!

FUCK YOU ED-WARD!

With those words echoing all around them Edward White and the BRAZEN tag team champions step over the body of Dabney Doubleday and make their way up the ramp where a motionless Bronson Box awaits them. Edward and Bronson stare one another up and down before firmly shaking one another's hand.

♪ "O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Blood Diamonds foursome leave together without further incident.

As they make their exit, they shoulder past Iris Davine and her medical team on their way out to tend chiefly to poor Douglas Doubleday.

Lance:

What can you say Darren? The highest of highs to the lowest of lows.

DDK:

Seems regardless, win or lose, Edward White had a contingency plan in the form of his business partner Bronson Box. The Wargod answering the question we posed at the start of this circus, "where's Douglas?" Well...

We cut from Downtown Darren Keebler and Lance Warner's concerned expressions perched behind the commentary station to another shot of the stage where a winded and still wobbly Dabs finally makes it to his brother's side.

Concern the chief emotion of the face of the "victorious" Dabney Doubleday.

We finally cut to the next segment on the card.

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. LOS CAÍDOS

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a GAUNTLET MATCH!

The Faithful cheer at the prospect.

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

The Faithful roar as the distorted, whining intro of Green River's anthem bleeds through the PA. As the beat kicks in, Scott Douglas marches through the curtain, his jaw set tight, fists clenched.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at two-hundred and twenty-six pounds... he is DEFIANCE's Favorite Son... "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS!!!

Douglas stops briefly at the top of the ramp, taking in the energy of the crowd, but his eyes never leave the ring. He rubs his taped wrists and heads toward the ring, tagging hands as he makes his way down the aisle. There's no wasted motion, no theatrics, just intent.

DDK:

The stakes don't get higher.

Lance Warner:

If Scott Douglas loses tonight, he becomes one of them. A mask. A follower. A ghost.

Douglas stretches and pulls on the ropes ...

LIGHTS OUT.

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

The lights come up to a dim hue. The large screens on the stage show video of the flickering orange wick of dripping white candles.

Victor Vacio steps through the curtain, leading the procession. His demeanor is calm, cold, and merciless. Falling in line behind him is Corey Nunez, Gerardo Villalobos, and Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez, each clad in identical, anonymous black masks, making them appear as indistinguishable extensions of Vacio's will. Only their varying body types hint to the eagle-eyed fan who's who.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponents ... accompanied to the ring by "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio ... hailing from Mexico City, Mexico, LOSSSS CAAAIDOOOSSS!!!!

The four pause at the base of the rampway. Vacio looks up at the ring. With a subtle gesture, Corey Nunez steps forward, rolling inside first.

DDK:

The official Benny Doyle, checking with both participants before calling for the bell ...

Lance:

The odds are against Scott Douglas here tonight as he will need to score a pinfall over each member of Los Caidos to win a chance to get his hands on Victor Vacio!

DING DING

Nunez lunges in fast, trying to catch Scott off guard but he ducks the clothesline. Nunez spins around to catch a toe kick to the gut! He grabs his midsection and doubles over. Douglas pulls Nunez in with the full chancery, gets the arm, hooks the knee ...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!

Lance:

Right in the center of the ring!

Douglas immediately covers with a deep hook of the leg. At ringside, Villalobos and Gonzalez look to Vacio for instruction.

ONE!

Vacio can't believe he needs to give any and starts barking orders in Spanish.

TWO!

Villalobos and Gonzalez hop up to the apron but ...

THREE!

It's too late.

DING DING DING

DDK:

That's one down!

Vacio throws his hands up.

Lance:

Douglas took Nunez out before the numbers game could even be a factor!! Vacio's FURIOUS!

Vacio slaps the back of Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez and points toward the ring. Villalobos drags the stunned Nunez out under the bottom rope as Hugo slides in - firing fists at Douglas immediately!

DING DING

No collar-and-elbow, no feeling each other out ... just fists flying. Hugo crashes into Scott with a flurry of right hands, backing him into the corner.

DDK:

No finesse here, Hugo Gonzalez is throwing BOMBS!

Lance:

And remember, this guy's no cruiserweight. He's lucha-heavyweight. That's a lot of body behind those shots!

Douglas tries to cover up, but Hugo keeps laying it in until he grabs a handful of hair and yanks Scott out of the corner and nails Douglas...

DDK:

Short-arm lariat!

Douglas drops like a bag of bricks. Lips hoists him right back up and...

DDK:

ANOTHER!

Hugo puts a foot on Douglas' chest.

ONE!

TW -- !

KICKOUT!

Douglas kicks out, but Gonzalez stays on him, drags him up by the wrist and the hair before whipping him into the turnbuckle. Douglas collides with the buckle chest first, only a moment before Hugo slams into him from behind with another larit, this time to the back of the head ...

Lance:

Scott looks out on his feet ...

Hugo spins Scott around and lifts him, perching him on the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

What's Hugo thinking here?!

Lance:

Nothing nice, Darren! Scott's in trouble!

Gonzalez climbs, but before he can do anything... Douglas throws a forearm! Another! And another! Hugo slips off the middle turnbuckle and stumbles.

Scott leaps over him...

DDK:

Sunset FLIP!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

They both scramble to their feet. Douglas catches Lips with a dropkick to the knee. Gonzalez stumbles and Douglas falls back ... hits the ropes and springs off ...

DDK:

FLYING FOREARM!

Lance:

Gonzalez is rocked but refuses to go down!

With Hugo on one knee, Scott drops back and hits the ropes again...

DDK:

Douglas' coming hot with that running knee. .. NO!

Lips pops up and catches Douglas, avoiding the knee and slamming Douglas back down to the mat.

DDK:

Snatched out of mid-air!

Douglas rolls, clutching his ribs. Hugo doesn't give Scott any breathing room. He stalks, steps over the former SoHer, and leaps to the middle rope ...

DDK:

Springboard Moonsalt! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

DOUGLAS GETS A SHOULDER UP!

Lance:

Douglas is still in this ... but even if he can rally against Hugo... will he have enough for Villalobos!

Hugo doesn't even question the count. He grabs a fistful of Douglas' hair and slams the back of his head into the mat, then again for good measure.

Benny Doyle admonishes the masked lucha-heavy for the hair pulling, but to no real result.

DDK:

That mask may hide emotion, but we know rage when we see it.

Lips hauls Douglas upright and drives a knee into the ribs, folding him over. He scoops him up and drives him back-first into the corner, then unleashes a heavy knife-edge chop across the chest.

CRACK!

He winds up and lays in a second chop. Scott slumps in the ropes.

Lance:

Douglas is hurting here ... He's not even defending himself!

Hugo pulls Douglas up by the hair and lines up for another short-arm lariat but

DDK:

DOUGLAS DUCKS! Douglas DUCKS!

Douglas, now behind Lips, drops down and hooks him ... rolls him up with a schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Douglas gets the fall!

Lance:

Douglas steals one from Lips! Two down! One to go!

DDK:

Victor Vacio is NOT happy, but it isn't over yet ... here comes the big man...

Lance:

Indeed! Gerardo Villalobos is last but CERTAINLY not least ... and Scott Douglas is running on fumes!

DING DING

DDK:

Here we go!

Lance:

Scott Douglas is barely standing! He's fought through Corey Nunez, survived Hugo Gonzalez... but now he's got to climb the mountain that is Gerardo Villalobos!

Villalobos steps over the top rope with a slow and deliberate force. The largest and most menacing member of Los Caídos looms over a battered Scott Douglas. The Faithful chants in an attempt to rally Scott.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Douglas wipes the sweat from his brow, stumbles forward, and throws a forearm into Villalobos' chest — it barely fazes the big man. He throws another... and another...

DDK:

Scott Douglas is fighting on pure heart right now!

Villalobos roars and swats away Douglas' attempted strikes ... he takes a half step back and lunges forward bealing Douglas across the ring! Douglas flies through the air before crashing and crumpling to the mat!

Lance:

And Villalobos answers back with the kind of power that could literally *break* hearts!

Gerardo stalks toward the downed Douglas and grabs a handful of hair. He drags Scott off the canvas and hoists him like a rag doll. Gerardo holds him for a moment longer than necessary, showcasing control, before slamming him down with an echoing crash.

DDK:

Gorilla press slam!

Lance:

GOOD LORD!

Villalobos doesn't cover. Instead, he reaches down, gripping Scott by the hair and dragging him upright again — a sick grin peaking beneath his mask.

Lance:

Gerardo's toying with him now...

But Douglas... fights back. A fist to the gut.

Then another.

DDK:

He's still got fight in him! Douglas is refusing to die!

Villalobos rears back with a forearm ...

Lance:

Douglas ducks!

Scott spins around and dropkicks Gerardo's knee and the big man stumbles.

Douglas drops back and hits the ropes...

Lance:

Flying forearm! And it connects!

Villalobos wobbles but again STILL doesn't fall. Douglas hits the ropes again—

DDK:

He's got that look in his eyes, Lance!

He leaps—

DDK:

HIGH CROSSBODY!!

Villalobos catches him

Lance:

NO!

Gerardo wrenches up and back and hits Douglas with a fallaway slam that sends the former SoHer rolling under the bottom rope and outside the ring.

Benny Doyle leans through the ropes, checking on Scott.

Scott lies sprawled at ringside, his chest heaving, as The Faithful chant in desperation.

*LETS GO SUB POP *clap clap - clap clap clap**

*LETS GO SUB POP *clap clap - clap clap clap**

*LETS GO SUB POP *clap clap - clap clap clap**

Inside the ring, Gerardo Villalobos doesn't follow. He simply stands tall in the center, staring out at the wreckage with eerie patience. Vacio demands that Benny Doyle begin the ten count from ring side.

Lance:

Villalobos isn't in any rush... Douglas is already two for three tonight ...

ONE!

DDK:

Douglas is moving, slowly ... but moving ...

TWO!

Scott pulls himself to his feet, struggling but rapidly finding his footing.

THREE!

Gerardo taunts Douglas from the ring, even reaching over the top rope and drawing Benny Doyle's attention. Interrupting the count but also drawing attention away from ring side.

The Faithful suddenly roars ...

DDK:

Wait ... is that ... ?

Lance:

NUNEZ!

Nunez rounds the corner, charging in for a leaping cheap shot ...

Lance:

NO! Douglas saw him coming!

Scott ducks low at the last second and back body drops Nunez sending him crashing down to the slightly padded floor, but his calf and ankle slamming hard into the metal stairs.

DDK:

OH MY!

Nunez crumples in a heap as Douglas catches himself on the apron of the ring... Douglas turns to get a look at Nunez before he slides under the bottom rope ...

Villalobos immediately meets him with a stomp to the back of the neck. Douglas can't regroup fast enough and takes several blows to the neck and the back of the head. Once he's happy with the amount of destruction done ... Villalobo's drags Douglas to the center of the ring and lifts him up with both hands around the throat—

DDK:

Gerardo has Scott Douglas held aloof by his throat!

Lance:

DOUGLAS WITH A HEADBUTT!

Gerardo recoils, stunned!

Scott lands on his feet and fires an elbow! Another! A toe kick! He grabs the head and hooks the arm—

Lance:

HE'S GOING FOR THE SUB POP SUPLEX ...but CAN HE GET HIM UP!?

Douglas roars, legs shaking. He digs deep and muscles Gerardo up and back down on top ofn his head.

DDK:

HE GOT HIM! HE HIT IT!

The ring explodes with impact as Douglas drives Villalobos down with the Sub Pop Suplex. The Faithful come unglued.

Lance:

HE DID IT! HE HIT THE DAMN THING!

Vacio leaps onto the apron, shouting at Benny Doyle, pointing wildly and screaming in Spanis as Scott collapses into the cover, draping an arm across Villalobos' chest.

Lance:

Come on!

Doyle is distracted by Vacio and doesn't count the pin.

Douglas rolls off the cover, blinking in confusion and or concussion. He pushes to his feet, staggering toward Vacio and Doyle.

From the far side of the ring, Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez slides in, steel chair in hand. Douglas see's him just in time to turn toward him slightly ...

CRACK!

DDK:

RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

Douglas crumples to the canvas, completely out.

Lips grabs the nearly unconscious Villalobos and pulls him over Douglas. Then he slips back out of this ring.

Vacio, throws his hands up and calmly steps down from the apron.

Benny Doyle turns around and to his surprise there is a cover to count ...

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!

DING DING DING

Lance:

NO! DAMMIT, NO!

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

DDK:

Scott Douglas had it! He fought through every one of them! And they stole it!

Darren Quimbey:

And your winners are... LOOOSS CAAAÁÁÁÁDOOOOSSSSS!!!

Gerardo Villalobos slowly peels himself off the motionless body of Douglas. Benny Doyle moves to raise his hand, but

Victor Vacio steps in and waves him off with a calm, dismissive gesture. He motions with one finger... precise, deliberate.

Lips nods.

Without a word, Hugo slides under the bottom rope and drags Scott Douglas from the ring by the ankle and wrist. On the floor, he hauls him up and slings the limp body over Villalobos' shoulder like a trophy.

The Faithful rain down a storm of boos.

Lance:

No... come on. Where the hell are they taking him?

Vacio leads the way, flanked by Gonzalez and a battered, limping Corey Nunez. Gerardo carries Scott Douglas without effort. The five of them; Los Caídos and their captured prize ... exit through the curtain in a slow procession.

Lance:

He didn't just lose the match. He's theirs now.

DDK:

Unless someone does something... he may not come back the same.

The camera lingers on the empty ring, the silence of a stolen hope.

DAN RYAN vs. TYLER FUSE

The match graphic appears, the crowd gives a cheer and we go directly to a video package.

DEFIANCE Road. Edinburgh Castle. January 30th, 2025.

RUMINATION CHAMBER.

The final two wrestlers, Dan Ryan and Malak Fuse.

Burning Hammer by Ryan to Malak.

The castle screams with joy as Ryan pulls himself together and throws Malak between his legs.

Humility Bomb.

DDK:

WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Second Humility Bomb. Crowd eats it up!

Lance:

Keebs, IT'S HAPPENING! DEFIANCE IS SAVED!

Ryan drops to his knees-

WHAP!

BBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

THAT'S TYLER FUSE!

Tyler stands over Dan, having just sprinted into the cell and delivered a nasty looking running knee to the side of the legend's head.

...Jump cut to a passed out Malak Fuse laying on top of Dan Ryan for the pin.

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!

DDK:

I don't believe what I just saw. Dan Ryan was robbed tonight.

...Jump cut to Tyler reaching the Edinburgh Castle entrance. He stops when Conor Fuse appears in street clothes looking extremely concerned.

Conor Fuse:

Bro, what the hell have you just done?

Tyler brushes Conor's hand off his shoulder and vanishes to the back.

...Jump cut to DEFTv 214. Petersen Events Center. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Tyler Fuse in the middle of the ring, about to speak.

Tyler Fuse:

I-

Dan Ryan's music plays.

...Jump cut to Dan Ryan standing in front of Tyler, but Tyler is not backing down.

Dan Ryan:

You know what you did.

There's a hush over the crowd. Tyler doesn't respond.

Dan Ryan:

An interesting plan you've got there, Tyler. It's all well and good enough, the game you're playing with Malak. But it looks like in the process, you're starting another game with me.

Dan slowly walks toward Tyler, who still holds his ground.

Dan Ryan:

So here's your chance. Just what... THE FUCK... do you think you're doing?

...Jump cut to Tyler Fuse standing in front of Dan Ryan backstage.

Tyler Fuse:

Since I am apparently free at DEFCON, if you want to settle the score...

Tyler breathes heavily.

Tyler Fuse:

So be it.

...Jump cut to Ryan and Fuse fighting at the end of DEFTv 217. Neither backing down to each other.

And the final cut, the match graphic. DAN RYAN, the legend, the surefire future Hall of Famer vs. Tyler Fuse.

DDK:

Outside of Tyler wrestling for the FIST of DEFIANCE, barnone, this has to be his biggest match to date.

Lance:

Dan Ryan is a legend. It's only a matter of time before he becomes a DEFIANCE Hall of Famer. He's a former FIST of

DEFIANCE himself. He's a transcendent, household megastar, even if he's reaching his "twilight years".

DDK:

And he was almost the FIST once again at DEFIANCE Road, until Tyler prevented it!

Lance:

Dan accepted Tyler's challenge - a battle at DEFCON, although Tyler is as fierce as they come. Pound-for-pound, a terrifically tough athlete at a wiry two-hundred-plus pounds. He's had tremendous success in DEFIANCE over these last couple of years, living up to his promise when he and Conor first signed with this company. Even I have to wonder, despite the positives I've mentioned, has Tyler Fuse bitten off more than he can chew? Dan Ryan is **pissed**.

DDK:

We're going to find out!

The scene switches to ringside and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall! Introducing first...

The lights dim to a shade of gray as an orchestra appears on the right and left hand side of the stage. There are approximately fifteen men and women on each side, dressed in black, holding bright orange violins in hand.

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

A roll of smoke fills the top of the rampway in front of the oversized FIST logo as the orchestra plays Fuse's theme. He marches out soon after, sporting black tights, not trunks, black boots and black armbands. There is one bright orange stripe running down the left side of his leg, similar to his OG look from the Fuse Bros. tag team days.

DDK:

It's not three-hundred violins, more like thirty to be exact. Nonetheless, Tyler has walked into DEFCON to fight!

Fuse stands at the top of the rampway, stoic and brooding as always. His beard is a little shorter and his hair has been slicked back. He takes a glance to his right, then his left, and starts walking down the rampway.

Lance:

One of the most no frills entrances we have in DEFIANCE, I'm surprised to see a live act play him out. What I'm not surprised with, however, is that he hasn't taken his eyes off the middle of the ring.

By now, Tyler is already at the bottom of the rampway. He rolls under the bottom rope, stands in the center of the squared circle and receives a rather mixed reaction.

Darren Quimbey:

From Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at two-hundred-ten pounds... he is the OG Player... he is Intensity Personified... he is TYLER FUUUUSSSSSEEEEE!

The orchestra finishes Fuse's theme as the arena is left waiting. Tyler leans back against a buckle, eyes now focused on the rampway, ready to go.

Thunder.

Lightning.

The lights flash along with the weather noises inside the arena, as the camera stays on Tyler for a moment. The entrance theatrics don't phase him.

As the girl's voice leads into the lyrics, the giant LCD FIST logo changes colour from red and black, to blood red completely.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

The crowd gives a ROARING cheer as The Ego Buster, the legend, the man in the flesh, Dan Ryan slowly appears.

Darren Quimbey:

From Houston, Texas... weighing three-hundred-seven pounds... he is DANNNNNN

RYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNN!!

The cheers are heavy now, Darren could barely get the words into the mic and through the PA system. Similar to his opponent, Dan's eyes aren't on the fanfare. Instead, he remains locked on the squared circle. More intensely, he's looking directly at Tyler.

The two of them are staring each other down as Ryan descends down the rampway.

DDK:

You can feel the tension.

Lance:

And excitement!

DDK:

That, too.

A crane camera reveals Ryan walking down the rampway, the entire entrance in the frame, along with the ring which will wage war inside momentarily.

The announcers stay on radio silence, out of respect to the legend's entrance. He approaches the end of the ramp, still looking directly at Tyler. Without taking his eyes away, Ryan easily navigates the steel steps, walking onto the apron and stepping over the top rope with ease before referee Brian Slater enters in an attempt to call both men to the center of the ring.

DDK:

The correct referee was chosen for this one. Make no mistake, outside of Mark Shields, we have a wonderful group. But the sheer size of Slater, the respect he commands...

Lance:

In a way, he carries himself similar to Dan Ryan. Serious. Composed. Not to be messed around.

Somehow, someway, Tyler Fuse and Dan Ryan are in the middle of the ring with Slater in-between them. Ryan's theme comes to a close but neither man has taken their eyes off the other.

Slater is running down the rules. Are they listening? It's anyone's guess. Needless to say, Slater has verbally put out the information he wanted. He steps back...

And calls for the bell!

DING DING

The crowd gives a ROAR as Dan Ryan clubs Tyler Fuse across the side of the face with a forearm shot!

Fuse stumbles back a couple of feet, it's also the first time his eyes have been inadvertently taken away from his opponent. The crowd continues to cheer for Ryan's blow... and as Tyler shakes it off, his face is red. Is he pissed the move knocked him back? Does Fuse think the shot has taken some of his aura away?

Tyler walks right back up to Ryan and shoves him as hard as possible. Despite the six-foot-seven, three-hundred plus frame, Tyler was able to nudge Ryan back.

A little.

Barely.

WHAM!

Ryan pops Fuse in the side of the face again with a forearm! This time, Tyler stumbles backwards by more than three feet, falling to a knee in the process. The crowd can tell this has broken Tyler's typically stoic demeanor, he isn't feeling good.

Ryan remains in the center of the ring, looming over the elder Fuse. As Tyler collects himself, he shoots onto his feet and storms to the center of the ring.

SMACK!

Tyler whacks Dan across the face! The legend is once again barely inflicted. His head hardly moves, his eyes remain locked on Tyler.

Tyler Fuse:

And I'd do it again! This is about me, not you! It's my journey, not yours!

Tyler scowls.

Tyler Fuse:

You've HAD your time!

Ryan merely stares at Fuse while the tension builds within the arena. Tyler gets as close to Dan as possible. He's standing up on his toes, trying to reach the legend nose-to-nose.

Tyler Fuse:

YOU HEAR ME!?

SMACK!

Tyler with another smack!

But Ryan's head DOESN'T move.

BOOM!

Another forearm blow by Ryan! This one delivered with such a stiff motion, the nosebleed seats could hear the pop! Tyler stumbles into the ropes. And if it wasn't for the ropes, he would've been knocked right over!

Ryan isn't waiting. He runs at Tyler and connects with a wickedly placed big boot, sending Fuse FLYING in-between the top and middle ropes and out of the ring!

Brian Slater tries shouting at Dan Ryan not to leave the ring but it doesn't matter. A calm, cool, collected legend steps over the top rope and easily jumps to the floor below. In one fellow swoop, he snatches Tyler by his right arm and Irish

whips him into the guardrail.

CRASH!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

WHAT IMPACT! THE GUARDRAIL HAS BROKEN IN HALF!

Well, not so much BROKEN per se as it has completely bent, practically wrapping around Fuse's body when he landed through the center of it. The "DEFCON" tarp is wrapped around the former Fuse Bros., too. It's anyone's guess if he's alive or not.

Dan Ryan stomps by. He peels Tyler's body from the tarp and the guardrail, before hoisting Tyler in the air with both hands and tossing Fuse into the ring post!

Fuse crumbles to the floor.

DDK:

This was MUCH MORE than Tyler Fuse asked for, I'm going to confirm.

Ryan scoops Fuse off the mat and throws him into the ring, between the middle and bottom rope. Ryan walks up the steel steps, just like he entered the ring before the match, with his eyes locked on Tyler Fuse the entire way into the squared circle. A methodical march.

Lance:

This is a message, not just to Tyler Fuse. It's a message to the locker room. If you screw with Dan Ryan's chances... his SERIOUS chances to become the FIST of DEFIANCE again... you're going to pay. I haven't seen intensity like this from Dan Ryan since, well, since before he came back!

Ryan stands over Fuse's already broken body. He leans down, plucks Tyler off the canvas and almost robotically lifts Tyler in the air with his right hand.

SLAM!

Chokeslam.

Ryan falls onto his knees, rolls Tyler onto his back and referee Slater slides into position.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The kickout reverberates a shock throughout the bleachers, as Tyler went from DOA to showing minor signs of life.

Dan Ryan, however?

Didn't even flinch.

Ryan rolls onto a knee and gives his head a 'yes' shake, ever-so-slightly. Maybe he was expecting it, he wasn't going to count Tyler out.

Yet.

Ryan props Tyler onto his feet and hurls Fuse into a corner of the ring. The second Tyler meets the buckle, Ryan comes barreling in himself with a running splash so sadistic, you'd think Tyler's head popped off his shoulders.

Due to the sheer impact, Ryan rumbles back to the center of the ring while Tyler is about to fall out of the corner.

WHACK!

A superkick so precise it ALSO could've taken Tyler's head off.

DDK:

I've never seen a superkick like that.

Lance:

Credit to the big man for pulling it off!

Tyler falls face-first onto the canvas as Ryan, for the first time in this match, actually takes his eyes off Fuse and places them onto Brian Slater, as if to tell Slater to be ready for the match to end.

Ryan pulls Fuse to his feet and throws him into the ropes. Tyler is so damaged, he can barely even get to them before falling.

Ryan smirks. He shakes his head. He probably should've known better. So he marches over, grabs Fuse and throws him in-between his legs for the Humility Bomb.

Ryan hoists the former Favored Saints Champion up...

NO!

Tyler escapes! The OG Player has a second wind in him. He stumbles into the ropes, bounces off-

WHAM!

DDK:

WHAT A RING SHAKING SPINEBUSTER SLAM BY DAN RYAN!

Ryan has a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Ryan cracks his neck, and the crack is easily picked up on camera. While the crowd supports the legend, they're also seemingly in a little bit of shock that Tyler has done basically nothing this entire match!

Ryan rolls onto his knees, keeping his eyes locked on Fuse. As Ryan measures Tyler, he bounces off the ropes and looks for a knee drop-

When Tyler leaps to his feet, wraps his arms and legs around Dan Ryan's skull and crushes him with a double knee facebreaker!

Ryan shoots in the air and lands on his back!

DDK:

Both men are down!

Lance:

Tyler NEEDED that!

Granted, Dan Ryan's only eaten one real move in this entire matchup, but it did catch the big man off-guard. The Ego Buster rolls onto his knees, clutching the side of his head. Meanwhile, with use of the ring ropes, Tyler is desperately trying to pull himself up. The sheer determination in Tyler's eyes is not to be out-matched. He's clearly hurting, he's barely functioning and yet, on his face, he is reFUSing to be put down.

Ryan is up.

Tyler is, too.

Ryan aims for a clothesline but Tyler ducks it. Tyler hits the next set of ropes and delivers a shotgun dropkick, straight into Ryan's chest. The big man wobbles backwards and smacks a corner of the ring. Tyler realizes he doesn't have a lot of time... he comes racing in...

CRACK!

Tyler with a well placed knee right into Dan Ryan's face!

Except Dan Ryan is still standing.

And Ryan has a hold of Tyler's leg and therefore, his entire body.

DDK:

Wow! I think Tyler hit the knee but perhaps it was instinct because Dan snatched Tyler immediately after! Fuse wasn't even able to remove his knee from Ryan's face!

Ryan now hoists Tyler in the air, Fuse's bent knee still resting against the legend's head.

A modified fallaway slam follows. A fallaway slam that sends Tyler OVER the top buckle and out of the ring to the floor below!

Lance:

What a wickedly intense throw!

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

Tyler, once again, isn't moving.

Ryan takes a moment to knock the cobwebs out of his head. It's clear by now that Tyler's knee did strike him, it just woke the giant up ASAP thereafter.

Ryan exits the ring, grabbing Tyler off the floor and throwing him into another guardrail.

Tyler's body bounces off the guardrail and back into Ryan's hands... so this time Ryan hurls Tyler into the ring apron!

Same thing, Tyler bounces off the ring apron and into Ryan's arms.

Back into the guardrail.

Apron.

Guardrail.

APRON.

GUARDRAIL.

APRON!

ARPON!

APRON!

GUARDRAIL!

The crowd is electric, eating it all up and for the first time in the match, Ryan gives a little smirk, as if he had to change it up a bit and throw Tyler three times into the apron, then once more into the guardrail and finally dispose of him.

Brian Slater is at the count of SIX. It doesn't matter. Ryan takes hold of Tyler and tosses him into the ring.

DDK:

Dan is not going to win by countout. I have no doubt he could've...

Lance:

No. This is a message. Tyler wants to be one of the big boys, and he wants to make decisions. Decisions such as who should or shouldn't win the FIST. Well, there are consequences to those decisions. This is a lesson I don't think anyone else could've taught!

Ryan walks up the steel steps and into the ring. He measures Tyler, who, for his credit, is refusing to stay down. Tyler's on a knee... a foot...

Ryan comes running in.

BIG BOOT.

Tyler flips inside out, a complete 360 before going splat on the mat.

With the crowd ready to see the end, Dan Ryan throws his opponent in-between his legs for the Humility Bomb.

The crowd stands. While this hasn't been a particularly technical, back-and-forth masterpiece, the mere shock at seeing Tyler Fuse completely dominated like this after going on a singles winning streak for two-plus years, is all they need to get rallied up.

That, and watch the legend do his work.

Ryan hoists Fuse HIGH in the air-

Tyler's eyes come to life! He wiggles and wiggles and wiggles and upon being thrown down to the ground he snatches Dan Ryan's head in a desperate attempt, landing on his feet. Tyler runs towards the corner of the ring, up the buckle pads with Ryan's head in his hands. He pushes off...

In the span of no more than three seconds, Tyler Fuse has connected with the quickest, most impressive counter to a powerbomb with his running bulldog finisher, CQC!

The crowd is SCREAMING as Fuse froths at the mouth. With all of Tyler's might, he is trying to roll Dan onto his back so he can make a pinfall attempt.

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! OH MY GOD, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

Lance:

A COUNTER OF COUNTERS. THE HUMILITY BOMB EXPOSED!

Tyler is nowhere near one-hundred percent but the lights are on as he is SCREAMING at the top of his lungs, trying to roll Ryan over.

Lance:

This would be one of the GREATEST upsets, considering how ninety-nine percent of this match has gone until now!

TYLER HAS DAN ROLLED OVER.

TYLER DRAPES HIS HAND OVER RYAN!

ONE!

TWO!

STRONG AS SHIT KICKOUT!

The Faithful RALLY the living fuck around the kickout, as the typical expressionless Tyler Fuse's lays on Dan Ryan's chest. Tyler's eyes are wide open and bloodshot, it's clear doom and gloom slowly starts to spread across his face.

Ryan sits up, knocking Tyler's head to the side.

The legend looks down at the fallen Fuse Bro. while the OG Player rolls to a corner, in an attempt to get away.

DDK:

No doubt the running bulldog knocked Dan Ryan out, it's Tyler's finisher. However, it looks like the lights came on at the right time!

Lance:

The lights didn't just come on alright, they BURST to LIFE!

Ryan is up and Ryan looks PISSED. He stomps towards Tyler Fuse, who's trying to use the corner of the ring to pull himself up. Tyler sends a kick forward, hoping it can connect with Ryan and stun him. While the kick smacks Ryan in the chest, it barely does shit.

Ryan, meanwhile, reaches his opponent. He places both palms across Tyler's skull...

WHAP!

Hard head-butt.

WHAP!

Another!

Ryan hammer throws Tyler to the center of the ring. Then Dan comes racing in, the fastest the big man has moved since coming back to DEFIANCE. He clobbers Tyler with a knee to the back of the head!

Ryan throws Tyler in-between his legs again.

HUMILITY BOMB!

The Faithful are unglued and count along with the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!?!?

Lance:

NO!

YES, IT WAS A KICKOUT!

DDK:

TYLER KICKED OUT OF THE POWERBOMB! MY GOD, TYLER KICKED OUT OF IT!

The fans are worked into a HOLY SHIT chant as the camera zooms in on Dan Ryan's face. For a millisecond there, it looks like the legend is shocked! But then he composes himself, smirks and gives his head a shake.

Just means more punishment.

Ryan pulls himself upright and Tyler along with him. He tosses Tyler into the ropes...

And hits the rolling elbow, the Hammer of God.

Another cover.

DDK:

This time it's 100% academic.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!!!

Another roar of the crowd! While Dan is clearly the man they are cheering for, everyone's in disbelief because Tyler Fuse isn't dead!

Ryan rolls his shoulders forward. It barely takes a moment. He HURLS Tyler into the ropes and connects with a second Hammer of God.

Then a Humility Bomb with such emphasis, the ring shakes upon impact!

Ryan drops to his knees, hooks a leg, and the crowd counts along.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... DAN RYAN!!!!

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

DDK:

Holy hell!

Lance:

Tyler didn't get a lot of offense. In fact, I'm sure he will take this as an embarrassing L, all things considered. But you got to give him credit. He really didn't quit!

DDK:

In the end, though, the message is LOUD and CLEAR. Don't mess with Dan Ryan.

As Ryan gets to his feet, he pats Tyler on the chest as if to give a sarcastic "good try", before Brian Slater gets into position and holds Ryan's arm up to an arena of cheers!

Ryan looks down at his opponent once more before giving his head a shake. Tyler, meanwhile, simply rolls onto his chest. With the crowd cheering, Fuse is slowly putting it together.

He not only lost.

He got hammered.

By God. Hammer of God.

Tyler's face is beet red. He's breathing heavily as he tries to stand, fumbles back, and looks like he wants to continue to fight.

Ryan won't back down. No doubt about that.

For good measure, Ryan's theme music comes to a close.

But Tyler isn't going to fight Ryan, not anymore at least. Instead, Tyler rolls out of the ring. Princess Desire aka Jane Fuse also appears in shocking fashion. She walks up beside Tyler but he starts to stomp away from ringside and head up the ramp.

She follows.

YOU GOT BURIED, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

YOU GOT BURIED, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

YOU GOT BURIED, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Fuse is halfway up the ramp and looks like he's going to break everything in sight.

Inside the ring, Ryan is somewhat orchestrating the chants to keep going.

YOU GOT BURIED, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

YOU GOT BURIED, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

YOU GOT BURIED, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

DDK:

It's not a three-hundred *violin* orchestra but it's certainly something!

Lance:

Yeah, it's a TWENTY-THOUSAND violin orchestra! Much better!

The cheers continue to pour towards Tyler, who's now at the top of the ramp. He is bloody pissed. A fan even throws a towel towards him and it smacks Tyler in the face.

But he vanishes behind the FIST logo, regardless.

Ryan's theme restarts on the PA, as he celebrates in the middle of the DEFCON ring.

The Show of Shows goes elsewhere.

FAMILIA FEUD RULES MATCH: TITANES FAMILIA vs. THE LADS

DDK:

What a crazy night we have seen so far and it only gets CRAZIER from here! Coming up next... a war that has been brewing since October of last year! Titanes Familia and The Lads have spent MONTHS tearing each other apart at every turn!

Lance:

There have been a few twists and turns - no Oscar Burns - in this rivalry! It was at DEFIANCE Road back in January when Uriel Cortez and Killjoy handed The Lads their first defeat in tag team action in a vicious tornado tag team match that saw Uriel defeat The Biggest Boy in one of the biggest wins of his DEFIANCE career while Killjoy injured his tag partner, Punch Drunk Purcell and put him out of action for two months with a fracture wrist.

DDK:

Since then, we have seen an unhinged "Man of the House" Uriel Cortez impose his will, proclaiming he and the Familia run things. But that wasn't the end of the story. From October through January, Butcher Victorious was fighting with Titanes over possession of The Stick, Butcher's microphone and though he would claim it back in a Stick On A Pole match back at DEFIANCE Road, The Familia would still target him at every turn!

Lance:

That's when enough was enough! After Killjoy defeated Butcher back at DEFtv 216, Dex Joy made his return from his own six-week layoff after DEFIANCE Road and Butcher officially joined as a member of The Lads! That wouldn't be all! As later to even the odds, Dex Joy's protege from BRAZEN, "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray would be added to make it a four-on-four situation!

DDK:

After Titanes Familia's DEFCON challenge was answered, Uriel Cortez would defeat Punch Drunk Purcell a couple weeks ago to earn the right to pick the stipulation of Familia Feud Rules with rules that benefit the Familia tonight! The rules for the match are as follows!

Darren Quimbey stands in the ring as the opening bell rings.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is the first-ever Familia Feud Rules match!

A graphic appears on the DEFIAtron!

FAMILIA FEUD RULES MATCH

- One member of each team will start match
- Every two minutes, members from alternating teams will hit the ring with Titanes Familia having the man's advantage
 - Participants are allowed to bring any weapons they wish to the match
 - Pinfall and submission only to win the match
- Pinfalls/submissions can occur only when all participants are involved

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

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

A HUGE pop for Butcher Victorious, standing on the entrance ramp with both The Stick and The AMP in each of his hands! Wearing a sparkling purple and pink vest, purple trunks and pink kickpads, he points towards the ring and takes in the reception from The Faithful! He gestures to the Mic Dropz Energy holster belt around his waist!

Darren Quimbey:

Representing The Lads... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 223 pounds... sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy, he is **"THE MICROPHONE FIEND" BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!"**

Butcher starts heading down the ring and his music drops.

Butcher Victorious: *[with The Faithful repeating]*
BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK... AND THE AMP!

He taps his head with The Stick.

Butcher Victorious: *[with The Faithful repeating]*
BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK...

He points towards the ring.

Butcher Victorious:
AND TONIGHT... THE LADS ARE LINING UP ALL OF TITANES FAMILIA! AND THEY'RE GETTING THEIR
ASSES **WHIPPED!**

DDK:

Butcher Victorious starting out for The Lads tonight! The order was chosen by both sides so we wonder who's gonna come out to kick things off for The Familia!

Butcher's music cuts as he waits for whoever the Familia has drawn first...

*♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪*

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

Three gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right and then converge in the center! There stands... Titaness! Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg. Butcher gets serious and runs a hand through his mohawk before pacing around to the woman that antagonized him for months with the theft of The Stick!

Darren Quimbey:

Representing Titanes Familia... from The Bronx, New York... introducing The Mother of Suplexes... Breaker of Backs... Bringer of Big Boots... Baroness of Bombs... She is **"THE PRETTY POWERFUL"... TITANESS!**

Being JEERED all the way out of the United Center, she makes her way down the aisle with her chain in hand!

Lance:

It's Titaness! These two spent the latter end of 2024 feuding over possession of The Stick, Butcher Victorious' specialized microphone! And tonight, she's got that gold weightlifting chain!

DDK:

DEFCON 2024 was good to Butcher... he stood toe to toe with his former mentor, Oscar Burns, and DEFEATED him! Can he make it two years in a row alongside The Lads?!

Titaness heads into the ring and then gets right into it with Butcher!

DING DING

Titaness has her gold weightlifting chain around her hand while Butcher has The Stick and The AMP still in hand. He THROWS The AMP at her and BARELY misses!

Lance:

These competitors can bring whatever weapons they want and it looks like Butcher's just going to bring him to the

dance!

An angry Titaness has her weight lifting chain wrapped around her right hand. She SWINGS for Butcher! Butcher ducks and then tries to take a swing with The Stick still in hand, but she ducks! The two have a standoff in the middle of the ring with weapons at the ready and start trying to jab their respective weapons at one another with both avoiding being struck!

DDK:

And here we are with both looking for the first chance to strike! The first big move by either competitor can literally set the tone for the pace of this match!

Lance:

That's right. And with Titanes Familia having the advantage for entries tonight, The Lads are gonna need everything they can bring to the table!

When Butcher tries to go for another swing with The Stick, Titaness goes low and delivers a kick to Butch Vic's gut! She swings for a chain-assisted discus lariat, but Butcher ducks again! Titaness lands in the corner and Butcher comes right for her head with The Stick, only for Titaness to move and Butcher to come up empty. A pair of hands grab Butcher by the waist before he gets HURLED right from behind with a release german suplex, courtesy of The Mother of Suplexes! She sits up and looks giddy while The Faithful jeer the matriarch of the Familia.

DDK:

What a throw that was! Mother of Suplexes is a very appropriate nickname for the conceited Titaness!

Butcher is now sans Stick as it goes rolling out of the ring, but still has the Mic Dropz Energy drink holster belt wrapped around his waist as he tries to catch his bearings. Titaness grits her teeth and swings an arm, getting ready to finally be able to deliver a chain-assisted lariat. She hits the ropes and comes off the ropes with a chance to strike...

MIC DROPZ MIST TO THE FACE!

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHH!

Lance:

What... What did Butcher Victorious do?! Did... did he just spit that Mic Dropz in her face?!

DDK:

Unhygienic, but effective! While Titaness was hitting those ropes, Butcher had a can of Mic Dropz in hand!

While Titaness freaks out and has a whole lot of Mic Dropz spit into her face, she drops her chain as Butch Vic has the Mic Dropz in hand! He takes another chug of Feedback Freeze blue raspberry and cracks the can against Titaness' forehead! The Pretty Powerful Familia member holds her forehead in pain as Butcher tosses the can and then finally the belt! He runs off the ropes and then gets a big cheer when he takes her down with a headlock takeover!

DDK:

Headlocks get a big reaction when Butcher uses them! And this is a GREAT strategy! He's wearing down Titaness with his signature headlocks!

Still partially blinded and angrier than a hornet, Titaness is led upwards before Butcher takes her over with a series of rolling headlock takeovers on the mat!

Lance:

Like the rules said, there's no pinfalls or submissions until all competitors are in the ring, but Butcher is taking control! He and Titaness mixed it up several times last year, trading victories before leading to their big Stick On A Pole match back at DEFIANCE Road, leading to Butcher winning!

DDK:

What a move we have coming!

Titaness angrily tries to power herself back to her feet, but Butcher's pitbull-like grip won't be broken so easily. She jabs big shots into his side to finally be able to free herself and push Butch Vic into the ropes. When the Texan comes back, Titaness grabs him for what looks like a blue thunder bomb, but he counters quickly with another floating headlock takeover! Titaness rolls to her feet and when she gets there, Butcher takes her out with a dropkick that sends her to the floor!

Butcher points towards where Titaness landed and then gets ready to unleash some more. He gets ready and when he has The Mother of Suplexes in his line of sight, he bounces off the ropes and speeds forward. He's about to clear through the ropes...

SMACK

BUT GETS THE AMP THROWN AT HIS HEAD!

DDK:

OHHHH! Butcher tried to score with that suicide dive, but Titaness used his own weapon against him!

Lance:

She just saved herself for sure! And now what does she have?!

As Butcher's bell gets rung, Titaness goes over and has The Stick in hand. She grits her teeth angrily and grabs The Stick. She taps it and clicks it on.

Titaness:

YOU SICK LITTLE BITCH! YOU WANNA SPIT YOUR DRINK ON ME LIKE A KID?!

She grabs the microphone and cracks Butcher in the head with it! She holds The Stick and then throws it aside while The Faithful are JEERING for Titaness, standing on her own two feet!

DDK:

Titaness remembers that loss to Butcher Victorious well and she's dead-set on having her payback tonight!

The Bringer of Big Boots waits as Butcher tries to stand again, groggy and disoriented before she jumps and plants a big pump kick right between the eyes of Butcher! He falls to his back and that gives Titaness a chance to pose!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Milking the reception, Titaness starts to take a quick jaunt around Butch Vic's body as he tries to make heads or tails of where he is.

Lance:

Titaness taking her time and she can actually afford to in this match... The Familia have the advantage and coming up in moments will be one of their team to help her.

DDK:

The Pretty Powerful, as she likes to call herself, is indeed sitting pretty right now.

She goes over to grab another can of Mic Dropz out of the nearby holster and then looks at the flavor of Check One-Two strawberry lemonade. She grabs the drink and takes a swig of it getting ready to perhaps do unto others as was done to her.

Lance:

Titaness taking her own drink of that. Is she gonna spit it on Butcher's face?!

She gets ready to do the same...

HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

TITANESS SPITS UP INTO THE AIR BEFORE FALLING TO THE CANVAS!

DDK:

No way! Butcher had that Hard Out Headbutt ready!

Titaness falls to the canvas holding her jaw while Butcher smirks, but still is in pain holding his head. He's down on the canvas as well, but can't hide how happy he is...

But it goes away when the countdown appears on the DEFIAtron...

5... 4... 3... 2... 1...

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

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the next participant... **"LA ANGELITA" BROOKLYNN RIVERA!**

The near six-foot dynamo formerly of BRAZEN is wearing a black top with a Puerto Rico flag patch, black torn jeans with gold trim on the sides, gold MMA gloves and a gold mouthguard on her way to the ring. She has a flag in hand covering something.

DDK:

And here comes Titaness' tag team partner, Brooklynn Rivera! She's proven herself to be more than a useful addition to Titanes Familia!

Lance:

She better jump in while Butcher is down!

Coming to the aid of Titaness, Brooklynn runs up the steps and into the ring just as Butcher and Titaness are still down! She uncovers the flag to reveal... a spool of barbed wire!

DDK:

Oh, no... this isn't good at all. Brooklynn Rivera is already dangerous alone with her various MMA disciplines... but you give her extra tools to hurt people and she can do some damage!

Lance:

And if Titaness and Rivera can perhaps injure Butcher earlier, that's going to really put Titanes Familia at a severe disadvantage!

She drops the spool of barbed wire flat on the ground and then grabs Butcher by the hair. She doubles Butcher over with a thrust kick to the gut and follows that up with a swift knee that stuns him. She then grabs Butcher and tries hitting her signature harai goshi into the barbed wire, but Butcher blocks and grabs her by the side!

DDK:

No! Butcher saving himself for dear life right now!

She tries again, but Butcher counters and tries to hit a back suplex to take Brooklynn into the barbed wire first! Panicked, she hits a flurry of fast elbows to get Butcher to drop her! She lands back on her feet and hits the ropes only for Butcher to cut her off in her tracks with a HUGE european uppercut that knocks her off her feet!

DDK:

That was a close one, but Butcher cuts off Brooklynn with that uppercut!

Lance:

Look at Butcher go!

Feeding off The Faithful, he hits the ropes as Brooklynn is on the mat and follows up with a running european uppercut that manages to knock her flat into the corner! With Brooklynn where she needs to be, Butcher grabs her in the headlock and runs out of the corner for a bulldog headlock...

TITAN-KNEE-AM!

DDK:

Where did THAT come from?! Titaness with Titan-knee-am right on the jaw!

After being rocked by Titaness' signature jumping knee strike, Butcher gets knocked down to the canvas, saving Rivera from being bulldogged to the canvas! After coming to the rescue of the "daughter" of the Familia, Titaness leads traffic and gestures at Rivera to get her chain, to which she nods and goes over to get it. With a gold chain in hand, she hands over to Titaness who has only the worst of intentions in mind.

Lance:

Rivera and Titaness about ready to make Butcher pay!

Titaness and Rivera both grab Butcher and lead him into the ropes. When Butcher comes back, Brooklynn snaps the Texan down to the canvas quickly with the Harai Goshi judo throw! Butcher hits the mat as Titaness hits the ropes and flattens him with a sliding clothesline!

DDK:

There's some impressive double-team working coming from Titanes Familia! Every member of this family has that bond. You can tell they train together!

Taking hold of the chain in hand now, she wraps it around the neck of Butcher and starts to choke the life out of Butcher while he's in the ropes!

Lance:

This two-on-one handicap situation is really benefiting The Familia, but... wait!

DDK:

The countdown is on!

Titaness is strangling Butcher with the chain while Rivera's attention is on the countdown on the DEFIAtron.

5... 4... 3... 2... 1...

♪ "Cannonball" by Avril Lavigne ♪

The Faithful CHEER as out from the back comes the debuting Janna Ray!!! With her hair tied up in a yellow bandana and rocking black and yellow rugby-inspired wrestling gear and face paint, the huge welcoming reception for the Chicago native has to be put on hold as she runs into the ring! Bringing a weapon to the dance, she has a rugby ball in hand!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, representing The Lads ... **"THE RAY OF SUNSHINE" JANNNNNNAAAAA RAAAYYYYYYY!**

Titaness continues attacking Butcher Victorious and tells Rivera to go out and handle the newbie. Rivera follows

orders and then heads up the ramp.

DDK:

We've called a few recent matches on Uncut with victories over the likes of Tripp Wise and Oliver Tarquin Monroe, but tonight marks Janna Ray's debut match as a member of the main roster!

Lance:

And what an ovation!

The muscular Janna Ray flies down the aisle with Rivera ready to swing, but the speed of Ray catches her completely off-guard when she gets *tackled* in front of the ring with a flying spear! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful jump up out of their seats when Ray picks herself up and stands over Brooklynn!

DDK:

Holy *hell!!!* Rivera might have been speared into DEFCON 2026!!!

Titaness takes notice of Janna Ray and jumps on her the second that Ray steps into the ring. The strawberry-blond powerhouse gets attacked by Titaness with stomps all over the body.

Lance:

Janna Ray may have run right through Brooklynn Rivera but Titaness has maintained a presence as one of the most powerful stars, man or woman!

Titaness forces Janna up to her feet and nails the energetic power house with chops. An attempt at a whip goes the last way that Titaness expects ... and that is Janna reversing the whip! Titaness gets taken into the ropes and then gets smacked in the chest with the rugby ball and knocked down on her feet! Titaness is on the ground just as Janna Ray hits the ropes and flies back with a basement cross body that knocks Titaness flat. The Ray of Sunshine rolls up and Titaness is forced out of the ring while Chicago is cheering on the new girl!

JANNA RAY! JANNA RAY! JANNA RAY! JANNA RAY!

DDK:

Janna Ray just took down Brooklynn Rivera *and* Titaness!

Lance:

What a force! Right from the get-go Janna Ray makes a big impact and takes out the Famiila girls from the ring!

Ray goes to help Butcher up to his feet and she points at the two ladies outside the ring. Butch Vic whispers something in Janna Ray's ear and she seems to go along with it. Butcher gets ready to make the leap. Titaness is going to help Rivera outside the ring when Butcher moves over and holds the ropes open by sitting between them. He gives Janna Ray the green light and the Lass of the Lads runs across the ring. With complete reckless abandon for herself or for others, Ray *dives* right through the ropes and flies so fast into Titaness and Rivera that all three ladies hit the floor!

DDK:

Butcher Victorious cleared the runway for Janna Ray to take flight!

Lance:

That power and that speed combo is unreal. Those rugby skills are serving her really well as a fine addition to the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster and to the Lads!

DDK:

The Lads have turned this thing around thanks to the aid of Janna Ray but we're only at half the participants! Titanes Familia is up next and both of their heaviest hitters have yet to arrive. I'm talking about both Killjoy or The Man of the House himself, Uriel Cortez!

Lance:

And the second that either of those beasts arrive, it's going to be an uphill battle.

Butch Vic and Janna Ray both single out Titaness and get her back into the ring. Butcher gets ready to hit a move, but Janna Ray decides that she's going to use Butcher like a battering ram! He gets scooped up and then slaps his own forehead. Titaness gets up ...

JANNA RAY THROWS BUTCHER INTO TITANESS!!!

DDK:

Titaness is down! The Lads have taken control, but ... wait!

Janna and Butchert stand tall and then point towards one another. They both jump and get a HUGE cheer for The Lads' signature handshake! But the good times end when... the Countdown starts!

"5... 4... 3... 2... 1"

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

Stepping out onto the stage... the TOWERING form of...

Darren Quimbey:

Next up, representing Titanes Familia... **KILLJOY!**

The good times to be had by The Lads so far are all but gone. Butcher's eyes don't leave that of the 6'10" and 350-plus pound monster holding two steel chairs, one in each hand. He starts inching his way down the aisle. Janna nods at Butcher and he motions for the two to stand their ground in the ring as the monster approaches with more weaponry. Butcher goes and finds The AMP nearby and Janna Ray has her rugby ball!

DDK:

This match is going to change on a dime. Killjoy is about to enter... NO! But The Lads aren't waiting!

The second that Killjoy enters the ring, Butcher leaps at him with a running european uppercut! The big monster drops the chairs in hand as Janna Ray throws all her body weight at Killjoy with a tackle! He doesn't move off his feet, but Butcher throws another running uppercut in the corner! Then another! Then another! Butcher jumps up and roars to The Faithful... But don't see Killjoy ALREADY standing out of the corner!

Lance:

OH MY GOD! HE TOOK THOSE SHOTS FROM BUTCHER AND RAY... AND HE'S NOT EVEN FAZED!

Butcher turns around just as the monster lunges towards Vic and Ray with a double clothesline. The two duck and then they fire back with double dropkicks off the ropes! Killjoy gets kicked back into the ropes but when Victorious and Ray get back to their feet, they get the shock of their lives when Killjoy rushes forward and DOUBLE DROPKICKS both of them with a massive leg for each!

Lance:

Killjoy is a freak of nature! How did he do that?!

DDK:

I don't have an answer for you other than what you just said... he's a freak of nature! Plain and simple.

Killjoy sits right up off the canvas and looks down at both of his victims. Brooklynn Rivera jumps and grabs Janna by the leg before pulling her out of the ring and then DROPPING her on the floor below with a brutal arm ipponzei arm throw! Ray reels from the impact while Brooklynn stands over her.

Brooklynn Rivera:

That rugby gonna help you now, you musty bitch?!

DDK:

Back where we were moments ago! Three-on-two advantage by Titanes Familia, except where Killjoy is concerned, it might as well be four-on-two!

With Rivera restraining Janna Ray on the outside with a grounded arm triangle choke submission, Killjoy and Titaness now stand over Butcher inside the ring. Titaness dares Butcher to take his best shot.

Forearm for Titaness!

Forearms for Killjoy!

DDK:

No! Butcher trying to fight back against the numbers!

Butcher lands another uppercut on Titaness, then fires back with another on Killjoy, but Killjoy fights right back...

THWACK!

Just ONE chop echoes throughout the entire United Center and just one chop is enough to knock Butcher clear off his feet! Killjoy holds his hand out as Titaness goes back to grab one of the chairs brought into the ring by Killer moments before. She folds the chair up...

CRACK!**CRACK!****CRACK!****CRACK!****CRACK!**

The chair gets brought down across Butcher's back multiple times! Killjoy drops the other chair before prying him up off the canvas and whipping him into the ropes...

DDK:

Oh, no... what does Titanes Familia have planned?

They both whip Butcher across the ring before Killjoy catches Butcher... SIDEWALK SLAM INTO THE CHAIR!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! BUTCHER MIGHT HAVE BEEN BROKEN IN TWO! THAT WAS VILE!

Janna Ray tries to fight free! She elbows Rivera and then nails her with a huge lariat that knocks her down! The Ray of Sunshine goes into the ring, only for Titaness to cut her with a big lariat of her own!

Lance:

Things are definitely not looking good for The Lads right now!

Killjoy stands over Janna Ray before Titaness points toward the steps.

DDK:

Oh... no... they're not gonna... Killjoy did this to Punch Drunk Purcell at DEFIANCE Road!

Killjoy and Titaness drag Janna Ray towards the steps...

Then the countdown begins!

"5... 4... 3... 2... 1..."

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

RRRRRRRRRAHHHHHHHH!

The music plays and out from the back... casted hand and all...

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, representing The Lads... **PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL!**

The 2024 Rookie of the Year rushes out from the back, wearing a sleeveless version of The Lads' first-ever shirt! Purcell heads towards the ring with Titaness nodding to Killjoy to go after him!

DDK:

PURCELL IS HERE! AND HE'S OUT TO GET THE MONSTER THAT PUT HIM OUT FOR TWO MONTHS!

Punchy charges right towards Killjoy and the two EXPLODE in fists to cheers from The Faithful! Blows are thrown between the two monsters on the aisle with Purcell going for the side and Killjoy throwing clubbing forearms across his broad back!

Lance:

Listen to these people come unglued!

Purcell ROCKS Killjoy with a big swinging back elbow! Rivera charges towards Purcell, only to get dropped on the aisle with a charging clothesline!

DDK:

Punchy takes down Rivera... but here comes Killjoy!

The Good Son bearhugs Purcell and then rams him right into the ring post!

Lance:

Good grief, I think the ring moved!

Titaness stops attacking Butcher and slides out of the ring to go after Purcell! The former boxer is left reeling on the outside before Killjoy grabs him on the shoulders and goes for a snake eyes! He has Purcell on his shoulder and charges forward... BUT PURCELL SLIPS OUT!

DDK:

OOH! Killjoy collides with the ring post!

The monster gets stunned when he scrambles around, then catches a STIFF Headbutt!

DDK:

Bald Bull right between the eyes!

While the monster is stunned, He doesn't see Purcell climbing the ring apron. And he doesn't see it when Purcell comes running and DIVES off the ring apron into a MASSIVE flying shoulder tackle that knocks Killjoy off his feet to a

massive ovation from The Faithful!

DDK:

KILLJOY'S DOWN! KILLJOY'S DOWN!

As Purcell gets up, Titaness comes running with a Striking Spear, but Purcell grabs her first and blocks the spear! He spins her around in the opposite direction into a HUGE spinebuster from Janna Ray on the floor!

Lance:

And The Lads are back in it! What a spinebuster by Janna Ray on the outside!

Purcell gets up and dabs fists with Ray! Butcher is still hurt from being backdropped onto chairs but starts to come around when Brooklynn Rivera comes at him with a trash can pulled out from under the ring. She swings and misses with the trash can! She attempts a grounded knee strike, but Butcher lays flat to avoid the oncoming shot.

DDK:

How is Butcher still fighting?!

Rivera catches herself but just as she turns around, Butcher catches her with a headlock and catches her with the headlock bulldog!

DDK:

Brooklynn gets planted! But we're about to have an entry any moment now! Victorious and Ray better watch themselves!

Rivera gets DRILLED into the canvas... just as the last countdown for Titanes Familia commences!

"5... 4... 3... 2... 1..."

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

The lights go dim and all eyes turn to the stage for the final of the four members of Titanes Familia. Butcher has his eyes up on the stage, as does Janna Ray at ringside. Punch Drunk Purcell turns towards the stage and gets ready to KTFO the father figure of the Familia...

...

Lance:

What's going on, Darren? Any ideas?

DDK:

I'm not sure! Team captains were last and Uriel Cortez would be it for his team...

They look around... but instead...

Janna Ray gets her legs grabbed and PULLED under the ring!

Lance:

Oh, my God! Is that...

Ray goes under the ring...

AND URIEL CORTEZ IS OUT!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL?!?! URIEL CORTEZ?! THAT MONSTROSITY WAS HIDING UNDER THE RING THIS ENTIRE TIME?!

Purcell sees the commotion but by the time that he can react, The Man of the House is already all over him with the Father Knows Press on the outside of the ring! Purcell goes down and Uriel kneels upwards with a grin on his face and STILL wearing his signature gold sunglasses!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

THIS WAS A SET-UP! JUST IN CASE THINGS WENT SOUTH FOR THE FAMILIA! IT HAD TO BE!

DDK:

And now, it's just Butcher! Janna Ray got dragged under that ring and we haven't seen her yet!

Butcher runs forward and CRACKS Uriel through the ropes with a big baseball slide dropkick, knocking his glasses off in the process! An angered Uriel then sees Butcher flying at him with a huge slingshot plancha... ONLY TO GET CAUGHT...

THWACK!

REBOUND CHOP!

Lance:

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! URIEL CORTEZ JUST SWEEPED IN LIKE A TORNADO! THE LADS ARE DOWN! THEY'RE ALL DOWN!

Butcher is on the ground holding onto his chest. Uriel points at Killjoy from the other side of the ring, then helps his wife, Titaness back to her feet.

Uriel Cortez:

LET'S GO, LET'S GO! TIME TO MURDER THESE LITTLES!

Cortez turns around and gets SLUGGED by Purcell with a swinging elbow! He fires another to the giant!

Lance:

Uriel tried to rally the troops, but Purcell was still fighting!

He goes after Cortez's legs with kicks, only for Uriel to counter back and rake the eyes of Purcell! The Round Mound of Ground and Pound gets staggered and he's right in the path...

SPEAR BY KILLJOY!

DDK:

KILLJOY OUT OF NOWHERE! WHERE DID HE EVEN COME FROM?!

Killjoy and Uriel both grab Purcell and roll the big man back under the ropes. Janna Ray is still nowhere to be found and Butcher is still down outside the ring. Brooklynn Rivera is helped to her feet by Titaness and with that, all members of Titanes Familia surround Purcell from all sides.

Lance:

Oh, my goodness. They've singled out Purcell. Until Dex Joy gets in here, he's outnumbered!

DDK:

Not good, not good... OOOH! Killjoy with the stomp right to that left hand! We know it still isn't 100%!

Killjoy STOMPS and grinds his boot into the braced hand of Purcell against the ropes! Uriel Cortez then jumps and presses all his body weight on top of Purcell! As they do this, Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera both stand on either edge of the ring apron and pose for their signature Familia Portrait!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

This is just disgusting!

Brooklynn joins the ring just as Uriel and Killjoy both take a step back to let the Familia girls do some damage. As Purcell favors his arm, he gets smacked with a trash can lid several times by Brooklynn! La Angelita backs up and Titaness gets a shot in by smacking Purcell across the back with her weightlifting chain!

DDK:

Butcher's seen enough!

He enters the ring and tries to protect Purcell by shoving Brooklynn aside, only for Killjoy to put the boots to him! He and Uriel grab Butcher and SMACK him with a double headbutt that brings him back down to the mat! Titaness kicks him out of the ring, then Brooklynn hands over the spool of barbed wire to Uriel. He takes it and then starts to hold it carefully to avoid cutting himself while Killjoy picks up Purcell...

Lance:

No, no, no, no, no...

Killjoy whips Purcell into a barbed-wire-assisted lariat by The Man of the House! Gasps and shock fill the United Center as Purcell goes down...

DDK:

No, no! The Familia are picking Punchy apart now!

The camera finally catches a glimpse of Purcell and he's bleeding BADLY from his forehead. Running down his forehead in buckets, Cortez lets go of the barbed wire and kneels over to wipe some of the blood in his palm.

Uriel Cortez:

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T LISTEN TO ME! YOUR BLOOD WILL **LITERALLY** BE ON MY FUCKING HANDS!

Lance:

Where's that last countdown! Dex Joy should be coming out, but will there be anything left of The Lads to help him out?

DDK:

Ray is gone... Butcher is down... Purcell might be done!

The bloodied Purcell is STILL willing to fight and tries to push himself up, only for Cortez to stomp him right back down...

Then the final countdown starts.

"5... 4... 3... 2... 1"

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Brooklynn and Titaness both start to climb towards the ramp... but Uriel tells them not to and to stand their ground in the ring. Just as they get ready...

Darren Quimbey:

The final participant, representing The Lads... **"THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY!** With all participants announced, the first pinfall or submission in the ring will win the match for their team!

Dex Joy walks out wearing a black body suit with yellow and red lightning bolts with the words "WELCOME TO DEXCOM 2025" on the back! In hand, he has a trash can full of what looks to be singapore canes!

Lance:

Dex Joy is here! But could it be too little, too late for The Lads?!

DDK:

Smart thinking by Cortez! Titanes Familia are holding court in that ring and once Dex Joy is out here, that could be the game. They could pin Purcell right away!

Uriel does just that and goes for the cover on the bloodied and beaten Purcell!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The Green-Eyed Wildman kicks out!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez tried to get the win from the jump, but The Lads are still in this!

The Familia members stand in the ring with Uriel telling them to keep watch. Uriel then pulls Purcell back up to his feet as Dex comes running towards the ring! Dex gets ready with a trash can in hand...

Butcher Victorious:

HEY! ASSHATS!

The eyes of the Familia turn towards Butcher, back on the other ring apron with The AMP back in hand!

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

BUTCH VIC... SAYS YOU HIT LIKE A BITCH!

An angry Killjoy runs towards him! Uriel doesn't want the monster to go, but Butcher pulls the ropes down just as Killjoy continues his charge, sending him over the ropes and crashing out to the floor! Butcher runs off the apron...

AND SMACKS THE AMP OVER THE HEAD OF KILLJOY!

DDK:

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS JUST WIPED OUT KILLJOY WITH THE AMP! NOW DEX HAS HIS OPENING!

Dropping the trash can, he runs right through BOTH Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera with a HUGE double clothesline! Uriel lets Purcell fall to the ground as the two leaders of each group finally come face to face...

AND START TRADING SHOTS TO A MASSIVE OVATION!

Lance:

Here we go! The Biggest Boy! Triple Crown Winner! Uriel Cortez, Man of the House! Both men are fighting for their friends and family, but only one side is walking out of here!

The blows continue! As Rivera tries to get back to her... JANNA RAY IS BACK! She, too, is bloodied from whatever happened to her under the ring, but the tattooed powerhouse is back in the game!

Lance:

Janna Ray is back! Janna Ray is back! Headbutt for Brooklynn Rivera!

Titans tries to stop Janna Ray with a german suplex from behind, but a bloodied and frenzied Ray grabs her from behind and then hits HER with a release german suplex on the floor! Titans slumps over in a heap as Ray sits up and howls to the masses!

DDK:

The Lads are regrouping in a HUGE way!

In the ring, the fans yell "YAY!" and "BOO!" each time that Dex Joy and Uriel Cortez both trade right hands in the middle of the ring! Dex fires back with a few shots, only for Uriel to double The Biggest Boy over with a knee lift to the gut. He runs off the ropes and goes for a clothesline, but Dex ducks and runs the ropes. Both men meet in the middle of the ring and it's Dex taking down the Man of the House with his signature explosive shoulder tackle!

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER! CORTEZ IS DOWN!

With The Man of the House flat on his back, Dex Joy goes for the trash can and then hands out singapore canes taped up in blue and yellow colors, the signature color of The Lads! Janna Ray gets one with a big wide smile on her face, as does Butcher Victorious, who joins him in the ring! He finally goes over to Purcell...

AND THE TWO SHAKE HANDS, LADS STYLE!

Lance:

This place has gone CRAZY! Titans Familia had control for big portions of this match so far, but this might be the turnaround The Lads needed!

Killjoy reenters the ring! He charges at both Butcher and Janna in the ring, but the newest members of The Lads duck! He turns around only to get SMACKED from either direction with the canes from Butcher and Janna Ray! The Good Son stumbles, allowing Dex Joy to home run swing... AND BREAK THE CANE OVER THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

Lance:

My goodness! I'm a massive baseball fan in my spare time and I don't think I've even seen Aaron Judge swing like that!

Killjoy stumbles on his feet, allowing for Purcell to catch him and DROP the big man with the olympic slam!

DDK:

That Sweet Science Slam rattled the ring! Killjoy is DOWN!

With Killjoy prone on the mat, Dex jumps on the mat frantically and points at his protege, Janna Ray! The Ray of Sunshine follows instructions and Butcher follows along as the other three Lads members each start taking a turnbuckle!

Lance:

What the heck are they going for here? That's... that's Butcher, Janna AND Dex Joy on three different turnbuckles!

A bloody and wild Purcell watches for any signs of Titanes Familia while his friends take the turnbuckle. Butcher points to the middle rope now with a chair in hand! He stands on the middle rope, then leaps to the top and takes flight, DRIVING the chair flat across the chest of Killjoy!

DDK:

A chair-assisted Mic Drops Drop by Butcher Victorious!

Butcher moves as Janna and Dex point from either turnbuckle! They take the opposite side, then both jump...

DDK:

DOUBLE JUMP FOR JOY DIVING HEADBUTTS ON KILLJOY! DEX WITH THE COVER!

Dex Joy puts all his weight on top of Killjoy! Janna rolls out of the way while Punchy stands guard...

ONE!

TWO!

TITANESS AND BROOKLYNN RIVERA BREAK IT UP LAST SECOND!

Lance:

That was insane! The Lads picked off Killjoy and ALMOST had it were it not for Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera coming to his rescue!

DDK:

We knew this match was going to be straight-up chaos, but this has exceeded our expectations!

Butcher and Janna Ray both swarm and move to get rid of Titaness and Rivera from the ring! Butcher throws Rivera and Ray throws out Titaness and they start fighting on the outside, leaving the path cleared for Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell to finish off Killjoy! Both of the OG Lads both surround either side of Dex and a bloody Purcell, who waits for The Good Son to get back to his feet!

DDK:

The Lads are looking for that big double-team splash of theirs, Double Up!

Before they can charge, Cortez reaches under the ropes and pulls Purcell out of the ring by his leg and drags the big man out of the ring before LEVELING him with a massive chop across the chest! But that's the opening that Dex Joy needs.

WHHHHOOOOOOOAAAAA...

Cortez turns around...

THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF DEX JOY FLY THROUGH THE ROPES!

DDK:

WHOA-PE! WHOA-PE! DEX JOY IS DOWN! CORTEZ IS DOWN!

Lance:

Listen to The Faithful! It's going to come down to the first time to make a mistake!

With all of the big men in this match still down on the outside of the ring, Brooklynn Rivera gets thrown back into the ring by Butcher Victorious! He rolls her back inside and points towards Brooklynn in the corner! He charges towards her and scores with a big running uppercut in the corner! He grabs Brooklynn by the head...

DDK:

Butcher might have this one! He's looking for Butch Vic's Greatest Hit... NO!

Brooklynn manages to grab one of the fallen singapore canes in hand and SMACKS Butcher across the face! With Butcher stunned, she picks him up and strains, but has him a modified fireman's carry before SPIKING Butcher down!

Lance:

That might be it!

DDK:

That reverse judo throw! That's called the Crash Out!

Brooklynn makes the cover on Butcher!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Butcher gets the shoulder up and Brooklynn screams!

Lance:

No! No way! That was close! Titanes Familia almost won the Familia Feud, but Butcher's still alive!

Frustrated, La Angelita grabs Butcher by his neck and grabs the singapore cane again ready to swing.

Lance:

Swing... AND A MISS!

Butcher crouches low and applies a headlock to get her to drop the cane before twisting hair around and into a running air raid crash!

DDK:

HOT MIC! HE JUST PLANTED BROOKLYNN!

Butcher now with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- LADY LARIAT BY TITANESS!

Lance:

Where the heck did Titaness even come from?!

After breaking up the cover with the sliding axe bomber, she yells at Hector Navarro to help count the fall!

DDK:

I don't know, but that Lady Lariat was right on the money!

Navarro counts the fall with Titaness hooking the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

But the count stops when Janna Ray GRABS Titaness by the neck and deadlifts her! The Faithful can't believe it!

DDK:

No way! Janna Ray just OVERPOWERED Titaness!!! JACKHAMMER!!!

Janna Ray falls to the canvas and everyone is down! Chicago's own earns herself a big ovation! The Ray of Sunshine makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KILLJOY PULLS HER OUT OF THE RING!

Lance:

No! Killjoy is back! This... this is insanity! After everything they threw at him earlier in the match... he's BACK?!

The massive monster moves forward and has Janna Ray in his grip! He tries to run with Janna into the timekeeper's table... but Ray manages to slip out!

PUNCH DRUNK LOVE BY PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL!

Lance:

Jeez! That big right hand caught Killjoy FLUSH!

DDK:

HE CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND SAVED JANNA RAY FROM CERTAIN DOOM!

The entire arena is on their feet as the bodies of Punch Drunk Purcell and Killjoy are sprawled out on the opposite end of the timekeeper's table! The camera catches several replays of the DEFIAtron from different angles of Purcell throwing himself directly at Killjoy to put the masked monster through the barricade! Back in real time, Dex Joy and Uriel are still duking it out at ringside! The Biggest Boy and the Baddest Dad box with one another until Uriel boxes his ears! With Dex stunned, Uriel spins him around...

THUD!

And chokeslams him on the apron!

DDK:

Good God, chokeslam on the apron! This is unreal! Cortez has Dex in the ring!

The Man of the House puts The Biggest Boy back inside the ring and tries to steal the win!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

The United Center jumps for Dex getting the shoulder up and Uriel goes into a full explosion by punching damn near

through the mat!

Lance:

THAT close, Darren! THAT close!

Cortez sees Brooklynn Rivera and Titaness deliver boots to Janna Ray on the outside before they both THROW her into the guardrail! After they take out The Ray of Sunshine, Cortez demands some more weapons! The Titan girls both nod and head under the ring for another pair of chairs!! The Chicago Faithful jeer Titaness and Rivera as they throw the chairs in, allowing Cortez to pick up the chair. He opens the chairs up and then props them right next to one another with an evil grin on his face.

DDK:

Oh, no... I think we're gonna see the 218!

Cortez has Dex set up for his signature powerbomb! He gets ready to set him up through a table... he has Dex at the apex...

Then gets PUNCHED right below the belt by Butcher! Cortez goes cross-eyed and lets go of Dex before falling to his knees! The Faithful ERUPT as Butcher holds his hand in pain, but still gritting his teeth!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... JUST PUNCHED YOUR DICK!

Lance:

Butcher! Butcher makes the save!

Butcher runs through the ropes nearby and wipes out Titaness with a somersault plancha over the ropes! Rivera jumps and then turns to see Janna Ray leaping off the apron from behind, wiping her out with a massive cannonball plancha! Janna and Butcher clears the path and as he goes out... Purcell is back in! Dex and Purcell both point towards Uriel Cortez from either side... and they connect with Double Up!

DDK:

Double Up Splash! Uriel might be out on his feet!

The big man is out on his feet when Dex and Purcell get ready to end the match!

DDK:

THE LADS ARE ABOUT TO TAKE THIS MATCH HOME!

Dex gets ready and uses a front facelock on Uriel Cortez. They get ready to go for The Buddy System, but a commotion can be heard from The Faithful! A blur moves right past Dex and KICKS the head clean off of Punch Drunk Purcell with a stiff running big boot!

Lance:

DARREN! WHO... WHO IS THAT?!

DDK:

Lance... LANCE! THAT'S... THAT'S KILGORE!

The monster stares down Dex Joy, who looks confused by his presence. In all the chaos, the distraction catches The Biggest Boy off-guard completely and just behind him, he feels a pair of hands grab him by the leg before SNATCHING him out of the ring! Killjoy is back up and SLAMS Joy back-first into the steel steps! On the other side of the ring, Butcher Victorious and Titaness fight outside the ring when he gets raked in the eyes by someone jumping out from the other side of the guardrail!

DDK:

WHAT THE... IS THAT... THAT'S SIOFRA! THE FORMER SIOBHAN CASSIDY! WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!

Indeed she is! Siofra waves hello to Titaness, who looks surprised by the appearance of Kilgore's handler.

Lance:

It's chaos everywhere! And look! Uriel and Killjoy are all alone with Purcell!

As Kilgore stands back, Killjoy climbs into the ring and lets out a guttural roar in the direction of his victim! He grabs Purcell and hoists him up into a powerbomb with all his might!! Uriel grabs his throat as Purcell is up in the air...

POWERBOMB/CHOKESLAM INTO THE CHAIRS!

DDK:

ASSISTED POWERBOMB! RIGHT ON TOP OF THAT STACK OF CHAIRS! THIS IS OVER!

The Faithful JEER as Killjoy makes the cover on Purcell in the pile of chairs!

ONE!

Rivera has Janna in a choke!

TWO!

And Dex Joy... is out on the outside, still laid out near the ring steps!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:Here are your winners of the match... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

The Chicago Faithful shower the ring with jeering! The only one smiling right now is The Man of The House himself as he jumps over and pats Killjoy on the back! He pulls up the masked monster by his hand. Meanwhile, Killjoy and Kilgore stare one another down. Uriel Cortez stands side by side with The Good Son while Siofra joins the ring and stands by the side of her own monster.

DDK:

What... we saw Kilgore make his debut back at the Year End Awards Show! Undefeated in singles action on UNCUT... but...

Lance:

I don't believe this... they were on their way to a victory... then these two come from out of nowhere?! And from what I can tell... Uriel nor the rest of the Familia know why they're here!

Brooklynn Rivera joins her Familia in the ring as well and looks to the rest of them, confused by the presence of the enigmatic Kilgore and his handler. Uriel approaches Kilgore carefully and the two beasts size one another up. Kilgore doesn't take his eyes off the leader of The Familia and has a hand up. When Siofra inches closer, Titaness gets in her face...

BEFORE TITANESS AND SIOFRA SHARE A HUG IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

WHAT?! I... I'M STUNNED!

Uriel Cortez has a grin he couldn't make disappear if he tried! He holds out a welcoming arm to the monstrous Kilgore, who approaches The Familia and is welcomed with open arms. Standing alongside Killjoy, the two monsters

DDK:

The Familia win the first-ever Familia Feud Rules match in DEFIANCE... WITH THE HELP OF KILGORE AND SIOFRA! ARE THEY PART OF TITANES FAMILIA!

On the outside of the ring, both Butcher and Janna Ray go over to help Dex Joy back to his feet, as he nurses a sore jaw. He looks in the ring and can't believe what he's seeing... Purcell is helped from the ring as well as The Lads suffer a brutal defeat.

The Familia hugging it out at DEFCON! Uriel and Titaness make with the PDA by sucking face in front of the irate Faithful! Behind them, Brooklynn Rivera cups an ear and encourages the crowd to jeer her louder and yells "Cry harder!" Killjoy folds his arm but has the remnants of whatever black mist he used in this match running underneath his mask. Finally, Siofra leads Kilgore out of the ring. The large team head out of the ring and towards the back.

DDK:

I can't believe it... Titanes Familia are gonna walk out of DEFCON with the last laugh over The Lads... and... they've added not one, but two terrors to Titanes Familia!

Uriel Cortez holds the ropes open and then gestures for each member to leave. Titaness and Brooklynn all limp through the ropes. Killjoy is the last to follow.

DDK:

I'm really scared for what this could mean for DEFIANCE. Titanes Familia were killers before all this. But adding Siofra and Kilgore to their ranks?! I... I shudder to think.

Lance:

We've got to get things sorted at ringside, but before we do, we have a video package to set up our next match... MP1. Corvo Alpha. Anything Goes. Let's take a look at how we got here!

THE LAST CHAPTER

Cutting to the Commentation Station; Keebler is all smiles, cheeks flushed. Warner offers a curt nod and earnest half-grin, adjusting the glasses on the bridge of his nose.

DDK:

Up next, we have what feels like the culmination of a four year long story. Longer than that, really! Their story here in DEFIANCE began in 2017!

Lance:

It's true. The Masked Violators Story is a long, sad, tangled one. Tonight... it's the **Last Chapter**.

DDK:

Take a look.

We briefly fade to black before coming back up on a tight shot of a closed book lying on black velvet. The book's blue cover is faded. The words "The Masked Violators Story" are stitched in bright red and yellow cursive. Its binding is weathered and worn.

A string quartet quartets as you'd expect a quartet to quartet. A bright, triumphant melody.

A cold (take my word for it) gust of wind blows and suddenly the book flutters open, a flurry of pages flipping along with it. Stopping for a moment on a page of blurred text, the page flips again to a moving image.

Two bright, colorful figures stand together, back to back. The wind turns another page. They celebrate. Another flip. We see a series of pages, and as the book progresses, the ink becomes increasingly smudged. Until it's smeared. Until the pages are black.

The light lowers. The string quartet darkens as well, each instrument drifting into a series of foreboding, minor chords.

A candle slides into frame next to the blue book, flickering harshly. Another harsh gust of wind takes us deeper into the tome. The candle persists. Pages hang on a full color image, artfully realized: a frightful monster emerges. Spindly strings pulled and tugged by a small, evil master.

The quartet groans woefully.

Pages leaf ahead, pulled by an unrelenting wind. A trail of blood streaks the words on a page. A single trumpet signals a change to the tune: Hope. A man in red arrives to save the day. His likeness is captured on a single page. He is bold, he is brave, but he is alone.

Cymbals crash and brass rises. There is calamity. Crisis. There is war.

Pages skim forward, tugged on and on by the ever-present gust. They hold fast once more on another image: The dark puppet's strings are cut. The dog is loose. Insert an entirely new analogy here.

The music surges and swells, heaving as the pages scan ahead. Furiously. We see a flip-book style stop-motion of the man in red rising and falling. Of the yellow monster growing and evolving. Apart. The volume nears it's end.

The strain builds to a crashing, crushing crescendo. The candle flickers out. The wind stops. The book sits still and open on a two-page drawing: A red mask and a yellow mask, surrounded by a ring of blazing fire.

In an instant - the book snaps SHUT on it's own volition. Now, the words woven into the cover, in bright red and yellow are:

THE LAST CHAPTER



We fade out.

NO DISQUALIFICATION: CORVO ALPHA vs. MP1

A wide, sweeping shot of the jammed & crammed arena, with just the natural sound of 22,000 plus and their collective rising anticipation. Darren Quimbey steps under a center-ring spotlight and nods as the din of the fans fades.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! And in this match: **ANYTHING GOES!**

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!

The lights dim. And at the sound of the drums, the cheers quickly curdle into boos.

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... Proudly representing the MOST PRECIOUS GEMS, he weighs in tonight at two-hundred and thirty-two pounds...

Stepping through a low, rolling stream of fog and smoke, the masked man never raises his eyes to take in the impressive set design, the awesome crowd, or to appreciate the moment. None of those things are why he is here. He instead steadily walks down the aisle with fists balled and disdain wrinkling his gray, black and white mask.

Darren Quimbey:

He is your **MOST PRECIOUS 1!!!**

And he is unimpressed. He strides up the ring steps, through the ropes, and into the ring in three long, well-measured steps. Waiting in a corner of the ring with his head hung low, MP1 stews.

DDK:

MP1 is one of the most focused competitors in DEFIANCE.... But I don't know if I've ever seen him this zeroed in.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

Quimbey pauses, eyes scanning the crowd. Even MP1 lifts his head, ever so slightly - almost imperceptibly - to survey the arena for the man who was once his brother, was once his friend.

The Faithful take up a rhythmic clap and the cameras on hand each take turns capturing this communal, shared moment. Heads on swivels, scrutinizing the higher reaches of the United Center, the fans look for some sign of the monster they've adopted.

DDK:

UP THERE!

Indeed. Four tiers up, a throng of enthusiastic and jubilant Faithful can be spied surrounding a hulking figure. Stomping down the ringsteps with purpose, he applies his warpaint, smearing it off of his brightly painted chest, while on the move.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Parts Untold...

A swath of bright canary yellow across closed eyes. He swipes more colorful paint off of his chest, like a hairy palette.

Darren Quimbey:

Fighting tonight at two-hundred and sixty pounds...

A diagonal swipe of blue crosswise. A swab of red is collected with his right hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Call him SAVAGE. Call him UNTAMED.

Drawing a line red line down the bridge of his nose, he pauses, wide white eyes glaring out of the haphazard milieu of color. Unleashing a primal scream, the fans all around him join into the howl.

Darren Quimbey:

CALL HIM... **CORVO ALPHA!!!**

Charging down the concrete steps like a man on fire, Alpha finally reaches the floor - picks up speed - and LEAPS over the guardrail, crashing down at ringside with practiced ferocity.

Lance:

You spoke of MP1's focus. I'll speak of Corvo Alpha's INTENSITY. You can FEEL it, Keebs. The Monster is READY tonight!

Sliding into the ring, Alpha eyes MP1 warily. MP1 slowly, deliberately turns to face him just as the lights fully come up. The rhythmic clapping has now become one long, drawn out round of applause.

DDK:

They've been calling this "the last chapter", Lance, and this crowd can sense that they are about to witness, and be a part of, something very special.

A wide angle captures the weight of the moment, the full arena on their feet, before returning to a tighter shot of the ring and its combatants. Rex Knox delivers instructions and reminders to both men before signalling for the bell.

DING DING

Like territorial animals, they circle each other. The crowd is electric, waiting for the powder keg to blow. Corvo's face is painted in wild stripes of yellow, red, and blue, chest rising with each breath. MP1 is coiled, mask unreadable, but tension rolling off him.

Then he SLAPS Corvo across the face. A sharp, flat echo fills the arena. Corvo freezes. His jaw clenches. MP1's arm lowers. For a heartbeat, nothing.

Then Corvo explodes forward and tackles him to the mat.

Lance:

And away we go!

The fists come fast. Wild. Clubbing. The brute doesn't care about form. He cares about pain. So edgy. MP1 tries to cover up, tries to roll, but Corvo is on top of him, raining down punches like a man possessed. Rex Knox hovers close but doesn't step in. He knows what kind of match this is. He lets them go.

DDK:

Corvo is a man possessed, a beast unleashed! At his most fierce! His most bloodthirsty!

Corvo grabs MP1 by the wrist and yanks him up, WHIPPING him crashing into the corner. A big splash follows. The entire ring shudders. MP1 stumbles out of the corner, but Corvo is there to meet him with a hard lariat that sends the masked technician spinning. He collapses in a heap.

Lance:

MP1 returned to DEFIANCE because he wanted his friend back... he fought for it for years... and when Corvo finally

was ready, MP1 bitterly rejected him. Tonight: he pays the price for that rejection!

DDK:

Well, he sure is right now at this moment!

Corvo drops to the mat beside the former MV1 and starts pounding away again. This isn't wrestling. This is a mauling, as advertised. The crowd is loving it. MP1 finally escapes by raking Corvo across the eyes. Corvo reels, momentarily stunned. MP1 scrambles away. He plants a foot and pushes himself up. Corvo blinks, recovering. MP1 throws a kick. Corvo catches it.

DDK:

UH-OHH!!!

It's the right leg he's ensnarled. MP1's twice reconstructed knee. Corvo freezes, recognizing what he's holding, eying his foes' protective, stabilizing leg brace. His face hardens.

He sweeps the leg.

MP1 hits the mat, clutching his knee. Corvo wrenches the leg again and drops a knee across it, all his weight behind it. MP1 writhes. Corvo drags him by the ankle into the middle of the ring and stomps directly on the knee once, twice, then a third time. Knox winces.

Lance:

That knee twice went under the knife of a renowned doctor of sports medicine, Dr. Andrew James! MP1 has cited that stretch of injury-surgery-injury-surgery as one of the darkest of his life & career. He was incredibly isolated and alone during this time, with only the fans behind and beside him. When "the incident" occurred between he and Corvo at MAXDEF 2024 – when MP1 superkicked any hopes of an Masked Violator's Reunion out of Corvo Alpha, those fans turned on him. And MP1 has since turned his back, literally, on them...

DDK:

Corvo Alpha's laser precision, just DISSECTING that knee!

Corvo backs off for the first time since the bell, pacing like a once-caged animal. Something approaching a crooked smile emerges under his gnarled beard. He gestures for MP1 to get up and the fans roar behind him.

DDK:

Corvo is goading MP1!

MP1 clutches the ropes and sneers over his shoulder at Alpha – then DRAGS himself under the bottom rope to the outside, favoring the knee.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Snorting with frustration, Corvo follows, sliding out of the ring. But MP1 is waiting. He delivers a stiff surprise steel chair to the gut. The blow stuns Corvo. MP1 swings again and this one hits the back. The clang of steel on spine echoes through the arena.

DDK:

Good LORD!

MP1 hobbles backward, the chair still in hand, groaning. He uses the barricade to hold himself up, breathing heavily through the mask, wrenching an arm free from the grab-happy Faithful. Corvo pushes to his feet, grimacing.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

MP1 swings once more, but this time Corvo grabs the chair mid-swing and yanks it away, tossing it aside. MP1 throws a chop. Corvo eats it and headbutts him in the mouth. MP1 drops. The fans are rabid.

Corvo doesn't waste time. He picks MP1 up and tosses him spine-first into the ring steps. The sound is brutal. MP1 folds and slides to the floor, gasping. Corvo drags him up again, grabs him by the back of the mask, and slams him face-first onto the timekeeper's table. Respecting the rule of three, he does so three consecutive times.

MP1 slumps over the edge. Corvo, blood pumping, bellows out a primal roar. His paint is smudged now. His eyes are wide and wild. He's feeding off it. He grabs MP1 by his gray, black and white singlet and hurls him over the barricade into the crowd. Corvo follows MP1 into the chaos without hesitation.

Lance:

You had to know this fight could not be contained inside a wrestling ring, Darren!

DDK:

It's "Anything Goes"!

Fans scramble as the two men disappear into a sea of chairs and people. A floor camera operator climbs over the barricade and follows, trying to keep up as Corvo hammers MP1 with clubbing forearms between rows of screaming fans.

Corvo grabs a chair from the crowd and swings it, catching MP1 in the back. He spits and snarls, tossing the chair aside. Pulling MP1 up to his feet again, #1 fights back with a forearm. Corvo takes it and fires back with another headbutt.

MP1 stumbles, reeling like a drunk, back into a trash can, knocking it over. Programs, popcorn, and mostly-empty cups spill across the concrete. What a fucking mess. Real nice, boys. Have some goddamned respect. Someone's gotta clean that up, you know? Who *raised* you?! Corvo grabs MP1 and lifts him for a suplex.

DDK:

NO! MP1 shifts weight in midair and lands behind him! CHOP BLOCK to Corvo!

The monster crashes to the floor, his own leg twisted awkwardly underneath. MP1 collapses beside him, both men heaving for air, surrounded by wild fans. Rex Knox climbs over the barricade and checks them both. He gets no response from either competitor.

DDK:

You've got to respect the position Rex Knox is in tonight. This is an ANYTHING GOES contest. He can only intervene so much, can only inject himself into things so far!

Corvo stirs first. He pushes to his knees, his face a mess of smudged selective primary colors and dripping sweat. MP1 rolls away, trying to create distance, but there's nowhere to go. Corvo lunges, grabs him by the arm, and yanks him up like dead weight.

One wild swing from MP1 misses. Corvo levels him with a brutal clothesline that sends MP1 flipping backwards over a row of chairs and crashing into the another section of the crowd.

MP1 lies in a heap, chairs sprawled around him. Corvo steps over the railing between the sections and follows. Fans rush forward for a closer look and almost immediately the black shirts of DEFsec hit the scene. Security forms a loose barrier, arms out, trying to push the sea of people back.

Lance:

You can almost feel a ripple of realization in this crowd! The long-time fan remembers 2017, when the Masked Violators were OUSTED from DEF after repeatedly brawling with their opponents in the crowd, with little regard for fan safety!

DDK:

Clearly DEFsec remembers as well! They are out in FORCE!

Lance:

The reckless abandon they showed 8 years ago got their contracts terminated... tonight they are ENCOURAGED to cause carnage!

Alpha hauls MP1 upright by the back of his mask and slams him face-first into the concrete railing at the base of the stairs. MP1's head jerks back violently. Corvo lifts him again, hooks him deep around the waist, and drives him down with a piledriver directly onto the concrete steps.

MP1's body goes limp. The audience gasps. Some scream. One woman in the foreground covers her mouth in shock.

Corvo stays on him for the cover. He leans over, shoving down MP1's shoulder, but the surface is too uneven. The steps don't allow a proper pin. Both shoulders couldn't possibly be down. Rex Knox drops down awkwardly and hesitates, trying to position himself. There's no count to make.

DDK:

Is this falls count anywhere?

Lance:

Like you said, it's "ANYTHING GOES", Darren!

Corvo snarls. He knows that would've, could've, should've been it. He pulls MP1 up, dragging him by the arms like a sack of bones. MP1 is barely standing, his legs buckling. Corvo pauses halfway up the stairs and chops him across the chest so hard the sound echoes through the whole lower bowl. Half the crowd offers an enthusiastic, inexplicable and out-of-place *WOOOOOOOOO!!!*

MP1 sags against the railing. Corvo grabs him by the back of the head and slams it against the metal. Then he shouts something primal once more into the sky and drags MP1 up the final steps, emerging into the concourse.

The camera barely keeps up. Knox and a few DEFsec staff climb the stairs behind them. Fans surge to get a good view. Somewhere, an arena employee scrambles to move a merch table out of the way.

Lance:

This is bad for business!

DDK:

Who's leaving their seat to buy a shirt right now anyway, Lance?!

Lance:

Touché, partner.

Corvo throws MP1 against a wall. The masked man bounces off it and falls to the floor, rolling onto his back, bad knee bent awkwardly. The crowd inside the arena roars even though they can't see it live, watching on several screens.

Corvo steps forward, standing over his foe, breathing like a bull. MP1 tries to sit up and fails. Corvo shoves open the doors to the concourse, dragging MP1 behind him like a trophy. The crowd that followed from the arena spills into the open space, phones out, shouting. DEFsec collectively barks, warning bystanders to *MOVE!*

The two crash through a merch table. Newbludd T-shirts and Conor posters go flying. MP1 throws a weak punch to Corvo's ribs, but Corvo doesn't even flinch. He grabs a trash can and launches it. MP1 barely ducks, and it smashes into a popcorn machine, sending tasty, buttery shrapnel across the floor.

They keep moving. A soda gets knocked out of someone's hand. Concession workers scatter. Corvo hurls MP1 into

the counter of a nacho stand. A tray of cheesy goodness slaps wetly onto the ground. Delicious.

DDK:

Note to self: skip the nachos tonight.

Corvo grabs MP1 again, pulling him out of a mess of tortilla chips, and spinebusters him onto the marble floor. The sound is sickening. MP1 gasps, hands clutching the small of his back. Corvo drops to a knee beside him, snarling, blood vessels pulsing in his temples.

Corvo pulls him up once more and marches through the concourse, past startled fans and shrieking staff, until they reach the stairwell for the luxury suites.

A private executive skybox.

Corvo kicks the door open and hauls MP1 inside. The crowd inside scatters in panic. A man in a smart blazer grabs his trophy wife and flees. Someone knocks over a fruit tray. A damn shame.

MP1 is out on his feet, barely conscious. Corvo grabs him by the neck and slams his head into the minibar counter. MP1 slumps. Corvo points to the panoramic view of the ring below, then drags MP1 to the railing of the skybox.

DDK:

Uhhh... Wait a minute. He's not gonna--

Lance:

It was all the way back at DEFIANCE Road 2022! Corvo Alpha made his pay-per-view debut by attacking and nearly MURDERING Henry Keyes by BULLDOGGING him out of a skybox and into a mess of equipment below!

On cue, a camera catches the mass of equipment below them.

DDK:

OH MY GOD! History is about to REPEAT ITSELF?!

Lance:

Keyes was forever changed by that horrific event! No, it can't happen again! Not like THIS!?

The crowd gasps. Corvo hooks MP1's head under his arm and PULLS his weakened opponent up on a table at the skybox's railing-edge!

Corvo charges —

But MP1 had grabbed a glass carafe of water from the minibar. The masked man pivots, and SMASHES it up and across Corvo's face. Glass explodes.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!!

Corvo reels backward, SHRIEKING and clutching his face. He falls backwards off the table. He scampers up to his knees. Blood pours, leaking between his fingers, into the facepaint, dripping onto his chest. He groans, staggering, vision RUINED.

Lance:

He might have lost an EYE!

DDK:

There's irony there, somewhere!

MP1, half-limping, half-fueled by panic and instinct, tackles Corvo through the half-open door of the skybox and back into the corridor. Fans cheer and scream as the two tumble back into view, the blood now matting Corvo's beard and chest hair from a deep, gnarly gash above an eyebrow.

MP1 rises first. He's breathing heavy, his face unreadable behind the mask, but his body tells the story. This isn't about strategy anymore. He grabs Corvo by the head and walks him toward the arena again.

Every few steps, he clubs Corvo across the back. Hard. Like he's punishing him for ever existing. For ever being his friend. For disappearing all those years ago. For not being there when she got sick. For being taken in and changed by an evil manipulator. For not BEING there when her pain was finally over. For not snapping out of it sooner. For not BEING THERE. For everything. Each blow drives it home. Each blow harder and angrier than the one that preceded it.

MP1's pace is uneven. The bad knee is failing. His arms are shaking. His palms may or may not be sweaty. But his emotions are boiling over. To him, right now, this feels like the final chapter. The last page. They reach the top of the steps.

MP1 hesitates for a long moment, his eyes full of emotion.

DDK:

He's not gonna–

He is. MP1 kicks Corvo square in the chest, and the bigger man topples backwards. Corvo's body tumbles down the concrete stairs, limb over limb, blood trailing behind him. The crowd MOANS with every morbid bounce.

MP1 watches on with a mix of relief, exhaustion, and deep regret. Corvo crashes to the bottom of the concrete steps, landing in a heap in the main aisle.

DDK:

Disgusting!

MP1 follows slowly, using the railing for support, his mask dipping toward the floor. He doesn't acknowledge the fans screaming at him, despising him, wishing him ill. Someone throws popcorn at his back and the masked man scowls, pressing onward down the concrete steps.

He limps down the aisle, jaw clenched, breathing ragged. He goes to pull Corvo up by his hair – And that's when Corvo bursts to his feet like a madman and clotheslines MP1 so hard he flips BACK over the barricade and crashes into ringside.

Corvo staggers forward. Bleeding. Roaring. Alive. The arena goes ballistic.

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

MP1 hit the ringside mat hard and tries to roll away on instinct, but Corvo is on him again. The savage babyface, bleeding and breathing fire, hurls him into the ring apron. MP1 slumps, one arm grabbing at his ribs, the other grabbing at the ropes, trying to pull himself up.

Corvo grabs him again, but MP1 throws a back elbow. Then another. He scrambles around the corner of the ring like a hunted animal. Not strategic. Desperate. Is he running? The Faithful think so.

Corvo follows, wiping blood from his face, relentless in his pursuit. MP1 dives into the ring, dragging his busted leg behind him. Corvo slides in after, teeth gritted. He's losing blood, losing breath, but he's not losing this. He can't.

Back in the ring, MP1 pops up with a desperation forearm. Corvo eats it. MP1 fires again. Corvo stumbles.

Then, without warning, Corvo explodes off the ropes and launches into a wild, half-lunging, half-falling variation of the--

DDK:
CORVO CUTTER!!!

It's sloppy. It's reckless. It connects.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Corvo rolls over, throwing an arm across MP1's chest.

DDK:
Is this it?!

Lance:
The LAST Chapter!

Knox leaps and SLIDES into position!

One!!!

Two!!!!!!
KICKOUT!!!!!!

Barely.

The whole arena groans, a wave of disbelief sweeping across the crowd. Corvo collapses on the mat, face down, blood pooling on the canvas beneath him. MP1 is dead weight beside him, chest heaving, mask torn near the jawline. The referee hovers, checking both men but not stepping in. He knows his place.

DDK:
LISTEN TO THESE FANS!

It would be impossible not to hear them. Both combatants start to stir, perhaps due to the energy and intensity of the arena crowd. Corvo pushes up to his knees first, face and beard a crimson/painty mess, wide & wild eyes locked on MP1. He crawls forward, slow and deliberate, the fans rising to their feet.

Lance:
We've seen that look before!!!

He looms behind MP1 like impending doom. Hooks the arms. Wraps the leg. And locks in the hold that won him the Favored Saints Championship in his DEFTv debut. The same hold that won him the SOHER and chased Henry Keyes to the tag division. The only hold he can always count on. The only thing that's seen him through.

DDK:
ALPHA CLUTCH!! ALPHA CLUTCH!!

Lance:
He's got MP1 grapevined, in the center of the ring! He's using MP1's own forearm to apply pressure to those precious arteries in the throat! It's only a blessed matter of time!

The camera gets a tight shot.

Lance:
This could be the bitter, sad end of the Masked Violators Story, their very Last Chapter, right here and right now! And

the Faithful are feeling it!

DDK:

I FEEL IT TOO!

MP1 thrashes, but he's caught deep. Corvo roars through clenched teeth, squeezing with every last ounce of strength he has. What must be a tear rolls down his cheek, carving a sick canal through the mess of paint and blood and sweat. The crowd is on fire.

And then suddenly – they are ALL in the dark.

DDK:

Wha– What's happened with the lights?!

With the arena plunged into darkness, a tense buzz quickly builds.

Lance:

I don't like this one bit! Fans, we seem to be having some form of technical difficulty, please uhh.... Stay with us...

DDK:

What's this all about?!

Lance:

I think–

Before Lance can bore us with his hypothesis, the lights suddenly return. And IMMEDIATELY, there is a rumble of shock, dismay, and CONFUSION rippling through the building.

Suddenly standing in the ring, dressed in yellow boots trimmed with blue and red, a matching one-strap wrestling singlet, a shock of a short dark beard jutting from a yellow, red and blue wrestling mask... is **Masked Violator #2**.

DDK:

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK.

It's not a question. Everyone is feeling it.

Having released his hold on MP1 and quickly scurried half-upright, Corvo Alpha gapes at this MV2 with an astounded, disoriented, mystified facial expression. By now, the entire building realizes what they are looking at and they seem to share the Monster's unbalanced puzzlement.

Standing on the ring apron, of-fucking-course, is Lord Nigel Tricklebush, dressed once more in his coal black suit and matching bowler cap. His sick smile is pasted in place. The camera takes a long lingering look at MV2 and, particularly when Corvo Alpha brings himself to his full height, it becomes evidently clear that he is a mirror image, in build and stature, of our Savage.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen... I'm not sure who we are looking at–

DDK:

That's Masked Violator #2, Lance! B-but... I thought CORVO was Masked Violator #2!? What is HAPPENING?!

The two slowly circle, each step one takes eerily mirrored by the other.

The shot cuts to MP1, lying in the corner, and it becomes apparent he is just as shocked as everyone else in the building (save Lord Nigel). Looking as though he's staring at a ghost, MP1's bloodied mouth drops open.

Referee Rex Knox is absolutely flummoxed, his instincts placing himself between MV2 and Corvo. MP1 works to pull himself to his feet. Out of the corner of crazed, confounded eyes, Alpha catches sight of MP1 stirring and is startled. Then he is **ROCKED**.

DDK:

DAGGER KICK BY MV2!? Alpha just got LEVELLED!!

Lance:

What in the world is HAPPENING?!

Knox drops to his knees to check on Alpha. MV2 offers the fallen savage a stoic, curious look before briefly eying MP1. He steps between the ropes, down the ring steps, and starts up the aisle. Lord Nigel delays. He tips the starched brim of his bowler cap to his Most Precious One.

MP1 looks to Nigel, to the yellow ghost walking up the aisle, and to the fallen Corvo Alpha. With each turn of glance, MP1 seems somehow even more anguished. With one last withering glance to Nigel, #1 drops to the canvas and hooks Corvo Alpha's far leg.

Rex Knox seems shocked at first, then grimaces. He does what he came to do.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

♪ "Dark Matter" by Pearl Jam ♪

Lord Nigel smiles knowingly, then follows MV2 up the aisle, fans pelting the two with trash along the way.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this contest by PINFALL... **MP1!**

Pushing himself away from Corvo and scooting back-first into the far turnbuckle, MP1 stares at Corvo, baffled. His eyes turn to the top of the rampway, where Lord Nigel and Masked Violator #2 both pause, both looking back to the ring.

DDK:

I... I don't know what we just saw, fans. But... Lord Nigel has done it again. I... I have so many questions, Lance!

Knox raises a dazed MP1's arm before the lens shifts to an unconscious Alpha. We cut to the announce position where our intrepid team catches their breath.

Lance:

It occurs to me that for the last few months, Lord Nigel has been threatening to reveal "the truth" to MP1, Corvo Alpha, and the world. Is... is that what he's just DONE?!

DDK:

You mean... you think it's possible that Corvo Alpha isn't who Lord Nigel said he is?! That he isn't who even **HE** thinks

he is?!

Lance:

I'm simply suggesting that we can dispense with the idea that the "Last Chapter" of this story has been written tonight. We might just be moving onto Book 3, if you will.

DDK:

Color me speechless.

Lance:

Find that voice, chum! We've got to gear up for a HUGE main event!

SOHER, TRIPLE THREAT: BROCK NEWBLUDD (C) vs. DR. NED REFORM vs. TA BLACK

The house lights begin to pulsate as the camera does a swing by of the packed house. As we get another look at the rabid Chicago Faithful, our dynamic duo announce team chime in.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... what a night it's been, and it's now time for tonight's main event!

Lance:

While tomorrow night Conor Fuse looks to end the reign of Malak, in tonight's final bout the Southern Heritage Champion Brock Newbludd has to survive what COULD become a two-on-one affair.

DDK:

Will it, though? The rising tension between Honor Society leader Ned Reform and his "disciple" TA Black has been palpable. In fact, this entire triple threat idea was conceived as a crucible of sorts for Erik Black - will he be a good little soldier and help Reform regain the gold, or will he instead go for the one prize that's always eluded him?

Lance:

That's true, Darren... this very well COULD be every man for himself! TA Black has a serious decision to make.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena ERUPTS into jeers (with maybe the faintest hint of cheers from the section of the crowd who likes to be different) as the house lights turn purple. After letting the music play for a bit to build sufficient anticipation, the man himself marches through the curtain: The Good Doctor. The Sage on the Stage. The Mad Gadfly. The Most Prolific Man in Sports-Education. Ned Reform pauses at the top of the ramp, appearing to take in the full breadth of the spectacle that is DEFCON. No special gear tonight: he wears his usual black and purple boots, black knee pads, and purple/white/pink singlet. Over the singlet he wears his black "Mad Gadfly" t-shirt and around his neck his "VERITAS" yellow scarf. Reform, per usual, appears not amused.

DDK:

No special entrance, no special get-up... Ned has been in a foul mood since his loss to Brock Newbludd and his demeanor tonight perfectly reflects that.

Lance:

This past calendar year has been a tale of two Ned Reforms: while no one can deny he's turned in some impressive performances as he dominated the SOHER title picture, he also relied HEAVILY on help. Heck, it was TA Cole's defense of the Favoured Saints Championship that earned Ned his title shot in the first place!

DDK:

And tonight, he is alone... per order of the Favoured Saints, no Honor Society members are allowed at ringside. Unless, of course, it turns out the third man in this match is really in his pocket.

Reform cracks his neck. With one final sneer, he begins to walk down the ramp until...

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

Every last goddamb pixel of the LED screens overloads into BLINDING WHITE LIGHT, like a thermonuclear opening of the Gates of Heaven.

But the VOICE piercing through that light is no angel...

YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

The light eventually dissipates, although...

DDK:

My God... can you SEE anything, Lance?

Lance:

I'm BLIND, Keebs!

Eventually, everyone's vision slowly comes into focus... just in time to see a small, egg-shaped vehicle riding up the side rampway to the stage. TA Black is behind the wheel, pumping a fist from within a large protective dome of bulletproof plastic.

TA Black: *[muffled]**(yrrrrrrrhhhh!!)***Lance:**

Okay, now I KNOW I'm not blind, because I don't know what the hell I'm looking at, but somehow, I'm looking at it!

TA Black: *[muffled]**(yrrrrrrrhhhh!!)***DDK:**

I believe this vehicle was commissioned by his own "Department Of Pedagogical Efficiency".

TA Black: *[muffled]**(yrrrrrrrhhhh!!)***Lance:**

So you're saying this is... a DOPEmobile?

TA Black: *[muffled]**(yrrrrrrrhhhh!!)***DDK:**

That's about the long and short of it.

TA Black: *[muffled]**(yrrrrrrrhhhh!!)*

TA Black suddenly slams on the breaks, inches away from where the scowling Doctor Reform stands.

TA Black: *[muffled]**(drr! mrmrrrrrrmrdrrmrryrr!!)***Ned Reform:**

...WHAT?!

Black smashes a button, raising the protective dome.

TA Black:

I said WHAT THE HECK, Doc! I thought we agreed that / was coming out first!

Ned Reform:

How does such an idea even make a SINGLE iota of sense!? Now get out of that thing!

TA Black:

NO! How about YOU hop in! We'll ride down together IN STRAWLIDARTIY!

Ned Reform:

Get out of that thing before you drive it into the barricade and scare the bejesus out of some poor woman!

TA Black:

...yeah, okay, I see your point.

TA Black hops out of his “DOPEmobile” and joins the Good Doctor on the stage.

TA Black:

YYYYYEEEEAAAA--

Ned Reform:

We get it! We get it!

Doctor Reform takes the lead down the rampway. TA Black quickly scurries up after him, and the two immediately begin to jostle one another to be at the center of the spotlight.

DDK:

Are these two truly on the same side tonight?

Lance:

I don't even think THEY know for certain, Keebs.

DDK:

Ned Reform seems to be having some buyer's remorse after “reforming” Rezin into TA Black, who has lately given him one headache after another!

Lance:

The biggest of which being his role in the Good Doctor losing the SOHER Championship to Brock Newbludd.

DDK:

TA Black has been adamant to win himself back into Reform's good graces... but are his intentions really that pure?

Lance:

He may be calling himself “the Sacred Lamb” now, but if you ask me, once a “Goat Bastard”, always a “Goat Bastard.”

With both challengers waiting in the ring, all eyes turn back to the stage for the final entrance of DEFCON Night One. The Faithful let out a cheer as the lights inside the United Center suddenly go out, blanketing the historic arena in almost complete darkness.

Seconds pass, and the restless crowd begins to buzz in anticipation...

DDK:

I tell you what, Lance. There's that special kind of feeling in the air right now!

Lance:

There sure is, partner! It feels like DEFCON!

A lone spotlight suddenly comes to life and illuminates the far side of the stage, revealing a band well known to The Faithful. The official house band of Ballyhoo Brew...the heavy metal pirates simply known as Alestorm.

Frontman Christopher Bowes snarls into the mic and raises a single fist above his head.

Christopher Bowes:

OI! OI! OI! OI! OI!

The Faithful begin chanting along as the lead singer pumps his fist in rhythm. The thumping of a bass drum joins in, and the people begin to clap their hands, causing the arena to rumble.

Christopher Bowes:

Here we go, Chicago! It's time to get off your asses and raise your glasses for the boys! Milwaukee's Beast is here and it's feedin' time, baby!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Christopher Bowes:

Lemme hear ya SCREAM!

He grabs the mic with both hands and takes a deep breath...

Christopher Bowes:

BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLYYYYY!!!

The United Center lets it rip...

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

~♪ "Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)" by Alestorm ~♪

Alestorm kicks into gear in time with an explosion of pyro going off from the top of the DEFTRON. Another spotlight comes to life and shines down to show the stage's double doors slowly opening. A roar erupts from the crowd as the custom golf cart known as "The Bally-Wagon" rolls out onto the stage and comes to a stop at the top of the ramp.

Sitting behind the wheel with a cold beer in one hand is "Black Out" Pat Cassidy. The Scrapper from Southie raises his drink in salute to the roaring crowd.

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials have arrived! The Southern Heritage Champion has arrived!

Standing on the back of the cart with the Southern Heritage Championship raised for the world to see is "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd. Keeping the title raised up, Newbludd points to the ring with his other hand, and Cassidy hits the gas. Pyro explodes from both sides of the ramp as The Saturday Night Specials chariot heads towards the ring.

Lance:

And he's arrived in style!

Reaching the bottom of the ramp, Cassidy makes a sharp turn and makes a lap around the ring, slapping hands with fans as he does so. Newbludd keeps the belt raised up and his eyes on his two opponents the whole time.

DDK:

Tremendous ovation for Newbludd from the Chicago Faithful!

Lance:

It's not everyday a guy from Milwaukee gets cheered for in Chicago, partner!

Completing the lap, Black Out parks the golf cart near the bottom of the ramp, and together, The Saturday Night Specials slide into the ring. Climbing a corner and raising the belt one final time to the cheering masses, Newbludd joins Cassidy in a neutral corner as Alestorm stops playing up on the stage. Cassidy gives his best friend one final pep talk before stepping through the ropes. As Brock eyes down his opponents, Cassidy grabs the cooler from the back of the golf cart and begins to walk up the ramp!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the follow triple threat contest is our MAIN EVENT for the first night of DEFCON!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

The drone cam hovers on Black, who stands in his corner with his hands folded and head lowered in silent prayer.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is the SACRED LAMB... TEEEEEE-AAAAAYYEE BLAAAAAACK!!

TA Black:

YYYYEEEEAAAAHHHH!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

We next cut over to Reform, in the process of rolling his eyes at black while he paces impatiently in his own corner.

Darren Quimbey:

And the next challenger, hailing from New Haven, Connecticut, and weighing in at two-hundred and thirty-seven pounds... he is the SAGE OF THE STAGE... NEEED... REEEEEEEFFOOOOOORRRRRMMM!!!

Ned Reform:

That's DOCTOR Ned Reform!

The Good Doctor twirls in the direction of the crowd, proudly extending his fists overhead, only to be greeted with the obligatory--

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Finally, the shot cuts to Newbludd, standing confident and ready in his corner with the SOHER Championship proudly displayed around his waist.

Darren Quimbey:

And finally... hailing from Miluakee, Wisconsin, and weighing in at two-hundred and fifty-nine pounds...

BALLY-HOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Darren Quimbey:

He is the DIEHARD DEFIANT... MILUAKEE'S BEAST... and YOUR SOHER CHAMPION of DEFIANCE...

Brock unstraps the belt and holds it up high overhead.

Darren Quimbey:

BBRRRRROOOOOOOOCK... NNNNNEEEEEEWWWWWWWWBLUUUUUUUDD!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Reform scowls at the uproarious crowd reaction, while TA Black covers his ears and tries to block it out. Newbludd hands the title belt over to Doyle, who proceeds to the ring center for the custom of holding it up in all four cardinal directions of the arena to show the audience what is at stake. Then, Doyle hands the championship off to the timekeeper, and makes his final checks.

Lance:

The storied and historic SOHER Championship has been the prize for many epic battles in DEFIANCE history, and I

have no doubt that the match we're about to witness will go down with the same distinction.

DDK:

All three competitors look eager to get this thing started... and now Benny Doyle gives the cue to the timekeeper! HERE WE GO!! The main event to the first night of DEFCON BEGINS NOW!

DING DING

The crowd cheers off the bell, as all three competitors slowly circle around each other. Brock points down both members of the Honor Society, beckoning them to make their move.

DDK:

A classic Mexican standoff to start things off in this triple threat showdown!

Lance:

Brock is the Good, Ned is the Bad, and... well, you can do the math, but it should be no secret who the Ugly is here. Oh... it appears we're being joined by a guest, folks!

The brief sound of the rustling of a headset. And then...

Pat Cassidy:

Keebs. Wahnah. Cheers, boys. Thought I'd add a little "color" to this commentary, know what I mean?

DDK:

Happy to have you, Pat. And congratulations on the baby girl!

In the ring, Reform and Black look to each other with uncertainty. How do they act on this? Then, the Good Doctor makes a decision, pointing down his TA.

Ned Reform:

What are you waiting for, Mr. Black? Get after him!

TA Black looks stunned.

TA Black:

Wait, WHAT?! I thought we'd hit him TOGETHER!

Ned Reform:

That's exactly what he'll be expecting!

TA Black:

Then YOU go after him! I'll be right behind you!

Ned Reform:

Sir... are you absolutely daft?!

DDK:

I'm gonna go out on a limb here and say that The Good Doctor and his prized pupil are not starting this match off how they planned!

Lance:

No doubt! One has to wonder if Ned still considers Black his "crowning achievement" at this point.

Pat Cassidy:

It's almost like he's a shit teachah, huh? Heuh we go, boys!

Reform and Black continue to bicker, their attention wholly turned towards each other. Across the ring, Newbludd grins at his two opponents as he backpedals into the ropes.

Lance:

And the champion's looking to take advantage! Here comes Newbludd with a full head of steam!

A sudden cheer from the jam-packed crowd causes Reform's ears to twitch, and he snaps his attention to the incoming Newbludd. Winding up both arms, Milwaukee's Beast goes for a big double lariat but only scores home with one of them as Reform dives out of the way at the last second.

DDK:

There was no warning from Reform, and Brock blindsides TA Black with a strong clothesline!

The blow sends The Sacred Lamb stumbling into the ropes and Milwaukee's Beast follows up with a big discus punch that sends him flipping over them! Black hits the outside floor with an audible 'smack'!

Lance:

Black landed hard on the outside, but the adrenaline is still fresh, and he's already scrambling back to his feet!

As Black crawls onto the ring apron, Reform looks to take advantage of the situation and hits the ropes. Storming in, The Sage on the Stage leaves his feet and throws himself at Brock with a forearm raised. Brock drops to the mat at the last second, causing the soaring Reform to fly over him and hit Black square in the jaw with the flying forearm!

DDK:

Oh no! Black's hit off the apron and is down on the floor again!

Ned screams in frustration at Black and quickly turns back towards the ring. The second delay from yelling at his pupil costs The Good Doctor as Brock gets a step on him and capitalizes on it by popping Reform in the jaw with a big haymaker. A series of piston-like punches stagger Reform, and Newbludd pushes him into the ropes. The Sage on the Stage bounces off them and staggers back into his opponent's waiting arms. Wrapping him up tight, Milwaukee's Beast sends him flying toward the center of the ring courtesy of an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!

Lance:

The champion hits Reform with that patented overhead belly-to-belly, and with Black on the outside, this is Brock's chance to take the early advantage.

Pat Cassidy:

Know what you're seeing right hea? That's called dominance, fellas.

Hitting the mat, Reform shakes his head and flips onto his stomach. He quickly gets his arms under him and begins to push himself up. Getting his feet back under him, Ned starts to stand up but is snatched in a standing headlock by Brock. The headlock master is quick to react and pumps his legs forward. Putting a hand on Brock's back, Reform breaks free from the hold and sends Newbludd into the ropes.

DDK:

Reform with the quick recovery and even quicker reversal on that headlock.

Ned sets his feet and bends for a back body drop, but Milwaukee's Beast counters by kicking him squarely on the top of his bald head! The stunned Reform falls onto his back, and Newbludd grabs Ned's ankles and picks his feet off the mat. Ned's eyes widen, and he tries to free himself by kicking his legs, but Brock's grip is tight.

Lance:

It looks like Brock's going for a submission here! The veteran's no stranger to the mat game, partner!

With a grin, Newbludd forces Reform's legs to cross together. Clasping his hands together to keep them crossed,

Brock roars and powers Ned onto his stomach. Stepping over and spinning, Milwaukee's Beast completes the Texas Cloverleaf! The Sage on the Stage cries out in pain as Brock tightens down and rears back!

DDK:

Texas Cloverleaf has Ned Reform dead to rights in the middle of the ring!

Pat Cassidy:

No wasted movement! Hey, Keeblah... want a beeah?

DDK:

Uh, no thank you.

The Faithful begin to roar as Reform cries out in pain. Newbludd grits his teeth and leans further back, lifting Ned's legs higher for more leverage.

Lance:

He's got it fully applied, too! Reform needs to figure something out and fast!

Benny Doyle dives down and gets right in Reform's grimacing face.

Benny Doyle:

Whaddya say, Reform!?

Ned violently shakes his head.

Ned Reform:

NOOOOOO!

Suddenly, TA Black appears on the apron. He surveys the scene and frantically runs along the ropes until he lines up behind Newbludd. He rears back and leaps to the top rope before springboarding off.

DDK:

Here comes Black out of nowhere!

Soaring over the referee, Black grabs Newbludd by the back of the head and smashes his face into the mat with a bulldog!

Lance:

Impressive springboard by Black is finished off with a beauty of a bulldog to break the submission, much to the disappointment of this rabid DEFCON crowd!

Pat Cassidy:

God damn it. I'll tell ya, boys: I promised Newbludd I'd stay up here unless any of those other Honah Society clowns poked their noses in the match. But shit, that's getting hard to do.

With Brock down on the mat, Black rises to his feet and spins on a heel to face Reform. Sitting up with annoyance spread across his face, The Good Doctor scowls as the grinning Black sticks a hand out towards him.

DDK:

Reform's protege came through with the save, and now he's offering a helping hand. Is keeping in Ned's good graces more critical than a shot at winning the SOHER!?

Pat Cassidy:

Dipshit.

Still down on the mat, Brock shakes the cobwebs out of his head and looks over his shoulder to see his two opponents preoccupied with each other. Staying on the mat, he rolls to the ring apron and starts pulling himself up with the ropes.

Lance:

I'm not going to try to understand how Black's mind works at this point, partner. But I think what's more important right now is the fact that The Sacred Lamb should have followed up on that bulldog with some more offense!

Reform begrudgingly accepts Black's hand and winces in pain as he's hoisted off the mat. The Sage on the Stage bends over and checks his recently torqued knee while Black turns around to locate Newbludd. Confusion sets in quickly for him as Brock is nowhere to be found. A sudden roar from The Faithful snaps Black to attention, and he looks to the nearest corner just in time to see Milwaukee's Beast leaping off the top!

DDK:

Newbludd was given enough time to recover, and now he is taking flight!

Soaring towards Black like a human missile, The Diehard Defiant sticks an arm out, but Black shows that he's still The Escape Artist by rolling out of the way at the last second. Milwaukee's Beast changes plans mid-flight and shoots his other arm out to clobber the unsuspecting Reform with a high-powered flying clothesline!

Lance:

Black's help just cost his boss big time! Reform was just absolutely blindsided by that flying lariat!

Pat Cassidy:

THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

Newbludd and Reform crash to the mat. Hitting the back of his head hard on the canvas, The Mad Gadfly stares up at the lights with glazed eyes while next to him, The Last Action Hero begins to push himself up off the mat. Hoping to redeem himself, TA Black sprints to the nearest corner and scrambles up the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Now, he's looking to redeem himself with a high-risk move of his own!

With his back to the ring, The Sacred Lamb quickly glances over his shoulder, locates his target, and leaps off!

Lance:

REHABSAULT!

Spinning around, Milwaukee's Beast manages to get a bead on the incoming Black and quickly sidesteps, throwing a fist squarely into his upside-down opponent's stomach. A half second later, The Honor Society's star pupil crashes to the mat!

DDK:

Denied by the champion!

Pat Cassidy:

Christ, at this rate: we might make it downtown before last call!

The Faithful roar in approval and the fired-up Newbludd snaps his attention back to Reform to see The Good Doctor pulling himself up by the ropes. Charging ahead, Brock baseball slides under the bottom rope to land on the floor. Scrambling back up to stand on the apron, Milwaukee's Beast grabs the unsuspecting Reform by the head with both hands and jumps off. Unable to escape Newbludd's vise grip, Reform's neck hits the top rope, and Brock lets go just before his feet hit the floor, causing the rope to violently snap back up. The Good Doctor returns to the canvas in a heap and immediately brings both hands to his neck.

Lance:

Milwaukee's Beast is firing on all cylinders out of the gate, partner. He's fighting like a man who has something to prove tonight!

Pat Cassidy:

That's my boy!

With TA Black beginning to come to in the middle of the ring, Brock grabs the coughing Reform by the ankles and, with a roar, yanks Ned under the bottom rope to join him on the floor. Grabbing an arm, the co-owner of Ballyhoo Brew fires the leader of The Honor Society into the barricade with an Irish whip. Crashing into it, the wheezing Reform slumps down to the ground.

DDK:

Ned Reform is in a world of hurt on the outside after having his throat snapped across the top rope, but Newbludd's focus on The Good Doctor bought TA Black time to get back to his feet!

Leaving Reform crumpled against the barricade, Brock slides back into the ring and pops up to his feet just in time to receive a stiff boot to the gut from Black that doubles him over. The Sacred Lamb snatches a snug front face lock and pumps a fist to the sold-out United Center.

TA Black:

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAHHH!!

The Faithful respond with a chorus of boos as Black throws himself backward to spike Brock's head into the mat with a DDT. His eyes go wide in surprise as the attempt is blocked by Newbludd, who spreads his feet and wraps his arms around The Sacred Lamb's waist. Popping his hips, the action movie star lifts his squirming opponent off the mat and flips him all the way over, driving him into the canvas with a Northern Light Suplex!

Lance:

Brock with the reversal, and he's got the bridge!

Referee Doyle dives to the mat for the first pin attempt of the main event.

ONE!

TWO!!

Black kicks out!

DDK:

The surprise Northern Lights earns Newbludd a two count, but it's fair to say it's gonna take more than that to put away a wrestler of Black's caliber!

Despite being on the wrong end of the suplex, Black beats the winded Newbludd to his feet by a second and nails him in the chest with a kick that drops Milwaukee's Beast down to a knee. A follow-up kick rocks the side of Brock's head, and he nearly tips over but manages to get a hand underneath him to stay propped up on a knee.

Lance:

A couple of solid kicks from Black has the champion dazed!

Breaking out in a sprint towards the ropes, the agile Black leaps over the top rope to stand on the apron. In one fluid motion, The Sacred Lamb rears back and vaults onto the top rope, springboarding off it. Pumping his legs, Black attempts to take Newbludd's head off with a shotgun dropkick but finds nobody home as Brock instinctively rolls away from danger.

DDK:

Black's second springboard is not as successful as his previous one, as Newbludd avoids danger at the last second!

TA Black cries out in surprise and crashes down to the mat, landing hard on his back. Rolling over, he pushes himself back up and is met head-on by Newbludd, who begins to pepper him with rights and lefts. With The Faithful rallying around him, Milwaukee's Beast lands a haymaker that sends spit flying from Black's mouth. The stunned Black begins to tip backward, but the fiery champion prevents him from falling to the mat by latching onto a wrist.

Lance:

A barrage from Brock puts TA Black on his heels, but Milwaukee's Beast isn't done yet, partner!

Yanking Black in towards him, Newbludd doubles him over with a knee to the midsection. Sweat pouring from his face, the wild-eyed champion wraps his arms around his opponent and lets out a war cry as he powers him off his feet.

DDK:

He's got him all the way up, and Newbludd DRIVES Black down to the mat with a HUGE gut-wrench powerbomb!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Pat Cassidy:

That's it! Hook the leg, kid! Take us home!

The winded Newbludd does just that, rolling on top of the Black. Staring up at the lights, Milwaukee's Beast screams for Doyle to get to work, and Benny's all over it.

ONE!

DDK:

Look! Reform's up top now!

The camera cuts to The Good Doctor just in time to see him launch himself off the top turnbuckle!

TWO!!

Luck is on Newbludd's side as he catches a glimpse of the incoming Reform in the corner of his eye. Letting go of Black's leg, Milwaukee's Beast rolls out of the way at the last second and Reform PLANTS his elbow into TA Black's heart!

Lance:

SCHOLAR AND ELBOW! Reform's patented flying elbow connects and breaks up the pin but his prized pupil was the one to pay the price!

Pat Cassidy:

He shoulda picked bettah fuckin' friends.

Kicking his feet and clutching his chest, TA Black cries out in pain from being on the wrong end of his mentor's elbow. The Good Doctor screams in frustration as he rolls off his protege and scrambles to his feet. He looks down at Black and points an angry finger at him. The red-faced Reform opens his mouth to berate Black but doesn't get to unleash his fury as Brock suddenly appears behind him and snakes his arms up to lock in a full nelson! The Ballyhooligans begin to buzz in anticipation!

DDK:

Are we going to see the Shock and Awe!?

Lance:

Brock's got the full nelson locked in, but Reform knows what's next, and he's resisting with everything he has!

Thrashing his arms and shaking his head, the wide-eyed Reform screams in protest as Newbludd begins to pop his hips. Desperation kicking into overdrive, the SOHER's former owner stomps his heel into the top of its new one's foot. The Diehard DEFIANT cries out from the sudden pain, and Reform stomps again, forcing Brock's grip to loosen enough for The Good Doctor to slip free!

DDK:

Reform escapes certain doom, and he hits the ropes, looking to take the momentum away from the champion!

Eyes full of anger, Milwaukee's Beast sets his feet and motions for the sprinting Reform to come at him. Behind him, sitting on his knees, a woozy TA Black lunges at Newbludd and drops him to his knees with a chop block!

Lance:

Brock's cut down from behind, leaving him wide open!

Throwing himself forward, Reform SMOKES Newbludd in the face with a vicious knee to the face!

DDK:

And down he goes, courtesy of that spontaneous cooperative effort on the members of the Honor Society!

Pat Cassidy:

It's alright, it's alright. Newbludd knows what he's doing.

Reform and Black look to one another. A dastardly grin stretches across the TA's face as he once more offers his hand. After a brief moment of consideration, the Good Doctor grins as well, and accepts it!

Lance:

Looks like these two are finally ready to work together, rather than at odds with one another.

DDK:

It was too good to last! And now they go right to work on Brock, putting the boots to him! MEDIUM style!

After stomping a good-sized Brock Newbludd-shaped impression into the mat, Reform orders TA Black to the ropes while he pulls Milwaukee's Beast back to his feet. Black runs into them as Reform hoists Newbludd off his feet by the waist, and returns with a stepover enzuigiri aimed at the exposed head of the SOHER Champ!

DDK:

ASSISTED ENZUIGIRI nearly decapitates Brock Newbludd! Was that a modified Hart Attack?

Lance:

I'd call it a Brain Attack, if anything.

DDK:

It certainly makes my head hurt after seeing it in action!

Reform and Black keep up the momentum as they pull Brock off the mat before he has a chance to recover, lock up his head between them, and send him up and over onto his back with a hard double suplex!

DDK:

Double suplex by Black and Reform, now working perfectly in sync! This is exactly what Brock Newbludd did NOT want to have to deal with in this match!

Lance:

It's effectively a two on one now!

Pat Cassidy:

For fuck's sake... I promised him, guys. I'm staying right here. But I'm starting to regret that.

The doctor and patient combo peacock around the ring for a bit, pointing to their craniums and overly congratulating themselves, much to the chagrin of the Chicago wrestling Faithful. Then they peel Brock back up, toss him up against the near turnbuckles, and lay into him from both sides with ear-splitting chops!

DDK:

Two on one is right! Now the SOHER Champ is getting punished in the corner, with no way to defend himself!

Lance:

I know it's not ideal, Pat, but you're doing the right thing by letting the match play out. Those are the rules.

Pat Cassidy:

(silence)

DDK:

Be as it may, Brock has to overcome these odds alone! Now a double Irish whip sends him to the opposite corner... and now Ned Reform sends TA Black into motion!

Newbludd is lying stunned against the turnbuckles when he looks up and sees the Sacred Lamb going airborne with a BIG SPLASH... only to ROLL ASIDE at the last second, leaving Black to crash face-first into the corner! Brock switches targets, coming after Reform, but finds the Good Doctor already waiting for him...

DDK:

RUNNING KNEE LIFT by Reform!

Lance:

He couldn't avoid the Good Doctor, unfortunately.

DDK:

Reform now with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

BROCK KICKS OUT!

Reform stands over Newbludd, peppering his head with kicks as he sneers. He motions TA Black over and directs traffic. The former Rezin drapes Brock over the middle rope and holds him in place as Reform gets a head of steam off the ropes and lands leg first on top of Brock's back! Before Newbludd can escape, Reform repositions himself and while holding onto the top rope for leverage, he STANDS upright on Brock's back as pulls the top rope into the Milwaukee native's windpipe! TA Black falls to his knees and begins to applaud for the leader of the Honor Society. Ned holds it in place for a while, ignoring Benny Doyle's scoldings, as he chokes the life out of the champion.

DDK:

Unfortunately, there's no disqualification in a triple threat match!

Getting off Newbludd's back, Reform shoots an arrogant smirk toward the booing crowd. He leans in and says something unheard to TA Black before surprisingly rolling under the bottom rope and out of the ring. Ned grabs a steel chair from the timekeeper's area and plants his educated ass in that seat, motioning toward the ring for Black to "get on with it."

DDK:

It would appear The Good Doctor is willing to have TA Black do his dirty work!

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah, how fuckin' out of charactah, right?

In the ring, an eager Black unloads on the dazed Newbludd with a series of kicks that keep him stunned on the mat. A particularly vicious one to the head rocks Brock and has him seeing stars.

TA Black:

How do you like THAT... NNNYYYYEEEEEEWBLUDD?!

DDK:

TA Black is particularly dangerous with his feet - dare I even say, educated feet - and he's got the champ in a bad way!

Newbludd crawls toward a turnbuckle, using the pads to pull himself to his feet. He is unable to defend himself, however, when Rezin flies into him with a picture perfect running boot to the face. Brock slumps down in the corner in a seated position, and Black follows up with a running knee right into the champion's face! Black looks to the outside and gestures toward Newbludd.

TA Black:

DOC!! I DID THIS FOR YOUUUU!!

Reform smiles and responds with a polite golf clap.

Pat Cassidy:

Fuck this. I'm going down thea to wipe that smirk off his face.

Lance:

Have faith, Pat! Brock can get himself out of this.

Black whips the dazed Saturday Night Special into the ropes... but as The Sacred Lamb waits to hit a move on the rebound, instead Brock is able to slide UNDER the ropes instead of bouncing off them!

DDK:

Brock under the ropes... and he finds himself face-to-face with a still seated Ned Reform!

Time freezes for a second as Brock and Ned lock eyes... and The Good Doctor gets wiped out with a superkick right to the mush!

Pat Cassidy:

Hell yeah!

After his eyes bug out in surprise, TA Black rushes to his mentor's aid by leaping over the top with a suicide dive... but Brock pulls Ned right into Black's path!

Lance:

All the champion needed was a tiny opening and he's back in control!

Standing up, Black only has a minute to emote over his great mishap before Newbludd sends him into the nearby ringsteps. Moving quickly, Brock reaches down to grab The Sage on the Stage's bald head and rolls him back into the ring. Without giving Reform any time to recover, Brock hooks and drops him with a big T-Bone Suplex! Brock hooks the leg DEEP and makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Lance:

Reform kicks out!

DDK:

Now that he's gotten a taste of what might happen if Reform and Black end up on the same page, he's looking to end this as quickly as he can!

Pat Cassidy:

Well, if Doctor Dipshit hadn't been taking his sweet ass time on the outside, they might still be in control wouldn't they?

DDK:

That's... that's a good observation.

Pat Cassidy:

Thanks, guy.

Keeping the pace quick, Brock gets to the top rope in record time. With Reform laid out below him, he sets up for the Big Elbowski...

Pat Cassidy:

Shit!

...but before he can leap off, TA Black appears behind him and yanks his leg out, crotching him on the top rope!

DDK:

Brock was moving quickly, but seemingly not quick enough!

Ever eager to please, TA Black takes advantage of Brock's vulnerable position by leaping himself and sending Brock down to the mat with a hurricanrana off the top! With the champ down, Black moves into position to make the cover... but then seemingly realizes what he's doing and stops himself! Pausing in mid-leap, he instead gets wide-eyed and takes several steps back as if slowly moving away from the scene of a crime.

Lance:

Perhaps a moment of weakness from TA Black?

DDK:

You have to remember how much the SOHER means to Erik Black as the former Rezin. It's sort of his white whale - how many times has he come SO close to winning that championship?

The crowd starts to give TA Black shit so he turns to them and exaggeratingly denies any wrongdoing. Black sees Reform getting back to his feet and runs over and gives his mentor an over-the-top hug.

TA Black:

WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER, DOC!

The Good Doctor seems confused by this behavior. He peels Black off him and gives him a half hearted pat on the back before pointing toward Brock Newbludd. As Newbludd pulls himself back up to a vertical base, Reform pushes TA Black aside and approaches the champion. Just as Brock gets upright, Ned drops to his knees and nails a blatant low blow right in the Milwaukee Made Man's little cheese curds! TA Black falls to one knee and begins to applaud enthusiastically.

Lance:

There was no need for that, but it's no disqualification, and Ned is just being a jerk.

Pat Cassidy:

“Jerk” is one word for it, yeah. I’ve got anotha...

DDK:

Reform is heading up top! Looking to end this!

Perched on the top rope, Ned readies himself to fly off the top and likely drive his elbow into the heart of the champion... but there’s one problem. TA Black, still fired up from how happy he was about Ned’s low blow attack, has been bouncing around the ring in celebration. He’s so excited, in fact, that he kneels down to get in Brock’s face. And in the process of trash talking, he gets so excited that he climbs on top of Brock and starts firing away with right hands.

DDK:

Another moment of miscommunication... Ned can’t hit the Scholar and Elbow with TA Black in the way!

Pat Cassidy:

Miscommunication my ass. He’s doing this on purpose... mark my words, boys: that right thea is fuckin’ REZIN and he’s waiting for his chance to put the knight right in Doctor Dickhead’s back!

Reform stands on the top rope, balls flying in the wind, as he barks angrily at Black to get out of the way, but the Sacred Lamb is way too in the zone with punching away at Brock Newbludd to hear anything he’s saying. Finally, reality seems to break through Erik Black’s hysteria, as he finishes his onslaught and climbs off Brock. He sees the now red-faced Reform, still on the top, still barking at him in rage. Black squints his eyes and cups his ear as if he can’t make out what Ned is saying.

DDK:

Wait... Brock from behind! A kick right into the posterior of TA Black!

TA Black:

BLEGHK!!

Lance:

Black falls forward, into the ropes!

Pat Cassidy:

HA! Ned falls balls-first right onto the turnbuckle! That’s fuckin’ wonderful!

A BIG powerslam by Brock Newbludd takes TA Black to the mat. Grabbing Black by his hair extensions, the SOHER tosses Black over the top rope to the outside. With Ned still holding his testicles in pain while straddling the top rope, Brock takes position in the opposite turnbuckle. He leans back and cups his hands to his mouth...

Brock Newbludd:

BALLLLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!

The Faithful & Pat Cassidy:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

And The Last Action Hero bursts out of the corner at a sprint and in one sickly fluid motion, leaps up to the top rope where Ned sits and wraps his arms around his waist, falling backwards and sending Ned sailing through the air with belly-to-belly off the top rope!

Pat Cassidy:

HELL YEAH! MAKE THAT COVAH KID!

Brock hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO! TA Black leaps into the ring and breaks up in the pin by BLASTING Brock across the back with a steel chair!

Pat Cassidy:

SHIT!

The fans give TA Black hell as he keeps his grip on the chair and begins to lay into Brock with it. Newbludd tries to cover up, but there's little he can do against the onslaught from the unforgiving steel.

WHACK!

TA Black:

WHERE!

WHACK!

TA Black:

IS!

WHACK!

TA Black:

THE!

WHACK!

TA Black:

GOSH!

WHACK!

TA Black:

DARNED!!

WHACK!

TA Black:

TRUST?!?

There is the rustle of a tossed headset. A quick cut to the announce table shows that Cassidy has stood up, seemingly prepared to get involved. He paces back and forth at the top of the ramp, seemingly conflicted.

DDK:

Anything is legal in a triple threat match, folks!

By now, Black has let up his onslaught, and double-takes at the sight of the discombobulated Good Doctor shaking out the cobwebs across the ring. Then he looks at the chair in his hands. Then, ever so gradually, his eyes grow wide and his lips stretch into a crazed grin.

Lance:

That's a VERY FAMILIAR looking face TA Black is wearing!

DDK:

Could it be? Are we seeing him FINALLY lapse back into Rezin here tonight, by turning on the very man who "rehabilitated" him into TA Black?

A dazed Ned Reform uses the ropes to pull himself up. He turns to see the steel chair in TA Black's hand. The pair lock eyes and for a moment you get the sense things aren't exactly okay between them. The crowd buzzes in anticipation for what, at this point, is a showdown they're waiting for...

FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!

But with a crazed smile, TA Black simply hands the chair over! With a sly smile, Reform takes it before WHACKING Brock across the back with a shot of his own!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

It would appear that we might have our answer: these two are on the same - woah!

A commotion arises as on the ramp, an angry Pat Cassidy (who seemingly was about to march to the ring to help) is attacked from behind by TA Cole! Cassidy and Cole begin to brawl on the ramp, whipping the Faithful sitting closest to them into a frenzy!

DDK:

TA COLE IS HERE! And we've got a brawl right here!

Lance:

But look - in the ring! The Honor Society has something big planned...

Working in tandem, TA Black and Doc Reform toss the hurtin' Brock Newbludd out of the ring to the floor. Reform follows him out, picking him off the ringside floor and placing him on the roof of The Saturday Night Special's golf cart!

DDK:

This... this could be bad!

The Good Doctor grabs the cord of a nearby camera and uses it to choke the life out of Brock, ensuring that he won't be getting up! Meanwhile, in the ring, a bug-eyed TA Black climbs to the top rope and looks down at Brock's prone body like a hungry predator.

TA Black:

It's ALL OVER for you NOW... NNNYYYEEEEEEEEEEWWWWBLUDDD!!

Lance:

TA Black is about to seriously put his body on the line here... seemingly all for Ned Reform!

Ned releases the chokehold and steps back, gesturing wildly for Black to leap off the top and crash onto Brock and the golf cart. In the ring, Benny Doyle tries to talk Black out of it, but the Honor Society member ain't hearing it. Aggressively, he slaps himself in the face a few times, hyping himself up...

TA Black:

YEAAAAAAHHHH!!!

...before leaping off the top with the MOTHER of all REHABSAULTS! Flash bulbs go off...

...and BROCK ROLLS OFF OF THE CART...

...sending TA BLACK THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE GOLF CART AND INTO A HEAP!!

TA Black:

B-B-B-B-LEEEEEEGGGHHHK!!!

HO - LY - SHIT!

HO - LY - SHIT!

HO - LY - SHIT!

DDK:

Nobody home!! TA Black might have just taken himself out of this contest permanently!

Reform's hands go to his head and his eyes bug out as his mouth hangs open in shock. When he shakes himself out of the surprise trance, he reaches for Brock Newbludd, attempting to send him face-first into the nearby steel turnbuckle.

DDK:

No! Brock reverses - and Ned flies into the turnbuckle!

Lance:

Reform is down - Brock sees his chance! He rolls TA Black into the ring! He covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEE!!

DDK:

NO! Somehow, TA Black kicks out!!

Brock takes a moment in the ring to regroup from the surprise of that kick out. He quickly checks with Benny Doyle who confirms that yes, that was a two count. A kick cut back to the top of the ramp where we see that Cassidy and Cole have brawled into the crowd. Meanwhile, back in the ring, Brock attempts to re-group. He hits the ropes, attempting to rebound and charge at Black with something, but from the outside Ned Reform grabs his leg!

DDK:

Reform attempting to stop Brock's momentum... but no! Brock reaches over the top rope and grabs the Good Doctor!

With his hands on his bald head, Brock brings Ned up onto the apron... and sends him back down with a big right hand to the dome! Satisfied with his work, Brock turns back toward Black... but turns right into a CLOVEN HOOF KICK!!

Lance:

OH MAN! BLACK CATCHES THE CHAMPION OFF GUARD!

TA Black:

YEAAAAAAHHHH!!!

DDK:

BLACK WITH THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO! BROCK KICKS OUT!

Lance:

TA Black was HALF a second away from becoming the Southern Heritage Champion!

Black gets back to his feet... and locks eyes with Ned Reform who just got back into the ring. Black freezes like a deer caught in headlights as Reform's bug eyes drill an accusing look into his "star" pupil!

Lance:

Ned saw the pin attempt! Black just tried to win the SOHER!

DDK:

All is not well in Honor Society land!

Ned slowly approaches TA Black, his eyes permanently trapped in bug mode.

TA Black:

NononoNONO-NO-NOOOO, DOC, YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG HERE! You see, I just SLIPPED and FELL on top of him! PURE ACCIDENT! Come on, WHERE'S THE TRUST!? Would THIS FACE LIE TO YOU?!

Black begins to stammer, seemingly trying to justify what Ned saw, but The Good Doctor ain't having it. He points a finger in TA Black's face and begins to bark some harsh words as his face begins to turn red. Black tries to amp up the apology, but it gets him nowhere... as REFORM SUDDENLY SLAPS TA BLACK ACROSS THE FACE!!!

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Reform keeps ranting as Black absorbs the blow in disbelief. He holds his cheek and looks out into the crowd for a second trying to process what his "savior" just did to him. A few seconds pass before...

OOOOOOOHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

TA BLACK SHOVES NED REFORM AS HARD AS HE CAN!!

The crowd reacts STRONGLY in favor of this! That response DOUBLES in intensity when Reform stumbles back right into...

Lance:

GERMAN SUPLEX BY BROCK NEWBLUDD!! HE BRIDGES!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

...NO!

TA Black breaks up the count!!

DDK:

We might be seeing TA Black's time in the Honor Society dissolve before our very eyes!

Lance:

Black's got Brock... INTO THE VOID!!

DDK:

Oh man!! This could be it!!

The Faithful are on their FEET as TA Black stands over BOTH Ned Reform and Brock Newbludd. Brock has just been wiped out by his finisher... but Black doesn't move. He runs his hands through his fake hair. He paces back and forth talking to himself!

DDK:

Do it, Erik! Ned wouldn't hesitate!

The crowd offers words of encouragement as TA Black continues to wrestle with his own conscience. He looks to the crowd who PLEAD with him to make the cover. Finally, his uncertainty melts away and his face becomes a picture of steely resolve. He makes his move...

DDK:

TA Black put Ned Reform on top of Brock Newbludd!!!

Lance:

He's made his choice!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!!

Lance:

...NO!! PAT CASSIDY!!! PAT CASSIDY BREAKS UP THE COUNT!!!

TA Black rushes back to his feet just in time to turn into a Pat Cassidy clotheslines that sends both men over the top. One the outside, The Saturday Night Special launches Black like a dart over the barricade and into the front row! Cassidy follows as the pair begin to brawl in the crowd!

DDK:

Brock Newbludd's best friend was there to even the odds... and left in the ring is the champion and former champion!

Of the two men, Ned is the first to recover - albeit slowly. He looks around, seeing no TA Black in sight. Sneering, he measures Brock Newbludd, readying to finish this as Brock begins to climb to his feet.

Lance:

For the moment, TA Black is off the board... but Ned is in a good position to get the title back!

Reform stalks, and stalks, and stalks... once Brock is up, he's met with a boot to the gut. Reform grabs him and hooks him for a brainbuster, not delaying at all when he lifts Newbludd in the air...

DDK:

Ned looking for the Syllabuster...

Lance:

...NO! Brock slips down the back!

Brock lands on his feet behind Ned, spinning him around and hitting the Good Doctor with a gut kick of his own! Ned lifts the dazed Reform into the air...

DDK:

WISCONSIN DEATH TRAP! A pretty vicious move that we rarely see from Brock Newbludd!!

Lance:

Ned's head just got SPIKED into the mat!

Reform is out, and Brock collapse on top of him as Benny Doyle moves in to make the count...

ONE!

Outside the ring, a frantic TA Black tries to get into the ring to help, but Pat Cassidy holds him back!

TWO!

On the ramp, Weighted Grade begin a slow, big-guy run toward the ring, but no way they're making it in time!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

The Faithful explode!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... and STILL Southern Heritage Champion... BROCK! NEWBLUDD!

DDK:

He did it!! Brock Newbludd retains the Southern Heritage Championship!!

Cassidy releases TA Black, who falls to his knees and raises his fists to the sky in anger.

TA Black:

NNNNNNNEEEWWWWBLLLOOOOODDDDD!!!

Cassidy, meanwhile, gets in the ring holding an equalizer in a steel chair. He readies himself to swing, signaling to Weighted Grade (and TA Cole who has joined them) that they enter the ring at their own peril. Cole manages to reach in and grab Ned Reform by a leg, pulling him under the bottom rope to safety. TA Black joins them at the base of the ramp as The Honor Society can do nothing but glare in anger at The Saturday Night Specials.

Lance:

It wasn't easy - and for much of this match, it certainly felt like a handicap affair - but Brock Newbludd has held onto his title by hook or by crook!

As Brock blinks his eyes to clear the cobwebs and get to his feet, Benny Doyle walks over to him with the Southern Heritage Champion belt. Cassidy reaches for it and takes it instead, insisting on presenting it to his partner in crime. Cassidy takes the belt and holds it to the fans who roar back in approval.

A slight twinkle in Cassidy's eye. He pauses, looking at the title in his hand. Looking perhaps... a little too long.

DDK:

And Ned Reform is NOT happy!

Outside the ring, Ned Reform STORMS past his army of TAs as they try to talk to him. Without looking back, he marches up the ramp. There, he is met by Sweet Sanders, who also tries to talk some sense into him... but he brushes RIGHT past her!

Lance:

While they worked together well for much of tonight, we saw more than a few fireworks between Ned Reform and TA Black... I wonder what the future of that relationship is!

In the ring, Brock Newbludd is up, and Cassidy's trance-like state while staring at the SOHER is broken. With a smile, he hands the belt over to his friend. For a moment, they both hold it... until the rightful champ takes it away. Cassidy grabs Brock's hand and raises it high into the air as The Faithful explode with cheers!

Lance:

It's been quite a year for those two... lots of ups and downs... but something tells me the next year is going to be bright for our Southern Heritage Champion!!

DDK:

For Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler... that's it for Night 1, ladies and gentlemen! See you tomorrow night for what is sure to be some exciting DEFIANCE action!

The last shot of DEFCON Night 1 are the Saturday Night Specials enjoying some cold ones in the ring. Newbludd makes sure to tap a Ballyhoo Brew can against the SOHER before leaping to the top rope and holding it high!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.