

And just like that, we're back

[And just like that, we're back.]

♪ Yah Yah Yah, Yah Yah ♪

[The screen flickers to life.]

♪ Yah Yah Yah, Yah Yah ♪

[The red and black DEFIANCE 'distressed' logo swallows the screen]

♪ Yah Yah Yah, Yah Yah ♪

[The logo begins to pulse before exploding into a million tiny, defiant pieces.]

♪ Yah Yah Yah, Yah Yah ♪

[It is replaced by the brand spankin' new, polished and pretty MASTERS OF WRESTLING: GRAND CHAMPIONS LEAGUE logo, complete with sparkles and plenty of shine. At the last possible second the words PRE-SEASON slap down onto the logo with a clang]

[Cue: VIDEO MONTAGE!]

♪ When I step up in the place ♪

♪ ay yo I step correct ♪

[Aaron Vasquez holds the Defiance Heavyweight Crown aloft after bullying his way through the D1 Champions Carnival.]

♪ Woo-Hah ♪

♪ got you all in check ♪

[Jeff Andrews thought he'd won the Defiance Rumble, he found out otherwise as the ever-dubious COOL Cancer Jiles snuck back into the ring behind him and dumped him up and over the top rope, securing his spot in the DEF main event picture!]

♪ I got that head nod shit ♪

♪ make you break your neck ♪

[Bronson Box breaks the back of his friend and confidant, Evan Hurley, and looks down on him in disgust on his way to becoming the most dominant force in DEF history. Ronnie Long brutally smashes the head of Justin Brooks into a metal grate repeatedly]

♪ Woo-Hah ♪

♪ I got you all in check ♪

[Jonny Booya powerbombs Tom Sawyer into the trunk of a car. Tom Sawyer careens through the air on a zipline, destroying Cole Christenson with a SUPER-DUPER-UBER VAN TOMINATOR!]

♪ And you know we come through ♪

♪ to wreck the disco tech ♪

[Troy Matthews steps up off of the knee of the mighty Trendkiller and crushes the back of his skull with an Enzugiri, knocking the hulking giant out cold. Kengoro Sugamoto hits some guy with the enzui lariat.]

♪ Woo-Hah ♪

♪ I got you all in check ♪

[Something from Aggro-Crag 2.]

♪ Throw your hands up in the air ♪

♪ don't ever disrespect ♪

[Inside the Steel Cage on the Season 3 Finale an enraged Boston Bancroft nearly tears Bronson Box's head off in the Boston Massacre, causing the Scottish Strongman to tap his World Championship away!]

♪ Woo-Hah ♪

♪ I got you all in check ♪

[Heidi Christenson clutches the Defiance World Championship to her chest after having been taken to the limit by Xavier Langston, she'd climbed the mountain again after eight long years. The Defiance Faithful adore the Beautiful Dreamer in all of her championship glory.]

[!FLASH!]

[Welcome back to **DEFIANCE**.]

[The screen flips to the Defiance Commentation Station from the opening graphics and Busta Rhymes continues to rap in the background as we are greeted by the Senior Executive Producer of All Things Defiant, Angus Skaaland, and the Cross-Wired Timebomb himself Jeff Andrews sitting at the desk for the return of the only promotion that matters.]

Angus Skaaland:

HO! LEE! FUCK!

[As usual, Angus is entirely too excited.]

Angus:

It's been TOO GODDAMNED LONG, but DEFIANCE is back on the air!

Jeff Andrews:

And back on ESEN to boot!

Angus:

Quiet! Old man!

[Andrews cocks a surly eyebrow.]

Jeff:

You try that "old" shit with me one more time an' I'll hit you with all seven Andrews Drivers.

[Angus cocks an eyebrow and then starts counting on his fingers.]

Angus:

I thought there were only six Andrews Drivers?

Jeff: [deadpan]

Your face gives me ideas.

Angus:

Your baldspot gives me ideas!

[Smack.]

Jeff:

Don't disrespect the spot.

[Flustered, Skaaland circles the wagons and comes back to what brought him to the game: EXPERT COMMENTARY!]

Angus:

Fine, whatever. NEWAYZ, After much deliberation, payola, and obfuscation DEFIANCE Wrestling has been deemed fit for television once again, AND THIS TIME IT'S FOR ALL THE MARBLES!

Jeff:

Do go on.

Angus:

We're going to be bringing the highest caliber of COMPETITION to the World of Wrestling over the next few months as we present to the world the GRAND CHAMPIONS LEAGUE and crown the first ever MASTER OF WRESTLING!

Jeff:

I can only assume that there's a catch!

Angus:

As it stands, we're just warming up, and tonight starts the beginning of the OFFICIAL Pre-Season to the Grand Champions League!

Jeff:

Well in that case, let's CRANK THIS MOTHER UP!

[Cut.]

Call me J

[Backstage, Eric Dane's office.]

[TEH BAWS is on the phone.]

Dane:

Yeah ... Yeah ... Yup ...

[He nods.]

Dane:

Absolutely, I'm glad to have you here! I know it's a change of venue and all, but that's a good thing! Just look at me over in the New Frontier...

[More listening, more nodding.]

Dane:

Hey, the League is yours to win, man, just make sure you take care of that thing for me, okay? I want Box to understand that no matter what his God tells him, he isn't the baddest man on the planet, and he isn't the biggest dog in the yard.

[Nod.]

Dane:

Absolutely. Well listen, you need to get ready for your match and I've got a meeting, so I'll let you go. Stop by later, we'll work out the details on something long-term. Alright.

[Click.]

[iPhones don't click, but whatever.]

[Before he can so much as get the phone back into his breast pocket a knock comes to the door. He rolls his eyes before answering.]

Dane:

Come on in.

[The door opens and in walks CHZ Hall of Famer J Stevenson.]

Dane:

Good afternoon, Jason, have a seat.

[Stevenson's brow furrows.]

Stevenson:

Call me J.

Dane:

Whatever. What can I do for you?

[Stevenson takes a seat.]

Stevenson:

Right to business, I like that. Now, I don't have to tell you about World Titles or Halls of Fame, and I don't think I have to tell you that I'm the guaranteed favorite to win this whole th-

[He is interrupted.]

Dane:

Specifically what is it that you do have to tell me?

Stevenson:

You obviously know who I am. You know my pedigree, and you know what I can do. I just wanted to avail myself to you personally, you know, should you need anything that someone of my particular skillset might have to offer.

[The Only Star contemplates...]

Dane:

You know, I think I might have something for you...

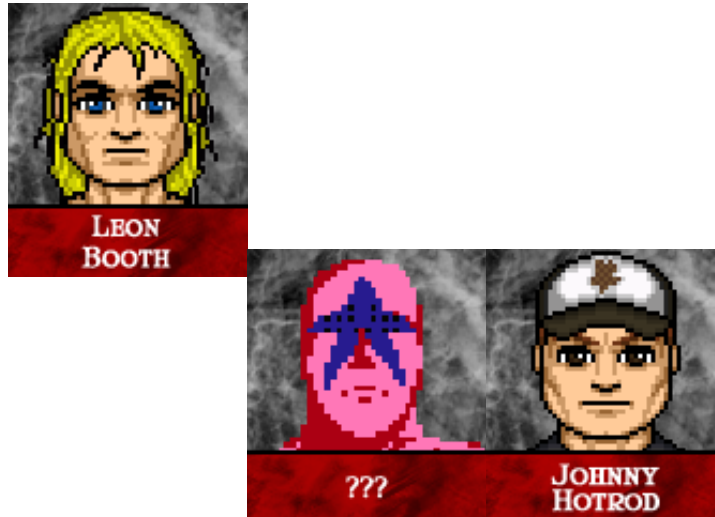
[Cut.]

[What? You thought I was gonna show you the good stuff?]

Team Got Heart? vs Team Other Team



vs.



The broadcast was off sync and so we started with both teams in the ring. Maybe one of the guys in production didn't feel like writing more entrances or something. Well, all of Team Got Heart? and Booth and Hotrod for Team Other Team. Rich Mahogany was off at ringside macking on some chick who could best be described as "solidly above average but nothing special either", apparently encouraging her to pour baby oil on his chest.

Funny thing, the Defiance fans still weren't much behind Justin Brooks, and they even cheered the less-than-popular himself Leon Booth as he backed Brooks into the corner and chopped him. Pulled him out and into a short arm clothesline. Pulled him back up, back in, and gave him a spiked drop toe hold right onto the bottom turnbuckle! At this point, Johnny Hotrod was demanding the tag, but Booth just snarled at him. And that snarl gave Brooks some time to fight back. Bombing lefts and rights backed The Lion up, Booth took a wild swing that Brooks ducked, and took him up and over with a german! Booth tried to rally back immediately, but Brooks cut him off with a dropkick and Booth fell out of the ring at Sawyer Reed's feet (she's still hot, folks, don't worry. god bless the dude who invented daisy dukes)

So in came Johnny Hotrod to mix it up with Brooks. Hotrod was ready to scrap, Brooks was more than willing to take it and hand it right back, and the men went face to face throwing bombs. The fans cheered, and then they cheered louder as neither man was willing to take a step back. And it was finally Brooks who got the advantage - Hotrod thought to take a quick try at the Crash and Burn, Brooks had it scouted, and took him up and over in a reverse suplex! He ran the ropes, and Hotrod was there scissoring the leg to trip him down and rolling him into a leglock. Hotrod stood up, torquing the ankle, Brooks fought up to his feet and managed to knock Hotrod back with a modified enzuigiri. He rolled out of the ring and in came Máscara de Muerte IV - straight into a belly to belly suplex! Hotrod grabbed the Luchador by the mask, ran him across the ring and slammed him to the mat, sending him skidding under the bottom rope. Building up some speed Hotrod dived out of the ring with a suicide dive!

As Hotrod recovered on the outside, he proceeded to brutalize the Luchador, whipping him off the turnbuckle and into the guardrail, then clotheslining him over into the stands. With Rich Mahogany having hit up all the above-average chicks and having moved on to the average chicks, Leon Booth took the ring against Eugene Dewey, who he brought into the ring by the orange afro. Dewey couched down, and appeared to be trying to electrify himself. All it did was

make him sweat a little bit harder, and annoy Booth into kicking him even harder than he might have.

Brooks had no patience for watching this. He stepped in, and suggested to Leon that Round 2 was on. Booth decided that his opening move for the round would be a tackle-clothesline, and the both of them went over the ropes and landed at ringside.

So here's Dewey trying to electrify himself and Mahogany trying to decide whether to start hitting on the below-average chicks, or just go wrestle, and since it's just Eugene Dewey in the ring and that dude has obviously never been laid, he can't possibly be worth anything.

Rich Mahogany went into the ring and tried taking Dewey over for an outlaw roll. Dewey kicked out in two. Clumsily, but even if he's no athlete, you get pretty strong lugging 300 lbs around. So Mahogany went to pick Dewey up, and Dewey landed on him! Since it worked once, Eugene hit a standing splash on Mahogany. Only Mahogany rolled out of the way and Dewey beached himself on the ring.

Grabbing a handful of orange afro, Mahogany pulled him very slowly, up to one knee, and then grabbed Dewey's wrist in both hands and twisted in opposite directions. INDIAN BURN!

And as PTSD can awaken killing instinct in war veterans, the high school bullying move awakened something in Eugene, and he exploded slowly and fatly off the mat with a SHORUYKEN!

Mahogany toppled backwards and Dewey flopped down on him for the pin!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

Your winner via Shoryuken: Team Got Heart? (Eugene Dewey)

BUT!!!!

J Stevenson was running down the ramp and he had some sort of jagged piece of metal in his hands. It wasn't anything horribly lethal, just a twisted piece of tin, but sharp enough for what he intended it for.

Grabbing Eugene by the hair, Stevenson yanked his head back, pressed that piece of metal into his forehead and slowly dragged it from one side to the other, leaving a dripping crimson streak in its wake.

Wayne Dewey screamed and ran away like a little girl, and Stevenson went back for a second cut, making a lopsided sort of X. And then to finish it off, a nice solid stab dead center in the forehead. With Dewey's face pouring blood on the mats, Stevenson headed to the back.

AnguJeffy commentary 01

Angus:

Great Googley MOTHERFREAKIN' Moogley!

Jeff:

Yeah, J Stevenson is edgy and cutting edge and totally badass just look at him bleed a fellow face like a stuck pig for three entire points.

Angus:

Are you fuckin' serious? He's **winning!** This is what he gets paid for.

Jeff:

Oh... yeah. That totally makes sense.

Angus:

Are you drunk? Do you think that people really get to be over just because their girlfriend is the World Champion?

Jeff:

Yes.

Angus:

I fucking hate you so much.

Team The Miscreants vs Team SRS BZNS



Pounding drums. Crunching guitars. "King of Pain" by Loudness. No lyrics will be transcribed because damned if anyone can understand what they're saying and damned if it matters this is an awesome fucking song. All business, Team SRS BZNS came out like the match was... serious business or something. Adam Waterman lead the way, Leon Maddox came second, and Kengoro Sugamoto was last.

Cut.

Fade up "Endless Challenge".

Troy Matthews, Jack Cassidy and LORD GARNDO NOSEJ (Dragon Jones, for the uninitiated) tore out of the back and stopped at the top of the ramp. One by one they each raised the devil horns over their heads (technically, Dargon missed his cue and didn't notice until he looked at Jack to see wtf was going on). As the epic guitar wailing started, Troy banged his head in time to the beat and Jack... grabbed a steel chair for theplaying of the air guitar.

Dragon, seeing his arch nemesis in the hands of one of his tag partners, went catatonic.

Troy facepalmed, got Jack's attention. Troy's girlfriend, Saori Kazama, made her way out of the back. As Jack charged the ring, Troy got Dragon's ankles, Saori got his arms, and they dragged Lord Dagrno to the ring.

Once everyone was in the ring, as referee Carla Ferrari started checking Team The Miscreants for weapons, Leon Maddox decided to jump the gun and rushed in, hitting Jack with a forearm smash! Sugamoto and Waterman followed, Sugamoto heading straight for Matthews and Waterman unloading on poor Drgaon.

Outside the ring in the grand puroresu tradition, Sugamoto threw Matthews into the PILE OF CHAIRS and then threw random chairs at him. Waterman bullied the hell out of Dnargo, belly to belly suplexing him up the ringside aisle and then press tossing him into the ring post. In the ring, Maddox took over on Cassidy. Anyone who caught the promotional footage heard that Maddox had maybe just a little bit of an issue here with Jack. Punches and forearms and whaling on the back. He pulled Jack up to his feet, sent him off the ropes, Jack ducked the forearm swing, jumped straight to the top and came off with a moonsault cross body! Rolling to his feet Jack clapped his hands to get the fans going, tore off against the ropes again and came back at Maddox with a tornillo. Maddox bailed.

Waterman left off beating up Drgnao to club Jack from behind in the ring, and then throw him overhead with a BIG belly to back suplex! Of course big suplexes put cruiserweights closer to the ropes than their opponents, and Jack was trained by a Luchador, so he was quickly out of the ring, and in came Troy Matthews! Matthews lit up Waterman

with alternating shin roundhouse kicks to the legs and ribs. Jumping back kick staggered the big man into the ropes, and Troy rushed in with a spinning heel kick to send Waterman over the top rope and out to the floor. Waterman landed on his feet outside, Troy ran the far ropes and came back, diving over the top and wiping him out with a somersault plancha!

And Dronga Soeijn ended up stuck in the ring, alone, with Kengoro Sugamoto.

This turned into an epic brutalizing. Kengoro pasted Dargon with chop after chop until the young man's chest was red and covered in welts. Hundred Hand Slap, until Jnose's eyes were moving in different directions, and then an exploder suplex. One... Two... and Sugamoto lifted him up out of the fall. Boos rained down as Sugamoto sent him for an Irish whip, pulled him back into a lariat, leaving Jnsoe on his shoulders with his legs over his head. Arrogant one hand cover - KICKOUT!

Tag to Leon Maddox who used an armwringer, elbowed the elbow, flipped Dragon (out of ways to misspell his name, sorry) to the mat, and dropped another elbow on the elbow. Tag to Waterman, who scooped up Dragon and hit a shoulderbreaker. Tag back to Sugamoto, who put Dragon on his shoulder, ran him into the corner and out with a powerslam!

And then a brief comedy spot where Sugamoto dragged Jones perpendicular to the turnbuckle to set up an aerial move but neither Waterman nor Maddox were willing to climb the turnbuckle.

Then back to beating up poor Lord Dargno. Kengoro whipped him to the corner, followed him in. Dragon did a handstand to escape, and Kengoro hit the buckle! Dragon hit him with a backfist, a second one, and a standing 'rana to put him on the ground! Jumping out of the ring, waiting for Kengoro to get back up, Dragon springboarded in for a springboard european uppercut!

Crawling inch by inch, Dragon worked his way to his own corner and - slapped the hand of Troy Matthews! Sugamoto exited the ring as Maddox came in to meet him, and the old respect-rivals from OLW exchanged shots. Shin kick from Matthews, elbow shot from Maddox, the exchange stopped when Troy clocked Maddox in the back of the head with an enzuigiri, dropping him to one knee. In came Waterman for the save, Matthews ducked the attempted clothesline and high back kicked Waterman right in the jaw, sending him stumbling down! Matthews turned back on Maddox only to catch a knee and a hammerlock scoop slam. Dragon ran in and hit Maddox with a clothesline that sent them both over the top rope.

In came Sugamoto, ready to bring the pain to Jack Cassidy - but Jack was ready! Savate kick stunned Kengoro on his feet, a second one wobbled him, and the Rip Kick (some weird spinning heel kick variation where Jack manages to hit them in the back of the head even though he's standing in front of them) connected and dropped Sugamoto! Taking a running start, Jack hit the near ropes, the far ropes, leapt lightly backwards to the top of the near ropes and flew off with a corkscrew stardust plancha! Jacks Are Wild! This one not only hit Waterman and Maddox, but Dragon as well.

You better believe that got a Holy Shit chant.

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

(see?)

Matthews was stalking after Sugamoto and was aiming for the Trendsetter. But Kengoro, even though he'd declared Jack the threat for Team The Miscreants, still had the Trendsetter scouted. He ducked, hooked Matthews' non-kicking leg and locked him in an STF! The fans screamed, and Matthews managed to get his hand on the ropes. Sugamoto pulled him up, pasted him with several slaps, ending with one to the back of the head that dropped Matthews to his knees. From there, Sugamoto underhooked the arms and delivered the Zannin Driver!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....KICKOUT!!!

Sugamoto slammed the mat with both fists, pulled Matthews to his feet, and set up the Zero Raid. As he ran, Saori Kazama screamed a warning to Matthews in the ring, and Matthews dropped and pulled down the ropes! Sugamoto flew over the top and wiped out Waterman on the floor! Jack and Dragon threw Maddox into the ring. Dragon got Maddox in a fisherman's lift, picked him up and hooked the other leg - Jack was there to hold Maddox steady so Dragon didn't just drop him - Muscle Buster! Jack picked him up, hooked him for the Facewaster...

and reaching over Jack's shoulder to grab at the referee's shirt, Maddox snuck in a low soccer kick!

Jack doubled over, Maddox Irish whipped him, brought him back with the arm bent around his back, hooked the leg...

THE BEST DDT IN THE UNIVERSE!!

Maddox quickly rolled Jack over into a cover and the ref, not seeing the low blow, made the count!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

Winner, via "The Best DDT In The Universe": Team SRS BZNS (Leon Maddox)

Sugamoto and Waterman joined Maddox in the ring, raising his hands as Matthews helped Cassidy (who was still clutching his jewels) out of the ring.

Jack pointed at Maddox, who smiled and flipped the double bird. Fuck it, the first time he'd had anything resembling mainstream exposure in over half a decade and he directly won, he was damn well going to enjoy it.

AnguJeffy commentary 02

Angus:

Of all the... WHO IS LEON MADDOX?

Jeff:

He's from OLW. Kicked quite a bit of ass back in the day. Tape traders love the dude I'll have you know.

[Angus rolls his eyes.]

Angus:

Whatever. Just like everybody thought going into this one, SRS BZNS picks up the win, giving Jack Cassidy "the business" in the process.

Jeff:

I spent a lot of time working with Jack Cassidy back 6 or 7 years ago, Angus. Kid's always had an attitude problem before, if he's really trying to straighten up, one, I'm proud of him, and two, I think he'll go far. But ain't no denying a lot of people have a lot of issues with him, and maybe that's why Maddox DDT'd him so hard he was bleeding from the head.

Angus:

Out of question, how do you keep all that shit straight?

Jeff:

I'unno. Magnets.

Team Get Off'a My Lawn vs Team Fucked Up



"The Entertainer" plays and the Defiance Faithful boo. Don't nobody like this guy around these parts, not even the fans who ate his schtick up just a year ago. The Scottish Strongman powers through the curtain and stalks down the ramp toward the ring. Behind him come first Yoshikazu YAZ (with Lisa Loeh in tow) in his masked get up, and then a few seconds later The Phoenix (ne: Jake Donovan) makes his way to the ring in his face-painted get up. All three men have an air of violence and unpredictability about them that is going to be dangerous for their opponents.

Eminem's "Not Afraid" plays and J Stevenson strides through the entrance. Directly behind him come Divine Dan Easton and the Original Pulp Hero himself, Alias. The three of them share a glance and the smirk of being on the same page before walking three-wide down the aisle toward the ring.

Sensing opportunity (and being batshit crazy) The Phoenix hits the far ropes and executes a perfect back handspring and somersault's over the top rope with a text-book, camera-popping Space Flying Diger Drop...

The three veterans on the outside all see this coming, and they all stop dead in their tracks, about a half a step out of Jake's range so that lands back-first and badly on the concrete floor. The Phoenix rolls to a stop at Stevenson's foot and the former CHZ World Champion crouches down, pats Jake on the painted forehead, and chides him. "Get off'a my lawn, boy.

The three of them smile predatory smiles as they charge the ring, looking for an early advantage. They're met with the angry stomps of Bronson Box, Yoshikazu YAZ, and even of Lisa Loeh, but this is nothing unexpected and the three veterans fight to their feet. When faced with Alias, Lisa took a quick retreat, leaving her charge and his partner to a one-man disadvantage that the veterans quickly took advantage up. Alias quickly shifted his attention to Box while Stevenson and Easton bum-rushed YAZ into the far corner, laying the heavy shots in. In the center of the ring Alias smiled directly into the face of the former DEFIANCE World Champion before slamming an elbow directly into his face.

Box, being more than a little unhinged, only smiled and smoothed out his moustache. "ON WITH IT THEN YE BLOODY SOT!" He then retaliates with a precision left hook to the body before shooting, clinching Alias and lifting

him up and around and spinning expertly into an Airplane Spin. Alias is too big and too crafty though, he shifted his weight violently before Box could get him dizzy and it sent both men flailing into and over the ropes to the floor, where both men were just as happy to continue trading fists and rage.

Meanwhile, Stevenson and Easton have been taking turns on YAZ in the opposite corner, tagging in and out in the only thing so far close to "legal wrestling" in the entire match. Easton pulls YAZ out of the corner and locks him up, pops the hips and sends him up and over with a beautifully scientific Belly-to-Belly Suplex, followed by a quick pinfall and a kickout at two. Stevenson tags in and pulls YAZ up by the mask and starts unloading on him with strong punches to the midsection, followed by a straight headbutt that probably crosses YAZ's eyes but you'll never know because he's in a mask.

MEANWHILE ON THE FLOOR: The Phoenix has started to stir after the spill he took to start the match, and as the approaching whirlwind fight that is Alias and Bronson Box approaches him Jake pops up and grabs the Pulp Hero by the head and snaps him down hard with a neckbreaker. Box's glare turns on Jake, and he almost pops a vein, but instead smiles and offers the smaller grappler a nod. "Come on then, boyo!" Box laces his hands and allows The Phoenix to step up, Box lifts with all of his Strongman power, and The Phoenix lifts into the sky, flips tightly backward, and comes down hard across the back of Alias with a picture perfect Moonsault Knee drop.

Back in the ring and YAZ is still getting the business, currently in the form of Dan Easton stretching him with a Cobra Clutch that looks particularly nasty. Box and The Phoenix both rush the ring and break the hold, sending Easton to the outside with kicks and punches and pulling YAZ back to their corner where the "tag is made" and the Phoenix steps in to meet Stevenson in the center of the ring just as Easton is shaking cobwebs loose on the apron and Alias has returned as well.

And hey look, it's a trios match, finally!

Donovan is leary of Stevenson, sticking and moving rather than standing toe to toe with the former Champion. It didn't last though, as Stevenson wasn't exactly a dud in the speed game. He might not have been as fast as Jake anymore, but damn if he didn't have a trick or two up his sleeve, and all it took was a well placed thumb in the eye to turn the tide. With the Phoenix stumbling, Stevenson runs to the ropes to build momentum, and stumbles as Lisa Loeh reaches out and grabs his ankle! Off balance, Stevenson is perfectly set up for YAZ to wipe him out with a running spinning heel kick.

Bronson Box, however, takes issue with that. He has a firm policy against cheating, isn't trusting of minorities, and has issues with women, and the three things combine to send him around the ring to confront Lisa, furiously. YAZ, who had been punishing Stevenson with elbow strikes to the head, looked up to see Box seemingly inches away from attacking his valet! He dives out of the ring, stepping between Box and Lisa and locking eyes with Box, daring - no, threatening him with consequences should he continue this course of action.

Unwilling to be cowed, Box shoves YAZ in the chest with one hand. YAZ responds with a double handed push that sends the Scottish Strongman one step backwards, and Box's fists come up. The Phoenix, seeing trouble, runs to the ropes and yells down at them, but is not heeded by anyone save Dan Easton who deadlifts the man into the air, lifts him high overhead with a press slam, and drops him on top of his two teammates!

Not to be outdone, J Stevenson makes his way across the ring and ascends the turnbuckle. He waits for the trio to struggle mostly to their feet, measures, and leaps off with a moonsault of his own, re-flattening them all right back onto the concrete. Alias, ready and roaring to get back into the action hits the ring, hits the near ropes, then the far ropes, then comes barreling back across the ring where he hurls himself between the ropes and sends himself flying straight and low at the whole group of them trying once again to regain footing on the floor.

Easton, being the only one Divine enough not to be sprawled out on the floor presently, exits the ring and quickly grabs YAZ by the head and brings him back into the ring. He drops down for a quick cover but YAZ again gets the shoulder up at two. Easton took it in stride, though, and smiled as he once again "helped" YAZ to his feet where he wastes zero time in dropping him back down with a snap suplex. He flexed, grinning wide at anyone who would look, wasting a little bit of time before grabbing YAZ by the legs and wrapping them up like a Texas Cloverleaf. He doesn't make the step-

over into the Divine Right, though, because he'd wasted just enough time for YAZ to counter with...

THE GREEN MIST~!

Stevenson rolls back into the ring just as Easton clambers out of it (HOORAY LUCHA RULES) clawing at his eyes and wailing in pain. Sensing opportunity YAZ rolls himself out of the ring just in time for The Phoenix to be Springboarding himself in and dropkicking the daylights out of Stevenson!

On the outside Alias and Box have gone to brawling again, trading right hands like Pokemon cards as the fans get into the action with a particularly raucous session of alternating "YAY/BOO" chants directed at Alias and Box respectively.

Inside the ring and Jake Donovan twists J Stevenson around violently, planting him dead center of the ring with the Lightning Spiral. He drops for the cover but again only gets two. He slaps the mat in frustration before eyeballing the top turnbuckle, his home away from home. Like a cat the Phoenix bounded up to the top, he stood up straight, pointed to the stars, but he didn't get the opportunity to leap as the veteran Alias had seen it all play out and made it up to the apron just in time take Jake's feet out from under him, crotching him on the top turnbuckle and ropes. Stevenson makes an inhuman effort to shake loose the webs in his head and get to his feet. Sensing an opportunity he is quick to grab the Phoenix by the head, pull him taught, and snap him down violently with ta modified Highlight Reel (Evenflow DDT), a move that his finished many a man in the past.

Stevenson drops for the cover.

Yoshikazu YAZ lunges to make the save...

...only to be blocked by the partially recovered Easton...

...the referee slapped the mat once, twice, three times...

...and it was all over!

Winners via Highlight Reel: Team Get Off'a My Lawn (J Stevenson)

AnguJeffy commentary 03

Angus:

Wow... I mean, damn!

Jeff:

What?

Angus:

I had Team Fucked Up in the finals in my Fantasy Bracket.

Jeff:

There aren't any brackets.

Angus:

BESIDE THE POINT!

Jeff:

Then what's the point, stick-boy?

Angus:

The point, is that Bronson Box is the most dangerous man in Defiance, and as much as I am loathe to admit it, his team was the easy favorite to win the whole trios tournament! I had no idea any of these vets had anything in them worth paying attention to! Hell, Alias himself had Box neutralized for the majority of the match!

Jeff:

You don't watch a lot of non-Defiance wrestling, do you?

Angus:

Should I?

Jeff:

Well, no, but I can tell you that Alias is the real deal, he don't mind getting violent and he's got a very positive upside. Stevenson's a Hall of Famer where he comes from, and Easton's been a top guy everywhere he's ever been. We're showcasing talents from all over the Wrestling World here, Ang, you gotta expect that some of these guys are just as good or just as nasty as some of the Defiance regulars.

Angus:

I don't gotta do shit but stay black and die.

Jeff:

I don't know how Cito put up with you for so long...

Box loses it

[There is a tense silence in a warzone before everything goes wrong.]

[This is where everything almost goes wrong.]

“BLOODY ‘ELL!”

[The curtains rip asunder and Bronson Box re-emerges into the Gorilla Position, his face a bushy mask of rage. P.A.'s and A/V techs scatter like roaches in his wake, everyone remembering just exactly what Box had done the last time he came back from a match enraged.]

Box:

TEAM ME WITH A SLOPEHEAD AN' A PRANCING LITTLE NIT, WILL YE?! AN' A BRAINLESS WENCH WHO CANAE KEEP HER HANDS TO 'ERSELF TOO? WHEN I FIND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS-

[One second, everyone is running from Bronson Box.]

[The next, blue shirted DEFSec men are filling the hallway, dragging Box down into a thrashing, cursing pile.]

Team FAEC~! vs Team Douchebag



vs.



♪ OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! ♪

The spoken intro to Prodigy's "Funky Shit" lead directly into...

♪ I'm the one your mama warned you about ♪
 ♪ When you see me, I will leave you no doubt ♪
 ♪ I'm the coolest man that ever walked this earth ♪
 ♪ I've been the coolest since the day of my birth ♪
 ♪ I am the **COOL** ♪

Cancer Jiles walked out of the back and, triumphantly, placed his COOL shades on his face. As he posed... Jonny Booya ran out of the back, dropped to his knees and slid in front of Cancer Jiles with a flex and point at self pose! Disgusted at being one-upped, Jiles' upper lip curled back - but Booya's entourage, the Truly Untouchables, followed him out. Michel LaLiberte was the last man out of the back, and seemed quite distressed that the attention followed Jiles and Booya and co. instead of focusing on him.

He got their attention when the music abruptly switched to his "Your Man" by Down With Webster.

Frankly, it was a miracle that Team Douchebag made it to the ring without fisticuffs, considering each man's determination to one-up the others. They probably would have if it wasn't for Kai Scott intervening, situating himself between Jiles and LaLiberte and sending Booya to the ring.

By the time they were all in the ring...

"Big Sky" by the Reverend Horton Heat.

"HOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

Frank Dylan James ROARED through the curtains, three cans of beer in one hand. He poured the beer on his face, most of it missing his mouth, smashed the cans into his own head starting the blood flow pre-match. And seeing the ring full of HIPPIE FAYGITS, he CHARGED!

In his wake came Heidi Christenson and Python. The two shared a quick look, then jogged after FDJ.

FDJ came in fists flailing drunkenly. Jiles took one glancing shot and cleared out while the going was good. Fists bashed into the faces of Booya and LaLiberte, both of whom kept getting back up only to be knocked back down by the madman from the mountains. FDJ grabbed Booya, threw him into the corner, threw LaLiberte in after him, ran into them chest first, caught the running Python and lawn darted him into the opponents! FDJ dropped to his hands and knees for Heidi to step up to his back - lightly over the heads of Booya and LaLiberte - and down on Jiles on the outside with a somersault plancha!

FDJ followed LaLiberte to the outside leaving Python in the ring with Booya, and the former WWA Champ was bringing cruiserweight skills that the relatively inexperienced Booya was having trouble countering. Flying headscissor from the top rope! Wheelbarrow bulldog! Split-legged moonsault to kneedrop! Long two count! Python pulled Booya up and threw him in the corner - only, Booya reversed and Python squished the ref! Booya charged in after him, Python dodged and Booya hit the ref a second time!

Stunned, Booya stumbled out of the corner, and Python ran the ropes for momentum - and Clairra St. Sure slid into the ring and cut him off at the pass with a spinning backfist! Diane Parker pulled Python up and dropped him on the back of his neck with a half-nelson suplex! And then... Heidi slid into the ring.

Diane, who had been aiming for a running start to a spinal tap, skidded to a stop so fast she landed right on her butt. Heidi pointed with one finger, and she crabwalked to the ropes and left the ring to hide behind Scott. Clairra, however, was not about to be so quick to back down... and just before it came to blows Scott himself entered the ring, dragged Clairra away from Heidi and, unbelievably, seemed to apologize.

There would be no more interference from the T-UT's corner. Heidi rolled Python to the ring apron, and Jiles was in the ring dropkicking her from behind! Heidi got tangled up in the rope and Jiles smacked her across the face before laying in a few not lethal but still quite effective and painful roundhouse kicks to the ribs. Cross-ring whip, intercepted with a front waistlock, and an atomic drop. Fell back to the ropes for momentum and ran his knee into Heidi's head - COOL Runnings, he called that move.

Quick cover. Heidi kicked out at one and a half, one suspects she was trying to irritate Jiles with a pre-two kickout. Jiles countered by grabbing her hair and trying to pretend he'd pulled her up.

Jiles tagged to LaLiberte. LaLiberte moved in at a brisk walk and dropped a knee to the head. He turned around and dropped a leg. Spun to his feet, and dropped an elbow and hooked the leg for a pin. Two count. He backed her into the Team Douchebag corner, had Booya hold her arm so she didn't move out of the way. Knife edge chop! Two of them! THREE! Snapmare. LaLiberte started to apply a chinlock, and both Booya and Jiles freaked out on the apron.

Silly rookie, you do not ever try to put Heidi Christenson in a submission hold.

Heidi twisted her body to the side and suddenly she was behind LaLiberte and slipping him into a half-hatch. Next thing LaLiberte knew he was sitting down and Heidi had somehow managed to get him into a shin triangle choke without dropping the half-hatch and Booya slingshotted over the top rope with a shoulder block before LaLiberte could tap. Booya whipped Heidi to the ropes and... whoops, lucha rules! Heidi caught them, slid out of the ring, and in came FDJ!

FIST to Booya! FIST to LaLiberte! Booya was up into a HEADBUTT! FDJ howled and beat at his hairy and undefined chest as LaLiberte got back up! Bare foot kick to the gut! Irish whip! Barefoot big boot to the head and down went LaLiberte! FDJ followed up by dropping down on the "puke-green" rookie and mauling at him with fists.

Cancer Jiles might not have cared for Michel LaLiberte, but allowing FDJ to maul him was counterproductive and so

he walked up behind FDJ and MONGO CHOPPED him across the back of the head!

His arms flailing wildly, FDJ stumbled to his feet, took a swing at Jiles so wild that he didn't even have to duck.

MONGO CHAWP!

FDJ's flailing slowed and his knees went all bendy and weird.

MAWN!

GO!

CHAAAAAAAAAAAAWP!!!

X3!

AND DOWN GOES FDJ!

Jiles threw Booya out of the ring and made the cover.

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....Broken up by Python!

Python ran Jiles to the rope, hit the Bite the Bullet! Jiles went rolling backwards and Python followed up with a springboard... we never found out what.

MONGO CHAWP2BALLS!

As Python dropped to the mat and writhed, the referee bellowed in Jiles' face about the illegal move. It was possibly for that reason that Jiles didn't register the other bellowing - right up until it spun him around and bashed his face in!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

The fans erupted as FDJ finally got himself a good shot in on Jiles, but Jiles had made very definite plans to not get beaten up by a slobbering redneck, and so he bailed out of the ring. FDJ followed and the chase was on! LaLiberte, seeing opportunity, slid into the ring and covered Python!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....**THWAAAACK!**

Heidi pulled LaLiberte up by his hair and round house kicked him from close range right in the FAEC~! (huh, I just realized that team FAEC's name has one of those double-meaning things going on... anyway.) LaLiberte was down and out, and Heidi wasn't going to get to take advantage because there was Booya with the Axe Bomber! Booya deadlifted Heidi off the mat and up into a canadian backbreaker - and then spiked her to the mat with the Fire in the Hole!

Booya slashed his thumb across his throat, picked Heidi up, booted her and crossed her arms. Heidi stepped over the arms to break the hold and roundhouse kicked Booya in the side of the head! Second shot! With Booya wobbling, Heidi ran the ropes... INTERCEPTED! Booya caught her mid run, lifted her to his shoulder, spunspunspunspunspun...

THUNDER DOWN BELOW!

With a growl, Booya sent her off the rope one more time, scooped her up! Spunspunspun... and Heidi slipped out the back of the hold! Booya was forced face first down towards the mat with his arm bent up behind him and wrapped around Heidi's leg! Python was hanging onto the leg of LaLiberte, and Jiles was trying to taunt FDJ, and Kai Scott, who didn't want to fuck up the tentative cessation of hostilities with Heidi and her group, hesitated in indecision...

And Booya tapped out.

DING! DING! DING!

Winners via Swinging Omplata: TEAM FAEC~! (Heidi Christenson)

AnguJeffy commentary 04

Jeff:

My girl, Angus, that's my girl right there.

Angus:

Yeah, we know.

Jeff:

As in, I get to have sex with her. Consensually, mutually.

Angus:

We KNOW. And it's bullshit. You're BALD. I mean, what the fuck.

Jeff:

...can we talk about the match now?

Angus:

Fine. Well, Jonny Booya loses it for Team Douchebag. But in his defense I've seen a lot of dudes tap a whole lot faster to Heidi, and they didn't get in so many damn moves either.

Jeff:

Jonny's my cousin. Dude can go. It was sort of like Team Douchebag were all such... well, douchebags, and so they had no team cohesion and they lost.

Angus:

Lord Cancer is going to have someone's head on a pike for this!

Jeff:

Yeah, who's gonna buy him a pike?

Angus:

I FUCKING HATE YOUR LIFE!

Jeff:

Get bent, faggot, this is DEFIANCE, we're back and we're pickin' it up right where we left off, with Heidi, the **World** Champion mind you, kicking names and owning faces! Anybody who can't get it together ain't gonna last around these parts because there's just too much talent. And with that said, I'm told that we're running out of time and we've got to...

Bosses office

[Cut to Eric Dane's office.]

[Bronson Box's hands are ziptied and two tasers are trained on his chest.]

[The Defiance Boss has the Cheshire Cat's grin.]

Dane:

You didn't think I'd have put a contingency plan in place just in case you tried to lose your marbles on my dime again?

[The Scottish Strongman doesn't answer. The tape over his lips prevents it.]

Dane:

What, you thought maybe I'd figured we were square somehow? You kidnapped a kid, you assaulted a woman, you broke a man's back on national TV for fuck's sake.

[Box stews in his own silence.]

Dane:

You belong to me, Boxer. I'll own you until the end of time for everything you've cost me! This is DEFIANCE, Boxer, and IT. IS. MINE! You don't get to go on rampages and cost me my life's work because you've got daddy issues and a fat nerd has your number.

[He sneers.]

Dane:

And until you've paid off every single debt accrued since I've laid eyes on you, Boxer, and there's not a damned thing you can do about it.

[Box feigns a lunge, itchy trigger-fingers the only thing keeping him at a safe distance from Eric Dane. To his credit, the Baws doesn't flinch.]

Dane:

Get him the fuck out of my sight.

[End.]