

Mr. Destruction vs Fishman Deluxe

Mr Destruction headed down to the ring first, lead by his manager Murray Monroe. The big man Stepped into the ring and raised his hands to a fair amount of boos from the crowd. As 'Symphony of Destruction' faded none other than 'Any Way You Want It' piped up and Fishman Deluxe came bouncing his way down to the ring. After last week's beatdown he was understandably hesitant to step into the ring with a man just as tall and weighing more than Kevin Cage. He didn't have much of a choice though, as Mr. Destruction grabbed Mr Deluxe by the neck and pulled him, head over head, into the ring. The bell sounded as we were on our way.

Fisman scrambled to get to his feet, but only managed to turn around and get his clock cleaned by a right hand by the big man. Fishman spun and headed for the ropes, looking to make a quick escape, but Mr Destruction grabbed him by the tights, pulled him back and drove a forearm into the small of the manfish's back. Destruction pushed Fishman back into the ropes, bouncing him off and drove another forearm into his spine. Fishman dropped to his knees and recieved a big chop across the back of his head from Mr Destruction.

Fishman collapsed to the floor and was covered!

ONE!

The Deluxe One pushed his shoulder up!

Mr Destruction didn't get up though, he simply clamped a hand around the throat of Fishman and pushed down. Hard. Fishman pounded the mat with his feet and clawed at Mr Destructions hand, but nothing would break the choke.

Nothing except for the referee reaching four and Monroe on the outside screaming "BREAK IT UP!" that is. Fishman instinctively rolled onto his front while Mr Destruction stood up and back referee Mark Shields into the corner. Shields gusted to his zebra stripes, but Mr Destruction didn't seem to care. Only Murray still shouting "LEAVE HIM!" and "GET BACK ON FISHMAN!" snapped him back into the match.

Mr Destruction turned around and ate a dropkick to the chest. He stumbled back into the corner, narrowly missing Mark Shields who ducked out of the way just in time. Fishman followed Mr Destruction into the corner and delivered, what he so aptly calls, the flying asshole.

Mr Destruction was fully aware of which part of Fishman had just connected with him, and stormed out of the corner, dropping him with a clothesline. Fishman got back to his feet quickly but got taken right back down with a big boot right to the side of the head. Mr Destruction pulled Fishman up to a vertical base and scooped him up, as though he were going for the Armageddon Driver, but Fishman slid out of it and dropped behind him. A second later and Fishman was jumping up, grabbing Mr Destruction's shoulders and pulling him down with the lungblower he refers to as 'fish out of water'. He covered the big man!

ONE!

TWO!

Mr Destruction kicked out of the cover and rolled to the outside to regroup with Murray. Fishman didn't give him any respite though and hit the ropes. He came back and launched himself through the ropes with a Tope Suicida. Mr

Destruction flew back and hit the guard rail spine first as Murray Monroe almost sprinted away from the dive and hid behind the ring post. Fishman raised his hands a couple of times to get the fans going and they responded with a loud cheer.

Fishman grabbed Mr Destruction by the back of the head and heaved his frame into the ring under the bottom rope and followed him in. A quick cover returned a two count before Mr Destruction could get his shoulder off the mat again.

Fishman stood up and signaled for the end. Mr Destruction pushed his way up to his knees but ate a second lungblower! Mr. Destruction stayed on his feet but clutched his chest, his wind knocked out, and Fishman quickly rolled him up from behind!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Winner: Fishman Deluxe (lungblower)

SportsCenter: The Introduction

“Downtown” Darren Keebler:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to another fine edition of Heritage League television.

[Wait, what? No AnguJeffy?]

DDK:

We just got done watching an opening match where Fishman Deluxe finally got some points on the board. He's still three in the hole, but it just goes to show that anyone can win at any time. Anyhow, regular fans tuning in are probably wondering why I'm here, and why Angus Skaaland and Jeff Andrews aren't. Well, that's partly because Jeff Andrews is, er, busy elsewhere, and partly because some of our fans took issue with the fact that Angus and Jeff spent most of the time making in-jokes. So we've decided to present something completely different.

[Pan out.]

[Darren Keebler is sitting in the middle seat of a commentary desk. To his right, the commissioner of the Heritage League himself, Cito Conarri. To his left, the man formerly known as the Ace of Heels and the manager of the Truly Untouchables, Kai Scott.]

DDK:

We're going to be trying an, er, SportsCenter style presentation for this weeks Heritage Television. There aren't too many people who know professional wrestling like Cito Conarri, he's trained a good dozen World Champions in his time, and he was already famous for his Wrestling Inferno training camp before he even met Eric Dane and got involved in what we could call the formerly-wifwah circle.

Cito Conarri:

Glad to be here, Darren.

DDK:

And although most of you know Kai Scott as a manager, he's a former force to be reckoned with in the wrestling ring, a former regional Heavyweight Champion in the old Coalition of Affiliated Leagues interfed and a World Tag Team Champion along with Jeff Andrews.

Kai Scott:

You give me entirely too much credit Darren, I'm just an old crippled dude who can't stay away from the ring.

DDK:

I think that makes three of us, actually.

[Group laugh.]

DDK:

So before we get started with the wrestling, we've got some footage from, oh, about half an hour ago that explains where Jeff Andrews is. Andrews was booked to wrestle Cancer Jiles, stipulation being that if Jiles won the match he got to join the league of his choice - which he's already made clear is Heritage League - and if Andrews won, Jiles had to, and I quote, "stfu and gtfo of Defiance entirely".

Scott:

That's actually why I'm here. The SportsCenter thing, we planned ahead of time, but it was going to be Jeff playing the devils advocate commentator. But Jeff's involved, they needed someone else to do it, and I offered to give it a shot.

Conarri:

Anyway, let's play that footage and show everyone watching exactly what happened instead of just hinting about it.

Andrews vs Jiles: En Garde

[In the parking lot is where Jeff Andrews stood. Denim jeans, a John Deer trucker hat, and a black Sharpie pen accompanied the cheesing grin he adorned. To be more exact, Jeff was on the outskirts of the arena-- surrounded by hometown fans who wanted nothing more than to embrace their favorite Jester of Surlyness.]

Jeff Andrews:

Glad you decided to come check out the product, man. You been following Defiance for a while or is this your first look at it?

[And, as fate would have it, the parking lot was also the setting where King COOL decided to strike.]

[First.]

[Yes, like the snake he's slain before, Cancer Jiles, dressed to blend in with the masses-- well, that is if you call a black wig and not wearing sunglasses dressed to the masses, acted as if he were fan of Jeff Andrews, and worked his way up to center stage of the shuffle.]

Jeff Andrews:

And who should I make this out to?

[Maybe it was the setting, and the adoration Jeff was receiving. Maybe, it was due to the sun setting, and his vision being blurred from three different Whiskeys in his system. But, for some reason... the thought of removing Cancer Jiles from active duty wasn't weighing too heavily on Jeff's mind.]

Black Wiggid Man:

YOUR MOTHER!!!!!!

[Jeff looked up as quickly as one can look up in his situation. No joke, he knew it was Jiles before Lord COOL even finished saying "YOUR."]

[But, it was to late.]

[A fist with a carton full of double-yolks had careened into his face.]

[Yolk went everywhere.]

[Egg shell littered the surrounding fans like shrapnel from a grenade. Some of them fell, but most of them ran.]

[Jiles is homeless, so I imagine him smelling pretty bad at this point.]

Cancer Jiles: [screaming in Jeff's face]

DID YOU THINK THIS WAS GOING TO BE EASY!!!!????!! YOU FUCKING MONGOLOID!!!

[A series of rabid stomps ensued.]

Cancer Jiles:

You_fucking_bum...

[The pot calling the kettle Kevin Cage.]

Cancer Jiles: [suddenly stopping his assault]

...WAIT!!!!!!

[In a moment/flash/second/blink of an eye, Cancer discarded the wig, and revealed picture-perfect, goldensurfer blond

hair. He then shot his hand outward, and manifested *the* shades from thin air.]

Cancer Jiles: [placing *the* shades on his arrogantly cocked head]

That's better.

NOW RING THE FUCKING BELL!!!

[Surprisingly, there was ding.]

DING~!

[Actually, that Ding was not the ringing of a bell. That 'ding' was a videogame sound effect that accompanied Jeff Andrews lunging off the asphalt with a modified shoryuken that connected dead on right between the legs of Cancer Jiles.]

[Pushing himself to his feet, Andrews scooped Jiles up onto his shoulders, rumbled forward and plowed into the autograph table. Sheets of 8x11 papers went flying all over the place and a chair rolled into the legs of the onlooking fans as Andrews began unloading right hands.]

Backstage with St. Sure and...

[At five foot eight, 141 pounds, Clairra St. Sure wasn't exactly the most enormous person in the world. She was no shrinking violet, but she gave up quite a bit to many pro wrestlers she worked alongside.]

[Clairra re-shouldered her gym bag as she turned the corner, eyes going to the floor for just the wrong moment-]

[She turned the corner, directly to walk into two huge dudes coming the other direction. One was three-hundo plus. In fact, almost three-twenty. The other was a respectable two-eighty. Maybe some change, maybe not.]

[Clairra looked up into the stone-face and the smirker, the two reps of the Faces of Death here in DEFIANCE. League leader, and tied for second place.]

Adam Waterman:

You need to keep your eyes on the road. Might miss a tree comin' outta nowhere, yanno?

Clairra St. Sure

Maybe you're the one who needs to keep his eyes on the road!

[The hard-eyed Japanese man held a hand up before him, looking to Adam, rather than to Clairra. It was as if the woman didn't even deserve his notice.]

['Cuz as far as he was concerned, she didn't.]

Kengoro Sugamoto:

We have tasks to accomplish. Leave the woman alone.

Waterman:

What, you think my victory is so assured, you're gonna blow off a chance to screw with her?

[Kengoro gave a curt shake of his head.]

Kengoro Sugamoto:

A woman playing at being a warrior isn't worth notice until she proves herself.

[Clairra isn't really the smile/frown type, but her facial expression hardens.]

St. Sure:

Me winning over Jan Gin Xiao doesn't prove anything to you?

Sugamoto:

A win over the Sick Man of Asia? Please, girl. Show some wisdom.

St. Sure:

If my win over JGX does not impress you, I'll not mention beating Jay Stevendon.

[Group lawl.]

Waterman:

No, no. See, that's funny. But that's also Stevendon. One win and one upset doesn't make you a contender. It makes you a flavor of the week. Like you, Clairra. Like me, you were brought in for the good ol'...

[Adam turns to fully face Clairra, bringing his six feet, four inches to bear on the Jamaican.]

Waterman:

Freak factor, eh?

[He grins brightly, wagging his eyebrows meaningfully.]

Waterman:

Trouble is, I'm gonna outshine the simple role of "that fairy". And I dare say you're no Heidi Christenson. You won't manage to break out of the role of "girl in a man's world". All you are is Kai Scott's spoiled little princess.

[Claira's lips tighten, fingers clench.]

[Good thing she was already booked against Waterman.]

St. Sure:

If I'm just a princess, and you're to make this my fairytale, maybe you just better remember what happens to the giants in those.

[The double doors just down the hall slam open, and a plague of pestilence pours out of the side-room. Or... Dry ice smoke, for theatrics. Yeah, that's the ticket. Dry ice smoke. The dudes walking out of the room with the disco lights, the funk music and the thump of feet were walking out into dry ice smoke.]

[Crushed, bright blood-red velvet. Hair poofed into an extravagant, poofy, pick'd out afro. Massive set of gold chains around the neck. Sunglasses at night time. Swagger stick.]

[Dragon Jones looked good. And Splenda was in the original version of the outfit, that Dragon was ape-ing. Splenda looked good.]

Splenda:

Ohhhhh, shit. Mufugga, you had good timing to wanna go n' get more Canuck beer. You 'bout t' get a lesson in dat BAD MAN wrestlin'.

[Splenda shoved Dragon Jones down the hall as all three turned. The allure of James Brown was hard to ignore. Everyone liked to dance. And so, Dragon Jones ends up in the unfortunate position of "right in everyone's crosshairs".]

Dragon Jones:

Uhhh...

Splenda:

What m' BWOY means is, alla y'all is on notice. Dis bwoy on his WAY up th' ranking. Soon, whichever one o' you nuccas is number one in this hurr Herr' is gonna be against...

[The lanky, afroed black man with the platinum grill, diamond rings all over his fingers, and gigantic red mink coat on over his red velvet bodysuit gestured to the young Canadian honky beside him. His protege.]

Splenda:

Dragon Jones. In th' finals o' season one.

[Responses: Uproarious laughter, uproarious laughter, iron glare. Claira was watching Adam and Kengoro like a hawk. A grandma, suspecting hanky panky with her granddaughter. Jeff Andrews, concerned about potential whiskey theft.]

Waterman:

Almost as good a joke as Claira Saint Sure's run at the top.

[Adam was suddenly looking back down at Claira, hands on his hips. And so was Kengoro.]

Sugamoto:

Remember whose shoes you are trying to walk in, girl. The only women to prove themselves worthy of fighting men are Heidi Christenson and Margaret Thatcher.

[Measure thyself.]

[Off to the side...]

Splenda:

Ohhhhh shit, Dargon. See, what they doin' is playin' head-games. They got th' physical advantage, an' they's showin' that they can out-think th' bitch. But she doin' dat Robocop thang, tryin' t' psyche they right back out.

Dagron Jnoes:

Interesting. And what keeps them from hitting her, or her from hitting them?

Splenda:

Then th' game's over. Nobody wanna go home yet. We got aaaaaaall night t' do prograps, bwoy.

[A understanding nod, from student to master.]

[And then Clairra speaks, without withdrawing her eyes from Waterman and Sugamoto.]

St. Sure:

An' besides, even wit a one man four hundred pound weight advantage an' his own personal oriental bear to hide behind, Mista Adam Waterman still be not man enough to do anything on his own. I wrestle my matches on my own, I walk into this building on my own, an that's more than he ever done.

[Expressions flickering between anger, embarrassment, and confusion rage across Adam's pretty, pretty features. A fist clenches, knuckles popping as the blonde grinds his back teeth.]

Waterman:

Why, you horrible little skirt, I-

[Another door in the hallway slams open, hammering into the wall.]

OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT!

[Out from the interior room skidded the tied-for-second-place, flat-topped, sunglasses-wearing Jonny Booya. He popped to his feet, crossed his arms, flexed his shoulders, and stared down Kengoro Sugamoto.]

Splenda:

OH, SHIT, SON! This what we call the "reversal of intimidation". Now, th' boys gotta decide, can they face down both th' Golden Marmoset in yo' boy Jonny, as well as Cool Runnings.

Dangor Nosej:

What about you?

Splenda:

I have been contracted as yo' manager, my bidness is separate from they shit. Besides, they got theyselves into this mess. I get to see 'em pull themselves out.

[Adam's lip can't help but curl revulsively, his fist shaking. Man alive, does he want to pop this uppity bitch in the mouth.]

[Kengoro's eyes narrow, and he squared his shoulders, neck twisted left, then right. Working the kinks out. Jonny

Booya, Kengoro Sugamoto. This... This could be a match.]

Waterman:

We'll see who is gonna be the top bitch around her, Susie Island-Rock. I'll see you in Match Slot Seven.

[Adam glanced to Kengoro. Without looking back at the girl, he moves to grab Kengoro and go... But the temptation is just too much. His fist clenches its might, and he twisted, lunging a punch square at her mush.]

[Claira was no dummy, and saw this coming a mile away. So, as the wrestler-and-athlete, most assuredly not martial artist threw his brawler's punch, Claira ducked the swing and hammered a kick into the front of his right knee!]

[Adam collapsed to the ground like a boneless, uncooked chicken breast with a yelp most undignified. Claira turned on her heels, eyes focused on the lone remaining threat, the Japanese Weapon of Mass Destruction that was currently enjoying a loving exchange of meaningful looks with the One-Man Army.]

[Booya smirked, brought a hand up, and stroked it along his flat-top. Then, he walked right by the Japanese man, without looking back. He moved on over to Claira's side, giving her that come-hither glance.]

[Claira grabbed Jonny by the back of the neck, spun, and marched the blonde down the hallway, hissing "Why did Kai tell you to come here?" as she went. But one cameraman, one angle, and the fun was with the sputtering, wheezing heap on the ground clutching his right knee.]

[Kengoro glanced down at Adam.]

Sugamoto:

Pull yourself together, man.

Darnog Sojen:

So, did they lose, or did they win?

[Kengoro finally looked back at the scion of the Jones Dynasty, as if noticing him for the first time. Disbelievingly, Kengoro walked over to Dargno, a meaty hand slapping around his throat.]

Sugamoto:

Who gave the young boy the right to speak?

[WHAM went Dargno's back into the wall. The hapless Canadian just grabbed at Kengoro's wrists, unable to do much besides choke. He could sputter, perhaps. strangle a little.]

Splenda:

WHOA, HOL' UP THERE, BIG MAN!

[The spider-lookin' boy straight outta' the '70s grabbed at Kengoro's arm too, trying to get poor Nogdar free.]

Sugamoto:

Never, ever insult your betters.

[He let go of Dargno's throat.]

[And then hammered Dargno's cheek through the other side of his face with an open-handed slap. But a good one. The kind that could blow out an eyeball. Good one.]

[Kengoro turned, and stormed up the hallway, the way he had originally been going. Dargno clutched his cheek with one hand, the floor with the other, in a face-oriented version of Adam's injured crouch on the floor.]

Splenda:

...You bustas need th' medics, or is you gonna live? Shit.

[Uh.... It's over!]

SportsCenter: Cage/Michaels & Brooks/JGX

Conarri:

You had Jonny Booya come over from Evolution League to watch out for Clairra?

Scott:

Not only that, but I had Diane Parker packing a tazer. You didn't think I was going to leave Clairra to fend for herself, did you?

Conarri:

Well, comparing Clairra to Heidi is inevitable, but at this point in her career Heidi doesn't have any sort of bodyguard.

Scott:

Heidi, as much as I like and admire her, has a level of status. She's a former World Champion and she dates a man who isn't just a significantly talented wrestler, but who is also very influential in the promotional circles. Clairra has none of that. And my take on being a "good guy" is that you shouldn't start things. Finishing things is fine.

DDK:

Well, anyway. Up next we've got Kevin Cage taking on Darren Michaels. How do you guys see this one playing out?

Conarri:

Darren Michaels has the more varied moveset, and I think that's actually the only advantage he's taking into this match. Cage has a massive experience edge.

Scott:

He's actually mean, too, rather than just generally petulant.

Conarri:

Cage also has great conditioning, something that a lot of older wrestlers lose, and something that Darren Michaels, who is primarily a tag team wrestler, may be short on. So I'm predicting a win for Cage in this one.

Scott:

I'm also gonna go with Cage. Just because these older guys keep their movesets strictly in the orthodox doesn't mean they haven't seen it before. And, you know, to use an example, the T-Bone suplex, Exploder suplex, and Uranage all have the same counter.

Conarri:

Actually the T-Bone and exploder are the same thing.

Scott:

I thought that the T-bone was a suplex and the exploder was more of a headdrop release from the same position?

DDK:

Ah, guys, not to interrupt but this is one of our double headers, we've also got Justin Brooks and Jan Gin Xiao directly after Cage/Michaels.

Scott:

JGX for me. Brooks is a good all around power wrestler, and power isn't going to be helpful against JGX. The thing that's going to make JGX tricky for just about anyone is that he's so big, and so hard to hurt, that they're going to have to modify their wrestling style. I haven't seen any evidence that Brooks can do that. JGX in under 10 minutes.

Conarri:

I wouldn't necessarily count Brooks out in this one. He's got a quick enough release that I can see him getting through JGX's guards or behind him. He might even have the strength to scoop slam him, although if I were him I probably wouldn't risk trying it. That said, I'm also giving this to JGX in under ten, because if JGX manages to corner Brooks, the match isn't going to last long.

Kevin Cage vs Darren Michaels

The battle of the DDTs started with "All American Nightmare" by Hinder blasting the PA and Darren Michaels making his way out to the ring first. He slapped hands with a few of the fans as he headed down the aisle and slid in under the bottom rope. As he posed on the middle rope his music faded and was replaced by "Gangsta Gangsta" by NWA. Kevin Cage emerged from the back and stood at the top of the entrance way to survey the arena. He headed down to the ring, ignored the outstretched hands of the fans and climbed the stairs onto the apron.

As he stepped through the ropes Michaels charged in and drove a knee into his shoulder. Michaels hammered a couple of forearms down across the shoulder blades of Cage before hooking him up for a russian leg sweep. Michaels jerked back, but Cage held onto the top rope, allowing Michaels to crash into the mat by himself. Darren's head bounced off of the canvas as Kevin Cage tried to shake the cobwebs out of his.

Michaels was back on his feet in no time and threw a right hand at the King Of Assholes. Cage was ready with the block though and responded with a right hand of his own. Michaels threw a kick into the thigh of Cage, but Kevin shrugged it off and took Michaels down to the mat with a clothesline. Michaels pushed his way back up to his feet but only got to his knees before Cage wrapped his hands around Darren's head and pulled him the rest of the way. Cage scooped up Michaels and slammed him hard with a body slam.

Darren quickly rolled to the ring apron in an effort to put some distance between his opponent and himself. Cage wasn't relenting though and followed him. Cage reached over the top rope but recieved a shoulderblock to the gut instead. Cage doubled over and Michaels flipped over with a sunset flip. He grabbed hold of the thighs of Cage and tried to pull him down into a pinning predicament, but Cage wasnt having any of it.

Kevin threw a fist at Darren's head, but narrowly missed as Michaels avoided it and again rolled away from his opponent. Michaels scrambled to his feet and hit the ropes, he came back with a clothesline attempt, but Cage ducked it. Darren hit the other side of the ring and charged back, this time connecting with a running knee lift. Cage dropped to the mat but rolled over onto his front within milliseconds. Michaels wasted little time, however, and wapped his arm around Cage's neck in a front facelock.

Michaels pulled Cage up to his feet and looked to be going for a DDT, but Cage had other plans. He lifted Michaels up off of his feet and dropped him back down in a reverse atomic drop. A winded Michaels then found himself being taken up, over and back down with a Samoan drop from The Diabolical One.

Cage went for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Michaels threw a shoulder up.

Cage argued with the referee about the speed of the count, but soon gave up on that when he saw Michaels getting back to his feet out of the corner of his eye. Cage walked back to his opponent, but Michaels grabbed his jeans by the waistline and pulled him forwards. Cage stumbled and fell across the second rope throat first. Michaels bought himself enough time to get to his feet and land a couple more forearms shots to the shoulders of Kevin Cage.

Michaels grabbed Cage and pulled him back towards the middle of the ring where he hooked him up for a suplex. Michaels popped the hips and lifted Cage but couldn't get him all the way up; Cage dropped back onto his feet. Another attempt at a suplex by Michaels was blocked by Cage and there wasn't a third attempt. Well, there was if you count Cage's successful lift. Only it wasn't a suplex that he dropped Michaels in. No, it was a brainbuster.

Once again, Cage covered his opponent.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

Michaels got his shoulder up.

Once again Cage argued with the referee about the speed of the count, even going as far as to back the ref into the corner of the ring. Darren Michaels took his time, but he started to stir. He crawled his way over to Cage, who was still arguing in the corner and slapping his hands together, and pulled him down into a school boy.

ONE!

TW-

Kevin Cage kicked out this time.

Cage managed to beat Michaels to his feet and stopped Darren dead in his tracks with a kick to the gut. Michaels dropped to one knee before being driven into the canvas again by a DDT. Cage opted not to go for the cover this time and signalled for the end of the match once and for all.

He peeled Michaels off of the mat and hooked him up for the reverse DDT he likes to call Lights Out. Or Lights Out DDT. Or The Lights Out DDT. His finisher is named pretty awkwardly in his bio for it to fit into results easily. But I digress.

Cage had Michaels in position for a Lights Out DDT, but seemed to change his mind before flipping the switch on it. Michaels seemed to sense an opportunity and twisted around to take Cage up and over with a northern lights suplex. He couldn't stick the landing though and collapsed by the side of his opponent.

Once again both men got back to their feet. Cage didn't exactly seem as spry as he had before the northern lights, but still beat Darren to his feet. Cage threw a right hand at Michaels but Darren dodged it and placed a fist of his own deep into Cage's bread basket. Michaels scooped up the big man and hoisted him onto his shoulder, clearly looking for a shoulder breaker.

Kevin Cage kicked his feet and managed to reverse his predicament. Michaels' legs buckled under him from the weight he was holding up and soon he found himself hanging upside down in the clutches of Kevin Cage.

A couple of seconds later and one little adjustment and Kevin Cage drilled Darren Michaels head first into the mat with a tombstone piledriver!

Michaels bounced higher than a fat kid on a space hopper before crashing to the mat once again.

Chalk it up for Kevin Cage.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Kevin Cage celebrated in the ring as the referee tended to Darren Michaels, who hadn't moved a muscle under his own duress since his initial contact with the mat.

Did Kevin Cage care though?

Did he hell.

He just celebrated more.

Winner: Kevin Cage (Lights Out DDT)

Jan Gin Xiao vs Justin Brooks

In what was a highly anticipated matchup, WfWA and Defiance standout Justin Brooks came into this match with perhaps a sense of desperation, as falling further behind in the standings may no longer be an option if Justin wished to become the Grand Master of Wrestling. If there was any desperation in his mind, though, you couldn't have told it from his entrance. As Power from Kayne West fired up from the PA system, Justin made his usual entrance, keeping to his normal pre-match routines, trying to go about this match like any other. Meanwhile, the big Jan Gin Xiao came in with the National Anthem of China blaring over the PA system to a decidedly negative reaction. Much like Justin, he performed his normal pre-match routine, perhaps attempting to banish last week's disappointing loss from his mind.

The bell rung, and Justin took the fight straight to the big man. He ran across the ring, ducking a backhand chop from the massive Xiao, and fired right hands into the side of the head of JGX as he turned around. One, two, three, four, five, over and over until the ref pulled Justin Brooks off, but JGX was still standing. Quickly disengaging from the referee, Justin hit the ropes and hit a big running clothesline that tested JGX's equilibrium, but once again the big man wobbled but didn't fall down. Hitting another set of ropes, Justin tried another running clothesline, but he was once again unsuccessful in taking the bigger competitor off of his feet. Justin calls out to the crowd, who cheered him on to hit JGX again. Once he received approval from the fans, he ran off a third different set of ropes, but this time Jan was ready, and he charged in with alarming quickness for such a big man, and he slammed a forearm into Justin Brooks' jaw, dropping the big black man like a sack of potatoes.

JGX, in an effort to lean on Brooks and wear him down, went straight to a nerve pinch on the ground. This hold would continue for a solid two or three minutes, with JGX thwarting rally attempts by Justin with a massive chop to the head and neck area when Justin attempted to stand. Finally, Justin abandoned the powering to his feet business, and as JGX released his hand for a chop, Brooks rolled out of the way, quickly to his knees, and rammed his elbow into the stomach of JGX. Once, twice, three times, JGX was stunned enough for Justin to get to his feet. Running off the ropes, Brooks aimed to leap with a jumping shoulderblock, but JGX deftly shifted and caught Brooks in a bearhug in mid-air!

Shocked both by the sudden pain and the quickness of his opponent, Brooks' eyes came wide open and he screamed in pain. Pushing on the head and neck of JGX, Brooks tries to escape but to no avail. A right hand shook the big man, but he maintained his grip, and squeezed harder to boot! Another, and another, and another, but each one just got Justin Brooks swung around and in a worse predicament than he was in before. Finally the old bell-clap move rendered him able to move again, even though his ribs were screaming in pain.

Bouncing off the ropes, Justin leapt up and connected with a jumping shoulderblock that shook the big man but couldn't take him down. Feeling a rush of energy, Justin screamed to the fans, who were rallying behind their hero, and then attempted to T-Bone Suplex JGX.

Which went about as well as you'd expect.

JGX didn't get moved off of his feet, but the elbow to the side of Justin's head had Brooks stunned in the middle of the ring. Wasting no time, JGX gripped JB's body around the waist again, and connected with a HUGE Belly to Belly suplex.

And if that didn't knock all the wind out of Brooks, then the Red Wave sure did.

Winner: Jan Gin Xiao (pinfall, Red Wave)

Gimmick change

Eugene Dewey:

Do you think I need a gimmick change?

[Eugene Dewey sits in his black, leather office chair clicking away on his mouse and tapping away on his keyboard.]

Wayne Dewey:

You what?

Eugene Dewey:

Do you think I need a new gimmick? I mean, do you think I could pull off a Bounty Hunter gimmick or something? Maybe I could start wearing a robe down to the ring and using the force in my matches...

[Wayne Dewey's eyes roll.]

Wayne Dewey:

Eugene... You're not a Jedi... and I know Defiance let a lot slide from time to time, but I don't think they'd let you carry guns and explosives down to ringside...

[Wayne looks at his brother for a moment before asking the question he knows he's going to regret asking.]

Wayne Dewey:

Why do you think you need a new gimmick anyway?

[Eugene shrugs.]

Eugene Dewey:

Iunno... maybe I could start talkin'... like Christopher Walken.

Wayne Dewey:

Maybe you need to sleep on it. You're headed to the top of the league as it is, dude. You don't need any fancy gimmicks. Just be yourself. It's worked until now, hasn't it?

Eugene Dewey:

Yeah, I guess... But I just feel like I should be improving myself somehow. You know? Evolving or something to that effect.

Wayne Dewey:

Nah man, you're retro! You're 'Q*Bert', 'Paperboy', 'Frogger'... you're 'Space Invaders', dude! They're classics! Their remakes were shocking! Do you want to be remembered as the arcade classic, 'Eugene Dewey'? Or do you want to be remembered as 'Eugene 64', the piss poor, blocky, 3D remake with controls so bad they make 'Superman 64' look good?

[Eugene shrugs again. Maybe Wayne's right. Pac Man never changed his gimmick, did he? Well, unless you believe those rumours of him becoming a transsexual that is.]

SportsCenter: Grimm/Sugamoto & Dewey/Stevenson

DDK:

I think I agree with Wayne in this one.

Conarri:

It feels sort of wrong to say it, but seconded.

Scott:

Thirded. Look, the only difference between Eugene Dewey and most of the other wrestlers is that, somehow, he doesn't need to work out. Back in our rookie days Jeff Andrews and I used to play Dungeons and Dragons in the tour bus that that Kentucky promotion he and I started in took us around in. Rumor is that Christian Light's been known to play World of Warcraft.

DDK:

Eugene Dewey's taking on J Stevenson in the second part of our upcoming double-header. But let's come back to that. For the first part, we've got Gabriel Grimm taking on Kengoro Sugamoto.

Conarri:

Sugamoto. Grimm's a fair high flyer, but Sugamoto's wrestled long enough that he knows the counters. As a high flyer myself, I know that we can be... fragile. Some of those counters are damaging. You have to be spot-on with your dives, and I don't think Grimm's that accurate.

Scott:

What he said. I don't have anything against Gabriel Grimm, but he isn't the most unique high flyer in Defiance, that would be Jack Cassidy - or the crispest flyer, that would have been The Phoenix over in Evolution. He's not going to show Sugamoto anything he hasn't already seen and Sugamoto can knock a guy that size around the ring with his hands. And Sugs knows a little about flying himself, have either of you guys seen his bullet tope?

DDK:

And after that, we've got Dewey taking on Stevenson. For fans who didn't catch the Defiance preseason, on the very first preseason show Eric Dane put a 3 point bounty on Eugene Dewey and Stevenson filled it by carving up his forehead with a piece of metal. Now Dewey finally gets a match with Stevenson.

Conarri:

I know I'm supposed to be the 'good guy' and above this kind of stuff, but let me say this. J Stevenson is a painfully unfunny joke. He comes into Defiance full of his exploits in some fed that no one besides him has ever heard of. He acts as though he is a grand conquering hero returning home to the worshipful adoring peons. He promptly disregards said hero status to stab Eugene. Then he claims he doesn't care about the fan reaction or anything but winning. He wants everyone to know that he's done absolutely everything that they did five years ago, better than they did and in a better fed than this one, and that would be fine if he was just trying to boast gratuitously like many do, but he expected everyone to take him absolutely seriously. He claimed his wrestling style was so off the wall that his nickname was the Innovator when by all appearances he's a pure sports entertainer who didn't know anything more elaborate than a belly to belly suplex. He's an absolute idiot with the worst persona this side of Shelly Hollins.

Scott:

...Damn, Cito.

DDK:

Who's Shelly Hollins?

Scott:

One, you don't need to or want to know. And two, I agree with everything Cito said re:Jay Stevendon. Also, Stevendon should've asked Jeff Andrews about that whole "making an ass of yourself because someone got your name wrong" thing.

DDK:

Heh. Stevendon.

"Gabriel Grimm vs Kengoro Sugamoto"

[Gabriel Grimm clenched his fists as he stepped out the door to his locker room. He was about to walk into a battlezone... He had to be pumped. He had to be mentally ready.]

Gabriel Grimm:

Are you ready, Baltimore? Let's blow the roof off this place!

[He began to stride down the hallway from the locker room, fists pumping, biceps and triceps flexing. Gabriel Grimm had all the energy he needed. Now, just so long as-]

CRASH!

[A set of boxes in the back hallway went crashing down, propelled by the impact of one Jeffrey Andrews, tossed by the COOL hands of Cancer Jiles. Grimm leapt backwards, barely keeping out of the line of fire. Jiles wasn't done, though. He grabbed up a nearby trashcan, and hurled it through the air vaguely at Andrews.]

[Grimm took the full impact of the trash can to the chest.]

Cancer Jiles:

One side, job squad. We've got MAN'S business going on here!

[Grimm pushed the trash can off his chest as Jiles sauntered over and began to lay some boots in on Jeff Andrews.]

[WHAM went the boot.]

Cancer Jiles:

Come on, Unwired Alarm Clock!

[WHAM went the boot.]

Cancer Jiles:

Show me what you got, Butterman!

[Jiles went for a stomp, but Jeff caught the foot! Andrews twisted and rolled, and Jiles was propelled headfirst into the rising Grimm, head-to-head collision!]

CLONK

[Andrews clenched one fist as he came to a knee. As Jiles weebled and wobbled, Jeff turned and hammered that fist home, socking Jiles in the stomach with a pow'rful, hateful right hand. One of those ones that make a cartoon character have a gigantic distension. Yanno.]

[Jiles slumped over Andrews' shoulder, before collapsing onto his side, muttering an ...Uncool... weakly, both hands clutched to his stomach.]

[Andrews put a hand on Jiles' side, pushing himself to his feet at the same time that he pushed the air out of Jiles' lungs, and finally came back upright, one foot laying itself across the COOL one's COOL throat. And Jeff leaned down on Jiles' trachea.]

[After a moment of enjoying that, Jeff reached down, grabbing the Cancer of DEFIANCE by the back of the head. Both hands set into that COOL 'do, and Jeff hauled Cancer up, off his back and to his feet.]

[And then Jeffro snapped a kick into Jiles' stomach, doubling him over. A hand grabbed the back of Cancer's neck, and Andrews snapped a kick right into the COOL Nose! And again! And again! KAWADA KIIIIIIIIIIICKS!]

[Jiles fell in a heap, hands clasped to his face.]

Crunch.

[Jeff snapped his gaze up, to spot the man who would soon be Gabriel Grimm's opponent... Should Grimm ever wake up from his head-to-head connection with Jiles.]

[An apple in one hand, leaning on a folded-up steel chair. Kengoro Sugamoto. He grinned softly.]

Kengoro Sugamoto:

Very crisp kicks.

[Jeff had no time for this. Kengoro was a potential threat, what with that chair.]

[And he was a dick to Ceets anyway.]

[SNAP went the foot across Kengoro's chin! Superkick laid the big man out, chunks of apple flying through the air as Kengoro fell like a snapped-off Redwood!]

[Andrews grabbed Jiles and sat him up, letting the dazed COOL one slump forward... He didn't need to be awake to be kicked in the spine.]

[Wait, what? Jiles looked up, realizing what had just happened, an-]

[KERRACKO~! went the foot into Jiles' spine! The COOL One's eyes bulged, and his mouth blew open in a silent cry of agony, but no sound came out.]

[Jiles even shot to his feet, knees jiggling like Jell-O Brand Gelatin, arms stretched out wide.]

[He was tap-dancing, unable to believe what had just happened to his back. And Andrews just leaned back, resetting his stance. Superkick, try two.]

[Jiles slowly wheeled, allowing Jeff's targeting systems to line up the shot... FIRE!]

Cancer Jiles:

Not today, B.

[The COOL One dropped to his knees, allowing Jeff's leg to fly wide overhead... And Jiles hammered a right hand into Jeffenstein's beanbag, arresting the motion of the Superkick halfway.]

[Andrews faltered, landing in a wide-legged, knock-kneed stumble. It didn't need to hold him up, and it quickly wasn't. Cancer popped up, that arm shooting back. His hand was stiff, flat, and Choppy... And Andrews took a Mongo Chop right between the eyes!]

[The followthrough sent Andrews to the ground, and Jiles stumbled, staggered, and landed with both knees on the back of the hands-and-knees, dazed-as-heck Grimm.]

[As Jiles picked himself back up and off the sprawled-off Grimm, he smirked and patted the kid on the back of the head.]

Cancer Jiles:

Thanks for the crashpad, kid.

[On the other side of the fallen Andrews, the bullish Sugamoto was forcing himself up and off the ground. He wouldn't

stay down, and he was loudly protesting Gravity's pull.]

Cancer Jiles:

You blow a valve, ya slant?

[Jiles stepped carefully over Andrews, and paintbrushed Kengoro, slapping him across the head a few times. Kengoro swiped blindly at Jiles, red face contorted in anger.]

Cancer Jiles:

Whoa there, Mongo! Don't TOUCH the Jiles!

[Cancer stepped back, getting down into a position of his own...]

[Kengoro straightened, and turned to look at the COOL On-]

[CRACK went the foot! Supakick!]

[Kengoro's head shot back and his arms windmilled, eyes rolling back in his head.]

[Jiles began to bring Chop after Chop down across Jeff's chest, stomping and kicking and chopping away at Andrews' torso. After a big kneedrop to the face, Cancer grabbed Jeff by the ear, tugging him insistently upward.]

[Aside from a pissed-off Heidi, very little could move a Jeff Andrews so well.]

[Jiles grinned toothily, as he pulled Jeff up.]

[And WHOOSH, like a jack-in-the-box, Andrews shot out with a Superkick! Jiles just barely sidestepped, and instead of Cancer, Kengoro was the one who ate it! Arms spun, eyes rolling in his skull, but Sugamoto would not go down!]

[Andrews and Jiles shared a look, both distracted from their mutual hate.]

[Jiles squared off. Set. And SHOT the Superkick off! CRACK went the foot into the moustachio'd Japanese man's jaw!]

[And Kengoro wouldn't go down. He weebled and wobbled, but wouldn't tumble!]

[Andrews squared off. Set. And SHOT that Superkick off, damn near blowing Kengoro's face off! More of a kick to the cheek than the face, Kengoro's head snapped back and he finally went down!]

[Sugamoto collapsed, completely KOed. Andrews grinned as he slid both feet together, a big ol' grin on his lips.]

[And when he looked back at Cancer, he caught a double-jabbing-finger to the eyes! Captain Insano-style! Jiles shoulderblocked Andrews, rushing him down the hallway and out of the camera angle!]

[As the fight faded down the hallway, Kengoro and Gabriel were both left laying. But Grimm was beginning to move a little more. As he stirred...]

[The Quebecois Dreamboat sashayed into the midst of the scene. Ooh la la, a fallen Kengoro and a fallen Gabriel. As Grimm came more and more to his knees, Michel LaLiberte grabbed Gabriel by the back of the head.]

Michel LaLiberte:

Je m'excuse, Gabriel... No hard feelings, non?

[Gabriel came up... And LaLiberte twisted the arm, hooked the ankle, and KERSPLATTO! Wiped Grimm out across the body of the fallen Sugamoto with a "Best Face Forward"! A foot paused atop the fallen Grimm AND the fallen

Kengoro.]

LaLiberte:

Un... Deux... Trois. Mon nom est Michel LaLiberte...

[And LaLiberte stuffed his hands into the pockets of his baby-blue hoodie, sauntering casually down the hallway. IF he wanted to beat Christian Light, it would take a little more than that...]

[Pan down to the kayoed Kengoro and the wiped-out Grimm, both facing up, laying perpendicular to one another in a heap. D'aww. Naptime.]

Eugene Dewey vs J Stevenson

J Stevenson was already in the ring while Eugene and Wayne Dewey entered to the Mike Tyson Punchout theme as the crowd cheered.

J Stevenson started off the match catching Dewey off guard with a series of right hands as he entered the ring. Stevenson whipped Dewey to the corner and followed him with a splash. Dewey staggered out of the corner and Stevenson flung himself into the ropes and tried to take Dewey down with a shoulderblock, but Dewey remained standing. Stevenson repeated the maneuver and once again couldn't get Dewey down.

On the third try, Stevenson came off the ropes with a cross-body block...and Eugene Dewey caught him in mid-air! Stevenson flailed his arms and legs, but it was all in vain as Dewey powerslammed him hard to the mat. Dewey recovered to his feet and fell down hard on the mid-section of Stevenson.

Dewey stood back up and waits for Stevenson, who seemed to be getting to his feet out of instinct more than anything else. Eugene Dewey went into a crouching position as Stevenson stumbled into range...

SHORYUKEN!

Dewey needlessly hooked a leg as the referee gave the three count.

Winner: Eugene Dewey (Shoryuken)

Andrew vs Jiles: What's cookin'

“AAAAAAIIIIIIIGGGGHHH!!!!”

CRASH!

[At some point in their brawl around the arena, Andrews and Jiles headed in the direction of the kitchen. And someone, probably Eric Dane, got the camera crew and told them their jobs depended on not losing even a second of this footage. So...]

Jeff Andrews:

I'm gonna KILL you and I'm gonna MURDER you and I'm gonna EAT YOUR FUCKING SUNGLASSES!

[Cancer Jiles ricocheted off the door, bumped against a preparation table in the middle of the room and fell. Andrews ran after him, leaped, went horizontal in the air, stepped off the table and crashed down across Jiles' ribcage!]

Jiles:

BLURGH!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Andrews began raining in the punches.]

Andrews:

FUCKING!

THUD!

Andrews:

HATE!

THUD!

Andrews:

YOU!

THUD!

Andrews:

SO!

CLOONNNNGG!!

Jiles:

Say it, don't spray it, Mongo McDaniels.

[Jiles had managed to get his hands on a frying pan and bounced it off Andrews' forehead.]

[Leaving Andrews lying in a heap, Jiles began excavating the kitchen, looking for an appropriately COOL weapon.]

[Other weapons deemed insufficient were thrown in the general direction of Andrews' head.]

Jiles:

Where's that axe that Greer tried to kill him with the other show.

[That was Ronnie Long that Greer tried to kill.]

Jiles:

Same difference.

[Andrews pushed himself back to his feet.]

[He grabbed Jiles by the back of the head, sought out an appropriate target, and launched Jiles at it forehead first.]

[Said target was a microwave.]

CRAAAAACK!

[The door cracked and Jiles' forehead began to bleed, sliced open on the sharp edges. Andrews, wrathful, held on, introduced Jiles to it again!]

CRAAAAACK!

[And again!]

[And again!]

[Jiles slid bonelessly to the floor. Holding onto the table, he began trying to get up.]

Andrews:

STAB YOU!

[He unleashed a fork, and Jiles went down again. He rolled over to protect his head, and as Andrews came back in, this time with a baking tray in hand...]

FOOOOMPH!

[Jiles unleashed a bag of flour! Andrews stumbled around, his face now encrusted with the flour, white except for where it turned pink against his forehead, and Jiles returned to his search.]

[And then he found it.]

[A huge bucket of pre-scrambled Eggs.]

[Just like in every prison escape movie EVER, Jiles wrapped Andrews up in a hammerlock and stuffed his head into the bucket.]

Jiles:

That's yolk on your face, isn't it, whites-boy! Wait, you can't hear me, because YOU'RE DROWNING!

[Andrews burbled from inside the bucket. It's probably just as well he was inaudible.]

[However, Andrews is smarter than your average prison guard, and he thought of a mule kick.]

[Jiles stumbled away and Andrews, looking like a pale yellow version of the Creature from the Black Lagoon with the flour and eggs stuck to him, wiped his eyes, and spied a weapon of his own. He blundered off-camera.]

[And what he found prompted a shriek most un-COOL from Jiles, followed by panic flight.]

Andrews:

I'M GONNA CHOP YOU GOOD!

[Jeff Andrews had found himself a huge-ass CLEAVER.]

[Jiles couldn't find the door. He ran around the central table.]

[Andrews followed. He was too pissed off to wait until he got a good swing, and so he'd swing, miss, and lose ground.]

[Then Jiles saw the bucket of eggs again, and he grabbed them as he ran past, and threw them in front of him! Jiles leaped, landed in the trail of egg like a ninja, slid out of the kitchen, rebounded off the hallway wall and took off down the hall.]

[Andrews hit the eggs, skidded out of control, and flattened himself against the wall.]

[In the process he dropped his cleaver.]

WUMPH!

[Jiles had chosen to add insult to injury with a bag full of paper shreds. Lord knows where he found it.]

[But if Jiles and his bloodflow was turning into the red carpet, Jeff Andrews was turning into the award winning modern art sculpture.]

SportsCenter: Adam Waterman vs Clair St. Sure

DDK:

Just as well that Jeff didn't manage to chop Jiles with that thing, actually.

Scott:

You know, it's a miracle that there's never been a murder during a hardcore match.

Conarri:

There's a reason I discourage my students from getting involved in the hardcore style in the first place.

DDK:

Anyway. Next up we've got Clair St. Sure and Adam Waterman.

Scott:

I plead the fifth.

Conarri:

Adam Waterman is an excellent power wrestler. He is not a particularly good submission wrestler. And ordinarily I'd just predict Waterman to take this one, although I'd have said that it would be a much closer match than some would predict. But Adam took a kick to the knee in the hallway, and that's going to slow him down. St. Sure has to get past or beneath his grappling to do any damage, but she has faster footwork than he does to begin with, and that knee's going to slow him down. On the other hand, Clair obviously isn't going to have Kai Scott in her corner tonight.

Scott:

Obviously, although I try to leave her to her own devices as often as possible. It's easier to learn for yourself sometimes without someone yelling instructions to you. And besides, instructions can be overheard.

Conarri:

As for my prediction? Toss a coin, it could go either way. Too many unusual mitigating factors, and it's going to come down to who makes the least mistakes.

Scott:

Darren, since I'm recused here how about you make a prediction?

DDK:

Well, I'm going to have to go with Waterman. Cito's right about the mistakes, but Waterman's a lot bigger, he can take a lot more punishment, he can drag his weight around on the mat, and he just has a lot more room for error than St. Sure does.

Adam Waterman vs Clairia St. Sure

He may have been limping to the ring on a gimpy knee, but the crowd had no sympathy for the Waterman as he made his way out to the White Zombie tune "Ratfinks, Suicide Tanks and Cannibal Girls". But despite the proverbial hole that Adam found himself in this evening, he still seemed to have supreme confidence in himself, and he wasn't afraid to share his confident musings with a nearby group of booing fans. As he climbed into the ring, the death threat-y sounds of Death Threat by Death in Vegas brought out Clairia St. Sure. Alone tonight at ringside, she walked to the ring, and as she's fought and won here in Defiance's Heritage League, she's earned the cheers of the fans. And especially with Adam Waterman her opponent, she clearly and overwhelmingly the fan favorite in this match. Her pale blue eyes are a steely gaze of focus on the man in the ring as she rolls cautiously under the bottom rope, and quickly stands, prepared for the attack that didn't happen.

Benny Doyle takes this moment to ring the bell, and it's on!

Both man and woman circle the ring, not wanting to make the first mistake. They slowly come together in the middle of the ring, with Clairia keeping her guard tight to prevent Adam shooting in on her. He tried once, ducking in and using his not-bad leg to try and shoot in, but Clairia nimbly dodged the Waterman and kicked the reaching arm to discourage this behavior. And while he didn't dive for the single leg again, he did work to try and position Clairia into the corner. She kept him at bay with kicks to the legs and side, but once she felt her back in the corner there was nowhere to go. In almost a reverse bear-baiting scenario, the larger Waterman has cornered the smaller St. Sure, and the Face of Watery Death moves in for the kill...

...but Clairia slips under his arms and kicks him in the kidneys. Turning relatively quickly, Waterman swats a second kick away from his midsection, and lunges at Clairia again, but she ducks behind him again, hitting another kick to the kidneys that caused the crowd to groan and the Waterman to arch his back slightly as he turned around. Seeing an opening, Clairia ducked in to make a single-leg takedown, but almost as quickly as the opening had appeared, Adam recovered, using his weight advantage to lean down on her and trap her in a hunched position. Clairia tried to escape, but to no avail, as The Waterman had her in his clutches, and he was not about to let her go now. Waterman cinched in a front facelock and brought a forearm down HARD on the back of St. Sure, causing her to arch her back in pain. Not letting her escape, he surprises everyone (but himself, of course) with his quick move to pin Clairia to the nearby corner, and once he had her there, he brought back the big right hand and swung it forward.

But Clairia blocked, getting her hand up just in time. She threw a knee strike at Waterman that he absorbed, and he returned in fire with an elbow/forearm to the jaw that she barely got both arms up to block. Feeling that this exchange wouldn't get her very far, Clairia kicked at Adam's bad knee to stun the bigger man. It didn't do too much, but it got him to stumble far enough away that she rolled out of the corner and back to the middle of the ring. A polite applause came up from the audience, but one could tell that they were getting tired of this cautious attitude and they wanted violence.

They were about to get what they asked for.

Waterman moved to the middle of the ring and went for a tieup, which Clairia again ducked and tried to shoot at kick at the kidneys of Waterman. Only this time Adam pivoted his body in time to catch Clairia's foot against his torso. Using the leg as leverage, Adam lifts Clairia up into the air and shoves her across the ring with his free hand. Clairia is up

quickly and runs at Waterman, hoping to catch him off guard with a running thrust kick. Waterman ducks and St. Sure takes her momentum into the opposite ropes. Waterman tries for a clothesline, which is ducked. The FoD member turns around, and Clairra tries for the rolling hip toss, but Waterman is too strong and too big to go over. Hooking Clairra at the waist, Adam takes her over with a picture-perfect overhead release belly to belly suplex.

Both competitors are slow to get up; Waterman due to his knee, St. Sure due to the aerial flight she just took. They both arrive at their feet at the same time, but once Clairra got up she came right back at Waterman. She throws a kick to his bad knee to stun him, then another hook kick at the head that Waterman gets his arm up to block/absorb, then another opposite foot kick to the body which Adam couldn't get around to blocking that keeled him over. Clairra goes for an uppercut shot to the face of Adam Waterman, but Adam stands up, just barely missing connection with the fist of St. Sure. Adam goes behind Clairra and attempts a German suplex out of the corner the two were standing near, but a twinge of pain in his bad knee caused him to release grip just a split-second too early.

And that's what allowed Clairra to backflip out of the hold.

As Adam used the nearby corner to lift himself into a standing position again, he had no idea that Clairra was coming, and the resulting running knee to the head came very close to blacking the Waterman out. Adam managed to instinctively hook the middle rope on his way down, preventing the fall onto his face. But the falling of Waterman to his hands and knees was all the break that Clairra needed. First, she kicked the arm off the ropes, causing Waterman to roll away from the ropes holding his arm in pain. Quickly thereafter followed a leg grapevine, with Clairra alternating with her free arm between applying more torque and slamming her fist into Adam's knee. Waterman wouldn't stay in the hold for very long, using his free leg to kick out from the clutches of the hold, but it was clear that damage was done. Clairra got to her feet, and threw a kick at the Waterman, which he double ax-handled out of the way. This stumbled Clairra enough to allow Adam to spring off of his good three limbs and clobber Clairra with his own shoulder, taking her down to the mat.

Showing some anger after being stretched, Adam drops a quick elbow to the head of Clairra to keep her from getting back up too quickly. Bringing her back up again, he hooks her and DRIVES her down to the mat with The Waterfall, and then rolls her over for the nonchalant cover, to which she kicked out at two. Waterman shifted his weight on the ground and started running some back elbows into the side of her head while laying on her throat. This of course is illegal, so the ref counted the hold to be broken, which it was at about 4.9999. Satisfied that she would be stunned for a bit longer, Waterman pulled her back up again and locked her up in the Abdominal Stretch!

Clairra screamed in pain, her eyes wide open as Waterman applied all the force he could muster in the hold from one and a quarter legs. After a few seconds of vice-like pressing, Adam would ease the pressure long enough to taunt the fans, and when they responded with a roaring BOOing, Waterman would crank the pressure once more, causing Clairra to scream in pain. This strategy would have worked exceedingly well had Waterman had both legs under him. As it was, Clairra made a desperate play, kicking at the bad leg with the heel of her back leg. This caused Waterman to release some of the pressure and grab for her leg, but in turn that allowed her the room to elbow his good leg until he released the hold.

Stumbling to the middle of the ring, Clairra was holding her side in pain as Adam came moving in, but a quick leg sweep wobbled Adam Waterman and brought him down to one knee. Clairra then kicked the knee of Waterman,

causing him to come down to both knees, and then she executed her OWN nameless but still very painful version of the Reverse STO on Waterman. Rolling him over for the cover, Clairra covers her opponent, but she only gets two.

Walking back over to her opponent, Clairra attempted to establish control of her opponent's head, but she was instead swept off her feet in a double-leg takedown. Sliding over on his one good knee, Waterman reached in and started to lay the heavy lumber on Clairra, who was guarding to save her life. In the heat of the moment, he didn't realize that he had moved into her guard, and by the time he realized his mistake, Clairra had hammerlocked the arm and was pushing his head. Adam tried to bull his way out of the incoming hold, but he had no base to balance off of, and before he knew it he was in the omoplata! Flailing about with his two and a quarter good limbs, Waterman manages to get one of his feet on the ropes before he can be locked into the arm-breaking hold for too long.

Breaking the hold, Clairra lines up a kick to the head on the kneeling Waterman, who blocks it with his non-omoplata'd arm. She throws another kick to the other side, which Adam blocks again, but this time he recoils in pain as the arm that was just in a very painful submission hold was kicked very hard. Pivoting on her feet, St. Sure threw a standing, spinning back heel kick, which hit flush to the side of the head, taking Waterman down to the mat. Sensing her moment was here, she dragged him to the center of the ring, and re-hooks the arm in the omoplata grip. Waterman, alive on training instinct, fights with all his remaining strength, trying to keep his free arm from the leg lace. But the rabbit punches to Adam's exposed kidney eventually made resistance impossible, and Clairra was able to get Waterman's other arm interlaced between her feet.

From there, she wrapped up the legs in quick fashion, and voila! The Truly Untouchabreaker! And it looked like it would have lived up to its name if locked in long enough, because Adam Waterman was bent in a very unnatural way. Fortunately for his long-term career aspirations, it didn't take long for him to tap the side of Clairra's foot in surrender, giving her the submission victory.

Winner: Clairra St. Sure (Truly Untouchabreaker)

Andrews vs Jiles: To the ring

[In the hallway, Jeff Andrews stared down Cancer Jiles.]

[In the hallway, Cancer Jiles stared down Jeff Andrews.]

[The red, red kroovy flowed down Jiles' forehead. And up his forehead. His blonde hair is now red.]

[Jeff Andrews was bleeding, too. There is a small clean spot on his forehead where he is bleeding. The rest of his head and his shoulders are covered in just about every kind of filth that the back hallways of an auditorium have to offer.]

[And Andrews was the first to break the staredown as he lowered his head and charged Jiles just like a rhinoceros.]

[Jiles didn't sidestep quickly enough.]

[Andrews tackled Jiles, the two stumbled down the hall in a clinch, and toppled out through a door framed with black curtains.]

[You know, the door to the wrestling ring and all that.]

[Blackout.]

[Fade up to a shot of the ring area.]

[Cancer Jiles crabwalked down the ramp, trying to stay ahead of Jeff Andrews. Andrews' eyes were wide with homicidal malevolence, and he was practically snorting smoke.]

[As Jiles reached ringside, he began fishing under the ring and came up with... a carton of eggs.]

[Andrews has no regard for eggs. He kept on stalking.]

[And so when Jiles swung the carton and Andrews went down in a heap, the fan reaction is stunned - right up until Jiles opened up the carton of eggs and brandished the tire iron he'd stashed inside it.]

[Of course it's also filled with now crushed eggs.]

[Jiles tilted the carton over Andrews' face, showering it in egg and fragments of eggshell.]

[And then beckoning Mark Shields, the least ethical of the Defiance referees, into the ring, Jiles rolls Andrews into the ring himself. Shields signaled, and the match "started".]

Jeff Andrews vs Cancer Jiles

[Leaning on his back, throwing a peace sign up as the fans boo horrendously, Jiles made one of the most lackadaisical covers of all time.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREE KICKOUT!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!!

[Jiles was stunned. He grabs Shields by the lapels, asking why he didn't count faster.]

[Jeff Andrews, in the meantime, rolled over and grabs the tire iron from where Jiles left it at ringside.]

[And with a leap, he tackled Jiles!]

[Both men went down, Andrews on top, the edge of the tire iron up against Jiles' neck. Andrews leaned his weight on it, Jiles fought to prevent strangulation...]

DING! DING! DING!

[Mark Shields called for the bell, and without even waiting, he took off up the ramp.]

Darren "DQ" Quimby:

Here is your winner, as a result of a disqualification:

[...what?]

DQ:

"COOL"! CANCER! JILES!

[At the announcement, Andrews fell off of Jiles, looking around to try and figure out what had just happened. But the ringside area was emptying of people. Including, needless to say, Cancer Jiles himself.]

["Buffalo" Brian Slater and his security team were on hand to get Andrews backstage before anything either valuable or capable of suing the company was damaged.]

SportsCenter: LaLiberte vs Light

Scott:

What, exactly, just happened?

DDK:

I'd have thought you'd know the scheme, Kai. The match wasn't No-DQ, and even though Jiles and Andrews spent all that time brawling, as soon as Andrews attacked Jiles with the tire iron in the ring, that caused a disqualification. So now Jiles is on Heritage League. Thoughts, Cito?

Cito:

The fifth, as it were.

DDK:

Well, as they say, what happens happens. For what it's worth, after St. Sure's upset over Waterman, Jiles starts an entire twenty-one points down from the league leader in Heritage League. And moving on, we have just one match left on the card, and that's our main event.

Scott:

Christian Light's big return to take on Michael LaLiberte.

DDK:

Indeed.

Scott:

It's been an age and a half since I've actually seen Light in action. He and I may have crossed paths in the old CAL back in, say, 2001 or so, but it's been a long time.

DDK:

How do you see this match lining up?

Scott:

Honestly? I can't imagine giving Michel LaLiberte this match for any reason other than allowing fans to see Christian Light use about fifty different suplexes. I was a plex-machine back when I was healthy in the ring. Light knows more of 'em than I do, and that's saying a lot. Another thing, I don't see LaLiberte knowing any counters yet either.

DDK:

Cito?

Conarri:

Honestly Darren, on paper this match is about as lopsided as you can get. Light has the strength advantage, experience advantage, depth of moveset advantage, ring awareness advantage. He'll even be better at seeing cheating coming than LaLiberte will be at cheating, due to the experience factor.

DDK:

If you were LaLiberte, what might you try?

Conarri:

Stall like hell, hope for a miracle?

DDK:

And what about you, Kai?

Scott:

Not sure. He might try shitting himself, 'cept word is he already did try that, and it didn't help.

DDK:

Before the match, though, I understand we've got Christy Zane backstage for an interview with both competitors. So let's go check that out and then we'll see you after the main event!

Interview

[And, we're backstage with the beautiful Christy Zane, in the traditional low-cut top that shows off her true assets.]

Christie Zane:

Hi everyone, Christy Zane here, and before we get to our next match, I've got an exclusive face-to-face staredown between the two competitors in that match!

[The camera pans back to reveal both "The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light and Michel LaLibertie, dressed in their wrestling garb and standing face to face with each other. Christian's look is kind of like a poker face look. Michel is echoing the veteran. Well, as much as he can while sneaking looks at the interviewer.]

Christie Zane:

Christian, tonight marks your first attempt at in-ring competition in nearly three years. How do you feel going into the ring tonight against Michel LaLibertie? Do you think you still have it in the ring?

"The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light:

Christy, at this point, the time for talking is over, and I am so excited to get in the Defiance ring for the first time. I'm fired up...YEAH!

RRRAAAHHHHH!

[Christian turns to camera and smiles, shattering his poker face with a broad smile as the fans pop the DEBUT POP~!]

Light:

I'm gonna go out there tonight and show everyone around the world...and especially in the Heritage League...that win or lose, I still have what it takes to get in this ring and compete with the best we have to offer.

[Christy nods before turning to Michel LaLibertie.]

Christie Zane:

And Michel, tonight you go toe to toe with a true legend in this business, and while you can claim wins over several of Defiance's bigger names, this is the first time you've been in a match one on one against a legend. What's on your mind?

LaLiberte:

What's on my mind, cheri? What's on my mind is what you're doing after t'e show, non? Peut-être vous et I could get some drinks later, oui?

[Christy looks a little stunned, almost slack-jawed.]

LaLiberte:

Oh, you meant about t'e match, non?

[He turns to Light.]

LaLiberte:

Dude, you are une legende, t'at is true. But standing 'ere, right now, wit' you, je vous vois ce que vous êtes. You're a man. Not'ing more, not'ing less. Une legende, t'at's unbeatable. Un homme, pure et simple, can be beaten.

Christie Zane:

Any last words for each other?

Light:

Good luck, and may the best wrestler win.

[Light extends his hand, to which LaLiberte looks down, and simply smirks at it. A brief moment passes, then LaLiberte's attention is turned back towards Christy Zane. "Your Man" by Down With Webster begins to play, and he smiles his most charming smile, winks, and heads towards the entrance, his eyes never leaving Christy. Christian frowns slightly, but is able to shake it off quickly as the camera focuses on Christy.]

Christie Zane:

Back to the ring folks!

[Cut back to the ring.]

Christian Light vs Michel LaLiberte

[It was that time.]

DING! DING! DING!

DQ:

The following contest is set for one fall, with a 30 minute time limit! Introducing first, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada, weighing in at 235 lbs! MICHEL! LA! LIIIIIIIBEERRRTE!

*# And if you want me girl #
I will be your man #
And if you want me girl #
I will be here forever #*

[The fans were booing before LaLiberte even appeared at the top of the ramp. And when he did, they informed him, in no uncertain terms, that they thought he sucked.]

[LaLiberte did not allow them to upset him. He adjusted his headband, jogged in place, then walked down to the ring. He stepped in, allowed referee Benny Doyle to check him.]

DQ:

AND HIS OPPONENT!

*# Another mission #
The powers have called me away #
Another time #
To carry the colors again #*

DQ:

Hailing from Garden City, New York, and weighing in at 271 lbs! He is THE LAST NIGHTHAWK!... CCCCHHRRRIISSSSTTTIIIAAANN... LLLIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[The Last Nighthawk stepped to the top of the ramp with an explosion of cheers. He peeled off his T-shirt and threw it into the crowd, and then walked to the ring, slapping hands. In the ring, he submitted to the referee check, and Benny Doyle signaled that it was time to go.]

DING! DING! DING!

[Tie-up, and Light immediately shoved LaLiberte head over heels! LaLiberte backed into the corner and called for a time-out. He adjusted himself, told the catcalling fans to be quiet (it didn't help), and agreed to another lock-up.]

WHAM!

[Again, Light sent LaLiberte sprawling, this time into the ropes, where LaLiberte briefly clutched them in terror before recovering his self esteem and picking himself up. And with that he was done messing around. He booted Light in the gut, backed him to the ropes with forearms to the head, Irish whip... wait, nevermind, Light didn't go anywhere.]

[Light held onto the arm and pulled LaLiberte back into a spinning cravate suplex. He went for the quick pinfall. One... TWO.... THREKICKOUT!]

[LaLiberte stalled by claiming that Light had grabbed his hair.]

[Not even Benny Doyle would believe that a boyscout like Light would cheat like such, and he warned LaLiberte to knock it the hell off. Light was annoyed as well. He "helped" LaLiberte up to his feet, and sent him across the ring. LaLiberte rolled out of the ring after this one, seemingly half dead although still lively enough to insult the fans near

him.]

[Light went to follow up but maybe, having encountered such little resistance, he wasn't paying enough attention. LaLiberte grabbed his ankles and yanked them out, then banged his knee into the ring apron. Light growled in pain and rolled back into the ring and to safety, but LaLiberte had the opening he needed.]

[Stomps, sir.]

[Stomp after stomp after stomp from the green as fuck rookie who couldn't think of anything better to do. But stomps do hurt, and Light's knee was taking a pounding.]

[Light spun his body and got hold of LaLiberte's leg. Most wrestlers would be able to defend against a single leg takedown from an opponent lying on his back, but not LaLiberte. And Light was turning it over and getting the half crab, the Hawk's Talon as he calls it, applied.]

[LaLiberte howled. He scrabbled and flailed and Light looked almost amused as he just sat there holding the hold. Then LaLiberte managed to get his hand around the ropes and Light dropped the hold and... right back out of the ring went LaLiberte!]

[This time, Light went after him, maybe irritated about the stalling. LaLiberte ran from Light, turned the corner of the ring, and suddenly skidded to a stop, reversed, and as Light came around the corner, took him down with a cut block!]

[There's that athletic background coming into play.]

[LaLiberte stomped the knee a few more times, then backed off behind Light, waited on the bigger man to stand, and then running dropkicked him between the shoulderblades!]

[Now it's unlikely that LaLiberte planned this, but the dropkick happened to send Light stumbling forward AND headfirst into the ringpost!]

[LaLiberte had gotten a big shot in, and even he knew he had to capitalize. So he threw Light into the ring, measured, and dropped a big knee. It seemed to work well, so... another knee! And a third knee! And a cover!]

[One... AIR LALIBERTE!]

[Light kicked out with authority enough that LaLiberte went up in the air and bonked his face into the mat. He got up clutching his nose, his vision blurring, and a now angry Light was up and waiting for him... EXPROIDAH!]

[That's Japanese for 'exploder'.]

[Because the Exploder suplex lands a person rolling, LaLiberte was right back up to his feet, but a long way from "in the match". Light waited on him, up aaaannnndddd.... spinebuster!]

[Light was right back on him lacing up the legs for the Light Leg Lock, and LaLiberte was thrashing, trying to block it, and he thought of an eye rake. Light dropped the legs and flinched back, LaLiberte got up as quickly as his aching body would allow, and he tried to scoop slam Light!]

[And he tried again.]

[And Light was all like "REJECTED", and elbowed him in the side of the head and handed out another Exploder!]

[LaLiberte crumpled from this one. Light went for the cover.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT?!

[Yes, folks, LaLiberte actually kicked out of that. Not “grabbed the ropes” or “eye rake” or “low blow” or anything like that, he just plain kicked out.]

[Light was a bit surprised by this one, apparently, but he still had the match well in hand. Well, that was an understatement, since technically the turnbuckle had done more damage to him than LaLiberte had. So he raised his arm and yelled for Realizing the Dream.]

[He sent LaLiberte off the ropes.]

[LaLiberte rebounded into the press, and as he went up he twisted his bodyweight to the side.]

[LaLiberte landed on his feet behind Light, and when Light turned around... maybe LaLiberte himself wasn't quite sure how it happened, maybe after being dumped on his head twice he was able to emulate it, but whatever the reason...]

[EXPROIDAH!]

[From LaLiberte, to Light!]

[When a man of Christian Light's size takes a suplex, he takes it hard. Light crumpled to the mat like a sack of meat, and LaLiberte froze for a second or two before he rushed to make the cover.]

ONE...!

...TWO...!

.....THREEKICKOUT!

[That. Was. Close.]

[Light, possibly wondering what the hell just happened, covered up. LaLiberte began working on pulling him up. He only had one trick left to play, and that was his reverse Russian legsweep. So he got Light set for the move, he wrapped his leg around Light's, and tried to set his arm behind Light's head, and you can't choreograph a move like that against Christian Light, rookie!]

[Light intercepted, stepped loose, reverse gargoyle suplex on LaLiberte!]

[This time there was no mistake. LaLiberte was slowly up to his feet, then up over Light's head, and down on his own head as Light delivered Realizing the Dream!]

[The fans counted along.]

ONE!

...TWO...!

.....THREE!!!

Winner: Christian Light (Realizing the Dream)