

RUNDOWN II: ELECTRIC BOOGALOO

THIS TIME, IT'S™ PERSONAL

DDK:

And folks, before we get to our first match of the evening, we're going to take it backstage to Christie Zane. Christie?

We cut to the backstage area, where DEF interviewer and all-around knockout Christie Zane stands in between Trashcan Tim and "Black Out" Pat Cassidy - both dressed to compete. Both sporting forehead bandages covering up their scars from their recent attack at the hands of Conor Fuse. Tim is cracking his knuckles while Cassidy is resisting the urge to pace back and forth restlessly.

Christie:

Pat Cassidy... Trashcan Tim... last time we saw you, you were betrayed and beatdown at the hands of Conor Fuse and his demented sidekick, The Game Boy. Now you're moments away from stepping into the ring with both men. What are you thinking before this big match-up?

Trashcan Tim:

Ms. Zane, some might say I've never been much of the thinking type.

The Faithful chuckle as Tim flashes his toothless grin.

Trashcan Tim:

Y'all know I always look for the best in people and I'm willin' to put up with a lot. But this?

Trashcan gestures to the bandages on he and Cassidy's foreheads.

Trashcan Tim:

This is the line.

Christy moves the mic away from Trashcan Tim and offers it to Cassidy. He gladly accepts. Cassidy's tone is angry.

Cassidy:

Christie... I think it goes without saying that a normal person would have just told me, "I don't want to hang out with you anymore" and been done with it.

Christie nods. Scattered laughter from the crowd.

Cassidy:

But I suppose we're not dealing with a normal person, are we? Should I have realized a while ago that Conor Fuse is in need of professional help? Probably. Lord knows everyone from Lindsay Troy, to Newbludd, to the guy who sells hotdogs down the street tried to warn me. And the worst part? Part of me still thinks there's some version of a halfway decent guy somewhere deep down in there. So yeah, maybe I was naive. Maybe it's on me that I stupidly assumed a bit of fun would be enough to knock some sense into that deeply disturbed little man. But now I know...

Cassidy motions toward the ring.

Cassidy:

...and now I get to literally knock some sense into that deeply disturbed little man. AND his pet Frankenstien's monster, too.

Cassidy's words may have a hint of humor to them, but his tone is deadly serious. He turns and looks directly into the camera.

Cassidy:

Conor... I really need you to understand something...

Cassidy's eye twitches slightly.

Cassidy:

When I decided I was going to fight people for a living, I made a promise with myself. No matter how intense it got in the ring, it was never going to be personal. I was going to be the guy who could go to war with you one minute and smooth it over with a cold one the next. Keep it strictly professional. And until your betrayal two weeks ago, I was holding myself to that promise pretty well. But this...

Cassidy points... somewhere.

Cassidy:

...what's going to happen in that ring right now? This is going to be as personal as it gets. I'm really, really going to enjoy this.... "buddy."

With that, Cassidy moves out of frame. Tim grins and follows suit.

Christie:

Guys, this looks like it's going to be intense. Back to you, Darren.

CONOR FUSE & THE GAME BOY vs. "BLACK OUT" PATRICK CASSIDY & TRASHCAN TIM

The camera shifts from Christie Zane to the announce tables, where Keebler and Lance sit, looking serious and ready to call the action.

DDK:

Well, folks, we've heard from a fired up duo in the form of Trashcan Tim and Pat Cassidy. What weeks ago was a stable of Conor Fuse's own brainchild, The Friends Membership League, was violently torn apart at Conor's own hands in a vicious set-up.

Lance:

That's right, Keebs. Conor set up Cassidy for a beatdown and became so enraged when Tim wouldn't take his side, he left the trash man lying, too. I'll never listen to musicals quite the same again, particularly Disney.

DDK:

You've gotta wonder about how wise this was of Conor... I know he might feel confident with The Game Boy watching his back but he's got two very pissed off men gunning for him tonight.

Lance:

...are you suggesting that he uses logic in these types of decisions?

DDK:

Fair enough. Well, we're about to find out how wise this was! We're gearing up for our first match here on Night Two of Ascension!

We cut to Darren Quimby in the ring, ready to read the introduction for the youngest Fuse Bro. Some quietly intense 8-bit music plays lightly in the background as he does.

Darren Quimbey:

This is the opening match for night two of Ascension and it is a tag team match! Introducing first, alongside The Game Boy... he is from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at two-hundred pounds even... he is The Character Formerly Known as Player Two... he is ALSO The Codebreaker and the newly dubbed Best Pout Machine... he has thought of many other nicknames but he wants to keep things simple and sweet... he likes to keep it concise. He is a former Tag Team Achievement specialist and the POWER-UP KING with more than five-hundred power-ups including but not limited to... legal MUSHROOMS, FIRE FLOWERS and the always dreaded GAME SHARK! He once thought of using a TIME STOPPER power-up and then realized he would need to freeze others for a specific period of time... he wasn't interested in doing that because the properties of the DEFIANCE system may not allow it. He was initially told by Eric Dane to "eat shit" upon arrival to DEFIANCE because Eric Dane did not like how funny he thought he was. Luckily, for him, Dane left the company a few months later. In his spare time, he is a known public school bus-driver and volunteer crisis call line worker, completing over one-thousand calls, providing mental health and crisis support to children in need. Inside that warped little mind of his, I am told that much like The Grinch, he has a heart of gold. The Faithful and myself included need to do greater soul searching in order to be able to see just how big his heart is. He once played through an entire game of Super Mario Bros. 3 without using any warp whistles and completed the game in under three hours. Sometimes his attention span does not last long, just ask his brother... he's been known to play games for upwards of ten minutes and then move on to the next thing. When he was 8-bit he once had his head shoved into the couch pillows by his evil brother Tyler. He was so stunned, he did not remove his head from those pillows for some time. He is known to enjoy more than just video games, some of his favorite pastimes include Transformers, Batman and the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. He has recently ordered a FIRST EDITION print of the new Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles comic mini series, THE LAST RONIN but asks for no spoilers at this time because the comic shop he ordered it from has not shipped his copy yet. For the record, he agrees with all of you, Micheal Bay ruined Transformers and TMNT, Bay can rot in hell. He also enjoys sports, such as baseball, hockey, football and basketball. He is an avid Toronto Raptors fan and is still a little rattled they didn't repeat this past year, although he saw the loss to the Boston Celtics coming. He enjoys the Toronto Maple Leafs but knows they will ultimately fall apart in the postseason. He is a Tottenham Hotspur supporter but realizes this is like eating sandpaper daily. His all-time favorite

athletes are a tie between goaltender Martin Brodeur of the New Jersey Devils and Chase Utley of the Philadelphia Phillies and Los Angeles Dodgers. He greatly respects the all-out hustle game Chase Utley brought to the field every, single, night. He truly believes Lamar Jackson is the best *running back* in the NFL. Furthermore, he is determined not to be outdone by anyone... HE had the original idea for a long entrance introduction and it was stolen by another company and another individual specifically. As a result, THE BEST POUT MACHINE has DOUBLED DOWN on this entrance and given me these guidelines to ensure I read through this ENTIRE script completely, or else, as we all know, he will have something to say about it. It may not be **SOUTH CAROLINA**, but he knows all the words to **SWEET CAROLINE**. However, he refuses to sing karaoke right now because of his opponents, who he has banned from further friendships. You'll be happy to know that while he IS Canadian, the Canadian destroyer is not in his arsenal. He hates milk from a bag and often wonders why maple syrup isn't on everything. He is THE LOCKER ROOM LEADER of DEFIANCE and FOUNDER of the Friendship Members League... he is the MASTER OF MAGNETISM, the FORTNITE FANTASTICO, the THROWBACK TITAN and the ARMLOCK ARISTOCRAT... PLEASE GIVE IT UP FOR... THE **MAN OF HEEL**, CONOR FUUUUUUUUSE!

Two girls walk out with Nintendo Entertainment System (NES) wireless controllers in their hands. They sport neon green blazers with black spandex suits on underneath. The cheerleaders hold the controllers in the air and dance around to the background music, pantomiming in unison for at least 30-seconds before...

♪ "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland ♪

DDK and Lance Warner are not going to acknowledge this nonsensical introduction. Meanwhile, The Faithful move between hating everything this represents and maybe, ever-so-slightly, finding it amusing. Regardless, they are still 100% behind Cassidy and Trashcan as Conor Fuse appears to a resounding chorus of boos at the top of the rampway. The Best Pout Machine walks to the center of the rampway, in-between both cheerleaders and holds his hands up, attempting to make the triforce symbol.

Green pyro EXPLODES from behind him as the girls continue pantomiming.

The Game Boy appears next, carrying ANOTHER karaoke machine over his shoulder.

DDK:

What the... that looks just like the last karaoke machine Conor unceremoniously destroyed over the head of Pat Cassidy!

Lance:

Maybe he's gearing up for round 2?

Conor is as obnoxious as ever making his way to the ring, jumping up and down to the beat of his music and skipping circles around his associate. Fuse enters the ring, flashing a big thumbs up to the fans in attendance who shower him with booes. Jumping up to the top rope, Conor screams "LOCKER ROOM LEADER!" to the legions of Gamers. As this happens, The Game Boy places the karaoke machine near their corner and the enters the squared circle, standing stoically in the center of the ring, with his arms folded. The newly dubbed MAN of HEEL signals for his music to cut... and for a microphone.

DDK:

Great...

Conor Fuse:

Hello, hello, hello! I LOVE karaoke! And I know all of you have been dying for my curtain call! Why not make more time on this program for me... ME ME ME ME ME ME ME!! Hey Johnny the sound guy, start it up!

♪ "Don't Stop Believin'" by Journey ♪

Conor Fuse:

♪ *Kristie's a small town girl*

Livin' in a lonely world

Dating remains in vain, ain't going any-- ♪

Suddenly, cutting him off...

♪ *"Honky Tonk Attitude" by Joe Diffie* ♪

An incredible pop follows, knowing The Faithful won't have to sit through Conor's shit anymore.

DDK:

THANK GOD!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... introducing first, from Merigold, Mississippi... weighing in at 305 lbs
TRRRRAASSSSHHHCAAAAN TIIIIIM!

Trashcan Tim emerges from the back, toothless grin and all. Tim smiles at the warm reception from the DEFIANCE Faithful and smacks many outstretched hands as he walks down the ramp. He finally reaches the ring, and pauses before getting in, staring a hole through Conor Fuse. Conor is shouting "WE HAD SOMETHING SPECIAL, TIMMY!" as Trashcan's theme dies down.

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ *"Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys* ♪

Darren Quimby:

And his tag team partner... from South Boston, Massachusetts, and weighing in at 242 lbs... "BLACK OUT"
PAAAAAAT CAAAAASSIDY!

Now it's Cassidy's turn to emerge from the back but unlike Tim, he ain't smiling. He strides toward the ring with a laser focus on Conor Fuse. Cassidy reaches Tim and pauses. They nod at each other - and then they rush the ring!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy and Trashcan Tim wasting NO TIME!

As soon as Cassidy and Tim roll under the ropes, Conor Fuse bails to the floor, leaving The Game Boy alone in the squared circle. Cassidy and Tim appear to have been ready for this, however, as they unload a flurry of punches on The Game Boy. The Game Boy is a monster but he's not prepared for two men punching him in the face, so he goes to cover up. Cassidy and Tim take advantage of this, boot him in the gut, hook him and execute an impressive DOUBLE SUPLEX on the beast! The Game Boy hits the mat with a THUD and rolls out of the ring to safety where Conor immediately locks him in a hug.

Conor Fuse:

MY PROTECTOR... PROTECT ME FROM THESE CLOWNS!!!!

DDK:

The fans are going nuts as Cassidy and Tim stand tall!

Lance:

It sure looked like the duo had that planned! They've probably been talking strategy since DEFtv 144!

DDK:

Keep in mind, too, this IS The Game Boy's first ever match in DEFIANCE!

Cassidy hops up to the top rope, riling the fans in attendance behind the good guys. Conor glares with hatred as he

helps steady The Game Boy on his feet. Conor motions to referee Mark Shields that this isn't fair and the match should begin properly. Shields nods, unsure of the rules himself but nonetheless goes over to Tim and Cassidy, speaking to them while Tim takes his place on the apron. Pat Cassidy will be starting the match for his team!

The Game Boy also takes position on the apron as Conor, with his eyes locked carefully on Cassidy, enters the ring carefully. He nods to Shields and Mark signals for the bell (although it was in the wrong direction).

DING DING

DDK:

Here we go!

Cassidy is all grins as he and Conor circle each other... but Fuse immediately tags The Game Boy! The Faithful give a frustrated boo but Cassidy isn't surprised. He welcomes any challenger, even one as big as The Mini Boss. A very methodically and robotic-like big man enters the ring but before he gets both legs through the ropes, Cassidy runs towards him with a dropkick!!

The dropkick only knocks The Halo From Hell a TINY step back but it's enough for TGB to bump shoulders with Conor Fuse and make Mark Shields think another tag was made! The Faithful roar in approval, maybe the only time this referee has ever done anything they liked.

DDK:

Conor's reckoning has come!

Of course, Fuse COULD tag right back out... but he's almost too stupid for that. He cautiously walks into the ring again, nodding to himself... convincing himself he won't back down and can take Patty out easily. Ultimately, this self-convincing brings a look of determination, as Conor studies Cassidy and looks for an opening. Cassidy suddenly stops and holds up a "time out" motion, puzzling the younger Fuse. Cassidy walks to the middle of the ring and holds out his hand for Conor to shake!

Conor looks puzzled. He looks to The Game Boy for guidance but gets nothing. He looks to Mark Shields, who is checking out the super cute blonde in the front row. Mark hasn't seen her at shows before. Was she one of the cheerleaders Conor just had out there? Mark isn't sure but damn she is fine. Finally, Conor looks out to the fans, who encourage him to go in for the shake. Cassidy nods his head, as if to say, "it's okay, man." Conor moves in suspiciously, slowly, examining Cassidy's hand. Finally, after some hesitation, he reaches out to shake it...

DDK:

Bad move by our Locker Room Leader...

...because Cassidy unloads on Conor with several STIFF right hands to the face! Conor goes down but Cassidy has Fuse in a mounted position and unloads punch after punch on The Character Formerly Known as Player Two!

Lance:

A lot of frustration pouring out of the usually pretty happy Cassidy!

DDK:

This is a hell of a start to our action-packed second night of Ascension!

Conor tries to cover up but the onslaught is too much. Satisfied, Cassidy lifts Conor and brings him to a corner. Cassidy begins to unload on Conor with kicks, each one punctuated with a Cassidy exclamation.

KICK!

Cassidy:

Nobody!

KICK!

Cassidy:

Kicks my ass!

KICK!

Cassidy:

While singing!

KICK!

Cassidy:

DISNEY!!!

One last kick sends Conor to his ass, still in the corner. Cassidy grabs Fuse roughly by the neck and pulls him back to his feet, whipping the Bro into the opposite turnbuckle. Cassidy gets a running start after him and leaps high into the air, crashing down on Conor with his full frame and a big stinger splash! Conor crumbles to the mat. Cassidy positions the prone MAN of HEEL over the second rope, charging with a head full of steam and dropping his outstretched leg over the upper back/neck of Conor. Satisfied, Cassidy looks to Tim as if to say "you want a piece?" Tim nods, reaching out his hand, which Cassidy tags!

DDK:

It's "Timmy's" turn now!

The big man comes through the middle rope and meets Conor as he's making his way to his feet. Conor's eyes bulge and he outstretches both arms frantically to waive Trashcan off. For his efforts, he's met with a stiff boot to the gut and a violent whip to the far ropes. On the rebound, Trashcan scoops Conor up and sends him crashing back down with a sidewalk slam! Conor tries to scurry away but Trashcan manages to grab him by the tights and pull him back to his feet. Conor throws a quick right hand although Trashcan blocks it and returns fire with a series of quick left handed jabs. With Fuse staggered, Trashcan lifts his right arm and rubs his armpit!

DDK:

We've seen this before! Conor's in for a bad time!

Tim grips Conor by the back of the head... and yet Conor deftly drops to his knees and quickly scurries between Trashcan's legs, tagging in The Game Boy!

DDK:

This could be interesting, folks. The big men are about to square up!

The massive Game Boy steps to the ring and meets Trashcan in the center of it. The Game Boy has a slight advantage in height and a significant one in weight, but the two look formidable. It's then where The Mini Boss breaks his robotic-like behaviour, leans forward and flexes his muscles as a show of intimidation. Trashcan, however, seems ready for the challenge.

Lance:

This Game Boy is muscle on muscle!

The two lock horns in a collar and elbow, jockeying for position but neither man is able to get a clear advantage through the pushing and pulling. Trashcan manages to shift his weight slightly and snatch a side headlock on The Game Boy but he's quickly pushed off to the far ropes. Trashcan comes back and connects with a massive shoulder tackle that sends a *THWACK* throughout the building but neither man goes down!

DDK:

Christ almighty, it almost didn't PHASE The Mini Boss!

Lance:

Give Trashcan credit, too. He put everything he could into that shoulder tackle and although he was not successful in getting The Game Boy down, he stood his ground! A lesser man bounces off this giant and crumbles to the floor!

The two men glare at each other before Trashcan hits the ropes and comes back with a lariat! The Game Boy staggers back, although not falling into the ropes. TGB bounds back with a lariat of his own, causing Tim to do the same! Again, they're back at the center of the ring, neither man taken off their feet yet. The Faithful buy into what both men are going through.

From the apron, Pat shouts to Tim. Cassidy points to his head in a "I've got a plan to deal with this guy" motion and reaches out for the tag. Tim raises his eyebrows and points to The Game Boy, lifting his hand above his head as if to illustrate the size difference. Cassidy nods surely. Trashcan shrugs and tags Cassidy in.

DDK:

It looks like Pat wants a go at the monster...

Lance:

I'm not sure how smart this is. Has Patrick been drinking?

Cassidy circles the stoic giant, ducking and weaving and forcing The Game Boy to track him. Cassidy starts to do an Ali shuffle as he circles the big man to the amusement of the crowd. The Game Boy, for his part, simply continues to turn and keep his eyes locked on Pat Cassidy. Finally, Black Out moves in closer to the big man, holding up one hand for a test of strength. The Game Boy tilts his head slightly, unsure of what this guy is up to. Finally, The Game Boy lifts his arm to answer Cassidy's challenge but Cassidy suddenly switches to his other arm. Game Boy goes for that one but Cassidy switches again.

DDK:

Clearly, Pat Cassidy's looking to confuse The Game Boy and take him out of his game.

Lance:

This is brilliant. We still don't have a full understanding of what Conor's henchman brings to the table but over the past few months I've put together: he's massive, he's strong, he's seemingly emotionless... and yet, he may be an idiot.

DDK:

Well that would make two of them.

Having enough of Cassidy's bullshit, The Game Boy instead goes a big right hand right to the face. Cassidy ducks, however, slipping under Game Boy's arm and firing back, peppering The Game Boy's masked face with a series of three quick jabs. Game Boy again goes for a big shot, although Cassidy ducks and slips around the back of The Game Boy, kicking him HARD in the back of his knee. The big monster falls down to one leg!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy might be making some headway here!

With the crowd cheering him on, Cassidy rebounds off the ropes, nailing The NPC Nightmare in the head with a big kick. Game Boy is shaking his head, looking to clear out the cobwebs now. Cassidy takes advantage of his dazed state, climbing quickly to the top rope!

Lance:

You don't see this heading to the top very often! Desperate times and all that...

Cassidy comes off the top with an attempt at a double axe handle... but falls right into The Game Boy's hand wrapped

around his throat! Pat Cassidy goes UP and DOWN with a chokeslam that halts every bit of his momentum!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy's strategy was working but he was stopped dead by allowing himself to fall into this monster's clutches.

Lance:

We saw Game Boy do a number on Cassidy on DEFtv 144 and this might be no different...

The Game Boy takes a moment to clear his head before picking up the dazed Cassidy off the mat. With ease, The Game Boy lifts Cassidy up over his head in a gorilla press. He holds Cassidy high for a moment as Trashcan Tim paces back and forth in worry on the apron. The Game Boy steps forward, releasing Cassidy with Black Out crashing down to the canvas.

And now, unfortunately for everyone in attendance, it's all The Mini Boss.

The giant hurls Cassidy into the ropes and lands a big boot to the head! Patrick's spit flies in the air as he spins around and falls back to the mat in a heap. The Game Boy lunges into the ropes and ROCKS the ring with a big elbow drop! Then he Irish whips The Black Out but this time into the corner. The turnbuckle pads shake with enthusiasm as Cassidy crashes into them and doubles over...

DDK:

A second big boot by The Game Boy!

Running powerslam. Chokeslam. Powerbomb.

Lance:

Dear God.

The air has been taken out of The Faithful as The Mini Boss flexes, showing off to Trashcan Tim. Then, in a horrifying display... The Halo From Hell gets on the second rope!!

DDK:

He's measuring Cassidy... he's waiting for Patrick to get on his feet! Oh boy...

It takes Cassidy a while. His head is spinning... but eventually, Cassidy is on all fours.

HARD DIVING SHOULDER TACKLE.

Conor dances up and down his side of the apron, loving life. Trashcan Tim, meanwhile, looks like all hope is lost.

DDK:

NOW Conor wants a tag.

The Game Boy methodically walks over and tags in his teammate.

Fuse leaps over the top rope, dancing around the ring. He takes a moment to DROPKICK Cassidy in the face, however. And then Conor continues dancing. The Codebreaker sticks out his tongue at Timmy and plays a game of hopscotch, asking Mark Shields if he'd like to join in or not, giggling all the way. Conor doesn't forget to DROPKICK Cassidy in the face again, though, in-between playing. There's always time for that!

DDK:

This is frustrating to watch.

Lance:

I know.

This time, Conor decides to pantomime. He's really good at it (and may be better than the cheerleaders) but no one cares. Conor takes Cassidy and hits a running release German suplex, followed by a lionsault, followed by the HAPPY STOMPS OF DEATH. (It's just Conor's way to mudhole stomp but keep a happy, peppy expression.)

The Faithful are growing restless. Fuse covers his mouth to giggle some more, like one of those girls in a gif you could post in a Discord chat. Finally, Fuse pulls Cassidy to his feet...

DDK:

DDT BY CASSIDY!!! Signs of life... signs of life!

The Faithful come ALIVE with any hope The Black Out can make the hot tag and put an end to this madness! Sadly, Black Out's far away from his corner and the potential tag to Trashcan Tim that he desperately needs. Conor tries to recover while watching Cassidy pull himself up with a sneer. The Best Pout Machine is slowly getting to his own feet, readying for a superkick to take Black Out's head clean off.

DDK:

Cassidy is up!

...and he turns right into the superkick from Conor Fuse...

DDK:

NO!!! Cassidy catches Conor's leg!

Conor hops up and down on his one free leg, his face suddenly becoming concerned, asking Cassidy to let him go! Cassidy uses Conor's leg to pull him in close, taking the former Player Two's head off with a stiff clothesline! From the apron, Tim pumps his hands in excitement.

DDK:

Now both men are down! This could be Pat's chance for the tag that he desperately needs.

Cassidy, however, is slow to recover as he's had his bell royally run for much of the match. Conor, mostly fresh, rebounds quicker from Cassidy's clothesline and leaps across the ring to quickly tag The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse: *[pointing across the ring]*

Don't let Patty tag out!

The Game Boy obeys, grabbing Cassidy just as Black Out starts to motion toward Tim for the tag. Trashcan Tim, who has his hand outstretched, grabs his head in frustration at the missed opportunity.

Running powerslam x2.

Chokeslam x2.

Fall away slam into the ring post!!

DDK:

We've seen this before! It's ALLLLL Game Boy!

The Game Boy walks over to the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Oh no...

Lance:

He's going to do it again!?

Not exactly, announce team. The Game Boy perches himself on the second rope but since it's taking so long for Cassidy to rise (although Black Out is trying to fight it off as best as he can)...

DDK:

THE GAME BOY IS GOING TO THE TOP ROPE!!

The Game Boy shows a shocking display of balance. It's right at this time where Cassidy gets to a knee... a foot...

DDK:

Cassidy is vertical! The Game Boy jumps...

Lance:

YESSS!!!

DDK:

Into a DROPKICK BY CASSIDY! How did he have the wherewithal!?

Lance:

I don't know! Last ditch effort! Cassidy has put The Mini Boss down... for now!

Replays show the bratty face of Conor Fuse turn to a look of MAJOR concern after Cassidy pulls off that move. Further replays show 'Patty' got the hulking freak square in the head with a STIFF shot.

Slowly, Cassidy pulls himself to his feet, using the ring ropes for support.

"CASSIDY!"

"CASSIDY!"

"CASSIDY!"

DDK:

Cassidy is trying to tag out... he's almost there...

The Faithful get on their feet.

DDK:

NO!!! GAME BOY TAGS CONOR!!

And Fuse snatches Cassidy's foot right before he can make the tag to Trashcan Tim! This is followed by a corkscrew twist sending Patty back to a familiar spot... the canvas!

Lance:

Dammit! I thought that was it right there. I thought Patrick tagged Tim!

DDK:

And Conor is adding more of those, uh, "happy" stomps to Cassidy!

Grinning his evil grin, Conor Fuse looks down at Pat Cassidy. With Cassidy DOA, Conor climbs to the top rope.

Lance:

I think Conor is looking to end it all right here!

DDK:

I think we're about to see his Side-Scrolling Senton... and yes, with the amount of damage Pat Cassidy has taken, this might be it...

Standing on the top rope, Conor Fuse raises his arms high and shouts "FML!!!" before leaping off the top with a senton splash...

...but Cassidy rolls out of the way at the absolute LAST second! Conor hits the mat hard, crying out in a combination of surprise and pain. Now both men are down and Tim claps his hands together, looking to rally The Faithful behind Cassidy. A chant rises up from the fans...

"LET'S GO BLACK OUT!" Clap, clap, clap!

"LET'S GO BLACK OUT!" Clap, clap, clap!

"LET'S GO BLACK OUT!" Clap, clap, clap!

DDK:

BOTH Conor AND his Game Boy went for top rope moves that did not work!

Lance:

I have to believe Cassidy had high flying activity well scouted, since it's Conor's go-to. While he wasn't expecting The Game Boy to go up there, it didn't matter. He was well prepared!

Cassidy rolls over, shaking his head in confusion and looking to get to his feet. Meanwhile, across the ring, Conor does the same. Conor uses the ropes to help himself up and looks over to see Cassidy on one knee, about to regain his vertical base. Thinking quickly, Conor rebounds off the ropes and marches toward Cassidy...

DDK:

Conor Fuse hooks Cassidy and spinning around for a tilt-a-whirl DDT!

But instead of jeers, the crowd explodes in cheers!

Lance:

Wait... no! Conor attempted the DDT! Instead of falling backwards into it... Cassidy managed to reverse and fell forward into his finisher!!

DDK:

Cassidy nails Conor Fuse with the Irish Goodbye!! That reverse STO of Cassidy's has proven to be an extremely effective move!

Now both men are down! Cassidy's finish has put Conor out!

Lance:

This is it!! Cassidy has got to make the tag to Tim here!

And the crowd is riled up as Trashcan Tim reaches his hand out for the tag as far as his arm will go! Tim stomps his foot on the apron, getting the crowd to clap in unison and rally behind him. In the ring, Cassidy rolls over, looking at Tim with glassy eyes. Conor does the same, reaching his hand out desperately to his Game Boy. Cassidy and Conor both slowly crawl toward their respective partners.

Trashcan Time:

Come on, Pat!

Shaking his head, Cassidy climbs to his feet and summons all his energy to spring forward...

DDK:

...AND PAT CASSIDY MAKES THE TAG! Trashcan Tim is in this match!

Conor reaches out...

DDK:

NO!! Trashcan takes Conor and crushes him with a clothesline! He hurls the Fuse brother into the ropes and a MASSIVE SIDEWALK SLAM!

Trashcan is stirring. The Faithful are rumbling. Tim waits for Conor to rise and then bulldozes him with a shoulder block! Conor gets up... another shoulder block! Conor is up again... a third, LEAPING shoulder block, knocking The Codebreaker for a loop!!!

"TRASH-CAN!"

"TRASH-CAN!"

"TRASH-CAN!"

DDK:

Conor races at Trashcan... IT'S MET WITH A SIT DOWN FULL NELSON BOMB!

Lance:

ALL TRASH BANDICOOT HERE!

As Warner calls Trashcan by one of Conor's "given" names, the arena is rabid and Conor is dead-to-rights in the middle of the ring. However, The Codebreaker tries to pull himself up, using referee Mark Shields as he does. Conor collapses in one of the non-occupied corners of the ring and begins a "song and dance" he's done many times before. He takes hold of Shields' collar...

Conor Fuse:

YOU HAVE TO HELP ME, MARK!

Shields is confused.

Mark Shields:

Help you? Okay, I can do that! That's completely legal!

Conor Fuse:

ALIENS ARE COMING, MARK. ALIENS. ALIENS!!

Trashcan is standing in the middle of the ring wondering how in the hell anyone could entertain this shit but Mark... does.

Mark Shields:

HOLY SHIT, I knew it! 2020 has been so awful this is no surprise at all! What should I do? Are they here to *kill* us!? I can call the match if you want... we can get out of here A-SAP! Just let me get some weed first and we can drive FAR FAR away! I didn't know it was Independence Day already!

As Mark is clearly wound up, Conor "eyes" The Game Boy into the ring to do his thing. Trashcan doesn't see The Mini Boss at first... until Patrick Cassidy gets a second wind, runs into the ring, taps Tim on the shoulders and they both charge at the hulking henchman...

DDK:

Double shoulder tackles to The Game Boy! It knocks him into the ropes!

Both former FML members take a deep breath, hit the ring ropes on the other side and then double-clothesline TGB out of the ring!

Realizing his plan hasn't worked, Conor lets go of Mark Shields and pushes him away with a sigh.

Conor Fuse:

Fine. Plan B.

Conor rolled out of the ring as Trashcan and Cassidy finished clotheslining Game Boy. Holding his head in pain, Conor makes his way to the back. The fans jeer him as MAN of HEEL walks up the apron.

Lance:

Much like every time his former friends invited him to sing, Conor Fuse is running away!

DDK:

Absolutely cowardly. There's your 'Locker Room Leader'.

Suddenly, the crowd comes alive!

DDK:

Wait just a second! Someone has decided that THIS time, Conor doesn't get to walk away...

Even though he's beat up, Pat Cassidy quickly follows Conor up the ramp. Just as Conor reaches the curtain and is about to get to safety, Cassidy puts a hand on Conor's shoulder and spins him around. Conor is now face-to-face with a supremely pissed off Pat Cassidy!

DDK:

Cassidy kicks Conor in the chest and is taking him down the rampway...

Conor breaks free and runs towards the announce team but Cassidy keeps after him... knocking Fuse down with a leg tackle! Next, Black Out walks Fuse over to the broadcast table and SLAMS Conor's head off it!

DDK:

Up-close-and-personal!

This is followed by whipping Conor into the barricade!

And then clotheslining him into the stands!

Cassidy is firing punch after punch to Conor who's trying to get away through the crowd!

Lance:

Cassidy is giving Conor the DEFarena TOUR!! I just hope it doesn't last all night... ha!

DDK:

Nice one!

While Fuse tries to get away from Cassidy but ultimately can't, The Game Boy takes hold of the karaoke machine and brings it into the ring.

Trashcan Tim hasn't seen The Mini Boss enter yet. He's watching Cassidy whip Conor all around the DEFarena, shaking his head with approval.

Trashcan Tim:

Now that's a tour I want to be a part of...

DDK:

Trashcan... behind you...

The Game Boy lifts the karaoke machine but somehow Tim is able to sense danger (probably due to the crowd) and DUCKS at the last second! The robotic-like Game Boy drops the machine and Tim sprints into the ropes to gain as

much momentum as he can...

DDK:

SPEAR TO GAME BOY!

It knocks the henchman into the turnbuckle and Tim takes a breather because that spear hurt him, too.

Off in the crowd, Conor has pulled away from Patrick Cassidy and falls over the barricade and back into the ringside area. The Codebreaker has been beaten up badly, though and he wobbles around on the floor before sliding into the ring...

Directly across from Trashcan Tim.

Conor holds his hands up.

Conor Fuse:

I always liked you Trash Bandicoot! It was never *YOU* I wanted to hurt...

Conor realizes he's bumped into the ropes.

Wait... those aren't ropes...

DDK:

PATRICK CASSIDY!

The two former members of FML enclose on Conor but The Game Boy is there again to lay into Trashcan with a big boot to the face! Conor falls out of the ring as Cassidy comes racing in with a dropkick to Game Boy's left knee! It staggers him...

As Mark Shields is checking out that girl again in the front row, Patrick Cassidy tries for the impossible. He hooks his right arm around The Mini Boss and attempts a DDT...

He can't budge the big man.

DDK:

But Trashcan comes in and it's a successful DOUBLE DDT TO THE GAME BOY!!

Conor is screaming on the outside for referee Mark Shields to do something. The terrible ref improperly reads The Codebreaker and immediately exits the ring to help him.

Conor Fuse:

NO!!! GET IN THE RING, MARK!! LOOK WHAT THEY'RE- OH MY GOD!!!!

Conor's eyes bulge out of his head like he's in some kind of Looney Toons adventure. Trashcan Tim and Patrick Cassidy pick up the karaoke machine.

Once The Game Boy gets to his feet...

CRAAAAACCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

CASSIDY AND TRASHCAN BROKE THE KARAOKE MACHINE OVER THE GAME BOY'S HEAD...

And double-clothesline him out of the ring for a second time tonight!

Cassidy exits the squared circle, taking hold of a shocked Conor Fuse and throws him back inside.

The Codebreaker starts to beg.

Conor Fuse:

Guys, LET'S BE FRIENDS.

Beg.

Conor Fuse:

Timmy, Patty, I LOVE YOU BOTH SO MUCH!

Beg!

Conor Fuse:

I was blindsided by anger... BLINDSIDED.

BEG!

Conor Fuse:

IT WAS MY GAME BOY'S FAULT... I BRING HIM EVERYWHERE. HE'S A BAD INFLUENCE ON ME!!!

Trashcan and Cassidy aren't buying it.

DDK:

It's time for Conor to... *FACE THE MUSIC!!!*

The Faithful give a BOOMING response as Cassidy rifles a right forearm to Conor... who is then knocked towards Trashcan and Tim does the same. This goes back and forth for a while.

DDK:

RIGHT from Cassidy! RIGHT from Trashcan! RIGHT from Cassidy! RIGHT from Trashcan! RIGHT from Cassidy! RIGHT from Trashcan!

Until...

DDK:

THE IRISH GOODBYE!!

...

DDK:

AND THE TRASH COMPACTOR! Both men hit their finisher... Trashcan hooks the leg.

The Faithful count along. The response is "DEFening"!

"ONE!"

“TWO!”

“THREE!”

DING DING DING

DDK:

CASSIDY AND TRASHCAN ARE VICTORIOUS!! CASSIDY AND TRASHCAN HAVE THEIR REVENGE!!

Lance:

So satisfying! They got retribution for ALL of us!

Without a competent referee to raise their hands in victory, Tim takes it upon himself to grab Cassidy's hand and raise their arms high! The Faithful shower them with cheers. Cassidy hops to the top rope to egg the crowd on as The Game Boy reaches into the ring from the arena floor and pulls the prone Conor Fuse to safety.

DDK:

And Conor Fuse being carried out at the hands of his silent protector.

Game Boy is feeling it, also. He was crushed from the karaoke machine but whatever the giant is on, he can recover rather quickly.

Lance:

Wait a minute, Darren... Trashcan Tim is calling for a mic!

Much to Cassidy's amusement, Trashcan Tim has motioned for and received a mic.

Trashcan Tim:

Ah, hell, Cass... I know this is usually your thing, but I'm caught up in the moment...

Tim signals to the back... and music begins to play!

♪ “The Party's Over” by Willie Nelson ♪

As music begins to play a smile breaks out over Cassidy's face, Trashcan Tim begins to belt one out with all his heart...

Trashcan Tim:

♪ Turn out the lights!

The party's over...

They say that all

Good things must end...♪

Just as they're about to walk completely to the back, Conor Fuse perks up his head from his position over The Game Boy's shoulder. He looks to the ring as Cassidy moves in to join Tim and rock out to some Willie Nelson.

Trashcan Tim & Pat Cassidy:

♪ Call it a night...

The party's over!

And tomorrow starts...

The same old thing agaaaaain!

Conor puts his hands over his ears.

Conor Fuse:

STOP IT, STOP IT, STOP IT. I ONLY LIKE *DISNEY*!!!!

Fuse is so upset, he starts crying. He falls on the rampway floor, kicking and screaming in a show of a temper tantrum.

The party continues inside the ring.

DDK:

WHAT A START TO NIGHT TWO! Stars are born in Patrick Cassidy and Trashcan Tim!

Finally, Game Boy drags Conor behind the curtain.

Lance:

Cassidy and Trashcan are the heroes we need AND deserve!

BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. THEO BAYLOR

DDK:

Coming up next we have Brock Newbludd squaring off against Theo Baylor of the Better Future Talent Agency. This match is the culmination of Tom Morrow's persistence in trying to recruit Newbludd to join his ranks and Brock's continued resistance to Morrow's offer.

Lance:

You hit the nail right on the head, Darren. This match is all about persistence versus resistance, but let's be honest. This match is more about Tom Morrow sending a message to not only Brock, but also any other future wrestlers that he tries to recruit, on what happens when you deny him what he wants.

DDK:

And on the flip side, I think Brock's eager to show DEFIANCE just what happens when you cross him. Morrow has sunk to new lows, even for him, with his actions against Newbludd since his offer was turned down.

Lance:

Agreed, partner. But, let's not forget about how big of an opportunity this is for young Theo Baylor. If he can score a big win tonight, it will not only put him in the good graces of his employer, but it's going to put his name on the map here in DEFIANCE in a big way.

DDK:

Not only his name, but Better Future's name as well. Theo's big, strong, and most importantly, he's hungry.

Lance:

That he is. Brock's going to have to live up to his reputation and put his working boots on tonight if he plans to escape with the win.

DDK:

We're about to find out, Lance. Let's take it down to Darren Quimbey for ring introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, being accompanied by "Brighter" Tom...

Ken Ellis:

Allow me!

Out first, Ken Ellis gets jeers from the crowd before he turns his attention to the stage.

Ken Ellis:

Introducing... "Brighter" Tom Morrow!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out comes "Brighter" Tom Morrow, looking awful smug with himself. With a grin on his face a headset in his ear, he switches it on and speaks through the microphone attached.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies! Gentlemen! Just one night after EL SOL DORADO himself, Alvaro de Vargas, vanquished an earth-shaking titan... Better Future's enforcer continues that momentum and will DESTROY Brock Newbludd's budding DEFIANCE career before it can begin. What happens next is on YOU, Brock...

He grins.

Tom Morrow:

Standing six-foot five! Weighing 270 pounds! From Los Angeles, California, helping give DEFIANCE the Better Future

it deserves... **THEO! BAYLOR!**

♪ "Greatest" by Eminem ♪

Out comes Theo Baylor, wearing a "Silver Lining Gym" hoodie over his regular ring gear. He lets out a howl and then daps fists with both Ellis and Morrow before heading toward the ring, full of venom and vigor.

Referee Brian Slater instructs Morrow and Ellis to vacate the ring, and the two men oblige the referee after giving the already amped up Baylor one last final pep-talk.

DDK:

If history is any indication, I think Brian Slater will have his hands full with Morrow and Ellis on the outside during this match.

Lance:

Slater is about as good of a referee as you'll find working today. No doubt, that's why he was assigned this match. He was assigned on Night One to Alvaro de Vargas and Uriel Cortez! ADV picked up the win there, so we'll see if Theo can make it two for two.

With Theo corralled into a neutral corner, Darren Quimbey raises his microphone up to his lips.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent!

♪ "Back in the Game" by Airbourne ♪

A loud roar emanates from the crowd as the camera focuses on the stage. Slowly the cheering dies down as Brock Newbludd's music plays on with no appearance of the man himself. Inside the ring, Baylor glances at his boss with a confused look. Seconds tick by and Morrow shrugs his shoulders and begins to clap his hands in celebration. Ken doesn't waste any time in mimicking his boss and applauding as well.

Tom Morrow:

I told you he was washed up, Theo! Brock wants nothing to do with you, baby! NOTHING!

DDK:

Something isn't right here, Lance. Where is Newbludd?

Lance:

I don't know, DDK. But, what I do know is if Newbludd doesn't come out here in the next few seconds he will have to forfeit this match. And if that happens, I'm going to point a finger at the Better Future Talent Agency as to why Brock didn't make it.

DDK:

I wouldn't put it past Tom Morrow. We've seen what he and his goons are capable of. If they decided to take Brock out in some way before this match, well, let's just say I wouldn't be surprised.

Strutting out from his corner, Baylor demands that Slater raise his hand in victory, and the referee orders him to step back.

Lance:

Unfortunately Slater will be forced to call this thing if Brock doesn't...

Suddenly an unexpected roar from the Faithful cuts Lance off.

DDK:

A fan just jumped the rail!

Instantly the camera cuts to the ringside area where a man wearing black track pants and a black hoodie pulled over his head can be seen vaulting over the ringside barricade. Holding a full glass of beer, the man snaps his head in Tom Morrow's direction and throws it at him.

Lance:

Look out! We need security!

Morrow grabs Ken Ellis and shoves the stooge in front of him. Wide-eyed, the stooge is engulfed by beer, soaking him instantly. Meanwhile, the hooded man slides underneath the bottom rope and rushes towards the unsuspecting Baylor.

DDK:

A golden shower for Ken Ellis!

Lance:

Easy there, DDK. The man's slid under the ropes and is headed straight for Baylor!

As he charges towards Theo, the man's hood is blown back to reveal **Brock Newbludd**!

DDK:

It's Newbludd! Baylor doesn't see him!

Lance:

Just like Newbludd didn't see Theo coming right before he choked Brock out on the last episode of DEFTv! This looks like payback to me!

The Faithful explode in cheers as Brock traps the surprised Baylor in a rear waistlock. Popping his hips, Newbludd sends him flying with a Release German Suplex!

DDK:

Baylor is sent down hard with the German!

Tearing off the hoodie and track pants to reveal his ring gear underneath, Newbludd throws both items at Ken. Still recovering from the shock of being doused in beer, Ellis trips over the clothes to land squarely on his ass.

Lance:

Looks like Ken's going to have to buy another fifty dollar suit! He's soaked!

Shaking his head, Baylor uses the ropes to quickly pull himself back to a vertical position while a fired up Brock races towards him.

DDK:

Theo has no clue what just happened, and here comes Newbludd again! Cactus Clothesline! Both men tumble to the outside floor!

Both men hit the thinly padded ringside floor directly in front of Morrow and Ellis. Grabbing his discombobulated stooge by the back of his suit jacket, Morrow hightails the two of them out of the vicinity of the rampaging Newbludd as The Innovator hurries to his feet. Following a swift kick to Baylor's ribs, Brock grabs the enforcer and throws him headfirst into the closest set of ring steps!

Lance:

This match hasn't even officially begun and it's already turning into a trainwreck! Referee Slater needs to get things under control!

As if on cue, Slater races across the ring and begins to scream at Newbludd to get in the ring. Acknowledging the veteran zebra with a thumbs up, Brock picks Theo up off the ground and begins to lead him towards the ring.

DDK:

Looks like Newbludd is heeding Slater's warning. Good thing too, I wouldn't put it past Brian to throw this match out.

Only steps away from the ring, Baylor comes to life and fires an elbow into Newbludd's ribs. Absorbing the blow with an audible grunt, Brock changes course and smashes Theo face first into the ringpost.

Lance:

Baylor just ate steel and now Brock is setting up for an Irish whip!

DDK:

Oh no! Watch out, Don!

Newbludd grabs Baylor's wrist with both hands and sends him hurtling towards the timekeepers table where DEFIANCE's official hammer man, Don Bellaranga sits. Seeing the two-hundred and seventy pound Baylor cannonballing towards him, Don dives out of his seat a second before Theo crashes into the timekeeper's table!

DDK:

Theo's down, and he took our timekeeper's table with him! Slater's going to call this!

Exasperated, Slater begins to make a motion to forfeit the match but is stopped by a sudden surge in cheers from the crowd. Snapping his attention back to the two men on the outside, Slater shakes his head at the sight of Newbludd standing over Baylor, bell and hammer in hand. Locking eyes with the referee, Brock raises both objects above his head.

DING DING

Lance:

Did Newbludd just start the match? Can he do that!?

DDK:

Not sure, partner. But, it looks like Slater is letting it slide. He's started the ring count!

Referee Slater:

ONE!

The faithful let out another cheer at the sound of the bell, and that roar only intensifies when Newbludd raises the bell up again, his gaze firmly fixed on Theo's skull.

Lance:

Brock's going to take Baylor out right here, and right now!

Brock readies himself to crush Theo when suddenly Ellis rushes up behind him and snatches the bell from his hands!

DDK:

Ellis showing off squirrel-like reflexes!

Terror spread across his face, Ellis avoids being clobbered by Newbludd and quickly sprints back to his pleased master.

Referee Slater:

TWO!

Lance:

Ellis might have just saved Theo's hide right there!

With Newbludd distracted, Theo seizes on the opportunity and surges upward to nail Brock in the midsection with a hard knee, doubling him over!

Referee Slater:

THREE!

DDK:

Theo strikes back with the knee! Now he's hammering Newbludd with vicious forearms to the back! You can hear the impact from here!

Frantically stumbling away from his attacker, Newbludd is then picked up off his feet by Theo and driven into the edge of the ring apron. Rising up, Baylor UNLOADS on Brock with a series of hard elbow strikes!

Referee Slater:

FOUR!

Lance:

Newbludd's learning firsthand how effective Baylor is with those elbow strikes, courtesy of training under Sonny Silver.

Baylor pulls Brock away from the edge of the ring and bends him backwards. Raising a hand up, Theo grins at Tom Morrow.

DDK:

Baylor calls this the Burning Pain!

Bringing his hand down in one violent motion, Baylor SMACKS Brock across the chest with a thunderous chop!

Referee Slater:

FIVE!

Lance:

Ouch! Baylor has taken control of this match, but he needs to get this thing back in the ring.

Scraping Brock off the ground, Theo nails him with a stiff headbutt that causes Newbludd's knees to wobble. One more stiff elbow to head later and Baylor rolls Newbludd into the ring, following quickly after him.

DDK:

Finally, these two are inside the ring. Brock's strategy seems to have backfired on him. Theo is in firm control now.

Lance:

No doubt about it, Brock was looking to exact some revenge for Baylor's cheap attack after their match on the last episode of DEFtv. But, the numbers advantage of the Better Future Talent Agency was too much for him to handle.

Popping up to his feet, Theo sees Brock staggering back up to a vertical base as well. Letting out a roar, the powerhouse tries to behead his opponent with a Yakuza kick, but Brock avoids it at the last second with a forward roll!

DDK:

Newbludd with enough wherewithal to avoid that hellacious kick by Baylor. Now, they're standing across from each other, pure contempt held in both men's eyes.

Lance:

This is not going to be a friendly exhibition, partner. I think that much is clear.

Brock wipes the sweat from his eyes and stomps toward Baylor. Smiling at his incoming opponent, Theo cracks his neck and moves forward to meet him head on.

Lance:

Here we go. I didn't think this would match would be pretty, and so far Brock and Theo have proven me right!

Meeting in the middle of the ring, the two men unleash on each other. For every precise elbow landed by Baylor, Newbludd fires back with a haymaker. Quickly, the crowd begins to rumble in delight at the slugfest.

DDK:

Back and forth! These two are trading hammers with each other!

Lance:

Theo's putting everything Sonny taught him to use, and Newbludd' putting the experience from every back-alley bar fight to use! This is wild!

Theo attempts a knockout blow with a big, swinging, elbow strike but Brock takes a quick step back to narrowly avoid it. Ducking low, Newbludd sees an opening and quickly overwhelms his larger opponent with piston-like punches to the ribs.

DDK:

Smacking punches to Theo's ribs! One after another and Baylor's on the defensive!

Eating another quick flurry of blows, Baylor grits his teeth and reacts by driving a knee into Newbludd's midsection. Brock's assault is momentarily halted and Theo takes advantage by reaching down and wrapping his arms around his keeled over opponent.

Lance:

Look out!

Hoisting Newbludd upwards, Theo takes three quick steps forward as he maintains his grip on the upside down Brock.

DDK:

Gutwrench turned into a modified Running Shoulder Breaker by Baylor! Wow! And just like that, Theo regains control!

Lance:

Brock was playing a dangerous game, working the inside like that and Baylor just made him pay the price, partner.

Lying on his stomach, Newbludd winces in pain as lays on the mat and Baylor bounces off the nearest set of ropes to deliver a mean looking elbow drop to the back of The Innovator's head. Staying down on his knees, Theo rolls Brock over onto his stomach and puts both hands on his chest for a cover!

DDK:

Baylor with the first pin attempt of the match!

Referee Slater smoothly slides down and raises his hand up for the pinfall.

ONE!

Kick out by Newbludd!!

Lance:

That shoulderbreaker was impressive as can be, but Baylor's going to need more than that to put away a veteran like Newbludd. He didn't even hook a leg.

DDK:

And from the angry look on Tom Morrow's face he knows that as well.

On the outside of the ring, Morrow gives Baylor an earful about not hooking the leg on the pin and Theo angrily yanks Newbludd up off the mat. Firing him into the ropes, Theo sets his feet and catches Brock on the rebound.

Lance:

Tilt-A-Whirl Backbreaker! Nicely executed by Baylor! He's really doing a number on Newbludd here with the back to back power moves.

DDK:

That seems to have brightened Tom Morrow up.

Slapping the mat in encouragement, Morrow cheers his charge on and Baylor takes a moment to dramatically wipe the sweat off his brow while he disrespectfully rubs the bottom of his boot across Brock's face.

Lance:

Gimme a break.

Drawing the boo-birds out of the crowd, Theo gives them a pair of middle-fingers before dropping to his knees next to Newbludd. With Morrow and Ellis egging him on, Baylor wraps both of his hands around his down opponent's neck and begins to blatantly choke him!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Lance:

Shades of the last time these two men encountered each other! Baylor is blatantly choking Newbludd!

Referee Slater drops to his knees and immediately starts the five count, practically screaming into Baylor's ear to break the hold. On the outside, Morrow laughs in delight of Brock kicking his legs in agony.

DDK:

That Morrow, he's a real treat, ain't he?

Lance:

He's something Darren. I don't know if 'treat' is the word I would use.

Slater screams out "FOUR!" and Baylor releases his grip around Brock's neck. Peeling his coughing opponent off the mat, Theo irish whips Brock into the corner with authority and charges in right after him.

DDK:

That's two-hundred and seventy pounds closing in fast and BIG TIME running elbow by Baylor!

Lance:

Hate to beat a dead horse here, but Baylor is so efficient with those elbow strikes.

Jerking the groggy Newbludd's head up by his chin, Baylor lays into him with a barrage of STIFF alternating elbow shots to the head that cause an audible "SMACK!" to be heard upon each impact.

DDK:

It sounds like Baylor is beating on an actual dead horse in there! Listen to that impact!

Taking a step back, Baylor mockingly wipes his hands clean and locates the very energetic Tom Morrow standing on the outside.

Theo Baylor:

This one's for you, bossman!

Morrow's eyes go wide in delight as Theo rears back and delivers a deafening chop that echoes loudly throughout the arena!

"OOOOOooooooooooooOOOOoooo!!!"

DDK:

Another devastating chop from Baylor! Newbludd's chest is a bruised up mess!

Lance:

Baylor's been a force in there so far, partner. If Brock doesn't turn this around quick, his pay per view debut here in Defiance might not turn out the way he had planned.

With Newbludd stomping his feet on the ground in agony, Baylor takes a step back and smirks at his opponent. Lifting Brock's chin up once more, Theo looks out to the crowd and laughs at them.

DDK:

Theo's clearly not impressed with Brock Newbludd. Though, with the way he's been handling the former world champion, he might have earned that confidence.

Suddenly, Theo rears his free hand back and sends an open palm hurtling towards Brock's face.

SMACK!

Lance:

Baylor just slapped the living hell out of Newbludd! Confidence or not, that's uncalled for!

"BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

Unreal! The people hate it and Tom Morrow can't get enough of it!

As Morrow giddily slaps the mat, Baylor yanks the groggy Newbludd out of the corner and scoops him up with ease. Taking a step backwards to give himself some space, Theo nails Brock with a harsh looking Rib Breaker!

DDK:

Punishing Rib Breaker by Baylor...I don't think he's done here...look at this!

Maintaining his grip on Brock, the enforcer stands back up and throws his opponent across the ring like a ragdoll!

Lance:

Baylor doubled down with a huge Fallaway Slam to follow up the Rib Breaker!

DDK:

If I could guess by the way he's beating on the mat like a drum, Tom Morrow thinks that's enough to put Brock away!

Slamming the mat with his fists, Morrow can hardly contain himself as he screams at Baylor to make the cover. Not wanting to displease his boss, and not make the same mistake twice, Theo rushes over to the down Newbludd and makes the cover, firmly hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NEWBLUDD GETS A SHOULDER UP!!

Theo, and his two cohorts on the outside, can't believe it! Rising back up to his feet, Baylor gives Referee Slater an earful but the burly zebra doesn't back down an inch, forcing Theo to relent his verbal tirade or be disqualified from the match.

DDK:

Nice job by Slater in backing down Baylor.

Lance:

If you can count on one thing from Brian, it's that he takes absolutely zero B.S.

Frustration mounting, Baylor scrapes his wobbly legged opponent off the mat and locks him in a front facelock. Squatting slightly, Theo lifts Brock skyward and holds him there.

DDK:

Impressive Stalling Vertical Suplex by Baylor!

Lance:

He's causing Brock's blood to pool in his skull using one of the oldest, and most effective, moves in the book, Darren.

Theo continues to maintain the vertical suplex, even managing to give his boss a point with one hand. It then becomes clear that Theo may have milked the awesomeness for a few seconds too long when Newbludd breaks out of his grogginess and begins to squirm and frantically kick his legs. The crowd begins to come to life when Baylor starts to stumble.

DDK:

Baylor's boasting may have just bit him in the rear-end!

Giving one last big scissor kick with his legs, Newbludd breaks free and lands on his feet directly behind Baylor.

Lance:

Newbludd showing some life with the reversal! Can he capitalize?!

Theo reacts quickly and spins around with an elbow strike aimed directly for Brock's temple. Not wanting to have to absorb another elbow to the skull, Newbludd thinks fast and ducks low to wrap the still confused Baylor up with a low waistlock. Maintaining his grip, Brock rears back and rams a shoulder into Theo's gut! Brock lets out an audible grunt as he violently lifts Theo up off the mat.

DDK:

Newbludd with the Bridging Northern Lights Suplex!

Lance:

And capitalize he does, firing up the crowd! Slater hits the mat for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREeNO! Baylor with the last second kick out!

DDK:

Just like that and Brock almost steals the win from Baylor with the suplex!

Lance:

Ken better help Morrow pick his jaw up off the floor. The leader of the Better Future Talent Agency almost had a coronary!

Stunned and furious, Theo is quick to his feet. Unfortunately, he's not quick enough. Baylor spins on a heel to go back after Brock and is greeted with Newbludd's open hand screaming towards him.

SMACK!!

DDK:

Return to sender! Newbludd just paid Theo back with a hellacious slap of his own!

Spit instantly flies out of Baylor's mouth from the slap. Unable to move fast enough on the outside, Ken Ellis is peppered in the face with his man's saliva!

Lance:

This has been a rough match for poor Ken. But, can't say that the guy doesn't deserve it.

Theo stumbles back a step while Brock backpedals away. Hopping from one foot to the other, Newbludd puts a hand up to his face and winces in pain from the damage done by Baylor's devastating elbows.

DDK:

Newbludd making some space between himself and Baylor and it's becoming clear that Theo's hard elbows did some damage to Brock.

Sporting a rapidly developing palm sized bruise on his right cheek, Baylor quickly shakes off the lightning bolt of a slap and furiously charges towards Brock!

Lance:

Brock may regret angering Baylor with that slap.

Taking a quick step forward, Brock sends the other man up and over with a Steamboat Arm Drag!

DDK:

Picture perfect armdrag by Brock takes Baylor down again! Theo's anger is boiling over and he's already getting back up!

Rolling towards the ropes, an even more furious Theo pulls himself up by them and turns to face the ring just in time to eat a Superkick from Brock!

Lance:

Superkick! Baylor crashes to the floor on the outside!

DDK:

The crowd's rallying behind Newbludd now and he's made his way out onto the apron!

Backpedaling along the apron, Brock zeroes in on Theo. Waiting for the right moment, Newbludd sprints along the edge of the ring and leaps off just as Baylor gets back up to his feet.

DDK:

Frankensteiner off the ring apron!

The capacity crowd cheers wildly at the sight of Brock's high risk move paying off. Those roars grow louder when Brock transitions the Frankensteiner to straddle Baylor. Determination etched across his face, Newbludd rains down with a barrage of wild punches to his defenseless opponent's face.

Lance:

Brock's pummeling Baylor! Those punches aren't refined or pretty but they're hitting home and hitting home hard!

Finishing off the salvo with a double axe-handle that causes the back of Baylor's head to bounce audibly off the ringside mat, the fired up Newbludd rises up. Bending down, Brock grabs the thin matting and picks it up to fold it in on itself to expose the hard concrete underneath.

Lance:

Things have just turned up a notch, partner.

DDK:

Newbludd's got a wild look in his eyes on the outside of the ring, while on the inside of the ring Referee Slater starts the count!

Referee Slater:

ONE!

Quickly moving back to his still down opponent, Brock drops a quick elbow on Baylor. Landing another quick series of punches, Brock then brings Theo to his feet and locks him in a front facelock.

Referee Slater:

TWO!

DDK:

Newbludd is lining himself up with that exposed concrete. This does not look good for Baylor.

Lance:

Whatever the plan is, I think it spells disaster for Baylor!

Tightening the grip on the front facelock, Brock locates Tom Morrow and points at him. Cracking a grin, he puts his index finger away and sticks out his middle one to give Tom the one finger salute. Morrow seethes in anger while all around him the crowd roars in approval.

Lance:

Newbludd's bluntly telling Morrow once again what he, and everyone else, thinks of him with a single finger.

Referee Slater:

THREE!

Still grinning, Brock keeps his eyes locked on Morrow as he swings one leg forward before violently throwing himself backwards.

DDK:

SNAP DDT! Newbludd just spiked Baylor head first onto the concrete floor!

The crowd explodes into cheers at the carnage! Brock grits his teeth in pain from having just slammed his back onto the cement. Taking a moment to stare up at the lights as he processes the pain, Newbludd wills himself back up to his feet, while Baylor lays face down on the cold concrete. Inside the ring, Slater's count is stalled due to the referee staring down in shock at what he had just witnessed.

"NEW-BLUDD! NEW-BLUDD! NEW-BLUDD!"

Lance:

Oh man! Baylor is OUT and Newbludd has just firmly cemented himself, no pun intended, in the good graces of the Faithful!

Raising a fist to the fans, Brock manages a quick wink to the pale faced Morrow as he reaches down and yanks Theo up to his feet. Baylor's barely able to stay upright and the crowd lets out a low rumble at the sight of blood running down the middle of his face from a fresh cut.

DDK:

Baylor's busted open!

As Morrow paces back and forth in anger on the outside, Newbludd rolls Theo back into the ring. Dragging Baylor by an arm to the center of the ring, Brock raises a single fist to the crowd and yanks Theo back up on his feet and locks him into a full nelson.

Lance:

Newbludd's looking to put the final nail in Baylor's coffin with the "Shock and Awe" Dragon Suplex!

On the outside, Morrow grabs Ellis by the front of his beer soaked suit jacket and screams at him, pointing at the ring as he does so. Meanwhile, the crowd roars in approval as Brock nails Baylor with his patented Bridgining Dragon Suplex!

DDK:

There it is! Brock's got the bridge and Slater's on the mat for the count!

ONE!

TWO!!

Lance:

Ken Ellis just slid into the ring! You gotta be kidding me!

Catching Ken's presence in the corner of his eye, Slater is forced to stop his count much to the dismay of the crowd.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The imposing referee is quick to react and hops up to his feet, screaming at Ellis as he does so. Behind him, Brock hangs onto the bridge for what should be a three count before breaking it. Rolling onto his stomach, Newbludd's eyes bulge in rage at the sight of Ken Ellis inside the ring.

DDK:

Slater's going to call this thing! Morrow isn't going to be content with Brock getting a clean win!

Ellis ignores the referee's warnings and pathetically argues back in an attempt to force a disqualification. Fed up, Slater starts to raise a hand to call the match but stops himself when Newbludd rushes by him.

Lance:

Better get out of there, Ken!

Eyes widening in terror, Ellis tries to escape through the ropes but Newbludd grabs him by the scruff of the neck and yanks him back in. Ken squeals in protest while the crowd cheers in approval as Brock military presses the diminutive man above his head.

DDK:

Ken's going for a ride!

Locating Morrow, Newbludd throws Ellis out of the ring directly at his boss! Seeing his flailing stooge hurtling towards him, Morrow takes a quick step back just in time to watch Ken land with a thud in front of him.

Brock Newbludd:

Watch this, Junior!

Turning his attention back to still laid out Baylor, The Innovator drags him back up to his feet. Ramming Theo's bloodied head under one arm to put him in a front facelock, Brock lets out a warcry and lifts him up.

DDK:

Apparently Newbludd wants to make sure Baylor stays down with a suplex for insurance.

Lance:

This isn't insurance, Darren. I've watched the tape on Brock and I believe we're about to see what he calls Scorched Earth!

Holding Baylor upside down for a long second, Newbludd suddenly lets go of him, causing Theo to plummet headfirst towards the mat! Catching his opponent around the waist, Brock DRIVES him headfirst into the mat with a vicious looking Steiner Screwdriver!

DDK:

Oh god! Tremendous impact on the Screwdriver!

Newbludd flips Baylor onto his back and presses both hands on his chest. Locking eyes with the irate Morrow, Newbludd grins as Slater hits the mat next to him.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Lance:

This one is over! It was brutal from bell to bell and in the end Brock Newbludd is the victor!

Brock rises to his feet and plants a foot squarely on Baylor's chest and Slater raises one of his arms in victory. As the crowd cheers wildly, Newbludd grins and points at Morrow one final time. Retreating up the ramp with the incoherent Ken in tow, Morrow simply glares in disgust back at Brock.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! The winner of this contest by way of pinfall... "THE INNOVATOR" BROCK NEEEEWBLUUUDD!

DDK:

An impressive victory for Brock Newbludd in his pay-per-view debut! Something tells me that Tom Morrow won't be barking up his tree anymore.

Lance:

And something tells me you're only half right there, DDK. While Brock may have taken care of Theo Baylor tonight, I don't think Tom Morrow is going to run away with his tail between his legs. The manager formerly known as Junior Keeling is as vindictive as they come.

Exiting the ring, Newbludd makes his way around the ringside area, slapping hands with the fans as he goes. Reaching the bottom of the ramp, Brock raises one final fist to the crowd as the camera slowly fades to black.

MUSHIGIHARA vs. ANGEL TRINIDAD

DDK:

The next match is sure to be a hard-hitting one! Team HOSS have not had the best of luck in recent times, but recently they have run afoul of another former World Trios Champion in Mushigihara! Mushi attacked Aleczander the Great after bashing him verbally backstage and that led to two unprovoked attacks by Team HOSS - one on Mushi himself right after he fought Mikey Unlikely for the FIST, then attacking Mushi's old tag partner, Troy Matthews.

Lance:

Troy Matthews has been competing as a member of BRAZEN, but once upon a time, held the World Trios Titles with Mushi and Eddie Dante as the Philosopher Kings. But now... it's one on one. Mushi takes on Angel Trinidad of Team HOSS, two of DEFIANCE's biggest and baddest!

DDK:

That's right, Lance. Mushi is out for payback tonight and let's see if he can get it. Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the in-ring intros for our next match here at Ascension!

And to a dapper Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a grudge match set for one fall! Introducing first, being accompanied by Aleczander the Great... from The Bronx, NY, weighing in at 303 pounds... **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The music goes right into the thunderous chorus of the song and right away, the camera cuts to the stage. Smoke begins to billow from the stage and through it... out come the two members of Team HOSS, both looking pissed off and ready to wreck fools, no matter how big they are. The 6'5" and 269-pound Brit, Aleczander The Great and the 6'10" and 309-pound Angel Trinidad head toward the ring looking like they're gonna kill a bitch. Aleczander is in his street clothes with Angel Trinidad in his wrestling gear. Aleczander talks up Angel until he gets in the ring and waits for his opponent.

DDK:

Trinidad looks fired up and ready to fight tonight.

Lance:

When Team HOSS returned earlier this year, they were in the thick of things with The Lucky Sevens, but since that loss to them and to Dex Joy and Scrow, things have not panned out as well as they liked.

DDK:

We can't forget when Angel was at the top of his game, he was one of DEFIANCE's most dangerous men, but his temper seems to stop him. If he can get this win underneath him, that could do it.

The music stops and now he waits for his opponent.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

The God-Beast storms out from the golden lights, making a bee-line towards the ring, somehow even outrunning Aleczander, before sliding under the ropes and into the ring!

DDK:

Mushigihara wasting NO TIME!

Not wasting any time, the God-Beast rushes into Angel Trinidad and unleashes a salvo of sumo palm thrusts to his

face and body! The giant staggers into the corner, wide open for Mushi to follow up with a fierce headbutt!

Lance:

He's a house of fire! Weeks of aggression and anger are being unleashed here tonight!

He steps back to play to the crowd, rage still etched onto his face, before reaching back to Angel, and whipping him into the opposite corner, and following up with a BRUTAL corner splash! Angel Trinidad stumbles out the corner, before falling face-first to the mat! The God-Beast peels his enemy off the mat and roars into his face, before hoisting him up into the air and driving him down with a THUNDEROUS body slam!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

"OSU!"

With a mad dash to the corner, the God-Beast springs onto the second rope and drops down with a splash onto the downed Trinidad!

DDK:

The Death Star lands! Mushi with a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Trinidad pops a shoulder up, prompting the God-Beast to pull him up by the arm, before yanking him towards his own arms, and locking in that bearhug, before driving him back down with the belly-to-belly! Mushi sits back up and swings his arms as if to say "it's over," before bellowing out one last "OSU?" and rising to his feet, waiting for Angel to follow!

Lance:

This could be the end, Darren, Mushi could be signalling for the Atlas Cutter!

Indeed, as Trinidad rises to his feet, Mushi takes him for a ride, racking him across his shoulders, before swinging him out and dropping him to the mat with a neckbreaker!

DDK:

That's got to be it!

Mushi covers...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DINGDINGDING!

"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **MUSHIGIHARA!**

Aleczander looks speechless at ringside! He can't believe what he's just seen!

DDK:

WHAT... MUSHI JUST MOWED RIGHT THROUGH ANGEL TRINIDAD!

Lance:

Oh, Goodness! Team HOSS made this issue personal by attacking Mushi and then attacking Troy Matthews unprovoked... they poked the bear and they just paid for it!

As Mushi gets his hand raised, Aleczander tries to rush into the ring, but a sharp glare from the God-Beast stops him dead in his tracks... only for him to reach for Angel Trinidad's feet, dragging him under the ropes and out of the ring.

The God-Beast stands triumphant, staring into nowhere in particular as his music booms through the DEFplex. The crowd cheers the outright destruction from the God-Beast!

DDK:

I still don't believe that! Team HOSS have been behind the eight ball recently, but... I don't know what to think.

Lance:

I think that Team HOSS or anybody else are going to think twice before the think of messing with Mushigihara.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Cut to backstage.

Kerry Kuroyama, match ready, heads out of the locker room and crosses paths with Scott Douglas talking to Dr. Iris Davine.

Scott Douglas:

... I hope so too. Whatever that family has going on ... I don't intend to be party to.

Kerry calls out to Douglas as he approaches.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Scott!

Scott turns to meet the familiar voice, his hand already outstretched. Kerry receives it gladly and they shake.

Douglas:

Kerry.

Kuroyama:

Iris!

Iris Davine:

Hey, Kerry.

Kerry smiles at Davine's warm welcome, especially compared to Scott's sullen but always sincere response.

Kuroyama: [to Scott]

Hey, seriously ... I was glad to see you put that situation behind you last night.

Douglas:

Is anything with that family ever truly behind us?

The pair take a beat, embracing the seriousness of that statement until finally giving in to nervous laughter. Kerry sets to head off and Douglas tosses out a parting sentiment.

Douglas:

Hey, give 'em hell out there, Kerry.

Kerry responds over his shoulder.

Kuroyama:

You already know!

Scott turns his attention back to Iris.

Douglas:

I'll let you get back to it. I'm going to go find a monitor and watch.

Davine:

Alright, you take care of yourself, Scott!

Scott chuckles and responds as he walks away.

Douglas:

Don't worry about me. I'm not even on the card tonight ...

Scott's forward progress is abruptly halted.

Gage Blackwood.

The two have just collided, shoulder to opposing shoulder in a classic middle school hallway fight starter.

Douglas:

Hey, sorry man. I really should watch where I'm walking.

Gage stares daggers toward Scott and remains silent. A moment passes before finally Gage reacts. Rather than reply he simply nods knowingly, as if he is agreeing. Blackwood puts it in reverse and steps away back from where he came.

Davine:

See ...

Scott looks over his shoulder to Iris.

Douglas:

I... don't know what that was all about.

Iris shakes her head in derision.

Douglas:

And where is he going?

Cut back to the arena

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. TYLER FUSE

The Ascension match graphic shows what's next: Kerry Kuroyama vs. Tyler Fuse. The Faithful sound ready as a "Kerry! Kerry!" chant breaks out.

DDK:

I'm really looking forward to this one.

Lance:

Same here. If you're looking for a real slug-fest, this might be your match. I can't see both men keeping up with their usual wrestling approaches.

DDK:

I'm hard pressed to find another blood thirsty feud. We've got some good ones coming up, no doubt about that. The only difference here is, Kerry Kuroyama was taken out of action for more than six months. Who to thank? Tyler Fuse.

Lance:

No need to go through all the history here, it's been said many times. This has to be one Kerry's biggest moments in recent memory. His first match back in over five months! We already know this is Tyler Fuse's most important singles match in DEFIANCE and perhaps of his career. He will be the first to tell you that.

DDK:

Let's go to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, being accompanied by PRINCESS DESIRE... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... TYLER FUUUUUUSE!

DDK:

A much shorter introduction than his brother, if I do say so myself.

Lance:

Tyler isn't anywhere close to as charismatic... but he's methodical and way more dangerous.

Tyler emerges from the back, The Princess by his side. The lights are dim as he marches down the rampway, laser focused as always, ignoring The Faithful's hate. Tyler pulls himself onto the apron while Desire waits below as the song hits its crescendo, only for Tyler to tilt his head back and scream into the rafters before entering the ring.

After the music comes to a close, Tyler leans over to speak to his wife. The camera zooms in, catching The Princess nodding. She makes her way up the ramp and behind the curtain.

Lance:

Tyler is going alone on this one. I gotta say, I did not see that coming.

♪ "Revolve" by The Melvins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Seattle, Washington... weighing two-hundred-twenty-nine pounds... THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG... KERRY KUROYAMA!!!!

Kuroyama appears to a significant pop. Eyes locked on Tyler Fuse, it's clear neither man is going to do this formally.

DDK:

Tyler exits the ring and makes a beeline for Kerry...

The two collide into each other in the middle of the rampway, tackling themselves to the ground! The crowd erupts as Tyler and Kerry exchange a fury of stiff shot after stiff shot! Referee Carla Ferrari throws her arms in the air, not even attempting to get in the way. She thinks the executives should have assigned Hector Navarro to the match, he's always been good at dealing with a blood-driven feud, not her.

DDK:

Kerry and Tyler are going toe-to-toe... or perhaps fists-to-fists!

Lance:

I didn't see The Princess leaving ringside coming. This, however... you had to have known *this* was going to happen-

CRACK!

Tyler sends Kerry into the barricade!

CRACK!

Kerry sends Tyler into the one across the way!

Fuse pummels Kuroyama HARD in the side of the face with a left forearm, looking to rearrange his nose in the process! Kuroyama fights to his feet, trying to cover up the shots and then picks Tyler up, slamming the elder Fuse into the metal ramp spine first! Now it's Tyler's turn to cover up...

DDK:

Look at these shots!

Kuroyama is hammering Tyler's head off the flooring. The Faithful are rabid... The Pacific Blitzkrieg is seeing red! He drags Tyler to his feet in an attempt to throw him into the barricade again but Tyler holds his ground, reels Kerry into him and connects with a DDT!

The sickening thud buys Tyler some time. The Original Player One stumbles towards the ring but doesn't go in it. Instead, he makes his way over to the timekeeper's table. He shoves Darren Quimbey aside and picks up the ring bell-

DDK:

IN COMING!!!

CRRRRACCCCK!!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

KERRY KUROYAMA SPEARED TYLER... BOTH OF THEM THROUGH THE BARRICADE!

Replays show a black and green blur shoot into Tyler, crushing them into and ultimately through the barricade, breaking it apart. The ring bell goes flying from Fuse's hands and the camera swings around to show the two combatants laid out on the floor.

Lance:

Luckily, Kerry put Tyler through the barricade where there's an aisle way behind it, or else they'd have gone through The Faithful!

Kuroyama is the first to pull himself together. He takes Tyler by his short spiky hair in an attempt to bring him back to the ring. Fuse appears to be bleeding slightly on the back of his head as Kerry rolls The Kabal member in and enters himself.

Kuroyama walks over to Carla Ferrari and tells her to ring the bell. The ref looks down at Tyler, who's trying to get up and... oddly... he agrees for the bell to be called. Ferrari shrugs while Quimbey races over and finds where the bell was laying before putting the mallet to it.

DING DING

DDK:

RIGHT BEFORE Carla calls for the bell, Tyler hits a low blow to Kerry!

Kuroyama doubles over. It takes Tyler a moment to get up. Shaking off the dizziness in his head, Tyler plants Kuroyama in the middle of the canvas with a violent looking Russian leg sweep. Fuse uses the ropes to bring himself up. He takes Kuroyama and with everything he has, Irish whips one-half of Seattle's Best into the turnbuckle. Tyler throws Kerry so hard Player One falls to the mat himself, revealing Tyler put every ounce of strength into the whip.

Kuroyama hits the padding with force. Kerry stays stuck there and Tyler walks over to retrieve him.

A second Irish whip across the way. This time, Kerry stumbles out... and Tyler goes for the death kill...

DDK:

CHOP BLOCK to Kerry's previously injured right knee!

Kuroyama cries out as Tyler connects and the crowd awaits for what's about to come.

Lance:

This isn't called for...

Tyler drags his opponent to the ring post and puts his legs around it.

DDK:

Tyler's going for the figure four off the ring post... the same move that injured Kuroyama over six months ago! The same move that almost ended his career!

Tyler slides out of the ring and drags Kerry's feet forward. Carla is telling him she will count to five if he does but Fuse doesn't care. Tyler folds the right knee around the post but before he can do anything else, Kuroyama pulls his feet towards him, causing Tyler to ram his head into the post!

The Fuse Bro grabs his forehead and falls to the floor. Kerry untangles himself while holding his right knee... and then rolls to the outside and rushes Tyler Fuse...

DDK:

Kuroyama tackles Tyler!

And reigns down punches once more.

Carla counts but this time it's Kerry who doesn't seem to care. He pulls Tyler to his feet and whips the antagonist as hard as possible into the steel stairs across the way.

CRASH!

Tyler's knees meet the metal. The former tag champ flies up and over the steel stairs to the other side of it. Kuroyama paces over, looking to inflict more damage. As he plies Tyler from the padded floor, it's clear Fuse has been busted

open from ramming his forehead into the ring post.

Lance:

Tyler's bleeding from the back AND the front of the head!

Kuroyama rams Tyler back-first into the apron and then throws him into the ring. Kerry's on the apron and suddenly, Tyler gets a second wind, knocking one-half of Seattle's Best in the side of the temple and suplexing Kuroyama up and over the ropes... deciding at the last second to turn it into a brainbuster!

Tyler doesn't cover. He rolls over and glances up at Ferrari. Tyler bites his bottom lip and charges...

DDK:

Tyler crashes all his weight down on Kuroyama's right knee!

Kuroyama screams out. He slams the mat in pain as he rolls over on his stomach.

Lance:

Kerry HAS been cleared... however, there's no doubt he's going to have problems with that knee. There's a brace on it for a reason!

DDK:

Tyler is a pitbull here. He's locked in. Game planning for this one was easy...

Tyler throws elbows into Kerry's knee, causing Kuroyama to scream out more. Tyler wraps Kuroyama's leg around his and then falls back, twisting the knee in a sickening position before the two men's legs break from one another. The Pacific Blitzkrieg is trying to crawl into the ropes so he can find a vertical base to defend himself... and yet, Fuse does not let up.

More elbows go into the battered knee of Kerry. Tyler lifts the knee up and rifles it into the canvas as hard as he can. Tyler drags Kerry to his feet and Irish whips Kuroyama into the ropes but Kerry can't make it. He falls to the canvas...

The normal stoic look of Tyler is broken, replaced by a facial expression suggesting opportunity.

An opportunity to destroy Kerry Kuroyama once and for all... in front of everyone the do-gooder loves.

DDK:

Tyler pulls Kerry to the center of the ring... he's looking to apply a figure four here... NO! With his left leg, Kerry kicks Tyler away and into the ropes... only to have Fuse bounce off them and drill his left elbow into Kerry's bad knee once again! Relentless!!

The methodical Tyler keeps going. Five more elbows into the knee. Then Tyler deadlifts Kuroyama... and throws the former Reaper on his back...

DDK:

A hard Alabama slam by Tyler Fuse!

Kuroyama's head ricochets off the mat. Not only does he have to deal with a bad right knee but might have a concussion now, too.

Tyler positions Kerry in the middle of the ring.

Figure four leg lock.

Kuroyama shouts and reaches forward but has nothing to grab. Carla slides over to face him and asks if Kuroyama is going to tap... but Kerry tells her no. He didn't come all this way to give up just yet.

Tyler screams at his opponent as he sinks the hold in and falls to his back. Dead-to-rights in the center of the ring, there really is nowhere for Kuroyama to go.

DDK:

It's been a valiant effort, no doubt about that. But the reality is, Lance, maybe Kerry came back too early. There's no harm in quitting right now.

Lance:

That's a TOUGH call, Keebs but I tend to agree. You need to save yourself for the future... Tyler may never let go of that-

The Faithful come alive because...

DDK:

KUROYAMA HAS REVERSED THE FIGURE FOUR!

Lance:

What a well-thought out counter! You had to have known Tyler was going to look for the figure four, both legally and illegally tonight... and Kerry has scouted them both!

With the roles reversed, Tyler's the one screaming on the canvas as he pulls at his hair and reaches out to the ropes... the only problem being he is as far away from them as Kerry Kuroyama was!

Lance:

A mistake by Tyler. You're almost better off putting your opponent in the figure four when *you're* closer to the ropes, for the sake of if this outcome... the move being reversed!

Tyler puts his forearms on the canvas and tries to push up and off but Kuroyama has no give. The Faithful are behind the submission, as small amounts of blood fall from Tyler's forehead. Fuse is battling at best he can, with one thing in his favor... *he* doesn't have the bad right knee. Because of this, Fuse tries to shuffle over to his left side, in the hopes this will put a small amount of pressure back on Kuroyama. While The Original Player One made the mistake of not being near the ropes, he's clearly troubleshooting on the spot. Kerry is worked slightly over to his left side, too. Fuse knows this is his only chance... so he tries to shuffle over to the left again, slightly taking the pressure off himself and back onto Kerry. It's working, but minimally. Tyler's the one under the most amount of pressure as Carla asks him if he's going to tap. Tyler doesn't answer. Ultimately, the elder Fuse gives one big huff and with everything he has...

Works Kuroyama onto his back and the figure four is reapplied by Tyler for a second time!

...only to be reversed AGAIN by Kerry!

And yet, this time Tyler is a step ahead, rolling through and rolling through until BOTH men are into the ropes!

Lance:

I have to give these guys credit...

The figure four is mutually broken by both parties! Tyler uses the ropes to get to his feet and Kerry does the same, although it is taking Kuroyama muuuuuch longer because of his right knee. Laser focused, Tyler finds Kuroyama's knee and dives toward it, looking for another chop block but Kerry pulls the leg up at the last possible second and then stomps Tyler in the side of the face!

Kuroyama hops around the canvas, trying to shake the pain out of his leg and find some feeling in it. He sees Tyler coming for his leg again and this time sells out, connecting with a pele kick to the side of Tyler's temple with his good foot!

Lance:

Kuroyama is right-footed, so using that left foot isn't as impactful but it does knock Fuse away!

Getting SOME feeling in his right knee (and leg), Kuroyama walks over to Fuse and hits a pop-up DDT!

The Pacific Blitzkrieg thinks about pinning but knows a.) it won't get him a three and b.) most importantly, he wants to inflict more damage. Kuroyama hurls the Fuse brother into the turnbuckle, coming in quickly after with a running palm strike to the face! This is followed by a yakuza kick!

Trying to keep his composure and not let the anger get to him, Kerry holds Tyler's head in-between his arms and attempts a running bulldog but Tyler pushes him off and to the center of the ring.

Kuroyama's knee buckles. He doesn't fall over but the look on his face is concerning...

DDK:

Another chop block by Tyler to the knee of Kerry!

Fuse pulls himself to his feet and begins stomping angrily across Kerry's entire body. The stomps start at the head... then the neck... then the upper torso, lower torso... then the knees, both knees, as hard as possible.

Carla administers the five count, trying to get Tyler to pull away as Kerry reaches the bottom rope but Fuse doesn't quit.

Stomp. Stomp. Stomp. Stompstompstomp.

Ferrari's had enough. She gets into Tyler's face and tells him if he does ONE more stomp, she's going to call for the bell.

Tyler's eyes look right past her. It's astonishing he listened. Fuse leans over and pulls Kuroyama to his feet... watching as Kerry has to hop without being able to put pressure on his right knee. If Tyler could grin, he would right here.

DDK:

Tyler's got his way with Kerry. He should end this match quickly and put this thing to bed...

Chop block takes Kuroyama to the mat.

Lance:

I'm not sure that's possible. Tyler wants it all. He wants to inflict as much damage as he can AND be the victor...

Fuse watches Kerry struggle to get up... and then Tyler takes a novel approach. He walks over to Kerry, slamming his left fist into the side of the fan-favorite's head before taking Kuroyama's bad knee and tucking it behind him... which allows Fuse to pick Kerry up and drop him onto his *good* knee, the LEFT knee.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm going to cripple you.

Furiously, Tyler attacks the left knee. He drives his elbow into it a number of times, picking the leg up each time and then hammering it into the canvas floor.

DDK:

Tyler's going after the good knee of Kerry!

Lance:

This is an interesting strategy. Fuse is going to make sure Kerry has no legs to walk on!

Tyler wraps the left leg of Kerry around his own and, just like the beginning stages of this match, falls back to twist the

knee and leg, causing The Pacific Blitzkrieg to ball his fists and bite his bottom lip in pain. Fuse does this a few times before pulling Kuroyama near the ropes and resting Kerry's left leg on the bottom one.

Tyler goes to the top turnbuckle.

Smack!

DDK:

Fuse crashes down with an elbow drop onto the knee!

Tyler puts the same leg on the second rope this time. Although Kuroyama ultimately takes the leg off the ropes (knowing what's about to come) he's in far too much pain to move completely away from the dive coming towards him. Tyler still meets the leg to do enough damage.

Kuroyama is battling hard, here. Carla is right in his face asking if he gives up but Kerry won't say a word to her. Instead, he tries to push himself off the mat, hoping he can put enough pressure on his left knee to do so...

DDK:

Another chop block by Tyler, this time to the "good" knee!

Yet Kerry is showing such heart. He's fighting the pain and trying to rise. Pulling his hair, shaking his fists, screaming as loud as possible...

DDK:

Fuse races in with a leg throw! He grabbed Kuroyama by his left leg and tossed him halfway across the ring!

Lance:

An impressive display of strength by Tyler.

Once again, Fuse stalks his prey. He circles Kerry, almost begging the Seattle star to reach out and hit him but Kuroyama can't reach. Not with one bad knee and another... *hurting* knee. Kuroyama is trying to fight off the pain before he can do anything else. Tyler bursts into the ropes upon seeing Kuroyama sit up, looking for another impact move to Kerry's legs but out of nowhere Kuroyama shoots to his feet, hooks both his arms around Tyler and throws him over his head in a desperation double-underhook suplex! Kuroyama falls to the mat and grabs his legs.

DDK:

I don't know how Kerry put it together for that move... but it's bought him time!

Lance:

Yes... time. The crowd has come alive. Tyler took that blow hard!

Kuroyama crawls to the ropes and uses them for leverage. The ever resilient Tyler Fuse is up on his feet now, too and charges towards Kerry...

CHOP!

Into a blistering chop from Kuroyama!

CHOP!

And another.

CHOP!

A third one.

It's not the impact moves Kuroyama wanted but it's all he can do while trying to balance himself on the ropes and fight for his life. Fuse's chest is beet red, the skin almost breaking apart upon the third chop which was the hardest. Tyler's forehead isn't bleeding anymore but there's still dried up blood all over his skull. The Game-Changer attempts a deep breath, trying to deal with the pain and the dead-arm chops from Kerry. Kuroyama winds up for CHOP #4...

Hip toss by Tyler sends The Pacific Blitzkrieg to the center of the canvas!

Tyler works his way over to Kuroyama's legs and turns him around... into a modified Texas cloverleaf.

DDK:

Tyler has the cloverleaf locked in! Unfortunately Kerry is square in the center of the ring!

Kuroyama cries out, perhaps feeling the most intense pain he has throughout the match. The Faithful are breathless, waiting to see what transpires as Tyler leans back into the hold and puts additional weight on Kerry's back alongside his right knee, which is the one that's bent into the submission hold. Kuroyama uses his right hand to bite into, trying to absorb the pain he's feeling but it's not doing much good. Fuse has the move locked in!

DDK:

Kuroyama might have to give up! I can't imagine what it's like for him right now!

Lance:

Look at him fight, Keebs! What a show of determination!

Indeed, Lance is right. Kerry is ever so slowly inching towards the ropes. He has a long way to go but he's certainly trying to get there. Kuroyama won't give up. Not yet. Not now.

DDK:

Tyler's really digging deep! It's an impressive Texas cloverleaf. Albeit, a move I've never seen him use before!

Lance:

You can see Tyler has the move almost perfectly placed. In terms of pressure on the back of Kuroyama and on his knees, Tyler is near perfect. He doesn't have his foot positioning in the key spot, though. This is why Kerry's able to move him back... this is Kerry's only hope. I don't think Kuroyama has enough strength here to power out with his legs... or turn Tyler over. Not this time, not like the figure four. The only chance he has is the rope break. That's it!

Kerry's only halfway there. It's a slow moving crawl but a crawl nonetheless. Hope lives inside the arena.

Fuse shouts at Carla to ask his opponent if he quits. Ferrari informs Fuse she has asked twice already but hasn't gotten a response. Kuroyama's right hand is still in his mouth.

Fuse pulls back and pulls back. However, because of his wide-base positioning, Kuroyama is able to move closer to the ropes. Lance Warner explained the maneuver well and the one opening Tyler left for the man he so desperately wants to put down. Kuroyama is 75% of the way there.

80%.

90%.

95%.

...

...

And...

DDK:

KERRY HAS THE BOTTOM ROPE!! BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH...

Fuse ensures there is no further celebration. He drags Kuroyama, who's still in the hold, back to the center of the ring-

DDK:

ROLL UP BY KERRY!

*ONE!**TWO!**KICKOUT!***DDK:**

Was that not a three!?

Lance:

I don't think so! Tyler escaped at the last possible moment!

The air is let out of the arena as Kuroyama crawls away from Tyler and into a corner. Meanwhile, Fuse knows he barely escaped with his life.

Replays show that as Tyler was dragging Kuroyama back to the center of the ring, this allowed the only opportunity for Kuroyama to wiggle free and roll up the former Fuse Bro... coming oh so close to the three count! And maybe, just maybe, Kerry was robbed of that hand coming down for a final time.

The Original Player One is clearly the fresher man of the two, despite the one who's drawn blood. He gets his act together and races towards Kuroyama...

DDK:

Kuroyama drops the ropes on Tyler and he falls out of the ring!

Lance:

Using Tyler's aggression against him, that's all you can do!

DDK:

Kuroyama shoots himself over the ropes and a crossbody press onto Tyler on the outside!

Lance:

Kerry's leg almost buckled there! But he used the ropes the entire way, acting as a third and fourth leg!

However, The Pacific Blitzkrieg is a fish out of water on the outside of the ring. While he crashed through Tyler Fuse, there's no ropes to pull him up and the apron isn't low enough for him to reach. Instead, Kuroyama crawls to the steel steps, in the hopes he can ascend them and enter the ring. Meanwhile, Carla Ferrari has started the ten count and she's at four.

The count makes it to seven before Kerry slides into the ring. Tyler Fuse, on the other hand, is starting to come to. Kerry hit him with his entire body and Tyler's head bounced off the padded floor.

DDK:

Lost in all of this... maybe the only shining light for Kerry Kuroyama is the fact Tyler's smacked his head a few times. He may not be all there.

As The Game-Changer pulls himself into the ring, he sees Kerry isn't able to gain a vertical base. Ultimately, Tyler

knows he can control the outcome of this contest. Fuse snatches Kuroyama by his hair and performs an inverted atomic drop. With Kuroyama barely on his own two feet Tyler lifts Kerry on his shoulders and hits a belly-to-back piledriver on Kuroyama. Fuse hooks the legs.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

Tyler shakes his head no. Kerry is biting his right hand again. Carla reminds the Fuse Bro it was only a two.

Tyler Fuse:

Fine... it's your funeral.

Tyler stands and looks down at Kuroyama. The Washington native is, as he's always been this entire time, trying to fight his way up. Fuse shakes his head, his eyes locking on Kerry's knees once again... as Tyler's arms reach out and take hold of the right leg, the bad one. Even so, as Tyler's about to drive his elbow into the leg again... Kuroyama uses Fuse for leverage to pull himself up and connect with a desperation jawbreaker!

DDK:

YES!!! Great move, Kerry!

With Fuse on the canvas, it's a much easier path for Kuroyama to slide over and lock in...

The Katahajime Sleeper.

DDK:

KUROYAMA HAS THE DEVASTATING SLEEPER HOLD APPLIED!! It's Fuse's turn to feel some pain!

The Faithful are getting behind the move... Tyler's face is filled with worry as he reaches out but realizes he's in the center of the canvas. Ferrari slides into position...

And Tyler deadlifts Kerry onto his back, trying to fight out of the hold...

But ultimately falls back down to the canvas.

DDK:

Wow! An amazing display of power by Tyler but Kuroyama keeps the sleeper sunk in tight! Tyler could only go so far... he was able to get onto his feet, the balls of his feet... but that was it! Back down Fuse goes and he's still in the sleeper hold!

The camera zooms in to show Fuse is fading... fading... fading...

The Game-Changer tries to deadlift Kuroyama a second time... and although Fuse isn't able to get much higher this

time, it's just enough to shift momentum and place Kuroyama on his right leg... which causes a shot of pain to run down it, giving Fuse that split second to break free from the hold, diving into the ropes as he does!

Lance:

That sleeper... it really involved the wrestler being positioned behind his opponent. I hate to say it but that was a very clever escape by Tyler!

With a head full of steam, Fuse goes back to his anger issues, sprinting towards Kerry...

And into a drop toe hold and crossface submission!! The Faithful give another cheer as Kuroyama has Fuse reeling... Tyler's hands fly around, almost ready to tap.

DDK:

Another move Kuroyama does not need to rely on his legs for! His upper body strength is still there and Tyler Fuse may give up!

Tyler's eyes are closed, in part because Kuroyama's hands are across his eyes but also because Tyler knows he's nowhere near the ropes. However...

DDK:

NO!!! Kerry has to break the hold!! Tyler's hooked his back leg on the ropes!

Lance:

I know the crossface, or the sleeper for that matter, didn't get the victory here but man oh man, it bought Kerry Kuroyama a hell of a lot of time! It's almost made this match an even contest!

Warner's statement rings true. Tyler recovers in the center of the ring and Kerry starts to rub both legs frantically... praying to get some feeling in them! Fuse looks over to Kuroyama, knowing he may not have a lot of time left before The Pacific Blitzkrieg, in some way, makes his way towards the elder Fuse brother. The former tag team champion is trying to get into a rhythm himself and shake the cobwebs out of his head.

DDK:

I don't believe it...

Lance:

KERRY IS STANDING!

It's a struggle to say the least. Kuroyama is limping badly but, as DDK stated, he maintains a vertical base...

And walks.

Never did so little invoke such a positive response from the crowd.

Tyler pulls himself up with the ropes. He looks at Kuroyama, breaking his typical stoic expression to convey he knows what's about to come.

Pain.

Real pain.

Numerous palm strikes. A forearm smash or two. A hard-out headbutt. Kuroyama has Fuse where he wants him.

Kuroyama reels Tyler in, throwing Fuse's head below his legs...

DDK:

There's no way Kerry can hit this...

But he does.

DDK:

Cradle piledriver!!

Caught up in the moment, with The Faithful chanting his name, Kuroyama decides he feels good enough to prop Tyler to his knees and run into the ropes... looking for The Green River Revolt.

Kerry should have abandoned this though.

Kuroyama's right knee buckles. He doubles over... and Tyler, finally coming to, turns around to see his opponent stopped a few feet before him.

DDK:

Shoulder block to Kerry! Now Fuse lifts Kuroyama onto his shoulders and hits a powerslam in the middle of the ring.

Not to be outdone, it's Tyler's turn to get too caught up in the moment. He goes to the top rope, instead of looking to apply another submission.

Lance:

Fuse wants to end this thing right now. I know Tyler said he wants to go *through* Kerry and not hit him with high flying moves... but I'm sure this will be impactful.

It doesn't matter. No one will find out what was in Tyler Fuse's mind...

Because Kerry Kuroyama finds another gear, races to the top rope in a hurry and throws Tyler and himself off the top buckle...

DDK:

OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX!!

Tyler flies more than half-way across the ring, landing on his back! Kuroyama, meanwhile, falls in the center of the ring, grabbing his knees. That's about it for Kerry in terms of what he could do on his feet. He figured he had one last shot and he made the best of it.

DDK:

TYLER IS DOWN... KERRY IS DOWN... MY GOD THIS WAR CONTINUES!

The crowd stomps their feet in the hopes they can rally their hero once more. It's truly anyone's game... and though Kuroyama has no legs to show for it, Tyler has been hit with impact moves too and definitely looks like he's not all up there at the moment.

DDK:

Fuse IS fighting to a vertical base... while Kerry is trying to get into the ropes again...

Both men stand around the same time, although Kerry rests on the ropes. Fuse collects his thoughts while anger grows across his face. Tyler races towards Kerry but stops right before Kuroyama was going to pull down the top rope on him.

Lance:

Unfortunately, it's not going to work this time.

DDK:

Kuroyama with a hard headbutt! THAT still worked!

Fuse stumbles back. Kuroyama has no choice but to let go of the ropes... he lunges at Tyler with a spear...

DDK:
SPEAR!!!

And connects.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

DDK:
I THOUGHT IT WAS A THREE!! Twice now, I thought it was a three!

Kuroyama's eyes swell up. He's in such pain as he drags himself to one leg and then two. He's fighting back everything he has to take Tyler up with him...

And land his MDK finisher, The Kuroyama Driver. DDK goes ballistic.

DDK:
Kuroyama Driver!! Kuroyama Driver! HE HIT IT, HE HIT IT. THIS ONE IS OVER!!

However, Kerry can't do it. He can't pin Tyler. Instead, the Seattle native falls over and grabs his knee, crying out profusely. replays show that, while Kuroyama was able to hit the pump-handle emerald fusion finishing maneuver, he wasn't able to get all of it. And it's no surprise by now Kerry's knee gave way.

The fans are on the edge of their seats... hopeful Kerry can make a pinfall attempt! There's still a chance he gets the three... even if he didn't get full impact... even if it's taking so long to cover!

Breathing heavily, Kerry continues to fight towards Tyler. He's on all fours, crawling like he has many times in this match already. Ferrari asks Kuroyama if he wants to continue. It's the brief distraction Kuroyama needs to refocus his attention where it counts, because Kuroyama looks at Ferrari like she's related to Mark Shields or someone just as useless. Of course he won't quit. Not now. Not when victory is SO close...

Kuroyama inches closer... and closer... and closer...

And closer.

DDK:
KERRY DRAPES THE ARM OVER TYLER FUSE.

ONE.

TWO.

WEAKEST SHOULDER UP POSSIBLE!

DDK:

GOD ALMIGHTY! I don't know how Tyler did that!

Lance:

Look at it this way, Darren... it took a good TWO minutes for Kuroyama to make his way over, I was timing it. Plus, Kerry didn't get all of the move. It was going to be close no matter what!

The Faithful remain resilient, just like the man they are cheering for.

DDK:

Kerry has shown such tremendous heart in this contest!! He has to end it... HE JUST HAS TO-

As the words escape from DDK's mouth, Tyler finds an unpronounced second-wind. He drives an elbow into Kuroyama's leg and hooks the modified Texas cloverleaf on his opponent...

Dead.

Center.

Of.

The.

Ring.

Kuroyama screams at the top of his lungs. His right arm rises and it's about to fall... but he's trying to remember what he's been through. He's trying to remember the four month journey it took to get back into action... and the SIX month

journey it's taken to seek revenge!

Tyler, on the other hand, is screaming as well. He tilts his head into the rafters and shouts at the top of his lungs... a zen cry that makes the entire situation palpable. The nervous energy rushes throughout the arena... as the fans can only...

Sit...

And watch.

Tears swell up in Kuroyama's eyes. Not from the fact he's been placed in this move, it's simply from struggling through the pain.

As Lance Warner points out to the viewers, Tyler has switched his foot positioning, too. This time, it's going to be much harder for Kerry Kuroyama to move forward and find the ropes.

And... yet...

Kerry is working his way towards them.

DDK:

C'MON KERRY... DIG DOWN DEEP... YOU CAN GET THERE.... MY GOD, YOU CAN GET THERE!

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

Kuroyama's face is red. He's still shouting as loud as he can. Kerry's doing the deepest form of soul searching he's ever had to do. Tyler pulls back like his life depends on it... and Kerry inches forward like **his** life depends on it.

DDK:

KUROYAMA IS VERY CLOSE TO THOSE ROPES...

80% there.

Lance:

I can't believe Kuroyama's willfully moving Tyler to the rope break!

90% there.

DDK:

REACH OUT, KERRY... REACH OUT...

95% THERE.

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

...

99%.

"KERRY!"

"KERRY!"

“KERRY!”

DDK:

HE HAS THEM!!!

50% there.

No, he doesn't.

Tyler walks Kerry all the way back to the center of the ring, RIGHT before Kuroyama took hold of the bottom rope.

DDK:

NOOOOO!! KERRY WAS SO CLOSE... HE WAS SO, SO CLOSE!

A tear of pain rolls down Kuroyama's cheek.

It's too much.

He taps.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Christ almighty... it's over.

Surprisingly, Tyler drops the hold almost immediately. Fuse falls forward. He is absolutely spent after pulling back on Kerry Kuroyama's knee. The crowd is mostly silent as Tyler's theme begins on the PA.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... by submission... TYLER FUSE!

DDK: *[disappointed]*

Dammit. What heart by Kerry. He deserved a better outcome. Dammit.

Lance:

I have to give so much credit to Kerry Kuroyama. Fought from behind this entire match. And I hate to say it... but Tyler Fuse came to play.

DDK:

There is no doubt about that, either. This was a unique war. One I won't forget anytime soon.

Carla checks on Kuroyama while Tyler is trying to make sense of the events that transpired.

DDK:

I don't know what type of long-term damage may have taken place with Kerry's right knee. I hope it's not serious.

Lance:

He was in that Texas cloverleaf for a long time...

HECATOMB

The Princess makes her way down the ramp as a hobbled Tyler Fuse rests on the ropes, asking Darren Quimbey for his microphone. It takes the Fuse brother a moment before he has enough energy to make it to the far corner of the ring and collapse in front of it. Sitting on the canvas, Tyler slowly raises the mic to his face.

Tyler Fuse:

Kerry... Kerry...

He starts, struggling for breaths as The Original Player One sulks in the corner, eyes locked on the man lying unconscious in the ring.

Tyler Fuse:

I really... didn't want...

You can tell Tyler's struggling for the right words. He seems genuinely concerned, his anger subsided. Tyler runs his free hand through his short brown hair before his eyes jump from spot to spot inside the ring.

Tyler Fuse:

In the end, Kerry, it wasn't anything personal. I simply saw someone who was not living up to his potential. You could be so much more... I want you to know, I never intended for it to end like this. I *am* sorry Kerry, but I had to make an example out of you. There's a lot of talent in DEFIANCE. This place is becoming more and more crowded every week. I have to stand out. I have to take it to the next level.

Tyler is taking calm, deep breaths as his eyes lock back on the fallen body of The Pacific Blitzkrieg and this time, they don't look away.

Tyler Fuse:

And I'm more sorry... because I have to take this further.

Tyler runs a hand over the dried up blood on his forehead.

Tyler Fuse:

I hope one day you can forgive me for what I'm about to do. I hope one day you'll be able to see why I did this. I hope one day... you can become the best version of yourself. But for now Kerry, it **is** over for you.

Tyler nods to The Princess. She pulls back the apron and slides in a chair... and then a second. Referee Carla Ferarri has made her way back into the ring. She shouts at Tyler to stop but he's in some sort of trance and he's looking right past her.

DDK:

Tyler, I think you've proven enough.

Lance:

He doesn't think so. He's wrong but he doesn't think so.

The elder Fuse methodically opens the chairs and sets them up side-by-side. He is careful to make sure they are in the **exact** position he needs them to be, before walking over to Kerry Kuroyama and pulling the beloved star to his feet. The Game-Changer drags the fallen body of his opponent towards the corner, placing Kerry's head under his left arm, running up the ring ropes, pushing off and subsequently driving Kuroyama's head into the double-seated chairs with a *CRACK*.

DDK:

Running bulldog to Kerry, through the chairs!

Tyler is seated beside the crushed chairs and his combatant. The trance, however, is not broken. Tyler conveys an eerie calmness. Fully relaxed, he's taking slow breaths and looking out into the crowd, stone faced. On the outside, Princess Desire strolls up the rampway like she's just clocked out of her 9-to-5 mundane job.

DDK:

The Kabal have done something to Tyler... something so severe-

Lance:

I'm not sure if *they* did anything, Keebs. I think this is all Tyler Fuse on his own.

Upon cue, the lights in the arena go out. Within 15-seconds they flicker back on, for no more than a second, to show a circle of Reapers around the entire outside of the ring. There have to be at least twenty of them, five to each side.

The lights flicker on-off for a second time. The Reapers are on the apron. For the third flicker, The Reapers are in the ring, surrounding the destruction and fallen Kerry Kuroyama. Simultaneously, Tyler Fuse is standing in the middle, screaming (silently) into the rafters.

After 15 more seconds... the lights come back on for good.

No one is in the ring.

No Reapers.

No Kerry.

No Tyler.

DDK:

Do I want to know where they went?

Lance:

I have no clue. I'm sure it's not out to celebrate, that's for sure.

DDK:

Sooner or later, we will find out what's happened to Kuroyama. For now, the show goes on, Lance. The show goes on...

Lance:

And right into what should be bloodbath part two!

CAST OR NO CAST

Cut to backstage in the gorilla position where we see none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix looking skywards. He takes a deep breath and exhales.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, we are moments away from this man going one on one with Cayle Murray.

JFK stretches his arm across his shoulder and naturally motions to do the same with the other but as it's covered in a cast he thinks better of it. He starts to hop from toe to toe, readying himself for the match up ahead but is stopped in his tracks by keen bean interviewer Chris Trutt.

Trutt:

Kendrix, if I may, are you feeling confident going into your match with Cayle Murray? Is it a wise move to go ahead with your arm in a cast?

Jesse closes his eyes for a moment before looking out towards the stage entrance and then back at Chris.

Kendrix:

Tonight, Chris...JFK proves to the world that he is the real deal. The moment I returned to DEFIANCE I said I have to earn my shot at the FIST and that's exactly what I'm going to do tonight. Earn it.

He looks over at his injured arm and then back at Trutt.

Kendrix:

Cast or no cast.

With that, Jesse makes his way towards the stage entrance with Trutt looking on.

CAYLE MURRAY vs. KENDRIX

DDK:

Well ladies and gentlemen, we've just heard from Kendrix there - and now it's time for the Englishman to hit the ring. Make no mistake, this is a big-time match-up: two former FIST of DEFIANCE holders on the grandest show of the year, and they've got a bone to pick with each other. The rivalry may only be a few weeks old but here we go...

Lance:

I imagine that the bone JFK has to pick with Cayle is the one that got snapped on his arm! There's no way that thing has healed by now...

DDK:

Yeah, I mean... he hasn't taken credit for it, but we all know Cayle was behind the backstage assault the other week. It was far, far too convenient for it to be anybody else, and it goes in line with his general change in attitude since returning. Not once has this guy looked like he actually wants to fight. He spent his entire recent match with Elise Ares either running around the ring or trying to snatch a roll-up.

Lance:

Well he's going to have to fight tonight! JFK is fired up and he has the entire building behind him. Every single member of The Faithful has had enough of Cayle's garbage, and I can't wait to see Kendrix make him pay... hopefully!

DDK:

Hopefully being the key word there, Lance, because remember: behind all the bluster, behind all the insults, eye gouges, and, ahem, penis punts, Cayle Murray, like Kendrix, is one of the best in the world. Let's go!

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena as the opening lead up blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and white as the camera pans the centre of the stage by the ramp, we immediately see Kendrix appear at the top centre of the stage with his back facing the ring wearing the latest #SEG t-shirt with 'JFK' and 'Bruv' emblazoned on the back as well as his trademark JFK green and gold ring tights with green boots. As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace and the line "no one likes us but we don't care" hits, he rotates his neck twice to stretch it before slicking his hair back, this time only with one hand. Returning his arm down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting a smug smirk on his face.

DDK:

Jesse Fredericks Kendrix enters his first singles match up since returning to DEFIANCE at a notable disadvantage against a man who calls himself the longest-reigning FIST of DEFIANCE in history, without a shred of irony.

Lance:

Keebs, I gotta say, I admire the guts and determination of JFK wanting to earn an opportunity at the FIST of DEFIANCE, but the man's arm is in a cast, going up against Cayle Murray in this condition? Well, with all due respect, this is just plain stupid from Jesse.

As the shot returns to the center of the stage, zoomed back out fixed on Kendrix, Red colored pyro, explode from the ramp as the chorus kicks in;

"If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

JFK puts his weight on his left foot as he spins around quickly to face the stage and begins to make his way down the ramp with purpose towards the ring,

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from London, England, Standing at 6 feet, 2 inches tall and weighing in at 218lbs

He climbs up onto the 2nd turnbuckle in the corner closest to the entrance ramp. Looking around at all the fans nodding his head he looks down proudly at the #SEG logo on his shirt and pats the palm of his hand against it.

Darren Quimbey:

JFK...KENDRIX!

"If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

He jumps down from the turnbuckle, turning round in one motion and walks to the center of the ring, rotating and stretching his neck. Arriving dead in the center of the ring he hops from toe to toe, ready to face his opponent, albeit with a grimace and cradle of the injured arm.

DDK:

The crowd are right behind JFK here but you've got to imagine that Cayle Murray will be chomping at the bit and will be targeting that cast right away.

♪ *"I'm Better Than Everybody" by Lakutis* ♪

Synths that would feel otherworldly if not for the horrendous "rapping" over the top blare out the speakers with a generic snare-led beat in the background. Puffs of gold confetti shoot up from the edge of the stage as a fall of perfect white sparks falls from the tron.

Lance:

Listen to the noise in here! A year ago, if you'd have told me that a DEFIANCE crowd would be cheering Kendrix and booing Cayle Murray, I'd have had you thrown in an asylum.

DDK:

Who could have known that after that heroic night in 2017, at DEFIANCE Road, when Cayle Murray rose up and took the FIST as an all-conquering hero, that it would come to this? The building is red hot - and ready to see him get what's coming!

The music keeps playing, unfortunately for those with working ears. Cayle Murray does not come out for his usual cue. Kendrix, meanwhile, is in the ring, pacing back and forth. He's desperate to mess somebody up.

Darren Quimbey:

... and his opponent!

Lance:

Uhhh, where's Cayle?

DDK:

He's been hanging around with Mikey, so I can only imagine he has devised some kind of ridiculous, overlong ring entrance that always runs as long as the average DEFIANCE match.

Unrest grows in the building, possibly just because the people are sick of this stupid, shitty track. Still, Cayle doesn't arrive.

DDK:

He sure is keeping them waiting.

The track suddenly cuts off.

Lance:

Uhhh, Keeps...

DDK:

Yes?

Lance:

What the heck is going on?

JFK is fed up. He's in the middle of a very animated conversation with Hector Navarro. The microphones don't pick up what is being said, but they don't need to.

♪ "I'm Better Than Everybody" by Lakutis ♪

It fires up again.

Lance:

Finally! Here we go!

The puffs of confetti and wall of sparks repeat, doubling the match's pyrotechnic budget, but the song just plays.

And plays.

And plays.

And plays.

Before cutting out again.

This time, the boos are deafening.

DDK:

This is starting to get a little ridiculous.

Lance:

Starting to? I'm beginning to think Cayle isn't going to show...

As if their thoughts are in tandem, Hector begins a count.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Navarro's beginning the forfeiture count!

THREE!

Lance:

Awww c'mawn!

FOUR!

JFK is increasingly restless in the ring, yelling for Cayle to emerge from the back.

FIVE!

SIX!

The cameras focus on the entryway.

SEVEN!

An entryway that *still* doesn't have Cayle Murray in it!

EIGHT!

NINE!

Lance:

Get out here, man!

Navarro looks to the furious Kendrix as if to say "I'm sorry."

TEN!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Well, there it is folks...

Lance:

What an absolute farce! Keebs, this is awful...

DQ makes it official.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via forfeit, by ruling of Hector Navarro... Jaayy Efff Kaaayyy, Jesse Fredericks Kendriiiiixxx.

Jesse hangs his head before looking out at the crowd, who are still booing, with a despondent shrug of the shoulders. Looking over at the cast on his arm he shakes his head before looking out at the entrance way mouthing a single word not picked up by the mics but clear for all to see.

DDK:

Kendrix just called Cayle a coward. Something I never thought I'd see the day of, but, coupled with his recent actions over the past few weeks and this no show tonight, we all have to agree.

Lance:

Cayle Murray has let each and every person affiliated with DEFIANCE down tonight. Kendrix picks up the win of course, but this does his quest to become the FIST any time soon absolutely no favours at all.

HOPEFUL SEVENS

The DEFIATRON flickers on.

The screen reads:

MALAK GARLAND IS NOT A CHAMPION.

MALAK GARLAND HAS NO CHARACTER.

TONIGHT, MALAK HAS NOWHERE TO RUN.

THE ONE IS HOPEFUL THE LUCKY SEVENS WILL DEFEAT MALAK GARLAND AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

*THE ONE IS HOPEFUL THE LUCKY SEVENS WILL BECOME THE NEW UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS,
WRITING THE WRONGS OF THE COMMENTS SECTION.*

THE ONE IS CHEERING FOR THE SEVENS.

MAX AND MASON.

THE ONE IS CERTAIN YOU CAN DO IT.

The feed cuts.

CAGE MATCH, UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE COMMENTS SECTION Â© vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

The action packed night continues as the broadcast shifts over to Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Up next is the Unified Tag Team Title match, Lance, and our ring crew is working vigorously behind us right now to set up the cage.

Lance:

That's right, Darren. This time there is no running. No count outs. No disqualifications. No getting out of anything. We have been assured by DEFIANCE management that the Tag Titles will be defended with honor here tonight and that we will get a decisive result.

An image of The Comments Section and Lucky Sevens takes over the broadcast. A cage overlays the picture of the foursome as the crowd reacts to seeing it on the DEFiatron.

DDK:

Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates are set to defend their gold against Mason and Max Luck. This all started when The Comments Section literally schemed their way to the titles and Lucky Sevens fought hard to become number one contenders.

Lance:

Since then, Lucky Sevens didn't want to wait around for their shot but week after week, The Comments Section has manipulated the rules to retain their titles without fighting much. Tonight, that changes.

The arena lights up with several lights shining in various shades of red, green and gold and looks like the fans hit the jackpot...

7 7 7

The numbers appear on the screen and soon the intro plays.

*This is why the World Series of Poker
Is decided over a no limit poker tournament
Players, pro's even, can't handle the pressure of the game
They consider no limit the only pure game left*

♪ "Pokerface" by Ghostface Killah ♪

The lights come back on and the fans are now standing in amazement and the fans look on at the two seven foot tall men on the entrance ramp, standing back to back arms folded. Both brothers turn and raise the signature "Winning Hand" for the Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this match is a cage match for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Titles! For this match, it can *only* be won by pinfall or submission! Escape will not be an option for victory! Introducing the challengers from Las Vegas Nevada, they weigh in at a combined weight of six hundred and five pounds... THE LLLLLLUUUUCCCCCKYYYYYYY SSSSSSEEEVVVEEEENNNNNSSSSS!!!!

Mason and Max circle the ring and ominous cage a few times before entering. They wait for the champions. They raise the "Winning Hands" for the Faithful again. The lights eventually dim.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

Malak and Cyrus timidly walk out on stage. Malak clutches the five belts close to him like he always does.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing the champions, Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

Cyrus leads the way as Malak walks down to the ring with fawn legs. The sight of the cage is imposing to the snowflake samurais.

DDK:

I can't wait for Malak to get in there and get his, Lance. I know we're supposed to be impartial here but remember, he made you drive across town to interview him about his silly self-defense classes.

Lance:

I rather not relive that afternoon.

DDK:

That sounds about right my friend. And fans, because of how their last several title matches have ended in a game of skirting around the rules, this match can only be won by pinfall or submission. Unlike normal cage matches where you can win by escape, that has been taken off the table.

Lance:

If Malak wants to keep all those titles he covets so much he'll actually have to fight for them.

Malak and Cyrus arrive at the cage door. With a quivering bottom lip, Malak sadly hands the belts to the nearby referee. The camera microphone picks up his talking.

Malak Garland:

Do I really have to go in there? I just don't know if I can.

The referee can't save him as Cyrus climbs onto the apron. Bates stares down Mason and Max who are standing there waiting, cracking their knuckles in anticipation. Malak continues to spat with the referee until he closes his eyes, takes a huge breath and SLOWLY climbs into the caged ring.

DING DING

Malak looks back at the referee closing the door to the cage, locking all five people inside. He reaches out not to stop the door but as if he feels his life is about to end once the latch locks.

Malak Garland:

Don't lock it too tight, Mr. Referee. You have the EMTs on speed dial, right?

The referee doesn't reply.

DDK:

I don't know if Malak is being serious or not.

The cage door finally closes as Malak and Cyrus both turn to face Max and Mason. They all take a step inward. Cyrus blades his body in front of Malak as they begin jaw jacking each other. The crowd is abuzz as they sense violence breaking out imminently.

Lance:

Lucky Sevens should relish this moment! They *finally* have The Comments Section where they want them.

Cyrus pushes Max. Mason Pushes Cyrus. Malak is left standing there, quivering.

POP!

Down goes Malak.

DDK:

OH MY GOSH! MASON JUST SOCKED MALAK WITH A CLOSED FIST TO THE JAW!

Malak rolls around clutching his mouth and nose. A camera manages to get a good zoomed in shot of the red river trickling down between Malak's fingertips.

RAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The crowd becomes unglued as Mason stands strongly over Malak. Cyrus jumps into the fray and spears Big Mase down but Max is right there to German Suplex the Bellicose Brawler to the mat.

DDK:

Frantic start to this match! I think Malak might be out of this one already! He took a HUGE shot to the face!

Somehow, Garland remains conscious as both Max and Mason close in on him. The Keyboard King extends his arm, pleading for his life. Mason pulls Malak up by his tank top, rips it off, and lays in some GARGANTUAN open-handed chops!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Malak's chest turns blood red immediately. His face looks like he just drank a gallon of sour milk. It's Max's turn now as he lays into Malak with a few knees, driving both competitors into the corner. Mason jumps back in with some more vicious chops!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

DDK:

For the love of... DEVASTATING CHOPS TO MALAK'S EXPOSED CHEST!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Lance:

This is two months of frustration built up in Lucky Sevens that is being UNLEASHED on Malak Garland.

It's clear now that Malak might have a broken nose as blood runs steadily from his nostrils. He tries to cover up his

torso but Max is RELENTLESS with his attack. Cyrus finally comes in and starts brawling with Mason.

DDK:

Cyrus tosses Mason into Max!

Both Lucky Sevens members stumble backwards, enabling Bates to chop block both of them. Bates is quick to tend to Garland who is gulping air like he's underwater. Garland points at Max as if sicking Bates on him.

Lance:

Bates now pummeling Max on the canvas!

Malak limps over to Mason and weakly kicks him a few times. Mason rises to feet and irish whips Malak into the ropes before introducing his face into the chainlink fencing!

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The crowd reacts as Malak slides down the side of the cage like a cartoon character hitting a wall. Cyrus sees this and abandons his attack on Max to lock up with Mason.

Lance:

It's like Cyrus is trying to wrestle this match AND defend Malak from getting hurt, which are two totally separate things.

DDK:

And it's obviously proving to be too much!

Bates gets a back elbow from Mason for his troubles and then he gets sent into the cage. The biggest snowflake of them all manages to protect himself a little better than Malak fared. Bates bounces off the cage and is met with a tilt-a-whirl power slam!

DDK:

WHAT AN AMAZING DISPLAY OF POWER BY MASON!

Mason floats over for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Bellicose Brawler barely gets his shoulder up. Max joins his brother in the attack when they both pick Bates up and nail him with an overhead vertical suplex! The ring shakes as the mass of humanity comes crashing down. The near earthquake rattles Malak to life as he pulls himself up with help from the ropes.

Lance:

Malak needs to be careful here.

Malak is anything but that as he jumps up onto the top rope and dives towards Mason and Max. His splash attempt is foiled as they catch him. Lucky Sevens wastes no time by throwing Malak back into the side of the cage!

DDK:

That's twice Malak has been thrown into the cage!

Mason pastes his boot to the back of Malak's head, wedging the snowflake between Mason's heel and the cage! Malak screams in pain as his face melts into the steel! A camera gets in for a close shot of Malak's blood-ridden face

being grinded up against the chain link.

DDK:

This has gotten very gross, very fast, folks!

Bates lurks by Max until he strikes with a low blow! Mason catches Cyrus out of his peripherals. He walks away from Malak and stomps on Cyrus. With the three of them occupied, Malak gingerly slithers around the perimeter of the caged ring until he is near the referee.

Lance:

What is Malak up to?

The Source of Envy pulls himself up and gets handsy with the referee until he snatches the lock key for himself. Garland runs over to the cage door, fumbles around with the lock until he somehow manages to open it and escape to the floor.

DDK:

Malak might be out of the cage but again folks, that does not win the match here! The only ways to win are by pinfall or submission in the ring! So I don't know what Malak is doing here. It's not like he can get counted out or anything, either.

Malak rests his forearms on his knees as he feels slightly *safer* not being in the claustrophobic confines of the steel cage. His eyes linger over to his five prized possessions at the bell keepers area, then the rampway which is calling for an escape. He could easily just take the belts and run but then he notices his partner in crime being stomped on in the ring.

Lance:

Actually, we should cheer for Malak to leave his partner high and dry. He can take the belts and run for all we care because Mason and Max will finish this thing off in record time and management will FORCE Malak to hand the gold over.

It's presumed these sorts of thoughts shoot through the overly bruised brain of the snowflake cult leader. So, instead of grabbing his belts, Malak digs under the ring and starts tossing chairs into the open cage door.

Lance:

STEEL CHAIRS! And...

Malak pulls out what looks like a wooden frame with plate glass secured in it. He carefully re-enters the ring, brandishing the very dangerous weapon. The Keyboard King holds it at the ready, threatening Mason to move away from his partner.

DDK:

Mason Luck is wisely moving away from Cyrus right now but I'm not sure Malak is such a threat. He's already lost a ton of blood here.

Luck doesn't backpedal much before charging Malak who tries to swing the window. Instead of connecting, Mason punches through the glass, shattering it, and smashing Malak in the face once more!

Lance:

HOLY HELL! SHARDS OF GLASS ARE EVERYWHERE.

A few scratches and some faint blood populates on Mason's arm but Malak STILL takes the bigger brunt of the shot, as he falls into the bits of broken glass below. The referee immediately dons some gloves and does a decent job of kicking and collecting as many glass shards as possible before noticing Mason going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Bates throws his body at Mason, breaking up the count. Cyrus wraps his arms around the waist of Mason and they roll away into a corner. Max is up and notices the plethora of chairs at his disposal. He picks one up just as Malak gets to his feet. The fans plead with Max to introduce the steel to Malak's face.

DDK:

This isn't looking good for Malak! This whole match really hasn't been good for him and it looks like things are about to go from bad to worse!

Max winds up but Malak thinks he's tough by doing his best Mason Luck impression.

THUNK!

Lance:

Malak just punched the chair Max was holding! And look at Malak's wrist!

Things do go from bad to worse for the Keyboard King as somehow his brain convinced him that he could punch through the chair, just like Mason did the plate glass window. Instead, Malak has a mangled right hand as Max just stands there in bewilderment.

CRACK!

DDK:

CHAIR SHOT TO MALAK'S BACK BY MAX!

CRACK!

DDK:

ANOTHER ONE!

CRACK!

DDK:

ANOTHER ONE!

CRACK!

DDK:

ANOTHER ONE!

CRACK!

DDK:

ANOTHER ONE!

CRACK!

By now, this particular chair is bent and warped beyond repair. Max discards it and stares down at Malak's limp, near unconscious body. Max falls to his knees but is met with a vicious axe kick to the temple from Cyrus Bates before he can go for the cover.

KEYBOARD KICK!

The loud sounding shot resonates within the arena as fans are gobsmacked at that move coming out of nowhere. It saves the match for the time being.

Lance:

Cyrus Bates saves Malak from sure failure yet again!

Mason crawls over and starts a blow for blow exchange with Bates in the middle of the ring. They battle back and forth as Malak crawls towards the ropes and cage like a wounded caterpillar. Blood, sweat and stress runs down his body as he slowly but surely begins to climb the cage.

DDK:

What the hell is Malak doing now?

Lance:

We should probably get a doctor in there and check him for a concussion. He's taken way too many shots and he's just all over the place.

Malak steadily climbs up the inside of the cage until he reaches the top girder. Max joins the slugfest with Mason and Cyrus below.

DDK:

Oh no, this doesn't look good!

Malak has overly apparent fawn legs once more as he stands atop the cage girder. Max and Mason exchange blows with Cyrus as they cluster together on their feet.

Lance:

MOONSAULT!

Malak attempts to hit the group with a moonsault but the three men below move just in time. Instead, Malak slams front first into a grouping of unfolded chairs. The thud is sickening.

HOLY SH*T!

HOLY SH*T!

HOLY SH*T!

HOLY SH*T!

The referee checks on Garland IMMEDIATELY. Max, Mason and even Cyrus stop for a moment to look down at the carnage by their feet. Cyrus drops to a knee to check on his fallen leader while Max and Mason just look on. Suddenly, Teresa Ames comes RUNNING down the ramp to accompanying boos. She slides into the ring via the open cage door and pushes the referee away. She checks on Malak.

DDK:

Teresa Ames has come down here to obviously check on one of her dearest friends.

It takes Ames a second to rightfully assign blame to Lucky Sevens as she gets in the faces of Max and Mason.

SLAP! SLAP!

Lance:

Ames just struck Max and Mason across their faces! IS SHE INSANE!? We're in the middle of a cage match here! Malak was the idiot who jumped off the top of the cage near blindly!

Lucky Sevens don't take too kindly to the slaps and rightfully so.

DDK:

We saw Ames in action last night, when she lost to Jay Harvey, and now she thinks she can just assert herself into this cage match!?

She winds up to smack them again but Mason catches her by the forearm. Max wags his head in a “no” fashion, indicating she crossed a line. Bates flies in once more and spills into Max. Mason lifts Ames high into the air.

THROW HER!

THROW HER!

THROW HER!

The Faithful get their wish as Mason violently tosses Teresa into the side of the cage! She drops to the apron like a rock! A crimson-masked Malak Garland reaches out to her but she's already down. Cyrus becomes the focus of both Mason and Max as it seems like he's the only one left standing.

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens have BRUTALIZED two thirds of The Comments Section!

Cyrus tries to fight his way up but Max and Mason keep him down. Mason latches onto the labrum of Cyrus with a vicious iron claw!

WINNING HAND!**DDK:**

THIS COULD BE IT! MASON HAS THE WINNING HAND LOCKED IN!

Mason stares at Cyrus with intensity. Bates grimaces in pain, trying to pry the hands off of him. Mason takes a gulp of air before heaving Bates backwards into the waiting arms of Max, who plants him with a back suplex!

NO LUCK AT ALL!

The Faithful watch on as that is surely it. Max hooks the leg of Cyrus as the referee begins the count!

ONE!

TWO!!!

THRE-NO!!!!

At the last possible second, a rubbery legged Malak Garland throws himself on the pile of mass, breaking up the cover. Mason quickly retaliates by latching on the Winning Hand on the Keyboard King!

Lance:

He's going to tap! He's going to tap!

Mason violently throws Malak to the mat like a rag doll. The blood makes it hard for Luck to maintain a good grip but his superior strength is relentless.

DDK:

Look out!

SMACK!

A chair weakly swings into Mason's back. It's Teresa Ames standing there, with a single stream of blood from a busted lip, as she looks pissed. She swings the chair again, hitting Mason on the back, but it's still not hard enough to do much damage, let alone break the hold.

Lance:

Oh boy, now she's in for it.

Mason relinquishes the hold for no other reason than to apply it to the Twitch B*tch herself. The Cute N Qwerty girl known for her soft and quiet ASMR videos SCREAMS at the top of her lungs upon receiving the...

WINNING HAND!

The Faithful fall into a frenzy as Mason wrangles the stage five clinger into a corner, wrecking her.

Mason Luck:

Oh no, that's enough out of you, crazy!

Max heads over to his brother but is held from behind by Cyrus, which leaves an opening for Malak to superkick the bigger man out of desperation.

DDK:

A big superkick by Malak! Where did that come from!?

Garland follows that up with a low blow to Mason, freeing Ames who immediately puts her hands to her throat.

Lance:

It's like the tide is turning now!

Malak begins barking incoherent directions to his two underlings as the blood continues to flow. Ames nastily smiles while Cyrus jumps into intense mode. With Mason already down, the three keyboard crucifiers circle around Max like sharks.

DDK:

Look at Malak. The man can barely stand.

But he stands just long enough as all three commenters converge on Max. Ames hits her patented back elbow shot, Bates hits his axe kick, and Malak delivers another superkick, simultaneously to the head of Max Luck!

MODERATOR!

Ames rolls to the side and hyper kicks Mason countless times to keep him down. Bates literally grabs Malak and forces him to roll Max up, clutching Luck's tights in the process. The ref slides into position for the count.

ONE!

Mason tries to shove his way past Ames!

TWO!!

He shoves her out of the way!

But...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Max kicks out right as the hand strikes the mat for a third time but it is just too late. Malak and Cyrus fling off the legs of Max as the crowd lets out an audible gasp. Mason is just too late.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

The Comments Section theme song rings throughout the arena as DDK and Lance look on in silence. Cyrus drags Malak out the cage door as Ames joins their escape. Mason and Max are both trying to plead with the official that Max kicked out but the official's count as well as the announcement make it as legal as an eagle.

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE WINNERS OF THIS MATCH AND STILL DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, THE COMMENTS SECTION!

Cyrus raises Malak's lifeless arm in victory as Teresa has no choice but to collect the belts because Malak is out of it. The Comments Section limps their way up the ramp and out of sight.

DDK:

It's over. Malak won. My goodness was that fast, brutal and bloody!

The hard cam focuses on the referee checking on Max and Mason in the ring. The two twin brothers both sit in complete shock. They had control of the match but at the end of the night, an opening that was left by the interference of Teresa Ames is what led to the downfall of the twins.

TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS: "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS vs. "QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY

DDK:

Are you ready, Lance? This has been a match we've been building to for several months now. Ever since the former FIST, the "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy, crossed paths with the former two-time FIST, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns, the two have clashed in a pair of previous matches that have seen each win one a piece. After a high-profile match at Acts of DEFIANCE that saw Oscar triumph, Lindsay returned the favor roughly a month later on DEFtv 142 in a fast-paced rematch. This time, though? We have higher stakes!

Lance:

That's right! Two out of three falls! For the most part, both fan favorites have kept things civil aside from playful jabs every now and again. Both were in competition in grueling contests on our last episode of DEFtv that saw Oscar Burns triumph via submission over Conor Fuse while Lindsay Troy survived "The God-Beast" Mushigihara, but not without incident.

DDK:

That's right! Mushi did a number on her braced knee that has caused more recent issues, and remember this - during the first match between the two, Burns targeted that leg relentlessly and it allowed him to hold the Fruit Roll-Up to get the three-count. But tonight, with two out of three falls... this match is going to be something.

Lance:

No grudges. No titles. No extracurriculars. This is a match to determine who the better person is. Two of DEFIANCE's VERY best... The battle-tested Queen of the Ring or the much-beloved Team Graps Cap?

DDK:

I have nothing more to add to that than simply this... let's get to the action! Two out of Three Falls!

And to the ring we go with Darren Quimbey for the second to last match of Ascension: Night Two!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a Two out of Three Falls match! Between each fall, there will be a brief rest period. Any falls can be won by pinfall, submission, count outs or disqualifications! Introducing first...

♪ "Raise Your Flag" by MAN WITH A MISSION ♪

Darren Quimbey:

...From Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 237 pounds, he is the two-time former FIST of DEFIANCE! HE IS...
"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

The fans cheer in admiration for DEFIANCE's resident grappling expert as he walks out. Tonight, he wears a bright golden "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, but brand new, black and gold thigh-length tights and boots! Along with the flag of the "TEAM GRAPS CAP!" logo, Burns holds the flag out for all to see and then walks to the ring, draping the flag behind him.

DDK:

And here comes Twists and Turns! Decked out in new attire for tonight's occasion!

Lance:

And what a rivalry this is, stemming back the last few months just after Lindsay Troy lost in her bid to become the FIST of DEFIANCE for a second time against Mikey Unlikely. She wanted another shot, as did Burns... but since then, these two have gone tooth and nail. One win a piece!

DDK:

That's right! It was Burns who made the challenge for a third match tonight and then Lindsay Troy raised the stakes by

adding on tonight's match stipulation.

Oscar looks at his surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the DEFIANCE Faithful fully behind him, he raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope, soaking in the adulation of the crowd. He takes off his shirt and points to multiple sides of the arena to see who can garner the most noise before he points to the side facing the hard cam for tonight's big show. He tosses the shirt into the audience and then remains quietly in his corner, popping the bones in his neck as he waits for his opponent.

DDK:

No Ryan Batts out here tonight. Burns is choosing to go it alone for this one just as he did at Ascension. No seconds at ringside. Nobody else but these two to see who is better. Plain and simple.

The music fades out for the man called Twists and Turns, then the crowd hushes as they await the arrival of Burns' opponent.

♪ "Legendary" by 7kingZ ♪

Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Wrestle-Plex's speakers as the DEFIANCE Faithful turn their attention to the entranceway with a roar. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and pyro explodes from the stage like cannon fire.

♪ "Showtime!" ♪

Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the stage, hyping the Faithful up amidst the pyro blasts. Like Oscar, she's gone with custom attire tonight: for the first time ever, she's traded in her trademark long pants for custom mid-thigh, MMA-style shorts to compliment her halter top, and her chosen color scheme is white and gold...the same one that Burns selected for their first match at ACTS of DEFIANCE.

The Guru of the Graps looks on, brows knitted together at the very obvious tactic the Queen is taking here. Lindsay marches down the ramp, keeping her eyes locked on Oscar, a confident smirk on her face that indicates she's pleased with the reaction she's garnered from him.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Tampa, Florida... weighing in at 195 pounds, she is a former Trios Champion and FIST of DEFIANCE ... **"THE QUEEN OF THE RING"** and your **"High Queen DEFIANT"** **LINDSAY TROY!**

Lance:

They clearly didn't plan it, Darren, but this is quite the sight here. Similar attire, inverse colors; Troy picking Burns's from their first encounter, which Oscar won. Lindsay is sending yet another spirited jab Oscar's way before the match even starts, without needing to say a word.

DDK:

Tensions couldn't be any higher, Lance. We've said it many times before: these two want to be back at the top of the mountain here in DEFIANCE, and it's going to take everything they've got - and maybe some things they weren't counting on - to come out of this with their hand raised at the end.

Spotlights follow the Queen's path and she climbs the stairs and slips between the middle and top rope, foregoing her usual hop-onto-the-apron, flip-herself-over-the-top-cable routine. She then ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op before leaping off and turning to face Oscar Burns. With the music finally dying down, Lindsay's ready on one side of the ring and adjusts her knee brace. Burns isn't eyeing it like he did at Ascension and the Queen looks over at her opponent. The camera picks up what they're saying.

Oscar Burns:

It's called being a gentleman, Queenie.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, is there one here? Besides Benny, I mean.

Oscar Burns:

I never thought I'd say this to a lady, but... GC, I'm gonna enjoy elbowing your face in.

Lance:

Spirited exchange right there!

DDK:

Indeed! We understand that Lindsay Troy suffered a minor aggravation of that knee during her most recent match with "The God-Beast" Mushigihara. She has been 100% cleared for competition tonight, but we both know that if there's an advantage to take, Oscar Burns is likely to be the best person to exploit that in terms of using his technical skills.

Lance:

In their previous two matches, it came down to seconds. Burns worked over that knee until Troy finally couldn't kick out of his Fruit Roll-Up combination. On the other end of that, Troy made Burns wrestle a much more up-tempo bout and the result ended with Troy's arm raised. You have to wonder if either one of them have prepared for the match to go either way considering we could need up to three falls to settle this.

DDK:

Good point.

Burns leans in the corner, pensively studying the opponent in front of him as opposed to the colorful person he normally is. Troy's poker face betrays no emotion as the two start to circle. Referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell...

DING DING!

...And Troy comes out the gate with a running dropkick...

...But Burns swats her away!

DDK:

WOW! Risky move by the Lady of the Hour, but Burns learned from match two!

Burns doesn't give the Queen a chance to recuperate and tries to shoot on the leg, but when he grabs it, he's met with a kick by Troy from the other leg. She goes right for his legs and then tries a pair of kicks that the Kiwi deflects. He tries to take an arm, but she jumps up and right away, tries for a guillotine choke!

Lance:

Look! Right away, Troy is trying to get something going against Burns!

DDK:

But no! Twists and Turns puts her on the ground!

The Faithful are going crazy quickly for the fast-paced grappling start as he shakes Troy off and has her grounded. Seeing he has no choice, Burns has her pinned and unleashes a pair of hard elbow smashes to keep her grounded, then tries shooting on the leg, but Troy rolls around, then snaps Burns backwards with a leg swipe of her own. He lands on his backside and when he sees Troy, he BARELY moves out of the way of a buzzsaw-like kick that could have knocked his head clean off, had it connected!

Lance:

Wow! Troy trying to start this fast and furious!

DDK:

Yes they are! The first fall of this type of match is perhaps the most crucial!

Burns rolls back to his feet, only to get met with a high kick to the face by the faster Troy. He gets stunned, but then tries to return fire with an elbow smash. She sidesteps the shot and then grabs a headlock onto the former two-time FIST. He leans back to the ropes, but when she doesn't let go, Burns opts to muscle her over. He picks her up and then THROWS her down!

DDK:

Troy is good on the mat. She's good at many styles over her tenured career, but the one person that can likely beat her on the mat? You're looking at him, Lance.

Lance:

Yeah, he's got the arm right now!

Troy tries to fight out, but the younger and stronger Burns has her trapped for the moment. He controls her by the arm and leads her up. He twists it around with a big arm wringer, then snaps the arm again with an uppercut, then he follows with a solid elbow smash that brings the Queen to the mat! After the striking combination, Burns goes low for a cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Just nearly a two, but Burns looks pretty confident right now!

Lance:

That he does! He's taking her off the ropes now!

Like Lance points out, Burns sends the Lady of the Hour off the ropes for something big in mind. Burns waits for her on the return with a back body drop, but LT flips backwards over the Kiwi and lands on her feet. He turns, only to get coldcocked with a spin kick by the fast-footed Troy!

DDK:

Great strategy by the Queen there! Change the tempo of the match at the onset and now she's got Burns on the back foot.

Lance:

That she does! Now look!

Burns tries to get back to his feet in a daze, but Troy catches him on the rebound with a rolling elbow smash! The blow rocks Burns but what finally does him in is Lindsay coming off the ropes and finally landing the high kick she wanted before, knocking Burns off his feet! She quickly goes for a cover.

ONE!

TW... NO!

Lance:

Wow, not even a two-count yet, but right now the Queen is holding court, so to speak!

DDK:

If she can keep Burns from getting a limb, she'll have a good chance to nab that first fall.

The Queen of the Ring goes to work on Burns now, hitting him with alternating kicks to the chest. She grabs Burnsie

by the waist and launches him into the ropes, but he hangs onto the ropes and she rolls back. But the time it takes her to adjust is all Burns needs to run smack dab into her with a big shoulder block!

The crowd cheers on the Joint Chief of Joint Locks as he goes to pick up Troy. He has her by the neck and then throws her over with a snapmare. He runs off the ropes in front of her and he's looking for a low knee strike, but this time Troy leans flat on her back!

Lance:

Both stars are doing their best to try and evade their best shots!

The two meet up again but when Burns tries another rush, Troy rolls him forward...

DDK:

Casadora into the roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Burns kicks out and leans backwards, but Troy keeps the pressure on him by twisting the leg and going into a schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Team Graps Cap kicks out a second time, but this time Troy rushes behind him to the ropes again... this time, she GETS the Japanese leg roll-up!

DDK:

ROLLING PRAWN HOLD, THAT'S HOW SHE BEAT BURNS IN THEIR LAST MATCH!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

The Queen gets a shock when the trio of nearfalls fails as Burns barely kicks out!

Lance:

This has been a great gameplan on Troy's part! Get Burns to make a mistake at a higher pace and then try and blitz him with moves!

The Queen doubles over Burns as he tries to stand with a low spin kick to the gut. She then heads off the ropes for something big, but Burns finally counters with a sideways roll into a classic schoolboy pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Lady of the Hour escapes, but Burns catches her with a HUGE flying arm drag! He grabs both of her arms, then leans back into a bridge with both feet pinning her shoulders down!

ONE!

TWO!

Troy tries to lift her legs up, but Burns puts his legs over first and traps her down with...

DDK:

NO! FRUIT ROLL-UP!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The crowd gasps as both return to a knee, both staring down one another and carefully plotting their next move as they start applauding the two DEFIANCE all-stars.

DDK:

The Fruit Roll-up... the European clutch was how he defeated Mikey Unlikely to retain the FIST, and how he beat Lindsay Troy in their first confrontation!

Lance:

Both trying what worked before, but it looks like they'll have to try something new!

DDK:

Both have a bevy of signature and big moves that they can rely on. Burns, submissions, suplexes and pinning combos. For Troy, a refined striking game, an MMA-type submission influence and some high-flying.

The two get back to square one and Troy tries to take control of Burns using another pair of short, sharp kicks to the chest to rock the Guru of the Graps before trying to whip him to the corner before Burns reverses that and sends her into the corner. He rushes at her and tries to clock her with a running European uppercut, but Troy gets a knee up and strikes Oscar upside the head with a knee. With Burns stunned, she lights him up with a huge hook kick and then heads to the middle rope, flying off with a big headscissor sending him flying from the ring!

DDK:

Look at Troy go! She's got Burns on the outside! Where's she gonna go from here?

Lance:

We're probably going to find out!

The Queen starts a quick clap that gets reciprocated by the Faithful as she gets herself a running start off the ropes. She catches Burns through the ropes using a baseball slide turned into a big headscissors on the floor! He goes tumbling and there's nowhere else for him to go!

DDK:

Another big move by Troy! She's feeling pretty confident right now! Burns hasn't been able to get out of the blocks!

Lance:

This quick pace has paid off for Troy and now she's got something big in mind! What's she got now?

Troy looks out to the crowd, but doesn't take an eye off Burns as she picks up the Guru of the Graps and then tosses him back inside the ring. Twists and Turns has been on the receiving end of some big moves and it looks like one more is loaded up in the chamber when the High Queen DEFIANT starts heading to the ring apron. She leaps over the ropes and connects with a flying front flip neckbreaker!

DDK:

Great move by Troy! Is this it?

She rolls over and hooks the leg of Burnsie.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Wow, how did he kick out?

DDK:

I don't know, but Burns is about to be in the line of fire! Look at Lindsay Troy!

The Queen backs up a few steps and puts Burns in her line of sight as he tries to get up. She rushes forward...

Lance:

I think the Queen's Gambit?

DDK:

I'm thinking so! Queen's Gambi... WHAT?!

She goes sailing for the flying double knee strike... but the stronger Burns CATCHES her in mid-move! The Queen shakes her head in disbelief when Burns powers her up and then DRIVES her into the mat viciously with a double-knee shinbreaker! Troy howls in pain, but she has no time to recover as Burns grabs the right leg...

Lance:

OH, GOODNESS!

DDK:

Oh, goodness is right, Lance! That double knee shinbreaker, then he goes into the Graps of Wrath III! He just tapped out Conor Fuse with this move! Troy is perfectly planted, middle of the ring and nowhere to go!

Burns CRANKS back viciously on the hold and the crowd is in shock as Troy leans back, trying to frantically fight her way out! She scans the Faithful and then looks to the ropes, trying to get away from the grip of the Guru of the Graps, but he isn't going anywhere!

DDK:

What is Lindsay Troy going to do? The number of times that she has tapped in her career can be counted on one hand, but when it's the first fall of a Two out of Three Falls match?

Lance:

I don't know, but she better decide quick!

The High Queen DEFIANT tries to get away again, but Burns has the hold locked in tight and has grapevined her other leg with his own to keep her trapped! She bites her hand, trying to fight and tries to inch her way out in either direction, but Twists and Turns isn't letting go!

DDK:

She's trying to roll or fight her way loose, but Burns has her dead center in the ring!

Lance:

You're right! She has to make a choice! Submit or risk damage!

The Lady of the Hour has the legions of Faithful, cheering for the effort to break free, but...

She puts an arm up...

TAP TAP TAP!

Her hand slaps the mat! The Faithful can't believe it!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! OSCAR BURNS HAS JUST TAPPED OUT LINDSAY TROY!

The bell rings as Burns lets go of the hold and returns to the nearest corner while Troy growls, pissed with herself for having to tap out. While a hush falls over the arena, Darren Quimbey makes the official announcement...

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the first fall via submission... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

Lance:

I don't believe it! Troy more or less had the first fall in her control, but just one big tactical counter by Burns and he had her right where he wanted her.

DDK:

You have to think she's thinking the long game here... she's been known to tough out holds the majority of her career, but Burns has submitted plenty of people in DEFIANCE. Scott Stevens. Kendrix. And now, Lindsay Troy! She couldn't risk long term damage, but with that knee of hers being suspect to begin with, that could've come back to haunt her if she didn't do what she did!

Oscar Burns is looking worse for wear in the corner due to all the damage he has taken so far, but he is a gentleman first and allows Benny Doyle to check on Lindsay Troy. The Queen of the Ring slowly starts to stand and make sure that her knee is still good. She is clearly in pain, but she mouths to Benny Doyle she's good to continue.

DDK:

Here we go! Fall Two!

The bell is called to start Fall Two...

DING DING!

This time, it's Burnsie's turn to come flying out of the gate! He rushes right at the Queen in the corner and tries to grab at her right knee, but she fights him off using a volley of forearms. She then tries to swing in for a kick, but Burns blocks it and then drops an elbow strike into her left knee! She howls in pain as he then picks up the right and SNAPS her over with a huge Dragon Screw!

DDK:

Now that Burns knows he has a target, he's wasting no time in going after it!

The Queen is hurt now badly, but Burns isn't going to let this opportunity to end things slip by him as he goes near Troy and hoists her up with a gutwrench hold. He turns her over into a huge slam, but rolls through and keeps his grip! The crowd cheers on Twists and Turns as he rolls over and then looks around. He then flips her over into a huge

gutwrench suplex a second time! Burns rolls through again and then lands a third gutwrench suplex!

Lance:

Great work chaining moves by Burnsie! Now he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Faithful pop when the shoulder comes up!

DDK:

But a kickout by the Queen! You can start to feel a sense of urgency on her part now! Burns doesn't lose a whole lot, but to beat him TWICE in one night? To my knowledge, that hasn't been done!

The High Queen DEFIANT lives up to her name, but Burns doesn't let it get to him too much. He stands up and then pulls Troy up with him. He tries going for a German suplex, but Troy fires off a series of elbows to fight her way out. She tries to head to the ropes, but Burns grabs her by the arm and turns her around, sending her to the corner. He follows immediately with a big European uppercut in the corner!

DDK:

Troy tried to get away there, but Burns just cut her off.

Lance:

And now she's going to the other side of the ring...

And a running high knee by Burns catches her in the stomach! Troy tries getting out of the corner, only for Burns to take her down quickly using a big exploder suplex! After she goes down again, Burns rolls over and then tries to go for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Big combination of moves by Burns, but LT isn't going to stay down! She's gonna fight any chance she can get!

Lance:

And now Burns is gonna try and press the advantage. He's got her off the mat now!

He goes to work on Troy, holding her by the neck with a high and tight cravate. She tries to get his hands free, but he keeps them latched on like a piranha sinking its teeth into flesh. He brings up a couple of knees to stun Troy and then carries her over to the corner. He tries to switch the attack, going for the knee, but she fights back from the corner, striking Burns with a volley of forearm smashes. She tries to get out, but he STILL has the leg and then strikes the knee joint with a low European uppercut!

DDK:

Wow! I don't think I've ever seen Burns use the uppercuts like that before! He's going right after that knee!

Burns holds the leg out and hits another low uppercut to strike at the knee! Troy cries out when the Guru of the Graps grabs the knee and then pulls it up against the ropes, CRANKING back on the hold! He holds it and when Benny

Doyle counts.... Burns KEEPS holding it! He holds it until the count of four and then lets go!

Lance:

Wow... I don't know if this is just this match or what, but I don't think I've EVER seen Oscar Burns exploit the five-count in the ropes.

DDK:

Me, neither! He's locked in on attacking that leg! At this point, he's willing to bend the rules just a little bit if it gives him - pardon the pun - a leg up over Lindsay!

Lance:

I think this is Burns maybe realizing he's gotta do what he has to in order to win. These two have wanted to work up the chain so to speak to perhaps challenge again for the FIST. A win tonight could perhaps do that.

The Faithful watch on as Burnsie backs off while Troy favors the knee. He tries to grab the leg again when she's near the ropes, but her instinct kicks in and she unleashes a chop against Burns' chest that stops him in his tracks for all but a moment. He comes right back with a kick to the leg! Troy lets out a yelp and then Burns whips her off the ropes and right into a huge kitchen sink-style knee that sends her tumbling up and over!

DDK:

I think after Troy had control through the majority of the first part of this match, Burns realizes he needs to get more vicious. It's not a side we've seen too often, but when he gets going, he is incredibly hard to stop!

Lance:

Burns isn't going for a cover...

DDK:

Oh, no he isn't!

He has the right knee of Troy and SLOWLY wraps a leg around the knee before driving his weight on it with a knee drop. The blow causes Troy to cry out again, but Burns keeps the pressure on. He twists and turns (boom! Puns!) the leg and then drops another knee down right across the joint!

Lance:

Back to the knee again!

DDK:

That's definitely to be expected! Burns is the last wrestler on the DEFIANCE roster you can go into a match with a bullseye. He'll target it, he'll pick at it and he probably knows a number of submissions and holds to make it work.

He stands up again and then tries using the chance to use a half crab, but Troy keeps fighting and uses her free leg to kick away at the knee of the former two-time FIST! He lets go and she tries to fight back to her feet, striking Burns with a flurry of open-handed slaps to the face!

DDK:

Look at her go! She's giving it right back!

Troy fires a kick to the midsection, but when she tries to get a head start from the ropes, not only is Burns right on top of her, but he stops her COLD with a stiff back elbow against the ropes! The crowd winces, but it gets worse when pushes her into the ropes and then bounces her back to the center of the ring using a huge belly to belly suplex!

Lance:

Lindsay Troy is not staying down, but likewise, Burns is not letting HER create any separation for long!

DDK:

Great idea on Burns' part. For most people, it's risky standing right in front of Troy, but he isn't most people. He can take down just about anybody in any number of ways. He has submitted Uriel Cortez, the biggest man on this roster and names we mentioned earlier! He tapped Troy out just minutes ago herself!

And it looks like that's part of his game again because he goes for the cover again!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Troy kicks out, but Burns pushes her back to the mat and tries again.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Again, Troy kicks out, but Burns then shoves her back down and this time, hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

Troy expends more energy kicking out... then Burns grabs the knee and goes right into a standing leg lock!

DDK:

Brilliant! Keep her kicking out, putting the pressure on, then he's got that standing leg lock cinched in!

The Queen is trying to fight out of the leg lock, but Burns stands straight up just to keep just out of length in case she tries to kick again. He keeps the hold on with plenty of pressure and then has it locked. Referee Benny Doyle looks for signs of another tapout, but Troy shakes her head.

Benny Doyle:

Lindsay, do you give?

Lindsay Troy:

No! No!

Burns shifts his weight and then opts to try and turn her over, but when he goes low, Troy surprises him with an inside cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Burns kicks out and before they can return to their feet, Troy STRIKES him right on the button with a spinning back fist that rocks the two-time former FIST. The blow rocks him huge and LT takes a second to try and shake some feeling in her knee.

DDK:

And here comes the Queen of the Ring trying to fight back!

Lance:

That's right! She's trying to make as much use of her right knee as she can, but some damage has been done!

Burns heads out of the corner, but Troy cuts him off at the pass with a low dropkick aimed at his knee now. He doubles over and that allows the Queen to fight back, leaping off the ropes and hitting a front flip leg drop to the back of the head! The crowd cheers on Troy as she heads back to her feet and to get back on the offensive again.

DDK:

And here, the tide can change! She still needs to get on the board with her first fall!

Lance:

That's true, she'll need to come back twice if she wants to win here! Burns only needs one more pin or submission and this is done!

The Queen doesn't wait for the Guru of the Graps when she plants a kick into his chest to double him over. She tries to get him set up for a double underhook...

DDK:

Uh-oh, Final Judgment coming up?

Lance:

I think... no!

With a surge, Burns breaks the grip and twists her arm around before he sets her up and then drives her down with a big northern lights suplex!

DDK:

Great reversal by Burns! Cov... NO! LOOK!

The crowd gasps when Burns rolls through and then drags Troy up before hitting her with a second northern lights suplex! Now he hangs on for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Troy gets the shoulder up and breaks the cover!

DDK:

He has just turned this thing around! Each time Lindsay Troy tries to get anything going so far, Oscar just stymies her at every turn.

Lance:

Very true! Ever since he came to DEFIANCE, this has been his game. He's second to none on ring presence and just pure technical skill!

He tries to set Troy up and hooks her arm...

DDK:

Head-Drop-O-Matic coming?

He does try... but Troy breaks free using elbows until he stops. Oscar turns (no twists) and tries to stop her from making her next move...

DDK:

Reverse STO.... DIVINE RIGHT! DIVINE RIGHT LOCKED IN!

The High Queen DEFIANT has him trapped in the middle of the ring as far from the ropes as he possibly can! The hold is on tight and he can't get out! The Faithful are pressing and roaring, some wanting Burnsie to fight back and some wanting to see Troy even the score!

DDK:

What is Burns going to do here? He's not near the ropes!

Lance:

He's not! And I don't know if he can break this!

Troy holds onto the submission with every ounce of strength she can muster, trying to get Burns to either tap out or pass out in the hold! She tightens her grip even further as Doyles asks Burns.

Benny Doyle:

Oscar, do you give up?

He shakes his head and then tries to inch his way up.. but then he grabs the leg of Troy!

DDK:

Oh, No! HE'S GOT HER BY THAT LEG!

Slowly, but surely, Oscar CRANKS on the foot and twists it into an ankle lock! Troy tries to keep her grip on, but the pain is too much and soon, Burns has the tables turned on her when she lets go! He slowly rises to a knee, with Troy trapped once more and fighting for dear life!

Lance:

I can't believe that! I thought she had him with the Divine Right!

DDK:

I can't, either! His knowledge of the mat is almost without peer, but now he has Troy once again!

He has the right ankle trapped again, now fully on his feet and holding her trying to get the tap out a second time. She yowls and then tries to get to the ropes, but Burns holds on...

DDK:

Can she even escape?

Lance:

Look! She's gonna try!

Troy does some quick thinking and pushes off into a roll, sending Burns into the ropes! He hits the ropes, but the Lady of the Hour measures him up... and CRACKS the former two-time FIST right on the dome with a rolling koppou kick!

DDK:

Wow! Troy fights back, but how much can she really do? That leg could be really bad off after that ankle lock!

Lance:

Burns is down now! And.... what's Troy doing?

The Queen of the Ring is now on the ring apron and looks out to the sea of fans before checking on her knee. She tries to make sure she can do whatever she plans on doing next...

Lance:

What's she going for? Any idea?

DDK:

She has the All Hail the Queen and her Crowning Glory, but... I don't know, she's taking a massive risk here! She may think it's worth it, but with that leg!

The High Queen DEFIANT thinks it is clearly when she waits for a groggy Burns to get up. She leaps...

No!

Troy hobbles and then stops herself when she cannot make the jump.

Lance:

I thought as much...

DDK:

LOOK!

That second is all Burns needs to run full bore and blast Troy with the stiffest European uppercut he has thrown all match! She goes flying off the ring apron and CRASHES viciously into the barricade! The Faithful gasp now as Troy hits the canvas and...

DDK:

Oh, no! Look! She's busted open!

Down her forehead, Troy looks to have a gash on her forehead while Burns looks out, still rattled by the Divine Right and by the koppou kick to follow up. The DEFtron shows a replay of the impact from several angles and now it's back to Lindsay Troy who can barely stand.

DDK:

And now Doyle's starting the count! If this ends in a countout, that's just as good as a pinfall in this! Burns wins 2-0!

Burns is still shaken up as Doyle starts the ten-count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Troy still looks glassy-eyed, but is trying to use the barricade to pull herself up.

FIVE!

SIX!

Burns sees the count and looks out to Troy, still trying to get back up.

SEVEN!

DDK:

We're at seven! She needs to get back in now!

Lance:*EIGHT!*

When he sees Troy hurrying, Burns looks up when she's outside! She crawls over and hurries to the ropes! Then Burns pulls her back in by the arm to help her break the count!

Lance:

What the...? Burns HELPED her back in to break the count!

DDK:

You know the type of competitors they both are! They don't want excuses. They know the Faithful don't want to see the match end this way.

While Troy tries to catch her breath and wipe some blood out of her eye, Burns goes for the leg... but gets struck with the other leg! As he stumbles back, Troy tries to fight back and the blood seems to be a second wind as she heads back to her feet, then cracks Burns upside the head with a high kick in the corner, hanging onto the ropes to favor her leg. As Burns is groggy in the corner, Troy wipes more blood from her field of vision and then hangs onto the nearby rope to CRACK Burns in the chest repeatedly with kicks!

DDK:

Wow! She's seeing red now!

Burns keeps taking shots from Troy until she throws him out of the corner, then climbs to the middle rope. The next move is risky but she backflips, catches Burns by the neck and then flows right into a reverse DDT out of the corner! Her knee is bothering her and she slaps it several times trying to get feeling back in it again.

DDK:

Troy on the comeback trail! Is this enough to get the fall?

After checking on her right knee, she hooks the far leg of Burns and goes for the cover.

*ONE!**TWO!**THR... NO!*

The crowd almost believes that that was enough, but Burns kicks out again which seems to be bothering the Queen.

Lance:

She's slowly gaining ground again, but she still needs that first fall!

DDK:

That she does, but what's she got planned now?

Troy hoists Burns up by the neck and then looks to hook the leg for something. She tries to hit either a fisherman's suplex or driver, but Burns kicks his way enough that she has to drop him. He suddenly surges to life and tackles Lindsay into a corner before unleashing a hard uppercut followed by an elbow smash! The crowd starts stirring again when Burns hoists her up onto the top rope and then starts to try for something big in mind.

Lance:

And just when Troy thinks that she has Burns where she wants her, he keeps fighting back, too! These two don't know when to stop.

DDK:

But Burns knows he's gonna have to come up with something big if he's gonna beat the Queen and put her down for good! He's got her by the waist!

Burns looks to be going for his exploder suplex off the top rope and even has Troy hooked...

Elbow! Elbow! Elbow!

She launches a series of big elbows to make Burns let go, then nails a HARD headbutt, sending him off the top rope and back to the canvas! Oscar tries to get his brains unscrambled and then starts to rise while Lindsay perches herself up top.

DDK:

Uh-oh... what's she going for? And is her knee gonna take it?

Lance:

She's gonna try, that's for sure! Look out!

After letting out a breath of "here goes nothing" The Queen FLIPS forward, catches Burns on the way down and then SNAPS him over with a flying dragoncanrana from off the top rope!

DDK:

SHE NAILS IT! ALL HAIL THE QUEEN! COVER! COVER!

She hooks both legs in a pinning combination and holds as tightly as she can. The crowd counts along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd ROARS when Troy flings herself forward and hits the mat, grinning from ear to ear that she finally just tied the match up one fall a piece.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the second fall... **LINDSAY TROY!**

DDK:

Troy did it! After twenty minutes, she's evened the score! We knew this one was gonna be tight, but it's be a see-saw battle and neither one is letting up.

Lance:

That it is! The crowd has been going crazy from bell to bell and we've got one more to go!

Burns looks over and sees Troy about to get back up as well, ready to fight. She gets back up...

DDK:

The brief rest period is almost over now... and they both look like they want to settle this once and for all!

Lance:

That they do! I told you! Two of DEFIANCE's most top-flight stars going at it to see who can be the best! That's great

professional wrestling!

Benny Doyle checks on both Burns and Troy...

DING DING!

...and fall three begins with BOTH slugging it out!

Forearm by Troy!

Elbow by Burns!

Forearm by Troy!

Elbow by Burns!

Forearm by Troy!

Elbow by Burns!

The two continue trading blows and the fans continue cheering for each shot, but the elbows start to take their toll on Troy who has taken more punishment... until she turns and delivers a **HARD** kick to the chest! Burns doubles over from one, but a second kick catches him even harder. He's left gasping for air when an even **STIFFER** third kick lands in his chest and knocks him off his feet! Troy is left hobbling, but she feeds off an energetic crowd.

DDK:

I was gonna say this was gonna be anybody's match, but Lindsay Troy is always trying to prove everybody wrong!

Lance:

She tries to get Burns to the corner... no!

The Queen of the Ring tries picking Burns up and whipping him to the corner, but he puts the brakes on and stops her with a back elbow. He sends her into the corner instead, but when he tries an European uppercut, she moves! She leaps and nails a leaping enzuigiri in the corner that knocks Burns goofy, then she trips him up in the corner. When she is sure she's riding enough adrenaline to let her use the leg, she runs across the ring...

DDK:

Hesitation Dropkick in the corner!

Lance:

NASTY! And look! Look at Burns!

She tries to pull him out of the corner again after knocking him loopy, then manages to nail the swinging fisherman's suplex into a cover, bridging only on her one leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Twists and Turns kicks out, but the camera nearby catches a spot of blood running down the mouth of Burns!

DDK:

Good lord! I think Troy just busted Burns in the mouth with that big hesitation dropkick in the corner! He's hurt now

with nowhere to go!

Lance:

He's looking loopy! If Troy is gonna put him away, this is now the time to do it!

When Troy stands up, she waffles the Kiwi across both the chest and the back with several kicks that have the crowd wincing. She continues throwing kicks, then doubles Burns over with a sole kick to the gut followed by a knee to the chest. When Burns is doubled over, The High Queen DEFIANT tries running, but the Joint Chief of the Joint Locks grabs her by the waist and then suddenly HURLS her overhead with a big release German suplex!

DDK:

No! Burns is still in this! He's fighting back!

Burns wipes some of the blood away from his mouth on his wrist tape, then tries to run at Troy again, but she shoves him into the ropes and then sends HIM flying back with a snap German suplex of her own! Burns bounces off the mat and the impact sends him up to his feet when Troy comes running, but he CLOBBERS her with a lariat of all things on the return!

Lance:

What a shot there! Burns fires back with lariat and nearly turns Troy inside out!

He growls and then drags her up...

DDK:

BACKCRACKAMAJIG!

The belly to back into the high angle backbreaker connects and he hooks her by the side!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Was that three? Was... no! Doyle with two fingers! That was the closest fall yet! I can't believe this!

Lance:

And now look at Burns! What's he doing now?

With Troy down, he points at the turnbuckle and then climbs out to the ring apron, slowly trying to focus on getting to the top.

DDK:

We both know what Burns has in mind... that Sweet As Knee Drop, but is this something he wants to try now?

Lance:

I don't know, but it looks like he's gonna try regardless of what we think!

Scanning the crowd, the Kiwi is up on the top rope and he smiles out to the crowd.

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET...

DDK:

NO! TROY BACK UP!

Troy surges to life again and rocks Burns using a quick leaping palm strike in the corner, then uses the ropes to hold herself upright before she starts to climb. She hooks him by the side...

DDK:

Uh-oh! I think she's gonna try for the Spanish Fly! She's trying to take Burns over... NO! NO!

Burns hangs on, then ROCKS the Queen using another solid elbow that sends her flying off the ropes! The crowd cheers again as Burns grits his teeth and then...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

Then he flies off and lands the diving knee drop! Troy convulses and Burns quickly tries to grab the leg for a cover, though he's slow to follow up!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE.... KICKOUT!

Burns holds up three fingers and looks pretty concerned at this moment in time, but Benny Doyle emphatically tells him no, it was only two.

DDK:

How did Lindsay Troy kick out of that? HOW?

Lance:

I really don't know! But Burnsie isn't letting this chance to end this match slip by him.

The former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE grabs the right leg of Lindsay and then looks to go right back to what brought him to the dance. He slowly drags her up and then snaps the leg with another vicious dragon screw! Troy is in pain, favoring the knee after the drop, but Burns isn't letting go...

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

The crowd is in shock over the sheer aggression on display, but Burns doesn't let up, wanting to soften up her knee!

Lance:

WOW! Have you ever seen Burns so locked in like this? This match is bringing out a real viciousness I don't think we've seen out of him in some time!

DDK:

Agreed! But both stars have drawn literal blood from one another and they've turned this into a more aggressive match than either of their first two confrontations!

Lance:

And look! I think he's gonna go for the Heel Hook again! '

He grabs the leg and looks to fall back to set up the hold, but Troy fights for her life and kicks away at Burns using her good leg!

DDK:

No, she's fighting back with everything she's got! If he looks in the Graps of Wrath III again, this is done and she knows it!

She continues kicking from the ground until he picks her back up. He holds the leg, but this time he gets **CRACKED** upside the head with an enzuigiri! Burns gets his brains rattled once, but Troy follows up and then plants him into the mat with a DDT!

Lance:

Burns **ALMOST** had that hold in, but Troy knew it was coming! Now what's she gonna do?

As the groggy Burns looks like he's out on his knees (cause he ain't on his feet right now), Troy looks out to the crowd and then **SLAMS** a huge kick into the back of the head of Burns, penalty-kick style! The Guru of the Graps is hurt, but what happens next is much worse, a nasty thrust kick to the jaw!

DDK:

Good lord, you can hear and feel those shots up here, Lance!

Lance:

And now what?

She has Burns hooked by the head and waist...

DDK:

THY KINGDOM COME! THY KINGDOM COME!

The small package driver leads right into a tight cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

The Faithful are at a fever pitch, now just one collective ball of energy and excitement blowing the roof off as Burns kicks out while Troy favors her right leg, not being strong enough to hold the move!

DDK:

If Troy's leg hadn't been worked to the extent that it has, I really think that that would have been a three-count!

Lance:

What do these two even have left?

DDK:

I don't know! Troy can't believe it, but at this point I think she's trying whatever move she can think of to finally put Burns down.

Oscar isn't moving, but being in a long-standing fight, Troy isn't about to let the opportunity to end things pass her by. The High Queen **DEFIANT** helps Burns up by the arm, then drills him with a left elbow, a right elbow, a back elbow,

and then unleashes another roaring elbow that leaves him seeing stars as he inches near the ropes. Left punch (elbow) drunk, Troy slips behind him and is trying...

DDK:

Crucifix Driver coming up! By Royal Decree! This might be it!

She holds the left arm of Burns and then steps over into the move, then leaps... BUT BURNS HANGS ONTO THE ROPES WITH A FREE HAND AND SHAKES HER OFF!

Lance:

No! Troy back up...

Troy scrambles back and has no chance to think what went wrong when Burns bounces off the ropes...

DDK:

OH MY GOD! HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

Burns SLAMS his skulls right into the rib cage of Troy and when she hits the mat, he goes right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Lance:

No way! No how! Where are they finding these reserves?!

DDK:

I don't know, but Burns isn't done!

Burns takes several precious seconds to get the cobwebs out before he turns his attention back to Troy. As she is hardly able to stand, he traps both hands behind her neck and tosses her backwards with a dragon suplex! Troy hits the mat viciously but Burns isn't done! He wraps both arms around the waist of LT while she's down and then TOSSES her back over with a bridging German suplex! He holds on tight!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

DDK:

What a combination, but Troy is STILL kicking out! Both of them are kicking out of each other's best moves! This is unreal!

Burns can't believe any of this is happening and screams a VERY rare bit of frustration that he can't put Troy away, but he decides enough is enough. He stands and when she can't stand, he grabs the leg one more time... but unexpectedly, Troy CRACKS him using an elbow to the jaw! The blow is all she needs to rock the Joint Chief of Joint locks. He boots her in the stomach and then looks for another German... but when he tries to throw her upwards... SHE LANDS ON HIS SHOULDERS! REVERSE HURRICANRANA!

DDK:

NO WAY! ONE SUPLEX TOO MANY FROM BURNS AND SHE JUST MADE HIM PAY FOR IT! POISONED RANA CONNECTS!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THIS CROWD! THEY ARE GOING INSANE!

Troy hobbles back to her feet after Burns is dropped right on the back of the head... it's now or never...

DDK:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT LANDS! DOUBLE KNEE STRIKE TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

Burns is down and Troy is STILL favoring the knee, very slow to get up, but Burns isn't moving. He is trying to get back to a knee, but when he can't, Troy hooks the arm one more time...

Lance:

Is this it? IS THIS IT?!

She twists with the move... then SPIKES Oscar on the top of his head again with the Crucifix Driver!

DDK:

BY ROYAL DECREE! THAT'S IT! THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!

She holds on for dear life!

*ONE!**TWO!*

...

THREE!

LT releases the hold and both former FISTs of DEFIANCE crumble to the mat lifelessly.

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The music of Lindsay Troy can be heard just so over the roaring of the fans as neither Burns, nor Troy move.

Darren Quimbey:HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE THIRD AND FINAL FALL... AND YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... **"QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY!****DDK:**

WHAT A MATCH WE JUST SAW! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! NO PARTICULAR ILL WILL! NO GRUDGES! NO TITLES! THE CULMINATION OF TWO OF DEFIANCE'S BEST, FIGHTING IN A SERIES OF MUCH TALKED ABOUT MATCHES TO SEE WHO WOULD TRIUMPH! AND IN THE END, IT'S LINDSAY TROY WHO GETS HER FIRST BIG PPV WIN SINCE HER RETURN EARLIER THIS YEAR!

Lance:

THAT WAS UNREAL! BURNS HAD A GREAT GAMEPLAN WITH THAT LEG, BUT IN THAT LAST STRETCH, TROY LITERALLY FOUGHT BACK FROM UNDERNEATH! BURNS IS ONLY ONE OF A SMALL HANDFUL OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE EVER FORCED LINDSAY TROY TO TAP OUT, BUT TONIGHT, THE STORY IS THAT TROY PERSEVERES!

The High Queen DEFIANT is finally the first to move, literally crawling to the ropes slowly and then hobbling to her feet. Behind her, Burns still isn't moving and looks glassy-eyed, staring up at the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex's lights. Benny

Doyle raises Troy's hand and holds it high as the crowd reaction is an explosion of energy!

Letting the moment sink in, Lindsay Troy hobbles over to where Burns is just now starting to come around. She looks down at the Team Graps Cap who just has enough energy to sit up. He has a hand against a skull that is throbbing right now.

DDK:

Ohhh boy, Burns does not look happy.

Lance:

I could argue on points, Burns might have won this as he had a good chunk of the offense during the second and third falls, but when it has come to these big matches lately, Burns... I dunno...

DDK:

Yeah...

Burns slowly uses the ropes to pull himself to a vertical base and leans against the ropes, sullen. Next to him, Lindsay Troy leans over the ropes next to him...

Then offers a hand.

Burns looks at it.

DDK:

With everything these two proud athletes have thrown at one another, barbs and the like aside... this was a complete war between these two.

Lance:

And what is Burns going to do?

Burns looks up at her...

Then back to the hand.

And a shake that garners another HUGE roar from the Faithful!

DDK:

That's a true sign of respect from both right there!

Troy steps up to the middle turnbuckle gingerly and raises both hands in the air to another massive ovation from the crowd while Troy enjoys her moment in the sun. Burns rolls out of the ring as Benny Doyle starts to accompany him to the back.

DDK:

WHAT. A. MATCH. There's nothing else that I can say right now!

Lance:

Indeed! Lindsay Troy takes this match but this could have easily gone either way.

As Troy continues to celebrate in the ring, Oscar Burns is limping up the ramp with Doyle guiding him up. Meanwhile, the Queen of the Ring gets to enjoy her moment in the sun with just one big match to go.

The FIST of DEFIANCE!

BUSINESS

As Troy gets to continue the celebration for perhaps her biggest PPV match since returning, the camera pans to a dejected Oscar Burns with Benny Doyle leading him through the guerilla position to get checked out by Iris Davine.

DDK:

And there goes Oscar Burns...

Lance:

He definitely looks disappointed in this loss and... wait...

As Burns heads backstage...

There stands "Brighter" Tom Morrow and Alvaro de Vargas.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Ugh... mixed results for Better Future. Theo Baylor lost a great slugfest to Brock Newbludd, but Alvaro de Vargas defeated Uriel Cortez. What's Morrow doing here?

Lance:

No good, that's for sure.

Burns stares down Morrow and de Vargas, but neither say a word for once in their DEFIANCE tenures. Morrow simply nods and offers Burns what looks like a business card. Twists and Turns looks at the card, then back t at the duo.

Tom Morrow:

Call me.

Burns eyes the two, but Alvaro de Vargas looks at Burns.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Join the winning team, acere!

ADV follows behind him and the two depart.

DDK:

...What in the hell was that?

Lance:

Is Tom Morrow seriously making a play for Oscar Burns? One of the biggest stars in this promotion who got to the top on his own merits?

DDK:

I don't know...

Burns, still possibly glassy-eyed from his most grueling match in recent memory, has the card. Doyle nods down the hall and the two head towards the office, but the camera catches one more thing...

He tucks the card into his trunks.

FIST OF DEFIANCE: MIKEY UNLIKELY Â© vs. ELISE ARES

The view is returned to the ring where we see our ring announcer. Darren Quimbey standing in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the next match is our MAIN EVENT of the evening and is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP!

The racaus fans get excited. It's been two long days but the Faithful in attendance couldn't care less.

DDK:

It's been a long time coming for these two, and we've finally reached the culmination of it all. From the Sports Entertainment Guild, to the Main Event of Ascension. We've seen them face off in tag team action but now with the championship on the line, we finally get them one on one.

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely has been champion since DEFCON, and he's looking to hold onto it once more tonight. If he pulls it off, he will surpass "The Egobuster" Dan Ryan and become the fourth longest reigning FIST of all time. If Elise Ares can win the championship here tonight she will make history as she joins a very short list of female FIST Champions.

DDK:

Big stakes at an event where we've seen a lot of change! We've seen the Southern Heritage Championship change hands. We've seen a brand new Favoured Saints champion crowned. We could very well see a brand new FIST of DEFIANCE here tonight!

The very dramatic darkening of the WrestlePlex causes the Faithful to cheer in anticipation of the main event. As the arena fades darker, a single spotlight shines onto the entrance. The Faithful roars as a female steps into the light, silhouetted by the blinding light of the big stage. White bright light changes to red as the lyrics kick in.

*Cause, baby, now we've got bad blood
You know it used to be mad love
So take a look what you've done
Cause, baby, now we've got bad blood, hey!*

A chorus of flashbulbs explode her as the bass kicks in. Arena lights with shades of cyan and magenta lighten the arena alongside red flashes of bass. Welcome to the main stage, Elise.

♪ "Bad Blood" by Taylor Swift feat. Kendrick Lamar ♪

Dozens of paparazzi surround Elise Ares as she holds her fist with thumb extended against her cheek. A smirk crosses her face as the words "MISS" and "FIST" blink in succession on her hot pink framed LED sunglasses. Taking a step forward, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE drops her hot pink lined black high fashion jacket to the ground and struts forward with mad hip swag.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... the challenger, weighing in at 126 pounds! Currently hailing from Beverly Hills, California. Representing the Sports Entertainment Guild. She is the LEADING LADY OF DEFIANCE, ELIIIIIIIIIISE
ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRES!

Her new black, pink, and light blue ring gear matches the new PCP 2.0 tee (Available only at efedtees.com, go buy it now!) as she oozes with #SWAG. At the bottom of the aisle, she takes a deep breath and looks around the arena before dashing and sliding across the apron. She lays on her side on the apron facing the hard camera, doing her best arched back model pose and shooting a wink to the camera over her sunglasses. With a smirk she rolls into the ring.

DDK:

Representing the Sports Entertainment Guild along with fellow PCP members The D, Klein, Flex Kruger, er... what's

her face, and notably Jesse Kendrix.

Lance:

All of which are absent from ringside. Elise has made it clear that she wants to do this on her own, but you have to wonder if Mikey Unlikely is going to play by the same rules, don't you, Darren?

DDK:

I don't think Mikey has ever played by rules for his entire life unless he's set them. I don't believe for a second that he doesn't plan on taking advantage, and I'm sure Elise Ares has the SEG on standby for just such an occasion.

Lance:

Speaking of not believing, can you believe this reaction for Elise Ares? Last Pay-Per-View, she had a tiger cage constructed as a narcissistic display of her own glory. After another loss, and a quick change of heart, the self-proclaimed Queen of Sports Entertainment Style has the Faithful eating out of her hands. Do you think this was all a ploy to gain some traction to get a shot at the FIST, or could this possibly be for real?

DDK:

It worked, if so, but she also earned it, Lance. She not only pinned the champion, she also pinned Scott Douglas and damn near pinned Cayle Murray on her way here tonight. She's been on a tear we haven't seen since her Southern Heritage Championship reign. Fake or not... and past disagreements aside, that young lady worked her ass off. The Faithful if anything, appreciate hard work.

The South Beach Starlet tosses her LED sunglasses into the crowd from the top rope as she poses for the Faithful. Then her music cuts. She looks over her shoulder with an exaggerated eye roll and a red carpet rolls down to the ring from the entranceway.

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring next... Weighing in at 235 pounds. Currently hailing from Sherman Oaks, California... he is the reigning FIST OF DEFIANCE Champion! Mikkeeeeeeeyyyyyy Unnnnlikkkkeelllyyyyyy!

Mikey hits the stage slowly. He's holding the glass display case with the FIST OF DEFIANCE in it, by the handle. He looks down at the ring and sees Elise Ares, instantly he frowns. Glancing around at the audience in the arena, his expression doesn't change. Sporting his new gold and black ring gear and a Mikey Unlikely jacket, available exclusively at MikeyMoney.com. He heads for the ring.

DDK:

The champion is looking none too pleased to be in this environment. These fans are solidly behind Elise. They want to see a new champion crowned here tonight.

Lance:

The question that's going to loom over this match Darren, is where is 24K? Where is The SEG? We saw earlier that Cayle Murray didn't even bother to show up for his match with Kendrix. Is he even here tonight? We know Perfection is looming around somewhere. We know the D is in the building. Will we have a fair fight or will all hell break loose?

Unlikely gets to the ring and locks the FIST display case to the ringpost for safe keeping. He climbs onto the ring and wipes his feet on the apron before stepping through the ropes. Inside the ring he steers clear of the challenger's corner and moves to a neutral one and poses on the ropes. The fans in attendance give their thoughts on the champion.

As the lights return to normal, Unlikely drops the jacket and Elise stretches in her corner. The official checks on both as the fans begin to chant already.

E-LISE! AR-ES! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP
E-LISE! AR-ES! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

The official calls for the bell as the two begin talking back and forth from across the ring.

DING! DING!

DDK:

Both opponents eyeing one another out.

Lance:

Let's do this!

Unlikely runs at Ares and goes for a big clothesline, but she has the wherewithal to duck underneath. Roars fill the DEF Arena as Elise unleashes a fury of concussive strikes on Mikey right when he turns around. Several shots land across the gut before a forearm across the face drops the champion to the mat. With thunderous approval from the Faithful, Mikey holds his face and rolls under the bottom rope to the floor. The champion huffs and puffs for a second before slapping the mat, and points to his face and yells at Ares.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY THIS THING PAYS THE BILLS!

Inside the ring Elise puts her hands up innocently and smiles. Shrugging her shoulders.

Waving his arms in frustration, Mikey turns quickly and begins to head up the ramp.

DDK:

Unlikely looks like he's out of here.

Lance:

He's leaving the FIST!

Elise dives outside of the ring and sprints after him, grabbing him by the hair and tights. She turns Unlikely around and runs him into the barricade, jostling the fans in the front row. The Faithful nearby act excitedly to be so close to the action.

Ares does it again and Unlikely tries to crawl away after to find shelter as the challenger breaks the count. He finally finds the ring apron and tries to slide in but Elise grabs his leg and pulls him back to the outside. After a kick to the gut she tries to Irish whip him into the ringpost but he reverses it!

CRACK!

DDK:

OH NO! Did you hear that pop when Elise Ares bounced off that ring post?! What an impact. It's like getting hit by a car!

Lance:

Not much Benny Doyle can do after Ares tossed the champion at the barrier. Turnabout is fair play!

Unlikely picks up the Leading Lady and rolls her back into the ring. Following her in he stands up quickly clutching his back a little. He pulls her to her feet now and on the way, she begins to fight, delivering a couple elbows to the ribs. The Faithful try to will Ares back into control.

DDK:

That's the spirit! Elise fighting back now!

Lance:

The Faithful are trying to pull her back in this one, Darren!

She breaks free of Mikey's grasp and tries to deliver an enzuigiri but Unlikely moves out of the way as she falls onto her stomach. The champion wastes no time and locks in a headlock, holding her down on the ground with his weight advantage.

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely knows how Elise likes to wrestle. She wants a quick fast paced match that allows her to take advantage of her elite speed and flying ability. Where she doesn't like to be, is down on the mat in someone's grasp, or wrenched into a paralyzed position.

DDK:

Technicians have always given Ares trouble, Lance. Although, I think it's a far cry to say Mikey Unlikely is a ring general.

Lance:

He's bigger than Elise, and he doesn't want to get hit in the face.

DDK:

That's fair.

The champion continues to wrench away on the head of his challenger. She refuses to give up however. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style slowly moves backward and is able to reeeeach just far enough to kick a rope before hooking it. Doyle instructs Mikey to break the hold but he brushes him off. After a warning of disqualification he does, however, he gives the official some choice words of his own.

Elise is plucked up and pulled her to the center of the ring where he... applies another side headlock. The Faithful are PISSED, but Ares is able to quickly wiggle her way out of it and sends Mikey off the ropes. On the return she dives to the mat leaving the champion to run over her. Another rebound, this time Elise is ready and flings the FIST of DEFIANCE over with an armdrag, bouncing his head off the mat.

DDK:

Now Mikey is down and Elise dives on him and applies a headlock of her own! Turnabout is fair play, right Lance?

Lance:

Hey, didn't I just say that?

Ares rubs salt into the wound by gyrating for the crowd while maintaining the hold, but Unlikely powers his way up to his feet. Elise doesn't let go of the hold, instead she climbs onto the champions back. Unlikely tries to grab at her wildly with one hand, while trying to loosen up her grip on his neck with the other. He runs in a circle like a dog chasing its tail, before diving between the ropes back first and hitting the ring apron Elise first. On impact she audibly breaks the hold and the pair both fall outside with a thud.

Lance:

Oh my! What a way out by Mikey Unlikely! Right on the ring apron!

DDK:

He might've broken her back with that one! Continuing to work the spine of Ares!

As the count begins they both slowly scrape to their feet. Once more the crowd begins to cheer for the challenger, firmly behind the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE as she struggles to find footing.

Mikey is up first, rolling into the ring in an attempt to take the opportunity to catch his breath. He lies on the mat, breathing heavily and looking at the lights. The champ turns to his hands and knees, before pushing his way to his feet. With a sigh he wipes the sweat from his brow, before he turns to find Elise soaring through the sky! Suddenly, she collides with a springboard corkscrew missile dropkick! The Faithful erupt!

DDK:

What a move by Elise Ares! Knocked the champion off his feet and across the ring! That impact was devastating!

Lance:

Elise Ares wants this! Say what you want about Sports Entertainment, that was a FINE wrestling move! Underneath it all her biggest aspiration is to be a star! The FIST of DEFIANCE is all she needs to propel her to that stardom.

The Faithful stomp their feet, using their force of will to embolden the challenger. Both competitors slowly get to their feet, Mikey with the assist of ring ropes. In the center of the ring they stumble to meet face to face. Ares goes to whip Unlikely, but he reels back and smacks Elise across the face.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Ares collapses to the mat like she was shot at point blank, holding her face in her hands and kicking her feet. Fans in the arena “oooooh” loudly as it sinks in what just happened with the challenger. An angry look flashes from the mat before she yells at Mikey, Benny Doyle, and the Faithful.

Elise Ares:

That was low, EVEN FOR YOU!

Elise crawls away from Unlikely, but he takes a few steps in pursuit before she screams over the chaos.

Elise Ares:

STOP! STOP! STOP YOU HEARTLESS BASTARD!

Mikey tilts his head to the side as the challenger rolls over and sits up holding her hands in front of her face in surrender.

Elise Ares:

If we’re going to do this right we need some damn rules. No more shots to the face. EVER.

Challenger and Champion look to the official and nod. Benny Doyle nods to confirm the mid match rule change and calls for the bell again.

DING! DING!

DDK:

It seems that Elise and Mikey have agreed to no more strikes to the face. They’ve confirmed with Official Benny Doyle, and apparently he’s enforcing it!

Lance:

Hey if everyone agrees, who are we to argue? The question is will Benny Doyle enforce it?

Elise goes to whip the champion again, but again he blocks it, converting it into a hammerlock. Unlikely sneakily reaches up and grabs a handful of hair. Ares screeches in pain before Benny Doyle moves around him to get a look, but Unlikely lets go, showing the hand in innocence.

As soon as Benny moves, Unlikely once again yanks the hair. This time he wraps the brunette locks around his fist and directs Ares, chest first, into the corner while maintaining the hammerlock. Elise screams out to Doyle that Mikey is pulling her hair as she passes. Doyle gets in real close to look once more. He’s staring at her hair when she sends her leg backwards between the Champions.

“OOOOOOOOH!”

DDK:

DEATH BLOW!

Unlikely collapses to the mat. Benny Doyle doesn't know what happened but Mikey is holding onto his Hollywood Bruvs. Ares is quick to run towards the ropes. She lands on the second and springboards back.

Lance:

Watch Out! Asai Moonsault! What a move! Followed by a standing shooting star press! Now Elise goes for the first cover of the matchup!

One...

Two....

Kickout!

DDK:

What athleticism from Ares, but not enough to put the champion away.

There's no use arguing the count with the official on this one, so Elise goes back on the offensive and pulls Unlikely up to his feet. With a hard tug, finally Ares succeeds at whipping him into the ropes. The champion comes back and gets hit in the chest with a spinning wheel kick, knocking him back against the ropes again. He catches himself instead of rebounding once more. Seeing an opportunity, the Leading Lady runs back at him and goes for a cross body block, but Unlikely drops to the mat! Elise soars past him through the ropes, and crashes onto the floor with a splat. Mikey takes the opportunity to show the Faithful his big brain, pointing to his head angrily to a chorus of jeers before following.

Lance:

That was like a plane crash, Darren! Let's see that again if we can?

The scene splits in two. Live feed on the left and reply on the right. We see again Elise flying through the air and hitting the outside sickeningly hard. Now we go back to full screen where Unlikely is throwing forearms down on the back of Ares who still has yet to fully recover on the outside.

DDK:

This is where Mikey Unlikely is most dangerous. Anytime you get him away from the official he's liable to cheap shot you. Elise Ares is quite the expert herself, but she might've met her match in that department tonight.

The champ lifts Elise up onto his shoulder and drops her face first on the edge of the ring. The Faithful clamor for a call from the official. Benny Doyle admonishes the defending champion, but Mikey claims he didn't hit her in the face, the ring did.

Lance:

Well... that's hard to argue, it wasn't a strike!

Mikey hooks Elise and whips her over his head with a suplex on the outside. Ares arches her back in pain over her arm. The champion slides in and back out to break the count. Moving to get something from under the ring, Unlikely ends up pulling out a steel chair. Doyle quickly steps to the outside to get in between Mikey and Ares. Unlikely narrows his eyes as the official tells him to put it back.

DDK:

The official warning Mikey he could be disqualified for using the chair!

Lance:

HEY THEY AGREED TO NO MORE HEAD SHOTS! I'd disqualify him too!

Unlikely pulls the chair back to swing, Benny Doyle dives out of the way leaving Elise Ares vulnerable! At the last second she's able to duck and avoid the blow. Mikey turns around with the chair and Elise lands a huge flying fist into the chair, which then connects with Mikey's face!

THUNK!

DDK:

Amethystation! Amethystation!

Lance:

Ares could end it right there! She needs to capitalize!

Before she can, however, Benny Doyle gets in her face, leaving Elise to defend herself for the shot to Mikey's face.

Elise Ares:

I didn't do anything! I punched the chair! The CHAIR punched his face!

Lance:

Well...

DDK:

We know Lance, it's hard to argue!

Unlikely is on his hands and knees, inching towards the barricade. He swings his arm dismissively towards Elise as if to say he's over it. Kicking one leg over the barricade he attempts an escape.

Elise Ares:

No no no!! I don't think so! I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET!

She takes off at the champion and delivers a hard running front dropkick that sends Mikey off the rail and into the crowd area. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style wastes no time, running and leaping onto the barricade before diving on to the grounded champion. The Faithful are on their feet erupting into a dueling chant!

EL-ISE! AR-ES! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

FUCK YOU MIKE-Y!

EL-ISE! AR-ES! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

FUCK YOU MIKE-Y!

Those aren't dueling chants at all. Meanwhile, Benny Doyle is trying to get both competitors back into the ring. Ares is the first up and she dumps Mikey over the barricade once more. Now she rolls him into the ring and climbs onto the apron herself. She signals the air for Amethystation as Unlikely is way out of it in the middle of the ring, the Faithful roar in appreciation.

DDK:

She's calling for it again, Lance!

Lance:

This could be the beginning of the end for the champion!

She soars through the air, but almost as if he has eyes in the back of his head, Mikey stumbles back just out of reach of Ares, leaving her to land awkwardly on her feet. He shakes his head no and scrambles back into the corner holding onto the bottom rope yelling at Benny Doyle for a rope break. Elise looks at the official and shrugs her shoulders before stomping away on the champion to a cascade of cheers!

DDK:

The Blacklist, but tonight she's doing it solo!

Elise keeps stomping away for a four count before fake tagging herself back in and stomping away again. Desperately Mikey begins to crawl under the ropes, hooking himself onto the bottom rope before Benny Doyle breaks up the stomps to the jeers of the Faithful. Ares puts her arm into the air and backs away as Unlikely shoos her away from him. She takes a few steps back, letting Mikey get back up to his feet before charging past Doyle and hitting him in the chest with a front dropkick into the corner. Bouncing off the turnbuckle, the champion stumbles forward and lands on his knees.

Lance:

We've seen Mikey in this position before, Darren! Remember that spike hurricanrana that took him out on DEFtv when Elise pinned him the first time?

DDK:

I'm sure he remembers, too!

Ares sprints past him and off the opposite ropes, as she comes roaring back she screeches to a halt. Mikey looks up at her and she puts her hands on her hips and begins to dance right in Mikey's face.

Elise Ares:

QUE TAL ESO, EH?!

The Faithful roar as the frustrated champion pushes Elise away from him. He tries to get back up to his feet but Ares locks him in a bulldog and charges the ropes, dropping him neck first across the middle rope. She lands on the apron, head propped up on her hand. Pointing into the Faithful she winks before getting up to her feet.

Lance:

Cuban Necktie from the challenger!

DDK:

Here she goes again!

As Mikey crawls around the canvas grabbing at his throat, Ares positions herself to fly. The champion gets up to one knee and the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE jumps up onto the top rope and fires herself towards Unlikely like a bullet!

Lance:

AMETHYSTA...

DDK:

NOOOO!

Elise connects with a hard shot... right to the jaw of Benny Doyle as Mikey pulls him into the way. The Faithful jeer as Ares looks at the official down on the canvas stunned. Unlikely, still reeling from the flurry of offense, is stumbling up on his feet. The Queen of Sport Entertainment Style turns to him and slaps him with a hard right hand!

OOOH!

Then she kicks him between the legs!

OOOOOOOOH!

Right as Mikey falls down onto his knees, Elise jumps into the air and stomps Mikey's face into the canvas!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Lance:

EXTREME MAKEOVER! SHE JUST FINISHED HIM OFF, DARREN! WE COULD HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!

DDK:

BUT THERE IS NO ONE TO COUNT THE PIN!

The Faithful erupt as Ares shakes Benny Doyle before jumping onto the champion. She hooks the leg and waits desperately for a count as Doyle pulls himself forward a tiny bit and collapses again onto the mat. Elise drops the leg in a panic looking around for something to save her. She needed someone to save her.

DDK:

IT'S KLEIN! IT'S KLEIN!!!!

Sprinting out from backstage is Klein wearing a referee shirt and the Faithful go bananas. The Boxman himself is pointing at Elise to cover Mikey as he dives into the ring. Ares jumps into the air on top of the champion as the Faithful scream the count with the PCP OG!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The third hand never hits the mat as Klein is pulled out of the ring.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

DAMN CAYLE MURRAY! We should have a new FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Cayle lambasts Klein with a huge blow and begins to rip the officials shirt off of Klein to wear himself.

DDK:

When did it become a rule that whoever is wearing a referee shirt is officially an official? Isn't there some kind of certificate you have to earn or something?

Lance:

Klein has been doing this for years! I don't know about Cayle, but now he has the referee shirt and he's attempting...

The top blows off of the arena once more. Another person comes exploding down the ramp.

DDK:

It's JFK! Kendrix is here! Cayle no showed their match and it looks like Kendrix finally figured out where to find him!

Kendrix runs down in street clothes and a cast on his arm, making charge straight at Cayle. Murray sees him at the last second but it's too late to get away. He's got him now!

Lance:

Kendrix a house of fire! He's lighting Murray up with those punches!

The two tussle over the striped shirt, almost ripping it in half back and forth. Klein tries to recover but is clearly shaken up, it's going to be some time. Inside the ring Elise throws her arms up in frustration trying to figure out what happened. Peering over the ropes, she now sees the two competitors firing on one another in a tug-of-war over the referee shirt. Benny Doyle meanwhile is beginning to stir and collect himself.

Elise sees the situation, running over to help Benny Doyle back to his feet, but she doesn't have the strength. Frustrated, she heads over where JFK and Murray are fighting for the shirt. She reaches her head through the ropes and tries to rip the shirt away for JFK.

The three DEF wrestlers tussle when suddenly Cayle Murray just lets it go.

Kendrix yanks the referee attire as hard as he can but CLOBBERS Elise Ares with the cast on his arm. The Leading Lady drops on impact.

DDK:

OHHH NO! Kendrix just inadvertently hit Elise with his cast! Kendrix is in shock!

Lance:

Are you KIDDING me?!

Desperately, JFK tries to climb into the ring to help her but Cayle Murray pulls him back down off the mat. Kendrix and Cayle exchange blows once again, but JFK can't get any separation as Murray keeps grabbing him.

The replay shows it again in slow motion and we can see the cast strike Elise above the eye before she falls hard to the mat. A close-up shot now shows Elise Ares sprawled out on the canvas. Not moving. Blood runs down her eye and her face, dripping now onto the mat.

Unlikely meanwhile has begun to wake up. He pulls himself to his feet using the ropes and sees Elise prone on the mat.

Lance:

Mikey can't believe his eyes! She's ripe for the picking!

He quickly rushes over to Elise, sits her up and wraps his arms around her head and neck, locking in a sleeper submission. Mikey violently shakes her back and forth before wrapping his legs around the challenger's body. He begins to scream, trying to get Benny Doyle's attention as he tightens harder and harder.

DDK:

A little over the top don't you think Mikey? Applying a submission move to a knocked out, bleeding opponent!

Benny Doyle groggily rolls over and sees the submission. Slowly, he moves over to the tandem and into position at a snail's pace. Lifting the arm of Ares, it falls to the mat and calls out...

ONE!

Lance:

Not like this! She's gotta fight back, Darren! She's gotta wake up!

He makes the same motion with the arm, and it falls weightlessly once again

TWO!

Doyle for a third time raises the arm all the way into the air giving Elise Ares the opportunity to show life. It hangs in the air for a moment and the air is taken from the Faithful. Mikey's eyes grow wide when he hears their reaction.

DDK:

C'mon Elise! You can do it!

...It falls.

Oh you want to do this now? Right here?

Lance:

JFK's ready to go, one arm and all!

Elise begins to stir as the medics check on her. Meanwhile Perfection and Cayle try to step in but Mikey backs them off.

Kendrix:

Me and you, Mikey! Right here, right now!

Mikey shakes his head and backs away

Mikey Unlikely:

Nah, bruv. Not with that thing on your arm. I just had a match, you're not going to come out here and BLINDSIDE me with a built in weapon!

Jesse looks at the cast then over at Elise who is coming to as the medics check her reactions over.

Mikey Unlikely:

Don't look at her, she can't help you now! None of your friends are here to protect you. You want this championship? Bruv vs Bruv PART TWO, let's go!

Kendrix reaches across and removes the upper stretch loop around the cast.

DDK:

This is not a wise move. Mikey and I dare say the rest of 24K will just target that injured arm.

Then the lower loop.

Lance:

Kendrix came here for a fight tonight and he's finally going to get one.

Freeing the cast Jesse holds it out wide by his side as the crowd gear up for a fight. Mikey steps forward, the two men jawing right in eachothers faces once again, both holding their arms out by their sides.

DDK:

Looks like we're about to see Kendrix and Mikey going at it earlier than we expected, who's gonna make the first move...Mikey rears back! He's going to blast JF....what the?

The camera focuses on Mikey's beautifully crafted fake pearly whites then over at Kendrix who reciprocates with that shit eating grin we haven't seen since his return.

The two both put their fists forward meeting in the center of the ring.

The Hollywood Bruvs:

GLUEFIST!

DDK:

SON OF A BITCH!

Everyone in the arena boos even louder as 24K! embraces Kendrix in a giant man hug.

Lance:

They Gluefisted, Keebs...they're...hugging each other!

DDK:

What a sham this is! The whole thing was a set up!

Inside the ring Elise is getting to her feet, all four (now) members of 24K! Turn and laugh and point at her.

DDK:

Bullies! Haven't you done enough?

The challenger doesn't take too well to that and stands up as tall as she can. Trying to look past the blood in her eye.

Lance:

Woah woah woah...

DDK:

NO! Don't do it Elise! This is a fight you cannot win! Not alone!

Suddenly from behind Elise Ares is pulled from the ring. Flex Krueger and The D pull her from a four on one fight.

DDK:

Oh thank goodness! Good thinking by The D and Flex, and they've got Klein back up too. This is a mess. Elise Ares should be our FIST of DEFIANCE, and yet we have to hear from the gloat machine that is 24K!

24K embrace one more time before taking a bow. From the ramp the Pop Culture Phenoms look on angrily.

Lance:

This isn't over between these two groups! Elise deserves another shot Darren! Not to mention I'm sure they'll want revenge.

Mikey holds the FIST high into the air as the other members of 24K hoist him up on their shoulders and carry him around the ring.

DDK:

Tune in next week for another edition of DEFtv including all the fallout from ASCENSION! We're outta time!

THIS

IS

DEFIANCE.