

SHOW OPEN

Bright colorful lights roll across the arena as the Faithful go wild! The DEFtv opening video is playing on the DEFiatron. Many of the wrestlers we see on a daily basis as well as a few legends are shown before the music video comes to an end. The fireworks go off and the fans get even louder in the WrestlePlex as the red lights come to life on the cameras.

Signs and excitement everywhere!

READ THE ROOM!

PAT CASSIDY LOVES HIM SOME CRAZY

I NEED MY DEFTV

HOW DEFT OF YOU

DEFT PUNK

GAGE GOT AN ANNULMENT

SERUM PATIENT 2845

MALAK WEARS BRIEFS

RECLAIMED WOOD IS JUST ANOTHER TERM FOR RICK DICKULOUS BEING KIDNAPPED

I CAME HERE FOR THE BREATHING TECHNIQUES!

OTHELLO PUTS THE ZEN IN BRAZEN!

STOP BEING META REZIN!

REDEEM HER, PAT!

WHO'S THE BALD MAN!?

I DON'T KNOW HIM BUT CYRUS DOES!

VICKIE HALL CAN HURRICANRANA ME ANY DAY!

LT VS AP PART 3?!?

YEAH BABY!

159 GONNA BE LIT!!!

I WANT TO KNOW A SECRET!

WHERE IS RICK DICKULOUS?

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: DEX JOY Â© vs. REZIN

DDK:

Welcome to DEF TV 159! We've got a lot of great action tonight including the FIST of DEFIANCE on the line! Teresa Ames tries to beat her husband Gage Blackwood! But up first we have a rematch from the main event of two weeks ago! "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy is looking for his second successful defense of the Favoured Saints title but he has to go through the previous champion Rezin to get it!

Lance:

On Uncut it was Chris Trutt that convinced Rezin to not try and kidnap his friend Nathan Eye for a rematch and just ask for one. Dex Joy was one of the more successful fighting champions as the Southern Heritage champion and he agreed to it.

DDK:

Dex Joy has been the first champion out of the last several weeks to have one successful defense. Can he make it two?

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

"The Escape Artist" REZIN wastes no time bursting forth from the cacophony of smoke and strobes on the stage. His posse of Reapers hurry to keep up, but halfway down the ramp he suddenly turns around and orders them to the back. After some reluctance, they leave, and the Goat Bastard slides daringly into the ring, stalking the squared circle like an unhinged tweaker.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and is for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP of DEFIANCE WRESTLING! Introducing first, the challenger... weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds, and hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana... here is "THE ESCAPE ARTIST" RRREEZZZZIIINNN!!!

The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the WrestlePlex. The lights slowly come back in the arena, section by section until, on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges... charges... charges... and soon it's at 1000%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!!! Five bright yellow lightning bolts strike the stage and fire off massive streams of pyro as the theme kicks in!

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing the Favoured Saints champion ... he is from Los Angeles, California and weighs in at three-hundred fifty-five pounds... "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOYYYYYYYY!!!!!!

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

Sparks shoot up from either side of the entrance where the lightning landed. Walking through it is the former SO-HER and the current Favoured Saints champ himself! He gets to the ring with haste tonight and then holds the title up so all of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can see it. When that is over he gets to the ring and gives the belt to the official.

DING DING

Before Dexy Baby can get anything going Rezin surprises him right from the beginning with a running drop kick right into his chest. The move does surprise Joy and Rezin is already moving to his next attack. He kicks the knee of Dex a few times and rocks the Biggest Boy using a huge enziguri kick to rock the big guy.

DDK:

Rezin got wrecked by Dex Joy in their previous meeting and he might have actually learned from that.

Lance:

And now look. What is he going for?

Dex Joy is still stunned from the big kicks and Rezin is now on the second rope. He jumps off and then hits a diving tornado DDT out of the corner that has Dex right on his head!

DDK:

I can't believe this! Is Rezin going to win this fast?

The Kabal member makes a cover.

One ...

Two ... NO!!!

Despite a very fast start on the part of the Kabal member, the Escape Artist only gets the two-count. He angrily tells the official to count faster and then goes for something else. With a run off the ropes he tries to hit the Cloven Hoof kick but before he can land it ... he gets caught in the air by Dex and the Biggest Boy dumps him with a big slam. Rezin bounces off the mat so hard that he stands up on his feet but Dex uses a large running body attack to flatten him!

Lance:

Rezin's surprise assault at the beginning was just snuffed out by the Biggest Boy tonight!

DDK:

And he looks ready to fight back!

Rezin escapes the ring before Dex can do anything else. Dex however wants Rezin to know he isn't safe just because he goes to the outside. He starts to get the crowd to chant "WHHHHOOOOOAAA!!!" and then he runs off the ropes but before he runs to the other side Rezin leaps up and then he catches Dex by surprise with a kick between the eyes. The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful boo the Goat Bastard after he blocks the WHOA-PE dive. He comes into the ring and the evil smile on his face is apparent ... but that smile gets wiped away quickly when a dazed Dex suddenly gets unfazed and then nails a running lariat.

Lance:

Dex is back into this!

Rezin doesn't know where he is when he stands up but Dex reminds him that he's fighting a tank-like man when he runs him over with another big elbow that puts him down. Big Dex Energy is fighting back again and he puts Rezin back on his feet to whip him across the ring. When he comes back he tries a Dex Bomb but somehow the Escape Artist lives up to one of his names and jumps over Dex before the pop up power bomb. He lands on his feet behind him and then tries a super kick but Dex grabs the leg and spins him around. He catches him when he comes back and then uses a big belly to belly suplex to toss Rezin from one side of the ring to another! He hits the mat like a ping-pong ball across a table and ends up in the other corner.

Lance:

That was real power by Big Dex Energy! The Favoured Saints title means so much to both wrestlers tonight and they both want it.

DDK:

Where does he go next? A splash in the corner perhaps?

Dex Joy gets set up on one side of the ring while Rezin doesn't know which way is up. He's about to know which way is front because Dex rushes at him from the front side and crushes him with a hip attack in the corner. Rezin is wobbly when Dex grabs his waist and turns him around to hit a huge release German suplex!

DDK:

Called it! A splash in the corner followed by another big suplex! Can Dex get to the halfway point of four successful defenses?

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Rezin's shoulder is out from under the mass of Dex Joy at two and a half!

DDK:

Close fall right there by Dex!

Lance:

Despite Dex's power, Rezin has displayed so much toughness since he has been in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Dex does not let the lack of a win and keeps up on Rezin. He carries Rezin on a shoulder then puts him in the corner and starts to ram some of his huge elbows and then a shoulder for the Escape Artist. He takes Rezin out from the corner and back to the center of the ring. The Escape Artist ends up on Dexy Baby's shoulders and then tries to land a Dex-5 but before he can fully hit it Rezin proves his nickname true again and he slides off of Dex's shoulders to get behind him.

DDK:

Rezin escapes the big Dex-5! And then a super kick aimed at the knee!

Rezin hits the super kick on Dex's knee to bring him down to his level and then backs up to hit the big Cloven Hoof Kick that gets Dex flat on his back! But he is not done.

Lance:

Rezin is going up to the top rope now ... and he hits the Rezin-sault!

DDK:

Cloven Hoof Kick followed by the Rezin-sault! The FS title may be coming back to the Kabal again!

Rezin has a leg and tells the official to hurry and count!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The official's hand stops a two and a half when Dex DEFIANT-ly kicks out! Rezin doesn't agree with the official but he tries another pin on Dex.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Another kick out from Big Dex Energy makes Rezin even angrier but this one has more force behind it!

DDK:

Dex Joy keeps on fighting. Rezin has made this match more competitive than what happened two weeks ago, but Big Dex Energy keeps fighting as well.

The Biggest Boy still has the match on his side with Dex being down. He throws a flurry of kicks when Dex tries to stand and doubles him over long enough to try for Into the Void. He jumps up for the standing shiranui but Big Dex Energy stands firm and now he is stuck on his shoulders. When Dex tries to hit a running power slam Rezin gets out yet again from the clutches of the Biggest Boy. Rezin hits some more kicks in but Dex shakes them off to lay Rezin flat with a big winding punch and then a bionic elbow to the top of the head. He goes up on the shoulders of the Favoured Saints champ.

DDK:

Dex-5! Rezin bobs around like a fish out of water!

Lance:

And I think that is it!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

To the surprise of the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful Rezin surprises Dex with another kickout from a big move.

DDK:

Dex now checking with the official for the first time! But that was a clear count!

Rezin is squirming around and then starts to get to the ropes but Dex nails him with a lariat that spins the Escape Artist over the ropes! Rezin gets knocked out to ringside and when he is out there Dex surveys the jam-packed audience.

DDK:

Do you think Dex is going to try the WHOA-PE again?

Lance:

I don't think so ... I know so!

The Biggest Boy leads the crowd to chant "WHOOOOOOOAAAAAAA!!!" but this time he runs right through the ropes and then crashes right into the Goat Bastard with the Whoa-pe!

DDK:

You called it Lance! This time Dex hits his signature dive and he might be closing in on the second successful defense of the Favoured Saints title!

Dex Joy stands up and then he does not give Rezin any more chances to rest. He shoves him back inside the ring and then starts to climb. When he is about to get into the ring though Joy can feel something change the mood in the arena. The official is still with Rezin when Dex sees something he does not expect ...

ARTHUR PLEASANT AND A TASER TO THE CHEST!!!

DDK:

WHAT IS ARTHUR PLEASANT DOING OUT HERE?! HE JUST STUNNED DEX JOY WITH THAT TASER!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful jeer the very presence of the Scourge's leader! The same taser that he has used once before to defeat another monster in Rick Dickulous once has been used again this time on the Biggest Boy! He remains nearly unresponsive in the ring and Rezin sees AP out of the corner of his eye but AP hides and then goes under the ring before the official can spot him.

Lance:

This has to stem back to when Dex Joy ruined Arthur's annoying garbage speech about a month ago! Rezin saw what happened but the referee did not!

DDK:

Despicable!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful have lost it because Rezin grabs the neck of Dex Joy who can barely get on all fours let alone two feet. He runs off the ropes for extra leverage and then drops the Biggest Boy with Into the Void. The fix is in but the result might be academic at this point when he pins Dex by grabbing both legs in a cover attempt.

One ...

Two ...

Three.

DING DING DING

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

The energy of the crowd has been dropped to zero when the bell rings and Rezin accepts the Favoured Saints Title for an unheard of third time while Dex is left flat on his back.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match and the new Favoured Saints champion ... REZZZZZZZIIIIINNNNNN!!!

DDK:

This was garbage and so is Arthur Pleasant! Thanks to him, Rezin is once again the Favoured Saints Champion for the third time! No other champion has reached that summit, but Rezin didn't do it all by himself.

Lance:

Regardless, the winds of chance continue to favor the self-proclaimed Favoured Sinner. Although now I'm curious to know... is he EVER going to successfully defend that title? Or are we caught in an endless cycle of watching him constantly lose and retake it?

DDK:

Things are definitely beginning to escalate between Dex Joy and Arthur Pleasant, and this interference is almost certainly going to get the Biggest Boy's blood boiling in the coming weeks!

The Reapers Magenta, Cyan, and Chartreuse come down to the ring and lift Rezin off the apron, carrying him ceremoniously back up the ramp as he cackles maniacally and hoists up the Favoured Saints Title, upside down as always. Arthur Pleasant pokes his head out from under the apron and lights up the taser just to show off what he did before he gets out of the ringside area quickly before the Biggest Boy knows what happened.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, WE CAN DO JUST AS GOODER

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen we have some footage from this past weekend both in and around the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex between The Pop Culture Phenoms and Los Tres Titanes.

Lance:

Indeed. The two teams have been involved in a constant game of one-upmanship as they prepare to meet at Acts of DEFIANCE in Two out of Three falls match to earn a future Unified Tag Team Title match. We saw it in an eight-person tag match with LTT and PCP working together against BRAZEN's Dunson Clan and well... we got more for you here.

DDK:

Let's go to this video package and when we return, we'll introduce the fallout of what this means for DEFtv 160.

*THIS PAST WEEKEND**DEFIANCE WRESTLE-PLEX TRAINING FACILITY*

The scene opens with the collective arrival of Los Tres Titanes. The towering Uriel Cortez, the luchador Minute and the towering girlfriend of the aforementioned towering Cortez, Titaness. All three are dressed in identical white tracksuits with gold lines running down the sides of the outside, with Minute in a white and gold variation of his usual black mask.

Minute:

Where are we supposed to go? No me acuerdo.

Uriel Cortez:

I heard it was one of the training rings.

Titaness:

Do we even know what this is about?

Uriel shrugs.

Uriel Cortez:

I dunno... all I was told was some sort of filming for a recruiting seminar? I don't care, really, we're getting paid extra so I'm game.

As they approach, the lights have been dimmed somewhat in the otherwise empty training area... save for a few torches laid out, Survivor-style. Titaness buries her face in her hands.

Titaness:

No. I'm out. And this is clearly a fire hazard.

But before she can turn around and leave, she gets stopped in her tracks by Flex Kruger, looking extra glistened up like he's ready for a bodybuilding competition, wearing only gym shorts.

Titaness:

Oh, my God.

Flex smirks.

Flex Kruger:

That's exactly what I said, too, when I saw my reflection.

Titaness can't watch while Uriel rolls his eyes.

Uriel Cortez:

This... this isn't for a recruiting seminar is it? And we're getting paid, are we?

Minute:

Not getting paid? Claro que no. Me voy.

Before Minute can follow Titaness out the door, he gets cut off by the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE herself, Elise Ares. With her plain gray collar-cut-off long sweatshirt and leg warmers, Ares leans against the doorway with a neon pink headband on top of her see-thru faceguard. They sigh in defeat as Ares wags her finger at them and then points behind them, where suddenly a large cargo bay-like door opens and floods the otherwise dimly lit room with bright white light.

With the roar of an engine and the sound of "Never" by Moving Pictures, an old model Volkswagen Beetle drives into the complex with headlights at full blast. Instinctively, the others scramble closer to Elise as the car comes to a full stop near the middle of the room. The music grows louder as the door opens and The D pounds on the steering wheel and exists the vehicle wearing a gray sweatshirt with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth and a brown bottle in his hand. He blows smoke up into the air and then immediately takes a swig as he stumbles away from the car.

Then just as suddenly... it stops, when Uriel Cortez turns the car off. Ares throws her arms up in the air in frustration.

Elise Ares:

We worked on that all day! Nobody puts baby in the corner!

The D:

Wrong movie, Elise.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style rolls her eyes.

Flex Kruger:

On behalf of the Pop Culture Phenoms, we are challenging Los Tres Titanes to a fitness competition series! We've devised a series of competitions to test our mettle! Speed! Strength! Fitness... um... other words. We're gonna school your asses.

Titaness:

No, you're about to watch my ass leave. Also, don't look at my ass.

Before she can, Flex Kruger smirks again.

Flex Kruger:

If you leave, you forfeit!

A slightly worried Cortez calls out to Titaness as she heads to the exit.

Uriel Cortez:

Oh, God, don't leave us, T. Don't leave us in a world where Flex Kruger and the Pop Culture Phenoms bested us at something.

Flex Kruger:

Hey!

With those words, The Show of Force stops in her tracks at the door. She unzips the jacket of her tracksuit, revealing a purple sports top.

Titaness:

Oh, we're doing this.

Flex Kruger:

You're gonna get got!

Elise Ares:

Awwwww shit!

Titaness:

The only thing you're getting is a foot in your ass.

The two storm off while Uriel, Minute, Elise and The D are all left dumbfounded.

Uriel Cortez:

But... do we REALLY have to do this shit?

The D:

I spent literal hours of life practicing a dance routine from a 37 year old movie that you couldn't even give me TWO AND A HALF MINUTES to finish! You either stay and do this competition or you let me finish my dance!

Titaness, Minute, and Uriel all share a glance at each other before Uriel points at the torches.

Uriel Cortez:

Fine, but seriously, you need to put those out. I'm not losing my job cause of this shit.

TUG OF WAR COMPETITION***TITANESS VS. FLEX KRUGER***

The camera is outside with either Flex Kruger and Titaness with a giant rope in between them. Uriel Cortez and Minute are watching with Elise Ares and The D with an empty box (for Klein in spirit) with a "FLEX ON 'EM!" sign attached to the front. BRAZEN referee The Referee (that is his name, look it up on the site) stands on either side.

The Referee:

Okay, here are the rules! This is Tug of War! There's a flag in the middle of the rope and each side next to the competitors has a yellow line. Whoever pulls this rope and brings the flag over that line on their side wins! Got it?

Flex Kruger:

LFG!

Titaness:

Did... did he just acronym out loud?

Uriel Cortez:

Kick his ass!

Titaness and Flex both grab either end of the ropes... 3... 2... 1...

And both competitors begin pulling! Flex has the early lead and continues pulling with all his might... but so does Titaness!

Uriel Cortez:

Go, Titaness! Win so we can literally do anything else!

Minute:

Vamos, Titaness!

The D:

Sweep the leg, Flex!

Elise Ares:

Get her a body bag! Yeah!

That's a different movie, too. Titaness has Flex and both let out loud grunts as they try and pull the flag over to their side. Titaness is braced on the ground but Flex makes a comeback...

But so does Titaness!

Both sides continue to pull.... Until Flex has the flag on his side!

The Referee:

Winner... FLEX KRUGER!

Titaness gets pissed off while Flex raises his arms in triumph.

Flex Kruger:

I win! I win! And I'll be gracious about itNO I'M NOT YOU SUCK! I KNOW TODAY'S SATURDAY BUT RIGHT NOW, IT'S FLEX FRIDAY SUCKAS!

Titaness frowns, but looks more determined than before.

Titaness:

We're not done. What else we got?

WINNER: FLEX KRUGER

***JEEP PULLING COMPETITION
MINUTE VS. THE D***

Ends in a draw when both men nearly hurt themselves with no movement, embarrassed. Said footage was removed at the request of the participants. Instead they decide to pass the buck to...

***JEEP PULLING COMPETITION
TITANESS VS. FLEX KRUGER***

The Referee stands by once again with both Titaness and Flex Kruger. Titaness is up first and is strapped up to a cord affixed to a white jeep.

The Referee:

Both Titaness and Flex Kruger will have a chance to pull this Jeep over to that finish line. Whoever makes it to the finish line in the fastest time, wins.

The D:

We literally just went over this. Can we just get to the part where Flex claps those cheeks?

Titaness:

I told you not to look at my ass.

Once again, The D, Elise Ares, Minute and Uriel Cortez all stand by as Titaness gets ready.

3... 2... 1...

And with that, Titaness goes first! She struggles at first to get going, but when she does, she finally starts going... and the Jeep goes with her!

Uriel Cortez:

YOU GOT THIS, BABY, YOU GOT THIS!

Way more loud than before, Uriel seems really into what's going on. Minute, Elise and The D look up at the Titan of Industry.

Minute:

Estás disfrutando de esto?

Uriel Cortez:

You know it.

Elise and Minute both step away from a fired-up Uriel while The D has no idea what was said in Spanish... Titaness finally makes it over the line!

The Referee:

18.6 seconds!

Titaness lets out a howl of excitement and then points over at Uriel, who smiles right back. Elise and Minute both back up one more step before it cuts to Flex Kruger now strapped in and ready to pull the Jeep.

The Referee:

The time to beat is 18.6 seconds! Flex! You're up!

Flex Kruger:

That time's as good as beat!

3... 2... 1...

Flex pulls for his life as well! He tries to get going and continues struggling as he pulls the Jeep around with The D mostly cheering him on and Elise looking indifferent.

Elise Ares:

Can we get to the Flippy-Doo Competition yet?

Uriel raises an eyebrow.

Uriel Cortez:

What the hell is that?

Elise Ares:

You've never heard of that? Oh, my god. (looking at Minute and The D) These giants, especially seven feet tall, am I right?

Minute:

Si. Always stepping over the top rope... tropezando

Minute starts imitating Uriel in a lumbering fashion and the Titan of Industry growls his best Marge Simpson growl. Flex is just about to the finish as well... and gets there!

Flex Kruger:

I WON I WON I WON I...

The Referee:

19.1 seconds! Titaness wins!

Flex Kruger: (In bad Jim Carrey-esque fashion)

OH, COME ON!

Unable to hide the smile on her sweat-soaked face, The Show of Force throws both fists in the air!

Titaness:

Hell, yeah!

WINNER: TITANESS

FLIPPY-DOO COMPETITION

ELISE ARES VS. MINUTE

WHOEVER MAKES THE COOLEST IN-RING ENTRANCE WITH FLIPS WINS

Special Judge: BRAZEN Coach Sonny Silver

Minute looks out to the "crowd" -- that's just Uriel, Titaness, The D, Flex, and one of BRAZEN's newest coaches, thirty-year surly wrestling vet Sonny Silver.

Uriel Cortez:

Ahhh, okay. A Flippy-Doo Competition... sounds made up. Like way the hell made up.

Sonny Silver:

I don't understand why I'm here.

The D:

We need an impartial judge for this. And you were the only person I could find in here.

Sonny Silver: *[quietly muttering]*

That's what I get for coming in on a Saturday... Well, if I'm getting paid extra for this...

Uriel starts to try and tell him otherwise...

The D:

SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Minute leaps to the top cable, points to the "crowd" and then lands on his feet, then proceeds to do an entire circle of front kip-ups around the ring before he pops up after the fifth one and points a finger at the sky. The group (except Sonny) even The D and Flex give a begrudging round of applause before Elise shows up in her ring gear. She takes off her coat and scoffs at Minute.

Elise Ares:

Watch THIS, amateur.

Elise then leaps to the top cable adjacent to the ring, leaps to the adjacent side and then does a standing backflip off the top rope, then does a series of back flips before landing in a perfect split. She points a finger in the air like things are already wrapped up.

Elise Ares:

Boom.

The D:

All right, Sonny, who wins?

Sonny shakes his head.

Sonny Silver:

It's a tie on account of I don't care and I hate flippy-doo. That ballet stuff is the shits.

He gets up and walks off, leaving everyone else dumbfounded. Elise and Minute look at one another.

Elise Ares:

You heard him, I won.

Minute:

Draw, bruja. It was a draw.

Elise Ares:

Enano.

Minute:

Eres una pulgada más alto que yo!

WINNERS: TIE BECAUSE SONNY HATES FLIPPY-DOOS

WHO IS TALLER COMPETITION FLEX KRUGER VS. URIEL CORTEZ

Cut to Flex Kruger and Uriel Cortez, each standing in front of a growth chart being marked off by Elise Ares and Titaness respectively. Elise climbs up on a stepstool near him to mark him off in crayon.

Flex Kruger - Something Years Old.

76 inches (tee hee)

Flex looks back at the board.

Flex Kruger:

Hell, yeah! I nailed this one!

He punches the wall.

Flex Kruger:

Beat th-AW, SHIT!

He looks back to see the marking on Uriel Cortez's chart: 86 inches.

Uriel Cortez:

Huh... I grew half an inch. Weird. 7'2" doesn't have the same ring to it as 7'1" and a half.

While Uriel looks pleased to be declared the winner, Flex looks like he's ready to blow a gasket while Elise taps his shoulder.

Elise Ares:

Dammit Flex, why didn't you just pick Minute for this? He's TOTES shorter than you!

Flex Kruger:

Cause little people have been exploited in this business for far too long and I'm not going to sit here and do this to him... also, I'm like, totally taller than him still. Ha!

He storms off while Minute flips the bird to a departing Kruger.

WINNER: URIEL CORTEZ

HIDE AND SEEK COMPETITION**ELISE ARES AND THE D VS. URIEL CORTEZ AND MINUTE**

It was at this point camera crews gave up on the search after all PCP and Los Tres Titanes left the training facility entirely. Both Titanes and Flex continued for several more hours to curl various weights but eventually the camera crew left as well.

The results remain unknown.

BACK TO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE**DDK:**

Well... of all the competitions I've ever seen in DEFIANCE... that might have been one of them.

Lance:

But... out of all that wackiness, we've just learned of an exciting match-up on DEFtv 160!

The graphics appear on-screen for the match.

DDK:

In what promises to be an AMAZING high-flying spectacle, PCP's "Queen of Sports Entertainment Style" Elise Ares goes one-on-one with "The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World" Minute! In the Happy Hour Battle Royale, both Elise Ares and Minute pulled off some incredible athletic feats to stay in the mix! It'll be amazing to see what they do in this singles match!

Lance:

Both sides will have their respective partners in their corner as well so this promises to be an explosive situation to see who will be next in line for the highly-coveted Unified Tag Team Titles!

JACK MACE vs. JUSTIN SANE

DDK:

Earlier today, BFTA member Jack Mace made an open challenge. After losing a pair of big match-ups recently, Mace has been looking to get back on the winning track and prove his worth in the ring. He defeated Count Novick on UNCUT and tonight... BRAZEN's Justin Sane stepped up to the challenge.

Lance:

Wait... the big man that battled Kerry Kuroyama a few weeks ago? I heard he quit.

DDK:

That's the scuttlebutt I've been hearing around the locker room, but I guess not if he's here? Let's get to the action, shall we? Darren Quimbey with the intros!

♪ "The House Jack Built (instrumental)" by Metallica ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall! Introducing first... from Grewelthorpe, North Yorkshire, England, weighing in at 268 pounds... He is a **DAMN FINE PRO WRESTLER... JACK MACE!**

Mace is SUBSTANTIAL standing at the top of the ramp with his huge hooded black cloak draped over his face and his silver trunks. He sheds the cloak and flashes a menacing cackle at the general direction of the ring. Once he gets inside, he scans the crowd and then waits for his opponent.

GLASS SHATTERING SOUND

"OOH-WA-AH-AH-AH!!"

♪ "Down With the Sickness" by Disturbed ♪

Tearing through the curtain as the main riff hits is the seven-foot giant JUSTIN SANE. His hair is dyed an absurdly bright shade of bright red, and he is likewise wearing matching colored eye contacts. He moves down the rampway with a smile that suggests nothing less than absolute self-confidence. Some of the Faithful are on their feet, but most of them are going to the concession stand.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, from MURDER CITY... he weighs in at an astounding three-hundred and thirty-five pounds... **JUSTIN SANE!**

He starts to walk down the ramp while Mace paces around the ring, looking bored already at his choice of opponent despite the size differential.

Justin Sane:

All right, New Snore-leans, listen up!

But they don't. And neither does Mace. Sane keeps talking anyhow.

Justin Sane:

Jack Mace... you're gonna wish you never put out this open challenge! These shoes? See these? These are fucking collectors items! Any of these poor people in New Bore-leans would kill to have these. Screw that little bitch, Lil Nas X. My WHOLE BLOOD is in these shoes! And if I were to autograph them right now? They go up another \$1,000!

Mace continues to spin a finger, not so silently telling Sane to "wrap it up." But he doesn't. He keeps talking with the microphone in hand until he steps onto the apron.

Justin Sane:

Just a second ago, when you heard my badass entrance music hit, I bet you were pissing your bear-skin undies when you heard my new glass break. Cause you all know that when you hear the glass, it's your...

Mace has heard enough and attacks the leg of Sane with a chop block as he enters the ring! Rex Knox jumps into action and goes to check on Sane. Mace wants to go on the attack, but Sane tells him to start the match cause he's already won? Whatever that means.

DING DING

Right away at the bell, Rex moves out of the way and clears a path for The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler to rush in and land a running back elbow to Justin Sane in the corner. He turns and slugs the giant with a few stiff elbow smashes, but Justin Sane apparently doesn't feel any pain and he piefaces Mace away from him...

DDK:

Uh-oh... I'm thinking that made Mace angry.

Lance:

I think you're right.

Sane takes a moment to recover in the corner after Mace gets thrown back a couple of steps, but Mace comes running right back into a running corner shoulder thrust that's enough to even stun the giant Sane. He comes back to the leg and then attacks with a second chop block from the front! Sane hobbles around, then that allows Mace to grab BRAZEN'S Ultra-Mega-Badass and finally get him off his feet with a giant dragon screw!

DDK:

Nice takedown there by Mace, finally getting Sane off his feet!

Lance:

And Mace is throwing stomps at the leg now! But... Sane keeps fighting!

The crowd watches Mace chip away at the leg... and watches Sane use his silo-like size to shove Mace away again. But... the Killer Bear comes back! He stomps on the leg again and again before he grounds him into a leg lock! He holds the leg of Justin Sane, but the wild-haired badass starts to make his way to the ropes!

DDK:

Man... Sane is lucky he was able to get to those ropes!

Lance:

And... he's already back up! What the hell?

Sane starts to sit up and starts to continue to almost laugh at the damage Mace is doing... until Mace finally grabs the big man by the neck with a front facelock and keeps him down again with a Gator Roll! He cranks on the neck and gets a few cheers from the Faithful for doing so!

Lance:

We saw this with Kuroyama as well! Justin Sane just kept on coming, so he had to rely on holds to keep him down. Mace works in the Gator Roll and is now keeping him down! He could be setting up for the Jack of All Holds.

DDK:

And he's got him in the middle of the ring... but Sane trying to fight his way out!

He twists around the other way so Mace has him in a front facelock again, but Sane buries a few big punches into the ribs of Mace, making The Killer Bear let go. Now that Sane is back on his feet, he grabs his throat while he shoves Mace into the corner and then overwhelms him with a huge clothesline out of the corner. He then whips him cross-corner and then nails a huge corner clothesline. Then with Mace rattled, he continues to stomp away at him.

Badly.

DDK:

I... I think Sane is trying to get The Faithful on his side after he... bashed them earlier? But they aren't biting.

Lance:

And call me crazy, but those stomps look like... I dunno.

He gets out of the corner and shakes his head around frantically while raising the double tall man to the audience like he's already won. Mace tries to get back to his feet again in the corner, still reeling from the stomps. Sane hits Mace with another big shot in the form of a rigid-looking big boot to the face... then more double birds to Mace's face.

DDK:

Come on! This is your chance! Go for the win, don't taunt the man.

After he's done taunting, he finally does apply the advice spoken over the commentary by Darren and then gets ready to end things.

Kick.

Wham.

HELLRAZ-NO!

DDK:

Justin Sane trying to end things with that powerbomb, but Mace slips out the back! Then back to the leg again with that STIFF kick!

Mace delivers a hard kick that Sane's knee buckles a big and brings him down to a knee. Angrily, The Killer Bear grabs Sane and NAILS him with a stiff headbutt while he's down... then another! Then another! And another! And another! And another!

DDK:

Look at Mace go! He's getting vicious! He's got Sane rocked!

With about SEVEN total headbutts and red welts on Mace's face, he grabs Sane and with a lot of force applied... he NAILS a huge release German suplex that pops the crowd! After big Sane gets thrown over, Mace rolls over and locks in a tight arm triangle choke!

Lance:

There he goes! THE JACK OF ALL HOLDS!

He finally has the dazed Sane where he needs him to be -- center of the ring with nowhere to go. Sane STILL has the cocksure smile on his face... but soon, he goes to sleep... And when he registers no movement, the ref calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler holds him for just a few more moments until the referee tries to get involved. Mace snaps at him and then gets back to his feet before scaring him off.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **THE DAMN FIN...**

An irate Jack Mace takes the microphone and scares Darren Quimbey away from ringside.

DDK:

A quick, but hard-fought win for Jack Mace... but looks like he's got something on his mind.

Lance:

And doesn't look good.

Mace takes a minute to catch his breath after the skirmish he was just in and then points down at Justin Sane, rolling out of the ring and limping to the back.

Jack Mace:

O!!

The Faithful jeer the member of Better Future Talent Agency.

Jack Mace:

Fucking airship pirates... vampires... and whatever the fuck THAT thing is limping to the back right now cause I choked his giant muppet ass out...

He points at the ramp.

Jack Mace:

Since when has the high and mighty DEFIANCE wrestling become some bloody Saturday morning fucking cartoon show? Look... I don't care who the hell this bloody company puts in front of me and in front of Better Future Talent Agency at the end of the day. I don't care what kind of cartoon you are, serious wrestler, goofy-ass wrestler, top of the food chain or some washed-up has-been looking to squeeze out their last fifteen minutes like the last drops in a tube of toothpaste. If you cross me...

Mace leans over the ropes to a camera close under him.

Jack Mace:

You can bet I WILL put your sorry arse to sleep.

The microphone gets thrown down and then he heads out of the ring and then up the ramp.

DDK:

Strong words there by Mace. And if he's channeling this anger... he's going to be more difficult to deal with going forward.

Lance:

And that's bad news for anybody.

The Killer Bear grabs his coat and then heads back up the ramp as the show moves on.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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SHORT AND SWEET

The scene switches to backstage and Jamie Sawyers with Gage Blackwood.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tonight, Gage... revenge on your mind?

Jamie gets right to it and you can tell by Blackwood's expression he's more than okay with that.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye.

Although the champion doesn't seem to have much to say. This throws the interviewer off since the FIST of DEFIANCE isn't typically at a loss for words.

Jamie Sawyers:

I know this match was top of your list after Teresa got the better of you at DEFECO-

Blackwood cuts Sawyers off. Some of Teresa's friends may say he's triggered.

Gage Blackwood:

Teresa, you have no business to share a ring with me. A ring, as in a squared circle and that other type of ring, too.

Blackwood pauses as Jamie seems unsure of the comment.

Gage Blackwood:

Engagement ring, bloke. *[Back to the camera]* It's real simple, Teresa. You're not a very good wrestler. I AM a very good wrestler. This match won't last long when you don't have ninety-seven others carrying you down to the ring for "social support".

Blackwood points to the FIST of DEFIANCE around his waist.

Gage Blackwood:

See you out there, dear. After the match you can go back to The Kabal and do Kabal things.

He walks off and the scene closes.

LINDSAY TROY vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

DEFtv returns from commercial to a shot of the commentation station where “Downtown” Darren Keebler and Lance Warner look equal parts eager and apprehensive for the next match to get underway.

DDK:

Welcome back Faithful, and up next we our sub-main event of the evening. This could easily be a main event on any DEFIANCE pay-per-view but we’re bringing it to you on DEFtv.....it’s the rubber match between “The Queen of the Ring” Lindsay Troy and “The Provocateur” Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

What started out as a rivalry in Sin City earlier this year has spilled over to the shores of the Gulf Coast, Darren. To say these two plain don’t like each other would be an incredible understatement. Lindsay Troy took the first match between them during the DEFCON PPV arc and Arthur knotted things up at one match a piece during the Maximum DEFIANCE arc. Now, the rubber is about to meet the road, so to speak.

DDK:

Much to everyone’s chagrin, Arthur has not been able to keep his mouth shut about the Queen for months now, and you have to wonder if the Scourge or even the Kabal will play a factor in this match to help give him an edge.

Lance:

Troy’s issues with the Kabal are well known, especially where it concerns Scrow and Stalker. Her history with Jack Harmen of the Scourge goes back well over a decade....they’re frenemies on the best of days, contentious rivals on the worst. She’s been quiet about Arthur up until recently, and if her latest matches are any indication, the Provocateur might be in for more than he can handle.

DDK:

God I hope so. Let’s throw it over to Darren Quimbey for the intros.

The camera cuts to DQ in the ring, looking mighty dapper as always.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall with a 30 minute time limit. Introducing first...

♪ "All Within My Hands" by Metallica ♪

The excited nature of the audience immediately transforms into a chorus of boos as “The Provocateur” Arthur Pleasant emerges from Guerilla... with the DEFINANCE WRASSLIN’ Championship around his shoulder. The misspelled title glistens in lights that shine down upon it as Pleasant waves to the venomous Faithful. Flanking him are Aaron King and Jack Harmen. Behind him, towering over all of the Scourge, is Yuri Reznikov.

Darren Quimbey:

... from Under the Midnight Sun in... Oot... uhh... Oot... uhhh... Fyunun Conglomerate, Alaska... weighing in at 207 lbs... he is the Provocateur... ARTHUR PLEASANT!

DDK:

Oh God. Scourge coming out in full force tonight.

Lance:

That atrocity of a quote-unquote “title” looks as ridiculous as Arthur does wearing it. Lord have mercy.

Pleasant looks at both Harmen and King, nodding at the both of them before they each make an about face and head back. Turning around, Pleasant motions for Yuri to follow them. The Russian Assassin obliges his employer and follows the rest of the Scourge to the back.

DDK:

So, the Scourge ISN'T following him to the ring? I'm a bit surprised by that.

Lance:

Something tells me the competitor inside the twisted body and mind of Arthur Pleasant knows he needs to beat Lindsay Troy without the help of his merry band of misfits.

Pleasant moseys on down to the ringside area, placing his "championship" within the hands of the timekeeper. Looking out into the sea of Faithful, Pleasant waves antagonistically before...

♪ "Put 'em in the Grave" - Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

The ominous, opening chords to "Put 'em in the Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks blasts through the DEFplex's speakers as Lindsay Troy strides out from the back amidst cheers and pyro. She doesn't pause to preen or rile up the crowd...instead she marches right down the ramp to the ring, looking focused and keeping her eyes locked on Arthur the entire time.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Tampa Florida, weighing in at 195 pounds... she is the Queen of the Ring, and your High Queen DEFIANT ... LINDSAY TROY!

Lance:

Troy has had statement victories in her last two matches against the self-proclaimed "Good Doctor" Ned Reform and Kerry Kuroyama, the Pacific Blitzkrieg. She overwhelmed Ned from the get-go and left him a bloody mess and broke two of Kerry's fingers before putting him away with Thy Kingdom Come.

DDK:

And it might be more of the same tonight.

Troy's in the ring now, ready to go and motioning for Arthur to come get his beating. Before Carla Ferrari (how does she keep getting stuck calling Arthur's matches anyway????) can call for the bell, a special interruption takes place.

Unfortunately.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak Garland walks out on stage with none other than The Game Boy behind him. The Keyboard King is holding two tickets that he demanded DEFIANCE's concession staff print off for him because his phone has to charge and he couldn't be bothered with electronic tickets this time, although OF COURSE he cares about saving the environment. In his other hand, he clutches one of those old fashioned cardboard bowls with popcorn logos on it. The Game Boy looks menacing in his new Comments Section apparel, and his mask has tweets and texts sewn into the fabric.

Lance:

Why is that pipsqueak coming out here?

DDK:

You can't be talking about The Game Boy, right?

As the theme song dies down and LT and AP give all the attention to Malak and GB, a security guard escorts The Source of Envy and his muscle past the guardrail and into a pair of front row seats. Garland eagerly begins chomping away on his popcorn as The Game Boy sits to his right. Malak looks directly into the camera that's focused on him.

Malak Garland:

Hello everyone in TV land. I've decided it's best for me to watch this match from the crowd this time even though I hate people.

It's clear the fans around Malak dislike his presence just as much as he does theirs but things go back to the ring.

DING DING

Without hesitation, Pleasant and LT meet in the center of the ring. After several moments of jaw-jacking, Pleasant SMACKS Troy right across the face as hard as possible!

DDK:

Oh come ON! That's really how we're going to start this one?! What a despicable human being.

Lance:

I understand it's intergender wrestling, but why would a man slap a woman like that? Even in combat?

With a big welt already forming across her cheek, LT shakes her head and smiles.

Lindsay Troy:

You slap like a little BITCH.

WHAM!

LT throws a rising Muay-Thai knee that connects right underneath Pleasant's jaw! To the Provocateur's credit, his knees simply buckled instead of collapsing from underneath him. Troy goes for another, but Pleasant sidesteps it and grabs her with a waist lock. Forcing her forward into the ropes, Pleasant then pulls back, trying for a German suplex! She blocks by lifting a leg and wrapping it around Pleasant's. Troy then connects with an elbow that rocks Pleasant back!

DDK:

These two are just bringing it!

Lance:

I don't think either of them will be able to live with the other holding the win/loss advantage after tonight. If I were LT and Arthur, I'd be bringing out my best as well.

With Pleasant rocked, Troy rebounds off the ropes. Using them as momentum, she jumps up with her legs apart, wraps them around Pleasant's head, and pulls him down on his dome with a nasty hurricanrana! She gets one of Pleasant's legs hooked, catching him off guard, and Carla Ferrari is right there!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO! Pleasant got out of it!

Pleasant's eyes go wide with shock as he realizes someone actually got more than a one-count this early in a match with him. A quick shot of Malak shows him adjusting his collar as if it's getting hotter inside the building.

DDK:

Holy crap! The High Queen DEFIANT nearly beat The Provocateur in record time!

Lance:

I can't think of another instance where Arthur had to kick out after two this early. The Queen has come for vengeance, folks.

Much to the displeasure of the Faithful, Pleasant takes the opportunity to roll out of the ring before Troy can follow up on the hurricanrana and nearfall. But as soon as Pleasant backs up to put some room between himself and his adversary, the Queen runs into the opposite ropes to pick up some steam then dives over the rope with a somersault plancha that ROCKS Pleasant back so hard he goes over the guardrail!

DDK:

Oh that is NOT a place Arthur Pleasant wants to be.

Lance:

Yeah, he might get shanked given how much this entire crowd despises him.

Picking herself up off of the outside mat, LT heaves a primal roar as an "LT! LT! LT!" chant lights up the DEFplex. Garland tries to lock eyes with Troy but she's too focused on the task at hand, so instead, Malak berates his Game Boy.

Malak Garland:

Game Boy! Did you bring my notepad!? My phone is charging and I need to make copious notes about Karen's fighting style.

The Game Boy reaches behind his back and pulls out a bedazzled notepad to hand to Malak. With Pleasant bent over the guard rail, trying to pull himself back over it, the Queen once again runs up to Pleasant with her legs outstretched and hurricanranas him over the guardrail and back into the ringside area!

DDK:

Good GOD! Troy won't let up with this onslaught of offense!

Lance:

She has to and she knows it. Having faced Arthur Pleasant two times prior, she knows what it takes to beat the Denizen of Decay.

Not wasting any motion as Carla Ferrari's count reaches six, LT guides Arthur to his feet and tosses him under the bottom rope. Waiting for him to get up, she places both hands on the top rope- to the well-trained wrestling eye this obviously means she's setting herself up for a springboard jumping attack. Pleasant is up and the Lady of the Hour springboards off the ropes with both knees curled toward her chest, and crashes to the mat with a springboard backstabber! The impact sends Pleasant awkwardly onto the mat, folding him inside out!

DDK:

WOW. I don't recall ever seeing that move from her before!

Lance:

All these years later and Troy is STILL innovating. Gotta love it, Keeps!

"Holy Shit!"

"Holy Shit!"

"Holy Shit!"

"Holy Shit!"

Pulling Pleasant out from the ropes, Troy hooks a leg...

ONE!

TW- Pleasant kicks out at one and a half!

The look on Lindsay Troy's face says all that needs to be said about not even getting a two-count there.

DDK:

I just... don't... GET this guy! His pain tolerance is inhuman. I mean, a freakin' springboard backstabber and he kicks out at two!!! But a hurricanrana pinning maneuver gets two and a half?!

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant probably sprinkles glass and mercury in tomato sauce when he cooks his dinner. That alone says all that needs to be said.

Annoyed but undeterred that she only got a one and a half-count, LT brings Pleasant to his feet. But out of nowhere, Pleasant spins a right leg and connects with a sole butt right to LT's mid-section. Doubling her over, Pleasant "climbs" on LT's back like he's going for a sunset flip, but he flips forward with a code red instead! Holding her legs in position, Carla Ferrari is there for the count...

ONE!

TWO!

LT kicks at Pleasant's face to break the count and get her shoulders up.

Both competitors are up, but Pleasant strikes first with a nasty rising Muay-Thai knee!

DDK:

People forget that Arthur is well-versed in Muay-Thai, which is interesting considering Muay-Thai runs through Lindsay Troy's veins.

Lance:

It's easy to forget someone can actually fight when they're a despicable coward.

LT is rocked into the second turnbuckle while she checks to see if her jaw is still aligned right. Pleasant darts forward, somersaults, and connects with both of his calves, nailing Troy right in the face. Rolling backwards from the impact, Pleasant stretches out a foot and begins choking her with it. Pleasant then grabs the top rope and leans HARD into LT's throat, choking the life out of her with each passing second.

DDK:

Come ON, Carla!

Almost as if on cue, Carla begins the count. Breaking at four, Pleasant makes like he's heading away from the corner but does an about-face and begins choking her with his foot again! Once again, Pleasant breaks on four, preventing the disqualification.

Lance:

Enough's enough! I know he can break on four, but going right back to choking her is ridiculous!

Finally having enough of Pleasant's dirty tactics, Carla wedges herself in between Pleasant and LT and forcefully separates The Provocateur from the Renaissance Woman. Arthur looks shocked at Carla's brave display of officiating and gets in her face.

DDK:

Good on Carla for standing up to that man!

Lance:

Given how Arthur has treated her in the past, she must really be going through some emotions right now trying to maintain any sense of impartiality.

Back to Malak we go as this time he's done with his notepad. Instead, he whispers something to Game Boy.

Malak Garland:

Hey, put me up on your shoulders. I need all sorts of different vantage points to watch the action.

Without hesitation, Game Boy grabs Malak and slings him up on his shoulders, blocking the view for the crowd behind them. The Faithful were already booing Arthur's chicanery, but their vitriol increases with this stunt from the Grammar Grappler. In the ring, the Queen of the Ring finally pulls on the top rope, bringing herself up to a standing position. Looking incensed at Pleasant's behavior, Troy measures him up and waits for him to turn back around to face her. As soon as he does, she charges forward and nails a brutal roaring elbow that knocks Pleasant to the canvas! Pleasant is up almost immediately after though, and she follows up with a second roaring elbow.

DDK:

LT is fired UUUUP.

Lance:

One can only take another person's BS for so long. And when that someone happens to be one of the greatest wrestlers in DEFIANCE history, you get a ferocious comeback like we're seeing now.

Pleasant is up as expected, but instead of Troy going for a third roaring elbow, she kicks him in the mid-section. Doubled over, Pleasant's lungs burn for oxygen. Seeing her window of opportunity opening, LT blasts through it by stepping up onto Pleasant's knee and connects with an enziguri!

Pleasant is down! For added measure, Troy stands in front of her nemesis and performs a standing corkscrew moonsault! The leg is hooked!

ONE!

TWO!

Pleasant kicks out!

DDK:

She got TWO! She's wearing him down!!

Lance:

Get you some, Lindsay! GET. YOU. SOME.

Feeling the momentum swinging in her favor, Troy sits Pleasant up. Racing off to the ropes, LT measures up the VIOLENCE of DEFIANCE and delivers a penalty kick right across Pleasant's face!

AGAIN, she delivers a standing corkscrew moonsault and hooks a leg!

Carla slides into position...

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!

DDK:

Pleasant kicks out again!! HOW?!

Lance:

He can't be human. He just... CANNOT be!

Once again, undeterred from Pleasant's resilience, she sits him up again. Blood begins to flow from his mouth, clearly a consequence from the previous penalty kick. She runs into the ropes, goes for another penalty kick... but Pleasant rolls back, causing LT to just miss.

DDK:

Oh snap! LT went to the well one too many times there.

Lance:

Arthur can be as nimble as a cat sometimes, I tell ya.

Pleasant nimbly rolls backwards onto his feet, and as Troy races to the ropes, she goes for a shotgun drop kick... but Pleasant sidesteps this! With the Queen ripe for the picking, Pleasant begins to STOMP the absolute shit out of her. Her shoulder, arms, legs, ribs, and face all fall victim to a plethora of relentless stomps. The crowd begins to boo him mercilessly as Pleasant's aggression begins to rear its ugliness unto the entire DEFplex minus two who are thoroughly enjoying the pummeling.

Carla once again starts the count. She makes it to two before Pleasant stops, turns around, and gets right into the face of his least favorite DEFIANCE referee.

Arthur Pleasant:

WHY ARE YOU COUNTING, YOU DUMB FUCKING BITCH?!

Turning his attention back to Troy, Pleasant lifts her up by her hair and a handful of tights. Ripping her forward, Pleasant positions her for what looks to be a piledriver.

Snapping back, Pleasant pulls her towards him as he drops to the mat, spiking her head with a snap, tights-pulling piledriver. Pleasant rolls over with a lateral press, smiling evilly as blood continues to pour out of his mouth and into the Queen's hair.

ONE!

TW--KICKOUT!

A cut shot of Malak shows his stunned face. His anxiety is real now.

Cut back to Arthur, equally stunned. This bitch just kicked out at ONE AND A HALF?!

DDK:

The QUEEN will not be denied! And would you look at Arthur's face?!

Lance:

He had the audacity to kick out at one and a half also and Troy just gave it right back to him! These two are throwing everything they've got at each other every time they're in that ring.

Pleasant is up and glaring at Carla, who indeed tells him that Troy got her shoulder up before the two count. He looks down at Troy, who is laughing on the canvas. Arthur gets to his feet and spits blood onto the mat, then checks the inside of his mouth... and yanks out a loose tooth.

DDK:

Oh HELL no. He did NOT just do that.

Lance:

My stomach just turned, ugh, gross....

The Faithful start to freak out as Pleasant sadistically gets down on his knees, holding the tooth between his index

finger and thumb. Grabbing underneath LT's jaw, Pleasant smiles and yells...

Arthur Pleasant:

OPEN WIIIIIIIDE!!

Pleasant goes to lower the tooth into LT's mouth as the Faithful scream and plead for the disgusting and vile act NOT to happen.

DDK:

NO! ECK!!

Lance: *[gagging]*

WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU, DAMMIT?!

Inches before Pleasant could force his own molar into Troy's mouth, she throws a hard right fist up that connects with Arthur's mouth, forcing him to drop the tooth. LT scrambles to her feet and as Pleasant turns around, she jumps up and connects with another hurricanrana.. this time from behind!

DDK:

Poisonrana! Arthur got DUMPED on his skull!

Lance:

I think the tables are turning!

Feeling the momentum shift, Troy drags Arthur over to the corner and plants him face down against the middle turnbuckle. She storms back across the ring, bending down to swipe Arthur's tooth to clutch in her hand, and measures him from the far side.

DDK:

Oh no, what's she thinking here?

With malice in her eyes, and a full head of steam, Troy bolts across the ring and leaps, nailing the Provocateur with a flying double knee strike against the corner!

Lance:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT CURB STOMP!!!!!! IS THERE A DENTIST IN THE HOUSE?!?!?!

Arthur ricochets off the turnbuckles, clutching his mouth and howling while kicking his legs in agony. Troy isn't finished, though, as she wrangles him up and spikes him down to the canvas with her patented small package piledriver! The fans go nuts as Malak covers his face in shame.

DDK:

Thy Kingdom Come! This has gotta be it!

Carla slides into position and counts the fall along with the Faithful!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, LINDSAY TROY!

Troy gets to her feet and allows Carla to raise her hand in victory. Arthur, blood spilling down the lower half of his face, rolls out of the ring and out of sight as Yuri Reznikov makes his way out from the back to assist. Troy glances over her shoulder and stares down her other antagonist, Malak Garland who is still on the Game Boy's shoulders. Malak's facial expression tells it all: the redness around his eyes indicate he's been crying because it's clear he wants nothing to do with the woman he's been needling for weeks on end.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy wins the battle and the war against Arthur Pleasant in New Orleans here tonight and would you take a look at Malak Garland, Darren? He looks absolutely terrified!

DDK:

I can't blame him one bit, but he deserves whatever he's got coming to him, Lance!

THEM VS. YOU VS. ME

Troy exits the ring, pauses on the apron to throw a dark smile out to the Faithful, then hops down to the protective mats. She tosses Arthur's tooth into the air, catches it, and starts making her way up the ramp with a confident swagger.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy overcame an onslaught from the Provocateur tonight, even with the presence of that superficial snowflake, Malak, at ringside.

Lance:

I'm half-surprised he didn't send the Game Boy in there to rough her up a bit and help Arthur out.

DDK:

And put himself at the mercy of the Faithful? No chance. I'm still shocked he sat at ringside, if I'm being honest.

There's movement behind Darren and Lance, which is picked up by the commentary team on their monitors. A nervous-looking Chris Trutt walks through the curtain, crosses the stage, and takes his place on the interview set. The Queen watches him fidget as he waits for her and her pace quickens. A hunter eyeing its prey.

DDK:

And it looks like Chris Trutt has drawn the lucky post-match interview straw tonight.

A quick shot shows Malak shuffling off the Game Boy's broad shoulders and into his chest for a comforting, warm embrace.

Lance:

I don't know if I'd call it "lucky," Darren. He looks like a deer caught in the headlights.

DDK:

After what we just saw, is it really a surprise?

Troy reaches her destination and stands next to Trutt, still smiling that dangerous smile. The easily-flustered interviewer looks up at his subject, who has a half-foot on him in height, and gulps.

Chris Trutt:

Yes, hi, uh...Chris Trutt here, and I'm, uhh....joined by the Queen of th---

Quick as a hiccup, Troy reaches out and grasps Trutt's microphone wrist, pulling him up next to her. He struggles for a moment but the Queen's grip is iron-clad, and resistance is futile. He's not driving this interview anymore.

Lindsay Troy:

I think what you meant to say, Trutt, is that you're joined by Arthur Pleasant's daddy, Lindsay Troy.

There's a distinct *OOOOOOOH!* from the Faithful as Troy snaps her gaze down to the side of the ramp, where Yuri is helping Arthur backstage. The Russian Assassin glares up at a smirking LT, and she meets his stony stare with a middle finger.

Lindsay Troy:

Because that's exactly what happened out there. I told Christie Zane that I was going to take Artie down a peg or five and that's what I did. The curtain's been pulled back now, and the man who thinks he's Some Shit in DEFIANCE in reality is nothing more than a brainless sperm donation who just got his ass humbled by his fucking better. I better not hear my name taken in vain by Arthur Pleasant, Pure Trash, ever again, because I promise you if I do, the next time we meet is gonna make tonight look like kindergarten games.

DDK:

I'm sure once Arthur gets his face fixed, he'll have something to say about that.

Lance:

Unfortunately.

Ironically, another shot of Malak pouting is shown. He throws down his near full popcorn container in a fit of rage as LT continues on.

Lindsay Troy:

Are you all beginning to get it? Is it all starting to click? This is who you're getting now, DEFIANCE. This is what you've brought upon yourselves. You don't get the snarky little quips and the witty little retorts that you know and love anymore. You don't get the instant classics and Matches of the Year with Oscar Burns. You get [*she points to the bloodied ring*] ...that. Brutality. Hard-hitting, knock your head off, break your face, shatter your bones, **brutality**. Because you motherfuckers in the back think I've gone soft. You shitheads think that a few losses means I've lost a couple steps. Go ask Ned and Arthur if I'm soft. Go check Kerry's X-rays and ask him if I've lost some steps.

In the crowd, Malak asks Game Boy if they can go get some sherbert after this because he needs something cold and calming due to all the anxiety 'Karen' is causing him. A couple fans start heckling him, and soon others join in.

Lindsay Troy:

There's a whole lotta people who've been chirping for far too long about who I am and what I'm capable of, that I'm gonna make pay their royalty tax. I don't care what deep sea cave he's been hiding in since Maximum DEFIANCE, I was denied a pound of Cayle Murray's squiddy flesh and I plan on taking what I am owed. Bronson Box doesn't think I'm dedicated to this company, so I'll take his ACE of DEFIANCE moniker to show him how serious I really am. And when I'm done with those two, whether he's still the FIST or not, I'm coming for you, Gage Blackwood. And it shouldn't take a rocket scientist to figure out why.

This time, Malak rolls his eyes and mouths a complaint to Game Boy. "Is she still going? Really? Is she just going through the entire roster? When will her gums stop flapping?"

DDK:

What we're seeing here, Lance, is months and months of pent-up frustrations from the Queen of the Ring on display.

Lance:

I'm not so sure I disagree with her, Darren. She's clearly taken criticisms from her fellow DEFIANTS to heart and the end result is a more in-your-face, ruthless competitor. You know the saying, "Be careful what you wish for?"

DDK:

That I do, Lance. That I do.

Lindsay Troy:

All of that will come in time. For now, though, I want to concentrate on more ... *immediate* ... things. Things that concern *you*, Malak Garland.

The camera pans over to Malak, who looks white as a ghost as suddenly the attention is back on him. He points to himself like, "ME!?" On the stage, Troy turns her body so she's looking at Malak out in the crowd.

Lindsay Troy:

I really hope you enjoyed tonight's little soirée, because you're in for something much, much worse very, very soon. I know you like to fancy yourself a troll, but you have *severely* underestimated how much I do not give a fuck about anything you have to say. Because unlike the Cayle Murrays and the Bronson Boxes and the Gage Blackwoods - who *are* actually good at what they do - you are nothing more than a sniveling little shitweasel who can't stand on his own two feet unless someone else is propping him up. The only thing you're good at is hiding. Hiding behind muscle, hiding behind a keyboard...but unfortunately for you, you're not gonna be able to hide at Acts of DEFIANCE. Not from me, or

the Faithful who you hate *sooooo much*, because I'm gonna see you right out here in the open ... in a **FANS BRING THE WEAPONS MATCH**.

The crowd pops immediately at the announcement. In fact, the Faithful within closest proximity laugh and point at Malak as he genuinely needs to change his boxers after hearing that challenge.

DDK:

HECK YEAH! For so long, Malak has been the thorn in the side to not only other talent and staff members here in DEFIANCE but he's also relentlessly annoyed our passionate fanbase! It's about time they get a chunk of the action!

Lance:

And given how maniacal they've been over the years? I can't even begin to imagine what they're going to try and bring into the DEFplex in just a few weeks!

The fans begin to get a little too rowdy for Malak's liking as he cowers under the safety of the Game Boy. He crouches down and the pair make their exit, leaving all the shine on the High Queen DEFIANT and all the disgrace on the departing Comments Section. As they leave, Malak can be heard wailing.

Malak Garland:

Why Karen, why!?

Fade to commercial!

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2021***FIST of DEFIANCE*****Gage Blackwood © vs. Oscar Burns****UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS****SNS © vs. Lucky Sevens****UNIFIED Tag Team Championship #1 Contendership****Pop Culture Phenoms vs. Los Tres Titanes****New Orleans Street Fight****The Kabal vs. The Guardians**

PARDON THE INTERRUPTION

We head over to the commentation station, but we see a rare sight: instead of his broadcasting headset around his ears, Darren Keebler instead has a live mic in his hand to address the live audience.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back. Two weeks ago, we attempted to have a word with Magdalena and get some sort of update on Deacon. In a completely classless move, her satellite feed was interrupted by Tyler Fuse. DEFIANCE officials agreed that we should take steps to prevent something like that from happening again, so she has agreed to join here in person tonight! Ladies and gentlemen... without further ado... Magdalena!

Magdalena steps through the curtain. She stands at the entrance, looking over the arena she hasn't seen in person for months. But she's back. And she has a lot on her mind. She put the microphone to her lips as she took her first step toward the ring.

Magdalena:

It's been a minute.

A slight murmur from the crowd. Magdalena continues to the ringside area, slapping a few fans outstretched hands as she does so.

Magdalena:

It's good to be... home. Never thought you'd hear an Egyptian-American call N'Orleans home (she says with an exaggerated Cajun accent), but stranger things have happened in this city. Over the last few weeks, I could've sworn there was a curse on ever being able to share my message again. Funny thing about a curse though, it may take some time, say...oh, say, three days, and my God takes those curses all the way to victory.

The Faithful give a bit of applause to her.

Magdalena:

That's what I'm holding to. That's what we've all been holding to. Me... and Deacon dur--

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Magdalena begins to look around in slight confusion as The Faithful erupt in boos.

DDK:

Are you kidding me?

Lance:

Looks like bringing her in person wasn't enough to prevent a lack of class...

The Good Doctor, flanked by TA Cole, appears from the back and walks up to stand next to Magdalena. He has a mic of his own. He extends a hand for a handshake but Magdalena simply looks at it coldly. He shrugs, still smiling, and pulls his hand back before motioning for his music to be cut.

Ned Reform:

Hello, children!

BOOOOOO!

Reform turns to Magdalena.

Ned Reform:

I apologize for the interruption, my young woman. I understand that you had a message you wanted to deliver. The

problem, my dear, is that I *also* have a message to deliver. And while *you* were afforded the time and space to deliver your verbiage...

Reform chuckles and shakes his head in slight frustration.

Ned Reform:

I was not.

Reform points toward the back.

Ned Reform:

Despite weeks of making my case... despite the back breaking labor that went into preparing my resume, my curriculum vitae, my references... I have yet to receive an opportunity to come before the Favored Saints in consideration for General Manager of DEFIANCE.

The fans cheer for that. Reform allows himself a moment of disgust before putting his "nice guy" act back on.

Ned Reform:

Frankly, I am being silenced. And on this very program, where I specifically requested space to continue to make my case and spread my message - I was left off the runsheet. These are not coincidences, children. This is a strategic attempt to push me into the margins. DEFIANCE has decided that it does not want to hear what I have to say because I challenge the status quo. But I will not allow myself to be pushed aside like some common gutter trash. DEFIANCE has no idea who it is dealing with here. My praxis is strong. And soon... everyone will see that.

Reform turns back to Magdalena.

Ned Reform:

And so I had little choice but to choose what I felt was likely the most pointless segment of the show to make my appearance. It's nothing personal, my Dear, but nobody really cares about what's happening with your brute. He has begun the slow fade into irrelevance - best, I think, to instead turn to the future.

When Reform insults Deacon, Magdalena's eyes narrow and her hands move from folded into a slightly more aggressive stance.

Ned Reform:

And make no mistake about it, my lovely young friend... *I* am the future. It's likely that I will be your future boss. It couldn't hurt to begin to curry my favor now. I will say...

Reform gives her a look that, if you're paying close enough attention, might make your stomach churn a bit.

Ned Reform:

I do believe there's a position for you in Ned Reform's DEFIANCE. Of course, you might have to leave the mentally deficient giant at home...

Reform never gets to finish that thought as he instead eats a stiff SLAP across the face!! The fans come alive as he recoils back. Magdalena is in a fighting stance, ready for whatever is going to come back her way. TA Cole looks to Reform for instructions, but The Good Doctor is simply holding the side of his face and... smiling. He slowly turns back to face the smaller woman with a certain fire in his eyes.

Ned Reform:

Some day you will critically reflect on the mistake you made today.

And Reform grabs her roughly by the hair! She attempts to fire back with kicks and punches but they don't do much. The Faithful are in near riot mode now as Reform has bad intentions on his mind.

DDK:

WE NEED SOMEBODY OUT HERE!

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

And they get somebody... THE ROOF COMES OFF THE DEF-ARENA BECAUSE IT'S CONOR FUSE!! TA Cole turns into a surprise superkick that drops him, leaving Reform to stare slaw jawed at the angry gamer. Reform releases Magdalena by the hair and has just a second to throw his hands up to try to reason with Conor before he's met with a barrage of kicks and punches! Reform is down and covering up as Conor unloads!

DDK:

Conor Fuse has come to the aid of Magdalena!

Reform is rolling down the entrance way to try to stop the onslaught but Conor won't let up. He lifts Reform up and sends him into the barricade.

!RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK

Reform stumbles to his feet... only to be met with a Conor Fuse kick that busts his nose wide open! The fans pop as a squirt of blood shoots high into the air and Reform falls to the ground, covering his now bleeding appendenge. Conor is absolutely a man possessed as he stands over Reform, totally prepared to continue the ass kicking.

DDK:

Wait - TA Cole!

Out of nowhere, TA Cole enters the frame and just gives Conor an unexpected shove from behind, causing The Former Player Two to stumble forward. Cole wastes zero time, grabbing his mentor and lifting him up. With a bleeding Ned Reform slung over his shoulder, TA Cole sprints past Magdalena and into the back and far away from Conor Fuse's wraith.

Lance:

Thank God Conor appeared when he did... I don't know what that maniac would have done to Magdalena....

The fans continue to chant for Conor Fuse, who stares at the entrance way where Reform just disappeared, as we head elsewhere.

NUPTIALS

Teresa Ames stands at the interviewers station backstage, staring into the camera with the utmost deadpan look on her face. Christie Zane assumes a spot to her side with microphone in hand.

Christie Zane:

Teresa, we're mere moments away from your match where you challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE against your husband, former husband, estranged lover, errrr, Gage Blackwood. The feeling is palpable back here. I was just wondering if I could get some pre-game thoughts, hun?

The edges of Teresa's mouth begin to curl into a sadistic smile. Laughter emanates from deep within her vocal cords as she stares a hole right through the camera.

Teresa Ames:

Gage Blackwood. My wholehearted FIST. The love of my life who wasn't his. I am onto bigger and better things now that I am running The Kabal around like a set of reclaimed wood crafted marionette dolls but I wouldn't expect you to know anything about that just yet.

Ames twerks her head, changing her gaze towards Christie, who is caught off guard and feeling vulnerable.

Teresa Ames:

What do my eyes tell you, Christie? Do I look like a dame of desperation? A witch ready to widow her own kin? I am in a deeply dark place right now and the last person I'd want to be on this planet is Gage Blackwood. Do you know why, Christie?

Zane is literally shivering in fear, hoping Teresa doesn't come any closer.

Teresa Ames:

Because I bite. Hard. Tonight will be no exception when I make an EXAMPLE out of Gage Blackwood. Tonight, he becomes my ASMR pin cushion as I prove to everyone that The Kabal is for real and I tap the shit out of him, take his belt, hold it high and become...

She takes a deep breath.

Teresa Ames:

The FIST of DEFIANCE! May a banshee's scream reign! TIME TO READ THE ROOM, GAGE!

Ames leaves the area immediately, leaving Christie to wipe the sweat from her brow. All that can be heard in the background is the cackle of a crazed woman scorned. God help Gage Blackwood, God help us all.

FIST OF DEFIANCE: GAGE BLACKWOOD Â© vs. TERESA AMES

The scene immediately switches to the DEFtv match graphic where the FIST of DEFIANCE is on the line. The crowd is hot as the lights dim. A shade of red lighting replaces the darkness eventually. Chippendale dancers line the stage and down the rampway to ringside. All wear too tight, black leather pants, white belts and a black and white bowties while topless, showing off their chiseled physique (just like Teresa Ames likes it).

[*♪ "Don't Go Yet" by Camila Cabello ♪*](#)

The theme song starts on the PA and the dancers cue their choreographed routine. Twirls, spins, jumps, Egyptian shuffles (use your imagination or watch the music video above), the muscular men are putting on quite the show to a chorus of boos from The Faithful. Either the fans knew what was coming or it wasn't in their MO to support this type of entertainment to begin with.

Teresa Ames walks out from behind the curtain, in a massive haze of fog. She wears her typical red and black wrestling gear but there are sparkles all over her outfit, making it look cute for the occasion. She turns to the first chippendale dancer and is tossed into the tango! After a moment of dancing, she discards the dancer to the floor and spins into the arms of another man! He places a rose in his mouth and they start the salsa! Another well choreographed dance session develops. Teresa is done with this man and pushes him to the ground. The Keyboard Queen walks to the top of the rampway and raises her arms. Two chippendales hoist Ames up on their shoulders as the dancers on the stage come together in a closer line. They begin passing Ames up and down the row before she leaps off a man's shoulders and stands in the middle. The group tap dance!

After this little number, it's onto the can-can! Ames kicks her legs high in the air while the chippendales follow her lead. She cackles loudly and finally makes her way off the staging and slowly towards the ring.

Onto the flamenco! The chippendales on the ramp line up and pay homage to the iconic Spanish dance famous for its strong arm movements and fast hand clapping. However, in this scenario, Teresa is using her FISTS to clap!

The upbeat, energetic song plays on! Once at the bottom of the rampway, Ames tilts her head and sheeks into the beginnings of the tinkling folk dance! The crowd comes ALIVE!!! Ames loves that The Faithful are buying into her incredible performance! She learned all these moves on the internet, after all!

WOOOOSH!!!

Gage Blackwood sprints from the back, past the array of chippendale dancers. He finds Teresa Ames at the bottom of the rampway, grabs her by the tights and throws her into the ring! The crowd is wild at the sight!

DDK:

Clearly no one was cheering FOR Teresa!

For good measure, Blackwood fucking CRANKS a chippendale in the side of the face. He has so much fun, he hammers another with a back elbow smash! Blood shoots from this dancer's nose as the man cries loudly and falls to his knees! The FIST of DEFIANCE meets two more chippendales with double clotheslines! The reckless behaviour has fled the other dancers, they're long gone by now and the DEFplex is worked into a madhouse! Ames' music comes to a close and Blackwood slides into the ring. He immediately discards the title from his waist and yells at referee Mark Shields to call for the bell.

DING DING

The bell barely finishes before Gage charges at Teresa with a running upper knee strike. Thankfully, for Teresa's sake, she's able to roll out of the way at the last possible second and exit the ring. Blackwood moves from ring to floor fluidly, as he jumps onto the second turnbuckle pad and clears the ropes with an axe handle smash to Ames.

DDK:

You don't see aerial moves from Blackwood often!

Lance:

I don't think I ever have!

Blackwood PUMPS the last chippendale to leave with a roundhouse kick, then he hurls Ames shoulder-first into the ring post and tosses her back into the squared circle. He enters methodically, looking at Mark Shields with distinct facial instructions telling Mark to back off. After all, it was Mark Shields who refereed Blackwood-Ames' DEFCON match as well. Blackwood hurls Ames into the ropes and crushes her with a powerslam. He grabs Ames by her hair, throws her into a vertical suplex and holds on for a delayed suplex! The crowd is loving every second of it as Blackwood starts hammering open palm after open palm to the side of Ames' head.

DDK:

I don't think he's quitting anytime soon! Ames is totally overmatched!

After many left palms, Blackwood Irish whips the challenger into the ropes once more. This time, however, Gage can't wait for his "ex-wife" to return to him. He goes to meet her at the ropes. Blackwood clotheslines them both over the top but as Blackwood lands on his feet, he suddenly reaches out to grab his right knee. Concern swoops over the fans as Blackwood shouts, clearly pissed he tweaked something... or worse. Meanwhile, Teresa Ames tries to recover but she's a long way from regrouping.

With use of the apron, Blackwood walks over to the steel steps. This gives Ames an opportunity she's barely able to see but finds a way. Screaming at the top of her lungs, Ames seeks Blackwood's bad knee. Crazy T charges and throws her entire body into it. The FIST's leg shoots forward and the knee slams into the steel steps! Blackwood falls to the ground in pain. Both wrestlers are screaming but for different reasons.

Ames is still on spaghetti legs but she's on her legs nonetheless. She boots Blackwood in the bad knee a number of times. Inside the ring, Mark Shields wonders if it was a five count or a ten count to administer. He totally forgot so he stares off into the crowd and tries to look for hot women instead. He also thinks about Ames' entrance and how fun it was.

The Ready Ames Fire MEGAstAr struggles to lift Blackwood but eventually throws him towards the apron and into the ring. Blackwood helps himself, too, knowing he needs to gain a vertical base. Blackwood reaches for the ropes but as he does, Ames stands on the apron and slingshots herself over the top, crashing down onto Blackwood's hands so he isn't able to rise. Ames starts seething into Blackwood's face, telling him she loves him, telling him she would give up The Kabal in a second for Gage Blackwood if he was just honest with her.

DDK:

A lot of nonsense.

And Blackwood DRILLS Ames in the mouth to a huge response from The Faithful! The champion fights to both feet and clobbers Ames with a clothesline when she's back on hers. Blackwood smacks his knee, trying to put feeling back in it. He bounces off the ropes but he's met with a surprising dropkick by Ames into his bad knee! Ames starts scratching and clawing at the champion while Mark, obviously, does nothing about it.

Ames continues the attack with plenty of modified hand slaps and elbows. She ends up throwing Blackwood into a corner and hitting a splash, followed by more strikes. Then it's back to Blackwood's knee as Ames stuns the crowd and puts Blackwood into a figure four.

The Scot fumes as he reaches towards the ropes but realizes he's not close. However, Blackwood uses his lower body strength to turn Ames around! The FIST drops the hold just in case it was reversed once again. Blackwood is furious on the canvas, hoping to have put the challenger and ex-wife away quickly.

Lance:

No one wants to be with their ex-wife for this long.

DDK:

Amen, brother.

Blackwood uses the ropes to get up but Ames is there with a chop block takedown. She tries for the figure four again but Gage kicks her away and into a turnbuckle pad. Ames stops right before she meets the buckle... although the FIST of DEFIANCE shoots to his feet and slams Ames in the back so she finally hits the top pad face-first.

Blackwood latches onto Ames' waist and performs a release German suplex. Ames flies head-over-heels in the air and collapses to the mat like she's been shot out of a cannon. Blackwood hits another release German suplex on Ames with the same result. Now Blackwood hits a roundhouse kick when Ames gets up... then kick tosses Ames into the ropes and out of the ring.

The champion ensures he's not going to make the same mistake twice so he exits the ring easily, as if to put no further pressure on his knee. He's met with a rake of the eyes and a low blow by Crazy T. Ames thinks of a DDT but then changes her mind, realizing she might not be able to get Gage back into the ring if she hits it out here. Instead, she steers the champion into the ring and jumps in herself.

DDK:

I don't think this is a good idea.

Ames is headed to the top rope. She measures Blackwood...

And lands a perfectly placed elbow! The crowd is shocked as Ames hooks both legs!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

The Faithful come alive! Ames screams at the top of her lungs as Mark Shields. Shields' reply is asking Ames out on a date.

Lance:

Ummm, are you crazy, Mark!?

While Lance almost said are you *fucking* crazy, he thought otherwise. The Keyboard Queen claws at Blackwood's face before pulling him up by his ratty brown hair and connecting with a jawbreaker. She pins again...

...but only gets two! The Kabal "Master" is the angriest she's been all match. She's digging her nails into Blackwood's forehead, trying to open up the trademark scar above Gage's left eyebrow. This is when Blackwood rolls her into a small package!

ONE.

TWO.

BLACKWOOD DROPS THE SMALL PACKAGE!

The fans, at first, are stunned... until Gage Blackwood stands and boots Teresa in the side of the head. Everyone begins to catch on.

DDK:

I don't know if I like this idea. Gage is sacrificing his victory to get more shots in!

Lance:

This isn't a regular match. This isn't even a DEFCON match. This is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! If this choice comes back to haunt Gage...

Blackwood props Ames to her knees. He bounces off the ropes, looking to land the Gaelic Storm...

It connects!

DDK:

Hell of a call, it's going to end up working out!

ONE!

TWO!

Lance:

THREE!? WHERE'S THREE!?!?

A chippendale dancer is standing at the apron. He pulled Mark Shields out of the ring!

The Scot is irate at the sight of this. He exits and grabs Mark Shields by his shoulders. Blackwood hurls Mark into the ring and tells him to continue to do his job. Then Gage clubs the Magic Mike wannabe across the side of the head!

Gage Blackwood:

Cunt.

Blackwood enters the ring, sees Ames trying to come to and hits the ropes again. This time, however, ANOTHER chippendale appears (likely from under the apron) and trips Blackwood. The FIST turns to see what's going on and scoffs. The champion won't let the distraction take the better of him. He repositions towards Teresa Ames...

The Ready Ames Fire MEGAstar is barely able to witness what's happening... and yet, she gives a mild cackle at the sight of Gage's struggles.

DDK:

Gage better calm down...

Blackwood tries for a Gaelic Storm without hitting the ropes but Ames dodges it, BARELY! Blackwood turns around and he's rolled into a small package!

ONE.

TWO.

THR-

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Holy shit! It was almost over!

Blackwood's on both knees, perhaps breathing a sigh of relief. Teresa, meanwhile, throws her arm forward although she's got nothing left in it. Momentarily, Blackwood stands and throws Ames into a sitdown powerbomb. The FIST of DEFIANCE rolls to his side, holding his knee but saying he can still do this. He latches on to Ames once more and

connects with The Midlothian Hangover.

ONE.

TWO.

THE SECOND DANCER PULLS MARK SHIELDS OUT!

DDK:

Is this not a disqualification?

Lance:

Well they haven't HIT anyone yet!

ANOTHER chippendale comes running from the back but this one is wearing a **Reaper** mask! Blackwood doesn't see him slide into the ring until it's too late. Blackwood's hit with a spear! The Chippendale Reaper puts Ames' arm overtop of Gage and exits the ring. The other two dancers at ringside point Mark Shields into the ring. (Mark was talking to them about chicks he wanted to bang.)

Mark Shields:

Oh fucking right boys, guess I should count this one!

He slides into the ring and hurries the count because he already missed some time!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Faithful are ALIVE once again! Everyone is rallying for Blackwood to get it together! All three dancers congregate on the outside, not sure of what to do. It takes a while... there's lots of cheering... but the FIST of DEFIANCE is up first, followed by his ex.

Blackwood with a left fist, likely closed. Ames returns with a catty scratch. Back and forth they go, working the crowd up even more. Blackwood knees Ames in the stomach but then doubles over himself because of his bad knee. Blackwood elbows Ames, goes to the ropes-

DDK:

HOLY SHIT! Blackwood with a plancha to all three chippendales!

Lance:

Again, leaving his feet! Is this the FIST of DEFIANCE!?

The Noble Raider races into the ring, screaming in pain. He sees Ames come towards him and connects with an Olympic slam!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

But the champion doesn't fret. Instead, he hoists Teresa onto his shoulders and with everything he has, hoping his knee won't give way... Blackwood goes TO THE TOP ROPE.

DDK:

He's got Ames on his shoulders! What's Gage looking for!?

Lance:

I believe he has a one-handed top rope electric chair driver in his arsenal. We've never seen it... it's just a myth from the indies when he used to "wreck" guys!

Lance Warner, Darren Keebler and the rest of this crowd don't have to wait any longer. Blackwood hits it, Ames is limp and Mark Shields counts.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and STIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII FIST of DEFIANCE... GAGE BLACKKKKKKKWOOOOODDD!

Blackwood's theme plays as Mark Shields hands him the championship. It takes time for Gage to feel comfortable enough standing on both legs but when he does, he raises the title above his head to a loud ovation. The Noble Raider looks at his ex and shakes his head before rolling out of the ring and marching up the rampway, past the fallen chippendale dancers and to the top of the stage. In typical Blackwood "exit" fashion, he doesn't turn around. Instead, the camera swings around to face him, showing the carnage left in Blackwood's wake.

The FIST of DEFIANCE closes his eyes and lets out a huff.

Gage Blackwood:

That's for every single person who's wanted revenge on their ex...

He winks into the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

But legally couldn't.

And then vanishes behind the apron.

DDK:

What a night! The Queen of Kabal has gotten hers! Good night everyone. See you on night number twooooo!!!

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right-hand side of the screen, to a ravishing Teresa Ames in tears and frustration while the three chippendales try to support her through this.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.