

SHOW OPEN



[♪ "Here We Go" by Chris Classic ♪](#)

Inside the DEFplex we go as fireworks explode from the rampway! A massive DEFI-A-Tron sits above the entrance, twice the size of the screen typically used for DEFtv. The rampway is an LCD road with yellow traffic lines in the center leading to ringside. Inside the ring, the ropes are dark blue and the canvas is clean and light blue as always.

There are SIGNS and excitement everywhere!

GLAD IT'S A DEATHMATCH, MALAK'S FACE KILLS ME

FUCK HIM UP, DEAC

SURPRISED SNOWFLAKE MALAK DIDN'T WANT TO CALL IT AN UNALIVE-MATCH

THIS SIGN MAKES PROPELLOR NOISES

FUCK HIM UP, TITANESS!

CAN NED REFORM HELP WITH MY STUDENT LOANS?

I BELIEVE... NED REFORM GON' GET FUCKED UP!

BURN IT DOWN, HOUSE

DON'T BET AGAINST THE HOUSE

IT'S MY FLEX IN A BOX, GIRL

I'M HERE FOR BLACKWOOD VS CRIMSON STALKER (below, picture of Gage Blackwood and picture of Super Shredder)

TOM MORROW GIVES OFF CREEPER VIBES

CRAIG HAMBURGERS 4 DEF RADIO PRODUCER

CORVO ALPHA IS BEHIND YOU, LIKE THAT MEME

ASMR MAKES ME UNCOMFORTABLE

WIN KERRY WIN

DOWN WITH brainDED REFORM

UNLEASH THE RAGE, GAGE

TITANUTS ARE JUST AS SALTY AS TITANESS!...ASK MINUTE

DEATHMATCH? MORE LIKE DEATHMALAK!

PUTA!

SGT SAFETY I DONT KNOW IF YOU CAN HEAR THIS BUT WE ALL LOVE YOU

YOU DONE MESSED UP A A RON

THE LUCKY SEVENS ARE FULL OF CRAPS

PUSH LORD SEWELL

STRAIGHT DEXIN' ON 'EM

WHO WREX LIKE DEX? NOBODY

KEEP KALM AND KERRY ON

To ringside and the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Everyone welcome! I'm Darren Keebler alongside my partner, Lance Warner! We are going to have a hell of a time tonight!

Lance:

That's right, Keeps. The FIST is on the line, TONIGHT! In night one! We've got Deacon's career on the line too against Ned Reform! So much more. Don't take my word for it. Look at this card!

The match graphics roll through...

FLEX IN A BOX vs. THE TOYBOX

JACK HARMEN vs. DAVID NOBLE

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. THE HOUSE

TITANESS vs. JACK MACE

DEACON vs. DR. NED REFORM

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP, DEATHMATCH: KERRY KUROYAMA © vs. MALAK GARLAND

FIST of DEFIANCE, GAGE BLACKWOOD © vs. STALKER

DDK:

But first, as what's becoming a tradition in the opening of our pay-per-views the Favored Saints Championship will be on the line!

Lance:

Deathmatch!?

DDK:

Deathmatch.

The fans go ballistic at the match graphic for Kuroyama vs. Garland appears again on screen, knowing this bout is coming up and praying they see the death of The Snowflake!

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP, DEATHMATCH: KERRY KUROYAMA Â© vs. MALAK GARLAND

House lights dazzle around as fans are still frothing at the mouth from the start of the show. The broadcast slowly cuts away to Darren Quimbey who is standing by with a smile, as always.

DDK:

Let's not waste another minute of anyone's time and get right into the action! Take it away, Quims!

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, your opening contest for DEFROAD is a DEATHMATCH for the DEFIANCE Favored Saints Championship!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Darren continues.

Darren Quimbey:

Now, just for this match, the barricade you see around the ring will be removed by DEFsec momentarily. It will be removed for the entirety of this match only, in order to honor the authenticity of historical deathmatches. So we invite those in the first few rows to huddle around the ring if they wish but do so at your own risk.

The lights focused everywhere but the ring dim as the buzz in the crowd never settles. DEFsec members march down the ramp and begin dismantling the barricade closest to the ring. Some fans show tentativeness while others with literal death wishes belly up to the apron.

DDK:

I'll be honest with you, Lance, I'm not sure if I've ever seen something like this. Removing the barricade? This isn't some indie show but I get that we want the full deathmatch experience. I can only imagine what this match is going to bring.

With the barricade removed, some of the bloodthirsty fans begin to slam the portion of the canvas in front of them like a pack of feral wolves ready to feast. The mood definitely slips into something with a little more edge to it, something a little more dangerous.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

The people boo to the bass of the beat as Malak Garland walks out on stage with a concerned look on his face. The quiver to his lower lip is ever evident as fans yell obscenities at the tenderest one. He begins the lonely trek down to the ring only to stop and grab a long felt sack which was resting on the ground. He unsheathes the weapon inside to reveal a light tube. The fans are left in awe at the sight of the dangerous weapon as Malak's face only slightly gains some more confidence.

DDK:

Of course Malak walks to the ring with his trusty light tube in hand. He can never truly fight alone.

While he approaches, DEFsec members work feverishly to put other light tubes, chairs, panes of glass, barbed wire and a few other secret weapons in and around the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, he is the SNOWFLAKE SUPERSTAR, MALAK GARLAND!

Garland revels in hearing his namesake being called out. The setup crew manages to leave the ring, save for the referee, just as Malak gets close. He faux swings the light tube around, pretending it isn't as dangerous as it actually is in order to get the fans around the ring to move so he can enter. He seizes an opening and rolls into the squared circle

without major incident.

Lance:

I hope Malak knows what he's doing going into this match. I don't think he does but I hope he does.

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

The crowd noise grows to raucous levels as the lights come down and the stage lights up with green and white spotlights and lasers. On the DEFIATron, we're treated to an ominous view of a slowly approaching squall line of storm clouds. The music steadily builds anticipation throughout the room, until suddenly...

KRACKA-POW!!

A bolt of LIGHTNING strikes the stage, right before "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRY KUROYAMA strides through the entry-way. The Favoured Saints Champion stands in place for a moment and pumps his arms into a peak over his head, robe flowing in the breeze of wind machines and the title belt around his waist glimmering in the spotlights.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, making his way to the ring, hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-four pounds... he is the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE... THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG... SEATTLE'S BEAST... KEEEEEEERRRRYYYYYYYYY KUUUUUURRRROOOOOOYYYYAAAAAAMMMMAAAAAA!!!!!!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

With his face intense and determined, Kerry scans the crowd from one corner of the arena to the next while green and silver fountain pyros rise behind him. Then he comes down the ramp at a quick clip.

DDK:

What an ovation for the reigning Favoured Saints Champion, Kerry Kuroyama! He's been on a mission lately to make more of an impact, and what better way than to start off DEFIANCE Road with a triumphant title defense!

Even without barricades, the crowd around the ring parts like the Red Sea as Kuroyama descends down the rest of the ramp and arrives at the ring. He climbs the steps to the apron and lingers at the ropes for a moment, staring down Malak in the ring and looking skeptically at the weapons and trash strewn across the ring.

Lance:

I can't help but feel that Kerry is walking into some sort of trap here tonight. Malak has been obsessively requesting this DEATHMATCH for some time. He's clearly eager to dive into the extreme nature of this match, and that could spell trouble for the champion.

DDK:

Kerry himself seems eager to get his hands on the man that ruined his four-match streak as champion, which would have given him a bid for a SOHER Title shot. The real question is, how does he approach this unconventional type of contest?

Swinging his lighttube, Malak beckons Kerry into the ring. Instead, Kuroyama scales a turnbuckle and poses for the crowd, charging them up once again before dropping into the ring. He kicks his corner clear of trash as he unstraps the title belt and hands it over to the timekeeper

DING DING

DDK:

Here we go! Favored Saints Championship! Deathmatch! Let's get it on!

Malak grips his light tube tight, daring Kerry to pick up one from the pile under a turnbuckle but Kuroyama ignores the

request.

Lance:

Swing and a miss for Malak! He wanted Kerry to pick up a light tube and start this match off with a bang but Kerry refused! It looks like the champion wants to take the honorable path here.

A fan gets brave enough and swipes at Malak's leg, distracting the Snowflake Superstar for a brief moment. He turns and darn well near swings his light tube at the unarmed fan who is quick to throw his hands up to claim innocence.

DDK:

Drop kick!

Kerry takes the opening and delivers a vicious drop kick to the back of Malak's skull! Garland pivots quickly and smashes the light tube across Kerry's face! Glass bits go everywhere as Kerry falls to the mat, bleeding immediately.

Lance:

Holy shit! Malak just pelted Kerry with that light tube! I think I see multiple women in the front row picking glass shards out of their bonnets!

Malak stomps Kerry relentlessly before grabbing a fresh tube. Kerry tries climbing to his feet but leaves his back exposed long enough for Malak to break another light tube over his spine! The fans are left in shock at the aggressive start to the match by Malak.

Lance:

I didn't think he had it in him. I mean look at Malak. He seems to be enjoying this.

DDK:

Don't forget, there's a title on line here! Kerry was hounded for this match, so it's not like Malak's ill prepared.

Garland kicks at Kerry's bleeding back as things look to go from bad to worse. Malak grabs a chair and begins to choke Kerry with the seat brim!

DDK:

The referee is essentially helpless here. I mean, Kerry could give up but the weapon usage is all legal in this DEATHMATCH!

Lance:

I think the fans in the front row might be regretting their decision to come up to the apron.

Malak pulls the chair away only to reintroduce the flat side to Kerry's back!

WHACK!

Kerry reaches for his back as Malak rolls him over for a quick cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Kerry kicks out after a solid 2.5 seconds. Malak goes right back to the chair but Kerry puts his knees up, absorbing at least some of the blow from his vital organs. Malak pulls Kerry up by his hair and attempts a brainbuster but the champion slips out of the hold at the apex of the suplex and downs the challenger with a devastating spinning heel kick!

DDK:

Now it's Kerry's chance to even the odds here! He needs to grab himself a weapon and take Malak to the woodshed.

He has more than enough time to grab his weapon of choice, yet Kerry insists on not partaking in the grimy violence. Instead, he waits for Malak to get to his feet, where he greets him with many strong-style open palm strikes.

Lance:

Kerry is wrestling clean here so far but one has to wonder how long that can last, especially considering Malak will go right to using weapons without a second thought.

The two men scuffle into the corner where multiple panes of glass lay stacked up against the turnbuckles. Kerry goes for another palm strike but Malak manages to tumble out of the way, leaving Kuroyama's hand to introduce itself into the glass. The front pane doesn't break though, it simply cracks where Kerry strikes it.

DDK:

Kerry just palm struck the glass! What's Malak doing?

THWACK!

Malak shatters a chair wrapped in barbed wire against Kerry's back, making it bleed even more.

Lance:

You know what? Kerry fights clean and I don't think we'll even see Malak do a regular wrestling move this entire match! He's too fixated on the weapons, blood and gore!

Malak takes a moment and holds the chair up for the crowd to see. He sticks his tongue out and pretends to lick the sharp edge of the barbed wire wrapped around it but he makes damn sure not to get his tender tongue too close to it. Kerry slowly crawls to his feet. Noticing this, Malak drops the chair to the canvas and grabs the front pane of glass his opponent cracked just moments ago.

DDK:

Oh no. Dear God no! Don't do this, Malak!

The Mouthpiece raises the pane sky high before obliterating it over Kerry's head! Everyone watches on with shock.

Lance:

I mean, this is over. This is surely over now. Just pin him, take your belt and go away. You've proved your point.

Malak floats overtop Kerry with grace.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Did he? Did Kerry just kick out after one!?

Lance:

And it was BARELY a one count too, Darren! As soon as the ref's hand hit the mat, Kerry nearly launched Malak off of himself.

Rattled but not deterred, Malak plots his next spot as Kerry begins pulling himself up by the ropes.

DDK:

Malak is taunting Kerry to use a weapon but it seems that the champion, bloodied and all, STILL wants nothing to do with this deathmatch.

Malak sets up the barbed wire chair along with a normal one to hold a pane of glass on the seats. With that set up in the middle of the ring, he charges the champion and goes for an I Trigger!

Lance:

Kerry rolls out of the way just in time! German suplex!?

Kerry throws Malak behind him but Malak somehow clears the obstacle in the middle of the ring. Instead, Malak comes back with a superkick and then rushes to the top rope.

DDK:

Uh oh. I don't like the looks of this!

Malak jumps off the ropes and snares Kerry's head between his legs. The rest is academic as both competitors go hurling through the pane of glass and chair setup in the middle of the ring!

CRASH!

DDK:

AVALANCHE ROTFLCOPTER! Malak just hit that destroyer on Kerry, sending them into the glass! Wow!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Lance:

The fans here are losing their minds!

A picture-in-picture view on the broadcast shows replays of the Canadian destroyer from multiple angles. Once the replay is over, the hot cams zoom in on the carnage. Both men are still down. They're breathing, but they're down and there's bits of glass everywhere.

DDK:

This got way too violent way too fast if you ask me. How the Favored Saints ever signed off on having a match like this is mind boggling. Both these wrestlers will never be the same after this!

Lance:

Malak wanted this, Keeps. He wanted this badly and so this is what he gets.

The referee constantly checks on both men as Kerry is a bloody mess and Malak has red scars on his legs presumably from the glass shattering and scratching his skin.

DDK:

Who is going to get up? Who will seize the momentum!?! More importantly, will either man be able to walk away after this match?

Lance:

Regardless of outcome, hate him or despise him, I think Malak has done what he's set out to do here, which was go balls to the wall and prove he's extreme for some reason.

Malak somehow, agonizingly pulls himself to his feet. Kerry shortly follows. The two exchange weak blows before Malak delivers a low blow with a kick and then a DDT of Kerry's head into the folded up barbed wire chair! Malak

covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Lance:

New champion!

NO!

Kerry thrusts a shoulder up at the last moment. Malak looks irate and starts screaming at the champion.

Malak Garland: *[shouting]*

KERRRRRRRRRRRRRY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? HURT ME! I WANT TO BLEED! IT'S MY RELEASE! TAKE THIS CHAIR AND SWING FOR THE FENCES BEFORE I CASTRATE YOUR HEAD OFF FOR NOT HOLDING TIME AND SPACE FOR ME!

Malak's yelling soon becomes belligerently incoherent. It gets so bad that even the referee has to pull him away from Kerry when he starts frothing at the mouth like a rabies ridden animal.

DDK:

My goodness. I don't know what kind of social anxiety demons possess Malak from his closet, and I don't want to know, but this is a whole different side we've never seen of him before.

Lance just stays quiet as the commentary crew and everyone in the arena watches as Malak consults how many panes of glass are left stacked up in the corner and thankfully there's only one. With the referee checking on Kerry, Malak slides the last pane of glass on top of the bottom rope at the turnbuckle, putting another dangerous surface in play.

Lance:

I think this has gone too far now.

Malak walks over and pushes the referee out of the way. He picks Kerry up by the dried blood in his hair. Kuroyama, to his credit, is lucid and is able to break free from Garland's grasp. He ignites the crowd with a fury of Judo kicks which sends Malak down to a knee. Kerry propels himself off the ropes and nails his opponent with a running knee to the back of the head!

GREEN RIVER REVOLT!

The shot was so clean and violent, it sends Malak over to land on top of the last pane of glass. The fans begin to buzz as they anticipate yet another gruesome spot to unfold. Kerry grabs the challenger by the trunks around his waist and pulls him up.

DDK:

Looks like Kerry is going to go for a dominator here!

With Malak cinched into a gutwrench, Kerry hoists him up high and throws him down with just as much ferocity, except he throws him down into the last pane of glass, shattering it to smithereens.

CRACK!

Kerry stands defiantly over Malak who is crumpled down in a ball after hitting the glass covered turnbuckle. Blood begins to run down the snowflake's face as a look of panic sets in.

DDK:

Jesus.

Lance:

He didn't want to do it. He really didn't want to succumb to those tactics, but Kerry had no choice or else he would be losing this match for sure.

Kerry's not done there, either. The champion looks over at another corner of the ring where a toolbox resides. He walks over and finds himself a lovely pair of pliers much to the delight of the crowd.

Lance:

Oh no. Did someone call for a dentist?

DDK:

There is no DMD in this house!

Kerry stalks his fallen foe as he prepares to use the pliers. Malak, sitting in the corner, throws his hands up, begging for his life. Kerry is having none of it.

DDK:

Take it to him, Kerry! He bothered you about having this match FOR MONTHS! It's time to end this silly snowflake game!

Kerry doesn't pick Malak up the traditional way, no. Instead, the champion clips Malak by the nose with the pliers and pulls the challenger to his feet by the nostrils as shrieks echo from the crowd. Once up, Kerry clasps the pliers onto Malak's lips before twisting and turning.

Lance:

I hope Malak has dental coverage written into his contract!

Garland's tongue wiggles about before Kuroyama finally clamps the pliers onto that.

DDK:

Cat got your tongue, Malak? Who am I kidding? Pliers do!

Kerry pulls the pliers which lead Malak around the ring as saliva and blood drips from his mouth. The champion finally rips the pliers away, forcing Malak to immediately reach for his mouth in pain.

Lance:

Look out!

Malak dances in agony, until he turns to face Kerry once more. The Pacific Blitzkrieg has something in his hands that he scooped off the mat...

Brrrip!

DDK:

Kerry just DUCT TAPED MALAK'S HANDS TOGETHER!!

The crowd pops wildly as in a matter of seconds, Kuroyama pulls a strip of tape off the roll in his hands and binds Garland's hands around the wrists. Malak eyes bulge as he stares agape at his bound hands, and immediately panics as he tries to free himself. Kerry falls into the corner and takes a much needed breather.

Lance:

That's a clever use of the resources at his disposal by the champion, leaving Malak in a terribly vulnerable state. But why isn't the champion Kuroyama capitalizing?

Kerry processes the state of the ring around him while Malak thrashes around wildly trying to break the tape apart, but to no avail. Kuroyama finally comes out of the corner, calmly picking up the chair wrapped in barbed wire and advancing to Malak's position.

DDK:

Here comes Kerry with the CHAIR -- no, wait, Malak runs to the other side of the ring! False alarm, it looks like Kerry was more interested in setting it up near the ropes.

Malak continues to play keepaway, but Kerry doesn't seem to notice him for now as he scans the ring again. As Garland takes the opportunity to continue the struggle in freeing himself. Kerry bends over to scoop up another object...

DDK:

Kerry's got... a METAL CHAIN now! Malak, with absolutely no way to defend himself, is now FREAKING OUT!

Malak tries to drop out of the ring, but is immediately shoved back under the ropes by the Faithful clamoring around the apron. Kerry still doesn't seem interested in pursuing him, using the chain to cinch the ropes near the chair he set up.

Lance:

What is Kerry doing here?

DDK:

I'm not sure, but he apparently has something planned for Malak Garland!

Kerry tightens the chain and clasps it together, with the top rope now dipping lower than normal. He is completely calm as he casually wipes the blood and sweat from his brow, while Malak is the complete opposite, a panicking, frothing mess trying to gnaw his hands off in the corner.

DDK:

I just hope he doesn't get so caught up taking his sweet time that Malak finds a way to free himself from that tape binding his wrists!

Kerry steps out to the apron, waves his hands to the crowd for them to give him some space, and drops to the floor. He begins to pull a table out from under the apron while the fans around him cheer him on, anticipating a BIG spot. In the ring, Malak finally spots a shard of glass on the ground, and scrambles over to it...

Lance:

Kerry is apparently getting his Rube Goldberg on in this DEATHMATCH, setting up an obstacle course of hazards.

DDK:

Kerry has that table set up... and now one of the ringside fans just handed him LIGHTER FLUID!!

Kerry shrugs as if to say "Why not?" as he takes the lighter fluid and douses the surface of the table. Malak is hunched in a corner, desperately sawing away at the duct tape binding his hands together on a discarded piece of glass. Someone hands Kuroyama a lighter, and within seconds the table is ENGULFED IN FLAMES! The Faithful CHEER wildly!

DDK:

Well, when in Rome!

Lance:

Kerry is pulling out all the stops, but Malak looks like he may have gotten loose!

Malak straightens up as only a mere few adhesive threads keep his hands locked together, and he finally RIPS them apart! He crows triumphantly before spinning around and coming face to face with the scowling, bleeding Kerry Kuroyama.

DDK:

Just a SECOND too late!

Malak immediately tries to scramble away -- but Kerry snags an arm, wrangles him into the pumphandle to hoist him onto his shoulder. Garland can only squirm desperately as Kerry begins running...

Jumps off the barbed-wire chair for a boost...

CLEARs the chain-bound ropes...

CCRRRRAAAAAASSSSSSHHHHHHH!!!!

AND NAILS THE **KUROYAMA DESTROYER** THROUGH THE FLAMING TABLE!!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

He nailed it!

Ring crew put out the remaining flaming pieces of the table as both men lay in ruin. Kerry makes it up first, but blood loss and delirium causes him to briefly walk away from the ring in a complete stupor before the fans redirect him back to the action. Malak is basically DEAD on the floor, unmoving until Kerry stumbles over him.

HO-LY-SHUCKS!

HO-LY-SHUCKS!

HO-LY-SHUCKS!

HO-LY-SHUCKS!

Kuroyama rolls Malak into the ring and slides in to follow. With blood seeping from Malak's mouth, he lays motionless on the canvas as Kerry hooks a leg for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Lance:

That's a wrap! Kerry Kuroyama successfully defends his Favored Saints title against that thorn in our side, Malak Garland!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and **STILL FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPION**... KEEERRRYYYYY
KUUURRRRRRROOYAAAAMAAAAA!!!!

Kerry stands tall with his arm raised and belt handed to him. There is carnage everywhere. Tons of shattered glass

laces the ring canvas. Twisted chairs and barbed wire create walking hazards and of course, many fans at ringside have some blood splatters on their clothing but they all stand and clap in appreciation for their fighting champion while Malak lays there, out cold.

Lance:

I think Kerry finally realized, in order to win, he had to play by the deathmatch rules even though it was evident he didn't want to but when push came to shove, he beat Malak at his own proposed game.

DDK:

What a way to open DEFIANCE Road, with a Favoured Saints Championship match living up to its growing reputation in delivering some jaw-dropping opening contests!

Kerry stares out to the Faithful in appreciation before departing to the locker room.

DDK:

Well folks, it might take our cleanup crew a moment to get order restored here but we sure as hell just witnessed a classic Deathmatch. Please don't go anywhere as we're just getting started on pay-per-view! Here are a few messages about upcoming DEFIANCE events and we'll see you back at ringside, with a clean sheet of canvas and a barricade in mere moments. Don't go anywhere!

FLEX IN A BOX vs. THE TOYBOX

DDK:

Folks, it all comes to a head tonight. The lies, the betrayal, the love once lost. Dani and Klein once found true love, corrupted by life and Jestal and Tom Morrow. Now, what withers and remains is tonight's tag match. The Toybox, brother and sister, reunite against the two brutes of the Pop Culture Phenoms, Flex Kruger and Dani's once smitten beau, Klein.

Lance:

An adorable romance torn down by harsh reality... now, it was only a bit ago we expected these two to wed on DEF programming, and boy how the mighty have fallen.

DDK:

A symbolic chapter comes to a close here at DEF Road, in a tag team match for the ages. You've got to think that the Toybox has the advantage, considering their experience as a team and their familiar relations.

DDK:

True, but Klein has been a tag team wrestler for over twenty years, Klein and Flex are on the same page, and I'm not sure if that's true of Dani and Jestal.

Lance:

Only time will tell. Let's take it to ringside.

♪"Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains♪

The Faithful erupt as a reluctant Klein is the first to make his entrance. He's out without his trademark box. Flex quickly rushes up behind him, and flexes. Klein however, gets a bit nervous and rushes backstage past a perpetually confused Flex. After a few moments, Klein emerges, wearing his trademark cardboard box.

DDK:

Looks like Klein may not be ready to face his former love, face to face.

Lance:

Let's just hope he doesn't try anything box to box.

DDK:

Lance!

Lance:

I'm sorry. Angus said if I did a box-on-box pun with Klein he'd give me a twenty.

Flex grabs Klein and picks his posture up, and slams him twice in the chest to fire him up. Klein nods, and the two storm toward ringside, each reaching out to slap the Faithful's fans.

DDK:

Flex may need to keep Klein's mind on the match.

Lance:

Really? We're gonna trust Flex to do that?

Flex climbs onto the top turnbuckle and flexes. Klein follows suit on a catty corner and flexes himself. Flex nods in approval.

DDK:

They may be doomed before they even know it.

*♪Revenge of the Freaks by Mr. Strange♪***DDK:**

Here comes the newly formed Toybox. I guess Jestal is gonna let Dandelion have this match without Morrow.

The siblings step out from the backstage. Dani just storms to the ring while Jestal is quick to catch up to her. They reach the front of the ring. Dani walks toward the steps and Jestal points at Klein and has a few choice words for him. The Suicidal Doll however stops her march to enter the ring, and walks over to her brother and grabs him by the ear yet again!

Jestal:

MY EAR STOP!

Lance:

Dandelion appears to not be in the mood to talk.

DDK:

You can say that she has pulled Jestal in the ring by his ear. Oh.. and we are not waiting for the bell here.

Dani goes right after Klein, who is very reluctant about fighting back and just takes the fists and kicks while Jestal charges Flex into the corner and fires with rights and lefts.

DING DING

Flex hooks the top rope and the ref intervenes, sending Jestal to his corner. Flex nods and exits the ring himself. Meanwhile, Dani is just stomping the hell out of Klein in the corner.

DDK:

Dandelion has not let up on Klein.

Lance:

They say hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. I never expected this sweet innocent girl to behave in this manner.

She pulls Klein out of the corner and with a irish whip sends her former lover into the opposite corner. From her side, she braces against her turnbuckle pad and then charges in and flips, tumbling in front of Klein only to back flip and with her toes nails Klein under the chin. She quickly lands on all fours and leaps toward Klein with a spinning leaping back elbow right into a bulldog! Jestal smiles from the corner. Flex is trying to get the crowd behind Klein. Dani grabs Klein's legs and stomps on his midsection.

DDK:

Klein is doubled over here. Man whatever was in that letter it seems she has a seething hatred for Klein now.

She picks up Klein and throws him into her corner. She walks up as Jestal extends his hand.

The Faithful jump to their feet as Dandelion just roundhouse kicked Jestal off the apron.

Lance:

What the hell!?! She attacked her own brother?

Dandelion exits the ring and grabs the tag rope and acts like nothing happened.

DDK:

Was that supposed to be a tag?

Lance:

Slater is a bit taken back by that but, he is saying it was a tag. Jestal did have a hold of the ropes. Well, there is something you don't see everyday.

Jestal rolls over on his hands and knees as Slater is now counting him out. Dani is pointing to the inside of the ring. Jestal just looks up at her stunned and rubbing the side of his head. The jester slides in the ring, and has a few choice words for his sister. Which has allowed Klein to tag out to Flex.

As the siblings argue, Flex spins the jester around and cold clocks him. Flex pulls him to the center of the ring and lifts him up into a stalling suplex.

Lance:

All the blood rushing to that dastardly jester's head here.

Flex lets go of one arm and holds Jestal there with one arm, and takes the moment to spin a bit for the cheering Faithful.

DDK:

How many Mississippi's is that?

Lance:

I count 8 cases of beer!

Before dropping him to the mat with a thunderous thud and huge ovation from the Faithful! Flex wastes no time and picks Jestal off the mat, this time gorilla pressing him up in the air. He takes a few moments to show off, using Jestal to do a few reps of shoulder presses before dropping him to his shoulder and falling back in a samoan drop!

DDK:

Flex showing off his power here, tossing Jestal around like he was at a strongman contest.

Flex tags Klein in and Klein spins Jestal's arm then whiplashes him down to the mat. He turns the hold into a standing armbar. Dandelion is pacing back and forth in a fit. Klein transitions to a chicken wing submission as Slater asks the jester if he wants to give. A firm no is his response. Klein reaches back and tags Flex in who takes over for the hold, but lifts Jestal off the mat and elevates Jestal up with his arm still in a chicken wing up in the air. Jestal shouts in pain, but still will not give up. The jester tries to grab for a rope, and finally does Slater is right there to force Flex to break the count.

DDK:

Jestal's has received the most punishment, but by a slim margin over Klein.

Lance:

Doesn't help when your own sister and tag partner's also hitting you!

DDK:

Quick tags here from Flex in a Box. They're going to take advantage of the ring position.

Klein tags in and german suplexes Jestal, but holds on, rolls over, and hits a second. He holds on again, as Jestal reaches out, desperately stretching his hands out to Dani, who simply stares at him with daggers and her arms crossed. Unable to reach her, Jestal shouts "C'mon!" before Klein hits one last textbook German Suplex, this time bridging on impact.

Lance:

Our first pinfall here and here comes Dani...WAIT A MINUTE! She just stomped on Jestals head not even touching Klein. Whose side is she on here?

DDK:

I think Klein is just as confused. Either way, that DOES break our pin.

Klein stands up and throws his hands out in confusion. Dani huffs and puffs, hands balled in a fist. Slater tries to usher her out.

Lance:

Dandelion just slapped Klein across his box!

DDK:

Now she is returning to her corner like Brian wanted her too. We all know Jestal wanted The Toybox back together but I don't think he wanted it to be like this.

Jestal holds the back of his head on the mat, his legs gently kicking against the canvas. Klein looks distraught as Dani leaves the ring, his shoulders slump, his posture loses its confidence. He reaches out and tags Flex. Flex lifts Jestal and tosses him off the ropes, and decides to rush off the other side, only to be kicked in the back of the head by Dani. Flex covers the back of his head and turns to Dani, shouting "the hell!" as Slater gets involved, yelling. Flex turns to meet the charging Jestal, who catches a stunned Flex with a spear that sends him and Jestal flying through the middle ropes and crashing down to the outside.

Slater looks shocked, and stops long enough to react to the car crash on the outside, but then goes back to yelling at Dani.

DDK:

Shades of the old Toybox here?

Lance:

Well she didn't hit Jestal this time so...

Before Lance can finish his sentence Dani runs off the apron with a cannonball crashing into both Flex and Jestal outside. The Faithful start to stand in anticipation, trying to get a better look as in a neutral corner, Klein makes the ascent. Once at the top, he looks around tentatively to the Faithful, giving enough time for the Toybox and Flex to dazily recover. With a quick leap, Klein flies, the big man hitting a shooting star press to the outside! Jestal and Flex take the brunt of the blow, as Dani is able to skirt away.

DDK:

Shades of Jack Harmen, Klein's trainer. Klein is a big fellow, but boy can he move.

Lance:

We haven't seen something like that from him in AGES Darren.

DDK:

Probably not since the SEG days, no.

Klein is the first up and looks to the Faithful, soaking in their cheers. His body language is a bit submissive, understated, as Dani recovers to her feet behind him. Klein spins, meeting her gaze.

Lance:

Face to face, once the soon to be parents, now Klein has a bitter ex-girlfriend on his hands.

Klein stands there. He has a moment, his head hung low. The cameras pick up him saying "I'm Sorry." Dani's nostril's flare as her body stiffens. Kleins braces for impact, and lowers his defense.

Lance:

Klein, I think you've gone past patching this up. She's clearly taken a trip down crazy lane and made a right onto psycho bitch boulevard.

DDK:

Lance!

Lance:

Those are street names about forty minutes north of here. That county is... not progressive.

Dandelion tackles Klein to the ground and unloads on him. Rights and lefts, the fury of a woman scorn. She slams her fists down onto his chest and just keeps striking. Eventually, Klein grabs one of her wrists and spins, flipping her and restraining her wrists against the mats. He tries to talk to her, but Jestal points and shouts "SEE!" Klein tries to plead his case, but he loosens his grip enough for Dani to kick him between the legs. As Klein's eyes roll into the back of his head, Dani quickly gets up and the cameraman rushes out of frame to avoid. Followed by a CRASH!

DDK:

My God! Dandelion and Klein have destroyed the barricade, and what the camera didn't catch but we here saw clear as day.

We see a picture in picture replay, as Dani rushes toward Klein and the two of them smash through the barricade. We see the former lovers lying in a heap of rubble while the Faithful chant "Priv-ac-y!"

Jestal meanwhile, just rolls into the ring. Slater looks at him, and Jestal just waves him on to continue. Slater counts to six, then seven, and Flex slips into the ring.

DDK:

Remember, Jestal and Flex are the two legal men.

Lance:

Are they? How do you even keep track after this chaos?

DDK:

Years of experience.

Jestal is on his knees, and Flex meets him. Jestal lays back and hits a hard forearm. Flex fires back with one of his own. Then a big overhead chop from Jestal. And a response from Flex. Neither man has gotten up from their kneeled starting position. Jestal just shouts.

Jestal:

WHY! Why are you even HERE! I want to fight HIM!

Jestal points to the outside, in the rubble of Klein and Dani, Dani who's only just begun to stir.

Flex looks at Jestal, and then slaps him across the face.

Flex Kruger:

Cause I'm his friend.

And headbutts Jestal.

Flex Kruger:

I support him. Even when I don't agree with him.

Another headbutt, Jestal teeters.

Flex Kruger:

Especially when I don't understand him.

Another headbutt, and Jestal's eyes roll into the back of his head.

Flex Kruger:

That's what family does.

And one final headbutt puts the Mad Prince down and out. Flex gets to his feet, stumbling a bit. He looks down at the Mad Prince.

Flex Kruger:

Or they should.

Flex drops down into the cover.

One.

Two.

DDK:

DANI! The airtime on that elbow drop! She almost didn't make it in time!

Dani is like a wild animal, scratching and clawing and tearing at Flex. Flex just pushes himself to his feet, Dani still on his back. Flex gets entirely upright, still taking shots and punishment from the mute, before Flex reaches behind his back, grabs Dani, and just front flip michanko driver's her into the center of the ring with a thud.

Slater won't count the fall. Flex lets go of Dani and jumps onto Jestal.

One.

Two.

Kickout!

DDK:

Dani's distraction gave Jestal enough time to recover Lance. This one isn't over, not by a mile!

Slater gently rolls the better and more crazy half of the mute exes out of the ring to her apron as Klein finally stirs on the outside. Flex in the middle of the ring, he's eating this up, smiles, big grins. As Jestal tries to crawl toward Dani, Flex reaches down, and grabs one arm, and then the other, before yanking Jestal up and onto his feet and into a full nelson.

DDK:

Oh, do you see those pec muscles rip and tear as Flex puts Jestal into an uncompromising position?

Jestal can't reach out and make the tag, both arms being used up by Flex. Flex rips and tears at Jestal, the screams of the Mad Prince echoing through the Faithful's eardrums, and Dani's. Dani can't take it anymore. She's hopping mad on the apron, from bottom rope to apron to center of apron back to the corner. As Slater grabs Jestal's hand, it falls once. A second time...

Lance:

But Dani isn't going to let this stand!

Dani slips into the ring, and charges forward, catching both Jestal and Flex with a double palm strike to either side of their head. Flex loosens the hold for a second, but it's not long enough for Jestal to escape, as both Flex and Jestal tumble to the mat. Once there, Flex wraps his big tree trunk legs around Jestal's waist, just as the Mad Prince cries in agony.

DDK:

Flex has the full nelson locked in! Dani needs to break this quick!

Lance:

Behind her!

Dani turns around, expecting Slater, but instead sees the recovered Klein. Klein gives her one last chance to calm down, to talk about it.

DDK:

Klein just wants his Dani back.

Lance:

I don't think that's in the cards Darren.

Dani, frustrated, lets loose with a wild slap. Klein ducks, stunning Dani. She doesn't have enough time to react, as Klein reaches out and just takes his forearm under her neck and his hands on her forehead, locking in a traditional sleeper. Dani's arms flail wildly, as she reaches out and tries to grab the fallen Jestal's hand.

DDK:

Klein, doing his best to put this rage to bed. This sorrow, this anguish of loss.

Lance:

I don't think there's any coming back from this for Dani, she's too far gone. Both physical in this contest, as well as emotionally. She's off the deep end Darren, I don't think any of this is helping.

DDK:

I would certainly agree!

Dani's eyes go wide. The sleeper hold was locked in quick, before she even knew it, there's no coming back. She kicks, flails, even tries to bite, but to no avail. With a quick drop onto his back, Klein pulls Dani down, and wraps his legs around her waist.

DDK:

The Toybox, submitted and subdued by Flex in a Box!

Lance:

Jestal's entire chest and arms must be on fire, to be held and stretched like he has by Flex. It's a wonder he can still fight on!

Jestal screams, hand stretched out, trying to reach out for Dani's one free hand.

Dani however, just slaps the back of Jestal's hand in a sound that echoes and reverberates through the arena.

DDK:

Even when in most distress, Dani still is attacking her brother!

Lance:

The Toybox may need more than just to reunite, they've got to rebuild and reassess Darren. I think we see that here. Dani's... Dani is just not the same as she was...

Then, Dani's arms slowly falter. Dani keeps fighting, flailing, but can't, until she succumbs to sleep.

Jestal lets out one last cry of anguish.

Jestal:

ARGGHHH!! KLEIN! I WILL... END... YOU!

Jestal fights, he struggles, but there's no escape. He's in the center of the ring, too far from the ropes. He tries to use his free hands to strike at Flex's face, but he's not in a position to. The arms are too locked away and his lower body is locked by Flex's body scissor. With a sigh, a wince, and a frustrated groan...

TAP TAP TAP.

DING DING DING

The bell rings, Flex lets go of his hold and Jestal immediately crawls to his sister. Klein lets go of Dani, and gently lowers her to the mat. Jestal, clutching his own shoulders in pain, falls to his sister's side. He looks at her, and can't understand the loss of innocence, the loss... of Dandelion.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners... via submission... Klein and Flex... Flex in a Box!

DDK:

Hard fought win there, but I think it was only so because Flex is the only one in this match who was interested in actually winning!

Lance:

Jestal wanted Klein to pay. Dani wanted Klein AND Jestal to pay. And I think Klein just wanted to suffer at the hands of his ex.

DDK:

After everything... perhaps this chapter, can finally be put to bed.

Jestal cradles Dani's unconscious form, and snarls up toward Klein, who takes a step back. Klein removes his box, and looks at Jestal, a tear welling up and falling down his cheek.

Klein:

I'm sorry. Tell her I'm sorry.

And with that, Flex lifts Klein up and puts him on his shoulder, and begins to parade around the ring with him in a celebratory fashion. Klein however, looks like he's just lost both his parents and his entire tee ball team in a freak accident, as Slater raises Flex's hand high.

Meanwhile, Dani begins to stir. She notices Jestal, staring directly in her face. With a quick slap, loud and hard, Dani slides out of the ring and stumbles her way up the ramp. Klein in the ring, sees her running, reaches out one hand to her, wanting to pull her close, to tell her it'll be alright.

But, she never turns around.

And now, he knows it's over.

TITANESS vs. JACK MACE

DDK:

What a night we have seen so far at DEFIANCE Road so far and we still have more to come! Up next, we have Jack Mace of Better Future Talent Agency versus Titaness of Los Tres Titanes! These two have literally been at the throats of one another since right before DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

Titaness has recently had a lot of attention drawn to her being nominated in the DEFys for Match of the Year as well as Breakout Star! Though those awards did not go to her, her popularity as a singles star has grown, but hasn't set right with Jack Mace.

DDK:

This story goes back to DEFtv 160 when Titaness teamed with the Saturday Night Specials as a surprise against the Lucky Sevens and Jack Mace. Since then, Mace has made it his personal mission to show her up. They have had one match prior at DEFtv 162 where Mace walked out the victor, but we have seen Titaness bounce back on a three-match win streak since then. Tonight, we'll see who takes the victory here in this grudge match!

And to Darren Quimbey in-ring for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

A set of words appears on the DEFIATron in silver as the Faithful start to buzz

*THE SHOW OF FORCE
TITANESS*

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

Darren Quimbey:

...From The Bronx, weighing in at 200 pounds... she is "THE SHOW OF FORCE" and One Tall Glass of Kick-Ass, as noted by Uriel Cortez... she is **TITANESS!**

The Faithful show love for the powerhouse as a single violet spotlight shines on the female powerhouse of Los Tres Titanes, flexing her arms, back to the stage. She pops The Faithful with a standing backflip on the ramp, sending a quick shower of gold and silver pyro on either side of the stage! Titaness has a special look for the evening! Purple top, silver vest, boots and tights, and her hair tied up in a series of short tails in a mohawk style! She heads to the ring, slapping hands with the ringside Faithful. Her arms are raised as she climbs the middle rope in the corner, and finally hops down to the mat. The Tall Glass of Kick-Ass enters the ring and sheds her vest and flexes one more time, sending four sparks of purple-colored pyro from the buckles!

DDK:

A new look and entrance for Titaness tonight at DEF Road!

Lance:

Jack Mace is a bad, bad man, though. I spoke to Titaness earlier and she told me she's been more training than usual with one of BRAZEN's newest coaches, thirty-year veteran Sonny Silver. He's a specialist in striking and submissions, so we'll see if she's picked up anything to aid her tonight.

Titaness gets ready for battle as her music fades.

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

The music plays and out comes a very well-built man wearing silver trunks, knee pads, wrestling boots... And a black overcoat with a hood over his face. The hood comes off and looking out to the crowd is the Killer Bear, a sinister snarl

on his face.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent, representing the Better Future Talent Agency... from Grewelthorpe, England... weighing in at 268 pounds... he is **"THE KILLER BEAR" JACK MACE!**

Mace looks out to the crowd from behind his mangy hair and beard before he marches to the ring and gets ready to fight. Titaness stays in her corner and simply observes as Mace climbs up the steps and then flashes her an evil grin. Mace climbs into the ring and then starts to take his coat off while Titaness is starting to inch herself away from the corner.

DDK:

Titaness has never beaten Jack Mace in a DEFIANCE ring directly. She was on the winning side of a tag match on 164 with Henry Keyes against Mace and ADV, but there's no one left.

Lance:

I heard because Mace pulled out of his scheduled match on the UNCUT special a few weeks ago and was replaced by Justin Sane, he'd be punished if he tried it again tonight.

Mace throws his coat in the corner...

DING DING

...then turns to eat a running dropkick from Titaness at the bell! The blow knocks Mace back a few steps into the corner!

DDK:

Titaness with a fast start trying to throw The Killer Bear off his game tonight!

She rocks the big man with a series of some forearms with some extra oomph behind them. A product of her recent training in striking. Mace looks a bit shocked by the attacks, but when Titaness tries to whip the bigger Mace out of the corner, he reverses. He stops and then charges at The Show of Force, only to catch a pair of knees to the face. She runs off the ropes and then ducks under a clothesline one way...

...Then another...

Then **KNOCKS** Mace off his feet with a big spear takedown followed by a volley of pouncehs!

DDK:

No way! Titaness knocks Mace down early! I don't believe it!

Lance:

And now she's going wild with the elbow smashes! The Faithful are loving this!

The BFTA member gets his hands up to protect himself and blocks one shot -- enough to push Titaness off of him. When she tries to head towards him, he grabs her by the waistband of her tights and throws her through the ropes. He checks his jaw for any signs of blood after the shots, but The Killer Bear looks angrier, if that were possible, while the Tall Glass of Kick-Ass is on the outside trying to get her bearings.

DDK:

Mace clears her from the ring, but he's been rattled.

Lance:

I'm thinking Titaness being thrown off her game really helped things. And now Mace going to the outside...

But when The Killer Bear does just that, Titaness thinks fast and she dodges him to get back into the ring. She stands tall and extends the double bird, trying to antagonize her long-time antagonist of the last several months. He angrily starts to try and charge on the ring apron, but a big boot from Titaness catches Mace between the eyes and then sends him back to the floor! The Faithful cheer more when Titaness grabs the ropes and gets out to the ring apron. She measures up Mace...

And takes flight with a huge flying forearm off the ring apron, nailing him square in the face to knock him off his feet! Titaness gets up on her feet and she calls out to the Faithful, taking in the cheers!

DDK:

Titaness has strength, we all know that. But hitting and moving might be her best friend right now against an opponent with a power and technique advantage!

Lance:

Agreed! She's got Mace down and she has to find a way to finish this quickly!

She goes to where Mace landed and as he tries to get up, she pushes him back into the ring underneath the ropes. Titaness then goes up again and this time when Mace tries to get up, she takes flight and lands another big flying forearm from off the top rope! The Killer Bear goes down again and finally, Titaness goes for the cover!

DDK:

Cover by Titaness!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

The kickout is early and Mace is back up, in a seated position!

Lance:

That was a big kickout early by Mace! He's beaten Titaness before, but she's learned from the last encounter it seems like!

DDK:

Stay on him, stay on him!

Titaness and Keebler appear to share the same brainwaves. She stays on the attack and strikes Mace with several more forearms! He's a bit dazed when she tries to muscle over her shoulders in a fireman's carry... but Mace stops her and then FIRES back with an extra nasty elbow to the face! Titaness tumbles back, followed by an overhead belly to belly suplex! He angrily THROWS Titaness over his head and she crashes down harshly on the mat before rolling out of the ring.

DDK:

No! One big move by The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler and he takes her right over.

Lance:

It's crazy that there's a technician under all that burliness! All that offense Titaness used and Mace turned the tide with two moves!

The Killer Bear is still feeling the attacks, but he gets a chance to go after Titaness when he slides out to the floor to follow. She's still trying to get up when Mace charges at her full speed and RAMS her down with a huge running shoulder block knocking them on the floor!

DDK:

OOH! Running shoulder block and now Mace is in control...

Lance:

And what's he doing now?

The BFTA member smugly stands over Titaness as he slaps his face, offering up a free shot. The Show of Force is stumbling against the barricade when he does nail another forearm! He gets caught and smiles... then he doesn't...

OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY ON THE FLOOR!

Titaness bounces off the padded floor and comes to stop on the other side, now writhing in pain. Mace sits up slowly and looks over his shoulder, gritting his teeth.

DDK:

What a move! Titaness gets suplexed again by the technically savvy Mace and he doesn't look like he's done.

Lance:

I agree... he's not done punishing her by a long shot.

Titaness is still hurt and isn't moving much. Mace rolls into the ring and back out the adjacent side to get closer to her to reset the official's count so he can dish out more punishment. He rolls out to the other side of the ring and picks her up... then **THROWS** her across ringside with another whip, sending her back first into the barricade! Titaness cringes and falls to her knees while Mace laughs at her misfortunes.

DDK:

Mace is an absolute piece of garbage, plain and simple. Titaness is tough, she has proven that especially in the last few months... but Mace is prolonging this.

Lance:

And now he's got Titaness where he wants her. He takes her and sends her back into the ring.

Mace climbs into the ring and then goes for a cover on the Los Tres Titanes member.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder of Titaness rises, and Mace looks annoyed by her tenacity. He sits her up and drops a big 12-6 elbow on the top of her head!

DDK:

Oooh! That was just for extra punishment! And now he's rubbing his taped forearm in her face!

The forearm does indeed do just that! He runs the forearm across her face for excessive punishment until the official warns him to stop. The mean, burly Brit picks up Titaness from off the mat and by the waist before he **THROWS** her into the mat with a belly to belly facebuster! Titaness cringes from the shot, but things go from bad to worse when he runs off and drops his weight into her midsection with a big running senton! There's a gasp from the crowd as she rolls over, holding her ribs in pain!

Lance:

Running Senton by Mace! He's working her over to set her up for that Jack of All Holds. He locks that in, it's all over. We've seen it many times!

Mace crawls over and makes a rather lackadaisical cover on the LTT powerhouse.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Titaness' shoulder comes up again! But Mace leans back and looks pissed he didn't get the win there.

DDK:

Titaness taking all she can, but she's going to have to start mustering up some offense soon. Not a lot more she may be able to take.

Lance:

She has gone toe to toe with some of the best already in her young career this year. Matches with Kerry Kuroyama, Lindsay Troy and others to name a few!

DDK:

She's looking for her first major singles win on a major show tonight!

Mace slaps on an Canadian Backbreaker by lifting up Titaness and CRANKING on her back. He violently tries to shake her as she's left screaming and trying not to tap out. The official asks if she wants to tap out.

Hector Navarro:

Do you give?

Titaness:

NO!

The Faithful start to cheer her on, but Mace continues to bring the pain and presses down further!

DDK:

He's trying to literally break Titaness in half! She has to find a way out of this!

The Show of Force starts to try and do just that -- making a break out of Jack Mace's hold. She grabs onto his arms and starts to pry...

And pry...

And ALMOST GETS HIS HANDS LOOSE...

But then he DROPS to a knee, rocking her with a backbreaker drop! She falls to the mat and holds her back in pain while Mace shakes his head and angrily pounds the mat that he was almost shown up.

DDK:

Titaness ALMOST got out of that hold, but smart thinking on Mace's part to switch it to a different move in the form of that Canadian backbreaker drop!

Lance:

And now he's trying for another cover! Is that going to be enough?

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!

Now the third major kickout in a row, Mace is finally starting to show real signs of frustration.

DDK:

The Killer Bear now getting pissed at Titaness' resilience here tonight.

Lance:

He's thrown her around the ring and ringside, but she has been fighting back every step of the way!

Now circling over Titaness like a vulture... Mace tries to pull her up by her hair...

Jack Mace:

This is over, love...

He tries to pull her up... but he catches a right hand into the stomach! Then another! And another!

DDK:

Titaness now getting back... no! Mace blocks one!

He lands an extra-strong forearm and knocks her back to the canvas. Mace gets more jeers from the Faithful and then laughs. She's prone on the mat holding her jaw when Mace runs again...

Lance:

Running senton... NO! Titaness moves!

The LTT member manages to move out of the way! Titaness moves and Mace is left holding his own back in pain now!

DDK:

Titaness manages to avoid the senton a second time! Can she get back into the fight?

TITANESS! TITANESS! TITANESS! TITANESS! TITANESS!

Titaness gets back up and then goes after Mace with a big clothesline and he gets rocked by the former powerlifter, but he's still on his feet. Titaness runs again and slugs him with a second one, but still upright. She tries her luck a third time... but fakes him out and keeps running... she comes back with a flying headscissors on Mace!

DDK:

Big move by Titaness! Her lucha training with Minute coming in real handy there!

Mace is taken off his feet while Titaness waits... then kips up to her feet! Mace is left in the corner while Titaness measures him up... then clobbers him with a jumping big boot in the corner to the side of the head. He's left dazed then she tries to get him out of the corner again... but this time, Mace blocks it by holding onto the corner. He puts Titaness in the corner, but this isn't Dirty Dancing. She blocks a strike by kicking his leg, then hits a knee to the face. Mace is stunned when she goes to the second rope and comes off this time with a missile dropkick that takes Mace off his feet! The Faithful cheer as she holds her own back in pain after the landing but she's now in control for the moment!

Titaness stands up on her feet and then starts to hectically pace behind the big man. Mace has been stunned by the plethora of moves but when he gets on his feet... The Faithful gasp in collective shock when she DEADLIFTS Mace... then falls back into a bridging German suplex!

DDK:

NO WAY! BRIDGING GERMAN SUPLEX BY TITANESS! CRAZY!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder of Mace rises and breaks the hold! Mace rolls over and is hurt while Titaness looks over to Navarro on the count.

Lance:

Where did she learn that move from? That was amazing!

DDK:

Mace hit her with that move a few months ago and remember, she returned the favor on DEFtv 161!

The Show of Force gets up and then stuns Jack with a few elbow strikes of her own and then a kick to the side of Mace's head to rock him. She tries to grab Mace by the side of the head and then tries to hoist him up in the torture rack position... but Mace shakes his way free. He rocks Titaness with a back elbow, then a knee to the chest... then CHUCKS her over head with an inverted release powerslam! He turns her over and then goes into another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The kickout enrages Mace as the shoulder comes up yet again!

Lance:

I thought that was it! Titaness kicking out of everything Mace can throw at her tonight!

Mace stumbles back to the corner, thinking over whatever he has to do next!

DDK:

Big series of moves by Mace to take back the match!

Lance:

And what does he plan on going for next?

The Killer Bear looks like he's thinking about it. The BFTA member starts to stalk Titaness and then starts to grab her by the back...

DDK:

I think that he's thinking Jackdrop suplex...

He tries... but Titaness gets wild with elbows of her own to the top of the dome! She continues swinging until he lets go, then nails a roaring back elbow to the face! Mace gets hit again and then Titaness doubles him over...

DDK:

Titanium Driver! She's trying for the Titanium Driver! She's hit on men as big as Mace before, but a lot of damage has been done to that back!

She tries to hoist him, but she can't because her back betrays her!

Lance:

No! The back gives out on her! And now Mace has an opening!

She winces and then he has his chance to push her back to the corner. He runs at her to try and hit a clothesline against the ropes, but she ducks the parting shot and then runs at the ropes. She tries to get the handspring going...

DDK:

LADY LARIAT! SHE NAILS MACE ON THE REBOUND!

The Faithful react to the big handspring lariat with a loud cheer as he crawls over and covers Mace!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-SHOULDER UP!

The Killer Bear now gets his shoulder up and now Titaness sits up, frustrated that the Lady Lariat didn't get the win.

Lance:

Great move there by Titaness, but Mace still too strong!

DDK:

After Titaness weathered the original storm, she found a way back into this one! She's got to keep up on a guy like Mace. You can't afford any mistakes!

The Faithful cheer as she stands while Mace is still down. She starts to head up to the top rope...

DDK:

Titaness looking for that same moonsault that just beat Justin Sane on our UNCUT Award Special!

Lance:

I think so!

She starts to measure up Mace...

She leaps...

Mace rolls!

DDK:

No! Titaness lands on her feet out of the moonsault attempt... but OOOH! Lariat out of the corner by Mace!

He swings for the fences and NAILS her with a huge lariat! He lets out a guttural growl before hoisting her up in the air...

DDK:

JACKDROP SUPLEX!

Lance:

He got it! This one is done!

He crawls over and goes for the cover to end this match once and for all!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

So close to the count, but the shoulder of Titaness just comes up right BEFORE the third slap on the mat!

Jack Mace:

No! No, you daft cow! Three!

Navarro has two fingers up!

DDK:

How did she kick out of that?!

Lance:

I don't know! Those were some hard hits from Mace, but Titaness isn't going quietly!

The Faithful cheer on Titaness as she starts to try and crawl across the mat to get back to her feet. Mace then waits...
AND LOCKS IN THE JACK OF ALL HOLDS!

DDK:

He has Titaness! The hold is locked on! He's got it almost locked in! If he grounds her in this hold, that's it!

Lance:

She's trying to fight it!

The Show of Force starts to try and spin her way out and shift her body weight... he tries to keep hold of the move, but then manages to HOLD Mace on her shoulders...

THEN FORCES HIM UP!

DDK:

No! Reversal! Titaness manages to get her way out of the Jack of All Holds!

She has Mace in the rack position... and spins...and spins... and SPINS before SPIKING him into the canvas with a spinning rack bomb!

Lance:

That's insane! How did Titaness do that?! Where did that strength come from?!

The Faithful go crazy after Mace gets planted, but instead of going for another move... she grabs the arm of The Killer Bear... then cranks into modified triangle choke!

DDK:

What... what is this?! Is this part of that training she's done with Sonny Silver?!

Lance:

The triangle choke is locked in... but Mace trying to fight!

The burly Brit tries to start to get to a knee... and tries to power her up... but Titaness grabs the arm and then cranks him back to the mat again! She has him locked in a triangle choke/cross arm hold combination on the mat!

DDK:

What a hold! I have no idea what she calls this, but Mace is trapped with nowhere to go, center of the ring!

Mace yells out and then tries to get free... but he can't... and soon, he's not moving! Hector Navarro checks...

And calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

Titaness lets go of the hold after the bell and then falls back to the mat in triumph!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a knockout... **TITANESS!**

The Show of Force sits up and almost holds back tears in her eyes as Hector Navarro raises her arm!

DDK:

She EARNED that victory without a doubt! And a new submission move in her arsenal! That triangle choke into that combo of a choke and cross arm hold was too much for Mace to overcome after that last burst of strength!

Lance:

We've seen some amazing performances from Titaness since that Favoured Fiveway opened a lot of eyes to her, but she's been taking bits and pieces from the people she's around and making herself a more complete wrestler!

Titaness can barely stand and her back is killing her, but the smile from her face won't go away with her first singles victory on a major DEFIANCE show! She flexes and smiles for the camera... and her stablemates look like they are coming out to celebrate!

THAT'S NOT ALL...

DDK:

Titaness has finally done it! She defeats Jack Mace here at DEFIANCE Road! Her first singles victory on a major show tonight and unleashes a deadly new submission to do it!

Lance:

She was true to her word from DEF Radio! That new submission knocked Jack Mace out! Payback for the months of games that Mace has put her through.

Titaness celebrates with the crowd in the ring and as Mace rolls out of the ring to be checked out by a trainer. Uriel Cortez and Minute both come down to the ring in street clothes to celebrate.

DDK:

And here come Uriel Cortez and Minute! Her Los Tres Titanes stablemates! They share the main event with the Pop Culture Phenoms and Saturday Night Specials for the Unified Tag Titles tomorrow during Night Two, but right now they're here to congratulate Titaness for her win!

Uriel steps over the ropes while Minute smiles and then climbs to the top turnbuckle to pose. He leaps off the ropes with a backflip to wow the crowd and then turns to Titaness. She's been roughed up and put through the wringer, but the smile doesn't go away from her face. Uriel gives her a hug and picks her up off the ground for a moment.

Lance:

That's awesome to see! She's been on the rise since that Favoured Fiveway and makes it count here tonight! She earned this win.

Uriel puts her down and has a microphone in the ring as her music fades out.

Uriel Cortez:

T... I think it goes without saying, but two things. The first... congrats! Anyone who can shut a BFTA member the fuck up for three seconds will always get our seal of approval.

A rousing cheer as Titaness flashes a smile. Uriel isn't done.

Uriel Cortez:

Hoo boy... there's a lot of people out here... and.... And secondly, what is about to happen would be a LOT more awkward if that big hairy bastard won so... whew. Good job, thumbs up. Takes a little bit of pressure off.

Titaness looks unsure of what's going on.

Titaness:

What are you talking about?

Uriel looks over and nods to Minute. He scratches his chin and starts looking for his next words as the Faithful start to buzz a little bit.

Uriel Cortez:

T... Holly... We've been together for a little over a year now and we've been through some crazy shit. BFTA shit. Kabal shit. Lotsa shit. And if that match proved anything to me... it's that I'd rather have you be on my side than to be on your bad side... Minute, hold the mic...

DDK:

What... what is this? What is he doing?

Lance:

I don't know...

Uriel waves his empty hand to his luchador BFF and he produces a black box... THAT kind of a black box...

DDK:

What?! Is Uriel Cortez doing what I think he's doing?!

The Faithful cheer loudly when the giant takes a knee! Titaness is taken aback and gasps while Minute flashes a cheeky Chesire smile at Uriel's side.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

THE BIG MAN IS ASKING HER!

Uriel looks nervous as hell but he tries to fake it until he makes it with a smile. Minute reaches over and holds the mic out for Uriel to speak to as he opens the box to show a pretty swanky-looking engagement ring.

DDK:

Wow, look at that rock! Not bad, Uriel, not bad!

The Faithful let out a massive scream!

Uriel Cortez:

Titaness... Holly... if we're gonna be at each other's side, forever seems like the appropriate amount of time...

He smiles as Titaness remains shell-shocked.

Uriel Cortez:

Will you marry me?

Minute hands her the microphone and Titaness almost drops it before she can get her answer out.

Titaness:

YOU GUYS ARE DICKHEADS FOR SPRINGING THIS ON ME NOW... YES!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Three matches in and we're seeing a lot of firsts! The first-ever deathmatch for the Favoured Saints Championship... and now a wedding proposal!

Lance:

A successful wedding proposal in a wrestling ring nonetheless! I hear these things go south rather quickly!

DDK:

Especially the weddings.

Uriel slides the ring on her finger and the two embrace mid-ring while Minute claps his hands for the newly engaged couple!

DDK:

That's awesome news! Congratulations to Uriel Cortez and Titaness!

Lance:

And we still have most of this night and the entirety of Night Two to come! Los Tres Titanes will be part of our Unified Tag Team Title main event tomorrow, but Uriel and Titaness are already walking out of the arena as winners tonight!

Uriel and Titaness hold one another's arms in the ring while Minute claps proudly and smiles for the newly engaged couple! The trio walk out of the ring one by one and then head up the ramp before a video package plays leading into the next match on the card!

JACK HARMEN vs. DAVID NOBLE

DDK:

We've had some intense matches thus far.

Lance:

Yes we've had a championship match, a tag match, and just all out insanity to start our first night of DEFIANCE ROAD.

DDK:

And now it is time for a grudge match.

Lance:

Two friends, David Noble and Jack Harmen, are now bitter enemies after Harmen has spent the past few weeks attacking his ally.

DDK:

The question is why.

Lance:

We don't have answers, but I don't think Noble is looking for answers. He's looking for revenge.

DDK:

That's the truth. Let's send it to the ring for the wrestler introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall. Introducing first ... weighing two-hundred-twenty-four pounds... from Los Angeles, California... The Lunatic... JACK HARMEN!!!

ALL ABOARD!!!

♪ "Idol" by Hollywood Undead feat Tech N9ne ♪

Jeer everywhere as the legend slowly walks out on stage surveying his surroundings. Jack Harmen sports his normal wrestling gear and a rather clever look on his face, like he knows he has this match in the bag.

DDK:

The fans showing no love for Harmen.

Lance:

And why should they? He has no love for them!

Harmen approaches the apron and rolls inside the ring. He calmly rests at a turnbuckle and awaits his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent!

♪ "Heaven and Hell" by Kanye West ♪

Then, the lights go out, and the crowd starts to buzz. The DEF-TRON lights up. The opening of 'Heaven and Hell' by 20th Century Steel Band rips through the WrestlePlex, just mixed a bit differently.

*Children growing, women producing
Men go work and some go stealing
Everyone's got to make a living*

Then the beat from *Heaven and Hell* by Kanye West takes over as the DEF*TRON starts to produce a bit of static before showing an outline of a name drawn across the width of it. It simply says:

**DAVID
NOBLE**

At the mere sight of his name, the WrestlePlex erupts.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

Darren Quimbey:

Standing at 6 feet and 2 inches tall and weighing in at 265lbs, he is... *DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVID!*
NOOOOOOOOOOOOUBLE!

David then runs down the ramp and slides under the bottom rope, his eyes intensely focused as he is ready for a fight, except the referee steps in to slow every thing down.

DDK:

You can see the intensity in Noble's eyes.

Lance:

And you look at Harmen and he is as cool as he can be.

DDK:

Definitely poses some larger questions here, but these two are going to fight first.

Lance:

It's going to be a mix of styles in this match as the referee is talking to both men and getting them in this match, understanding that he's going to call it down the middle.

Both men move to opposite corners, ready for the bell to ring.

EXCEPT!

♪ "Song 2" by Blur ♪

The music rips through the WRESTLE*PLEX, much to the surprise of everyone, including the two wrestlers in the ring. Noble glares over at Harmen, who seems as confused as Noble is, and then Noble makes his way to the edge of the ring and looks up the ramp as a man emerges from the backstage area, dressed in his ring attire.

That man?

TROY WINDHAM!

DDK:

What in the hell is Troy Windham doing here?!

Lance:

Beats me. I imagine we're about to find out.

Lance is completely correct as Troy has a microphone in his hand as he looks down the ramp.

Troy Windham:

Oh David, how's it going? You know what I can't stand? That somehow you return and you receive this massive ovation from the crowd, everyone loves that you're back, and you've had a succession of matches in recent weeks. I

come back and what do I hear? Nothing. This idea in your head, everyone's head, that you're better than me is simply not true.

Troy begins to make his way down the ramp.

Troy Windham:

Harmen may have been the one who attacked you before your match with Crimson Stalker, but he wasn't the one who did it when you came around looking for Lindsay Troy a few weeks prior to that. You came traipsing in and didn't even see me standing there. So I did what I have to do. I pulled on a black mask and decided to send a message. That I'm here and I'll do whatever I have to do to make it known.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Troy Windham:

I can't speak for whatever animosity Harmen has got against you, but how about instead of a one-on-one match... we make this a one-on-one-on-one match.

DDK:

Wait, what?!

Lance:

I think Windham is inserting himself into this match!

Noble is handed a microphone.

David Noble:

Let's fucking do it.

He then drops the microphone, backs away from the edge of the ring, and motions for Matthews to get in the ring.

DDK:

Well, this was rather unexpected.

Lance:

You don't say!

DDK:

Now this match will be Jack Harmen vs. David Noble vs. Troy Windham as BOTH men have been under the mask on recent shows, attacking David Noble.

Lance:

I think Noble could care less and is just ready to fight any and everyone who wants to get in his way.

DDK:

That's probably a fair point.

The three men stand around the ring, looking at each other after the match was expanded to include Troy Windham just moments ago.

DDK:

This is not the match anyone expected in the least bit.

Lance:

Troy Windham. David Noble. Jack Harmen. And Noble isn't happy with either one of them.

DDK:

Judging by the look in his eyes, that would be an understatement.

Lance:

You would think that Windham has the advantage here, right?

DDK:

It would seem that way.

Lance:

Well, let's see how all of this plays out.

DING DING

As the bell rings, Noble wastes no time as he rushes out of the corner, his attention focused solely upon Harmen as the two men meet up and begin trading punches between one another as the fans become unglued at the sight of the former friends turned enemies trading blows with one another.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

And Noble is wasting no time here as his attention, his game plan, has been solely focused upon Harmen in the weeks leading up to this match.

DDK:

Harmen had to know he was going to be Noble's primary focus, even with the addition of Windham.

Lance:

Noble is going to have to keep his head on a swivel and not get tunnel focused.

DDK:

And for Harmen, it's critical to weather this first barrage and let his experience take over.

Windham, not wanting to be left out of the fun, bounces off the ropes and slams his shoulder into the two men, splitting them up in the process. Windham then targets a rising Noble with a series of forearms to the face, pushing the former Southern Heritage Champion into the corner. Harmen makes his way over and teams up with Windham to plant multiple boots into the gut of Noble until he is in a seated position in the corner.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Harmen and Windham teaming up here!

Lance:

They clearly have their issues with Noble and have decided that in the interim it is worth working together to put Noble in a world of hurt.

DDK:

This could be disastrous for Noble if things continue at this clip.

Lance:

Even if Noble is down and out, that leaves the question of who will get the victory, Windham or Harmen. There's no way they could possibly agree on that outcome.

The two men then lift Noble out of the corner, push him into the ropes, and whip him across the ring before connecting

with a double clothesline. Noble goes down in a heap as Windham then bounces off the ropes, jumps into the air, and connects with a knee across Noble's face. Noble rolls around in pain as Harmen bounces off the ropes and connects with a dropkick to his former friend's rib cage. Noble collapses onto the mat, in a world of hurt, while Windham bounces off the ropes again, and plants his right elbow into the small of Noble's back. Windham then grabs Noble by the back of the neck and begins to pull him up off the mat while Harmen bounces off the ropes and connects with a flying head scissor on Noble, bringing him back to the mat.

Lance:

What a succession of moves right there from both men, letting all of their frustrations out on Noble!

DDK:

Talking about Succession...

Lance:

Dude, spoilers!

DDK:

But!

Lance:

SPOILERS!

Harmen makes his way up to his feet, grabbing Noble in the process, and the two men push Noble into the ropes. They then whip them across the ring and go for another double clothesline only for Noble to duck underneath it. Both men turn to receive Noble and are met with Noble flying through the ring with a flying crossbody on both men.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Quick thinking there from Noble, who needed something in a hurry to keep the match from devolving any further for him.

Lance:

The key here is will Noble be able to capitalize on this?

DDK:

That's going to be difficult to say the least.

Noble and Windham are the first two to bounce back up to their feet only for Noble to catch Windham with a spinning back elbow. Windham drops down to one knee from the shot, giving Noble an opening as he bounces off the ropes and connects with a running knee to the face of Windham, who goes down in a heap. Noble rises back to his feet and is met with a stiff shot to the face from Harmen. Noble retaliates by snapping his head across the bridge of Harmen's nose. The shot gives Noble the opening he needs as he wraps his arms around Harmen's torso and connects with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex.

Lance:

And the sheer power of Noble on display right there as he hoisted Harmen clean over the top of his head!

DDK:

The momentum is starting to pick up for Noble, as Windham and Harmen both were rocked a bit from the shots Noble was able to dish out.

Lance:

Noble is going to need to split these two up if he wants a chance at victory tonight.

DDK:

If he manages to pull it off, it would be surprising. I would bet my money on Harmen pulling out the victory tonight.

Noble slams his fists into the mat as he gets back up to his feet and comes up behind Windham who is slowly making his way up to his feet and connects with a release German Suplex that folds Windham over. Noble makes his way over to a rising Harmen and gives him a release German Suplex of his own as well.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Noble showing his abilities right now and the fans are loving it!

Lance:

Getting Windham up the way that Noble did is no easy feat with the height advantage that Troy has.

DDK:

Troy is a beast, no doubt about that, and it's going to take a tank of punishment to keep him down on the mat.

Lance:

I still can't get over that Windham ALSO attacked Noble. What was he thinking?!

DDK:

That is a question for another day.

Noble then turns his attention back to Windham, giving him a stiff kick to the midsection before connecting with a butterfly suplex. Noble leaps back up to his feet and bounces off the ropes before connecting with a Shining Wizard on Harmen, causing the fans in the Wrestle*Plex to leap to their feet and start chanting Noble's feet as the former champion gets back to his feet, in full control of the triple threat match.

NOBLE! NOBLE! NOBLE! NOBLE!

DDK:

And the Wrestle*Plex has come unglued!

Lance:

The fans are solidly behind Noble, who has picked up the momentum and started to run with it!

DDK:

You know that hearing the fans chant like this will only infuriate Windham and Harmen each, so you have to imagine they're letting that fuel them.

Lance:

Noble is not out of the woods yet and he's in the ring with two veterans that know how to exact pain.

Noble walks over to Harmen and is met with an elbow to the mid-section. Noble doubles over from the pain as Harmen makes his way up to his feet and connects with a knife-edge chop across the chest of his former friend.

CRACK!

He pushes Noble into the ropes and whips him across the ring before hitting him with a crisp dropkick. Flyer bounces back up to his feet, catching a rising Noble with a stiff jab to the jaw that sends David into the nearby corner. Harmen makes his way to the opposite corner and runs full speed at Noble before connecting with a running uppercut to the jaw. Noble steps out of the corner, dazed from the shot, and is met with a running bulldog from Windham. As Harmen and Windham makes their way to their feet, Noble rolls out under the bottom, leaving the two alone in the ring.

DDK:

Noble's getting this world rocked there!

Lance:

Yeah and takes a chance to get a quick breather as both Windham and Harmen continue to keep the pressure on him at the same time.

DDK:

This match is going to eventually take a turn.

Lance:

That moment might be right now!

A moment passes as the two men stare at each other across the ring, realizing that if either one of them wants to win, destroying Noble isn't the only way to do it; pinning the other man in the ring could do it as well. The two men make their way to the center of the ring and start jawing at one another before Windham begins firing jab after jab at Harmen before he pushes him into the ropes and whips him across the ring.

DDK:

And the partnership is over!

Lance:

Noble is in a world of pain, but he might be rather happy that this has finally happened.

Windham goes for a back body drop, but Harmen rolls across the back of Windham and continues running into the ropes. Windham turns around only to be met with a flying heel kick from Harmen! Both men crash to the mat and when Windham rises to his feet, he is met with a step-up enziguiri from Harmen, planting Troy into the mat.

Lance:

And Harmen shows that he's still got plenty in the gas tank as he uses his agility, creativeness, and speed to get the better of Windham right there.

DDK:

When Harmen is on top of his game, he's a force to be reckoned with. He knows no limits, no boundaries, and Windham just received a dose of that right there!

Harmen watches as Windham begins to stir and bounces off the ropes as Windham begins to make his way up to his feet. As Harmen hits the ropes though, Noble reaches underneath the bottom rope and trips Harmen up. Harmen turns around, as Noble stares back at him, daring him to come out and fight him.

Lance:

And Noble distracting Harmen right there.

DDK:

If he's not careful, Harmen will lose his momentum.

This gives Windham an opening as he comes behind Harmen and connects with a side suplex, causing Harmen to grab the back of his head. Windham then begins to slam his boot repeatedly into the ribcage of Harmen, each shot stiffer than the last until he reaches down and pulls Harmen up, pushing into the corner and then begins to slam his shoulder into Harmen's torso. Troy then slams his forearm across the face of Harmen before dragging him out of the corner and nailing him with a snap suplex.

DDK:

And just like Harmen was able to show off his ability to use his legs and agility to get the better of Windham, now we're seeing the raw power that Windham has at his disposal as he is treating Harmen like a rag doll.

Lance:

Windham might be the most dangerous man in this match. Obviously he was prepared for both men, but also he is probably the freshest in the ring as he hasn't had the matches the other two have had in recent weeks.

DDK:

So true and Windham is one of those athletes that he can just keep going without slowing down. He's like a locomotive train.

Troy watches as Harmen tries to cover from the onslaught of offense from Windham. As Troy watches though, Noble comes up behind him, hooks his arms, and connects with a bridging German Suplex.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

And Noble almost got the surprise pinfall there!

Lance:

Windham had seemingly forgotten about Noble in this match and David nearly took full advantage of it.

DDK:

With Noble back in the ring, things are about to get intense.

Noble makes his way back up to his feet only for Harmen to come up behind him and roll him up from behind.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

And Harmen almost got the roll up!

Lance:

Everyone buckle in because things are about to get interesting!

Both men scramble to his feet only for Harmen to connect with a stiff elbow before going for a clothesline. Noble ducks though and Harmen is met with a stiff spear from Windham that sends him into the mat. Windham pops up to his feet and is met with a running boot across the jaw from Noble. Windham stumbles from the shot as Noble turns around only for Troy to connect with a double-knee jawbreaker to David before going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Oh man! The back and forth action from all three men, with neither one of them able to get the upper hand on the other one for any period of time!

DDK:

Windham almost with a pinfall of his own there as he nailed the double-knee jawbreaker out of nowhere! You can see that all three men are pulling out the stops here.

Lance:

Judging by the way this match is breaking, it's going to come out of nowhere, and it's going to be something to witness.

Windham rises to his feet, catches Harmen with a stiff knee to the midsection and whips him into the ropes before connecting with a spinebuster that leaves Harmen sprawled in the middle of the ring. Windham makes his way up to his feet and barely dives out of the way of a lariat from Noble, wraps his arms around David's torso, and connects with a German Suplex.

DDK:

Windham JUST moved out of the way of that lariat from Noble.

Lance:

And then he made Noble pay for it!

Noble grabs the back of his neck as he uses the ropes to pull himself up, and Windham runs full speed, connecting with a clothesline into the nearby corner! He then lifts Noble onto the top turnbuckle and begins scaling the ropes, pulling Noble up with him.

Lance:

Oh man, what is Windham trying to do here?

DDK:

This is definitely not Windham's forte.

Windham then puts Noble in position for a superplex off the top rope when Harmen makes his way back into the ring and climbs up to the middle turnbuckle, wrapping his arms around Windham's torso. As Windham connects with a superplex on Noble, Harmen connects with a German Suplex on Windham. Harmen then quickly goes for the cover on Noble.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Then he runs over to Windham and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

OH MAN! THAT WAS CLOSE!

Lance:

Harmen ALMOST had it there. He managed to get that German Suplex on the Superplex from Windham and almost capitalized there!

DDK:

You can see the pain in Harmen's face at having it right there and being unable to pull out the victory.

Harmen walks back over to Noble, pulling him up off the mat, but Noble catches him with a forearm across the face before he pushes Harmen away, only to catch a spear to the rib cage from Windham.

DDK:

Windham nearly broke Noble into two pieces there!

Lance:

That one could be it for Noble.

Noble rolls over onto his knees in pain while Windham makes his way up to his feet and turns around only to be met with a Charging Yakuza Kick from Harmen!

Lance:

LOCOMOTIVE FROM HARMEN!

DDK:

It's over! It's over!

Harmen bounces up to his feet, going for the pinfall, but is met...

CRACK!

By a superkick from Noble, which sends Harmen crashing to the mat and out of the ring.

DDK:

No! Noble out of nowhere!

Lance:

With a hellacious superkick!

Noble then walks over to Windham, picks him up, and connects with a Crucifix Cutter.

Lance:

LAST CHANCE! LAST CHANCE!

DDK:

Is Noble going to get the victory here on Windham with the Crucifix Cutter?!

Noble then goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner... DAVID! NOBLE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

And the fans in the Wrestle*Plex just exploded after that finish!

Lance:

That was a series of events there that I wasn't sure who would end up with the victory!

DDK:

Same here. I thought it was going to be Windham. Then I thought it was going to be Harmen after he connected with the Locomotion! Yet, it was Noble who managed to come in at the end and put this thing away.

Lance:

Without question, Noble has to feel elated.

DDK:

Well, and a bit broken.

Noble rises to his feet, has his arm held up high in victory, before he then looks down at Windham, shaking his head in the process. He then turns around and looks at Harmen who is pulling himself up to his feet and the two men lock eyes.

DDK:

Judging by the way these two are looking at one another, I don't think they're done quite yet.

Lance:

Definitely not. There's animosity between those two that won't be solved anytime soon.

DDK:

It's just a matter of a time and place for when they collide once again.

Harmen begins to make his way up to the ramp while 'Heaven and Hell' by Kanye West plays in the background. Harmen and Noble continue to have their eyes locked upon one another, knowing that their issues still need to be resolved.

ONE MORE DAY

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen ... we thank you all for joining us for DEFIANCE Road Night One and Two! Right now I am joined by one of the people that will be featured tomorrow night against Arthur Pleasant ... this is "Big Dex Energy" Dex Joy!!!

Loud applause is heard from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when Dex is dressed not for in-ring action just yet since his match is tomorrow. He's wearing a bright black and gold colored hoodie, blue jeans and black tennis shoes.

Jamie Sawyers:

Dex ... you face perhaps one of the biggest uphill battles of your career yet. You have one more chance to defeat Arthur Pleasant but this time it's a stipulation that's in Arthur's favor. You must wrestle under standard singles match rules while AP cannot be disqualified for what he does. Can we get your thoughts heading into this insurmountable match?

Dex Joy:

First off I'm going to correct you for a second Jamie, so apologize. Big Dex Energy was good ... but it's been clear for some time I've needed more. My thoughts are that I have been right for the past six months, Jamie ... the supposed great pure wrestler is six-foot three and two-hundred ten pounds of Grade A Pure Chickenshit to be hiding behind yet another stipulation! Arthur Pleasant might be thought of by certain groups of people to be the overall number three wrestler in the world while somebody that works hard like yours truly nabbed thirty-one. That's my fault, not Arthur's. 2021 wasn't exactly the amazing year for Dexy Baby that 2020 was ... but tonight, I'm going to make sure that my 2022 starts with a HELL OF A BANG!!! This is UNLIMITED Energy that you're messing with now!

Now he is more energized like the Dex of old!

Dex Joy:

If you would have asked me if interrupting Arthur Pleasant's little game of grab-ass six months ago was going to put us down this path, I would have called you a liar, Jamie. I would have said "Nah, I got this!" But what this was ... Losing the chance to hold on longer to the Favoured Saints championship! Losing the chance to be in tonight's main event, and losing my best friend for up to nine months with a mangled arm and shoulder? I don't got this. I haven't had this since we crossed paths. But tomorrow, Jamie, he's going to find out what happened when A-A-RON KING DONE MESSED UP by screwing with Dexy Baby!

He is now ready with a cheeky smile.

Dex Joy:

All y'all that have tried to write me off in DEFIANCE Wrestling ... this is a new level that you're seeing! I'm only playing nice when I have to outside the ring, but inside? If you mess with me on any level, personally or professionally or you try and tell me that I can't be at the top of this company one day cause I don't look like the chiseled body builders or other people put out on a pedestal? You try and take money away from myself, my partner and my child at home? There ain't gonna be no more pallies! People are getting straight up WRECKED!!!

He turns back to Jamie.

Dex Joy:

The rules - or no rules for you - that is all in your favor, Artie. But there is nothing you got left to slow me down! I took Aaron King off the board so he can't help you! Harmen's got his own issue with David Noble. Plus I already beat Harmen so he knows he doesn't want any of the person I am now because of you. There ain't enough light tubes, thumb tacks, tables, even your little taser that's going to stop what I do tomorrow. You might be able to call yourself the overall number three wrestler in the world, Arthur Pleasant, but I'm bumping you right up to number one ... of a new list!

Dex is pointing up and all around the arena.

Dex Joy:

You're gonna be the very first person that's gonna find out what the new me can do, Artie! In DEFIANCE Wrestling ...
NOBODY! WRECKS! LIKE! DEX!

Jamie Sawyers:

Best of luck tomorrow night.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. THE HOUSE

DDK:

This next match might be the most personal rivalry that the Lucky Sevens have had since being in DEFIANCE Wrestling. They fought for months to get this match after their mentors, The House, showed up in a surprise challenge for the Unified Tag Team championship against the Saturday Night Specials. After getting rebuked several times, the Lucky Sevens made things personal with their former mentors! They assaulted them during a weeking training session in BRAZEN!

Lance:

That assault was ridiculous. The Lucky Sevens pushed the envelope too far! They thought that was the end of it, but on our last DEF TV of 2021, the House bloodied Max Luck and put Mason through our announce table! That was the only time I think I have seen anyone take the fight right back and overwhelm the twins!

DDK:

This will be the first time we have seen the Lucky Sevens since that attack. They took DEF TV 164 off but Ophelia Sykes and Tom Morrow warned Derrick Huber and Adam Roebuck that payback was going to be swift and severe.

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens have had these massive chips on their shoulders since they felt they were robbed at Acts of DEFIANCE. They had beaten Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd from pillar to post and we could have had new champions were it not for a lucky flash pin by Brock.

DDK:

I know! They have been calling themselves the Main Event Monsters of DEFIANCE and nobody, not even Rezin has been safe from their wrath. This one could be messy! But the old dogs have made it clear they can still go in the ring. Will the students become the masters or do they still have a thing or two to learn?

The crowd waits with anticipation for the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is a tag team match! At a combined weight of six-hundred thirty-three pounds, they are "Big Bucks" Adam Roebuck" and "Big Slick" Derrick Huber ... THE HOOOOOOOOOUUUUUSSSSSSSEEEEEEE!!!!

♪ "House of the Rising Sun" by Five Finger Death Punch ♪

With a theme that has been more frequent on recent DEF TV shows, the crowd cheer when the two large men appear on the top of the ramp. The muscular old-school looking strong man: six-five and two-hundred seventy-one pound Derrick Huber on the left and the massive surly mountain of a man, six-foot seven and three-hundred fifty-five pound Adam Roebuck on the right. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful give the veteran tag team cheers out of respect for their time in the sport. The forty-seven year-old Huber and the forty-six year-old Roebuck both head down the ramp in brand new versions of their classic Las Vegas sign attire!

DDK:

Everywhere these men have gone, they have won tag team gold! Over sixteen championships including Jolt Wrestling, Legacy of Champions, No Brand Wrestling, Toronto Wrestling, Sin City Excellence Wrestling! Their resume is full of titles!

Lance:

That knowledge is what led to them being hired as tag team coaches in BRAZEN but the Lucky Sevens have not stopped until they got this match. Now that they have it and are fighting a team that they can't just bully around they might regret this!

Adam Roebuck is in the ring and Derrick Huber right in front of him. Huber takes a knee and shows off his guns in front of Roebuck. "The Big Slick" Derrick Huber and "The Big Bucks" Adam Roebuck pose for the crowd.

DDK:

I have to say they looked great in there against the Saturday Night Specials when they challenged for the Unified Tag titles and they have been working on Brazen shows the last couple of months so they have put the reps in!

Lance:

We will see if that helps in any way!

Huber and Roebuck know what they have to do and they look ready to do it. The pair of men see a pair of grade-A assholes up on the top of the ramp. Tom Morrow is out in a dark green business suit to look like actual factual money! Ophelia Sykes is out in a Vegas Showgirls outfit and that gets some cat calls among the jeering.

Ophelia Sykes:

You wish you knew what to do with this!

Tom Morrow:

I wanted to be here for the six-star beatdown these two men are about to receive! I'm predicting this one is going to be epic! What do you think Ophelia?

Ophelia pulls out a written message from her cleavage and opens it.

Ophelia Sykes:

Oh I think these old bastards are done for, Mr. Morrow! As the official spokeswoman of the Lucky Sevens, I have been approved by my clients to relay the following message: you are both dead!

She looks at the paper both front and back and that's it.

Ophelia Sykes:

All right! They are to the point tonight!

Tom Morrow pats her shoulder.

Tom Morrow:

Excellent!!! Let's get to the slaughter! They weighed in at six-hundred and fifteen pounds! Max at three-oh-five live and Mason tipping them scales at a great-looking three-hundred ten! They are Big Money Max! Big Money Mason!
TTTTTHHHHHHHHEE LLLLLLUUUUUUUUUUCKKKKKKKYYYYY
SEEEEEVVVVVVVEEEEEENNNNNNNNNSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!

The lights go and three numbers appear on the screen in the form of a slot machine!

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

7 7 7

The lights come back on and the twins putt up "The Winning Hand" while wearing gold-colored capest that have a scrolling ticker on the back: MAIN! EVENT! MONSTERS! The Lucky Sevens quickly head on down to the ring and then shed them down. Ophelia Sykes stands by her men with Morrow ready to see the fight!

DDK:

Morrow and Sykes are both trash. I can't believe they've taken part in these shenanigans.

Lance:

Neither can I but then again I shouldn't be shocked. Morrow and Better Future Talent Agency are all awful people. I hope Roebuck and Huber are ready.

The Main Event Monsters both look at one another and then quickly push the top rope down so they can enter. Huber

can't believe how gaudy the entrance is and Roebuck just wants to punch someone. Mason Luck is ready to fight on his end and squares up with Adam Roebuck.

DING DING

There's no technical master class wrestling like an Oscar Burns match or a stunt show like the ladder match main event is going to be. Instead it is the powerful Mason Luck socking Roebuck in the jaw and Roebuck firing right back! Mason gets the better of the opening strikes and boots the massive Roebuck. Roebuck finds himself in the corner and then Mason follows the combo off with a head butt.

Lance:

We know there was nothing going to be fancy about this but they are showing it! The Lucky Sevens wanted this and so far they are backing up their talk.

DDK:

Yes they are! Mason with a big upper cut in the corner!

Roebuck is doing the best to protect his face but he kicks him in the chest. He throws more punches and keeps him trapped before he puts the boot up to his throat. He chokes him with the boot until the referee tells him to cut it out. Mason Luck decides to let go only because he doesn't want to get disqualified ... but he does get in his mentor's face. He starts to shove Roebuck and push his face back.

Mason Luck:

Come on Roebuck! Where's the House?! Where's all those tag team titles? Come on!

Morrow and Sykes are both laughing like hyenas at ringside when Mason struts out from the corner. He comes back though and the laughter dies.

DDK:

Roebuck with a head butt right back! Be careful what you ask for young man!

The seven foot Mason gets pushed back to the corner by Roebuck. He growls like a savage and hits the head butts! Mason doesn't know his ass from a hole in the ground when he gets beat up by Roebuck some more. Roebuck holds his elbow to the neck of Mason.

Lance:

And I think a big Roebuck move is coming up!

He raises his hands up and then nails some big open chops! Four to the chest of Mason called the FOUR OF A KIND!!!

DDK:

Four of a Kind on Mason Luck! The Lucky Sevens might have met their match tonight in terms of sheer physicality!

Roebuck targets Mason carefully while he is still hurt in the corner ... and then he charges full force and smashes Mason with a running splash! Roebuck gets cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and Mason tries getting away while The Big Bucks stands his ground.

Adam Roebuck:

That's who I am!

Mason yells out in rage and tags Max. The more agile of the two brothers jumps over the ropes to get inside! Max runs for Roebuck using a charging clothesline but Roebuck stops him and then nails him with a right.

DDK:

Roebuck is a one-man army! Look at him go!

Roebuck pushes Max to the corner. Derrick Huber tags in and then Roebuck helps launch his own partner into a running shoulder tackle in the corner. Mason Luck comes back in and attacks Roebuck, but Huber comes to save his partner. Both Roebuck and Mason whip him to another corner. With Mason in one corner and Max in the other, Roebuck runs and hits a big running splash in the corner on Max while Huber runs and hits another running spear in the corner to Mason!

DDK:

Look at that teamwork! The House are really showing something tonight! They look like right now they got enough in the tank to handle the

Roebuck fires a big clothesline to Max that sends the giant flying out of the ring and that leaves Mason alone with Derrick and Roebuck. They both pick up Mason with Roebuck hooking Mason on the rebound with a side walk slam and then Huber following with an elbow drop!

DDK:

They call that combo move Dead Money! Huber tries for the pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Sykes and Morrow both look shocked the match is going on the way it has! After a little bit of trash-talk by Mason Luck, it has turned around!

DDK:

After all the talk of wanting this match, the Lucky Sevens almost get beat! Mason retreats from the ring and the House stand tall!

Lance:

The referee can barely get any control! The House are taking the fight to the outside!

The referee warns both Huber and Roebuck about going out there, but they ignore the official and take the fight right to the twins. Huber pairs off with Max and Roebuck still goes after Mason. The two groups of big wrestlers fight one another and get into slugfests and that leaves Morrow and Sykes to get out of the war zone by running to the other side of the ring.

DDK:

I can't say I blame Tom and Ophelia! Get out of there!

Roebuck tries picking Mason up ... but Mason unleashes hell on him with elbows galore to his head. Huber stops fighting with Max and the crowd gets shook real quick when Mason lifts the three-hundred fifty-pound Roebuck on his shoulders! He charges and rams him into Huber!

DDK:

Did we just see that?!?! Mason just used Adam Roebuck like a battering ram and knocked Huber down!

Morrow can't believe it himself! Mason has the humongous Roebuck in his arms and then he and Max both chuck him so hard into the steel steps at ringside, the stairs get knocked over!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens just threw Roebuck into the steel steps head first! That can't be good! From what I have been told, Roebuck does have some history of concussions!

DDK:

Now the Sevens are turning it back to Huber.

Huber gets up and throws a punch each at Mason and Max, but they both dispose of him quickly too. They both grab an arm ...

DOUBLE TEAM CRUCIFIX BOMB AGASINT THE APRON!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can't believe what has just happened! Huber cries out and he has been hurt badly!

DDK:

That was a new move from the Lucky Sevens! Where did that come from?

Roebuck is back up ... but it looks bad because he is left bleeding from his forehead!

DDK:

Oh no ... The edge of those stairs must have cut him open!

Lance:

And how quickly did The Lucky Sevens turn this around? The House started off hot and now by sheer brutality, the Lucky Sevens stopped them colder than a glacier in winter.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful boo the two men calling themselves the Main Event Monsters of DEFIANCE but Mason and Max know what has to be done. They both pick up Roebuck and then both twins nails drop kicks! The scary double move sends Roebuck back into the barricade again and this time he is out. Morrow tell the twins to focus on Huber and they do so. Huber is dragged back into the ring!

Lance:

Twin drop kicks from the Lucky Sevens put the lights out on Roebuck!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens like to tout their attacks as some kind of a sight to behold ... we are seeing one right now!

Huber is now easy pickings for the twins. Mason Luck is the legal man and tags Max Roebuck. He goes to the top rope and Mason holds a battered Derrick Huber so his brother can fly off the top rope and then hit the Check-Raise flying clothesline!

DDK:

Max makes this so easy! That big flying clothesline knocks him off his feet so clean!

Max rolls out of the clothesline and looks at his handy work. Huber face up on the canvas, looking up at the lights. He starts to go for a cover but before he can do that, Mason decides he wants some fun.

Mason Luck:

Bring it here, Max.

Max makes a tag to Mason and the giants both take turns kicking Huber all across his body. The Sin City Strongman looks over but sees no Roebuck, who has been busted open bloody and is slumped over the barricade outside.

DDK:

Roebuck might as well be a world away! Even if Huber overcomes the odds somehow Roebuck is in worse condition than he is.

Lance:

And the twins are just having fun with Huber. They could probably win right now but they are drawing this out. They

want them to *know* that they are superior.

Mason grabs Huber's single strap from his singlet and throws him into their corner. Mason lands a knee to Huber's gut and then he whips him into a big boot from Max. Both brothers yell out "Ka-ching!" and stand over Huber.

DDK:

The name of that move is right there! Ka-Ching. These greedy SOBs are all about power and championships. That's all they've really ever been about.

Mason decides to finally cover Huber but he puts two hands on his chest with not a lot of force.

One ...

Two ...

Huber's shoulder jumps off the canvas, but Mason and Max both look like they are having a ball.

DDK:

If they put anything into that cover, I don't know if Derrick Huber would have kicked out. These are not helpless men by any means, but The Lucky Sevens have just found a new way to channel their violence in that ring.

Lance:

They opened a lot of eyes to what they could do in the main event. The Saturday Night Specials referenced it recently that they still have a bad taste in their mouths after the Sevens beat them down and were the ones who ended the first night of Acts of DEFIANCE standing tall!

The Sin City Strongman is still on the mat with Mason standing over him. He kneels over to face one of the men that trained he and his brother and tells him to take his best shot. Huber tries to swing from his knees, but Mason moves. He slaps his own face lightly telling him to take another shot. Derrick tries again but it's the same as the first time! He moves and then Mason boots him in the ribs. Mason tags to Max and the Lucky Sevens both prop him in the ropes.

DDK:

Oh no, what are they planning now?

Morrow and Sykes watch the twins work when they lift him up and slam his neck in the ropes with a double hot shot. Huber falls back and grabs his neck in pain. Now Max wants to wrap this up so he tries to pin Huber for the win.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

No way! After all he has taken from the brothers, Huber isn't stopping!

Huber gets up and then tries to stand again, but Max kick him to the outside. Mason gets a tag and then goes to the floor with him. He takes hold of Huber and then whips him as violently as he can into the post! The clanging is loud and Huber falls to his knees!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens are picking them apart! The House have just been destroyed!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are yelling at the top of their lungs and when Mason pulls Huber back up, the slam into the ring post has bloodied his forehead as well! The camera shoots to Roebuck as well on the other side of the ring and he is trying to sit up, but still busted up.

Lance:

Both of The House now bloodied up by The Lucky Sevens! It's insane how they treat members of our roster but to do this to two men that brought them both into this business?

DDK:

Morrow has his hooks deep in Max and Mason Luck.

Huber is put back into the ring. Mason picks him up and then sets up a pump handle ... then hits the Jackpot Drop!

DDK:

The Jackpot Drop! I think that pump handle back breaker is going to do it!

Mason goes for a cover by laying across Huber's body with hooking of the far leg.

One ...

Two ...

But Huber saves himself with a foot on the ropes! Mason raises his hand but when he looks at the referee point at Huber's foot the ropes, he stands up and gets right in his face!

Lance:

The arrogance of the Sevens might have cost them there! The old dogs have some tricks still!

The fans are rallying around Derrick Huber to make the big come back but Mason and Max have stopped it every step of the way. Mason slugs him again and then runs at Huber to hit a running knee to his chest then follows it up with a big clotheslines. Mason moves out of the corner and he laughs with Derrick Huber struggling to see thanks to the big bloody gash on his forehead.

DDK:

This might be all she wrote for The Lucky Sevens!

Mason Luck looks over and still sees Roebuck now wiping his head with his wrist tape and helping get the blood off his face just a little bit. But he crawls back up and soon he is back in the corner. The Big Bucks wants the tag into the ring, but Mason holds Huber just out of his reach.

Lance:

Mason throws him into his corner ... HUBER FIGHTS BACK!

Huber swings and knocks Max Luck off of the apron with a running elbow from the corner. He sees Mason charge and just moves and it sends him into the corner!

DDK:

Huber saves himself!

Max comes back up and tags Mason after the cheap shot by Huber but when he gets inside the Sin City Strongman knocks Max off his feet in one shot with the Money Line! The amazing discus clothesline might have been his last shot because both men are down!

DDK:

Huber is free! The Lucky Sevens might be regretting not ending this sooner because if Roebuck gets in he is going to change this match!

Lance:

Max tags Mason back in. He steps into the ring.

But it is too late! Adam Roebuck gets the tag!

DDK:

Here we go!

The Big Bucks hits a head butt to Mason once and then shoots a second one. Big Money Mason looks like he can't see straight. Roebuck sends Mason to the corner and hits a big running splash in the corner. He takes him out and then picks up Mason like Mason did to him earlier ... then drives him with a walking power slam!

Lance:

That is some pay back from earlier! Roebuck calls that the Bottom Dealing!

The mountain man hits a running splash off the ropes after the Bottom Dealing and tries ending this.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Mason Luck kicks out to the surprise of everyone!

DDK:

I thought that Roebuck had won there but Mason Luck kicked out!

The Big Bucks urges the crowd for more applause and they give it. He sets up Mason by the neck for a choke slam but Mason kicks out and locks in the Winning Hand! He has Adam's skull, but a bloody Huber runs back and breaks his partner free. Roebuck and Huber both work together and hit a double clothesline to take him out from the ring! A pissed Mason tries to get up, but of all the things that could happen next, the Sin City Strongman takes to the ropes and then flies with a big slingshot *PLANCHA!!!*

DDK:

Whoa what a move! They really know a few tricks!

Max Luck gets back into the ring from the side. He runs at Roebuck and ducks under his clothesline but before he can do that, Max Luck JUMPS OVER THE TOP ROPE ON DERRICK HUBER!!! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful jump out of their seats! Even Morrow and Sykes don't believe what just happened!

Lance:

What an amazing move by Max Luck! Who knew he even had that in him?!?!?

DDK:

I don't even think that Tom Morrow or Ophelia Sykes knew! They're as stunned as this crowd is!

A huge "Holy shit!" chant rings out when Max Luck gets up from the floor! But in all the press, he doesn't see Roebuck has come to the outside and doesn't see Roebuck until it's too late wipe him out with a cross body on the floor!

DDK:

Roebuck takes out Max Luck!

Lance:

I didn't think the match was going to turn out like this, but it's gotten wild! The referee doesn't have much control!

Adam Roebuck gets up and helps out Derrick Huber and the bloodied veterans throw Mason Luck back into the ring. They both surround him from either side and start to prepare for their double power bomb.

DDK:

We have seen this move before! They call this move BUST! No more cards left on the table for the Lucky Sevens if they hit this! They put Mason through our table with that very move!

Lance:

They did ... no, look out!

Roebuck tries the lift ... but gets a running boot to the face from Max Luck, who is back up already!

DDK:

How is Max Luck back up already?! He just kicked Adam's face off into the nose bleed section!

Huber tries to save his partner, but Mason Luck grabs him first and then drills him with the Winning Hand Slam! He kicks the bloody Huber out! Mason and Max surround big Roebuck next! Mason with a Winning Hand to the head and Max with the back suplex ... THEY HIT THEIR FINISHER!

DDK:

NO LUCK AT ALL!!!

Mason pins Roebuck and Max stands with the Winning Hand up for a photo op as the brothers go for the win!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

The theme plays and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are jeering for the result! Mason and Max stand tall over the men that helped bring them into the business!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners ... THE LUCKY SSSEEEEEVVVEEENNNSSSS!!!!

DDK:

The House did everything they could, but the Lucky Sevens just had their number tonight. And we saw them all pull out some amazing moves for men that size!

Lance:

The young men and women of BRAZEN will be in good hands with people like Derrick Huber and Adam Roebuck who both managed to turn back the clock a fair bit tonight. But like we have said since Acts of DEFIANCE, The Lucky Sevens have been incredibly dangerous.

Derrick Huber goes into the ring to check the bloodied and knocked out Roebuck, but it turns out to be a mistake! Mason and Max both jump on Huber and both attack the cut on his forehead!

DDK:

No! No! You guys got what you wanted! You won! You beat your mentors!

Mason and Max continue to punch away at the cut on Huber's forehead. Mason tells Max and points at the stairs. They nod and then pull Derrick Huber from the ring.

Lance:

Oh no ... what are they doing? What the hell are they doing?

They take the steel steps apart and throw the upper half to the side. Mason and Max drag Huber under the the ring and clasp the Winning Hand iron claw on his face ... they power him up and then

DOUBLE WINNING HAND SLAM ON THE STEEL STEPS!!!

DDK:

WHAT ARE THEY TRYING TO PROVE?! THEY WON THIS MATCH AND DON'T NEED TO BE DOING THIS!!!

Tom Morrow and Ophelia Sykes both give the Lucky Sevens a standing ovation after Huber has been dropped over the steps! Roebuck has been broken in the ring and now Derrick Huber with him. Max laughs at the destruction they have brought upon the House ... but they are not done.

DDK:

What are they doing now?

Lance:

I don't know! Where is DEFSec and why aren't they stopping this?

Max Luck grabs the upper half of the steps and throws it back into the ring. Mason goes inside to where Roebuck is still not moving. He grabs the steps. When Adam tries to get up, Mason boots him in the face and puts a foot on his right knee. DEFSec finally come down the aisle but it is too late ...

THE STAIRS ARE BROUGHT DOWN ON ROEBUCK'S ANKLE!!!

DDK:

No! What have they done?!?!

DEFSec finally get into the ring and start to try and protect the House but the damage has already been done! Roebuck tries not to yell, but it is very evident his ankle might have been broken in some fashion! The Lucky Sevens clear out of the ring but Mason manages to steal Darren Quimbey's microphone after he leaves

DDK:

What can these two possibly say about this?

Mason Luck taps the microphone with his palm to make sure it is on.

Mason Luck:

THE MAIN EVENT MONSTERS HAVE STRUCK AGAIN!!! BEHOLD ... YOUR BEATDOWN OF THE NIGHT!

He gives the microphone to Max.

Max Luck:

WE'RE SAVING TILLINGHAST THE REVIEW!!! SIX AND A HALF STAR DESTRUCTION!!! YOU'RE WELCOME, NEW ORLEANS!!! GOOD NIGHT!!!

He gives the microphone back and then the brothers pose in front of the ring.

DDK:

What has Tom Morrow unleashed upon DEFIANCE Wrestling?

Lance:

Something deadly. That's for sure.

The Lucky Sevens move out of sight with Tom Morrow and Ophelia Sykes touting how good the Lucky Sevens looked tonight!

DEACON vs. DR. NED REFORM

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... while the crowd is still in awe of the brutality shown by The Lucky Sevens moments ago... we prepare for what may be another shock when Deacon puts his career on the line!

As the announcers speak, the DEF Road graphic shows up on the screen:

Career Match: Deacon vs. Ned Reform

Lance:

That's right. While it's entirely possible that we just witnessed the end of The House's in-ring career, we might be saying the same about Deacon at the conclusion of this match.

DDK:

Ned Reform is claiming that Deacon is past his prime and needs to clear the way for younger stars - not-so-coincidentally, he means himself - and Deacon has accepted the terms that if he can't put The Good Doctor away, he will walk away for good.

Lance:

I don't like this, Keebs. While Reform gives up a lot to Deacon in terms of size and power, Reform has shown he's always got something up his sleeve.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena lights take on a purple hue as Ned Reform appears from the back to a chorus of jeers from The Faithful in attendance. He is dressed to compete in his purple-and-white singlet and pauses at the ramp to glance around the arena with a look of pure righteous superiority. Flanking him, dressed in a tracksuit and with arms folded menacingly, is his heavy TA Cole. The duo known collectively as The Honor Society begin to walk toward the ring.

Darren Quimby:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! If Deacon loses this match, he has agreed to retire from professional wrestling. If Ned Reform loses, he has agreed to admit that he was in the wrong. Introducing first, hailing from Litchfield, Connecticut and weighing in at 227 pounds... NEEEEED REFORM!

The camera focuses on Ned Reform, who is walking to the ring and smiling at the ringside fans... but he pauses and frowns. He steps up right in front of the camera and looks directly into the lens.

Ned Reform:

...that's DOCTOR Ned Reform.

Satisfied, he resumes his slow stroll toward the squared circle. He and Cole enter the ring as the music dies down. Per usual, Reform gestures to Quimby for a mic... and the DEFIANCE announcer reluctantly hands it over.

Ned Reform:

Greetings, children!

BOOO!

Ned Reform:

You should feel privileged. Tonight, we make his -

Lights out.

♪ "The Gregorian Chant" ♪

The fans let loose a loud roar of approval - probably as much for the arrival of Deacon as the interruption of another long winded Reform promo. A spotlight shines at the entrance way where Magdalena stands. Behind her comes Deacon, wearing his monk's robe. The fans' cheers slowly but surely transform into jeers as we get a closer look at the pair...

Lance:

Oh, come on. That's not Deacon.

And it is not. Instead, we get Jonathan-Cristopher Hall dressed in the monk robe like Deacon but with his hood off, accompanied by Vickie Hall who is doing her best Magdalena impression. The Hallmark Journey seem fully committed to the bit, with Vickie nailing many of Magdalena's mannerisms on the way to the ring while JC stoically marches like The Mute Freak, or tries too - those monk's robes are a bit longer than you'd think! Darren Quimby, because he's not a moron, does not announce this fake Deacon. JC Hall steps into the ring, having a bit of trouble managing the monk's robe and the ring ropes, but with his love of "Magdalena", he finds a way to make it near her.

DDK:

Ned Reform pulled this "cute" act on DEFtv 146 as well, dressing up several talents to impressinate some of Deacon's greatest rivals. But this begs the question... where is the real Deacon!?

Reform hands the mic over to "Magdalena."

"Magdalena":

My love for you cannot be contained by even an event as large as this, Jonathan...

Reform clears his throat.

"Magdalena":

I mean - My love for you cannot be contained by even an event as large as this... Deacon.

The Good Doctor finds this acceptable. "Deacon" takes the mic from his wife and he looks at her with puppy-dog eyes. When he speaks, it's slightly muffled due to the mask.

"Deacon":

And your eyes are like the...

Reform snatches the mic away!

Ned Reform:

Deacon does not speak!! Why is this concept so difficult for you people!?

Reform sighs... and before either of The Hallmark Journey can answer, The Good Doctor jams "Deacon" in the throat with the mic causing feedback to echo throughout the arena! As JC Hall goes down, TA Cole quickly grabs Vickie from behind and tosses her over the top rope and out of the ring. With JC grasping his throat, he gets roughly hauled to his feet... and hooked for the SYLLABUSTER!

DDK:

Ned Reform with his double underhook bomb...

Lance:

He hits it!

JC Hall is out. Reform makes the cover and shoots a glance over to Carla Ferrari who is standing in the corner, but she shakes her head at this farce. Instead, TA Cole drops down and makes the count...

ONE! TWO! THREE!

Ned Reform is up, arms raised in celebration of his victory! He hugs TA Cole. JC Hall rolls over onto his face. Ned grabs JC's hood and flippantly tosses it over the head of one half of the Hallmark Journey before laughing then hoping up to the top rope as if he's just won the FIST of DEFIANCE! As he's celebrating...

Ned Reform:

I told you! I told you I'd retire him. No, send him out to pasture. No! Send him off to the great beyond!

Ned hops down and races around the inside of the ring as the crowd gives their-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

While Ned and TA share their celebratory hug, JC puts one leg beneath him and then the other. He puts his hands together, the robe's sleeves hiding any flesh. In one smooth motion, he rises to his feet. TA Cole sees it first and starts nudging the not so good doctor.

DDK:

...is JC that tall?

Lance:

Nuh-uh

DDK:

JC that big?

Lance:

Not nearly. Doctor Reform in trouble?

The hood comes down. That robed person isn't JC Hall.

DDK:

That's a BIIIIIG yes

The Deacon tosses the monk's robe. Dr. Reform turns around. The smile and joy on his face melts like ice in July. Reform, absolutely beside himself at Deacon's sudden appearance, grabs a hold of referee Carla Ferrari and begins to use her as a human shield between himself and The Mute Freak. Carla bristles at Reform's touch, but isn't so distracted that she can't signal for the bell to be rung.

DING DING

Deacon moves in for the kill as Reform continues to position Carla between himself and the angry giant.

DDK:

Reform knows that he's pushed Deacon to the limit and has some serious payback coming.

After some ducking and weaving on the part of The Good Doctor, he finds himself boxed in the corner turnbuckle. Gently, Deacon reaches over and removes Carla from in front of Ned. Reform has just a second to throw his hands up for a truce before Deacon begins to unload on Ned in the corner! Punch! Punch! Punch! Punch! Punch! Punch! Back Elbow! Back Elbow! Back Elbow! Back Elbow! Back Elbow! Back Elbow! The crowd comes alive as Deacon absolutely pummels Reform!

Lance:

And here comes that payback we were talking about!

Reform's head bounces like a pinball off a series of back elbows in the corner before Deacon steps backwards and

allows the smaller man to stumble forward on woozy legs... right into a spinning Sidewalk Slam! On the outside, TA Cole paces in concern as his boss is again hauled back to his feet. This time, Deacon puts everything he has into a vicious irish whip into the turnbuckle - The Mute Freak nearly falling himself afterward. Ned absolutely collides into the corner - in fact, he hits it so hard that he flies upwards and somehow manages to land with his body vertical across the top rope!

DDK:

Ned Reform landing awkwardly and completely at the mercy of Deacon...

Deacon sees Reform's current predicament... and if you could see behind that mask you'd surely see a smile. He points to the crowd who roar their approval for what he's about to do... and The Mute Freak charges across the ring, catching Reform's exposed mid-section with a stiff punt kick! The impact causes The Good Doctor to fly upward off the turnbuckle, and this time he finds himself landing crotch first on the top rope! The crowd breaks out in laughter... that turns to cheers when Deacon grabs that same rope and begins shaking it up and down, sending Reform on a very painful ride.

DDK:

Normally I wouldn't like to see a man suffer like this, but I do believe Ned Reform dug his own grave here.

Lance:

Deacon appears to be signaling to end this one early!

DDK:

The man's career is at stake, Lance. You don't mess around with something like that.

Reform, his mouth shaped in a permanent "O", simply slowly falls sideways like a tree until he hits the mat. As he grabs painfully at his little... uh, pupils... Deacon readies himself for the Altar Call. He lifts Ned Reform to his feet before tucking Ned's head between his thighs. As Magdalena cheers him on, he lifts Reform up for his Crucifix Powerbomb...

DDK:

No! TA Cole on the apron, and he manages to reach in and grab a hold of Ned's foot! He pulls his boss over the top and onto the apron and saves him from the Altar Call!

Carla Ferrari is up on TA Cole's face, telling him to stay out of the match... but Deacon has a more direct approach when he collides into both men and sends them sprawling backwards into the barricade! Stepping over the top rope, Deacon himself lands on the outside. He sets his sights on TA Cole, whipping him with force into the nearby ring steps! Cole collides with a thud and falls to the floor holding his shoulder and howling in pain.

Lance:

And look at Ned Reform!

While Deacon has his sights set on Reform's student, The Good Doctor decides to do maybe the most intelligent thing he has ever done: get away from the angry giant. On his hands and knees, he crawls toward the ramp before using the ring apron to pull himself to his feet. Trying to shake away the cobwebs, he makes the "forget this crap" motion and begins to walk up the ramp toward the back.

DDK:

Ned Reform looking to take the easy way out here... and Carla Ferrari doesn't seem to be counting either man out here.

Lance:

You've got to believe that with the stakes as high as Deacon's career, she's looking for this one to have a decisive finish. It's a good call on her part.

Reform has nearly reached the curtain and the safety of the backstage area... when he finds a wooden staff with a hook on the end reach through the curtain and grab Ned by the throat. Chris Shepherd steps through the curtain with

Ned in tow. The crowd goes wild as Reform's eyes bug out and he is sent sprawling back toward the ring, falling on the ramp and rolling until he is face to foot with The Mute Freak. The camera is closed enough that we pick up what Reform is saying...

Ned Reform:

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Don't hurt me!

Showing no quarter, Deacon grabs Ned Reform with his two hands... and hoists The Pedagogue of Pain up into a gorilla press!!! Deacon holds him there for a moment, letting the crowd roar approval in anticipation, before...

CRAAAAAASSSHHH!

Dr. Reform meets Dr. Steel and Dr. Steel wins the day! Deacon lifts Reform's head up to reveal that the tiniest tickle of blood is running down his forehead. He's not wearing the crimson mask, but we can tell that his head just collided with the rampway. Deacon drops Reform's head down like it's nothing before rearing back and again punt kicking The Good Doctor right in the ribs. Reform howls out in pain and begins to roll... and roll... and roll... tumbling all the way down the ramp out of control.

DDK:

Deacon is showing no mercy here, but one could argue he's been pushed to this point.

Lance:

Reform has been like a gadfly buzzing around Deacon's head and now he's taking his time squashing it.

DDK:

You have to wonder if that's a good plan though. Remember what's on the line. Deacon loses. Deacon's retired.

Deacon sends Ned back into the ring before following him in. Reform doesn't seem to know where he is as he flails around the ring like a drunk man. Deacon rears back with his hand in the universal "I'm gonna chokeslam this dude" position. Like a lion stalking his prey, he stands behind Reform as The Good Doctor slowly climbs to his feet. Finally, when he is vertical, Reform seems to finally clear the haze and remember where he is. He turns...

DDK:

Right into a thunderous chokeslam!!!

Lance:

Deacon covers...

ONE.... TWO.... THREE – NO!!

DDK:

Reform kicks out!! My God... he certainly isn't the most likable of people, but that was a hell of a feat!

Even Deacon seems surprised. He brings Ned back up to his feet, and hooks him for a vertical suplex. He holds him there for just long enough to get the crowd buzzing... and then drops him down! Another cover...

ONE.... TWO.... THREE - NO!

TA Cole just barely has time to reach under the bottom rope and place Reform's foot on top of it. Carla Ferrari doesn't see Cole's interference but she does catch his foot on the rope out of the corner of her eye. She informs Deacon that he has to break the pin. Magdalena protests but Carla can't call what she didn't see.

Deacon points at TA, giving a silent warning, before going to the corner. Stepping over the top rope, the Deacon starts the climb. The crowd starts to buzz.

DDK:

You have GOT to be kidding me!

Lance:

I'm not sure we've ever seen Deacon ascend the top rope in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Pretty sure Deacon does want to kill Ned Reform.

Deacon hits the top rope. Ned grabs Carla's pants leg and tugs. She turns to Reform. TA Cole leaps on the apron. Deacon turns slightly. Cole gives a push that rotates the Mute Freak the rest of the way. Deacon falls crotch first onto the turnbuckle.

Lance:

You knew Cole would eventually get involved!

DDK:

But-

Carla, referee extraordinaire, had her eyes where they needed to be this time.

DDK:

Carla's gesturing to the back!

Lance:

She caught him! Send that dweeb to the showers!

DDK:

I'm gonna tell Cole you said that.

Lance:

Funny, but won't matter. He'll have to get me from the showers! Even I can make it with that head start.

DDK:

Reform's got another plan though!

Sure enough, while Carla Ferrari continues to gesture for TA Cole to leave, and TA continues to tantrum like a 2 year old, Doctor Ned Reform busies himself on the far side of the ring with the turnbuckle cover. When he has it removed, he admires his work with a smile and turns to find the Deacon having toppled from the top rope to the canvas and holding his midsection just as Reform a few moments ago. Ned gives a haughty, flamboyant bow then drops a knee before making a cover.

ONE...

DDK:

Deacon's not ending his career that easily!

Reform ignores it, grabbing Deacon's arm and giving a spin before rolling into a La Magistral.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Lance:

The Doctor is trying to get out here the easy way.

With a few light kicks to the Deacon's head, more irritant than painful, Ned nudges the Deacon to put up more of a fight. The Deacon grabs the ropes and pulls himself to his feet, still tender but able to do so. Ned drops down and hooks Deacon, rolling him into a –

DDK:

Schoolboy!

ONE...

KICKOUT!

Lance:

That was somewhat appropriate coming from the not so good doctor.

DDK:

And more appropriate coming from the DOES NOT WANT TO RETIRE DEACON!

Lance:

Truly spoken. Don't think Reform actually thought it'd get the pin, but it is gonna get Deacon off his game, which is always in Ned Reform's playbook.

Frustrated, Deacon rushes to his feet. Limping, he turns slightly.

DDK:

Reform with a chop block straight into the Mute Freak's knee!

Reform back to his feet and gestures to his head in that "I'm so unbearably smarter than all of you" way. He glides around the ring, stands over Deacon who is holding his knee, then delivers a knee drop to the outside of Deacon's knee before grapevining the Mute Freak's leg and torquing it.

Lance:

And this is where Ned Reform shines in the ring. He waited for his spot and now he's going to hone in on his opponent's weakness.

Carla Ferrari leans in to ask Deacon if he'd like to give up thanks to the knee torque, but there's no way he's going out like that. Switch strategies, Reform releases the hold and drags the bigger man to the ring ropes. Draping Deacon's leg over the bottom rope, Reform leaps up into the air and crashes down with a senton straight into the knee! Carla scolds Reform for using the ropes but he doesn't seem to care very much. In fact... he does it again!

DDK:

Even without his trump card, TA Cole, in his corner, Ned Reform is firmly in control and might just succeed in chopping the big man's legs out from under him.

Clearly in pain, Deacon begins to pull himself away from the ropes and back toward the center of the ring. Reform grabs Deacon's leg and lifts it high into the air before crashing it down knee first onto the mat. Reform does it again. A third time. Then he extends Deacon's leg out into the air before crashing down on the knee with an elbow. Deacon tries

to fight him off, but Reform does it again. A third time! A fourth time!

Still holding onto Deacon's knee, Reform stands in position for what appears to be The Figure Four. He taunts the crowd before twisting the knee around to lock on the iconic hold...

DDK:

NO! Deacon powers his legs out and sends Reform flying!

In fact, Ned ALMOST collides into the turnbuckle that he exposed... but he is able to halt his momentum just in time. He grins at the crowd and again points to his head to show he won't be hornswoggled that easily. The world's smartest wrestler turns... to find that Deacon has pulled himself upright! A big uppercut sends Reform to the mat! Back up... a second uppercut drops him back down!

Lance:

Deacon is not done yet, Keebs!

Deacon sends Reform off the ropes. On the rebound, Ned ducks a clothesline. He's off the ropes again, and on the second pass, Deacon ducks down to prepare for a back body drop, but Reform stops him momentum just in front of The Mute Freak, drops to his knees, and takes aim at Deacon's exposed head...

Lance:

Thinking Man's Uppercut! Deacon telegraphed that just a little too long.

With Deacon momentarily stunned, Reform hops up onto the nearby second rope. He leaps off, hooking Deacon with a crisp tornado DDT! Reform takes a moment to smile at the jeering crowd before making the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

I've got to say, despite his usual shenanigans, Ned is showing us another level of wrestling ability tonight.

Lance:

Having a chance to go down in history as the man who retired Deacon will motivate you, I guess.

Deacon's kick out was powerful and sent Reform flying backwards. Standing back to his feet, Ned Reform makes the "say bye bye to Deacon" motion before climbing up to the top rope.

DDK:

Ned Reform up high - looking for some high risk offense!

With fairly impressive smoothness, Ned flies off the top rope and brings his leg down onto Deacon's head with a nasty looking guillotine leg drop.

Lance:

I'm told Reform calls that the Thesis Statement!

DDK:

Ned going for the cover... he has to kick out, right!?

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!?

Wait... NO!

Reform thinks he got it, as he's up to his feet and pumping his fists in celebration, but Carla has to tell him that it was 2.99999999. The Good Doctor's eyes nearly bug out of his head at this news, and he absolutely loses it on Carla. His face turns red and spit begins to fly from his mouth as he insists that was a three count. Quick cut to Magdalena on the outside, and her face appears to be one of genuine concern as she pounds on the mat. An enraged Reform grabs a hold of the rising Deacon as the chant arises amongst The Faithful who realize they were .1 seconds away from losing Deacon...

I BELIEVE!

I BELIEVE!

I BELIEVE!

The chant seems to anger Reform anymore. He brings a wobbly Deacon into the corner - not coincidentally, the very corner across from his exposed turnbuckle. With a snarl, he irish whips The Mute Freak across the ring and toward the steel...

...but Deacon reverses the whip, instead sending NED toward the turnbuckle!! The Good Doctor flies forward, about to get a taste of his own medicine...

...but for the second time in the match, Ned Reform escapes poetic justice as he's able to stop himself before he flies into the turnbuckle. Breathing a sigh of relief, he turns around to see Deacon running at him full force with a big splash...

DDK:

NO!! At the very last second, Reform moves out of the way! Deacon's head hits that exposed turnbuckle!!

The fans are in a frenzy as Deacon falls backwards and hits the mat like a tumbling redwood. Reform, holding on to the ropes for support, looks at Deacon... looks at the fans... looks at Deacon again... and a HUGE smile slowly breaks out over his smug face. As the jeers intensify, he leaps over and throws his body over Deacon for the cover!!

DDK:

Not this way!

Lance:

Kick out, Deacon!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREEE - WAAAAAIIIIIT!!

A POP from The Faithful as Magdalena has placed Deacon's leg on the ropes!! Carla missed it, and when she looked at Magdalena, Deacon's manager is playing the role of head cheerleader for the crowd.

I BELIEVE!

I BELIEVE!

DDK:

Poetic justice! TA Cole did that exact same thing earlier in the match!

If it was capable, Ned Reform's head would probably explode at this point. After it turns to its seventeenth shade of red (we counted), Ned drops back down and grabs the leg for another cover.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Ned pounds the mat in frustration then switches to a jackknife positional pin, hooking Deacon's legs over Reform's shoulders.

ONE...

(Ned's legs on the middle rope for leverage.)

TWO...

(Magdalena screams at Carla who glances up and catches Ned's illegal tactic this time.)

DDK:

You have to wonder how things might be different if TA Cole were here.

Ned Reform is beyond incensed. He screams at Carla. She screams back. The Deacon grabs the ropes and starts to pull himself to his feet. Ned turns and throws a punch. It connects. Deacon staggers back to one knee.

I BELIEVE!

I BELIEVE!

Deacon rises. Ned throws a punch. Deacon staggers.

I BELIEVE!

I BELIEVE!

Ned throws a punch. The Deacon catches the doctor's hand inside the Mute Freak's palm. Ned jerks. That hands

going nowhere. Ned throws a southpaw special. Deacon catches it with his other hand. Ned jerks. That hands going nowhere either. Ned starts to jerk, almost spasmodically, both hands trapped with Deacon's paws before-

KRAK!!!!

Lance:

GIANT HEADBUTT! Good GOD, that's gonna leave a mark!

KRAK!!!!

KRAK!!!!

Ned staggered to one knee, held up only by his hands still trapped within the Mute Freak's hands, the Deacon gives a heavy kick to Ned's midsection that doubles the doctor over, perfectly in position for the...

DDK:

Altar Call! He's got him up and-

Lance:

Ned slips out and turns. He's got it! He's got the Ad Hominem!

With the crossface chickenwing made famous by Bob Backlund, Ned Reform works his arms into and around Deacon's massive frame, riding the Mute Freak.

DDK:

This cannot end like this! Not THIS career!

The Deacon staggers, his worked over leg weak. The Mute Freak stumbles, trying to get his bearings as Ned Reform rips at his arm and face.

Lance:

I don't know how he's holding on.

Deacon drops to one knee. Ned taking this as an opportunity to really pull and cinch it in even tighter. Outside the ring, Magdalena pounds the mat, now joined by Chris Shepherd, the Deacon's first spokesman, who ran down to join her side.

Ned's primal scream adds even a greater degree of adrenaline to finally put this match to bed.

The Deacon's primal scream matches, even exceeds it before he eyes the corner and launches himself, and the riding Ned Reform, straight into the turnbuckle, or where the turnbuckle would've been if the pad hadn't been removed earlier. Guess which person took the brunt of hitting the post?

Deacon collapses back, his arm reaching across Ned Reform's chest so Carla Ferrari can make the count.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE.... NO!

Ned Reform grabs the bottom rope, and this time, Carla sees it!

Exhausted, the Deacon rolls off and lays on the mat as the crowd's chants and cheers increase to an even greater degree.

DDK:

Both men giving their all here tonight!

Lance:

If Deacon's going out, he's doing it the way you'd expect him to do so.

Slowly, Deacon rolls to lean against the corner, his head lulling back. Chris Shepherd gets on the apron, kneeling next to the man Chris has helped so many times. Chris leans in, putting a hand on Deacon's heaving chest. With Chris' lips near Deacon's right ear, Chris says a few unheard words before hopping back down just as Deacon grips the top ropes and hoists himself back to his feet.

I BELIEVE!

I BELIEVE!

The now significantly bloodied Ned Reform crawls toward leaving the ring, at least until he finds a giant foot blocking his way. Ned's head drooping, he realizes Deacon has stepped right into his path. Deacon grabs Ned Reform's head and puts it between Deacon's knees. A quick hoist and-

Lance:

ALTAR CALL!

But as twice before, Ned Reform slips out of this Crucifix Powerbomb, rotating so Ned lands on Deacon's back to latch on-

Nothing. Deacon catches Ned and drops backwards so Ned crashes into the mat with the Mute Freak landing on top of him. Deacon back to his feet. Ned back into position, and this time, the Not-So-Good Doctor finds the Altar Call calling him to repentance.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

He's done it!! Deacon has saved his career with the Altar Call!! Reform managed to escape it twice, but the third time was the charm!

Lance:

Ned Reform undid the turnbuckle, and that came back to bite him in the end.

Deacon rises to his feet and without any celebration or preamble, he ducks backwards and rolls out of the ring. Magdalena is there to meet with him with a smile, knowing that Deacon's long career has not ended on this day. The fans shower The Mute Freak with applause of appreciation as he slowly makes his way to the back.

DDK:

Deacon proved Ned Reform wrong today - the old lion has still got it.

Lance:

Which begs the question - does Ned Reform make good on his promise to publicly admit that he was wrong?

Reform is spread eagle in the ring with that small trickle of blood still running down his face. TA Cole comes out from the back, rolling into the ring to try to get his boss to wake up. Finally, Reform is able to pull himself into a sitting position, although he is clearly still loopy. TA Cole puts one of Reform's arms over his shoulder and lifts his boss out of the ring and begins to walk him up the ramp. When they're halfway up, they are approached by a rushing and out of breath Chris Trutt.

Chris Trutt:

Dr. Reform... Dr. Reform! You said that if you lost here tonight you would tell the world that you were wrong about Deacon being past his prime? Are you ready to say that right now?

Reform looks at Trutt with glossy eyes. The lights are on but nobody is home.

Ned Reform:

Get the hell away from me you idiot.

And TA Cole leads Ned Reform up the ramp leaving a very confused Chris Trutt.

IS THIS A CHALLENGE?

Backstage, Jamie Sawyers stands by with the FIST of DEFIANCE, Gage Blackwood. The champion sports his usual ring attire, FIST around waist, although he looks much more offput. His hair, messier than normal. His face, a distraught complex of anger, passion and, perhaps, fear. Blackwood doesn't even let Sawyers talk first.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye let's get on with it. DEFIANCE Road and Crimson Stalker. I have had it with this False Hero stupidity!

Blackwood grabs Sawyers by the collar. He looks directly at him.

Gage Blackwood:

If Tyler Fuse thinks I'm going to crack he's got another thing coming!

Jamie struggles to open his mouth.

Gage Blackwood:

Some stunned cunt *stalks* me, forces me to marry her against my will and I have to pay for this for the rest of my life!?

This time, Sawyers is able to speak, albeit briefly.

Jamie Sawyers:

I didn't say anythin-

Gage Blackwood:

The Kabal. A retired Uber driver!?! The man's name is STALKER.

The interview knows by now to keep his mouth closed and not even try.

Gage Blackwood:

He tried to take me out for good!

Blackwood drops Sawyers and looks into the camera.

Gage Blackwood:

Whatever you tried to do Jason, YOU failed. After tonight, you'll realized your skint.

The Noble Raider puts a hand on the center gold of the FIST.

Gage Blackwood:

Take it away if you can. You will never keep me down. You will never kill Gage Blackwood.

And Blackwood walks off, voice heard off-camera.

Gage Blackwood:

Nobody can.

Jamie Sawyers collects himself as the scene switches to ringside.

FIST of DEFIANCE, GAGE BLACKWOOD Â© vs. STALKER

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen... the main event of the evening... and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

The Faithful's excitement grows as they stand to their feet.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger from Seattle, Washington, weighing two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... CRIMSON STALKER!!

♪ "This Link is Dead" by Deftones ♪

The lights in the WrestlePlex switch to a deep crimson red as Crimson Stalker's DEFIANCE ROAD video package plays on the DEFIAtron, various clips from the past three months play through from the initial encounter where Stalker attacked Gage at DEFtv 162 to the fire extinguisher bomb fight that happened backstage a few shows later.

As The Faithful let it known that they are NOT in favor of The Kabal's Main Weapon as Teresa Ames steps through the curtains first, crossing her arms with DEFIANCE while she stares down at the ring. A few moments pass as Teresa's impatience grows but her posture does not. Tapping her heel she looks behind just as a blue eyed Reaper steps through the curtains, escorting the 'lesser' colorless Reapers.

Lance:

This ensemble has given me the creeps ever since they introduced it.

DDK:

Do you really think it's to protect anyone? Or do they simply do this for show?

Lance:

We've seen this new version of Jason Reeves, Crimson Stalker as they call him. His path to The FIST was wrought with chaos and punishment by his silent hands. Honestly, I would much rather see him always in this state of condition.

The moment between Lance and Darren turns dark as the Sword of the Kabal is led ominously down the DEFIANCE Road rampway. The manacles of The Kabal's special escorting rig is a site to behold. The Black fabrics adorning the straps used to keep Jason in place is a new addition to the design of The Kabal's theme for Crimson Stalker's escorting group.

The colorless Reapers move Crimson Stalker slowly behind Teresa Ames who soaks in the attention of DEFIANCE Road's night one main event. Benny Doyle looks on with concern as Crimson Stalker is unstrapped at the bottom of the steel steps leading into the ring. Blue Reaper is the lead in this foray as Crimson Stalker's DEFIANCE Road gear is finally on display for the Faithful and viewers at home.

DDK:

Looks like The Kabal put some work into Jason's outfit tonight...

Adorned in his fashioned tight crimson mask Jason 'Stalker' Reeves steps up the steel steps in silence, wearing a Kabal inscribed pair of Adidas black pants. His 'wife beater' black shirt has been replaced with a crimson red wife beater, with a strange Kabal symbol on the front of it. The bald head of Crimson Stalker shines brightly as he walks up in stoic silence like Michael Myers being offered up for display in front of a grand audience.

Lance:

I don't know if Gage Blackwood is entirely ready for what he signed up for in this match.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Edinburgh, Scotland, also weighing in at two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... he is the FIST of DEFIANCE... Gage Blackwood!

♪ "Dare to Tame Me": by TRIDDANA ♪

Blackwood emerges, regular kilt-inspired wrestling tights, FIST around his waist. Gage doesn't look to show off, nothing is a spectacle here. Instead, he simply marches (or rather, limps) down the rampway.

DDK:

Three weeks ago, it looked like Gage Blackwood was going to have to forfeit the FIST. However, he was cleared by doctors and even wrestled against Tyler Fuse two weeks ago.

Lance:

I don't think that was a smart decision.

DDK:

Agreed. It wasn't. But that's Gage Blackwood, a wounded fighting wrestler for much of his DEFIANCE career.

Lance:

He will have his hands full tonight. Fight of his life coming up.

Blackwood rolls into the ring, clips off the title and hands it over to Benny Doyle. The referee holds the belt in the air, hands it over to the time keeper and signals for the bell.

DDK:

Well...

DING DING

The bell hasn't finished sounding before Gage Blackwood charges at Crimson Stalker. The challenger lifts his head to see Gage coming and raises his arms in defense. However, Blackwood lifts The Kabal Founder off his feet and throws him to the ground, mounting a vicious attack of left hands and right forearms to the side of Stalker's face. The crowd works themselves up in cheers as Blackwood shows no signs of stopping. Soon, Benny Doyle has to advise Blackwood to pull himself away because Stalker has taken the bottom rope with his right hand.

Blackwood doesn't listen. He continues pumping the side of Crimson's face.

DDK:

Nothing Benny can do here folks BUT advise Gage of the "rules" since rules are out the window.

Eventually, the FIST stops, looking to inflict punishment in a different form. Blackwood stands, waits for Stalker to pull himself upright...

THUMP.

DDK:

Gage drives a HARD knee into Stalker's temple!

The fans, once again, eat it up as Blackwood lifts the challenger off the mat and slings him into a corner. Blackwood follows, full head of steam and connects with a dropkick to Stalker's torso.

Lance:

A very different, come-at-you style by Gage right now! He's not holding back!

Blackwood with a hammer throw gets Stalker out of the corner. Teresa Ames screams from the bottom of the apron, looking up at her "ex" but the FIST of DEFIANCE doesn't even acknowledge. He charges Stalker again... and connects with a missile dropkick to the side of Reeves' face.

DDK:

The Royal Tattoo dropkick! It's taken a few men out before!

Blackwood collects himself on the mat, after laying all out for the move. As Gage rises from the canvas, he cracks an eyebrow.

Crimson Stalker stirs.

The FIST will have none of it. He reels Stalker into a Midlothian Hangover...

And connects.

Lance:

Gage is dominant!

The champion doesn't look for a pin. It's the furthest thing in his mind right now. Instead, Gage tosses Stalker into the ropes and charges the second Jason Reeves bounces off them.

THUD.

High knee.

SLAM.

Bulldog.

Blackwood hammers the canvas mat with fury.

The Faithful continue to roar and Teresa Ames looks like she's about to have the biggest meltdown of her career. Blackwood peels Stalker off the mat and tries for another Midlothian Hangover...

Suddenly, he stumbles and lets go of Stalker. Reeves' feet land on the mat so the challenger is able to pull himself upright rather quickly. Blackwood looks down at his right knee...

DDK:

Oh boy. Gage may have hurt himself here.

Lance:

It's the same right knee he injured during the brawl with Stalker two months ago!

Crimson can't exactly capitalize right now. He's collecting his bearings so Blackwood has enough time to shake the leg off and hit the ropes. Blackwood looks for another high knee (his left knee) and hits it. Stalker falls backwards, into the ropes and out of the ring.

The second Gage lands on his right leg, however, he hobbles again. This time it's more significant than before. The crowd is charged so they likely don't realize it as much. The announcers, however, are well on their game, calling it out.

Ames scurries over to her Stalky Talky Bear. She begins providing **emergency** ASMR on the apron while taking a quick glance inside the ring, scouring at the FIST.

Teresa Ames:

STALKY, I need you to get back into that ring AND FUCKING WRECK MY EX HUSB- OH NOOOO!

BOOM!

The Faithful go batshit as Blackwood drives through the ropes like a cannonball and then opens himself up, exposing his left knee straight into Ames' face. Blood splatters across the apron camera lens as Ames instantly collapses to the mat.

Gage Blackwood:

Shut the fuck up.

The FIST looks down at Crimson Stalker... Stalker's eyes are alert and ready. The challenger meets Blackwood and the two begin trading shots around the outside of the ring. Stalker gains the advantage when he kicks at Blackwood's right knee. Then Crimson attempts to run Gage into the ring post but Blackwood, last second, moves to the side. The FIST chops Stalker hard in the chest, elbows him in the gut and then tries to drive Stalker's head into the steel steps but The Kabal leader puts his hands out to block it.

DDK:

I have to say, it's almost scary the amount of punishment Reeves has endured and is still fighting our champion.

Lance:

It is scary! By no means does Blackwood have the upper hand right now. I think Gage made dents in Crimson's armor, yes. But upperhand? No. You're seeing it.

The two continue exchanging punches around the outside of the ring. Stalker finally slams Blackwood's head off the ring post and Gage, in return, eventually throws Crimson into the steel steps. Meanwhile, the camera briefly switches to Teresa Ames being attended to by DEFSec.

The brawl is nonstop. Neither man taking much time to recover. Blackwood wants to Irish whip Stalker into the guardrail but Stalker reverses it and charges in... the FIST catches Stalker. They both flip up and over the guardrail into the first row of fans!

Vanished from sight, the status of each guy isn't known. It takes a cameraman to run over and focus on the floor...

DDK:

There's really NO quit here! Both men are going blow for blow at the feet of The Faithful!

Blackwood takes hold of Stalker's head and bounces it off the cement floor. Reeves pulls his head up, a sadistic grin, insinuating he's in no pain whatsoever.

Blackwood pokes a thumb into Stalker's right eye and slams Crimson's head off the cement for try #2!

Gage Blackwood:

Baw juggling joke!

But again this does very little. The two are punching their way to a vertical base and then Blackwood clotheslines each of them over the guardrail.

The champion throws Stalker into the ring and follows. Once inside, Gage rises to his feet but his knee buckles slightly and Crimson Stalker hits the ropes. On return the "Stalky Talky Bear" levels Blackwood with a merciless clothesline, flipping Gage inside out.

DDK:

That's one hell of a clothesline for a guy the same size as Gage!

A fury of uppercuts follow. Blackwood's skull being pounded by Reeves and to add insult to injury, Blackwood's head hammering off the canvas with each blow before meeting more inhumane fists.

The camera switches to Teresa Amees being helped to the back by DEFSec.

DDK:

As it should, Stalker vs. Blackwood and nobody else!

Stalker hurls the FIST into a corner. Crimson screams a blood thirsty cry as he bursts towards the champion and stuns Blackwood again, under the jaw, with a knee smash.

WHAAAM!

DDK:

You could hear the shot echo throughout the arena!

Stalker hip tosses Blackwood to the center of the ring. Gage lands on his ass and sits there... Stalker runs at him again and leaps forward with a forearm shot to the back of Blackwood's head!

Lance:

It's smart. I hate to say it from a guy who gave us super serum but it IS smart. Target the head and Blackwood's right knee. Gage had a serious concussion, he was out for six weeks. Stalker injured Blackwood's right knee in that brawl, too. Those are the only areas Jason Reeves should target.

And they are. Stalker grabs Blackwood's right leg, throwing it into the air and then slamming it down on the canvas... five separate times.

DDK:

Exactly what he's doing, partner.

Stalker rolls Blackwood onto his back, continues to hold the right leg and maneuvers into a figure four leg lock!

Blackwood screams out, the crowd's concern intensifies.

DDK:

Could he tap!?

Center of the ring... Stalker has the hold locked in while looking dead into the eyes of the champion... a soulless expression.

DDK:

Blackwood HAS TO get to those ropes A-SAP!

The FIST moves closer... closer... he reaches out.

DDK:

He's got them!

But Stalker doesn't drop the hold. Benny Doyle shrugs, there's nothing he can do.

Lance:

No rules! Dammit!

The rope break counts for something, however. Not to be outdone, Blackwood snatches the middle rope to pull himself upwards... then he takes the top rope...

DDK:

Blackwood is turning Stalker over!

Jason Reeves drops the figure four before it's too late!

Lance:

Very smart, again.

Stalker pounds Blackwood to the mat with ferocious boots to the temple... working his way down Gage's body and into the right knee. Stalker lifts Blackwood's right leg up, about to slam it into the mat...

WHACK!

DDK:

A brilliant enziguri by Gage! He was on the mat but immediately jumped onto his good leg and let it fly!

Lance:

You can forget Gage has some decent "agile" abilities outside of this reckless brawler he's become. Obviously, this match doesn't call for any flips. A hurricanrana into a pin won't be winning tonight, I'm sure.

Warner calls back to the last pay-per-view, where Blackwood beat Oscar Burns with a surprise hurricanrana into a pin after none of his main moves finished the war between them. Meanwhile, for this match, Gage finds a vertical base and connects with a hammer throw. Blackwood hobbles over to Stalker, lifts him up and lands a second hammer throw.

DDK:

HammerMania!

As Crimson gets to his feet, hard backhanded chops follow courtesy of Gage Blackwood. The chops work Stalker into a corner. Gage attempts to Irish whip The Kabal Weapon as hard as he possibly can into the corner across the way... when Blackwood's knee, once again, quickly gives out.

Reeves is able to stop his momentum before hitting the turnbuckle pad, going in nowhere near as hard as Blackwood wanted.

The challenger turns. He sees his prey is vulnerable.

DDK:

Crazy chop block by Stalker into that knee!

Gage screams out, slamming the mat with his free hand to show the immense pain he's in. The crowd boos... but the boos turn to hushes as Stalker peels Blackwood off the canvas and tucks Gage's good leg into his body, lifting the FIST up and dropping him on the bag leg.

Another blood wrenching cry comes from Gage, although the FIST remains hobbled on his good leg. Stalker hits the ropes and destroys Blackwood with another inside out clothesline.

This time, Stalker falls back into a corner, keeping his eyes fixated on the champion.

DDK:

What's he doing?

Lance:

He's waiting, Keeps... waiting for Blackwood to get up.

The champion struggles to do so but when he's ready...

DDK:

EVENFLOW DDT!

The arena is silent as Crimson Stalker rolls Blackwood over and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

DDK:

And we're back!!

The Faithful cheer wildly in support of their champion... Gage Blackwood is not done yet.

Lance:

The first pinfall of the match, well into the fifteen minute mark. You had to have known coming in these two men were going to wreck each other before a pinfall would be made. That EvenFlow DDT was absolutely disgusting!

Stalker, however, doesn't seem phased. He methodically rises from the canvas, knowing he will be the first one to strike...

Chop block to Blackwood's bad leg.

The heart of the champion continues to show because once again, Gage tries to get back up.

Another chop block to the leg.

Blackwood shakes his head on the mat. He slams the canvas for all its worth. He refuses to quit. He's pulling himself up, again... albeit slowly.

A third chop block.

DDK:

Man, I don't know if Gage can go on. Stalker's finisher IS the Evenflow, the fact that Blackwood kicked out of that move was a miracle in and of itself. I'm not sure if Gage is going to be able to keep pushing through this!

Crimson Stalker hovers over the fallen Gage Blackwood, his eyes staring at the fallen FIST with a vacant uncaring. Jason reaches down for Gage, to pull the man back up but Gage is DEFIANT as ever! Clobbering away at the ribs of Crimson Stalker!

The man they call Stalker absorbs the mighty fists of The Faithful's hero, blow after blow sends Reeves stuttering backwards. However, none are enough to topple the angry silent monster. With nothing but darkness behind his moves, Stalker wraps his hand around the neck of the champion.

DDK:

Come on! You can't just choke the man like that...

Blackwood starts fighting Stalker back but it's essentially to no avail as Crimson's brutal 'shape' like moves empower his grasp around The FIST. Finally, Stalker levels Blackwood with a twisting back elbow strike. Reeves exits the ring and finds a steel chair. First, he snatches Blackwood's body and hits a hard belly-to-belly suplex. Next, he kicks the lifeless body of the FIST to the side, as he walks back to the chair. Gage is already scraping back to life as he reaches for the ropes.

DDK:

Stalker now hovering over that chair while referee Benny Doyle looks on. I'm not sure anyone wants to see what the Kabal's monster has planned next!

The Faithful try to raise the fire of their champion as Gage struggles with the ropes to pull himself upwards, holding his neck partially as he recovers from Jason's choking hands. Stalker, meanwhile, methodically picks up and opens the chair up in the center of the ring. The Crimson Mask beats with each small step, coldly and precisely the weapon has been set up for Stalker's next menacing move.

Reeves peers at Blackwood from over his shoulder as The Faithful are really trying to get the champ back to his feet!

LET'S GO GAGE!!
LET'S GO GAGE!!

With a thunderous pounding the first row set of fans at DEFIANCE Road show their support for the current FIST. Crimson Stalker lifts Blackwood, pushing him against the ropes as Stalker sets the champ up for his demise.

Stalker with a whip to the ropes!

DDK:

Gage in trouble here!! Wait, no! Blackwood holds the ropes and stops himself from moving as Crimson Stalker drops to the mat for a toe hold into the chair! No one home!

Lance:

A classic Jason 'Stalker' Reeves move, thwarted by our champion!

Gage seems to almost be smirking as he grips the ropes in a harsh tug. The silent monster known as Crimson Stalker rises back to his feet, unpleased.

The Faithful stand and let out a loud POP as Gage RUSHES forward from the ropes, delivering a RISING knee to the chest. The Noble Raider grabs Stalker's waist!

DDK:

Gage lifts Stalker.... GUTWRENCH suplex INTO THE CHAIR!

The metal crumples harshly under the force of Jason Reeves falling onto it, out of instinct and momentum, Gage hurriedly hooks Stalker's leg for an attempted pin!

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Lance:

The fans were expecting the three there and it's taken the wind out of the audience!

Gage rolls up to a seated position as Crimson Stalker fumbles face-first onto the mat and uses his hands to press himself up, slowly.

DDK:

Both men here are slow but Gage is to his feet before Stalker, moving to him now... STALKER WITH A LOW BLOW!

Utilizing the no rules set against his opponent, Jason Reeves uppercuts Gage Blackwood in the groin right in front of the ref's eyes. Somewhere, Teresa Ames likely squeals in excitement.

And suddenly, no one needs to imagine anymore.

Teresa Ames stumbles out from the top of the rampway, screaming in Stalker's general direction.

Teresa Ames:

Show DEFIANCE what happens to their heroes! Show them all what happens when their HEROES cross me!!
BEHEAD HIM!!

DDK:

Did she just scream... 'BEHEAD HIM'?!?

Ames is escorted back to gorilla by DEFSec, CLEARLY concussed and ending up finding her way out on her own.

Inside the ring, like a pet, Jason Reeves follows his current master's command to the tee. Walking methodically outside Jason looks towards the steel steps in which Teresa had pointed at. Stalker dislodges the upper half of the steps with ease by ripping it off with his bare hands.

Lance:

I don't like the looks of this... Jason's picking up that pair of the steel steps now... OH!! He just tossed it into the ring and over the top ropes, Benny Doyle almost got hit by it!!

The Faithful try to get Gage Blackwood back to his feet with a rousing set of cheers as Gage's senses come back to him, the steel steps thudding into the ring being a main trigger point.

Gage is using the ropes to pull himself up again as Crimson Stalker is taking his time to get back into the ring.

DDK:

C'mon, Gage!

Since ascending up the stairs in his current location was out of the question, Crimson Stalker methodically walks around the ring until he finds another set up of steel stairs leading into the ring.

Lance:

GAGE IS WAITING FOR HIM!!

The raging fury of GAGE BLACKWOOD - the FIST of DEFIANCE springs to life out of nowhere much to the surprise of the crowd and Benny Doyle!

DDK:

BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX FROM GAGE TO STALKER ON THE STEEL STEPS!! WOW!!

A horrendous site as Jason Reeves' lower back is crushed against the hard and unforgiving steel of DEFIANCE's finest Louisiana's homemade steel-steps. The Faithful fall silent as Gage is slow to recover from the move himself and Benny Doyle moves to check in on Stalker who is face down and unmoving.

DDK:

He's gotta be dead.

Lance:

Jason's been dead for a long time, Darren.

The arena is a roar, totally behind Gage Blackwood as Stalker lays spread eagle on the stairs. Finally, as if getting an extreme rush of adrenaline, Blackwood stands and races over to Stalker, hooking a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

HARD LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

The WrestlePlex is stunned!

DDK:

Dear God no!

Lance:

Did Jason Reeves... did he... did he... I... I...

Blackwood's in a shitload of pain himself, expelling the majority of whatever he had left to race over and make a pin attempt. The Noble Raider glances up at Benny Doyle but Doyle tells him it was only a two.

The FIST tries to remove himself from the steel steps. He takes Stalker along with him...

THUD.

DDK:

NO!

Stalker hits a desperation drop toe hold on Gage Blackwood, sending the champion into the steel steps!

Blood slowly drops from Gage's trademark scar above his right eye. There was a little trickle beforehand, now it's more apparent. And Crimson Stalker, the challenger, is also a mess himself. Although there's no blood, he's on all fours, edge of the ring, barely able to figure out any next step.

Blackwood falls off the steel steps and to the canvas. Benny Doyle, who only has everyone's best interest in mind, tries to move to steel steps to the side of the ring but struggles to do so (he doesn't move it far). Within enough time, Crimson Stalker stumbles to Gage Blackwood. The Kabal Weapon lifts Blackwood and throws the champion shoulder first into the steel steps. Gage hits the steps so hard they crash into the bottom rope.

DDK:

Dammit!

With some help from the timekeeper, Benny Doyle is able to lift the top rope up and they get the steel steps out of the ring.

DDK:

Well thank god.

Stalker stands over Blackwood, the crowd in a chorus of boos. Blackwood, who isn't moving... and Stalker who has seemingly recovered.

Lance:

It's scary Jason Reeves is alive right now.

DDK:

Yep.

Stalker stoically looks at referee Benny Doyle as if to insinuate Doyle should check on Gage Blackwood. The referee gets down on both knees and asks Gage if he's okay.

Gage Blackwood: *[muttering softly, picked up by the apron camera]*

I'm fine, fuck off.

Crimson Stalker peels Blackwood off the canvas and hits a snap suplex.

Jason Reeves, again, wants Benny Doyle to look over Blackwood.

Gage Blackwood: *[to Benny Doyle]*

I said... *[struggling to take breath]* I'm fine...

Crimson Stalker lifts Blackwood, bounces off the ropes and hits a diving chop block to Gage's right knee. Again, Stalker gives time for Blackwood to show signs of life.

DDK:

Gage is trying his best to fight here, folks. You can see it in his body language. He's stirring!

The FIST uses the ropes but finds two feet above him-

WHAM!

DDK:

Crimson Stalker with another chop block to Blackwood's bad leg!

Eventually, because he is given time to do so, Gage gets up.

Chop block.

And Blackwood's right back down.

DDK:

Finish the match, Jason! You likely have this won!

Stalker stands there, idly in the middle of the ring. He once again waits on Gage Blackwood to get up like before... and then destroys Blackwood's bad leg with another chop block.

But the SO DEFIANT champion finds a way up.

For the first time since allowing this to happen, Crimson Stalker does not look pleased. He doesn't go for a chop block this time. Instead, he takes a move straight out of Gage's playbook.

DDK:

Hammer throw by Crimson Stalker!

The Faithful catch on, knowing full well Stalker has taken the move from Blackwood.

Lance:

A sign of disrespect!

Blackwood is up. Stalker hits a second hammer throw.

DDK:

It's as if Stalker is MOCKING Gage Blackwood, trying to show the world of this "false hero" status he's always talked about. Well, WHEN he talked!

Hammer throw.

Hammer throw.

Hammer throw.

Now Crimson Stalker isn't even waiting for Gage to show signs of life, hitting him with throw after throw. The arena is silent. Gage Blackwood, FIST of DEFIANCE, figuratively dead on the canvas floor.

Stalker walks to an edge of the ring and peers into the crowd. He walks to another edge of the ring and does the same. Of course, Jason Reeves would do the four-edge tour but he sees motion out of the corner of his eyes.

Gage Blackwood, on two knees, giving Stalker the fingers.

Gage Blackwood:

Fuck your bullshit.

Stalker marches over and is ROLLED INTO A SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

No no no no no! Gage almost won it there!

Lance:

I have no doubt Gage didn't want to resort to a roll up but I think it speaks volumes for the physical state he's in.

Before Lance can finish his sentence, Crimson Stalker rises and brings Gage Blackwood along with him.

Modified Midlothian Hangover brainbuster slam... by CRIMSON STALKER.

DDK:

Bullshit! Get your own moves, Jason!

The arena stays quiet. Gage Blackwood is barely hanging on and yet, the FIST is trying his best to fight... trying to make the ropes... trying to show signs of life.

Hammer throw.

Hammer throw.

And, another...

Hammer throw.

Benny Doyle's face is a rush of concern. He watches on as Crimson Stalker methodically finds his prey again.

DDK:

Reeves is setting Blackwood up for the EvenFlow.

THUMP.

DDK:

I think I'm gonna be sick.

It's hit. Crimson Stalker, who seems completely recovered from any of the beatings he took prior, has the thoughtfulness of hooking Blackwood's leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd is immediately in WTF mode!

DDK:

HE DID IT! GAGE BLACKWOOD KICKED OUT OF THE EVENFLOW... AGAIN! I DON'T BLOODY BELIEVE THIS!

Lance:

THE FIST OF DEFIANCE... IS DEFIANT!

The fans are in a roar, Stalker's face is deadpan but likely concerned internally. The Noble Raider miraculously shows signs of life!

Crimson hurls Blackwood into a corner. Upon the ricochet, Blackwood walks into a side suplex. This time, Blackwood lands SICKENINGLY on his head! All the positivity inside the arena is pushed out the door. Blackwood doesn't move.

DDK: *[deep, stressful breath]*

Oh boy...

Lance:

He didn't have much left, Keebs. He had the kickout, it was great. We all got lost in the moment...

Blackwood does show consciousness, only by desperately grabbing the leg of Benny Doyle and trying to say something along the lines of "let it continue".

THUMP.

Stalker comes shooting across the canvas with a forearm to the head! Gage isn't knocked out, though. He takes hold of Benny Doyle again, trying his best to make it on a knee and mouth the words "leave it alone".

WHAM!

Another flying forearm smash.

Then a piledriver!

DDK:

Stalker, pin him. YOU HAVE THIS WON!

Lance:

He did pin him, a few moments ago. Gage kicked out!

The fans are standing but not for good reason. Crimson Stalker has seemingly killed The Noble Raider.

DDK:

HOLY SHIT!! GAGE IS USING THE ROPES TO GET UP. NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS HAVE I...

A thunderous forearm club to the side of Blackwood's temple knocks the champion down. This time, Crimson Stalker looks like he wants to do more but Benny Doyle gets in the way and tells Stalker to stand in the middle of the ring.

Somehow, Gage hasn't been knocked out, although he's clearly as disoriented as ever before. The FIST of

DEFIANCE tries to reach out for a rope but his hand goes nowhere close to one, though he's right beside them. Benny Doyle looks over at the time keeper's table.

And Doyle is moved off to the side by Crimson Stalker.

Snap suplex. Reeves holds on, he hits Blackwood with a hanging suplex. Reeves holds on and crushes the FIST with a death valley driver.

DDK:

HOW IS GAGE ALIVE!?

Blackwood finds the ropes, stumbles onto his feet and falls flat on his face. Crimson Stalker patently witnesses this in the middle of the ring.

Benny Doyle walks over and Blackwood pushes the referee away. Crimson comes marching in, lifts the Edinburgh native and drives Blackwood's skull into the mat with a Michinoku driver!

DDK:

ENOUGH!

Blackwood, so resilient. He stirs. It's a real struggle to find a knee as Benny Doyle walks over again. This time, the look on the referee's face is of serious concern.

Benny Doyle:

Gage, I'm sorry...

Gage Blackwood: *[barely]*

Don't...

Blackwood finds his feet and Crimson Stalker, once again, is right there waiting.

DDK:

REEVES WITH A BACKDROP. GAGE LANDS ON HIS HEAD!

Not a peep within the arena as The Noble Raider shows an out of body experience by finding his knees... but falls back to the mat. He finds his knees again... and falls back to the mat.

WHAM!

Forearm smashes.

Stalker backs away again, now a prized fighter only approaching his target when he shows signs of life.

DDK:

It's as if Reeves is TELLING Blackwood to stay down. To quit. To be the false hero he's supposed to and Gage won't listen!

Lance:

Benny might have to take this out of Gage's hands.

Only because he is given time, Blackwood rumbles on the canvas. It takes a number of attempts to find the ring ropes but the champion does and pulls himself up right.

And then Crimson hits a belly-to-back suplex. This one drops Gage on his head, halfway across the ring. Blackwood now lays in the center of the squared circle.

Crimson Stalker, the merciless assassin, waits to stalk his prey again. Blackwood rises and immediately collapses to the mat. He tries again, it takes a while.

And Blackwood falls.

Benny Doyle races in. He kneels down in front of the champion.

Benny Doyle:

I'm sorry.

Doyle turns to the time keeper, raises his hand and Blackwood shoots to his feet, screams at Crimson Stalker and races towards the challenger.

Thump.

Blackwood falls.

Doyle looks at the FIST. He looks at Crimson Stalker. He turns to the time keeper.

Doyle takes a deep breath.

DING DING DING

DDK:

No...

Silence.

Everyone's put together the outcome. This is more than clear. Benny Doyle slowly walks over to the time keeper's table and takes the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, a decision has been made. By referee stoppage, the winner of this match and therefore the NEW FIST of DEFIANCE... Crimson Stalker!

Doyle walks the title over to Stalker, who's simply in a trance. Benny doesn't know what to do so he just lays the title on Reeves' right shoulder and moves the hell out of there. Meanwhile, on the canvas, Gage Blackwood has actually found a knee to rest on. His weary and certainly concussed eyes look at Benny, conveying with whatever he has left how broken he is the referee made the choice he did.

WHAM!

DDK:

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLY DISGUSTING!

The fans boo (well, some of them anyway). Most of them are too shaken to do anything. Crimson Stalker finalizes the blow and knocks Gage Blackwood out for good with the third EvenFlow of the night.

The FIST of DEFIANCE lays on the ground. When Stalker went for Blackwood, the title simply slipped off his shoulders. The former FIST, The Noble Raider, the embodiment of the top wrestling organization in the world... defeated. Crushed.

And Jason "Stalker" Reeves stands above him, methodically, in his trance.

No theme song plays. No Reapers come down. No Teresa Ames.

Nothing.

Stalker is the champion.

Lance:

I won't even entertain this "welcome to Stalker's world" bullshit. Because that's what all this is, bullshit.

DDK:

DEFIANCE may never be the same. More importantly, we need medics out here for Gage Blackwood. He fought his ASS off. He wrestled injured, there's no doubt. The amount of punishment he took- look, you can't blame Benny Doyle. He did what he had to do. In fact, Benny should've called it earlier.

Lance:

This is tough to watch.

DEFSec are on the scene for Gage Blackwood. Stalker stands over them all, title at the foot of his feet, peering blankly into the crowd.

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the feed. DEFIANCE Road leaves on a sour note.

DDK:

Christ. Hopefully, we can get everyone an update tomorrow. What the hell did we just witness?

Immediate fade.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.