

SHOW OPEN



[♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪](#)

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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

SIGNS SIGNS EVERYWHERE THE SIGNS
OPHELIA SYKES GOT LUCKY WITH SEVEN GUYS
WOW SLUT SHAMER SITTING NEXT TO ME
DEFCON ONE!!!
SAVE US, HENRY KEYES!
THAT WASN'T VERY LORDY, LORD NIGEL
GO, OCHO, GO
HOW DO YOU SPELL VIE VICTUS? VAE VICTUS?
GAGE IS ALL THE RAGE
TERESA IS A RAGING [sign blurred out]
IF DAN RYAN IS THE MURDER DAD, DOES THAT MAKE LT MURDER MOM?
NO, MARRY ME, TITANESS
ALVARO BURNS WHEN HE PEEES TOO
BETS NOW OPEN ON KEYES BECOMING BEEDRILL OR BUTTERFREE
NED REFORM IS A DOCTOR LIKE DR. PEPPER'S A DOCTOR
I'LL TICKLE NIGEL'S BUSH
OSU!
WHAT'S LORD SEWELL UP TO?
WHAT'S BERRY CHERNOBYL UP TO?
WHAT'S ALAN GOLDSTEIN UP TO?
WHAT'S GILBERT ROGERS UP TO?
NO TOMORROW FOR TOM MORROW
JACK MACE IS CORVO ALPHA'S NUMBER ONE FAN

JESSICA LIED TO US

NED RELENTLESS

MASH MUSHI MASH

CORVO ALPHA IS ONE-DIMENSIONAL

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

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. DR. NED REFORM

DDK:

Welcome to DEFtv 168 ladies and gentlemen! We are fast approaching DEFCON 2022, and we've got what is sure to be a heck of a night tonight!

Lance:

We sure do, Keeps - we're going to see our new Favoured Saints Champion in action! We're scheduled to see the in-ring return of the man who reappeared two weeks ago: Jack Mace, formerly of Better Future Talent Agency. All that plus one heck of a unique tag team match...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Lance:

...but right now, we open with a first time match up here in DEFIANCE!

The fans begin to boo as Ned Reform walks through the curtain dressed ready for action. The Good Doctor, per usual, is all smiles as he confidently walks down the aisle. Reform adjusts his wrist tap as he shots the ringside fans, who are absolutely giving him hell, a sly smirk.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... introducing first, from Litchfield, Connecticut and weighing in at 227 lbs... NED REFORM!

Ned briefly pauses on his way down the ramp to shake his head and mouth, "that's DOCTOR Ned Reform." He continues toward the ring.

DDK:

Ned Reform may have gotten the last laugh two weeks ago when he revealed the shocking truth about Jessica Fear and her SOHer reign... or lack thereof.

Lance:

Well, one thing we do know is that Jessica Fear has not chosen to leave DEFIANCE like Reform requested... in fact, she is in action tonight against the monster Corvo Alpha, and my sources tell me she plans to address that very situation.

Reform wipes his feet on the apron before entering the ring. He does a lap around the ring with his hand raised high and jovially waving to all The Faithful as his music fades out.

DDK:

Reform can't be thinking about Jessica Fear, tonight, partner... at least not if he wants to win against this man!

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

House lights come low as green and white strobes light up the stage. The music builds until the Pacific Blitzkrieg makes an epic entrance through the curtain to a massive ovation from the Faithful! After a moment to pose at the head of the ramp to allow for a fireworks display going off behind him, he confidently makes his way down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, hailing from Seattle, Washington... he weighs in at 246 lbs... the Pacific Blitzkrieg, KERRY KUROYAMA!

Kuroyama tears off his silver-with-green-trim robe before sliding into the ring and bursting up to his feet. Reform immediately puts official Rex Knox between them and demands the ref keep his opponent back.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama looks to be all business here tonight! The past few weeks for him have been made a living hell at the hands of Tyler Fuse and the Kabal!

Lance:

He won't soon forget that Fuse cost him that chance at the Southern Heritage Title, but at least he'll have his chance to get his revenge at DEFCON when the two of them meet once again.

DDK:

A win tonight could give him great momentum going into that match, but nobody knows what the Good Doctor has up his strap tonight!

Lance:

...strap?

DDK:

I mean, a singlet doesn't exactly have sleeves, does it?

DING DING

Kuroyama and Reform go straight into a lockup. Ned slips under and behind to put Seattle's Beast into a hammerlock and crows triumphantly, until Kerry dips under and reverses into one of his own, with an added leg sweep to drop Reform onto his bottom. The Good Doctor circles his legs around to get some leverage but Kerry switches into a waistlock.

DDK:

The action is down on the mat as Kuroyama grabs Reform from behind... looks for a German Suplex, but Reform hooks the leg, and counters with a snapmare into a surfboard!

Lance:

Kerry may have a difficult time overpowering this opponent as he's done with others in the past, as the Good Doctor presumably has plenty of technical know-how to get himself out of any situation.

Reform beams a cocky smile as he digs a knee into Kerry's back and wrenches back on the arms, straining the back and spine. Kuroyama twists over to get some footing, until the Good Doctor unexpectedly breaks the hold and lays into his spine with a forearm to drop him back to the canvas. While one of Kerry's hands clutches at his back, Reform blatantly STAMPS on the other one propping him off the mat.

DDK:

OOH!! Vicious hand stomp by Reform, looking to take control of the pace early on in this match!

Lance:

Kuroyama is off to a slow start himself, but the Good Doctor would do well not to get careless and slip up here.

Reform kicks Kerry onto his back and drops a knee across the exposed arm... and another! Kuroyama grips his right arm and grits his teeth to fight off the pain, and endures a mocking slap to the back of the head by Ned, who is getting massive heat from the crowd! Dr. Reform promptly pulls Kerry to his feet and runs him to the ropes...

DDK:

Reform has Kerry in motion... throws him through the ropes to the OUTSIDE--but Kerry lands right on his feet!

Lance:

But Reform forgot to double-check his work!

The Good Doctor is already strutting across the ring in the other direction, grinning while pointing at his head. On the floor, Kuroyama pops his neck, smoothly swings around the corner post to slip back under the ropes, and Reform

turns around just in time to get his face OBLITERATED by a Discus Forearm strike that sends him flipping over to the mat!

DDK:

And Kuroyama rallies with the DISCUS FOREARM to the unsuspecting Dr. Ned Reform! You called it Lance! Here's Kerry, hooking the leg!

One!

Two!

NO! Reform kicks out!

After the kick out, Reform immediately begins to roll until he gets under the bottom rope. Dazed from the shot, Ned pulls himself up using the ropes until he's in a standing position outside the ring. He turns back into the ring, only to be met with a back elbow to the face. Reform's head snaps back, but before he releases the ring ropes and falls to the floor below, Kerry grabs him and suplexes him back inside the ring! Another cover.

One!

Two!

NO! Somehow, in his dazed state, Reform is able to get a leg up onto the nearby ropes. Kerry, laser-focused as always, has The Good Doctor back up in an instant and whips into the nearby turnbuckle. Reform collides hard with the corner - in fact, his impact is so strong that he flips up backwards and ends up in a tree-of-woe position hanging upside down! The Pacific Blitzkrieg comes flying at Reform, catching him square in the face with a vicious knee!

DDK:

Kerry is building momentum, and this is not a place that Ned Reform wants to be!

Kuroyama tries to pull Ned away from the ropes, but The Philosopher King (despite still looking loopy) has the wherewithal to reach out and wrap his arms tightly around the bottom rope. Kerry begins to pepper the stubborn Reform with forearms, but Ned cries out..

Ned Reform:

Get him back!

...and Rex Knox has no choice but to pull Kerry away, explaining that the rules require Ned a chance to get back to his feet. Ned Reform checks his nose to make sure it isn't bleeding before ever slowly collecting himself and climbing back to a vertical base. Kerry, for his part, calmly waits while not taking his eyes off the crafty doctor. Reform still stalls for time, exaggeratingly looking to prepare himself for combat... when out of nowhere, he lunges for Kerry with a kick...

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

...but Kerry catches the leg! The crowd roars its approval as Reform is left hopping on one foot. Ned frantically throws his hands up and begs Kerry for mercy, but Kuroyama gives no quarter when he spins Reform around, boots him in the gut... and hooks him for the Kuroyama Driver!

Lance:

Kerry looking to end it here!

The fans are on their feet as Ned Reform, who is frantically shaking his ever reddening face "NO," is locked in the pump handle position. Kerry lifts him up to complete the Kuroyama Driver...

...but in the process of the lift, Reform is somehow able to twist his momentum... and the shifting weight causes Kerry

to fall forward... into a Ned Reform small package!

One!

Two!

...Three!?!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... **NEEEEEED REEEFOOOOOOORRRMMM!!!**

DDK:

WOW! This has to be considered an upset, Lance!

Lance:

You can say a lot about Ned Reform - but the man clearly does his homework. He had that move scouted and was ready to counter!

Kerry is sitting up, shaking his head in frustration at what just went down. Reform, meanwhile, is flat on his back. It's only when Rex Knox comes over to hold his hand that it dawns on him: he won. He is up in a flash, wide eyed and smiling as if he just won the Super Bowl. He hops to the top rope and celebrates to the merciless boos of The Faithful. Kerry Kuroyama, never one to be too dramatic but clearly still frustrated at Reform catching one on him, shakes his head in disgust and exits the ring.

DDK:

You've got to hope this isn't going to shake Kerry's confidence heading into DEFCON.

I QUIT?

Reform meanwhile, is still celebrating. He motions to Quimbey for a mic, and when he fails to receive one, The Good Doctor himself exits the ring and prys one from the DEFIANCE ring announcer's fingers. Back into the ring, he is all smiles as he begins to pace around the ring while speaking.

Ned Reform:

That's what you call a clinic, ladies and gentlemen!

BOOO!

Reform stops pacing. Turns to look directly into the hard cam.

Ned Reform:

And speaking of clinics... now, perhaps, would be a good time to address the clinically insane.

A creepy smile.

Ned Reform:

Jessica. Fear. Last week, you knew what was at stake, but you left me no choice but to expose you to the world when I revealed that you are - and always have been - a fraud. You have misrepresented yourself as a former Southern Heritage Champion - all the while knowing you never actually won the championship. You've been living a lie - well, I'm sure you've been living several - but this particular lie is of importance to the DEFIANCE fans. Now they - like I - know you as a fraud.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

And yet... you chose to ignore my repeated requests to leave DEFIANCE. I understand that learning is not your strong suit, but this is getting a little ridiculous my dear. Perhaps you simply like embarrassment? I understand that for some people, embarrassment is titillating? If you like when I humiliate you, Ms. Fear, you simply just need to say so.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! Also: weird.

Ned Reform:

But I don't think that is it. I think you simply believe that if you ignore this for long enough, you will continue to live your lie. I am here to dispel that notion. I'm proposing a match: you and me, Ms. Fear. At DEFCON, naturally. But not just any match...

Reform sighs. He continues.

Ned Reform:

I'm sure you're familiar with an "I Quit" match, yes? You being such a veteran of the wrestling ring and all. Well, for the uninformed, let me catch you up to speed: in an "I Quit" match, one competitor is allowed to do whatever they must do in order to get their opponent to quit. It can be a rather barbaric contest... or so I'm told. Well... I do not want to have an I Quit match.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What is he getting at here?

Ned Reform:

The match I'm proposing is similar in nature, but with a slight twist: I do not want to force you to admit that you quit, Ms. Fear. I want you - publicly - in front of the world - after I've soundly defeated you in the middle of the ring - to admit

that you...

Are.

A.

Fraud.

He pauses. The fans let him have it.

Ned Reform:

I am challenging you, Ms. Fear, to the first ever "I'm A Fraud" Match. The contest will end only when you admit to the world what you truly are. There will no longer be any running from this, no escaping into the land of denial, after you come clean at the biggest DEFIANCE event of the year. No rules, no holds barred - the match only ends when one of us admits that they are a fraud. And since only one of us is a fraud, there is little doubt who that will be. I urge you to accept, Ms. Fear. This issue between us needs to come to an end, and you've forced me to choose violence. See you soon.

Reform turns to go. Stops. Smiles and turns back toward the crowd.

Ned Reform:

Thank you for coming to my NED Talk.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Ned Reform laying down the challenge for... an "I'm A Fraud" match.

Lance:

I'm not sure how wise it is to challenge Jessica Fear to a match with no rules in her current condition. I think much like the Deacon situation, Ned Reform has bitten off far more than he can chew here.

DDK:

But will she accept? Jessica Fear has a shot at Corvo Alpha's Favoured Saints Championship tonight... so I guess we'll see!

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2022**CURRENT CARD****UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS*****SNS © vs. Malak Garland & Comments Conor Fuse*****FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIPS****Henry Keyes © vs. Corvo Alpha****Oscar Burns vs. Dex Joy****Pop Culture Phenoms vs. Flex in a Box****Los Tres Titanes vs. Better Future Talent Agency****Kerry Kuroyama vs. Tyler Fuse****ToyBox Match****Jestal vs. Dandelion****Jack Mace vs. Tom Morrow**

ASMR INVITATIONAL

The glow of soft purple lights gently caress the ring ropes. Most of The Faithful look on in concern as they see many weird things that don't belong in a wrestling ring. There is a sensory station set up with all sorts of tactile trinkets to tap and touch. In the middle of the ring stands a parabolic microphone with plastic ear moldings affixed to both sides. Lastly, a Secret Lab Titan Evo chair sits at the ready as a whispering voice echoes over the sounds system.

Teresa Ames:

Hello, hello, hello.

DDK:

Oh dear God, no.

Teresa walks out on stage to a bushel full of boos. She smiles before bending over and tapping the steel stage she stands on. She holds the microphone close, in order to get the best sound.

Teresa Ames:

Hello everyone and welcome to yet another very special live ASMR session. Come with me to the ring, shall we?

DDK:

Do we have to?

Lance:

I'm afraid we do, and I'm afraid of whatever is going to come out of Teresa Ames' mouth.

Ames walks down to the ring. She climbs in and takes a seat in her gamer chair even though she's not a gamer. She's an entertainer.

Teresa Ames:

My, what a setup do we have here!? Give it up to our stage hands, folks! They exceeded my expectations for once!

Her curiosity gets the better of her as she can't help but play with the sensory station in front of her. She flips some switches and turns some knobs and they all make the sounds you could imagine they would.

Teresa Ames:

You know, I sent an invitation for Lindsay Troy to join us for this little treat. I figured, why not? Maybe I was stoking the fire a little too much last week so I thought I'd extend an olive branch and make amends with the grandma. She seems so high strung, after all. Bitch needs a simmer stick.

DDK:

It's official: Teresa Ames has a death wish.

Lance:

Two weeks ago we saw her lose her absolute mind when she confronted both Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan after their tag match against the Barely Active Team, slapped the Queen of the Ring across the face and challenged them to a match at DEFCON on her and Gage Blackwood's behalf.

DDK:

We still don't even know if Gage knows about this; he left the arena well before all this went down.

Lance:

I'm sure he knows about it now. How he feels, another question entirely.

Ames taps on a panel of reclaimed wood which sends tingles up her spine. The crowd, on the other hand, just kind of

awkwardly looks the other way.

Teresa Ames:

Guess what that snake eyed, wrinkly faced Medusa bitch said to my invitation!?

Her tapping gets increasingly vigorous.

Teresa Ames:

SHE SAID NO! I WANT THAT SEMEN SERGEANT OUT HERE IMMEDIATELY!

Lindsay Troy, however, does not appear. Teresa takes a deep, deeeeeeeeeep breath in an attempt to quell the rising tide of frustration building within her and keeps tap tap tapping away at the wooden block.

Teresa Ames:

I see you're playing hard to get. [Frowns] Fine. Maybe I need to add some honey to get this "queen bee" to come out of her hive.

The Cute n QWERTY girl gives the camera a seductive wink, but before she can say another word, "Put 'Em in the Grave" hits the speakers and Lindsay Troy makes her way to the ring, looking like she's had enough of these antics.

Lance:

If looks could kill...

DDK:

And no Dan Ryan, which is an interesting choice Teresa should be thankful for.

Troy swipes a microphone from Darren Quimbey and hops into the ring. Teresa glares at her as Lindsay stands a few feet away.

Lindsay Troy:

God, I'm so fucking sick of you. You and this tappity tap whispery horseshit.

RAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Lance:

Lindsay Troy getting right to the point, as usual.

Lindsay Troy:

Y'know, it doesn't take much to aggravate me these days. Normally, my annoyance meter sits at about a six or a seven and when some pissant gets on my nerves I take a few deep breaths, hit the gym, go for a run, and the needle doesn't end up moving all that much. But lately....lately....

She snarls.

Lindsay Troy:

It's been creeping up and creeping up and creeping up. And I suppose I have your former dipshit friends in the Kabal to thank for that, as well as your current dipshit friend Malak Garland, and the forever dipshits Cayle Murray, Arthur Pleasant, ADV, Nigel Tricklebush, and Gage Blackwood.

Troy grips the microphone tighter, her eyes narrowing.

Lindsay Troy:

But you, Teresa....you have zero business being in my orbit other than to be an annoying little gnat that won't stay dead when swatted away. I tolerated you in Vegas and you proved yourself to be useless, just like you've proven yourself to be useless in DEFIANCE. I am warning you....if you don't stay out of my way and out of my business with Blackwood, I

will see to it that you won't be of use to anyone anymore.

Teresa just eyes the Queen of the Ring. Eventually, Ames gazes over to the parabolic mic.

Teresa Ames:

So nice of you to finally show up, LT. I put this together for you, after all, and you come out here and treat me like that!? Pffffffft. Bitch, please. I know what will turn this party around.

The Tasty Gurl rolls over to one side of the ear molded microphone. She begins touching the lobe portion of the microphone as if it was attached to a person.

Teresa Ames:

Care to join me in some plastic ear licking? This shit is the bomb online. Gets all the views and all the donations, too.

Teresa tries to coax LT to join her in licking the plastic ears by showing her how it's done. Ames fiercely injects her tongue DEEP into the plastic ear on her side of the parabolic microphone. The sound of saliva slapping around pulses throughout the arena as many fans cover their ears at the annoying noise.

Teresa Ames:

MmmmmmmmmMMmMMmmMMMmmmm. Uuuuuuughhhh. Oh yeah, oh yeah. Lick, lick, lick.
SssssssasassaSSsasaAAAsHHhhhHHH. MMMMmMmMmmMMMMmmmm. Gage baby, you taste so good.
MmmmmmmmmmmmmMMMhhhmmmmmmmmmm.

DDK:

W...h...a...t?

Spit begins to drip from the plastic ear as Ames doesn't dare break eye contact with Lindsay Troy.

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

DDK:

Thank GOD!

Ames looks devilishly towards the entrance as Dan Ryan comes marching down.

Lance:

Murder Daddy is here!

The Faithful are in straight RAAAH mode as they know he's coming to fuck shit up. Meanwhile the camera switches to Troy in the ring, watching her teammate make his way to ringside. Lindsay turns to Teresa and gives a sarcastic "oh shit" expression.

Ryan reaches ringside. He grabs the middle rope to pull himself onto the apron and then steps over the top rope. He slowly, methodically, surveys his surroundings and all the... items... inside the ring.

Ryan cracks a smile.

And cracks his knuckles.

The fans shout again. Some cheer, some simply make noise as Gage Blackwood SPRINTS full blast down the rampway. He slides into the ring, picks up an ASMR knick knack already full of Ames' saliva and cranks it across the head of Dan Ryan before anyone else realizes what's happening.

DDK:

This will escalate ASAP.

But... the blow only stuns the big man. Ryan turns, smirks and spears Blackwood to the canvas. They crash into other various ASMR items as Lindsay Troy watches the two brawl around the canvas.

The Queen of the Ring gives a shrug...

BOOM!

And spears Ames into a bunch of equipment. The crowd erupts as Troy grabs the plastic ears and smashes them across Teresa's head. She lifts Ames to her feet and hurls her into the ropes... before throwing Ames face-first into one of her microphone stands.

Troy leaps on top of The ASMR Artist and starts smashing her head against the canvas. Ryan and Blackwood are now toe-to-toe outside the ring. Neither are backing down although the much bigger Texan is starting to gain the upper hand.

DDK:

Gage sprinted down the rampway but you can still see he's still nowhere near one-hundred percent.

Ryan goes for a clothesline but Blackwood is able to avoid the move and use Murder Daddy's momentum, throwing him shoulder-and-neck-first into the steel steps. Inside the ring, Ames actually gains the upper hand by reaching out and snatching a miniature cymbal, whacking The Queen of the Ring over the head!

CLANG!

Ames revives herself. Outside the ring, Blackwood revives himself. The two look at each other as The Noble Raider slides into the ring. The crowd watches on, not sure of how to interpret the scene playing out in front of their eyes.

Teresa Ames: *[batting her eyes]*

Oh hi there, Gagey.

Blackwood's face is beet red with anger.

Gage Blackwood:

Where da' fuk you get off making a match with me in it!?

Blackwood's thick Scottish accent is starting to come out, slowly. It usually appears when he's absolutely fuming and then hard to make sense of afterwards.

Ames pretends like she didn't hear Blackwood already. Instead, she motions with her head downwards, at the fallen Lindsay Troy. Then she looks at the reclaimed wood. Then she looks at Gage.

Teresa Ames:

Do it. Do it with **me**. Let's put this trash panda on ice, honey. You and I.

Ames reaches out, albeit cautiously. She brushes a finger down Blackwood's shoulders.

Teresa Ames:

You... and I.

Lance:

There's no way Gage goes for this. The woman is half the reason he's no longer the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Blackwood takes a step back and checks out his surroundings. Meanwhile, Ames lifts Troy into a powerbomb position.

DDK:

They aren't going to do this, are they!?

Blackwood bounces off the ropes and throws a shoulder into Ames! The crowd comes to life as The Drama Queen Star collects herself on the canvas. Tears start rolling down her face.

Teresa Ames:

WHY!? *[Sob]* We could've made beautiful ASMR music throwing her through that reclaimed wood, my teddy beddy bear!!

The crowd cheers again as Dan Ryan is up and working his way into the ring. Lindsay Troy has come to, too. Neither of them look happy.

DEFSec is finally on the scene as Gage Blackwood exits the ring in a fury and power walks up the rampway, completely pissed off. Teresa Ames has also slid out of the squared circle, trying to reach for a few of her ASMR items in the process. Troy and Ryan shout at the two of them to come back to fight but it clearly won't be happening. Too much security in there now.

DDK:

We're going to have a massive war come DEFCON.

Lance:

I have no idea how Ames and Blackwood will co-exist.

DDK:

Ryan and Troy won't care.

Lance:

Not at all.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town (actually, though... maybe someone convinced someone of taking DEFIANCE on tour...if only that someone would be able to see this message maybe he or she would say otherwise but if I were you I'd keep my eyes open to DEFIANCEWrestling.com for further information soon, promise).

FEAR THE MONSTER

Chris Trutt is backstage, pacing around in a small circle while the cameras focus on not just the junior reporter of DEFIANCE but also the man standing next to him, DEFIANCE's FIST champion, Crimson Stalker.

Chris Trutt:

Should I do it or should I not? Should I press it or not... hmmm....

Trutt looks ominously over Jason Reeves who is standing like a mute monster staring into the distance, he's wearing the same clothes as those he left the ring in at DEFTv 167. The FIST championship is gripped tightly in Stalker's hand and hanging around his neck is a small slim silver recorder with a note taped to it reading 'Play Me.'

Chris Trutt:

Screw it, you only live once and how often am I going to get to be the vessel of a diabolical Kabal plan!?

Looking around with a bit of hesitation before reaching forward, Trutt wipes his forehead of sweat before clicking the silver play button of the tape recorder.

Mr. Fear: *[on the recorder]*

The gravest of mistakes is letting the lone wolf free and undirected, this shall be rectified TONIGHT! The Kabal's Sword will slice its way to the biggest of targets, DEFIANCE's BEST remaining Heroes... those that are considered... legends...

Trutt reaches forward and awkwardly presses the pause button, he glances over both shoulders before raising the microphone up to Stalker's mask.

Chris Trutt:

Come on Jason... I know you are in there. You've barely said a word for nearly a year... are you really being driven by this...? Tape?

Pointing at the silver recorder, Trutt gets nothing but a silent stare in reaction, seconds tick by before Trutt presses play once more.

Mr. Fear:

Form together in trust and unify the strength of heroes, you may think you are some... masterpiece or idols to look up to. But you are nothing - weak and frail false idols who wave the banner that my... The Kabal's weapon eats and destroys. Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan... the time has come for your dues to be paid. Your Hero card to be pulled. Tonight... our weapon will slice through you both.

Chris Trutt:

You can't be serious... Stalker.. You are challenging both Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan by yourself?!?

The question is ignored, instead Stalker rips the recorder chain from his neck with his free hand and stares down at Trutt.

Stalker:

RILEYYYYYYYYY.....

With a growling anger filled rage, Crimson Stalker screams his battle cry which causes Trutt to stutter and shake in fear. Pushing the smaller man out of the way, Crimson Stalker idly walks away leaving a shaken Trutt sputtering. From the shadows Terry Anderson appears beside Trutt and speaks to the man quietly.

Terry Anderson:

No serum is going to be strong enough to power Stalker against the best heroes in DEFIANCE. And if they don't stomp him out - he won't stop until he does exactly that to anyone who stands in his way. This is not a good thing for

anybody.

Grabbing the silver recorder from Trutt's hand Terry strokes his chin in thought as Trutt simply stares off in blank and utter silence.

LOS TRES TITANES vs. MASON LUCK & OPHELIA SYKES

DDK:

Up next we have mixed tag team action going on! It will be Uriel Cortez and Titaness of Los Tres Titanes and the bride and groom-to-be will be facing Mason Luck and Ophelia Sykes of The Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

Tom Morrow isn't here and will be with Max Luck later tonight for his match against "Killer Bear" Jack Mace, but he will have Alvaro de Vargas in his corner. Los Tres Titanes will take on Alvaro and the Lucky Sevens in a six-person tag at DEFCON but let's get to mixed tag action right now shall we!

Before Darren Quimbey introduces the team, Alvaro de Vargas walks to the stage in a fancy black suit with red and orange flame designs all over.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Senor Morrow is busy attending to other matters, so I'll be handling this part. Ahem. Pendejos y pendejas... Siete pies de altura! Three-hundred ten pounds! He's the toughest guy next to me in this locker room! And his partner's ass is almost as much fire as the fireballs I've used to melt the faces of your heroes... including Pirata Dirigible Henry Keyes!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Alvaro de Vargas:

They'll be putting that giant pendejo Uriel Cortez and the muscled-up pendeja Titaness in their places before we finish the job at DEFCON! This is mi hermano de otra madre ... MAAAAAXXXX LUUUUCCKKKKK! And the woman that pinned The D a few weeks ago ... The hottest thing in DEFIANCE since ... me, pendejos, me! OPHELIA SYYYYYKKKEEEEESSS!!!

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

7 7 7

The lights come back on and Mason Luck has the "Winning Hand" gesture up in the air! He sheds his green cape and then heads to the ring with Ophelia Sykes also putting up "The Winning Hand!" She sheds off her cape to reveal a red and green sports top that barely keeps everything contained and black shorts and fishnets to match. ADV sneaks a peek behind them before they flash the crowd the Winning Hand pose again. Mason Luck and Ophelia Sykes both pose in the ring before their opponents arrive.

The DEF-Tron comes to life and shows a limo opening up from the outside, courtesy of the old Family Keeling Talent Agency. The door swings open and one by one, out come three of the opponents for tonight's match.

Minute - decked out in a white trench coat and ring gear with gold and diamond patterns on his mask.

Titaness - wearing a white top, white pants-length tights with gold stripes down the left leg, diamond designs down the right and a vest in the same style.

And lastly, the massive Uriel Cortez - white thigh-length trunks, sleeveless trench coat and a Los Tres Titanes-brand towel over his shoulders.

The three get out, nod to one another silently and then stomp towards the entrance... right into...

TITANS ALWAYS STAND TALL!

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, accompanied by Minute... at a combined weight of 540 pounds... they are the team of "THE

TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ AND "THE SHOW OF FORCE" TITANESS... **LOS! TRES! TITANES!**

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern on the screen. And with that... A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes off! Wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and gold towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands Uriel Cortez! Titaness looks up at him and then gives the giant a kiss before the two head to the ring with Minute right behind them in street gear!

DDK:

There has been bad blood for a long time with Los Tres Titanes and Better Future Talent Agency! At DEFCON, both sides finally have the chance to end this!

The engaged Uriel and Titaness get ready. Mason Luck doesn't look scared at all and neither does Ophelia Sykes. In fact she wants to start against Titaness!

Lance:

Is she insane? Ophelia Sykes pinned The D a few weeks ago but that was with help from Alvaro de Vargas and a chain!

DDK:

Here we go!

DING DING

Titaness wants Ophelia Sykes ... but the first thing that she does is tag Mason Luck! Boos fill the arena when the seven foot Mason Luck steps over the ropes. Uriel and Minute watch Titaness but for the credit of the young powerhouse she does not look afraid!

DDK:

Ophelia Sykes doesn't want any part of Titaness but Mason Luck doesn't care who stands in front of him. He and Max Luck have been calling themselves the Main Event Monsters handing out five-star beat-downs. They injured their mentors and they'll injure Titaness too.

Mason looks down at the physically imposing Titaness and greets her with a dismissive pat on the head. He points at Uriel Cortez and wants him in the ring but he gets a slap across the face from Titaness instead!

Lance:

Ooooooooooh! The Show of Force doesn't like that disrespect.

Uriel Cortez:

That's why I put a ring on it!

Titaness throws right hands at Mason Luck and they stun him for a second but she gets grabbed and whipped to the ropes. She comes back and takes Mason Luck's knee out using a drop kick to get the giant hobbling on one leg. Titaness stands up and as he's down on one leg ... she pats *him* on the head! Minute, Uriel and the crowd are all laughing. Alvaro is at ringside not laughing at all.

DDK:

That's what Mason gets for looking past Titaness!

Lance:

She almost won the Favoured Saints title a month ago over Corvo Alpha ... but Mason is getting back up!

An enraged Mason gets back up and then boots Titaness in her stomach. He presses her up over his head ... but she slips out before he can throw her! Titaness lands behind Mason and then runs off to a corner. Mason charges but Titaness is able to get both of her feet up to kick Mason square in his chest. She goes to the middle ropes and then

hits a missile drop kick. Big Money Mase is not knocked down but he is rocked in the corner! After he goes, Titaness runs over and the crowd cheers when Uriel makes the tag!

DDK:

Here we go!

The 7'2" and 339-pound beast runs over to the corner opposite Mason and then charges in... THWACK! Cracking him with a running open-handed chop! Mason is doubled over and not one chop, but two...

THWACK!

The Chop of Ages does in Mason! Alvaro grabs his own chest from sympathy pains on the outside watching his teammate get worked over.

Lance:

And there's the Chop of Ages! Uriel has literally turned his hands into the deadliest weapon of his arsenal!

He grabs Mason from the corner, but Mason fires back with a rake of the eyes. He throws a few chops, but when he tries to run off the ropes... he gets picked up and then slammed by Uriel Cortez! The Titan of Industry yells out and then tags Titaness! She sets herself up on top rope slowly, then Uriel grabs her arms and throws her off the top into an assisted senton bomb!

DDK:

What teamwork by the future husband and wife! That was great!

Titaness now tries to pin Big Money Mase.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Close, but no cigar there! The teamwork of Los Tres Titanes in general is what makes them all so dangerous!

Titaness gets up and then throws a pump kick when Mason sits up and catches her boot. He grabs the Show of Force by her foot and pulls her into an extra nasty clothesline! The force almost makes him trip up, but he catches himself and then shoots a mocking look of concern at both Uriel Cortez and Titaness!

Lance:

But Mason turns it all around with a big clothesline!

DDK:

Now he's picking up Titaness!

Mason walks over to the corner just out of Uriel's reach and smirks. He throws Titaness across the ring using a fall away slam then sits up and flashes another smile!

Mason Luck:

Just threw your woman! Sorry!

DDK:

No! Mason Luck cutting the ring in half! Even if he's not tagging with his brother tonight, Mason Luck knows what he's doing with the tag team action!

Alvaro de Vargas keeps on laughing on the outside while Minute is pissed off at what's happening. Mason grabs

Titanness by the body and then whips her to the corner followed by a running splash in the corner. Sykes wants a tag and Mason has an idea. He picks up Titanness by the side and then Ophelia slowly climbs the first rope ... the second ... then back to the first. Mason uses a backbreaker then Ophelia jumps off the first rope with a splash!

Lance:

Wow ... don't know about that impact by Sykes, but Mason might have done the damage!

Ophelia hooks both legs of Titanness!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The Show of Force lives up to her nickname and forces her way out of a cover! But Ophelia has learned a trick or two and then grabs a headlock on Titanness!

DDK:

She is trying to wear down Titanness now! Is ... Ophelia insane?

Lance:

It's pretty smart of her to try and wear her down.

With the rallying cheers of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful fueling her, Titanness starts to get to her knees and then off one of one quickly. She has Ophelia on her back and then rams her into a corner but Mason tags her with a hand on the ropes! The tag counts but when Titanness slams Ophelia back into the corner, Uriel tries to warn her!

DDK:

Titanness does not see Mason ... and he picks her up! Jack Pot Drop!

The overhead gut wrench leads to a body cutter and then Mason tries to win the match!

One ...

Two ...

Uriel's boot catches Mason and breaks up the cover!

DDK:

Uriel gets in there early! I don't know if Titanness would have kicked out of that power move but Uriel wasn't going to let it happen!

The referee tells the giant to get back to his corner. Uriel stares down Mason and he does it, but as Titanness tries to move, Mason pulls her back to the corner. Ophelia makes a tag then lets herself get picked up by Mason in a press then drops her down on Titanness for another cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Ophelia freaks out from Titanness kicking out while the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer her on! Ophelia tries to grab a leg but Titanness kicks her back!

DDK:

Titanness kicking out again and again showing how tough she is! Mason makes a tag!

Mason climbs into the ring once again and grabs Titanness by the leg and then pulls her up ... but this time she elbows

him until she slips out. When Mason turns around she kicks his knee out and then hits a pump kick to the chest! Mason gets backed up and then Uriel Cortez gets the hot tag!!!

Lance:

Here we go! Giant on giant violence again!

Uriel Cortez rocks Mason with chops and punches. He whips him off the ropes but Mason Luck turns the tables on the whip and Uriel goes flying which is rare for any power house to do. But things go wrong for Mason because Uriel comes back with the Biggest Drop Kick in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

DDK:

I can't believe a man that big can do a drop kick but here we are!

Lance:

Uriel Cortez back up! He has Mason Luck!

Mason Luck gets picked up and then put down with Big Business!

One ...

Two ...

But before the three comes down, Alvaro de Vargas puts his foot under the ropes and tells the ref to pay attention!

DDK:

Alvaro come on! That might have been a three-count!

Uriel yells at the ref, but while Alvaro is laughing, Minute climbs the apron nearby and runs across it, dives *through* the ring apron and then grabs Alvaro by the head to wipe him out with a tope into a tornado DDT on the floor! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful go bonkers after the T.J. Tornado wipes him out!

Lance:

What an incredible move by Minute! After weeks of these attacks the Lucky Sevens and Alvaro inflicted he gets his payback!

DDK:

What a way to hit a tornado DDT! Minute really is a human highlight reel in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Uriel grabs Mason Luck but he gets clawed on the face and then put down with a Winning Hand slam!

DDK:

Mason with the Winning Hand Slam on Uriel!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Cortez fights out of the cover!

Lance:

The giants are throwing bombs tonight in that ring! There's a lot of bad blood between these two teams and they aren't waiting until DEFCON to settle this!

Mason tries to get Uriel up but when he does, he gets stopped by a headbutt! Mason shoots one right back! Uriel with a headbutt! Mason with a headbutt! He locks in another Winning Hand but Cortez breaks his way out of it! Ophelia Sykes tries to grab the leg of Cortez but he pulls forward and drags her into the ring with her!

DDK:

Bad idea!

Uriel pulls her up! Mason tries to get up and stop Uriel with another claw but Cortez stops him and then hits the Industry Standard on Mason Luck!

DDK:

Industry Standard by Cortez! He drives Mason Luck into the ring!

Lance:

That's going to be it!

Uriel goes for the pin on Mason Luck with Ophelia Sykes trying to jump in only to eat a Clash of the Titaness spear from Titaness!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

Los Tres Titanes all gather up in the ring to celebrate the big win!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners ... Titaness and Uriel Cortez!!!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez pins Mason Luck! When The Better Future Talent Agency have the numbers evened up, Los Tres Titanes are able to fight back and even the score!

Lance:

Will this be the story at DEFCON as well? It's Los Tres Titanes versus Alvaro de Vargas and the Lucky Sevens!

Uriel Cortez, Titaness and Minute get to celebrate the big win while Alvaro de Vargas is holding his head. He and Mason Luck leave the ring and with Ophelia Sykes they all skulk away from the ring. Uriel Cortez and Titaness stand tall tonight! Will DEFCON be the same story?

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



AN EYE FOR FEAR

"The Idol" Terry Anderson walks toward the camera, silver recorder still in hand. His eyes are focused just past the camera's angle, at least until the camera pivots to reveal three people - Magdalena, Chris Shepherd, and the Deacon. The crowd pops as Terry starts.

Terry Anderson:

You may not want to see me right now, but you need to listen to me.

Terry reaches out the recorder.

Terry Anderson:

To listen to this.

Terry hits play and holds the recorder up, allowing the sound to carry.

Mr. Fear:

...The Kabal's weapon eats and destroys. Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan... the time has come for your dues to be paid. Your Hero card to be pulled. Tonight... our weapon will slice through you both.

Chris Shepherd:

Crimson Stalker... versus Troy AND Ryan? That's gonna go bad for the FIST.

Terry Anderson:

You don't know the half of it.

Terry hits another button on the recorder.

Mr. Fear:

They always say to have a big red button, the self destruct, the switch that will destroy the heroes and everything around it. The Kabal lacks a red button, but we have a Crimson killer. Tonight, not only will the heroes fall. Tonight, everyone falls.

Magdalena:

Assuming Ryan and Troy don't kill the-

Deacon puts a hand on Magdalena's shoulder. She looks up as the camera pulls back to get a better view of the Mute Freak's face. He holds Magdalena's eyes for a moment and then slowly shakes his head.

Magdalena:

But...

God help him, the Deacon turns to Terry Anderson, the PI that terrorized his family for months. The Deacon nods. What the Mute Freak was agreeing to wasn't truly known, but somehow, if you knew the Deacon, you knew. You just knew.

CORVO ALPHA vs. JESSICA REEVES

Darren Quimbey:

Our next contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONNNNSHIIIIIP!

Shot centered on a capacity DEFplex, a moving image of the Favoured Saints Championship belt sweeps across our screen before coming to a rest in the lower left corner. Our attending faithful pop at the title match announcement and then grow louder, but perhaps more mixed in response, when the challenger's music hits.

♪ "Last One Standing" by MAYDAY ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, our challenger... She hails from Seattle, Washington and weighs in tonight at 185 pounds... she is the GUARDIAN ANGEL OF DEF... She is JESSICA... FEAARRRRRR!!

With the former Codename: Guardian's video package playing on the DEFIAtron, Jessica Fear steps onto the ramp staring down at the ring almost in DEFIANCE, she removes her 'hood' to expose her long red hair. The rampway lights up in white as Jessica, the original Reaper stomps down the aisle; the anger in her eyes makes her face dour and serious, pausing at the bottom of the ramp her eyes narrow at the ring.

DDK:

It was just a few weeks ago when Dr. Ned Reform revealed to the world that Jessica Fear never really won the SoHer in 2017 – it was actually none other than Stalker who secretly "stood in" for her in the title match years ago! I know... soak that all in for a moment.

Lance:

I recently went back and watched that match, Keebs... and in retrospect, it's definitely Stalker under that Reaper mask. I can't believe we didn't see it then!

DDK:

Regardless, it happened... obviously, incredibly embarrassing to have this revealed even all these years later. Jessica Fear has never been the most stable performer in DEFIANCE and I'll be honest... She looks shaken tonight.

Lance:

One has to wonder how - or even if - she will respond to Ned Reform's challenge from earlier tonight.

Now on the top of the steel steps, Jessica unhooks her kendo stick and lays it next to the steel steps. With a quick step to her movements Jessica hops over the top ropes, her music winds down as she begins pacing the ring. The lights return to normal as Jessica's eyes switch to focusing on the entranceway. She is somewhere between frantic and determined.

Lance:

Let's not forget that she has a bit of history with her opponent tonight, the Favoured Saints Champion-

♪ "Electric Funeral (Instrumental)" by Black Sabbath ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent... he hails from Part Untold and weighs in tonight at 270 pounds... accompanied to the ring by his handler, Lord Nigel Trickelbush... he is the reigning and defending Favoured Saints Champion! Call him... CORVOOOO ALLLPHAAAA!!

The curtain slowly parts for Lord Nigel. Emerging with title belt cradled in his arms, Lord Trickelbush pauses atop the ramp to gesture behind him towards the velvet. It parts in a flurry as a heaving and spitting Corvo Alpha bursts forth. Face smeared in black, chest dripping in red, he is a foaming mess. He brushes past Trickelbush and charges to the ring.

DDK:

It was at UNCUT 103 almost 6 months ago where these two first met in the ring. Corvo Alpha was victorious on that night and Lord Nigel Trickelbush ended the program by revealing that he used to be a "recruiter" of sorts for the Kabal, even recruited HER-

Lance:

-always a "revelation" to be had when Jessica Fear is involved it seems-

DDK:

Tonight she has a chance to capture the Favoured Saints Championship-

Lance:

-I *suppose* that would actually be her first singles title in DEFIANCE if she is victorious!

DDK:

Please stop interrupting! I... uh... Oh.

The camera catches Lord Nigel making his way to the announce position. He grabs a chair and awkwardly crowbars it in between Keebler and Warner and takes a seat.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Gentlemen, gentlemen, GENTLLLLLEEEEEEEEEEN. I certainly hope you don't mind me joining you for these festivities?

Lance:

Well, actually-

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

How *lovely*.

Referee Benny Doyle gives up on waiting for a signal from Alpha, now crouched in a corner of the ring, that he is ready to start the match and signals for the bell.

DING DING

Alpha and Fear briefly lock up before Alpha hurls her to the mat.

DDK:

We touched on it I'm sure way back at UNCUT 103 and we have to acknowledge it here... the height advantage goes to Jessica Fear... while the weight and strength advantage is ALL Alpha! But Jessica is QUICK! Within an instance she's back to her feet and quick to tie up once again! Shoving her elbow into Corvo's midsection before tying up. But it doesn't matter, as once again, Corvo Alpha just MUSCLES her to the mat with FORCE!

Lance:

Back to her feet! Jessica STOMPS on Corvo's foot, ANOTHER lock up - ARMDRAG by Jessica Fear sends Alpha sliding under the bottom rope and out of the ring!!

The ringside camera spins to catch Alpha slamming into the guardrail. Hair drenched and matted to his black-painted face, he doesn't stay there long. Marching around the ring, his eyes search for the most advantageous point of entry.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You worry too much, Dear Lancelot.

Jessica Fear:

GET BACK IN HERE! I'm NOT Afraid of you... I'm NOT AFRAID of ANYTHING!

In the ring, Jessica Fear gestures wildly for Corvo to get back in the ring. He quickly obliges.

Lance:

Jessica Fear clearly doesn't feel too worried-

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

That might be, Lancelot, because Jessica Fear doesn't know HOW to "feel" any more. Poor, poor tortured little bird. The years haven't been kind to her. Her family hasn't been kind to her. These fans aren't kind to her. But I... I tried, my boys. I put out my hand all those years ago. I tried to do for her what she couldn't do for herself. Yet look at her.

Brushing a lock of shocking red hair from her eyes, Jessica Fear may be her name. But she has none. Corvo enters the ring as Jessica storms at him, flying across the ring with a jumping punch attack! Sidestepping the move easily, Jessica bounces off the ropes, holding herself back she seethes in disappointment at her failed attack.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Her tough exterior hides what we all see. She is broken. I must say... Dr. Ned Reform, in all of his studied brilliance, has managed to bring her to her knees with the truth. It's her greatest enemy, after all. It's been breathtaking to watch unfold.

Off the ropes, Jessica sprints towards her objective, the Favoured Saint champion, spinning around with a hard heel kick, Corvo ducks the move as Jessica lands hard on her back! Mounting her like an animal, they lock up again on the mat, but this time Corvo knocks the wind from her lungs as his knees crush her midsection!

DDK:

It's been uncomfortable to watch unfold, if you ask me.

Corvo leaves Jessica doubled over on the mat heaving in pain.

Lance:

It's uncomfortable in the ring- as Corvo Alpha with a BIG throw suplex! Jessica just TOSSED into the ring ropes, clear across the ring! Unbelievable!

Seconds tick by and before Jessica can recover, Alpha presses the issue. He is on her in an instant once again, angrily wrenching her back to her feet by her hair.

Jessica Fear:

GET OFF ME!!!

Jessica screams as Corvo cinches her and HURLS the daughter of Stalker awkwardly overhead in a suplex once more. Jessica lays in a crumpled mess, her arms stretching on the mat for a way to escape.

DDK:

The untamed raw power of Corvo Alpha on full display here in front of a packed house! The Favoured Saints Champion back in control! But will he still have the title when he walks into DEFCON in just a few short weeks?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

He will.

Lance:

The bigger question is... will his DEFCON opponent show up? We haven't seen Henry Keyes since he was launched out of a VIP skybox by Corvo Alpha all the way back at DEF Road! Will Henry Keyes even be there?!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

He will *not*.

In the ring, Alpha stretches Fear. Camel clutch. Benny Doyle leans in, asking. Jessica shakes her head no in a frantic state of pain.

DDK:

And will Alpha STILL have the belt AFTER DEFCON?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

He **will**. Gentlemen. My friends. You saw the end of Henry Keyes at DEF Road. We all saw his end. My Corvo is not known for his sense of humor... but Corvo Alpha will humor you all by appearing at DEFCON. He will put his title on the line... against a GHOST. And when it finally sinks in... when you finally understand that everything I've ever told you is true... once you fully believe that Keyes is gone for good... when my Champion retains his belt by forfeit... perhaps you'll all humor ME. Maybe you'll *finally* show me the respect that Corvo Alpha has earned.

Having broken an arm free, Jessica is clawing towards the ropes. She reaches it, clenching it tightly, to a pop. Doyle pleads with Corvo to break the hold. Alpha ignores him, only breaking the hold from simple boredom.

DDK:

Alpha is pressing the attack, pulling Fear back up to her – OH! Fear just JABBED him in the chin with that back-elbow! ANOTHER elbow to his stomach! She shakes out the cobwebs and shoots herself into the ropes – RIGHT INTO A RUNNING BOOT FROM CORVO ALPHA!

Lance:

He nearly took her head CLEAN OFF with that one!

DDK:

And he is right back on her with that modified crossface camel clutch!! But look at this! Fear felt she was in trouble and she is able to turn her body out of the hold, a reversal you don't see often! Turning her whole body out of it. But now Alpha is on top of her, pressing her head into the canvas. Doyle finds shoulders on the mat.

One!

Two!

NOO!

DDK:

Jessica Fear edges a shoulder up! Still a lot of fight left in her! Fighting to her feet now! THEY ARE TRADING SHOTS! EXCHANGING RIGHT HANDS!

Lance:

She is ROCKING Alpha! SHOCKING him!

DDK:

Fear hits the ropes, SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODY!! ALPHA CATCHES HER!!

Lance:

Plucked her out of the air! WHOA!!! FEAR LEGSCISSORS CORVO TO THE MAT BY HIS ARM!

Both are quick to find their feet and find each other mid ring!

DDK:

EXCHANGING KNIFE EDGE CHOPS now! This crowd is on their feet! THUNDEROUS chops! Fear is losing some ground here!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Pay close attention.

DDK:

Corvo has chopped her into the corner! BLUDGEONS her with a series of reverse elbows to the head! He WHIPS her across the ring!

Lance:

Jessica – OH MY – SPRINGBOARD off the turnbuckle! SINGLE LEG MISSILE DROP KICK! She just SPIKED Alpha across the chin! He is STAGGERING! Alpha walks right into a RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP!

Lance:

Fear hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR– NOOO! Kickout Alpha!

DDK:

Big but LATE kickout by Corvo Alpha! He might be in trouble here!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Pay close attention.

DDK:

Corvo is clawing his way to his feet... He's up! Stumbles into a REVERSE RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP! Right into it!!! AGAIN! She's got him! New CHAMP!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR— NO?!?!

DDK:

Another kickout! But there's a vibe in the air, fans! You can feel it! We are on the edge of a moment!!!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Pay. Attention.

The fan's cheers for the fiery Jessica Fear slowly but surely morph into jeers - and both Jessica and the cameras find the source of those boos at the exact same time: it's Ned Reform, still in his wrestling gear from earlier, walking slowly down the ramp with a mic in hand. He gestures to the ring - and to Jessica Fear who has gone berserk at the sight of The Good Doctor. Reform speaks conversationally.

Ned Reform:

Ah, yes. And if you turn to your right, children, you will see the rare yellow-footed FRAUD. And in her natural habitat, too! Beating the tar out of people to hide her own disgrace - as nature intended for this breed. It would be funny if it weren't so pathetic.

A pause. Reform stops walking. Pretends to be thinking. Smiles.

Ned Reform:

Ah what the heck - I believe I will laugh anyway.

Reform doubles over in a naustantingly over acted display of pretending to laugh. Jessica Fear is running her hands through her hair and glaring, daring Reform to come just a little closer so she can remove his head from his body.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

What, I wonder, do we have here?

DDK:

I can't believe what we are listening to! We are in the middle of a match and- OH NO!! Alpha is UP! He's creeping behind Jessica! NOO!!

Lance:

Alpha Clutch! Alpha Clutch! He has it locked in!! NOT LIKE THIS!! Not AGAIN!

DDK:

Distracted by Ned Reform! She is in a load of trouble, Lance! This could be lights out!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Could it *be?!?*

Senior Official Benny Doyle looms over them both, lifting and dropping her arm quickly - remembering the LDO match just two weeks ago and how bad that went. Doyle signals.

DING DING DING**Lance:**

It's over! And... Alpha almost immediately releases her at the sound of the bell! Slides out of the ring! He is SO unpredictable.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

An interesting observation. I don't think you were paying attention after all, Dear Lancelot. If you'll pardon me... I think I'll be leaving Sweet Jessica to my friend the Good Doctor.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this contest and STILLLLLLL.... Favoured Saints Champion! Call him... CORRROOOO
ALLLLLLPPPPHHHAAAAAAA!

Lord Trickelbush dramatically sweeps to his feet, arms clutching the Favoured Saints Championship - had he ever set it down? He meets a ravenous Corvo at the top of the ramp and doffs his cap towards Dr. Reform with a smirk. Ned returns the gentlemanly gesture before turning and hopping into the ring. He stands over Jessica Fear's limp form and grabs her by the hair, lifting her face up to meet his own. He sticks the mic in her glazed face.

Ned Reform:

Another loss, Ms. Fear. Seems you failed to win your FIRST singles championship in DEFIANCE, huh?

Lance:

He got that stat from me. I'm not proud of it.

Ned Reform:

No doubt you heard my challenge earlier tonight. A date with DEFCON, Ms. Fear. A match where you can't escape what you are: a match in which I will expose you to the world like a raw nerve. A match in which the only way to get me

to stop beating you... is to admit that you're a fraud. What say you?

He pretends to wait for a response.

Ned Reform:

Nothing? Perhaps you'd like to save some embarrassment on PPV and simply admit you're a fraud here? It would be more efficient. What say you, Ms. Fear?

He again holds the mic. This time, her eyes seem to somewhat focus as he looks up at him.

Jessica Fear: *[struggling to speak]*

I'm... I'm...

Reform can't hide his smile.

Ned Reform:

Yes...yes...? Admit it! You're a... a...

Fear's glazed face suddenly snaps into focus. A look of... defiance.

Jessica Fear:

I'm... going to beat your ass at DEFCON!

Headbutt!! Reform falls, holding his nose, as Fear is all over him, mounting with shots to the face. Reform can only cover up as her onslaught continues. DEFsec eventually hits the ring, nearly prying the wild Jessica Fear off the cowering Doctor. Reform immediately rolls out of the ring, stumbling up the ramp and looking back toward the ring with wide, frightened eyes. Jessica Fear, still being held back by security, snarls back at him.

DDK:

It looks like we're on! Jessica Fear vs. Ned Reform in the first ever "I'm A Fraud" Match!

Lance:

I'm not sure Ned Reform is happy he got himself into this, partner?

Indeed - the color has drained from Ned Reform's face as he takes one final look at the ranting and raving Jessica Fear.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

A DANGEROUS COMPETITION

Backstage at the DEF WrestlePlex, as one does.

Jamie Sawyers is on the job once again, standing by a rather serious-looking tandem of David Fox and Mushigihara. Of note here is the absence of their long-time manager Eddie Dante.

Jamie Sawyers:

I'm with the Dangerous Mix, just a few weeks removed from their challenge for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships, and well, how have you guys been moving on since then?

Fox takes a deep sigh before gently pulling the mic away from DEFIANCE's head interviewer.

David Fox:

Well, Jamie Jammz, since we gave it all in the ring against the Saturday Night Specials, we've been coping with that painful, nagging frustration of our best just simply not being enough; but we know that we're not done yet, and we're still going to go out in that ring and show that the Dangerous Mix is THE tag team in DEFIANCE Wrestling to look out for.

A pause as Fox plops a hand on the meaty shoulder of his God-Beast tag team partner.

David Fox:

Which leads us to DEFCON. Of course the Specials are going to defend those belts, and there will be quite a few tag matches, but none of them with us in it. So, consider this an open challenge. Any tag team on the DEFIANCE roster who wants to face us at DEFCON. You'll be facing a team that took SNS to their limits... so you better come strong. Think you're game? Then let's go.

Mushigihara:

OSU!

No Fun Dean and Slightly Fun Jen walk into the picture. They look over Fox and The God Beast. Dean shakes his head.

No Fun Dean:

If you're looking for a match-

But the disgruntled big man is interrupted when The Hallmark Journey arrives on screen. Hand-in-hand, Jonathan-Christopher Hall and his spouse Vickie wander into the frame.

Although their eyes are not on No Fun Dean. Or Slightly Fun Jen. Or The Dangerous Mix. Or anyone for that matter. They simply look into each other's eyes, deeply in love.

Vickie Hall:

Oh my cupcake, what a wonderful dream we are. One day, we will be UNIFIED Tag Team Champions.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall's eyes light up as he gently caresses his partner's hair.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Yes, baby. I can't wait for this moment!

Vickie tilts her head back and lets out a tribal cry of passion.

Vickie Hall:

Dearest Jonathan-Christopher, I ADORE you!

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

I adore YOU, baby.

Vickie Hall:

Oh, baby. Call me baby again.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Baby.

Vickie Hall:

Baby.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Baby.

This cringeworthy shit goes on and on and on and on. NFD and SFJ stand there in bewilderment. Finally, The Hallmark's move on from the screen... leaving only The Dangerous Mix and Jamie Sawyers in front of the camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

What.

That's "what" as a statement, not a question. David just turns to the burly Mushi with disgust in his eyes.

David Fox:

Dude, am I that obnoxious with Saori? Jesus.

With a shake of the head and a mild shrug, Mushi just mutters an abrupt...

Mushigihara:

Osu.

David Fox:

[Sigh] Yeah, you're right. NOBODY'S *that* obnoxious.

Fox snaps to his senses and gets back on the pulpit.

David Fox:

But you know what? If those four wanna say howdy-doo, I'm sure there's gonna be plenty more where they came from. So I say screw it. DEFCON, let's have a tag team battle royal. The Dangerous Mix, versus any other tag team who wants in. Hell, we'll even name it after ourselves. ***The Dangerous Mix Invitational.*** You wanna step up? Prepare to get knocked down. Tell 'em, Mushi.

With a confident and satisfied smirk, Mushi just chuckles before letting out that classic...

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

"OSU!"

The camera focuses on the Mix looking ready for battle, and Jamie Sawyers doing his job.

Cut.

MAX LUCK vs. JACK MACE

DDK:

We've got a match that could be downright brutal featuring two of the heavier hitters in DEFIANCE. One half of The Lucky Sevens, Max Luck, is doing the bidding of Tom Morrow tonight to try and soften up Tom's own opponent for DEFCON... Jack Mace!

Lance:

Jack Mace used to be a member of Better Future until Morrow did some shady dealings to keep Mace out of the country, but Mace came back in a big way! Morrow's father, Thomas Keeling, helped Jack Mace out and Mace threatened Morrow to sign a contract to face him at DEFCON! We don't know what that stipulation is just yet, but maybe we will find out tonight.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens, especially Max Luck, have looked dominant. The self-professed Main Event Monsters have run roughshod and haven't taken a direct loss in some time which does not bode well for Mace. Can Jack Mace find a way to overcome the seven-footer Max Luck or will BFTA make sure he doesn't make it to DEFCON? We'll find out... up next!

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey at ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall!

♪ "Seal The Deal" by Volbeat ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Grewelthorpe, North Yorkshire, England, weighing in at 271 pounds... **"THE KILLER BEAR" JACK MACE!**

The Wrestleplex goes dark for several quick moments... then the entrance wall starts to light up in red before a bear's roar leads to the intro of the Volbeat track. Walking out from the stage in a grey flat cap and tattered gray overalls, Jack Mace flashes a sneer from the ramp, then heads on down to the ring getting mostly cheers! When he gets to the ring, he casually hurls away the flat cap, then sheds the overalls and reveals black thigh-length trunks with white trim, black knee pads and white wrestling shoes. Underneath dressing like he's going to take a stroll in the park... he's ready for a fight!

DDK:

An interesting set of attire for Mace! He was victorious against Kazuo Akamatsu on UNCUT last week, but before we get to DEFCON... he's staring down the barrel of a monster.

Lance:

Indeed! Tough task for Mace.

The Killer Bear looks like he's having a good old time, but Tom Morrow comes out. No Ophelia Sykes since she and Mason Luck were in action earlier.

DDK:

Earlier tonight, Uriel Cortez and Titaness defeated Mason Luck and Ophelia Sykes for just Morrow.

Tom Morrow looks visibly angry and stays on the stage, still afraid of what Mace may do to him. Mace wags a finger to draw him closer, but Morrow won't rise to his bait.

Tom Morrow:

Jack. God. Damn. Mace. You think that hanging me out one of those skybox windows was funny? And you signed me up to a match at DEFCON under duress? Did you people like that? Was that funny to you? Huh? HUH?

The crowd roars at that turn of events. Mace notes the crowd.

Tom Morrow:

Well, Jackie... you're a beast. You're a dog. You were OUR dog... and by that, I mean you can fight, but thinking isn't your strong suit! You should have dropped me out that window when you had the chance!

DDK:

What?!

Morrow continues to pace the stage, almost dragging a hole through it in the process.

Tom Morrow:

You had me where you wanted me! Two months stuck in the woods in England! You could have done anything to me... you could have finished the job, Jackie! You intimidated me... humiliated me... BULLIED me... so you could have a match at DEFCON with me? You are the biggest fucking idiot in this promotion if you THINK I'm going to LET YOU make it to DEFCON! No cute introductions! No posturing tonight! You won't be able to tell anyone what the stipulation is for our match cause you won't be in it after tonight! Max Luck... fuck! Him! Up!

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

7 7 7

The lights come back on and out comes Max Luck, putting up "The Winning Hand" gesture! Morrow tells him to stop and then points at the ring fervently, but then makes his way over to the announce table. Max Luck doesn't seem to mind the fight ahead, but neither does Jack Mace who looks at the chance to fight with a gigantic smile he can't hide.

DDK:

Oh boy... we're being joined by Tom Morrow...

Lance:

I guess we ar... HEY!

Some fumbling can be heard with a headset.

Tom Morrow:

How are my favorite talking heads tonight! We're one big show away from DEFCON and you aren't gonna see a match with Jack Mace! You're gonna see a funeral!

Max Luck gets into the ring... but Mace is on him right away as the bell rings!

DING DING

The Faithful cheer as The Killer Bear goes right at big Max Luck, firing off a pair of big European uppercuts! He throws a few more nasty shots, then has the big man reeling for a moment when he knocks him back with a headbutt to the chest! The blow sends the seven-footer flying back unexpectedly back to the corner.

Tom Morrow:

No, no, no! Kick his ass, Max! Don't let that stupid flea-ridden animal get away with embarrassing me... us! Us! Do this for BFTA, Max!

Mace has Max in the corner and then lines him up before charging in and then ROCKING the big man with a running corner shoulder thrust! Max still isn't off his feet, but he is reeling in a big way while Jack feeds off the crowd here to see themselves a good old HOSSFYTE!

DDK:

Looks like Jack Mace is taking the fight to Max Luck early!

Lance:

Best way to do this for sure! Throw the giant off his game!

Mace measures up Big Money Max and then charges off the ropes but before he can land another attack in the corner, Max surges out with a massive running clothesline of his own, taking the Burly Brit off his feet! The Faithful jeer while Max stands over his former stablemate, then runs the ropes to drop the big Box Cars elbow on his chest! The Killer Bear groans in pain from the shot and then Max sits up. He starts to go for a pin... then doesn't. He looks out to Tom Morrow at commentary on the stage and gives him a thumbs up before he switches to raining down heavy clubbing blows on his former bodyguard.

Lance:

What... Max could have gone for a pin there. Why didn't he?

Tom Morrow:

I thought you were the former journalist, Lance... I already said why! He is ONLY to pin Mace once he's done enough damage. He's out here to injure and maim that stupid animal before DEFCON.

DDK:

Of course that's your game. Why should we expect anything different?

Max Luck puts the boots to Jack Mace then muscles him up to his feet. He charges back, ramming Mace into the corner! He then puts a succession of heavy knee lifts into the chest of Jack! He continues until Benny Doyle gets in the middle and tries to separate the two big men. Max stops the knees and pleads with the ref... then BOOTS Mace with an extra-nasty big boot in the corner, sending him slumping down to a seated position! The crowd winces in pain from the extra vile kick while Max pretends to dust his boot off! He starts talking trash to the fallen Mace.

Max Luck:

We were good together, Jack! You went and messed it up!

Tom Morrow:

We were... then he had to try and think for himself. Not his strong suit, guys.

Max picks Mace up again, then whips him across the ring before he follows in, clocking Mace with a big corner clothesline followed by dragging him out from the corner to DRIVE him down with a big rib breaker across the back! He holds Mace in the air and smiles before throwing him to the ground with a big body slam! The Faithful continue jeering as he points at Morrow, then points to the top rope.

DDK:

Both of The Lucky Sevens are brutal in that ring! And... and where's Max going?

Tom Morrow:

Wherever he wants! He's going to mess Mace tonight, then he, Alvaro and Mason are going to DESTROY Los Tres Titanes and get the payback I.... we so righteously deserve!

Max waits as he goes up top which is scary impressive for the seven-footer... he comes off the top and nearly takes Jack's head off with a HUGE diving clothesline!

DDK:

CHECK-RAISE! Great move by Max Luck! Now he's trying for a cover!

ONE... TWO... KICK-OUT!

The Killer Bear kicks out from the big move and Max looks perplexed with Doyle's count.

Tom Morrow:

Goddamn it, Max, stay on him. Stay on him! Beat him until there's nothing left!

Max goes back to punishing the Burly Brit by picking him up by his top knot and then hitting another stiff uppercut. The blow rocks Mace to the ropes, then Max picks up Mace. The Killer Bear is used to doing the suplexing, but Max Luck picks him up and dumps him with a big gutwrench suplex of his own! Mace gets dumped on the canvas viciously while Max Luck shakes his head and mouths "too easy!" to a rowdy and jeering crowd.

DDK:

Another big move by Max Luck! He's been beating Mace after that opening volley! He's gonna need something big for a comeback if he wants to win tonight!

Tom Morrow:

No, he doesn't, Darren. Shut up with your nonsense! He needs to keel over, take this well-deserved beating, then go vanish into the wilderness to lick his wounds and not come back!

Max Luck then waits as Mace tries to stand, but another big boot to the chest of Mace knocks the Burly Brit back to into a corner. Max Luck stands up to take in the jeers of the crowd before Big Money Max measures up Mace. He gets ready for a running body avalanche...

Tom Morrow:

He's got him now. He's got him-NNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOO!

Morrow shutting up happens because MACE CATCHES MAX and drags the seven-footer out of the corner... before turning around and RAMMING him into the turnbuckle instead!

DDK:

That shut Tom Morrow up quickly! Jack Mace just CAUGHT a three-hundred pound man and slammed him in the corner!

Lance:

Unbelievable power and technique by Mace!

He has Mace in the corner and STIFFS him like crazy with a barrage of palm strikes from either side, called The Bear Paws! The blows rattle Big Money Max and to make matters worse... Mace drags him out from the corner and HOISTS him with another suplex, this time with a gutwrench of his own! The Faithful lose their minds as a beaten Mace sits up and grins, looking out to Morrow at the announce table as both men remain down on the mat!

Tom Morrow:

No, no, no, Max, damn it. Get up. GET UP.

DDK:

Jack Mace finds his opening against the big man! He's got Big Money Max right where he needs him to be.

Mace starts to stand and then waits... he has Max by the waist and tries to power him up again using a German suplex, but Big Money Max elbows his way out. One half of The Lucky Sevens then runs off the ropes for another clothesline, but Mace rolls behind him and then pushes him into the ropes, once again POWERING him up and over with a snap release German suplex!

DDK:

THREE suplexes, Tom! Three! He's got Max Luck on the ropes now!

Tom Morrow:

I can count, you simple asshole! But just you wait, Max is playing rope-a-dope! That's CLEARLY what's going on!

While Max is still hurt and tries to sit up, Mace runs back and then dusts off a boot of his own. He stomps his feet and the crowd start to clap along before he runs and fires a big move, KICKING Max right in the chest with a big soccer kick! The Lucky Seven member gets knocked onto his back!

DDK:

Mace nails The Roy Kent! Cover! Cover on Max!

Tom Morrow:

No! Kick out! Kick out, you big...

ONE... TWO... KICK-OUT!

Despite the big moves, Max Luck gets his shoulder off the canvas!

Lance:

Jack Mace told me he's been working on his striking game and added that soccer kick over his time away. He's trying new tricks that seem to be working against Max Luck!

Tom Morrow:

Shut up! Shut up now with your biased journalism, Warner!

DDK:

Now what's Mace going for... is he looking for The Mauling? He's perched in that corner and this move spelled the end for Kazuo Akamatsu.

The groggy Max Luck tries to stand when Mace sneaks up behind him for another German suplex... the giant Max grabs onto turnbuckle to keep himself from being thrown again, but Mace rips him away and Max pulls off the turnbuckle padding after that! Mace then rocks Max with a pair of uppercuts instead and brings Max to a knee! Mace has him locked up and begins a countdown...

DDK:

Max ripped off that turnbuckle padding on accident trying to keep away from that German suplex, but now Jack Mace has him on the ropes! He said this to you last week on UNCUT, Tom! The countdown is on until DEFCON!

THREE... TWO... ONE...

But when he charges in for the spear-turned-spinebuster, Max stops that in his tracks with a front facelock and then a stiff knee!

Tom Morrow:

No, it ain't, Keebler elf! No, it ain't!

Max stuns Mace with a big boot to the corner... then locks in The Winning Hand on his face! He holds the iron claw submission for a few seconds and then SPIKES him with The Winning Hand Slam!

Lance:

Winning Hand Slam! Is that gonna be all?

He covers.

ONE... TWO... THR-SHOULDER UP!

Tom Morrow:

No... that was three... THAT WAS THREE!

Tom can be heard slamming the announce table repeatedly with the headset on as Max angrily looks at Benny Doyle. He gets up and then holds up The Winning Hand again and then locks in another one! Mace starts to kick and frantically try and free himself!

DDK:

Max trying for a second Winning Hand Slam! Can he get it this time?

Lance:

No! He's trying to break Max's grip!

The Killer Bear rams the elbow on the arm of Max until he's forced to let go, but when he gets free, another knee from Max sends him back to the corner. Mace slips back and notices the corner he's in is the one with the padding that accidentally came off. When he sees Max charging in... he moves and he collides chest-first with the exposed buckle!

Tom Morrow:

What... WHAT?! THAT TURNBUCKLE WAS EXPOSED! THAT CHEATING ASSHOLE ANIMAL!

The seven-footer gets the wind knocked out of him and Mace decides to do what he can... he grabs Max Luck from behind and DEADLIFTS the three-hundred pounder up, then SNAPS him back into the biggest Bridging German Suplex on DEFtv!

DDK:

NO WAY! NO WAY! DEADLIFT INTO THE BRIDGING GERMAN!

Mace holds the cover!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

The shoulder of Max comes up just after the three-count, but the count is registered by Benny Doyle! Mace lets go of the bridge, still smarting, but victorious while Max Luck still clutches his chest!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **THE KILLER BEAR JACK MACE!**

Lance:

What a fight we just saw between Max Luck and Jack Mace, but it's the ex-Better Future member taking the win! Jack Mace now has Tom Morrow up next for DEFCON!

DDK:

And Tom Morrow is about to come unglued!

Tom Morrow:

NOOOOOOOOOOOO! GODDAMN IT! I THOUGHT BENNY DOYLE WAS THE HEAD REF! HE'S BEING THE HEAD ASSHOLE! WORST CALL! NO!

Mace rolls out of the ring while Max Luck is still holding both his chest and the back of his head. Morrow stands up his seat while Jack Mace starts heading up the stage and sees Morrow.

DDK:

Uh-oh... better run, Tommy! Better run!

Lance:

Mace is making a beeline for Morrow!

Tom Morrow panics and starts to turn and run! He nearly slips on his designer shoes and the moment of the trip sees Mace grab him by the throat!

DDK:

MACE HAS HIM! MACE HAS HIM AGAIN!

Mace starts to grab Morrow and then kicks him low before he grabs him for a suplex... but before he can, he gets **BLINDSIDED** by a big clubbing forearm by Max Luck! Morrow backs off while Max Luck angrily beats on Mace! He pounds away on The Killer Bear...

WINNING HAND SLAM ON THE STAGE!

Lance:

NO! Mace won this match, but he gets left laying by Max Luck cause he was too busy with Morrow!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mace is laid out on the stage writhing in pain while Max Luck stands over him and hocks a loogie on his body! Tom Morrow then stands up and starts to laugh... then puts a boot over Mace's body, flexing like he's pinning him!

DDK:

That son of a... Morrow thinks he's already got Jack Mace beat, but he needs to remember... Jack Mace still gets to pick the stipulation for this match!

Lance:

Morrow gets some revenge for what happened to him almost being thrown out the skybox window... but DEFCON, Jack Mace isn't playing around anymore!

Morrow and Max Luck both leave and The BFTA Brainchild saunters to the back like he just won the FIST while Max flashes Mace a grin and leaves after getting the last laugh.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



CRIMSON STALKER & DEACON vs. VAE VICTIS (LINDSAY TROY & DAN RYAN)

DDK:

What an exciting main event we have for this event. Four legendary wrestlers squaring off in a crazy match up.

Lance:

A match up that was announced unexpectedly and by some form of 'challenge' from one of The Kabal's mysterious figure heads.

DDK:

I don't believe it for a second... Stalker isn't just some monster puppet. I know he has something inside of him that is making him stay influenced by all of this... but the question is... What is it?!

Cameras switch to Darren Quimbey who is set in the middle of the ring with a microphone in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

For the Main Event of the evening we have a special stipulation Tag Team Matchup! This will be a Tornado Tag Team - Stalker's Rules Match up!!

The Faithful stand up in anticipation for this legendary one time match up opportunity.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... the challenged tag team of the evening... hailing from Tampa, Florida and Houston, Texas...weighing in at 500 pounds...Lindsay Troy, Dan Ryan...VAE VICTIS!

The house lights dim down as an eerie synthesizer, hard drum beats, and a haunting voice floats through the DEFplex's speakers, and all eyes shoot to the entrance ramp.

♪ Stranger fruit

How it grows and grows

We all saw the shoot

But we tend to the rose ♪

Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan take their time walking through the curtain as "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor continues playing. The in-laws stop at the top of the entrance ramp, give each other a smirk and a forearm smash, and then make their way to the ring.

DDK:

I'm told that Troy and Ryan were apprised of this match after they got backstage following the mayhem between them and Gage Blackwood and Teresa Ames, and both were more than ready to keep their adrenaline going by taking this fight on.

Lance:

Absolutely no surprise there, Lance. They're a formidable team and Lindsay Troy has unfinished business with Stalker going back to last year's DEFIANCE ROAD. Stalker and Ryan have history as well, with Stalker competing in Dan Ryan's EPW, as do Troy and Deacon in the fWo and Ryan and Deacon in the CSWA and New Frontier Wrestling.

DDK:

All that history goes back to the mid-2000s. This is going to be a wild one for sure.

♪ Gregorian Chant begins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their Opponents... introducing first... hailing from AL-X-ANNN-DRIA, Egypt. Here is DEACON!!!!!!

The lights go out and the crowd erupts. They know who's heading to the ring! Magdalena steps through the curtain, flanked by Chris Shepherd, Deacon's original manager. Flanking them, the maskless Deacon steps into the light, taking in the crowd for a moment before heading to the ring. All make their way to the ringside area, climb the stairs, and enter the ring, a spotlight tracking them throughout.

♪ "This Link is Dead" by Deftones ♪

The lights in the WrestlePlex switch to a deep crimson red as Crimson Stalker's video package plays on the DEFIATron, the crowd waits in anticipation, as the music kicks into high gear and Crimson Stalker's most recent video package is displayed. The burning ruins of The Kabal lair, standing over a bloodied Gage Blackwood holding the FIST, the credits roll on seemingly forever capturing Jason Reeves' most historic achievement in his run at DEFIANCE.

Darren Quimbey:

And his tag team partner HAILING from Seattle, WASHINGTON! Weighing in at 245 pounds.... He is your DEFIANCE FIST CHAMPION!!!!!! They call him..... CRIMSON STALKER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The cameras pan out as Crimson Stalker appears at the top of the rampway, the FIST Championship gripped heavily in his hand as he walks with a DEFIANT approach towards the ring. The Faithful let Jason Reeves know how they feel about him as their FIST, booing him relentlessly as his void stare centers on the ring.

Lance:

I wonder if there is anything real left inside of Crimson Stalker or if it's only this shell of a monster we see now?

Jason Reeves climbs up the steps and enters the ring, standing alone in the corner with the FIST championship held firmly in his hand.

DDK:

What an unprecedented sight! On one side of the ring, we have Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy, the other side a lonesome Crimson Stalker stands.

Lance:

He's exchanging stares between his own partner Deacon and his opponents of the night.

Hector Navarro looks at the four wrestlers, two obviously unified in that of Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy, while Deacon slowly makes his way over to his 'partner' of the night.

DING DING**Lance:**

Navarro signals the bell and we are off! Lindsay and Dan wasting no time in going after the FIST champion in this tornado tag rules match up!

In a quick blur the Queen of the Ring dashes across the ring, dropkicking Crimson Stalker directly in the chest at the sound of the bell! The Faithful let out a roar as Dan Ryan CRUSHES Jason Reeves into the corner with a massive clothesline!

DDK:

The FIST belt is out of Jason's hand! He can't use it as a weapon at least as of now!

Darren Quimbey picks up the FIST title on the outside and hands it to the time keeper as Lindsay and Dan continue to go to work on Stalker! Pulling him up to his feet - Dan goes to Irish whip Stalker from the corner but Deacon STOPS

him! Using his body as a block, he gets in between Dan Ryan and the path in which he was going to whip Stalker.

Lance:

I can't make out what they are saying! It's like Deacon wants a moment alone with Crimson Stalker!

DDK:

This is a wrestling match not a counseling session! Deacon better get out of the way!!

Lindsay has seen enough, opting to charge into the corner and slithers in between Deacon and Dan Ryan's stare down. Hooking Stalker's arm, the best wrestler in the business waylays the champ as she squares up against Jason Reeves in the center of the ring! Deacon and Dan Ryan are still exchanging words as Troy reels back and launches a huge forearm into a hobbled Crimson Stalker who absorbs the blow and stands there like a menacing madman, awaiting the next hit!

Lance:

We've seen him take punishment after punishment but Crimson Stalker just can't be put down! Will Lindsay Troy or her partner fare any better than the others who have failed before them?!

Across from them, the talking ends with Ryan throwing a massive haymaker at the Deacon who gets a defensive arm up, but the force still forces Deacon to take a step back toward the ropes. Ryan tosses another, this one connecting and rocking the Mute Freak. Deacon gives a shove, sending Dan back, but Ryan lunges forward for a heavy clothesline that finds air because Deacon had dropped his shoulder down. Deacon grabs Ryan and with a heave tossed Dan over the top rope, crashing to the floor below.

Meanwhile, inside the ring, Lindsay Troy gives Stalker what he's been waiting on - that next hit is a chain of strikes - fists, knees, feet, and elbows connecting every which way to the raucous cheers of the crowd. Stalker reacts to each blow, taking a step back, staggering, arms flailing from the impact until the flurry ends. A split second later, Stalker's glare locks right back on LT like nothing had happened, even as the welts and bruises start to grow.

DDK:

You've gotta be kidding me!

Lance:

I don't think it's a joke, Darren. This is some next leve-

LT grins menacingly and throws a leaping high knee to Stalker's face. The Crimson One's head rebounds back and Troy grabs it. With a run, she tosses Jason up and out of the ring.

And straight into Deacon's arms. We get a massive pop.

Just before Dan Ryan nails a superkick onto Crimson Stalker's back, sending both Jason & Deacon to the mats outside the ring.

The massive pop is supplanted by an even bigger one!

Ryan tosses Jason back into the ring before Dan picks up Deacon and lifts the Mute Freak into a Belly to Back suplex. The thud when Deacon hits the ring echoes through the DEFplex. With Deacon seemingly out of commission, Dan re-enters the ring. No sooner did Ryan get between the ropes than LT sends Crimson Stalker across the ring with a legwhip. Dan uses the ropes to spring up higher, turning to land a picture perfect legdrop. Ryan rolls off just as LT makes the cover.

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT

Ryan smirks as LT grabs Stalker's arm and twists. With a heavy boot, Dan kicks Stalker flush in the face, which only seems to enrage the current FIST. Troy cinches in tighter. Stalker grabs the rope. Lindsay spins with the lock, sending Stalker back to the mat before being met by another Ryan kick to the face. LT arches her back, putting the leverage to the arm.

From behind, Deacon enters the ring. Ryan turns to meet the Mute Freak, the two locking horns once again.

DDK:

Mighty toss from Deacon on Dan Ryan!

Using his height advantage and momentum, Deacon hoists Dan Ryan in the air and bear-tosses him into the corner, setting his sights on Lindsay Troy. Deacon reaches for her and manages to pull her free from wrenching Stalker's arm further. The Crimson monster rolls out of the ring as Deacon looks to both Lindsay Troy and a winded Dan Ryan.

Lance:

The Protective Deacon keeping Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan both at bay, or at least, stopping them from breaking the arm of The FIST champion.

DDK:

I doubt they were close to breaking his arm. In fact, that monster, Crimson Stalker, is using Deacon's distraction to his advantage.

The timekeeper's table is scattered out as Jason Reeves approaches them, the Faithful booing loudly in reaction as he gets close to them. Yanking the FIST championship off the table, he grips it in his hand like a morningstar. Turning his attention to the ring, he quietly marches up the steps as Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy are still focusing on Deacon in the middle of the ring.

Lance:

Lindsay Troy letting Deacon know that his playing peacemaker isn't appreciated.

Less appreciated is the FIST championship swinging wildly, hitting Troy, Ryan, and nearly Deacon. The force sends Lindsay through the ropes to the outside. Stalker grips the title tighter. With the belt acting as the warhead, Stalker launches himself at the staggered Ryan who crumbles in the corner. Incensed, Stalker turns to find Lindsay Troy again, finding the Deacon instead.

Moments pass, the enraged Crimson Stalker eyeing the man who "made" him at last year's DEFCON. Like a rabid beast, Crimson's breathing fires saliva, his face twists. Stoic, Deacon holds the gaze of the Kabal's weapon before snatching the FIST championship and tossing it out of the ring.

DDK:

Deacon getting Stalker's only weapon out of his hands. What's he going to do now?

Stalker continues to breathe rapidly, enraged, his focus solely on Deacon. The giant from Alexandria holds firm, not moving an inch, until the three-hundred pound body of Dan Ryan barrels into him like a freight train.

Lance:

BIG spear by Dan Ryan! Deacon was so focused on Crimson Stalker that he took his eye off the Ego Buster!

Dan furiously kicks Deacon out of the ring while Lindsay Troy is scrambling back into it from the opposite side. Ryan turns just in time to see his sister-in-law sprinting at Crimson Stalker from the FIST of DEFIANCE's blind side, then leaping into the air.

DDK:

Queen's Gambit! Lindsay Troy with the double knees!

Lance:

Oh, watch out!

Crimson Stalker begins to stumble and fall from the impact of the Queen's knees against his head, but before he hits the canvas Dan Ryan obliterates him with a rolling elbow!

DDK:

Hammer of God!

Lance:

Good Lord, what impact!

The FIST crumples to the mat and Lindsay Troy hooks the leg for the cover.

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match...VAE VICTIS!

Hector Navarro waits for Lindsay Troy to stand up before raising both her and Dan Ryan's arms in the air in victory. Ryan looks out to the Faithful with a satisfied smirk on his face while Troy glares down at the fallen FIST in disgust.

The Faithful let out a booming cheer as the victors of the match make their exit, leaving a motionless Stalker alone in the ring. Deacon slowly recovers on the outside and climbs his way up the steps.

Lance:

When Deacon had his grasp on Crimson Stalker... I swear I saw something change in Jason Reeves' eyes. It was almost like the void stare was gone and we saw the normal 'Stalker' for a moment.

DDK:

Perhaps something triggered in him? Maybe something Deacon said or how he said it? Uh oh....

Crimson Stalker sits up. Deacon pauses at the corner as the two lock eyes once more. Jason Reeves stands up, like before his eyes seem clear as day, something is different.

Lance:

Is he....? No way... Is he asking for a microphone?!?

For nearly six months we have not heard from Jason Reeves, other than guttural yells of names and words of anger. But now, the FIST has a microphone in hand acquired from a scared Darren Quimbey. A recovering Deacon looks on in silence, trying to understand the movements of the monster he helped create.

DDK:

Folks we haven't heard Jason Reeves say a coherent word since his... step daughter? Tried to rescue him via kidnapping the man we know as a monster.

Lance:

I wouldn't have called those words coherent, Jason was confused at that moment. Now, he just looks pissed off.

Moving on from Darren Quimbey, Crimson Stalker found the FIST championship. Gripping it into his hand like an anchored weight, he turns his 'normal' damning glare towards Deacon, the man who just helped distract Jason Reeves long enough for the FIST to be pinned for the first time in well over six months.

Stalker:

You know....

The Faithful let out a loud boing reaction to Jason's first words, gripping the FIST championship in his right hand he stands DEFIANTly in the center of the ring. Staring at Deacon Jason's hands, eyes, movements are all as steady as ever.

Stalker:

Was it ever considered that when a man, a monster... like myself is given power beyond belief, given the strength to do things thought impossible. That perhaps it's better to just leave that man alone... leave what you started alone....

Growling the words out angrily, Jason Reeves moves closer to Deacon who steps away from the corner to move closer as well.

Stalker:

But here you are... a "Mute Freak" trying to talk to me.

Jason shakes his head side to side, smirking to himself behind the crimson mask, he points to his mask with the same hand that holds the FIST title.

Stalker:

Do you think Deacon... that this is just a coincidence that I wear this? Do you think I don't remember what you did to me? Even after I screamed her name in your FACE! If you wonder why... I shout her name... if you wonder why... I choose to make the world around me burn, then perhaps it's time you look inwards to yourself. Your own actions... Guardian.

Hoisting the FIST Championship in Deacon's face, Jason Reeves stands motionless as his eyes suddenly start to turn dark once more.

Lance:

Is... is he controlling the change back into Crimson mode?!

DDK:

I have no idea what that means, but it looks like it!

The WrestlePlex's lights start to dim into a crimson red as Jason 'Crimson Stalker' Reeves' transformation begins to happen live in front of streaming screens across the country, manifesting the beast within Jason's eyes suddenly fill with a void as his lips begin to shake in anger once more as he screams into the microphone.

Stalker:

I shall destroy my maker! As it's most vile creation rightfully should! At DEFCON - you will be the one buried, buried and changed forever JUST LIKE ME!!! THERE IS NO LIGHT HERE... DEACON!!

BOOM!!

Stalker thrusts himself across the ring exploding with a title shot to Deacon's face! Security is already running down the ramp as the cameras pan out to Deacon defending himself. Blocking a second title shot attack, the big man stumbles back and chops forward at Jason Reeves as the two lock up, the FIST championship dangling between

them as they glare at one another.

DDK:

If this is a sign of what's to come I think we are about to see Stalker vs. Deacon at DEFCON! I don't know what Deacon was thinking in trying to 'help' Jason Reeves, it's clear he's a lost cause.

Lance:

Lost cause or in complete control of his actions? The story just took a twist I was not expecting! I can't wait to see what happens at DEFCON!

The action in the ring is separated as DEFSecurity manages to get in between the two as we fade out.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.