

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!

DIG A HOLE FOR BURNS, DEX

HUG IT OUT, PCP

CONOR, I SWEAR TO GOD

DIG DEEP!!

MT. RAINIER'S REVENGE IS COMING FOR DEFTV

I WANT TO SEE CERBERUS'S FOURTH HEAD WINK WINK NUDGE NUDGE

DOES TYLER FUSE KNOW HE'S NOT TYLER DURDEN?

HEY FUCKING YO

CERBERUS AND DANGEROUS MIX WOULD BE A... WELL, DANGEROUS MIX

THERE IS NO HENRY KEYES

I HOPE TROY WINDHAM IS OK

I BARELY REMEMBER JAY HARVEY

POWERGODZ 4 FIST

REZIN SPEAKS TO ME

SCOTTY FLASH FOR SENATE

THIS SIGN REFLECTS YOUR OPINION

BREATH OF THE WILD > OCARINA OF TIME

GIVE ME POWERMASTER OR GO FOKE YOURSELF

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

ELISE ARES vs. KLEIN

DDK:

HELLO everyone! We're going to get right into it, Lance, starting off with a match that we first heard about at DEFtv 167. Elise Ares will be taking on her own PCPer Klein.

Lance:

I came to DEFIANCE after PCP debuted so I had to do some digging, but once I did I found out that Klein was actually one of the primary wrestling trainers of Elise Ares once she left the Mexican wrestling scene to come to America.

DDK:

That was years ago but still quality reporting. You have to wonder how much of that girl he trained years ago does he still know now?

Lance:

They've been teammates for their ENTIRE DEFIANCE career. Even when The D turned his back on Elise, it was Klein who stayed by her side. Needless to say this is a one-on-one match that has never happened. You're getting it to kick off DEFtv!

The scene shifts to Darren Quimbey in the ring, standing straight with mic in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Our opening contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!

Roland edits this part out as the arena lights shift to shade of burgundy and gold.

♪ "BDE" by Queen Herby ♪

As the sample drops, the Faithful rise and Elise Ares swaggers out of the entrance with her arms extended wide. Wearing her trademark LED sunglasses over her clear face shield, the gold LEDs flash "STILL" "GOT" "IT." The D pulls her black high fashion jacket off of her shoulders before she points to her glasses looking around at the Faithful, letting them get a nice hard look before she marches down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds. Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms... she is the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. EEEEEEEEEELIIIISE AARRRRRRRRRRRES!

The D is in Ares' ear giving her some last minute tips before she trots up the steps and enters the ring as seductively as a movie star possibly can without getting an NC-17 rating.

DDK:

There goes her sunglasses into the sixth or seventh row and Elise looks mad about Klein's confrontation with herself and The D last time we saw them together.

Lance:

I think that was the point, Darren. Light a fire under her ass. Let's be honest, as impressive as The D and Elise Ares can be in bursts they've been coasting for quite a long time. They were on a meteoric rise until they were cut down by 24K and haven't been able to find footing since, despite some victories here and there.

DDK:

Elise also took a brutal loss to Arthur Pleasant, so much so that we weren't sure if she was going to be able to compete tonight. Having her face shield ripped off and her recovering face brutally assaulted by the Plaguebeast while Flex In A Box watched the violence from the stage area. Flex and Klein have been on a bit of a hot streak themselves and are trending in the opposite direction as their PCP counterparts.

Ares leans against the turnbuckle with her hands behind her head. Waiting.

♪ "Man In The Box" by Alice In Chains ♪

Less pomp, more circumstance, the lumbering oafs of Flex Kruger and Klein pull their best Lucky Sevens impression in callous superiority. Chests pumped high, blood boiling, Klein breathing steam like a bull leads the charge. Flex Kruger flexing behind as the two storm their way to the ring.

DDK:

This, does not look like a friendly demeanor.

Lance:

No, but Klein isn't attacking Elise out of spite, he just wants to see them all pushed their furthest reaches. Go where no PCPer have gone before.

Flex massages Klein's shoulders on the apron before hoping off.

DDK:

We saw it a bit when Elise fought Arthur last DEFtv, perhaps tonight, we see the second chapter in that story.

DING DING

The jawing back and forth between stablemates are drowned out by the cheers of the Faithful as Klein motions for Ares to lock up in the middle of the ring. Elise obliges and saunters in, extends her arms for a collar and elbow, but instead slaps Klein across the face. Echoes bounce around the arena and The Faithful gasp in unison while Ares backs away audibly yelling "How's THAT for a could've would've been?!"

DDK:

What a SHOT by Ares!

Lance:

She's not going to have much time to talk though!

She barely gets the sentence out of her mouth as Klein seethes and lunges at her, locking her up in a collar and elbow that shoves her into the corner. She raises her arms trying to get a rope break from Benny Doyle and he begins the count. The Boxman immediately breaks the hold and backs off, giving Ares the opportunity to fire out of the corner and launch a rapid assault on her stablemate. Open hand strikes, elbows, kicks are mostly blocked but still land forcing Klein to retreat to the middle of the ring. The final such attempt as an open hand strike is caught and Klein sends Ares into the ropes. She rallies back and ducks under a clothesline attempt and ricochets back just in time to be launched into orbit with a HUGE back body drop.

DDK:

Look at that air time!

Lance:

Watch out below!

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE lands straight down on her popular backside. Ares doesn't even have time to grimace in pain before she's hoisted up from behind and thrown with a german suplex folding her up like an accordion. Elise tries to crawl away to lick her wounds but Klein immediately grabs her ankle and pulls her back to the middle of the ring. Luckily, Ares is slippery and manages to kick herself free and make her way to the ropes in obvious pain. Klein paces in the ring, waiting for the former SoHER to make a move. Eventually she does, taking the Boxman up on his previous offer for a lockup but quickly shoots for the leg. He powers out of Elise's grasp but she rolls him up!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Ares tries to steal one and almost gets away with it!

Lance:

After taking some of those huge hits from Klein, she's learned she has to put this one away quickly because if she doesn't Klein could get her with one hard shot!

That's what she said as Ares stays aggressive, dropkicking Klein in the back of the skull before he could get back up to his feet. It staggers Klein enough for Ares to hit the ropes and return with another basement dropkick to the side of Box. The kicks slow Klein but don't stop him as he again falls back down to his stomach but begins to get right back up. The D cheers Ares on as she again fires into the ropes and returns, sprinting into a spike hurricanrana! Klein's skull bounces off the canvas and Elise quickly jumps on him for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

STILL NO!

Benny Doyle signals two for Ares, but Klein is showing the effects of the fast paced assault now taking quite some time to make his ascension to his feet.

DDK:

Ares still trying to put this thing away quickly and get out of here before she takes the big one!

Lance:

Aren't we supposed to save these jokes for The D matches?

DDK:

Uhh, I didn't realize I made a joke?

Seeing the opportunity, Ares steps out onto the apron and kisses her fist for the Faithful, setting up Amethystation. Flex pounds his fists on the opposite side, trying to will Klein back up to his feet before Ares can get set up but to no avail as Klein staggers to his feet, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE sails off the top rope. Klein sees her coming and puts himself into position to grab her, but Elise changes trajectory by putting her feet down and landing early. Once she hits the ground, she somersaults under Klein's grasp and pops up to her feet behind him putting her finger up to her head to remind Flex and the Faithful how she's smarter than Klein.

Lance:

What athleticism by Ares to contort her body in a way to get her feet down and get out of a bad situation!

DDK:

The D is certainly impressed, clapping at ringside for his tag team partn-

His enthusiastic clapping turns to pointing and yelling as Ares is suddenly rolled up from behind!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Lance:

NO WAY!

DING DING DING

Elise, The D, the Faithful, and everyone else in the WrestlePlex are stunned as the signature song from Alice In Chains plays over the arena. The former Southern Heritage Champion looks, mouth agape in awe, as Benny Doyle walks over to Klein and raises his arm into the air.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner as a result of a pinfall, KLEIN!

The D and Elise Ares immediately begin to verbally assault Benny Doyle with questions as Klein grabs the back of his head for a moment and dusts his hands off, sharing a quick handshake into a back pat with Flex Kruger. As Ares turns around, Flex looks at Elise and just points at his own head before the duo leave the ring victorious.

DDK:

That certainly wasn't expected, Lance.

Lance:

Former SoHer champ Elise Ares pinned in minutes by a roll up? From Klein?

DDK:

Elise looked sharp as ever tonight, she seemed to have Klein's number in there. Did, did he maybe lure her into a false sense of security?

Lance:

Proving a bit of a point. You've got to expect anything at any time, and maybe it's not always appropriate to showboat. If you want to be the BEST in DEFIANCE, you kind of have to be the best wrestler. I believe anyone on our roster can become the best, if they focus on their craft Darren. Especially these four.

DDK:

But if this happens at DEFCon Lance, it means the PCP is no more.

Lance:

All good things must come to an end, Darren.

DDK:

Hopefully not this soon.

The D tries to comfort Elise, but she is not having it, yelling at Benny Doyle and calling him Fastcountini as the scene fades to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2022



CURRENT CARD

FIST of DEFIANCE

Crimson Stalker © vs. Deacon

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

SNS © vs. Malak Garland & Comments Conor Fuse

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIPS

Henry Keyes © vs. Corvo Alpha

Oscar Burns vs. Dex Joy

Vae Victis (Lindsay Troy & Dan Ryan) vs. The Scot and the Shrew (Gage Blackwood & Teresa Ames)

Pop Culture Phenoms vs. Flex in a Box

Los Tres Titanes vs. Better Future Talent Agency

Kerry Kuroyama vs. Tyler Fuse

"I'm a Fraud" Match

Ned Reform vs. Jessica Fear

ToyBox Match

Jestal vs. Dandelion

Jack Mace vs. Tom Morrow

Tag Team Battle Royal



DESPITE ALL MY RAGE...

DDK:

What an opener we just saw from Elise Ares and Klein and in the end, it was The Box Man scoring the upset over the longest-reigning Southern Heritage Champion in history, Elise!

Lance:

Things are definitely not okay in the camp of PCP, but we're going to take a look back at an event last night! We saw former Better Future Talent Agency member Jack Mace go one-on-one with The Lucky Sevens member Max Luck and come out victorious, however, this happened just after the match when Tom Morrow was on commentary...

FROM DEFtv 168 Night One

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!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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:

We bring this up because we have these exclusive comments with Jack Mace just after the show last night! He has the Better Future manager himself, Tom Morrow, one-on-one at DEFCON and the contract he forced Morrow to sign gave him the chance to pick the stipulation. He has chosen what that stipulation is!

Lance:

Let's go to these pre-recorded comments.

Cut to just after Night One. Jack Mace, limping angrily through the backstage area angrily, holding his back in one hand, and shoving DEFIANCE's head nurse Wesley Miller away with the other as he refuses to be checked out.

Wesley Miller:

Jack, you need to get back to see Iris. Now!

Jack Mace:

I'MA SAY SOMETHING FIRST TO THIS MATE ON ME WITH THE CAMERA...

The Killer Bear looks up and growls heatedly. Miller and another trainer try to pull him back, but he won't have it and rips his arm away.

Jack Mace:

Oi... Tommy... I spent two months back home in the woods... gave me a lotta time to think, mate... I didn't know how I was going to get my revenge, but I knew I'd come back here and get it just to see the stupid smirk wiped off your

fucking face... but after tonight, mate, having that giant tit Max Luck attackin' me from behind... the old light bulb went off for Ol' Jackie...

Eerily, the gears can be seen turning. Even more eerie... Jack has a smile in between pained breaths.

Jack Mace:

You lobbed insults at me, mate. Animal this. Eaten in the woods that. The worst thing you can do with a wounded animal... is be trapped with one... so that's what you're getting, Tommy...

He takes hold of the camera.

Jack Mace:

Me. You. DEFCON... STEEL CAGE!

A LOUD chorus of cheers burst from the Faithful as the shot goes back to Darren and Lance and a graphic for the Jack Mace/Tom Morrow match at DEFCON, now including the graphics to reflect the match of choice!

DDK:

Heard right here first! Jack Mace has Tom Morrow one-on-one in a steel cage match at DEFCON!

Lance:

Morrow might have gotten the last laugh last night, but Jack Mace has made sure that there will be nowhere to run and nowhere to hide for the Brainchild of BFTA! Now let's get to the next match!

JESTAL vs. DAVIS BLOOME

As we return to ringside, Davis Bloome stands ready for his match in the ring.

♪ "Return of the Mad Prince" (Kefka Symphonic Metal Version) by Falkkone ♪

Tom Morrow:

Shut up Darren, we don't need an introduction!

Jestal power walks to the ring with Morrow close behind. The Jester slides in the ring and without so much as Slater calling for the match to start.

DING DING

Jestal and Davis are exchanging knife-edge chops and punches. Jestal quickly takes advantage with an eye gouge and then irish whips him right into the corner and rushes in with a belly-to-back splash. Quickly stunning Davis as he stumbles out of the corner. Forcing Bloome to fall right back in the corner. Morrow barks a few instructions to Jestal, as the jester stomps Davis down to a seating position and follows in with a foot choke.

DDK:

Jestal doesn't look like he is gonna waste any time here tonight. Having to face his sister at DEFCON seems to have lit a fire in the jester here tonight.

Lance:

Don't expect Davis to lie down for this clown though.

Brian Slater:

ONE....TWO.....THREE.....FOUR.....Come on break it Jestal!

Jestal breaks before five and gets a mouth full from Brian. Davis pulls himself up as Jestal turns around he is met with a devastating lariat! Tom puts his hands on his head in shock. Davis climbs the second ropes and dives off in a signature {Hitman} elbow drop} He quickly sits on top of Jestal and unloads on the Jester of DEFIANCE. Slater now admonishes Bloome for the closed fist, leaving Jestal a chance to poke Davis in the eye. The opening forces Davis to get off of Jestal and check his eye.

DDK:

Jestal bending the rules to take advantage here. You have a good point there Lance, Davis is not gonna take this lying down.

Lance:

Now, this jester is moving in for the kill.

Jestal gets vertical and tries to turn Davis around only to get a tornado elbow! Bloome quickly whips Jestal off the ropes he runs Jestal over with a running clothesline. He waits for the jester to get up once more and charges, Morrow points, and shouts. Jestal turns around and catches Davis mid-air and quickly hits a belly-to-belly suplex! Davis rolls himself into a corner only to realize Jestal is running at him with a head of steam into a cannonball in the corner!

Jestal recovers and laughs at The Faithful.

Jestal:

Winter is still here, no Spring yet.

DDK:

Obviously a clear shot at his sister there.

Lance:

He better not get too caught up in the moment, Bloome looks to be trying to catch a breather while Jestal mocks the fans here tonight.

Davis rolls out of the ring, and Jestal now has Brian's attention as Tom now lays the boots to Davis outside the ring, before Slater turns around and the dastardly manager walks away like he did nothing. He jaws with a few fans at ringside as his client exits the ring and throws Davis back in the ring. He nails a gut-wrench suplex on the prone Davis. Jestal quickly goes on the attack once more. He starts by bending Davis' knee in a 90-degree angle HORIZONTAL. Then locks in a dragon sleeper and bends Davis into a bow in an arrow-type move. Davis quickly taps!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbly:

The winner of the match via submission "The Mad Prince" JESTAL!!!!

DDK:

My GOD, what in the world is that submission. The human body is not meant to be bent that way!

Lance:

Well, he did say he was gonna bend his sister into a pretzel, I guess he forgot the girl was a contortionist before her wrestling days.

♪ "Return of the Mad Prince" (Kefka Symphonic Metal Version) by Falkkone ♪

Tom gets in the ring as Brian calls for the bell only to turn around and get distracted by Morrow while Jestal continues to keep this painful hold locked in. For what seems like a good five minutes. Suddenly the DefTron shows a pop the weasel box and the music that goes with it. Morrow quickly stops distracting Slater and motions for Jestal to break the hold and points at the DefTron. As the end of the weasel song out pops Dandelion's new logo her face split in half. With a quick transition to Ozmoses sitting on a chair and behind him is Dandelion in torn blue jeans her new Suicidal Doll shirt tied into a knot just under her chest. She appears to be wrapping wrestling weapons with wrapping paper, props like tables, chairs.

DDK:

Dandelion appears to have helped Davis out here, Jestal looked like he was not gonna release that hold.

Lance:

What exactly is she doing? Christmas has been over for three months now.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Ah, Jestal the pretzel guy. You are probably wondering just what exactly Lede liÊ»iliÊ»i is doing back there. Oh, she is setting up for your Toybox match at DEFCON. Now I am sure you have a general idea of what that entails, so I won't bother you with the details. However, for all the haoles out there watching the show at the DEFPlax and at home let old Oz explain it to you.

Dandelion is now wrapping a baseball bat in Christmas lights, before wrapping it in paper.

Ozmoses Greaves:

The rules are quite simple. Pinfalls or submissions have to happen in the ring, outside the ring anything goes no count-outs no DQs. Although should you bring any of the toys she is wrapping back there into the ring and use them you are disqualified. There you have it, a Toybox Match. Oh and one more thing Jestal. Dandelion has been wanting to beat the crap out of you for months now. For all the stress you have put her through, all you had to do was be a supportive brother now The Marionette of DEFIANCE is going to hurt her little brother so badly he will have to think twice for what he has done to her.

The screen cuts off and Jestal just stares at the screen with a blank stare, Morrow shouts a few things at the blank screen but eventually exits the ring to follow Jestal making his way to the back.

DDK:

Well, we all were thinking just what a Toybox Match is and it appears Ozmoses Greaves just explained it to us.

Lance:

With a nickname like Suicidal Doll, I think Jestal is gonna have to keep her grounded or this girl is gonna do some crazy shit!

A GOOD COMMENT

The scene opens to a camera being hassled with as Conor Fuse is found standing in front of it. The Gamers inside the arena go ballistic.

The Power-Up King, however, looks to be in a rush.

Conor Fuse:

Hey everyone... *[disgruntled]* Comments Conor here...

The Faithful boo at the term COMMENTS.

Conor Fuse:

I wanted to get a few things off my chest quickly before that nimrod Malak or any of his cronies come looking for me. They're everywhere, man.

Fuse takes a deep breath and looks coldly into the camera.

Conor Fuse:

No surprise, Malak cut my television time short. But I was able to pull this off real quick. I've been told Pat Cassidy and I have a no contact clause until DEFCON, given our altercation two weeks ago. That's fine. To be honest, I got a little bent outta shape about things and I took it too far. It created a huge problem for Brock, whom I have no issue with. It created a bigger problem for Siobhan and this is not cool. While Pat and I may not be civil, **I** will go above and beyond. I will not endanger anyone's family.

Fuse looks behind him to make sure he's still in the clear.

Conor Fuse:

You're not gonna hear much from me over these next few weeks. But I can assure you, the fans, my friends... I'm still the same guy I was before.

Conor slams his chest with his right arm.

Conor Fuse:

I'll find a way out of this eventually, I always do. In the spirit of combat I will enter DEFCON and challenge for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships with Malak, because I am contractually obligated or, otherwise, fired.

Fuse pauses and tilts his head.

Conor Fuse:

And okay, I wouldn't mind getting a few more legal shots in on Pat but that's besides the point.

Again, Conor checks behind him.

Conor Fuse:

Tonight, just to prove there's no MAJOR issue between Pat and I, I'll stand beside him on the apron and watch Brock Newbludd wreck Malak Garland. And come DEFCON, yeah, I'll wrestle. I'll throw my heart out there. May even win the Tag Team Titles...

Conor hears a noise behind him so he hurries up.

Conor Fuse:

But a gamer always has a plan.

Fuse winks into the camera.

Conor Fuse:

And I am the ULTIMATE one.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

TYLER FUSE vs. REZIN

DDK:

Two former allies now compete as foes in our next scheduled contest, ladies and gentlemen! Hot on the trail of the Southern Heritage Champion, REZIN makes his return to DEFtv tonight, locking his goat-horns with the Kabal's own TYLER FUSE!

Lance:

Rezin has acted like a man possessed with revenge in his recent appearances, but Tyler himself may have bitten off more than he can chew by looking for some replay value in his own feud with Kerry Kuroyama.

DDK:

That's a "hard mode" setting if there ever was one. Thankfully, Kuroyama isn't in the building tonight, because I doubt the Pacific Blitzkrieg is willing to wait until DEFCON to get his hands on his nemesis.

Lance:

Instead, Tyler will have his hands full with another guy who's been giving the Kabal a number of headaches as of late. I don't think Rezin will rest until he's burned the whole secret society down from within.

DDK:

I'm not sure Rezin "rests" at all, Lance.

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

The crowd roars as REZIN bursts forth from a wall of smoke obscuring the curtain, rushing out onto the stage with animalistic fury! He runs to either side, working the crowd up while pointing as the fresh scar on his forehead and DEFIANTly shaking his head. Then he tears down the rampway like a bat out of hell, arms shaking out at his sides and head thrown back, bellowing a raspy battlecry.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... the ESCAPE ARTIST... REEEZZZZIIIIIIINNN!!!

Rezin slides into the ring and posts up on a couple turnbuckles, getting huge pops from the DEFIANCE fans that have come to accept him as one of their own. Then he gives presiding official Mark Shields a not-so-subtle high five... and Shields not-so-subtly shoves a baggie into his pocket.

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

With little fanfare, TYLER FUSE steps through the curtain and makes his way down the ramp. Nothing flashy.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, hailing from Toronto, Ontario, and weighing in at two-hundred and eight pounds... REAP-resenting the KABAL... the GAME-CHANGER... TYYYLEEERRR FUUUUUUSSE!!!

Tyler is already in the ring, impatiently pacing in his corner while Desire takes her place at ringside nearby. Rezin, impatient in his own right, watches him intensely from across the ring. Shields gives the cue to the timekeeper, and wisely steps out of the way.

DING DING

There's the bell, and both competitors come right out of their corners. Tyler looks ready to tie up, but Rezin suddenly puts him on his heels with a flurry of martial arts chops, elbows, and inside kicks! Fuse puts his guard up and weathers the storm, looking for an opening.

DDK:

Here's Rezin, coming out swinging--but Tyler ducks a wild judo chop and lands a stiff KICK right to the midsection... and Rezin bites back with a kick of his own!

Tyler winces in pain, but quickly rallies and delivers yet ANOTHER kick into Rezin's ribs. The Escape Artist soaks up the blow and drops to a knee, but rises up again, slapping his chest and daring Tyler to bring it again! Fuse obliges.

DDK:

Wham! Fuse delivers another kick to the chest of Rezin... and the Goat Bastard tells him to bring it again!

Lance:

Has he gone fully off the deep end, and lost his mind?

DDK:

Tyler Fuse with another sharp kick--REZIN DUCKS!!

Rezin counters with a sidekick of his own, but Tyler catches it in his hands! Rezin crosses over for the enziguri, but Tyler ducks his head! Rezin's foot bounces off the mat and he comes back for a heel kick on the comeback, but AGAIN Tyler ducks! Still bouncing on one foot, Rezin's face looks absolutely VEXED...

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

Until he drops onto his back and sends the unsuspecting elder Fuse brother flying overhead to the mat with a monkey flip! Rezin KIPS UP to his feet and cackles triumphantly!

DDK:

Fast-paced action right out of the gate between these two, who come in firing on all cylinders!

Lance:

The speedrun versus the... um, "weedrun?"

Tyler Fuse rolls back to his feet and comes at Rezin, shooting low, but the Escape Artist deftly leapfrogs, and momentum carries him into the corner. Tyler spins around in time to take a double flying knee-strike straight into his chest by the former Favoured Saints Champion!

DDK:

Fuse gets CRUSHED into the corner, and now Rezin leads him out by the head... walking him right into a FACECRUSHER! Rezin with the cover!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Both hustle to their feet, but Rezin is one step quicker.

DDK:

Rezin with the standing hurricanrana, putting Tyler to the mat again!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Fuse shoves Rezin aside and quickly rolls up to his feet again, but the Goat Bastard spins and backflips onto him!

DDK:

Standing MOONSAULT, and Fuse AGAIN has his back to the mat!

One!

Two!

Th--NO!! Fuse pops the shoulder, and quickly escapes to the outside!

Fuse dips out for a breather, with Desire there immediately to check on him. Standing tall in the ring, Rezin works up the crowd into a fever pitch. The Escape Artist elects to keep up the pressure as he puts himself into motion off the ropes and spryly leaps to the top, suicide diving to the outside with a SPRINBOARD SHOOTING STAR PRESS--

RRRAAAA--GASP!!!

Tyler pushes Desire aside and UPPERCUTS Rezin out of the air! The Goat Bastard crashes into a heap on the ringside floor!

DDK:

BIG rising uppercut to counter that death-defying aerial maneuver by Rezin!

Lance:

He successfully pulled off the forward, down, down/forward plus fierce punch combo to pull that one off.

Backstage Scrow with the SoHer draped over his black business suit, watching the monitor and Tyler uppercut dropping Rezin gets a smirk from the champion.

DDK:

Well, Scrow is in the building. I got a feeling he wants Tyler to cripple Rezin.

Back in the ring. Fuse peels Rezin off the floor and gets him running, and his shoulder connects with the steel corner post. Rezin sprawls off the impact and lands hard against the barricade! Knox gets to the count of four as Tyler chops Rezin's exposed chest, grabs him by the hair and beard, and throws him under the ropes back into the ring.

DDK:

After a round of punishment on the outside, Tyler takes this back into the ring, as he climbs from the floor and immediately scales to the top rope!

Lance:

The high risk maneuver didn't pay off for Rezin, but will Tyler Fuse have better luck?

DDK:

Rezin is struggling to get to his feet, looking absolutely disorientated! Fuse on the top rope... DIVES OFF with the FLYING CLOTHESLINE that connects! He makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Rezin pops the shoulder!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

Tyler throws Shields a hostile glare while methodically pulling Rezin back off the mat and dumping him into a corner and lighting him up with numerous closed-fist rights and lefts, taking full advantage of the official's reluctance to do his job and break it up.

DDK:

Fuse is really taking it to the Escape Artist now! Now he grabs Rezin by the arm and sends him across the ring -- no, Rezin puts on the breaks!

SMACK!

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK OUTTA NOWHERE!!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

Tyler's eyes roll back as he falls to the mat in a heap and the Goat Bastard falls on top of him.

DDK:

Fuse is down, and Rezin is on top! Could that be it?!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT! Tyler had to dig deep for that one!

Tyler is left to shake out the cobwebs as Rezin rushes over to the near corner and scales to the top rope. Fuse gets to his feet but turns around just in time for a shadow to fall over him...

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

REZIN WITH THE REZINSAULT!! He is fired up and burning out of control now! He hooks the legs... that could be it!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! Tyler just barely got the shoulder up!

Lance:

He can't have that many hit points left. Rezin is definitely in his groove right now. But where does he go from here?

Rezin looks down at Fuse lying prone on the mat at his feet, pondering his next move. He scans the ring looking for something to work with, then a dastardly idea comes to him. The Goat Bastard quickly dips to the outside and begins digging around under the apron...

DDK:

Just what the heck does Rezin have in mind now?! Did he forget the match is still on?

Lance:

I'm not sure what his plan is, but he better hope it pays off, cause it isn't wise to give Tyler this much time to recover.

Fuse stirs on the mat, but is still out of it following the spinning heel kick. Rezin finally pulls a LADDER out from under the ring, getting an excited pop out of the fans, and quickly slides it into the ring! Even Shields knows this isn't exactly legal, but Rezin reassures him it's cool as he begins to set the ladder up, positioning it near Tyler's body.

DDK:

Looks like the official is just going to let this slide?

Lance:

I guess as long as it's not used as a weapon. I don't know... I'll leave it to Shields to explain that one.

DDK:

Rezin has the ladder up, and now he scales up to the top! BIG high risk maneuver coming up! What is he THINKING right now!?

Lance:

I guess... go big, or go home?

Rezin steps up to the top of the ladder, which wobbles underneath his weight. For a tense moment, it looks like he may wipe out, until he finally steadies his perch, rises up, and dives off from a height of over ten feet with the REZINSAULT...

...right as Tyler raises his knees!

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

DDK:

NOO!! REZINSAULT right onto the BRACED KNEES of Tyler Fuse!

Rezin deflates while draped across Tyler's legs, until the elder Fuse turns over to put his shoulders to the mat and hook the legs.

DDK:

Fuse with the PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

As the three count hits, Scrow is seen once more with a huge smile on his face and a clap for Tyler. He turns to walk

away from the monitor only to come face to face with Arthur Pleasant who just stares at the championship on his shoulder and then pats it on the face plate as Scrow looks at where his hand hits the belt. Then glances back at Arthur.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... **TYYYLEEERRR FFFUUUUUUUUSSSEEE!!!**

Back in the ring. Fuse pushes Rezin's crumbled body aside and doesn't stick around to have his arm raised, electing to roll to the outside and promptly makes his way up the ramp. Shields proceeds to check on Rezin, who is winded and stunned, albeit not too banged up.

DDK:

One timely counter was all it took for Tyler Fuse to pick up the win here tonight! I'm not sure what Rezin was thinking by going for that ladder, but his gutsy attempt at stealing the show only ended up costing him!

Lance:

How many times have people started sentences with "I'm not sure what Rezin was thinking," Keebs? In any case, credit to Tyler for staying patient and waiting for his opening.

DDK:

The Game Changer picks up some needed momentum going into--WAIT A SECOND!!

A thunderous pop fills the DEFarena as a silver and green object streaks down the rampway and intercepts Fuse on the rampway. Before Tyler can react, he finds himself being relentlessly pounded with rights and lefts!

DDK:

IT'S KERRY KUROYAMA!! HE'S HERE AFTER ALL!!

Lance:

And apparently, he couldn't wait until DEFCON to get his hands on Tyler Fuse!

DDK:

We need to go to a quick break, ladies and gentlemen! Don't go anywhere as the action continues!

Security and personnel rush through the curtain to break up the chaos breaking out between Kuroyama and Fuse on the rampway.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW

OSCAR BURNS DIG DOWN DEEP CHALLENGE (5): OSCAR BURNS vs. LEYENDA DE OCHO

DDK:

Welcome back to the show, folks! And we've got a big one coming up! After weeks of verbal sparks and attacks launched by one another, Oscar Burns will meet Dex Joy one-on-one at DEFCON! But before he gets to DEFCON, Burns will once again be putting up his coveted Golden Shovel on the line against BRAZEN Star Cup holder, Leyenda de Ocho!

Lance:

We have seen Leyenda de Ocho take some abuse in this ring the last few shows, first against Alvaro de Vargas and more recently, a vicious assault committed by Corvo Alpha. Ocho has been taking up vacancies in the fallen Henry Keyes' match schedule, but some fear he may be burning the candle at both ends. He has been cleared to compete, but we know he's not at 100% after that assault by Corvo.

DDK:

And now he steps into the ring with perhaps the best technical wrestler on the roster who has been living in his own world as of late. Leyenda de Ocho goes up against Oscar Burns in the fifth installment of the Oscar Burns D3C - The Dig Down Deep Challenge. Can Ocho pull off a major upset tonight?

To Darren Quimbey we go.

♪ "Hold Back The Night" by The Protomen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this singles match is set for one fall for a ten-minute time limit and is an Oscar Burns Dig Down Deep Challenge! Introducing first, our CHALLENGER... he represents THE AIRSHIP and weighs in tonight at 188 pounds... **LEYENDAAA deeeeeeeeeeee OOOOOCCCHOOOOO!**

Leyenda de Ocho bursts through the curtain to a hot crowd reaction, ribs taped up, but otherwise looking ready to go. He pauses atop the ramp to pump a fist in the air, brow furrowed with determination and focus.

DDK:

Like we said, not 100%. And against a guy like Oscar Burns who has never shied away from attacking a limb.

Lance:

He'll need everything he can muster and more to wrestle Burns who has been at the top of his game in some time!

LDO tags a few hands on his trot to the ring. He slides under the bottom rope into a kneeling position. Nodding his head with appreciation towards the ultra-supportive faithful, Leyenda de Ocho pops to his feet and bounds to the middle turnbuckle, colorful lights pulsing all around him.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... he is the holder of the Golden Shovel! From Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... **HE IS DEFIANCE... OSCAR BURNS!**

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieich Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win in DEFIANCE! And a new addition...

The figure of Burns appears to be on a podium of some sort, slowly rotating as he poses with the Golden Shovel in hand... After the highlights... the heavy music kicks in and he jumps off the rotating platform, raising the shovel before he addresses the camera in front of him.

Oscar Burns:

LEYENDA DE OCHO... YOU'VE GOT GUTS, GC! YOU GOT GUTS!

He heads down to the ring and soaks in what he feels is adulation, but is jeered for his sanctimonious attitude. Oscar gets to the ring and traipses up the steel steps. He poses mid-apron, wipes his feet and then climbs into the ring. He hands the golden shovel over to the official. Leyenda looks ready from his corner, but Oscar has a microphone.

DDK:

What... what is he doing? They're about to have a match!

He paces towards the BRAZEN Star Cup holder and then taps the microphone to make sure it works before he speaks.

Oscar Burns:

Leyenda de Ocho... GC, first off, I want to say thank you.

Ocho looks a little perplexed before Burns raises a hand.

Oscar Burns:

GC... you've been taking a pasting for about a month now, but you've found success in this ring! Ocho won the BRAZEN Star Cup back at the last CLASH special! Go on and give this young man a round of applause. Go ahead, Oscar Burns Faithful. Do it! This man legitimately has shown more heart than anyone else in this promotion outside of me in the last month! Applaud!

The Faithful do just that for Ocho. He does look at the crowd while Burns continues.

Oscar Burns:

Injured or not, GC, it will be a delight to defend this Golden Shovel against you tonight to show what the future of DEFIANCE looks like! It's not that fat bully Dex Joy...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

And despite these beatings you've taken, you come back for more Ocho, cause you have heart. Unlike Henry Keyes, you actually showed up to work tonight!

Annnnd Ocho has heard enough, running at Burns and launching right into him with a dropkick to the chest! The ribs are no doubt slowing Ocho down half a step, but he fights through the pain and gets up, telling the official to ring the bell!

DDK:

Come on! There's no need for that!

Lance:

That was enough! And the official is checking on Burns!

He yells at Jonny Fastcountini as he tries to get up. When Oscar says he'll continue, he does so and then calls for the bell.

DING DING

...and right away, Ocho is all over Burns with a quick flurry of forearms in the corner!

DDK:

That Keyes crack was uncalled for! Burns said that to get under Ocho's skin, but it looks like it had the opposite effect!

After eating several forearms, Burns blocks one before throwing a STIFF one of his own, staggering Ocho back and sending him to the ropes. He whips a stunned Ocho across the ring and then tries for a pop-up, but Ocho shifts and turns it into a dropkick mid-air! Burns gets knocked down and Ocho doesn't land favorably after the mid-air dropkick, but he's up first while favoring the rib with a hand!

Lance:

Yeah, that was a stupid thing to do on Burns' part! His Golden Shovel may be in danger just two weeks before he takes on Dex Joy in the biggest match of the latter's career!

Ocho waits for Burns and then leaps before hitting a running headscissors, snapping Burns through the ropes and then sending him out to the floor. Ocho takes a moment to compose himself while a dazed and angered Oscar buzzes around ringside like a pissed-off hornet!

DDK:

The BRAZEN Star Cup holder trying to take the fight to Burns! He hasn't been missing any CLASH shows, but these injuries may be taking a toll on Ocho if he doesn't let them heal.

He waits for Burns and then leaps from the middle rope, all the way out to the floor, wiping out he and Burns with a HUGE springboard double jump plancha to the floor! He hits... but he's hurt and rolls around the floor, holding his ribs.

Lance:

Corvo Alpha did a number on him a couple weeks ago while fighting for the Favoured Saints Championship. The fact he took this match anyway, as big an opportunity as this is, may not have been the smartest thing.

DDK:

Maybe not, but Ocho will definitely try regardless!

It's Ocho that is up first, but Burns isn't that far behind him after the big dive to the floor. Ocho tries to push Burns back inside. He tries to fight, but Ocho peppers him with more shots about the head as he tries to get back inside.

Lance:

What's next for Ocho?

He measures up Burns as he tries to get up, only to leap for a springboard and then connect with a diving legdrop to the back of the head of the Golden Shovel holder!

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD LEGDROP! THAT COULD BE IT!

The Faithful let out a collective roar as he rolls Oscar over onto his back and then hooks the leg!

ONE... TWO... NO

The two-time former FIST holder gets the shoulder off the canvas and LDO punches the mat in frustration!

DDK:

Ocho gets a two-count there! If he goes to the ten-minute time limit with Oscar Burns, he'll win the Golden Shovel, but I don't think he's thinking about that... he wants this win outright!

Lance:

He does!

Ocho grabs the head and neck of Burns before he tries for a full-revolution tornado DDT off the ropes... but Burns hangs onto the ropes and shoves Ocho away! The BRAZEN Star Cup holder lands on his feet and when he turns, Burns twists his way around (see what I did there?! Ocho tries to fight his way out, but before he knows it, The

Keeper of the Golden Shovel now CRANKS on the rib cage of Ocho with a standing cobra twist submission! The modified abdominal stretch looks PAINFUL as he cranks back!

DDK:

One move! All Burns needed was one big reversal to turn things around and now Ocho is trapped!

Lance:

If he can lock in a hold, he'll find a way to apply it. It's what makes him so dangerous. He might be the best wrestler in DEFIANCE due to that aptitude.

Ocho cries out in pain as Burns starts to crank down further on the neck lock portion of the hold while keeping Ocho bent in a way Ocho should not bend. The 8-Bit Battler tries to get out of the hold, but the much larger Burns is giving him a hard time and has the hold locked in tightly. The crowd starts cheering for Ocho, but a scratching and clawing Burns keeps him mid-ring.

DDK:

He isn't near the ropes to force a break! What's he going to do?

Burns tries to pull back while Ocho throws up an elbow to try and free himself! He fires a few more shots to get him to let go and when he does, he turns and nails a Pele kick to stun Burns! He gets rocked and crumbles to a knee, but Ocho isn't able to follow up with anything due to his rib cage.

Lance:

Ocho fires off a Pele kick! Great counter, but does he have anything left in the tank?

Ocho tries to get back up and holds the ribs while the former two-time FIST is still on a knee. He waits for him and then measures him up for a shining wizard... but Oscar catches him in mid-air, spins Ocho around, then DROPS him violently across the knee with a big belly-to-back backbreaker! The Faithful let out a collective gasp as he doubles Ocho over!

DDK:

I don't believe it! That Dragon backbreaker nearly broke Ocho in half! And now what is Oscar doing?

He grabs Ocho and then LAUNCHES him in the air with a huge exploder suplex! LDO bounces off the canvas in a bad way and rolls around holding his back before Oscar picks him up... then angrily hits a second exploder suplex... and then a third! Ocho rolls across the mat holding his back before Burns grabs the legs...

DDK:

Burns done playing around! Three huge exploder suplexes... and now... 50! He has 50 locked in!

The grounded hammerlock guillotine choke has Ocho locked up TIGHT with nowhere to go! Burns' legs squeeze the ribs of the smaller Ocho as he grounds him with the hold... and soon, Ocho does not respond at all, leading to Jonny Fastcountini calling for the bell!

DING DING DING

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

After earning the submission victory, Burns lets go and gets back on his feet. He slowly stands up and then is handed back the Golden Shovel, then raises it once again!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

Leyenda de Ocho gave him a fight as he has been showing in the last several months... but like we said earlier, Oscar Burns is on top of his game right now.

Lance:

My personal feelings aside... absolutely.

Oscar looks down at Ocho and gives him a mocking "tisk, tisk" shake of the head as he wipes his feet on the mat and then leaves the ring again, heading to the back.

DDK:

We understand a little later that Oscar Burns will be meeting Dex Joy in the ring for a face-to-face... and you have to wonder how explosive that might be!

Ocho's now just coming around, still favoring his ribs, but taking in a positive reception from the crowd before the show moves on.

FINISH HIM?

Kerry Kuroyama walks through the backstage, receiving a loud cheer from The Faithful after his attack on Tyler Fuse. He turns a corner in the hallway...

And immediately finds himself in front of Princess Desire.

The 5'8" blonde haired Rubik's cube eyes The Pacific Blitzkrieg before she smiles and twirls her hair back.

Princess Desire:

Hi there, Kerry.

WHAM.

Tyler Fuse explodes from behind Kuroyama with a lead pipe in hand. He clubs his upcoming DEFCON opponent over the back of the head with it as Desire doesn't even move when Kuroyama falls into her.

Tyler takes a moment to look at his wife. Then he bends down and drags Kerry by his boots... all across the backstage floor.

DDK:

Gutless attack from a guy who believes he wants to wrestle "decently".

Lance:

Looks like they're coming out here, Keebs.

Fuse continues to pull Kuroyama through the hall. They reach gorilla since it wasn't too long ago Kerry had just come back from ringside.

The Faithful boo wildly as Fuse appears on the rampway and pulls with both hands... an unconscious Kerry Kuroyama. The Game-Changer disappears behind the curtain again but only for a moment. He reappears with a mic in hand.

Tyler Fuse:

What just happened IS a sign of weakness, Kerry.

More boos as Tyler looks down at his fallen rival.

Tyler Fuse:

Perhaps you're not as strong as I thought you were.

Fuse shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

You can't let distractions happen. Distractions are for the weak. Instead you have to work through, push harder and disregard the "noise".

Tyler spits on Kerry.

Tyler Fuse:

Ignore my wife. Walk right past her. I just did.

Fuse sticks the mic in the side of his tights. He deadlifts Kuroyama and fireman carries him down the rampway.

DDK:

We need medical attention for Kuroyama.

Lance:

He's out cold, Keebs.

Tyler arrives at ringside and places Kerry on the apron. The OG Player pushes his rival into the ring and then positions Kuroyama's legs beside the ring post. The fans stir, knowing Tyler's deadly figure four leg lock around the ring post is pending. The move that took Kuroyama out twice in the past.

Tyler Fuse:

In another lifetime, I would figure four you on the ring post and render you unable to wrestle for another six months, or more.

Fuse smirks.

Tyler Fuse:

But I'm going to wait until DEFCON.

Cold and calculating, Tyler looks into the face of the fallen.

Tyler Fuse:

Because I need this match. I have to show everyone I can replace Kerry Kuroyama and I am the future of DEFIANCE.

The OG Player leaves the ring and walks up the rampway.

Tyler Fuse:

Remember this message, Kerry. You can thank me when you're awake. You can thank me again when I wait for DEFCON, on the BIG STAGE, to end your career. I won't do it on a throwaway show like tonight.

Fuse vanishes behind the curtain, as the camera switches to Kuroyama. DEFSec are only now coming down the rampway to attend to him.

Tyler Fuse:

You're welcome...

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

Your bi-weekly source for all things DEFIANCE! Tune in, for the UNCUT, NO HOLDS BARRED DEFIANCE!

CARDS ON THE TABLE

DDK:

In just a moment, we're going to Jamie Sawyers! We've been told earlier tonight that Oscar Burns wanted some mic time with his opponent for DEFCON, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy regarding their match at DEFCON!

Lance:

Can we trust Oscar Burns, though? Every time these two have been at one another's throats, it's ended in violence. Dex Joy put Burns through a table on 165 after receiving a downright insulting offer to be his waterboy. Burns would retaliate on 166 with a hit from his Golden Shovel and then Dex returned the favor by hitting a Dexy's Midnight Runner to Burns on this ramp!

DDK:

It has not been easy going for Oscar Burns and Dex Joy. This match is arguably the biggest of Dex Joy's career coming up very soon but he has not allowed himself to be intimidated or humiliated by Burns. Tonight, we get final thoughts from Oscar Burns and Dex Joy! We move over to Jamie Sawyers on the interview stage!

Jamie Sawyers is now standing on the interview stage to conduct business!

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello, DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Are you all excited for the 2022 DEFCON? We are only two weeks away!

They all respond with very loud cheering! Jamie takes that as an affirmative!

Jamie Sawyers:

Right now, we've invited two people who want to talk about their match at DEFCON in what some are calling one of the marquee matches just announced on the card, but has been brewing since the end of DEFIANCE Road! I'm talking about the former FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jamie Sawyers:

And Dex Joy! Both men have agreed to one final interview! DEFIANCE management has warned them both to be on their best behavior and to save it for DEFCON! They face possible fines if they refuse. Please welcome first ... he is the Leader of Dex's Wrecking Crew! Your Pally and Mine! He is "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!!!

One by one in the Wrestle Plex the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time and beep until a wrecking ball with the Dex Joy logo smashes through a wall!

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

And finally the man appears on the entrance ramp! Dex Joy comes out in a black track suit with gold lines down the sides and bright yellow sneakers but he looks ready to throw down if things go his way. He doesn't look interested in this whole set-up but he plays nice and shakes Jamie's hand ... and takes the microphone.

Dex Joy:

Jamie, pally ... you're gonna need to back up or call DEFSec. I don't know what Oscar Burns possibly has to say to me, but you can best believe that if he tries something, I'll pay whatever fine I have to to turn that asshole into another GIF when I chuck his ass down that ramp again!

He gives the microphone back to Jamie and lets him do his job. Dex unzips his jacket and sheds it, getting ready for a fight in case it escalates to one.

Jamie Sawyers:

And next ... The former FIST of DEFIANCE... and I'd be remiss if I didn't tell people that he IS DEFIANCE ... he is

Oscar Burns!

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

Oscar Burns does away with the usual pomp and circumstances that he's been full of lately, opting to show up in his ring gear from earlier and his new red DEFIANCE shirt...

↑

DEFIANCE

Burns walks to the stage sans the Golden Shovel while Dex is ready to make the best of his new moniker and wreck him, but Burns puts his hands up defensively as he approaches Jamie Sawyers.

Oscar Burns:

GCs in the Oscar Burns/DEFIANCE production truck... cut my music, please.

The music quietly fades, but Dex's impatience does not.

Oscar Burns:

Dex... despite our differences recently, thank you for meeting me here...

Dex takes the microphone from Jamie's hand.

Dex Joy:

Pally... because Jamie wants us to play nice, I'm giving you one minute to say whatever you need to say and then I'm wrecking your ass. Right here, right now. Tick, tock.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

Burns looks bemused with the crowd reaction but he continues. Dex is tapping an imaginary watch on his wrist.

Oscar Burns:

I'll make it brief then, Dex. I really wanted to work with you, GC. I really did. That is true. I've have my eye on you because there's a world of potential within you and despite all of our previous issues with me trying to help you and you not being able to control your temper cause you're more wild rhino than man...

Dex starts to step over the interview podium when Burns holds another hand up.

Oscar Burns:

No, no, no, no, no, wait, wait! Fines, Dex, fines! Jamie said so!

Doing his best to restrain himself, Dex stops in his tracks but the Leader of Dex's Wrecking Crew wants to destroy him.

Oscar Burns:

But... Dex... I didn't want to be the one to tell you this, GC. As the man who represents DEFIANCE more than any other person who's ever walked through these halls, that sometimes comes with me having to tell the truth. And because I want to help you, Dex, I'm going to put all my cards on the table. You think that you want to be where I am. You want to be the FIST like me... just once, let alone twice... you want to be the man synonymous with our great promotion and there's nothing wrong with shooting for the stars. I get it. It's great to have dreams, Dex... but it's also great to have realistic expectations...

He points at the DEFIATtron.

Oscar Burns:

You are an attraction, Dex. A big one at that, not just in size, but in personality! In stature! In aura, GC! People like you because you have a magnetism to you that draws the Oscar Burns Faithful to you. You've had many great accomplishments. Southern Heritage Champion! Favoured Saints Champion! Holding a title means great things for any athlete and you've done it twice. But mate... an attraction is ALL you are. A guy like you can't stand high on the mountain and hope to breathe the same air I do. You can do amazing things... but you think you can wrestle me? I've literally wrestled EVERY show. UNCUT. DEFtvs. Pay-per-view premium whatever events! And I don't break a sweat cause that's what I do. You might have the heart to be on top of DEFIANCE, but I... Am... DEF...

Dex steals the microphone now out of Burns' hand to a HUGE pop from the Faithful!

Dex Joy:

No no no, pally, I'm not going to listen to the same bull-shit other people have tried to pedal on me once upon a time before I come back and *wreck 'em!* You're gonna say the same tired-ass crap about "haha you're fat!" "haha, you can't outlast me!" "haha you can't see your dick!" I can see my dick just fine and I can see the whiny little dick in front of me!

Another loud pop. Burns wants to speak but Dex does not let him! Oscar holds a hand out but Dex shakes his head back at him.

Dex Joy:

Oh no you ain't getting this back. You've wasted enough time talking. You can start *listening* now. You call yourself DEFIANCE but you don't seem to understand that this promotion isn't just about you or your new little gardening shovel fetish. I carry some weight in my gut, but I got more than enough balls to show I'm ready to carry the weight of DEFIANCE on my back too! And if we're going to be putting all our cards on the table like you say, Burnsie ...

The Biggest Boy keeps on rolling.

Dex Joy:

This whole thing you're doing? Saying you are DEFIANCE? You coming out here and saying I've never been the FIST? This whole act that you've got going on is to hide your own insecurities about still being able to hang on top which is why you're roughing up rookies to make yourself feel good. This all comes back to one simple fact ... that I've done something you've never done ...

Dex now steps mere inches away from the face of his DEFCON opponent.

Dex Joy:

I've actually taken a title from Gage Blackwood.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

Dex goes stumbling back and Burns has had enough! He doesn't seem to care about fines as he throws forearms to the head of Dex!

DDK:

We KNOW that's Burns' sore spot! And Dex was right! Burns went down this path just after that narrow loss to Gage Blackwood! Dex made Burns lose his composure!

Lance:

And now they're fighting!

Burns continues to reel him back, but Dex fight back! He fires a right hand of his own! He kicks Burns and then tries to hit him with another Dex Bomb like he did a few weeks ago, but Burns scurries off and then heads for higher ground

while The Biggest Boy stands his own ground!

DDK:

DEFSec now coming out to break this up! Jamie was right, that these two were going to get fined if they fought any more during this interview! Hope it was worth it, Burns!

Burns SHOVES one DEFSec aside member and storms off, but not before yelling back at Dex Joy.

Oscar Burns:

YOU AREN'T ME! YOU'LL NEVER BE WHERE I AM, DEX! I AM DEFIANCE!

Dex Joy starts yelling back while security holds him back as well, taking five or six of them to keep him restrained!

DDK:

You have to wonder if Dex making Burns lose his cool tonight was a good thing or not! He's become so spiteful!

Lance:

I don't think Dex cares! He wants to shut Oscar Burns' mouth and at DEFCON, he'll have the chance to do just that!

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okay?) DEFIANCEWrestling.com**

BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. MALAK GARLAND

The crane cam zooms around until finally settling on Darren Keebler and Lance Warner who are all smiles.

DDK:

Folks, up next we have Brock Newbludd versus the most viral person in all of professional wrestling and I don't mean that endearingly.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Before either commentary team member can get another word in, Malak Garland is carried out onto the stage by none other than his Game Boy. Feeling safe in his hulking arms, Malak decides to nuzzle into the big biceps of his hired gun.

DDK:

Malak never ceases to amaze me, Lance.

Finally at the apron, Garland gingerly touches his feet to the canvas before climbing inside the ropes. Soon after, the Paper Champion is followed to the ring by the rest of The Comments Section and a reluctant Conor Fuse.

Lance:

I'm at a loss for words, too. Malak STILL hasn't gotten the message that the general public doesn't like him. Heck, most of his coworkers don't like him either. That's why we're having his match! He took it one step too far with Siobhan and now, hopefully, Brock Newbludd will come down and knock some sense into the Snowflake Superstar.

Inside of the ring, Malak directs his followers to spread out and take up a position on each side of the ring to surround it. Percy, Thurston, Alex, and MEE6 each pick a corner and post up by them while Game Boy plants himself at the bottom of the ramp. The quiet giant crosses his arms and turns his back to the ring to stare up at the stage. Conor shakes his head in disgust at the perimeter his boss has set up for himself.

Lance:

The match hasn't even started yet and Malak is using the rest of the Comments Section to his advantage. I heard Percy is only here because SNS released him from the fruit cellar of Ballyhoo since he apparently smells worse than fermented grapes!

DDK:

I guess Newbludd is going to have to get past Game Boy to even enter the ring?

Lance:

I'm sure Cassidy and LaRue will be more than happy to give Brock a hand with that.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

DDK:

And here he comes! Do you think Brock's ready for some revenge, Lance?

Lance:

I think that would be a safe bet, partner. The Comments Section did quite the number on Brock to close out DEFTv two weeks ago and now it's his chance to return the favor.

The Faithful explode in cheers as Pat Cassidy and Davey LaRue make their way out onto the stage with fists and title belts raised high. LaRue is dancing around with the titles while Cassidy points to the belt and then points to the people to rile them up. The two men make their way down the ramp continuing their shenanigans, all while making sure to keep a sharp eye on Game Boy and the rest of The Comments Section as they do.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy, along with SNS manager Davey LaRue, are out to support Newbludd in this main event match... but

where's Brock?

Lance:

I think everyone else is wondering the same thing, Keebs. Including Malak and his cronies.

Alestorm continues to blare throughout the DEFplex as Cassidy and LaRue stop on the ramp with only a few feet between them and the imposing Game Boy. Pacing inside of the ring, Malak raises a suspicious eyebrow and glares at the two SNS members. On the outside, the four other Comments Section members mimic their leader's nervous pacing. A few more seconds pass and The Faithful's buzzing starts to subside slightly.

DDK:

There! Brock's just hopped the rail!

Lance:

Look out, Percy!

Having hopped the guardrail on the opposite side of the ramp, Newbludd nails Percy in the face with a running punch just as the pickled egg aficionado turns to face him. Percy crumples to the floor and Newbludd slides into the ring. Popping up to his feet, Milwaukee's Beast sprints past a confused Benny Doyle and grabs Garland from behind with a rear waistlock. Malak screams in protest but is helpless as he's sent flying across the ring courtesy of a release german suplex!

DDK:

Brock circumvented The Comments Section defenses and just planted Garland with that big german!

Scrambling up to his feet, the discombobulated Malak stumbles towards the ropes in an attempt to escape but the relentless Newbludd is all over him. Benny calls for the bell just as Newbludd puts Malak to the mat for a second time with a stiff short-arm clothesline!

DING DING

Lance:

This main event is now official and this crowd is electric right now!

DDK:

Malak's already on dream street, Lance and Brock is showing no quarter!

Yanking Malak back up to his feet, Brock shoots behind him and picks him up high in the air. Keeping his opponent held up, Newbludd races towards the nearest set of ropes and drops Garland crotch first across them!

The Faithful:

OOOOooooOOoooooooo...

Malak howls in pain after having his little Garland's crushed by the ropes and Brock adds to his discomfort by shaking the rope with everything he has. Giving one last tug to snap the rope up into Garland's nether regions, Newbludd spins on a heel and bounces off the opposite ropes. Charging in with a full head of steam, Brock removes Malak from the ropes with a running shotgun dropkick! Garland is sent flying to the outside but is saved at the last second when Game Boy snatches him out of the air!

Lance:

The big man saves his boss and now...hang on a second! Brock's not letting Malak get away that easily!

The Faithful's cheers swell to a roar when Newbludd launches himself over the top rope and hits both men with a flying crossbody! The impact of Brock hitting him causes Game Boy to fall backwards, crushing him back first into the floor while Malak gets crushed in between them. Rolling off, Newbludd angrily rips Garland off of Game Boy and leaves him

on the ground. Dropping down to his knees, Brock lets out an angry roar and begins to pummel Game Boy with a flurry of wild haymakers!

DDK:

Newbludd's absolutely hammering the man who left him a bloody mess two weeks ago and The Faithful are loving every second of it!

Brock snatches Malak by his scalp and throws him back in the ring before following. Leaving his head vulnerable, Brock is the recipient of some stiff toe kicks as his desperate foe tries to stave the danger away.

Lance:

Even though Malak is on the attack, he most certainly is reeling!

DDK:

Quite defensive indeed.

Not letting the kicks faze him, Brock bullrushes Malak.

DDK:

Take down!

The fans are jubilant as Brock continually introduces his fist to Malak's face. Each shot seems to be for Siobhan. Malak covers up and is eventually able to slither away into a corner. Frightened and wide eyed, Malak gazes beyond his shoulder to see an equally seething Davey LaRue standing at the apron. Malak mouths the words "oh shit" before Davey grabs him by the neck.

Lance:

I don't know if you remember this, Darren, but Malak tricked Davey into thinking Ballyhoo was on fire way back before SNS won the tag titles off them and there hasn't been much in the way of retribution since.

Davey's grasp is knocked free by Thurston Hunter who is obviously picking a fight he has no chance of winning.

Thurston Hunter:

Come on, love. Fight me. I will cover you with tiny bruises!

Davey ignores the pipsqueak's request and eyes Malak who cheekily exits the ring.

DDK:

Davey is going after Malak right now!

WHACK!

But unfortunately for LaRue, Game Boy gets back up and decks him before he can lay hands on the Keyboard King. Malak points and laughs.

Malak Garland:

ALEX! Give me your phone!

With ALEX's phone in hand, Malak takes a quick pic of the downed Davey. He giggles as he posts it on his preferred social media outlet. By this time, Brock has had enough as he exits the ring and decimates both ALEX and Thurston rather easily. Malak scampers back in the ring but this time gets caught by the following Newbludd!

DDK:

He's got Garland by the waist!

Lance:

Overhead belly to belly!

Feeling the momentum well within his control, Brock floats over and locks in a vicious bulldog choke but Malak refuses to tap. On the outside, Conor elbows Cassidy by accident.

Pat Cassidy:

Watch yourself.

A camera zooms in on Conor for his response as he raises his arms innocently.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, fucking chill. I'm not doing shit. I hope Brock wins.

Pat Cassidy:

Oh yeah? I bet.

As the two former friends bicker on the outside (but nowhere near as heated as two weeks ago), Brock wrenches back on the choke. Malak reaches for the ropes but he's dead to rights in the middle of the ring. Garland watches all of his underlings congregate on the outside. He begs them for assistance.

Malak Garland:

THIS CHOKE HURTS SO BAD! I CAN BARELY BREATHE! ALEX, MEE6, THURSTY, PERCY, GAME BOY...
HECK, cOnOr! DO SOMETHING!

The ref is occupied with quite a lot as he tries to make sure those on the outside stay where they are and everything taking place inside the ropes is legal.

DDK:

He's got to tap out here!

Tears are literally flowing from the snowflake's face as Brock's muscles tense up. Finally, Brock is forced to release the hold. Covered in sweat, Newbludd breathes deeply in order to recover.

Lance:

Malak simply outlasted Brock there! That's one way to break a hold! Make sure your opponent runs out of energy. I guess taking punishment and endurance is one trait Malak has in the ring.

Brock doesn't take long before he tries to reapply the hold but this time, Malak is able to kick his hands away.

DDK:

Malak knows if Brock got the hold in again, the match might be over!

The two competitors find their way to their feet and begin countering a slugfest until Malak swings and misses and Brock captures his opponent around the neck!

Lance:

Dragon sleeper! Brock is working Malak's neck hard!

Garland flails his arms but he can't get out. Brock goes to lift the Mouthpiece up but at the suplex's apex, Malak breaks free and brings Brock down with a chop block!

DDK:

Brock was going for the Shock and Awe but Malak got out of it in the nick of time!

Panting like a dog in the sun, Malak crawls over to where Conor and Pat are situated to plead his case.

Malak Garland:

cOnOr. Listen to me you S /Rank wannabe. I need your help and you're going to do it. Help me win this match. I own you. Help me win this match.

With the referee checking on Brock... Malak, Conor and Pat find themselves exchanging glances.

DDK:

What's Conor going to do? Technically, he has to listen to Malak, doesn't he?

Lance:

Yeah, but Pat is literally RIGHT there. Don't think for a second Pat won't step in to prevent any shenanigans from happening.

Malak eyes Conor. Conor eyes Malak. Pat eyes Conor.

SMACK!

DDK:

Down goes Cassidy!

Conor backs up as everyone around the area notices Game Boy inserting himself yet again.

Lance:

Game Boy just smashed Pat Cassidy across the back with a chair!

Conor looks up at his former hulking henchman. Malak laughs evilly.

Malak Garland:

You miss him, don't you? Tsk tsk tsk. Such a shame. You two had so much potential but I mean, you are both under my thumb now. SO HELP ME WIN THIS MATCH OR ELSE THERE WILL BE REPERCUSSIONS!

Like a victim in a horror film, Malak gets pulled away from Game Boy and Conor by his feet as Brock has shaken off the chop block and resumes the attack.

DDK:

I think it would be in the best interest of Brock Newbludd to try and finish things off as quickly as possible here!

He goes for the Shock and Awe again but stops before lifting Garland as Game Boy jumps onto the apron and grabs the referee. Brock goes over to try and sort things out which presents The Ultimate Gamer with an opening. Malak stares daggers at the Fuse brother he "owns."

Lance:

What's he going to do?

Conor shakes his head no as the fans ignite with cheers. The ref finally restores order, gets Game Boy to jump down from the apron and Brock turns back towards the middle of the ring where he is met with a jumping cutter from Garland! Knowing he has a tiny window of opportunity, Malak rushes to the top rope and points at Conor before moving any further.

Malak Garland:

cOnOr! HELP. ME. WIN. THIS. MATCH!

SNOWFALL!

DDK:

Malak hits the falling headbutt from the top rope squarely on Brock Newbludd!

Malak rests on top of one half of the tag team champions as the ref slides into position to count the fall.

ONE!

Malak looks back at Fuse one last time. He knows he can't hold the pin much longer so Conor makes a final split second decision...

TWO!

To walk away from ringside.

However THE GAME BOY intervenes again and holds down Newbludd's feet from being able to kickout!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Newbludd pushes his opponent off him as "Tap In" plays through the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... MALAK GARLAND!

Malak Garland:

cOnOr! Take it! You're my tool so I expect you to behave for me.

Fuse takes a breath. His eyes shoot lasers through his mortal enemy. Eventually, however, Conor reluctantly takes the sack but doesn't open it.

Malak Garland:

Now, what's in this bag is not paraben free shampoo. This is a gift of a different variety.

Garland shoves some of his fingers into Conor's shoulder.

Malak Garland:

Weapon Get, bitch. Open it.

Conor looks around for a moment before pulling out an Xbox Series S from the sack.

Malak Garland:

It's what you always wanted, right? An Xbox!? It's the silly series S though, not the X. You can only play useless digital games on this piece of shit. Tell you what. Seeing that this console is useless, and it's yours, then I'm sure you won't have any problem smashing it over the head of Brock Newbludd. I DEMAND IT!

DDK:

Come on now. Completely uncalled for!

Lance:

Also pretty sure Conor has ten of these.

The crowd comes alive as they try to encourage Fuse to do what's right. Some of the other Comments Section chime in and the microphone Malak is holding picks up what they are spitting.

Thurston Hunter:

Come on, man! It's a Series S! That thing is more useless than a toaster in the arctic! Street foughted them!

Conor seems confused and reluctant. Meanwhile, ALEX and MEE6 take SNS apart with boots galore.

Malak Garland:

Come on! Stop thinking and do it! Pat Cassidy FORESHADOWED this after you visited SNS in their locker room two months ago. He said, and I quote, "don't get too close, next thing you know Conor will break an Xbox over your head..."

Game Boy holds Brock Newbludd in place as Malak grows impatient.

Malak Garland:

Well let's make the wish COME TRUE! I'm not asking you to hit PAT, you're not allowed to. JUST HIT BROCK. KILL BROCK, KILL!!! LET'S GOOOOOO!!! FOMO!

Conor just stands there.

Malak Garland:

Jesus tap dancing C, if I knew younger brothers were such mute little indecisive dipshits, I would have gotten Tyler under my thumb instead!

After the verbal berating Conor goes from contemplation to straight up DEFIANT. He chests Malak, which fuels the crowd in a cheer!

Malak Garland:

I FUCKING OWN YOU! I OWN YOUUUUUUUUUU! YOU WORK FOR ME NOW! DO AS I SAY, BITCH!

The next thing that happens, occurs in a flash. Conor reaches back with the console as if he's going to swing it at Malak's head. Instead, Game Boy lets go of Brock, snatches the console and tosses it to Malak!

...Who promptly crushes it over Brock's head!

SMASH!

Tiny pieces of Xbox Series S fly out of the ring. Malak is left holding the motherboard, which he needlessly smashes over Pat's head.

Malak Garland:

JOY!

The Snowflake Superstar nods to his chew nonchalantly. MEE6 and ALEX drag Brock to his feet again.

SMASH!

DDK:

C'MON! Once is enough man!

Garland drops the Xbox and begins airplane spinning around the canvas, complete with lift off sounds.

Malak Garland:

My safe space, my safe space.

For good measure, The Game Boy picks up the Xbox, exits the ring and CRUSHES Davye LaRue with a shot, too.

Inside the squared circle, a light goes off in Garland's head.

Malak Garland:

I almost forgot!

Snapping his fingers once more, Thurston Hunter appears beside him with a letter in hand. Malak opens it up as TGB enters the ring again.

Malak Garland:

I put in a request for a warm and fuzzy stipulation for DEFCON! And I see the Favored Saints have answered it in LETTER form!

Garland smirks.

Malak Garland:

Let's open it up, shall we!?

Lance:

Let's not...

Doesn't matter. The Thirst Trapper opens it. Collins comes over and holds the mic in front of Garland's face as he reads the letter.

Malak Garland: *[reading the letter]*

Dear Malak, DEFIANCE is an equal opportunity employer so we will grant your request. At DEFCON, you and Conor

Fuse will challenge for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships in the match of your choosing, a Safe Space Match.

The Faithful, DEFIANT as ever, piss all over this idea.

DDK:

A Safe... Space... Match?

Lance:

This can't be right, Keeps.

Malak's shit eating grin is so big, he can barely finish the letter.

Malak Garland: *[continuing to read]*

Your terms and conditions are agreed upon.

The Comments Section cheers wildly as Malak lifts his head, while verbalizing the rest of the letter by memory.

Malak Garland:

Good luck at DEFCON.

DDK:

I'm going to be sick.

Lance:

Same.

The lackeys dance around the ring, all except Conor Fuse and Malak Garland (well, The Game Boy doesn't do anything, either). Garland just moves his eyebrows up and down like Dr. Wily at Conor.

Malak Garland:

ENOUGH!

The Comments Section stop. The Snowflake looks at the Xbox and sees SNS beginning to stir.

Malak Garland:

FINISH THEM!

Collins, MEE6, ALEX and Hunter all go to town with boots. The Game Boy hands the broken Xbox again...

The goons lift Newbludd and throw him in Garland's direction...

SMASH!

The goons lift Cassidy and throw him in Garland's direction...

Conor Fuse tries to intercept but Game Buy cuts him off!

SMASH!

And back to stomping on the Tag Team Champions they go as Garland laughs like a cartoon villain.

Malak Garland:

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU RUIN MY FOMO AND TAKE MY SHINY SHINIES!

FINALLY, DEFSec is on scene!

Malak Garland:

BAIL, BAIL, BAIL!

The Comments Section essentially switches places with the security team as they head back up the ramp. Malak, still with microphone in hand, violently grabs Conor Fuse and screams at him.

Malak Garland:

YOU BETTER GET USED TO TAKING MY ORDERS BECAUSE ONCE WE'RE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, I'M LETTING NONE OF YOUR SHIT SLIP, DO YOU HEAR ME!? YOU'LL TAKE IT DRY AND GUESS WHAT!? You just lost yourself a container of paraben free shampoo. Consider it fifteen dollars saved in my pocket.

Malak drops the microphone as it clunks on the rampway. He, along with the rest of his team looks back at the chaos they caused while the DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the broadcast. Garland is more than happy with himself. What a jerk. What a snowflake. What a sniveling, spineless little man.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.