

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "Enemies" by The Score ♪*](#)

BOOM!

Pyro explodes from the rampway and we are LIVE in Los Angeles, California at the Pauley Pavilion! Twelve-thousand Faithful are yelling and screaming, ready for ACTS of DEFIANCE. The rampway and stage is silver, with four silver LCD letters to walk out from the middle of, reading ACTS. There is the DEFIANCE FIST logo flanked on both sides of the stage, also silver.

Signs and excitement all around!

NO GLOVE, NO LOVE

HENRY KEYES IS THE SAN FRANCISCO TREAT

ALECZANDER THE GREAT IS MY FAVORITE CIV 5 LEADER

LINDSAY TROY IS MY GOD AND HENRY KEYES IS MY ZADDY

SAVE MAGDALENA

ACTS OF DEXFIANCE

MATT LACROIX NEXT SOHER

FINISH MY DRINK, AARON KING

ALECZANDER THE NOT-SO-GREAT

HARM HIM, HARMEN

DON'T TELL BRIAN THAT REZIN LEFT THE KABAL

MV1 ARE BETTER INITIALS THAN ADV

THE SHADOWS WERE ALWAYS THERE

YOU HAVE TWO DAYS TO GIVE US A REZIN DEFMOJI OR YOU'LL SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES

BUTCH VIC TAKES DANCE LESSONS FROM TOBEY MAGUIRE

I'M UNITARIAN SO I AM NOT SURE IF JESUS IS DEAD OR WAS EVEN BORN

I GOT FIVE BUCKS THAT SAYS REZIN DOESN'T MAKE IT DOWN THE RAMPWAY IN ONE PIECE

We go to the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner at their station.

DDK:

Hello! We are back for NIGHT TWO!

Lance:

Let's roll the match graphics!

On cue...

LOADED GLOVE MATCH: DANGEROUS MIX vs. GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT
ALVARO de VARGAS vs. MV1
JACK HARMEN vs. TYLER FUSE
TITANES FAMILIA (MINUTE & DAN LEO JAMES) vs. ALECZANDER THE GREAT & AARON KING
SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. MATT LaCROIX
FIST of DEFIANCE: DEACON (C) vs. LINDSAY TROY

The crowd cheers with each one.

DDK:

But we are going to start off BIG.

Lance:

As in the BIGGEST BOY.

DEX JOY vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

The crowd chants for loudly for Dex.

DEX JOY vs. KERRY KUROYAMA

DDK:

It's our opening match of the show! Los Angeles's native son, Dex Joy kicks off the show against Vae Victis's Kerry Kuroyama!

Footage plays back of Joy/Kuroyama I from the first round of the Acts Tournament.

Lance:

Joy and Kuroyama have not been afraid to say what they think about the other. Kerry Kuroyama had a legitimate gripe with the official in their first match. Dex Joy won the match but Kerry's foot was tucked under the bottom rope. The official missed the call. Dex even told Kerry publicly he'd give him a rematch ... but that is not how things turned out! Instead, Kerry got involved in Dex's semifinal match with Rezin.

Footage plays of Joy/Kuroyama II from DEF TV 176.

DDK:

Rezin won that match but Kerry had no business being out there and knew what he was doing. Kerry proclaimed his innocence and agreed to meet Dex in the ring a second time. This time, Kerry blocked the official's vantage point with the cover when Dex had his foot under the rope. Kerry can spin it however he likes just like Vae Victis have been doing, but that was cheating plain and simple.

Lance:

And if *that* wasn't enough ... !

Footage plays of Dex Joy calling out Kerry, Kerry accepting the challenge and then getting into a fight backstage!

DDK:

What started out as an innocent mistake by the official in their first match has spun out into a serious rivalry. Kerry beat Dex once in California on DEF TV 176 but will he do it again tonight at Acts of DEFIANCE?

Now the camera is on DDK and Lance.

DDK:

We're going live with Dex Joy one on one with Kerry Kuroyama to kick off the show! This is Night 2 of Acts of DEFIANCE!!!

Darren Quimbey:

This is the opening contest of Night 2 of Acts of DEFIANCE!!! This match is set for one fall! First, introducing rapper, singer and songwriter to perform Dex Joy's theme, "Fight Back" ... KONATA SMAAAALLLLLL!!!

One by one in the Pauley Pavilion 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....

BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!!

The beeping continues until the man performing the theme, Konata Small, appears on stage.

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

Yeah

I am the difference between what it means to be good when you tryna be epic

No, you don't gotta believe in me

Nothing could stop me, I already said it

I'm taking everything they stole stole from us

*You got your problems I'm a whole 'nother
I'm giving people somethin' to believe in
I'ma show em freedom like a bolt cutter*

*We gon' fight back
Yeah, we breaking chains over here (Yeah)
And you could stay ovĐur there (Stay)
'Cause this is rĐvolution mixed with execution, we insane over here (Yeah)*

Rapid clips of Dex Joy and all of his amazing feats in and out of the ring take place. The theme continues!

*We takin' over, making no excuses
They can't control us, when they only shooting blanks
Don't obey the rules, we go against the grain
We fight the system, until no one is enslaved*

*I'm defiant
I rise in a crisis
I know what the price is
I'll show 'em what a fight is*

"The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy appears on the ramp with his arms outstretch to a great homecoming ovation! He is wearing a black body suit without sleeves. The suit has yellow and orange WARNING stripes!

*I'm the leader of the pack
I'm here, where you at?
Set the flame light a match*

I will fight back

Dex bumps the fist of Konata Small in mid-theme from the stage and then starts to march to the ring with every intention of ending the issue between him and Kerry Kuroyama.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing from right here in LA!!!! weighing three-hundred forty-two pounds... he is THE LEADER OF DEX'S WRECKING CREW ... DEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOYYYYYY!!!!!!

Dex Joy climbs into the ring. He jumps up the steps and yells at the crowd.

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!?!?!?

DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful:

NO ONE!!!

Konata Small leaves after the performance and gets cheered on his way out. Dex Joy is ready for the match ahead.

The lights slowly cut to black. Soon, a sound fills the Pauley Pavilion.

It's the howl of a raging wind.

THERE'S A STORM OUT THERE...

A sampled lyric echoes through the arena over the wind. The DEFIATron kicks on, revealing the skyline of Los Angeles beneath a thick overcast of angry black clouds rolling in off the Pacific Ocean.

Bursts of red lightning spark from within the brewing squall.

THERE'S A STORM OUT THERE...

The wind is joined by the heavy rumble of thunder. The typhoon falls over the city, barraging it with its fierce, punishing winds, and rending the land aflame with countless strikes of red lightning.

THERE'S A STORM OUT THERE...

Buildings collapse. Highways disintegrate. The City of Angels becomes a city of dust.

Streaks of crimson electricity coalesce and converge, until the titanic body of a MAN forms from within the storm, standing upon the ruin.

The eyes of the Pacific Blitzkrieg find the camera, and the shot SMASH ZOOMS into in a burst of white energy!

DUN-DUN-DUNN...
DUN-DUN-DUNN...
DUN-DUN-DUNN...
DUN-DUN-DUNN...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The LA Faithful jeer, both at the video portraying the destruction of their city, and upon hearing the opening thumping beats to the Vae Victis theme. The booing intensifies when the spotlight hits the rampway and reveals someone to be standing there.

Sonny Silver. Vintage mic in hand, looking dapper in a Devil red suit, and grinning with such smug self-assurance that it would make a nun want to punch him.

Sonny Silver:

Good evening, all you filth and freaks of L-A! And welcome to the second night of Acts of DEFIANCE!

They jeer even louder at the insincerity of this greeting. Silver's smile only widens.

Sonny Silver:

You call this the City of Angels? More like the City of Angina, cause any time I have to look at the faces of you criminals, crackpots, and cosplay enthusiasts, I feel a sharp twist in my chest!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!

Sonny Silver:

But speaking of signs of heart failure... Dexy Baby! You wanted to settle this in your own backyard? Well, that's fine by us. Vae Victis isn't the kind of society that's gonna respect boundaries. We're coming right into your backyard to piss in your pool and shit on your rosebush!

He points down Big Dex Energy standing by in the ring.

Sonny Silver:

And even that wouldn't be the end of it, Dex! No... after fucking up your backyard, we'd come in right through your back door, into your house, and empty out your fridge. Because, Dex, take it from me... you don't NEED any more food!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!

Dex Joy glowers from the ring, impatiently walking to and fro like an animal ready to be unleashed. He's long past giving the energy to the endless and unfunny fat jokes.

Sonny Silver:

But since you asked for it, Vae Victis is only happy to deliver! So here he is! All two-hundred and forty-six pounds of wrestling talent and pure STORM! From the REAL jewel of the West Coast, Seattle... the Pacific Blitzkrieg... Seattle's BEAST... the man that is gonna SINK this shithole city into the ocean, where it belongs!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!

Sonny Silver:

KEEERRRRRRYYYYYYYYY KUUUROOOYAAAAAAMMMMAAAAAAAA!!

KA-BOOM!

Four bolts of lighting hit the stage, briefly forming twin Vs. When the flash subsides, Kerry Kuroyama is standing tall in the mist. He wastes no time walking down the ramp, removing and handing off his robe to Sonny before coming down to ringside.

Kuroyama doesn't immediately go in, but instead walks a circle around the ring, wordlessly staring back at the raging crowd trashing him from the other side of the barricade. His expression is completely unflinching.

He eventually makes his way around to the front-row seats occupied by the other members of Vae Victis, who are on their feet and probably the only ones in the arena to be applauding the entrance of the Pacific Blitzkrieg. He bumps fists as he passes by before finally hopping up to the apron, scaling a turnbuckle, and DEFIANTly throwing his fist into the air.

BOOOOOOOOOO!!

Emotion finally shows on the face of Kerry Kuroyama in the form of a cocky smirk. He drops back into the ring and locks eyes with Joy while the referee makes the final checks.

DDK:

Kuroyama, as always, is looking laser focused, and completely unshaken by this hostile crowd!

Lance:

He's cool and collected now, but there's no telling what will happen when the bell rings, and Dex comes at him with the spirit of his hometown in his corner.

DING DING

Kerry explodes with a running shotei palm thrust right to Dex's face!

DDK:

Right at the bell! Remember when Dex tried to do that to Kerry in their last match?

Lance:

How the turn tables ... wait!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are booing Kerry but he cares about one thing and one thing only and that's defeating the person in front of him. He strikes Dex with elbows galore. Three shots stun Dex. Kerry get a head of steam off the ropes ... but Dex stands his ground and knocks him down with a clean shoulder block.

Lance:

And they turn tables turn again!

DDK:

I don't think that's how the saying goes at all but I know what you mean! Kerry's attitude leading up to this match suggested otherwise but he's taking this match very seriously.

Dex goes for an elbow drop but Kerry is able to move before Joy can hit it. He stays one step ahead of the Biggest Boy in his home town and strikes him with another palm thrust. Kuroyama hits the ropes and he's more successful than he was last time. Dex Joy throws a clothesline that only hits air. Kerry comes off of the ropes the other way. He hits a rising knee that is right on target and in a huge shock to the crowd he knocks him over with one high speed shot!

DDK:

That was a great knee strike! Kerry can end it here!

He jumps on Dex and tries to hurry with the pin like he's double parked outside.

One...

Two ... no!!!

Lance:

Imagine if Dex lost that quickly here where he grew up! That would have been the ultimate humiliation!

Dex kicks out but Kerry isn't going to let Dex have any breathing room. He has a chin lock on the Biggest Boy and he has it latched on. He is shaking Dex's neck around but Joy picks up Kerry. Kuroyama still moves faster and he jabs the crowd of Dex's head with an elbow to make him let go of the belly to back attempt. Kerry grabs Dex's head and he hits another knee lift. Kerry goes for another, but Dex gets a hand up and strikes Kerry's knee joint to block it. Kerry is hurt when Dex charges and hits him with another shoulder block.

DDK:

Now it looks like Dex Joy's turn to get things moving!

Another shoulder block by Dex puts Kerry on his derriere. He pulls Kerry up from the canvas and chops and kicks him until he is put into the corner. Dex points at the other side of the ring. He picks up Kerry like a big bale of hay and hits a huge biel throw from one side of the ring to make Kerry take a nice flight!

Lance:

That amazing biel throw! Those biel throws have become the stuff of nightmares for Dex Joy's opponents as of late!

DDK:

And these can sometimes be like Lay's potato chips. He can't stop at just one!

Kerry is up but the big Dex Joy comes at him in the corner with a body splash. He grabs the hand again ... Kerry shakes his head and doesn't want to go for the ride but it's mandatory according to the Wrecking Crew Foreman. He throws Kerry up and over again with another biel!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama has messed with Dex Joy one too many times in the course of this feud and now those words are coming back to haunt him!

Lance:

Vae Victis have anointed themselves as the creme de la creme of DEFIANCE Wrestling as we just saw on the final Uncut leading up to tonight's show. That attitude hasn't sat well with Dex Joy!

Kerry is back up but he isn't grounded for long because Dexy Baby takes him down to the canvas with a scoop slam. He slaps his forehead and then hits a head butt drop right into the sternum of his rival. The Pacific Blitzkrieg finds himself getting blitzed by the big man. Dex moves to the ropes again and comes off the other side with a second head

butt drop and this time makes sure to hit the exposed side of Kerry's ribs!

DDK:

The head butt drop so nice, Dex hit it twice! Can he wrap this up quick like Kerry tried to do?

Dex goes lateral press style with a cover.

One ...

Two ... no!!!

DDK:

Kerry had a good game plan right at the start. Go after the big man when he doesn't expect it coming. He took it to Dex for a little bit, but Dex has come back in full swing!

Lance:

Looks like he's polling the crowd!

Dex looks out to the ... DEX-FIANCE Faithful tonight and raises a finger. He asks the crowd if they want to see one more head butt drop but Kerry isn't sticking around to find out. Kerry sits up and he sees Dex coming. He points to the official of the match - that's big hoss Brian Slater - and tells him to keep Dex away while he is in the ropes. Kerry is showered with booing with Dex Joy trying to get to him.

DDK:

This is what Kerry also did last time they wrestled. He took Dex off of his game, got him to make a mistake and he got beat.

Lance:

Wait ...

Kerry is halfway between the ropes and stays there until Dex goes ... but he isn't playing around tonight! Dex Joy runs at Brian Slater, but when the big hoss ref tries to block him, he does an old basketball fakeout and goes the other way. Dex shoots one of the stiffest elbow smashes he's ever thrown and he wallops Kerry upside the noggin.

Lance:

Ooooh! He faked out Brian Slater! Dex shouldn't be messing with officials like that, but he had to do something to keep Kerry from using the ropes like that.

DDK:

I agree!

Brian Slater warns Dex about pulling something like that again, but Dex shrugs his shoulders and smacks Brian Slater on the arm playfully.

Dex Joy:

My bad, Brian!

Kerry is on the floor and he hears the crowd, but the lights are spinning right now. Dex Joy is in the ring with cheers from the Los Angeles Faithful! He points at where Kerry has landed and when the fans see what is coming next, he gets a loud chant!

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAA!!!

Dex runs ...

But somehow Kerry is able to leap up and hit Dex Joy between the peepers with an elbow! Dex doesn't fall down but he does stumble backwards in the ring. The jeering is loud!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama shut down the Whoa-pe!

Lance:

And he turns from the ring to try and keep himself safe.

Kerry goes to the neighboring side of the ring ... but he gets the shock of his life!

Dex Joy *flies through the ropes!!!* He crashes right into Kerry Kuroyama with the massive tope through the ropes! He turns sideways through the ropes and hits the Pacific Blitzkrieg clean!

DDK:

Whoa-pe!!! He got the Whoa-pe that time!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are on their feet and cheer for Dex. He stands up slowly but he high fives some members of the front row. Then Kerry gets pitched back into the ring.

Lance:

Kerry Kuroyama saw that move coming and thought he stunned Dex enough that he wouldn't try it again! Dex took a big gamble just jumping at him like that from the other side but it paid off!

DDK:

With interest!

Kerry is now back inside of the ring and feeling the effects of a fired up home town boy fighting on his home turf. Dex is on the ropes when he grabs both hands and slingshots over with a flying shoulder block!

DDK:

Nice! Slingshot shoulder block! His best friend, Nathan Eye, still on the injured reserve used to use that move as well!

After Dex is able to hit him with the move he covers Kerry.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Kerry's arm goes up from under Dex and Joy looks a little shocked.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama has tangled with some of the biggest and baddest DEFIANCE Wrestling has had today! He can absorb tremendous punishment like Dex! I still remember that deadly deathmatch he had with Malak Garland over the Favoured Saints title!

Lance:

Dex has to keep attacking. He cannot give Kerry any more room to fight back if he wants to end this fast.

Dex picks up Kerry once more. Kerry fights back with an elbow, a chop and an uppercut. He staggers back Dex but when he comes back Dex uses a big drop kick off the ropes and Kerry gets knocked back out to the other side of the apron! Joy is back up and then hits a cartwheel right after that just for a little extra flair!

DDK:

Dex still taking Kerry to task!

He grabs Kerry by his arms and pulls him back into the ring so he can go back to the apron. Dex looks out and he plays to the home town crowd. When he makes the jump for the second slingshot shoulder block ... he gets greeted with the business end of a discus elbow smash from Kerry first! Dex takes a nasty tumble on the apron!

Lance:

Oh no! He was playing possum! He just struck Dex in the face with that discus elbow!

Dex doesn't fall off the apron, but it is evident while someone up there is home the lights have dimmed a little upstairs. Kerry takes a moment and breaths then he goes to the apron along with Dex. He carefully turns Dex's head and twists his neck up. He drops him with a violent neck breaker on the ring apron!

DDK:

Kerry hits a neck breaker on the ring apron! That's not good at all!

Lance:

That neck has been attacked pretty severely in the last couple of weeks. We've seen Kerry work the neck in previous matches with Dex and Henry Keyes did the same in their scrap of a bout!

Joy ends up on the floor and his neck is bothering him now as it would after a drop that bad. He points to his neck with the official looking concerned. One opponent that does not show so much concern is Kerry Kuroyama who delivers a stomp to the back of the head right after he makes the gesture.

DDK:

That's one of the worst injuries any wrestler can have! Kerry knows what has been done to Dex in the last few weeks and you can be he will exploit that!

Lance:

For the first few minutes of this match, it might as well have been a home town welcome for Dex, but it just got quiet quickly here!

Kerry gets Dex up by his neck with a face lock. With careful placement he gets the Biggest Boy back on the apron then pushes him into the ring. He yells at the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'm about to expose this pudgy man child as a fraud!

That gets him booed right on out of the building! Kerry goes inside and Dex's attempt to get back up is responded to with a more targeted boot to the back of his head. Dex tries to get up a second time and another kick from Kerry puts him down.

DDK:

Dexy is trying to fight back but Kerry has control now. He will make the most of it!

More stomps hit Dex upside the head. The Pacific Blitzkrieg grabs his neck and then plants him square with a simple and dangerous DDT! Joy kicks his leg and holds onto his neck with Kerry goes to pin him.

Lance:

DDT! Will Kerry take the win here?

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The first pin attempt gets a two count but Kerry goes right into another.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex kicks out again but Kerry looks like he was counting on that.

DDK:

Dex Joy likes to tout Big Dex Energy as a moniker but let's be realistic ... everyone has a breaking point and Kerry is good at finding that!

Lance:

One of the best. Vae Victis recruiting Kerry Kuroyama was huge coup and they reap the benefits of his skillset!

The attacks by Kerry continue when he keeps Dex grounded on the mat with more elbows. He hits some more 12 and 6 elbows to the top of the head and then a knee drop down to the neck. He grounds Dex and then grabs a head lock (brother) with his knee still in the upper shoulder area.

DDK:

Picture perfect in his application of this neck lock!

Lance:

Dex had a lot of the beginning of this mat in his control, but Kerry found the chance to slow things down for himself.

The neck work is right on point for Kerry Kuroyama. The Pacific Blitzkrieg pulls back further on the hold, but the Biggest Boy is still fighting against the current that Kerry is raining down on him. He tries to sit up and get himself free, but that just allows Kerry to hook the big man and use his own weight against him!

DDK:

Gedo clutch pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex kicks out but just barely able to do so because of the positioning on his head. He is still hurt and Kerry knows it.

Lance:

Smart of Kerry to cover him when it looked like he was about to break free of that hold.

Kerry hits Dex with an elbow to the neck ... but Dex eats it so he can shoot back an elbow of his own. When Kerry tries a knee, Joy grabs the knee and then hits the leg with an elbow smash. Kerry flinches and then Dex rises up to hit another elbow. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful start to come alive again when Dex makes what looks like could be the comeback of comebacks. He grabs Kerry and uses a whip to get him to the ropes. Dex runs off to the neighboring side with Dexy's Midnight Runner in mind.

DDK:

Dex fighting back with ... Dexy's Midnight Runner! No! Kerry clings tight to the ropes!

Instead of Dex meeting Kerry with the pounce style of shoulder tackle, Kerry hangs by the ropes and when Dex stops in the middle, Kerry meets the side of Dex's face using a big yakuza kick! He kicks Joy dead on and he's out on his feet when Kerry goes to the side and then powers Dex off the ground into an impactful big side saito suplex. That forces one big and loud gasp from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when Dex bounces off the mat!

Lance:

I can't believe Kerry Kuroyama countered the Midnight Runner! Yakuza kick and saito suplex!

DDK:

We talk a lot about Dex's power and agility, but how about Kerry's?! That was incredible!

Dex is out of it and Kerry Kuroyama makes another pin. He hooks Dex's left leg and cradles his head.

One ...

Two ...

Th ... NO!!!

The shoulder of the home town kid is up and for the first time since he is on offense, Kerry doesn't look especially happy.

DDK:

I think Kerry thought that was it! I did, too, for a second! DDTs, neckbreakers, and now a kick and a suplex.

Lance:

I will give credit where it needs to go that Kerry has countered every big comeback Dex Joy has tried so far. Now he's gotta put him away.

The Wrecking Crew Foreman now has Kerry's arms around his neck looking for a katahajime sleeper!

DDK:

It's back to the neck for Kerry and after that saito suplex, I don't know if Dex will be able to survive much more of this!

Lance:

I agree! It's either he makes it to the ropes soon or Kerry is going to win this match!

Dex is making an attempt to stand up with Kerry applying the hold! He keeps it on ... but Dex Joy is able to muscle his way to his two feet!

DDK:

Dex is up, but Kerry is still on his back! Where is Dex going from here?

The Biggest Boy struggles and he is trying to swipe Kerry off of his back, but the Pacific Blitzkrieg keeps the submission latched on his neck. Dex is looking like he's ready for beddy-bye when he starts to slump to his knee. The crowd is about to jeer ... but jeers become cheers when Dex is back up and charges himself backwards into the corner which crushes Kerry in the process. Kerry still doesn't let go ... but Dex fights him back into the corner a second time making Kuroyama drop the hold!

Lance:

Look at all that Dex had to do to keep Kerry off of him! This persistence is paying off!

DDK:

For Dex or for Kerry?

Lance:

Yes!

Dex is taking some precious air in and he turns. He sees Kerry in the corner and hits another huge body splash while he's there! Dex throws Kerry onto the mat with another big slam, then starts to call for going to the top rope.

DDK:

Is this wise by Dex Joy?

He looks behind him to make sure that Kerry isn't going anywhere. He goes to the middle rope and then looks like he is about to try for a moonsault. That move is denied because Kerry gets up and jumps to hit a big elbow to the back of Dex's head while he's standing on the second rope.

Lance:*Again!* Kerry just not letting Dex get anything! He's wrestling the best match he can against Joy!

Kerry looks like he has something on his mind with Dex where he is. Carefully, he manages to pry Dex off the middle rope and gets some loud oooing and ahhhhing from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful ... then hits a *running inverted powerbomb* off of his shoulders!

DDK:

There's no way! No how! How did Kerry do that!

The crowd has no choice but to respect the Pacific Blitzkrieg after he pancakes the Biggest Boy off his shoulders from the middle rope into the running dominator out from the corner!

Lance:

We're looking at the end, aren't we?

DDK:

I think we are! Has to be!

Kerry hooks one leg of Dex with both arms.

*One ...**Two ...**Thre ... NO!!!*

But this is Acts of DEFIANCE and just like the title of this pay-per-view, Dex Joy shows his own act of defiance by kicking out! Kerry yells at Slater that he had a three count but Slater tells him that as close as it was it was only two.

DDK:

Kerry giving Dex his best right now, but Dex Joy does not want to give Vae Victis the satisfaction of this loss in his home town tonight!

Lance:

What does he need to do?

The answer comes to Kerry in the form of a grounded dragon sleeper!

DDK:

Kerry wasn't happy with that count by our official here but he doesn't waste motion! Right back to the submission hold! And I have to wonder if this is a shot at Dex?

Lance:

What do you mean?

The hold is locked in the center of the squared circle.

DDK:

Dex lost his Southern Heritage title to Matt LaCroix after a long run thanks to a similar dragon sleeper! Perhaps Kerry saw that and he's using this! He knows it has done Dex in!

Lance:

I remember that match! A lot of people have called that one of the best matches of either man's career and right now, it's about to give Dex a loss!

The official watches Dex Joy start to flail his arms around trying to get a grip of some kind on Kerry, but he is staying away while trying to fight his way out. The hold is administered about as well as Kerry can lock it on. He is yelling at the official to ask him if he is going to tap out. The official asks Dex but Dexy Baby responds with ...

Dex Joy:

Hell no, pally!

But he may not have a choice for much longer after that. His arms start to finally go limp after he flails more.

Lance:

We're looking at the end! I just know it!

DDK:

I think so!

The official checks on the left arm of Dex with Kerry telling the official to end it. He holds it up once and the arm just drops. He holds it up a second time and again it drops! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are shocked that it is about to be over!

DDK:

One more time and this is done!

The official holds it up a third time ...

DEX'S ARM RISES!!!

DDK:

I thought that was it! He's still on it! Dex still has to get himself free!

Dex tries to push him upwards. He grabs the arm of Kerry and uses his power to try and pry his way out. He kicks with his legs. He rolls back and he shocks Kerry with a counter into a cover!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

DDK:

Geez louise! Dex rolled back into the cover to pin him! I've never seen a man that big do that counter, but Kerry has to

let go to kick out!

Lance:

But Dex ... still slow!

Dex swings with a back elbow but Kerry ducks it. He grabs the back of Dex and then he elevates him off the mat with a german suplex!

DDK:

He hits the move! He has the bridge! How is Kerry doing this?!

One ...

Two ...

Th ... NO!!!

He kicks out again, but Kerry rolls across the mat while still holding onto Dex's waist. He gets up and then hooks an arm.

DDK:

I think we're looking at the end! All this punishment he has taken ... that has to be it! The Kuroyama Driver is coming up!

Lance:

With everything he has done to that neck, this one is a done deal if he can hit it!

The Biggest Boy is about to get stopped for good! He tries to pick him up ... but Dex backs his head up to deliver a back head butt to the face! Kerry is the one that gets stopped when Dex picks him up on the shoulders and then plants him cold with a huge Dex-5!!!

DDK:

Dex-5! Dex finally scores a big offensive move on Kerry after all this time! He can't follow it up though! That neck has to have some damage!

Dex is still showing signs of the neck bothering him. He is grabbing his neck close but he does not take his eyes off of Kerry Kuroyama. Kerry has not moved yet!

Lance:

Dex needs to find a way to run wild again and sustain it! Kerry Kuroyama has closed off any chance time and time again so he needs to break through it!

The crowd builds up a chant for Dex to get back into the match!

WRECK 'EM, DEX!!! WRECK 'EM, DEX!!! WRECK 'EM, DEX!!! WRECK 'EM, DEX!!!

They give life to the Foreman of the Wrecking Crew. His neck is still slowing him down a little but he is trying to use adrenaline to get back up.

DDK:

Dex Joy is being fueled by Big Dex Energy from this crowd!

Lance:

Kerry doesn't care about any of that! He's trying to get back up, too!

Kuroyama has to use the corner to climb up but he is able to get back up and try to stop Dex. He has the elbow ready, but he gets quite a surprise when Dex uses his left arm and grabs Kerry before he can unleash it. He gets his right hand up and jab takes down the Pacific Blitzkrieg!

DDK:

Joy blocked the shot and came back with that heavy elbow of his own!

He pulls Kerry up by the same arm and then drops him with another big shot. A third time up and a third time down after a third jab. Kuroyama is stunned by Joy when he gets dragged upright and then thrown at a corner. Dex is hot on his trail and throws a big running elbow right at Kerry's face. Dex pushes him off of the ropes and then he gets thrown over with a side belly to belly suplex off the ropes.

DDK:

Dex with the plex! Kerry has made fun of Dex's physique but he just got all of that belly to belly!

Lance:

Joy isn't going for the cover?

Instead Dex is trying to ignore the neck pains and listens to the sounds of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful carry him on. When Kerry is up, he gets picked up from behind. Kerry tries to fight his way out but ends up getting a trip back across the ring with a released german suplex.

DDK:

Did I say Dex with the 'plex? I meant to say Dex with the 'plexes! Kerry is being thrown around.

Lance:

And where does Dex go now?

Dex has Kerry down and from there he climbs to the top rope. The look on his face suggests that he may realize this is a bad idea but he doesn't care as long as he can do some lasting damage to Kerry Kuroyama.

Lance:

He can't be thinking of doing this?

DDK:

Oh I think he can ... and I think that he is!

Dex Joy soars off the top turnbuckle and drills Kerry in the heart with the new Jump For Joy! Now a flying head butt! Dex wrenches his neck off the landing, but Kerry looks like he might have gotten the worst of the move!

Lance:

The Jump For Joy by Dex Joy! That looked like there was no joy for either man coming off that move!

DDK:

Especially with Dex's neck but he's throwing caution to the wind to not disappoint his friends and family in the crowd!

Dex crawls over and covers Kuroyama.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Nothing but disappointment in the air after Kerry Kuroyama kicks out at two and a half!

DDK:

He kicked out!! I think if Dex hadn't been stopped by that neck we might have had a winner there.

Lance:

We'll never know!

But now that Dex is back on the attack he decides it's time to finish big. He picks Kerry up by his arms and then pulls him right into a tight grip.

DDK:

I think this is the Dex Drive coming right up!

He pulls Kerry into the clutches of the Dex Drive but as he swings one way to set up the twisting power slam finisher ...

Kerry sneaks out!

The Pacific Blitzkrieg lands in the corner and Joy turns his way. The Biggest Boy tries to hit another body splash in the corner like he has previously, but Kerry catches him first using his back elbow. Kerry then charges out of the corner using a tackle to go for Dex's leg. This brings Dex down to a leg in the middle of the ring. With Joy in a vulnerable position Kuroyama has a chance to go for the kill.

DDK:

I think he's going for the Green River Revolt! This is what beat Dex last time they fought, though he had some help distracting the official from seeing the ropes.

Kerry has a knee with Dexy Baby's name on it ... but Kerry is not the only man that learned a thing or two from past matches. Dex hears him coming and ducks low so Kerry can't land the knee. He keeps running to the ropes and when he turns, Dex swats him into next week using a jumbo sized lariat off the rebound! Kerry spins in mid air and hit the mat with force!

Lance:

No! The Green River Revolt doesn't do it this time! Dex counters with the lariat!

Dex flattens him in the middle of the ring and then hits the *amazing* running shooting star press that has the crowd on their feet!

DDK:

Running shooting star press! Are you kidding me?!

Dex with another cover to Kerry.

One ...

Two ...

Thre ... no!!!

The crowd is wild and they boo the official for counting only to two!

DDK:

Dex pulls out that rare running shooting star press he's only used on our biggest events! I can't believe that combination of moves didn't get the win!

Dex does not get demoralized from the setback of Kerry kicking out. He knows he has him where he wants him. He picks Kerry up again for another go round and this time he is thinking of the Dex Drive Dos.

He picks Kerry up ... but Kerry is back to the neck again! Elbow after elbow after elbow until Dex lets go ... and then he elbows him some more! A stiff discus elbow to the back of the neck gets Dex down!

DDK:

Look at Kuroyama going ballistic with those elbows! He's frustrated he hasn't been able to put Dex Joy away!

Kerry has him down, but Dex keeps on trying to fight ... until he is able to hit the Green River Revolt to the back of the skull!

DDK:

No! No! No! Kerry might have done lasting damage to the neck after that! He has this and he knows it!

The crowd is booing Kerry but he tells them all to stick it and grabs Dex's leg!

One ...

Dex has a foot on the ropes ...

Two ...

... But Kerry tries to adjust his body weight to stay in Brian Slater's way ...

...

But Brian Slater sees the leg! Dex's leg, clear as day on the bottom rope! He tells Kerry to get away and refuses to count!

Lance:

Our officials may make mistakes, but they can learn from them! Brian Slater learned what Kerry did last time and he didn't fall for it! This match will continue!

The roof of the Pauley Pavilion might as well be in the next two cities over after Brian Slater says it is a two count. Kerry gets in his mug! He argues with Slater that he had the count and that he should be the winner!

DDK:

This is exactly what Kerry should not do! Don't argue with the official! Focus on Dex Joy while you have him down!

But what he doesn't know will come back to hurt him. Dex is back up.

Lance:

Look out!

Kerry gets spun around and then gets a ride he didn't ask for heading into the ropes. Joy comes off the other side ...
DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!!

DDK:

He finally hits Dexy's Midnight Runner!

Joy grabs Kerry and gets him far away from the ropes. No more mistakes and no more questions. Kuroyama goes right up and comes down hard on the canvas! The place is electric when Dex Joy hits the big finish he's been looking for!

DDK:

THE DEX DRIVE!!! KERRY GETS FLATTENED WITH THE DEX DRIVE!!! NO ROPES!!! NO BS!!!

Dex hooks the leg! No controversy here tonight and no more doubt!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

The thunderous applause from the crowd is more than enough to make his night! The former holder of both the Favoured Saints and the Southern Heritage Championships stands up. His right hand is raised by the referee and his left hand is being attended to with a fresh ice pack placed on his neck.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... DEEEEEEEEXXXX JOOYYYYYYY!!!

DDK:

What an amazing opening match! These two had some great fights in the past that were marred by outside circumstances, but tonight there is no more question. In his home town of Los Angeles we just saw Dex Joy score one of the most personal wins of his career!

Lance:

He did not want to disappoint. He lost once in California to Kerry just hours away in San Francisco, but tonight he took the fight to the Vae Victis member and emerged victorious. Kerry Kuroyama showed us all tonight that he's among the best we have in DEFIANCE Wrestling and he could have beaten Dex at the end if he hadn't let his emotion get the best of him and argue with the official.

DDK:

No question there. Kerry might have had the win, but when he tried to cheat the system a second time it bit him in the ass! I'm wondering out loud, but no way Dex's neck is 100% after this!

Lance:

Dex Joy denied Vae Victis a clean sweep at Acts of DEFIANCE, but it didn't come without a price.

Dex goes out of the ring still applying an ice pack to his neck, but the sting is lessened when he goes over to hug a young blonde woman in the crowd along with what looks to be her daughters both wearing headphones to block out the crowd noise.

DDK:

That's Dex celebrating with his sister that lives in the area, Debbie along with his nieces, ten-year-old Shay and eight-year-old Dakota! They came out to see the show tonight and there they are celebrating with uncle Dex!

Joy gives them a hug and a kiss on each of their foreheads. He steps over the barrier accompanied by security behind him and then basks in cheers among the crowd.

Dex Joy:

We did this pallies! We did this tonight!!! Let's keep the party going!

LOADED GLOVE MATCH: DANGEROUS MIX vs. GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

We return to night two of Acts of DEFIANCE, as the camera focuses on the fifteen-foot-tall pole in one of the neutral corners, panning upward to reveal a single glove, placed securely at the very top.

DDK:

And there you see, fans, the loaded glove that has been the centerpiece of the events leading up to our next matchup, the Dangerous Mix and Gentleman's Agreement locking up here with that glove being available as a legal weapon.

Lance:

It all started at DEFtv 174, in which these two teams had a minor altercation backstage; but at the special 125th edition of UNCUT, Lord Swewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe interfered and cost the Dangerous Mix their opportunity at the Unified World Tag Team Champions! Well, Gentleman's Agreement laid down the challenge for Acts of DEFIANCE, and David Fox insisted on making the loaded glove that knocked his team out of their title shot be made a legal weapon!

DDK:

Will Gentleman's Agreement get the "satisfaction" they demanded for this bout, or will the Dangerous Mix of David Fox and Mushigihara be the ones left standing after this duel? Let's go to "DQ" Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey::

Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is a LOADED GLOVE MATCH! The loaded glove atop this pole (points to the neutral corner) will be declared a legal weapon once retrieved! Introducing first!

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

The theme plays and out comes both men, dressed in fancy new gear for the occasion. Lord Sewell with a red overcoat and yellow epaulets. and Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray sleeveless coat. He takes it off to reveal a sleeveless button-up shirt and tie, which he adjusts, but his arms are free to show off his chiseled guns.

Darren Quimbey::

At a combined weight of 459 pounds... they are the team of Viscount Vice Admiral Ernest Sewell aka Lord Sewell...and Oliver Tarquin Monroe aka OTM... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

The two men stop in front of the ring, exchange a gentlemanly handshake and then slowly climb up the steel steps while getting jeers from the crowd. Oliver Tarquin Monroe ditches his attire at ringside, his glove conspicuously missing, as it is currently resting atop a pole.

DDK:

We have seen Gentlemen's Agreement use that white glove to knock out opponents. No doubt loaded... and the Dangerous Mix have decided to make it fair game in this match.

Lance:

Indeed. They've used it to great effect. Tonight, the talented Gentlemen's Agreement are looking to finally make good on their first PPV as a member of the main roster of DEFIANCE!

Both men enter the ring and pose to jeers! Lord Sewell then sheds his coat while Oliver Tarquin Monroe takes off his own jacket. He starts to undo the tie on his uniform before neatly folding it and putting it off to the side. He and Lord Sewell look ready for this match.

♪ "Run Rabbit Junk" by Hideyuki Takahashi ♪

Those familiar red lights illuminate the Pauley Pavilion as the Dangerous Mix burst from the curtain, intensity etched on

their faces!

Darren Quimbey::

And their opponents! At a total combined weight of four hundred eighty-four pounds! David Fox! And The GOD-BEAST, Mushigihara! **The DANGEROUS! Miiiiiiiiiiiix!**

DDK:

It's been a road to get here, but David Fox and Mushigihara have a chance to settle things with Gentleman's Agreement, on their own terms!

There is no usual fanfare here, no "OSU" roars or cocky smirks. The Mix is out to finish this once and for all. David Fox steps into the ring while Mushi holds on to the tag rope, waiting for the Gentleman's Agreement to step in and fight. After talking it out among themselves, OTM leads off and steps between the ropes and stares down the Soul Survivor, who starts jawing off at his opponent and pointing up at the glove resting atop that pole.

Lance:

The corner pole holding some kind of object to use as a weapon has been an old favorite in wrestling rings through the years; surely the more seasoned wrestling fans among the Faithful have heard of so-called "coal miner's glove matches," but Gentleman's Agreement seems to prefer a more "gentlemanly" approach to their weapon of choice. We'll see if that approach leads to success here at Acts of DEFIANCE.

DING DING

Benny Doyle calls for the bell, and the two nimbler members of their respective teams circle one another. OTM tries to rush in for a tie-up, but Fox lashes out with a low roundhouse to keep him away. OTM stalls a bit, before shooting a low takedown to Fox's legs. However, the experienced kickboxer sprawls out, and cinches in a front headlock, but Monroe gets his bearings and pushes Fox to the ropes, prompting a break by referee Benny Doyle.

DDK:

Remember, fans, this match is contested under standard tag team wrestling rules in every way, except for that loaded glove being a legal weapon once someone pulls it down from the corner.

Fox breaks the hold, and OTM backs up, before giving Fox a disrespectful slap to the face. Rather than aggressively chase down the young upstart of Gentleman's Agreement, though, Fox chuckles and casually walks over to the Dangerous Mix's corner... and tags in the mighty Mushigihara.

OSU!

The crowd lights up as the massive Kaiju steps into the ring and crowds the young grappler! OTM anxiously shoots a low takedown again, but like Fox, Mushi sprawls out and avoids gravity... and manages to get his arms around OTM's waist...

WHAM!**DDK:**

HUGE gutwrench suplex! And OTM is RATTLED!

Indeed, OTM flops like a fish, until he manages to get to his corner and tag in Lord Sewell, who arrogantly steps between the ropes and stands before the monster, undaunted. Meanwhile, OTM frantically scampers up the top of the pole, only to be held down by David Fox!

Fox manages to get OTM off the pole and onto the floor, but Benny Doyle sees Fox by the pole, and orders him to go back to his corner. Meanwhile, Lord Sewell takes advantage of this distraction to poke Mushi's eye in a rather ungentlemanly fashion, before landing a sharp right hook to Mushi's face and sending him reeling into the ropes, then whipping him into the corner before driving a knee into the mammoth's gut! Sewell makes the cover and Benny Doyle

counts!

ONE

Mushi kicks out in short order, and rolls onto all fours, clutching his eye and grimacing. Lord Sewell smirks at his compromised opponent, before walking back to his corner and tagging in Oliver Tarquin Monroe!

OTM bounds into the ring, bouncing off the ropes and wobbling Mushi into the ropes himself with a clothesline, but Mushi bounces back and waffles the protoge with a clothesline of his own!

OSU!

The crowd reacts in support for the massive Mushi, who only nods in acknowledgement before pulling OTM back up to his feet, before getting behind him and hoisting him up, then driving all of his weight, tailbone-first, onto Mushi's knee!

DDK:

The Atomic Drop from Mushi, and Monroe is crumpled up on the mat!

Mushigihara makes his way to the corner and tags in David Fox, who immediately gets to work by rushing to the corner pole and climbing up towards the loaded glove!

Lance:

Fox is not giving Gentleman's Agreement the chance to get that glove, and he wants to beat them to it!

Fox makes it halfway up the pole, just as OTM starts to stir, and make his way towards the ringpost, grabbing for Fox's ankle and YANKING him down, causing him to drop down and hit the top turnbuckle face-first! OTM sees an opportunity for the cover!

ONE

TWO

David Fox manages to get a shoulder up, his eyes fixed on that glove resting atop the pole, and basically wills himself back into a sitting position. OTM locks on a front headlock of his own, dragging Fox to Gentlemen's Agreement's corner and tagging in Lord Sewell! Sewell steps in and lands a hard boot to Fox's ribs, before taking over as OTM rolls ringside.

DDK:

Lord Sewell is an accomplished grappler, and that could be enough to keep Fox's striking at bay, but will it?

Meanwhile, OTM has ran around the ring, and has hopped onto the metal pole, rapidly climbing up! Mushigihara follows suit, although his size makes it a little harder to catch up!

Lance:

Oh, this could be a dangerous position!

As Fox writhes under the cable-grip of Lord Sewell, he looks to the corner and yells words of encouragement to Mushi, but OTM manages to get a leg up... and with one last push, manages to get the glove!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey::

Ladies and gentlemen, the loaded glove has been retrieved, and it is now a legal weapon for the remainder of the bout!

With a boost of confidence, the egotistical Monroe drops to the mat, raising the glove for all to see...

...only for Mushigihara to bat it out of his hand and into ringside!

Lance:

The course of this match isn't etched in stone yet!

DDK:

Oliver Tarquin Monroe and Mushigihara are now scrambling out of the ring and onto the floor!

Lord Sewell is at an advantage, having Fox on the mat and compromised with an armlock, but the Soul Survivor isn't showing signs of quitting, as he glares defiantly into the eyes of the nobleman. Meanwhile, Mushigihara and OTM are on the outside, chasing each other over that glove!

Lance:

It's coming down to the wire! Who can get their hands on that glove?!

With a burst of speed, OTM manages to lunge forth and grab the loaded glove! The camera catches him grinning as he readies it to slap right in the Kaiju's face, and lines up his shot as Mushi starts to rise. With a grin, he swings the glove...

...just for Mushigihara to DUCK the swing, and lunge in and wrap his arms around the chest and arm of Oliver Tarquin Monroe!

DDK:

Could this be the uranage?!

The crowd goes wild, as Mushi lets out a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

THUNK

And DRIVES the upper back and shoulders of Oliver Tarquin Monroe into the ringpost with the metal pole! Wracked with pain, OTM collapses into a heap, and drops the loaded glove onto the floor!

Lance:

This could be the turning point the Dangerous Mix needs!

Indeed, as Mushigihara looks into the ring, he catches Fox's attention with another "OSU!" before wadding the glove up and tossing it in the ring... but Mushi overshoots it and the glove lands behind Lord Sewell! The old veteran sees his opportunity and tries to bend down while holding onto Fox's arm, but the Soul Survivor manages to stretch a foot out and pin the glove under his toes!

Lance:

Even at the disadvantage, David Fox will stop at nothing when it comes to a fight!

Lord Sewell manages to stomp hard on David's ankle, making the kickboxer yelp in pain and relent. Sewell then lets go of the armlock, and reaches down for the glove, grinning ear to ear as he airs it out and gets ready to swing it! David slowly gets to his feet, favoring his ankle, back turned to the nobleman.

DDK:

If Lord Sewell can hit Fox with that glove, this match could be over!

Sewell waits for Fox to turn around, before letting it rip, BUT...

PAK!

DDK:

What quick thinking from David Fox, as he KICKS that loaded glove into the face of Lord Sewell!

The loaded glove bounces up in the air, and lands to the side near the ropes! Seeing an opportunity, David Fox reaches for that loaded glove and PUTS IT ON HIS HAND! He raises his gloved fist in the air for the LA Faithful to behold, and nods his head smiling, before reaching down to pick Lord Sewell up by the scruff and stand him on his feet!

Lance:

This could be the killshot!

WHAM

Lord Sewell falls to the mat like a sack of flour after David Fox NAILED him in the face with a classic karate reverse punch! Troy plops down on Lord Sewell's body as Benny Doyle makes the count! OTM is too rattled from that ringpost uranage to even get in the ring, and even so, Mushigihara stands in his way!

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Run Rabbit Junk" by Hideyuki Takahashi ♪

Benny Doyle raises the gloved hand of David Fox, as Mushigihara rolls in to stand beside his partner and share in the victory.

Darren Quimbey::

Here are your winners... THE DANGEROUS... MIX!

The two lads of the Mix smile and nod at one another, before patting each other on the back and making their way out of the ring, with David Fox disrespectfully stepping over the still-unconscious Lord Sewell.

DDK:

And the Dangerous Mix get a hard-fought victory over a team that's been assailing them for some time now, and a much-needed boost up the tag team ranks!

Lance:

Indeed, Keebs, with Gentleman's Agreement licking their wounds, the Mix undisputedly reign triumphant, and surely the Favored Saints management will look kindly upon this victory!

The camera has already cut to ringside, where Mushigihara actively GOES OUT OF HIS WAY to walk over to Oliver Tarquin Monroe, and disrespectfully step over HIM as well, before following his partner backstage!

DDK:

We'll be right back, fans.

ALVARO de VARGAS vs. MV1

Now it's back to the Commentation Station with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Coming up next, a match that got very personal very quickly after both men were excluded from the ACTS Tournament that saw Lindsay Troy earn her shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE against Deacon later tonight. Masked Violator #1 takes on BFTA member Alvaro de Vargas!

Lance:

This all started back when the original ACTS Tournament first took place. When Brock Newbludd's absence left an opening in the tournament, MV1 campaigned for the spot to try and find his way to another match with his former partner, Corvo Alpha. ADV and Tom Morrow both took offense to the fact that MV1 asking for a spot.

DDK:

And since then, ADV has made it his personal mission to attack MV1 after he was excluded for injuring his ex-partner, Jack Mace, back at MAXDEF. ADV has attacked him and stolen his mask. That vendetta extended to other masked wrestlers including Sho Nakazawa and Crescent City Kid.

Lance:

He defeated Sho Nakazawa a few weeks ago, but when he had his recent match on DEFtv 176 won against CCK, MV1 came out and stole his original mask back from Tom Morrow! In the process, ADV took a shocking countout loss to The Kid!

DDK:

And all of that brings us to right now. MV1 finally gets his hands on Alvaro de Vargas in a fair fight! Who's going to come out on top tonight? We'll go to ringside to find out... now!

And to Darren Quimbey with the in-ring introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is...

Tom Morrow:

THE FOLLOWING MATCH WILL NOT BE ANNOUNCED BY YOU, YOU DONUT-SNARFING WIDE LOAD!

Quimbey looks irritated AF and the crowd lets him hear it loudly!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The BFTA Brainchild is in no mood to mess around tonight with two more matches to represent for his clients tonight.

Tom Morrow:

And all of you! SHUT UP! ALL OF YOU!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow:

NO, NO, NO! I GOT THE HEADSET, SO I GET TO TALK! ANYWAY...

He screams over the jeering.

Tom Morrow:

MASKED VIOLATOR #1, YOU ARE GOING TO **RUE** THE DAY THAT YOU MESSED WITH ME AND MESSED WITH TOM MORROW! WE WORKED HARD TO STEAL THAT MASK! POSSESSION IS NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW, YOU MASKED CLOWN, AND TONIGHT, ADV IS GOING TO SEND YOU BACK HOME TO MOMMY

MASKED VIOLATOR AND DADDY MASKED VIOLATOR IN A BODY BAG... IT'LL ALSO HAVE A MASK ON IT... YOU KNOW WHAT? SHUT UP! ALL OF YOU!

More ROARING over his talking.

Tom Morrow:

HE STANDS AT SIX-FOOT EIGHT OF PURE, UNADULTERATED CUBAN KILLING MACHINE! HE WEIGHS IN AT TWO-HUNDRED SEVENTY-SIX POUNDS AND HE'S GOING TO GET RID OF THE NUISANCE THAT IS MASKED VIOLATOR #1 ONCE AND FOR ALL! EL SOL DORADO! THE GOLDEN SUN OF DEFIANCE! HE IS... **ALVARO... DE... VARGAS!**

♪ "Wherever I May Roam" by J Balvin ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Fire erupts from either side of the stage and coming out from the back in wrestling gear - dark purple tights with orange and yellow flames, red Adidas sneakers, a sleeveless hoodie is the man called Alvaro de Vargas. He stomps right past Tom Morrow on the ramp and throws off both his red-tinted sunglasses and his hoodie and then climbs into the ring.

DDK:

A motivated de Vargas is the most dangerous de Vargas and he's been motivated to hurt Masked Violator #1.

Lance:

Masked Violator #1 has displayed an incredible aptitude in the ring, but he's going to need it against a big bruiser like Alvaro.

ADV paces in circles, not taking his eyes off the ramp while his music cuts out. They are awaiting the arrival of his opponent as Morrow motions for the music to quiet down.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

MV1 bursts through the curtain with confidence and energy. As Darren Quimbey introduces him, and as the Red Rocket of DEFIANCE makes his way down the ramp, making sure to tag every fan along the way, a small box appears in the upper left of the screen. In a pre-recorded effort, an amped MV1 appears before a bright yellow backdrop, blue eyes roaming his space as he strokes the chin of his red wrestling mask, pensively.

MV1: [pre-recorded]

Maybe I made a mistake coming back to DEFIANCE after all those years... thinking I could undo in one night the damage done over half a decade. Maybe I underestimated just how evil this world can be. Maybe I should have turned tail and ran when it became clear that as ready as *I* was to save my friend... my friend had to *want* to be saved too.

He stops, pivots towards the camera, and points a single index finger at its lens.

MV1: [pre-recorded]

Or maybe I know I'm not done. Maybe my eyes are open wide to just how sick and sad a place this world can be sometimes. Maybe I've never been more committed to making things right, to doing my part EVERY time, at leaving this world better than how I found it.

The pointed finger turns to a raised fist, cocked back - his face suddenly angry under the fabric.

MV1: [pre-recorded]

Maybe that starts with me knocking Alvaro de Vargas' teeth down his throat!

The MV1 in our pre-recorded box softens, just slightly, as our live-action MV1 rounds the ring and bounds up to the

apron - sweeping red, blue, and yellow lights all around him.

MV1: *[pre-recorded]*

Maybe ADV messed with the wrong masked man. Let's find out.

The box closes and our focus returns to the actual, factual Masked Violator #1, now standing center ring, eyes serious and piercing – locked across the ring on Alvaro de Vargas. Quimbey's introduction fades along with Masked Violator #1's music.

Lance:

He certainly looks as focused as ever!

DDK:

The last time Masked Violator #1 competed on pay-per-view in a singles match, he didn't start putting up a fight until the bout was almost over! I think it's safe to say that MV1 is looking to be a little more aggressive here tonight in Los Angeles!

Lance:

The eyes of the world are on ACTS of DEFIANCE... and Referee Jonny Fastcountini has got a tall task calling this match tonight. I expect this to get physical and quick.

Fastcountini checks with both men before stepping between them and signaling for–

DING DING

DDK:

Circling each other early... they lock-up!

Lance:

It's the most common way for a professional wrestling match to begin for a reason, Keebs... Because it sets the tone!

DDK:

ADV with the size and strength advantage, it's clear to see as he just FORCES MV1 backwards and into the corner! Jonny Fastcountini, living up to his name, counts ADV off of MV1 and de Vargas breaks with a STIFF SLAP across his opponent's face!

The faithful rain boos down on ADV, and we see Morrow wave them off at ringside, his face red from screeching at the fans.

Lance:

MV1 a little more skeptical now... but he leans in for ANOTHER lock up and, again, Alvaro de Vargas' power on display, pushing MV1 backw–

DDK:

OH! MV1 used ADV's momentum against him, leaned back into a judo throw! Almost a modified armdrag!

On one knee, de Vargas spits in MV1's direction. Clearly frustrated, he keeps his eyes set on Masked Violator #1 while taking in the "sage advice" of Tom Morrow at ringside.

DDK:

And now it's ADV that is a little more hesitant as they lock up once more. Go-behind by ADV! Lightning-fast tanding-switch gives #1 the advantage! That rear-hammerlock applied! ADV, certainly no stranger to technical wrestling, ducks OUT of it and reverses the hammer-lock! Look at this! MV1, using the turnbuckles, just walks UP them and FLIPS over and behind ADV! Rear waistlock! ADV charges towards the ropes, grabs them and SHAKES MV1 loose! Turns and LEVELS MV1 with a clothesline! And LISTEN to this crowd!?

ADV jaws with one particularly rowdy fan near the front row before turning back to MV1.

Lance:

Looking to pull MV1 back to his feet and- OH!

DDK:

#1 grabbed the front of de Vargas' tights and pulled him head first into the turnbuckle! Both men find their feet and it's ANOTHER lock-up!

Lance:

NOO! de Vargas with a vicious kick! He just took MV1's leg right out from under him! MV1 is clutching his knee in pain!

DDK:

That was just about as low as what we have come to expect from Alvaro de Vargas!

Lance:

Just about!

DDK:

MV1 may be in trouble here! Scurrying away from ADV, it looks like Fastcountini is going to check with him! He appears to be in a LOT of discomfort!

Fastcountini leans in to MV1, whose mask is contorted in pain.

Lance:

You may recall it was a handful of weeks ago, MV1 was in action and he tweaked that same leg. Looks like Alvaro de Vargas had Masked Violator #1 well scouted!

ADV wastes little time, picking Fastcountini up under his arms like a toddler and carefully moving him out of his way. He then DRAGS MV1 across the ring by his right leg. MV1 screams in agony.

DDK::

This is not good!

Lance:

JERKS on that injured right leg! And ANOTHER! OHH! Lays in an elbow on the inner thigh, and now he's got MV1's leg locked and turned awkwardly. Like he's trying to find exactly where that leg is hurt-

MV1 lets out a howl, jolts to a sitting position, clutching at that leg.

DDK:

I think he found it.

His face somewhere between a smile and a snarl, ADV is back to his feet before spinning in place and coming down HARD into a Figure Four Leglock.

Lance:

Submission locked down! Middle of the ring! This does NOT bode well for MV1!

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas is more of a bruiser, a brawler than he is a submission specialist... but he is also one of the most opportunistic, low-down, dirty scoundrels this sport has ever seen. He smells blood in the water and he is on it, Lance.

ADV wrenches back, slapping the mat for emphasis and leverage. MV1 covers his mask with both hands, writhing. He

works to turn the hold over, but struggles...

Lance:

MV1 is working his way towards those ropes! Slow and steady!!

DDK:

ADV slaps MV1 across his jaw! Another! DRAGS them both back to mid ring!

ADV wrenches back again, pounding MV1's knee with his closed fist repeatedly.

Lance:

OH! MV1 is swinging back! Knife edge chop across de Vargas' throat! ANOTHER across the chest!

DDK:

MV1 TURNS it!! But he doesn't wait! Crawls and REACHES... REACHES...

Lance:

He's reached the ropes!

But ADV refuses to let up.

DDK:

Fastcountini is in de Vargas' face! And he's counting fast! 1! 2! 3! 4! Broke it!

Just as quick as Jonny's count, Masked Violator #1 slinks under the bottom rope and out of the ring, still clutching at his leg. After an exchange of "pleasantries" with the ref, ADV slips out of the ring as well, giving chase. And chase, he does.

DDK:

MV1 stays ahead of his hunter! A limping slide back into the ring after rounding the turn and he carefully finds his feet in the corner! But here comes ADV! Running Boot!!

Lance:

But MV1 ducks out of the way! OHH! He stumbles!! ADV stays on him! Goes in... drops an elbow – NO! MV1 rolled out of the way!

ADV charges at #1 again – another side step!

DDK:

Go behind! MV1 with an Okana Roll! ADV's shoulders are down!

One!

Two!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

MV1 stays on the attack! Mounts ADV and is just LAYING IT IN!

DDK:

Back to his feet – NO! His leg gave out again! MV1 crumbles to a knee! Back up!

Lance:

ADV charges with a CLOTHESLINE – ducked by MV1! ADV hits the far ropes... on the come back and MV1 couldn't

turn around quick enough – RUNNING CLOTHESLINE to the back of MV1's head! Halting ANY momentum!

The ringside camera finds Tom Morrow, golf clapping approvingly before bellowing with obnoxious laughter.

DDK:

ADV pulls MV1 back to his feet... SIDEWALK SLAM! And a BIG one! Hooks that injured leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

Th– NO!!

DDK:

Aggressive kick out by MV1! And ADV is staying on the attack! Wrenching MV1 back to his feet... SHINBREAKER to MV1 INTO A BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX by ADV!

ADV grins, eying the packed arena, soaking up all the hate. Loving every drop.

DDK:

Slow to go for the cover here... this stalling isn't going to do him any favors!

LANCE:

SMALL PACKAGE BY MV1!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THR– NOOOOO!

Lance:

ADV springs back to his feet and he is PISSED! ABAJO VAS!!! That running knee strike right to MV1's chin! Just lambasted him!

DDK:

An angry cover by ADV!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE—WAIT!! LEG ON THE ROPE!

Lance:

It was that uninjured LEFT leg on the rope and kudos to Jonny Fastcountini for spotting it!

The slow-motion replay of the count in the lower left of the screen shows Tom Morrow attempt to shove the leg off the rope but Jonny spotting it. Back to live action, Jonny is chiding Morrow who is as “who me?” as ever. ADV on the other hand, has had it...

Lance:

This childish display from ADV, slapping the mat! He better be careful getting in Jonny Fastcountini's face like that!

This gives MV1 an opportunity to work himself up the ropes and back to his tenuous feet. ADV spins and charges at MV1 – who ducks and DUMPS de Vargas up and over the top rope!

DDK:

ADV lands on the apron! On his feet! GUILLOTINE'S MV1 on that top rope!

MV1 stumbles backwards, clutching his throat with one hand and his bad wheel with the other. That stumbling leads him backfirst into a corner where he works to compose himself.

Lance:

Here comes ADV with that head of steam! Big Corner Clothesline!

MV1 quickly forward-rolls out of the way as ADV once more crashes into the corner, backwards, and then with a satisfying **SPLAT** in the center of the ring. MV1 eyes the crowd for just a moment, taking the temperature in the cavernous arena before quickly hobbling back to the corner, through the ropes and, my god, climbing up the turnbuckle?!?

DDK:

Is Masked Violator #1 going UPSTAIRS?!?

Lance:

We know he's been working on a Top Rope Somersault Leg Drop! But is NOW the time?!

MV1 doesn't wait for an answer, he somehow is up to the top... carefully balancing himself, a bracing hand held to his right knee to stabilize it. The Faithful rise to their feet with him, filling the air with affirmation.

DDK:

Don't encourage him, people!

But it's too late.

Lance:

He calls this the–

MV1 leaps, NAILING the Top Rope Somersault Leg drop–

DDK & Lance:

1DERSTRUCK!!

–with his bad leg. MV1 instantly regrets his decision, screaming in agony and rolling in pain.

DDK:

A devastating maneuver... but at what cost?!?

MV1 seems to be asking himself the same question... before finally crawling over and draping himself over ADV's

winded body.

ONE!!

TWO!!

NO!! MV1 TOOK TOO LONG!

Lance:

That decision just may come back and haunt him!

Both men use the ropes to pull themselves to their feet, crowd buzzing all around them. MV1 uses a free hand to brace his knee as he rises and turns–

DDK:

SCORCHER from ADV! Standing thrust kick caught MV1 by surprise!

Lance:

It caught him across the FACE, Keebs!

DDK:

This could be all she wrote!

ADV aggressively covers his opponent, elbow pressed across his mask.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR— SHOULDER UP!

And once again, ADV is seething. He bolts to his feet, and kicks MV1 in the ribs as the Faithful pour it on. He turns to them briefly, wheeling around, glaring.

DDK:

Turning his attention back to his opponent... oh no... no, don't do it...

ADV makes a motion symbolizing removing a mask, a sick, slimy smile on his sweaty mug.

Lance:

I don't think he's listening to you, Keebs... We saw him shamefully remove the mask of MV1 months ago... and... he's trying to do it again tonight.

Fastcountini tries to intervene, but is shoved off by ADV. Our angle is one that is behind ADV, but we can tell from his gestures – as he leans over an exhausted MV1 – that he is furiously untying.

DDK:

Disrespectful son of a bitch! Someone has to stop this!

Lance:

If Masked Violator #1 can't do it, I don't know who can.

The fury of the Faithful escalates into a deafening crescendo when ADV spins on his heels, twirling Masked Violator #1's trademark red mask around in his hand, cackling like a baboon.

DDK:

This is disgusting!

Tom Morrow applauds heartily. ADV chortles, spitting on the mask in his hands. Once. Then again. And a third time.

DDK:

Wait.

Suddenly, from behind Alvaro de Vargas, unbeknownst to him... Masked Violator #1 pops into view – wearing a bright blue mask.

Lance:

He had ANOTHER mask underneath it?!

DDK:

Must be!

The crowd instantly turns. ADV's eyes go wide – recognizing a change in the wind. Yet he has no time to react.

Lance:

MV1 with a judo choke! Clamps it on! It's a modified Katahajime choke! Center of the ring!

ADV's wide eyes stay that way as he flails in vain, the red mask flying out of his grasp and draping across the middle rope. MV1 cinches deeper, clasping one wrist with the other hand.

DDK:

That's... that's the ALPHA CLUTCH, Lance!

Lance:

You're right!

On cue, MV1 collapses backwards, taking Alvaro de Vargas down with him! He wraps his good leg around ADV's body, limiting his movement and his options.

DDK:

MV1 has ADV dead to rights! In Corvo Alpha's signature hold?!

Lance:

Look at the fight in ADV, he is scraping back, looking for any weakness in this hold! But... unable to find one!

Jonny Fastcountini leans in, yelling over the cheering fans. Asking if ADV can go on. But before long it becomes clear...

DDK:

I think de Vargas is fading!

...he can't.

Lance:

I think Tom Morrow is having a meltdown!

Jonny Fastcountini raises one of ADV's arms...

DDK:

Is he out?!

Drops it. Pauses. Raises the same arm again.

Lance:

THIS the kid does slowly....

Drops it. The faithful's frenzy intensifies.

Lance:

Raises ADV's arm once more!!!!

The hesitation.

DDK:

DROPS IT!!!

DING DING DING

Lance:

Masked Violator #1! Against the odds! Prevails at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

A crane camera sweeps the arena and the ring as both men lay spent, Jonny Fastcountini raising MV1's hand up in victory. That hand has a solitary finger held up in DEFIANCE.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout... as a result of submission... **MASKED VIOLATOR #1!**

The announce team lays out as Jonny helps MV1 to his feet. MV1 graciously thanks the referee and quickly dips out of the ring, snatching the red mask off the rope on his way down.

DDK:

That never quit, never say die attitude of Masked Violator #1 on full display here in Los Angeles!

The ringside camera catches MV1 hobbling to ringside where he finds a young fan. Placing the wrestling mask on the young fans head, it sits awkwardly in place... but you'd never know it for how excited and happy the youngster is. MV1 raises an arm and uses the guardrail for support backstage, fans clapping him on his sweaty back along the way.

Lance:

And then there are these two...

Back in the ring, Morrow is beside himself. Fanning a still unconscious ADV's face with both hands, frantically.

DDK:

How does the saying go? "You love to see it?"

Lance:

I think that's it. Catch your collective breath folks, up next we've got some great tag team action coming your way! Tom Morrow has to be livid, but we'll go to our quick ad break. Morrow has to manage Aaron King and Aleczander

The Great against the two other members of Titanes Familia, Dan Leo James and Minute! That match will take place shortly!

Morrow is PITCHING A FIT as he continues to kick the apron. ADV is finally coming around... and he is angry.

Ad break!

I REMEMBER YOU!

The broadcast changes to the backstage halls where Conor Fuse strolls. The crowd pops and begins a !RANK chant but it's not long before Conor comes to a complete stop because someone is in front of him. The Ultimate Gamer grins and waves. The camera pans over.

Brother, Tyler Fuse.

Conor Fuse:

Hey man, YES! Finally ran into you again! Like, we used to run into each other every pay-per-view it seemed.

Tyler is stoic. It takes him a moment before he looks his younger brother over, head to toe. Seeing Tyler is his usual self and not in a chipper mood, Conor tries to backtrack his comments.

Conor Fuse:

Not, like, ya know, I was purposefully looking for you.

Awkward laugh.

Conor Fuse:

My match was last night and we lost. Sad face. But hey, you've got your match TONIGHT! That's killer!

Tyler barely moves a muscle.

Tyler Fuse:

Yep.

And then there's more silence. Conor's eyes shoot to the left, right, up, down, trying to find a conversation.

Conor Fuse:

So, hey, are you still part of The Kabal and inject their soldier syrup?

Tyler rolls his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

No. And it's not syrup, it was serum.

Hmmmm, Conor crinkles his face. Again, his eyes jump around all over the place, this time trying to compute what his older brother told him.

Conor Fuse:

Are you sure? I'm pretty sure it was syrup. Isn't Jason Reeves Canadian?

Tyler shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

No, definitely not.

The Power-Up King gives a hard huff before crossing his arms and tilting his head. He could've sworn it was syrup but he's not going to argue.

Conor Fuse:

Either way, I sure hope you're right. I dunno about ejecting syrup into my veins. I'll drink the shit straight of course, it's delicious but to shoot it up? I've been running into Rezin more frequently and I bet you even HE wouldn't put syrup in his bloodstream!

Conor runs a finger up and down his neck with his head tilted high.

Conor Fuse:

Then again, maybe he would.

Tyler takes a step forward.

Tyler Fuse:

Are we done here? I have your old hero to put out to pasture.

Conor's eyes go wide.

Conor Fuse:

Codemaster's back?

Tyler shakes his head in disgust.

Tyler Fuse:

No, dude.

Conor Fuse:

Oh.

Conor's mind continues to work overtime.

Conor Fuse:

Well it can't be Deacon. He's in the main event. And he's never been my hero.

Tyler's losing his patience and Conor can tell. Out of mercy, The OG Player decides to clarify.

Tyler Fuse:

Jack Harmen.

A lightbulb goes off in Conor's head.

Conor Fuse:

OH SHIT RIGHT HIGH FLYER! Yeah, LOL, end that guy. Or I mean go easy on him. Hmmm I'm kinda conflicted here but The Faithful don't really know our history. Either way, he's just another old school fWo hooligan. I hope Malak doesn't get triggered by his presence. Malak HATES the fWo.

Tyler takes another step forward.

Tyler Fuse:

Alright so I'm going to cave his skull in, okay? See you later.

Conor agrees.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah man, you do you! Glad you're not part of The Kabal anymore. Thank goodness! They've kinda been replaced by Vae Victis, though. God, I hate VV. I swear it won't be long before we find out Lindsay Troy worked an Uber route years ago picking up Bronson Box just to get another crack at becoming the FIST of DEFIANCE. Probably Henry Keyes be shooting maple syrup into his veins, too...

Conor's voice trails when he realizes he's standing there all by himself. It takes him a moment but then a pleasant smile crosses his face.

Conor Fuse:

That was a pretty good chat, TBH. Gotta tell mom. She's always pressuring us to hang out more.

Fuse wanders down the hall, continuing to talk to himself.

Conor Fuse:

I wonder if Rezin's around. Wanna show that guy the new Super Mario Bros. movie trailer that dropped earlier today. There's all sorts of mushrooms in it. He loves mushrooms and shit!

The scene fades.

JACK HARMEN vs. TYLER FUSE

DDK:

And that match that Tyler was speaking about is up next. Conor Fuse's supposed childhood hero versus Conor's brother. And Tyler has every intention of this being the end of the almost 30 year career of Jack Harmen.

Lance:

I mean, after what we just watched, what else can you say except, brothers gotta brother?

DDK:

A few weeks back Lance, Jack Harmen came out with a speech that led many on the internet to speculate to his eventual retirement. Tyler Fuse, however, would not allow it.

Lance:

Tyler came out and laid out his own story, about a man who worshiped the sky this Flyer flew in. That, however, was not Tyler's story. Tyler's story, well...

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Tyler Fuse. Little Fanfare. All focus. Black trunks, black boots, non descript as ever.

He ignores the Faithful. He ignores the cameras. He has one thing on his mind.

Destroy.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse, one half of the greatest tag team that can never tag again. What can you tell us about Tyler Lance?

Lance:

If you looked up the Websters definition of the word "focused," Tyler Fuse would be there off to the side. A man possessed with destruction. He's injured Mushi, Kerry, HFIV. And tonight? He's looking to injure this man...

♪ "Idol" by Hollywood Undead fite Tech N9Ne ♪

As a highlight reel of Jack Harmen plays on the makeshift traveling DEFIAtron of all his greatest hits from the mid 90s to today, a light fog rises near the entrance. Parting the smoke is Jack Harmen, who throws one hand wildly into the sky in his trademark devil horn taunt. He slams his hand against his chest twice and then storms toward the ring. As he passes by a camera, Harmen shouts "Happy Birthday V!" to his youngest. He slaps the Faithful's hands as he makes his way ringside.

DDK:

The incomparable High Flyer. The Lunatic Wildcard, the Friendly Snow Selling Jack Harmen. Lance, tale of the tape. Can you fit this illustrious warrior's tale within his walk to the ring?

Lance:

Not at all. Starting in Mexico and Japan, High Flyer made his name as the angelo luchador before unmasking and returning to the states, filled to the brim with ultraviolent 90s hardcore chair shots and tables and flaming barbed wire. Only to reinvent himself, time, and time again. He turns 47 Darren.

DDK:

That just makes me feel old.

Lance:

You, me and Tyler too! Tyler, who's brother Conor idolized a younger High Flyer, now looks on with such disdain. It's almost as if Tyler blames Jack for getting both of them into the business, and even maybe, this wedge that has split the Fuse Bros forever.

Harmen hops onto the apron and rolls his shoulders, staring across the ring at what can only be described as a blood thirsty Tyler Fuse. Harmen cautiously enters the ring as Slater walks up to pat him down.

DDK:

Tyler's shown quite the vicious streak recently Lance, so I think you're right.. He broke HF IV's arm and then used that as inspiration to go after Sho. I could see him looking to complete his trifecta tonight.

DING DING**Lance:**

And we're off!

Tyler and Jack circle each other, each feeling the other out. Harmen drops to a knee to shoot in, but Tyler's prepared so Jack backs off. Jack just waves Tyler in, and the two lock up, collar and elbow tie up. Harmen takes the advantage into a go-behind hammerlock. Fuse spins and rolls out into an arm wringer, and then looks to grab that arm bar, but Harmen just head butts him, stunning both men. Fuse charges in but eats a drop toe hold. Harmen spins around him to a front chancery, locking in a headlock to the kneeling Fuse. Tyler hooks Harmen and small packages him.

One.

Lance:

Quick kick out, but I don't think Tyler wants to win this way Darren. I could feel him almost release that pin.

DDK:

You escape by instinct and it goes against your long term strategy. I don't think Tyler's here to win a match Lance. He's here to make a point.

Indeed, as they reset, Harmen just looks at Tyler with a knowing stare. Fuse kneels, cracking his neck before returning to his feet. The two circle up, as Fuse shoots for the legs Harmen jumps and double stomps his back. Harmen is quick to drop two elbows back to back into Fuse's spine. He tries to use his position to his advantage to keep Tyler ground, but Fuse strengths out of Harmen's pin. He spins and hooks Harmen's arms, powering him onto the canvas back first. He starts fighting for Jack's arm, as Harmen's fingers grip each other tightly to delay the arm bar and subsequent breaking of Jack's arm. Harmen spins while in the hold, barely toe tapping the bottom rope. Slater's quick to notice and start the five count, which Tyler reluctantly obliges at 4.

Lance:

Jack Harmen knows he just escaped defeat, but quite possibly a broken arm.

DDK:

He's shaking it to regain that feeling to keep himself loose and limber. Flexibility goes a long way to being able to sustain these dangerous submission holds for extended periods of time.

Lance:

At one time, Jack Harmen, aka High Flyer, was considered one of the most agile and flexible wrestlers on the planet. Jack is now 16 years Tyler's senior... his body, it's just not the same anymore. And if Tyler can lock in the right hold at the wrong time, Harmen's body may just give out on him for the last time.

Tyler, showing a bit of confidence and bravado, ushers Harmen to get to his feet. Jack, meanwhile, contemplates how safe he needs to take his approach. The two circle up, center of the ring. Jack goes in for a collar and elbow, but the Original Player One drops low, tripping Harmen off his feet. Once there, Tyler stands and STOMPS Jack's left knee into the canvas. And then he keeps his foot pressed down, digging his heel into the back of Jack's knee. Harmen cries out in pain, before Tyler wraps Harmen's leg around his calf and bridges back with a snap. Harmen winces, as Tyler stands and does it again. And again. And again. Each time, Jack's screams get a bit louder and more primal. Tyler then bridges back, grabbing Harmen first by his nostrils and then under his jaw in an inverted STF.

DDK:

I think this is Tyler's end game. He's not going after the arm. He's going after the leg--

Lance:

-- Leg. Anyone who does their research on the man formerly known as High Flyer knows that his previous namesake generated plenty of injuries, particularly to his left knee. Arthroscopic knee surgery twice in his twenties, he's generally played it much safer the older he's got.

DDK:

And Tyler is a student of Wrestling, not because he loves it, but because he would do no less.

Lance:

In 2000, Harmen's leg got stuck in a cage while he fell, snapping the cartilage. He's never been as quick as he was the day before that happened. Time befalls vulnerability befalls failure. It's inevitable as the sand in an hourglass.

DDK:

On that delightfully depressing note...

Harmen has refused multiple submission inquiries made by official Brian Slater. Each subsequent refusal leads Tyler to further torque and force Jack's knee in a further awkward and painful position. But each bridge back allows Harmen to inch ever closer to the bottom rope, before he's able to just dangle a single fingertip to break the hold. Fuse takes till 2, and then sits up from the bridge, before taking one last torque shot on Harmen's knee. He leaps up, and then drops down, with Harmen's leg still grapevined with his. Tyler then dislodges the hold and Slater informs him of his near disqualification for abusing the five count.

DDK:

Tyler better be careful. Slater is a no nonsense sort of official. He could wind up getting himself disqualified.

Lance:

Tyler knows it too, but sometimes that little bit of extra damage can make the difference between victory and defeat. You gotta take the opportunity when it presents itself.

Harmen hobbles to his knees and they buckle. He only remains upright by gripping onto the top rope. Slater rushes in to check on him but Harmen waves him off, only for Tyler to rush in and cheap shot Harmen with a right to the jaw. Jack backpeddles into the turnbuckle as Tyler climbs onto the second rope and starts a ten count. The Faithful, however, do not count alongside.

After about five punches, the crowd roars to life as Harmen lifts the Game Changer out of the corner. He takes two steps before dropping Tyler onto his knee in an inverted atomic drop. That same left knee Tyler has been working over. Harmen topples like a house of cards as Tyler winces and clutches his gonads. After a moment, he realizes Harmen isn't pouncing on him to follow up with an attack. Instead, Jack has fallen to the mat and is clutching his left left, rolling side to side.

DDK:

I think Tyler's focused attack on Harmen may have seriously injured his leg Lance.

Lance:

You can see how he's moving around in there Darren. It's not as swift or fluid. He was timid almost, coming out of that corner. He knew it might not end well, and here we are.

Tyler grabs Harmen's left leg, and hyper extends it. Then he kicks the back of the knee. Once. Twice. And then spinning toe holds it, center of the ring. Harmen cries out and reaches out to the nearest rope, ever so far away. Tyler hits another spinning toe hold, and then from the kneeling position, slaps the taste out of a seated Harmen. Jack's gum goes flying into the first row. Slater drops down.

One.

Harmen sits back up, only for Tyler to knife edge chop him back down. Jack doesn't stay down long, sitting back up and palm chopping the Original Gamer's chest loudly. Tyler winces, but then stands and spins, hitting yet another spinning toe hold. Then, he turns and looks at Harmen, and spits in his face.

Tyler Fuse:

You're never getting out of this High Flyer! You're never flying again!

Jack, through sheer adrenaline, starts to just punch Tyler Fuse in the face, over and over. Brute force and anger fights through the pain as Tyler's leg grapevine slowly loosens, before slacking entirely. The Wildcard dives on top of Tyler and just keeps slamming the butt of his fist down onto Tyler's eye sockets. Almost like a wild disabled ape, Harmen repeatedly slams his fists into Tyler through sheer primal instinct.

DDK:

Jack has busted Tyler open the hard way Lance! I can't tell if the disrespectful saliva or the words themselves triggered the Lunatic to play his Wildcard!

Lance:

Listen, this man used to be called High Flyer, but these days, he should be called the super brawler. Fists, and violence galore. The days of triple senton 450's have receded themselves to the younger generation.

Indeed, as Lance says this, Jack Harmen has left Fuse's side, and taken two steps toward the corner turnbuckle before his leg just gives out on him. He stays upright, but winces in pain for the camera. He reaches the corner with his good leg, and looks back behind him to see Tyler still clutching his jaw. He hooks the ropes and tries to jump to the top, but can't even get higher than the second ropes, falling back to the canvas.

If he had taken a second look behind him, he would have noticed Tyler barreling in, and might have avoided being clipped back to the canvas. Fuse slams his shoulder into the back of Jack's leg, sending him back to a horizontal basis. From there, it's a relentless barrage of foot stomps to the back of Jack's leg, each one more excruciating than the last. A bloody and enraged Tyler grabs Jack's leg and starts to drag him to the corner. He slips outside.

DDK:

Oh, we've seen this before! Tyler's injured countless foes with this maneuver, including Vae Victis' own Kerry Kuroyama!

Tyler kicks away the steel steps. Harmen tries to fight it off with his good leg, but Tyler catches it and locks in a figure four around the ringpost. Harmen's screams are blood curdling.

Lance:

You see the angle, you see how Jack's legs are popping out of their sockets. This move and the pendulum nature, the weight of the applier, it's as brutal as it looks.

The pain is so deep Harmen doesn't think to even hook the ropes until about ten seconds locked in. He proceeds to hug the bottom rope, as Brian Slater in the ring starts his count. He gets to four before Fuse drops the hold, falling back first to the outside. He's not there long, as he grabs Jack's leg and just tosses it into the ring post twice.

DDK:

I don't see this turning in Jack's favor any time soon Lance. Even a vet like Harmen has to realize he's outmatched tonight.

Lance:

He can barely walk Darren, yet alone fight.

Slater checks on Jack but Harmen presses on, demanding the match to continue. He tries to fight to his feet, and does

so, but he's on one leg, and using the ropes to stabilize. Tyler slides back into the ring, and Jack is able to one legged leap into a hurraconrada. Tyler's momentum sends him rolling to the other side of the ring, where he rolls and then bounces off the far side ropes. On his return, Jack barely gets to his feet just in time to eat a Discus Clothesline.

Somehow, Jack's gum yet again goes flying into the front row.

Tyler stands, grabbing both of Jack's legs. He steps through, and then presses his knee against the back of Jack Harmen's leg.

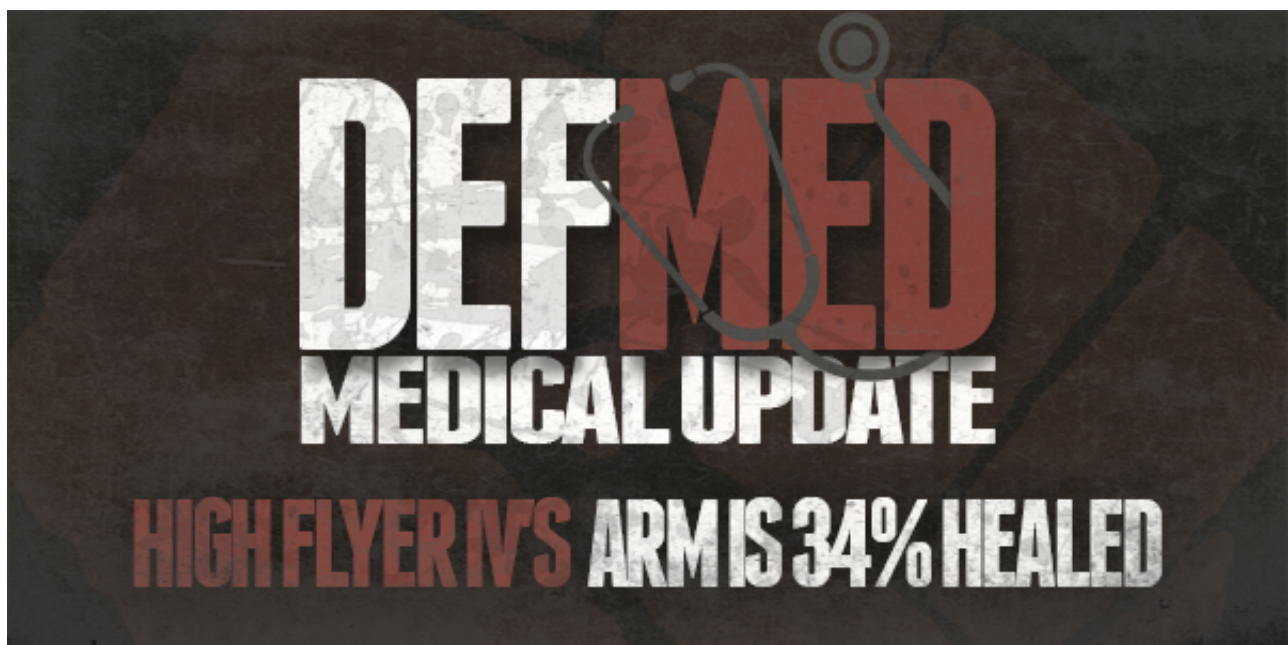
DDK:

OH! Tyler Fuse has Jack Harmen in his own hold! The Peaceful Slumber, center of the ring!

Lance:

Tyler's trying to prove a point Darren. I don't see how Jack survives this.

Indeed, Slater is right there to see as Harmen raises his arm, ready to give it up. Tyler pulls back, and just as Jack is about to tap.



The DEFIatron crashes into multiple bursts of static. Then, we see this logo, and some generic news music.

The attention of the Faithful and Brian Slater is grabbed as High Flyer IV appears on the DEFIatron. He stands on Hollywood Blvd, with a huge crowd passing by behind him while people dressed like Marilyn Monroe and Spiderman try to take pictures with tourists for ten dollars a pop. The shot is framed to show the walk of fame and Hollywood BLVD in portrait mode.

HF IV:

Yo yo! It's your boy, HAITCH EFF EYE VEE! And I'm here enjoying the SONNY side of California, as you all enjoy my SILVER tongue! It's weird. This is the place where PCP is mostly just a drug or a bad movie franchise, but JJ Dixon is somehow a special attraction! Listen, I'm enjoying the sights and sounds and lights and fame of Hollywood, proly gonna hit up Disney World. Land? Disneyland. And now, with my arm now at 34 percent...

Inside the ring, Tyler refuses to let go. As the arena's attention is diverted, Tyler is focused and puts further pressure on Harmen in his own hold. But he's so focused on causing pain to Jack and keeping an eye on the video playing before him...

He only has a moment to react.

Tyler drops the hold, but just a hair too slow! HF IV leaps off the top rope and uses his arm cast to strike Tyler! The Faithful cheer voraciously as HF IV slips out of the ring and uses his good arm to slam the canvas.

DDK:

Get up Jack! Now's your chance!

Jack stirs, sees his son, sees Tyler unconscious, and falls on top of him. The video abruptly ends as Brian Slater looks confused for a moment before sliding in for the count.

One.

Two.

Tyler Fuse kicks out. Harmen sits up, dazed and bugged eyed. He can't believe it. He shakes his head and looks at his son, thanking him. Jack hobbles to his feet, using the ropes to assist. Once there, he measures Tyler, waiting for the Original Player One to get to his feet. When he does, Jack rushes in.

DDK:

He's going for the locomotive!

As Jack charges, his leg gives out, right in front of Tyler. Fuse uncharacteristically smiles.

DDK:

JAB! BULLDOG! CQC!

Lance:

But that's not how Tyler Fuse is gonna end it. Harmen's out of it, but Tyler Fuse is grabbing his legs.

DDK:

He's locking in the Peaceful Slumber, AGAIN. And Jack is just about unconscious.

As Fuse locks in the hold, placing his shin on the back of Jack's neck, Harmen's hand hits the mat three times in quick succession.

DING DING DING

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Slater rushes in to break the hold, but Tyler isn't keen to do so immediately. HF IV hops onto the apron, as Slater starts a quickened count.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse has defeated Jack Harmen with High Flyer's own finisher.

Lance:

But if he isn't careful, Slater may just disqualify him!

As Slater reaches four, Tyler drops the hold. He doesn't seem happy. HF IV hops into the ring and immediately checks on his father, but never takes a watchful eye off of Tyler.

DDK:

The Original Player One seems a bit disappointed at how... easy it all was, but he's fine soaking in the jeers of the Faithful

Lance:

Meanwhile, while the damage to the son may have been temporary, the damage tonight to the father... that may very well be permanent.

Tyler just leaves. He walks up the entrance ramp, and doesn't ever turn back to see his handiwork. Meanwhile, Slater and HF IV attend to Jack, who keeps complaining about his left knee. He tries to stand but needs both of their help to do so. HF IV glares daggers up at Tyler Fuse as he disappears behind the curtain, ignoring a curtain call bow.

DDK:

Folks, Tyler Fuse has defeated his brother's childhood idol, handedly. He could have almost ended his career.

Lance:

If Jack didn't tap, it would have been his end Darren. At least this way, he gets to live another day.

DDK:

Yeah. But this match, more than any other in Jack Harmen's career, has cut the man's career short. Before tonight? I coulda maybe seen him wrestling till 50. Now?

Lance:

This is definitely the Farewell Reunion tour of the High Flyer Jack Harmen experience.

As Slater and HF IV step aside, the Faithful roar in approval as Jack stands on his own free will. He hobbles, trying to put pressure on his left leg, before finally being able to do so without feeling the crumbling weight of injury. Cheers wildly fill the stadium, as HF IV directs his father to exit the ringside area. He assists him climbing out of the ring.

INSPECT HER, PROTECT HER

The crane cam shows fans bustling about within the arena. They are understandably excited as ACTS carries on. A shot of DDK and Lance Warner, happy as always, cuddles the average wrestling fan whether live in person or watching at home on their preferred pay-per-view provider.

DDK:

Faithful, we truly cannot thank you enough for spending the last two nights with us. We've already witnessed a ton.

Lance:

We really have, Darren and the Pauley Pavilion is only getting hotter!

Suddenly, a spotlight hones in on a portion of the last row of the upper section of the arena.

DDK:

It looks like something is taking place up in the cheap seats, Lance. Let's see if we can get a camera on things.

The broadcast shows Teresa Ames, smiling her usual evil smile as she stands amongst the fans with microphone in hand.

Lance:

Well, speaking of getting hotter, there is none other than Ms. Objectophilia herself, Teresa Ames. Last time we saw her, she was in love with the home of the San Francisco 49ers. Now she finds herself here, at the pavilion in LA.

Ames raises a hand, asking for silence before she speaks to which most of the fans don't appreciate.

Teresa Ames:

People, people, please settle down! Edwin W. Pauley Pavilion, my goodness gosh! Gee jolly, my innards are speaking to me something deep right now!

You can tell she is marveling at the arena in front of her.

Teresa Ames:

Now, don't get me wrong. I am pissed that all of you are occupying my boo tonight.

As if on cue, the arena lights up with boo chants, not trying to be reflective of the affectionate name Teresa has given the arena.

BOO!

BOO!

BOO!

BOO!

Teresa Ames:

I've decided to refuse to move from this very spot until everyone vacates this place because it is my latest love. This place has nothing but bleachers and I like that. It's old school. It's traditional. No luxury suites needed. Screw that noise! It is simply an exquisite arena and all you unwashed pricks are ruining my experience. I will hold up this show for as long as it takes for you to leave!

Lance:

And there goes all the momentum we just had going for us.

The fans react negatively to Teresa's threats of hijacking. She peers across the sea of people, gauging all their various volatile reactions.

Teresa Ames:

Hate me if you want but I am my true self now and you can't hate me for that. You shouldn't. Unless you're an unwashed prick pig, which by the looks of it, most of you are.

Pregnant pause.

Teresa Ames:

You people make me sick. I am just trying to enjoy my sweet dear Edwin and you're all here shitting and eating in my Edwin. Covered in your own filth. Take a shower. Use deodorant. Leave arenas alone! They are my sanctum! Not yours!

DDK:

Can we get DEFsec up there and have Teresa removed from the premises please? I mean, she's been pulling this stunt literally EVERYWHERE we've been going for the past few months and it's clearly worn its welcome.

Teresa Ames:

As I was saying, I am my true self now. How many of you unemployed nimmy's can say the same? Probably none. Shit guy, shit, look, you all come to this arena to cheer on the UCLA Bruins for crying out loud! THE BRUINS! Wow, talk about pathetic. The SEC called, they want to play REAL competition! Does a bear shit in an arena? I think so. I think so.

She continues on and on, enraging the fans around her but the ones in real close proximity have the best chance at heckling her.

Teresa Ames:

You there. Yeah you, a few rows down. You look like you have a better chance of making the Bruins basketball team than slamming a broad.

A few fans point and laugh at the person of Teresa's targeting while others shake their heads in disgrace.

Teresa Ames:

You there, you're laughing at that? Is that funny? Well, the only thing that's actually funny is your face because if I was your mother, I probably would have disowned you long ago.

DDK:

Okay, okay. This has to stop before this gets too out of hand.

Lance:

She does realize she is standing amongst the people without *protection*, right? RIGHT?

Some of the fans within arms reach are starting to get real agitated with Teresa's remarks. Suddenly, a red solo cup gets hurled her way, nearly missing her. Rum and coke splashes down the aisle stairs as Teresa stands there, gobsmacked for a moment before cranking up the bitchtensity.

Teresa Ames:

WHO DID THAT!? WHO THREW THAT! I WILL RIP YOUR SPINE FROM YOUR BACK AND USE IT AS A PROP IN MY NEXT ASMR VIDEO!

Things are slowly starting to break down as Teresa begins a yelling match off mic with the closest fans to her.

DDK:

Uhhhhh, we might need to get DEFlegal involved here soon enough.

Finally, another spotlight shines on Teresa as none other than Shawn Steele walks into view. The fans CHEER at the sight of Steele, who tends to hate what he thinks are "crowds on demand." Teresa turns and notices Shawn by her

side. She stays mum.

Shawn Steele:

Teresa, Teresa.

His voice trails as he makes a settle down motion with his hands. The fans around them are still a bit rowdy but they back off, wanting to see where this goes.

Shawn Steele:

Teresa honey, please calm down. Look, yes you did leave me high and dry to literally walk home from Levi's Stadium and I get it. I handed you synthetic denim which you had an allergic reaction to.

Teresa mentally recalls the incident as she gently caresses her left cheek which has miraculously recovered from what quite possibly could be one of the silliest things to have an allergic reaction to in the world.

Shawn Steele:

That's on me. That's entirely on me. I take full responsibility for that but but but, you can't just come out, berate an arena chalked full of horny, backed up, blue balled individuals and just expect them to take it. No, you need PROTECTION. You require it and you know what baby, I am here to give it to you.

The fans shit on Shawn Steele's blind commitment to Teresa when they might've thought this was the moment for him to stand up for himself and turn on the Tasty Queen once and for all.

Shawn Steele:

I've gotten endless texts and tweets from concerned friends, fans and family that I should steer clear of you because apparently you're bad news but truth be told, you want to talk about true selves? Well, no one knows you like I have gotten to during these past few months. So I am willing to forgive and forget how you treated me back at Levi's Stadium. If, if, if you can grant me this one wish.

Steele lowers to one knee.

Lance:

What the BLEEP!

DDK:

What the hell is happening? This can't be.

Steele gazes up adoringly at Teresa who isn't sure what to make of all this. She loves arenas, after all. She left human love behind to die in a dumpster along with the junkie shooting heroin for a better life of objectophilia. Everything is finally coming to a head.

Shawn Steele:

Teresa, I am desperate. I love you. I want to be your husband. If I can't be your husband, then I want to be your boyfriend. If I can't be your boyfriend, then I want to be your friend. If I can't be your friend, then I want to be your bodyguard. If I can't be your bodyguard, then I want to be your security detail. If I can't be your security detail, then I want to be your bag carrying bitch who won't talk because I AM DESPERATE! I JUST WANT TO GET SIGNED! DEFIANCE! SIGN ME! SIGN ME HARD, PLEASE! DO IT! I'VE PUT MY TIME IN! I LOVE TERESA AMES! SHE IS JUST MISUNDERSTOOD! I KNOW IT! GIVE IT TIME AND YOU WILL ALL SEE! I HAVE ATTACHED MYSELF TO YOU FOR A REASON AND THAT REASON IS LOVE, BABY!

The Faithful are hot over all of it. Teresa is damn near dumbfounded. Never in her wildest dreams did she ever think a boy would be proposing to her in any kind of setting let alone in an arena SHE adores. Teresa looks out to the crowd who shouts all sorts of things her way.

Teresa Ames:

Shit, guy.

Pause.

Teresa Ames:

Shit.

DDK:

Is she going to say yes?

Teresa Ames:

Well, this is awkward.

Off mic she motions and whispers for Shawn Steele to get up off his knee because he looks like an idiot.

Teresa Ames:

Listen, Shawn. You're a great guy. You really are. However, you aren't all of this.

The fans ROAR in approval as Teresa points to everything in front of her.

Teresa Ames:

I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT YOU NUMBSKULLS! I WAS TALKING ABOUT MY EDWIN YOU FUCKING FUCKS SHUT THE FUCK UP!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Teresa Ames:

Now, if I can talk, I will continue. Shawn, I have noticed how hard you've tried. I really have. You have continually attached yourself to me for some lonely doggy reason and truth be told, I have kind of soured on it. Why? Because if I caved to every lowlife scum bucket stalker who tried to attach themselves to me, then I'd probably be dead in a ditch long ago. AND TRUTH BE TOLD SOME MORE, YOU'RE KIND OF ACTING LIKE A LITTLE BITCH. YOU WANT TO GET SIGNED? EARN IT LIKE I DID! BE ORIGINAL! GET OVER. BE YOUR TRUE SELF.

Teresa wastes no time before slapping the taste out of Shawn's mouth. The thing has turned into a fully blown episode of Jerry Springer as fans are ravenous.

Teresa Ames:

Shawn. Shawn, fucking look at me when I am talking down to you.

Steele keeps his head lowered.

Teresa Ames:

I FUCKING HATE YOU. I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

Ames begins to walk away but stops after only one step. She turns back to Shawn Steele, thinking this will be the last time she ever lays eyes on him. Thinking this will be the last time ANYONE lays eyes on him.

Teresa Ames:

You could never even be my butler's butler, bitch. Oh and by the way, I already have some PROTECTION who will remove you from the property, not to worry.

She gets right into Shawn's personal space.

Teresa Ames:

NOW!

WHACK!

Almost instantaneously an enormously large shadowy figure comes bull rushing through the crowd until it collides with Shawn Steele full force!

OWOOF!

The wind gets taken out of Steele's sails as he rives in pain on the concourse concrete. The fans are stunned and shocked in silence as Teresa gives her huge companion implicit instructions.

Teresa Ames:

Throw him off. Kill him.

The gargantuan man power lifts Shawn Steele into the air and only hesitates for a moment before tossing the smaller Steele off the balcony, where he crashes into boxes and tables set up below, completely decimating him.

WHOOSH!

CRASH!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

SHAWN STEELE IS DEAD!

The fans are left in awe as Teresa snidely stands tall in front of this huge, seven foot beast.

Teresa Ames:

May I introduce to all of you, INSPECTOR PROTECTOR.

The Inspector looks like a more menacing, terrifyingly larger version of Sgt. Safety.

DDK:

My goodness.

Lance:

Save us all.

Ames cackles as DEFsec swarms the lower bowl where Steele landed amidst the chaos.

Teresa Ames:

Bye bye, Shawn. I only vow to marry an arena one day. Not you.

She looks up at her new protector.

Teresa Ames:

Let's mosey.

Teresa Ames and Inspector Protector make a prompt exit as all the focus is on the carnage they witnessed.

DDK:

Well folks, I cannot believe what we just saw. Unbelievable. It looks like Teresa has herself some new *protection*. Whatever that means for DEFIANCE will surely be something chilling. Give us a moment to settle things down and we

will be right back!

TITANES FAMILIA (MINUTE & DAN LEO JAMES) vs. ALECZANDER THE GREAT & AARON KING

DDK:

We have seen some AMAZING matches thus far at ACTS of DEFIANCE and we're down to the last of our matches for Night Two! This next match stems from last night's SHOCKING title change! Titanes Familia of Uriel Cortez and Titaness overcame The Lucky Sevens to win the Unified Tag Team Titles!

Lance:

Cortez won the titles with his fiancée in his hometown of Los Angeles, but now the other members of Titanes Familia have a target on their backs! Minute and Dan Leo James take on BFTA member Aaron King and Morrow's new hired muscle and former member of Team HOSS, Aleczander The Great.

DDK:

He helped against T. Familia at DEFtv 175 and since then, he's been doing Morrow's bidding once again. He's been stuck as a member of BRAZEN since being rehired last year with Morrow promising him a spot on the main roster and in BFTA if they can win tonight, so we'll see if BFTA can recover from last night's major loss as well as the match we saw moments ago!

The camera goes to ringside where Tom Morrow looks like he's about to blow a damn gasket. The Lucky Sevens have lost. ADV has lost. He's a little more disheveled and haggard. He slowly turns on the earpiece in his ear. He tries to remain calm, but when the fans start booing him... he goes postal.

Tom Morrow:

LAST NIGHT WAS AN INJUSTICE! THE LAST **MATCH** WAS AN INJUSTICE! TITANES FAMILIA USED AN ILLEGAL LOW BLOW! MY CLIENT, ALVARO DE VARGAS, DID NOT TAP?! LAST NIGHT WAS THE JOKE OF ALL GODDMAN JOKES! THE LUCKY SEVENS SHOULD STILL BE **YOUR** UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS AND EVERY ONE OF YOU OXYGEN THIEVES KNOW IT!

The crowd is booing louder, so he screams over them.

Tom Morrow:

URIEL CORTEZ AND TITANESS BETTER CLUTCH THE LUCKY HORSESHOES AND FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS SHOVED UP THEIR ASSES CLOSE BECAUSE WE AREN'T DONE! AND TONIGHT, MY GUYS ARE GOING TO **DESTROY** MINUTE AND DAN LEO DUMBASS!

More jeering!

Tom Morrow:

INTRODUCING FIRST... THE PENSACOLA PLAYBOY! THE PRETTY DANGEROUS! TITANES FAMILIA DONE MESSED UP! HERE COMES A-A-RON! K-I-N-G... HERE IS... **AARON KING!**

♪ "U Mad" by Vic Mensa ♪

The beats and trumpet sounds start playing and strutting out to the theme wearing blue sunglasses, a blue leather jacket and black and blue colored leather pants comes out and swishing a small whiskey glass! He takes a quick drink and hands the unfinished drink to Tom Morrow. The coat comes off. Next, the sunglasses. Aaron King looks extra eager to make good for Better Future Talent Agency to salvage their final match over two nights.

King poses on the stage while Tom Morrow motions for his music to be cut.

Tom Morrow:

And his partner... a man you've all tried to disparage, but a man whose career I have saved! I bring to you a man unfairly treated in BRAZEN as trash, but with my help will become the big star he **SHOULD BE** had it been for inept management in this company! From Miami, Florida, by way of Manchester, England... weighing in at 257 pounds... he

is a former RECORD-SETTING World Trios Champion... **ALECZANDER THE GREAT!**

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

The music plays and out from the back, adoring new dark purple tights, knee pads, boots and tassels with the flexing "A" symbol on the front?

Aleczauder The Great!

He gets jeers from the crowd as he mouths off to them, then shakes the hand of Aaron King. The two men have their marching orders tonight.

DDK:

Better Future Talent Agency have this match left if they want to salvage anything of a good couple of nights. And Aleczauder The Great has extra motivation on his side if he can help deal with the nuisance of Dan Leo James and Minute tonight. They attacked the two in the locker room to keep them from coming to the aid of Titaness on DEFTv 175 during that Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery screwjob.

Lance:

And as much as Uriel Cortez and Titaness got some revenge, James and Minute want it coming, too.

King is ready to fight tonight and Aleczauder The Great looks ready to rejoin the main roster. They pace around now in the ring as they wait for their opponents.

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The lights go dark and one white light pulses through the entrance with the opening riffs... then another... then Dan Leo James stands looking far more determined than he has in recent weeks. The drum beats blast loudly and the big protegee of Los Tres Titanes regains his composure. He holds his massive hand out and gets extra pumped up for his biggest match to date as a member of the main roster!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... first, from Hurricane, Utah... weighing in at 260 pounds, representing Titanes Familia... he is **DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

Dan stomps a foot to the theme and gets more cheers from the crowd! Wearing a blue and gold-themed one-sleeved wrestling singlet with a blue headband sporting the gold T. Familia logo. The Young Titan stomps his feet in tune with his theme! He jumps over the Commentation Station and then sits on it, raising his exercizer-covered hands for the crowd!

DDK:

Wow! Dan Leo James feeling the energy tonight! They're riding high off last night, but they better be focused on business!

Lance:

James looks ready! He says that he wants to succeed as a great big man in this business, so we'll see if he can do just that! He and Minute seemed to be discussing something on UNCUT, so we'll see if that discussion bears fruit.

DDK:

Dan told me earlier today when we spoke that he has finally perfected a finisher he's been working on for weeks. Hopefully he... you know... uses it!

Dan runs back over to the stage, unstraps the hand exercisers and tosses them aside to free his hands. As his music finally cuts, he awaits his partner.

The lights fade to black...

But there is no "Most Interesting High Flyer" here tonight.

Instead, there is a laboratory with music starting to play, along with a voice intro...

*You know sometimes in life you gotta be aggressive
You know people push you to that limit of madness
So you need to write music to do that shit
1000volts and Datsik (Yeah)
Let's go*

♪ "Monster" by Datsik feat. Redman ♪

The crowd cheers when out comes a mighty monster of... well, monstrous proportions!

The luchador, Minute, steps out onto the stage in a black one-strapped singlet identical to Dan Leo James' and he's wearing a werewolf-themed mask for the evening! The camera is panning on him in exaggerated giant fashion with a camera clearly looking up at the "monster" Minute!

Darren Quimbey:

And his partners, also representing Titanes Familia... he is a seven-foot five monster that is out to dunk on all these other vanilla midgets in the ring right now... he weighs in at allegedly well over four-hundred pounds, but can still outfly anyone in this promotion... he is **MINUTE... EL... MONSTRUO!**

The crowd laughs and applauds at the debut of Minute el Monstruo as he howls out to the ten-thousand plus in attendance! Aaron King and Aleczander The Great remain unamused while Tom Morrow is irritated at this turn of events!

DDK:

Minute told Dan Leo James on UNCUT he was going to help The Young Titan help him find his inner monster for tonight and it looks like they're doing it!

Dan Leo James leaps over the ropes and then enters the ring while Minute slowly steps up onto the ropes one foot at a time like "giants" tend to do. He stares "down" at Aaron King... but when King charges at him, Minute hooks him by the neck with his legs and headscissors King over the top rope! Aleczander and Dan Leo James go to trade shots in the middle of the ring...

And the fight is on as Rex Knox calls for the bell!

DING DING

Dan Leo James and Aleczander The Great fire shots back and forth between one another while Minute el Monstruo is dealing with Aaron King. King tries to get up and swipe the leg out from under Minute, but The Monstrous Flippy-Doo jumps over the arm, then plasters him with a superkick from the ring apron that cracks him in the mouth! Inside the ring, Aleczander uppercuts Dan and sends him to the ropes...

Swing a miss with a clothesline...

But James doesn't miss with a HUGE flying clothesline of his own! The blue chipper knocks Aleczander over and then pitches him out of the ring, allowing Minute el Monstruo to attack.

DDK:

Fights breaking out all over this one to start with Minute and Dan Leo James taking control!

Dan looks at El Monstruo and nods as he ZIPS through the ropes at lightning-fast speed, CLOBBERING Aleczander The Great with a bullet-like suicide dive through the bottom and middle rope!

Lance:

Good lord! What speed by Minute... er, Minute el Monstruo!

The beastly luchador slides back into the ring and Dan Leo James holds the ropes down on the other side so Minute can take to the skies again, DIVING over the top rope on Aaron King with a huge tope con hilo to wipe out The Pensacola Playboy!

DDK:

We're off to a hot start so far! Titanes Familia getting the best of King and Aleczander with these dives from Minute!

Minute rolls back into the ring after his dive on Aaron King, then rolls and climbs onto the shoulders of Dan Leo James! They both raise an arm to the skies as the crowd cheers them on!

Lance:

Dan and Minute doing very well for themselves in the early going! Neither man expected this!

When Minute sees him coming, Dan Leo James rolls to the outside and then measure up Aleczander The Great. He charges forward...

DDK:

DASH AND BASH!

He nails a stiff shoulder tackle that once again knocks the former Team HOSS member into the barricade!

DDK:

And James finding the inner monster of his own! He has payback on Aaron King coming for that loss on UNCUT a few weeks ago!

Dan goes around the other side and Morrow rushes out of the way...

DDK:

ANOTHER DASH AND BASH! JAMES ON FIRE!

King gets knocked over and rolls backwards while James poses for the crowd and frantically beats on his chest. The 6'7" and 260-pound three-sport athlete picks up King and then throws him back into the ring! The LA Faithful are cheering on Danny Three Sports as he stomps around ringside and beats on his chest like an animal!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd! They've been hot all last night and tonight!

DDK:

Dan taking the action back inside!

The Young Titan rolls back into the ring and he makes the tag to Minute el Monstruo. The (alleged) 7'5" monster scales the top rope with the greatest of ease while Dan stands in front of the turnbuckle. The former two-time Unified and Favoured Saints Champion rolls off the shoulders of his partner and then connects with a senton across the chest of King!

DDK:

Oooh! Great teamwork as always by Titanes Familia! Cover by Minute el Monstruo!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout by King! Morrow is still angry at ringside while he yells at Aleczander The Great to get back up and head to his corner. The former Team HOSS member wants to argue, but he knows there's a job at stake so he does as he's told.

Lance:

The relationship between Morrow and his once-former client is still a little strained. He left Aleczander and the rest of Team HOSS high and dry to bring Uriel Cortez into DEFIANCE at DEFCON 2018 and we saw how that went.

DDK:

Morrow is a "what have you done for me lately?" kind of guy. Always looking for the next big thing even when he's got good clients in front of him.

Aleczander rests on the apron as Minute el Monstruo "steps" over King's chest in a giant type fashion... then follows that up with a standing corkscrew moonsault and another cover.

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

He tries to pick him up again. Minute rears back and tries another kick, but King ducks and then drills El Monstruo with a pair of stiff forearm shivers to the back of the head! The Pensacola Playboy is still reeling from behind jumped at a tossed around and beaten down for the past little bit, but he kicks Minute and then drops him with a quick snap suplex.

DDK:

King now taking over! Snap suplex and he goes for a knee drop... no!

El Monstruo rolls out of the way! He rolls back to the corner and allows Dan Leo James to make the tag. Minute gets booted by The Pensacola Playboy and whipped into the ropes. King charges at him, but Minute slips through the ropes with a running tiger feint kick that catches Aaron in the stomach. He doubles over as Dan Leo James runs into the ring then picks him up on his shoulders...

Dan Leo James:

YEET!

And then dumps him on the mat with a throwing back body drop!

DDK:

Great combo of moves there by James and Minute el Monstruo!

Minute returns to the corner while Dan Leo James sees King near the ropes and steps on his back like a giant! He does so... then Minute el Monstruo joins in by jumping into the ring on top of King! Rex Knox warns them to both leave the ring, but they're too busy being giants to hear him!

DDK:

Minute said he was going to show Dan Leo James how to be a monster! He's keeping his promise!

Once Minute leaves and they step off a hurt Aaron King, James brings his hand up to call for a chokeslam! He reaches down and grabs King's neck!

Lance:

He's got King! Does he finally know how to hit this chokeslam variation he claims he's been working on for the past

few months?

Dan grabs him by the throat, but before he can do anything more, Morrow jumps on the ring apron and yells at James. When Minute climbs off the apron, The BFTA Brainchild moves away from ringside with Rex Knox yelling him to get away. That allows King to jab James in the eye with a thumb! Dan yells out and King makes the tag to Aleczander The Great in a hurry so the big man can deal with the other big man.

The Mancunian Muscle comes in and grabs Dan before he dumps him through the ropes to take the action outside. The former World Trios Champion climbs out and then RAMS Dan by the back into the ring apron! James cries out in pain, but things get even worse for him when he spins him around to ram him into the guardrail!

DDK:

Aleczander The Great doing a number on James now!

Minute el Monstruo yells at both Morrow and Knox, but their attention is still diverted while Aleczander rocks The Young Titan. He beats on him across the back with a few clubbing blows and King comes off the ring apron to help with a double-team Irish whip...

BAM!

...Right into the guardrail a second time!

DDK:

They're working over that back! Aaron King likes to use that elevated boston crab that he calls The Pensacola Crab! Smart thinking!

Lance:

And a sore back may hamper that power and speed James boasts as well!

Aleczander gets into the ring with King and then tags out to The Pensacola Playboy. Both men head into the ring for Aleczander to give the legal tag to Aaron King. The partying technician climbs inside and measures Dan Leo James on the outside. He winks at Minute and then shows that he can fly as well... SUICIDE DIVE!

DDK:

Oooh! King wipes out James with that dive on the outside! Great precision by the young man!

King gets back up and then tries to drag the large James back to his feet. He pushes him underneath the ropes and into the ring. But instead of going right away for the action, Tom Morrow hands him his unfinished drink so he can polish it off.

Lance:

Uh... now isn't the time to be whetting your whistle. Win the match!

Aleczander looks impatient at the young Aaron King wasting precious seconds instead of heading inside. King tells him he's got this, then climbs inside as Dan Leo James tries to get back up. His pained back is slowing him down, but King slows him down even more with a lungblower! James collapses to the canvas and cradles his back with his left hand while King has the chance to go for the pin. He shoots the half on James into a cover!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

James kicks out, but Aaron King keeps on the attack. He tags Aleczander The Great back into the ring and the

gruesome twosome of BFTA (or BFTA-affiliated muscle in Aleczander's case) slip Danny through the middle and top rope. Aleczander holds him out and then looks out to the crowd... then starts BEATING on his chest with a number of brutal forearms!

DDK:

Aleczander beat down Minute with this move! He calls this Clangin' and Bangin' and it's putting a hurt on him right now.

Lance:

Aleczander is more focused on the win in particular. He's wanted to come back to the main roster, but after his shady and destructive history in DEFIANCE, they've only had him in BRAZEN. He's a vet that can do a lot of good, but chooses not to.

Aleczander hits the multiple clubbing forearms to the chest until Knox orders him to stop. He lets go of James and then with a boost, he hoists him up over the ropes and bring Danny Three Sports back into the ring with a vicious vertical suplex! James howls out in pain again as Aleczander floats right over into a cover!

DDK:

Full-time roster return for Aleczander if he wins! Cover on James!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Another kickout! The guts on display from this kid is great, but King and Aleczander have taken over completely.

He kicks out, but Aleczander is not done! He hooks the head of James, and he tries to fight back! He hits him with a big fist to the stomach, but Aleczander brings a knee up in return to stop him from fighting back further. He tags King, who starts climbing the turnbuckles as Aleczander whips James. He plants him in the ring with a big scoop powerslam off the ropes, then moves...

DDK:

What a great move! But now where does he go from here?

King then positions himself up top and then flies off with the King's Landing elbow drop!

DDK:

King's Landing from Aaron King! That's how he beat James on UNCUT!

The Pensacola Playboy hooks the far leg and counts along with Rex Knox!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... SHOULDER UP!

King looks stunned that James kicked out this time!

Lance:

The Young Titan showing off his own toughness tonight! But can Dan Leo James fight back?

Minute is in the corner wanting a tag when King stands up and talks trash to James as he's down.

Aaron King:

Nobody's talking to you, short-shit!

King then tags Aleczander The Great! King delivers an elbow to the back of James, then Aleczander rolls away to drag him back to the corner... then sits on his back! He grabs the arms...

DDK:

BPI locked in! Aleczander has been using this elevated camel clutch to win matches!

The British Power International from Aleczander The Great is locked in tight and he cranks the neck of Dan, trying to get him to submit! The crowd is cheering him on while James tries to fight!

Lance:

And a lot of damage has been done to that back! Can he get free?

The Young Titan tries to fight his way out, despite Aleczander having more or less the same weight as him! Aleczander cranks back.

Aleczander The Great:

Tap out, you little wanker! Tap out so I can me a job again!

Morrow is giddy that it looks like BFTA can at least have a good night tonight... but that happy look gets washed away quickly when Dan Leo James starts to surge to life!

DANNY!

DANNY!

DANNY!

DANNY!

Minute el Monstruo steps on the middle rope from his corner and slaps the apron, encouraging more chants! Dan gets to one knee... then two... then POWERS himself up with Aleczander The Great on his back!

DDK:

No way! NO WAY! That raw power of James is amazing!

King freaks out when James is on his feet and has Aleczande on his shoulders! He tries to get into the ring...

AND JAMES THROWS ALEczANDER RIGHT AT KING!

DDK:

Whoa! That was scary strength! He uses Aleczander as a projectile and throws him right at King!

Lance:

That took a lot of strength out of James! That back has taken a beating from these two! Minute needs to get in!

Dan Leo James falls to the canvas after using the last of his current strength for a HOSS-like act of his own. James moves forward and crawls towards Minute. Morrow is on the outside again, yelling at either King or Aleczander to get back up and fight back, but they're still out of it. Meanwhile, James is close...

TAG TO MINUTE!

DDK:

Minute is in!

Minute el Monstruo starts to slowly climb the ropes like he's a giant stepping over... then leaps forward with a missile dropkick that knocks the rising Aaron King out of the ring! Minute kips to his feet and stares up at a rising Aleczander, kicking the legs of the big man to try and chop him down. Aleczander gets back up and pushes Minute to the ropes, but he bounces off one set of the ropes...

Then comes back with a HUGE handspring enzuigiri kick that brings Aleczander down to one knee!

Lance:

We say this virtually every time that Minute is in the ring... but look at him go!

Minute has The Mancunian Muscle down to one knee, then runs the ropes again. Off the rebound, Aleczander HURLS him up in the air! He waits for him on the way down, but Minute shifts in mid-air and dropkicks Aleczander in the face, once again sending the big man back to the ropes. El Monstruo kips back to his feet and then charges with a hook of Aleczander's head, doing a full rotation off the ropes for his famous Interceptor DDT!

DDK:

Interceptor by Minute! He covers Aleczander!

ONE...

TWO...

SAVED BY KING!

King jumps back into the ring and then tackles Minute off of his partner! Morrow breaths a sigh of relief at the moment.

DDK:

Minute almost with the win there, but King saves him!

Lance:

Now King trying to attack Minute!

He strikes Minute with a pair of solid right hands and drops the luchador to the mat before staggering back to the corner. He holds out his hand and gets the legal tag from Aleczander before climbing inside and trying to get Minute El Monstruo into his grip...

DDK:

Can he lock up The Monster in The Pensacola Crab?

He tries, but Minute fights him with his other leg. When he's wobbling back, he changes it up and then tries to catapult him into the corner... but Minute lands on his feet on the second rope, then leaps backwards and hits a double foot stomp on his chest!

DDK:

Oooh! What a counter to the catapult!

Minute reaches over and sits on the top turnbuckle before making the tag to Dan Leo James. Dan climbs in and then grabs Minute in an electric chair position. Both men raise their hands up and the crowd cheers along as they wait for King to get up.

Lance:

What the hell are they thinking here? Another double-team?

Dan Leo James has a hand up... then grabs King by the throat! Minute is still on his shoulders when he picks up King...

then Minute grabs him by the throat so he can hit the chokeslam on King! The crowd cheers the absurdity of Minute el Monstruo as he poses with Dan!

DDK:

What the hell was that? That was crazy!

And it gets worse when Dan Leo James picks up Minute and drops him across the chest of King with a diving senton!

Lance:

They finish the combo!

While the members of Titanes Familia both celebrate, King is out and makes the tag back to Aleczander The Great, who sneaks in! He tackles James into Minute el Monstruo and knocks him down...

DDK:

No! Aleczander with the spinebuster! That's it!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

James kicks out in the nick of time, but Aleczander is angry!

DDK:

Aleczander almost got a full-time roster spot there! But he's not done!

The Mancunian Muscle picks up Dan again and then tries what looks like a second spinebuster, but Dan hits a double sledge to the chest of Aleczander... then CRACKS him in the chest with his patented Fastball Chop! Aleczander crumbles to a knee, stunned as Dan hooks him by the throat! He pulls him back to the corner... HOISTS Aleczander up and then runs forward to SPIKE him down with a souped-up running chokeslam out from the corner that gets him a HUGE pop from the crowd!

DDK:

That's it! That's the move! Great strength to hold Aleczander up like that a running chokeslam out from the corner!

The LA Faithful count with James as he hooks both legs of Aleczander! King tries to break the cover up, but Minute hits him with a sliding dropkick to the chest!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

Dan sits up and raises his hand in the air after dunking Aleczander The Great with the modified chokeslam variation!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Lance:

Amazing showing by Minute el Monstruo and Dan Leo James! James has been claiming to work on some silly variation of a chokeslam... but there was nothing silly about that at all! He dropped Aleczander The Great with that move and showed great strength!

DDK:

That he did! Dan Leo James wins his first pay-per-view match since joining the main roster! Meanwhile, Aleczander's dream of rejoining the main roster has cold water poured on it!

Dan Leo James smiles like the giant dork that he is and along with Minute el Monstruo, the (alleged) seven-foot five luchador raises a hand along with him, but makes sure to pose on the ropes as to appear taller than his 6'7" tag partner.

DDK:

Titanes Familia take the fight to Better Future Talent Agency and go two for two!

Aleczander is still down while Dan Leo James and Minute el Monstruo leave the ring to celebrate. But an angry Aaron King looks on at Aleczander The Great!

Lance:

ACTS of DEFIANCE has not been kind to Better Future Talent Agency! They lose the Unified Tag Titles, Alvaro de Vargas loses to Masked Violator #1... now this...

DDK:

Wait... what is Aaron King doing?

King goes into the ring with Aleczander trying to pick himself up. He offers a hand to the BRAZEN star trying to get back his full-time status...

DDK:

Wow, that's... that's surprisingly nice of King.

When he starts to pull Aleczander back up... HE SPITS ALCOHOL IN HIS FACE! Then SMASHES a bottle over his head!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! AARON KING JUST SPIT THAT WHISKEY IN HIS FACE AND SMASHED THAT GLASS OVER HIS HEAD!

Aleczander collapses to the mat in a bloody heap with King looking down at him.

Aaron King:

Go back to BRAZEN, you steroid-loving dip-shit!

Tom Morrow yells at Aaron King and tells him to go. He shakes his head as he and King leave ringside.

DDK:

I guess Aleczander was right to be skeptical of trusting Tom Morrow! He loses the match for his team and he just paid for it!

Lance:

In a loss tonight, Aaron King showing why he's been labeled as "Pretty Dangerous!"

King leaves with Morrow and the two start to talk some sort of other business as the show moves on to ads for the next big show offering of DEFIANCE Road!

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. MATT LaCROIX

DDK:

A bad moon is rising here at ACTS of DEFIANCE as Matt LaCroix has returned to DEFIANCE to take back what he feels like is his Southern Heritage Championship.

Lance:

In his way? Vae Victis's own Henry Keyes. The current DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion has been dominating DEFIANCE along with the rest of his teammates. What do we expect to see here, Darren?

DDK:

The Reaper on the Pontchartrain has come back CLEARLY injured, Lance, but so far has been very impressive on his return. He holds wins over Kerry Kuroyama and over the team of Keyes & Butcher Victorious after Oscar Burns decided he wasn't going to compete once Rezin got involved.

Lance:

Yeah, I was kind of hoping to see Osca...

Lights Out.

The Los Angeles Faithful begin to cheer as smoke rises from the entrance. A red light pulsates in the smoke when a guitar chord echoes through the arena. Inside the pulsating red light is the silhouette of a man in a kneeling position. As the introduction continues, the man rises to his feet seemingly fiddling with something on his right arm before grasping a coin hanging from his neck..

It begins with them, but it ends with me...
♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed & Cambria ♪

As the beat kicks in the man bursts through the smoke and into the view of the Faithful. A steampunk inspired gasmask is under a gray tattered hood with a red handprint across the mask. The usual well-traveled black denim vest with Henry Keyes's old gear-inspired leather brace on his right arm, Matt LaCroix surveys the Faithful before marching towards the ring, chanted to his domain from all-around him.

HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from New Orleans, Louisiana, the challenger! Weighing in at 242 pounds. He is DEFIANCE's First Favoured Saint, MAAAAAAAATT LAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIX!

DDK:

Behind LaCroix on the DEFIatron you can see a crimson moon, Lance. Matt shocked DEFIANCE by returning from injury a month or so ago under a series of bad moon rising vignettes, seemingly stating his case that a bad moon was rising over whoever currently held the Southern Heritage Championship

Lance:

And boy was he right, like I was going to say I was looking forward to seeing Oscar Burns and Matt LaCroix go for a round in the ring. Arguably DEFIANCE's two best pure ring technicians would've been something to remember.

DDK:

But how much of that can Matt rely on with his brachial plexus injury suffered at the hands of Scrow? Still not 100% recovered. Very noticeable from everyone, he might've used his FTW on the last episode of DEFtv but he's just been nearly unable to lock that move in, instead opting for a kneebar and power Achilles submission he calls the Peacemaker.

Lance:

Well he's going to have to figure it out, Darren. Matt LaCroix is a hell of a striker, possibly one of DEFIANCE's best, but having the game plan that you're going to go into the ring and out-strike Henry Keyes is a recipe for disaster.

Inside the ring, Matt LaCroix marches past Carla Ferrari and goes to the top rope where he pulls the steampunk inspired gas mask off of his face to reveal the same handprint face paint underneath, as has become typical for big-match LaCroix. Southern Strong Style drops the gas mask to ringside and drops his vest down to the canvas and motions for a belt around his waist.

DDK:

The Reaper of the Pontchartrain has made no secrets, this is a business transaction, Lance. He has no personal grudge against Henry Keyes, the man just has something he feels is his and he's come to take it back.

Lance:

He says as he's wearing Keyes' old armband on his injured right arm. It may not have started as personal, but Henry Keyes has certainly taken exception to LaCroix's self-assumed march to destiny. This match is going to be BRUTAL.

The lights go out in the arena. We hear a new sound...the slow light tinkling sounds of a music box with a bit of a melancholy tune as the DEFIatron shows a red fuzzy caterpillar crawling along the stem of a leafy plant, before a ¾-time acoustic guitar riff kicks in.

♪ "Father of Death" by The Protomen ♪

As the beat picks up, we see a rapidly sped-up clip of the caterpillar forming a chrysalis around itself, now hanging from the stem. An image of the steampunk-inspired medical bed Henry Keyes laid in for months flashes. We then see old footage on the DEFIatron, with Conor Fuse hopping up and down in the ring - cut to a Coin from Henry Keyes, then cut to Keyes holding the Favoured Saints belt high, SCREAMING into the microphone in his notable post-match promo.

*What have I done?
Though I did not pull the trigger, I built the gun
That he holds in his hand*

Then, the chrysalis starts to split. The DEFIatron continues with Rezin sliding around in the ring - a Coin to the face. Leyenda de Ocho, in his White Hat gear, gracefully moving around Keyes like a matador - Coin. Alvaro de Vargas raging with fiery power - Coin.

*Last night I dreamed
I climbed to the top of a mountain of metal
For miles I could see the destruction of man*

As we see the closing moments of his SOHER win over Scrow, Keyes with his eyes closed and pumping his fist to himself while lying flat on the mat, we then see the chrysalis begin to split, and a faint hint of red, black, and white tentacles emerge...

I will not be the Father of Death.

The music cuts out and the tron goes dark. Then finally...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The dread piano chords hum in your ribcage. Red and white beacons flood the arena, and it looks like they may have added a smoke machine or dry ice to the budget tonight because the rampway is filled with smoky mist. We cut to the ringside front row area and see the rest of Vae Victis on hand, all with big grins. Oscar Burns leans over and whispers something into Kerry Kuroyama's ear that clearly pops him, while Lindsay Troy nudges Clay Byrd and gestures

towards the smoke - lip readers can catch Clay say "spooky as shit". We can just catch Butcher Victorious whooping and hollering several seats away as we cut back to the ramp.

Keyes's leather eyepatch/face wrap is all white this time, and he wears a long white leather coat with red lining and silver buttons. His long tights are matching white with a series of black gears running up the outer thighs, and his boots are cardinal red.

Gotta love Special PPV Gear.

Sonny Silver walks out onto the stage and cranks his neck.

Sonny Silver:

Oh, Matt LaCroix... you gimpy swamp rat. We've all heard the tale of the one-legged man in an ass-kicking contest, but a one-and-a-half armed man? Taking that title from Henry Keyes? You're even more brain damaged than you sound when you talk.

He shakes his head with an extra "tsk, tsk, tsk" sound effect between his lips.

Sonny Silver:

You aren't just standing across from one of the toughest bastards in DEFIANCE... you're standing across the ring from THE toughest bastard in DEFIANCE! He destroyed the best of the best up and coming stars to retain the Favoured Saints title and then broke another one to win the Southern Heritage Championship... the same title that he's about to BREAK you down for! Let me introduce your reigning, defending, and MURDERING Southern Heritage Champion...

He points at the defending champ.

Sonny Silver:

HENRY... THE BY GOD KRAKEN... KEYES!

The Southern Heritage Championship is strapped tightly around Keyes's waist as he slowly makes his way down the ramp.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

A little on the nose with that imagery, wouldn't you say?

DDK:

Let's be frank, Lance - Henry Keyes is not and has never been a subtle man. He takes the fight to you. We saw him give his old arm brace to Matt LaCroix, a clear jab at the injury we spoke on earlier - but he didn't sneak attack LaCroix, he didn't leave a horse's head on his pillow or anything else like that. Henry Keyes may be disrespectful as hell these days, like ALL of Vae Victis - but he'll disrespect you to your face.

Keyes tosses his coat to a ring attendant and hands the championship belt to referee Carla Ferrari, who holds it aloft.

Lance:

This is a major test for both men - both are pillars of DEFIANCE's past AND present.

DING DING

DDK:

And here... we... GO!

As the bell rings, the Kraken paces to the middle of the ring taking a circling Matt LaCroix off-guard. Unguarded. Unafraid. Henry Keyes slaps himself on the chest and tells Southern Strong Style to take his best shot. The Reaper of

the Pontchartrain cocks his head to the side in confusion as Keyes continues to try to convince him to take the first shot. A freebie. A smirk crosses the face of LaCroix as he marches up to the slightly taller, slightly wider champion. Henry tells him to bring pride to that discarded armban-

SMACK!

The sound of LaCroix's off-hand chop reverberates around the Pauley Pavilion and even the Kraken winces unexpectedly but doesn't stagger.

Lance:

CHRIST ALMIGHTY!

DDK:

If this is where we start, where do we end, Lance?!

Lance:

I shudder just HEARING that!

Keyes laughs after impact, impressed and amused. LaCroix can almost be heard telling the champion he's got more from where that came from before hitting another less impactful chop. Keyes quickly returns the favor, peppering in some body shots and back elbows of his own turning LaCroix's momentum against him and backing him into the corner before raising his hand above his head and crashing it down across the chest of DEFIANCE's First Favoured Saint!

SMACK!

Instinctively Matt covers his chest and stumbles out of the corner before the Kraken grabs him and throws him back into the corner and delivers a stiff European uppercut. LaCroix fights back with a stiff forearm of his own, trading blows with the champion before Carla calls for a rope break. Keyes puts his arms into the air as if he's letting Matt get a breather before slamming another unexpected crushing chop across the chest of LaCroix.

SMACK!

The blow takes him off-guard and knocks him to a kneeling position before Keyes goes in further with a knee strike. Carla continues to warn the champion as he places his boot across the back of the challenger's head and pushes his neck across the bottom rope. A quick count to five and Henry takes a few steps back, satisfied with the damage dealt in the exchange

DDK:

Keyes with an early advantage here

Lance:

And look - he's got his hand to his ear, begging for more boos from this crowd.

The Faithful oblige as Keyes smirks on. LaCroix immediately explodes out of the corner and takes Keyes down with a double leg! After raining down a few blows to the mush, Keyes covers up - LaCroix springs into action and drives a knee right into Keyes's kidney! Another knee! He then moves further down and lifts Keyes's right leg - driving ANOTHER knee to the thigh! He goes for a cover!

ONE!

TW-kickout by Keyes!

Keyes senses the momentum shifting away from him and scrambles to get up as fast as possible, and before either man is totally stable on their feet, he throws a knee of his own into LaCroix's breadbasket!

Lance:

Knee strikes on full display from both men!

DDK:

It's sound strategy from both men - they're powerful strikes from any wrestler in DEFIANCE, but with these two, they're absolutely devastating weapons!

With that knee, LaCroix is forced down to a knee. Keyes runs to the ropes to gain momentum, bounces off, and attempts to throw a knee strike into LaCroix's chest - LaCroix catches the leg! Keyes splats to the mat!

Lance:

Lance saw that coming a mile away!

DDK:

And he's wrenching in a single leg Boston Crab here!

LaCroix pulls back on the right leg he kneed earlier and Ferrari checks on Keyes who wags a finger at her to assure her that no, indeed, he is not ready to quit - though he does slam a fist to the mat in frustration. Keyes eyes the nearest rope and tries to army crawl in that direction, LaCroix fighting to hold his position in the middle of the ring. Soon, Keyes's upper body strength seems to start winning this tug of war, so LaCroix lifts Keyes's leg with a burst of energy and slams his knee into the mat, breaking the hold. Keyes yelps in pain and continues his crawl to the ropes, now more as an aid to get vertical than to break the hold.

LaCroix sees that he did some damage and starts throwing elbow strikes into Keyes's calf and thigh as he makes it to the ropes - Ferrari begins the five count, and LaCroix honorably separates from Keyes before it gets to three. Keyes looks across at LaCroix and slaps at his right leg, with a look of concern that quickly flashes into a cocky sneer, and he mockingly dusts off his thigh with his fingertips.

Lance:

Mind games from the champion here?

DDK:

You can't convince me that Keyes feels NOTHING in that leg - but if he's hurting, he sure as heck won't let LaCroix know.

Keyes strides toward the center of the ring again, just like he did at the start of the match, and stretches his arms out wide to invite another "free shot" to the challenger. LaCroix raises his eyebrow and gives a slight shrug of "your funeral, bud" before delivering a thunderous chop with his off-hand!

SMACK!!!

At this, Keyes winces pretty notably and even bends down a bit - before surging forward and going nose-to-nose with LaCroix! The two start jaw-jacking, and the Faithful are FOR it. Soon, Keyes begins animatedly pointing at LaCroix's dominant arm - the *injured* arm - and insists LaCroix hit him with THAT one instead, "if he's so hard". LaCroix, unsure what Keyes has planned, begins to wind up another chop with his off hand - and Keyes quickly steps back and leans himself over the ropes, shaking his head to the crowd and giving the Dikembe Mutombo finger waggle to a chorus of boos.

Lance:

Keyes wants to see how much strength LaCroix's got in that right arm!

DDK:

More head games - offering a free shot, but only with the hurt arm! LaCroix shouldn't let Keyes dictate the play here - his game plan of attacking the leg seemed to be working!

Lance:

You're right about that game plan - it may be the reason Keyes is looking to change course here!

LaCroix is heated and goes to pull Keyes from the ropes, but Ferrari pulls him back and gives a warning. Keyes turns around and smirks at this, points to his chest and once again to LaCroix's right arm. LaCroix looks out to the Faithful, almost polling the audience to see if he should do this. He slowly lifts his right arm and looks out again as Keyes offers his chest, arms extended. The crowd vocally eggs LaCroix on to take this offer, and he begins to shake that arm, almost vibrating - he pulls back for a big swing!

...

KEYES CATCHES IT! The crowd boos so very very loudly at the subterfuge as Keyes traps the arm, twists his hips, and tosses LaCroix with a big arm drag. LaCroix immediately grabs for his right arm, and Keyes wastes no time to launch himself at the challenger, gaining top mount control, and hammering down fists - not at LaCroix's face, but at that right arm. After a barrage of strikes, he presses his weight on LaCroix's shoulders, particularly the right one, as Carla Ferrari counts the pin!

ONE!

TWO! KICKOUT!!

LaCroix shoots up the left arm and twists, causing Keyes to fall off of him.

Lance:

You were right, Keebs - The Kraken laid the trap and nearly scored the victory off of it!

DDK:

LaCroix is full of heart and full of that competitive drive - Keyes may have to surgically REMOVE that injured arm before he'll quit this thing!

Keyes looks to keep pressing and lifts LaCroix up by the head and the right shoulder. LaCroix is visibly in pain, but throws strikes to Keyes's ribs with his good arm - until Keyes is able to gain firm control underneath each of LaCroix's shoulders. He takes a step, bends, and lifts with the legs -

HURLING LaCroix across the ring with a Biel throw!

...

LACROIX LANDS ON HIS FEET!!

Lance:

Are you kidding me??

DDK:

What body control!

RAHHHHHHHHHH!

Keyes is BEWILDERED at this, and makes his way to where LaCroix's splatted body should have been - LaCroix ducks a wild haymaker, and with amazing technical precision, positions himself near Keyes's legs - and LIFTS! Keyes is startled by this and tries throwing down strikes while he's in the air, but LaCroix powers through it and charges to the corner!

Lance:

BOURBON STREET BOMB!

DDK:

Here's the cover!!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

LaCroix caught Keyes off guard with that one - who even lands on their feet after a throw like that??

DDK:

Don't ask me how he did it, Lance - look! He's going for a knee bar!

Indeed, LaCroix has Keyes's right ankle hooked under his good arm and the rest of his leg hooked in a painful-looking knee bar submission attempt. This time, Keyes is not so flippant with Carla Ferrari when she asks him if he's had enough. This time, his face shows just how deeply painful this hold is. Fortunately for him, the Bourbon Street Bomb left the pair closer to the edges of the ring than the center, and after a few excruciating moments, Keyes is able to claw his way to the bottom rope, forcing the break. LaCroix releases at three and a half this time.

Keyes is slow to get to his feet and is noticeably unsteady on that right leg. LaCroix seems to be measuring the champ as he rises up, using the ropes for balance, before he charges forward, looking for a clubbing lariat - Keyes drops and pulls the top rope with him! LaCroix is sent tumbling over the ropes to the outside. Keyes's eye goes wide as he sees the opportunity presented to him, and he quickly pulls LaCroix up from the floor, brings him over a few paces, and launches him into the ring steps!

THUNK!!

LaCroix's right shoulder barrels into the metal steps, dislodging them from the corner. Boos rain down on Keyes as he stalks his prey, lifting him once again, and throwing LaCroix's right ring squarely into the ring post - and again! Carla Ferrari is already deep into her ten count, reaching six at this point, and as LaCroix's dead arm dangles from its socket, Keyes grabs him and throws him under the bottom rope and into the ring. Keyes hops up onto the apron, though he winces and clutches briefly at his right thigh. Gingerly, he makes his way to the top rope as LaCroix cradles his injured arm.

Lance:

We don't see Keyes go to the top rope very often these days...

DDK:

Looks like he's going for the kill with whatever he's got planned here.

The crowd is on their feet as Keyes stands on the top turnbuckle. He winces again, and then slaps his right thigh twice, **HARD**, before looking at his Vae Victis comrades in the front row and muttering "fuck it" to himself. He leaps...

DIVING KNEE DROP ONTO LACROIX'S INJURED ARM!!**OHHHHHHHHHH!!**

One imagines that scene in Anchorman where Ron Burgundy jumps into the bear pit and whispers "I immediately regret this decision". LaCroix's arm is devastated, sure - but so is Keyes's right knee. Both men are writhing on the ground clutching the parts that hurt them so very badly right now.

Lance:

Big gamble from Keyes there!

DDK:

Especially because he uses that knee when he gives his opponents two Coins for the River Styx!

Lance:

You're absolutely right on the nose with that observation - his biggest weapon requires that knee, and it's looking like a major problem he'll have to deal with for the rest of the match!

As both men continue to writhe on the ground in their own individual Pain Bubbles, Carla Ferrari begins a ten count. LaCroix is the first to take real notice of this, and at about five or six, he's made it to his feet. Keyes is still struggling to get up. Seeing this, and still holding his wounded arm, LaCroix runs across the ring and delivers a crushing knee into Keyes's ribs! He gets to his feet, another crushing knee to the ribs! He drops for a cover, hooking the near leg with his good arm!

ONE!

TWO! NOOOOOO!

Keyes uses his tremendous arm strength to push LaCroix completely off of him and uses the ropes to get vertical. Still limping hard on that right leg, he lurches forward in an awkward but very brutal jerking angle - AND CRASHES HIS LEFT KNEE INTO LACROIX'S FACE! He's unable to get up for a follow-up knee and instead goes for a cover of his own!

ONE!

TWO! NOOOOOO!

LaCroix's kickout is a bit less enthusiastic than Keyes's was as they awkwardly roll to the edge of the ring, and Keyes takes the opportunity to trap the injured right arm into a Kimura Lock!

Lance:

THIS MAY DO IT! LACROIX IS HOWLING IN PAIN!

DDK:

Who the hell taught Keyes how to do a Kimura??

Lance:

Oscar Burns, maybe?

The violent up and down heaving of LaCroix's whole body, almost by instinct, helps edge him closer and closer to the ropes, and eventually he's FINALLY able to drape a foot over the bottom rope! Carla begins the five count for Keyes to break, and he responds by wrenching DEEPER!

Carla Ferrari:

...TWO! THREE!! FOUR!!! HENRY -

Keyes lets go at the very thin border between 4.9 and 5, and Carla admonishes Keyes thoroughly for this rule-bending. Keyes quickly goes back in and tries to lock in another arm submission as LaCroix smartly wraps himself around the middle and bottom ropes, and at this point, Carla, despite being significantly smaller than the Kraken, physically interjects and forces Keyes to step back. Keyes is aghast, and ringside microphones catch him saying something about "overstepping the boundaries of your duty here". Carla's having none of it. As Keyes and Carla finally separate, LaCroix charges in with thunderous shots using his left arm! A flurry of strikes! He gets Keyes into the ropes and whips him across the ring - Keyes rebounds - KNEE TO KEYES'S BREADBASKET that sends him ass over teakettle! LaCroix immediately goes for a cover, but before he can cinch it in, Keyes gains control of the weakened arm and twists it hard!

Keyes pulls LaCroix down to the mat with him using the injured arm, and maintaining wrist control, he twists it more and more as he gets to his feet! Carla begins to check on LaCroix, who furiously shakes his head, just as Keyes grabs the second arm...

CRRRRRACK!

Lance:

COIN!

DDK:

AND A COVER! THIS MIGHT DO IT!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THRE-NOOOOOOOOOOO!!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

LaCroix kicks out! The challenger is still in this thing!

DDK:

And look at the Kraken's face! He threw EVERYTHING into that knee strike, and he's hurting badly!

Keyes fingerlocks both hands with LaCroix's while they both lay on the mat, and Keyes is able to at least get to his knees - he gets his left leg under himself and uses it to hop up. He's unable to put much weight on that right leg, and it's dangling under him. Nevertheless, he takes a moment, hopping on one leg, and measures his man.

Henry Keyes:

VAE VICTIS.

Keyes launches forward...

...

LACROIX DUCKS! THE KNEE COMPLETELY WHIFFS AND KEYES CRASHES TO THE GROUND! The crowd is on their feet at this! LaCroix scrambles up and begins throwing HELLACIOUS knees into the right thigh and knee of Keyes, and Keyes is HOWLING in pain! Satisfied that he's got Keyes right where he wants him, LaCroix rises to his feet and gives himself some distance. He stares down the champion and points his left index finger squarely at Keyes's head. The crowd gets to their feet. Keyes arduously gets up to one knee again.

LaCroix flies across the ring!

CRRRRRRRACK!!

Lance:

DESTRUCTION! IN! SPADES!

DDK:

JUST AN ABSOLUTELY BRUTAL KNEE TO KEYES'S DOME! THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THRE-AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Keyes is BARELY able to get a hand up and reach far enough to grab onto the bottom rope! Carla points to the rope and explains to a deeply disappointed LaCroix that the pin doesn't count!

Lance:

Henry Keyes is still in this match by the SKIN OF HIS TEETH!

DDK:

He's a salty vet, Lance - he knows what he has to do to survive when he's in the deep water!

LaCroix is fed up and grabs Keyes's feet, dragging him away from the ropes! He rains down crushing knee strikes wherever he can land them at this point - into the legs, into the back, into the shoulders - as Keyes covers up. After about ten such strikes, LaCroix has to catch his breath and gathers himself to one corner as Keyes crawls into another, still on the ground. The crowd gives raucous applause for the slugfest they're witnessing and sends LaCroix all the positive juju they have.

Lance:

Is Keyes bleeding?

DDK:

Oh yes - it looks like that DIS gave him a split right above his left eyebrow - that white eyepatch is starting to turn red!

Keyes gives his right leg a few more slaps and straight-up yells at it, almost like he's commanding it to do his bidding. He touches his fingers to the wet spot above his left eye and sees that it's blood. He glares across the ring at the challenger before wiping it across his own chest and stomping forward. LaCroix accepts the invitation and steps into the center of the ring himself. They press skulls into each other, and this time it's not words, it's not insults - it's just fucking YELLING. A brutal exchange follows.

Propellor Edge Chops! Hard off-hand frying-pan smacks!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!!!

SMACK!!!!

SSSSSSSSSMACK!!!!!!!!

Keyes REALLY winds up for that last one and sends LaCroix crashing into the mat with the biggest chop of the day! Both men's chests are turning a beet red. LaCroix rises up, and Keyes, with no pomp or circumstance at all, swings

LaCroix holds onto the Kneebar Inverted Heel Hook primarily with his left arm, though he tries using his right arm for extra leverage as much as he can - he's really only able to do so in short bursts, but that hold is in there. Keyes is HOWLING in pain! His hand wavers over the mat! Carla's right there, face to face with Henry, looking closely for the submission! LaCroix keeps the hold cinched in with his off arm, entangling his legs as best he can to try to grapevine the hold!

TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!

Lance:

I don't know how much more Keyes has left in the tank! He's nowhere near the ropes!

DDK:

We may have a new champ here -

Keyes furiously shakes his head, though his free hand is wavering like a leaf on a tree in late November. Carla is right in Keyes's face, well-positioned to witness the possible submission...

...but not what happens on the other side of the tangled bodies.

The Kraken's lower half begins to flail as well, and soon, his left leg starts frantically thrusting kicks and knees everywhere it can.

Including once, perhaps accidentally, into LaCroix's yambag.

The hold is still applied, but suddenly it's less solid.

The second knee was surely intentional. Carla can hear the boos, but with her line of sight she can only see Keyes refusing to tap out.

The third one, a full boot stomp at this point, causes LaCroix to wholly release the hold. Fans who aren't Vae Victis in the front rows point frantically to LaCroix, who is now crumpled in a fetal position, and try to explain what happened to Ferrari.

Lance:

Dirty low blows there from the champion! I can't believe it, Keebs!

DDK:

Carla can only call what she sees, and in her zeal, in her ARDOR to see the former Airship Pirate tap out, her view was obscured! I can't believe Keyes was able to get out of that one!

Keyes scrambles up, limping, and rains down a maelstrom of left-legged knees to his downed adversary. After five or six, his expression changes - the rage he had in his eyes has turned into a lightbulb going off. He chuckles to himself, though his eyebrows are in a decidedly downward angle. A malevolent chuckle, if you will.

The hands are locked again. Keyes is on his feet, again, while LaCroix is dazed. He thrusts forward, but this time at a decidedly different angle...

...

KRRRK!

Lance:

Was that a Coin to Matt LaCroix's injured arm??

DDK:

Oh no...I didn't like that sound one bit...

LaCroix is in too much pain at this point to even have the wherewithal to react. He's somewhere else, and his right arm looks...off. Keyes immediately wheels back again...

KRRRRRRRRK!

Lance:

NO! DAMMIT, DON'T DO THIS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

The fans are PISSED as Keyes directs a second Kamigoye knee strike into LaCroix's right arm, which at this point looks more like a spaghetti noodle. We barely have time to look at the thing just dangling there, before-

CRRRRRRRRRRRRACK!!!!

The second Coin to LaCroix's head.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

NOT LIKE THIS, HENRY!

Keyes's right leg may also be a bowl of mashed potatoes at this point, but gravity allows him to fall across LaCroix's chest and hook the far leg.

ONE!

TWO!

...

...

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner...and STILL, Southern Heritage Champion..."The Kraken". Henry Keyes.

The only people in the building who look happy are in the front row - Troy, Kuroyama, Burns, and Byrd (and several seats away, Butcher Victorious) - who are fully on their feet in raucous applause as the rest of the arena rains boos down.

Lance:

That's the most subdued I've ever heard Darren Quimbey announce a winning result for Henry Keyes in my life.

DDK:

I don't like it. I don't like what we just saw.

Lance:

That arm...I don't know how you come back from what we just saw. LaCroix's done it once before, but...

Medical staff, including Iris Davine, rush from the back and check on LaCroix's brutalized arm. Meanwhile, Keyes holds his Southern Heritage Championship high as he balances himself mostly on his left leg. The boos are omnipresent.

DDK:

Henry Keyes retains his Southern Heritage Championship. We will continue to hope everything is OK with Matt LaCroix's arm and we will alert you if there are any updates, but for now, it's almost Main Event time! We will be back after this.

FIST of DEFIANCE: DEACON (C) vs. LINDSAY TROY

DDK:

It's main event time, and the road to get here has been bumpy to say the least. The Queen of the Ring, and member of Vae Victis, Lindsay Troy's storied career has led her to championships throughout the world, including the FIST six years ago. To get this most recent opportunity, she had to fight through fifteen other competitors.

Lance:

Fourteen.

DDK:

Hm?

Lance:

There were fourteen. Brock Newbludd didn't show up, and as we learned last night, that was because Davey LaRue and his brother kidnapped him and held him in a cabin out in the swamp.

DDK:

Truly reprehensible. Thanks to SNS Superfan, Deb Warenstein, Brock was able to return in time to help Pat Cassidy against the Honor Society.

Lance:

Troy defeated Scrow, Elise Ares, Conor Fuse, and then Rezin to win the right to face Deacon in just a few moments. I did some research and she has only faced Deacon one time in her career. While their amount of time on the road has been quite similar, their way of driving that road has been quite different. Lindsay has competed all over the world in more than ten different wrestling companies, achieving titles in many. Deacon has competed in half as many, with extensive runs that included winning the top championship in the legendary CSWA, fWo, and now DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Deacon's run in DEFIANCE has been marked by personal tragedy and triumph. One would have to be living under a rock to not know what he endured, and for whom he dedicated this run as the FIST of DEFIANCE. It has remained his driving force throughout his time in DEFIANCE. Coming into this match, however, with the injury to Deacon's mouthpiece, Magdalena, the path to the PPV has taken a dark turn. Speculation has it that someone from Vae Victis did the deed.

Lance:

You ask Deacon, it's not speculation, it's a certainty.

DDK:

Vae Victis has denied all involvement, of course, but if you take a look at what they've done last night and tonight, there's no doubt that it's something they're absolutely capable of.

The camera cuts to ringside where Vae Victis sits. Henry Keyes, still in his ring gear and with a bandage over his left eyebrow, talks quietly with the group's newest member, Clay Byrd. Kerry Kuroyama is texting someone on his phone. Oscar Burns is watching Butcher Victorious make his way over to the group with an armful of beer and various concession offerings, trying not to drop any in the process.

The lights in the Pauley Pavilion cut out and the Faithful immediately get their cellphones out to bring some light to the darkness. A lone white light shines brightly down on the stage with Sonny Silver standing in the glow, wearing the same red suit he's been rocking over the course of the evening with the other Vae Victis outings. He raises his hand in the air and his OLD SKOOL MIC~! is lowered into it.

Sonny Silver:

Last night... Oscar Burns destroyed everyone's favorite back alley troll, Rezin, and we welcomed a Monster from Plainview into our fold. Earlier tonight... Dex Joy BARELY whizzed by Kerry Kuroyama, but his neck is going to remember that match. Henry Keyes held onto his Southern Heritage Title. And tonight, the coup de grace...

He makes a “belt” motion with his one hand.

Sonny Silver:

Lindsay Troy’s waist gets twenty pounds heavier because we’re not going to just take the torch out of Deacon’s hand... the winner of the ACTS Tournament is going to RIP IT right from his grip. There is no God, no Gods and no other deities that are going to save you or your title reign, Big Deac. Cause like Lindsay told you a couple of weeks ago... in between those four corners... SHE is your God now.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He waves a hand to the entrance.

Sonny Silver:

Let me introduce to you the winner of the ACTS Tournament and the SECOND member of Vae Victis to hold the FIST of DEFIANCE not once, but TWICE after tonight! YOUR Lady of the Hour! YOUR Queen of the Ring and YOUR next FIST of DEFIANCE...

He smirks like the asshole he is.

Sonny Silver:

LINDSAY! TROY!

♪ “Stranger Fruit” by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S

♪ *Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose...* ♪

Lindsay Troy strides slowly, confidently, through the curtain, a smirk as big as the Hollywood sign plastered on her face. She twirls slowly around, arms extended, showing off the visages on her jacket of everyone she’s conquered to get to this moment.

And there’s a big space, right in the middle, presumably reserved for Deacon.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Troy’s looking like the picture of confidence here as she and Sonny make their way down the ramp.

Lance:

She can have all the poise and determination in the world, but can she get the job done?

DDK

Vae Victis certainly think so, look.

Troy makes her way around the ring and bumps fists with every single member of her stable except Butcher Victorious before jumping onto the apron and slipping between the ropes. She sheds her coat and hands it off to Sonny, and it’s at this moment that everyone gets a good look at her ring gear: a replication of Michaelangelo’s “Last Supper” makes up her top, shorts, and kickpads, with Troy herself in the center and the other Vae Victis members to her left and right. In the background, Butch Vic is outside looking in the window.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I absolutely cannot believe this is the same Lindsay Troy that we've seen for the last two years, Lance.

Lance:

Ambition and desire changes people, Darren.

The crowd is buzzing and their boos turn to cheers as The Deacon marches through the curtain wearing no robe, decked only in his fighting gear. A few moments later...

♪ "The Resistance" by Skillet ♪

The music blares and the crowd pops for the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE. The Deacon takes no notice, the belt establishing him as the FIST dangling from his left hand while the right hand curls into a ready fist. His eyes never leave the Queen in the middle of the ring. Like a missile honed toward its target, the Deacon walks with purpose. In the annals of Deacon's entrances, this is the shortest in history. In record time, he arrives at the ringside area, where Sonny waits with a shit-eating grin.

Sonny Silver:

Hey, where's your little girl? Did she get our flowers or should we send them to the funeral home instead?

Deacon hadn't paid any attention to anything. He hadn't looked in any direction except the middle of the ring. With this comment, that changes immediately.

DDK:

Sonny Silver backing up quick now!

Lance:

Wouldn't you?

No answer came. What did come was Lindsay Troy launching herself at the Deacon with a Sasuke Special II. She crashes into the champ and the crowd pops again, maybe even louder as the fight commences.

DDK:

IT WAS A SETUP!

Lance:

You think? The Deacon should've kept his eyes where they were.

Laying on the mats outside the ring, Lindsay Troy kicks the downed Deacon with stiff shots. After a series of blows, Troy takes in the crowd. Some clap, cheer, but the earlier pop is now met with a cacophony of jeers. Lindsay smiles, gestures with her arms, and gives a curt bow.

DDK:

This crowd may respect Troy's athleticism, but they're giving her what-for now, Lance.

Lindsay shrugs and then sends another stiff kick to the Deacon, yelling at him, then dragging him to his knees by one arm. Another kick. Another. Each shot echoes through the arena. Another kick. Another kick. Another-

DDK:

Deacon's got the leg!

Lance:

Deacon's got the whole body!

Indeed, the Deacon hefts Troy straight up into a gorilla press. The crowd's boos change to cheers, drowning out the

Queen's screams of no. She tries to squirm, but the Deacon's grip holds her tight before tossing her over the top rope to crash down back inside the ring.

DDK:

Deacon stalking her now!

The Deacon gets on the apron, stepping over the top rope. Frantic, Lindsay Troy scrambles to her feet, running into the far ropes. Clothesline by Deacon! Big crowd pop. Troy back up! Clothesline. Bigger crowd pop. Back up. Clothesline. Still bigger crowd pop. Back up. Monster boot to the Queen's face. Monster crowd pop to match. The Deacon pulls Troy up by her hair, the Mute Freak yelling something, then hefting Troy into the air for another Gorilla Press, this time dropping her with a snake eyes on the top turnbuckle. Lindsay collapses in the corner. The Deacon pulls her up yet again, trapping her with his back before firing a series of hard back elbow shots to her head. He steps away. Troy staggers forward, straight into a side slam.

DDK:

Deacon with the first cover of the night!

ONE!

Deacon pulls Troy's head off the mat with a glare at the referee, Benny Doyle.

Lance:

The Mute Freak isn't ready to call it a night just yet. He pulls Troy STRAIGHT up with a vertical suplex. Still up. Still up. Walking around with the Queen. I haven't seen this hanging variety from him in many years.

Deacon drops. Lindsay arching her back, cradling it as she lays on the mat. Deacon back up, and he pulls Troy to her feet yet again. With a hard, Irish whip into the turnbuckles, Lindsay staggers forward into a hard boot to the gut.

DDK:

Oh my God!

The crowd's pop explodes as the Deacon hooks Troy's head between his knees and hits the Crucifix pose. The crowd has no time to react before he lifts the Queen of the Ring into the Crucifix powerbomb.

Lance:

The Deacon wasting no time tonight on going for the finish.

Sonny knows it too, jumping on the apron as a stunned Lindsay Troy seems totally out of it.

DDK:

ALTAR CALL!

Lindsay Troy crashes to the mat. The heat from the crowd's cheers grows more intense, but now mixed with disbelief. Lindsay Troy hits the mat and just as quickly rebounded from the impact to flip over the bottom rope and down to the mats below..

Lance:

That's the definition of a lucky bounce.

Sonny Silver runs over to Troy's side, checking on her, helping her up, while Vae Victis shout words of encouragement nearby. Inside the ring, the Deacon holds up one finger, and then two before pointing to himself and the far ropes. The crowd gasps as he hits those far ropes, dashing across the ring for the—

Lance:

He's going flying!

DDK:

MY DEATH IS GAIN!

Deacon's plancha over the top rope clears the top rope, as he's done so many times before.

Almost.

The Deacon's foot catches the top rope. He careens, uncontrolled, into the edge of the ring before collapsing to the mats. The air leaves the crowd and the arena.

DDK:

Good God! He's... that's--

Lance:

We probably need to get the doctors down here.

DDK:

He's certainly missed that move over the years, but never like that. Something's not right down here.

Lance:

Somebody needs to get Iris.

DDK:

Uhm... uh-- Troy is coming to. Sonny's talking to her, and she seems to be regaining her composure. Uhm... This is bad.

Lance:

We need a doctor!

But the doctors don't come. Benny Doyle slides out of the ring and next to the Deacon.

Lance:

We don't need a ref. We need a doctor.

Lindsay Troy, now fully recovered, grins, laughs, and gestures to the belt and then her waist. This draws bigger and bigger jeers from the crowd.

DDK:

Finally! Medical staff are here!

Iris Davine slides down next to Deacon who, from a seated position, is half leaning against the apron. While she talks with Deacon, Lindsay Troy purposely strides toward the Mute Freak.

DDK:

This is serious! Lindsay Troy needs to back off!

Benny Doyle jumps between Troy and the Deacon, challenging her that he'll get Bronson or Wesley, the comically large RN, if he has to. Sonny Silver reminds Benny just who Sonny is, who the Queen of the Ring is, and that the rest of Vae Vicits won't be letting that happen, but Benny keeps jawing toward Lindsay until Iris Davine walks past him.

Lindsay Troy blasts around both officials, laying the boots to Deacon.

DDK:

This is totally uncalled for! The Deacon may be out of it!

Troy lifts and pushes the Deacon's near-lifeless body up and into the ring. Benny Doyle waves her off, each jawing at the other before Troy gets in the ring and makes the cover. Bound by duty, Doyle drops down.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Good God! The Mute Freak is still going!

Lance:

But that slip on the top rope... I'm still not sure Deacon's all there.

Troy gets back to her feet. She takes a moment to look at the capacity crowd, her ever-present smirk greeting each person in the building. The crowd's boos rain down. Her smirk changes to a scowl before she runs toward the far ropes, bounces off, and flips forward with a leg drop to the Deacon's neck. Lightning quick, she mounts Deacon's chest then adjusts to the side to lock in a bow and arrow choke.

Lance:

That's one we don't see from Lindsay very often. She's definitely been studying ways to handle the Deacon's size.

DDK:

Deacon's not the first bigger man she's faced, and is likely drawing from her nearly two-and-a-half decades of experience.

Unfortunately, ring position is everything. When Troy goes to the side, the Deacon edges one leg, using his extended reach to work into the ropes. The crowd pops in response. Lindsay gives a much different reaction.

DDK:

The Queen of the Ring not having any of this. She's right back on top of the Deacon.

Lance:

Benny Doyle doing his job though, getting between them to let the Deacon get to a neutral position.

Or at least Benny tries. The Deacon gets to one knee and Lindsay side steps around the referee, grabbing Deacon's left arm, placing her leg over it and flipping forward, causing Deacon to follow suit to crash back down to the mat. She adjusts and locks in an omoplata.

Lance:

She is clearly working the submissions game tonight.

DDK:

Deacon's got the size, but Lindsay has a ton of experience with submissions. I'm not sure Deacon has fought too many who were submission specialists.

Lance:

Though I didn't think of that at the start, he has either worked with flyers or brawlers with very few exceptions. Lindsay Troy started this match like a flyer, but the Deacon did counter out of that one quickly, likely almost ending this match within minutes. I think she's doing the smart thing and switching to another of her strengths, and this one might be a smarter plan.

Benny Doyle checks with Deacon as the Mute Freak uses his immense size to try to adjust out of the hold, or at least adjust enough to catch his breath, but with each adjustment, it seems like it only opens the door for her to cinch

somewhere tighter. Finally, with his free arm, the Deacon pushes up, rolling with his body. His scream echoes through the arena as the adjustment gives him just enough space to yank the attacked arm free from Lindsay's grip. She grabs for the free limb, the Deacon tucking it beneath his body.

DDK:

Unbelievable! He got the arm free! He got the arm free! He got- he's in trouble.

Lindsay Troy leaps on the Deacon's back, working her arm around his neck.

Lance:

Troy going for the rear naked choke.

DDK:

If she locks this in, it's goodnight Deacon!

The Deacon fights Troy's arm, grabbing it. He pushes back with his hips and forward with his head, tossing the much lighter Lindsay Troy forward like a bronco rider. The Queen of the Ring hits the mat but quickly gets back to her feet, turning to see Deacon on one knee, his forearm coming forward. Troy slips away from the potential blow, taking the Deacon's arm and dropping to the mat. She yanks back, but the scramble creates a problem she's growing accustomed to.

DDK:

Deacon in the ropes! Lindsay's gotta give up the hold!

Lance:

Not until the count of five, and she's milking it for all its worth!

She lets go just in time. Benny chides her for her failure to immediately break, as does the crowd, but Sonny Silver's nod tells a different story. Their plan is working as designed. Lindsay focuses on a rising Deacon. With ease, Troy slips around Benny Doyle again, but the referee can learn as well. Doyle zigs with her zag and starts to count for her to back away. Their jawing continues a few more moments until Lindsay steps forward and-

DDK:

Troy straight into a hard front elbow from the Deacon!

Lindsay drops. The crowd pops. The Deacon shakes his arm out, twists his neck, and steps toward Lindsay Troy who promptly rolls out of the ring.

DDK:

Now SHE needs a break, right?

Lindsay's break doesn't last long. The Deacon steps over the top rope to follow her outside.

DDK:

Oh, COME ON!

Troy catches the Deacon with a spinning elbow to the front of the Deacon's knee. He falls forward, collapsing on the mats surrounding the ring.

Lance:

After that earlier tumble, these keep looking more and more dangerous for the three hundred plus Mute Freak.

DDK:

And don't forget, two weeks ago Lindsay took Deacon down with a chop block to that same knee.

Deacon fights back to one knee. Behind him, Lindsay Troy bides her time, waiting, measuring, then dashing forward, adding a spin and then nailing Deacon in the back of the head with a roaring elbow. Deacon drops.

DDK:

Deacon really struggling to get anything going tonight.

Troy climbs on the apron. With a flourish, she leaps off the apron with a backflip, crashing down on Deacon's upraised boot.

DDK:

Maybe what he needs!

The crowd pops while both lay on the mats. The Deacon stirs first, getting to one knee as Lindsay rolls over and starts trying to push herself up. Deacon gets up just as the stunned Lindsay Troy gets her arms fully under her. The Deacon puts her head between his thighs.

DDK:

Deacon's gonna try it out there!

The crowd reads the Mute Freak's intention - he's gonna give her another Altar Call, this time out of the ring. An anticipatory buzz builds. Unfortunately, Sonny Silver also anticipates the move. He runs over and grabs Troy's waist.

Benny Doyle runs out to separate Sonny from the action. The Deacon lets the move go and steps toward Silver. Lindsay Troy takes the moment to nail the Mute Freak with a heavy kick to the outside of Deacon's knee, sending him crashing back down to the mats.

DDK:

And just like that - Troy back in control!

While Sonny and Benny continue their conversation, Lindsay grabs the Deacon and tosses him back in the ring near the corner. Or, at least, she tosses him mostly in the ring, choosing to hold onto a leg. She turns to the turnbuckle post, to the crowd, and then swings the Deacon's leg straight into the iron! Not content with just one shot, she does it again, then holds onto the leg before grabbing the other leg and wrapping the two legs with the post between both legs.

DDK:

Someone needs to stop this!

Lindsay drops back, holding the legs, and locks in the figure four, just like she did at DEFtv176. The Mute Freak screams out in pain. With Sonny playing interference, the usual five count from Benny Doyle doesn't come. The crowd screams, pleads, points - all to get Benny Doyle's attention on what Troy is doing.

DDK:

Where is Benny Doyle?!

Expertly, Sonny continues to distract. Doyle seems to recognize something from the crowd and starts to spin away. Sonny grabs Benny's elbow, which garners another series of shouts with Benny threatening "one more time" to Sonny Silver before the referee turns and finally finds Deacon still in the figure four.

DDK:

How long was that?

Lance:

Too long. This looks terrible for the current FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

And she's STILL gonna hold it till the count of four?!

Finally, Doyle reaches the count and Lindsay drops back down to the mats. She pops up just as quick though, scampering beneath the ropes before grabbing Deacon's leg and pulling him to the middle of the ring, then wraps Deacon's leg again into the-

DDK:

Another FIGURE FOUR! The Deacon isn't gonna make it out of this one!

Lance:

You may be right. He spent quite a long time in that illegal version of the hold, and though he's trying to hold on, you can see and hear the anguish.

The Deacon's back lays on the mat, his body spent. Doyle drops to count.

ONE!

TWO!

Deacon rolls to one side. In response, Lindsay cinches it tighter, adding her own scream to Deacon's. Again, the Mute Freak's back falls to the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

Deacon's shoulder shoots up. He reaches for the bottom rope, frantically pulling, screaming, tugging with everything he has. Lindsay cinches. The Deacon's back collapses onto the canvas.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

Deacon pushes up again. Lindsay cinches, or tries to. The Deacon uses her cinching motion to give him just enough room and he turns, rolling over.

DDK:

Yes! Both feeling the effects now!

Lindsay screams. Deacon screams. Lindsay releases. She tries to scramble to her feet but a noticeable limp slows her movements slightly. She reaches down to grab Deacon's head. Deacon folds her under with a bigger-than-small package.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE-NO! TROY GETS FREE!

DDK:

Good God! That was close!

Lindsay's back up and she comes in with a stiff kick to the Deacon's knee. The Deacon catches her leg and shoves it,

and her, backwards. Lindsay flops, but regains her footing. She charges back toward the Deacon with a diving elbow to the leg before grapevining it.

DDK:

Right back on the attack. That leg has to be having some problems at this point.

Lance:

Deacon writhing in pain there. Benny Doyle right there, asking if the Deacon wants to submit. Benny's getting a hard no from the Mute Freak FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lindsay pulls harder. The Deacon lurches up with a shout. Adding another scream, he slams his fist into Lindsay's leg, getting a lurch from Troy in response that sends the Deacon back down.

DDK:

I don't know how much more he can take here!

Another scream, and Deacon pushes himself up. Using his substantial size advantage, he tosses his weight toward the ropes. Surprised, Troy finds herself rolling with the Deacon, and then finds the Deacon's long arms in the ropes.

DDK:

Yet another break! The Deacon is hanging tough.

Lance:

Barely.

DDK:

Maybe so, but one good shot may be enough to get Lindsay Troy down for the count.

As if she hears the announcers, Lindsay Troy immediately gets back to her feet and on the attack as Deacon pulls himself up using the corner.

CHOP!

WOOOOOOOOO!

Troy rolls her eyes at the Faithful's reaction, but keeps going.

CHOP!

WOOOOOOOOO!

CHO-

Blocked! Deacon holds her arm and spins her around.

DDK:

John 11:12!

The Deacon locks his Standing Cobra Clutch in with only two problems. One - he can barely stand. And two - they're in the corner. Intelligently, Troy puts a foot through the ropes, and once again we get a break, this time for the Queen.

Lance:

Bad place to lock on the mo-

Troy sent a hard back elbow straight into Deacon's face.

DDK:

Good God! What a shot!

Deacon staggers back from the blow. Lindsay runs forward, leaping around Deacon, grabbing his waist to send him to the mat with a pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-- KICKOUT BY DEACON!

Unbothered, Lindsay holds the leg and turns it into a half boston crab. She pulls on the knee, sits down low, her scream matching his in ferocity. The Deacon paws toward the ropes, scratching, clawing at the mat, but with each inch he gets closer, Troy seems to sit down heavier. The stunned capacity crowd seems lost, completely and totally lost.

Except for a few in the rafters.

Crowd:

I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve!

Those fews message carries, adding in another section.

Crowd:

I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve!

And that larger contingent carries further into the arena, grabbing many more to join the chant.

Crowd:

I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve!

With fire in his eyes, the Deacon pushes up with a scream and joins the crowd's chanting. He lunges forward once, twice, and--

Lindsay Troy releases the hold and deftly spins around to adjust to...

DDK:

Executioner's Song! Oh God! This is bad!

Lindsay gets the legs positioned and goes to lock the arm.

DDK:

YES!

The Deacon takes his free arm and blasts Lindsay across the face. The crowd pops!

Lance:

That's one way to break it.

Troy releases the leg. The Deacon grabs her head and bounces it off the mat once, twice, and a third time, each getting louder and louder cheers from the crowd that meld into...

Crowd:

I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve!

DDK:

This crowd is behind the Mute Freak, but though he has a moment to catch his breath, he can't lay there.

Lance:

Deacon's trying to get to his feet, but he needs every bit of the ropes to get him upright. Those 300+ pounds are probably feeling more like a liability than an advantage at this point.

The Deacon limps forward, reaching down to grab the stunned Queen of the Ring.

DDK:

Troy with an inside cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Lance:

Deacon grabs for the ropes to get up and-

DDK:

Oh man!

Lindsay Troy with a quick step up enzuiguri, dropping the Deacon to the middle of the ring. The veteran grappler points toward the corner, walking over and climbing it, facing the outside.

DDK:

Oh no, what's she thinking here?

Whatever it was, it's not coming to pass. The Deacon lunges up, hitting the top rope, causing Troy to fall onto the top turnbuckle. Still holding the top rope, the Deacon works his way to the corner.

DDK:

You know what he's thinking!

The Deacon puts Lindsay Troy on his back. Unfortunately, Sonny Silver also knows what Deacon's thinking. Silver leaps on the apron, stepping one leg into the ring. Benny Doyle turns then runs to intercept.

DDK:

ALTAR CALL!

The Deacon drops the Queen of the Ring with the Crucifix Powerbomb for the second time of the night. As soon as she hits the mat, the crowd's deafening screams fill the arena. The Deacon places an arm over Troy.

DDK:

Oh come on! 1... 2...

With a flourish, Benny Doyle gestures for Sonny Silver to head to the showers. Sonny jaws for a few more seconds then pulls his leg back out of the ring. Benny turns and sees Deacon with the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO, TROY GOT HER SHOULDER UP!

All the air leaves the arena as the crowd realizes the Deacon failed, and all the pain returns as Lindsay Troy takes the arm that was over her and rotates, locking Deacon's legs in the process.

DDK:

Oh God, no!

Lance:

Troy's got it locked in, she's got the neck, got the position. She's got that Executioner's Song locked in deep.

DDK:

Come on, Deacon.

And the Deacon does fight, now with his limbs and ... everything in a twisted mess.

Crowd:

I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve

The Deacon rotates his body, or tries to, but he only makes his situation worse.

Crowd:

I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve

Exhausted, he looks for the ropes, but there's no escape. Troy twists harder, looking to rip the Egyptian's abdominal muscles or break his ribs. Every second he holds on increases his chance for serious injury.

Crowd:

I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve! I be-lieve

Finally, with his oxygen cut off and his body nearly ripped at the torso, Deacon's eyes shut and he stops moving. Benny Doyle checks him and immediately calls for the bell.

Crowd:

I be-

DING DING DING

"Stranger Fruit" crashes through the The crowd deflates and a sense of disbelief courses through the Pauley Pavilion. The only people celebrating are the long-standing Troy fans and Vae Victis

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match...

Lindsay releases the hold and collapses in exhaustion and elation. Sonny Silver doesn't even bother going for DQ; he slides under the bottom rope and scrambles over to Troy.

Darren Quimbey:

And NEEEEEEWWWWWWW FIST of DEFIANCE...

Vae Victis hop the guardrail and hit the ring as well.

Darren Quimbey:

LLLLIINNNDSSSSAAAYYY TRRRROOOOOYYYY!

Henry Keyes is the first Vae Victis member to reach the Queen. He pulls her to her feet and locks her in a hug. Butcher Victorious is jumping around like a loon and pumping his arms in the air, acting like he himself just won the biggest prize in the company and not LT. Oscar Burns and Clay Byrd are clapping while Kerry Kuroyama has retrieved the big red belt from Benny Doyle. Troy and Henry separate, the latter grinning from ear to ear while the former looks completely spent.

DDK:

It wasn't an easy road to get here, and it wasn't without some chicanery, but Lindsay Troy has reached the top of the mountain in DEFIANCE once again.

Lance:

An absolute battle between two of the sport's best. The Faithful may be disappointed but the Deacon has nothing to be ashamed about.

The Pacific Blitzkrieg walks over to the Queen of the Ring and the Kraken and presents the title belt. Sonny hoists Troy's arm into the air while Henry fastens the title around her waist.

Lindsay looks down at the belt with a smile, patting the faceplate gently. When she lifts her head up, her smirk has returned.

All Hail the Queen.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.