

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "Safe in New York" by AC/DC ♪*](#)

BOOM!

Pyro explodes from the rampway and we are LIVE in New York City at Madison Square Garden! The rampway and stage looks like a highway leading to the ring, while underneath the DEFIAtron big screen, there is an LCD Statue of Liberty but she is holding her red DEFIANCE FIST in the air. As the camera pans around, there are signs and excitement everywhere!

**IF OSCAR BURNS IS DEFIANCE AND FAVOURED SAINTS... DOES THAT MAKE HIM HIS OWN DAD?
IF DEFIANCE'S KRAKEN IS ANYTHING LIKE THE SEATTLE KRAKEN WE'D ALL KNOW HE IS PUNCHING
WAY ABOVE HIS WEIGHTCLASS
IF CONOR FUSE WALKS TO THE RING WITH CLOWN MEMES, LINDSAY TORY WILL LIKELY FORFEIT THE
FIST**

21VAE VICTIS

CORVO ALPHA NEEDS A SAFE SPACE

DOES THE HOUSE OF HARVEST ACTUALLY HARVEST THOUGH OR DO THEY OUTSOURCE?

DEC4L IS DEFIANCE

WHAT IS A STRANGER FRUIT?

UNRELEASE THE KRAKEN

HARVEST MY HEART, SCROW

LORD NIGEL ISN'T LOOKING SO GOOD

KERRY DESERVES BETTER

CANCEL OSCAR

I CLICKED LIKE & SUBSCRIBE ON DEC4L

DEX IS GONNA MAKE ALPHA-BET SOUP TONIGHT

FUSE BROS 4 EVER

MALAK & SIOBHAN ARE CRINGE AF

SUPERFRIENDS UNITE AGAINST VAE VICTUS

SOMEBODY, PLEASE ANYBODY, CAST PHYSICAL HARM ON SONNY

**I HAVE A DRONE ON THE PREMISES AND WHILE IT VIOLATES FAA AIRSPACE RULES I WILL USE IT TO
DISTRACT OSCAR BURNS**

***I OWN A GREATER PERCENTAGE OF DEFIANCE THAN OSCAR BURNS
IS IT GONNA BE SIOBAN CASSIDY-GARLAND OR MALAK GARLAND-CASSIDY?
IS PAT GONNA BE BEST MAN OR BROCK? ASKING FOR A FRIEND***

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

DDK:

Welcome to NIGHT TWO everyone! Let's look at the card.

The match graphics roll through.

OSCAR BURNS vs. DECLAN ALEXANDER

SCROW vs. THE HOUSE OF HARVEST

DEX JOY vs. CORVO ALPHA

***FIST & SOHER ELIMINATION MATCH: VAE VICTIS (LINDSAY TROY [FIST], HENRY KEYES [SOHER],
KERRY KUROYAMA, CLAY BYRD & BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. "FML 3.0" (CONOR FUSE, TYLER FUSE,
PAT CASSIDY, BROCK NEWBLUDD & MALAK GARLAND)***

Lance:

And we're going to start off right now!

OSCAR BURNS vs. DECLAN ALEXANDER

DDK:

We're up for a HUGE opportunity tonight with Declan Alexander! The former BRAZEN Champion, former BRAZEN Star Cup and Tag Party 4 co-winner takes on the man who is arguably synonymous with DEFIANCE, Oscar Burns!

Lance:

This rematch is from DEFtv 177! Oscar Burns had just defeated Rezin and took credit for running him out of the company. Burns put out an open challenge and Declan Alexander, then-BRAZEN Champion answered... and WON!

DDK:

Since then, Burns has been laser focused on making life miserable for DEC4L. He and Sonny Silver lured him into an attack after lying about a match where he would involve him in Vae Victis. He attacked him by smashing him twice with the BRAZEN Championship, claiming to do it for his own good. Declan got his payback by using his signature drone, The Payload™, to distract Burns and cost him a match to JJ Dixon!

Lance:

After that, the challenge was made. Oscar Burns challenged Declan to a match for tonight, and then proceeded to take back his Platinum Shovel and cost Declan the BRAZEN Championship to Nick "Lotto" Otto. Now, Declan Alexander is a full-time member of the main roster and now all his attention tonight will be on defeating Oscar again!

DDK:

Now that you know what's going on, let's get to this huge match here at DEF Road! Declan Alexander and Oscar Burns... next!

To DEFIANCE's Dapper Yapper, Darren Quimbey, at ringside!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introduc...

Sonny Silver:

Dear GOD, shut it, Darren #65.

The advocate and spokesperson for Vae Victis, Sonny Silver, walks out onto the stage in a button-up black and burgundy-colored shirt, black dress jeans, and pair of immaculate, brand new burgundy-colored sneakers.

Sonny Silver:

How many fucking Darrens does this company need? Am I right, Lance?

No response from The Commentation Station as Sonny Silver looks like his usual smugly self.

Sonny Silver:

Introducing a man who NEEDS no introduction... under normal circumstances. But with the way that this little shit, Declan Alexander, has been getting in our business, tonight isn't just going to be a wrestling lesson. Today is going to be a STARK FUCKING REMINDER that do NOT disrespect Vae Victis and you DO NOT disrespect DEFIANCE!

Sonny is pacing on the stage.

Sonny Silver:

He's accompanied by that walking wart on the ass of life, Butcher Victorious. He is a former TWO-TIME FIST OF DEFIANCE! He is a multiple-time DEFy Award winner! He holds more victories than anyone else in that locker room. He's WON more matches than anyone else in that locker room! And tonight is going to be the unprecedented win number 65! No other star on this roster has beaten 50 yet... but watch this space for further details after Lindsay Troy retains the FIST against a number of opponents tonight, plebes!

He points to the backstage.

Sonny Silver:

He is DEFIANCE AND Favoured Saints! He is YOUR wrestling hero! He is **OSCAR! BURNS!**

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win and his recent SIXTIETH win DEFIANCE! More recently...

Two DEFy Award wins in 2022! Match of the Year vs. Dex Joy at Maximum DEFIANCE 2022 and Faction of the Year as part of Vae Victis!

And now... showing the Favoured Saints logo!

Then finally...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns in latest change in gear. He wears a burgundy red and black coat with long black tights with "DEFIANCE" down one leg and now.... "Favoured Saints" on the other in a light blue. And now, holding The Platinum Shovel proudly once again!

DDK:

And here he comes. As we heard on DEF Radio, Oscar Burns purchased a large amount of stock in Favoured Saints. How he plans on using that remains to be seen, but he's wearing that name proudly on his gear.

Lance:

Here he comes. Flanked by his entourage. Sonny Silver, the official spokesperson of Vae Victis. Butcher Victorious, the, quote, Wrestling Understudy of Burns.

Once Oscar Burns heads to the ring, Sonny Silver and Butcher Victorious remain on either side of him. Oscar gestures to Butcher, who nods and quickly wipes down the steel steps with his hands. When finished, Burns walks up the steps, wipes his feet on the ring apron and then climbs into the ring. He basks in the jeers, then hands off his coat to Silver before getting ready for his opponent when the yellow lights overhead begin to chase.

The synth kicks in as The Payload™ begins to descend from the rafters of Madison Square Garden. A first-person shot of the arena shows up on the DEFIAtron as the drone begins to make its way towards the entrance. A man is silhouetted by bright white LEDs as it approaches. no longer having the BRAZEN Championship or the Platinum Shovel, DEC4L simply adjusts the D4 varsity style jacket as The Payload™ whizzes by.

I just wanna feel... A-LIVE!

♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! ♪

On the drop Declan Alexander spins around and throws his arms up into the air, trying to get the NYC Faithful behind the fellow New Englander. They respond in kind as Alexander smirks and nods, showing appreciation back to the Faithful before making his way down to the ring in his navy and yellow ring gear, slapping five with the fans as The Payload™ whirls around above giving some dramatic aerial views.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent from Brookline, Massachusetts. Weighing in at 229 pounds. "DEEEEC4L" DECLAN ALEXXXXXXXXXXANNNNNDER!

DDK:

What a month or so it's been for the former BRAZEN Champion, Lance. What do you think the PogChamp needs to do

to defy the odds and pick up a second victory here tonight over the former FIST of DEFIANCE?

Lance:

Well, Oscar Burns has been adamant that he IS, in fact, DEFIANCE, not just the former FIST. He's not going to take him by surprise again. He needs to keep things simple. Trust his instincts. Say a prayer.

DDK:

Could you imagine the rocket ship that'll be put on this kid if he can pick up the win tonight?

Lance:

I'll tell you what, Darren, Sonny Silver and Butcher Victorious aren't here to supervise. I'd guess their sole purpose tonight is to make sure that NEVER happens again.

The Intrepid Influencer drops his jacket at the bottom of the aisle and dives under the bottom rope into the ring. Marching across the ring, Alexander climbs the ropes and holds his left hand high into the air before bringing it down with a finger gun pointing at the Faithful, lining up the sights with his right eye closed before jumping down off the ropes. After grabbing one last spinning aerial view, The Payload™ returns back to the rafters as Declan returns to his corner and readies for the uphill battle ahead. Rex Knox stands between the two men as they get ready to battle.

DING DING

Neither man appears to be in any sort of hurry to make a move. Both men circle carefully with Oscar Burns pensively watching and Declan carefully looking to plot out his first big move.

DDK:

Declan Alexander is going to be looking for his signature Play of the Game - a jumping cutter he has put both Oscar Burns as well as Butcher Victorious away in recent matches! Burns, on the other hand, has a variety of submissions to call on to finish, as well as the Head-Drop-o-Matic, a wrist-clutch exploder.

Lance:

Indeed. What Declan Alexander has in athleticism, Burns more than has the experience and technical edge. But Declan has shown himself to be very versatile with hitting the Play of the Game. Just one chance and he's got it.

The two men lock up with Burns sweeping a leg on Declan and trying for a cover, but Declan kicks out before Rex Knox can hit the mat. Declan does the same to him, but Burns also kicks out before the one-count. Both men head upward before Declan manages to take down Burnsie with a quick arm drag!

DDK:

Nicely done by Dec... No! Burns with the legscissors! Alexander lets go!

DEFIANCE Himself shoots back to his feet, but Declan uses speed to beat Oscar to the punch with a quick headlock! He keeps Burnsie in place! The basics taught to him by Lindsay Troy and Vivica J. Valentine both serve Declan well as he keeps Oscar at bay. Butcher and Sonny Silver watch as Oscar starts to shove The Snipe-Master General to the ropes, only to grab him by the waist and roll him up!

ONE...

Declan kicks out and scrambles up to his feet. Burns tries to reel back for an elbow, but Declan ducks! The young wrestler/streamer tries to answer with a chop, but Oscar ducks that! They both lock up again!

Lance:

Both men looking for that first shot! Who's gonna score the advantage?

Declan gets Burns to the ropes, but the Kiwi grappler manages to manuever Declan to the corner first! He keeps him there until Rex Knox orders a clean break from Burns as the former BRAZEN Champion remains in the ropes. Burns

decides to do just that and backs off for the moment...

Then pats Declan on the head like a child.

Oscar Burns:

Not bad, little boy, not bad! I'm shocked you lost that BRAZEN Championship!

The crowd jeers Burnsie as he backs off, trying to get under Declan's skin.

DDK:

Very derivative of Burns to do this.

Lance:

Oh, it most definitely is... but is he baiting him?

Declan gets red-faced after that comment and charges right after Burns! Oscar clearly knows what he's doing and sidesteps an angry Declan by pushing him into the ropes! When he comes back, he bounces right back into a schoolboy attempt by Burns!

ONE...

TWO...

Declan kicks out!

The POGChamp tries to get up, but the former two-time FIST wraps him up on the ground and rolls him up with a quick crucifix!

ONE...

TWO...

DDK:

No! Declan kicks out again, but he took the bait and Oscar is making him pay for it!

Lance:

Both back up!

Before Burns can try for another move, Alexander CHOPS Burns right in the chest and then tries for a suplex... but before he can, Oscar twists (and turns) his way out of the hold and then rolls him up with a headlock takeover into a cradle pin!

ONE...

TWO...

Another kickout by Declan, who rolls away to the corner, pissed off that Oscar has the upper hand on the rookie for the moment. The man who claims to be both DEFIANCE and Favoured Saints now casually walks a circle around his corner of the ring. He gets jeered by the crowd.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar tells Butcher and Sonny to watch him.

Oscar Burns:

-URNS! THANK YOU, GCs! YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

The former BRAZEN Champion looks annoyed with the confident swagger of the former two-time FIST as he walks the ring.

Lance:

He played right into Oscar's hands and Oscar knows it. What should Declan be doing in that ring, do you think?

DDK:

Burns is all about wrestling at his tempo; slower and more methodical with holds or pinning combinations. Declan has to make him go at his pace. We've seen Burns have fits fighting the likes of faster opponents. He'll need to roll with that and find a way to take Oscar off his game.

Oscar Burns even makes things a little more demeaning when he kneels halfway on the mat and offers Declan a limb to grab.

Oscar Burns:

Come on, Declan! You want to play my game? Let's go!

Declan takes a moment to think, then tries to grapple with Burns which might be a mistake... and it shows when he rolls Declan over to the mat and then has him trapped with a headlock takeover! Declan tries to get a leg up, but Burns moves an arm to deflect it. He tries a second verse, but same as the first. Alexander is finally successful after the third time when he pushes him away and then goes for a leg.

Burns rolls over and tries to grab Declan by the side, but The POGChamp goes for another headlock. Oscar rolls his way out of that and shoots him forward before trying for another grounded pin. This time, Declan powers his way out and then ends up on his feet. Oscar goes to grapple with him, but Declan takes him down with a double leg! Oscar rolls out of that and then gets taken to the corner! Burns holds onto the ropes!

DDK:

I can't say I expected a wrestling match we were getting so far to open this show, but both men appear to be trying to wrestle with brains and not emotion!

Lance:

Rex Knox making Declan let go of the leg!

He does, then the Kiwi suddenly shoots him into the corner and plants a firm knee to the chest. Oscar doubles the wrestler/streamer over, then runs at the corner for a running uppercut...

Declan slips through the ropes, and Burns hits nothing but the corner!

DDK:

Nicely done by Declan Alexander!

Burns stumbles out from the corner and charges at Declan in the corner, but he dips through the ropes with a shoulder thrust to stop Burns in his tracks. With the former two-time FIST doubled over, Declan wows the crowd by rolling up and over Burnsie's back to land on his feet, then charges towards the ropes. Oscar is right behind him, but Declan leaps to the second ropes, then jumps backward with a reverse leapfrog over Burns! Oscar turns around... then Declan scores with a HUGE hip toss!

Lance:

That was excellent footwork by Declan there!

Now Declan looks very pleased with himself and pats Burns on the head.

Declan Alexander:

You'll get me next time, bud!

An angry Burns shoots up off the mat, but Declan is quick to put him right back on the ground with a beautiful dropkick!

DDK:

The Vae Victis member gets a taste of his own medicine! Cover by Declan!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Oscar pushes Declan away, but the 21-year-old BRAZEN now takes a second to show off after getting the upper hand on Burns! He goes over to grab his phone and...

Lance:

Is... is this kid REALLY starting a livestream right now? Biggest match of his career?

DDK:

Declan has more than earned his place on the main roster based off the last few months going toe-to-toe with a top man in the company like Oscar Burns... but I agree, this might be a very grievous error in judgment.

Declan starts chatting into the phone with a livestream going as Oscar is on the match. Butcher and Sonny both watch from ringside as Oscar gets up! He charges right at Declan, but Declan (via use of the livestream streaming behind him) sees what's going on and pulls the nearby rope down, sending Burns up and over the ropes before tumbling to the floor! DEC4L looks into his phone, looks back at Rex Knox and tosses the phone to him, before screaming "Keep the likes coming!"

DDK:

He baited Burns again! He knows how much that last loss still eats at him and he just took advantage!

Lance:

Right out of Oscar's playbook!

Burns tries to get back into the ring apron, but a running forearm from DEC4L catches him on the button and knocks him off the ropes a second time! Burns takes another tumble to the floor and starts cursing under his breath. Meanwhile Rex Knox, still a bit confused, tries to record the action for DEC4L's live stream.

DDK:

He got him again!

Then Burns tries to stand up, but Declan pops off with a slingshot dropkick through the ropes and nails him with two big pairs of feet, sending him crashing backwards into the guardrail! Declan slides gracefully through the ropes after the big dropkick and then takes a bow for the audience!

DEC4L!

DEC4L!

DEC4L!

DEC4L!

DDK:

This kid has really good footwork and skill beyond his years! Oscar Burns baited him earlier, so Declan did it right back to him!

Lance:

And this crowd has been getting behind Declan more and more each week! The sky is the limit for this kid!

Declan grabs Oscar by his tights and the back of the neck before helping him up and throwing him back inside the ring. Oscar goes in and he's in a daze, but when Declan tries to get back in...

BUTCHER GRABS HIS LEGS!

DDK:

That little toadie! He just tripped up Declan when Rex Knox's back was turned!

The MSG Faithful are jeering after Declan takes a spill through the ropes back into the ring. Butcher has his microphone aka The Stick and starts laughing like an idiot.

Butcher Victorious:

HAHAHAHA! YOU SEE THAT, SONNY? BUTCH VIC... JUST MADE THIS KID TRIP! HAHAHA!

Sonny is trying to shush Butcher by waving his hands across his throat.

Butcher Victorious:

What? I tripped that little punk! So what? Rex Knox's blind ass didn't see it!

Sonny yells so loud, Butcher's mic can catch what he's saying.

Sonny Silver: *[over Butcher's microphone]*

YOUR MICROPHONE IS ON, YOU FUCKING PUTZ! THEY JUST HEARD YOU!

Butcher then goes pale... then looks up at Rex Knox angrily looking over the cell phone before tossing it out of the ring!

DDK:

That HAS to be a wrestling first!

Rex Knox points at Butcher.

Rex Knox:

YOU!

And then Sonny.

Rex Knox:

YOU! GET TO THE BACK! YOU'RE GONE!

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!

The MSG Faithful go loco! Sonny yells at Knox.

Sonny Silver:

I'm not with that stupid shithead! He's a Burns guy! I didn't do anything but curse the day that idiot was born!

Lance:

Leave it to Butcher Victorious to narc on himself with his own microphone being on! So much for Butch Vic and the Stick!

Knox shouts again and points at the stage, telling Butcher and Sonny to hit the bricks! They both protest with the official, but leave while both Declan and Burns are still recovering!

DDK:

It's a one-on-one match just as it should be! And now Declan is back on Oscar with chops in the corner!

With the odds completely even now, The Intrepid Influencer goes to work on Oscar! He blisters him across the chest with a stinging chop! A second! A third! Three big shots before he whips Oscar to the other side of the ring. He charges right behind him and then nails a jumping elbow right on the jaw. Burns reels out of the corner...

DDK:

Repentance! Jumping enzuigiri to the face!

Lance:

He picked that move up from one of his trainers, Vivica J. Valentine if I'm not mistaken! And now, the pinfall!

Declan goes for the pin!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Burns kicks out, but Declan quickly rolls away and gets to his feet! He gets the MSG Faithful behind him and waits! He points right at Oscar with both hands and then leaps...

DDK:

Here we go! Is this it, already? PLAY OF THE... NO!

Declan has his hands around Burns' neck, causing him to nearly JUMP out of his skin for fear of feeling the same Jumping Cutter that defeated him the last time they faced! Burns deuces out from the ring and heads to the apron for safety.

Lance:

Oscar felt that move coming and escaped! He was ready for it this time!

DDK:

But look! Alexander staying on him!

DEC4L grabs the neck and tries to grab Oscar by his neck again... HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

DDK:

No! Burns laid a trap for him! Oooh! Then snaps Declan's arm over the top rope!

The replay shows what just happened! Burns nailed Declan between the eyes with the Hard Out Headbutt, then hung onto the arm and jumped to the floor to snap his left arm over the ropes! Declan falls back to the mat while Oscar Burns taps his forehead.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

-URNS!

Lance:

Declan got a little too hasty there and tried to get Oscar back into that ring! And you know what kind of person Oscar is! If he gets you into a trap of ANY kind and weakens a body part... say goodbye to that body part!

Burns casually saunters back into the ring. Declan tries to fight him away, but Burns stomps him a few times in the chest. He drags Declan upward via hammerlock and then HURLS him by the bad arm right into the corner! Declan lets out a howl in pain, then Burns follows up with a huge running corner knee strike to the back! DEC4L slumps over and drops to the mat while Oscar now stands over him.

DDK:

And we know what's next!

DEFIANCE (and Favored Saints) Himself gets the wrestling shoe ready and grinds it right into Declan's arm... he claps for the crowd.

Lance:

Ugh.. this again!

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO BURNSIE! *[stomp stomp stomp-stomp-stomp]*. LET'S GO BURNSIE! *[stomp stomp stomp-stomp-stomp]*. LET'S GO BURNSIE! *[stomp stomp stomp-stomp-stomp]*.

Rex Knox makes him break off the stomping in the corner or risk a DQ, but Oscar Burns is the type of man who doesn't even like Dairy Queen.

DDK:

Oscar now working the arm! He rolls Declan over! Snapmare out of the corner!

The Kiwi grappler rolls DEC4L out of the corner, lays his arm flat and drops a stinging knee to the exposed arm! Declan howls again, but the punishment goes from bad to worse when Burns grabs the arm and slams it violently down on the canvas.

Lance:

Oooh! That can't be good for Declan!

DDK:

Not at all. I called the very match where Oscar Burns won his second FIST of DEFIANCE via submission. He worked over Kendrix's arm until he broke it and wasn't seen in DEFIANCE for over a year after that.

Burns grabs Declan by the bad arm and leads him up... but Declan fights back! He uses his good arm and pelts Oscar in the face with a stiff elbow smash, then a chop! The Faithful cheer him on as he bounces off the ropes looking for a big move... but Burns catches him off the ropes with a drop toe hold... then rolls over right into a high and tight fujiwara armbar!

Lance:

No! Excellent counter by Oscar! Declan fought his way free only temporarily, but Oscar made him pay and now he's got him in middle of the ring with that armbar!

Oscar keeps the hold locked in and continues to crank on the fujiwara armbar! He continues pulling back and yells at Declan to tap! Rex Knox asks if Declan is willing to tap.

DEC4L:

Nah, bro! No!

The MSG Faithful cheer on the resilience shown by Declan as he tries getting to the nearby ropes!

DDK:

Declan not going to give up, but Oscar is working that hold like a crazy person right now!

Lance:

Nice and simple offense! Declan with a bad arm is going to make it a lot harder to use that Play of the Game!

DEC4L! Clap clap

DEC4L! Clap clap

DEC4L! Clap clap

DEC4L! Clap clap

The Intrepid Influencer continues his crawl and finally gets his hands out...

And makes the ropes!

DDK:

He makes it! Wait... no! Look at Oscar!

Burnsie quickly relinquishes the hold, only to quickly wrap Declan's arm AROUND the ropes! He cranks back into a modified keylock in the ropes! Rex Knox starts to count down with Oscar using up the entire five-count in the ropes!

Rex Knox:

Break it up! One! Two! Three! Four!

Just before the five-count, Oscar Burns breaks it off! DEFIANCE (and Favored Saints) Himself rolls back as Declan is favoring his left arm while being stuck in the ropes.

Lance:

What a shift this match has taken! It's been back and forth with both men jockeying for control, but this is the most sustained offense from either man so far!

DDK:

Indeed! Burns has a number of submissions and has used the hold!

Oscar waits for Alexander to try and get back to his feet, but Burns rocks him with a big running knee strike against the ropes, followed right into a big German suplex! But Burns isn't done! The former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE has him back a second time and rolls right into a second German suplex. Burns shifts around and then gets back up a third time... bridging German suplex this time!

ONE...

TWO...

TH... NO!

Alexander gets the shoulder up and rolls off to the side! He favors the left arm while Burns sits up and looks up at Knox.

Lance:

Great combination of moves there by Oscar, but Declan kicks out!

DDK:

But can Oscar Burns close this? He's trying, but Declan is still fighting out!

DEC4L is still feeling the hurt from Oscar, but as Oscar tries to lock a rear waistlock. He tries for another suplex... NO! Declan rolls forward and right into a pin!

ONE...

TWO...

Oscar kicks out! He tries to get Declan off the ground... only to get POPPED upside the jaw with a twisting uppercut using the good arm! Burns crumbles back to the mat!

DDK:

What a shot by Declan Alexander! He calls that The Dragon Punch! He's showing himself to be a potentially adept striker!

Lance:

No doubt from that training with Lindsay Troy he had when he got started in the business!

The MSG Faithful start clapping and cheering for Declan as he tries to get back to his feet again. Oscar is on the opposite side of the ring and staring up with Declan slapping the mat with his good arm, getting the crowd into things even more.

DDK:

Can Declan follow up with one more good arm?

Declan stands at the ready with Oscar now trying to stand. The second that he does, he runs him down with a big clothesline from his good arm. Declan gets back up and waits, then charges again and hits a big back elbow to knock Oscar off his feet a second time! Declan measures him up when he tries to stand a third time, then kicks him by the side and then takes him down with a russian leg sweep! Declan then manages to roll out of the sweep by getting back to his feet so he can run the ropes and come back with a big jumping elbow drop to the chest!

Lance:

What a shot right there! Declan with a big series of moves to take control of the match!

Declan points to the ropes and then heads to the top rope. He gets back to his feet, then waits for Oscar to stand before he takes flight with a huge picture-perfect diving crossbody with huge hangtime!

DDK:

Big move off the top by Declan! Great height on the crossbody! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Lance:

Another kickout by Burns, but Declan is on fire right now! He needs to keep up the pace of this match!

Burns kicks out and Declan rolls off of Oscar. He tries to shake the feeling back into his left arm after the work that Oscar has done! He follows through by picking Burns up. He nails him with another knife-edge chop, then a forearm to the face! Another chop! Another forearm! Another chop! Another forearm! A big bevvvy of strikes sends the two-time former FIST back to the ropes. He backs Oscar into the ropes and whips him across the ring. He tries to catch Burns with a dropkick on the rebound...

NOTHING BUT AIR!

At the last second, Oscar laughs after Declan leaps to hit nothing but air after the whiffed dropkick!

Lance:

Oscar saw that coming!

He laughs at Declan's misfortune as he's on the ground. Burns charges off the other side of the ring... but Declan pops the crowd when he rolls forward and CRACKS Burns with a rolling thunder right into a vicious front dropkick!

DDK:

Holy hell, how did he do that? GGez Kick! GGEZ Kick! That's it!

Declan rolls over and then takes a leg using his good arm!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... SHOULDER UP!

Lance:

No! Almost three! Almost three! Declan almost got him with the GGez Kick after missing his first shot!

DDK:

This kid has something! He's shown great poise against a man the caliber of Oscar Burns and he could very well pull off the upset!

Declan goes for another big move! He tries to go for the big move...

SCROW vs. THE HOUSE OF HARVEST

A brief shot of Crimson Lord and Ravanna watching the show from their private skybox before we return to the Deftron for the match.

♪ "See.....you in Hell" by Christopher Drake ♪

Scrow's DEFTRON video plays as The Raven's Eye steps from behind the curtain about a couple of moments later. His wet black hair draped over his right eye, his monocle now with an etched Raven's eye in the glass. He is in red ring gear with black trim and blackbirds on the shin pad and on the side of his trunks. His new logo of a bird trying to escape a puddle of ooze on the front of his trunks. That same logo is on the back of his black leather coat. His forehead is bandaged from his match on DEFTV.

Darren Quimbley:

This following match is scheduled for one fall. Making his way to the ring at this time, from the Fields of Torment....."The Raven's Eye" SCROW!!!!

Scrow makes his way to the ring, while the Faithful cheer him on. The focus on Scrow has him paying no mind to the people.

DDK:

Scrow has not told anyone if he even has a partner here tonight. I guess in a few minutes we will find out if he does.

Lance:

Judging by that music it would appear Scrow going to do this himself.

♪ "Welcome 2 Hell" by Christopher Drake ♪

RG, has long black tights with some red HoH design on them and wrapped fists he steps from behind the curtain first, then followed by Skylar shirtless, with HoH design tights, and no footwear; he is barefoot. His hands wrapped in white tape, and his black hair pulled behind his head. That signature Coconut with a gold chain draping across his neck. The duo makes their way to the ring.

Darren Quimbley:

His opponents Reaper the Grey and "Sun Twist" Skylar....THE HOUSE OF THE HARVEST!

DDK:

These two men have been a thorn in Scrow's side for months. They are finally meeting together in this ring. Only problem is it does appear Scrow is going at this solo.

Lance:

So it would appear this goal to make Scrow do this by himself and alienate himself from the rest of the roster seemed to work to a tee here.

DDK:

These two men know it too as they have an extra pep in their steps as they make their way toward the ring.

As they reach the bottom of the ramp...

DDK:

Scrow with a suicide dive!

Lance:

Skylar and Grey are quickly taken off guard!

Scrow wastes no time, the bell has yet to even ring, He grabs a hold of Skylar and throws him right into the steel steps. He turns his attention to Grey and tosses him in the ring. He charges at Skylar who has managed to get up with a yakuza kick! The momentum takes Skylar up and over the barricade.

DDK:

Scrow is making sure these two do not team up. It's clear he is trying to isolate one.

Scrow tries to slide into the ring to finally get this match to start, but Grey tries to stomp on him, but he quickly pulls himself back out of the ring, grabs Grey's foot, and pulls him to the outside...

Spine-shattering crack! x5

Lance:

Scrow is laying into Grey with those knife-edge chops.

Grey finally grabs a hold of Scrow by the throat, only for The Raven's Eye to eye-rake the massive brute, and toss him square into the ring post. The Faithful have not stopped cheering on Scrow as he single-handedly is taking on two men at one time. He slides back in the ring, and Skylar comes in from behind him as the bell rings Scrow hears it, and just as Skylar is about to hit him yet again with that Coconut and reopen that wound on Scrow's forehead, he ducks and the coconut flies out of the ring. Scrow unloads with a flurry of knife-edge chops mixed with punches and kicks followed by a stiff head butt!

DDK:

Skylar is down and here comes Grey!

Scrow back body drops Grey up and over the top rope!

Lance:

Scrow continues to hold onto this advantage, he needs to end it quickly. If these two get their act together he will be in trouble.

Skylar gets a shot off Scrow, and the two begin to brawl back and forth. Skylar gets rattled with a cross-elbow shot. Scrow pushes him off the rope, hits the ropes himself, and leaps at Skylar with a leaping back elbow! Scrow quickly for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Skylar kicks out as Grey gets on the apron once more.

DDK:

Scrow stays on the offense here.

Lance:

An Irish whip into the corner, here comes Scrow...

Skylar moves last second and Scrow goes shoulder-first into the ring post!

DDK:

Scrow hit that post with a lot of force.

Lance:

Things are about to get worse for him Skylar has just tagged in the muscle of HoH.

Grey gets into the ring and grabs Scrow and throws him from his twisted position in between the ropes to the mat. He circles Scrow while he holds his shoulder. Grey picks up Scrow out of reaction Scrow tries to fight with his good arm, but not a lot of force behind his punches. Grey knee lifts Scrow and then pulls him up on his shoulder and delivers a shoulder breaker on the bad shoulder. Scrow cringes in pain holding that shoulder. Grey soaks in a few boo birds before picking up Scrow and tossing him into his corner he then starts to argue with Hector Navarro.

DDK:

Turn around Hector!

Skylar uses the ring ropes to choke Scrow in the corner behind Hector's back!

Lance:

The numbers game has finally caught up to Scrow...OH Grey with a body splash in the corner. In comes Skylar.

Scrow flops face-first on the mat. The faithful try to cheer on the Raven's Eye but he is on Bewildered Street right now. Skylar sits Scrow up and starts to drive vicious elbow shots across the bandaged over his forehead. Obviously where Grey hit him with that coconut on DEFTV. A few more shots and Scrow falls to his side, the bandage on his forehead partially pulled from his wound.

DDK:

Seems they are directing their focus on that injury he suffered at DEFTV.

Lance:

In comes Grey!

Skylar takes a knee and Grey lifts Scrow up into a gorilla press and drops him head-first on the knee of Skylar. Spit flies from Scrow's mouth on his descent to the mat. Grey takes a knee over Scrow and starts to drive blow after blow still focused on the wound on the forehead.

DDK:

Scrow is bleeding again, man this does not look good for the former SOHER.

Lance:

They got into his head over the past few months, now he is out here trying to fight in a handicap match without help because he just could not get around his paranoia and distrust of people.

Grey tags Skylar back in, he picks up Scrow and runs his forehead across the top ropes leaving a trail of blood behind them. Skylar soaks in a few boobirds and then resumes his attack. He lifts Scrow up into a bodyslam, then climbs the ropes.

DDK:

Skylar off the top with a splash! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE..

Lance:

Scrow barely gets his shoulder off the mat. Skylar is agitated by that count.

Grey gets the tag and in comes The Muscle of HoH. he irish whips Scrow off the ropes and gorilla presses him up and power cleans him further up like Scrow was some sort of volleyball. On Scrow few seconds of catching the guy in the third row with a bald spot on top of his head. Reaper catches him on his shoulder and transitions right into a power

slam! Grey tags Skylar in and he quickly climbs the ropes.

DDK:

Frog Splash! Scrow is in major trouble here!

Lance:

Scrow is a bloody mess and has not moved much. These two goons are not going from the cover. All they're doing is soaking up the hate from the fans.

Hector gets Grey to leave the ring, and Skylar grabs Scrow and then pays homage to Stalker with his version of the EvenFlow DDT. Skylar flips his hair out of his face and rubs Scrow's face on the mat forming a blood spot on the ring. He flips him over and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE...

Scrow barely gets the shoulder up before Hector's hand hits the mat for three.

DDK:

Scrow barely survived there, and Skylar is irate once more about the count.

Lance:

I think Scrow's time is about to end. That was scary close there.

The Faithful jump to their feet as a man starts to power walk toward the ring! The MSG Faithful starts to buzz!

DDK:

What... Dan Leo James? What's he doing HERE?!

Lance:

He wasn't on the show tonight... wait... is he here to help... SCROW?!

The Faithful cheer on the member of Titanes Familia! He reaches the front of the ring as a blood-soaked Scrow is being piledrived into the canvas by Skylar. Grey points at DLJ this gets Skylar's attention.

Lance:

I think Dan's trying to do the right thing here! Scrow has been without a partner for weeks! Now... does he have one?

Dan takes a step to the side of the House only to quickly step to Scrow's corner to a huge pop from the Faithful! He hops on the apron and extends his hand to Scrow. Stomping his foot on the apron trying to get The faithful to help him get his second wind. Skylar is mouthing something toward him "What are you doing?" This distraction has taken both members of the House from Scrow who is trying to recover. His face is a crimson mask, He manages to get to his feet and superkicks Grey off the apron. Skylar turns around and is kicked in the gut and Scrow hits the ropes and hits a leg-drop bulldog. Dan is eagerly wanting a tag. Scrow slowly gets to his feet only to notice Dan now on the apron. Scrow hears Grey from outside the ring. "Go on tag him!"

Dan Leo James:

LISTEN TO THE SPOOKY GUY! TAG ME! ...wait, didn't all the Reapers get the axe?

DDK:

The House is once again exploiting that weakness of Scrow.....AND it's working Scrow is ignoring Dan!

Lance:

Grey seems so happy with himself. How can Dan earn Scrow's trust?

The moment Scrow turns around he is met with a superkick from Skylar who tags Grey in. Rg mouths a few words to Dan, before locking in a chin lock but making sure Scrow stares at Dan.

RG:

We have some great actors in the House. Just look at that five-star performance.

Scrow's eyes widen as he just can not get out of his own head.

DDK:

Scrow needs to tag Dan, desperately but the mind games continue and seem to be working.

Lance:

Scrow is trying to fight out of this chin lock and has managed to get to a vertical base here.

Elbow shots to the gut of Grey, and the hold is broken he hits the ropes and it was like running into a brick wall as he quickly drops to the mat upon impact. Grey extends his arms out soaking in the hate from the Faithful. As he walks around the ring, he sucker punches Dan off the ropes. He doesn't notice Scrow actually saw that. Grey moves into the attack he tries a clothesline Scrow ducks and mule kicks the back of Grey's leg buckles it he then hits the ropes and nails a shining wizard into the back of Grey's head. He gets to his feet and looks at Dan.

DDK:

Is Scrow finally going to give in and trust Dan Leo James?

Lance:

I think he realizes that he doesn't have a choice here! After his feud with Strong AF, Dan Leo James is looking to do the right thing! He's trying to step up in this company!

Skylar rushes into the ring but Scrow CRACKS him with a jumping kick to the side of the head almost like he had eyes in the back of his head. The Young Titan has his arm out for Scrow to take it...

AND FINALLY MAKES THE TAG!

DDK:

HERE WE GO! CAN DAN LEO JAMES EVEN THE ODDS FOR SCROW?

Dan Leo James runs right at Reaper The Grey and hits a running bionic elbow that knocks him silly, then charges forward and SMACKS Sun-Twist Skylar off the ring apron with a huge running back elbow that stuns him! Sun-Twist Skylar is stunned when Dan Leo James makes another mad dash off the ropes to smack Reaper The Grey with a kick to the gut, then off the ropes again with a big running knee lift!

Lance:

Look at him go! That teamwork as part of Titanes Familia has really helped Dan come along as a wrestler in that ring!

DDK:

His own bio describes his style as, quote, "bull in a china shop" and that's what we're seeing!

When Sun-Twist Skylar tries to get into the ring, Dan sees him coming and then NAILS him with a running big boot that finally knocks him off the ring apron! Dan Leo James roars to the crowd and they show some love to The Young Titan!

DDK:

And now Dan Leo James has his sights on Reaper The Grey!

The Young Titan bounces off one side of the ropes, then zips by another just as Grey is trying to get back to his feet. He unleashes his signature BEASTLY shoulder tackle and knocks Grey out of the ring!

DDK:

DASH AND BASH! THERE GOES GREY!

Dan stands up and when he sees Skylar trying to get back in, he charges and then hits a running shoulder thrust and knocks him off the ring apron! Now both of the HoH powerhouses are on the outside when Dan looks at the crowd.

Dan Leo James:

This one's for you, Giant Bonus Dad!

Dan Leo James lets out a sigh, then runs off one side of the ropes. He leaps up and CLEARS over the top rope and WIPES out both Reaper and Skylar to huge cheers from the crowd!

DDK:

What a jump! Dan Leo James taking a play from the book of one of his wrestling idols, Deacon... who we wish a speedy recovery after last night's events!

A replay shows James sailing over the ropes with a grace of a couch being thrown out of a fourth-story window before wiping them out at the same time! After the replay, Dan pulls himself up out of the pile of bodies and looks shocked even at himself... then remembers he's in a match! Dan grabs Reaper The Grey and gets the muscle-bound monster into the ring!

Lance:

That dive was crazy! And now Dan is about to go for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

But at the last second, Skylar reaches in and pulls his leg off of Grey!

DDK:

Dan almost with the win!

Dan Leo James kicks Skylar away and then sees Scrow, bloody head and all then rolls to make the tag to Scrow!

Lance:

Scrow tags in!

Scrow drops Skylar then drops Grey. He picks up Skylar and pushes him off the ropes, but Grey manages to sneak a tag in. STS leap frogs Scrow as he tries for a back body drop he then leaps onto Grey and catapults himself off the massive chest of Grey into a flying back elbow into Scrow. The HoH members start to beat down Scrow, but Dan quickly gets involved and this match has pretty much broken down now. Skylar and Dan fall to the outside while Reaper and Scrow brawl back and forth in the ring. Skylar tries to get away from Dan but he chases through the crowd and vanishes into the masses.

DDK:

Dan looks like he has even the odds for Scrow, it's just Reaper and Scrow now.

Lance:

Scrow has struggled to ever get an advantage over Reaper since he met him well over two years ago. This is the first

time tonight we actually see Grey on the defense.

Scrow kicks Grey in the gut and is looking for FearFall!....

DDK:

Scrow looking to end it here.

Lance:

Uh Oh....

As Scrow goes to finish the finisher the clothesline is completely no-sold by Grey and Scrow is quickly lifted up on his shoulder right into Grey Slate! That dominator he has used so many times before.

DDK:

Scrow is in major trouble here!

Lance:

Grey has the cover!

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbley:

The winner of the match THE HOUSE OF THE HARVEST!

♪ "See.....you in Hell" by Christopher Drake ♪

DDK:

I do not believe this! Scrow was shocked when Grey absorbed his finisher and Grey knew it and took advantage for that split second, and the House of the Harvest have beaten Scrow and Dan Leo James here tonight and the Faithful are not too pleased by that.

Lance:

I thought this match was gonna be a massacre, but it would seem regardless of what Scrow may think he has some friends in the back willing to throw down with him. Now if he could only see that himself.

Reaper exits the ring and has a huge smile on his face, as Scrow rolls to his hands and knees blood dripping from his forehead. A shot of Crimson Lord from the skybox, you would think he is happy about his House defeating Scrow but he is clenching his fists in rage. He suddenly grabs Ravanna by the throat who was standing next to him. She gasps for air, trying to know why. Scrow manages to get to his feet looking down and just shaking his head.

Inside the skybox.

Crimson Lord:

I am tired of this, you told me this situation would be resolved. That this could only be a handicap match.

Ravanna tries to get her answer out but Lord just squeezes her throat more.

Crimson Lord:

Yet my enemy still stands!

He slams her face against the cold glass. Scrow looks up at the Skybox. Lord quickly notices it and tosses Ravanna behind him like she was an empty wrapper for a hot dog. The two exchange intense stares at one another. The show fades for a moment for a DEFCON advertisement.

PRISMATIC PROGNOSTICATION

The feed goes outside, catching a beautiful and breathtaking shot of Madison Square Garden lit up in DEFIANT red and silver.

"What do we want!?"

"NEW CONTRACTS!!"

"How will we get them?!"

"BY FORCE!!"

The camera pans down from the view of the arena to the source of these uproarious protests, coming from a picket line of REAPERS rigidly pacing back and forth. Each of them holds up their respectively colored neon-glowing kendo stick, upon which each has a customized sign with messages criticizing Favoured Saints and demanding representation. Reaper Chartreuse's sign, naturally, is a hand-drawn picture of a cat.

They're clearly there to be seen and heard, but clusters of fans continuously enter and exit the arena freely, paying them no mind. Leader Reaper Green leads the chant through a megaphone, distorting his already heavily distorted mask even further.

Reaper Green:

REAPERS! Let our DARK CHORUS be heard! NO CONTRACTS!!

Reapers:

NO PEACE-za!!

Reaper Green:

NO CONTRACTS!!

Reapers:

NO PEACE-za!!

Reaper Green:

...who in the RAINBOW-SPACKLED VOID keeps saying "PIZZA"?!

Reaper Chartreuse:

Oof, sorry boss!

Reaper Green:

IMBECILES!! The WHOLE WORLD is watching tonight! This is our CHANCE to finally be SEEN! So please, for once in your lives, do NOT fuck this up!

Reaper Cyan:

We're tryin', Greenie! But it's like we're indivisible to these people, or somethin'!

Reaper Magenta:

Yeah, it's New York. A bunch of bozos dressed up as grim reapers is just another Saturday night in the Big Apple.

Reaper Green:

You FOOLS waste your breath on such pitiful EXCUSES!? CHANT LOUDER!!

Reaper Cyan:

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! Take us BACK or we'll beat ya SORE!

Reaper Magenta:

FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! Give back our JOBS or you won't feel GREAT!

Reaper Chartreuse:

AYE! BEE! SEE! DEE! I'm just here for the PIZZA! GIVE ME PIZZA!

Reaper Green:

For crying out--WE'LL HIT UP NY PIZZA SUPREMA AFTER THE SHOW, you simpleton!

Reaper Cyan:

Pizza Suprema? Score!

Reaper Magenta:

Yeah, good one, Charlie!

Chartreuse flashes a thumbs up while Reaper Green groans and grasps at the air in frustration. It's now when he spies the camera.

Reaper Green:

WOE UPON YE, ungrateful rabble of DEFIANCE!! The only ROAD you'll be going down tonight is the one of RAINBOWS!

Reaper Cyan:

No walls on that road! Instant death!

Reaper Green:

Do NOT mistake us for FOOLS!! Just because we have yet to pose any corporeal THREAT to anyone over the course of the several years we've been a part of this company DOES NOT MEAN we can just be CAST ASIDE like REFUSE!!

Reaper Magenta:

Yeah, what he said! Give us our old jobs back, so we can get back to scheming our grand takeover!

Reaper Green:

We promised there would be RAINBOW REPERCUSSIONS for our dismissal... and tonight, our plan for VENGEANCE finally begins to unfold!

Reaper Chartreuse:

God in Heaven, I just want pizza...

Reaper Green holds arm out to his side and stands to the side...

Reaper Green:

BEHOLD!! SEE how our Spectrum EXPANDS!!

Entering the space left behind are two *additional* Reapers: RED and BLUE.

Reaper Green:

HAHAHAHA!! With the indoctrination of Reaper Red and Reaper Blue, the PRISMATIC PRIMARY is FINALLY COMPLETE! And as our company of colors continues to GROW, so too does our STRENGTH!

Though their faces are covered beneath the standard skull-faced visage of the Grim Reaper, neither one of these individuals looks particularly pleased to be there. Reaper Blue looks to Reaper Red and speaks in an all too familiar voice.

Reaper Blue:

Dude, you sure about this?

The other shrugs. In defeat.

Reaper Red:

At this point, what choice do we have?

Blue sighs.

Reaper Blue:

Whatever... do we get lightsabers, or what?

Reaper Red:

Yeah. Give us the lightsabers.

Reaper Chartreuse:

I call 'em POPSICLES!

From the bottomless void that is "off camera", Greenie retrieves two like-colored neon-glowing kendo sticks and formally hands them over as one would present legendary swords to a pair of knights. Red and Blue hold them up and fire up the GLOW.

Reaper Blue:

...you know, I hate to say it... but once you actually get one in your hands, they're kinda badass.

Reaper Cyan:

I know, right?

Reaper Magenta:

Welcome to the gang, fellas! The complimentary Waffle House breakfast is to DIE for!

Reaper Green takes control by affronting himself before the camera yet again.

Reaper Green:

Heed this PRISMATIC PROGNOSTICATION, feeble DEFIANCE miscreants! Our number will only become GREATER in the coming days! Before you know it, it will be TOO LATE! DEFIANCE will VANISH beneath the all-encompassing SHADOW of the RAINBOW!!

He points his verdant kendo stick across the street.

Reaper Green:

REAPERS... let us CELEBRATE our new inductees... by INVADING PIZZA SPLENDIA!!

Reapers Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse erupt in cheers while the new Red and Blue again exchange concerned looks before reluctantly following after the group.

I DIGRESS

The scene goes backstage to Jamie Sawyers standing beside...

The Fuse Bros.

The MSG Faithful give a loud cheer upon seeing Tyler and Conor beside each other.

Jamie Sawyers:

Bros., it's a one night only reunion, for the FIST and SOHER titles! Believe it or not but you two are now veterans of this roster. Did you ever see another opportunity teaming together after everything that's happened and did you ever see an opportunity like this in front of you, for the two most prestigious titles in wrestling?

Tyler is his typical stoic self, as he slowly looks over to Conor Fuse, who's grinning from ear to ear. Conor begins to nod with passion, as if he's replaying Jamie's words over and over in his own head and becoming more hyped each time. Finally, the younger Fuse steps in front of the mic.

Conor Fuse:

Jamie, it's been a long road for the Fuse Bros. It's been an even longer road for Conor Fuse and Tyler Fuse. I digress. Tonight actually ISN'T about the FIST or SOHER, it's about doing what's right. It's about representing this company the correct way, not wanting some cheap-ass title defense against an NPC. Sorry, Sgt. Safety, I love ya dude but you weren't handpicked by Lindsay Troy because you packed a *Little Mac* punch.

Fuse winks at Sawyers.

Conor Fuse:

Pop'n'fresh Punch Out reference for you, Jamie.

Back is back on track Fuse.

Conor Fuse:

Kerry Kuroyama can cry like a hurt banana. He says Vae Victis represents real wrestling, they don't need to cheat or do "bad" things and yet... Lindsay Troy has.

Conor looks at his brother.

Conor Fuse:

Again, I digress. We've done bad things. The Fuse Bros. campaign isn't without its blips in the radar. My brother put Kerry on the shelf after a vicious attack years ago. He put Kerry on the shelf in a wrestling match, too. The *Specific* Blitzkrieg lost approximately a YEAR of his CAREER to this stone cold killa.

Conor stops and winks.

Conor Fuse:

I digress, for the third time. *[Sidebar to Jamie]* Gotta be a record digresses, btw. *[/Sidebar]* I thought long and hard about it. I really don't have an issue with the cheating aspect of things. Hell, even the Sgt. Safety stuff I kinda get. It's just the arrogant attitudes. This righteous fucking notion that from Lindsay Troy, to Henry Keyes, Kerry Kuroyama, Clay Byrd and Oscar Burns, that DEFIANCE is their right, THEIR playground and no one else is worth a fuck. Like there's some unwritten rule a guy who looks like me and enjoys video games can't play here. A guy like Rezin, god bless his soul wherever he is, doesn't deserve to represent this company as the FIST or SOHER. I step inside the steel cage tonight, with "everything" on the line because I don't like Lindsay's attitude. She tried this in High Octane Wrestling and failed. She surrounded herself with dipshit followers -myself included at the time- because she didn't have the skills to get the job done herself. She ran away from HOW when the GOD of HOW didn't let her win her little game of chess. So she returns to DEFIANCE with the FIST on her mind and she only accomplished this method with a little misguided help from others.

Fuse shakes his head. It's unclear if he's disappointed at Lindsay or what he just finished saying.

Conor Fuse:

Sorry. I digress once MOAR. Lind-say, Imma be the GOD of DEFIANCE, the GOD of WAR. DEFIANCE is open to ANYONE. FFS, we have a wrestling snowflake and a cosplaying Weapon-X. Another guy who looks like he's been on meth since before he crawled outta his momma's vagina. A dude who thought he was a pirate in an air balloon from Teddy Ruxpin or something. Did we all forget that one? We have someone who truly believes he's a doctor but has a fucking academic degree instead, he's not a doctor, he's barely an academic. He's the kind of prof you skip class for, so you can put your hand on your dick and watch internet porn instead. It's a better use of your time LOL. We have a woman who wants to have sexual intercourse with buildings, Jamie, BUILD-INGS. And she gets cheered now. We have a lot of nonsense here, Eric Dane is turning over in his grave. -Is he dead, BTW?- But that's all well and good because you know what these people have? Every single one?

Fuse pauses. His demeanor grows intense.

Conor Fuse:

Character. The fucking god given ability to make The Faithful FEEL something. That's wrestling; that's DEFIANCE. I'm not gonna stand for Vae Victis' narrow-mindedness.

Conor takes a deep breath, trying to chill out.

Conor Fuse:

Tonight, in the middle of that cage, at Madison Square Garden, Imma go out there and show VV it doesn't matter who you are or what you look like, we all belong in that ring and we all can have our day.

Sawyers seems to agree.

Jamie Sawyers:

But how is your team going to co-exist? And Tyler, the question everyone wants to know is... how did you bring yourself to apologize to Malak Garland!?

Tyler puts his hands up.

Tyler Fuse:

Who said I apologized?

Sawyers starts to fumble his own words as Tyler moves closer to the mic and replaces the spot his brother was standing in.

Tyler Fuse:

I didn't say a fucking thing to Malak.

???:

That's not true.

The scene pans over to show Malak Garland hidden within the shadows behind the Fuse Bros. In fact, if you were to rewind this broadcast, it's clear he's been there the whole time.

The Snowflake Superstar emerges, directing his comment to Jamie Sawyers.

Malak Garland:

Tyler said sorry to me. After all, he **is** Canadian.

Tyler rolls his eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

I didn't say a thing to you and you know it. Malak caved. He gave in... because when I told him he'd be ON HIS OWN if he didn't bring us all together... well...

Tyler leans in to Jamie.

Tyler Fuse:

How do you think that went over with a guy who still demands the crust be taken off his fucking grilled cheese?

Malak mumbles something along the lines of "I hate crust" and returns to sulking in the corner. Conor realizes he needs to get behind this immediately.

Conor Fuse:

Jamie. Jamie, Jamie, Jamie, nothing is gonna be perfect here and that's cool. This five-player co-op looks rather rough in the *co-op* part but awesome in the *player* part. It's a team, a sports team. Some of the best sports teams out there have massive... uh, *issues*, if you will. Tyler and Malak hate each other. Pat and Brock DEFINITELY hate Malak. I'm not gonna share a controller with Pat Cassidy anytime soon and I'm sure he won't with me, either. Christ, even Tyler and I don't hang out like we used to. But we have a common enemy and something I can respect out of every single one of my teammates...

Conor stops to make sure he shouts this next comment behind him.

Conor Fuse:

EVEN MALAK...

And back to Sawyers.

Conor Fuse:

Is the fact they can bring it inside the ring. Everyone on this makeshift 'Friendship Members League (FML) 3.0' has their heart in the right place.

Tyler rolls his eyes. Even he looks like he wants to puke. Conor catches on.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, okay. Kinda lame but whatever. Look, Jamie, it's a steel cage, ten-way elimination match for the FIST and SOHER. Balls to the fucking walls, J. We're talking extreme gamer shit, Series X type of stuff. I'm gonna go out there and put it all on the line. We all are.

Fuse points to the camera.

Conor Fuse:

I hope you're ready, Troy and company. GAME ON.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you very much Fuse Bros. -and Malak-. That's our main event... tonight!

The camera stays on the group for a moment as Conor Fuse picks up off his earlier comments, even though the "official" interview is over.

Conor Fuse:

Honestly, Jamie I was kinda hoping we'd have a match of red rover or something like that instead. Steel cages are soooo cliché these days. *[Acting it out]* RED ROVER, RED ROVER, WE CALL LINDSAY TROY OVER! *[Giggling]*

Once again, Tyler Fuse looks like he's going to vomit.

Tyler Fuse:

This is why we don't spend that much time together anymore, dipshit. It's a blood feud.

Malak chimes in from behind.

Malak Garland:

Tell me about it-

Tyler Fuse:

Shut the fuck up.

DEX JOY vs. CORVO ALPHA

Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are prepared to go over the history of the next match for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

DDK:

Ever since Acts of DEFIANCE it has been a rocky few months for "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and it has all been thanks to Lord Nigel Tricklebush and Corvo Alpha. Dex Joy had just come off a big win over Kerry Kuroyama and wanted to challenge Lindsay Troy for the FIST ... but as we all know, Nigel and Corvo saw an opportunity!

Lance:

That's right. They goaded Dex into a match ... and it was Corvo who injured Dex Joy and choked him out with the Alpha Clutch! A rematch two weeks later against doctor's orders was also won by Corvo Alpha by way of referee stoppage and a pile driver on steel steps made Dex miss two months of action.

DDK:

Dex Joy had to wait to see if his neck would heal on its own and fortunately for him, the injury was not as severe as first thought. Dex laid a trap for Lord Nigel Tricklebush by pretending he would need surgery only to reveal he did not! He attacked Nigel and challenged Corvo Alpha tonight!

Lance:

My question is this Darren ... can Dex Joy defeat Corvo Alpha? Two prior matches were very bad for his health. He is fresh from return off the injured list, but if he is going into this match with anything less than one hundred percent, then Corvo could put Dex Joy right back there.

DDK:

All very valid points. Dex Joy has been at the top of his game in the last year when it comes to these big matches but Corvo Alpha and Lord Nigel Tricklebush have been in his head and they both know it! Now it's time to get to the introductions for both of two of the most powerful forces in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

One by one in the Wrestle Plex the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time....

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

The beeping continues and then two words back up from opposite sides of the DEFIA-tron

DEFIANCE ROAD

A time bomb graphic appears just below ... three ... two ... one ...

BOOM!!!

DEF ROAD

is all that is left ... followed by a small 8-bit Dex Joy graphic bending the F to become ...

DEX ROAD!!!

"YEEEEAAHHHHH!!!"

And for the first time for Dex Joy comes a brand new theme!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Dex is done with all of the pomp and circumstance that comes with The Biggest Boy's biggest matches. Now it is all business – the lights suddenly strobe a foreboding blood red.

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

A torrent of boos washes over the stage at the appearance of Lord Nigel Trickelbush emerging from the entrance. Put simply; he is a mess. His coal grey suit is a tangle of wrinkles. His eyes are bloodshot and squinting, darting around the arena with scorn. No bowler cap atop his head, his white, thinning hair, is a matted shambles. Mottled face puffy from exhaustion, Trickelbush stops at the top of the ramp and slowly sweeps a bony arm towards the entrance where red spotlights shine down.

Lance:

My goodness... Lord Nigel looks like he's been dragged behind a truck!

DDK:

You aren't wrong. Between Teri Melton's Award's Show betrayal and the unexpected return of Dex Joy a few weeks ago, Trickelbush has gone from the highest of highs to the lowest of lows.

Lance:

There's a desperation in his eyes that... makes me uneasy, Keebs.

A crescendo of contempt as Alpha stomps through the entrance - the lights pulse white through the red as Corvo falls to his knees at Lord Nigel's side. A slash of red paint across his chest where his heart might be, a scar of black across his eyes, his wet hair hands about his shoulders. The blinking whites of his eyes shine through – locked on Dex Joy in the ring.

Nigel rests a hand on Alpha's shoulder before leaning down. Bringing a hand to cover his mouth, Lord Nigel leans down to whisper in Alpha's ear. Some terrible secret. Some gruesome design.

On cue, Alpha springs up to his feet and continues down the aisle. He slides into the ring and slinks into the corner, Nigel continuing to bark schemes and directives at his pet from outside the ring. Dex Joy has not taken eyes off Corvo Alpha for the entirety of his entrance. The two beasts of the ring look ready to fight.

DING DING

Corvo charges full speed ahead out of the corner like an animal off the chain!

Dex Joy does the same!

And when the two monsters meet up?

DEX JOY OPENS WITH A SHOT GUN DROP KICK!!! MSG IS LOSING THEIR MINDS AS CORVO ROLLS BACKWARDS!!!

DDK:

Ooooooh!!! One straight clean shot! Corvo is down!

Lance:

That's an opening move if there was one!

Dex Joy gets up to his feet and acknowledges the roaring crowd! He pops them even more with a cart wheel in the middle of the ring and then jumps up with a kick of the legs! Lord Nigel cannot believe what he is seeing right now!

DDK:

Listen to this! The crowd is going mental!

Lance:

But he cannot afford to get lost in the moment! If he wants to put Corvo Alpha behind him then he needs to stay on top of him.

Corvo is shaken up from the first attack when Dex gets up and picks him up on his shoulder. He plants Lord Nigel's monster into the corner and then the Biggest Boy starts to tee off on him! Heavy elbows galore to the ribs of the shorter and stouter Corvo.

Lance:

Very few people have been able to physically overwhelm Corvo like this, but if there's anyone on this roster who could get away with it it's Dex Joy!

Dex starts kicking Corvo like he is Lord of the Dance until the referee starts to warn him about excessive striking in the corner. When Dex isn't hearing him, he has to get in between the two. It is very rare for Dex to have tunnel vision like he has now, but he has it.

DDK:

Dex has to be careful here.

The Wrecking Crew Foreman takes his verbal warning in stride but he leaves himself wide open to a big and blistering blow from Corvo Alpha!

Dex is still standing after the big shot but he looks a little starry eyed in the moment. Corvo shakes out cobwebs from the shots that he has thrown and then he swings wide and hits Dex with a second shot. Joy is hurt when Corvo gears up to throw Dex into the corner. He over powers him with the Irish Whip and then sends Dex into the corner. Corvo charges right at the corner as well when Dex somehow manages to up and roll over the ropes to the apron. Corvo hits nothing but the corner and stumbles out with a hurt chest!

Lance:

Look at Dexy Baby go!

Dex runs across the ring apron as Corvo is staggered and then climbs the rope. He takes flight off of the top rope with a huge diving double axe handle! Lord Nigel cannot believe the newfound agility on display from Dexy Baby nor can he believe that Corvo Alpha has been dealt with strongly so far in the match!

DDK:

Good strategy on display from Dex Joy and one that we don't see him execute too often. He's catching Corvo Alpha off guard with these big jumps!

Dex then gets up and then waits when Corvo Alpha starts standing near the ropes. A running start from the Wrecking Crew Foreman leads to him hitting another new move he has not used in the form of a big bicycle kick! Corvo gets a boot right between the eyes and then ends up on the floor right next to Nigel!

Lance:

Dex Joy is really attacking from all angles here ... and I do not think he's done for a second!

DDK:

Someone cue up some Miley Cyrus! Here comes the wrecking ball!

Dex Joy slides under the ropes and then waits as Corvo starts standing. He just barely makes it up to his feet! Lord Nigel tries to warn him but it is too late when a second bicycle kick strikes down Corvo! The man formerly known as Masked Violator #2 ends up struck down by bicycle kick #2 from Dex! The Biggest Boy is feeling more like his old self when he walks over to Nigel and looks him in the eyes.

Dex Joy:

One way or another Nigel Can't-Get-Bush! This ends tonight!

That pops the crowd! Lord Nigel is sick to his stomach seeing Corvo roughed up so badly to start a match! Dex comes in again like an oncoming storm and throws Alpha up. He puts him between the ropes and snags Corvo's hair. The former one time Favoured Saints champion gets his face planted right into the apron and then Dex follows it up with a clubbing elbow to his head!

DDK:

What a shot on the dome! This is still so wild to me that Dex Joy has been on such a roll so far! We have seen Corvo dominate anyone and everyone that he's come up against!

Lance:

Without a doubt! The opponents he's dominated are many but very few have flipped that around.

Dex doesn't wait for Corvo to get up. He starts to climb up ... but somehow Corvo is already back on his feet and completely *stuns* Dex with a kick of his own right between the eyes. Nothing fancy at all just one big jaw-rocking kick.

DDK:

Like you said! Very few have done this to Corvo, but he can take an insane amount of punishment as well!

Dexy Baby is standing on the floor with the kick obviously rocking him. Corvo Alpha shoots himself through the ropes like a missile right at Dex and wipes him out on the floor using a huge tope suicida! Both monsters collide with the railing behind them!

Lance:

And Dex showing he's not the only one who can fly! That dive was crazy!

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is a beast who's capable of more than what he lets on!

For the first time, Nigel is no longer showing concern for his monster and instead he is now showing killer resolve when Corvo Alpha gets him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Get him back inside. Attack that neck of his.

Corvo does as instructed. He picks up Dex Joy! Joy tries to fight back! He hits a big back hand chop to the chest of Corvo and then strikes him again with an elbow. He has Corvo with one head butt of his own to put him against the turnbuckle post. Dex pins him against the post and chops him!

DDK:

Lord Nigel just gave Corvo Alpha his marching orders out there, but Dex isn't letting him get to that neck!

Dex hits another big forehand chop to Corvo as he is pinned against the post. Then Dex looks for a head butt ...

Corvo dodges!

A big THUD rings out as Dex head butts the post himself!

DDK:

Oh no! No! Dex tried to pin Corvo Alpha to that post!

Now the monster goes wild and shoves Dex right into the post by his chest!

Lance:

No no no no! This is just like their first meeting! Dex Joy got shoved into a post when he was recovering from his lingering neck issues off that match with Kerry Kuroyama.

Dex gets rolled under the ropes and then Nigel gestures at Corvo for him to stomp on Dex's neck. As Dex is laying flat on the ring apron, that is exactly what Corvo does. He jumps up and stomps right on the head of Dex!

Joy rolls back into the ring but legions of DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful who wanted to see Dex give Corvo Alpha the old what-for are now left to worry about his health!

DDK:

Now Corvo Alpha positions Dex in that corner ... elbow strikes right to the neck!

One! Two! Three! Four! Four very powerful and very deliberate elbows come down on the side of Dex Joy's neck! The Biggest Boy has been sufficiently stunned by Alpha.

Lance:

Now he's taking Dexy Baby out of the corner!

Dex is feeling the pain right now and he's trying to get Corvo Alpha off of him, but brutal cross face punches rain down on Dex until he has been brought back to the mat. Nigel gives Corvo the go ahead to continue his work on Dex's neck. Joy still tries valiantly to fight against him, but Corvo pins his head to the mat and then hits another big jumping stomp on the side of the head. Joy twitches around the mat after such a brutal move while the ink-covered monster is showing zero remorse.

DDK:

This is brutal. The only technical skills Corvo shows are attacking this neck but he's doing it with a lot of strikes and straight up mauling.

Lance:

But look ... Dex is being DEFIANT and the pun is 100% intended!

Dex looks up and Corvo Alpha defiantly as Lance points out, looking up and almost daring Corvo to do it again. Lord Nigel tells him to grant Dex his wish. Corvo scrapes his heel across his face. Then he snatches Dex by his fauxhawk and throws upwards kicks in the style of Toshiaki Kawada like fashion. He kicks again and again ...

DDK:

Those shots are so nasty!

But Dex gets up! He takes a left boot, then a right one from Corvo. The former one-time Favoured Saints champion continues mauling him but Dex tries to shake all that off! He bear hugs Corvo and shocks the hell out of Nigel!

Lance:

No! Dex fighting through this pain!

Dex pushes Corvo Alpha into the ropes and then hits a big belly to belly over head suplex!

DDK:

What a great counter to Corvo Alpha's attack!

Dex Joy's neck is finally starting to slow him down a little bit while Lord Nigel is trying to instruct Corvo Alpha to get up.

Lance:

That suplex took a lot out of Dex Joy, but Corvo Alpha got the worst of it.

Dex holds his neck but he checks to make sure he's okay. When the neck doesn't appear to be too bad The Biggest Boy waits for the chance to run at Corvo. Corvo is up when Dex Joy shoots out from the corner and then hits Corvo with a big double palm thrust that puts the monster of Lord Nigel into the corner. Corvo's night starts going from bad to worse with a massive running splash in the corner from Dexy Baby. Dex is all with Corvo with heavy elbow after heavy elbow!

DDK:

Dex swarming Corvo with more attacks!

Lance:

And he's not done, look!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer with the Wrecking Crew Foreman whipping him to the corner. Corvo hits the corner but when Dex stampedes towards him in the corner Corvo stops him with a big kick to Dexy Baby's gut!

DDK:

Dex tried going to that well once too often!

Corvo shoves Dex into the ropes and when he is bounced back the stout Corvo grabs Dex from around the waist and hits a sick snapping german suplex that dumps Joy low on the back of his head and shoulders!

Lance:

That german suplex! That might have hurt Dex!

DDK:

Every strike and every move that Corvo hits to that neck ... that could be deadly.

Dex hits the mat and the impact has rolled him under the ropes. Nigel seems to have an idea on his mind when he points at Corvo and gestures for something. Corvo jumps through the ropes like a madman and grabs Dex's neck again in a face lock.

DDK:

No ... this can't be good ...

Corvo Alpha jumps off the ring apron and he hits a DDT that plants Joy face first on the apron!

DDK:

No! No! No! Dex falls to the floor! There's no way he can't be hurt after that!

Lance:

Some people ... by that I mean a lot of people ... think it is such a tired cliché that the apron is the hardest part of the ring but it's all true!

Dex hits the floor. Nigel seems to finally be enjoying what his monster is doing to Dex Joy now that Dexy Baby is down and out on the floor.

DDK:

That was brutal. I think Dex tried to avoid coming down on his head, but his neck had to still have been jarred from that apron DDT.

Lance:

Like you said there's no way it can't be!

Dex Joy isn't moving as he is left half-seated and half-slumped against the ring. Corvo Alpha gets back into the ring and remains poised with Joy hurt. The referee starts to count.

Referee:

ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE!!! FOUR!!!

The count continues and Dex has not moved.

Referee:

FIVE!!!

DDK:

No way that Nigel wants Corvo to take a count out.

Lance:

I don't think this is what he wants either. He might be trying to let Dex up to milk that injury.

Referee:

SIX!!! SEVEN!!!

The counts seems to bring Dex Joy back to life and climbs up, but gets back up. Lord Nigel almost looks happy with it.

Referee:

EIGHT!!!

Dex is pulling the ring skirt to get himself up!

Referee:

NINE!!!

Dexy Baby makes it into the ring ... but that is exactly what Nigel wants! He points a finger to Dex's neck and when Dex is barely in between the ropes, Corvo jumps up and presses all his weight down on the side of Dex's neck!

DDK:

No! More attacks on that neck! And nothing technical at all about the way that Corvo Alpha is doing this!

The Faithful gasp as Dex slumps back out of the ring and to the floor with Alpha hot after him. Lord Nigel continues snarling commands at his charge, pointing a gaunt finger towards the ring steps. Without hesitation, Corvo jerks Joy to his feet and HURLS him into the ringsteps with a loud CLANG.

Lance:

Thankfully, Dex was able to turn his body at the last moment, avoiding another direct impact on his beleaguered head and neck but... how long can this sustain!?

Alpha wrenches Dex back to his feet again and turns to whip him into the opposite ring steps-

DDK:

DEX! Reversal into a SHORT ARM CLOTHESLINE that takes the wind out of Corvo Alpha's sails and halts his momentum in its tracks!

The referee starts a mandatory ten count, leaning between the ropes and loudly calling out to both competitors. By five, both men are stirring. Alpha uses the guardrail to get to his feet while Joy struggles up the apron, one arm wrapped around the back of his head in discomfort.

Lance:

I hope the people who have watched this incredible story unfold over the last three months aren't discounting the very real injury Dex Joy experienced just because he made a miraculous, once in a lifetime recovery. I hope just how close

Dex Joy came to the very edge is not lost on anyone watching right now.

DDK:

I have never seen a man fight like Dex Joy fights. He is just built different.

Dex pulls himself up onto the apron, wincing in pain.

DDK:

He is BUILT to fight. He is BUILT to overcome. He is BUILT to survive.

Pumping a fist into the air to a pop from the crowd, Dex points at Corvo, who is finally to his feet at ringside. Another gasp from the Faithful as Joy charges forward.

DDK:

SOMERSAULT FLIP off the apron! Three hundred and twenty pounds HURLING through the air and colliding with Corvo Alpha!

The NYC crowd surges to their feet as one!

Lance:

Dex came DOWN on Alpha! I can't believe what we've just seen!

DDK:

Believe it, Lance! Dex Joy was BUILT for this!

Thriving off the adrenaline and the crowd surging around him, Dex springs back to his feet, eyes wide and scowling at Lord Nigel Trickelbush.

Lance:

Uh-oh... looks like Nigel's stretch of luck is about to go from "bad" to "worse"!

Dex moves towards his tormentor of the last few months... and for some odd reason, Nigel doesn't back down. He SCREAMS at Dex, his angled face twisting and ugly from the bile spewing from his lips – his words are soaked up by the noise of the Faithful.

DDK:

What is Lord Nigel THINKING?!?

The ref leans between the ropes and out of the ring, urging Dex not to do what he is clearly about to do.

Lance:

JOY SNATCHES NIGEL BY THE COAT!

SLAP!!

DDK:

HE SLAPS DEX!

Lance:

That was a mistake!

Dex pulls Nigel closer and the fear sets in for Trickelbush. The Faithful passionately encourage Dex to get even with Nigel and Joy seems into the idea – before sensing something in the air and quickly DUCKING – just in time to avoid a running boot from Corvo Alpha!

DDK:

ALPHA JUST LAMBASTED HIS MANAGER! LORD NIGEL DOWN! LORD NIGEL DOWN!

Realizing what he's done, Alpha drops to his knees at Nigel's side. He doesn't have much time to fret as Dex Joy SNAGS Alpha from behind with a handful of gnarled hair! He violently pulls Alpha to his feet and rolls him back into the ring, himself quick to follow.

Lance:

A monster like Corvo Alpha doesn't care WHERE he finishes you... but Dex Joy is a professional that knows this match can only be won in the ring! And this man CAME TO WIN! Pulling Alpha up to his feet-

Without warning, Alpha lays in a BRUTAL low blow that instantly brings the Biggest Boy down to one knee. The referee warily issues a warning to Alpha who doesn't seem to hear him. He spats at the referees feet before hitting the ropes.

DDK:

RUNNING NECKBREAKER!! NO!

Lance:

Dex went backwards awkwardly! He was down on one knee when Alpha hit that running neckbreaker and... and the easy he bent back... his neck!

The camera lingers on a distraught and anxious teenage fan in the second row before finding Alpha, who leans out of the ring to check on Lord Nigel.

DDK:

DEFmed is at ringside attending to Lord Nigel Tricklebush and... and I don't think Corvo Alpha likes it much!

We cut to a split screen. One half is the live shot; Alpha concerned and conflicted. The other is a slow motion replay of the running neckbreaker on a kneeling Dex Joy.

Lance:

Looking at that playback... It doesn't feel right to speculate, Keebs, but...

DDK:

But, indeed.

Referee looming over him, Dex stirs in the ring. Both hands clasping his head and neck. Alpha senses that motion and pivots his attention back on his prey. Alpha brutishly hauls Dex up to his knees by his head.

Lance:

Dex Joy is in trouble.

Corvo reaches down, cinches in, and LIFTS Dex up in a piledriver!

DDK:

It was this move that helped put Dex out! Don't do it!

Corvo LEAPS up - and SPIKES Dex Joy on his head with a jumping piledriver and Madison Square Garden lets out a collective groan. In the background, we see Lord Nigel being stretchered up the aisle by DEFmed/DEFsec.

Lance:

Three hundred and twenty pounds down on that previously injured neck! This might be it!

Corvo goes to cover ... but spots Nigel being wheeled away and sprints to the turnbuckle, climbing it like an animal.

Glaring at his master with distress for a long moment, he finally turns back to his motionless opponent, his rage renewed.

DDK:

Dex Joy has barely moved since that awkward neckbreaker and now Corvo Alpha is back on the attack... working to pull Dex Joy back to his feet!

Lance:

He is dead weight!

DDK:

NO! NO! ANOTHER PILEDRIVER!!!!

Lance:

Corvo covers!

ONE!

TWO!

WHAT?!? SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

DEX KICKED OUT! Corvo can't believe it!?

Lance:

Neither can I! But the damage surely has to be done?

The Biggest Boy looks completely spent after rolling over to his stomach to prevent another cover by Corvo.

DDK:

Even if he kicked out of those brutal piledrivers, he's wide open for Corvo! Remember that Alpha Clutch put him away in their first match after Corvo took advantage of his prior neck injury!

Corvo hovers dangerously right over the prone body of Dex and then tries to lock Dex up for the Alpha Clutch!

Lance:

It's on! It's on! This one could be over! He's about to go three straight over Dex Joy and put him right back on the shelf if he has his way!

But to the delight of the Faithful, Dex Joy suddenly comes back from the proverbial dead! He surges an arm up! Corvo has the deadly katahamije choke locked on but Dex is on his knees ...

THEN RISES!!! DEX JOY IS ON HIS FEET!!!

DDK:

WHERE is Dex getting this strength from?

Dex runs forward and then *flattens* Corvo by jumping and crushing the monster between his own body weight and the mat! Corvo has to let go and the wind has been pressed right out of him!

Lance:

That was it! That was the comeback that Dex Joy needed!

Dex Joy coughs and tries to get him some fresh air quickly. Dex gets back up and then rolls under the ropes again to get space. Corvo angrily grabs his ribs and even though he is showing signs of pain he is trying to shrug it off. Dex is taking a second to try and get away from dream street but he doesn't have long!

DDK:

Dex should be trying to stay away from the corner ... Corvo is back up !

Corvo tries to ram The Wrecking Crew Foreman, but Dex gets a foot up and shocks Corvo by leaping up with the other leg and striking him with a jumping enziguri!

Lance:

WHAT?! Dex with an enziguri! He just cracked Corvo's skull!

The fans go nuts when Dex hits Corvo off the ropes with a side belly-to-belly suplex by the ropes! Dex gets a recharge from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful then positions himself on the other side of the ropes. Joy plays up to the loud MSG fanbase by rolling his fingers ... then he *crushes* Corvo Alpha with a huge rolling senton over the ropes!

DDK:

Ooooh! Where is Dex Joy pulling these moves from! He's learned some new tricks while he's been away!

Lance:

Even when he thought he might not be able to come back, he never stopped studying. Never stopped learning new moves and making himself better!

After Corvo gets crushed a second time by the Biggest Boy, Dex stomps around and yells at Corvo to get up. The former Favoured Saints champion starts to rise...

But it is too late! He is on the shoulders of Joy!

DDK:

DEX-5!!! THAT WILL DO IT!!! DEX WITH THE COVER!

He jumps over and right into a perfect cover on Corvo. Legs hooked, head locked!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

A wave of disappointment washes over both Dex Joy and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful once Corvo kicks out of DEX-5!

Lance:

What's it going to take for Dex to keep Corvo Alpha down?! He flattened him with that sling shot senton and then followed that with the DEX-5!

DDK:

Dex looks concerned, but that's not stopping him! Two prior matches with Corvo Alpha have taught him something. He'll need to pull out all the stops, but Dex still has plenty more moves at his disposal!

Joy grabs Corvo up by his slimy and sweat-soaked hair and then throws him into the ropes. He grabs Corvo and then makes an attempt to hit Dex's Midnight Runner ... but Corvo hooks an arm on the ropes to keep from being hit!

DDK:
HEY!!!

Dex comes running for what he thinks will be the Dexy's Midnight Runner, but the misdirection allows Corvo to take Dex Joy off his feet with a brutal spear tackle to the mat!

Lance:
Corvo knew it was coming and avoid it! He takes Dex Joy right out of his boots with that massive spear to the gut!

DDK:
And now Corvo right behind him ... SPINNING FOREARM SHOT!!! EXECUTION STYLE!!!

When Dex tries to pull himself upright after the spear, Corvo nails the discus forearm shot right to the back of Dex's head! Dex sinks quickly and Corvo nudges his body over!

DDK:
How much more can Corvo do to him?!

The monster of Lord Nigel makes a cover and buries his forearm right in Dex's face and hooks a leg with the other!

One ...
Two ...

THRE – NO!!!

Dex Joy yet again kicks out! Corvo tries a deeper and tighter cover this time!

One ...
Two ...

THR — NO!!!

Lance:
He kicks out again but surely he can't take too much more of this?!

DDK:
You're right! Corvo is about to have a psychotic break if Nigel can't get a handle on him!

The kick out has MSG on their feet! Corvo Alpha has Dex on the ground and grabs his neck of his suit. Corvo goes back to the Alpha Clutch! He tries to lock it up! But Dex is fighting ... Corvo jumps on his back for leverage!

DDK:
He's going for that Alpha Clutch! Dex powered out once but can he even do that again?!

Lance:
I don't know! I don't see how! Not after those latest shots!

Corvo Alpha is on his back and has the hold almost locked in for the second time! The Wrecking Crew cheer on Dex when he grabs Corvo by the hair ...

AND THROWS HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER TO THE MAT!!!

DDK:

HE'S OUT! HE'S OUT! WHAT POWER!!! DEX MUSCLES OUT OF THE ALPHA CLUTCH!!!

Dex charges before Corvo Alpha can get his bearings back ...

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!!

Corvo gets sent *flying* from the tackle of a former football player turned wrestler! Dex grabs Corvo and places him on his shoulders ...

RIGHT INTO DEX DRIVE DOS!!!

Lance:

DEX DRIVE DOS RIGHT ON CORVO'S DOME!

But Dex does not go for the cover! He needs to make sure the monster goes down and stays down! Dex's neck is still slowing him down, but he tries riding it out and starts stepping up the ropes!

DDK:

Oooh I've seen this move out of Dex Joy literally only one other time! He used this on Gage Blackwood to win his first Southern Heritage championship! Can he do it here to put down Corvo Alpha for good?!

Dex is on the top ... and throws a quick Hail Mary ...

DDK:

JOY BUZZER!!!

Dex nails the *perfect* moonsault and crushes Corvo!!! MSG comes out of their seats when Dex hooks both legs!*One ...**Two ...***THREE!!!****DING DING DING**

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Dex Joy rolls off of Corvo Alpha but after that neither one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's most powerful forces are moving after the physical bout.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of this match ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJOOOOOYYYYY!!!

Lance:DEX JOY DID IT! HE *FINALLY* GETS HIS REVENGE ON CORVO ALPHA AFTER SPENDING TWO MONTHS ON THE SHELF!**DDK:**

These last few months have taken a toll on Dex Joy both mentally and certainly physically! Corvo Alpha showed the damage he can do against the upper echelon of DEFIANCE Wrestling, but tonight, Dex Joy would not be denied this

chance to avenge what was almost a career threatening injury!

The Biggest Boy doesn't let go of his neck. His left hand covers his neck, but he looks down at Corvo Alpha with a look of nothing less than hate for a monster that came dangerously close to ending his career. Joy steps out of the ring and then goes to jump near a group of people with some Wrecking Crew signage!

Dex Joy:

WHO ... WRECKS ... LIKE ... DEX?!

Faithful:

NOBODY!!!

Dex climbs over the barrier and screams his emotions away with the people!

DDK:

Now Dex can hopefully put these ugly past few months behind him with a new lease on his career! For the first time since early November, he's out there celebrating with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful a.k.a. The Wrecking Crew!

Corvo

DDK:

A phenomenal match by both stars tonight and return to form for The Biggest Boy ... but where do Corvo and Nigel go from here?

Lance:

We will try and get an update on Lord Nigel's condition as soon as we know more... but the story here is that despite their best efforts to defeat the joy of DEFIANCE... Dex Joy is back in full force!

Dex Joy revels in the reaction he's receiving from the Faithful and then starts heading to the back as the show prepares to switch gears for a main event.

SNS AND MSG: THE PERFECT MIX

Backstage in front of a DEFIANCE banner. The crowd makes some noise when they see the four people in front of it: Brock Newbludd, Pat Cassidy, Ophelia Sykes, and a microphone wielding Christie Zane. All three Saturday Night Specials are wearing their New York inspired "I [heart] SNS" shirts - although Sykes' exposes her midriff.

Christie Zane:

Pat, Brock - you find yourselves in tonight's main event, but instead of functioning purely as a team, you're two of five people who have to step into the dangerous Wargames structure. You're teaming not only with The Fuse Brothers, two men with who you have some less than pleasant history, but also with Mal-

Pat Cassidy:

Let me you stop you right there, Zane. I know what you're going to say. (bad Christie Zane impression) "Oh, hoW cAn yOu posssssssibly cO-eXisT?" Let's just shut that shit down right now. Do I want to remove Malak Garland's spine and twirl it over my head like a lasso? I do. That would be great. Very therapeutic. But can I swallow that urge in order to dish out an ass whooping to some Vae Victis dickheads? I can.

Cassidy smirks.

Pat Cassidy:

It's a smarter, more mature Pat Cassidy. Aren't you proud of me?

Cassidy smiles at Zane, and Sykes angrily elbows him in the ribs. Pat turns back into the camera lest he face more of her wrath.

Pat Cassidy:

But make no mistake: when this match is over, Garland had better start praying to whatever new age magical hippie dippie bullshit spirit he believes in... cause his fragile ass belongs to me.

Christie Zane:

It's been a wild couple of months for The Saturday Night Specials, with both of you coming within inches of winning the top two singles titles in the company. Tonight, you have that chance again.

Brock Newbludd:

It's always a wild time when you're talkin' about SNS and we wouldn't have it any other way. You know, Vae Victis *thinks* that they have some sort of 'advantage' over us. They *think* that throwing Malak into the mix is going to mess with our heads. They *think* it's going to cause us to lose our edge when we step inside of that cage. Well, I'm here to tell you that none of that matters, not to this guy. Not one f*ckin' bit.

Newbludd snorts in laughter and shakes his head.

Brock Newbludd:

In fact, I'm actually glad that Malak is going to be there to see this. He can stand in the corner with a thumb up his butt like the good lil' cuck he is while we dismantle Vae Victis piece by piece. Because, that's exactly what we intend to do tonight. I got a taste of what the FIST has to offer inside of the ring and I want more. I want more so I'm going to TAKE more! Cass bit off a piece of Henry Keyes and he's gonna TAKE more. The fact is, they should have finished us off when they had the chance!

Visibly fired up, Newbludd gives Cass a smacking high-five.

Brock Newbludd:

Because NOW the stars are aligned! NOW the Ballyhooligans are assembled in full force and tonight we go to war!

Brock suddenly snatches the microphone from Christie and points a finger at the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

I don't care if you're sitting inside MSG or sitting in a recliner at home suckin' down a six-pack...I need all you crazy f*ckers to get up off your asses! Let Vae Victis know who's marchin' to take their gold! Let me hear your war cry!

Newbludd takes a deep breath...

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!

The Faithful:

HOO!

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!

The Faithful:

HOO!

Brock Newbludd:

One more time! BAAAALLY!!!

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Brock Newbludd:

The soon to be FIST and SOHER, that's who! Let's get it, baby! C'mon!

With that, the adrenaline-fueled Newbludd tosses the mic back to Zane and gives Cassidy another loud high-five.

Brock Newbludd:

Let's tear this sonuvabitch down tonight, brother!

With that, The Innovator storms out of the picture, fired up and ready to go. Cassidy and Ophelia both watch him go. Cassidy looks at Zane.

Pat Cassidy:

I'll have what he's having.

With a wink and smile, he also moves out of frame. Zane looks into the camera.

Christie Zane:

Gentlemen, it's safe to say The Saturday Night Specials are ready for tonight's main event.

FIST & SOHER ELIMINATION MATCH: VAE VICTIS vs. FUSE BROS, SNS & MALAK GARLAND

DEFIANCE Road moves on to the main event, as a steel cage is lowered from above.

DDK:

Faithful, as we let you know at the top of the broadcast, this ten-way elimination match for the FIST and SOHER will take place inside a steel cage. The structure of the match is similar to war games... we start with two in the ring, then alternating entrances. The entries are random, other than the last two wrestlers for Vae Victis which will be the SOHER and FIST. The FIST will come out last. Therefore, it gives the "good guys" if you will, an advantage until Lindsay Troy is called upon.

Lance:

Different from war games is the fact anyone can be eliminated at any time, you don't need the whole team in there at once.

DDK:

I would hope not. Fitting ten in a cage, with one ring, is pretty hectic.

Lance:

The referee inside the ring is Brian Slater. Referee Hector Navarro will be escorting each DEFIANT to the cage. Hector doesn't put up with shit. [Pause] We also have Mark Shields... yes, Mark Shields, the complete opposite of a talented referee. He's on the outside to watch any potential issues getting into and out of the cage, or perhaps to relay information to Brian Slater, if there's a pin that hasn't been caught.

DDK:

It's going to be wild.

Lance:

Maybe it's not a perfect scenario or match layout but both teams are going to war.

DDK:

You have to think Vae Victis has a major advantage, being an actual team.

Lance:

Yes, I agree. Malak Garland is the clear wild card. Obviously Pat and Brock want nothing to do with Garland. You have past tension between Tyler and Malak and you also have previous issues between Pat and Conor. HOWEVER...

DDK:

Yes?

Lance:

We recently listened to Kerry Kuroyama vent about his own frustrations. I wonder if there's some minor tension between the way he sees things and the rest of Vae Victis...

DDK:

We shall see. To the ring and Darren Quimbey!

The scene switches to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

This is the MAIN EVENT of the night! It is for BOTH the FIST of DEFIANCE and SOHER. If the FIST or SOHER are pinned in the match, the person who pins them will walk out of DEFIANCE Road as the champion!

DDK:

And that's regardless of if that person survives the rest of the match. For example, you could see Malak Garland pin Lindsay Troy. This makes him the FIST of DEFIANCE no matter if he survives the rest of the match or not.

Lance:

You had to choose Malak as the example, didn't you? [Changing topic] With Keyes and Troy coming out at the end, though, you'd have to think the odds are HEAVILY in their favour to not only retain but to likely be the last two pinned... if Vae Victis are to lose.

Darren Quimbey:

Eliminations can happen at any time once the match begins inside the steel cage. Entrants are random except for the SOHER and FIST, which will come out last for their team. Teams will alternate entrants every two minutes. Introducing first...

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

Darren Quimbey:

PAT CASSIDY!

DDK:

Pat gets the first draw and The MSG Faithful give him a VERY warm welcome!

Lance:

Even though he's from Boston, the enemies in this match are the other ones...

Cassidy marches through the curtain, wearing his usual wrestling attire and the "I [heart] SNS" shirt over them. Behind him, Ophelia Sykes holds her arms into the air and struts down the aisle like she's walking the strip. Cassidy slaps a few outstretched hands as he walks and then as he passes by a camera, he gets all up in the lens with his face.

Pat Cassidy:

MSG, bay-bee!

He resumes his walk to the ring. Cassidy stops in front of the cage, looking it up and down. Ophelia plants a peck on the cheek and a light slap of his moneymaker before she turns to head to the back. Pat walks up the cage, taking part of the chain in his hands and pushing against it to test the sturdiness.

DDK:

As The Saturday Night Specials alluded to earlier tonight, Pat has had a wild few months... from his impressive showing against Henry Keyes to learning that his sister is romantically involved with a man he despises, he has to be able to set it all aside tonight if he wants to survive.

Lance:

Vae Victis will take complete advantage of that turmoil and eat him alive if he doesn't have his head on straight. My question is: can he hold it together when he's in there at the same time as Malak Garland?

Cassidy steps into the cage, turning in a circle to take the impressive structure in. He hops to the top rope and pushes against the cage, yelling out to The Faithful who show their appreciation right back. As his theme fades out, he gets down from the turnbuckle and removes his shirt.

Darren Quimbey:

And the first opponent from Vae Victis...

♪ "Gunning For You" by Nick Nolan ♪

Transitioning into...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

CLAY BYRD!

The Faithful wait as the Monster from Plainview emerges behind the Statue of Liberty FIST logo.

DDK:

Oh boy.

Lance:

The largest person in this match. Pat has his work cut out for him, no doubt.

The giant Texan slowly paces down the rampway, eyes locked into the center of the ring. Clay rolls his shoulders back, he's ready to pounce as he methodically walks up the steel steps and into the ring. Meanwhile, Cassidy bounces back and forth at the far corner of the ring, ready to spring at a moment's notice.

Brian Slater doesn't waste time. He calls for the bell.

DING DING

Cassidy immediately charges at Byrd with a flurry of right hands!

DDK:

If we've learned anything about Pat Cassidy over the last three years, it's that he won't be intimidated... even when he probably should be!

Byrd is caught off guard for just a moment as Cassidy unloads with the lightning fast shots. The people are with him as Byrd is rocked a bit, but the tide turns when Vae Victis' enforcer blocks one of Pat's rights and answers with a big clubbing blow of his own! Cassidy falls backwards into the ropes, bouncing off and answering with a...

Lance:

Clothesline!

DDK:

No! Byrd stumbles a bit, but he does not go down!

The Saturday Night Special eyes his larger opponent's durability before again bouncing off the ring ropes and trying a second clothesline! Same result as the first... Byrd is a little off balance, but not off his feet. Cassidy figures he'll go for the hat trick and the third time is the charm...

Lance:

Cassidy runs right into a big boot that nearly takes his head off!

The giant cowboy is now firmly in control as he lifts Cassidy and drops him harshly across the top turnbuckle with snake eyes. Pat is stunned after his head snaps back, so Clay takes advantage by pressing his bit boot into Cassidy's throat as the Boston native sits in the corner. Cassidy's arms flail in panic and Brain Slater moves in for the five count. Byrd releases the choke just before the five.

DDK:

There are no disqualifications in this match, but oftentimes wrestlers are so used to breaking before that five count, the referee can use that tendency to their advantage. Slater is a vet and he knows that.

Byrd whips Cassidy across the ring into the opposite corner. With big strides and like an out of control steam engine from the Old West, Byrd charges across the ring after him... but he collides with turnbuckle as Pat ducks out of the way

at the very last possible second! The big man is again rattled and Cassidy takes advantage by finally getting him down to the mat via a swinging neckbreaker.

Lance:

Pat knows he has to keep the giant from getting back to a vertical base and he's unloading with stomps to the head to try to keep Clay Byrd down!

Indeed. Clay tries to swat him away, but Pat is like an annoying gadfly as he circles the big man and peppers him with kicks to the dome. This works for a little while, but eventually nothing can stop Byrd from getting back up. Pat hits the ropes and charges at the Vae Victis member with all he's got... but he is caught and raised high over Byrd's head with a press slam! Cassidy shakes his head in protest, but there's little he can do as he is unceremoniously dropped to the canvas!

DDK:

A press slam from that height is like falling off the roof.

The fans voice their disapproval as Byrd wraps his meaty mitt around Cassidy's head, lifts him to his feet, and tosses him face first into the steel! The Scrapper from Southie bounces off and hits the canvas hard. Byrd walks around his downed opponent, seemingly taking pleasure in toying with him, before he AGAIN brings him up and AGAIN sends him into the steel! This time, Pat doesn't fly backwards, but instead crumples between the ring ropes and the cage. A camera moves in close, and we have our FIRST juice of the bout!

Lance:

We're only two competitors in, and blood has already been spilled.

Clay seems proud of his handiwork as the countdown appears on the DEFIATron.

TEN!

NINE!

DDK:

And some help is on the way for Pat... help he could surely use!

EIGHT!

SEVEN!

SIX!

With the blood flowing from Pat's forehead, Clay turns his attention to whoever is about to come through the entrance.

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

BUZZ!

♪ "Mouth for War" by Pantera ♪

Loud pop!

DDK:

Reinforcements coming! As in... Cassidy's tag team partner!

Lance:

Couldn't have asked for someone better!

Brock Newbludd is next! Brock hits the ring, slides under Clay's feet and bounces off the ropes. Brock ducks a big clothesline and hits the opposite ropes with a full head of steam. Charging in, he leaps into the air for a crossbody but Byrd catches him mid-flight!

Lance:

Clay snatched Brock out of the air with ease and he's got The Innovator setup for a fallaway slam... NO! Cassidy with the low blow from behind!

DDK:

Anything goes here, partner. Now, the former tag champions are going to work on Byrd.

SNS send Clay off the ropes and he eats a double back elbow! Cassidy and Newbludd cheers each other and then the cheering Faithful. With Byrd down in between them, the owners of Ballyhoo Brew leap into the air...

DDK:

Double Ballyhoo elbow drop from The Specials!

Together, SNS drag Byrd to his feet and try for a double suplex, but their opponent is just too damn big. Keeping his feet on the mat, Byrd tries to suplex THEM instead...

Lance:

Look at this! Clay Byrd has picked all 500 plus pounds of SNS!

Clay manages to get SNS fully vertical but the Specials avoid disaster by floating over and landing on their feet! Byrd immediately spins around and charges at them. Brock and Pat both take a quick side step at the last second to avoid getting crushed by Clay. Using the big man's momentum against him, the former champions send Byrd face first into the cage.

DDK:

Clay eats steel and he's stunned. SNS isn't letting up as they each grab an arm and send him for the ride...

Clay bounces off the ropes and rumbles back in towards the waiting Specials. Flashing some championship caliber teamwork, SNS sends the super heavyweight down to the mat with a double flapjack.

DDK:

The New York Faithful are loving this, Lance!

Not taking their foot off the gas, Cassidy drops a follow up elbow to Byrd's chest while Newbludd delivers one to the legs. Brock holds onto Clay's legs upon pulling himself up off the mat and circles around like he's going for a figure four. The Faithful begin to buzz in anticipation as Brock steps through and starts to tie the big man's legs up.

No! Clay kicks Newbludd squarely in the ass to send him stumbling into the corner!

Lance:

Newbludd went for the submission but Byrd wasn't having it!

Clay tries to rise up off the mat but Cassidy instantly puts a stop to it with another solid elbow drop. This time around

Cassidy keeps his weight on top of Clay, trying to work him into a choke hold.

Lance:

You can tell Pat's having a really hard go here, trying to find a way to keep this monster down and yet... he's certainly applying pressure to Clay.

Finally, Black Out is able to roll Clay onto his chest. He begins to apply a modified crossface submission!

DDK:

This would be HUGE if the Specials got Clay to tap. Absolutely huge! It would be a definite two-on-one advantage for whomever Vae Victis has out next. It'll either be Kerry or Butch. And if it's Butch...

Lance:

It's like a three-on-one!

Cassidy has the hold locked in but it's clear there's lots of life left in the Texan. He's trying to push up and off the mat, so much so that Cassidy gives Newbludd "the nod". The Innovator races to the other side of the ring and rests at the turnbuckle. Now, looking at Byrd straight-on, he explodes from this corner with a dropkick, meeting his heels directly on Clay's face. Although this moves Clay's head out of the crossface submission, it ensures the giant is still on the mat.

DDK:

Oof! Byrd just ATE a couple of size 12's but he's also escaped the crossface!

Popping up to a knee, Newbludd realizes his error and shoots his friend an apologetic look as Cassidy rises back up. Glancing down to see Byrd holding both of his hands up to his face, Black Out shrugs his shoulders and offers a hand to Brock. Newbludd takes it and is brought back up to his feet by his partner.

Lance:

SNS have been firing on all cylinders but they're going to need to keep it up if they plan on keeping Clay Byrd down.

Cassidy and Newbludd have a quick strategy session that ends with a fist bump. Together, the two of them begin peeling Byrd off the mat.

The ten second countdown begins on the DEFIATron.

TEN!

NINE!

DDK:

The Specials send Clay into the ropes... double spinebuster!! I think the ring just moved!

EIGHT!

SEVEN!

Lance:

Excellent work for BOTH of them. Pat, to weather the storm in the early stages of the match and then Brock who came down to help and seemingly even the odds with such an imposing figure.

SIX!

FIVE!

Cassidy collapses in a corner while Brock takes a moment to recover on his knees.

FOUR!

THREE!

DDK:

Who's it going to be!? It's either Kerry or Butch...

TWO!

ONE!

BUZZ!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

DDK:

Oh no!

Butcher Victorious.

Lance:

There really ISN'T a good place for Butcher. You've got Clay, who's on the ropes against a team that knows what they're doing.

Butcher confidently walks down the ramp and then up the stairs, asking Mark Shields to open the cage door. He struts onto the apron and then places a foot in-between the bottom and middle rope, taking his eyes away from anyone inside the ring. He fully enters, he goes to raise his hands-

WHAM.

DDK:

Newbludd with a running clothesline!

Butcher flips inside out and crashes to the mat in a heap! Cassidy tells his partner to casually step aside because he wants a piece of the whipping boy.

Once Butcher's on his feet, Cassidy springs to action and bursts forward, hitting Victorious with a stiff clothesline that nearly turns him inside out. He stumbles up to his feet, somewhat punch drunk, and walks into...

Lance:

IRISH GOODBYE! Pat drills Butch's head into the mat!

RRRAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

The NY Faithful want to see a bloodbath! Cassidy grabs Butch Vic, yelling for Newbludd to head up to the top. With a grin, Brock begins to climb as Pat sets up Vic in the piledriver position... the fans come alive as they know what's next! The top of the cage means Brock can't quite stand to his full height, so he has to once again settle for the second rope... but the impact is all the same as he leaps off and connects, spiking the piledriver with The Saturday Night Special's KEG STAND!

The Faithful:

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

With Byrd still getting his bearings, Pat makes the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

We have our first elimination!

Darren Quimbey:

Butcher Victorious has been eliminated!

Lance:

That did not take long... as this move puts Vae Victis at a complete disadvantage. That leaves big Clay Byrd in there with both of The Saturday Night Specials, and the next entrant will not be a Vae Victis member. We're looking at a three on one advantage!!

DDK:

If SNS can hold that advantage, it'll be smooth sailing to the FIST and SOHER belts...

Cassidy gets up and he and Brock take a moment to have a laugh at Butch Vic's expense... but they both turn into a big double clothesline OUTTANOWHERE that puts them both down courtesy of Clay Byrd!

Lance:

So there you go. You have Butcher eliminated but Clay is someone you can never, no matter what, take your eyes off. He can not only deliver a lot of impact but he can take a lot, too.

Clay screams into the bleachers, a very angry, pissed off cry, knowing he remains in a two-on-one situation that's eventually going to become a three-on-one unless he does something quickly.

Clay snatches Cassidy by the neck, dragging him off the mat. He's going to attempt a clothesline when Newbludd takes hold of Clay's right boot so he can't get a good base.

Lance:

It's a smart call here. Brock's doing what he can to survive.

Byrd tries kicking Newbludd off him but he isn't able to do so. Instead, a disgruntled Vae Victis enforcer pushes Cassidy into the steel cage and then leans down to pluck Brock Newbludd from the canvas. Clay has Brock by the neck. He's going to attempt a choke slam when Pat flies in with a forearm to the side of the face.

DDK:

No! I believe Clay caught Pat!

The monster has both hands wrapped around the Special's necks. He's going for a chokeslam when the counter begins.

TEN!

NINE!

EIGHT!

It's a very quick distraction but it allows Newbludd and Cassidy to slip free. They hit the ropes and look for a double

lariat when Clay explodes past both of them, like a lineman. The collision sends the Special's flying into opposite sides of the cage!

SEVEN!

SIX!

Byrd looks down at his opponents. He takes hold of Brock who happens to be the closest and finally connects with that chokeslam.

FIVE!

FOUR!

DDK:

Clay is going for the cover!

The count is simultaneous with the countdown for the next entrant, except counting the other way...

ONE. (THREE!)

TWO. (TWO!)

SAVE BY PAT! (ONE!)

BUZZ!

Don't ever stop if you want to be on top, bitch!!

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

DDK:

The most unlikely of heroes...

The crowd, ultimately, gives a mixed reaction as they wait for The Snowflake Superstar to appear.

Darren Quimbey:

The next entrant... MALAK GARLAND!

But no one shows.

Cassidy looks up as he pushes off Byrd. Black Out is shaking his head at the entrance way because no one has appeared.

Lance:

Wait a second...

A figure does emerge but it's from underneath the rampway... and he's not alone.

DDK:

It's Malak Garland... dragging Butcher Victorious with him!?

Keebler is right. Malak is walking to the ring with Butcher Victorious, who he likely ran into near the entranceway. Garland is making a clear path to the ring, as Mark Shields unlocks the door and lets him and Butcher in.

Cassidy looks at the pair like they have two heads and then Malak throws Butcher down in the center of the ring.

Malak Garland:

I wanted a piece of this troll!

Garland hits the ropes and connects with an I TRIGGER.

Lance:

The knee to the table! You could hear the echo throughout the arena!

Garland covers Butcher. He looks up at referee Brian Slater and demands him to count... but before Slater can do anything, Pat Cassidy walks over in a fury.

Pat Cassidy:

Do you have fucking brain damage!?

Lance:

This is not going to be received well.

Garland sighs. He removes himself from the pin attempt, asking Mark Shields to open the cage door and then ejects Butcher from the ring once again.

DDK:

These guys... they better get on the same page here. It's a legitimate three-on-one! They have Vae Victis right where they want!

Lance:

Do they!?

Cassidy looks like he's rapidly losing patience with Garland when Clay comes in and bulldozes both of them! Cassidy goes FLYING into the cage, a solid few feet in the air. Garland, on the other hand, eats the top turnbuckle pad so hard it looks like he busted his lip open on contact.

Byrd screams as he rams into The Mega Troll with an elbow smash. He props Garland on the top rope and then hip tosses The Keyboard Warrior almost the entire length of the ring!

DDK:

Dear god, the power!

Brock Newbludd hops into the picture, not exactly to save Malak Garland but to attempt changing the direction of this match. He leaps onto Byrd's back and starts elbowing Clay in the back of the head. Over and over and over...

Clay reaches out for Brock... he's about to flip The Innovator over when Cassidy comes into the scene with a series of rapid right hands. This stuns the big man, so Newbludd can wiggle himself free and land on the mat.

The clock begins again...

TEN!

NINE!

Cassidy continues to unload on Clay but Clay is fighting him off...

EIGHT!

SEVEN!

DDK:

Malak Garland's slow appearance and then how he just NEEDED to "finish" Butcher Victorious off... it took way too long. It ruined any REAL momentum this team would've had and now, they'll have to put up with a very pissed off Kerry Kuroyama.

SIX!

FIVE!

Once again it's a Special vs. Clay Byrd showdown, with Pat and Brock trying to rock the giant off his feet.

FOUR!

THREE!

The camera shows Malak Garland alert and resting in the corner. He's sitting there, back against the bottom and middle turnbuckle pads and he looks to be sulking in self pity.

TWO!

ONE!

BUZZ!

More "Stranger Fruit".

Kerry Kuroyama walks out from behind the back IMMEDIATELY after the buzzing noise is heard throughout MSG.

DDK:

He's basically the antithesis of Malak Garland, if I'm being honest.

Lance:

A lot of people are.

Kuroyama marches his way down the ramp as the cage door is already open for him and he jets into the ring-

Kerry is immediately met by Pat Cassidy as the two exchange rights and lefts while Brock Newbludd is now left alone with Clay Byrd.

The crowd is hot as all four men are giving it everything they can. Nobody is backing down...

Except Malak Garland, who's still leaning into the corner of the ring, hoping nobody pays attention to him.

Out of the corner of his eyes, you can see the pissed off look from Brock Newbludd. He shouts something to Garland, something along the lines of "are you not going to help!?"

DDK:

Give Newbludd credit for acknowledging Garland. I don't think Pat Cassidy can even do that right now. Honestly, I don't blame them...

Lance:

But yet they ARE a team, Keebs. It's vital they put aside their differences! You saw what happened in Toronto. It's the first time Vae Victis looked vulnerable!

Shout all he wants, Malak Garland is definitely licking his wounds in the corner and refuses to emerge. It's like he's been triggered that he never received the real opportunity to eliminate Butcher Victorious, the man who was responsible for breaking the news to the rest of the world, that Malak and Pat Cassidy's sister were dating.

Kuroyama and Cassidy are working themselves into bruises all over their bodies. Meanwhile, Clay had Brock up for another chokeslam but this time The Innovator slips around Clay at the last second, takes hold of his head and drives him to the canvas with a DDT, using Byrd's chokeslam momentum against him.

Cassidy hurls Kuroyama into the ropes and looks for a back body drop on return but The Pacific Blitzkrieg lands on his feet! He spins Black Out around and pumps Pat so hard in the face, Cassidy might have a black eye after the match is over. Kuroyama connects with a side Russian leg sweep, followed by a leg drop and then to cap it off he grabs Cassidy by the hair and tosses him into the steel cage. To finish, Kuroyama crushes Black Out with a Green River Revolt in the back of the head.

DDK:

That's one strong knee!

Kerry isn't done. He finds Brock Newbludd and destroys the other Special with a yakuza kick!

DDK:

Kuroyama is the freshest man in this match but you have to hand it to him here, he's on a tear.

The countdown begins again.

Kuroyama continues to unload on Brock Newbludd while Clay Byrd starts working over Cassidy now.

TEN!

NINE!

EIGHT!

SEVEN!

SIX!

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

BUZZ!

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

The Faithful come alive as another DEFIANT in a similar situation as Malak Garland, a "favourite by circumstances", Tyler Fuse walks out from behind the curtain. Kuroyama looks up from his pummeling of Brock Newbludd. It doesn't take long for Tyler and Kerry to lock eyes with each other.

Lance:

These two have a **SERIOUS** history.

The elder Fuse paces down the rampway while Kuroyama readies himself for a battle. Tyler reaches the apron, walks up the steel steps and enters the cage.

Tyler and Kerry make a b-line for each other.

The Faithful engage in cheers as the two go shot after shot. Tyler slugs Kerry so hard in the side of the jaw spit **AND** blood seemingly flies from his mouth. Kuroyama bounces off the ropes on the impact and then crushes Tyler inside-out with a rebound clothesline to the temple. Kuroyama mounts Fuse and delivers forearm after forearm after forearm to Tyler's head. The OG Player is trying to cover up but he's having a difficult time... until he gets his legs in the right position and pushes up and off. He turns the tables, spinning the situation around and placing Kerry on the mat. Tyler takes both hands and wraps them around Kuroyama's face. He starts driving Kerry's skull off the mat over and over with no stop in sight and the Faithful scream along-

WHAM!

DDK:

Clay Byrd with a boot to Tyler's head!

The crowd boos. SNS and Tyler Fuse are down...

Kerry pushes Fuse off him and rises on his feet. He stands beside the behemoth. Then they slowly, almost robotically change their attention...

To Malak Garland.

The Mega Troll quivers in the corner and shakes his head no. Byrd and Kuroyama are closing in on Garland as Malak is trying to find a way through the cage. Literally... through the cage. He's hoping to squeeze through the mesh. This is an actual thing he is doing.

It's clearly not working.

DDK:

We **KNOW** Henry Keyes is out next.

The countdown is at the final three...

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

BUZZ!

Lance:

The **SOHER** is now on the line!

More omnipresent doom-piano from our old friends, Zeal and Ardor. Keyes wears the **SOHER** around his waist and he's, at first, very methodical in his approach to the ring, weighing tactics in his mind as his eye darts from body to body. His eye seems to lock onto his pals Clay and Kerry, and with a nod, he unclasps his championship and lets it clatter to the floor as his more-familiar haunch-strut takes over his pace.

Malak sees his out. The second Mark Shields opens the cage door, Garland **BOLTS** past Kuroyama and Byrd. He

dives through the ropes, out of the ring and, ultimately, out of the cage! Before Henry Keyes can get to him, Garland runs to the other side, putting an entire ring in-between him and Keyes.

The Kraken isn't bothered; it's likely he doesn't care. His fight is inside the structure as he walks up the steps and enters.

Keyes surveys his surroundings. He looks down at the fallen Cassidy, Newbludd and Fuse. It looks like he's impressed.

DDK:

Keyes is going to pick up where he left off. He's going directly after Pat Cassidy, the man he defeated for the SOHER at the Year End Awards Show!

Henry pulls a woozy Cassidy to his feet. It looks like he's going for the Bell Clap when suddenly, Cassidy rolls him up!

ONE!

TWO!

KUROYAMA WITH THE LAST SECOND SAVE!

DDK:

Everyone was stunned! Clay and Kerry could barely react in time!

A furious SOHER Champion lifts himself off the mat first. He attempts to crack Cassidy in the jaw but Pat fires back with a right fist! Before Kuroyama or Byrd can get involved, Tyler and Brock are back on their feet as well and take the fight to Vae Victis.

The New York Faithful cheer on the wild brawl they're seeing... now Tyler is paired off with Clay and Brock is going toe-to-toe with Kerry. Meanwhile, on the outside looking in, Malak Garland is hunched over by the guardrail.

DDK:

Is Garland EVER getting back in this match!? His team would have the advantage if he did! It would definitely not be as scary as he thinks it is!

Tyler is whipped into the turnbuckle but he bounces off hard and gives a stiff clothesline to Clay. It doesn't knock the giant down but it certainly knocks him back. Tyler takes to the ropes and flies off with a shoulder block that catches Clay in the chest, then he drills the VV enforcer under the chin. Byrd has a look on his face, almost suggesting he didn't expect to be hit as hard as someone with the last name of Fuse.

Lance:

Tyler is CLEARLY not his brother when it comes to the skills he brings inside the ring.

Fuse hammers Clay across the chest with a hard knife edge chop... and then Clay fires back with one of his own but Tyler takes it and barely moves. The crowd is impressed as these two continue going back and forth.

Brock Irish whips Kerry into the steel cage and on the rebound Newbludd connects with a superkick, spinning Kuroyama around. Brock hits the ropes, leaps up and jumps onto Kerry's back, connecting with a backstabber.

Black Out hits the SOHER with a snap headbutt but his Irish whip is reversed and Keyes runs into Cassidy the second Pat's back meets the ropes. Keyes clotheslines Cassidy onto the apron, then takes Pat's head and starts rubbing it into the mesh.

DDK:

Pat has been in this match since the very beginning, along with Clay. I think it's safe to say Cassidy has taken on the

most amount of damage so far.

The timer begins again.

TEN!

NINE!

DDK:

There's only one member left from both teams!

EIGHT!

SEVEN!

Cassidy breaks free from Keyes' grasp by connecting with a back elbow to Henry's nose. The Kraken staggers back as Pat looks to recover.

SIX!

FIVE!

Cassidy slingshots himself over the top rope but unfortunately runs right into a spinning back elbow from Keyes!

FOUR!

THREE!

Keyes looks for a pin but Newbludd is there to break it up.

TWO!

ONE!

BUZZ!

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

The NYC Faithful erupt as Conor Fuse sprints down the rampway. Dressed in his regular lime green tights, shooting sleeve and bandana, he's on autopilot until he reaches the apron.

DDK:

What's Conor doing!?

The crowd catches on rather quickly.

Lance:

He's not going through the cage door, that's for sure!

Conor shouts at Mark Shields to lock the door as he is already climbing to the top of the cage!

Lance:

Conor's climbing so fast, you almost wonder if he would've been slower to enter through the door!

Fuse is already on the top of the cage. He has his targets measured...

DDK:

Flying crossbody across Clay Byrd and Henry Keyes!

Kerry Kuroyama walks over to Conor and clubs him on the side of the head with a swift, hard palm strike!

The Specific Blitzkrieg, as Conor Fuse calls him, begins to unload a FURY of short, quick palm strikes until Tyler Fuse jumps into the picture and spears Kuroyama to the mat.

Tyler stands...

And, eventually, so does Conor.

The Fuse Bros. are the only two upright in the center of the ring. The NYC Faithful start cheering.

Conor nods and Tyler nods, too. Once Clay Byrd is up and walks over to them, both Fuse's land a superkick combo into Clay's chest. Then they double suplex Byrd to the canvas.

Henry Keyes is next up. He launches himself towards Conor but Tyler moves his younger brother out of the way and Keyes winds up with nothing instead. Tyler goes high with a shoulder block and Conor goes low with a leg sweep to get Keyes on the mat.

Kerry is at the Fuse Bros. next but Tyler works through a clothesline attempt and spins Kuroyama around in the process. He works Kerry into a powerbomb position, hits the move at the same time Conor Fuse comes up from underneath and performs a double knee backbreaker to Kuroyama.

The Fuse Bros. rise again and start to receive a standing ovation!

But Clay ruins the party, as he's back on his feet and comes charging in-

DDK:

Explosive flying clothesline by Pat Cassidy puts Clay on the mat!

Black Out moves to the side as Tyler is feeling the energy and tells Conor to make it to the top rope.

Fuse immediately jumps on the top buckle and comes off with a splash to Clay!

And then directly after Tyler Fuse flies off with the very same splash to Clay!

DDK:

2-UP!! VINTAGE FUSE BROS.!!

The elder Fuse hooks the leg and Brian Slater counts.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd is stunned as the behemoth kicks out of the Fuse Bros' old finishing move. Meanwhile, Kerry Kuroyama is back on his feet but he's redirected into the cage by Brock Newbludd, while Keyes is back on his feet, too, yet finds himself against Pat Cassidy... leaving the Fuse Bros. to take hold of Clay Byrd.

Tyler shoves Conor as hard as possible.

Tyler Fuse:
FINISH HIM!

Conor goes to the top rope again as the crowd watches Tyler drag Byrd to his feet...

DDK:
Can he do it!? Can Tyler Fuse put Clay on his shoulders for the FINISH HIM!, electric chair dropkick!?

Tyler has Clay on his shoulders but Fuse is still crouching over...

Then he stands tall!

RRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!

Conor jumps off with the dropkick that...

CONNECTS.

Tyler covers.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:
Clay Byrd has been eliminated!

DDK:
Wow! It's going to be five-on-three!!!

Lance:
Well, FOUR-on-three, Malak Garland STILL has refused to enter this cage!

The countdown begins.

TEN through ONE roll on as Conor has gone over to help Pat Cassidy and Tyler Fuse has turned his attention to Malak Garland on the outside of the ring.

BUZZ!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Lindsay Troy.

FIST around her waist, the champion appears on the stage to a loud audible of boos while she makes her way down. Meanwhile, the apron camera catches up to Tyler Fuse inside the ring, shouting at Malak Garland.

Tyler Fuse:
Get the fuck in this ring and help out! Let's go!

Malak shakes his head no.

Troy certainly has some concern on her face, knowing the odds are not in Vae Victis' favour right now but as she

approaches the cage, she sees Malak Garland quivering at the opposite side of the guardrail.

She smirks and strolls over to the whereabouts of Malak Garland's "hiding place".

The Keyboard King shakes his head no, this time with the most amount of certainty yet. Garland scurries past LT and over to the announce team. He whispers something in Darren Quimbey's ear. At first, the ring announcer double takes and asks Malak to clarify. Garland assures Quimbey whatever he was trying to clarify is correct. As this takes place, inside the ring, Tyler Fuse looks like he's going to lose his mind.

Darren Quimbey:

I've just been informed Malak Garland has "soft exited" the match.

The hard nosed NYC Faithful flood the arena in jeers as Malak Garland starts walking up the ramp with tears in his eyes. Inside the ring, most of the action has stopped. Pat Cassidy wipes the blood out of his face while looking pissed off, Conor Fuse is certainly beside himself and Tyler Fuse can't stop screaming in Malak's direction.

Finally, Tyler turns to his brother while pointing in Malak's direction.

Tyler Fuse:

What the fuck was that, bro!? That's **your** guy!?

Conor's beside himself.

Conor Fuse:

I- dude- Tyler-

DDK:

Soft exit? What the heck is that!? Looks like he straight up QUIT on everyone!

Conor brings his attention to Malak.

Conor Fuse: [shouting at the rampway to Malak Garland]

Get back in here!

Garland shakes his head no while MOAR tears run down his face. Tyler swings his brother back around to face him.

Tyler Fuse:

What the fuck!? I thought we were good!

Troy's once apprehensive demeanor has changed to a look of sheer confidence. As she slowly scales the steel steps to enter the cage...

DDK:

Kerry rolls up Tyler Fuse!

As this happens, Henry Keyes throws himself in front of anyone who could make the attempted save from the pinfall.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DDK:

NO!

Darren Quimbey:

Tyler Fuse has been eliminated!

Lance:

Just like that, it's the end of the Fuse Bros again! We see Malak Garland and Tyler Fuse out of the match!

The OG Player is furious! He slams his hands against the mat after Kuroyama rolls off him. Tyler stands and looks directly at his brother before shaking his head and power-walking out of the cage in a huff.

Lance:

I believe that's the first time in over a year Tyler Fuse has been pinned and by Kerry Kuroyama no less.

DDK:

I am stunned at what has transpired.

Lance:

Look, Conor's team better regroup and FAST. It's still in front of them but it's three-on-three now. Conor-Brock-Pat against Kerry-Henry-Lindsay. It's not five-on-three odds but the FIST and SOHER are there for the taking!

Lindsay Troy makes a "boohoo" face at Conor Fuse before the rest of VV attack SNS, leaving the leader of Vae Victis standing in front of the individual who orchestrated the oppositional team.

Troy continues to scoff at Conor Fuse before he races towards her in an attempt to let out his own frustrations. Troy, however, is coy and ducks as Fuse flies right into the ropes and the cage! She spins around, kicks Conor in the back and then hits him with a backdrop, throwing The Ultimate Gamer on his head in the process.

The FIST of DEFIANCE follows with well placed kicks into Conor's chest as the younger Fuse is trying to pull to his feet.

Across the ring, Keyes is choking out Pat Cassidy with his boot as Black Out is pinned between the turnbuckle padding and Keyes' heel. Brock Newbludd and Kerry Kuroyama are going shot for shot on the other corner of the ring. Brock finally looks to get the better of Kerry, he whips The Pacific Blitzkrieg into the ropes, leaps up but he's caught with a pop up powerbomb!

DDK:

Kuroyama's going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY PAT CASSIDY!

DDK:

At the last possible second, Black Out breaks free from Henry Keyes and stops the count. The Specials are still alive!

Kuroyama doesn't have to worry about Cassidy any further, though. Keyes comes back in and knocks Pat down with a Bell Clap that sends the former tag champ stumbling.

Conor Fuse attempts to help out but he's immediately put to rest by a hard judo chop by Kuroyama.

Lance:

I believe Kuroyama's looking for the Kuroyama Driver on Brock...

Kuroyama has Newbludd up... but The Innovator is trying to wiggle his way free. However, Kerry seems to be too much

for Brock to handle.

Kuroyama Driver!

...NO!

Newbludd slips out at the last second! He snatches Kuroyama by his hair, pulls the Seattle native to his feet and attempts the Shock and Awe, the bridging dragon suplex.

...NO!

This time Kuroyama slips out and bounces into the ropes. Newbludd catches him and looks for an overhead belly-to-belly suplex when once again, Kuroyama lands on his feet. Kerry swiftly kicks Brock in the side of the head before dragging him back into the Kuroyama Driver positioning...

Cassidy tries to interject himself but so does Conor Fuse. Both of them wind up knocking into each other, turning around and eating a maneuver from their various counterparts. Cassidy takes a second Bell Clap from Keyes and Conor Fuse is knocked down with a roaring elbow from Troy.

Kuroyama Driver!

...NO!!!

Once again, Brock Newbludd escapes and the NYC Faithful lose their minds! Brock is going for his dragon suplex when all of a sudden Kerry turns it into a small package pin, center of the ring!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DDK:

Kuroyama eliminated Newbludd!

Lance:

It was a clean cradle pin, too. Nothing wrong about the move. It was a hell of a counter if I do say so myself, as these two continued to counter each other.

Darren Quimbey:

Brock Newbludd has been eliminated!

The Innovator sits up and looks at referee Brian Slater, as if to confirm it was a three count. Slater shakes his head yes and Brock lowers his head in disappointment. Lindsay Troy, meanwhile, leans against a corner of the ring and waves "bu-bye" to Brock.

DDK:

And Brock is going to leave here. He's not going to make a fuss. The Specials aren't going to cheat and when either of them are knocked out, they'll make their timely exit.

Keyes, Troy and Kuroyama are all on their feet (although Kerry takes a minute to recover from the back and forth onslaught both he and Brock threw at each other). Newbludd rises, surveys the scene and then bows out of the ring. Mark Shields locks the cage up again upon Brock exiting.

Lance:

Kerry got him. You have to give Kuroyama credit when he says he's going to win things fair and square.

Troy pulls her group together. Knowing it's three-on-two now, it's clear from their body language they like their odds. Troy glances down at the fallen Pat Cassidy, who's only now struggling to get on his knees.

DDK:

Pat has been here since the VERY start of the match. Brock was the second person out for his team but Pat... well, Pat had to put up with Clay Byrd alone and that's seemingly an impossible task.

Keyes limbers up, Kerry eyes his prey and Lindsay is ready for them to enclose on the final Special's member.

Until she stops.

Troy puts her arms out to stop Kuroyama and Keyes from engaging. She looks around the ring again. She raises an eyebrow.

Lindsay Troy:

Where's cOnOr?

The crowd comes alive as they witness Conor Fuse QUICKLY climbing the steel cage yet again. He's behind all three members of Vae Victis, so it's the last place they look.

Conor Fuse:

Up here, ya fucking clown meme...

VV turn just in time to see Conor Fuse leap off the cage with a HEAD STOMP, aimed right at the FIST of DEFIANCE herself!

But Kerry Kuroyama pushes Troy away at the last possible second and he's hit with the Head Stomp instead! Fuse's heels go straight into Kuroyama's forehead!

DDK:

HEAD STOMP!

Pat Cassidy recovers at the absolute best possible moment. He grabs Henry Keyes and throws him into the steel cage!

Although it's clear Fuse wanted Lindsay Troy, Conor makes a pin on Kerry regardless.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Darren Quimbey:

Kerry Kuroyama has been eliminated!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy was too discombobulated to intervene! Kerry saved her but also had to push her out of the way. I think she rammed into that turnbuckle rather hard!

Lance:

We're down to two-on-two, FIST and SOHER still up for grabs!

The Faithful are rabid as Kerry Kuroyama slowly rolls out of the ring with help from the referee. A struggling Conor Fuse gets to his feet and walks over to Pat Cassidy, who's down on his knees.

Conor offers his hand.

Pat looks up... it takes him a second.

Then he nods.

He grabs the hand and Fuse props Cassidy to his feet. The Faithful give a ROAR as two former friends turned enemies stand side-by-side and call the FIST and SOHER towards them.

Conor speaks to Pat, although he keeps his eyes locked on Lindsay Troy.

Conor Fuse:

I don't care who I pin, man. You can pin them both if you'd like. I owe you one. Or two. Or three.

Pat Cassidy:

Less talking. More fighting.

Conor Fuse:

If you want Lindsay Troy that's fine by me. I'll take the dipshit who bailed on my friendship- [finally cluing into what Pat was saying] oh, right. Less talk, MOAR fighting.

Conor quickly glances over to Henry.

Conor Fuse:

Do you still think you're a pirate? This is *DEFIANCE*, not Dodgeball.

Henry Keyes:

I've known what I am for some time now, junior. And I know that you're a shit partner to everyone who's ever cared for you.

The MSG Faithful are on their feet as Conor and Pat are waiting for Henry and Lindsay to finally lock up with them...

Troy takes a step forward, then a step back. Keyes is on the other side of the ring and he does the same. It's like Vae Victis are toying with them.

Conor Fuse:

Fuck it, bro. Let's take the fight to them!

Pat Cassidy:

NOW you're talking.

They attack! Fuse flies into Keyes' waiting arms and reigns down a fury of left hands while Cassidy goes directly at Troy, blocking her Pele kick and then unloading a fury of his own wild punches.

The arena is rocking as Conor hurls Keyes into a corner and races in with a Pat Splashidy! Not to be outdone, Cassidy whips Troy into the ropes, lowers his body and then lunges forward with an amazing knee strike, catching Troy under the jaw!

DDK:

Conor used a Pat playbook move and dare I say it, Pat used a jumping knee in a very Conor-like way.

Fuse signals to Cassidy, telling him to Irish whip Lindsay Troy into the corner across from him. Pat does so but follows Lindsay Troy there. Right in front of the champion, Cassidy drops down on all fours as Conor charges and jumps off Pat's back to hit The Queen with a beautifully executed poetry in motion!

A double hip toss by Cassidy and Fuse places Troy in the middle of the canvas. However, an irate Henry Keyes emerges from his own corner. He races to the middle of the ring but Cassidy sees the SOHER at the last possible second and cracks him with a crisp back elbow. Fuse tells Cassidy to set Keyes up for a pump handle slam and as the Black Out performs the move, Conor bounces off the ropes and lands a high angle leg drop across Keyes' neck.

DDK:

Look at this symmetry! It's like I'm watching the Fuse Bros. or the Specials!

Lance:

These two WERE a team a long time ago, Keebs. Even if it only lasted a couple of months.

Troy is up but once again she's put back down, too. Conor crushes her with a superkick and she stumbles right into an elbow to the jaw. Cassidy whips Troy into a corner and follows in... he stands on the second pad and begins hammering down fist after fist for the count of the crowd...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

FOUR.

Tap, tap.

Fuse taps Cassidy on the shoulder. He turns and looks down. With a shit eating grin on his face...

Conor Fuse:

Can I join?

Cassidy shrugs as Fuse hops up and starts cranking Troy with fist alongside Pat Cassidy. The count begins again.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

FOUR.

FIVE.

SIX.

SEVEN.

EIGHT.

NINE.

Pause.

Cassidy and Fuse cheers the crowd. Then each other.

TEN!

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Fuse hops off the buckle and immediately rushes over to Henry Keyes to make sure the SOHER doesn't get back into the match. Meanwhile, Cassidy positions Troy on the top buckle and connects with a belly to back superplex!

DDK:

You HAVE TO believe the FIST and SOHER are going to change hands here! Cassidy and Conor have EVERYTHING under control!

Lance:

Hope you didn't jinx it.

...And leave it to Darren Keebler to jinx it because there's a major rumble in the crowd...

DDK:

Wait a second!

Oscar Burns appears through The Faithful! He hops over the guardrail and walks up the steel steps. He begins pulling on the cage door but it's locked.

Lance:

What is Oscar Burns doing!?

He's trying to get in but he can't. Red faced and all, Burns looks down at referee Mark Shields.

Oscar Burns:

GC! As THE proud representative of DEFIANCE and Favored Saints, I'm using my authority to tell you to open this door!

Shields shrugs.

Mark Shields:

Oh shit, fucking right man. No problem. Sure thing.

Oscar is ready to pounce like a dog on steak as he looks ready to go on and help out his Vae Victis teammates!

Lance:

Dammit! What blackmail photos does Mark Shields have to keep his damn job in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

A question I ask weekly.

The door is open when Oscar walks in! Cassidy and Fuse notice when DEFIANCE Himself creeps into the cage, ready to play the (illegal) difference maker.

DDK:

This is a travesty! Vae Victis is going to STEAL this one! It's now three-on-two!

Because Cassidy and Fuse are watching Burns, Troy and Keyes attack the duo, knocking them on the canvas!

DDK:

Awful. Just awful...

BOOOOO--**BOOM!!**

DDK:

WHAT THE-!?

Lance:

Hit the deck, Keebs! I think we may be under attack!

Confusion and alarm sets in as a torrent of thick SMOKE pours out of one of the causeways in the seats.

DDK:

What is...? Is that...?

Lance:

There's somebody moving around in there!

An ashen silhouette emerges from the mist. As the smoke begins to clear, familiar features steadily come into focus: A wild, unruly mane of hair. A muscle-cut black t-shirt that reads "FIRE WRESTLE WITH ME".

And two very red and very, very angry eyes boring down on the ring.

Lance:

Uh-oh!

A roar of recognition begins to rise from the fans.

DDK:

IT'S REZIN!! REZIN IS HERE!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Rezin looks like a million hornets in the shape of a human being. He buzzes and radiates with the fury and unhinged anger of four-point-two-oh megatons of atomic power. He is a bomb of pissed-off punk rock destruction waiting to explode, and a madman's hand rests on the trigger.

Down in the ring, the stunned duo of Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes stare back at the insurgent who has just burst in from the east end of the arena through the (aptly named) vomitorium like a blazing Morning Star.

Baring his teeth into a hungry grin, the Escape Artist slowly raises a fist into the air like a revolutionary leading the coup. Once again, Madison Square Garden goes thermonuclear.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

Vae Victis thought they had run him off from DEFIANCE! Everyone believed they had finally broken the Goat Bastard's indomitable spirit, succeeding where so many of his foes had failed! But that is clearly not the case! Rezin is BACK, and he has a score to settle!

Lance:

If I didn't know any better, I'd say he was plotting this moment since Acts of DEFIANCE! Waiting for the perfect time to strike back at Vae Victis!

DDK:

And the time is NOW! The FIST and SOHER don't know what to make of this surprise intrusion! This clearly wasn't a part of their plan!

The shock finally wears off and anger sets in the moment Troy and Keyes see Rezin's DEFIANTly raised fist. Burns is equally incensed while on the other hand, Conor Fuse and Pat Cassidy, whom are slowly recovering, welcome the sight of a DEFIANT they would have definitely welcomed on their team in the first place.

Oscar points commandingly at the security personnel standing watch at the barricade.

Oscar Burns:

What do Favored Saints PAY you ponces to just stand there bugger about?! Get that manus OUT of here, or I'll have your JOBS by the weekend!

Spurred into action by the threat of being fired by Favored Saints' newest board member, DEFSec head for the still smoking causeway on the upper mezzanine, with a few discreetly using walkie-talkies to call in back-up. Rezin's snarl curls into a grin as the initial force converges onto his position.

Lance:

It may have been unexpected, but Vae Victis aren't without a contingency plan! DEFSec might be diffusing this revenge scheme right here and now, as they have Rezin surrounded!

DDK:

But why is he smiling like that? There's no way he can fight them ALL off...

DEFSec forms a semicircle around the Goat Bastard and cautiously moves in at all angles.

DDK:

Unless...

Glowing GREEN EYES come into view!

Then RED! Then BLUE!

CYAN, MAGENTA, and CHARTREUSE, too!

Lance:

Oh boy... as if this couldn't get any crazier.

An astounding SIX more figures step out of the billowing mist and form a flank alongside Rezin. DEFSec suddenly freeze in place.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

IT'S THE REAPERS!!

Lance:

Rezin didn't come without back-up!

Reaper Green (who is definitely in his proudest moment) twists the hilt on his kendo-saber to light it up into a verdant glow. The other Reapers follow suit, creating an (almost) Rainbow of Death in the middle of the sea of screen fans.

Greenie points toward the human wall ahead of them...

Reaper Green:

REAPERS... AAAAAA-TTAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

Neon chaos is unleashed among the seats as Reapers and DEFSec clash into an all-out brawl!

DDK:

Someone call the riot squad! We've got an all-out MELEE between DEFSec and the Reapers out in the seats!

Lance:

It's Gangs of New York meets Tron out there! We're definitely going to need additional security!

Through the pandemonium of crashing bodies, the raucous Faithful spy the Escape Artist snaking his way through the bedlam he finds the aisle through the seats leading straight down to ringside and begins charging full speed.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Rezin clears the barricade in a single bound and locks eyes with the ashen-faced Burns. DEFIANCE Himself can plainly see by the look on the Goat Bastard's face that he is NOT leaving the arena tonight without his pound of flesh! Burns exits the cage and hops down, staring at Rezin from across the floor.

Rezin pauses and looks over to someone who is inexplicably seated nearby in a folding chair.

Rezin:

Keebler...

Darren Quimbey:

Um, Quimbey?

Rezin:

Whatever! Do you mind, Mr. Mayor?

The DEFIANCE ring announcer quickly obliges the request as he vacates his seat. A moment later, it's clenched in Rezin's hands and held high over his head as he charges down Oscar.

Rezin:

GRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!

Oscar bolts. Honestly, how could he not? Rezin has gone full Tasmanian Devil with the steel chair, smashing it against apron, floor, and barricade alike while giving chase in a circuit around the ring.

CRACK! BANG! SNAP!

Rezin:

BWWWUUUUUHHRRRRNNNNZZZZZ!!!!

True to his name, Oscar twists and turns his way around all four corners of the ring with the Escape Artist trampling over the ground behind him like a human thresher. In the ring, Troy and Keyes slowly turn circles while keeping up with the unfolding absurdity at ringside.

DDK:

Rezin is in full-on "Rampage Mode" out here at ringside! Oscar Burns hadn't accounted for this contingency in the slightest!

Lance:

And with DEFSec busy clearing up the unruly mob of Reapers that forced their way here into Madison Square Garden, there's no one to bail him out of this mess!

Finally Burns comes around the corner and manages to slip between the ring steps and the flap of the apron, remaining unseen long enough for the Goat Bastard to barrel past him. Lost in a red haze of violent fury, Rezin doesn't seem to notice.

Lance:

Whoops!

Rezin runs another couple laps around the ring before realizing he's chasing nothing and comes skidding to a halt. With no one else to direct his wrath upon, he slowly turns to the two surviving Vae Victis members in the ring.

DDK:

Uh oh! Rezin may have ran off Oscar Burns from interfering in this match any further, but he's still got a score to settle with the tandem of Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes!

Lance:

I'll say. One, the friend that betrayed him. The other, the one who nixed his chance at competing for the FIST.

DDK:

And now he has them in a highly vulnerable position, with their titles on the line!

The reigning FIST and SOHER, still showing exhaustion from the battle they've endured, steel themselves for whatever may come from the frothing, leering maniac standing at ringside. Rezin's growls become increasingly louder.

Rezin:

TRRREEEEEEEEEZZZ.... TRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZZZZ....

DDK:

“Trees”?!

Lance:

I think he's trying to say "Troy" and "Keyes" at the same time.

Rezin takes one step toward the open cage door...

...and suddenly spies Oscar Burns trying to tip-toe his way past him up the ramp. The Goat Bastard cackles triumphantly.

Rezin:

AAA-HAAAAH!!!

In the blink of an eye, Oscar bursts into a full-on sprint back up the rampway, with the chair-swinging lunatic right on his heels. They disappear through the curtain.

DDK:

Well, that was certainly a chaotic moment... but nevertheless, the surprise return of the Escape Artist has prevented Oscar Burns from interfering in this match any further!

Lance:

Conor and Pat still have a chance here! This “intermission”, if you will, has allowed Fuse and Cassidy to fully recover!

The “good guys” stand at one end. *Vae Victis* at the other.

DDK:

IT'S ON!

And another eruption, one of many, as Fuse spears Troy to the ground and Cassidy tackles Keyes. All four combatants throw wild punches left and right. Conor looks to have Lindsay under control but the tables are turned when Troy connects with a few strong blows herself. Keyes and Cassidy work themselves off the mat and in a corner, annihilating each other with forearm blow after forearm blow. Blood trickles down Pat's forehead. He's been in this match from the start, which is well over the forty minute mark by now.

Troy throws Fuse face-first into the turnbuckle padding before hitting the Final Judgment. She follows by dropping elbow after elbow into the back of Conor's head.

DDK:

We're seeing a solid brawl, Faithful. Not a lot of smooth moves and nothing but brute force.

Keyes has worked Cassidy to the center of the ring with a number of super hard uppercuts under the chin. The SOHER lifts Cassidy up and delivers a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.

Henry and Lindsay stand. The boos reign in.

DDK:

Conor and Pat tried. They had a real good go... but Lindsay and Henry have withstood the onslaught.

Troy and Keyes discuss their situation briefly. Then Lindsay heads to the top rope on one side and Henry on the other. They measure quick, they jump off with a lot of momentum, considering their opponents are in the center of the ring. Troy looks for a flying headbutt and Keyes a diving knee drop, both shots targeted at Conor/Pat's temples.

WHAM!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

Pat and Conor moved at the last possible second!

Fuse falls into a corner and starts hammering the turnbuckle pad over and over and over while screaming "POWER UP". Cassidy is shaking his head while he balls his fists together. Once the FIST and SOHER rise, FML 3.0 spring forward.

Fuse connects by throwing himself into a ball and knocking square into Henry Keyes' chest. Meanwhile, Pat Cassidy connects with an explosive flying clothesline to Lindsay Troy. The NYC Faithful lose their shit!

DDK:

Simultaneous covers!

Cassidy pins Troy, Fuse pins Keyes.

ONE.

TWO.

LAST SECOND KICKOUTS!

The air is out of the arena but not for long! Since the pins were so close to each other, Conor leaps over to Lindsay Troy and locks her into the Elden Rings of Saturn while Pat Cassidy works his way into applying a modified Texas cloverleaf!

DDK:

There's NO rope break in this match!

Troy and Keyes look like they're going to tap until a last ditch effort is made. Lindsay attempts to wiggle her legs into a better position and Henry is hoping he can push his forearms off the mat. Both champions are trying... trying... trying...

Conor looks over to Pat with a cheesy, yet intense grin. Troy lifts her arm...

She's about to make it hit the ground when Keyes reaches over and grabs her hand. Finally, The Kraken pushes off the mat and spins himself around, breaking the hold and also miraculously rolling Cassidy into an inside cradle pin!

ONE.

TWO.

BROKEN UP BY CONOR FUSE!

DDK:

WOW! Conor Fuse BROKE his own submission and maybe even the chance to call himself the FIST of DEFIANCE to save Pat Cassidy!

Lance:

You have to hand it to Pat. Submissions are clearly not his strong suit and yet, he almost had Henry as well. That sheer upper body strength by Keyes pays off.

Fuse moves Cassidy to the side, hits the ropes and looks for the Head Stomp on Keyes-

NO!

DDK:

Troy with a clothesline to Fuse!

The Queen of the Ring is clearly hurting but she makes the save no less. Keyes looks down at the fallen gamer and scoffs. He lifts The Power-Up King to his wobbly feet-

WHAP!

Bell Clap.

Keyes covers.

ONE.

TWO.

BROKEN UP BY PAT CASSIDY!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

The Faithful are going fucking bananas as Black Out doesn't waste another second. He drags The Kraken to his feet-

DDK:

THE IRISH GOODBYE!

Troy is licking her wounds in a corner of the ring. The SECOND Pat hits his finisher she comes sprinting in...

But Cassidy is ready for her and flips the champ inside out with one of the most impactful clotheslines seen in the night, using all of Troy's momentum against her.

Cassidy falls to a knee. He's clearly spent, too. He's trying to find it in him to recover. Conor, who's also fumbling in a corner of the ring, uses the ropes to pull himself off in the hopes he can get his head on straight from the Bell Clap. He's seeing stars.

Fuse repositions himself to the three inside the ring. He screams into the rafters and starts shaking the ring ropes. The crowd is along for the ride.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GETTTTTTTTTT!

Fuse sees Lindsay Troy perched on all fours, with no clue where she is. Conor charges. He pulls up his knee, he's looking for I TRIGGER.

Somehow, someway, at the last possible second, Lindsay Troy collapses to the ground. Conor doesn't hit her with the knee.

THUMP.

Instead, he connects with Pat Cassidy.

The announcers are so shocked, the air is sucked out of the arena so fast, there seems to be no intensity left within the MSG walls.

Just a sense of sadness.

As Fuse looks up from the mat, his eyes are wide as he tries to reach forward.

Conor Fuse:

No...

Suddenly, Troy "springs" to life as she pushes Cassidy onto his back while eyeing the gamer. Her eyes are glazed over... perhaps she really did collapse on the canvas, right before Conor hit the move. Or maybe, just maybe...

She saw him coming.

Troy grins. Fuse wants to make the save but Henry Keyes puts a stop to that by catching Conor in mid-air.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Darren Quimbey:

Pat Cassidy has been eliminated.

Conor is trying to kick or punch his way out of Henry Keyes' grasp but he can't do it. Referee Brian Slater starts rolling a KO'ed Pat Cassidy out to the steel cage door while Lindsay Troy struggles to find her footing.

She gives Conor the finger.

Keyes tosses the skinny, pale skinned gamer in the air, in the direction of The Queen.

WHAM.

A forearm catches Conor under the chin. She then sets Fuse up for Thy Kingdom Come.

DDK:

A valiant effort by Conor Fuse, nonetheless.

Right before Lindsay Troy jumps, Conor escapes the maneuver! The crowd shows a sign of life as Fuse bounces off the ropes, leaps forward and is about to catch Troy off guard.

THUMP.

Kamigoye knee strike. The shot from Henry Keyes sends Fuse tumbling into the mat, motionless.

Kamigoye knee strike, Keyes hits it again.

And not just twice, either.

Three times, for good measure.

The Kraken tosses the limp and MDK Conor Fuse over to Lindsay Troy. She connects with Thy Kingdom Come.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Conor Fuse has been eliminated. The winners of this match and STILL SOHER and FIST of DEFIANCE... Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy!

"Stranger Fruit" plays on the airwaves, as Brian Slater walks over to hand Keyes and Troy their titles. For good measure, they are absolutely spent themselves. Troy remains on one knee while Keyes, who is standing, is clearly working through a significant amount of pain.

DDK:

This was a hell of an effort by Conor Fuse. By Pat Cassidy. Brock Newbludd. Tyler Fuse. But it wasn't the right combination.

Lance:

I'd argue they had Vae Victis, Keebs. At times if "FML 3.0" could've gotten on the same page...

Troy now stands, title above her head. Her and Keyes take a brief second to look down at Conor Fuse... Keyes shakes his head, Troy simply laughs. And Conor hasn't moved a muscle.

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the feed, while Troy and Keyes go to a turnbuckle, walk up to the second pad and hold their titles high to a chorus of boos.

DDK:

That was a hell of an effort but in the end Vae Victis reigns supreme.

Lance:

We better get used to it, Keebs. I don't think anyone is dethroning them anytime soon.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.