

## SHOW OPEN

[\*♪ "Go" by The Chemical Brothers ♪\*](#)

*DEFCON, the biggest event in DEFIANCE.*

*Legends continue (Lindsay Troy with the FIST, Henry Keyes with the SOHER, Oscar Burns with the Favored Saints and the Lucky Sevens with the UNIFIED Tags)*

*Legends return (Flying Frenchie appears for the first time on DEFtv)*

*Legends begin (Rezin, ADV, Dex Joy and Conor Fuse appear)*

*Legends. Are. Made. (Malak Garland, Elise Ares, Dr. Ned Reform, Pat Cassidy & Brock Newbludd, Scrow, Teresa Ames, Corvo Alpha, JJ Dixon, among others)*

*The most prestigious event in all of wrestling... (montages of the championship matches play)*

**FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: OSCAR BURNS (C) vs. REZIN**

**SOHER LADDER MATCH: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. ELISE ARES**

**UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPION: LUCKY SEVENS (C) vs. SNS**

**FIST of DEFIANCE: LINDSAY TROY (C) vs. ADV**

**STARTS NOW.**



The scene switches to inside the Smoothie King Center in New Orleans, Louisiana, the true HOME of DEFIANCE! A plethora of fireworks explode from the DEFCON rampway revealing a massive FIST logo in the center of the stage while the NOLA The Faithful are FIRED UP! The pay-per-view theme blares on the PA as cameras catch as many signs as possible.

**ELON MUSK IS A PROVOCATEUR & A FRAUD, FUCK THAT GUY**

**OH. DR NED REFORM IS ALSO A PROVOCATEUR & A FRAUD. THAT WAS IMPLIED. SORRY IF IT WASN'T**

**CLEAR.**

**PEOPLE AT NIGHT 2 ARE LOSERS**

**IHOP, UHOP, WE ALL HOP**

**CRIMSON LORD IS A SCUM BAG, LET'S TALK ABOUT IT**

**WE'RE #1!**

**KERRY DESERVES BETTER**

**GOOD RIDDANCE [INSERT DEFCON COMPETITOR HERE]**

**I AM TERESA AMES PARTNER**

**SNS FOREVER**

**AND EVER!**

**AND EVER!**

**WHY IS VV MERCH ALWAYS SOLD OUT WHEN WE HATE THEM?**

**PUSH THE BIGFOOT WIZARD, COWARDS**

**I'LL BE YOUR BETA ANYTIME, CORVO**

**ASMR ME, TERESA!**

**ELON CHANGED THE LOGO TO DOGE BECAUSE HE FEARS REFORM**

**LADDER MATCH 2: LADDERS MATCH**

**ELISE ARES CAN'T SIT WITH US**

**IF SNS LOSES IM NEVER WASHING THIS T-SHIRT**

**ELON 4 FIST**

**I WANT TO MAKE A GOOD SIGN BUT I KEEP RE-WRITING IT**

**DEFIANCE GETS THE BLUE CHECKMARK**

**I'M HERE FOR THE LADDER MATCH AND THE LADDER MATCH**

**I INVITE YOU ALL TO PARTICIPATE**

**FAVOURED SAINTS - GO TO TIJUANA YOU COWARDS**

**I'M SORRY BUT AS AN A.I. MODEL I CANNOT FINISH THIS SIGN**

**I ASKED CHAT:DEF TO TELL ME WHAT TO PUT ON THIS SIGN...**

**MV1 > "MV2"**

**ARES IS THE GOD OF F\*\*\*ING WAR**

**KERRY CAN'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO, HE'S NOT MY MOM**

The scene switches to the announce table with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

**DDK:**

It's DEFCON 2023, can you believe it, Lance? Every year it feels so different from everything else. The Smoothie King Center is electric. I got goosebumps! How about you?

**Lance:**

I feel something for sure. If this event doesn't make your heart race you might need to go to a doctor.

**DDK:**

Let's look at NIGHT ONE's card, shall we?

The pay-per-view theme continues as the match graphics roll.

**VICTOR VACIO vs. HIGH FLYER IV**

**I QUIT: SCROW vs. CRIMSON LORD**

**KERRY KUROYAMA vs. DECLAN ALEXANDER**

**TYLER FUSE & PRINCESS DESIRE vs. TERESA AMES & ???**

**CORVO ALPHA vs. MV1**

***DR. NED REFORM vs. ELON MUSK******MAIN EVENT:******UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPION: LUCKY SEVENS (C) vs. SNS*****DDK:**

But we are going to start DEFCON absolutely RED HOT because...

The graphic changes again.

***SOHER LADDER MATCH: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. ELISE ARES*****Lance:**

The opener?

**DDK:**

The opener!

## **SOHER LADDER MATCH: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. ELISE ARES**

### **Lance:**

Ares. Keyes. There isn't a person in this arena who wouldn't stay in the audience all night for this match but they're getting it right...

The lights in the Smoothie King Center go out and the Faithful roar in approval. The cell phone flashlights come out as a rumble goes through the arena. A dark fog rolls in from the entrance and lightning flashes all around. Soon, the sound of rain follows and trudging through the fog are two large hulking figures. Their hands are up in front of their faces, fighting their way through the storm as they get to a large wooden door beneath the DEFIANtron. Lightning flashes again and thunder shakes the arena. The might of the storm makes them stumble backwards before they fight back through, grabbing the wooden frame and pulling the large sliding door back revealing a bright gold light and the silhouette of a woman.

It could either be the roar of thunder or the roar of the Faithful as that woman, wearing a tricorn hat, takes a large glass bottle and swallows a huge gulp before throwing it over her shoulder. Stepping forward, the lightning strikes again revealing the woman to be Elise Ares to another cheer from the crowd. Swaggering out in a velvet purple, gold, and black doublet style jacket she pulls a flintlock rifle from her back aiming it at the sky.

♪ *All I wanna do is...* ♪

### **BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

The shots fire from the rifle and a fireball explodes above her, casting heat and burning light across the arena. The Faithful gasp as fire pyrotechnics rise from all around her, revealing Elise Ares in full slutty pirate garb and the surprisingly symphonic music kicks in...

♪ *"Emperor's New Clothes" by Snow White Blood* ♪

Tossing her rifle over to one of the hulking men, now revealed to be Klein, Elise Ares begins her march down to the ring with LED eyepatch which flashes "HERE" "TO" "SLAY" in red as she works her way down to the ring.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds. Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms. The FACE. OF. DEFIANCE. EEEEEEEELIIIIIIIIIIISE ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRESSSSSSSSSSSS!

The former Southern Heritage Champion strips on her way towards the ring, taking off the tricorn hat and launching it into the Faithful. She shakes off the doublet to reveal black leather and gold pirate themed versions of her typical ring gear. Once in the ring, the Face of DEFIANCE hurls her eyepatch into the crowd and looks across the ladders surrounding the ring.

### **DDK:**

Elise Ares was determined to retake her spot as the premier singles competitor here in DEFIANCE on the road to DEFCON. Henry Keyes in response bloodied her best friend and tag team partner to injury in an attempt to turn her away. It didn't work, Lance, she's here at DEFCON possibly more determined than we've ever seen her in her career.

### **Lance:**

She wants to take back the championship that she feels like she helped build as a career-defining goal for every wrestler in DEFIANCE.

In the middle of the ring, surrounded by rising and dying flame, Elise Ares looks above at the Southern Heritage Championship suspended from the rafters, the lightning effects still flashing across the reflective surface of the championship. She points up at the championship then points her thumb back at herself to roaring approval from the New Orleans Faithful that watched her entire career.

As the lightning and fire and storms and pyro smoke die down, the arena lights glow bright red (with a hint of pink) for

a few seconds, before all black with white spotlights bathing the entire stage in light. A very low, very slow baritone harmony begins to seep through the air...

♪ *"Hoist The Colours (Tiktok Slowed Version)" by Colm McGuinness* ♪

♪ *The king and his men stole the queen from her bed*

*And bound her in her bones*

*The seas be ours and by the powers*

*Where we will, we'll roam* ♪

As the Irish singer's harmonies sink deeper, colder, under the skin of the Faithful, something large and squirmy begins to emerge into the light on the stage.

Tentacles. Bright pink tentacles. They encroach slowly, menacingly, until they cover the stage.

♪ *Yo-ho, all together*

*Hoist the colors high*

*Heave ho, thieves and beggars*

*Never shall we die* ♪

At "die", the stage beacons go out for a few moments.

And then, the familiar doom.

♪ *"Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor* ♪

♪ *Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows*

*We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose* ♪

And the familiar words across the screen.

## V A E V I C T I S

Red, white, and pink beacons of light flood the arena in all directions all at once, illuminating the entire arena and the stage as well - and we see the thing.

Covered in spider webs and looking as ancient as how some unkind people might describe Teri Melton, it's an old wooden makeshift hull of a ship with Captain Kraken at the helm - complete with a Davey-Jones-From-The-Pirates-Of-The-Caribbean-Movie style rubber mask and a long flowing black and red English military-style long coat. Eagle-eyed viewers might see the faded letters "Sponsored By IHOP" painted on the bow.

His arms seem to be wrapped tightly around his torso as the ship rolls forward (no doubt rolling due to some form of newfangled Motorized Litter the crew engineered). The music progresses deeper and deeper into each angry riff.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

And her opponent, from San Francisco, California...weighing in at 249 pounds. The reigning and defending Southern Heritaaaaaaage Champion...HE IS THE KRAKEN! HENRY! KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!*

At this moment, Keyes dramatically bends his knees before springing up, lifting his arms out wide and shedding the coat and mask. We see familiar salt-and-pepper eyepatched stylings, but from the waist down, it's garish.

Hot pink belt, sure - it's Wednesday, after all. Then add hot pink long tights. Hot pink boots. Hot pink shoelaces. Hot pink SOLES. Stitched in black across the ass are the words "YOU CAN'T SIT WITH US". He laughs maniacally at the revelation of his Meanest Girl fighting attire and points and jaw jacks at various members of the Faithful as the ghostly ship continues to roll him closer to the ring.

**Lance:**

Henry Keyes has been on the run of his LIFE in DEFIANCE. It was one year ago at DEFCON 2022 when he made a return which, at the time, felt like it was full of a lot of triumph - he was significantly injured at the hands of Corvo Alpha and some of those battle scars he continues to wear to this day.

Almost as if he knew it was being discussed. Keyes adjusts his eyepatch.

**DDK:**

The Kraken took home the Favoured Saints Championship that night, and he has held championship gold every single day since then. The likes of Rezin, Matt LaCroix, Conor Fuse, Scrow, Pat Cassidy, Brock Newbludd, The D...foes that have all fallen to the might of Henry Keyes.

**Lance:**

Don't forget about that Short Stack Battlepalooza, by the way.

**DDK:**

I know a few people who would like to forget, now that you mention it.

Keyes continues hamming it up and egging on the jeering crowd.

We miss how it started, but all we see now is a blur in the shape of a front-flipping Elise Ares, having flown off the top of the ramp-facing ladder and headed straight for her target!

**CRASHHHHHHHH!**

Ares crashes squarely into Keyes's torso and the surrounding prop ship! Keyes falls ass-over-teakettle as Ares acrobatically leaps to her feet and pumps up the crowd!

**Lance:**

ARES WIPES OUT KEYES!

**DDK:**

SHE JUST RAIDED THE KRAKEN'S SHIP!

Keyes stumbles out of the wreckage of Entrance Boat on his hands and knees, crawling towards the ring steps. Ares gives him a stiff kick to the ribs before picking up a wooden plank from the wreckage of Keyes's ship and cracking it across his back!

**Lance:**

The match hasn't even started yet, Keeps!

She rears up and smacks Keyes across the back again, this time splitting the plank in two! She tosses the broken wood aside and hops onto the ring apron, hops over to the ringside ladder, and leaps - MISSLE DROPKICK TO KEYES sends him crashing into the ring steps!

*AR-ES! AR-ES! AR-ES! AR-ES!*

**DDK:**

The crowd is HOT tonight for DEFCON, and they want to see a new SOHER!

Ares pops up and pumps up the crowd some more. Keyes is slow to move, but as he stirs, Ares quickly makes her way over. She works and pushes and grunts to try to pull him up by his rear waistband in an effort to get him into the ring...maybe by instinct, Keyes hops up and rolls beneath the bottom rope and into the ring. He's still slow to get his footing - too slow, in fact, to see that Ares has launched from the entrance-side latter from outside into the ring and connecting on a huge splash!

***DING DING!***

**Lance:**

Both competitors are in the ring and the match has officially started!

**DDK:**

I can't remember the last time Keyes was THIS far on the back foot at the start of a match, partner! He and his Vae Victis partners, as much we hate it, have completely dominated the landscape of DEFIANCE since DEFCON 2022!

**Lance:**

You're right about that, Keebs, but the Kraken has clearly acted too privileged, too COCKY this time, and Elise Ares is making him pay in a match type that seems to favor the challenger!

**DDK:**

It's true, Lance - Henry Keyes has never been known as a high flyer and he's never been known for his work with a ladder.

Ares rolls out of the ring and searches under the ring apron, quickly finding what she hoped for - a steel chair. She slides herself and the chair under the ring just as Keyes rises to his feet - the first time he's gotten his feet properly beneath him since the ship was sunk - and instantly...

***WHACK!***

**DDK:**

ARES JUST CHUCKED THAT CHAIR AT KEYES'S FACE!

Keyes crumbles in a heap and he clutches at his patched left eye. The Faithful cheering her on, Ares rolls to the outside opposite the entrance ramp and grabs the ladder, folds it up, and with adrenaline flowing through her veins, she hucks it under the bottom rope and slides it into the ring.

**Lance:**

Ares is looking to win quickly here!

Indeed, Ares scrambles to her feet and begins setting up the ladder beneath the hanging SOHER title belt. She looks up and repositions the ladder carefully for a couple beats before being satisfied with its placement and begins her climb, when -

***OHHHHHHH!***

Keyes's right hand and forearm have wrapped around Ares's ankle like a tentacle, halting her progress as Ares fights to kick her foot free. Keyes is relentless, and soon he rises to one foot, then another, still controlling Ares's leg. Hopping on her other leg, she realizes the predicament she's in and leaps up, connecting with an enzuigiri! She's quick to her feet as Keyes stumbles back into the ropes, rebounds off, and swings forward with a HELLACIOUS Propellor Edge Chop!

***CRRRRACK!***

*BOOOOOOOOO!*

Ares's whole body shook as if being struck with a sledgehammer - and she takes a step back, takes a deep breath, and she chuckles to herself for a moment before her face fills with fury and she walks forehead-first into Keyes's sternum (one imagines if she was 10 inches taller, they'd be nose to nose instead). She throws a few haymakers into Keyes, who takes one, takes a second, and BOOM - swings forward with a clubbing lariat sending her crashing to the mat! But the determined Ares somehow gets right back up to her feet again with the roar of the Faithful behind her.

*RAAAAAAAAH!*

**DDK:**

Elise Ares is getting hit with these sickening shots and just keeps getting right back up!

**Lance:**

I can't tell if Elise is possessed or if she has a death wish.

The Face of DEFIANCE steps up to the Kraken once again and begins to unleash a flurry of haymakers but again Keyes shakes them off and hurls Ares behind him into the corner. Propeller Edge Chop! Ares collapses but pulls herself back up. Another. Again. Another. Elise pulls herself up slowly but goes at him again before he lifts her off her feet and charges her into the corner, when she falls this time, the Kraken proceeds to stomp the shit out of her. The official has no choice but to let it all go down due to the nature of the ladder match as Ares is stomped so much she's forced under the bottom rope, onto the apron, and shoved off by Henry Keyes.

Ares falls onto the floor outside of the ring and goes crawling towards the ring steps completely unaware of the champion who has now left the ring and is stalking her from behind. As she pulls herself back up on the ring steps she's grabbed by the hair from behind and her head is slammed into the steps. The Kraken then hurls Elise Ares into the barricade. After impact the challenger crumples onto the floor and the champion looks to his right and sees a ladder... and a smile grows across his face.

**DDK:**

Uh oh... I don't like that look, Lance.

**Lance:**

I think Henry Keyes just found inspiration in the form of one of the four ladders here at ringside!

Grabbing the ladder, the champion folds it up before turning around to use it on his pre-

***CRACK!***

Out of nowhere a dropkick from Elise Ares knocks the ladder right back into his face sending him down onto the canvas to the approval of the Faithful. Both competitors lay on the floor for a moment before Keyes pushes the ladder off of himself and sits up. Rubbing the back of his hand across his face, he looks down and sees blood that has started to run down his face from his lip. Looking over at Ares, trying to push herself up to her hands and knees to take advantage of her shot, Henry Keyes snarls and shoves himself up to his feet. Marching over, he grabs the former champion by her hair. Ares fights back, trying to claw at the face of the Kraken who whips her straight into the steel stairs. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE flips over the steps and lands hard on the other side, but Keyes doesn't stick around to see his own handiwork as he instead goes and grabs the ladder that was kicked into him off the floor.

**DDK:**

The more I watch Elise try to claw her way back into this match, the more violent Henry Keyes has become.

**Lance:**

She's come to slay the Kraken, Darren, but I'm not sure if we've ever seen him quite like this. It looks like with every hit



he takes he's growing stronger!

The champion slams the ladder down, making a bridge between the ring steps and the barricade surrounding the ring. A member of the Faithful tries to shove it back down but Keyes spins around and that fan quickly puts his hands up and backs away. Keyes pulls Ares up off the ground who rakes him across the eyes. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style buys herself a moment to recover as Keyes turns around and Elise goes for a quick kick... that's caught. Hopping, she hopes to go for an enziguri, but doesn't get the chance before the Kraken lifts her up off the ground and powerbombs her through the ladder, breaking it in half.

*HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!*

The Faithful continue to chant as Henry Keyes looks down at Elise Ares, wipes his boots off on her corpse, spits on her, then slides under the bottom rope and into the ring. Going towards the ladder still set up underneath the Southern Heritage Championship, the Kraken grabs the rung and puts his foot up on the first and pauses. He looks over his shoulder at the body of the challenger, who rolls out of the wreckage and back onto the concrete floor. Frustrated by Ares' refusal to die, Keyes snarls and folds up the ladder, setting it up over in the far corner and rolls back outside of the ring.

**Lance:**

What could the Kraken be thinking here?

**DDK:**

Nothing good, surely.

Keyes steps outside the ropes in a huff and makes his way to Ares, tossing her back into the ring. He gains wrist control, measures, and HOISTS Ares across the ring into the corner ladder, and she crashes into it!

*OOOOOH!*

But the ladder doesn't break - and Ares is still on her feet. Frustrated even more, Keyes regains wrist control, begins gaining momentum by shoving her body towards the opposite corner, and then WHIPS her hard across the ring and into the propped up ladder a second time! This time, the momentum of Elise was so powerful that she and the ladder both fell to the mat (and the ladder, annoyingly enough, is still intact).

**Lance:**

He realizes he's going to have to USE one of these ladders to retain his SOHER, right?

**DDK:**

Maybe he figures, hey, there's three ladders remaining! Why not teach Ares some sort of weird violent lesson?

**Lance:**

The human body isn't meant to crash into steel this often, is all I'm saying. And ladders are very useful in Ladder Matches.

His face conveying pure Mean Girl energy at the tedious chore laid before him (namely Resetting The Ladder in the Corner), Keyes resets the scene and pulls Ares up by the head.

**Henry Keyes:**

It's happening, short stack, whether you like it or NOT~

Keyes pulls hard to Irish Whip Ares into the ladder once again, but is shocked to see his momentum reversed! Ares drops down, and Keyes is forced to charge face first into the ladder!

*YEAHHHHHHH!*

Keyes is NOT HAPPY at this development - the lip that was trickling blood before may have gotten opened a bit wider because there's no hiding that split. He stumbles for a second, and then in a rage, he peels Ares off the mat, cinches his hands in her armpits, and HEAVES~~

**DDK:**

BIEL TOSS!

**SMASH!**

*HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!*

Keyes's Biel Toss has finally accomplished the mission that his Irish Whips could not, which is smashing DEFIANCE's Leading Lady through a second ladder.

**Lance:**

At the start of this match, Elise Ares had all the momentum in the world, but with Keyes's anger building and Ares now having gone through not one, but TWO ladders, it's safe to say momentum has completely shifted!

**DDK:**

Shifted? Keyes is DOMINATING the action at this point. It's going to take more than a million dollar smile for Ares to come back in this one...

Keyes's adrenaline is PALPABLE and he's Terminator-like in his powerful stride to the outside of the ring. He grabs a third ladder and in a snap, folds it together, and in a powerful heave, LAUNCHES the ladder over the top rope into the ring - dangerously close to both Elise Ares and referee Benny Doyle.

**Lance:**

That was reckless!

**DDK:**

I think he prefers it that way!

As Keyes makes his way back into the ring and motions to pick up the ladder, to his wild dismay, he sees Ares stir in the wreckage of the second destroyed ladder. He's stunned.

This motherfucker doesn't know when to quit.

He abandons his immediate goal of setting up the third ladder and marches over to his challenger.

**Henry Keyes:**

why don't you stay down, why don't you STAY. DOWN! This is MY TIME, ARES! I am going to be the GREATEST SOHER in the HISTORY OF DEFIANCE, and there's not a DAMN thing you can do about it - so just STAY DOWN or else I'm going to HUMILIATE YOU. I'm going to make you wish I went as easy on you as I went on Derek -

The gnarliest loogy has flown from Elise Ares's face squarely into Keyes's unpatched eye.

*OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!*

*AR-ES! AR-ES! AR-ES! AR-ES! AR-ES!*

Keyes is vibrating with anger as he wipes the gob of spit off his face. Ares isn't all the way to her feet yet, though we can see her smiling at how much she pissed off this son of a bitch.

And then.

Keyes stomps over to the now-prone third ladder in the middle of the ring. He grips a separate leg of the ladder in each hand. And he pulls. With all his might, he pulls, and he pulls, and he grits his teeth and he grunts and then screams like a madman, his unpatched eye wild and untamed as he pulls and pulls and rips, the hinges slowly giving way...

**Lance:**

You have GOT to be kidding me.

**DDK:**

This isn't human!

...and the ladder breaks. Ripped in twain, more like. It went from one helpful conjoined stepladder to two less helpful unjoined ladders that you have to lean against a wall very carefully to use. Panning shots of the Faithful show many jaws dropped and a few fans mouthing "WHAT THE FUUUUUUUUU", before Keyes flings one of the two ladder sections towards the entrance ramp and goes to wield the second section as some sort of improvised battering ram. He goes to charge at Ares - she ducks!

**Lance:**

Ares isn't done yet!

As Keyes crashes with the ladder fragment in tow towards the ring corner, Ares comes alive! Kicks on kicks! She springboards off the ropes, wraps her ankles around Keyes's head, and flings him across the ring with a diving headscissors! The Faithful cheer her on as she winces in pain after her flurry of offense. Keyes slowly gets up and looks stunned from the attack! Ares charges forward and throws strikes in an attempt to work Keyes into the corner - Keyes grabs Ares by the head and tosses her into the corner himself, hammering forearm shots into the clavicle and sternum of the challenger. Soon, he runs out of steam and needs to catch his breath as Ares struggles to stay vertical. Keyes eyes the wreckage of steel still strewn about in the middle of the ring, and in one fluid motion, hoists Ares from ring-level to the top turn buckle. He climbs up the ropes to join her, and soon, the two competitors are grappling for position and leverage while struggling to balance on the ropes. The Faithful get to their feet.

**DDK:**

Keyes is thinking of going for the kill here, I think!

**Lance:**

This is going to be bad, Benny Doyle needs to stop this!

But indeed, the referee is powerless to do anything to stop Keyes. He throws another clubbing forearm - it's blocked! Ares peppers in a few shots of her own! Suddenly she's hit a button on Keyes's temple and he's stunned! Almost on instinct, she gains shoulder control of Keyes, flops his near arm over her head, and without looking, she goes.

THEY go.

...

...

**CRASHHHHHH**

**Lance:**

INSIDE OUT SPANISH FLY!! THEY CRASHED RIGHT THROUGH THAT FOURTH LADDER ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE RING!

**DDK:**

Surprised she didn't just start with that.

Keyes is out, and Ares is FIRED UP! After soaking in a fresh wave of "holy shit" chants, she wipes her face and a look

of extreme intensity washes over her. She grabs the prone Keyes by the wrists, and begins stomping

Curb stomping.

Double curb stomping. Over and over and over and over again.

One stomp for every Coin that Keyes paid The D back at DEFtv 183 - and probably then some. The Faithful ROAR their approval.

**Lance:**

The Kraken is slain on the outside of the ring, Keebs! All Ares needs to now, is...oh no.

**DDK:**

All she needs to do is climb a ladder and retrieve the title - but they broke all the ladders!

Ares begins frantically searching under every side of the ring apron, looking for something - ANYTHING - tall enough for her to climb and reach the hanging SOHER. The search is not going well, but in good news for all things holy, Keyes remains dying and/or dead.

**Lance:**

Is there another ladder anywhere in the building??

**DDK:**

Your guess is as good as mine!

The search for another ladder feels like an eternity in 60 seconds. Luck seems to have completely left the arena, and Ares almost looks ready to give up the search.

And then.

And then.

Well.

The lights go out.

...

.....

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

**RAHHH!!**

The New Orleans Faithful give a standing ovation as The D struts out into the Smoothie King Center with a steel

ladder tucked under his arm. Across his face is a new protective face mask in the style of drama/comedy theater mask. Even Elise Ares' jaw is dropped as The D sprints down towards the ring with the ladder under his arm.

**DDK:**

The D is back! The D is back! He's come to save Elise Ares!

**Lance:**

Elise looks just as shocked as we are!

**DDK:**

Don't just stand there Elise, go take back your championship!

The D slides the ladder under the bottom rope and into the ring as Ares slides back into the ring on the other side. The Faithful are going ballistic. The Smoothie King Center is shaking as Elise quickly picks up the ladder and sets it under the Southern Heritage Championship. Rung by rung she climbs up the ladder, showing the wear and tear from the war she just participated in. It's all come down to this. As she reaches up for the gold, she's finally slayed the Kraken.

**Lance:**

I can't believe this, Darren! Elise Ares is going to win this match.

**DDK:**

Welcome back to the reign of "SO HER"!

Her hand grabs the strap and pulls down on the leather.

But it's her hand that is pulled away without the belt.

*BOOO!*

She took too long! The Kraken has grabbed the ladder and pulled it away from the championship with the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE still at the top. Henry Keyes folds the ladder back up but Ares keeps her balance. The D hops up onto the apron looking to assist his tag team partner, but can't as the champion holds the ladder in front of him and any strike on him will bring her tumbling back down to the canvas. Henry understands the situation, staggering towards The D on the apron with blood running down his face after the repeated Extreme Makeovers. What he doesn't expect, is The D to strike the ladder With Everything!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

The Kraken stumbles backwards after having the ladder kicked back into his face. Atop the ladder still in his arms, Elise Ares grips it as if her very life depended on it (because it did). Then when he stumbles past the championship, Ares leaps off the top of the ladder and onto the ring holding the Southern Heritage Championship. The Faithful erupt as Ares hangs from the ring with one hand, almost loses grip and switches to her other. That doesn't work either so she holds on with both hands swaying back and forth as Keyes hits the mat with the ladder. Kicking her legs, the challenger tries to control the swaying long enough to grab the title without falling.

**DDK:**

Elise Ares is literally hanging from the Southern Heritage Championship! It's in her hands!

**Lance:**

But if she unfastens it she's going to fall 15? 20 feet to the ground?

**DDK:**

Right now she's barely holding on! I can't believe what I'm seeing right now.

Ares continues to sway in the air, getting too greedy and losing hold of the ring trying to unclasp the championship and falling, but saving herself by grabbing the Southern Heritage Championship itself. The crowd continues to lose it as The D cheers her on from the apron. Meanwhile, the Kraken pushes himself up from the mat, staying true to the Terminator comparison made earlier. Setting up the ladder next to the squirming Ares, but just out of her reach, Henry Keyes begins to ascend the ladder. Elise's struggles become more frantic and her swaying becomes exaggerated as she tries to reach up and grab the latch. The unfortunate circumstance of this is that she sways right into Henry Keyes who takes the opportunity to grab her by the leg.

**Lance:**

This isn't good, Darren. This isn't good at all.

**DDK:**

The D isn't just going to stand-by! He's going to do something!

The D enters the ring right as Keyes gives Ares one good tug, freeing her from the Southern Heritage Championship. As she free falls, the champion lifts his knee and hits a COIN~! For good measure!

**DDK:**

Oh my God! What a SHOT!

**Lance:**

She might be out cold! Nothing is going to stop Henry Keyes from winning this match!

The body of Ares falls right on top of The D, who catches her and breaks her fall, sending them both crashing down onto the canvas. The SoHer continues to sway back and forth as Keyes reaches out, just out of his grasp! Much to his dismay he has to reposition the ladder. Descending the ladder, The D begins to stir on the canvas and amazingly so does Elise Ares. The Kraken gets down to the mat just as The D reaches his feet. The Director of DEFIANCE goes to kick the champion but his leg gets caught... and for his effort? COIN! The Kraken pulls Ares up to her knees just to COIN! Another COIN for The D! A COIN for Ares! COIN for The D! COIN for Ares! The Faithful are stunned before showering the Kraken with cacophony of boos as he drags the past the corpses laying around him.

*BOOO!*

He slowly climbs the ladder. One rung at a time. Nothing between him and his quest to become the greatest Southern Heritage Champion of all time. He reaches the summit. His arm reaches above his head to grasp the still barely swaying championship. He looks down and shock fills his face as the bloody face of Elise Ares is on the bottom rung of the ladder, desperately trying to find the strength to climb up. He shakes his head and pulls the championship down off the ring and holds it tight in his grasp.

***DING DING DING***

*♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪*

As the bell rings, Ares finally collapses onto the mat, defeated.

**DDK:**

Is there anything on this planet that can stop Henry Keyes, Lance? I just wanted a war for the Southern Heritage Championship and Elise Ares gave this everything she had but the Kraken just seems inhuman!

**Lance:**

I just don't understand how either of these two are still moving after this match. I hate to say it but Henry Keyes may have just proven himself to be the most dominant Southern Heritage Champion in the history of DEFIANCE. I mean, what else can you say?

**DDK:**

I say despite his victory he vastly under-estimated Elise Ares. There were several times in this match where she was a fingertip away from dethroning the champion, but the stars seemed like they were aligned for the Kraken. A brutal start to DEFCON. Vae Victis starts the event 1-0.

As Henry Keyes limps away from the carnage, he throws the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship over his shoulder and shakes his head in disbelief as he watches Elise pull herself back up to her feet once more. She stumbles towards the Kraken, spitting blood out of her mouth as she moves forward and immediately eats ANOTHER COIN.

*BOOO!*

**DDK:**

This match is over, Lance. Henry Keyes is showing no respect for the woman who just pushed him to the limit.

**Lance:**

Disgusting, but he who has the championship makes the rules. Until someone takes that away from him, he's under no obligation to respect anyone.

Keyes then staggers away from the duo of Pop Culture Phenoms as Flex In A Box slides into the ring, the Kraken slides out. Klein checks on The D and Elise Ares as strangely Flex Kruger checks on the ladder and investigates the damage on it before folding it back up and protecting it under the bottom rope. Henry Keyes backs his way up the aisle, watching as Elise Ares pushes Klein aside to the roar of the Faithful and somehow makes it back up to her feet. She wipes the blood off of her brow and staggers forward, bracing herself on the rope to make sure Henry Keyes gets a good long look at the fact she's still standing.

**DDK:**

Elise Ares refuses to leave this arena under any other circumstance than on her own two feet. This is just an incredibly gutsy performance.

**Lance:**

DEFmed have already stopped outside the ring to check her out and even they appear to be in shock at the fact that she's still standing.

Keyes pauses for a moment then takes a step back towards the ring again. The Faithful cheer as Elise taunts him to come down for more. Klein and Flex Kruger quickly try to pull her away and guard her but Ares will not be silenced. However, the champion hesitates and wipes a bit of blood off of his own lip before giving Ares a nod of respect. He turns his back towards the ring and exits the arena.

Inside the ring, the Pop Culture Phenoms (now joined by The D) raise the arms of their personal champion, Elise Ares before she falls back down to a knee and is quickly surrounded by DEFmed. The Faithful give one last roar of approval for the Face of DEFIANCE before the scene shifts to the next, giving the ring crew the chance to clean up the wreckage. Except for the last ladder, which Flex Kruger quickly acquires back and leaves with.

## VICTOR VACIO vs. HIGH FLYER IV

### Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL!

Cut to the ring.

♪ "Funeral March" - Chopin ♪

Cut to the stage.

### Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from MEXICO CITY, MEXICO! ...

The eerily haunting piano drones through the public address system as machine-made smoke slowly rises from the stage. The black-clad Victor Vacio steps through the curtain, into the cloud of simulated fog, and onto the DEFIANCE stage for the first time in a while.

### Darren Quimbey:

... weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pooooounnds ... "The Lost Cause" ... VICCTOOOOORRR  
VAAAAAACIOOOOO!

In the smoke-distorted view, his black mask blends seamlessly into his black leather waistcoat. The sheen of Vacio's black tights catches the light refracted through the glycerine-generated mist; as his slow and deliberate pace lightly clangs with each step of his black motocross-style boots meeting the cold metal grating of the stage.

♪ "Ain't it Funny" by Danny Brown ♪

The camera handheld sways from side to side in a zoom to the entrance, as High Flyer IV storms through. He runs his hands through his bright blue hair and is wearing his traditional LET gear. His old lucha mask dangling around his neck as he storms down to the ring.

### Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania... weighing one-hundred-ninety-three pounds... HIIIIIGH  
FLYYYYYERRRRR IV!

As he reaches the ring, HFIV hops onto the apron, and up the turnbuckle, so his left leg is on the second rope and his right leg perches him on the top. He looks around and shakes his head disapprovingly toward Vacio. He throws up a LET taunt and hops off the buckles, before being inspected by Benny Doyle.

### **DING DING**

Collar and elbow tie up, shrugged off by both combatants, falling back HF IV jaw jacks Victor Vacio as the black-masked luchador points toward his blue-haired opponent ominously.

### DDK:

No love lost, between this pair, Lance!

### Lance:

Certainly not and via Brazen, each man has the other well-scouted.

High Flyer IV and the Lost Cause meet cautiously in the center of the ring.

### Lance:

Once again, collar and elbow tie up! Side headlock takedown by Vacio!



**DDK:**

High Flyer IV responds, nearly on impact, with that head scissors!

Both men are back up quickly and take a moment to reconsider their tactics. They circle and reconvene in a hurry, HF IV getting the better of Vacio with a deep arm drag. Vacio responds in kind, with leg scissors of his own. HF IV quickly thrust his way free with a kick out and both men return to their feet.

**DDK:**

The Faithful showing their appreciation for some good ol' fashion grapes.

**Lance:**

And you're not going to say anything else when these two are in the ring. It could be a sleeper, both of these are extremely talented and have pedigrees others would kill for.

Vacio moves toward a corner and leans back into the turnbuckle with his arms outstretched on the ropes to either side of him, feigning a relaxed state to let his younger opponent know he is unimpressed.

HF IV motions to the official, Benny Doyle, then back at Vacio, as if to ask "What is this?"

**Lance:**

Vacio, a noted nihilist, taunts his opponent.

**DDK:**

If anything, Lance, ... he is proving High Flyer's assertion of his laziness.

The pair meet back in the center of the ring and lock up, once again Vacio manages the advantage and grabs a side headlock. Vacio, cocky now, spins from a left-armed headlock, briefly to right before reaching around and hooking an arm and spinning around HF IV's backside.

**DDK:**

Vacio quickly turns this into a hammerlock! Textbook wrestling here, Lance.

**Lance:**

And a textbook reversal from High Flyer IV!

HF IV, spinning, ducks under and applies a hammerlock of his own. Vacio slaps at his own shoulder as the pressure is applied before a back elbow ...

**DDK:**

A second back elbow and High Flyer IV is forced to release his grip on Victor Vacio!

Vacio takes off to the ropes, on his return HF IV attempts a hip toss, but Vacio turns it around and delivers one of his own. Before Vacio can follow up, HF IV rolls up his feet and shoves off his attacker with both boots. Vacio flies backward and to the mat violently but quickly rolls to his feet. HF IV meets him there and before the Lost Cause can get his wits about him, he finds himself crashing back to the mat from a single-leg takedown.

HF IV's attempt to follow up is also thwarted by double boots to the chest, this time from Vacio. It sends the blue-haired High Flyer to the mat, but much like his opponent before him, he quickly rolls to his feet. The pair meet upright once again, and they take pause.

Each attempt to walk it or shake it off and put some distance between one another. HF IV noticeably takes a look around this Stadium seating and seems a bit in awe.

**Lance:**

A LONG way from their last one on one contest on DEFTV 133 over 3 years ago. It's a much different world on the

stage of true DEFIANCE!

**DDK:**

You can bask in the glow after, now's the time to carve your name in stone as legends Lance.

The pair lock up once again and again the larger Vacio manages to grab the headlock. HF IV immediately shakes his head no through Vacio's grip.

**Lance:**

Side headlock takes over and now with HF IV on the mat, The Lost Cause is applying pressure to keep him there.

The official, Benny Doyle, slides into position to monitor the shoulders as Vacio synched tighter and tighter and it's a good thing; moments later HF IV's shoulders go flat against the mat.

ONE!

TW -

**DDK:**

Not quite a two-

**Lance:**

Reversal!

High Flyer IV rolls Victor Vacio over his own body and pins Vacio's shoulders.

ONE!

TW -

Vacio kicks and rolls the pair back over, having never let go of the side headlock, but the momentum allows HF IV to turn to a side position while still trapped in the headlock. He posts off against the mat with his left arm and attempts to relieve the pressure, reaching with his right arm for Victor Vacio's mask.

**DDK:**

HF IV's got a handful of those mask laces ...

Benny Doyle steps in to admonish the third-generation talent as he snatches Vacio's head backward. The Lost Cause maintains his grip, wrenching HF IV's neck further to come back to a more comfortable position. HF IV keeps a hold of the laces until Doyle physically intervenes pulling the hand away.

**Victor Vacio:**

Come on, Doyle!

**High Flyer IV:**

Release me and I'll stop.

They turn about, going from one knee to the other as they stand with the headlock maintained throughout.

**DDK:**

HF IV, delivering an elbow to the gut, trying to free himself from this headlock.

Vacio loosens but doesn't let go.

**DDK:**

And another!

Vacio can't keep his grasp and steps back only to catch a third elbow in the masked face. With some room between them, HF IV takes off toward the ropes and comes back with a shoulder block, catching the larger Vacio off guard and dropping him to the mat.

**High Flyer IV:**

You gonna take this seriously? You lazy...

Not caring to finish his statement, HF IV sees his opening and adds some speed to this match. He bounces off the ropes and returns charging, as Vacio flips from his back to his stomach forcing HF IV to skip over him because ... wrestling. HF IV continues to the other side, springing off the ropes again at a full sprint. Vacio leapfrogs him. HF IV hits the ropes again and returns, Vacio drops down, and HF IV skips over and again hits the ropes, returning on his continuous sprint. This time Vacio attempts to leapfrog his opponent once again but HF IV can sense a pattern and stops dead in his tracks mid-ring and slaps the literal taste out of Vacio's mouth, spinning him away from HF IV.

**Lance:**

Ringside seats just became the splash zone!

Vacio turns back instantly and lays High Flyer IV out with a big right hand. Benny Doyle is quick to warn the luchador on the closed fist as High Flyer rolls back up to his feet, pissed and a bit dazed. HF IV charges toward Victor, but the man under the black hood is able to sidestep and usher HF IV out of the ring, over the top rope with a hand on the back of his blue-haired head.

**DDK:**

High Flyer tossed out of the ring, nearly sliding into the guard rail. This little tit-for-tat nonsense is starting to get out of hand.

HF IV, no worse for the wear after his spill, is able to pop back up but he's still smiling about that right hand to the face.

Meanwhile, in the ring, Victor Vacio slingshots himself up and over the top rope but HF IV sees it coming and dives out of the way. Unbeknownst to HF IV, Vacio shorted the launch and turned himself around to land on the apron, before sliding back in the ring as HF IV is getting back to his feet.

On the outside, HF IV is extremely pleased with himself and feels that he has outsmarted the more experienced Victor Vacio. Gloating to the front row Faithful, pointing to his blue dreaded head to make sure they know how smart he is.

Back inside the ring, Vacio returns from the opposite ropes, and just as HF IV turns around to return the ring...

**DDK:**

Baseball slide!

**Lance:**

High Flyer took his eye off the ball for a moment there!

Vacios rolls out of the ring as HF IV is coming back to his feet. He uses HF IV's dazed state to usher him back toward and into the ring.

**DDK:**

A moment too long! Victor Vacio is a man who cares about nothing ... other than hurting others.

Vacio, rather than rolling back in himself, takes the stairs and ascends the turnbuckle. Vacio leaps off the top rope as HF IV, recently back to his feet, turns around.

**DDK:**

CROSSBODY!

Vacio makes contact but it doesn't seem to have the impact he intended. HF IV rolls with the momentum of Vacio and although taking a small amount of impact is able to roll the pair over landing Victor in an unexpected pinning predicament.

**Lance:**

THE HOOK of the LEG and -

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

**DDK:**

Victor Vacio - caught off guard there - having his own momentum used against him, but is able to kick out at two!

The pair pop up, and Victor comes at HF IV with a vengeance but is met with a boot to the midsection and a right hand to the face. Reeling, Victor is shot off to the ropes by High Flyer IV, propelling him back into a vicious spinning heel kick. Vacio drops to his back and HF IV follows up, hovering above the Lost Cause with a hand full of mask, he rains down punches as Doyle ineffectively alternates between warnings about the mask grabbing and the closed fists.

**DDK:**

Benny better get this one under control!

After a few well-placed shots, HF IV lets loose of Vacio and relents on his vicious attack only to back down Doyle while wagging a finger in his face. Doyle, with both hands up back into the corner, pleading his case to an irate combatant.

In the interim, Vacio, attempting to recover and find his footing, crawls toward the turnbuckle. On one knee and his hand on the middle rope HF IV returns to the attack, "helping" Vacio up only to send his masked face sailing into the turnbuckle pad. On impact, Vacio instinctively turns about to keep the, albeit padded, blunt force from continuing and is met with a vicious knife-edge chop to the chest. He reels but before he can catch his breath - another.

**Lance:**

Brutal chops from High Flyer!

Doyle administers the five count imploring HF IV to get his opponent out of the corner and at risk of disqualification - HF IV lays in one more as the blood draws up to the skin painting Vacio's complexion a deep red. HF IV whips Vacio from corner to corner. Vacios hits the corner with a face grimacing thud that you can see through the leather and lycra Lucha mask.

**DDK:**

And there is a *hard* Irish whip!

Doyle keeps warning HF IV but he waves him off, sending Vacio, once again, across the ring back to the corner where they started. This time Vacio hit the corner with enough impact to send up and over spilling to the outside violently.

**DDK:**

High Flyer takes to the top rope as Victor Vacio attempts to recover from that nasty fall!

**Lance:**

Victor is definitely dazed after that spill!

**DDK:**

But somehow is up to his feet!

**Lance:**

NOT FOR LONG!

High Flyer launches himself from the top rope just as Victor gets to his feet and connects hard with a beautiful sky-high, fluid-as-hell moonsault to the outside.

**DDK:**

Good lord! Shades of Papa Harmen! He'd be proud if he were here!

**Lance:**

Benny Doyle begins the ten count! Both of these men have seen better days Darren.

ONE!

High Flyer begins to stir.

TWO!

**DDK:**

They call it HIGH RISK for a reason, Lance! And we have it from both sides tonight!

THREE!

High Flyer pulls himself from the pile o' bodies he created as Vacio stirs.

FOUR!

**Lance:**

Indeed, Darren. But it is DEFCON and if there is *any* night to pull out all the stops ... tonight is that night!

FIVE!

**DDK:**

Regardless of stops pulled ... if High Flyer IV can't get himself back in the ring then it will all have been for not!

SIX!

High Flyer gets back to his feet and lays in a kick to Vacio before rolling back into the ring.

Flyer tries to climb out of the ring and makes it halfway before Doyle grabs his attention and ushers him back into the ring and to his corner. Benny then starts the count up again on Victor Vacio.

ONE!

High Flyer lays his arms on the top rope and feigns the same relaxed state that Vacio had at the start of this match.

TWO!

Benny Doyle counts down toward the floor at a recovering Victor Vacio.

THREE!

**Lance:**

High Flyer is awfully proud of himself!

FOUR!

HF IV approaches a ringside camera and leans down between the ropes to address it directly, the production truck scrambles to catch up, switching to said camera. Blue-hued hair and a snarky grin instantly fill the frame.

**High Flyer IV:**

Takin' a nap Vacio? Here? Of course you would, you lazy...

FIVE!

The camera cuts away and we miss the expected expletive to catch Vacio on his feet but bracing himself on the apron.

SIX!

**DDK:**

I hate to say it but this may end in a count out!

**Lance:**

It seems likely at this point!

SEVEN!

Vacio struggles to reach for the middle rope while trying to get some purchase on the ring apron with his knee. Before he can definitively make any progress, a hand comes down from over the top rope and grabs Vacio by the mask laces.

**DDK:**

High Flyer doesn't seem to want to let this one end in a count out!

HF IV pulls Vacio up by his mask to the apron, grabbing the front chancery.

**Lance:**

Or he is getting overconfident and thinks he can end this one in the ring!

**DDK:**

And he just might... BIG vertical suplex bringing Victor Vacio *back* into the ring the hardest way!

Before Vacio can get his wits about him, HF IV pulls him up from the mat and brings him back down hard with a side suplex. HF IV pops back to his feet on impact and starts to paintbrush Vacio while berating the masked man.

**High Flyer IV:**

You just... you have so much natural talent, you don't know how hard I've worked to be better than you. AND I AM!

HF IV really gets a piece of Vacio on the last slap.

**High Flyer IV:**

I'M BETTER THAN YOU! Because I CARE.

One last kick to the face for good measure.

**Lance:**

High Flyer, really taking out his frustrations on Vacio here!

**DDK:**

Yes, but at what cost ... he really needs to keep his head in the game and focus on securing this win if he wants to show everyone that he is better than one of BRAZEN's greatest champions, Victor Vacio.

Again, a confident High Flyer IV pulls a wounded Vacio up, hooks him in and hits a big vertical suplex.

**Lance:**

I'm inclined to agree, Darren but that within itself may be the crux of this whole thing... Vacio's BRAZEN Championship was unceremoniously brought to an end when Vacio threw the belt down as if it meant nothing!

**DDK:**

High Flyer makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

NO!

Vacio kicks out and High Flyer slams his hands against the mat, frustrated but unrelenting with his pursuit of violence.

**DDK:**

High Flyer, back on the attack now ... neckbreaker into a back breaker!

**Lance:**

Dropping Victor Vacio directly over that knee!

HF IV pulls Vacio to his feet.

**DDK:**

Foregoing the pin ... High Flyer is not done there! Whipping The Lost Cause into the ropes!

HF IV ducks and lifts the returning Vacio...

**Lance:**

Big BACK BODY ... NO! NO!

**DDK:**

Vacio holds on, the reverse of momentum.. DDT! DDT!

**Lance:**

Both men are down!

Benny Doyle checks on both opponents before beginning the ten count.

ONE!

**DDK:**

What a whiplash-like effect! This MAY have turned the tables for Victor Vacio!

TWO!

**Lance:**

But only if he can get to his feet *BEFORE* High Flyer!!

THREE!

Victor stirs.

FOUR!

High Flyer stirs.

FIVE!

Flyer makes it to a knee, pulling himself up by the turnbuckle.

SIX

Vacio is up.

High Flyer is up.

The two collide in the center of the ring.

**DDK:**

We've got a slugfest!

**Lance:**

Vacio has the advantage!

Victor pushes a dazed HF IV into the ropes and whips him off the other side. The Blue Haired devil returns and hits Vacio with a flying forearm. Vacio goes down!

**DDK:**

High Flyer, once again letting his ego get the best of him!

HF IV kips up and struts around the ring, celebrating the victory he hasn't yet secured. He stunts and throws up his father's Devil Horns for the Faithful but ...

**Lance:**

Vacio kips up!

**DDK:**

I don't think High Flyer knows ...

Vacio moves toward HF IV. The crowd reaction is enough to tell High Flyer he is in trouble, he turns around and walks into an inverted Atomic Drop. The crowd pops big for the smarmy blue-haired kid getting his just due for showboating. HF stumbles, grabbing at his crotch.

**DDK:**

Vacio hits the ropes... BIG Clothesline!

**Lance:**

Victor Vacio is well back in control here!

HF IV instinctively pops back up from the mat but walks directly into a standing side kick from Vacio. Vacio leans enough to take himself off balance and hits the mat at the same time as HF IV.



**DDK:**

If there was ever a moment for Victor Vacio to care... this is it!

**Lance:**

I couldn't agree more, Darren! Victor Vacio started off strong, ... lost his way but has turned this match around and has the chance to cement his DEFCon moment!

Benny Doyle checks on the combatants, but Vacio waves him off violently.

**DDK:**

Victor Vacio to his feet!

**Lance:**

And headed to the top rope!

This could be it.

**DDK:**

This could be Causa Perida!

This is certainly it.

Victor Vacio prepares to launch himself off of the top rope for his well-known shooting star press but High Flyer scrambles to his feet.

Vacio jumps.

But rather than rotate backward, Vacio comes down feet first as a devious blue-haired devil grabs Benny Doyle and pushes him into the path of Vacio.

Vacio lands flat-footed and is able to grab Doyle by his striped shirt and negate the intended impact. Vacio, having "saved" Doyle from impending doom ... shoves the official away from him, sending Benny Doyle into the nearby ropes. The normally frail and bump prone, Doyle, catches himself on the ropes as HF IV charges...

**DDK:**

YAKUZA KICK! But Vacio ducks!

Vacio hooks HF IV's arm and swings his body around the smaller HF IV ...

**Lance:**

Arms hooked .. grapevine... CRUCIFIX!

Vacio rolls High Flyer to the mat and over.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

***DING DING DING*****DDK:**

Vacio wins! Not that he cares but ... what a match!

**Darren Quimbey:**

And your winner ... "The LOSSST CAAAAUSE" VICTTTTOR VACCCIIIOOOO!!

High Flyer pops up and he is obviously pissed, shouting and yelling at Benny Doyle. The official maintains it was a fair three count but the blue-haired flyer isn't having it and continues yelling at Doyle to restart the match. He's so preoccupied, he doesn't see Vacio, looming... some would even say, caring, in the corner.

**Lance:**

I don't think Vacio is done with High Flyer just yet!

**DDK:**

Leave well enough alone for god sake!

Doyle sees Vacio at the ready and attempts to warn Flyer but it doesn't do any good. HF IV turns around and walks directly into a standing sidekick. He drops to the mat with a deep thud.

**DDK:**

This is simply uncalled for!

**Lance:**

Vacio may think differently Darren.

Vacio dumps out of the ring between the top and middle rope, landing on the floor feet first. Digging under the ring he comes back up with a toolbox. In the ring, Benny Doyle checks on the fallen.

**DDK:**

What the hell is this now?

**Lance:**

This can't bode well for High Flyer!

After rooting around the toolbox for a moment pulls out a box cutter.

**DDK:**

No! No! Get security out here right now!

Victor rolls back into the ring and comes to his feet. Box cutter in hand he stalks toward the motionless High Flyer IV. Benny Doyle puts himself in between Vacio and Flyer but as Vacio looms closer - Doyle's bluff is called and he dives out of the way.

***DING DING DING***

***DING DING DING***

The timekeeper rings the bell incessantly in an attempt to bring some order to the situation as Benny Doyle does as much as he can without actually touching Vacio.

**Lance:**

Yeah, this is beyond the pale... I'm - hold on -

Lance throws his headset off and beyond the ring a glimpse of him exiting through the curtain can be seen.

In the ring, Vacio grabs HF IV by the hair, pulling him to his knees. Victor takes a knee, propping HF IV against his opposite knee. The out-of-it High Flyer nearly slumps back down to the mat but Vacio corrects this before grabbing one single blue dreadlock...

**DDK:**

What in the ...

Victor Vacio holds the box cutter to the dreadlock and is ready to cut it off but the blade of his box cutter is duller than he expected.

**DDK:**

You've already won the match for god sake! Where is security?

Vacio has a really tough time using it and basically has to almost scalp Harmen Jr to finally get a cord-like strand. He holds it up for the Faithful as HF IV holds his temple.

**DDK:**

Victor doesn't seem done. He might want to use that box cutter to open up... Lance?! He must have went for DEFSec!

But rather than DEFSec... Killjoy, Archer Silver, and Kaz Troy come sprinting out the back.

**DDK:**

L.E.T.!

Lance takes his seat and returns to commentary.

**Lance:**

Where the hell did they come from? DEFSec was right behind me!

**DDK:**

They must have heard the commotion backstage.

Vacio takes notice before LET can hit the ring and by the time they are inside, the nihilistic lucha is down on the ringside floor. He tosses the box cutter back toward the open toolbox and holds his newly scalped blue trophy up and gives the furious LET a light shrug. Vacio keeps his eye on LET as they threaten and grab at him from inside the ring as he works his way around and back to the ramp.

**DDK:**

Well, thankfully High Flyer has a few friends left here in DEFIANCE...

**Lance:**

And Victor Vacio is certainly not one of them!

Vacio backs up the ramp, keeping his eye on the ring.

**DDK:**

Victor Vacio might be the most irreprehensible excuse for a human we have seen in DEFIANCE in quite some time. Even in victory, he has to turn this entire sport into a sham!

**Lance:**

It is quite sad, Vacio has all the talent in the world but he stoops to these lows with no rhyme or reason for his actions.

**DDK:**

I'm sure this isn't the last we have seen of this situation but folks ...

**Lance:**

You don't steal someone's hair without a reason, Darren.

**DDK:**

You most certainly don't! But ... we have to move on, we have so much more action for you here tonight!

Cut to elsewhere.

## I QUIT: SCROW vs. CRIMSON LORD

### Darren Quimbley:

The following match is the I QUIT MATCH!

The Faithful cheer.

### Darren Quimbley:

There are no rules, anything goes. The only way the match can end is by making your opponent say the words...I QUIT!

♪ "Closer to the Void" by The Enigma TNG ♪

The lights go out, and a red cloud hovers over the top of the arena, with flashes of light inside them, then a slight thunder noise after each flash. The stage is now covered in red fog, with about 20 men dressed in Harvestors outfits. A group circle the center stage while the remainder stands on each side of the ramp leading to the ring. Moments later a throne rises up. Crimson Lord sits on this throne it spins one-eighty until it faces the rampway. The throne has a Cerberus skull in the middle and one on each side of the top of the chair.

### Darren Quimbley:

First making his way to the ring at this time. He is a DEFIANCE Alumni. From Chicago, IL. He weighs in at 348 pounds and stands an incredible 7'3" .....he is "The MAJESTIC" CRIMSON LORD!!!

The faithful jeer loudly upon hearing Crimson's name.

Crimson stands up with a long black trenchcoat with three Cerberus head skulls looking out to the side on his left and right shoulders. His black hair hangs over his face, and a pair of black sunglasses on. He has black leather jeans and boots with a red demon skull belt buckle. He starts to walk toward the ring, each step he takes the lights slowly illuminate the arena once more as the fog dissipates from the ceiling of the arena. Crimson stops at the front of the ring. He grabs the top rope and pulls himself up then steps over the top rope and walks to the center of the ring walking through the thickness of the jeering Faithful. He outstretches his arms embracing the hate-filled Faithful. Before turning to face the entranceway once more. He removes his coat and sunglasses.

The stage lights go out once more. You hear the sounds of the lights burning out. Lord stares into the darkness of the stage. It is pitch black not even the DEFIANCE logo is lit up. A light bulb turns on from what could only be the Defiatron. As the illuminates the area around it, The Faithful shout in excitement as Scrow's right side of his face lit up. Scrow slams the lightbulb against the wall disappearing in the darkness, suddenly the stage lights turn back on and the ring is now pitch black.

♪ "Shatter" by Bullet for My Valentine ♪

### Darren Quimbley:

His opponent is accompanied by Minerva Hive. He weighs in at 198 pounds and stands 6'0" from the Fields of Torment, "THE RAVEN'S EYE" ...SCROW!!!

The Faithful cheer when they hear Scrow and Hive's names

Scrow and Hive appear at the entranceway The Faithful shout even louder as the two appear. Scrow is shirtless a pair of torn black jeans and black combat boots and standing in a scarecrow pose. Minerva is in black leather boots and pants, with a black tank top cut off just above her belly button. Turn, Back is written on the shirt. She is in an atlas pose, with her hands pointing at the ring with side gun poses. The two walk to the darkness now encompassing the ring.

Scrow and Hive disappear into the darkness of the arena. Suddenly the lights pop in a firework pyro display of the lights shattering and burning out. The entranceway is now in darkness and the ring and ringside lights are back on.

**DING DING**

Crimson looks over his shoulder toward Scrow sitting on the northeast turnbuckle, then over to Hive who is sitting on the northwest turnbuckle. They both hop off the turnbuckles as Lord turns to them. Slater tells Hive to exit the ring, she gives Lord one last look as he stares back at her, and she exits the ring. Lord slowly turns his head to Scrow. The Raven's Eye walks up to Crimson. The size and height advantage solely with CL. As the seven-foot-three man stares down at the six-foot man.

**DDK:**

Crimson has a foot and three inches on Scrow here, the size comparison is shocking.

**Lance:**

Lord knows how to use, all his strengths to his advantage too.

Lord snickers and just turns away, and quickly snaps back with a haymaker that Scrow blocks. The Faithful quickly cheers as both men slug it out in the middle of the ring. Lord quickly takes advantage and knee-lifts Scrow in the gut. He Irish whips him to the ropes he swings with a lariat. Scrow ducks hits the ropes and comes back with a missile dropkick. It staggers The Majestic One. Scrow hits the ropes again and tries a leaping shoulder block, but Lord swats him out of the air like a fly with a lariat! Scrow does a one-eighty in the air and falls face-first.

**DDK:**

Scrow can not get caught here. He has to somehow try and keep this match going at his pace. Crimson will slow it down and grind away at him if he doesn't work at his own pace.

**Lance:**

Once Crimson takes control it is very difficult to get back on your gameplan, as he will punish you while the style favors him.

Lord picks up Scrow and throws him like a ragdoll into the corner. Lord wastes no time and delivers smashing back elbow shots throwing not only his elbow but his three hundred and forty-eight-pound frame into the strike. Hive looks on as Lord delivers his six-elbow shots. He then grabs Scrow and Biel tosses him to the other side of the ring! Scrow quickly stumbles to his feet and falls into the turnbuckle. Crimson charges and last second Scrow jumps out of the way as CL slams chest-first into the turnbuckle!

**DDK:**

Scrow barely got out of that. He has to try and quicken this match. Make the big man play your game.

**Lance:**

Crimson also has the endurance to last, much like Scrow does. So a rope a dope is not going to be very effective against him.

CL turns around holding his chest bent over, and Scrow scores with a superkick! Crimson falls back into the corner. Scrow continues the attack unloading with knife-edge chops and haymakers. Suddenly Lord grabs Scrow and switches spots with him and he starts to unload with body shots and headshots using his forearms. Scrow is rocked back and forth with the blows. Crimson clearly also has the strength advantage as Scrow is being knocked around like a pinball machine in the corner.

**DDK:**

Scrow may be the better striker, but you could hardly tell right now as he is being bludgeoned in the corner by those gorilla-like arms.

**Lance:**

Yea, Scrow may have more of a martial arts background but Crimson will brawl with you and packs a wallop behind his attacks.

Scrow finds an opening between the Vader-like blows he receives and leaps at Crimson and starts biting his forehead. Crimson quickly retreats holding his head checking for blood. Hive encourages Scrow, who is still rattled a bit from that barrage from Lord. Scrow gathers his wits and charges at Crimson, he leaps up trying to find a swinging DDT, but Lord holds onto him. He carries him to the corner, setting him on the top turnbuckle.

**DDK:**

ENLIGHTENMENT! That top rope stunner!

**Lance:**

Scrow is in major trouble here!

Scrow rolls over on his stomach trying to catch his breath. Lord snatches the microphone from Brian Slater.

**Crimson Lord:**

This is the part where you quit child....but I think you still need some more discipline!

Lord side throws the microphone at Slater who can't catch it. CL grabs the back of Scrow's head and presses it against the mat like he is trying to crush his skull.

**Crimson Lord:**

I am only getting started Scrow.

Crimson exits the ring and flips up the apron and pulls out a red toolbox.

**DDK:**

Now comes the weapons it would seem. I can hear it now from Tillinghast and Scott.

**Lance:**

Well, what do they expect a I Quit match pretty much anything goes. Whatever it takes to make your opponent say I Quit.

He sets it on the apron but before he can make his next move Scrow baseball slides the toolbox into the jaw of Lord. CL falls to the ground holding his jaw, and the toolbox has an assortment of tools, and other knick-knacks all over the floor now. Scrow exits the ring and ignores the weapons and gets on top of Crimson and drives quick strikes to the skull of Lord. He grabs Lord and pulls him to a vertical base and pulls him back toward the ring and throws him right into the ring steps. Lord's knee slams into it as he flips over the steps.

**DDK:**

Scrow is trying to not give Crimson any sort of time to stay on his offense. He is quickly stopping it before it gets going.

**Lance:**

It's like trying to stop a locomotive after it's at top speed. Scrow though does seem to realize the true weakness of any big man. The knees, and using those steps to start to work on that part of Crimson's body is smart.

Crimson grimaces in pain as he pulls himself to his feet. Only to see Scrow running at him and using the steps as an extra step to gain more height as he leaps off them with a flying clothesline that sends both men into the barricade. Scrow takes a few seconds to get to his feet before throwing knife-edge chops across the chest of Lord while his arms are over the barricade.

With each chop, Lord grimaces a bit more. Scrow pulls Lord from the barricade but before he can execute another move Crimson drives him back first into the apron behind him. Scrow now grimaces in pain favoring his lower back.

**DDK:**

Back and forth these two are not letting either take a hold of the match right now.

**Lance:**

It is a good game plan, but how long can Scrow stick with his strategy?

Crimson rubs his chest for a moment and tries to shake off the shot he took from the steps with his knee. Rage quickly comes over The Majestic One. He turns to attack Scrow and The Raven's Eye unloads with haymakers, Lord grabs Scrow into a bearhug quickly stopping him from throwing any punches he lifts him up in the air as his upper body is above the seven-footer's shoulders now.

*BONG! [the sounds of the steel steps]*

**DDK:**

Jesus! Lord just did a version of snake eyes from the bearhug. Scrow took the full force of the steel steps to his skull!

Hive has her hands over her mouth, Scrow is busted open!

**Lance:**

Scrow might have a broken nose from that!

Crimson gets to his feet as Scrow holds his nose. He motions for the microphone. Slater hands it to him from inside the ring.

**Crimson Lord:**

Now boy say those lovely words!

Lord shoves the microphone in Scrow's mouth. Muffled and breathing heavily he replies.

**Scrow:**

No!

Crimson grits his teeth and grabs the back of Scrow's head and starts slamming it repeatedly onto the steel steps. Fans look on uneasily at the brutality that is starting to happen in this match. After a good eight slams into the steps. Crimson picks up the microphone again.

**Crimson Lord:**

Say it boy, or it is only going to get worse for you.

Puts the microphone to the side of Scrow's mouth once more. Grimacing and gasping for air he replies.

**Scrow:** *[labored breathing]*

...Never!

Lord smirks, before slamming the microphone into the back of Scrow's head. He once more goes under the ring and pulls out a couple of chairs and throws them into the ring. This gets the bloodthirsty Faithful to cheer. What really gets them excited is Crimson pulling out a table and sliding it into the ring.

**DDK:**

Even more, weapons come into play. Scrow though did you see his face, yea it looks like he may have a broken nose.

**Lance:**

That was a nasty blow he took, and just like that, I think the game plan just went out the window.

Lord walks over to Scrow, and drives a few shots into the side of Scrow's skull for good measure. He then drags him toward the apron and slides him back in, following him as he does. Lord begins to set up the furniture. Setting the table in the southwest corner against the turnbuckles. And setting the chairs facing each other near the northeast corner. He returns to Scrow, who gets a second wind the moment he is picked up as he unloads on Crimson with strikes, knife-



edge chops, and kicks.

**DDK:**

Scrow somehow has dug deep after that brutal beating he took from the steel steps.

**Lance:**

Minerva has definitely been coaching Scrow up for tonight.

Scrow has Lord on the defensive as he knocks him into the ropes, Scrow takes a few steps back and clotheslines Crimson Lord to the floor.

**Lance:**

In typical Crimson Lord fashion the agility of this man he lands on his feet!

CL reaches into the ring and grabs Scrow's feet, but even Scrow looks like he did his homework on Crimson Lord. He jumps up and then dives through the top and second rope with a slingshot-type dropkick catching Crimson off guard and sending him back first into the rampway. Scrow slides back in the ring and runs the ropes, as Lord gets to his feet, he can not react fast enough as Scrow dives through the ropes with a suicide dive! Hive cheers along with The Faithful. Scrow psyches himself up and rummages under the ring and pulls out a chair.

**DDK:**

It looks like it's time for Crimson to have to hear some Heavy Metal Symphony.

**Lance:**

Lord gets to his feet...

*CRACK!*

Lord stumbles up the ramp, from that chair shot.

*CRACK!*

Lord stumbles further up the ramp, from that chair shot.

*CRACK!*

Lord stumbles even further ramp, from that chair shot.

**DDK:**

Scrow is not letting up, and you can see the satisfaction on Hive's face too.

**Lance:**

Scrow has done a great job trying to keep this match balance and not let it get out of control.

Scrow rams the chair into the gut of Crimson, forcing him to lean over, then right across the back! Crimson grunts in pain while on one knee. Scrow walks to face him and slams the chair once more across the skull of Lord dropping him to the ground. Scrow grabs Slater's microphone.

**Scrow:** *[labored breathing]*

So how about it Crimson, ready to call it?

He sticks the microphone to the side of Lord's mouth. In a labored breath, he responds.

**Crimson Lord:** *[labored breathing]*

To you...do not make me laugh!

Scrow shrugs his shoulders and starts to unload with sickening shot after shot across the back of Crimson, who also is now bleeding.

**DDK:**

Blood for Blood, Scrow has returned the favor.

**Lance:**

Stay on him Scrow, do not let up if you plan to survive here tonight.

Scrow finally tosses the chair and grabs Crimson by the hair and takes him back to the ring. He slams his head into the apron a few times before throwing him back into the ring. Scrow pulls Crimson to his feet, only to get a swift open palm uppercut right into the throat. Scrow drops quickly gasping for air. Crimson stumbles back into the ropes, checking his forehead. He grits his teeth and moves in and nails a soccer-style kick right in the gut of Scrow. He then takes a knee and drives quickly sledgehammer-like punches across the skull of a bloody Scrow.

When he has had his fill he picks him up and throws him back outside the ring where the toolbox and the spilled weapons are on the floor. Lord exits the ring and stares at Minerva looking from the corner. She backs away, Crimson picks up Scrow and lifts him up for a fallaway slam but instead runs at the ring post and sandwiches Scrow into the steel post. Scrow shouts in pain. Crimson then body slams him on the floor. Scrow continues to shout in pain, favoring the lower back.

**DDK:**

Bad intentions are in that man's mind right now.

**Lance:**

Crimson walks over to the spilled tools, and finds...HANDCUFFS!

**DDK:**

Crimson has evil intentions for those. How much more can these two take?

Lord walks over to Scrow and slaps the cuffs on one wrist and then drags him over to the ring post and wraps the other half of the cuffs around the ring post and cuffs Scrow's free wrist.

**DDK:**

He has Scrow cuffed around the ring post, this is getting out of hand here.

**Lance:**

He is not done, oh man he has a chair!

Crimson laughs for a moment as Scrow is trying to free himself but he can't break the chain links of the cuffs. He tries to kick at Crimson to stop him, but it is not effective at all.

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

**DDK:**

Crimson is whipping Scrow like a government mule with that steel chair! ENOUGH!

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

**DDK:**

ENOUGH!

**Lance:**

Lord is not even trying to ask for the microphone.

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

*CRACK!*

Scrow can barely stand and he is slumped over on the steel post, Crimson now looks toward Brian who is also as concerned as everyone else in the arena. Slater quickly hands the microphone to Crimson. CL looks at him annoyed, Slater wants to ring the bell. He is now yelling at Crimson to end it. Lord is just staring at Brian. He finally turns around...

*SHOOOOOSSSHHH!!!*

**DDK:**

Minerva Hive! She has a fire extinguisher!

*SHOOOSSSHHH!!!*

**Lance:**

I knew she couldn't stand by any longer. This man has done more to her than Scrow. Now she has Crimson retreating!

*SHOOOSSSHHH!*

Crimson covers his eyes growling as he backs away. When he can finally see through the fog, he sees a red canister for a split second as it slams across his head! Hive slams the fire extinguisher to the ground shouting obscenities to Lord. While The Faithful cheer for her, she quickly starts searching under the ring, and finally finds.....BOLT CUTTERS!

**DDK:**

Smart, Scrow is trapped against the ring post. Who knows where the key to those handcuffs is? The next logical thing is to cut the chain with those cutters.

**Lance:**

She better hurry, Crimson won't be out of action for too long.

Scrow is freed, and Lord is still on the ground. Hive is trying to check on Scrow. He nods at her when she asks him if he is alright. Little does she know Crimson is already on his feet and now behind her.

**DDK:**

Minerva BEHIND YOU!

The Faithful gasps in horror as Crimson grabs Hive by the throat and lifts her up!

**DDK:**

Put her down, you twisted sick bastard!

**Lance:**

Yea, Darren that is not gonna happen unless Scrow stops it.

Much like Lance said Scrow can barely move, and seconds later Crimson chokeslams Hive right on the floor. Jeers rumble throughout the arena. Crimson just smiles at them.

**DDK:**

This psychopath is out of control!

**Lance:**

I told you Darren this man has no heart. He has no compassion for anyone.

**DDK:**

She is not even in the damn match!

Scrow notices Hive on her side holding the back of her head. You could almost see the fire in Scrow's eyes as he leaped to his feet. He grabs a chair from under the ring and quickly goes to attack. Crimson turns around and smirks, but as he is prepared for a blow to the head. Scrow slams the chair into his thigh!

*AGAIN!*

AND

*AGAIN*

AND

*AGAIN!!*

**DDK:**

Hit him again Scrow!

Scrow does exactly what Darren wants and much like he just became a whipping boy for Crimson, now Scrow is returning the favor.

*OVER AND OVER!*

**Lance:**

Scrow is using every part of that chair to inflict damage on Lord's leg here.

Crimson tries to escape and slides into the ring. Yet another shot to Lord's thigh. Crimson can no longer stand as he is heavily favoring his quad. Slater wants to hand the microphone to Scrow but he refuses to take it as he drives his own version of sledgehammer punches to the forehead of the on-one-knee seven-footer. Crimson grits his teeth and gouges Scrow in the eyes, he fights to get to his feet, but can not put weight on his leg. He dives at Scrow and...

**DDK:**

SPEAR! Right through the table that was set up in the corner! It looks like Crimson couldn't get the full force of the spear though.

**Lance:**

Scrow shoves Lord off of him and rolls behind him. He gets to his feet, and now is taunting Crimson to get up.

Lord looks at him and clenches his teeth and fights to get to a vertical base. Although he can not put weight on his right leg. Scrow wants more. CL charges at Scrow and The Raven's Eye drop toeholds Crimson right into the steel chair that was set up earlier in the match face first! The Faithful have not left their seats as they cheer on The Unhinged Scrow! Slater hands the microphone to Scrow he walks over to Crimson who is more concerned about his quad than the face full of metal he just got.

**Scrow:** *[labored breathing]*

Give up you heartless bastard!

**Crimson Lord:** *[grunting, and breathing heavily]*

....sigh....Go to hell Scrow!

Scrow shakes his head.

**Scrow:**

Scrow will save you a seat.

Scrow picks up Crimson who is hobbling about and pushes him into the corner. Now laying in knife-edge chops using the handcuffs he still has on his wrists. So it adds even more damage to Lord's chest as the steel rips across Crimson's chest with each chop. One after the other, it looks like what happened to him a little over a year ago by current SOHER Champion Henry Keyes who turned his chest into roast beef. This time Scrow inflicts the punishment rather than receiving it.

**DDK:**

My God look at Lord's chest, it's beat red and now bleeding. He owes this all to handcuffing him to the ring post. Karma is a bitch Crimson!

Crimson continues to fight the intense pain he is feeling, as Scrow is just not letting up. Slater takes it upon himself to ask Crimson as it looks like Scrow has no intentions to.

**Brian Slater:**

Crimson do you quit?

**Crimson Lord:**

OW....OUCH! Keep going Scrow, maybe you will find my black heart because I will be DAMNED if let you win!

**DDK:**

How is he fighting this pain?

**Lance:**

Crimson has always had a high threshold of pain, it is what makes this man so scary to be in the ring with. This however is getting rather graphic.

Finally, Scrow stops. His handcuff bracelets are covered in Crimson's blood. Lord pants heavily in the corner. Scrow slides out of the ring, still favoring his back as it looks like his adrenaline shot is wearing off. He grabs Crimson's leg forcing him to fall face-first. Scrow drops to a knee holding his lower back again. Crimson is on his back clutching his right leg. His eyes suddenly spring open as he looks in front of him. Scrow has a hold of his foot and drags him to the ring post to give a nice jolt of energy to Lord as he pulls his nuts into the post. Then without any wasted motion slams

the bad leg over and over into the ring post.

**DDK:**

Scrow has grounded Crimson.

**Lance:**

Look at this Darren!

**DDK:**

FIGURE FOUR...AROUND THE RINGPOST!

Crimson finally breaks out in pain, as he tries desperately to find some way out of this hold. The ring post is stopping him from getting any sort of grip on Scrow's legs to even attempt to break it. Slater is asking him once more.

**Brian Slater:**

Do you give up Crimson?

Crimson swats the microphone out of Slater's hand and continues to try and find some way to break this hold. Time passes and Slater again asks him.

**Brian Slater:**

Do you give up Crimson?

**Crimson Lord:** *[in extreme pain]*

NOOOOOO!!....FUCK!!!

Even more, time passes...

**Brian Slater:**

Do you give up Crimson?

**Crimson Lord:** *[in extreme pain]*

NOOOOOO!!....FUCK!!!.....YESSSS! I QUIT! TELL THIS SON OF A BITCH TO BREAK THIS DAMN HOLD!

Slater calls for the bell!

***DING DING DING***

**Darren Quimbley:**

The winner of the match... "The Raven's Eye"...SCROWWW!!!!

**DDK:**

Scrow got him to say it!

**Lance:**

He sure did but he has not broken the hold!

Scrow's theme is cut off. Slater is telling Scrow to break the hold and he is refusing. Lord is screaming in pain.

**DDK:**

Scrow is lost in his own blood rage for this man.

**Lance:**

I have never heard Crimson scream this much in pain.

Hive has managed to recover and walks over to Scrow.

**Minerva Hive:**

You won, Scrow let him go.

**Scrow:** *[labored breathing]*

Why this asshole deserves every bit of this? *[growls]*

**Minerva Hive:**

He is not worth it, let it go.

Scrow still with his teeth clenched in anger looks at her. Then finally breaks the hold. Crimson quickly turns on his side and grabs his leg in immense pain.

♪ "Shatter" by Bullet for My Valentine ♪

**DDK:**

It took some convincing but Scrow finally released the hold. That was a brutal I Quit match there here at DEFCON.

**Lance:**

Finally, Scrow and Hive can get on with their careers. It has been a traumatizing year for these two. It all centered around this man in the ring refusing medical attention now.

Both walk around the ring, Scrow being helped by Hive. As they walk a couple of steps up the ramp the music is cut off as Crimson, who continues to not want any help from medical staff, has the microphone still on the ground.

**Crimson Lord:** *[between pain, exhaustion]*

SCROW!!! SCROW!!!!

Scrow looks back toward the ring.

**Crimson Lord:** *[between pain, exhaustion]*

I still have her.

Scrow's eyes widen and he immediately walks back to the ring. Hive follows as they both get in the ring.

**Crimson Lord:** *[between pain, exhaustion]*

That's right, you want to know what I did with her?

Scrow shouts at him "Where is she?"

**Crimson Lord:** *[between pain, exhaustion]*

I had her burnt, and I took her ashes and dumped them in the city dump, the perfect place for a decrepit woman!

Scrow has that look in his eyes as though he is about to murder this man. He grabs a chair and is ready to commit 187 live at DEFCON. All the while Crimson is laughing.

Hive grabs the chair from him just as he is about to do it.

**Crimson Lord:** *[between pain, exhaustion]*

Stay out of this woman, come on Scrow I made sure you will never see her resting place again. FINISH THE JOB!

**DDK:**

This heartless bastard! How could he do such a thing?

**Lance:**

The only thing keeping him breathing is Hive, and that was her sister for Pete's sake.

Hive points at her chest, then to Scrow's he then remembers what Dex Joy told him. He takes a deep breath and nods. He opens the ropes for her to leave.

**Crimson Lord:** *[between pain, exhaustion]*

Where are you going? Come on FINISH THE JOB!

Hive hops off the apron, and Scrow looks to follow but stops.

**Crimson Lord:** *[between pain, exhaustion]*

That's right, you're going to let a woman tell you what to do. Whether you want to believe it or not you are just like me. You are a killer!

Hive is trying to get Scrow to leave with her but now he is asking for a microphone. He gets one.

**Scrow:** *[labored breathing]*

Minerva is right, and hell must have frozen over Dex Joy was right.

The Faithful cheer aloud with some Wreck'Em Dex chants.

**Scrow:** *[labored breathing]*

You may have taken her physical remains from this world, but she will always be in his heart.

Chants of "Never Forgotten" now echo through the arena.

**Scrow:** *[labored breathing]*

Scrow could easily end your career right here and now. To be like you throughout your career damaging people's lives with your destructive habits. That is not what is going to happen here tonight. Through all your actions, Scrow is going to do the one thing he never thought he would do.

Everyone is on the edge of their seats "WHAT" is he going to say?

**Scrow:** *[labored breathing]*

Scrow....forgives you.

Scrow drops the microphone and exits the ring to the shock of everyone here tonight. Even Crimson.

**DDK:**

He actually forgave Crimson Lord? I can not believe what I just heard.

**Lance:**

Has Scrow finally come to terms with his past?

**Crimson Lord:** *[labored breathing]*

DO NOT SHOW ME, COMPASSION BOY! GET BACK HERE! SCROW! SCROW!

Scrow ignores the constant screams of his name from Crimson and walks up the ramp and disappears behind the curtain. Lord's screeching screams of Scrow continue. As DEFCON fades and goes to an advertisement for The Saturday Night Specials Vs The Lucky Sevens for the Unified Tag Team Championship.



## BE GOOD, BE BAD

The fans cheer as Conor Fuse strolls through the hallway sporting lime green Adidas track pants and a newly DEFIANCE branded TEARS OF THE SNOWFLAKE t-shirt. As he turns the corner he comes to a stop and sees none other than Princess Desire standing outside what looks to be Tyler and her locker room.

The two stare at each other. Conor seems much friendlier than Desire's demeanor, which suggests a "get out of here step brother" kind of look.

**Conor Fuse:**

Hey, sis!

Conor waves like Forrest Gump until the locker room door opens and Tyler Fuse emerges. Tyler doesn't realize what's up at first, until The Princess makes eyes with him and steers the OG Fuse in the proper direction.

**Conor Fuse:**

Oh, hey bro!

Another Forrest Gump wave but Tyler, deadpan, stares back at Conor but with much more of an unreadable look across his face.

**Conor Fuse:**

Well, guess we keep bumping into each other. Keeping the streak alive! I like it, mom and dad will be happy. They always like to see us on the screen together.

Conor pauses and scratches his head.

**Conor Fuse:**

Goodluck with being a dick and all, it's the role you were meant to play!

Conor slowly approaches his brother and then he just goes for it. He tussles Tyler's hair, albeit briefly before sauntering off down the hall.

**Conor Fuse:** *[talking as he walks away from them]*

Be good out there, or at least as good as bad as you can be. Hmmm, does that make sense? Anyway, that Ames cosplaying chick isn't THAT horrible, okay? Play fair, play hard. Speaking of playing, I can't wait to play Tears of the Kingdom! Come to think of it, that inspired this new shirt, Tears of the Snowflake. Haha, good times. Ah, good times, indeed. Okay anyway see ya around!

Tyler brings his attention back to The Princess as the two exchange no words or expressions whatsoever and DEFCON goes back to ringside.

## KERRY KUROYAMA vs. DECLAN ALEXANDER

**DDK:**

We're only halfway through DEFCON Night 1, Lance, and what a show we've already had tonight. Where do we go from here?

**Lance:**

Vae Victis opened the night with Henry Keyes retaining the Southern Heritage Championship against Elise Ares but in order to complete a sweep, Kerry Kuroyama needs to fend off a challenge from Lindsay Troy's own trainee, "DEC4L" Declan Alexander.

**DDK:**

Declan has a win over Vae Victis' own Oscar Burns on his resume, but is still young and hasn't quite been able to put it together. Wins on UNCUT has him in kind of a purgatory between the DEFIANCE roster and BRAZEN, but a win over Kerry Kuroyama tonight could solidify him on the DEFIANCE roster for good.

The lights in the Smoothie King Center shift to a deep blue with lighter blue and yellow highlights. From the rafters, The Payload™ drone hovers down before giving the OG Faithful a bird's eye view of DEFCON on the DEFIATron. It flies down towards the entrance where the silhouette of a man flips the collar on his varsity style jacket as it dives in.

*I just wanna feel... A-LIVE!*  
♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! ♪

The silhouette spins around as The Payload™ flies close revealing himself, of course, to be "DEC4L" Declan Alexander to a healthy cheer from the Faithful. Raising his hand in the air, the PogChamp begins to stream the Faithful's reaction from his smart phone. Clicking the change camera button, the DEFIATron changes to DEC4L's phone stream where he's looking at himself and a figure charging at him from behind. He spins around just in time to be leveled by the Pacific Blitzkrieg, sending his phone tumbling down the aisle to a chorus of jeers from the New Orleans Faithful.

**DDK:**

What in the world?!

DEC4L is up in an instant, but Kerry pressures him with a stinging forearm to send him stumbling further down the aisle. Kuroyama gets a head of steam and meets Alexander at ringside in time to body check him against the apron, quickly followed by an arm drag to the thin ringside floor mats. In the ring, the official is furious that the action has kicked off before his signal.

**Lance:**

Kerry Kuroyama apparently didn't want to wait until the bell to get this underway.

**DDK:**

What a cheap shot! What a disgrace to the sport!

Kerry pulls DEC4L back up and takes him by the back of the head before launching him over the steel steps. The Intrepid Influencer rolls in agony on the floor, but gets a moment of reprieve when Kuroyama takes a moment to bicker with the official, demanding he bring it in between the ropes.

Not to be outdone, Alexander pops back to his feet. When Kuroyama turns his attention back on him, he finds the PogChamp vaulting back over the steps and tagging him with a superman punch that sends him careening into the barricade. DEC4L charges in for more, but instead gets Biel'd into the front two rows.

**DDK:**

The match hasn't even begun, and now we're seeing this brawl spill into the ringside seats!

**Lance:**

To think, all this animosity began over an innocent game of Mario Kart in the backstage area!

**DDK:**

And for once, it didn't involve the dreaded Blue Shell!

Kerry hops the barricade and goes right back on the offensive, hammering DEC4L with heavy right hands before hooking him around the head and driving him back into the barricade with a side Russian legsweep! DEC4L coils up in agony, clutching his back. Pleased with his handiwork, Kerry lariats the former BRAZEN champ back over the barricade and promptly rolls him back into the ring. Kuroyama slides in after him and tells the ref to cue the bell as he goes to pin. However...

**DDK:**

Jonny Fastcountini won't have anything to do with it!

Jonny rebuffs Kerry's command to ring the bell by crossing his arms through the air in front of him and orders him back to his corner, earning the official a supportive pop from the crowd. Rolling his eyes, Kuroyama backpedals to the corner and keeps himself ready until the bell. Fastcountini checks on Declan, who is shaking off the effects of the earlier assault as he uses the turnbuckles in his own corner to pull himself back up.

**Lance:**

Kudos to the ref for restoring some order and making sure both of these competitors are on equal footing before this contest officially begins.

**DDK:**

That was clearly an underhanded tactic by Kuroyama to attack the young Declan Alexander like that. Fastcountini is checking on Alexander, seeing if he's good to--AND DEC4L STREAKS RIGHT BY HIM and makes a BEE-LINE for Kuroyama!

Kerry is caught off guard by DEC4L's tenacity as he suddenly bursts to his feet and streaks across the ring, returning the favor with a shoulder tackle that CRUSHES Kerry against the turnbuckles and knocks the wind out of him! Realizing he can do nothing to stop them, Jonny gives the signal to the timekeeper.

***DING DING*****DDK:**

There's the bell, but it may as well be moot at this point! This brawl continues with Declan Alexander now lighting up the veteran DEFIANT in the corner with a flurry of retaliatory rights and lefts!

**Lance:**

DEC4L kept receipts from the earlier blindsiding, and now he's settling up the debt.

Kerry reels off the hits until his legs give out and he drops to his bottom in a daze. Fastcountini finally gets through to DEC4L to back off, given the rope break. Alexander complies, turning to the crowd and pumping his arms for a celebratory pop from the Faithful. Meanwhile, Kerry takes a powder to the outside to shake out the cobwebs.

**Lance:**

Kuroyama's audacious scheme to give himself an early edge before the bell appears to have backfired. The young BRAZEN call-up is showing he won't easily be walked over in his DEFCON debut, even by a stalwart member of Vae Victis.

**DDK:**

What's DEC4L got up his sleeve next?

As Kuroyama staggers aimlessly at ringside, the Intrepid Influencer sees his shot. With the crowd cheering him on and encouraging him to go for it, he throws himself into the ropes and comes back across the ring in a blur. Kerry looks up

in time to see a blue and yellow torpedo heading straight for him.

**DDK:**

DEC4L with the SUICIDE DIVE--NO!!

A stiff, open-handed SLAP from Kerry knocks Alexander off his trajectory and sends him crashing to ringside. Shaking his head as if to say "get the hell outta here with that ish", Kuroyama pulls him up and rolls him back into the ring before sliding in after him and hooking the legs.

**DDK:**

Kuroyama going for the first pin in this match!

One!

Two!

DEC4L kicks out!

**Lance:**

Plenty of fight left in the former BRAZEN Champion.

Fight that Kuroyama intends to snuff out, as he rolls Alexander onto his side and clamps him down with a three-quarter nelson. DEC4L powers himself to his feet, only to be flipped back onto his back with a quick snapmare from Kuroyama, which he transitions fluidly into a standing armbar.

Kerry smirks in triumph as he torques the arm. DEC4L wipes it right off his face with a bicycle kick from the mat that leaves the Pacific Blitzkrieg clutching his face. The Intrepid Influencer spryly kips up to his feet, earning a whoop from the Faithful! Before Kuroyama can recover, he doubles over to a knee to the gut, and DEC4L puts his head into the mat with a Rolling DDT that gets another pop from the fans!

**DDK:**

DDT hits its mark, and now DEC4L is going for the pin!

One!

Two!

No! Kuroyama powers right out!

Alexander takes this opportunity to finally rip off his varsity style jacket and throw it onto the canvas, this takes him out of the moment just enough for Kerry to get back in with knee lift straight to the body. Staggered, Alexander can't defend himself as the Pacific Blitzkrieg backs him into the corner with a series of forearms and stiff chops. Fascountini calls for a break and Kuroyama does... immediately after hitting Declan with a huge open hand slap across the face that echoes across the arena.

**Lance:**

The Veteran DEFIANT is infuriating this kid, trying to get him off his game the best he can and it appears to be working, Darren.

**DDK:**

The disrespect is palpable.

The PogChamp reaches out to retaliate but his arm is grabbed and swung over Kerry's shoulder judo style with a stiff landing on the canvas followed up by a sickening kick to the chest. Wasting no time, Kerry jerks the jacket up off the mat and wraps the sleeve around Declan's neck with an obvious choke. Fastcountini is on it, immediately starts a

count that gets all the way until five before breaking the hold. The official pulls the jacket off from Alexander and tosses it out of the ring, giving just enough of a distraction for the Intrepid Influencer to hit a jawbreaker on the Vae Victis member. The Faithful react accordingly.

**Lance:**

This is wild, Darren, neither man seems to be able to gain a significant advantage so far.

**DDK:**

Kerry Kuroyama doesn't think Declan Alexander even belongs in the same ring as him but thus far has been unable to keep the kid down, despite his best efforts.

**Lance:**

From what we've seen so far in his short DEFIANCE career, Alexander has a lot of growing to do but there isn't an ounce of quit in him!

The PogChamp returns the favor by rushing up to his feet and hitting a high knee strike against the chin of the Pacific Blitzkrieg. Chop. Chop. Chop. Irish whip. Kerry reverses sending Alexander into the ropes. Kuroyama tries to hit Declan with another lariat but DEC4L somersaults under. The kid pops up and goes for The Red Line but the kick is caught by Kuroyama, who shoves the leg of Alexander back into a backflip that he lands. Declan sends Kerry into the ropes who comes back with a yakuza kick that's caught by DEC4L. Alexander spins Kerry around who whips back with an enzuigiri that connects. The Intrepid Influencer falls to a knee and Kuroyama goes for a spinning kick to the head that Alexander somersaults under and pops up with a rolling dropkick!

**DDK:**

GGEZ! What an exchange by these two amazing athletes!

**Lance:**

I sense that won't keep Kerry grounded for long and Declan looks like he has the same idea!

DEC4L goes out onto the apron ready to pounce as Kerry pushes himself up off the mat. Leaping onto the top rope, Alexander flies through the air attempting to land on the shoulders of Kuroyama and succeeds... but Kerry slams him down hard to the canvas with a powerbomb and immediately locks in the Cascadia Cloverleaf in the middle of the ring! The Faithful go bananas as Alexander squirms to find an escape in a panic.

**DDK:**

Trapped! Veteran move from the Pacific Blitzkrieg!

**Lance:**

It looks like Declan doesn't know what to do, Darren. The more he fights this the more damage he's doing to himself.

Jonny Fastcountini checks in on the Intrepid Influencer who refuses to give up between screams as Kerry really leans into the hold. Declan begins to fade but the Faithful lift him up. Clapping and stomping, New Orleans breathes life back into the 22-year-old as he pushes himself back up off the mat. The PogChamp uses Kerry's elevated stance against him and somehow spins himself into a victory roll!

One!

Two!

No! Kerry Kuroyama powers out. Even though it was Alexander who went for the cover, it's the Veteran DEFIANT who is up to his feet first.

**DDK:**

Alexander with the nearfall but the damage is done, Lance. DEC4L is favoring that leg already and Kerry Kuroyama can smell blood in the water!

A straight kick to the knee brings Alexander to the canvas, and Kerry quickly wraps him up around the waist. Before DEC4L can react, Kuroyama hauls him off the mat...

**DDK:**

Kuroyama with a GUTWRENCH SUPLEX...

...and keeps hold of him by the waist! Kerry gets back to his feet and lifts Declan off the mat again.

**DDK:**

...right into a SIDEWALK SLAM...

Alexander is flat on the canvas, but Kerry is finishing, hauling him up by the waist once again...

**DDK:**

And FINISHES WITH A DOMINATOR!! Good GOD, what a devastating series of moves!

**Lance:**

Kerry has entered the fabled "BEAST" mode, as they call it up in the Pacific Northwest.

**DDK:**

Kuroyama hooks the legs for the one!

ONE!

TWO

TH--NO!! DEC4L pops the shoulder up!

Kuroyama punches the mat in frustration, but stays on Alexander, hooking him by the arms and hauling him off the mat yet again.

**DDK:**

Kerry pulling out all the stops here... BLACK MOUNTAIN BOMB, driving DEC4L's back over the knee! And AGAIN! And AGAIN!! THREE CONSECUTIVE DOUBLE-UNDERHOOK BACKBREAKERS, and he folds him up into the pin!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--KICKOUT!! DEC4L KICKS OUT!!

**Lance:**

Unbelievable! What more does Kerry have to do to put him away?

Kuroyama's face is vacant astonishment, looking to Fastcountini for confirmation on the count. Coming back to his feet, he backs against the ropes and calculates his next move while the Intrepid Influencer weakly rolls onto his belly and begins the slow process of recovery. Kerry scopes out his shot and hits the ropes the moment DEC4L pushes

himself up to a knee.

**DDK:**

Kerry has something on his mind now, heading into the ropes... Alexander in the path of the GREEN RIVER REVOLT--

DEC4L DUCKS! Kuroyama sails uncontrollably through the air, led by a knee strike that hits nothing, and falls into the ropes. By the time he's back up, Alexander finds his second wind and explodes to his feet, catching Kerry off guard with a jumping desperation DOUBLE-KNEE FACEBUSTER that flips him back onto his head and shoulders!

**DDK:**

In the blink of an eye, Declan Alexander has turned the tables!

**Lance:**

We're seeing a fire tonight in this young future star, the likes of which I feel few expected against a veteran of Kuroyama's caliber!

**DDK:**

Kerry is back up and reeling... and DEC4L with the PLAY OF THE GAME...

...AND HE NAILS IT!!

The crowd ROARS off the sudden impact of the jumping cutter... but almost immediately deflates as they watch Kuroyama flop off the impact and instinctively roll under the ropes to the outside. Alexander, mustering up everything he has left, crawls out after him.

**DDK:**

Of all the luck! Declan Alexander hit that perfectly, but either by instinct or sheer coincidence, Kuroyama goes to the outside!

**Lance:**

It's all for nothing if he can't get this pin!

DEC4L pulls Kuroyama off the floor and sends him back under the ropes, following in and hooking the legs.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!!

**DDK:**

Kerry gets the shoulder up!

**Lance:**

Just a hair too late!

Undaunted, Alexander rises back up to his feet... but finds that his arm doesn't go up with him. Before he realizes what's happening, Kuroyama snaps a legscissor around him to pull him off his base and position himself onto his feet. All at once, the Pacific Blitzkrieg has the pumphandle!

**DDK:**

NO!! KUROYAMA DRIVER!! He sprung that on him from out of NOWHERE!!

HOOKS THE LEG!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE--

KICKOUT!!

*RRRAAAAAAHHHH!!!*

**DDK:**

HOW?! WHY?!

Kuroyama pops to his feet and frantically paces the ring, hands clutching his head in mind-breaking disbelief! What does he have to do to WIN?!

**Lance:**

Declan Alexander kicked out of the fatal Kuroyama Driver!

**DDK:**

Where does the Pacific Blitzkrieg go from here?! Even his patented finisher can't put away this young DEFIANT upstart!

DEC4L lies on his back in the center of the ring, breathing heavily. Kuroyama studies him for a moment. When the shock finally wears off, he comes to a calm state of acceptance. Then he nods, knowing exactly what he must do, before scooping Alexander back off the mat.

**DDK:**

Kuroyama, pulling DEC4L back up and onto his shoulder... but where is he going now?

Fastcountini attempts to put himself between Kerry and corner, but Seattle's BEAST is having none of that shit, brushing by the official and scaling the turnbuckles with the Intrepid Influencer lifelessly draped over his shoulders.

**Lance:**

Going into risky territory here!

**DDK:**

Whatever Kerry is planning, it can NOT be good for DEC4L!

Declan begins to stir as Kerry nears the top rope. He responds to his situation with an ELBOW to the side of the head...

...and another!

...and ANOTHER!



...and Kerry responds in kind with an EMERALD FLOWSION from the TOP ROPE!

**DDK:**

KUUROOYAAMAA DEEESUTOROOOOYAAAAAA!!

Kerry pins...

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREEE!!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Kuroyama rolls off the chest of Alexander and sits up, looking at his hands for a moment of quiet contemplation. Fastcountini informs him he's won the match and raises his arm.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... "THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG" **KEERRRYYY**  
**KUUURROOOOYAAAAMMMAAAAA!!!**

**DDK:**

It took a Kuroyama Driver from the top rope to get the job done, but after pulling out all the stops, Kerry Kuroyama has finally done it! But what a FIGHT we've seen tonight from the young Declan Alexander, who went the distance against the tenured Vae Victis member!

**Lance:**

Without a doubt, this was a star-making performance for the former BRAZEN Champion. He withstood an unbelievable amount of punishment in that ring, and kept fighting to the bitter end.

**DDK:**

Be as it may, the glory tonight goes to Kerry, and with this win, Vae Victis are now two for two in matches on this first night of DEFCON!

As Kerry wanders the ring, the official assists Alexander off of the mat. A moment later, Kuroyama moves in to help him up the rest of the way. In a show of respect, he shakes the hand of the defeated.

**DDK:**

What began with bitterness has ended with a show of mutual respect here tonight! Not only a major step forward in the career of DEC4L, but a change of perspective for the veteran Pacific Blitzkrieg! But for the time being, ladies and gentlemen, DEFCON continues!

## TYLER FUSE & PRINCESS DESIRE vs. TERESA AMES & ???

The match graphic shows along with the DEFCON theme song, "Go" by The Chemical Brothers.

**DDK:**

Up next, we have a very interesting "tag team" match.

**Lance:**

And why do you say "tag team" like that?

**DDK:**

Well, for one, only moments ago I was told Teresa Ames does not have a partner.

**Lance:**

In other words we have a handicapped match.

**DDK:**

It seems like it. Kicked out of The Comments Section, practically alienating half of the roster from previous dating escapades, Ames does not have a lot of friends.

**Lance:**

She has none. She even said she wants to do it alone. It's almost as if Tyler and Desire knew what they were doing when they challenged Ames to a match...

**DDK:**

I know, it's sad. They're sad. Picking on Teresa like that.

The scene switches to ringside.

**Darren Quimbey:**

This match is for ONE FALL and it is a tag team match...

**Lance:**

Even Quimbey is using your tone right now, Keeps.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first... from Joliet, Illinois... weighing one-hundred-twenty-six pounds... TERESA AMES!

♪ "Toxic" by Britney Spears ♪

The Faithful cheer as Teresa Ames appears on the stage sporting her typical blue and black wrestling attire. Known for her previous elaborate DEFCON entrances, this one is extremely subdued... to the point it almost gets the crowd down on themselves, instead of amped up. Ames walks out alone. She's trying to put on a brave face and pump up the crowd but even the most ignorant of fans can tell she's having a hard time doing so. Ames slaps hands with a few kids down the rampway but it's a tough go for her, she's trying to give it her best attitude.

**Lance:**

You have to feel for this woman, everyone deserves a second chance.

Ames rolls into the ring and slowly walks over to the ring announcer Darren Quimbey. She whispers something in his ear and Quimbey looks taken back... almost saddened. He asks for clarification and Ames confirms whatever she told him is true.

Teresa's theme dies down and Quimbey addresses the crowd.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Faithful, I'm told this match is no longer a tag team match but it is a handicapped match. Once again, introducing the "team of one"... TERESA AMES!

The fans cheer in support of Ames but you can also tell by their tone the crowd knows it doesn't look good.

Quimbey still looks saddened by the news but nevertheless, he goes on with his job.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And her opponents... Princess Desire and Tyler Fuse!

The lights dim. There's a long wait for something... anything to happen. It gets to the point where the crowd starts to boo because nothing is going on. They sit in darkness.

Finally, the LCD FIST logo lights up to display the word "DEFCON" which slowly morphs into the word "LITTERCON".

**DDK:**

Not this again...

♪ "Love Runs Out" by OneRepublic ♪

The crowd boos as a team of 18th century "peasants" walk out from behind the FIST logo. They line the rampway and are followed by another group of peasants carrying an 18th century litter.

**DDK:**

This has become an ongoing DEFCON gag. Two years ago both Henry Keyes and Teresa Ames herself came to the ring being carried in an historic litter. Last year, Ames also made an appearance in one. Times are different now, clearly, for Teresa.

As the team carries the litter out, Princess Desire stands in the center of the structure, basking in the glory of the jeers she receives for this type of entrance. Meanwhile, yes, Tyler Fuse is there with her, too... but he remains stoic and focused on the woman in the center of the ring. It doesn't look like Tyler cares about what's going on around him.

**Lance:**

The last person I would ever guess would be okay in one of these... Tyler Fuse.

**DDK:**

Well, it's a troll job. Imagine that, poor Teresa Ames, who cuts ties with The Comments Section has now been trolled by Princess Desire.

**Lance:**

This might be the last of Ames' worries right now.

The peasants carry the litter down the rampway, as Desire screams at one of them to hop in the structure with her and start feeding her a vine of grapes she presents to him. As the peasant abides, she laughs in his face, takes the vines and tosses them into the crowd. Then Tyler throws the peasant out of the litter and he crashes into the guardrail, immediately seeking medical attention as EMTs sprint out from the back.

**DDK:**

What a dick.

**Lance:**

I'd expect no less.

The litter is carried to the end of the rampway when the peasants knee down and lower the human-powered carrying device. Desire easily hops off the litter, while Tyler methodically exits it... never taking his eyes off Teresa Ames in the

center of the ring.

Desire laughs hysterically as she makes her way towards the ring and steel steps. Meanwhile, Tyler Fuse decides to suddenly take out some anger on a couple more peasants. He whips one of them into the guard rail and then crushes another with a forearm smash straight into the man's jaw. He busts the peasant's lip open, perhaps knocking out a tooth in the process before Fuse hurls the man into the guard rail, piling him on top of the other one. The rest of the peasants run for their lives to the locker room before Tyler can do more damage.

By now, The Princess has walked up the stairs and entered the ring. She finds the center of the squared circle and calls Ames over to her. Teresa, who remains in a corner of the ring, has a depressed look on her face. Regardless, she obliges.

The Princess laughs as she looks behind her and sees Tyler Fuse take his position in their corner. Referee Mark Shields, who's usually useless, continues to prove this to be true as he remains on the outside of the ring, admiring the 18th century structure Fuse and Desire arrived in.

**Mark Shields:** *[to himself in amazement]*

Fucking gotta get me one of those.

Mark begins to count how many bitches he could fit in there while inside the ring, The Princess brings her attention back to Teresa.

**Princess Desire:**

Did you see the Super Mario Bros. movie yet?

Ames doesn't want to buy into anymore of Desire's games. Regardless, it doesn't stop her from continuing to talk smack.

**Princess Desire:**

Because I'm nothing like Princess Peach.

*SLAP!*

Desire slaps Ames as hard as possible! It echoes through the arena!

*OOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!*

Ames holds the side of her face as Mark Shields slides into the ring and calls for the bell.

***DING DING***

Princess laughs at Ames while she takes a moment to collect herself and The Faithful try to rally behind the ASMR Artist.

**DDK:**

You don't have to do this, Teresa.

Ames can't hear the announcer but she shakes her head no anyway, as if convincing herself she won't back down and Princess Desire, alongside her husband, won't get away with what they did to her.

Ames goes back to the center of the ring and stands nose-to-nose with The Princess.

*SLAP!*

Another slap from Desire.

*SLAP!*

And another.

*SLAP!*

Another.

*SL-*

This time Ames gets her arm up and blocks it! The crowd cheers!

**Princess Desire:**

You're making a BIG mistake!

Desire cackles again.

**Princess Desire:**

Lay the fuck down and let me pin you. Man, woman... it's the only time you're going to get ANY physical contact.

Princess pie-faces Ames this time. Then she pie-faces her again... and a third time, working Ames into a corner of the ring, an empty corner of the ring. The corner where Ames would technically have her tag team partner.

Princess grins.

**Princess Desire:**

Tag out, slut.

Desire smacks her own head like a lightbulb went off.

**Princess Desire:**

Right, you don't have a partner!

Another pie-face.

Pie-face.

PIE-FACE.

**Princess Desire:**

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE A PARTNER!

The crowd continues to try getting behind their woman as they cheer her name. Ames takes a deep breath in and this time, as Desire tries for another pie-face, Ames snatches her arm, spins out from the corner and hammer throws The Princess halfway across the ring to a booming cheer!

**DDK:**

Excellent! Way to stand up for yourself, Teresa!

**Lance:**

It's something she's got to learn. Ames has been down on herself for so long because she hasn't BEEN able to truly believe in herself!

Ames walks to the center of the ring, while Desire sits on the canvas and puts her hands up, as if begging Teresa to leave her alone and suddenly playing the hurt loser.

Then Desire changes her tone in the snap of the fingers. She laughs and rolls on the canvas, pointing at Ames.

**Princess Desire:**

You're... a... fucking... joke.

Desire can barely get the words out because she's laughing so hard. Ames is suddenly up-ended by The Princess, who grabs her by the legs and flips her onto the ground. Desire kips to her feet and dusts herself off like it's no big deal.

**Princess Desire:**

You can't sit with us! In fact... you can't SIT WITH ANYONE.

Desire spits on Teresa.

**Princess Desire:**

Nobody loves you. Nobody WANTS you. Now take your beating like the trash panda cunt you are-

Desire boots Ames in the side of the head. She lifts the Illinois native up and hurls her into the ropes but Ames comes flying across the ring with a crossbody block! The crowd cheers as Ames pops to her feet and keeps the good times rolling. She drills a forearm into Desire's temple a couple of times, working Jane Fuse into a free corner before she Irish whips her into the corner across the way. Ames follows directly behind The Princess and once Princess hits the padding, Ames is there to leap on top of her and drive her to the mat with a flapjack DDT!

Ames applies the boots. Over and over and over, she works Desire into what would only be described as Ames' corner. Desire puts her arms up and this time she sounds genuine when she shouts at Mark Shields for the mandatory five count.

Shields shrugs and Desire shakes her head in disgust.

Meanwhile, Teresa Ames "fake tags" herself into the ring while Desire looks like she wants to vomit.

**Teresa Ames:**

My teammate... ME!

Princess goes to say something but she eats a boot RIGHT in her mouth! Ames applies a crazy amount of stomps before peeling Desire from the corner and whipping her with a hip toss to the center of the ring. Ames runs in and dropkicks Princess in the back, then she lifts her up and performs an amazing brainbuster suplex! Ames hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

TYLER FUSE PULLS PRINCESS DESIRE AWAY!

Fuse goes back to his corner as the crowd boos and Mark Shields doesn't say shit to Tyler, because he's scared of the man and, honestly, Mark didn't see anything wrong with what Tyler did, anyway.

Ames knows she can't get caught up in anything she can't control. She goes right back to work on Desire, hopping onto her back and beginning to claw away at her forehead. The Princess is trying to fight Ames off, reach out and tag Tyler Fuse because he's right there... but then Ames slides down to Desire's back and hits her with a backstabber!

Desire flips in the air and crashes to the mat. Ames leaps on top of her and wraps her palms around Desire's head, slamming it off the canvas a bunch of times as the crowd cheers along.

**DDK:**

I love what I'm seeing!

Finally, Fuse enters the ring but Ames pops up and superkicks Tyler under the jaw!

*RRRAAAHHHHH!*

**DDK:**

Excellent move by Ames!

**Lance:**

She's come to play!

Tyler staggers back while Princess Desire hopes to take advantage. She approaches an unsuspecting Teresa Ames from the woman's blindside-

Only to be surprised by an elbow to the jaw! Ames knew she was coming all along!

Ames with a tilt-a-whirl DDT to The Princess as Mark Shields actually does his job, this time telling Tyler to go to his corner (even though Fuse was already headed there). Ames props herself on the second rope, she jumps...

And catches Desire's boot under jaw!

Except, once again, Ames is a step ahead! She doesn't let the boot hit her jaw! Instead, Ames takes hold of Desire's foot and whips her onto her feet. Ames latches on to The Princess' back and connects with a belly-to-back suplex and pin!

ONE.

TWO.

DESIRE ESCAPES!

But Ames is quick to reel her in again.

Vertical suplex.

Ames holds on.

Vertical suplex.

Ames holds on.

Vertical suplex while bouncing her opponent off the top rope with added momentum!

*AMES!*

*AMES!*

*AMES!*

**DDK:**

Teresa has REALLY come to play!

Ames waits in a free corner and the second Desire shows signs of life she sprints in for a curb stomp-

Desire moves out of the way!

Nevertheless, The Princess is crushed by a perfect recovery maneuver, a roundhouse kick from Ames!

Ames with a backbreaker. Ames with a dropkick to Desire's chest as The Princess sits on the mat. Ames with a snap suplex. Ames with a chop. A second chop. Third. Fourth. Fifth. Sixth. Seventh. The crowd is counting along... Ames is going to hit ten when Desire ducks, bounces off the ropes but is crushed in the side of the head with a leaping, spinning back elbow!

**Lance:**

ALL TERESA AMES!

**DDK:**

I have never seen Ames wrestle this well! I don't think Desire has got one move in for a while...

Ames is feeding off the crowd as they continue to cheer. Ames is looking to hit another suplex when suddenly she drops Desire to the mat and out of nowhere races over and knocks Tyler Fuse off the apron! The crowd goes batshit insane watching the brilliant idea unfold!

**DDK:**

Perfect!

Ames races over to Desire, lifts her off the mat and connects with an impaler killswitch DDT!

**DDK:**

She's going to do it!

Ames flips The Princess onto her back and hooks a leg!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

The air is taken out of the arena but Ames is not to be outdone. She pulls Jane Fuse onto her feet and calls for the vicious back elbow, Ctrl+Alt+Asleep when Tyler Fuse races into the ring, looking for a clothesline!

NO! Ames ducks! Tyler stumbles forward and Teresa connects with an Olympic slam on Tyler!

*HOLY SHIT!*

*HOLY SHIT!*

*HOLY SHIT!*

Ames is feeling it. For lack of a better term, she's powering up. She pumps her fists in the air, turns around-

And is drilled by Princess Desire, with a Pele kick to the temple.

Desire follows by leaping on top of Ames and going to town with numerous punches! Desire pulls Ames up and hurls her into the ropes. In return, The Princess connects with a rather impressive powerslam! Then she stands, clearly licking her wounds and also sporting a gash above her left eyebrow. It's clear Desire is pissed Teresa got this much offense in.

But that's all going to change now.

Desire drops a measured knee to Ames' temple. She drags Ames to her feet and connects with a kamikaze headbutt, followed by a pendulum backbreaker, similar to the move Tyler Fuse would perform. Seething at the mouth, Princess



knees down at Ames and smacks her in the side of the head.

**Princess Desire:**

This time... STAY DOWN!

Desire drags Ames into a standing position and then crushes her with her own version of a brainbuster. Princess covers.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Desire shakes her head, tosses Ames into a corner and then sprints in with a leaping knee to the jaw! Spit flies out of Ames' mouth as The Princess laughs pathetically.

**Princess Desire:**

See, she spits!

Desire connects with a running bulldog, except this wasn't the CQC finisher of Tyler Fuse, since she never ran up the turnbuckle padding and pushed off. Regardless, Desire pins Ames.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Desire isn't thrilled with the kickout but she's not necessarily rattled, either. She grabs Teresa by her long brown hair and walks over to the Fuse's corner, where Tyler has repositioned himself from earlier. Desire tags her husband.

**DDK:**

Uh oh.

Fuse enters the ring and sees a wobbly Teresa Ames right in front of him. To everyone's surprise, however...

Tyler tags back out.

Desire acts like there was a ton of time in-between tags and she's ready to go again. She jabs her left fist forward against Ames' face once, twice... thrice. Then she lifts Ames off the mat and slams her to the center of the ring.

**DDK:**

Princess may be looking for one of her submissions here...

**Lance:**

We haven't seen Desire wrestle a lot, for obvious reasons of a pregnancy and before that, an injury. While she might not be the best combat wrestler out there, she's extremely skilled in submissions...

Desire attempts a triangle choke but Ames has the wherewithal to find the ropes before it's completely locked in!

**DDK:**

Excellent call by Ames!

**Lance:**

She's hurting, Keebs. But she's surviving. She could really use a tag out but we know that's not going to happen, sadly.

Desire is on her feet first. She gives a leg sweep to Ames, knocking the former Comments Section member back on the ground again when this time there isn't much wasted movement. The Princess slides down on the mat and applies a kimura!

Ames shouts out. She reaches for the ropes but she's nowhere close. It takes a lot in her to start moving closer to the ropes... then The ASMR Star realizes her legs are closer to the ropes than any other part of her body.

She's able to move into them with her feet!

It takes Mark Shields a good ten extra seconds but he realizes what's up and calls for the break!

The Princess begrudgingly breaks the hold before getting onto her feet and driving a knee into Ames' temple. Jane deadlifts Teresa for what looks like a belly-to-back suplex with a bridge when Ames breaks free, hits the ropes and spears Desire to the mat!

**DDK:**

Both women are down!

Desire is crawling to her corner and Ames is crawling... to hers.

TAG!

Desire tags in Tyler Fuse.

NO TAG!

Teresa has nobody there. Instead, she's trying to use the turnbuckle padding to help her onto her feet.

Tyler Fuse walks over, trips Ames up and then drags her to their side of the ring. He tags back to his wife.

Desire is perched on the top rope. She was knocked for a loop by Ames' spear but she still has more in the tank than Teresa.

Desire measures Ames and comes crashing down onto Ames' leg with a splash!

Ames SCREAMS in pain! It sounds like she's in a lot more pain than normal...

**DDK:**

I think Teresa really hurt herself here...

And The Princess is a shark in the water. The crowd has grown tense, while Desire drops a knee against Ames' leg. Desire drags Ames to the ropes, places Teresa's leg on the second rope and then slams all her weight down upon it. The fans groan while Desire laughs and Tyler... doesn't look like he gives a fuck about anything.

Desire throws Ames onto her feet but the woman can't stand. She tumbles over. Princess cackles with delight as she turns back to her husband.

**Princess Desire:**

I'm going to kill her, okay?

Tyler shrugs.

**Tyler Fuse:**

Go for it.

Desire marches over to the helpless Teresa Ames. Ames is trying to swat Desire away with her good leg but it's no use. Desire kicks the bad leg of Teresa and then peels her off the mat, whipping her into an exploder suplex... when Ames lands on her feet!

SPINNING HEEL KICK BY AMES!

Ames screams out again. She's in so much pain but the crowd is trying to rally her by pounding their feet on the ground. Ames and Desire are fighting to see who can get to a vertical base first...

When Desire leaps forward and tags Tyler Fuse.

But she can't make the tag! Ames has her by the hair.

Ames tosses Desire into the ropes...

Ctrl+Alt+Asleep!!!!

**DDK:**

YES!!!

*WHAM!!!*

**DDK:**

NO!!!!

This time, Tyler Fuse isn't playing nice. He roars into the ring and absolutely decapitates Teresa Ames with a shoulder block, sending her flying into her empty corner. Fuse grabs Ames' head and then connects with CQC, his running bulldog up the turnbuckle padding before he pushes off and drives Ames' head to the center of the ring!

Casually, Fuse walks back to his corner as if nothing even happened.

Desire comes to. She sees Ames is dead to rights and is running through a million thoughts. Jane stumbles into her corner. It's clear she's still loopy but, regardless, she whispers something to her husband.

Tyler doesn't show any signs that he received the message, other than methodically entering the ring and walking over to the fallen Teresa Ames with The Princess beside her. The jeers reign in.

**DDK:**

Just pin her, okay? You have the match won.

**Lance:**

I think they have other plans.

Desire begins kicking Ames to her corner of the ring as Tyler exits the squared circle and meets the two of them at the ring post on the outside. He takes hold of Ames' legs and then it becomes clear.

**DDK:**

No. C'MON. YOU HAVE THE MATCH WON. This is enough!

**Lance:**

He's going for the figure four off the ring post, isn't he!?

**DDK:**

We haven't seen this done in some time but this move literally took Kerry Kuroyama out of action for over a year. It's injured plenty of others. No one has this move better perfected than Tyler Fuse...

Fuse begins to wrap Ames' legs around the post while Desire applies a choke hold on Ames to hold her in position.

Tyler's about to apply the maneuver, while Mark Shields thinks nothing is wrong with the double team he's seeing so he goes back to looking at the litter and wondering how many people (hookers, rather, hookers) he can fit inside it.

Tyler applies the figure four!

*BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

Ames is semi-conscious as she SCREAMS before she's about to pass out...

Tyler tugs and tugs and tugs at Ames' legs-

The lights go out. Tyler is none too pleased and The Princess shouts to turn the lights back on.

**DDK:**

How come nobody's ever thought of that before?

*"ALL ABOARDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD HA HA HA HA HA!"*

*♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪*

**DDK:**

NO WAY!

**Lance:**

IT'S JACK HARMEN!

The lights come back on while Tyler is disconnecting his figure four. No one is out on the ramp yet but it doesn't matter. As if he's awoken from a trance, in a furious rage Tyler Fuse drops the figure four and power walks his way around the ring to the entrance side. He starts marching up the rampway when Jack Harmen SPRINTS out from the back and absolutely demolishes Fuse with a running yakuza kick! Or, in other words, his finisher the Locomotive!

Jack gives Fuse a quick wink as he takes a moment to bask in the cheers of the wild Faithful. Harmen takes Fuse and runs him down the rampway, throwing Tyler into, and subsequently out of the other side of the litter, breaking it in half!

Harmen runs around to the side of the ring Ames' was being punished... but the ever so crafty Princess has dragged Ames to the center of the ring, away from the ring post.

Harmen walks up the steel steps, stands in the corner...

And takes hold of the tag rope!

**DDK:**

Is Jack placing himself in this match!?

**Lance:**

I think he is!

The High Flyer sticks his arm out, asking Ames to make it over to him but The Princess laughs at the thought of it since Teresa is down and out and Desire is standing above her. Jack starts to slam his hands against the turnbuckle

pad, which The Faithful slowly pick up on. They join in and the noise grows into a cacophony.

Desire takes one step towards Harmen, then she grabs her “balls” and gives Jack the finger. Jack feigns offense.

Meanwhile this gives Ames enough time to roll Desire into a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The crowd sighs but they come to life again when they see Ames dive halfway across the ring and tags in Harmen!

**DDK:**

Things are about to get crazy, Lance!

Desire turns to Ames but she’s no longer there. There’s a moment of knowing from Desire just as she spins around to eat a picture perfect moonsault from Defiance’s Neighborhood Lunatic.

**Lance:**

What grace Darren! There isn’t one smoother, or with as much history, as a moonsault from High Flyer!

Fuse slides in, but Harmen catches him with a boot...

**DDK:**

COLD SNOW!

The elevated neck palmed DDT plants Fuse next to Desire. Harmen gets to his feet and looks over to Teresa...

Who’s texting.

Harmen sighs and shouts.

**Jack Harmen:**

Hey! Who the hell are you texting?

There’s a buzz and Harmen reaches into his street attire to reveal his phone. He smiles toward Teresa and tags her in. She climbs up to the top turnbuckle with Harmen’s assistance.

**DDK:**

Teresa’s rocket launched off the top onto both Fuse and Desire!

Harmen punctuates the impact with a stomp and point. Ames dives on top of Desire as Shields slides into position. Meanwhile, Harmen grabs Tyler’s legs and takes the time to lock him into his Peaceful Slumber... the knee draped across the back of Tyler’s neck.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!

***DING DING DING***

The building erupts! Jack Harmen drops the hold and ejects Tyler out of the ring, as a severely hurting Teresa Ames is clearly running on fumes right now.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winners of this match... Jack Harmen and Teresa Ames!

A surprised ASMR Star looks up at Harmen and offers a high five. The legend returns the high five and then raises her arm to additional cheers.

**DDK:**

Never in a million years would I have thought Jack, who we believed had quietly retired, would come back and help Teresa Ames.

Meanwhile on the outside of the ring, Tyler Fuse has come to and is absolutely losing it. Usually hard to read, Fuse is destroying the guardrail by ripping off its padding. He breaks apart other pieces of the litter, parts he wasn't initially thrown through.

**Lance:**

Tyler is having a mental breakdown.

Princess Desire remains out on the mat while Mark Shields is checking on her. In reality he's hoping she comes to quickly because maybe she'd be able to tell him where she got that litter and how many hookers he could fit into it.

Ames and Harmen continue to celebrate in the middle of the ring, while Tyler doesn't let up on his massive meltdown. He's broken off one of the handles on the litter and is slamming it like a hammer against a nail. He's driving the baseball bat-like handle against the floor, guardrail, edge of the apron... anything remotely close to him. A few additional referees run to ringside in the hopes they can cool Tyler down but they keep their distance in order to not be in harm's way.

Eventually, Desire exits the ring under her own power. With no concern for her own safety whatsoever she makes her way over to Tyler. The OG Fuse drops the litter handle, spits on the ground and the two of them make their way up the ramp, all while Ames and Harmen work the crowd into a louder celebration.

**Lance:**

The Faithful are giving mad respect to Jack Harmen and as they should, he is a true wrestling legend.

**DDK:**

And payback for Teresa. What a great match this ended up being!

Ames thanks Harmen again as the Fuse's have exited behind the LCD FIST logo. DEFCON fades to commercial with Teresa and Jack still in the ring.

## CORVO ALPHA vs. MV1

### DDK:

Up next is the culmination of a story that has roots buried more than seven years in DEFIANCE Wrestling's past.

As Keebler hands off to Warner, images and video scroll across the screen, retelling the tall tale.

### Lance:

The Masked Violators were a surprise success story when they first arrived in DEFIANCE all those years ago. Snared and snarled along the way by the nefarious efforts of Lord Nigel Trickelbush, the masked pair were eventually tossed from the promotion. When Trickelbush returned in 2021, it was with a dark and brooding savage, known as Corvo Alpha, at his side. It would be revealed one year ago upon the return of Masked Violator #1 that Alpha was actually the other missing piece of that tandem, Masked Violator #2!

Keeps pauses and looks at the camera as if to wordlessly ask: "You get all that?"

### DDK:

Driven by his desire to bring his friend back to his family, MV1 lost an opportunity to "free" MV2 last year at MAXDEF when Alpha crushingly defeated him. Forced to walk away and let sleeping monsters lie, MV1 has been biding his time, waiting for the perfect chance to take another swing at liberating Alpha.

### Lance:

Twisted and broken by the evil manipulation of Lord Trickelbush, Alpha has, at times, seemed hard to control. That simmering lack of full control boiled over just a few weeks ago, when Corvo Alpha TURNED on his master, Lord Nigel. Tonight... the stakes, for everyone involved, have never been higher.

The final image is a still one: an MV1 vs Corvo Alpha graphic. Below their images it reads "If MV1 wins, Lord Nigel LEAVES DEF. If Alpha wins, MV1 LEAVES DEF."

### DDK:

So many questions going into this bout, Lance. Is MV1 prepared to do what it may take to win tonight? Is Corvo Alpha fighting for... or AGAINST Lord Nigel? And what might the wheelchair-bound Trickelbush have up his sleeve to ensure his DEFIANCE survival?

The lights dim and the Faithful murmur amongst themselves.

### Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, our next contest is scheduled for ONE fall with the DEF fates of Masked Violator #1 & Lord Nigel Trickelbush hanging in the balance...

There is a brief moment where the lights are completely out — then suddenly a pulsing collection of blues, yellows, and reds strike out with the beating of drums and shredding of guitar.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

The Faithful hit their feet at once.

### Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... he weighs in tonight at 231 pounds... Please welcome the Red Rocket of DEFIANCE... He is **MV1!**

MV1 explodes through the curtain and onto the stage, dressed for battle in a bright red wrestling singlet and matching wrestling mask. He removes his blue "WE'RE #1!" t-shirt in one quick motion and hurls it into the screaming crowd.

As the camera peels back down the ramp, we see that the ramp is lined with smiling, eager young fans on each side for this entrance. Each child raises a matching "WE'RE #1!" foam finger high. MV1 streaks down the ramp way, tagging each outstretched foam finger as he goes.

**DDK:**

LISTEN TO THESE FANS! They know what this match means to MV1! Everyone in this building knows how bad he wants this!

MV1 pauses at the very bottom of the ramp and meets eyes with one young girl standing there, the last of the train of kids. Large, burdensome tears hang in her green eyes. He presses a quick kiss on her forehead, smoothing a lock of hair from her face with a smile, before bounding again towards the ring.

**DDK:**

Fans, I'm told that that young lady is the daughter of the man we today know as Corvo Alpha. No one knows more than HER just what is at stake tonight.

**Lance:**

I believe we saw her last back at MAXDEF, last summer and...

**DDK:**

The whole thing was very sad, Lance. It continues to be.

One last lingering shot of the young girl watching MV1 charge up the ring steps, the heavy tears finally giving way to bright streaks down her face. In the ring, MV1 stands atop a corner turnbuckle, now holding TWO fingers high overhead. Eyes a steel blue, they scan the arena, focused and narrowed.

The music fades and the crowd buzz rises. There is a tangible pause. A delay. MV1 paces around the ring.

**Lance:**

After what the world witnessed at DEFtv 185, Corvo essentially losing it on Lord Nigel, there *is* some doubt that Alpha will even appear tonight.

**DDK:**

He's impossible to predict on a good day, Lance.

Getting impatient, MV1 ascends a corner turnbuckle once more, meeting the gaze of the Faithful in attendance. Head sweeping the crowd, an applause overtakes the building as the Faithful show appreciation for the masked man. He smiles, politely clapping back when-

The lights cut out. What follows isn't applause, it isn't "boos", it's confusion and anticipation and excitement all blended together and poured into a combustible package.

A single red spot light starts at the foot of the ring and slowly "walks" up the long rampway. Slowly, the red beam climbs towards the entrance and when it reaches the top, the DEFIATron alights in reds and pale whites. That's when the strings hit.

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

As the camera slowly peels back, we see a full, 48 piece chamber orchestra is set up tightly just to the side of the stage. They groan the ponderous tune out in something that sounds intentionally painful and lurching. Somewhere amongst them, a lone viola wails the sad, meandering melody.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent...

A low and smothering fog rolls through the curtain, crawling and eating as it goes. Before long the whole entryway is a roiling, churning void of smoke and vapor. Rolling and building, it sweeps down the ramp, the crowd buzzing off the fumes.



**Lance:**

What is that?

The camera jostles to focus on what appears to be a figure moving through the fog atop the ramp.

*BOO!!!!*

Those are definitely boos.

**DDK:**

You mean "WHO" is that!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush, trudged along in his wheelchair by his aged manservant, Mr. Barnaby, emerges through the smoke. Barnaby uses his one free, feeble hand to wave the smoke from his face, choking comically. They are alone, sans Corvo.

In the ring, MV1 finds himself on the middle turnbuckle once more, glaring at the entrance. The orchestra awkwardly sweeps along as Lord Nigel's would-be chariot comes to a herky-jerky rest at the apex of the entryway.

Bowler cap placed ponderously atop his head, closed umbrella lying across the blankets piled atop his lap, Lord Nigel looks as good as he possibly could look. Which is to say: infirm and malnourished. The camera moves tight in on him and bruising can clearly be seen around his collar area. Barnaby pushes a microphone into Nigel's pincer hand.

**DDK:**

Who gave them a microphone?!

Slowly raising the item in question to his crusty lips, His Lordship croaks. The orchestra winds to a lurching end.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

If I might have your incredibly valueless attention...

*BOOO!*

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

While I hate to bear such ill-favoured news... I'm afraid the contest between my sweet baby boy and this... bemasked CRETIN... will not be taking place.

*BOOO!*

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Oh, hush.

They don't. Undeterred, Trickelbush presses forward.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Your dissatisfaction is unlikely to change things. You see... after what occurred at DEFtv 185, after my boy's "confusion-of-the-moment"... he is deeply ashamed. Ashamed of what overtook him—

In the ring, MV1 has found a knowing smile under his tight mask. He hops off the turnbuckle and politely asks Quimbey for his microphone.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

—ashamed of how easily manipulated he was. And so... he will not be appearing before any of you for SOME time.

MV1 loudly thumps on his own mic, capturing both the attention of the old, decaying man in the wheelchair atop the

entryway and the arena-full of fans.

**MV1:**

Pardon the interruption, Nigel. But what I \*think\* I'm hearing... Is that you and your pet monster are FORFEITING. Is that right?

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

**MV1:**

Me, I'm here. I'm ready. If your "sweet baby boy" isn't available to face me... then I'm pretty sure that means that he forfeits and if THAT is the case...

MV1 waves towards Lord Nigel. The crowd follows suit.

**MV1:**

That means that your time in DEFIANCE is DONE.

Nigel fumes in his chair, fidgeting and boiling. His once calm and stoic demeanor is shattered, his voice screeches.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

NO! There will BE no match! No match, no finish, no result! I'm not going ANYWHERE! But YOU! YOU—

MV1 circles the ring, meeting eyes with Referee Jonny Fascountini.

**MV1:**

Hey, ref... I'm not sure of the protocol here... do you just, raise my arm, or what?

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!*

Fastcountini looks to the time keeper, who steps over to offer instruction. MV1 is all smiles as the crowd surges around him.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

No! NO! This is not the way!

**MV1:**

Are you sure about that?

Fastcountini reaches to grab Masked Violator #1's hand... when suddenly there is a commotion somewhere behind him. Like a cascading wave, the heads of the Faithful turn and crane to look towards one of the far sections of the arena. A crescendo rises just as a spotlight is able to locate the source of the commotion.

Standing in the crowd several tiers up, surrounded by shocked and cheering Faithful, is Corvo Alpha, dressed for war. Shirtless and in black trunks, Alpha sports his trademark red smear of paint across his chest. But where once there might have been dark black paint smudged across his forehead and eyes, tonight the paint is a bright yellow. His wild eyes are locked on MV1 in the ring, otherwise expressionless.

**DDK:**

HE IS HERE! CORVO ALPHA IS HERE!

The orchestra strikes up once more on its own. Lord Nigel looks more shocked than even MV1 or anyone in the crowd. Alpha begins a slow deliberate stomp down the aisle, the fans parting to let him past, a mix of expressions and reactions overtaking them.

**Lance:**

I... I think this match is going to take place after all!

As Alpha moves through the masses, his eyes find Tricklebush atop the ramp. His expression remains blank and unchanged.

**Lance:**

The yellow face paint, Keebs! I... I don't like to speculate but... yellow was the color of the mask that Alpha once wore as MV2!

**DDK:**

But... what does it mean?

**Lance:**

I don't know!

MV1 appears to be considering the same question just as Alpha reaches the guardrail. Leaping over it and sliding under the bottom rope and into the ring with one fluid motion, a mixed reaction sweeps through New Orleans.

Fastcountini steps between the would-be combatants as flashbulbs spaz-out everywhere. Back atop the ramp, Lord Nigel appears particularly troubled by this turn of events. MV1 holds one hand out, the other bringing the mic back to his mask.

**MV1:**

Listen... man, I'm glad you're here.

MV1 eyes Lord Nigel on the rampway cautiously before turning his full attention back on Corvo.

**MV1:**

Mentally, emotionally, spiritually... I don't know where you're at, buddy... but this isn't gonna be like MAXDEF, you hear me? The only way I can see this through is if we DO this... RIGHT here, RIGHT now! To get this done, I've gotta beat you #2!

Alpha blinks at his former partner & friend, spittle caught in the tangle of black hair hanging in his face.

**MV1:**

So... ring the bell, ref.

MV1 doesn't wait for the bell, instead launching himself at Alpha, throwing rights and lefts. Fastcountini flails an arm towards the timekeeper as the microphone thumps onto the canvas and out of the ring.

***DING DING***

The fight begins with a flurry of fists from MV1. He batters Alpha into the ropes and then shoots him across the ring into a turnbuckle. Following him in with a crashing clothesline, the excitement of the Faithful is at a fever pitch.

**Lance:**

Masked Violator #1 is fighting with purpose tonight! He knows everything is at stake and you can just feel that his determination is at its peak!

Alpha fights back, viciously chopping his way out of the corner. MV1 ducks one final knife edge chop, circles behind his old friend and applies a rear waist lock. Snapping, snarling, and spitting, Alphas frustration is apparent... until he surprisingly rolls forward, hurtling MV1 over top of him and forcing him to release the hold.

Both men are instantly back to their feet and this time it's Alpha who takes control, LEVELING MV1 with a hellacious clothesline. #1 shakes the cobwebs loose just before Corvo helps him with a stiff boot to the temple. And another. Just

like that, Corvo Alpha is in control.

Not allowing MV1 to locate his footing beneath him, Alpha is smothering and oppressive, raining blows down on his masked foe.

Corvo pauses, noting the crowd for the first time since jumping the rail... and meets their frustrated and disappointed boos with no expression whatsoever. He slowly regards them, head turning, until his eyes find Lord Nigel, still perched atop the rampway, the willowy Mr. Barnaby still attending him.

From across the arena, Alpha blinks at his master, who in turn stares back at his once and would-be ward with what must be malice.

MV1 claws his way back to his feet, catching Alpha as he turns back to meet him with a knife edge chop of his own, slapping flecks of crimson paint off of Alpha's chest. He fires off another before locking in a side headlock. Alpha is quick to shove MV1 off of him and into the far ropes. Bounding back, MV1 deftly slides between Alphas legs and under the bottom rope to the ringside floor.

Alpha spins, blinks, runs then launches himself, LEAPING through the top and middle ropes and DARTING into MV1, who collides with a CRASH into the ringside guardrail without a moment to prepare for impact.

**DDK:**

You mentioned the stakes to this match, Lance... One has to wonder if Corvo Alpha himself truly understands what's at stake here! Does he understand that if he wins then he, and WE, are stuck with Lord Nigel for the foreseeable?!

Pulling MV1 back to his feet by the red fabric of his mask, Corvo twists and HURLS MV1, whipping him into the ring-steps BY his mask !

**DDK:**

Does he understand that by beating MV1... he loses what might be one of his last connections to the man he once was?

Alpha BLASTS MV1 back to the bare floor with a stiff boot to the grill.

**Lance:**

He is certainly fighting like he understands.

Fastcountini leans between the ropes towards the competitors as his mandatory count reaches FOUR.

MV1 throws an elbow into Alphas breadbasket before smashing his head on the ring steps and creating a little space between them. He ducks under the rope, breaking the count long enough, before Alpha snatches him by the back of his singlet and jerks him back out of the ring. They exchange fierce blows in front of the Faithful. Finally, MV1 breaks free once more after delivering a stiff kick to the stomach and an even stiffer DDT to the ringside floor. #1 rolls back into the ring, catching his breath, as Fastcountini reaches a new count of SIX.

**DDK:**

A count out win is still a win, Lance! That's all that matters! MV1 is playing it smart.

Corvo is slow to stir and even slower to his feet. He rolls back into the ring just after Jonny reaches NINE.

**Lance:**

Alpha is working on instinct here.

Allowing Alpha time to regain his footing, MV1 circles him. Striking out, #1 slips behind Corvo in another rear-waistlock. Alpha tries to judo throw MV1 off of him, but somehow #1 retains his grip. He powers Alpha down to the canvas in a modified suplex! Alpha springs back up, charging, and MV1 slips behind him once more this time in a rear

hammerlock.

MV1 whips Alpha around and BLISTERS him with a short-arm-clothesline. He quickly YANKS Corvo back to his feet, using that same arm, and slips into another rear hammerlock. This time he pivots into a modified abdominal stretch, Alpha's face twisting in agony.

**Lance:**

This is where we see the considerable technical talent and skill of Masked Violator #1 come into play. He has stymied some of the very best in DEFIANCE since returning at last year's DEFCON!

#1 steps out of the stretch, spins Alpha out of the hammerlock again and blasts him with another short clothesline, holding onto Alpha's arm. Pulling his opponent back to his feet and into a deep arm drag overhead and to the mat, MV1 retains control.

**MV1:** *[yelling off-mic]*

You gotta give up, 2! You gotta let me have this!

Alpha snarls in rebellion, searching for a way out of the armlock he finds himself in. Finally forcing his way to his feet, MV1 is quick to damper Corvo's momentum by thrusting a shoulder into his opponent's shoulder, using Alpha's arm to pull them crashing into each other. Once, twice, and again. Surging into another rear hammerlock, MV1 transitions into a side headlock. Alpha tries using his substantial strength advantage to force MV1 off of him, but MV1 halts them both and gruffly shakes his head. He grinds the headlock in, deeper.

Alpha suddenly sets his feet and POWERS MV1 overhead with an overhead suplex – but MV1 lands on his feet! Sprinting, MV1 ducks a wild clothesline before hitting the far ropes and returning to EAT a shock back-elbow from Corvo. Confidence renewed, Alpha snatches MV1 but MV1 somehow locates another deep arm drag, renewing that standing armlock.

Frustrated at being hindered once more, Alpha angrily SLAPS the canvas. Fighting back upright, MV1 transitions into another rear hammerlock. Alpha yelps in irritation.

In a wild blur, shockingly, Alpha reverses the hold and ducks into a reverse hammerlock on MV1!

OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Locked in place, #1's mask can't hide his surprise.

**Lance:**

Textbook reversal by Corvo Alpha!?

MV1 reaches back and finds a headlock with his free arm, wrenching Alpha's hold free, then transitions into a side headlock on Alpha. Alpha does not rest there long, again, he ducks through and reverses, applying a side headlock of his own on MV1.

The camera briefly cuts to Lord Nigel and Barnaby atop the rampway. Lord Nigel's bony arm is waving, flailing as he instructs Mr. Barnaby to bring him closer to the ring for a better look.

**DDK:**

I don't know if we have EVER seen anything like this from Alpha!

MV1 SHOOTS Alpha into the ropes and LEAPS for a Rocket Dropkick – but Alpha hooks the top rope with both arms, coming to a lurching stop, and MV1 finds air instead, crashing back to the canvas.

**Lance:**

FEROCIOUS RUNNING KICK from Corvo Alpha!

**DDK:**

There was something there, Lance! A glimpse of some repressed, washed out muscle memory!

**Lance:**

Well, whatever it was, it's gone now!

Alpha lays in a barrage of strikes as #1 squirms towards the corner. Pounding the masked hero with knees and kicks, Alpha relents long enough to pull MV1 to his feet in the corner. Eyes wild and crazed, Corvo pulverizes MV1 with right hands. Firing with abandon, MV1 slowly slumps back and down onto his bottom as Alpha doesn't let up.

Fastcountini steps in and Alpha blinks at him, stepping back, heeding the warnings.

As Jonny checks on MV1, the camera catches a brighter, slicker red creeping into MV1's eyes and mouth, beneath the fabric of his mask.

**DDK:**

Looks like Masked Violator #1 is busted open, Lance. Those violent, brutal strikes in the corner... MV1 is incredibly fortunate that our official stepped in!

**Lance:**

And equally lucky that Alpha listened!

Jonny leans over MV1, having trouble getting a look at the masked man's wound. In the background, we spy Lord Nigel being pushed to ringside, nearby fans jeering and taunting him over the rail.

Growing impatient, Alpha moves to push Fastcountini out of the way – but it's MV1 who nudges the ref aside, meeting Alpha with a staggering right hand! And another! He hoists Corvo up for a vertical suplex, but Alpha shrugs out of it and lands on his feet. Quick back kick fired off by MV1 to Corvo's gut. He spins, grabs Alpha again and raises him into the air again. This time there is no "shrugging" out of it.

**DDK:**

MAJOR BRAINBUSTER, CENTER OF THE RING! Corvo ATE that, head and neck first!

**Lance:**

That was for Dex Joy! #1 hooks the leg!

*ONE!*

*TWO!*

*NO! KICKED OUT!*

MV1 hits his feet, exasperated and more than a little exhausted. Pulling a single strap down to an ovation, MV1 shakes his head before climbing the nearest turnbuckle as the fans show him love. Blood streams into his eyes and stains his mask a macabre darker, deeper wine red.

*WE'RE #1!*

*WE'RE #1!*

*WE'RE#1*

**DDK:**

MV1, up top! HERE IT COMES!

**Lance:**

It's gonna be 1'DERSTRUCK! Top Rope Somersault LEGDROP- NOOO!! Alpha rolled out of the way!

Alpha rolls out of the ring and **SPLATS** onto the ringside floor. He finds himself at the feet of Lord Nigel's wheelchair, slowly hoisting his gaze to meet his. The Faithful boo as the two lock eyes. Lord Nigel's lips quiver. Alpha slowly rises to his feet. He spats at the wheels of His Lordship's chariot before turning back to get back in the ring. The Faithful love it – until they see Lord Nigel rise to his feet, his umbrella in hand.

**DDK:**

What the-!? Nigel is walking! He's got that umbrella! NO!

**WHACK!****DDK:**

Lord Nigel just BLASTED Alpha in the back of the head with that umbrella! ANOTHER SHOT! What the!?

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

Lord Nigel trembles on his feet. He glares down at Corvo at ringside, then back in the ring at the referee. Fastcountini is checking on MV1's cut once more, his back to Lord Nigel.

**Lance:**

Jonny didn't catch that!

Suddenly more incensed, Nigel WHACKS Corvo across the back. He barks at the official in the ring, as if to gain his attention before WHACKING Corvo again.

**Lance:**

Wait a minute–

**DDK:**

He's trying to get caught! He's trying to get MV1 disqualified! He's attacking his "sweet baby boy"... in an effort to preserve his spot in DEFIANCE! This is low even for him!

In the ring, Jonny is focused on MV1, waving for DEFmed to come check on him. But MV1 struggles to his feet, shaking his head, respectfully pushing Fastcountini off of him.

At ringside, Tricklebush fumes. Yelling for the ref once more, he swings the umbrella again – this time a hairy, gnarled hand catches it.

**DDK:**

ALPHA IS UP!

His other hand finds its place around Lord Tricklebush's throat. Alpha relishes this moment, feeding off the screaming fans around him as he momentarily lifts Lord Nigel off the ground with one hand and TOSSES him back in his wheelchair.

*RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!*

**DDK:**

SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK TO LORD NIGEL!

Nigel SPILLS out of his chair, the back of his head smacking hard against a guardrail. Mr. Barnaby stands slack jawed and frightened, a growing dark patch forming around the crotch of his gray slacks.

**DDK:**

Corvo Alpha just took his master's head off! And listen to this crowd!!

The floor camera settles on the seething, twitching face of Corvo Alpha, leaning against the ring apron, judging his own work with shock & awe. He seems to absorb the energy of the crowd, remembering where he is, and crawls back into the ring.

MV1 spots Alpha and diplomatically brushes past the official. He catches Corvo before the monster can gain his footing, laying in a kick to the back of his wet head.

**Lance:**

Fans, as DEFmed checks on the status of Lord Nigel Tricklebush, it appears that the back of Corvo's head is bloody from those repeated blows from Tricklebush's umbrella!

MV1 grabs Alpha and goes for what might have been a piledriver, but Alpha CARTWHEELS through it, looking to plant MV1 with a piledriver of his own! Wait! Instead, he heaves and muscles MV1 up for a powerbomb – but MV1 HEADSCISSORS Alpha across the ring to a huge ovation!

**DDK:**

I'm in shock from some of the wrestling instincts we are seeing out of Alpha tonight!

**Lance:**

You said it, Keebs! Learned "instincts", bubbling back up to the surface before our very eyes! But can it be enough?!

Both men claw to their feet, MV1 whips Corvo into the ropes – SNATCHES him in a Fireman's Carry – and PLANTS him with a sit-out flapjack! Beaten and drained, MV1 feels the urgency of the pressing moment, rolling to his feet and springing up the turnbuckle.

Masked Violator #1, roosted atop the turnbuckle, pulls down the last strap of his singlet before holding an index finger to the sky.

Tens of thousands of single fingers wave in the air throughout the building as MV1 leaps, rotates and STICKS IT.

*RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!*

**DDK:**

1'DERSTRUCK! 1'DERSTRUCK!

**Lance:**

Both legs HOOKED!

*ONE!!!*

*TWO!!!!*

*THREE!!!!!!!!!!!!*

**DDK:**

MV1 HAS DONE IT!

***DING DING DING***



**Lance:**

I can't believe it! What a WAR! What a BATTLE!

The floor camera finds Alpha's daughter at ringside, bawling. It pulls back and settles on an unmoving Trickelbush, sprawled on the floor. DEFmed staff flutter over him with concerned faces and urgent chatter.

Back in the ring, MV1 lays exhausted on top of Alpha. Slowly he stirs as the fans cheer.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of this bout... **MASKED VIOLATOR #1!**

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Whispering in Alpha's ear, MV1 spurs his old friend back to alertness. The two men awkwardly embrace as they slowly, painfully help each other to their feet. Alpha stumbles back to a knee and #1 reaches down to pull him up once more. The Faithful come alive and the music cuts off.

YOU'RE #2!

YOU'RE #2!

YOU'RE #2!

Small yellow flecks remain on Corvo's face, mixed with streaming tears. MV1 is a literal crimson mask, fabric aside, but the emotion of the moment is tangible. MV1 pulls Alpha close, whispering in his ear, uneager to let him go.

Corvo seems to nod his head.

He pulls back, gently pushing MV1 off of him... before melting under the bottom rope and out of the ring. The Faithful don't boo, but can't hide their disappointment.

Stomping around the ring, Alpha comes across the Trickelbush wreckage... and just a few feet away from him, he recognizes his daughter. She reaches out a quavering hand, her whole body shuddering and sobbing. She reaches out for her Father.

And, standing over his fallen master, Corvo Alpha takes her hand.

*RRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!*

The camera catches him staring at their entwined hands before he looks back into her eyes, a tear rolling down his cheek. In the background, we spy MV1 looking on from the ring, hopeful.

When he drops her hand, the building sighs as one.

Leaping over the opposite guardrail – never looking back at Lord Nigel – Corvo Alpha vanishes into the crowd.

**DDK:**

I'm not crying, Lance. You're crying.

**Lance:**

I didn't say anything.

**DDK:**

Because you're crying.

In an instant, MV1 is out of the ring. He hugs Alpha's daughter over the rail, eyeing the "carcass" of Lord Nigel being loaded onto a stretcher. We catch part of MV1's assuring words.

**MV1:**

-we're closer, girl. We're closer than we were.

They embrace once more before MV1 makes his victory exit up the ramp.

**DDK:**

As we see Lord Nigel Trickelbush being loaded on a stretcher... the ramifications of this contest are lost on no one. Lord Nigel Trickelbush is GONE from DEFIANCE.

**Lance:**

I don't know how he could have come back had Alpha WON tonight!

As he is carted off, a fanciful rendition of "HEY, HEY, HEY, GOODBYE!" breaks out somewhere in the arena. It takes root. But our broadcast cuts away before it's fully realized.

## DR. NED REFORM vs. ELON MUSK

Cut to the commentation station, where Keebler and Warner sit with wide eyes.

**DDK:**

An absolutely emotional MV1 and Corvo Alpha match, Lance.

**Lance Warner:**

And we're not done! Still to come, The Lucky Sevens and The Saturday Night Specials clash with the Unified Tag Titles... and the existence of SNS... on the line!

**DDK:**

But before that...

A graphic:

***Ned Reform (w/TA Cole) vs. Elon Musk***

DDK and Lance talk over the graphic.

**DDK:**

In what may be the most bizarre match in this event's history, Ned Reform has challenged a public figure to a match here tonight: CEO of Twitter Elon Musk.

**Lance:**

Not a word from Elon, but Reform has been telling anyone who would listen that this match is going to happen... well, I believe this is what they call "put up or shut up" time.

**DDK:**

I have a feeling, Lance... well, you'll see.

The graphic fades. And then...

The lights go out.

A single spotlight.

It shines on the ramp... where a man in an immaculately white tuxedo and tophat sits at a shiny white piano. On the piano is a large purple "R" in the same font as on Reform's wrestling singlet. The man, who is sporting an old timey mustache, cracks his white-gloved fingers as he prepares to play.

He opens the cover.

**BOOOOOOO!**

The man turns to look at the booing crowd in half disgust/half confusion. Still, he shrugs... and begins to play...

♪ ["Für Elise" by Ludwig Van Beethoven](#) ♪

The pianist continues to play the classical song as the camera slowly pans around him. Suddenly, next to the piano...

A second spotlight.

This is another man in a white tux and hat... but instead of sitting at a piano, he's holding a violin. He waits for the piano player to be at the right point in the song... and then he joins in on violin!

♪ [“Für Elise” on Violin](#) ♪

The two musicians continue to play in sync, hamroning their versions of the Beethoven classic. This goes on for about thirty seconds until...

A third spotlight.

This guy? He's got a guitar. And he completes the hat trick.

♪ [“Für Elise” on Cole Rolland](#) ♪

With the sounds of the guitar joining the party, Ned Reform decides its not for him to appear. A fourth spotlight, this one pointed right at the entrance curtain. Ned Reform, dressed in his wrestling singlet but trading his usual purple and white colors for black and gold for the night. Reform struts out, exaggerating his steps and seemingly having the time of his life. Reform turns to the musicians, smiling and pretending to conduct their mini orchestra. Behind Reform, TA Cole appears, not dressed to compete but looking sharp in a tailored gray suit. Ned makes a big shot of shaking Levi's hand and patting him on the shoulder... before Cole turns and walks back through the apron. Reform looks to the wrong, nods with determination, and marches toward the ring.

**Lance:**

It appears Ned Reform is sending TA Cole to the back!

**DDK:**

It's almost like he isn't worried...

Reform struts to the ring, smiling and waving to The Faithful around him with a shit-eating grin plastered on his academic face.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first... from New Haven, Connecticut... weighing in a 227 lbs... NED! REEEEEFORM!

Reform smiles, and opens his mouth to scold Quimbey all the way from the ramp, but to his shock...

**1/4 of The Faithful:**

That's DOCTOR Ned Reform!

Ned stops walking and his eyes are bugging out. He does a double take at the small (but noticeable) section of The Faithful who said that. He shakes his head, seemingly deciding to allow it, and he continues his walk to the ring.

Reform enters the ring and he stands dead center - holding his arms out with his head thrown back and a big smile on his face. The purple lights of his entrance swirl around as the three man band continues to play Beethoven. Finally, the music begins to stop and Ned brings his arms down, continuing to smile widely. Ned motions for Quimbey's mic.

**Ned Reform:**

Greetings, children!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Reform walks over to the ring ropes, leaning on the slightly and motioning to the ramp with his free hand.

**Ned Reform:**

At this point, ladies and gentlemen, I have to surmise that you all know me fairly well. As such, you know that I abhor being the bearer of bad news, yes? I consider myself a figure of positivity, and so no that I take no joy in this...

Reform sighs.

**Ned Reform:**

But there will be no contest tonight.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Reform grabs his heart, as if the very sound of The Faithful's disappointment cuts through his very soul.

**Ned Reform:**

I know! I know. It pains me as well. But despite my best efforts, despite my ingenious rhetorical baiting, despite my masterful linguistic chess play... none of it was good enough. Not even I could force a leopard to change its spots. You see... in spite of all that, Elon Musk remains... a coward.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Ned Reform:**

Yes. Mr. Musk did not show tonight, children. Quite frankly, I am disgusted. Although I knew him the gutless sort, I never thought he'd have the gall to expose himself as such on a scale this grand. And so I am left opponent-less. I could not be more ashamed.

**DDK:** *[sarcastically]*

Right.

**Lance:**

I feel like there's something you're not telling me...?

**DDK:**

Just wait.

In the ring, Reform continues.

**Ned Reform:**

But I will not allow Elon to have the last laugh, children. You see, later tonight Mr. Cole and I will leave this arena... and we will go FIND him. Oh yes. He shall not escape my wrath. But in the meantime...

Ned turns to look to the ringside floor.

**Ned Reform:**

...Mr. Navarro?

The camera cuts to Hector Navarrao who stands near the time keeper. Hector shakes his head, sighs, and begins to head up the ring steps.

**Ned Reform:**

Thank you. Mr. Navarro was to be the official for tonight's bout. And although Mr. Musk failed to show, I hardly see why my professional record should suffer from his transgression. And so, if you would be so kind, Mr. Navarro...

Reform gestures.

**Ned Reform:**

Ring the bell, count Mr. Musk out, and raise my hand in victory. I want... nay, I DEMAND... that the record books show that I have won here tonight.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**Lance:**

Well, as predicted, this is a farce.

**DDK:**

Just wait, Lance.

Reluctantly, Hector complies.

***DING DING***

At the sound of the bell, Ned drops the mic and smiles, gesturing toward the curtain. Next to him, Hector Navarro begins to make the count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

And then...

*♪ "White and Nerdy" by Weird Al Yankovic ♪*

**Lance:**

Wait... what!?

The Faithful, perhaps on pure instinct, pop at the sound of the music. Reform nearly falls over, his eyes bugging out of his head. He stutters as if he's seen a ghost, grabbing an annoyed Hector Navarro for support. The ridiculous song plays for about twenty seconds... but nobody shows. Eventually, Ned releases Hector and makes a big show of wiping his brow in relief. It begins to dawn on the people that they've been had.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

Let's just get this over with. This is DEFCON and we're wasting time.

Finally, Navarro throws up the final finger...

TEN!

***DING DING DING***

Reform falls to his knees, pumping his fists and looking to the ceiling in ecstasy. He pounds the fist in elation as if he'd just won the biggest match of his career. As Reform continues to celebrate... we hear the sound of a headset being removed.

**Lance:**

Keeps. Keeps, where are you...?

The Good Doctor is on the top rope, arms spread wide. Suddenly, interrupting the celebration...

**DDK:**

Mr. Reform.

Ned's head snaps back in time to see "Downtown" Darren Keebler, who has left the announce table and marched down the DEFCON ramp, stepping into the ring with a mic in hand. Reform jumps off the turnbuckle, an annoyed eyebrow raised as he looks questioningly at the DEFIANCE announcer.

**DDK:**

Forgive me for interrupting. However, I was tasked by DEFIANCE brass to deliver a message to you tonight. You seem quite disappointed at the fact that Elon Musk did not show tonight, huh?

Reform doesn't respond. Instead, his eyes narrow and Keebler reaches into his coat pocket, producing a manilla folder.

**DDK:**

What I have here, Mr. Reform, is a series of notices from Mr. Musk's legal department. The first one is dated March 2 of this year... that day after you initially challenged Elon Musk. You know what this notice says, don't you?

Ned says nothing. His face is expressionless and his eyes stone cold.

**DDK:**

It's a cease and desist order. It makes it very clear, in no uncertain terms, that you are to stop mentioning Mr. Musk's name on DEFIANCE television, as he has no intention of ever appearing or giving you any press. And we have a second one, and a third one, and a fourth one... all issued after every segment on DEFtv. Curiously, these are addressed to both DEFIANCE legal AND yourself... and even more curiously, DEFIANCE never received them. Odd, isn't it? What's even more odd is this other memo from Mr. Musk... apparently you applied for a Twitter Blue Check Mark weeks ago and were denied?

Reform's face is growing redder. The fans begin to boo as it dawns on them that Ned has been knowingly stringing them along for weeks.

**DDK:**

And so the Favoured Saints are at an impasse with you, Mr. Reform. Clearly, your actions warrant some sort of punishment. You've put the company in a legally vulnerable state, and as far as we can tell, you did it simply for your own ego. You purposefully promoted a match you knew would never happen, and you've deceived everyone involved. The Board strongly considered terminating your contract.

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

**DDK:**

But then they realized... that's what you wanted, isn't it? That's how this all started... you losing the Favoured Saints Championship to Oscar Burns, requesting your release, and then being denied. So perhaps being fired was your endgame all along. In that spirit, the board has voted not to release you from your contract.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

**DDK:**

Instead, they decided that a suitable punishment would be forcing you to actually compete tonight.

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

Reform raises an eyebrow. In a rage that makes Keebler step back, he snatches the mic away from the voice of DEFIANCE.

**Ned Reform:**

Oh? Oh!? You believe yourself to be so intelligent, do you? You believe yourself to have Doctor Ned Reform and his motivations all figured out, yes!? Well... as always... you know NOTHING Mr. Keebler. So I am to wrestle? Very well! I welcome it!

As Keebler leaves the ring, Ned begins to yell at the entrance.

**Ned Reform:**

Who back there is ready to compete? Who!? I know there are many of you who have been left off tonight's card. Who desires a moment in the spotlight? Sergeant Safety? The vampire? Butch Vic? Whoever it is, I DEMAND that you march to this ring right...

A beat while The Faithful take a moment to remember this song that they haven't heard for a while.

And then...

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!*

**Lance:**

Wait... that's... that's... that's GAGE BLACKWOOD!!!!

And there he is!!! The Noble Raider himself marches through the curtain... and by the looks of him, he hasn't lost a step!

The Faithful are going BANANAS as Blackwood marches with a laser-like focus toward the ring, his face a mask of intensity. Ned Reform is BESIDE HIMSELF, shaking his head no and yelling at anyone who will listen that this is not fair. He tries to reason with Hector Navarro, but he gets no sympathy.

**Darren Quimbey:**

AND HIS OPPONENT... from Edinburgh, Scotland and weighing in at 225 lbs.... GAAAAAAGE  
BLAAAACKWOOOOD!!!!

*RAAAAAAAAAAA!!*

**DDK:** *[back on headset]*

We haven't seen this former FIST of DEFIANCE for a year! It was last year's DEFCON that he last competed in the ring!

**Lance:**

You knew!

**DDK:**

I'm sorry, Lance. But the Favoured Saints swore me to secrecy!



Blackwood enters the ring with no fanfare. Reform throws up his hands in an attempt to reason with the angry Scot... BUT BLACKWOOD RUNS AND DROPS THE GOOD DOCTOR WITH A DOUBLE FOOTED DROPKICK RIGHT TO THE FACE!!

**DDK:**

HE'S BACK, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

***DING DING***

Reform tries to get back to his feet, but the shot has put him on dream street, and he stumbles right into a SNAP SUPLEX that nearly takes him out of his boots! The fans POP as they know what this is!

**Lance:**

Ned Reform could be looking at The Scottish Trinity!

Blackwood brings The Philosopher King back up, hooking him and lifting him for a vertical suplex. He holds Ned there for about twenty seconds, marching him around the ring as The Faithful lose their shit. He finally drops Reform and then pops back up, screaming into the crowd - firing up and drawing another round of cheers. Ned eats a release rolling suplex to complete the trifecta!

**DDK:**

Blackwood taking position in the corner... he's eyeing Reform...

**Lance:**

You've got to think he's looking for The Gaelic Storm!

The building builds to a fever pitch as Blackwood stalks the Sage on the Stage. Reform slowly pulls himself up by using the turnbuckle. He finally gets back to his feet and he stumbles a bit, shaking his head in confusion. Finally, he turns back to face the center of the ring...

**DDK:**

GAELIC STORM!!!!

Blackwood's running knee collides with Reform's bald head, and the impact causes The Good Doctor to do a full mid-air flip!! As soon as Ned hits the ground, Gage covers!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THREEE!!!!

***DING DING DING***

**DDK:**

Gage Blackwood is BACK!!

**Lance:**

This is HUGE, Keeps. A major player has returned to DEFIANCE, and this could change the face of our main event scene drastically!

Blackwood jumps up to the top turnbuckle, raising his hands in victory as the fans show their appreciation for this

return. Reform is out cold in the center of the ring, completely caught off guard by the surprise return and likely seeing stars.

**DDK:**

What a moment! Ned Reform thought he could pull one over at everybody's expense, but instead he was blindsided by a Scottish bullet train!

DEFCON goes to a commercial break before the main event with the crowd in a frenzy.

## WELCOME HOME

The scene opens backstage to Jamie Sawyers who is nearly tripping over himself to reach the figure that just walked through gorilla.

Gage Blackwood.

The Faithful cheer as Jamie approaches.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

GAGE, GAGE! A second, Gage!?

Sawyers reaches Blackwood as the typically bitter Scotsman stops and stares a hole through Sawyers' forehead. A little known fact, Gage Blackwood first ever singles victory was at DEFCON against David Hightower, who was, at the time, managed by a very angry Jamie Sawyers. In other words, Blackwood does not care for the interviewer. Never has, seemingly never will.

And then Gage changes his demeanor. He tilts his head and winks at Jamie.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Aye, go on. Our problems are in the past.

Sawyers himself is stunned at Gage's response but nevertheless, Sawyers is much more of a professional now and will follow Blackwood's instructions.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Gage, first of all welcome back.

Cheers from inside.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Second, why now? Why Ned Reform? He got into a massive one-sided Twitter war with Elon Musk. No one was sure if Elon was going to show -I had my doubts- but then you answered the call and...

Sawyers' voice fades because he realizes he's rambling and Blackwood is ready to speak.

Gage raises an eyebrow.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Twitter?

Jamie attempts to explain.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Yes, Twitter, the social media outlet Ned Reform has been furious on regarding-

Blackwood cuts the interviewer off.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Aye, never heard of Twitter.

He shrugs.

**Gage Blackwood:**

I wanted to rip some heads off.

Blackwood simply walks away, leaving Jamie smiling at the thought of his return. DEFCON goes to ringside.

## **UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPION: LUCKY SEVENS (C) vs. SNS**

Darren Keebler and Lance Warner prepare to run through the history of the main event of DEFCON: Night One. The graphic appears:

### ***Unified Tag Team Championship:***

***The Lucky Sevens (c)(w/Tom Morrow) vs.***

***The Saturday Night Specials (w/Ophelia Sykes)***

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

### **DDK:**

The main event of Night One is here! The Lucky Sevens defend the Unified Tag Team titles against their biggest rivals in DEFIANCE Wrestling - The Saturday Night Specials! This rivalry is among what some claim to be some of the biggest in DEFIANCE Wrestling history. This will be the third time these teams have met in the main event of our big shows, but none are bigger than this! Because if the Saturday Night Specials do not win this match ... they will be disbanded forever.

### **Lance:**

The last several editions of Uncut have gone over the intense history of the Saturday Night Specials and the Lucky Sevens. Their first title match was at Acts of DEFIANCE 2021. Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy won that match, but it was Mason and Max Luck brutally attacking them to stand tall. From there, The Sevens had to go to the back of the line. They defeated their mentors, the House. They defeated Los Tres Titanes. They defeated the Pop Culture Phenoms all to get another shot, but when they lost a six-man tag to the SNS, they snapped. They attacked people and lost their jobs, leading to the brothers allegedly burning down Ballyhoo Brew.

### **DDK:**

We then go Maximum DEFIANCE 2022. The Sevens were fired by DEFIANCE Wrestling, but after the bar burned down, SNS demanded a street fight or they'd walk out of DEFIANCE Wrestling with the titles. Unfortunately, the Lucky Sevens would win that match and then strongarm DEFIANCE officials into big money main event contracts where they have been protected ever since. They had a ruling put into their contracts that SNS were barred from competing for the titles while the Sevens had the gold, but Brock and Pat snuck their way into the Lucky Sevens Lucky Gauntlet in disguise and won the match.

### **Lance:**

We know that the manager of the Lucky Sevens, Tom Morrow, tried to keep the match from happening. But when SNS allegedly destroyed their bus, the Triple 7 Express, they forced their hand. The match was accepted, but the Lucky Sevens dropped a massive bombshell on tonight's stipulation. The SNS will have no choice but to disband if they don't win the titles in this third and final confrontation between these two teams.

### **DDK:**

The stakes could not be higher. The last two times these teams have main evented our shows, blood has been spilt and I'd expect more of the same. The Lucky Sevens have treated the Unified Tag Titles as their own FIST and have done everything they can to keep SNS away ... but now there's no more of that. Tonight, this blood feud between these teams ends.

### **Lance:**

We're ready. The Faithful are ready. It's main event time, folks. Let's send it down to Darren Quimbey for ring introductions!

Standing in the center of the ring, Darren Quimbey raises his microphone up to his lips and addresses the excited Faithful.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest scheduled for one fall is the MAIN EVENT of the evening!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

**Darren Quimbey:**

And it is for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship!

The tron suddenly comes to life and the Faithful's summons are answered when three letters stylized to look like a neon sign appears on it.

**SNS**

A cheer begins to erupt from The Faithful but it's instantly drowned out by an all too familiar guitar riff.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

**PYRO!** An explosion of lights fire off the DEFCON stage, leaving behind a trail of hazy smoke. Through the haze comes three figures: "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd, and "BallyCat" Ophelia Sykes. All three are dressed in their standard ring gear: there is no pomp and no circumstance to be had here. No special gear, no special entrance. In fact, the trio isn't even smiling. They are stone cold serious as they pause at the ramp and turn their heads to take in the legions of screaming Faithful.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first... the challengers! At a combined weight of four hundred and seventy-seven pounds and being accompanied by Ophelia Sykes... Brock Newbludd! Pat Cassidy! THE! SATURDAY! NIGHT! SPECIALS!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Cassidy, Newbludd, and Sykes all turn to each other, still at the top of the ramp. The trio exchange some words, but the camera isn't close enough to pick up what they are. Brock holds up a single finger as he speaks intensely to his partners.

**DDK:**

We could be looking at The Saturday Night Specials for the last time, Lance. A cornerstone of the DEFIANCE tag division and likely in the conversation for greatest DEFIANCE tag team of all time.

**Lance:**

DEFCON has been known for heartbreak and abrupt endings. DEFCON is where Mikey Unlikely sent DEFIANCE's favorite son Scott Douglas away. DEFCON is where the Fuse Brothers came to an end. If history repeats itself, we could be calling our last SNS match.

On the ramp, Brock's speech has grown in intensity, and Cassidy is nearly shaking with excitement. Finally, the two let out a pair of roars to hype each other up, share a quick fist bump, then a hug... and then they sprint to the ring!

**DDK:**

They sure aren't going down without a fight!

Brock and Pat slide under the bottom rope and into the squared circle. They hop up to opposite turnbuckles, throwing up their hands and screaming into the rabid crowd that replies back with a thunderous roar.

**Lance:**

I can barely hear myself talk!

Cassidy and Newbludd get caught up in the emotion and just stay on the turnbuckles, egging the crowd on to get louder and louder. It eventually gets the point where the entire arena is on their feet, and an absolute arena shattering chant breaks out...

S - N - S!

S - N - S!

S - N - S!

S - N - S!

S - N - S!

Brock and Pat are overcome with emotion at the sheer scope and volume of this chant. They get off the top rope, but continue to look around in awe at the entire arena.

S - N - S!

S - N - S!

S - N - S!

S - N - S!

S - N - S!

**DDK:**

The Faithful are letting The Saturday Night Specials know that if this is the end of the ride, they're with them until the end!

Enough time goes by that it is starting to become a question of whether the fans will stop chanting long enough to actually have a match when Tom Morrow walks up to the stage in a suit that is one half red and one half green in honor of his clients.

**Tom Morrow:**

Ladies! Gentlemen! Morons! Idiots! Drunks! Keep your ticket stubs because after tonight, those will be commemorative items! Tonight will be the night you remember for the rest of your natural-born lives! Tonight will be remembered as the night that the Saturday Night Specials *die* as a team. There will be no more Ballyhoo cheers or any more stupid drunk bull-shit! Tonight will be ended by two sounds ...

Morrow can't stop smiling at the thought he is picturing.

**Tom Morrow:**

The sound of almost twenty thousand hearts breaking! And the sound of thousands of dollars worth of pyro going off around the heads of my clients! Red and green confetti raining down from the ceiling congratulating the Lucky Sevens on putting SNS down for *good!!!*

Tom stomps around the ramp.

**Tom Morrow:**

They weighed in this morning at a fighting fit combined weight of six-hundred twenty pounds! Standing at a combined height of *FOURTEEN* feet tall! They are the two time champions reigning now and forever more! The Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy killers!

His finger is up.

**Tom Morrow:**

"THE BIG MONEY MONSTER" MASON LUCK!!! "THE BADASS OF THE BRIGHT LIGHTS" MAX LUCK!!!

THEEEEEEEE LUCKYYYYYYYYYYY SEEEEVVVVVEEEEENNNNNSSSS!!!!

The Smoothie King center now goes pitch black like they forgot to pay the electric bill this month.

A new version of the Lucky Sevens Slot Machine logo starts to appear on the DEFIA-Tron illuminating in the darkness.

Three numbers appear in gold as an old western theme starts to play. Three bells ring in tune with the numbers stopping on the digital slot machine.

**DING!!!**

**DING!!!**

**DING!!!**

**7 7 7**

The stage lights up and flashes "JACKPOT!!!" all across the screen ...

**WINNERS!!!**

*♪ "Ecstasy of Gold (Bandini Remix)" by Ennio Morricone ♪*

Stepping out onto the massive DEFCON stage, Max and Mason Luck appear with all five belts between them ... but with brand new ring attire built more for fighting than for wrestling. Both men wear dark tattered jeans with thick leather belts and cowboy boots. Mason's belt and boots are clad with red designs, Max's identical, but in green. Wearing black gauntlets on their arms, the twin seven foot monsters both bang their gauntlets together and scream in unison with the entire arena showering them with jeers. They raise the titles up ...

And pyro shoots everywhere from the stage! Pyro from up above the DEFIA-Tron, pyro across the stage, and obnoxiously long-lasting pinwheel pyro on either side of the stage, firing off in red and green colors! Mason, Max and Tom hold up all the championships and show off what all four men are battling for tonight.

#### **DDK:**

The Lucky Sevens have pulled fast ones over their opponents. Playing games with them with their defenses in the Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery. The trickery they've pulled with their contracts on the Titanes Familia, the PCP and the Dangerous Mix is beyond absurd.

#### **Lance:**

And now to throw this stipulation to split up the Saturday Night Specials. They spent months scheming to get back at the Lucky Sevens for taking the titles and keeping them away at all costs, but tonight they need to be the best they've ever been!

Mason and Max reach the ring. They start to climb up and then step over the ropes at the same time. The Unified Tag Team champions reach the ring and then raise the titles up in to the air which sends four sparkles of pyro from each corner of the ring - two red and two green. After all the posturing and the introductions are done the belts are given to the referee for the match, Carla Ferrari.

#### **Lance:**

Carla is going to have her hands full in this one, partner. But, if anyone can keep this match from disintegrating into an all out war, it's her.

Walking to the center of the ring, Carla lifts the title belts up high into the air and the crowd responds with a thunderous roar. She lowers the belts and quickly hands them off to the timekeeper before backpedaling back to the center of the



ring. Looking at the champions and then the challengers, Carla tells them that it's time. Mason and Max look ready for a fight. Pat and Brock look ready for a fight.

**DDK:**

Main event for Night One! The Unified Tag Team titles are on the line against the SNS's careers as a team!

**Lance:**

The air is so thick with tension. The last two matches between these teams have turned into bloody slugfests. Tonight ... who know what it will come down to have the last laugh in this on and off rivalry of almost three years!

After much deliberation between the two teams over who will start for their sides, it will be Brock Newbludd and Max Luck.

**DDK:**

Looks like it'll be Milwaukee's Beast and The Beast of the Bright Lights starting things off. Both men looked primed and ready, partner. The last time these two interacted it ended up with Newbludd being thrown through a wall.

With the crowd buzzing anxiously all around her, Carla lights the fuse by pointing at the timekeeper and calling for the bell.

***DING DING***

Both men go right into the action. Fists are flying everywhere. Brock strikes at Max with as many shots as he can. Max is doing the same. Brock moves out of the way of a punch from Max and jumps up to hit several more on the seven foot champion. More shots follow but Max blocks to hit a gut shot and then a shot across the back of Brock to catch him. Max talks some trash to Newbludd that the camera doesn't pick up, but the double bird that he gives Brock is clear enough.

**DDK:**

So much hatred in this ring. Almost three years worth of some of the most bitter and brutal battles!

Max jumps at the ropes and tries a lariat but Brock moves and hits the ropes. Max misses off the other side with another wild lariat attempt. Brock bounces off the ropes and hits a flying elbow smash! The momentum is enough to knock the Beast of the Bright Lights off of his feet!

**Lance:**

Right away! Brock gets Max off his feet! And he's throwing punches like there's no tomorrow!

**DDK:**

We knew there wasn't going to be any feeling-out process. Some wrestlers fight every match like it is their last ... but thanks to the Lucky Sevens and their crooked contract stipulation, this might be the very last time SNS team together if they don't win the gold!

**Brock Newbludd:**

BALLYHOOO!!!!!!

*BALLYHOOOOO!!!!*

Brock doubles over Max Luck using a side kick and then another kick to stun him. Brock tries a whip, but Max is still able to shake off the blows and whip him to the ropes.

**DDK:**

Blind tag by Pat! I don't think that Max saw it!

Max tries a back body drop, but Brock is able to stop him with a kick. The blow stuns Max, but he angrily rushes like a

bull in a china shop. Brock moves out of the way and Max catches a swift right hand from Cassidy before the Scrapper from Southie joins his partner in the ring! Another kick from Brock to the gut puts Max on his knee and then both partners run from behind to hit a double running bulldog on Max!

**Lance:**

That was a great double team! Pat makes a cover on Max!

*One ...*

*Tw ...*

It is not even a full two-count for Max to kick out, but Pat doesn't care. He punches away on Max and gets the Beast of the Bright Lights into a corner. He climbs up and then makes with the ten punches!

**DDK:**

Pat Cassidy has almost never found a situation he couldn't punch his way out of!

*ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!*

But there is no "cheers" this time from Pat cause tonight is for all the marbles ... so he punches from both left and right hands as fast as he can until Ferrari makes him break it up in the corner! Pat shakes his knuckles but Max looks punch drunk right now.

**DDK:**

The Saturday Night Specials have been overwhelming Max and hitting him from every angle. Cut that ring in half and you can do anything.

Pat runs opposite the corner Max is in and he might have a Splash of Jameson in mind ... but instead he gets knocked out of his boots first when Max lands a running drop kick first!

**DDK:**

No way! Max is the flashier of the twins with his in-ring work, but I didn't think we would see a drop kick of all things!

**Lance:**

If these teams have thought of bringing out any new moves they have been working on, now's as good a time to use them.

Max is still reeling from all of the strikes and punches he has absorbed. With Cassidy down and out the tag is given to Mason Luck. Mason climbs over the ropes and muscles Cassidy into the ropes. The Scrapper from Southie gets hit with a bus-like running shoulder tackle from the other ropes by Mason!

**DDK:**

Mason and Max trying to do the same! Quick tags, quick attacks! Mason for the win!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

A kick-out from Cassidy has the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheering, but not for long. The Big Money Monster kicks Pat in the side and the Bostonian is in the corner of the Sevens. He puts a foot down on the body of Pat and presses all his weight down on his body. The official starts a count but Mason breaks it at three. That's only because Mason snags him off the mat and throws a head butt. Pat ends up right in the corner of the Sevens where Mason punches him in the breadbasket.

**Lance:**

The Lucky Sevens are mugging Pat Cassidy! Brock Newbludd helpless to do anything cause they have kept Pat in their corner.

Mason tags Max and the brothers shoot Cassidy off the ropes and they hit a double shoulder block. Cassidy is down when Max slaps the bottom of his elbow. The big Box Cars elbow drop comes up next and drops all his weight down on Cassidy's ribs!

**DDK:**

Box Cars elbow drop! Now Max with another cover! Are the Saturday Night Specials done for?!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

Cassidy kicks out again!

**Lance:**

The action hasn't been going on for too long, but Mason and Max are already doing everything in their power to keep Pat away from his corner.

**DDK:**

This is great tag team wrestling by both teams. No one can afford to make any mistakes. For the Lucky Sevens, they lose out on so many bonuses if they don't have the titles. And we already know what is at stake for the Specials ...

Max quickly tags Mason. The Big Money Monster hoists Pat right up. He grabs a hold of him with a pump handle. He tries the Jackpot Drop ... but when Pat is on his shoulders he throws elbows like they're going on sale. Mason gets rattled until he drops Pat behind him. Pat slips back and Brock gets a tag!

**Lance:**

Tag by Brock! Mason charges in but he gets a boot in the head from Pat in the corner!

Brock hits a kick to the gut and strikes Mason with an uppercut. He spins around where Cassidy hits a double ax handle off the middle rope and then Brock goes for a school boy!

**DDK:**

Flash pin! Flash pin by Brock! This has been the bane of the Lucky Sevens with SNS!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

The Big Money Monster not only kicks out, but he is *pissed*. Brock is shocked that didn't get them the win!

**Lance:**

They *almost* got him there! Now Brock with a clothesline ... but he didn't have the momentum off the ropes like he did for Max earlier. Mason is still standing.

Brock hits the ropes for the second consecutive time. He hits Mason with a clothesline but the big redwood still doesn't go down. Mason runs at him instead, but Brock ducks him. When he comes back, Brock hits him right on target with a super kick to the jaw! Mason takes the shot and spills right through the ropes!

**DDK:**

Mason hits the floor! And there's a tag to Pat Cassidy!

Pat gets the tag and then runs right off the apron with a double ax handle to knock Mason off his feet! Brock goes outside and then both men do not waste time to get him back into the ring. When Pat goes in first, he tags Brock in with another quick tag.

**Lance:**

Great combination of moves! The Saturday Night Specials are striking as quickly and often as they can here! They have to single out a giant and finish them!

Brock is back in the ring with Mason having no idea where he is ... and he gets a Face Melter!

**DDK:**

Face Melter from Brock! Will the shining wizard do it?

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are in shock that did not get the job done. Sitting on his knees, Newbludd stares at Carla in disbelief and she's quick to emphasize the count by wagging a couple of fingers in his face.

**DDK:**

They hit Mason Luck with everything but the kitchen sink there! Mason and Max's stranglehold on the titles is really strong.

**Lance:**

They have so much money tied up in those titles. They got bonuses every time they defended them, but against less-qualified competition a lot of the time.

Brock Newbludd hits another running to keep Mason Luck on his back and he starts to go up to the top rope, but Tom Morrow jumps up onto the apron. When he sees Pat coming, he moves. Ophelia chases him off!

**DDK:**

No! Tom tried to keep Brock from hitting whatever he was going to hit next!

**Lance:**

But look at Max! Look at Max!

Brock's attention is on Ophelia Sykes chasing away Tom Morrow from ringside and not on Max! By the time he gets there, it is too late! Max Luck *shoves* Newbludd off the top turnbuckle...

*SMACK!*

... and he takes a nasty spill all the way out to the barrier on the outside! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful all gasp at the same time and then they boo the Lucky Sevens out of the building!

**Lance:**

Did you hear that impact!? Brock's back was just crushed by the barricade!

**DDK:**

More chicanery from Tom Morrow leads to Brock Newbludd taking that nasty fall! That can't be good for their chances of winning the titles here tonight!

**Lance:**

The chances of the Saturday Night Specials just went down drastically!

Mason tags Max and he runs out of the ring. While this happens, the replay on the DEFIA-Tron is showing the angle that Brock hit the barrier with after he was shoved off the top rope by Max.

**DDK:**

That fall was nasty and I think this might be worse!

Brock is only now trying to stand but he gets checked with a cross body block on the outside by Max Luck!

**DDK:**

No! The titles might stay with the Lucky Sevens! That was brutal!

Max listens intently to the booing and puts a finger up to his ear. Mason looks proud as well. Max rolls Brock back into the ring and then he goes for the match-winning pinfall and the demise of SNS as a team!

**Lance:**

SNS might have to split up for good!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

Brock just manages to squeeze a shoulder out from the mass of humanity called Max Luck and The Faithful erupt in cheers! The Beast of the Bright Lights quickly silences them by applying a Winning Hand to keep Brock down on the mat!

**DDK:**

Winning Hand! Winning Hand is locked in! They're gonna wear down Brock Newbludd with the hold their grandfather, "Wild" Winston Luck utilized through his hall of fame career!

**Lance:**

They have both made it such a deadly weapon and even tweaked it into their respective individual finishers.

He claws and tries to squeeze the life out of Brock Newbludd's skull. Max grabs him with the claw applied and then pushes him into the corner as far away from Pat Cassidy as they can be. Cassidy and Sykes watch as Brock gets taken apart. He holds the Winning Hand in the corner.

**DDK:**

And there is a tag to Mason Luck.

Max Luck releases his grip ... and that is only so Mason can apply the Winning Hand!

**Lance:**

Things just went from bad to worse for Newbludd!

He squeezes Brock's skull with it and shakes him around and then tosses him out from the corner using a Winning Hand assisted biel throw! Mason and Max both throw up the "Winning Hand" taunt to Brock with Tom Morrow doing so from the outside.

**Tom Morrow:**

Keep those ticket stubs! They're gonna be commemorative items here in a few minutes, you neck-beards!

Mason picks up Brock by the side and then he gets elevated off the mat into an ugly and powerful gut wrench slam!

**DDK:**

That is some core strength by Mason there! Max Luck has worked his moveset to show more of his agile side and

Mason Luck obviously making more use of that power.

**Lance:**

Brock is hurt bad. Between that back shot to the barrier, the cross body block and now this? They are taking him apart piece by piece.

Tom Morrow watches like a kid on Christmas morning with Brock being picked apart with another elbow. Mason tries to pin him again.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

Brock openly defies the prediction of the end of the Saturday Night Specials and kicks out to show them how wrong they are!

**DDK:**

Another kickout by Brock! That one looked to be out of pure instinct than anything else.

**Lance:**

Brock Newbludd still has something left in the tank but he needs to get to Pat Cassidy now if they have any hope of regaining the titles that the Lucks took from them last year.

**DDK:**

Mason puts Brock in the ropes ... Brock counters!

The Big Money Monster's attempt to hit a power moves ends up with Brock leaping over him out to make a desperation sunset flip work. He tries pulling Mason down to the canvas, but Mason jumps up for a leg drop first ... but Brock moves! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have come alive!

**Lance:**

Cassidy and Newbludd are doing everything in their power to stay alive in this! After the Lucky Sevens have closed the gap for several minutes, Brock has an opening but can he make it there in time?

*S-N-S!!! S-S-N-S!!! N-S!!! S-N-S!!! S-N-S!!!*

Mason's tailbone will feel the missed leg drop in the morning. Brock finally has a clear line of sight to Pat Cassidy all the way in the other corner.

**Lance:**

This crowd is *hot* right now! They want to see it! He has to make a tag!

Mason tags Max and he gets in.

Brock is close ...

And he almost gets to Pat ...

But Max Luck pulls Pat Cassidy off the apron first! Newbludd lunges for a tag but hits nothing but air!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

**DDK:**

Oh my God! Max pulled Pat off the apron! The Saturday Night Specials had one last chance to make that tag and the Lucky Sevens just snatched it away like that!

Brock jumps up to try and save his friend while Max is laughing outside the ring. Brock gets up and turns right into a kick from Mason ... and right into the Deck Cutter!!!

**DDK:**

And there's the deck cutter!!! That overhead cutter! That is it!

**Mason Luck:**

Done! You're both fucking *done!!!*

He pushes Newbludd over to his back and hooks a far leg.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*Th – no!!!*

**Lance:**

What?! What?! Brock kicked out! Brock kicked out!

Tom Morrow rips his jacket off and throws it on the ground like a certain stylin' and profilin' individual from long ago. He is screaming at the official that Mason Luck got a three count.

**DDK:**

No! That was only two and a half!

Tom Morrow shouts for Mason Luck to tag his brother who has returned to the ring apron. Mason takes the stunned Brock with him over to The Sevens' corne and Ferrari calls a tag when Mason slaps Max's hand. Mason throws Brock at Max and then grabs Brock for some Walking the Strip action!

**Lance:**

This move is always impressive of a guy this large! And he drops the hammer with that big overhand forearm.

He gets to the top and starts his walk ... but out of sheer desperation Brock shakes the ropes. Max keeps his balance!

**DDK:**

This might have been the wrong move for Max to try!

Tom Morrow gets shocked when Brock pops up out of desperation and he *throws* Max off the top rope with a huge arm drag type of move! Max hits his back on the mat after taking a fall from the top rope and he has been hurt badly! Brock has been hurt by the drop too but Max easily gets the worst of it!

**DDK:**

That was incredible! A counter by Brock! That pop-up arm drag took him all the way down!

Mason Luck screams for a tag right away. Tom Morrow is yelling at Max to snap out of it while Newbludd begins to push himself up on all fours.. Pat is back on the apron in time to stick his hand out! He looks as ready as he can and Ophelia Sykes is leading a charge with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful who are dying for Brock to make the tag.

**DDK:**

Both men need to make a tag and whoever wins that race might win the match for his team! Max Luck is already

crawling towards his brother.

**Lance:**

And Newbludd is still on dream street! I'm not even sure he knows where his corner is!

*STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!*

Pat Cassidy furiously stomps on the mat and Ophelia begins to slap the edge of the ring with both of her fists, causing Newbludd to crawl towards them. Across the ring, Max picks up the pace and begins to close the gap between himself and his brother's outstretched hand. The Faithful are quick to lend themselves to Brock's cause and begin stomping their feet in unison.

*STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!*

**DDK:**

I can barely hear myself think! The Ballyhooligans are trying to rally Brock but I don't know if it will be enough!

**Lance:**

It's not going to be! Max has made it to his corner!

Using their considerable reach to their advantage, Mason leans over the ropes with an outstretched hand and the still woozy Max reaches up and makes the tag!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!*

**DDK:**

The Sevens' make the tag and here comes Mason!

Frantically stepping over the top rope, Mason charges across the ring just as Brock lunges towards Cassidy. With only an inch separating his hand from his partner's, Brock is suddenly stopped by Mason grabbing his ankle.

**Lance:**

No! Big Money Mason has got ahold of Brock's leg and has stopped the tag!

An evil grin spreads across Mason's face as he begins to drag Newbludd back to the center of the ring. Things suddenly go sideways for the big man though when Brock manages to slip free from his grasp. Scrambling onto all fours, Newbludd begins to bear crawl back towards Cassidy.

**DDK:**

Brock's slipped free but Mason's all over him and grabs his leg again...mule kick by Brock! He caught Mason right in the jaw!

Mason stumbles backwards and puts a hand up to his jaw. Still on all fours, Brock throws himself forward and stretches a hand out...

*SLAP!*

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

**Lance:**

Tag made! Tag made! Pat Cassidy is in!

As Brock rolls underneath the bottom rope and flops to the floor, the fired up Pat Cassidy launches himself over the top rope to enter the fray. Shaking the last of the cobwebs out of his head, Mason lets out an angry roar and rushes forward to meet Black Out head on.



**DDK:**

Mason is irate and now he's charging like a raging bull towards Cassidy!

Rearing back, Mason tries to take Pat's head off with a huge lariat but Cassidy ducks it at the last second.

**Lance:**

Big swing and an even bigger miss by Mason! Cassidy uses the big man's momentum against him and fires Mason into the ropes.

Bouncing off the ropes, Mason charges back in and Cassidy lifts him up off his feet. Letting out an audible roar, The Scrapper from Southie PLANTS the seven footer into the mat with a ring shaking spinebuster!

**DDK:**

What a spinebuster! The Faithful have come back to life!

Dropping down to his knees, Cassidy mounts his opponent and unleashes a barrage of fists to Mason's face. Capping off the salvo with a cracking forearm that smashes the back of Mason's head into the mat, Cassidy rises up to his feet. He hits the ropes and comes back falling with a missile-like forearm to Mason's head! Another! Another! Circling around to stand at Mason's feet, Cassidy bends over and picks both of the big man's tree trunk sized legs.

**Lance:**

Hang on now. What's Cassidy got planned here?

Folding one of Mason's legs over the other, Cassidy tightens his grip and muscles his massive opponent onto his stomach. Swinging his leg over and planting his feet, Pat Cassidy locks in a submission!

**DDK:**

Texas Cloverleaf! Pat Cassidy is not known for being a submission artist but he's got it cinched down tight!

**Lance:**

I've heard him talk about this! I think we're looking at the Four Leaf Clovah Leaf!

The Faithful unleash a sustained roar as Cassidy grits his teeth and leans back, causing Mason to cry out in pain. Tom Morrow begins pulling his hair out and screams at Max to go help his brother. Still looking dazed after just making the fresh tag, Max is slow to move. Another pained scream from Max prompts him into action though and he swings his leg over the top rope to enter the ring.

**DDK:**

Max is moving in to save his brother and break the submission...wait a second, Newbludd's behind him!

Before Max can begin to swing his second leg over, a still punch drunk Brock scrambles up the ring apron and grabs onto the top rope with both hands. Hanging onto the rope, Newbludd awkwardly falls off the apron and lets go of it, causing the rope to snap back up directly into Max's crotch! Eyes wide in surprise and pain, the big man teeters for a second before crashing down to the outside floor!

**Lance:**

Desperate times call for desperate measures and now Max Luck is down on the outside!

With Max writhing in pain on floor, Tom Morrow takes matters into his own hands and jumps onto the apron as Cassidy continues to torque down on the submission. Spotting Morrow, Cassidy sneers and bends as far back as he can to draw another pained cry out of Mason.

**DDK:**

Mason Luck might not be able to hold out much longer! Somebody get Tom Morrow off the damn apron!

Before he can attempt to make a save, Morrow is suddenly ripped back down to the floor by Ophelia Sykes.

**Lance:**

Now it's Ophelia Sykes playing defense! SNS knows Tom Morrow's tactics better than anyone and they came prepared!

Landing on his feet, the irate Morrow spins on a heel and shoves Ophelia down to the floor!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!*

**DDK:**

Just when you thought Tom Morrow couldn't be a bigger piece of crap! Unbelievable!

Sitting on the ground, Ophelia looks up at Morrow in disbelief. Inside of the ring, Cassidy's eyes go wide in rage and he immediately releases the hold. Leaving Mason to writhe in pain on the mat, Cassidy storms towards the ropes towards the scene unfolding on the floor.

**Lance:**

Tom Morrow better get out of there if he hopes to chew solid food again. Ophelia's better half is coming for him now!

Before Cassidy can step through the ropes, Ophelia scrambles up to her feet. Jaw clenched in anger, Sykes rears back and SLAPS Morrow in the face with everything she has. Rocked by the sudden blow, Morrow stumbles backwards and falls to the floor!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!*

**DDK:**

Ophelia Sykes just smacked the holy hell out of Tom Morrow!

Morrow stares in shock up at Sykes as she flips him the double bird and backpedals away from him. Fired up from his girlfriend's bravado, Pat Cassidy turns his attention back to the ring just in time to avoid a running yakuza kick from Mason.

**Lance:**

Cassidy dodged Mason's foot at the very last second and slithers around the big man for a nicely done go behind.

Before Mason can regain his bearings, Cassidy wraps him up and sends him down to the mat with a well executed belly-to-back suplex.

**DDK:**

And he takes advantage by hitting the suplex! Mason Luck finds himself back on the mat after being unable to capitalize on Morrow's attempted distraction.

Popping up to one knee, Cassidy roughly yanks Mason's head off the mat with one hand and proceeds to deliver a pair of hard shots to Mason's face with his other. Bringing his larger opponent up with him, Cassidy doubles Mason over his a knee to the midsection. Leaving him keeled over, Cassidy quickly backpedals into the ropes and charges back in, hitting Mason with a swinging neckbreaker.

**Lance:**

Pat Cassidy is pouring it on inside the ring and it looks like we got some more action on the outside. Newbludd and Max are back up on their geet and are tearing into each other!

Down on the floor by The Lucky Sevens corner, Milwaukee's Beast and The Bright Lights Beast lay into each other with stiff shots. Newbludd throws a wild haymaker towards the big man's chin but Max swats it away with one of his massive forearms and counters with a knee that doubles Brock over. Lifting Brock up onto a shoulder, Max promptly

drops him facefirst onto the ring apron.

**DDK:**

Snake eyes! Brock's on wobbly knees!

Grabbing one of Brock's arms, the seven footer whips him into the barricade. Newbludd crashes backfirst into the unforgiving barrier and slumps down to the floor. He manages to stay upright by grabbing onto the top of the barricade at the last second. Max's eyes go wide in anticipation at the opportunity of getting a free shot and he lines himself up with Brock.

**Lance:**

Max Luck has Newbludd right where he wants him and...

**DDK:**

Not if Pat Cassidy has anything to say about it!

Before Max can move in, Pat Cassidy sprints across the ring and nails him in the back of the head with a baseball slide! The blow stuns Max and he staggers forward towards the barricade. Shaking the cobwebs out of his head, Newbludd surges forward and wraps Max up. One pop of his hips later and Newbludd sends Max flying into the barricade with an overhead belly to belly suplex!

**Lance:**

What impact! Max Luck nearly flew into the crowd after being tossed into the barricade!

With Max stunned, Newbludd quickly rolls into the ring to join his partner. Together, the proprietors of Ballyhoo Brew send Mason into the ropes, and on the rebound the former champions drop the current champions with a RING-SHAKING double spinebuster!! The fans are on their feet as SNS fires up! Bringing the people into the match, Brock and Pat again cause the crowd to erupt when they point at the nearby top rope!

**DDK:**

The Saturday Night Specials calling for the Keg Stand Spike Piledriver!

Cassidy hooks Mason in the piledriver position while Brock, still moving a little gingerly from his big tumble earlier, climbs to the top rope. As The Innovator steadies himself, his momentum is interrupted by Tom Morrow, appearing as if out of nowhere on the apron and latching onto the leg of Brock Newbludd. Brock impatiently kicks Morrow away, but that momentary distraction is enough for Mason to power out of the piledriver. The Luck Brother grabs Cassidy by the scruff and LAUNCHES the Scrapper from Southie into Brock, who loses his footing on the top! Mason boots Cassidy down before reaching up, wrapping a meaty paw around Newbludd's neck, and chokeslamming Brock off the top rope and onto his tag team partner!

**Lance:**

And that's all it takes! You give the champions just a moment, and they will power their way back into this!

Max gets back into the ring and the champs completely ignore Carla as she tries to restore order. Instead, they both pick up Brock and drill him into the mat with a vicious double powerbomb. Newbludd gets unceremoniously tossed out of the ring, leaving both Lucky Sevens to eye Pat Cassidy like hungry sharks. The fans begin to boo as Cassidy tries to shake the cobwebs away with two twin monsters stalking him with bad intentions.

**DDK:**

We could be moments away from the end of The Saturday Night Specials!

Max and Mason grab Cassidy and whip him off the ropes. One rebound, Max hits Pat with a kitchen sink knee. He throws The Saturday Night Special towards his brother, but as Mason goes for the big boot... but Cassidy ducks! Mason spins around to meet him on the rebound... but Pat launches himself through the air and connects with his left forearm to MASON'S SKULL!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

**DDK:**

That's that loaded forearm!! Pat Cassidy has a metal plate in that forearm!!

Mason drops! Max charges with a big lariat, but Pat ducks, and Max's momentum spins him right into a Blue Thundah Bomb!!!

**Lance:**

Unbelievable! Pat Cassidy fighting back against all odds... and it's the very metal plate that The Lucky Sevens put in his arm that might be their own undoing!!

Cassidy pulls himself back to his feet using the ropes for support. Both of the monsters are stunned, and Pat steadies himself before turning toward Mason. Pat hooks the seven footer for his Irish Goodbye, but before he can take him down, in a show of pure power Mason instead lifts PAT up into the air! In one quick motion, Mason lunges forward and dumps Cassidy over the top rope and to the outside!

**DDK:**

The strength of The Lucky Sevens is nothing short of amazing.

**Lance:**

Cassidy landed awkwardly on his knee... this isn't good for the challengers

Mason steps over the top and lands next to the crumpled Cassidy. Pat gets brought up and sent into the steps as Carla demands that the champion take this back into the ring. Mason obliges, rolling Cass under the bottom rope. Mason jaw jacks with some mouthy front row Faithful before following Cassidy back into the ring. Back in the squared circle, Carla Ferrari has managed to get Max back to his corner, while Brock is still stunned on the ringside floor. Bringing Cassidy to The Sevens corner, Mason tags out to his brother. Max gets a head of steam and charges at Cassidy, nearly taking his head off with a big corner clothesline. Quick tag back to Mason - same result. Tag to Max - big clothesline. Tag to Mason - big clothesline. Tag to Max, and one final running clothesline crumples Cassidy to the mat.

**DDK:**

My goodness, they're taking this young man apart!

Max eyes Pat Cassidy who is seated in the corner with his eyes fluttering. Max smiles at the fans and then shoots them the finger when they boo him. He points to Black Out.

**Max Luck:**

This your guy!?

Max laughs it up with Morrow and his brother as Cassidy crawls around the ring, trying to get his head straight. Ophelia slaps the mat to try to urge him on, but that doesn't seem to have much effect. Max waits until Pat is just about up, and then he hits the ropes, getting ready to charge at Pat with a big power move...

...but from the outside, Brock grabs Max's leg! Max doesn't fall, but he stumbles just enough to annoy him. He turns back to snarl at Brock, and Carla gets between the two men to make sure the match doesn't break down. She turns her back on the competitors to speak to Brock... allowing PAT CASSIDY TO SCORE WITH A SURPRISE LOW BLOW! Max grabs his unlucky sevens in pain, and Cassidy leaps up with a last-ditch and desperation Irish Goodbye! Max's head is driven to the mat and Cassidy collapses again in exhaustion! Both men are down!

**DDK:**

We forgot about Brock!! SNS are still in this!!

Morrow is losing his mind on the outside, screaming about cheating. Mason's face has turned red as he yells at SNS,

Carla, his brother... anyone who will listen. Brock takes position in the SNS corner, leaning over the top rope and reaching out his hand as far as he possibly can. Both Max and Pat are on their backs in the center of the ring. Just as Carla is about to begin a ten count, Cassidy rolls over and begins to crawl towards his corner. The fans LOSE THEIR SHIT as he pulls himself up... and manages to lunge forward and make the tag!!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

**Lance:**

BROCK IS IN! BROCK IS IN!

But instead of leaping into the ring like a house o'fire, Brock instead climbs up to the top rope. He steadies himself... before leaping off with a top rope elbow drop right into the heart of Max Luck!! He covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE - NO!!

Max manages to power out at the last second. Brock rolls off, holding his head in frustration and kicking the mat.

**DDK:**

Max ate both the Irish Goodbye and Brock's elbow drop. Both teams refuse to quit!! There's too much on the line!

Newbludd gets up, firing a double bird to Mason in the Sevens corner. Mason, ready to blow his top, steps through the ropes but Carla is there to cut him off. Meanwhile, Brock drives Max's head into the turnbuckle not once, not twice, not thrice, not even four times... but five times! Brock again shoots Mason a look before he takes control of Max's arm... and with control of the arm, he climbs up the turnbuckle!

**Lance:**

Brock looking to give The Lucky Sevens a taste of their own medicine!

**DDK:**

Might be trying to get into Mason's head, too.

Brock, still holding Max Luck's arm, walks the ropes and then comes off with a sledge to the head - his own version of Walking the Strip! Newbludd tags out, holding Max's arm exposed so that Pat can fly off the second rope with an axehandle. Max stumbles into the corner... Cassidy gets a head of steam... Splash O'Jameson! Max gets sent into the opposite corner... another splash! The Saturday Night Specials are coming alive! The Faithful are coming alive! Cassidy roars into the fans and he calls for the Keg Stand, causing The Faithful to explode! Cassidy tags Brock and motions to the top as he sets Max up for the piledriver.

**Lance:**

SNS looking to end it... wait! Look at Morrow!

Tom Morrow has made his way to the timekeeper's table and he's grabbed one of the five Unified Tag Team Titles! Morrow goes to hand Mason the belt... but he's stopped by Ophelia, who spins him around and slaps the taste of his mouth! Morrow falls back, holding his cheek... but Mason gets down off the apron and SHOULDER CHECKS poor little Ophelia right into the barricade!!

**DDK:**

Uncalled for!!

Pat Cassidy, not known for his high flying moves, practically LEAPS through the middle rope and lands on top of

Mason, firing right hands into the man who just hit Ophelia! The fans roar their approval but poor Carla is less than enthused as she sticks her head through the ropes to try to regain some order.

**Lance:**

Wait... in the ring!!!

With everyone's eyes on the Cassidy/Mason brawl on the floor, nobody notices that Max has grabbed the title belt that Morrow ended up leaving on the apron... AND HE NAILS BROCK RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYSES!!!

Newbludd goes down and Mason tosses the belt out of the ring as he hooks the leg and calls for Carla.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

**DDK:**

NOT THIS WAY!!

THREEEEEEEEEE!!!!

...NO!!!!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

**Lance:**

BROCK GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!! BROCK GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!!

Now it's Mason's turn to lose his shit at the near fall. He slams his fist into the mat in pure frustration, screaming and cursing. On the outside, Max reverses a Pat Cassidy whip, and instead it's Pat who collides shoulder first with the steel ring steps! Max grabs Pat by the back of the head and rolls him under the bottom rope. Max follows him inside, and both members of the Lucky Sevens descend on Pat Cassidy.

COIN TOSS!

Now they turn to Brock.

COIN TOSS!!

Newbludd crumples after the double release vertical suplex. They two go back to Pat Cassidy.

COIN TOSS!!

Another for Brock!!

COIN TOSS!!

**DDK:**

My God. The Lucky Sevens are absolutely destroying the challengers.

With both of The Saturday Night Specials having been dropped on their heads multiple times, The Lucky Sevens take a moment to let the fans know exactly what they think about them. Max and Mason mockingly make the “drinky drinky” motion with their hands as evil smiles break out. They pick up Brock, who is still the legal man, and Mason puts Brock in the piledriver position (Brock nearly falls out of it because he’s out on his feet) as Max walks over and begins to climb the top rope!

**DDK:**

The Lucky Sevens... they might be looking for the keg stand!!

**Lance:**

The ultimate slap in the face... to end The Saturday Night Specials with their own finishing move...

Morrow demands the people give a standing ovation as Max makes it to the top. He looks to his brother, and together, the tag team champions mockingly begin to pump their fists.

**Max Luck:**

cHuG! cHuG! cHuG!

The Sevens have a good laugh...

...but that laugh turns to shock as Pat Cassidy is able to summon a burst of energy - enough to fling his arm over the ropes, causing Max to teeter... and then to fall, crotch-first! At that moment, Brock comes alive, dropping a surprised Mason with a DDT! Brock collapses to the mat in exhaustion...

...and THEN BOTH MEMBERS OF THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS KIP UP!!!

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!*

**DDK:**

THEY'RE DOING IT!!! THEY'RE DOING IT!!

Brock slaps Cassidy across the chest, firing them both up. Brock turns to point toward Max Luck, who is still crotched on the top turnbuckle. Newbludd and Cassidy walk over to the corner and each take a side of Max as they also climb the turnbuckle!

**Lance:**

No way! No way! I don't know if the ring can take this!!

The crowd goes silent in anticipation as SNS get themselves into position...

...and then they fly off the top with a DOUBLE SUPERPLEX TO MAX LUCK!!! THE RING SHUDDERS AS THE GIANT HITS THE MAT!!

Morrow, seeing this all slipping away, rolls into the ring, but SNS grab him by the neck and toss him right back out! Cassidy points to Mason, and Brock nods. Cassidy hits the ropes at runs at Mason, who has gotten back to a vertical base...

LOADED FOREARM!

Mason's head snaps back... BROCK WITH THE ROLL UP!!!

**DDK:**  
NOT AGAIN!

ONE!!

TWO!

THREEEEE!!!

***DING DING DING***

*RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!*

**DDK:**  
THEY DID IT!! THEY DID IT!!

**Lance:**  
The Saturday Night Specials regain the tag team titles!!!

The ENTIRE arena is on their feet. Carla hands SNS the belts. Brock and Pat take a moment to look at the titles, both clutching them like long lost friends, and then hug each other in the middle of the ring. Ophelia, still shaken from the shoulder, enters the ring and the two men embrace her, too.

**DDK:**  
These men fought long and hard for nearly a year to get back to this point. The Lucky Sevens had a hold on not only those belts but this entire company forever...

Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd each take a turnbuckle and each hold one of the championship belts into the air! There are tears in their eyes as the people show them their support. They hop down, putting the belts over their shoulders, again meeting in the center of the ring for a fist bump...

**Lance:**  
NO!!!

Brock gets knocked out of the ring courtesy of a chair shot to the back from Max Luck! Pat turns around and gets struck in the chest from the same chair!

**DDK:**  
No, not again! Not again! This is just like how their first match ended!

The chair comes down across Pat's back, bringing him to his knees!

**Lance:**  
These two are bastards! I'm sorry! We're supposed to remain impartial, but these two are bastards who don't deserve *anything!* They lost! Take the loss! Move forward!



**DDK:**

We can't be that surprised! The Lucky Sevens have shown that they can't and they won't move forward without getting the last laugh! They did it back at Acts of DEFIANCE 2021 and that was why they weren't granted an immediate rematch for so long!

Mason grabs Brock and then throws on the Winning Hand ... then he hits a Winning Hand Slam to Brock on the ring apron! He bounces off the apron and he hits the canvas on the outside.

**DDK:**

Mason Luck got pinned earlier on, but he's back!

Tom Morrow laughs! Max and Mason stand over Cassidy with Max pressing the chair down on Cassidy's throat to choke the life out of him. He has a microphone.

**Lance:**

WHAT DOES THIS MONSTER HAVE TO SAY NOW?!

The jeering is so loud that Morrow can barely speak over it!

**Tom Morrow:**

YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS OVER, HUH?!?! YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE DONE WITH US?!?! WE HOLD ALL THE CARDS ASSHOLES!!!

Max is still holding Cassidy down with the chair.

**Tom Morrow:**

REMEMBER THAT IRON CLAD CONTRACT THAT WE GOT?! ALL BECAUSE YOU TWO HELPED DEFIANCE LOSE THESE TITLES IN THE FIRST PLACE?! SNS DISBANDING WASN'T THE ONLY STIPULATION WE THREW INTO THIS...

**Lance:**

THAT SON OF A BIT ...

**DDK:**

LANCE!

Morrow can't hide his smile.

**Tom Morrow:**

THESE BELTS HAVEN'T CHANGED HANDS ... BECAUSE THIS MATCH IS TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS, YOU STUPID SONS OF BITCHES! READ IT!

Morrow hurls a folder at Carla Ferrari who reads over the section of contract!

**DDK:**

NOT AGAIN! NOT AGAIN! THIS HOW THE LUCKY SEVENS SCREWED OVER THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS AND DANGEROUS MIX IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN! THEIR BIG MONEY CONTRACT!!!

**Lance:**

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

Brock is out cold outside and Mason has now joined Max in the ring.

**Tom Morrow:**

YOU DONE READING YET?! GOOD! RING THE BELL CAUSE THIS AIN'T OVER!!!

Carla has no choice and tells Darren Quimbey what is happening.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Per the stipulations of this Unified Tag Team title match made by the Lucky Sevens ... this match is now a two out of three falls match! This last fall was fall one!

**DDK:**

This is a damn joke!

Carla now calls for the bell to start what is now a second fall that nobody but Tom Morrow and the Lucky Sevens knew was coming!

***DING DING***

*BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!*

**DDK:**

We should have known Tom Morrow had another ace up his sleeve!

**Lance:**

He did have another trump card to play! This match is now a two out of three falls match!!!

The boeing is the loudest it has been all night when Max locks the Winning Hand on Cassidy! He yanks the Scrapper from Southie up and then Mason picks him up for a power bomb ...

**DDK:**

No no no ... NO!!! SEVEN STARS! SEVEN STARS!

The deadly combo of the power bomb and Winning Hand Slam drills Cassidy almost through the mat. Max holds onto the Winning Hand for the final pinfall. Carla doesn't like this, either, but it is within the rules no matter how much she dislikes this.

**Lance:**

Come on! Kick out! Kick out!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*THREE!!!*

***DING DING DING***

The Lucky Sevens have secured the second fall and the twins both double high five each other and celebrate as if they have this all wrapped up.

**DDK:**

This is disgusting! Now this impromptu two out of three falls match has the Lucky Sevens standing tall! And they are just one big power move away from ending this match, retaining the titles and being done in one fell swoop.

**Tom Morrow:**

Oh ... one more thing! We decided to give these fans a show they would remember! In the event this match goes to the third and final fall ... IT BECOMES NO DISQUALIFICATION!!! LET'S GO!!! ROUND THREE!!! DING DING DING

LET'S GO CARLA!!!

Shaking her head, Carla gives the timekeeper the signal while the crowd drowns the arena in boos.

**DING DING**

**DDK:**

This is a nightmare! The Saturday Night Specials are as good as done!

**Lance:**

The people are LIVID! The Faithful are going to riot!

Mason goes for another cover on Pat Cassidy who has not moved since the Seven Stars he took just a few short moments ago!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*NO!!!*

But this time, Cassidy is able to kick out just before the count hits three!

**DDK:**

Cassidy with a shoulder up though I'm not sure if he even knows what's happening. I'm just going to say it, Lance. Tom Morrow and The Lucky Sevens just didn't screw over SNS, they've screwed over all the people who paid damn good money to watch DEFCON! It's a damn shame!

On the outside of the ring, a glassy eyed Newbludd crawls over to the ring apron and struggles to pull himself up. A frantic Ophelia races over to him and tries her best to help him up despite her own injuries. Morrow catches sight of the two and sticks two fingers in the corners of his mouth. Getting his team's attention with a ear-piercing whistle, Morrow points at Brock and Ophelia.

**Tom Morrow:**

Take care of that piece of crap! End him!

Max and Mason both nod their heads at Morrow and look over to Newbludd with hungry eyes. Glancing back down at Cassidy, the two brothers smile viciously before hitting the ropes on opposite sides of the ring. The Lucky Sevens charge back towards the prone Cassidy and leap into the air at the same time.

DOUBLE BOX CARS ELBOW!

**Lance:**

Oh my! Pat Cassidy just received over 600 pounds of blunt force trauma to his chest! That took ALL of the air from his lungs!

Clutching his chest, Cassidy writhes in agony on the mat as he desperately tries to regain the wind that was just violently knocked out of him. The Sevens both rise back up and leave Cassidy to suffer in the ring as they turn their attention to Newbludd. Moving quickly, the twin towers slide underneath the bottom rope on opposite sides of Brock and Sykes.

**DDK:**

For god's sake! Get out of there, Ophelia!

Having just finally made it back up to his feet, Milwaukee's Beast is helpless as Max grabs the back of his head and slams him face first into the ring apron. Keeping his hands gripped on Newbludd's skull, Max then throws Brock

backwards down to the floor, causing the back of his head and neck to bounce hard off the thin padding,

**Lance:**

Ugh. Did you hear Brock's head impact the floor!?

**DDK:**

The Lucky Sevens are going to make sure The Saturday Night Specials' last match ends with them leaving in stretchers. It's not enough for them to win.

Mason, meanwhile, takes a couple of intimidating steps towards Ophelia as an evil grin begins to spread across his face. Despite being run over once already by the seven foot monster, Sykes stands her ground and sneers up at him.

**Lance:**

C'mon, Mason! Enough is enough!

Still grinning, Mason shoots an arm out and roughly grabs Sykes to lift her up off the ground. Before he can proceed any further with whatever violent idea he had in mind, Mason is distracted by a sudden roar from the crowd.

**DDK:**

Pat Cassidy is getting back up to his feet! I don't know how, but he's doing it!

Eyes wide in rage, Cassidy digs deep and begins to pull himself up with the ropes as quickly as his battered body will allow. Morrow barks at Mason to forget Sykes and get back in the ring. Disappointed that he couldn't have a bit more fun at Ophelia's expense, Mason tosses her aside with ease. Sykes hits the floor hard and cries out in pain from the impact.

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!*

**Lance:**

You gotta be kidding me! Ophelia was just doing her damn job! Just finish this thing, Morrow! You've proved your point, ok!?

Mason slides back into the ring and pops up to his feet just in time to receive a hard haymaker to the head from Cassidy. The shot causes the crowd to come back to life and Cassidy tries to follow up with another wild punch but Mason is able to deflect it. Before Black Out can react, Mason scoops him up onto a shoulder and sprints towards the center of the ring. Still holding Cassidy, the seven footer leaps into the air and drives Pat into the mat with a huge running powerslam!

**DDK:**

A ring shaking powerslam puts Cassidy back down to the mat! Just make the pin already!

**Lance:**

Uh oh...Max has got the ring steps on the outside.

With Brock still laid out on the floor, Big Money Max grabs the top half of the ring steps and makes his way back towards Newbludd. He lifts them high above his head and violently throws them down onto Newbludd, causing the Milwaukee's Mullet to cry out in pain.

**DDK:**

The Saturday Night Specials' have been torn to pieces right before our eyes. No amount of talent, willpower, or skill could beat Tom Morrow's seemingly endless supply of BS.

**Lance:**

We'll always have Ballyhoo, partner.

Scraping Newbludd off the floor, Max grabs the woozy Brock by the ears and pulls him in close.

**Max Luck:**

No wonder Siobhan left you! Time to do you a favor and put you out of your misery for good!

With Morrow and Mason cheering him on, Max doubles Brock over with a hard knee to the stomach and wraps his arms around him. Lifting Brock all the way up into the powerbomb position, Max aligns himself with the ring steps...

**DDK:**

NO! Don't do it, Max! Don't do it!

Suddenly the Faithful erupt in a ROAR.

**Lance:**

The ring! Pat Cassidy is still alive!

With his attention focused on his brother, Mason fails to see Cassidy crawling behind him. Surging upwards, Black Out fires an arm up between Mason's legs.

**DDK:**

Low blow!

**Lance:**

Not a low blow! It's a roll up! He's got the pin!

The Smoothie King Center explodes as Carla Ferrari hits the mat!

*ONE!*

Meanwhile, the sudden commotion causes Max to delay powerbombing Brock into the ring steps and Newbludd begins firing down punches!

*TWO!!*

Mason kicks out! He begins to scramble to his feet but Pat Cassidy is already on him. Lunging forward, Black Out puts everything he has behind a Last Call forearm and connects! Mason drops to the mat from the blow!

**Lance:**

Loaded forearm! The Last Call connects but does Pat Cassidy have enough left in the tank to capitalize!?

**DDK:**

SNS still has a pulse! They're still fighting! They'll only stop when their tanks are bone dry!

**Lance:**

Newbludd's still firing away on the outside!

Unable to protect himself from the wild barrage raining down on his face, Max throws Newbludd down towards the ring steps...

**Lance:**

Powerbomb on the steps...NO! Newbludd reversed it!

Grabbing onto Max's head with both hands, Newbludd brings the big man down with him and drives him face first into the steps with a DDT!

**DDK:**

DDT! DDT! It wasn't enough though! Max Luck is pushing himself up!

Despite having just eaten a full serving of cold hard steel, Max shakes his head and begins to rise up. Adrenaline coursing through veins, and with The Faithful urging him on, Brock manages to beat him back up his feet. With Max's back turned, Brock hops onto the ring steps and applies a full nelson. The Faithful collectively hold their breath as Newbludd lets out a warcry and begins to lift Max up...

**Lance:**

No way! Can he!?

Getting Max elevated as much as he can, Brock throws himself backwards off the steps, bringing his wide eyed opponent with him.

**DDK:**

HE CAN! SHOCK AND AWE! Brock just dragon suplexed Max Luck off the ring steps! I can't believe it!

The Faithful are on their feet and cheering at the top of their lungs! Those cheers are immediately silenced when Tom Morrow blindsides Brock from behind with one of the title belts!

**Lance:**

You got to be KIDDING ME! Tom Morrow will do anything! And I mean anything!

After a brief second of stunned silence, the crowd erupts again when Ophelia corners around the ring post in a dead sprint! Hopping over the ringsteps, along with Max and Brock, Sykes nails Morrow with a forearm!

**DDK:**

Ophelia Sykes has had enough of Tom Morrow's BS!

Stunned, Morrow drops the belt and stumbles backwards while Sykes lunges towards him. In the blink of an eye, Ophelia puts Morrow in the launch position and throws herself backwards...

**Lance:**

IRISH GOODBYE!

**DDK:**

Sykes just smashed Morrow's face into that title belt! He's not moving!

*RAA!!!*

In the ring, Mason and Pat are both down... but Cassidy rolls over, showing signs of laugh, and The Faithful ERUPT!!

**DDK:**

Do it, kid!! You guys still have a chance!

Cassidy uses the ropes to pull himself up on shaky legs. He sees Mason laying on the mat, and he looks around at the Faithful who are cheering him on. Cassidy nods, slowly starting to understand. He hits the mat and rolls out of the ring where Max and Brock are still down. He marches right past Ophelia, shoving the time keeper out of his seat... and grabbing the steel chair! Cassidy folds it up and holds it over his head as the people EXPLODE!

**Lance:**

It's all legal! Morrow said it was no DQ!

Cassidy gets back in the ring with his new weapon. Mason has begun to stir, but he goes right back down when Cassidy smashes the chair across his back! Another! Another! ANOTHER!

**DDK:**

Think of the months of frustration Pat is getting out right now! A broken arm, a family fractured, a bar burnt down!!

And indeed, Pat Cassidy beats away on Mason like it's therapeutic. Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! The Faithful count along with each shot until he gets to ten... and on the tenth, he puts a little extra mustard on it. Throwing the chair aside, Cassidy goes for the cover!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

THREEE!!

...NO!!!!!!!!!!!!

**DDK:**

MASON KICKED OUT!!! MASON KICKED OUT!!

**Lance:**

HOW!?

Pat can't fucking believe it as he gets off Mason and falls into a seated position - nearly pulling his beard out in shock. He rocks back and forth as Carla confirms it was only two.

**DDK:**

If you're Pat Cassidy, you have to have only one question right now: can you actually beat these monsters?

Pat is beside himself... when he notices Brock Newbludd has crawled his way up onto the apron. Pat and Brock lock eyes. Cassidy shakes his head, seemingly hopeless... but Brock ain't having any of that shit. Brock points to the chair on the ground... and then as he stands, he points to the turnbuckle!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Cassidy gets it. He nods and grabs Mason. Brock slowly, gingerly, climbs to the top rope while Pat sets Mason up for the piledriver one last time. Not a single fan in the arena is sitting down.

**DDK:**

You can do it!! You can make it!!

Brock reaches the top rope, and he stands upright to straighten himself. Pat lifts Mason up in the piledriver right over the steel chair, and the entire arena holds its breath as Brock leaps...

...and CONNECTS!

**DDK:**

KEG STAND! KEG STAND!

Mason's head is driven into the steel, and Brock and Pat EACH hook a leg and make the cover...

ONE!!!!!!

Max shoots up on the outside.

TWO!!!!!!

Max leaps through the middle rope!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

...Max breaks up the pin...

...but he's .5 seconds too late!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**DDK:**

THEY DID IT!

***DING DING DING***

The arena COMES UNGLUED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

Pat and Brock roll off Mason and fall to the mat in disbelief as the Faithful lose their minds. Ophelia, tears in her eyes, jumps into the ring and jumps on top of Pat, hugging him and crying. Max, seconds away from saving the match, simply stays on the canvas and holds his head in frustration and disbelief.

**Lance:**

THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS HAVE DONE IT!!



As Carla lays the belts on the forms of Pat and Brock, Quimbey makes it official...

**Darren Quimbey:**

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS... AND NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEW UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS.... THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Max exits the ring in frustration. On the outside, Morrow is just coming too following the belt shot, and he looks shocked. Max walks right by him without saying a word. Mason also slowly rolls out of the ring to collect himself.

**DDK:**

There will be no be last second Morrow scheming this time!! The Lucky Sevens have LOST!

In the ring, Pat and Brock are up to their feet. They look at the titles. They look at each other. And with tears in their eyes, your new tag team champions share a mighty bro hug in the center of the ring as pyro begins to go off on the stage and confetti begins to fall from the ceiling.

**Lance:**

A year of heartbreak, a year of setbacks... but they came to DEFCON with everything on the line and they'll walk out of DEFON with their heads held high!

**DDK:**

And while I am by no means a fan, you do have to give it to the former champions... The Lucky Sevens were nearly unbeatable on this night!

As Alestorm continues to blare throughout the arena, SNS break their embrace. Cassidy taps Brock on the shoulder and points to The Faithful. Brock smiles as he's picking up what his partner is putting down. The two Saturday Night Specials exit the ring and make their way to the front row. With each holding a title belt, they jump up to stand on the barricade. Both men cup their mouths.

**Pat Cassidy & Brock Newbludd:**

BALLLLYYYYYYYY...

**The Faithful:**

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

And the tag champs leap into The Faithful! The wrestlers begin to body surf through the crowd as in the ring, Sykes holds the other three belts and shakes her head in amusement. She also tries to get some of the confetti out of her hair.

**DDK:**

Ladies and gentlemen, sometimes dreams do come true! We end Night 1 of DEFCON with NEW tag team champions! Could this be a sign of things to come!?

**Lance:**

Tomorrow night we'll find out when Lindsay Troy defends the FIST against Alvaro de Vargas... and much more! Ladies and gentlemen, we'll see you on Night 2!!

The last image is Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd, in a combination of laughing and crying, being carried away by the Faithful.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***