

SHOW OPEN

The match graphics...

HENRY YAMAKAZI vs. AARON KING
LUCKY SEVENS vs. ATOMIC PUNKS
BRONSON BOX vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD
LINDSAY TROY vs. ELISE ARES

FAVORED SAINTS, LADDER MATCH: MIL VUELTAS (C) vs. DLJ vs. THE D vs. LONNIE LUCK vs. KLEIN vs. JJ DIXON vs. JACK HARMEN vs. HIGH FLYER

TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: M4NTRA (C) vs. RAIN CITY RONIN
FIST of DEFIANCE, BATTLE of the BROTHERS: MALAK FUSE (C) vs. CONOR FUSE

Ladders everywhere. Flippy shit galore.

Mushigihara is back in DEFIANCE.

Atomic Punks standing up to the Lucky Sevens.

Bronson Box reveals he was behind Gage Blackwood's attacks.

Lindsay Tory returns to face Elise Ares

M4NTRA's roll through the tag division, coming to a stop in front of Rain City Ronin.

The long back and forth feud between Malak Garland and Conor Fuse.

Conor Fuse joins The Comments Section against his will.

Tyler Fuse joins The Comments Section against his will.

Malak hand picks Conor for an "easy" path to DEFCON victory.

Or so he thinks.

Unless Tyler really is in Malak's back pocket.

And now... **DEFIANCE WRESTLING PRESENTS...**



Chicago welcomes DEFIANCE as the United Center is hyped for DEFCON!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant oversized FIST logo as the entrance, across a golden stage as wide as can be.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere for the BIGGEST EVENT OF THE YEAR!

TONIGHT CONOR BEATS THE GAME
I CAME HERE FOR WRESTLING, NOT TRAVIS SCOTT
THE SOUTHSIDE IS HERE FOR LEO BURNETT
YOUR SPREE IS AT AN END, LAW BREAKER
RAINSECOND CITY RONIN
IF RIOT WINS WE MALAK
100% DEFIANCE FOR CONOR
TYLER FUSE CAN'T BE TRUSTED
WAIT, THERE'S TWO OF THEM?!
ALWAYS HAS BEEN MEME
IS LIL' DOUGIE OK?!
LINDSAY TROY IS MY FOREVER QUEEN
ELISE ARES GOT HER TIARA OFF TEMU
IF MALAK WINS WE WRITE A STRONGLY WORDED LETTER TO FAVORED SAINTS AND THEN CANCEL
OUR DEFTV SUBSCRIPTION UNTIL HE DROPS THE BELT YEAH TAKE THAT WE'LL TALK WITH OUR
WALLETS!!!!
oscar GOT OWNED
I'VE BEEN MARKED SAFE FROM WEIRD SECURITY GUARDS IN PUNISHER MASKS, DRONE STRIKES,
AND BAD WRESTLING SHOWS, ASK ME HOW THIS HAPPENED....
WILL TITANES FAMILIA TAKE MY MOTHER IN LAW TOO?!
WE DIDN'T TELL HIM BUT AARON KING'S DEFCON PAYDAY IS BY THE HOUR
THERE WAS TWO OF THEM! JEEEEEEESUS
I SEE WHAT YOU DID THERE ON THAT LAST ONE
THANK YOU GEMS!
A FUSE IN EVERY CORNER IN A TRIANGLE RING

FAVORED SAINTS, LADDER MATCH: MIL VUELTAS (C) vs. DLJ vs. THE D vs. LONNIE LUCK vs. KLEIN vs. JJ DIXON vs. JACK HARMEN vs. HIGH FLYER

DDK:

Welcome one and all to Night Two of DEFCON! Night One was without a doubt, a night to remember but Night Two promises to be just as memorable! And to kick things off, we have the biggest field in the history of the Favoured Saints Title! Not one... not two... not three... but EIGHT bonafide superstars competing for the Favoured Saints Championship in a LADDER MATCH!

Lance:

If Mil Vueltas successfully defends his championship tonight, that will complete four successful defenses since he stole the title from The D back in January, and he'll have a guaranteed shot at the Southern Heritage Championship whenever he wants it! But the odds are against him tonight!

DDK:

Former champions are competing for the title in High Flyer, "Giga" Dan Leo James, "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon and the man that Mil beat for the title, The D! Others are looking for their first chance at the title! The rising star, Lonnie Luck! Former multiple-time Tag Team Champion, Klein! Even the legend himself, "The Lunatic" Jack Harmen wants a chance at the gold after being cheated out of his shot by his very own son, High Flyer!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas has used his Escuadron, his squad, to keep the title! But tonight, DLJ is IN this match and could walk out with the title himself! Lonnie Luck and JJ Dixon both cost one another shots at the title! The D and Klein want to bring the title back to the Pop Culture Phenoms!

DDK:

We have so many issues at play in this match, but the bottom line is THIS - for Mil Vueltas, a win here could make history as no other champions has competed in such odds! But for everybody else, this is their chance to make history by winning this title at DEFCON! Tonight, we know our eight competitors, but only ONE is walking out with the gold!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring to give the in-ring introductions. As he addresses the crowd, the camera pans all across ringside. Various ladders are set up in the aisleway and several more are folded up around the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is your opening contest to DEFCON and is an EIGHT-MAN LADDER MATCH! The first participant to climb the ladder, unhook the title and successfully retrieve the title... will be declared the winner!

HA-YUGE POP!

The Favoured Saints Title graphic appears on the screen before the competitors are introduced...

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team
TAG PARTY SIX WINNER!!!

AND YOUR NEXT FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION!
 (Sorry if that is a spoiler, but not sorry)

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the first competitor! From Sin City, weighing in at one-hundred and seventy pounds ... he is a member of the Lucky Sevens ... "The Son of Sin City" Lonniiiiiiiiieeeee LUCCCCCK!!!

Rocking white tights with black and red playing card suits with a gray snake skin vest, the shortest competitor of the eight about to compete runs down the aisle at sonic speeds! Lonnie slides right on inside the squared circle and when he gets up to his feet, he greets the crowd with the Winning Hand!

Lance:

Lonnie Luck was Mil Vueltas's first opponent after he won the Favoured Saints title from The D, only to get cheated by JJ Dixon! This is his third chance at the title after a very closely fought contest against the D last year.

DDK:

Could the third time be the charm tonight for the Son of Sin City?

Lonnie looks up at the title on above the ring and points up at it. He motions around his waist with his hands that the title is coming home!

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The eerie 80s alt guitar riff echoes as the arena lights go out. Then, dramatically, at the top of the entrance ramp a spotlight illuminates he and Madame Melton still in her wheelchair! With Madame Melton in her wheelchair at his side, JJ Dixon heads towards the ring with a purpose.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, representing Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems... From Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, California, weighing in at 220 pounds... **"THE FATAL ATTRACTION" JJ DIXON!**

Dixon charges towards the ring. He slides inside and starts to stare down Lonnie Luck, the man that defeated him at DEFIANCE Road! One of the officials tries to get in between then as the entrances continue.

An opening movie countdown takes over the DEFiatron as it counts from 10 to 3, then hits black.

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

The strobe lights flash and center onto the entrance ramp as the D stands alone, illuminated, quarter turned to the camera. He flashes a trademark sly smile. Quickly rushing up behind him is everyone's favorite boxhead, Klein, waving to the Faithful. The two stand side by side, posing, before storming to ringside together.

DDK:

While the D and Klein have been a formidable unit for over twenty years Lance, tonight it's every man for himself.

Lance:

And Mil might find that out the hard way!

The D and Klein make their way to ringside and each climb opposite turnbuckles. The D throws his hand confidently to the skies as Klein waves happily to the hard camera.

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

A light fog rises from the entrance as Jack Harmen comes out, playing the hits. He throws up his devil horn taunts, and slaps the fans of the Faithful on both sides of the ramp as he slowly makes his way down to the ring.

DDK:

Jack Harmen, honoring the fans here tonight.

Lance:

I think he's just taking in the DEFCon atmosphere Darren. It's electric here!

Harmen reaches ringside, and is about to toss his head back with the chorus when...

♪ "Missfit Lunatic" by MISSIO ♪

Harmen's not too pleased as he glares toward the entrance way. His son steps out, tossing his hands out with a large M4NTRA beach towel. Archer is there to his side, keeping his hands together to show his lack of physical violence. High Flyer turns to Archer and tells him "He's got this!" and Archer's DEFCon pay day is assured. High Flyer turns and storms to ringside, as he throws his own devil horn taunt out to boos. He's stunned by this, and as he reaches ringside catches glimpse with his father. Harmen just shakes his head in disappointment.

DDK:

If Angus were here, he'd regale us all with the stories of Jack Harmen being a deadbeat father. But Harmen here judging his own son

Lance:

I mean, look at him. Look at his company. It's M4NTRA. It's Tom Morrow. You lie with dogs you're gonna get fleas.

Flyer shrugs off his father's glare and then takes a quick selfie, posting it to social media. It's him in the foreground and his father's disapproving stare in the background, as Klein and the D play rock paper scissor to see which one of them gets the first chance to climb the ladder for the title.

Flashing across the DEFIAtron, now getting booed by The Faithful are several very close-up headshots of DLJ, flashing a pearly-white smile, neatly-trimmed spiky hair and a little bit of scruff on his face. Standing under the spotlight of the castle entrance into the arena looks to be someone draped in a flashy burgundy and gold-colored towel, taking a knee on the stage...

Darren Quimbey:

Up next, representing The GC Universe... from Hurricane, Utah, weighing in at 270 pounds... He is **"GIGA" DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

♪ "Gigachad Theme - Epic Orchestral Remix" by Caramell ♪

The orchestral rock theme begins to play and the towel comes off... With wrists taped in gold, a brand-new set of burgundy-colored pants-length tights with gold trim and gold wrestling shoes, DLJ poses on the ramp with his back turned to the camera, draped under a spotlight. He turns and points two thumbs at himself, sending gold sparks shooting from both sides of the stage! He grins and heads towards the ring with a grin. Meanwhile, his entrance video is the same loop of about two or three GigaChad-inspired grins, showing off his chiseled facial features. Once DLJ reaches the ring, he leaps over the ropes and looks carefully around at all of the other competitors in the match so far. His music drops out, leaving the last entrance for the champion...

♪ "Get Money" by Akon feat. AA Anuel ♪

The camera switches to the interior of what has become his signature SUV limo through a section on the far floor near the stage. The inside is shrouded in darkness, but five shadows can be made out. The camera switches outside where a gold and silver SUV limo pulls up to the side of the stage... two familiar young luchadoras walk out from the SVU limo first, wearing matching purple flower-themed masks and dresses. Bonita en Rosa I y II, the latter Bonita holding the BRAZEN Women's Championship now! Finally, decked out in an extravagant white fur coat, boots, sleeves and a mask covered in red and white rhinestones, Mil Vueltas heads out of the limo.

Darren Quimbey:

And the final participant... representing The GC Universe! Accompanied by Bonita en Rosa I y II... residing in Rancho Santa Margarita, California, by way of Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at 179 pounds... he is the reigning and defending

FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION! He is El Intocable! He is the OSCAR BURNS of LUCHA LIBRE! He is THE GLOAT... MIL VUELTAS!

Mil Veltas looks to both Bonitas and kisses each one on the wrist before he holds his arms out on the stage. He lets them shed his extravagant fur coat. Once he's finished, he struts on towards the ring. His eyes are fixated on his Favoured Saints Championship hanging above the ring. He leaps onto the top rope, then jumps to the adjacent top rope and then backflips into the ring onto his feet! The ring is full of all competitors and Mil conveniently moves towards his "hermano" DLJ and dab their fists!

DDK:

Here we go! All eight men are in the ring! This is the biggest field in the history of the Favoured Saints Championship in a singles match! If Mil Veltas can somehow pull this out, he's got a guaranteed Favoured Saints Title shot as this would be his fourth succesful defense!

Lance:

And more to the point, we'd never hear the end of it!

Eyes dart all over the ring from all sides as the bell rings...

DING DING

Just after the bell, Mil Veltas moves towards the center of the ring and starts pointing at each of the other competitors.

Mil Veltas:

That title up there, cabrons? That's MY title! Ese título me pertenece!

DLJ:

But hey, like... I could win it too!

Mil looks over at Danny.

Mil Veltas:

Si... GC UNIVERSE TITLE! Not yo...

He gets cut off with a big Crescent Kick called With Everything by The D! Mil eats the foot, then stumbles around and then gets WHACKED from another stiff punch to the face by Klein that knocks him on his back! DLJ tries to jump in, but he's cut off by Klein! Meanwhile, Mil is then punched by JJ Dixon!

Punch from High Flyer!

Then Lonnie grabs his arm... AND BITES MIL!

DDK:

What a way to kick off his ladder match! The other competitors are already on top of the champion who quite frankly, spent weeks digging himself into this hole he's in now!

Mil stumbles around punch-drunk and right towards Jack Harmen, the OG High Flyer... Mil makes a time out motion with his hands. Harmen throws up a hand to make him flinch.

Jack Harmen:

I SHOULD punch you. You cheated me out of the Favoured Saints Title like two weeks ago... but I won't...

Mil breathes a sigh of relief... then gets a HUGE superkick to the jaw instead! The GLOAT goes flying out of the ring to a huge round of applause from The Faithful!

Lance:

Mil Vultas runs his mouth less than a minute in and PAYS for it!

And as soon as Mil is gone, different fights break out all over the ring! The massive DLJ goes after both The D and Klein in one corner! In another, it's father and son as Jack Harmen and his son, the current High Flyer trade chops in the corner! Lonnie Luck goes after the much taller JJ Dixon with punches in the corner, but JJ Dixon fights back by hitting him with a big knee before slamming him into the corner! On the outside of the ring, Madame Melton maintains a safe distance, screaming instructions from her wheelchair to take down the man that defeated Dixon and the Most Precious Gems at DEF Road!

DDK:

War's being waged on multiple fronts! GC Universe and PCP! Harmen and High Flyer! JJ Dixon and Lonnie Luck!

Lance:

Things are already breaking down right now between the rest of the competitors in the ring!

DLJ goes for a big clothesline, but Klein ducks and The D rocks Giga-Dan with a running wheel kick upside the head! Followed by a Klein charging in with a HUGE clothesline takes the 6'7" pretty boy over the ropes and out to the floor! With DLJ down and out on the outside, Klein holds the ropes open to allow The D to DIVE right through the ropes onto Dan Leo James, wiping out The Front Runner with a huge suicide dive! Klein decides that he wants in on some of the fun as well and The Faithful start clapping for him. He gets ready and runs the ropes as The D comes back to hold the ropes open for him. Klein runs... he stops, calmly runs through the ropes and then JUMPS off the apron with a massive diving axe handle right on top of Dan Leo James!

Lance:

For months now, we've seen both The GC Universe members Mil Vultas and Dan Leo James trade the Favoured Saints Title back and forth! Both sides want to end this longstanding issue tonight by bringing the title into their respective camps!

DDK:

Look out!

Just as The D and Klein celebrate and high-five on the outside...

SPRINGBOARD ASAI MOONSAULT BY JJ DIXON!

Lance:

No way! Where the heck did he come from!

Both members of PCP get wiped out and JJ Dixon is currently the one standing above both of them and Dan Leo James on the floor!

JJ Dixon:

I CAN FLY HIGHER THAN ALL OF YOUR HEROES! YOU! WILL! LOVE! ME...

BANK ROLL BY LONNIE LUCK!

DDK:

WHOA! WHERE THE HECK DID LONNIE LUCK COME FROM! THAT BANK ROLL WAS FAST!

The somersault suicide dive completely wipes out JJ Dixon and the Li'llest Luck now is the one standing at the ready to go for the title! Lonnie Luck stands proudly in place and goes right after JJ Dixon as he's down with a flurry of big right hands! But unbeknownst to them, another one is about to make a quick dive!

Lance:

Here we go again!

The other members piled around at ringside start to stand but they all see a shadow coming their way...

450 SUICIDA FROM HIGH FLYER!

Lance:

THIS... THIS IS UNREAL!

DDK:

I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW!

High Flyer is standing amidst the pile of bodies at ringside...

But there's one more at right now!

DLJ sees what's coming and crawls out of the way...

DDK:

Look... Lance, LOOK!

A cocky High Flyer looks up and then the smile drains from his face instantly...

SPRINGBOARD SHOOTING STAR PRESS TO THE OUTSIDE!

DDK:

MY GOD! JACK HARMEN! JACK HARMEN'S STILL GOT IT! PERHAPS THE MOST TIMELESS HIGH FLYER IN WRESTLING TODAY!

Harmen stands up out of the wreckage and gets a standing ovation from The Faithful! He takes a bow and then points toward the ring to conduct some business by grabbing one of the nearby ladders and getting it into the ring. But the second that he gets into the ring...

DASH AND BASH BY DLJ INTO THE BARRICADE!

DDK:

JEEZ... DLJ's back up! And Harmen just went DOWN!

Standing over Jack Harmen, Danny looks out to the jeering Faithful for what he's just done!

DLJ looks at Madame Melton who is trying to will JJ Dixon back to his feet while the rest of the competitors are still trying to stand. He sees that he has a chance to get back the Favoured Saints Title and then heads into the ring with the ladder Jack Harmen brought it!

Lance:

Could we see a ladder match really end like this? Only ONE attempt has been made so far at getting a ladder and Dan Leo James might become a two-time Favoured Saints Champion!

DDK:

Everyone's down! This is the perfect chance!

He has the ladder propped up in the middle of the ring and then pats it before he starts to climb... only for Mil Vuelas to come right back!

OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!

The tension feels thick when Mil Vultas is back in and looks up at Dan Leo James, wondering what he's doing!

DDK:

This looks like the VERY last place the GC Universe members wanted to be! Both men have the title in their sights!

Lance:

Mil doesn't look happy...

DLJ puts his hands up. He sees JJ Dixon trying to get back into the ring, but runs towards the ropes and rocks him with a HUGE running uppercut that sends Dixon off the apron and back to the floor!

DLJ:

I was just trying to set up that ladder to get the title for us... hermano!

When Lonnie Luck tries to get back into the ring, Mil runs at him with a HUGE bicycle knee strike to knock him of the apron as well!

Mil Vultas: *[tensely]*

Well... let's go get our title... *hermano*... Let me win and I can cash in a Southern Heritage Title shot!

DLJ: *[equally tense]*

Yes... let's do that... hermano...

The two decide to go up either side of the ladder and start to SLOWLY take opposite sides of the ladder and point towards the top. They both start climbing CAREFULLY, but both men never taking a single eye off one another.

DDK:

I have to say I think this might be one of the most tense ladder match standoffs I think I've seen in some time!

Lance:

I can't recall seeing one like this, that's for sure!

Both men are about halfway up...

As both men start to get towards the top... they can both feel the ladder being shoved over...

BY Klein!

BOTH MIL AND DLJ CRASH ON THE TOP ROPES!

DDK:

What strength on display by The Boxman! He just stopped Mil Vultas or Dan Leo James from walking out of Chicago with the Favoured Saints Championship!

Lance:

And The Faithful are going crazy!

Klein grabs the ladder that he used... but now, The D is in the ring and helps him up! The fans realize what could very well happen cause it's the same thing that could have happened moments ago!

Lance:

Uh-oh! Now the Pop Culture Phenoms find themselves in the same situation that The GC Universe just were!

DDK:

Could we see The D become a three-time Favoured Saints Champ or will Klein get his first taste of singles gold on the

main roster!

The Director of DEFIANCE and The Boxman stand across from one another from opposite sides of the ladder, but unlike Danny and Mil, the two shake hands! The two best friends then climb on either side of the ladder and begin their respective ascents!

Lance:

The D is making it up the ladder just a little bit faster than Klein!

DDK:

But Klein is not far behind him!

Both men are almost to the top of the ladder...

SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK TO THE LADDER BY HIGH FLYER!

The ladder gets KNOCKED over from the interfering Flyer and the former Favoured Saints Champion causes both Klein and The D to crash into the ropes from the other side! The Faithful start booing the former multiple-time BRAZEN Tag Team Champion as he points towards the title on top of the rope!

Lance:

I don't think I even SAW where High Flyer came from, but he just BOLTED back into the ring and now he's got a golden opportunity to get to where he needs to go!

DDK:

High Flyer holds the rare distinction of actually being a BRAZEN star when he first held that championship for just over a week. But tonight, he could make himself a two-time champion if he can get there!

Setting the stage for himself to find his greatest success since becoming a member of BRAZEN Future Talent Agency, High Flyer knows that he's got himself a solid chance to make it up the ladder. He props the ladder up and climbs upwards. When he gets to the middle rope he can feel a tug on his leg from his daddy dearest Jack Harmen!

Lance:

Here comes Jack Harmen to stop High Flyer!

Off he goes when he gets pulled off the ladder. High Flyer gets his his dad's face and pushes him. Harmen smiles and then pushes him back. Then these shoves turn into an all-out brawl in the ring. The father and son fight back and forth, tooth and nail punching each other and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are cheering him on. The punches keep coming until they both see JJ Dixon both coming into the ring. He tries to break up their fight by attacking them both with a ladder in hand but they both have the foresight to duck it and then both hit dual drop kicks to the ladder as he turns back and knocks the Fatal Attraction off his feet.

DDK:

Dixon tried to attack the father and son, but for once they had to come together to fight a common enemy!

High Flyer and Jack Harmen both see what they have done and High Flyer suddenly wants to give props to his dad by holding out his hand for a handshake. Harmen looks very unsure of whether or not he should do it.

Lance:

Come on Jack you know you can't trust him!

Harmen decides that he is slowly, carefully, and cautiously going to shake his hand. They do.

And then both have the same idea to poke the other right in the eye!

Lance:

What's that old saying? Like father like son?

DDK:

Something like that ... LOOK OUT!!!

Harmen and High Flyer are both staggering around and this time, Dixon is back and he uses a ladder to take them both down this time! The crazed attention seeker puts the ladder on the ground and then scoop slams Harmen to lay him across the second ladder. High Flyer and holds him in a fall away slam positioning. He steps with a ladder behind him ... then hits a moonsault backflip slam *right onto the ladder on top of Harmen!* The recoil hurts all three men!

DDK:

I ... he ... Dixon! JJ Dixon is insane! He doesn't care how much damage he does! He just hit a moonsault fall away slam on top of Harmen laying across that ladder!

Lance:

He really is. With Madame Melton bringing out this monster within him, it's a wonder how successful JJ Dixon has been since then! From a BRAZEN undesirable to a DEFIANCE undeniable!

All three men are down and Dixon looks like he's is going to follow up. He starts to head towards the ladder and bodies are all over. With nobody to stop him, Dixon is ready to climb the ladder.

Lance:

Where the heck is Dixon going?! Is he really going to do this?

Dixon almost gets there ... but he gets hit in the back with a step ladder! Courtesy of Lonnie Luck! Dixon falls off the ladder from midway up and hits the canvas!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck is back! He's back and he's gunning right after JJ Dixon!

The Son of Sin City grabs the step ladder and watches as Dixon is about to crawl to the corner. He runs around the ring once and then jumps off of the stepladder to hit a corner senton onto Dixon!

Lance:

The Fatal Attraction was just hit with a pretty fatal senton!

DDK:

And I don't think that Lonnie Luck is through!

After the first big move he takes Dixon by his leg and pulls him out of the corner. When he's flat to the turnbuckle he starts to climb the corner and when he gets up top he gestures to a delighted crowd loving the human demolition derby they are about to see! He backflips up off the top turnbuckle with the step ladder in hand ...

AND HITS A HUGE SUPER SATELLITE MOONSAULT ONTO JJ DIXON!!!

DDK:

I think Lonnie Luck is even more out of his mind right now than Dixon is! I don't really know who got the worst of any of that!

Lance:

Both men might have bruised or even broken ribs after that moonsault!

Dixon is severely hurt and starts coughing up as he ends up rolling out of the ring. Lonnie Luck convulses on the mat after that landing but does everything he can to try and shut out the pain when he sees that nobody is around him.

Through blurry eyes he points at the ladder still propped up in the ring.

DDK:

Is Lonnie Luck even in any condition to climb that ladder right now? I really don't know that he is!

The Son of Sin City hobbles with the quickness to get to the ladder. He starts to limp his way up the ladder. Rung by rung he is ready to become the Favoured Saints champion for the first time ... but when he gets there he also feels a massive tug!

Lance:

My God! Dan Leo James is back!

Dan Leo James has Lonnie Luck in his arms like a small child! Lonnie realizes that he's in danger so he bites the giant pretty boy on the forehead!

Dan Leo James:

Ow ow ow ow! He's giving me rabies! I'm getting rabies!

Dan drops Lonnie Luck! Lonnie grabs Dan by the neck and runs at the ropes to hit the Pocket Ace ...

DDK:

DLJ blocks the Pocket Ace! He blocks the Pocket Ace!

On the outside of the ring, Mil Vueltas sets up a ladder that hangs between the apron and the ring and shouts at Danny to throw Lonnie towards it! DLJ nods but Lonnie somehow gets free and lands behind Danny. When he stands, Lonnie stomps down on his foot and then jabs Danny with punches. Li'l Lon fights for his life when he goes to the top rope, but he gets smacked square in the chest with a big Fast Ball Chop! Lonnie is knocked off the top rope ...

AND CRASHES ONTO THE PROPPED LADDER!

Lance:

No! Lonnie fought for his life but he just got slapped down by Dan Leo James! Now look!

Dan Leo James and Mil Vueltas are now both in the ring and have control of things. DLJ high-fives Mil and the two both start to look at one another when they realize they're all alone in the ring with the ladder... that is, until Mil sees The D outside the ring. He ZOOMS past DLJ and then FLIPS right through the ropes with a twisting suicide dive that wipes out the man he defeated for the Favoured Saints Championship!

DDK:

Look at El Escuadron go!

Mil Vueltas flips up to his feet and then heads into the ring. On the other side of the ring, he sees Dixon trying to stand, only to LEAP up the ropes with a springboard somersault plancha right on top of The Fatal Attraction! Crashing down to the canvas, Mil rolls through the flip and lands on his feet!

Lance:

And what is Mil doing now?!

Mil sees Klein trying his best to grab a ladder, but DLJ pauses Mil and says he's got this one. Giga-Dan looks around and when he has a chance, the 6'7" James runs and leaps UP AND OVER the ropes to wipe out The Box Man with a MASSIVE over the top rope plancha!

DDK:

JEEZ WHERE DID DAN LEO JAMES HIDE THAT MOVE?!

After the crash, James lands on the ground, but gives Mil a weak thumbs up. But as he's made the jump, Mil Vueltras is already grabbing the ladder and trying to make his way back up!

Lance:

After Mil hit that flurry of dives to keep people down and DLJ defended Mil, Mil's already up on the ladder!

Vueltras points up the ladder and starts to make a long climb upwards... but before he can get up there, Jack Harmen is back! DLJ tries to charge at Harmen with a lariat, but the original High Flyer dips the ropes and so does DLJ! When DLJ turns, he gets NAILED with a huge jumppping neckbreaker! After Giga-Dan is sent outside the ring, Harmen takes hold of El Intocable's ankle and pulls him off the ladder. Mil lands on his feet, but Harmen boots him in the gut and then smacks Mil so he goes flying with his entire body into the ladder first! Mil is left starry-eyed when Harmen hooks him by the head...

DDK:

Vueltras gets dropped with the legsweep inverted DDT!

Lance:

What does Harmen have in store for him now?!

While Mil is on the ground recovering from being planted into the canvas, a devilish smile is plastered on the face of The Lunatic who drags a second ladder from the side of the ring! He props the ladder up in the corner between the middle and the top rope and then decides to punish the current Favoured Saints Champion some more. With a boot to the gut, he gets ready to plant Mil on the ladder with a powerbomb...

Lance:

Harmen's got that little weasel right where he wants him... NO!

DDK:

Spoke too soon! Mil got free at the apex of the move! He's on the ladder again!

Mil fights for dear life to get to the title that he has coveted for the past few months! He's about midway up, but Harmen grabs his leg. He pulls Mil off the ropes...

AND BOTH GET WIPED OUT BY HIGH FLYER WITH A SPRINGBOARD SENTON!

DDK:

HIGH FLYER IS BACK! HE CAME OUT OF NOWHERE WITH THAT SENTON!

Lance:

I didn't even see him! Where the heck did he come from?!

Both Mil and High Flyer have been wiped out by the unsuspecting High Flyer! He grabs onto Mil and points towards the ladder that his father just placed in the corner moments before and HURLS the current Favoured Saints Champion smack-dab into the ladder! Vueltras crumbles in a pile in the corner. When High Flyer sees that he's now all by his lonesome, he pumps a fist and then plants the ladder in the dead center of the ring. He shakes it once to make sure it's steady and then starts to climb!

DDK:

And now here we go! High Flyer looking to make himself a two-time Favoured Saints Champion tonight if he can get to where he needs to go...

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

BOTH The D and Klein try and pull him down from the ladder! They each take a leg of High Flyer and try to keep him

from being pulled down while he hands onto the ladder for dear life in order to keep himself from giving way. He falls off the ladder and right into the grip of Klein!

Mil tries to run into the ring once again to cut off the PCP members... but Klein overhead belly to belly suplex High Flyer right onto Mil Vueltas!

DDK:

What a display of power by Klein!

Lance:

It's smart thinking of The D and Klein to work together in the manner they've been doing so! They're far the most likely to not let this title come between their long-time friendship!

The D grabs the second ladder used in the corner earlier in the match and hands it over to Klein. When Klein takes it, he carefully has the ladder up and over his shoulders. Seeing Mil Vueltas and High Flyer trying to get back up again, Klein starts spinning...

Lance:

Round and round The Box Man goes! Where he stops, only Klein knows!

High Flyer is the first man up... and gets SMACKED down by the fast spinning ladder!

Mil Vueltas is next...

SMACKED by the ladder!

JJ Dixon runs back in and screams bloody murder as he goes right for The D first! The D sidesteps and shoves The Fatal Attraction...

SMACKED by the ladder!

DDK:

Three for the price of one!

As Klein has to stop from throwing up inside the box adorning his head, he takes a moment and The D pats him on the back with one eye on his partner... and another eye on the ladder.

Lance:

Uh-oh... The D has a wandering eye!

DDK:

But it's every man for himself!

The D starts to climb the ladder and when Klein turns around, The D shrugs and tries to make his way up. Klein rushes over and grabs The D by the leg and drags him down to his level! Klein shrugs and goes for a clothesline on the D, but misses!

But DLJ is there to pull him out to the floor!

DDK:

Oh, no!

Lance:

But High Flyer! He's back!

The three men start fighting while The D heads back over to the top rope...

DDK:

What's he thinking here?!

The D stands on the top rope ...

But JJ Dixon comes out of nowhere and he has The D by the head! Phrasing be damned!

DDK:

How do these men keep coming back from all this punishment?! We have seen so much out of everyone in this match!

On the floor, DLJ, Klein and High Flyer are all fighting amongst themselves on the floor and each man is throwing punches back and forth trying to stay on top of one another. JJ Dixon boots The D and then throws his arm over his shoulder. He looks behind him ...

TOP ROPE SPANISH FLY TO THE FLOOR!

Lance:

OH ... MY ... GOD!!!

DDK:

SPANISH FLY! KLEIN! HIGH FLYER! DLJ! ALL THERE TO TAKE THE BLOW! BUT EVERYONE IS DOWN! EVERYONE!

HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!!

The chants echo all through the United Center! Not a single person is sitting in their seats right now and everyone is down.

And that includes Madame Melton who is now standing up from her wheelchair!

Lance:

It's a miracle, Darren! It's a miracle ... or Madame Melton has been faking this entire time!

Seeing that JJ Dixon is down and everyone else around is out of it, Madame Melton takes it upon herself to run up the steel steps and jumps into the ring. She checks on one of the ladders still placed into the ring and then climbs up!

DDK:

Madame Melton! Madame Melton is climbing this ladder to try and retrieve the Favoured Saints title belt herself!

Lance:

And I don't think there is anyone left to stop her! But she's not an official participant of this match!

A shower of boos rains down upon the ring as Teri Melton almost gets up to and has her hands on the belt ... but he stops when she is now looking face to face with Jack Harmen! Harmen waves at her!

DDK:

THE LUNATIC IS BACK!!!

Madame Melton tries to slap Harmen across his face but he grabs her hand to block it ... and ... and then plants a passionate kiss! The crowd is stunned, as is Madame Melton. As he breaks away, she swoons...

AND HARMEN PUSHES MELTON OFF THE LADDER!!!

The United Center *explodes* for the nefarious Madame Melton getting her comeuppance! Harmen takes a quick bow for himself!

DDK:

Everyone in this match is becoming a casualty, even Madame Melton! We've all known for months, she's been milking that alleged broken toe injury!

Melton is down and out, looking up at the ceiling lights. She isn't moving.

Lance:

This ladder match has just escalated! Madame Melton is hurt, there's nothing else standing in the way of Jack Harmen ready to become the new champion!

Harmen has his hand on the belt ...

But out of nowhere, Mil Vuelas jumps on the top rope and then jumps to the opposite end of the ladder! Harmen looks down but then tries to disconnect the belt from the carabiner. He almost has it ...

But eats a head butt from Mil Vuelas! Harmen looks like he's been knocked loopy. Harmen reaches up, grabbing his forehead and noticing a small red streak start to form. His eyes roll into the back of his head as he falls off the opposite side!

DDK:

Where did Mil Vuelas even come from?! He's been hiding out somewhere?

Mil looks like he stunned himself a little from the headbutt, but keeps himself still. Mil reaches up into his mask and pulls out a thin piece of metal!

Lance:

He loaded his mask! He loaded that mask and just knocked out Jack Harmen! Mil's about to win this match and make his fourth and final successful defense of the Favoured Saints championship!

Now that he is just fingertips away from a shot at the Southern Heritage championship Mil throws the piece of metal off the ladder and grabs the title. He has it in his hands and starts to unclasp the title ...

Then Mil screams!

LONNIE LUCK IS BITING HIS LEG!!!

DDK:

I thought we'd seen it all in this match! And this is just tonight's opener!!!

Mil continues to scream and then Lonnie grabs him by the leg and then pulls him off the ladder! Landing on his stomach Mil is laid out! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer on the Son of Sin City when he climbs the ladder!

DDK:

LONNIE LUCK CAME BACK FROM A THREE-ON-ONE SITUATION TO WIN AT DEFIANCE ROAD?! WILL HE DEFEAT SEVEN OTHER MEN TONIGHT?!?!?

Lonnie is on the top of the ladder! He's not looking around!

Lonnie grabs the title ...

LUCKY SEVENS vs. ATOMIC PUNKS

It is back to the commentary booth with Lance Warner and Darren Keebler

DDK:

We just got through with a *very wild* ladder match! And we got from the battle of the ladders to a battle of the monsters! Two of the toughest tag teams in DEFIANCE Wrestling! One that has built themselves into a dynasty against a team looking to build their legacy! It's the Lucky Sevens against the Atomic Punks up next!

Lance:

Both teams were part of a fatal four way won by Rain City Ronin to earn themselves a title match we'll see later this evening. While neither team was involved in the decision, both the Punks and the Lucky Sevens have pointed the finger at one another blaming the other for not coming out on top.

DDK:

And that is what brings us to tonight. The Atomic Punks have carved out a very successful career on the Puerto Rico scene as two of its unruliest, baddest brawlers and over the past year, they've shown that to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! But they face two men who at the height of their success, main evented DEFCON with the Unified Tag Team Titles!

Lance:

Will the Lucky Sevens prevail? Will the Atomic Punks take a big step forward tonight? Questions that will be answered by the end of this. I know that you are the play by play analyst here Darren, but I do not see a match with these two having lots of catch as catch can.

DDK:

I would agree with that and the only thing these two teams are gonna catch are each other's hands! We are ready to continue DEFCON with this hard hitting tag team match!

Words appear on the screen that show the Lucky Sevens logo engulfed in flames ... And now ... a flame morphing into the picture ... of a SNAKE!!!

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team
TAG PARTY SIX WINNER!!!
AND DEFIANCE'S COLD HEARTED SNAKES!!!

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Words flash all along the screen and the response is deafening from the Chicago DEFIANCE Faithful! Standing back to back, wearing dark jeans, black boots and red and green snake-skin vests! The seven-foot twins both stand and toss up the Winning Hand and the fans in the stands are as well!

AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Darren Quimbey:

They are a combined weight of six-hundred and twenty-three pounds and stand at a combined height of fourteen feet tall! They are "The Main Event Monster" Mason Luck! "The Beast of the Bright Lights" Max Luck! THEEEEEEEEEEE LUCKYYYYYYYYY SEEEVVVVENNSSSS!!!

On the way to the ring, Max Luck is giving out high fives here and there while Mason is behind him and he is only locked in on the task at hand. When the giants get to the ring the Winning Hands come up once again! Fans all over the United Center throw the Hands up as well!

DDK:

Mason and Max look dialed in right now! They take DEFCON game time seriously! Last year they were in complete dogged pursuit of the manager that backstabbed them, Tom Morrow and got their payback by injuring him at the last DEFCON!

Lance:

When they want something they'll stop at nothing to get it. And if they want to defeat the Atomic Punks, the Punks will have to give them the fight of their lives to keep that from happening!

One last time Mason and Max raise the Winning Hand and then get ready for a fight!

Almost on cue, a blaring siren fills the air, the DEFtron suddenly staticking into a still of the one and only Dr. Sato's grinning visage.

♪ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♪

The crowd goes wild, as the familiar glowing clouds appear around the entrance, and the familiar silhouettes of Fission, Gigaton, and Dr. Sato form in the mist.

DDK:

One year ago, at DEFCON 2024, the team of Fission and Gigaton made their debut in a DEFIANCE ring after weeks of hype from Dr. Ayumi Sato. Since then, they have had a hero's welcome in their home of Puerto Rico, contended for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships, and made a splash in the highly-competitive DEFIANCE tag team division.

Lance:

It's been a very successful year by any standard for the Punks, but now they may face their greatest challenge shy of the tag team titles; one of the most dominant tag teams in DEFIANCE history. The Lucky Sevens, a team who is no stranger to success, having held the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Titles longer than just about any other tandem. The names of Max and Mason Luck are synonymous with greatness, and now, they await the Atomic Punks here at DEFCON.

The mad science trio stalks their way to the ring, taking their time to tag hands from the Faithful, while Dr. Sato takes some time to cackle in front of the camera. The Punks roll into the ring, rushing to opposite corners, and roaring in defiant challenge! The good doctor saunters in herself, tilting her head to the sky and cackling with glee before shouting words of encouragement to her men, side-eyeing the Lucky Sevens very cautiously.

DING DING

Max and Mason pick who is going to start things off for their side via a game of rock, paper, scissors. Mason draws Rock and is disappointed to see that Max drew Paper.

Mason Luck:

Damn it ... fine. Have fun smashing.

Max Luck:

Always do.

On the other side Dr. Sato instructs Gigaton to fight power with power so he does. Fission stays ready in his corner ready for anything. Max and Fission circle up. The combined over six-hundred pounds of beef collide in the ring and fight one another to take the other man off of their feet but neither Las Vegas monster or lab-made monster are successful in their attempts. Max Luck decides that he's going to be a gentleman for one and waves at Gigaton to take his best shot. The Puerto Rican brawler comes off the ropes with a shoulder tackle but Max doesn't go off his feet.

Max Luck:

Durrrrr ... one. More. Time.

Mocking Gigaton's way of speaking the Beast of the Bright Lights gives Gigaton another shot. He bounces off of the ropes again but a second shoulder block doesn't knock him over. Gigaton does not move and even points at the ropes like he is calling out Max Luck to do better.

Lance:

Wow, Gigaton giving Max Luck a free shot. I don't know if it's wise to give the Lucky Sevens any kind of opening ever.

Max Luck comes off of the ropes and lands a shoulder tackle. Gigaton backs up a step but he also doesn't get knocked off his feet. To mock Max he dusts off his body and wants him to try it again. Max smiles at Gigaton having a set on him for doing this and jumps off the ropes again. He tries a clothesline but gets an unexpected fake out by Gigaton who hits the ropes behind Max after he launches off and then lands a flying back elbow smash that takes Max completely off his feet to a big cheer!

Gigaton:

HA. HA. HA. THAT'S. A GOOD ONE.

Gigaton gets laughs from the fans but it is no laughing matter when he follows up the flying back elbow with a big leaping elbow into the chest of Max Luck and goes for a cover.

One ...

Tw ...

Max kicks out before two.

Lance:

The Atomic Punks get the first shot off on the Lucky Sevens! I gotta say I'm a little surprised by that!

DDK:

The Punks came within a breath of being the Unified Tag Team champions against M4NTRA! You can never sleep on them.

Gigaton grabs Max by the neck to pull him upright only to catch a forearm club to the side. Max goes postal on Gigaton with some shots to the back and then leads him to the Sevens corner. Mason Luck gets the tag and both of the seven foot monsters have Gigaton cornered. They both rattle Gigaton by using double elbow smashes from either side to rattle his brains. Dr. Sato looks shocked by the Sevens's ability to keep the monster grounded. Mason grabs Gigaton and hits a knee to the gut and twirls him around where Max waits with a massive big boot to the face! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful know what comes next ...

Mason/Max Luck:

KA-CHING!!!

The Ka-ching combo lays out Gigaton in the middle of the ring. Mason points to the Chicago Faithful and cups an ear before he comes off the ropes using a big running jumping leg drop!

Lance:

What a leg drop! Mason keeps the leg on for a cover.

One ...

Two ...

Shoulder up by Gigaton!

Lance:

Gigaton kicks out this time! He looks kind of shocked the leg drop didn't put him away.

Working in perfect cohesion together, Mason Luck reaches over to tag Max Luck and DEFIANCE's twin terrors go back to work on Gigaton. They lead him towards the ropes and send him for the ride. Gigaton is able to hook both arms onto the ropes to keep the twins from doing whatever tag team move they had in mind. Mason runs at Gigaton first to get an elbow to his head. The other Luck brother tries his Luck, but Gigaton lowers himself and the ropes and Max's momentum carries him over and out to the floor!

DDK:

Mason is down! I don't believe what I'm seeing!

Gigaton tags Fission and he goes at the top rope and jumps with a front drop kick off the top rope to Mason's chest. That blow sends him back to the ropes and Gigaton runs with a head of steam and knocks Mason Luck over the ropes with a clothesline!

Lance:

The Atomic Punks have just cleared the ring of Max and Mason Luck! How ... how did they do this?!

The Atomic Punks have the crowd in the palm of their hand! Dr. Sato directs them to perform a double team. Gigaton grabs Fission and he throws his own partner directly over the ropes in a fastball special type of double team! Fission ends up wiping out Max Luck with a senton on the side of the ring!

DDK:

There goes Mason! And Gigaton goes out of the ring!

Max is up on his feet but it's not for long when Gigaton jumps off the ring apron and wipes him out using a flying cross body!

DDK:

Gigaton is so agile for a man that big to be hitting cross bodies and flying elbows like this! And I can't believe what we're seeing tonight!

Lance:

I had to give the edge to the Lucky Sevens just in terms of power, but the Punks have done a stellar job outmaneuvering the giants!

Gigaton and Fission both come back into the ring and the two get cheers when they applaud for the people. Outside the ring, Mason is looking frustrated and throws a boot into the steps. He can't believe that the Punks have shown them up at the moment. He goes back into the ring and steps over the ropes but Fission is there to greet him with a drop kick at his leg. Mason hobbles and Fission tags Gigaton again. Gigaton hits Mason with a big splash. He falls to his knees and Fission hits a snap DDT.

DDK:

The tandem work by the Atomic Punks has been so impressive! And here is Fission with a cover.

One ...

Two ...

There is no three count because a very *pissed* Mason Luck starts sitting up and holds onto the much smaller Fission!

Lance:

Oh no, this isn't good for Fission at all! They hit another double team on Mason Luck and he just sat up with Fission still in his grip!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can't believe it! Mason gets to his feet and puts Fission and then positions him so he's being pressed over his head. He walks to the corner of the Lucky Sevens and throws him directly *onto* the top turnbuckle! Fission bounces off the buckle in an ugly way and collides with the canvas after that!

DDK:

That was like ... I don't even know what to call that other than painful! A gorilla press into a snake eye but Mason Luck just threw Fission's entire body into that top buckle!

Fission is on his hands and knees in the corner hurt pretty badly. Mason Luck hears some of the fans actually booing for what he just did. It catches him by surprise for a second but he shuts out all of the noise and sees Max climbing back to his corner.

Mason Luck:

Let's beat their fucking asses!

Max looks a little surprised by the more aggressive tag by his brother, but he goes with it and steps into the ring.

Lance:

Don't need a translator of any kind for what Mason just said. He looks pretty shocked that the Atomic Punks were able to stay one step ahead of them.

DDK:

I do find it shocking that one of the most storied teams in DEFIANCE Wrestling history has been having a little trouble finding their footing tonight but they have stuck out a tough opening and now they have control.

Max Luck grabs Fission by his neck. He grabs the smaller man and hits a snapmare in the middle of the ring. Max hits the corner and when he comes back he nails Fission using a basement drop kick!

DDK:

Speaking of things I can't believe ... Max Luck as tall as a skyscraper hitting that drop kick from the ground floor!

Fission lays flat and Max Luck gets back to his feet. Mason watches his brother go to the ropes and holds up his hand. He jumps at the ropes and lands the Box Cars elbow right to his chest!

DDK:

Box Cars elbow!

Max lays atop Fission and goes for the cover with just the elbow in the chest.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Max looks shocked that Fission has kicked out! Behind him on the ring apron, Mason Luck almost can't believe it either. He points at Max.

Mason Luck:

Hook the damn leg, Max! You should've hooked the damn leg!

Max looks at his brother and looks slightly put off by what his twin brother is saying, but he's right. He gets up and picks up Fission. Fission tries to fight his way out by kicking away at the leg of Max. He hits a couple more shots to the right leg and hits the ropes but when he comes back, Max completely catches him first. He walks towards the corner of Gigaton and has a little fun with him before he falls back to throw Fission back towards the Sevens corner with a fall

away slam. Max sits up and it looks like Mason likes what he sees more now that they are in control.

DDK:

Fission is getting pummeled by these monsters! And I think Mason looks happier with his brother!

Max Luck gets up and he makes the tag to Mason Luck just as Fission is starting to try and stand in another corner. Mason Luck climbs into the ring and walks in a quick circle. He turns over and hits Gigaton with a surprise kick to the side of the head! Dr. Sato does not believe it!

Mason Luck:

THAT's what Maim Event means!

That gets Mason Luck more booing from the Chicago Faithful but he is focused only on Fission standing in front of him in the corner.

Lance:

Gigaton takes the cheap shot! And now Mason Luck has Fission in the corner!

The Maim Event Monster charges and he crushes Fission with a charging splash! Before Fission can even fall to the canvas, Mason Luck locks his head and then runs him toward the corner. Fission's face collides with the top buckle again and he's now down on his back. Mason Luck is staring down at Fission but doesn't give him a lot in the way of recovery time. Fission is scraped off the canvas and then throws him towards the ropes. When he comes back, he throws Fission in the air and then locks in a bear hug!

Lance:

We've just been witnessing a mauling of Fission! Even with their differences in approach this evening, the Lucky Sevens know what they're doing. They have tag team wrestling figured out!

DDK:

With an overwhelming size, strength and power as well!

Dr. Sato yells for Fission to do his best to fight back. The wily and slippery Fission is trapped but he reaches over and starts doing what he can to punch away at the head. He keeps throwing punches again and again and again at Mason Luck until his grip starts to loosen. Fission then grabs the finger and pulls it back and gets Mason to yell in pain before Fission finally drops. Fission is free and goes for a run off the ropes. He hits a drop kick and then hits a jaw breaker to save himself. Mason is stunned and Fission tries to take another free shot off the ropes until Mason catches him by the side with one arms. With a smile he spins around multiple rotations with Fission on the side and then drives him into the mat with a big side walk slam!

DDK:

Wheeling and Dealing by Mason Luck! How many times did Fission get spun around!

Max Luck reaches out for a tag. Mason gets on the ball and then stands up to tag Max. The twins both take hold of Fission and then use a double vertical suplex hold. They both hold him in place and then just throw him across the ring to crash on the canvas without leaving their own feet!

Lance:

I don't think Fission is going to survive this!

DDK:

The Coin Toss sends Fission for a ride! Max makes the cover! Will they prove themselves to be the true monsters in this match?

Max has a cover and when he sees Mason look down at him, he makes sure to hook the leg this time.

One ...

Two ...

But Gigaton out of nowhere hits a leaping senton to break the cover and gets cheered by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! He leaves the ring just as Mason turns around to see what happened!

Lance:

There's Gigaton saving the match for his team! He just dropped with the senton!

DDK:

Mason is cursing himself right now! If he turned around to face his brother, he could have cut Gigaton off! This match could have been over!

Mason Luck is about to lose it but still has a clear enough head to hold his hand out for a tag with Max Luck. Max's back is throbbing and Fission finally has a chance to make it to his corner. Gigaton has his hand out as well and Fission crawls to make it to him ...

But Max grabs his leg first.

Max is on his knees and pulls Fission back towards him and stands up. He whips Fission at the ropes and tries to kick him with a big boot, but Fission ducks and Max's leg gets caught up on the top rope. Fission gets a desperation drop kick to the back of the other leg and the Beast of the Bright Lights is hurt. Max is limping around the ring in agony and he's wide open as Fission reaches out to his tag team partner. He is crawling towards the corner and the big tag is made to Gigaton!

DDK:

Gigaton is in!

Favoring one leg, Gigaton picks up on that and he runs at Max Luck. He crouches under the clothesline and then flies back at him with a running football tackle to the left leg! Max is taken clean off his feet by the massive monster. Gigaton shakes the ropes with a lot of force and then comes off the ropes for running and then hitting Max while he is down with a running and sliding clothesline that knocks Max flat. Gigaton looks out of the corner of his eye and Mason is in ring as he tries to put a stop to the momentum he is building. He kicks Gigaton and then he looks for the chance to hit a power bomb.

DDK:

No way that he's going to be able to hit this power bomb on Gigaton!

With some strain he gets Gigaton up on his feet, but when he runs forward he is shocked by Gigaton being able to change his direction and turn it into a hurricanrana in the middle of the move! Mason goes over in a bad manner and when Gigaton gets back up he jumps and hits a standing drop kick to knock Mason off of his feet!

Lance:

Gigaton is taking down the Lucks by himself!

Just after he takes Mason out of the ring, Max Luck is on his feet and then he hits Gigaton with a big boot. The left leg is slowing him down but he grabs Gigaton and then an Irish whip sends him towards the ropes. Max Luck grabs him up for a power slam. He is on the shoulders of Max but Gigaton forces some elbows to the head to get him out. Gigaton lands behind him and then he sends Max into the ropes. Max comes back with a clothesline that misses but when he comes back Gigaton picks up Max for a big samoan drop!

DDK:

Gigaton is acting like a one man army right now! How is he doing all of this!

Gigaton climbs over and Max sits up but he gets hit with a rolling senton and then covered for the win.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

We almost saw an upset here at DEFCON but Max Luck kicks out!

Gigaton gets up and calls for the Atomic Splash and the fans know that the end may be coming! He hits the ropes and then off the other side to put more momentum behind it. When he makes the jump ...

Max moves first!!!

DDK:

The Atomic Splash comes up empty! Mason is in the corner!

Lance:

And there is the tag by Mason! He's got some extra heat behind his attacks!

Max quickly makes a tag over to Mason Luck. Mason jumps into the ring and then surprises Gigaton using a running elbow smash upside the head. Mason head locks the head of Gigaton and then runs him directly into the corner and after the blow into the buckle stuns him, Mason gets ready and almost kicks Gigaton's head clean off into the stands with a big standing spin kick!

DDK:

Mason hits Suited and Booted! Someone in the mezzanine might be taking Gigaton's head home as a souvenir!

Lance:

Now Mason wants the cover!

He kneels down and he hooks Gigaton's leg.

One ...

Two ...

Flying double foot stomp by Fission to break it up!

Mason rolls off of Gigaton, who is reeling and groaning as he comes to, while his brother Fission calls out words of encouragement.

DDK:

There is still a lot of fight in the Atomic Punks yet!

Gigaton and his gargantuan physique slowly rise up, teeth gritted and throat growling lowly, but intimidatingly. He makes eyes at Mason, roaring with a mighty...

Gigaton:

COME ON!!!

Mason is all too happy to oblige, waffling the larger Punk with a forearm to the face, which only seems to make Gigaton even madder.

Gigaton:

IS THAT. ALL. YOU'VE GOT?! MAIM. EVENT. **MY ASS!!!**

This exchange riles the Chicago crowd up to a fever pitch, and Dr. Sato tilts her head back and cackles with glee, which only makes Mason Luck *furios*, as he bounces off the ropes and PLANTS a big foot right on Gigaton's face, leaving him flat on the mat! Mason makes another cover, and Hector Navarro is right on point for the count!

One..

Two...

...

...

...with a bloodcurdling roar, Gigaton shoots an arm up into the sky, as if he was grabbing onto life by his fingertips! The camera closes on the big man, his face etched with a look of blind instinct and stubborn refusal to give in, and the Faithful let him hear it!

"PUNKS!"

"PUNKS!"

"PUNKS!"

"PUNKS!"

Mason Luck is visibly frustrated and tries to collect his thoughts for a strategy, while Gigaton manages to flop over onto his belly and plant his knuckles onto the mat, forcing himself back up to his feet. Fission stretches himself into the ring as far as his body will allow him, calling out to his hermano to make the tag, and Gigaton, barely eluding the grasp of Mason Luck, manages to reach the corner!

Lance:

Fission is taking over for the Punks... but can he outwrestle DEFIANCE's Twin Terrors?!

Fission immediately goes on the defensive, aiming straight for Mason's knee with a quick dropkick that leaves him kneeling... followed by one right to the face that levels him to the mat! Fission follows up by hopping into the air, dropping back-first onto Mason with a senton! He rolls over and covers Mason!

One...

Two...

Mason manages to kickout dramatically, by pressing Fission like a barbell until he flops down to the mat! Mason pushes himself back up to his feet, and with his great height has little difficulty tagging out to Max!

Max Luck gets right to the offensive, waffling the recovering Fission with a kick to the chest that sends him reeling, before bouncing off the ropes and landing another Box Cars Elbow that he holds onto for the pin!

ONE...

TWO...

Fission manages to kick out desperately as well, but gets yanked up to his feet, only to get dropped again with a fallaway slam! But Max Luck is not done, as he gets back to his feet and hauls Fission back up, whipping him into the ropes! He scoops Fission up onto his shoulders and saunters around, almost like he was showing off a new trophy!

DDK:

This could be the Catch Perfect coming up!

...but Fission has other plans, wriggling himself from Max's grip and landing on his feet BEHIND Max! He leaps into the air, driving his forehead into the back of Max's own head, which dazes him long enough for Fission to wrap his arms around Max's waist and hook his leg. The crowd comes abuzz as Fission posts his feet into the canvas and starts to pop his hips...

Lance:

...no way. There is NO WAY Fission can do this! He CANNOT lift Max Luck into the ProtonPlex!

It is a struggle. Fission keeps digging his heels in, and he manages to get Max off his feet for a second. However, Mason Luck, clearly having had enough of this, rolls into the ring and tries to pry the smaller Punk off his brother...

WHAM!

...only to get tackled to the mat by the mighty Gigaton, who rolls back up to his feet and roars words of encouragement...

...as Fission, with every muscle in his body screaming in determination...

...gets Max Luck up...

...and down to the mat...

...with a perfect bridge!

The Faithful absolutely LOSE it, as Fission pulls off the seemingly impossible, and bridges the ProtonPlex! Hector Navarro rushes in for the count as Fission, seemingly running on muscle pain and blind aggression, arches his back while his tiptoes touch the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

...

...

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♪

Fission rolls over, clutching his abdomen, while Gigaton rushes into him with an excited embrace! Max Luck can only roll out of the ring, as Dr. Sato joins her Punks, her expression not one of exaggerated villainy, but beaming with genuine pride.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... THE... ATOMIC... PUNKS!!!

Lance:

WHAT AN UPSET! The upstart Atomic Punks have put themselves on the map, getting an unexpected victory over one of the most dominant tag teams in DEFIANCE history!

DDK:

One year ago, the Atomic Punks and Dr. Ayumi Sato first set foot in the DEFIANCE ring, and now, they have ESTABLISHED themselves with this victory!

As "Atomic Punk" keeps blaring in the United Center, Dr. Sato raises the hands of Gigaton and Fission, smiling warmly as her men roar in triumph. But their attention is turned as both of the Lucky Sevens now stand in the ring, both sides weary from the battle.

DDK:

Oh, no ... what are we going to see here?

The music stops when the Punks and Dr. Ayumi Sato brace for whatever is coming up. Max walks forward ...

And he puts a hand out!

Lance:

Whoa! That is the last thing I expected out of the Lucky Sevens! They shook hands with PCP last year, but that was squashing a years long rivalry!

Fission and Gigaton look cautious, but Dr. Sato steps forward and she accepts the handshake for them! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful applaud for the incredibly rare show of good sportsmanship from Max.

DDK:

Wow!

Dr. Sato and the Punks look at Mason, who has been more reserved this entire time. Max looks at his twin to see if he'll offer the same show of respect ...

And instead, he brushes right through them and storms out of the ring angrily!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

What is going through Mason's head! Max took this rare loss for the Lucky Sevens in stride, but Mason ... he's taking this personally!

Max leaves the ring to storm off after his brother. and the Punks get to have their celebration in the ring basking in biggest win of their DEFIANCE Wrestling career!

Lance:

No idea what's going on with Mason Luck in particular but that's a story for another day! Tonight, The Atomic Punks have arrived!!!

Dr. Ayumi Sato and the Atomic Punks both celebrate with the win tonight!

HENRY YAMAKAZI vs. AARON KING

♪ "Lovin On Me" by Jack Harlow ♪

The Faithful cheer! As The Pensacola Playboy himself - Aaron King - appears on stage. Wearing a white and pink leather jacket, along with a customized pink and white lucha libre mask with "LITADOR" on the forehead in pink cursive, King looks into the camera and raps a few bars before arrogantly making his way to the ring!

DDK:

We've got a late match added to this card! And for this young man, Aaron King, it's the ultimate way to prove himself to the GC Universe! Aaron King put out an open contract and it was quickly answered by the star formerly known as Mushigihara... Henry Yamazaki!

Lance:

Indeed! Aaron King is 2-0 since joining the GC Universe with victories on UNCUT over Sgt. Safety and Nicky Synz, but this is a HUGE step up in class!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, representing El Escuadron... from Pensacola, Florida, weighing in at 234 pounds... **"THE PENSACOLA PLAYBOY" AARON KING!**

King lifts up the lucha mask gifted to him by one Mil Vueltas and waves it around before he heads to the ring, rapping to his new theme. Once he gets there, King jumps over the ropes and then jumps again on the middle rope inside the ring, pointing to his abs. The cocky King turns around and runs hands through his platinum blond hair. He stands and looks all around before he leans into the hard camera just beneath him at ringside. He has a microphone when he gets inside as his music cuts.

Aaron King:

AK ALL DAY ABOUT TO GET THAT DEFCON PAYDAY!

The Chicago Faithful don't want to hear it and start booing him.

Aaron King:

And AK is about to make that payday using the modern day art of Lucha LITbre!

More booing as he holds up his mask!

Aaron King:

Nah, nah, nah, don't get it twisted! I ain't trying to disparage what MY GLOAT, Mil Vueltas, is trying to teach me, bros and broettes. This mask I hold up... he gifted to me when I became his pupil! And tonight, I'm going to make him proud! Cause tonight, I'm gonna use what I've been learning from mi hermano, Mil! And tonight, I'm gonna run, flip and dick-kick circles around Henry Yamazaki! Cause it's time for you to see the LITadore in action!

The microphone goes away as he gets ready to face off with a DEFIANCE legend!

♪ "Requiem" by The Back Horn ♪

The Faithful erupt, which makes the self-proclaimed "Burning Heart" smile to himself as he saunters onto the stage, a fiery gleam in his eyes as he acknowledges the crowd. He surges forth, tagging hands along the aisle and

DDK:

At DEFCON two years ago, Henry Yamazaki wrestled his final match in DEFIANCE; but he has returned, and he is ready to prove he has not missed a beat in his layoff!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Oahu, Hawaii, weighing in at 287 pounds... **"THE BURNING HEART," HENRY**

YAMAZAKI!!!

The former God-Beast is dressed in his flame singlet, boots, and pads, and his face slowly becomes deathly serious as he stalks his way up the ring steps and between the ropes. As the chorus of Requiem hits, Yamazaki climbs onto the nearest middle turnbuckle and raises his arms, bellowing out a mighty...

"OSU!"

The titan then drops to the mat, a grin on his face as he sizes up Aaron King, saying something like "let's see what ya got" as Rex Knox rings the bell.

DING DING

Yamazaki wastes no time coming out the corner to his opponent, lunging forward for a lockup, but Aaron King simply dips out of the ring to a throng of jeers. Yamazaki looks hacked off, and immediately follows suit, rolling between the ropes and onto the floor, chasing the LITador!

DDK:

King, of course, had shown some serious hesitation about facing Henry Yamazaki once the match was announced, but... hey, he wanted a payday, and he's certainly going to earn every penny...

King gets some distance from Yamazaki, and takes a moment to gloat to the Faithful, but Henry eventually just... goes the other way, and manages to get his hands on King, tossing him back into the ring with ease. The Burning Heart follows suit, rolling into the ring and lifting King up before dropping him back down with a thunderous body slam!

King lays on the mat, visibly rattled but not broken, looking up at a smiling Henry Yamazaki, who offers a hand up. King accepts it, but as he gets back to his feet, he gives Henry a HARSH slap across the face!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

I... don't think that was a wise thing to do against a former sumo wrestler and Division I defensive end, Keebs!

Henry simply stays in place, touching the side of his face, with an expression on his face that could probably be best described as a flat, investigate "hmm." He looks at Aaron King, and smiles.

Henry Yamazaki:

...so you wanna slap fight, huh?

The Burning Heart purses his lips and nods... before rushing at King and unleashing a barrage of sumo slaps to the chest and face, the heels of his palms making LOUD smacking sounds as King tries to escape, only managing to back up against the turnbuckle! Yamazaki takes the offensive, waffling King with a forearm to the face, before whipping him HARD into the corner, which makes King flop to the mat and roll under the ropes!

DDK:

Yamazaki showing off those old sumo skills that made him a feared competitor in the DEFIANCE ring for many, many years, and he hasn't missed a beat! I can already see some welts on Aaron King's body!

Henry shakes his head derisively as King gathers his bearings and Rex Knox counts to five. King bites his lip and charges the ring again, hitting the ropes before bounding right into a Yamazaki clothesline! King reels from the impact, while Henry gets right to work, dropping an elbow on King's chest before rising to his feet and hooking King up...

WHAM!

...and dropping him down with a thunderous vertical suplex! Yamazaki rolls over with a cover!

One!

King kicks out, and Yamazaki just chuckles and nods. Of course it's not going to be that easy. He peels King up to his feet, only to eat a series of forearms from King, who follows up by maring him onto the mat, and dropkicking the small of his back!

The camera closes in on Yamazaki, who winces and grits his teeth in pain.

DDK:

Aaron King, as much as he prefers to take the easy way out in the ring, clearly is not one to be messed with when it comes down to it, as Henry Yamazaki is learning right now.

King takes advantage of the situation, and wrenches on a chinlock! Yamazaki struggles to break out, but can only slow, surely, find his feet. King starts to look a bit nervous as he can feel the center of gravity shifting between himself and his opponent, especially as Yamazaki manages to get himself to Aaron King's side, ready to lift...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Well, that's just unfair! King KNEW Yamazaki had him ready for a big move, so he went for Yamazaki's eyes!

Sure enough, the former God-Beast roars in furious pain after King stuck a thumb in his eye. King argues with Rex Knox, asserting his innocence, while Yamazaki tries to find his bearings. King peels away from Knox, dropkicking Yamazaki in the face! King gloats a bit as Yamazaki stirs to his feet, making a dash forward into a rolling clothesline that lands just so on Yamazaki!

Lance:

King calls that the Hotline, and he might have just gotten the returning Yamazaki's number with that one!

King looks around at the crowd, taking in their boos as he runs and hits a third running dropkick that knocks the former Mushigihara out of the ring!

DDK:

King takes over! He's making a great showing for himself right here tonight and if he can upset a longtime veteran of DEFIANCE like Henry Yamazaki here tonight!

Lance:

He's using everything that he's learned so far in his lucha training!

King waits on Yamazaki to get back to his feet outside and when he does, King rushes and flie through the ropes with a big suicide dive...

ONLY TO BE CAUGHT BY THE THROAT WITH BOTH HANDS!

Lance:

Oh, no! Oh, no!

Yamazaki plants a foot into his chest and then goes for a powerbomb outside the ring. He holds him up and runs forward...

But King turns it into a headscissors and sends Yamazaki into the ring post first! He hits with a loud thud!

DDK:

WHAT A COUNTER! King is really showing something tonight!

King gets up and lets out a hearty “fuck yeah!” cause they’re on pay-per-view and can say “fuck yeah!” on the biggest show of the year. King then gets into the ring, only to zip across and then DASH right through the ropes, finally connecting and knocking a stunned Yamazaki down with a huge suicide dive through the ropes!

DDK:

King finally lands the suicide dive he was looking for earlier!

With the quickness, he has to muscle up the DEFIANCE veteran up by his neck but manages to finally get him into the ring! With Yamazaki now on his back inside the ring, King grins and The LITador starts to head to the top rope. He poses up top by throwing up a double bird on TV...

DDK:

KING WITH THE SENTON BOMB!

The LIT-ador connects with the picture-perfect senton bomb and then rolls back over for the cover and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

A HUGE cheer erupts when the former Mushi kicks out! King looks stunned!

Lance:

That was almost three! I can't believe it! King went into this match as a sheer underdog and he's got Yamazaki on the ropes!

Seeing that he's still down, he runs and hits a flipping senton on Henry to make sure he stays down. After the match, King looks out to the crowd and then heads for the top rope a second time!

DDK:

He could be going for the kill here... we've seen him use this twisting splash called The King's Landing!

He leaps back, and twists in the air...

WHUMPO!

...only to land right on Yamazaki's knees!

DDK:

Nothing but knees on that King's Landing, and Yamazaki just got an opening to turn things around!

Henry Yamazaki starts to rise to his feet, gritting his teeth as he wraps his arms around King, suplexing him to the mat again! Seeing the end on the horizon, Yamazaki peels King off the mat by his hair, and headbutts him as he pushes him to the ropes, before whipping him across the ring!

King manages to twist himself out between the ropes, landing on the ring apron and in prime position to springboard onto the ropes, leaping towards Henry with the Cold Shoulder...

WHAM!

...but misses! Henry Yamazaki scouts the attack, and manages to side step it! King gets back to his feet, dazed from the impact, as Henry reaches in and scoops King up, holding him upside down in the center of the ring...

WHAM!

...and drops him with a Tombstone piledriver!

Lance:

What a move! The last time Chicago saw a spike like that, they got a Super Bowl parade!

The camera closes in on Yamazaki who, with a slightly fatigued smile, points up to the sky and says something among the lines of "number 76, baby!" He immediately turns to King, pulling him back up to his feet before putting him back down, mercifully, with a spinning lariat!

DDK:

And Yamazaki may have ended this match with that lariat he calls the TETSU-1!

Henry quickly makes the cover, and Knox goes in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Requiem" by The Back Horn ♪

Lance:

Henry Yamazaki returns to DEFCON in triumph!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... "The Burning Heart," **HENRY... YAMAZAKI!**

Rex Knox raises the triumphant Hawaiian's hand as King can only stumble out the ring and lick his wounds.

DDK:

Indeed, Yamazaki's return to DEFIANCE has been a return to form. The former Mushigihara returns to a very competitive roster, but he has shown he has what it takes to go far in a completely different DEFIANCE from the one he left behind.

Lance:

And I have to say... a great showing here tonight by Aaron King! But tonight belongs to Henry Yamazaki!

Henry slowly makes his way back to the aisle, where he raises his arms and lets out a triumphant...

"OSU!"

OSU!

Before the camera cuts out, we see Henry Yamazaki; smiling in victory, and standing tall. Proud.

DEFIANT.

OSU.

BRONSON BOX vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD

The match graphic shows; the fans give a cheer.

DDK:

I'm not going over their history again, it's been loud and clear for a while. However, this has to be the final battle, does it not?

Lance:

I don't know how many times Gage Blackwood can defeat Bronson Box and Box will be okay with it.

DDK:

Well, it was only the once, at DEFIANCE Road in January of this year. It was a humble victory in the end, the hometown kid winning against the other native Scotsman. Needless to say, we've got the follow-up match at DEFCON, because Bronson couldn't handle losing to Gage to begin with.

Lance:

Sure. Bronson never should've stabbed Blackwood in the back. Box is THE Mount Rushmore of DEFIANCE. He has no business thinking he'd be second place to anyone. That thought process in and of itself MAKES him second place.

DDK:

Agreed. But we are not speaking about a reasonable man.

Lance:

Indeed we are not. Hence the rematch. Let's go to ringside!

Darren Quimbey stands in the center of the squared circle.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL! INTRODUCING FIRST...

♪ "Cat People (Putting Out Fire)" by David Bowie ♪

The lights dim and a flickering sepia film reel starts up on the big screen.

Grainy, flashing, almost incomplete footage of The Original DEFIANT murdering a whole host of DEFIANCE luminaries both past and present all accompanied by the haunting opening of David Bowie track. His first world title over Boston Bancroft, Eric Dane, Jeff Andrews, his two greatest rivals in Dan Ryan and Eugene Dewey, Tom Sawyer, Heidi Christenson, Lindsay Troy, Kai Scott, Ronnie Long, Clair St. Sure, Dusty Griffith, Impulse, Andy Murray, his career defining series with Cayle Murray, new victims like Ned Reform, The D, Malak Garland... Gage Blackwood himself. Each and every one shown battered, bruised and most of them... bleeding.

The eerie trip down memory lane ends with the Starchild's echoey guitar and shouted exclamation...

"And I've been putting out fiiiire... with GASOLIIIIIIINE!"

HUGE plumes of fire erupt from the stage and all four ring posts.

A quick succession of video clips of Bronson Box SCREAMING at the top of his lungs, perched on turnbuckles, slamming opponents, BOMBASTO Bombs one after another quicker and quicker and quicker, what seems like hundreds of them until the clips end in a blur, the song slowly fades and the whole arena is drawn into complete darkness.

One last message flashes across the tron.

"Sixteen years of DEFIANCE Wrestling. And he was there from the very start."

The Chicago Faithful can't help but roar.

A few beats of silence. You can almost feel the anticipation of the Faithful grow.

...

THRUM

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by the immortal Johnny Cash ♪

Bronson goddamn Box, fresh off doing something monstrous, live at DEFcon.

This. This is DEFIANCE.

Violent, rowdy perfection. The DEFIANCE he and Ed have been crowing about all year.

The crowd reaction is ear-splittingly loud and overwhelmingly negative.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

No more fanfare, no more fireworks, just the man in black and the pure unfiltered hatred of the crowd. Feuling him.

Darren Quimbey:

From Banff, Scotland... weighing two-hundred-forty-five pounds... the ORIGINAL DEFIANT... The Wargod... the Hall of Famer... THE BOMBASTIC BRONSON BOX!

DDK:

No mixed crowd reactions for the Wargod here in Chicago like back at DEFroad in his home country of Scotland.

Lance:

After what he and Ed White did to the poor Doubleday brothers last night, this reaction is absolutely earned. Gruesome is the best word I can come up with to describe this man after last night.

The Bombastic Bronson Box walks out onto the stage clad in his grey and red pinstripe singlet.

His gnarled mustachioed face scowling as he looks out over the absolutely apoplectic crowd.

As he does so, his manager Angus Skaaland walks out from the recesses of the entrance tunnel and stands beside his legendary client. The two DEFIANCE Hall of Famers trade a look and shake hands as Bronson turns and makes a beeline for the ring.

Angus turning towards the commentary desk with a big shit-eating grin on his face.

Lance:

REALLY?! I'm to be subjected to this abuse at DEFcon of all shows?! Why?!

The Original DEFIANT makes quick work of stomping up the steps, wiping his boots on the apron and stepping into the ring. He immediately begins walking the ropes and loosening up, his unusual focus evident to anyone with eyes. A clatter is heard over commentary, the sound of headphones being popped on the platinum blond head of one Motormouth of Malcontent.

Angus:

Darren, my man, here we are again for one more DEFcon together, am I right? Dream team, baby!

DDK:

Angus, always a pleasure.

Lance:

As if.

Angus:

What are you, a teen girl in the 90's? Just shut the fuck up and let the A-squad take care of this one, Warner.

As Lance Warner and Angus Skaaland continue to trade barbs over commentary the lights dim, causing Bronson to stop and turn towards the entrance ramp. He narrows his eyes and rubs his huge meaty hands together in anticipation.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Edinburgh, Scotland... weighing two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... he is The Noble Raider... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

Gage Blackwood marches out sporting his regular kilt designed Scottish tights. The trademark scar over his left eyebrow is just waiting to be busted open again, like always, as he marches down the rampway.

DDK:

You get the entrance. Nothing special here. Two men are about to go off on one another.

Lance:

If I lost a full year of my career to a man's petty attacks, there's no way I'd be walking out to a band, or fireworks, or anything like that, either.

Angus:

Petty? My man's attacks were the farthest thing from petty, dickface. They were HIGH ART.

Blackwood is already at ringside as he rolls under the ropes and his theme comes to a close. Surprisingly, there's a sense of calm before the storm, as Blackwood walks over to a corner of the ring and waits for the smoke to settle.

Except his entrance had no smoke. You get the point.

They don't rush in. Both men walk to center ring and stand there scowling at one another.

Words are exchanged between the two Scotsman, words we don't hear. But we feel them.

Buffalo Brian Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING

The crowd gives a roar as both men lock up.

DDK:

Despite these two men being of similar weight, Box continues to look a lot heavier than Blackwood.

Lance:

In sheer strength, Bronson might be our top performer on the entire roster!

Angus:

He's incredible. The man draws a crowd when he works out in the gym. He makes up for height with sheer, unhinged power, baby.

Box's power keeps him in the driver's seat, as he moves Blackwood back a couple of steps, then lowers his base and slides his arms down around Blackwood, taking a waistlock.

A backbreaker follows. One after another. Canadian. Argentinian. Into a cobra clutch backbreaker. Bronson stands above the former FIST of DEFIANCE, looking rather pleased and yet still furious all at the same time.

DDK:

I get it now, I really do. I understand why this blood feud started with a grapple and has been booked as a regular wrestling match. Bronson wants to embarrass Blackwood the legal way, the wrestling way. This all begun, in Box's head anyway, when he was sitting at home watching Blackwood on television, thinking there's no way this new Scotsman could be as sound of a technical powerhouse as he, The Wargod.

Box drops his right knee forward once... twice... thrice... all on the crown of Blackwood's forehead. Gage is trying to get himself up off the mat but he isn't able to do it.

Box helps him.

In the form of a German suplex!

Box holds on. It's clear Blackwood is trying to break free, and does so, for a split second. But Box is right there with a solid elbow to the temple.

Another German.

Blackwood is down, Box stands up clean, the crowd boos.

As it goes.

Blackwood ends up swooping his legs around and catching Box before he notices. With both men on the mat, Blackwood tries mounting the legend and going for headbutts and forearms, elbows and more. Whatever he can do to start hammering Bronson as hard as he can.

And maybe even bust the Hall of Famer open the hard way.

Blackwood is savage. He's showing no quit and the tables have shifted, at least momentarily.

DDK:

See, this is why Box didn't win the last time. Bronson had Gage on the mat, he didn't need to stand up. Yes, he wasn't showboasting, this is Bronson Box we are talking about but just the need to "stand tall" with Blackwood at his feet. He didn't see the leg sweep and now he is going to pay.

Lance:

Couldn't have said it better myself.

Angus:

Oh, you guys are both fuckin' experts now, are ya'? Suck nuts, the both of ya'.

Blackwood is driving his left forearm into Box's mouth over and over, ricocheting the legend's head off the canvas as he does. Finally, Blackwood peels Box off the mat along with him and sends Bronson crashing back down again with a spinebuster slam.

Blackwood stumbles into a corner of the ring, never taking his eyes off Box. The Noble Raider is going to catch his breath, while also measuring Box for what's to come next. The second Bronson's on his feet...

Blackwood goes racing towards him.

NO!

One-arm side slam by Box to Blackwood!

The crowd boos, as Blackwood lays flat on his back. Box sends a boot into Blackwood's head. Then he starts scraping the bottom of his boot against Blackwood's forehead before pushing his head down to the mat, in addition.

DDK:

Disgusting.

Box peels Blackwood off the mat and delivers his own spinebuster slam, then spits on the canvas right next to Gage.

Lance:

I mean, it really is something to see how unhinged Box is. Why the need to pull off the same move Blackwood just performed? You've got the match under control. Stick to, uh, wiping your boots off on his forehead or whatever.

Angus:

Keep being a couple dismissive pricks, keep doubting the Wargod, see where it gets ya' when this is over and done. End up lookin' like that squirmy little Doubleday kid last night.

Box throws Blackwood into a corner and charges in with a back elbow smash that knocks the piss right out of the Edinburgh native. A hammer throw sends Blackwood to the center of the mat as Box marches in again and pulls his opponent up.

DDK:

Looking for the Bombasto Bomb?

No! Blackwood slips away at the last second. He bounces off the ropes, ducks a ruthless Bronson Box attempt at a clothesline and then hits the next set of ropes.

DDK:

LOOK OUT, BOX!

SMACK!

The dropkick, the hard double footed dropkick that is usually placed straight into the temple of opponents... well, this time Blackwood sent it right into the back of Box's right knee. It hits flush, square, on point. Bronson tumbles onto his knees.

Blackwood hits the ropes again.

This time, he can land the dropkick exactly where he wants to.

BAM!

DDK:

Another Royal Tattoo, dead on the money, right at Box's right temple!

Angus:

Son of a bitch! Come on, baby! FIGHT!

Bronson looks like he's out! The crowd cheers as Blackwood rolls a limp legend onto his back and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Blackwood doesn't care. In fact, he agrees with Brian Slater this wasn't anywhere close to a three. So he hoists Box into the air and looks to apply a torture rack!

DDK:

There is no way in hell Gage gets Bronson onto his shoulders.

Yeah, Keebler, there is. Because he's doing it right now.

Blackwood throws Box up and down on his shoulders but realizes he isn't going to keep it going for too long so he spins Box in the air as he does and lands a sitdown powerbomb off the move entirely.

DDK:

Another pin!

Angus:

GAH!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

About to give me a damn heart attack, damnit...

Lance:

The pinfalls make sense. Blackwood won at DEFIANCE Road in much similar fashion. He's wrestling smart, partner. He's not looking for revenge in the "regular sense". He's looking to win the match. That, in and of itself, is the revenge.

Blackwood is down on his hands and knees, pumping Box full of forearm shots and headbutts. He's systematically taking The Wargod apart, The Faithful loving every second of it.

Box is definitely not going to quit, this should go without saying. It's not like the Original DEFIANT is allowing this to happen. He's trying to push away. He's trying to get away.

But he can't.

Blackwood is a man possessed.

Finally, after what seems to be a long term beating, Blackwood drags Box to a standing position along with him.

Gage smirks.

Backbreaker.

Blackwood holds on.

Canadian backbreaker. Argentinian backbreaker.

Cobra clutch backbreaker.

Blackwood keeps the smirk on his face. He knows this is already psychologically destroying Bronson, as well as physically, too.

DDK:

Whatever Bronson can do. I know moments ago I gave Box hell for doing the same moves Blackwood did, so call me hypocritical but I enjoy the psychology behind this. Oh boy I do!

Lance:

I do, too. But Blackwood has to be careful. Why I think it works better when he plays this game the fact Gage is mentally more grounded than Bronson will ever be.

Finished with the backbreakers, Blackwood hurls Box into a corner of the ring. However, grasping his back and all, Box gets a second wind and EXPLODES out from the corner.

Into an powerslam by Gage!

DDK:

GOT ANOTHER COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

The crowd bought that finish and so, for a second there, did Gage Blackwood! But The Noble Raider knows he's got more work to do. He drags a limp Bronson Box off the canvas mat-

Hard stop.

Horrific screams.

DDK:

BOX JUST GRABBED BLACKWOOD'S HEAD... I THINK HE'S BITING GAGE'S NOSE!

Angus:

HAHAHAHA ohh man, yes please! I'll have another, sir!

Clearly not allowed and Brian Slater is going haywire at the thought but he doesn't disqualify Bronson. Perhaps he should, but he won't. Blackwood stumbles backwards into a corner, holding his nose and yet DEMANDING Slater keep the match going.

Angus:

What a good boy that Gage is, yeah Slater... keep this match going.

Blood starts to dribble out of Blackwood's face.

Bronson takes a few steps back and spits a disgusting wad of phlegm mixed with Gage's blood down on the canvas with a sinister little grin before rushing back in with a high knee to the breadbasket, doubling over Blackwood allowing Boxer to huck the white-hat to ringside.

Lance:

Thought Boxer wanted to PROVE to everybody he can still get it done without all these shenanigans, what gives Angus?

Angus:

Eat shit and just watch the match, ass. The certifiable legend in front of you, the man that built this damn house has a plan... watch it play out, K? K.

Bronson hooks a leg through the ropes and is stopped momentarily by referee Slater who gets right up in the Wargod's personal space, warning him not to push it. Boxer brushes off the warning with a shake of his head. He continues down to ringside where he catches Blackwood's arm and immediately, with all his weight irish whips poor Gage directly, knees first into the steel ringsteps with a sickening metallic THUD.

Wasting no time whatsoever, Bronson walks over and picks the arm again and just WRENCHES Gage from a sitting position up and across ringside at full holy shit speed. Gage meets the guardrail at an awkward position, right in the corner, right on the side of his body. We can almost hear the ribs cracking as he slumps to the floor holding his side.

DDK:

Box can change the tone of a match in an instant.

Lance:

Your boy's not exactly working the cleanrest match here, Skaaland.

Angus:

This is still DEFIANCE, dickhead. What'd you want? A fucking handshake before the match or something? God you're lame.

The Original DEFIANT looks up at Buffalo Brian Slater leaning over the ropes, red in the face, ORDERING Boxer back into the ring or else. Bronson acquiesce and delivers the still hurting Blackwood under the bottom rope, following suit. The Wargod gives a facetious little bow to Slater as he does so.

Lance:

He's pushing it with Slater, clearly.

Angus:

They've known one another for 16 years. Back when Slater was the head of security, before he transitioned to being a referee, Brian tussled with ol' Boxer once or twice. They aren't what you'd call fond of one another.

Lance:

You're not worried that might not work so well in your clients favor, perhaps?

Angus:

Bronson is undeniable, Warner. Doesn't matter what Slater's feelings are, only thing that matters is he does his job when the time comes.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

There are some moves that just pop the crowd. Bronson Box's God's Fiery Right Hand is one of those. Leaving the nails of his right hand longer, slightly untrimmed, Box BURIES his sharp "red right hand" in the soft, venerable head-meat of his opponent.

DDK:

IRON CLAW FROM BRONSON BOX!

Blood immediately starts to trickle from the five new wounds around Blackwood's head. Especially where Bronson's thumb presses violently into his tender left temple. Box grabs his right hand by the wrist and pushes down with all his considerable might, pressing Gage's head down into the mat. The Wargod's teeth are clenched, his bloodshot brown eyes wide as dinner plates.

Angus:

POP HIS GORRAM HEAD LIKE A GRAPE!

Lance:

I can't wait for you to leave.

Even with the searing pain shooting down his spine, his skull literally being crushed, he doesn't cry out. The Highland Warrior grits his teeth and pushes back against the Wargod's iron claw. Now doubly frustrated, Boxer releases the hold and pops off a couple brutal short headbutts. Blackwood ends up dazed just long enough for Bronson to transition his Red Right Hand to the tender, very venerable area right below the ribs...

DDK:

SACRED HEART! BOX LOCKS ON THE SACRED HEART!

The Wargod's fingernails dig DEEP into Blackwood's side.

Lance:

Jesus, is he trying to dig out an organ?!

Angus:

Kali Ma, motherfucker! GET IT, BOXY!

Suddenly, Blackwood BREAKS FREE by exploding his hands across Box's arms and rushes into a corner of the ring. Box's eyes bug out of his head, he's absolutely beside himself! Bronson tries to put it together, so he comes stomping into the corner but Blackwood pops him in the nose!

DDK:

I have never. I mean- to see- well-

Lance:

Having a hard time getting the words out, partner?

Angus:

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

Okay, well he doesn't.

DDK:

Gage Blackwood broke free from Sacred Heart and these Faithful are going ballistic!

Blackwood with another stiff, swift blow to Box's nose. Again. Again. Again. Bronson is reeling. He looks for a clothesline-

DDK:

Olympic slam by Gage! COVER!!!

Lance:

OH MY GOD, IT'S OVER!

Angus:

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

But Blackwood keeps the momentum going. He drags Box off the mat and hoists him high in the air...

The Scottish Trinity follows. Snap suplex, delayed suplex, running release suplex. All performed at a rapid speed.

Plus you've never seen Bronson Box be thrown so far in his life!

The Chicago Faithful are on their feet for The Noble Raider. He's going to pull this rabbit out of a hat. He drags Box to his feet and hoists him in the air again.

This isn't a suplex.

Or any random brain buster.

It's the Midlothian Hangover.

BOOM!

Box is down, Blackwood rolls him over and we have another pinfall attempt-

NO!

NO NO NO NO NO.

DDK:

Gage isn't going for the pin!?

Lance:

It doesn't look like it!

Blackwood fires to his feet and shouts down at the fallen Bronson Box. Gage cracks his neck to the left, then the right, then hurls Box into the ropes. Bronson tries to get a shot in but Blackwood ducks it, spins Box around and POPS him in the nose again.

Blackwood is firing on all cylinders, completely wrecking Box and working him into a corner. He stands on the second buckle, left fist in the air.

Before the punches reign down and the crowd counts along.

ONE. TWO. THREE. FOUR. FIVE. SIX. SEVEN. EIGHT. NINE. TEN.

Oh, he's going for more. How high can Chicagoland count?

We're at like twenty-two before Blackwood hops off the buckle, Irish whips Box into the corner at the far end and waits for Box to bounce back out.

SIDEWALK SLAM.

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHH!!

Blackwood rises to his knees again and shouts into the rooftop. He's leaning down to take Bronson Box for one final run-

PUMP.

...

Silence.

The crowd literally going from 100% to 0% in a millisecond.

Angus:

YES!!!

Except for Skaaland.

Bronson Box slapped the taste out of Blackwood's mouth with a STARMAKER wind-up, open-hand slap as he shot up the canvas in a ruckus.

BAM!

Another STARMAKER.

BAM!

Another.

Box has Blackwood's arm trapped within his body, and continues to change the momentum. The tide was initially swung into Blackwood's end out of nowhere.

Only fair for Box to do the same thing and regain control.

BAM.

BAM.

BAM.

The sickening shots, so raw they don't have exclamation marks after the sound, it's worn down Blackwood. Gage crumples down to his knees. The side of his face is beet-red, several overlapping outlines of Bronson's enormous hand clearly visible on his cheek and neck.

The Original DEFIANT marches over to the nearest available turnbuckle and performs the feat of strength we've seen him do time after time after time. It never gets old.

He reaches out and RIPS THE TURNBUCKLE PAD CLEAR OFF.

Lance: *[quietly]*

Jesus Christ.

Angus:

Yeeeeeeeeeeah, ol' JC aint got nothin' to do with this wild-ass shit pal. Nothin' at all.

Brian Slater is livid. Boxer smiles at the referee and simply hucks the pad out into the crowd.

Angus:

Somebody's gettin' a kickass souvenir! You're welcome, random wrestling dweeb!

Turning his attention back to the matter at hand, Bronson walks back over to where Gage Blackwood is struggling to get his feet back underneath him and shake away the, we're guessing here, very serious concussion he's probably dealing with at this point.

The Wargod plants the sole of his shitty little wrestling boot into Blackwood's gut and points one of his huge gnarled fingers at the steel lug of the exposed turnbuckle.

DDK:

Oh no, ladies and gentlemen...

Boxer pops Gage's head between his huge thighs, hoists the Highland Warrior up onto his shoulders, takes two big lunging steps towards the corner and releases the poor bastard with every single sinue, every muscle, every tendon in the Wargod's body. Every ounce of his strength is put behind this particular powerbomb. Every last drop he can muster.

Angus:

BOMBASTO BOOOOOOOOOOMB!

DDK:

THIS HAS TO BE IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Blackwood sails through the air for a moment before being deposited at full force, back first into the exposed steel. The look on Gage's face as he makes contact speaks volumes.

Pain, real pain.

The second Blackwood hits the mat he clutches the small of his back in what looks to be SEARING pain.

DDK:

Oh, something might be wrong here. Gage looks in a bad way... OH FOR PETES...

Even with something clearly wrong with Blackwood's back, Boxer reaches down and grabs one of his opponents ankles and makes a show of DRAGGING him back out to center ring. Gage continues to clutch helplessly at his back.

STOMP STOMP STOMP

Boxer brutally drops some boots across Gage's clearly injured back.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

With Gage Blackwood exactly where Boxer has wanted him all year long, he straddles him, hooks both of his massive arms underneath Gage's neck and clamps on his brutal, scalped Camel Clutch submission. Taken from a man named Boston Bancroft, from whom Bronson won his very first World title over a decade and a half ago.

DDK:

BOSTON MASSACRE ON GAGE BLACKWOOD! BOSTON MASSACRE!

Lance:

COME ON GAGE, FIGHT!

The sound of Angus Skaaland's laughter is the soundtrack to one of the most painful moments of Gage Blackwood's life and career. To the Highland Warrior's credit, even with his back screaming in blinding pain he claws at Bronson's huge hands locked underneath his chin in absolute desperation, searching on total instinct alone for a way out of the submission hold.

Moment by moment that desperation slows. Gage slows.

One arm drops to the mat.

Then the other. His eyelids flutter shut as his eyes roll back slightly.

Referee Brian Slater slides in for one final welfare check on Blackwood, looks to ringside with an almost disappointed look on his face and signals for the bell.

DING DING DING

No music plays.

All we hear is the sound of an entire arena breathing a disappointed, frustrated sigh.

Then. Like a WAVE of sound.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I... wow.

Lance:

Gah, damn.

Angus:

WOOHOO! GORRAM FINALLY, BABY!

Lance:

Ugh.

Box lets Gage drop to the mat. Brian Slater walks over with a deep sigh and raises the hand of the victorious Wargod. Boxer yanks his hand away, walks over to the same exposed turnbuckle he used to break Blackwood and mounts it. Taking a few moments to take in the absolutely unhinged reaction from the Faithful.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

We cut quickly to the commentation station where Angus is taking off his headset.

Angus:

Have a great rest of the night, boys. Been a real peach.

Skaaland tosses the headset into Lance Warner's face with a derisive laugh and makes his way down to ringside.

Lance:

God I hate that guy.

DDK:

And this crowd hates Bronson Box from the sound of it, partner.

FUCK YOU BRON-SON!

FUCK YOU BRON-SON!

FUCK YOU BRON-SON!

The Wargod just smiles as he dismounts the turnbuckle and turns his attention back to Blackwood. As Angus saunters down to ringside he and the Original DEFIANT share a look, Angus smiles and goes about dislodging the ringsteps from their place against the nearest turnbuckle. Bronson stands over Gage Blackwood, looming over him like some sort of huge Scottish buzzard waiting to pick the bones.

Lance:

What the hell are these two doing?

DDK:

Nothing good I suspect.

Box wrenches Blackwood to his feet and quickly cracks off a sickening, thudding headbutt.

One that further crumples Blackwood and busts Bronson open clean. Blood flows in a thin stream down his forehead and into his own eyes. Boxer collects Blackwood by the scruff of the neck and hucks him limply through the ropes to ringside where Angus is waiting with the ringsteps positioned right in the middle of ringside almost at the foot of the ramp.

Blackwood lies almost motionless as Bronson casually steps through the ropes and makes his way down off the apron. His smiling, almost relaxed demeanor as he does so, bleeding from his forehead like he's been shot, is one of the eeriest sights we've ever seen.

DDK:

Where is security? Where are the agents? Where...

We quickly cut away from ringside to directly behind the entrance curtain where Jane Katze, Nicky Corozzo, and the BRAZEN tag team champions Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne are surrounded by a small battalion of fallen DEFIANCE security goons. Wyatt Bronson and several more still upright security guys stand a few paces away.

Voices are raised, everyone is furious and yelling over one another as we cut back to ringside.

Lance:

What in the ever loving heck?!

DDK:

Clearly Boxer didn't want whatever this is to be interrupted!

The camera gets close enough to pick up Angus' last words to Bronson before the inevitable.

Angus Skaaland:

Let's retire this motherfucker.

He claps his client across the chest and pushes the camera man back.

Angus Skaaland:

You're gonna want a nice wide shot of this, my man. I'm sure they'll want a big sweeping shot of the last fucking time Gage Blackwood could GORRAM WALK!

Bronson reaches down and grabs a fistfull of Gage Blackwood's hair and slowly pulls him up. He once again deposits Gage's head between his thighs, this time pointing towards the steep steps parked facing them a few feet away in the middle of ringside.

DDK:

Come on, this is just so unnecessary!

In one final lightning quick moment Bronson flips Gage Blackwood up onto his shoulders.

Lance:

WOULD SOMEBODY GET OUT HERE?!

Right about this point DEFIANCE security finally must have made it through the wall of Blood Diamonds hench-people backstage as Wyatt leads a whole fresh batch of DEF polo wearing local talent dressed up like security out into the stage but it's far far to late for all that.

CLANG

DDK:

You said it earlier, Lance. Gruesome. Just gruesome.

Darren Keebler's words hang in the air as the camera does indeed get a good shot of Gage Blackwood's body coming down with unspeakable velocity and hitting the jagged metal steps back first at the most awkward angle possible.

He's breathing. But he's not moving.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Bronson and Angus shoulder past Wyatt and his security detail as they make their way back up the ramp. A few moments after the Original DEFIANT and his Herald disappear backstage a medical team with a stretcher comes rolling out to ringside.

As many delicate hands start addressing Gage and tenderly start rolling him onto a backboard we cut suddenly over to the commentary desk where a very concerned Downtown Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are collecting their thoughts.

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman I'm sorry for all this, but as any long term DEFIANCE fan will tell you... expect violence. Especially when Bronson Box is concerned.

Lance:

He's like DEFIANCE's version of a natural disaster, Darren. I hate to use this term and make this admittedly dorky unintentional parallel but. He's inevitable. So long as Bronson Box remains fused to the soul of DEFIANCE the way he is, this sort of TANTRUM will inevitably continue.

DDK:

After the last two days, partner... well, Bronson Box has some explaining to do.

Lance:

At the VERY least.

DDK:

Ok. I'm being told Gage Blackwood is about to be, yes, about to be loaded into the ambulance.

We cut backstage where the stretcher containing the crumpled and bloody Gage Blackwood has indeed made its way out to the car parking area where an idling ambulance is waiting. The locker room has seemingly emptied, standing around watching the scene with concern on their faces.

One furious face in particular stands out, that of Henry Yamazaki. On his face is etched a look of sheer horror mixed with unbridled rage.

Henry can only look on in impotent sympathy and disgust at the events unfolding, his hands balled into fists by his sides. The camera gets a close look at him, holding back tears as his hands shake. The sorrow, the horror, the anger, the disgust all mounting within him.

The locker room can only look on as the ambulance drives off, before slowly turning back, one by one.

But Henry stands alone, with his thoughts, his emotions.

Someone has to stop Bronson Box.

And, Henry thinks, in the end, it might have to be him.

LINDSAY TROY vs. ELISE ARES

DDK:

Lance, I feel like DEFCON gets bigger and bigger every single year. When it ends the year before I think "We've done it. We've hit our peak." but then you witness an event like this and you just wonder how they keep on doing it.

Lance:

I cannot tell you how excited I am for our next match. Elise Ares vs Lindsay Troy would have been the main event at nearly every DEFCON that's ever happened but it's here. Tonight. Right now... and we have TWO Title Matches after it.

DDK:

It's unbelievable. After a certain point you run out of superlatives to say. I mean what else can we do besides send it down to the ring?

Inside the ring, Darren Quimbey stands with a microphone in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

The following matchup is scheduled for ONE FALL.

Somewhere in Canada, you can hear a man scream.

SHHHHHHHKKKKKKKKKKKT!

The lights cut off the Faithful erupt into cheers as the typical hard spotlight shines down on the entrance where the throne is set to rise. However the bass synth begins to crackle and the spotlight cuts in and out before a different unfamiliar synth cuts in and the hard spotlight glows yellow and then orange as the throne begins to rise from the floor.

*You're talking shit for the hell of it
Addicted to betrayal, but you're relevant
You're terrified to look down
'Cause if you dare, you'll see the glare
Of everyone you burned just to get there
It's coming back around
And I keep my side of the street clean
You wouldn't know what I mean*

Elise Ares sits criss-cross applesauce in her throne with her elbow dug into her right thigh and her chin resting on her thumb and extended index finger with a smirk. Her trademark LED sunglasses read "QUEEN" "ME" going left to right as her throne comes to a halt. The tiara normally removed her head and placed on the top of her throne has been replaced with a full golden crown. Typically Elise would stand up and swagger her way to the ring at this point, but this. Is. DEFCON.

An explosion of white sparks erupt above Elise triggering orange lights to embrace the arena. A group of burly tuxedoed men with boxes over their heads run down to a now standing Ares and unfurl a long flowing white mantle and clasp it around Elise's shoulders. They remove her crown for safe keeping as she begins her march towards the ring accompanied by her Royal Boxed Court carrying her waving mantle.

♪ "Karma" by Taylor Swift ♪

*'Cause karma is my boyfriend
Karma is a god
Karma is the breeze in my hair on the weekend
Karma's a relaxing thought
Aren't you envious that for you it's not?
Sweet like honey, karma is a cat*

*Purring in my lap 'cause it loves me
Flexing like a goddamn acrobat
Me and karma vibe like that*

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Beverly Hills, California by way of Havana, Cuba. Weighing in at 126 pounds. Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms she is the QUEEN of SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT. SHE IS EEEEEELIIIIIIIISE
ARRRRRRRRRRRRRES!

DDK:

A rather pointed entrance by Elise Ares tonight with the grandioso flair we've learned to expect from the Pop Culture Phenoms. This match is a long time coming for Ares who has made no secrets about her feelings towards Lindsay Troy for nearly a decade.

Lance:

Elise joined PRIME as a teenage immigrant and was paired with a man she hardly knew in a country she'd only seen on television. She feels she tried to learn from Lindsay Troy but got nothing but ignored in return. As a female who started her career in the shadow of Lindsay Troy, she feels she's spent her entire career living under that shadow.

DDK:

She's had one shot against Lindsay Troy one-on-one. DEFtv174 in the second round of the FIST TOURNAMENT eventually won by Troy, Elise fell just short. She's felt ignored, ducked, and excluded ever since. Being forced to watch Lindsay Troy reach the top of this organization with Vae Victis by her side. Tonight, she gets one last shot.

Lance:

The Queen of the Ring would suggest she best not miss.

*Spiderboy, king of thieves
Weave your little webs of opacity
My pennies made your crown
Trick me once, trick me twice
Don't you know that cash ain't the only price?
It's coming back around
And I keep my side of the street clean
You wouldn't know what I mean*

Now on the apron, Elise unfastens the mantle and lets it fall to the floor before she suggestively enters between the ropes to the delight of the Faithful. Wearing orange and bright white criss cross top and matching boyshorts, Ares launches her LED sunglasses into the crowd before throwing her arms up in the air trying to get the Faithful to rally behind her before posing with her hands behind her head towards the hard camera side. Across her lips is a smile but behind her almond eyes is laser focus.

The camera lingers on Elise for a few seconds longer before the United Center is plunged into darkness. The roar from the Chicago Faithful ascends to a fever pitch as fans grab their cell phones and light up the arena.

After a few moments of buzzing and thrumming from 23,000 strong, the ominous chords from the DOOM PIANO~! begin their symphony.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The LED screens spanning the stage go dark, until two bold, white words subtly outlined in hot pink and cobalt blue suddenly appear.

V A E

V I C T I S

♪ *Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose...* ♪

Lance:

For the second time in as many nights, Vae Victis is in the house!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama was successful in last night's opening match against former stablemate OSCAR BURNS. Will his teammate make them two-for-two?

Even though it isn't Wednesday, PINK, WHITE, and BLUE lights slowly come up, revealing the same marble columns from DEFCON Night One. As "Stranger Fruit" continues playing, the throne that Elise Ares made her entrance on begins to rise into the air. Taking its place is another throne...a much larger, way more ostentatious, Iron Throne But Made Of Shiny Championship Belts throne.

Now, imagine the Queen of the Ring, lounging all carefree-like, her legs crossed at the knees and slung over one of the chair's arms, her fist resting underneath her chin, a playful smirk gracing her lips.

Lance:

Elise thought she could outdo Lindsay, and Lindsay said "Not today!"

DDK:

Jesus, that thing is as big as OSCAR BURNS's ego. How much do you think it weighs?

Lance:

Twice as much as said ego. Easy.

The Throne of Champions comes to a stop as "Stranger Fruit" fades out. The Lady of the Hour looks around the United Center, but makes no attempt to move from her seat. She seems to be waiting for something.

Something....important....

[Time to get the Led Out](#)

That all-too familiar clavinet intro to "Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin blows the roof off the UC as multicolored pyro erupts from the stage like cannonfire. If any member of the Faithful was still in their seats, they weren't there any longer.

♪ *Greased and slicked-down fine* ♪
♪ *Groovy leather trim* ♪
♪ *I like the way you hold the road* ♪
♪ *Mama, it ain't no sin...* ♪

♪ *Talkin' 'bout love.* ♪
♪ *Talkin' 'bout love.* ♪
♪ *Talkin' 'bout ...* ♪

Somewhere in Northern Ohio, a man named Jeff has rocketed upwards from his recliner and screamed so loud his neighbors from down the block have heard him.

Intrepid news reporter Billy in the Fields has fainted backstage.

Out in Nowheresville, Wisconsin, a guy named James is crying tears of joy.

But in Chicago, Illinois, Lindsay Troy has bounded down the steps of her throne and is making her way to the ring. The Queen is decked out in old school attire: baggy wide-legged 90s tech pants, boots, and a white "Platinum Grit Bitch Patrol" ringer tee, all underneath her cobalt blue, silver, and pink military coat that has become a customary staple in her Vae Victis Co-Consul wardrobe. She slaps hands with the Faithful lucky enough to score aisle seats as she strides purposefully down the ramp toward her destination.

♪ Ooh, trouble-free transmission ♪

♪ Helps your oils flow ♪

♪ Mama, let me pump your gas ♪

♪ Mama, let me do it all... ♪

♪ Talkin' 'bout love. ♪

♪ Talkin' 'bout love. ♪

♪ Talkin' 'bout ... ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent...from Tampa, Florida. Representing Vae Victis. Weighing in at 195 pounds. She is the High Queen DEFIANT, the Lady of the Hour, and the Queen of the Ring. SHE IS LIIIIINNNDDDDSSSAAAYYYYYY TRRROOOOYYYYYYYY!

At the bottom of the ramp, the Queen shrugs out of her coat and sheds her shirt and pants to reveal her now-traditional ring gear of a halter top and thigh-length MMA shorts. She pulls a Sharpie out of her pants pocket, quickly signs her shirt, and hands it off to a young fan in the front row who is holding up an "LT IS MY FOREVER QUEEN!" sign. Then, she jumps flat-footed onto the apron, wipes her feet, and catapults herself up and over the top rope with a flip. After rolling through, she scales a corner to pose a bit before hopping down and turning in mid air to face Elise.

Pyro erupts from all four corners, and Lindsay extends her arms in a T-pose, mouthing to Elise to "eat your heart out, kid."

Elise scrunches her nose in disgust and rolls her eyes.

Carla checks over both competitors, and motions to the timekeeper.

DING DING

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE stretches both of her arms behind her as the bell signals the start of the match and she paces forward. In the middle of the ring, Lindsay Troy begins to circle. The two women stare each other down, measuring each other as Carla Ferrari stands between them.

THIS IS AWESOME! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

THIS IS AWESOME! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

THIS IS AWESOME! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

They take only a moment to appreciate the chant before Lindsay Troy motions for Elise Ares to make a move. Elise goes for a single leg take down attempting to take Troy off-guard but she's hip tossed for her troubles, but Ares lands on her feet. She returns her own armdrag but Troy gets right back up and sweeps the leg of Ares. Elise hits the mat but kips right back up and goes for an enziguri that finds no purchase. LT goes to grab Ares while her back is turned but Elise runs towards the ropes taking the Queen of the Ring with her.

Elise hooks her arms in the middle ropes sending LT rolling back. Hoping up on the ropes, Ares flies back attempting a springboard cutter but she's grabbed in mid-air by the larger Troy who attempts to throw her face first into the canvas but Elise catches herself with her hands and springs back up and throws LT over her shoulder with a wheelbarrow snapmare but Lindsay Troy lands on her feet to the gasps of the Faithful.

The two women lock eyes again, neither able to gain the advantage through that exchange.

DDK:

What a sequence between these two phenomenal wrestlers.

Lance:

Their paths may not have crossed physically in the past decade very often but you can tell these two seem to know each other very well.

The Queen of the Ring suddenly rushes forward with a Yakuza Kick that is ducked by Ares, Lindsay turns around and-

WHACK!

A backhand slap rocks LT and Ares shakes her hand after impact. Elise doesn't even have time to get the feeling back into her hand before Troy responds with an echoing chop right across the chest of Elise. Ares grimaces and grabs her chest as LT mockingly shakes her hand in "pain" only to be nearly caught off guard with an attempted overhand chop that's blocked. Elise then stomps on the foot of LT causing her to bend over and then drops her to the mat with a hard DDT. Elise immediately pops back up and mocks LT mocking her hand shake.

DDK:

Elise spikes Troy's head right into the canvas, Lance. She better stay on the offensive here instead of trying to "out snark" LT.

Lance:

I don't think it's in Elise's DNA to NOT try and out-snark LT, Darren. I think we have a better chance of seeing pigs fly than seeing Elise not get her shots in when she can.

Elise baseball slides in as Troy tries to get back up to her feet and locks her in a side headlock. The lock doesn't remain for long as Troy immediately shoves Ares into the ropes. Elise does a handstand bouncing her legs off the ropes before grabs Troy with a headscissor takedown. Lindsay cartwheels out and then levels Ares with a short-arm clothesline. Elise can't get up before Lindsay locks her in a side headlock. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE tries to shove Troy the same way she was shoved but LT locks down and doesn't budge. Instead Ares then lifts Lindsay off the ground and attempts to land a spinout powerbomb but Troy locks her into an armbar and they both fall hard to the canvas.

Carla Ferrari immediately is in position as Ares kicks her legs and tries to squirm free but it just sinks in the armbar further. The split Faithful favoring the former FIST roar in approval as Ares tries to claw herself free from the hold but to no avail.

DDK:

Ares got caught in this Fujiwara Armbar and she's really struggling to get free!

Lance:

If there is a weakness in Elise Ares it may certainly be her mat game, Darren. Lindsay Troy is trying to make a point of that and end this QUICKLY.

With a series of kick and small rolls, Ares finally kicks the bottom rope with her toe and Ferrari calls for a clean break. Lindsay takes it all the way until 5 before she releases the hold. Elise immediately rolls over grasping her arm in pain. As Carla attempts to warn LT on the long wait to break the submission, Troy shoves Elise out onto the apron and then rolls her to the outside with a foot shove before brushing her hands.

The Queen of the Ring stomps on the canvas, getting the Faithful behind her clapping as the pace quickens. She hits the ropes and comes rushing back to jump through the ropes with a trademark corkscrew plancha. Right has her arms and head crest through the ropes Elise grabs the ropes and kicks her legs up dropping LT on the spot, draped over the middle rope. The mixed Faithful cheer as Ares pulls Troy out onto the apron who then shoves her away. Lindsay

pulls herself up to her feet and immediately hits a superkick to the face, that sends her almost falling back, swaying while holding onto the rope.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

She rebounds quickly and answers with a roaring elbow that rocks Elise, who staggers but doesn't fall.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Faithful cheer back and forth for their respective rooting interest. Ares fires back with a rope assisted enzuigiri. Troy with an overhand chop that rocks the former SoHer. Elise lands a spinning back kick right to the gut of Troy that drops her down to a knee. The FACE of DEFIANCE takes a few steps back before taking a small run and landing a spike hurricanrana on Lindsay Troy that bounces her skull right off of the apron.

DDK:

Oh my Lord!

Lance:

Lindsay Troy's skull just struck the corner of the apron!

DDK:

That's the hardest part of the ring, I've heard.

Ares lands on her hands and knees on the mat outside the ring as the impact sends Troy back up to a seated position before swaying and falling off the apron to the mat outside as well.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Elise gets back up to her feet and sees the Queen of the Ring struggling to get her bearings straight and immediately rushes onto the offensive. She pulls Lindsay up to her feet and goes to throw her into the ring, but hesitates as Carla Ferrari begins to start the count. Ares shakes her head no with a smirk before whipping her opponent into the steel steps. Carla continues to count as Ares stomps Troy onto the steps, breaks the count, and then lifts LT back up off the stairs and throws her into the steel barricade around the ring.

Lance:

Carla Ferrari is not happy about this development, Darren. She's trying desperately to get the action back into the ring here.

DDK:

Elise Ares is just taking it to Lindsay Troy outside of the ring here. If I were in the front couple of rows, I might be getting out of the way!

Ares comes sprinting in attempting a flying elbow, but Troy drops her shoulder and tosses Elise over the steel barricade into the crowd. LT is obviously still suffering from the side effects of the spiked hurricanrana and the steel step attacks and doesn't notice Ares landing on her feet. The FACE of DEFIANCE lifts Lindsay Troy up from behind and back suplexes her right into the front row of steel chairs and the Faithful scramble. Troy is now seated in a partially destroyed steel chair and Elise Ares is sitting on the concrete floor in front of her as fans swarm around to get a look.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style sees a cell phone on the floor dropped by a fan next to her and picks it up off the ground. She fiddles with it for just a second before turning the camera on and posing for a selfie in front of Lindsay Troy and snapping a picture with a smile, a wink, and index & middle finger extended with her thumb doing a Kawaii pose.

Ooooooooooooooooooh!

The Faithful make an audible gasp as Elise begins typing on the phone.

“OMG Just met LT! LO-”

SMACK!

The phone goes skittering across the floor as Ares' head bounces off the steel barricade and she goes stumbling backwards. Lindsay Troy, still showing signs of the effects of the previous exchange, snarls as she grabs Elise by the back of her top and waist band and hurls her back onto the mat outside the ring. She goes to follow but can't help but look over at the phone on the floor.

Lance:

I think Lindsay Troy is feeling a little photogenic tonight.

The Queen of the Ring picks the camera up off the floor and takes a picture with her and the Faithful before tossing it back into the crowd. Carla gets to the count of 8 before LT drags herself into the ring to break the count and then rolls back out to break the count. Elise is now back on her feet and goes for a backhand slap but misses, LT then lifts Ares from behind and drops her with a spinout powerbomb onto the apron.

DDK:

This is a PRIME example of the caliber of fighter you're going against every time you step into the ring with Lindsay Troy. The amount of punishment Elise Ares inflicted on Lindsay early in this match and she doesn't miss a step.

Lance:

Fighting the Queen of the Ring is like fighting a Terminator, Darren. It feels like it should almost be over but she looks like she's just getting started.

Lindsay Troy rolls Elise Ares into the ring and follows in after her. The match has clearly started to take a toll on both women but LT is the one in control. Ares crawls across the ring trying to escape further punishment but is unsuccessful as she's snatched up by the Queen of the Ring. Both of her arms are hooked before she's lifted and then dropped hard with the Final Judgement. Lindsay hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

T-KICKOUT!

Elise gets the shoulder up to continue the match. LT looks down at former PRIME 5*Star Champion with frustration before pulling her back up to her feet. Ares is out on her feet and shoves LT away, but Lindsay returns with a massive chop!

Wooooooooooooooooo!

Elise can't cover up as Troy fires away.

Wooooooooooooooooo!

Wooooooooooooooooo!

Wooooooooooooooooo!

Three hard chops knock Ares back into the corner. Grabbing Elise's arm, LT whips her into the opposite corner where she impacts so hard that momentum sends her stumbling back towards the middle of the ring. Troy fires out of the corner and drills Ares with a rolling koppu kick, she rolls through and jumps onto the ropes, then spins backwards with

a springboard front flip leg drop! She goes for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy is dominating the in-ring action, but Elise Ares will not stay down, Lance!

Lance:

This one means a lot for Elise, and not because it's a big one for the fans, but because she has something to prove. She may never get another shot at Lindsay Troy.

Lindsay Troy shakes her head in frustration before she resorts to a new tactic right away, locking in the Koji clutch immediately as Ares begins to stir. The Faithful get back into the match as Elise flails to escape, only locking herself in harder. Ares, not known as a mat technician, puts herself into a worse position before the wiggling stops and Carla gets in closer to check for a submission. Suddenly, The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE rolls herself forward pinning Lindsay's shoulders to the mat.

ONE!

TW-

Not even close to a three but enough to break the submission. Ares feels an opening and tries to race LT to her feet. She's successful and immediately fires a superkick at Troy who catches the strike and tries to pull her in for a roaring elbow but Ares powerslides under and attempts a school boy!

ONE!

The Queen of the Ring kicks out immediately but Elise ends up on her feet and goes towards the ropes, she rebounds and LT hits the mat forces Ares to jump over but then pops up behind her and charges behind her. Elise feels LT behind her and jumps up onto the ropes and backflips backwards, but Troy bounces on the ropes behind her and drills her with...

DDK:

QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

The Faithful explode!

Lance:

LINDSAY TROY IS LOOKING TO PUT THIS ONE AWAY!

Ares' legs fold out from under her and she falls limp to the canvas. LT immediately grabs Elise and double underhooks her legs. She picks Ares up for The Kingdom Come, but Elise flashes out of her grasp and then plants Lindsay Troy with a Rodeo Destroyer!

DDK:

OUT OF NOWHERE!

The Faithful are on their feet as Ares hops on the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE- NO!

Lance:

Elise Ares almost just stole one from Lindsay Troy.

DDK:

Where did that come from?

Lance:

Elise Ares is like a cockroach.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style takes a moment to argue with Carla Ferrari (what else is new) but she rushes to the apron. Perched on the apron, Elise bides her time and waits for LT to reach her feet and turn around. As she does, Ares leaps to the tope rope and flies towards Troy with Amethystation but Lindsay ducks down and Ares lands behind her on her feet. Troy goes to grab Elise from behind but she counters with a Pele Kick knocking the former FIST back into the ropes. The FACE of DEFIANCE then runs to the opposite ropes, rebounds and catches LT with a running Amethystation! The Vae Victis member hits the ground and rolls over onto her stomach, unintentionally putting herself into perfect position for Ares to hit a springboard stomp!

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER! THIS ONE MIGHT BE OVER!

Lance:

WOW.

Ares hits her foe with her finisher and immediately jumps on the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

DDK:

That wasn't three?!

Lance:

How do these ladies keep kicking out?!

THIS IS AWESOME! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

THIS IS AWESOME! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

THIS IS AWESOME! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

Elise Ares is LIVID with Carla Ferrari after the two-count is shown to her. Carla stands her ground and continues to tell Ares to get over herself and pay attention to the match. The FACE of DEFIANCE throws her arms up in the air in

frustration only to be grabbed and pulled backwards by Lindsay Troy into a submission!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy locking in a Katahajime on Ares, I don't think I've ever seen her use this move before?

Lance:

She's sending a message, Darren! In one of Elise Ares' first matches in the United States she was submitted with this move by PRIME Hall of Famer Brandon Youngblood who calls it the Gridlock! She's trying to remind Ares where she came from!

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE tries to kick her way free but she's immediately wrapped up like a snake from the much taller Lindsay Troy. Elise's struggle quickly comes to an end as The Faithful hang onto to every second. Ares appears to be out and Carla Ferrari jumps in trying to confirm as LT shakes the corpse of Elise, sinking the submission in even farther... but while shaking Elise the finger of the former SoHer just barely grazes the ropes and Carla calls for a rope break.

DDK:

Extraordinary break for Elise Ares here as Ferrari is forcing Lindsay Troy to break the submission.

Troy releases the Gridlock... eventually, she takes all the way until five again despite another warning from Carla. At five she releases the hold and drops the lifeless body of her opponent to the canvas and gets up to her feet. Her words to Ferrari are drowned out by the Faithful as she patiently waits for Ares to begin to stir. A few moments pass before Ares reaches out and grabs the bottom and to pull herself up and the second she does she's nailed with a goal kick right into her face. Before Lindsay can capitalize, Elise smartly grabs her face and rolls out of the ring.

The FACE of DEFIANCE stops on the apron, but that wasn't good enough for Troy who shoves her off the apron and onto the canvas with her foot. Carla warns Lindsay Troy about the rope break again and the Faithful jeer at the break in the action. Eventually, Troy backs away to appease Carla as Elise reaches her feet on the outside. Just as she does the former FIST runs into a cartwheel over the top rope suicide corkscrew senton landing them both onto the floor!

Lance:

Right now you have to wonder if both are these ladies are wondering what they're going to have to do to put the other one away, and whatever it is... is it outside the ring?

DDK:

You've got to wonder. Wrestling moves sure aren't getting the job done.

The Owner, President, and CEO of PRIME Wrestling gets up first and picks up Ares and swiftly tosses her back first into the steel barricade. Elise barely lands before LT drops down to a knee and begins digging at the matting with her fingers.

Lance:

I think Lindsay Troy knows EXACTLY how she's planning on putting this match away.

Her digging finds purchase and Lindsay rips the matting off of the concrete floor much to the frustration of Carla Ferrari who is finding it difficult to keep this grudge match under control. Pulling the mat off the concrete, Troy turns around to find Ares trying to crawl away but she's caught by her ankle and dragged back. LT kicks some kidney stomps to knock the fight out of Ares before lifting her up into position for a back to belly piledriver.

Suddenly, Elise rotates her hips to wiggle free and her feet hit the floor, surprising Lindsay. It gives her just enough time to quickly grab the Queen of the Ring and lift her up for a package piledriver dropping her head first onto the concrete floor!

DDK:

Elise Ares just hit THY KINGDOM COME ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR!

Lance:

Talk about adding insult to injury!

DDK:

This one HAS to be over now!

The toll of the match weighs heavily on the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style as she takes a full three counts from Carla Ferrari before she can pull herself up, not to mention pull up Lindsay Troy and roll her back into the ring. Ares slides in behind her as the crowd cheers her on. She looks down at LT on the canvas and that's when the camera picks up that Ares is bleeding from her lip as a result of that awkward landing of the corkscrew senton. The FACE of DEFIANCE spits blood onto Troy and what appears to be a tooth bounces off of the former FIST as Elise lays back first against her rival, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

WHAAAAAAAAAT?!

That is the remark heard from Darren Keebler as Lindsay Troy manages to get a shoulder up. Elise Ares sits up, eyes wide as the Faithful go ballistic. Carla Ferrari waves two fingers in front of the Havana Harlot's face and she just runs her hands through her hair, wondering what else she could possibly do.

Lance:

Elise Ares has hit Lindsay Troy with her finisher. Elise has also hit Lindsay Troy with Amethysta's old finisher. Now, she's also hit Lindsay Troy with LINDSAY TROY'S OWN FINISHER and she's still up at two!

DDK:

This is unbelievable.

FIGHT FOR-EVER! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

FIGHT FOR-EVER! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

FIGHT FOR-EVER! Clap Clap ClapClapClap

Ares slams her fists down on the canvas and pins Lindsay Troy again, this time the right way with both legs hooked.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-KICKOUT!

Irate Elise Ares screams at Carla Ferrari who again will not back down to the FACE of DEFIANCE. As they argue, in the heat of the moment, Elise reaches into her Magic Pocket™ in her boyshorts and pulls out a loaded, pink bedazzled flask and drops it into the ring behind her. The Faithful begin to roar even louder as Elise is too busy tearing into Carla Ferrari to realize that somehow, Lindsay Troy has risen. She'll find out soon enough as she turns around and Troy immediately grabs her and flips into a Spanish Fly directly onto the loaded flask!

But NO! Elise and LT both land on their feet! Still out of it and not entirely sure what just happened, Troy is caught off-

guard when Elise kicks her in the stomach and then stomps her face first right into the loaded flask that Carla Ferrari never saw. After another Extreme Makeover half the crowd roars, the other half boos as the impact shoots the flask outside of the ring and Ares rolls Troy over to go for a pinfall... but she doesn't.

DDK:

You have to go for the cover, Elise! This might be your last chance!

Lance:

I think she has something bigger in mind?

Ares pulls LT slightly away from the ropes before dragging herself up to the top turnbuckle. She looks into the crowd for just a moment before making a screen with her hands and thumbs, snapping an imaginary picture, and landing a phoenix splash double knee senton right across the chest of Lindsay Troy.

DDK:

Your Feature Presentation!

Lance:

Elise Ares hasn't broken that move out in months!

DDK:

Actually Lance, I think it's been YEARS!

Sitting on the chest of Lindsay Troy, Elise Ares hooks one leg and leans back as Carla Ferrari goes for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

At the very last second Lindsay Troy kicks out, but at the exact same time, Elise Ares reaches back and grabs onto the middle rope.

THREE!

For a moment it's as if the world stood still. A millisecond feels like a lifetime as the Faithful wonder if Lindsay Troy got her shoulder up in time.

Was it enough?

DING DING DING

Even Elise Ares looked shocked as Carla Ferrari called for the bell. It was finally over. She'd done what she'd always thought she could do.

She took down the Queen.

♪ “You Should See Me in a Crown (IIZ! Remix)” by Billie Eilish ♪

The toll of the match begins to sink in to Elise as her music hits. The adrenaline calms down and she falls down onto her back looking straight up into the lights.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELIIIIIIIIIISE AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRES!

Carla Ferrari checks on Lindsay Troy before walking over to check on Elise Ares on her back in the middle of the ring. Despite their differences, Ferrari reaches down and gives Ares a hand lifting her up off the canvas. She takes the hand of the FACE of DEFIANCE and lifts it up into the air in victory to a roar from the Faithful.

DDK:

There were some people out there who didn't think this would ever happen, Lance. Elise Ares has defeated Lindsay Troy here at DEFCON.

Lance:

What a match. That's really all I can say is WOW. This one was worth waiting nearly two decades for.

DDK:

Even in defeat, future DEFIANCE Hall of Famer...

Lance:

I'm sure of it.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy is still every single bit as advertised. She ate Amethystation, she ate an Extreme Makeover, she ate Thy Kingdom Come, her own finisher, on the exposed concrete floor, she ate an Extreme Makeover on top of Elise's loaded flask, and she ate Your Feature Presentation and she STILL... arguably, kicked out before three.

Lance:

There are certainly people out there who don't like Ares' tactics, and that's a justified stance, but you have to admire her determination. She fought like hell tonight, Darren, and she's walking out a winner at DEFCON.

After leaning against the ropes and soaking in the victory from the Faithful, Elise Ares turns around and is face to face with Lindsay Troy now on her feet and on her way out of the ring. A bit of blood trickles down Troy's face from the Extreme Makeover on the flask as the music pauses.

DDK:

What's going to happen here?

Lindsay looks down at the much smaller Elise as the blood keeps flowing from a cut on her head. The tension is noticeable, and Carla Ferrari moves in closer, just in case the fight decides to continue.

But, it doesn't.

Instead, the Queen of the Ring chuckles. Smirks. And nods. Admirably. Without saying a word, she walks past Elise and slips out of the ring, collecting her coat before walking up the ramp to a standing ovation from the Chicago crowd.

Ares watches along with the rest of the Chicago Faithful as Lindsay Troy leaves the ring before she turns around and raises her arms into the air to a pop. She uses her hand to wipe blood off of her lip before smirking.

A dream comes true as the scene fades to black.

CASTLEMANIA WRESTLEVANIA

Backstage. And the question on many people's minds regarding the main event of DEFCON, is Conor Fuse cleared to wrestle?

Well, considering the walking boot he's in, it doesn't look like this question is being answered at the moment.

Or maybe there's your answer.

Conor, however, is dressed in white glossy wrestling tights, complete with a golden stripe running down his left leg, stopping at the walking boot.

Jamie Sawyers is quick on the scene, mic in hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor, Conor, can I have a word!?

Fuse looks over and gives a nod, as the cameraman remains in place and Jamie gets into position.

Jamie Sawyers:

What happened to your ankle? Are you okay to wrestle tonight? The reports are mixed but we have been hearing you're a go on social media!

Conor nods along. He's a little more grounded and subdued than normal.

Conor Fuse:

Jamie...

Conor looks down at his walking boot.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, this is a concern. There's no doubt about it.

Conor pauses and looks up at the camera, speaking with more intensity.

Conor Fuse:

But this is DEFCON. Chicago. The place where I won my first world title.

Conor smacks Jamie in the back.

Conor Fuse:

I ain't backing down. The match is on!

The Faithful inside the United Center explode!

Jamie Sawyers:

But Conor... you're in a WALKING BOOT.

Conor shrugs and smiles.

Conor Fuse:

Um yeah dude, *I know*.

He pauses.

Conor Fuse:

Your point?

Jamie tries to find a different way to express himself.

Jamie Sawyers:

You're in a walking boot.

Conor Fuse:

Right.

Jamie Sawyers:

You are **injured**.

Conor Fuse:

Sure but there's a World Title match with my name on it!

Jamie Sawyers:

Are you cleared?

Conor Fuse:

For what, exactly?

The banter between both parties comes to a screeching halt...

Because Tyler Fuse has walked into the scene.

He doesn't look happy. He's sporting a black t-shirt and black jeans, fresh off the squash loss he suffered last night at the hands of Dan Ryan.

Conor takes a little gulp before acknowledging his brother.

Conor Fuse:

Hey man.

Tyler nods, slightly.

Conor Fuse:

I'm sorry about your match with Dan.

Tyler doesn't flinch. However, his mouth moves a little.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm not.

Relief crosses Conor's face as he leans forward and almost puts his right hand on Tyler's shoulder, until he realizes he shouldn't push it.

Conor Fuse:

Look, bro, no hard feelings. I know you didn't mean to have Malak break my ankle.

Jamie Sawyers looks like he's going to have a heart attack after Conor admitted his ankle is **broken**.

...Or did Conor do that on purpose? Needless to say, Fuse carries on.

Conor Fuse:

I know we've had our differences, but we'll always be cool with each other. And I know when it really counts, the Fuse's, the REAL Fuse's, will always back each other up.

Conor puts out his left fist.

Tyler doesn't bump it back, but Conor thinks it's implied.

Conor Fuse:

Anyway, when I win the FIST of DEFIANCE tonight on my shattered-and-never-to-be-used-again-correctly-ankle, I'm gonna give you a shot. I'm gonna give Elise a shot. Dan Ryan a shot. I'm gonna defend the title every single night and become the best SPEEDRUN LONG STANDING champion of all time!

Conor stops to think about what he said.

Conor Fuse:

Speedrun means fast. Maybe I don't mean fast as in length of reign. Yeah, no. No, yeah. I mean in terms of opponents I wreck!

Conor realises he's losing the plot, so he puts his more serious face on.

Conor Fuse:

Listen dude, I'm getting ahead of myself. It's always been my dream to be on the big stage and have just ONE fan cheering for me.

!RANK chants start to build inside the arena. Tyler, meanwhile, seems a little off put.

Conor Fuse:

I have a few fans, at least.

Conor nods. He smacks Jamie hard, almost too hard, on the chest.

Conor Fuse:

Brother, Tyler, I love ya. And I know Malak invited you to ringside tonight but brother-to-brother, friend-to-friend, the guy I broke into the wrestling industry with and really owe my career to...

Conor walks up to his bro, face-to-face.

Conor Fuse:

I'm gonna be okay, I can do this on my own. We agreed when we first went down our singles campaigns, we would be there for each other but only in an emergency.

Conor looks at his walking boot.

Conor Fuse:

I ain't in any "emergency".

He smirks.

Conor Fuse:

Even if I needed my ankle amputated.

Okay, he's clearly just messing with Sawyers by now. Right?

Conor Fuse:

Stay behind, Ty. Imma beat Malak on my own, the way it should be. I know you *wanted* to be the guy to do it.

Conor finally does place that hand on Tyler's shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

But even if I do win, you win, too.

Conor seems as genuine and serious as possible.

Conor Fuse:

After all, I learned everything from you.

It's clear Conor is starting to fire himself up as he looks dead into the camera.

Conor Fuse:

Because this, god dammit, is mother fucking DEFCON. And hell or high water, Malak GARLAND, you are **not** family. You are **NOT** blood. You are nothing. I tried to be friends, many times. I was wrong. I was foolish. Well, tonight it's a brand new start. We're in CHICAGO for the first time since DEFIANCE went on the road years ago. Chicago is like a second home.

Conor pounds his chest.

Conor Fuse:

It's CastleMania, *brother*. Get ready for the shock of your life!

Conor pats Tyler's shoulder and walks away, albeit with a slight limp because of the walking boot and all.

...Leaving Tyler standing there, stoic and deadpan as always.

TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: M4NTRA (C) vs. RAIN CITY RONIN

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, after two storied nights of some of the greatest wrestling action we've ever witnessed, we've reached our penultimate match to round out night two! The historic Unified Tag Team Championships are on the line as the rising stars of M4NTRA defend against their titles against their old rivals in the Rain City Ronin!

Lance:

These two teams last met as opponents as far back as DEFRoad 2024. Back then, the four of them were rising stars, fresh off of successful BRAZEN runs where they all at some point held championship gold. Tonight, they meet as two of DEFIANCE's premiere teams in our company's history tag team division.

DDK:

Since that DEFRoad 2024 match you mentioned, both of these teams have followed their own separate trajectories. Natty Eyce and DEC4L have since moved on to the heights of championship gold... but the Ronin have always remained close on their heels! Tonight, they finally have the opportunity to even the odds against their old rivals! So without further adieu, let's head to the ring and watch how this plays out!

The massive DEFIATron wallscreen flickers to life. The arena lights come low, theater style.

"Silencio..."

We're treated to a scene projected in grainy, black and white footage. A low angle shot gazes up into the Chicago metro skyline lit up at night. In the background, we can hear the usual hallmarks of urban noise: sirens, dogs barking, the honking of car horns.

After a moment, LEO BURNETT steps into the frame. He pauses, gazing up and taking in the surrounding city with a deep, impassioned breath.

He is *home*.

Burnett continues walking, heavy footsteps crunching in dry and dead grass. When the camera eventually pans down, he is revealed to be walking through a cemetery.

In silence, he passes through rows of headstones... until he stops at one. It looks completely interchangeable from the hundreds of similar stones surrounding him, but this one in particular hits him with a gravity that immediately shows on his face.

After taking a moment to collect himself, Burnett steps forward and sets a single rose on the grave. A moment later, the name comes into focus.

LAMAR GABRIEL BURNETT

7-23-1997 - 2-14-2019

Beloved Son and Brother

Leo kneels and bows his head, paying his respects while grappling with a wave of emotions. A single tear runs down the side of his face. For a moment, the whole of the Second City seems to fall silent...

Then Burnett rises up and walks away. A man on a mission, so long as he's still living and breathing.

As he heads for the exit, he passes by Zack Daymon, leaning against the fence in wait. Daymon pushes himself off the rail and falls in step as Burnett walks through the cemetery gate.

The two approach the camera, until their bodies completely block out the view...

The United Center remains dark. Until...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is for the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS of DEFIANCE...

♪ "Together" by Chance the Rapper ♪

When footage comes back, in color and LIVE.

Burnett and Daymon, clad in their ring gear and looking ready for action, carve a path through the backstage hallways of the United Center, the chase-cam close behind them. They pass through go-rilla, then through the black canopy, and finally, through the curtain and out onto the stage, where the Chicago Faithful greet the tandem of Burnett and Daymon with a THUNDEROUS pop!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

The camera pans around to reveal the two of them in their entirety, wearing patterned tights that bear the red stars, white banner, and sky blue stripes of the Chicago flag!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the CHALLENGERS! Weighing in at a combined weight of four-hundred and fifty pounds... the team of ZACK DAYMON... and... Chicago-born, LEO BURNETT...

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Darren Quimbey:

Tonight, for one night only, in honor of all of YOU... THEY ARE... the SECOND... CITY...
ROOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!

KA-BLAMMM!!

Pyros and rockets of red and blue light EXPLODE across the stage behind the Ronin, kneeling and posing like they belong to the Ginyu Force. A moment later, they begin their descent down the ramp...

DDK:

They have overcome Bruvs! They have overcome Besties! From their humble beginnings going to war with the Kabal, to the dominant era of "Shut Up And Wrestle", the team of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett have dedicated themselves to climbing the ranks of the DEFIANCE tag team division, displaying a bond rivaled only by a select few teams in this company's esteemed history! Tonight, under the moniker of the SECOND CITY RONIN in honor of Burnett's hometown Chicago, they finally have the opportunity to immortalize their journey, should they walk away from this match as champions!

Lance:

Obviously, this is an emotional night for Burnett, fighting for this chance of a lifetime in front of hundreds and friends and family. This is the homecoming only few ever get to experience in their lifetimes.

With all of Chicago cheering them on, Leo and Zack slap hands across the barricade on their way down the rampway. When they get to the ring, they simultaneously slide in under the ropes and roar up to their feet, flexing to another uproarious pop.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Lance:

A warm reception for the Ronin, fully embracing themselves tonight as the hometown heroes.

DDK:

Uh oh...

Tom Morrow is already on the stage. Dressed in a very clean and non-wrinkled all-white suit, tie, shoes, and all, the manager of M4NTRA gets ready to present the champions.

Tom Morrow:

Screw you traditionalists! My clients have been the leaders this division for the past year and we get the right to be introduced first! Because tonight, my clients aren't just movers and shakers ... they are history makers! Make sure that you keep your ticket stubs laminated! Put them in a shadow box if you're feeling crafty! Take pictures! Take videos! Do everything possible to remember this night. Because when you grow old and get Old Timer's Disease, you will still never forget where you were on the night that M4NTRA *retired* the Tom Morrow Division for good!

A light shines up in the rafters of two very clean white jerseys. The first reads “EYE 251” in gold. The second reads “DEC4L 1”.

Tom Morrow:

Since the Bulls have been letting people down longer than most of you have been alive ... my champions will be *your* champions forever, Chicago! Because *when* M4NTRA walk out of this city as your Forever Unified Tag Team Champions, those titles will be hung alongside those jerseys in the rafters of the United Center for you and for future generations to see! Because *nobody* measures up to my team! *Nobody* is more aligned! *Nobody* is more enlightened! *Nobody* represents the future more! Heck, after this, since my guys have *beaten* Conor Fuse to keep these titles! If he wins the FIST later tonight, he's gonna be M4NTRA's first target!

He is being almost drowned out by booing but he keeps going through it any way.

Tom Morrow:

Introducing your Forever Unified Tag Team Champions and representing the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency! Introducing men who have ripped through this entire division like a wood chipper! Hall of Fame-worthy tag teams like PCP and the Lucky Sevens? Nahhhh, turned to dust! Super teams like Conor Fuse and Dan Ryan? Dusted! Rising stars like the Atomic Punks? Call this tag team Thanos cause we snapped our fingers and they got blipped right out of our ring! But more importantly ... you can call them the winners of the most historic match in the existence of the Tom Morrow Division! Walked out by the most beautiful ball of energy that you can ask for, the very lovely “Good Vibes Only” Makayla Namastee ...

Morrow puts his finger up!

Tom Morrow:

DECLAN "DEC4L" ALEXANDER!!!

Morrow throws up a second finger!

Tom Morrow:

251 POUNDS OF PURE PERSEVERANCE!!! NATHAN EYE!!!

With the most exaggerated deep breath Tom gets ready to make some noise.

Tom Morrow:

[illegible]

Another breath.

Tom Morrow:

-TTTTTRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

MANTRA

♪ “MANTRA” by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The drum beats and the guitar intro give way to the three standing on the stage. DEC4L and Nathan Eye both are wearing basketball-inspired wrestling gear in the form of matching white shorts and boots that have gold "M4NTRA" logos on the sides. They both have on a replica of the very jerseys displayed earlier. Nathan points to the "251" and DEC4L has the "1". Both men have their titles around their waists and make like LeBron and simultaneously throw white chalk into the sky!

DDK:

And here come the champions laying it in really hard with these basketball themes tonight.

Lance:

I can't believe these two are really going through with this promise to retire the Unified Tag Team Championships they have been going on about for months! There's no way DEFIANCE Wrestling is going to sanction this ... right?

After both men have cleaned their hands of the chalk, DEC4L and Nathan Eye both M4NTRA Ray dance and much to their surprise, several sections are caught on camera doing the same by moving their hands out like manta rays. Both men have their arms out and flail around like manta rays with Makayla Namaste shortly behind them, dressed in a white and gold cheerleader outfit! She almost bumps into Tom Morrow who looks a little irritated by her presence but walks forward. When the champions have made it into the ring Nathan and DEC4L hold up their respective belts! Makayla Namaste shakes the pom poms and Tom Morrow tries to cut in front of her to get some last second camera time!

Lance:

What is up with Tom Morrow here? Ever since he came back from his injury at the hands of the Lucky Sevens at last year's DEFCON, he's been more of a soccer dad than anything.

DDK:

Those titles represent power and money which are two things Tom Morrow can't live without. They mean everything to him.

Nathan and DEC4L clink their belts together and plant a kiss on their titles. "MANTRA" stops playing over the speaker system and the champions look ready.

DDK:

Referee Hector Navarro has gone through his checks on the challenger...and now he retrieves the title belts from the champions.

Navarro holds the belts up to the four cardinal directions of the United Center, as is the formal championship match custom, before handing them off to the timekeeper.

LET'S GO RO-NIN!! (clap-clap-clapclapclap)

LET'S GO RO-NIN!! (clap-clap-clapclapclap)

LET'S GO RO-NIN!! (clap-clap-clapclapclap)

LET'S GO RO-NIN!! (clap-clap-clapclapclap)

The official hands over the titles to the timekeeper. In the corner of the champions, Alexander and Eye briefly confer before the latter goes out to the apron. Across the ring, Daymon stands ready to meet him in combat.

With everything in order, Navarro gives the cue for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

There's the bell to start this match-up! DEC4L is starting on behalf of the tag champions, while Zack Daymon is in for the Ronin!

Both active competitors stare each other down and ready for a tie-up... but the Chicago Faithful, eager to see the hometown boy in action, create enough of a stir that it gets Daymon's attention. Obliging, Zack makes the tag to Burnett.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

And by popular demand, IN comes Leo Burnett!

Lance:

Burnett, the Chicago native, to start off what may undoubtedly be the biggest match of his career!

Not to be outdone, DEC4L tags out to Nathan Eye, with the two immediately hamming it up in a way that would suggest it's a big deal.

Chicago ain't havin' none of it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

Here comes Burnett charging across the ring with a running lariat... but DUCKED by Eye!

Leo twirls around, where the Golden State Guru is waiting to wring him into a side headlock. Despite his efforts to squeeze down on Burnett's head, the Iceman pulls a hand away and turns it around into a standing wristlock. Nathan slaps the shoulder a couple times while Burnett gives it a few extra cranks for good measure.

DDK:

Burnett reverses the headlock into a wristlock... but now here's EYE with the reversal, into a wristlock of his own!

Lance:

And looks maybe a little *too* proud of himself for pulling it off.

DDK:

Nathan torques the arm of Burnett... but Leo just pulls him right into a STIFF FOREARM! And ANOTHER!

Nathan reels off the repeated shots to his feet while Burnett presses his advantage, eventually backing him into the ropes and pushing him off. Eye rebounds off the opposite side as Burnett drops down, allowing him to run over. He pops to his feet and bends over as Nathan rebounds once more, but the Golden State Guru has other plans...

DDK:

Burnett, looking for the back body drop, instead gets a KICK to his face from Eye!

Leo rears up and backs away, clutching his jaw... but looking more annoyed than hurt. Then from annoyed, to fully PISSED OFF as he glares back at Eye with murderous intent.

Lance:

Uh oh... that might have been a mistake!

For a moment, Nathan's hands come off, as though to beg him off. But without warning, Burnett goes from zero to a hundred...

DDK:

BIG LARIAT nearly tears Nathan Eye out of his BOOTS!

Lance:

He darn near pried open his FOURTH eye with that one!

DDK:

Eye, scrambling back up... but Burnett grabs him from the rear and throws him over with a RELEASED GERMAN SUPLEX! Eye bounces from the impact and somehow rolls back to his feet... ANOTHER RELEASED GERMAN from Burnett!

Lance:

Burnett is absolutely on fire right now! He's got the crowd behind him, as well as the momentum on his side, and he knows it!

DDK:

Burnett pulling Eye back up around the waist... lifts him up once more with a GUTWRENCH SUPLEX--and drops an ELBOW across the chest on the way down for good measure! Burnett hooks the leg!

One!

Tw--NO! That one is almost immediately broken up by Declan Alexander!

DEC4L pulls Leo out of the pin and gives him a few obligatory kicks before scurrying back to the M4NTRA corner, innocently throwing up his hands at the ref, even though what he just did was plainly visible by everyone in the United Center. Glaring at him ruefully, Burnett nevertheless stays on Eye, pulling him to his feet by the nape of the neck and leading him to the Ronin corner.

DDK:

Tag made to Zack Daymon, just as Burnett dumps Eye into the corner!

Lance:

None of his three eyes look particular focused at this moment.

DDK:

Zack steps through the ropes now as they size up the Golden State Guru...

Smack!

DDK:

DOUBLE CHOPS to the chest of Eye!

Nathan, mouth agape and moaning in agony, stumble-walks a few steps out of the corner, until being yanked back against the turnbuckles by the Ronin. Zack and Leo subsequently vault up into STEREO KNEE STRIKES, hitting Nathan on either side of the noggin!

DDK:

TWIN KNEE LIFTS by the Second City Ronin... right into a BULLDOG by Daymon!

Zack rolls Eye onto his back to make the cover. Alexander gets a leg through the ropes, but stops when he sees Burnett staring him down, just *begging* him to try something.

DDK:

Daymon hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

No! Nathan Eye is forced to kick out of that one on his own!

Lance:

Still plenty of match to go... but I'm willing to bet this is hardly the way the tag team champions would have liked this match to start off.

Zack sits Nathan up into a reverse chinlock, but before he can get settled onto the mat, Eye pushes himself to his feet and quickly drops back down, catching Daymon off guard with a reverse jawbreaker to free himself! With the chance to make a break for his corner, Eye tags out to DEC4L.

DDK:

Eye tags out to Declan Alexander for a breather! Daymon tries to chase him down, but eats DEC4L's boot instead, by way of a springboard dropkick!

Lance:

The PogChamp looks eager to bring the scales of balance back to the side of the champions. A costly error by Daymon may be just what they need.

DDK:

Daymon back to his feet... but DEC4L is there to meet him with THE RED LINE!

The enzuigiri clips Daymon into the back of the head, flipping him forward and onto his back. Alexander wastes no time grabbing him by the legs and flipping forward into a bridge!

DDK:

DEC4L with the Jackknife Pin!

One!

Two!

And that's a knockout!

Lance:

But the POGChamp is staying right on him.

Declan grabs Zack around the head and pulls him back to his feet, plotting a side Russian legsweep... only to be STUNNED when Daymon's elbow drives itself into his ribs! More elbows follow, until Daymon breaks free from his grip, turns himself around, and reverses it into an uranage that sends Alexander rolling wildly across the canvas!

DDK:

Daymon with the SIDESLAM out of nowhere... and now he crawls over and tags back out to Burnett!

Lance:

No hesitation there. The Ronin definitely want to keep up the pace on this match.

DDK:

Burnett into the ring, goes to retrieve Declan Alexander... NO! DEC4L was waiting for him with a shot to the midsection!

Alexander follows up by snapmaring Burnett to the mat and jumping up HIGH with a knee drop that catches Leo in the orbital socket! While Burnett clutches his eye, the POGChamp hops to his feet and tags Nathan back into the fight.

Lance:

DEC4L with the tag... but I think he may have something in mind!

DDK:

M4NTRA seem to be reading each other's minds here as they both bring Burnett back to his feet, and push him off the ropes!

Leo rebounds off the ropes, where the waiting Eye lifts him up, bring him down to DECAL, who is waiting with a cutter... were it not for Burnett's palm STUFFING his face!

DDK:

NO!! Leo Burnett BLOCKS the double team attempt! And instead turns it into a TORNADO DDT ON DECLAN ALEXANDER!!

Lance:

Absolutely incredible counter! But Nathan Eye looks none too pleased!

The POGChamp rolls from the ring, clutching his head. Meanwhile, the Inspirational One gets the jump on Burnett as he's rising to his feet with a double axe-handle across the back of his neck. Then he pulls Leo in and tucks his head under the arm for a low waistlock.

DDK:

Eye right back in control... looking for the NORTHERN LIGHTS--

Lance:

Nope!

Burnett's feet get a few inches off the mat, but drop back to the canvas as he blocks the attempt. Instead, the Iceman reverses the momentum and lifts Nathan up onto his shoulder into a Canadian Backbreaker! With his free hand, he makes the tag back to Zack Daymon.

DDK:

Zack Daymon tagged back into the match, while Burnett has Eye held up on his shoulder! Daymon, climbing to the TOP... and a DIVING GUILLOTINE LEGDROP brings Nathan Eye CRASHING DOWN!!

Lance:

M4NTRA had plans to double-team, but the Ronin hit them right back with one of their own!

The Golden State Guru flops across the mat like he were Chris Paul and this was the NBA Playoffs.

DDK:

Daymon makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Pulled out of the ring by Declan Alexander at the last second!

Morrow hurries over to the champions as they recover and reset down at ringside. Alone together in the ring, Daymon and Burnett face the hard camera, knee, and FLEX, earning a thunderous pop from the Chicago Faithful!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

DDK:

The Second City Ronin are standing TALL and looking STRONG in this match for the Unified Tag Team Champions!

Lance:

They've definitely brought their A-Game out here tonight, and M4NTRA have not found the answer to it!

DDK:

Uh oh... here comes trouble!

Behind the Ronin, Makayla Namaste climbs up to the apron.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Lance:

With the pace of this match clearly in the hands of the Ronin, it's not surprising to see Namaste running the distraction here.

DDK:

All that will earn the champions is the ire of Hector Navarro, as he now commands her off the apron!

Daymon and Burnett exchange looks, nod, and together CHARGE across the ring in the direction of Namaste! With a shriek, she drops off the apron and falls on her bottom on the floor... only to watch as Zack and Leo hit the ropes and sprint the other way, where Nathan and Declan are regrouping with Morrow.

DDK:

Here come Burnett and Daymon off the ropes... TWIN TOPE SUICIDAS TO THE OUTSIDE by the RONIN, taking out BOTH members of M4NTRA!

Lance:

These two are just relentless right now! Even outside the ring, DEC4L and Eye can't escape the wrath of Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon!

While Navarro steadily follows through with a ten count, the Second City Ronin continue to light up Alexander and Eye in the ringside area, throwing jabs and forearms while tossing them either against the apron or into the barricade, much to the delight of the fans in the first few rows. Burnett takes a moment to give the dap to a few hometown friends in ringside seats before he and Daymon pull Eye off the floor and roll him into the ring at the count of seven.

DDK:

The legal man Eye back into the ring now, and Zack Daymon slides in after him! Daymon making the cover here!

ONE!

TWO!

And Eye kicks out!

Daymon keeps up the pressure, pulling Eye back to his feet and setting him back to the mat into a seated position courtesy of a snapmare. While the Inspirational one sits seemingly dazed, Zack takes a bounce into the ropes behind him and comes running back, looking for the KNEE strike to the back of the head...

...only for Eye to flatten himself on the canvas!

DDK:

Nathan Eye DUCKS the running knee to the head... quick hook of the ankle sweeps Daymon to the mat... now Eye scrambles to his feet, and catches Zack with a ONE-HANDED BULLDOG as he is pushing his way back up!

Lance:

I think that third eye might be located in the back of his head! He read that knee strike perfectly, and knew exactly how to counter.

Daymon is shook off the bulldog, but continues to fight his way back up and get to his corner. A swift boot to his face cuts him off at the pass, and Eye follows up by tagging out to Declan.

Lance:

M4NTRA might be turning the tables on the Ronin.

DDK:

Tag is made to DEC4L as Eye takes Daymon by the arm...now both members of M4NTRA push him off the ropes... and a DOUBLE ARM DRAG puts Daymon flat on his back with a DEVASTATING slam! Declan makes the cover...

ONE...

TWO...

KICK OUT!

Alexander quickly sets Zack into a headlock as Eye steps back out onto the apron, but only briefly, as DEC4L quickly tags him back in. Nathan begins to climb the near corner while Declan twists Daymon around until they are back to back.

Lance:

The tag team champs aren't goofing around anymore. The Ronin have proven they pose a serious challenge to their championship reign, and now they are all business.

DDK:

Tag out to Eye, as he goes upstairs... and DEC4L DROPS DAYMON with a NECKBREAKER! And here comes Eye OFF THE TOP... and NAILS the FLIPPING SENTON SPLASH!

As Eye goes for the cover, Leo attempts to rush the ring, but gets immediately stopped in the ropes by DEC4L.

DDK:

Cover is made!

ONE...

TWO...

Thr--NO!! Daymon pops the shoulder... but that one-two punch from the tag champions M4NTRA almost sealed the deal!

In the Ronin corner, Burnett and Alexander tangle and nearly come to blows before Burnett backs out the apron and glares at him. DEC4L taunts him, telling him to come take his shot, and Leo almost goes in to comply until Hector Navarro intervenes.

Lance:

Burnett is beginning to let M4NTRA get under his skin, which is unfortunately playing right into their hands, as here comes the referee to stop him.

DDK:

And while the official's back is turned, Eye is CHOKING DAYMON across the BOTTOM ROPE! TURN AROUND, Hector! Don't fall for this!

When Burnett heads back to the post and grabs the tag string, Navarro finally turns around to catch Eye in the act. He immediately rushes over, makes the four count, and orders for the immediate break. Instead, the Golden State Guru presses his foot further into Daymon's back, causing him to thrash wildly and gasp for air.

DDK:

Come on, break this up!

With his hand being forced, the official grabs Eye and pulls him back. Quite innocently, Nathan throws up his hands and explains to Hector that he simply didn't hear him because he was too busy envisioning how inspirational the victory celebration could be. But while Navarro reprimands him...

DDK:

Now hang on, wait--MAKAYLA NAMASTE is getting in on this, pulling Daymon's head down over the rope while Hector is AGAIN looking the other way!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Lance:

The official is only trying to do his job to the best of his capacity here... which M4NTRA knows well, and will use to their every advantage!

Daymon's legs kick while Namaste uses all of her weight to pull his neck across the rope. Tom Morrow stands off to the side, leering close to Daymon's darkening face and chiding him for thinking he had any chance in this. Then, they back off... a mere half second before Navarro turns and looks. Across the ring, Leo Burnett is livid, as is all of Chicago.

Lance:

It's taking everything in Leo Burnett not to charge into the ring right now and put a stop to this, but he knows he has to stay his hand unless he wants to make this situation worse!

DDK:

Now in full control, Nathan Eye pulls Daymon off the ropes... Zack is HEAVING for air in there... but a SIDE RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP takes him to the mat! He makes the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--KICKOUT!! Daymon pops the shoulder at the last second!

Lance:

Daymon's fire continues to burn, but M4NTRA are eager to stamp it out before it gets out of their control once more.

Nathan pulls Daymon up and dumps him into his team's corner before tagging out to Alexander once again. While DEC4L steps through the ropes, Eye softens up Daymon with a set of running elbows into the jaw, before yanking him out of the corner with T-bone suplex!

DDK:

THIRD EYE BLIND by NATHAN EYE!!

As Eye heads out to the apron, DEC4L wastes no time in peeling Daymon back up, lifting him from behind, and dropping him HARD over his knees with a spinning lungblower backbreaker!

DDK:

C-C-C-COMBO BREAKER by DEC4L!!

Lance:

They are dropping all the bombs on Zack Daymon right now!

DDK:

Alexander hooks the leg for the cover... could that be IT??

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! Daymon BARELY kicks out in time!

Burnett claps, rallying the Chicago Faithful to get behind his partner. Controlling Daymon by the head, Alexander makes another quick tag to Eye, who steps back into the ring while Declan shoots Zack off the ropes.

DDK:

Daymon in motion now... and Eye is waiting with the RISE AND GRIND--NO!! Zack REVERSES the pop-up spinebuster into a HURRICANRANA!

Lance:

That felt like a last ditch effort, but Zack has a window to make a tag to--

DDK:

NOOO!! DEC4L with the LOW BLOW from behind!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Daymon crumples to the mat, mere feet away from Burnett's outstretched arm. Navarro is on Alexander in a heartbeat. DEC4L instinctively backs up into his corner, covering himself by claiming he was aiming for the knee and missed.

Lance:

Navarro's got his back turned again!

DDK:

These guys are too much! Now wait... Morrow just SLID THAT METAL-BOUND BOOK into the ring!

Lance:

And it's inches away from the hand of Nathan Eye!

Eye reaches for the book...

...only for a BOOT to suddenly stamp down on it!

DDK:

LEO BURNETT is IN THE RING...and he says NO! He is NOT letting M4NTRA get away with any more of this!

Lance:

And now it looks like he's ready to give them a taste of their own medicine.

Burnett picks up the book himself while Eye rises up on his knees, begging him off. Burnett wields the tome threateningly, looking like he wants nothing more than to paste his face with two-hundred and fifty-one pages of pure dribble and its heavy metal binding. Instead, with a smirk, he tosses the book out of the ring.

Just as--

DDK:

DAYMON WITH THE KNEE TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!!

Lance:

I take it back... he DOESN'T have ANY eyes back there! What a turnaround!

DDK:

It was M4NTRA's turn to fall for the distraction! And now is Zack Daymon's chance to tag out!

Hector Navarro turns back to the action in time to see both Eye and Daymon on the mat, struggling to crawl to the opposite corners. Zack clutches his ribs, pulling himself with one arm, while Leo Burnett extends his arm over the ropes. Across the ring, Nathan shakes out the cobwebs and scurries over to his corner as soon as his wits are about him.

DDK:

Tag made to the POGchamp...

Alexander is in the ring in a flash, sprinting as fast as he can to cut off Daymon from making the--

DDK:

TAG MADE TO BURNETT IN A LAST DITCH EFFORT BY DAYMON!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

Burnett storms into the ring. DEC4L freezes, holding up his hands and trying to beg him off.

Lance:

And now it's payback time!

Alexander realizes the situation is bleak, and tires to get the jump of Leo with a boot to the gut, only for Burnett to catch the boot and yank him straight into a POWERSLAM that rocks the ring! Eye rises to his feet and charges, only for himself to run into ANOTHER POWERSLAM!

DDK:

LEO BURNETT IS CLEANING HOUSE IN THERE!! THE ROOF IS ABOUT TO BLOW OFF THE UNITED CENTER!!

Lance:

Two-hundred and forty-three pounds of PURE PUNISHMENT, is what that is!

DDK:

Declan Alexander back up... SPINEBUSTER PUTS HIM DOWN!! Eye on his feet, NO IDEA where he is... BUT NOW HE'S ON HIS BACK BECAUSE BURNETT PUTS HIM DOWN THERE WITH A GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!! Now the COVER ON DEC4L!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! Alexander gets the shoulder up at the last second!

The arena deflates, but only briefly, as Burnett gets Nathan Eye back up, sets him against the ropes, and CLOTHESLINES his ass to the outside! Smelling blood in the water, he crosses over to his corner and makes the tag to Daymon, who is recovered, albeit still hurt.

DDK:

In comes Daymon, as Burnett lifts Alexander up to the TOP rope now...

Lance:

They're taking a big risk here, but they also know it's go all out, or go home!

DDK:

Only Leo Burnett IS home, Lance! Now Burnett and Daymon rise up to the top with Alexander... hook the arms...

...

DOUBLE SUPERPLEX!! Declan Alexander was FLATTENED! And Zack makes the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THRR--OOOHNOOOO DEC4L POPS THAT SHOULDER!! HOW did he DO THAT?!

Lance:

M4NTRA are showing the fortitude of tag team champions in there. If the Second City Ronin want those tag team titles, they're going to have to throw everything at them and MORE. And even THAT may not be enough.

Daymon gets Alexander back up and tags out to Burnett once more. Burnett steps in and takes ahold of DEC4L from behind with double chickenwings, eventually lifting him off his feet. Zack, meanwhile, hits the ropes...

DDK:

Could be looking to cap this off with the TOTAL SUBLIMATION here!

Daymon suddenly stops in his tracks when he sees something across the ring...

Lance:

Morrow is on the apron!

DDK:

Oh, for CRYING OUT--

Navarro goes to clear Morrow off the apron, only for Daymon to run right past him and CLOCK the former Keeling Jr. with a roaring elbow that knocks him to the floor!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

Lance:

One never quite gets tired of seeing Tom Morrow get knocked around!

DDK:

NO!! DEC4L WITH A LOW BLOW!! NAVARRO DIDN'T SEE IT!

Burnett drops Alexander and clutches at his groin. As soon as DEC4L is free, he springboards off the ropes and drops him with the cutter...

DDK:

PLAY OF THE GAME!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! THE CHAMPS ARE GOING TO STEAL THIS TO RETAIN!!

Daymon turns around back to the action, but is a second too late as DEC4L runs at him and clips his face with a running enzuigiri!

DDK:

RED LINE CONNECTS!! Daymon gets sent to the OUTSIDE!

Lance:

I can't believe it's ending like this!

DDK:

Alexander going over to Burnett... HOOKING THE LEGS, TO RETAIN...

ONE!!

TWO!!!

KYYYYYYYEEEEIIIIIIIIIIICKOOOOOUTT!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

BURNETT IS HANGING IN THERE! HE'S NOT GOING DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT!!

Alexander shakes his head in disbelief, but nevertheless pulls Leo back up, hooks him from behind, and lifts for a final devastating--

DDK:

C-C-C-COMBO BR--

...

BURNETT SLIPS DOWN BEHIND HIM!!

Lance:

He's OUT!

DEC4L barely has time to react before Burnett hooks his arms and lifts him up...

DDK:

BURNETT PUTS DEC4L ON ICE with THE COLD SNAP!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

Lance:

This is it, Keebs! We're about to see the titles CHANGE HANDS!

DDK:

And ALL OF CHICAGO KNOWS IT!! BURNETT HOOKS THE LEG, FOR THE WIN...

ONE!!

TWO!!!

EYE PULLS HIM OFF!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

WHERE DID HE COME FROM?!

Lance:

I thought he was out for good, but Makayla rallied the Inspirational one just in time to get back into the ring and break the count!

Eye mauls Burnett across the head and shoulders with HARD clubbing blows before pulling him into the front facelock and hooking both arms.

DDK:

NO... Nathan Eye with THE EYE OPENER--

...

NO, BLOCKED BY BURNETT!! He hooked Eye's leg with his own at the very last second!

Nathan freezes up for only a half second, but it's all Burnett needs to snap to life, twist his way out of Eye's grip, and shimmy around him. Before the Golden State Guru can react, he finds his OWN arms being drawn into double underhooks, and his feet leaving the mat!

DDK:

COLD SNAP ON EYE, RIGHT ON THE CHEST OF HIS PARTNER, DECLAN ALEXANDER!!

Lance:

An absolute double whammy! Tom Morrow and Makayla Namaste are completely freaking out!

Morrow is about to run into the ring himself, but Burnett quickly pulls Nathan off the mat by the hair and tosses him through the ropes in the notorious manager's direction, sending both tumbling onto the ringside floor at Makayla's feet!

Meanwhile, the crowd begins buzzing in anticipation once more, once they slowly come to notice Zack Daymon climbing up the turnbuckle across the ring!

DDK:

Zack Daymon, GOING UP TO THE TOP...

...

SHOOOOTING STAAARRR PREEESSSSS ACROSS THE CHEST OF DECLAN ALEXANDER!!

Daymon rolls to the side clutching his ribs, looking as if the move took just as much out of himself. With DEC4L laid out and at their mercy, Burnett takes a bounce off the ropes to get a head full of steam...

DDK:

RUNNING FOUR-FIFTY SPLASH by BURNETT!! Declan is FINISHED!! LEO HOOKS THE LEGS!!

ONE!!

TWWWOOOOOO!!!

TTTTTHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

DING DING DING

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

Exhausted, Burnett pushes himself to his feet. Still clutching his ribs, Daymon rises up to meet him. The partners embrace in the center of the ring and remain held together for several moments, savoring this moment they've earned together, then turn to the cheering Chicago Faithful raising each other's arms in triumph.

Darren Quimbey:

LAAADIIIIIIIEEEEEESS AAAAAND GEENNTLLLEMEENNN...the WINNERS OF THE MATCH...

...and NNNYYYYEEEEEEWWWW UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS OOOOF DEEEEEFIIIIIAAAAAANCCCE...

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

...the SEEEEEEECOOOOOOOND CIIIIIIIIIIIIITYYYYYYYYYYYYY... (*gasps for air*)

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RRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNN!!!!!!
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M4NTRA regroup outside the ring, with Makayla Namaste shrieking about chakras out of alignment and Tom Morrow lamenting about how he's ruined, while the defeated Eye and Alexander look to be using every remaining bit of their mental fortitude just to stay on their wobbling feet.

DDK:

YES!! After an unbelievable battle, ladies and gentlemen... WE HAVE NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!!

Lance:

M4NTRA looked to be moments away from stealing this match and keeping their championship reign intact! They promised to retire those titles, but through grit and perseverance, the Ronin saw through the distractions and finished strong!

Back in the ring, Hector Navarro hands over the tag title belts to Burnett and Daymon. They give dap to one another, and break off into opposite corners, holding up their newly won championships to the delight of the cheering fans!

DDK:

Tonight... a NEW ERA begins for the Unified Tag Team Titles! From the longest reigning BRAZEN tag champs to the current tag champs of DEFIANCE, Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett have at long last completed their journey!

Lance:

And it's gotta feel great, Keebs, knowing they accomplished it all together from Day One!

DDK:

Tried and true tag team partners! And tonight, they've more than earned this moment!

After getting some time to celebrate they are shocked to see both Nathan Eye and DEC4L standing in front of the new champions. After the clinic that the two teams have put out for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful, the two teams take note of the standing ovation! Nathan and DEC4L look at each other again and they seem to be thinking the same idea

...

They put out their hands ...

But Tom Morrow gets in the ring first! He stands in front of M4NTRA and starts dressing them down!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Makayla is shocked by Tom Morrow screaming at M4NTRA for what looks like an attempt to be sporting. Nathan looks at his tag partner and the two men decide to leave the ring. Tom Morrow has a cow and starts walking away from the ring behind them.

DDK:

What were we just about to see Lance? Were M4NTRA about to just shake hands with their enemies?

Lance:

I don't know! It seemed that way!

M4NTRA departs from the ring with the very disappointed Tom Morrow and the confused Makayla Namaste. After a few more moments of in-ring celebration, Burnett drops out of the ring and approaches his mother and sister seated in the front row. Openly weeping while holding the tag belt close to his chest, he emphatically embraces them for a prolonged moment of emotion and solidarity among the surviving members of the Burnett family.

DDK:

These past two nights of DEFCON have been filled with moments we won't soon forget, ladies and gentlemen... but the MAIN EVENT of night two is still to come!

FIST of DEFIANCE, BATTLE of the BROTHERS: MALAK FUSE (C) vs. CONOR FUSE

RIVAL

a person competing with another for the same objective or for superiority in the same field of activity.

Since the beginning of Malak Garland's career, he has been tied to Conor Fuse.

At first, they built a friendship.

Conor, looking for friends. Malak, happy to befriend.

Conor, happy-go-lucky, positive.

Malak, spiteful and significantly insecure.

The result?

Malak stabbed Conor in the back.

But stab a friend in the back...

DEFIANCE TV 149 (Night 2). March 4th, 2021. DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Tyler and Conor march towards the ring.

Conor "X" Fuse: *[pointing directly at Malak Garland as they walk]*

That's the guy.

The scene switches to Malak Garland. He takes a deeeep gulp, realizing he's the one being discussed.

Conor "X" Fuse:

He wrecked my shit. That's the guy.

...

The Fuse Bros. defeat The Comments Section for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships as the crowd cheers along!

Well, he stabs back...

DEFIANCE TV 165 (Night 1). February 16th, 2022. DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Referee Carla Ferrari races down the rampway to make the count on Malak pinning Conor.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Silence inside the DEFplex.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, Malak Garland.

DDK:

With the loss, Conor is now part of The Comments Section!

The Comments Section enters the ring as Percy Collins and Thurston Hunter pull a semi-conscious Malak Garland to his feet.

Malak Garland:

Bring me his trademark bandana! BRING IT TO ME!!!

Thurston Hunter drops to his knees and rips the lime green trademark Fuse Bros. bandana off The Ultimate Gamer's head. He hands it to Malak Garland, as if knighting him with a sword. Garland stops in the middle of the ring and places it on his own forehead.

Malak Garland: *[impersonating cOnOr fUsE]*

Look at meeeeeeeeeee!! [Malak smacks Hunter's shoulders] Weapon Get, Weapon Get! I love video games! Nintendo cuddles me with warm and fuzzies!

Garland dances around the ring to the laughter of his group.

Malak Garland: *[impersonating cOnOr fUsE]*

Legend of Zelda is awesome! Raiden was the worst character in Metal Gear Solid!

Malak gets down on his knees and screams into Fuse's unconscious face.

Malak Garland:

YOU BELONG TO ME!!!

The leader of The Comments Section discards Conor's head by throwing it back on the mat. Malak finds the hard camera and speaks into the bleachers, this time much more calculating.

Malak Garland:

You're mine, cOnOr...

Garland can't help but smirk.

Malak Garland:

Forever.

And stabs back, still.

More images. More feeds. All of Malak getting the better of Conor time and time again.

Like the time Conor thought he won the ACE of DEFIANCE but fumbled the ACE chip from the top of the ladder and straight into Malak Garland's waiting arms on the mat.

The bell rings.

Yep, Malak officially won that.

Or the time Malak DEMANDED Conor team with him to take the Tag Titles away from Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd in a Safe Space (Hell in a Cell) match at DEFCON 2021.

They didn't win.

OR when Malak made Conor the official enforcer for his FIST of DEFIANCE match versus the then champion, Deacon, placing Conor in a terrible predicament.

On and on the clips go. Too many memories. Too much PTSD.

Malak Garland walks out on Conor Fuse and co. vs. Vae Victis in the FIST & SOHER Elimination Match at DEFIANCE Road 2023.

It never ends.

Malak always **1UP**ping Conor, pun intended.

Mercy, PLEASE!

Blackness.

RIVAL

a person competing with another for the same objective or for superiority in the same field of activity.

The FIST of DEFIANCE.

Three-hundred-seventy-one day reign.

Conor Fuse:

From the guy who ended the Fuse Bros. From the guy who ended our friendship. From the guy who conned me into joining his group, and every evil thing he's done in-between...

Super quick clips of all the diabolical things Malak has done to Conor fly across the screen.

Conor Fuse:

This. Is. It.

Images of Malak's year long FIST reign roll through.

Conor Fuse:

This. Is. ENOUGH.

More images.

Conor Fuse:

This. Is. Revenge.

Even MORE images.

Until it stops.

The first DEFIANCE appearance by Conor Fuse. DEFtv 94. December 19th, 2017.

To the time Conor and Tyler won the tag belts in a six-pack cage match six months later.

To [CONOR'S SCREAM LAND](#), a forty-two part CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE during the pandemic. Because WTF else was Conor gonna do, play video games while locked inside his apartment?

Pft.

Clips from winning the High Octane World Championship vs. Sutler Reynolds-Kael, Jeffrey James Roberts and STRONK GODSON.

3x champ.

Appearing in PRIME and PWA vs. Cancer Jiles.

Crushing that moron.

And everything in-between.

Conor hammers his chest.

He yells into the rafters.

/RANK chants galore.

Conor Fuse:

This. Is. DEFIANCE.

The match graphic shows. The fans inside the United Center are unglued.

It's here. The main event.

The screen shatters. The music comes to an end. The ringside camera crane shows The Faithful in a frenzy! The giant FIST logo and LCD screens beside it switch on, rolling through more scenes of Conor Fuse throughout the years.

The */RANK* chants are strong.

To coincide with the grave digging and thunderous background noise, the DEFCON stage's LCD screens display graveyard after graveyard.

RIP to those who fought Malak Garland and lost.

Including, and not only, a couple of sites dedicated to Conor Fuse's name. One to Tyler Fuse. And one, specifically, dead center, to the Fuse Bros.

RIP Joy.

RIP Newbludd.

RIP Cassidy.

RIP Sgt. Safety.

RIP DEFIANCE?

As the music picks up, we see a fresh faced Conor Fuse signing his first contract in the Fans Wrestling Organization but never officially debuted because it would close soon after.

He was 17.

Tyler and Conor arrive at DEFIANCE, standing in front of Eric Dane's office door.

But Dane didn't meet with the video game kid.

Because Dane was a n00b. ;)

Tag Team Champions, to Tag Team Champions again. The Fuse Bros. rolled through the competition for the two years they were a part of DEFIANCE's roster.

Then the amicable split.

*♪ I can't see where you comin' from
But I know just what you runnin' from
And what matters ain't the, who's baddest but
The ones who stop you fallin' from your ladder, baby ♪*

The battle vs. Deacon.

The shocking VICTORY vs. Deacon!

The Faithful slowly getting behind Conor.

The development of the Friendship Members League, lead by LOCKER ROOM LEADER Conor Fuse w/ a debuting Pat Cassidy and Trashcan Tim.

The introduction of The Game Boy, Conor's hulking muscle.

*♪ Feel like you feelin' now
I'm doin' things just to please your crowd
When I love you like the way I love you
And I suffer, but I ain't gonna cut you 'cause ♪*

Battling Mikey Unlikely on DEFtv for the FIST of DEFIANCE and almost winning.

Losing to Perfection, but gaining the hearts of the people. This time, for good.

Vs. Lindsay Troy.

Vs. Dex Joy.

Vs. Anyone and everyone who steps into the DEFIANCE ring.

Even Arthur Pleasant.

Like GVP defeating Gage Blackwood with forty roundhouse kicks, the Favored Saints want you to forget about both of those events.

Our bad.

*♪ This ain't no place for no hero
This ain't no place for no better man
This ain't no place for no hero
To call home ♪*

A 450 Splash.

A Dark Phoenix send off.

No heights he won't reach. No shit he won't jump from.

He is The Ultimate Gamer.

The Power-Up King.

The Armlock Aristocrate.

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two.

The one time he had Darren Quimbey announce a 1,000 word entrance for him with way too many nicknames.

Call him Conor Fuse.

Or cOnOr fUsE.

Whatever, he doesn't care.

*♪ This ain't no place for no hero
This ain't no place for no better man
This ain't no place for no hero
To call home ♪*

Green pyro EXPLODES as the lights dim and the crowd remains electric.

*♪ Every time I close my eyes, I think
I think about you inside
And your mother, givin' up on askin' why
Why you lie, and you cheat, and you try to make
A fool outta she ♪*

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

*I can't see where you comin' from
But I know just what you're runnin' from
And what matters ain't the, who's baddest but the
Ones who stop you fallin' from your ladder, 'cause ♪*

The stage is now lined with cosplay Conor characters, from every iteration.

OG Conor.

Comments Conor.

Calamity Conor.

COMIConor.

Super annoying Lindsay Troy hates him Conor.

And so forth.

*♪ This ain't no place for no hero
This ain't no place for no better man
This ain't no place for no hero
To call home*

*This ain't no place for no hero
This ain't no place for no better man
This ain't no place for no hero
To call home*

*This ain't no place for no hero
This ain't no place for no better man
This ain't no place for no hero
To call home ♪*

The song is done. The lights are off.

22 seconds in, the DEFCON stage breaks apart, like a transformer, as Conor Fuse rises from beneath its base. Sporting a CastleVania like cloak, collar up *obvi*, an intensity personified Conor stands in the middle of the platform, lifting his head as he arrives at the top.

More pyro EXPLODES behind him as he marches down the rampway, eyes locked on the ring. However, Conor is still wearing that walking boot.

DDK:

We're going through the theatrics right now. But there's no way Fuse can wrestle this match... .. can he?

Lance:

Look, I have no clue. That being said, we are witnessing the CHALLENGER'S ENTRANCE!

Conor reaches the end of the rampway, as his COSPLAYING CONORS remain frozen in time. Fuse shoots his hands forward, dropping the CastleVania cape as more pyro from all angles of the stage fire away. Conor reveals he is wearing glossy white tights, with a golden stripe running down the side of his left leg, into his walking boot. He has a glossy white shooting sleeve across his left arm and a glossy white "C" bandana around his forehead.

There are small, nearly faint SNES imprints on his tights.

No idea how he does it, but Conor LEAPS from floor to apron, even with the walking boot. However, he tries desperately to hide a cringe upon his face as he lands.

Usually, Fuse will leap over the top rope too, but not this time. He slips between them, holding his arms in the air, as if trying to draw attention away from not performing his normal entrance.

More pyro.

Lance:

It's an incredible honor to be part of the MAIN EVENT of DEFCON. This is Conor's first, Malak's second... if you are counting singles matches. Little known fact but Conor and Malak teaming together -that was Conor against his will and part of The Comments Section-, versus Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships in 2022 did end up capping off DEFCON night two.

DDK:

Excellent point.

The CastleVania theme comes to a close but the crowd has already worked their way into anticipatory boos.

The house lights dim. Percy Collins waddles out on stage, sporting his naturally sweaty face and shaky hands as he props a microphone up to his double chin.

Percy Collins:

FAITHFUL LADIES! FAITHFUL GENTS! FAITHFUL PEOPLE! Please help me welcome the next best thing to Humankind to perform Malak's grand DEFCON entrance because the real Humankind already had a gig booked tonight! Put your hands together for Humankind THE COVER MAN!!! GET HYPED!

[♪ "Big Dawgs" by Humankind COVER MAN ♪](#)

A man who looks like Humankind but clearly isn't, walks out on stage and starts (poorly) singing the lyrics to Malak's bumping theme song.

DDK:

I'm getting word through my headset that this "cover" version of Humankind was significantly cheaper out of Malak's pocket. Why I'm getting useless info about Malak's entrance is completely lost on me.

Streams of sparks gently fall from the rafters as Malak Fuse walks out on stage to a smattering of boos. The FIST is firmly secured around his delectable waist. The champion is garbed in GLOSSY wrestling gear. His ankle high black boots are glossy. His green and gold speckled trunks are glossy. His white and green swirl patterned arm sleeves on each arm, which says 'ARM SLEEVE' on them, are glossy with sheen. Heck, he's even wearing green and white swirled LEG SLEEVES that run from his thighs down to where his boots are. You guessed it, they are also glossy and each says 'LEG SLEEVE' on it in case you were wondering. He's even sporting a GLOSSY white headband that says 'HEAD SLEEVE' on it.

Lance:

Just at first glance of the champion, it looks like Malak might have peeked at the wardrobe Conor was using and decided to rip it off entirely.

DDK:

Rip it off, yes but also make it more ridiculous. The man is wearing LEG SLEEVES for crying out loud. What's worse is the fact they are labeled.

Malak is feeling himself HARD as he struts by Percy Collins who does a half sweaty bow at his master. The Humankind cover guy is rapping the lyrics something fierce as plumes of fire shoot out from the stage. Malak rubs the centerplate of his championship as he methodically makes his way to the ring.

DDK:

I'm saying this now, while I can. Calling Malak by the name Malak FUSE in this match is going to annoy me. Plus it's challenging when he's wrestling Conor FUSE. So Faithful, forgive me but I'm going to say Garland as much as I can.

Lance:

I'm sure they won't mind. We all know who Malak **really** is.

DDK:

He doesn't!

Malak jumps on the apron and raises his hands in the air just as a massive amount of pyro goes off around the arena! The Humankind cover man finishes his set and walks with Percy Collins backstage.

DDK:

I think Malak blew the budget on the fireworks so a compromise had to be made on the quality of the artist.

Lance:

While that's a good point, I think the Favored Saints would have paid for the light show, so that tells us just how cheap Malak is.

Malak readies himself in his corner before unstrapping his beloved belt and handing it over to his good friend, Mark Shields, fully expecting to re-collect it by night's end.

DDK:

Yes, unfortunately our referee is the talentless Mark Shields, who's back from his "vacation".

Lance:

I don't want to start rumours but we are allowed to speculate and do our jobs. Mark has been gone since his public spat with Tyler during their match at the End of Year Show. I believe it was none other than Tyler who advocated for Mark to be fired, based on how poorly he called Malak vs. Tyler for the FIST that night. Of course, Mark can't be let go - he has an **ironclad contract**. That, and Garland requested Mark and ONLY Mark be his referee!

DDK:

How, on god's earth, do the Favored Saints allow this favouritism?

Lance:

To Malak?

DDK:

Both Malak AND Mark, actually.

Lance:

Maybe they have personal connections to the Favored Saints? I mean, Mark's brother is still employed here as a BRAZEN wrestler. I do not like admitting it, but Malak Garland sells tickets.

DDK:

Because we want to see him lose!

Anyway, inside the ring...

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall and it is the main event for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Big cheer!

The camera focuses on Conor.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... the challenger... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds even... he is The Ultimate Gamer... he is The Power-Up King... ... but tonight I'm being told he's going with the alias best known in Chicago!

The crowd catches on at Conor's faded SNES tights. For those that know, it's a nod to his time and titles in HOW,

which was primarily located in Chicago.

Darren Quimbey:

He is **THE VINTAGE**, CONOR FUSE!

Twenty-thousand plus are going insane while Malak Fuse sarcastically claps from his side of the ring, trying not to laugh.

Malak Fuse:

Pathetic.

It doesn't take long for the cheers to move to boos.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent.

So loud you can't think.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the CHAMPION... from Cheyenne, Wyoming... weighing in at a disclosed poundage that can be found on his Wikipedia page... he is the SOCIAL MEDIA SAVANT, he is the SNOWFLAKE SUPERSTAR, he is SHORT FUSED, he is MALAK FUSE!

Malak mocks Conor by pounding his chest and shouting into the rafters. Mark Shields raises the gold, hands it over and...

DDK:

Oh boy.

Shields calls for the bell!

DING DING

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Malak leans on the ropes, without a care in the world. He scans Conor up and down, stopping at Conor's walking boot before giving a Dr. Wily chuckle in the gamer's direction. Conor, meanwhile, remains at the opposite side of the ring.

DDK:

I can't believe Malak is allowing Conor to wrestle with that cast! It's a weapon.

Lance:

Keebs, I love ya, but c'mon. It's a walking boot. It means Malak is going to run circles around Conor.

And right on cue, that's just what Malak does. As Conor limps towards the center of the ring with that boot on his left leg, Malak removes himself from his own corner and starts running around the ring, staying close to the ropes, making laps. The odd time Malak leans forward, like he's going to lunge in and tackle Conor but pulls back and keeps running around. Garland is a dog, completely in bliss. He can do whatever TF he wants.

The crowd remains on their feet, this is the main event of DEFCON, after all. There are strong */RANK* chants as Malak keeps running around and around, once again the odd time head faking a lunge forward, to keep Conor's guard up.

The real Fuse is dead center in the middle of the ring. Conor is trying to spin around with Malak, keeping the front of his body towards the champion. Meanwhile, referee Mark Shields is getting dizzy watching this whole thing transpire.

DDK:

If this is our main event, we're in trouble. I don't say it from a technical wrestling standpoint, that's implied. We're in trouble to see Malak's fruition come to life: this **WAS** an **easy** match, with the predetermined outcome of him **winning in no time**. What a shame!

Malak isn't tiring, either. He's fucking Ballyhoo Brew blackout **thrilled** at the idea he can lightly jog around the ring and do whatever the hell he wants. He's either laughing to himself, laughing at Conor or pretending to go into Pennywise the Dancing Clown **ANGRY MODE** when he fake lunges forward.

Does Conor Fuse float?

Oh yes, Malak. Conor floats alright. They all float!

Anyway.

The *!RANK* chants become *BOO* chants and finally become *MALAK SUCKS* chants. There's a lot going on. The fans are fired up!

The Fake Fuse stops jogging in circles for a moment. He peers into the crowd.

Malak Fuse:

YOU NINNY-FACES THINK YOUR DISPLEASURE IS GONNA GET TO **ME!**?!?

Malak laughs wickedly towards a three-year-old kid in the front row.

Malak Fuse: *[to the child]*

First of all, your parents are idiots to keep you up this late. Secondly, who would ever ruin their lives with a child?

DDK:

The- the sheer hypocrisy! Isn't Malak the soon-to-be father of Teresa Ames' kid? And Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe's, too?

Lance:

These are all rumours. We don't know and we really shouldn't pull Malak's strange personal life into commentary.

Needless to say, Malak is just frothing at the mouth going off on the adorable little three-year-old boy who's with his father and seems like he only wants to have fun.

Malak brings his attention back to Conor. He fake lunges forward to keep Fuse off-guard and then goes back to mouthing off into the crowd.

Malak Fuse:

MIKEY UNLIKELY? More like Malak Likely! EUGENE DEWEY? Eugene POOEY! Eat your heart out, I am coming for the LONGEST REIGNS OF ALL TIME!! MUAHAHAHA!

Malak points towards Conor but keeps his eyes on the crowd.

Malak Fuse:

This schmuck over here thinks he can beat me! Even in the shape he's in ATM!

Yep, he said ATM.

Malak leans over and places his hands on his knees. He's laughing so hard.

Malak Fuse: *[channeling his inner Lloyd Christmas]*

Man, you are one pathetic loser!

The only thing is, the crowd has started to cheer.

Malak is laughing extremely hard but the support slowly starts to hit him. He stops laughing, he raises an eyebrow and he looks up with genuine wonder.

Malak Fuse:

You... The Faithful...

He tilts his head to the side. He's really taken aback, in a good way.

Malak Fuse:

Believe in *me*!

Malak holds his hands out and then slams both his fists straight into his heart, very awkwardly like Elon Musk trying to show affection. Okay, maybe not that awkwardly. Nevertheless, Malak seems honestly moved but doesn't have a clue how to properly express it.

The cheers are only getting louder.

Malak Fuse:

Thank you! I knew you'd eventually see it my way! I'm your hero!

The cheers are deafening!

DDK:

Ummm, Malak...

The cheers are going to blow the roof off!

Malak Fuse finally gets it. They aren't cheering for **him**.

No.

This entire time, Conor was talking off his walking boot. Not only that, but now he's jumping up and down, stretching out the left leg.

Lance:

HE'S FINE!!! YES, GOD DAMMIT, HE'S FINE!

With his hands, Conor has been calling for Malak to refocus his attention back into the ring.

And now, The Ultimate Gamer is SCREAMING.

Malak knows what's up.

He gulps. He gulps HEAVY.

And he spins around STRAIGHT INTO A SUPERKICK FROM HELL!

Spit FLIES out of Malak's mouth as he collapses to the mat. Conor kicked the preverbal piss right out of the champion! Yes, absolutely, Conor cringes as he finishes the kick. It's clear his leg is hurt, it's not 100%. But he's also not in a walking boot and furthermore...

Conor leaps into the air, lands on Malak and hooks a LEG!

DDK:

COVER!!! WE GOT A COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

STRONG LAST-SECOND KICKOUT!

The crowd gives a heavy sigh, despite the fact this would have been a one-move MAIN EVENT on the biggest show of them all, nobody cared. They bought into the moment and wanted to see a victory.

Conor Fuse kips up but as he does, he clutches his leg for a split second. He sprints towards the ropes and leaps in the air just as Malak is getting to his feet.

Superman punch to the skull!

Conor pounds on his chest and screams into the rafters. He points to the top rope.

DDK:

This is going to be something. A superkick is one thing, running on your leg is another but-

But jumping directly on top of the buckle, like Conor typically does? Well.

He just did.

He's up there in no time. He measures Malak Garland.

Dark.***Phoenix.******Splash.*****DDK:**

HOLY SHIT!

It lands!

Chaos throughout Chicago!!!!

Conor with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

AAAHHH, DAMMIT!

Lance:

It's too early, Keebs. It's just too early! Conor hit three moves and whether we like it or not, Malak Garland IS the FIST of DEFIANCE for a *reason*. He's a better wrestler than we give him credit for and his ability to take a beating is rather unmatched. In fact, the only other wrestler in DEFIANCE whom I think can handle the same harsh beating and keep getting up... is Conor Fuse himself!

DDK:

There are plenty of amazing wrestlers backstage, let's not get too caught up in the moment.

Lance:

Fair.

Conor rolls off Malak and looks at Mark Shields, who indeed clarifies it was only a two. Conor eventually nods and agrees - he kinda has to. He shoots to his feet, pulls Malak up and is suddenly met with a desperation jawbreaker from Garland!

Conor LEAPS into the air upon impact, bicycle kicking his feet all the way back down to the mat.

DDK:

Both men are down!

The Chicago Faithful rumble their feet, trying to rally the gamer onto his. It's clear both DEFIANTS need a moment and both crawl on the mat, towards the ropes, on opposite sides of the ring. Conor pulls himself upright and Malak follows soon after.

Conor races towards Malak with a clothesline but Malak ducks and they go off the next set of ropes. This time it's Malak who looks for a clothesline but Conor avoids it and the two of them go off the ropes again. Now with a couple of bounces towards additional momentum, the challenger and champion leap in the air and collide with one another dead smack on their chests with double cross body blocks!

OOF!

Conor and Malak roll around on the canvas, clutching their stomachs, the wind knocked out of them.

Lance:

That has to hurt! I could hear them collide from here!

Malak kicks his feet wildly as he tries to gasp for air. Meanwhile, Conor rolls around with a red face, not even attempting to breathe.

The crowd rallies and, eventually, both men are up. They walk into the center of the ring, this time Malak looks Conor up and down and stops at his left leg again... with anger coursing through his veins.

Malak Fuse: *[pointing at the bad leg]*

THE FUCK, BRO!?

SMACK!

Conor replies with a stiff as shit smack to Malak's face. The crowd roars.

Malak pulls his head down but when he brings it back up, there are tears in his eyes.

Malak Fuse:

You're MY bitch, Fuse! I own you-

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!**SUPERKICK SMACK!**

Malak Fuse rolls out of the ring in the process!

Conor slams his chest with his right hand. He wastes no time. He bounces off the far ropes and as soon as Malak gets onto his feet outside the ring, Conor clears the ropes right in front of the champion with a suicide HALO dive!

10/10 landing.

Fuse shoots onto his feet. He peels Malak off the mat and sends the snowflake into the steel steps-

NO, IT'S REVERSED!

CRASH!

Conor goes knees first, flipping up and over the stairs, crashing down on the other side!

DDK:

How did Malak do that!?

Lance:

Resilience. Man, I hate to say it, but Malak is resilient when he WANTS to be.

Garland is seething on his hands and knees, trying to recover. Then, with those same tears in his eyes, he seemingly says “fuck it” with his body language and goes racing towards the steel steps.

SLAM!

He dropkicks the steel steps, which collide with Conor Fuse’s skull on the other side. Conor’s headband pops off his forehead.

Now it’s Malak’s opportunity to get the crowd going. The FIST of DEFIANCE *Champion* roars to his feet, screams into the rafters himself and marches over to collect his biggest rival.

Malak hoists Conor in the air, a suplex position but walks right beside the steel steps.

DDK:

No. Malak, no! DON’T DO THIS!

Garland doesn’t give AF.

BAM!**DDK:**

A BRAIN BUSTER ON THE TOP OF THE STEEL STEPS!

Garland is belligerent. He rips his own shooting sleeve off his left arm and throws his own bandana to the ground thereafter, too.

He wants to show DEFIANCE how tough he is.

Malak Fuse:

I AM SO TOUGH!!!! RUAHHHHH!!!

Lance:

Ugh. Conor hasn’t moved since the brainbuster.

DDK:

I know...

Malak rolls into the ring, “breaking the ten count” and then rolls back out. This is in quotation marks because there was no count to break. Mark only started counting to ONE *after* Malak rolled back out of the ring, because the referee forgot.

Garland stomps around the fallen Conor Fuse, pleased with his work. He drags the limp challenger off the mat and hurls him into the ring post across the way.

PING!

Fuse’s head meets the post as he crashes to the floor. Malak marches over while he points a finger at fans in the front row, finding that same three-year-old kid and his father closeby simply by happenstance.

Malak Fuse:

Watch what Imma do now, Sonic. I'm fucking *Shadow the Hedgehog*.

DDK:

There's NO NEED to say that to a child!

Lance:

Malak thinks he's invincible. Unfortunately, it's that stage of the match. Hopefully we clear this stage ASAP, though.

Garland leans down, pulls Conor to a vertical base and slings the challenger across his shoulders. Malak puts himself in position to be in alignment with the ring steps across the way.

DDK:

He's going to run Conor into the steps!?

Lance:

He's going to do something evil, no doubt!

With Conor on his right shoulder, Malak gives the middle finger to the boy before he takes off and runs towards the steps. Malak is going FULL BLAST as he reaches them, tossing Conor off his shoulders and F-5's Fuse square onto the top of the steel!

WHAM!**Malak Fuse:**

No MOAR rings for Conor. HE LOST ALL RINGS!!!

A Sonic reference. Malak even makes the *ring loss sound effect*. The FIST laughs hysterically as he once again points at the kid in the front row. Garland grabs his crotch and "man's up".

Malak Fuse:

I'M SHADOW!! TOTALLY SHADOW!!! BAHAAHAHAHA!!! Moron.

Lance:

Malak Unchained.

Garland walks up the steps and he pulls Conor upright again. It looks like he's going for a pile driver on the steel...

WHEN NO! Conor pushes Malak off and the champion lands on his back, flying off the steps and to the floor below!

The crowd gives a cheer but Conor falls on his knees, resting on the stairs. It takes Conor a solid ten seconds before he uses the ring post to pull himself up, spin himself around and face Malak Garland.

Conor is cringing through the pain as he leaps off the steps.

Spinning leg clothesline!

Conor rolls forward with grace as he springs to his feet. He gives his head a shake and his knees a whack, running towards Malak again.

Superkick!

MISSES!

Malak steers Conor into the guardrail, flipping Fuse up and over, into the crowd. The Snowflake Superstar rolls into the

ring, even though Mark Shields forgot about the count again (he was at FIVE a while ago) and makes an exit.

DDK:

In other matches, I do believe Malak Garland would be OKAY with the count out. However, this is **Conor Fuse**, his sworn enemy, and the man he handpicked to defeat at DEFCON.

Lance:

A rare time Malak is going to try being a FIGHTING champion.

DDK:

We'll see how long it lasts.

Garland wanders into the crowd, trying to find Conor Fuse... when Conor pops up from behind an elderly couple and PUMPS Malak in the side of the face with a solid left hand!

Left... left... left... Conor is on fire! Malak hits back with a knee to Conor's chest, a poke to Conor's eyes-

And then SHOVES the elderly couple as hard as he possibly can!

Malak Fuse:

Boom. Old folks home. Dearness Living Community. Go die.

Conor blocks a forearm shot and rifles three more left hands into Malak's face. The brawl is on amongst the crowd as The Faithful eat it up!

DDK:

I've got MP1 and Corvo vibes!

Lance:

Yes, well, hopefully this match won't end with an additional Malak Garland getting into the picture.

DDK:

Could you imagine!? TWO of them!?

Lance:

I'd prefer not to!

DDK:

Thankfully, Malak is an only child.

Pause.

DDK:

He *is* an only child, right?

Lance:

Don't look at me, I *think* so!

Conor and Malak are brawling around the bleachers while Mark Shields is inside the ring and gives a shrug on the TEN count.

DDK:

One of those times I'm going to be okay with what Shields is doing. This is the main event, you let them go!

OG Fuse and Dollar Store Fuse work their way behind the floor crowd, only to reach the next aisleway and start

brawling towards ringside. They reach the guardrail. Malak props Conor onto the rail and looks to clothesline him to the other side when Conor dodges the shot, jumps onto the rail and hits a wicked missile dropkick to Malak's chest!

Garland goes FLYING into the crowd, right beside that same three-year-old kid from before. Conor marches over and tussles the kid's hair.

Conor Fuse:

Kid, *you're* Sonic now.

Conor holds Malak's arms back and asks the boy to hit him!

Lance:

What are we teaching the young ones!?

The father agrees, the kid should whack Malak across the chest as hard as he can. So the boy does. The boy hits Malak with a punch, doubling the FIST of DEFIANCE over as Conor releases his grasp on Garland, gives the kid a high five and tosses Malak over the guardrail and to ringside.

Conor hops up on the guardrail once more. He leaps, legs out and wraps them around Malak's neck. It looks like Conor's aiming for a hurricanrana.

Only problem is... Malak caught him.

Sitdown powerbomb!

Fake Fuse rolls away from Real Fuse as the crowd boos. Malak stumbles into the ring and out of it again, just in case there was another count to break (there isn't). Garland collects Conor and Irish whips him towards those same steel steps.

CRASH!

Conor connects, shoulder first.

A lightbulb goes off in Malak's head. He's got a grin. An evil, mischievous grin on his face like The Grinch putting together his diabolical plans. He slowly strolls towards the fallen Conor Fuse and stretches Conor's left hand around the bottom of the ring post.

Malak Fuse: *[to Conor Fuse]*

This is what you get.

Malak takes three steps back. Conor's arm is around the post as he lays on the ground, and the steel steps are in-between his arm and Malak Garland.

Malak Fuse: *[to the crowd]*

THIS IS WHAT HE GETS!!!

Garland takes THREE MORE steps back. Then with a head full of steam he FULL BLAST SPRINTS towards the stairs and dropkicks the steps into Conor's shoulder.

BANG! SNAP!

Conor screams on the canvas...and with his free arm, he's trying to take hold of his left one that's tangled between the stairs and the ring post!

Malak stands, dusts his hands and slides into the ring.

Malak Fuse: *[to referee Mark Shields]*

MAKE THE COUNT, MARKO! LET'S GOOOOO!

Mark Shields starts to administer a TEN count.

ONE!

DDK:

Oh yeah, so NOW Malak wants the count out! After he gets his licks in, he's good to end this thing!

TWO!

Lance:

That's Malak Garland for you. He has the upper hand, why bother doing more!?

THREE!

Conor is trying to wiggle his left arm free from in-between the stairs and post.

FOUR!

He's in a lot of discomfort!

FIVE!

Conor slides his feet around and starts pushing the stairs away with his knees!

SIX!

Finally, he removes his left arm from the ring post, via his right arm.

SEVEN.

DDK:

Oh boy...

EIGHT.

Lance:

This does **not** look good.

NINE.

Conor is barely on one knee.

TE-

THE CROWD COMES ALIVE AS CONOR SLIDES INTO THE RING!

...

But The Faithful grow silent again. Concerned. Worried. Stunned.

Conor is on his knees, sitting upright. However, his left arm dangles by a thread.

Lance:

His shoulder has to be dislocated.

DDK:

Oh my god, I can barely look.

The shoulder is completely out of its socket. It's incredible to even see Conor Fuse inside the ring, *wanting* to wrestle. Meanwhile, Malak has put two-and-two together. He's licking his chops. Literally.

Malak Fuse:

Yum, yum. What do we have here!?

DDK:

Conor's leg was fine. Well, as fine as can be, all things considered. But partner, I think Conor has real problems now.

Lance:

Conor is also left handed and left footed. I do not like these odds. Southpaws be dammed!

Malak takes a few steps towards the center of the ring.

DDK:

Is he... is Malak challenging Conor to meet him there?

Lance:

I think so.

The Real Fuse is in a world of pain as he watches Malak laugh.

Malak Fuse:

C'mon, brother.

Malak's voice lowers, like an evil force has taken over.

Malak Fuse:

Don't you want to play?

Conor tries getting on his feet, while the support from the fans is willing him to do so. A bum leg, a dislocated shoulder, Fuse is hanging by a thread.

Malak comes charging in, screaming at the top of his lungs.

Clothesline to Conor, flipping Fuse inside-out in the process.

Malak proceeds to the HAPPY STOMPS of DOOM, Conor's own chaotic move, relentless motherfucking stomps on his opponent, while gleefully enjoying every second of it.

Malak works Conor into a corner of the ring, he's continuing to STOMP the shit out of Conor's entire body, even the challenger's hurt left leg and **definitely** Conor's already dislocated shoulder.

Malak leans down, lifts Fuse up and props him across the corner.

CHOP!

CHOP!

CHOP!

The knife-edge chops going HARD AS FUCK into Conor's bare chest before Malak tucks Conor's dislocated arm behind his back and completes a hammer throw!

Running dragon screw. Atomic drop. Reverse DDT. Sling blade. Vertical suplex. Spinning heel kick. Osaka street cutter.

DDK:

MALAK GARLAND IS LAYING CONOR FUSE TO WASTE!

Malak is breathing heavily, after connecting with every single one of those moves in quick succession. Conor, on the other hand, is DOA in the center of the ring.

Malak stumbles backwards, needing to take a breather.

Malak Fuse:

Did you get all that, cOnOr!? Huh!? HUH!?

Malak shouts in his opponent's direction.

Malak Fuse:

I JUST UNLOADED MY ENTIRE MOVESET ON YOU!

Malak is seething... frothing at the mouth while Conor is trying once again to stand but keeps falling to the mat with each try. The Faithful continue supporting the gamer as best they can... but everyone can see the writing on the wall. Conor's left arm still hangs off his shoulder. His left leg is toast.

Malak Fuse:

Now take a final move...

Malak smirks.

Malak Fuse:

And STFU.

Garland rips the "leg sleeve" off his right knee. Everyone knows what's coming.

Malak Fuse:

FINISH HIM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Conor tries to cough up a reply as he crawls to the other side of the ring. However, it's clear Malak can't hear him.

Malak tilts his head and hangs his right ear in Conor's direction. He's indirectly asking Fuse to speak up.

Conor tries to. Yet, again, Fuse is in so much pain, Conor can barely hear his own voice.

This time Malak waves his right hand around his ear. Similar to, say, how a *Real American Hero* would when he wants the crowd to cheer.

Conor, once more, tries his best to speak up.

But Malak can't hear him.

Mark Shields:

Shit son, / can't hear you, either! What do you wanna say!?

Malak shakes his head "no" at Shields. It doesn't matter. Garland is going to walk over there and beat the words out of him. The Snowflake Superstar removes himself from his own corner of the ring and amidst the cheers and tension within the arena, he works his way over to Conor's side.

Conor Fuse: *[shouting]*

I SAID... WEAPON GET!

Malak's eyes shoot open! Conor BURSTS from the corner with a head full of steam.

WHAP!

DDK:

I TRIGGER! I DON'T BELIEVE IT, CONOR CLOCKED MALAK CLEAN!

The arena is worked into a frenzy as Conor falls on top of Malak and tries to hook a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Conor wasn't able to hook the leg, Keebs! He couldn't do it! He can't use his left arm, it's absolutely useless right now. I was surprised Fuse even emerged from the corner with as much speed as he did!

DDK:

Conor is one of the fastest athletes alive but even throughout all of this, he's been incredibly slowed down.

The crowd refuses to RAGEQUIT, so they rumble their feet for Conor to get to his. Malak is stirring, too. Both men have rolled to opposite sides of the ring and both are making a play to pull themselves up with use of the ropes.

They do, at the same time.

They move towards the center of the ring, at the same time.

Conor looks for a right forearm blow but Malak blocks it, snatches Conor and connects with a spinning side slam (aka rock bottom).

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Not only are the *!RANK* chants back but Malak Garland is livid. He hammers the mat, screaming at Mark Shields that his chakras are unaligned. The Fake Fuse stands and pushes Shields aside while measuring Conor before trying for an I TRIGGER.

SWOOSH!

Conor leaps and with one arm, he catches Malak Fuse's head and connects with an implant DDT!

Conor kips up. He looks at a corner of the ring, sticks his dislocated left arm forward and runs directly towards it.

POP!

DDK:

JESUS CHRI- WOW! I think Conor snapped his shoulder into its socket!

Fuse comes alive as he beats his chest with BOTH arms, showing that, yes, his shoulder is back where it belongs!

Lance:

The man has to be running off adrenaline!

Conor smacks the top buckle.

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

He sprints over to corner number two and hits the padding.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

He races to corner three and slams the buckle.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP.

And, finally, the fourth corner.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UPPPPPPPP!!!!

Malak is on rollerskates as Conor comes racing in.

POWERSLAM BY GARLAND!

ONE!

TWO!

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

But the crowd doesn't even have a MOMENT to breathe, because Malak Fuse has already worked Conor into an anaconda vice!

Or, in other words, Conor's own submission move, Damage Per Second.

DDK:

DPS IS LOCKED IN!

Drool runs down Garland's face as he stares at his opponent.

Malak Fuse:

FORGOT TO SAY WEAPON GET, BAAHAAHAHAH!!

Malak looks unstable and yet the submission is textbook! The crowd are on their feet, considering Malak has the move locked into Conor's left arm and shoulder, the same one that was dislocated earlier!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Malak looks into the crowd.

Malak Fuse:

THOSE WON'T WORK ANYMORE... CoNoR FUSE IS **DEEEED!!!!**

The Ultimate Gamer is trying to slide his way towards the ropes...

Malak tightens the hold!

But Conor moves closer to freedom!

Malak looks at the referee.

Conor raises his left leg...

Malak Fuse:

TAP YOU SOB!!!

Conor is going to...

Tap.

Tap?

TAP!?!?

NO!

FUSE'S LEFT BOOT IS ON THE BOTTOM ROPE!

Mark Shields sees it and tells Malak he has to break the hold. Meanwhile, however, the FIST of DEFIANCE looks like he's gonna keep DPS locked in for a little while longer, since Mark is a bullshit ref and might forget to count.

Thankfully for Conor's sake, he doesn't.

Shields is at THREE, before Malak breaks the submission hold, stands up and pushes the ref.

Malak Fuse:

You're supposed to be my safe space!

Mark seems genuinely concerned.

Mark Shields:

Shit bro, sorry.

DDK:

Ugh.

Nevertheless, Malak is gonna wreck cOnOr even more.

Except Conor isn't on the mat.

Where the hell is the video game guy?

DDK:

ABOVE!

Conor leaps off the top rope with a hurricanrana sending Malak into the ropes. Conor is back on his feet and sprints to the ropes on the far end, landing a springboard dropkick square into Malak's chest.

The champion slams back-first into a corner of the ring. He remains there as Conor gets up, squirming through pain. He points towards Malak, he's about to run over, when Garland explodes out of the corner and clobbers Fuse with a closeline from hell! Malak holds onto Conor, peeling him off the canvas as he hooks the gamer into a suplex position, tossing Conor upright-

But getting hit with a stun dog cutter! Conor is on his feet again, he fires into the ropes, albeit a significant limp as he goes. He shoots off and aims right at the champ for his hidden blade running back elbow, now called the Xenoblade.

NO!

Malak ducks at the last possible second so Conor knocks into Mark Shields instead!

The referee wobbles backwards and meets the buckle. He's not out cold, he's not even knocked down. He's just stunned for a moment.

It's enough time for Malak to pop to his feet, hit Conor with a kick below the belt and then deliver his own version of a Resolution DDT, this of the 1080p variety.

DDK:

An opening for Malak and he took it!

Garland rolls to a knee. He's scrambling, trying to figure out what to do next while Mark is rubbing his back and Conor is down in the center of the ring.

That coy, creepy smile crosses the snowflake's face again. He slides out of the ring, yanks back the apron...

And pulls out the OG powder blue question mark box from DEFTv prior.

A new box, though. One that can be completely crushed against another man's head.

DDK:

I do not like this one bit.

Malak enters the ring, box in hand. The crowd shouts for Conor to get up and see what's coming before it's too late. And even though Mark Shields is a shitty referee, Malak knows he has to strike ASAP.

Malak races forward, powder blue question mark box in hand.

But he misses the shot! Conor kicks the item out of Garland's hands and OUT of the ring entirely!

Malak screams "NO!" as he tries to catch it but it's too late.

Roundhouse kick by Conor! Malak stumbles backwards. Another roundhouse kick! A jumping knee into the chest. Conor smacks his hands together and moves towards the ropes...

When Conor's left leg gives out from under for a split second.

DDK:

And Malak takes advantage with a backstabber!

Mark Shields fixes his *injury* and goes back to calling the match. As this happens, Malak lifts Conor and slams him down perfectly in the center of the ring.

Fake Fuse smacks the back of his right hand against Real Fuse's shoulders.

Malak Fuse:

Weapon Get.

The crowd groans.

DDK:

What's Garland doing?

Lance:

I think he's going to the top rope!

Indeed. The crowd are on their feet. All twenty-thousand-plus watch on as Malak Garland wants to emulate his "brother".

Lance:

Well, he's up there alright.

But the FIST of DEFIANCE has an expression on his face like "now what?" It's clear he doesn't want to do just *any* move. It has to be one in Conor's arsenal, because, you know, he Weapon Got 'em.

Malak is up there and suddenly looks worried. 450 Splash? Jesus, that seems daunting. Phoenix Splash? Malak likes nothing from the desert state, it's filled with losers!

Those are, um, the two main moves Conor performs.

Malak is talking to himself, asking if Conor's ever done a basic elbow drop before.

DDK:

You've got company!

The Faithful erupt as Conor Fuse has gone from canvas to RIGHT UP THERE ON THE TOP ROPE WITH MALAK!

Conor is fighting through an enormous amount of pain and still has the wherewithal to smile and wink at his enemy.

Conor Fuse:

What's up, *budday*?

Without a second thought, Conor takes Malak across his arms and performs a moonsault while holding onto Malak in the process... and as Conor and Malak come crashing to the canvas, The Video Game King lands on his feet!

...Not before dropping one knee straight out from under him and letting go of Malak in the process.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

The crowd gives a passionate applause for the top rope moonsault backbreaker Conor Fuse put on display, leaving Garland at his feet!

DDK:

UNBELIEVABLE!

Lance:

I am going to call that KNIGHTFALL! You know, because Bane breaks Batman's back and all!

DDK:

SPOILERS!

Despite Malak Fuse being DOA, the gamer needs a second or two to catch his own breath and work through the pain. His left shoulder and ankle are hurting. Badly.

Conor peels Malak off the canvas, whipping him into the ropes. Resiliency is on point tonight, however, as Malak stuns Conor with a shoulder block takedown, showing he survived Knightfall.

The fans boo; doesn't matter. Garland lifts Conor up and tosses the gamer into a corner of the ring.

Malak charges with a running elbow followed with a poke to the eyes! Garland wanders into the center of the ring, going to charge in once more when-

DDK:

CONOR CATCHES MALAK!!! HE'S GOT HIM IN ANIMAL CROSSING!!

Fuse yells into the stands as he whips Malak around in the reverse neckbreaker (Cross Rhodes) and performs it perfectly!

Lance:

Out of nowhere! Animal Crossing has won every match it's been deployed so far. Even if it's only a few!

DDK:

WELL WE'VE GOT A PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The air is momentarily knocked out of the arena, as Conor stumbles to a vertical base, receiving another blistering cheer in the process. He pounds on his chest. He screams into the rafters.

DDK:

HAS CONOR'S TIME FINALLY COME!?

With a groundswell of support and emotions coursing through his body at an all time high, Conor waits at the ropes and calls for Malak to GTF up.

Malak stirs. Granted, it's barely anything at first.

DDK:

I think Conor's going for the Head Stomp. He looks ready.

Lance:

He most certainly is, Keebs! The FIST is coming HOME!

Garland is on a knee.

Conor measures.

Garland is on a foot.

Conor waits.

Garland is on two feet.

Conor screams.

Garland turns around.

Conor charges.

Garland cries for help.

It's too fucking late.

BAM!

DDK:

FOOT STOMPPPP-

But the arena is silent as Malak Fuse doesn't eat the Foot Stomp, no. Instead, **Mark Shields** takes it straight in the face!

Conor practically drives Shield's head so far into his shoulders, he kills the guy (not really). Shields is down and out, and as Conor regains his balance and realizes what he's done-

CRUNCH!**DDK:**

MALAK GARLAND WITH THE QUESTION MARK BOX TO THE SIDE OF CONOR'S HEAD!

Replays show the exact SECOND Malak grabs Mark and throws him to the wolves, he rolls out of the ring, makes a sprint towards the powder blue question mark box and enters with a head full of steam. The rest is academic.

With Conor DOA on the mat, Malak stands proudly to a showering of boos. However, Mark Shields is also dead.

Lance:

If I'm Malak Garland, you have to take that trade off.

DDK:

From being a split second away from getting stomped in the head and losing your title, to knocking out your opponent... even if it means the ref can't count the three? Yeah, I think so!

Malak isn't finished. Naaa, he's just getting started. He slides out of the ring, pulls the apron back again and starts unloading items, laughing maniacally as he does.

Lance:

Malak's unchained!

DDK:

Garland can grandstand all he wants, saying he chose "cOnOr" because it was an easy victory. Bullshit. He chose Conor because he had to wrestle and, yes, he's owned Conor in previous matches. But this is also Malak's bitter rival. Malak HATES Conor. If given anyone on the roster, no doubt he would've gone this route.

There are a ton of weapons being tossed into the ring but they aren't your typical ones.

DDK:

A trip down memory lane!

Keebler is right. Malak has thrown callback items, things Conor Fuse used to employ in the earlier DEFIANCE days, when he was the REAL Video Game Kid. There's a potted "fire flower" plant. There are more question mark boxes. There's a Nintendo Switch, unboxed and one boxed. Numerous controllers, from wired to unwired, PS2 to various Xbox systems.

And then, the masterpiece.

The dreaded GAME SHARK.

The oversized piñata, shaped as a blue hammerhead shark, likely to EXPLODE on impact.

DDK:

This is sick, absolutely sick. Say whatever you want about the "silliness" of these weapons in the ring, they're all going

to hurt!

Lance:

It's the hallmark of the Fuse's, at least their initial run. Flip it up-side-down, take the gaming industry and use it to your advantage!

Malak slides into the ring. He looks over at Conor, who's crawling on the canvas. Fuse uses the bottom rope to sit upright, revealing a pool of blood gushing down his face!

Lance:

Case and point, that question mark box. That's a solid handful of metal crushed against Conor's head!

The gamer has a fountain running down his forehead. It could rival Niagara Falls yet Conor is trying his best to get up. He sees everything inside the ring. He sees Malak bending down and picking up a potted fire flower plant.

Fuse uses the ropes and slings himself upright but he can't do anything else. His left ankle is so bad he can't walk!

Garland laughs at Fuse's pathetic attempt to hustle. Loyal and respect were forgotten. Instead, Conor grabs his left arm, it looks like his shoulder has fallen out of its socket again!

The Faithful watch in horror.

Malak Fuse:

Get fucked.

Malak raises the potted plant above his head.

CRACK!

And slams it across Conor's forehead!

The Ultimate Gamer collapses. The crowd boos. Malak takes the broken vase and tosses it out of the ring before he cuts his own hands in the process.

The Fake Fuse scans the canvas for MOAR. He finds a gray Nintendo Switch Lite.

And although Conor is grasping at Malak's feet... it's no use. Malak brings the Switch to its high point, way above his head.

Then hammers the system down like a mallet.

CRACK!

The screen cracks, the Switch almost breaks in half. Malak tosses it to the side.

Next, another question mark box.

SLAM!

Malak drills it against Conor's dislocated shoulder!

SLAM!

Again!

SLAM!

Again!

SLAM!

One more time, what the hell!

SLAM!

Malak Fuse:

I FUCKING OWN YOU, FUSE! I AM THE GREATEST FUSE EVER!!

DDK:

Apologize for the swearing, folks. We are on pay-per-view!

Realizing the question mark box has disintegrated in his hands, Garland discards it and picks up another one.

Not before propping Conor into a corner of the ring.

Malak walks towards the other corner. He places the question mark box in front of him and then runs forward again-

CONOR BURSTS OUT AND CLOBBERS MALAK WITH A SPEAR!

RRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

The crowd is alive as Conor kips to his feet, blood still rushing from his forehead. He pounds on his chest with his right hand and then uses it to pop his left shoulder back into place for a second time. The crowd is going haywire!

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE HOW CONOR'S STILL STANDING!

Lance:

Second life! SECOND LIFE!!!!!!

Conor is shouting as blood pours into his mouth. He demands Malak Garland get to his feet. The challenger is stirring, but does he know what's coming?

Malak finds a knee and Fuse comes racing in.

Dropkick to the face!

Fuse kips to his feet, yells into the bleachers and ultimately works the United Center into a frenzy!

DDK:

He's going to the top rope!

But this is going to take longer than anticipated. Given the bad knee AND the horrible shoulder, Conor can't get up there with one swift motion.

No. He is commonfolk now.

He has to CLIMB.

Conor is on the first buckle...

The second buckle...

The top buckle!!

He spins around gingerly.

He measures Malak Garland, laying in the middle of the ring.

Conor LEAPS OFF as the arena holds its breath! The lightbulbs flash!

...

...

...

MALAK ROLLS AWAY BUT CONOR LANDS ON HIS FEET WITH A MID-AIR ADJUSTMENT.

However, Malak has an Xbox controller.

SMACK!

Garland destroys Conor with it over the head!

And... well... it's a WIRED controller!

DDK:

What is Malak doing!?

Lance:

Oh no. Oh no no no no no!

DDK:

Malak is WRAPPING the wire around Conor's neck!

Lance:

SOMEBODY STOP THIS INSANITY!

The wire is fully around Conor's neck. The poor kid is trying to break free but he can't, as Malak flings the challenger over the ropes!

DDK:

MALAK IS CHOKING CONOR WITH THE CONTROLLER WIRE!

Conor is being hung over the ropes, his feet aren't touching the floor. His face is going red and Malak Garland is locked in a KILL HIM trance.

Vicious drool spills from Malak's mouth as he shouts "this is the end of cOnOr fUsE once and for all!" The Power-Up King sees his lifebar draining rapidly, no matter how many cries of *!RANK* there are from the crowd.

Finally, Malak shows a hint of mercy. Only because out of the corner of his eyes he sees Mark Shields is coming back to life! Malak lets go of the controller, so Conor crashes to the floor on the outside. A brooding FIST of DEFIANCE slides out of the ring, untangles the wire around Conor's neck and slides both of them back in.

Malak measures Conor.

Malak lifts Conor's upper body off the ground but Fuse falls back down immediately.

Malak tries this again, because he's too stupid to realize the same outcome will happen.

DDK:

I *think* Garland is trying to set Conor up for I Trigger.

Malak leaves his bitter rival to lay back down on the mat, as he slides out of the ring and marches towards the announce table.

DDK:

Oh, c'mon!

The champion pushes the table over in a huff, wanting to be overly dramatic. He finds the FIST of DEFIANCE laying on the floor, picks it up and goes into the ring.

By now, Conor's trying to come to life. He's at least *somewhat* alert...

Lance:

Thank god Conor is conscious.

DDK:

Yeah, not for long.

Malak stands at the far end of the ring, championship belt in hand. He's calling on Conor to rise. He wants Conor on his feet before the lights go out for good.

It's taking Conor a while. The glossy look on his face, the dried, crusted blood that gushed an ocean all over his nose, mouth, face and body. His white tights are a mess of blood, sweat and even some of Malak's tears.

Tears of victory soon enough.

Malak Fuse:

Your brother broke my snowflake title.

Malak looks at the gold in his hands.

Malak Fuse:

Now I'm gonna bust the real one across your skull.

Malak throws his free arm forward, making an up and down motion, almost like he has Conor Fuse on puppet strings.

And this is Malak Garland's puppet show.

Conor is finally on one leg.

Then Fuse finds his base with the other.

The lights are on but no one's home. It doesn't seem like Conor knows he's in a wrestling match at the moment. DEFCON, to be exact. Battling for the ultimate item, the power-up capsule in Malak Fuse's hands.

The FIST.

Garland charges.

WHAM!

And Malak takes Conor's head off in the process!

DDK:

A shot, unfortunately, heard all around the world!

Malak slides the title to the side of the canvas, amongst all the other weapons still resting inside the ring. The champion drops to his own knees, collapsing on top of Conor Fuse and hooks a leg.

Mark Shields, on the other hand, is finally coming to. Mark is laying on the canvas but he can see there's a pinfall.

He starts to crawl over.

Ever.

So.

Slowly.

DDK:

Not this way. Please.

Shields is halfway to the pinfall but Malak is demanding the referee start the count already! Shields' brain takes a moment to process the information and understand what Malak's desires are.

Mark nods.

His hand goes up in the air.

It's difficult for him to move. But, eventually, that hand comes crashing down!

ONE!

Malak is telling Mark to count faster, his FOMO is through the f'n roof!

Mark is trying to count as quickly as he can!

The arm is raised for a second time.

...

The arm comes crashing down!

TWO!

Malak is in a cold sweat. Yes, Conor has shown ZERO signs of life since being TKO'ed but now WOULD BE A NICE TIME TO COUNT A LITTLE FASTER, GOD DAMMIT!

Mark's arm comes up again.

The arena is dead silent. All everyone, even the announcers can do...

Is pray.

The arm is raised.

...

...

...

The arm comes CRASHING DOWN!

KICKOUT!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

The announcers can barely hear themselves think! Malak Garland is going to have a bloody stroke in the middle of the ring! Tears start rolling down his face! He pulls at his silver long hair!

DDK:

NO, NOT TONIGHT! DEFCON WILL NOT END LIKE THIS!

Lance:

I don't want to see any celebrities, either!

DDK:

NEVER CELEBRITIES!!!!!!!!!!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Malak slams his hands against the canvas. He is bursting at the seams! He looks over at Mark Shields. Mark is awake but he's still laying there with his head down. The crawl over and count took A LOT out of him.

Malak sees the item in the far corner of the ring, the one he defeated Conor with before.

In the main event of DEFCON 2021's night one, no less.

And now, four years later, he's going to fucking do it again.

The dreaded piñata GAME SHARK.

The EXPLODING piñata GAME SHARK.

THE GAME SHARK THAT'S GONNA END THE GAMES FOR GOOD!!!

RRRAAAAAHHHH!!

Malak works his way over to the object. It's almost the same size as himself! Once he's at the corner of the ring, he rises onto his feet and leans down for the devastating "power up".

Malak Fuse:

Joy.

With Mark Shields' head still resting on the mat, Malak knows he can get away with whatever the fuck he wants.

Except there's a grumbling.

Another rumbling.

Tyler Fuse is marching down!

DDK:

Tyler is here! Conor told Tyler not to get involved...

Lance:

At this point, Tyler HAS TO!

The elder Fuse power walks down the rampway and snatches Malak's attention. The champ holds the GAME SHARK in his hands as Tyler reaches the bottom of the rampway. He isn't going to stop there.

The OG Player slides into the ring.

Getting right in Malak's face.

Malak takes a step back. He snarls and then he stands back up to his "little brother".

At first, Malak sounds like he's pleading with Tyler.

Malak Fuse:

Let me do it. Please, let me do it.

But then Malak's voice gains a little more confidence.

Malak Fuse:

Bro, do you think I'm *stupid*?

It's clear Malak is trying to have a private conversation with Tyler, although the apron camera and microphone is picking it up.

Malak Fuse:

I know there was another signature on the main event contract.

DDK:

Wait a second, what now!?

Lance:

I think he's onto something! I do remember there being another marking on the contract page during the contract signing. I thought nothing of it at the time!

Malak Fuse:

I saw it when I signed my name. I wasn't born yesterday...

Malak shakes his head no.

Malak Fuse:

I was born inside your mommy's tummy!

Lance:

Jesus Christ...

Malak leans forward.

Malak Fuse:

I did this for you, Ty Guy, okay? I did this for... *us*.

Garland has his right hand on the GAME SHARK, using it like a crutch to stand upright. Meanwhile, Malak holds his left hand behind his back.

Malak Fuse:

I made it an *elimination match*.

Tyler continues to stand there, stoically, taking the information in.

Malak Fuse:

Let me beat Conor. LET ME DO IT. Then you can have me all to yourself. Hell, win the title for all I care. I'll lay down for my big bro.

The hand behind Malak's back... his left index and middle finger... he crosses them as he speaks.

Malak Fuse:

It was always gonna be me and you. You're my main rival now.

Malak looks back at the fallen Second Player.

Malak Fuse:

So let me crank this GAME SHARK over dipshit's head. Just let me do it. Let me shove his FUCKING FACE in-between the pillows and put him to bed.

Malak nods.

Malak Fuse:

It's time for nappies!

Malak smirks.

Malak GARLAND:

Then it's just me and you, I swear.

Malak starts to walk away from Tyler until-

Tyler grabs the other end of the GAME SHARK to a chorus of cheers!

Malak Fuse:

What the... fuckstick? Bro, c'mon!

Tyler doesn't let go of the SHARK.

Malak Fuse:

Bro. Fretting. I'm fretting HARD HERE.

Malak starts talking a little louder. He's no longer trying to keep this discussion private.

Malak Fuse:

Listen, Tyler, WTF, guy?

Malak's free hand is no longer behind his back. He's pointing at Conor.

Malak Fuse:

HE TOOK EVERYTHING FROM YOU! HE'S THE MORE SUCCESSFUL BROTHER. DOESN'T THAT PISS YOU OFF!? IT PISSES *ME* OFF!

Tyler hasn't let go of the GAME SHARK.

Malak Fuse:

HE'S MORE CHARISMATIC. MORE TALENTED. MORE AMAZING. MORE ADMIRER. MORE LOVED. HE IS EVERYTHING YOU WANNA BE AND YOU'RE FUCKING NOT, SO LET ME DESTROY HIM AND THEN I AM GONNA FUCKING MANGLE YOUR STUPID RIGHTEOUS FACE TOO BECAUSE YOU'RE SO EASY TO MANIPULATE YOU ANNOYING PENCIL DICK DORK-

Malak's eyes bug out of his head.

He shouldn't have said that.

However, this rollercoaster of emotions Malak Fuse is going through... he went up, then he CRASHED down but now he's back up.

Because Tyler let go of the GAME SHARK.

In fact, Tyler is POINTING Malak towards Conor Fuse and nodding along.

Malak can't believe it! He- he- he's at a loss for words.

Garland snickers under his breath, while he turns around and mumbles something along the lines of "what an idiot".

Only to see Conor Fuse isn't out cold anymore.

Conor Fuse is standing right in front of him.

Conor Fuse:

What's up?

CRANK!

Conor DRILLS Malak in the face with a stiff punch! Blood sprays out of Malak's nose as he falls to the ground, GAME SHARK dropping from his hand.

Conor looks at Tyler.

Tyler looks at Conor.

Tyler slowly nods, as if agreeing with Conor's decision. Conor fires up, screams into the rafters and takes the GAME SHARK.

Conor raises it above his head... and the only thing Malak can do on his hands and knees is beg.

Beg for mercy.

Malak Fuse:

Conor I never meant for this to happen-

SLAM!

BOOOMMMMM!!!

EXPLOSION!!!!

Smoke fills the squared circle but after it clears, amidst the *HOLY SHIT* chants, the GAME SHARK has burst into a million little pieces and Malak Garland is DOA in the center of the ring!

Conor is fired up as he falls to his knees and hooks a leg while Mark Shields slowly rises off the mat. Mark looks like he's recovered, enough where he can stand, run over and fall into the counting position.

Except that Mark doesn't.

Shields is on his feet and makes a b-line straight towards Tyler Fuse, demanding Tyler exit the ring!

DDK:

There is SIGNIFICANT bad blood! As we mentioned before the match started, Tyler is the REASON Mark was on "sabbatical" since the Year End Awards Show, given the poor effort Mark had in reffing Malak vs. Tyler.

Tyler cocks his head. He's going to leave the ring but he's seemingly fuming at Mark.

WHACK!

...

Silence fills the arena! Conor looks up from the pinfall and sees Tyler Fuse has knocked Mark Shields OUT with a left fist to the face!

Boos follow. Conor releases Malak's leg from the pin and has his hands on his forehead, as if asking Tyler WTF did he just do.

For a moment... for a very split second it looks like Tyler has remorse. His anger got the better of him.

But then his anger takes over.

Tyler points at Mark Shields while shouting at Conor.

Tyler Fuse:

I hate that fuck! He is EVERYTHING wrong with this company!

Conor looks down at the fallen Malak Garland.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, **he** is EVERYTHING wrong with this company! Mark is just a trashy NPC!

Tyler is fuming as the boos continue. He puts his hands on his head as he tries to swallow the bitter pill he was given.

Realizing there's nothing more he can do, Tyler exits the ring.

Tyler Fuse: *[shouting to Conor]*

FINE.

Tyler power walks up the rampway, leaving Conor Fuse on his knees, hovering overtop of the DOA Malak Garland.

The crowd is counting a pinfall, as if it could happen.

They're already at TEN.

Tyler vanishes behind the FIST logo.

DDK:

Well, we have no referee...

Lance:

We're screwed, aren't we? I take back what I said about using a title belt to win the match... at least we'd get an outcome. You're telling me DEFCON is going to end like this? A no contest!?

DDK:

I don't know.

Lance:

At this rate, I'd rather see celebrity interference.

DDK:

Don't speak of such horrors!

Conor remains in the same location. He really doesn't know what to do.

And then...

A ruckus from the top of the rampway.

Tyler Fuse is back, bringing referee Benny Doyle down with him. It's clear Doyle looks like he was pulled from the referee's locker room and was already in his street clothes, because he's not wearing his wrestling pants and he's in mid-process of putting on his red and black striped shirt.

DDK:

I'm not sure if this is legal. Malak has Mark written into his contractual matches!

Lance:

It has to be! Mark can't do his job right now, so someone else HAS TO!

DDK:

Last match of the night. No doubt everyone else went home!

Doyle has his shirt on and he's reached ringside. Benny slides into the ring as Conor drops back down on his knees and hooks Malak's leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The air is HAMMERED out of the arena. Malak went from 0 to 100 at the last possible second. And Benny makes sure the announce table knows the match ISN'T over.

Yet.

But Conor Fuse rises to his feet as the boos slowly become *!RANK* rally chants. Conor stumbles into a corner of the ring and rests against the padding. He looks down at Tyler Fuse, who's still at the base of the rampway.

Conor Fuse:

Thanks, bro.

Tyler merely nods slightly in reply before walking up the rampway and leaving the scene entirely.

Conor brings his attention to the fallen Malak Garland, who's barely done anything since kicking out.

Conor hammers the corner pad.

!RANK

He hammers it again.

!RANK

And again.

!RANK

So on and so on and so on.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

DDK:

THE POWER-UP KING IS READY!

Malak slowly starts to stir, so Conor walks over and positions Malak on his knees.

Conor smacks Garland across the chest as Fuse lifts his head and screams into the rafters, while the crowd shouts along.

Conor Fuse & The Faithful:

WEAPON GET!

Conor backs up, bounces into the ropes...

And delivers I TRIGGER.

Conor props Malak onto his knees, smacking him across the shoulders.

Conor Fuse & The Faithful:

WEAPON GET!

Conor leaves Malak laying in the middle of the ring after A SECOND I Trigger. Fuse's left leg and shoulder are killing him, but he's running off fumes. He's going to the top rope one more time.

And he's up there sooner than expected.

Dark. Phoenix. Splash.

Conor covers as the United Center stands and Benny Doyle makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

HE DID IT!!! CONOR FUSE IS THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Jubilation. Fireworks. Lime green and white confetti fall from the ceiling.

[*♪ "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland ♪*](#)

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match...

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Darren Quimbey:

AND NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW-

The energy in the arena is going to pop off, as Conor is so ecstatic Fuse inadvertently bumps into Quimbey so the ring announcer can't finish because he lost his mic.

DDK:

What an unbelievable night!

Benny Doyle hands Conor the FIST of DEFIANCE as the Chicago Faithful continue to go haywire! The broken down kid from Toronto stumbles around while trying to hold the title in the air!

Meanwhile, on the canvas, Malak Garland is slowly coming to. Tears are rolling down his face. He is so upset, so very, very upset.

Conor's theme comes to a close for a moment, as The Ultimate Gamer rests in a corner. He realizes Malak has regained consciousness. There's no anger, there's no hostility, there's not even regret.

It's pure sadness spilling out of The Snowflake Superstar.

Malak rolls upright. He sees the confetti. He sees the smiles on people's faces. That three-year-old from earlier is beyond thrilled.

Malak witnesses the FIST of DEFIANCE sitting on Conor Fuse's shoulders.

Somehow, somehow, Malak has the strength to stand up...

And then run out of the ring, under the rampway and completely out of sight in a flash!

The crowd cheers! Conor smiles! And all seems well in the world of DEFIANCE!

...Except Darren Quimbey and Benny Doyle are having a discussion in the middle of the ring.

Conor wonders why his theme music hasn't started again.

DDK:

We seem to have a discussion between Doyle and Quimbey.

Darren has his right hand up against his ear, perhaps he's listening to his earpiece. Both the ring announcer and referee continue to converge, while Conor's smile fades and the celebration seems to be on hold.

Lance:

What's going on!?

Finally, Quimbey and Doyle are in agreement. As they back away from each other, Conor raises his right arm (because he can't do shit with the other) and The Faithful start to cheer.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, Faithful from around the world, I have been told there is indeed another name signed to that contract!

SHOCK.

CONFUSION.

ANGER?

DDK:

What now!?

Darren Quimbey:

Therefore, as a result...

The arena is on pins and needles. Conor crunches his face together.

Darren Quimbey:

This match will CONTINUE!

The atmosphere is insane! There are boos... there are **lots** of uneasy rumblings throughout the United Center. Conor is extremely bewildered, as Benny Doyle stands in front of him and tries to explain everything.

DDK:

This match will CONTINUE!? There are no CONTINUES!

Lance:

There was ANOTHER name on that open contract, Keebs! I don't believe it, Malak was right!

DDK:

I'm not understanding ANY of this! So it's Tyler Fuse?

Lance:

I don't... I don't know! I think this match is still going on. Well, I don't *think*. THAT'S WHAT WE WERE JUST TOLD!

Conor Fuse is absolutely blindsided by this announcement and he's looking at Benny Doyle like something's been stolen from him - which is sort of true. He's been through absolute HELL to reach the top of this mountain, and he's now being told there's a second mystery mountain still to climb. He's paid the price that every FIST of DEFIANCE ahead of him has ever paid - yes, even Malak. Literal blood, literal sweat, literal tears. This is the biggest spotlight in the wrestling world, the main event of DEFCON. He's supposed to be wearing the FIST on someone's shoulders in

triumph right now - and they're telling him the match isn't over yet?

Who allowed this? Why is this a thing that's ok? It's not right. It's not right at all.

It's not *fair*.

His leg's not right, his shoulder's not right, and the unbelievable spike of adrenaline and emotion he's supposed to be using to carry him home after the war he just waged has been stopped dead in its tracks - a cork shoved back on the champagne bottle too late, haphazardly, making a mess of the whole thing. Doyle helps get Conor to his corner and explains the situation again, slower.

DDK:

This is unbelievable!

The crowd continues to be in dismay! There was another signature on the open contract. It's apparently been there for a while. Malak even caught it at the contract signing. Did Conor? Or was he too tunnel-visioned when he stood across the ring from the man he might hate more than anyone in the world?

Tunnel vision is really a bitch, isn't it?

...

But whose name is on the contract?

Lance:

BUT WHOSE NAME IS ON THE CONTRACT, KEEBS?

DDK:

I wish I could help you out - your guess is as good as mine! Do you have any notes for this?

Lance:

Nobody tells me anything around here...no, do you?

DDK:

Nothing. I guess we're going to have to find out the same time as everyone-

The lights go out in the United Center, and the Faithful in attendance are WILD about it.

...

...

Unfamiliar guitar riffs.

??, ??, ??..

??, ??, ??..

White spotlights begin to swirl throughout the arena. The DEFIATron isn't much help right now, as it's also all white.

Basic 70's rock drum beats kick in as the guitar keeps riffing on the same chords...

??, ??, ??..

??, ??, ??..

Then a nasty guitar solo blasts out. As it does, the DEFIATron goes from all white, to white with black, to white and black stripes...

Animal stripes, maybe? A zebra or something?

The white beacons around the arena start to slowly, one-by-one, change color.

Blues. Pinks.

...pinks? ...but, it's Thursday...

...

...oh no. The stripes on the DEFIATron are definitely from an animal. A very specific animal the Faithful have met before.

Not a zebra.

...

As we see her piercing eyes staring out at us, we get vocals.

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIDE

RIDE THE TIGER

...

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIDE

RIDE THE TIGER

[\[?\] "Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship \[?\]](#)

The Faithful are on their feet as it starts to dawn on them who this is.

Because those eyes on the DEFIATron?

They belong to Helen.

DDK:

Oh my god...

WHIRRRRR~

The challenger steps through the curtain.

RAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

IT'S HENRY KEYES! IT'S HENRY KEYES!

Lance:

GOOD GOD, THE KRAKEN HAS RETURNED!

DDK:

HE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE BACK YET, IS HE??

It's been nine months since Henry Keyes collapsed backstage after his match at MAXDEF. The concerns about his health and well-being were well-founded, even with an army of Job-Specific Plague Doctors; for years, the man wrestled as hard or harder, in as crazy or crazier of matches, as anyone on the DEFIANCE roster. And it looked like the ferryman, for whom Henry Keyes has dispersed so many Coins, was coming to give the old Airship Pirate his own ride home.

Plenty of people reached out to him or to those in his inner circle - not to ask "when" he might come back, but "if".

Thankfully (or...well, let's hold that thought), it seems like the time away has done him a hell of a lot of good.

Henry wears long white pants with pink and black tiger stripes running up the sides in homage to the two women in his life - his white tiger, Helen, and his Bestie, Co-Consul of Vae Victis, Lindsay Troy. He wears bright blue boots in homage to the controversy he's been known to court. It looks like more ink has been added to his tattoo sleeve of bronze and silver gears. He looks ripped to fucking shreds, and with his salt-and-pepper undercut and short beard, it's serving peak "Zaddy's Home".

And as he soaks in the roaring reaction of the stunned United Center crowd, he points to his left eye and gives a big wink to the man in the ring.

...did I mention his eyepatch is gone? Because the eyepatch is gone.

Conor Fuse is NOT okay. Benny Doyle has his hand on his earpiece, nodding and conveying news that the Locker Room Leader hates to hear.

DDK:

Henry Keyes is about to fight Conor Fuse for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Fuse is barely on his feet, and Keyes is fresh as a daisy - is this allowed? How is this happening??

DDK:

I'm receiving confirmation now - Henry Keyes signed the open contract for this match before DEFtv 217...and therefore, this has become an elimination match. Fuse eliminated Garland, but the match isn't over! This is unbelievable!

As Keyes power-struts towards the ring, he beckons a nearby cameraman to come closer.

Henry Keyes:

You all want to see a real life pirate??

And he shoves the lens away in anger. Keyes hops up on the apron and steps through the ropes.

The music stops, the lights stop swirling, and the Faithful are on their feet - some with hands on their heads, some with hands over their mouths.

The two men step to the center of the ring and lock eyes.

A wild variety of emotion from Fuse. Stone cold anger from Keyes.

Conor Fuse:

Dude.

Henry Keyes:

Fuck you, cOnOr.

And in a flash, they're in a hockey fight! Collars locked up, wild haymakers thrown as hard as they possibly can!

Keyes quickly gets the better of the exchange and shoves Fuse into a corner!

SMACK!

DDK:

Propellor edge chop!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Fuse is trying his damndest to weather the storm, but it's just not a fair fight. Keyes cinches Fuse's arms and torso, pivots, and HEAVES the smaller Fuse across the ring with a huge biel throw!

...FUSE LANDS ON HIS FEET! He staggers and limps for a moment, his leg still a major concern, but fuck it - he has to play catch-up, and he has to swing for the fences NOW. He scrambles to the top rope, targets his opponent and flies!

Side-Scrolling Senton!

...

NO! Keyes catches him midair! Keyes steadies his feet, pivots, and-

BANG!!

SLAMS Fuse to the mat with a powerbomb!

DDK:

This is not looking good at all for Conor Fuse...

Lance:

He shouldn't even be in this position! He already gave his all when he beat Malak!

Keyes doesn't go for the pin - instead, he forcibly lifts Conor to his feet. Keyes grins a sinister grin, locks eyes with Fuse, and swings his arms forward for the BELL CLAP~~~

...

FUSE CATCHES AN ARM! He lifts his body up with the last of his strength, twists, rotates, GOES FOR ANIMAL CROSSING~~~

...

KEYES STOPS THE MOMENTUM IN ITS TRACKS! Keyes engages his hips and plants his feet wide, stabilizing the smaller Fuse, before a big LIFT, and another LIFT, and Fuse is kicking and struggling and doing everything in his power to get the hell out of this vice grip Keyes seems to have on him, but to no avail...finally in total control, Keyes HOISTS Fuse high in the air...

...

THONKKKK

...and CRUSHES him with an enormous elevated European uppercut! Fuse crashes hard, but instinct or will or something else pushes him back to what he thinks are his feet, but are actually only his knees. It's unclear if he knows where his hands are now, or where his head is, or who's doing this to him anymore. Is it an old friend? Is it the universe?

The kamigoye knee strike connects, HARD, to Fuse's face.

CRRRRRACK!

DDK:

Henry Keyes delivers a Coin!

He never does it just the once.

CRRRRRACK!

DDK:

Second Coin by Keyes! No, this isn't how we're ending DEFCON, could it be??

Henry Keyes snarls and disrespectfully shoves Fuse's face aside with his left forearm as he plants the flat palm of his right hand on Fuse's chest. Benny Doyle whirls around for the cover!

ONE!

Lance:

No...

TWO!

Lance:

No no no NO NO!

...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

[\[?/?\]"Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship \[?/?\]](#)

BOOOOOOAHHHHHHHHH!!!

It's LOUD AS SHIT in the United Center. 60% negative, 10% positive, 30% primal What The Fuck-itive. Keyes powers to his feet in one fluid motion and power walks forward, bending the ring ropes against his chest and shoulders, wide-eyed and full of adrenaline.

Darren Quimbey:

HEEEEEERE IS YOUR WINNER! AAAAAAAND **NEWWWWWWWWWWW** FIST OF DEFIANCE!!! "THE KRRRRRRRAKEN"!!! HENRYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!!!!

AHHHHHHOOOOHHHHH!!!

Benny Doyle straps the FIST around Keyes's waist, and suddenly Lindsay Troy and Kerry Kuroyama are both in the ring. They are absolutely overjoyed as confetti flies and pink and blue beacons of light swirl around the arena. Troy and Keyes squeeze each other and hop around in circles in an enormous Bestie hug, and soon, Kuroyama lifts Keyes

upon his shoulders. Keyes raises his arms in absolute victory, winking and pointing to that stupid fucking left eye again.

Conor slowly regains awareness of his surroundings. He sees confetti - but it's not green. He sees the blue first - "but wait, I know I beat Malak" - and then he sees the pink.

And then he sees one of his oldest former friends, one of the first people he asked to join the revival of the Friendship Members League, the total jerkass who never forgave Conor for some dumb fucking thing from forever ago that blew up way out of proportion and if they could just talk about it but THAT'LL never happen...wearing the FIST, on someone's shoulders, in triumph.

DDK:

The DEFIANCE landscape has changed!

Lance:

...Forever.

The DEFIANCE signature shows as fireworks pop off around the ring and outside the arena, pink and blue and white flashes of sparks. For Fuse, the next moments are numb and difficult to remember.

For Keyes, this is the greatest moment of his professional wrestling career.

...

So far.

THIS.

IS.

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