

SHOW OPEN

LIVE from the Toyota Center in Houston, Texas, there are lots of screaming fans as pyro explodes from the top of the rampway, showcasing a FIST marked with an X behind it for the entrance. We start to pan across even more fans with lots of signs in hand!

RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU'VE BEEN PERSONALLY VICTIMIZED BY VAE VICTIS

GET SOME TILDES, BRONSON

AND CAPS

CHICKEN BACON RANCH BOW AT YOUR LOCAL CONCESSION STAND!

WAKE UP, SCOTT!

ELISE NEEDS FISTED

HE'S OUR SNOWFLAKE!

BRONSON BOX: BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD, SKULLS FOR THE SKULL THRONE

BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD HAS SOMETHING TO SAY TO BRONSON BOX ABOUT THIS

MASKS ARE OUT

FACEPAINT IS SO HOT RIGHT NOW

YOUNGBLOOD FEARS FUSE

We go to the announce booth at the top of the stage, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to NIGHT TWO!

Lance:

Another great evening lined up with SEVEN matches ahead! Let's look at the card!

BRONSON BOX vs. DAN RYAN vs. HENRY YAMAZAKI

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS

LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES vs. HEIRS TO THE THRONE

TYLER FUSE vs. ???

UNIFIED TAG TEAM: RAIN CITY RONIN (C) vs. THE LADS

FIST of DEFIANCE: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. ELISE ARES

DDK:

But first we are going to start with the FINALS.

ACE of TAG TEAMS FINALS: TRIPLE 7s vs. M4NTRA

Lance:

I can't wait!

ACE of TAG TEAMS FINALS

The camera cuts to the main stage where to the side of the ring, there is a stand with representatives from Favoured Saints decked out in professional business suits waving to the fans. With them are the official trophies for the winning Ace of Tag Teams, the \$250,000 cash prize and a custom metal clipboard that contains a contract for the winner!

DDK:

We are finally here! From the beginning of August till now, we have seen the Ace of Tag Teams! We have seen our tag team division put out their very best! Eight teams turned to four. And last night, four teams turned to two left.

Lance:

The popular M4NTRA will take on the Triple 7s! Which team will go down in history as your Ace of Tag Teams?!

DDK:

\$250,000 and a guaranteed Unified Tag Title championship contract goes to the winner! We aren't going to waste your time! Tonight we crown our first-ever Ace of Tag Teams!

The camera scans across the Toyota Center for night two of Acts of DEFIANCE!

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is your opening match of Acts of DEFIANCE and this is the finals of the Ace of Tag Teams! Introducing first ...

M A N T R A

♪ "Betty (Get Money)" by Yung Gravy ♪

Golden lights pulsate to the music to herald the arrival of Nathan Eye, "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, and Makayla Namaste's new theme, sampling "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick, Astley! White lights join the fray as the guitars kick in and Makayla Namaste leads the way wearing a matte gold colored sports bra and tied white cloth cargo pants with a sheer white overshirt and third eye sunglasses.

Behind her DEC4L and Natty Eyce come out in matching blue leather shorts with gold third eye patterns. DEC4L is wearing gold third-eye sunglasses while the advanced master of enlightenment, Nathan Eye, has four lens on his sunglasses! Both men are M4NTRA Ray-ing to the music with Nathan Eye wearing black kinetic tape on his back courtesy of a run-in with monsters from the night before!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing team number one ... they are accompanied by "Good Vibes Only" Makayla Namaste! At a combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-two pounds of pure perseverance ... Declan "DEC4L" Alexander ... "Natty Eyce" Nathan Eye ... THIS ... IS ... M4NTRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Makayla Namaste, Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander hit three different sides of the Toyota Center in the audience with the house lights flickering a shade of blue to kick off the show as they did the night before! The lights start swaying and some fans in the audience shine their phones out and start flashing lights of gold! Nathan, DEC4L and Makayla all pull out a new set of lights and put them on their fingers to start shining to the sky which gets the crowd to start shining their cell phones in the blue light of the arena! Some fans in attendance already have their own Vibe Detectors out and shine them as well!

DDK:

The Vibe Detectors are out in full force tonight! M4NTRA entered this tournament for two reasons! They wanted in this tournament to stick it to Tom Morrow for betraying them for the Triple 7s and tonight, they're gonna get their chance to do it!

The party continues! Nathan Eye is dancing in one section of the arena and dancing with some fans. He takes off his four-lens sunglasses and hands them over to a young kid in the audience happy to walk away with a souvenir! On

another side, DEC4L takes off his own sunglasses and then gives them to another young fan to take home, then gets the kid into his live stream.

DEC4L:

Chat ... tonight, we're giving Tom Morrow \$250,000 reasons to hate us!

Makayla jumps into the shot.

Makayla Namaste:

No cap! No rizz!

Nathan Eye:

Eyenstein's Theory of Sucktitude = Morrow + 7 Cubed = Hold This L!

The Good Vibes Only Party continues back to ringside and back into the ring! Makayla Namaste and Nathan Eye standing in the corner on the apron.

DDK:

Both teams are entering the finals tonight, possibly not at 100% percent. Nathan Eye was put through hell by Kill or be Killed last night and worked over his back which is why he's wearing that kinetic tape!

Lance:

The Triple 7s were given a fight by the Atomic Punks, too! But they also guaranteed to have the third member at ringside and we don't know which two they'll put into this ring until that bell rings! M4NTRA needs to be ready for anything!

With one last pep talk between the three M4NTRA members, they hold their hands up and throw down three fingers in an M and tap them together.

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

The sounds of angry heavy metal pump through the PA! When lights return, there are three giants standing on stage, wearing matching black leather hooded vests and black pants, all kissed with green, red and orange flame designs. All three have their backs turned to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and hold the Winning Hand up. Next to them, Tom Morrow stands wearing the new custom made blue leather suit with "Tom The [bomb emoji]" on the back!

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing team number two ... they are accompanied by Tom Morrow! They stand at a combined weight of nine-hundred thirty-two pounds! And standing at a combined height of twenty-one feet tall! The Triple 7s!

DDK:

The monsters mean business here in the finals! The Lucky Sevens have a stellar resume and are one of the most decorated tag teams in DEFIANCE history, but winning here tonight would be top of the list!

Booing rains down for the Triple 7s when they reach the ring. Declan Alexander and Nathan Eye Tom Morrow stands in front of the ring and on the other three sides, Max, Mason and Mark all climb over the ropes easily. Tom The Bomb makes it inside and he poses in front of all three giants.

Lance:

This final is personal between these two teams. M4NTRA have a winning record over the Lucky Sevens in the past ironically thanks to Tom Morrow in some ways but tonight, it's all about the Ace of Tag Teams!

The Seven Foot Savages Winning Hand as a giant logo lowers from the ceiling behind the ring in the shape of a "7" before it and the arena lights up with red and orange to simulate flames!

DDK:

Which of these three giants is it going to be?!

Mason, Max and Mark all throw up the Winning Hands. They turn to face M4NTRA in their corner and Mason leaves the ring to reveal it will be Max and Mark for the finals!

Lance:

This is what I mentioned earlier! Mark didn't compete last night so him being the fresh man in this match? And seven feet tall? *And* with Mason Luck lurking at ringside?!

DDK:

Tall order indeed!

Mason Luck salutes his twin and his brother in law and steps off to ringside. Max and Mark are ready. Declan and Nathan are ready.

DDK:

The Ace of Tag Team Finals are underway?!

DING DING

M4NTRA ATTACK THE SEVENS!!!

Nathan Eye runs right after Mark Luck and Declan Alexander goes after Max Luck!

DDK:

Neither team is wasting time tonight! They have to be exhausted after both teams competed last night, but Mark Luck is the fresh man here!

Lance:

We'll see if that pays off for the Triple 7s tonight!

Declan is kicked backwards by Max Luck, but he rolls through it to get back on his feet. Nathan is doing his best to keep Mark Luck in the corner and throws as many punches as he can possibly throw! Mark throws a shot right back and he's got Nathan Eye retreating backwards. Max gets up and he pitches Declan right at the corner. On the opposite end of the ring Mark Luck has grabbed Nathan by his throat and then throws him into the opposite corner. The brothers in law look behind one another and charge at the opposite opponents!

Lance:

Incoming!

The Seven Foot Savages have dueling splashes in mind but Declan and Nathan move first and the monsters land in the empty corner! Nathan Eye runs past Declan in order to hit a running bicycle kick to the head of Max Luck as he's in his corner and DEC4L hits a running drop kick towards Mark Luck in his!

DDK:

M4NTRA are fighting back against Tom Morrow's monsters!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are 100% behind M4NTRA when they both run at Mark Luck and use a double drop kick that sends the Mark The Spark outside of the ring!

DDK:

There goes Mark!

Lance:

But here comes Max!

Max throws clothesline at both members of M4NTRA but they move first. They duck and then greet him with a double super kick to the jaw! Max is sent to the ropes and it takes both of the members, but M4NTRA use clotheslines to send him to the floor! Nathan Eye shakes the ropes with ultimate excitement like some kind of warrior and DEC4L is on the middle rope pointing up at the Ace of Tag Teams prizes on the stage!

"RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!"

DDK:

You haven't won the Ace of Tag Teams yet, guys!

Natty Eyce turns to DEC4L and they turn their focus to both monsters on the opposite sides of the ring. DEC4L sees Max outside the ring so he flies at him with a tope suicida through the ropes! Nathan Eye follows his partner's lead and goes to the ropes from the other side to leap over the ropes with a tope con hilo to wipe out Mark Luck! Makayla Namaste is celebrating her team taking the fight to the 7s. Morrow and Mason look like they're about to come undone mentally!

DDK:

There's no wasting time here from M4NTRA! The longer this goes, the more this match could favor the 7s if they are given the chance!

Lance:

They have the right idea! Attack fast and attack first if you want to be the Ace of Tag Teams!

Nathan and Declan join forces after Nathan gets back up and then they help each other get Mark Luck back into the ring. Declan is already ready to jump at the chance to go after the third brother that screwed them out defeating the Lucky Sevens at Maximum DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Declan Alexander is going for the Play of the Game already?!

Lance:

It's how he beat Killjoy last night!

He jumps up for the cutter, but Mason Luck grabs Mark's arm outside the ring to keep him steady! Declan falls to the mat and when he tries to recover, Mark slugs him with a lariat!

DDK:

I don't believe the ref had his eye on Mason! That could have been a DQ if he had seen it!

Lance:

Declan tried the Play of the Game, but The Sevens also know M4NTRA well and Morrow likely taught them how to scout the move!

DDK:

Tom Morrow spent a year and a half managing M4NTRA and knew their playbook!

Mark Luck grabs onto Declan Alexander by his head and leg and then hits a nasty capture suplex that takes Declan back to the corner of the Triple 7s! Max Luck steps up to his corner and then he's ready for a tag from Mark!

Lance:

That capture suplex was wicked! Mark Luck has a fighter-like background and he's still new! M4NTRA may not know everything that he can do!

Mark grabs the arms of Declan and Mark takes the legs. They both count to three and then *throw* him as high as they can throw him in the air to let him crash to the ground with a splat!

DDK:

BRUTAL!!!

Lance:

WHAT POWER!!!

Makayla and Nathan are both shook as the Gen Z-ers like to say. Declan getting lifted into the sky like that only to be brought down with a thud! Max Luck is hovering right over Declan and he picks him up right now but Declan is fighting back as best he can. Max strikes DEC4L with a knee and then pushes him at the corner before dumping him on his back with a huge delayed hip toss into the middle of the ring. He runs across the ropes before he jumps up into the air and brings a running jumping elbow drop right into the heart of Declan with the Box Cars elbow drop!

DDK:

The Box Cars elbow and we might see a quick Ace of Tag Teams finals!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

Not quite yet!

Declan kicks out but he is muscled right away into the corner at Morrow's instructions.

Tom Morrow:

Let's go, let's go, let's go! Time is money and we aren't wasting either on these little tools! There's no profit in payback!

Mark makes the tag to Max and Declan gets put into the corner.

Mark runs in with a knee lift!

Max runs in with a knee lift!

Mark with a second knee lift!

Max with a second knee lift!

Lance:

Declan is just getting worked over!

Mark Luck throws Declan out from the corner and makes the pin!

DDK:

Triple 7s for the win and the Ace of Tag Teams with the pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Declan might be called DEFIANCE for a second with respect to Oscar Burns because the Intrepid Influencer kicks out. Mark talks some trash and starts rubbing his taped forearm across the POG Champ's face.

Mark Luck:

The cash money's ours, dick!

Max Luck gets another tag. Max Luck grabs onto Declan and pulls him up on his feet to hold the successfully streamer and wrestler in place. He holds the Winning Hand on him until the referee starts to count! He holds it until four and then releases the hold before tagging to Max Luck. Max grabs the arm of Declan and then walks up to the top rope. Declan has his arms held and then walks halfway the length of the ropes!

DDK:

Max Luck is the most agile of the Triple 7s! And he's showing it now ... WALKING THE STRIP!!!

Max jumps off and hits an overhand blow to the head of DEC4L! Makayla can't bring herself to look at Declan being taken apart systematically by the Triple 7s. Mason Luck watches outside the ring proud of his twin and their brother in law. Morrow talks some smack to Declan as he is up against the ropes.

Tom Morrow:

You should have just ran away from us when you idiots had the chance!

Hearing this ... Declan grabs Morrow by the neck with both hands!

Tom Morrow:

ACH!!! NO!!! I WAS JUST KIDDING I WAS JUST KIDDING!!!

The cheering from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful ends when Max Luck throws a stomp right into his back! Morrow coughs for air and gets as far away from Declan as he can!

DDK:

That'll serve Tom Morrow right, but things look really bad for the Triple 7s!

Nathan Eye wants to get to a tag but the Triple 7s haven't left any good opening to do so. Max picks up Declan and then whips him at the ropes. He tries to catch Declan up on his shoulders for a Catch Perfect power slam ... but Declan sneaks out first and then hits a double knee back breaker on Max! Makayla resumes watching the match and starts cheering for DEC4L again!

"M4NTRA!!! M4NTRA!!! M4NTRA!!! M4NTRA!!! M4NTRA!!!"

Being that they're giants, Mark leans over the ropes to tag himself into the ring. But Declan is able to get to his corner too!

DDK:

NATTY EYCE IS IN!!!

Nathan Eye runs right at Mark Luck and has Mark the Spark off his game with one big flying shoulder tackle!

Two big flying shoulders!

Three big flying shoulders!

Mark Luck still doesn't go down but Nathan runs off the ropes and misses getting hit by a big boot from Mark! Mark is left wide open when Nathan spins behind him and finally takes the big man off his feet using a snapping russian leg

sweep. Eye rolls up through the move and gets back on his feet!

DDK:

Here comes 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance!

As Mark Luck to get up, Nathan Eye goes to the buckle near him. The fast-moving heavyweight climbs up the corner one step at a time and then twists around to knock down Mark Luck for the second time using a big springboard cross body from the top rope that makes the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful jump out of their seat!

Lance:

He's got his Eyes on the Prize and he can fly anywhere he wants!

DDK:

Nathan with the Eye in the Sky! And he's there for the cover for the Ace of Tag Teams!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Mark Luck kicks out!

Lance:

That was too close! M4NTRA almost walked out of this tournament the victors! Tom Morrow starts to climb on the apron to get the referee's attention but Nathan charges at him and gets a big pop from the people when he shoulder blocks him off the apron and right into Mason Luck's arms!

DDK:

Nathan Eye is looking great right now! He's not letting anyone step between him and payback against the Triple 7s by winning the Ace of Tag Teams!

Nathan runs at the ropes and he goes for another tope suicida through the ropes, but 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance gets caught on the floor by 310 pounds of Max the Jacked!

Lance:

This isn't good for Max!

Declan tries to fight through pain and runs the ropes for a tope as well, but Max just throws Nathan at his own partner and they collide through the rope!

DDK:

You said it! It's not looking good for M4NTRA! They just shut down the both of those dive attempts after taking so many earlier!

Max Luck is back and the tag gets made from the recovering Mark Luck. Max Luck takes Nathan up for a belly to back suplex combo and then throws him forward into a huge chest kick from Mark!

DDK:

God! That double team was brutal! He slingshotted Nathan into that round house kick from Mark Luck!

Mark Luck pins Nathan and counts!

Mark Luck:

Ace of Tag Teams coming home son!

One ...

Two ...

But Declan jumps in and double stomps Mark's back first!

DDK:

Mark Luck spoke too soon!

Declan gets pushed out of the ring by Max Luck after the break-up! Max climbs over and then gets tagged! Mark and Max have Nathan Eye cornered with Mark holding him for a leg sweep and Max ready to hit the ropes.

DDK:

I think the Triple 7s are closing in on the Ace of Tag Teams!

Lance:

I think that you're right! What do they have planned here?!

Max is on the ropes, but he goes for a fall when Declan pulls down on the top rope! Mark Luck jumps to check on his brother, but gets rolled up from behind by Nathan Eye with a school boy pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Nathan gets up! He checks Mark with a super kick at the leg and then makes the tag over to Declan! Nathan has him picked up and then Declan jumps ...

DDK:

M4NTRA CODE!!! M4NTRA CODE!!!

The assisted cutter hits to the delight of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Lance:

M4NTRA ARE CLOSING IN! WE HAVE OUR FIRST-EVER ACE OF TAG TEAMS!

ONE ...

TWO ...

There's no three because Mason Luck pulls Declan's leg!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

GET RID OF MASON LUCK! THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN IT AND M4NTRA SHOULD HAVE WON THIS TOURNAMENT!

Lance:

TOM MORROW JUST TOOK \$250,000 OUT OF M4NTRA'S POCKET LIKE MANY OTHER CLIENTS BEFORE THEM!

Tom Morrow argues with the referee that Mason Luck did nothing wrong! Nathan and Declan watch the referee point at Tom and Mason ...

Brian Slater:

YOU! YOU! YOU'RE BOTH OUTTA HERE!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are going wild! Tom Morrow protests like a child who got his toys taken away and Mason Luck does the same!

DDK:

Yes! Justice here for M4NTRA! They had that match won off the M4NTRA Code and Mason Luck pulled Declan out of position!

Lance:

Brian Slater didn't see what happened, but he's not stupid! He knows how important this match is! First of its kind for the tag team division!

Morrow and Mason Luck get ejected and sent up the ramp! Makayla points at them and waves goodbye when they are forced to head to the back! Nathan and Declan get up and they also wave goodbye!

DDK:

The Triple 7s have interfered on their behalf this entire tournament and glad to see something is finally being done about it!

M4NTRA still wave goodbye in the ring, but DEC4L and Natty Eyce are unaware of the lurking threat of Max Luck getting into the ring behind him tagging himself in!

Lance:

Turn around, guys, this match is still going!

Makayla tries to warn them as well but when they turn, it's too late because Max unleashes a beastly double clothesline to knock them both down! Max eats up the jeers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and stretches his arms out to welcome the jeering!

DDK:

Max Luck drops both M4NTRA members!

Max is the legal man and starts heading up top. The Beast of the Bright Lights waits for Declan on the top rope and then jumps right for him to takes his head off with a huge flying clothesline!

DDK:

Declan almost lost his head with the Check-Raise! Max is about to steal this!

One ...

Two ...

THR - NO!!!

Nathan Eye makes the save by shoving the monster away!

DDK:

This is coming down to the wire! For once against the Triple 7s, it's two on two!

Mark is back in the ring and tries booting Nathan but he crouches and Mark lands his boot on the top rope!

Lance:

Nathan ducks!

Nathan gets underneath him and pushes Mark to the outside! But before he can celebrate, Max lands a running big boot on Nathan and now he's out of the ring!

DDK:

Mark is out! Nathan is out! We're down to Max Luck and Declan Alexander!

Max goes over to grab onto Declan but he gets surprised from a leaping code breaker from DEC4L!

DDK:

Declan Alexander lands the OK Boomer! He has Max down and he's going for another Play of the Game!

Max falls to both knees with his jaw rattled! Declan gets ready for another Play of the Game and urges the Seven Foot Savage to rise! He gets ready with Makayla cheering them on ... then she gets attacked from behind by a familiar face outside the ring!

Lance:

HEY!

Standing over Makayla Namaste is Siofra and Kilgore outside the ring!

DDK:

Siofra! Kilgore! What are they doing here?!

Brian Slater yells at the pair to get out of the ring but the referee doesn't see the other side with Nathan getting up ...

FREEFALL ON THE RING APRON FROM KILLJOY!!!

Lance:

WHERE DID KILLJOY COME FROM?! I DIDN'T SEE HIM!

DDK:

What is the meaning of this?! Why are they out here! Does this have to do with M4NTRA beating them last night!

Siofra and Kilgore leave with Killjoy and Declan only now realizes what's happened to his partner outside the ring. He turns around and gets a Winning Hand from Max and Mark!

Lance:

THE TRIPLE 7S ARE ALIVE!

They both hoist Declan up and he gets plaited with Seven Stars!

DDK:

THE SEVEN STARS!!!

Mark Luck holds the Winning Hand on Declan's face for the cover!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful hate this result! They let their booing be heard but it might as well be music to the ears of the two giants now standing tall!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of the first-ever Ace of Tag Teams Tournament ... THE!!! TRIPLE!!! SEVENS!!!

Max and Mark celebrate the huge win and they leave the ring right away to head up to the stage.

Lance:

Why?! Why did Siofra and Kill or be Killed do this?! Was this payback for last night?!

DDK:

I don't know! I don't have those answers, but we know this for a fact ... the Triple 7s are *your* Ace of Tag Teams!

The members of M4NTRA have all been beaten down and The Triple 7s have reached the stage! Mark and Max both head to the ramp. Mason and Tom Morrow both jump out from the back and Morrow snatches the \$250,000 novelty check out of the hands of a Favoured Saints executive!

DDK:

We will never hear the end of this will we?

Lance:

Not. One. Bit.

Mason, Mark and Max celebrate with Mark, the man who scored the winning fall for the tournament, holding the new contract for the Unified Tag Team title match when they want it! The Favoured Saints executives pose with the monsters on the ramp! Morrow points up to the DEFIA-tron!

ACE OF TAG TEAMS

THE TRIPLE 7S!

DDK:

Whether we like the result or not ... The Triple 7s are your Ace of Tag Teams! And what a banner career for Mark Luck! He debuts as a member and scores the winning fall to take this tournament home!

Lance:

And this is just how tonight starts! What are we going to see the rest of tonight!

Mark Luck is given the novelty check to hold! Max and Mason hold up the two trophies and Tom Morrow poses with the Ace of Tag Teams title contract in hand!

DDK:

And later tonight, RCR and the Lads may be looking at their next opponents!

EARLIER TODAY

The footage starts with no introduction.

"Earlier today" appears in small white letters in the bottom chryon.

Backstage in the parking area. One large black SUV sits idling. Its driver, Henry Yamazaki sits with his eyes closed. He takes a few deep breaths before reaching into the passenger side seat, scooping up his bag. He pauses, opens the bag and looks inside at the contents for a few moments... he nods his head...

A loud noise, a revving engine off to his left.

He barely has time to close his bag and look up when...

WHAM!

The huge white panel van SLAMS into the driver's side of Henry's SUV at full speed. The sickening sound of metal twisting, plastic snapping and glass shattering fills the relative stillness of the autopool area. The commotion attracting onlookers and helpers from all corners of the backstage environment. Referees, production people, medical team. A whole host of the regular folk who help DEFIANCE continue ticking. The human element.

The driver's side door is kicked open wide and "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby staggers out holding the side of his head. From around on the other side we see the enormous refrigerator sized figure of "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne exit the passengers side similarly discombobulated.

Adrian Payne:

Ok, gotdamn OWWW, brotha.

Felton Bigsby:

Man up, motherfucka. Job got done, didn't we? Come on.

Adrian Payne:

Yo...

The Problem Solver motions with his chin at the figure walking with confident purpose across the parking area to the site of this monstrous attack.

The Money Talks tandem shake the cobwebs and stand a little straighter as the two time FIST of DEFIANCE, the Bombastic Bronson Box comes strolling upon the scene looking rather pleased with his two associates. Payne rounds the back of the still idling, crunched van and sidles up to his tag team partner. The Wargod claps both men on their massive shoulders.

Boxer then steps over and peers into the crumpled drivers side door of Yamazaki's SUV and just smiles.

All around them the helpers are all clamboring to get in there and check on Henry... but the presence of the perpetrators and their volatile leader gives even a beast like referee Buffalo Brian Slater pause.

Bronson Box:

I opened the door to madness, lad. I opened it wide enough even for yer' wide backside to stroll through and all ye' could do is drop a few vague HINTS... well, good fookin' luck putin' these pieces back together again, humpty.

The STARMAKER giveth and he also takes away.

He turns and glares at the gathered crowd of staff and talent with those wild bloodshot brown eyes. His curling upper

lip causes his mustache to twitch ever so slightly as he silently snarls. His clearly tensed jaw only loosening when he finally opens his mouth to speak.

Bronson Box:

WHAT?! FOOKIN' PISSED OFF, ARE YE'... EH?! Go on! Shreik at the tops of yer' lungs "*WHY BRONSON WHY*" as you scrape ol' Henry Yams' fat fookin' carcass outta' the wreckage, there! Say it! SCREAM IT, DAMN YOU ALL!

He just *roars* at the crowd of helpers.

Then just silence.

His piercing glare jumps from person to person. Medic, jobber, producer, former champion... everyone has the same withering look cast in their direction. He smooths out the lapels of his suit and straightens his tie.

He turns directly to camera.

Bronson Box:

Now... Daniel. As you can see I cleaned up this murky situation of ours, a tee-tad. I eliminated those unable to step up to the level of premeditated, *life-consuming* violence this promotion SHOULD demand. You were willing to throw me off that BALCONY a few weeks ago, Dan. Ready to end my career without *hesitation*. Ready to be the man who took the SCALP of Bronson Box... as it were. So how about we go out there tonight and show all of them...

He hooks a thumb back to the smoking crumpled wreck.

Bronson Box:

...this disappointing prick included. What being fookin' *DEFIANT* truly means, eh?

The medics and helpers are getting restless at this point. Head of DEFIANCE medical Iris Davine scowls at the Wargod and his two gigantic minions blocking her from doing her job.

Bronson Box:

Lets you and I take a little trip back to the old days, Danny-boy.

The crowd parts and leaves a nice wide berth as Boxer and Money Talks power-walks towards the deeper recesses of the backstage area. As they do so a small battalion of cast and crew begin the process of dislodging the two vehicles so they can get to poor Henry Yamazaki.

Bronson Box: [shouted over his shoulder as he walks away]

See you out there, sunshine.

We cut back to the commentary desk where Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are doing their best not to wear their opinions of what they just saw on their faces.

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman, I wish I had better news. But all I've been told is that Henry Yamazaki is indeed alive. Thank God. But he... he refused medical treatment and just. Well, he's gone. Bleeding from his head and clearly suffering from what looked to be several broken bones he just... well, *left*.

Lance:

Bronson Box can't keep getting away with this *CRAP*, Darren! I hope and pray tonight we see Dan Ryan do the hard thing and END this sociopath once and for all.

DDK:

We're supposed to be objective, you and I. But part of me can't help but agree. And if not Dan Ryan then who? *Who can truly, finally rid DEFIANCE of the Bombastic Bronson Box?*



BRONSON BOX vs. DAN RYAN vs. HENRY YAMAZAKI

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, due to the events from earlier today this advertised triple threat match is now, officially, a one on one LEGENDS GRUDGE MATCH... *introducing first...*

The lights go dark.

A rumbling of thunder is interspersed with lightning flashes as the music starts, and the crowd rises to its feet.

[*♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪*](#)

Light suddenly blasts downward from the ceiling over the imposing figure of three-time FIST of DEFIANCE Dan Ryan, dressed in full ring gear and dark aviator sunglasses. The snarl on his face is evident as he shoves a cameraman out of the way and practically stomps his way down the aisle toward the ring.

Fans reach out to swipe at the legendary wrestler, but he swipes them away right back as he approaches the ring with a short sprint and slides headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring. Rolling up to his feet, he immediately demands a microphone, which a nervous ringside crew member provides.

Dan Ryan:

Well, there you FUCKIN' have it! Nice job, Bronson, nice fuckin' job. Way to go. I suppose you think you're hot shit right now, but all you did was seal your own fate, you bald-headed Peaky Blinders talkin' motherfucker. All I ever wanted was a real war, so if that's what you were trying to accomplish by taking out Henry, you absolutely have got a war. And another thing, just in case your memory is as bad as your fashion sense, you ragtime reject, when I start wars, I finish them. I'm always ready, motherfucker, so get your ass out here and let's do this!

The lights cut off suddenly. Total darkness throughout the arena.

The crowd absolutely *unfurls* into a torrent of boos as a single spotlight pops on and illuminates a single spot on the darkened stage. Somehow, more, louder boos as the Herald of the Wargod, Angus Skaaland, stands grinning with a microphone in hand. He lets the reaction breathe, looking decidedly pleased with himself and the actions of his client, that got us here.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus Skaaland:

ARE YOU NOT ENTERTAAAAAINED?

The Motormouth of Malcontent pauses to enjoy a thunderous audience-wide rendition of "FUCK YOU ANGUS" clap clap-clap-clap-clap.

Angus Skaaland:

Alright, you mealy-mouthed, peasant-brained sheeple, Hall of Famer talking, here! Speaking of Hall of Famers... MAKING HIS WAY TO THE RING!

Skaaland walks forward, out onto the ramp. The spotlight follows him, cutting through the darkness as he takes his place about halfway down the ramp.

Angus Skaaland:

TWO TIME FIST. DEF HALL OF FAME. Other than the founder himself, *bless him*, the ONLY motherfucker man enough to wave the flag of this GORRAM promotion! Originally from the asshole of the UK Banff, Scotland and now residing in the beating heart of DEFIANCE New Orleans, Louisiana! Who gives a good goddamn what he weighs in tonight at... you people know what's comin'... THE *STARKILLER* HIMSELF. BRONSON. BOX.

The entire arena is dimmed to a flickering, sepia-toned brown. The faint crackling sound of a needle on a record is

heard mixed in with the decidedly negative din of the crowd.

♪ “The Entertainer” by turn of the century ragtime pianist Scott Joplin ♪

BOOM.

Flames explode from the stage as the lights come back up. Emerging from the lingering smoke from the pyro, the man himself. Dressed in his classic brown and grey pinstripe singlet he glares out over his mustache at the tidal wave of hatred coming at him from the Faithful. *His* Faithful.

Slowly, he walks down the ramp, Angus joining him in his trek towards the ring.

Towards Dan Ryan. Waiting rather impatiently up in the ring.

As Box strolls towards the ringsteps he avoids making eye contact with Ryan. Whose own eyes haven't left Boxer since he stuck his head out moments ago. The legend, Dan Ryan, is clearly singularly focused.

DDK:

HOLY SMOKES!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Dan Ryan launches his beefy frame with reckless abandon between the top and second ropes and LEVELS Bronson. Both men tumbling violently back against the railing.

Lance:

Like watching a water buffalo take flight, Keebs!

Ryan recovers instantly, not missing a beat. He rolls atop Boxer and starts raining closed fist shots.

Box lurches upwards and BITES the bridge of Ryan's nose!

Both men to their feet. Lock up.

The two huge bulls push and pull and shove one another back and forth against the railing, the ring apron, and back again. Boxer roars, snags the dominant hand, and with brutal strength, Irish whips Ryan knees-first into the ring steps.

DDK:

Oh, ouch!

Ryan flies almost ass over teakettle over the steps and lands in a heap. He clutches at his aching knees as Bronson stalks after him.

Lance:

Those knees have some mileage on them; that HAD to hurt!

The Wargod reaches down and dislodges the steps, hoisting them above his head. In the time it takes the Wargod to do so, Ryan scrambles like mad over the remaining, bottom half of the steps and PLANTS his forearm directly up into the yam-bag of Bronson Box. Ryan then lurches upward, his skull CRACKING up into Boxer's jawbone with an audible crunch.

Lance:

He's goin' over!

Bronson falls backwards with a thud, the steps SLAMMING down into his chest and literally bouncing off his goddamn

ribs. Clanging to a rest on their side as Boxer clearly struggles to recapture his wind.

Ryan scowls as he grabs his adversary and hoists him up and into the ring. Following close behind.

The referee for this contest, Buffalo Brian Slater, immediately calls for the bell. He knows this is as good a time as any to get this meatgrinder started.

DING DING

DDK:

And we're *officially* underway, folks!

Ryan immediately takes the offensive, peeling Bronson off the mat and whipping him **HARD** into the corner, sending the Wargod **BOUNCING** and stumbling to the center of the ring, just in time to eat a **THUNDROUS** clothesline from the Texan. Ryan wastes no time, picking him back up and whipping him into the corner again. Box slumps against the ropes, leaving Ryan in position to climb up and start walloping with a storm of rights!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

TEN!!!

Ryan steps back down, sneering at Box as the crowd goes wild. He steps back a little, waiting for Box to stumble out of the corner, and scooping him up for a big slam...

BOOOOOOOOOO!

...only for Box to start clawing at Dan Ryan's face and eyes, forcing him to loosen his grip on the Wargod!

Bronson drops to the mat, landing on his feet as Ryan tries to shake it off. Box leans in and clubs him over the back of his head, then unloads with ham-sized fists to the kidneys and ribs. Ryan backs out, and Box continues the onslaught, firing heavy hands into the midsection, pushing Dan back against the turnbuckle.

Ryan gets his arms up, blocking more shots from Box, then finally firing off a few shots of his own. A clubbing right hand backs Bronson Box up slightly, and a running clothesline that catches more of Box's face than anything else forces him backward into the middle of the ring.

In the time it takes Ryan to turn around, Box has **LUNGED** forward with his red right hand, digging the intentionally longer-than-normal fingernails into Ryan's eyes.

DDK:

Sweet Christmas! Right to the tender eyes of Dan Ryan!

The Wargod doesn't relent. He grips onto his right wrist and pushes down with all his might. Ryan SCREAMS out in pain as Box pushes harder and harder with what is essentially his iron claw submission, God's Fiery Right Hand, applied right to the damn *face*.

Lance:

And just like that, Bronson is in firm control with... good God...

WHUMP!

Bronson pulls back his hand and, wasting not a second, drops his giant, gnarled forehead into direct skull-to-skull contact with his opponent. The sickening sound of true skull on skull contact, never not stomach churning.

As Ryan lolls, Boxer takes wrist control and forces the groggy Ryan to his feet. We get a clear look at the reddened and slightly bleeding eye region of the legend. Boxer's assault with his red right hand is doing its job.

DDK:

Ryan has got to get his wits back about him, partner, you can't let the Original DEFIANT get into a rhythm!

Lance:

I'm not sure Dan can even SEE at this point, Keebs!

Boxer takes half of a beat to enjoy his handiwork before rolling Ryan towards him, unfurling the legend and waylaying him with a full-on open hand SLAP across the face. Sweat and blood are sent flying. Ryan's facial features shift over about a quarter of an inch for a half second before he further emerges into dreamland.

He only remains on his feet due to Bronson retaining wrist control.

DDK:

STARMAKER from Bronson Box! Ryan is on dream street!

Box wrenches Ryan's limp form around, hoists him up back first across his broad shoulder, and goes about showing off his immeasurable strength whilst also trying to crack his opponent's spine in twain.

Lance:

Canadian backbreaker from Bronson!

Box jumps several times, Ryan's back flexing and straining against the iron-like shoulder muscles of The Wargod. Bronson spins and jumps and jostles the nearly three hundred pounds of human being across his shoulder before displaying further incredible strength and HOISTING Ryan up from backbreaker position into a full-on gorilla press slam.

DDK:

Cripes almighty! The raw power of the Wargod!

Box takes a few impressive strides towards the nearest available turnbuckle and drops Ryanchest first across the turnbuckle and ropes. Immediately raising knees into his exposed midsection from below and dropping elbows into his kidneys and spine from above. After the assault is over, Ryan slumps off the ropes and crumples into a heap seated in the corner.

Boxer marches back towards the center of the ring, raising his hands and making a little show of it. Before he turns and runs full speed back towards Ryan, still shaking the cobwebs from his noggin in the corner.

DDK:

CANNONBALL in the corner from the Wargod!

The ringside camera picks up a perfect view of Ryan's poor head sandwiched between Bronson's wide, beefy back and the turnbuckle pad. Production even runs it back in slow-motion picture-in-picture as the match continues. As the announcers review the picture-in-picture, Ryan is still seated in the corner, now with one of Bronson's shitty little wrestling boots pressed firmly against his neck.

Lance:

Things are looking bleak for Ryan right now!

Boxer reaches down and grabs a handful of Ryan's hair. He stoops down low enough to hoist Ryan up onto his shoulders yet again, this time back-first across both shoulders in a torture rack position. Again, marching around a bit, showing how effortlessly he can toss even the mass of a Dan Ryan around like he's a child. Before pushing Ryan upward and forward and driving his face and head down into the canvas.

DDK:

Argentine backbreaker into a sit-out facebuster! The Wargod is on fire here, folks!

Lance:

He's actually *wrestling* and not just stabbing everybody for a change, wild!

Ryan struggles to get to his hands and knees on the canvas. As Boxer looms over him like some sort of gothic gargoyle, the Wargod slowly bends down and pulls something very familiar from his boot. A gesture that immediately garners a tidal wave of boos from the Faithful.

Lance:

The Spike! I'd say someone should steal and destroy that thing, but when the Doubledays tried that, the big bald creep went and got himself a new one!

Boxer makes a little show out of showing off his favorite weapon to the crowd before turning back to Ryan with nothing but menace and bad intentions behind his eyes. As he finally lunges with the Spike, Ryan somehow gets enough wits about him to reach up and grasp Bronson's Spike-wielding wrist, halting the assault.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Ryan is back in this, somehow!

The two are now locked in a back-and-forth battle of pure strength and resolve. Ryan, shakily, gets his feet underneath him. Both men snarl at one another. Dan's eyes locked on Bronson's as he offers up a little receipt from the headbutt from earlier...

WHUMP!

Again, their heads collide. Neither is better for it. But Ryan has just enough wherewithal to take Bronson's precious Spike and HUCK IT waaaaay up the ramp. The small metal object, clanging and clattering, eventually disappears into the stage's construction. When Boxer realizes this, livid isn't adequate to describe the Wargod's state of mind.

Ryan turns and flips Box the bird.

DDK:

Well, that's certainly an effective strategy for countering the Spike nobody's tried!

The smattering of laughter from some pockets of the crowd seems to send Boxer over the edge.

Lance:

Here he comes, Keebler!

Box ROARS back towards Ryan just WEARING his chest out with the longest, loudest series of open hand chops across the chest... and neck... we've seen in years.

WHAP

WHAP

WHAP

WHAP

WHAP

WHAP

WHAP

WHAP

And on and on and on...

The shots come with such force, so fast, Ryan gets backed up against the ropes with nowhere to go. His chest reddens and eventually starts bleeding from the sharp, stinging skin-on-skin impact.

DDK:

Ryan is facing an ASSAULT here, ladies and gentlemen!

Box snatches a clean front facelock and pulls Ryan back towards the center of the ring.

Ryan is nearly out of it as Bronson leans hard into the front facelock choke. Dan looks to be fading, and Box, smiling sadistically, clamps down harder with each passing second.

Lance:

We both know neither of these guys will ever quit, but how much longer can Dan Ryan physically take the toll this must be taking on his neck?

Dan Ryan lifts Bronson Box up across his shoulders somehow, mustering all of the strength he has left, neck straining, and with a yell, DRIVES Box down on the back of his neck with a vicious *Headliner*, his burning hammer.

DDK:

Headliner! Headliner! Out of absolutely nowhere!! The same move that crippled Virginia Quell all those years ago! Dan Ryan is emphatically trying to put an end to Bronson Box in one big Hail Mary shot right now!

Lance:

Dear God, I think I just heard the crunching of Bronson Box's neck. I think I'm gonna throw up... this has to be academic at this point...

DDK:

Here's the cover!

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!!

THREE!!!!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BRONSON BOX KICKED OUT! MOTHER OF GOD, HOW DID BRONSON BOX KICK OUT!!

Lance:

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!

DDK:

I can't believe it either! Look at the fans around the arena! I don't think anybody can believe it!! I have never seen anyone kick out of that move! I can't even believe Bronson Box is still moving!

Lance:

Boy, I tell you what, I knew Bronson Box was one tough son of a bitch, but I am absolutely stunned right now!

DDK:

Dan Ryan looks just as stunned as everybody else! Look at the expression on his face!

Ryan registers a look at the referee with a mix of surprise, fury, and exasperation that Bronson Box managed to kick out. Ryan gets up to both knees, wipes both hands through his own hair in disbelief, then violently slaps both hands down on the mat. Angrily, he leaps to both feet and starts looking around the ringside area. A close-up camera shot catches his mouth saying the words, "That's enough."

Meanwhile, Bronson Box looks to be barely moving, just reaching and clawing at the mat out of pure instinct.

DDK:

I don't know how much Bronson Box has left here. I thought for sure he was done, but he's really stretching the definition of toughness even for the Original DEFIANT. I can't believe he doesn't have a broken neck.

Lance:

I couldn't agree more. This has been a match of two absolute monsters going high impact for high impact, and I just don't understand how much longer these guys can keep going. We're in uncharted territory here.

Dan Ryan grabs at his own neck, twisting it and trying to work some of the pain out of it after the onslaught from Bronson Box earlier in the match, then purposefully grabs at the ropes and climbs out to the apron. He looks back at Bronson, shakes his head, then hops down to the floor.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is clearly frustrated here, partner. You have to think he's wondering what it's gonna take to keep Bronson Box down.

Lance:

I think you're right, but I also think he must have some sort of plan. He's looking around ringside like he knows what he's looking for, and for some reason, that's really making me nervous right now.

After a few moments of rummaging under the ring apron, Ryan pulls out a long plank with three large black boxes attached to it.

He stands upright, staring into the ring where Bronson Box is still trying to shake the cobwebs loose and regain some sense of where he is in the ring, now leaning against a turnbuckle, face and elbow first.

Outside the ring, Dan looks down at the first box and slowly opens it. The camera can't see what's inside, but Dan does. He reaches in and pulls out a large, thick roll of what appears to be industrial-grade duct tape. Quickly, he starts to wrap his left hand with it. Then, he starts to wrap his right forearm with it, 'round and 'round until his entire right forearm, wrist, and clenched fist are wrapped in the tape.

DDK:

What is he up to, here? Is he planning to use a taped fist as a weapon right now?

Lance:

I don't know for sure wh... wait a second...

Ryan opens up the second box, reaches his taped right arm inside, and lifts it back up. The tape is now covered in liquid adhesive, and suddenly the DEFIANTS start to understand what's going on.

Lance:

Oh no... no no no no no.... Not this...

DDK:

What?? What's he... wait, you don't think?

Lance:

Only one thing this can mean! Everyone said they wanted this!

DDK:

I didn't!!

With his free left hand, Ryan opens the final box, and everyone can clearly see that it's full of shards of thick, broken glass.

DDK:

I can't believe this is happening! The last time we saw this was on the Guerilla Grindhouse tour, nearly *twelve* years ago. Dan Ryan showed up with the glass-covered glove and literally tore Bronson Box's back to ribbons!!

Lance:

I'm feeling both excited and traumatized right now!

Ryan shoves his right arm into the glass and rolls it around, gathering a thick coating of broken glass from mid-forearm all the way to his fist. After covering it to his liking, he raises his FIST high in the air, and the DEFIANTS *ROAR* to life.

DDK:

Look at that! It looks like his entire arm is covered in diamonds!!

Lance:

I have a feeling they're about to be blood diamonds!! Pun intended!

Inside the ring, Bronson Box manages to shift his weight and flop onto his backside in the corner, his eyes finally coming into focus. He wipes at his eyes with the back of his hand, his vision finally shifting from a blur as he squints in the direction of his long-time rival. By now, Dan Ryan is using his left hand to grab the middle rope and pull himself up onto the apron, then he climbs inside. Bronson looks up, chest heaving, eyes wide, adrenaline pumping, and he snarls up at Dan Ryan, who stands in the middle of the ring, looking down at him like a serial killer stalking his next victim.

Lance:

This doesn't look good for Bronson Box at all! He has to come up with some kind of plan, and he has to figure out how to avoid those glass shards! Just because he's tough enough to absorb violence doesn't make it a good damn idea!

With a rush of adrenaline and determined to fight with everything he has left, Bronson surges to his feet and charges.

DDK:

Box is back on his feet, Dan Ryan is waiting for him to make a move... here comes Bronson Box out of the corner!!

Ryan easily side-steps the charge, though, and as Bronson turns back around, he eats a direct glass-covered jab right to the throat. The crowd gasps in horror as blood spurts from directly under Bronson Box's chin. Luckily for Box, Ryan missed his jugular by mere centimeters, sparing him from something much worse, but even so, he clutches at his neck.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!! BRONSON BOX IS BLEEDING PROFUSELY FROM A WOUND IN HIS NECK!! THIS IS UNBELIEVABLY DANGEROUS!!!

Lance:

Okay, remember when I was gonna be sick before? I changed my mind. NOW I'm gonna be sick..

DDK:

We might seriously need to consider stopping this match!!

In a flash, before Bronson's shock can register, Ryan kicks at his knee, dropping him face-first onto the mat. Methodically, Ryan walks over, throws a leg over Bronson's back, sits down, and locks in a cross-face with his gloved hand right over the top of Box's face. Only Bronson's instinctive closing of his eyes keeps both eyes from being gouged out. Ryan grabs his glass-covered hand with his taped left hand and pulls back hard, really digging the glass into the upper third of Bronson Box's face.

The crowd of DEFIANTS roars again in approval.

DDK:

He could have gouged Bronson Box's eyes out!! How much longer can this go on?!

Box screams out in pain as Dan Ryan pulls back with all his strength, and blood flows freely down the Original DEFIANT'S face.

Lance:

I know Bronson Box doesn't want to give up here, but my God!

DDK:

Enough's enough! There's blood all over the mat! Bronson Box is screaming! This is the most brutal thing I've ever seen in my life!!

Ryan keeps pulling back as hard as he can, but his face tenses up as Bronson Box somehow reaches an arm up and gets it partially between his face and Dan Ryan's gloved right hand.

DDK:

Bronson Box got his hand inside Dan Ryan's arm, but he has no protection! His hand is filling with blood now as he desperately pushes back against the glass!!

Somehow, Box forces Ryan to break his grasp, and the frustrated Texan breaks loose and rolls off of Bronson's back. Ryan gets to his feet and crouches near the ropes, eyes on fire, wide and glaring a hole through the back of the head of the rising Bronson Box.

DDK:

I have no idea how Bronson Box managed to break free from that cross-face! He's on his feet, but he's got blood streaming from his neck, streaming down his face, and his hand is torn to ribbons from breaking that submission hold with his bare hands! I know I've said this already, but I simply have never seen anything like this!

Lance:

It looks like he's setting up for that Hammer of God roaring forearm smash, and if he hits it with all of that glass on his arm...

DDK:

You don't have to tell me! I think we need to get ambulances on standby right now! There's no way this is going to end well!

As Dan Ryan waits, chest heaving in anticipation, Bronson Box gets to a fully standing position, angrily swipes the blood from his face, and flings his hand so that droplets spray the mat like an artist working on his canvas. He spins around and finds himself face to face with his fierce rival, but the spinning forearm doesn't come. Instead, as Bronson Box grits his teeth in defiance, he spits a blood-soaked ball of phlegm in his opponent's direction.

Dan Ryan snaps...

"FUCK YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!! EAT THIS, BITCH..."

And charges. He spins and throws the forearm, but somehow at the last instant, Bronson Box lifts a foot and kicks the glass-covered forearm right back into Dan Ryan's face.

DDK:

BRONSON BOX GETS THE FOOT UP!!

Lance:

Dan Ryan took a shot there, and now there's blood flowing down his face as well!!

Dan Ryan lurches back from the impact and bounces backward into the ropes, then instinctively and with a mighty yell, spins and drills Bronson Box with the Hammer of God... right... between... the eyes...

The whole arena loudly "OOOOOOH!!!"s with the impact, and Ryan flops down over the motionless, blood-covered husk of Bronson Box.

DDK:

OOOOOOOH!!!! HAMMER OF GOD!!! HERE'S THE COVER!!!!!!

ONE!!!!!!

TWO!!!!!!

THREE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DING DING DING

Lance:

No kickout this time! Amazing!! Simply Amazing!!

DDK:

What incredible carnage out here!! Just one of the most intensely violent matches we've seen in DEFIANCE in a very long time!!

Darren Quimby:

THE WINNER OF THE MATCH... DAAAAANNNNN!!!!!! RYYYYYYAAANNNNNNN!!!!!!!

Ryan rolls off and stays in a kneeling position alongside the completely motionless Bronson box. Ryan looks at his vanquished opponent, and in a twisted sign of respect, shakes his head and gives him a light slap on the chest with his left, non-glass-covered hand.

Brian Slater reaches over as Dan Ryan stands up and holds his left hand high as the crowd of DEFIANTS stand on their feet and cheer for the three-time FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Just an amazing battle out here, taking us back to the old days with a show of violence we haven't seen in DEFIANCE for some time.

Lance:

We're gonna need someone out here to put down a new mat, unless everyone wants to fight in Dan Ryan and Bronson Box's blood the rest of the night. Just unreal...

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS

Cut to commentary. Darren and Lance address the camera directly from ringside.

DDK:

Up next, it all comes to a head. Kerry Kuroyama and Scott Douglas... two men who once stood side by side as Seattle's Best, partners who bled and fought together, are now forced to collide.

Lance:

This has been months in the making, Keebs ... ever since "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio defeated Scott Douglas and trapped him in the ranks of Los Caídos... Leaving him bound under Vacio's mask and forcing him to fight against his own spirit and his own history.

DDK:

Over the course of said months, Scott Douglas has been a man divided. Every week we've seen him gradually struggle more and more ...caught between his forced loyalty to Vacio's nihilistic crusade and the man the Faithful remember... Seattle's Favorite Son.

Lance:

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son...

DDK:

Meanwhile, "The Emerald Apex" Kerry Kuroyama has been on an island, fighting not just his former tag partner but Los Caídos as a unit, who are... by any means necessary, out to get Victor Vacio's precious rematch.

Lance:

Speaking of which... There is an ever-present stipulation hanging over this match tonight. Vacio has demanded his rematch with Kerry, but Kerry made it clear: not until Douglas stands across the ring from him, one on one.

DDK:

And as Kuroyama's name has been on the lips of many as a man on the fast track to the FIST of DEFIANCE...

Lance:

And with good reason.

DDK:

We have to wonder... is Victor Vacio truly concerned with getting a win over Kerry Kuroyama? Or is he simply trying to block Kuroyama's well-deserved rise to the top?

Lance:

The Emerald Apex has taken on every challenge put in front of him, knocking down contender after contender, and many believe it's only a matter of time before he's challenging for the FIST. For the consummate professional that Kerry Kuroyama personifies... tonight isn't just business... tonight is personal!

DDK:

Indeed, Lance. Kuroyama's not just carrying his own ambition here... he's carrying the weight of his hometown, the weight of the Faithful, and maybe even the weight of Scott Douglas' legacy here in DEFIANCE. Because let's face it, Lance, Douglas is not the man we once knew. He's been shackled, corrupted, and used as a weapon by Victor Vacio and Los Caídos.

Lance:

The tragedy of it is that Douglas hasn't lost his fight; he's just been forced to direct it at the wrong targets. And tonight, for Kerry, it's not only about beating an opponent, it's about surviving the numbers game. Ami Troy will be in his corner, yes, but across the ring will be not just Douglas, but Vacio and the full force of Los Caídos, circling like the devious wolves we've come to know they are...

DDK:

So the question becomes: does Kerry Kuroyama *finally* put an end to Victor Vacio's attempts at a rematch... *or* can Scott Douglas secure said rematch for his honor-bound master!?

Cut to Darren Quimbey in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall...

♪ *"Blouses Blue" by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady* ♪

The stage fills up with lights of green and pink. Across the DEFIATron, an emerald dragon swoops by, leaving branches of ultraviolet lightning that form into a crystalline "KK" logo.

Ami Troy is the first to step out onto the stage, wearing a mischievous grin to go along with her pumps, fishnets, daisy dukes, and classic "SEATTLE'S BEAST TAMER" tank. She works up the crowd for a beat before standing off to the side and gesturing to Kerry Kuroyama as he makes his grand entrance.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Ami Troy... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 238 pounds... "The Emerald Apex" KERRRRRYYYYY KUROOOOYAMAAAA!

Ami skips down the rampway with Kuroyama marching after her. His robe and long tights are an electric maelstrom of emerald, argent, and rose colors. His eyes are filled with the fury of a tempest.

DDK: *[raising his voice]*

Listen to this ovation, Lance! Kerry Kuroyama is walking into battle with an army of Faithful behind him.

Lance:

Don't forget ... he has Ami Troy in his corner, he's not completely alone ...but against Los Caídos, against Victor Vacio... and Douglas in the ring ... it might not be enough.

Kerry is stopped at ringside by Ami, who points to her eyes and reminds him to remain vigilant. Kuroyama nods before scaling the steps, climbing a turnbuckle, and tearing off his robe to reveal the dragon tattooed on his back.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ *"Funeral March" by Chopin* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

... accompanied to the ring by "The LOST CAUSE" Victor Vacio and Los Caídos... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 228 pounds... SCOTTTTTT DOUGLAAAAS!

A cacaphony of boos fills the arena as the stage glows with blue light. Through the curtain emerges "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio, draped in his long black coat, eyes wide and wild.

Behind him, Los Caídos file out in their plain black masks, flanking Scott Douglas. Douglas walks a step behind, the more intricate mask formerly worn by Vacio cinched on tight, head lowered.

DDK:

... And there he is. Scott Douglas. A man who once embodied the fighting spirit of DEFIANCE... now relegated to marching under Vacio's command like a man stripped of his will.

Lance:

It's chilling, Darren. You can see it on his face, even under that mask. The conflict is there... but so are Los Caídos. So is Victor Vacio.

At ringside, Vacio orders Los Caídos to surround the ring, their presence looming as the boos get louder. Douglas finally steps through the ropes, glancing once toward Kerry, then away. Vacio smirks from the floor, his voice carrying above the crowd, at least on the broadcast, as he shouts commands in Spanish, gesturing toward Kerry.

The bell hasn't even rung, but the tension is so thick you could cut it with a knife.

DDK:

The Emerald Apex. Seattle's Favorite Son. Once brothers... now enemies.

Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

The Faithful are on their feet as the former partners circle one another. Ami paces ringside, eyes trained on Los Caídos, who prowl the other three sides of the ring like a pack of hyenas looking for low-hanging fruit.

DDK:

Here we go, collar and elbow tie up!

The pair struggles against each other's force. Douglas finds himself pressed into the ropes and shoves Kerry off to break the tie-up. He rolls his shoulders and tilts his head slightly, as if hearing a command from Vacio at ringside.

Lance:

You can see Vacio already directing traffic on the floor!

DDK:

And who knows what kind of influence they'll have in this match. I'm sure Ami Troy is vigilant for any shenanigans, but she can't be everywhere at once!

Kerry stands steady in the center of the ring. Douglas meets him there, and they lock up again. This time, Kerry slips behind and transitions into a waistlock. Douglas throws back elbows. Kerry eats the first one but maintains his grip. Douglas follows up with a second and a third but can't land either.

DDK:

Douglas can't get anything on those elbows, and now Kerry lifts him off his feet and takes him to the mat! Kuroyama floats over right into the front chancery and keeps a tight grip!

Lance:

Not a bad idea for Kuroyama to take this to the mat. Typically, we'd say that these two know each other very well from the years training together as Seattle's Best.

DDK:

But does Kerry know this version of Scott Douglas, with his old friend's face hidden behind the mask?

Lance:

Hard to say. Which is why I'd fully expect Kerry to have a more conservative approach until he knows what he's up against.

After a beat, Douglas fights his way back to his feet with Kerry maintaining his grip. A knee to the ribs stuns Scott long enough for Kerry to throw the arm over and lift him up for a suplex.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama going for the vertical suplex--and Scott Douglas lands on his feet behind him!

Scott immediately seizes Kerry from behind and thumbs the back of his head with a set of elbow strikes before running into the ropes. Kuroyama shakes his head and spins around as he rebounds.

DDK:

Scott Douglas in motion... runs into a Japanese armdrag by Kuroyama! Douglas back up... there's another arm drag! Up again... standing dropkick right to the chest, and Scott Douglas hits the mat! Kuroyama with the pin attempt!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Lance:

Victor Vacio's body language would indicate that he doesn't like what he's seeing in the opening moments of the match.

DDK:

I wouldn't think so, considering his rematch against Kuroyama is on the line here!

Kuroyama strong-arms Douglas back to his feet and forces him into the corner. He posts up to the middle rope and lays in the punches to Scott's mask.

One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!

Six!

Seven!

Eight!

Nine!

Ten!

Kerry drops back to the mat, Irish whips Douglas hard into the other corner, and whirls around with a discus lariat as Seattle's Favorite Son stumbles back discombobulated.

DDK:

Squall Line Lariat by Kerry Kuroyama, absolutely laying out Scott Douglas! He makes the cover!

One!

Two!

And that's a kickout!

Kuroyama sets Douglas into a seated headlock and holds him there. After a moment, Villalobos climbs the apron, immediately getting the attention of official Benny Doyle.

DDK:

Hold up, we got Big Gerard Villalobos up on the apron!

Lance:

Once again, Los Caídos are making their presence known.

DDK:

To the surprise of no one! They've been interfering in Kerry's matches for weeks now!

Doyle tries in vain to talk the big man off the apron, and the other LC members block Ami's path around the ring to stop him. In the ring, with Douglas still wrapped up in his headlock, Kuroyama all but briefly looks to Villalobos standing on the apron.

The brief distraction is all Douglas needs to grab him by the waist and heave him onto his head and shoulders with a lightning-fast Back Suplex! Finally, Villalobos drops back to the floor.

DDK:

Scott Douglas, able to turn the tables off the distraction!

Lance:

How can Kerry hope to win this when these guys can distract the official at any time?

DDK:

The odds aren't good for the Emerald Apex, and now Scott Douglas is going for the pin!

One!

Two!

Shoulder up!

The jeers amplify as Douglas circles around Kuroyama and stomps him from every angle. He eventually pulls his former friend and tag partner up and dumps him into a corner before laying into his chest with chop after chop.

DDK:

Scott is holding nothing back with those chops!

Lance:

Whatever kinship these two once had is long gone by now.

Doyle finally steps in, calling for the rope break, and Douglas obligingly backs off. While the official warns about contact when against the ropes, Gonzalez can be seen scrambling up the apron and clipping Kerry over the back of the head with a forearm.

DDK:

And now Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez is making his presence known! The interference just continues!

Furious, Ami shouts at the ref about the cheap shot from the outside, but by the time Doyle looks, Nunez is back on the floor. Kerry stumbles out of the corner and leans against the ropes. Again, while the ref isn't looking, Corey Nunez reaches under the ropes, hooks Kuroyama by the ankles, and yanks them out from under him, causing him to faceplant.

DDK:

And now Corey Nunez pulls Kerry's legs out from under him! Los Caídos are coming at all angles, hitting every time the official isn't looking!

Lance:

I don't envy Benny Doyle's job right now. At the same time, you can't hold it against him for not having eyes in the back

of his head.

While all this happens, Douglas stands in the center of the ring and watches events unfold. He reacts to every hand that breaks the plane of the squared circle with a blank curiosity. When Los Caídos look to be through with their antics (for now), he pulls Kuroyama back off the mat.

DDK:

Douglas has Kerry back up, grabs him around the waist, and NAILS the Northern Lights Suplex! Now he's going for the pin!

One!

Two!

Not enough! Kerry kicks out!

Douglas pulls Kuroyama back up, takes him by the arm, whips him to the ropes, and waits in the center of the ring before he gets there. Except before he can bounce back, Nunez again reaches into the ring and snags Kerry by the ankle.

Lance:

Look out, there goes Nunez again!

Kerry stumbles, but doesn't go down. With an angry shake of his head, he unexpectedly turns around and launches himself through the ropes, laying out Nunez with a flying tackle!

DDK:

Kerry has finally had enough of this!

Lance:

I can't say I blame him! He has to show Los Caídos that, regardless of how many of them there are, they are going to face consequences if they keep trying to get involved!

The crowd cheers wildly as Kerry mounts Corey's chest on the floor and furiously unleashes a flurry of punches on his head. Back in the ring, Douglas restlessly moves his head from side to side, looking annoyed by the constant distractions. Before the rest of Los Caídos can get there, Kerry quickly gets up and slides back into the ring.

DDK:

Douglas is waiting for Kuroyama as he gets back into the ring! That little detour to the outside may end up costing him here.

Douglas lays in a boot to Kerry's head, keeping him from getting up. And another for good measure.

Lance:

What else is he supposed to do? Victor's dogs are relentless tonight!

Scott drags Kuroyama to the center of the ring by the leg, and sets him right into the half-crab! Kerry groans in pain, but fights through, and crawls toward the edge of the ring where Ami is calling for him to push on.

DDK:

Douglas putting that leg to work with the half crab!

Lance:

Putting some wear and tear on that right knee that has given Kerry problems in the past.

DDK:

The Emerald Apex is making a desperate crawl for the ropes to make the break... and he gets there!

Lance:

Thankfully, Ami was there, both to keep him going and to keep Los Caídos away!

Douglas promptly breaks the hold, then sets Kerry's neck over the middle ropes and presses a knee into his back. Doyle immediately calls for the break as the life is choked out of Kuroyama.

DDK:

Look at this blatant choke!

Lance:

This is hardly the Scott Douglas we're used to seeing. The man who was at one-time such a mainstay to this company he had earned the nickname "Mr. DEFIANCE".

Douglas finally breaks at the official's count of four, leaving his former tag partner hanging on the ropes, gasping for air. From her place on the floor, Ami consolingly brushes the sweat-soaked hair from Kerry's face and tells him to hang in there.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama is fighting his way to his feet using the ropes, but here comes Scott Douglas, grabbing him from behind! Released German Suplex!

Lance:

And Kerry storms back to his feet!

DDK:

But he's not up for long! Overhead belly-to-belly suplex flips him over onto his back, and Douglas goes for the pin!

One!

Two!

NO! Kuroyama got the shoulder up!

Douglas gets up to one knee and grabs a handful of Kerry's hair with the intent to drag him up. Kuroyama's legs are shaky, as he begins to follow Douglas up but suddenly "The Emerald Apex" sees his opening and takes it. He delivers a short right hand to the ribs and then another... and a third.

DDK:

Kuroyama firing back up here!

Lance:

And the Faithful know it, and they are on their feet!

Douglas swings a wide forearm, but Kerry ducks under, hits the ropes, and comes back with a sharp flying forearm that knocks Douglas flat. Kerry rolls through, pops up, and hits the ropes again. Douglas rises just in time to eat a running knee to the side of the head. The impact sends him reeling, and he finds in the corner. He pulls himself up but

doesn't have time to get his wits about him.

Kerry charges and crushes him with an incredibly stiff back elbow. Douglas staggers out into a snap powerslam that pops the Faithful. Kerry hooks the leg.

But before Doyle can begin the count, Villalobos is back on the apron.

DDK:

Oh, come on!

Kerry slaps the mat in frustration and gets to his feet. He turns toward Villalobos and starts to march that way, but Doyle steps in front, arms out, shouting for Kerry to stay back.

Lance:

Villalobos is just baiting him now. He knows exactly what he's doing. This is obviously Vacio's plan to keep Kerry off balance.

Villalobos finally drops down from the apron with a smug grin peaking from under his black mask, but the damage is already done. Kerry knows it. Rather than argue with Doyle or waste time, he spins back toward Douglas, drags him up by the arm and hooks him ...

DDK:

Big fisherman suplex! Bridge! ... Wait a second! Now it's Lips on the apron!

Doyle again finds himself running interference on the interference rather than count the pinfall. Lips shouts in Spanish while pointing at Kuroyama. The Faithful drown the ring in boos.

Lance:

You can't even blame Doyle here; he's surrounded!

DDK:

It's complete chaos out there. Kerry can't get a fair shake with this pack crawling all over the place! Doyle needs to eject them all!

Kerry sits up, glaring at Gonzalez, but doesn't let go of Douglas. He pushes himself to his feet, fury written all over his face, and jerks his former partner back upright. Douglas throws a wild shot, but it doesn't come anywhere near landing as Kerry ducks it and hooks Scott for Northern Lights Suplex of his own and bridges it for pin!

DDK:

This could be it!

ONE!

TWO!

Before Doyle's hand can hit the mat a third time, Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez reaches under the bottom rope and grabs Kerry by the ankle, yanking him off the bridge and breaking the pin.

DDK:

Oh, for crying out loud! Gonzalez just pulled his leg!

Lance:

That's the third time tonight! Kuroyama can't catch a break!

Kerry rolls to his knees, livid, slapping the mat. Douglas stirs.

Vacio barks orders in Spanish, and Corey Nunez follows orders, climbing up to the apron. Ami Troy screams at Doyle to do something about it.

Doyle, already stretched thin, turns to the ropes to order Nunez down. The masked Nunez argues, pointing in the ring, obviously trying to create a distraction for Douglas' benefit. Benny has had about all he can take and isn't falling for it this time. He sticks with Nunez, insisting he get down from the apron or be ejected from ringside.

DDK:

Yes, yes... give him the boot! This is long overdue!

Behind Doyle's back, Kerry is keeping his head in the game. He pulls Douglas to his feet and Irish whips him into the ropes, but ...

Lance:

Douglas' reverses!

Kerry is sent directly into Doyle, causing a chain reaction of Doyle's head colliding with Nunez's. Doyle falls to the mat, and Nunez crashes to the floor.

DDK:

Oh! What a collision! Doyle is down! Doyle is down! We may need medical out here, folks!

Kerry drops to a knee, checking on Doyle.

Outside, Vacio sees his opening and doesn't hesitate to take advantage. He rips a chair away from the timekeeper and hits the ring.

Lance:

Here we go, Keebs... the vultures are circling!

Vacio cocks the chair back, his aim trained on the kneeling Kerry Kuroyama. The tension builds to a fever pitch as the crowd screams for help that just simply isn't coming.

DDK:

Ok, ok .. let's just get DEFsecurity out here now! Why wait ... this is a SHAM!

Vacio's intense stare twists into a sick grin as he raises the chair high --

The Faithful erupt.

Lance:

SCOTT DOUGLAS!! SCOTT DOUGLAS!!

Scott Douglas, donning Victor Vacio's mask, now stands between him and his target. The Faithful's excitement shakes the building.

DDK:

Scott Douglas stands *resolute* in the face of his honor-bound master!

Victor Vacio freezes mid-wing, his eyes wide with surprise. He shouts over the roar of the Faithful, demanding Douglas step aside...

Douglas doesn't move.

Lance:

"The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio is forced to stare into his own mask as he is denied his derelict and devious intentions! This is some comic book ... Earth 2 kind of stuff, Keebs!

Vacio is losing his patience with the defiant Douglas and gestures wildly with the steel chair. Scott remains unfazed.

Victor Vacio:

¡Hazlo! ¡Termínalo!

[Do it! Finish him!]

Douglas doesn't budge. Los Caídos look on from ringside, frozen in uncertainty.

Douglas glances over his shoulder toward Kerry Kuroyama, now standing tall behind Douglas. His head turns slowly back toward Vacio ...

DDK:

I think ... Scott Douglas is DONE taking orders!

Vacio's shouting now devolves into panicked Spanglish, pleading with Douglas in two languages at once.

Victor Vacio:

¡Ahora, Scott! ¡Ahora! You can finish this now! ¡Ahora, Scott!

[Now, Scott! Now! You can finish this now! Now, Scott!]

Vacio's words fall on deaf ears, no matter the language. Douglas reaches over and behind his head and pulls the mask off.

The Faithful explode!

Douglas toe kicks Vacio in the gut; hunching him over as Douglas snatches the chair.

CLANG!

Douglas smashes Vacio of the back with the steel chair. Vacio falls to a knee and looks up at Douglas just in time to see steel flying toward his face.

CRACK!**DDK:**

Now that is the Scott Douglas the Faithful remember! That is DEFIANCE's Favorite Son!

Los Caídos scramble at ringside, not sure what to do, other than quickly collect Victor Vacio and save him from any further humiliation.

Douglas takes a step back and bumps into Kerry, who has seen all this take place. Douglas' instinctual reaction has him turn around quickly and back off.

The tension begins to build once again as Kerry Kuroyama and Scott Douglas stare each other down...

DDK:

Come on, Scott...

Douglas slowly steps back from Kerry.

Lance:

For the first time in months, Scott Douglas is making a decision on his own!

Douglas dumps the chair over the top rope, sending it crashing to the ringside floor.

DDK:

There it is, folks ... If we had to have this match, this is what everyone came to see. No mask, no orders or trickery ... just "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas vs. "The Emerald Apex" Kerry Kuroyama ...

Lance:

The Battle of Seattle!

Douglas and Kuroyama collided into a collar-and-elbow. Their thrashing and throttling carries both competitors to all four sides of the arena with the occasional forearm thrown in there for good measure.

DDK:

Look at them go! Neither man is backing down!

A legsweep from Scott finally puts Kuroyama onto the canvas. He rolls onto his belly and Douglas puts him into a waistlock to pull him back up. Kerry counters with a snapmare. Scott pops right back to his feet and catches Kerry with a side hiptoss that the Emerald Apex rolls through. Back on his feet, Kerry hits Scott with a chop across the chest.

SMACK!

Douglas reels off the impact, then throws a chop of his own.

SMACK!

Kerry is knocked back into the ropes, which bounce him forward into another chop.

SMACK!

Both members of Seattle's Best stand and glare at each other. The Faithful come unglued.

They start chopping each other without remorse.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

DDK:

How can their bodies withstand this sort of punishment?!

Lance:

It's a battle of endurance, Keebs!

The chops gradually become weaker as the repeated impacts slowly take effect. Both men lean into each other to

keep from collapsing to the mat. Then Douglas snaps to life, grabbing Kerry around the head and arm and flipping him overhead.

DDK:

Douglas with a GARGOYLE SUPLEX...

...and Kuroyama pops right to his feet.

Lance:

He's a zombie!

DDK:

Kuroyama with a SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX!! A last minute burst of energy returns the favor, and now both men are LAID OUT in the center of the ring!!

Douglas and Kuroyama are on their backs sucking wind. The Faithful reward their combined efforts with thunderous applause.

FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!! FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!! FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!! FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!!

DDK:

Both of these men are pushing themselves beyond their limits!

Lance:

This match has been years in the making, and has not disappointed in the least!

Kerry Kuroyama is the first to show signs of life. Ami slaps the mat, urging him to hurry as Douglas rolls over and begins to push himself off the mat. Kerry gets up first with the help of the ropes, and meets Scott in the center of the ring with a boot the gut...

DDK:

Boot to the gut! Kerry sets Douglas into the headscissor! He hook the arms! He's going for the JUDGMENT BOLT BOMB--

NO!!

Douglas counters with a BACK DROP to throw Kuroyama on his back!

Lance:

Douglas reverses! That could be a costly error for Kuroyama!

DDK:

Kuroyama back up... NO! DOUGLAS boots him in the gut this time! He traps him into the FRONT FACELOCK...

SUB POP SUPLEX...

KERRY SLIPS DOWN HIS BACK!

Lance:

He broke out!

Douglas turns around, and Kerry immediately scoops him up over his shoulder...

DDK:

KUROYAMA DRIVER!!

Lance:

He got all of it!

DDK:

KUROYAMA HOOKS THE LEG FOR THE PIN!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ “Blouses Blue” by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

Kerry flops over onto his back, continuing to wheeze for air. Ami slides into the ring and helps him up, along with the referee, who raises his arm in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... KEEERRRRRRYYYY KUUROOYAAAMAAAAA!!!

The Faithful pop once again at the announcement as hearing it outloud is simply icing on the cake. Cray paper streamers fly from the front few rows as Kerry leans on Ami's shoulder, pointing out to the Faithful, showing his appreciation.

In the background, Victor Vacio and Los Caidos, in an attempt to save face, slink back behind the curtain without any fuss.

DDK:

Listen to this place, Lance!

Lance:

Victor Vacio and his army of the fallen are walking out of here with their heads down. That doesn't happen often!

Inside the ring, Scott Douglas lies in the center of the ring, drenched in sweat ... but finally free of the mask. As Kerry and Ami go to leave the ring, Kerry glances back ... hesitates for a moment, looking to Ami, who mouths “go.”

Kerry approaches Douglas, and after a brief beat, he extends a hand. Douglas, still trying to shake off the effects of the match, looks up at the offered hand. The crowd noise begins to swell again, a slow, rolling wave of anticipation. He blinks away the sweat from his eyes, exhales ... and reaches out.

DDK:

You can feel this crowd hanging on every second.

Kerry grips his hand and pulls him to his feet. For a long beat, the two just stand there. No words. No gestures. Just the sound of the Faithful roaring and applauding. Douglas then glances toward Kerry, who nods ... the pair turns toward one another and Kerry extend his hand again.

This time, Douglas takes it without hesitation, and the pair shakes.

The Faithful pop again.

DDK:

You can't hate that, Lance! Vacio may have slipped away ... surely with the intent to fight *dirty* another day but ... seeing Scott Douglas' return to form here tonight, Kerry Kuroyama scoring a big victory ... what more could we ask for?

Lance:

Not much, Darren. Tonight wasn't just about wins and losses. It was about cutting the strings that had been holding **"SUB POP"** Scott Douglas down for months now.

Douglas bows his head slightly, symbolically showing he doesn't want to take from Kerry's moment or victory. He backs away and takes a powder.

DDK:

And also about Kerry Kuroyama proving once again why so many have him pegged as a future contender for the FIST of DEFIANCE. He weathered the storm, fought through a vicious pack of dogs, and came out the other side standing tall.

Kerry and Ami stand together in the center of the ring, the Faithful chanting his name.

KERRY! KERRY! KERRY!
KERRY! KERRY! KERRY!

On the floor, Douglas pauses at the bottom of the ramp, looking back toward his former partner one last time before nodding and disappearing behind the curtain.

Lance:

It's been a long road for both of these men, and tonight felt like an ending and a beginning all at once.

DDK:

The Emerald Apex rises, DEFIANCE's Favorite Son finds himself again, and for the first time in a long time ... the Best of Seattle are at peace once again!

Cut to elsewhere.

LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES vs. HEIRS TO THE THRONE

DDK:

Over these past two nights, we have really seen an incredible spotlight being placed on the tag team division and this next match will be another shining example! The Heirs to the Throne take on Les Enfants Terribles next!

Lance:

Not only two rising teams, but two multi-generational teams about to go head-to-head! Les Enfants Terribles were originally the team of Archer Silver, High Flyer, Kazuhiro Troy and Killjoy of Titanes Familia. While Killjoy would be recruited by the Familia, the others found their own paths! The BRAZEN Tag Team Division was run by different combinations of LET for years!

DDK:

Indeed! A lot of early shows were built around these young men, but those days appear to be long gone! After losing the BRAZEN Championship last year, Kazuhiro Troy went to Japan and along the way, formed an incredible tag team with his cousin, Cecilia Ryan, who had also found success in the singles ranks as the masked joshi "The Silent Witch" Circe! Being the next generation of DEFIANCE royalty after "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy and "The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan, The Heirs look to go their own way!

Lance:

And while the Heirs seem to want to take the high road as far as their careers have gone, Archer Silver and High Flyer have done the exact opposite. Since Archer Silver had this self-professed "awakening," he's injured wrestlers just to prove a point. High Flyer has stepped up his game. And after weeks of going back and forth and sneak attacks, the Heirs will finally get their hands on LET. That match... is now!

Back to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Good L_ck, Yo_'re F_cked" by Celldweller ♪

The hard-rock opening heralds the arrival of the hungry young multi-generational talents. Stepping out on stage, a tall man under a silver coat with gold trim! Basking in the jeers of the Albuquerque Faithful, arms wide open, Archer Silver then starts a slow walk towards the ring with some shadowboxing thrown in. Next to him, High Flyer holds out his arms and his arms have a version of the old BRAZEN LET flag and a theatrical mask over his face! They both open their coats to reveal the new LET "I BOO YOU!" shirts!

Darren Quimbey:

At a combined weight of 467 pounds... "THE GREATEST" HIGH FLYER... "THE PRINCE OF PRICKS"... ARCHER! SILVER!... **LES! ENFANTS TERRIBLES!**

A sadistic smile can be seen from under the hood, but his eyes aren't visible to The Faithful. High Flyer walks alongside Archer and throws off the flag! Archer climbs up the steps and poses on the ring apron while Flyer poses on the middle buckle and taking in the jeers.

Lance:

For weeks, LET were not pleased. Archer Silver had a Favoured Saints title shot that turned into a four-corners match thanks to his own pre-match attack on Lonnie Luck. He didn't get pinned, but he didn't walk out champion, either.

DDK:

They demanded opportunities and they were greeted by the arrival of Cecilia Ryan, Kaz, and Ami Troy instead! And for a while, it seemed like LET wanted nothing to do with them. An attempt to put the band back together was turned down cold by the Heirs, leading to Silver and Flyer jumping them two weeks later!

Lance:

But coming into this match, the Heirs got a small measure of revenge by keeping LET from cheating against The Atomic Punks! Following that, LET seemed to finally accept the challenge tonight!

Archer Silver and High Flyer get ready and talk strategy amongst themselves as the Heirs to the Throne prepare to make their entrance.

♪ "Get What I Came For" by The Phantoms ♪

As the beat drops, "The Merry Mischief Maker" Ami Troy struts out, shoulders twitching in rhythm as she crouches with each step until stopping center-stage and smiling wide from one side of her face to the other. Behind her, one on each side, "The Heir Apparent" Kaz Troy and "The Murder Daughter" Cecilia Ryan step out and flank her in the middle of the stage.

Purple and Gold pyro erupts behind them, running from left to right, then back again.

Ami Troy holds a fist out on either side. Her brother and cousin fist-bump her back, and all three start to make their way down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... from Tampa, Florida..."THE HEIR APPARENT" KAZUHIRO TROY!!... "THE MURDER DAUGHTER" CECILIA RYAN!!... THE HEEEEIIIIIRRRRSSS TO THE THROOOOOOOONNNNEEEEE!!!!

All three Heirs make their way into the ring. Kaz and Cecilia each climb a turnbuckle and look out into the crowd while Ami stands proudly in the middle of the ring. After a moment, the cousins end the photo op and reconvene with Ami in a corner.

Kaz decides to start for his team with Archer looks like he's itching to start for his. Referee Hector Navarro calls for the bell...

DING DING

...then Archer turns around and tags High Flyer into the ring!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

High Flyer gestures to his shirt as Silver climbs out of the ring and calmly waits on the apron before taking his own shirt off.

High Flyer:

It says "I BOO YOU!" you stupid hicks!

Pretty Boy Troy is equal parts annoyed, but also not surprised at Archer looking to try and play mind games this evening. High Flyer leaps over the ropes like a show off and forward rolls up to his feet to then stand in front of Ms. Troy's Baby Boy with a wink and a nod. He quickly takes his shirt off and throws it outside the ring.

DDK:

The hate runs deep particularly where Kazuhiro Troy and Archer Silver are concerned. Their own families, Kaz's mother, Lindsay Troy, and Archer's uncle, Sonny Silver, have been frenemies for so long.

Lance:

I thought we'd start with a continuation of that, but I guess Archer had different ideas.

Competition is competition and Kaz moves in to lock up with High Flyer, who hits a cartwheel when Kaz tries to whip him! High Flyer lands on his feet and smirks towards Kaz. When Kaz goes in for a lock-up, High Flyer catches him with a slap!

Lance:

And more mind games from LET tonight! Trying to get these newcomers off their game who are making their PPV debuts tonight for DEFIANCE! Archer Silver and High Flyer both have had a taste of the big time already.

Kaz reels from the slap, but shakes his head and takes it in stride. Kaz bullrushes Flyer into the ropes with a headlock, which Flyer quickly grabs onto the ropes while pleading with his former stablemate to let go. Kaz cinches it in but when Hector Navarro tells him to back off, he does. He lets go...

THEN CATCHES ANOTHER SLAP!

Flyer laughs as Archer tries to pursue. Flyer quickly rolls out of the ring as Kaz goes after him! Flyer runs under the ropes with Kaz in pursuit! The Heir Apparent gets back into the ring behind Flyer with the fourth of his name catching him with a dropkick as he enters the ring! Troy is reeling with CeCe and Ami watching at ringside while Flyer takes a bow, then rushes over to dab fists with Silver (not a tag).

Lance:

LET have done everything to duck challenges and resorting to cheap shots to get the upper hand on the Heirs. And it keeps working!

DDK:

Hook, line and sinker for High Flyer off that dropkick! But he should be following up, shouldn't he?

As he goes to pick up Kaz off the mat, The Heir Apparent trips up Flyer with a double leg takedown! He CRACKS him in the face with a simple slap (well, more of a palm strike) that has Flyer reeling! He staggers around in a daze until Kaz smacks him again a second time! As Flyer is reeling, he connects with a HUGE step-up enzuigiri! Flyer fumbles to his knees and falls to the mat as the fans cheer for the fancy footwork of The Heir Apparent!

DDK:

Some receipts there for High Flyer with those palm strikes followed by that kick! Kaz has Flyer now! Takes him to the corner!

Flyer is yelling out for Troy to let go of the really nasty arm wringer applied! He makes the tag to Cecilia Ryan, who climbs into the ring and onto the second rope before she takes flight with a big overhand chop to the exposed elbow! Flyer yells out in pain as he hobbles around the ring, leading to The Murder Daughter grabbing him by the side and PITCHING him overhead with a release northern lights suplex!

DDK:

Great takedown there by Cecilia Ryan with the northern lights!

Lance:

Almost all Heirs so far! They're looking good!

Ami Troy plays the cheerleader outside the ring, encouraging Cecilia as she gets ready to go on the attack. She charges towards him with a penalty kick in mind, but he lays back to avoid the kick, then quickly kips up to his feet. As Ryan turns, she catches a boot to the gut and then gets taken over to the corner where the tag is finally made to Archer Silver!

DDK:

And here comes the 6'5" Archer Silver!

Silver and Flyer both whip Ryan across the ropes and when she comes back, The Fourth of his Name hits a dropdown and Silver follows up with a HUGE dropkick!

DDK:

Wow! It's not often that we see Silver leave his feet these days, but he's wanting to show anything athletic that the

Troy goes after Archer and throws him back into the ring!

For the first time in this match, Kaz Troy smiles when he's about to get his hands on Archer Silver. Silver starts to get back to a knee when Troy feels a pair of hands tug at his leg.

Lance:

Where'd High Flyer come from?

Kaz kicks his leg away, but that's all that Silver needs to catch him with a running STO as he turns!

DDK:

Archer Silver taking another cheap shot thanks to Flyer! That running STO was nasty!

Still reeling off the earlier corkscrew plancha, Flyer points and laughs at the ladies' contingency of the Heirs to the Throne while returning to his corner. Ryan wants to go over there and kick him in the face while Ami sticks her tongue out at Flyer.

Lance:

Thank High Flyer for the assist!

Silver pulls Troy up by his hair and rocks him square in the chest with another stiff shoot kick to get him back to his corner. He fires a second one that brings him back to the corner before the tag is made back to High Flyer. Silver charges in first and smacks Troy in the face with a corner running elbow smash! He moves out of the way as Flyer follows in with a running dropkick to the chest in the corner! Troy crumbles out to the side and falls out of the corner as Flyer leaps over the ropes with ease.

DDK:

LET are firmly in control now! What a combination!

Flyer does a quick Hail Mary and then leaps to the top rope before he connects into Pretty Boy Troy's chest a second time using an explosive springboard dropkick to the chest!

DDK:

What a succession of strikes from these two men! Cover by Flyer!

High Flyer has the hook of the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Troy gets the shoulder up first!

Lance:

Les Enfants Terrible showing why they're a great tag team in their own right!

Flyer shakes his head at Hector, then points over at CeCe.

High Flyer:

This beating he's getting is 'cause your dad tried to do this to me!

DDK:

Can't ever forget the history from Dan Ryan against the entirety of the Harmen family. A bitter rivalry with Jack Harmen

and High Flyer with a titanium plate in his arm from Dan Ryan breaking it years ago!

Flyer gets the tag to Silver. Silver jumps in... but KAZ GOES AFTER him! He rocks Silver with a forearm! Then one for Flyer! One for Silver! One for Flyer!

DDK:

Kaz is fighting back! It's like any time he sees Archer Silver, he's seeing red!

In the distance, he sees Cecilia and goes for a tag, but Silver grabs him by the back and then DROPS him with a huge belly-to-back suplex near his corner first! Flyer also moves back and starts clapping for Archer while The Faithful cheer! He builds up with a drum roll before Silver himself hits a kip-up, then high-fives Flyer!

DDK:

Some of that show-offy streak from High Flyer is getting to Archer it seems!

Lance:

But when it comes to it, we have seen Archer tap into that vicious streak of his any time he wants.

As if on cue, Silver gets serious as Pretty Boy Troy tries to fight back! He throws a number of hard left and right jabs to the midsection, then caps off with a NASTY elbow strike that brings him down to a seated position in the corner. The Faithful know what's coming next when Silver leaps up with a slingshot and then DRIVES both feet down into the chest of his former stablemate! He keeps pressing his weight down on Kaz and starts talking trash!

Archer Silver:

FIGHT BACK, KAZ! COME ON, YOU LITTLE MOMMA'S BOY BITCH! MOMMY GONNA SAVE YOU?! HUH!

Hector Navarro tells Archer to get back and he moves back but gets in Hector's face.

Archer Silver:

FUCK YOU!

Navarro tugs at his ref shirt! As Archer rears back to possibly do something about it, Flyer grabs his arm and tells him it's not worth it. Archer calms down and High Flyer tugs at his own tights before yelling at the official.

High Flyer :

YOU AIN'T NOTHIN', NAVARRO! WE HAVE CLOTHES, TOO!

DDK:

Archer hitting that Standing on Business combo in the corner he likes to use, but he might have almost gotten LET disqualified if Flyer hadn't stepped in!

Silver goes to grab Kaz by the leg and struggles to get him out! Kaz STILL fights back and elbows him in the head!

Lance:

Once more, Kaz fighting back!

Kaz battles to his feet, but Archer lands a quick thrust kick to the knee to bring The Heir Apparent down! Ami and CeCe both watch as Silver runs the ropes behind him and lands a HARD penalty kick to the back! Kaz reels back in pain as Archer runs the other way and lands a second one right into the chest! Troy is knocked back to the canvas!

DDK:

Archer with that succession of penalty kick from the back and the front! And now Silver with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Troy gets the shoulder up again, irritating Archer in the process! He gets in Hector's face and starts screaming!

Lance:

Archer REALLY needs to get that temper of his in check! He's going to get LET disqualified.

DDK:

He's wasting precious time following up. He's learned to channel that famous Silver meanstreak, but unlike his family before him, he's not fully learned to control it at times!

Flyer shouts at Archer to not pay attention to him and to pay attention behind him. The Prince of Pricks turns around and goes to grab Troy by the side. He has a saito suplex in mind and tries to lift him up... but Kaz flips it around and reverses into a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

A saito suplex from a Silver doesn't work on a Troy! I heard rumors that's some sort of family curse!

Lance:

And look, they're back on their feet!

Both men try to be the first to their feet! Silver is up just a little faster and goes for a fast high-kick on Kaz, but The Heir Apparent ducks behind him and DROPS him to the canvas with a big double knee backbreaker! Archer arches his back and writhes in pain on the canvas while Cecilia Ryan has a hand out waiting for the tag!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

Troy is feeling the last few minutes of the match, but feels momentum on their side! He points at his corner with Ami Troy starting to channel the hot Houston crowd tonight!

DDK:

It took some doing, but Kaz finally finds his opening off that backstabber! Can he get to his corner in time, though?

Lance:

Silver is almost there, though! He's taken less damage than Troy in the last few minutes!

Archer gets the tag to Flyer, who quickly leaps over the ropes and lands on his feet. He zooms towards the corner...

TAG TO THE MURDER DAUGHTER!

The Houston Faithful cheer on the daughter of Dan Ryan, who allegedly owns a mansion that the state of Texas can fit inside and gets some extra respect from them! Flyer tries to catch her with a clothesline, but Cecilia ducks and comes back nailing a running forearm on the taller Flyer! She hits the ropes again from the adjacent side and then rocks Flyer with a big forearm that sends him bouncing into the ropes and when he comes back, Ryan FLOORS him with a huge Hammer of God roaring elbow that knocks him clean off his feet to big cheers!

DDK:

Cecilia Ryan with the Hammer of God! Just like how Dad made it!

Silver is back in the ring and tries kicking her head off with a charging high kick, but Cecilia ducks and tries to take down the larger Silver with a German suplex! Silver shakes himself free with a hard back elbow that rocks Ryan before he comes off the ropes, only to catch a Hammer of God to the mush as well!

The shot doesn't knock him off his feet, but it does rock him backwards into the corner! Cecilia charges towards him and then lands a flying double knee strike, aka Lindsay Troy's Queen's Gambit! After seeing High Flyer in the opposite corner, she charges in his direction and also lands the Queen's Gambit directly into his chest!

Ami Troy:

KILL 'EM, MURDER DAUGHTER LET'S GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ami is the ultimate cheerleader, getting the people behind The Murder Daughter!

Lance:

Look at Cecilia Ryan go! She's taking the fight to both members of LET!

DDK:

She spent a good amount of time in Japan honing her striking ability to this degree, not to mention sat under the learning tree of two former FISTs of DEFIANCE in Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan!

She grabs the neck of High Flyer and sets up a Hammerlock...

Lance:

Where is Ryan going to take him?

She manages to hoist Flyer over her shoulder and then slams him into the canvas with a hammerlock front slam into a HUGE sidewalk slam that has the Toyota Center rocking!

DDK:

WHAT A SLAM! SHE CALLS THAT THE GLORIOUS BUSTER!

Ryan hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Flyer is barely able to kick out! Ryan can't believe it and looks up at Hector who only flashes a two-count!

DDK:

I mean it! The Heirs to the Throne are showing out in their first appearance on pay-per-view tonight for DEFIANCE!

Lance:

But they can't let up now! They've got LET on the back foot and have the chance to take it home!

Ryan quickly heads to the corner and sees Troy so she makes the tag! Troy enters the ring and tries a back suplex set-up on Flyer... but somehow, Harmen's Kid is able to backflip his way out! He goes for a waistlock, but Troy executes a standing switch just as Ryan moves in with a pump kick. Harmen ducks! But Troy catches his partner's leg first! Ami wipes a worried sweat bead off her forehead outside the ring as Troy lets go of her leg!

DDK:

Almost a malfunction at the junction for Troy and Ryan!

Lance:

They were almost kicking cousins for a minute!

DDK:

Get out.

The distraction was all Flyer needed to tag Archer Silver behind their back! As Kaz turns to stop him, Silver lands a jumping side kick! The Murder Daughter rushes at him, but also catches a jumping side kick for her trouble as well! He goes over to Ryan as she tries to stand, only to take her up and over with a huge saito suplex of his own!

DDK:

The saito suplex works that time!

Lance:

And Les Enfants Terrible have taken over!

Silver leaps back to his feet and rushes over to make the tag to High Flyer! Seeing that they have the two-on-one advantage on Kaz, Les Enfants Terribles rush him back to the corner where Silver hoists Troy up into an electric chair position! Flyer leaps over the ropes to the apron, then back inside to hit a springboard doomsday device on Kaz Troy!

Lance:

WHERE DID THEY PULL THAT FROM?!

DDK:

THEY CALL THAT COMBINATION THE TERRIBLE TWO! THIS ONE MIGHT BE OVER!

Archer scrambles over and points at Flyer to hurry up and make the cover as Archer looks for any signs of Cecilia Ryan trying to get back on!

DDK:

FLYER WITH THE COVER NOW!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY RYAN!

The Faithful roar with approval for all the action before them!

Lance:

WHERE THE HECK DID SHE COME FROM?

DDK:

NO IDEA! BUT THERE'S STILL FIGHT IN THE HEIRS!

On one side of the ring, Silver goes to grab Troy up, but Cecilia catches him with a big elbow!

DDK:

Both teams trading shots!

Silver fires back on Cecilia with a big elbow of his own! As Cecilia goes down, Archer turns his attention to her cousin, only for Troy to fight back and land an extra-nasty right hand to the temple that has Archer going cross-eyed for a moment. He fights back with a right! Troy and Silver start hockey-brawling in the ring!

DDK:

You can feel the hate between these two radiating off one another!

Troy starts to get the better off the exchange, doubling over Silver with a stiff knee to the gut, followed by both Troy and Ryan unleashing Kawada-style kicks on the Prince of Pricks! After unleashing the shots, Ryan CLOCKS him with another Hammer of God!

Lance:

Archer goes down! Another Hammer of God from Cecilia Ryan following that flurry of kicks!

But as Ryan turns around, Flyer is back in the game and lands a NASTY yakuza kick to the face, knocking The Murder Daughter clean off her feet!

DDK:

Now Ryan is down! All of these moves, courtesy of their parents! Harmen with a locomotive-like kick!

But as High Flyer takes a chance to gloat, Pretty Boy Troy flies off the ropes and snaps him down to the canvas with a sling blade!

DDK:

And now, Flyer goes down! Kaz Troy is the last person standing in that ring!

He goes to work and picks up Flyer off the canvas before doubling him over with a kick to the gut followed by a double underhook! The Faithful cheer as he DRILLS Flyer into the ring with a double underhook facebuster!

DDK:

Speaking of using your parents' moves! Kaz using Lindsay Troy's Final Judgment! Right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... SAVED BY ARCHER!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

The Houston Faithful have lost it as all four are on the mat!

Lance:

I don't know how the hell Archer did that, but I think Troy would have won the match if he hadn't been there!

DDK:

I think you're right!

With Archer being the only person standing, he quickly drags his tag team partner across the mat and goes back to the corner to make the legal tag! Silver then waits for the legal man Troy to get back to his feet, then wraps both hands around his throat with a rear naked choke!

Lance:

Archer's trying to end this! He put away Lonnie Luck with a similar choke in the past!

DDK:

He's got the hold cinched in tight!

Archer starts screaming for Kaz to go to sleep! He violently shakes the neck of his former stablemate in the submission hold, only for Kaz to outmaneuver him by running towards the corner and ducking, sending the taller Archer right into the corner! The hold is broken and Kaz DROPS Archer with a huge saito suplex of his own! After dropping Silver, Kaz gets back to his feet just as Cecilia Ryan finally recovers! They both call for the end!

DDK:

Here we go! I think we're about to see the Death Knell! The Heirs used this to put away The Dunson Clan a few weeks ago!

The Faithful react when Kaz sends Archer to the ropes...

BUT FLYER PULLS HIS PARTNER OUT OF THE RING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Archer Silver and High Flyer try to scurry off while The Faithful boo them!

Lance:

No, no, get back in the ring! You wanted this fight, you just don't like it when it's you winning!

As they leave, Ami Troy stands in front of them! The Tiniest Troy tries to keep LET from leaving! Archer shouts at Hector Navarro and tells him they're talking a walk! With Hector's eye off things, High Flyer points a finger at her to move only to get slapped by Ami!

DDK:

OOOOH! Hector Navarro never saw that slap, but serves him right! And The Heirs have seen enough!

Cecilia goes after High Flyer on the floor and the two start throwing shots with Hector warning them to get back to their side of the ring! Kaz goes right for Archer on the floor and readies a lariat, but Archer pulls the nearby Ami into his path as a human shield!

Lance:

NO, WAIT!

Kaz stops himself just in time and moves Ami out of the way... ONLY TO CATCH A LOW BLOW FROM ARCHER!

DDK:

HECTOR, TURN AROUND! TURN AROUND!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful give The Prince of Pricks the business, but he doesn't care! Ami is stunned when Archer quickly THROWS Kaz back into the ring and jumps into the corner behind him as he tries to recover. Silver pulls his kneepad down, then CRASHES an exposed flying knee strike to the back of the head while he's down!

DDK:

ARROW IN FLIGHT! ARROW IN FLIGHT FROM ARCHER SILVER!

Outside the ring, Cecilia sees what's happening, but Flyer has swung around using the outside ringpost like a 619. He wraps both of his legs around Cecilia's, entangling the three of them in the ropes! After the knockout knee strike from

Archer, Silver rolls Troy over and hooks the legs while kicking frantically, hoping for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Good L_ck, Yo_'re F_cked" by Celldweller ♪

Laughing out loud triumphantly, Archer hovers over the beaten Troy and jumps to his feet!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES!**

High Flyer finally lets go of Cecilia, handstanding to his feet and then charges into the ring to hug his tag team partner as The Faithful jeer them!

Lance:

What a couple of cowards! They call out for fights only to duck the Heirs for weeks! And when finally pressed for a fight, Archer pulls THIS! Hector Navarro never saw that low blow from the outside after he used Ami as a human shield!

Cecilia goes over to check on Ami and both of them regroup to help out Kaz as he comes to see Silver and Flyer with their arms raised!

DDK:

The Heirs to The Throne get their PPV debut spoiled by Les Enfants Terribles, but no way will this be the end of this conflict. Not the way this ended.

The former BRAZEN Tag Team Champions leave the ring with High Flyer waving goodbye to the trio.

High Flyer:

DON'T BRING YOUR SISTER TO WORK, KAZ!

Archer Silver:

...OTHERWISE WE'LL KEEP HITTING YOU WHERE IT HURTS!

He imitates another kick below the Equator with his free foot and the two walk away. In the ring, Kaz hits the mat out of frustration and looks pissed with the result. He checks to make sure Ami is okay and Cecilia looks like she wants to end the two LET members even more.

Lance:

A great tag team match spoiled by these dirty tactics from Archer Silver and High Flyer. Like you said, Darren, no way the Heirs are going to let this slide!

DEFRADIO: DEFROW - OCT 18

DDK:

We talked about it last night, and the story hasn't quieted down one bit. DEF ROW is still on the calendar for October 18th inside Bellehome Prison, and the buzz around this thing just keeps growing.

Lance:

It's wild, Darren. Every day there's a new rumor. Some say the lockdown left sections of the prison off limits, others say production's already been spotted on site. No one seems to know for sure what's real and what's smoke.

DDK:

That's DEFIANCE for you. Unpredictable, unshakable, and somehow, always moving forward. We confirmed last night that event **IS** on for Saturday the 18th of October!

Lance:

You can feel the tension building.

DDK:

Yes and wait until you hear about the BLOCKBUSTER main event for that simulcast! Inside a steel cage, Corvo Alpha will take on Henry Keyes!

Lance:

Corvo/Keyes III inside a steel cage... inside a PRISON?! Sold. And, wait... if Keyes can survive with *[ahem]* "Big Blue" tonight, if he can SURVIVE Elise Ares in our Main Event here at ACTS '25... the championship WILL be on the line!

DDK:

If I recall correctly... Corvo Alpha is UNDEFEATED inside a steel cage!

Lance:

You've got a great memory, partner! **DEF ROW**. October 18th. The question isn't whether it'll happen anymore. It's what's going to happen if it DOES.

DDK:

Don't miss it!



TYLER FUSE vs. ???

The match graphic appears, showcasing Tyler Fuse on the left side... and no one else on the other.

DDK:

So two weeks ago none other than Cyrus Bates resurfaced, telling the world SOMEONE is coming to ACTS, challenging Tyler Fuse to a singles match!

Lance:

He hinted at Malak Garland, but there's no way it can be Malak Garland... right?

DDK:

After what Malak went through? The vicious attack of Tyler Fuse. We weren't told specifics but there were rumors. I can't see Malak Garland being here tonight.

Lance:

Exactly. Rumors were that Garland was in a coma. We KNOW he lost a lot of blood! We KNOW he was unconscious. We KNOW it wasn't good. At all!

DDK:

If we KNEW just one thing, it was that we were being told not to expect Malak Garland for a long, long time.

Lance:

Right. So it can't be Malak. Malak isn't challenging Tyler Fuse, of all people, to a match. And I would say this goes beyond Malak's health. Garland isn't the type of person to stand up to Tyler Fuse. It was a ruthless attack by Tyler, it was a problematic one. I might even side with Malak on this issue... -can't believe I said that-. Anyway it still doesn't mean The Keyboard King, The Snowflake Superstar, The Woke Warrior, whatever you want to call him... has the... uh... balls to step back into the ring with Tyler Fuse.

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

DDK:

I guess we're going to find out sooner than later! Here comes Fuse!

Tyler Fuse marches down the rampway, sporting his black trunks, boots and wristbands. He's also walking alongside referee Mark Shields.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall. Introducing first, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-ten pounds... he is TYLER FUSE!

Once at the bottom of the apron, Tyler points Mark into the ring. In reply, Mark gives a "fuck yeah sure thing" before sliding in while Tyler marches up the steel steps and slips between the top and middle ropes.

Lance:

As no frills of an entrance as it gets.

However, Tyler has a mic in hand as his theme song comes to a close.

Tyler Fuse: [pointing to the back]

Alright, Cyrus. Stop playing games. Personally, I have no problem with you. Hell, I kind of like you. However, you better get out here A-SAP...

DDK:

Interesting to think Tyler believes it's Cyrus Bates himself who wants the match.

Lance:

That's kinda where I'm going with this. Bates has a few different monikers. From Search Party Cyrus to Quality Control Cyrus, I wouldn't put it past Bates to find another way to present himself and avenge Malak Garland.

Tyler Fuse:

I look forward to putting you in the hospital. Just. Like. Him.

Fuse drops the mic and paces the canvas. Meanwhile, Mark Shields is all "mad bro energy" in the middle of the ring, hardly able to contain himself!

But they wait.

And they wait.

And they wait some more.

Tyler stops pacing to cross his arms. He peers into the crowd and laughs in their direction.

Tyler Fuse:

This was the idiot you were hoping for? Looks like you got EXACTLY what I thought. Fucking nothing.

Tyler points to the entrance.

Tyler Fuse:

LAST CHANCE.

He waits.

Waits.

...

Waits.

His finger lowers to the side, he glances over to Mark Shields with a smirk.

Tyler Fuse:

Raise my hand... and let's get the hell outta h-

Suddenly, the house lights soften. A video begins playing on the tron. It's found footage at first, The perspective from the camera is on the ground and the situation at hand goes back to Malak Garland being found unconscious backstage. People are screaming.

"WE NEED TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL! IMMEDIATELY!"

"OH MY GOD! HE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD!"

Voiceover:

Contrite is not the villain. Their ACTIONS have spoken louder than words. Their true colors have been revealed.

There's a tense scramble to hoist Malak's symbolically limp body onto the gurney. His hand lifelessly rolls off the side of the stretcher as the voices fade in favor of the sounds from a medical heartbeat monitor.

"LET'S GO, GO, GO!"

“WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!”

Voiceover:

The time has come to deliver a wintry cold death in return.

The feed abruptly cuts as we cut back to Tyler Fuse standing in the middle of the dim-lit ring.

Unimpressed.

On the other hand, Mark Shields is all “SHIT BRO, SHITTTTTT!”

The feed goes back to the DEFI-A-TRON, as the next scene shows a grayish blue hospital room with the lights completely off. Rain gently pitter patters against the exterior of the window. There lies Malak, wrapped in heavy bandages.

Voiceover:

Awake, Soldier of Snow. Make haste in your new found glory. Pillage the tyrant who threatens everything you’ve ever established!

The beeping slows down until a close up of Malak’s face shows him opening up his eyes. He grips the bedding around him with a struggle.

Voiceover:

VANQUISH THE OPPOSITION. TAKE ACTION! NOW IS THE TIME!

Malak sits up, sweating hard and breathing harder.

Silence.

In walks Cyrus Bates. He nods.

Cyrus Bates:

Are you ready?

Still “hooked up”, Malak leans forward.

Malak Garland:

Will they—will they even care?

Cyrus Bates:

Only one way to find out.

...

...

Darkness.

Cut feed.

DDK:

Welcome back to ringside, folks. Don’t adjust your sets. It’s still dark in here.

Lance:

Was that Malak!? Is he returning here TONIGHT!?

Suddenly...

♪ “Big Dawgs” by Humankind ♪

Many of the fans are intrigued. Cyrus Bates walks out on stage and stands under a crisp blue spotlight. He does a muscle pose while screaming like an uncaged beast. Then, he steps aside and out hobbles Malak Garland still wrapped in many bandages. It's clear he's not 100% as he has a limp to his walk and is all sorts of taped up.

Lance:

Oh. My. GOD!

DDK:

It looks like Malak is here to fight Tyler Fuse!

The feed quickly cuts to Tyler Fuse, deadpan in the center of the squared circle. Were you expecting a different response?

Back to the top of the rampway. Malak walks over to the commentation station as most of the people in the arena are actually happy to see Garland for once. Malak walks over to DDK and places a hand on his shoulder.

Malak Garland:

I've been a shit human being to you since the moment I joined this company but the truth is, you're the best commentator in wrestling. You make us all look so good. Now please give this ass kicking I'm about to hand Tyler Fuse the same attention to detail.

Garland does his best to march down the ramp alongside Cyrus Bates.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the opponent, for one night only he is hailing from Houston, Texas... he is MALAK GARLAND!

The hometown pop is cheap but it lights up the crowd as Malak somehow finds his way to the bottom of the ramp.

DDK:

Malak is here! And he seems... genuine!?

Lance:

And he's ready to take the fight to Tyler Fuse!

While Fuse remains frozen in the ring, his eyes are wide open, staring a dagger into The Snowflake Superstar. As Garland reaches the edge of the apron, it's clear both men are ready so Tyler Fuse snatches Mark Shields by his collar and screams at the ref to call for the bell.

Immediately Malak slides into the ring and GOES FOR THE ATTACK.

WHAM!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Malak with a SWIFT right FIST to the side of Tyler's temple!

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

Garland knocks Fuse over! Malak hops on top of Tyler and begins letting all the lefts and rights fly!

Mark Shields is so rattled he forgot to call for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

WE ARE OFF!

Lance:

Are there... are there CHEERS for Malak Garland!?

The Soldier of Snow removes himself from Tyler Fuse to a stunningly positive reaction as he bellows he's "needy and anxious" into the bleachers. While Tyler Fuse takes a moment to collect himself, Garland snaps around almost instantly thereafter and PUNTS FUSE UNDER THE CHIN!

RRRRAAAAAHHHHHHH!!

Intensity Personified rolls into the ropes and ultimately falls out of the ring. On his hands and knees, his typical stoic expression has vanished. Tyler is clearly stunned at these events.

Garland looks into the crowd again. He pounds on his chest and screams into the rafters.

Malak Garland:

I'M ALIVE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Garland hits the ropes on the far end. He shoots off and races towards the side Tyler resides...

SUICIDE PLANCHA!

Garland kips back to his feet, pounding his chest again to the roar of the crowd!

Malak Garland:

CODDLE ME! I NEED WARM AND FUZZY CHEERS FOR MY FOMO!!!

Garland with a boot. Another boot. ANOTHER. ANOTHER! He peels Tyler off the floor and Irish whips him-

CLANG!

Into the steel steps!

Fuse goes knee-first, flipping up and over the stairs completely, crashing to the ground below.

Lance:

I don't know what I'm seeing. Is this a dream!?

[Off-camera DDK leans over and pinches Lance Warner.]

Lance:

Ow! You pinched me!?

DDK:

I guess it's not a dream!

Lance: *[cluing in]*

I guess it's not! Malak Garland is being supported by The Faithful!

Garland marches over to the fallen Tyler Fuse. He grabs Tyler by his hair and hurls him into the guardrail. Then he throws Fuse into the apron.

Back to the guardrail.

Apron.

Guardrail.

APRON.

GUARDRAIL.

MOAR. MOAR. MOAR. MOAR! There's a roar of the crowd. Side note: Mark Shields has totally forgotten about the mandatory TEN count. To be honest, he's not sure if he's tripping balls. He did a line with his brother backstage a few hours ago but thought the effects would wear off by now!

Garland finally throws Fuse into the ring and marches up the stairs. Malak stops for a brief second to take in the cheers, raising his hands in the air as he does.

Malak Garland:

I'm needy and YOU provide the comfort!

The Faithful seem to love it, giving Garland a cheer as he enters the ring-

And Tyler Fuse kicks the middle rope up, therefore crotching Malak Garland as he was entering the ring.

DDK:

Tyler had to do something! He's been completely overwhelmed!

Lance:

He definitely has. I can't blame Tyler, if I'm being honest. None of us thought Malak would be showing up tonight!

Garland tries to shake off the pain but Tyler's been given enough time to get on his feet and land a shotgun dropkick, dead into Malak's skull. Garland goes down like he's shot, bandages untangling from his head as he does. It's clear by now that the crowd, and the announce team, is reminded of one very important point.

DDK:

Yeah, there's no way Malak Garland is anywhere close to 100%.

Lance:

Do you... do you think he was even cleared for this?

DDK:

I'm not sure. I'd like to think so. The Favored Saints aren't going to put someone in a match where there could be severe repercussions.

Lance:

You're right. But maybe this was signed as unsanctioned.

DDK:

Unsure. If it was unsanctioned we wouldn't have a referee.

Lance:

Yes but Mark isn't a real ref.

DDK:

Fair.

By now, Tyler is on his feet and seething. He marches over to the fallen Malak Garland...

And STOMPS on his face.

The crowd boos.

Tyler STOMPS again.

More boos.

Commence the most ANGRY STOMPS of ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM.

It's relentless, there's no give whatsoever. Tyler is walking Malak dry and then some. Once again it's more than clear Garland is nowhere near healthy enough and Tyler, outlasting the initial attack, has regained some composure.

Now Fuse is running off fumes.

Tyler peels Malak from the canvas and delivers a sickening sheer drop brainbuster. ReFUSing to pin the man (because he no doubt probably could), Fuse stumbles into a corner of the ring and proceeds to scream at The Keyboard King.

Tyler Fuse:

You FUCKING [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED]
[CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED] [CENSORED]
[CENSORED].

If 'fuck' wasn't censored, you can only imagine what blasphemy is spewing from his mouth.

Tyler charges at Malak-

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

GARLAND WITH A POWERSLAM!

Malak stands, but he's on rollerskates. He fumbles into the ropes and then lands a shotgun dropkick to Tyler's head this time. Malak kips up, he SCREAMS into the rafters, similar to a Conor Fuse zen cry.

DDK:

I never, EVER, EVERRRRRRRRRRR thought I'd see the day where Maland Garland AND Doctor Ned Reform have support from The Faithful!

Lance:

You're telling me. It's Bizzaro DEFIANCE! ECNAIFED!

Garland pounds his chest again. He stumbles over to Tyler Fuse and props him onto his feet.

Garland smacks Fuse's shoulders.

Malak Garland:

WEAPON GET!

Garland hits the ropes, leaps in the air and LANDS the PERFECT LOOKING Head Stomp!

DDK:

WE'VE GOT A PIN! OH MY GOD...

ONE!

TWO!

STRONG LAST-SECOND KICKOUT!

No one would've thought like this months ago, but air has been knocked out of the arena upon the kickout! Malak Garland, however, knows his life might be in danger if he doesn't continue to act quickly. He's already hammering the edge of his right elbow into the side of Tyler's forehead, busting him open as he does. There's no stopping Garland, he keeps going and going and going... even when Tyler has worked himself into the ropes.

Finally, Mark Shields interjects to a chorus of boos! However, Malak Garland's facial expressions suggest that Shields is "Malak's personal referee", so why is this being broken up right now!?

Tyler looks up, through the blood rolling down his forehead at Mark Shields, insinuating the referee stick to his guns and remove Malak, now physically, away from the ropes.

Garland pushes Shields.

Tyler Fuse is on his feet and ROARS forward, crimson mask and all.

Inside-out clothesline from hell! Garland is absolutely clobbered!

Fuse puts the boots to Garland again, as Malak cries out in pain, trying to get to the ropes. Once he's there, Mark Shields is about to start a FIVE count but Fuse shoots him "the look" and Shields puts his hands in his pockets instead!

DDK:

Seriously!? THIS is what our refereeing has come to!?

Lance:

Mark is easily influenced, Keebs. It's why he barely gets matches to call anymore!

DDK:

I'm with Lindsay Troy! Mark Shields shouldn't be able to call ANY matches!

Tyler is down on all fours with Malak, scratching and ripping away The Woke Warrior's bandages. Soon after, Fuse drags Garland into the middle of the ring and lands a ring shaking spinebuster slam!

Fuse drops an elbow, straight into the heart. He rises, peering into the crowd, sneering past their support, when he tosses Malak's head in-between his legs.

Snap piledriver.

Garland's body goes limp.

But Tyler Fuse isn't done. Wiping away the blood from his eyes, Tyler fans his hands, so the blood falls on top of

Tyler Fuse pulls Malak Garland up on his own!

DDK:

C'mon, Tyler! Pin him! End this! You've proven you're the tougher man... again!

Tyler cranks his neck to the left. He rolls his shoulders back. Standing, he tells Mark Shields to "look the other way" and the ref nods, doing exactly what he's told.

Fuse exits the ring. He pulls back the apron and grabs a two-by-four with a nail on the end of it.

He smirks. The stoicness is gone. He's seeing pure DEFIANCE red right now.

DDK:

Fuse planted it there, I know he did!

Fuse slides into the ring and RUNS AT MALAK WITH THE TWO-BY-FOUR, nail aimed for his head...

WHAP- - -

SWOOSH!

DDK:

FUSE MISSED!

Garland KICKS the two-by-four out of the ring, latching onto Fuse's neck and lands a desperation DDT in the process! After hearing The Faithful cheer, Mark Shields spins back around and sees Malak Garland wobbling around in the center of the ring, looking down at the man who put him in the ICU two months ago.

Malak screams at Tyler and then proceeds to lift the elder Fuse brother up.

JAWBREAKER by Tyler.

Fuse with another inside-out, discus clothesline!

Tyler rolls out of the ring... he's frantically looking for the two-by-four but can't find it. Instead, he snatches a couple papers out of ring announcer Darren Quimbey's hands and enters the ring again.

Tyler Fuse: [to Mark Shields]

LOOK. AWAY.

Shields does as he's told. Fuse drops the papers, peels Malak Garland off the canvas and tangles his arms into the ropes. Marching back to collect one sheet of paper, the most evil, sinister grin crosses the former Favored Saints Champion's face.

DDK:

What is he-

Lance:

I don't think you wanna look, partner!

Some of the crowd cries in agony as the camera gets a closer look - Tyler Fuse starts sliding the edge of the paper across Malak Garland's forehead, slicing Garland's skin apart in a DEEP disgusting papercut trench! Malak SCREAMS in pain as he tries to break free from the ropes but can't seem to flip himself forward.

So Tyler Fuse goes for a second helping.

Drops of blood spew from the separation of skin, as Fuse methodically runs the edge of paper across another location on Garland's forehead. Tyler has this significantly pleased look on his face as he does.

DDK:

WOULD YOU PAY ATTENTION TO THE MATCH, MARK!? FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!

Garland is trying his best to KICK his way out of the ropes while he continues to feel the slicing of his forehead take place.

Finally, Tyler lowers his hands and drops the paper. He grabs Garland's face with both hands.

Tyler Fuse:

I told you... I was going to take EVERYTHING from you.

Fuse spits on Garland and then leans over, picking the sheet of paper back up.

Tyler Fuse:

Now. Give me that foul tongue of yours.

DDK:

NO.

With his right hand, Fuse starts plying Garland's mouth open, slowly raising his left hand towards it, paper in hand.

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

GARLAND BREAKS FREE!

Malak shoulder blocks Tyler as he pushes away from the ropes and shoots into the ropes on the other side. Garland DUCKS a discus clothesline attempt and bounces off the next set of ropes-

WHAM!

DDK:

I TRIGGER! MALAK HIT IT!

Mark Shields sees it in time! He isn't sure what to do but Malak is going for a cover and has BOTH legs hooked! The Keyboard King is practically begging with his eyes that the referee, HIS referee, makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

There is a kickout, but it's a moment too late.

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Houston, Texas, we have a snowflake problem!

DING DING DING

DDK:

MALAK GARLAND PINNED TYLER FUSE... CLEAN!

Garland rolls out of the ring, fumbling into ring announcer Darren Quimbey as he does. It's clear Malak hardly has anything left. He's a mess of sweat and ripped bandages.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... MALAK GARLAND!

Meanwhile, Tyler Fuse has come to, having a fucking meltdown in the middle of the ring. He's pulling his hair. He's screaming and yelling. He's completely unglued.

Cyrus Bates runs down the rampway to hug his best buddy, until Garland sticks his arms out to say any human contact from here on is going to put him back in the hospital. Cyrus smiles and agrees, pointing Garland up the rampway as the two start heading to the back.

Not before Garland looks into the crowd... a bit confused at first. But he still receives cheers.

Malak Garland: [to The Faithful]

I need you.

Hunched over on the top of the rampway, Garland stops and locks eyes with the irate elder Fuse in the center of the ring.

DDK:

Tyler is the one who's going to be hospitalized soon enough with a mental health breakdown.

Lance:

I've never seen him like this!

Fuse exits the ring. He finally finds that two-by-four and starts going off on the ringpost with it, completely destroying the nail on its end.

DDK:

Honestly, Malak better get himself to safety and fast! This was not a real wrestling match... and it's certainly not going to end with the bell, either.

Lance:

No it isn't.

Garland follows Bates out of sight but not before mouthing the words "thank you" to The Faithful. Meanwhile, DEFSEC is down at ringside. They are tentative, keeping their distance from Tyler Fuse, but they are trying to direct the mad man out of the arena.

Defeated, Fuse drops the two-by-four. His face of anger and rage suddenly dissipates... he stoically walks underneath the rampway.

And out of sight, for now.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM: RAIN CITY RONIN (C) vs. THE LADS

DDK:

The Unified Tag Team Titles are up for grabs next when Rain City Ronin take on a team that, as far as we've seen, they've not had an answer for yet when they defend their titles against the superheavyweight hustle known as The Lads!

Lance:

We have seen this beef get real serious, real fast between the two! After The Lads won big at Maximum DEFIANCE over The Honor Society, they were named Number One Contenders for the Unified Tag Titles! Dex Joy literally proposed a match between the two teams on DEFtv 223! During the match, The Lads had a pinfall on RCR, but there was no ref to count it! That match would end in a double disqualification after multiple officials suffered some friendly fire from Dex Joy and from Zack Daymon!

DDK:

Both teams would go on to hash out their issues and request the rematch tonight for Acts of DEFIANCE with an addition: there **MUST** be a decisive winner, one-two-three!

Lance:

In a preview of tonight's match on DEFtv 225, Zack Daymon would take on one-half of The Lads, Punch Drunk Purcell! He did his best to avoid Punch Drunk Love, but would end up falling victim to that devastating pop-up knockout punch and Punchy would walk away with the win!

DDK:

And that leads us to right now! RCR are on the run of a lifetime if you look at the names that have fallen to them on PPV: Vae Vicits' Besties. The Hollywood Bruvs. M4NTRA. The Masked Violators. Atomic Punks. PCP. Even winning the coveted Milo Flynn Cup outside of DEFIANCE! It's been a banner year for RCR, but thus far, The Lads appear to be the one team they have yet to figure out!

Lance:

A win for Rain City Ronin reinforces their place at the top. A win for The Lads makes history! One of only two Triple Crown winners in the current DEFIANCE landscape, Dex Joy, looks for the Grand Slam! His tag team partner, Punch Drunk Purcell, looking for his first title in DEFIANCE since hitting the main roster! Without any more delay, let's go to our second-to-last match of the night!

DDK:

And after earlier tonight, you have to wonder if the winners of tonight's Ace of Tag Teams are watching! Let's introduce the competitors and then get to the special introductions for this next title match!

Four words appear on the DEFIAtron that bring a rabid Houston crowd to their feet...

SHAKE

HANDS

BECOME

LADS!!!

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

One by one, the members of DEFIANCE's Friendtastic Four walk out from the stage. Janna Ray acting as the cheerleader this evening... Punch Drunk Purcell and "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy, wearing matching blue and yellow gear (blue MMA gloves and yellow boxing shorts for Punchy, blue and yellow body suit for Dex!). Accompanied by

Janna Ray and the self-professed "BRAZEN Supersenior" in possession of the BRAZEN Star Cup, Butcher Victorious and Janna cross arms and shake hands with Dex and Punchy! They shake...

BOOM!

And blue and yellow pyro goes off on stage!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Dex Joy walks out just a bit ahead of Purcell and Janna Ray, throwing his fist in the air to a huge cheer from The Faithful!

DDK:

I think ever since The Lads overcame the mental mind games that were played on them by TA..., sorry, now Headmaster Black, Ned Reform and The Honor Society, we have seen them really come into their own!

Lance:

After that win over one-half of the champions in Zack Daymon, Punch Drunk Purcell in particular is feeling as confident as they were ever seen. They were tested and have come out the other side stronger!

Once the Superheavyweight Hustle reaches the ring, the two men shake hands once more as pyro pops out behind them in the ring! Butcher almost jumps from the pyro!

Butch Vic:

BUTCH VIC... ALMOST TOOK A SHIT... in his jeans. That pyro's LOUD tonight!

After the big entrance, Dexy and Punchy start to fire one another up by shoving one another and getting energized for the big title match ahead!

The lights come down. Moments later, four more words appear on the DEFIATron:

SHUT

UP

AND

WRESTLE

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

An arpeggiated guitar lick heralds the beginning to DJ Shadow's "Nobody Speak". The moment the beat drops, the Rain City Ronin step through the curtain without delay, heralded by rows of blue, white, and green mortar pyros firing up from the stage.

KA-BOOM-BOOM-BOOOMM!!

"PICTURE THIS,
"I'M A BAG OF DICKS, PUT ME TO YOUR LIPS
"I AM SICK
"I WILL PUNCH A BABY BEAR IN HIS SHIT
"GIVE ME LIP
"I'MA SEND YOU TO THE YARD, GET A STICK

*"MAKE A SWITCH
"I CAN END A CONVERSATION REAL QUICK"*

The tandem of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett stride out onto the stage, as rigid and methodical as a pair of futuristic cyborgs programmed for nothing but wrestling. They wear matching long tights, black bases with blue, white, and green patterns running down the sides.

The DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships are proudly displayed around their waists. Both are wearing cut shirts: Daymon's simply reads "ABOLISH ICE". Burnett's is the DEFIANCE FIST logo in rainbow colors.

*"I AM CRACK
"I AIN'T LYIN', KICK A LION IN HIS CRACK
"I'M THE SHIT
"I WILL FALL OF IN YOUR CRIB, TAKE A SHIT
"PINCH YOUR MOMMA ON THE BOOTY
"KICK YOU DOG, FUCK YOUR BITCH
"FAT BOY DRESSED UP LIKE HE'S SANTA
"AND TOOK PICTURES WITH YOUR KIDS"*

Lockstep and side-by-side, Daymon and Burnett descend the rampway, marching with an unmistakably confident swagger.

*"WE THE BEST
"WE WILL CUT A FROWNY FACE IN YOUR CHEST
"LITTLE WENCH
"I'M UNMENTIONABLY FRESH, I'M A MENSCH
"GET CORRECT
"I WILL WALK INTO A COURT WHILE ERECT
"SCREAMIN' 'YES! I AM GUILTY, MOTHERFUCKERS!
"I AM DEATH!"*

The pair continue powerwalking ahead, the hot Houston crowd showing their support by clapping in time with the music.

Their eyes never leave the ring.

"HEY... YOU WANNA HEAR A GOOD JOKE?"

On cue, the Rain City Ronin pause midway down the ramp.

"NOBODY SPEAK... NOBODY GET CHOKED!"

Daymon and Burnett continue on their trip to the ring, hitting the ringside area with the intensity of Allied soldiers storming the beaches of Normandy.

*"GET RUNNING
"START PUMPING YOUR BUNIONS, I'M COMING
"I'M THE DUMBEST
"TO FLAMETHROW YOUR FUNCTION TO FUNYUNS
"FLAME YOUR CREW QUICKER THAN TRUMP FUCKS HIS YOUNGEST
"NOW FACE THE FLAME, FUCKERS
"YOUR FAME AND FATE'S DONE WITH"*

Ritualistically, they lap the ring, giving the Faithful a clear and close look of the very best DEFIANCE Wrestling has to offer in tag team wrestling

*"I ROB CHARLIE BROWN
 "PEPPERMINT PATTY, LINUS, AND LUCY
 "PUT COKE IN THE DOOBIE
 "ROLL WOOLIES TO SMOKE WITH SNOOPY
 "I STILL REMAIN THAT DICK-GRABBIN' SLACKER THAT SPIT A LOOGIE
 "CUZ THE TOLDA OF THE TOOLIE'LL MURDER YOUR FRIGGIN' MOOLIES"*

They ascend the steps and walk across the apron, where they turn and face the hard camera while unstrapping their championship belts.

The DEFIANCE tag champs pump their belts into the air.

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

"NOBODY SPEAK, NOBODY GET CHOKED!!"

The Rain City Ronin step through the ropes. With demeanors that can only be described as confident, cocksure, and DEFIANT, they stride over to the other side of the arena and raise their belts again.

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

"NOBODY SPEAK, NOBODY GET CHOKED!!"

As the music dies down, Daymon and Burnett converge upon their corner.

DDK:

Well there's an entrance that will leave you speechless!

Lance:

The Tag Champions made a one-off appearance at a PRIME event the other night, where they barely eked by in a match against the Vae Victis Besties of Lindsay Troy and reigning FIST of DEFIANCE, Henry Keyes. You really have to wonder if they're still dealing with the after-effects of that battle.

DDK:

If they are, they certainly aren't showing it. Be as it may, as we've seen from Daymon's recent match with Punch, the Rain City Ronin are hardly invincible! All it takes is one swift, well-timed punch, and this championship reign could be over in a quick three seconds!

Lance:

No doubt Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett understand that they have to be on it tonight. One false step could be all that either Dex Joy or Punch Drunk Purcell needs.

Carla Ferrari makes her round as she goes through the final checks. Meanwhile, Darren Quimbey stands in the center of the ring to announce the teams.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following match, scheduled for one fall, is a tag team title contest for the Unified Tag Team Championships of DEFIANCE Wrestling! Introducing first, the challengers, accompanied to the ring by Janna Ray and Butcher Victorious... they weigh in at six-hundred and fifty-nine pounds... they are "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY and PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL... THEEEEEEE LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADSSS!!!

Dex, Punch, Butch, and Janna all collectively cross arms, shake together, and pump their fists overhead.

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponents, representing Dojo Cascadia of Seattle, Washington... they weigh in at a combined four-hundred and fifty-five pounds... they are the REIGNING UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS of DEFIANCE WRESTLING... the WINNERS of the MILO FLYNN CUP TWENTY-TWENTY-FIVE... please welcome the team of ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT... the RAAAIINN CIIIIITYYYYY ROOOONIIIIIIINN!!!

With their heads reverently tilted down, Zack and Leo hoist their belts up.

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!

Ferrari goes to the RCR corner to collect the goods. They exchange a long, stern look with each other before tapping the plates of their respective belts and handing them over to the official. Carla holds them up to the four cardinal directions for the capacity crowd to remember what's at stake, then hands them off to the time-keeper.

DDK:

Dex Joy will be starting off for the lads, while in the champions' corner, Daymon goes out while Burnett stays in!

Lance:

An interesting choice on the part of the champions, starting off with the slightly more powerful member.

DDK:

Ferrari looks ready to get this one underway! She cues for the bell!

DING DING

Joy and Burnett march out of their respective corners and go right into the collar-and-elbow. They test their strength against each other, grappling first for leverage and positioning. After a while, Dex starts holding back and puts his weight into it. Leo escapes being overpowered by slipping around into a rear waistlock.

Leo makes an attempt to get the former FIST off his feet, but the Biggest Boy doesn't give an inch. Dex instead counters with a side hiptoss to throw Burnett onto his back. Leo snaps up, but ends up in a rear waistlock belonging to Dex. Instinctively, Leo forces the clinch apart, keeps hold of the wrist, and wrings the arm.

DDK:

Both men on equal footing as they grapple for control, but here's Burnett with an arm wrench... and he pulls Joy into a lariat that staggers the big man!

Lance:

He'll need more than that to put him down.

DDK:

He seems to know this as well! Burnett off the ropes... Diving Shoulder Block connects with Dex Joy's chest, and the Biggest Boy goes DOWN to the mat!

Leo quickly pops to his feet and makes the tag to Zack Daymon. As soon as Zack is through the ropes, he and Burnett both get on Dex, pushing him off the ropes. As Joy goes one way, they hit the ropes to go into motion as well.

DDK:

Dex Joy off the ropes... runs into a DOUBLE DIVING SHOULDER BLOCK by the Rain City Ronin! Joy hits the mat HARD!

Lance:

Worked so well the first time, why not double the power?

DDK:

Zack Daymon into the lateral press...

One...

Two...

And Dex shoves him right off!

Burnett goes back to the apron as Daymon sets Joy into a front facelock. The Biggest Boy doesn't stay in place for long, however, grabbing the tag champ around the waist, lifting, and Atomic Dropping him over his knee! As Zack staggers in pain, Joy makes the quick tag to the lads corner.

DDK:

Tag made to Punch, who comes into the ring! Meanwhile, Dex sends Daymon into the ropes with a quick Irish whip, right before the Lads lock arms... DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE put Zack Daymon down on the back of his head! Now Punch drops down for the cover!

One...

Two...

Daymon rolls out!

Purcell irreverently raps his knuckles against his forehead, but nevertheless begins to get Daymon back to his feet. He doesn't expect Zack to suddenly pop him in the breadbasket with a forearm. Followed by a second. A third.

DDK:

Zack Daymon is suddenly--and savagely--fighting back!

Then Daymon explodes to his feet, going all-out with forearm strikes to the side of Punch's head. Desperate to get him off, Punch shoves Zack off, who rolls back onto his feet. A heavy right haymaker swishes through the air as Daymon ducks the punch, hits the ropes behind him, and puts Purcell onto his back after a basement dropkick clips his leg.

DDK:

Punch gets cut down off the dropkick! Daymon right back up, and hits the ropes again... ANOTHER basement dropkick, just as Purcell was rising up!

Lance:

Practically running circles around the much heavier prizefighter!

DDK

I have to assume he took that singles loss personally, because Daymon is showing quite a bit of aggression in there! Now he tags in Leo Burnett...

Daymon and Burnett are quickly both on Punch, tucking his head in the crook of their arms and throwing his arms across their necks. They dig deep and lift... wowing the crowd with an amazing feat of strength!

DDK:

BIIIIG DOUBLE SUPLEX drops Purcell HARD on his back! Burnett floats over the chest and hooks the leg!

One...

Two...

Purcell kicks out! But now Leo Burnett makes the tag once more!

Lance:

Not surprising to see the tag champions utilizing these quick tags and dictating the tempo of the match. The two of them will have a much easier time retaining if they isolate one and work him down together.

DDK:

Burnett has Punch in a front waistlock--can he get him up? ...yes, he CAN! And DAYMON springboards over the ropes with a DIVING LARIAT to the exposed head!

Leo steps out to the apron, only to immediately tag back in. Zack handles Purcell from the front while Burnett attempts to grab him from behind, only for Punch to suddenly rise up and knock him off with a back elbow. Then he unloads a flurry of jabs to Zack's jaw.

DDK:

Hold on, Punch Drunk Purcell finding that second wind now, absolutely peppering Daymon with rights and lefts! Now he draws back and winds up the knock-out blow... HE SWINGS...

...and MISSES!

Before Purcell can rebalance, Daymon grabs him from behind, soon joined by a recovered Burnett. Both men one again dig in their heels and put their combined strength on display by dumping Punch up and over with a tandem backdrop driver!

DDK:

DOUBLE BACKDROP DRIVER by the Rain City Ronin! Purcell went right down on the back of his neck after that one!

Lance:

His tag partner could tell him by experience how that's definitely a place you don't want to get dropped on too many times. Punch looks like he's a big eager looking for that quick knock-out, but the Rain City Ronin have seen it coming every time.

DDK:

They came to this contest prepared, and with that move, they could very well put it away! Daymon making the cover!

One...

Two!

KICKOUT by Punch Drunk Purcell!

Burnett heads out to the apron as Daymon lays into Purcell with a few elbow drops to leave him stunned. Punch begins working his way up to his feet. Daymon hits the ropes and comes back with a mid-level kick to the head, only to hit nothing.

DDK:

Purcell ducks... now back on his feet! He's lighting up Zack Daymon once more with those rights and lefts, and Daymon has nowhere to go but back!

Lance:

He's got him on the ropes, but if he's not careful, Zack will tag out again!

Burnett moves to where Daymon is to tag back as Purcell pulls back. Suddenly, Zack ducks...

DDK:

OH NO!! Purcell's K-O his LEO BURNETT!

Lance:

Daymon ducked just in the nick of time, but he didn't consider that his tag partner was standing right behind him!

DDK:

Burnett got knocked right off the apron to the floor, and he looks like he's been knocked out cold!

Daymon watches Burnett fly off the apron, seeing his opportunity to tag out now lost. Instead, he swings at Purcell, but the prizefighter easily blocks, draws him into a bearhug, lifts, and drops him across the knee for a backbreaker.

DDK:

Backbreaker by Punch Drunk Purcell! The Lads may have found an opportunity to take control of this match!

Punch goes to tag in Dex, then yanks on the top rope just as his partner pushes his feet off the apron, slingshotting him over the ropes into a flipping senton!

DDK:

SLINGSHOT SENTON by Dex Joy, with an assist from Punch Drunk Purcell!

Lance:

Daymon's midsection looked like it took the brunt of the impact.

DDK:

And now Joy hooks the leg and makes the cover! Could this be it?

One!

Two!

Daymon kicks out!

Dex stoops over to pick Zack up, but gets tagged on top of his head with an overhead kick by Daymon. Zack scrambles to his feet and somersaults to his corner, where he reaches for...

...nothing.

DDK:

Daymon gets away, but there's nobody in his corner to take the tag!

Lance:

Leo Burnett is still laid out on the floor in La-La Land! Some of the ring crew are checking on his condition right now.

DDK:

He may need serious medical attention! Punch rocked his gourd!

Joy moves quickly while Daymon is distracted. First he tags in Purcell, then charges Daymon with a running shoulder block that knocks him into the turnbuckles of the RCR corner. Then he Irish whips him across the ring into the other corner, just as Punch steps through the ropes.

DDK:

Purcell the legal man now... and lays right into Zack's ribs with HITTING THE BAG!

Butcher and Janna Ray count along with the crowd from ringside as the shots rain down!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

TEN!!

Lance:

Zack Daymon's chest is beet red after all those forearms.

DDK:

Purcell pulls him right into the waistlock... OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY suplex sends Daymon up and over! Incredible height on that! And that could be it as Punch covers the chest for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Punch rises up and tags Dex back in. He goes one way while Joy runs in the other, with both big men bouncing off opposite sets of ropes as Daymon slowly works his way to his feet. When he's finally up, he's immediately CRUSHED between the Lads!

DDK:

Daymon gets absolutely CRUSHED with the DOUBLE UP!! And Punch Drunk Purcell quickly follows up with a BEARHUG!

Lance:

Zack is barely hanging on by a thread in there! He desperately needs to tag out!

DDK:

But with Burnett on the floor and Purcell's arms squeezing the life out of him, the situation looks bleak for the Rain City Ronins!

Daymon grinds his teeth as he fights through the pain. He eventually regains his wits and puts his knuckles into

Punch's temple. Purcell almost loses his grip until...

DDK:

Punch tosses Daymon to Dex... and the Biggest Boy catches Zack into a BEARHUG of his OWN!

Lance:

Out of the fire, and into the frying pan! Those bearhugs are doing a number on Daymon's spine!

Zack groans in agony, thrashing his arms in an effort to squirm free, but to no avail. Punch goes back to the apron as Joy squeezes tighter, but Daymon refuses to tap out. Out on the floor, Burnett's eyes flutter open as he slowly comes to and shakes out the cobwebs.

DDK:

Zack has to find some way out of this before Joy grinds his back to a pulp!

One of Daymon's hands pushes back against Joy's face enough for the other to get the leverage to land a few shots. Dex doesn't release the hold, but does backpedal to keep his balance. Seeing his window to escape, Zack fans his arms forward to keep Joy off balance and backing up, eventually getting within reach of the ropes.

DDK:

ROPE BREAK!!

The Faithful cheer as the match continues, and Joy obligingly breaks the hold. Daymon collapses into the ropes, fighting to stay onto his feet, but only has a few seconds to recover before the Biggest Boy moves in and pulls him off.

DDK:

Joy pulling Daymon over the shoulder, keeping the punishment on his back and midsection going with a CANADIAN BACKBREAKER...

...but Zack slips down his back!

DDK:

He breaks free!

Lance:

But he still has nobody in his corner!

Daymon collapses in the direction of his corner, but is once again without a partner to tag out to. Burnett is on his hands and feet on the ringside floor, fumbling for the apron. Despite the distance, Zack reaches for him. Dex cuts him off and pulls him back to his feet.

DDK:

Joy staying in control here! He sets Daymon back into the bearhug, and--NO!! ZACK WITH AN EARCLAP TO STUN HIM!

Zack takes holds of Joy's head and twists his body loose from his grip. Kicking off the turnbuckles for some momentum, he spins and takes the Biggest Boy down to the canvas straight on this forehead with the Tornado DDT!

DDK:

ZACK DAYMON LANDS the INFERNO SPIRAL to COUNTER!

Lance:

Boy, he really needed that!

Daymon and Joy flop in either direction off the impact. The crowd cheers on their effort. Either men begin crawling

toward their respective corner, Dex looking dizzy and Zack looking in absolute agony. In the Lads corner, Punch eagerly reaches over the ropes. In the Ronin corner, Burnett is nowhere to be seen. Butcher and Janna Ray both yell for Dex to get up as Daymon has his chance to get to his partner!

DDK:

It's a race for the tag!

Lance:

But only one has a finish line in sight.

Dex clears his vision, sees Purcell, and lunges the last few feet to make the tag. Punch hits the ring, a house on fire. He immediately reaches Zack and pulls him off the canvas into a rear waistlock--

DDK:

DAYMON COUNTERS WITH A STUNNER!

Purcell reels back in pain. Using the last of his strength, Zack lunges for his corner...

...where Burnett's outstretched hand is waiting!

DDK:

TAG TO BURNETT! HE MADE IT BACK TO THE APRON AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND!

Leo storms the ring, catching Punch with a running shoulder block that leaves him reeling. Burnett hits the ropes and lands another shoulder block to rock the prizefighter the other way. Off the ropes again, and a third shoulder gets Punch bobbing and weaving.

DDK:

Burnett is going absolutely Demolition Derby in there!

Lance:

He looked down for the count just a few minutes ago, but now he's found his second wind!

Houston is exploding! On the fourth go, Punch rallies up and SWINGS HARD, but Burnett ducks, twirls him around, and t-bones him across the ring.

DDK:

BURNETT DUCKS the hook... counters with a SUB-ZERO SUPLEX!!

The three-hundred pounder flops across the mat in ways a man his size should not. Dex urgently hits the ring to put a stop to the rampaging Burnett. But Leo is ready for him...

Lance:

The Biggest Boy needs to make a move before they lose control of this match!

DDK:

NO!! Burnett SCOOPS HIM UP... FALLAWAY SLAM on the BIGGEST BOY! How many wrestlers have we seen thrown DEX JOY around like that?!

Joy rolls out under the ropes. Purcell is back on his feet, but discombobulated. Burnett quickly boosts him up and slams him hard on his back.

DDK:

SPINEBUSTER by LEO BURNETT!! He HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! Punch got the shoulder up!

Burnett keeps up the pace, taking Punch by the head and pulling him up into the headscissor. He locks up the waist and lifts...

DDK:

Burnett's looking for that Gotch Piledriver he calls the SIDEWALK BURIAL--

Burnett tries to hook the leg... but can't hold Punch in place!

Purcell's legs drop back to the mat and he counters with a backdrop!

DDK:

Punch reverses!

Lance:

And tags back to Joy! The Lads are still in this!

Burnett rolls under the ropes to the floor to regroup with Daymon. The two check each other to see if they're ready to hit the ring... but before they have a chance to go in, someone comes out to meet them.

DDK:

DEX JOY WITH THE WHOA-PE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES!! HE JUST ABSOLUTELY LAID OUT THE RONIN WITH THAT SUICIDE DIVE!!

Lance:

Unbelievable! Always a huge risk with that move, but when it hits, it pays off in spades!

DDK:

It certainly paid off just now! The Tag Champions have been taken out, and the Lads are rolling hot! Joy rolls Burnett back into the ring and follows after him... tag back to Purcell!

Dex grabs Burnett around the waist as Punch steps through the ropes, runs, and takes a bounce. He returns and absolutely lays out Burnett with the leaping lariat!

DDK:

BUDDY UP HART ATTACK on Burnett! Now Purcell goes for the cover! COULD WE HAVE NEW CHAMPIONS?!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NOOO, BROKEN UP BY ZACK DAYMON at the last minute!

Lance:

I thought he was done after that suicide dive! Where do these guys get the energy to keep going?!

DDK:

SO CLOSE! Dex was CLOSE to the Grand Slam in DEFIANCE! Purcell was a second away from his first major taste of gold on the main roster!

Dex Joy smashes Daymon from behind with a forearm, quickly manhandling him and lifting him up to his shoulders.

DDK:

Dex has Daymon set in place for the Pop-up Punch Drunk Love...

...NO!! BURNETT COMES OUT OF NOWHERE WITH A SPEAR!!

Punch crashes to the mat off the impact. Immediately, Daymon counters the powerbomb with a hurricanrana that rolls Dex through the ropes to the floor.

Burnett and Daymon rise up on either side of Punch. They move in a flash. Leo puts the last of his strength to work with a life over his shoulder, and Zack grabs Purcell around the head to bring him down into a neckbreaker!

DDK:

THE SILENCER!! THE SILENCER!! THE RONIN PULLED IT OFF!! BURNETT MAKES THE COVER, TO RETAIN!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

The crowd goes WILD!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of the match... and **STILL UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... RAIN! CITY! RONIN!**

Shaking their heads, Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray both inch over to Dex Joy outside the ring. Inside the ring, Daymon and Burnett rely on one another to make it back to their feet. They lean back and have their hands raised as the titles are handed back to them as well!

DDK:

What an AMAZING come-from-behind victory for Rain City Ronin, who have looked absolutely UNSTOPPABLE! The Lads may have had the upper hand at a few points! Burnett looked out cold from that DEADLY right hand of Purcell's... but in the end, these talented young men do it again!

Lance:

This won't be the last chance The Lads have at the gold! They've come together as absolute units in that ring! But tonight, Rain City Ronin rose to the occasion again!

As Rain City Ronin get ready to leave, Dex and Butcher go to help Punch back to his feet. Purcell winces in pain, but the big man still has it in him to grab Burnett by the arm as they try to leave. Zack Daymon spins around, looking at Purcell.

Lance:

Whoa, whoa, whoa... what's going on here?

DDK:

I don't know.

Purcell doesn't let go of Daymon and even Dex is a little stunned by his partner's actions. Janna and Butcher also look at Dex...

Then Purcell holds out a fist to both men.

Daymon and Burnett exchange a glance... and Daymon brushes off the fist!

DDK:

Whoa! What?!

Then they put out their hands...

Lance:

Oh!

Dex and Purcell both nod... and The Lads shake hands with The Champs!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

Dex holds up Burnett's hand and Purcell does the same for Daymon. Purcell mouths "sorry about that right" towards Burnett. He gives him a look that would read "sorry about your neck."

DDK:

The Lads live by the motto "Shake Hands or Throw Hands!" Tonight, they've done both in a sign of respect to these young men!

As all of The Lads and Rain City Ronin prepare to leave...

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

NOW WHAT?!

Everyone looks shocked. Janna Ray turns to Dex and the Rain City Ronin even look confused.

Out from the back after a very grueling two nights, The Triple 7s stand on the ramp with Tom Morrow.

Lance:

Tom Morrow! The Triple 7s! The winners of the Ace of Tag Teams are here right now!

Mason, Max and Mark all wear matching black vests and jeans decorated in their respective flame color patterns of green, red and orange. In front of them Tom Morrow stands proudly holding up the Ace of Tag Teams contract in hand!

Lance:

As unstoppable as the Rain City Ronin have been carrying those titles ... what happens when Tom Morrow and the Triple 7s decide to utilize that contract?

DDK:

Remember! The Ace of Tag Teams is good for up to one year and the time and place has to be declared ahead of time by the winners! But having any combination of these monsters as your challengers? That is simply frightening!

The Lads and RCR each stare down the Ace of Tag Teams winners. Morrow wiggles the contract around just to show it off and has a microphone in hand.

Tom Morrow:

Congratulations on the win boys! Great match! Great match from all of you! Just remember ... tonight, Ronin, you may have gotten out of the frying pan against the Lads...

Tom the Bomb waves the contract around.

Tom Morrow:

But when the *greatest* tag team in DEFIANCE history decides to use this contract ... you're both going into the fire!

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

Tom Morrow and the Triple 7s leave one by one behind them and head to the back. Rain City Ronin don't look afraid and the rest of the Lads watch them go. Janna looks grossed out by the mere presence of Morrow and the amount of sleaze on him.

DDK:

It didn't take long at all for the Triple 7s to show off that contract, did it?

Lance:

Not at all. Rain City Ronin best keep their heads on a swivel!

DDK:

We will take a quick break and then in a moment we will get to the FIST of DEFIANCE! Henry Keyes versus Elise Ares!

FIST of DEFIANCE: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. ELISE ARES

There is a vibration in the air in Houston, Texas.

A few Cuban flags are seen among the Faithful as wide shots reveal the capacity crowd buzzing for the main event. Signs showing support for Elise Ares are everywhere, half Spanish and half English. As anticipation builds into a fever pitch, a minority of the crowd begins to break into a chat that pierces through the chaos.

“¡Guantanamera! ¡Guajira, Guantanamera!”

“¡Guantanamera! ¡Guajira, Guantanamera!”

The song brings a hush over the rest of the Faithful as they attempt to process the song that has suddenly erupted.

“Yo soy un hombre sincero, de donde crecen las palmas

Yo soy un hombre sincero, de donde crecen las palmas

Y antes de morirme quiero echar mis versos del alma”

It’s “Guantanamera”, a patriotic Cuban song about unity, love for Cuba, and solidarity with the poor(s). Those who don’t know the song simply sit back and enjoy the moment as others who happen to know the song, or at least the melody used for football chants around the world, join in to make a surprisingly boisterous chorus.

“¡Guantanamera! ¡Guajira, Guantanamera!”

“¡Guantanamera! ¡Guajira, Guantanamera!”

The Houston Faithful begin to cheer for themselves but are suddenly interrupted by a black out.

SHHHHHKKKKKT!

♪ “You should see me in a crown (IZI Remix)” by Billie Eilish ♪

The roar is deafening as a single spotlight illuminates the entrance from the rafters. Standing in the spotlight are The D and Klein (complete with stupid BURN BOX), wearing matching royal purple and gold attire, arguably Elise’s most classic color combination. As the hushed lyrics herald the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, a platinum throne begins to rise from the floor of the entrance. On the throne leaning to one side is Elise Ares, wearing wrestling gear inspired by Thanos of Marvel Comics fame. Golden pauldrons shimmer under the spotlight above a low cut, criss-crossed purple top. A matching golden belt adorns purple boyshorts with a long golden sash hanging down the side. Golden kneepads and lace covers mimic Thanos’ boots as the throne comes to a halt.

The D reaches on the back of the throne and pulls out a hot pink Infinity Gauntlet and places it over the waiting FIST of the challenger. As it slides into place, all the infinity stones representing the members of Vae Victis are already on the gauntlet except for one. Ares produces the last stone, a BIG BLU one, and holds it up to the light before letting it snap into place right on the back of her fist. A light flashes from the gauntlet before Elise stands up and holds it into the air, marveling at its beauty. With a trademark smirk, Ares snaps her fingers with the gauntlet at the same time the beat drops. Percussive pyro goes off and golden sparks explode from the stage as the arena is suddenly covered in a light show of purple and gold.

Darren Quimbey:

It is time for your MAIN EVENT for the FIST offffffff DEFIANCE. Introducing first from Beverly Hills, California by way of Havana, Cuba... weighing at 126 pounds. She represents the POP. CULTURE. PHENOMS. She is the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. She is... EEEEEEEEEEEELIIIIIIIIIIIIIISE AARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRESSSSS!

DDK:

What an entrance and what an ovation for what could be Elise Ares’ last match inside of a DEFIANCE ring, Lance. I think this was implied but never confirmed, but I can confirm for you that Elise Ares’ DEFIANCE contract expires on 10/10/2025. I’ve had some discussions with people around the arena tonight and it seems as if any contract talks came to a halt months ago. The Favoured Saints tried to reach back out earlier this week, but were told the same thing they were told then. If Elise Ares does NOT win the FIST of DEFIANCE tonight, she will not be signing a new deal with

DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Lance:

Huge news, Darren. Elise has said from the beginning that this was her last big push to earn what she says is a championship that is rightfully hers. A title she has worked hard to achieve and has been given, in her words, criminally few opportunities to capture. That is what makes tonight special, Darren. She's done it. She's forced her hand. She's earned her shot. Now, she needs to close.

On the apron, Klein and The D hold the ropes open for Elise Ares for potentially the last time. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style enters the ring as suggestively as possible before being followed in by her PCP brethren. Klein removes the pink Infinity Gauntlet as Ares goes to the top rope to look across the Faithful. She makes a belt motion across her waist and points to herself as the camera picks up a Cuban flag waving behind her in the background.

The challenger dismounts and her music fades. The lights return to normal. The melody of "Guantanamera" continues, but this time to different lyrics.

"There's only one Elise Ares!"

"There's only one Elise Ares!"

The Queen of Sports Entertainment steels her resolve, with seemingly the world behind her.

...

It's quiet for a moment.

More than enough of a window for the fans to let their feelings know about the pair that's about to appear.

BOOOOOOOO!

Then the arena goes dark.

...

An uptempo bass beat shakes the arena speakers. It's just a steady, beating, low metronome, like you might hear when you're waiting in line outside a club.

The lights begin to pulse with the beat. Pink, pink, blue, blue, pink, pink, blue, blue...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Pink, pink, blue, blue, pink, blue, pink, blue, and then the bass line actually starts to play a little groove.

...a recognizable groove.

A groove from the same artist we just heard.

Lance:

Are you serious right now?

DDK:

This is...this is something.

Pink, blue, pink, blue.

white shirt, now red, my bloody nose

sleepin', you're on your tippy-toes

creepin', around like no one knows

think you're so criminal

♪ "bad guy" by Billie Eilish ♪

The boos quiet for a moment, maybe out of shock. This sort of thing simply isn't done.

So much of a wrestler's aura is generated from the music they choose to represent them, and Billie Eilish has become unequivocally associated with Elise Ares, and now, the FIST of DEFIANCE is using her too.

The DEFIATron kicks on, and it's on a loop of The Kraken's favorite thing to watch: Coins being delivered to faces. Ares, The D, and Klein in particular are HEAVILY featured in this edit.

bruises on both my knees for you

don't say thank you or please, I do

what I want when I'm wanting to

my soul, so cynical

Pink, blue, pink, blue, pink, pink, blue, blue, pink, blue, pink, blue.

No sign of the champion, yet. Elise Ares, for her part, isn't phased for a second - she's witnessed a hell of a lot of Vae Victis bullshit over the years, and so much of that bullshit has been directed at her and her friends. Why should she be surprised by anything Henry Keyes chooses to do?

She remembers her Mean Girls, and wonders, "Why is he so obsessed with me?" And she actually flashes a grin.

so you're a tough guy, like it really rough guy

just can't get enough guy, chest always so puffed guy

I'm that bad type, make your mama sad type

make your girlfriend mad type, might seduce your dad type

The pulsing stops.

I'm the baaaaaaaaaad guy.

(duh)

The music cuts. A spotlight drops onto the stage.

It's Lindsay Troy, alone, wearing a rose gold pantsuit with deep V and gold crystals on the lapel. She poses iconically, OLD SKOOL MIC~ raised dramatically.

Lindsay Troy:

LLLLLLLLLLADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Lindsay Troy:

We are gathered here today to witness the end of a DEFIANCE legend, and a NEW BEGINNING for Elise Ares in PRIME Wrestling! And better yet, you all get to see my Bestie in the World continue to dominate the DEFIANCE landscape in the way that only Vae Victis can! And so, INTRODUCING your FIIIIIST OOOOOF DEFIAAAAAANCE! San Francisco's Favorite Son! Weighing in at 249 pounds of steel and pain! Theeee KRAKEEEEN, HENRYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Then seamlessly, without a hitch, the guitar riffs of a bastard man begin. Lights swirl around the arena, pinks and blues and whites and golds.

♪ "Ride the Tiger" by Jefferson Starship ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

I WANT TO RIIIIIIIIIDE, RIDE THE TIGER

The lights all around the back of the stage are bright white, and as Henry Keyes emerges, he casts a dark silhouette, walking from the left towards the middle. We know it's him, because a) no one else quite haunch-struts like that, and b) we see the flowing shadow of a long military-style jacket draping behind him. As he reaches the center, he turns towards the ring, and pink, blue, and gold fireworks flood the arena. We see his face: manic and malicious.

The jacket is pink and blue and covered in gears and unnecessary metal pins. His boots are gold, his pants are pink, and there are blue and white tiger stripes running up the sides. Big Blue, his blue-leather strapped FIST, is strapped tightly around his waist.

Keyes and Troy share an incredibly elaborate secret handshake before Troy punches Keyes in the shoulder, honestly a little hard. Keyes marches down the ramp, Troy right behind him.

DDK:

Statements. Statements from the two monsters striding towards the ring right now, the Co-Consuls of Vae Victis who truly believe themselves to be the very center of the DEFIANCE universe.

Lance:

There's no question by the way they're acting right now that they're projecting major confidence right now, but let's remember - Elise Ares has defeated every other member of Vae Victis here in DEFIANCE. Hell - in the main event of the most recent DEFTv, she pinned Keyes! Week after week, month after month, the Face of DEFIANCE has shown incredible passion and determination in the face of all odds. She could very well prove to be the absolute *worst* possible matchup for Henry Keyes tonight.

Keyes powerfully strides into the ring, unstraps the FIST in a fluid motion, and raises it aloft, ranting and raving at everyone in the PCP corner. He takes a particular moment to point and laugh at the BURN BOX Klein is wearing as he hands his championship to Mark Shields. Elise starts throwing verbal barbs back in return, causing Keyes's eyebrows to shoot upward. Their bodies almost go on autopilot to their respective corners. Shields raises the FIST aloft, hands it to a ringside attendant, and overdramatically points to the timekeeper.

DING DING

RAHHHHHHHH!!

The jawing between the two is silenced by the roaring of the Houston Faithful. The FIST offers Elise Ares a test of strength he knows that she can't reach and he quickly eats a slap across the face that receives a cheer from the Faithful. The smile that was on Keyes' face is quickly gone as he throws a haymaker at Ares who ducks the shot and goes on the offensive with a series of quick kicks to the legs of the Kraken. He tries to defend himself but can't keep up

with the speed of Ares who hits Hank with an enziguri that sends through the ropes and onto the apron. Keyes pulls himself up to his feet and is speared by a charging Elise and both competitors go flying to the outside of the ring and into the barricade.

The Faithful roar as Ares rains down punches and hammerfists on the champion while Mark Shields lazily begins a countout. She stands up and begins stomping on the Kraken before looking over her shoulder at Shields who couldn't be bothered to count to two. Elise then "helps" Hank to his feet and "guides him" towards the steel stairs outside the ring, crashing into them with a bang. The two-count finally comes from Shields. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE goes for an Extreme Makeover on Kraken on top of the stairs but Keyes moves out of the way!

DDK:

Extreme Makeover MISSED! A close call for The Kraken!

Lance:

Early on here Elise looks motivated like we've rarely seen before!

Keyes pulls the legs out from under the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, causing her to slam back first onto the steel steps outside of the ring. This gets a "three" from Mark Shields as Keyes then takes just a second to gather himself and then Biel tosses Elise into the third row!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Lance:

I think the Kraken just dropped anchor!

Ares goes crashing into the Faithful, but they catch her! The Faithful crowd surf Elise Ares back towards the barricade where a recovering Henry Keyes rubs his head in frustration. She gets stood back up on the barricade where she jumps into the air and lands on the shoulders of Henry Keyes and flips him over with a hurricanrana. We finally get a "four" count as Elise gets up, makes a belt motion around her waist to a nearby Lindsay Troy and "assists" Henry Keyes back into the ring again.

Ares gets up on the apron and runs to the corner before climbing to the top rope. Just as Keyes reaches his feet, she launches, is caught, but turns it into a tornado DDT and spikes the champion head first into the mat, who immediately sits up. Elise pops back up and bounces off the ropes before hitting the champ right in the face with a basement dropkick. She jumps on the Keyes for the cover.

ONE!

TW-

DDK:

What power by Henry Keyes!

Lance:

Did she land on her feet?!

The champion powers out so hard that Ares flies into the air and is able to land on her feet! Stunned about the kick out, Ares doesn't react quick enough and she's pulled off of her feet by the champion. Henry quickly grabs both of her

feet and begins a big swing! Ares tries to wiggle loose but quickly finds she's stuck and grabs her head to protect herself as he spins her around once, twice, three times...

FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

The Kraken isn't wearing out, if anything he's spinning faster!

..FIFTENN! SIXTEEN! SEVENTEEN! EIGHTEEN! NINETEEN! TWENTY!

The champion hurls Elise Ares towards the turnbuckle where she smacks against the corner before falling down to the mat with a thud. An audible gasp leaves the mouth of the Faithful as she lands and Keyes dizzily falls down to a knee and takes just a moment to recover. He gets back up to his feet at the same time Ares tries to pull herself up in the corner and he sprints and drills her head into the turnbuckle with a massive running knee strike!

DDK:

Back-to-back sickening blows to the skull of Elise Ares, the momentum has shifted it's been quick.

Lance:

You have to start to worry about Elise's well being at this point, Keebs.

Normally a referee would get in to separate to check on the well-being of Elise, but Mark Shields is not most referees. You can see him mouth "that had to hurt" as Keyes stands Ares up in the corner and begins slamming some back elbows and European uppercuts into the challenger.

DDK:

Lest we forget, so much of the Kraken's heaviest offense is directed at the head - the Bell Clap, the Coin. Strikes like these really go a long way towards one goal - which, tonight, is the end of Elise Ares in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

The entire city of Houston is behind her tonight, Keebs, and I would wager most of the wrestling world is as well. They'll be willing her on, anything to help her weather this storm.

Keyes spins Ares around in the corner and smacks her with a very loud Propellor Edge Chop across the sternum, then another. Comfortable in these familiar waters, he grabs Ares and turns towards the center of the ring, HEAVING her across with another Biel - Elise lands on her feet!

DDK:

That's the second time she's come out of that throw safely!

Ares charges across the ring at Keyes. Keyes throws a lariat, which Ares ducks - she rebounds off the ropes, he positions himself to pick her up for a tilt-a-whirl, and she's up - Ares blocks the tilt-a-whirl from turning into a backbreaker! She throws a fist into the side of Keyes's head, then two more! Keyes powers her back up with a massive hoist, and now Ares is vertical! Her boots are pointed right at the sky!

Keyes gets his feet beneath him, then goes for a big stalling vertical suplex - Ares counters mid-fall! She turns it into a cutter, which connects! They both splat to the mat, but Keyes is absolutely dazed by that maneuver! Ares takes a second to shake out the cobwebs before leaping across Keyes's chest, and she shoots the half!

ONE!

TWO!

Keyes kicks out again - but noticeably less powerfully than before. Klein and The D pound the apron in encouragement, and Troy barks at them both to shut the hell up.

Ares is first to get to her feet, and while her head still seems a bit woozy from the earlier hits she's taken, she's measuring her opponent. Keyes's eyes flash wide for a moment before the poker face that is his brash ego returns; a snarl from the mat as he rises to a knee.

Ares isn't waiting for him to get up any further.

She sprints forward and goes for the Extreme Makeover double-foot curb stomp again!

...

KEYES SHOOTS UP TO HIS FEET! Ares launches a solid 10 feet in the air! She waves her arms and legs looking to gain some sort of aerial control, but Keyes catches her! SNAP POWERSLAM! He hooks the far leg and counts along with Mark Shields!

ONE!

TWO!

THRAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

ARES GOT THE SHOULDER UP! She's still in this thing!

Lance:

Good gravy, can we get a replay of that??

Ares has rolled over to her stomach and Keyes is apoplectic, shouting in Mark Shields's face about his "terrible" counting (which, to be fair, wasn't the smoothest). The power of picture-in-picture is truly incredible, as it shows in slow motion that just as both of Ares's feet were planted onto Keyes, his head and torso were rising vertically, almost like a spring-loaded boost. She got AIR, and Keyes caught her CLEAN. The spike to the mat was flush. And she kicked out anyway.

DDK:

What an impact, and what fortitude from the challenger.

Lance:

Listen to this crowd!

ONE ELISE ARES!

THERE'S ONLY ONE ELISE ARES!

ONE ELISE AAAAAREEEEEES!

THERE'S ONLY ONE ELISE AAAAAAREEEEEES!

The whole arena claps in rhythm. The D and Klein are stomping and clapping in rhythm. It's an absolute outburst of joy and hope and unity behind this woman who's deserved the FIST for a long, long time now.

Keyes isn't having it.

He stalks over to the downed Ares and lifts her up by the armpits. He's beet-red at this point, a vein definitely popping out in his forehead. As he sets up for yet another Biel throw, he surveys the scene and makes a very conscious choice of target. He takes Ares with him on a few momentum-building short steps before he HEAVES her over the ropes and outside the ring in the direction of The D and Klein!

THEY CATCH HER!

The D ends up needing to take a knee to keep the pile from completely crashing, and thankfully Klein's sturdy frame was there to do the bulk of the work. Keyes is irate - that's three times now that he's tossed this woman and she hasn't gone kersplat.

Lindsay Troy is a little frustrated, too, and she stalks over to the assembled Phenoms, out of their line of sight for now. Just as Klein and The D gingerly place Ares on her feet, Troy charges and delivers a chop block to The D! He goes down! She throws a big right hand towards Klein's BURN BOX, which connects -

THONK!

Lindsay Troy:

OW! WHAT THE HELL?

She clutches at her fist in a mix of shock and agony. She turns towards Klein, who slowly and dramatically lifts the BURN BOX to reveal a second, solid-steel box just underneath!

Lance:

KLEIN'S GOT A LOADED BOX!

DDK:

We - yep, you said that - A SECRET WEAPON FROM THE MAN IN THE BOX!

Klein pumps up the crowd at this reveal, and Lindsay Troy is absolutely fuming! Klein follows up with a steel box headbutt to Troy! Ares uses this window to rush at Troy, sending the Queen of the RIng ass-over-teakettle via headscissors takedown! Ares stomps on the fallen Troy's chest and swizzles them hips!

Elise Ares:

Que tal eso?!

QUE TAL ES000000!

Lance:

Uh oh - hang on!

With all this commotion, no one outside the ring has clocked that Henry Keyes has perched himself on a top turnbuckle.

He flies, knees-first!

And crashes into Klein and The D!

DDK:

The Kraken just went airborne!

Ares and Keyes turn towards each other, and see their respective allies all sprawled out on the floor. They launch at each other, and it turns into a hockey fight!

Ares gets some sneaky-good strikes in, one even busting Keyes's lip, but the Kraken uses his size and strength advantage and **SHOVES** Ares hard into the ring steps!

THONK

Keyes stalks over and grabs Ares by the hair before slamming her face-first into the steps once again. A trickle of blood starts to flow down from her brow. Another face-first slam into the steps from Keyes. Mark Shields, again, is not really helping restore any order here.

Keyes takes a few steps back and measures his target. He then charges across, throws a knee strike straight for Ares's skull...

THONK

Ares gets out of the way! Keyes goes knee-first into the steel and takes a nasty tumble! He clutches at his leg and writhes on the ground in agony as Ares takes a moment to regain her composure. She looks over and sees that Klein and The D are starting to slowly stir - as is Lindsay Troy. She locks eyes with Klein and nods towards the Queen of the Ring - he understands the assignment and goes over to Troy. The pair start brawling, and The D quietly makes his way around the ring in the opposite direction, lurking, waiting for the right opportunity.

Satisfied at the status of the ringside chaos, she climbs atop the steps that Keyes just tumbled over and flies!

RODEO DESTROYER! Keyes's head is spiked on the floor!

ONE ELISE ARES!

THERE'S ONLY ONE ELISE ARES!

ONE ELISE AAAAAAREEEEEES!

THERE'S ONLY ONE ELISE AAAAAAREEEEEES!

Keyes is absolutely rocked!

Lance:

All the momentum is with the challenger!

DDK:

Only one small problem, partner.

Lance:

What's that, Keebs?

DDK:

Right now, Henry Keyes represents about 250 pounds of dead weight. Elise Ares can't win the FIST on the outside!

Indeed, Ares is having absolutely no luck peeling Keyes off the floor on the outside, and in a major inconvenience to her, Shields has decided to do his job and is working on a fresh ten count.

The D springs into action to help his partner. With their combine strength, they're able to slowwwwwly get Keyes up, enough to get him back into the ring. Keyes slowly rolls beneath the bottom rope...then keeps rolling. And keeps rolling. Soon, he's nearing the opposite ropes. The D senses some bullshit and hustles his way around the outside of the ring, ready to meet the Kraken if he decides to exit through the ropes. Ares, for her part, hustles into the ring.

Commotion on the outside - Troy has spun the steel box around Klein's head so he can't see. She dropkicks Klein,

who stumbles into the barricade with a loud thunk. This grabs Mark Shields's attention, as he gives the (very likely empty) threat of ejections if the extracurriculars don't stop.

Keyes keeps rolling, and he's found himself rolling under the bottom ropes on the opposite side of the ring. An up close camera shot catches the Kraken laughing to himself, even as his split lip bleeds into his beard. He lands softly on his feet to the outside and cackles at Ares, who glares back at him. Keyes tests his weight on the leg that crashed into the steps - it obviously hurts, but nothing permanent.

DDK:

You don't often see Keyes playing the role of "mouse" in a game of cat-and-mouse.

Lance:

How often has he said, "Never let it be said that Henry Keyes is a coward?" Does he understand his hypocrisy?

DDK:

There's a fine line between smart strategy and cowardice, to your point. He looks very pleased with himself at any rate.

Keyes even teases like he's going to walk back up the ramp for a moment, until he receives a tap on his shoulder. He turns.

And gets an UPPERCUT TO THE DICK from The D! All joy has left Keyes's face, replaced by shock and horror! The D grabs Keyes by the neck and waistband and hurls him back into the ring! Ares is ready for him!

EXTREME MAKEOVER! Ares stomps Keyes's face into the mat! She hooks both legs, and -

Where's the count?

DDK:

Elise Ares has him! She has him!

Lance:

SHIELDS! TURN AROUND!

Mark Shields and Lindsay Troy have been barking at each other for some time now, as Klein lays sprawled out on the outside. The Faithful are absolutely SCREAMING at Shields to turn around and start the count, and the fans have started their own count in his absence.

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

DDK:

Unreal!

Shields finally realizes what's going on and frantically sprawls to the mat, slapping canvas dramatically!

ONE!

TWO!

THREENOOOOOO-KEYES GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Henry Keyes kicks out at the absolute LAST possible moment! Ares had him dead to rights!

DDK:

Don't forget that major assist from The D - a low blow into the Extreme Makeover, I really thought that was it!

The D pulls at his hair, agonizing at how close Ares just came. He spots Troy looking to do more damage to Klein, and he turns his attention there to keep that from happening. Eventually, the trio break it up. Troy yells out some words of encouragement to her Bestie, while Klein and The D do the same for theirs.

Keyes has a welt forming right under his left eye. Ares, frustrated that the match presses on, checks her forehead - yep. More red.

She closes her hand into a fist, rushes the Kraken and throws the hardest Superman Punch of her entire life. It connects flush, and Keyes's head whips back - and pauses. His right eye goes wide - his left would, too, but it's starting to swell a bit. He looks manic.

SMACK!

DDK:

Propellor Edge Chop!!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Lance:

Keyes is FURIOUS!

He backs Ares into the corner and throws a barrage of forearm chops right into her sternum and shoulders. Shields, dutifully, begins a five count - Keyes, in a flash, HOISTS Ares up and she flies in the air, crashing to the mat - the Biel toss finally successful. Despite the crash landing, Ares gets to her feet, and she launches herself at Keyes. Keyes goes for a lift - Ares counters, spinning around his shoulders and grabbing at his arms, going for the Sunset Stretch!

Keyes shakes his head no! He stumbles backwards, crashing both of them against the turnbuckles! Ares doesn't let go, and keeps fighting for the submission hold! Keyes bends his knees, and POPS up, causing Ares to be released! She's in the air - HUGE European Uppercut from the FIST! Almost on autopilot, Ares bounces off the mat and back to her feet -

CRRRRACK~~~

DDK:

BELL CLAP FROM THE CHAMPION!

Ares is bleeding and she should be knocked the hell out, but she throws up the double deuces at Keyes, who is bewildered at this reaction! She bull rushes at him, smashing him into the corner! She starts throwing shoulder tackles into his guts!

Lance:

The intensity from the challenger!

Keyes doesn't react much at first, figuring that she's too small to cause any damage here, but the point of her shoulder connects to something in his guts that really shocks him, and he begins to lose his footing! Ares throws kicks and stomps everywhere she can at this man, scoring hit after hit after hit. He's getting rocked, he's showing signs of exhaustion, and he's starting to wither to the oppressive speed of Elise Ares.

...

It comes to a screeching halt with the second Bell Clap.

CRRRRACK~~~

Ares drops to a knee, but she's still with us. She's bleeding, her eardrum may be perforated, but she's not going the fuck down.

Keyes grabs her wrists. Ares pulls and wrenches to try to get loose, to no avail. Keyes climbs to the bottom rope, then the middle, then the top, raising Ares up with him along the way. Ares throws a headbutt into Keyes's nose that whips his head back.

A receipt of a headbutt from the champion leaves the challenger dangling in his grasp.

And then he leaps off the rope, holding tightly to Ares's wrists...

SMASHHHHH

DDK:

COIN~!

Lance:

ARES JUST GOT ROCKED!

The knee strike drops Elise to a knee but she doesn't go down much to everyone's shock. Clearly a little out of it, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE spits blood into the face of Henry Keyes who responds with another COIN~! That drops the challenger dead weight to the canvas. Exhausted, battered, and nearly beaten, the Kraken drops to a knee before landing over the body of Ares.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

NO! HER FOOT'S ON THE ROPE!

Lance:

ELISE BROKE THE COUNT!

WHAT?!

♪ “Ride the Tiger” by Jefferson Starship ♪

The Faithful start to chant.

RE-START THE MATCH!

RE-START THE MATCH!

RE-START THE MATCH!

The D:

You hear them Shields! You hear them Favoured Saints! It's the right thing to do. You screwed her! YOU SCREWED THEM!

There is no response, other than the continued chants of the Faithful. The DEFIAtron has turned off and is eerily quiet.

The D:

Really? After everything she's done, hell everything WE'VE done, this is how you're going to let this end?

More silence. The house lights are on, but dim, and only a single spotlight remains illuminating the ring itself. The D's shoulders lower, defeated.

The D:

I'm sorry, Elise. This isn't how Hollywood would have ended this...

The D is out of words to say as turns around to Ares and shrugs. The FACE of DEFIANCE is seething and tears run down her eyes as she's unable to hold up the mask any longer. She's in extreme pain. She's given eight years of her life to this company. The D comes over and embraces her with a big hug in the middle of the ring drawing a cheer from the Faithful temporarily before they begin to chant again.

PLEASE DON'T GO!

PLEASE DON'T GO!

PLEASE DON'T GO!

Klein joins the group and wraps both the D and Elise in a big bear hug.

Lance:

This is unbelievable. I don't know what to say.

DDK:

I'm at a loss here.

Wiping the tears from her eyes Ares walks over towards the hard camera side and leans against the ropes looking out into dozens of Cuban flags and Elise Ares signs waving in support of her. She drops her head, trying to hide her emotions and shakes her head in frustration. It looks like this is goodbye as the spotlight shuts off and leaves the arena enveloped in darkness.

SHE.

WAS.

DEFIANCE.