

WELCOME TO THE SHOW

In Five... Four... Three... Two... One...

The sound coming up is unmistakable as it rolls in off the obligatory slow fade to find four thousand strong are packed to the rafters of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex. The shot sweeps in from on high, getting one long, continuous shot of the roaring maniacs that DEFIANCE lovingly knows as the DEFIANT Faithful...

And of course their signs!

**BON VOYAGE UTA! 8(
#MICROPENNIS
I GOT THE BELLCLAP!
I'M READY TO ASCEND!
GOT HOSSFITE?!
MAKE LADDER WAR, NOT LOVE!
I SIGNED PENN'S CAST!
HOSS SMASH WORLD TOUR BEGINS!
GODSPEED MATT TROYHEWS!
LOOK AT MY SIGN!
PRO WRESTLING TWINS: LINDSAY & HARMONY!
I WANT MOAR STREETFIGHTED!
JAKES THE BURNING MAN!
ANDY SHARP DRESSED MAN!**

The shot finally completes its lap, fading to the booth where we are greeted by the best damn commentary team in the business. Angus and Keebs are both dressed sharply, with Keebler in a nice black suit and Angus, well, Angus is in a tee shirt that looks like a tuxedo top.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Angus:

Hell yeah, GET ASCENDED EDITION!

DDK:

That is the name of the game here tonight, as DEFIANCE is finally ready to take it to the limit after weeks of preparing for the ASCENSION!

Angus:

And he doesn't mean a horribly mismanaged tag team that flopped on it's ass!

Cheesy grin and thumbs up from Skaaland on the massive fourth wall break ensues, something which Keebler flatly ignores after an almost imperceptible shake of his head.

DDK:

As always, I'm Downtown Darren Keebler and this is my partner in crime, the Motormouth of Malcontent, Angus Skaaland!

Angus gives the camera nod.

DDK:

Well, Angus it's time and we got a heckuva a show lined up tonight, including two huge title matches that will be contested in DEFIANCE's Ladder War!

Angus:

Why do you think I even showed up tonight, Keebs? I'm here to see some car crashes and dead flippydoos!

DDK:

And Team HOSS.

Angus:

And Team HOSS... and MUHBOITAL... and Harmony, mmm... HARMONY.

DDK:

Keep it in your pants, will ya?

Angus:

It's a long night, man, I can't make promises on anything this early, but speaking of deceased airborne morons, we got Omega doing some of the LAWDS work, Keebs.

DDK:

That certainly seems to be the former jOlt megastar's objective here tonight, who after seemingly stalking a number of individuals from his past, it turns out his target all along was none other than Troy Matthews!

Angus:

And hells if I know why, but if Omega can squash that little bug, I can't fault a man for doing good works in the name of public sanitation.

DDK:

Yes, well, Troy Matthews may not have been seen for quite a while, but he is far from an easy target, they didn't call him the Giant Killer of DEFIANCE for nothing.

Angus:

Sure, sure, but after that little tune up, this monster of a show is gonna pick up something serious.

DDK:

It sure is as Jason Natas makes his DEFIANCE pay per view debut against the man who has lead the charge in tormenting him since he's returned to the company, Jonny Booya.

Angus:

And apparently the show starts to go downhill as well, anything with that flattopped moron is never a good sign... Hopefully Fatas can manage to not suck for five minutes and actually remember he used to be the gorram Anti-Superstar and win this thing, anything would be better than JONNY BOOYA WINS!

DDK:

Well, that's certainly one man's opinion, but the fun and the bad blood doesn't end there, because Sam Horry is looking for revenge tonight against the man who tried to send him to the burn ward, Jake Donovan.

Angus:

Tried? He turned Horry's face into a cheese pizza with a fireball!

DDK:

Exageration much?

Angus:

Eh, it's what I do, but still! Jake's crazy, Horry's pissed off, this thing is gonna be violent, just how I like it!

DDK:

You certainly are connoisseur of violence, partner, but speaking of things and how you like them...

Angus:

Is it time to talk about the LORD OF TIME AND SPACE HENRY KEYES?!

DDK:

And he will be taking on the White Trash Maniac himself, Chance Von Crank!

Angus:

Nevermind, this show is skyrocketing now with a hundred percent more BELLCLAPS! The question is, can the Bellclap put a dent in the greatest mullet in wrestling history?

DDK:

Well, we are certainly going to find out, because those two have been chomping at the bit for this fight ever since they had to be pulled apart by DEFsec at #60!... But that's not all.

Angus:

YAS, because after that we start to throw the heavy lumber as the next HOSS DYNASTY begins tonight!

DDK:

Not if Frank Dylan James has anything to say about, because he's what standing in the way of Angel Trinidad and his mission to wreak a path of destruction to the top of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Yeah and after assaulting his little-big buddy, Mayberry, at ACTS of DEFIANCE, Big Frank is extra pissed off tonight... which means moar fun for me!

DDK:

Your ability to find even more of a bright side in two monsters battling it out is truly remarkable... though it should be one heckuva fight! And then it's finally time to kick off with the first of two huge title matches as the Southern Heritage Championship will be lofted high above the ring...

Angus:

...and Curtis Penn is being FORCED to defend his title, HA-HAH!

DDK:

That he is and he will do so against three people he blatantly cheated out of winning that very same championship in the form of Andy Sharp.

Angus:

BOO!

DDK:

Harmony.

Angus:

YAS!

DDK:

And of course, Tyrone Walker.

Angus:

The odds are ever in my favor tonight, Keebs! The END of the SOHER Douche's reign is SO CLOSE!

DDK:

One would certainly have to think that deck has finally been stacked against Penn after weeks of chicanery managed to keep the title in his possession... But guess what?

Angus:

We got moar?

DDK:

We got have a lot more, because Dusty Griffith looks to shut the mouth of Aleczander the Great, who has been quite vocal about how little he respects Griffith and looks to take his place amongst the top of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

As much as I can't stand the guy, it's gonna be a helluva war, but if anybody can shut Mayberry down, it's gonna be the Mancunian Muscle! I predict a HOSS SMASHING good time!

DDK:

Annnnd finally, it will be time to see the MAIN EVENT of the evening as Eugene Dewey looks to continue his legendary march as the greatest champion in DEFIANCE history.

Angus:

Heh, yeah, he's only days away from TWO YEARS as the FIST of DEFIANCE, Keebs, but he's got three of the best, craziest, and snarkiest in the business coming for him.

DDK:

And he's found a way to escape with his title against Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy in recent months, but now you add an ambitious Bronson Box to the mix?

Angus:

Crazy right? But unlike, Curtis microPennis, I think The Dark Lord of Nerdvana can pull this out, because he's not only the greatest in DEFIANCE history, he's the greatest champion in WRESTLING history!

DDK:

Time will certainly tell, partner, but enough talk, let's send it on down to the ring and Darren Quimbey!

OMEGA vs TROY MATTHEWS

DDK:

Our first match tonight was actually made on the premise of one man stalking another.

Angus:

That's right Keebs, tonight the massive monster Omega will step into the ring with what he has called his first victim of DEFIANCE, in Troy Matthews. And after what he did to Matthews at DEFtv 60, I don't understand why Matthews would get into the ring with this maniac.

DDK:

I don't think Matthews has a choice. Omega would hunt him down because he stated this is what they wanted him to do.

Angus:

Better him than me. Let's get to the ring Keebs, I'm ready to see how this match will play out.

♪ "Super Charger Heaven" by White Zombie ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit.

The crowd erupts in cheers as the Jersey Devil makes his way out to the stage. He hasn't been seen in weeks and he was about to step foot into the ring against a monster. Troy Matthews slowly walk to the ring as the camera shifts back to DQ.

Darren Quimbey:

One his way to the ring, hailing from Jersey City, New Jersey, and weighing tonight at one hundred and eighty eight pounds. He is the Jersey Devil, The Slayer of Giants, TROOYYYY MAATTTTHHEEWSSS!

Matthews smiles as he made his way down the ramp slapping hands with some fans at ringside. He rolls into the ring and stands in the middle raising his arms high to the delight of the fans.

DDK:

That moniker the Slayer of Giants will have to be ever present tonight because the giant he will be facing is not an ordinary man.

Angus:

He's not a man Keebs, he's something else. He's a monster. An unrelenting monster and Matthews is in for a long night.

♪ "Redeemer" by Marilyn Manson ♪

The lights slowly dim in the arena as a lone spotlight hits the stage. Troy Matthews watches as the massive Omega steps out onto the stage as he is showered with jeers from the fans. The madman wearing a black hoodie slowly makes his way down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... Hailing from somewhere in Missouri. He weighs in at three hundred and forty five pounds. He is the craziest bastard in wrestling. Here is OMMMMEEEEGGGGAAA!

The massive Omega approaches the squared circle, never once looking up at Troy Matthews in the ring. Omega hops onto the ring apron before slowly pulling back his hoodie and finally staring up to his opponent in the ring. The monster climbs into the ring and sits in the corner as Hector Navarro gives pre-match instructions to Troy Matthews.

Angus:

I can never figure Omega out. He is just too unpredictable. I hope Matthews paid his life insurance policy this week and notified his next of kin.

DDK:

That's a little harsh Angus. He's been known to slay giants in the past.

Angus:

Hey Keebs I call 'em like I see 'em. Troy is a dead man walking.

Matthews stands in the middle of the ring, staring down his recent assailant, but not moving a muscle as Omega sits in the corner cackling in delight. If one looks hard enough, they can see a tinge of fear in the Slayer of Giants' eyes, but his teeth remain clenched and his body tense... and with a huff, he rushes into Omega with a flurry of rights and kicks that don't seem to affect the big man at all...

DING DING DING!

Omega only laughs at his much-smaller opponent as he launches out of the corner and connects with a flying forearm that only leaves the Jersey Devil tumbling to the mat. He hops back up and unleashes a flurry of low roundhouse kicks to Omega's legs, but they don't seem to do anything.

DDK:

I don't know whether to chalk it up to Omega's love of pain or Matthews' strength having gone away in his inactivity, but this opening assault by the Jersey Devil is barely even registering here tonight!

Angus:

Well, Omega's a freak of nature, Keebs, and everyone here knows it! I think it's time to face facts here, because I think Omega's one giant this Slayer's not gonna have a chance against.

Troy shrugs it off and rushes in to hammer Omega in the dome with forearms and elbows. He gets into a rhythm and starts laying in some Muay Thai-styled knees to the ribs, but after he finishes his salvo, Omega just stands tall, and gives the Jersey Devil a sly grin...

WHAM!

...before flooring Troy with a BIG right hand.

Angus:

See? He's a goner.

Troy rolls back up to his feet, dazed by the blow. Omega then lifts him with ease, and scoop slams him HARD down on the mat. Troy, once again, gets back to his feet, but is greeted with a THUNDEROUS clothesline and a subsequent elbow drop. Omega smirks at his opponent, and Troy slowly rises with a look of fear in his eyes.

DDK:

You can see it in Troy's eyes; he's fought many, many larger men in this company before, but none of them had this level of tolerance, even DESIRE, for pain!

Troy tries again to attack the big man's tree-trunk legs, but as he lands a roundhouse to Omega's knee, Omega just shrugs, then YANKS Troy by the leg before waffling him with yet ANOTHER clothesline. He then taunts the Faithful, who respond with jeers and chants of "JER-SEY DE-VIL!" ****stomp stomp stomp stomp stomp****.

Angus:

He's got NOTHING for Omega, Keebs. NOTHING. I'd say Matthews should quit while he can, but I don't think Omega would give him the opportunity.

Omega reaches down and pulls Troy back to his feet, then hoists him up in an overhead press, walking around the ring all the while to show off his strength. He gets to the center of the ring to toss Troy to the mat.

DDK:

Don't be so sure, Angus, because Troy...

The Jersey Devil finds an opening, and slides off the psychopath's arms and down behind his back!

DDK:

He's free!

Seeing an opening he won't likely get again, he forces his foot into the crook of Omega's knee and gets him to kneel on it, and without a moment's hesitation he steps off Omega's other leg and unleashes a HOWLER of a roundhouse to his head!

DDK:

TRENDSETTER! TRENDSETTER! THAT KICK HAS DISPOSED OF MANY GIANTS BEFORE IN DEFIANCE, AND IT MAY HAVE JUST CLAIMED ANO...

Troy excitedly rushes over for the pin, only to see Omega rising to his feet with nary a sign of any effects from Troy's finishing blow. For his part, Matthews is utterly dumbstruck.

DDK:

...Omega... didn't even FEEL it, I don't think!

Angus:

He felt it but he is asking for more. I told you the pain threshold on this guy is incredible.

Omega simply lowers his head to look down on Troy, who is scrambling to his feet, and laugh boisterously before dropping down to one knee and waving at him to try again. Troy, with a deep breath, lunges towards Omega and lands ANOTHER Trendsetter FLUSH to his head, sending Omega to one knee but Omega again just smirks, and rises back to his feet and starts moving towards the downed and dazed Slayer of Giants.

Angus:

This ain't gonna be pretty, Keebs, Omega just took spikyhead's trump card twice and it did NOTHING! I got a bad feeling.

Troy kips up and rushes towards Omega, exploding in a final desperate salvo of kicks and knees that only seems to exhaust himself while Omega barely flinches.

DDK:

Is Matthews running out of steam? That's a dangerous place to be with Omega.

Indeed, the pace at which Matthews' assault flies at his opponent is slowing down, and his kicks are landing with decidedly less "umph," but Omega still is unfazed completely. Seeing his opportunity fading fast, Matthews steps back, sizes up Omega, and swings for the fences with a HUGE high roundhouse...

DDK:

He took a big risk and MISSED!

...and whiffs it, landing on his face while Omega grins, aiming for the kill. If this were a movie or TV show, we may be

spared the grisly details and simply cut away to a scene where the mangled corpse of Troy Matthews is hauled out on a stretcher. The massive boot of Omega, pressing down on the Jersey Devil's skull and curb stomping him to the canvas, however, reminds us that we are not so fortunate. The madman kneels down next to the exhausted Matthews with a sly grin.

Omega:

We thought you were going to show us more. This is why you need to be purged from DEFIANCE. You are weak and insignificant. Your transcending has arrived.

Omega grabs Troy by the hair and slowly pulls him to his feet. The big man hooks Matthews in a front chancery and lifts him high in the air. The Faithful jeered as Omega holds Troy in the air for a few seconds, allowing all the blood to rush to his head, before driving him into the mat with a big vertical suplex. Omega's done as he looks down at Troy who is writhing in pain on the mat.

DDK:

Omega took Matthews' best shot and he's still standing. This doesn't bode well for Troy.

Angus:

Signing the contract to face this maniac didn't bode well for Matthews. He is going to die a slow death in that ring.

Omega stands over the top of Troy as he hears it from the Faithful. That does not faze the big man as his eyes are set on the destruction of Troy Matthews. Omega reaches down on the mat and grabs Matthews and picks him up with one hand by the throat, showing his insane strength. Omega hoists Matthews up into the air and, with incredible force, sends him onto the mat with a massive chokeslam. Omega drops down for the cover on Matthews as Navarro went for the count.

ONE...

TWO...

NO!... OMEGA PULLED MATTHEWS UP!

Navarro looks at Omega, not expecting what just happened. The madman looks out to the Faithful who continue jeering him for his punishment of Matthews.

DDK:

That should have been over right there. What is Omega doing?

Angus:

It's called more pain Kees. This is only the beginning for Troy.

Omega pulls Troy to his feet and whips him into the corner. The big man races into the corner and nails the Slayer of Giants with a vicious clothesline that almost takes his head off. Matthews slumps in the corner from the vicious blow but that is not enough for Omega as he starts to pound Matthews with big right hands until Troy is laid out in the corner. The big man slowly places a boot across Troy's throat, trying to choke the life out of him. Navarro steps in to admonish Omega but to no avail.

DDK:

Omega may get disqualified.

Angus:

Do you really think he cares? His focus is destruction and chaos, not wins and losses.

Navarro cannot get Omega to break the hold so he starts his five count on the madman.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

FOUR... OMEGA FINALLY BROKE THE HOLD!

The monster of a man slowly turns toward Hector and gives him a quick glance that sends the referee running to the other side of the ring. Omega moves his head slightly to the left before grabbing Matthews from the corner. The big man pulls Troy to the middle of the ring, hooking him and driving him to the mat with a vicious double underhook powerbomb. The Faithful try to get the Jersey Devil back into the match with chants of "*JER-SEY DE-VIL!*" ****stomp stomp stomp stomp****.

Angus:

Those chants are not going to help Matthews here tonight. He's a goner.

Omega just smirks at the chants from the Faithful. He looks down at Troy again but did not go for the pinfall. The big man reaches down and grabs Matthews by the hair and shoves him into the ropes. Omega lands a huge clubbing blow to the chest of Matthews before whipping him into the opposite side ropes. Troy is a little worse for wear as he bounces off the ropes only to be met by a huge boot to the face.

DDK:

That has to be it Angus.

Angus:

I would think so too, Keebs but Omega is still not going for a cover.

DDK:

This needs to be over with now. Troy is not going to make it out of this match alive.

Angus:

Don't you think that's the point Keebs?

The madman surveys his handiwork in the ring as the Faithful don't hold their tongues.

"O-MEG-A SUCKS!"

"O-MEG-A SUCKS!"

"O-MEG-A SUCKS!"

Omega smirks at the chant before turning his attention back to Matthews. He bends down near the fallen Matthews.

Omega:

You resist ascension, Mr. Matthews. You need to realize that this is the only way for you to be free. You have to understand that they wanted this and we have to follow. DEFIANCE needs a wake up call and you are just the beginning.

Omega reaches down and pulls Matthews up to his feet. He grabs the Slayer of Giants by his arm and whips him into the ropes once more. Troy bounces off the ropes once again only to be crumpled to the mat in a heap by a vicious SPEAR from Omega. Everyone looks on not knowing what Omega would do next. He stands and peers around the arena. The enigma pulls Matthews to his feet slowly before lifting him up on his shoulders.

Angus:

THE END! It's finally over.

Omega drops down for the cover on Troy as the fans were happy that this massacre was finally over.

ONE...

TWO...

NO!... OMEGA PULLED MATTHEWS UP!

DDK:

He pulled him up again when he clearly had him beat.

Omega looks out to the Faithful before pulling the limp broken body of the Jersey Devil back to his feet. He hoists him on his shoulders once more before looking around the arena.

Omega:

You made us this way.

DDK:

What is he talking about?

Angus:

THE END ONCE AGAIN!

DDK:

Matthews' neck may be broken.

Omega stands to his feet once again as he looks down at the fallen Troy Matthews.

Omega:

You have now ascended.

The big man makes the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner by pinfall, OMMMMEEEEGGGAAAA!

Omega slowly stands as Troy Matthews doesn't move.

DDK:

I think Matthews is going to need some serious medical attention. He's still not moving.

Angus:

This was a brutal and vicious beating. Ahh well Troy deserved it.

The EMTs rush to the ring to check on the Jersey Devil as the Faithful watch nervously. Omega sits in the corner with a sick smile on his face as he watches the EMTs rush to Troy's aid.

Angus:

I think Omega is actually enjoying his handiwork.

DDK:

This was an utter annihilation. We hope Troy Matthews is not seriously injured. I'm getting word that Lance Warner is standing by. Let's turn it over to him...

LANCE WARNER: HYPE MAN

CUT-TO: Lance Warner, standing outside the door to the Pleasure Dome (aka: The High Office of the High Priestess of DEFIANCE, Kelly Evans). His face shows some measure of concern for what happened moments ago to Troy Matthews but, ever the professional, he sets his face to a more upbeat visage in order to address the Faithful in the Wrestle-Plex and those watching elsewhere.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, earlier today there was a flurry of activity right here in the Wrestle-Plex and on social media regarding potential new DEFIANCE signings following the closure of the United Toughness Alliance two days ago. Twitter, especially, was a central hub for many of these rumors. I now have the blessing of Kelly Evans to officially comment on some of this speculation, so you're going to want to buckle your seatbelts and brace yourselves for this news.

Lance takes a breath, smiles, and continues.

Lance Warner:

I can confirm that earlier today, **"Beautiful" Bobby Dean** and **Cayle Murray** flew into New Orleans to negotiate contract terms and both put pen to paper and inked deals!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Lance Warner:

Bobby Dean is returning to DEFIANCE after some time away, and Cayle Murray was poised to become a permanent fixture in the UTA's main event scene prior to Sunday's news. I can also confirm, separately from these UTA talent acquisitions, that DEFIANCE has also signed **"The Murder Machine" Van Carver**, a youngster from Boston who's skilled in the Strong Style approach.

WHAT??MOREHOSSFITESRAAAAAAHHHHH!

The Faithful in the Wrestle-Plex are rocking and rolling with this news. There may even be some bro-tastic chest-bumps going on.

Lance Warner:

These are all the definites I can report on now but there's an excellent chance of more signings being announced in the coming days, as we've gotten word from the DEFIANCE Spy that not one, but two former world champions of promotions past have expressed interest in competing here in the past 24 hours. Keep defiancewrestling.com bookmarked and follow us on Twitter at [@defiance4u](https://twitter.com/defiance4u) for breaking updates and official press releases. Angus and Keebs, back to you.

JASON NATAS vs JONNY BOOYA

DDK:

Welcome back, guys and gals, and what a big revelation!

Angus:

The *Lady Baws* doing some heavy duty work that's for damn sure!

DDK:

And you thought she wouldn't be good for DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Yeah, yeah, I was wrong for once, but whatever! I wonder who else she's after? Two former World Champs? That could be anybody, Keeps!

DDK:

The wrestling world is definitely a huge place and DEFIANCE's corner of it is about to get seriously brighter... But, up next, we've got a very personal match between two very heavy-hitters.

Angus:

Way to dress mutton as lamb, Keeps. It's the most insufferable man on the roster against a guy who's sleepwalked his way to four consecutive losses since returning a couple of months ago. Forgive me if I'm not too excited.

DDK:

Jason Natas has struggled, true: but he showed enough in the Dusty Griffith clash to show there's still a fighter behind the frustration. Maybe tonight's his night.

Angus:

Maybe you're right and Fatas does still know how to fight, but that's not gonna do him much good when he's got a body like unbaked bread dough. Booya makes me reach for a sickbag, but I don't see any scenario where he doesn't win tonight.

DDK:

Let's take it to Darren Quimbey.

DEFIANCE's ring announcer stands primed and ready.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall...

♪ "NY State of Mind" by Nas ♪

The track begins with the sound of a flight taking-off and the legendary Queensbridge MC teeing things up, but Jason Natas ain't got no time for a fancy introduction. The burly New Yorker steps out through the curtain and immediately starts pacing his way down to the ring, towel in-hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! Hailing from NEW YORK CITY, he weighs in at Two Hundred and Seventy Pounds... this is THE ANTI-SUPERSTAR... JASSSSSSOOOOOONNNNN NNNNAAAAATTTTTTAAAAAASSSSSSSS!

Angus:

A verrrrrrrry generous estimation of Jason Natas' weight, that's for sure. I always thought the guy was pushing 270 the first time around, but now? Psshhhhh.

DDK:

The guy's noticeably leaner than when he started, Angus, and look, it's not like the guy reappeared as a sumo wrestler. He was on the shelf for over a year... of course he accumulated a little extra padding here and there.

Angus:

I'll give you that, Keebs, but there's still a lot of work to do before this guy's gonna be able to do anything at this level. Getting yourself into prime athletic shape should be the first thing you do, not the last.

Once ringside, Jason stomps up the steel steps and climbs through the middle and top ropes. He tosses the towel to his corner and paces back and forth, awaiting his opponents' arrival. The t-shirt reads "PUGILIST" across the front, and as always, it doesn't come off.

♪ "Funky Shit" by The Prodigy ♪

The Faithful erupt with jeers as a familiar track rips through the building. Jonny Booya's demeanour is almost the polar opposite of Jason's as he steps onto the stage, all cocksure smirk and loose swagger.

Darren Quimbey:

And now his opponent, hailing from CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA, he weighs in at Two Hundred and Sixty-Four pounds... this is JONNNNNYYYYYYYYY BOOOOOOOOYYYYYYYAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Booya sure looks confident, and who can blame him? Natas hits like a truck, but that's all he's really shown since returning. He's done nothing but lose, and Booya ain't exactly short of hubris.

Angus:

I. Fuggin. Hate. This. Guy.

DDK:

Really?! I'd never have imagined...

Angus:

I just... ugh. Maybe Natas'll at least give him a few bruises, maybe loosen a couple of teeth. Somebody needs to wipe that smirk off his face, but I'm not convinced that this is the right guy to do it.

Jonny, however, doesn't even have a chance to reach the bottom of the ramp before Jason Natas barrels out of the ring and storms towards him.

DDK:

Here we go!

Fists, elbows and forearms fly in a storm of perfect violence. Booya's music cuts abruptly with the brawl, and Natas, behind the more skillful striker, dodges a sloppy Booya right hook to counter with a big European Uppercut! The blow staggers Jonny, and Jason follows-up with a knee to the gut.

DDK:

Jason Natas isn't wasting any time, folks. The bell hasn't even been rung yet, and already these two are laying into each other!

Angus:

Hooray for violence!

The Anti-Superstar eventually takes the back of Booya's head and leads him towards the ring. After he's rolled the taller man inside and climbed through the ropes himself, the bell finally rings. Jason's not gonna let Booya get a foothold, however: he stomps down hard on his back a few times to keep him grounded, then follows-up with an elbow drop.

DDK:

There's a lot of pent-up frustration in Natas tonight, Angus! He's sick and tired of Jonny's constant jabs, and it's all coming-out tonight.

Angus:

There's a lot of other things built-up inside of him too. I'm talking burgers, pizza...

DDK:

Jeesh... he's not even that big!

The gruff New Yorker throws his shaggy hair back over his head as he rises, then grunts inaudibly at his downed foe. Jonny, however, is already starting to rise, so Jason violently yanks him up, then throws him in the corner. Once there, Natas throws elbow after elbow into Booya's jaw, wobbly the big oaf's vertical.

Angus:

Whoa, these are some pretty brutal shots!

DDK:

You're not wrong! Natas is handing-out some serious punishment here!

Jonny eventually gathers himself long enough to push Jason hard in the chest, creating a little distance. Just as he steps out of the corner, however, Natas is all over him like a cheap suit again. He attacks with a body kick this time, then follows up with another couple of elbows. Satisfied he's done enough damage, Natas clinches his hands around Jonny's head, then throws a big knee into his forehead. Booya hits the deck and immediately rolls out of the ring as the fans roar.

DDK:

The Faithful are showing their appreciation for this blitzkrieg start from Jason Natas, and Jonny Booya is already turning tail! What a start!

Angus:

This is a pretty relentless pace, Keebs, but how long can he maintain it for? I'd LOVE to see Booya get starched early, but Fatas' gas tank has been his downfall week after week, and while he's starting to lean-out a little, it's still a big concern.

Denying Booya of the respite he so craved, Jason follows him outside and after eating a couple of right hands, he fires back with a big clothesline. Jonny slumps against the barricade.

DDK:

I guess we'll just have to find-out, Angus. You're absolutely right, though: there have been times when Jason's stamina has been downright woeful, but this might be more his kind of fight. We saw it last week against Dusty. Jason's always going to struggle against quicker athletes like Andy Sharp, who can just wear him out, but in this kind of environment? I think we might be surprised...

A big knife-edge chop resonates around the building: even more so when Jason tears Jonny's tanktop away for the second, third, and fourth shots. Big, red welts start to form on Booya's chest as the referee's count reaches six, and the desperate big man rolls back in the ring.

Angus:

Booyah is actively trying to get away from him, Keebs!

The Anti-Superstar, of course, is right behind him! Natas climbs to his feet and pulls Jonny back around by the shoulder. He goes back to the elbows, clobbering his opponent with blow after blow after blow. Eventually, the pace slows a little, and Jason grabs Booya by the arm and Irish Whips him across the ring. He swings the arm on the rebound, knocking Jonny to the mat.

DDK:

Lariat! Booya hits the deck!

Angus:

And now the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

NO! SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

The first pinfall attempt goes to Jason Natas, who just keeps dishing-out the punishment.

Angus:

He's throwing thunder. The Lariat wasn't as strong as it could be because Natas was stationary: if he was running, the extra force could've really caused some damage, but still. It's one-way traffic thus far.

In a knelt position, Natas takes a moment to catch his breath, perhaps conscious of the energy he's already expended in hurting Jonny Booya. When his opponent stirs, however, the New Yorker starts bringing him to his feet.

DDK:

Here we go, another round of violence.

This time, however, Booya throws a fist into Jason's gut, then another. Natas doubles over, and Booya cracks his skull with a twelve-to-six elbow.

DDK:

Natas falls to a knee! Booya's back!

Before he can do significant damage, however, Natas wraps his arms around Jonny's torso and summons a burst of adrenaline to lift him off his feet and charge him into the corner.

Angus:

Oof! That'll take the air out of your lungs!

DDK:

Great strength from Jason Natas, who curbs Jonny Booya's comeback before it really begins!

Reeling from the elbow to the skull, it takes The Anti-Superstar a few moments to shake the butterflies away. Booya stumbles out towards him at this point, but again Natas grabs him, hoists him into the air, and slams his back down onto the mat.

DDK:

Spinebuster!

Angus:

Jesus, Keebs... hold the presses. I'm actually kinda impressed...

DDK:

This guy knows how to fight, Angus! There's never been any doubt about that, and every so slowly, it looks like those physical tools are returning too.

Angus:

Alright, let's not get too carried away here. He's doing an admirable job in putting the hurt on Jonny Booya, but it's still early, and there's still plenty of time for Fatas to fuck this up. Let's see what happens.

Instead of going for the cover this time, Jason against clammers to his feet, and then glances over at the turnbuckles. The Anti-Superstar pulls Jonny across the ring, then, for a third time, hauls him off his feet. This time, Jason props his opponent up on the top turnbuckle, then climbs to the second.

Angus:

What on Earth...?

Jason balls a fist and rises it high, but before he can do anything, Jonny Booya cracks him square in the jaw. Natas falls back to the mat, and when he comes forward again, Booya kicks him hard in the chest, then comes down with a big double-axe handle!

Angus:

So much for that plan.

DDK:

Looks like Jason was about to reel-off a good old-fashioned ten punch before Booya nipped that in the bud.

Angus:

Now Booya has a chance to get back into this thing and make me start hating life again. Great.

With Jason staggered, Jonny scoops him up effortlessly, then slams him down into the mat. As discontent grows in the arena, he takes a few moments to regain his senses, and recover some of the damage lost to Natas' fists and elbows.

DDK:

That assault has definitely taken a toll on Jonny Booya. He's never been the lithest wrestler in the world, but he's definitely labouring in there.

Angus:

Agreed. But again, I just have to wonder if Fatas threw too much, too soon.

Ready to continue, Curtis Penn's right hand man pulls The Anti-Superstar up and whips him hard into the corner. Natas hits the turnbuckles chest-first, before Jonny follows him over, pulls him around, and hits a hard open-hand slap across his cheek.

DDK:

Blatant disrespect from Jonny Booya!

Jason, however, fires back in a matter of seconds. His weapon of choice?

You guessed it: an elbow.

Having learned his lesson from earlier, Booya isn't too keen on getting into a striking exchange with Jason, and jabs him in the eyes. Before the official can get between them and intervene, Jonny makes sure he gets off a couple of hard right hands.

DDK:

Booya's now being admonished for the eye poke, which gives Natas some time to recover himself.

Angus:

Yeah, that was kinda stupid from Booya's POV. I get not wanting to strike with Natas again, but if this guy had more than two brain cells to bash together, he'd realise that he'd just given a guy with notoriously bad stamina a chance to recover.

DDK:

Indeed. Natas can't touch Booya while the referee's between them.

Jason is ready before the referee's fully finished with Jonny Booya, and puts his hands-up, urging his opponent to come forward. Once the referee gets out of the way, Jason charges at his opponent, crashing into him with a big forearm.

DDK:

Another strike! And now Jason ties him up!

Natas goes belly-to-belly, but before he can pull Booya up, Jonny breaks the hold with a short elbow to the temple. A boot to the gut follows, before Booya goes to the ropes, and rebounds with a forearm clothesline!

DDK:

Axe Bomber! Booya hooks the leg!

ONE!**T-TWO!****NO! NATAS KICKS-OUT!****Angus:**

Come on, Fatas! Get it together!

DDK:

Now we'll see if Jason Natas can really gut it out! He flat-out dislikes Jonny Booya, and that's something you can't say about any of his previous opponents. Now that he's tasted Booya's offence, and he use that frustration to rally?

Angus:

I kinda hope so, because the thought of his goon having his hand raised in victory is making me a little ill at the moment.

Now smiling again, Jonny returns to his full vertical, and puts his arms out to the side. The jeers are elementary, and he responds by gently kicking Natas' side, mocking him. Eventually he calls for his opponent to rise, and The Anti-Superstar rolls onto his stomach, then pushes himself onto all fours.

Unfortunately, this only invites Booya to surge forward and soccer kick him square in the gut.

DDK:

OOOOOOHHH!

Angus:

My God...

DDK:

Jonny Booya just winded Natas! This is starting to look rather grim for the New Yorker.

Angus:

Surprised Booya's boot didn't get lost in those layer--

DDK:

Would you stop?!

Angus:

Can't help myself. Sorry, not sorry.

Again, the action leaves the ring. This time it's through Jonny Booya rolling Jason off the apron, then following him out. Once there, Booya takes a handful of Natas' hair, then slams his face down into the apron.

Angus:

That'll rearrange a few features!

With his opponent exactly where he wants him, Jonny turns Natas around, and slaps him across the face once again. He berates him loudly -- and explicitly -- in front of the first few rows, before grabbing an arm, and looking to the ring steps.

DDK:

Oh no, what's he going to do here?!

Angus:

Gee, I wonder...

Booya pulls Natas away from the apron and Irish Whips him to the steps...

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

But Natas counters!

Jonny Booya hits the steps HARD, and the crash is almost painful to listen to.

Angus:

YES!

DDK:

Jason Natas does what he needs to stay alive! Booya is down again, and the referee's counting!

But Natas can't follow-up quickly enough. He stumbles back against the barricade, his chest heaving with every breath. It only takes a few seconds for him to shamle back to Booya's body, but the time taken is very, very noticeable.

DDK:

He's really starting to feel it now, Angus. It's like you said: Natas may very well have done himself more harm than good by going all-out early-on.

Angus:

Yeah, that's the thing. He knows he can hit hard and wanted to put Booya down as quickly as possible, before fatigue set-in, but it's taking a real toll now.

DDK:

Natas is gonna have to finish this quickly, simple as.

As the count veers perilously close to ten, and a double count-out, a tiring Anti-Superstar pushes Jonny back into the ring, then rejoins the action himself. Once inside, he hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! SHOULDER UP!

Frustrated, Jason repeats the act.

ONE!

TW-- NO! KICK OUT!

Angus:

Oh yeah, it's creeping-in now. The second pinfall was never gonna come-off for him.

It takes Jason Natas longer than ever before to get back to his feet, and he needs a moment or two to steady himself once he's there. Eventually, however, he runs a thumb across his own throat, then throws Booya's head under his arm.

DDK:

He's going for the finish!

Jason pulls Booya high in the air, but his legs start to wobble before he can drop him on his head. Jonny seizes the moment and cracks Jason in the skull, forcing the Anti-Superstar to let him down.

Angus:

NO!

Natas doubles over when Booya kicks his torso. Jonny applies the Gutwrench.

DDK:

Uh-oh...

A big, powerful suplex drives Natas into the mat, and Jonny rises, dusting his hands off.

DDK:

Huge move from Jonny Booya!

Angus:

Probably the biggest over the match so far, and that could be all she wrote. Jonny's making the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! JASON POWERS A SHOULDER UP!

Shaking his head, Jonny nonetheless rises up, taking Jason Natas with him. Once on his feet, Booya grabs Natas and tosses him overhead with a Fallaway Slam! He goes for the cover once again, but this time pushes his forearm into Natas' face.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- NO! KICK-OUT!

DDK:

Two huge power moves in quick succession, but Jason Natas stays alive!

Angus:

Guess there's some fight in this dude after all.

DDK:

Never doubt this man's fire, Angus. His body might not be at the level he wants it to be at, but he wants to beat Jonny Booya more than anything else in the world right now.

Now back to his full height, Jonny shouts something inaudible at the groggy Natas, who struggles his way onto his knees. Without warning, Jonny let's out a stiff kick to the chest.

DDK:

Ohhhhhh!

Instead of falling down, however, Jason kneels bolt upright again, calling for another.

Angus:

Is he...?!

Of course, Booyah obliges.

... and AGAIN Jason recovers, screaming for another kick.

DDK:

Jason Natas is begging Jonny Booya to kick him now!

Angus:

That's one tough ol' fat guy, Keebs!

The third kick comes, and Jason winces... but this time rises through the pain. Back on his feet, he throws an elbow, but the tiredness is taking a toll, and there's nowhere near as much power in the shot. The blow grazes Booya, but Jonny fires back with a clothesline, quickly levelling Natas.

Angus:

And this is where the accumulation of all those kicks creeps-in. Fatas fought through them on pure adrenaline, but the pain's gotta be setting-in now...

Jonny drops to the mat, hooks the leg, and pushes both feet into the ropes...

ONE!**DDK:**

HIS FEET ARE ON THE ROPES!

TWO!**THRRRRRRRR-- NOOOOOO! KICK OUT!****DDK:**

Good God, I thought that was it!

Now Booya's starting to get a little fed-up of Jason's survivability. He stomps hard on the Anti-Superstar, grabbing the top rope for extra leverage, before storming away from his opponent.

DDK:

I think Booya's starting to get a little worked-up himself, Angus.

Angus:

Credit to Natas here... he just won't succumb. Even when Jonny had his feet on the ropes, Jason wouldn't let himself lose.

DDK:

You've gotta think an end is coming soon, though. This feels like it's drawing to a close.

Booya scrapes a tiring, weary Jason Natas off of the mat and whips him across the ring. The Powerslam that he hits on the return almost shakes the damn thing.

Angus:

Alright. That's it. Goodnight.

He hooks the leg.

ONE!**TWO!****TH-TH-THREEEEEEEE-- NOOOOOO!****JASON THROWS A SHOULDER UP!****Angus:**

WHAT?!

DDK:

Jason Natas is still alive! This guy is made of iron!

Angus:

He's like a goddamn cockroach!

DDK:

Say what you will about the gas tank, but Natas is showing real heart out there tonight!

Jonny Booya is now legitimately angered by his own inability to put Natas away.

This time, there's no fucking around.

Booya throws Jason's head between his legs, and crosses his arms across his burly chest.

DDK:

Uh-oh, he's going for the Booya Bomb...

Jonny hoists Jason onto his shoulder. The Anti-Superstar can't free his arms to fight back, and his helpless as Booya straightjacket powerbombs him into the mat.

DDK:

BOOYA BOMB! There it is!

Angus:

UGH. Just, UGH.

DDK:

Into the cover!

ONE!**TWO!****THREEEEEEEEEEEE!****Angus:**

GODDAMNIT!

The bell rings, The Prodigy plays, and Jonny Booya slowly rises to his feet.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner by way of pinfall... JONNNNNYYYYYYYYY BOOOOOOOYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Full credit to Jason Natas tonight, Angus. That was the most impressive performance we've seen him put-in thus far, but that early flurry took as much out of him as it did Jonny Booya.

Angus:

Pardon me while I go kill myself, Keebs.

DDK:

Is watching Booya win really that difficult for you?!

Angus:

Yes! 100%. Natas took some of Jonny's biggest moves, I'll give him that, and he looked more competent than ever before... but it's clear there's still a lot of work to be done.

DDK:

I can't disagree with that at all, Angus. For Natas, the frustration continues.

WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT YOU TAKE

Backstage in a hallway somewhere in DEFArena. There's no Lance Warner, very little noise, nothing but Dan Ryan leaning up against the wall, geared up and ready to go. He stares a hole into the camera.

Dan Ryan:

You don't get many chances in this business to make a statement. People come and go. I've seen them all. There have been flavors of the month every six months or so over the years -- some hot shit blue chipper ready to set the world on fire. And, sometimes they do.

For awhile.

You succeed in our sport not only with excellence, not only with skill, strength.... cunning. You succeed with perseverance, with consistency. You mark the highs and the lows, but you remain steady, always ready for an opening.

I walked into this company three years ago and everyone knew who I was. But it didn't matter. Nothing matters when you walk into this place because this place has a life of its own. DEFIANCE has a spirit about it that you either get or you don't. It doesn't matter what came before -- only what you can do once you've gotten here. The faithful aren't impressed by your list of championships or hall of fame inductions. They don't care about the legend. They don't care about the hype. You don't get to cruise.

I've been through the wars. I've strapped broken glass to my fist and driven it into the forehead of the original DEFIANT in Japan. I've sat on top of the cage and traded roundhouse punches with Dewey. I survived Jeff Andrews. I stared down the faithful and earned their respect when it seemed unlikely. I have nothing to prove here anymore. There have been other opportunities to become FIST of DEFIANCE again, but there's always an angle isn't there? There's always a reason why someone has to get involved to mess it up. And I get it. Believe me, I get it. I wrote the book on most of these tactics. It doesn't make me mad and it doesn't dissuade me from my goal.

Nothing can.

That's the thing about me, Bronson..... Eugene..... and even you, Lindsay.

I don't go away unless it's what I want. No matter what you do, I'm always there. If I want it I will get it eventually. There is no other option. I will find what needs to be done to get what I want. I will do it and I will have my prize.

There has never been any reason for me to be a professional wrestler than to be the best there is. There is no reason to be here if you don't want to be the best. It's all I know and all I am, and it's never changed.

I'm not content to share anymore. I won't step aside. I won't stand on stage and break off a piece and pass it around like I'm on stage at the end of Mean Girls. I'm not in a giving mood. I'm in the mood to take. Eugene Dewey has had the FIST for far, far too long. I'm taking what I want.

I'm taking what I need.

Fade to ringside.

SAM HORRY vs JAKE DONOVAN

DDK:

Up next is a grudge match between both Jake Donovan and Sam Horry, which ever since Acts of DEFIANCE our last pay-per-view, has only escalated when it comes to physicality. Sam, making his return to DEFIANCE found himself burned and nearly blinded thanks to a fireball Jake spewed at him.

Angus:

Thereby easily making Sam, the hottest wrestler in DEFIANCE.

DDK::

At that same Acts of DEFIANCE, Jake also piefaced Sam's agent, Elizabeth 'Jeanie' Rivera-Horry. Horry was put on the sidelines for a few shows, and in the interim, Jake had burned opponents eventually threatening to burn Jeanie on a live broadcast of DEFtv. Ironically enough, that lit a fuse under Sam—

Angus:

Hah! You said 'lit'.

DDK:

--that exploded when Sam returned after getting a doctor's clearance. Later that night, Jake got himself involved in costing Sam a match against the leading contender for Eugene Dewey's FIST of DEFIANCE championship, Lindsay Troy. Tonight both men are ready to end it once and for all.

The arena lights go dark, when the opening strains of the play over the PA system.

♪ "4 da Fam" Amil ♪

Sam's crowd come unglued, as the recognize the significance of this particular entrance song for Sam. When the lights come back on Sam, is in the middle of the ring kneeling. A wide shot from the camera shows Sam's fight team surrounding the ring holding hands in solidarity. The camera focuses back on Sam, who tilts his head up, revealing a silver demon skull faceplate attached to his traditional Muay Thai mongkon headdress.

DDK:

For those of you who may not be familiar, this is how Sam would enter the ring for his Vale Tudo fights in Japan, when the people of Japan christened him, "Daishi" which loosely translates to 'Death Angel' and where the 'War Horry!' chants first began.

In the ring Sam, clad in a black pair of Muay Thai shorts with indigo thai lettering, and black shin guards tucked into black Nike wrestling sneakers with an indigo check, begins performing the ritual dance known as the Wai Kru to his theme song.

Darren Quimbey:

The following bout is scheduled for one fall. In the ring, from the East Elmhurst section of Queens, New York weighing in at 238 pounds. "The H.N.I.C." SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMM
 HOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

Angus:

Oh how nice, Sam is gonna dance for us before he gets cooked.

DDK:

You ever seen that movie, Kickboxer with Van Damme?

Angus:

I love that movie!

DDK:

When Sam moves like that in the ring before a fight don't think dance, think Tong Po.

Angus:

Oh yeah I--oh

DDK:

When I heard he'd be using this as his entrance, I did some insight into it. This is Sam at his most dangerous, to hear those close to him tell it.

The camera pans in on a group of fans holding a large sign that read "æ! Horry!" (War Horry!) Sam, finishes the Wai Kru as he walks to a waiting Jeanie in the corner who completes the tradition by saying a quick prayer with him and removing the headdress and faceplate. Sam stands in the middle of the ring as his crowd continues the 'War Horry!' chant. His entourage makes their way to the backstage area.

Angus:

Like I said before, he can't bring them in the ring with him.

The arena lights go dark again. It's silent, before flames shooting from the stage provide a backdrop for the opening riffs and bassline.

♪ "Fire It Up" Black Label Society ♪

The flames stop shooting from the entrance way and circle of fire appears on the ground leading from the aisle. As 'Fire It Up's' tempo speeds up, Jake Donovan rises up through the ring of fire, his arms holding a bo staff across his shoulders like a crucifix.

DDK:

Like a demon rising from the depths of hell itself, comes Jake Donovan. Tonight, Jake Donovan vows to put Sam on the shelf for good this time. He says that he will purge DEFIANCE by a baptism of fire and blood.

Angus:

Chef Jake-ar-Dee means business tonight. He's gonna make good on that promise, beginning with Sam.

Walking towards the ring, Jake's eyes were radiating intensity. He was oblivious to the boos raining down on him.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Mason City, Iowa weighing in at 215 pounds he is "The Phoenix!" JAAAAAAAAAAAAAKE
DOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNOVAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNN!

With the bo staff still across his shoulders, Jake steps into the ring, as Sam slides out. Jake in his traditional black, flame emblazoned, cargo pants, and red mesh shirt, which fades into flame orange takes the center of the ring as a spotlight focuses on him. Jake performs a kata with the bo staff, before splitting it in two to form to Eskrima sticks.

DDK:

Jake Donovan has a well documented martial arts background as well. His more in the traditional stylings of Kempo Karate, and--I hope I'm pronouncing this right--Shorin Ryu Genbu Kai.

Angus:

Did you just order me Orange Chicken?

Jake performs the kata with the Eskrima sticks, striking them to light them on fire as he continued. He spewed from his mouth causing a massive fireball to erupt from the center of the ring.

Angus:

This is like preheating the oven, you know.

Stepping on the middle turnbuckle, Jake still brandishing the flaming Eskrima sticks, looks towards Sam's direction and blows another huge fireball.

Angus:

Look at the gamesmanship by Jake Donovan. Taunting Sam, letting him know what's in store for him tonight.

Jake hops down from turnbuckles, and snuffs the flames on his Eskrima sticks before handing them to a ringside assistant who hands them to the timekeeper.

DDK:

The hatred between these two men is off the charts. Both have gone through their ceremonial style preparation, and both are ready to get it on when this bell rings.

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

DDK:

And here we go!

Jake and Sam circle each other as the crowd immediately comes alive. Donovan, already having shown he is no slouch in the martial arts, throws a low roundhouse kick, which Sam stops by raising his shin to meet Donovan's incoming foot. They continue circling one another, when Donovan throws another low roundhouse kick, which again was checked by Sam.

DDK:

Feeling out process here by Donovan, though you get the feeling that at any moment Sam is going to explode.

Angus::

Which is exactly what Jake Donovan is counting on. I've been telling you all week, just because Sam is prepared to hurt Jake Donovan as much as he can, does not mean he'll actually do it. Jake is not gonna let Sam just hurt him.

DDK:

With that look in Sam's eyes, Jake may not have a choice.

Sam shoots in for a single leg takedown, but Jake sprawls and spins away from Sam's grasp. Jake threw another roundhouse kick at the kneeling Sam's head, but Sam catches kick and stands up with him, as the crowd stirs. With Jake now hopping on one leg, Sam delivers a hard low roundhouse kick of his own to Jake's free leg which buckles him. Sam pulls Jake towards him and connects with an uppercut that staggers Donovan into the corner. Sam then follows through with a double left hook to Jake's body, then a third left hook to Donovan's jaw, which brought the crowd to their feet. The referee steps in following a straight right hand from Sam that snaps Jake's head back.

DDK:

What combinations by Sam! And did you see how that last punch snapped Jake's head back?!

Angus::

Yeah, but look at how Jake weathered those blows, and is still in the fight! Look, he's daring Sam to come back to him in the corner.

DDK:

Maybe he's gonna try to get Sam to punch himself out.

With a mischievous smile, Donovan taunts Sam from the corner again. Sam obliges but is cut off from the referee when Jake sticks his torso between the front and second ropes. This draws boos from the crowd, which causes Jake to laugh.

Angus::

See, Jake is already in Sam's head. He's yo-yoing Sam in and out of the corner.

Donovan draws Sam in again. This time when the referee steps in to separate them, Donovan grabs Sam by the back of the head, and throws a right hand of his own. Sam slips the punch and connects with another left hook to Donovan's jaw, and follows through with an overhead right cross, finishing the combination with a left leg body kick as Donovan tried to escape the corner which stunned him along the ropes. The pro-Horry crowd knew what was coming next.

Fans: KNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESS!!!

DDK:

This crowd called it!

Clasping his hands behind Donovan's head, Sam began throwing knees to Jake's midsection. The knowledgeable fans began chanting 'eh!' which each knee Sam drills into Jake's torso. Sam releases the clinch and scores with a push kick that sends Jake careening into the turnbuckles. Sam goes for the homerun roundhouse kick affectionately called the 'Murderdeathkick' but Jake ducks, and Sam catches his left leg on the top rope. Jake tags a tangled Sam with a dropkick, sinking Sam into the corner.

DDK:

And just like that, the tide has turned. Now we can expect Jake to use those hit and run tactics that served him well at Acts of Defiance.

Angus:

All this to lead to what we all came to see tonight: Horry au flambé!

DDK:

You're sick.

Angus:

Aw come on, like you didn't bring marshmallows.

Donovan, watching Sam base up to his feet, explodes with a charging European uppercut that forcefully rebounds Sam off the turnbuckles. Jake Irish whips Sam across the ring to the opposite set of turnbuckles, and follows him in with another European uppercut, sandwiching Sam in between Jake's forearm and the rigid turnbuckles. As Sam staggers forward from the turnbuckles, Jake hops onto Sam's shoulders, and takes him down with a hurrancanrana. Now in the mount position, Jake turns Sam's head to the left side and begins viciously slapping Sam, and raking at the side of Sam's eye.

DDK:

Look at Jake, scratching and clawing at the side of Sam's face he burned at Acts of DEFIANCE! What kind of sick, twisted person does that?!

Angus:

The kind of person who will do anything to win; no matter what lines he has to cross. The ends justify the means.

DDK:

Now Jake's biting that same spot! Come on ref, get in there!

Angus:

No Jake, no! You're doing it wrong! You gotta flambé him first! You can't leave him undercooked!

Utilizing his 5 count, the referee moves into separate Jake from biting Sam. When Jake stands up, he immediately drops a knee to same spot he was previously biting. Holding his face, Sam slid out of the ring.

Angus:

He's not safe out there.

Getting a running start, Donovan jumps through the top and middle ropes, connecting with a dropkick to the back of Sam's head and shoulders, which earns Jake a modest reaction from the crowd.

DDK:

Now that was impressive. Say what you want about Jake's despicable nature in hurting his opponents, but from bell to bell he is pure poetry.

Angus:

Sam can't hit what he can't touch. It's like Nolan Ryan throwing against Barry Bonds. Yeah if Bonds hits the ball, it'll go sailing, but that's only if he can catch a pitch he can hit. If Nolan Ryan is throwing his best stuff, Bonds will wiff all day. Jake Donovan is throwing his best 90 mph fastball, and Sam is wiffing big time; asterisk and all.

DDK:

Asterisk and all?

Angus:

Yeah I keep that asterisk there to remind myself to not totally hate Sam, cause of MUHBOITAH!

DDK: *(sighs)*

Just when you were starting to make sense...

Donovan rolls Sam into the ring, and Jake quickly ascends to the top turnbuckle. When a dazed Sam stands to his feet, Donovan drops him back to the mat with a top rope, spinning heel kick. Donovan then shoots the half nelson.

DDK:

Cover!

ONE!

TW--!

DDK:

Sam with the strong kick out. But to your earlier point, Sam can't hit what he can't touch. Donovan's gameplan ironically enough straight out of boxing's playbook: hit and don't get hit.

Angus:

How many times have I told you, Keebs; I'm always right sometimes.

Jake stands Sam to his feet, backing Sam towards the ropes with a hard knife edge chop across Sam's chest. He then follows up with a roundhouse kick to the same spot on Sam's chest. Jake Irish whips Sam, but Sam reverses the Irish whip and sends Donovan to the opposite side ropes. When Jake rebounds off the ropes, Sam swings wild for the lariat, but Jake expertly parries the attempt and transitions the attempt; and locks Sam in a deep Abdominal Stretch.

Angus:

It's like I've been telling everybody since the powers that be felt the need to put that puff piece out on Sam, and all this 'training' he's been doing. This will not be a cake walk for Sam.

DDK:

I don't think anybody thought that this match would be a cake walk for either athlete.

Angus:

All I've been hearing is, 'Oh Sam is gonna be like Vale Tudo Sam,' 'Jake doesn't realize what danger he's in.' Look, this man burned this "dangerous", Vale Tudo fighter, mugged his woman, and got away with it. Now he's got Sam stretched out, and Jake is looking damned good at it.

With the referee checking on Sam, Jake Donovan grabs a handful of the middle rope for added leverage. Sam's face contorts in pain.

DDK:

And you're fine with this blatant disregard for the rules, right here with Jake holding on to the ropes.

Angus:

Blatant?! What you're seeing right there is a perfect application of scientific wrestling.

DDK:

So, holding on to the ropes—illegally, might I add—is scientific?

Angus:

Wrestling is all about angles and leverage, Darren. What better use of leverage is there than to use the ropes? You need to take a remedial course in Wrestling 101, my friend.

DDK:

Will you stop?!

With the fans clapping, urging Sam to get out of this hold, Sam wedges his free arm in between his own leg and Jake's leg which is trapping him. Once Sam gets his leg free, Sam reverses the abdominal stretch into an hiptoss, simultaneously bringing the crowd into the match. Sam now back on offense, shoots again for the amateur wrestling style takedown, but Jake is one step ahead of him executing a springboard backflip off the middle ropes. When Jake lands, he dropkicks Sam to the back of Sam's head and shoulders, causing Sam to bounce off the same middle ropes and to the ring floor. With Sam on the outside, Jake took the time to gloat to mixed reaction of the crowd, mocking Sam's earlier Ram Muay.

Angus:

Admit it, Jake is making this look easy.

DDK:

I'm going to have to agree with you there.

Sam climbs onto the ring apron, and Jake greets him with foot stomps as he makes his way through the middle and bottom ropes. Jake drops a knee which stuns Sam on the mat. Next Jake drags Sam a little ways from the ropes, and plants a somersault legdrop across Sam's chest. Jake hooks the leg.

Angus:

That's gotta be it.

ONE!**TWO!****DDK:**

Sam with the kickout again.

Jake argues with the referee for a brief moment, before hooking the leg more forcefully, cradling Sam tighter.

ONE!

TWOO!!

Sam kicks out again.

Angus:

That count is looking mighty slow, ref!

Frustrated, Jake rakes the bottom of his boot across the area of Sam's face Jake had burned at Acts of DEFIANCE, and had previously raked and bit earlier in the match. Sam sits up groaning, to which Jake responds with a hard roundhouse kick to Sam's back.

DDK:

Jake can ill afford to show frustration now, he's wrestled a masterpiece of a match thus far.

Jake stands Sam up, maneuvering him towards the ropes, when Jake lets loose a HEAVY palm strike echoing throughout the DEFplex. Just like the boot rake, this is perfectly aimed once again at the area on Sam's face that Jake burned which staggers Sam back to the corner. The camera pans in on Sam's face where there is a bruise and a little swelling around his right eye.

DDK:

What a palm strike by Jake Donovan! There you see some of the physical toll Sam has had to pay in this match. Which, yes Angus, Jake Donovan has dominated thus far.

Angus:

He's got Sam hurt here, and now is the time where Jake is gonna go for the kill.

In the corner, Jake pulls Sam from the turnbuckles and hooks his head. He motions for the a tornado DDT, and runs off the middle and top turnbuckle, but Sam does not go with the momentum, and instead plants Jake with a northern lights suplex, to the roar of the crowd as he bridges for the pin.

DDK:

Great reversal by Sam!

ONE!

DDK:

Jake gets the shoulder up at one!

Angus:

Come on Jake!

Sam backflips over, holding on to Jake. He then deadlifts Jake from off the mat to deliver another bridging northern lights suplex.

DDK:

Another northern lights suplex!

ONE!

Angus:

And again Jake is up at one!

Sam backflips over again, and repeats the motion to complete the hat trick. Jake pulls away from Sam briefly, and comes back with a hard swing for a lariat with Sam still holding on to Jake's wrist. Sam ducks the lariat and shoots behind Jake trapping Jake's left arm while Sam hoists Jake up and folds Jake awkwardly with an arm-trap German suplex. The crowd again came alive.

Fans:

WAR HORRY! WAR HORRY! WAR HORRY!

DDK:

Arm Trap German Suplex?! Where in the world did Sam come up with that one?

Angus:

Come on Jake! Sam's pulling suplexes out of his ass!

Sam tries to gather a second's worth of rest as his body begins to heal from the damage Jake dealt earlier. Jake shakes his cobwebs loose from the suplex as he makes it to his feet. Sam charges at him with a Yakuza kick that Jake ducks. Jake answers back with a spinning hook kick, but Sam drops to the mat and scissors Jake down to the mat trapping Jake's left leg. Horry locks in the calf silcer in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

What in the hell is that?!

DDK:

It looks like a—a short arm scissor applied to the leg? Sam is an encyclopedia of these submission holds.

Jake is trying to find a way out of the hold, as Sam clamps the hold tighter. Too proud to tap out, Jake instead opts to fight his way out, slapping and irritating the bruised side of Sam's face. Sam clamps the hold tighter, which prompts Jake to slap harder and harder. Jake grunts his way to the bottom rope, forcing the submission hold to be broken. Sam releases and stands to his feet. Jake pulls himself up. Now it was Sam with the mischievous smirk telling Jake to meet him in the middle of the ring, as Sam's fan base thunders their approval.

DDK:

I don't get why Sam is taunting Jake here.

Jake takes a step towards Sam, and immediately Jake's left leg buckles dramatically, as he stumbles towards the center of the ring. Jake looks up to see what was a mischievous smirk turn into a bloodthirsty smile.

DDK:

Whatever that leg submission was, Jake it seems can't put weight on his leg. And Sam knows it.

Angus:

I told you, Sam is as dirty as it gets.

DDK:

This looks like it's going to get worse before it gets better.

Sam dashes in with a left jab, then connects with left jab, left hook, and low right roundhouse kick to the injured leg. Jake swings to connect, but Sam is out of range before Jake can complete the motion. Hopping back in, Sam drills Jake with a left jab, left body hook, left straight, right hook combination, which knocks Jake on one knee to the second rope.

DDK:

Jake might as well be a heavy bag in the ring!

The ref steps in to check on Jake, but Jake pushes him away. Jake grits his teeth and throws a right hook at Sam,

which Sam slips and lands a crushing counter left hook. Instinctively, Jake puts his guard up, but Sam slides a left uppercut through the opening which stuns Jake along the ropes. Sam opens another combination, landing another left jab, right straight, left body hook, right leg roundhouse kick. Sam's fan base came unglued, when Sam unloaded on Donovan again with a glancing left hook, hard right body hook, two left leg body roundhouse kicks, and an overhand right that put Donovan to the canvas.

DDK:

Hard overhand right by Sam Horry! His combinations are landing flush. Too much speed, maybe too much power as well.

Angus:

Of course it's too much speed! You see Jake limping out there! And why don't you put over how gallant Jake is to keep getting up after Sam's onslaught.

DDK:

I think Jake is very brave to want to continue this fight. But at this pace, it's hard to see how he'll last. By the way I didn't see you commending Sam when Jake dominated the opening portion of this match, and Sam battled back.

Angus:

That's because I don't like Sam. Look, do as I say not as I do.

Sam pushes the ref out of the way, clasping a hold of Jake, Sam arches back to deliver the release German suplex, but Donovan lands on his feet. Jake lands a dropkick, but only to Sam's midsection as Jake's legs are not quite in working order just yet.

Angus:

Look at this superhuman effort by Jake Donovan! He's still on the offense!

With Sam in the corner, Jake presses forward, but walks into a front push kick from Sam. Sam lifts his leg to throw a roundhouse kick, which Jake immediately goes to parry, but it's a ruse to get Jake to drop his guard, Sam faked the roundhouse kick landing a hard jumping elbow strike. The crowd roared as Jake's head snapped back and he landed on the mat.

DDK:

A Superman—elbow?! Sam may have the potent offensive firepower in the industry today!

The referee knelt down by Jake, clutching at his face. He motions towards the back, which sees the Head of DEFIANCE's medical staff sprint towards ringside.

Angus:

That's Iris Davine DEFIANCE's in house doc, I don't know what—

The camera then pans on Jake's face which has a wicked gash freely bleeding over his left eye. The fans gave a loud "Ohhhhhhhhhhh" at the sight.

DDK:

That is a nasty cut over Jake's eyebrow.

Angus:

Check Sam's elbow! I wouldn't put it past him to blade poor Jake Donovan!

DDK::

Poor Jake Donovan?! The man has been burning people in the ring for over a month, least of which his opponent tonight, and threatened to burn his wife. You hate to see people hurt, but sometimes turnabout is fair play.

The referee and Iris Davine are huddled over Jake Donovan who is sitting on the middle turnbuckle. While the jumping elbow strike which led to the cut plays in slow motion.

DDK::

You called it, Angus. That Superman Elbow cut Jake right open. They may stop this match. If he is bleeding and it impairs his vision—

Angus:

Shut up! Shut up!!!

A microphone on the camera manages to pick up the conversation between the two

Ref:

Look, Jake; Sam's tagging you clean, and your cut is over your eye. I have to look out for the safety of the competitors, and I want to stop this match.

Fans:

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Iris Davine:

I think it's a good call, you two can do this again another night.

Angus:

Sam's gonna take the easy win? Some "fighter."

Sam walks to the middle of the ring, motioning for Jeanie to come down the aisle which she does to the sound of catcalls and whistles. When she gets to the ring, it's a real quick exchange.

Jeanie:

Black bag?

Sam:

Yeah.

Jeanie goes back up the aisle.

Angus:

I don't trust either of them! What black bag are they talking about?

DDK:

Your guess is as good as mines.

Almost immediate Sam's fight team member came down with a small black leather pouch, handing it to Davine, who examines the contents, and nodded towards the fight team member, and then back at Sam. He says something to both the referee and Jake who both nod, then Davine pulls a cotton swab dipping in the solution marked Adrenaline 1:1000. He applied it to the gash on Jake's forehead. Sam spoke into the mic.

Sam Horry:

For those of y'all who don't know what's going on. I had my agent bring down my cutman's bag. In it a solution called Adrenaline 1:1000. Adrenaline 1:1000 is a coagulant fighters use to stop the bleeding so they can continue fighting.

The crowd began cheering.

Sam Horry:

In other words, this night ain't over for you, Jake! You gon' get this work!

With the crowd cheering louder at the prospect of a solid conclusion to this match, Davine puts a light smattering of Vaseline over Jake's cut. Jake charges out of the corner, while Sam is putting the microphone down, blitzing Sam with punches.

DDK:

Jake like a house on fire, opening up with the fury!

Angus:

This is where the rubber meets the road! This is the time where you hold nothing back! This is where you have to dig deep! Jake Donovan is going to will himself to victory.

Now it was time for Sam to cover up in the corner. Jake rains down punches and forearms to Sam finishing with two front kicks to a slumping Sam on the second turnbuckle. Jake drags Sam out towards the middle of the ring, and plants Sam with a brainbuster.

DDK:

Cover!

ONE!

TWOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK::

Sam kicks out again!

Angus:

Yeah, but Sam's on his last legs, he doesn't have many kickouts left.

High on his second wind, Jake drags Sam towards the middle ropes, spin kicking Sam to the mid section. Sam falls through the first and second ropes and on to the apron. Jake goes onto the ring apron and targets Sam as he is pulling himself up along the outer edge of the turnbuckles. When Jake charges at Sam, Sam explodes with a jumping knee that connects, sending Jake sprawling towards the ringpost.

DDK:

Jake charging at Sam one too many times, and that jumping knee looks like it reopened Jake's cut.

Camera pans in on Jake wiping blood out of his eye when Sam's hands grab a handful of hair. Sam, now in the ring and on the middle turnbuckle, hooks Jake's head and arm.

Angus:

He's gonna try to suplex Jake back into the ring!

DDK:

No, Sam's gonna try to superplex Jake back into the ring.

Sam lifts Jake for the vertical superplex but Jake answers with a knee of his own to Sam's forehead. Jake grabs a woozy Sam and places his head between his legs.

DDK:

Jake can't be doing what I think he's going to do.

Angus:

If he hits this it's over!!!

Motioning to the crowd, Jake executes a flipping piledriver to Sam from the turnbuckles to the mat!

Fans:

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

I completely echo the fan's sentiment. That was INCREDIBLE! I think you're right, Sam may have been on his last legs. It should be academic.

Angus:

Sam is not moving!

Jake exhausted, pulls himself slowly to his feet. Wiping more blood from his eye, he looks down on his opponent.

Angus:

COVER HIM, JAKE! Finish it!!

DDK:

He's got Sam dead to rights, here. Jake is just looking at him.

Angus:

Jake you're wasting time! You got this! Cover him!

A blood drenched smile forms on Jake's lips. Jake leaves the ring walking towards the timekeeper. Sam begins to stir in the ring, meanwhile.

Angus:

He's moving Jake! He's mov--

The camera pans in on Jake who now has his Eskrima sticks in his hands. He slides into the ring as Sam has started crawling towards the ropes. Jake performs a short kata, then commences to beating Sam violently with the sticks.

Angus:

Yeah Jake! Beat him like he owe you money! Beat him as if he took something that did not belong to him and he kept it! Beat him like a runaway--

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

--drum?

After several more devastating strikes from the Eskrima sticks, Jake places Sam's upper torso back first against the middle turnbuckles. Jake holds the end one of the sticks over his mouth, pushing a lever on the stick, a liquid pours into Jake's mouth.

Angus:

Hell of a time to take a drink, there Jake.

DDK:

He's not drinking!

Jake strikes the sticks together and one produces a small flame atop of it. He threw the second stick out of the ring, as the crowd stirs.

Angus:

It's flambé time! You were right, this is going to get worse before it gets better. Remember Jake, turn Sam over once every 10 minutes to cook thoroughly. Eat your heart out Rachel Ray!

As Jake approaches Sam menacingly, the referee gets in the way to stop him and gets pushed aside for his trouble. The camera pans in on Sam who knows exactly what is about to go down, the fright in his eyes is undeniable. Then the fright turned into rage, and when it did, Sam explodes from the corner, slamming Jake to the mat with an amateur wrestling style double leg takedown.

Angus:

Oh no! Jake dropped the stick!

DDK:

And Sam's got the mount position! He's finished off fights in both the Vale Tudo and MMA ranks from this very position.

Sam rains down blows to Donovan, his tape and hemp rope covered fists assaulting Jake from all angles. The referee steps in to check to see if Donovan will give up, but Donovan refuses. Now Sam begins to mix elbows in with his punches, further opening the cut his Superman elbow opened minutes earlier.

DDK:

It's getting brutal in there, ref!

Angus:

This is awful!

Jake tries bucking Sam off from on top of him, but Sam holds the position, and continues to punish Jake. With the blood pouring freely from his above his eye, Jake makes one final lunge towards his Eskrima stick laying near them. Sam expertly shifts from the mount to amateur wrestling's North/South position. Sam, using his arms and upper chest to hold Jake down, does a modified handstand and drops a knee to Jake's forehead, which draws a roar from Sam's fans.

DDK:

Okay ref, let's look in on Jake, now!

With his crowd still boisterous, Sam performs the modified handstand again and drops another knee, then double knees in 1-2 fashion, when Sam drops another unanswered 1-2 knee combo, the referee jumps in having seen enough.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

That's it! It's over!

Sam stands to his feet, soaking in the cheers of his crowd. The referee raises his hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of the contest as a result of a referee's stoppage, "The H.N.I.C.
SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM HOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

DDK:

What brutal finish by Sam.

Angus:

He got lucky! Jake would've beat him if he'd have pinned him right after that flipping piledriver. Jake made this

match look easy at times. Sam got lucky, the end.

DDK::

Then Jake should've kept his eye on the ball, and won. He wouldn't have gotten mauled in the end.

"4 da Fam" by Amil plays again, as Sam makes his way out the ring, greeted by his fight team. He takes another look back in the ring as Davine checks on Jake. Walking up the aisle he is met by his agent, his love interest, Jeanie. Looking at Jeanie, Sam's face contorts to his trademark scowl.

DDK::

And there you see the reason behind most of Sam's fury here tonight. I believe Jake took this to another level when he threatened her and--wait, why is Sam walking back to the ring?

Sam's power stride to the ring was purposeful and uninterrupted. He slid back into the ring where the referee was checking on Jake as he stood to his feet. Sam brushed aside the referee, and blindsided Jake with a savage roundhouse kick to the head. Sam's crowd cheers him on as Jake's body fell awkwardly limp on top of his own leg.

Fans:

War Horry! War Horry! War Horry!

Angus:

What a cheap shot!!!

DDK:

Sam come on, you proved your point! We know what he's done. I can't justify blindsiding someone who was no longer your opponent.

Davine again slides into the ring as well as other medical personnel, to check on the unconscious Jake Donovan. Sam meanwhile was about to step through the ropes, but decides against it, to another loud roar from his crowd.

DDK:

What is Sam doing?

Angus:

Somebody stop him!

DDK:

Enough already, Sam!

Sam walks to and brushes aside the short gathering of medical personnel. Standing over Jake, Sam wiped Jake's blood with his own hand, and then smeared it diagonally down across Sam's shoulder and torso. Sam then thrusts his arms up in victory.

DDK::

What have we witnessed here tonight? He's wearing Jake's blood as almost a badge of honor.

Angus:

I told you at best Sam is a rabid dog, with a criminally hot agent holding his leash. He needs to get put down before he really hurts somebody.

Exiting the ring, Sam is surrounded by his fight team, as he and Jeanie walk up the entrance way. The camera pans back to the medical personnel who are surrounding a Jake Donovan who while sitting up, is not coherent. "What happened?" Donovan asks. "You were knocked out." a medical staff attendant answered. "You're going to the hospital for a scan, just as a precaution."

DDK:

Well, whatever the case, I think Horry certainly got his message across here tonight.

Angus:

I'm crazy and will bludgeon my enemies to death if they piss me off?

DDK:

Sounds about right, partner. In any case, we'll be back, right after this...

ROLLING OUT THE RED CARPET

The camera pans backstage and waiting at the interview set is none other than Lance Warner, getting ready to bring you the scoop. Now sit down, shut up, and listen to words.

Lance Warner:

Hello, ladies and gentlemen, thank you all for joining us whether it be here in the Wrestle-plex or viewing at home! I'm Lance Warner and standing by at this time, I have one of the four participants in tonight's Southern Heritage Title Ladder Match... please welcome "The Lord of the Skies" Andy Sharp!

With that wonderful introduction out of the way, in comes along the Canadian (or snowback, if you're cVc) star of DEFIANCE who excels at all things spot-fu, Andy Sharp! Rocking a BRAND NEW "Just Look Up" hoodie now on sale at wherever DEF merch is sold, Sharp almost looks excited at the prospect of tonight's match.

Andy Sharp:

Lance, pleasure.

He shakes Warner's hand before the interviewer continues.

Lance Warner:

Thanks. Now, Andy, you haven't been here in DEFIANCE too long, but already you're looking at the biggest opportunity...

Andy Sharp:

Well, my SECOND biggest opportunity, thanks to Penn-isbreath. I had Booya beat and then he forced chisel-chin to take a walk, so yeah, I "won" by countout... the same way that Penn has been "winning" the last few weeks.

Lance Warner:

Fair points. That having been said, you're about to set foot into one of the two huge ladder matches tonight for the coveted Southern Heritage Championship. Do you feel any apprehension going into this match against a group of people with equal grievances against Curtis Penn?

Sharp nods along.

Andy Sharp:

No.

Lance Warner:

Straight answer. Care to elaborate?

Andy Sharp:

My entire career, I've been fortunate enough to go 120 miles per hour in that ring because that's the type of guy I am. I've never fallen prey to injuries by some grace of God and a ladder match... well, that's my jam. Ladder matches were my specialty in ACW. I won my first title there, the TV Title, in a ladder match. I've retained the ACW World Title in a ladder match. So suffice it to say: No. I'm not apprehensive. I'm READY. No offense to Harmony, Walker and total offense to Penn... but this is MY moment tonight and there's NO height I won't reach if it means walking out with the Southern Heritage Championsh...

Sharp is cut off when something bumps into his foot. He looks down, only to see a red carpet being rolled out by two scrawny staff members. They look up at Sharp, in confusion and intimidation. It doesn't take long for someone to come walking down the carpet.

OSV:

C'mon guys! What's the holdup!?

The man who steps into view, is one who has never been seen in DEFIANCE, but is instantly recognizable. Dressed in a full suit, the top of it undone to expose his chest, Mikey Unlikely steps to the end of the crimson ground covering. He looks at Sharp, gives him the up and down. Mikey slowly brings his hand to the chest of Andy Sharp, and gently pushes him back a step. He kicks the carpet to finish unrolling it, then steps directly in front of Sharp, blocking him from view, Mikey looks at the camera. Lance Warner doesn't know what to do.

Lance Warner:

I'm sorry sir, but we're conducting an interview with Andy Sharp about his upcoming title...

Unlikely shakes his head and laughs. He waves off Warner.

Mikey Unlikely:

YES! The Rumors are true! Mikey Unlikely is here in DEFIANCE! The biggest star to ever grace your dingy little building has finally arrived! Although I do not know your name random staff member, you most certainly know mine! I mean, how could you not? I sell out every venue, my movies have earned MILLIONS in the box office, and I've been ruling the national wrestling spotlight for almost two years! I have only one thing to say...

Before Unlikely can say it, Andy Sharp taps him on the shoulder.

Andy Sharp:

Hey, bud... I get the whole "I'm the new guy, gotta latch on for screen time" deal. Been there, bought that book... but Warner's right. Interview here and all that jazz. Camera's all yours in a second if you want it, dude.

Sharp turns back to Warner.

Andy Sharp:

Okay, so where were we...? Title... Southern Heritage... important... Penn has a lot more in common with Summer's Eve than people might know...

Unlikely is having none of it. He now faces Sharp directly.

Mikey Unlikely:

First off, I am not your "bud". I hang with the Clooney's, and the Dicaprio's of this world...not...nobodies, like yourself. Secondly, and let me clear this up right now, the camera time, IS MY TIME. There is no single person in this building, worth sharing MY screen time with. Certainly not some flippy doo wrestler like yourself. I believe this is a pay per view, not a pay per who!? Am I right? Now, as I was saying...

Before Mikey can get to his statement, Andy takes one long breath and jumps right in front of the DEFIANCE newcomer.

Andy Sharp:

LADDERMATCHIWINSORRYNOTSORRYHARMTYANDPENN... [belt waist gesture that everybody knows in wrestling] NEWCHAMPRIGHTHURR!!

Sharp pats him on the shoulder.

Andy Sharp:

Okay, I'm good. Welcome to DEFIANCE, Mikey!

With that, one of the Southern Heritage hopefuls walks by the newcomer and steps away from the interview set, leaving Mikey Unlikely seething alone with Lance Warner as the scene fades.

HENRY KEYES vs CHANCE VON CRANK

DDK:

Welcome back to Ascension! Next up we have The Airship Pirate facing off against The Harlan County Devil.

Angus:

This match could get brutal. I saw Chance's valet earlier had a new rubber mask.

DDK:

She wears that when she feels insecure.

Angus:

That's precious. Henry Keyes finally snapped on the last DEFIANCE Tv. He and Chance battled until they had enough security gathered to safely break the two men apart.

DDK:

Keyes is looking for a revenge here tonight. Chance has haunted he and Harmony since his return to DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall...

A cocking shotgun is heard throughout. It is followed by a shotgun blast and the crowd boo's like crazy. The arena turns dark with a haze of purple throughout. Chance Von Crank's voice begins booming over the PA. Every word is traced across the big screen...

"SHOCK N' ROLLA!"

"HERE 2 SHOW YA!"

"COCKED BACK AND FKN' LOADED!"

"CHANCE..."

"VON."

"CRANK!"

♪ "I'm Broken" by Pantera ♪

Pantera hits shaking up the crowd almost immediately. Pixie Paradoxxx sticks her head out from behind the curtain just as the lights come back on. She is wearing a rubber Donald Trump mask that incites the entire crowd. Crank walks out from behind the curtain pushing Pixie a bit as he does. Chance's rhinestone robe glitters in the lights while his mullet is in pristine ppv form.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first... Hailing from HARLAN, KENTUCKY, and weighing in tonight at TWO hundred SIXTY-ONE POUNDS...The Harlan County Devil! CHANCE! VOOOOOOOOOOON CRANK!

DDK:

Chance looks especially smug tonight. He will face Henry Keyes in his first DEFIANCE PPV in nearly two years. Keyes is SICK of Chance after all of his recent antics.

Angus:

Aren't we all.

Chance walks down the aisle with Pixie attempting to hide behind him. Flashes throughout the arena catch The Trailer Park Prodigy in a moment forever. Pixie jumps up on the security barrier and crosses her legs to get comfortable. The upskirt shot is a PPV freebie. She continues to hide behind her new mask and even reaches in her bosom to retrieve the small Hillary voodoo doll.

Angus:

Ah... The now infamous Hillary Clinton voodoo doll. Chance warned me to never pull the string on that doll.

DDK:

Why?

Angus:

He said after you pulled its string, it takes your guns away.

Chance gets in the ring after handing Pixie his most expensive rhinestone robe. Chance waits patiently for Keyes.

DDK:

Chance looks to be all business here tonight.

Angus:

Here comes Keyes.

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

A whirr of propellers, and "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park blasts throughout. The crowd responds immediately with cheers while Chance just stares down the entrance way in wait. Red beacons of light pour across the arena and steam bursts through jets set up in the walkway. Keyes haunch-struts onto the stage before pointing to the ring with his braced arm.

Darren Quimbey:

And his/her opponent... Hailing from SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, and weighing in at TWO HUNDRED THIRTY-SEVEN POUNDS..."The Airship Pirate", HENRYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Crowd: "Air-Ship Pi-rate!" clap, clap, clapclapclap

Angus:

This crowd likes Henry for sure.

DDK:

They love Henry but maybe even more than that, they hate Crank beyond belief. This leaves Henry with a huge crowd support.

Henry marches down the aisle towards Chance. He watches himself as he passes by Pixie. She swings her legs out and pops the gum in her mouth at Henry. The Airship Pirate barely acknowledges Pixie at all.

DDK:

Henry is ready for this match!

Angus:

Listen to this crowd, they want Keyes to kick Chance's ass all over this place.

DDK:

He just might.

Keyes walks back and forth in his corner. Chance watches on from the opposite side of the ring. The crowd is worked up as the ref assures both men of the rules of the match. Chance blows a kiss at Keyes then begins taunting heavily.

Angus:

Keyes appears unfazed by any of Crank's antics here.

DDK:

The referee calls for the bell!

Keyes and Crank square off. They begin to circle each other. Keyes rushes straight for Chance, who dodges to the side and struts in a circle around the ring. Keyes follows in a hunched pose, a stern look in his eye. Keyes again rushes for Chance, only for Chance to continue running out of the way. Keyes is becoming visibly frustrated as Chance trolls him around the ring over and over.

DDK:

You can tell Keyes wants a fight, and Von Crank just won't give it to him!

Angus:

This fucking guy, Keebs. Maybe this is the right strategy - Keyes is a hothead prone to mistakes when he's frustrated, but dammit, I want to see some action!

Keyes and Chance stop, and Chance begins jawing about Keyes being a "blue-state hipster communist with that haircut and stache". Though it's not clear if he understands exactly what that means, Keyes picks up on the fact that he's being insulted and gives a shout and a stern point at his adversary. Chance seems to relent and holds up his right arm for a test of strength, gesturing that this is in goodwill. Keyes eyes it, chuckles, and begins to raise his brace arm to match - and Chance smashes him across the face with an open handed slap with his other arm! Keyes is INFURIATED and charges straight for Chance, tackling him and throwing haymakers! Chance rolls over and throws a few shots onto Keyes, and the two trade furious shots on the ground for several seconds before the referee attempts to separate the two.

DDK:

It's on now, Angus!

Angus:

You can't dodge the Reaper forever!

The referee finally pulls Keyes off of Chance and the two get to their feet. Keyes shoves the ref out of his way and goes for a handful of straight elbow shots to the head and chest of his opponent, now covering up in the corner. Keyes goes for an Irish whip to the opposite corner, which Chance reverses, sending Keyes into the corner. Chance charges, only to be countered by a pointed elbow to the face followed by a European Uppercut and a Spinning Back Elbow that sends Chance crashing to the mat! Keyes goes for the cover, only for Chance to kick out at one.

DDK:

It sounds like your earlier point may not come to pass - Keyes looks like he's channeling his anger pretty effectively here!

Angus:

And the crowd digs it! But it's early, Keebs. You KNOW that Von Crank has a few tricks up his sleeve.

As if on cue, as Keyes goes to pick Chance up by the head/hair, Chance throws a chop to Keyes's "abdomen", though

it's a bit low and it doubles Keyes over. The ref shouts a warning to Chance, who holds up his hands in innocence, before quickly darting to Keyes and planting him with a flowing Snap DDT. Chance sits up with a sick smile on his face, winking and air-kissing Pixie from across the ring. She reciprocates and claps along gleefully. Keyes, still on his belly, is slow to get up; Chance takes the opportunity to grind his boot into Keyes's left shoulder to raucous boos from the crowd. Keyes darts to his feet after howling in pain and charges at Crank with gritted teeth, only to be caught by a very stiff and powerful spinebuster.

Angus:

And there's that mistake!

DDK:

You may be right there Angus, that was a HUGE shot from Chance! Here's the cover, is it over already?? Noooo, Henry kicks out at two!

Angus:

You can feel the momentum beginning to shift in this thing. Chance has him right where he wants him!

Chance, hearing some hecklers in the crowd, gets to his feet and rolls to the outside. He begins jawing back at them, angrily calling a few of them "dirty wetbacks", before smacking the popcorn in one of the fans' hands sending it flying across the first couple rows to a HUGE cascade of boos. Meanwhile, Henry has gotten to his feet and is catching his breath in the corner, arms across the ropes. The referee warns Crank about his language. Chance ignores the warning then dashes towards Henry. Keyes moves suddenly and counters with a drop toe hold!

DDK:

OHOO. Crank's head smacked that turnbuckle! He is down!

Angus:

GOOD! GET HIM HENRY!

Chance is now dazed in the corner. Keyes gets back to his feet as Pixie beats on the apron to stir cVc. Henry lays Crank out flat on his belly. He then props up his left leg on the middle rope in the corner. He then props up the right. Keyes cradles Chance lifting him up level with both his legs now. Pixie begs Henry but he just looks at her emotionless. The delayed DDT drops all of cVc's weight onto his head. Henry hooks a leg for a pin!

DDK:

ONE!

Angus:

TWO! KICKOUT! Chance gets his shoulder up to break the pin.

Crank rolls around on the mat holding his skull. The turnbuckle assisted DDT nearly cracked his forehead wide open. Pixie is now on the apron stomping! The referee rushes over to warn her. Henry grapples Crank to one knee but turns to see what the fuss on the apron is about. Chance uses the opening to hit Keyes in the genitals as hard as he can with his huge balled fist! Keyes buckles and hits both knees directly in front of Chance. The two men begin swapping punches from their knees. The referee rushes in after he gets Pixie off the apron.

Angus:

These two men hate each other. Crank and Keyes continue to wage war from their knees.

DDK:

This crowd cheers each time Keyes lands a shot!

Crank headbutts Henry, sending him to the mat. cVc shakes his head in attempt to regain his bearings. Crank stumbles on his knees to get in a position to hover over Henry. Chance reaches down and wraps both of his hands around the Airship Pirate's throat. He squeezes as the referee begins his count. He continues to choke Henry until the

referee's count reaches four. cVc releases his grip and rolls off of Henry. The crowd boos Crank to no end.

Angus:

Chance continues to cheat and the referee continues to warn him. There HAS to be a breaking point for Mark Shields.

DDK:

He released the choke before the count was up. Bending the rules more than breaking them...but that's a pretty extreme bend.

Henry holds his throat and desperately attempts to get to his feet. The referee continues to give Chance a stern warning. cVc manipulates his position to turn the ref away from Keyes. Pixie reaches under the bottom rope into the ring. She drags her dirty sharp nails across Henry's face causing him to wince then yelp from the pain. This gets the referee's attention and he swings around. Pixie has already moves away from Keyes, innocent of any wrongdoing.

DDK:

I honestly hate these two. I just do. I can't explain how much I hate watching them cheat week in and week out.

Angus:

Deebz wants to play favorites but Angus will call it right down the middle!

DDK:

Since when?

Angus:

I've always been a PARAGON of journalistic integrity!

DDK:

...uh-huh.

The referee rushes over to Keyes. He notices immediately the three scratches across Keyes face that is now bleeding. Shields is confused by this but allows the match to continue. Pixie laughs on the outside, still wearing her new Donald Trump mask. Chance rushes over to stomp on Henry. The referee gets out of the way just in time! Chance begins stomping Keyes while he attempts to roll out of the way. He tries to roll out of the ring but Pixie blocks his path on the outside. Henry suddenly reaches up for the middle rope and pulls himself up. Chance allows him to do so with a sly grin. cVc rushes Henry but catches a European Uppercut! This causes cVc's head to snap back suddenly. Keyes continues his assault to work Chance across the ring with his unorthodox elbows and strikes.

DDK:

Keyes is on the offensive now! He has Chance in the corner now!

Angus:

Chance has a cut above his left eye now! Those elbow shots he just took were vicious. Keyes has opened him up!

Chance wipes his brow smearing blood across his forehead. He flicks some of it in Keyes' eyes. Henry immediately reaches up and Chance kicks him in the gut. After Keyes bends, cVc drops to both knees then uppercuts Keyes! Henry stumbles backwards and Chance bounces off the ropes. He slingshots himself toward Keyes but Henry counters! Keyes puts out both his arms and bends one knee slightly to catch Chance at the shoulders at an upward angle. Crank is pushed into the air slightly and catches a mean elevated European Uppercut! He lands on the mat back-first. Henry falls on top of him and hooks a leg!

Angus:

ONE! TWO!!

DDK:

KICKOUT AT TWO AND A HALF!

Angus:

That was close...

DDK:

Indeed.

Chance's forehead is bleeding worse now after the huge uppercut. Keyes gets back to his feet then maneuvers up behind cVc. He wraps his arms around his neck to hook in a full nelson! The men are in the center of the ring. Crank now can't reach any rope on either side of him. cVc begins snapping his head back at Keyes, who continues to apply pressure. Henry continues to push Crank's head out from his body. The crowd cheers Henry and await patiently for a Crank tap-out. Chance however continues to wiggle his arms around. Crank finally stomps Keyes' foot, causing him to lean forward a bit and release pressure a bit. cVc wraps his closest arm to Henry's head around Keyes' neck. The jawbreaker nearly bounces Keyes out of the ring. Both men crash on the mat breathing heavily.

Angus:

WHAT A COUNTER BY CRANK! See, this is why the cheating shit bothers me - the man can really fight if he wants to.

DDK:

Exhaustion setting in for both men - but it looks like Chance is stirring first!

Crank gets back to his feet before Henry. The referee checks on Keyes while Crank rotates a shoulder. His shoulder appears to be in pain now after the full nelson. The crowd boos every step Chance Von Crank takes. Henry begins to stir just as Chance makes it over to him. Keyes puts both hands on the mat in order to push himself up. cVc stands on both hands with his feet and just twists his heels. Keyes yelps as Chance laughs at him.

DDK:

The referee should stop this. Crank doesn't have a decent bone in his body.

Angus:

Wahhhh. Wahhhh.. He's winning right now!

DDK:

Weren't you just yelling for Henry to "get him" earlier in the match??

Angus:

He's taking too long with that Bell Clap. Daddy no likey.

Chance grabs the back of Henry's head and slams his knee into the bridge of his nose. He does this once then again quickly. Keyes falls flat on the mat. cVc hovers over him while taunting the crowd. Boos rain down throughout for The Trailer Park Prodigy. Chance grapples Henry back up to his feet and maneuvers them both to the middle of the ring. Crank continues to taunt as he cradles him up into the air! The crowd is wowed by the Pumphandle Michinoku driver III! cVc drives Henry into the mat upside down on his neck. Chance then holds down Henry after the huge slam for a pin!

Angus:

ONE!!!!!!!

DDK:

TWO!!!!!!

Angus:

KICKOUT BY KEYES! WHEW THAT WAS CLOSE!

DDK:

I thought cVc had him there.

Crank gets back to his feet to argue with the referee. He protests and claims that his hand hit the mat a third time. Meanwhile just behind Crank, Keyes begins to stir.

DDK:

Chance continues to argue with the referee. This referee has the patience of Jobe.

Keyes crawls towards Chance. cVc is completely unaware of this as he continues to protest. Finally he turns around and notices Henry crawling towards him. The fight in this man confuses The Shock N' Rolla. Henry crawls up to Chance and pulls himself up using Chance's legs then arm. cVc allows him to do this just to watch him struggle. Suddenly Keyes yanks down Crank's wrestling tights as he leaps back to his feet. Crank immediately puts down both hands to cover his privates leaving himself open. Henry BELL CLAPS Chance while he is attempting to pull his tights up!! Chance falls to the mat with his tights around his ankles! Pixie jumps up on the apron and the referee quickly rushes to warn her to jump off. Henry shoots the half!

DDK:

ONE!

Angus:

TWO!... Three? The referee is messing with Chance's old lady and not paying attention!

DDK:

TURN AROUND REF!

Boos mixed with wild yells emerge from the crowd at the scene. A pocket of fans are chanting "FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN!" as Keyes continues to hold the pin that's not being counted. The referee finally begins to turn around but Pixie pulls up the belly shirt she is wearing. Her big fake breasts are blurred but the referee has a clear view; he looks like that dog in those Beggin Strips commercials. Henry gets up and walks over to the referee. He swings him around to ask him why he's not counting. Pixie jumps off the apron covering herself in the process. Chance is still in the middle of the ring wearing just a speedo with his tights around both ankles.

Angus:

Did you see those? Wow... I'm gonna google those things later.

DDK:

Chance is pulling his tights up now! He's come to!

Henry yells at Pixie as Chance pulls up his tights while huffing with anger. He stumbles to his feet, wobbly from the BELL CLAP's ringing impact. Henry is still standing near the ropes when he notices that cVc is back up. He turns and begins to run towards Chance! Pixie reaches underneath the bottom rope and trips him up! Chance rushes over to the fallen Keyes. He grapples him up to his feet then irish whips him into the ropes! Henry hits the opposite ropes and bounces back towards cVc.

DDK:

Knee SMASH!

Angus:

Keyes is now dazed as Crank lifts him up again.

Chance hits a knee then lays Keyes out across it. Crank nearly GodBook's Henry through the mat. He reaches over and hooks a leg after the two men hit the mat. The referee hits his belly to make the count!

Crowd:

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

ONE!

DDK:

Two....

Angus:

THREE!!! cVc has done it!

DDK:

Yeah right, "cVc did it". More like Pixie's Burlesque Show! Cheaters never prosper? Tell that to Chance Von Crank!

Crank gets up and the referee grabs his right arm. He raises it high into the air as "I'm Broken" hits the PA. Pixie rushes into the ring to jump on Chance's back. The two embrace in the ring before sliding through the ropes. The crowd rains down a waterfall of boos as Chance walks up the aisle.

Crowd:

BOOO!!!!

DDK:

What a rough and tumble match! I wish just once cVc could win without cheating. He...

Angus:

He doesn't give a damn, Deebz. He won and he just doesn't care.

DDK:

Ugh... We will be right back with more Ascension after this!

A DARK CLOUD LOOMS

Coming in off the craziness that was Henry Keyes vs Chance Von Crank, we find Tyrone Walker alone in the halls as he goes through the process of stretching for his match later tonight. Hearing footsteps coming up from the left, Walker turns his head slightly and smiles when he sees his cousin, Sam Horry approaching.

Sam Horry:

You saw that out there right, cuz?! I'm back, homie! He gon' burn me and try to burn my....well, tried to burn Jeanie. He got that work tonight!

Tyrone Walker:

Sure did, not that your face was much to look at before, bruh.

Dripping with sarcasm, Walker grins off that shot referencing Donovan's fireballing Horry's face. Horry's still in somewhat in *battle mode* as he nods with a slight smirk.

Sam Horry:

Better lookin' than Jake's right now.

Tyrone Walker:

Word, I feel ya. Dunno where Jake's head's at, fool just went crazy and started really liking him some fire.

Sam Horry:

I know where it's at, man... Somewhere in the front row, I think.

Walker laughs and shakes his head as he turns from the wall to face his cousin, they formally greet each other with an obligatory bro hug. They break when Sam sees a dark cloud suddenly looming ever closer to them. Walker turns as Sam points out the new arrival and they slowly look up... *and up* to see that it's the enormous psychopath known as, Omega.

The former jOlt World Champion stands silently, motionless, calmly breathing as his eyes pierce intensely through the braided locks of hair obscuring his face which is also further shadowed by his hoodie. Walker gauges the man in front of him and shrugs as he throws up a smile like he and Omega have been homies for years.

Tyrone Walker:

...aye, what up, big mayne?

Omega says nothing, but does take a single step closer, causing his braids to sway in and out from behind the hoodie as he looms larger still over Walker. Snorting, Walker's smile falls away as his eyes narrow and his jaw clenches. Sensing something is about to go down, Horry steps in.

Sam Horry:

What's your de--

Omega briefly turns his calm, yet intense glare towards Walker's cousin, cutting him off with only a look. Horry, having already been through a battle tonight, wisely backs down but remains wary in case something were to pop off. Omega turns back to Walker and a sickly smile spreads across his face as he bares his teeth at him.

Walker and Horry take a step back, readying themselves for something to go down... and then Omega walks away as if none of this just happened. Leaving Walker and Horry confused as they watch him stalk his way down the hall.

Sam Horry: [shaking himself]

The HALE was that about, cuz?

Tyrone Walker:

I'unno, but that big bastard gonna need another patch if he eyeballs me like that again.

Sam Horry:

For real, but yo, good luck tonight, bruh.

Tyrone Walker:

Word.

Walker and Horry bump fists as we take it back to the arena.

ANGEL TRINIDAD vs FRANK DYLAN JAMES

DDK:

Well, partner, I think you're gonna be in for a treat with this next match.

Angus:

It's Frank Dylan James going all BATSHIT crazy on OUR HOSS OVERLORD Angel Trinidad! I fail to see how this won't be awesome. They'll be killing each other for my amusement!

DDK:

Since Team HOSS returned at Acts of DEFIANCE, they've been nothing but trouble for the former World Champion Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James. While Aleczander has his own beef with Dusty, Angel has been tangling with FDJ for weeks. We saw things get personal when Angel Trinidad and Team HOSS attacked FDJ's friends in BRAZEN, Rebel Yell. He retaliated by attacking Angel with a chain, but on DEFtv 60, Team HOSS had the last laugh when Angel and Team HOSS not only left Dusty laying, but they did the same to FDJ and his tag partner, MASSIVE Cowboy.

Angus:

You know I enjoy a good scrap, but FDJ should've thought different about screwing around with OUR HOSS OVERLORDS! Angel is just... different since he came back. You saw how he's destroyed people in the ring and mowed right through... muhboitai... when he came back. But enough about that... let's roll on with the HOSSFITE!

The camera pans over to Darren Quimbey in the ring now to make the introductions.

DARREN QUIMBEY:

The following contest is a grudge match set for one fall...

♪ "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent ♪

The music thunders throughout the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex and the crowd CHEERS like hell for the big, ultra-tough redneck bastard making his way out from the back. With a look of anger plastered right on his mean, ugly, bearded monster face, he stomps towards the ring.

DARREN QUIMBEY:

Coming to the ring first... Hailling from The Mountains of West Virginia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED TWENTY pounds... this is **FRANK DYLAN JAMES!**

The crowd continues to respond very well to one of DEFIANCE's most beloved personalities, but FDJ doesn't give two shits about the crowd reaction right now. He enters the ring and the bearded madman is frantically pacing around the ring, itching to beat somebody's ass.

Angus:

Shit, Keebs, can you remember the last time somebody got under Frank's skin like this since he was forced to work for Edward White?

DDK:

No, I can't. Thomas Keeling Sr. has given Angel Trinidad new focus and we've seen what a scary combination they've made so far. When FDJ saved his best friend Dusty, Keeling Sr. knew where to hurt Frank and that was through his BRAZEN brethren, The Rebel Yell and MASSIVE Cowboy. They're like family to FDJ and Team HOSS attacked them remorselessly.

DARREN QUIMBEY:

And his opponent...

The lights drop for the arrival of FDJ's hated rival this evening and the opening riffs to his new song start to play...

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The music hits hard on the PA and out comes the gruesome twosome who've mainly been responsible for Frank Dylan James' recent woes. Out comes the new management first for Team HOSS, Thomas Keeling Sr. as he looks out to the crowd with a confident smirk. He waves a hand and out comes his massive charge...

DARREN QUIMBEY:

And his opponent, being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Thomas Keeling Sr... hailing from The Bronx, New York, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED AND THREE pounds... this is **"THE BIGGEST AND THE BEST" ANGEL TRINID...**

The second that Quimbey gets the introduction finished, FDJ goes barreling right past him, knocking down the ring announcer in the process as he climbs out of the ring and charges at Angel full-speed ahead! Keeling sees the large redneck coming and just BARELY moves out of the path, but Angel is not so fortunate!

DDK:

JAMES GOING RIGHT AFTER TRINIDAD!

Angus:

HOSSFYTTTTTTTTTTTTTEEEEEEEEEEE LETSDOTHIS!

As DDK calls the action and Angus marks out like a crazy person, the two large men are brawling all across the aisleway, picking up right where they left off on DEFTv 60 when Angel left Frank laying! Frank lays right into Angel with a huge series of right hands to the head of the 25-year-old giant from The Bronx, trying to get the jump on him early. He rips Angel's "Biggest AND The Best" DEF t-shirt partway over his head and starts checking him, hockey fight-style!

The crowd is going fucking bananas like this was a Gwen Stefani music video as he continues to make with the clubbing! He throws Trinidad's shirt off his back and negotiates his fellow big man towards the ring. FDJ heads inside along with him now and Angel heads towards a corner to give himself some breathing room as the bell rings.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

We've come to understand for this particular match, Kelly Evans has told [official named here] to be a little more relaxed with the rules, given the fact these two have been wanting at one another for weeks! This one is going to be a fight and we're going to have a clear winner tonight.

Angus:

IT'S ALL EFF-DEE-JAY SO FAR, KEEBS! OUR HOSS OVERLORD IS GONNA TIRE HIM OUT VIA ROPE-A-DOPE! CALLING IT NOW!

Thomas Keeling Sr. speeds towards the ring and yells at his charge to look out for the runaway train coming his way. Angel sees FDJ coming with a huge charge, but Angel gets a foot up, catching James right in the face/beard! Angel takes a moment to shake off Frank's opening salvo and then goozles him by the throat to move him into the corner. Angel BURIES some hard knees into his chest and then turns his back to a groggy Frank, cocking back both elbows.

DDK:

We know that Angel Trinidad is a VERY accomplished tag team wrestler for such a young age. His dominant reign as the Trios Champions going almost a full year, plus tag titles in nbW and ACW, but now this is first true test in singles

competition!

Angus:

Looks like he's doing just fine!

Angel lands a huge series of alternating back elbows to either side of FDJ's face, cracking him repeatedly across the head as Keeling has a big grin on his face. Angel continues to bring the pain until Trinidad calmly walks out of the corner, absorbing the jeers of the crowd.

Thomas Keeling Sr:

THE BEST BIG MAN IN DEFIANCE EVER! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SEEING TONIGHT!

Of course, the one thing that he doesn't pay attention to is the fact that the elbows seemed to only make Frank angrier. When Angel turns around, James nails a **HARD** right hand that teeters the near seven-footer. FDJ turns him around and muscles him into the corner before he goes to town on Angel with some huge clubbing blows of his own! He whacks Angel in the head and chest repeatedly with the crowd cheering him on before he decides to get some momentum going.

He charges cross-corner for some added momentum and then comes back, catching Angel across his massive chest with a huge Running Corner Splash! Keeling looks concerned now as FDJ heads across the ring a second time. He revs up the proverbial engine and charges at Angel, nailing him a second time with a second Running Corner Splash! The self-proclaimed Biggest and the Best is hunched over slightly as FDJ pulls him out of the corner....

Angus:

Angel goes over the top rop... duh fuuuuuuuuuuuuh?

DDK:

He got Clotheslined over the top rope, but Angel just landed on his feet! That's scary agility by the big man!

Sure enough, Angel just did! It's now his turn to show anger and even FDJ looks a little shocked that his attack was shaken off so quickly! Angel grabs him by both legs and pulls him outside the ring! The early attack by Frank only looked to give Trinidad a second wind as he throws knees into his chest. He backs up Frank and goes to whip him across the ringside area into the barricade, but FDJ manages to get a foot on it to stop himself. Angel goes charging at him, but FDJ turns around and **BLASTS** Angel with a Running Shoulder Tackle, finally knocking Angel on his ass!

DDK:

Angel **FINALLY** off his feet for the first time since this match started! Frank Dylan James isn't in a playing mood tonight!

FDJ goes to pull Angel up by his neck and throws a few more hard right hands into the face of Trinidad, busting open his lip in the process! The Brand New Bad gets pulled back upright again and tossed another barricade, sending it flying back several inches! Some of the fans near the front row jump from the impact and try to get away!

Keeling stays far away from the huge hoss fight present along ringside and the official is barely counting along, again with Kelly Evans' edict that the rules be a little less restraining in his particular match. FDJ charged at Angel, but the big man sidesteps it and FDJ goes tumbling over the barricade and right into the crowd!

DDK:

I was gonna say that Angel doesn't want to fight Frank in his type of match and keep things in the ring, but he's handling himself just fine in this brawl!

Angus:

Oh shit, what's Angel doing?

With Frank Dylan James trying to stand up and recollect himself, Angel gets himself a running start. The 6'10" Bronx

native waits for James to stand before he goes flying...

DDK:

HOLY LORD! ANGEL JUST DOVE RIGHT *OVER* THAT BARRICADE AND TOOK OUT JAMES IN THE CROWD!

Angus:

OUR HOSS OVERLORDS OWN THE LAND **AND** THE AIR! I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM SWIM, BUT THEY'LL PROBABLY TRUCK OVER ANYTHING IN THE OCEAN, TOO!

The crowd is going nuts as Angel stands up and throws James back over the barricade and back towards the ring. Angel climbs over the barricade and goes back to where James is laying, with the mountain man trying to figure out what hit him. Angel manages to muscle Frank up with some effort. He strains, but he moves...

Angus:

OUCH! FALLAWAY SLAM INTO THE MOTHER-LOVING BARRICADE!

DDK:

Angel just pitched James overhead! Now he's hurt and now Trinidad is in control of this fight!

Angel sits up and has expended some energy with his last few big moves, but the results are worth it as James is now reeling. FDJ is in much less of a position to fight as Angel grabs two handfuls of greasy, matted hair.

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Get him back in the ring, Angel, now!

Angel nods and throws Frank Dylan James back inside the ring. Trinidad takes his sweet time getting back inside the ring but when he does, he leaps *OVER* the top rope and lands inside just to be a bit of a showoff. Angel calmly waits as the punch-drunk James tries to stand on his feet as Trinidad goes up to the second rope. He waits for James to rise before he takes flight again and **CRACKS** him in the mouth with a Flying Back Elbow!

DDK:

Angel with a *VERY* impressive move!

Angus:

He cracked him! That's it!

Angel casually rolls over towards Frank's prone body and finally goes for the first cover of this brawl.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Frank's shoulder rises up off the mat, but Angel Trinidad continues to punish the bearded brawler. When Frank tries to stand, Angel reels back to the ropes for an additional start and **WHACKS** him right in the mouth with a boot! James stumbles, but he tries to shake it off and push Angel away from him, but the self-professed Biggest **AND** The Best of DEFIANCE continues to drill away at him with several targeted right hands. James is wobbly and fights back with two rights of his own, trying to stop Trinidad in his tracks, but Angel fights right back and throws up a knee to stop Frank from fighting back.

The Bronx native grabs two more handfuls of hair when FDJ **STUNS** him with a massive Headbutt to the face that Angel doesn't see coming. Trinidad is glassy-eyed as Frank throws a hard punch right into his chest. With James now lumbering up to his feet and Angel stumbling on his feet, James hits the ropes and looks for something big...

DDK:

ANGEL TRINIDAD WITH A CROSSBODY!

Angus:

HOSS-ON COLLISION! HE'S DEAD!

As much as Frank Dylan James tries to fight back, Angel continues to cut off at the pass each time he tries to get anything going. The Running Crossbody takes a little bit out of the leader of Team HOSS, but Frank Dylan James looks worse for wear, having the wind knocked right out of him from a short-ranged and high-impact attack! FDJ goes down again when Trinidad rolls over to cover the hillbilly madman.

ONE!**TWO!****T-NO!**

Angel glares daggers at Mark Shields.

Angel Trinidad:

COUNT. FASTER.

Mark is known for being one of the more lenient officials in DEFIANCE, but even he backs away from Angel when the giant Bronx native gets in his face. Angel turns back to Frank Dylan James and pushes him all the way to the ropes, elbowing him HARD in the face! He then brings his knee down across the back of his neck and presses down! As he chokes the life out of Frank, Thomas Keeling Sr. gets in FDJ's face.

Thomas Keeling Sr.:

YOU'RE A RELIC, JAMES! YOUR TIME IS DONE HERE!

Frank - despite having a 300-pound man right on his back - manages to grab Thomas by the collar of his coat! The crowd is about to cheer for whatever he does next until Angel Trinidad lets him have it with a VICIOUS knee to the small of his back! FDJ winces and Keeling takes a powder, trying to get away from the fallout as much as possible.

DDK:

That's what Keeling gets for sticking his nose where it doesn't belong!

Angus:

You know that I love me some HOSSFITE but I agree, that wasn't too smart on his part. Still, you can't argue with how he's REALLY whipped Team HOSS into shape as singles guys!

Angel picks up FDJ by the neck and the beast tries to continue fighting back against his slightly larger tormentor, but Angel continues to bury his knee into his stomach. He hooks Frank by the tights and sets him for what looks like a Vertical Suplex...

THROWING VERTICAL SUPLEX!

Angus:

FLY, REDNECK-ASS, FLY!

DDK:

My GOD! Angel just sent James flying!

With James crashing on the mat after a very deadly move, Angel heads to the ropes and makes sure to look down at Frank. He flashes him the double tall man and then leaps before dropping all his weight across the chest with a 300-pound Running Splash! The wind goes right out of Frank's lungs after the brutal maneuver and Angel stays on him to go for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR- KICKOUT!

The crowd is firmly in the corner of Frank Dylan James, despite all that Angel Trinidad has thrown at him over the course of the match! Trinidad shows a little more concern that James has powered out, but the bearded badass isn't about to give up. It's not in his vocabulary... like lots of words.

DDK:

Angel has busted out some new tricks, but you and I both know it's going to take a lot to keep James down for good!

Angus:

You don't have to tell me twice!

Thomas Keeling makes a signal with his hands, telling Angel Trinidad to finish it so he nods. He goes to pick up Frank Dylan James by the hair and pulls him upright so he's now in the standing headscissors position near the corner. Angel Trinidad goes for his variation on the deadly Awesome Bomb, but as he tries to get Frank up on his shoulder, Dylan goes limp to try and stop him. Trinidad tries a second time, but James surges to life...

BACK BODY DROP!

"EFF-DEE-JAY!

EFF-DEE-JAY!

EFF-DEE-JAY!

EFF-DEE-JAY!

EFF-DEE-JAY!"

The crowd is firmly behind one of DEFIANCE's more tenured members as James falls to a knee. As much pain as he's taken and as much pain that is documented that he can take, even he shows some fatigue after all the punishment that Angel has delivered. Thomas is pleading with The Brand New Bad to get back to his feet and he tries to do so, but James is already ready to launch an attack...

Angus:

FRANK'S KICKASS SLEEPER HOLD!

DDK:

He's gonna try and choke him out! He's won matches with this submission before!

Trinidad starts frantically trying to maneuver towards the ropes, but having a LARGE 320-pound monster of a man dragging you around makes moving a lot more difficult. The Biggest and Best of DEFIANCE tries to get towards the ropes, but when that doesn't work, he backs FDJ up along to the corner.

"OOF!"

James gets slammed once into the turnbuckle, but he manages to keep himself latched on like a wild dog gnawing away at a piece of meat.

"OOF!"

The crown jewel of Team HOSS tries again to break free, but FDJ isn't budging despite his best efforts. Angel continues to throw elbows to the face of James to try and get him to break free, but he STILL won't let go of the hold! Angel finally rushes out of the corner with Frank Dylan James attached to him and runs in between the ropes, catching him neck first on the top rope! James FINALLY lets go of the hold and Angel dumps him to the floor out of desperation!

DDK:

Angel gets free at long last and this is smart strategy on his behalf! Frank has taken a lot of punishment, but Trinidad is trying to get air back!

Angus:

The Angel Trinidad of old wouldn't have this kind of ring awareness - it's a little UNSETTLING the difference in Junior Keeling versus Daddy Dearest's leadership!

With Trinidad still on the ropes, Frank Dylan James is still on the ringside floor trying to stand once again after the ugly landing he took getting out on the floor. The look on Angel Trinidad's face is a VERY serious one now and he looks like he has something in mind. He runs towards the ropes...

DDK:

What's he got planned for Frank...?

He runs FULL-SPEED at the ropes...

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Angel Trinidad CLEARS the top rope in amazing fashion with an over-the-top-rope SUICIDE DIVE onto Frank Dylan James! Even Thomas Keeling, Sr. is standing and looking on with mouth agape at what he's just seen!

DDK:

CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS! ANGEL TRINIDAD'S A 300-POUND MAN AND HE JUST CLEARED THAT LANDING LIKE IT WAS NOTHING!

Angus:

THE HOSS OVERLORDS **LITERALLY** RUN THE SKIES NOW! HOSS-NADO, BITCHES!

Because it's a big fucking Pay-Per-View special that's totes amazeballs, the viewing audience is treated to a couple of replays from different angles of Angel's incredibly risky maneuver. The incredibly agile 300-pounder sails over the ropes and spills out to the floor, taking out Frank Dylan James again and again until the camera goes back to both men, down on the ground. Trinidad is slow to get up at first, but eventually The Bronx giant hobbles back to his feet.

Angel ignores the crowd who are cheering for the incredible action and keeps his laser-like focus solely on dishing out more punishment to Frank Dylan James. He picks him up and SLAMS him face-first into the steps before chucking him back underneath the bottom rope. With that, Trinidad goes for the cover again.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE- NO!

DDK:

James with yet another kickout! These two have just thrown everything they can at each other!

Angel starts to go crazy at the fact that he still hasn't put away James yet, but FDJ has been fighting with him every step of the way.

Thomas Keeling Sr:

You got him! Time to end this, Angel!

Angel Trinidad goes for the throat now as James tries to stand, but AGAIN, the hillbilly monster shows signs of life! He elbows him in the arm and then double sledges his way free of the hold. He doubles Angel over with a huge right to the chest and then speeds off the ropes, looking for a big move. That big move never comes because Trinidad catches him at the ropes with a big running elbow!

DDK:

Angel catches him off the ropes!

Angus:

Let Angel show you how it's done, Frank!

With Angel now leaving Frank groggy against the ropes, he runs off the opposite side and tries to take his head off with a big Clothesline, only for Frank to duck underneath. Trinidad stops himself and turns around, to eat another NASTY Headbutt to the face! The shot opens up a nasty gash on the side of Frank's head and crowd groans from the impact!

DDK:

Frank with a deadly headbutt right there, but he's busted himself open in the process!

Angus:

YOU SAY THAT LIKE HE GIVES A SHIT!

Frank lets the blood flow freely on his face, but he don't clearly give two shits about that. With Angel now down again, Frank grabs him by the side, manages to get Angel Trinidad up in the air and brings him down with what can only be described as a fuck-ugly Powerslam! The ring shakes from the impact of the move, but Frank isn't done yet as he runs off the ropes. With all his weight, he uses another nasty move in the form of a gruesome Senton! The crowd winces from the impact of the move as James rolls over and lackadaisically puts his weight across the chest of Trinidad.

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!

DDK:

That might be the most technical thing that I think I've ever seen Frank Dylan James do in all my years of knowing him. Angel's winded now and he's gonna get him, now's the time!

Angus:

Frank don't do technical, Keebs, this is WRASSLEFITE!

With the momentum starting to finally swing back his way, Frank Dylan James ignores the bloody face and he goes back to punishing the man responsible for attacks on his BRAZEN family. He helps lead Angel up as the giant tries to stand on his feet and starts to crack him with multiple big shots to the face. Angel has had enough and blocks a shot...

RIGHT FROM FRANK!

RIGHT FROM ANGEL!

RIGHT FROM FRANK!

RIGHT FROM ANGEL!

RIGHT FROM FRANK!

RIGHT FROM ANGEL!

DDK:

These two have thrown everything and the kitchen sink at one another and neither man is going down!

Angus:

They're not your mom, Keebs, these two don't go down for just anyone!

DDK:

Horribly uncalled for, so moving right along! FDJ blocks a shot and he fires back with some more big bombs!

Bombs in the form of sledgehammer-like hands. He kicks Trinidad in the gut and manages to whip him across the ring before throwing all his weight into the corner with a huge Running Shoulder Tackle right to Angel's ribcage! All the air goes out of The Brand New Bad's lungs, but he whips him across the ring to the other end...

DDK:

Running boot to the face connects! Angel is on the ropes now and you can see Thomas Keeling sweating bullets!

"EFF-DEE-JAY!

EFF-DEE-JAY!

EFF-DEE-JAY!

EFF-DEE-JAY!

EFF-DEE-JAY!"

The crowd is in full support of the redneck madman! The same move that opened up the gash on Frank's face hits again... and again... and again! He pummels him with a VICIOUS series of violent Headbutts to the face and chest! Keeling is about to go into full-blown panic mode as his largest client is getting beaten like a drum. That continues when Frank starts making with the elbows...

Angus:

ANGEL'S GETTING A REDNECK WELCOME!

Indeed he is, Angus. Indeed he is. Angel is getting pummeled some more and now he has a bloody gash opening up on his forehead! Now both giants are wearing the wounds of the war as Frank goes up and SLAMS Angel Trinidad down with a violent Body Slam! With the giant laid down in the middle of the ring, the groggy but still ticking hillbilly madman starts climbing out to the ring apron and the fans know exactly what's coming next...

DDK:

Mountain Top Knee Drop is coming! If he hits this, it's over!

Angus:

HE'S GONNA FLY!

The crowd is going bonkers as he heads up top with Thomas Keeling yelling for Angel Trinidad to move out of the way. Angel hasn't moved and FDJ takes flight...

NO!

The Brand New Bad MOVES out of the way at the very last second and FDJ hits nothing but the canvas! A sharp pain goes up FDJ's leg as he hobbles back to his feet. However, when he gets back around, Angel lets out a loud roar before he TACKLES FDJ right into the corner! He runs into the corner and he CRACKS James in the mouth with a

vicious Pump Kick!

Angus:

Running Pump Kick! All four or whatever teeth FDJ has left are gonna be out!

Angel pulls FDJ out of the corner before he runs back to the ropes. James is still groggy on his feet, but soon he gets wiped off his feet completely, courtesy of a second and even more vicious Pump Kick! Angel roars as he goes for a cover on Frank!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

DDK:

James just BARELY gets the shoulder up!

Angus:

But look, Trinidad is still on him!

Sure enough, he is. He doesn't bother trying to question the count of Mark Shields. He's in full-on kill mode as he watches a groggy Frank Dylan James get back up slowly. He's barely moving, but he's looking glassy-eyed following the two Pump Kicks. Keeling is telling him to go for the killing blow and The Biggest and The Best obliges as James finally starts to stand... GOOZLED...

DDK:

MY GOD, CHOKESLAM INTO A BACKBREAKER!

Angus:

Duh fuck he get THAT from?

Trinidad winces at the weight of three-hundred and twenty pounds being thrown across his knee, but the centerpiece of Team HOSS doesn't show too much concern after the impact! Frank goes down yet again, but Angel Trinidad STILL doesn't go for the cover. He wastes no time in pulling him up to his feet and he goes to the corner. With a bloodthirsty look in his eyes, he hoists him up with a little bit of effort...

Angus:

BAD MAN'S LAND! FRANK JUST GOT DROPPED ON HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS! HIS LAST BRAIN CELL IS DEAD!

DDK:

You might be right, Angus! Can Angel finally put Frank away?

The impact was so great, Frank flips forward onto his stomach! With that having been said, Angel simply rolls him onto his back and wastes no motion in going for a cover. Hook on the leg, forearm jammed across his throat, shooting a derisive sneer at the crowd through a bloody face.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Frank Dylan James isn't moving and Angel simply hobbles back to his feet as a joyous Thomas Keeling Sr. enters the

ring to celebrate this huge victory with his client.

DQ:

AND HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

The near seven-footer stands over the prone body of Frank Dylan James and places a boot down on his chest as he soaks in the jeers from the crowd. Thomas Keeling stands next to him, shoving Mark Shields away so he may have the pleasure of raising the arm of his youngest and potentially greatest client of Team HOSS.

DDK:

I'll be honest, Angus, FDJ came into this match with payback on his mind and I thought for sure, he might have had Angel beat here. But Angel not only outlasted perhaps DEFIANCE'S toughest individual, but he beat him decisively!

Angus:

And Thomas Keeling just made you eat crow, Keebs! This is the start of Team HOSS' domination and you'll see that keep rolling on when Aleczander The Great mows right the fuck over Mayberry later tonight!

Angel and Thomas Keeling, Sr. both leave the ring. Keeling exits first and Angel leans back against the ropes before flipping backwards and landing on his feet on the outside. Trinidad is given a towel by Keeling to wipe some of the blood off his face, but Angel can only help and focus back on the ring and the destruction caused.

BRINGING RESPECT BACK

We're backstage in the Wrestle-Plex where Christie Zane is standing in front of Harmony's locker room door with a microphone in hand.

Christie Zane:

Hello DEFIANCE Fans and what a night of action we have had so far here at Ascension! I'm currently outside the locker room of our own British Vixen, Harmony to see if I can get a word with her before she challenges for the Southern Heritage Championship in Ladder War!

As if on cue, the locker room door swings open and Harmony makes her appearance, dressed in her ring gear and wrapping tape around her wrists with her iPhone earbuds tucked into her ears. She almost leaps out of her skin in surprise as she finds Christie outside of her locker room, pausing the tape to remove her earbuds.

Harmony:

Do you make a habit of loitering outside locker rooms Christie?

Christie Zane:

Not usually, but I'm hoping to get a few thoughts from you about the Ladder War match tonight for the Southern Heritage Championship.

Harmony raises an eyebrow as she goes back to her tape.

Harmony:

Thoughts? I'm about to go to war with three other people involving some very unforgiving steel ladders. What do you think I'm thinking, Christie?

Christie Zane:

I wouldn't want to be you right now.

Harmony:

Not many people would. But here's the deal. The time for talking and flapping your gums is over. Tonight is about action and I'm bringing home a new accessory with me tonight.

Christie Zane:

Curtis Penn has avoided defending the Southern Heritage Championship in recent weeks claiming injury. What are your thoughts on that?

Harmony:

You're not a social media type, are you?

Christie Zane:

I have a Facebook account?

Harmony:

For the love of christ, do not tell Angus that.

Christie Zane:

Gotcha.

Harmony:

But I've got little respect for Curtis Penn. Why? Because a champion worth their belt would defend it no matter how much they ache or hurt. He's just a little bitch that pulled the injury card for a hang nail. Tonight, I'm bringing some RESPECT back to being the Southern Heritage Champion. I'm taking home the Southern Heritage Championship and I don't care who I have to go through to get it.

And without another word, Harmony walks away.

Christie Zane:

Well it looks like Harmony is ready to take on the world! Back to you, boys.

LADDER WAR / SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

We head back to the WrestlePlex where the ring is surrounded by ladders of various sizes and hanging high above the ring is the Southern Heritage Championship.

DDK:

Well I hope everyone has eaten because this next match is not going to be pretty.

Angus:

Are you kidding me?! Harmony is going to be out here, so it's gorgeous by default.

DDK:

Regardless of my broadcast partner's delusions, the Southern Heritage championship has been a highly sought after title over the last few weeks and all three of the challengers in this ladder match have got a fair claim to a rematch after all getting screwed out of their respective matches.

Angus:

Yeah, when Penn was being a spineless little pussy and making the musclehead fight his battles for him. What was Kelly Evans thinking allowing that to happen?!

DDK:

Are you going to ask her?

Angus:

Psh, I value my job and my balls, thanks.

The camera now cuts over to Darren Quimbey in the ring, ready to drop some bass for the next match to come.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a LADDER MATCH!!!! This match will be contested for The DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship!!!

♪ "Light Up The Sky" by Thousand Foot Krutch ♪

The lights return after a modified opening to the song and standing with his back to the audience, with one finger pointed upwards, the crowd goes BONZO-GONZO for the world-traveled high-flyer! He turns around to greet the raucous crowd with a wide grin!

Darren Quimbey::

Introducing first... from Montreal, Quebec, Canada, weighing in at Two Hundred and Thirty One pounds... This is "THE LORD OF THE SKIES" AAANNNDYYYYYYYYY SHHHHHAAAAARRRRRRPPPPPPPP!!!!

Wearing red and gold-themed attire, Andy Sharp approaches the ring at an energetic pace, slapping some hands with the fans and even taking a second to jump on the guardrail, practically throwing himself into the sea of fans!

DDK:

In his career, Andy Sharp has competed in a number of ladder matches and has even been victorious! He won several championships in ACW and in Toronto Wrestling in ladder matches, let's see if he can add one more to the list!

Angus:

Pfft, Lord Flippy-Doo is my second-least favorite man here! Let's see if he actually goes for the belt or if he turns this into a stunt-show!

Andy runs up the steps then Sharp leaps over the ropes, into the ring. After taking a moment to compose himself, he executes a STANDING backflip, landing on his feet and while standing on his feet! Sharp then kneels down mid-ring and points a finger to the heavens one more time as his music fades.

♪ "Black" by Sevendust ♪

The lights drop momentarily, returning as an epileptic seizure inducing series of flashes in blue and white light, that match the rhythm of the songs synthesized opening. The Faithful burst with cheers when Lajon Witherspoon's soulful crooning calls forth the arrival of DEFIANCE's beloved elder statesmen. Rushing out on to the stage, Walker bounces around the stage with the boundless energy of a five year old who's hopped up on thirty seven bags of Skittles.

Angus:

MUHBOITAI! This is my odds on favorite to win tonight, Keebs, ALL HAIL BLACKIMUS PRIME!

DDK:

I'll tell you what, partner, if anybody has the sheer level of insanity and experience in these sort of matches to succeed, it's has to be Tyrone Walker.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring... and hailing from Queens, New York, by way of Jacksonville, Florida, he weighs in at Two Hundred and Five pounds... This is "THE BLACK JESUS" TYYYYRRRRROONNNNE WAAAALLLLKERRRR!

Returning to the center of the stage, Walker takes a long gander down the ramp and aisle, seeing Andy Sharp waiting in the ring amidst a veritable forest of ladders. Walker grins excitedly and heads towards the ring, slapping hands and bumping fists with the Faithful along the way until he gets to within a few paces of the ring. A couple quick steps and Walker leaps up on to the apron before grabbing the top rope and vaulting himself into the ring. The lights return and the music fades as Walker takes a lap around the ring before going to his corner.

♪ "Just A Girl" by No Doubt ♪

The arena goes purple as Harmony's entrance music begins to play, the crowd in the Wrestle-Plex absolutely exploding as Harmony appears on the staging, taking a moment to take it all in before making her way down to the ring, touching hands with as many fans as she can reach. She stops at the end of the ramp way to look up at the Southern Heritage Championship hanging high above the ring before hopping onto the apron.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing, from London, England and now residing in Manhattan, New York, she weighs in at One Hundred and Fifty pounds, this is HAARRMMOONYYY!

Angus:

Is it too late to change my favorite to win, because I meant Harmony, I totally meant Harmony!

DDK:

Already abandoning YERBOITAI, huh?

Angus:

Wait... YES... NO... I mean... YESNONOYES, I'm so confused now, help me out, Keebs!

DDK:

I'm afraid you're on your own with that dilemma, Angus.

Harmony launches herself over the top rope to land on both feet then ascends the turnbuckle to blow a kiss out to the

fans before jumping down and pulling on the ropes to stay ready for the task ahead.

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa ♪

The spotlight engulfs the duo of Curtis Penn and Jonny Booya as they exit from behind the curtain.

DDK:

Is Booya carrying Curtis on his shoulders?

In fact the Southern Heritage Champion is being carried by his muscle. The spotlight follows Penn, as Booya carries him a few steps down the ramp.

Angus:

HAH, Jonny's been carrying Penn for the last few months anyway, at least they're acknowledging it now!

Around the waist of the Greatest Southern Heritage Champion of All-Time is the most prestigious championship that DEFIANCE has ever created, The Southern Heritage Championship. And in the left hand of the G.O.A.T, Curtis Penn, is a microphone and the right hand is conspicuously missing the cast that has been covering it for over a year now.

Curtis Penn:

I understand that this is a family show and that there are words and suggestions that young impressionable minds need not see or hear, so I'm out here asking you to be responsible parents and remove all children under the age of 17 from the viewing area. For the next few and a half minutes there is going to be suggestive dialogue, coarse and/or crude language, might be some nudity involved, and a whole hell of a lot of violence... basically it's going to NC-17 so all of you with weak stomachs need to get up and leave.

Booya just shrugs as Penn sits on top of his shoulders. Booya takes a few more steps towards the ring.

Curtis Penn:

The dream and hope is that one of them will rip this title away from me. Me, the guy who has made this piece of leather and the dual Southern Crosses the most prestigious championship within DEFIANCE, the man who has fought through injury and injustice to maintain the prestige of the Southern Heritage Championship. I'm the one who plucked it from the hairy palms of Chance Von Crank and I'm the one who fought all over the world building up it's value.

The fans boo every word the SOHER King speaks.

DDK:

Curtis Penn has been called deluded in the past, but right now Curtis has lost all of his marbles and the DEFIANCE faithful is calling him out on his bullshit.

Curtis Penn:

Ladies and Gentleman, standing in the ring we have, hopes, dreams, and denial.

Curtis Penn:

That's right, boo them, jeer them, let them know how you feel about them trying to tarnish my legacy. They are the lowest of the low, especially Ty Walker.

Ty points at himself and gives a constipated look back at Penn.

Curtis Penn:

Oh yeah, I'm talking to you fuck boy! You made a mockery out of this match the moment that you went up to that Skybox, dropped down on your hands and knees and pleaded with Kelly Evans to give you another shot at the Southern Heritage Championship. I've ended you so many fucking times that I've lost count. You're like a brokeback, washed up slut, always on your back and too fucking lazy to be on top. Hell, Ty if I ever respected you, which I never have, you would have lost that respect the moment I knew you were fucking the boss. Wasn't it enough that you were

on Dane's dick, now you're deep inside of Kelly's panties, you're pathetic in that way. You have manipulated Kelly Evans into thinking that you still had it by using the only thing that you're tired ass has left in order to get yourself granted another title shot. Isn't that right Harmony?

Harmony raises an eyebrow in Penn's direction at the mention of her name, placing her hands on her hips.

Curtis Penn:

Harmony, I know you just followed the example set by Ty and was just lumped into the cluster fuck that is about to ensue. Of the three of you in that ring I feel the worst for you because you have no reason to even be in there. Sure you're a capable wrestler and one day you'll be fodder for me, but tonight you're just a victim. You're just a random, faceless victim in this war between me and Kelly Evans and Ty Walker. I'm sorry, truly, a few weeks back I didn't even know that you existed and because you're in that ring right now, and for that reason alone, I'm going to take pleasure in making sure you never come out of obscurity again.

She rolls her eyes as Penn turns his attention to the last man in the ring who he hasn't addressed yet.

Curtis Penn:

You know when you're the best and you're at the top of the ladder you don't worry about the guys who just place their foot on the bottom rung so here's the thing. I'm going to give you a little insight into the mind of a champion. At first I thought I might have penetrated your mom, sister, or girlfriend and you were using your words to expel your aggression, basically I thought you were a bitch. I didn't just push back at you or break your jaw then and there. I could have, don't doubt it I was stunned that a fucking porter was talking to me in that manner. I know I got someone fired the first time you opened your mouth to me. So you effectively ruined someone's Christmas, you should apologize. And you still lost to Booya! Then I see you in Kel's office with these two and under your breath you called me deluded. Straight bitch move.

Off-mic, but with the camera on Sharp, he yelled out.

Andy Sharp:

I BEAT Booya because YOU had him walk out like a bitch!

Penn grins as Booya takes them to the edge of the ring mats.

Curtis Penn:

But, I still don't know why you're in this match. Harmony played follow the leader, Ty sucked on some saggy milk jugs, but you're in here because of what?

Penn switches hands with the microphone, clutches in and looks back to the ring and smiles.

Curtis Penn:

You're just an opportunistic little snake: you saw a champion with a cast on his hand and thought you could take advantage of the injury. Just your luck that Kelly hates me so much that she just tossed you into this match too without thinking about your future. Well the jokes on all three of you, the hand... it's healed, the title... it's mine and it's only three of you. The last time I lost my fucking title it took five others to pin me. Bad news for Kelly is that she only sent a washed up Thug, a lost kitten, and a fucking bag boy to try and take my Southern Heritage Championship.

Awwwww, ya'll are fucked.

Penn drops the mic from twelve feet in the air as Booya begins to slowly turn around, showing off Penn in all his "glory" as his challengers all stand in the ring, clearly unimpressed by his chest beating.

Darren Quimby:

And their opponent...

Booya and Penn return to facing the ring, but just as Quimby begins his introduction it is rudely cut off by Walker, who

goes flying over the top rope with a corkscrew plancha after using a kneeling Sharp as a step up, sending both Penn and Booya crashing to the floor!

DDK:

And that's what Ty thought about that!

Angus:

He had that coming, smug git.

Walker quickly back to his feet, grabbing hold of Penn by the head and rolling him into the ring under the bottom rope, the SOHER Champion trying to scurry to his feet and find himself, but Harmony's foot finds the side of his head with a huge roundhouse kick as Penn straightens up. Penn goes sprawling backwards into a stiff forearm to the back of the neck from Sharp, sending him staggering forwards into Harmony again, who hits a double knee jawbreaker! It's a game of human Penn-ball as Walker slides back into the ring and joins in on the fun, hitting Penn with a huge uppercut that sends him into Sharp who sends Penn flying with a huge German suplex! Harmony slides out of the ring and starts to fold up ladders while Penn drags himself into a corner but gets no respite from the onslaught as Walker charges and throws himself into Penn with a cannonball type move! Walker rolls out of the way and helps Harmony to get three ladders in the ring as Penn tries to pull himself up in the corner and Sharp grabs hold of him by the head then takes great pleasure in tossing him over the top rope, sending him crashing to the floor, but the trio aren't done there as Harmony picks up a ladder and drops it over the top rope on top of Penn and Sharp follows suit, leaving Penn under a pile of steel as Harmony dusts her hands off and Sharp just gives him a sarcastic wave.

DDK:

That's been a long time coming for Curtis Penn.

Angus:

It has but at what cost because CHECK OUT MUHBOITAI!!!!

Harmony and Sharp both turn around to find Walker with a ladder in hand, throwing it at the pair to catch before landing a standing dropkick, sending the ladder crashing into both competitors! Harmony crashes back against the ropes and Sharp leans over the top rope, checking for any sign of blood as Walker retrieves the ladder and leans it up against the turnbuckle then makes beeline for Sharp. Sharp swings with an elbow and catches Walker in the side of the head, staggering him enough to try and take the advantage by throwing Walker towards the ladder, but Walker reverses it and sends Sharp crashing into the ladder! Sharp slumps to the mat and rolls out of the ring while Harmony finds her feet, charging at Walker with a clothesline but Walker ducks and lets Harmony hit the ropes, using her own momentum to throw her into the ladder in the corner by her hair! Harmony crumples to the mat in a heap, clutching at her face from the impact.

Angus:

No! Not the face! C'mon Ty!

DDK:

Pretty sure that's not his concern right now.

Angus:

I thought me and him were tight?! God, I'm so conflicted.

DDK:

Whoa, don't choke on that big word there, partner.

Walker backs himself up into the opposite corner and waits for Harmony to stand herself up, the brunette leaning herself against the ladder for a second of respite that turns out to go against her as Walker flies and hits a splash, crushing her between himself and the ladder! She gasps out, trying to catch her breath from the impact as Walker grabs her by the back of the head and throws her between the ropes then carries the ladder over to the middle of the ring, carefully setting it up underneath the hanging prize. The crowd in the Wrestle-Plex begin to cheer and holler as

Walker takes a second to compose himself before starting to slowly ascend the ladder, only stopped by Penn rolling back into the ring and landing an absolutely thunderous roundhouse kick right to the small of Walker's back! Walker stops in his tracks but holds onto the ladder and Penn hits him with another huge roundhouse kick and Walker arches his back, crying out in pain but still, he refuses to let go of the ladder. Penn begins to follow him up the ladder, hitting Walker with clubbing blows to the back of the neck and shoulders over and over again until he's high enough to grab Walker's head and smash it off a rung of the ladder, busting Walker open above his eye! Walker looks like he's on dream street and Penn uses the advantage, wrapping his arms around Walker's waist and throwing him off the ladder with a German Suplex, sending both competitors crashing into the canvas!!

Angus:

God damn!

DDK:

German Suplex off of a ladder! That had to hurt Penn as much as it hurt Walker.

Angus:

Good, bastard deserves to die.

Walker looks absolutely out of it as Penn drags himself back to his feet, looking around proudly at his handiwork and arrogantly dusting his hands off before making sure the ladder is under the belt again to begin climbing. The impact of the match is already beginning to show as Penn's ascent is slow to get going, distracting him from Sharp coming back to life and setting up a HUGE ladder outside the ring behind Penn. Sharp is like a rat up a drain pipe going up the ladder, standing on a rung close to the top to face the ring and waiting for Penn to get about level with him before he leaps into the ring, grabbing Penn by the shoulders to pull him off the ladder to land a double knee backbreaker, driving both men into the canvas! Penn flops around like a fish on the canvas, clutching at his back and kicking his feet as Sharp tries to bring himself back down to earth, using the ropes to pull himself back up to his feet before making a beeline for the ladder and starting to climb himself!

DDK:

Could this be the break Sharp is looking for?!

Angus:

Christ, I hope not. Someone get in there and stop him!

Angus' request seems to come true as Harmony shows signs of life, edging along the apron to stand opposite the ladder before she springboards off the top rope with a dropkick to the ladder that sends the ladder crashing down and Sharp goes with it, landing ribs first across the top rope! Sharp falls over the top rope and hits the floor with a thud as Harmony manages to get back to her feet and tries to pick the ladder up by one end, only for Walker to get hold of it by the other end, and it turns into a tug of war! The pair jostle the ladder back and forth, and Harmony gets a shot into Walker's ribs with the head of the ladder but it becomes a case of working together as Penn makes it back to his feet and charges for the pair, stopping Walker and Harmony drive the ladder into his ribs! Penn drops to his knees, gasping for breath as he clutches at his ribs, but he doesn't have time to recover as Walker and Harmony charge at him with the ladder as he knees up, driving the side of the ladder right into Penn's head!

Angus:

YES! Give it to him! Give him everything you've got!

DDK

Not biased at all, are you Angus?

Angus:

Curtis Penn is a piece of shit. You know it and I know it. You can't tell me you want him leaving with that Championship?

DDK:

Well...

Angus:

See? Not even you can deny it!

Penn rolls out of the ring but lands on his feet, and as Harmony and Walker turn around with the ladder, Sharp comes back to life and runs for the ropes, using the ladder they're holding as a step to fly over the top rope and crash into Penn with a Senton! Harmony uses the distraction to drive Walker into the turnbuckle using the end of the ladder, driving it into his ribs before she runs at the ropes and leaps over the top rope with a suicide drive, crashing into both Penn and Sharp! All three are down on the outside as Walker unpins himself from the corner with the ladder and lifts it up over his head, throwing it down onto the three of them as they make it to the feet! Then, with cat like quickness, Walker gets out of the ring onto the apron and jumps off the middle rope with a moonsault onto the ladder, taking down everyone but Sharp who read what was happening and dived out of the way! Outside of the ring is an absolute sea of humanity as Walker rolls around clutching at his ribs, Harmony's face begins to taint red with blood, Penn looks like he's in cloud cuckoo land and Sharp sits resting against the security barrier, clearly thankful that he got out with his life in tact!

DDK:

Holy cow!

Angus:

Harmony's bleeding! Do you think I should go offer medical assistance?!

DDK:

You stay sat right where you are. The last thing we need is a sexual harassment lawsuit.

Seeing his opportunity, Sharp goes underneath the ring and pulls out a huge ladder, sliding it back into the ring before rolling under the bottom rope and starting to set it up, fatigue and the strains of the match making it a harder task than he had anticipated. Finally, Sharp manages to get the ladder in the right place and he slowly begins to make a laboured climb up the ladder. On the outside, Booya realises that his boss' Championship is in jeopardy and springs into action, throwing the ladder off of the pile of bodies and dragging Penn out of it! Booya lifts his boss up onto the apron and rolls him into the ring then begins to yell instructions at him as Penn begins to come to life, struggling to his feet. He turns around to face the ladder, straight into Sharp leaping from half way up to take Penn down with a hurricanrana!! Booya covers his eyes as Penn and Sharp crash to the canvas, the move taking as much out of Sharp as it does out of Penn and leaving everyone laid out around the ring.

Sharp and Penn begin to stir as a ladder slides into the ring and Walker rolls in after it, picking the ladder up and swinging it round to smash Penn in the side of the head with a sickening crunch! Penn hits the canvas like a sack of potatoes and rolls out of the ring as Walker takes aim for Sharp, but it's a swing and a miss as Sharp ducks under the ladder then lands a tornado kick as Walker turns around, kicking the ladder into Walker's face! Picking the ladder up, Sharp sets it up under the belt then slowly begins the climb towards the belt, the crowd in the Wrestle-Plex going insane as Sharp gets within millimetres of winning, only for Walker to find his feet and shove the ladder! Sharp clings onto the ladder on the way down, leaping off at the last second to springboard off the top rope and somersault straight into Penn, who had just found his feet!

DDK:

What a show of agility from Andy Sharp!

Angus:

I'll give Flippy boy that one. That was impressive.

DDK:

Wow, you gave him a compliment.

Angus:

Quit living in the past, it's all about MUHBOITAI now! DON'T JUST STAND THERE SLACK JAWED TY, GET YOUR ASS UP THE LADDER!!

Walker is the only one left in the ring and he quickly grabs hold of the ladder then sets it back up under the title belt once more, slowly starting to make his ascent to the Southern Heritage Championship. He desperately reaches towards it from halfway up the ladder then starts to climb again, but he's stopped as Harmony slides into the ring and shoves the ladder with everything she's got, sending Walker crashing from three quarters of the way up down to the top rope, landing crotch first!!

Angus:

RIP Ty's sex life. Kelly is not going to be a happy kitten.

DDK:

That was ugly to see.

Angus:

But this is not! THAT'S IT HARMONY, GET THE LADDER!! MAKE THE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP BEAUTIFUL AGAIN!!

Walker drops off the top rope and crashes to the floor as Harmony stands the ladder back up again, wiping away the blood that had trickled down her face from the attack with the ladder earlier before beginning to climb the ladder. The brunette slowly starts to ascend the ladder but the crowd in the Wrestle-Plex begin to boo as Penn climbs back into the ring and scurries up the ladder to catch up with Harmony as she gets within a fingertip reach of the belt! Penn hits her with a hard right hand but the brunette clings on, firing back with a right hand of her own and sends Penn leaning back. Penn manages to keep hold of the ladder and it becomes a war of fists as they trade right hands back and forth, Harmony starting to get the upper hand until Penn jams his thumb right in Harmony's eye!! The brunette is temporarily blinded and Penn uses the advantage, grabbing a fist of hair and slamming her head into the top of the ladder, but still she hangs on! Penn grabs hold of her hair again and slams her head into the top of the ladder yet again but keeps hold of her and pulls her into him, launching both off them from the top of the ladder with a HUGE Superplex! Harmony is absolutely DRILLED into the canvas by Penn, who sits up crying out from the impact of the move on his own body as Harmony lies lifelessly on the mat.

Angus:

Oh my god, she's dead! YOU KILLED HER, YOU BASTARD.

DDK:

What a superplex!!

Angus:

Is that ALL you're bothered about right now?!

DDK:

Relax, she's still breathing. You can see her chest moving.

Angus:

Stop staring at my future wife's boobs you perv!

The ladder falls into the corner from the impact to the ring and Penn makes it back to his feet as Sharp slides back into the ring and runs at Penn as he turns around, running straight into the Champion who throws Sharp into the ladder with a HUGE Exploder suplex! The ladder absolutely crumples as Sharp crashes through the steel into a heap in the corner of the ring! The crowd shower Penn with disgust as he pulls Sharp out of the wreckage of the ladder and stands him up, only to shove him through the ropes and to the outside. Penn proudly dusts his hands off as Walker slides a new ladder into the ring behind him and sets it up in the corner, begging for Penn to turn around. Penn turns around into Walker going for a Lariat, but Penn ducks under it and catches Walker as he goes to attack again, throwing him into the ladder with a flapjack! Walker's face slams into the steel and the blood begins to run down his

face again as the impact opens up an existing wound even further! Walker rolls out of the ring and Penn stands alone in the middle, surveying his handiwork with pride.

DDK:

And the Champion is standing tall! Can he capitalise on it?

Angus:

Somebody. Anybody. GET IN THE DAMN RING! Christ, if he wins, we'll never hear the end of it!

Booya is on the outside, almost having a heart attack from screaming and yelling for his boss to get a ladder and get the championship, but Penn seems to ignore Booya's urgency, leisurely retrieving the ladder that is now stained with Walker's blood and setting it up in the middle of the ring. Exhaustion begins to set in and Penn struggles to get himself up the ladder but he begins to pull himself up towards the Championship as Booya begins pointing and yelling to tell him that Harmony is back on her feet.

The brunette slides back into the ring and rushes to the other side of the ladder, climbing the opposite side to catch up to Penn before he can get a hand on the Championship and hitting him with hard shots to the midsection! Penn keeps reaching for the belt as Harmony hits him with right hand after right hand after right hand until he doubles over and she grabs hold of him by the head, teetering precariously close to the very top of the ladder before she leaps off, driving Penn into the canvas head first with a HUGE Tornado DDT! Penn flops around like a fish as Harmony arches her back in pain after sacrificing herself in the move too.

DDK:

These four athletes are putting their bodies on the line for this Championship!

Angus:

Seeing Harmony drive his head into the canvas from THAT high up was incredibly satisfying. Now she's just got to get back up the ladder!!

As soon as Harmony makes it to her feet, Booya leaps up onto the apron and starts yelling at her to get her attention, but Harmony just smiles at Booya as she drags his boss back up to his feet then spins Penn around and throws him through the ropes straight into Booya, the pair crashing to the floor in a heap! The crowd in the Wrestle-Plex go nuts for the serving of Karma as Harmony gives them a cheeky wave over the top rope then turns around into Sharp coming off the top rope with a springboard dropkick that hits her square in the face and sends her crashing down to the mat!

Harmony pulls herself up in the corner as Sharp folds the ladder up then tries to use it as a battering ram, aiming straight for Harmony, but the brunette leaps up and straddles the middle rope, leaving the ladder to sail through the ropes and crash into the ringpost sending shockwaves up the steel to Sharp! Sharp drops the ladder like it's on fire, shaking his arms as Harmony hops back down onto the apron and grabs the ladder from out of the ropes, picking it up with bad intentions, but Sharp hits a dropkick to the ladder, sending it crashing into Harmony's face!

Angus:

God damnit, NOT THE FACE!

DDK:

Penn is down. Harmony is down. Walker is down. Sharp is the only one left standing!

Angus:

I swear to god, if he wins? I'm quitting.

DDK:

Don't give me false hope.

Harmony rolls out of the ring, clutching at her face as Sharp picks the ladder up and sets it up to climb again, still

shaking his arms to regain the feeling as he slowly begins to make his way to the top of the ladder. He doesn't get very far as Walker slides back into the ring and shoves the ladder with all he's got, sending the ladder crashing down, but Sharp somehow manages to save himself, landing with both feet on the security rail and jumping back onto the ring apron!

DDK:

How in the hell??

Angus:

Oh what the fuck?

Walker looks proud of himself until he turns around to find Sharp on the apron, coming off the top rope with a springboard double knee facebuster! Walker is on dream street as Sharp tries to stand the ladder back up again, only for Walker to slam his face off the ladder as he gets it straightened up! Sharp is staggered and Walker tries to go up the ladder, but Sharp grabs him by the head and slams his face off the steel steps to return the favour. Walker grabs at his face and Sharp shoves him away then tries to climb the ladder, but Walker grabs hold of his leg to try and pull him off the ladder, only for Sharp to kick him away! Walker doesn't give up, instead going to the other side of the ladder and giving chase to Sharp, trying to catch up to him on the ladder and hitting him with shots around the side of the ladder as he climbs!

Both men are furiously trying to swing at each other and climb the ladder at the same time, not noticing Penn use what little energy he has left to slide into the ring and shove the ladder, sending both men on a flying lesson that brings them crashing down ribs first across the top rope! Sharp flips over the top rope to the floor and Walker lands on the apron then rolls out, leaving Penn standing by himself!

Angus:

Jesus Christ no. For the love of god, will someone get back in the fucking ring?!

DDK:

We knew this match was going to be brutal and it has not disappointed. Can Penn capitalise?!

Angus:

Stop tempting fate, christ.

The impact of the match takes its toll and Penn drops to his hands and knees before he starts to crawl towards the ladder leaning against the ropes to drag it back to the centre of the ring! Using the ropes for support, he pulls himself back to his feet and stands the ladder up, taking a second to catch his breath before he repositions it and begins to climb, getting only two rungs up before stopping!

Without warning, Booya slides into the ring and lifts Penn up to the fourth rung then ducks down and puts his back against the ladder, pushing Penn up using his shoulders! The crowd in the Wrestle-Plex are booing furiously as Booya pushes Penn higher and higher until Harmony rolls back into the ring in front of Booya and kicks him square in the balls!

Angus:

THANK THE LORD IT'S A MIRACLE!

DDK:

Alls legal and fair in a ladder match!

Booya drops to his knees, clutching at his groin area with tears in his eyes as Harmony squats down in front of him with a grin on her face, blowing him a kiss before she stands up and hits him with a stiff kick to the side of the head then shoves his limp body out under the bottom rope with her feet. She realises that Penn is close to the top of the ladder and quickly goes round the other side, tipping the ladder up from the bottom rung and sending Penn dropping out of the ring right into Booya, who has just stood up! Both men crash to the floor as the ladder leans against the top

rope and Harmony pulls it back to the centre of the ring, only to be grabbed from behind and thrown out through the ropes by Walker as he slides back into the ring behind her, throwing her into Booya and Penn to leave a heap of humanity on the outside!

DDK:

There are piles of bodies everywhere!

Angus:

Why couldn't she be on top of me? Lucky bastard.

DDK:

Keep dreaming.

Angus:

HEAD IN THE GAME TY, LOOK OUT!

Angus' exclamation is unheard by Walker as Sharp drags himself back into the ring behind him. With the ring clear and the Faithful going bonkers, Walker and Sharp slowly turn to find that they're only two left standing in the ring. The crowd simmers for a moment as Andy and Ty look across the ring to see the other before charging right to the center of the ring. The fans pop with cheers as they collide in the middle of the ring, locking up in a clinch and firing away with a furious barrage of Hockey Punches!

DDK:

Sharp and Walker going crazy here!

Angus:

Get him, Ty, get him, get that Flippydoo Sonuvabitch!

Andy breaks free of the clinch and tries for a looping haymaker that Ty slips before grabbing him and trying for the Black Thunder Bomb! Sharp counters out with a rana and they both scramble to their feet. Walker misses with a clothesline and Sharp and tries for a German Suplex, but Walker escapes out the back, flipping out of it as Sharp hits the mat. In an instant, Walker follows up with a jumping double stomp, connecting with all of his weight landing on Sharp's chest!

DDK:

Quick thinking there by Walker, is this his opportunity to win this thing?!

Angus:

HAH! YEAH! MUHBOITAI, THE NEW SOHER KING!

Sharp rolls away clutching his chest while Walker hobbles over to the one ladder still laying on the mat before dragging it to the center of the ring. Bobbling it a bit as he stands it up right, he opens the ladder as he looks up through the crimson mask while trying to gauge the positioning under the Southern Heritage title hanging up above. Satisfied he's got the ladder set right, he checks it for stability and then reaches up as high as he can, grabbing one of the rungs as he slowly begins to pull himself up the ladder as the Faithful buzz with anticipation.

DDK:

Walker has got to be exhausted, but he better get moving if he wants to win this thing.

Angus:

Yes, what Keebs said, DO THAT, TY... Do all of that, NAO!

Getting about halfway up, the crowd roars as Andy Sharp suddenly comes back to life and RACES up the ladder! Seeing this, Walker tries to shake the ladder to keep Sharp off balance, which manages to slow him down just enough so he avoids falling off the ladder. Nearing the top first, Sharp tries to set himself to reach for the title, but Walker is

quickly there and hammering him in the midsection to bring his hands down and away from the title.

Reaching the top now, Walker stands even with Sharp, who cracks him a good one with an elbow. Walker hangs on to the top of the ladder and pulls himself back before smashing into Sharp with an elbow of his own. Sharp reels back, reaching out with a hand to grab Walker's arm so he doesn't fall to the mat. Walker tries to pull his wrist free, but Sharp snaps back and grabs Walker by the back of the head and slams his face into the top of the ladder! Seeing an opening, Sharp looks up and reaches, his hand grazing the leather of the SOHER title, which causes it to start swaying above. Stepping up to an even more precarious position, Sharp reaches again, his fingers almost being able to hook on to the title belt as he gets it stop swaying randomly in the air. Meanwhile, Walker recovers as he shakes his head and rubs his bleeding face before realizing Sharp is just about to grab the title.

Angus:

Ty has only just realised he's bleeding?

DDK:

That's what being focused on the prize does to you.

Angus:

I don't know Keebs; I don't like this scenario one bit.

Getting his hand on the belt, Sharp tries to step up once more, but Walker climbs the extra couple rungs so that he can interfere with his progress. Sharp tries to slap Walker's hand away, but the Black Jesus isn't going away and continues to hand fight with him as they both try to grab at the belt. On the outside, Penn drags himself up with the ring apron and looks up as horror washes over his face when he sees Walker and Sharp tugging at his championship. Having gotten away from Penn and Booya, Harmony stands up around the corner to Penn before looking up to see Walker and Sharp fighting over the title. She looks over to see Penn, who looks down momentarily and they both wordlessly come to an understanding before rushing into the ring.

Angus:

Waaait a minute.

DDK:

Oh god, no, this is not happening...

Each taking a side, Penn and Harmony charge into the ladder, ramming it. Up top, Walker and Sharp are so focused on fighting each other, they don't even realize the turbulence being caused from below. Harmony and Penn get the ladder to teeter and that's all they need as they shove as hard as they can into the ladder, finally getting it to tip over and sends Walker and Sharp FLYING out of the ring and into the FRONT ROW!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

GOOD LORD, they just took out the entire front row on that side of the ring!

Angus:

OOOH MAAI GAWD, MUHBOITAI! HE'S DEAD!

DDK:

I can't believe what we just saw and look, look, Harmony and Curtis Penn can't even believe this just happened and they're the ones who did it!

Angus:

THAT SONUVABITCH CURTIS PENN KILLED MUHBOITAI!

EMT's and officials flood from the back to the spot that Sharp and Walker crashed into the front row as Penn, Booya and Harmony just watch on in awe at what has happened. Bodies are strewn everywhere and there's no sign of life from either Walker or Sharp as officials try to check that everyone is still alive.

In the ring is a different story as Penn realises he has an opportunity to win and attacks Harmony while she's distracted, clubbing into the back of her head and neck from behind and throwing her into the turnbuckle shoulder first! Harmony pulls out of the corner and Penn throws her back into the turnbuckle again, making the brunette cry out in pain as she clutches at her shoulder.

DDK:

And NOW Penn shows his true colours.

Angus:

God damnit you son of a bitch!

DDK:

It's a smart move though. Take out her arms and she can't climb the ladder.

Booya slides a fresh ladder into the ring to Penn, and he picks it up then turns around straight into a dropkick from Harmony to the ladder, slamming the steel into Penn's face! Penn is down and Harmony tries her hardest with one arm to set up the ladder in the middle of the ring, looking up at the championship belt before beginning to climb up!

Penn begins to come round and Booya yells at him to get up the ladder as Harmony reaches about half way, having to pause because of her arm. Penn spots the opportunity and scrambles towards the ladder, shooting up as fast as he can as Harmony is almost at the top and fighting the pain with all she's got to reach for the championship! He gets to the top and grabs hold of her affected arm then leaps back off the ladder, bringing her arm down across the top of the ladder!

Angus:

Oh I can't watch.

DDK:

Good god that could have separated Harmony's shoulder right there!

Harmony drops to the mat and clutches at her shoulder in pain as the Wrestle-Plex make their displeasure known to Penn, who just dusts his hands off and heads back to the ladder, mockingly waving at Harmony as he climbs closer and closer to the Southern Heritage Championship belt hanging above the ring. Penn is merely millimetres away from victory when the ladder stands to shake and he clings on for dear life, Harmony lying on the mat and kicking the bottom of the ladder with both legs. She gives one last HUGE kick and Penn loses his balance, his foot slips and he falls backwards but his leg is caught in the rung of the ladder, hanging him up in a tree of woe!

Penn can't get himself free, desperately clawing at his leg as Harmony gets to her feet to climb again, only for Booya to leap on the apron, but she's quick to spot him and hits him with a HUGE roundhouse kick to the side of the head, damn near knocking him out cold off the apron!

Angus:

YES! Climb that ladder!!

DDK:

Penn can't get himself free and there's no one left to help him! Get up that ladder Harmony!

Penn is still desperately trying to get himself free from the ladder, but sheer exhaustion is stopping him as Harmony begins to climb the ladder slowly using one arm. The crowd in the Wrestle-Plex is damn near exploding as she manages to reach the top of the ladder and fight through the pain to reach up and unhook the Southern Heritage Championship belt, prompting the bell to ring!!

Darren Quimby:

Here is your winner and the NEW Southern Heritage Champion, HAAAAAAAAAARMONYYYYYY!!!

Harmony sits herself on the top of the ladder and hoists the championship above her head with her good arm, holding the bad one in close to her body with a huge smile on her face that breaks through the blood staining her skin.

Angus:

YES! YES! YES!

DDK:

Harmony has battled the odds to capture her first taste of gold here in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

You have NO idea how happy this makes me!

DDK:

Keep it in your pants, for the love of god.

More officials flood the ring to help Penn as Booya finally comes to on the outside, looking up at the scene in the ring with a sense of impending doom while on the outside, medical staff and officials are still tending to the scene in the front row that still looks like a massacre scene from a horror movie.

DRAWING SOME BLOOD

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we now send it down to Christie Zane at the interview station for a word from one of the competitors in tonight's HUGE main event.

Angus:

This should be interesting.

DDK:

Cross your fingers...

We cut down to the raised interview platform just to the side of the entrance ramp where DEFIANCE's intrepid interviewer Christie Zane stands ready, microphone in hand.

Christie Zane:

Thanks guys. We have...

The unseen but VERY familiar voice of Jane Katze cuts Ms. Zane off mid-sentence.

Jane Katze:

What you have, you little blonde *nitwit*...

From backstage walks... well *hobbles*... the CEO of Katze & Associates, financial wizard, former submission siren and managerial extraordinaire, Jane Katze, followed closely by her bodyguard, the massive seven foot former Mafia enforcer, Nicky Corozzo. The two make their way off the ramp and up the steps to the interview stage, Nicky assisting Jane Katze as she struggles with the giant encumbering knee brace and crutches she's contending with thanks to her "run in" with one Lindsay Troy.

Jane Katze:

... is a golden opportunity to interview *the main event*.

Christie Zane:

What exactly do you mea...

Nicky snatches the microphone from Zane's hand and gingerly hands it to his employer, Jane takes it with a narrow smile directed at the now startled and voiceless interviewer. Jane looks out over the crowd with a sneer.

Jane Katze:

You disgusting people don't deserve the man about to walk through that curtain. I read every single goddamn tweet and post and joke made at my expense after that... that *BITCH* almost broke my damn leg!

The crowd pops for the reminder, an audible chant of "TROY TROY TROY" starts to roll through the four thousand plus jam packed crowd of DEFIANCE faithful. Jane's face twists into a sour scowl and once again brings the microphone to her lips.

Jane Katze:

Slime. All of you. Every single one. You'll all see what Ms. Troy's rash, unthinking action gets her later tonight when she steps into that ring with the single greatest competitor walking these halls. A man whose loyalty to this company and his passion for this product from Day One, Show One, MATCH ONE, has made him the unquestionable cornerstone of DEFIANCE Wrestling. So without further ado, ladies and gentlemen... the man who without a SHADOW OF A DOUBT will be walking out of the Wrestle-Plex the **THREE time FIST** of DEFIANCE... The ACE of DEFIANCE Wrestling, The Wargod... Bronson Box!

The lights dim and the stage is bathed in a flickering sepia tone light. The crowd can't help but pop *hard* as the ragtime piano classic "The Entertainer" starts up over the PA system and the Scottish Strongman himself, Bronson Box, walks

out from behind the entrance curtain with a confident sneer plastered on his handlebar mustachioed lips. He doesn't waste any time pandering or jawing with ramp-side fans, making his way up towards Jane, Nicky, and Christie. The look on Christie Zane's face and the visible gulp as the stout Scotsman sets foot on the little platform tells us all we need to know about the "relationship" he's had with most of the DEFIANCE support staff over the years. Jane hands the microphone back to Nicky who tosses it end-over-end towards Christie. She breathes a little sigh before beginning...

Christie Zane:

Bronson, we've seen over the last few... weeks... umm...

It's Bronson's turn to pick on Christie. Box slowly reaches for the microphone, then sloooooowly pulls it from her hand, drawing it back towards himself. Bronson pats her derisively on the head before turning away and ignoring her completely. He can't help but allow his smug sneer to curl into a smile as the faithful bathe The Wargod in their usual mixed reaction to his presence.

BOOOOOOOORAAAAAAAHBOOOOOOO!

DDK:

With all Box has perpetrated over the years it still astounds me some of the Faithful are still behind him as much as they are.

Angus:

You just proved his point right there, Keebler. The term we now use to describe our audience, the Faithful? Box coined that term years ago, remember? I mean, listen... he's not my favorite by any means, but since he came back from exile it's hard not to be impressed. The guy CLOSED Mayberry's mouth and ROCKED his confidence so badly he might never be the same. He placated the champ and kept him close, played mind games with him week after week after week. The Wargod, for better or worse, isn't lying... at this point he's as much a part of this place as the damn *ring*.

DDK:

I don't know if I'd go quite *that* far, but point taken.

With Jane beaming with pride and Nicky managing to make Christie more than a little uncomfortable with a long, lingering stare, Bronson begins.

Bronson Box:

Quite the show we've had so far, aye?

The crowd gives a little cheer, answering Bronson's obviously rhetorical question.

Bronson Box:

... yes, well. It's all shite compared to the masterpiece in blood and twisted aluminum on the verge of being created in tonight's main event. It's not just fact, it's written history. Let me give you lot some historical perspective... Chris Cannon. Edward White. Boston Bancroft. Cancer Jiles. Four men with several notable things in common... one, they along with myself made up competitors in the very *FIRST* Ladder War match years ago. A match where I emerged victorious, merging the then DEFIANCE Heavyweight Crown with Bancroft's WfWA World title to become this company's very first **World** Heavyweight Champion. The other thing they have in common? None of them are *here anymore*...

He waits a beat. Letting all that history sink in before continuing.

Bronson Box:

I am though... and so is our current undisputed reigning defending FIST. My fellow Original DEFIANT, the plucky underdog turned *chicken shite* coward Eugene Dewey. A man that took a no-holds barred title and according to his revisionist history "single handedly" elevated it to main event status... single handedly, that's how he often puts it. All on his lonesome. Never mind the blood myself and men like Dan Ryan have spilled all over the WORLD competing for

that *particular* ten pounds of leather and gold...

He stops and chuckles.

Bronson Box:

Dan Ryan. My word lad, it's been far too long since you and I locked up, hasn't it? I can say with sincerity that no other person has taken me to my physical limit like yourself... no other man or woman on this roster. Do you know *why* that is? You can sit around backstage with that harlot sister-in-law of yours, Troy, and joke and jibe and *PRETEND* you're a regular run-of-the-mill human being... but you know that I know the truth. *You're a monster, Dan.* A bloody liar, and a good one.

Bronson Box:

The fact that ridiculous woman has sat there beside you, traveled with you for months on end and still not sussed it out that you're as ruthless a villain as I... well, it's sad really. Because when she finally realizes it, it'll be far too late. She's had her adorable little sights set so firmly here...

Gesturing to himself.

Bronson Box:

When she should have been paying far closer attention to the beast she's given the task of watching her back. Because when she, and I, and you and our so-called *champion* all set foot in that ring, it will become clear to one and all that...

That funky clavinet intro to "Trampled Under Foot" smashes through the speakers and melds with Bonzo's drums, Jimmy Page's roaring guitar, and Robert Plant's iconic voice to interrupt the Wargod. A moment later the Faithful join in the fun, drowning out Boxer as the one and only Queen of the Ring makes her way out from behind the entrance curtain. Dressed for battle also, she walks to the edge of the ramp and looks over at Box and company on the interview stage, microphone in hand. She brings the mic to her lips several times, the fans' cheers persisting.

HAIL THE QUEEN!

HAIL THE QUEEN!

HAIL THE QUEEN!

HAIL THE QUEEN!

Troy lovingly shushes the wild crowd, allowing her enough quiet to rub a little proverbial *salt* into Jane's wound.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh Jane! There you are! [She waves.] We missed you last show.

The Faithful can't help but laugh at Bronson's manager's expense. Jane grabs the Wargod's wrist and pulls the microphone towards her.

Jane Katze:

I swear to God, you arrogant bitch, once I heal I'm going to **personally** kick your goddamn perfect teeth down your fuc...

Box pulls the microphone back with an annoyed grunt. Nicky pats Jane on the shoulder trying his best to calm his employer down. The Lady of the Hour can't help but laugh at Jane's red-in-the-face temper tantrum. Boxer narrows his eyes at Troy's chuckling.

Bronson Box:

You think that's bloody hilarious, doncha' lass?

Lindsay Troy:

I might call it a *knee-slapper*, yes...

Nicky has to wrap his arms around Jane's waist to hold her back from limp-charging Troy.

Lindsay Troy:

I could keep going with the knee puns but, really, the only people who give half a shit about her are you and Nicky. I'm much more interested in what you think you're going to do about it. Maybe reach down in your little bootie there and fish out the railroad spike you tried to make a permanent part of FDJ's skull? Might that have been the same one you used to stab all those relics with back in the first Ladder War? Why gloss over that part, I wonder...

Bronson Box:

Get to your point, sunshine, before I...

Lindsay Troy:

Before you *what*, monopolize more of this conversation? You're not being paid by the spoken word here; this place would go bankrupt if that were the case. Here's the rub, though. This noble legacy of yours? [Smirk.] It's an illusion conjured to trick and deceive. You're just as chickenshit as Eugene, but the difference is you've had more time and assistance...

Troy motions towards Jane, still red in the cheeks, boiling mad.

Lindsay Troy:

...in roping enough people into believing your garbage. So I think it's about time someone finally makes you see who your betters are and exposes you as nothing more than a hypocritical **fraud**. In fact...

Troy cocks her head to the side and rubs her chin with her free hand.

Lindsay Troy:

Eff it....

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Christie is the only person on the platform that manages to get out of the way before all hell breaks loose. The Queen takes a couple steps back and charges for the edge of the main stage, LEAPING across the gap and hitting Boxer, Nicky and Jane with a wild suicide dive. Jane and Nicky tumble off the interview platform, Corozzo actually managing to catch his employer before she and her busted knee clatter onto the unforgiving cement floor.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Angus:

She's kickin' the shit out of Boxer!

Troy pops up from the high risk maneuver and immediately starts swinging for the fences, dropping anything she can on the grounded Wargod. Just as she starts getting warmed up, a veritable platoon of DEFsec gorillas swarm the entire stage area and immediately go about separating the two superstars. Just as the security drones pin Troy's arms and start pulling her off Boxer, The Wargod takes the opportunity to land a stiff elbow across Troy's mouth, drawing blood.

DDK:

Cheap shot from The Original DEFIANT!

As he's dragged to the outer wings of the stage area we hear Boxer screaming threats and obscenities... The Queen just *smiling* through a mouthful of her own blood.

DDK:

As if tonight's main event wasn't heated enough! These two are out for blood!

Angus:

Well, if Box's Ladder War history is any indication, we'll get PLENTY of that.

DUSTY GRIFFITH vs ALECZANDER THE GREAT

We return to the booth where Angus and Keebs await to call tonight's semi-main event.

Angus: [McConaughy]

Alright, alright, alright. We got a new SOHER, this night can't possibly any better, Keebs!

DDK:

Well, we still have two more matches to go, because coming up next is Aleczander the Great taking on Dusty Griffith.

Angus:

Ooh, I change my mind, it has just gotten better, because we're gonna see Alecz HOSS SMASH the bejayzuss outta Maybery here tonight.

DDK:

Something tells me the feeling is quite mutual on Dusty's part.

Angus:

Right, well, let's get to it, so take it away DQ!

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

With the sound of the music, the crowd starts BOOING the shit out of one of the members of Team HOSS making his way from the back. Thomas Keeling Sr makes his way out first and waves his hand as right behind him, the man who has made hell for Dusty Griffith steps forward and kneels down, flexing an arm.

Darren Quimbey:

First, making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Thomas Keeling, Sr... He hails from Tampa Bay, Florida, by way of Manchester, England... He weighs in at Two Hundred and Sixty Eight pounds... This is **THE MANCUNIAN MUSCLE... ALECZANDER THE GREAT!**

DDK:

This all started back at Acts of DEFIANCE when Team HOSS made their return after a six-month layoff and chose Dusty Griffith as a target. The former World Champion and Frank Dylan James haven't taken too kindly to that. Angel Trinidad was victorious in a HUGE slugfest over Frank Dylan James, which leaves Aleczander to even the score.

Angus:

I don't approve of his palling around with Booya, but I do approve of his slapping around of Mayberry! OUR HOSS OVERLORDS are the future and Alecz is going to show Mayberry the future is right the fuck now!

DDK:

Aleczander is a fantastic competitor, no doubt, and he hasn't been pinned since returning to the roster, but this will be far and away the biggest test of his career. Let's see if he can capitalize.

Aleczander stops short of the entrance and flexes his muscles, even making his pecs dance in tune with the beats of his kicking new theme. The Big Brit climbs into the ring and steps on the second turnbuckle, yelling about how he's going to break Dusty in half! Aleczander soaks in the jeers of the crowd before stepping off and waiting for his opponent to arrive.

♪ "I Love It Loud" by KISS ♪

The lights drop and that familiar drum beat begins to pound the airwaves as the lights flash in unison with the beat. The Faithful, nearly all four thousand strong are clapping and stomping in sync as their anticipation boils to a simmering buzz.

Darren Quimbey:

And now his opponent, hailing from BOISE, IDAHO, he weighs in tonight at Two Hundred and Seventy Eight Pounds... This is the **WILD BRONCO.... DUSTY GRIFFITH!**

Griffith charges out on to the stage as the song kicks into full gear, causing the Faithful's anticipation to erupt into a full blown storm of cheers. Dusty pauses for a brief moment to acknowledge the roaring crowd, his head nodding with a smile that cracks the look of steely eyed determination as he scans the crowd.

DDK:

These people are going bananas, partner! And boy, does he looks ready to make Aleczander eat every last word he's had to say about Big Dust or what?.

Angus:

Yeah, you're right, Keebs, Mayberry is always ready to do battle on the biggest stage. Even I can't deny facts like that, but he's been a loser his last couplafew outings dating back to losing the World Title to The Euge. Something tells me, Alecz is gonna make sure that trends continues.

With a short hop towards the ring, Dusty jogs his way down the ramp before hitting full speed the last few steps where he dives into the ring. Popping up to his feet, Griffith takes a few laps as he rebounds back and forth off the ropes until he's suddenly cut off...

Angus:

LAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRIAAAAAATOOOOO!

DDK:

What the... OH, C'MON! Aleczander just took Griffith's head off with a clothesline out of nowhere and the match hasn't even officially begun!

Angus:

HA HAA! Screw you and your theatrics, courtesy of Aleczander the Great, conqueror of the Discount Captain America!

The lights come up and the Faithful immediately begin to boo when they see Griffith down with Aleczander standing over him and stomping away with one heavy boot after another. Grabbing him by his ring jacket, Alecz 'helps' Dusty as he struggles to get to his feet and continues to pummel the Wild Bronco with more clubbing shots.

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

DDK:

Benny Doyle calls for the bell and this one is officially underway!

Angus:

And Alecz is taking Mayberry to university as the British like to say!

Alecz works Griffith into the corner, who is still in his jacket, and proceeds to bludgeon Griffith with European Uppercuts, each shot violently snapping his head back. Two, three, four shots in a row until Dusty comes to life suddenly, firing back with an elbow that cracks Alecz across his left brow. Alecz fires back with another of his own, which only further rouses Dusty from the stupor.

Angus:

Hit 'em again, Alecz, he's starting to wake up!

DDK:

And these fans are rallying behind the former World Champion!

AlecZ hits him again, and again, but Dusty seemingly ignores the blows as he gets more riled up with the Faithful's support. AlecZ tries for an overhand, but Dusty blocks it and clobbers him with another elbow that smashes him right in the mush. AlecZ staggers back, holding his lip before seeing a trace of blood. AlecZ eyes Griffith like *'what the fuck, mate?'*

Angus:

Ooooh shit, Mayberry done messed up now, he dares to scratch up AlecZ' pretty face?!

DDK:

Something tells me, Big Dust wants to do a heckuva lot more than that before the night's over!

Enraged at this outrage of having his face marked, AlecZ stomps right back towards Griffith and eats another elbow that cracks him in the face! Before AlecZ can respond he gets hit with another that knocks him on his ass. Thoroughly annoyed by this, AlecZ scrambles to his feet, but is swarmed by Griffith who drives him across the ring into the corner.

Angus:

He's hurting AlecZ' face! This is illegal, a crime against humanity, it's, it's...

DDK:

None of those things, calm down, Angus!

Dusty lights AlecZ up with a couple more elbows that crash against the Big Brit's jaw before grabbing a wrist and looking to send him back across the ring. AlecZ however has the wherewithal to counter out of the Irish Whip, sending Griffith charging into the corner! Dusty hits the turnbuckles hard, but rushes out of the corner and right into AlecZ who grabs a SLEEPER HOLD!

DDK:

Some quick thinking here by AlecZander...

Angus:

YAASS, choke 'em out, AlecZ!

Griffith immediately struggles against the hold, trying to create some space before AlecZ could really sink in the hold with his beefy arms wrapped around Dusty's head and neck. AlecZ tries to maintain his hold, but Griffith manages to get just enough room to shift his body so that he can grab a side waistlock, pops his hips and sends AlecZ up and over with a big suplex!

Angus:

BAAAKKKUUUDRAAAHPPAAHHH!!...

DDK:

Griffith with a huge suplex, he just dropped AlecZ on top of his skull!

Angus:

... I mean, boo, BOOOO!! *Ahem.*

The Faithful pop huge as Dusty rises to his feet and roars to the crowd as he tears off his jacket and throws it to the ground. AlecZ rolled to his knees, his eyes wide, utterly stunned by the turn of events. The emotional outburst subsiding, Griffith turns to locate AlecZ, who wisely rolls out to the floor, regrouping with Thomas Keeling Sr..

DDK:

Wise move there by AlecZ, take a powder before Dusty can build up any kind of momentum.

Angus:

Yeah, he's not just a pretty face and six pack abs, Keebs.

Being the sportsman that he is, Dusty gives Alecz all the time he needs, however he does use the 'breather' he's also getting to mock Alecz. Striking a few 'poses' reminiscent of the Mancunian Muscle's own bicep curls, annoying Alecz when the fans laugh at his expense. Climbing on to the apron, Alecz hurls some threats, but retreats when Dusty approaches.

DDK:

Looks like Alecz doesn't want anything to do Dusty when he's actually *ready* for him.

Angus:

Aleczaider doesn't appreciate your slanderous accusations, *Keebler!*

Keeling demands Doyle back Griffith away so that his client can "enter the ring safely", which he does, and Dusty obliges as he puts his hands as if surrendering to Doyle's command. However, as the stalling drags on the Faithful begin voicing their opinion, which starts with a pocket of the audience until swelling into most of the the four thousand strong chanting in unison...

The Faithful:

ALECZ FEARS DUSTY!

Angus:

These people need to shutup, Keebs, all this is, is just more salacious lies aimed at tarnishing the good name of Aleczaider the Great!

DDK:

After weeks of talking big about how crushing Griffith once and for all, I think Alecz is doing a fine job tarnishing his *good* name himself, partner.

Hearing their words, Dusty cocks his head, a sly smile crossing his face as he snickers in response. Alecz however is not quite so amused by the Faithful's rousing chant, turning to the nearest group in the front row and demanding that they shutup. His annoyance only grows when he turns to see Dusty, who sits on the middle rope, offering to hold the ropes open for Alecz.

Dusty Griffith:

Guess you really are just here to be pretty, brother, 'cause you sure as hell ain't here for fightin'?!

Alecz eyes widen with anger and then further embarrassment when those in the audience who heard that remark begin to laugh at his expense. Dusty backs away to the center of the ring as he turns his palms up and curls his hands as if to say "*come get some*". Alecz quickly pulls himself up on to the apron and climbs into the ring.

DDK:

Finally, enough lollygagging already.

Angus:

You say that now, but Alecz is about to make Mayberry eat those words, just watch!

Griffith anxiously awaits as he takes a wrestler's stance, ready to engage. Alecz takes a step towards Dusty, ready to finally fight, but when the former World Champion moves towards him, Alecz drops down and rolls right back out of the ring. The Faithful's response is quick and venomous as they boo the chiseled muscle man at full throat, while he merely smirks at their ire.

Angus: [laughing]

The mind games are strong with this one, Keebs!

DDK:

Something, is strong, that's for sure.

Alecz taunts a few fans in the front row who hurl insults that question his manhood, he simply laughs and flexes his impressive biceps in response. Standing at the ropes, Benny Doyle yells at the Big Brit, warning him to "cut the crap" before starting a ten count. As for Dusty, he's had quite enough of this garbage and slides out of the ring.

Angus:

Whatever Doyle, Alecz doesn't care about you, your authority or your sloppy physique.

DDK:

Yeah, well, he better start caring about something, because trouble has come looking for him!

Indeed it has, because Dusty rounds the corner behind Alecz, who is still jawing with the fans, spins him around and blasts him with an elbow to the skull! The action starved audience pops as Griffith starts batting Alecz around with a few hard shots, pouring out his frustrations with the pretty boy member of Team HOSS.

DDK:

Well, if Aleczander didn't want to go to the match, Dusty will bring the match to him!

Angus:

Doyle, come on man! Use your authority here, this is assault, he wasn't even ready to fight!

DDK:

Your hypocrisy knows no bounds, Angus.

Alecz fires back with a few shots to his attackers midsection while Dusty clobbers him with clubbing forearms to the back and shoulders. Completely annoyed with the lack of order, Benny Doyle rolls out of the ring and breaks the scrum up and orders both to take it to the ring. Alecz however takes the low road and cheap shots Dusty before quickly rolling back into the ring.

Angus:

I love a good sucker punch, it really is an underrated art form.

DDK:

I'm not even going to bother with the pretense as if that surprises me in the least.

Griffith growls and hurriedly enters the ring, which is all the opening Alecz needs to blitz him as rains down with one quick stomp after another. Dusty fights through the assault, absorbing every blow as he works his way to a knee. Alecz lifts Dusty up and presses him against the ropes before throwing a few kicks at his gut until Dusty brings his hands and catches his foot coming in.

DDK:

Oh boy, he's in a precarious position now, what's Dusty gonna do with him?

Angus:

Come on, poke to the eyes, kick to the balls, do something!

Dusty walks a hopping Alecz away from the ropes before spinning him around and clobbering Alecz with a big forearm to the head. Driving him to the ropes, Dusty grabs a wrist and whips Alecz across the ring, who wisely hooks his arms on the top rope, avoiding a Back Body Drop. Dusty sees this and charges over, but Alecz is a step ahead and pops him up in the air.

DDK:

STUN GUN! Aleczander just dropped Griffith over the rope!

Angus:

I knew it all along, Alecz had him right where he wanted him, he was just setting him up!

Crashing to the mat, Dusty rolls around on the mat as he clutches his throat. Alecz however gives the Faithful a smug grin and another bicep curl as he points to his temple as if to point out how smart he is. On the outside, Keeling barks at Alecz to "focus!" and the Big Brit heeds the advice and gets back on the attack, yolking Dusty up and throws him with a big German Suplex.

DDK:

An impressive display of strength there from Aleczander on the suplex.

Angus:

Hah, see, he's not just a pretty face and a superior physique!

Alecz looks to Keeling, who nods approvingly as he gives him a look that says *"keep doing that,"* to which Alecz smiles and nods.

Aleczander the Great:

I'm gonna beat this wanker at his own bloody game!

The declaration gets him some more boos from the Faithful, but true to his word, he pulls Dusty up into a Bearhug and then throws his bulk up and over with a Belly to Belly Suplex! Griffith flips over after the impact and tries to push himself up, but Alecz is once again right there to assist and again, latches on from the side before hoisting and tossing Dusty with a Gutwrench Suplex!

DDK:

Aleczander with another big suplex and he's going for the cover this time!

ONE!**TWO!****NO... KICKOUT!**

The Faithful cheer for the pin escape, but with Keeling Sr. on the outside barking commands, Alecz maintains his focus. Stomping Dusty a few times for good measure before lifting him off the mat putting him in position for a Piledriver, but instead underhooks the arms and muscles Dusty up and over with a Butterfly Suplex!

DDK:

Aleczander is just having his way with Griffith at this point and with the Senior Keeling on the outside, he's staying focused on the job at hand.

Angus:

I told you, Keebs, I told you! The new reign of Team HOSS' domination is here and we're seeing Aleczander The Great beating Mayberry at his own game, it's GREAT!

Alecz once again has Dusty up, lifting him like a two hundred and eighty pound bag of potatoes and then dropping his back and ribs across his knee and holds him there! The pain jars Dusty out of the stupor as he loudly gasps and grunts before Alecz, who maintains the hold, lifts him up and drops him over his knee with ANOTHER BACKBREAKER!

DDK:

Dusty Griffith is two hundred and eighty pounds of solid bulk and Aleczander is simply manhandling him like he weighs half that!

Angus:

It looks like he's just getting some extra gym time in and using Mayberry to get his SWOLE on!

Alec repeats the impressive feat of strength for a third time and then holds Dusty there as he tries to bend him backwards across his knee! On the outside Keeling tells Doyle to "ask him!," but Alec has something else in mind as he lifts and hurls Dusty up into a Vertical Suplex out of a Fallaway Slam before rolling over for a quick cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!... KICKOUT!

Alec growls and looks at Doyle who shows him the two sign as the Faithful cheer for another pinfall escape by Dusty.

Angus:

Damnit, Doyle, count faster!

Keeling notices his charge's frustration starting to mount and continues to give him direction. Laying in a few boots, Alec flips Dusty over and before grabbing a handful of his trunks and pulls him up from behind, right into a FULL NELSON! As Alec locks the hold in tighter, Dusty bellows and grunts as he tries in vain to free himself from the Mancunian Muscle's grip.

Angus:

Look at that form, Keebs, he's giving Mayberry some serious Flexual Assault right here!

DDK:

He's certainly been putting his impressive strength on display here tonight, proving it's definitely not all for show.

Desperately trying to find an escape, Dusty notices he's close to the ropes and attempts to force his way closer to try and hook one with his foot, but Alec is having none of it. Not only does he pull him away, but arches back and lifts Dusty OFF of his feet to do so! The gears to start in Alec's head and he starts to slowly starts to spin in circles, gradually speeding up with every turn.

DDK:

Oh my goodness, he's spinning him around like a carousel at the circus!

Angus:

Just call him Barnum and Bailey, because Aleczander is the Greatest Show on Earth!

Alec settles into a rhythm and round and round they go. The Faithful even get in on the act as they actually begin counting every revolution.

The Faithful:

Nine... Ten... Eleven... Twelve... Thirteen... Fourteen... Fifteen...

DDK:

Round and round they go, when they'll stop, nobody knows!

Angus:

Jesus, I might hurl just watching this, Keebs.

The Faithful continue counting, but the longer it goes the more it also wears Alec down. Finally he stops at thirty three spins, one for each of his years on this Earth, and punctuates it with a big FULL NELSON SLAM! The Faithful applaud the action as Alec staggers around, having made himself dizzy in the process, until he finally drops down to make

another pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

THHHRRREEE...

The Faithful roar as Dusty just barely gets a shoulder up before Doyle's hand could slap the mat for a third and final time in this contest.

Angus:

Come on! That had to be it!

DDK:

Impressive as it may have been, that spin made Aleczander awfully disoriented. Plus, it gave Dusty a brief window where he wasn't having to absorb more of Alecz' big impact offense.

Alecz looks up at Doyle and slaps his hands together three times, clearly unamused by Griffith's resiliency and Doyle's perceived lack of a proper three count. Doyle again, gives him the two sign and mimics the shoulder popping up. Alecz pulls Dusty up and drags him into a corner where he begins venting his frustrations with repeated short clotheslines to Griffith's chest and neck.

DDK:

Aleczander's starting to lose his cool here.

Angus:

Zip it, Alecz is just adding some variety to Mayberry's asswhooping diet!

After several repeated blows, Doyle moves in to break it up, pulling Alecz off of Griffith, allowing him to attempt stagger out of the corner. The Big Brit is having none of it though, shrugging the ref off and going back to work. Grabbing Dusty and violently shoving him back in the corner before opening up on him with a European Uppercut that snaps Dusty's head back.

Angus:

He's like a Masterchef of Wrestling, he can smash you with those biceps in so many ways!

DDK:

It's certainly a staple of his *culinary skill*.

Dusty lunges forward and smacks Alecz with an elbow, showing his first sign of life for the Faithful to cheer for in a while. Alecz eats the shot and returns fire with another European Uppercut, but Dusty seemingly just absorbs the blow and shoves Alecz away. The Big Brit stomps back in range and eats another elbow that staggers him back, he rushes in again and eats ANOTHER ELBOW!

DDK:

Big Dust starting finally come to life here!

Angus:

Nah, no he's not, nuh uh, not happenin'...

Dusty roars to life and charges at the staggered Aleczander, but gets a swift boot to the gut, halting the comeback and the Faithful's own swelling support. Digging a shoulder into Dusty's body, Alecz drives him right back into the corner and snaps his head back with another European Uppercut before grabbing a wrist and whipping Dusty across the ring.

DDK:

Here comes the BIG BRIT!

Angus:

INNCOMMMINNG!

Aleczauder charges across the ring and crashes into Griffith with a big running clothesline. Grabbing a wrist, he whips Dusty back across the ring and the Faithful begin to boo as they recognize he's trying to use Dusty's own signature STAMPEDE against him! Which he does, smashing into Dusty with another running clothesline, only adding fuel to the Faithful's ire.

DDK:

Oh.My.God, is he... IS HE SIGNALING FOR THE ATOMIC POWERBOMB?!

Angus:

HAH HAH! YES! He's going to beat Mayberry with his own gorram move, Keebs!

The Faithful spits venomous jeers as the Mancunian Muscle throws his hands up in the air, clasping them together and mimicking Dusty's own 'signal' for his trademark Powerbomb. Pulling Dusty to the center of the ring, he boots him and stuffs his head between his thighs as he gives the crowd a big cheshire grin... Until Dusty rears up and BACK DROPS OUT OF IT!

DDK:

NOT SO FAST, PARTNER!

Angus:

Awww sheeeit, the sonuvabitch is mad now!

The Faithful erupt with cheers in response to Dusty's escape, as he snarls through gritted teeth while rubbing his head and neck. Keeling hollers "get on him!" as Alecz scrambles back to his feet, grabs Dusty and spins him around only to eat an elbow in response! Alecz fires back with one of his own and gets another in return from Dusty that really staggers him.

DDK:

Griffith starting to come to life here!

Angus:

No, no, no, no, NOOOOOO!

Seeing his chance, Dusty grabs Alecz by the head and unloads with a flurry as he alternates between elbows and forearms to the Big Brit's skull! Dusty let's go of Alecz' head, spins as he looks for a ROLLING ELBOW, but Alecz suddenly comes to, hitting a big knee lift and then another European Uppercut before rushing towards the ropes...

DDK:

Here comes Air Aleczander!

...Dusty however catches Aleczander as the Big Brit leaves his feet for a flying clothesline and tosses him with a BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX! They both scramble to their feet and Alecz gets sent flying again with another Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex. Refusing to stay down, Alecz is up and swinging wildly, Dusty ducks the shot and throws him with a BACKDROP SUPLEX!

DDK:

Dusty rolls him over for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Aleczonder kicks out quickly after two with enough force to push Griffith off of him.

Angus:

Oh, thank GAWD!

DDK:

Alec showing he's not near done here yet.

Showing his own toughness, Alecz struggles a bit this time to get to his feet, but again swings wildly with a haymaker that Dusty blocks and grabs on to him for another suplex. Not wanting to go for another ride, Alecz desperately fights Dusty off with downward elbows to the neck, but Dusty ignores them and delivers another Backdrop Suplex...

DDK:

DUSTY BRIDGES FOR THE PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!

Angus:

Oh god, Jayzuss, that was close! Come on, Alecz, don't let this guy win! Use your big muscles or something, anything!

DDK:

Alecz wanted to give Dusty a taste of his own medicine, but now he's finding out what a just how bitter this pill tastes.

Angus: [grumbling]

I know, GAWD KEEBS, doesn't mean I have to like it!

Dusty is up and roars to the Faithful as he signals it's time to finish this, causing the crowd to roar right back at him with excited cheers. Peeling Alecz off of the mat, Dusty pulls him into the nearest corner and lights him up with a few chops for good measure. Grabbing a wrist, Dusty looks to whip Alecz across the ring, but Alecz reverses!

Angus:

Yeah, yeah, get him, get h--

Charging in, Alecz leaps for a flying Back Elbow smash into the corner, but Dusty slips out of the way, causing the Big Brit to crash into the turnbuckles hard. Before Alecz can even process what happened, Dusty comes rushing in and squashes him with an Avalanche Splash. Dusty gives the crowd another high sign before setting Alecz up for the ATOMIC POWERBOMB!

DDK:

This could be it right here!

Angus:

SONUVA-C'MON!!

Sensing the danger, Alecz frantically pushes himself away, dropping to the mat and rolling out the floor. Seeing this, the Faithful boo their disapproval as the Senior Keeling rushes over to his client. Dusty watches patiently for a moment, but his patience is thin and he stomps over to the ropes, reaches out to grab Alecz by his hair and PULLS HIM BACK INTO THE RING!

Angus:

Come on, DOYLE, how is that not illegal?! He's ruining Aleczander's perfectly coiffed hair!

Alecz bellows in pain as Dusty pulls him up on to the apron. Turning himself around, Alecz goes to the eyes, breaking Dusty hold on him. Reaching up to lock his hands around the back of Dusty's neck, Alecz drops to the floor and snaps his neck over the top rope. Dusty staggers back and falls over as grasps his throat, meanwhile Alecz continues to take a powder on the outside.

Angus:

Hah, that'll teach Mayberry the next time he goes putting his grubby mitts on Alecz' doo.

DDK:

If ever there was lesson he would take to heart, I'm sure this is the one.

Aleczander fusses with his hair for a moment before turning his gaze back to the ring and snarls at Griffith. Sliding into the ring, Alecz power walks over and begins angrily stomping a proverbial mudhole into Dusty's body. Seeing enough, Doyle commands Alecz to let up, but the Mancunian Muscle ignores him completely, blinded by rage.

DDK:

Aleczander has completely lost his cool here.

Angus:

I'unno, he looks pretty damn cool stomping the bejesus outta Mayberry.

Ignoring even Keeling Senior's commands, Alecz continues to savagely kick and stomp Dusty, who balls up to defend himself as much as he can. Finally Doyle steps in and physically gets between Aleczander and Griffith, pushing him back before admonishing him for not following the senior official's command.

Angus:

Hah, look at 'em, he doesn't give a damn what Doyle thinks.

DDK:

He better start listening or he's going to get disqualified!

Growing bored with Doyle's chastising, he moves the referee out of the way and goes right back to work. Grabbing two fists full of Griffith's long dark hair, Aleczander pulls him up and continues to pummel him with simple, blunt force, hammering him with a relentless barrage of forearms to the back of Dusty's shoulders and spine.

DDK:

You can hear the impact of those blows even up here!

Angus:

It's like Alecz is trying to use his own arm to cut Mayberry in half!

Switching gears, Alecz scoops Dusty up and drops him over his knee with Backbreaker and then tries for a cover.

ONE!

TW--

DDK:

Dusty kicks out before two!

Angus:

Oh my god, there's no way...

The Faithful gasp with amazement as Alecz grips Dusty and DEADLIFTS HIM OFF OF THE MAT! Alecz tries to pop Dusty up on to his shoulders, but the act of lifting him off the mat sapped his strength enough to allow Dusty to slide free. Dusty grabs a waistlock, but Alecz swings back with an elbow, which Dusty avoids and ties Alecz for a SAMBO SUPLEX!

Angus:

I can't believe Alecz could actually power lift Griffith's dead ass off the mat like that!

DDK:

Yeah, but his showing off just drained him and now he's fighting for his life here.

Using elbows to the back of Dusty's neck, Alecz manages to break free, but Dusty is seemingly on autopilot as he transitions from one suplex attempt to another. Once again grabbing a rear waistlock, Dusty tries to throw Alecz with a German Suplex, but the Big Brit refuses to go for the ride, slamming reverse elbows into Dusty's face as hard as he can.

Angus:

Is Mayberry a Suplex Zombie or something?

DDK:

Certainly seems so, partner, Alecz keeps fighting him off, but Dusty refuses to go away.

Alecz once again breaks loose, nailing Dusty in the head with a pair of right and left elbows. Griffith's relentless pursuit continues, because with Aleczander's arms up, he shoots his own up, lacing them through into a full nelson for a DRAGON SUPLEX! Dusty tries to yank Alecz off his feet, but Alecz clenches his fists and with a roar, he POWERS OUT OF THE FULL NELSON!

DDK:

These fans are going bananas! I've never anyone seen over power Dusty like this!

Thinking quick, Dusty drops his hands quickly and throws Alecz with a GERMAN SUPLEX! Hanging on, Dusty rolls them back to their feet and tries for a second, but Alecz swings back with an elbow, but Dusty remains a step ahead as he ducks the elbow and tries for a NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX. Alecz hammers out of it and tries to hook Dusty for a suplex of his own...

Angus:

C'mon, c'mon!

...Trying for a textbook suplex, Alecz lifts, but Dusty twists out of it and uses the brief disorientation to grab the full nelson and finally dumps Alecz on to his head with a DRAGON SUPLEX! Aleczander flops over on to his face, his eyes open but seemingly with no one behind the wheel, while Griffith simply lays on his back, heaving deep breaths as he stares up at the lights.

DDK:

What a display of the grappling arts we just witnessed!

Angus:

Mayberry is one relentless bastard, Keebs, he was gonna suplex Alecz come hell or high water.

DDK:

And he ate a lot of heavy shots from Aleczander to do it.

Angus:

He's a tough sonuvabitch, you could probably hit him with a bus and he'd keep fighting.

Having had a bit to catch their breath, Alecz works his way up a set of turnbuckles. Meanwhile Dusty staggers to his feet, wincing as he rubs his face. Turning to find his target, Dusty sees Alecz in the corner and charges in after him, crushing him with another Avalanche Splash. Whipping Alecz across the ring, Dusty scores a second Avalanche.

DDK:

STAMPEDE!

Angus:

Alecz is out of it, Keebs!

Letting Alecz stagger out of the corner, Dusty turns and rushes towards the ropes and rebounds back towards his target. HOWEVER, Alecz suddenly comes to and catches Dusty coming in, lifting high him into the air with a military press, then dropping him over his shoulder and absolutely PLANTS him with a powerslam out of nowhere!

Angus:

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAS!

DDK:

BRITISH POWER INTERNATIONAL!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?!

NO! Griffith kicks out at the last possible millisecond to a thunderous roar of cheers. Alecz rolls off of Dusty, completely exhausted and unable to follow up immediately. The moment passing, Alecz rolls over and grabs one of Dusty's wrists and pulls him up to his feet. Creating some space, Alecz pulls him in and blasts him with a Short-Arm Clothesline!

DDK:

What is it going to take to keep one of these two down for the count?

Angus:

It looks like Alecz is just gonna try and smash Mayberry with his arm until he can't get up anymore.

Indeed he is. Still holding his wrist, Alecz pulls Dusty up again and hits him with a second Short-Arm Clothesline and repeats this process for a third and fourth time! Alecz tries for a fifth, but Dusty surges suddenly and cracks him with an elbow to the jaw. Alecz tries to respond, but Dusty ducks a clothesline and throws him with a huge German Suplex!

DDK:

Alecander just got sent for a ride!

Angus:

A ride? Mayberry just sent him flying on Suplex Airlines!

Upon impact, Alecz involuntarily rolls through it and stumbles back into the nearby corner. Looking up from the mat to see Alecz in the corner, Dusty pushes through the pain to get to his feet before launching himself into the corner. Alecander moves out of the way, causing Dusty to crash hard into the turnbuckles, as Alecz rushes towards the ropes and comes rebounding back...

DDK:

Alecander avoids the STAMPEDE!

...And leaps at Griffith at full speed, turning him inside out with a Flying Clothesline!

Angus:

BICEPS EXPLLLLLLOOOOOSSSSSIOOONNN!

The Faithful roar for the high impact clothesline. Alecz looks down at Griffith with disdain, hollering at him to get back up while frantically waving up his hand. As Dusty begins to get to his feet, Alecz turns and rushes towards. Once again coming in off the rebound at full speed, Alecz dives at Dusty like an enormous British rocket made of muscle...

Angus:

BOOYA-SHAKALAKA!

DDK:

Alecz with a HUGE Diving Shoulder Tackle!

...With the Faithful going nuts as the action ramps up to a feverish pace, Alecz flips over on to his back and kips up on to his feet. Grabbing Griffith by the hair, Aleczander rips him off the mat and hoists him on to his shoulders before going into an AIRPLANE SPIN! This time however, Alecz doesn't bother with showing off, spinning a few times before HURLING DUSTY INTO THE AIR!

Angus:

HOSS TOSS!

Dusty crashes to the mat violently in a heap near the ropes. Alecz rushes over, practically diving into a pinning attempt.

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!?**

The Faithful explode as referee Benny Doyle shows the TWO SIGN and that Dusty got his hand up to grab the bottom rope at the last possible moment! Alecz ignores Doyle as he pulls Dusty AWAY from the ropes and tries for the cover again!

ONE!**TWO!****THR-****DDK:**

Dusty kicks out again!

Frustrated, Alecz hooks both legs and rolls Dusty all the way up to his shoulders, yelling at Doyle to make the count!

ONE!**TWO!****TH-**

Again the Faithful cheer for another escape, as Dusty manages to Alecz off just enough to be able to roll OFF of his shoulders to stop the count. Enraged, Alecz is up quick and in Benny Doyle's face as he bellows incoherently. On the

outside, Keeling climbs up and begins yelling at Alecz to stop wasting time, pointing at Dusty, who tries to pull himself up with the ropes.

Thomas Keeling, Sr.:

ALEZANDER, DAMNIT, STOP IT! GET OVER THERE AND FINISH HIM!

The words manage to register with the Big Brit, who turns to see Dusty on his knees. Alecz rushes over, hammering Dusty with a Kitchen Sink style knee to his back. Dragging him to his feet and then to the center of the ring, Alecz boots Dusty and then muscles him up on to his shoulders into a Canadian style Rack...

DDK:

Aleczaender is looking to take this to the limit here!

Angus:

DO IT, DOOOO EEEEEIT!

...But before he can be sent to the mat with the Sitout Dominator, Griffith kicks his legs as he grabs Aleczander's hands, desperately trying to break his grip. Freeing himself, Dusty lurches forward and in one ugly motion, manages to roll into a SUNSET FLIP! Hitting the mat hard, Dusty moves to his knees and ROLLS ALEcz UP ON TO HIS SHOULDERS...

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

...Aleczander kicks and squirms for all his life...

Angus:

NOOOOO!

DDK:

ALEczANDER ESCAPES WITH ONLY A HEARTBEAT BETWEEN VICTORY AND DEFEAT!

Angus:

YAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSS!

...Though Aleczander just barely gets a shoulder off the mat, he does NOT free himself from Griffith's hold, who stacks the Big Brit back on to his shoulders and then PULLS UP!...

Angus:

Wh-what is he doing, Keebs!?

DDK:

Is Griffith trying to DEADLIFT Aleczander into the ATOMIC POWERBOMB?!

Angus:

NOOOOOOO!

...Alecz wails away at Dusty's head with hammerfists, desperately trying to fight him off. Griffith roars as he ignores the blows and, with one massive burst of power, RAISES ALEczANDER OFF OF THE MAT! Getting him about three quarters of the way, Dusty's strength gives out and dumps Alecz with the POWERBOMB, stacking him on top of his shoulders for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THHHHRRREEE?!

DDK:

Alec just BARELY finds a way to escape defeat!

Dusty slumps over, falling back to the mat and Alecz rolls away to avoid another pin attempt. The Faithful are stomping their feet excitedly as both take in heavy breaths, trying to find whatever it is they need to continue fighting.

Angus:

Jayzuss, Keebs, I can't believe Mayberry could actually get Aleczander off the mat like that!

DDK:

I just have to wonder if this would be over had Dusty been able to get all of that Powerbomb?

Angus:

No, because Aleczander the Great would have kicked out anyway, because I want him to win!

DDK:

A valid reason if there ever was one.

Rolling to his knees, Dusty looks up from the mat and locates Alecz, who is nearby and pushing himself up as well. Aleczander looks over to Griffith, their gazes locking briefly until they take notice of the Faithful, who continue to stomp and clap and cheer. Turning back to each other, they begin to seethe with anger as they get to their feet.

Angus:

Oh god, Keebs, something tells me someone's about to die.

DDK:

It might be the only way for one of these psychopaths to win this match.

The Faithful erupt yet again as these two bulls charge into each other, grabbing the other by the back of the head and start bombing each other in the face with rapid fire elbows! Alecz is the first to break ranks, hitting a knee lift and then snapping Dusty's head back with a European Uppercut. Dusty returns fire, copying Alecz' knee lift and European Uppercut.

DDK:

Who's going to be the one drop here?

Not to be outdone, Alecz grabs Dusty and snaps him with another European Uppercut. Unwilling to back down himself, Dusty returns the favor, grabbing Alecz and walloping him with another as well. They continue to trade blows, daring the other to hit them even harder with every successive blow, rocking the other back with pure, blunt force.

Angus:

I got a better question, Keebs, how're either of these two able to stay standing?

Griffith smashes Aleczander with a particularly hard shot, rocking him back on his heels. Dusty tries to take command, but Alecz boots him in the gut, then scores another knee lift, but when Dusty counters the follow up European Uppercut as he catches Alecz arm, twists around, and pins him to the mat with a BACKSLIDE!

ONE!

TWO!

THHHRRREEE?!

DDK:

NO! ALE CZ ESCAPES YET AGAIN!

Angus:

And Mayberry isn't letting him get away, Keebs!

Staying with Aleczander as he rolls back out of the pinning predicament, Griffith tries to apply a front chancery. Alecz blasts away with haymaker like punches to Dusty's body, but the Wild Bronco cocks a leg back and then thrusts it forward with all of his might. Dusty drives his knee up into Alecz' chest with such force he actually LIFTS his feet off the mat!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, WHAT A SHOT!

Angus:

JAYZUSS CHRIST, HE MIGHT'VE CAVED ALE CZ' CHEST IN WITH THAT KNEE!

DDK:

AND DUSTY'S GOT HIM READY FOR THE ATOMIC POWERBOMB!

Seizing his chance, Dusty tries to lift Alecz, but with one last gasp of life, the Big Brit sends him up and over with a BACK BODY DROP! Griffith lands hard, but scrambles back to his feet as Alecz stumbles in front of him while clutching his chest. Dusty takes a couple quick steps and absolutely OBLITERATES Alecz with an elbow smash to the BACK OF HIS SKULL!

Angus:

AND HE'S STILL STANDING!

Alecz stumbles forward, just barely being able to keep himself on his feet as Dusty rushes past him, hitting the ropes and comes charging back on the rebound with RUSHING ELBOW TO ALE CZANDER'S FACE! The Mancunian Muscle falls back in a heap before Griffith falls on top of him for the pin as Benny Doyle dives into position to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The Faithful EXPLODE with cheers, stomping and clapping and screaming their heads off as Doyle looks to the outside and FINALLY signals for the bell!

DING!* *DING!* *DING!

The music begins to blare while a group of ring attendants rush into the ring as Dusty rolls off of Alecz. The attendants check on both, who look as bad as they must feel, battered and exhausted.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by PINFALL... **DUSTY GRIFFITH!**

DDK:

What a BRUTAL match we just witnessed. Dusty may have called Alecz "the pretty one," who was just here for show, but if anything was proven here tonight with this match, it's that Aleczander the Great is certainly more than a pretty face.

Angus:

He damn sure is, Keebs, sucks that he lost to Mayberry, but even I can't pretend Ol' Mr. Suplex isn't a gorram machine in there and one of the toughest bastards in the business. Tough beat for Aleczander, but eh, whattaya gonna do, amlrite?

DDK:

It certainly was, but I'll you what, partner, if we see this Aleczander more in the future, there's no telling what we could be in store for the future.

Pulling himself up with the ropes in a nearby corner, Griffith leans into the turnbuckles with a couple of attendants buzzing around him. Dusty watches while Aleczander struggles to pull himself with ropes, while refusing the aid of the attendants as he swats them away.

Getting to his feet, Alecz staggers with a hand over his face as he moves into the corner across the ring from the one Dusty occupies. Keeling Sr. climbs up on to the apron, giving Dusty a rather curt look before speaking a few words to Alecz, who has his head down in disappointment.

Suddenly the music stops and the crowd falls to a hush as Griffith pushes past the attendants and slowly hobbles over to Aleczander's corner. Looking up, Alecz sneers at Dusty, but then looks down with confusion when he sees Dusty has his hand out in respect.

Angus:

Meh, boring, respect, honor, tradition, blah blah blah.

DDK:

Quiet, Angus! These two just had one hell of a match, I think a little respect is due on both sides!

Keeling gives Griffith a dismissive look and tells Aleczander "we're leaving" before dropping back to the floor. Alecz looks around, unsure of what to do as Dusty backs off a couple steps, while Keeling watches on from the floor and growing impatient.

Angus:

Senior is not in the mood for this.

DDK:

You know what? Who cares what he thinks, Angus, he's not the one who just put it all on the line.

Alecz looks out the crowd and then back at Dusty, who nods his head and reaffirms his gesture of respect as he thrusts his hand back towards him as he approaches.

Dusty Griffith:

C'mon, *brother!*

Alecz stares at Dusty as the Faithful buzz in anticipation for whatever is to come next. However, on the outside, Keeling slaps the mat once and essentially barks an order, "Alecz, now!" The Big Brit turns his back on Griffith and walks away, eliciting a wave of jeers from the Faithful, before rolling out of the ring.

Angus:

HA-HAH! Screw you and your honor, Mayberry, go sell that nonsense somewhere else!

DDK:

Yeah, but I think he wanted to, Alecz knows it was the right thing to do.

Angus:

Meh, whatever.

Griffith shrugs his shoulders in a “oh well, what can you do” fashion as he watches Aleczander walk to the back. Turning to the crowd as KISS begins the rock the airwaves once again, he takes to the corner and celebrates his hard fought victory.

AND THEN SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENED...

Dusty Griffith is seen walking to back, slapping a few hands along the way as we return to the booth.

Angus:

As much as his existence grates on me, I can't deny the big bastard when he's due.

DDK:

Even Angus Skaaland can evolve, interesting.

Angus:

Heh, I never said Mayberry wasn't a great wrestler, just he's so white knightly, it makes me itch.

DDK:

You should probably see a doctor about that, but anyway, we've got one more to go with tonight's main event.

KISS fades as Dusty disappears behind the curtain and the entire four thousand strong simmer down as they prepare themselves for the main event to come.

That is until something else happens, because...

The lights, they drop.

Angus:

Alright, who didn't pay the light bill?

DDK:

You say that literally every time the lights go off in here.

Angus:

What? It's a legitimate question!

DDK: [eyeballs rolling]

You're out of your mind.

A momentary silence ensues.

The DEFIANT Faithful are restless, though. They've already had a big night of action, and they all know that there's more to come. A low murmur becomes a cacophony before anyone can say otherwise. A low bassline rumbles through the arena public address system...

Angus:

Waaaaaaait a tick.

DDK:

I think I know what you're thinking.

Angus:

Somebody had better not be fucking with me right now...

DDK:

I'd surely hope not!

The bass kicks up, the band comes in, and the tune is instantly recognizable.

♪ Heavy is ♪

♪ the Head ♪
♪ that wears ♪
♪ THE CROWN ♪

Pyrotechnics explode.

Magnesium lights up the air as red streamers of light blast through the building.

The crowd, already having figured it out, have gone all the way bananas and begin singing with Zac Brown and Chris Cornell as they make their way through the first verse of their duet. A silver spotlight shines down on the entryway just as the curtain begins to part.

Angus:

OH. MY. FUCKING! **GAWD!** HEEEEEE'S BAAAAAACK!

As if on cue, the founder and owner of DEFIANCE Wrestling steps through the curtain to an absolute explosion of cheers. Another round of pyro flies off on either side of him, and Eric Dane takes a slow twirl beneath his carefully aimed spotlight. He is dressed in a ridiculously expensive custom tailored outfit from head to toe, suited and booted from his overpriced Maybach sunshades to his mythical dragon skin boots!

And don't even ask about the suit, it'll make you sick to your stomach.

DDK:

It's true! The Only Star is back!

Angus:

Back where he belongs!

The newly dethroned former **seven** time World Champion makes his way toward the ring as the song carries on. Fans reach out from either side of the entrance and he slaps a few on both sides before coming to the ringside area and taking a good long look at his ring for the first time in nearly a year. The applause doesn't stop, if anything it gets louder as he takes a lap around the ring, slapping fives, shaking hands, and even hugging a select few of the luckier fans.

A smile is plastered from one side of his face to the other.

A ringside attendant hands The Baws a microphone as he passes by, making another lap around the ring before finally coming to and ascending the staircase, wiping his immaculate boots on the apron, and entering the ring. The ovation redoubles as he takes another slow spin with his arms thrown out to either side. He soaks it all in, there is after all no place like home.

Angus:

Dude, Keebs, seriously, I can't even process this night. HOSSFITES, Harmony took the SOHER from Penn, Henry Keyes was on the show, and now THA MOTHAFUCK'N BAWS is back? Is this real life? I can't tell.

DDK:

It most assuredly is real life, partner.

The Baws brings the microphone to his lips, but the crowd does not relent. He can't help but smile. Instead of another spin, this time he takes to the nearest turnbuckle and once he's at the top throws a "Rainmaker" pose and the crowd eats it up.

DDK:

I got to say, Dane looks ready to go right now.

Angus:

YAS, someone get his gear and a two buck chump out here to get sacrificed to the God of DEFIANCE... NAO!

The Only Star hops down from the turnbuckle and finds his way back to center ring. He lets the four-thousand strong DEFIANT Faithful stroke his ego for a few more fleeting second before bringing the microphone to his mouth one more time.

Eric Dane:

I've got a lot to say, yanno...

The salvo of applause kicks up again, Eric chuckles.

Eric Dane:

It's been a hell of a night so far, hasn't it?

He is answered with a resounding yes.

Eric Dane:

We had Frank and Angel beating the piss out of each other, Dusty and Aleczander suplexing each other to death, a couple of guys almost died while Harmony finally broke on through and won the Southern Heritage championship...

He smirks.

Eric Dane:

It almost brings a tear to my eye to see how much my little patch of DEFIANCE has grown up while I've been gone.

The crowd pops again, the smile on Dane's face quivers just a bit.

Eric Dane:

But that's for another time. Right now, there's only one thing you need to know.

Wait for it...

The crowd is a writhing mass of worshipers in the Cult of Eric Dane.

Eric Dane:

DADDY'S FINALLY HOME!

He tosses the microphone up and over his head backwards and throws his arms out again, soaking in the renewed applause before making his way back out of the ring.

♪ Heavy is ♪
♪ the Head ♪
♪ that wears ♪
♪ THE CROWN ♪

LADDER WAR / FIST OF DEFIANCE

We cut back to the ring where Brian Slater is hanging the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt on the hoop hanging from the ceiling. He signals for the belt to be lifted into the air as the bell sounds.

Ding Ding Ding

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now time for our main event on the evening, and it is the Ladder War for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

The fans explode, but those cheers soon turn to jeers as that old familiar ragtime piano sounds out around the arena. Scott Joplin's 'The Entertainer' stops dead to be replaced by the equally recognizable, and equally ominous.

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

No lights out, no fancy theatrics, no pretence. Just Bronson Box. The fans don't get a chance to boo, hiss, cheer or blink as The Wargod pushes forcefully through the entrance curtain, making a beeline straight down the ramp.

Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, he hails from the Highlands of Scotland, weighing in at two hundred and thirty four pounds, the self proclaimed "greatest attraction in all of professional wrestling"... this is THE WARGOD, THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT, THIS IS... THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOX!

He's under the bottom rope and up to his feet in a flash.

DDK:

You and I called that first Ladder War match years ago, Angus. The utter, shocking brutality Bronson Box perpetrated that night is still remembered today as one of the bloodiest, most ruthless acts we've ever bore witness. Agree or disagree, partner?

Angus:

Dude... the sound of that goddamn Spike scraping across Ed White's skull *haunts* me. *audible shutter*

Boxer shoves Quimbey to one side as he takes center stage, crouching down...

Cold black eyes locked on the entrance curtain.

"God's Gonna Cut You Down" fades out to be replaced by yet another iconic piece of music.

♪ "Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins ♪

Quimbey:

And his opponent, Hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at three hundred and five pounds!! He... is... DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!!

In stark contrast to the entrance from Bronson Box, a strobe effect envelops the arena as Dan Ryan steps out and stands at the top of the ramp looking left and right into the crowd. As the opening soft riff breaks into the heavier riff, the lights come up and Ryan starts his walk down the ramp toward the ring. No hands for the fans. Just a steady, purposeful walk and eyes glued to the man in side the ring. He stops at the apron, looking up.

DDK:

And no doubt who's next with the way the crowd is reacting here -- the two time former FIST of DEFIANCE is just glaring up at Bronson Box.

Angus:

He's had a few opportunities to be the top guy around here again, but every time he gets close, some extra-curricular something or other gets in the way.

Ryan turns and goes to the steps, climbs up and gets in the ring. He climbs the near corner and raises a fist to a mixed reaction from the crowd. He drops down and goes to the opposite corner, ignoring Box and does it once more. The sunglasses come off and he tosses them to someone at ringside, then turns and drops down into the corner, moving from foot to foot in preparation.

Like we've heard so many times before, "Zero" fades out and in comes that oh so familiar clavinet intro that can only signal the arrival of the Queen.

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

Quimbey:

And their opponent, from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at one hundred and eighty-three pounds...."THE QUEEN OF THE RING" LIIIIIIINNNNNDDDDSSSSSSAAAYYYYYYYY TRRRRRRRROOOOOOYYYYYYY!

Troy's lip is looking a little puffy from her recent scrap with Bronson Box, but that doesn't prevent her patented smirk from forming at the left corner of her mouth. She hops onto the apron, flips into the ring, and stomps right over toward The Wargod. Brian Slater heads her off at the pass, wanting to keep things civil-esque until the FIST of DEFIANCE makes his way to the ring.

DDK:

The Queen wasn't ready for her scuffle with the Wargod to end as soon as it did.

Angus:

Yeah, well, if she was smart she'd temper her, uh, temper. Poking at the Wargod like she's doing won't help get her through to the end of this Ladder War.

Troy abides Slater's direction and backs off, rolling her neck and waiting, impatiently. Led Zeppelin fades out and an ominous laugh sounds across the Wrestle-Plex.

♪ "Dark Lord Bowser" ♪

Quimbey:

And their opponent, from Buffalo, Wyoming, he weighs in at two hundred and sixty pounds, he is the reigning, defending, undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE, here is EEEEEEEUGEEEEEEEEENE DEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEY!

Eugene emerges from behind the curtain and stands in the spotlight at the top of the ramp.

DDK:

Here he comes, the man who has sat atop the DEFIANCE mountain for the last two years.

Angus:

That's right, Keebs, two years ago to the day, February 2nd 2014, Eugene Dewey defeated two of the men he's heading down to that ring to face tonight to win that title belt that's hanging above the ring.

DDK:

It's an achievement, Angus, no doubt about it, but those two years have also seen Dewey take a turn to the dark side.

Angus:

Damnit, why haven't we been calling him Darth Dewey? It's so goddamn obvious.

DDK:

Ever since Aftershock, Eugene has been obsessed with keeping that belt by any means necessary. Up until last year, Dewey was one of the most respected men in that locker room, but the second he turned on Dusty Griffith and sided with Bronson Box he's become obsessive, possessive, and has turned into probably the most despised men in DEFIANCE. And those actions have all lead to tonight, and probably the toughest test Dewey has faced in his title reign yet.

Angus:

But like he has done over the last 730 days, Eugene will find a way to overcome the odds. Trust me.

While Angus and Darren talk, Eugene makes his way down to the ring and grabs hold of a ladder leaning against the barricade along the ramp. All three of his challengers stand in the center of the ring waiting for him to enter, but Dewey refuses.

DDK:

And look at him, already playing mind games.

Fans around the ramp way and ringside area taunt Eugene and call for him to get into the ring. With yet another excuse to not stand and face his three challengers Dewey turns to argue with DEFIAfans that really want to get into it with the champ. A quick put down of 'You suck at Battlefront' and a retort of 'I can't concentrate when your mom's sucking my nuts' later, Eugene turns back to the ring just in time to see Lindsay Troy sail over the top with a corkscrew plancha onto, not only the Champ, but the ladder he's holding as well, flooring Dewey and crushing him under the steel. Lindsay grabs at her ribs, clearly feeling the effects of colliding with the steel, while Dan Ryan and Bronson Box turn to face each other in the ring.

DDK:

Here we go, Angus! Box and Ryan are trading blows in the middle of the ring!

Angus:

Yeah, and Lindsay Troy just cheap shot the champ before he could even get in between the ropes!

DDK:

Angus, Dewey has avoided stepping in that ring for months now. Remember Maximum DEFIANCE? Remember him sitting on the outside of the ring, waiting for Lindsay and Dan to go at it? Remember him not getting the rematch against Dusty started? Remember-

Angus:

That still doesn't mean Lindsay can use those flippy-do bullshit moves to catch him off guard!

DDK:

She wasn't letting him sit out and then come in and try to steal the match again. Dewey's involved from the get-go tonight, and he's gonna have to earn the win if he wants to keep his title.

In the ring Box and Ryan exchange right hands until Dan Ryan manages to stun Box with one, and then land a quick second. Ryan punches Box backwards into the ropes and bounces him off, sending him across the ring. Box ducks a clothesline off the rebound and comes back at Ryan with a double leg takedown. Bronson immediately starts headbutting at his long time rival. Box pulls Ryan's head up one more time and delivers a hard headbutt to the Ego Buster's forehead before stepping off of him and turning just in time for Lindsay Troy to springboard into the ring and take him down with a front flip neckbreaker!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy from outta nowhere with that neckbreaker! She's flying all over the ring in the early going of this contest!

Angus:

That high risk offence lends itself to a match like this, but it can't last forever. She'll get grounded soon enough, and then it's farewell to the Queen.

Dan stands up next to his sister in law and checks his head for bleeding. He's not, but the last headbutt must have knocked him for at least a four, which is evident as he tries to clear his head. Bronson soon starts to get back to his feet, and almost as though he needs to prove he's not been affected by the noggling of Box, he grabs the former two time FIST, heaves him up, and drives him back down with a brainbuster! Lindsay immediately follows up with a front flip leg drop across Box's throat.

As Lindsay lands Eugene Dewey grabs a hold of the bottom rope and pulls himself to his feet. Troy spots his movement straight away and pops up to her feet before charging at the ropes where she baseball slides underneath and takes Eugene down with a headscissors!

Angus:

This girl's spent more time upside down than she has on her feet!

The fans erupt as Lindsay get back to her feet and throws her arms up, whipping them into even more of a frenzy. Meanwhile in the ring, Dan Ryan remains in control of Box as he pulls him up and drills him back into the mat with a belly to back suplex. Satisfied that Box should be staying down for a moment, Dan slides to the outside to join his sister in law, and together they grab a hold of the Champion and roll him into the ring. Lindsay follows closely, but Dan Ryan remains on the outside to grab himself the ladder that Eugene had armed himself with just moments before.

DDK:

This is smart strategy from the In-laws here. Work together to eliminate the champion and the other challenger.

Angus:

This isn't fair. You can't have family involved in the same match together. This might as well be a... a... a handicap triple threat match!

DDK:

You say it like Eugene and Box haven't been in cahoots for the last 12 months.

Angus:

Clearly that relationship has broken down over the past few weeks, Keebs. This is a one on one on two situation right here.

Both Eugene and Box try to sit in up the ring, but they're kept at bay by Lindsay Troy as she lands stiff kick after stiff kick to their chests to keep them down. Dan Ryan meanwhile lifts his ladder over the middle rope and slides it into position across the corner of the ring. As soon as that ladder is in place, Dan dives under the ring to pull out another ladder. Lindsay pulls Eugene to his feet and bounces his face off of the ladder set up across the corner, but that gives Bronson a chance to get to his feet. When Troy is done with Dewey she turns back to Box and takes a thumb to the eye. Box then charges towards Dan Ryan, who is sliding the second ladder into the ring, and baseball slides it back into his face!

Angus:

That's more like it from the Original DEFIANT!

DDK:

Now it's Bronson's chance to mount an offence, and Lindsay had better watch out!

Blinded by the thumb to the eye, Lindsay stumbles into Bronson Box, who gorilla presses the Queen over his head and walks her towards the ropes. Without a second thought for her or Dan Ryan's well being, Box launches Troy over the top rope and down onto the ladder that now covers Dan Ryan!

DDK:

Oh my god!

Angus:

A fantastic move from Bronson Box there!

DDK:

Bronson Box, with absolutely no regard for Lindsay or Dan's health, just made a ladder sandwich with the In-Laws as the bread! Lindsay had to have fallen ten feet to the floor, and that ladder could well have crushed Dan Ryan's chest!

Angus:

Good! That's two people taken out in one move!

After surveying the damage on the outside Box turns his attention back into the ring where Eugene Dewey is just getting back to his feet. A deathly silence falls over the Wrestle-Plex as The Wargod and The Champion lock eyes.

DDK:

I have it on good authority folks, that Eugene and Bronson haven't spoken to each other or been anywhere near each other since Dewey walked out of their tag match last time out.

Angus:

Looks like they're talking now!

DDK:

Looks like they're doing more than talking...

The two 'Original DEFIANTS' stand in the middle of the ring, nose to nose, each of them getting redder and redder until both match the shade of Eugene Dewey's hair. Bronson is the first to push with his forehead, but Dewey gives as good as he gets and pushes right back. The two exchange double handed shoves to the chest before Box throws a right hand and Dewey responds in kind with a right of his own. Soon the two are trading blows in the middle of the ring, each connecting with strikes at the exact same time.

DDK:

They're going at it, Angus!

Angus:

I think we're seeing the official implosion of the Original DEFIANTS!

Eugene pulls back for a haymaker, but Box blocks it and traps his arm. Dewey tries for a left, but Box blocks that as well. With both of Dewey's arms trapped Bronson lands a series of headbutts that knock the champion down to one knee. Bronson screams in Dewey's face before releasing his arms and runs at the ropes. Bronson doesn't rebound however, as he tumbles over the low bridge that Dan Ryan has so gracefully given him.

DDK:

Dan Ryan pulls the top rope down and Bronson Box falls to the outside!

Dan pulls Bronson up to his feet, but with the Wargod being so pumped after his fistcuffs with Dewey, he throws a strike at Dan, who responds much like Eugene with a shot of his own. Lindsay Troy soon gets involved in the scuffle and, together with Dan Ryan, lands a series of shots to Bronson Box. All three challengers are too busy brawling to notice the Champion as he steps through the ropes onto the apron, but they spot him just as he cannonballs off into them, knocking all three of them down to the arena floor!

Angus:

Everybody in the pool!

Dewey springs back to his feet and grabs the ladder next to the pile of humanity that he'd just left. He slides it into the ring and follows it in. After setting the ladder up in the middle of the ring Dewey starts to climb!

DDK:

Dewey's going for the title! Can he get there before anyone else recovers?

Eugene reaches up and misses the title belt, but another rung allows him to brush the leather strap with his fingertips. He can't take another rung though, as Lindsay Troy grabs his ankle and tears him from the hardware. Dewey lands on his feet, but he doesn't stay on them for long as Lindsay lifts a roundhouse kick into his temple and follows that up by using the ladder to assist with a hurricanrana. Dewey gets whipped into the ladder still resting in the corner of the ring, which he collides with face first!

DDK:

Now Lindsay spies her chance! Climb, Lindsay, climb!

Troy gets about half way up the ladder before Bronson Box slides into the ring and makes a beeline for the Queen. He shoves the ladder out from under her, but Lindsay jumps off just in time to avoid being on it when it topples over. Like a cat Troy lands on her feet and charges at Bronson Box, who she nails with a spinning wheel kick. Lindsay lands on her feet as Box stumbles back into the ropes, which he pendulums on and comes back with a sickening Lariat that almost takes Lindsay's head off! Box collapses next to Lindsay just before Dan Ryan gets in the ring.

DDK:

Ryan's rearranging the furniture here as he picks up that ladder and tosses it out of the ring... and it narrowly misses Eugene's spine!

Angus:

That's a very near miss for the Champ. That could have done some serious damage.

Ryan pulls Bronson up to his feet and sends him into the corner with an irish whip. Dan follows him in with a running clothesline that sandwiches The Wargod against the turnbuckles before catching him and sending him back into the middle of the ring with an overhead belly to belly suplex. While all that was going on Lindsay Troy manages to get herself to her feet and heads to an adjacent corner where she climbs to the top and perches there, where she waits or Box to land. As soon as he does Lindsay leaps and lands a picture perfect frog splash!

Eugene Dewey meanwhile grabs the ladder that Dan Ryan just threw from the ring and heaves it up onto the apron, but he doesn't slide it into the ring. Instead he pulls it back out and places the other end on the barricade opposite, forming a bridge with the ladder. After he's done with his civil engineering, Dewey hops up onto the apron and taunts Lindsay until she head of to him. Troy throws a right forearm, but Dewey ducks it and delivers a shoulder barge into Lindsay's midsection. Dewey puts his head between Troy's thighs and lifts her up!

DDK:

He's gonna backdrop Lindsay onto that ladder!

Angus:

And out of the match, surely!

Eugene lifts Lindsay until she's almost upside down, but the Queen manages to cartwheel out of the back body drop and land on her feet next to Dewey. That's when Dan Ryan steps in and lifts a superkick into Dewey's jaw! The champ is stunned, and Lindsay looks like she knows what to do, but she doesn't get a chance to do it as Bronson Box comes charging in with a spear through the ropes that takes both Lindsay and himself to the outside!

DDK:

Bronson Box takes Lindsay down to the arena floor, and fortunately for both I think, they avoided that ladder on the way down!

As The Wargod and The Queen write in pain on the outside Eugene slumps into almost a downward facing dog on the apron. Dan Ryan stands alone in the ring and, upon realising that, dashes to the outside where he grabs himself another ladder. Ryan slides the ladder into the ring, follows it, then sets it up underneath the FIST hanging high above.

DDK:

Ryan's climbing!

Angus:

Come on Eugene, you've gotta stop him!

Dan reaches up and brushed the belt with his hand just as the ladder beneath him starts to rock slightly. Ryan drops his weight and hangs on to the hardware before looking down to see Eugene Dewey shaking the base with one hand. Ryan steadies himself at the top of the ladder as Dewey starts to climb and reaches back up for the belt, but he's cut off by Dewey who throws a right hand into his midsection. Eugene hooks Dan Ryan up at the top of the ladder for a suplex and tries to lift him, but Dan blocks it. The Ego Buster fights out of the hook up with a couple of right hands to the midsection and finally breaks it by bouncing Eugene's face off of the top of the ladder!

DDK:

Ryan with another chance to win it!

Angus:

Maybe not!

Before Dan can reach up again, Bronson Box dashes in and pushes the ladder, which topples over. Eugene falls from the top and lands throat first across the top rope, but his landing might not be as bad as Dan's, who falls onto the ladder still crossing the corner of the ring! Eugene rolls to the outside of the ring in pain as Box sets the ladder back up and starts to climb!

DDK:

Now it's Bronson's chance!

Angus:

And nobody's around the stop him!

DDK:

Isn't there?

This time Box reaches the top of the ladder, but he's cut off by Lindsay Troy, who rushes in, hotfoots it up the ladder and lifts a roundhouse kick to the side of Box's head. Bronson's stunned by the kick, and what follows next doesn't help him out one bit as Troy sunset flips over his head, grabs his thighs on the way down and drives Box into the canvas with a powerbomb!

DDK:

What impact! Bronson Box, from ten feet in the air, hits the mat hard!

Angus:

That's how much the FIST means to these competitors, they're all willing to put everything on the line to retrieve that title belt and walk out of here as champion!

Now it's Lindsay's turn to climb the ladder. She readjusts it ever so slightly and checks its footing before climbing. Lindsay reaches the top and extends an arm, but she's cut off by a chair to the spine. There's nobody holding it though. No, it came from the outside of the ring where Eugene Dewey launched it from!

Angus:

Three sixty no scope, bitch!

DDK:

I never knew Eugene could throw...

Angus:

That wasn't a throw, that was a snipe! He sniped Lindsay on the ladder with that chair!

With Lindsay hurting at the top of the ladder, Eugene grabs another one and slides into the ring. He sets the new ladder up next to Lindsay's and climbs up adjacent to her. Dewey wraps his legs around Troy's and looks to bring her down with a russian leg sweep, but Lindsay holds on tight to the ladder and refuses to move. He throws a right hand that connects with Dewey's midsection, then another, and a third breaks his grip. Troy quickly maneuvers into position and drops Dewey with a reverse underhook DDT from the ladder. Almost adding insult to injury, although it's probably injury to injury on this occasion, Dewey's head lands on the chair that he'd just thrown into the ring!

DDK:

Good lord! Lindsay Troy is taking out all comers, but it looks like that landing might have taken it out of her as well!

Angus:

I think the chair to the spine did that. But she got her own back on Eugene with that DDT! You've gotta think though, if Eugene had hit that Russian leg sweep would that have been it for Troy? Now I'm not sure if Eugene's done for.

DDK:

The momentum of this match sure can turn on a dime, Angus. No doubt about that. All it takes is one mistake or one big move from someone else and we're down to three competitors, or even two.

Angus:

Or one.

And that one right now is Dan Ryan as he starts to climb one of the ladders in the middle of the ring. Ryan doesn't get to high before Bronson Box starts folding up the other ladder standing in the ring and drives the top of it into his gut. Ryan's progress is halted while Box carries the ladder into the corner and leans it against the turnbuckle. He then returns to Dan Ryan, who he peels from the steel in a far too familiar position...

DDK:

He's not...

Angus:

He is!

DDK:

No!

Bronson turns towards the ladder in the corner and charges forwards, throwing Ryan from his shoulder with a Bombasto Bomb! Dan collides with the steel and howls out in pain. He doesn't slump the to floor though, because he's almost sitting on the rungs of the ladder. Bronson admires his handiwork for a moment before Lindsay Troy comes up from behind and takes him down with a cobra clutch legsweep!

DDK:

This action is so fast paced it's difficult to keep up!

Angus:

Lindsay's a little unsteady on her feet as she gets back up, but at least she's-

Crack**Angus:**

Well I was about to say standing...

That sound? Well, the standing ladder isn't standing any more as Eugene Dewey drives himself into it with a Biotic Charge, knocking it over and into Lindsay's head! Dewey, holding his shoulder over the charge, pops back up to his feet and surveys the ring. Dan Ryan against the ladder in the corner is the first to feel his wrath as he charges in with an avalanche splash. Eugene then clears the charged ladder out of the middle of the ring and spies Lindsay Troy pulling herself up in the opposite corner. He charges in and squashes her with an avalanche splash. Dewey spins around and charges back at Dan Ryan, who he hits with a running butt bump, then heads right back at Lindsay with a butt bump with her name on it. Eugene steps out of the corner and roars much to the displeasure of the crowd.

DDK:

Eugene's in firm control now! But watch out for Box!

Angus:

Maybe Box should watch out. Looks like Dewey's measuring him up for a splash of his own.

Eugene sprints towards Box and leaps for the splash, but at the point of no return when he leaves his feet, Box steps forwards and catches him with a one arm side slam!

DDK:

Box was playing possum! And Eugene paid the price!

Bronson grabs the toppled over ladder and folds it up before driving it into Dewey's midsection several times. Box then hangs the ladder around his neck and starts spinning just as Lindsay gets to her feet and starts walking at him. The ladder cracks Lindsay in the side of the head as Box continues spinning, and then cracks a not fully recovered Dan Ryan in the back of the head as he stands up. Box celebrates the end of the airplane/helicopter spin by lifting the ladder above his head. He's a little unsteady on his feet, but he still sets the ladder up in the center of the ring and starts to climb.

DDK:

Box isn't exactly sprightly getting up that ladder.

Angus:

You try spinning around like a madman and then climbing up a ladder.

DDK:

No thanks. I don't like heights and I'm not a fan of dizziness either...

The lack of speed in climbing means Eugene Dewey is able to recover just enough to start dragging himself up the ladder on the opposite side to Bronson Box. Box is too busy reaching for the title belt to realise that his former partner is inching his way closer to the summit where he's perched. The first time he does notice is when Eugene grabs a handful of The Wargod's singlet, pulls him down and, with his other hand, throws an uppercut that catches Bronson flush on the jaw!

DDK:

The Shoryuken! Dewey hits Box with the Shoryuken at the top of the ladder!

Angus:

And he hit that flush! Box is out... but he's still at the top of the ladder!

Eugene steadies himself and takes another rung on the ladder. He straightens out and grabs a hold of the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

YES! Dewey's got it!

DDK:

He just needs to unclip that belt and he'll retain!

Before Eugene can unclip the belt though, Dan Ryan grabs a hold of the ladder and tips it. Eugene hangs onto the belt for a second, but it might have done more harm than good, as he falls with one leg either side of the top rope, and his eyeballs... well they get a visit from another couple of balls, if you know what I mean. Bronson Box meanwhile draws the shortest of the short straws as he, completely limp after the Shoryuken, tumbles over the top rope and out onto the ladder that Dewey set up earlier in the match bridged from the apron to the barricade.

DDK:

Oh my god! Bronson Box...

Angus:

He's dead... He's got to be.

DDK:

That ladder didn't break... that ladder didn't bend...

Angus:

Box did. Look at him!

DDK:

There was absolutely no give in that ladder. Nothing to break Box's fall.

Angus:

We don't use fibreglass or wooden ladders here, folks. Those things are nothing but steel! Look, you can see a slight buckle on the side, but that's it.

DDK:

I don't think Dan Ryan can quite believe what happened there, but he's getting on with the match, and can you really blame him?

Dan grabs the ladder he just tipped Eugene and Box from and sets it back up in the middle of the ring. Lindsay Troy meanwhile, having recovered from taking the ladder to the side of her head, grabs the ladder Dan Ryan's spine got Bombasto Bombed into and sets that up right alongside Dan's.

Angus:

Oooh, now what are they gonna do?

The in-laws stare at each other as the DEFIAfans whip in to a frenzy. Lindsay looks up and the still slightly swinging FIST and then back at Dan Ryan. Dan looks around the arena, then back to Troy, then up at the FIST, then back at Troy. Neither one of the two start to climb though.

Angus:

Come on! What are you waiting for!?

DDK:

Neither one wants to make the first move.

Angus:

Are you kidding me? Eugene's down. Box is damn well dead on the outside, the FIST is on the line, and neither one of them wants to grab it?

DDK:

And what do they do when they both get to the top, huh? Put the other's career in jeopardy?

Angus:

For the FIST of DEFIANCE, yes!

The question of what the In-Laws would do is eventually rendered a moot point though as Eugene Dewey rushes in from the side and wipes Lindsay Troy out with a forearm strike to the side of the head. Dan obviously sees the blindside attack and rounds the ladders to help out his sister in law. He grabs Eugene by the hair and runs him towards the ropes, but Dewey reverses the momentum and ends up sending Dan over the top rope and to the outside. Eugene can't turn around though, as Lindsay Troy jumps up onto his shoulders and takes him over with a reverse hurricanrana!

DDK:

Ohh she spiked him!

Angus:

Easy, Don.

DDK:

Eugene Dewey just landed on the top of his head off of that reverse Hurricanrana, and Lindsay Troy does not look happy that Dewey caught her off-guard moments ago.

Lindsay seeths as she looks down at Dewey and purses her lips. She grabs a hold of one ladder and casts it to one side before grabbing the other, which she sets up in the corner of the ring.

Angus:

There's a novel strategy. Move the ladder from where you can reach the belt to somewhere you can't. I tell you, Lindsay Troy is a genius...

DDK:

I don't think she's going for the belt, Angus. I think she's planning on making sure Eugene Dewey doesn't have any more comebacks.

Lindsay starts to climb the ladder that she just moved to the corner, but Eugene also starts to stir. Troy reaches about half way up the ladder before Dewey grabs a hold of her ankle and tries to pull her down, but she kicks out at the Champion and knocks him back down and continues climbing. Eugene doesn't stay down for long though and rushes back up the ladder. He lifts a forearm up between Lindsay's thighs which stops her dead in her tracks.

DDK:

Oh come on!

Angus:

Lindsay might not have any physical balls, but a forearm to the twa-

DDK:

I swear if you call it that...

Angus:

Fine, a forearm to the twinkle cave. Is that better?

DDK:

Much.

Angus:

Point it, it's not gonna feel good.

Eugene climbs the ladder until he's behind Lindsay and tucks his head under her ribs. Dewey lifts Troy off of her feet

and falls backwards from high up the ladder with a Google-Plex! Both competitors crash into the canvas.

Angus:

What a move by Eugene Dewey! That Google-Plex must have driven all the air out of Lindsay Troy!

DDK:

It looks like it took just as much out of Eugene though, Angus.

Nobody moves for a good few seconds until a hand reaches up from the outside and grabs a hold of the bottom rope. Dan Ryan heaves himself up onto the apron and leans over the top rope to survey the scene in the middle of the ring. Dan looks at the ladder in the corner and then ascends the turnbuckles behind it before transferring over to the ladder rungs.

Angus:

What the hell is Dan Ryan doing?

DDK:

He wouldn't...

Dan gets to the top of the ladder and steps over it to the other side. He stands up, just a couple of rungs away from the top and looks down at the Champion lying near to the base of the ladder.

Angus:

I think he would!

Dan Ryan steps off of the ladder and drops an elbow into the heart of Eugene Dewey!

DDK:

Oh my God! Dan Ryan just drove his elbow deep into the black heart of Eugene Dewey!

Angus:

That's three hundred plus pounds coming down from ten feet in the air! Can anyone calculate that velocity? Because I think the only guy capable just took that damn elbow!

Dan Ryan is the first to stir and gets back to his feet. He's wobbly, and understandably so after that elbow drop, but he still rolls to the outside to grab yet another ladder. Dan brings it back into the ring and sets it up in the center before grabbing the ladder that Lindsay cast aside moments earlier and uses that to build a bridge between the ladder in the corner and the ladder in the middle.

Angus:

Is Dan Ryan constructing a jungle gym or something?

DDK:

I think he's trying to make a sturdier structure to climb. It's gotta be harder to push that ladder over with another one wedged between its rungs.

Angus:

You know what? You might actually have a point there, Keebs.

Slowly Dan starts to climb the ladder, which certainly doesn't wobble as much as others have done until this point, but the time spent setting up the hardware in the ring benefitted the FIST as he crawls to the base of the ladder, reaches up and grabs a hold of Dan's ankle. Eugene pulls himself up using Ryan's leg and then rips him down from the ladder. Dan lands on his feet, but that only allows Eugene to bounce his head off of the ladder. Dewey grabs the stunned Ego Buster and takes him up and over with a back suplex!

DDK:

The comeback kid strikes again! Dewey's working damn hard to keep his title tonight.

Angus:

He's got to, what with all these challengers.

Eugene pops back up to his feet, but he's joined by Lindsay Troy who delivers a quick to the midsection of the champion. She wastes little time in hooking his leg and driving him into the mat with a Spinning Fisherman's suplex. Surprisingly Eugene practically bounces back up to his feet. It soon becomes apparent however, that while the lights are on, there's nobody home. Lindsay's not the type of girl to let an opportunity like this go to waste, so she plants a straight kick to the abdomen of Eugene Dewey, hops onto his back when he doubles over, and nails him with a 'By Royal Decree'!

DDK:

That's the move she used to put Bronson Box away during last week's tag team match!

Angus:

And she might have just put the FIST away with it as well!

Angus:

Get up there, Lindsay! Climb!

Not that she needs telling, but Lindsay does just that. She climbs, and she climbs, and she climbs until she's brushing the leather strap with her finger tips. The fans are going crazy as she steps up one more rung and then

CRASH!

Lindsay Troy tumbles head over heels, over the top of the ladder and down onto the bridge below after a shove from Bronson Box!

DDK:

Where the hell did Box come from!

Angus:

He's back! You can't keep The Wargod down, Keebs! A mere plunge into unforgiving steel won't keep Bronson Box from the FIST of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

I thought Box was done for...

Angus:

Heathen!

Bronson looks around the ladder at Lindsay Troy as she rolls off of the bridge and to the outside of the ring. A sick, sadistic smile spreads across his face before he looks up at the FIST of DEFIANCE and starts to climb.

Angus:

Now Box is gonna grab it!

Bronson grabs a hold of the ring to stop it from swinging and-

DDK:

No he's not!

Before Bronson can unclip the belt with his other hand Dan Ryan grabs a hold of the ladder and pulls it away from the

center. Box tries to hang on to the ring with both hands and grapevines the ladder with his legs, but Dan pulls it too far away for him to hang on. Bronson starts to swing high above the ring as Dan folds up the ladder and waits for Box to swing back towards him. Dan thrusts the ladder upwards, connecting with Bronson's midsection, causing the Wargod to fall from the ring and down into the centre of the ring!

DDK:

Oh sweet baby Jesus!

Angus:

Bronson almost had the belt! Dan Ryan had other plans though, and most of them involved Bronson Box never walking again!

Dan lifts the ladder high above his head and drops it down onto Bronson Box before kicking him to the edge of the ring. Ryan sets up the ladder in the middle of the ring yet again and returns to Box to push him to the outside. While Ryan dispatches of Box, Eugene Dewey grabs the ladder that Lindsay Troy landed on moment earlier and makes another bridge with it by shoving one end between the rungs of the ladder in the center and places the other end on the middle rope.

Angus:

Look out, Eugene!

Dewey is much too preoccupied with setting up the ladder bridge to notice Dan Ryan run in with a yakuza kick to the face. Ryan steps over the ladder Dewey just set up and stalks the Champion as he tries to crawl away. Like a lion waiting for the opportune moment to strike, Ryan waits for Eugene to stagger up to his feet and turn around. Ryan kicks Dewey square in the gut and in one fluid motion lifts him and drives him into the mat with a Humility Bomb!

DDK:

DAN RYAN JUST DELIVERED A HUMILITY BOMB TO THE CHAMPION!

Angus:

NO!

DDK:

Yes! Dan Ryan just drove Dewey into the mat, and now look at him! He's all alone in the centre of the ring!

Dan stomps around for a moment before readjusting the position of the ladder which he starts to climb. The fans whip into another frenzy as Ryan gets closer and closer to the title belt. But those cheers soon turn to jeers again as they see who's coming back.

Angus:

Here comes Bronson!

Bronson Box, with a limp and one hand clutching at his ribs, re-enters the ring and starts to climb the ladder on the opposite side. The bridge Eugene set up doesn't even seem to hinder the progress of the Wargod as he grits his teeth and drags himself up the ladder. Dan Ryan reaches up and brushes the title belt, but he's cut off as Box reaches up and digs his extra long fingernails into The Ego Buster's face meat!

Angus:

GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND! BOX HAS GOT IT LOCKED IN!

DDK:

DAMNIT!

Angus:

DAN'S FADING! AND BRONSON HAS A LITTLE MORE PLANNED FOR THE EGO BUSTER!

With the claw hold still applied, Bronson delves into his boot with his free hand and pulls out something shiny... something silver... something sharp.

DDK:

Oh no... He's gonna do it again...

Angus:

Please don't. I can't relive that hell.

Bronson adjusts the spike in his hand and holds it high above his head like he's about to sacrifice a goat, but he doesn't get to use it as Lindsay Troy pops up onto the apron, vaults over the top rope and rushes along the bridge behind Box. She hammers a forearm in between Box's shoulderblade and then rips him down from the ladder. God's Fiery Right Hand did its job on Dan though, as he falls back down to the mat below, but the focus is on Lindsay and Box now, as Bronson wheels around on her and looks to hit her with the spike. Lindsay jumps over a swing from the Wargod before turning and soccer kicking him in the face! She hops down from the bridge and nails Box with an enziguri which causes him to drop the spike, which falls right in front of Lindsay Troy as she gets back to her feet.

Angus:

She wouldn't...

She would. Lindsay bends down and scoops up the spike. Bronson, woozy after the enziguri, finds out what it's like to be on the receiving end of the spike as Lindsay plunges it into his forehead. A cut opens up quickly across Box's head and he tries to roll away and out of the ring, but Troy is right there on him and follows him to the outside. Box crawls for safety, but Lindsay rolls him over, mounts him, and digs the spike deep into the Wargod's flesh. She drags it slowly over his eyebrow, opening an even wider cut, and all the while the fans are eating it up.

Angus:

I'm gonna hurl.

DDK:

You and me both, partner.

With Lindsay rending Box's skin from his skull on the outside, and Dan Ryan out after suffering God's Fiery Right Hand, there's only one man left standing in the ring.

Angus:

Hey, Keebs, check it out!

DDK:

No way...

Eugene looks around and soon realises what everyone else already has. He's got a clear path to the FIST of DEFIANCE. The cake day boy wastes absolutely no time in going for the ladder, which he drags himself up slowly, one rung at a time.

Angus:

Get up there, Eugene! Get your title back!

DDK:

He's almost there, Angus!

Angus:

Reach, kid! Reach with all your might!

Eugene reaches up high and grabs a hold of the title belt!

Angus:

He's got it!

DDK:

Eugene Dewey's gonna retain!

And then the fans erupt as Lindsay Troy springboards from the ropes to the opposite side of the ladder right in front of the FIST!

Angus:

WHERE DID SHE COME FROM!? I THOUGHT SHE WAS BUTCHERING BOX!?

Lindsay throws a kick upwards that connects with Dewey's shoulder and draws him back down the ladder to fight her. Eugene responds with a right hand, but Troy fights right back with another kick. The two exchange punches and kicks for a moment before Dewey grabs two handfuls of hair and slams Troy face first into the steel! He ducks down and looks to repeat what he did to Box earlier in the match. He throws a fist upwards, looking to nail Lindsay with the Shoryuken, but the Queen avoids the strike and lifts a kick to the side of Eugene's head that shuts his lights off. Dewey's consciousness turns nonexistent and he falls backwards, right down onto the bridge behind him!

Angus:

NO!

DDK:

Lindsay just kicked Eugene in the temple! He falls! Lindsay's up there all alone!

Angus:

NO!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy's gonna win it!

Lindsay reaches up, but she can't quite grab the belt. She goes to take another rung to bring herself within distance of the title when suddenly two hands grab hold of her thighs!

DDK:

What's going on?

Lindsay gets ripped from the ladder and driven into the canvas... by a Humility Bomb.

DDK:

DAN RYAN! DAN RYAN JUST POWERBOMBED LINDSAY TROY!

Angus:

KEEBS! KEEBS! ARE YOU SEEING THIS!?

DDK:

DAN RYAN JUST POWERBOMBED LINDSAY TROY!

The fans go absolutely berserk. Incredibly though, the calmest person in the arena seems to be Dan Ryan as he stand over his sister-in-law in a stoic silence. He takes a few deep breaths with his eyes closed before opening them to look up at the FIST of DEFIANCE above him.

DDK:

Dan Ryan...

Dan starts to climb the ladder.

DDK:

He's gonna do it.

Bronson Box lays on the outside bleeding like a stuck pig.

Angus:

I don't know what to say.

Eugene Dewey lays on the ladder opposite Ryan having not moved since the kick.

DDK:

What can you say?

Lindsay Troy lays unconscious at the foot of the ladder.

Angus:

We have a new FIST.

And Dan Ryan stands at the top of the ladder with the FIST of DEFIANCE in his hand.

Ding Ding Ding!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, and the NEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW FIST OF DEFIANCE... THE EGO BUSTER, DAN RRRRRRRRRRYAN!

Zero plays out around the arena, but it doesn't overpower ther boos, jeers and swears from the DEFIAfans. Dan Ryan doesn't care though as he stands atop the ladder and stares into the faceplate of the FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen... what we have just witnessed...

Angus:

I can't process this. I mean, Eugene...

DDK:

The two year reign of Eugene Dewey has come to an end... and Dan Ryan...

Angus:

It's that FIST, Keebs. Anyone would do anything to have it.

DDK:

And Dan Ryan seems to have done just that. He's survived an absolutely brutal contest, and betrayed his own family to walk out of Ascension as a three time FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

You can bet there's gonna be hell to pay!

DDK:

No doubt, Angus. We're gonna have to wait for DEFIANCE TV to see it though, Angus. Hopefully we'll get some sort of explanation from the new FIST as well...

Angus:

I know someone that's gonna want that.

DDK:

Folks, that's all we have time for tonight. God I wish we had more time. Make sure you tune in to DEFTv, you're not gonna want to miss a thing!

The final picture of the evening is Dan Ryan holding the FIST of DEFIANCE aloft as black and red confetti streams down from the rafters and we slowly fade to black.