

SHOW OPEN

[♪ "Cruel Summer" by Kari Kimmel ♪](#)

499 days.

The reign of **Mikey Unlikely** continues.

Some say he's not a wrestler. Others say his championship run has been weak.

A day minus 500 should speak for itself.

Backed by 24K, Mikey defends the **FIST of DEFIANCE** in an elimination tag match against a team with many interpersonal issues.

Oscar Burns
Gage Blackwood
Jay Harvey
The Deacon

Former enemies learning to coexist with each other, all for the future of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

499 days means Mikey Unlikely has found many ways to escape, no matter how the odds are stacked up against him.

What about tonight?

500 days await.

... ..

Dex Joy's Southern Heritage run has been impressive. The first ever Favored Saints Champion's journey is similar.

Now "The Biggest Boy" blocks **Matt LaCroix's** path to the top. A tall mountain to climb.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

THIS... IS **MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.**

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The scene jumps to inside the DEF Plex as fireworks explode from the rampway. A massive DEFITron sits above the entrance, twice the size of the screen typically used for DEFtv. LCD lettering M-A-X-I-M-U-M stretches across the rampway, with the "I" being used for the entrance from Gorilla and is shaped in the form of a palm tree. Two palm trees flank the edge of the staging, with a number of beach balls and towels scattered around them. An LCD rampway projects nothing but sand from the top of the stage to the edge of the ring apron. The ring ropes are light yellow; the canvas is clean and light blue as always.

There are SIGNS are everywhere!

I LIKE CHRIS TRUTT AND I CANNOT LIE, YOU OTHER DEFIANTS CAN'T DENY

BIG MOOD

DEWEY RETURN CONFIRMED

I JUST SPENT 2500 V-BUCKS ON A CONOR FUSE SKIN IN FORTNITE

MIKEY UNLIKELY IS SO VAIN I BET HE THINKS THIS SIGN IS ABOUT HIM

THIS IS BLOCKING THE VIEW OF THE PEOPLE BEHIND ME

FOR A GOOD TIME CALL THE RECLAIMED WOOD SUPERSTORE

HOW THE EFF DID TYLER FUSE BECOME THE SCARIEST MEMBER OF THE KABAL?

SCOTTY FLASH MOB

FREE SUNBLOCK HERE vvv (EXCEPT FOR ARTHUR PLEASANT YOU SICK FUCK)

MIKEY FEARS FAFNIR

I CAME HERE FOR THE GRAPS!

WHY DOES THIS NIGHT FEEL DIFFERENT?!

WHO'S KNOCKING ON THE WOOD?

HI! WHERE IS MY SEARCH PARTY?!

PLEASE HELP THIS PERSON! ^^

WHICH PERSON?

ARE WE AT A BEACH?!

HOLY SHIT I AM WATCHING WRESTLERS WALK ON WATER!

MAXDEF IS 6 STARS!

WILL THERE BE ANY SURPRISES?!

BURNS FOR FIST!

HARVEY FOR FIST!

BLACKWOOD FOR FIST!

DEACON FOR FIST!

I DROVE HERE WITH ALL OF THESE PEOPLE IN THE SAME VAN LISTENING TO DEFRADIO!

WHEN DO WE STOP CALLING HIM UNLIKELY, LIKE COME ON NOW

MIKEY UNLIKELY WINS FIST AND WE QUIETLY TURN OFF THE TV AND CRY IN THE CORNER. AGAIN.

MY FRIEND MARK AND I WILL STOP WATCHING

I CANT BEAT DEX JOY IN THE DEF VIDEO GAME!!!

MY MONEY IS ON JACK HUNTER BEING THE GUARDIAN

THE HILLS ARE ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF RECLAIMED WOOD

I ALSO HAVE A PROFILE ON STALKME!

KERRY-4-FIST

KERRY IS EXTRAORDINARY

HMU CARLA

#CANCELTHEKABAL
IS JOEY STATCH OKAY?
MIKEY FEARS DEWEY
SCROW'S PACKAGE ALWAYS DELIVERS
TILLINGHAST GETS IT RIGHT
I'M KINDA DIGGING THIS TYLER FUSE, NGL
WORD TO YOUR MAMA, KUROYAMA
MIKEY'S FUTURE WITH THE FIST IS... UNLIKELY!!
MIKEY DESERVES ALL THE FISTS (TO THE FACE)
THE SQUID FEARS THE WARGOD
THREE STAGES OF STEVENS PUNCHING ARTHUR IN THE MOWF

The broadcast feed rolls through the graphic images of the NIGHT 2 MAXIMUM DEFIANCE card.

"The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez vs. "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio

Kerry Kuroyama vs. Jessica Reeves

Triple Threat

"Reaper Red" Tyler Fuse vs. Teresa Ames vs. Codename: Guardian

Three Stages of Hell

Scott Stevens vs. Arthur Pleasant

Lindsay Troy vs. Scrow

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Matt LaCroix

MAIN EVENT

8-MAN ELIMINATION MATCH FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE

24K (Mikey Unlikely ©, Cayle Murray, Kendrix & Perfection) vs. Oscar Burns, Gage Blackwood, Jay Harvey & Deacon

The scene switches to the announce team, at their booth off to the left-side of the entrance stage. Darren Keebler and Lance Warner sit inside a palm tree sanctuary.

DDK:

WELCOME EVERYONE TO MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, Night Twoooooo!!!

Lance:

Are you ready, Keebs? Last night was INSANE! Tonight, we have the FIST on the line in a match where FIVE different wrestlers could walk out as champion!

DDK:

We won't waste much time here, folks. You've seen the card. We'll get to our opening match first...

"REAPER RED" TYLER FUSE vs. CODENAME: GUARDIAN vs. TERESA AMES

DDK:

To start off night two we've got Tyler Fuse donning the Reaper Red gear versus Codename: Guardian versus Teresa Ames.

Lance:

What's Ames' role in all of this?

DDK:

Well, she was attempting to PROVE herself to The Kabal but recently went a little haywire and now it's anyone's game as to what's going on. My understanding is "the plan" was to see either Tyler or Teresa in this role alone but now both are tasked with trying to takedown the Guardian, even though Tyler Fuse is really the only one The Kabal can rely on.

Lance:

That... surprisingly makes sense.

DDK:

They don't pay me for nothing, Lance.

Lance:

I'll say.

The scene switches to the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This is a triple threat match! Introducing first.... hailing from parts unknown and weighing in at one-hundred-ninety-six pounds... CODENAME: GUARDIAN!!!!!!!!!!

♪ "Fake Fool" by Khz ♪

As the MAXIMUM DEFIANCE Beach scene is put on full display, the typical 'white static' video package for Codename: Guardian has been replaced by a clear blue ocean. The word 'CODENAME:' appears in solid and impactful looking black letters on the DEFIatron's video visual of a summer time break. Below it, a strange code appears, a random set of numbers but before anything can be made of it, the numbers start flipping into letters until the word 'GUARDIAN' appears below it.

POP! FIREWORKS!

A burst of white pillars of fireworks outline the extra pay-per-view scenery set up special just for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! The Faithful let out a raucous and exciting reaction as Codename: Guardian appears amongst the mist filled beach scene, his kendo stick seems to be wrapped in a more colorful set of tape and he makes his way towards the rampway and then to the ring.

Sliding into the ring, Guardian stands, pointing to each turnbuckle in a shooting fashion in order to ignite the turnbuckles! Codename: Guardian makes fireworks appear at each corner before looking forward at the DEFIatron. Patiently waiting for The Kabal out of balance triple threat.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, weighing in at an amount I've been told I'm not allowed to know, she is TERESA AMES!

♪ "The Ending" by Papa Roach ♪

Teresa struts out on stage to a sea of boos. She cackles as she walks down to the ring, all the while letting her finger

flutters go wild. Ames rolls into the ring and eyes daringly at those around her. She bites her lip and swings her hair around before settling into a corner.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponent... weighing in at two-hundred-eight pounds... "REAPER RED" TYLER FUSE!!

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Tyler Fuse walks out, with the Red Reaper outfit on other than the hood/mask. Fuse stands in the middle of the stage before shouting "you have FAILED DEFIANCE" in the direction of Codename: Guardian. He pulls the mask with the glowing red eyes over his face as red sparkler pyro pops off behind him. Fuse descends to the ring.

DDK:

Conor Fuse gets most of the attention and for good reason. But Tyler, in the middle of this very ring, can bring it. Both Ames and Guardian better be on their game tonight.

Lance:

Add whatever silly serum Fuse has flowing through him and it'll make Fuse extra dangerous.

DDK:

Silly serum?

Lance:

That's what they call it, right?

DDK:

You better hope Tyler, or any of The Kabal for that matter don't hear you say that.

Once Tyler enters, Benny Doyle ensures all three wrestlers are ready to go and signals for the bell.

DING DING

The second the bell rings, Teresa Ames races towards Codename: Guardian. Hands flailing, screaming at the top of her lungs, Ames has gone batshit insane in a moment's notice. She tackles Guardian to the ground, scratching and clawing her opponent. "Reaper Red" Tyler Fuse stands and watches in silence.

DDK:

Ames drags Guardian to their feet and hurls Guardian into the ropes... sling blade by Ames.

Teresa bitch-cries into the rafters. Then she turns to see Reaper Red standing there.

"Reaper Red" Tyler Fuse:

You try that shit with me and-

Ames doesn't hear him. She races across the canvas, a woman possessed and flies into Tyler's arms with a crossbody block.

Tyler, however, catches her.

DDK:

Fall away slam into the top turnbuckle!

Fuse picks himself off the mat.

"Reaper Red" Tyler Fuse:

Told you...

DDK:

But Guardian comes in with a spear to Tyler! Guardian flips Tyler over and has both legs hooked!

ONE.

TW- KICKOUT!

Fuse powers out, showing extra strength from the Reaper serum as he kicks Guardian on their way up in the chest and then connects with a side Russian leg sweep. Tyler hurls Guardian into the ropes, looking for a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker when Ames returns with a vengeance.

DDK:

Ames with a superkick to Fuse! Guardian with a sling blade to Fuse because of the interruption! Ames and Guardian double suplex the Reaper outside the ring!

Teresa looks at Guardian with a grin and twirl of her hair.

DDK:

Are they going to be on the same page now!?

Guardian is about to shoot herself over the top rope and towards Tyler Fuse. However, once Guardian leaps in the air and is about to clear the ropes, Ames grabs his foot and Guardian falls ONTO the top rope, tangling himself in all three ropes!

Lance:

I guess not!

DDK:

Should've known!

Ames bounces off the far ropes and punts Guardian in the mask! Teresa giggles, twirls her hair again and slaps Guardian in the back!

Untangling The Kabal Killer, Ames hits a suplex and floats over for a pinfall attempt.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse is back into the ring! He takes Ames and throws her into a corner.

Reaper Red marches towards The Keyboard Queen. He's shaking his head.

"Reaper Red" Tyler Fuse:

YOU can make a choice here, Teresa. Kabal or FALL!? Kabal or FAIL DEFIANCE!?

Ames is thinking about it as she covers her mouth with a teasing smile.

Teresa Ames: *[faintly]*

I like your costume...

DDK:

And Guardian with a dropkick sends Tyler into Teresa! Guardian has Tyler and connects with a German suplex. Now Guardian takes Ames and connects with a front face suplex! Fuse is back, however, grabbing Guardian by the head and whiplashing him/her/they/whatever they are straight into the canvas.

The elder Fuse roars as he rises to his feet. He looks down and takes Teresa.

“Reaper Red” Tyler Fuse:

One. Last. Chance.

DDK:

Ames knocks Tyler in the side of the face with a right elbow!

Ames continues the assault, moving Tyler towards the ropes before she tosses him into the ropes across the way... but it's reversed. Ames is Irish whipped instead and Tyler sprints towards her with a sidewalk slam!

DDK:

Double the momentum on impact! Ames' own speed bouncing off the ropes and Tyler charging towards her!

Lance:

Looks like it hurts, Keebs!

Fuse hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

BROKEN UP BY GUARDIAN!

Guardian knocks Fuse around the ring before jumping on the top rope and looking for a Frankensteiner. Tyler tries to fight away but he's not able to. Guardian lands the move. The Kabal Killer jumps into the second rope, looking for a moonsault when he lands on top of Teresa's shoulder!

DDK:

AMES WITH A CUTTER!

“Reaper Red” Tyler Fuse recovers as he slides out of the ring and looks under the apron.

Tyler pulls out a table.

Although he's cloaked in the Reaper Red costume, you can see a faint sadistic grin cross Fuse's face. Tyler watches on as Ames continues to bite, scratch and cawl the Guardian inside the squared circle.

DDK:

Ames hurls Guardian into the ropes and comes back with a dropkick to the chest. Very nicely placed. Now Ames is trying for a suplex but she doesn't have enough in her to pull it off, so instead she performs a cutter.

Lance:

Quick thinking by Ames.

On the outside, the Reaper has the table set up.

He pauses.

He waits.

And then he taps on the table.

Teresa, IMMEDIATELY, stops what she's doing and looks over.

Tyler taps on the table again.

“Reaper Red” Tyler Fuse:

Got some... reclaimed wood for you, my dear.

DDK:

Get the hell outta here.

Lance:

It's smart, Keebs! I gotta say! Look at Teresa's face! She's bought in!

Tyler slides into the ring and kicks Guardian in the gut. Both he and Teresa lift the Guardian and walk him to the edge of the ring.

DDK:

This match may be over!

Reaper Red and Teresa Ames toss Guardian overboard.

CRASH!

DDK:

Through the reclaimed wood- I MEAN TABLE! DAMMIT!

Lance:

Guardian has been discarded!

The Faithful are booing, although many enjoyed the notion of reclaimed wood. Reaper Red leans over and whispers something into Teresa's ear. She nods, submissively.

DDK:

What the hell is going on?

Lance:

Tyler shows her a table and Ames buys in COMPLETELY!

DDK:

If it were only that easy...

Reaper Red lifts Teresa in a gorilla press slam and walks her to the apron. Once Guardian rises, Fuse HURLS Ames at her.

Teresa Ames:

AMES COMING! Tehehehe.

SLAM!

DDK:

DAMMIT! Ames with a vicious looking back elbow to the head of Guardian! That may have been a modified version of CTRL+ALT+ASLEEP!

Lance:

It was! It most certainly was!

DDK:

The only thing stopping this match from being over is Guardian's OUTSIDE of the ring!

That's no issue for Tyler Fuse, however. With Guardian down and Ames recovering herself (she rammed into the guardrail after landing), The Reaper exits the ring, lifts Guardian up and throws him back in. Tyler re-enters and rolls Guardian on their back.

DDK:

Pin attempt!

ONE.

TWO.

LAST SECOND SHOULDER UP!

The Faithful come alive as The Reaper screams at referee Benny Doyle.

DDK:

Tyler's anger may get the better of him...

Reaper kicks Guardian as he sees they are getting up. Tyler whips Guardian into the corner and The Kabal Opposer hits the buckle padding with so much force they fall to the mat in a heap.

Under the mask, Reaper, once again, smiles evilly.

DDK:

I'm sure we know what's coming now...

Tyler exits, positions Guardian's legs around the ring post and applies the figure four!

DDK:

There's no five count, either. Triple threat rules means anything goes, if the table spot didn't give that away already!

The Guardian doesn't say anything through their mask but you know they're in trouble based off their body language. Tyler rips and rips at the leg of Guardian, hanging off the apron without his back touching the floor.

Lance:

It's a hell of a hold. Tyler CRIPPLED Kerry Kuroyama with this move. Took Kerry out of action for six months. Took Scott Douglas out for three. Put others on the shelf!

The fans are a little uneasy on if they should be cheering... because Teresa Ames comes in and stomps Tyler Fuse off Guardian's legs! The figure four has been broken!

Reaper rises, clearly pissed off. He pushes past Ames and picks up a broken piece of the table. Fuse frisbees it in Teresa's direction. It hits Ames' chest and falls to the floor.

DDK:

Tyler spears Teresa!

Booing commences.

The elder Fuse tosses Ames into the guardrail and rolls into the ring. He snatches Guardian by the mask when he's hit with a cutter from the Masked Hero!

DDK:

Guardian with a desperation move. It's bought him some time!

Guardian moves to the corner and uses the turnbuckle padding to pull themselves up. The White Ranger spins around just in the nick of time to catch Tyler with an elbow to the head. Guardian springboards to the top buckle, takes Fuse's head and slams it into the padding before hitting a spinning DDT. Guardian lands back-first on the mat. The impact of the move has both wrestlers stunned...

Somehow, Teresa Ames is pulling her act together and entering the ring.

Via the top rope.

DDK:

Ames is up there. I don't know if this is a situation she finds herself in too often.

Lance:

Not at all. Teresa's still learning the ropes, pun intended. She did well to withstand The Kabal's battle royal invitation but she's got lots to prove!

Ames wobbles on the top buckle, trying to measure her opponents and keep herself from falling in the process. Once Guardian is to their feet and Tyler's on a knee, she jumps.

DDK:

Hurricanrana to Guardian!

Lance:

And a backbreaker to Reaper Red!

Ames pulls upright. She's on a roll...

DDK:

Missile dropkick to Guardian! The Masked Hero falls out of the ring!

Ames turns to find Tyler Fuse-

DDK:

And Tyler with a t-bone suplex to Ames! The Keyboard Queen lands on her head!

Guardian works their way back into the squared circle, however, it's Ames who gains a second wind and clubs her right knee into Guardian's head! Fuse joins in to Alabama slam The White Ranger and then hovers over Teresa.

DDK:

This isn't new ground for Tyler Fuse. He's been a part of a triple threat match like this before, alongside Stalker and against Scott Douglas. Ideally, Ames and Fuse should be on the same team. Ideally. But they aren't. Just like the initial stages of Fuse-Douglas-Stalker.

Ames walks towards the Guardian while Tyler Fuse stays back. Guardian is quick to be on the defensive and charges Teresa with a sling blade, knocking her down. Both rise but The Guardian connects with another sling blade.

DDK:

And there's Reaper Red, Tyler Fuse, with a pump kick to Guardian!

The Reaper drags Guardian by their hood and throws them into the turnbuckle. With rage, Fuse bellows in and knocks the air out of Guardian with a stinger splash. He hip tosses Guardian to the center of the ring and Teresa Ames pops up, delivering a ripcord clothesline.

Teresa Ames:

Peekaboo!

Reaper Red methodically walks out of the corner, snatches Guardian and lands a belly-to-back suplex.

He holds on.

And hits another.

Another.

Another.

Fuse discards the Guardian and turns his attention towards Teresa.

“Reaper Red” Tyler Fuse:

Go.

Lance:

So we ARE seeing Ames and Fuse on the same page!

Ames smirks sadistically as she mounts the Guardian and begins clawing and scratching at the Hero's mask.

DDK:

That mask is on pretty tight!

Lance:

I don't think Ames is trying to rip it off, actually. I think this is simply some of Teresa's offensive abilities.

Ames lifts the Guardian and hurls him into the ropes. Ames lowers her head but this is where Codename: Guardian stops in their tracks, drops to a knee and uppercuts Ames under the chin! The Keyboard Queen flies back but Tyler Fuse appears with a spear!

DDK:

Spear from the side! Guardian never had a chance!

Tyler hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

AMES WITH THE SAVE!

The Reaper methodically rises from the canvas, body language displaying he is none too happy with The ASMR Artist. First, however, Fuse peels Guardian off the canvas and HURLS her out of the ring, through the top and middle rope.

SLAP!

Ames slaps Fuse in the side of the face!

DDK:

Is this... smart!?

Lance:

I don't know. You know how unstable Ames is. Who knows what changed the narrative for her. One second they're working together and now, again, they aren't.

SMACK #2!

However, all Fuse does is laugh.

“Reaper Red” Tyler Fuse:

We've gotten rid of the weak one. You want to prove your worth? HIT ME AGAIN.

Teresa seems glad to do so as she races towards Tyler but when she leaps into the air, Fuse catches her and tosses Ames out of the ring, on top of the Guardian!

Fuse slingshots himself over and out, crashing onto both combatants! Reaper Red doesn't take long to ply Ames off the mat and drive her face-first into the left ring post. Next, he finds Guardian and does the same to her, only throwing her to the post on his right hand side!

The Reaper puts both opponents into the ring and follows. A snapmare to Teresa is followed by a kick to the small of the back. He lifts Ames up with ease and throws her more than halfway across the ring in a release German suplex.

The Guardian struggles to find a vertical base. It's not for long, anyway, as Reaper Red positions behind him and connects with a snapdragon suplex.

DDK:

It's all Tyler Fuse.

Lance:

Not surprising. He is the most technical sound out of all three members.

The elder Fuse puts Guardian into the ring. Then he finds Teresa Ames and places her over his shoulders in a fireman's carry.

Tyler goes to the top rope.

“Reaper Red” Tyler Fuse: *[shouting to The Faithful]*

This is what happens to the WEAK. The misguided. Those who FAIL DEFIANCE!

The Faithful give a shout as Fuse throws himself and Ames off with him.

DDK:

DEATH VALLEY DRIVER from the top!

Lance:

It's over!

ONE.

TWO.

SAVE BY GUARDIAN!

Fuse pops to his feet and levels Guardian with a discus clothesline. The White Ranger topples to the canvas as Tyler bellows into the rafters again and whips Guardian to the corner across the way. He meets the buckle hard. The ring shakes on impact. Tyler stalks his prey.

Lance:

I haven't seen Tyler this amped up before. And he's WAY more amped up than his brother to begin with, in terms of sheer intensity.

Tyler continues to whip Guardian from pillar to post. Irish whips into all four turnbuckles knocks what little air is left out of the Guardian.

DDK:

Tyler's going for his finisher, CQC here-

At the last second, a desperate Guardian pushes Tyler off and to the center of the ring. Anger flowing through him, Fuse turns around and charges Guardian without thinking. C:G gets both knees up and The Reaper runs into them.

DDK:

And a bulldog by Guardian! Guardian performs CQC on Tyler! He hooks the leg!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Guardian takes a glance at Benny Doyle but the referee informs the Masked Ranger it wasn't a three. Nodding, Guardian tries for a suplex on Fuse but it's blocked. He tries again but it's also blocked. Tyler elbows Guardian in the chest and hooks in his own suplex in the form of a falcon arrow with a hooked leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP.

Reaper's anger comes to a boil. He stands, shoves Benny Doyle and hurls Guardian into a buckle. Tyler sprints in with a clothesline that knocks Guardian onto the top rope. Fuse is about to lift The White Ranger from the top rope when Teresa Ames joins him!

DDK:

Wasn't Ames put down by a death valley driver FROM Tyler Fuse!?

Lance:

Yeah, I don't get it, either.

Ames and Fuse connect with a double brainbuster on Guardian!

Then Ames shoves Tyler.

The Reaper takes one step back and looks Ames over. She's rattled, shaking, clearly hurting from the brutality. However, The Keyboard Queen is still in one piece and not backing down from the masked man.

Ames shoves Fuse again.

Tyler's body language conveys a sense of calm.

"Reaper Red" Tyler Fuse:

Take. Him. Out.

Fuse points to Guardian and Ames obliges. She hits Guardian with a jawbreaker and then an impaler killswitch! Fuse watches from the corner as Ames looks like she has it all under control...

Until she seemingly snaps.

Ames mounts Guardian and like the beginning of the match, she starts scratching and clawing at The Masked Hero's face.

While Teresa is still on the offense, Guardian is able to cover up and work his way to the ropes.

DDK:

It's clear this catty attack isn't doing a lot of damage.

Lance:

You can say that again.

Reaper Red races in but Ames sidesteps and ejects him out of the ring! This gives the Guardian enough time to stand upright and deliver a superkick under Teresa's jaw!

DDK:

Guardian's got her!

The White Ranger high stacks for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

The Kabal Killer exits the ring immediately before Tyler Fuse can get back in there.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... CODENAME: GUARDIAN!

DDK:

The Guardian has done it. By hook, crook, whatever the case may be!

Reaper Red rages in the middle of the ring as Teresa Ames stands and also goes ballistic but for a much different reason. She kicks the bottom rope, she screams at Benny Doyle (even going so far as to grab him by the balls before he pulls away), The Keyboard Queen has absolutely lost it.

Tyler approaches her but Ames drops to a knee and rolls out of the ring.

DDK:

I think this trainwreck is far from over.

Lance:

Who are you calling a trainwreck?

DDK:

All of them. The entire Kabal. Guardian has proven this tonight.

The scene ends as Guardian vanishes behind the curtain and Ames starts mouthing off to Faithful in the front row.

URIEL CORTEZ vs. VICTOR VACIO

DDK:

We've got a grudge match coming up! The war between Los Tres Titanes and The Kabal has heated up since Minute won the Favoured Saints Championship and ended up in the crosshairs of Rezin. Last night, we saw Rezin steal the Favoured Saints Title from Minute, but tonight we're gonna see their respective partners do battle. Up next, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez goes one-on-one with the man that injured his hand... "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio.

Lance:

That's right. This will NOT be the high-flying spectacle that last night had between Minute and Rezin. This one will be a scrap. Cortez is out for revenge tonight against The Kabal's hatchetman. But like you said, the 7'2" Cortez isn't going into this at 100%. He had his hand attacked with a mallet when confronted backstage by Rezin and Vacio in a sneak attack just two weeks ago.

DDK:

That he did. But Uriel Cortez has been fitted with a brace for his left hand and was cleared for competition just a few days before this event. He's out for payback, but no doubt that hand may hamper him against a man who you do NOT want to have any weaknesses again. It's Cortez versus Vacio and that match is coming up right now at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

The camera leads us to the ring with Darren Quimbey about ready to start the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The Faithful roar with approval for the fact that two men are ready to beat the hell out one another for their amusement. As they continue to cheer, the lights start to pulsate in shades of silver and gold...

Darren Quimbey:

From The City of Industry, California, weighing in at 339 pounds... being accompanied by Titaness, he is a member of Los Tres Titanes... he is **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

LOS
TRES
TITANES

The name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern. The massive hand of Uriel is shown lifting... then a graphic of the giant using his hand to slash a massive mountain in twain...

♪ "Voodoo Child" by Brick + Mortar ♪

A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes off and standing on the stage, wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and gold towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands the massive Uriel Cortez! Right at his side, Titaness does a standing backflip on the stage and that sends an explosion of purple and silver pyro shooting from either side of the stage! With a black hand brace on his left hand, Cortez growls to himself as a reminder of what's happening with this match, then raises his right hand to cheers from the crowd!

DDK:

Los Tres Titanes started out as The Sky High Titanes under Thomas and Junior Keeling back at DEFCON 2020 and over the last 18 months, we've seen a true bond form between these two. They're now like family and with Titaness with them, Uriel has watched over both. So when Vacio threatened them and attacked Titaness twice, that didn't sit well with Cortez. Vacio felt one of Cortez's signature chops across his chest.

Lance:

He did and it nearly cleared out Vacio's lungs... but Vacio got back at him two weeks later, attacking his hand with that signature mallet of his. Cortez has that chop-based offense that may see some limitations tonight because of that

brace.

DDK:

Indeed. He's right-handed and Vacio smashed his left hand, but the giant still goes into this match compromised.

Cortez steps over the ropes and enters the ring with Titaness watching closely. Cortez's coat comes off and he tosses it out of the ring. The massive monster from The City of Industry paces and looks ready to scrap as he awaits his opponent.

♪ "Funeral Music" by Chopin ♪

...starts to play and the cheers and excitement turn to a running faucet of boos. Vacio steps out from behind the curtain and the Faithfuls' displeasure intensifies. Vacio's new standard of black mask, black tights and a black sports coat remains here tonight and he has his signature mallet in hand; practically taunting Cortez with it. The sight of it makes the giant angrier as Vacio starts walking toward the ring. Cortez tries to keep his composure, but he can practically see The Lost Cause laughing at him behind his back.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Mexico City, Mexico, representing The Kabal... weighing in at 226 pounds... **"THE LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO!**

The Lost Cause looks over at Titaness and smiles. She gets ready to fight if she has to, but he walks the other side across the ring. The owner of DEFIANCE's Deadliest Hands watches Vacio circle the ring ominously.

DDK:

Vacio, a former BRAZEN Champion, has become an effective hitman for The Kabal, evening the odds for Rezin against Minute and Los Tres Titanes. He's beaten stars like Deacon so fighting giants is not new to him.

Lance:

Very true. He's as insane as Uriel Cortez is large. The fact that he opened taunted Deacon for months and now Uriel Cortez, two of the largest men to compete in a DEFIANCE ring; That's saying something.

Vacio starts to climb inside the ring, but when he sees The Titan of Industry starting to approach he backs up off the apron and cackles. He sheds his own coat and puts his mallet on his corner of the ring and then starts to get inside. Uriel again tries to lunge at him and even DEFIANCE's largest referee Brian Slater can't hold him back. He yells at Cortez to get back and finally, he relents. As he does so, Vacio finally gets into the ring and looks across from Uriel. Slater calls for the bell...

DING DING!

Cortez approaches Vacio quickly especially for a man his size, but Vacio backs up and stalls between the ropes!

DDK:

And already, the games begin from Vacio. I swear it's a Kabal trait.

Lance:

They use these mind games really which is what makes them so dangerous.

Vacio starts to climb in, but the second that the man with DEFIANCE's Deadliest Hands tries to attack a second time, Vacio slides through the ropes and then heads out to the floor. He calmly starts to walk around the ring. He makes his way past the mallet and starts to mimic bringing it down, then mocks Uriel by holding his left hand.

Victor Vacío:

Te rompí la mano y lloraste.

Unable to contain his rage, Cortez tries to go after him and steps over the ropes to the floor... but Vacio slides back in! When Cortez tries to get back up, Vacio lands a dropkick and rocks the big man on the ring apron!

DDK:

Vacio gets under his skin so he can launch an attack! He's offsetting Cortez's size right away!

The blow sees him back on the floor where Vacio sees his chance. He runs off one side of the the ropes to the other and then DIVES through the ropes with a massive suicide dive that knocks Cortez back a bit, but does NOT bring the big man down! Cortez is left stumbling so Vacio can head back into the ring. The demonic luchador heads off the ropes again inside and then launches a SECOND suicide dive!

Lance:

Goodness! Two big suicide dives, but Vacio hasn't knocked Cortez down! He's got him stumbling, though!

DDK:

And I think he's gonna go for a third!

Vacio slides back in a third time and waits for Cortez to try and head back towards him. He grabs both ropes and then takes flight looking for a third suicide dive...

BUT CORTEZ CATCHES HIM!

DDK:

Oh, no, here's trouble for Vacio!

The Lost Cause gets palmed by the back of the head, and then...

THWACK!

Cracks Vacio with a violent chop while bent backwards, sending him crashing to the floor!

Lance:

Son of a... we heard that all the way up here on the ramp! That wasn't sweat knocked off his body after the chop, that was Victor Vacio's soul leaving his body!

DDK:

Lance, don't be ridiculous... when have you known Kabal members to show that they have souls?

Cortez looks out to the sea of the rabid Faithful and then throws Vacio back inside. The Titan of Industry watches Vacio try to get back up in a neutral corner, but Cortez grabs him and then holds him over the shoulder with ONE ARM! Cortez uses his braced hand and eggs the crowd on to chant. The Faithful starts to build up in chant... then he DRIVES him down with a massive delayed body slam!

DDK:

The crowd is loving this right now! Victor Vacio getting what he deserves after his repeated attacks against Los Tres Titaness over the last few weeks.

Lance:

That's right! And Uriel looks like he's gonna try and take his time punishing him. Don't know if that's wise, but I can't fault him, either.

Cortez grabs Vacio again and does the same thing. He holds him over his shoulder in a body slam set up and he eggs the crowd on for applause as he holds him... then DUMPS him right down! The Lost Cause arches his back in pain and thrashes around the mat!

DDK:

Cortez working that back! He has that rarely-seen Industry Great submission that he can use if he chooses!

Lance:

And a HUGE body shot to Vacio! Big move there!

Uriel had just beaten Vacio and DRILLED a big fist (again, good hand) into his chest, doubling him over in pain. Cortez grabs Vacio by the neck and then leads him to his feet. He rolls him over with a snapmare...

THWACK!

Then delivers an EXTRA-STIFF forehand chop to the back, sending shivers up the spine of Vacio, causing him to thrashing about in pain! The Lost Cause lets out curses in Spanish and is still about while Cortez stares down at him.

DDK:

He's looking a little like the Cortez of old. Just completely overpowering and battering down on his opponent.

Lance:

And not to mention, he's in far better shape now than he was when he first joined DEFIANCE at the end of 2018. He's shredded some pounds, gained a little speed and has worked on his chop-based offense. Vacio needs a way out fast.

But he doesn't get off so easily when Cortez pulls him up by his feet and then gets whipped into the corner. Cortez fed off the crowd and listened to the cheers before he rushed forward. Vacio moves out of the way of the oncoming charge, but comes off the ropes and lands a big corner elbow smash to the chest of Cortez... but the blow barely registers an angry monster. Vacio shakes his head and then kicks the leg several times to rattle The Titan of Industry.

A second run off the ropes leads to another charging forearm, but Cortez shakes it off and then piefaces Vacio, sending him to the mat. He rolls through his feet and then comes back with a dropkick that knocks him back into the corner. Cortez is finally shaken when Vacio tries to recover from the vicious chops he's eaten so far. The camera catches the two red welts - one on his chest and one on his back!

DDK:

Look at those welts!

Lance:

Yeah... and now Vacio is back on the attack... NOPE! SPOKE TOO SOON!

Vacio tries to run at him again, but Cortez catches him in his arms! Vacio tries frantically to free himself, but The Titan of Industry grabs him and then THROWS him into the corner! He looks like he's gonna set up Vacio for the two-handed Chop of Ages... but Uriel looks at his left hand and then shakes his head... so he settles for an extra STIFF chop from his good hand...

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

Or three!

Vacio gets dropped to his knees, falling to the mat and clutching his chest!

DDK:

I think that The Lost Cause is almost done! He couldn't use that two-handed Chop of Ages, but he could just chop him multiple times with the good hand!

Lance:

I bet Vacio wishes that he had the chance to hit BOTH hands!

As Victor Vacio is down on the canvas, Cortez shouts out that he's done and The Faithful get ready for what's to come. He grabs Vacio's shoulder with his braced hand and then gets ready to end things.

DDK:

Industry Standard coming right up!

He tries to get him up for the move, but at the apex a VERY desperate Vacio goes for the left eye and rakes it! Cortez yells out in pain and drops Vacio back to his feet... exactly what he wants. Cortez tries to swing at him, but Vacio buys him some precious seconds to go after he braced hand, striking it with a few elbows! The Titan of Industry finally registers pain, but then shoves him back to the ropes. Vacio tries to come back and Cortez swings with a wild clothesline. Vacio ducks and comes back off the ropes a second time...

Cortez misses the elbow...

AND HE DIVES THROUGH THE ROPES, KNOCKING DOWN TITANESS ON THE OUTSIDE WITH A HUGE SUICIDE DIVE!

DDK:

What the hell... what is he doing? She's not even in the match!

Lance:

Vacio just wiped out Titaness with that dive on the outside! No way that was an accident. No way at all!

The crowd JEERS as Titaness gets knocked down while Cortez tries to get sight back in his eye. He looks over and he sees Vacio now getting back and letting out an evil cackle.

DDK:

Oh, no, Cortez sees him. This is trouble for Vacio!

Or so it appears, but then when Cortez tries to reach over the ropes, he grabs Vacio and LIFTS him onto the ring apron! Before he can pull him back into the ring, Uriel gets his hand SNAPPED over the ropes!

Lance:

We've got a trainer at ringside checking on Titaness, but right now all eyes are back on Cortez! Vacio couldn't beat him head on so he finally finds a free shot and goes after that hand!

The crowd jeers Vacio as he starts to go to the top rope and waits for his chance to strike. He takes flight with a huge front missile dropkick to the chest! The blow doesn't knock Cortez down, but does push him backwards to the corner!

DDK:

And now what's Vacio got planned after that opening. That SOB attacked Titaness with that suicide dive and now he's got the opening he needs.

Titaness comes around on the outside, but as that goes on Vacio measures him and STRIKES him with a well-placed superkick to the knee. The blow sends Cortez hobbling and then a dropkick to the same knee finally drops Cortez down to a knee where Vacio wants him. He measures him up and then ROCKS him with not one, but TWO big superkicks and finally, Cortez is flat on his back for the first time! Slater hurries over when Vacio tries the first cover of this match.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Cortez THROWS him off his body and even sits up, driven by straight-up anger for the devilish luchador!

DDK:

Oooh, boy... he's doing what he can... but Vacio comes back with another dropkick to the head!

Cortez goes down to the mat, flat on his back a second time. The Lost Cause gets back on his feet as Cortez lays back... then delivers a jumping stomp to the hand!

DDK:

You knew he'd do it the first chance he gets! He stomps the hand of Uriel Cortez!

Lance:

He's relentless. And most of the time he doesn't even care about winning matches. He just wants to take things from people or hurt them. He's deranged.

The former BRAZEN Champion watches as Cortez tries to roll the other way in order to try and protect the hand, but Vacio unleashes a hard running kick right at the hand! Cortez tries not to cry out and bites down, but he reels back and pounds the canvas in frustration after the second kick.

DDK:

Look at Vacio! Normally he's not the type to target a body part like this, but he's gotta do whatever he can against the giant!

Lance:

Titaness seems to be okay on the outside. She's trying to get away from the trainers. She's concerned more for Cortez in that ring right now.

Sure enough, The Faithful starts to cheer The Show of Force as he gets back to her feet and then watches the match while holding her own arm in pain. She wants to go in and take a shot at Vacio and he picks up on this. He delivers another stomp on the hand of Cortez and he winces in pain, then The Lost Cause slaps his face, baiting Titaness to make a move.

Victor Vacío:

¡Vamos! ¡Haz tu mejor tiro, perra!

Victor gets louder jeers from The Faithful and slaps his face again repeatedly, begging her to come into the ring and take a free shot. She doesn't rise to his bait, but she is more concerned about Uriel and his hand.

DDK:

I won't even bother trying to translate that. It wasn't anything good.

Lance:

Titaness wants to make a move, but she doesn't want to risk getting Uriel disqualified either. She knows this is their battle to fight.

Titaness yells for Uriel to get up and fight while Vacio turns back to attack the hand of Cortez again. He grabs the hand, but the taunting may have given Cortez a small opening when he grabs Vacio and pushes him away. He rolls with it, lucha-style and then rolls back to his feet and then runs off the ropes to connect with a big springboard back elbow smash to Cortez's face! Vacio rolls through and gets back to his feet and then stands over Minute, then delivers a standing moonsault... right onto the hand!

DDK:

Goodness! The hand of Cortez is being worked over badly. He needs to mount a comeback quickly.

Lance:

And now where is he going?

Vacio heads to the middle rope, but then inches his way up top. When Cortez tries to get back to his feet, The Lost Cause launches himself off the ropes and then DRILLS the massive Cortez into the mat with a leaping Tornado DDT off the top rope!

DDK:

Cortez was trying to protect that hand and just got dropped on his head because of it!

And with that, Vacio makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cortez gets the shoulder up again! The Titan of Industry is left reeling, but Vacio smiles and then leaps to the middle rope to hit a twisting springboard dropkick to keep him down! And after he's down...

The crowd JEERS again when he unstraps the brace from his hand and then throws it out of the ring!

DDK:

That's not good... now the hand has been completely exposed!

Lance:

And that's gonna spell trouble!

Cortez tries crawling up again and then Vacio puts his boot down on his hand and grinds his heel into the hand! The Titan of Industry finally howls out and shoves Vacio away again... but he doesn't have the strength he did earlier and The Lost Cause only laughs it off.

Victor Vacío:

¡Córtame ahora, gilipollas gigantes!

DDK:

Vacio should try and finish him.

Lance:

And he's trying to grab the hand...

He grabs the massive arm of Cortez as Titaness starts to slam her fists into the ring apron to get the crowd behind The Titan of Industry! The crowd support seems to inspire Cortez as he tries to struggle against Vacio. When Vacio tries to grab the arm for some sort of armbar... he doesn't force Cortez to not only lift him up, but he THROWS him across the ring with a huge atomic throw!

Lance:

What a throw! Vacio was taunting him far too long and that just cost him.

DDK:

That it did! Cortez just throws him across the ring with the atomic throw!

Titaness runs over and then grabs the brace, then throws it back to Uriel. He picks it up and then quickly snaps it back on his hand while on his knees, making sure to keep an eye on Vacio as he limps towards the ropes. The Faithful start to applaud again when Cortez gets back to his feet.

Uriel Cortez:

¿Todavía quieres hablar mierda?

DDK:

The brace is back on... things are not looking good for Vacio!

With the brace back on, Cortez still favors the hand, but goes after Vacio and **THROWS** him into the corner with a huge body shot from his right hand, then **CRACKS** him with a headbutt! The blow sends him teetering back and now Cortez holds both arms out to a cheering crowd!

Lance:

The Titan of Industry is on the warpath!

Cortez turns back and charges towards the turnbuckle, knocking the air right out of Vacio with a big running back elbow in the corner! He grabs The Lost Cause out to the middle of the ring and then charges off the ropes before sending him **SPINNING** through the air with a huge running shoulder tackle!

Lance:

Good lord, he just got mowed over by that shoulder tackle! I'm thinking Uriel is about to wrap this up!

Cortez then grabs him by the back of the head and then starts to try and use a full nelson slam... but when his bad right hand acts up, he switches it over instead and then lifts up and drives down Victor Vacio using a big half nelson slam instead!

DDK:

Half nelson slam! He had to opt for that instead of his usual full nelson slam, but did he get enough?

Uriel doubles over and then goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Slater's two fingers lead to disappointment on the face of The Titan of Industry!

DDK:

I thought that was it right there!

Lance:

I did, too! Cortez hasn't gone for any pinfall attempts before now, but he wants this payback for what The Kabal have been doing to Los Tres Titanes in the last few weeks.

Cortez finally gets back up to his feet and then grabs Vacio by the throat with his good hand before goozling him and lifting him back to his feet. He shoves him back to the corner and then starts to set him up on the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

What's he doing here?

Lance:

I don't know, but it can't be good!

The Faithful are alight when looks to be setting him up on the top rope for another version of The Industry Standard... but Vacio fights for dear life and fires off right hand after right hand, then goes after his left hand with a few shots!

Cortez backs off a bit and then Vacio takes flight with a hurricanrana... Cortez catches him...

DDK:

No! Vacio tried the hurricanrana...

He tries to turn it into a powerbomb, but when he gets near the ropes, Vacio shifts his weight over... and takes The Titan of Industry with him over the top rope!

Lance:

HE COUNTERED THAT POWERBOMB AND TOOK CORTEZ OUT! HE JUST GOT DUMPED OUT TO THE FLOOR!

The crowd jeers when Vacio remains on the ring apron while Cortez is out on the floor, seeing stars after the landing. The Lost Cause stumbles upwards using the ropes, and then looks down with Titaness watching on in shock.

DDK:

What the hell is he doing? Uriel trying to stand...

Vacio then leaps up and hits a HUGE Asai arabian press all the way out to the FLOOR ON TOP OF CORTEZ!

DDK:

NO WAY! VACIO PULLING OUT ALL THE STOPS AGAINST THIS GIANT!

Lance:

The man is insane!

The replay fires off several times on the DEFtron when Vacio leaps up to the top rope and then bounces off with an Arabian press-style moonsault onto Cortez on the floor, wiping out both men!

DDK:

Vacio had to do something extreme to counteract Cortez's size here!

Lance:

And that'll do it... but... what's he doing now?

The Lost Cause is the first one back to his feet, though he looks worse for wear after the intense punishment endured by Cortez. He walks over and then delivers another jumping stomp to the hand of the giant! Uriel lets out another guttural growl in pain while Vacio walks by his coat, then grabs a chair.

DDK:

Wait... what the hell is he doing? He's gonna get disqualified.

Lance:

You know that he doesn't care! He's gotten himself disqualified in past matches in DEFIANCE just so he can punish someone.

Brian Slater yells at Vacio to put down the chair, but when he doesn't, the crowd cheers the official for reaching through the ropes to grab it out of his hands! Vacio protests as Slater tells him it won't happen under his watch. Cortez is starting to come around and gets to his knees when Slater walks away... but Vacio pulls something out of his pocket.

DDK:

Wait... he's got the mallet!

Lance:

The chair was a diversion! Slater doesn't see it!

Vacio grins wickedly and then grabs the mallet, but then the weapon is grabbed out of his hands... BY TITANESS! The Faithful cheer when she grabs the weapon out of his hands and THROWS it more than halfway up the ramp, actually landing on the stage!

DDK:

GREAT ARM BY TITANESS! SHE WON'T STAND BY AND LET HIM USE IT!

Lance:

Vacio trying to attack Titaness again!

The Show of Force gets ready to fight, but before he can do anything more, Cortez spins him around and then grabs him by the throat. He throws The Lost Cause up towards the ropes with enough force that he bounces back...

THWACK!

INTO THE MOTHER OF ALL CHOPS!

DDK:

OH, MY LORD! DID YOU HEAR THAT!

"HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!"

Lance:

He bounced off the ring ropes and flew right back into one of the hardest chops I've EVER seen!

Cortez feeds off the reaction of the people and then throws Vacio back inside the ring. He quickly grabs him by the back, still nursing his hand. But enough that he can palms him again and then stands him up... only to CRACK him across the chest with a big downward-striking chop across the chest and neck, folding Vacio in half!

DDK:

CHOP OF AGES MAX! CORTEZ'S NEW FINISHER CONNECTS!

Cortez kneels down while still cradling his bad hand, but manages to hook his leg using the other arm! The fans count along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

♪ "Voodoo Child" by Brick + Mortar ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... "THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez had to fight for this one! Vacio attacked that hand like a pitbull going after the last steak. He even attacked

Titanness to get under his skin, but The Show of Force showed she wasn't going to just sit back and let him get away with it.

Lance:

Cortez made him pay for his mind games! Los Tres Titanes even the score for last night against The Kabal!

Brain Slater starts to grab Uriel's hand, but he pulls it away and offers up his good hand. Slater apologizes and then lifts that up instead. Titanness enters the ring to join them. She reaches over and then gets close to Uriel, letting him embrace her in the ring as he raises an arm in triumph.

Lance:

And can you believe the arm on her? She practically shot-putted that mallet up here!

DDK:

Indeed! We've got plenty more action to come tonight, but Uriel Cortez and Titanness head back up the ramp.

As Victor Vacio finally starts to move. The marks on Vacio's chest are indicative of the battle he'd just taken. On the ramp, Cortez and Titanness raise their arms for the crowd, then Cortez takes the mallet and kicks it off the stage before the two head to the back to celebrate the big win.

A RED DEATH: CRIMSON REBIRTH

When: Right now

Location: Stalker's Den

Courtney Paz:

What... what exactly do you expect me to say to you Mr. Fear? He attacked me, pushed me to the ground. Blood... literal blood fell from his mouth and covered my face. If Ravanna and RG weren't there I would have been killed.

Courtney is on the verge of tears, her body is shaking. Her typical business like look and clean demeanor has been replaced with a girl in sweatpants, an old Fuse Bros. T-shirt and a duffle bag in front of her. MAXIMUM DEFIANCE is playing on one of the many 'Cerberus Monitors' in the background while the screen in the middle is currently occupied with Mr. Fear's shadowy visage.

Mr. Fear:

You can not 'quit' The Kabal. You've been reminded of the pledge many times. Do I need to recite it once more?

Courtney Paz:

You want me to 'rejoice'? For what... exactly NATHAN!? Or Chris..? Which... whichever one of you is hiding behind that goddamn monitor? Or is it even either of you. Months now your 'master plan' has been playing out and to what effect? Jason.... He's in a homemade jail cell. Our LEADER is gone to us and has been for months!

Mr. Fear:

You know who I am, Courtney.

There is a pause as Courtney starts packing her duffle bag. Neither person speaks for at least ten seconds.

Mr. Fear:

You.. You've done a fine job in Stalker's place, no one was expecting him to be placed in the situation he was. Being taken from The Kabal was never the plan for him. Stalker's failure against The Guided Hand's interference was unfortunate.

Courtney Paz:

Stop. You know I'm well versed in the history of your 'games'. Stalker was a fucking 'source' of power. You all were angry he didn't accept the pledge and here we are. A loose cannon injected with some strain of life that makes him bleed from the god damn MOUTH!

As Courtney turns to the camera and shows her face more clearly, it's visible she has a black eye hidden via make up. Some of her tears have washed away her attempts to hide it.

Mr. Fear:

Running the Proving Grounds was something I know you were uncomfortable with, but you did outstanding in that role. While unexpected, Teresa Ames, an essential wild card, will become a 'major asset' to The Kabal.

Courtney Paz:

If you think recruiting Teresa and running the Proving Grounds was even remotely something I wanted to do you would not have assigned it to me in the first place. You know what?

She slams her duffle bag onto the table before turning back to face the monitor with Mr. Fear's shadowy visage.

Courtney Paz:

That dumbass ASMR girl or whatever the FUCK, you want to call her.. Who.. let me remind you WHO JUST FAILED at her fucking promise to us? To take out Codename: Guardian? Or was I the only one in the goddamn room when she said that bullshit?

Finger flickering

Courtney's vocal display of DEFIANCE is put on hold while she looks over her own shoulder.

Mr. Fear:

No... Courtney you were not...

Courtney Paz:

Shhhh... some... someone is here...

As Courtney gathers her duffle bag up she throws the strap over her shoulder before peering back to the large monitor showing Mr. Fear's display.

Courtney Paz:

Do you have eyes on Jason??

Silence lingers from Mr. Fear's monitor as Courtney looks into the shadowy hallways of The Kabal's inner lair.

Courtney Paz:

Mr. Fear... hello?!? Do you see him or not?

Mr. Fear:

The uplink was delayed.... No. He's.. Stalker's room is empty.

Courtney's face turns white for a second before you see her attempt to run away but her steps are abruptly cut off by the sound of footsteps.

Teresa Ames:

You know what, Courtney? You could definitely benefit from an attitude change.

Looming behind Teresa Ames is Stalker, or at least a 'version' of him. The bald headed Hardcore Icon stares in silence at Courtney Paz, a ripped off piece of Teresa's red shirt now covering his mouth. Jason 'Stalker' Reeves looks like a villain from a horror movie as he stands in his usual wrestling attire, his wife beater is dirtied up more than normal and his eyes are vacant with reasoning.

Courtney Paz:

What... Why is his mouth covered like that? How... Did you get here so quickly? What... what are you doing?

Teresa Ames:

Becoming a Leader. You should really follow Malak's twitter. His inspirational advice has led me to this moment.

Mr. Fear:

Teresa Ames, I appreciate your direct approach but Stalker's mental capacity has not yet been fully cleared... you...

Teresa Ames:

I can do whatever I want.

Snapping her fingers and pointing at Courtney Paz, Stalker's eyes turn and look directly towards The Kabal's 'quitting' lawyer.

Teresa Ames:

Since blondie doesn't want any part of The Kabal's new style, I say we FIRE her instead of letting her quit.

With a rush of movement Stalker's hands are already around Courtney's throat, he growls as he SLAMS her up against the old 'target board' for The Kabal's meetings.

Courtney Paz:

GET! GET! OFF ME!! JASON!... YOU...

Unable to get the words out Stalker's hands tighten around Courtney's throat, he body stops moving for a moment as Stalker pulls back his head, looking at her with a tilted and motionless expression. His silence is unnerving as Courtney chokes on gasps of limited air.

Mr. Fear:

Jason.... Let.. let her go...

The request is worded slowly to best explain it to the potentially uncontrollable Stalker. However, his mindset is completely gone and reasoning with him seems impossible at this juncture.

Teresa Ames:

You see Courtney... parading around as The Kabal's lawyer was never good enough for you, I could see it in your eyes when you were 'running' the Proving Grounds. You are not an influencer, like me. The Kabal needs an influencer. So, we don't accept quitters around here. Instead, blondie... you're fired!

Ravanna:

Enough!

The overhead lights flood on and Ravanna's stance in the entrance says it all, she's ready for a fight. Reaper the Grey is standing behind her with his hands raised as well. Stalker's stance doesn't change and Courtney's self 'fight or flight' instinct kicks in as she begins to kick haphazardly at the 'monster like' Stalker who is silently choking the life out of her behind a torn clothed red mask.

Mr. Fear:

Teresa! STOP THIS NOW! You've signed your contract, we have provided you with many of your outlandish requests.

Ravanna's patience is gone and she signals RG to move forward.

Mr. Fear:

Teresa, let Courtney go! I... I have another mission for you... something that will lure the one we seek out even more

Just as RG's approach to the motionless Stalker is underway, Teresa's fingers flicker once more and Jason Reeves releases his grip on Courtney Paz, who slumps to the floor. Teresa pulls out her phone, takes a selfie of herself in front of the fallen Courtney Paz and then pockets it. Cracking her neck she stares at Mr. Fear's monitor.

Teresa Ames:

I'm listening.

As Courtney attempts to slowly crawl away from the scene, Stalker's menacing presence gives her every reason to stay away from Teresa, Ravanna and anyone else associated with The Kabal. Stalker stands in an eerie silence behind the cocky Teresa Ames who stares at Mr. Fear's shadowy visage awaiting his specific mission request.

Mr. Fear:

You don't have much time to act as the match is upcoming, so I'll be brief.

Fade to black.

THREE STAGES OF HELL: SCOTT STEVENS vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

DDK:

Up next ladies and gentlemen is the THREE STAGES OF HELL MATCH!

Lance:

That's right Keebs, tonight Arthur Pleasant and Scott Stevens are going to hell and back as they compete in a possible three matches in a row.

DDK:

That's right Lance. The first fall will consist of a normal singles match up while the second fall will be a submission match.

Lance:

And if necessary, the rule book will be thrown out the window for the third fall as we will have a NO-HOLDS-BARRED match!

DDK:

No count outs. No disqualification. Pinfalls and submissions must be inside the ring. We've also been informed that there will be a definitive winner as stopping the match due to excessive blood loss will **NOT** occur.

Lance:

These two men are going to turn this ring and the surrounding areas into their own personal blood bath and I for one... am a little bit nervous about it. Heh.

The lights go out.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

♪ "All Within My Hands" by Metallica ♪

Erratic guitar strumming thunders throughout the DEFplex, followed by the smashing of drums. Moments after that, the THRASHING of guitars, drums, and bass create a cavalcade of chaos that sends the entire crowd into an ear-splitting frenzy. A video package plays on the DEFIatron, showing some of Arthur Pleasant's "greatest hits".

Pleasant grabs the zippo lighter and flicks his thumb, creating the steady, motionless flame right into Aaron King's face in his debut match.

A shopping cart nails a pane of glass directly in front of Theodore Cain's body at Road to DEFIANCE. The glass shatters into a million tiny pieces while driving the cart into Cain's tree of woe position!

Arthur races into the ring ropes on DEFtv 152... and NAILS Trashcan Tim across the jaw with the Provocation!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Pleasant measures LaCroix up on top of a ladder at DEFCON 2021 and flips forward, nailing a destroyer piledriver off the top of the ladder to the canvas below!

A bloodied and nose-broken Arthur sets Lindsay Troy up into a fireman's carry before immediately pushing up underneath her, clutching her face as he brings her down across his knees as vertical as a tent spike with the nastiest Calamity Pain DEFIANCE has ever seen!

The Denizen of Decay lifts Codename: Guardian up for a fisherman's buster and nails it, but the video quickly shoots to the second and third after the first lands.

Finally, we see a photo with a prismatic filter of Arthur Pleasant laughing maniacally inside a straight jacket atop a

ladder.

The DEFIatron turns into a giant bloodied smiley face as flames shoot up unexpectedly on the stage as the song progresses from the thrashing metal portion of the song to the slow and methodical section nearly a minute into the song.

Finally, Arthur Pleasant appears on the entrance ramp to a raucous chorus of boos.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is the THREE STAGES OF HELL MATCH!!!

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!"

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way down to the ring first, from Under the Midnight Sun.... weighing in at two-hundred and seven pounds... he is the PROVOATEUR... ARTHUUUUUUUUURRRRR... PLEEEEEEEASAAAAAANT!!

DDK:

Wow. Hell of an entrance for who is arguably, maybe not arguably, the most hated man in all of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Yeah. That's an understatement. As I watch our monitors on the table here I see the folks at home are experiencing flashes of THE SCOURGE every five seconds or so as Arthur moves down the ramp way. Talk about disorienting!

DDK:

Also, conspicuous by their absence is the rest of the Scourge. One has to wonder if, again, Arthur told Harmen and King to stay in the back for this one.

Lance:

I'm sure he has them in reserve if things go south, Keebs.

After sauntering down to the ring while the slow portion of "All Within My Hands" plays, Pleasant suddenly slithers into the ring. Just as Pleasant gets up, he climbs to the corner turnbuckle, gazing out with narrowed eyes and pursed lips as the tempo once again THRASHES everyone's ears in deafening fashion. Hopping down from the photo op, Pleasant cackles as some of the lyrics plays with the heads of the Faithful:

"HATE ME NOW, KILL ALL WITHIN MY HANDS"

"HATE ME NOW, CRUSH ALL WITHIN MY HANDS"

"SQUEEZE ALL WITHIN MY HANDS"

"CHOKE ALL WITHIN MY HANDS"

"HATE ME NOW, TRAP ALL WITHIN MY HANDS"

"HURRY UP AND HATE ME NOW"

"KILL ALL WITHIN MY HANDS"

With those lyrics lingering in the minds of the Faithful, Pleasant blows a kiss out to all of HIS haters and DEFIANTS.

"A TEXAS SIZE ASS WHOOPIN IS COMING BOY!"

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag with the words "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The jeers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into cheers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... *SCOTT STEVENS* as

♪ "Dead Man Walking" by Crucifix ft. The Lacs ♪

Plays throughout the arena.

DDK:

The thorn in Arthur Pleasant's side is here and the expression on Arthur's face says it all.

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain. As soon as he makes his way to the edge of the stage, golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he raises his right fist high into the air.

DDK:

Stevens is looking to make an example of Arthur and remind people of what the former FIST is capable of.

Lance:

Exactly Keeps. A lot of people have Arthur favored over the former FIST which is astonishing.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent.....from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...He is....SCOTT!
STEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he just smirks and shakes his head at the vocal bashers and fist bumps his supporters.

DDK:

Stevens is all business as he approaches the ring because he knows he is taking on a unique individual.

Lance:

That he is Keeps. Arthur is a very unique individual to train and scout for but if anyone found a chink in the armor of Arthur Pleasant it's everyone's favorite Texan.

Stevens slowly makes his way around the ring completely focused on the task at hand until he reaches the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes; looking out amongst the crowd before raising his fist into the air once more before dropping to the canvas as the former FIST shows no emotion as he stretches out on the ropes waiting for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go.....

Pleasant and Stevens come out of their respective corners and Pleasant has a devilish grin on his face as he extends his hand and the Texan stares down at it.

DDK:

Arthur's joking right?

The Faithful boo and shout for Stevens not to shake the man's hand and the Texan doesn't do the sort as he swats away Pleasant's hand much to his annoyance.

Lance:

Arthur trying to get into the head of Stevens, but Scott is a seasoned veteran of the sport and he will have to do better than that.

Pleasant and Stevens circle one another before trying to lock up. Stevens immediately shows Pleasant his strength as

he throws him down to the canvas. The Provocateur is wide eyed and cautiously starts to get to his feet.

DDK:

Stevens showed Arthur what has brought him to the dance so many times and that's his incredible strength.

Lance:

Even at his age, he is still a physical specimen.

Pleasant and Stevens go to lock up, but this time the Texan feints and ducks under the attempt and swings behind Arthur, tripping him up. Stevens side-mounts Pleasant before transitioning to a side headlock and paint-brushing the top of his head. The VIOLENCE of DEFIANCE immediately pushes the Texan off.

DDK:

Stevens having fun with Arthur.

Lance:

Not just that, Keebs, but Scott is showing his wrestling ability as well.

Pleasant pops up to his feet and immediately yells for Stevens to lock up again. The Texan shrugs as he approaches the Provocateur. Scott goes to lock up, but Arthur immediately kicks him in the gut, doubling him over. Arthur rocks the former FIST back upwards with another kick, this time to the face. Pleasant shows why he isn't very "pleasant" as he snapmares Scott to the mat and delivers a stiff kick to the Texan's spine before locking in a reverse chinlock... but instead of a chinlock, he grinds at the eyes like a wild savage.

Lance:

Arthur couldn't match power with Stevens and he might be at a stalemate if this turned into a technical clinic, so he's getting creative.

Carla warns Arthur who reminds her he has until the count of five before letting go at the tail end of four with a rake of the eyes.

DDK:

Stevens could seriously be injured there. Arthur was digging deep into the Texan's eye sockets.

Arthur continues the attack with stomps all around the Texan's body before reaching Scott's head and driving a sickening knee to the top of it.

Lance:

Arthur's often overlooked Muay-Thai background is coming into effect with those precision strikes.

Arthur locks in a front facelock and begins to drive his left elbow into the neck and side of Stevens' head. Arthur follows the elbows up with knees to the head and continues the attack until he believes the former FIST has had enough and goes for a pin.

One!

Two!

Stevens powers out.

Lance:

Looks like there is still some fight left in Stevens, Keebs.

Arthur immediately jumps up and double stomps the Texan in the chest, sending the air out of Stevens completely. Pleasant drops the leg across Stevens' chest before dropping another knee across his face. Pleasant locks in another

front facelock and pulls Stevens up before hitting a snap neckbreaker.

DDK:

Vicious neckbreaker by Arthur who is going for another cover.....NO!

Arthur goes for the blatant choke instead and he's not listening to the official.

One...

Two....

Three...

Four...

F-

-Pleasant finally lets go!

Lance:

Arthur was *very* close to a disqualification there.

Arthur and Carla have words before turning his attention back to Stevens.

DDK:

Arthur has been in control of this match and I'm surprised.

Lance:

Me too, Keebs. He seems to be one step ahead of Scott.

Arthur reaches down and starts to bring Stevens to his feet and the Texan delivers a heavy-handed shot to The Provocateur's ribs.

DDK:

Arthur is wincing from that shot. Can Stevens follow up?

The answer would be no as Arthur quickly drills Stevens with a jumping double knees to the face sending Scott staggering back towards the corner.

Lance:

Stevens' nose has to be broken from that shot!

Pleasant charges in and delivers a running elbow shot. Pleasant grabs Stevens by the arm and goes to whip him across the ring, but the Texan puts on the brakes and quickly pulls Pleasant back towards him, delivering an overhead belly-to-belly suplex in the corner.

DDK:

OH MY! STEVENS JUST FOLDED ARTHUR UP LIKE AN ACCORDION!

Stevens takes a few moments to regain his bearings before pulling Arthur for the corner and going for a cover.

One!

Two!

Thr-

NO!

Arthur pops his shoulder up!

Lance:

Stevens almost had it there. He had Arthur stunned.

Scott yanks Arthur back to his back before mounting him and raining down right hands to the side of his face.

Lance:

Arthur may be a skilled striker, but Scott Stevens has some heavy hands that can do some damage when he starts slugging it out.

Stevens drills Arthur with a hard right before picking him up and using all of his strength to whip him into the opposite corner and Scott follows it up with a massive clothesline. Stevens starts unloading rights and lefts to Pleasant's body before whipping him, chest first, into the corner that's diagonal from them. Stevens then follows it up with another clothesline.

DDK:

Stevens is heating up and Arthur can't get away.

Lance:

Stevens' strength is proving to be too much.

Stevens grabs Pleasant by his head and begins to ram his face into the top turnbuckle, over and over, as the crowd counts the smashes. Once they reach ten the Texan lets out a primal yell and begins to choke Arthur with the top rope!

One...

Two...

Three...

Four...

F-

Carla and Scott get into it.

DDK:

Stevens might be letting his rage get the best of him!

Lance:

He needs to calm down Keebs.....what's Arthur doing?

Stevens backs up into the corner opposite of Arthur and lies him up before making a mad dash towards him and when he gets within a certain feet leaps.

DDK:

Stinger Splash coming up.....NO!

Arthur falls to the ground to show he had taken the top turnbuckle off and Stevens hits the exposed metal face first.

Lance:

STEVENS IS STUNNED!

Pleasant rolls Stevens up and grabs a handful of tights for extra leverage as Carla drops to make the count.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DDK:

Holy. CRAP. Arthur got him!

Lance:

I can't believe Pleasant just beat the former FIST in a regular match-up! Can somebody get me the weather report so I can see if pigs are flying tomorrow?

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of Stage One via pinfall.....ARRRRRRRRRRRTHUR... PLEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAASANT!

The fans all boo this as Pleasant laughs at getting one over on his adversary. Stevens simply shakes his head, knowing full-well Arthur Pleasant had his tights and the ropes for the pinfall.

*"BULLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIT!!"**"BULLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIT!!"**"BULLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIT!!"**"BULLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIT!!"***Darren Quimbey:**

We now enter... the SECOND Stage! The following match is the second fall and it is a SUBMISSION MATCH!!!!

The Faithful snap out of their derisive chanting and cheer on the idea of Arthur Pleasant tapping out. Carla Ferrari makes sure both competitors retreat to their respective corners, but Arthur refuses to comply.

DDK:

Of course Arthur doesn't want to listen to Carla's instruction.

Carla Ferrari:

Step back!

Arthur Pleasant:

What if I don't wanna, sugar twat?!

Lance:

Oh for the love of...

Carla Ferrari:

If you do not get back to the corner, you will forfeit this fall and I have no choice but to award the fall to Scott St-

Arthur Pleasant:

Fucking do it then!!!

Carla Ferrari looks like she's about to call for the bell, when suddenly she realizes what Arthur's intentions are. Calling Arthur's shit like a great official should, Carla motions for both competitors to continue.

DING DING

DDK:

I'm not sure what that was all about, but Stage Two is underway!

Lance:

Stevens looks **PISSED** at how Arthur got away with that pinfall.

Both men are up and in their respective corners as Carla Ferrari motions for both of them to "get it on". Stevens charges out first and Pleasant looks like a deer in the headlights when the former FIST catches him in a Texas Longhorn style football tackle that lifts him up and into the turnbuckle.

Stevens rams his shoulder in Pleasant... but the Provocateur **LAUGHS!**

He rams him again, and Pleasant continues cackling at Stevens' brutal shoulder thrusts.

Stevens backs away, becoming only further incensed. Despite his laughs, Pleasant staggers out of the corner. Stevens retreats into the opposite ropes, giving some major separation between them. On the recoil, Stevens **LEAPS** halfway across the ring and...

...*WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!*

Stevens connects with a brutal Superman Punch that knocks Pleasant down to the mat in a heap, seemingly unconscious!

Stevens immediately clutches his hand and wrist and falls to his knees. He yells out to Carla...

Scott Stevens:

FUCK. I think it's broken...!!

With Arthur sprawled out on the mat and unconscious, Carla tends to Stevens as she signals for the dreaded "X".

DDK:

Oh no.

Lance:

That's a bad break for Stevens... no pun intended.

DDK:

He hit Arthur so hard in the jaw with the patented FIST that he might've broken his own hand or wrist!

Lance:

Yeah, you can see it in his eyes too. Stevens is in a bad way here. Not a good start to Stage Two.

DDK:

It's ironic that Stevens may have broke his hand considering this feud all started after Scott Stevens knocked Arthur on his ass with a single punch.

Lance:

True that, Keebs. I'm sure the irony is not lost on the former FIST.

As Carla continues checking on Stevens, Pleasant shakes the cobwebs away from the knockout tornado punch. Getting to his feet, Pleasant notices Carla checking on Stevens' hand.

Pleasant smiles with his nasty, sharp, jagged teeth with absolute malice.

DDK:

What the...?! He can't be thinking what I-

Lance:

NO!!!!!!

Pleasant charges out of the corner and NAILS CARLA FERRARI IN THE FACE WITH A SINGLE-LEG DROPKICK!!!

DDK:

PROVOCATION ON CARLA FERRARI!!!! WHY?!!!!!! WHY DAMMIT???!!!!!

Lance:

DAMMIT!!!! THAT WAS UNCALLED FOR!!!! SICK!!!! JUST SICK!!!!

There is a hushed concern within the Faithful for Carla Ferrari withstanding a sickening Provocation. The replays on the DEFIatron only serve to exacerbate this concern as it shows how Carla legitimately backflipped from the impact, and landed flush on the mat. She immediately clutches her face before going rigid on the canvas.

“BOO!!!!!!”

DDK:

I've noticed a beef between Carla and Arthur as Carla has been the one who counted Arthur's shoulders down to the mat from some of his losses. But I never thought-

Lance:

That the sickest son of a bitch on the entire roster would do something so disgusting to “get even”. Never underestimate the levels of depravity of one Arthur Pleasant. The man should be locked up and institutionalized. End of story.

Medical personnel empty from the Guerilla position onto the stage and down the ramp while the Faithful buzz in contempt over the SHOCKING and DISGUSTING display of misogyny that Arthur Pleasant just unleashed on everyone. Pleasant, on one knee, is in mock prayer for a “fallen player” as one would see during an American Football game when a life-threatening player injury happens. He also happens to be... smiling.

“ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!”

“ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!”

“ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!”

“ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!”

“ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!”

“ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!”

“ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!”

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“ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!”

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“ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!”

“ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!”

"ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!"
 "ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!"
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 "ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!"
 "ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!"
 "ASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!!"

After what is undoubtedly the most prolonged and vehement chant in the history of time and space, Pleasant stands on his feet and bows to the crowd. Stevens, meanwhile, is back on his feet. It doesn't take him long to figure out what just transpired. Looking at Arthur, Stevens screams at him.

Scott Stevens:

WHAT THE FUCK, ARTHUR?!

Arthur Pleasant:

THE BITCH. HAD IT. COMING!!!!

Enraged, Stevens makes a bee-line for Arthur, who then escapes to the outside. In chase, Stevens follows him.

DDK:

Looks like the cat and mouse game is on, but... the real story here is the well-being of Carla Ferrari. She took a nasty Provocation from Arthur, and she is by no means a professional wrestler in DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Lance:

She could be seriously hu- wait, what?! She's... getting UP?!

The Faithful POP its collective cork as Carla Ferrari... STARTS GETTING UP!!! A pissed off look in her eyes, she looks at Arthur and wipes away the blood pouring from her nose. Even blowing some of it out on the mat and wiping it on her referee shirt, Carla shakes her head.

Carla Ferrari:

Nah. You're not getting rid of me THAT easily!!!

The chants of "CAR-LA! CAR-LA! CAR-LA! CAR-LA!"...

... soon turn into chants of, "CARLA'S GONNA KILLLLLLLL YOUUUUU".

DDK:

Now THIS is what separates DEFIANCE Wrestling referees from other referees... they don't take a clothesline and cower in the corner for half an hour.

Lance:

They take full on face-caving kicks and get back up. Can't wait for the Carla memes after this one, Keebs.

Pleasant slides back into the ring among the hullabaloo of what happened to Carla, and Stevens is right behind him. But suddenly, Pleasant "trips" like "first girl" in Friday The 13th. Stevens sees the opportunity present itself to him and grabs Arthur's legs, swings him onto his back and steps through with a grapevine, setting up what undoubtedly looks like a sharpshooter.

DDK:

Scott Stevens is looking for Arachnophobia here!!

Lance:

Can he get Arthur over in it, though? Can he- wait a second?! Arthur is tapping?!

Before Stevens can even step through and complete the sharpshooter, Pleasant is flailing his arms around like a man being tortured by red fire ants. He taps the mat, his own chest, his own leg... everything he can to signify that he gives up. Shocked at this, Stevens releases the hold and a pissed off, bleeding-from-the-nose Carla Ferrari calls for the bell, signifying the end of the Second Stage!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of Stage Two by submission... SCOTT... STEVENS!!

Stevens simply looks down at Arthur with a look of utter confusion.

Darren Quimbey:

With one win a piece, we now enter... the Third and FINAL Stage! The following match is the last fall... and it is NO...HOLDS...BARRED!!!!

With Stevens looking down at the Provocateur, Pleasant slowly raises two fists, and turns them upside down into two birds.

DDK:

That son of a bitch. He PLANNED this!! No wonder he tried to get Carla to forfeit him!!

Lance:

I hate to say it, and I totally don't WANT to say it, but since I am held accountable for my duties as an unbiased announcer I have no other choice but to admit the brilliance of that. All Arthur had to do was find a way to beat Stevens in the First Stage... and he knew he could get Everyone's Favorite Texan right where he wanted him. In a match suited to his penchant for violence and sheer chaos.

DDK:

That has to be the craziest, most obnoxiously brilliant thing I've ever seen someone do here in DEFIANCE. He legitimately tapped out on purpose so he could get Scott in a match that completely favors the "Hardcore Provocateur".

Lance:

The only upside to this is, Scott Stevens can take full advantage of this now as well. And with him being as angry as he clearly is? I wouldn't want to be facing "Mr. FIST" in a scenario like this under any circumstances.

DING DING

A very pissed off Carla motions for both competitors to finish the third and final fall as she wipes her nose against her shirt again. Stevens immediately goes to the outside as Pleasant taunts Carla some more. After fiddling around underneath the ring for a moment, Stevens pulls out a thick and lengthy chain!

DDK:

Oh Lord! This is gonna get ugly in a HURRY.

Lance:

Look! He's wrapping his fist with that chain!

Stevens wraps it around his fist as Pleasant continues to taunt Carla. Motioning to the Faithful for his finishing strike, "The Fist", Stevens measures Pleasant up.

Pleasant finally turns towards Stevens.

Stevens LEAPS for the chain-wrapped superman punch... and misses!

DDK:

Arthur saw that one coming!

Pleasant ducks, and lets Stevens' momentum carry him into the ropes chest first. Stevens bounces back and Pleasant jumps up, pulling the Texan's neck down with an impressive jumping neckbreaker. Sitting up, Pleasant points to his head as if to say, *"Too smart for that."* Seeing the chain in Stevens' hand, Pleasant pulls him to the center of the ring. Flipping him over onto his stomach, Pleasant sits down on the Texan's back and unravels some of the chain from his hand.

Lance:

Yep, here we go. Bad intentions and Arthur Pleasant go together like peanut butter and jelly.

With half the chain unraveled, Pleasant pulls it so that Stevens starts choking himself with the bend of his own arm. Wrapping the rest of the chain with an overhand knot connecting Stevens' hand to the middle of the chain, Pleasant pulls back, slipping some of the chain across the Texan's mouth until it slides in between his upper and lower teeth.

DDK:

Oh my GOD. He's going to kill the man!!

Wrenching back as much as he can, Carla Ferrari is right there to see if Scott wants to give up. Stevens' eyes go wide but he refuses to tap as he looks for some slack on the thick chain between his teeth. But seconds later, Pleasant stands up, places his boot on the back of Stevens' head, and STOMPS it as violently as possible into the canvas!

DDK & Lance:

OH MY GOD!!!!!!

"YOU-SICK-FUCK!"

"YOU-SICK-FUCK!"

"YOU-SICK-FUCK!"

"YOU-SICK-FUCK!"

Stevens rolls around in agony, spitting blood and parts of his own teeth out from the vicious steel chain-assisted curb stomp. Pleasant drops to his knees, and hooks a leg!

ONE!!

TWO!!

NO!! Stevens DEFIANTly kicks out despite suffering through insurmountable pain from his mouth!!

Pleasant rips the rest of the chain off of Stevens, who noticeably holds what could be a broken hand close to his chest.

Pleasant looks at the chain and laughs before tossing it back to the outside, clearly bored with the weapon. Pleasant slithers underneath the bottom ropes like a snake through a garden and starts sifting through objects underneath the ring.

DDK:

Folks, I am very concerned for the safety of Scott Stevens at this point. This No-Holds-Barred Match is EXACTLY what Arthur wanted, and now the Badass Texan is at his mercy.

Lance:

Somewhere, right now, Tillinghast is throwing a shoe.

Just as everyone feared, Pleasant pulls out an elongated table from underneath the ring... wrapped completely in barbed wire.

DDK:

Aww c'monnnnn. Already?!

Some of the fans cheer purely out of a desire to see carnage and in no way, shape, or form as a fan of Arthur Pleasant. Pleasant carefully lifts one end of the table onto the ring apron and the other end onto the guardrail. Pleasant hops back up onto the ring apron, but then stops. Shaking his head, Pleasant goes underneath the ring apron again.

This time, he pulls out a black felt bag. Pleasant expands the opening of it and tips it upside down onto the barbed wire table, allowing thousands of metal tacks to rain down on the table. Tossing the bag and some errant tacks that clung on haphazardly into the crowd, Pleasant acts like he's going to punch a kid in the front row, scaring the bejesus out of him. The child, maybe even a toddler, immediately begins crying as his Mother pulls him back, shielding him from the Provocateur.

Arthur Pleasant:

SICK FUCK?! SICK FUCK?! YOU HAVEN'T FUCKING SEEN ANYTHING YET!!!

Looking back at the barbed wire table covered in tacks... he goes underneath the ring again!

Moments later, Pleasant pulls out a bundle of light tubes.

Placing them strategically on the barbed wire, tack-covered table, Pleasant finally turns back towards the ring, seeing Stevens resting in the corner turnbuckle, holding his injured hand, bleeding mouth, and broken teeth.

DDK:

Folks watching at home, I sincerely hope you put your kids to bed before this match. Because... I don't even think I can stomach what's about to happen.

Lance:

Yeah this is no bueno, por favor.

Back inside the ring with the barbed wire, tack and light tube-covered table straddled between the guard rail and ring apron, Pleasant stalks his wounded prey. Stevens doesn't even see Pleasant coming as the Denizen of Decay stomps him in the stomach. Laughing maniacally, Pleasant peels Stevens up and away from the turnbuckles, motioning that he is about to throw the Badass Texan through the table full of violence.

DDK:

Come on, Arthur. Please. DON'T. DO. IT.

Lance:

Deaf ears, Keeps. Your words are falling on them.

All of a sudden, Scott Stevens stands up straight, shocking everyone in attendance! He smiles at Arthur and with broken and jagged teeth, much like himself, he wags his finger from his good hand.

Pleasant's face goes from happy... to concerned in about .00000001 seconds.

DDK:

Uh-oh. I think Stevens just tapped into something deep within.

Lance:

Dare I say Pleasant looks scared?!

Catching Pleasant like a deer in the headlights, Stevens boots him in the gut and sets him up for a powerbomb. Stevens lifts Pleasant up for the powerbomb and immediately starts running towards the table. But as soon as he lifts Pleasant even higher up for a tossing crucifix bomb to launch him over the ropes, Pleasant slips through and lands nimbly on his feet behind his aggressor.

Shrugging, Stevens lifts a leg back and catches Pleasant harshly in his netherberries!

DDK:

DING!

Lance:

Sound effects provided by DEFaudio studios.

Pleasant goes down to a chorus of cheers as Stevens wipes away the blood from his mouth. There's a slight smirk coming from Carla as she sees Pleasant take a low blow and not have to disqualify anyone for it.

DDK:

Oh yeah, you KNOW Carla is just enjoying this.

Shaking the pain away from his hand, Stevens looks over at Pleasant clutching his privates. Chuckling to himself, Stevens spits some blood down on the writhing Provocateur to add insult to injury. The Badass Texan holds Pleasant's legs up as he lays in a supine position. Stevens looks out at the cheering Faithful, smiles, and then STROMPS down on Arthur's privates. Lifting his boot, he does it AGAIN. And AGAIN. And AGAIN.

Pumped up from giving Arthur exactly what he deserves and then some, Stevens gives a primal yell out at the Faithful.

Scott Stevens:

FUCK THIS PIECE OF SHIT!!!

DDK:

I can't remember the last time I've seen Scott Stevens so enraged.

Lance:

If he ever wants to get back into the FIST hunt, he needs to maintain this level of aggression. Maybe not necessarily low-blowing everyone but, you know what I mean.

Pleasant writhes in agony as Stevens guides him to his wobbly feet. He takes his size XL glove-hand and slaps Arthur across his chest, leaving behind a big handprint. Pleasant's body wants to fall, but Stevens wraps his good hand around Pleasant's jaw and stops him from going to the mat. Stevens lifts Pleasant into the air with one-hand and CRASHES the Provocateur down onto the mat with thunderous force.

DDK:

One-handed Choke-Buster! Damn!

Lance:

I think everybody in the DEFplex felt the impact from that one!!

Stevens hooks a leg for a DEEP cover.

ONE!!

Pleasant. Kicks. Out.

DDK:

HOW?! We are THREE matches into this overall contest and Arthur is kicking out at one?!

Lance:

Arthur might be the biggest pile of garbage in the landfill, but nobody can deny his insane pain tolerance and resiliency.

Stevens brings Pleasant back to his feet and once again slaps him across the chest!

DDK:

Ugh, these slaps are rough. Which is odd for me to say considering this is a NO-HOLDS-BARRED match and there's a table full of torture-porn on the outside just waiting to be used.

Lance:

Agreed. Scott Stevens is leaving behind the beginnings of some serious ecchymosis, for sure.

DDK:

I w- wait, ecca-what now?

Lance:

Google it, Keebs.

Arthur is staggered as Stevens delivers yet another slap, deepening the purple formation of pain under the skin of Pleasant's chest. Stevens grabs Pleasant by his wrist and sends him to the corner opposite the rampway, near the turnbuckles where the table of death awaits. Stevens runs towards the opposite corner from Arthur, slamming his back into it, bouncing off the hard recoil. Gaining some momentum, Stevens soars from mid-ring, going for a Stinger Splash... but Arthur rolls forward out of the way, causing Stevens to crash into the turnbuckle! The force of which, and the momentum leading into it, causes Stevens to go up and over the top rope and to the outside.

DDK:

Stevens misses a Stinger splash for the second time tonight!

Lance:

At least this one wasn't into the exposed turnbuckle, which it looks like Carla Ferrari put back on at some point. She's doing such a tremendous job tonight keeping things in check between two fierce competitors!

Pleasant clutches his chest from the series of open-palm slaps as he sees Scott Stevens trying to recover on the outside of the ring. Without even thinking about it or having an ounce of hesitation, Pleasant runs and jumps up to the second turnbuckle and heaves himself over the top rope and down onto Scott Stevens with a cross-body!

Stevens rolls backwards... and stands up with Pleasant in his clutches!!

DDK:

Stevens rolled through and has him!

Stevens walks toward the table of death, carrying Pleasant in position for a fall-away slam. Using great strength,

Stevens hoists Pleasant onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry, turns around, and looks out at the boy that Pleasant frightened earlier. Giving him and his Mom a thumbs up, Stevens drops to his side with a NASTY death valley driver on the outside mat!!

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Lance:

Houston... We Have a Problem!

DDK:

But he can't pin him on the outside! This is not a falls-count-anywhere match!

Lance:

True. But Stevens delivering one of his signatures on the outside will surely further serve in weakening the Provocateur.

"THIS-IS-AWE-SOME!"

Clap! Clap! Clap, clap, clap!

"THIS-IS-AWE-SOME!"

Clap! Clap! Clap, clap, clap!

As Arthur remains on the outside mat, struggling to get up from the death valley driver, Stevens searches under the ring again. This time, he's the one bringing out a black felt bag. Which is about three-times the size of the previous one Arthur brought out. The Faithful give their approval with joyous abandon.

DDK:

What in the hell... is in there?

Lance:

It's tacks again, obviously. *My* question, though, is why is it so much bigger than the last one Arthur exhumed?! And why is there a rope tying it closed?!

Sure enough, a thin rope has the opening of the bag closed. Stevens slings the heavy bag; of what could be anything from door knobs to mystery meat, over his shoulder, and climbs into the ring. Pleasant crawls towards the center of the ring, still having his bell rung from the devastating Death Valley Driver on the outside. Measuring Pleasant up, Stevens begins swinging the heavy bag above his head like a dangerous mace from Gladiator (or the Sopranos).

DDK:

Oooooooooohhhh GOD.

As Pleasant gets up, Stevens twirls once, adding extra spin and velocity to the bag, and large-steps his way towards Pleasant.

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!!

The bag explodes into hundreds of thousands of tacks, wrecking Arthur's face completely and causing him to fold like an accordion on the mat. The fans scream out in horror as the DEFIatron shows tacks covering the right side of Pleasant's face to the point where it looks like he's wearing a silver half-mask like Cyborg. One even pierces the top of his eyelid, right above his eye, which immediately begins swelling with blood.

Lance:

I'm gonna throw up. I'm gonna throw up. I'm gonna throw up.

DDK:

No you're not! Stop it!

Blood begins leaking from his eye as it swells completely shut. Stevens drops to his knees and makes a cover, hooking the leg.

ONE!!

Two- PLEASANT KICKS OUT. PLEASANT KICKS OUT BEFORE TWO!!

DDK:

The man is not freakin' human!

Arthur sits up and backward slides his way to the turnbuckles, holding the bottom ropes while looking at his nemesis.

Arthur Pleasant:

You... you're... gonna... HAVE TO KILL ME... to keep me down... ha... haha... HAHAHA!!!

Pleasant pulls one of the tacks out of his right cheek and pokes a hole in the top of his eyelid, nearest to the bone, allowing it to drain out. Pressing on it, he squirts a tiny stream of blood out for about a second as the DEFIatron captures it and the Faithful try not to puke as they remain aghast and horror-struck over what they just witnessed.

DDK:

Fans. I can't even describe what just happened. All I know is that I hope that the six-second delay censored that out for the people watching this at home. Cause otherwise...

Lance:

Yeah. Yeah, to all of that. Just... yeah.

Stevens looks crestfallen, thinking this one was over but to only get another one-count on the Provocateur. Getting up off the mat, he makes his way toward Pleasant, who is resting in the corner. Rolling something from side to side inside his mouth, Pleasant then spits out a tack right into the Badass Texan's eyes!

DDK:

Oh no! Stevens might have caught that right in his eye, I don't know!

Stevens reels, giving Pleasant the opportunity to pull himself up. As soon as he does, Pleasant runs towards the temporarily blinded Scott Stevens with a foot extended...

Lance:

Provocation!!

Stevens is down, but Pleasant is not satisfied yet. Retreating back into the corner again, he hunkers down and waits patiently for Stevens to get to his feet. As soon as Stevens does...

DDK:

PROVOCATION... AGAIN!!!

Lance:

This one's o- what? WHAT?!?!?

Stevens appears to be moving still as he tries to get up, and Pleasant can't believe his eyes. Once again retreating into the corner, Pleasant rips some of the tacks out of his face and throws them down in anger. Turning towards Stevens, the tiny holes all along his cheek begin to ooze blood. Paying no mind to the bleeding, Pleasant focuses on Stevens. Pleasant launches himself forward for a third Provocation, but...

DDK:

Double-S Spinebuster from the Badass Texan!!

Lance:

Neither man will stay down no matter what type of violence and pain is inflicted upon them.

"FIGHT FOREVER!"

Clap. Clap. Clap, clap, clap.

"FIGHT FOREVER!"

Clap. Clap. Clap, clap, clap.

DDK:

This is something special we're seeing here folks. This hardcore style might not be for everyone and considered garbage to certain opinions, but the passion and desire to win that the both of these men have is undeniable.

Lance:

I agree and, as I hear them chant for this match, I think the fans agree also.

Astonishingly, Stevens is the first to get up, despite getting rocked with two brutal Provocations. Pleasant begins stirring as well, with his eyelid swelling up and inhibiting his vision out of his right eye again. Crawling toward the ropes, Pleasant smiles sickeningly, with half his face oozing little trails of blood from the kiss of the tacks. With tacks scattered all about the ring, Pleasant is up. Stevens has been up, waiting for Pleasant to get to his. Pleasant staggers out towards Stevens, who is hunkered down and ready to strike.

As soon as Pleasant is close enough, Stevens leaps up for a three-quarter neckbreaker, but Pleasant shoves him off.

DDK:

The Toxic Sting attempt is blocked!

As he is shoved into the ropes, Stevens shifts his weight and position and...

SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!! Stevens nails a superkick on Pleasant... who only staggers back, refusing to go down.

Lance:

Remember the Alamo from Stevens, but Arthur just refuses to go down!

Arthur Pleasant:

Th-thank you s-sir... may I have another?!

Pleasant motions, taunts even, for Stevens to hit him with it again.

Stevens obliges and hits him with another signature superkick... but AGAIN Pleasant doesn't go down!

Arthur Pleasant:

Th-thank you s-sir... may I have an-

Stevens leaps up and buries Pleasant's face flush into the tack-ridden mat with a brutal jumping cutter!

DDK:

Toxic... Cutter. Please. Please be over.

The Faithful are in awe of the performance of both competitors as Stevens rolls Pleasant over into an exhausted lateral press.

ONE!!

TWO!!

NO!!

Pleasant kicks out right after two! The fans roar with disbelief as Stevens' face on the DEFIATron tells the story of a man who doesn't know the answer to a riddle.

DDK:

Pleasant just took TWO Remember The Alamo's and a Toxic Cutter on TACKS, and he STILL kicked out?!

Lance:

I'm beginning to believe what Arthur shouted earlier. You're gonna have to kill him to beat him.

Stevens shakes his head as Arthur stands up.

Scott Stevens:

Stay DOWN.

Pleasant smiles at Stevens and collapses into the ropes to support himself.

Scott Stevens:

I. Said. Stay. DOWN.

Pleasant motions for Stevens to "bring it".

Stevens becomes enraged and makes his way towards Arthur, but the Provocateur comes at Stevens with fists a-flyin'! Stevens answers back and both men are battling each other with reckless abandon.

DDK:

I can't believe what we're witnessing right now.

Rights from Stevens.

Lefts from Arthur.

Rights from Arthur.

Lefts from Stevens.

Lance:

They are leaving it ALL out there. There's no other way to say it.

Finding the resolve, Pleasant creates some space between them and shoots a high and stiff Muay-Thai roundhouse kick that clocks Stevens across the temple. Stevens stumbles into the ropes from it, but keeps himself steady. Pleasant seizes the opportunity and lunges at Stevens with a superkick of his own that staggers Stevens. Before Stevens can collapse, Pleasant leans on him as both guys remain undeterred to put away the other.

DDK:

The sheer exhaustion both men have right now is incredible. We see flickers of energy, glimmers of revitalization but it's not enough for either man to put away the other.

Pleasant pie-faces Stevens. This seems to ignite Stevens as he headbutts Pleasant repeatedly until Pleasant spills onto the mat like a liquified version of himself. Stevens motions something to the crowd. Stevens lifts Pleasant up for a piledriver, but it's blocked. He tries again, but this too is blocked.

DDK:

I feel like Scott Stevens might be going for the Moral Compass!

Lance:

We haven't seen that one in a while!

Stevens tries for a third time, and Pleasant is vertical! Stevens SPIKES down onto the canvas... but Arthur is standing after holding himself up from the second rope.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!"

Hearing the hatred flow into him seems to have given Arthur and his messed-up face new life.

DDK:

No! Arthur blocked the Moral Compass!

Lance:

Pleasant had the wherewithal of a true pro there to know where he was and utilize the ropes as an escape from a dangerous predicament.

Pleasant grins, with the right part of his hole-ridden face on display for the entire DEFplex.

Suddenly, he begins waving to the back... and that's when Jack Harmen and Aaron King race out from Guerilla.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!"

DDK:

Dammit!! The Scourge have come to play. Terrific.

Lance:

Should've known this was bound to happen, Keebs.

King and Harmen immediately slide into the ring as Pleasant brings Stevens to his feet. He motions for them to "have at it", and Jack Harmen immediately charges Scott Stevens with a brutal Yakuza kick!

DDK:

High Flyer, or Jack Harmen, or WHATEVER he wants to be called these days, with the Locomotion on Stevens. Ugh.

Aaron King anxiously awaits his "turn" at The Badass Texan as Harmen picks up Stevens. Throwing him in his direction, King muscles up Stevens with a tilt-a-whirl neckbreaker.

Lance:

Annnnd I believe Aaron King calls that Burning Crown.

After the two members of the Scourge nail their finishers on an already broken Scott Stevens, Pleasant looks out towards the table of death and begins ascending the turnbuckles until he is on the middle one. Pleasant looks at both King and Harmen and then at the Faithful, who are booing him mercilessly. King and Harmen hoist Scott Stevens up with both sets of arms underneath him, raising him up towards the ascended Provocateur. They help Pleasant by gradually sliding him into position for a tombstone piledriver.

Measuring the distance to see if it'll work, Harmen shakes his head.

Jack Harmen:

This just won't do.

King and Harmen slide the table of death closer to where Pleasant is perched, clutching Stevens in a cradle tombstone piledriver position.

Aaron King:

There we go. Perfect.

The fans scream, begging Pleasant not to do it.

DDK:

I can't watch this anymore. *(Throws the headset down.)*

Lance:

This is disgusting... Scott Stevens could use some divine intervention right about now!

In one fell swoop, Pleasant leaps outwards, CRASHING down through the barbed wire, tack and glass tube-covered table in a violent explosion of wood and glass. A mist of mercury vapor clouds the wreckage around Pleasant and Stevens as the entire arena begins chanting once again at the carnage left before them.

"HOLY SHIT!!"

"HOLY SHIT!!"

"HOLY SHIT!!"

"HOLY SHIT!!"

King and Harmen pry their leader away from the ruin, removing the barbs and some of the glass tubing from his cut-up skin.

Lance:

I'm told that cradle piledriver through the BS was the Scourge of Mankind? Whatever. Somebody get DEFmed on standby!! I just... I just can't believe this garbage!!

Laughing maniacally at the site of the chaos, Pleasant motions toward his fucked up brethren.

Arthur Pleasant:

WELL DONE, GENTS!! NOW GET HIS ASS IN THE RING!!!

Harmen and King do as they're told and rip Scott Stevens' unmoving frame away from the wreckage. Stevens seems to be bleeding from a nasty slice up his arm from the barbed wire, and a cut on the crown of his scalp is pouring even more crimson DNA down his face. Dozens of tacks stick to his neck, back, arms, and legs.

Scott Stevens, in a word, is destroyed.

Both King and Harmen drag Stevens to his feet and shove his carcass onto the ring apron, rolling him just inside the ring. Pleasant then pulls the former FIST by his foot to the center of the ring. Dropping down, Pleasant makes a loose cover over the unconscious and broken Scott Stevens. Clearly proud of his despicable actions.

"BULLLLLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIIIIIIIT!"

"BULLLLLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIIIIIIIT!"

"BULLLLLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIIIIIIIT!"

"BULLLLLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIIIIIIIT!"

Lance:

I'm with ya, folks. This is, for the lack of a better word... disgusting.

Carla shakes her head as she drops down for the inevitable count...

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

♪ "All Within My Hands" by Metallica ♪

Arthur Pleasant's newest theme begins blaring once again as Quimbey makes it official.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the third and final fall of the Three Stages of Hell Match, and WINNER of the match itself with two falls to one... ARTHUUUUUUUR... PLEEEASAAAAAANT!!

Keeps puts his headset back on.

DDK:

I want Arthur GONE. That was heinous. That was masochistic. That was CRIMINAL. That was...

"BULLLLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIIIIIT!"

"BULLLLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIIIIIT!"

"BULLLLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIIIIIT!"

"BULLLLLLLLLLSHIIIIIIIIIIIT!"

DDK:

Exactly.

Lance:

Folks, I don't have a whole lot to say here other than I hope Scott Stevens isn't permanently out of action after taking such an inhumane beating like that from THREE sadistic individuals.

DDK:

And for the love of everything that's SACRED... can we get DEFmed out here already?!?!

The lasting image we are left with before the camera transitions to the backstage area is of King and Harmen holding up The Provocateur, The Violence of DEFIANCE, *smiling* with tacks in his cheek and an eye that's swollen completely shut.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. JESSICA REEVES

The arena is silent and tranquil as the ring sits empty beneath the lights.

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

The Faithful pop with sudden excitement as the lights cut and the LCD screen stage portrays a changing view of the beach setting. The clear blue skies fade to ominous green as stormclouds steadily form over the horizon and a powerful wind begins to blow through the palm trees.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first... hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-four pounds... he is the PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG... KEERRRRYYYYYYYY KUUUUROOOOYAAAAAMAAAA!!

As the guitar solo hits, the silver-robed KERRY KUROYAMA bursts forth from the entryway with all the force of a tropical hurricane as he advances down the ramp in a determined powerwalk.

DDK:

The storm has arrived at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE in the form of Kerry Kuroyama, he is looking absolutely intense tonight!

Lance:

No frills, no posturing, just all business. Kuroyama has been on a mission lately to reestablish himself as one of DEFIANCE's elite-level athletes, and tonight he has the opportunity to really drive that point home.

In almost no time he reaches the ring, tossing off the robe and stepping through the ropes to pump a fist into the air in the one time he acknowledges the sea of cheering fans. He goes to the corner and restlessly hops in place after a few stretches against the ropes.

♪ "Last One Standing" by MAYDAY! ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighing in at two-hundred pounds... she is JESSICAAAAA 'REAPERRRRRRR' REEEVESSSSSS!!!!!!

The living beach scene at WrestlePlex is lit up with an assortment of blue, green and red pyros adorning the sides of the reimagined summer entrance theme for DEFIANCE. Jessica's video package plays over the DEFIatron, an assorted grouping of red, green and blue visuals complimenting her action still shots.

Lance:

Truth be told we only saw a glimpse of what this version of Reaper Prime was like, once she had stated her intentions to rid the DEFIANCE originally of the Kabal's influence, she disappeared.

DDK:

The one and only version I think I'll ever remember her for is the original masked Reaper. Nothing could outdo that, she brought something to DEFIANCE that breathed a different life in what we call our brand of wrestling. I'm excited to see what she can bring to the table tonight.

Lance:

Looks like she has company as well!

Jessica Reeves is wearing black Adidas pants, white wrestling boots and a white tank top. The gloves she is wearing features a striking resemblance to her father's ring attire, the difference being the mix of red, blue and green. Standing behind the former masked Reaper is none other than The NEW Rain City Ronin, "The Iceman" Leo Burnett and "Skyfire" Zack Daymon.

DDK:

Over the past few weeks these two have been making quite a new for themselves with several appearances on BRAZEN, UNCUT, and even DEFIANCE TV. Jessica made a few statements during her challenge at UNCUT about the support she had to take out The Kabal.

Lance:

Looks like that support is out in full force! Could that really be... Rocko Daymon?

As Jessica soaks in the return to performing live at a DEFIANCE PPV to an actually fairly welcoming crowd, a 'fourth' member to this Kabal Hunting quartet stands at the top of the ramp. A former Arch-Rival of Jason 'Stalker' Reeves, none other than the founder of the Dojo, Rocko Daymon.

DDK:

Not many fans here may recognize the man, but I sure do. Rocko Daymon is a certified legend in many circles. I guess Jessica was serious when she said that this match was more than just a match. They appear unified in wanting Kerry in their corner.

Marching down the modified rampway of WrestlePlex's MAXIMUM DEFIANCE beach scene, the four Guardian followers seem unified. Jessica Reeves is excitedly slapping the hands of many of The Faithful, while Leo Burnett helps guide Rocko towards a ring side spot to sit. Zack Daymon plays up the crowd a bit pointing towards many of the 'propaganda' favoring Guardian signs.

Lance:

The more I dig into Jessica's backstory the more her connections to the Daymon family and their famed Dojo seem to reveal themselves. It was made well and clear that her father shaped who she was in DEFIANCE with Codename: Reaper, but perhaps Rocko Daymon will have a hand in the more... straightforward Jessica Reeves.

As Jessica climbs the steps of the DEFIANCE ring she stops at the top, staring across the ring she outstretches her arms in a similar 'Stalker pose' that her Father would make. Stepping into the ring she receives final instructions from the referee Brian Slater and before you know the Faithful's waiting was over as this match was underway!

DING DING

Kuroyama moves right to the center of the ring and stands waiting for Reeves to make the first move. Jessica shoots in, but he sidesteps her and snags the arm into a wristlock. Jessica counters with a hook kick that leaves Kerry rubbing his face, looking slightly peeved.

DDK:

These two have spent years training together. There's nothing they don't know about each other as competitors.

Lance:

Which is exactly why the former Codename: Reaper Prime is determined to get him to join her cause against the Kabal.

Reeves shoots in again, going low for the ankle, but Kerry twists out of it and catches her instead across the temple with a back elbow. Jessica rolls off the impact but recovers quickly and springs back to her feet with a forearm strike to Kerry to back him up.

DDK:

Reeves pushes Kuroyama off the ropes... no, REVERSED by Kerry! Jessica off the ropes, runs right into the POWERSLAM by Kerry! Going for the pin!

One!

Two!

Jessica kicks out--and immediately goes for a KIMURA LOCK on the unsuspecting Kerry!

But Kuroyama slips away and rolls out of the ring before she can lock it in! Kerry is shaking his head as he goes around the corner post, taking a sec to recuperate and readjust his pads before sliding back into the ring. He glares at Jessica as she now occupies the center of the ring and beckons him to come at her.

DDK:

There they go into the lock-up... and Kerry overpowers and comes out on top with a side headlock!

Lance:

Jessica Reeves seems to be positioning herself here...

While Kerry had a tight headlock hold on Jessica she leverages herself down and goes for Kerry's ankle! Wrenching it back with her hands it causes Kerry to stumble and lose his headlock grip. Jessica tightly twists Kerry's ankle and forces the teacher to fall flat on his back, and he reacts with a KICK straight to Jessica's FACE!

DDK:

Interesting exchange there!

Kerry rolls onto his feet looking to grab the nearest ropes as Jessica attempts to do the same. For Jessica's part, she has a cheering corner. Both Daymons and Leo Burnett are near the ring apron encouraging her to keep up the pace!

DDK:

Jessica charges across the ring first! Kerry DUCKS a clothesline... which spins Jessica right back around into a spinning arm drag from Kerry Kuroyama!

Jessica lands on the mat harshly and The Pacific Blitzkrieg continues to demonstrate his mat skills, by moving in quickly with a pushed knee against Jessica's back. Kerry clutches his hands under Jessica's jaw for a facelock as she struggles in pain trying to release the hold.

DDK:

Jessica with a hard punch behind her head but she just can't seem to reach Kerry who seems to know exactly how to keep Jessica out of his reach.

Lance:

Considering their history I'm not surprised. Zack Daymon and even Rocko are coaching Jessica to get up from outside the ring now as she hits the mat with her fist.

Leo Burnett had a different idea, getting the front row fans to cheer along.

"LET'S GO REAPER!"

"LET'S GO REAPER!"

"LET'S GO REAPER!"

The small but loud first rows chants aren't catching on but they spark enough life in Jessica that she is finally able to leverage herself up and rolls herself backwards over Kerry, he knee lifts her in the gut on the transition and Jessica rolls over, holding her ribs in pain.

DDK:

Kerry hooks Reeves around the waist... SNAP GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB leaves her flat on her back!

One....

Two...

NO!

Brian Slater's hand almost hit the mat for the three count but Jessica got a late shoulder up. Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett hit the mat furiously in an attempt to wake up their friend and fellow Kabal Hunter.

Lance:

Kerry's not interested in chasing the Kabal spooky side of DEFIANCE, he wants to wrestle and Jessica is definitely seeing that tonight. She has not been a... OH!!!

RISING UPPERCUT! Jessica launches herself off the mat's canvas and catches Kerry completely off guard as he attempts to pull her back up to her feet, and Kuroyama reels to the corner. The sudden rally has caught the attention of the fans, and they cheer on Reeves as she pounces onto the second rope and lays into him.

"ONE!

"TWO!

"THREE!

"FOUR!

"FIVE!

"SIX--"

Kuroyama cuts it short as he forces his way out of the corner, carrying Jessica with him. Reeves thinks quickly and grasps him around the head, digging the wrist deep into the neck.

DDK:

Kerry was looking for the reversal, but Jessica's got the GUILLOTINE locked in!

Lance:

That was quick thinking on her part!

DDK:

Kuroyama going for a SPINEBUSTER to shake her off... but she hangs on!

Outside the ring, the Rain City Ronin are cheering on with the fans as Reeves locks in the choke and hangs on for dear life, screaming at the top of her lungs. Kerry tries to pivot to get a path to the rope, but Reeves turns her body to block every attempt.

Lance:

Kerry looks to be fading from that submission attempt! Could Jessica Reeves have done it?

DDK:

Unless he can get to the ropes, he will--wait, Kerry hooks the legs, ROLLS THROUGH into a bridge! Shoulders are DOWN!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! Reeves avoids the near pin, but now Kerry Kuroyama slips free!

Kuroyama pulls away, revealing his purple-shaded face. He's slow to rise as he struggles to breath, giving Reeves ample time to scramble to her feet and catch him right in the chest with a low running dropkick that knocks him back to the mat.

DDK:

The former Reaper PRIME is on fire here at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! She hits the ropes... SPRINGBOARD LEGDROP

across the chest!

Lance:

That left Kerry gasping for air!

DDK:

She hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!! Almost had him, but Kerry digs deep and powers out!

Reeves is in full control as she leaves Kerry to catch his breath and takes the time to climb the corner and position herself on the top rope. Kuroyama eventually turns around as she dives off, nailing him with a single-legged missile dropkick that leaves him tumbling. The crowd pops wildly!

DDK:

High risk maneuver pays off for Jessica Reeves with the missile dropkick!

Kuroyama desperately pushes himself back to his feet, but leaves himself open to a kick to the gut from Reeves, which he only catches at the last minute. Jessica tags him with an enziguri for his efforts, sending him reeling to the mat yet again. She pulls Kerry back off the mat by the head and tucks it under the arm...

DDK:

IMPACT DDT!! Reeves puts Kerry head-first into the mat! I think that may do it as she hooks both legs, going for the win!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! Kuroyama just barely kicks out!

Lance:

Still, Jessica Reeves is in full control, and a pinfall away from enlisting Kerry Kuroyama into her war against the Kabal!

Reeves again looks to the corner. Kuroyama is slowly coming to with his back to her. Thinking quickly, she posts up to the second rope and performs a MOONSAULT...

DDK:

Reeves, going for the CROWN OF THORNS--

Lance:

DUCKED by Kerry!

Reeves flips over and lands on her feet, missing the DDT as Kerry scouts the move and slips out of position. The Pacific Blitzkrieg charges in with a running lariat that Jessica sees coming and ducks, hooking both arms from behind.

DDK:

Reeves, looking for a BACKSLIDE, but... no, Kerry is BLOCKING it! Kerry, twisting around now... GOOD GOD, NO!!

Arms still hooked, Kuroyama twists around and reverses the backslide into double-underhooks on Reeves, immediately lifting her up and dropping her straight on the head and neck with an old-school kneeling TIGER DRIVER that leaves the crowd gasping.

DDK:

Double-underhook piledriver straight to the HEAD of Jessica Reeves, leaving her momentum stopping DEAD!

Lance:

That was hard to watch! But Jessica may have forced Kerry's hand in that! They go back a long way, but there's no sentimentality on display here between trainer and student as the trajectory of Kuroyama's career may be at stake!

With a moment to himself, Kerry spends a moment catching his breath and shaking some feeling back into his head while Reeves lies writhing slowly on the mat, hands over her head. Kuroyama looks in her direction and shakes his head.

DDK:

Kerry almost looks like a man who's upset that this match was going to be this much of a challenge, but credit to Reeves for pushing him to his limit here tonight at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Lance:

But I think he's reached the very limit where he's done playing around!

Once he's up to snuff, Kuroyama promptly stands up and walks over to Reeves, peeling her off the mat in an inverted facelock and twisting her around over his shoulder. In a matter of seconds, Kerry chains together a series of movies: kneeling stunner, into a fireman's carry, into an elevated gutbuster, into an arm trap, into a pump-handle lift, and finally an Emerald Flowision to drill her head-first into the canvas. Reeves goes flat.

DDK:

Oh-OH!!--OHH, WOW, sequence of moves right into the dreaded **KUROYAMA DRIVER!!** She didn't even have a moment to REACT to that!

Lance:

Over and done with almost MECHANICAL resolve! Kerry just went full-on BEAST MODE!

DDK:

Reeves is OUT like a light, and Kerry hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... **KEERRRRYYYYY
KUUUUURROOOOYAAAAMMAAAAA!!!**

Kerry rises to his feet, taking a moment to look down at Reeves still lying on the mat. He lets his arm get raised, and quickly begins to take his leave.

Jessica Reeves: *[screaming]*
Not even a HANDSHAKE?!

This causes the former teacher to pause at the ring ropes, Jessica Reeves stands up while her entourage of Kabal Hunters steps in the ring behind her. Jessica is in obvious pain as she holds her head in pain, Rocko puts an arm under her while Kerry walks back to the center of the ring to extend his hand to Jessica.

Lance:

A stellar match was put on by both wrestlers here tonight and I think Jessica was looking for a bit of respect from Kerry after their match, even with him coming away victorious, I feel like Jessica showed that she is capable as anyone in the ring right now in DEFIANCE.

As Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett watch with silent eyes at the exchange, Jessica limps forward away from Rocko to shake the hands of her former *sensei*. As The Faithful let out a round of cheers for not only the respectful handshake but also the match they all just witnessed.

DDK:

Jessica Reeves surprised me tonight, but moreso Kerry continues to impress. He just beat a multi-time DEFIANCE champion.

Kerry and Jessica's hands clasp as she also attempts to raise Kerry's arm in victory which he shrugs off out of impatience.

A RED DEATH: CRIMSON STALKER

♪ "This Link is Dead" by Deftones ♪

Jessica's handshake of Kerry Kuroyama's is cut off as Stalker's entrance music blares over the WrestlePlex's PA system. The original video package of Stalker's menacing display of violence in DEFIANCE is once again played for all of the Faithful to get their fix in for the hardcore maniac's brand of violence, manipulation and torment. Jessica Reeves paces in the ring while Rocko Daymon and New Rain City Ronin look on from outside of the ring.

Lance:

Kerry Kuroyama has seen enough already, he just earned his free passage free and clear of any further requests from his friends to intervene with the Kabal any further.

DDK:

If I were him, I'd leave right now. Through the crowd even.

Lights out.

V/O:[manic and high strung]

HahahahhahhaHAHAHAHhahahhahaHAHAHA!!!

DDK:

What the heck is this? Is that a woman laughing? Why... did Stalker's music stop... and where's that red glowing light coming from..?

The red light Keebler is referring to is a glowing orb centered in the middle of the ring, almost appearing like magic from up high above the rafters it disappears a second after it appears. Both Jessica Reeves and Kerry Kuroyama look with curiosity at the center of the red illuminated ring.

V/O:

You won your match HERO!! Now run like the coward that you are. Watch your friends get slaughtered from behind those curtains!!

Snake like, venomous sounding, the voice appears to be from a microphone in the hands of none other than Teresa Ames. As the house lights slowly filter back on to an eerie red glow she is sitting cross legged. Her cell phone is in hand as she films both Kerry Kuroyama's reaction and Jessica's.

Lance:

This red spotlight... makes it really hard to see anything but... are those Reapers on the outside of the ring? How many of them are there?! Are they forming some type of human barricade?

Kerry Kuoryama's escape route seems to be cut off as he steps one foot through the middle ropes only to see the rampway blocked off by a standing blockade of five 'colorless' eyed Reapers.

Teresa Ames:

Don't worry... False Hero. They won't touch you if you skip on through, in fact... they'll let you by since you are so clearly on our side now.

The Faithful let out a chorus reaction of boos. Rain City Ronin and Rocko Daymon have joined Jessica Reeves in the ring as they stand on the complete opposite side of the corner Teresa is perched on top of. Kerry Kuroyama stands on the apron looking down at the barricade of Reapers, before taking one last glance at the inside of the ring, which is still featuring a large 'circular' red symbol in the center of it.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...nope.

Shaking his head he walks down the steps approaching the colorless black costumed Reapers who part like a dark ocean to let him by.

Teresa Ames:

I hate to see him go, but I sure don't mind watching him leave. Tsk, I know I should be more focused on my job. It's time for The Kabal's biggest and most devastating threat to finally MAKE HIS! Like reclaimed wood making a household comeback.

Lance:

Jessica Reeves has seen enough of Teresa's Speech!! Charging forward across the ring she leaps up at Teresa who ALMOST fell from the top ropes turnbuckle!

DDK:

Zack Daymon And Leo Burnett are doing their best to hold Jessica back from storming outside of the ring where Teresa has been caught by a flock of Eyeless Reapers! They really are the putties of DEFIANCE.

Teresa Ames:

HEY! You freak! Don't you attack me like that! Don't you know who I am now?!? I am the woman with all the cards in the game. The one with the most powerful key, a key to what OBVIOUSLY will be a VERY bright future for DEFIANCE!

Lance:

As mentioned at the UNCUT prior to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, Jessica Reeves had 'plans' to arrive in the DEFIANCE wrestling ring much earlier than the UNCUT in which she did - a primary reason for that? None other than the woman she just attacked... Teresa Ames.

DDK:

Between the hints this crazy woman Teresa has been making about wanting to 'talk' to Stalker and Jessica's reactions to her... it's clear to me that there is a LOT more to this story than any of us know!

Jessica Reeves is angry and showing frustration in the ring while Rocko tries to calm her former student down. Zack and Leo seem interested in wanting to fight but the numbers of 'Reapers' suddenly double. As the ring is seemingly starting to become surrounded by a sea of darkness.

Lance:

That has to be at least twenty Reapers out there... but with that glowing red light I really can't tell for sure how many are out there.

Teresa's manic laughing kicks into high gear once more as she stands on the time keeper's table flanked by The Kabal's silent army of masked combatants. A low methodical drumming begins rattling over the Werstelplex's PA system once more.

BOOM!

Teresa Ames:

1.....2.... Jason's coming for you!..

BOOM!

Another thunderous boom over the PA as the ring looks to shake slightly, the red light in the center of the ring begins

Teresa Ames:

3..... 4.... Better lock your reclaimed wooden doors...

Boom, boom, boom! Another thunderous round of knocking, this time however, it's the sound of a cleaner and crisper

sounding reclaimed wood. As the colorless eyed Reapers surround the ring the heroes inside the ring lose any hope of escape.

Teresa Ames:

5.... 6.... My fingers flicks make him twitch.

The ring further trembles with a waking rage as it seemingly begins to shake further.

Teresa Ames:

7....8... His eyes will make you cry.

The Crimson lights burn brighter focused on the center of the ring. Jessica Reeves, Rocko Daymon, and the New Rain City Ronin all gather in a corner attempting to stay furthest away from the glowing spectacle.

Teresa Ames:

9.....10.... DEFIANCE will burn in HIS COLOR AGAIN!!! MUAHAhahahahahaha!!

SHATTER

Lance:

OH MY GOD THE RING!! The RING!? Is it splitting open!?

DDK:

I... I... can't believe my eyes! Is... what IS THAT?!?!

The Faithful are seemingly drawn into the magical moment just as much as Lance and Darren are. As the bright Crimson light seemingly 'powered' the moment, the DEFIANCE ring has split open, rising slowly in the middle of the ring is none other than...

DDK:

It's... **JASON "STALKER" REEVES!!!**

Lance:

Is.... THAT person Stalker..!?

Standing upon a stone platform of ancient stone etched with eldritch glyphs in the center of the ring is a much 'different' version of Stalker. His face is partially covered by a torn piece of 'crimson' cloth. As the red glow emits reflections off his new wrestling attire, his vacant eyes stare outwards as he looks completely devoid of life or care.

DDK:

I've seen a lot of Stalker's antics in the past and this one has to take the freaking cake! I mean what are we supposed to believe here that he's been in some 'red world' underneath the ring this entire time?

Teresa Ames:

WELCOMEEEEEEEE TOOOOOO STALKER'S WORLD!!!!!!!

Lights on.

Jessica Reeves is in shock and doesn't know what to say. Rocko Daymon limps his way in front of her while Rain City Ronin, Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett step forward first to confront this 'monster'.

DDK:

I'm not sure approaching him is such a good idea.

The Faithful are in silence as Zack Daymon walks up to Stalker first, he waves his hand in front of the silent looking

statue of Stalker. With no reaction, Zack looks back at Leo and shrugs his shoulders before launching a FIST at Stalker!

Lance:

Stalker just CAUGHT that fist thrown by Zack Daymon! Here comes Leo to the rescue.. He's trying to grapple Stalker on that platform.... But Stalker's got Leo by the neck!!

DDK:

Oh my...

Stalker's leg lifts up with a brutal kick to the groin of Zack Daymon, which sends him down to both knees. Stalker's grip on Zack's hand is relentless as Stalker twists the young wrestler's fist into a breaking attempt motion. All the while Leo's grapple attempt is short sighted, allowing the veteran to fend him off with a hard choking grip around his throat.

Lance:

Both members of Rain City Ronin look helpless to this monster!

SNAP! With a surge of energy Stalker's hand snaps away from Zack as he brings it over to Leo, using both arms to wrap the youngster into a hooking attempt... EVENFLOW! ONTO THE PLATFORM!!

CRACK!!

DDK:

Yikes! Leo's head just snapped back after hitting that metal or whatever the heck that stuff is made out of!

Moving methodically, Stalker stands up after crushing Leo's hopes and dreams. Looking down at Zack Daymon, Stalker lifts his leg up and SLAMS it into the back of Zack Daymon's head! SMACK! Daymon's face is crushed into the mat as if he had been hit with a crushing weight. Jessica's silence is finally broken as she screams out in reaction to her Father's brutal treatment of her friend.

Teresa Ames:

Don't forget about me, sweetie! I'm still here!

The Faithful's silence is ripped into a set of boos as the camera's refocus on Teresa Ames who is standing on the ring steps furthest from harms' reach. The 'Eyeless' Reapers move like a dead sea away from the ring as Teresa makes her way inside with a microphone in hand. Seemingly at power here.

Lance:

I really hope DEFSEC is on their way out here...

DDK:

I... don't think they'd be able to get to the ring.

Forming a blockade of human Reaper walls, the silent Kabal stand ins essentially block any passable pathway to the ring. Teresa Ames stands in slinking like a snake behind the silent Michael Myers like Stalker. Who, like a proper villain should, just got done tossing both members of the NEW Rain City Ronin out of the ring, like pieces of dead meat.

Teresa Ames:

You see... there is a matter of a tape I think we should ALL discuss..

Jessica Reeves: [screaming]

Don't you dare fucking say it.. NOT IN FRONT OF HIM!!

Now Rocko Daymon, the oldest nemesis of Jason 'Stalker' Reeves, is the last man standing between Stalker's own

daughter Jessica and the same fate he just witnessed his own son and tag partner face. Be as it may, hobbling in place nervously on his cane, he looks absolutely ineffective in defending her.

Teresa Ames:

Old man Daymon? You mean the man who lost his career to my new favorite pet? Clickity, clackity... Stalker.. Break this old man for being a barrier to my play time.

Snapping her fingers, Teresa seems to get a response from Stalker that shows signs of life from the hardcore icon. The Undying one takes a stance in front of Jessica, raising his cane to his chest.

Rocko Daymon:

...let's go, Jason.

With a flare of fire in his eyes unseen in any 'typical' human, Stalker lunges forward at Rocko, charging into him with a running knee that is followed up with a NASTY looking HEADBUTT!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, that man can hardly walk, let alone defend himself!

Lance:

Stalker has been known to viciously use his own body as a brutal source of punishment! There is no way a normal human would want to strike out at someone like that!

DDK:

... I don't know if he's done with Rocko quite yet.

Jessica looks polarized in fear as Teresa Ames looks on with a microphone in hand, watching as Stalker maneuvers Rocko Daymon into a modified Cobra Clutch hold.

Teresa Ames:

TELL HIM! Jessica, tell him what's on the tape. Or your other 'Daddy' gets destroyed in front of your eyes.

Jessica Reeves:

You are SICK! What is WRONG with you?!?

Teresa Ames:

Lots dear, lots. But in particular... this guy...

Teresa smirks as she punches Stalker in the shoulder like the Crimson Rebirth is her best friend, Stalker just stares in silence while gripping a now motionless and tired Rocko Daymon.

Teresa Ames:

I'm embracing what it really means to be The Kabal. Or as Mr. Fear requested, to spread the word of chaos. Rightfully so. As he reminded us that you were here tonight attempting YOUR own recruiting scheme. But it's clear where the loyalty lies with some heroes!

Jessica tries to move forward but Teresa finger shakes her backwards, while Stalker tenses up the grip on the Seattle wrestling veteran, Rocko Daymon.

Teresa Ames:

No, no. You little obsessive manipulator. You don't think I recognize the likes of you? Jessica... Reeves? Is it?

Jessica Reeves:

STOP!

Teresa Ames:

Stop? Stop what, exactly? You know, I have a better idea. I'll just break you and your new Dad in half and THEN I'll force you to tell him. How's that sound?

DEFIANCE Security's arrival is met with a wall of Reapers. As the uneven odds have certainly drawn the ire of many fans and obviously there has been enough carnage in the ring. One by one the Reapers are being repelled away but it's taking time.

DDK:

This.. doesn't look good for Rocko... Stalker's dragging him closer to Jessica.. He lifts him.. OH NO!!

SLAMMING Rocko down hard with a COBRA Clutch Suplex, Stalker's menacing eyes immediately turn to his own daughter, Jessica Reeves.

Lance:

I can't believe this but Teresa Ames is sicking Stalker onto his own daughter at this point... Jessica's attempting to reason but I don't think Jason Reeves hears her!

DDK:

Yikes! He's got her by the hair!

Teresa Ames:

Don't hold back... Stalker... remind her what your world really IS LIKE! Scalp her for all I care.

Looking helpless in the ring Stalker yanks Jessica closer to him, he looks to be setting her up in the same Cobra Clutch hold, when... BRIGHT LIGHT!

Lance:

Guardian's LIGHT!!

DDK:

You have got to be kidding me! This guy too?! That Codename Ninja guy just hopped the barricade from the first row fans!

No magical entrance for Codename: Guardian this time around as he attempts to make a run in save! Bypassing the fallen Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett who had been some Reaper punching bags on the outside, Codename: Guardian uses the bright spotlight as a brief distraction. Charging into the ring behind the Reaper wall who is not yet picked clean by DEFSEC, Storm Shadow attempts one more death defying save!

Lance:

Guardian charges at Stalker! DROPKICK! Stalker doesn't move... he doesn't even budge!

Even while manhandling Jessica Reeves, Stalker is able to absorb the quick and hard dropkick, and as Guardian lands on his knees, he unhinges their Kendo stick off his back bringing it back full force for a MIGHTY SWING!! AND CRACK!!

DDK:

Stalker just broke the kendo stick in HALF with his forearm blocking it!!

Lance:

He seems unphased from that connection of wood shattering against his arm. Oh.. wait he seems angry now!

Teresa chose wisely to hide outside of the ring and in doing so found a perfect place to tap on some reclaimed wood. Upon doing so Stalker's eyes flush a crimson red as he charges at the masked hero of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Stalker's acting like a methodical monster in there! Look at his red eyes, just look at them!

DEFSEC is finally peeling away for a chance to maintain order as the light crew was just unable to contend with so many 'silent' protesting Reapers.

DDK:

Guardian and Stalker lock up and Stalker's already grabbing at Guardian's mask.. Oh he's got it! Stalker's yanking at Guardian's mask!!

At Teresa's beckoning Stalker's first directive is to unmask the hero attacker as the interloper's saving attempt is thwarted by Stalker's strength.

Lance:

DEFSEC's in the ring!!

DDK:

Stalker has Guardian's mask! He's got the mask!! Can we see.. Can you see who it is?!?

Lance:

No... no! I can't see anything! The Kabal's Reapers are now swarming the ring apron, I can't make out ANYTHING!!

Replays show Stalker's immediate actions against Codename: Guardian were an attempt to rip the masked Hero's costume away. Just as Stalker's grip on Guardian's mask came to fruition DEFSEC storms the ring and separates both parties, tackling both Stalker and Guardian to the ground.

Lance:

I'm being told we are heading to the back while we try to restore order out here. More on just who was behind Guardian's mask if we learn anything!

DDK:

I think we may need some private eye crews to figure that one out! He's already got the mask back on!

As the flurry of fighting continues in the ring the cameras pan out to a screaming Teresa Ames who is barking at DEF Security to back off her newly acquired pet monster. Jessica Reeves tends to a fallen Rocko Daymon, handing him back his cane, and is soon joined by Rain City Ronin as we cut elsewhere.

LINDSAY TROY vs. SCROW

♪ *Diabolical - Nyxx* ♪

The lights turn off. A huge pop from The Faithful who have been waiting for this match all night!

A raven appears on the DEFIatron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. The Faithful get louder as Scrow walks from the westside of the stage, minus Hive from the east. Scrow has white trunks, with black birds flying across the front of the trunks. White and Yellow shin pads, knee pads, and boots. With a black leather coat, with a venom style design wrapping around birds. His collar is flared up and on the back of the lapel is the name KABAL.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

Scrow's logo is on the front of the jacket. Scrow heads to the ring, this time no burlap mask, just a pair of black and yellow sunglasses. He enters the ring and his name is on the back of his trunks in a jagged lettering.

♪ *"Legendary" by 7kingZ* ♪

He paces back and forth before moving to the corner as Legendary plays: Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Wrestle-Plex's speakers as the DEFIANCE Faithful jump to their feet with a roar. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and pyro explodes from the stage like cannon fire.

♪ *"Showtime!"* ♪

Scrow sits in a catcher's stance in the corner as Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and storms down the ramp, looking hyper-focused and ready for battle.

Darren Quimbey:

Making her way down the aisle, from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at 195 pounds she is "THE QUEEN OF THE RING" and your "High Queen DEFIANT" LINDSAY TROY!

Spotlights follow the Queen's path and, once she gets to the bottom of the ramp, she climbs the stairs and slips between the middle and top rope. Troy then ascends a turnbuckle to give the fans a photo op before leaping off and glaring at Scrow across the ring.

DDK:

These two both have a similar style in the ring. If I had to say though Troy has been doing this a lot longer than Scrow, but Scrow is so unpredictable he adds another dimension to their styles.

DING DING

Lance:

This should be a good one, but Scrow has not moved from that corner. What exactly is he thinking in that mind of his?

DDK:

Lance if we could tell by now we would have figured out just what exactly he wanted all these months from Lindsay sooner.

Troy just stares at Scrow who looks like a catcher in the corner with a Chesire smile on his face just staring at Lindsay.

Lance:

Not the opening seconds of this match I expected. It looks like Troy is done with the staring contest.

Just as Troy moves toward Scrow the deranged man lunges at her laughing while he attempts a lariat. Troy ducks just

as Scrow turns around FRANKENSTEINER! Into a quick cover!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Troy caught Scrow completely off guard there. Even after he tried to turn the dial up at the start of the match to ten!

Lance:

What in the world is Scrow doing? He is doing some sort of kickout to a pinfall but he is not being pinned. Troy doesn't know what the hell this nut case is doing either.

Scrow continues to do a double leg kick out until he has reached the ropes he turns on his stomach again with the Cheshire smile as he slides back out of the ring under the bottom ropes.

DDK:

Nothing but mind games coming from Scrow here. Without Hive he seems like a totally different person now. Lindsay is not going to take these little games he is playing too long, she is here to wrestle not act like a child.

Scrow slowly lowers his head out of view, then slowly raises it giving an O-Face. This time O-Face is justified as Troy has charged in and drives the soles of her feet into the mush of Scrow in a baseball slide. Scrow turns around and falls over the guardrail. Troy wastes no time and pursues. As The Faithful are excited the show is being taken right within arms reach of them, Troy drives a few overhand shots to the back of Scrow. She then spins him around, pinning him to the railing separating the sections and a huge...

THWACK!

DDK:

Troy is now laying in those knife edge chops, one after the other.

Lance:

Scrow is laughing after he shouts in pain. Did he take some of this "Red Death" too? We have seen the effects it has had on Stalker.

Troy tries another shot but Scrow grabs her wrist, without much of a response he lifts her arm up.

Scrow:

Oh, that's lovely, where did you get your nails done?

Troy clenches her teeth and with a free hand cold clocks Scrow sending him into the lap of a Faithful who is ecstatic. Troy quickly pulls him off the lap of the fan and drags him back to the ring, tossing him over the guardrail. Carla has reached eight by this time. Troy grabs a disoriented Scrow trying to walk the other way, and tosses him back in the ring and she is right behind him. Scrow gets to his feet, he turns around and is met with another shot from Troy. He spins in a circle only to be met with the opposite fist of Troy; this pattern repeats four times.

DDK:

Troy is not playing this game, and is letting Scrow have it here...OOOO a kick to the stomach and then a knee lift!

Scrow spits up in the air but just as he is able to look at Troy he is clobbered with a lariat folding him up into an accordion! Troy quickly covers Scrow!

Lance:

Troy is trying to end this quickly here!

ONE

TWO

FOOT ON THE ROPE!

DDK:

Scrow knew where he was, and this is a mistake Troy normally does not make.

She picks up Scrow and suplexes him over and then quickly gets to her feet waiting for him to get to his feet. She charges at him and nails a Shining Wizard! Cover again...

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

Scrow rolls over on his side holding his jaw, but still laughing. Which only seems to make the Queen of the Ring more angry. She picks him up and he shoves her off holding his eye.

DDK:

What in the hell is he doing now?

Lance:

It appears he wants a time out?

Scrow indeed is trying to tell Carla he needs a time out.

Scrow:

Wait a minute Scrow has something in his eye.

LT moves Carla out of the way as she tries to assist him. Scrow suddenly starts to unload with a barrage of backhands and kicks, all of which LT seems to have prepared for as she blocks most of them until he gets a knee into the gut while her defenses are down for a second. He looks around at the crowd.

Scrow:

Scrow got her!

DDK:

Scrow is celebrating a knee to the gut like he just won the match.

Lance:

Cardinal mistake there as LT has already recovered....roundhouse kick! Scrow is knocked through the ropes again!

LT wastes no time as Scrow is climbing over the barricade, he stops suddenly hearing Carla still counting.

Scrow:

Why are you still counting, Scrow is in the ring?

LT has climbed over the barricade and quickly tries to grab Scrow but he quickly snatches a beer from a fan and throws it in her face. In that split second Scrow sees the opening he needs. He charges and clotheslines both himself and LT over the barricade.

DDK:

Man, LT is trying to have a wrestling match but Scrow has done nothing but act like someone who just escaped an asylum.

Lance:

Aside from matches with Arthur, she really has not had much recent experience with this kind of deranged opponent.

Scrow is the first to his feet, and lays in a few stomps to LT as she tries to get up. He then looks around and starts making his way to the curtain. The crowd BOOOs loudly at Scrow seemingly abandoning the match, but Troy is back up and grabs a surprised Scrow before he can get too far and drags him to the ring. She throws him in at nine and is quickly back in behind him. Lindsay picks up Scrow and throws him into the corner, quickly followed by a back elbow then she hits the ropes as Scrow comes off and drives him back down to the mat with a flying forearm. She doesn't stop there and nails a standing corkscrew moonsault for another cover!

ONE

TWO

TH...KICKOUT!

DDK:

You can see the frustration on Troy's face as she transitions to a chinlock! Perhaps keeping The Unhinged grounded will have some sort of effect.

Lance:

It's not a move fans enjoy to watch, but she might be trying to change up her strategy here. This clearly was not the man she has seen over the last year or so.

Scrow struggles to free himself as Troy lays on her stomach and tightens the hold. Scrow continues to flail around.

Scrow:

Carla...Carla...

Caral Ferrari:

Do you give up Scrow?

Scrow:

What? No Scrow was wondering if a girl like him and a guy like you could go out sometime?

LT squeezes even tighter now not amused by Scrow literally asking Carla out on a date!?

Lance:

Carla is now getting asked out on dates now? What in the hell is Scrow thinking here?

DDK:

The only thing that has changed is Hive not being out here. Could one person really be that important to Scrow for this much of a dramatic change in his personality?

Scrow tries to spin his body positioning the chinlock. He manages to get into a seated position. LT quickly changes the hold by jamming her knee into the spine of Scrow and pulling back on his arms in a butterfly submission. Carla continues to ask Scrow, and he refuses everytime.

DDK:

I doubt someone like Scrow is going to give up on a move like this.

Lance:

It is making the Faithful a bit restless.

Scrow is inching toward the ropes, LT tries to pull back more. Each time it stops Scrow for a few minutes. However his determination each time continues as he finally reaches the ropes. Carla advises LT to break the hold. Scrow rolls out of the ring and tries to rotate his shoulders clockwise. Lindsay exits the ring against the wishes of Carla. Scrow walks around the steps as a frustrated LT is in hot pursuit.

CLANG!**DDK:**

Scrow just dropped kicked the steel steps right into the legs of Lindsay!

Lance:

Man, Troy has had a history of knee problems. Like a wounded animal Scrow drew her in.

Scrow kicks the steps out of his way. LT quickly gets to her feet but is hopping around holding her knee. Scrow comes from behind and kicks the back of LT's bad knee out from under her. She hits the deck hard in a lot of pain. Scrow just stares down at her before entering the ring and walking to the corner he sits down and just watches. Carla counts out Lindsay.

DDK:

Scrow is giving Lindsay a chance to get in the ring, but she better hurry Carla is already to six here.

LT is trying to pull herself up to a vertical base with help from the apron.

Lance:

Scrow is just sitting in the corner not even making a move.

Carla has reached eight. LT tries to use whatever she can get a hold of to pull herself back in the ring.

DDK:

She just made it. Scrow is moving in again.

Scrow grabs her leg with the brace, dragging her to the ropes he places the leg on the bottom rope and leaps up driving all his weight into the knee. Troy shouts in pain holding her knee. Scrow looks back at her and picks her up and throws her again outside the ring. Then sits right back in the corner again.

DDK:

This again!

This time around Lindsay is able to get to a vertical base but crumbles quickly. Carla has reached a seven count.

Lance:

Scrow is not even resuming his attack, why would he give her the time to recover.

Again Lindsay gets back in the ring. Scrow limbos out of the corner with help from the top ropes. Scrow, in a very methodical walk, takes his sweet time walking toward her, giving her enough time to get to her feet.

DDK:

Scrow grabs her leg again! She is trying to swing at him but he is nowhere in her reach...Dragonscrew! Figure Four!

Lindsay shouts in pain slamming her hands into the mat in a fit of rage and pain. Carla starts to ask Troy but she is refusing, but while this is going on and Carla's back is turned Scrow uses the ropes for some added leverage for the hold.

DDK:

He has the ropes Carla! Turn around!

This makes Lindsay quickly shout in agony. Carla quickly looks at Scrow who has released the ropes in time.

Lance:

Just a split second too late there.

Moments later Carla is asking Lindsay and again Scrow takes advantage of her back turned and holds the ropes again. The instant burst of agony from Lindsay makes Carla look back at Scrow and catches him red handed in the act. She quickly kicks his arms off the ropes. Scrow breaks the hold immediately. Now Scrow is in Carla's face as Troy is on her side holding her knee in a lot of pain.

DDK:

Man, Lindsay was in that hold for a while.

Scrow grabs Lindsay by the hair forcing her to stand on her feet once more, but she can only put weight on her good leg.

Lance:

Scrow just tossed her outside the ring again!

DDK:

Now he is sitting in the corner again! Is he trying to win this match with a countout?

Lindsay is crawling outside the ring trying to find whatever she can use as a crutch to help her get to her feet.

DDK:

I think I know what Scrow is doing here. He is making her expend loads of energy just trying to get back in the ring. The Faithful are not amused at all as he is instantly receiving hate from them the moment he sits down.

Lance:

Lindsay is struggling, come on Lindsay get back in the ring!

Carla has reached nine, and Lindsay just makes it in before the ten count. Scrow again limbos out of the corner, watching her as she pulls herself up to a vertical base with the ropes. No smile like earlier, just a plain blank look toward her.

The Faithful pop as she gets to her feet, and shouts at Scrow to come on. Scrow moves in and tries to throw a punch, but Troy fires back and the two eventually start exchanging fists. Troy's punches don't have a lot of impact being on one leg but it's enough impact to take advantage. Scrow starts to have to go on the defensive as LT is a house of fire with The Faithful cheering her on.

DDK:

OOOO Scrow with a dirty move there, a blatant kick into the bad knee!

Lance:

Scrow was struggling to stop her flurry there, and took the cheap way out.

Scrow rubs his face for a moment as LT once more is holding onto her knee. Scrow shakes his head and looks pissed off.

DDK:

Scrow is ripping at Lindsay's brace!

Lance:

She is trying to fight him off, but he is determined to remove it!

The constant pulling on the brace does not help the condition of her knee either. After more pulling and tugging Scrow rips the brace off. Carla warns Scrow quickly not to use it. Scrow actually listens and tosses it into a corner. Lindsay crawls backwards to put some distance between her and Scrow.

DDK:

What is going on in that head again?

Scrow looks back at the brace sitting in the corner then back at Lindsay. Scrow takes a few steps back and sits in another corner.

Lance:

I think Lindsay finally figured out what he is doing. She is not happy at all about how it looks.

She forces herself up to a vertical base and braces herself in the corner and stares at Scrow across the ring just staring at her. The Raven's Eye once more pulls himself up from the corner.

DDK:

Here comes Scrow!

Full throttle, Scrow charges at Lindsay....at the last second Troy pulls herself out of the corner with the help from the ropes. Scrow hits the top turnbuckle and steps backward.

Lance:

German Suplex by Troy! On a bad knee, amazing!

Lindsay fights through the pain and gets back to her feet, as Scrow gets to his, she drives a few elbow shots across the skull of Scrow before sending him off the ropes! Scrow is nailed with a standing dropkick! Lindsay cringes in pain holding her knee, but she seems to be drawing something from The Faithful as she pulls herself up to her feet. She hits the ropes and nails a kitchen sink into the gut of Scrow. She hobbles around, trying her best to block the pain out. She picks up Scrow and Irish whips him once more into the ropes, on his return...

DDK:

Scrow with a Lariat...NO Troy grabbed his arm...BY ROYAL DECREE!

ONE

TWO

TH...SHOULDER UP!

Lance:

It was almost over right there! LT has finished a lot of opponents off with the By Royal Decree. Not this time though.

Lindsay gets back to her feet feeling the adrenaline from the Faithful. Scrow slowly gets to his feet, and she lets go with a variation of punches, kicks, knee strikes, elbow strikes ending with a Gamengiri that sends Scrow through the top and second rope to the floor!

Lance:

Lindsay looks like she has her second wind here!

DDK:

She is not done yet, she is just poised waiting for Scrow to get back up....

Lance:

Sasuke Special II!

The Faithful:

Holy Shit, Holy Shit, Holy Shit!!!

DDK:

What a move by Lindsay!

Troy is slow to get up, still heavily favoring the knee. She slides into the ring and falls against the ropes taking a lot of the pressure off her knee. Scrow starts to move at the seven count. He soaks the count until nine and slides in the ring. Troy quickly moves in, driving a few kicks to the back of Scrow before lifting him off and sending him off the ropes. She hits the opposite ropes....

DDK:

Spanish Fly! COVER!

The Faithful pop at the move, and count in unison!

The Faithful:

ONE.....TWO.....UH OH!

Troy puts her hands through her hair in disbelief. She takes a few minutes to catch her breath then picks up Scrow and attempts to throw him into the corner...REVERSAL! Troy hits the turnbuckle. Scrow stumbles around for a second and then snapmares Troy out of the corner...swift kick into the back of Troy, before hitting the ropes with a low dropkick across the chest!

DDK:

Scrow back on the offensive here, things are starting to pick up much like we expected here at the start.

Scrow picks up Lindsay and drives a few knees into her gut, then runs her face across the top rope. Stunned Lindsay holds her face and Scrow drops her with a back hand! Scrow backs away waiting for Lindsay to get to her hands and knees...

DDK:

He just kicked the skull off Lindsay right off! Cover!

ONE

TWO

FOOT ON THE ROPE!

Lance:

Troy knew exactly where she was!

Scrow gets on a knee and starts to drive blows into Lindsay. Carla warns him about the closed fist. Scrow is forced to stop by Carla. Troy gets to her feet, as Scrow argues with Carla as he moves in...

DDK:

Kick to the stomach...Reverse Underhook DDT! Cover!

ONE

TWO

THR...SHOULDER UP!

The Faithful:

OHHH!

Troy gets to her feet and is looking for Thy Kingdom Come...Scrow gets up using Carla as leverage against her will. Troy pulls Scrow away from Carla...

DDK:

Here it comes...THY KINGDOM COME!! Oh no, Carla was too close and got clipped by the Scrow's boot! Ferrari is down!

The Faithful:

ONE...TWO....THREE!!

Troy is slamming the mat, Carla is out cold! Troy gets off the cover, Scrow appears to be out. Troy is checking on Carla and she is unresponsive.

DDK:

LT had this won!

Troy continues to check on Carla, the time it's taken has given Scrow enough time to crawl to the corner and pull himself up to a vertical base. Troy gets up and just as she turns around Scrow tries a Raven's Call!

Lance:

Troy ducks! Thy Kingdom Come...REVERSED!

Scrow shoves Troy backward, she hits the ropes and Scrow nails her in the gut into a kneelift into a lariat...

DDK:

Fearfall! Cover!

Carla is moving but not enough to get into position. Scrow angrily slams his hand on the mat! He gets up out of frustration.

DDK:

Scrow is shouting at Carla!

He continues to use his foot like you are trying to push something off a road only to her. Scrow waves his hands at her and is quickly met with a DDT!

Lance:

Scrow is down! Both competitors have used their finishing moves but Carla has not been awake to count their respective pinfalls.

Lindsay again tries to wake up Carla. As she turns around...

DDK:

SCROW WITH THE KNEE BRACE!

Lindsay hits the mat quickly, Scrow tosses the brace out of the ring and drags Carla over to the pinfall and covers!

Lance:

Not like this!

ONE!

A long pause...

TWO!!

Scrow hooks both legs this time with a handful of trunks.

DDK:

No...now he has her tights too!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Lance:

This is unbelievable! Scrow stole this one from Lindsay!

♪ *Diabolical* - Nyxx ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

Carla is finally somewhat recovered from the blow she took. She points at Scrow for a second but then checks on LT.

Scrow exits the ring with his arm raised as he backtracks up the ramp. LT starts to come around and notices Scrow at the top of the ramp with his arm raised. She sneers in contempt and fury, pounding the mat in frustration as Carla asks her if she's alright.

DDK:

Scrow played both dirty and deranged games this entire match and won in an absolutely underhanded manner, just as the Kabal did in their six-match match against Troy, Henry Keyes, and Deacon. Rest assured, Lance, this is far from over.

Lance:

Absolutely, Keebs. Judging by the look on the Queen's face, she's going to want another crack at Scrow, and she won't have to play any games to get it.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: DEX JOY Â© vs. MATT LaCROIX

DDK:

We have got what should be an incredible title match for the prestigious DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage championship! The defending champion is "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and his latest challenge may be among his toughest to date!

Lance:

Absolutely because he is taking on the first man to win four successful defenses of the Favoured Saints title to earn this shot! It is the New Orleans native himself and crowd favorite Matt LaCroix!

DDK:

This started back on DEF TV 153 when Dex Joy himself called out Matt LaCroix knowing he had the intention to cash in for the title shot. Matt vacated the Favoured Saints title to declare the shot tonight at Maximum Defiance!

Lance:

And since then it has been a battle of one upping the other. Both men challenged members of the Midcard Experiment successfully. Matt LaCroix hit a brick wall chosen by Dex in the form of Bronson Box but Dex Joy didn't get to finish his most recent Southern Heritage title match against Lindsay Troy when Scrow interfered.

DDK:

Tonight though one of the top championships in DEFIANCE Wrestling today is up for grabs and the fans have clamored for this one. Dex Joy defends the title against Matt LaCroix!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful have been crazy all night and that is not going to change any time soon especially with the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match will be for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage championship!!!

Lights out.

Lance:

HERE. WE. GO!

The Faithful are plunged into darkness as the guitar riffs echo across the WrestlePlex. Smoke begins to rise from the entrance, swirling around in dim red lights. As the lights grow brighter, the smoke conceals the silhouette of a man in a kneeling position. You can faintly see his arm to a quick hail mary before the silhouette rises up to his feet.

It begins with them... but it ends with me.
♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed And Cambria ♪

HEY! HEY! HEY!

Matt LaCroix bursts out of the smoke as it seems like the entire WrestlePlex begins to pump their fists into the air chanting along to his entrance music.

HEY! HEY! HEY!

He pulls a black hood off from the back of what appears to be a black denim jacket with a trench style back. On the front is the same design as the front plate of the Favoured Saints Championship made to look like red spray paint. His dirty blond hair hangs in front of his ocean blue eyes as he looks around the WrestlePlex and the Faithful, whipping his head back and yelling "LET'S GO!" before marching down to the ring, revealing red text on the back of his jacket that says "First Favoured Saint. First Repeat Champion. First Successful Cash-In."

HEY! HEY! HEY!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... THE CHALLENGER! Hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighing in at 242 pounds... he is DEFIANCE'S FIRST FAVOURED SAINT, MAAAAAAAAAATTT LAAAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIX!

DDK:

New Orleans is ELECTRIC tonight for their hometown kid, Lance! Well not a kid anymore, Matt LaCroix has overcome a bad hand early in life and demons some would say were unconquerable to be here at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE challenging for one of the most prestigious titles in all of DEFIANCE... the Southern Heritage Championship.

Matt LaCroix is laser focused as he storms down towards the ring, rounding the corner and taking the stairs. He pauses for a second on the apron, taking in the moment before he ascends to the top rope.

HEY! HEY! HEY!

Lance:

Some people call it the wrestler's championship! There's a good chance your favorite wrestler's favorite wrestler is or has been a Southern Heritage Champion, Darren! I can't think of a better man to wear that badge than Matt LaCroix. When you think of the Louisiana Bloodletter... the first thing that comes to mind has to be prodigious technical skill.

DDK:

No doubt... but that cajun accent probably isn't far behind. New Orleans couldn't unclaim this man if they wanted to. As talented as he is, he's going to need every single person in this WrestlePlex pulling for him if he wants to unseat Dex Joy.

From the top rope Matt LaCroix throws his arms in the air, riling up an already raucous Faithful as he drops his jacket to the ground behind him. Jumping down off the top rope he begins to make his way across the ring to the other corner when red dancing lights blink.

Lance:

Uh oh...

The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the WrestlePlex. The lights slowly come back in the arena, section by section until, on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges... charges... charges... and soon it's at 1000%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen! But for this big pay-per-view...

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Five bright yellow lightning bolts strike the stage and fire off massive streams of pyro as the theme kicks in!

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

Sparks shoot up from either side of the entrance where the lightning landed. Walking through it is the SO-HER himself! Dex pumps his open hand into the air and a shower of pyro falls from the stage with the prestigious DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage championship held up with his other hand.

DDK:

What an entrance he's making tonight!

Lance:

The Biggest Boy has his game face on! There's nothing but respect between these two men but when it comes to the Southern Heritage title there are no friends.

Big Dex Energy takes a moment to enjoy the reception of the crowd! Though New Orleans is the home of the challenger the crowd show major love for a man that has worked to get where he is. The big popular ball of energy heads to the ring and he steps into the ring to come face to face with the challenger. He holds the SO-HER up and shows LaCroix what they are fighting for and then gives the title to the referee. Dex throws up his open hands into the air and the crowd response gets even louder.

DDK:

Maybe a clash of styles here but Dex Joy is a beast. Matt LaCroix is going to need every hold he's got to wrestle that title away from Dex!

Lance:

Dex is willing to smash through anyone to keep it! He won the title in that very manner by absolutely crushing Gage Blackwood just days before he would have held the record for the longest title reign.

With Matt LaCroix on one side and Dex Joy on the other the crowd is going insane before the two have even locked up. The bell rings.

DING DING

"LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY! LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY! LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY! LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY!"

Joy can't hide his smile but he doesn't look away from LaCroix.

DDK:

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are making their voices heard! Much love and respect for both men!

Lance:

So true! And both men have fought through a lot! Dex Joy was shunned by a veteran who isn't here with the company when he first got here, battled adversity and people saying he could never compete at a high level! LaCroix has a history of being the right guy at the wrong time allowing his personal demons to take control but he has turned it around in the last couple of years!

DDK:

Both men are inspirational to say the least!

Both men meet up and for the first time they lock up. Big Dex Energy and the Louisiana Bloodletter continue to fight around the ring but Dex's size gives him an advantage. He gets Matt to the ropes but when the referee orders him to break it up Dex backs off. When he does so, he pats Matt on the shoulder and backs off all friendly like.

DDK:

Like I said nothing but respect here.

LaCroix gets off the ropes. The two men lock up for the second time and Matt tries to get Dex into another hold but the Biggest Boy shakes him off. Matt goes for the left leg of Dex Joy trying to finish what Lindsay Troy started in their match but Dex will not let him get near it. He grabs LaCroix by the side and then simply throws him through the air like a sack. LaCroix rolls up and the SO-HER champ stands tall.

DDK:

Oooh no! Matt tried going after Dex's leg that Troy had worked over a few weeks ago in that last Southern Heritage title defense but he wouldn't let him get near.

Lance:

That is what LaCroix will have to fight against. He has to stop a juggernaut that hasn't been pinned or submitted in quite some time. If Dex Joy gets going almost nobody stops him period. Full stop!

The Biggest Boy moves far away from LaCroix and isn't rushing into anything. Dex remains calm and collected but despite the recent events so does Matt. The men lock up for the third time but Matt catches him by surprise by swiftly leaping up and then grabbing Dex's left arm while both legs tie around his body so he can try and hanging kimura arm bar.

DDK:

That is a great move! Matt LaCroix trying to find a weak point and exploit it with his vast submission knowledge!

Lance:

But is it?

Dex tries fighting for the safety of his arm while Matt LaCroix tries to fight for the submission. But when he moves in Dex takes hold with a headlock and then breaks free so he can hit a vertical suplex to free himself!

DDK:

That was a good shot but Dex has been able to shake off any submission moves that Matt LaCroix has tried so far.

With Matt LaCroix checking the ceiling lights Dex Joy goes to pick him back up and then he sends him with a lot of force into the ropes. Matt comes back and Dex lays across the mat and when he comes back, Dex shows some amazing agility with a leaf frog and when LaCroix comes off again he gets a big meaty clothesline. The crowd is all gung ho for Big Dex Energy when he shakes the arm he just clothesline LaCroix with. He follows up and then flattens LaCroix with a big running jumping elbow drop and then leaves his elbow on his chest to try and pin the challenger.

One ...

Two ... No!

LaCroix is able to kick out after Dex's first big shot.

Lance:

That was a great series by Dex Joy not only showing speed but strength as well. A deadly combination from the former football player.

DDK:

That was for sure and that clothesline was extra vicious.

The Biggest Boy grabs LaCroix's arm. He pulls him into a pair of short arm shoulder blocks and then hoists him high in the air by his arm. Waves of pain shoot up the arm of LaCroix while he is suspended. Dex lets him fall to the mat. Matt LaCroix's arm is hurting and Dex looks to make the rest of his body do the same. He tries to run and jump again but this time he misses the big running senton because LaCroix moves out of the way.

DDK:

No! Joy got carried away too early!

Lance:

And now LaCroix is going after the leg!

He tries quickly to get himself back up and then grab for Dex's leg but before he can fully lock in a leg bar Dex is already on the ropes.

DDK:

Quick quick thinking by the Southern Heritage champion of Defiance! He knew those ropes were near and he wasn't going to let Matt LaCroix take control.

Dex is holding the ropes with LaCroix now standing tall. When Dex is back on his feet LaCroix slugs him with a strong elbow strike and then chops that are enough to stun him. Dex ends him in a corner and then LaCroix turns up the intensity by ten fold.

CHOP!!

CHOP!!

CHOP!!

CHOP!!

CHOP!!

CHOP!!

DDK:

LaCroix shifting gears quickly and he is taking the fight to Dex Joy like I've seen few people do!

Lance:

He's throwing bombs!

Six chops crack Dex across the chest and he doesn't look well, but Matt isn't giving him a chance any more to fight. The Biggest Boy tries to put his guard up against the barrage but LaCroix switches to kicks and strikes the chest with several hard shots. The master of Southern Strong Style continues chipping away at the SO-HER holder then an uppercut hits him under the jaw. He has Dex stunned in a corner.

DDK:

After that massive series of strikes Matt finally has some control.

LaCroix comes back to hit another running chop and then an uppercut against Joy. He goes for another big move ...

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!!

The crowd almost does a collective spit take when LaCroix runs to the corner again but Dex fires out unexpectedly and knocks him clear through the air with his explosive shoulder tackle! The move is so strong, LaCroix bounces through the ropes and then crashes on the floor below the ring.

Lance:

I don't know if that was desperation or something else on Dex's part! Matt LaCroix turned up the fire on Joy so he countered back with the Midnight Runner!

DDK:

Such a deadly move! Normally he'll launch someone in the corner and follow up with the Jump for Joy! He's lucky he got knocked out of the ring!

Joy is left to get his bearings back as Matt LaCroix is on the floor with his bell rung. The referee starts to make a count.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

FOUR!!

LaCroix is starting to get up and Dex takes notice.

FIVE!!

SIX!!

LaCroix makes it back inside and the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful give him some respect in return with clapping.

DDK:

LaCroix saved himself but Dex hasn't really given him any chances to hang onto control for too long.

Lance:

No he hasn't and that's experience as the champion. Dex has defended the title against any one and everyone that wants a shot and he has learned how to control pace and when to fight back.

Dex picks LaCroix up but when he does he gets surprised with another big knife hand chop from his challenger. The blow is loud and so is the next chop that he throws and the one after that. He tries a fourth but Dex won't stand there and take it because he grabs LaCroix on his shoulders and then he drops him down using a big fireman carry flap jack!

LaCroix eats canvas again and Dex gets up to punish Matt some more. He takes him over to the corner and then nails big elbow shots to his ribs!

DDK:

And there he goes again!

LaCroix is doubled over but when Dex grabs his arm, he breaks it off and chops him again. The shot is heard all over the arena but Dex fires back with another elbow to the ribs and then big shots across the back. LaCroix gets sent for the ride of his life with a big hammer throw across the ring that sends him crashing back first into the turnbuckle!

Lance:

Did you think you'd ever see this? LaCroix is getting *thrashed*!

DDK:

I did not! He isn't giving up, but Dex isn't letting him get too many shots in either before he comes back with another big power move.

Lance:

And Dex has a big arsenal of those types of moves. He won't run out any time soon!

The fans cheer LaCroix as Dex is about close to getting back up but when he does he gets slugged with another elbow to the ribs. Dex pushes LaCroix into the ropes with his hands wrapped around him and then he throws him back to the middle of the ring with a powerful and ring shaking belly to belly suplex!

DDK:

That was an amazing suplex. Is that going to end Matt's quest to be the next Southern Heritage champion?

One ...

Two ...

No!

LaCroix's moxie is getting the better of Joy but he is focused on keeping his title!

Lance:

LaCroix has made two attempts to win the Favoured Saints title and retain it to get to this point. He isn't about to give up his dream of winning this title now!

DDK:

Good call Lance. He has fought so long to get here since winning the Favoured Saints title and he can't afford any mistakes!

The Biggest Boy is back up and LaCroix is right behind him. Dex doesn't wait like an idiot to see if the Orleans Outsider is going to get up to his feet first. He grabs him for a fireman carry again but before he can use whatever move comes to mind LaCroix gets out and lands behind him. Dex spins right around into a hard rolling elbow right to the jaw.

DDK:

That rolling elbow rocked Dex!

LaCroix uses another rolling elbow and hits Dex a second time and that makes the Biggest Boy look a bit more daze. He swerves behind Dex and then hits a third one right on the back of the head and that seems to finally be enough for him to make some progress. Matt LaCroix goes up to the top turnbuckle and uses a big missile drop kick!

Lance:

He did it! Dex is off his feet and now LaCroix can try and go for the win and the title!

He doesn't make a mistake and hooks the near leg of Dex.

One ...

Two ...

No!

DDK:

It took three rolling elbows and a missile drop kick to get Dex into this spot but he still kicks out!

Lance:

He does!

With LaCroix now in a position to try and use a submission he decides to go after the left leg of Dex Joy again but the Biggest Boy uses his other foot and he kicks LaCroix off of the limb. The Louisiana Bloodletter does not let up so easily. When Dex is back up LaCroix comes at him again but he doesn't expect Dex to catch him ...

DDK:

Oh no! He's thinking the Dex Bomb!

Lance:

He is!

Dex tries to throw LaCroix up in the air for the bomb but the First Favoured Saint of DEFIANCE manages to leap up and over Dex which gets the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful going! Dex turns and then tries an elbow again but Matt beats him to it with a big knee to his chest. The blow makes Dex see stars again. That gives LaCroix the opening he needs when he shoots behind Dex ... and hits a German suplex to the cheers of the crowd!

DDK:

He did it! He lands the suplex!

Lance:

And he's not stopping there!

The Orleans Outsider sees Dex starting to try and stand after the suplex so he nails another uppercut and then drops him on his head with a big DDT. Once Dex hits the mat, it's time for another cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The kick out is clearly at two, but that does not stop LaCroix from his next move. Dex is now crawling on his knees after everything that Matt has hit him with so far.

DDK:

Dex kicks out again but LaCroix already has another bullet in the chamber.

Another running elbow to his face knocks Dex down and then the crowd pops hard as he goes to the top rope again. He gets himself ready ... and then he takes off the top with an amazing moonsault that hits his target!

Lance:

Spot on Darren! He hits the big moonsault! Is that going to be all for Dex Joy's fighting SO-HER title run tonight!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Now Matt LaCroix is left in surprise that he didn't get the three count!

DDK:

Three big moves but three different two-counts! LaCroix may have to adjust his strategy. He's gotta stay on Dex!

Lance:

If he gives Dex any more opening that won't be good.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are enjoying the match and keep up the chants!

"LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY! LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY! LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY! LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY!"

LaCroix tries to go for Dex's leg again, but he still won't let him get near it and kicks himself free using his other leg. Dex tries to get up but Matt now takes control with a big series of elbows. Dex counters back with another elbow shot to the ribs and makes LaCroix hunch over in pain. Joy is on the ropes again and it looks like another Dexy's Midnight Runner is in mind but LaCroix counters back by hitting a drop kick right to Dex's left knee! The beast goes down in a heap!

DDK:

There it is! He hits the knee! Big Dex Energy might have gotten his lights dimmed earlier but he won't be running at all if he gets the knee!

Lance:

After those nearfalls, you can feel things going back LaCroix's way now! That was a great move by the former Favoured Saints champion.

A suddenly amped Matt LaCroix shoots the leg immediately and Dex Joy powers Matt off, sending him hard to the canvas, but he hangs on! The Faithful can't believe it as LaCroix rolls the leg of Dex Joy and lifts it into the air before sending it down hard knee-first back onto the mat under his boot. Dex screams out in pain as LaCroix grabs the leg again, but Joy in full survival mode manages to escape again!

DDK:

Matt LaCroix is older, slower, and weaker than the man across from in the ring tonight, but there is no doubt in anyone's mind that if he can get Dex Joy on the canvas he goes from being physically inferior to an ice cold killer.

Lance:

Dex has to do whatever it takes to make sure he doesn't give Matt the opening he needs! Grab the ropes! Go outside! Do not let LaCroix get you on the canvas!

Matt LaCroix stumbles backwards, taking under a second to bite his lip through his own pain and grabs the ankle of Dex Joy once again who is crawling towards the ropes for a break. He's just a foot away from the ropes when he suddenly stops crawling and instead screams out in pain as Southern Strong Style is just stomping away at the leg. Lifting and smashing. Lifting and smashing. Lifting and...

DDK:

PEACEMAKER!

Lance:

Dex needs to get to that rope right now!

On cue, Dex Joy uses his inhuman strength to pull Matt LaCroix to the ropes with the deadly heel hook/knee bar combination locked in deep. The rope break is called for but the Louisiana Bloodletter knows what's at stake here and refuses to release the hold!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIV...

LaCroix breaks the hold right at five and collapses onto his back, almost as if he immediately takes the toll of his sudden burst of energy. Meanwhile, Dex Joy is wincing on his side holding his leg in what appears to be intolerable pain. Hector Navarro checks on the champion to see if he is able to continue the match.

DDK:

Dex Joy is too strong to be contained, Lance, but the damage might already be done!

Lance:

And it took every bit of energy Matt LaCroix had left too! Once Hector counted to five it looked like Matt's soul left his body.

DDK:

We're back on an even playing field here! Who is going to rise up and take advantage of the situation?

The champion waves off the official who turns around to see Matt LaCroix dizzily pushing himself up to his hands and knees. Dex has to use the ropes to try and pull his massive frame up off the canvas, giving the smaller challenger a chance to find his sea legs first. Despite a warning from Navarro, Matt goes in to grab the champion but eats a quick

elbow that staggers him. LaCroix responds with a quick kick to the knee that looks like it would've floored Joy, but he was still holding onto the ropes which bend mightily under his colossal body.

Lance:

The ropes may keep LaCroix from doing a submission, but it also makes Dex a sitting duck! He needs to find a way to make some space from the challenger and get back into control.

Dex can't find a way to gain separation as LaCroix does manage to pull him away from the ropes before using his leverage to irish whip Dex Joy into the corner. However, along the way, Dex's knee gives out and he stumbles awkwardly before face planting a few feet away from the turnbuckle. Worry crosses the faces of the Faithful as he drops and Matt LaCroix measures his prey, backing into the opposite corner. Grabbing onto the ropes behind him and leaning forward, DEFIANCE'S First Favoured Saint has Dex Joy in his sights for Destruction In Spades, DIS.

DDK:

Like a wounded animal, Dex Joy has no choice but to try to escape! Matt LaCroix is lined up with the killshot!

Lance:

You better get out of the ring, Dex!

As Joy gets up to one knee, LaCroix fires out of the corner like a bullet and leaps into the air for his quick striking shining wizard, but he's caught! The Faithful roar as Dex Joy plucks Matt LaCroix out of the air like a football and uses his awe-inspiring strength to get up on one leg and powerbomb LaCroix into the bottom turnbuckle!

DDK:

GOOD GOD!

The Faithful are in a panic, sensing the end is near, causing adrenaline to pump through the veins of the crippled champion. He hops and stumbles back to the middle of the ring, where he does the closest thing he can to a run before using his good leg to power through into a running cannonball!

Lance:

JUMP FOR JOY!

DDK:

THIS ONE MIGHT BE OVER, LANCE! CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?!

Lance:

WHAT A SEISMIC SHIFT IN MOMENTUM!

Matt LaCroix limply collapses to the canvas on his side as Dex Joy grits his teeth together holding dearly onto his injured leg. Feeding on the excitement of the Faithful, the champion gets up to a four point stance to leap onto the challenger for a pin, but at the very last second LaCroix rolls over under the ropes and falls onto the concrete floor on the outside, leaving the Biggest Boy to grab nothing but the ropes and watch his victory slip away.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix with the ring awareness to just get away!

Lance:

How did he do that, Darren? He doesn't even know where he is right now!

Hector Navarro begins the countout as Matt LaCroix remains motionless facedown on the outside of the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY! LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY! LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY! LET'S GO, LACROIX! BIGGEST BOY!"

DDK:

Listen to the Faithful, they want more! They don't want it to end like this!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Matt LaCroix begins to stir outside the ring.

SIX!

Dex Joy finally manages to get back up to a vertical base, backing away from the ropes and giving LaCroix a way inside but also giving himself a tactical advantage.

SEVEN!

Matt's arm reaches up and grabs the apron, trying to pull himself back up to his feet. The Faithful begin to clap and stomp, willing him back up to his feet.

EIGHT!

LaCroix's hand slips off the apron and he faceplants back onto the floor in a heap.

NINE!

Lance:

It can't end like this, Darren! This match has been too great to have it end with a non-decision!

TEN!

Matt LaCroix fires himself into the ring at the last fraction of a second trying to catch the champion off-guard with no luck! The Faithful roar in approval of Matt getting into the ring simultaneously as Dex Joy throws himself with one final two-legged push at the challenger with another Jump For Joy!

DDK:

A SECOND JUMP FOR JOY!

However, an unexpected second final lunge from LaCroix makes Dex Joy miss and land bad leg first into the bottom turnbuckle as he grabs the bottom rope now on the apron on the opposite side. The champion immediately grabs his knee as LaCroix tries to crawl back into the ring but collapses again temporarily before screaming at himself and pulling Dex away from the corner by his arm and then falls on top of the champ, hooking the good leg, forcing him to use his injured leg to power out!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The Faithful jump to their feet but Hector Navarro is faster to shoot up two fingers turning the relief of victory into

pandemonium.

DDK:

He kicked out?!

Lance:

Are you KIDDING us?!

DDK:

Can ANYONE put Dex Joy away?! This is unbelievable!

Matt LaCroix's jaw drops as he just stares at Navarro in awe. He looks back down at Dex Joy and then back at Hector Navarro again who once again confirms the two count. As LaCroix's shoulders heave up and down in total exhaustion, Joy rolls over onto his side grabbing his leg once again for just a second before beginning to try and push himself back up to his feet once again. Southern Strong Style, in a panic, begins to rain forearms down on the back of the champion who just won't quit.

Channeling his deepest reserves of Big Dex Energy, Joy survives the blows and continues to try and get back up to his feet ,, and then has Matt LaCroix on his shoulders!!!

DDK:

DEX-5!!! The ring shook on that shot!

Dex nails a last ditch fireman carry facebuster and then throws his weight across LaCroix with the bad leg and all!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are on the edge of their seat with every move but this kickout takes a lot of Dex.

Lance:

So much fight in these two men for such a coveted championship rich in DEFIANCE Wrestling's history! But they are not done!

Dex goes and then he picks up LaCroix, but before he is able to get anything going, The Louisiana Bloodletter grabs the bad leg of Joy just before he can get up and Dex shakes him off once again... but LaCroix again manages to hold on as he hits the canvas! Matt then wraps the leg of Joy around his own and begins to stomp repeatedly as the champion yells out in pain. Navarro looks for a submission but the champion won't give up!

Lance:

Dex Joy is NOT human, Darren! I'm convinced he'd kick out of a car crash!

Frustrated, the Orleans Outsider wraps the good leg as well and begins jumping into the air and slamming both of Dex Joy's knees hard into the mat with his entire body weight in a mexican surfboard type of lock. Joy weathers the storm, seething in pain but not quitting as LaCroix slams his hands into Dex's kidneys making him instinctively throw his arms back. Matt grabs his wrists and with a couple of rocks, leans back so Dex is facing the Faithful in agonizing pain. Hector Navarro continues to ask Joy to submit, but the Faithful can clearly see Joy emphatically shake his head no!

DDK:

This Southern Heritage Championship means so much to Dex Joy! He is never going to quit, Lance! Matt LaCroix may have to find another way!

DEFIANCE's First Favoured Saint pulls back harder on the arms, letting out a primal scream of his own before locking Dex Joy back in a romero dragon sleeper! Dex Joy flails his arms violently as his wails of agony are muffled in the FTW!

Lance:

FTW! FTW!

DDK:

THERE'S NOWHERE FOR DEX TO GO! SOMETHINGS GOTTA GIVE!

The painful looking maneuver causes the Faithful to groan in empathy for the champion as LaCroix's eyes grow wide and panicked. He sinches in harder and harder until the violent escape attempts of Dex Joy grow limp and the fight leaves his body. Hector Navarro immediately turns and demands for the match to be ended and the Faithful roar in appreciation.

DING DING DING

As soon as the ringing bell hits his ear, Matt LaCroix collapses onto the canvas as does Dex Joy. The chest of the former Favoured Saints Champion heaves up and down with his hands above his head as the Faithful continue to go crazy.

Lance:

He did it! What a match!

DDK:

I didn't think this was ever going to end, folks! We were looking at Night Three for a moment!

Lance:

And now that it is, I don't think I want it to be.

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed And Cambria ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner AND NEWWWWWW DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION, MATT
LAAAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIX!

The new champion staggers up to his feet where Hector Navarro hands him the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship and he looks down with pride. Tears begin welling up in the eyes of the former member of the BRAZEN roster as his arm is raised and he throws the title up with the other arm before taking a step forward and falling to one knee. He quickly checks over at the medical team who surround Dex Joy looking for a signal as the massive man sits up for the first time and shares a quick glance with the new champion and a nod.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix was blacklisted from nearly every local promotion in New Orleans due to his own struggles with substance abuse and had to be sponsored to even have enough money to fly to Japan to continue his wrestling career. From there he bested his demons, took back his life, took what many thought to be a demotion to BRAZEN to come back home.

Lance:

Matt LaCroix struggled in BRAZEN for literal years, Darren.

DDK:

Years in BRAZEN waiting for his opportunity to get a shot at a full-time gig on the DEFIANCE roster... and now he's the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion, Lance. What a story.

Lance:

I don't think any more words can do it justice! Let's just... have the Faithful tell the story for us.

YOU DE-SERVE IT! Clap Clap ClapClap Clap

YOU DE-SERVE IT! Clap Clap ClapClap Clap

Matt LaCroix continues to stare down at the Southern Heritage Championship in his lap as tears stream down his face, unable to contain his pride. A long journey from homeless addict to the wrestler's wrestler culminates as Dex Joy manages, somehow, to hobble past medical over to the new champion and pat him on the back. They share a few private words before he's ushered away for evaluation. LaCroix looks across the Faithful and nods his head in appreciation before throwing the championship up over his head one more time before the scene cuts away.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS OF DEFIANCE 2021

October 13th and 14th, LIVE from the WrestlePlex!

EIGHT-MAN ELIMINATION MATCH FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: 24K (MIKEY UNLIKELY Â©, CAYLE MURRAY, KENDRIX & PERFECTION) vs. OSCAR BURNS, GAGE BLACKWOOD, JAY HARVEY & DEACON

The match graphic appears and The Faithful go wild!

DDK:

It's come to this.

Lance:

Sound strategy by Mikey to put the FIST of DEFIANCE on the line. You'd have to think if 24K can pull this one off, it's done, over, buried. No one's ever going to defeat Mikey.

DDK:

That would be the sentiment but that's also WHY he's putting the title on the line, too. Likely hoping Team DEFIANCE won't be able to cooperate with each other and egos will get in the way. I wouldn't say ALL hope would be lost if Team DEFIANCE loses this match but it'll be a major blow.

Lance:

We're getting ahead of ourselves, aren't we?

DDK:

Hard not to.

Lance:

Agreed.

DDK:

To the ring and Darren Quimbey.

The scene switches to ringside and the big match feel lingers. Darren stands in the center of the ring, mic in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

It's time for the main event of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! The rules are an elimination style, four-on-four tag team match. Once a wrestler is pinned, submitted, counted out or disqualified, they are eliminated from the contest. If 24K lose the match, whoever pins the final 24K member will become the FIST of DEFIANCE. If 24K wins the match, Mikey Unlikely will retain the FIST of DEFIANCE, even if he has been eliminated from contention prior!

The Faithful cheer at the positives of Quimbey's message (literally anyone on Team DEFIANCE winning) and boo the negatives (Mikey retaining).

Darren Quimbey:

For the sake of time, we've asked everyone to come out as a team! Therefore, introducing first, the challengers...

Each DEFIANT comes out one-by-one, to fifteen seconds or less of their theme song. They wait on the rampway, until the next member appears.

Gregorian chants begin.

Darren Quimbey:

The Deacon!

♪ "Bullet Holes" by Bush ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Jay Harvey!

♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Gage Blackwood!

♪ "Raise Your Flag" by MAN WITH A MISSION ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And Oscar Burns!

With all four men on the top of the rampway, they exchange nods with one another and make their way down.

DDK:

One of these men MIGHT be the FIST of DEFIANCE after tonight!

Lance:

Four-hundred-ninety-nine days as champion for Mikey Unlikely. How do we still call him UNLIKELY?

DDK:

Perhaps because he's backdoored his way through many of those title defenses?

Lance:

I'll go with it.

Team DEF has entered the ring. They rally The Faithful, which isn't hard to do, as Quimbey gives them a moment to shine before continuing.

The lights die down and the crowd goes to a hush, seeing who comes out first for this epic clash between DEFIANCE and 24K!

♪ "Gold" by Sir Sly ♪

The supergroup move from behind the curtain and all stand side-by-side on the stage as the fans boo loudly. Many yell directly at Mikey and he smirks before leading the men down to the ring. He holds the FIST of DEFIANCE over his shoulder confidently.

DDK:

For a day short of five-hundred, Mikey Unlikely has held the FIST, for a day short of five-hundred, DEFIANCE has been under ATTACK by him and his antics. I for one, hope that ends here tonight!

Lance:

Say what you want about his reign, there's not been one wrestler as crafty, or intelligent as Mikey Unlikely during his FIST run. If 24K somehow manage to slow down Team DEFIANCE, then I'm not sure if anyone can take it from him.

The group gets to the apron and split up. Two enter on one side, the other two on the opposing side. They all wipe their feet on the apron in unison before entering the ring. They look out over the fans who pelt them with insults.

Mikey finally gets on the second rope and holds the belt high into the air for the fans to see.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring, the group of Cayle Murray, Perfection, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix and The FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely... THIS IS 24K!

They pose as if they're expecting the fans to boo and they do boo!

DDK:

We are not going to have to wait for much longer!

Lance:

Mark Shields as the referee, too, huh?

DDK:

Poor Carla had the FML-Better Future tag match last night. I have no idea how Mark fell his way into this one but one thing for sure, Mark Shields or Hector Navarro, this is gonna get outta hand, no doubt.

DING DING

The fans inside the arena stand on their feet as 24K determine Perfection will enter the ring first for their team and DEFIANCE has chosen...

The Deacon.

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

DDK:

We have one of the HOTTEST crowds in a while! Deacon is going to start the match off with James Witherhold-

Before Keebler can finish his sentence, Perfection runs right into a big boot by Deacon and a massive crowd reaction! Deacon gorilla press slams Perfection to the mat, bounces off the ropes and crushes Perfection with a second big boot! Withhold stumbles around the floor and finally topples head-over-heels back to the canvas as Deacon hits the ropes again...

DDK:

Leg drop!

Panic covers the faces of the other 24K members as the big man hurls Perfection into a free corner. Deacon charges in with a splash attempt but Perfection ducks and shifts to the center of the ring. Witherhold kicks Deacon in the chest and looks for a snapmare takedown but Deacon doesn't budge.

Perfection tries again-

No.

The crowd starts another I BELIEVE chant behind the legendary giant.

DDK:

Deacon takes Perfection by the neck... he's looking for a chokeslam... NO! Perfection escapes, a rake to the eyes follows and off the ropes James goes! ANOTHER big boot by Deacon! THIS TIME THE CHOKESLAM CONNECTS!

On the apron, Blackwood smacks Harvey on the shoulder. Harvey smacks Burns on the shoulder. Everyone nods.

Immediately, the DEFIANCE members enter the ring, race across the canvas and simultaneously dropkick Cayle Murray, Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely off the apron!!

DDK:

DEACON WITH THE ALTAR CALL! I CAN BARELY HEAR MYSELF THINK!

Mikey is the next to enter and Oscar Burns knocks the FIST for a loop with a European uppercut! This is followed by a sling blade from Blackwood!

DDK:

Murray and Mikey are discarded... Jay's looking for the Wake Up Call... NO! Kendrix rolls Jay into a small package! HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS, THE TIGHTS!!!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

YYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!

DDK:

Blackwood and Burns were too busy working their way to their corner! Luckily, Jay Harvey escapes the pin!

Both legal men are up. Harvey blocks a right fist from Kendrix and positions/connects with a release snapdragon suplex! Jay hits the ropes...

WAKE.

UP.

CALL.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!!

The arena counts along, LOUDLY.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

Darren Quimbey:

KENDRIX has been **ELIMINATED!**

DDK:

WE'RE DOWN TO A FOUR-ON-TWO!!!

Mikey's face is in shock and awe as Mark Shields rolls Kendrix out of the ring. Cayle, on the other hand, can't wait. He slides into the ring RIGHT AWAY!

DDK:

WAKE UP CALL AGAIN!

ONE.

TWO.

SAVE BY MIKEY!

The sigh in the Wrestle Plex is a NOISY one, with everyone buying into a potential FOUR-on-one! The second Mikey gets to his feet, he's ejected out of the ring via Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

Jay Harvey tags Deacon!

But before The Deacon can peel Cayle Murray off the canvas, he sees Perfection and Kendrix helping Mikey Unlikely to his feet on the outside. He points to Cayle in the ring, holding one finger up. Then, Deacon points to the outside where the rest of 24K is present and holds up three fingers before thumping his chest and races to the far ropes.

DDK:

No. No, Deacon, don't do this...

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

Deacon hits those ropes, rebounds with the momentum across the ring and then performs a crazy plancha, landing across all three members of 24K, knocking them out!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

DEACON WENT AIRBORNE! WHAT A LEAP... OF **FAITH!!!**

Lance:

This is the level of commitment the match needs! It doesn't matter WHO walks out with the FIST of DEFIANCE as long as it's NOT MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Blackwood and Burns can't believe it as The Faithful are worked into an absolute shitshow! Deacon is DOWN and OUT. Cayle Murray slides out of the ring and clubs Deacon in the back of the head with a forearm. Somehow, somehow, the former FIST works the big man into the ring.

DDK:

Dragonscrew to Deacon's knee! Cayle's looking for a submission of some kind... might be an STF...

Blackwood charges in but Cayle shows he was playing possum by popping to his feet, stunning Gage with a kick, chinbreaker and then discards his fellow Scotsman out to the floor!

Jay Harvey and Oscar Burns are next to enter. Cayle eats an uppercut from Burns but Kendrix appears at the last possible second, significantly hurting. This draws Jay's attention, as Harvey clobbers Kendrix! Both men go up and over the top rope...

DDK:

Cayle Murray has rolled up Deacon. Murr has BOTH FEET ON THE TOP ROPE FOR LEVERAGE!

Lance:

LIFT YOUR HEAD UP, MARK!! DON'T YOU DARE COUNT THIS...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

DEACON has been **ELIMINATED!**

DDK:

Dammit! Oscar got there too late! He was staying on guard for anyone else entering the ring!

Lance:

Deacon was REALLY struggling after that plancha!

Burns is declared the next legal man by ref Mark Shields (since he's in the ring already) and Cayle Murray hooks him into The Incredibly Painful & Extremely Powerful Flaming Death From Outer Space... OF DOOM!

DDK:

ANOTHER ROLLUP!!

ONE.

TWO.

SAVE BY BLACKWOOD!

Gage makes his way to his corner and Jay Harvey meets him there. On the outside, Mikey is slowly making his way back to the 24K side. Perfection has been taken backstage, suffering what looks to be an injury at the hands of Deacon's plancha. Kendrix is laid out, hard, thanks to Jay Harvey and hasn't moved since.

DDK:

So it's three-on-two... but it might be three-on-ONE very soon! Oscar Burns and Cayle Murray have found a vertical base and stand across from one another. Burns is egging Cayle on...

Lance:

And Cayle's not thinking straight. He's irate at what's happened so far!

Murray moves towards Burns but Oscar throws a knee up and catches Cayle under the chin! The fans pop as Burns hits the ropes and hammers his right knee against Murray's jaw for x2. "Twists and Turns" deadlifts Cayle into a German suplex and a bridge pin!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Murray's on the attack first, perhaps using the three count as a way to recover. Cayle blasts a stiff boot across Burns' face and positions Oscar into a suplex. Although Burns blocks the first attempt, Murray lowers his base and connects with a snap suplex instead.

DDK:

Murray with a Pele kick, inverted atomic drop and off the ropes he goes... **POWERSLAM BY BURNS!**

Burns leaps forward and tags Gage Blackwood! The crowd cheers in support of The Noble Raider who makes his first appearance in the match. It's a consistent display of clothesline after clothesline, as Cayle tries to get to his feet but he's denied.

Lance:

Great tag by Burns, showing real teamwork here. You know Gage wants his hands on Cayle for revenge from their match two weeks ago!

DDK:

Blackwood Irish whips Murray into the ropes... a dropkick to Cayle's knee gets him down. Blackwood grabs Cayle's knee and slams it into the canvas as hard as humanly possible!

Blackwood applies a Boston crab!

Lance:

Murray is dead to rights!

Suddenly, Mikey enters the ring but so do Burns and Harvey! Although the FIST IS able to nudge Blackwood off Murray, the two DEFIANTS ensure that's all he can do before working the champion to his corner!

DDK:

NO!!! MURRAY WITH AN INSIDE CRADLE AND A HAND FULL OF BLACKWOOD'S TIGHTS!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Lance:

I thought it was over!

DDK:

Well it wasn't the Incredible Death Rollup pin... or whatever you want to call it. This was a true inside cradle!

As Burns and Harvey turn around to see the end result, an enraged Blackwood pulls to his feet, kicks Murray in the chest and bounces off the ropes.

DDK:

GAELIC STORM- NO!

Lance:

Murray dodges it! That's twice in two weeks he's been able to do so!

With everyone back in their respective corner, Blackwood tries to kick at Murray again but he's met with a low blow!

DDK:

Of course Mark Shields didn't see it!

Lance:

Now Cayle's attempting this STUPID looking chokeslam!

DDK:

It IS stupid! Cayle is a tremendous wrestler and now is not the time to be denying the audience of what you can do inside the ring!

Lance:

Well... it's not HIS FIST to lose!

Murray attempts the worst looking chokeslam in the world but Gage holds onto the arm and plants Murray back on the mat!

DDK:

STEP OVER TOE HOLD... INTO AN ANACONDA VICE!

Jay Harvey and Oscar Burns enter the ring before Mikey can even think about it. The FIST looks on, hesitantly putting one foot through the top and middle rope to "test the waters" but Burns and Harvey stand side-by-side. Mikey pulls his foot back.

Meanwhile, behind the DEFIANT wall, Murray screams in pain as Blackwood sinks the hold in, as deep as he can. Mikey tries to put his foot into the ring again. This time he comes close enough to bend down and almost go through the ropes himself.

Burns and Harvey cross their arms.

The Faithful are deafening as Murray raises his hand... AND TAPS!

DDK:

MARK SHIELDS! GOD DAMMIT, MARK! He's too busy watching what will happen between Mikey, Burns and Harvey THAN DOING HIS ACTUAL JOB!

Lance:

Murray's tapping but it's not in the record books!

Blackwood drops the hold, walks over to Mark Shields and spins him around.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye ya filthy baw juggler, PAY. ATTENTION.

The Noble Raider goes back to Cayle Murray. This time he applies his sleeper finisher, The Soul Breaker.

DDK:

Instead of making Murray tap, he's gonna KNOCK HIM OUT INSTEAD!

Lance:

That might be too much to ask of Mark Shields. Raising a guy's arm three times...

Mikey realizes he has no choice. He HAS TO jump through the Burns and Harvey Wall of DEFIANT. The only problem is...

They go to him first.

DDK:

BURNS WITH AN UPPERCUT TO MIKEY AND HARVEY CHOP BLOCKS THE FIST DOWN!

Perfection and Kendrix are out from the back to a chorus of boos.

Lance:

You had to figure this would happen AGAIN.

DDK:

This match is nonsensically chaotic. No surprise, just saying.

Perfection can barely walk and Kendrix's ribs are taped. Nevertheless, the second they approach the ring apron...

DDK:

Harvey with a baseball slide takes out Perfection! Oscar dives through the top and middle rope with a shoulder block to Kendrix!

The four men brawl, although it's all DEFIANCE getting the upper hand. Jay discards Perfection by throwing him shoulder-first into the steel steps before looking into the ring and seeing Mikey Unlikely FINALLY make it to Gage Blackwood and kick Gage in the small of his back.

DDK:

Mikey hits Blackwood with a whiplash DDT!

The Natural One races back into the squared circle and ejects Mikey Unlikely immediately. Harvey goes to his corner, leans forward and sticks his hand out as far as possible.

Jay Harvey:

C'mon Gage, tag me!

Blackwood shakes the cobwebs out and although Cayle Murray is knocked out beside him... looking over to his enemy, Jay Harvey, Gage nods and crawls his way towards the DEFIANT corner.

TAG!

Blackwood falls out of the ring in the process.

DDK:

JAY HARVEY IS LEGAL!

Low blow, Cayle to Jay.

Another school boy rollup.

Handful of tights.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The arena is MADNESS as Jay Harvey collects himself, bounces off the ropes and hits Cayle Murray with the Wake Up Call!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

CAYLE MURRAY has been **ELIMINATED!**

DDK:

HOLY SHIT, WE'RE DOWN TO A THREE-ON-ONE!

Lance:

Cayle had nothing left. From the anaconda vice to The Soul Breaker, his last ditch attempt was another low blow and roll up but he couldn't get it done. We're down to THREE DEFIANTS against the FIST of DEFIANCE! THAT'S ALL WE HAVE LEFT!!

As Mark Shields tries to see Cayle Murray out of the ring, Mikey Unlikely enters.

But he doesn't come in alone.

WHACK!

DDK:

STEEL CHAIR TO JAY HARVEY!

Followed by Roll Credits.

Of course, Mark Shields turns around in time for *this* pinfall.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

JAY HARVEY has been **ELIMINATED!**

DDK:

Shit.

Lance:

I don't think I've ever heard you swear.

DDK:

Stressful times, Lance. THIS is their opportunity. A three-on-one... there would NEVER be better odds in the history of, dare I say, WRESTLING where the champion is at a disadvantage such as a three-on-one!

Lance:

Well, we're still down to two-on-one! Those are good odds, too!

DDK:

And those odds will start with the man who Mikey Unlikely DEFEATED for the FIST of DEFIANCE to begin with... Oscar Burns!

The scene switches to Perfection, who hasn't moved from being thrown into the steel steps and Kendrix, who's being helped to the back by three referees.

Lance:

I really think it's down to Mikey Unlikely and ONLY Mikey Unlikely now! Needless to say Cayle hasn't moved since being eliminated, either!

"Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns stands in the center of the ring, looking directly at Mikey who's on the outside, bottom of the rampway. Mikey looks to his left... to his right... he sees no one.

Mikey Unlikely: *[whispering to himself]*

Yeah, sure, I got this.

But he doesn't look confident at all.

WE LIKE GRAPS

WE LIKE GRAPS

WE LIKE GRAPS

DDK:

GET INTO THE RING, MIKEY. BE THE FIST OF DEFIANCE YOU SAY YOU ARE... AND LOSE THE CHAMPIONSHIP BACK TO THE MOST DESERVING FIST OF ALL TIME!

Lance:

You are very worked up, my friend!

DDK:

Well!?

Lance:

Oh, I am too. Let's go Mikey! Get in there!

Once again, it's Oscar Burns who goes to Mikey Unlikely first. Burns blocks a right hand from Mikey, who was immediately on the defense. Burns grabs Mikey by his tights and runs him into the apron and through the bottom rope.

Into Gage Blackwood...

WHAM!

DDK:

THE ROYAL TATTOO! Blackwood was waiting for Mikey!

The Noble Raider dusts his hands off and walks back to his corner.

Lance:

See, THIS gets real interesting! Burns and Blackwood are on the same team but if one of them pins Mikey Unlikely THEY are the FIST of DEFIANCE and the other, despite surviving, IS NOT!

DDK:

This is Mikey's only hope now! It's all he can pray for... that Burns and Blackwood, who've had MANY differences in the past, are not able to co-exist and decide for themselves on who gets the pinfall!

The Faithful are HOT as Oscar Burns slides into the ring and nods at Gage. Oscar takes hold of Mikey's waist and throws him into a belly-to-belly suplex. The crowd, once again, erupts!

Stomps follow, working the FIST of DEFIANCE all the way into a corner. Burns looks at Gage Blackwood...

And happily walks over to him with a tag.

DDK:

Wow...

Blackwood picks up Mikey and drapes him across the corner.

CHOP.

WOOOOOOOOOO.

CHOP.

WOoooooooooooo.

CHOP. CHOP CHOP.

Mikey's chest is purple by the time Blackwood is done with him. Gage hip tosses Mikey to the center of the ring, walks over to Oscar Burns and tags him back!

DDK:

So far, it's actual teamwork! Each man is giving up a chance at the FIST by tagging out!

Lance:

We'll see what happens when a pinfall takes place!

Burns connects with the back-crack-a-ma-jig, a belly-to-back lift into a backbreaker before tossing Mikey to the ground like an insignificant object.

DDK:

Again, IF Burns and Blackwood can co-exist, Mikey is in TROUBLE. He's in the ring with two of the hardest hitters DEFIANCE has ever seen.

The Technical Spectacle whips Mikey to a corner. As the champion ricochets off the padding, he's met with a stiff as shit knee to the side of the temple! And although it doesn't put Mikey on the canvas... the hard out headbutt CERTAINLY does!

Burns looks over to Blackwood. Gage gives a nod of approval.

DDK:

Burns is going for the Head-Drop-O-Matic... Mikey is trying his BEST to wiggle away...

Lance:

Dammit, Mikey breaks free!

A stumbly FIST of DEFIANCE falls backward into the ropes and leaps towards Burns with a high knee-

DDK:

BURNS CATCHES HIM... POWERSLAM!

Sweet as Knee Drop follows!

DDK:

HOLY SHIT!! BURNS HITS THE EXPLODER SUPLEX! HEAD-DROP-O-MATIC CONNECTS!!! WE HAVE A NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE!

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT UNDER ROPE!

Lance:

OH BOY!

The arena comes out of their seats as Mikey moves his foot a mere INCH for referee Mark Shields to show his worth

and make the correct call!

Lance:

I don't know what I'm stunned about... the fact Oscar slipped up and made that pin too close to the ropes or the notion GAGE BLACKWOOD stood in his corner and allowed this to happen!

DDK:

It looks like they have an agreement!

"Twists and Turns" drags Mikey Unlikely to the center of the ring. Hoping to apply The Graps of Wrath, Mikey pokes Burns in the eyes and slithers away...

To the wrong turnbuckle.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD HITS MIKEY WITH A LEFT HAND! In comes Oscar Burns... NO! Burns eats a back elbow from Mikey!!! And Mikey... MIKEY IS LOCKING IN A SLEEPER HOLD ON OSCAR!!

The FIST of DEFIANCE's eyes meet Gage Blackwood's. Mikey has a shit eating grin on his face as he hooks his right arm around Burns' neck and hops onto The Technical Spectacle's back! Burns falls to a knee and then to the canvas floor completely!

DDK:

This goes back... MONTHS! Mikey Unlikely was furious at Gage Blackwood for debuting a sleeper finisher and thought HE could do one better!

Lance:

Mikey's won matches with this thing, Keebs! HE'S GOT BURNS DOWN AND ALMOST OUT!

Mark Shields slides into position and looks to raise Oscar's hand-

BOOOOOOOOM!

DDK:

GAELIC STORM!!! GAGE BLACKWOOD'S HIT THE GAELIC STORM ON MIKEY!

Lance:

KEEBS!!! KEEBS!!!!

DDK:

What!?

The fans are in HECTIC MODE as Mark Shields jumps up and waves his hands around, saying GAGE BLACKWOOD is the legal man!

Mark Shields:

THERE WAS A TAG! TAG!

The Faithful are on their feet, everyone is screaming at the top of their lungs! Blackwood sees both men are OUT! Oscar Burns, via the sleeper hold and Mikey Unlikely, via the running double knee smash!

Mikey Unlikely... out.

Mikey Unlikely... the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Gage looks up from the mat at referee Mark Shields.

Gage Blackwood:

I'M LEGAL, RIGHT!? RIGHT!?!?!?!?

Eyes bulging out of Gage's head, hands trembling, the Edinburgh native screams at the typically incompetent Shields who once again outlines what he saw.

Mark Shields:

YES! You tagged Burns before the sleeper was applied!

The Faithful BUZZ in anticipation!

DDK:

HOOK THE LEG, GAGE! HOOK THE BLOODY LEG!

Blackwood takes one final glance at Oscar Burns and decides to pin Mikey Unlikely!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!!!

DDK:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!! GAGE TOOK TOO LONG-

WHAM!

Gaelic Storm, X2.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD HITS IT AGAIN! ANOTHER PIN!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

■■■

Lance:

■■■

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... **AND NNNNEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW** FIST of DEFIANCE... GAGE BLACKWOOD!!!

♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪

The announcers stay on radio silence as Mark Shields hands Gage Blackwood the FIST title! The Wrestle Plex is bedlam as Blackwood gets to his feet, glances at the belt and then holds it above his head for another MASSIVE pop! Mikey's DOA. The rest of 24K aren't around. Oscar Burns is only slowly coming to on the canvas...

Finally, the announcers break their silence.

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD HAS DONE IT! HE'S ENDED THE REIGN OF MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Replays showed that as Mikey applied the sleeper hold, Burns' right arm moved forward and Blackwood tagged it. Whether or not this was a purposeful move by Oscar Burns isn't known at this time.

Lance:

What an insane match! 24K were downright OWNED from bell to bell!

Blackwood stomps around the ring, parading the FIST of DEFIANCE. The cameras switch to Mikey Unlikely, dazed and confused, being helped to the back.

While the fans cheer in unison, Blackwood walks to the edge of the ring and asks for a microphone. Only when he brings the mic to his mouth, does Gage's theme come to an end and the fans quiet down.

IT'S COMING HOME

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, this has been a long time coming.

Blackwood takes a pause, looking at the gold in his right hand.

Gage Blackwood:

Five years ago I joined DEFIANCE as a frustrated, misguided individual. I lost the first three matches of my DEFIANCE career. Back-to-back losses against Gunther Adler made everyone question my abilities.

Blackwood holds the title in the air.

Gage Blackwood:

Look at me now. The FIST is in the hands of a WRESTLER!

Blackwood kicks the bottom ring rope with passion.

Gage Blackwood:

Not an entertainer! The reign of terror is finished. GAGE BLACKWOOD IS THE FIST OF DEFIANCE. I am finally DEFIANT!

Blackwood walks to the center of the ring, lays the title flat out in front of him and takes a knee.

Gage Blackwood:

I will defend this title. There is no challenge I won't run from. If I have to plant my "ex-wife" with two knees, I'll gladly do it. DEX JOY, you made me look silly in my Southern Heritage Championship defense. I have not forgotten.

Blackwood stands, pointing to the back.

Gage Blackwood:

Anyone who thinks they're deserving, I'll give you my best. Gage Blackwood shows up every day. You may like me or hate me but I will fight you fair. Damn sure, pal, I'll knock you out, too.

Blackwood lifts the title and drapes it over his shoulder.

Gage Blackwood:

The company's full name is DEFIANCE *Wrestling*. It is not DEFIANCE Entertainment. We are not a watered down product. Every single bampot in the back is welcome to try me out otherwise.

Blackwood drops the mic. He storms to a corner, climbs and raises the title above his head... as the scene momentarily switches to Oscar Burns, on the top of the rampway, eyeing the new FIST of DEFIANCE down with a slight nod of his head.

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner as the broadcast team takes it home. Blackwood rubs the title with his palm.

DDK:

After four-hundred-ninety-nine days, we have a new FIST!!

Lance:

A welcome sight, Keebs. Can't wait to see what happens next!

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE

🎵 ["Cruel Summer" by Kari Kimmel](#) 🎵

MAXDEF goes into recap mode, showing various highlights of all the matches captured across both nights.

INCLUDING...

Better Future Talent Agency and Friend Members League's introductions.

DDK:

And Elise Ares with a springboard dropkick to Sykes! Look out, though Elise... Jack Mace is about to get on his feet...

Ares hits the ropes once again.

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER!!! YES!! YES!!

-

DDK:

CONOR FUSE WITH A HEAD STOMP TO MASON!!! THE D WITH A PLANCHA TO MAX!!!

-

DDK:

Keyes connects with a BELL CLAP on ADV!

-

Carla Ferrari finds Elise pinning Jack Mace and makes the count along with The Faithful.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

... ..

Minute howls in agony as he is bent the wrong way across the bridge formed by Rezin's knees. The Escape Artist quickly wraps his legs around his body and pulls Minute into a cobra clutch.

DDK:

*And the Goat Bastard pulls him into the **CABRO CLUTCH!!** He's got the body scissor locked in!*

-

Rezin:

STAY DOWN... STAY DOWN!!

-

DING DING DING

Rezin:

HA HA HA HA HA-HA-HA-HAHAHAHAHA!!!

... ..

DDK:

This Southern Heritage Championship means so much to Dex Joy! He is never going to quit, Lance! Matt LaCroix may have to find another way!

DEFIANCE's First Favoured Saint pulls back harder on the arms, letting out a primal scream of his own before locking Dex Joy back in a romero dragon sleeper!

Lance:

FTW! FTW!

DDK:

THERE'S NOWHERE FOR DEX TO GO! SOMETHINGS GOTTA GIVE!

-

DING DING DING

As soon as the ringing bell hits his ear, Matt LaCroix collapses onto the canvas as does Dex Joy.

Lance:

He did it! What a match!

... ..

Brock Newbludd walks to the ring. Alone.

-

DDK:

Malak saves Bates with that kick and now he's got a hold of Brock!

Holding Brock's arms from behind, Malak yells at the coughing Bates to snap out of it. Shaking his head, Bates sees his partner holding Newbludd for the free shot and charges towards them. With only a second to spare, Brock slams his head back into Malak's face, causing the Social Media Savant to fall down to the floor. A second later the charging Cyrus is sent up and over to the outside as well!

Lance:

Newbludd with the back body drop and Cyrus is on the floor!

Still woozy, Newbludd turns around and grabs onto the top rope as he zeroes in on Bates.

DDK:

What's Brock thinking here?

Lance:

He's not, DDK. At this point he's running on guts and instinct.

-

DDK:

Even in a two-on-one situation, Malak is taking the easy way and taking the countout - but keeping the titles.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The ringside fans are giving Malak hell, but he's paying them no mind. Suddenly, a first row fan with a hood up and around his face reaches over the barricade and roughly spins Malak around. Malak sneers.

Malak Garland:

Take your hands off me! Respect my space!!

The fan reaches up and removes his hood... THE ARENA COMES UNGLUED...

-

DDK:

IT'S PAT CASSIDY!!! CASSIDY IS IN THE FRONT ROW!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

Malak has gone white as a ghost!!

-

Cassidy pats Malak on the shoulder assuredly. He puts his arm around Malak and holds the phone up in front of them...

...and JUST AT THE FLASH, HE SMACKS THE ABSOLUTE DOGSHIT OUT OF MALAK!!!

-

Brock is up to a knee. So is Malak. Both men reach their feet and turn around toward Cassidy at the exact same time. Cassidy takes the chair back, and swings for the fences...

CRACK!!!!

DDK:

DOWN GOES GARLAND!!!

-

DDK:

KEG STAND! KEG STAND! KEG STAND ON THE CHAIR!!!

Lance:

Malak's head is driven into steel!!

-

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THREEEEEE!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

We have NEW tag team champions!!!!

-

Newbludd and Cassidy cheers each other in the crowd while Malak cries in Cyrus' arms.

... ..

Main event.

DDK:

It's come to this.

-

DDK:

DEACON WITH THE ALTAR CALL! I CAN BARELY HEAR MYSELF THINK!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Darren Quimbey:

PERFECTION has been... **ELIMINATED!**

-

Harvey blocks a right fist from Kendrix and positions/connects with a release snapdragon suplex! Jay hits the ropes...

WAKE.

UP.

CALL.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!!

The arena counts along, LOUDLY.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

Darren Quimbey:

KENDRIX has been **ELIMINATED!**

DDK:*WE'RE DOWN TO A FOUR-ON-TWO!!!*

-

*Jay Harvey collects himself, bounces off the ropes and hits Cayle Murray with the Wake Up Call!!**ONE!**TWO!**THREE!***Darren Quimbey:****CAYLE MURRAY** has been **ELIMINATED!****DDK:***HOLY SHIT, WE'RE DOWN TO A THREE-ON-ONE!*

-

DDK:*Stressful times, Lance. THIS is their opportunity.***Lance:***Well, we're still down to two-on-one! Those are good odds, too!***DDK:***And those odds will start with the man who Mikey Unlikely DEFEATED for the FIST of DEFIANCE to begin with... Oscar Burns!*

-

Mikey Unlikely: *[whispering to himself]**Yeah, sure, I got this.**But he doesn't look confident at all.**WE LIKE GRAPS**WE LIKE GRAPS**WE LIKE GRAPS***DDK:***GET INTO THE RING, MIKEY. BE THE FIST OF DEFIANCE YOU SAY YOU ARE...*

-

*Mark Shields slides into position and looks to raise Oscar's hand-**BOOOOOOOOM!***DDK:***GAELIC STORM!!! GAGE BLACKWOOD'S HIT THE GAELIC STORM ON MIKEY!***Lance:**

KEEBS!!! KEEBS!!!!

-

Gaelic Storm, X2.

DDK:

BLACKWOOD HITS IT AGAIN! ANOTHER PIN!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

...

Lance:

...

Darren Quimbey:

*The winner of this match... **AND NNNNEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW FIST of DEFIANCE... GAGE BLACKWOOD!!!***

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The MAXIMUM DEFIANCE recap fades and we go to the live feed and FIST celebration. Gage Blackwood stands at the top of the ramp, back turned to the cheering Faithful while the camera faces him. He straps the championship around his waist and smiles into the lens.

Gage Blackwood:

The new era begins. Aye.

And then vanishes behind the curtain.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.