

SHOW OPEN

["Wide Awake" by Katy Perry](#)

The scene begins inside the Watsco Center in Miami 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... but the palm tree is covered in snow. There are two palm trees flanking the edge of the stage on both sides with beach balls and towels scattered around them... but they are also covered in snow. An LCD rampway projects nothing but snow from the top of the stage to the edge of the ring apron. The top and bottom ring ropes are dark blue and the middle one is white. The canvas is clean and light blue as always but has advertisement stamps on the turnbuckle padding for local safe spaces and rage rooms.

Signs and excitement EVERYWHERE!

LET DEB WARENSTEIN REF THE SNS VS SEVENS MATCH, YOU COWARDS

MAXDEF = MAXDEX

DETECTIVE CHICKENTENDERS IS ON THE CASE

QUITE A TUFT

LUCKY SEVENS VS MALAK GARLAND INFERNO MATCH LET'S GOOOOOO

I'M ROOTING FOR THE INFERNO

EVERYONE IN THIS COMPANY IS A PYROMANIAC

MASKED VVIOLATOR 1, DUN DUN DUNNN

DAVVID FOX MIGHT THINK MUSHI SUCKS EGGS

LUCKS DIDN'T START THE FIRE

(YES, THEY DID)

ANSWER FOR YOUR CRIMES, SCOTTY FLASH

SCOTTY CAN YOU RUN OVER MY EX-WIFE I MEAN NO THATS AWFUL... BUT COULD YOU?

WHY DID THE CHICKEN NOT CROSS THE ROAD? CAUSE SCOTTY FLASH WAS BEHIND THE WHEEL

SCOTTY FLASH CARPOOLS WITH NIGEL TRICKELBUSH

SCOTTY CAN'T DRIVE STICK, PEOPLE, LET'S BE REAL

I CAME TO MAXDEF TO TAKE A PHOTO OF THE WICKED SWEET ENTRANCE

OH YOU'RE A SNS FAN? NAME EVERY B.A.C.

The feed changes to the announce table at the side of the rampway, where "Downtown" Darren Keebler sits with color commentator, Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone!

Lance:

Please, PLEASE, absolutely nothing against Katy Perry but this isn't a pay-per-view theme.

DDK:

Well I had the unfortunate news of being told *why* this song has been used for our opening theme. Since Malak Garland is the ACE of DEFIANCE and *did* get to call the stipulation for the FIST of DEFIANCE match, he also demanded he could pick the MAXIMUM DEFIANCE theme, too. Citing anxiety issues...

Lance:

The Favored Saints gave in?

DDK:

I just think they didn't want to deal with the repercussions. Malak's been complaining about catering a lot recently.

Lance:

The FIST match is night *two*. Can we just focus on the here and now?

DDK:

We can.

The match graphics roll through tonight's matches as the theme song changes to [🎵 "Take My Breath" by The Weeknd 🎵](#).

Lance:

Not much better, but it'll work.

TYLER FUSE vs. MUSHIGIHARA
LOS TRES TITANES vs. CERBERUS
CORVO ALPHA vs. MV1

TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS: OSCAR BURNS vs. DEX JOY

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP, STREET FIGHT: THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS © vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

And then the graphic changes to something unannounced...

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

DDK:

I've been told that we're starting the evening off with a match that was a closely guarded secret since Henry Keyes won his fourth title defense with the Favored Saints Championship.

Lance:

That's right, Darren. After vacating it for his shot at the Southern Heritage Championship, a new Favored Saints Champion needed to be crowned. Tonight is the night that happens!

DDK:

As for who the participants in the match are? That's the real Scooby-Doo worthy mystery, folks.

Lance:

I've got some guesses but they're probably ALL wrong.

We switch to Darren Quimbey who is standing by with his microphone.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the opening match of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2022... and it is for the Favored Saints Championship!

The Faithful cheer loudly for this announcement but quickly grow quiet as they await the first person involved in the match to make their way out.

DDK:

Psst. Who you got?

Lance:

Okay. So, I've thought about everyone from Capital Punishment coming out of retirement to a returning star like Edward White buying his way back into DEFIANCE Wrestling with an immediate title shot. I've even thought about Frank Holiday returning as well and them making it a triple threat!

DDK:

I guess anything's possible.

Lance:

So, who do you have?

DDK:

My money's on two BRAZEN stars.

Lance:

Which ones?

DDK:

No idea. Just two BRAZEN stars. That's about the extent of my psychic powers!

♪ "Heaven and Hell" by Kanye West ♪

The crowd pops HARD as they know exactly whose theme that is.

The opening of 'Heaven and Hell' by 20th Century Steel Band rips through the Watsco Center here in Miami before it's mixed up.

Children growing, women producing

*Men go work and some go stealing
Everyone's got to make a living*

The beat from Heaven and Hell by Kanye West takes over as the MASSIVE DEFIatron set up in the Watsco Center starts to produce a bit of static before showing an outline of a name drawn across the width of it. It simply says:

**DAVID
NOBLE**

At the mere sight of his name, Miami erupts!

"RAAAAAAAAH!!"

Noble makes his way down the ramp, his face as stoic as ever.

Climbing up into the ring, David Noble acknowledges the Faithful cheering for his grand return.

Lance:

Man. What a GREAT choice for a shot at the Favored Saints Championship. After the way Crimson Stalker took him out? Winning here would be more than deserved.

DDK:

Completely agree with you, Lance. But, let's see who his opponent is before we start thinking about who's winning anything.

David pulls on the ropes in the right corner facing furthest from the stage, loosening up his muscles as much as possible. Just as he cracks his neck and squats a bit, the lights go completely out.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent.....

♪ *"The Black Flame of Calamity" by FalkKonE* ♪

As soon as the fast-faced, sweeping epic of an instrumental begins to play over the speakers of the jam-packed Watsco Center, the Faithful all cheer mindlessly, awaiting David Noble's mystery opponent.

Lance:

I don't recognize this theme. Who is this?

DDK:

I don't have a clue. I don't even have notes that a Favored Saints match is happening in the line-up for either night of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. Your guess is as good as mine, partner.

The lyricless song continues and the fans grow silent in anticipation. Suddenly a lone, jade green spotlight shines down on a figure wearing an ornamental head and torso piece with two serpents entwined and arching over him. The design is exquisite and incredibly detailed.

Lance:

Whoa. That... looks pretty cool. I must say.

DDK:

But who is under all of these theatrics?! Something tells me it's not Edward White.

Soon, the lights come back on fully to a green glow, and the man in the ornamental serpent headdress stalks to the edge of the ringside area. He stops completely... and raises a microphone up to his fanged "mouth".

Soon, there's laughter.

Maniacal laughter.

The man rips off the serpent headpiece and reveals himself fully to a very displeased crowd.

Lance:

Oh GOD. Not HIM.

DDK:

Ugh.

The music stops as Arthur Pleasant raises the microphone again, this time to an uncovered, but half-painted face. The paint covers the half of his face where the side of his head is buzzed and covers it in a black, scaly pattern all the way to the back of his head. His right eye is that of a serpent, down to the trademark vertical slit of the Alaskan black adder.

Darren Quimby:

From Under The Midnight Sun of Utqiagvik, Alaska... weighing in at 225lbs... he is The Plaguebeast... ARTHUR... PLEASANT!

Before climbing up the steps to enter the ring, Pleasant wags his finger at Noble and makes his way around the perimeter of the ring to the timekeeper's table. Looking out at the Faithful, he *tisks* into the microphone.

Arthur Pleasant:

MY of MY! Are you herds of nerds and flock of bird turds glad to see me or what?!

Lance:

Big nope.

DDK:

I've never seen Pleasant with half of his face painted like this before. It's... disturbing.

The Faithful boo Pleasant as he continues to waste everyone's time by spouting off at the mouth.

Arthur Pleasant:

Ahhh. Music to my ears! How I've missed you Faithful throwing your venom at me. Each toxic shout for every syllable of truth that flows from this fanged maw of mine. Mmm. So fucking delicious.

"BOOOOOOOOOO!!"

Lance:

Ugh. I'm already tired of this return.

Arthur Pleasant:

I've said it for over a year now: I am the One PURE Wrestler of DEFIANCE. And after tonight? When I turn your worlds upside down by capturing the Favored Saints Championship? You will have no choice but to admit I was right all along. Embrace the inevitable before it embraces you.

"BOOOOOOOOOO!!"

Arthur Pleasant:

As for you David N-

Just as Pleasant steps between the ropes with the microphone in hand, Noble races over to him and nails a knee to his shoulder, sending him to the outside!

"RAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

Lance:

Noble is having none, and I mean NONE, of Arthur's games! Not to mention that the bell hasn't even rung yet!

DDK:

It's MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, ladies and gents, and Noble is living up to its very definition!

Noble follows Pleasant to the outside, where the Favored Saints Championship rests on a red velvet pillow on a furnished black wooden stand adjacent to where the action is happening. Lifting up underneath Pleasant, Noble slams him down chest first across the railing to a chorus of cheers— from the front row especially.

Brian Slater yells at Noble to bring it to the ring, garnering a surprising set of jeers from the bloodthirsty section of the arena that wants to see Pleasant's blood across his boot. Nodding, Noble picks Pleasant up from the outside mat and rolls him under the bottom rope and into the ring. Noble follows him in, and after realizing there was no starting this one in separate corners, Brian Slater simply calls for the bell to the raucous approval of the Faithful!

DING DING**Lance:**

And here we go! MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. 2022. LET'S GOSH DARN GOOOO.

DDK:

What a surprise match the Favored Saints have given us! I don't think anybody had a CLUE this one was happening until, literally, right now!

Arthur Pleasant is up after the pre-bell attack by David Noble, and he measures up the former FIST and veteran DEFIANT...

Lance:

Wait. Wait a sec.

DDK:

No way.

With a smirk slithering out of the sides of his mouth, he rushes forward and NAILS the explosive single-leg dropkick he's put many opponents away with before. Noble folds in half from the impact.

Lance:

...PROVOCATION?!

DDK:

PROVOCATION! HE'S TURNING NOBLE OVER!!

Hands raised in the air, Pleasant simply awaits the inevitable as Slater counts the mat. The crowd, in all their disbelief, remains silent for each count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE- NO!

"RAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

Lance:

My God, I thought this one was over in seconds and it sounds like the crowd did too!

DDK:

You hear that?

"LET'S GO NOBLE!"

"ARTHUR SUCKS!"

"LET'S GO NOBLE!"

"ARTHUR SUCKS!"

Lance:

You hear that, Arthur? That's all for YOU.

DDK:

Easy, Lance.

Lance:

NO! I will not go easy on this jerk! The entire time he's been in DEFIANCE he has been a colossal waste of air time. He's evil, self-serving, and just an all-around punk!

DDK:

How many cups before the show, man?

Lance:

I LOST COUNT AFTER NINE.

Picking Noble up by his hair, Pleasant receives an admonishment as he pulls Noble in with a headlock. Slapping Pleasant's back, a groggy Noble sends Pleasant into the ropes. On the rebound, Pleasant sends Noble down with a shoulder block. Off into the other direction, Noble is up again and heading into the opposite ropes. Noble baseball slides under Pleasant, catching him off-guard for a moment.

With great agility for a two-hundred and forty-five pound man, Noble hops up onto Pleasant as if going for a victory roll. Pleasant, showing surprising strength, holds Noble up. Noble goes to roll forward, but Pleasant actually muscles Noble back up onto his shoulders in a display of strength that actually wows the watching Faithful.

Lance:

I don't know if anybody caught it during his introduction, but Arthur Pleasant put on some pounds. And I will bathe myself in bleach later, but dare I say he looks great. Is that the makings of a six-pack?!

DDK:

I think so, Lance. This is the best Arthur Pleasant's physique has looked since he started here. I'm... kind of shocked, to be completely honest.

With Noble sitting atop his shoulders, Pleasant takes a few shots to the dome before pushing him forward. Grabbing Noble with a sleeper hold, Noble instinctively, and very quickly, pulls Pleasant towards the ropes. Kicking his legs up onto the top rope, he pushes back, causing Pleasant to roll back. More importantly, Noble rolls back with the sleeper still applied and Slater is right there to make the count.

One!

Two!

Pleasant muscles his way out of the pin attempt, and both men get to their feet. The audience gives both competitors an ovation as they are at a stalemate with one another after the impressive sequence of wrestling.

DDK:

Well, I'm in shock. Is Arthur ACTUALLY going to wrestle for this one?!

Lance:

It appears so, Darren. I'll mark it on the calendar.

Both competitors circle each other after the previous chain wrestling and join together in the center of the ring with a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Noble grabs Pleasant in a side-headlock. Pleasant sends Noble off this time and on the rebound, Noble connects with a shoulder block that sends Pleasant down to the ground. Noble is off to the ropes, but Pleasant reaches out with an arm and trips him so that he falls flat on his stomach.

Pleasant immediately dives forward with a reverse side headlock on the mat. Noble struggles to find his way out of this, but getting to his knees, Noble reaches up with his right arm, grabs Pleasant's neck and forces him down to the mat face first and reverses with a side headlock of his own!

Lance:

Okay. This is... this is... this is actually...

DDK:

Wrestling?

Lance:

I just... can't believe it. Where the hell has THIS Arthur been this whole time?!

DDK:

We've seen it very sparingly, but it's no secret that, whatever he wants to call himself- The Provocateur, The Plaguebeast, or the tongue-in-cheek PURE Wrestler of DEFIANCE- can wrestle WHEN he wants to.

Pleasant tries to get to his knees as well, but Noble stuffs the attempt by squeezing harder on his head and muscling him down to the mat. Realizing he would not win a battle of strength with Noble, Pleasant instead uses great wherewithal and speed to roll to his right and turn the grounded side-headlock into a bridging pin attempt.

One!

Two!

Noble shifts his weight back down to the left where he once again has Pleasant in a side-headlock. Pleasant uses the same strategy as before and rolls to his right, catching Noble in a bridging pin attempt again.

One!

Two!

This time, Noble shifts right, and escapes the hold entirely. Both men are quickly on their feet. Running at each other, Noble catches Pleasant with a headlock takedown where both men are airborne for half-a-second. Upon landing, Noble wrenches in a side-headlock, this time with Pleasant's back to the mat.

It's not long before Pleasant swings his legs up and wraps them around Noble's neck. Noble refuses to let go though, and with Pleasant accidentally put in a sticky situation, he leans down into the side headlock. Noble pushes down on Pleasant's legs while they remain cross-crossed around his neck. Slater recognizes that Pleasant's shoulders are down for the count.

One...

Pleasant gets a shoulder up. Noble pushes down again.

One...

Again, Pleasant gets his shoulder up, but likewise, Noble again pushes down.

One...

Two...

Pleasant kicks out at two and releases his legs from Noble's neck.

Lance:

This is unreal. Can't believe Arthur is wrestling a clean game here. Hell has officially frozen over.

DDK:

Pigs are flying, too.

Just as he releases his legs, Pleasant searches for a way out. He tries to get up off of the canvas, but Noble muscles him back down. Pleasant throws his legs up again, but this time is able to roll completely backwards. This causes Noble to loosen his grip long enough to allow Arthur to put both legs in a criss-cross position behind Noble in a rear triangle choke.

Lance:

Noble could be in dire straits here.

Pleasant wastes no time by hammering some elbows down onto the crown of Noble's head. One after another, he aims to open him up, but after the third shot, Noble catches the fourth by Pleasant's wrist.

DDK:

Oh hell, what is he doing with Arthur's wrist?!

Twisting it, Pleasant pulls back, but Noble pulls him towards him. The Plaguebeast is close enough to Noble's head where the former Southern Heritage Champion is able to keep him close. Pleasant yells as Noble begins pulling him so close that he's created a makeshift stump puller out of the rear triangle choke!

Lance:

Well. THAT is certainly innovative. My God!

DDK:

I don't know how the hell Noble managed to turn being placed in a triangle to putting his opponent into a stump puller! Did someone freakin' divide by zero backstage and why did Rezin do it?

Slater is watching both men closely. Pleasant cries out in agony. As does Noble. Looking at them both, Slater asks each of them if they want to give up. Neither man seems to budge with their respective hold, though. Finally, after a solid minute in each other's holds, Pleasant unwraps his legs from Noble's throat and peels himself away from Noble's grip.

Pleasant holds the back of his neck while Noble holds his throat.

Lance:

Both competitors did damage to the other in that simultaneous submission predicament.

DDK:

I think the bigger story here, though, is David Noble's throat. Lest we forget, the last time David wrestled he suffered a

serious throat injury at the hands of Crimson Stalker. That wound could still be very fresh even if he has been medically cleared!

Both men get to their feet, holding the backs and fronts of their necks, respectively. Noble is the first to assert some offense as he throws a punch at Pleasant. Arthur is rocked a bit and Noble throws another, sending him reeling into the ropes. Leaning into Pleasant, Noble shoots him into the opposite side of the ring. On the rebound, Pleasant jumps, but Noble catches him in mid-air and slams him to the mat with his signature Saito suplex!

Lance:

Saito Suplex! Pleasant landed high on the shoulders there!

DDK:

He has him!

Noble makes a lateral cover without hooking a leg.

One!!

Pleasant kicks out emphatically, creating a stir within the audience.

DDK:

Oh WOW. You know, I forgot about that inhuman-like resilience of Arthur Pleasant. It's just one of those things that can turn the tides in his favor within the blink of an eye.

Lance:

That Saito Suplex was devastating. The Plaguebeast may only be 225lbs, but you could hear the impact across the arena with how hard Noble came down with it!

Noble looks unsurprised by Pleasant's resiliency, having gone to battle with him in other parts of the world. Guiding him to his feet, Noble goes for another Saito Suplex, this time standing side by side. Lifting up, Noble spins and slams Pleasant down hard once again. This time hooking a leg. The Faithful count along!

ONE!!

Lance:

He has him hooked DEEP!

TWO!!

DDK:

He has him!!

Pleasant just shoulders out before the three.

Lance:

SHEW that was close!! Centimeters away from crowning a brand new Favored Saints Champion!

Noble calls for another Saito suplex, but the one-second distraction Noble created for himself by signaling to the crowd is all the time Arthur needs to hook him up with a small package.

Lance:

Um, what?!

DDK:

...no.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE- NO!!

Noble just kicks out before Slater can make the three count!!

Sitting up, Noble seems frustrated for almost blowing it as Pleasant looks to be in a bad way from the high impact back-to-back Saito suplexes.

Lance:

Noble does not seem happy with himself here.

DDK:

Agreed 100%. But he needs to focus. We just saw what can happen if he doesn't.

Lifting Pleasant up, Pleasant fights deep down and pushes Noble back. Giving him enough room, Pleasant waylays Noble with a fierce roundhouse kick.

David Noble:

AHHHHHHH!!!

Finding some fighting spirit, Noble checks the roundhouse kick and NAILS Pleasant with a superkick! This sends Pleasant reeling into the ropes. Pleasant stumbles forward and eats a second superkick!

Lance:

These guys are just absorbing damage at this point! What a war!

Pleasant falls to his knees at the same time as Noble, but Pleasant manages to turn to his back as soon as Noble falls forward.

"BOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Lance:

Bad break there for David Noble. The Faithful seem frustrated, too.

DDK:

I think these guys really rung each other's bells there. With Pleasant on concussion protocol for the last few months, one has to worry-

Lance:

Not me.

DDK:

-one SHOULD worry about some long term brain damage there.

With both men down, the crowd begins to chant a chant that has to be making wrestling pundit Tim Tillinghast's eye(s) twitch.

"THIS IS WRESTLING!"

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

"THIS IS WRESTLING!"

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

Lance:

This is pretty incredible. What a way to open MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, ladies and gentlemen!

DDK:

What's even more incredible is that nobody, not even us, knew this match was even happening until both participants came out! What an absolute treat!

Noble is the first to stir, having taken only one roundhouse kick to Arthur's two superkicks. Soon after Noble has gotten to his feet, Pleasant uses the ropes to steady himself enough so that he can stand on his own two feet. Both men slowly turn toward one another.

Noble boots Pleasant in the gut. Noble stands behind Pleasant and underhooks his arms under Arthur's and twists his body around so that Pleasant faces the ground in an upside down position.

Lance:

Noble going for a Kudo Driver! Holy Mother of God!

Pleasant wriggles free, falling forward and landing on his feet. Pleasant lifts Noble up in a fireman's carry.

DDK:

Calamity Pain!

Noble shoots some elbows to Pleasant's face and slips down behind him. Immediately seizing Pleasant's arm, he pulls it toward him, trapping it in front of his own belly with something in mind in the ripcord position. Backing up to force Pleasant to spin around, Noble pulls the Plaguebeast forward with incredible velocity and catches him with a standing ripcord Spanish Fly!

Lance:

What the hell?! RIPCORDER SPANISH FLY?!

DDK:

That has to be one of the most impressive moves I've ever seen performed by David Noble.

Noble is right there, and the crowd counts along as Slater drops to position!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

NO!! ARTHUR KICKS OUT!!

Lance:

GOD GOD GOD THAT WAS SOOOO CLOSE!!!

DDK:

I have NO clue how Arthur Pleasant was able to kick out of that, but give the devil his damn due for it!!

This time, Noble looks exasperated as he holds his fingers up, signaling for 'three' and looking disbelievingly at Brian Slater. Meanwhile, the fans have pivoted from their previous chant.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Clap, clap, clap-clap-clap.

Not wanting to waste another second, Noble raises Pleasant up to his feet. Placing him in position for a cutter, Noble jumps up, attempting to make the flip backwards into a shiranui. However, Pleasant catches Noble in mid-flip with a fireman's carry and IMMEDIATELY drops to the canvas with a double knee facebreaker. The impact actually causes Noble to bounce up and land on his upper back before rolling back onto his stomach.

Pleasant goes to cover... but Noble is on his stomach.

Pleasant grabs a shoulder and flops him over onto his back. Grabbing a leg and hooking it, Pleasant screams at Slater to make the count.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

NO!! NOBLE KICKS OUT!! NOBLE KICKS OUT OF THE CALAMITY PAIN!!

Lance:

WHAT?! How?! HOW?!

DDK:

That's two of Arthur Pleasant's finishing maneuvers that David Noble has kicked out of. WHAT. A. WAR.

Pleasant is beside himself, yelling at Slater and getting into his face. Slater warns the Plaguebeast, but before he can do anything, Noble has already recovered and pulls down his Favored Saints opponent into an old school roll-up!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR- NO! Pleasant kicks out as the audience just about hyperventilates.

With everyone out of breath, including the Faithful, Noble takes a moment to continue to recover, shaking off the cobwebs from the Calamity Pain he just survived. Pleasant, meanwhile, is up again, pissed off that he almost got beat with a basic wrestling hold. Pleasant looks at Noble and seethes. Rushing over to him, he starts landing kicks to Noble's face and upper body. Each shot seemingly filled with more vitriol than the last.

Lance:

Pleasant is IRATE!

DDK:

This is not good and not the position David Noble wants to find himself in with a sociopath like Arthur Pleasant.

After several kicks, Pleasant brings Noble to his feet. With eyes filled with a fury unlike anyone has ever seen, Pleasant picks Noble up and spits directly in his face.

Lance:

Oh come on! This match has been an instant classic thus far. Why does he have to ruin it with antics like that?!

Watching the saliva drip down Noble's face, Pleasant smirks. Scooping him up, Pleasant holds Noble up for what looks to be a tombstone piledriver. But Noble uses his twenty-pound weight advantage and reverses it by slipping down behind Arthur with his arms hooks behind his back. Now having Pleasant in position for a tombstone piledriver,

Noble drives him down head first into the wrestling mat.

But before he can even go for a cover, Pleasant slithers out of the ring where he looks to be unconscious.

Lance:

Man what LUCK Arthur has there. If Noble could have hooked a leg this one might've been over.

DDK:

What are you talking about, Lance? If Arthur gets counted out we have a NEW Favored Saints Champion!

Lance:

That's right! The title is VACANT! No champion's advantage! There must be a winner! Good call, Keeps!

One!

Two!

Noble pulls himself to his feet and stands there, shaking his head with his hands at his hips.

Three!

Lance:

Noble looks completely frustrated here. Pleasant has not moved a muscle since taking that tombstone piledriver!

Four!

DDK:

There's no reason for any frustration here! Let Slater do his job and he's got the Dubya.

Five!

Noble shakes his head and slides under the bottom rope to the outside.

Six!

DDK:

What are you doing, David?! This match is YOURS.

Seven!

Picking up Arthur by the back of his head, Noble tosses him under the bottom rope and into the ring.

Eight!

Noble goes to slide in behind him, but he slips and falls to the mat.

Nine!

Lance:

Oh my God, Noble's about to be counted out!

T-

Noble recovers and makes it in at 9.99999999 and the crowd roars!

"RAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

DDK:

That was utterly stupid. He had the title within his hands there and he damn near LOST by tripping over his own feet.

Lance:

You have a point. I totally get it. BUT... Noble is a wrestler's WRESTLER. He doesn't want to take a tainted win like that after how much effort both men have put into this one!

With Pleasant still out on his back, Noble looks at the turnbuckles and then at Arthur.

DDK:

Well we certainly haven't seen David go to the top in a while.

Shrugging, Noble exits the apron and begins his ascension to familiar territory. The fans all get behind this decision in an instant and as soon as Noble is at the top, the cheering reaches a crescendo.

Noble leaps with his patented corkscrew shooting star press...

Lance:

Leap of Faith!!

...and Arthur moves out of the way just before Noble can connect.

DDK:

No! He missed it! That was his pièce de résistance and he missed it!!

Noble absentmindedly turns onto his back as his eyes wince from the excruciating pain, and Pleasant rolls back over with an arm outstretched.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE- NO!!

"RAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

Lance:

Sweet Mother of GOD neither of these guys will quit!!

DDK:

Both of these men know that winning this match is just as important as losing this match. It can set a trajectory, one way or the other.

Pleasant gets to his feet, nonplussed by David Noble kicking out of his missed Leap of Faith. This time, Pleasant looks at the turnbuckles, then looks at David, and then shrugs.

Lance:

These guys are on the same wavelength and are willing to do anything to win this wrestling match!

Much like Noble just did, Pleasant exits to the ring apron and begins climbing to the rop rope. A bit unsteady for a moment, Pleasant then grips tightly onto the turnbuckle like a falcon digging its claws into a tree branch mere moments before divebombing its prey. Leaping forward with a backflip, Pleasant soars high into the air before landing directly on Noble's abdomen area with a devastating shooting star press!

Lance:

Unlike his opponent, Arthur actually NAILED his high risk move!

DDK:

That shooting star press was the nail in the coffin. It's gotta be.

Pleasant twists his arm back and hooks Noble's leg from the inverted position.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

NO!! NOBLE KICKS OUT!!

Lance:

For the love of GOD!!!!

DDK:

NOBLE. WILL. NOT. STAY. DOWN!!

Pounding his fist on the mat, Pleasant looks over at Slater with criminal intent.

Racing towards him, he raises a foot for a second, thinking about hitting his Provocation... but he doesn't. Smiling out at the crowd, Pleasant slaps the inside of his left arm in a derogatory manner.

"BOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Lance:

Pleasant just nearly lost this one. Good call on NOT attacking the ref. Jeez.

DDK:

Not only that but, again, no champion's advantage here when the title is vacant. David Noble could very well become the Favored Saints Champion if Arthur Pleasant treats Brian Slater like he has Carla Ferrari in the past.

As if the Faithful's hatred were fuel for a near-empty tank, Pleasant holds his arms out with a very warm and welcoming intent. Bending down, Arthur sets Noble up into a seated position. Running into the ropes from behind, Pleasant nails Noble in the back of the head with an inverted shining wizard. The crack echoes throughout the filled-to-capacity Watsco Center as the 8,000 fans in attendance let out an "OOOOOOH" at the amount of malice put on the inverted shining wizard. Rather than go for a cover, Pleasant lifts Noble into a seated position again. Running into the ropes facing Noble, Pleasant comes off with an equally harsh front-facing shining wizard.

Lance:

Friends Till The End. He hit it. That's it. That HAS to be it.

DDK:

I haven't seen him hit that back to back shining wizard sequence in reverse order before. I suppose one might say it was The Ends Till The Friend.

Lance:

...that was dumb.

Pleasant sits on Noble's chest and hooks one leg with a cocky demeanor and a middle finger to all of Miami. The fans immediately boo as Slater slides into position.

ONE!!

NOBLE KICKS OUT!!

Lance:

HE KICKED OUT AT ONE! HE KICKED OUT AT ONE!

Pleasant stands up with a pair of wide eyes and a countenance saturated in disbelief. The “war paint” has almost come completely off through the intense perspiration falling from it. Shaking his head, Arthur goes for another cover by hooking a leg...

... but Noble kicks out before the one-count!

Pleasant stands up, absolutely incensed that he still can't put away Noble.

Lance:

Stay in this, David! You're getting to him!

DDK:

You might be right. This is where Pleasant's weakness shines. In his frustration at an opponent not bending to his will.

Falling to his knees once more, Pleasant slithers in for another cover, but he's gone to the well one too many times. Noble slips one foot in front of Pleasant's head and under his chin, locking his hands behind the Plaguebeast's head!

Lance:

Gogoplata! David has locked in a Gogoplata!

DDK:

My God, can he make Arthur tap?

The fans scream “TAP! TAP! TAP!” as Noble chokes Pleasant by pressing his shin against his trachea. Pleasant flails in every which direction as Noble seethes and screams at him to tap out.

Pleasant tries to find his way out but doesn't know where to go. He even outstretches his foot with a long right leg but it's to no avail.

Lance:

He has him! By God, he has him!

Arthur raises his hand up.

Screaming in agony, Pleasant slaps the mat once, but does not tap. He digs in with his foot and tries to pull David and his bodyweight toward the ropes. Noble's grip is like a vice as Pleasant desperately tries to find an escape from this tortuous position.

Arthur raises his hand up again as he loses his footing a mere eight or so inches away from the bottom rope.

Lance:

Is this it?!

DDK:

I think he's gonna! He can't quite make the ropes!

Suddenly, Pleasant's hand slowly falls to the mat in a balled up fist.

The fist loosens.

Slater slaps Pleasant's arm but he seems to have passed out.

Lance:

HE'S OUT! NOBLE DID IT! NOBLE DID IT!

Slater goes to call the bell but stops short of doing so once he sees Pleasant's hand has just barely clawed itself under the bottom rope.

DDK:

IT'S OVER!! WE HAVE A FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPION!!

Slater begins counting, yelling at Noble to break the hold.

One! Two! Three! Four! F-

Noble loosens his grip just before the five-count and shoves the barely conscious Arthur Pleasant off of him. Placing both of his hands on his head, he kicks the mat in frustration.

Lance:

I'm stunned. I legit thought Arthur was unconscious right there. I think the tip of a finger was under the rope. Ugh. As much as I hate to admit it, good call from Brian Slater.

DDK:

These fans aren't liking it, but you're right. It was a good call. But Pleasant has no idea just how close Slater was to calling it. I mean, we're talking *nanoseconds*.

Pleasant begins to stir ever-so slightly as Noble shakes his head on the mat.

Lance:

Don't quit now!

DDK:

He may have just gotten the rug pulled out from him. Talk about demoralizing.

Suddenly, Noble sits up with a face filled with rage. Looking at Pleasant getting on all fours, he stands up and begins kicking him in the ribs. One shot after another like a frenzied animal. It isn't until Slater starts the count that he stops. Putting both of his hands up to his head, he acts as if he's going to rip his own hair out. With Pleasant coughing up a lung from the stiff shots, Noble yells some obscenities while guiding Pleasant to his feet.

David immediately spins around with the go-behind waist lock. Lifting Pleasant into the air, he crashes back down with fierce impact.

Lance:

He's holding on!

Noble lifts the Plaguebeast up again and slams him down for a second German suplex.

DDK:

He's *still* holding on!

Up Arthur goes for a *third* German suplex, and the crowd has begun to count along.

Lance:

This is incredible!

A *fourth* German suplex.

"Four!"

A fifth one.

"Five!"

Backing himself and Arthur near the turnbuckles, Noble lunges with a sixth German suplex, this time releasing his grip and driving Pleasant neck first into the second turnbuckle pad.

DDK:

Arthur's dead. Dear Lord...

Lance:

He just might be, Keebs.

The Faithful applaud the six German suplexes with the turnbuckle landing for the exclamation point. Dragging Pleasant out from the turnbuckles, Noble runs to the opposite turnbuckles.

Sprinting full speed ahead, he jumps up to the second rope and pushes outwards, landing a brilliantly executed corner slingshot splash! With great agility, Noble rolls backwards to his feet and pivots towards the opposite turnbuckles. Once again, Noble sprints and then leaps to the second turnbuckle, pushing himself out. This time, Noble lands an elbow that seems a little too low as Pleasant cries out in agony like a man who just got castrated.

Lance:

OH. Dayum. Uhhh... was that intentional?!

DDK:

I think so, Lance.

Lance:

Maybe. I'm not so sure. More importantly, what does Brian Slater think?!

Slater looks at Pleasant holding his balls and then at Noble.

Noble shakes his head with wide eyes, pleading that the low blow was accidental.

Slater looks like he's contemplating calling for the bell, but he sternly warns Noble to not go low again.

Lance:

Looks like this one's going to continue. Phew! That was a close one and David looks like he's sweating out there.

DDK:

I mean, he *is* sweating. Obviously. But more than just from this incredible back and forth affair, I'd wager.

After the distraction and near disqualification, Pleasant pulls himself up to his feet, spins and connects with a roaring elbow that rocks Noble back so hard that he bumps into Brian Slater, knocking him down to one knee from an errant elbow to the eye.

Noble turns around, shocked by the accidental shot, holding his own jaw from the shot he just took from Arthur.

Seeing the referee down, Pleasant drops to a knee and uppercuts David Noble right in the nuts.

Lance:

NO!

DDK:

Oh. Come. ON.

Pleasant follows it up with another that drops Noble into a fetal position.

"BOOOOOOOOOO!!"

Crawling forward, Pleasant stacks him while pulling the tights.

Slater slowly turns around.

Lance:

Not like this. Not like this. NOT. LIKE. THIS.

One.

...

...

Two.

...

...

...

Three- NO! Noble gets a shoulder up!

Lance:

YES!!! BY GOD!!! NOBLE IS STILL IN THIS!!

DDK:

Speechless. Utterly speechless, Lance.

The fans pop like the Miami Heat just won the NBA Finals after Noble digs deep down into his soul to stay alive in the match.

Slater turns his head again to shake away the cobwebs, and Arthur seizes the opportunity for another low blow and lifts his leg... but Noble blocks it by catching his foot in time.

He spins Pleasant around and knees him in the gut.

Making the throat slit gesture to the fans, they explode as he lifts Pleasant into the air for a crucifix bomb.

Lance:

The Last Chance! He's going for it!

Noble spins Pleasant into the cutter portion of the move but, on the way down, Pleasant grabs an arm and tosses Noble to the side with a simple arm drag.

DDK:

Brilliant counter!

Lance:

The endless counters to each other's biggest moves continues. Sweet Baby Jesus.

Pleasant, sensing his own opportunity, hunkers down in the corner and in prime position to deliver another Provocation.

Noble stumbles forward to the center of the ring.

Pleasant launches himself forward with a foot extended-

DDK:

PROVOCATION!

Lance:

NO!

-but Noble sees it coming and rolls out of the way!

Noble hunkers down in his own right, looking for something to put the Plaguebeast down for good in the opposite corner from where Pleasant whiffed with the Provocation.

Pleasant gets up from the missed Provocation just as Noble launches himself out of the corner with a jumping knee strike-

Lance:

Here comes the Noble Knee!

DDK:

NO!

-PLEASANT CATCHES HIM BEFORE THE JUMP WITH A JUMPING GUILLOTINE!

Lance:

What a sequence! But Arthur just caught him in the Plague of Mankind!

The Faithful gasp as David Noble screams out in agony as Pleasant wraps his legs around Noble's waist.

Noble fights it, but falls to his right knee with his left one still planted on the canvas.

Pleasant wrenches repeatedly, trying to crush his throat...

...and Noble taps out across his own knee! Slater calls for the bell!

DING DING DING**Lance:**

...

DDK:

No WAY that just happened!

♪ "The Black Flame of Calamity" by FalkKonE ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of this match by submission...

Lance:

No. I... I can't.

Darren Quimbey:

...and NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEW FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPION... THE PLAGUEBEAST... ARTHUR... PLEASANT!

Arthur Pleasant collapses to the mat with an exhausted smile on his face and all four of his limbs outstretched. Meanwhile, Slater is calling for DEFmed as Noble is writhing in agony and gasping for air.

DDK:

Somebody get this man some help! That throat injury that put him on the shelf back on DEFtv 167 just reared its ugly head! My God, I can't believe this...

Lance:

I don't want to live in a world where Arthur Pleasant just made someone submit. OR is Favored Saints Champion. I just... I can't. I CAN'T. I CAAAAAN'T!!

Sitting up, he sees Slater and some personnel from DEFmed work on David Noble. Smirking, Pleasant slithers out of the ring and makes his way to the wooden stand that holds the Favored Saints Championship. Ripping it off of the velvet pillow, Pleasant looks out into the sea of DEFIANCE Faithful and holds his newly won title up to rub it in their faces. A few pieces of trash are thrown, including a nearly full cup of fountain soda.

Making his way around the ringside area, Pleasant starts laughing. Maniacally. Clutching the championship like it's a piece of his own flesh, Pleasant looks at everyone desperately helping Noble out in the ring.

TYLER FUSE vs. MUSHIGIHARA

The scene switches to inside the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL! Introducing first... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-ten pounds... Tyler Fuse!

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Tyler walks out wearing black trunks and black boots. He methodically heads down the rampway.

DDK:

We were supposed to have this match weeks ago on DEFtv but Tyler took it upon himself to attack Mushigihara and injure him. David Fox was going to make the challenge on behalf of Mushi at MAX DEF but he wasn't able to travel at the time. Anyway, here we are...

Lance:

Hopefully The Monster has recovered and will make quick work of Tyler Fuse. I recognize Tyler has been on a roll over these past five months.

Fuse slides into the ring and his theme song comes to a close. The Miami Faithful begin a OSU chant.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Mito, Japan... weighing two-hundred-ninety-four pounds... he is The God Beast... Mushigihara!

♪ "Wake Up" by Rage Against the Machine ♪

Pyro goes off and it doesn't take long for Mushigihara to appear from behind the LCD palm tree "I" in MAXIMUM. He power walks down the ramp, staring at the man who took him out of action. David Fox follows behind but at a much slower speed.

Mushi steps over the top rope and into the ring. He points to referee Mark Shields and asks for the bell.

DING DING

Tyler Fuse exits the ring. The Faithful boo.

With Fuse on the outside and the giant pacing back and forth with rage inside the ring... Mark Shields should likely start a ten count but he's off gazing into the crowd, finding hot females to scope out. 'Cause that's how Mark rolls.

Fuse grins and waves Mushigihara over to him. David Fox shouts from his side of the apron for Tyler to show no fear and get back in there.

DDK:

Simply mind games from Tyler Fuse. He's usually not one to back down from a fight.

Lance:

I believe Tyler when he says Mushigihara is a wasted talent. In Fuse's mind, he really thinks this match won't be worth his time.

Mushigihara walks to the edge of the ring. He steps over the top rope and hops down off the apron... and Tyler Fuse slips into the ring.

The crowd boos again. Tyler tells Mushigihara to bring it inside the ring this time. The God-Beast rages, slamming his

hands against the guardrail before climbing back in.

And Tyler slides out.

More boos. The stoic face of Tyler Fuse suggests nothing is getting at him... instead, David Fox continues to shout from the outside and Mushigihara is walking around like a mad man inside the squared circle.

Once more, The Monster from Mito exits but Tyler Fuse is too elusive. He escapes any attempt Mushigihara can make. The OG Player is back in the ring.

Mushigihara enters and Tyler Fuse exits. Mushigihara exits and Tyler Fuse enters. The crowd is being worked to near nuclear heat for the wasted time between these two men.

DDK:

It's been three minutes by my count.

Lance:

I haven't been counting...

Tyler leaves the ring but this time he puts his guard down. David Fox creeps over to where Tyler is and stands directly in front of the Canadian. Fuse stares at Fox, knowing he's trapped and likely Mark Shields won't do anything about it. With Tyler's back turned from the ring, Mushigihara doesn't have to leave it this time, either. All Mushi does is walk to the ropes, lean forward and grab Tyler by his head.

Mushigihara lifts Fuse by his head and places him on the apron.

Lance:

Amazing strength by The God-Beast!

Tyler blocks a right hand but he's leveled by a headbutt. The crowd cheers as Fuse falls on the apron and then to the mat below. David Fox throws Tyler into the ring while Mushigihara hits the ropes and then delivers a huge running big boot to the head.

Fuse spins around and falls on the mat. Mushigihara mounts the former Tag Team Champion and hammers him with hard, open palm shots. Mushi follows this by Irish whipping Tyler into the ropes and connects with a hard forearm smash. The Japanese Juggernaut catapults Fuse into a corner and once Tyler hits it and bounces off, he's met with a biel throw. Back on his feet, Mushigihara's offense continues as he bounces off the ropes and nails Fuse with a running shoulder block, sending Tyler in-between the top and middle rope and, ultimately, out of the ring.

This time, Fuse finds himself on the rampway side of the floor. He takes a moment to recover, seeing Mushigihara pump the crowd up with OSU chants. Mushigihara points to Tyler as if he's going to dive out of the ring and The God-Beast uses the ropes for added speed. Once Mushi gets to the edge, Tyler covers up and Mushigihara stops in his tracks. The crowd laughs.

Lance:

A little one-upmanship by Mushigihara.

DDK:

That's not going to sit well with Tyler, who usually doesn't show signs of "weakness" like this.

Fuse opens his eyes and realizes what happened, he's still in one piece. Now Tyler is the one who's fuming so he slides into the ring... and immediately eats a big boot for his troubles. Mushigihara tosses Fuse into a corner and races in with a corner avalanche splash. Tyler's on wobbly legs, working his way to the center of the ring. Mushigihara sprints towards him...

And Tyler jumps over Mushi. The God-Beast applies the brakes, turns around and is met with a diamond cutter DDT.

DDK:

I hate to say it but that's one hell of a counter there.

Lance:

Yes. By no means is Tyler his brother, Conor, but Tyler is agile enough to jump over this giant when he charges in.

Both men are up and Tyler shows off his pure strength, being able to lift Mushigihara into a pendulum backbreaker. Fuse knows he's not wasting time. He purposely waits for the giant to rise but takes small side steps as Mushi stands in order to remain out of the monster's peripherals. Once Mushigihara is on his feet, Tyler explodes forward with a running forearm smash to the back of Mushigihara's head. This stuns the big man but doesn't knock him down. Tyler feeds more left arm blows into the face of Mushi. This is followed by an impressive exploder suplex.

Mushigihara is dropped on his head and Tyler Fuse gains control of the match. Fuse stomps away at Mushigihara before placing The God-Beast's foot on the bottom rope and then Fuse crashes his entire body through Mushi's knee. The giant screams in pain as Tyler does it again... before attempting a figure four leglock.

Lance:

I don't think this is meant to get the victory. Tyler and Mushi are too close to the ropes but it beats having to move the big man to the center of the ring.

Lance's words are true as Mushigihara eventually grabs the bottom rope and Tyler breaks the hold. Fuse pops to his feet and runs right over to Mushi when he's trying to sit up. Tyler clotheslines The Monster from Mito and reigns down solid punches into the behemoth's skull. Tyler drags Mushigihara to his feet and whips The King of the Monsters into a corner. Tyler runs in and climbs the buckle as he pounds Mushigihara in the process. However, Mushigihara catches Tyler when he's at the top turnbuckle pad... and hits a powerbomb!

Mushigihara pins.

ONE.

TWO-

KICKOUT!

The God-Beast keeps it together. He peels Tyler off the mat and takes Fuse into a double-arm neck choke hold before throwing the ex-gamer into a turnbuckle. Tyler hits and sticks. Mushigihara races in...

But eats a boot to the face.

Tyler jumps onto the top rope, leaps off and catches Mushigihara's head with a perfect tilt-a-whirl DDT.

Lance:

Not really a move you see from Tyler. That's a Conor thing.

DDK:

You take what you can get with Mushi.

Fuse pops to his feet and stomps away on the giant. There's no quit, not even when Mark Shields voices his opinion that Mushigihara is into the ropes so "maybe that means something?" The crowd boos and David Fox bellows his thoughts forward from the outside. Tyler takes a moment to point a middle finger at David without looking over or breaking the stomps.

Eventually, Tyler lifts Mushi to his feet and connects with another exploder suplex. The OG Player smoothly floats over

and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The kickout sends Tyler Fuse flying into the air... all the way back to a corner. Mushigihara has a second wind and gets to his feet as the crowd comes alive. Fuse races towards Mushi but he's caught in midair and thrown to the canvas with a wicked powerslam!

Mushigihara pins.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

The God-Beast seems more than okay that the match isn't over yet because he wants to inflict even more punishment. Mushigihara pummels Fuse with right fists. Mushi realizes it doesn't matter... Mark's not going to call them if they are open palms or not. Tyler is woozy and the crowd is having a good time. The Japanese Juggernaut drags Tyler off the mat and hurls him into the ropes. A big boot later and Mushi is calling for the OSU Press. He quickly takes Tyler off the mat and holds him up in the air... even doing a few presses with Fuse's body while he's held that high. Mushigihara goes to throw Tyler to the mat...

Wham!

DDK:

What a counter!

Tyler adjusts himself mid-throw. He flawlessly finds Mushigihara's head and drives it to the mat in a DDT! The crowd is stunned. So is David Fox and even Tyler Fuse himself shows a hint of a facial expression suggesting he didn't think this was possible. Fuse rolls Mushigihara onto his back and hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Tyler knees Mushi in the side of the head, over and over and over. Feeling like the match will be decided soon, Fuse knows he can't hold back. After numerous knee strikes into the monster's temple, Fuse props him upright and takes to the ropes.

A missile dropkick follows, hitting Mushigihara square in the jaw. Tyler tries for another pin.

ONE.

TWO.

POWERFUL KICKOUT!

Fuse slams the mat. It's rare The Game-Changer reveals his mentality in the middle of a contest but seeing The God-

Beast get another wind has frustrated him. Tyler slips behind Mushigihara... waiting for the big man to rise... and making sure he's out of sight as the giant does.

Once Mushigihara is up, Tyler takes one step forward and then stops in his tracks.

Mushigihara turns around and knows **exactly** where Tyler is.

DDK:

It didn't work this time.

Fuse retracts the leg he took forward. Now he moves backwards. Mushigihara tilts his head and screams "OSU!" into the rafters and the Miami Faithful cheer along, too. Tyler decides he's going to exit the ring, like at the beginning of the contest but when he looks down, David Fox is right there.

Tyler sucks in some air and realizes there's no other option. He charges Mushigihara and Mushigihara charges him.

Mushi CRUSHES Tyler Fuse with a shoulder block sending the former Tag Champion way more than halfway across the ring. Fuse collapses to the mat, Mushigihara hits the ropes and lands a perfect leg drop across Tyler's neck. Next, the OSU Press. Mushigihara wastes little time lifting Tyler into the hold and then throwing him well away from his head. Fuse's body slams against the canvas and David Fox cheers from the outside.

DDK:

The end might be near!

Mushigihara calls for the uranage. He peels Tyler Fuse off the mat and proceeds to lift him into the maneuver.

Wham!

The crowd is stunned!

DDK:

Another counter by Tyler Fuse!

As the uranage was performed, Tyler slips out in mid-air and catches Mushigihara's head again, connecting with another DDT!

Fuse rolls Mushigihara onto his back. He hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Most of the arena thought it was a three.

Lance:

A VERY late shoulder, Darren!

DDK:

Not late enough if it counts, Lance.

Tyler decides it's time to do something else out of character. While it is a move he's known to perform, he doesn't do it often. Tyler goes to the top rope and waits for Mushigihara to get on his feet. As he's perched up there, Tyler crouches down, trying to ensure he takes up as little space as possible for The God-Beast not to locate him. Once the big man is

on his feet... Tyler stands upright. He jumps.

DDK:

He's caught!

Chokeslam by Mushi!

DDK:

Cover!

The crowd counts along.

ONE.

TWO.

SOLID KICKOUT!

This time it's Mushigihara who looks stunned by the kickout. The crowd thought it was over but there's no doubt it wasn't a three. The horrible Mark Shields even counted well.

Mushigihara is on his feet. He pulls Tyler Fuse onto his. Mushigihara attempts a knee strike but Tyler moves, grabs Mushi by the arm and throws him around into a discus clothesline where Tyler leaves his feet in the process. The move doesn't knock The Monster down but it does fumble him into the ropes. Tyler gets back on his feet, hits the ropes on the far end and bursts forward, leaping into the air.

DDK:

He's caught for a second time!

Chokeslam!

...No! Tyler escapes. Fuse leaps onto the top rope, grabs Mushigihara's head and connects with the running bulldog, CQC!

DDK:

It's over now! What a counter once again!

Tyler pins Mushigihara.

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPES!

Fuse shouts at referee Mark Shields, rises and punts Mushigihara's leg off the ropes. Hands on his hips, a rare break of mentality for Tyler Fuse could put him in a vulnerable position if Mushigihara recovers in time.

Lance:

Tyler's lost his cool here.

DDK:

And he better look out!

Mushi is up and not looking happy. The giant cocks the side of his head and once Tyler turns to see him... Fuse

readies for a fight he may not be able to win.

The crowd cheers "OSU!" as The Monster from Mito clubs Tyler in the side of the skull and proceeds to knock him from pillar to post. Tyler tries to cover up but it's no use. Mushigihara whips Tyler into the ropes and clotheslines him over the top and out of the ring. Fuse finds himself right before David Fox who steps away but continues to cheer on his partner.

Tyler gathers himself on all fours before looking over and sneering at David. Fuse rolls into the ring when immediately after, a hooded fan jumps over the guardrail, grabs David Fox by his jeans and hurls the second half of Dangerous Mix into the guardrail.

DDK:

Wait just a second!

Inside the ring Mushigihara sees this and begins to stomp over. Tyler Fuse uses this as an opportunity to reposition himself on the top rope, leap off and catch Mushi with a flying clothesline.

DDK:

Wait just another second!

Tyler hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

And the crowd is shocked.

Lance:

What happened here?

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... TYLER FUSE!

Mushigihara lays motionless in the middle of the ring while "Machinehead" plays in the arena.

Lance:

There's no way that clothesline knocked Mushi flat out. It was a good move, sure, but not a move that gets you a three.

DDK:

Tyler didn't hit him with his arm...

A replay shows as the commotion took place outside the ring, Tyler quickly slid into the ring and back out of the ring, wrapping around the ring post. His hand went under the apron and he pulled out a crowbar. Then Fuse swiftly found the top rope and placed the crowbar across his arm, finding Mushigihara's skull and covering him with the crowbar in-between them. Once the three was counted, Tyler stayed over the giant until Mark Shields looked away and then he hid the crowbar against his arm and body.

DDK:

I didn't know Fuse was such a magician. You can barely see what he did.

Lance:

Premeditated, though. He knew exactly where to go under the apron. He didn't even have to look.

Fuse exits the ring and drops the crowbar. He walks over to the hooded fan who attacked David Fox. The fan pushes their hoodie back.

Princess Desire.

Tyler smirks while Desire takes a page out of her husband's book, she remains stoic. The two of them walk up the rampway.

DDK:

We haven't seen Princess Desire in months.

Lance:

Well, everything was going smoothly in this match. Dare I say, we had a good contest on our hands, too. Until this happened.

DDK:

I guess Tyler had a backup plan all along.

Fuse and Desire stand at the top of the rampway while Tyler's music plays. They survey the area once, the scene switches to Mushigihara who's out cold in the middle of the ring and David Fox who holds his shoulder on the floor. Fuse and Desire vanish behind the curtain.

LOS TRES TITANES vs. CERBERUS

DDK:

We've got tag team action up on deck, Lance, and this one has been made personal over the last few months. Cerberus have been stalking prey that have included the likes of multiple tag teams, including victories over the Pop Culture Phenoms. They have taken special interest lately in another top tag team in Los Tres Titanes.

Lance:

A rift between Uriel Cortez and Titaness has seemingly brought the group down to only two tonight. Cerberus picked up on that rift and we've seen them single out and attack Uriel Cortez and Minute on a number of occasions, first attacking Minute, then Uriel Cortez.

DDK:

Minute scored a singles win over Victor Vacio, however, thanks to that numbers game rearing its ugly head again and again, Rick Dickulous evened the score with a win over Uriel Cortez two weeks ago. Tonight, Cerberus will look to employ the game they have been utilizing since debuting and that's making their opponents unaware of who they'll face until bell time. We've seen all combinations of the trio be successful on more than one occasion, but tonight will be their biggest test as a trio yet. They haven't lost in tag action and with the numbers on their side... Los Tres Titanes have an uphill battle coming up next.

Lance:

We heard Uriel and Minute speak on this match on DEF Radio saying that they'd be ready, regardless of being a person down. The two-time former Unified Tag Team Champions are ready for any task and they'll have to be more of the same tonight if they want to survive Cerberus.

DDK:

Let's get to tag team action! It's Cerberus taking on Los Tres Titanes right now!

And back to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the next major match on tonight's show!

Darren Quimbey:

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

The DEF-Tron comes to life and shows a white limo opening up from the outside, courtesy of the old Family Keeling Talent Agency. The door swings open... out come two men for tonight's match.

Minute - decked out in a white trench coat and ring gear with gold and diamond patterns on his mask

And bringing up the rear... the massive Uriel Cortez - white thigh-length trunks, sleeveless trench coat and a Los Tres Titanes-brand towel over his shoulders.

The two besties get out, nod to one another silently and then stomp towards the entrance... right into...

"TITANS ALWAYS STAND TALL!"

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

...At a combined weight of 502 pounds... they are the team of "The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World" Minute... and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez...

Pause!

Darren Quimbey:

LOS! TRES! TITANES!

Minute jets to the ring apron, then makes a quick leap from one rope, leaps to the adjacent side, then backflips into the ring to great applause from the crowd. Uriel pulls himself onto the ropes, then enters. He and Minute bump fists before they get ready to fight.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

♪ "Dogs of War" by Savage Souls ♪

DDK:

They are the team of Victor Vacio... Reaper Green... and Rick Dickulous... THEY ARE **CERBERUS!**

Cut from Darren and Lance to center stage.

The house lights come down as flames RISE UP on the stage. Through a mist, three hound heads appear, and moments later, the trio of terror consisting of RICK DICKULOUS, VICTOR VACIO, and GREEN REAPER emerge, wearing wolfskins. In formation, the Kabal's CERBERUS march to the ring.

Lance:

Look at Cortez... look at Minute... they're dead serious about a fight here tonight.

DDK:

And look at Rick! Are we going to get Rick in this match?

Rick stands up... then HOCKS a loogie right at the feet of Cortez!

Lance:

HEY!

Cortez starts to lunge at Rick, who backs up, but has his hands ready to fight...

DING DING

BUT MINUTE GETS BLINDSIDED IN THE RING BY VICTOR VACIO WITH AN ELBOW SMASH!

DDK:

THAT'S why Rick Dickulous appears to be sitting this one out! He distracted Uriel Cortez while Victor Vacio and Reaper Green both double-teamed Mintue!

Lance:

Of COURSE Cerberus had a plan tonight! Their numbers game gives them a big advantage here!

And as referee Hector Navarro warns Rick Dickulous to go back to his corner, Reaper Green comes into the ring quickly and helps out Victor Vacio by putting the boots to Minute! They both continue stomping him down until Uriel yells at Navarro to turn around. With the quickness, Reaper Green ducks out of the ring while the legal man, Victor Vacio, quickly sneaks a cover on Minute while he's down!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

The shoulder of Minute comes up, but Vacio hasn't forgotten the loss that he took, so he continues to rain down fists on the masked face of The TJ Tornado!

DDK:

I hate to say it, but this was a brilliant strategy on their part. Uriel and Minute can only do so much here.

Lance:

And now... standing moonsault by Vacio! Cover on Minute!

After connecting with the standing moonsault, he covers Minute quickly with a cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Minute kicks out again, not allowing Cerberus to steal the quick victory. Vacio grabs Minute by the arm and then whips him into the neutral corner of Cerberus, running forward and then hitting a corner elbow smash! He tags Reaper Green, who quickly rolls through the ropes into the ring, then hits a corner elbow smash of his own! He quickly grabs the head of Minute and throws him out of the corner before he measures him up and then fires off a sliding dropkick off the ropes, right to the back!

DDK:

Rapid-fire double teams! Cerberus are playing a great game here right now!

Reaper Green pushes Minute's shoulders back on the canvas, then tries another cover.

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

Another quick kickout elicits cheers from The Faithful! The jam-packed Watsco Center is cheering on Los Tres Titanes while Reaper Green grabs onto Minute and then tosses him back into the corner of Cerberus again. Reaper Green reaches out and tags Victor Vacio, who jumps over the ropes. They both look to cut off Minute from his corner and then they both put the boots to the talented young luchador. They continue to work him over with stomps while all the way in the opposite corner, both men are getting jeered by the crowd!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Rick Dickulous continues laughing on the outside at Minute's apparent misfortunes as Victor Vacio now controls things for a time. Vacio pulls him out of the corner and then tries to pull Minute into a short-arm clothesline...

But Minute rolls underneath the arm!

The TJ Tornado rolls to his feet, then CRACKS him in the side of the head with a quick enzuigiri! Minute sees Uriel Cortez into the corner... but instead of making the tag, he grabs Vacio's arm and pulls him to the corner...

DDK:

Oh, no! I think that the trap that Cerberus laid out at the start is about to backfire huge!

Lance:

If he gets that tag, then it just might!

Vacio tries to free himself, but Minute gets him to the corner...

THEN TAGS URIEL CORTEZ!

The tallest man in DEFIANCE gets a big pop as he steps over the ropes! Vacio tries to get away, but Uriel joins in grabbing Vacio!

DDK:

Lot of history between these two! Victor Vacio targeted Cortez and Titaness for a few months last year when they were part of the Kabal!

The Titan of Industry hangs Vacio by his arm... looks out to Rick Dickulous...

THWACK!

...And DROPS Vacio to the mat with a stinging chop! He falls back to the mat in pain and clutches his chest!

DDK:

What a shot right there! Those chops of Uriel Cortez... so stinging! Rick felt them in their singles match and though he got the duke, Rick left with some welts.

The Lumbergiant at ringside looks pissed at how his teammates are doing for the moment after earlier when he tried to help serve up Minute on a silver platter. Minute is recovering at ringside for the moment in their corner, but that suits Uriel Cortez just fine. He picks up Vacio over the shoulder and then picks him up, holding him in a delayed body slam position! The crowd starts to cheer him on, the longer that Uriel holds him up...

And up...

And up...

Then DRIVES him down with a massive body slam from high in the air!

Lance:

Oooh! Now Los Tres Titanes take a bit of control after that jumpstart from Cerberus early on in the match!

The Titan of Industry grabs Victor Vacio once again and then ragdolls the evil luchador out to the ring apron, forcing Rick to watch. Uriel dares Rick to try something, but in full view of Hector Navarro, he angrily stares. Vacio tries to fight, but the much more powerful Cortez puts his arms behind the ropes and exposes his bare chest...

THWACK!

Another LOUD chop echoes throughout the Watsco Center as he collapses to the floor!

DDK:

What another vicious chop!

Lance:

And Reaper Green has seen enough! He tries to help his partner!

He rushes at Cortez with a running dropkick, but gets swatted out of the sky! When he hits the mat, Cortez grabs him and chucks him through the ropes, sending him out next to Victor Vacio! The Lost Cause and the Emerald Menace (nickname free of charge) are both on the outside when Uriel looks over to see Minute wanting the tag...

Uriel Cortez with the tag to Minute!

DDK:

Minute is back in after a rest while Uriel Cortez cleaned house! Now what's he doing, though?

Lance:

Your guess is as good as mine, Darren! When the air is concerned, whatever he wants!

Ready to get back into the saddle, The TJ Tornado makes the tag and then whispers something in Uriel's ear. He

nods and then leans back as far as he can, allowing Minute to jump off the top rope... onto Uriel's chest, then BACK OUT with a INCREDIBLE springboard moonsault off his own partner down onto Vacio and Reaper Green below! Rick angrily watches some more as the crowd goes wild!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

You hear the term "Human Highlight Reel" in this business, but that's what Minute truly is! So innovative with his high flying! Amazing!

Lance:

He used his own damn partner as a launching pad before hitting that incredible springboard moonsault!

A pair of replays from different angles show the truly unique double-team perpetrated by Los Tres Titanes! And then back to real time where Minute is the first one to get out of the wreckage at ringside. He taunts Rick Dickulous by yelling at him.

Minute:

Come get this work, puta!

Rick Dickulous wants nothing more than to come over there and knock Minute's block off, but Hector Navarro has his eyes everywhere for the moment, making sure no funny business goes down, not to mention Uriel Cortez hopping off the apron to protect his partner as he goes to throw Victor Vacio back into the ring.

DDK:

The Lost Cause back inside! Uriel Cortez watches on as Minute hits the apron... he leaps up...

Minute then RUNS THE ROPES before leaping off with a rope running dropkick!

DDK:

Modified Estrella Fugaz! He drops Vacio!

After the move, the crowd cheer for Minute as he hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The shoulder of The Lost Cause rises up off the mat!

Lance:

I don't know how Vacio kicked out of that!

DDK:

Former BRAZEN Champion and we've seen him have scraps against some of the best in DEFIANCE. He can take as much punishment as he dishes out... and that's a lot.

Greenie goes back to his corner while Minute grabs Vacio by the head and tags Cortez again. Both men go to work with Uriel whipping Vacio to the ropes as Minute lays on the mat. He gets dropped into an upwards dropkick by Minute, then staggers into a shoulder tackle by Cortez!

DDK:

Another great double-team! Los Tres Titanes are really holding court right now in this one. Cortez now goes for a cover!

The Titan of Industry kneels over...

ONE!

TWO!

SLIDING DROPKICK BY REAPER GREEN!

Out of nowhere, he nails Cortez in the side of the head to break up the cover! The unexpected shot stuns the Titan as he sits to his knees, allowing Victor Vacio finally a moment to get out of harm's way.

Victor Vacio:

Tienes suerte de que no tengo mi mazo, gilipollas!

Vacio rolls over and he's in pain, but limps over to his corner and tags in Reaper Green. He goes over and both men go to double-team Uriel Cortez while he's on his knees.

DDK:

Both men looking for control of Cortez now!

They each grab an arm, but before they're able to do what they are going to do, he stands up and stands in place to prevent a double whip. When that doesn't work, both men kick at the legs of the 7'2" Titan to try and bring him down to a knee again. They are successfully able to do so, but Cortez fights back with another HARD chop for Victor Vacio! He stumbles over when Cortez palms Reaper Green's face and shoves him back!

Lance:

No! Cortez in control! But for how long?

He boots Vacio... then picks him up for the 218cm Powerbomb... but Reaper Green back up! He tries to kick his leg as Vacio leans back to try a hurricanrana. Reaper Green grabs Navarro... ALLOWING RICK DICKULOUS TO CLIP HIS LEG!

DDK:

No! Rick Dickulous gets another good shot in! He's got him backed up!

...then Vacio shifts out of the powerbomb to hit a Swinging DDT on Cortez! The crowd jeer as Rick Dickulous once again provides a distraction that pays dividends!

DDK:

Cerberus took a lot, but now Cortez is now flat on his back! Vacio and Reaper Green have a Lumbergiant in their corner to chop down even the largest of Titans!

Minute glares at Rick Dickulous who fires back with a verbal jab from earlier.

Rick Dickulous:

The little fucking chihuahua ain't barking now, is he?

The TJ Tornado grits his teeth and has no choice, but to watch the members of Cerberus pick off a giant. Uriel is still down from the swinging DDT by Victor Vacio, who now jumps over to his corner to tag in Reaper Green. Vacio measures up Uriel, waiting for him to try and get up, but the moment he does, he gets brought back down with a superkick right on the button!

DDK:

Superkick by Victor Vacio! And where's Reaper Green going?.

He heads to the middle of the apron, leaps up and then DRIVES both feet down into the chest of Cortez with a springboard double foot stomp! The crowd cringes at the sick, but deadly move as Reaper Green recovers from the landing!

Lance:

There's been great teamwork on display by both teams! Hit and run on Cortez! Cover by Reaper Green!

ONE!

TWO!

After the count of two, Cortez LAUNCHES Green off of him with a shove!

Lance:

Oooh! Lot of fire behind that kickout! Now Cortez finds himself in a rare spot of being worked over.

Instead of wasting time arguing with the referee, Reaper Green makes another tag to Victor Vacio and then both men nod to one another. As Cortez tries to sit up, both men run at the ropes and then blindside him from either side, sandwiching his head between basement dropkicks!

DDK:

Stereo dropkicks! It doesn't matter how big you are - two of those coming at anyone's head will ring anyone's bell!

Lance:

We thought this might have turned into a mismatch once Los Tres Titanes survived the opening attacks by Cerberus, but with Rick's presence at ringside, they've taken control any time they've lost it.

DDK:

Now look at Vacio!

The Mexico City native grabs the redwood-like left leg of Cortez and then kicks away at the hamstring! Uriel howls out, then tries to swat his former rival away, only to hit a grounded variation on a dragon screw, snapping the leg back on the canvas! Cortez cries out... then ANOTHER quick tag to Reaper Green!

DDK:

Greenie going up top... what does he have planned?

He leaps and targets Uriel's knee with a big frog splash, making those howls from earlier get louder!

Lance:

Look at them go! Uriel hasn't been able to get up since Rick's involvement. And we're starting to see that it's only a small matter of time before Cerberus close in on the victory!

And after Reaper Green targets the leg... he comes back with another tag to Victor Vacio. The Lost Cause enters the ring and then leaps off the ropes with an Arabian Press!

DDK:

Arabian Press out of the corner! Cerberus about to score a HUGE win!

Vacio tries to hook a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Cortez somehow kicks out again, but not anywhere the power he showed earlier! Victor Vacio yells at the official in Spanish, but he replies with two fingers - something anyone can understand!

Lance:

No idea how he kicked out of that one, but Los Tres Titanes not giving up despite the numbers game!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez is the tallest active competitor in DEFIANCE, but the big man needs to get to his corner soon!

Vacio grabs the leg of Cortez and then applies a modified leg lock, all the while punching the knee with a free hand! He twists and contorts the knee of Uriel while attacking with more strikes to wear down the limb!

DDK:

Cortez needs to get to his corner soon! Minute is ready to go, but Uriel is still too far away for the tag!

Lance:

He's trying to free himself! Look!

Vacio tries to crank away at the leg and continues to strike away at the knee. Minute looks out to the Miami Faithful and then stomps on the ring apron, yelling out to the fans and then getting them to clap with him. They continue to clap and stomp while Uriel tries to pry Vacio off of him. He tries to kick the leg away, but Vacio cranks back... so Uriel counters the best way he can do so...

THWACK!

A HUGE chop across the chest of Vacio knocks the wind out of him, then Cortez throws a second one...

And finally frees himself!

DDK:

OOH! That's one way to counter a leg lock when you can reach your opponent! Now can Uriel get where he needs to go?

The Titan of Industry pulls him away just as Reaper Green reaches out and then makes the tag after Vacio crawls to his corner. But it's too little, too late...

TAG TO MINUTE!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

Here we go! Minute back into the fray!

Minute takes the tag and then leaps into the ring with a springboard missile dropkick, catching Reaper Green in the chest! Minute then kips up to his feet as he notices Victor Vacio trying to get back into the ring. He rolls at him with a somersault, then comes out of the move with a STIFF front dropkick that knocks him right off the apron! As he gets up, he leaps off the ropes and then takes Reaper Green over with a flying headscissors that sends him sailing through the ropes and landing outside the ring. Minute does a front flip now to his feet and then yells out to the crowd...

Minute:

MIRAME!

Feeding off The Faithful's response, he's ready to rock and roll!

DDK:

What is Minute planning to do here?

He looks out to Vacio on one side of the ring and then FLIES right through the bottom and middle rope with the Bala de Velocidad! He wipes out Vacio with the super-fast suicide dive through the ropes and knocks him off his feet, but he's not done yet! He slides back into the ring as Vacio is up on the other side. He looks at Rick Dickulous and then winks at him, pissing off The Lumbergiant as he takes flight with an AMAZING space flying tiger drop over to the ropes to the outside, WIPING OUT Reaper Green with...

DDK:

He called his shot! Mirame! Mirame connects on Reaper Green! What a move!

Lance:

Every time I see this move! Amazing!

The TJ Tornado is the first to get to his feet, then quickly gets Reaper Green back into the ring before Rick Dickulous can do anything more. Minute leaps into the ring, then springboards off the top with a big top rope moonsault! Right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

The crowd's disappointment can be felt as Minute gets pissed by the two-count!

DDK:

Great offensive volley by Minute, but Reaper Green kicks out!

Lance:

But he's not done!

Minute gets to his feet and then kicks Greenie in the chest with a pair of stiff kicks. He rears back and tries for a thrust kick, but Reaper Green grabs the leg, spins him around and then catches him with a powerslam into a skayde-style pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The TJ Tornado escapes defeat!

DDK:

Great counter by Reaper Green! But now what?

Reaper Green grabs the neck of Minute, then slugs him with a pair of uppercuts. He hooks the head of The Littlest Flippy-Doo and then hooks him by the neck for a suplex or brainbuster... but Minute slips out! He goes behind Reaper and pushes him away. He tries to run to the ropes, but Reaper cuts him off at the pass first with a rushing elbow against the ropes. When Minute is stunned, he Irish whips Minute, but doesn't expect for him to hit a tiger feint kick through the ropes, catching Reaper Green in the abdomen as he comes charging! Reaper is doubled over when Victor

Vacio tries to get into the ring... but when Navarro tries to keep him away...

Minute leaps...

AND GETS SMACKED OFF THE ROPES BY RICK DICKULOUS!

DDK:

COME ON! TURN AROUND, HECTOR, TURN AROUND!

Rick then throws Minute back into the ring and Vacio leaves under the ropes, leaping Reaper Green to pick up the pieces!

Lance:

Any time that Los Tres Titanes get anything going momentum-wise, it gets stymied by Cerberus!

Reaper Green licks his proverbial chops and then SPIKES Minute on his head with a mid-ring brainbuster, then hooks the leg!

DDK:

That's it! Minute is done!

ONE!

TWO!

But the three never comes down because it gets broken up by Victor Vacio being HURLED right into Reaper Green, courtesy of a returning Uriel Cortez!

DDK:

No! No! That might have been it, had Cortez not come to his partner's aid in the nick of time!

Lance:

And look at Rick! He's seen enough!

The Lumbergiant looks for an opportunity to intervene again from outside the ring... but he gets stopped in his tracks from a HUGE uppercut down south! He remains stationary, but has been stunned courtesy of...

Lance:

TITANESS?! SHE'S HERE?!

DDK:

She is! SHE IS! TITANESS IS HERE WITH LOS TRES TITANES!

Rick is doubled over, but he's still up when he turns around... so Titaness goes low a second time, this time KICKING him with the old seven-ten split! The blow is more than enough to stagger The Lumbergiant! He topples to a knee while The Show of Force takes in cheers, though now she's left hobbling from the impactful kick!

DDK:

Titaness to the rescue! It looks like whatever happened between she and Uriel... she's still sticking up for them!

Uriel gets caught up for a moment looking at Titaness, but she points behind him to see Vacio jump back on him with a dropkick, but when he goes off the ropes for a springboard moonsault... Uriel catches him... then throws him against the ropes outside and then BOUNCES right back into a Rebound Chop!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd! Nobody expected Titaness to be here, not even her own teammates? Ex-teammates? I'm not sure what this is!

Reaper Green is back up and then hooks the head of Minute for one more brainbuster, but before he's able to hit it, Minute kicks his way free then runs to the ropes for a handspring enzuigiri to the head! Green collapses to the mat while Cortez gets the tag! Titaness watches with a smile on her face as The Titan of Industry tags in and holds out a hand...

DDK:

218! 218! THAT'S IT!

He picks up Reaper Green and rattles the ring with HUGE powerbomb with big hangtime! He kneels over and hooks the leg as Minute stands by to prevent any more interference!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **LOS! TRES! TITANES!**

Minute leaps over and then celebrates the hard-fought with The Titan of Industry as he throws a fist into the air, having survived Cerberus only with unexpected help from Titaness!

DDK:

The numbers game almost had Los Tres Titanes beaten here tonight... but Titaness makes the unexpected save at the last second, negating any more interference from Rick Dickulous to allow Uriel Cortez and Minute to take the win!

Lance:

I believe this is Cerberus' first defeat in a traditional two-on-two tag match, but this does not mean they are any less dangerous! Despite this, though, Cortez and Minute scored a much-needed win in tag team action after having been on the receiving end of multiple attacks by Cerberus!

Cortez goes to search for Titaness after the win, but The Show of Force is already up at the top of the ramp and then heads behind the curtain to the back. He sighs to himself while Rick Dickulous is limping in a corner outside the ring, chewing out the other Cerberus members for the loss!

DDK:

Titaness must have seen enough of this and came to their aid. Regardless of how it happened, Los Tres Titanes victorious tonight!

Uriel Cortez and Minute head backstage to have a toast to the hard-fought win as Cerberus regroup. Vacio helps Reaper Green out of the ring as Rick is likely on the search for ice.

Lance:

That match was amazing! But coming up next, we have a VERY personal match-up coming to a head... Masked Violator 1 against his ex-partner Corvo Alpha!

Another ad appears for the CLASH of the BRAZEN: Ascension card! Coming July 27th to DEFonDemand!

CORVO ALPHA vs. MV1

DDK:

We go from tag team warfare to a tag team that has been pulled apart... Up next, it's Masked Violator #1 doing battle against Corvo Alpha. Lance, tell us what we are looking for from our next contest?

Lance:

I've been following this story closely since the dramatic return of MV1 at DEFIANCE Road where he confronted his former partner, a man now known as the monster Corvo Alpha. It's important to note that while MV1 and MV2 weren't *always* known for getting on all that well even when they teamed-

Still images, dated 2017, of the Masked Violators first embroiled in a tag match and then embroiled in a physical squabble against each other slowly scroll across the screen, ending on a still shot, dated just two weeks ago, of Corvo Alpha delivering a horrific superkick to the head & neck of MV1 at DEFTv 172..

Lance:

-what we saw two weeks ago and what we are about to see tonight... is different.

DDK:

"Different" is an understatement, I think! That's because Corvo Alpha himself is not the man he once was. We saw that as well two weeks ago when he rejected the Masked Violators AND MV1 by burning his old Masked Violator #2 mask.

An image lingers on the screen: the moment Alpha drops the yellow mask into the fire, his damp eyes a churning reflection of gleaming flame.

Lance:

Masked Violator #1 is bound and determined to prove that there's still a MAN inside Corvo Alpha somewhere. He says that no matter what, tonight, he's bringing his former tag partner and *perhaps* former best-friend home.

We cut to a pre-recorded backstage interview clip set against a bright red backdrop. Pacing before it, MV1 is amped and animated. He pivots towards the camera on cue.

MV1 (pre-recorded):

You know, I've been walking the hot streets of Miami the last few days and everybody's been stopping me saying "MV1, don't do it! Corvo is out of control! He can't be saved!" I get to the arena this morning and I'm cornered by a few of the boys in the back saying... "1, you've gotta be outta your mind! Your friend is *gone*! What's left is *dangerous*! He has broken everyone who's faced him! Don't do it!" I respect the opinion of my peers and I value the feedback of my fans, more than words can say. But - respectfully - this is something I have to do. It's bigger than me, it's bigger than all of this! There's some incredibly talented men and women backstage that are putting a lot on the line tonight and tomorrow. They've got a lot at stake and I'm drawing inspiration from them. I'd never tell ANY of them not to give it all they've got for what they believe in! There are people all around the world fighting for justice and opportunities for all that I draw inspiration from, everyday! I'd never tell ANY of them to NOT keep going! I'd never tell ANY of them it's not worth it, to give up, to walk away from what they know is right!

Leveling his azure stare at the camera, MV1 crosses muscular arms across a broad chest.

MV1 (pre-recorded):

I get it. I *know* the odds are stacked against me. Just like they've been stacked against us all, so many times before. But I'm not giving up.

Taking a step forward, his voice is just above a whisper.

MV1 (pre-recorded):

And I'd never tell you to, either.

He steps off-screen just a moment before the pre-recorded interview cuts back to our announce team.

DDK:

You can't deny that he is laser focused, Lance.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

MV1 strikes through the curtain with his right arm raised above his head. Trotting down the aisle dressed in a bright red wrestling singlet trimmed with yellows and blues and matching boots and wrestling mask, 1 tags outstretched hands to the ring as a brief red and yellow pyro display bursts behind him at the apex of the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, our next contest is scheduled for one fall... Introducing first, he hails from Parts Undisclosed... weighing in tonight at 232 pounds... Welcome back to MAXDEF, **Masked Violator #1!**

Lance:

I don't think anyone can question MV1's focus. You just heard him say it: people are questioning if he's too late, if Corvo is too far gone. But you ask MV1 and he will tell you: this is bigger than him. He's fighting for his friend's very *soul* tonight... and to free him... he's going to have to FACE him in the ring.

A surprisingly subdued MV1 posts up in a corner, eyes roaming the cheering crowd just as the lights cut out and the cheers turn to very vocal boos.

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

A cauldron of bubbling displeasure, the arena seethes at the sight of Lord Nigel Trickelbush, who steps through the curtain with a bucket in each hand. Behind him, Corvo Alpha stalks.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha has come for MAXDEF and he has come for MV1.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

Lord Nigel comes to a rest atop the rampway, allowing Alpha to step around him and eventually turn to kneel at the foot of his Lord. Nigel sets each bucket down, the booing crescendos as Corvo dips his left hand in one bucket – pulling out a dripping red mess of paint with it. He slowly smears it across his hirsute chest, a dramatic slash of crimson. Submerging and retrieving his right hand from the other bucket, Alpha globs a crude black smudge across his own closed eyes and forehead, dripping down his face. The strange ritual concluded, Alpha lumbers back to his feet and slowly turns to face the ring – whites of his eyes locked on MV1.

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by none other than Lord Nigel Trickelbush... He hails from Parts Untold and weighs in tonight at 269 pounds... CALL him... **CORVO ALPHA!!!**

Lance:

It's clear that if at any point Lord Nigel Trickelbush had lost control of Corvo Alpha... he is back firmly under his thrall once more.

Corvo marches down the aisle, leaving Nigel to smirk and bask in the moment waiting atop the ramp. Corvo has reached the ring, red spotlights following him, by the time the crowd starts to turn. For back at the top of the ramp, another masked man has appeared.

DDK:

Wait... isn't that–

Lance:

Is it-?

Carefully sneaking up behind Nigel, **(the actual?) MV1** picks up one of the buckets and dumps it over Nigels head, completely dousing him in thick red paint – much to the appreciation of the fans. Nigel spins on his heels, flabbergasted and flummoxed. Eyes wide with alarm, he doesn't have a moment to fully process what's happening, red paint continuing to drip down his face and black clothes.

DDK:

I thought MV1 was in the ring... is that HIM!?

We don't have time to answer that as Lord Nigel has quickly produced an umbrella and is just as quickly swinging it at MV1's head!

Lance:

MV1 CATCHES that umbrella! A struggle ensuing – OH MY!!

The tip of the umbrella comes off and Nigel's tugging sends him tumbling backwards, off the ramp and through a wonderfully placed table!

BLAMMO!**DDK:**

That umbrella gave way and– Lord Nigel went BYE-BYE!

A quick replay shows the umbrella comically half-open upon Nigel's unfortunate descent. Back in the ring, the man we now recognize as a decidedly **Fake, Decoy MV1** has slid under the bottom rope and is leaping over the guardrail into the crowd leaving a confused Corvo Alpha to register the commotion behind him and begin to put it all together. Referee Jonny Fascountini is equally puzzled.

Tossing the tip of the umbrella over his shoulder with a shrug and a smirk, MV1 finds the ring with his eyes.

Lance:

Masked Violator #1 – the **REAL MV1** – is charging down the aisle! His ruse was enough to remove Lord Nigel Trickelbush from the playing field! The puppetmaster is down and out!

DDK:

You heard MV1 earlier! That man is going to do whatever it takes to *win* this fight! I'd say taking Lord Nigel OFF of the table – or in this case THROUGH it – puts him in a better position to do so!

MV1 approaches the ring deliberately, a serious facial expression contorting his red mask. In the ring, Corvo scowls behind dripping black paint. All around them, the fans are coming alive with building anticipation. Fastcountini precariously places himself between Corvo and the ring ropes, holding a hand up, asking him to allow MV1 into the ring. While it's unclear if Alpha even hears him, he holds his ground nonetheless, cautiously eyeing the unafraid prey walking into his lair.

Lance:

A lot of mixed emotion in this building as MV1 climbs the ring steps and carefully steps into the ring...

Corvo takes half a step back as MV1 enters. The self-proclaimed Red Rocket of DEFIANCE holds one hand out before him. His lips are moving but his words aren't clear.

DDK:

What we are witnessing... is a last ditch effort by a man desperate to save his best friend, Lance.

Flash-bulbs burst and alight all around them, the two men ensconced in the noise and intensity of the moment.. Slowly, they circle, MV1's hand still held out, his lips still moving, his heart still pleading. Still slowly revolving around the center of the ring, Alpha's hands are coiled into deadly fists. He appears "unconvinced" to say the least. Jonny Fastcountini is pressed up into a corner. He goes to signal for the bell-

DDK:

Look at this! MV1 is asking our official to wait! To hold off from starting this match!

Lance:

This is NOT a sustainable strategy, Keebs!

MV1 goes from pleading with Jonny back to pleading with Corvo Alpha. Alpha's dark eyes are narrow and suspicious. They dart from MV1, to Fastcountini, to the screaming sea of fans around them, back to MV1, etc. MV1 calls out to him, stern now. He steps forward, Corvo steps back, faithful surging around them.

DDK:

It may not be sustainable, Lance, but, again, this is Masked Violator #1 pouring his heart out, borrowing time... doing everything in his power to bring Corvo—

Without warning, Alpha LEVELS an unprepared MV1 with a clothesline to a chorus of boos.

Lance:

That borrowed time is UP!

Fastcountini flails for the bell.

DING DING

Not allowing a moment to second guess his actions even if he could, Corvo Alpha presses on – aggressively wrenching MV1 back to his feet by his mask.

DDK:

Alpha goes to CLUB MV1 with another lariat, but MV1 ducks it and spins on a dime – both arms held out!

MV1: *[half-off mic]*

I don't want to fight you, Two!

DDK:

Alpha charges again – another ducked clothesline by MV1, this time he baseball slides under the bottom rope and to the ring floor – STILL pleading!

Lance:

Another charge by Alpha!! RUNNING DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES – catches MV1 with a flying forearm with that dive! Alpha quick to his feet, MV1 scampering away near the timekeeper, but not quick enough! Corvo grabs a boot! MV1 turns and SHOVES Corvo off with both feet, sending Corvo stumbling backwards!

DDK:

Alpha just fell backwards over those steel ring steps, and back in the ring goes Masked Violator #1! Look at this, in his scurrying around the time keepers table, he's somehow come back up with a microphone!

MV1 taps it a few times for emphasis as Corvo slowly crawls back to his feet and up onto the apron.

MV1: *[on mic]*

HEY! Number Two! TWO! I'm not going to fight you! You hear me?!

Corvo seems to hear him as he slides to his feet.

MV1: *[on mic]*

I'm not here to fight y—

With a brutal **POP**, Corvo Alpha superkicks MV1 into Night 2, sending the microphone flying clear into the next arc.

Lance:

That same DART of a superkick we saw two weeks ago just decapitated MV1 once again! And he goes rolling back to the outside of the ring!

DDK:

And here comes Corvo Alpha, giving chase! Giving NO chance for respite! NO chance for recovery! MV1 may not be here to fight... but it's clear that Corvo Alpha IS! He pulls MV1 to his feet and OHH!!

Lance:

HURLS MV1 into the ringside barricade! Pushing it back several feet, my goodness! The FORCE behind that!

Somewhere, a child at ringside screams out as Corvo Alpha jerks MV1 to his feet once more and violently whips him towards the ring steps—

DDK:

LOOK AT THAT! MV1 springboards off the steps and FORWARD FLIPS off of them, landing on his feet!

Lance:

Both men slide back into the ring, MV1 still trying to beg off but Corvo Alpha isn't having it! ANOTHER charge!

DDK:

ARM DRAG by MV1! Both back up! ANOTHER charge from Alpha – into ANOTHER arm drag!

MV1: *[half-off mic]*

STOP, Two! WAIT!

MV1 ducks a charging boot and forward rolls across the mat back to his feet! No chance to breathe--

Lance:

MV1 DUCKS that superkick attempt and SWEEPS THE LEG out from under Alpha! Alpha KIPS up!

DDK:

MV1 escapes with a RUNNING MOONSAULT – LANDS ON HIS FEET BEHIND ALPHA!

First ducking a spinning backfist, MV1 hits the ropes and slides between Alpha's legs. Finding his feet quickly, he wraps Corvo Alpha up!

Lance:

Double chickenwing hold applied! MV1 has Corvo Alpha deadlocked, both men on their feet, center of the ring! Look! MV1 is *still* trying to talk some sense into Alpha!

The faithful try to talk some sense into Corvo as well, support swelling behind MV1 as he cinches the double chickenwing even tighter.

MV1: *[half-off mic]*

—trying to HELP you—

DDK:

You have to admire the tenacity and persistence of Masked Violator #1, fans! He is steadfast in his insistence that he won't raise a hand against Corvo Alpha!

Lance:

It's an easy trait to admire, Keebs... but like I said earlier... it's not a sustainable strategy!

And on cue, Alpha smartly drops down and forward, sending MV1 tumbling over him in a judo-like throw. Both men are back up but-

DDK:

ANOTHER DEVASTATING CLOTHESLINE from Corvo Alpha! Taking the air out of this building.

As the crowd hisses and heckles him, Corvo Alpha's gaze slowly sweeps the Watsco Center with malice and contempt. He reaches down and wrenches on the mask of MV1, kneeling down now to more earnestly tear away at it.

Lance:

There is symbolism here, Keebler! Corvo Alpha killed who he was two weeks ago... and now he wants to take that away from this man, MV1. He wants to bury the Violators here in Miami, Florida!

Proving to be difficult fabric to rip through, MV1 works to struggle free - annoying Corvo long enough to regain his full attention.

DDK:

If losing the presence of his Lord at ringside has distracted or slowed Corvo Alpha down, he has not shown a sign of it as he forces MV1 to his feet - this time applying a double chickenwing of his own!!!!

Lance:

OH!!!!

Without any hesitation, Alpha cinches in and THROWS MV1 overhead and ON his head in a brutal suplex.

DDK:

Corvo's quick to go for a lateral cover - just driving his elbow into MV1's jaw!

ONE!

TWO!! NO!!

DDK:

MV1 doesn't kick out there, Corvo just got OFF of him, Lance! I don't even know if he was TRYING for a cover as he AGAIN wrenches MV1 up to his knees by that mask! Just STRETCHING out that eye hole as MV1's pulled up to his feet!

Lance:

The power of Corvo Alpha on display as he PRESSES MV1 over head!! DROPS HIM CHEST FIRST ACROSS HIS KNEE!

DDK:

I thought I heard something crack there, Lance! I'm serious!

Jonny Fastcountini kneels down, checking in with MV1 but has no opportunity to assess his condition as Corvo quickly forces the masked man back up.

Lance:

MV1 may indeed be in trouble here as Alpha- OHH! Corvo... pulls him into that knee lift, STIFF into the chest and

stomach of MV1!

DDK:

If he didn't crack a rib before, he certainly did right there! That was brutal!

Again, Fastcountini tries to connect with MV1 but Alpha gives him no chance.

DDK:

Big boot into the temple by Corvo! Stalked by Alpha, is Masked Violator #1!

Lance:

He's gotta fight back! I don't know how he's survived this long without fighting back but now is the time! No man can take this! No man can SURVIVE this!

MV1 goes to crawl under the rope and out of the ring, but Corvo grasps him by the strap of his red wrestling tights and pulls him back in and towards him. He smothers him with clenched hands.

DDK:

Clubbing, unprotected shots to the head with those forearms, those closed fists! To the back of the head and neck!

Jonny Fastcountini steps in for a moment, asserting himself for perhaps the first time in his still young career. Alpha's head swivels to glare at him and Jonny wilts.

Lance:

Careful, kid!

Alpha shoves Fastcountini to the mat, the fans letting him have it, some screaming for a disqualification as Alpha moves to tower over Jonny.

DDK:

Alpha doesn't know what he's doing here! He has to be careful! He can get DQ'd!

Finding an opportunity, MV1 then finds a knee. Then both feet beneath him. Just in time for Corvo to notice that his prey still yet lives, the yearning fans likely giving his movement away.

Lance:

Oh no...

DDK:

Alpha LUNGES – DROP TOE HOLD by MV1! You see that?!? Intentional or not, Corvo caught throat-first across that bottom rope when he went down! That's giving MV1 a chance! Giving him a moment to catch his breath... collect himself... come up with a plan...

Lance:

He has *got* to fight back, Keebs! He isn't going to outlast Alpha! Not this way! Not like this!

Clutching at his right side, mask contorted in pain, MV1 slowly rises back to his feet – the noise rising with him. MV1 is now screaming at Corvo. Full on screaming. To be heard over the crowd or because he'd had enough?

DDK:

MV1 is HOT!

Lance:

Corvo is FROTHING! Spitting!

Both men inch closer to one another, bodies tense, fists balled. MV1 continues to yell, eyes bulging from his mask. Corvo continues to foam at the mouth, eyes wild and wide. MV1 leans down to press his mask against Corvo's matted, black-flecked forehead. The fans are into the moment.

DDK:

Corvo rears back! STIFF right hand! But MV1 is still up! ANOTHER from Alpha! MV1 staggers back into the rope but – look at this!

Smarting from that second shot, MV1 marches right back and presses his forehead back into Corvo's. Who reaches back and–

SLAP!

Lance:

Blistering knife edged chop from Corvo Alpha! ANOTHER hard chop! My god! MV1 is reeling!

And he is. For a moment. But he shakes it off, much to the crowd's delight, and dramatically pulls down each strap of his singlet. His body flushed, veins popping, MV1 flexes in a bewildered Corvo Alpha's face.

Before SLAPPING him across it with a hard open right hand. The arena gasps.

MV1:

SNAP OUT OF IT!

ANOTHER slap, this one a LEFT!

MV1:

YOU HEAR ME?!?

Lance:

We hear you!

And with that, they both started a flurry of shots. Both men trade them. Each punch seems to come a little slower, a little harder, as they go. Alpha is driven to a knee after a THUNDEROUS right from MV1.

DDK:

Could this be it?!

MV1 grabs a clump of Corvo's long, wet, matted hair in his hand and pulls his head back to meet eyes. The camera can't hear his words but we imagine they are something to the effect of "I didn't come here to fight you, brother". Right eye red and swollen under his torn mask, MV1 pleads... a moment too long.

Lance:

LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW by Alpha! NO!

MV1 shudders down to his knees in a powerless heap just as Corvo finds his footing. He grabs 1's mask and pulls his old friend back to his tenuous footing. Alpha bounces off far ropes.

Lance:

BICYCLE STYLE KICK to the head of Masked Violator #1! He JERKS MV1 off the canvas! JUMP PILEDRIVER!

DDK:

NO! Just end it! End it!

Lance:

No cover! Just scraping Masked Violator #1 up now... BACKDROP SUPLEX!

DDK:

I think MV1 waited too long to fight back, Lance! Now it's just child's play! Look at this! Corvo stalks over his prey and ... yes, he's locking it on. It's the Alpha Clutch! Center ring!

Lance:

That modified katahajime choke hold applied! And Corvo is just sitting down on the small of MV1's back! Pressure applied in multiple places and– MV1 is fighting! Would you look at this?!? He didn't come here to fight his friend, he said, but he didn't come to lose either! He is FIGHTING! He is fighting back! CAN he power out of this?!?

The camera lingers on a tight shot of MV1's face. Pink, bloody saliva briefly bubbles at his mask's mouth-hole. The light in his eyes slowly fades – then pulses back as he fights – then fades again, eyelids fluttering.

DDK:

MV1 is giving this everything he has! I don't know if we have EVER seen anyone power out of the Clutch! I don't know if MV1 has enough left in the tank!

The camera trails up at the wild, ugly face of Corvo Alpha, his own hair in his mouth as he screams, wrenching backwards – tightening his grip. Referee Jonny Fastcountini leans in to MV1, asking. MV1 stretches out an arm, reaching for a rope.

Lance:

I don't see how he can have anything left at all, Keebs!

The camera inches ever closer, under the rope and into the action. We hear air raggedly being squeezed from MV1's lungs. We hear Corvo groan as he resets his grip and lean back once more. We hear MV1 struggle to speak a name.

MV1: *[half-off mic]*

Mira... belle...

Reaching forward, not towards a rope, MV1 points instead towards the crowd. To the front row. If you were to look up at Corvo's face, you would note the puzzlement etched across it. The odd, strange recognition. You don't know the name.

MV1: *[half-off mic]*

...Mirabelle...

But Corvo Alpha does.

Eyes wide and fazed, Alpha follows MV1's extended arm, hand, and finally finger... he follows where it leads to the front row. Where a young girl sits, tears long streaming down her face. Corvo blinks, dropping MV1 in his grip slightly, granting him some relief...

DDK:

Fans, we...

Lance:

Is that... is that little girl Corvo Alpha's daughter?

DDK:

Bring our viewers up to speed, Lance!

Lance:

We've only heard her referenced on UNCUT: UpClose but... I think that's her!

Her shoulder length auburn hair pinned into place with a yellow barrette, the young girl sobs.

Girl:

Daddy! Please! Stop!

Corvo Alpha blinks back tears. Tries to blink them away.

Girl:

Daddy! Please come home!!!

The faithful around the building join in imploring Corvo Alpha to let his friend go, to go back to his little girl. To be the man he once was. Still holding MV1 up, loosely in his arms, Corvo surveys the arena, truly hearing them as if for the first time all over again. Suddenly, they sour all at once.

DDK:

LORD NIGEL IS BACK!

A mess of red paint, Lord Tricklebush limps down the aisle to a chorus of boos and taunts. He clutches at his lower back and works to smooth his white/red-paint hair into some semblance of place as he saunters to ringside.

Lance:

No! Get him out of here!

Corvo, to his credit, doesn't see him... his welling eyes still locked on the ten year old girl bawling in the front row. He sags where he stands, MV1 still mostly limp in his arms.

The camera cuts back to the little girl.

Girl:

Daddy, PLEASE! Come HOME!

That was the moment when Lord Nigel stepped in between the crying girl at ringside and the melting monster in the ring. Nigel said no word, his eyes – locked on Corvo – spoke for him.

Corvo Alpha: *[half-off mic]*

No.

Pulling MV1 back up, the Alpha Clutch is quickly, mercilessly recinched. He sits even further back now, his face turning purple from the pressure he is applying to MV1.

DDK:

...My god...

In one motion, Corvo quickly stands MV1 up and then leaps up to grapevine him with his legs, the two men collapsing to the mat. Jonny Fastcountini is right there and, seeing what everyone can see, he wastes no time. Jonny signals.

DING DING DING

The ringside camera gets a tight shot of Nigel Tricklebush's smiling face, teeth and face half-painted from earlier, his black suit a mess of red, he is uncaring. His head slowly turns to regard the sobbing child in the front row, who has faded back into her chair, beside herself. Lord Nigel Tricklebush offers her a red-toothed smile and doffs his imaginary cap.

DDK:

Vile. Just vile.

DING DING DING DING

Jonny Fastcountini carefully works to pull Corvo off of MV1. But Corvo is screaming, rather primally, wrenching back for all he is worth. As Lord Nigel ascends the ringsteps, Jonny is signaling for DEFsec, DEFmed, DEFanyone.

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING**Lance:**

This is heartbreaking.

DDK:

This is CRIMINAL! Get Alpha OFF of him! Someone has to stop this!

DEFsec and DEFmed hit the ring just as Nigel reaches his charge, kneeling beside him - placing a gentle, red hand on Alpha's shoulder. At that moment, Alpha releases his victim.

Darren Quimbey:

Uh, ladies and gentlemen... the winner of this bout... by submission... CALL him... **CORVO ALPHA!!!!**

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

Lance:

Two weeks ago, we watched Corvo Alpha burn away the last vestige of Masked Violator #2...

Nigel and Alpha arise to their feet together, the former clutching the heavy, sweaty arm of the latter and giggling madly to himself. Alpha takes a moment to note the disapproval of the Miami Faithful with a disgust of his own. You might note that when Corvo exits the ring, he offers no glance towards the young girl in the front row.

Lance:

Tonight, we witnessed Corvo Alpha burning away the last remnants of his very *humanity*.

As DEFmed check on MV1, Lord Nigel pauses atop the ramp to offer a polite, repugnant wave to the booing crowd.

DDK:

Absolutely disgusting. Folks, we will be right back.

CASTLEVANIA

DDK:

We've had an excellent night so far, with a new Favored Saints Championship crowned, the longstanding feud between Corvo Alpha and MV1 closing and next we are going to have another blood feud on our hands when Oscar Burns and Dex Joy lock up once again-

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

The roof blows off the building as "The Ultimate Gamer" Conor Fuse pops out from behind the curtain the second his theme song begins. The crowd cheers wildly as the former Tag Team Champion makes his way down the ramp, slapping hands with the odd fan as he does. He's dressed in lime green Adidas track pants and a DEFIANCE branded "I GOT THE CHEAT CODES" t-shirt. Fuse doesn't bother jumping onto the apron and clearing the ring with a leap, either. Instead, he slides into the squared circle and asks for a microphone as his theme song ends.

DDK:

I wasn't expecting this, were you?

Lance:

It's not on my outline.

DDK:

Conor Fuse, who will be in tomorrow's main event, but not as a wrestler. He will be the guest enforcer for Malak Garland versus the FIST of DEFIANCE, Deacon. He wasn't on our schedule but I will say, it's good to see the kid.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

The crowd cheers along as Conor attempts to speak but isn't able to overcome the noise. He smiles, turning to the Miami Faithful before nodding in approval and thanking them. They only get louder.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Conor realizes he has no choice and has to power through.

Conor Fuse:

Thank you, thank you. I wanted to get right into things; I don't want to waste your time. Let's get straight into the manual...

He turns to the fans once again. They quiet down a little.

Conor Fuse:

Tomorrow night, The Video Game Kid is at a crossroads. In fact, some may say it's a Choose Your Own Adventure.

Fuse winks into the camera.

Conor Fuse:

Done one of those before...

Gathering himself, the younger Fuse puts on a serious face and lowers his head. He pulls out his trademark lime bandana... but the crowd boos when Conor reveals it to the apron camera. It's covered in Comments Section hashtags and slogans, mostly digs on Lindsay Troy.

Conor Fuse:

Yes. I am **still** a member of The Comments Section. And it was my own fault, it was my wrongdoings. I was led to believe two of my former partners, Alex and Martin, wanted out of Malak Garland's group. I was wrong. I was screwed over. And that's on me.

Lance:

A lot is weighing on Conor right now.

Conor Fuse:

Tomorrow night I can change all that.

Long pause.

Conor Fuse:

...If Malak Garland walks out the FIST of DEFIANCE.

The fans boo. Heavily.

Conor Fuse:

So I stand here with a decision to make. It's MOAR than clear Deacon and his valet, Magdalena, don't trust me. They think I'm going to screw Deacon over.

Conor looks directly into the apron camera with a deadpan face.

Conor Fuse:

And maybe... just maybe... I will.

The fans boo at the thought of this. However, Fuse changes course rather quickly.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, fuck that noise.

Enter a *RAAAAAAHHHHHHH* here.

Conor Fuse:

You see I, Conor Fuse, hold the cheat codes. I hold everything in the palm of my hands. And you know what? Malak Garland may very well walk out of this arena with the FIST on his shoulder. But it won't be because he got the cheat codes.

Crowd continues cheering.

Conor Fuse:

HOWEVER, I'm gonna come out and say it. Deacon, Magdalena, screw you both, too. You might not be Malak Garland to me but the both of you aren't much higher on my list, either. I'm not gonna look out for either of you two. In fact, Mags, if you get in my face, even just ONCE, Imma boot you out to the back, girl. Imma say 'Magdalena, no lives for you. GTFO.' You better brush up on your internet acronyms, Deac, because tomorrow night I'm gonna say a lot of them. And whatever happens in the main event... may the best, man, wi-

VOICE:

NOT SO FAST!

♪ "Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blonde ♪

DDK:

What!?

Conor turns to the entrance way as the slow build to the creepy (yet oddly sexy) Concrete Blonde continues to echo throughout the arena. As the music slowly reaches a crescendo, a red mist begins seeping out from the stage until it's difficult to see. Right before the song reaches its climax, a red spotlight appears, cutting through the mist and revealing a man with a black cape pulled over his face. In sync with the music, the figure dramatically sweeps his cape back to reveal... Count Novick! The quirky BRAZEN cult favorite has made a surprise appearance! Novick looks around the arena...

Count Novick:

AH! HA! HA!!!

Some, but not many of The Faithful laugh along with the Count as he begins his walk toward the ring. Conor, for his part, seems pretty spooked by all this.

Lance:

Count Novick has appeared on MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

DDK:

He certainly marches to the beat of his own drum and I know he's become somewhat of a guilty pleasure for a lot of fans... but what in the world is he thinking interrupting one of DEFIANCE's top stars?

Novick again swirls back his cape to reveal a microphone as his theme fades away. He raises the mic to his lips and milks his moment in the spotlight for all it's worth before letting out...

Count Novick:

BLLLLAAAHHHHHH!!!

A laugh from The Faithful. However, Conor Fuse completely sells it, looking somewhat taken aback.

Count Novick:

Conor Fuse!! You think yourself a man of moral character. Tomorrow BITE, you will be tested on that character! You have a choice: will you be the hero that vases of fans think you are? Or will you embrace... the dark side!?

Novick hits the SPOOKY FINGERS. But unlike most people, he's not doing them sarcastically.

Count Novick:

I, the DASTARDLY and EVIL and HORRIBLE Count Novick, am here! This is the real Crucible, Conor Fuse! For while tomorrow you walk the line between light and dark... I AM THE DARK!! AH! HA! HA! And I am here to challenge YOU, Conor Fuse. FACE ME IF YOU DARE... find out if the darkness DOES reside in you!!

Conor walks to the edge of the ring and leans on the ropes. Pale face and all... he points in The Count's direction.

Conor Fuse:

You're not a real vampire... ... are you?

Novick slowly smiles.

Count Novick:

I am no mere VAMPIRE. I am the darkness that dwells in the souls of mankind! I am the monster in the shadows of your mind! I am every bad dream, every chill up your spine, every unexplained "bad feeling" you've ever had! I am the GREAT COUNT NOVICK! And I am here to test you!! DO YOU DARE PEER INTO THE ABYSS, CONOR FUSE!? DO YOU DARE FACE THE MONSTER THAT RESIDES WITHIN!?

Conor's body language suggests he's trying to work through the fear of seeing a real live vampire for the first time.

Conor Fuse:

Alright. Okay. Hey, if you want to Castlevania this shit...

Fuse peels off his t-shirt and throws it into the crowd. He puts the Comments Section bandana over the top of his head. He cracks his back, he waves his arms around. He's trying to psych himself up. Fuse puts the mic to his face once more.

Conor Fuse:

Call me Simon Belmont.

Novick is pleased.

Count Novick:

THEN PREPARE.... FOR YOUR DOOOOOOOOOM!

CONOR FUSE vs. COUNT NOVICK

Referee Mark Shields casually strolls down the ramp with a dart in his mouth. Once Count Novick slides into the ring and drops his cape, Shields calls for the bell from the outside. Eventually he'll find his way into the ring but not right now.

DING DING

DDK:

We have an impromptu match on our hands, Lance.

Lance:

Gotta say, I'm interested.

DDK:

Count Novick is a lot older than Conor Fuse, you know, being born in 1585 but he's still pretty agile.

Fuse circles around... he's still rather tentative. Conor lunges forward but then pulls back and points to his neck.

Conor Fuse:

Hey! Uhhh... don't suck my blood, okay? I have important shit to do tomorrow.

Count Novick shakes his head.

Count Novick:

I vill do vhat I must!

Conor pauses and turns to the camera.

Conor Fuse:

I can't make out that accent. Probably from Liverpool.

However, Conor lunges forward for real this time. He moves towards Novick, who sidesteps and steers Conor into the ropes. Fuse goes chest-first before bouncing out, doing a cartwheel and completely avoiding the crescent kick from the vampire before finding himself in the middle of the ring again. This time it's Count Novick who moves forward and Conor is the one sending the BRAZEN star into the ropes. Novick bounces off... he's met with a hip toss from Conor but Novick lands on his feet. Novick leaps in the air, wrapping his legs around Fuse and attempting a headscissor takedown... however, The Character Formerly Known as Player Two flips in the air when Novick throws his feet down to the mat and Conor lands perfectly on his feet, too.

Novick dives at Fuse, mouth open... potentially attempting to bite Conor's neck... but Fuse jumps over him and Novick goes into the ropes. This time, Conor hits the hip toss, planting Novick in the center of the ring. Fuse kips to his feet and points to his neck.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, I was serious. No neck.

Conor hits the ropes and lands a shotgun leg drop. By now, Mark Shields is in the ring but doesn't realize Conor kept his leg overtop of Novick for a pinfall attempt. By the time Shields realizes, it's too late. Novick kicks his feet out from under him and jumps to his feet. Conor does the same and the two exchange kicks to the chest over and over. Finally, Fuse works Novick to a knee. Conor bounces off the ropes and performs a missile dropkick square into Novick's right temple. However, the vampire stays upright. Conor shouts for a Resolution DDT. He snatches Novick by the head and tries a 1080pDDT, planting Novick vertically on his crown before The Count falls to the canvas.

The crowd awes! As smooth as silk, Novick goes from mat to his feet, standing perfectly vertical. Conor's eyes go

wide as he's still on the canvas and Novick walks over, grabbing Fuse by his lime green Adidas track pants and tossing Conor out of the ring.

DDK:

The Count has been known to fly before. Look out, Conor!

Novick hits the far ropes and then runs towards the location where Conor Fuse collects himself. Novick hits a tope suicida, throwing Conor into the guardrail. Novick isn't done. He scurries over to the apron, jumps onto it and then climbs to the top rope.

DDK:

Novick with a huge crossbody dive from the top rope, right onto Conor Fuse!

Lance:

This would be a hell of an upset, Keebs!

Novick throws Conor into the ring and stands on the apron. He lets out an AH! HA! HA! to the crowd before sling shooting himself up and over the top rope-

WHACK!

Right into a crazy superkick by Conor Fuse!

DDK:

Conor nails Novick under the jaw!

Lance:

A mistake by The Count. You have one of the best wrestlers in DEFIANCE down, don't take a moment to laugh. You can't do that.

Fuse pulls Novick to his feet and hits a package piledriver! Conor hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse nods to himself. He knows to take the match seriously because if nothing more... he doesn't want to have bite marks in his neck. Losing blood before tomorrow's main event wouldn't be cool. Fuse hurries to the ropes. Once The Count is up, Conor bursts forward and connects with a springboard back elbow strike. He follows this by forearming Novick into the corner and then Irish whipping the BRAZEN star into the corner across the way.

Novick meets the buckle hard. The vampire flips upright and is now sitting, back towards the center of the ring. Conor charges in and completes a rolling thunder splash, hitting Novick with his body while making sure he catches The Count's head and places it under his armpit. Fuse walks up to the top rope with Novick...

And lands an impressive reverse superplex from the top rope!

Conor hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

The Ultimate Gamer slams the mat but knows it wasn't a three. He shoots to his feet, tossing the Transylvania native into the turnbuckle again. Once more, Novick hits the padding so hard he flips up to the top of the buckle... but this time...

Novick falls out of the ring.

The Count takes a tumble onto the apron and then falls to the mat. Conor claps his hands together, getting the crowd into it before he takes towards the far ropes, bounces off and with a head full of steam working his way to Novick's direction...

Conor clears the top rope and performs a corkscrew plancha dead onto Novick's shoulders!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Fuse picks up Novick and pushes him into the apron. Conor takes a step back and attempts a superkick but The Count moves! Novick falls to his knees, rolls forward and with his last bit of energy, Novick jumps onto the guardrail and lands a moonsault!

DDK:

What a great move by Novick!

Lance:

Desperation, Keebler.

DDK:

Fuse is down... Novick is down... if Mark Shields was competent, he'd be counting to ten right now.

Lance:

I have to be honest with you, I'm glad he isn't! Wait... look at Novick!

Although Shields isn't counting, the evil one just can't help himself... although he is still laying in a heap, a single hand shoots into the air and begins to count. One finger up! Ah ha ha! TWO FINGERS UP! Ah ha ha! The crowd starts to count along, getting into this nonsense. Novick gets to four before he begins to stir... but so does Conor. Both men reach a vertical base at the same time and Conor hits a superkick that breaks The Count's... count... at eight... and Novick replies with a roundhouse kick. The two exchange a few more shots until they work closer to the time keeper's table. The Count hits Conor with a knee strike and then a forearm. He's about to try for a superkick of his own when Conor falls across the time keeper's table to collect himself. The Power-Up King shows his alias means something when he pulls back from the table and reveals a water bottle in his hand. He twists the tap off and tosses the water onto Count Novick...

Who simply stands there, soaking wet.

Novick shrugs.

Conor rolls his eyes.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, it's Holy Water. I just used a power-up on you.

Novick's eyes go wide. He lets out a loud "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" and starts dancing around the floor, screaming in agony. Conor puts the water bottle down and shakes his head. He charges at the vampire and connects

with a spear, nearly taking Novick out of his boots!

DDK:

I mean, Darren Quimbey has been known to drink the odd thing or two. I wouldn't put it past him.

Fuse throws Novick into the ring. Conor jumps onto the apron and then leaps onto the top rope. He measures Novick and performs a Phoenix splash! The Faithful are in awe at the grace to which Conor found the top rope and almost needed no time at all to connect with the high flying maneuver. Fuse hooks the leg and watches Shields count.

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A SHOULDER UP!

...But a shoulder up no less!

The crowd is alive! Everyone is thumping their feet. While many of the fans scream !RANK, it's also interchanged with AH! HA! HA!

However, the gamer stays game. He throws Novick between his legs...

And then Conor is rolled up!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fuse looks EXTREMELY thankful it wasn't a three. He's on his feet first and attempts a pump kick to Novick who's on both knees... but the vampire awakens and rolls to his side, repositioning onto his knees and then laughing AH! HA! HA! Conor goes after Novick and tries for a thrust kick this time but The Count forward rolls across the canvas and props himself back on both knees, laughing.

Conor Fuse:

God damn really evil vampie, sit still!

Conor hits the ropes and aims for a superkick but Novick springs in the air at the VERY last second, coming to life as he jumps backwards and avoids the kick by mere millimeters. Novick charges at Fuse and whacks the gamer with a spinning heel kick. The Count knows this is no laughing matter anymore because he wants to pull off the upset. The Transylvania native leaps onto Conor Fuse's shoulders and looks for a hurricanrana but Fuse holds on and doesn't let Novick flip him around. It's reversed into a belly-to-back inverted mat slam (Style's Clash)!

Fuse kips up and smacks Novick in the chest.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

Conor bounces off the ropes and nails I TRIGGER, Malak Garland's finishing move, a solid knee to the temple!

Some of the crowd boos, knowing who originally performs the move. Fuse notices the response and turns to the fans, putting a finger to his lips to silence them. He props Count Novick onto his feet and hits him again.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

SLAM!

DDK:

Conor connects with Bump in the Night! I believe that's one of Count Novick's signature moves!

And finally, not to be outdone, The Ultimate Gamer hits Novick in the chest one more time.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

It takes the younger Fuse brother a moment but he's able to lift the vampire into position...

...And hit the crucifix powerbomb.

Also known as The Deacon's finisher, the Altar Call!

DDK:

There's your message to the two in the main event!

Conor hooks one leg and puts his own leg across The Count's other.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... CONOR FUSE!

The Power-Up King takes a moment on the canvas to speak to Count Novick, likely thanking the vampire for not sucking his blood. Fuse pats the BRAZEN talent on the chest and then shoots to his feet, while Mark Shields points to the winner. (Mark's far too lazy to raise Conor's hand.)

The crowd cheers and !RANKS along as Novick rolls out of the ring.

DDK:

All in all, not a bad showing for Count Novick.

Lance:

Hey, he held his own, got some shots in and outlasted a few solid moves from Conor. That Phoenix splash is no joke. It's not a maneuver Conor performs often.

Fuse rallies with the crowd as MAXIMUM DEFIANCE goes to a quick advertisement.

WE ARE

An image with borders of a Polaroid style frame of two young boys— possibly brothers aged between 8 to 10-years old— materializes from the abrupt transition after the previous commercial break. There's a loud "WE ARE!" chant heard that's been superimposed into the background of the aforementioned picture. It's sudden. It's jarring. It's LOUD.

The Polaroid picture shows both boys with a head of blonde hair. One has a headlock on the other and a smile on them both.

"WE ARE!"

The loud chant snaps our attention to the next picture that slides into focus. This one shows the two boys around the same age, wearing amateur wrestling outfits complete with Under Armour headgear. Clearly, it's a Youth Wrestling tournament with about a hundred parents watching on from the stands. Signs for E.P.E., Easterly Park Elementary, are littered throughout a gymnasium full of parents cheering on their sons and daughters.

The focus, for only a moment, is on one of the young boys we saw previously. In a short video clip with the same "Polaroid" borders we saw in the picture, he goes for a double-leg takedown on another young boy of equal size. Our boy in question is successful in his attempt and the other boy crashes to the ground in a heap.

We flash to a short video clip of another kid, presumably the other brother seen in the previous picture. He goes for a single-leg takedown on another equally sized boy and is as successful as his presumed brother was.

"WE ARE!"

Flash to another still picture of the two boys. This time they're in their teens, and their manes of hair are a lot longer and much more profound. Each of them sports a Letterman jacket and they are about 14 to 16 years old. Holding each other's shoulders with one arm and holding out a fist in a "cool" pose with one another, a much older man stands behind them. He's as proud as a Papa, and holds trophies in his arms with first place medals in each of his arms.

We switch to another short clip of one of the two adolescents, wearing similar amateur wrestling gear as before. He goes in for a takedown but shoots behind his opponent and takes him to the thin gymnasium mat harshly on the back of his neck. Floating over, he criss-crosses a leg on the kid's arm, trapping him as he stretches out his leg. It's not long before the referee calls for the point.

As expected, we flash to a second video of the other teenager. Holding his opponent by the waist, the second long-haired brother drives him forward unexpectedly, landing on top of his opponent. Turning to his back, the young man waits for his moment. Just as expected, the opponent swings a leg up, trying to escape, but is caught immediately. Neutralizing him from a normally disadvantageous position, the young but strong brother still manages to get both of his opponent's shoulders down and the referee calls for the defensive pin.

"WE ARE!"

Flash to a third still picture of the two boys— who have grown into big strong men. Both are in a hunched position next to one another, gilded in gold from medals galore along with three "Division I Champions" trophies underneath them. A whole team of amateur wrestlers stand behind them. Some flexing. Some posing. All showing their support for these two brothers.

Flashes from video clips happen in rapid succession.

One brother lifts an opponent up and smashes him to the mat with a brutal forward-facing front slam.

The other brother also lifts an opponent up with a waist-lock and deadlifts him to the mat with a German suplex.

The first brother flips forward with both arms tucked underneath his own, trapping him indubitably.

The same brother who German suplexed his opponent, traps his opponent in a side-mount, burying his face into the mat as he awaits the slam of the referee's hand to signify the pin.

"WE ARE!"

"Unless you continually work, evolve, and innovate, you'll learn a quick and painful lesson from someone who has."

The person's name who is quoted fades in:

~Carl Sanderson, Legendary PennState Wrestling Coach

"WE ARE!"

Silence. Followed by a lone graphic:



TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS: OSCAR BURNS vs. DEX JOY

DDK:

We've got our next match coming up and it has major potential to steal the show during our MAXDEF events. Two men - one still calling himself the present of DEFIANCE and another that wants to be its future - collide in a high-stakes rematch of one of DEFCON's most talked-about matches. Oscar Burns, He Who Is DEFIANCE, takes on "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy in a two-out-of-three falls match!

Lance:

These two men have been nothing short of bitter rivals since the lead-up to DEFCON. Burns played games with The Biggest Boy for months, taunting him that he has the skill, but not the heart to handle being on top of this promotion for so long like Burns has, title or no title. Dex Joy defeated Oscar Burns clean as a sheet at DEFCON, but Burns didn't take that loss well.

DDK:

Oscar Burns continued his Dig Down Deep Challenge matches to prove himself as the best in DEFIANCE. And in the middle of that, continued to berate Dex Joy by referring to him as a special attraction wrestler. A man who is a sight to behold, but a man who can't stomach carrying the mantle of this promotion on his shoulders. Dex Joy had just narrowly lost to Deacon for the FIST at our ACE of DEFIANCE UNCUT Special, only for Burns to wage an all-out assault with his prized Golden Shovel, busting Dex open, giving him a concussion and putting him out of the ring for a month.

Lance:

But that wasn't the end of it. Oscar Burns challenged Dex Joy to this match, knowing full well he was on the injured list and could not accept right away... but when he least expected it, Dex made a surprise return and cost Burns his Golden Shovel to Rezin. Since that night, Oscar has completely gone off the rails. Since becoming this holier-than-thou human being, Oscar has usually been a jerk, but he went off on Dex Joy and promised to outright destroy him.

DDK:

A side of Burns we have rarely seen and one that Dex Joy is about to march towards. DEFCON showed that Dex Joy has what it takes to defeat He Who Is DEFIANCE, but in Two-Out-Of-Three Falls? I don't know. Dex Joy is a wrestler that puts his foot to the pedal and doesn't slow down all that much and that all-or-nothing style could work against him here. Either way... this one is going to be a spectacle tonight.

Lance:

You're right! Two big matches left on this show, but this is the biggest singles match tonight! Oscar Burns versus Dex Joy in Two-Out-Of-Three Falls. Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the intro!

The scene goes to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a two-out-of-three falls match! Falls can be earned by either competitor via pinfall, submission, disqualification or countout! After a fall has been garnered by either competitor, they will both be allowed a thirty second rest period in between falls. The first wrestler to earn two falls will be declared the winner! Introducing first...

One by one in the Wrestle Plex the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time....

BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!!

The beeping continues and then two words back up from opposite sides of the DEFIAtron

*MAXIMUM
DEFIANCE*

A time bomb graphic appears just below ... three ... two ... one ...

BOOM!!!

MAXDEF

is all that is left ... followed by a small 8-bit Dex Joy graphic bending the F to become ...

MAXDEX!

“YEEEEAAHHHHH!!!”

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

The lights flicker back on where on the stage, The Foreman of Dex's Wrecking Crew appears at the top of the ramp ... he turns around to show off his new blue leather jacket with...

MAXDEX!

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Los Angeles, California! He weighs in at 342 pounds! He is "The Biggest Boy" DEEEEEEEEEEXXXXXX JJJOOOOYYYYYYY!!!

To a thunderous ovation Dex Joy removes the jacket and slings it on the ground to reveal his black and golden Dex Wrex singlet! He gets ready to head to the ring and start yelling at both sides of the arena to make some noise.

DDK:

What a great success story that Dex Joy has become! He worked himself to the bone! He's shed over fifty pounds to be taken more serious in the ring! He's consistently proven himself to be a big match performer but tonight is the biggest test of his career against the best in DEFIANCE to ever do it!

Lance:

Dex Joy is ready to fight tonight and wants to turn MAXDEF into MAXDEX! He hasn't forgotten that concussion Oscar Burns gave him after hitting him with the Golden Shovel a few weeks ago! Thanks to Dex, that weapon won't be a factor in tonight's match since it no longer belongs to him! Burns will have to do this his damn self tonight!

Dex gets into the ring and then poses for the crowd. He pumps up his muscles and then points in a circle to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful before he asks the question...

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?

Crowd:

NO ONE!!!

His music goes quiet as he gets ready for

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

Burns winning his first FIST of DEFIANCE from Cayle Murray.

Burns winning the WrestleUTA World Championship from Crimson Lord.

Burns winning his second FIST of DEFIANCE from Kendrix.

His many victories ranging from DEFy Awards to The Golden Shovel Challenges... Fifty career wins in DEFIANCE...

Then...

The screen breaks and shatters.

Once the self-serving introduction for the man calling himself DEFIANCE finishes...

A rotating pedestal is on stage and as it turns slowly among the music, Oscar Burns can be seen smiling... but the smile isn't his usual fake smile. It's a false smile that he's trying to keep plastered when something is truly wrong...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Wellington, New Zealand and residing in New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... he wishes to be referred to as the THREE-TIME 2021 DEFy Winner for Ongoing Story of the Year and the DEFIANT of the Year... He is Big Match Burnsie... he is Full Boat Burns! And most importantly... HE IS DEFIANCE... **OSCAR BURNS!**

There is no Golden Shovel to lord over everyone. He has nothing in hand... and then steps off the pedestal. He looks out to Oscar Burns in the ring... then disappears behind the MAXDEF setup.

DDK:

Where's he going?

Lance:

I don't know.

It takes a moment, but Burns returns to the stage and then pulls out an aluminum bat! He starts SWINGING and SWINGING for the rotating platform! The lights darken with each swing as Oscar goes postal!

DDK:

What is this, smash therapy? What's he doing?

Lance:

That Golden Shovel has become everything to him. He awarded it to himself after being the first man in DEFIANCE to reach fifty career wins...and now that he's lost it, he's out of his mind.

Dex Joy watches as Oscar continues to SMASH the platform until it's been wrecked to shit. He tosses the bat aside as the pompous music continues. He rips off the shirt and tosses it to the ground, wearing generic black box-length trunks and boots devoid of his usual flash. With the new attire in mind, he heads to the ring and stares down Dex Joy, careful not to make a move. Burns walks up the steps, takes in the jeering fans, then wipes his feet on the ring apron before climbing into the squared circle to face the man he blames for all of his most recent woes. The two come nose to nose before official Benny Doyle separates them.

DDK:

How personal has this issue between the two become? Burns thinks of himself as Dex Joy's better... but nobody seems to have told The Biggest Boy that lesson.

Lance:

Dex Joy is 1-0 over Burns, but tonight, he'll have to find a way to defeat him twice. And if this match goes into deep waters like Burns suggested that it could... we could be looking potentially at an uphill battle for Dex.

Both Dex and Oscar walk back a few steps from each other at Benny Doyle's behest. Doyle calls for that bell!

DING DING

Burns and Joy both jump out right away and it is Oscar that gets the first hit in with a sharp toe kick followed into a cravate head lock. The hold is on tight when Oscar brings up his knees to hit Dex quickly. He makes the first move but Dex Joy backs himself into the ropes and then tosses Oscar into the other side. Dex comes back with a big body attack and he's the first to knock the Kiwi wrestler off of his feet!

DDK:

Fall number one and it looks like Dexy Baby is going to get by on power right now!

Lance:

If Dex can get an early fall based on this then he'll put himself at an advantage!

Dex punches away at Oscar's stomach to back him into a corner to land a chop. Oscar gets hit and wobbles out of the corner when Dex snatches him by the head. He uses a snap mare and then kicks him in the back to the cheers of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. The former FIST of DEFIANCE gets kicked around by Dex then the big man cocks back a fist and plants a firm shot right on Oscar's jawbone!

Lance:

Quite a right from The Biggest Boy! He's had it up to here with Oscar Burns berating his abilities, his talent and his place in DEFIANCE Wrestling. Now he's going to eat every word if Dex has his way!

The Biggest Boy has the entire DEFIANCE Wrestling fan base willing him to a victory. Burns goes up and then goes down just as fast with another chop by Dex. Burns trips back into the ropes when Dex stays on him with another chop. He's going to try it, but he catches a surprise European uppercut from the former FIST!

DDK:

Dex took too long there in that corner! If Oscar Burns can get an opening, he can beat you! That's why he has more wins than any other wrestler in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Now tired of being chopped up by Dexy Baby, Oscar turns the tables on his attacker. Another uppercut then leads to hard elbow smashes from Oscar. Burns clutches Dex by his face.

Oscar Burns:

YOU ... AREN'T ... DEFIANCE! I AM!!!

Dex answers back not with words ... but with a head butt!

DDK:

Ouch! I don't think Oscar expected that!

Lance:

He shouldn't be talking trash, he should be trying to win! These men have only met one time in the squared circle. That was back at DEFCON and it wasn't Oscar Burns that got the duke, it was Dex Joy.

Oscar gets dragged across the ring. Dex gears up and tries a splash, but doesn't expect for Burns to fight back with a kick to the chest. Oscar gets ready to come back with a swing ... but he gets surprised again with a big time lariatooo!

DDK:

That was an incredible lariat! Lots of force behind that shot!

Dexy Baby has the fans in the palms of his hands as he scans the audience!

"WRECK HIM, DEX! WRECK HIM, DEX! WRECK HIM, DEX! WRECK HIM, DEX!"

It now looks like Dex is ready to pounce on Oscar and score his first fall of the match...

Lance:

It looks like he is going to try to hit the Dex Drive! That devastating twisting power slam helped him retain the Southern Heritage championship many times!

Dex has wrist control over Oscar, but Oscar uses an elbow to break free. He takes Dex's arm and then uses elbow strikes on the joint to possibly set something up for later.

DDK:

Strikes on the arm! If Dex's arm is compromised in any way, that wide variety of power moves will be more difficult to pull off.

Burns works the arm over with another elbow, he uppercuts the elbow and then he hits another uppercut on Dex. He wants a single armed DDT but he can't get it because Dex swings from the other side using a heavy elbow smash from the right side. Oscar gets startled and then Dex starts grabbing for his waist. Burns pushes Dex into the corner and then runs behind him, but Dexy Baby has the crowd wide eyed when he leap frogs backwards with a push off of the corner behind Oscar and then using a released german suplex!

DDK:

Amazing foot work from Dex Joy! He has Burns on the ropes right now, doesn't he?

Lance:

Burns' head may not be in the game. I don't even know where he is right now and after that suplex, neither does Oscar.

Oscar rolls after the suplex and when he is on his feet Dex gets him in the ropes and then whips him again. He once again leap frogs over Oscar as he runs and then drops down for the second, then rises up and hits the cross body!

DDK:

First cover by Dex Joy!

One ...

Two ...

No!

The first cover of the match is a two count!

DDK:

Dex is doing a great job keeping Burns off of his game tonight so far and I'm really impressed!

Lance:

As am I, Darren! His game has matured so much from when he first started in DEFIANCE Wrestling in 2020. Dex fights with much more poise than he used to. He knows how to pick his spots.

Oscar gets away from Dex but he only has so much space he can get to because The Biggest Boy isn't letting him get far. He charges with a running shoulder and Burns gets knocked right through the ropes. The former FIST of DEFIANCE is put on the floor with Dex ready behind him by taking a place on the ring apron. Dex is ready for Oscar Burns and his next attack.

And he gets DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!!

Struck down by a walking mack truck, Oscar Burns almost gets pounced out of his wrestling shoes as he gets knocked right into the guard rail!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Dex gets up first and stands on an open chair at ringside yelling with the fans.

Lance:

I think if Dex can get Oscar into the ring, the first fall is going to be his! He just hit Oscar Burns into the next zip code!

DDK:

Incredible move by Dex! He's beating the brakes off of Oscar Burns tonight and he deserves it for all that he has said and done to Dex for the past six months!

Dex seems to not have forgotten all of these events either. He rolls into the ring, he waves at Benny Doyle and then climbs out to make the official restart the count.

DDK:

He wants to punish Oscar out here and just got into restarting the count. That's all well and good, but if this backfires on him, he could get DQ'ed or counted out and that gives Burns a fall!

Oscar Burns is only now starting to get up after being tackled right into the rail. Dex grabs him and then tells the fans in the first row to move and a pack of fans scatter when they see he has a plan. The plan is simple ... throwing Oscar Burns right into a stack of open chairs! They get knocked in every direction after the impact with Burns now laying in the center of the pile! Dex apologizes to several of the fans at ringside but he climbs over the railing so he can pick him up and then throw him back into the ring.

Lance:

That's what happens when you purchase a front row seat to one of our shows! Sometimes, you're part of the action whether you asked for it or not!

DDK:

That's true! Now Dex Joy is taking that action back to the ring. He's just thrown Oscar Burns back in.

The Biggest Boy climbs back into the ring and then lays a boot to the side of the head to keep him down. He goes off the ropes then hits an elbow into Oscar's chest for a cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Oscar's shoulder is up after two.

DDK:

Burns kicks out but Dex might be getting close to the first fall of this match at this rate.

Lance:

Dex has him up ... but no! Burns with the counter!

When Dex has Oscar up back to his feet, he breaks Dex's grip and then nails him with another elbow and an uppercut that rocks him ... and then Oscar Burns jumps and hits a jumping enziguri against the side of Dex's head!

DDK:

That was a great combination by Oscar Burns using those strikes. Dex is out in the corner.

Oscar Burns finally is able to get back into the match, but getting roughed up by Dex for a while has made it so he isn't

able to fight back immediately. Dex is in the corner when Burns runs in and hits the running European uppercut against his jaw. The first shot isn't able to get Dex off of his feet, but Burns tries again. Dex catches him and then puts him on the top rope ...

DDK

No! No! Hanging armbar in the ropes by Oscar Burns! He's cranking the arm! He's cranking it!

Benny Doyle is counting while Dex is hanging off the ropes by his left arm thanks to Oscar Burns. Benny Doyle makes a count.

Benny Doyle:

One ... Two ... Three ... Four ...

It takes until the count of four before the man who calls himself DEFIANCE lets go of Dex's arm. Dex is left on his knees with a twisted limb when Burns sneaks back into the ring and then clubs him in the back with a knee strike.

Lance:

Dex is down. When these men fought at DEFCON it was Oscar that targeted the leg. Now he has a target on the arm and that might be a real problem as this match goes on for a lot of his moves.

DDK:

Burns is perhaps the greatest mind in DEFIANCE Wrestling as far as ring IQ. Any one he's pitted against, he's already got plans on ways to hurt them.

Dex fights up and pushes him away, but Oscar Burns hits two knees to the chest in order to put Dex down on his back. He slams Dex Joy's hand on the mat and then bends the fingers.

DDK:

Not where Dex wants to be! He's really good at joint manipulation! He's got Dex's arms ... now look!

Almost just to show that he can, he has the finger of Dex bent backwards in a painful spot that makes Joy yell out in anguish!

Oscar Burns:

MY DEFIANCE!!! NOT YOURS!!!

He slams the hand back on the mat again and then hits a jumping stomp right down on the arm joint.

DDK:

Now he has the arm working over some. He's so dangerous with these holds. He can work over any limb you give him.

Lance:

And there's another knee to the head of Dex. He's down. And now where is Burns going?

He is on the second rope. He leaps off and then hits a second diving knee drop from the middle rope to the chest. But like Lays, he can't stop with just one.

DDK:

Oscar Burns doesn't go to the top rope hardly ever but right now he hit a flying knee off the second rope. What is next?

The man called DEFIANCE gets to the middle rope again. Dex is down and catches a second flying knee into his stomach. Joy can barely protect himself when Oscar gets up again on the middle rope.

Lance:

Three middle rope knee drops! All aimed right at the midsection for Dex Joy. That's going to weaken him!

That's exactly what Oscar is hoping for when he uses a lateral press on Dex.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The fans are cheering with the kick-out of Dex escaping the pinfall! Oscar Burns doesn't spend any time arguing with the official and he's already in a headlock with an arm lock behind Dex.

DDK:

Burns is doing what he does best and works on that hold! He's got the arm and the neck!

Lance:

Goodness ... I just realized! The head and the arm! Fifty works both, doesn't it? The hammerlock with the guillotine choke.

DDK:

Oh God, you're right! Good call! That deadly Fifty submission could be lurking!

Oscar Burns has a hold locked on. But when he gets him by the neck Dex Joy is already starting to fight because he doesn't want to give Oscar a chance to do any more damage than what he has already done. He starts to use the free right arm to wave for the ropes but Oscar won't relent on his grip.

"WRECK HIM, DEX! WRECK HIM, DEX! WRECK HIM, DEX! WRECK HIM, DEX!"

Lance:

Listen to these chants! Dex Joy locked up, but not for long!

DDK:

You're right again! The Biggest Boy is coming back to life!

Instead of trying to entirely break the grip of Dex ... Dex starts to stand up!

And he has Oscar Burns on his back! This catches Oscar Burns by total surprise when he gets back up on his feet. When he does, Oscar gets another big surprise when Dex not only moves, but he *runs* at the corner, to *CRUSH* Burns with a rolling Jump For Joy! Dex is on his back when he does this! THE CROW IS ON THEIR FEET!!!

DDK:

NO WAY! NO WAY! DEX JOY JUST CANNONBALLED HIMSELF INTO THE CORNER WITH OSCAR BURNS ON HIS BACK! A VARIATION ON JUMP FOR JOY BUT HE DID IT!

Lance:

Dex needs to make a cover! Can he do it?

Dex's arm hurts but is able to crawl over after Burns has been knocked out from the Jump For Joy variation! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful makes the count with the official as he hooks a leg!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

Burns just *BARELY* gets a shoulder up after the count of three, but the fall is legal eagle! Burns struggles with Dex on top of him and argues with the official, but the decision of fall number one is final!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the first fall by pinfall ... DEEEEXXX JOOOOYYYY!!!

DDK:

That was brilliant! Dex threw himself into the corner with a cannonball while Oscar was on his back with that sleeper hold!

Lance:

And listen to this crowd! Dex Joy is just one more fall from being able to beat Oscar Burns for a second time!

DDK:

He's gotta protect that arm! Strike fast as soon as the thirty-second rest period is over, and then he could possibly end this!

The Miami Faithful cheer on Dex Joy as he watches Burns try and pick himself back up. The wind has been knocked out of him after the modified cannonball senton and the quick rest period might be what is needed.

Dex goes right to Burns and lifts him on his shoulder to plant him against the corner. He strikes Burns in the ribs with heavy elbow strikes. His left arm hurts, but nothing wrong with his right. He keeps on hurling elbows into Burns' chest possibly to wear him out after he's been attacked by the arm. Fall two begins with Dex going on the attack again and grabbing Burns. He carefully takes him and then throws him out of the corner by using a side belly to belly suplex.

DDK:

Dex wrecks with the 'plex! Side belly to belly! Cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

He kicks out of the suplex!

Lance:

Oscar's back is literally against the wall in this match now! Dex Joy is sitting pretty with Oscar needing to make up ground to win here tonight and on offense! He isn't letting up on Oscar now.

After that last kick out, the Biggest Boy grabs Dex and then strikes with a big heavy roaring elbow smash! Oscar sinks like a stone and Dex follows again with another consecutive pinfall attempt.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Oscar kicks out a second time! He was caught by surprise after the Jump For Joy variation in the corner earlier, but

isn't giving up the second fall so easily!

Lance:

I think Dex has a way around that, though! He's going for the fireman carry!

Dex has him up for the third time trying to use another move on his shoulders. He spins out for a Dex-5 ...

Burns dips out of it!

Dex swings his arm around, but Burns hooks his arm and then falls back to the mat while kicking his right leg up! The previously worked over left arm gets kicked and makes Dex hobble back into the ropes.

DDK:

The arm! The arm has come back into play again.

Lance:

And now what is Oscar going to do?

The man called DEFIANCE waits for him to get back up. He charges forward and then hits a running knee to the damaged arm while he's tangled against the ropes. Oscar continues to suffer from Dex Joy's own attacks and catches his breath with Dex Joy on the mat trying to protect his arm from further damage.

DDK:

Oscar is standing again and Dex isn't. The last place he wants to be!

Burns charges and then he stomps on his arm!

STOMP!!!

STOMP!!!

STOMP!!!

STOMP!!!

Dex rolls away from the corner after Burns wipes his boot on Dex's arm like he was trying to scrape mud off it. Joy can't protect himself for long when he jumps over and he drops his weight on the arm with a running senton!

DDK:

Ooooh! Usually the senton is a Dex move, but still! Burns is close to two-forty and that weight coming down on that arm ... not good!

Burns shoves Dex Joy on his back and then puts the weight down on a pinning predicament applying weight down on the bad arm.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

He kicks out but covering up that arm to make sure it continues to be compromised. That's great.

He continues to put the weight on him again with another cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Another kick out but Dex kicks out and moves away so he can try and protect the arm again. Burns lets him head to a corner, thinking that he's going to be safe.

But he's not!

DDK:

Burns back on the arm ...

Dex swings around with his right to try and force Oscar away but he moves away and grabs Dex in a hammer lock. He tosses the hammer locked arm right into the corner and then pulls the arm in the ropes. He cranks back again with Benny Doyle making another ten count.

Benny Doyle:

Break it up! Break it up! One ... two ... three ... four ...

Oscar milks the count again for all it's worth and the damage is being done to his arm before the Kiwi goes back to work and DRILLS Dexy Baby's arm with more 12-6 elbows in the corner, then picks a leg out from under him so he's standing over him, then plants an elbow right into the top of his head! Dex collapses to the canvas, then that allows for Burns to grab the arm, he executes a handstand on the mat, then DRIVES the knee into the arm joint of Joy! He cringes and tries pulling back his arm, but the two-time former FIST continues to not give up arm control.

DDK:

Technical brutality here on display by Burns. Earlier when we said he was one of the best to ever do it in DEFIANCE, that wasn't a statement. That was a fact. But right now, he's got control of Dex.

Lance:

He may be down one fall to zero right now, but Burns isn't letting the pressure get to him. He knows he has Dex and needs to keep up the lead on him.

He stands on top of Dex and grabs both arms as he pulls him up... then brings his feet down on his chest!

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

STOMP STOMP STOMP-STOMP-STOMP!

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

STOMP STOMP STOMP-STOMP-STOMP!

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

STOMP STOMP STOMP-STOMP-STOMP!

The boo birds flock in full force in Miami, but Burns starts to ignore it and then kneels over the chest of Dex and presses both shoulders down with his arms.

ONE!

TWO!

NO- ARMBAR!

DDK:

NO! Dex took the bait! He gets his shoulder up, but Oscar grabs the arm and then tries to go right into the cross armbar!

Lance:

No! Dex trying to block! Dex trying to block!

He has the arms clasped together as best as he possibly can, but Burns quickly grabs the arm and then tries to kick! He continues to kick, but when he finally does, Oscar has the arm hyperextended!

DDK:

No! No! Dex has to get free! Dex might have to tap out!

Lance:

Will he, though? He's such a proud wrestler!

The Biggest Boy scrambles as fast as he can in order to get to the ropes. He fights and fights... and reaches out...

AND HOOKS IT BY A FINGER!

DDK:

Dex breaks free! Dex gets to the ropes! He'll have to break off the submission!

Burns does let go of the hold quickly and rolls back to his knees, knowing that the damage has been done. The Faithful go NUTS that Dex has made it, but Oscar makes sure that he gets there. He grabs the head and neck of Dex... but when he does...

Lance:

DEX-5! DEX-5! DESPERATION DEX-5!

Before Oscar could get Dex up for his next move, he gets surprised with a Dex-5 and PLANTS him with the fireman's carry facebuster! Both men are down, but The Foreman of the Wrecking Crew tries to hurry over.

Lance:

I can't believe that he was able to surprise Oscar with that! The Fireman's Carry Facebuster does exactly what it needs to do! Now he's trying to hurry and get the pinfall!

DDK:

Dex lays on top of Burns! Cover for the match!

ONE!

TWO!

But Burns quickly SHIFTS him over into a crucifix... INTO A GROUNDED GRAPS OF WRATH!

DDK:

GRAPS OF WRATH! GRAPS OF WRATH! HE HAS THE GROUNDED OCTOPUS STRETCH LOCKED IN! THE ARM IS BEING WRENCHED!

He once again continues to crank back on the arm with nowhere to go for Dex! He tries to fight... but with nowhere to go.

Dex Joy raises the hands...

THEN TAPS OUT!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the second fall via submission... **OSCAR BURNS!**

Burns releases the hold and then falls back to the canvas, having evened the score a bit for earlier.

DDK:

It's come down to this! Both men one fall a piece! Dex gets the first by ramming Burns into the corner with Jump For Joy! Oscar has just taken the second fall with a grounded Graps of Wrath! Dex might have been too proud to tap otherwise, but with another fall at stake, he had to make a choice and he made it to prolong his chances going into this last fall.

Lance:

This match is just like their bout at DEFCON... absolutely incredible! We've seen some amazing action with a VERY personal Unified Tag Team Title match to come just after this... but right now, we're here until we have a winner! Oscar Burns and Dex Joy want to end this issue between them for good!

The former Twists and Turns paces around the ring and knows that he has The Biggest Boy right where he wants him as soon as the rest period concludes. He continues to pace around.

Oscar Burns:

COME ON! RESTART THIS SO I CAN TAKE HIM APART!

Lance:

Wow. I've never seen Burns like this. Just so... I dunno what you want to call it. Almost bloodthirsty. He wants to legitimately HURT Dex Joy.

DDK:

That loss at DEFCON to Dex, as well as losing his Golden Shovel to Rezin thanks in part to Dex... he's been driven mad. I don't have another way to put it.

Benny Doyle gets between the two when Oscar starts to lunge. He can barely hold Oscar back, but as he does...

POW!

The Kiwi catches a surprise elbow smash from Dexy Baby! The blow stuns him and then Dex jumps to life, fighting more or less with one good arm as he delivers a second elbow right to Oscar's midsection! The Miami Faithful rally behind Dex as he yells out!

Lance:

The Wrecking Crew Foreman about to punch the clock! Come on, Dex, you can do this!

He charges off the ropes with his one good arm with every intent to take Burnsie's head off... but before he can do just that, Burns with a quick go-behind! He holds the neck of Dex and tries for a dragon suplex... but no! Dex breaks free! He turns around...

DDK:

Oooh! Hard Out Headbutt to the chest! Oscar Burns has Dex stunned!

Burns goes around him and all the weight he can muster... he pops off a beautiful bridging German suplex on the big man!

DDK:

Benny Doyle slides into position! This could be all!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Despite the surprise attack, Dex kicks out! But the energy in the Watsco Center grows more frantic as the action presses on! Burns rolls over to Dex and then tries to lock him up.

DDK:

Graps of Wrath! He's trying for it! He's trying a second time! If he hits this, Dex is as good as done!

Lance:

Both men know what they have at stake! One win a piece! One more to put this rivalry to bed!

Dex is doing EVERYTHING that he can in order to keep from being fully locked in the Graps of Wrath from the standing position! He tries again to keep him wrapped up... but before he can, Dex musters ALL of the strength he can and then HURLS the former two-time FIST over him with a massive hip toss across the ring! It was done with the bad arm so Dex cannot follow up right away, but he does lean back in the corner to create some distance between him and He Who Is DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Joy saves himself with that incredible hip toss, but that could have hurt the arm further! He's trying to shake some feeling back into it!

Dex does just that, moving his left arm and trying to continue riding off adrenaline for the moment. Burns starts to stand in a daze when Dex Joy picks him up with the good arm for a simple scoop slam, only to follow up with a big falling headbutt to the chest!

Lance:

Great combination of moves by Dex! Once he hasn't done a whole lot. He's walked through the storm that is Oscar Burns so far, but how much longer can he weather it?

DDK:

He's gotta strike while the iron is hot and tonight, things haven't burned any brighter so far than they have right now!

Dex starts a quick run, but stops himself when Burns rolls away from the ring to loud jeers. When he sees Burns on the outside, he starts to get an idea and laughs as he looks out to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful who are starting to catch on.

DDK:

He's not thinking what I think he's thinking?

Lance:

I'm thinking he's thinking it! The Whoa-pe!

Dex uses the uninjured arm of his and waves at the fans who start a big "whhhhooooooooaaa!!!" chant and then he hops

off the ropes. He starts to get through the ropes but he gets stopped when Burns suckers him with a European uppercut!

Lance:

But I think Burns thought it too! I wonder if he planned for that!

It's a glancing blow but it is enough to stop Dexy Baby in his tracks. He backs up several steps while Burns laughs and touts his high ring IQ. He taps his head to say that he pulled the wool over Dex's eyes, but he spends a little too much time taunting. Dex charges quickly anyway...

DDK:

WHOA-PE!!!

Oscar thought that he got wise to Dex Joy's tricks, however Dex gave himself enough space to hit a less graceful but still very impactful Whoa-pe through the ropes! His left arm is still giving him a lot of trouble so it takes him more than a few moments before he is able to capitalize on what he just did. He grabs the back of Burns's hair and then puts him back under the ropes. When he is inside the ring, he takes a breath...

And then he hits the RUNNING SHOOTING STAR PRESS!!!

Lance:

What the hell?! How did he do that?!

DDK:

He shocked the world at DEFCON by doing that running shooting star press and now here he pulls it off late in the game! But the arm is still causing Dex some grief!

He cannot follow right away when Burns rolls away, but Dex eventually catches up to him and hooks his leg.

ONE ...

TWO ...

The count stops but not at three! Dex turns around and his heart drops into his stomach when he sees that Burns's foot is placed under the bottom rope!

DDK:

No! So close! Dex thought that he had him beaten right there, but when that arm was giving him issues Oscar took advantage and got himself closer to the ropes!

Lance:

Dex isn't done! I think he's calling for an end!

Dex has had enough of Oscar Burns and his mouth. Dex slashes a thumb across his throat and pulls Oscar far away from the ropes and goes to the middle of the ring. No longer near the ropes, he puts Burnsie on his shoulders and then looks for Dex Drive Dos. But the same move that defeated Oscar Burns from the brink of defeat at DEFCON...

Burns has a counter!

He kicks his legs and strikes the side of Dex's face with elbows and slides out. He grabs the arm and then he shoves Dex into the corner by his injured arm!

DDK:

Ooh! Dex Joy pulled the Dex Drive Dos out of nowhere when Oscar might have had him beat at DEFCON with his Fifty submission, but Burns was ready for it this time!

Lance:

And Dex ends up in the corner! That arm can't take much more damage!

Burns takes a few steps away from The Biggest Boy in the corner and then hits another european uppercut. Dexy Baby is rocked but he still remains standing so Oscar Burns takes advantage of the situation and then hits a running high knee into the chest of Dex. The second shot stuns him even more and that allows Burns to set him up for an exploder!

DDK:

OSCAR HITS A BRIDGING EXPLODER ON DEX JOY!!!

He holds the bridge!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THR ... NO!!!

Just as Dex Joy did moments ago with the cover, he is surprised that the sequence of moves was not enough to get the job done and keep Dex down for good.

DDK:

But Burns isn't done! He's going for the arm again!

He tries a seated arm bar on the Biggest Boy with pure intent to rip the arm out of the socket. He continues to try and put more pressure on the arm, but Dex takes the free arm and pushes Burns forward into the ropes. He recoils off the ropes and then catches Joy in the face with a surprise elbow to the face. Dex stumbles back when Oscar strikes him in the jaw with several more. He pelts him with about three more shots and with Dex down, he talks trash right to his face.

Oscar Burns:

I ... AM ... DEFIANCE!!!

He gears up to hit another knee strike, but he gets a shock when Joy pushes Burns away from him! He does land on his feet awkwardly and turns into a desperate discus lariat from the Biggest Boy! Both men are down in the center of the ring and neither man follows up!

DDK:

Dex is down! Oscar is down!

Lance:

Oscar argued that it wasn't in Dex's best interest to make this match Two-Out-Of-Three Falls due to a question mark with stamina, but Dex has been able to hang in there with DEFIANCE Wrestling's likely best pure wrestler between the ropes!

DDK:

But none of that is going to matter if neither man can make a comeback!

Dex is down on his side of the ring while Oscar is doing the same on his. Burns is the first of the two to start to get up, but Dex Joy is also not giving up and is right behind him. Dex tries grabbing Oscar's neck, but Oscar hits a big elbow first.

DDK:

Oscar Burns gets the first shot!

Dex takes the shot, then stares at Burns.

Dex Joy:

Bring it!

Oscar fires another shot but Dex continues to stare. And is even grinning.

Dex Joy:

I said ... BRING IT!!!

Burns throws another elbow, but Dex suckers him this time! He blocks it and then drills him with an extra heavy elbow smash on the side of his head that dizzies the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE. Burns is groggy on his knees when Dex starts to get up and has hold of Oscar's arm. A rousing ovation rises from the Watsco Center. Dex gets Burns slowly up... and has him on his shoulders!

DDK:

Are we going to see the Dex Bomb?

He tries but before he is able to execute it, Burns rolls him back with a hurricanrana... but Dex blocks *that* move before he can take him over! He tries to get him up again, but his left arm gives out under him before he can do it! He drops Burns and Oscar lands to his feet to hit another elbow and uppercut combination.

Lance:

The arm gave out on him! Surprise it didn't do it when he first got him up for the power bomb, but it didn't work!

Burns grabs that arm, but Dex once more uses a shoot off and throws Oscar at the ropes. He comes back and gets pushed into the air...

DDK:

Pop-up into the Dex Bomb! What a move!

Lance:

That has to do it! This is it!

Dex falls into a seated cover and tries to hook a leg!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THR ... NO!!!

The kick out is somewhere in the vicinity of two and nine tenths, but Burns's shoulder comes up first before the three-count!

Lance:

Look at Dex! Look at Dex! He's showing serious doubt on his face right now after the Dex Bomb lands and Oscar still kicks out!

DDK:

He's landed some big moves! The Jump For Joy worked earlier as a surprise but right now, he needs to be able to land something bigger!

The Biggest Boy realizes this as well so he needs to get over to the corner. Oscar hasn't moved after the last kick out so Dex hits him with a few kicks to his chest and then drags him near a corner. Dex starts to tease pulling the straps

down and does so!

Lance:

The straps are down! I think Dex might be looking for a moonsault out of the corner!

DDK:

That might do it. Rare move by Dex, but it's what won him the Southern Heritage championship to end Gage Blackwood's near record-setting run with that title.

Dex steps right over Oscar. He gets to the middle rope and with Dex's Wrecking Crew aka The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful on his side 100% he starts to position himself ...

But before he is able to, Burns shoots back to his feet!

DDK:

Burns jumps up! He's trying to stop Dex!

Dex tries shaking Oscar off of him like a dog shaking water off himself, but Burns hangs onto the ropes and continues throwing elbows to Dex's back. When he has Dex stunned in the corner, the man called DEFIANCE starts to pick him up and then wraps his arms around his waist...

DDK:

SPIDER GERMAN SUPLEX!!!

He drops Dex right out of the corner with the deadly german suplex out of the corner! Dex crashes to the ground and then Oscar sits up on the top turnbuckle. He slowly adjusts his positioning and turns carefully to face Dex, who has not moved since the original suplex.

Lance:

Oh no! He's going for the flying knee drop and this time off the top rope!

DDK:

HE HITS IT! DIVING KNEE DROP!!! RIGHT INTO DEX'S HEART!

Burns rolls after the diving knee drop right to the center of Dex's chest! He crushes him with the top rope maneuver and then goes for a leg hook and to make sure that he stays down!

ONE...

TWO ...

THRE ... NO!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

An ovation erupts from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Dex's shoulder is up right before the three count.

DDK:

How close was that? How close was *that* Lance?! This is a superhuman effort by Dex Joy tonight!

Lance:

I thought that was it! BUT LOOK!!! LOOK AT BURNS!!!

Instead of arguing with the official, he stands over Dex and pulls him up by the neck before attempting to lock in Fifty! The submission is wound up tight and now all he needs to do is to hammerlock the bad arm!

DDK:

He's got him! He's got him! Fifty! Fifty!

Burns is locked in and he screams with the submission hold locked in...

But to his surprise, Dexy Baby gets up again! He has the guillotine choke locked in tight, but Dex is starting to stand! He shouts as he surges on his feet! Burns won't let go ... but Dex scoops him up in his arms ... and **THROWS** Oscar into the air!

DDK:

NO! FIFTY COUNTERED!!! POP UP BACK ELBOW STRIKE!!!

Dex shakes him off with a jaw shattering back elbow! Dex gets him in the ropes and then he leaps off the ropes.

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!! HE GOT HIM!!!

The shoulder knocks Burns into the corner, but Dex isn't through! The crowd is on their feet when he looks to finish his offensive barrage! Dex has him on his good shoulder! He gives a thumbs up ... and then a thumbs down!

Lance:

DEX DRIVE DOS!!! HE NAILS IT THIS TIME!!! BURNS GETS SPIKED LIKE A LAWN DART!!!

Burns *bounces* off the canvas after the impact of the sit out piledriver from Dexy Baby and though his arm is sore he uses his good arm to hook both legs!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the third and final fall ... and your winner of the match ...

DEEEEXXXXX JOOOOYYYYY!!!!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

HE'S DONE IT! DEX JOY HAS DEFEATED OSCAR BURNS IN TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS!!!

Lance:

Burns worked over that arm like nobody's business! He was ruthless! He stayed attacking that arm and even got a submission out of it but at the end of the match, Dex found a way to counter Fifty before Burns could fully lock it in and hit that series of moves to close out the match!

The replays show the first fall! Darren and Lance recap as they are happening.

DDK: *[V/O]*

In the first fall when Burns first started attacking the arm, he went for a sleeper and arm lock, but Dex Joy carried Oscar Burns literally on his back and threw himself into the corner with a Jump For Joy, squashing Burns in the corner

and letting him get the first fall!

Then to fall two.

Lance: [V/O]

It was here that Oscar Burns turned the match in his favor! He grounded Dex Joy using the Graps of Wrath while working over the left arm of Dex... and he would have no choice but to tap.

And onto fall three.

DDK: [V/O]

But it was here that Dex Joy got the last fall! He broke free from Fifty by literally throwing Burns up right into the pop-up back elbow strike! He knew that might not be enough so he struck down Oscar with another Dexy's Midnight Runner and finally, Dex Drive Dos for the three count and the win!

And back to Dex Joy who can barely move the right arm. Benny Doyle tries to raise it to show the victory but Dex pulls it away and tells him to use the right. Doyle walks over to the other side and then raises Dex's arm!

DDK:

Dex Joy shoved at DEFCON that he could hang with the absolute best in DEFIANCE Wrestling! Tonight, he could make a case that DEFCON was no fluke and when it comes to our promotion, there are fewer on the top of their game like he is!

Lance:

Agreed! Dex Joy is here to stay whether people like Oscar Burns object or not!

Oscar still has not moved and is still looking up at the lights, almost seemingly in disbelief over the situation. Dex throws his arm in the air and then he leaves the ring so he can pose against a sea of roaring fans near the front row with "DEX'S WRECKING CREW HERE!!!" signs!

Dex Joy:

That win was for all of us, pallies! All of us!

He starts smacking as many hands as he can with his good hand and heads back behind the curtain to celebrate this tremendous win!

DDK:

One match to go, partner! One match to go and it's a *big one!!!*

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP, STREET FIGHT: THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS Â© vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

Back to the commentation station for the final time this evening.

DDK:

Well, ladies and gentlemen... this has been an absolutely electric night and that last bout will go down as an all time classic, no doubt. But as great as it's been, there is something in the air right now... as we have arrived at our main event of the evening.

The match graphic appears:

Unified Tag Team Championship, Unsanctioned Match: The Saturday Night Specials (c) vs. The Lucky Sevens.

The crowd, just coming down from Dex Joy/Oscar Burns, lets out a cheer as they begin to ramp up once again.

Lance:

This is such a unique matchup, ladies and gentlemen... this is a showdown that is nine months in the making, ever since The Saturday Night Specials retained over The Lucky Sevens at Acts of DEFIANCE last year, The Sevens have been on the warpath.

DDK:

Anytime these two teams step into the ring together, it's bedlam... but this whole situation is compounded by a wrinkle: The Lucky Sevens no longer work for this company! Thanks to their heinous actions against various DEFIANCE staff members and athletes, they were let go over a month ago.

Lance:

It took the destruction of Ballyhoo Brew, The Saturday Night Special's pub and a place that had become a DEFIANCE staple, for Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd to be angry enough to demand The Sevens return for this match tonight.

DDK:

So many questions going into this one. Has SNS played right into the twisted plans of The Lucky Sevens and Tom Morrow? Are Brock and Pat so fueled by revenge that they're going to take things to another level? Will their rage be a help or a hindrance against the more calculating Lucky Sevens? And what about Ophelia Sykes, the wildcard in all this: Pat Cassidy believes that she betrayed them and assisted The Sevens in the destruction of Ballyhoo, but she claims to be innocent and has said she WILL prove it tonight.

Lance:

The biggest question: what happens if The Lucky Sevens win!? Have we ever had champions that didn't work for the promotion before?

DDK:

Lots of questions... that are about to be answered... right now!

We move away from our dynamic duo as The DEFIatron starts to shift on ... and there is a horrifying sight once it does.

Ballyhoo Brew.

In flames.

DDK:

Oh my God! Oh my GOD!!! What is this?

Lance:

I'm speechless right now.

There is no music but the loud sound of ...

B00000000000000000000000000000000000000!!!!

There are a pair of twin seven-foot wrestlers coming down the ramp. They have on matching black jeans, black boots ...

And both have on Ballyhoo Brew t-shirts.

Darren Quimbey:

This is an unsanctioned tag team match for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Unified Tag Team Titles!!! Introducing first ...

The jeers are so loud, he has to yell.

Darren Quimbey:

INTRODUCING FIRST ... THEY ARE FROM SIN CITY AND THEY WEIGH A COMBINED WEIGHT OF SIX-
HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN POUNDS ... THEY ARE MASON LUCK AND MAX LUCK ... THE
UUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKYYYYYY SSSSSSSSSSEEEEEEVVVVVEEEENNNNNSSSSSSS!!!!!!

B0000000000000000000000000000000000000!!!!

DDK:

They have been fired from DEFIANCE and they have one final chance tonight to win those titles. We've seen them injure numerous people in the last few months just to get this title shot. Gage Blackwood, The Louisiana Bulldogs, and their own former trainers The House.

Lance:

We knew they were obsessed with those titles and the fact that the Saturday Night Specials got to them first just makes their blood boil.

DDK:

But to go to the lengths they have gone ... even getting fired in the name of getting the gold. They're beyond redemption.

The burning footage continues and the jeering is loud and the opponents haven't even touched yet. The brothers both climb into the confines of the ring and the appalling footage playing on screens finally disappears. Nothing but jeering fills the Watsco Center right now.

Well, that is until the announcement of their opponents!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents!

The Faithful erupt in anticipation as two lines of fire erupt on both sides of the ramp and quickly blaze their way up to the stage. When they reach it, the pair of trailblazing pyro split off in opposite directions until the entire stage is surrounded by a wall of burning pyro. The blaze burns high for a couple seconds before suddenly extinguishing itself, leaving the stage shrouded in a veil of smoke.

♪ “Drink” by Alestorm ♪