

SHOW OPEN



♪ "Icky Thump" by The White Stripes ♪

The scene begins inside the Bridgestone Arena in Nashville 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 D-E-F-I-A-N-C-E stretches across the stage, with the space between the two words being used for the entrance from Gorilla. There are two palm trees flanking the edge of the stage on both sides with beach balls and towels scattered around them. An LCD rampway projects nothing but sunlight 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.

As always, signs, signs everywhere when a pan of the crowd is made.

WHAT NEWLYWED COUPLE NEEDS TWO KETTLES

I'VE BEEN LOOKING SO LONG AT THESE PICTURES OF YOU THAT I ALMOST BELIEVE THAT THEY'RE TERI

WHOEVER IS TELLING YOU TO SPEND \$330 ON A COFFEE GRINDER IS A REAL DIRTBAG

A WRESTLING WEDDING? WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?!

MALAK IS A FLAT EARTHER

Giant Tim Tillinghast Head sign

EYE'S BOOK SUCKS. THERE AREN'T EVEN ANY PICTURES!

EYE THINK HIS BOOK SUCKS TOO

OSCAR BURNS NEVER REWOUND VHS TAPES BEFORE HE RETURNED THEM AND IS THE REASON WHY BLOCKBUSTER WENT OUT OF BUSINESS

NED REFORM SHLED GREFORM

ARTHUR DOESNT DO THE SIDE QUESTS IN OPEN WORLD GAMES

I READ NATHAN EYE'S BOOK AND HE MOTIVATED ME TO FORGET HOW TO READ

GREGG'S BROWSER HISTORY MUST BE FASCINATING

I LIKE IT STRONGY STYLE

EYE WANT A REFUND ON THAT SHITTY BOOK

NED REFORM CONTINUES TO SUCK

REZIN IS EVERYTHING SPECIAL IN THIS WORLD

ELISE! MARRY ME & TAKE ME FOR EVERYTHING I HAVE IN THE DIVORCE

MOMMA CORTEZ OR WE RIOT

I SAW JERSEY MICK SELLING WAFFLES OUTSIDE GATE F IF THAT HELPS

SORRY, I SHOULDN'T HAVE MENTIONED DIVORCE - CONGRATS JJ & CAITLYN!

SO I ASKED REZIN WHAT HIS ENTRANCE IS GONNA BE LIKE, AND HE SAID, "I HOPE YA PLAYED EFF SIXTEEN", AND I DIDN'T CUZ I DON'T OWN A PS5, BUT I WATCHES LIKE THE FIRST THREE SEASONS OF GAME OF THRONES, SO MAYBE I'LL GET SOME OF IT?

I WAS TOLD THERE WOULD BE PANCAKES

IF I GET MARRIED CAN I ASK FOR A \$200 OUIJA BOARD?

MV1 = NIGHT1

The scene goes to the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! This is night one of two and partner, I am ready for a war!

Lance:

That's right. Tonight should be a good one. Let's roll through the match graphics on tap!

NDR vs. THE COMPANY MEN

TITANES FAMILIA vs. M4NTRA

STRONG STYLE RULES: SCROW vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

TYLER FUSE vs. JACK HARMEN

CAGE MATCH: OSCAR BURNS vs. CORVO ALPHA

NED REFORM vs. MV1

THE WEDDING OF MS. CAITLYN KINSEY & MR. JJ DIXON

SOHER: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. REZIN

Lance:

And we are going to kick off hot with an identity on the line!

DDK:

You can't place an identity on the line.

FOR THE RIGHTS TO ELISE ARES' IDENTITY: ELISE ARES vs. MALAK GARLAND

Lance:

I hope you're right.

FOR THE RIGHTS TO ELISE ARES' IDENTITY: ELISE ARES vs. MALAK GARLAND

The lights dance around as the focus hones in on the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, your opening contest is for the identity of Elise Ares!

Slowly, section by section, the lights shut off.

DDK:

Looks like we're starting things off hot with Malak Garland challenging Elise Ares for her very existence!

A video begins to play on the big screen once the arena is shrouded in darkness. It's found footage from the end of the previous DEFtv, where Malak Garland hops off the apron and races to the back after Siobhan Cassidy whispers something in his ear.

Lance:

Looks like we're getting a special little glimpse into something here.

Malak bursts through the curtain and into gorilla position as he sees none other than Teresa Ames cross his face.

Malak Garland:

PAY NO MIND TO THE SNOWFLAKE BEHIND THE CURTAIN!

Garland shoves Ames to her caboose and cackles menacingly afterwards.

Malak Garland:

That's for not responding to my roll call text a few months ago, you trash panda hoe. I hope you rot with irrelevance! Meanwhile, as you can see, I am wrestling in the main event of DEFtv! I'll let you in on a little secret, after this match and after I've shown the world just how compatible I am with the rest of PCP, I will lay out a challenge to that simp bitch, Elise Ares that I am gunning for her spot and there isn't anything someone as pitiful as you or her can do about it!

He high fives Siobhan Cassidy as the footage clips to an end.

DDK:

So that's what and why Malak left the tag team match. He got intel that Teresa Ames was in the area and vulnerable for the taking. Still unreal to think that he literally DITCHED the six person tag match to run to the back just to shove Teresa Ames on her butt.

Lance:

Apparently the start of the match was the perfect time to do this otherwise senseless act, Darren but it also explains why Ames inserted herself after the match when she came down to the ring to shove Malak on his back too.

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The crowd comes to life as purple and blue laser lights fill the arena. A figure wearing Elise Ares' typical violet and gold wrestling attire with crop top purple leather jacket swaggers out on stage but the shadow looks a bit too disproportionate to be the sleek figure of Elise Ares.

DDK:

HERE SHE COMES! LISTEN TO THIS RAUCOUS RECEPTION FOR ELISE ARES, THE QUEEN OF SPORTS

ENTERTAINMENT STYLE!

With a smirk on their face, their LED sunglasses flash “ARES” and “GOAT” back and forth as they do a little spin and pose for the crowd before confidently marching down towards the ring. Suddenly, they stop halfway down the ramp as a spotlight shines brightly on them.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, hailing from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds, THE FACE OF DEFIANCE, THE KING OF SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT STYLE, MALAK ARES!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The cheers immediately transform into boos as everyone catches on that it's actually Malak Garland, just dressed exactly like Elise Ares, in her gear and everything. Flawlessly. Down to a tee.

DDK:

That masquerading little punk! Had me completely fooled!

Lance:

He probably shouldn't be doing that either! He hasn't even won any rights to anything yet and here he is, acting JUST like Elise Ares!

Garland basks in the ruse he managed to pull off. So much, that he raises a finger to the sky and then places it over his lips as if requesting everyone simmer down. With the music still playing in the background, Malak pulls out his military walkie talkie and puts it against his lips. No more than a few moments later does the big, bruising Cyrus Bates walk out on stage.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing Malak's special companion, THE C!

“Ares” and The C make their way down to the ring, making a complete mockery out of Ares and The D. Bates gets in the face of the rampway cameraperson.

The C:

I am The C! That's one better than The D!

The Social Media Superstar climbs into the ring and eggs on the crowd even more. The C does his job and patrols around the apron, antagonizing the fans at ringside. None other than Mark Shields conveniently finds himself in the ring. He gives a friendly little nod to Malak. Then the lights in the arena dim. Except for a bright spotlight that shines down on the entrance to a roaring approval of the Tennessee Faithful.

♪ I can almost taste it... ♪

The DEFIATron flickers to life as the bassline plays showing what appears to be various social media comments about Malak Garland. “This gimmick plays way too much into ‘internet’ stereotypes. I can't stand it!” A low hanging purple fog begins to form on the stage. “I refuse to watch DEFtv until Malak Garland is FIRED.” Slowly something begins to rise from beneath the purple haze. “The Comments Section feels like DEFIANCE trying to rip off what the Pop Culture Phenoms used to be. It's PCP without the talent.” A massive golden throne has risen from the floor through the purple fog. The D leans against the right pillar, but in the seat Elise Ares leans against the arm with her legs crossed and a smirk on her face behind LED sunglasses with a sparkling tiara on her head.

*♪ Yeah, can't stop now
This might be the last chance I get to be famous*

♪ “Almost Famous” by Eminem ♪

is on the line but all she's seeing is red.

DDK:

HERE WE GO! FACE SHOTS BANNED AND ALL!

Lance:

An Irish whip across the ring sends Malak flying into the turnbuckle!

Already dazed, Malak groggily stumbles out of the corner and receives a belly to belly suplex for his trouble! Garland nearly lands on his head as Ares pumps the crowd up screaming something in Spanish!

DDK:

You can tell at least one of these competitors is taking this seriously! It looks as if Malak is going to try to rely on Mark Shields' favoritism again.

Shields relays some verbal instructions to Elise, who again, shrugs them off. It's not like he's ACTUALLY going to enforce anything, anyways, right?

Lance:

Malak tries to get back into things by landing some subtle body shots, keeping his elbows as far away from her face as possible!

Once separation is gained, Malak delivers an enziguri to the side of Elise's neck! Ares jolts backwards when Malak rushes in with a cAnAdiAn dEsTrOyEr!

Lance:

Big move by Malak!

Garland hooks a leg as his mascara is already running!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Ares powers out of the pinning attempt. The two find their way to their feet and begin exchanging furious strong style chops! The crowd 'woos' after the connection and reverberation of each one! Finally, Elise slaps Malak's chest so hard that it sends him to his knees. Once there, Ares executes a half-rana head scissors, planting Malak's head into the mat!

DDK:

Innovative offense from THE Queen of Sports Entertainment Style! That was more of a top of the head shot than anything else! Malak's "good looks" shall remain intact.

With his rear to the sky, Malak finds himself in the clutches of Elise Ares. A camel clutch to be exact! Squirming like the worm he is, Malak claws at the S grip of Elise.

DDK:

The crowd is rising up, wanting Malak to tap here! Remember, this is the move he got Flying Frenchie to succumb to.

Lance:

Well, not really, Darren! It was Siobhan who grabbed his hand and made him tap out! Either way, some great retribution is being dealt out here by Ares!

DDK:

Yes, I stand corrected! I am a bit worried Mark Shields might not call for the bell if he taps, though.

Garland begins shuffling his body to the nearest set of ropes. His legs are flailing in the air and manage to sweep underneath the bottom rope for a brief second. Seeing this, Mark begins waving his hands around in the air vehemently. He tags Elise on the shoulder and tells her she needs to break the hold and starts his count of five.

DDK:

Shields saying Malak gets a rope break is the biggest reach I think I've ever seen!

Ares moves her hands to the sides of Malak's mouth and pulls back causing the Snowflake to scream. She uses every single second until she breaks the hold. She then proceeds to stare a hole right through Mark Shields, shrugs, and conveys the counterpoint DDK just said.

Lance:

How does Mark get assigned Malak's matches? Furthermore, how is he still employed?

Mark gives some bullshit excuse saying he saw Malak's foot not only firmly under but actually touching the rope to cause the break. It's all moot point anyways as Malak comes in from behind with the REVERSE sliced bread to Ares but he isn't able to hit it!

DDK:

Malak thought he got Elise by surprise but guess what!? She's not having any of it!

Indeed, Elise grabs Malak around the waist while he thinks he has a cutter locked in. She throws him overhead and across the ring with a vicious release German suplex. She drags his body to the middle of the ring and goes right back to the camel clutch. The fans are loving it until Siobhan Cassidy comes running down to the ring.

DDK:

As if having The C and The D ringside wasn't enough, here comes Malak's favorite partner in the whole wide world!

Cassidy gets to the apron and looks across to The D who has the facial expression asking her to make a move and make his day. Her gaze pans to The C and with a simple nod, the big powerhouse comes rumbling along and runs into The D from behind!

Lance:

The fans are certainly letting everyone know what they think of these underhanded tactics!

The C stands over The D and smiles before celebrating with the controversial throat slash taunt. Meanwhile, Mark Shields can't help but watch the lovely lady figure of Siobhan Cassidy jump up onto the apron. She dances around a bit, riling up the sickos in the front row, Mark included, and she begins taunting Elise to come get her. Ares points at Siobhan and asks Mark if he's going to do anything about it. Naturally, he's going to allow this type of thing because he's a pig by nature.

DDK:

Malak from behind once more!

Garland gets Elise with the most devastating move in all of sports entertainment, the surprise rollup as it takes Mark a second to zone in and begin the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The desperation kickout is successful as Ares eyes Cassidy. The crowd ignites once more as they see Teresa Ames run down the ramp to pluck Siobhan off the apron by her feet and chase-fight her throughout the crowd! Mark Shields is suddenly livid, tossing Teresa Ames out of the match well after she's already left.

DDK:

IT'S AMES! AMES AND CASSIDY ARE CAT FIGHTING THROUGHOUT THE ARENA!

Lance:

She came. She left. THEN she was ejected.

All three occupants within the ring watch on, allowing it a moment to breathe. Eventually, Cassidy and Ames disappear from sight and we get back to the important match at hand. Elise Ares stares down Malak Ares, who then does his best to imitate the stare down of his opponent. Surprisingly it's the FACE of DEFIANCE who raises her hand into the air for a test of strength. Garland looks at her wearily but Ares looks to the Faithful to try and goad the Snowflake Superstar into action.

Elise Ares:

TELL THIS BITCH TO WOMAN UP!

The Nashville Faithful roar and begin to chant at Malak as she puts her arm back into the air!

*WO-MAN UP! *stomp stomp!**

*WO-MAN UP! *stomp stomp!**

*WO-MAN UP! *stomp stomp!**

Furious, Malak Ares stomps over to Elise and puts his arm up to grapple his oppo-

SLAP!

Only to be slapped viciously across the face, echoing across the Bridgestone Arena.

DDK:

Christ almighty! I think Ares just knocked the skin right off of Garland's face!

Lance:

Malak's ego may never recover from that piercing blow!

DDK:

Eh, it'll probably be just fin-

Malak Garland:

You said nO sHoTs tO tHe fAcE you... YOU... TYPECAST ONE-TRICK JEZEBEL! I'M REPORTING YOU!

Malak winds up and slaps the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style across the face. Then again. Then again. Malak screams "wOmAn uP!" over and over again with each blow over the ravenous jeers of the Nashville Faithful. Elise goes for a rope break but Shields conveniently misses it as the Keyboard Warrior continues his assault to the FACE of DEFIANCE before she kicks her leg up right between the legs of Malak Garland.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Holding onto the bottom rope on the apron Elise watches as Garland falls into a heap on the canvas. Trying to brush off the previous attack, Ares rolls back into the ring and drops the Snowflake Superstar across the rope with the Cuban Necktie. As the first part of her finishing sequence, the excitement builds as she doesn't even take the time to pose for her adoring Aresites before setting up for Amethystation. Garland reaches his feet and Ares jumps onto the top rope only for Mark Shields to run between them and demand Ares get down from the ropes.

Lance:

Mark Shields inserts himself into this match once again!

DDK:

He's lecturing Ares about something, but we can't hear a thing over this furious crowd! This is just getting to be unbelievable!

Trash begins to start flying into the ring as Mark Shields who continues to stand like a shield between Garland and Ares. Elise just jumps down off the top rope into the ring and begins to get into Mark's face who suddenly becomes a big man and stands his ground against the FACE of DEFIANCE. As she does so, Malak crawls back to the opposite corner of the ring, where on the apron is laying the walkie talkie. He grips it in his hand like a weapon and makes eye contact with The C who shares a few words with Malak before walking around to the other side of the ring.

Lance:

It looks like The C is setting up a distraction here and Malak has that walkie talkie loaded into his fist. It's safe to say he's planning on striking Ares directly into the face with it.

DDK:

The D has other plans! He's trying to steal it from Garland!

Lance:

It's hard to cheat a cheater!

As Garland and The D play tug of war with the walkie talkie, The C decides THIS is the time to insert himself in the match. He slides into the ring and pushes Mark Shields back. Ares doesn't see him winding up but it doesn't matter as before he can pull off any sort of move, The D whistles over to him. Bates looks on as the crowd cheers. The D is standing there, holding the iconic summoning walkie talkie. Garland slams his fists on the mat in a tantrum as The D holds it high, distracting Bates long enough for Ares to superkick the hell out of him!

Lance:

The C goes flying out of the ring!

The C lands at The D's feet. He looks upward and sees a very large D looming right in front of his face, walkie talkie in hand! The C swallows hard, with anxiety painted over his face. The D holds the device high once more before scooting by his adversary and heading to the back, all the while holding the walkie talkie up for everyone to see. Troubled by this, The C scrambles to his feet and runs up the ramp in pursuit.

DDK:

Looks like The D has The C at the letters! Too punny? Not punny enough?

Elise Ares smiles and finger waves with a smirk, backing up as a rabid Malak Garland lets her back into him. Charging forward and dropping Ares neck first across the ropes with a Cuban Necktie!

Lance:

Oh NO.

She grabs her throat and kicks on the mat while Malak poses suggestively on the apron, blowing kisses to the fans at ringside as they try not to hurl. He pops back up to his feet and waits for Elise to get back up.

DDK:

Not like this.

Malak walks over and slaps Ares on the shoulder.

Malak Garland:

WEAPON GET!

He "loads" his wrist and forearm and goes for an Amethystation!

Lance:

ARES DUCKS!

Garland misses with the flying superman style punch but he instantaneously returns serve with a lightning fast I TRIGGER! The cacophony of hate continues to pour down from all around the Bridgestone Arena as Garland pushes himself up to his feet and proceeds to attempt to do Elise's rhythmic suggestive dance over her body.

Malak Garland:

kAy tAIL aSsHoLe eH?!

After... whatever in the hell that was, Garland backs into the corner measuring up Ares for the Extreme Makeover curb stomp. He stomps the mat, calling his shot as the Faithful just continue to boo his existence relentlessly. Elise is completely out of it. Scraping herself off the canvas as the man who plans to take her very existence stares wide-eyed maniacally in the corner. As the FACE of DEFIANCE gets up to her hands and knees Malak explodes out of the corner.

DDK:

I can't believe th-

Lance:

I TRIGGER!

But not by who you expected.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

After using everything she had left to launch herself into the air and hit Malak Garland with his own finisher, Elise Ares stumbles forward and then collapses back on the canvas a few feet away from her rival. Mark Shields begins the double count and gets to about two with the Faithful and just gives up. A few moments later, Elise and Malak both claw their way up to their feet. As the Faithful cheer on the action the two Ares' lock eyes with one another. They drag exhausted husks to the middle of the ring where the Keyboard Warrior immediately strikes Elise across the face, sending her down to one knee.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ares staggers but responds with a backhand slap across Malak's face that spins him around.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

After a moment of reflection, Garland reaches forward and rakes the eyes of the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak marches forward trying to stay on the offensive and grabs the FACE of DEFIANCE, only to have her thumbs shoved into his eye sockets and pushed backwards.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

In a fraction of a second Mark Shields is there to call for a break, but once again Elise knows she has until five and

uses every second before Shields pulls her off of the Snowflake Superstar to the boisterous disapproval of the Faithful. Shields starts admonishing the former Southern Heritage Champion when suddenly...

DDK:

I Trigger out of nowhere!

Garland comes flying in to blindside Ares while she was having a disagreement with Mark Shields, only for the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE to pull the official forward and straight into the line of fire. Malak strikes Mark Shields clean, dropping him like a sack of potatoes spread eagle in the middle of the ring.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

Mark Shields is OUT!

Malak Garland:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He doesn't even get the chance to scream in frustration as Ares immediately hops onto him and slithers her way around the body of her taller opponent and locks him into the Sunset Stretch! The Nashville Faithful go bananas as the torque from Elise brings Garland down to his knees in agony. She continues to wrench the hold and Malak has no choice but to tap out... but there is no referee! Garland screams in pain, violently tapping out to the hold with no conclusion as Ares continues the offensive. Several seconds pass as Elise finally drops the hold and looks down at Mark Shields, still presumably deceased on the canvas. Grabbing the official by the wrist, Elise drags his body over to the side of the ring and shoves him out with her boot as Malak continues to wraith in pain on the mat.

DDK:

Mark Shields is out cold, Lance. We need another official out here if we're going to finish this match.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

It's Carla Ferrari! She's running down here to finish the match!

DDK:

I'm not sure if that's any better for Elise, Lance! Carla used to officiate nearly all of the Pop Culture Phenoms matches due to their use of underhanded tactics and her ability to sniff out such things. This culminated in Ares assaulting the official several years ago and their relationship has been icy at best since!

Ares motions for Carla to speed the hell up as the official comes sliding into the ring to join the action. Elise turns around to grab Malak and-

Lance:

I TRIGGER!

DDK:

You've GOT to be kidding me!!!

Malak Garland lands the knee directly into the face of Elise Ares dropping her hard to the canvas. The Keyboard Warrior falls backwards on top of the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE to a chorus of boos and points both of his fingers into the air as Carla counts.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! Elise Ares kicked out at 2.99999!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Malak's eyes grow unnaturally wide as he sits up and stares at Carla Ferrari who still holds a two count high into the air above her head.

DDK:

No matter how hard he stares, Malak it's still just going to get a two count.

Lance:

What a show of fight to keep her identity by Elise Ares! There is no more The D at ringside. No more The C. No Teresa Ames. This is just Elise and Malak, one-on-one, in a fight to secure the very identity of the FACE of DEFIANCE!

Malak Garland:

Mark would've taken care of this by now, Carla! This is why nobody likes you! You're useless! You can't even count to three correctly. You've completely ruined EVERYTHING. **E V E R Y T H I N G!** GO BACK TO WHATEVER HOLE YOU CAME OUT OF AND LIVE THERE YOU USELESS WOMAN! I WILL CANCEL YOU ONCE I GAIN CONTROL OF THE CANCEL CULTURE PHENOMS!

Carla bites her lip as Malak grabs the arm of Elise Ares and drags her over to the corner of the ring, propping her head up against the bottom turnbuckle. Stomping his way back across the ring in frustration, Malak looks over at Carla Ferrari and screams.

Malak Garland:

Now I have to injure this wretched woman! This is on you, Carla! **THIS IS YOUR FAULT!**

With those words, the Snowflake Superstar charges across the ring and throws another I Trigger directly into the side of the skull of Ares. At least, he would, if her head was still there.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

But Elise at the last second rolls out of the ring onto the apron and Malak's knee slams into the turnbuckle causing him to once again cry out in pain. A death wail continues to leave the lips of Malak Garland but is drowned out by the thunderous ovation from the Faithful.

Lance:

Amethystation connects!

DDK:

Pin him, Elise! Don't give Mark Shields the chance to wake back up!

As they both lay sprawled out on the mat once again, Elise finds another gear and struggles her beaten body back up off the canvas. Instead of going for the pin, she grabs the wrists of Garland who lies face down in the middle of the ring. She lifts him up for the hard camera to see before she leaps into the air bringing BOTH feet onto the back of his skull, crushing his face hard into the mat with the Extreme Makeover. Rolling him over, she makes the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

Elise Ares continues to lay across the body of Malak Garland as the music begins to play. Reluctantly, she's helped to her feet by Carla Ferrari who then raises Elise's arm in victory and she gets an appreciative roar from the Faithful. Malak lays flat on the mat, with his eyes shut.

Darren Quimbey:

You're winner and *STILL* ELISE ARES, EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELIIIIIIIIIIIISE
ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRESSSSSSSS!

Mark Shields has since come to his senses outside the ring and has slunk back to the backstage area under the distraction of victory. Elise leans against the ropes looking across Nashville before taking her thumb and pointing back at herself reassuring the entire world that there is and always will be only one Elise Ares and you're looking at her.

DDK:

Even when the odds seemed stacked against her, Elise Ares found a way to dig deep like we've often seen her do and remain Elise Ares. A hard fought and hot start to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, Lance. I don't think you could ask for a better start.

Lance:

I suppose any time we see Malak Garland cry in defeat is about all we could ask for, but could you imagine a future where Malak WAS Elise Ares? What does that even look like?

DDK:

Well I think tonight we got a glimpse of what that future might look like, Lance, and it was... traumatic.

The crowd celebrates as Elise's arm is raised in victory!

THE SAFETY DANCE

Backstage, there is a DEFIANCE Maximum DEFIANCE backdrop. The word DEFIANCE is all over the backdrop.

There is no room for anything else. It is quite literally the maximum DEFIANCE that can fit on the backdrop.

Standing in the middle of the scene is Scott Hunter. He has his blue and yellow wrestling gear on, is rubbing his hands with excitement, and has a frown on his face.

Scott Hunter:

Listen up, fellow wrestlers. Scott Hunter here at Maximum DEFIANCE where I will set an all time record with two straight wins in a row to start my DEFIANCE career. I will also be the first man to ever put a figure four leg lock on a safety worker. Those are the facts forever and if you don't believe me, you can look it up in Wikipedia, which only has ironclad facts on it. It's not like just anyone can edit those pages!

Scott Hunter:

Now I was informed just yesterday about who my opponent would be this weekend. Apparently, his name is Sgt. Safety and he is... *[air quotes]* ...**the safest man in pro wrestling**. First of all, that's a bold statement.

Scott pauses, staring at the camera. Then, he continues.

Scott Hunter:

And while you are a Sgt. and I thank you for our service to our country, you need to know that I find your claim of being the safest man in pro wrestling to be very suspect. I'll say that again...

Scott Hunter:

VERY.

Scott Hunter:

In fact, I am here to proclaim that ***I*** am the safest man in pro wrestling! You can't prove otherwise! I am the safest man in pro wrestling, and now that I've said it twice that makes it official! No one could possibly be safer. As a matter of fact, I'm wearing a condom right now! Are you wearing one, Mr. Sgt. Safety?? I think not. How totally selfish of you. One question, why in the world do you think it's okay risking your opponents getting an STD, just because of your selfishness?? I get it, the wrestling moves feel better without one, but wrap it up, pal! This is DEFIANCE, not Studio 54!

Scott Hunter:

In addition, I have applied a generous amount of sunscreen to my delicate skin, and much more than the recommended quarter sized amount, too! SPF 100, not that SPF 15 crap you use! What do you think this is, 1985? We don't have an ozone anymore, PAL!

Scott Hunter:

I'm guessing any day now you're gonna be changing your name to Sgt. Melanoma!

Scott Hunter:

I assure you, I will not let this slander go unpunished. This weekend on the biggest show in the history of DEFIANCE that I have a match on, it will be me and you... and you and me... no matter how we toss the dice it's got to be...

Scott pulls out a piece of paper and checks his notes.

He stuffs it back in his pocket.

Scott Hunter:

Since you are wearing a hard hat which is a blatant OSHA violation, I will be coming to the ring in some protective gear of my own.

Scott begins to take items out of a box behind him.

Scott Hunter:

First of all... a bike helmet. You've got your little construction hat, so I will be wearing a hard shelled hat of my own. Everyone knows bike helmets are far superior to hard hats. Have you ever seen someone wear a hard hat in the Tour De France?? Of course not! That would be insane! So I'm wearing a bike helmet.

Scott pulls out another item(s).

Scott Hunter:

Secondly, I have, of course, my trusty swim floaties.

Scott quickly puffs air into each floatie and puts one on each arm.

Scott Hunter:

I have trusted my life to these babies more times than you can count, or at least more times than I can count. Math is hard. But these floaties are soft! And pliable, a word I just learned this morning! They help me to float in case I find myself in deep water, which is **JUST THE SORT OF THING SOMEONE LIKE YOU WOULD DO!** Why are you trying to drown me, Sgt. Safety? Why? Anyway these floaties will thwart your evil plot.

Last but not least, Scott pulls out a giant roll of bubble wrap. He opens it up and starts to wrap it around his torso. As he does so, the grating sound of the plastic being pulled apart fills the room. You would be wincing if you were there, is what I am saying. After a few moments, his upper body is wrapped tightly, then his legs.

Scott Hunter:

I see now that I will possibly have trouble wrapping my arms, but I will make it happen, I guarantee it! You may think I have two Achilles arms, but I assure you I will not appear in the ring unprotected, because **I am the safest man in wrestling!!** You understand me?! **WRESTLING!** After I am done with you, there won't be a workplace in the country that will hire you as a safety auditor. You'll have to work some menial, unfulfilling, degrading job, like working for the IRS or something. **SO PAY YOUR TAXES!**

Scott finishes with a point straight at the camera. He holds there for a moment, then finally relaxes.

Scott Hunter:

Anyway, tonight I will make history. Sgt. Safety, prepare to be very **very** unsafe! I am going to wrap your knees up like a pretzel... without salt... because I am on a diet. But it will still hurt a lot! It's safe to say, I am on my way to history, while you are on your way to the unemployment line. Sayonara, safety bitch.

Cut to the ring.

CAGE MATCH: OSCAR BURNS vs. CORVO ALPHA

An ominous view awaits the paying fans watching from home as well as those in attendance as the cage starts to lower from the ceiling slowly, signaling the start of one of the key matchups to take place for MAXDEF 2023!

DDK:

Here we go, partner. After weeks of bait-and-switching, mind games... and let's be honest, straight-up running away from his opposition, there's nowhere for the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE to go, Lance. It's Oscar Burns going one-on-one with the unchained monster, Corvo Alpha as decreed by DEFIANCE matchmakers... in a STEEL CAGE!

Lance:

After losing his Favoured Saints Championship to Rezin back at DEFCON, what one might call the delusional bubble around Oscar Burns was popped. He lashed out at the people he used to call the Oscar Burns Faithful. The man who says he's DEFIANCE Himself challenged anyone to meet him in the ring... and along came Corvo Alpha!

DDK:

We didn't know exactly how Corvo Alpha would be now that he's been cut loose from the influence of Lord Nigel Tricklebush, but it appears that the fans have been gravitating slowly, but surely towards the monster. And tonight, they're going to be in his corner fully when he tries to shut Oscar up once and for all. And after Oscar Burns cost him that No Disqualification match to his lackey, Butcher Victorious, Corvo is going to be seeing red.

Lance:

One thing you can understate, though, Darren. As dangerous as Corvo is, as powerful as Corvo is, as violent as Corvo is, this is Vae Victis' Oscar Burns. Seen it all. Done it all. Won it all. He has never been in a cage match before in DEFIANCE in all this time, but if there is anyone that can adapt and overcome, Burns has made a habit of doing it and that can't be denied.

DDK:

These two have met once before all the way back at our UNCUT 100th show special. Oscar got the win by putting the monster to sleep with a guillotine choke he later named Fifty, but that match opened a hell of a lot of eyes. We're far removed from that day. These are two very different people that we're about to see. Oscar Burns, reviled and loathed. Corvo Alpha, newly taken in by the people!

The bell rings as the cage finally finishes lowering around ringside for all to see.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a STEEL CAGE MATCH!

That gets a MASSIVE cheer from The Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The only ways to win are by pinfall, submission, or escaping the cage!

♪ "Ultimate Battle (intro)" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win! His SIXTIETH win in DEFIANCE! More recently...

Two DEFy Award wins in 2022! Match of the Year vs. Dex Joy at Maximum DEFIANCE 2022 and Faction of the Year as part of Vae Victis!

And a few more highlights to add...

Oscar Burns defeating The Flying Frenchie.

Oscar Burns beating down Corvo Alpha with the Platinum Shovel...

And now... showing the DEFIANCE logo.

Then the name "OSCAR BURNS" written in the same familiar red DEFIANCE font.

Then finally...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns in a very simple ring gear. A burgundy robe. Underneath? Black pants-length trunks, absent the usual Oscar Burns/DEFIANCE logos. White taped wrists and black wrestling shoes. At his side, his stooge, Butcher Victorious trying to keep pace with a pensive Oscar surveying the cage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Butcher Victorious... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds, representing Vae Victis... **HE! IS! DEFIANCE! OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

Oscar Burns looking over this cage carefully. He feels this was an unjust punishment lobbied at him by Favoured Saints and DEFIANCE matchmakers, but for three consecutive shows, he challenged Corvo Alpha, only for this match to not happen.

Lance:

And that was a good call. No more running. No more excuses. Now he's gotta put up or shut up.

When Oscar reaches the ring, Butcher goes to wipe down the steps with the quickness of a one-man NASCAR pit crew. After it has been wiped off, Oscar walks up the steps. He never takes his eyes off the cage as he carefully steps through the ropes and into the massive steel structure. Oscar sheds his robe and hands it off to Butcher. When he reaches inside the ring, he looks around at the cage surrounding him from all sides. One of DEFIANCE's best big match players takes a corner and makes it his as he surveys the scene. He's clearly pissed about what's about to befall him, but tries to hide it as he waits for his opponent.

And wait, he does. Anticipation slowly builds. No music ever comes. The lights never dim. Finally, he appears from within the crowd and a cheer sparks then sweeps through the capacity building.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

Snarling and spitting atop a second tier aisle, the spotlight trembles upon Corvo Alpha, shirtless with a dramatic smudge of red lacquered across his chest, from left pec down towards right hip. His right hand glistens with the same pigment.

Darren Quimbey:

From Parts Untold... he weighs near two hundred and sixty eight pounds! **Call him: CORVO! ALPHA!**

Corvo raises his open left hand high in the air. It drips with a bright yellow paint.

Lance:

We've seen the emergence of this yellow face paint in recent months, fans!

On cue, Alpha smears the yellow paint down his face; from forehead to chin, knots of thick colorant clumping in his otherwise dark, unkempt facial hair. When next he opens his eyes, they are wide and wild and locked solely on the steel cage in the center of the surging arena.

Lance:

It's been speculated that yellow paint represents the yellow mask that this man once wore when part of the Masked Violators tag team.

DDK:

It seems like a lifetime ago!

Lance:

For him, I imagine, even moreso! And yet it seems that with every passing day, despite his struggles, this man is finding out just who he is. *Remembering*, if you will!

Seemingly unaware of the mob of Faithful cheering and jeering around him as he stomps down the concrete steps, Alpha's purpose is fastened tight to the cage.

DDK:

You mentioned that Oscar Burns has never stepped into a steel cage until tonight... Meanwhile, this man - this MONSTER - feels right at home.

Alpha leaps the rail and his eyes take in the massive cage. In the ring, Burns is unimpressed. Butcher Victorious backpedals and nearly stumbles ass-over-tea-kettle over the steel ring steps, but recovers. Yipping and barking taunts towards Alpha, Butch Vic steers clear of the beast as he ascends the steel steps and carefully steps through the steel cage door. A member of DEFsec closes and latches the door behind him with a *CLANG!* and Alpha's head snaps back towards the noise. Then back at Burns, savage and fierce.

The excitement mounts once more as Jonny Fastcountini issues final orders to an indignant Oscar Burns. Across the ring, Alpha shakes the bars of the cage with both powerful arms, feeling the vibration and taking in the sound of it. He glances over his shoulder at Burns who appears somewhat shook by the sheer size and brutality of the steel structure they stand inside.

Fastcountini issues orders to Alpha while, in the background, we see Butch Vic fiddling with the steel door's lever mechanism before being shooed away by DEFsec.

DING DING**DDK:**

Finally, we are here! Oscar Burns, Corvo Alpha, Steel Cage! Pinfall, submission, or escape!

Burns grabs Fastcountini and appears to be inquiring about the structural integrity and viability of one of the cages' corner connections and the fans unleash a torrent of boos.

Lance:

Oscar Burns has had plenty of practice *escaping* Corvo Alpha in recent months... but this steel monstrosity will absolutely slow that getaway down!

DDK:

I'd say that Corvo Alpha is counting on that!

Without warning, Alpha pushes Fastcountini out of his path and starts CLUBBING Burns to an ovation!

DDK:

And here we go!

Alpha snatches Burns and goes to sling him into the wall of the cage – but Burns puts on the brakes. Corvo opts for a clothesline instead that LEVELS Burns.

Lance:

I can not understate just how *dangerous* a match this is! We know how violent and explosive Corvo Alpha can be! We know how deliberate and sly Oscar Burns can be! When you add a 14 foot tall, four ton unforgiving enclosure to the mix, the danger, the peril, the threat... increases exponentially!

DDK:

Neither of these men wants to be the FIRST to taste that steel!

Continuing to bludgeon Burns all the way to his feet, Alpha goes to SLAM Burns head-first into a steel bar – but Burns clasps the cage with both hands and halts the motion, following that counter up with a stiff elbow downstairs. Oscar is unable to mount an offense as Corvo just smothers him, pushing him into a corner. Elbow to the face follows elbow to the face as Alpha is unleashed!

DDK:

Music City likes what it's seeing as Corvo Alpha takes control!

Burns uses his forearms to cover-up as best he can, artfully ducking Alpha's swings as he slowly picks up on his opponents offense. Burns stands up straight, snatching one of Corvo's arms in the process, somehow coming out of the corner with a hammerlock applied.

Lance:

I don't know how he grabbed that hold, but *of course* he did!

Burns walks Alpha backwards to center-ring before ducking behind him, transitioning into a reverse hammerlock. Then into a side headlock. Burns grinds it in with a sneer as he scans the crowd.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Oscar Burns:

–URNS!

The kiwi grappler cackles as he grinds the side headlock tighter, bringing Alpha down to one knee. Alpha goes to charge forward – which would drive Burns into the cage wall – but Burns throws BOTH LEGS up to spring off the ropes, sending the pair turning–

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD SPINNING BULLDOG by Oscar Burns! Burns followed that through the whole way, DRIVING Alpha's mug into the mat! Burns hooks the far leg!

One!

Tw– !

A frustrated kick out by Alpha. Burns yanks him upright and goes to irish whip Corvo into the cage wall – but Alpha REVERSES it and sends Burns running towards the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Burns uses the turnbuckle to go up and floating over a charging Corvo Alpha – Alpha CRASHES chest first into the turnbuckle – staggers backwards – Rolled up by Burns!

One!

Two!

DDK:

Another annoyed kick out by Corvo Alpha! Both men are back to their feet!

Lance:

Oscar Burns is looking to end this QUICKLY!

At ringside, Butch Vic gesticulates and jumps up and down anxiously, yelling encouragement to his mentor. He starts climbing up the outside of the cage!

DDK:

Look at this! Butcher Victorious! Involving himself in this contest, reaching inside the cage, swatting at Alpha!

Alpha spies him and charges at him, Vic drops off the cage, laughing.

Lance:

Get him outta here!

From behind, Burns lays in a running double-ax-handle to the back of Corvo's head. Burns clutches Alpha's long black hair and HURLS the beast into one of the four walls of the steel cage!

CLAAAAAAANG!

DDK:

HEAD FIRST! ALPHA ATE THAT CAGE, FACE FIRST!

Alpha staggers around the ring and Burns grabs him hair-first once more. Another HUGE running smash into the cage!

CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!

Alpha faceplants center-ring and Burns sees a chance! He scrambles for a turnbuckle, slowly climbing first that... and then up onto the cage!

Lance:

Oscar Burns is looking to hightail it outta there!

DDK:

Wait, ALPHA IS UP!

Stirred perhaps by the shaking of the cage, Corvo is to his feet, eyes scanning for his prey. Spotting him scrambling up the cage, Corvo charges after him up the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Alpha's got him! OHH! Burns KICKS Corvo in the temple! Another! Corvo fights through it! Turns, putting Burns in a power-bomb position, pulling him off of the cage!

But Burns spins on Alpha's shoulders, then drops down behind him – he SHOVES Corvo face first into the cage wall!! Then turns and this time makes for the cage door!

Burns screams at the DEFsec team outside the ring who are admittedly slow to react and work to open the lever on the cage door. Besides them, losing his mind, is Butch Vic, screeching at DEFsec to hurry up! The lever is raised, the mechanism releases, and the cage door opens!

Lance:

Oscar Burns steps a leg through – ALPHA HAS HIS OTHER LEG! He crawled over!

DDK:

Alpha WRENCHES Burns away from the cage as he finds his feet! Enziguri kick by Burns takes Alpha down!

The cage door is loudly closed once more, much to Butch Vic's chagrin. Vic chides the much larger DEFsec guard who no-sells him.

Burns nervously goes to climb the cage once more, something almost frantic in his eyes. On the outside, Butch Vic skirts the ring and starts climbing on the outside of the cage, opposite Burns. The Faithful start giving them the proverbial business when they spot Butch Vic struggling to get something out of his pocket, climbed half-way up the cage.

DDK:

Does Vic have brass knuckles in his pocket?!

Lance:

He's got *something*!

Referee Fastcountini yells at Vic, then see's the foreign object he's trying to retrieve from his pocket!

DDK:

Jonny is on the case!

Suddenly, Fastcounini climbs to the middle rope and expressively points to the backstage area!

Referee Fastcounini:

YOU'RE OUTTA HERE, VIC!

RAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

Yes! This is a cage match! There's no room for outside interference like this in this sport under ANY circumstances... and CERTAINLY not in a CAGE match! Butcher Victorious has been EJECTED from ringside!

Burns reacts like you'd expect him to! He hops off the ropes/cage and gets in Fastcountini's face. At ringside, Butch Vic is fuming! But DEFsec is quick to escort the little shit up the aisle and backstage!

DEFIANCE Himself is beside... himself, raging at the reaction of the crowd! He turns just in time to see the HUGE charging BOOT coming! Corvo Alpha absolutely levels Oscar before falling onto the ropes, shaking out the cobwebs.

DDK:

Burns is slow to get up, but get up he has! He staggers – MASSIVE CLOTHESLINE from Alpha! Alpha stays on him, pulling Burns up!

For a brief moment, something registers in Alpha's eyes as they scan the Bridgestone Arena – as if he can hear the support of the Faithful for the first time. It appears to fuel Alpha as he knees Burns to the gut and pulls him in.

Lance:

Corvo Alpha, with his considerable power, just MUSCLES Burns up into a powerbomb position! Oh, wait!

DDK:

RUNNING POWERBOMB! *INTO THE CAGE WALL!* Oscar Burns was just FOLDED UP against that steel!

Burns, on IMPACT, crumbles straight downward between the cage wall and ring ropes, slamming on the apron with a *THUD!* Alpha leans against the ropes, catching his breath, again, taking in the support of the fans.

In the lower right, a slo-mo replay of the running powerbomb into the cage plays out. Burns head struck steel twice;

once on horrific impact and again on the way down.

Lance:

Burns is unmoving... and Corvo Alpha is uncaring! He pulls Burns back into the ring!

DDK:

Corvo has yet to attempt a pin... he has yet to attempt an escape! He came to shut Burns' mouth! And... so far, he's accomplishing that!

Alpha pulls Burns up and SLINGS the New Zealander across the ring and INTO THE CAGE WALL!

CLAAAAANNNG! & RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH

With the approving roar, Alpha's head snaps around, as if connecting the action with the reaction for the first time. He reaches down and peels Burns from the mat. And AGAIN, he HURLS him into the cage!

CLAAAAANNNG! & RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH

An ugly smile stretches across Corvo's long-broken face. Something nearing elation as he wrenches Burns back up. Why not one more?

CLAAAAANNNG! & RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH

And then it happens.

DDK:

LOW BLOW! God damn it! Oscar Burns with a low blow!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Alpha crumbles to the mat as an exhausted and beaten Burns smirks. Oscar pulls himself to his feet and flips off the fans.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Oscar Burns:

-UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRNNNNNNNNNS! HAHAHAHA!

Lance:

One of the most gifted and talented natural athletes I have ever seen. One of the most decorated, celebrated performers to ever do it. One of the most versatile, skillful, accomplished professional wrestlers to ever lace up boots... and yet he reduces himself to the most vile, low-down and dirty acts to steal a win! He *tarnishes* the very legacy he spent years building, he tears down the very sport that he once propped up!

The camera frames the sweaty, snickering face of Oscar Burns. He spits on Alpha. Lance's voice drips with disappointment.

Lance:

This man's story is, to me, one of the greatest tragedies in the annals of professional wrestling.

Burns soaks in the hate as he starts a slow climb up the cage.

DDK:

Say what you want about what he has done with his career... You can't deny all of the "history making moments" that Oscar Burns has given us at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE over the years! Whether it was his wars with Scott Stevens or his

battles with Gage Blackwood... Oscar Burns has made MAXDEF *his* event more years than not!

Burns claws up the cage.

Lance:

It's true! Could this be another historic night for Oscar Burns?! Another historic MAXDEF?! Can Oscar Burns SURVIVE the steel cage?!

The crowd reaction shifts!

DDK:

ALPHA IS STIRRING!

Burns throws a leg over the cage wall, teetering at the very top, before spotting Alpha slowly pulling himself upright and staggering towards him. Burns' expression changes. Throwing his leg back over and inside the cage, Burns measures Alpha – then LEAPS!! Flashbulbs galore!!!

DDK:

DIVING KNEE OFF THE NEAR-TOP OF THE CAGE! He caught Alpha in the DOME!

Lance:

That knee certainly hit its mark, Keebs, but at what cost?! Burns came down HARD off that cage!

Burns is the first to stir, crawling for the door of the cage.

LET'S GO, COR-VO! CLAP- CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!!

LET'S GO, COR-VO! CLAP- CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!!

LET'S GO, COR-VO! CLAP- CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!!

DDK:

Oscar Burns nearing the cage door! Nearing an exit! Wriggling closer to a way out!

And DEFsec is now a bit quicker on trotting up the ring steps and moving to work the door's lever.

Lance:

Slithering like the repugnant snake that he is at his very core, Oscar Burns sees an opportunity!

The cage door is swung fully open just as Burns reaches the ropes. He uses the bottom rope to pull himself towards the apron/door, edging towards victory.

Lance:

Oscar Burns is inches away from giving Vae Victis their first win of this two day event!

Behind him, Alpha slowly rouses.

LET'S GO, COR-VO! CLAP- CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!!

LET'S GO, COR-VO! CLAP- CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!!

LET'S GO, COR-VO! CLAP- CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!!

Burns crawls under the bottom rope, his head and torso almost completely out of the cage!

DDK:

LOOK!

Suddenly, Corvo is there, he reaches for the cage door and – from the inside – YANKS AND SLAMS the cage door

CLOSED on Burns!!!

CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNGGGGGG!!!

DDK:

SO CLOSE BUT SO FAR!

Burns writhes in pain, inadvertently rolling back into the ring. He clutches at his face & head. Alpha is also down, having exerted himself greatly to catch Burns at the threshold. The cage door is slowly closed. Without warning, there is a disturbance somewhere in the Arena as the fans hit their feet.

They, as one, inexplicably point up high in the sky. Above the ring.

Lance:

What the--

Finally, a spotlight finds what the Faithful had already found. Slowly lowering into the cage is a figure.

DDK:

IT CAN'T BE!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

Son of a--

DDK:

IT'S BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!!!!

Oh, come on. Butch Vic jerkily rappels down from the rafters of the Bridgestone Arena. Legs kicking awkwardly as he goes, Vae Victis' favorite bitch-boy is clearly trying to air-drop into the cage.

Referee Fastcounini is heated, thrashing his arms, shouting up at Vic.

Lance:

What the hell is he THINKING?!?

DDK:

I'm not convinced he is, Lance! Referee Jonny Fastcountini isn't going to stand for any more nonsense! Wait...

Suspended about ten feet above the ring, Vic starts to sway as he fights with his harness and the rope.

Lance:

Is... is he stuck?!

He is stuck. Desperately, he yanks at the rope and at his harness.

By now, Alpha is up. He glances up at the flailing Vic with more than annoyance. Like a hurt animal, Corvo scales the side of the cage.

DDK:

Alpha is going up! Is this it?! He could win it all by just climbing over the cage with both feet hitting the floor!

Alpha reaches the top of the cage and surveys the packed arena, feeding off of the crowd support. He spies Victorious, who is now spinning frantically above the ring, and suddenly the untamed, broken smile of Corvo Alpha

returns.

DDK:

What is Corvo Alpha gonna do?!

Before anyone can answer, Alpha LAUNCHES off the top of the cage, SPEARING BUTCH VIC OUT OF HIS HARNESS!!!

The cable snaps! Both men CRASH onto the canvas, with Alpha landing awkwardly on Vic.

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Vic is NOT moving! And – WAIT! BURNS! BURNS!

Burns steps over Vic's broken body to SNATCH Alpha up. He cinches in a standing guillotine choke!

Lance:

Burns has Alpha! Guillotine choke! This was the move that Burns used to give Corvo Alpha his first ever loss almost two years ago at UNCUT 100! He calls this "FIFTY"!

Burns ragdolls Alpha, applying more pressure. Burns grabs a rope for more leverage, legal in this match. In the background, Butch Vic remains unmoving, crumpled up in the far corner.

Attempting to grapevine Alpha, Burns goes to wrap his right leg around him – but that's when Alpha uses the shift in force to lift Burns off the mat and CHARGE forward – HARD into the cage! He rears back and does it AGAIN! And AGAIN! Burns relinquishes the hold!

DDK:

Alpha is alive!

Lance:

He turns and HEAVES Burns overhead and CRASHING into the cage with a HUGE overhead suplex!

Outside the ring & cage, DEFmed has assembled and appear to be conferring with members of DEFsec and other DEF officials who are trying to check on Butch Vic's well-being through the cage.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is digging deep! You can see the toll this match, that spear off the top of the cage, that Fifty... you can see what he has been through!

His face sporting just a few sweaty yellow flecks, Alpha reaches down and uses the bottom rope as a pressure point to lock in a Katahajime! He angles Burns right arm up high, then bends it over.

Lance:

ALPHA CLUTCH ACROSS THE BOTTOM ROPE! I have never seen anything like this! Oscar Burns is being choked out! He's fading, Keebs!

DDK:

Burns' eyes are fluttering!

Burns flails his free-arm around, seeking an exit, searching for an out. He finds none.

DDK:

Is Oscar gonna tap out?!?

Lance:

Oscar Burns won't tap! He won't do it! In fact, Oscar Burns has NEVER tapped out! It's just not in his DNA!

Slowly, Burns begins to slacken and go limp. Alpha snarls, his face returning to a red without the paint as he adjusts his grip and sits in the hold even deeper.

DDK:

How much more can Oscar Burns take?! How much more can—

Shocking the world, Oscar Burns' free arm flails even more... and TAPS, slapping Corvo's shoulder frantically.

DING DING DING**Lance:**

OH MY GOD!

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS JUST **TAPPED OUT!**

Alpha drops Burns with a *THUD*. Dazed, Alpha allows Referee Fastcountini to raise his arm above his head.

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

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout... by SUBMISSION... **Call Him: CORVO! ALPHA!**

Lance:

Three months ago, we watched this man shed the leash of his sick and twisted master...

DEFmed is quick to clamber into the ring to check on Butch Vic... and now, perhaps, on Oscar Burns. Burns twitches. Corvo slides under the bottom rope, exhausted.

Lance:

But tonight, he may truly be free!

He leaps over the guardrail into a welcoming sea of fans who he quickly disappears inside of. The spotlight struggles to keep up with the throng escorting him out of the arena. In the ring, DEFmed checks on both Vic & Burns. An adorable *YOU TAPPED OUT!* chant sweeps the building.

DDK:

A brutal, hard-hitting victory for Corvo Alpha! I doubt this is how Vae Victis expected to start their MAXDEF event, Lance!

Lance:

Well put! Oscar Burns certainly made more MAXDEF history tonight... just not the way he intended. What a HUGE win for the "Savage" Corvo Alpha!

TITANES FAMILIA vs. M4NTRA

DDK:

We've seen so much action tonight here at Maximum DEFIANCE and we're only a few matches in! We saw a BRUTAL steel cage match with Oscar Burns and Corvo Alpha moments ago, but we move forward to tag team action! Titanes Familia will take on the rising tag team of M4NTRA in mere moments.

Lance:

M4NTRA was formed when Nathan Eye and Tom Morrow tried to recruit Eye's friend from BRAZEN, Declan Alexander, to their side after a couple of high-profile losses. Since that time, by hook or by crook, M4NTRA have been more than an effective duo and haven't lost a match yet.

DDK:

Both Alexander and Eye were high-level BRAZEN stars and in fact, both former BRAZEN Champions. But Declan's other friend from his BRAZEN days, Dan Leo James, has been trying to get Declan away from Nathan. Titanes Familia more than ANYONE in DEFIANCE know that Tom Morrow is up to no good, but Declan hasn't listened to reason until recently.

Lance:

He didn't seem too fond of Nathan Eye and Alvaro de Vargas attacking Dan Leo James after that six-man tag on DEFTv 189 broke down, but here we are now. It'll be Titaness and Dan Leo James representing Titanes Familia with Uriel Cortez in their corner against M4NTRA! That match is next!

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Gold and white lights flash around the arena to the opening rhythm of Bring Me The Horizon leading to the pause, where the black DEFIatron comes to life like an opening eyeball to reveal the word M4NTRA on the screen right as the beat drops. Nathan Eye leads the way, holding up what has become his signature metal-plated copy of his book *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* (now available in the DEFshop) wearing his trademark white ring gear with gold trim and his "Third Eye" glasses. Behind him "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, flanked by Tom Morrow, is wearing his new ring gear. The shorts are gone, replaced by white tights with the usual D4 logo and stripes in gold.

DDK:

What a team that Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander have made. Two of the best men to have ever come out of the BRAZEN system now finding themselves to be a tag team brimming with potential.

Lance:

Since coming together these two have been undefeated as a team and in singles. They have defeated the Barrio Boys and Team HOSS and tonight a win over former Unified Tag champions in Titanes Familia is really going to put them at the top of the division quickly.

Tom Morrow walks in between the M4NTRA memes and gets to the ring.

DDK:

And ... oh, boy. Tom Morrow is going to say things so let's get our earplugs ready Lance.

Tom Morrow takes his mic out and he's about ready to spread some noise pollution for the Nashville crowd.

Tom Morrow:

Nashville! Home of great music! Home of the best barbeque anywhere! Home of some of the rowdiest wrestling fans anywhere in the world!

He looks at Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander.

Tom Morrow:

... at least that's what other people have told me, but I don't see it! You banjo-twanging cousin banging barbeque flesh eaters are disgusting. I eat *real* food because thanks to Nathan Eye showed me, this body is a temple. I'm a proud vegan so get on your knees and pray that I continue to grace you with my presence!

Boooooooooooooooooo!

Tom Morrow gives the microphone to Nathan Eye who holds up his book.

Nathan Eye:

It's never too late, though! It's never too late to change, Nashville! You may be sitting here in the stands one big mass of mesquite-scented sweat, but anyone can change! Declan here is my prime example! Great shape! Very talented, but he lost his way until Tom and I helped him! Now he's enlightened! Now, he's a real winner! Now M4NTRA is the fastest-rising team in DEFIANCE Wrestling and it's all thanks to me all thanks to this ...

Declan gives a little side eye to Nathan Eye when he holds up his plated book, but then nods in agreement with the life-changing capabilities.

Nathan Eye:

I give you *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance*! Just reading the first two chapters of this book will sound like country music played backwards! Your wives will come back to you! Your trucks will start! You won't be dirt poor and nobody's dogs will die if they read this book! Keep your Eyes on the Prize and you can sing anything you want!

Morrow ends this spiel.

Tom Morrow:

Now watch tonight! Nashville, you and the entire state of Tennessee are about to see something you should all be familiar with by now: a better team coming along to beat your beloved Titans!

Boos overpower the head of Better Future Talent Agency when he gives the microphone back. The trio talk strategy while the opposition arrives.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

The lights darken.

And suddenly, TV credits appear on the tron with campy music...

Uriel Cortez chopping a fool in the corner.

URIEL CORTEZ

As

Giant Dad

Titaness hitting the Clash of the Titaness!

TITANESS

As

Muscle Mom

Dan Leo James hitting a Titan's Orbit chokeslam!

DAN LEO JAMES

As

The Young Titan/Declan's Real Friend and Totally Not That

Crapface Nathan Eye

And finally... a scene of Carolina "Memaw Titan" Cortez slapping Tom Morrow back at Acts of DEFIANCE 2022!

SPECIAL GUEST STAR

Carolina Cortez

As

Memaw Titan

TITANES FAMILIA MATTERS!

Then a still of the happy family sitting in a 90's style sitcom, but Dan Leo James is the only one smiling.

DDK:

Uriel Cortez's mother, Carolina Cortez! She makes her DEFIANCE return after being a good luck charm for the group last PPV against Team HOSS!

And after the credits roll...

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The lights flicker back on and the crowd EXPLODES as a spotlight shines in tune with the appearances of the trio. Left side of the ramp: Titaness! Right side of the ramp: Uriel Cortez, arms in the air! Center of the ramp: Dan Leo James, with a box in hand! And one more spotlight... "Memaw Titan" Carolina Cortez! The 53-year-old mother of the Titan of Industry is greeted by the crowd!

Darren Quimbey:

...Being accompanied by Uriel Cortez and "Memaw Titan" Carolina Cortez, at a combined weight of 463 pounds... Titaness! Dan Leo James! **TITANES FAMILIA!**

The Faithful give them a nice ovation for the team of multiple-time Unified Tag Team Champions! Uriel and Momma Cortez are having words while walking down the ramp while Titaness and Dan Leo James get ready to handle business. Dan holds out the box and holds it up in the air...

DDK:

A PS5! I think this is Dan Leo James still trying to talk sense into Declan Alexander before this match!

Lance:

And he looks unsure!

Dan yells out to Declan while Titaness is rolling her eyes and wants nothing to do with this nonsense. Dan holds the box over his head now and pats the side.

Dan Leo James:

COME ON, BUDDY! REMEMBER... REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THESE SELF-HELP BUTT-BABIES LIKE NATHAN EYE!

Declan looks at Dan with a smirk, but Nathan Eye has had enough by gesturing to Declan they have a wrestling match to win. Declan does want to focus on business first. Uriel and Momma Cortez watch on and Dan puts the PS5 box down. Titaness tells Dan that she'll start the match with Declan starting for his.

DING DING

Titaness and Declan get right to it! Being of equal height, but Declan with the technical advantage, he goes up and around before applying a headlock to The Show of Force. He cranks on the headlock and Titaness pushes back to the

ropes before trying to shove Declan off of her. Declan keeps his grip down and goes to a kneeling position to keep Titaness down, but the wife of Uriel Cortez picks him up... but Declan flips over and lands on his feet!

He grabs Titaness by the arm and then whips her into the ropes. She comes back and hits a shoulder, but Declan only gets knocked back. Titaness tries to run at the ropes again, but The PogChamp leapfrogs over her! Titaness comes back and Declan once again leapfrogs, then catches her using a big dropkick! The crowd gives Declan a mixed reactions as he shoots up to a knee and looks proud.

DDK:

Titaness taken down with the first big move by Declan Alexander! The athleticism of both he and Nathan Eye I think is unparalleled by any other team in our robust tag team division!

Lance:

I gotta agree there. M4NTRA, for better or for worse, has been such a great team in only just a couple of months.

Declan forces Titaness into the corner. He tags in Nathan Eye and then the two men whip Titaness off the ropes and then catch her with a double flapjack on the rebound! The Show of Force hits the mat hard while Uriel and Dan watch. Tom Morrow looks giddy as a schoolgirl with Nathan going for the first pinning attempt of the match!

ONE!

TWO...NO!

DDK:

Titaness gets the shoulder up, but Nathan Eye is doing a great job staying on her. Beneath this self-help persona, there is one of DEFIANCE's best pure athletes!

Nathan hits Titaness with a forearm and then tries for a body slam on the New Yorker, but Titaness fights her way out and lands behind him before she slips back to the corner to tag Dan!

DDK:

Tag by Titaness to Dan Leo James!

Titaness makes the tag, but Nathan isn't aware. He spins around and tries a corner splash, but Titaness moves and allows Dan to rock him with a big elbow! Dan Leo James enters the ring, then he and Titaness both get Nathan up and each grab an arm. They snap him back to the corner and then take turns hitting NASTY shots! Double chops by Titaness and open-handed chops by The Young Titan!

DDK:

Something EVERY member of Titanes Familia has! Those heavy handed chops!

Lance:

And just as quickly, a tag to Titaness! They train together constantly and it's great to see how this new dynamic of Titanes Familia has worked since they put their issues with Team HOSS in the rear view.

Nathan is reeling from the collective chops when Dan picks him up and drops him with a huge body slam! Then he wants to slam Titaness, but she shakes her head "no." Dan has a defeated look on his face, then the crowd POPS as Titaness picks up Dan Leo James and body slams him across the body of Nathan!

DDK:

I think Dan wanted to slam her, but Titaness wasn't having that! Nevertheless, cover by Titaness!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Golden State Guru kicks out. Titaness gets up quickly and tags in Dan. Dan and Titaness once again whip Nathan into the ropes and then hit him with double flying shoulder tackles on the way back! Dan now with a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICK OUT!

DDK:

M4NTRA have come together very well as a team, but the whole family thing isn't hyperbole with Titanes Familia. They have the experience edge here.

The Cortezes are the cheering section at ringside while Tom Morrow angrily shakes his head. Titaness gets the tag again for her team on Nathan and tries to hit a gutwrench, but Nathan is able to fight free and makes the tag to Declan, who is more than ready!

DDK:

There the tag to Declan... GGEZ!

The Show of Force almost gets struck out of her boots with the rolling thunder dropkick by Declan! He gets to his feet and rushes over to strike Dan Leo James with a flying forearm!

Lance:

And Declan lands the first strike against his friend!

Declan grabs Titaness off the mat in a hurry and then hits a gorgeous leg swinging snap suplex that puts her on the mat! The Intrepid Influencer kips up to his feet and then hears the mixed response, but quickly tunes it out!

DDK:

Declan on fire right now... but Dan back in!

Dan charges and runs at Declan, but he ducks. Dan keeps moving, but Nathan is there to pull the ropes down and sends The Young Titan to the floor!

Lance:

James just tried to save Titaness and it just cost him! M4NTRA are ready, though!

Declan picks up Titaness and then throws her out through the ropes and to the floor. Declan looks out to the crowd and then he runs and leaps right over the ropes with a tope con hilo on top of Dan Leo James just as Nathan Eye leaps off the apron from the other side and clobbers Titaness with a flying clothesline! Both members of M4NTRA then help the other up! Nathan points at the "third eye" he claims to see with on his forehead and prompts Declan to do the same!

DDK:

Terrific tandem offense by M4NTRA! It's been back and forth tag team work so far, but Eye and Alexander have the edge now!

Lance:

I mean it. Tom Morrow might have struck gold with this duo. They've been sinking their grip deep on Declan Alexander, who may have just found the way to turn around his big match fortunes!

Nathan points at Declan as they pick up Titaness. Morrow laughs in the direct of the Cortezes, who both tell him to

shut up.

Uriel and Carolina Cortez: *[in sign language]*

Shut up, bitch!

Lance:

Carolina Cortez is partially deaf, which is why they communicate at ringside with sign language... but I'm going to translate that last part to "be quiet."

DDK:

Man of many talents, I see. But so are M4NTRA and they're putting their talents to good use! Titaness is cut off from Dan Leo James!

With Declan on the ring apron, he looks like he's about ready to make another leap as Titaness is on the ground, Nathan makes a tag to let himself get into the match first. Declan looks a little bit surprised but when Eye says something to him that the camera cannot pick up at ringside he nods and seems to go along with the plan. Nathan picks up Titaness before a whip to the ropes leads into a spinning back breaker! Titaness bounces off of the knee and to the mat.

Lance:

A little surprising there that Nathan Eye tagged himself in. Is he asking Declan to slow down?

DDK:

I think so! Declan was about to go to the ropes when Nathan wanted in. I can understand the strategy but maybe clue him in before he is about to make a move?

Titanes gets a scoop slam on the mat next and then Nathan leaps and hits a perfect jumping leg drop! He goes into a cover on the female power house.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Titaness kicks out with her legs. The Cortez family are worried now for her well-being, but Tom Morrow is having a field day. He pulls Titaness back at the corner and then tags Declan back in again. Titaness is pinned to the corner, but the powerful and defiant Titanes Familia start fights back! She hits a chop on Declan and Nathan! Titaness tries making a leap out of her corner ... but Nathan Eye overpowers her first and picks her up!

Lance:

So close, but he makes it to his corner! Now Declan in.

Nathan whips Declan and then he hits a back breaker of his own! Nathan looks proud.

Nathan Eye:

There we go, Declan! Slow and steady wins the race here!

Declan grabs the legs of Titaness and then turns her over for a Boston crab! Nathan gives him a thumbs up and a smile from the corner.

DDK:

Nathan can be a pretty flashy wrestler himself, but now they're trying to tell him how he should wrestle? What is that?

Lance:

Morrow has to be doing this. He has been a manager long enough to know when to fight and when to let up and work the opponent over.

Uriel and Miss Cortez both are cheering on Titaness. Uriel's wife tries to fight to the ropes with Declan doing everything that he can to keep her in the Boston crab. Uriel urges her to fight to the ropes and DLJ does the same in his corner pointing at Titaness and cheering her on. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are doing the same for her as well and they are lending her support for her efforts to get to the bottom rope.

DDK:

Declan has a developing technical background and he has shown he's got some skill on the mat. He's not just some athletic kid but sometimes he wants to show off more than subdue his style.

Declan holds on ... but Titaness gets her hand tightly on the ropes first! Declan lets go of the hold on a clean break. Morrow looks mixed but Declan tells Morrow that he and Nathan got this and it's all good. The three way conversation with the official continues and as this is happening, Nathan grabs Titaness and starts choking her against the bottom rope! Uriel immediately shouts at the referee to pay attention to his wife's well being!

Lance:

What a despicable act by Nathan Eye! But Declan and the referee don't see what's happening!

Nathan moves out of the way just before the referee or Declan can get wind of what he's doing and walks back to his corner. Titaness is on the ground hacking and coughing for air and when the referee sees that and then looks back to Natty Eyce he is shrugging and pointing at his metal-plated book held by Morrow that he'd never do anything awful.

DDK:

Now Nathan wants the tag! Of course he does!

While Titaness is still on the ground coughing, Nathan holds his hands out and Declan makes the tag. They both pick Titaness up with Declan whipping her to the ropes and then Nathan picking her up as Declan runs behind ...

DDK:

Rise and Grind spine buster! Right onto the knees of Declan Alexander! The Rise and Grind combined with that Combo Breaker!

Lance:

That was an innovative combination by M4NTRA! The spine buster combined with that lung blower might do it!

Titaness goes sailing across the ring from the impact and Nathan Eye kneels up to point to the "third eye" on his forehead again as if the match is over. He goes to pull Titaness away from the ropes and then tries a pin.

One ...

Two ...

But before the three, Dan Leo James jumps in and he breaks the pin with a huge running senton across the back of Eye!

Lance:

Dan Leo James makes the save in the most unorthodox of ways! He just crushed Nathan Eye using that running senton to the back!

DDK:

Titaness has been locked up in that corner by M4NTRA for the last several minutes and they've been working over her back! She needs to find a way out of this and James may have given her that opening!

DLJ gets up and starts clapping at Titaness to get up!

Dan Leo James:

Let's go, Muscle Mom!

He heads back to his corner quickly. Titaness has been hurt, but the Show of Force is showing her iron will to stay in this match and tries to get up. Eye is cursing under his breath and then makes a tag to Declan, who waits in the middle of the apron for Titaness to get up. Before he can hit the move, Tom Morrow is pointing at Declan and telling him not to do it. Nathan is doing the same and is telling Declan to get in and stop her from getting a tag.

DDK:

I think that Declan might be trying to hit another GGEZ on Titaness?

Lance:

But Declan is telling them he's got this, fam!? Whatever that means.

With Titaness starting up Declan rolls in for the GGEZ ... but when he comes out of the roll, Titaness catches him across her shoulders! Then hits the Clash of the Titaness to a big pop!

Lance:

That was a tremendous counter! He tries the rolling drop kick but Titaness counters by catching him and hitting the death valley driver called the Clash of the Titaness!

DDK:

I can't believe these words are coming out of my mouth and will be out in the public ... but Nathan Eye and Tom Morrow were right! Declan tried to get flashy but Titaness was ready for it!

Titaness's back has been worked over and she's showing the effects of such a move after hitting her move, but the Show of Force has a clear line of sight to Dan Leo James who has the fans ready to see Titanes Familia make a comeback. The Cortez Family are cheering and James looks out to The Faithful and stomps a foot on the steps.

Dan Leo James:

Muscle Mom! Muscle Mom! Muscle Mom! Muscle Mom!

While Declan is heading to his corner, Titaness can't believe it... but a chant starts to pick up...

MUSCLE MOM!

MUSCLE MOM!

MUSCLE MOM!

DDK:

Oh, boy... if you've heard DEF Radio, that's the name that Dan has been told not to call her under any circumstances... though it was also up on the tron...

Lance:

My lawyer has advised me against speaking on anything DEF Radio... but Titaness is about to get the tag!

Declan makes a tag to Nathan Eye, allowing The Golden State Guru to jump over the ropes to try and stop Titaness by grabbing her leg!

DDK:

No! Nathan cuts off the tag!

Nathan tries to pull her up into a waistlock, but she quickly moves into a standing switch and shoves Eye into the ropes. When he comes back, she fires off a QUICK snap german suplex that takes the big man over!

Lance:

Nathan Eye tried to stop what's happening, but he can't! Dan is ready!

MUSCLE MOM!

MUSCLE MOM!

MUSCLE MOM!

Titaness is grabbing her back with one hand and threatening Dan with a death glare before making the tag! The big man is in!

DDK:

And here comes Dan Leo James! The Young Titan is in!

Dan charges right into the ring like a man-child possessed and CLOBBERS Eye with a big shoulder tackle! Eye goes spilling over, but Dan picks him up again and then has him over the shoulder! He points at Declan across the ring.

Dan Leo James:

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, BUDDY! YEET!

And then THROWS Nathan up and over with a delayed back body drop to the canvas!

DDK:

YEET by Dan Leo James! Ironically enough, it was Declan who helped Dan Leo James come up with that move in their BRAZEN days!

The Faithful are all fired up over Dan as he picks up Nathan off the mat once again and whips him to the corner for a big running splash in the corner and gets crushed! Natty Eyce gets taken for the ride again across the ring! Dan charges at the corner, only to get a big boot up from Nathan first!

Lance:

Nathan stops the Young Titan train!

Nathan goes off the ropes and tries for the Side-Eye, but Nathan catches him first in his grip and SWINGS him around before flattening him on the canvas with a body slam spun out into a big facebuster!

Lance:

Dan has been waiting for weeks to finally get his hands on Nathan Eye and he's doing just that!

The Faithful are going crazy as Declan looks to Morrow, pointing in the ring at him to hurry up! Uriel and Momma Cortez tell Dan to look out as Declan tries to sneak up on him!

DDK:

PLAY OF THE GA... NO! Declan into the ropes...

THWACK!

The Faithful collectively groan as Dan has no choice but to CRACK Declan on the return with the Fastball Chop! Declan falls to his knees holding his chest in pain! Dan feels bad for it, but he doesn't have too much time to dwell on things when Uriel Cortez yells at James to finish the match. He nods and sees Nathan Eye in the corner!

DDK:

That Fastball Chop was loud! He didn't want to do it, but victory is on the line here and he's got Nathan Eye in his sights!

Nathan is still reeling when he's picked up. Dan grabs him by the arm, but Nathan reverses and slugs him with a back

elbow that stuns Dan, then follows up with a corkscrew back elbow smash that puts him on the mat! Nathan hurriedly gets away from The Young Titan and through the ropes!

DDK:

I think we're looking at Eye's Up Here! That flying elbow drop is a thing of beauty and if he hits it, Danny is done!

James is still out on the mat when Nathan goes up top, but before he can steady himself, The Young Titan snaps back to life and then meets him at the middle rope! Nathan tries to hit him with a forearm, but Dan returns fire with a BIG chop to the chest! He has Eye in his sights (jokes!) and then hooks him up as the crowd starts to buzz...

SECOND ROPE POWERSLAM!

DDK:

What a move! The ring shook with that one and I think this has to be it!

Dan hooks both legs of Nathan and makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... BROKEN UP BY ALEXANDER WITH A DROPKICK!

DDK:

DEC4L breaks up the cover in the nick of time and saves it for his team!

Lance:

Now Tom Morrow is offering advice! He's telling Declan to get Nathan over to his corner!

He follows the vet's advice while Dan is recovering from the kick and pulls Nathan by his leg! He then climbs through the ropes and tags himself in!

DDK:

GREAT strategy there by Nathan! Morrow has a game plan for just about any situation unfortunately.

Declan is in the ring now and stands over Dan before he nails him with a forearm! James fights back and CRACKS him with a chop that almost knocks DEC4L over! The Intrepid Influencer hits a stiff forearm, but Dan fires back with an open-handed chop! They continue throwing blows to one another until Declan wears him down with a boot! DEC4L rears back and then goes to the corner, but then comes back and ducks under a big lariat, only to hit the ropes just as Dan turns...

DDK:

PLAY OF THE GAME! A SPRINGBOARD PLAY OF THE GAME!

Morrow screams out as Declan rolls over Dan Leo James and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY TITANESS WITH SLIDING T!

And now all four are down and the crowd go wild! Titaness is clutching her back still and all parties are down!

DDK:

Both M4NTRA and Titanes Familia pulling out all the stops here now! Titaness saved James with the Sliding T elbow smash!

Uriel Cortez is yelling at Dan or Titaness and urging one or the other to get up. Declan has been waffled by the sliding elbow smash and is nursing a sore jaw, but Nathan Eye motions over to Tom Morrow with the referee checking on others. He slides in the metal-plated book and Eye covers it with his chest to plug it! Uriel and Momma Cortez yell at the official to pay attention, but Navarro doesn't see Nathan Eye with the book!

DDK:

Everyone is down, but Navarro doesn't see Nathan hoarding that book!

Morrow yells at the Cortezes to get the hell back and get away from him, but Momma Cortez has seen enough and attacks Tom Morrow, slapping him across the face and ringing his bell!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Lance:

Tom Morrow getting what he deserves in this one! He just had the taste slapped out of his mouth by Ms. Cortez! The Memaw Titan is gonna give Morrow those hands!

DDK:

All well and good, but Navarro isn't paying attention to the match!

The Faithful jeer when the man called 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance looks to be made up of some other substance used for fertilizing. He has Dan lined up in his sights, still smarting over the Play of the Game and trying to stand again...

Lance:

He better move!

Nathan charges with the metal-covered book in hand, but Dan sees it coming and moves at the last second! Declan sees it coming right behind him...

DDK:

OOOH! NO! He just barely avoided hitting Declan with the book, too!

OOOOOOHHHHHH!

The crowd realizes what's happening in the moment! Declan's eyes grow wide, but before Nathan can protest himself, Nathan gets STRUCK with the Dash and Bash by Dan Leo James, knocking Eye out from the ring! Declan turns and gets a pump kick to the jaw by Titaness!

Lance:

No! Nathan's attempt to use the book on James backfired again!

Dan whips Declan into the ropes and then throws him up into the air with a big pop-up... into a HUGE running spear by Titaness on the way down!

DDK:

THAT'S THE MOTHER/SON SPECIAL! THAT'S IT!

Titaness moves out of the way as Dan jumps into position, hooking the leg of Declan!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Dan gets to his feet with the help of Titaness and the two have their arm raised after wearing the wounds of war! Meanwhile on the outside, Tom Morrow is nursing a red mark that will most definitely be left on his face in the morning and he's stunned at the result!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

DDK:

Titanes Familia pulls out the win! M4NTRA showed when they are on the same page, they can hang with any team in this division, but Nathan Eye trying to use that book as a weapon shows they aren't where they want to be!

Lance:

Declan Alexander and Nathan Eye when they've worked together have shown they can be a great team, but I have to wonder if that malfunction at the end may have ripple effects for their partnership!

Uriel and Memaw Cortez head inside the ring to help to raise the hands of Titaness! James has one eye looking towards Declan Alexander on the mat, looking sorry for him in his current situation, but then perking up when Titaness goes over to raise his hand! He goes to hug her and he's allowed three seconds before Titaness motions to stop.

Nathan Eye meanwhile is outside the ring, licking his wounds and clutching onto his book while spouting he's still the master of self-help! Morrow joins the Golden City Guru, giving him a pat on the back and motioning for them to get out of here. Alexander is now laying on the apron trying to gather himself as Eye and Morrow begin to make their way backstage.

DDK:

Morrow and Eye quickly are making their way out of the arena, so fast that it looks like they left DEC4L behind.

Coming to his senses, the PogChamp reaches his feet out on the apron and looks around to find his teammates nowhere to be found while Titanes Familia continue to celebrate in the ring. Dan Leo James notices Declan all alone and falling to one knee on the apron looking heartbroken across the arena before sitting down on the apron. DLJ leaves the party to come and tap the Intrepid Influencer on the shoulder. He has the PS5 box in hand, but Declan looks over his shoulder to see the giant before bowing his head pushing himself off the apron.

Lance:

It looks like Alexander is a bit out of it but looks confused on where his teammates went. This is the first time Dan Leo James has really had the opportunity to talk to DEC4L one-on-one in months but it looks like the PogChamp just isn't up to it.

Making his way up the aisle alone, Alexander holds his ribs with heavy breathing. He looks back at Titanes Familia holding their arms up one last time before turning his back to the ring and laboring his way backstage.

Alone.

STRONG STYLE RULES: SCROW vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is the STRONG... STYLE... MATCH!

DDK:

Very curious about how this match is going to play out.

Lance:

Well, they explained the rules at DEFtv, but I'm sure Quimbey will refresh our memories!

Darren Quimbey:

The rules of this match are as follows: in addition to the standard pinfall and submission rules, each competitor has three chances to knock down the other with a standing strike that has the capacity to knockout. The third time someone knocks the other down with a forceful standing strike, the match will be called with a TKO! Also, each competitor has the use of a weapon three times throughout the match. The fourth time either competitor uses a weapon, the match will result in a disqualification!

Lance:

Well, there you have it, folks!

DDK:

I'm not sure who has the advantage here as far as the TKO goes. Arthur is a top-quality practitioner in the Art of the Eight Limbs and from what I gather, so is Scrow. But the use of weapons? We all know Pleasant is the uncrowned King of the Deathmatch and not to mention a very sick individual.

Lance:

Give Scrow a weapon, and he'll know what to do with it against Pleasant. Trust me.

"Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet hits the speakers, and a chorus of boos immediately follows.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Two words, followed by two letters, written in signature style, appear on PRIMEview with a bleeding effect; this is created by a machete that slices through the bottom of the screen with a violent effect. Arthur Pleasant, meanwhile, has already begun making his way out from behind the curtains.

YOUR NIGHTMARE,

AP

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring... from Under The Midnight Sun... weighing in at 225lbs...he is DEFIANCE's Worst Nightmare... ARTHURRRRRRR... PLLLEEEAAASAAAAAAAAAAAAAANT!!!

♪ *"Shatter" by Bullet for My Valentine* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent is accompanied by Minerva Hive. He weighs in at 198 pounds and stands 6'0" from the Fields of Torment, "THE RAVEN'S EYE" ...SCROW!!!

The Faithful cheer when they hear Scrow and Hive's names

Scrow and Hive appear at the entrance way The Faithful shout even louder as the two appear. Scrow is in (Red Lantern Themed Gear) red ring gear with black trim and blackbirds on the shin pad and on the side of his trunks. His new logo is of a bird trying to escape a puddle of ooze on the front of his trunks. That same logo is on the back of his

black leather coat. and standing in a scarecrow pose. Minerva (also in a Red Lantern Themed Gear) is in red leather boots and pants, with a red tank top cut off just above her belly button. "Turn, Back" is written on the shirt in black colored letters. She is in an atlas pose, with her hands pointing at the ring with side gun poses. The two walk to the darkness now encompassing the ring.

Scrow and Hive disappear into the darkness of the arena. Suddenly the lights pop in a firework pyro display of the lights shattering and burning out. The entranceway is now in darkness and the ring and ringside lights are back on.

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha.

Scrow sitting on the northeast turnbuckle, then over to Hive who is sitting on the northwest turnbuckle.

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha.

I don't exist, I was never alive!

Hive looks out into the Faithful as they continue to follow along with the lyrics.

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha.

But now I know I am ready to die!

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha.

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha.

I don't exist, I was never alive!

Scrow looks out into the Faithful as they continue to follow along with the lyrics.

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha.

But now I know I am ready to die!

The Faithful:

Whoaa....Ohhhha.

The music cuts off but that doesn't stop the Faithful continuing to shout Whoaa....Ohhhha.

Arthur looks over his shoulder toward Scrow sitting on the northeast turnbuckle, then over to Hive who is sitting on the northwest turnbuckle.

DING DING

As soon as the bell sounds, three dots appear on the DEFIatron next to both competitors' names.

ARTHUR's STRIKE KNOCKDOWN COUNT:

SCROW's STRIKE KNOCKDOWN COUNT:

ARTHUR's WEAPONS COUNT: xxx**SCROW's WEAPONS COUNT:** xxx**DDK:**

Ohhhh I see. So each weapon that gets used, they lose an "x" up on the DEFIatron.

Lance:

And each strike knockdown they get adds an "x".

DDK:

Well, this is certainly a unique match type!

Lance:

Holy crap! Lookout, Scrow!

Using Scrow's distraction over what is up on the DEFIatron, Pleasant nails Scrow right across the temple with a Muay-Thai-style Switch kick. The blow to the head causes Scrow to go down!

DDK:

I don't believe it! Scrow just got knocked down in the opening moments of this match!

Lance:

Wow. Score one for Arthur.

ARTHUR's STRIKE KNOCKDOWN COUNT: x**SCROW's STRIKE KNOCKDOWN COUNT:****DDK:**

I think this just taught a valuable lesson for Scrow: do NOT take your eyes off of Arthur Pleasant in this match.

Lance:

I'll second that sentiment, Keebs.

As Scrow gets up, Slater puts some distance between The Raven's Eye and DEFIANCE's Worst Nightmare. Asking Scrow if he's alright, Scrow simply nods, and Slater motions for them to continue with the match.

Scrow and Pleasant quickly come to the center of the ring and start hammering each other with lefts and rights! Scrow with a stiff forearm shot and Pleasant is sent reeling. Pleasant with the rebound, though, and nails Scrow with his own puroesu-styled strike. Neither man budge as the Faithful really start to get behind the uncomfortable stiffness going down in this match.

Pleasant goes for another forearm shot, but Scrow ducks and rolls Pleasant up!

Slater is right there!

ONE!

Pleasant kicks out and immediately bitches at Slater for the "count".

DDK:

Did Arthur forget the rules for his own match?!

Lance:

I think he was more embarrassed by almost getting caught by a simple roll-up. He was so focused on retaliating with a forearm shot that he forgot to guard against a simple pinning maneuver!

With Pleasant distracted, Scrow measures him up. As soon as Pleasant turns around...

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!!!

Scrow comes off the ropes like a bolt of lightning and nails the former Favoured Saints Champion with a handspring roundhouse kick to the back of the head! Pleasant goes down face first, clutching the back of his head.

DDK:

And now Arthur goes down!

Lance:

This match could be a game of tit-for-tat.

The DEFIAtron lights up once again with the updated striking "score".

ARTHUR's STRIKE KNOCKDOWN COUNT: x

SCROW's STRIKE KNOCKDOWN COUNT: x

Tying up the striking portion of this contest, Pleasant gets up slowly. Just before Slater can check on Pleasant, Scrow flips over Pleasant's mid-section and cradles him down to the mat!

DDK:

Jumping inside cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

Pleasant shoulders out, and the crowd is one hundred percent behind Scrow here. Arthur gets up and a spine-shrieking knife-edge chop meets him. Arthur quickly grabs his chest in pain. His rage boils over and returns the favor. Scrow holds his chest and returns the favor. Back and forth back and forth each chop as loud as the next. Neither man goes down although there were some close calls though. Scrow goes for one more but as Arthur preps to take the blow, Scrow surprises him with a kick to the gut and then a DDT that would make the Legendary Snake Man proud. Scrow hits the corner and as Arthur rolls to his stomach.

DDK:

Twist the Knife!

That Robinson Special forces Arthur down on the mat once more. He tries to get back up to his hands and knees and Scrow flips over him and transitions into an inside cradle!

Lance:

Again Scrow trying to end it quickly!

ONE

TWO

THE...

DDK:

Arthur barely kicks out, and it looks like Pleasant is getting the hell out of dodge.

AP exits the ring under the bottom rope.

Lance:

This has already been a pretty stiff match, both men's chests are red from all those strikes.

Arthur starts to look under the ring.

DDK:

It looks like Arthur wants to take a break from the striking portion of this match and go back to what he does best, the use of weapons.

Lance:

Typical Arthur Pleasant.

Arthur continues to look under the ring until he finds something he reaches under and grabs it. Before he can lick his lips by his choice Scrow is diving through the ropes in a suicide dive catching the Plaguebeast completely off guard!

DDK:

Pleasant looked like he was undressing that sledgehammer with his eyes.

Lance:

His lust for carnage cost him as he totally forgot about Scrow.

Scrow stands up and listens to the Faithful cheer him on. Arthur quickly gets up and in a fit of absolute rage! He charges at Scrow, who quickly turns around and has enough time to react.

DDK:

Ink Stain! Outside the ring!

Lance:

What a hell of a Standing Spanish Fly there! Arthur has no idea where he is right now. Remember there are no count outs in this contest.

Scrow looks out to the excited crowd for a moment, then picks up Arthur and throws him back in the ring. Pleasant cowardly scoots back to the corner and starts to beg Scrow. Scrow ignoring the obvious babyface trope just goes in to attack. First with a running knee then mudhole stomps in the corner. Scrow picks up Arthur.

SCREECHING STRIKE!

DDK:

What a vile shot there! Arthur got lucky there as he fell right back into the turnbuckle. He might have been down to one final strike to a TKO win for Scrow here.

Scrow continues to repeat the process as though you put that one favorite song on repeat. As he takes advantage of Arthur turning into a boxing bag swaying back and forth from a strike from Scrow to the turnbuckle and back again!

Lance:

OH!!! Scrow breaks the cycle with an elbow strike across the jaw of Arthur!

Scrow side steps as Arthur falls like Apollo Creed from Rocky IV

ARTHUR's STRIKE KNOCKDOWN COUNT: x
SCROW's STRIKE KNOCKDOWN COUNT: xx

DDK:

Arthur may be second-guessing himself about picking a striking contest with one of DEFIANCE's top strikers.

Lance:

Scrow continues to stay on the offense. I bet he won't be taken by surprise again from that last knockdown Arthur gave him.

Scrow Irish whips Arthur off the ropes, Arthur flips over an attempted back-body drop. Mocking the Faithful for his agility only to turn around right into...

DDK:

Pitch Black!

Lance:

What a Pe'le kick there by Scrow, Arthur just can not seem to stay on his game since the opening minutes of this contest.

Scrow continues to stay on the offense, Arthur has taken some of Scrow's biggest moves and shots and he is still going. Scrow picks up Arthur and just like that a eye rake. Now Arthur tries to mount an offense here. He now has Scrow pinned by the ropes and doing a similar succession of strikes with the ropes forcing Scrow back. Each strike just adds more welts to Scrow's chest.

DDK:

Pleasant finally returning the favor here.

Lance:

Arm Drag takeover! Scrow reverses a knife-edge chop from Arthur and just like that Arthur is back down on the mat!

Scrow bends Arthur's wrist back as he holds Arthur in place. After a few minutes, Arthur manages to get to a vertical base and reverse the hold into an arm-drag toss! Arthur hops up and quickly nails Scrow with a knee to the skull before he can get to a vertical base. Now Arthur is back on offense. He continues to pummel Scrow in between the second rope in the corner with knee strikes to the side of the head.

DDK:

The Land of Make Believe!

Lance:

Three fishermen suplexes, and now Arthur is laying into Scrow now. Looks like he is setting up for a Provocation!

Just as Scrow gets vertical Arthur charges in, Hive slides a chair in and Scrow grabs it! Scrow tosses the chair at Arthur's face. Provocation hits but not at full force as Arthur hits the mat after the chair smacks him in the head.

ARTHUR's WEAPONS COUNT: xxx

SCROW's WEAPONS COUNT: xx

DDK:

Scrow used up a weapon use, just to not take the full force of one of Arthur's trademark moves in his arsenal!

Lance:

It was clear Minerva and Scrow have done their homework on Arthur.

Pleasant spits something on the mat, could have been a tooth who knows? He grabs the chair, with nothing but bad intentions all over his face.

DDK:

Arthur better be careful here, if he lets his anger get the better of him he could lose just by using that chair more than three times!

Arthur goes to town with the chair, All shots to the head!

ONE.

ARTHUR's WEAPONS COUNT: xx

SCROW's WEAPONS COUNT: xx

TWO.

ARTHUR's WEAPONS COUNT: x

SCROW's WEAPONS COUNT: xx

Lance:

Yellow Mist!

ARTHUR's WEAPONS COUNT: x

SCROW's WEAPONS COUNT: x

Mid motions Scrow manages to spit the yellow mist into Arthur's eyes.

DDK:

Scrow could have won the match if he let Arthur hit him again.

Lance:

I do not think Scrow wants to win this match, by way of one of Arthur's stipulations.

Arthur is trying to wipe the mist from his eyes.

DDK:

Small package!

ONE.

TWO.

THRE...

Arthur just barely kicks out again.

Lance:

Looks like Scrow wants to pin this man's shoulders to the mat, not win by excessive weapon shots.

Scrow looking for The Raven's Call here.

DDK:

Scrow looking for the knockout strike here. He only has to knock Arthur down one more time from a standing strike. Both men have one weapon use left.

Lance:

Arthur is staggering around like a blind man.

He finally looks up and quickly exits the ring before Scrow can finish the move...

DDK:

He had the ring presence to know what was about to happen, and Arthur got out of it quickly.

Lance:

Scrow is in pursuit. Here we go again!

STRIKE AFTER STRIKE

Arthur doesn't have as much behind his strikes as Scrow has behind his. It's like Scrow is hitting a blind man right now. Arthur retreats back into the ring, trying desperately to regain his vision.

DDK:

Everyone in this building is loving every second of this. Arthur is getting just what he deserves.

Lance:

Wait a minute Arthur grabs something in his trunks!

Arthur puts something on his hand concealing it from everyone's view as he falls to a knee.

DDK:

It's a weapon it has to be!

Arthur falls to his knees, trying to rub the mist out of his eyes with his forearm. Scrow leans down and moments later Scrow hits the floor quickly!

Lance:

What happened, I could not see exactly what he just did there.

Much like Lance, even the referee did not see it as The Faithful near the event did and Arthur quickly tosses the evidence under the ring.

Arthur picks up Scrow who seems out of it, he rolls him in the ring. Arthur smirks as he laughs at the people who did see him use brass knucks but not the important people of this match. He rolls in the ring and with a cocky walk rolls Scrow over for the pinfall.

DDK:

I think Arthur just got away with an extra weapon shot.

Lance:

I think you're right Scrow should have won this match, dang nabbit!

ONE.

TWO.

THRE....

DDK:

SCROW KICKED OUT! Arthur can't believe it!

Lance:

Arthur is livid!

AP shouts at the referee for the count, demanding it was three. He then mounts Scrow and unloads shot after shot to the skull of Scrow. He finally gets off and looks around trying to figure out what else to do. His eyes focus on a certain weapon on the ground.

DDK:

Those dastardly eyes have focused on something.

Arthur gets out of the ring, and sure enough, it was the sledgehammer!

Lance:

Oh no, and thanks to Arthur bending the rules of his own match it is perfectly legal if he uses this.

Arthur slides into the ring, licking his lips while the hammer is in hand. Arthur waits for Scrow to get up and tries to strike him in the head but Scrow ducks and hits a German suplex! Arthur loses the hammer.

DDK:

Scrow now has the hammer!

Lance:

It is perfectly legal for him to use it as well!

Arthur begs Scrow to not use it. Scrow goes to hit Arthur with the hammer but does not, and then tosses it away. He starts to pummel Arthur shouting as he does it.

Scrow:

Scrow does not need a weapon to beat you, HE is the only weapon needed!

Scrow throws Arthur into the corner from across the ring. He charges in and Arthur moves last second Scrow hits the turnbuckle chest first. AP without any wasted motion grabs the hammer.

DDK:

Behind you Scrow!

Arthur without any regard to Scrow's well-being covers the hammer with his hand and nails Scrow in the back of the neck with it!

Lance:

Oh my GOD! Is he trying to paralyze this man?

Minerva's eyes widen as Scrow falls quickly to the ground holding the back of his neck. Arthur quickly goes for the cover. Even the referee is reluctant to do his job. AP continues to yell at him to count. He finally realizes it and it's not even a normal count it's quicker than usual!

ARTHUR's WEAPONS COUNT:

SCROW's WEAPONS COUNT: x

ONE.

TWO

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

Darren Quimbley:

The winner of this match....ARTHUR PLEASANNNTTT!!!

To a chorus of jeers. Arthur just laughs rolls out of the ring and bows to the fans while he laughs.

DDK:

That was a nasty shot and Scrow is in immense pain here. Here comes Iris Davine and the rest of the medical staff!

Lance:

This arena has gone quiet since that SOB finally left the scene of a crime.

Minerva looks on at Scrow very concerned. A stretcher comes out and as a neckbrace is put on Scrow he is slowly loaded on a stretcher and rushes to the back.

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant went too far here!

Lance:

We can only hope that that sledgehammer shot is not as bad as it looked here tonight. We will hopefully get an update on the condition of Scrow here tonight. If not we will make sure DEFIANCEWRESTLING.COM gives the update on Scrow.

CLOSE UP: NDR vs. THE COMPANY MEN

DDK:

This upcoming match is one that I and many other people have been waiting for as the rivalry between two tag teams new to DEFIANCE has erupted in absolute chaos.

Lance: [V/O]

Their first match took place at Uncut 138, which ended in a time limit draw and the first of their many brawls.

Footage of their first match, which ends with "The StarChild" JP Reeves pinning Brayden "Dubya" Leverington before Cristiano Caballero pulls his partner out of the ring to get a time limit draw. Reeves and Raiden then run up the aisle and all four men fight.

Lance: [V/O]

A rematch took place at Uncut 139, with the winning team guaranteed to make their debut match at DEF 186! NDR shocked The Company Men by revealing that Teri Melton had become their new manager, which they came to their advantage, especially as JJ Dixon defeated both of them several times via Teri's mad genius!

Teri makes her appearance at the top of the ramp as Dubya and especially Cristiano have a panic attack as both remembered her successful engineering of their multiple defeats at the hand of JJ Dixon -- one involving duping Cristiano with a timekeeper bell decoy.

One shot shows in the match Caballero leaping into Duba's waiting arms like a baby as Teri approached him at ringside. Then the end of the match comes as NDR hits The Final Sunset on Dubya, then Cristiano tries to pull Dubya out of the ring like their previous match, but Teri boxes him out like she's a NBA player muscling for a rebound, leading to the NDR victory!

Lance: [V/O]

Then the war erupted. The Company Men interrupted NDR's anticipated debut at DEF 186 and revealed their own manager in Tabitha Kinsey - Teri's former mentor!

The Company Men have NDR in The Gembreaker as Tabitha rips out Teri's earring, as Teri screams in pain with blood pouring everywhere.

Lance: [V/O]

In their rematch at DEF 187, with Tabitha at ringside and Teri still recuperating from the attack, The Company Men won after a wild brawl!

There's wildness at ringside with parties respectively, with a shot of Tabitha hitting The StarChild with her Faberge Egg on the floor, followed by Cristiano making Raiden tap to The Gembreaker while Dubya and Tabitha celebrate at ringside.

Lance: [V/O]

The feud only escalated at DEF 188, when a scheduled rematch between the two teams was revealed to be a trap by Teri Melton, who dramatically reappeared!

Teri stands in the spotlight inches from Tabitha's shocked face as both members of NDR deliver spinning kicks into chairs that crash into The Company Men's skulls, followed by the two of them viciously beating their rivals. Then we see the backstage punch from Teri wearing Tabitha's wedding ring that sends blood pouring out of Kinsey's face dangerously near her eyes.

Lance: [V/O]

And at DEF 189, we of course saw one more attack -- this time involving the couple of JJ Dixon and Tabitha's granddaughter, Caitlyn Kinsey, both of whom have tried to keep neutral in this volcanic feud!

Cristiano is pummeling both members of NDR with a chair as Tabitha wrenches Teri's ring finger at a terrifying angle,

with DEFSec and then JJ Dixon trying to break it up, followed by Dubya sneaking down to ringside to help Caitlyn Kinsey get the win after she hit Nicky Synz in the face with a Faberge Egg.

Lance: *[V/O]*

We have yet to see these two teams fight each other with both of their managers at ringside! And, I can assure you, this is going to be a nasty affair!

On cue, the lights dramatically go out!

♪ "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

The crowd pops as they hear the theme song of Your Uncut Gems. On the DEFiatron, Raiden and JP Reeves are both wearing their black hoodies up with the words "Die Trying" in street spraypaint font on the front. They could not look more serious. Walking in the front, as always, is Teri Melton. She's in her Silver Vixen look -- freshly done silver flapper curls, with a silver headband with a silver and black jewel on the side, a silver necklace with a dark black jewel, a black shawl with one of her silver gowns that shows off her curvy frame. Teri has a deliciously evil sparkle in her eye as Your Uncut Gems begin their walk-and-talk.

Teri Melton:

Tabitha Kinsey, I should thank you. When I first returned to my grand stage, I thought that what was after was gold. But you showed me otherwise. You showed me what I truly wanted. What I truly craved. What I truly need.

Teri has a devilish grin on her face as she holds out her hands dramatically.

Teri Melton:

And that is a war. I want a conflict where the combatants are forever changed. I want a conflict where the soldiers involved are left with pain they'll carry with them forever. I'm not talking about broken legs or fractured arms or concussions. I'm talking about the type of pain that you feel everyday for the rest of your life, everytime you look in the mirror. Because wars aren't won on the battlefield. Wars are won in how you carry the burden of what happened to you... and how you carry the burden of what you did to other people.

Teri now tilts her forehead down to the camera a little bit with a very wicked glare on her face.

Teri Melton:

Tabitha and your Company Men... you three with your perfect little lives who think you've accomplished oh-so-much. But you haven't. You're just parasites gifted all you have who continue to plunder and take from the have nots. But happens when everything is taken from you? Do you think you're strong enough to handle the type of pain I'm talking about? Allow me to answer for you -- you aren't, and you will wave the white flag of surrender.

The glare just grows more wicked.

Teri Melton:

I know about loss. About suffering. About the type of pain that I'm talking about. I feel it every day of my life. I know what it's like to hurt so much that you're unable to do anything. I know what it's like to hurt so badly that everything you thought you knew goes away. But the scars transformed me into who you see before you today -- a woman who does not blink as she walks across minefields in her ill-obtained \$3,000 designer shoes. Because I am utterly fearless and brash. I lifted myself up. I refused to take no for an answer. Do you think anyone wanted me here? Gave me a chance? It didn't matter. I kicked down the doors. I haven't even been here a year but can you imagine DEFIANCE without me? Because I don't wait for opportunities. I don't take opportunities. I MAKE opportunities.

Teri pauses with her hands on her hips.

Teri Melton:

And look at all I have made!

Teri snaps her fingers. The camera then shows the Bridgestone Arena that now has a silver jewel-type spec at every seat. The crowd hollers when they see this dramatic display, with many following suit and holding up their camera phone lights at the same time for an incredible lighting effect.

Teri Melton:

Tabitha, we both know this will not be our final battle. But this is the one that will dictate the course of our war going forward. Two queens on the chessboard, making their first big moves. And I and All Ye Faithful know that Your Uncut Gems are the ones who will walk away victorious, It's because, and Nashville, I know you want to scream this more than anything in your lives...

Teri smiles, allowing the crowd to roar in anticipation of her famous catchphrase. She then starts to move her hands as Raiden and Reeves follow suit with their DiamondHands. The spotlight then comes on at ringside, with Teri in the middle and Raiden and Reeves flanking her on the ring apron, with the rest of the dark arena cascading with the jewels specs and lit cell phones.

Teri Melton/Audience:

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

NDR vs. THE COMPANY MEN

♪ Theme From Succession ♪

Tabitha Kinsey walks out in her Chanel Tweed power suit, microphone in one hand, one of her prized Faberge Eggs in the other, all of the photos of her with dignitaries and men and women of power and wealth are on the DEFiatron. Brayden "Dubya" Leverington and Cristiano Caballero both flank her with arrogant smirks on their faces. They are immediately met with boos.

Tabitha Kinsey:

Oh, hush your mouths, you illiterate drunken --

But she immediately stops as Raiden and Reeves both run up the ramp and Dubya and Cristiano meet them, with all four men exploding with fists. Tabitha and Teri are also both screaming at each other, too.

Fight! Fight! Fight!

Reeves clotheslines Dubya into the crowd as he hops over the railing and starts reigning down punches. On the other side, Cristiano grabs a soda from a fan and whips it into the face of Raiden before he starts viciously raking at the NDR member's eyes. Tabitha and Teri are in the middle of the ramp getting awfully close to each other, too.

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING

DDK:

The hatred between these four men and especially these two women is very, very, very real -- and very, very, very dangerous!

Darren Quimbey:

We need DEFIANCE Security immediately. I repeat, we need DEFIANCE Security immediately!

The ringside bell -- **DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING** -- continues in the background like an alarm bell as DEFSec comes pouring out. First, they get in between Teri and Tabitha, pushing each of them off to one side as they continue their jawing. Other members of DEFSec then pull apart Cristiano and Raiden who are both now ripping at each other's hair, before somehow getting each man next to their respective managers as they continue their yelling and threats.

Meanwhile, Reeves and Dubya are throwing fists wildly at each other in the middle of the stands with fans surrounding them. DEF Sec members hop the railing and also come from the nearest aisle. They first push Reeves over the railing, as he gets back up and stands up on it yelling and gesturing at Dubya. They then push Reeves over next to his partner and Teri. Dubya is still behind the railing and lobs a chair towards NDR that meets the back of a DEF Sec member, whose colleagues grab Dubya and force him over the railing with force.

DDK:

This match hasn't even started --

Lance:

And away we go again!

Raiden manages to spin free from DEFSec and he leaps onto the throng to wildly throw fists towards Cristiano. Dubya pushes his way and rips off StarChild's amateur-style headgear even with a sea of security between them. Finally, DEF Sec restrains all of the parties again.

The crowd is on their feet --

Fight! Fight! Fight!

We hear someone tap on the microphone. It's Referee Benny Doyle in the middle of the ring.

Benny Doyle:

Okay, enough! I've had enough! If you don't stop this now, I will disqualify both teams and will make sure you're all suspended! Did you hear me! I will make sure you're suspended! Security, get The Company Men down here first!

DEFSec starts to force The Company Men and Tabitha to the ring, with both men ripping off their Carhartt vests. They occasionally turn around to lob more threats at NDR. Finally, they get into their corner. DEFSec is still holding NDR and Teri back. Finally, they escort them to their corner. And all six parties are not done eyeing each other up. Benny stands in the middle of the ring and looks at both parties.

The pointing and jaw jacking has not stopped. Doyle then walks over to NDR's side. Raiden and serves both toss off their hoodies revealing matching black leg-length pants, and a whole bunch of tape around Raiden's ribs — courtesy of Cristiano hitting them with a bat at DEF189.

DDK:

I do not envy Benny Doyle at all tonight!

Lance:

Thankfully, he's one of our most experienced and capable referees. But, yeah, he's in for a tough one.

DDK:

Okay, let's take a deep breath, everyone, because this is about to begin!

Both sides are pointing and jawing at each other while in their corners. Doyle sighs, knowing how hard this one will be, before finally calling for the bell.

DING DING

Dubya and Reeves start and there is no hesitation at all. They collide like two bulls in a lock-up right away.

DDK:

The bigger Dubya gets control and has The StarChild in a headlock!

Lance:

Dubya's added on about 15-20 pounds of muscle these last few months. You can really see it on his frame tonight. He's been bragging non-stop to people about the excellent athletic facilities available for Wharton MBA students.

Reeves counters by pushing Dubya into the ropes, Dubya bounces off and JP catches him with a belly-to-belly.

Lance:

The StarChild has a great amateur background. He's one of the most accomplished high school wrestlers in Delaware history. He could have wrestled collegiately, but family monetary problems caused him to find work in restaurants instead.

DDK:

But Dubya gets right back up and floors StarChild with a leaping European uppercut!

Lance:

Dubya's about 6'6", and his height and length really came into an advantage there!

Tabitha is screaming at Dubya who drags Reeves to his corner. Dubya holds onto Reeves's legs as Cristiano tags in and propels himself over the top to deliver an elbow to Reeve's left knee.

Lance:

The Company Men are absolutely going to pick apart at the knees of NDR tonight. On top of their 10-K assisted cutter, both men also use The Gembreaker — a move Tabitha Kinsey pioneered during her illustrious career that has never been broken or reversed! Teri Melton is a borderline savant with wrestling knowledge, nearly at the level of Oscar Burns, and told me earlier how afraid she is of that move as even she can't figure out a counter!

DDK:

Caballero has some words for Raiden. And while everyone in this ring can't stand each other, those two in particular want to scratch their eyes out.

Lance:

Raiden is the son of Tsunami, one of the most renowned aerialists and hardcore wrestlers of his era. And while Raiden is more of a striker than his father, he has the same quick temper — and Caballero wants to take advantage when he can!

Teri is telling Raiden to stay calm.

DDK:

Caballero now has Reeves up and whips him into the ropes - beautiful dropkick! He now wrenches on that right knee and has more trash talk for Raiden!

Tabitha is telling Caballero to "get in his head." Teri is reminding Raiden to not fall for it.

DDK:

Caballero now whips The StarChild into the ropes and drops down — no, Reeves with a kick to Caballero's chest!

JP tries to run and leap over Caballero for the hot tag. Cristiano instead catches him and hits him with an inverted atomic drop. He turns to Raiden in the opposite corner and does a crotch chop that has Raiden frothing at the mouth as Teri admonishes him to stay calm. Tabitha turns to the crowd and golf claps to the crowd as Caballero tags in Dubya.

DDK:

Dubya with a chop to Reeves. And another! He goes behind Reeves and hoists, no, wheelbarrow roll-up from Reeves!

One!

Two-

Reeves then gets up quickly and smashes Dubys with a back elbow. And a second. He then looks to his corner when Cristiano pops into the ring and points and screams at Raiden.

Teri Melton:

Now!

Raiden goes running into the ring and draws Benny's attention. But just as he does, Teri points and hops up and down to Dubya who has reached up to pull JP by the hair back to his corner. Doyle catches him in the act. Dubya puts his hands up in a "Who, Me?" gesture.

That allows Raiden to sprint into the ring and —

DDK:

Raiden with a running big boot to Dubya's jaw, and Dubya goes flying to his partner who crashed into the railing at ringside!

Raiden then grabs the top rope and planchas over onto Cristiano, meeting him with punches as Tabitha is beside herself. Reeves drags Dubya to his side of the ring as Raiden, while holding his ribs, comes running over to his corner. Teri has a big smile on her face and a sarcastic wave to the furious Tabitha.

Lance:

That was a set play by Teri Melton! We've seen her lay these sort of traps before. She knew that Cristiano was going to try and olad Raiden. They timed it perfectly to turn it against The Company Men!

Raiden quickly tags in and stomps Dubya who is on the mat. He then picks Dubya up as Reeves tags back in.

DDK:

Raiden whips Dubya and JP in one motion with an overhead toss to the corner!

Lance:

Dubya is trapped in the dreaded Tree of Woe!

Reeves then times it perfectly as he jumps so his legs are split on the middle ropes and Raiden slides with a dropkick to Dubya's face. Raiden goes out of the ring, quickly tags in, and climbs to the top where he leaps over his partner's head —

DDK:

Raiden with a vicious stomp right across Dubya's jaw!

One!

Two -

After the kickout, Raiden picks up Dubya who immediately meets him with an eye rake. Dubya takes two steps back --

DDK:

Dubya just leveled Raiden with a Texas lariat!

Lance:

Dear god, the torque!

Dubya smirks to the crowd as Tabitha claps. He drags Raiden to their corner and eagerly tags in a waiting Cristiano.

DDK:

Caballero has been savoring this as he sits on the chest of Raiden and is pummeling him with fists!

Doyle warns Cristiano who is insisting they are palm strikes. To show the ref this is true, Cristiano spits in his hand and then gives Raiden a palm strike, making sure to rub spit across his face.

Lance:

What insult to injury!

Tabitha is now screeching to Cristiano about Raiden's ribs. Cristiano nods and gets up, holding onto the top rope while he stomps away on the ribs. Dubya then hops down off the apron and has a Cheshire Cat smile to the crowd while he then rips off clumps of the tape around the ribs as Doyle is sternly telling him to stop.

DDK:

Caballero now picks Raiden up... backbreaker! Dubya tags in and is on the middle rope and jumps off with a stomp right to those exploded ribs!

Lance:

Look at Tabitha smiling with malicious pride!

Dubya now holds Raiden by the ankles as Caballero steps out and tags his partner on the shoulder.

DDK:

Dubya now captures Raiden in a Giant Swing -- and Caballero just slingshotted over the ropes with perfect timing with a dropkick to Raiden's hurt ribs! Dubya covers!

One!

Two!

Thrnooo!

Tabitha starts screeching about it being 3.

Lance:

Everyone here thought that could have been it! The force and velocity of Cristiano's dropkick could have caused some serious damage!

Caballero returns to stomping on the ribs. He then picks Raiden up and backs him into the corner as Dubya tags back in.

DDK:

Dubya charges and Cristiano gets out of the way --

Cristiano leaps and does something akin to a handstand before artistically going back to the apron.

DDK:

— shouldertackle as Raiden is prone against the turnbuckles!

Lance:

Dubya was an All-State level football player in Texas growing up!

DDK:

Dubya now with an elbow to Raiden's ribs.

Tabitha Kinsey:

Make him suffer!

DDK:

Dubya cannot agree with Tabitha more as he picks Raiden and drops him chest first on the ropes!

Lance:

Which are very painful steel cables!

Dubya does the same move again but holds onto Raiden's legs this time. Cristiano makes the tag and immediately climbs to the top. He leaps off with a --

DDK:

Frog splash across those ribs! This might be it!

Caballero lays across the ribs while flexing his muscle, not bothering to hook the leg.

One!

Two!

No!

Lance:

Pin attempts like that almost never work. But if they do, it's a truly humiliating way to lose a match -- which was Caballero's intent!

Caballero tags in Dubya, who immediately stomps Raiden rapidly before picking him up.

DDK:

Now Dubya hooks the abdominal stretch!

Lance:

That may seem like an elementary, outdated move. But Raiden doesn't feel that way now, especially as Dubya is leaning into his injured ribs with the point of his elbow!

Teri starts to pound on the mat to rally Raiden, and the crowd joins her. Cristiano turns to the crowd and makes the "shhhh...." face. Then Caballero sticks his head between the top and middle rope and gets Benny's attention.

DDK:

Dubys taking advantage to now reach back to Tabitha's outstretched hand for added leverage! But —

Teri then comes running out of nowhere from around the corner and breaks their grip! Tabitha falls on her rear. This gives Raiden the momentum to hip toss Dubya over as Teri scampers her way back to her corner, all while Caballero was still trying to distract Doyle without knowing any of this.

DDK:

This is the second time Teri Melton has managed to turn the tables on The Company Men and Tabitha Kinsey's chicanery!

Lance:

The great ones see the play before it unfolds, and Teri Melton, our 2022 Rookie of The Year, has shown she is a great one indeed!

Dubya gets up and tries to hear Raiden off at the pass, but the striker spins with a massive back fist to the jaw that puts Dubya right back to the mat.

DDK:

Reeves tags in and Cablero runs in — but he runs right into a Codebreaker from Reeves! Now Dubya up with a lariat — no, Reeves ducks under - Snapdragon Suplex! Raiden tags back in!

Teri pounds the mat in excitement as The StarChild has Dubya up in a tombstone piledriver position while Raiden quickly runs down the apron. Raiden springboards and does a flip off the top and spikes Dubya!

DDK:

They call that The Final Sunset! They've put everyone away with that move -- including The Company Men when they beat them at Uncut 139!

One!

Two!

Threenoooo!

DDK:

Cristiano Caballero just dove halfway across the ring to break up the pinfall!

Lance:

NDR just came a second away from winning!

Caballero then wisely drags Dubya to his own corner, tagging himself in while The Wharton MBA grad falls to the floor holding his head and neck. Tabitha runs to his side to check on him while still looking up at the ring. Reeves tags in and Raiden drops to the floor, too, with Teri checking on him as he holds his hurt ribs.

DDK:

Caballero charges, but Reeves sucks down with a fireman's carry slam! Now he goes to the apron — Springboard Hurricanrana right into a cradle!

One!

Two!

No!

DDK:

Both men back up -

But Caballero catches Reeves flush with a SuperKick! Reeves goes down to one knee, and Cabalero hooks him in a front face lock —

DDK:

The Marketer's Dream kicks off the second rope with a tornado DDT!

One!

Two!

Thrennooo!

Raiden dives in at the last second to make the save! Caballero is beside himself, holding up three fingers in Doyle's face as Raiden leaves the ring.

Lance:

Caballero has become so much improved since Tabitha Kinsey arrived in our lives.

DDK:

I would add "unfortunately" somewhere in that sentence.

Caballero now hits a snap suplex on The StarChild. He gets up, stands on JP's chest while leaning on the top rope with an incredibly self-impressed look on his face.

Booooooooo!!!!

Lance:

That is just so completely uncalled for! But it's clear The Company Men want to slow down the pace of this match and play to their advantage.

Teri again starts pounding on the mat, as Raiden is back in the corner yelling and reaching for the tag. The crowd claps in the same rhythm with Teri. The camera also catches Dubya still standing on the floor, holding his neck as Tabitha continues to console him.

DDK:

Caballero whips Reeves into the corner and charges, only Reeves gets his knees up!

Cristiano backpedals. Reeves starts to make the long walk to his corner, only for Cristiano to grab his left arm.

DDK:

Reeves is reaching, he is only a few centimeters away from tagging his partner.

Reeves instead turns back to Cristiano, uses the leverage to reverse into a chicken wing with his left arm, and then a half-Nelson with the other.

Lance:

Reeves just dumped Caballero with a beautiful Half-and-Half suplex!

DDK:

Reeves now leaps for the tag but —

Just then, a sprinting Dubya comes into view and pulls Raiden off the mat, and Reeves just misses Raiden's hand by a centimeter. Dubya then clobbers him with one of his dynamic European uppercuts before throwing him into the ring railing.

Then from the other side —

DDK:

Oh no! Tabitha just came up from behind Teri Melton and shoved her head first into the steel ring post! Now Tabitha grabs Teri by the hair and tosses her right into the ring railing!

Lance:

We have seen Teri Melton throughout this match get the better of her arch-nemesis across the ring! Tabitha Kinsey just decided to even out the playing field by getting rid of her Teri Melton Problem in a really vicious manner -- by using a "set play" of their own!

Caballero now clocks Reeves with a step-up Enzugiri! Dubya yells something at him and points to Raiden.

DDK:

Caballero now rolls to the floor. I don't like this at all!

Tabitha holds up 10 fingers high above her head as Dubya picks Raiden up and Caballero hits him with a cutter!

DDK:

10-K onto the cement floor! Raiden is out!

Lance:

And Benny Doyle is furious!

Benny leans between the middle and top rope.

Benny Doyle:

Get back in the ring before I disqual --

But as he admonishes The Company Men. JP bounces off the far ropes, sprints, and then steps on Benny's back to hurdle over the top with a flipping tope and crashes into both Dubya and Cristiano!

DDK:

And The StarChild, JP Reeves lives up to the billing!

He's Five Stars!

He's Five Stars!

He's Five Stars!

Lance:

That's what NDR means with their "Die Trying" slogan -- they'll do anything to beat The Company Men, because beating these two arrogant jerks is the best way to hurt them, even beyond kicking chairs into their faces like they did at DEF 188!

Doyle is now on the floor, ordering Reeves into the ring, as well as Caballero who is getting up as the legal man. Tabitha continues to yell at Doyle about who knows what, so Dubya runs around the corner and slides into the ring

behind The StarChild who is ready to square off with Cristiano!

DDK:

Oh no! Dubya with a chop block to JP's left knee! Doyle didn't see it because Tabitha is still screaming at him! And his knee buckled hard!

Lance:

That type of chop block would have resulted in a multi-game suspension in the NFL! And The Company Men now have one thing in mind — The Gembreaker, which has proven unbreakable for decades!

Reeves screams in pain as Dubya and Caballero menacingly stand over him. Doyle then hops between them as Reeves gets to his knees, looking up at The Company Men with a combined look of both worry and resistance.

N!D!R!

N!D!R!

N!D!R!

But his look quickly goes away along with the crowd's chant as Caballero tees off with a thrust kick to his jaw.

Tabitha Kinsey:

Shred his knee! Shred his knee! Break him forever!

Caballero and Dubya both hop to the floor and crotch Reeves on the post. Then Caballero pounds Reeves's left knee against the steel post.

Lance:

Reeves's deafening screams really tell you how much his knee is hurting from this targeted attack!

Dubya tags in and drags JP by the left leg. He says something to the crowd in response to their chant, but when he turns around —

DDK:

Reeves with the roll-up!

The crowd explodes with the count!

One!

Two!

Threenooooo!

Dubya now has Reeves and whips him into the corner — no, reversal!

DDK:

Dubya hits hard! Reeves charges, no, he falls to the damage to his left knee! Dubya with a smirk on his face as he approaches, no, Reeves with a roll-up!

The crowd, on its feet, makes this count, too.

One!

Two!

Threeneooo!

Lance:

The StarChild was playing a bit of possum there himself and almost caught Dubya!

Dubya knees Reeves in the side and picks him up in position for a running powerslam —

DDK:

Dubya just slammed JP into the corner! And now Reeves is caught in the Tree of Woe, just as Dubya was earlier in this match!

Lance:

And he makes sure Reeves's left knee is especially exposed!

Cristiano tags in. Dubya drops to all fours.

DDK:

Caballero runs and leaps off of Dubya's back and splashes The StarChild directly on that left knee!

Lance:

Tabitha could not be happier and is letting the crowd know it!

Tabitha turns to the crowd while applauding. Caballero stands on the second turnbuckle and faces them, with Dubya doing so on the apron, too.

They all in-sync make The DiamondHands made popular by Your Uncut Gems before turning them upside down.

Booooooooo!!!

DDK:

That is their indication they believe this match is coming for an end with their patented submission hold!

Lance:

Tabitha Kinsey used that modified Inverted Figure Four for decades! Never countered! Never broken! Never reversed!

Cristiano stalks Reeves, who is crawling away. Finally, Caballero grabs the legs and begins to contort the legs for position.

Reeves screams in pain and he immediately taps with his left hand. Caballero gets up in celebration as Dubya joins him!

DDK:

No! No! No! Reeves had his right hand on the bottom rope when Caballero finally hooked The Gembreaker!

Benny Doyle is telling them that Reeves was holding onto the rope, requiring the rope break. Tabitha is furious as she hops on the apron and is letting Doyle hear all about it.

Un!Cut!Gems!

Un!Cut!Gems!

Un!Cut!Gems!

Lance:

They have to be regretting taking their gloating, because that move has still never been broken! Reeves just had the presence of mind to get to the ropes as quickly as possible, and did so before Caballero could hook The Gembreaker!

Caballero is furious but waves for Dubya to get into the ring while Tabitha still has Benny's attention. Caballero goes to their corner --

DDK:

Cristiano has that Faberge Egg they have used as a weapon before. Dubya has Reeves in a Full-Nelson! He's going to knock him out —

But just as Caballero turns to crown JP in the head, Teri Melton reaches up from behind and pulls JP's legs so he falls to the mat —

DDK:

Cristiano hits his partner in the face instead! Dubya tumbles out of the ring!

Dubya falls to the ring and Teri steps on his neck to hold him in place.

Lance:

Where did she even come from??? She was knocked out!

DDK:

Now Raiden rolls into the ring. He had Cristiano up and spins —

Reeves gets to his feet.

DDK:

Raiden just dropped Cristiano! Reeves with a German Suplex! Doyle turns away from Tabitha!

Lance:

That's a new move they have been working on Teri swore me to secrecy about their own second finisher - an Assisted German Suplex they call A Bridge Too Far!

With the crowd —

One!

Two!

Threeeee!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

NDR wins it! NDR wins it! NDR wins in a match that was every bit as advertised!

The replay shows Teri Melton shaking out the cobwebs and seeing Tabitha arguing with Benny Doyle. She then spins around and grabs JP's legs out from under him just in time for Cristiano to clobber Dubya with the Faberge Egg.

Lance:

For much of the first part of the match, Teri Melton found a way to counter any of the rule breaking methods of The Company Men and Tabitha Kinsey! And The Company Men wanted to play with their food and gave "The StarChild" JP Reeves, with his Die Trying attitude managed to avoid the unbeatable Gembreaker and found just enough time to let Teri Melton and Raiden to get back into the fight!

Caballero is looking up from the mat in disbelief that he was somehow pinned.

Lance:

The Company Men are definitely eating more than a few slices of a cold dish of humble pie served to them by Your Uncut Gems, the winner of the latest of what I expect to be many battles between these two tag teams!

Tabitha and The Company Men are gathered in the ring, looking furious. Tabitha kicks the bottom rope in anger. Caballero is holding his upper back while Dubya is still on the floor, holding his head in pain.

DDK:

And we still have JJ Dixon's wedding to Caitlyn Kinsey to come later tonight!

Teri and a limping NDR stand at the top of the entranceway. Teri blows her seething nemesis a kiss and holds out her index finger making a "1."

Teri Melton:

Gems 1... You 0!

Teri then looks around and bats her eyes, which immediately clues the roaring Nashville crowd. She begins to move her hands theatrically and the audience knows what to say, as they all make The DiamondHands!

Teri Melton/Audience:

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

TYLER FUSE vs. JACK HARMEN

DDK:

Up next, a blood feud. Tyler Fuse and Jack Harmen will go one-on-one for the first time since ACTS of DEFIANCE last year, where Tyler pulled off the victory in a hard fought battle when he used one of Harmen's own finishers, the Peaceful Slumber.

Lance:

What started off as Tyler blaming Jack Harmen for the reason as to why he and his brother Conor got into wrestling to begin with, has led to Harmen being the surprise mystery partner for Teresa Ames at DEFCON, where Ames and Harmen defeated Tyler and Princess Desire.

DDK:

To use a Malak Garland quote, dare I say there's a "lot to unpack here". Let's go back to the initial reason as to why these two men squared off against each other. Jack Harmen was Conor Fuse's idol growing up. Conor fell in love with wrestling and dragged Tyler along for the ride. For some reason, Tyler resents wrestling and, therefore, resents *Jack Harmen*.

Lance:

So just leave wrestling then, Tyler. It's that easy. Yes, **YOU** have control of the choices you make!

DDK:

But Tyler won't leave wrestling. He says he realized he's too good *at* it.

Lance:

Right.

DDK:

So then why is this Jack's fault? Hell, blame your brother for dragging you into the sport.

Lance:

That's also wrong.

DDK:

I know. I'm just trying to explain the sheer stupidity of this position. Take some ownership and responsibility yourself, Tyler.

Lance:

Look, it's gone too far to make any sense of this. Now it's about revenge. Princess and Tyler were picking on Teresa and Jack Harmen interjected himself to put a stop to that. Last month Tyler joined forces with The Lucky Sevens to handcuff Harmen, Blackwood and Box to the ropes as they proceeded to beat the new trio down.

DDK:

Blackwood and Box will get their revenge tomorrow. As for tonight, it's Harmen's opportunity.

Lance:

Let's go to ringside with Darren Quimbey.

The scene switches to Darren Quimbey in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for **ONE FALL!**

And even though every single match on this show is for one fall, the crowd loves to gather unimportant information from ring announcers.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at two-hundred-twenty-four pounds... he is The Lunatic... the legendary... the high flyer... JACK HARMEN!

“ALL ABOARDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD HA HA HA HA HA!”

♪ “Crazy Train” by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

The crowd is on their feet for the household name of Jack Harmen, who soon after strolls out with a smile on his face to the extremely warm reception he’s received. Harmen stops at the top of the rampway as green pyro explodes at the front of the entrance.

DDK:

Jack looks to be in incredible shape!

Lance:

I was just going to mention this myself.

Harmen sports his regular wrestling outfit, one he’s worn for a couple of years now. Black and green tights with black elbow pads, wrist tape and gloves.

DDK:

Since aligning himself with Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box- hold on a second, LOOK OUT!

A commotion from the crowd directs its way to Harmen at the top of the rampway but by the time Jack’s is about to flip his head around, it’s too late.

Tyler Fuse bursts from out of the MAX DEF logo and in one easy motion, he takes hold of Harmen by the tights and tosses him off the front of the rampway!

SMACK!

The crowd is stunned! Nothing breaks Harmen’s fall as he hits the concrete at the bottom of the rampway!

A few d-bags in the crowd start a “HOLY SHIT” chant but most of the fans in attendance remain either on radio silence due to concerns or start booing in Tyler’s direction.

DDK:

What a gutless attack from Tyler Fuse! Absolutely gutless!

Lance:

We need help out here for Jack...

DDK:

Tyler, you said you wanted to beat Harmen in the ring to get your revenge!? You said you’re not about cheap shots!? Well what the hell has the past two interactions brought us!? Nothing but gutless attacks against Harmen and company!

DEF EMTs are on the scene. Even Mary-Lynn Mayweather, the head of Legal and Harmen’s former protege rushes out alongside Iris Devine and Wyatt Bronson. They create a circle around Jack Harmen and begin checking on him. Meanwhile, Tyler Fuse hasn’t budged. He simply stands at the top of the ramp and stares down at the aftermath of his actions.

DDK:

Gutless. I’m sorry Faithful, I should stop saying that word or use a different one but I am beside myself.

Moments later, Princess Desire shows up at the top of the rampway. She's not even booed because the concern around Harmen has grown. Instead, she merely positions herself beside her husband and now both of them are looking down at the fallen hero.

DDK:

I don't know if Gage and Bronson are here tonight. I would assume so, but I'd also guess they're nowhere close to the entrance right now, or Tyler might be in another fight-

Suddenly, before Keebler can even finish his announcement... the EMTs start moving away from Jack Harmen. The only thing is they aren't moving back because they want to...

They're being pushed away by the man they're attending to.

Jack Harmen is alive!

DDK:

I don't believe this...

The legendary wrestler is stirring on the floor. He's still on his knees but he's pushing members of the EMT away, attempting to tell them he'll get back on his own two feet and fight Tyler Fuse. Even Mary begs him to relent.

At the top of the rampway, Tyler's facial expression changes. He begins to show a mild level of concern...

Harmen pushes another EMT away. Now he's on one knee...

Tyler Fuse looks more concerned.

Harmen asks Mary-Lynn to step aside as he pushes off his right foot...

And Tyler starts to march down the rampway until he reaches a spot where he can safely hop off. Then he walks a little faster.

Jack Harmen pushes off his legs and pops up to his feet! Mary steps away. Jack's wobbly but he sees Tyler Fuse storming towards him.

DDK:

Dear god.

Harmen blocks a left hand from Tyler and redirects Fuse into a metal rail underneath the rampway. The crowd gives a scream as Harmen takes a moment to rest his arms on his knees as he leans forward for a breath of fresh air. He takes a quick glance around the EMTs... but before the crew can do anything further, Tyler is back towards Jack with a left hand-

That's blocked again!

Harmen hammers Fuse with a right of his own. Another. Another. Another. The crowd is rallying as he does.

DDK:

How is this man alive!?

Lance:

It can't be the first time Jack's fallen from such heights. He is, after all, THE original high flyer.

Harmen keeps drilling fists into the side of Fuse's face, while Tyler starts trying to get away but the legend follows him across the floor. Jack takes a quick second, however, to look up at the top of the rampway to meet eyes with Princess

Desire. He welcomes her down to join the fight but needless to say, her indifferent demeanor suggests otherwise, as she watches Harmen punch her husband towards the wrestling stands. Eventually, The Princess calmly exits back to where she came from.

Harmen keeps hammering Fuse with shot after shot and then Jack hurls Tyler into the guardrail and clotheslines him over. A large crowd gathers on the floor, which is at the back of floor seats and the start of the lower bowl. Harmen struggles to find his balance at first when he steps over the guardrail, likely still reeling from being thrown off the rampway. This gives Tyler a chance to even things out, as he drills his left forearm into the side of Harmen's face. Once the high flyer is on the fan's side of the guardrail, Tyler whips the legend into the hockey boards.

Fuse looks for a pump kick, wanting to catch Harmen's head and ricochet it off the boards... but at the last second Jack rolls out of the way and Fuse kicks the boards without finding The Lunatic's skull.

Harmen regains his footing and he levels Tyler with another right hand, followed by a codebreaker that flips Tyler backwards and head-first into the hockey boards. One of the nearby fans offers his drink to Jack so the former World Champion takes it graciously... a half full cup of beer. He walks over to Tyler, pulling the elder Fuse's mouth open with his free hand and then begins to pour the alcohol down his throat!

Tyler makes choking sounds and starts spitting the alcohol back up, as he pushes Harmen away while Jack gives a laugh.

DDK:

I don't think Tyler drinks alcohol.

Lance:

First time for everything.

Harmen returns to the fan who gave him the beer and hands him back the empty plastic cup before finding Tyler Fuse and running towards him... with a yakuza kick.

MISSES.

Tyler fumbles his way through the second last row on the floor, past the fans in attendance while even pushing some of them into the path after he passes. Harmen is in pursuit, however, although he carefully tries to work his way around those that Tyler has put in his way. He asks for the Faithful to clear a path if they can.

Arriving at the end of the section, Fuse crouches down and waits for Harmen to get there. Once Jack makes it to the end, Fuse emerges and snatches Harmen by the head, steering the legend into a nearby trash can.

Fuse dropkicks Harmen square in the face. This catches the crowd by surprise as Tyler also slams against the hard cement floor in the process. Fuse methodically marches over and drags Harmen to his feet. He looks for a suplex-

No. It's blocked by Jack.

Tyler tries again.

Once more, it's blocked.

Tyler is about to go for try number three when Harmen does his own suplex and both men meet the cement!

DDK:

I don't know who got the worse of that!

Both Tyler & Harmen roll on the floor as the fans gather around. Security tries to separate them from the competitors. Harmen is up on his feet first... and he raises his arms like he just won the Super Bowl while also sporting a facial

expression well aware he knows of his exaggeration.

DDK:

I still can't believe Jack is standing. The man was thrown off the top of the rampway with ease and nothing broke his fall. He has to have a broken bone or two.

Harmen starts kicking Fuse as Benny Doyle approaches the group. Doyle, meant to be the referee for this contest, tells Harmen to bring the fight back to ringside.

Lance:

The match has never officially started, folks.

Harmen whips Tyler from pillar to post, or in more specific terms, from the hockey boards back to the ground.

DDK:

It doesn't look like it's going to start anytime soon, either.

Harmen takes a few steps back and measures Fuse before running towards him-

Suddenly Tyler pops to his feet and hits Harmen with a powerslam!

THUMP.

The echo is heard throughout the arena, even amongst the screaming fans. Keebler and Warner squirm on the air as Jack Harmen ravages in pain, sprawled out on the cement floor.

DDK:

Okay, NOW Jack has to have broken something...

Lance:

Or internal bleeding. You could hear that from over here, Keebs.

Tyler Fuse takes a moment to rest on all fours, as his eyes shoot lasers into the fallen body of Jack Harmen. The legendary wrestler wants to get up and continue fighting but he is definitely in a severe amount of pain.

Finally, Fuse stands and calmly walks over to Harmen while holding his own back. Harmen tries to get up to his feet but collapses under his own weight, dramatically.

Benny Doyle decides to stand in-between the two of them. He looks at Tyler and points to the ring.

Benny Doyle:

You want to win this match? Get back there!

Tyler stares coldly into Benny as if the comment didn't register.

Tyler Fuse:

Fuck off.

And The OG Player cautiously shoves Doyle aside before laying eyes on Jack Harmen.

But Harmen isn't there anymore.

DDK:

Look out, Tyler!

Instead, Harmen is standing on the top of the hockey boards and comes jumping down with a Lou Thesz Press on Tyler. Tyler's back splats as Harmen lays into him with rights and lefts. Harmen gets up and measures Tyler, who shouts in pain and swears a few times as he pulls himself up to his knees. Harmen kicks Tyler in the chest, which shoots Fuse up in the air and then back down on all fours again. Harmen goes for another kick but this time Tyler moves out of the way and looks for a spear towards Harmen-

BOOM!

Fuse runs right into the hockey boards without his bitter rival!

Tyler's neck and right shoulder absolutely EAT the boards as he collapses to the ground and both men recollect themselves. Harmen is clearly in the better shape at this point after Tyler's missed spear. Jack marches over to Tyler and boots him square in the head.

Harmen cracks Tyler with a right hand. Then follows with another. The nearby Faithful catch on and count along.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

FOUR.

FIVE.

SIX.

SEVEN.

EIGHT.

NINE.

TE-

Tyler responds with a hard-out headbutt!

Harmen goes FLYING across the grounds as Fuse decides to perch himself on the top of the hockey boards. He jumps off and catches Harmen's head, attempting to PLANT Jack's face into the cement via a DDT!

Luckily for Harmen, at the VERY last second he locks his back and doesn't go down! Moreover, Harmen lifts Fuse high into the air and tries to work this into what looks like an attempted Alabama slam!

NO!

Tyler wiggles his way free and lands on his feet. He rifles a HARD knee into the cheekbone of Harmen, Harmen spits in the air as Tyler does. With Jack on rollerskates, Fuse digs both his hands into the legend's eyes. Harmen screams out as Tyler shows no mercy.

Tyler Fuse:

Get those fucking cataracts looked at, old man.

Jack Harmen: *[struggling to remove Tyler Fuse's hands from his eye sockets]*

I... see... perfect... 25... 25...

WHAM!

Fuse pulls his arms away himself and levels Harmen with another knee to the temple. Jack stumbles to the ground while Tyler looks over at Benny Doyle and gives him the finger.

Tyler Fuse:

Get outta here. I'm doing this *my* way.

Fuse snatches Harmen by his tights and hurls the former champion over the hockey boards and into the bottom bleachers. Tyler stalks his prey, as he walks over himself and takes a calm attempt at finding Harmen stumbling towards the staircase.

Harmen kicks Fuse in the stomach. He immediately takes hold of Fuse's tights and-

THUMP.

DDK:

MY GOD ALMIGHTY! Harmen with a suplex to Fuse, ON THE STAIRCASE!

Lance: *[cringing]*

I can't watch this...

Tyler rolls onto his chest, showing imprints of where the various flights of stairs have mangled his exposed back. Small trickles of blood start seeping out as Fuse hammers one of the flights in determination to free himself of the pain he is feeling.

Meanwhile, Jack Harmen is grinning like a mother fucker.

Certainly struggling himself, Harmen uses some of this time as a breather before he kicks Tyler in the arm and then lifts him up.

DDK:

Another suplex?

Lance:

It certainly looks that way!

Harmen goes for a suplex but he can't do it. Tyler escapes Jack's grasp and rakes him in the eyes, before hopping down a few flights and spinning Harmen around.

THUMP.

DDK:

Now it's Tyler with a suplex onto the stairs!

Harmen rolls around on the ground, trying to hold his back with his right hand while also smiling in pain.

Lance:

He likes it? HE LIKES IT!?

Tyler cracks his neck. His own back is killing him and gushing out a little more blood with each passing second but you can see Fuse is in a different zone. Adrenaline... hate... whatever it is, fueling the elder Fuse to hurt his opponent even more.

DDK:

Are they ever going to wrestle legally tonight?

Lance:

I think that's out the window, partner. This was a mistake to book a regular wrestling match between them.

Fuse kicks Harmen up the staircase and through the various fans who get in their way (and haven't been held back by security). Soon at the top of the stairs, Fuse grabs a beer from one of the fans and tosses it on Jack Harmen.

Tyler pelts his nemesis with more kicks, all the way up the stairs and now into the concourse. Fuse readies to whip Harmen head-first into the wall when Jack puts on the breaks and spins it around...

Throwing Tyler Fuse into and THROUGH a popcorn stand!

CRACK!!

The table breaks apart and various popcorn buckets explode all over the place! Tyler swears in pain as Harmen hurries over...

And performs a standing moonsault for extra emphasis!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

The nearby Faithful grow in numbers and absolutely love what they see!

DDK:

Now that's what I call a pop!

Harmen takes a moment to collect himself. With blood gushing down his back as well, Jack snatches Fuse by the head and walks him to a concession stand.

Harmen hurls Fuse over the barrier and then hops it himself. There's another popcorn stand at this one but Jack has other ideas. He uses both hands to rip Tyler's face and mouth open again... before shoving it under the butter dispenser.

Jack Harmen:

You're not Lactose Intolerant...

Harmen slams his right hand against the top of the dispenser, as a truckload of butter starts pouring into Tyler's mouth.

Jack Harmen:

No way you're part of the Legion of Dairy.

Fuse starts choking while trying to fight for his life and pulls away.

Harmen laughs like the lunatic he is, definitely enjoying what's going on. Jack puts one hand into the butter dispenser and then starts licking it before he starts to rip the butter dispenser out of its foundational picture.

WHAM!

He tosses it against Tyler's head and butter explodes EVERYWHERE.

Harmen has some on his chest. He turns to one of the unharmed buckets of popcorn. He grabs a few kernels and runs

them down his chest, catching all the butter in the process. Then he pops them in his mouth and makes a “yum” sound.

WHACK!

Fuse hits a desperation superkick as the kernels go FLYING out of Harmen’s mouth and land beside a morbidly obese man... who is none other than enhancement talent, Gilbert Rogers.

Rogers thinks about it once, but definitely not twice. He leans down, picks up the kernels and throws them in his mouth without another thought before walking away.

Gilbert Rogers:

I love extra butter...

Meanwhile, Tyler Fuse is back on the offense. He takes hold of Harmen’s head with both hands and starts RAMMING Jack’s head as hard as possible into the countertop. Over and over and over...

It ends up making a dent.

A small amount of blood is now drawing from Harmen’s forehead, as Fuse struggles to place himself over the countertop and back to the regular concourse floor.

Fuse decides to stop ON the countertop.

He drags Harmen up with him.

DDK:

Oh no. Guys... guys! This is going TOO far.

WHAP!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Tyler with a suplex off the countertop! Both men meet the floor below!

Lance:

That was a sickening sound, Keebs. Sickening!

While Harmen is in an immense amount of pain, so is Tyler. Both men’s backs are not only covered in blood but now they are beet red, too.

Harmen starts coughing.

DDK:

I hope Jack just got a popcorn kernal stuck in his throat.

Lance:

I don’t know Darren. That’s the telltale sign of internal bleeding. Oooh. He just spat up a bit.

DDK:

I hope Benny Doyle makes sure he can continue.

Lance:

Continue what? This isn't even a match yet!

Security keeps the area free but the crowd watches on as Tyler is the first one to show signs of life. With butter all over his head and neck, he tries to brush it off but realizes he won't be able to. With a fury in his eyes often unforeseen, the OG Player sees Harmen starting to stir.

Fuse races towards him and screams in the process... looking for a spear...

NO!

Out of nowhere, Harmen shows amazing athleticism and leaps over top of Tyler, landing on his feet. Fuse turns around and Harmen release northern light suplexes Fuse onto the cement!

THUMP.

DDK:

What's he doing now!?

Harmen walks over to a merchandise stand. He pushes off the various action figures on the table and then drags the table to the center of the floor. Harmen goes back to the stand, picks up a Teresa Ames action figure and then digs into his tights. He places a one-hundred dollar bill in the seller's hands.

Jack Harmen:

Keep the change.

Harmen walks back over to Tyler Fuse and proceeds to SMASH the entire action figure, box and all, across Tyler's head.

Jack Harmen:

Hope she's not a **CHASE VARIANT!!**

Jack disposes of the figure into the crowd before he pulls Tyler towards the table.

Setting Fuse up for one of his signature moves, a double underhook brainbuster.

CRACK!

The Faithful give a cheer as Harmen delivers Hypothermia to Fuse, splitting the table in half.

Harmen goes for a cover... then looks up and smiles, while shrugging his shoulders in an adorable "silly me" fashion. He realizes there's no match to be had and, therefore, no pin.

Jack Harmen:

Fun.

Jack starts to walk Tyler out of the section and towards a VIP door. Harmen hooks Fuse in a headlock and demands security to open the door, which they do. The cameraman follow, trailing, walk down the stairs.

DDK:

I think they are headed backstage towards gorilla.

Tyler tries to break free a few times but he's stopped when Harmen delivers elbows to the top of Fuse's head. Once they arrive at the end of the staircase, Jack places his hand on the doorknob.

Except it opens without his help.

WHAMP!

Princess Desire is standing in the middle of the doorway with a kendo stick in hand.

DDK:

You had to know she was lurking... somewhere.

Harmen has since let go of Tyler and is being fucking murdered with a kendo stick by Jane Fuse. It's not just the initial shot anymore...

She's out for copious amounts of blood.

WHACK!

Harmen falls to a knee and staggers back to his feet.

Jack Harmen:

I...

WHACK!

Jack Harmen:

...love...

WHACK!

Jack Harmen:

...this...

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Harmen's eyes roll into the back of his head as he falls to his knees. He looks up at Princess Desire, for the last time.

WHACKWHACKWHACK!!!!

Lance:

Should I be concerned that this woman is showing limited to NO emotion!?

DDK:

We should be concerned for Harmen's health, yes.

By now, The Princess has broken the kendo stick straight across Harmen's head. She discards it to the side and then punt kicks Harmen right in the face!

Desire leans over to her fallen prey. She mockingly whacks him lightly across the shoulder blades.

Princess Desire:

Weapon Get.

DDK:

Get outta here...

Desire takes three steps back and then charges with a yakuza kick, aka the Locomotive.

WHAM!

The boot meets Harmen square under the chin, spinning him around in the process before he collapses in a heap. Jane is about to do more when Gage Blackwood suddenly shows up in a fury...

But he isn't alone. There's a number of security guards with him trying to hold Blackwood back from The Princess. Mary-Lynn Mayweather is demanding the security guards let Gage free and citing legal precedence to no avail. Gage is frothing at the mouth while Desire tries to keep her distance. Luckily for her, there's enough guards to hold Blackwood out of the staircase... so the doors shut. With the cameraman outside, too, when Gage is able to grab the doors and open them again... The Princess isn't there. She's completely left the scene. Vanished.

Only a fallen Jack Harmen and Tyler Fuse lay beside each other.

A furious Gage Blackwood pushes a number of security guards away, before Mary-Lynn steps up to try to calm him down. Even with the Mediator's speech, Gage storms up the stairs in hot pursuit of Desire. Mary-Lynn quickly follows to help mitigate the backstage violence. That leaves Harmen and Fuse alone, recovering on the floor below.

DDK:

After everything. This match, STILL hasn't started!

It's Tyler who's on a knee first, since Jack took a vicious kendo stick beating. Fuse slowly cracks his neck before leaning over and throwing the legend out of the staircase and into the backstage area near gorilla. Fuse is really struggling but, nevertheless, he begins booting Harmen down the dark space behind the empty seated bleachers on the other side of the curtain. Fuse ensures they both arrive at gorilla before he tosses Harmen through a curtain and the current cameraman loses them.

DDK:

I'm hearing they'll be out near us momentarily. We do have eyes on them... just not on TV right now...

Finally, the crowd boos loudly as a broken down and battered OG High Flyer stumbles and falls flat on his face outside the MAX DEF pay-per-view entrance. Soon after Tyler Fuse follows, holding his back.

The dubbed Intensity Personified wrestler continues to kick Harmen all the way down the rampway. It looks like Tyler thought of throwing Jack off the top of the stage again but decided otherwise. At the bottom of the rampway, Fuse chucks Harmen into the ring and then walks around the outside of the squared circle to the time keeper's table where Benny Doyle sits.

Fuse points Doyle into the ring as both of them enter.

Tyler quickly snatches Jack and connects with his finishing move, the running bulldog up and off the turnbuckle padding.

Tyler looks at Benny.

Tyler Fuse:

Ring the bell.

Doyle shakes his head no.

Benny Doyle:

I need BOTH of you in a coherent, upright position. *[Looking over at Jack Harmen]* I can't do that!

Tyler grits his teeth.

Tyler Fuse:

Ring the bell!

The fiery Irishman is not going to back down from anyone! He refuses to ring the bell so Tyler shoves Doyle into the ropes. Then Tyler turns back towards his opponent and props Harmen against a corner of the ring.

Looking something like Weekend at Bernie's, Jack Harmen can barely stay on the buckle.

Tyler Fuse:

RING THE BELL!

Doyle obviously doesn't buy it so Tyler blows past him and exits the ring.

Tyler Fuse: *[mumbling]*

Where's Mark (Shields) when you need him?

Fuse approaches the time keeper's table and in a rage he clears everyone from behind. The time keeper and statistician are shoved aside but Darren Quimbey manages to escape without being touched.

The OG Player takes hold of the time keeper hammer.

DING DING DING

Fuse furiously drives the hammer into the bell, hoping he got his DING DING's correct before throwing the hammer to the ground. Before Tyler turns towards the ring, he shouts so Doyle can hear him.

Tyler Fuse:

Hey fuckhead, the match is official!

The crowd gives a cheer, which is very strange for Tyler Fuse as he slowly cocks his head, and then body, around...

DDK:

Don't look now, Tyler.

Lance:

He's alive!! AGAIN!!!

Somehow, someway, Jack Harmen is on the top turnbuckle. The second Tyler sees Jack up there, the high flyer flies off...

CRASSSSHHHH!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Through Tyler Fuse, through the time keeper's table, Jack Harmen hits a picture perfect splash and shoots to his feet in a rush of emotions, thumping his chest as he does!

DDK:

Tyler got exactly what he asked for!

Harmen throws Fuse into the ring and then climbs onto the apron and through the top and middle rope.

However, Benny Doyle is a professional. He shouts at Jack the match ISN'T official. Yet at this point, it doesn't even matter. Harmen drills Fuse with a right forearm, working the former Tag Team Champion into the ropes on the far end.

Harmen rears back and delivers a clothesline, knocking both him and Tyler up and over the ropes and to the ground below.

The Faithful cheer as Harmen mercilessly beats the shit out of Tyler all the way up the ramp and back to where they initially came from.

At the top of the ramp, Harmen takes a pause.

DDK:

No way...

Lance:

What goes around, comes around.

The crowd catches on, knowing full well the legendary wrestler intends to hurl Tyler Fuse off the top of the rampway, straight to the ground below... in the exact spot that started this whole thing.

Harmen doesn't waste another second. He latches onto Tyler's tights and runs him towards the edge-

But Tyler puts on the breaks and hits a backdrop to Harmen!

The crowd boos as Tyler fumbles away from The Lunatic, in an attempt to make it backstage and likely away from this battle.

Nevertheless, Harmen pulls himself back together, with whatever is left of him. He finds Fuse right before Tyler vanishes from behind the curtain. He drags Tyler to the middle of the staging and proceeds to deliver Cold Snow, a gruesome DDT on the top of the ramp.

With dry blood on his back and forehead, Jack Harmen stands to a roaring ovation from The Faithful. He claps the crowd on and then knees Fuse in the side of the head. Once... twice... thrice... working Tyler towards the other side of the top of the rampway, the one near the announce booth.

DDK:

I don't like the looks of this.

Lance:

Take cover, my friend. I'll protect you!

Harmen delivers a modified yakuza kick, one that isn't from a running start. Regardless, Tyler Fuse stumbles to the edge of the staging.

And Jack Harmen has a crazy look in his eyes.

DDK:

Jack, don't do it. DON'T DO IT!!

The legend couldn't hear Keebler... and if he did, he wouldn't listen to him, anyway.

Harmen takes three steps back.

Then he takes three more steps back.

Then he takes TEN steps back.

Then he runs TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAMPWAY.

From one end across the other... from all the way from the end of the massive LCD entrance reading MAXIMUM DEFIANCE... from the E in DEFIANCE to where Tyler Fuse is placed in the M in MAXIMUM... Jack Harmen takes a second to bow to the crowd, BEFORE performing what he is about to be applauded for.

He charges.

He runs FULL SPEED AHEAD.

DDK:

I can't.

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

Harmen tackles Fuse with a spear, sending them BOTH off the top of the stage and onto electrical boxes below!

CRASH!

BANG!

POP!

The lights in the arena flicker, the explosions go off around them!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

WE NEED EMTs OUT HERE A-SAP!

The crowd is worked into a frenzy but neither man has moved.

DDK:

Jack Harmen speared himself AND Tyler Fuse off the top of the stage and through our-

Keebler is cut off because the lights go out in the arena and their announcing equipment has gone haywire.

Fans light the arena with their phones. Sooner than later an arena generator turns on, revealing EMTs at the scene while they check on both wrestlers.

The broadcast stays on radio silence for a minute or two before all power is restored.

DDK:

Is this on? Are we live?

Lance:

I think so. Testing?

DDK:

I'm being told Benny Doyle threw out this match a long time ago. Clearly, it was the right call.

Lance:

Well no one is getting to that coherent, uptight position now.

Some of the crowd continues to chant HOLY SHIT, while others cheer for Jack Harmen. Some, even, for just the sheer carnage they witnessed.

EMTs continue to attend to both DEFIANTS. It looks like Harmen and Fuse are going to be placed on stretchers.

DDK:

I can't even fathom what happened.

Lance:

I think Tyler, and for that matter Jack by default, are going to fight until one of them can't walk anymore.

DDK:

We're getting close to that point, no?

A group of EMTs start loading Jack Harmen onto a stretcher. He shows mild signs of consciousness while attempting to support, albeit, a very weak grin across his face. He says he's fine and instantly collapses after.

On the other hand, Tyler Fuse is KO'ed completely.

DDK:

We are going to take a short break but we have two more matches coming up. I hope they actually BECOME matches...

Lance:

At this point in time, who knows.

THE WEDDING OF MS. CAITLYN KINSEY AND MR. JJ DIXON

There are various ring techs and the like quickly taking down the ring ropes, while stagehands finish putting together the five-foot stage set for the ceremony. Already set up is a white podium in the front, with a microphone. Behind the podium are giant ivory white drapes to hide the background, with a very elegant ivory white arch adorned with various pastel-colored flowers, with the back still covered by the flowing drapery treatment. Also on the stage are a series of ornate glass vases, each one filled with rich, dark colored flowers — the most prominent being black dahlias.

DDK:

While our DEF ring crew is still setting up this elaborate beautiful set, let's explore the history of this beautiful couple minutes away from their nuptials of JJ Dixon and Caitlyn Kinsey!

A beautiful harp version of "I Can't Help Falling In Love With You" plays in the background.

Lance: [V/O]

The couple first met at Uncut 138 --

There's a shot of the awkward smiles between JJ and Caitlyn, with Teri Melton behind JJ and Tabitha Kinsey behind her granddaughter, before their feud began, with Caitlyn's mother Aurora Kaye nervously standing between the two of them.

Lance: [V/O]

And it proved to be love at first sight! A romantic dinner at a nearby Whataburger quickly led to more -- and more and more!

There are various shots of JJ and Caitlyn making out like teenagers sneaking out behind their parents backs.

Lance: [V/O]

Caitlyn provided JJ with emotional support after shoulder injuries sustained at the hands of Nathan Eye and Arthur Pleasant resulted in surgery --

There's clips of Nathan Eye attacking JJ's shoulder from their dog collar match at DEFCON 2023 and Arthur Pleasant doing the same from their match at DEF 186.

Lance: [V/O]

And JJ provided the same for Caitlyn as she struggled in the earliest days of her professional career.

There's video of Caitlyn losing to Nathan Eye at Uncut 142, which ends with her having a post-match temper tantrum. Then we see JJ appearing behind the backstage lockers dramatically holding a boombox over his head ala Lloyd Dobbler from "Say Anything" and consoling her.

Lance: [V/O]

The duo also had the difficulty of navigating the gripping feud that emerged between JJ's manager and confidant, Teri Melton, whom he briefly cut ties with --

A bratty looking JJ carrying a bookbag storms out after his temporary breakup with Teri Melton, who casts a bitter stare at a nervous looking Caitlyn.

Lance: [V/O]

And Tabitha Kinsey, estranged for years from her daughter Aurora Kaye, and just starting to develop a relationship with her granddaughter.

Tabitha sits in her den, dipping a tea bag into her ornate porcelain teacup, with Livia the Black Cat hissing on her lap as Caitlyn walks in with trepidation.

Lance: [V/O]

A feud that they have nearly been ensnared in despite their best intentions --

JJ and Caitlyn sit tensely, their backs to each other, in a Cleveland hospital emergency room, after Teri ripped apart Tabitha's face with a punch from an absconded wedding ring at DEF 188. This is followed by Brayden "Dubya" Leverington flirting with Caitlyn, giving her a copy of "The Fountainhead" a UNCUT 142. And it ends with video of Caitlyn's match against Nicky Synz at DEF 189, with JJ going to break up the attack Tabitha laid on Teri, with Dubya leading to a distraction at ringside, leading to Caitlyn hitting Nicky Synz with a Faberge Egg to his eye and her first victory.

Lance: [V/O]

However, JJ and Caitlyn's love for each other has stood tall despite their war! As JJ reconciled with Teri Melton --

Teri and JJ hug each other, with both in tears, at the "Memory Lane" segment available on a DEFIANCE EXCLUSIVE available on YouTube.

Lance: [V/O]

And Caitlyn's bond only grew with her grandmother Tabitha Kinsey, who has agreed for her granddaughter's sake to not interfere in this wedding, but has offered to give this beautiful couple the honeymoon of a lifetime on a yacht trip around the world -- along with a mysterious envelope she promised would change the course of her beloved granddaughter's life!

Caitlyn and Tabitha warmly hug in Tabitha's plush, old-world den as Tabitha holds the envelope with the word "Instructions."

Lance: [V/O]

And we all get to celebrate their immortal love, together!

JJ is on one knee, as he puts on the engagement ring on Caitlyn's finger at DEF 189, before the couple get to their feet and kiss with Teri and Aurora Kaye smiling behind them! Then there's again a montage of all of their kisses, with the last one being from UNCUT 143 and JJ Dixon's return match, before there's another freeze-frame photo of their first meeting at UNCUT 138.

The boom camera then sweeps around the arena and the now prepared ring! The final tones of "New Day Rising" by Husker Du are playing as JP Reeves and Raiden of NDR, both limping and banged up from their earlier match, are wearing matching white-jacket tuxedos. Across from them are two young women, both with bigger party-girl hair and heavily tanned, in bridesmaid outfits that expose a little bit more than one may assume.

DDK:

Those beautiful bridesmaids are Rebekkah and Staci Constable, whom we're told have become fast friends with Caitlyn in recent months. And we need no introduction to Raiden and Reeves, two members of Your Uncut Gems, who are JJ's groomsmen!

Lance:

Caitlyn was a bookish, very serious sort growing up. She's admittedly always had a hard time making friends. I'm glad to see that she's grown close with Rebekkah and Staci, two twin sisters who are also big Swities like Caitlyn — as well as huge fans of BRAZEN and DEFIANCE, and known to have dated more than a few of our younger stars in recent months.

Standing behind a podium is corrupt DEFIANCE official Mark Shields, wearing a Catholic priest collar over a referee's outfit.

DDK:

Notoriously corrupt referee Mark Shields will be leading tonight's ceremony.

Lance:

As a longtime wrestling referee, Mark is able to -- and has -- officiated wedding ceremonies in jurisdictions across this great country we call America. Plus, he is also a routine sexual partner of Teri Melton, which was made public right before the start of JJ's match against FIST champion Lindsay Troy at DEF 183, a tactic that nearly led to one of the biggest upsets in DEFIANCE history!

Darren Quimbey, also wearing a tuxedo, stands in the middle of the ring, with a wide smile on his face.

Darren Quimbey:

And now introducing the mother of the bride... Ms. Aurora Kaye!

♪ "Strange Currencies" by REM ♪

Aurora walks out, with her hair freshly dyed green, a ring of green and white flowers around her head, with a matching retro/thrift store looking dress. She has a beaming smile on her face!

DDK:

Aurora and Caitlyn are more than just a mother-and-daughter. As a single mother, Aurora and Caitlyn are also best friends. It's a unique, beautiful bond.

Lance:

Aurora is also highly quirky, and enjoyably so. She's a professional artist on top of recently rededicating herself to wrestling. She chose this song off of REM's album "Monster" because of its prominent placement in Season 2 of "The Bear," which Aurora describes as 'Her favorite prestige TV show ever this week.'

Then the lights go out dark. And all of the silver sparkles from the earlier match between NDR and The Company Men appear, along with a lot of phone lights. There's a huge roar of anticipation.

♪ "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And the woman giving away the groom tonight... who, of course, needs no introduction...

The spotlight comes on with Teri Melton already in place next to JJ's side of the wedding stage. Teri's wearing a silver (on top of silver, on top of silver) floor-length gown, with a giant silver necklace that's shaped like a sceptre from the middle ages, and a papal hat also with silver jewels all adorned over it, with her silver flapper curls still showing underneath. She has a clear red knot on her forehead from Tabitha Kinsey knocking her into the ring post during the previous match.

DDK:

I think we have all been anticipating Teri Melton's look for this evening!

Lance:

Teri's look is a tribute to Moira Rose from the hit comedy "Schitt's Creek," as Teri claims that Catherine O'Hara has long been a fan of the self-styled "Gangster In A Gucci Gown."

Teri's eyes dart around the arena. She can't help herself. Neither can the arena.

Teri Metlon/Audience:

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

The camera catches Aurora rolling her eyes as Teri takes her natural form and hogs the spotlight.

DDK:

It's no secret that Aurora has had a difficult relationship with Teri over the years. She feels like Teri used her to

become her mother's protege. This further led to Aurora's estrangement with Tabitha.

Darren Quimbey:

And now the groom...

♪ "Badlands" by Bruce Springsteen ♪

JJ Dixon comes out in a black tuxedo and can't help but be fired up as he gets a very strong reaction. Many of the fans start to clap in rhythm with the rousing Bruce Springsteen anthem. JJ's dark hair is in a tight rockabilly-style pompadour.

DDK:

"The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon recently picked this as his new theme music in tribute to his huge fandom of the music of "The Boss."

Lance:

JJ came from a tough background. Since he's emerged as a star here in DEFIANCE, he has frequently talked about how much he wants to fight for people who feel left behind and left out -- and this song by Bruce Springsteen off of "Darkness On The Edge of Town" is a great representation of what JJ's about!

JJ gets to the stage. He first gives a kiss on the cheek to the two bridesmaids, followed by a big smile and hug for his impending mother-in-law.

DDK:

JJ and Aurora have also grown very close these past few months. Aurora said she has been particularly proud of JJ shaking out of his funk these past few weeks — and his reconnection with Teri, despite their rocky past over the years.

JJ then goes to the two NDR members, giving each one some kind of complex handshake straight out of an NBA entrance line, followed by "dap" style hugs. Then he turns to Teri with a huge smile.

Lance:

Teri and JJ had a rocky few weeks here in DEFIANCE, but have only cemented their bond. In a rare moment of vulnerability, Teri Melton shared at the emotional "Memory Lane" DEFIANCE exclusive that she and her then-husband, and former Uncut Gem Zoltan, lost a son named Jude Joseph Melton shortly after his first birthday. Despite the unique start of their pairing, Teri admitted she grew to love JJ like a son. And JJ, who has had a difficult relationship with his own mother, whereabouts unknown, said he felt the same about Teri.

Darren booms with pride, but he's clearly beaten by Aurora, who is clearly outshined by JJ.

Darren Quimbey:

And now, the bride... Ms. Caitlyn Kinsey!

♪ A harp version of "Here Comes The Bride" ♪

Caitlyn starts her walk down the aisle as the harp plays the familiar song. A few strands of her raven black hair drop below the long white headdress, with a beautiful fringe along the end. This matches her white wedding gown perfectly, which shines under the reflection as a few jewels align the pattern. The train of her dress is long -- remarkably long -- to the point where some DEFIANCE stagehands have to help ensure it can make it all the way down the aisle. She also has a giant smile on her face, with her just re-whitened teeth shining like stars.

Caitlyn stops and sees a sign - "WHOEVER IS TELLING YOU TO SPEND \$330 ON A COFFEE GRINDER IS A REAL DIRTBAG" - a fan holds at ringside. She gives a brief look that says "whatever" as she once again smiles brightly and continues her walk to the wedding stage.

DDK:

Caitlyn has taken some heat from fans and even a few wrestlers here at DEFIANCE for some of the more extravagantly priced items on the couple's wedding registry on TheKnot.com.

Lance:

Caitlyn says that many of the choices on that registry came under the counsel of Tabitha Kinsey, a remarkably wealthy woman who has been profiled in several magazines over the years for her exquisite taste in home decor!

Caitlyn makes her way to the wedding stage. First, she gives hugs to her bridesmaids, laughing as Rebekkah cracks an inside joke. Caitlyn then gives each of the groomsmen a hug, and they kiss, but both don't look too thrilled to do so considering her grandmother. Then Teri comes forward with a hug, and holds Caitlyn briefly on the hips.

Caitlyn leans into Teri's shoulder and repeatedly pats her imminent mother-in-law's back eight times.

Teri Melton:

Caitlyn, darling... I am so eager to welcome you to the family!

Caitlyn has tears welling in her eyes, leans into Teri's shoulder, and taps on the back eight more times.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

I know we... we didn't get off on the right foot. But I'm so excited to have you in my life...

They hug again, with Caitlyn tapping Teri on the back seven more times. They hold hands and smile one more time, before Caitlyn heads to her mother and they embrace.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

I'd be nothing without you, Mom. Thank you so much for everything you gave me. I love you.

Aurora is unable to say anything, as tears start streaming down her face. Caitlyn smiles and then turns to JJ, as they cup their hands together, with JJ's hands nervously shaking.

Mark Shields:

Dearly beloved... and especially you, Teri...

Teri warmly glows as Mark scans her up and down with a creepy glare, before getting back into things after a loud clearing of the throat from Aurora.

Mark Shields:

We gather here this evening at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE to join Mr. JJ Dixon and Ms. Caitlyn Kinsey in holy matrimony. Each party has written their own vows. Ms. Kinsey!

Caitlyn blushes as a stagehand first adjusts the lapel mic.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

JJ... ever since we first laid eyes on each other, I have been completely in love with you. I know you will be an excellent husband -- a man who will one day be a champion both in and outside of the ring, a man who will be a provider for all I, we, could ever hope to have. Despite our many differences, you have always found it in your heart to compromise, and to learn to love me as I want, as you place my priorities above even your own. Your blind, unwavering love should serve as an inspiration for all grooms to come, and it is something that I know very few women ever get to feel. I love you from here until infinity, and I promise to always cherish you, and to be true to you in all things until death alone shall part us.

Mark Shields:

And now, Mr. Dixon.

JJ smiles and looks with wide-eyed optimism around the arena.

JJ Dixon:

Caitlyn... ever since I first looked into those brown, soulful eyes of yours, I knew I had a partner for life. I knew I met not a girl but a woman whom I shared so many things with - the struggles of our upbringing together allowing both of us to become stronger in all of our endeavors going forward. I still remember the first evening when we were together, how I woke up and saw you sitting down with a bowl of Reese's Puffs Cluster Crunch cereal... and what a gorgeous sight it was to see you eat in the middle of the night!

Caitlyn laughs at the memory. Aurora and Teri also both laugh, picking up the subtle reference to The Cure - the concert that started the tense relationship between both women.

JJ Dixon:

But I don't just remember that evening. I remember every evening. I remember every morning. I remember every moment with you, because each second with you has made me realize what it's like to feel whole for the first time. And each moment without you is a moment I spend wondering how you are. You don't just make me want to become a better man. You already have made me a better man. I love you, and I always will.

A quick shot around the arena shows more than a few of the notoriously cynical DEFIANCE fans weeping.

Mark Shields:

And now, the ceremonial exchange of rings.

Aurora steps forward, humble yet fully loving, and gives Caitlyn the ring.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

With this ring I, Caitlyn Kinsey, take you, JJ Dixon, to be no other than yourself. Loving what I know of you, and trusting what I do not know yet, I will respect your integrity and have faith in your abiding love for me, through all our years, and in all life that may bring us.

Teri steps forward, the silver aura around her, and places the wedding ring in JJ's adorably shaking hand.

JJ Dixon:

With this ring I, JJ Dixon, take you, Caitlyn Kinsey, to be no other than yourself. Loving what I know of you, and trusting what I do not know yet, I will respect your integrity and have faith in your abiding love for me, through all our years, and in all life that may bring us.

JJ in turn places the wedding ring on Caitlyn's finger. They could not be smiling more.

Mark Shields:

Should anyone present know of any reason that this couple should not be joined in Holy Matrimony, speak now or forever hold your peace.

There's a pause. And then we hear from the ether --

Tabitha Kinsey:

Stop this proceeding now! Did you ever once think I would want to miss my beloved granddaughter's wedding?

A furious looking Tabitha Kinsey comes running from behind the center arch behind the drapes with a Faberge Egg in her hand and without and hesitation at all cracks Teri across the skull with it, sending Melton tumbling off the 5-foot high stage to the mat, her papal hat flying elsewhere. NDR quickly run to the edge of the stage, which allows The Company Men to come in from the side (as they were apparently hiding in the crowd), both with chairs, which they use to waylay Raiden and Reeves each!

DDK:

Dear lord! This is a sabotage! This is a pathetic display after NDR beat The Company Men earlier tonight!

Lance:

Tabitha swore to her granddaughter she would stay out of her wedding! This is absolutely pathetic!

Aurora is shrieking as she runs off the stage next to the attack.

Aurora Kaye:

Mom, what are you doing???

JJ now hops down off the stage and starts screaming at Tabitha, who is standing over Teri looking over her with a smirk, condescendingly nudging Teri in the face with the toe of her designer shoe. Caitlyn's mouth drops as she sees JJ hop off the stage, and she takes a few steps forward to look at the chaos, quietly grabbing the nearest wedding vase.

JJ Dixon:

Tabitha, what the hell? You're ruining everything! You're ruining this for your granddaughter!

Tabitha does not move her evil gaze on the fallen Teri. Dubya clobbers Reeves with the chair in the knee they attacked earlier, followed by Caballero superkicking him off the stage entirely, right next to the downed Teri. Cristiano quickly hops off and looks at his partner and flashes 10 fingers above his head. Dubya hoists Raiden high in the air, dropping him off the stage where Cristiano gives him a cutter at a disturbingly sharp angle for The 10-K.

Tabitha now digs the heel of her shoe on Teri's back, with a look of resolute proudness as Aurora berates her while JJ is pleading on Teri's behalf. Caitlyn has a 10-yard stare as she looks at JJ trying to help his de facto mother.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

GRANDMA! HOW COULD YOU...

Caitlyn screams this with absolute heartbreak as Tabitha freezes.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

... Be so right about JJ!

Caitlyn stands over JJ and then smashes the vase over the back of his head! His eyes bulge as he registers what happened, falling to his knees with arms spread wide open.

Then blood starts pouring from throughout his skull, as he falls face first while surrounded by broken shards of glass and black dahlia flowers. Aurora screams loudly and starts to tremble, her hands over her face as she then kneels next to JJ's side.

The crowd starts booing to a historically loud degree. We actually hear shuffling of DDK and Lance's mics, followed by various shots of stunned fans with their mouths fully dropped at her betrayal.

Caitlyn rips off her headdress first, and then reaches back and angrily rips off the long trail so she is just in her gown, making it physically easier for her to step down the stage. She has an empty look on her face as she approaches Tabitha, who has the same dead stare.

The boos grow immensely louder as Caitlyn stands over JJ, who is slowly moving and trying to get up on all fours. But right as he starts to be able to get up, he falls down again right at Caitlyn's feet. She continued her dead stare at him before nudging her still crying mom to the side so she can scream in his face.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

You selfish bastard! You selfish bastard! You'll always put her first! You'll always put Teri first! You'll always put yourself first! I should be your priority! I should be your priority! Do you know how lucky you are to know me? Huh? Do you know what my last name is? You selfish bastard!

Caitlyn then looks at her palms and sees JJ's blood on her hands. She turns her head and sees Teri, with Tabitha's heel still pressing down on her back. Caitlyn grips Teri's hair and sneers at her.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

You little, worthless trollip!

Caitlyn uses one of her grandmother's favorite insults. Then she wipes JJ's blood on Teri's forehead before spitting in her eyes. She waits a beat and then rams Teri's face into the mat.

Caitlyn gets up and turns to her grandmother, as a malevolent smile creeps across Tabitha's face. The same exact smile slowly creeps across Caitlyn's.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

I love you so much, Grandma. Thank you for making me realize who I truly am... a Kinsey!

Tabitha Kinsey:

I love you more than anyone else... Lovey.

They then give each other a gigantic hug, Caitlyn leaning into Tabitha's shoulder, the camera positioned so we can see Tabitha's wrathful face. The boos could not ring down harder, as the first piece of garbage - a plastic cup of beer - comes flying into the ring and splashes everywhere. More garbage - cups of beverages, hot dogs, ice, wadded up balls of napkins (anything the fans can get their hands on) - immediately follow.

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Please... please do not throw garbage in the ring. Please refrain from throwing —

The public safety announcement was clearly a mistake as Quimbey and Shields take off running as even more garbage comes from the sky towards the perpetrators destroying Your Uncut Gems.

Cristiano and Dubya continue to stomp on Raiden and Reeves. They then line up at their feet. Tabitha pulls out the envelope that says instructions and opens it. Caitlyn's eyes bulge. Tabitha points at the floor to the fallen NDR tandem.

Tabitha Kinsey:

It's instructions for The Gembreaker, Lovey!

Caitlyn has a sinister look at her eye as she scans the instructions, which Tabitha takes back, lest it fall into the wrong hands. She looks over at Cristiano and Dubya who nod to her. Cristiano hooks it on Raiden, Dubya on Reeves. Both NDR members wake from their discombobulated states to scream in pain, tapping on the canvas repeatedly.

JJ is trying to get up again, pushing himself up onto his hands and knees with blood still gushing, but then he halls again as now Caitlyn and Tabitha lord over him with looks of predators as Caitlyn then makes her way to JJ's feet.

Tabitha motions with her hands about the proper application of her legendary and unbreakable hold. Caitlyn then hooks the Inverted Figure Four on JJ! He starts screaming with blood flowing from the crown of his head as he pounds his hands on the mat in pain.

Tabitha then grabs Teri by her hair and drags her over so her face is mere inches from JJ's. Tabitha sits on Melton's back, gripping her silver hair and wrenching her head back so Teri has to look into Dixon's pained, screaming expression.

Tabitha Kinsey: *[with an alarming casualness in her tone]*

It is finished. You don't win this war, Teri. I win this war. Look at JJ. Look at your son. Look at your Gems. Remember their screams. Remember them forever. I win this war. You lose. I win. Understood? It is finished.

Garbage continues to fly and is all over the ring. No one left standing in the ring is flinching, aside from the bridesmaids ducking in the back.

Tabitha finally lets go of Teri's hair and stands up holding her hands high in the air as The Company Men break their hold. Caitlyn continues to hold onto hers for a few more malicious seconds. Dubya then offers his hand to help Caitlyn up as he has a wolffish smile plastered on his face. She gladly takes it and stands.

JJ once again tries to push himself up off the mat despite his ordeal. But as soon as he gets to both knees, he falls for a third time.

Caitlyn and Dubya each stand over opposite sides of JJ. She looks down at her former fiancé before she looks up at Dubya with a slow, wicked smile.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Thank you for all of the books, Dubya.

Dubya has a giant smirk.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

I'm so sorry it took me until just now to realize that you're the one for me... and not this illiterate piece of garbage.

There is a brief pause before they start ramming their tongues down each other's throats with JJ laying between them. Then Dubya places his right foot on JJ's back to add even more insult.

More garbage comes to the ring as DEFSec is surrounding the ring to try (and fail) to get people to stop throwing objects into the ringside area.

You all suck!

You all suck!

You all suck!

Cristiano then says something to the twins and gives them a nod. The two groupie sisters come to him as he puts his arms over both, and they all laugh at the wreckage, turning to the crowd while having the time of their lives, as garbage now specifically targets them.

The crowd erupts in a small cheer as a cup of soda then hits its intended target on Caitlyn's side, splashing the black liquid all over. This breaks up the passionate kiss as Dubya runs to that side of the ring to threaten the fans, who just throw even more garbage at him. Caitlyn holds her left hand high in the air, and then takes off the wedding ring and drops it in front of JJ's face like she's discarding a candy wrapper.

Tabitha steps forward and crouches down to look at JJ's bloodied face, with a triumphant smile. Caitlyn stands behind her, cackling with her nose held high in the air.

Teri then forces herself up to her feet, with a look on her face that screams absolute murder, but with her legs weak and shaky. Soon, JJ begins to slowly get to his hands and knees, and then just to his knees. Despite his agony, and the blood, he somehow rises to his feet, his eyes glazed over with a mixture of blood and tears. Aurora is now in the middle, still holding her face with her hands in shock at all that had unfolded.

It's a funhouse mirror image of the first time JJ and Caitlyn met at Uncut 138.

DDK:

Teri Melton's words earlier tonight about this war between these two sides leaving those involved with emotional pain they will feel forever are proving to be prophetic... with the victim being JJ Dixon, a man she considers to be her son... who did absolutely everything he could to not get involved in this conflict!

The camera stays locked as The Company Men, Caitlyn and Tabitha turn and march out of the ring to the top of the entranceway, flanked by DEFSec as the fans have not stopped with the projectiles at all. They reach the top of the entranceway and hold up The DiamondHands gesture of Your Uncut Gems. Much like "The Malice At The Palace," a few fans above them are pouring out their cups and whipping their drinks at them.

Finally, they all turn their hands upside down and laugh before turning back to the dressing room. Caitlyn is the last to leave as she points obnoxiously at the devastation left in the ring while muttering something about JJ and Teri. Dubya comes back out to drag her away to rejoin the rest of The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey.

NED REFORM vs. MV1

DDK:

Up next, ladies and gentlemen, Ned Reform takes on MV1.

Cue the match graphic.

Lance:

Ned Reform is facing down a determined MV1. Number One, it seems, has saved Corvo Alpha from the corrupting influence of Lord Nigel. Now he looks to do the same for his new friend and ally, Levi Cole.

DDK:

We have yet to hear just where Levi Cole's allegiance may definitively lie, but Dr. Reform insists that his future in DEFIANCE is dependent on Cole's loyalty! Win, lose, or draw... Ned Reform has vowed to leave DEFIANCE if Cole won't come back to stand by his side.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Red, blue, and yellow fireworks burst all around the DEFIatron, drowning out the music momentarily.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing... from Parts Unknown... weighing in tonight at two hundred and thirty seven pounds... He is... **MASKED VIOLATOR... #1!**

Stepping through the haze with a single index finger raised overhead is MV1. Dressed in a red traditional wrestling singlet trimmed with yellows and blues. On his chest/stomach, it reads: MAXVIOLATOR #1 in black flames. His right boot is blue. His left is yellow. His wrestling mask is a unique one for the event, it seems. Dominated by reds, stylized blue and yellow flames ripple all around it. He rockets down the aisle, arms outstretched spanning the gangway and tagging every outstretched hand he can reach along the way. Mask wearing, foam-index-finger waving Faithful dot the Bridgestone Arena.

DDK:

MV1 gets a hero's welcome here in Nashville!

MV1 stands center-ring facing the hard camera holding a single index finger overhead as a giant "#1" sparkler fires off behind him in the ring to an ovation from the Faithful.

Lance:

Masked Violator #1 looks as focused as he has ever been!

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The lights in the arena turn purple as all the goodwill for MV1 turns on a dime to vitriol and boos for The Good Doctor. From the back, Ned Reform appears, dressed in his flashy attire from the interview moments ago: a purple robe, fashioned to resemble a graduation gown. The robe is lined with royal looking symbols in a glittery silver/black. On the back of the robe, a glittery version of his symbol. And around his neck, a yellow graduation sash with the words Autos Epha Alpha on it in black lettering. Reform pauses on the ramp, spinning around with his arms raised and a smirk on his face in all his glory.

DDK:

According to the man himself, this could very well be the last time we see Ned Reform in a DEFIANCE ring. If Levi Cole decides to partner with MV1, that is.

Darren Quimby:

And his opponent... from New Haven, Connecticut and weighing in at 227 lbs... NED! REEEEEEEFORM!

Reform ends his little twirl just in time to look directly into the nearby camera, his bald head filling the frame.

Ned Reform:

DOCTOR Ned Reform.

With a smirk, Reform begins his cocky jaunt to the ring. He responds to the front row fans jeering and rude gestures with bemusement as he reaches the ring steps. Up the steps, wipe the boots off on the apron, and step into the ring. Reform demands that MV1 take a step back. Carla begrudgingly motions for MV1 to step backwards as Reform takes point in the center of the ring. He does another slow spin, allowing the arena to really take in his majesty.

Lance:

He looks way too confident for a man who might be moments away from hanging it up.

DDK:

You have to suspect that he has something up his sleeve. This is his first time in the ring since his embarrassing loss at DEFCON to Gage Blackwood. I doubt he will allow anything like that to happen again.

Ned removes the sash, handing it off to a ringside aide. He does the same to his robe, neatly folding it and handing it away before moving to his corner and beginning to stretch. MV1 does the same as Carla takes center stage. She checks with both competitors, and when they affirm they are ready, she signals for the bell.

DDK:

Here we go!

DING DING**DDK:**

The two combatants circle to start things off. Dr. Reform, looking for an opening... MV1 measuring... Oh, would you look at this.

Reform stands upright and stretches out a hand. Immediately, the crowd lets them know what they think.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Scowling at the Faithful, Reform thrusts his hand out even further. Across from him, the masked man laughs out loud.

Lance:

Masked Violator #1 isn't even bothering to poll the crowd, immediately dismissing the handshake!

Clearly dismayed by the refusal, Reform retracts his offer of a handshake, scoffing. The two return to circling one another. Reform abruptly drops his relaxed demeanor and charges forward with a clothesline that MV1 ducks. Reform hits the ropes and takes a back body drop from MV1. Reform with a kip up – but MV1 clotheslines the Sage of the Stage up and OVER the top rope and spilling to the ringside floor.

DDK:

This is not how Ned Reform wanted the opening moments of his in-ring return to go.

Lance:

The speed and athleticism of MV1 is on full display in the early goings! But Dr. Ned Reform is perhaps the quickest study in DEFIANCE, able to read and adapt to what's in front of him better than maybe anyone.

Reform pokes his head over the apron, using it to regain his footing, an ugly wince of pain permanently etched on his face. MV1 patiently waits as Reform climbs up onto the apron and sets one foot inside–

–the catcall of a fan in the front row gives him pause, making the choice instead to drop off of the apron. Reform

counsels a young fan in the front row about their personal hygiene before circling the ring. Referee Carla Ferrari starts the mandatory 10 count. From the floor, Ned debates the reasoning for his delay to an uninterested official.

DDK:

Textbook stall and delay tactics at work here by Ned Reform!

Carefully up the ringsteps and onto the apron, Reform insists that Ferrari moves MV1 back towards a neutral corner before setting one foot in the ring and ducking under and in. The count is broken. When MV1 makes a move towards him, Reform dips out of the ring once more, complaining that he isn't being given space.

Lance:

Mind games, Darren! Dr. Reform is trying to dictate the pace and the terms of this contest from bell to bell. When he starts to feel like he's lost control, you're going to see this type of strategy employed.

DDK:

Sounds like you've spent some time on the psychiatrist's couch, Lance!

Lance:

We all have our demons, Keebs. And finally, Reform is back up on the apron... and back in the ring!

They circle once more, deliberately. They snap into a tie up and a brief power struggle ensues.

DDK:

Headlock takeover by Reform! Grounding MV1! Taking away any possible speed advantage!

Lance:

Like I said! He's a quick study!

MV1 looks for a way out and is able to find a base and slowly work his way up to his feet. Reform SHOOTs MV1 across the ring into the ropes! Reform attempts a hip toss, but MV1 reverses it and CLOTHESLINES Reform!

Lance:

MV1 is fighting to stay one step ahead of Dr. Reform! But Reform is up! Off the ropes! BACK ELBOW from MV1! Neckbreaker!! MV1 with the cover!

One!!

Two!!

NOOO!!

DDK:

And again, Reform is outta there!

Rolling out of the ring, Reform composes himself, a hand clutching his neck.

Lance:

Hold on a minute!

It takes a moment for the camera to transition to what is causing the fresh round of boos from The Faithful... but when it does, we see Heavy Artillery stomping down the ramp and toward the ring. Neither man dressed in ring gear, they're both smiling with sinister intentions as they approach the ring.

DDK:

What are they doing here!? Heavy Artillery is scheduled to be in our tag team championship match on Night 2... they

have no business ringside for this match.

But it appears Ned disagrees with that, as he walks over to the two mammoth competitors. We can't hear what is said, but the three men engage in a quick huddle as Carla puts her head through the ropes to demand Ned return to the ring.

Lance:

Ned Reform? Heavy Artillery? What do they have to talk about?

DDK:

Heavy Artillery is the reason the Levi Cole and MV1 partnership formed in the first place, remember. Maybe they feel they have some unfinished business. Still, I'll say it again: they have NO business being out here.

Breaking away from his new compatriots, Reform finally returns to the ring, ignoring the chastising that Referee Carla Ferrari is offering. MV1 casts a suspicious glance in the direction of Horrigan and Owens but can't afford to divert his attention much further as Dr. Reform starts circling him.

They lock up once again and this time Reform is able to slip behind with a rear hammerlock. He preens and smiles at the crowd, clearly very impressed with himself. Not allowing himself to get comfortable, MV1 is able to duck behind and REVERSE the rear hammerlock into one of his own, much to Reform's apparent frustration. Number One maneuvers Reform into the corner and measures him.

CHOP!

DDK:

That knife edge chop nearly slapped the smug off of Ned Reform's face!

Lance:

Nearly!

CHOP!

DDK:

Oh, MV1 got ALL of that one! Look at that welt! The color nearly matches the purple of Reform's ring gear!

MV1 shoots Reform into the opposite corner and quickly follows him in with a CORNER CLOTHESLINE! Stunned and stupefied, Reform staggers out of the corner and walks right into a STANDING SIDEKICK!

DDK:

MV1 with Reform's shoulders pinned!

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKED OUT!!!

MV1 springs back to his feet and spins in place, mentally cataloging where Roosevelt Owens and Bobby Horrigan are in relation to ringside. This allows Reform to regain his footing and the two are quick to lock up once more. Reform grabs a wrist lock and wrenches it in. MV1 with a reversal that Reform follows through with a quick reversal of his own! MV1 ducks through it ARM DRAGS Reform down! Both are up lightning quick but Reform lands a hard knee to the midsection, leading MV1 over towards a corner. Reform goes to SLAM MV1 mask-first into the top turnbuckle but MV1 puts a halt to it, landing an elbow low to Reform. It's MV1 who slams Reform's head into the padded turnbuckle with a *THWACK*.

DDK:

MV1 is in control! He WHIPS Reform across the ring and Reform SLAMS against that far turnbuckle! MV1 charges in!! REFORM BACKDROPS MV1 UP! MV1 lands on the apron! Reform pulls the official away from the corner and... WHAT THE-

Suddenly, Bobby Horrigan is up on the apron!

DDK:

HORRIGAN CLOTHESLINES THE LIFE OUT OF MV1! Referee Ferrari didn't see it! She was distracted by Reform!

Horrigan nonchalantly drops off the apron and walks away, ignoring the jeers of the fans.

Lance:

Horrigan and Owens have been a thorn in MV1's side for months. Perhaps he thought they were behind him when he and Levi Cole defeated them on DEFTv several weeks ago... but clearly they haven't forgotten about him!

Reform goes on the offensive now, putting the boots to a vulnerable masked man. Stomping and stalking, Ned Reform is unrelenting. MV1 tries using the ropes to get up, then a turnbuckle, but Reform's offense is suffocating. He chokes MV1 with his boot. The camera gets tight on the contorted mask of MV1, the man beneath in agony. Breaking the illegal choke at 4.8, Reform pulls MV1, reels back and BLASTS him with a knife edge of his own!

CHOP!

Another!

CHOP!

His confidence at a high, Reform goes to whip MV1 - but MV1 reverses him hard into the corner! Goes crashing in behind him and EATS A BOOT FROM REFORM!

DDK:

Oh no! MV1 is out on his feet! RUNNING NECKBREAKER BY REFORM! Picture perfect execution by the Philosopher King!

MV1 claws up the ropes and eats a beautiful SPRINGBOARD SPIN KICK from Reform!

DDK:

That connected right on the chin! Reform hooks that far leg!

ONE!!

TWO!!

TH- KICKOUT!!

Enraged, Reform pulls MV1 up to his feet only to KICK a leg out from under him! He hits the ropes - SENTON SPLASH TO MV1's knee!

Lance:

I think we are seeing Ned Reform focus in on the next phase of his architecture of this contest. He couldn't stall MV1 into frustration, he couldn't out-gun him move-for-move... so now he appears to be targeting a limb-

Reform lands three swift kicks to MV1's right knee.

Lance:

–and he'll be looking to slowly dismantle it.

DDK:

It certainly appears that way!

Prone on his back, MV1 is in trouble. Reform grabs the tender leg and rolls FORWARD, SNAPPING it and stretching it! MV1 howls in pain. Staying on the attack, Reform pulls MV1 by the affected limb towards the rope and lays the leg on the middle one. He LEAPS and comes down HARD on that knee, sending MV1 scurrying, clutching that same knee in distress.

DDK:

It's incredible how easily the pendulum of this match can swing in someone else's favor! What is this!? Ned Reform has pulled Carla Ferrari away from the action once more, what the– Rosey Owens! On the outside! Just BLASTED MV1 on the apron! This is uncalled for!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

MV1 struggles to his feet, favoring his right leg.

Lance:

You can see how hard it is for MV1 to get upright and – OHH!! CHOP BLOCK BY NED REFORM! Oh no!

MV1 rolls around the canvas in anguish as Dr. Reform turns to the booing crowd and holds a finger to his lips, attempting to shush them. That goes about as well as expected. Shaking his head with a cocky grin, Reform returns his attention to his opponent, pulling him upright long enough to hook him, lift him up, and DRIVE HIM DOWN!

DDK:

FALCON ARROW BY DR. NED REFORM!! Number One's shoulders are down!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

KICKOUT!!!

Frustrated, Reform SLAPS the canvas angrily before rolling out of the ring. He screams for a house microphone, stomping around ringside before finally being handed one. As he speaks, he keeps his head on swivel, attempting to speak to the entire arena.

Ned Reform:

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! Ladies and gentlemen.... I say ATTENTION!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform

What you people are witnessing here is excellence in action. I am making POETRY in this ring right now, children, and I see many of you are STILL staring at your infernal devices. LIVE IN THE MOMENT! YOU ARE WITNESSING HISTORY! PUT YOUR PHONES AWAY NOW!!

Reform drops the microphone at the feet of Darren Quimbey before rolling back under the bottom rope and into the ring.

DDK:

What's the psychology there, Dr. Warner?

Lance:

Well... My clinical opinion is that... Ned Reform is an asshole.

DDK:

I see.

Reform pulls MV1 back up to his feet, goes to double underhook him.

DDK:

Is he going for the Syllabuster?! HE IS! He POWERS MV1 up – but MV1 breaks free and ROLLS REFORM UP!

ONE!!

TWO!!

NOOOO!!!

Both men back to their feet, MV1 admittedly a touch slower. Reform charges at MV1, who instinctively hoists Reform up and STUN GUNS HIM throat first across the top rope! Reform grabs at his throat, gasping for breath and MV1 sees an opening. Jerking Reform to his feet, MV1 elevates him even higher – VERTICAL SUPLEX!!

Lance:

MV1 nailed that suplex... but did you see how his knee buckled at the end, Keebs? It was subtle... but it was there!

DDK:

If you say so! MV1 springs back up to his feet and UP the turnbuckle! Could it be?!

MV1 holds up an index finger, pointing it skyward–

DDK:

THIS COULD BE 1-DERSTRUCK! NOO!!

Lance:

It's Horrigan on the apron!

DDK:

That's all the distraction Reform needs! He just SHOVES MV1 off the top rope, sending him CRASHING to the apron! He snapped his head and neck on that bottom rope!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

MV1 falls off the apron and *plops* on the ringside floor.

DDK:

And no-nonsense official, Carla Ferrari, has seen enough!

Ferrari points first at Owens, then Horrigan, and then the rampway. Reform stomps his feet in protest.

Lance:

Heavy Artillery has been ejected from ringside! I guess you could say that the Bridgestone Arena is a demilitarized zone!

DDK:

...stick with shrinking heads, Lance.

Lance:

Fair enough!

Reform urges Ferrari to begin the mandatory 10-count and she does so despite his advice. At ringside, MV1 is slow to stir. Reform anxiously paces in the ring, encouraging Ferrari to count quicker.

Ned Reform:

Tempo, child! Tempo!

Using the MAXDEF ring-skirt to pull himself to a vertical base, MV1 pulls himself onto the apron with a grimace. Just as Carla hits nine, MV1 brings the people to their feet by rolling inside the ring and breaking the count... only to get a low sliding dropkick to the face that sends him back outside! Reform follows MV1 out, lifting the masked wrestler to his feet... he hooks MV1 for what appears to be a knee breaker... BUT INSTEAD OF A TRADITIONAL KNEE BREAKER, HE DROPS MV1'S ALREADY INJURED KNEE ON THE APRON!! MV1 cries out in agony as he crumbles to the ringside floor, holding his knee.

DDK:

That was sadistic.

Lance:

Competition is one thing, but trying to permanently injure your opponent is another.

Ned stands over MV1, grinning from ear to ear. He steps back and gestures downward as if he were showing off MV1 as a game show prize. An older lady in the front row appears ready to hop the apron and charge, so Reform mimes breaking a hip. The granny needs to be held back as Reform yuks it up. Meanwhile, Carla has begun the ten count, so Ned rolls in and out to re-set. He picks up a hobbling MV1 and irish whips him into the nearby ring steps knee first with a **CRASH**

Ned finally rolls MV1 into the ring and follows closely behind. He grabs the fan favorite by the leg, dragging him to the center of the ring. With a smile, he wraps the leg and spins in the classic Figure Four set up... and he drops to the mat to complete the hold! MV1 is clawing and screaming as his already injured knee is bent unnaturally.

DDK:

You don't have to like it, but you have to concede this is an extremely effective strategy by The Good Doctor.

Carla moves in, anticipating a submission may be imminent, but MV1 stubbornly shakes his head no as he tries to fight out of it. Ned's cocky grin turns aggressive as he bounces up and down and sends new ripples of pain through the tortured appendage. As the crowd begins to build a roar in support of MV1, the masked superstar finds a burst of energy... and maybe a touch of defiance... and he powers up into a seated position!! Ned's eyes nearly bug out of his skull as he tries to wrench harder on the hold, but MV1 plants his fists and pushes... and pushes... and pushes... and slowly... ever so slowly...

Lance:

HE TURNS IT OVER!! He's reversed the pressure!

And now The Good Doctor is caught! Luckily, he is close enough to the ropes that he is almost immediately able to reach out and grab them. Carla forces MV1 to break the hold. Using the ropes, Reform is able to pull himself back to his feet while MV1 stays on the mat, still nursing the knee. Ned shakes his knee in response to his few seconds in the Figure Four, but not much damage was done. Instead, he takes point in the corner, poised and stalking his injured prey. It takes MV1 a bit, but he is able to gut it out and try to balance on his injured knee as he tries to stand... but before he can get upright, Reform charges out of the corner and drops him with a Fameasser!

MV1 hits the mat face first and bounces up, landing on his back and facing the bright lights. The Good Doctor stands over him and a smile breaks out over his face. Mimicking MV1, he sticks a single finger into the air.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The fans booing only fuels Reform. Keeping his finger in the air, he spins in a circle, grinning and nodding to every section... before he takes the finger and points it at his own head. He taps three times. And then he leaps high into the air...

Lance:

Thinking Man's Elbow, he calls it.

Reform lays back on MV1 with a loose, cocky, and ever-so-sure pin.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE - NO!!

To Ned's shock, MV1 powers a shoulder up. Shaking his head and clearing away the shock, Reform is quickly back to his feet. He heads outside the ropes, walks the apron, and finally begins to climb to the top of a turnbuckle.

DDK:

The Good Doctor is looking for some high risk!

Reform steadies himself on the turnbuckle. He looks down at his red, yellow, and blue target before leaping off... looking for a top-rope leg drop...

...but nobody is home!!

Lance:

MV1 moved!! This is his chance!

Reform's ass collides with the mat and he leaps into the air, holding it and howling in pain before collapsing back to the canvas. Now both men are down, but MV1 is feeding off the cheers, urging, and encouragement of The Faithful. He makes it to his feet at roughly the same time Ned does. MV1 stuns The Sage on the Stage with a kick to the gut before hooking him for a suplex... but when he lifts, his injured knee gives out! MV1 releases Reform to tend to his knee, but Ned is quick to act with a chop block to that same body part! He wastes no time in grabbing MV1's leg, spinning around, and dropping down with ANOTHER Figure Four!

DDK:

How much can one man take, Lance?

Lance:

It's getting close to when MV1 needs to think about the rest of his in-ring career.

DDK:

He'll never give up. That I promise you.

Ned is giving The Figure Four all he's got and MV1 appears to be in hell on Earth. Scratching. Clawing. Pounding the mat in frustration. Carla moves in, asking him if he gives up, but he doesn't even seem to hear her. He pries at the hold, but Ned has it locked in textbook and The Good Doctor isn't going anywhere. MV1's shoulders hit the mat and Carla moves in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

MV1 pulls his shoulders up. But he's still trapped in the submission, and it's not long before he again slumps to the mat in agony.

ONE!

TWO!

He pulls it up again! With a primal roar, MV1 is able to plant his fists and push both himself and Ned forward.

DDK:

He's close to those ropes!

Close... but not quite there. He reaches out with an open hand, desperate for the aid of a rope break. And the chant begins among the people... softly at first but gaining steam until the entire arena is shaking...

NUM - BER - ONE!

NUM - BER - ONE!

NUM - BER - ONE!

MV1 FEEDS off that, finding his last bit of strength to lunge forward...

...and he makes the ropes!! Carla tells Ned to break the hold, although he waits for her to reach the 4th number in a 5 count before he does so. Reform is up to his feet, now visibly frustrated as his hands go to his bald head. With MV1 not putting pressure on that leg anytime soon, The Good Doctor again retreats to a corner, leaning into it and seeming to plot his next move when...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Levi Cole! Levi Cole is here!

Cole is marching down the aisle... his face unreadable. He stops right before he reaches the ring, folding his arms and looking towards the action with a countenance that remains stoic. Ned leans forward, nearly falling out of the ring as he balances his torso on the top rope.

Ned Reform:

WATCH, LEVI. WATCH WHAT BECOMES OF YOUR "FRIEND."

Cole gives no indication that he heard him, but Ned doesn't let that stop him. Marching over to MV1, Reform hooks him before lifting him into the air and perching the masked wrestler in a seated position on the top turnbuckle. Reform climbs up as well, getting into position for a superplex. He has MV1 hooked, and he pulls backwards... but MV1 maintains his hold on the turnbuckle! Reform pulls again... same result! MV1 begins firing elbows into Ned's midsection! And then...

Lance:

MV1 drops Ned forward with a reverse suplex!

Reform lands hard face first, but his momentum causes him to bounce up and land facing the ceiling. MV1, clearly struggling with his injury, rises up into a crouched position on the top rope. And then he stands. And he removes a strap from his singlet!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

MV1 FLIES...

DDK:

1-DERSTRUCK!!! HE HIT IT!!

Not a soul in the arena is sitting as Ned EATS MV1's top rope finish to the face. But for as much as it hurt The Good Doctor, it may have equally as damaged MV1's already barely hanging on knee! Instead of going for the cover, MV1 instead rolls away from his opponent and favoring the knee. The camera quick cuts to Levi Cole... who continues to keep his face blank. With both men down, Carla hits the ten count...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

MV1 has begun to stir. He reaches up and clasps the bottom rope.

FIVE! SIX!

Ned's head twitches and he slowly turns over to his side.

SEVEN! EIGHT!

MV1 is up to one knee... Reform is in the same position...

NINE!

Both men get to their feet at the same time! They charge each other... Reform slips around and hooks for a German! He powers MV1 up... BUT MV1 LANDS ON HIS FEET! He fights through the obvious knee pain! Reform turns into a LEAPING SIDE KICK! Back up... into an MV1 clothesline!! Back up... another! MV1 sends The Good Doctor off the ropes... FLAPJACK!! MV1 is FIRING UP and so are the people!!

DDK:

What a display of guts! He's fighting through the pain!

Ned is down, and MV1 is gingerly climbing to the top rope. Not for 1-Derstruck this time, though, as he waits for Reform to get a vertical base before coming off like a homing missile...

Lance:

Missile Dropkick!! Cover!!

The Faithful are on their feet, counting along!

*ONE!!**TWO!!!**THREE!!*

NO! At the last second, Reform kicks out! An audible groan throughout the arena.

And that's when it happens.

Levi Cole leaps onto the apron. Carla immediately moves to intercept him, demanding he get down. MV1 is up and notices his old friend. He walks over to Levi, and while we can't hear what he's saying, it's clear he's questioning Cole about something. And that's when Reform leaps at MV1... driving the masked wrestler into both Carla and Cole! Carla takes a dive and Cole is knocked off the apron! Reform looks down at his (former?) protegee, looking quite apologetic... but this means he took his eyes off the ball and he is caught with an MV1 bulldog!

Reform is down. MV1 is again up top! The people are up! This is it! MV1 flies off with 1-DERSTRUCK! ONE! MORE!

TIME!

An exhausted and battered MV1 finds the strength to hook the leg... but Carla is still down. The Faithful helpfully count along...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

But alas, the people are not the officials, and even though Ned Reform just got pinned for a three count, MV1 has not won this wrestling match.

...and that's when Levi Cole punts MV1 in the head.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

Dammit. Dammit. Dammit.

Lance:

It appears, ladies and gentlemen, that Levi Cole has made his choice.

With the fans giving him hell, Cole lifts the stunned MV1 up and DRIVES him into the mat with an unforgiving Gutwrench Powerbomb.

DDK:

That's your friend! Levi Cole! I know you have a heart! Please!

Lance:

Ned's mind games strike again.

MV1 splats on the mat back-first, and even though he isn't standing, it's still visibly clear that he just collapses. The man has fought hard, but he has nothing left to give, and maybe Cole's betrayal was the final nail in the coffin of his resolve. Reform simply slowly rolls over, only half conscious himself, but he manages to drape an arm over MV1's chest! Carla has just regained her own composure, and she turns to see the pin. She drops down.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

...NO!!!!

DDK:

HE KICKED OUT!! HE KICKED OUT!!

The place goes BANANAS!!! Outside the ring, Cole's mouth hangs open in shock.

*NUM - BER - ONE!**NUM - BER - ONE!**NUM - BER - ONE!*

Ned is in a seated position, a look of frustration plastered on his usually smug face. He looks around to The Faithful, who are universally cheering the name of his opponent. And The Good Doctor sneers. He slowly shakes his head no. They won't be getting away with this.

DDK:

Ned back up... and he is STALKING MV1!

Reform crotches, hands poised and ready, as he hovers and waits for MV1 to get back up. It's a slow process, but the heroic Defiant eventually does get back to his feet... only for Ned Reform to lock in the Ad Homineum from behind! MV1's face is twisted in an unnatural position as Ned Reform's version of the Crossface Chickenwing does its work. MV1 flails and bucks, but Ned maintains.

DDK:

This is such a dangerous hold. You can't allow yourself to be in it for too long... it's either the ropes or tap. That simple.

And the crowd erupts as MV1 does indeed make the ropes!! Carla has to pry Reform off his foe, and The Sage on the Stage immediately begins to melt down. He kicks the ropes. He buries his head in the turnbuckle. He turns beet red. The fans continue to cheer on MV1 and he pulls his face out of the turnbuckle with a cold, dead look in his eyes. This is not the face of a pompous clown. It's not the face of an assured academic. It's not even the face of a wrestler.

These are the eyes of a killer.

And he slowly turns to face a sputtering MV1. And he walks over. And he lifts him up.

And he locks on the Ad Hominem one more time.

MV1 again fights valiantly, and he even teases the crowd as he again leaps forward, arms outstretched for the ropes... but Ned is ready this time, and The Good Doctor shifts his own weight, causing them both to fall in the opposite direction. On the mat, Reform grapevines the legs. MV1 ain't going nowhere.

Carla moves in to see if he's ready to submit. She quickly realizes that he isn't conscious.

And to the shock of the entire arena, she calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

WELCOME TO THE HONOR SOCIETY

As Reform's theme song begins to play, The Good Doctor rolls off the unconscious MV1. Cole enters the ring, grabbing his mentor by the arm and raising it high in victory.

Darren Quimby:

Here is your winner... NED! REFORM!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cole, holding Reform's hand high, does a complete circle so every fan in the arena can get a good look. Cole's face is angry, but Ned's has lost the intensity and instead he is smiling from ear to ear.

DDK:

I'm not going to take anything away from Ned Reform, as he wrestled a smart match... but without Levi Cole's actions here tonight, MV1 was walking away with the victory.

Lance:

Wait... look at the entrance!

Heavy Artillery are back and on a mission toward the ring. The monstrous men enter the squared circle. Ned Reform and Levi Cole turn to face them. Hoorigan and Roosevelt stare back. For a brief second, it seems we might have a stand off... and then all four men hug!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

They're... working together? After what Heavy Artillery did to Cole?

Reform laughs as he shows off his three new toys. Then he points to the downed form of MV1. Hoorigan grins and barks at Rosie to lift him to his feet. Owens brings Masked Violator up before tossing him in the corner. He takes position in the opposite corner... and the crowd knows what that means.

DDK:

Enough! The match is over!

DING DING DING DING DING DING

Despite the timekeeper's attempts to restore order, Owens charges and SQUASHES MV1 in the corner like a pancake. The fans, desperate for someone to come to MV1's aid, starts up a chant...

COR - VO - AL - PHA!

COR - VO - AL - PHA!

COR - VO - AL - PHA!

DDK:

The crowd wants it!! MV1 is at the mercy of these madmen, and they're looking for his one and ONLY true tag partner to make the save!

Lance:

Corvo isn't even still in the building. After his huge defeat of Oscar Burns earlier, I'm being told he did not stick around.

Ned smirks at the crowd's wishful thinking. Turning to Roosevelt and Hoorigan, Reform barks at them to splash MV1 again, but...

RAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

The calvary is here!

The Saturday Night Specials sprint down the ring! They're not dressed to wrestle, but they are carrying equalizers: a pair of 2x4s! SNS hit the ring, and despite having a four-on-two advantage, Reform and his compatriots choose to exit rather than tangle with the tag champs.

DDK:

Thank goodness for The Saturday Night Specials. Who knows what else they would have done here.

Lance:

SNS have their own date with Heavy Artillery - AND Flex in a Box - tomorrow night!

DDK:

And what kind of alliance is this? Have these four men made a temporary business arrangement... or is this something more permanent?

With Levi Cole, Bobby Hoorigan, Roosevelt Owens, and Ned Reform walking up the ramp, Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy get down on one knee to check on poor MV1. Officials and DEF medical staff also hit the ring to survey the situation.

Reform halts his goons at the top of the ramp. They interlock hands and raise their arms again in victory. And a new theme begins to play...

♪ ["Beethoven's 5th" by Cole Rolland](#) ♪

And Reform again leans his head back and laughs.

We have not seen the last of The Good Doctor.

SOHER: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. REZIN

DEFIANCE Wrestling Presents
A Hamburgers/Chickentenders Match

REZIN/KEYES V

void

DDK:

INTO THE VOID!! NO, IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS!

Archived footage of DEFIANCE Road, 2021. Rezin drops Henry Keyes into the mat with the somersault reverse DDT and makes the cover. Henry's teammates, Lindsay Troy and Deacon, are cut off from making the save. Rezin picks up the three count, earning a victory for the Kabal.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of this match... THE KABAL!!

Rezin is dragged out by Stalker and Victor Vacio. In the ring, Keyes glares after them, the fires of vengeance burning in his eyes.

Lance:

Henry Keyes very nearly dealt Rezin a death blow with that BELLCLAP~! and he *just* just missed.

void

Henry Keyes:

...I can't believe, YOU'RE the one that bested me.

More archival footage, from DEFtv 149. Keyes and Rezin stand face to face in the ring.

Henry Keyes:

I have a Compulsion. I'm hard-wired to need to KNOW if things would be different if the distractions were gone - if the friendships weren't involved, if I didn't play hero ball, and if it was you and me, one on one, man to man.

Crash zoom on Rezin's bewildered expression.

Henry Keyes:

I MUST know, and the pirate code requires that I DEMAND satisfaction.

Rezin goes from zero to sixty and furiously shakes his head.

Rezin:

I won't LET YOU, HEN'RY KEYES!! **EYE** AM THE MASTER OF PUNK ROCK here in DEFIANCE!

Skipping forward through time, a quick composite of shots flash by:

Henry Keyes performing an elaborate Christopher Walken-inspired song and dance routine to Fatboy Slim's "Weapon of Choice" while Rezin stands stunned in the ring.

Rezin:

Goddambit, that's punk rock as FUCK...

Jump to Keyes single-handedly battling his way through Reapers Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse.

Rezin:

NEXT TIME, HEN'RY KEEYYESS... NEEEGGZZZ TTIIIMMEE!!

Jump to the Airship Pirate and the Escape Artist standing face to face on the stage, two weeks before their epic clash at DEFCON.

Rezin:

I was wrong about you, Henry Keyes. You are pretty punk rock, at your core. Probably the most punk rock wrestler I've seen in years. It took me until now to see it.

Before Rezin leaves the stage, Henry Keyes extends his hand to shake.

Rezin:

Perhaps I denied it because deep down, I could see it, and I was jealous...

Rezin accepts the hand...

Rezin:

But I'm not denying it anymore.

The low kick hits its mark.

Rezin:

AAT DEFF-KHAANN... EYE AM GONNA REE-MIND-YOO... what it MEANS to be PUNK ROCK...

Jump cut to Rezin throwing Keyes off the stage.

Rezin:

HHEENNNEERRRRYYYY KKKEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEESSSSSS!!!

void

"YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!"

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

"YOU'RE-NOT-PUNK-ROCK!!"

****CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP****

Footage from the no-holds barred battle that was REZIN/KEYES I at DEFCON 2021.

CLAP~~~!!!!!!

The earclap from Keyes to Rezin connects.

DDK:

BBBEEEELLLLLLLCCCLLLLAAAPPP~~~!!!

Rezin planks onto his head in an iconic shot before crumbling into a heap.

Lance:

HE FINALLY GOT IT!

Keyes falls across the chest and the ref makes the count.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...HENRYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!!!!

Post celebration, in the ring, Rezin drops to his knee and presents Henry with his own studded belt, bestowing him the honor of "Most PUNK ROCK in DEFIANCE". Ending shot of the two of them spontaneously performing their secret handshake, before the footage slowly fades to...

void

The footage jumps some months ahead. Rezin/Keyes II, during the reign of the Favoured Sinner. Yet again, the earclap connects. Yet again, Keyes makes the cover.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... and NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE WRESTLING...

HHHEEEENNNRRYYYYY KEEEEEEYYYEEEESSS!!!!

We jump forward to a week later. The hastily thrown together rematch, Rezin/Keyes III. Rezin is on the mat, and Keyes forcefully is shaking him.

Henry Keyes:

GIVE ME BACK MY TIGER!!

Cut to moments later, as Rezin rolls up the distracted Keyes and takes hold of the middle rope.

DDK:

You gotta be kidding me!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... and NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION OF DEFIANCE...

RRRRREEEEEEZZZZZZIIIIIIINNNNN!!!

After the formalities, the newly established fienemies perform their secret handshake... leading right to Keyes returning the low blow at the end of it.

Maybe we'll wear fancy hats and do a dance routine about the whole thing, Segment of the Year 2022!

Cut to weeks later as Keyes and Lindsay Troy beat down Rezin in the ring for having the stones to verbally confront them.

Back to Henry in the ring, now seething with rage.

Henry Keyes:

DEFIANCE. I AM NO LONGER YOUR GIVING TREE. IT'S TIME FOR HENRY KEYES AND VAE VICTIS TO TAKE...

Jump ahead in time as the Kraken upgrades to the Southern Heritage Championship.

Henry Keyes:

AND TAKE...

Jump ahead to Lindsay Troy claiming the FIST.

Henry Keyes:

AND TAKE...

Jump ahead to Oscar Burns claiming the vacant Favoured Saints Title.

Henry Keyes:

AND FUCKING TAKE UNTIL WE HAVE IT ALL.

Cut to Rezin exiting the Press Conference following his loss at Acts of DEFIANCE, which would be the last anyone would see of him for months. Fade back too...

void

DDK:

IT'S REZIN!! REZIN IS HERE!!

We roll through footage of DEFIANCE Road 2023, during the WarGames main event. Through smoke a brimfire, Rezin returns through one of the causeways, bolts down to the ring, and chases off the interfering Oscar Burns.

Rezin:

They tried to run me outta DEFIANCE... but it was the worst mistake they could ever make!

Jump a few weeks later. Rezin is on-stage with Chris Trutt, angrily pointing down the camera.

Rezin:

Cause as of tonight, I am offish wagin' a ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST the WHOLE LOT OF 'EM!!

Jump ahead to DEFCON 2023. Rezin finally wins his first battle in that war by getting the win over Oscar Burns to once again become Favoured Saints Champion.

Rezin:

I ain't innerested in bein' the filthy joker who takes the best ass-kickin's anymore! I've been BURNED too many times to keep makin' the same mistakes!

Highlights of his matches against High Flyer IV. Victor Vacio. David Fox. Kerry Kuroyama. All end with the Goat Bastard standing triumphant.

Rezin:

Things are gonna change... because I'M changed!

Jump to Rezin confronting Vae Victis during the pancake celebration, only weeks ago.

Rezin:

Ya turned your back on ME, Hank... ME... so ya can eat PANCAKES with the PLASTICS?!

The Kraken glares back at his erstwhile frienemy.

Rezin:

Naww, dawg... that ain't the unstoppable, unrelentin', PUNK ROCK muthafugga ya were back at DEFCON two years ago when we last met in the ring! Even though I can see he's long gone by now, THAT guy I can buy callin' himself "elite".

Keyes snarls as he makes his retort.

Henry Keyes:

Well how about it? HENRY KEYES VERSUS REZIN, FOR THE SOHER, HARDCORE HELLPOCALYPSE!!

Rezin smirks and shakes his head.

Rezin:

THAT AIN'T PUNK ROCK! I'll see ya at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, and I'm gonna beat ya in the most embarrassing way possible for a big ol' cycloptic circus act like you - in a normal match...

The Escape Artist lays out the Kraken with the CLOVEN HOOF KICK...

Rezin:

HEENNNRRYYYYY KKEEEEEYYYYYYYYEEEESSSS!

We abruptly cut to--

void

Fade in... to right now, in the Bridgestone Arena. Darren Keebler and Lance Warner pensively sit at the Commentation Station, looking to the camera.

DDK:

Over the course of two years, and countless battles in the interim, Henry Keyes and Rezin have cemented one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's most iconic rivalries in recent years! Tonight, in that ring, the next bloody chapter will be written!

Lance:

And the stakes are greater than ever. In many of their encounters, these two have fought over the Favoured Saints Championship. Tonight, for the first time, the SOHER Title will be on the line.

DDK:

Rezin walked the same path as Henry Keyes to make it here: an impressive FOUR consecutive defenses as Favoured Saints Champion! But can he be the one to finally end the longstanding reign of the current SOHER Champion? Or will the Kraken TAKE yet another name?

A chant has broken out through the crowd. The Faithful know what's coming.

*"FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!
"FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!
"FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!
"FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!"*

The lights dim to black. Slow and movie-theater-like. The crowd begins cheering even louder in anticipation.

A line of fire appears across the array of bigscreens lining the stage. But rather than being accompanied by a familiar wall of feedback, thriving, bombastic orchestral music comes in over the PA.

♪ "On the Shoulders of Giants" by Masayoshi Soken ♪

Stage lights come up one at a time, revealing a series of MONSTROUS STATUES arranged along the stage. They are both bestial and humanoid in form. Some sort of divine beasts, in what is likely to be an obscure video game reference that only like three or four people on the DEFcord are gonna pick up on, but fuck it, it's late, and this is the idea we're rolling with.

Close-ups of the statues reveal their facial likenesses to be that of the various members of Vae Victis. Troy, a feathered harpy. Byrd, a mountainous giant. Burns, a winged dragon. Kuroyama, a bearded sage. Keyes, a horn-helmeted swordsman. Butcher, a frost pixie.

Finally, just beyond the threshold of the curtain, a statue of a towering, horned beastman appears underlit in hellfire red.

Half man... half GOAT.

ALL punk rock.

The line of flames on the screen suddenly flares into an outright inferno, leaving the arena awash in orange firelight.

KA-BOOOM!!

At once, the goatman statue EXPLODES in a burst of flames and cinders! When the flames clear... REZIN appears, rocking full Clive-Rosfield-from-Final-Fantasy-XVI cosplay. Complete with the longsword.

Only it's not a longsword; it's a BONG-sword.

...I told you it was late, didn't I?

The Goat Bastard proudly rips from the sword-bong's hilt as he basks in the massive ovation he earns from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

...I assume this is some sort of obscure Game of Thrones reference?

Lance:

I wouldn't know, Keebs. I never saw that show. But tell me, does that one Lindsay Troy statue kinda look like an owl

person?

After a moment of soaking of the ovation and looking like a medieval high fantasy (semi) badass, Rezin's eyes turn to slits as he notices the statues of his foes alike him.

Knowing what he must do, the HIGH-kon of Fire overturns his bongsword and begins swinging away...

SMASH! Troyruda crumbles into tiny chunks of plaster!

CRASH! Ramuhyama is split down the middle!

KERPLOOSH! Titan-Byrd topples over with a heavy kick!

GURSPLASH! Burnshamut disintegrates into pebbles and dust!

Scrmush. Butcher Shivatorious just kinda falls over on its own and shatters on impact.

****Cinematic Strike*

But one statue remains: horn-helmented, one-eyed Odinry Keyes, wielding the deadly blade ZantetsBLUEken. Rezin's eyes fill with fiery wrath as he rears his trusty bongsword back once more...

KRANGULCH!!

...but rather than crush the statue with the sword, his head ends up doing it first.

Because a FORCE has come at him from behind.

DDK:

HENRY KEYES!! HENRY KEYES!! THE KRAKEN IS HERE!! BY GOD, HE'S HERE!!

The two men roll down the ring apron together, as one man gains advantage he throws frantic punches before immediately being toppled and receiving punches. It's fists and legs and chaos as they make their way to the ring, forever fighting, forever at war.

Lance:

Does that mean - I guess Keyes decided THIS was how he would make his grand entrance tonight, his first official match as the longest-reigning Southern Heritage Champion in the history of DEFIANCE!

Somehow they find their way into the ring. Referee Brian Slater does his best to peel Rezin off of Keyes and send the two men into opposing corners to restore some amount of decorum. Both competitors are FROTHING to get back to throwing hands.

Darren Quimbey:

LAAAADIIIEES AAAND GEEENTLLLLLEEEEEENN!! This is our MAIN EVE--

Quimbey is abruptly cut off when official Brian Slater bumps into him.

The reason the official bumped into him is because he is trying (and failing) to restrain Rezin from charging out of his corner. Across the ring, Keyes advances out of his own.

DDK:

Oh my, this one looks like it's already getting out of hand!

In the fracas, Quimbey gets tagged by an errant fist and goes down. DEFSec hit the ring from all sides and a mob of

bodies forms in the center of the ring as everyone tries to keep Rezin and Keyes from throttling one another.

LET-THEM-FIGHT!! LET-THEM-FIGHT!! LET-THEM-FIGHT!! LET-THEM-FIGHT!!

Lance:

I know they agreed on a straight match, but I'm not sure they can get around this fight turning into a "Hardcore Hellpocalypse" of its own!

After several moments, the mob parts, trapping both competitors in their respective corners. Quimbey, now sporting a shiner, readjusts his tie and does his duty like the fucking pro that he is.

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES! AND! GENTLE! MEN! THIS... IS OUR MAAAAIN EEEEEVENT!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the son of a bitch who I'm pretty sure hit me just now!

Rezin:

Sorry, Mayor Quimbey, but FUCK THAT GUY AND LEMME AT 'IM!!

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds...

THE ESCAPE ARTIST... RRREEEEEEEEZZZZIIIIIIINNNN!!!

Rezin's pile lurches from his corner to the center of the ring as two-oh-five of PUNK ROCK fury throws itself at the champion.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent... hailing from San Francisco, California, and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-nine pounds... he is the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION of DEFIANCE...

THE KRAKEN... HEEEEENNNRRRRRRYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEYYYYYEEEEESSSS!!!

The Kraken's pile briefly explodes as he casts the drones aside and streaks across the ring. His fingers get inches from the Goat Bastard's face before DEFSec restrain him to his corner yet again. Quimbey couldn't get out of the ring any faster.

Members of security remove Henry's SOHER Title and hand it over to Slater, who, despite the circumstances, sticks to the procedure and holds it up to the capacity crowd for a modicum of a few seconds and throws it to the timekeeper.

Slater locks eyes with the security team, who are ready to release the two combatants on his signal. Slowly, he raises his hand...

DDK:

Heaven help us all!

...and cues the timekeeper!

DING DING

Off the bell, Rezin tears out of his corner like a bolt of black lightning, and--

KA-POWW!!

...he immediately tumbles back into it and flops violently to the mat.

DDK:

GOOOOD GAWD, WHATTA HAYMAKER by Keyes!

Lance:

And Rezin is immediately OUT like a LIGHT!

The air is sucked out of the arena as Henry withdraws his atom-smasher of a fist and crows in triumph. Rezin flops over onto his back, eyes rolling vacantly around in his head in a manner that supersedes his usual state of intoxication. Keyes snags the cuff of his pants to drag him out to the center of the ring.

Lance:

We could be witnessing the shortest Southern Heritage Title match ever, Keebs!

DDK:

I can't believe that one punch was all it took to chase the fire from Rezin's engines, but you may be right, Lance! And Keyes is taking his time here, arrogantly pressing a knee down onto his chest to make the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! REZIN KICKS OUT!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Rezin's "kickout" looks more like an involuntary spasm, but he nevertheless convulses and pops a shoulder to break the count. Keyes rises up and backs away as the Escape Artist scrambles back to his feet, though it's clear the brain hasn't quite caught up to the rest of the body.

Lance:

Rezin may not be down, but to me, he still looks quite out!

The Goat Bastard's eyes struggle to focus, but through the fog he seems to make out a figure. Without thinking and moving only on instinct, he begins throwing punches at it. Regrettably, it turns out to be the official, Brian Slater.

Lance:

Heads up, Brian! I don't think he knows where he is!

Slater handily sidesteps the flurry of wild and poorly aimed punches from the Goat Bastard, until finding himself in a sloppily applied three-quarter bulldog. Before Rezin can commit to an Into the Void on the official, Slater shoves him off and sends him stumbling back toward Keyes.

DDK:

Here's the Kraken, waiting with another--NO!! REZIN DUCKS THE HOOKS!

The crowd comes alive as Rezin suddenly perks up, spins Keyes around, and peppers him with an onslaught of jabs!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Rezin chops him in the chest.

WHOOOO!!

He chops again!

WHOOOO!!

He chops AGAIN!

WHOOOO!!

Henry staggers, clutching his chest. He leaves his face open to heavy, close-fisted rights and lefts from the Goat Bastard, unleashing all of his pent-up fury on his erstwhile frienemy. The crowd is on their feet, screaming.

DDK:

Rezin is letting Henry Keyes HAVE IT right now! The champion is being backed up to the ropes, unable to withstand this assault!

Keyes covers his face, but Rezin jumps on the opportunity to switch from fists to feet, landing a sharp roundhouse to the Kraken's ribs! A second one finally doubles him over, prompting Rezin to take a step forward, crouch, and lean forward while pressing the Heavy Punch button.

Rezin:

SHORYUKEN!!

On rubber legs, Henry's upper body tilts back off the impact, but he doesn't quite go down to the mat. Rezin begins to turn, ready to perform the *coup de grace*.

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK--

Haymaker.

DDK:

NOOO, KEYES CAUGHT HIM RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES as he came around with the spinning heel!

Lance:

Rezin was making quite the rally there for a minute, but the Kraken swiftly shuts it down before he can get it rolling.

Rezin staggers back from the clubbing blow, clutching at his head as he goes for the ropes. Keyes steps forward to rain down more strikes until the referee intervenes, as Rezin has become fully entangled in the ropes.

Lance:

Keyes looking to press the advantage here, knowing he can't take his foot off the gas against The Escape Artist!

DDK:

You're absolutely right, look at him grabbing the legs here!

Keyes has both legs hoisted up, but Rezin's arms are tightly wrapped around the top and middle ropes as the referee continues the five count. At three, Rezin is able to finagle his right leg free and he throws a few wild back kicks that

force Keyes to release the hold. Keyes takes a step back, and in a flash, Rezin gains balance on the ground, springs up, bounces off the middle ropes, and flies towards The Kraken!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Lance:

BEAUTIFUL FLYING HEADSCISSORS BY REZIN! Keyes is sent sprawling!

Indeed, Keyes crashes to the mat with a resounding *thud*. The momentum of the maneuver sends him rolling ass over teakettle below the bottom rope to the outside, and miraculously he lands on his feet without crashing down to earth a second time.

Rezin sees that his opponent is a bit dazed, so he sprints back to the opposite ropes, bounces off, and charges forward with full steam!

DDK:

BASEBALL SLI- NOOOO! Keyes blocked the baseball slide?!

Indeed, Keyes's fingers are interlocked in front of his face as he leans forward, grabbing both of Rezin's boots and doing his best impression of an Immovable Object.

Lance:

Rezin's legs can't feel good after being jammed like that!

With a mighty grunt and a heave, Keyes shoves Rezin's boots forward, sending the Goat Bastard back under the ropes and into the ring.

DDK:

Some trademark arrogance from the champion here, Lance - look at him parading around!

Lance:

I'll give him this - even with the size advantage, that took tremendous strength to halt Rezin's momentum like that! Look here, though - Rezin's on the move! HE'S FLYING!

RAAAA-OHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

SUICIDE DIVE FROM REZIN, BUT HE'S CAUGHT! THE KRAKEN CAUGHT HIM!

Lance:

Rezin's fighting back! He's doing everything he can to wriggle himself free!

Indeed, every attempt from Keyes to position his slippery opponent into a press or a slam position or any other angle that might give him some sense of control is countered by a short jab or a thumb to the eye or an unexpected pivot that lets Rezin squirm loose! Frustrated, Keyes is finally able to shove the mass of the two men back to the ring. Rezin stumbles and scrambles to get to his feet on the apron. Keyes looks a bit more gassed after dealing with that whole to-do and gains some space.

DDK:

No showboating this time, Keyes must know he let a big opportunity slip through his fing-

Lance:

REZIN'S FLYING AGAIN!!

Keyes might have hoped to use that space he gained to come charging in with another haymaker, but Rezin bounced

to the middle rope first - springboards - and flies to the outside with an Asai Rezinsault!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Henry Keyes catches Rezin AGAIN, much to the dismay of the Faithful - and this time, he doesn't waste a second. Clutching with all his strength, Keyes sprints towards the ring post and slams Rezin spine-first into the steel.

CLONNNNNG

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Brian Slater, of all DEFIANCE's referees, might be the most willing to allow to men to duke it out rather than adhere to the strictest letter of every rule - but by now, it's been long enough, and he's forced to demand Keyes re-enter the ring by starting a ten count. Rezin yelps in agony and clutches at his lower back on the outside floor. Keyes poo-poops Slater's request, throws in a few stomps to Rezin for good measure, and aggressively chucks him back under the bottom ropes into the ring.

Lance:

The fans here tonight are not having it! They're letting Henry Keyes know just how much they hate what he's become!

DDK:

There was a time you could ask any wrestler in the locker room, "who would you trust in your corner?", and to a T, just about everyone would have answered "The Airship Pirate". And now? Heartless. Ruthless. A shell of the great man he once was.

Lance:

Vae Victis may be the only people on earth that could still answer that "trust" question with "Henry Keyes" at this point, wouldn't you say?

DDK:

Lindsay Troy can, at least. Hard to say about the rest, what with Keyes turning into *this* maniac.

Keyes is just laughing and laughing now, ignoring the fact that Brian Slater has made it up to a four count inside the ring. Rezin wills himself upright, shaking out some of the pain he absorbed from the shot to the ring post he took.

Henry Keyes:

What have I told you all from the beginning, DEFIANCE? REZIN, CAN'T, SIT, WITH, US!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Rezin sees Keyes gloating and gloating at ringside, not a care in the goddamn world - not for the months of pain and torment Rezin has suffered since they last faced each other, not for the hard work and the grit and the grind Rezin poured into his four successful defenses of the Favoured Saints Championship, not for the history, the friendship, the wars, the memories, the handshakes, the spider mechs, the DEFRadio call-ins, *none of it*.

It's just more of this Mean Girls crap that's crushed DEFIANCE under this immense hateful pink weight for over a year now.

This *asshole*.

Slater's nearing an eight count at this point - and it's suddenly clear that the Goat Bastard heard that shit Keyes was talkin' just now, and it's not a fire in his eye. It's an inferno.

Rezin rolls out of opposite end of the ring and power-walks around to face Keyes head-on. The power-walk turns into a jog, which turns into a sprint, and suddenly the two men are in a full-on hockey fight on the outside!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

BOTH MEN ARE HAMMERING AWAY!

Brian Slater admonishes both men and is forced to restart his ten count from scratch. It's unclear whether Henry Keyes even heard the first ten count, or is aware at all that it's possible to be counted out in this match - his focus has been forcibly stolen by Rezin. These shots are looking pretty damn stiff, and it looks like a couple welts are beginning to form around each man's right eye.

Keyes absorbs a few stiff jabs while he gathers himself, turns his hips, and unleashes a BIG uppercut that sends Rezin staggering away! He throws another uppercut, and another, each landing with increasing ferocity!

Lance:

Once again, Henry Keyes with the advantage here!

Keyes grabs Rezin by the back of the head and attempts to shove him into the ring steps - but Rezin reverses and slips behind! He's got Keyes by the back of the head now - runs -

CRASHHHH

Bulldog onto the steps!

RAHHHHHHH!

Rezin wastes no time - hops onto the apron in a single bound, and flips -

...

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

REZINRANAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Keyes crashes HARD on the floor outside! Rezin hops up and slaps his chest twice, then raises his arms and pumps the crowd WAY the fuck up!

Lance:

Just listen to this crowd!

*"FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!
"FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!
"FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!
"FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!"*

Adrenaline flowing through him, the full throat of an arena of fans behind him, and feeling real Punk Rawk, Rezin scurries over to his fallen foe and attempts to heave him into the ring with just as much ease as The Kraken had done to him several times in the last few minutes...only to find that the weight differential is real, and a Deadweight Air Squid Man is not the easiest sack of potatoes to throw around.

Eventually, with great effort, Rezin is able to force Keyes up to the apron and with a mighty shove, Keyes is underneath the bottom rope. Rezin hasn't spent all his energy, however, and with some pep still in his step he jumps into the ring, drags Keyes away from the ropes by his legs, and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NOOOOOO!

Rezin doesn't let the nearfall get to him and instead guides Keyes into the corner, throwing a stiff right hand! Another! Another!! ANOTHER!!

DDK:

Rezin had some MUSTARD behind those shots!

Lance:

And he's not done!

Rezin has Keyes backed into the corner with the fourth punch. Turning to the side and striking an intense Karate Master pose, Rezin sharply lifts his right hand up -

Rezin:

E HONDAAAAAAAAA!

- and thrusts a series of short chops squarely into Keyes's chest! They're so fast it's hard to count!

DDK:

Rapid fire strikes here, Keyes has no defense for this!

Lance:

That must have been twenty chops, what a way to follow up those four punches!

DDK:

.....oh of COURSE it was four and twenty!

Rezin's palm is practically smoking from the speed and intensity of his series of strikes! He grabs Keyes by the wrist and with a mighty heave WHIPS him hard into the opposite corner! Keyes crashes into the turnbuckle with a mighty ker-thump! Rezin marches in and leaps to the second ropes in the corner, looking to land some mounted strikes - Keyes finds the energy and wraps his substantial arms around Rezin's waist!

SLAMMMMMMM

Lance:

THUNDEROUS Spinebuster from the champion!

DDK:

He spent a ton of energy on that move! The cover now!

ONE!

TWO!

...

...

TH-NOOOOOOOOOO!

Both men are down, chests heaving - it's been a full sprint for most of this match and there's only so much adrenaline they must have in reserve. Full on sprays of sweat fly off of Keyes's forehead as he whips his head up and rises to his feet. He goes in for a headlock, whips Rezin's free left arm over his head, plants, uses his hips - BIG TIME Vertical Suplex! Another cover!

ONE!

TWO-NOOOOOOOOOO!

Keyes scrambles to his feet again, this time lifting Rezin up from behind and locking in a rear waist lock! He forces the pair to take a few steps towards the ropes, then Keyes bends backwards and HEAVES~

CRASHHHHHHHH

DDK:

RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!

Lance:

My GOD, did you see the HEIGHT Keyes got on that throw?? Rezin must have been nine feet in the air!

For good measure, Keyes hurries over to the crumpled Rezin and locks in double underhooks. Rezin is barely able to get to his knees, let alone his feet, but Keyes doesn't give a damn. He deadlifts the Goat Bastard over his head by his arms.

SLAMMMMMMMMM

DDK:

GUHHHHH.

Lance:

Ugly landing there for Rezin, he definitely crashed hard on his feet and lower back there!

Keyes pauses for a moment and grins. Brian Slater checks on Rezin, the two exchange a few words, and Slater backs

off - and Keyes figures this may be his cue to end the night early. He goes for another cover!

ONE-KICKOUT!!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Lance:

HE KICKED OUT AT ONE!

Keyes is BUG EYED at this, and Rezin may as well be in a fugue state at this point. It's unclear how much of Erik Black is in control of this car, but whoever is in charge has decided to lay into Henry Keyes with a fat, wet, open handed slap to the fucking face.

Rezin:

YOU DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT MADE YOU PUNK RAWK YOU DUMB SUMBITCH, NOW THAT YOU'RE-

Rezin hammers in another disgustingly stiff slap to the cheek.

Rezin:

-RUNNIN' WITH THOSE CRONIES AND THOSE FAKE NORMIES YOU CALL-

ANOTHER slap, and there's no doubt that these slaps a) hurt like hell, and b) are pissing off The Kraken.

Rezin:

-VAE VICTIS, AND BEFORE YOU SAY ANOTHER GODDAMB *BLEARKHG!*

DDK:

Headbutt by Keyes!

Indeed, Keyes throws his forehead forward in desperation and clocks Rezin squarely in the nose! Rezin is forced to back away as he taps his fingers beneath his nostrils, checking for blood that thankfully isn't there yet. Keyes holds his hand to his repeatedly-slapped bright pink cheek and, for a brief moment, we see what we imagine Six Year Old Henry may have looked like when he got a boo boo.

Henry Keyes:

....OWWWWWWW-UH!!

Pockets of Faithful laugh at the petulant pouting of the SOHER, which distracts Keyes for a brief second - Rezin comes FLYING across the ring and sends Keyes crashing into the corner with a shotgun drop kick! He doesn't follow it up with anything fancy - just stomps and kicks and punts and boots until Brian Slater can find a way to force some space between the two once again!

Lance:

Just when we think they might run out of gas, more fire and more fury!

DDK:

Rezin's measuring the Kraken now, what does he have in mind here??

Keyes is seated in the corner as a result of the impact from the drop kick. Rezin takes a few steps back and charges forward, unleashing a hellacious running punt kick squarely into Keyes's chest!

OOOOOOOOOH!

Any strength Keyes may have had in the tank to keep vertical has been diverted to survival mode as he crumples to the ground. Rezin pulls Keyes out of the corner with all his might and locks in a Cobra Clutch!

Lance:

Rezin looking for the submission here!

DDK:

He doesn't have this hold locked in exactly how he usually does, he has to navigate the large frame of the champion to get the leg scissors - wait! He's doing it! He's got one leg wrapped around the waist of the champ - now the other! BOTH LEGS ARE LOCKED IN! CABRO CLUTCH! CABRO CLUTCH!

Rezin SQUEEZES with all his might as Brian Slater checks for the submission!

TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!

Keyes's eye is HUGE as the Cabro Clutch sinks deeper and deeper!

Lance:

THREE HUNDRED SEVENTY DAYS AS CHAMPION, WILL IT END RIGHT NOW WITH A SUBMISSION TO HIS GREATEST RIVAL??

TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!

Keyes's eye fades in intensity and slowly blinks as the chokehold takes effect. Rezin bares his teeth and nods his head frantically as he squeezes as hard as he can to choke out this Impostor Pirate, the Bluevocateur he once called his friend!

DDK:

He's fading here! Referee Brian Slater is checking now to see if Keyes is still able to fight!

Weakly, but consciously, Keyes is able to shake his head when asked by Slater if he wants to submit. The Kraken is aware that this situation is completely untenable and reaches for a body part, any body part, that he can attack. The legs are closest, so he starts with the left one and throws a 12 to 6 elbow directly in the kneecap! Rezin reacts like his leg was just struck by lightning, and Keyes delivers another! Rezin's left leg releases its grip! Keyes strikes Rezin's right knee in a similar fashion once - Rezin YELPS out in pain and immediately releases the remainder of the hold.

Lance:

Some desperation defense there from the champion, he looks like he found a way to hurt Rezin from that precarious position!

Both men find themselves in opposing corners, sweating profusely, bruised, scratched up, in obvious pain. The Faithful roar their approval for the war between these men.

DDK:

Which one of these men has that little bit more left in the tank?

Lance:

Henry Keyes has had Rezin's number throughout much of their rivalry, but you can feel it in the air, Keebs - the winds of change are coming!

Both men slowly, painfully, will themselves vertical with assistance from the ropes. They stare at each other with - well, there's too many emotions to list, aren't there. Pick one. Any of them. As long as its intensity is maxed out, there's a good chance you're correct.

As if on instinct, both men step towards the center of the ring and find themselves pressed hard forehead-to-forehead, nose-to-nose, spewing untold vitriol and hatred towards the other as the Faithful cheer in anticipation. After a few moments of this. Keyes sneers and rears back with his right fist -

Rezin:

YOINK THE CLOWN!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

It's immediate pandemonium. Chaos. The Unknown Factor cranked to 11.

For you see...

Rezin has just snatched the eyepatch off the Kraken.

And it's...well, how do we paint this picture?

It's actually not as bad as you'd think it would be. It's not as bad as it *should* be, for someone so dedicated to wearing the damn thing for over a year.

Some scarring, sure - some proof of major trauma. But the eye is still there. That wasn't a guarantee after the events of the Balcony Bulldog.

The eye may not look too bad...however...Keyes's facial expression as a whole is hard to define. It's a murder-rage-fear-insecurity-panic-embarrassment type of fury that washes over Keyes in wave after confusing and distressing wave.

DDK:

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh no, what's going to happen??

Lance:

Your guess is as good as mine!

Keyes reaches forward and grabs Rezin bodily, heaving him across the ring with a huge Biel Throw! He rushes back over as Rezin scrambles to his feet and throws a wild Propellor Edge Chop - Rezin ducks it and connects with an enzuigiri to the exposed left eye! Keyes stumbles and throws a wild elbow that somehow connects, then another, and soon, he's got Rezin hoisted into the air -

DDK

URANAGE SLAM!

Lance:

Keyes pulling that one out of pure instinct!

Rezin is flat on his mat in the center of the ring. Keyes checks his eye and, thankfully, finds that it is still in fact inside his head cavity. It takes him a few moments to center himself and choose a plan of attack. After some mental calculations, he heads to a corner and begins slowly, painfully climbing the ropes.

DDK:

We've seen this before, he sometimes likes to go for a big diving knee drop...Keyes, all alone on the top... REZIN POUNCES UP TO HIS LEVEL!

Rezin bursts up from the ground after recovering some energy due to Keyes's indecision! Keyes is ready to catch the Escape Artist, but doesn't expect his erstwhile frienemy to corkscrew around into a legscissor around his middle and cazadora himself right straight...

DDK:

INTO THE VOOOIIID TO THE OUTSIDE! GOOD GOD, NO!! NOOO!!!

Bodies topple in all the wrong ways as the somersault inverted DDT carries both men off the top rope, down the post, and crashing violently on the steel steps below them. The crowd cringes in unison at the sight of both competitors ragdolling either way.

Then a scream pierces the air. Rezin is clutching his knee.

Rezin:

RRRAAAAAAAAAFFFFUUUUCCCKK!! FFFFUUUCK!!!

DDK:

God almighty, that fall was sickening to watch! What was Rezin THINKING?!

Lance:

The man is going beyond the limits to win the SOHER Title tonight, but as we can clearly see, it may have come at the ultimate price! Rezin is holding his leg right now, and I think Slater senses a problem!

The official hops out of the ring and goes to Rezin first, seeing he's in immediate distress. He's no doctor, but a brief review of the Goat Bastard's state gives him enough cause for concern to cross his arms overhead...

...at least until Rezin reaches up and yanks one of the arms back down.

Rezin:

NNNNNO YOU FUGGIN' DOOON'T, SLAAAATERRRRR!!

DDK:

I think official Brian Slater was about to give the X motion to signal an injury to the medical team! Rezin may legitimately be hurt by now, but even now, he's preventing the official from stopping this match!

Lance:

He's come this far! After everything he's fought through, and all that he's endured, how can he let it all end now over something like this?

DDK:

At this point, one has to ask what kind of champion Rezin would even be if this match left his entire body broken?

Slater yields to Rezin's insistence, and slides back into the ring where he begins the ten count.

ONE...

Rezin attempts to stand, but collapses when the knee buckles. Again, he screams in pain.

TWO...

Face down on the ringside floor, Henry's body finally begins to stir awake.

THREE...

Rezin is biting into his hand to fight through the pain, hard enough to draw blood. Sorry if that spot was already called.

FOUR...

Keyes pushes himself up to his hands and knees. He shakes his head in an effort to regain his senses.

FIVE...

Rezin grasps at the apron and pulls himself up with all his might.

SIX...

Henry's hands find the steps upon which his head took a bounce, and uses them to find his balance and push himself up to his feet.

SEVEN...

Rezin is up... but nearly hits the floor again when the knee buckles. His hand snags the bottom rope at the last minute to keep him from dropping.

EIGHT...

Still in a daze, Keyes leans from the steps to the apron. His hands find the canvas.

NINE...

Henry crawls under the ropes and back into the ring.

...(point five)...

Rezin's other hand finds the bottom rope, and he uses what strength he has left to roll inside.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!

Keyes, beat up but still with some wherewithal, does his best to start making his way in Rezin's direction for another attack - only to be forced away by Brian Slater, who tells him he's got to check for a possible injury. Keyes throws his arms up in frustration and makes crying-hands motions to the crowd, who are NOT ok with it. Slater checks Rezin's leg - it's not looking good, and we're able to pick up on a bit of their verbal exchange.

Brian Slater:

I'm calling this match, Erik, we need to get this looked at-

Rezin:

You stop this match and I'll KILL YA!

Brian Slater:

Don't go through with this, Erik! Hey! HEY!

Keyes has lost his patience entirely and brushes past the referee, locking in Rezin's wrists, and thrusting a knee forward with the most unceremonious, unclean, and distressing looking Coin we've seen maybe ever. Rezin crumples as Slater gets in Keyes's face, berating him for his actions.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

That was COMPLETELY uncalled for! Rezin may be seriously hurt out there, and Henry Keyes does not give a DAMN about him or anyone else!

Lance:

We might need some extra help out here, guys!

After a few more idle threats from Slater, Keyes cracks a wry smile and lifts his hands palms-forward as if he was an innocent man simply Trying His Best To Win A Match. The Kraken turns his attention to the still-booing Faithful, royally upset at the recent turn of events. Slater checks in on Rezin once again and the two appear to be in a heated, yet concerned, conversation. Whatever it is Slater's trying to convince Rezin to do, he isn't having it for a fucking second.

DDK:

If there's one man who will never say "die" in DEFIANCE, it's Rezin!

Keyes makes a motion to continue the attack, only for Brian Slater to intervene and deliver some sharp words to the SOHER. Keyes can only smirk once again in disbelief.

Henry Keyes:

END THIS, then!

Keyes parades around the ring once more to a cascade of boos and jeers from the crowd. Slater goes over to Rezin one more time, only to find that the Goat Bastard has found a way to hobble himself up to one leg, hop over, hop again, and reach through Keyes's five-hole!

Lance:

IT'S A SCHOOLBOY!!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREEEENOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

AW HELL, I THOUGHT REZIN PULLED IT OFF!

Lance:

He caught The Kraken by surprise, but it wasn't enough!

Realizing just how close he just got to losing his Forever Reign as Southern Heritage Champion, Keyes rises to his feet coldly, sternly. He locks both eyes on his opponent, now unable to get to even one foot. In a fluid motion, he locks both wrists.

CRACKKKKKKKKKKKKKK

The second Coin.

...

But he doesn't go for the cover.

Instead, he marches behind Rezin, who is now out cold. He locks Rezin's arms behind his back and lifts him bodily so his head is pointed to the mat...and he winks with his left eye. Keyes drops down.

CRASHHHHHHHHH

DDK:

THY. KINGDOM. COME. Oh God...

Keyes stares down the barrel of the camera **HARD**.

Lance:

Could this be it??

ONE!

TWO!

...

.....

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOO

We didn't get to hear it before, but it's here again - the damn doom piano riffs of Stranger Fruit. If you can even hear it over the cacophony of boos. Unbelievably, drink cups are being thrown into the ring - and souvenir **MAXIMUM DEFIANCE** Reusable Popcorn Bags. Keyes rolls out of the ring in a fucking huff and power struts his way to the nearest cameraman.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, and **STILLLLLLL**....the **DEFIANCE** Southern Heritage Champion...

Henry Keyes:

YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW HOW THE STORY WAS GOING TO END, DIDN'T YOU, DEFIANCE? YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS ALL LINED UP PRETTY AS A PICTURE, DIDN'T YOU? GUESS WHAT, BLUE SKY?? / RUN THIS PLACE! I'M THE MAN ON TOP! I'M THE FOREVER CHAMP!

Darren Quimbey:

"The Kraken".....Henryyyyyyyy KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES.

Henry Keyes:

DO YOU SEE WHAT YOU GET, DEFIANCE?? DO YOU SEE WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU MESS WITH THE KRAKEN???

BOOO!

Brian Slater is finally able to get the "X" up as Iris Davine and the rest of DEFMed come down to the ring. Rezin's right leg is...not looking good. He can't seem to move the lower half of it. Rezin is doing everything in his power to get vertical and find a way to make it back up the ramp under his own power, but he can't put an ounce of weight on it.

DDK:

What an unfortunate end to this match, Lance...despite everything, despite the heroic journey Rezin has taken over the last year, after everything he's done to prove himself OVER AND OVER as one of the very best DEFIANCE has to offer...what a tragedy that THIS is how his night ends.

Lance:

Our medical team is the best in the industry, we know that they'll do everything they can to take care of...whatever this injury may be, I hate to speculate. I really do believe, Keebs, that Rezin was on his way to winning this thing up until that Into The Void to the outside. Let's see if we can get a quick replay...

The camera feed cuts to a slow-mo action replay of the fateful Into The Void spot from the top rope to the outside, and in the span of a handful of frames, we see the bottom half of Rezin's right leg compress and buckle and turn in an angle that legs aren't meant to bend. The Faithful let out a sickening groan as the camera feed promptly cuts off the replay feed.

DDK:

We will get updates on Rezin as soon as we have them...what a dark way to cap off what has otherwise been a monumental Night One of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, as - oh, for the love of - will SOMEONE GET THIS MAN OUT OF HERE?

Henry Keyes:

THERE WAS A GODDAMN REASON I IGNORED REZIN'S PUSH TO THIS SPOT FOR WEEK AFTER WEEK, YOU DAMN FOOLS, AND THAT'S BECAUSE I. AM. UNTOUCHABLE! NO ONE CAN STOP VAE VICTIS! NO ONE CAN STOP THIS TRAIN! NO ONE CAN STOP-

...

The feed cuts.

...

YOU.

CAN'T.

SIT WITH US.