

Your alias does not fool The Wargod

[Straight in.]

[The parking garage.]

[This is pre-taped.]

[The Original Pulp Hero, Alias, skulked across the parking garage, his gear still bagged and over his shoulder in a duffel. A cigarette dangles limply from Sheffield's lip as he makes his way toward the entrance to the Lakefront Arena.]

"Think yeh c'n make yer bloody name over my bones, boyo?"

[Alias turned toward the voice and was met with God's Fiery Right Hand.]

Bronson Box:

YOU THINK YER BETTER THAN **ME**?

[The Analogue Man never had a chance, one doesn't just shrug it off when a man the likes of Bronson Box gets the jump on you. Once Alias was on the ground Box jumped on his back quickly and lifted his head up by the hair. Box unloaded with crossfaces, bloodying Alias in the process.]

[He pulled Alias's head back uncomfortably far before leaning in and whispering.]

Bronson Box:

Ye ain't but a blight in the eyes of the Lord, an' now ye've been smited.

[With a quick and violent motion Box slammed his victim's head down onto the concrete. Blood began to pool, and Box looked up at the door, twirled his moustaches, and made his way into the building.]

[Shit, kindly introduce yourself to the fan.]

AnguJeffy intro

Jeff Andrews:

Son of a bitch...

[Clean open to Jeff Andrews and Angus Skaaland at the commentation station.]

Angus Skaaland:

No, dude, seriously, you didn't expect that Box would be more pissed off than ever after you fired him last week?

Jeff:

I expected him to be pissed. I didn't expect that I was the only person in this company who knew how to deal with assholes who don't know their place.

Angus:

Say it to his face.

Jeff:

You know I would. I don't get why Eric hasn't put him all the way out of the picture yet, is the thing. And another thing I don't get - why I haven't been informed as to the mystery signing. The big deal one, the one that required name dropping TeeGay Killingsuck.

[A grin splits Angus' face ear to ear.]

Angus:

So you don't... know.

Jeff:

You do?

Angus:

:-D

Jeff:

Is he gonna take Alias' place on Team Get Off'a My Lawn?

Angus:

Not even sort of likely.

Jeff:

Whatever. I thought I was supposed to be "in the know" around here now.

Angus:

Nobody's ever in the "know" with Eric Dane for a boss. Especially once you start rising up the ladder. Dude's like fuckin' Batman, get used to it.

Jeff:

I guess. Anyway, before we get to the action, we're gonna hear from Cito and Elijah Goldman, apparently they're gonna have some kind of Debate. Why is Defiance turning into half a Sports League and half a Game Show?

Angus:

We've been over this. Your boss is both out of his mind and completely sociopathically obsessed with doing something big and something different at every possible opportunity. Just settle in for the ride, pal, it's gonna be a ridiculous show.

[Cut.]

Mission statements

[Center ring.]

[The normally silver and black ring mat has been covered by a red mat, and two podiums have been set up facing each other in the ring. Behind the podium on the right is Elijah Goldman, dressed in an ill-fitting suit and hair slicked back out of sharp eyes. He looks across at Cito Conarri behind the other podium, an irritated look pasted across his face at the prospect at hand. Cito Conarri, dressed in track pants and a Defiance t-shirt, mostly looks pretty relaxed and mellow, although the contempt in his eyes every time he glances at Goldman is unmistakable.]

Elijah Goldman:

Good evening "wrestling fans" and Defiance Faithful. As you may remember, my name is Elijah Goldman, the guiding light behind the future vision of Defiance. Now, as I recall, a lot of you people seem to think that the outmoded and overdone "traditional" style of wrestling is the wave of the future, but I, a UCLA graduate may I remind you, am here to bring you the future of the wrestling business!

Cito Conarri:

Almost needless to say, Mr. Goldman and I have very different opinions on what makes professional wrestling interesting. I seem to recall something about trying to repackage and push Adrien Cochrane as the next big thing in wrestling, and something about aggravating the wrestlers who worked for him so badly that he ended up hung from a coathook.

[Goldman scowls, but with a surprising amount of restraint manages to bite back his angry retort.]

Conarri:

I have always believed that the key to a good wrestling promotion was a high quality in-ring product. In very short, that is what my 'brand' will be based on.

Goldman:

And my brand, conversely, will be based on professionalism and a marketable face and cutting edge production in addition to just rasslin'. And - I'm well aware that many wrestlers still hang onto traditions that aren't doing them any good. Traditions that hold them back. My brand will expose your face to the masses, and, in short - make you more money. That is, if I feel like you have what it takes to be Drafted to the **Evolution League**, which I will personally be leading to both the top of the ratings charts, and the Grand Champions League trophy! I can personally guarantee you that the man dubbed the Master of Wrestling at the end of this will be the man that I, Elijah Goldman, hand pick to win it!

[Cito closes his eyes. Lip readers can watch him count to five.]

Conarri:

As I have explained before, I hear the words 'marketable face' and 'professionalism', and I see the rows of cookie-cutter prettyboys that pollute way too many mainstream wrestling companies already. I am committed to helping Defiance avoid that fate. Wrestling is a sport. Wrestling needs to be treated with the respect that any other sport is treated with. Wrestlers owe it to themselves to treat their profession with respect. That is their heritage - that is the true meaning of "professionalism". Heritage itself is a "marketable face", "cutting edge production" comes with the ESEN association...

[The crowd roars. Not finished talking, Cito pauses, looks around. Goldman, too, is looking at something out in the stands.]

Conarri:

...and so if you are interested in pursuing your professional wrestling career to the fullest extent and testing you own abilities and wrestling style against all comers, apply to the **Heritage League**...

Goldman:

AIGK!

[At first, it looks like Goldman is just interrupting to be a dick. But Elijah Goldman is not. He pales, shrinks back against the ring ropes. Cito turns, and his eyes widen in alarm.]

[The commotion comes to a head as Bronson Box emerges through the crowd, hops the rail, and slides into the ring.]

[One security guard kept hold of his ankle, but Box kicks his way free and stands. His bald head covered with sweat, his mustache bristling, his teeth bared.]

[Heading straight for Goldman, he grabs much smaller man by the tie, nearly strangling the small man, and brings his fist back to deliver a skull-caving punch. He caught the security guards by surprise, they're trying to enter the ring as we watch, but nowhere close enough to save E-Gold.]

[Cito Conarri, however, was close enough.]

[The ex-wrestler and coach caught Box's punching arm in an overhand wristlock, hooked a quarter nelson with the other arm, and pushed Box back into the ropes.]

[Every time Cito does anything that remotely resembles wrestling, it makes the fans go nuts, and this is no exception.]

[Still...]

[There's a big difference between being a coach, no matter how good, and an active and psychotic wrestler who outweighs said coach by around fifty pounds.]

[Ripping his arm free, Box clocks Conarri right square in the face, knocking him to the mat. As the boos erupt, Box dives, raining down punches.]

[Cito pulls guard.]

[Box, furious, sends the both of them skidding around the mat. But although one of his punches opens Cito's upper lip, he can't get the angle or the leverage to really put any mustard into his punches.]

[Buffalo Slater and his DEFsec Goon Squad hit the scene. Box turned his attention from the League Commissioners and waved the incoming security on. He kept them at bay though, nobody wanted to be the first man to take the Scottish Strongman on face to face when he was in a rage. A couple security guards helped Cito to his feet.]

[And then, the curtains flew open, and out came Troy Matthews, Jack Cassidy and Dragon Jones.]

[Jack sprinted to the ring full on, leaped to the top rope - Box knocked him out of the air with a hook. Troy was next, Box intercepted a kick with a cradle and tossed him over the top rope. Lord Dargno ran at Box with a lariat, hit it flush on, spun wildly and fell to the mat as Box just stared down at him.]

[God's Fiery Right Hand on Draogn!]

[With Lord Drgaon flailing at the end of his arm, Box threw punches at the oncoming security guards and wrestlers, keeping Jack Cassidy at bay. Justin Brooks came down the ramp at full speed, Box turned his body to put Dragon between the two...]

[And just behind the ring, fans might notice Jonny Booya and Kai Scott appearing, and Scott handing his crutch to Booya, and Booya sliding into the ring...]

BOOOOOOOOOOONG!

[Jonny Booya bent the metal crutch double over Box's head!]

[Box dropped the hold on Dragon and fell to one knee, and immediately the wrestlers closed in on him. Troy Matthews slid in behind him and tied him up in a lotus lock. Jack kicked him in the face. Justin Brooks punched him. Even Lord Drgaon got in a shot. And Eugene Dewey, who couldn't manage the "run" part of "run-in", had finally made it to the ring.]

[Booya got Box's wrists, Brooks got Box's feet, and they stretched him out. Eugene lumbered across the ring...]

SPLAT!

[Eugene leapt with all the height a white boy could muster, splashed Bronson into the mat, and then laid prone across Box's chest. Box kicked his legs feebly until Booya, combat pragmatist at Kai Scott's hand, kicked him squah in the NUTS.]

Goldman:

Get the cops out here! WHERE ARE THOSE COPS?!

[As if on cue, New Orleans finest hits the scene. In the ring Bronson box struggles, but with the better part of a dozen men sitting on him and pulling on him and stomping at him he doesn't gain very much ground.]

Goldman:

ARREST THAT PSYCHOPATH!

[The wrestlers and security get Box on the ropes where he is quickly and efficiently handcuffed with his arms in the least possible comfortable position. He is rolled out of the ring and immediately neutralized by the Big Easy's pig-squad.]

Goldman:

Get him out of my arena!

[And they do, once Box is shackled up he is pressed back up the ramp and to the backstage area, inside the ring Troy Matthews is checking on the moderately worse-for-wear but standing Cito Conarri, and Elijah Goldman's eyes are wide with a mixture of rage and fear. DEFsec scatters and the various wrestlers collect themselves in and around the ring.]

Goldman:

He's NOT going to ruin this for me again!

[Cut.]

AnguJeffy commentary 01

[You wanna know why no Jeff Andrews or Heidi Christenson during Box's little incident back there?]

[Because as fade back up to AnguJeffy, Heidi is sitting at the Commentation Station with them.]

Angus:

That was... holy shit man, but damn. Ok, I know I beefed with Cito more than a few times, but man, standing up to Box like that took some stones.

Jeff:

Yeah. But how 'bout Jonny going all 'here's JONNY' with that crutch? Dude's gonna earn the right to use Andrews as a last name if he keeps this up!

Angus:

Dude, if my last name was BOOYA, I would never, ever, EVER change it for any reason whatsoever. Anyway you wanna tell everyone out in the DefiaVerse why you weren't out there after you were all brave and bold last time about firing him?

Jeff:

Cos Heidi made me not.

Heidi:

Angus... as much as I would have loved to keep Boxer from attacking my coach, do you think that either myself or Jeff being out there would have made that situation any better? Or do you think he would have just gone crazier and done even more damage, and maybe gotten someone else uninvolved caught in the middle of it?

Angus:

Man, since when are women s'posed to be logical?

[Heidi gives Angus a glance of withering contempt, and Andrews stares at him, daring a retort.]

[So when in doubt, do your job.]

Angus:

So how about those league ideas? Evolution and... Heritage? Lemme guess Heidi, you're planning to try out for Evolution.

Heidi:

Hardly. If that clown Goldman tries to draft me I'll quit. You should know as well as anyone, Angus, that "marketable face" means bland and anemic.

Jeff:

Well y'know Angus obviously I mostly share the opinions of my coach, although the whole 'professional face' isn't completely inane. The most money I made in pro wrestling was actually when I was running the Innovative Wrestling Alliance out of Club La Vela. You know, the Pool Arena. But on the other hand, I didn't try telling the fans who they were supposed to like.

Angus:

You're siding against your mentor?

Jeff:

Hell no. I'm just saying that there's more than enough incentive to join Evolution League to give some of the guys on the roster so far something to think about.

Dragon Jones vs Rohan Maholtra

AnguJeffy commentary 02

Angus:

Predictably, Rohan Maholtra steamrolled over Dragon Jo-

Jeff: [interrupting]

Seriously? You wanna talk about the match?

Angus:

Well somebody's gotta do the job around here with Cito gone, might as well be me.

[Andrews deadpans him.]

Jeff:

Bronson Box tries to kill Elijah Goldman, puts his hands on Cito Conarri, and gets beaten up by four dozen DEFsec Brute Squad commandos and half the roster, and you wanna talk about Dragon Jones losing a match?

Angus:

We could talk about your bald spot.

Jeff:

I got less hair but I get more head. Fuck.

Angus:

Know what? I dare you to try that line when Heidi's in ear shot.

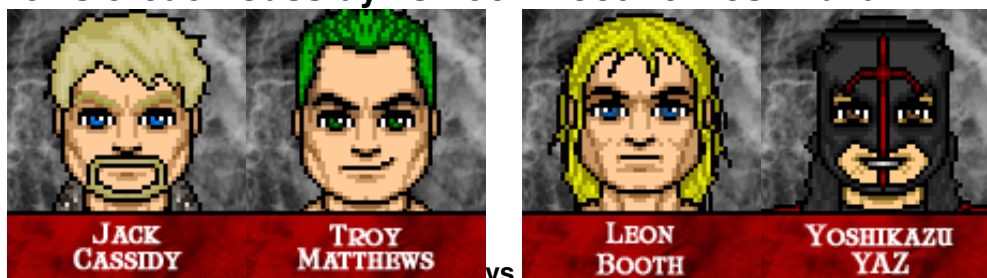
Jeff:

She can watch the broadcast.

Angus:

Roundhouse kick range then.

Troy Matthews & Jack Cassidy vs Leon Booth & Yoshikazu YAZ



“Endless Challenge” hit, and that signaled the entrance of The Devil Rippers, “The Jersey Devil” Troy Matthews and Jack “The Ripper” Cassidy. Accompanied by Saori Kazama, there was no fun to be seen at all on either man’s face.

“The Lion” Leon Booth and Sawyer Reed made their entrances next. Booth apparently had no concern for the Devil Rippers’ threats for him to keep out of the match, because he rolled straight into the ring and stormed around, trying to psyche them out.

Then, “Walk On Water” hit.

Blacklights flared up, interspersed with flashes of dark red and blue, as Yoshikazu YAZ, shrouded in his ring robes, made his slow entrance. Slanted camera angles and closeups of his eyes glittering in the lights and all. Lisa Leoh, following him, was decked out in something that looked like someone had tried to make a [\[url=http://www.deviantart.com/download/171534198/Dragon_Lady_Qipao_by_johnnyharadrim.jpg\]](http://www.deviantart.com/download/171534198/Dragon_Lady_Qipao_by_johnnyharadrim.jpg)qipao[url], had less than half the necessary fabric to make one, and then made one anyway. They just didn’t bother with the part covering her stomach, or back, or most of her bust, or the bottom 20% of her ass.

Of course, the qipao isn’t even Japanese, but all things considered, there’s little reason for Yoshikazu YAZ to give a crap.

At ringside, Lisa took the robe off YAZ’s shoulders. He stepped up onto the ring apron. And at that split second, both Cassidy and Matthews charged him.

YAZ was ready for it.

He dropped while holding the rope, and Cassidy, who’d been a couple steps ahead of Matthews, took a headfirst tumble over the top rope. Matthews hit the top rope off balance, and Leon Booth clubbed him from behind with an axehandle.

As Jack stood up outside the ring, YAZ kicked him in the face from the ring apron, dropping him into a heap, then stepped into the ring. YAZ and Booth forced Matthews into the corner and stomped him until Mark Shields told them one of them had to leave the ring.

Booth stepped out and YAZ, as though he were trying to make up for his lackluster performance in the first two weeks, brutalized Matthews. Shoot kicks to the chest while Matthews was sitting, and then he pulled him up and blasted him with a series of knife edge chops, followed by a uranage out of the corner! YAZ rolled into a pin, forearm across the face style. One... Two... and Matthews, despite being on his back in a pin, knocked YAZ to the side with an elbow strike. Troy fought up to his knees, YAZ slapped him back to the mat.

YAZ then hesitated, looked outside to Lisa, who helpfully screamed “Get him” or something similar. He turned back on Troy, and was caught by a sweep kick!

Troy was not interested in wrestling, so much as he was interested in grabbing a handful of hair and punching YAZ in the face repeatedly. And then shifting his grip from the hair to the neck and continuing to punch him. Mark Shields,

not having a cigarette to worry about, ordered him to break the hold. Troy ignored him, and when Shields tried to break it up, Troy pushed him backwards.

Funny thing, Mark Shields almost never bothers to give orders when he's refereeing, and so when he did, and Troy didn't listen, he got pretty ticked off. Also, as an ex wrestler and weighing in around 235 lbs, he was able to grab Troy in a rear waistlock, drag him off of YAZ and across the ring, and start bellowing in his face about respecting the stripes.

Leon Booth, seeing the opportunity, ran along the ring apron and lariated Matthews from behind, sending him out of the ring. This just happened to put Matthews right on the floor next to Cassidy, who was just beginning to pull himself together following that brutal kick he took at the top of the match. Booth beckoned Cassidy into the ring.

Jack was bleeding from the upper lip, but he climbed into the ring anyway, and immediately charged YAZ, who simply dropped down off the apron, and in the process turned his back on Booth, who capitalized with a sitout full nelson bomb. Pulling Jack to his feet, Booth ran the two of them across the ring, put the breaks on and took Jack down with a drop toe hold, sending his face smashing into the bottom buckle. He then tagged out to YAZ.

YAZ chopped Jack across the back of the head. The Ripper lurched to his feet and took a wild swing. YAZ, in one motion, ducked the swing, tagged out to Booth and rolled over the middle rope and out of the ring. Again focused on YAZ, Jack this time ate a cobra clutch slam. Booth made the cover... One... Two... THREE! Last split second kickout!

Saori Kazama finally ran to the spot of the ringside area near where Jack had fallen and pleaded with him to focus. Booth pulled Jack up, tried a short-arm lariat, Jack ducked! Thrust kick to Booth shocked him, a second one wobbled him, and a third one... was ducked and countered into a spinebuster! Taking a few seconds to collect himself, Booth tagged out to YAZ and checked his jaw. Again, YAZ was a bit slow to act, but on Lisa's screamed instructions he pulled Jack to a seated position and spinal tapped him, then ran the ropes and hit a basement dropkick. Cover... and Jack kicked out in two.

YAZ pulled Jack up, hooked him in suplex position, and Jack slipped out the back, and as YAZ turned around, caught him with a thrust kick! The Rising Son went down, and immediately rolled for outside the ring. But Troy Matthews, sick of the hit and run, was there to intercept him! Matthews was lighting YAZ up with thai kicks as Lisa Loeh ran (as best she could in her 6 inch heels) up behind Troy, dropped to one knee and brought her forearm up between his legs!

Saori came over to protest, which involved grabbing two hands full of Lisa's hair, pulling her to her feet and bringing her arm back to throw a punch.

YAZ intercepted it, spun Saori around, and unleashed a cloud of green mist into her face!

In the ring Booth decided to capitalize.

But Jack was absolutely sick of this guy butting in when all he wanted to do was reenact Hiroshima on Yoshikazu YAZ's face, and he whirled around, leading with his foot, in the stiffest Rip Kick he'd executed in his 8 year career.

Booth turned a somersault as he fell, and Jack quickly covered him, hooking the leg.

One... Two... THREE!

Your winners via Rip Kick: The Devil Rippers (Jack Cassidy)

The only problem was that Lisa and YAZ had decided to abandon ship, and were gone from ringside by the time Jack was out of the ring, and he had nothing to do but help Troy help Saori get the green mist out of her face.

AnguJeffy commentary 03 ft Dan Easton

Jeff:

So, I hate Yoshikazu YAZ.

Angus:

Y?

Jeff:

Cos he's a dick and an asshole at the same time. He was a cockmongler in OLW who helped a douchebag who wore contacts in the ring steal my stable from me, and he's still doing it.

Angus:

But what'd he do?

Jeff:

He tried to blind my girlfriend. And he stabbed me with a sai on two different occasions. And he hit me in the head with a blender and poured my protein shake on the floor.

Angus:

Alright, so now YAZ is my second favorite wrestler on the roster.

[Jeff Andrews looks at Angus Skaaland, considering his odds of successfully arguing justifiable homicide in front of a jury.]

[That's when a phone rings.]

Angus:

YYYEIIllo?

Dan Easton:

Greetings, Angus.

Angus:

YOU!

Dan:

Yes, the Divine One.

Angus:

Y U NO COME WRESTLE?

Dan:

Actually, I was just about to explain. But I think I'd prefer to explain to someone who would understand. So give the phone to Andrews.

[Angus blinks, then holds the phone to his broadcast partner.]

Angus: [as if Jeff wasn't sitting right there and hadn't heard everything]

It's Dan Easton. He wants to talk to you.

Jeff:

Oi, Dan, y u no come wrestle?

Dan:

Well Jeff the thing is that the Divine One doesn't like to make excuses, and as I'm currently unable to honor my

Defiance contract, I felt it necessary to inform someone.

Jeff:

Yeah. So y u no come wrestle?

Dan:

Stuck in Mexico.

Jeff:

Haha word. Divinity's cheaper down there?

Dan:

And the feds don't have as much to say about it.

Jeff:

You know I'll have to fine and suspend you for missing the show.

Dan:

Believe me, Jeff, I can afford it.

[The line clicks and goes dead.]

Angus:

Let me just say, J Stevenson is fucked.

Cancer Jiles vs Michel LaLiberte vs The Phoenix



The 'Die Hard Try Hard' that was The Phoenix headed out to the ring through the crowd to kick off tonight's three way dance. It wasn't for points, but it certainly was for momentum, and a heck of a lot of pride. The fans The Phoenix passed really didn't know how to react, on the one hand they didn't want to cheer for The Phoenix, on the other they really didn't want to cheer for either of his opponents.

Speaking of whom, One of them was soon out to the ring, Michel LaLiberte. He strutted down to the ring with his usual cocky swagger, offering to slap hands with the fans before pulling his hands away and checking on his spikes. What a douche.

LaLiberte rolled into the ring just as 'I am the cool' flooded the arena sound system, and out came Defiance's other resident douchebag, 'COOL' Cancer Jiles. Cancer didn't even make it to the ring though as The Phoenix ran full bore at LaLiberte's back, who had leaned through the ropes to taunt Jiles into getting into the ring, The Phoenix soared through the air like some kind of winged animal... a bird, if you will... and crashed down onto Mr. COOL with a huge crossbody.

The Phoenix got to his feet quickly and turned back to the ring. Not to be outdone though, LaLiberte was already sprinting across the ring. He bounced off of the ropes and launched himself through on the other side with a suicide dive. Michel's shoulder collided with The Phoenix's jay before the two collapsed in a heap next to the still stunned Cancer Jiles.

Michel hopped up to his feet and planted a couple of stomps into the shoulder blades of both his opponents. Jiles fought through the boots though and made his way to one knee. LaLiberte hammered down a couple of forearms to Jiles' back, only to his his legs swept from under him by the recovering Phoenix.

The Phoenix got back to his feet around the same time as Jiles, both men grabbed LaLiberte wherever they could and heaved him into the ring. The Phoenix hopped up on the ring apron to follow Michel into the ring onto to have the rugged pulled from under him as Jiles grabbed his feet and yanked him down to the floor. The Phoenix's head collided with the ring apron, allowing Jiles plenty of time to slip into the ring and pull LaLiberte up by his hair.

Michel tried to fight back with a couple of rights to Jiles' breadbasket, but Cancer soon stopped that with a rake of the eyes. Jiles pushed LaLiberte back into the corner of the ring and placed a couple of boots to the chest of the French Canadian. Jiles hit the ropes running, coming back looking for a facewash, but was cut off by The Phoenix who had launched himself into the ring and took Jiles down with a springboard hurricanrana.

LaLiberte didn't thank his saviour in a conventional manner though. Instead he treated The Phoenix to a boot to the gut followed by a side headlock. The Phoenix pushed Michel to the ropes before breaking the hold and pushing LaLiberte across the ring. Michel came back off the ropes and ducked a leapfrog, he hit the ropes again and jumped The Phoenix as he dropped to his belly. No sooner had LaLiberte's feet touched the floor though than Cancer Jiles' feet found their way to connect flush with his jaw in a monster standing dropkick.

LaLiberte stumbled backwards into a schoolboy from The Phoenix. The referee barely managed a one count though as Cancer soon broke up the pinfall attempt. Jiles pulled The Phoenix up and planted him back down with a DDT. He covered quickly and managed to get a two count before LaLiberte threw himself into the cover to break it up. Even if he

hadn't though, The Phoenix's shoulder was already coming off of the canvas.

LaLiberte looked to seize his advantageous position on top of the pile as he got to his feet first, soon followed by Jiles. Cancer threw a right hand, only to have it blocked by Michel who returned a right in kind. It found it's mark knocking Cancer back a step. Jiles tried to respond with another right hand attempt but found his shot to be blocked again. Michel landed another right. One last attempt for Cancer, who swung with all his might at LaLiberte. Michel was too quick for him though and ducked the right. Cancer spun around and found himself caught in a back suplex.

Michel looked at Cancer for a microsecond but thought better of going for the pin. Especially since The Phoenix had just rose to his feet. The Phoenix attempted a clothesline, something which was ducked by Michel, who went behind and hooked up for a German suplex. LaLiberte threw The Phoenix over his head only to be reversed. The Phoenix flipped and landed on his feet, catching Michel's head in the process and setting himself up perfectly to his a reverse DDT.

Before he could drop Michel on the back of his head though his eyes were rolling back in his skull as Cancer Jiles came from nowhere landing a superkick right on the jaw of the man with very few nicknames.

Cancer covered The Phoenix but the pin was broken up just after two by Michel. Jiles got back to his feet as Michel attempted a cover of his own. The ref barely counted one again before Jiles grabbed LaLiberte by the tights and pulled him off of the prone Phoenix and to his feet.

LaLiberte spun on his heels to face Cancer, only to receive a bitch slap to the face that echoed around the arena. Jiles smiled toothily, only to have one of those teeth almost sent flying as LaLiberte came back with a bitch slap of his own.

The former teammates from Team Douchebag traded bitch slaps in the centre of the ring, allowing The Phoenix to recover from his terminal cancer. The Phoenix pulled himself up with the help of the ropes and watched as his opponents slapped each other almost back to the stone-age.

LaLiberte landed yet another slap and braced to receive one back, but it never came. Something he hadn't prepared for did though as Cancer's foot found it's way to a nice little home somewhere around Michel's crotch region. As LaLiberte collapsed in a heap on the ground The Phoenix leapt over his body and landed a flying forearm to the temple of Jiles. The Phoenix fought Cancer back to the ropes with rights, lefts and backhand chops.

The Phoenix landed another right that rocked the COOL one, allowing him to hit the ropes and come back, leaping high into the air, grabbing onto Jiles' neck and pulling him backwards. The Phoenix twisted and flipped, hot-shotting Jiles backwards across the ropes before landing on his feet on the outside.

Jiles bounced back into the ring and right into a small package from LaLiberte. Another two count was hammered out by the referee before The Phoenix was able to slip back into the ring and make the save.

Jiles rolled to the outside of the ring to recover, leaving LaLiberte and The Phoenix to it on the inside. Michel landed a kick to the thigh of The Phoenix before throwing a left that found it's mark. The Phoenix battled through the shots and landed a right hand of his own before hitting the ropes, but was cut off with a huge clothesline from LaLiberte.

Michel attempted a cover, no save was made, but The Phoenix managed a kick out after two anyway. LaLiberte argued with the referee over the speed of the count, something which only served to help The Phoenix recover. After he was done arguing LaLiberte turned around to eat yet another dropkick square in the mouth.

The Phoenix didn't go for a cover though, instead opting to head to the top rope. He steadied himself but couldn't launch, for he found himself hurtling towards the arena floor after being pushed from the top rope by Cancer Jiles.

Jiles instead took The Phoenix's position on the top rope and waited for the now recovering LaLiberte to get to his feet. Jiles jumped from the top and came down with a Mongo Chawp.

He didn't hit though.

LaLiberte sidestepped. Jiles grabbed at his knee, almost as though he'd blown it out on landing. LaLiberte took his chance and hooked Jiles up for the Best Face Forward.

It connected!

ONE... TWO... THREE!!

AnguJeffy commentary 04

Jeff:

Huge upset by Michel LaLiberte!

[Pause.]

Jeff:

Since it was Cancer Jiles who lost and since Angus, as a great man once said, has his head so far up Cancer's ass he can see the half digested eggs, Angus is out somewhere raeging.

[Moar pause.]

Jeff:

...that's all I got, next seg plz.

Every good general...

Wildside:

Well, this sucks.

[J Stevenson, despite everything that has already happened tonight, is lacing up his boots.]

Wildside:

Why in the hell are you lacing up your boots.

[Stevenson finishes tying his boots and looks up at his manager/best friend.]

Stevenson:

Like every good general that has led men, I have a back up plan.

Wildside:

Which is what exactly?

[Stevenson reaches into his duffel bag and pulls out a black t-shirt. In big Impact lettering it says "Team Stevenson".]

Wildside:

No. Not happening.

[Stevenson stares at Jon.]

Wildside:

And even if I did, who's the third?

[Cue knock on the door.]

Stevenson:

It's open.

[The Sheriff enters the locker room.]

Jimmy Kort:

Well boys, ah reckon the cavalry's 'rrived.

[Team Git Off's My Lawn Team Stevenson is in the building.]

An invitation for Lord Dargon Nosej

“Stupid Manny Maholtra. Stupid referee. Stupid fans. Stupid Neo-New Orleans.”

[Dragon Jones was sulking his way down the backstage hallway, kicking an old tin can as he did. His hands were in the pockets of his fine, Street Fighter IV-designed cotton Snuggie. Sure, the back was open, but you can't put a style-tag on comfort.]

[From down the hallway, up ahead came a voice.]

“You passin' up tha' bes' opportunity of yo' life, sucka-ass, busta-ass bitch! Walk on, then! Go 'head an' tell yo' frien's dat you's a dumb mo'fucka~!”

[Dragon Jones headed up the hallway, Snuggie brushing about his ankles. As he sauntered casually around the corner, Dragon's eyes opened wide with delight. There was a man in a crushed red velvet coat, with a matching wide-brimmed hat perched on his head. From behind the golden sunglasses, Splenda looked up at Dragon Jones.]

Splenda:

I saw yo' match, sucka. You's got th' skills, but yo' punk-ass ain't got th' muscle. You shoul' come to th' Faces o' Death Trainin' Temple and put some meat on them chickenbones.

[Dragon Jones took a long moment to watch Splenda, fingers stroking thoughtfully at his chin.]

Dragon:

I could do with some more muscles. You guys don't have a steroid bin I could rummage through, do you? All muscle, no work would be awesome.

[Splenda watched Dargno's face for a moment, lips quivering in disbelief.]

Splenda:

Lemme level witchu. You say somethin' dumb like dat t' Serbo or Adam, you gon' get got.

[Dragon gave an innocent look.]

Dragon:

What? It's an honest question. If HGH is good enough for Manny Maholtra, it's good enough for me.

[Splenda reached out with one ring-bedazzled hand, grabbing up his clipboard. Along with the names of two crewhands, a sound technician, Wayne Dewey and Bronson Box's Moustache, there were open lines for many different names and telephone numbers.]

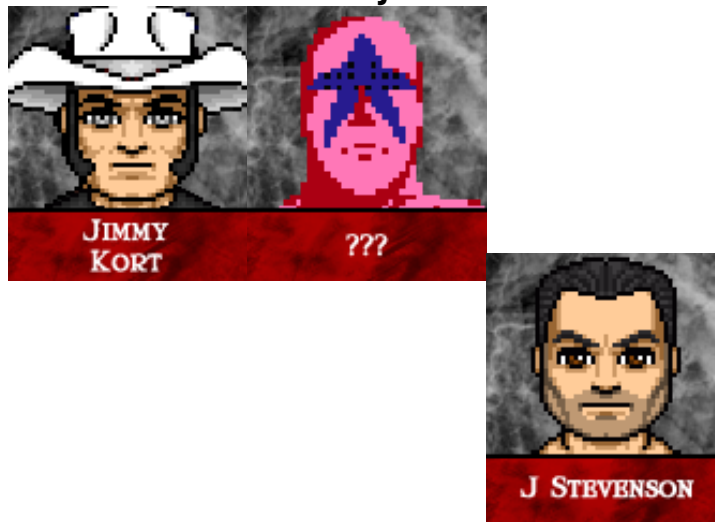
Splenda:

Look, sucka. You get one chance t' become th' bes' o' th' Jones fambly. An' I'm offerin' ya dat chance. You sign yo' name on th' line, you get t' come up to th' Trainin' Temple, work yo' ass out, shed some sweat n' blood n' tears an' become a real man. Like Kengoro. Dude's 'bout t' win this whole tourney.

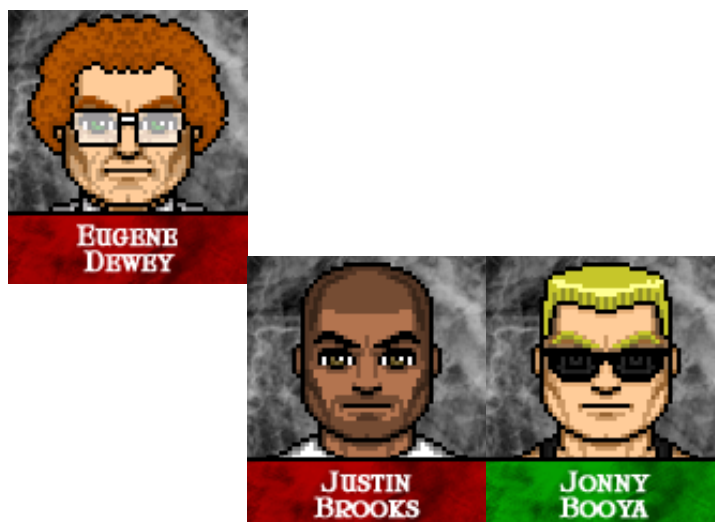
[Dragon's eyes sparkled, and he picked up the pen. Be like Mike? That was something he couldn't pass up.]

[**DARGNO JONSE** was written on the line.]

Team Got Heart? vs Team Get Off'a My Lawn



vs



OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT!

"Funky Shit" by The Prodigy brought out Team Got Heart?. Justin Brooks, by himself. Eugene Dewey, with Wayne Dewey. And Jonny Booya, with Kai Scott. Clair St. Sure and Diane Parker were absent, and Scott was crutchless, the crutch having been bent to uselessness over Bronson Box's head earlier.

Then out came J Stevenson. And on one side, Wildside. And on the other, Jimmy Kort.

The bell rang, and it was Wildside and Brooks in the ring, but Brooks refused to lock up with Wildside and instead pointed to the apron - at Jimmy Kort.

On commentary, Angus Skaaland reminisced about the early days of Defiance 1.0 and the history between Kort and Brooks. How Kort had tried to turn Brooks into a slave, forced him to carry bags, and generally tried to humiliate him at every turn. And because how back when Defiance was an indy fed the fans had been trained to cheer heels, the fans loved Kort for it, and Brooks ended up finally quitting out of disgust.

Brooks had found himself again, and he took Kort down with a spear and whaled on his face. Kort escaped with an eye rake, shoulderblock to the gut and a scissor kick. Brooks powered out of Kort's boston crab attempt and took him

over with a T-bone suplex. Kort had had enough, and he tagged out to Wildside. Brooks tagged out to Dewey for a breather.

Wildside ducked Dewey's failing punch-like arm thing and tied him up in a hammerlock, tripped him to the mat and applied a front facelock. Dewey powered to the ropes... well, powered wasn't a great word to describe it, but even when it's mostly flab it's tough to stop that amount of weight from moving in the direction it desires to move in. Wildside kicked away at Dewey as he rose to his feet, booted him and tried a scoop slam. He couldn't hold it and Dewey landed on him. One... Two... and Stevenson was in to break the pinfall. Wildside rolled out of the ring as Stevenson opened up on Dewey with a flurry of lefts and rights to the gut, and then a headbutt. As Dewey stumbled around on his feet, Stevenson took him down with a side belly to belly suplex. One... Two... and Booya and Brooks both grabbed an ankle, yanked Stevenson up in the air, and dropped him with a modified flapjack.

That was the signal for shit to come apart. Kort flew into the ring aiming for Brooks but Booya cut him off at the pass with a calf kick. This gave Brooks room to go for Wildside, but he didn't, instead dropping down on Kort and throwing bombs at his face. Wildside back dropped Booya and went after Brooks. Dewey flailed away at Stevenson with flabtacular forearm smashes. Kort and Wildside sent Brooks off the ropes and hit him with a double shoulder tackle, turned around and got hit with a double clothesline from Booya!

Eugene somehow got his leg up far enough to take Stevenson off and over in some kind of mostly botched sunset flip that Stevenson didn't actually have to kick out of. But before he could go after Eugene, Wayne reached into the ring and grabbed his ankle with a death grip! Wildside, informing Stevenson that he had it, left the ring to chase Wayne as Brooks and Kort clotheslined each other out of the ring!

Stevenson turned on Booya, ready to put the match away, he hooked the head and called for the Highlight Reel.

And Booya deadlifted his way out of it and tossed Stevenson down with a modified flapjack! Stevenson struggled up, clutching his ribs, and Booya underhooked both arms, rolled them both over, and into the Trapped Under Ice!

Stevenson was mid ring. Kort and Brooks were paying no attention to the match, and Wayne rolled into the ring, Wildside following him and not noticing Eugene, allowing Eugene to drop down on him with a simple splash and hold him in place.

The ropes might as well have been a mile away, the fans were chanting 'Tap, tap, tap', and even if Kort had gotten free of Brooks, Kai Scott had positioned himself between Kort and the ring.

And so Stevenson tapped.

Here are your winners, via "Trapped Under Ice": Team Got Heart?! (Jonny Booya)

It was only after the bell rang and Jonny Booya had his hand raised that shit hit the fan.

A black man who was not Justin Brooks came flying out of nowhere. He threw Kort to the side, booted Brooks hard in the gut, and powerbombed him right on the ramp!

Re-introducing: Kevin Cage.

It was like someone played the record skip.

In the ring, Jonny, Wayne and Eugene all froze. Jimmy Kort stayed leaning against the barricade, watching and trying to figure out what to do. Kai Scott, much closer than any of the wrestlers, took a step forward, then a half step back.

But, satisfied with this, Kevin Cage dusted off his hands and departed up the entrance ramp. Team Stevenson collected themselves and left ringside as the rest of Team Got Heart worked on peeling Brooks off the ramp.

====

Angus:

Hory clap!

Jeff:

Big deal?

Angus:

Hellz yeah! Kevin Cage is a former WWA World Champion! Way before your time, Jeffman, back in 2003. Anyway...

Jeff:

Yeah.

Angus:

It's main event time!

AnguJeffy commentary 05

Angus:

Hory clap!

Jeff:

Big deal?

Angus:

Hellz yeah! Kevin Cage is a former WWA World Champion! Way before your time, Jeffman, back in 2003. Anyway...

Jeff:

Yeah.

Angus:

It's main event time!

Who needs a preseason?

Angus:

Hory clap!

Jeff:

Big deal?

Angus:

Hellz yeah! Kevin Cage is a former WWA World Champion! Way before your time, Jeffman, back in 2003. Anyway...

Jeff:

Yeah.

Angus:

It's main event time!

Team FAEC~! vs Team SRS BZNS



VS



The Rev began to shred on the gee-tar. Spotlights hit the entryway ramp, and out from the back, high-stepping in his marchin' gait, fists clenched, eyes wide, arms swinging wildly was the Misty Mountain Mastodon, Frank Dylan James. "Big Sky" blared, and FDJ roared in his West Virginny baritone.

“BLEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!”

As FDJ stood on the entryway ramp, pumping his fists and roaring at the packed DEFIANT crowd, his two partners followed from the back. Python rushed by, full of energy and eagerness. A hand swatted at Frank's back as he rushed through, Python instantly switching to slappin' fans hands as he hustled down to the ring.

And, entering the arena to what was probably the loudest pop of the night was Ms. Heidi Christenson. Face tight with determination and focus, Heidi blew past Frank, fists clenched by her side. She was in no mood to pander to the crowd. Instead, she just headed right for the ring.

Frank stomped his way down to the ring, arms flailing, roaring in anger and readiness to do some ass-whippin'...

And “Ratfinks, Cannibal Girls and Suicide Tanks” by White Zombie began to play, those strange, wailing notes screaming over the arena’s speakers. Purple spotlights, lime-green spotlights, pink and fuchsia lights all swirling

around the arena in a chaotic, candy-rave-flavored moshing of light and sensation and energy.

As the siren-sounding notes played, the drums built up, and the colors continued to swirl, a lanky Black man in a leopard-print jumpsuit came out from the back, a microphone in hand.

“ATTENSHUN, LAYDEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZ AN’ GENNLEMENZ!”

Splenda grinned, his platinum-and-diamond-and-silver grill gleaming in the colors of the house lights.

“GIVE IT UP FOR THE TEAM HERE TO CHANGE YOUR FUTURE...”

Splenda gestured behind him, to the entryway. Guitars began to blast, shredding through the air in the UNO Lakefront Arena. And out from the back burst the Driving Force, the man whose music was blasting. The Hydrator. A zillion other H2O puns.

In his droplet-designed trunks, his hair spiked and feathered and all that jazz, Adam Waterman was indahouz. And just behind him, fists clenched, eyes narrowed, face grim, was the Oni, Kengoro Sugamoto. And just behind that was the dour Leon Maddox, glaring down at the ring.

“TEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAM SEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERIOUS
BUSINEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!”

Team Srs B(i)S(o)NS headed down to the ring as one, mayhem on their minds, but Team FAEC was already making their move! Frank had never gotten in the ring and stood squarely between SRS and FAEC. Kengoro Sugamoto grinned, moving between Adam and Leon, Splenda falling back behind ‘em...

It was gonna be Sugamoto and James coming face to face first. And so Kengoro put on a little speed, rushing down to the ring, but more importantly, rushing down to the FIGHT.

WHAM went a Sugamoto fist! WHAM went a Frank fist! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

The two men quickly traded right hands, a punchfest from before the bell! But as Adam and Leon came down to join the fray, Python came flying from across the ring, leaping the top rope and corkscrewing in midair to take Maddox down with a HYOOOOOOOOOOOGE Corkscrew Plancha!

Adam managed to get ONE kick in on Frank’s stomach before Heidi Christenson came roaring across the ring, leaping over the top rope in a swan-dive, somersaulting as she fell, landing fully atop Waterman! No hands Tope Con Hilo!

With Waterman and Maddox both down, this left Kengoro fighting the West Virginia Whack Job all by his lonesome. And while Kengoro could take the punches, it was Frank’s headbutts that really tipped the scales. Kengoro was thrown back against the guardrail, and Frank came flying in, arms lashing out as he leapt... Flying body tackle right over the metal guardrail!

This wasn’t going to go down like it used to.

Security hit the scene, forcing fans back and out of the way. The crowd was to be a moving mass, now, with lots o’ folks between the fans and the talent. And those folks would be big burly dudes.

Kengoro scrambled back to his feet, but just as soon as he was up, Frank was right back in his face wi-KERWHAM HE PUNCHED HIM IN THE FACE

AND THEN KENGORO PUNCHED FRANK BACK!

With the two powerhouses of the team busy brawling in the floor seats, it was up to the other four wrestlers to get some

semblance of a match going. Heidi and Python had rolled Adam and Leon into the ring, taken Leon down with a double dropkick and a double suplex, and now Heidi had Adam in the ringcorner, a foot pressed to his throat, that long leg providing a powerful post to choke Waterman with!

After the four-and-a-half count, Heidi dropped to both feet, grabbed Adam's wrist and twisted, passing it overhead to get the wristlock really on... With Adam bent to Heidi's satisfaction, Christenson turned, snapped out a leg, and KERRACK! Waterman took the sole of Heidi's foot to his chin!

In the corners, Python and Maddox both waited patiently, eager for their chance to tag in and show their stuff...

But first, Heidi was in charge. And as Adam Waterman lay on the mat, she definitely wanted to deal out some pain. Adam was dragged by one wrist into the center of the ring, and then the fun would begin. A quick twist, and Waterman's face was pressed into the mat, arm twisted up behind him!

Heidi dropped an elbow across the small of his back, still maintaining the wristlock, and then leeeeeeeaaaaned back. Waterman's face contorted in agony, the ref on his knees before the so-called "Driving Force" asking if he wanted to tap!

Adam shook his head wildly, and just in the nick of time, Leon Maddox rushed into the ring, kicking Heidi's hands free of Adam's arm! The Waterman snatched his arm down against his chest and cradled it close, rolling so Heidi couldn't get at that arm again.

Christenson glared at Maddox, lashing out with a kick and sending Maddox packing. Python, over in his corner, was on the verge of rushing into the ring, but a glare from Heidi froze him in place. Leon hustled back out of the ring, and Heidi grabbed Adam by the head, lifting him to his feet...

And Waterman ducked under Heidi's arm, slipping behind! An arm around the waist, and Waterman lifted Heidi right off the ground, slamming her down into the mat with a biiiig belly to back 'plex! Adam wanted to immediately take advantage of the reversal, but the way Heidi had cranked that arm... It took Adam a while to get to his feet. And when he did, Heidi was already on her way up. An arm wrapped around Heidi's head, a hook of the arm, and Adam lifted Heidi for the vertical suplex...

Heidi spun free, hooked the neck, and landed on her feet! DRAGON SLEEPER! Waterman's arms flailed wildly as Heidi cinched the sleeper in, but the Queen of Mean was keeping a steady eye on Leon Maddox. Instead of opening herself to another holdbreak, Heidi walked Adam back into her ring corner...

Python was the active team member! Off the top rope he came with a BEAUTIFUL elbowdrop, slamming Adam to the mat. The Driving Force was kicked into the center of the ring, before Heidi slipped onto the ring corner.

Python beckoned Adam up, and as Waterman rose, Python rebounded off the ropes. He rushed at Adam, leaping into the air and reaching with the legs for a neck-hold... A flip, and Python 'rana'd Adam right out of his boots!

Python popped back up, and as Adam forced himself wearily up, Python leapt onto the middle ring rope, then rebounded! Flying through the air, Python went for the full-rotation 'rana... But Adam grabbed Python's hips and fell straight down, sitting out with a ring-shaking powerbomb!

Adam groaned, then forced himself to his feet. As Python stirred, Adam grabbed Python's arm, yanking him up... Then, a grab to the throat and the stomach, and Adam bench-pressed Python into the air! With the former WWA Double Crown champ held in the air, Adam grinned, looking around the ring. Finally, some momentum...

Frank Dylan James and Kengoro Sugamoto's brawl had come back to the ring. Adam rushed to the side of the ring and TOSSED, and Frank looked up just in time for Python to come crashing down on him! Frank set his heels and gritted his teeth, and Python bowled Frank over, knocking both down!

Kengoro grinned, and as Frank rose from his crash-landing, Kengoro rushed through, taking Frank's head nearly off

with a big clothesline!

The Oni stomped Python's face, then rolled the kid back into the ring. Sugamoto headed towards his ring corner, and a brutal series of kicks to the stomach sent Python to the corner, just in time to tag Kengoro in!

Kengoro was quick to throw Python around the ring, powerslams and spinebusters and a belly-to-belly suplex! The Hundred-Hand Slap knocked Python from his feet, and Kengoro was quick to tag Maddox in.

Maddox hooked Python's arm up behind for a Hammerlock German suplex, but as he lifted Python into the air, Python turned in mid-air, arm hooking with Leon's, and Python armdragged Maddox to the mat! A lunge, and Python tagged Heidi back in!

Maddox caught a kick to the chest, and after an Irish whip, Maddox was slammed to the mat with a Fujiware armbar and a leaping elbow drop, before Heidi hauled off and kicked Maddox in the side of the head. Heidi dragged Maddox to the center of the ring, then stepped under his arms to begin applying the Lotus Lock...

Adam Waterman came up from behind, hooking Heidi's arm into a quick Hammerlock. While holding it, Adam leapt, hooked the head, and DROPPED Heidi with a DDT! Just as Frank Dylan James and Python began to get into the ring, Kengoro Sugamoto hit the ring and took Frank right back over the top with a biiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiig clothesline, and Adam caught a running Python around the waist, then tossed him up and over for a belly-to-belly!

Heidi was quickly the target of a brutal two-man stomp session, before Kengoro and Adam lifted Heidi into the air by her wrists and ankles! A toss straight upward, and when Heidi crashed down to the mat, Kengoro was already moving, rebounding off the ropes and coming back to leap...

And stomp on Heidi's stomach with both feet!

Adam followed Kengoro in, leaping and coming down backfirst across Heidi's stomach with a beautiful senton!

Maddox was dragged to his corner, and Adam quickly hopped out, tagged Maddox's hand, and climbed back into the ring. Heidi was thrown into the ringcorner, and Waterman came rushing in for an avalanche! After the impact, Adam swaggered away, getting in the FAEC corner's face, taunting the two men trying to get their teammate to tag 'em in...

And Kengoro grabbed Heidi by the neck, leaning back and choking her against the turnbuckles! As the referee chastised Adam, Kengoro stretched Heidi's neck, and Maddox bent, punching Heidi in the stomach repeatedly. As Adam returned, both men let go of the woman, but the ref was right there to caution 'em...

To no avail, as Adam swept Heidi away from the ring corner, hauling her into an abdominal stretch! Whoa, the Waterbomber was bustin' out some COMPLEX submissionry!

Heidi bent back and to the side, and as Adam contorted her, a hefty elbow slammed into her stomach and side repeatedly, trying to knot up those muscles and stiffen Heidi's side. A hand reached out after a good long stretch of time, and Kengoro took a tag, coming into the ring to hit the ropes...

Adam let go and stepped away...

And Kengoro's body came flying through, shoulder smashing Heidi's stomach with a brutal shouldertackle-spear-lookin'-mess! Christenson hit the mat like a sack of beans, and Kengoro straightened, putting both hands victoriously into the air!

Sugamoto rolled Heidi onto her back and stepped on her chest, waiting as the ref came in.

One...

Two...

Frank Dylan James was in the ring, and took Kengoro's ponytail in both hands! Hauling Kenny off of Heidi, Frank was quick to batter Kengoro's face with rights and lefts, wild haymakers and crosses and jabs! Maddox was quick to get into the ring, but Frank was opening up a Family-sized can of whip-ass! One to the chin sent Maddox down!

As Heidi crawled for her ring corner, Kengoro fell back into his corner, Frank beating an angry rhythm out on the Japanese' face! A hand desperately tagged Adam in, just as Heidi tagged Python in, then collapsed onto the apron, arms protectively covering her side.

As Python rushed over, Frank was suddenly the target of two big dudes, who slapped him around and clotheslined him over the top, hands joined! Kengoro ignored Python, and rushed past him to hit the ropes. As Adam was suddenly taking some o' Python's punches, Kengoro flew by, leaping through the ropes, arms at his sides for a bulletdiver suicida, smashing Frank into the guardrails!

Python threw punches like his life depended upon it, knocking Adam around, laying Maddox back out, and then sending Adam to the mat! A quick leap, and Python's legs kicked, scissor-snapping Maddox in the face with a boot! Python was on fire, and he leapt onto the middle rope, then onto the top!

Waterman was still down, and Python was ready... Aiming, Python leapt off, knees shoving him into the air at an angle, allowing for a quick double rotation! The Code Red!

And Waterman wasn't still down. Python ate nothing but mat, and Waterman was quick to take advantage, grabbing the head and shoving Python's head between his thighs! A waistlock, and Python was lifted into the air, onto Adam's shoulder! A turn, a rushing forward, and Adam leapt, coming down straight onto his knees as Python was brought violently down, flat onto his back!

WATERBOMBAH~!

With Maddox still loopy, Adam covered Python and hoped for a miracle...

HEidi crawled through the ropes, her side obviously kinked up and knotted...

The ref dove in. **"ONE!"**

Adam held on tight.

Heidi crawled closer.

"TWO!"

Adam kept holding on...

Heidi was almost there... But not quite... there... yet...

"THREE!"

DING DING DING

Waterman rolled off just as Heidi collapsed onto Python's chest. Inches from being able to break it up, but it might as well have been miles. Adam came to his feet, fists shooting into the air.

"Ratfinks, Suicide Tanks and Cannibal Girls" began to blare once more as the Driving Force fell into the ring corner, holding onto the top rope. DEFIANCE Security flooded out to maintain order, and Frank was hauled, kicking and bellowing, away from Kengoro.

Heidi and Python rolled from the ring, slowly, agonizedly, and were the only ones allowed to approach Frank. The Hillbilly Mastodon kept stomping and snortin', spitting and roaring, but it didn't matter anymore. Kengoro and Adam embraced, and both turned to face the camera.

"WE DID IT! I TOLD YOU, KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME, I'M BOUND FOR THE TOP!" shouted Adam.

"NONE CAN STAND AGAINST US! HERE BEGINS OUR RULE!" roared Kengoro.

"THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT!" hollered Leon Maddox, joining the group...

And Kengoro and Adam wheeled on Maddox. He had never truly been one of them. As the fans booed, Kengoro grabbed Maddox by the face, then hauled off and cracked his skull into Leon's!

Maddox stumbled backwards, and Adam rushed past, hitting the ropes... Coming back from behind Maddox, Adam came up beside, grabbed... And SLAMMED Maddox face-first into the mat with the Waterfall reverse STO!

Kengoro brought Maddox up, hooked the arms, tucked the head under his 'pit, lifted and SLAMMED Maddox out with the Zannin Driver!

The limp form of Leon Maddox was scooped up by Adam, so Kengoro could hit the ropes... A shove into Maddox's chest sent him stumbling backwards, so Kengoro could take his head off with the Enzuilariat!

And finally, Adam scooped the limp Maddox up, flipped him into the air, then rushed across the ring, tossing Maddox over the top rope, and into the mass of DEFIANCE Security! The whole wad of dudes went down, Maddox disappearing into the clot of hired muscle. Kengoro Sugamoto and Adam Waterman stood in the center of the ring, finally alone with their victory.

And the music played on.