

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 50 - Seasons Beatings

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WrestleShow

The camera pans across the excited fans of Chicago that piled in for the night. Showcasing their favorite superstars with their gear, shirts, and signs. Several notable signs draw attention. One such example reads: 'No cookies for Santa this year', others being 'Dynasty, you have failed the city', 'I attacked you Ron!', 'I came for the Dibbins's... sorry custodians.'

The camera continues to roam across the arena, then across the entrance stage set which has presents piled high on either side, with the usual Christmas decor spread about before settling down on the commentators booth.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the fiftieth episode of Wrestleshow, tonight hosting the annual Season's Beatings. We are coming to you live from the United Center here in Chicago, Illinois. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, none other than the one Tommy Ace!

Ace: What a night we have in store for you all! Every single championship in the UTA is on the line tonight, even that Hardcore title. A few of our champions will even have their first title defense tonight.

Blackfront: Our Mainevent of course will be headlined by the former UTA World Champion, Perfection, challenging for the UTA World Championship currently held by the Pantheon's Eric Dane. This will be Dane's first true test since beating La Flama Blanca at International Affair... and it won't be easy.

Ace: Perfection was the top of the mountain, with Dynasty at his side. If not for All or Nothing he could very well have been the champion and the card flipped as he defends against Dane.

Blackfront: That was then, this is now. The numbers game if in play leads to Dane's favor tonight. Perfection may have a trick of three up his sleeve, or at least believes so for those of you that missed Victory where an allegiance with Cayle Murray could very well have been set.

Ace: I think it is time for Perfection to reclaim his throne in the UTA. Not that it will matter in the long run as after Sean Jackson finishes with the midget power ranger he will be sitting and waiting to cash in his Ace in the Hole briefcase and the TRUE World Champion will be crowned, Jason.

Blackfront: Before we get to all that however Lew Smith will be put to the test as he defends his newly won Prodigy Championship against the former champion he beat at Victory, Amy Harrison, along with the Jamaican Ninja Warrior Lisil Jackson, Jarvis Valentine, and the prodigy himself, Kendrix.

Ace: Originally set to be Amy Harrison defending against Quinlan who won, by losing a four way match, the title match for Season's Beatings. Things happen. Amy was beat, Quinlan was released. So here we are with

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a true test for Lew's first defense.

Blackfront: It won't be easy for any of our champions tonight. Including the reigning Wildfire Champion Colton Thorpe and Legacy Champion CBR, both of which will face their number one contenders named at IA in Japan-

Ace: And we will get to that later. I'm being told that Jamie is backstage right this moment with the two men that ousted CBR two weeks ago, Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix!

For the love of God tell us why??!!

We open up backstage inside the locker room of Mikey Unlikely. We see Jamie Sawyers standing by. Flanked to his right is Mikey Unlikely wearing a pair of workout pants with a 'Get Over It' Kendrix T Shirt and is accompanied by MJ who wears a tight black dress. To Jamie's left stands Kendrix, dressed in his ring gear, ready for tonight's Prodigy Title match.

Sawyers: Ladies and Gentlemen. I'm joined live at this time by both Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix. Turning to either side of him he acknowledges both men.

Sawyers: Gentlemen, thank you both for your time, especially with your match for the Prodigy Title right around the corner Ken...

At that moment Mikey interrupts Sawyers, holding the back of his hand out in front of him. Unlikely: Jamie, Jamie, enough with the boring pleasantries, PLEASE...The reason we are giving you our time today is because everywhere Mikey and JFK have gone over the past few weeks we have been rudely stopped by morons asking us why we did what we did to CBR at Wrestleshow 49!

The fans can be heard booing loudly in the arena at Mikey as he waits them out.

Unlikely: Now Mikey and Kendrix have both had enough!

JFK nods slowly, agreeing with his brethren.

Unlikely: So rather than doing what we SHOULD do, and deservedly punch every ignorant fan with the audacity to ask such things, square in the face...we thought we would put the rumors to bed! We want to clear the air as it were!

He smiles widely, his political side showing through. M.J. puts a hand on his shoulder, which he quickly shrugs off. She looks worried, but drops her hand down to her side.

Kendrix: Listen, Yeah?! Mikey is right on this one! Bellends everywhere have been asking us constantly! But in Chicago?

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Mikey makes a disgusted sound.

Kendrix: Chicago is the absolute worst! The idiots here do not know how to respect someone who is clearly superior to them in every way!

Mikey throws his arms up and yells in frustration. The crowd once again can be heard booing loudly.

Unlikely: EXACTLY!

Kendrix: So we're here to answer the question once and for all... Why did the two greatest athletes...in the world...

He points at Mikey, who returns it right back.

Kendrix: Make the single greatest decision that this company has ever seen...and drop CBR in the middle of the ring two weeks ago, effectively ending Dynasty?

Unlikely laughs.

Kendrix: You see, the answer is very simple bruv. We got tired of carrying La Flama Blanca. We got tired of carrying CBR. And we got tired of playing their second fiddle, when clearly we are the two most talented people on the entire UTA Roster!

Unlikely: Word!

Kendrix: Don't get JFK wrong Jammy Sawyers. Dynasty was the greatest group that this industry has ever seen...

Unlikely nods his head.

Unlikely: Well, it did have us in it!

Kendrix: But you have to remember, it was Dynasty that BEGGED...the world's greatest entertainer...in the world...Mikey Unlikely and the future of the UTA...JFK, to join them...not the other way around.

Jumping into the fray, Mikey pulls Sawyers attention to himself.

Unlikely: We saw the opportunity to make headlines Jimmy! They saw the opportunity to finally add talent to the droll appearances they made every week. Everybody wins right?

Sawyers looks as if he's about to speak.

Unlikely: CALM DOWN JIMMY! It didn't take us long to see where the World Title was being held down,

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Dynasty held that bad boy the entire year! We used THEM...to get to the top...and at the end of the day, nothing could stop the real stars from emerging, and the old ones from fading away.

Mary Jane smiles and looks at her man.

Unlikely: As a matter of fact, forget Dynasty! We don't ever want to be labeled under that banner again! In fact, we have a new name!

Kendrix: Since Mikey is sooooooooo Hollywood!

Unlikely: And Kendrix is soooooooo Bruv! We are...the Hollywood Bruvs! Both men jump into the air and high five. Jamie is stunned.

Kendrix: Awesome name Bruv!

Unlikely: I know right?!

Sawyers tilts his head to the side, digesting the explanation before trying to probe further.

Sawyers: What do you think...

Before he can finish asking his question Kendrix cuts Sawyers off with his outstretched arm, slapping him on the chest with the back of his hand, rolling his eyes.

Kendrix: We know what you're gonna ask Jammy Sawyers but quite frankly, this is not the time to bring up the fact that JFK retired Chris Hopper at International Affair...

Mikey grabs Sawyers by the shoulder and turns him to face him as he points his thumb back at his brand new t-shirt.

Unlikely: GET OVER IT, SAWYERS!!

Kendrix puts his arm around Sawyers in a chummy kind of way, despite Sawyers' visible discomfort, looking out at the camera in front of them.

Kendrix: JFK knows you and the entire UTaverse want to thank their new hero for ridding them of the King of Drool...

Kendrix looks over at Mikey as they both chuckle at his witty quip.

Unlikely: Good one...bruv!

Kendrix acknowledgingly points back at Mikey, impressed with his own witty remark before refocusing on the

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camera which zooms in close to him and Sawyers who's still looking uncomfortable.

Kendrix: But you're all gonna have to hold your thanks because JFK is moving on with his life and focussing on his huge match tonight, where he will end Lew Smith's evil reign of terror and become the greatest Prodigy Champion of ALLLLLLL TIIIIIMMEEE!

He hangs his head back as he shouts out his championship prediction before looking down at Sawyers. As the camera zooms out he lets Sawyers go, shoving him away slightly.

Kendrix: So if you're quite done with all these questions, JFK has UTA gold to win.

The Hollywood Bruvs exit stage left quickly, not before Mikey slaps Sawyers on the chest.

Unlikely: Really good questions this week Jimmy, you've come a long way in two weeks!

He smiles and leaves without waiting for a response as the camera fades out on Jamie Sawyers looking out at them annoyed.

Blackfront: We're live on WrestleShow number fifty, Seasons Beatings...

Standing across the ring from the camera, Cormick O'Connor does squats in the corner while holding the top rope.

Announcer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Castlebar, Ireland, weighing in at 233 pounds, Cormick O'Connor!

The lights dim, as the steady beat of a guitar is heard playing and a soft voice is heard singing. as the words "always, always, always" are heard and the heavy beat of the guitar is heard.

Announcer: And his opponent...

Lance Mikes walks out, emerging from behind the curtains. He stands on top of the aisle way and poses and fireworks go off behind him, above the entrance way, the sparks falling down on him as he poses with his arms up. As the fireworks stop he pumps up the crowd and then walks down the aisle way.

Blackfront: Lance Mikes is out here, a newcomer to UTA who seems to have a past with Jarvis Valentine...

Ace: That's wahy too much pyro for a new guy!

He jumps onto the ring apron and gets into the ring between the top and middle rope. The song gets back to a slow beat as the begins to spin around the ring as he stops and poses, flexing his muscles fireworks go off on all four turnbuckles, and the lights begin to flicker at the same time. Announcer: His opponent, from Manchester, England and weighing in at 247 pounds, Lance Mikes!

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As the fireworks stop, the lights come back on and Lance Mikes holds both hands together with his fingers between the gaps and spins his wrists around, loosening the joints in his hand.

Ace: Let's hope his opponent wipes that stupid look off his face.

Blackfront: What look?

Ace: The one on his face, Jason!

The bell rings, and the two lock horns. Cormick strikes first, literally - with a knee to the gut. He follows up by wrenching the arm into a wristlock.

Blackfront: Cormick O'Connor taking the early advantage...

Mikes reverses the hold, turning the wrist around into a wristlock of his own - and transitioning into a side headlock. Connor steps back with him to the ropes, pushing him off. Connor strikes out with a shoulder block, but Mikes puts on the brakes and sends Cormick to the ropes himself. Ace: Reversal by Lance Mikes...

Lance goes for a back elbow, but Cormick catches it, turning him into a hammerlock. Mikes tries to throw a couple of high elbows to the side, then gets around the man and spins behind him into a rear waistlock.

Blackfront: A real back and forth feeling out process to start this match...

With nowhere to go, Connor moves to the ropes, holding on as he first pulls himself forward, then pushes back. Mikes rolls back and away, and the two stand off to a sizeable ovation from the crowd.

Blackfront: The crowd appreciating this display...

Ace: It's getting kind of boring. I was hoping to have seen someone at least fall out of the ring by now.

The two warriors engage in a knuckle lock test of strength, neither man giving an inch. First Cormick appears to gain control, then Mikes starts turning the tide. Both men struggle in the stalemate.

Blackfront: The rams' horns are locked in tight...

Ace: What the hell are you talking about? All I'm looking at is two guys holding hands! Cormick rolls back onto his keister, slipping his feet into the mix. Using his legs, he flips and twists Lance Mikes onto his back and into an armbar that he cannot completely lock on due to Lance rolling through to his feet...

Blackfront: That was a nice move, Tommy!

Ace: Was it, now?

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Cormick ties Lance up into a small package. The referee is diligent in his duty to make the cover.

Blackfront: We have a cover! 1!

2!

Blackfront: Lance Mikes kicks out!

Ace: That was all flashy and no guts! You have to keep the man down, and you can't do that with those little tricks!

Blackfront: What would you suggest?

Ace: Holding his damn tights, for one...

Cormick hits a quick arm drag takedown, working on the arm with a knee behind the elbow.

Blackfront: Good move there!

Mikes gets his feet up one at a time, putting Cormick into a headscissors to break the hold.

Blackfront: This has been a pretty good, clean bout so far

Ace: Huh! No wonder I don't like this match! Someone bleed already, damnit! Blackfront: There's been plenty of great matches in the UTA that didn't involve blood! Ace: True. But there weren't that many.

Cormick has done a headstand to break the hold, and both men are toe-to-toe in the middle of the ring once again. O'Connor snaps Mikes down quickly with a snap suplex. He pulls the man back up, steps to the middle of the ring a bit, then drops Mikes down with a DDT.

Blackfront: Cormick O'Connor with the first real advantage of this contest...

Cormick takes a two-step approach and leaps high into the air, going for a standing frog splash.

Blackfront: NICE MOVE! THUD.

Ace: Too bad he missed!

Cormick doubles over, as Mikes unturtles himself and gets up.

Blackfront: Lance Mikes gets his knees up just in time!

Now it is Mikes' turn to size Cormick O'Connor up. He rolls over onto his stomach...and Lance strikes.

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Blackfront: Senton splash!

Mikes rolls Cormick over, going for a cover. Blackfront: Now Lance Mikes goes for the win! 1!

2!

Blackfront: Just in the nick of time!

Ace: Oh, good God, you've got to be kidding me.

Blackfront: What is your issue?

Ace: I'm fine, Jason. What's wrong with him?

Blackfront: A 240 pound man just landed on his back! Here he comes again! Lance lands a second senton splash, again hitting Cormick in the lower back. Blackfront: Lance Mikes might have found his comeback!

Ace: Okay, this is getting better. Do it again! Come on!

Indeed, Lance is preparing to hit Cormick with one more senton splash, this time rolling hm over onto his stomach manually rather than waiting for Cormick to do it himself. This time, he also uses the ropes for leverage and runs in.

Ace: Yes! Like that!

Blackfront: Look out!

The crowd roars when Lance hits the mat and Cormick looks over.

Blackfront: Cormick O'Connor gets out of the way, BARELY!

Lance holds his back, seated on the canvas, his face wrenched in anguish. Cormick motions for the crowd to get behind him, which it does.

Blackfront: Here we go!

Lance Mikes is now back on his feet, still holding his lower back with one hand. Connor approaches him from the side, swinging him down with a Russian leg sweep.

Ace: Oh, man, this was just about to get interesting!

Blackfront: Cormick O'Connor takes advantage of Lance Mikes' mistake! The crowd is armped up!

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Connor again motions to the crowd.

Blackfront: What could he be thinking of?

Connor merely yanks Lance up by the legs, folding them together under his waist and stepping over.

Blackfront: The Celtic Cloverleaf!

Ace: I've seen pretzels less knotted up than that!

The referee checks for a submission, but there is none.

Blackfront: Lance Mikes is trying to hang on!

Ace: He's got some fight in him, let's see how long it lasts...

Lance reaches out for the ropes. His fingertips brush by the bottom rope. He leans on one arm to reach out with the other...

Blackfront: Reach for it!

Ace: Almost...

Cormick pulls Lance away, walking forward.

Ace: ...almost.

The referee again checks, but Lance refuses to give up. Blackfront: Lance mikes is holding on as long as he can... Lance holds his hand up high over the mat.

Blackfront: Is this it? Connor leans back. Ace: Could it be?

Lance reaches out. Blackfront: Is he... Tap.

Tap. Tap.

Ace: Yep. He is.

The bell rings, and O'Connor releases the hold.

Blackfront: Lance Mikes held on as long as he could, but Cormick O'Connor's persistence got him a big win on tonight's special night!]

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Ace: Just keep doing the same thing until it works. Sounds insane. But I guess it does work, since he's getting his hand raised right now...

Cormick holds his other hand up, with the ref raising his other.

Announcer: The winner of this match, Cormick O'Connor!

Blackfront: Lance Mikes gave it a good one, but Cormick did him one better - and walked away with the victory!

Ace: That's the other show, Jason.

Before exiting the ring, Cormick steps back in to briefly shake Lance's hand (at his request.) Cormick quickly leaves the ring after, and Lance rolls out not too long after.

Blackfront: That was a great test of strength and wrestling ability! If you're just now tuning in, you missed out! But if you stay tuned, you won't miss a bit of what we got still coming! The UTA World Championship on the line in our main event, Eric Dane against Perfection! The Legacy title! The Wildfire title! The Hardcore title! And up next, the Prodigy title! So much more still to come!

Words Like Poison

Cut to one of those oh-so special random backstage areas, where a trio of the company's most recognisable grapplers are walking and talking.

Ace: Hey, wait! What are they doing here?!

Jeff Andrews, Will Haynes and Cayle Murray: three Victory superstars, roaming the building on a Wrestleshow night. All three are dressed casually and none look particularly ready for war.

Presently, their voices are but mumbles beneath the announcers' speculative chatter. Blackfront: I guess they wanted to come along and enjoy the supershow first-hand! Ace: Heh, sure. On a night when Eric Dane, the Pantheon's leader, defends his World

Championship against Perfection... you're telling me that his three biggest pain-in-the-butts

show-up to "enjoy the show"?! Please!

Blackfront: They're UTA employees, Tommy. They're as entitled to be here as you or I! Besides, do you honestly think that any of these three are the type to waltz-in and spoil a main event?

The three Victory superstars round a corner. Enter Perfection who is in a white three piece suit, aviator sunglasses, and smiling ear to ear..

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Perfection: Just the man I was hoping to run into! Had some time to think things over, Cayle? Cayle, Will and Jeff stop in their tracks, almost tensing-up at the serpentine number one contender's sudden arrival.

Andrews: Huh, a snake. Shall we take its head off?

The UTA newcomer looks to his newfound acquaintances for an answer, and it's Cayle who pipes-up.

Murray: No, it's okay. I've got this.

The King of the Bittermen flashes Cayle some disbelief.

Murray: Trust me.

As Jeff shrugs, Cayle takes a few steps forward, breaking away from the group, but never leaving their careful, observant gaze. Decked-out modestly in a black UTA t-shirt, open track jacket and slim-fitting grey jeans, he tightens his brow and addresses the potential champ-to-be.

Murray: What do you want now, James? I thought I made myself pretty clear last week, lad. I don't need the trouble you'll bring me...

Perfection lowers the sunglasses down peering over them at, Cayle.

Perfection: No, of course...you seem to be bringing enough trouble on yourself. Man, how it could have helped to have a guy like me strut down that ramp and lay the Pantheon out. Oh, well, it'll sad to watch you get beat pillar to post when the time comes because of your ego...or...we can get past this.

James pushes his glasses back up.

Perfection: You and your boys come ringside at the main event and keep the Pantheon out...and I'll have your back next time they try and get a cheap one in on you.

Witherhold extends his hand.

A few silent moments pass. Cayle tightens his gaze further and aims it down at Perfection's hand, before letting-out a long, conflicted breath. He slowly begins extending his own hand, but retracts just a few inches from shaking, and instead uses it to point a finger.

Murray: So that's it, is it? I shake your hand, and all my troubles magically disappear? He shakes his head.

Murray: I said it last week, and I'll say it again -- I know who you are, and "who you are" is a person that a guy like me can't afford to blindly trust. I might've only been here half a year, but I've watched this place since its very first sho--

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Perfection closes his hand.

Perfection: If you've watched this show since day one...then you should know that my word is my bond. I may be a cheating bastard in that ring...but when it comes to business, Cayle..I do what is good business for 'Yours Truly'! And what is good business right now, is having you by my side...maybe you should think the same for you and your little group.

Witherhold shrugs.

Murray: That might be good business for James Witherhold, but I'm not entirely convinced it would be good business for Cayle Murray.

Cayle folds his arms across his chest.

Murray: You know what would've been a good start? Showing your face when the hyenas laid waste to us four-on-two last week. That might've convinced me a little.

Perfection: What would have been a good start was accepting my offer in the first time...it would have been three on four then. Where the hell was Jeff Andrews anyways? Probably didn't show up because Dane has him planted. It seems like you enjoy continuing down a road of mistakes. Care to fix that?

Once again he extends his hand.

Murray: No matter how many times you push that thing out, I'm not going to shake it...

Perhaps remembering what happened the last time one of the UTA's more infamous occupants offered him the same thing, Cayle shakes his head.

Murray: But I'll tell you this, Witherhold: I can't say we're here to get our hands dirty, but Will, Jeff and I are out to stop The Pantheon at all junctures. When the main event comes, Dane's gonna have his hounds lurking... but we'll be watching, James. We'll have our eyes open.

Cayle goes to turn away, but stops himself mid-step.

Murray: Just know that if you see my face down there, it's not because I want to help you -- it's because I want to help the UTA with its rodent infestation. I'm not gonna cheat for you, lad. If I get involved, it'll be because I have to get involved, in the name of fairness and decency.

James smirks and begins walking backwards and out of camera shot.

Perfection: I knew I could count on you.

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We turn back to a single shot of Cayle Murray.

Blackfront: I don't know what Perfection's intentions are, Tommy, but they can't be good for Cayle Murray...

Ace: Come on, Jason! Give the guy a break! All he's doing is extending a mutually beneficial offer to the kid...

Getting To The Point

Standing backstage, Mr. Ace In The Hole is in front of a Wrestle UTA banner with briefcase in hand. Sporting that million dollar smirk as he is looking directly into the camera.

Jackson: Welcome to Wrestle UTA El Trebol. The greeting sounds less than sincere.

Jackson: In case you aren't familiar, December's in UTA are a bit special. Some of us get to enjoy the holidays, while others...

The Dallas native shrugs after touching the small of his back, a slight reminder from last year's Seasons Beatings where he wrestled the Spectre in a Shock Therapy match.

Jackson: Get to take a beating.

The Mental Rapist strokes his chin, taking in a deep breath before releasing it.

Jackson: Hence the name, Seasons Beatings.

The eyes, they always tell the entire story and right now, the eyes of Sean Jackson had no regard for the health of his Seasons Beatings opponent.

Jackson: But I'm sure you knew that already, so why don't I just get to the point. Mr. Ace In The Hole begins to pace in front of the camera.

Jackson: I'm going to hurt you Trebol, hurt you bad. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not going to stand here like Chance von Crank and think you aren't capable of winning. I'm sure you have solid credentials....

The pacing stops, his eyes focused on the camera.

Jackson: But credentials won't save you kid, not this time. I am a man who isn't intent on just winning, but to end your oompa loompa bullcrap....

The Dallas native looks down at his right knee, the knee used to deliver his lights out finisher.

Jackson: Once and for all.

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The tone of his voice is all business, even though the expression on his face is a grin from ear to ear.

Jackson: You dared to enter UTA, acting like a joke... The Dallas native starts clapping.

Jackson: Just to get over on Chance von Crank. The clapping stops.

Jackson: Well kid, that joke crap won't get you anywhere with me. Like I said several days ago, I don't see you as the little kid riding in the shopping cart, but instead, as the man pushing it. That was made clear the moment you beat Crank in Vancouver.

The smile disappears, Sean Jackson knows it wasn't an easy task for Trebol to beat CvC, so it wasn't about just winning, but making a statement by putting the masked Luchador down.

Jackson: Well Trebol, tonight you get to learn what Seasons Beatings is all about. It isn't about those children you cater to, but instead those short adults you don't. I'm not Santa Claus, so I don't care what the little brats want.

He raises the briefcase up, tapping it with his free hand.

Jackson: Only what I want. So after I crack open the back of your skull, it will be time to set my sights on a slightly bigger prize.

Once again the Mental Rapist smiles.

Jackson: Isn't that right Mr. Dane? The scene fades out.

Brought to You By

As we return to ringside, The Prodigy Champion Lew Smith is entering the ring, where the other four competitors are standing.

Blackfront: What a matchup we have here! I have been very excited about this match all week! Ace: You got that right Jason! Tonight is the night that Lew Smith loses the Prodigy Championship!

Blackfront: Don't be too sure Tommy!

Announcer: The following contest is for the UTA Prodigy Championship! The fans cheer loudly.

The five competitors continue to eye one another up.

Announcer: At anytime, only two men will be allowed into the ring. Tag team rules are in effect. Any participant can be tagged in at any time.

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The referee moves to the center of the ring and holds up the title. Before handing it to the timekeeper.

Announcer: The first person to score a pinfall or submission will be declared the winner! Everyone in the ring is buzzing.

Announcer: Introducing first, he is from Omaha, Nebraska! Weighing in at...

Jarvis steps forward and raises a hand. Across the ring however Amy Harrison takes off from her corner and smashes Lew Smith with a flying forearm.

The announcer stops announcing, as the referee calls for the bell. The other three competitors step out of the ring onto the apron.

Blackfront: And here we go now! Amy Harrison wasting no time, going after the man who took her championship! She has Lew Smith now in that corner.

Ace: Amy Harrison is everything I've ever wanted in a woman, half crazy, all beautiful!

Blackfront: Keep ahold of yourself Tommy.

Harrison blasts Lew with a front kick before pulling him to the middle of the ring, and ducking under his arm applying a top wrist lock. She nods her head growing confident before bringing up a left foot and taking down Lew with a kick to the face.

She immediately begins to yell at the fans.

Blackfront: Harrison running off pure emotion here Tommy, that's dangerous for both her and her opponents.

Ace: Amy Harrison cannot be taken lightly after the last few months that she has had!

Smith gets back up and the two lock up quickly. This time Smith slides underneath into a hammerlock on Amy. Harrison reaches back for Smith but he ducks and weaves while applying the hold. Finally Amy stomps on the foot of Smith, forcing him to break the hold.

Harrison whips Smith off the ropes and Valentine tags himself in as Smith comes by. Harrison leapfrogs over the still running Smith. On the return, Hip toss by Amy! Valentine now in the ring comes through with a hard clothesline.

Blackfront: Valentine the only man standing in the ring now as Smith rolls out. Valentine picks up Amy, whipping her off the ropes himself, and now a big back body drop! Valentine very excited to be in this match!

Amy stirs and sits up immediately. Jarvis rushes in but Amy slides over and tags in Kendrix. Jarvis puts on the brakes, and gives Kendrix time to climb in the ring.

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Ace: HERE WE GO!

Blackfront: Try to remain unbiased compadre.

Ace: Please, anyone that knows me, knows I am a consummate professional. I have never been biased in my life. I just happen to know that Kendrix is the best. Those are just facts.

Blackfront: Oh my...

JFK takes his time climbing into the ring.

Blackfront: A lot of quick tags here so far, everyone trying to stay fresh.

Ace: That's the smart play Jason.

The two circle in the ring, Jarvis goes for a lockup, Kendrix drops to a knee and ducks behind. He spins Jarvis around with a hand on the shoulder, before rearing back and cold slapping him across the face loudly.

The fans let out a collective "wooooooooooooo"

Blackfront: Valentine now fires back with a forearm to the face. Kendrix hits a knife edge chop on chest of Valentine.

"Woooooooooooo"

The two exchange a few shots before the heavier of the two finally dazes Kendrix long enough to hit multiple times. He hooks the head, and lifts.

Blackfront: Vertical suplex from Valentine! He rolls over into a quick cover. 1...

Blackfront: Kick out at one!

Ace: You're not going to get Kendrix like that. Not this early. Did you know that he retired Chris Hopper?

Blackfront: We're all well aware Tommy! It's a fact he won't let us forget!

Ace: Get over it Jason! Come on! We have a show to do!

Both men climb to their feet. Kendrix kicks Jarvis in the midsection before dropping him with a snap DDT. Kendrix takes the opportunity to rest.

He gets up and motions across his waist. The fans boo in response.

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Valentine up, and as soon as he turns around Kendrix surprises him with another open hand slap to the face.

"Woooooo"

Blackfront: Wow, you can hear those slaps, those have to hurt! Kendrix with no respect towards Valentine here!

Kendrix smiles and tries again, this one is blocked by Jarvis. He catches the hand of JFK. Jesse tries a kick but Jarvis catches that as well.

Blackfront: Kendrix in a bad spot now! He tries an enziguri! Ducked by Valentine! Jarvis stumbles forward and tags in Lisil Jackson!

Kendrix panics and dives to tag Lew Smith back in. He instructs Lew..."get em Bruv!"

Smith gets in the ring and circles for a moment with Jackson. they quickly shake hands before tying up.

Ace: Awe isn't that cute!

Blackfront: Thats a show of respect and sportmanship Tommy!

Ace: Who cares as long as you get your arm raised in the end!

The stronger Jackson backs him into the corner where he breaks cleanly. Lew Smith runs and surprises Jackson with a leg lariat that takes the big man down. Lew stands, fired up. He drops a leg across the throat of Jackson, before trying it again.

Blackfront: Jackson moves this time, and comes across with a muay tai kick from the ground up. Lew was not ready for that one, the agility of this large athlete continues to surprise. Jackson now applies a cross armbreaker on Lew Smith.

The referee slides into position and asks Lew how he feels.

Amy Harrison decides she doesn't want the match to end this way. Walks over and drops a knee right in the face of Lisil Jackson, which breaks the hold. The referee pushes Harrison back to her corner.

Blackfront: Harrison smartly breaking up the hold. She can lose this match, if Lew Smith submits here, and once again miss out on what she believes is HER Prodigy title.

Ace: That's right Jason.

Jackson holds his face as he stands up. Lew does the same with his arm. Once again they go toe to toe. Lew whips Jackson off the ropes, and Jackson comes back with a shoulder tackle that takes down Lew.

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Lew stands back up but Lisil is on a roll, he picks him up and drops him in an atomic drop. High front kick to the chest of Lew.

Blackfront: Those kicks from The Jamaican Inspiration are deadly! He is trained in multiple martial arts!

Ace: So what you're saying is he should be disqualified for using weapons! I agree.

Blackfront: Just saying you have to watch out for them Tommy.

Jackson with another kick. He steps back to deliver a huge third, but when he does, he gets too close to the turnbuckle and Kendrix tags himself back in.

Blackfront: Here comes JFK, careful not to enter the ring the same time Lisil does.

Ace: Kendrix is playing mind games Jason, just you wait. You don't know the Hollywood Bruvs like I do!

Kendrix runs up to Lew and goes for a small package. 1...

2... Kickout!

Kendrix slaps the mat, stands up, runs over and tags in Jarvis Valentine.

Blackfront: Kendrix goes for the cover, and then tags in someone else! What is going on!?

Ace: He's smart! Let someone else do the work and take advantage!

Jarvis comes in and pounds on Smith. Smith ducks a big boot from Jarvis, and goes for the tag. Valentine catches him first from behind, and throws Smith backwards with a german suplex.

Valentine laughs as he sits up, looking over at Lew.

Blackfront: This guy has a crazy look in his eye!

Ace: Yea its almost like he's here in body, but his mind is elsewhere! They both get to their feet, Lew much slower to do so.

Blackfront: Smith now reverses a headlock attempt. Lew jumps on the back of Valentine and applies a sleeper hold! Valentine panics, He's backing towards a corner. Harrison tags the back of Lew Smith!

Ace: Lew isn't letting go!

The ref starts a five count as Lew is no longer the legal man.

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Ace: Wait, what is Amy doing? She's climbing to the top rope!

Jarvis wanders to the center of the ring with Lew on his back. He turns just as Amy leaps. Blackfront: Missile Dropkick! She hits Jarvis in the shoulder, launching him onto his back, squashing Lew Smith in the process.

The fans are on their feet.

Harrison gets back up and starts talking and they switch right back to booing with no hesitation. Blackfront: These fans appreciate the athleticism of Harrison, but not necessarily the attitude. Ace: I appreciate all of her...assets.

Valentine rolls out of the ring. Harrison goes to the ring apron, she runs and dives, landing on his shoulders and taking him down with a hurricanrana on the outside.

Blackfront: OH! Valentine just went headfirst into that barricade! He is down folks and he is not moving.

Harrison climbs in the ring, the referee checks on Valentine. He motions for help to come from the back.

He gets in the ring, and motions for someone else to enter.

Ace: It looks like Jarvis Valentine is unable to continue.

Blackfront: Well folks, the important thing here is athlete safety.

Ace: That's right. Better safe than sorry! Plus this improves Kendrix chances!

Blackfront: Back to the match Lisil Jackson has answered the call and goes face to face with Amy Harrison. He kicks him in the shin as he comes in, stalling him. She bounces off the ropes and springboard back elbows Lisil square in the mouth.

Harrison goes for the cover. 1..

2..

Kick out!

Blackfront: Not enough to take down the Jamaican who has really been surprising as of late.

Ace: YES!!!!

Blackfront: Are you actually agreeing with me Tommy!?

Ace: Hell no! Mikey Unlikely is coming down the ramp, and I'm excited to see the other Hollywood Bruv!

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The fans boo when they notice the same thing.

Mikey smiles and waves. He gets to where Valentine lies on the ground. Mikey spits on him and walks on..

In the ring Jackson is down on the ground and Harrison has him in a half crab in the middle. Unlikely walks over to Kendrix and high fives him as he strolls by.

Blackfront: Mikey pulls up a chair and watches as Jackson finally reaches a rope to break the hold. Harrison waits out four seconds. She lets go and starts stomping away on Jackson.

Jackson spins on the mat, and uses his legs to sweep Harrison off her feet. She hits the mat hard and he pounces with elbow after elbow. Kendrix dives in the ring and knocks him off, before running back to his corner.

Ace: My man! Making sure he doesn't get cheated tonight!

Blackfront: Nothing wrong with that.

Harrison runs over and tags in Lew Smith. He comes roaring in and hits Lisil with a variety of strikes. The two go back and forth both with their martial arts, the fans ooh and ahh with each strike. Both men kick high and both level each other and fall to the mat as the fans cheer.

Kendrix hops off the apron and walks over to his tag partner Mikey. They begin to joke and talk. Amy Harrison sees this and immediately hops down as well and walks over.

Ace: What is this? Kendrix and Mikey doing nothing and she's got to play party pooper!

Blackfront: The former Dyna....

Ace: JASON! You heard Mikey earlier, don't you dare call them that! The Hollywood Bruvs!

Amy gets in the face of the team. The referee is paying attention to the two men down in the ring, checking on them. Mikey and Kendrix both attack Amy, Kendrix runs her into the barricade, and Mikey runs and dives, and takes Amy up and over the barricade into the fans.

Kendrix jumps up on the apron, acting none the wiser.

Blackfront: This is ridiculous! Mikey and Kendrix have no respect for this match. Amy Harrison is a former Prodigy champion!

The referee looks around now, He asks Kendrix where Harrison went, he shrugs and points to the guys in the ring.

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Ace: Amy was attacking them Jason! Can't they defend themselves!

Blackfront: You are full of it.

In the ring both men are up. Jackson hits a standing scissors kick on Smith! He climbs up to the top turnbuckle quickly. He wastes no time and jumps!

Blackfront: BIRD OF PARADISE! HE HIT IT ON LEW SMITH.

The fans go ballistic.

Ace: Mikey is on the ring apron!

Jackson ignored his shouts and goes for the cover.

Kendrix enters the ring, the referee passes him and goes for Mikey. Kendrix drops to the mat, and counts

1...

2...

3...

Jacksons back was turned to Kendrix he hops off Lew Smith, with his arms outstretched. He turns and Kendrix is up. Kendrix jumps.

Ace: BELLEND!!!!

Blackfront: Kendrix caught him!!! He throws Lisil out of the ring.

JFK makes a clap sound in the air, just as Mikey hops down off the apron. The referee turns around and Kendrix pins Lew Smith.

Blackfront: NO, not like this! Dammit no!

Ace: YES! YES!

1...

2...

3...

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The bell rings.

Jackson is up outside the ring, his hands on his head. He is in disbelief. Announcer: Your winner and NEWWWWWWWW UTA Prodigy Champion! KENDRIIIIIIIXXXXXXXXXXXXX!!!!!!

Ace: Oh happy day!

Blackfront: He stole Lisil's pin. Jackson clearly had Smith for a three count!

Ace: Not the right three count Jason!

Mikey slides into the ring. The referee hands Kendrix the belt and the two hu, before Mikey raises Kendrix arm in Victory.

Blackfront: This is a bit much!

Ace: This is the biggest day of Kendrix's young career Jason!

Blackfront: Bigger than when he retired...

Ace: Get over it Jason!

We fade with the duo celebrating in the ring.

Shock N' Rolla

The locker room is bustling. Busy staff, wrestlers and anyone with a backstage pass rushes throughout. Cormick O'Conner comes into focus. He is among the backstage traffic but suddenly takes off down the corridor towards the personal locker rooms. Passing the doors he notices names of many UTA superstars. He seems to be looking for a specific door. The man he is looking for has no friends to speak of, and would never mingle with the other wrestlers. "cVc" written across one of the doors halts his progress suddenly.

KNOCK *KNOCK*

The door creeps open slowly with the thud from the second knock. Cormick notices immediately something is not right. The room is dark and very smokey. He pushes the door on open then shuts the door behind him. He turns and is astonished by the scene before him.

O'Conner: Crank?

He still can't see through the smoke but the lights flicker every few seconds. Chance has broken out most of the overhead lights with a folding chair. He has smashed the entire locker room even tearing the couch and matching chair to pieces. Cormick finally locates cVc among the huge mess. He is sitting in the middle of all

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the chaos. He is holding a fire extinguisher and leaning up

against what remains of the couch.

cVc: A fire broke out...

Chance shoots the extinguisher at O'Conner briefly.

cVc: But cVc put it out.

O'Conner backs up wiping off the bit of foam Chance sprayed at him. He notices Crank busted all the smoke alarms also. Cormick is completely confused by the whole scene. He came here to challenge Chance but now wonders if this man is insane. Chance suddenly realizes just who has walked into his private domain. He stands up.

cVc: You. The kid with the smart ass mouth... What the fuck do you want?

O'Conner: Oi think yer know exactly what Oi want lad...

Chance pauses briefly staring down Cormick in the flickering lit room. Crank drops the extinguisher and sits back down.

cVc: What does the Shock N' Rolla gain from wrestling you? You have absolutely nothing to offer cVc. No belt, nothing.

O'Conner mildly laughs to himself and shakes his head from side to side.

O'Conner: Yer think Oi'm here for gain? Oi have nothin' to gain neither lad...just self satisfaction is all.

Chance lunges to his feet getting right up in O'Conner's face.

cVc: Loser leaves UTA. Don't be a pussy.

O'Conner turns away from Crank, The look that crosses his face is telling, shocked by the proposal.

O'Conner: Oi have no intentions of leavin' a land Oi just got ter, Cranky. Chance grins at the response. He spins Cormick around to face him.

cVc: It's time to be heroic, kid. You want to make a name for yourself in this business? Then you must take calculated risks. You have nothing to offer cVc like I said before, but you do have a career. What is that worth to you? Are you sure you can beat cVc with that career on the line? If you do, then accept. If not, then get the hell out of here before I rip you into two pieces.

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The lights continue to flicker illuminating the destroyed room briefly before darkness takes hold again. Crank laughs at O'Conner then mocks him. The two men are mere moments from exchanging blows, the tension is high.

cVc: If you beat The Shock N' Rolla... He will never return to The United Toughness Alliance ever again. The flip side to that is that you leave and never return, so pull your sack out.

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O'Conner stares into the eyes of Crank as he ponders deep. He wouldn't expect a lesser type of proposal from someone like Chance Von Crank.

O'Conner: Oi'm not afraid of yer. Oi just didn't think it'd be dis easy to get rid of a piece of trash like yer so quickly...Oi guess yer can say challenge accepted Cranky boy.

Chance picks up the mangled folding chair. He busted all the lights earlier with it and Cormick knows it. He watches Crank close.

cVc: I have headlined for every major promotion on Earth. I am established beyond your wildest dreams. Regardless what these people here, most I have never heard of say. It's Unlikely I give a shit or respect their game anyway. They can't tie my laces using both hands, but neither can you. Crank waits for the lights to flicker off again before he clips O'Conner in the gut with the chair. He bends over after the shot then Crank nails him across the back sending him to the floor. Chance bends the chair back flat the drops it on the floor beside him. He cradles O'Conner up to be GodBooked but looks in the dazed eyes of the young wrestler while holding him up first...

cVc: It's all gonna be over soon. Shhh...

The reverse swinging STO is dead accurate. O'Connors head nails the chair that Crank carefully placed on the floor. Cormick is out again, cold. Crank backs away from him and props back up against the destroyed couch.

cVc: Get your bags packed for Ireland again, bitch.

Dynasty dies

We open backstage, a couple of ring hands walking quickly down the hallway, one carrying a roll of wires and the other a large transformer. Another runs past with a headset on and white polo shirt before the camera stops on the figure of Jamie Sawyers, holding a microphone in hand as well as a suit.

Sawyers: I'm here backstage with the man who later on defends his title here in Chicago. The camera pans outwards to show Claude Baptiste Ranier standing in his ring gear with an

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Avenged Sevenfold t-shirt on, the Legacy Title draped over his shoulder. An immediate pop from the fans inside the arena greets the image as Ranier nods down at Jamie.

Sawyers: Now, Claude, tonight you take on Zhalia Fears, who comes off a huge win against your former stablemate Sean Jackson. But the world is dying to know do you have anything to say about the events of Wrestleshow Forty Nine?

He holds the mic up towards CBR who pauses for a moment, looking down at Sawyers.

CBR: You know Jamie, I've done some things in the past I'm not proud of. I've made some choices I regret and hurt people I shouldn't have, but I will never apologise for my achievements in this business.

Claude looks up and into the camera, the mic still inches from his lips.

CBR: When Perfection, Sean and I formed Dynasty at Ring King two thousand fourteen, it was for a very clear and specific purpose. Guys like Madman Szalinski, Dr Emo and Yoshii were taking spots they did not deserve and treating the guys in the back like hell. We sought to change the world and hell, Jamie? We did. Now sure, we may have made some mistakes along the way but the central belief in brotherhood and excellence was what held us together.

Ranier's hair hangs loose framing his face, the gold over his shoulder reflecting the glaring lights from above as he continues.

CBR: But somewhere along the way the rot set in. Somewhere in the last year men like Kendrix, men like Mikey Unlikely and even men like La Flama Blanca himself ripped into the very fabric of Dynasty and changed the world that we built into a cult of sadism and cowardice. All my career, if there's been one thing I've always stood for, it's to be the best damn wrestler in that ring every single week.

Sawyers is seen nodding as the words escape Ranier's mouth, who blinks and breathes in and out, clearly emotional.

CBR: Last week was just another example of that sadistic face showing itself again and I had no choice but to intervene. This is not why I came to the UTA and not how I won this belt twice. I felt it was my duty to take the sword of wrestling purity and plunge it into the heart of lies and fraud. Dynasty is over. Kendrix and Mikey can call it anything they want now, but the real heart of Dynasty...is over.

Claude looks down for a moment, as if in shock at his own words. He looks back at Sawyers who slowly takes the mic back.

Sawyers: Tonight, Claude, you go one on one with Zhalia Fears for the Legacy Title. What are your thoughts about the match and are you ready to face such a unique competitor?

Ranier leans his head to the side again to reach the mic as Sawyers lifts it towards him.

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CBR: You know Jamie, I've said it before and I'll say it again, everyone consistently underestimate Zhalia. They see her alternative style and dismiss her as a but part footnote, but history never lies. Zhalia holds impressive wins over guys like that seven foot tall monster Brother Judas, hall of famers like Crimson Lord and two wins...that's right two wins against the two time world champion Sean Jackson.

Claude looks into the camera again, his hand resting on the gold of the legacy title.

CBR: Few of you will remember that we have actually stepped into the ring before. Fifteenth of January, two thousand and fifteen in Las Vegas myself and Perfection had one of the matches of our careers against Zhalia and Kush. See, I know how dangerous you can be Zhalia Fears. I

know how talented you are and I am not taking her for granted. Jamie takes back the mic and nods.

Sawyers: Sounds like you're ready for the match Claude. But what if Dynasty, gets involved? Are you ready for Kendrix and Mikey?

CBR looks at Sawyers then back at the camera.

CBR: First off Jamie, those two are not and never will be Dynasty. We changed this business and paved the way for names like Eric Dane, John Sektor, Cayle Murray and Colton Thorpe to join this company. But hypothetically? If Jesse and Mikey have the courage to inject themselves into my business when my back's not turned?

Claude takes the mic off of Sawyers and leans into the camera, full of confidence and intensity.

CBR: Good luck!

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first...

The lights go dark as headless Teddy Bears fill the screen. Green lights scan the crowd, and flash through the arena.

Ace: Here we go, this headcase is back with us. Aren't we lucky.

"Dance of the Crazy Pill" begins to play over the speakers and out of the back walks X. He's wearing black baggy pants and a Chicago Cubs jersey which brings a loud pop from the crowd. Blackfront: Xander Hayes is repping Chicago hard here tonight, Tommy.

Announcer: from right here in Chicago, Illinois...standing at five foot eight inches tall....

X slides into the ring on his chest, rolling to a knee, and taking a spot in the middle of the ring. He produces some glow sticks from his pants and begins dancing to the music.

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Ace: I mean look at this, Jason? There's no way I can get behind this.

Blackfront: The crowd seems to be enjoying it, Tommy.

Announcer: ...weighing in at one hundred and eighty five pounds, he is XANDER...X...HAYYYYYYYYESSSSS.

The crowd responds with a generous cheer as X tosses the two glow sticks into the crowd, amidst raised hands. X backs into the ropes, testing their integrity.

Blackfront: Gonna see some quickness from Hayes in this one, that's for sure.

Announcer: And his opponent, from Minneapolis, Minnesota....

"Back in Black" begins to play over the PA system, for a brief second some fans thought it could've been Chris Hopper, others might have even thought John Sektor but through the curtain steps Dan Benson, the Natural Boy.

Announcer: ...standing at six feet two inches tall, weighing in at two hundred and forty three pounds... he is THE NATURAL BOY....DANNNNNNNNN BENNNNNNSON!

Ace: Hayes is gonna have his hands full here tonight, Jason.

Blackfront: I'm not denying that one. Dan Benson is well traveled.

The fans begin to boo as Benson struts to the ring. Smugly nodding his head to Angus Young's voice. Benson opts for the steel steps, wiping his feet on the apron before stepping in. He raises his arm briefly, receives a loud chorus of boos. Shakes his head and begins to circle Hayes.

Ace: And Benson is going to waste no time putting Hayes through the paces.

Instantly Benson surges in and overpowers the smaller man, placing him in a side headlock. Hayes tries to push off, Benson buys in and sells himself into the ropes. The Natural Boy thunders forward knocking Hayes to the ground with a shoulder block.

Ace: Benson with authority.

Blackfront: Gave Hayes that false sense of hope and then quickly took it away.

Benson quickly picks Hayes up and presses him back into the ropes, Benson whips X across the ring, X with a reversal.

Ace: Benson into the ropes now.

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Blackfront: And Hayes is charging.

Hayes moves fast, closing in on Benson. Benson wisely ducks his shoulder and Hayes quickly vaults himself outside.

Blackfront: Heads up thinking there.

Hayes catches himself on the mat, Benson turns and is met with a forearm smash from a running X.

Ace: Benson stunned here.

Blackfront: Pulling out the acrobat act, early.

Hayes pushes down, leaping up to the top rope, he pauses for a second before launching himself up looking for a Curb Stomp onto Benson.

Ace: LOOK OUT!

Benson catches Hayes at the last second and catches Hayes with an Atomic Drop right onto his knee brace. Hayes instantly reacts to the pain.

Blackfront: WHOA! That one had to hurt. Hayes is seeing stars for sure. He might puke, Tommy.

Ace: That hurt me just to watch, partner. Dan Benson showing amazing ring awareness there. Years of doing this hard at work.

Benson is still slightly dazed from that forearm, he really didn't see that one coming. He yanks Hayes to his feet, and fires into the side of his head with a forearm. Hayes slumps to the side, Benson steadies him and lifts him high into the air before dropping him with a Suplex that shakes the ring.

Benson floats over to cover. ONE...

TWO...

Blackfront: Hayes gets the shoulder turned.

Ace: Benson with impressive power there, lifting X straight into the sky.

Blackfront: Yeah but can he Scoop Slam Santa?

Benson rolls to a knee, a little gingerly perhaps, and pulls Hayes to his feet. He whips Hayes hard across the ring, X comes off the ropes, and gets scoped as Benson goes for a backbreaker.

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Blackfront: Hayes breaks free!

Hayes was squirming just enough and Benson has to abort. Hayes lands on his feet, he ducks underneath a clothesline from Benson and quickly propels himself forward connecting to Benson's bum knee with a dropkick. Benson lunges forward, caught off guard.

Ace: Come on ref, that's fifteen yards for targeting!

Blackfront: Not in this sport. Great scouting by X.

Benson tries to get steady but can't. X drives another forearm shot into Benson's head, he pushes the larger man back into the ropes and sends him across. Benson off the far side, X on the ground rolling underneath him. X leaps into the air as Benson comes off and connects with a Spinning Heel Kick. Benson stumbles into the ropes again.

Blackfront: Hayes finding a little groove here against Benson.

Ace: And that knee business continues to bother me. Dan Benson is a legend in this industry. I'm not going to sit here and watch people try to injure the man, Jason!

Blackfront: He's a well traveled wrestler, Tommy. His injury history is extensively known, don't be such a grump.

Hayes charges forward, Benson throwing a shoulder that halts Hayes in his tracks.

Ace: Benson isn't done yet!

Benson tries to stand but finds it hard to put weight onto that knee still. Hayes sees this and brings his own knee over, trying to make contact with it. Benson struggles and goes down to one knee, Hayes comes in hard, wraps his neck and delivers a Stunner to Benson.

Blackfront: Hayes with a Stunner onto Benson. I don't know, Hayes might steal one here. Hayes drops on top for the pin.

ONE... TWO... THRE...

The ref explodes to his feet and waves the count off, he points down.

Ace: BENSON GOT HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES! Wow, what a savvy move. The crowd groans. Hayes talks it over with the official.

Blackfront: And I think Hayes is getting flustered here. He better focus.

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Benson pulls himself up with the help of the ring ropes. Hayes still having a word or two with the official. Hayes turns around and he's met with Benson going for the Shocker!.

Ace: Dan with THE SHOCKER! Xander saw it coming and shoves Benson back into the ropes! Hayes catches him on the rebound with the inverted DDT.

Blackfront: EXTACY! Hayes with the cover!

One.

Two. Three!

Ding ding ding

Blackfront: This one's over folks! Xander Hayes has locked in a strong win against Dan Benson tonight!

The show fades out to a commercial break while Hayes celebrates his win.

Brought to You By

Fight Back

We appear to be ringside as we see the five-hundred plus pound sumo, Yoshii, and his friend and mentor, Jed, standing in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Welcome back to Season's Beatings, WrestleShow number five-oh! We're back in the ring with Yoshii, former UTA Champion...

Ace: ...who isn't scheduled to be out here just yet, Jason! What does he want?

Blackfront: I think we're about to find out.

Yoshii has a mic in hand. He brings it to his mouth.

Yoshii: Yoshii and Jed want no big entrance tonight. Tonight is no about Yoshii or Jed. Yoshii looks sad and depressed while Jed stands next to him with a dead stare into the Wrestleshow crowd.

Yoshii: Yoshii been very no happy. No because Yoshii lose. Yoshii lose fair and straight. Yoshii lost very important friend. While back, Yoshii lose his friend, Peach. Yoshii have had hard time getting over his hairy buddy.

Blackfront: Peach, Madman Szalinski's pet dog, passed away at the end of November. Peach was a member of the UTA family and Yoshii had may interactions with her throughout his time in the UTA. I guess you could

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say Yoshii had two best friends during his time in the States.

Ace: I do sympathize for the loss.

Yoshii: Yoshii have not been able to fight full strength because of his hurting heart. Long live, Peach! Long live, Peach! Long live, Peach!

Yoshii chants time after time as the crowd picks up with him in remembrance of Peach. "Long live, Peach! Long live, Peach! Long live, Peach" - you can feel the emotions in the crowd and the emotions coming through the Japanese big man. Jed stands there still, tie perfectly straight, supporting his pal.

"Hyrule Castle (Zelda III)" by NESkimos hits over the sound system as Peach's owner and best friend, Madman Szalinski steps out from behind the curtain. You can feel the frown from behind his mask as he stops up at the entry and listens to the crowd.

Blackfront: New music from Madman Szalinski!

Ace: It matches his new attitude...I'm not sure what to think of him, but if he's gonna shut Yoshii up then I can't complain!

Blackfront: He sold his soul to the devil, Tommy! Madman sold his soul to Satan himself!

Ace: I think he got a pretty good deal out of it, from my point of view!

His music stops once he reaches ringside and you can still hear the "Long live, Peach!" chants. Madman takes it in and pounds his heart. A heart filled with pain and suffering as well. He points at Yoshii and pounds his heart as well as he makes his way to the ring.

Yoshii wipes away a tear. Jed Dye rolls his eyes at the sight of Madman, of course. The chants stop as Madman grabs a mic in hand and begins to speak.

Madman: ...

Madman jumps forward, hugging Yoshii with both arms. Yoshii returns the hug, and a disgusted Jed Dye turns his back. Madman lets go, putting a hand on Yoshii's shoulder.

Madman: ...thank you, Yoshii.

Yoshii bows his head in a matter of respect to Peach's master. Madman actually sniffles a bit before he speaks.

Madman: Yoshii-san...I like you. I always have. Even now, I still think you're one of the best guys I've been around in the UTA.

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Yoshii: Yoshii always fan of Madman. Always.

Madman steps down from Yoshii, rubbing his eyes with his free hand. Yoshii looks over at Madman, who is almost shaking from stress. He switches the hand he is holding the microphone in.

Madman: You know, things are different now. Things aren't what they were last year. I feel so bad for you, man. You are one of the greatest things to have ever happened to the UTA. I remember that first time, seeing you and Peach together...that was about as happy as it could get.

Yoshii: Yoshii love Peach too. Yoshii here for Madman.

Madman: ...

Madman moves to put his hand in his jacket pocket, looking down at the canvas.

Blackfront: There is so much emotion in that ring right now, between two men who know and respect each other...

POP.

Blackfront: What the hell was that?!? The crowd gapss collectively.

Ace: Oh...my...goodness.

After slapping the taste out of Yoshii's mouth, Madman Szalinski steps right back up into his face. Yoshii's face turns red instantly, but he turns his head back to face Madman slowly and with a different type of emotion building up into his eyes. Jed Dye stands uncomfortably observing.

Madman: I need you to fight back, Yoshii...

The crowd roars at Yoshii, but Yoshii simply continues to stare at Madman.

Madman: I need you to fight for UTA, Yoshii! I need you to stand up for this company, the place that welcomed us both home! FIGHT BACK! FLATTEN ME LIKE YOU DID PERFECTION LAST YEAR! STOP ME FROM TEARING THE UTA APART! FIGHT! BACK!

Madman shoves Yoshii in the chest with the last two words.

Blackfront: What in God's name is he doing?

Ace: He's trying to inspire Yoshii to fight! What an idiot! Not Madman for trying, but Yoshii for not doing it!

Yoshii is in near full shock. He can't bring himself to hit Madman back. This only seems to enrage Madman,

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who steps up with both feet and drives both of them into the front of Yoshii's kneecap.

Yoshii goes down onto his other knee, and the crowd begins to voice their disapproval of Madman when he throws his shoulder into Yoshii to knock him over. Jed Dye, at seeing this, exits the ring so quickly that he doesn't even notice one of his shoes flying off when it is caught on the ring ropes. He is long gone.

Blackfront: This is such a cheap attack!

Ace: Hey, I think this is incredible! Madman's chopping down a giant!

Blackfront: A giant that doesn't want to fight! What's the honor in that, Tommy Ace? Madman stomps Yoshii again, the crowd booing so loud that even his screaming into the microphone is barely heard.

Madman: YOU WON'T FIGHT ME BACK? YOU'RE GOING TO LAY DOWN FOR ME TOO?

The former UTA Champion hollers out with each stomp into Yoshii's leg.

Madman: THE! HELL! WITH! THAT!

Madman drops down onto his stomach, face to face with Yoshii. The boos continue from the crowd, as loud as they can be.

Madman: I'm done with people laying down for me. I'm going to beat you down, Yoshii.

Madman brings his knees up to rise slightly, no longer having to yell to be heard over the booing. Yoshii is rolled over away from Madman holding his knee in pain. Szalinski looks down at his handiwork and laughs, looking around the ring and around at the crowd. He slowly pulls the microphone back up to his mouth.

Madman: Which one of you freakin' people even THINKS they're gonna do anything about this? The boos resume, and Madman points around the crowd with excited eyes.

Madman: If this is something that can be stopped, then just try to stop it!

He allows the microphone to fall from his hand onto the canvas, rising up from his knees. Yoshii has managed to sit up, and is in the process of moving towards the corner in an attempt to pull himself up and out of the ring. Unbeknownst to him, Szalinski is already out of the ring - on the opposite side.

Blackfront: He's getting a chair! The cheap little bastard is getting a chair!

Madman walks around the ring, to where Yoshii is sitting up in the corner with his legs out. Madman makes one swing - connecting full power with Yoshii's ankle sandwiched between the chair and the ringpost. The backpiece of the chair flies off from the impact, and numerous sounds are heard ranging from the chair's impact, a popping sound, another popping sound, a pair of clinks from the parts of the chair falling off, the

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chair falling from Madman's hands, Yoshii's scream, and Madman's off-mic "GOD DAMN SON!". The last sound, and maybe the loudest, is the boos of the capacity crowd.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD!

Madman gazed around while standing at ringside, grinning from ear to ear with his eyes bugged out wide open.

Blackfront: MADMAN SZALINSKI JUST BROKE YOSHII'S ANKLE!

After reaching down for the broken chair, Madman lunges towards the fans with the chair. This prompts several to reach over the guardrail, and the rest to the brink of riot.

Blackfront: WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH HIM?

The ringside area begins to fill immediately with the usual personnel. EMTs immediately move towards Yoshii, while security and UTA officials encircle Szalinski. With the chair still in hand, Madman stares down each of them with the chair drawn back in his hand, begging for somebody to approach him.

Blackfront: Stop him, before someone in this crowd gets hurt trying!

Ace: Oh come on, that would make for great live TV!

With nowhere to go, the chair is dropped. Madman is herded away towards the ramp by several members of arena security. He does as instructed, quieting down quickly.

Blackfront: This was downright malicious, brutal...

Ace: This is great! Look! There he goes again!

Madman slips away from everybody by running up the ring steps, jumping over the ropes and into the ring. He quickly slides back out after running over to the corner, where Yoshii still lays on the mat while being attended to. He grabs Yoshii's legs, flinging one of his legs up and around the ringpost.

Blackfront: NO! Someone stop him!

Madman applies a Figure 4 leg lock, using the ringpost for devastating leverage. Yoshii tries to swat out towards Madman, but cannot reach him.

Blackfront: You already broke his damn leg! Come on!

The agents outside the ring and a couple of brave EMTs inside help pry Madman off.

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Blackfront: Finally! Someone get him out of here!

Even though he lands headfirst on the floor, he pops right back onto his feet, laughing maniacally. He quickly runs away, going around the ring to avoid the swarm of shirts.

Ace: I think I like this new Madman Szalinski..

Blackfront: What in the world was this about? I hope somebody can help us figure out why on earth Madman would do something like this...

Madman glances back at the ring one more time at the foot of the ramp, before going back up quickly.

Blackfront: We've got to take a commercial break...we'll give you an update on Yoshii's condition as soon as we can get it, ladies and gentlemen...

The scene fades on Yoshii writing in pain, holding his ankle and lower leg.

Tear the house down

Backstage, we see CBR standing by a monitor and slowly clapping his hands following the Sean Jackson v El Trebol Jnr match. He is dressed in his ring gear, an Avenge Sevenfold grey and black t-shirt covering his torso with purple ring trunks, knee pads and boots below. His hair is tied back now, the Legacy Title around his waist as he has one more match to wait before his first title defence.

"Hey Claude".

The familiar voice makes him stop and he turns, to see the visage of Zhalia Fears standing beside him, dressed and ready for the match later tonight. Claude nods in her direction.

CBR: Zhalia...

Ranier turns to face Fears, who folds her arms a foot or so away.

Fears: I just wanted to say well, thanks, for last week. I figured you three had something planned. Was not disappointed... but glad you finally saw past that veil. So thank you and good luck...tonight.

CBR: Look, Zhalia, last week was a long time coming and I'm sorry you ended up in the middle of it. But don't think that means I'm going to take it easy tonight.

Ranier pats his Legacy Title around his waist.

CBR: This belt is the foundation of what this business ought to be. It represents wrestling. It represents excellence. And to win it, you're going to have to go through hell.

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Fears nods and unfolds her arms, stepping forwards.

Fears: No worries Claude, I know exactly what I need to do tonight. I am more than prepared to put it all on the line. Just like I always do.

Ranier lets a loose smile appear on his face.

CBR: Oh I've no doubt. Last week, the win over Sean Jackson, you showed true heart to pick up that victory. Jackson is no easy task, but then, Sean Jackson is no CBR. I know you'll be ready Zhalia, but trust me when I say you're going to need more than heart to win this belt from The Canadian Star.

Fears: One thing I have learned in this industry is that nobody is similar to the other. Everyone puts their best foot forward. But, we are all evolving each step of the way.

Zhalia looks down at the title, then back at Claude. She extends her hand.

Fears: So believe me, I know what I am getting into tonight, and would expect nothing less of a champion of your caliber, Claude...

Ranier takes Zhalia's hand and the two shake as the crowd can be heard rising in volume at the image, the camera zooming out slowly.

CBR: Good luck Fears. Let's make Chicago remember where they were tonight...

Egos

Strolling backstage in his wrestling gear and the briefcase in hand, Mr. Ace In The Hole is stepping with a purpose in mind. To his side is Marshall Owens who also has a serious expression on his face.

Jackson: They're going to kill each other...

The Dallas native raises the briefcase, the words "Ace in the Hole" clearly visible to all watching.

Jackson: And all I have to do is just sit back and watch it happen.

Slapping the briefcase several times with his right hand, the cocky former Dynasty member cracks that million dollar smirk.

Jackson: With those two egos in the same ring, bam, instant Christmas and the best present ever.

The briefcase slips back to his side while a semi-clenched fist and thumb is aimed back at his own chest.

Jackson: The first ever three time UTA World Champion.

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As Mr. Ace In The Hole speaks, Marshall can be seen nodding his head repeatedly, casting his approval of everything leaving the mouth of his client.

Jackson: Knocking off Perfection and Dane, in the same night.

And just when he says that a voice low and strong is caught off camera.

Voice: Knocking off Perfection and Eric Dane in the same night... impossible.

Sean's face turns to a smile as the camera facing him turns around and exposes Perfection stopping his walk in front of Sean Jackson smiling.

Owens: Look who decided to give you a pre-win congratulations, Sean.

Perfection: I'm sure you'd like to be conscious when and if Sean cashes that briefcase in Marshall. So, why don't you stop while you're ahead. Speaking of which...

James points down towards the briefcase.

Perfection: Tonight...is MY night, Sean...and I'm not interested in beating TWO men on the same show. I'm not interested in having to send your ass back to Texas completely empty handed. Not yet anyways.

Witherhold takes a step closer to Jackson.

Perfection: I want you to wait a bit, give me a little chance to enjoy the belt I'm about to win tonight before you completely waste that Ace in the Hole, Sean.

Before Jackson can even respond, his eyes catch another target coming from behind Perfection.

Voice: Really Perf, just like that...

Witherhold turns and sees the UTA World Champion walking up to them.

Dane: I'm just gonna hand you my world championship?

The Only Star stands in front of the two former Dynasty members, his arrogance filling the hallway.

Dane: You must be a special kind of stupid, Jimbo, because I didn't spend the last six months of my life setting things in motion to win this belt, just to turn around and lose to third rate carbon copy like you.

Feeling left out, Mr. Ace In The Hole interrupts.

Jackson: No, but you...

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Dane holds his hand up, stopping Jackson in mid-sentence.

Dane: Don't you have a match to prepare for Sean? It really would be tragic to see you lose to someone like Trebol, after losing to Zhalia...

The World Champion cracks a smile.

Dane: Again.

The Dallas native can't respond, his blood pressure is now boiling. However, that doesn't stop

Dane from turning back to Perfection.

Dane: And as for you James, your time passed the moment I arrived to the UTA. Tonight is just the rubber stamp on what's left of your time here.

James smirks and points towards Dane.

Perfection: Enjoy the last hour you have with that belt, and Sean... pick a different day to rain on my parade. Oh, and victory champagne will be at The Drake, neither of you two are invited... of course you are more than welcome, Marshall.

Owens tries to hide a small smile as Witherhold walks backwards and away.

Perfection: Someone has to tell Sean about how I paraded the UTA World Championship across the Windy City!

That last comment stung the Dallas native, as he raises the briefcase up, his tongue can be just as sharp.

Jackson: Keep dreaming James, I kept you from the World Championship once and I sure as hell can...

The Only Star steps up to Mr. Ace In The Hole.

Dane: You're still here? Sean, why don't you take care of your own business and leave the difficult stuff to me. Besides, it would be a shame if you lost to Trebol...

Dane steps even closer, now almost nose to nose.

Dane: Or got hurt by some freak accident...

As if out of nowhere and on cue The Pantheon appears. Madman Szalinski and Colton Thorpe to either side of The Ace and Bobby Dean behind him.

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Jackson: You know, your hangers-on aren't going to be able to help you tonight after that nice ringside ban that you allowed yourself to get entangled into.

Dane: Maybe not. But they're here now. As far as I can tell, they're ready, willing, and able to put you in a hole in the ground Capiche?

Jackson bristles.

Dane: And besides, had you been listening instead of telling yourself how awesome you are and caressing that briefcase just a tad more creepily than is really necessary, you'd have heard the man say the words "in any advertised match" while handing out his silly little ban.

Bristling leads to seething.

Dane: So go ahead, cash in. Please. I'm begging you. These three will be on you faster than Dynasty can collapse under the weight of its own ego. Then what, Sean? You'll just be another guy, walking around the locker room with a chip on his shoulder and nothing to show for it.

The Only Star smiles.

Dane: So, pretty much, you'll fit right in on OtherShow. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've taken up enough of your time Mr. Asshole.

The Champion backs away. Before Jackson can make a move the rest of the Pantheon have disappeared into the ether as well. Sean then looks over at Marshall.

Jackson: Some help you were.

Mr. Ace In The Hole pushes past Marshall who can only shrug.

Owens: What was I supposed to do? There was four of em.

The scene comes back to ringside where we see Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace. Both men look at the camera excitedly.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen before tonight's show, we had a match for the Hardcore Championship. Due to the violent nature of this match we are unable to show it in its entirety on national television, however we are able to show some of the highlights so without further ado... a video collage comes up onto the screen showing the entrances of all five men in the match.

Blackfront: Current UTA Hardcore Champion Sexton Hardon defending his title newly won

championship, against four simultaneous opponents. those competitors included Duke Dibbins, Luke

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Dibbins, the hardcore Street Fighter himself Jack Hunter and last but not least, the Maverick Tommy Gunner.

The scene changes to the beginning of the match, 4 men in the ring, Duke Dibbins on the ring apron. The referee calls for the bell and like a madman Jack Hunter storms from his corner rushing directly at the Hardcore Champion Sexton Hardon.

An all out brawl breaks out between the four men. Duke stands by on the sidelines, with his hand extended waiting for the tag!

Ace: Although this started as a brawl it did not take long for weapons to get involved.

The scene cuts to a different point in the match where weapons litter the ring and the outside. We see Jack hunter in the middle of the ring with a kendo stick. Each other opponent in a corner. One by one they rush Jack hunter and one by one he lays them out with the Kendo stick. Luke takes a shock to the gut followed by a shot of the back. Tommy takes one across the forehead and immediately begins to bleed. Duke tried to make a save and catches a shot for his trouble.

Hunter: HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAH!

Jack hunter begins to strike himself in the forehead with a kendo stick. He yells out!

Hunter: No one can defeat me! For I have street fought my own self! The street fighter has become the street fought HAHAAHAHAHAHHA

He manages to get the sentence out just before his feet being tripped out from under him by Sexton Hardon.

Once again the scene changes.

Tommy Gunner has Jack Hunter on the ring apron. a table is set up on the outside of the ring. Gunner picks up Hunter and chokeslams him through the table to the outside!

Ace: Hunter is down! Hunter is down!

Tommy Gunner begins to show boat on the apron, perhaps this goes on too long because it's Luke Dibbins who runs over and clotheslines him off the apron! Now Dibbins has his arms in the air!

Blackfront: Everyone In this match kept taking their eyes off the prize. first Hunter, then Gunner and finally Dibbins.

From the other side of the rain come Sexton hard on with the huge Yakuza kick that sends him and Luke both over and onto the pile of bodies! Duke Dibbins gets wide eyed on the apron, and steps through the ropes. All four men on the outside begin to rise to their feet.

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The fans begin to cheer as they see Duke Dibbins putting the pieces together. Duke begins to stomp in the ring and the fans slow clap along.

Dibbins: Senkton Bong!

Duke sees all four men, before hitting the ropes, He runs and jumps! He lands on the top rope, before using it as a springboard to do a senton bomb to the outside! Duke lands all everybody at once, and the crowd goes nuts.

The scene jumps again. This time when we come back we see 4 of the 5 men bleeding. Only Sexton Hardon still has unblemished skin. Which he flaunts whenever he can.

We see Sexton in the turnbuckle, Jack Hunter on the other side of the ring is holding a trash can. Jack runs and looks as if he is going to use that can to sandwich Hardon with. At the last second Sexton puts both hands out and yells at the top of his lungs.

Hardon: STOP!!!!!!!

Miraculously hunter puts on the brakes, he stopped for a moment looking on waiting to see what hardon Has to say. Hardon points straight up, and says...

Hardon: LOOK!!!!!!

Both men begin to look up, and as soon as Hardon has him looking, he turns and runs and slides under the ropes and begins to head back up the ramp. He waves off the match, and leaves. Jack Hunter continues to look upward.

Ace: At this point this match became a four way, or with the Dibbins involved, a tag team match. Sure enough when the scene switches over, Luke Dibbins is in the ring with Tommy Gunner, Jack Hunter is in one corner on the apron, and Duke in the opposite.

Blackfront: And just like that this match becomes a tag team match. Both men waiting patiently on the outside for their shot, when they could have legally been in the match at any time.

Hunter hops in the ring, and the duo of Hunter and Gunner, start double teaming the bigger Dibbins Brousin. They slam him, and both drop elbows. They rain down stomps, before picking him up and double suplexing him.

Duke is on the apron going nuts, Trying to get the fans behind Luke as much as possible. Meanwhile he also complains to the referee to get the legal man in and the other out. In return the referee explains the rules of the match...

Ref: Its not a tag match! No its not! Its all legal! You should be in here too!

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Duke ignores the referee's warning, and instead starts a slow clap. The arena responds.

Blackfront: The fans really behind the Dibbins at this point.

After a few more devastating hammerlocks, The pair whip Luke off the ropes and attempt a double clothesline. Luke ducks it, and continues to run. Coming back now, and he drills both men with a fling shoulder tackle. The pair go flying.

Ace: That's a lot of weight to be throwing shoulder tackles! Luke Dibbins, easily the largest guy in this match.

Luke slowly moves towards his corner as the tension builds. The "other team" begin to rise, and go to grab Luke's feet, but its too late. Luke dives and reaches his brother. Duke comes in like a fireball.

Big clothesline to Gunner, punches to Hunter. Gunner gets right back up, and tries to hit a dropkick on Duke, but he moves, pulling Hunter in the way instead. Hunter takes the full force of the dropkick and backflips over the top rope to the floor. Luke lies next to him catching his breath. Blackfront: Ever the opportunist, when it was finally one on one, Sexton Hardon decided to reappear!

We cut to the ramp, where an angry Sexton Hardon marches to the ring. His face furious with frustration. He skips the ring, and instead goes around to the time keepers table.

Ace: He's coming back for his title! He thinks he's leaving with...wait... he left the title! He came back for his silk purple ring robe!? Oh My!

Sexton puts the robe back on, and wiggle wiggle wiggles his way back up the ramp. The match continues as Duke Dibbins and Tommy Gunner are trading right hands in the ring.

Duke finally blocks one, before throwing a standing enziguri. Luke is getting up on the outside, and he slides a table into the ring. Duke wastes no time in setting it up in the corner at an angle. Duke picks up Tommy Gunner and puts him in the opposite turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Duke now, Gets behind Gunner and climbs to the second rope. From the second rope, Duke locks in the CHICKIN' WANG! He's got him locked in, and using the turnbuckle for leverage. The referee now, trying to get an answer out of Gunner. Gunner refuses!

Duke waits a few seconds before growing frustrated by a lack of tap out. He pushes off the turnbuckle, pushing Gunner forward. Duke still applying the Chickin Wang, while simultaneously running with Gunner.

Duke tucks his head behind Tommy, and uses him as a battering ram, sending him face forward through the table.

The fans explode.

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Ace: OOOOOHHHHH, His body just folded in half! The wrong way Jason! Duke pulls Gunner out of the corner, turns him over and covers him.

1....

2...

3...!

Announcer: Here is your winner and NEW UTA Hardcore Champion! DUUUUUKKKEEEE
DIBBIIIIIIINNNNNSSSSSS!!!!!!!

Blackfront: Duke has done it! He and his brother have both held the Hardcore title now! The Dibbins boys brought back the gold!

Ace: Too bad they are too stupid to realize they were opponents.

Blackfront: A win is a win Tommy!

Luke rolls back into the ring now and begins to celebrate with his brother, before the scene fades into the next segment.

Please Stop

The sound of banjos performing a horrible rendition of "Oh Christmas Tree" is heard as Season Beatings cut backstage where the holiday decor was sitting in the corner of the lounge area.

There, a massive evergreen loaded with colorful ornaments loomed over the room with a plethora of presents sitting around it.

A moment of peace passes before The Dibbins Brousin's appear, bruised but victorious, in a manner of speaking, from their hardcore title match earlier in the evening. Duke pats the belt resting on his shoulder and points to the star on top of the tree.

Duke: Lookee her, Lukey. Our herdcare tag team title belt is lookin' like one of dem stars.

Luke: Cept for one ting: tey're like forty stars in da sky and we's only got one belt. Where's mine? The brothers look around them until they both look back at the tree.

Duke: Maybe its in one of dem boxes!

Luke: Yeah! Dem Jewfish people was singing 'bout it an everthing.

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Without hesitation, the pair dive into the pile of presents. Wrapping paper starts flying as the Dibbins search desperately for their second Hardcore Title belt.

Duke: I got nothin' in dis one.

Luke: I got a hand!

Duke looks at his brother, shocked. Luke only shakes his head.

Luke: Nevamind. I done just busted through the bottom of da box.

It was in this position that El Trébol appears, on his way to the ring for his match with Sean Jackson. He looks at Duke, then Luke. Then he shakes his head.

El Trébol: I can't leave you two alone at all, can I? Duke gestures to the boxes left unopened around him.

Duke: We's just lookin for the second herdcare tag team belt, Elk. Luke holds his box up as well, hand still stuck in the bottom of it.

Luke: And dem returd tag team belts, too! We's need more stars in our solar sister. How does one reply to a comment like that? By shaking one's head more, of course.

El Trébol: Just focus, alright. After we beat Santa Claus on After Hours this Thursday night, you'll have your tag team titles. Can you just, I don't know, stay out of trouble until then?

The Dibbins Boy nods.

Duke: You gotit, boss!

El Trébol: Thanks. Now, can you clean this mess up. I have a match to go fight.

The masked man makes his exit with the brothers share a glance at one another, before starting to chuck the presents at each other's heads. The scene fades out before this exchange could get any more heated.

Blackfront: Coming up next folks, is a very interesting match indeed.

Ace: It's going to be a massacre Jason!

The slow intro to "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya" begins to play over the PA system as the anticipation is built until those very words are spoken.

Blackfront: Here comes one of the new fan favorites in the UTA!

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Ace: As well as acting GM of After Hours!

Green and Black pyros fire off up and down the stage as El Trébol Jr bursts out from the back into the ramp.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, Hailing from Boston, Massachusetts.

As the music intensifies, the mini luchador practically runs down the ramp before leaping into a slide under the bottom rope.

Announcer: Standing four foot seven inches. weighing one hundred and twenty pounds! Rolling forward to his feet, Trébol clammers onto the nearest turnbuckle, throwing his little arms high into the air!

Announcer: EIIIIII Trebol Junior!

Rocking out to the song for a few moments before it finally dies away. Then, dropping to the mat, he moves over into his corner to await the start of the match.

v/o: Chicago, Can you feel it coming in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen as you can see letters slowly fade in, forming Mr. Ace In The Hole and Dynasty.

I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord

Blackfront: Here he comes Tommy!

Ace: YES!

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson, Marshall Owens and Vanessa step out onto the stage with two scantily dressed women holding baskets. Sean is the look of pure intensity while Marshall has a smile on his face and Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop.

Ace: WOW! Sean Jackson has a host of lovely ladies tonight!

Blackfront: The man breathes success, but has he underestimated his opponent here tonight?

Can you feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord, oh lord.

As he stands there stoic, soaking in every moment of being in the Tokyo Dome for the first time, Sean motions towards the ring.

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Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas.

Vanessa is dressed in a white skin tight dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in a white shirt with the words *Mr. Ace In The Hole* embroidered on the front with an arrow pointing up, while on the back of the shirt is a large Ace of Spades playing card. He is also wearing black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other.

As they begin to make their way towards the ringside area, the two women begin dropping one hundred dollar bills on the floor for Sean Jackson to step on.

Announcer: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

Before entering the ring, Sean passes a glance towards the announce table before finally stepping in. Once he does, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he takes to one of the turnbuckles

and immediately begins to pull his shirt outward, reminding everyone he is Mr. Ace In The Hole. After a few moments, the lights return to the arena and Sean hops down from the turnbuckle, preparing for his match to begin.

Announcer: Representing the great state of Texas, he IS Mr. Ace In The Hole, he is the former UTA World Champion "The Mental Rapist" Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: El trebol jr. has a huge obstacle in his way tonight as he and Sean Jackson lock up. Ace: I wouldn't want to be Trebol right now. Sean Jackson must be fuming, coming off that loss to Zhalia Fears last week.

Blackfront: The two lock up, Jackson taking control early, he whips the Boston native into the ropes.

As the smaller superstar returns, he slides underneath the legs of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Woah! Trebol slides! . He gets up as Jackson turns around.

Blackfront: Leaping now! Grabbing the head of Sean Jackson.

El Trebol attempts to fall back for a DDT, but Jackson just shoves him off and down to the mat.

Blackfront: DDT attempt doesn't pay off.

Ace: Sean Jackson didn't get where he is today by being easily taken down.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now stomping away at the trainer of the Dibbins boys!.

He bends down and grabs Trebol, pulling violently to his feet. Vanessa watches on from the outside in

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approval.

Blackfront: Jackson directing him to the corner. He sends his head into that top turnbuckle with force.

Ace: He can barely reach the top turnbuckle!

As El Trebol's head bounces off of the top turnbuckle, Jackson turns him around, propping him up in the corner.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now holding onto the top ropes while placing his foot into the throat of his opponent.

The referee starts counting.

Ace: Sean Jackson wants to do as much damage as he can. He has a point to prove. Last Wrestleshow was a fluke!

Blackfront: Jackson releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of El Trebol Jr. .

Ace: I'm sure Trebol chest is hot after that one, if he wasn't wearing this green body suit!

Blackfront: Jackson now using that foot across the throat to choke him again.

Ace: He's resourceful.

Blackfront: Jackson releases the choke again. Another huge knife edge chop.

Sean Jackson grabs the left arm of Trebol and pushes him hard into the corner before yanking back.

Blackfront: Irish whip across the ring, Jackson follows him!

El Trebol Jr. leaps at the last moment, lands on the ropes, and pushes back, twisting in the air.

Blackfront: Trebol! With a kick into the face of Sean Jackson!

The fans cheer as Jackson hits the mat. Trebol lays face down on the mat himself, breathing heavily.

Blackfront: That may not be enough to give him the advantage he needs to come back.

Ace: Maybe not, but he is wisely resting, conserving what energy he has left.

Jackson shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. His opponent uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

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Blackfront: Jackson rushes in now!.

Trebol pulls down the top rope. However, he fails to realize that Jackson was able to hold on, catching his balance.

Blackfront: El Trebol Jr thinks he has tossed Sean Jackson out of the ring.

Ace: Sean Jackson has been doing this too long, to let that happen! Remember All or Nothing Jason?

Trebol turns as Sean Jackson grabs him. Jackson throws a few forearms before setting Trebol up for a suplex.

Blackfront: He lifts! Is he going to suplex him to the outside?

Jackson holds El Trebol straight up in the air. Instead of suplexing him outside the ring, Jackson literally tosses trebol back into the ring onto his stomach!

Ace: That was amazing!

Jackson enters the ring and goes for the cover. 1...

2...

Blackfront: Trebol Jr able to somehow kick out at two!

Ace: This guy doesn't know when to quit! He's facing a former two time World Champion!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson getting up, his opponent in hand.

Ace: You've got to think that right now Sean is not happy and Trebol is going to feel that here. Blackfront: Sean Jackson whips him into the corner again. He runs... leaps.. **TREBOL MOVES! TREBOL MOVES!**

Sean Jackson crashes shoulder first, hard into the corner post. As he steps back, holding his shoulder in pain, Trebol holds onto the top rope, using it to keep himself up as he walks to the corner.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson could be hurt, the referee checking on him.

Ace: He needs to be paying attention. What is he doing!?

Blackfront: A worn out and battered El Trebol climbing the turnbuckle.

He reaches the top and the cameras flash as he stands. Sean Jackson stands facing away from Trebol. Trebol hops onto his shoulders.

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Blackfront: AL VER VERDE! El Trebol jr. just hit his finishing move!

Ace: NOOO!!!

Blackfront: Trebol goes for the cover!

Ace: Noooo!

Marshall Owen hightails it for the side of the ring that Jackson is on.

Ace: Keep your eyes on Owens! 1...

Owens puts Jacksons foot on the ropes and smiles confidently. 2...

Ace: His foot is on the ropes! Stop!!!!

At the same time Owens realizes the referee doesn't see the foot and looks panicked. 3...

Ace: WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED!?!?!?

The entire arena explodes into cheers!

Announcer: Your winner of this match EIIII TreboIIII JUNIORRRRRRR!!!!!!.

Ace: NO NO NO NO NO! THIS CANNOT BE HAPPENING!

El Trebol's music is cut short just seconds in, when a very angry Sean Jackson violently attacks him. Jackson rains down the boots on Trebol.

Blackfront: Oh come on! Is this necessary!?

The referee tries to stop Jackson, Sean turns his attention to the ref, who high tails it out of the ring to avoid being the next person on Sean Jackson's list.

Jackson goes back to Trebol. Marshall Owens is on the apron, instructing Jackson to take him out.

Blackfront: Don't do it Sean!

Ace: Revenge!!!!

Sean puts his boot into the back of the knee of El Trebol Jr. Slowly Trebol falls to his knees. Jackson motions his thumb across his neck, but just then there is a commotion on the entrance ramp.

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Blackfront: IT'S THE DIBBINS! DUKE AND LUKE ARE OUT HERE!

Sean Jackson looks up the ramp and sees the inbred tag team rushing the ring. He smiles, and slowly drops to the mat, and rolls out just as they hit the ring.

Duke sports his Hardcore Title.

Jackson is handed his briefcase, which he holds up in the air, as his own theme music plays. Duke checks on El Trebol Jr. While Luke keeps an eye on Jackson. Jackson walks up the ramp

as the Dibbins are getting Trebol to his feet, with the fans clapping loudly.

Blackfront: Well El Trebol jr with the win here tonight, but Sean Jackson got his point across. Ace: And if these backwood bozo's didn't run out here he would have gotten a lot more across! The scene fades out.

Eruption

The camera switches away from the ring, back to the Victory Three. This time, however, they're not walking and talking: they're huddled before a textbook UTA backdrop, and Jamie Sawyers is the one spitting verbals.

Sawyers: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am joined at this time by none other than Will Haynes, Jeff Andrews and Cayle Murray.

None of their acknowledgements are verbal: all are either nodded or implied. The UTA's chief interviewer continues.

Sawyers: Gents, I'm sorry, but I have to start with the obvious. You guys are Victory roster members, and while Season's Beatings is technically a supershow, it's still a Wrestleshow- branded broadcast. What is your business here tonight?

It's Cayle who takes the lead.

Murray: We don't feel like we need to go over what happened on Victory last week. If you didn't tune-in and see it yourself, you've probably heard about it by now...

He turns his focus away from the camera, and back to Jamie.

Murray: But we're not out here for revenge.

All three men shake their heads. Mouthing the word, "no."

Murray: We're here to make sure no one else gets screwed tonight. We're not gonna cost Colton Thorpe the Wildfire Championship, or run-in and give Dane the same treatment we received last week.

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The three of us, we are a barricade: the last bastion standing between The Pantheon and complete domination. If they keep their hands in their pockets, so will we... but if they so much as think about ruining the main event, or any other match, we'll be right there to stop 'em.

Sawyers: Sounds like a noble cause indeed.

Now the THRILLmaker steps forward, Sawyers prompting the microphone to his mouth. Haynes: The way that Eric Dane has been runnin' 'round this place the last couple a' months, actin' like he owns the joint. Well, it's startin' t' rub me the wrong way. I'm tired of it. N' I bet I KNOW I ain't alone.

The West Virginian and the Scot nod their heads in solidarity.

Haynes: This week Eric Dane talked a lot about what people remember n' forget in your career. He pointed t' the beat down of Sanctus as the start a' his ascent t' the top. But we all know the real genesis a' the Eric Dane we see today.

Sawyers: And what would that be, Will?

Will shrugs his shoulders, the answer is very simple. Haynes: His loss in the Ring King tournament, t' me. "You're still droning on about that?"

Enter the World Champion in all of his glory, his eyes rolling in his head. Madman, the Beautiful Bobby Dean, and the Wildfire Champion, Colton Thorpe all are in tow. The Pantheon crowd into the interview area en masse and the air tenses immediately.

Szalinski: And just how in the hell are you three gonna stop us?

Dane: I believe what my colleague means to say is, you three and what army? Jamie Sawyers knows better than to stick around as soon as things get tense.

Andrews: We don't need an army, we just need you to come at us from the front for once instead of like the back-jumping sons-of-b(retracted)tches that you are!

Madman and Thorpe take a step in. Bobby Dean takes a step over to put himself between the

World Champion and any possible harm. Eric Dane simply grins his sarcastic smirk.

Dane: Well then, Jeffman... I'm your Huckleberry-

Before he can get the word all the way out Jeff Andrews still-bruised face collects a powerful left cross from the Wildfire champion and the fight is on!

Blackfront: Oh my goodness!

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The eruption's swift as it is predictable. The Pantheon leap on their prey as one: Colt and Jeff, Madman and Murray, BBD and Haynes.

Thorpe hammers away at Andrews with a flurry of punches, delivering a hard kick to the knee. As Andrews drops down - BOOM! - the Thorpedo impales Jeff.

Madman and Murray tangle, each exchanging blows. In the chaos, Cayle catches Madman flush with a forearm, staggering the masked man before Dane intervenes, blasting the Scot with a right hand!

Ace: This thing's exploding, Jason!

Will Haynes is scrapping and taking hard hits from the slimmed-down-but-still-heaving Bobby Dean, who has Haynes down to his knees and delivers a firm left cross. Jeff, meanwhile, still trades with Thorpe.

Blackfront: Somebody needs to get a handle on this situation!

Ace: Yeah, we wouldn't want it to get out of hand.

Blackfront: WHAT DO YOU CALL WHAT IT IS NOW?

The World Champion picks his shots, all the while barking orders to his Pantheon. The Victory 3 aren't giving any ground though, and just as Eric Dane is lining up a knock out blow with the World Title belt security floods the area, followed by an irate Michael Lorenzo. Dane backs away, not allowing hands to be put on him, meanwhile the other six men are pried apart with great effort and more than one lump on more than one head.

Blackfront: Thank goodness for Michael Lorenzo!

Ace: In the absence of Farthington, Lorenzo arrives to break-up the fun.

Lorenzo: That's enough!

The Boss flails his arms out wildly.

Lorenzo: I knew -- just KNEW -- that something like this would happen tonight! I'm sick and GODDAMN tired of dealing with these problems! This isn't even supposed to be your show, but you're still giving me headaches!

Teeth gritted, head shaking... the main in charge isn't playing. Lorenzo: I know you're gonna get involved in the main event... He points to the bad guys.

Lorenzo: ... and I know you're going to be drawn-out by that... And then the white hats.

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Lorenzo: ... and frankly, whatever happens, I'm the one tasked with explaining this mess to the board of directors! So before you ruin another show, and before you leave me with another mess to deal with, I'm banning each and every one of you from ringside tonight. NO EXCEPTIONS!

Groans and other voices of protest immediately fill the room.

Lorenzo: I mean it! Anybody touches anybody who isn't officially and legally involved in an advertised match on this card will be thrown out of the building and FIRED with no severance! PLEASE TRY ME ON THIS!

Lorenzo glares at Dane. The Only Star smiles.

Dane: Come on boys...

He and his Pantheon begin padding backward from whence they came.

Dane: It's too crowded in here to get any business done anyway.

Haynes: Eric. Dane turns.

Haynes: Good luck tonight. I wanna be the one to take that thing off of you.

Andrews: This ain't over!

Thorpe: Shutup, baldy! I'll shove this belt down your-

Dane: COLTON!

The Wildfire champion sneers. Madman snickers behind his mask and Bobby Dean laughs heartily. Jeff Andrews is left steaming in his own vitriol with Cayle Murray and Will Haynes trying to talk him down from continuing the fight anyway.

Blackfront: Can you believe it, Tommy?! Everyone is banned from ringside when Dane faces Perfection tonight! Not just The Pantheon!

Ace: Yes, Jason, I can believe it... especially with a meddling fool like Lorenzo going around.

Coming up

Ace: We have three championship matches left, with Eric Dane defending the UTA World Championship against Perfection in our Mainevent, and CBR defends his Legacy Championship against Zhalia Fears. Up next the Wildfire Championship will be put on the line when Colton Thorpe thorpedo's Scott Stevens to the back of the line.

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Blackfront: If our previous defenses are telling, tonight is not a good night for our champions. We have a new Prodigy Champion in Kendrix, and the new Hardcore Champion is-

Ace: A Dibbins. Great god, is there no justice in this world? On top of it all a circus attraction defeated Sean Jackson just moments ago! that official is getting a Christmas firing by Mr.

Lorenzo!

Blackfront: A huge upset there. Do you think that Chicago's own frequent attraction, Scott Stevens, can capture the Wildfire title, Tommy?

Ace: No. If a epic showdown between Cayle Murray and Colton Thorpe didn't see Murray as a new champion, I don't see how Scott can have any better luck tonight. He also has the Pantheon to contend with as well after all.

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area. The video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The crowd reaction is mixed, but there are more cheers than boos, as the opening guitar riffs and "Hellraiser" by Motorhead begins to play throughout the PA system.

Blackfont: You may be right, Tommy. And it looks like we will not have to wait long as that match is happening right now.

Ace: Smart money would be to turn around and walk back to the other arena.

The cheers intensify as the chorus hits the speakers, drawing out the man from Texas. Announcer: Introducing at this time, coming to us from the Great State of Texas, by way of Houston, Texas.

Walking down the aisle, he fists bumps some of his fans while raising a fist at a few of the more vocal bashers.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, six inches, and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-six pounds...

As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle and looks out at the crowd.

Announcer: This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

Not even letting his music come to an end, "Monster" by Skillet begins to play over the arenas sound system as the UTA fans immediately begin with the boos and jeers. As the instrumental beginning merges into the opening lyrics, Colton Thorpe backs out from the curtain with his head slightly cocked. He slowly turns, facing the audience with an unimpressed expression.

Ace: The Champion is here! He is just one Thorpedo away from securing yet another successful defense.

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Blackfront: Colton Thorpe has proven his worth as a champion but tonight he faces a man that came out of Alcatraz with a Championship of his own.

Ace: Right city, Wrong promotion. Hope they enjoy that viewer boost, Jason. Announcer: Introducing his opponent, hailing from Cleveland, Ohio...

Thorpe saunters down the entrance ramp, looking out into the mass of people as the red and white strobe lighting lights the rampway. His appearance is disheveled: Hair is unkempt, soaked with water dripping down his face. Sporting a black jacket which has the left sleeve torn off, the initials "CT" appear to be spray painted onto the left breast pocket. His walk is slower, and is

constantly adjusting his neck and rolling his shoulders.

Announcer: Standing at 6'3" and weighing in at 228 lbs...

Thorpe walks around towards the left side of the ring with a lack of acknowledgement for the ringside fans. What a few weeks ago was near silence for the newcomer has quickly evolved into a healthy hate from the fans in attendance. He climbs up the onto the apron, taking off his jacket before tossing it onto the floor outside the ring.

Announcer: He is the Wildfire Champion, COLTON THORPE!

Hearing his name brings the slightest of a smirk to his face, but very little emotion is shown. He splits the ropes into the ring and begins to pace back and forth, throwing phantom punches as a type of pre fight/match routine. He adjusts to the center of the ring bouncing up and down, shifting his weight from left to right. Cocking his head to see Stevens with an icy glare, then gestures across his throat.

Ding ding ding!

The bell rings and both men begin to circle on the outer part of the ring. Stevens throwing his arms in an effort to keep them lose, as Thorpe keeps his eyes trained straight ahead at his target. Blackfront: Ladies and Gentlemen we've got a good one here for you tonight as Colton Thorpe defends his Wildfire Title against Scott Stevens. Stevens, no stranger to Chicago, of course. And this crowd sounds like they are behind him a hundred and ten percent.

Ace: I'm not going to lie, Jason, I don't think it's necessarily that the crowd is behind Stevens. I think they are AGAINST Colton Thorpe.

Blackfront: I'm not going to sugarcoat it, that could be entirely possible. Colton Thorpe has done himself no favors here in the UTA, becoming one of the most hated individuals this year, Tommy. Ace: Jealousy. Their jealous of his haircut, jealous of his success. People want to be Colton Thorpe, it's that simple.

The two men come together, briefly entering into a lock up before Stevens wildly swings an elbow and

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catches Thorpe in the side of the head.

Blackfront: You think people want to be Colton Thorpe now? Looked like that elbow to the head hurt.

Ace: Occupational hazard, partner. We've all got them. Some more than others.

In the ring, the two men circle again. They lunge forward, Stevens with an attempt at a clothesline. Thorpe able to duck under and quickly grasp the shoulder and arm.

Ace: Thorpe bringing over Stevens quickly here with an Arm Drag.

Thorpe pivots on his knee quickly, pushing to his feet. Stevens to his feet as well but a half second too late. Thorpe pushes Stevens back into the ropes and sends him across for the ride. Blackfront: Stevens sent across here.

Thorpe leaps into the air connecting with a front dropkick that catches Stevens in the chest. Stevens falls, his back colliding on the mat.

Ace: Thorpe with a nice looking dropkick there, he's taking the fight right to Stevens here, in defense of his crown.

Thorpe is instantly on top of Stevens pulling the fan favorite to his feet. Thorpe lines it up and delivers a staggered hard right hand that forces the Texan back on his feet. Stevens, being a brawler himself, absorbs the hit, steadying himself on his feet.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens took all of that one.

Ace: Just ate it. He's dazed though. Look at that face.

Stevens turns and out of sheer will and in ring experience throws his own punch. Thorpe just smiles at getting hit in the face and brings another hard punch. Stevens eats that one and delivers his own.

Blackfront: Stevens trading blows with Thorpe here.

Ace: Does he have a death wish? This was already the impossible task, but now to throw down - fist n' cuffs with Thorpe. Not smart.

Stevens gains a full head of steam and now the fists come almost too fast, too furiously.

Blackfront: Both men firing away here, the fans reaching a fever pitch.

Ace: Colton Thorpe firing away, pushing Stevens towards the corner. The Wildfire Champ is gaining the edge.

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Stevens has his back in the corner, Thorpe is hard with the Irish Whip sending Stevens into the other corner. Thorpe runs in and clobbers the HOW star with a Forearm to the side of the head. Stevens stumbles out, dazed.

Ace: Thorpe lifts Stevens in the air.

Thorpe lifts Stevens from behind but leans forward while he sits out sending Stevens FACE FIRST onto the mat.

Blackfront: What in the world was that!?

Ace: Colton Thorpe with a great move there. He rolls Stevens over, pulling the legs back. Official slides in.

ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Blackfront: And no! Stevens still alive here, after muscling out.

Ace: Colton Thorpe just an inch away from retaining his Wildfire Title right there. That was close. Thorpe is up, he's in the ref's face, arguing the count. The official shakes his head assuring him that he was on top of it. Thorpe looks back at Stevens who's pushing up to a knee.

Blackfront: Thorpe driving the tip of his elbow right into Stevens' shoulder. And that's gotta hurt. Ace: Maybe Stevens had too much time away. Maybe he's got too much on his plate. I mean that could've been the reason why at International Affair he failed to capture the shot at the WORLD TITLE.

Blackfront: Regardless he earned himself a shot at A title in the UTA. More than a lot of the folks in the back can say.

Thorpe stands over the fallen Stevens briefly, throwing both his arms to the side. The fans letting him have it a bit. He smirks and pulls Stevens to his feet. Thorpe pushes Stevens back into the ropes, Stevens reverses the hold, sends Thorpe over. Thorpe off the far side, Stevens swings with a clothesline, Colton underneath of it and quickly wraps Stevens around the neck and yanks him down to the ground with a quick DDT. Stevens landing hard on his neck.

Ace: What a DDT!!

Thorpe presses into a cover again. ONE...

TWO...

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Blackfront: Stevens gets his shoulder up and the dream is still alive here. Thorpe breaking out the big guns and so far they aren't working.

Ace: Listen, if Colton Thorpe was breaking out the big guns Scott Stevens would be headed to the retirement home, alright?

Back in the ring, Thorpe is shaking his head, unable to believe his luck. He reaches down guiding Stevens to his feet. Thorpe then delivers a hard kick right to the bulky brace on Stevens' knee.

Stevens drops to a knee in obvious pain.

Ace: Having a knee brace like that is a clear target to an opponent and Thorpe will certainly take advantage.

The crowd reacts to the kick with a chorus of boos as Thorpe motions for Stevens to get to his feet. Before Stevens can even think about doing that Thorpe drops another elbow strike right into his face, sending the hard hitting Texan slumping.

Ace: Thorpe will not stop. He's determined to keep his Wildfire Championship firmly around his waist.

Blackfront: Certainly seems it, but Scott Stevens is determined to rip that Wildfire Championship right out of Thorpe's hands, in doing so wiping that stupid smirk right off his face.

With Stevens slumped into the ring corner, Thorpe takes a few steps back. He lets out a roar and charges in with his head down.

Ace: Here comes Thorpe with a full head of steam.

Blackfront: Stevens turns the shoulder, Thorpe gets caught.

Sure enough the shoulder block from Stevens was enough to daze Thorpe. Stevens has only a quick window to act. Stevens pushes against the ropes, he comes off and delivers Thorpe to the ground with a Facebuster.

Blackfront: Stevens going to work on that mug of Colton Thorpe.

Stevens sends a hard boot to Thorpe's upper chest, before dropping a leg over his throat. Immediately Colton's hands come up to his neck as he struggles to catch his breath.

Ace: Colton Thorpe can't breath. Come on ref, get Stevens out of here.

Stevens stands Thorpe on his feet, delivering a hard chop that backs up the Wildfire Champion. Stevens pushes in, pulling Thorpe's arm, and wiping him across the ropes. Thorpe comes off the side as Stevens leans into a lariat, leveling him. Thorpe rolls quickly to his feet and charges Stevens.

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Ace: No quit in Colton.

Stevens ducks a clothesline, spins Thorpe around and brings him down with a hard DDT, bouncing Thorpe's neck onto the mat.

Blackfront: Again Stevens working over that neck, that's gotta hurt. Thorpe is in a world of pain right now, Tommy.

Ace: Don't count him out though, Jason. Colton Thorpe has recovered from worse than this, I can assure you.

Thorpe pulls himself up using the middle rope as Stevens charges in. Thorpe drops his shoulder, sending the HOW superstar, up and over the top rope. Stevens, using the vet savy, is able to stablize himself on the mat and he delivers a shot to Colton's head with a short little forearm.

Blackfront: Good move from Thorpe but Stevens manages to keep his feet. He fires away with another short forearm, but look at this!

Thorpe fires back with one of his own. Stevens lunges backwards, using a hand to grab the rope, preventing his fall to the outside. Thorpe brings down an elbow on one of the arms, breaking it's hold.

Ace: Thorpe breaking that hold.

Thorpe's face brightens, as a light bulb goes off. Thorpe steps back and takes towards the near turnbuckle at full blast, he leaps off towards the outside where he locks his arm around Stevens' neck and brings him down to the arena floor with a Tornado DDT!

Ace: THORPE THROUGH THE AIR! WOW WHAT A MOVE! Both men down!

Blackfront: Colton Thorpe throwing caution to the wind right there as he took the fight right to Scott Stevens. Both men down sucking wind. What's going to happen in this one, sportsfans? The referee is to the ropes starting his tradtional ten count.

ONE...

Blackfront: Whomever is to their feet first here will be at a huge advantage. Colton Thorpe didn't get off easy with that one, putting his body on the line here tonight as he defends his Wildfire Title. This is what UTA is all about, right here.

TWO... THREE..

Ace: Jason, you're right. Colton Thorpe is exactly what UTA is all about. I'm glad you're finally seeing the light.

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FOUR...

FIVE...

SIX...

Outside the ring, Thorpe pushes to one knee, the count continues to climb. Stevens is staggering to a knee as well, but that doesn't stop Thorpe from charging him. Stevens in desperation throws his shoulder forward, catching Thorpe low. Stevens quickly wraps his arms around Colton's torso and drives him to the ring floor with nothing more than a school yard football tackle.

Blackfront: Stevens with a pure football tackle there. The Bears might look into signing him. Stevens picks up Thorpe and rolls him into the ring, under the bottom rope. He moves gingerly, bringing a hand to his back in pain. Opting to take the stairs, rather than slide in after Thorpe. Ace: Looks like that DDT from the top really did the job. Stevens in obvious pain here.

Blackfront: Well let's see if he can work through it. Scott Stevens with a chance here to become

Wildfire Champion. But not being on top of Thorpe was costly. The Champ is to his feet as Stevens climbs into the ring.

Stevens and Thrope surge together, Thorpe throws a clothesline that Stevens is able to duck under. Stevens runs his forearm into the throat of Thorpe, holding him in a facelock, quickly the Scorpion throws his own feet backwards driving the back of Colton's head hard onto the mat. Blackfront: SCOPRION DEATH DROP! Stevens! Could be a new champion!

The fans rise, the official slides in. His hand comes down. ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Ace: NO! THORPE IS STILL ALIVE!

Blackfronts: Fans groaning here in Chicago as they thought that we just had a new champion. Heartbreak City. The Lonsome Loser so close there.

Stevens is to his feet, his hands on the side of the head wondering what more he has to do. Thorpe is up now too, heavily dazed. Stevens steps forward to meet the champion, a few jabs back Thorpe into the corner and Stevens steps in and sends him across to the other side.

Ace: Thorpe hard into the corner and he's sent slumping. I hope the Champ can recover here, Stevens is gaining bit of an upper hand.

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Blackfront: Stevens is feeling the love from this crowd. I mean he's wrestled in Chicago for years!

With Thorpe slumping Stevens explodes out of the corner, driving his bulky knee brace into the side of the champion's head.

Ace: WHOA! That move is trademarked!

Blackfront: By who?

Ace: Our World Champion. Show some damn respect!

Blackfront: Ace, all's fair in love and war and tonight, this match, has been just that. A war. Stevens pins.

ONE.. TWO...

Ace: Thorpe able to power out and Stevens can't believe it. I almost feel bad for this guy. He's been taking it to Thorpe and Colton just won't quit.

Stevens pushes Thorpe into the ropes and sends him over with an Irish Whip. Thorpe reverses the Irish Whip and charges Stevens. As Stevens rebounds off the ropes Thorpe catches him with a Crossbody Block low that sends Scott to the mat.

Ace: Thorpe showing some fight here.

Stevens quickly rolls to a knee and charges again, leaning forward with a Lariat. Thorpe ducks underneath and spins Stevens around gripping him around the neck, throwing his legs back and dring Scott down to the ring with a Snap DDT, catching his neck.

Ace: Don't say I didn't, say I didn't warn ya.

Blackfront: Relax Taylor.

Stevens is up holding his neck. Thorpe pushes him back into the ropes and sends him over, Irish Whip is reversed, Thorpe off the side, Stevens stopped, Thorpe goes to throw the superkick.

Blackfront: Stevens with it well scouted there, and grabs Thorpe's leg and spins him around. Looking for the Stinger here is the Scorpion.

Before Scott Stevens can get a good grip on Colton Thorpe, Thorpe steps to the side. As Strevens turns to face the champ, Colton throws a low kick catching Stevens in the knee, which Colton had worked over early. Instantly Stevens stumbles to a knee, even before he began to stumble the kick was coming. Thorpe connects with a Superkick that kicks Stevens' lights out. Scott crumbles to the mat.

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Ace: THORPEDO! THORPEDO!

Stevens ducks back, waits as Thorpe turns back around and catches him with the Toxic Sting!

Blackfront: Stevens with the pin, this could be all over!

One. Two.

Three!

DING DING DING!

Ace: Nooooooooooooo!!!

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen here is your winner, and NEW Wildfire Champion, Scott Stevens!!

While Tommy Ace wallows Scott Stevens is awarded the Wildfire Championship and thrusts it up in the air.

Blackfront: Tonight continues to be a bad night for our defending champions. Congrats to Scott Stevens as our new Wildfire Champion.

With Scott celebrating in the ring the show fades out to a commercial break.

Brought to You By

Who is it?

The camera scans around the sold out crowd at the United Center in Chicago. The fans hold up their signs. One reads "I'm an Ungreatful". Another shouts "Perfect since Day One!" One states "We still love David Hightower" and another offers the advice "The Bobby Dean diet worked for me!"

Blackfront: Welcome back, we are here live at the sold out United Center here in Chicago where it has been a wild night here for Season's Beatings so far, and we have a new Wildfire Champion, in Scott Stevens. Could we see a new Legacy Champion as well tonight?

Ace: And still to come tonight, my hero and yours Perfection will make history when he becomes three time UTA World Champion by beating the flash in the pan, Eric Dane.

Blackfront: I don't think you can call Eric a flash in the pan. It only matters if you get it done in the ring and he got it done at International Affair vs La Flama Blanca. He is the World Champion and leader of the most dangerous faction in the UTA today with The Pantheon.

Ace: They're not Dynasty.

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Blackfront: Give it a rest will you? Dynasty has fallen apart at the seams. La Flama Blanca hasn't been seen or heard from since International Affair, Sean Jackson left the group, and the rest of the group has imploded and is now infighting.

Ace sounding like a used car salesman: It's a minor setback. Marshall Owens has told me that everything is well in hand and Dynasty will be back together soon.

Blackfront who seriously can't believe what Ace just said: Ok... Still to come.

Blackfront is interrupted as Gold Medal by Tha Tradmarc plays throughout the arena. The fans come to their feet as the lights dim, we see an outline of a man in a hoodie rise from the floor, he throws off the hood to reveal that he's the UTA Hall of Famer Ron Hall. The crowd cheers as Ron walks down to the ring.

Ace: Talk about setbacks. What is he doing here?

Blackfront: From what he said two weeks ago, Ron is here to address these mystery assailants he's been dealing with non stop since our International Affair tour began three months ago.

Ace: He brought this all on himself, all he had to do was let James Wingate retire him like he should have but instead, he had to play the hero, he had to do what he thought was right.

Blackfront: You mean what he knows is right? Saving the UTA from a boss that has become drunk on his own power?

Ace: That's your opinion. James was doing...

Blackfront: If you say "What was best for business" I'm going to throw up.

Ron, dressed in a Grey hoodie that reads "Property of UTA Wrestling EST 1998" and jeans, takes the mic in the middle of the ring. He looks around for a moment and soaks it all in. He raises the mic to his mouth, after a moment, he gathers his thoughts and starts to speak.

Ron with a bit of reflection in his voice: It's been one year since I returned to the UTA. Fans cheer loudly.

Ace: Which has been one year too many for me.

Ron: One year ago, I was asked to keep law and order in the most dangerous match in wrestling history between two of the best in UTA history.

Fans cheer remembering the Shock Therapy match between former World Champion Sean Jackson and UTA Hall of Famer The Spectre.

Ron somberly: Now tonight, I stand here in this ring, a marked man.

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Ace: Yeah, how does he always seem to be in the ring when he talks?

Blackfront: Ownership has it's privileges? He is minority owner of this company or did you forget about that too?

Hall: Someone... Someone has been wanting my attention since Ring King in August. Someone who apparently has too much time, too much money and not enough sense has been trying to get my attention since I ran Matthew back to his office in Orlando!

Fans cheer

Ron's voice picks up as he continues: Now for the past three months, three long months, I've been looking over my shoulder, and living with my head on a swivel. Looks into the camera and his voice grows cold and stern, Tonight, that all ends. Whoever you are, get your ass out here and face me man to man!

The fans roar as Ron turns and faces the entrance way as everyone seems to be awaiting the arrival of whoever this mystery assailant may be.

Ace who seems genuinely confused at what's going on: Who do you think it is Jason? Blackfront: I don't have a clue but it looks like Ron has his suspicions of who it might be. Ace: Suspicions?! It sounds and looks like he has his mind made up as to who it is.

The most painful rap music you've ever heard begins to play over the P.A. The fans boo just at the sheer noise pollution that's been set loose in the arena.

Blackfront: What kind of noise is this?!

Ace: I would call it music but I've heard tortured screams that sounded better than this. Out walks to a thunderous chorus of boos...

Ace: No way... It can't be.

Blackfront: This isn't right, he, she it?! was fired weren't they? It's it.. It's Ashley?!

Ashley walks out to the ring, dressed in his wanna be hardcore gangsta get up. He looks like a reject from a bad 1990's rap video. He flashes a few signs that have no meaning or are forgotten footnotes of history as he walks up the steps. He slowly and nervously gathers his composure and steps into the ring to face the Hall of Famer.

Ashley, in a high pitched, very whiny and nasally tone takes a mic and begins to speak, all the while looking like he's going to wet himself.

Ashley: Hardcore Old School Flavor in the house!

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Fans boo unmercifully.

Ashley: I am here tonight.... I am here tonight...

Ron has a less than amused look on his face, he'd seriously just like to slap this guy.

Blackfront: This is not going to end well.

Ashley: To get my job back! The UTA needs a Original Hardcore Gangsta in it's ranks! I am here to get my job back because you...

Slowly points at Ron and almost seems to have to be reminded what he's doing here.

Ashley: Are going to do what my employer has asked and retire! Right now!

Ron has face palmed himself trying to resist the urge of what he wants to do. He gathers himself and takes a moment.

Hall: Listen. I don't care who's paying you, I don't care what you've been promised or how much they lied to you and told you that you have talent. Do me a favor, get a clue and take a walk NOW.

Ashley suddenly feeling brave, jumps in Ron's face.

Ashley: I will not be bullied! You are all bullies and...

THUD, a hard left hand floors Ashley. The fans cheer loudly.

Ace: Ashley's career is about to be vaporized in front of all of us right here in Chicago.

Ron picks up Ashley and tosses him like a sack of garbage with an overhead belly to belly suplex.

Blackfront: Sometimes, when you get put up to a dumb idea, you just don't need to go through with it. This is one of those times.

Ron picks Ashley up again and throws him with a release German suplex. He walks over and kicks Ashley like he's checking fresh roadkill. He calmly kneels on top of the Hardcore Gangsta and begins to pummel him unmercifully with rights and lefts.

Ace: I would plan on saying something nice at your memorial Ashley but I don't think there's going to be anything left to bury.

As Ron continues to wail on the "Hardcore Original Gangsta's" unconscious body, security makes their way from the backstage area and head down the ramp towards the ring.

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Blackfront: Looks like security is here to get rid of the trash infesting our ring.

Ace: Yeah! It's about time someone does something about Ron Hall. Delusional geezer is halting the damn show!

Blackfront: I meant Ashley... Why do I bother?

Ron continues to beat on Ashley as security gets into the ring and make their way over to the Hall of Famer and begin to pry him off of Ashley. Ron begins to shout and shove some of the security for pulling him off of Ashley, but security maintains their ground as a few of them pick up the lifeless body of Ashley and throw him over the top rope and onto the concrete floor below.

Blackfront: Now that's one way of taking out the trash.

Ace: Now it's Ron's turn.

Security begins to talk with Ron about him needing to the leave the ring, but the Southern Rebel refuses security and goes over and begins to call for a microphone when one of the security guards spins Ron around and drives him face first into the canvas with a cutter.

Blackfront: The hell was that?!?!?!?!?

Ace: I don't know but it was awesome!

The security guard that took down the Hall of Famer slowly gets back up to his feet and takes off his black UTA security cap and tosses it onto the lifeless body of Ron Hall. The security guard then slowly takes off his aviator sunglasses to reveal it's Scott Stevens.

Blackfront: Stevens?!?!? What the hell is the new Wildfire Champion doing back out here?!?!?!?

Ace: I don't know and I don't care.

The crowd is in utter shock as the Texan's identity is revealed as he calls for the microphone. Stevens doesn't take his eyes off of Ron Hall as he is given a microphone by the ring announcer. Stevens pats the mic a few times to see if it's on, and a raises it to his lips to speak, but before anything comes out of Stevens' mouth, Ron Hall has begun to slowly get to all fours and Stevens is not amused. Stevens shakes his head before dropping the microphone and makes his way over to the Southern Rebel and places him between his legs and lifts him up and holds him for the world to see before spiking him into the mat with a sickening piledriver.

Blackfront: Why in the hell is Stevens doing this?!?!?!?

Ace: Maybe Stevens was a fan of Ashley's mixtape.

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Stevens gets to his feet and continues to stare down the unconscious Ron Hall as the boos begin to rain down and Stevens looks towards the crowd with a confused look on his face before his

expression turns to anger as he places him between his legs once again and lifts him into the air before running full force towards the ropes and throwing the Hall of Famer over it.

Blackfront: Why aren't these security guards doing anything?!?!?!?

Ace: Look I don't like Ron, but this is going way too far.

Stevens looks down at the prone body of Ron Hall and his cold, and distant expression doesn't leave his face as he slowly exits the ring and heads up the ramp.

Brought to You By

Every section of light in the arena suddenly shuts off with a loud sounding 'click'. Handheld phones and devices start to illuminate the arena in the darkness as two purple spotlights shine down over the ring as 'Pretty Little Psycho' by Porcelain Black starts playing.

Blackfront:. Here we go folks, the Legacy Title match is coming up next.

Ace: I don't know how to feel about this one Jason.

The purple spotlights trail down the entrance ramp up to the stage where smoke is puffing out. A LOUD screech interrupts the music for a moment just before the lyrics kick in once more but that is all the fans need to hear as the curtains burst open and Zhalia Fears shoots through the smoke to the center of the stage wearing one of her Zhalia Fears UTA shirts. With a grin she gives a single arc wave to her fans.

Franklin: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK!

She crooks her head at the ring and then makes a dash toward it while yanking her shirt up over her head. Stopping near the corner of the barricades she hands it off to a cheery young fan before walking back to the ring.

Franklin: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds... Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes looking out at the fans for a few moments. Catching sight of the camera nearest she smirks at it and says 'Keep watching Zhaliphires!'. With a smile

she then slides across the ring to the closest corner, leaning backward onto it bobbing along with the tempo

Franklin: She is... 'KIMERA'... ZHALIA FEARS!

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Zhalia continues to bob back and forth as the lyrics draw near the end and start to fade on out. The lights in the arena dim as a red strobe appears, focused on the entrance atop the stage. The opening riff of "Hail to the King" by Avenge Sevenfold begins to play, the crowd erupting into a crescendo of boos, peppered with faint cheers of a growing fan base for the former Legacy Champion of the UTA.

After four repetitions of the riff the symbol joins in, and out from the back steps Claude Baptiste Ranier, the titantron glowing with images of suplexes and submission holds by the Canadian Star, each separated with brief images of the Canadian flag as the power chords fire into the tune.

Wearing a pair of purple and white ring trunks, purple knee pads and elbow pads with white boots, he raises his arms outwards on the stage. He wears the trademark purple and white robe with 'Subjugation' written in black font on the back.

Blackfront: A new CBR, makes his debut tonight, A CBR without Dynasty!

Ace: Don't say it again!

As the verse kicks in, Claude looks over the fans, a pair of purple tinted sunglasses over his face. Ranier has his blonde mane of hair falling by his shoulders and starts to make his way down the ramp, the music hitting into its starting lyrics. CBR edges forward towards the ring slowly, ignoring outstretched hands of fans, focused on the squared circle.

Franklin: Hailing from Montreal, Canada

Ranier is distracted by one fan's abuse, his smile turning to a frown straight into the eyes of an overweight male in the front row shouting and pointing at the Canadian Star. Ranier feigns a slap to the fan, but then smirks and continues walking to the ring.

Franklin: Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds... CBR walks up to the ring steps looking over the fans again momentarily as he pauses. He walks slowly up the steps to the apron, stepping carefully through the ropes and into the ring. Ranier walks purposefully around a circuit of the squared circle, the smile curled back once more onto his face. Stopping at one of the corners of the ring, Claude takes off his robe and sunglasses, placing them into the corner. He climbs the turnbuckle, raising his arms and flexing for everyone to see as the chorus starts.

"Hail to the King, Hail to the one; Kneel to the crown, Stand in the sun."

Franklin: The current UTA Legacy Champion...the Canadian Star...CBR!!

Holding his arms aloft, Ranier takes in the boos, closing his eyes and savouring the moment. He lingers for a second before coming down and sharing a few words with the referee, stretching his right arm.

The music begins to fade as the second chorus approaches, CBR focused, resting against the corner

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turnbuckle.

Claude Baptiste Ranier stares across the ring at Zhalia Fears, a look of respect on his face. There is a similar look on the face of Fears who seems ready to get the match started.

The referee checks to assure that both competitors are ready, before calling for the bell. DING DING DING

The Legacy Championship match is officially underway, as Zhalia and CBR both make their way to the center of the ring. Fears reaches out a hand to the Legacy Champion, and surprisingly Ranier extends his own hand and the two briefly shake. The sportsmanship elicits cheers from the fans.

Blackfront: I never thought I would see this day, Claude Baptiste Ranier and Zhalia Fears shaking hands.

Ace: It won't last, he will see the error of his ways. Just wait and see.

After the handshake, the two begin to circle in a feeling out process before going into a collar and elbow tie up. Due to his size and strength, CBR is able to gain control and immediately catches Fears in a headlock. He then follows up quickly with a hip toss that takes Zhalia to the mat.

Blackfront: CBR in control early.

Ace: Twist her head off Claude. Do it and Dynasty reforms.

Zhalia Fears tries to to escape the headlock, but is having difficulty due to being in the middle of the ring and Claude applying more pressure. However as Claude continues applying the pressure with the headlock, Zhalia leverages him backwards and with his shoulders to the mat...

Blackfront: Zhalia with the pin attempt Tommy.

Shocked at the move, CBR uses his weight advantage to push off the mat to get back to a better position on the headlock. Moving with him, Zhalia is able to get her legs under herself and they both end up in the vertical position.

Ace: I don't like this new attitude. This nice guy goody two shoes routine is getting old. Fears with a punch to the abdomen of of CBR followed by a grab of his wrist where all of a sudden finds she has an overhand wristlock on the Legacy Champion.

Blackfront: Fears with the reversal and an early advantage Tommy.

Jason Blackfront barely gets the sentence out before CBR's strength advantage takes over and after sweeping the leg, Fears finds herself on the mat, looking up at the former member of Dynasty. But before Claude can go down for the pin, Fears kips up and still holding onto his arm, pulls him off balance, sending him across the ring.

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Ace: That is what happens when you turn your back on Dynasty.

Rolling thru, Claude shoots up and immediately hits a cross body on Fears and goes for the pin. ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Fears out at two

Ace: Dynasty Claude would have put her away.

Blackfront: Let it go Tommy.

After kicking out, Zhalia sweeps the near leg and it is CBR who falls to the mat. Leaping onto the Legacy Champion, before the ref can even get into position, the Canadian Star powers out throwing her high in the air. As she hits the mat, CBR jumps up on his feet and before he can take the advantage, Fears to is on her feet. For a split second, they stare each other down.

Blackfront: The quick pace definitely has the fans interested Tommy.

Ace: In this?

As the staredown continues, a roar of cheers erupt from the fans. As the fans continue to cheer and clap, the change in attitude continues in CBR. Instead of attacking, he backs up and reevaluates the situation. As he does, Tommy Ace can only shake his head as Fears and Claude prepare to once again lock up, but instead the Canadian Star comes in with a knee to the abdomen of his challenger and she falls to her knees.

Ace: Finally!

Coming back around, the Legacy Champion hits a dropkick to the head of Fears and she goes the rest of the way down.

Blackfront: Big dropkick by the champion.

Without going for the pin, Claude picks up Fears and backs her into the ropes. As he Irish whips her to the ropes on the other side, Fears rebounds off and runs right into a back elbow.

Ace: Now we're talking Jason. Now we get to see the real CBR.

As Fears crashes to the mat hard, the Legacy Champion moves forward with evil intentions. However, before unloading on the challenger, the champion stops himself much to the dismay of Tommy Ace. As he stands over her, Zhalia uses the hesitation to get a shot in on Ranier which backs him up only slightly. The

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punch wakes the champion up and he again lifts her up in order to Irish whip his opponent into the ropes on the far side.

Blackfront: CBR with the...no, reversal by Fears and coming off the far ropes, a dropkick by Fears which staggers the champion.

With the Legacy Champion teetering, Fears comes off the ropes and hits another dropkick which takes Ranier off his feet.

Ace: She's got him off his feet Jason.

With the Legacy Championship on the line, Fears starts laying in the heavy kicks to the head of the champion which really has him stunned. As CBR is laying face down on the mat, Fears continues the attack laying in repeated elbow drops to the fallen Ranier. Turning him over on his back, Zhalia goes for the pin...

ONE! TWO!

Kickout...

Blackfront: Kickout at two Jason and that was close.

As the Legacy Champion rolls over on his knees, the challenger once again lifts him from the mat and snap mares him back to the canvas. Without going for the pin, she once again snap mares the champion to the mat preparing for the trifecta. As she prepares, once again Claude comes in with a knee to the abdomen and she falls to her knees in pain.

Blackfront: Another big knee from the champion and again Fears collapses to the canvas. Picking Zhalia up, Claude forces her into the corner and unloads a knife edge chop.

WOOOOOOO!!!!

Followed by another. WOOOOOOO!!!

Zhalia's face contorts from the pain and as she moves out of the corner, the Legacy Champion grabs her by the arm, and follows up with a hard Irish whip into the corner where the challenger goes in chest first, the impact causing her to again crumble to the mat.

Ace: That's right Claude, keep punishing her. You want to reform Dynasty, you know you do.

Blackfront: Again, let it go Tommy. Dynasty is done, it's over.

Zhalia grabs the ropes with her left hand, trying to pull herself up while the Legacy Champion moves in. As he does, the Canadian star grabs hold of the ropes on either side and looks out towards the fans, clearly torn.

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Zhalia is in a bad way, but this is for the Legacy Championship so he doesn't know what to do.

Blackfront: As he did in Vancouver two weeks ago, CBR is again showing mercy to Zhalia.

Ace: When is he going to get it thru his skull? this is what caused Dynasty to fall apart.

With Fears in the corner and CBR so close, the referee steps in and backs the champion up. CBR who has his hands up in a non-threatening manner, does as he is told and backs up.

Shaking loose the cobwebs, Zhalia gets back to her feet as the referee steps in to check on her. However, she waves him off and motions to CBR that she is far from finished.

Blackfront: With everything that Zhalia has gone thru this year, she still refuses to give up hope on the Legacy Championship Tommy.

Ace: Who cares Jason, who cares. Dynasty is over because of her.

With Ranier held at bay, at least for the moment, Fears comes out of the corner and once again, the fight is on as she jumps into the chest of the Champion, grabbing him by the head and coming down with a variation of the Code Breaker.

Blackfront: Big time move from Zhalia and all of a sudden, the tide has turned.

Fears hits the move beautifully as Ranier hits the mat back first. She covers the champion quickly after hooking the leg and the ref slides into position.

ONE! TWO!

Thr...

Blackfront: And a kickout and two and three-quarters Tommy. Zhalia almost stole it right there. The fans are into the match, with Zhalia giving it her all and the Legacy Champion actually giving a clean match. As she looks at the referee, he shoots up two fingers and then gives a movement of his shoulder showing that Ranier powered out of the pin. She knows just how close that win was and lets out a scream. Zhalia unloads a heavy kick into his upper back sending shockwaves throughout his body.

Fears again drops down for the pin and again CBR shoots an elbow up at the count of two. Not being able to keep the Legacy Champion down, she again lays in the heavy kicks on the back in an effort to keep him grounded.

Ace: I hope CBR is satisfied. All of this over a girl.

Blackfront: I think for the first time, CBR is showing himself to be something more than just the Legacy

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Champion Tommy.

Ace: Bah.

Getting to his knees, Fears picks Ranier up and pushes him forward, sending him chest first into the ropes. He rebounds backward, and she uses his own momentum against him, lifting him overhead and bringing him down HARD with a thundering German suplex in the middle of the ring!

In an instant, the fans are on their feet as she jumps back to her feet, adrenaline pumping as she throws her arm into the air!

Blackfront: The ring is ROCKED by that suplex! There just isn't any quit in Zhalia Fears!

Ace: Yeah, whatever.

Fears roars again, ordering CBR to get up. He's up to his knees as she backs into the ropes herself, sprinting forward and connecting with a big knee trembler to the side of Ranier's head! He collapses back down to the ground, and Fears drops for the pin!

ONE! KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Kickout by CBR, who is showing it will take more than that to put him down.

Ace: Not according to Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix

Claude Baptiste Ranier is down, but clearly not out, as he rolls over and begins to climb back to his feet. As soon as he's halfway up, Fears throws a violent kick directly into his head.

And then another. And another.

After the third, he's staggered backward, the crowd cheering louder with each impact! Blackfront: Zhalia Fears is doing whatever it takes to soften CBR up. She really wants that Legacy Championship.!

Ace: Yeah, well I want Dynasty back together but we all don't get what we want, do we?

CBR digs deep and powers back up to his feet. As the champion, he eggs her on to continue, and Fears complies with a vicious roundhouse kick that connects on the side of the head, taking him down to the mat again.

Fears scrambles to his side, trying to lift her larger opponent up to his feet. She manages to get him to a knee, but CBR sandbags and holds steady, refusing to let her take him any further. She pulls again, straining against her shoulder, but Claude Baptiste Ranier explodes forward with a diving lariat, taking both of them down to the ground!

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He rolls back up to his knees, using the ropes to climb to his feet as Zhalia writhes on the mat.

Blackfront: And just like that, the offense from Fears is stopped.

Ace: There is the Legacy Champion we've grown to love Jason. If he would just get these fans out of his head, he would keep making the right decisions. He's just too damned good to be wasting his time with the likes of Zhalia Fears.

With a grunt, CBR picks up Zhalia Fears and begins backing her up again with chops. WHACK!!!!

WOOOOOOO! WHACK!!!!

WOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: Those chops can be heard echoing throughout the arena. CBR is really putting something extra behind them.

Fears recoils, stumbling backward, but she's still firmly within CBR's grasp. He launches her into the ropes, ready to catch her on the rebound, but Fears leaps into the air and catches CBR with another knee to the head, dropping him to the mat.

The crowd roars in approval with Zhalia's never say die attitude against one of the greatest champions in UTA history.

Blackfront: Big time counter by Zhalia and she caught Claude right on the button.

Crawling over, Fears lays across CBR and as the referee again slides into position, he slaps his hand twice and coming down a third time before the Legacy Champion again powers the shoulder up, denying the challenger once again.

Blackfront: Oh so close, OH SO CLOSE to a new Legacy Champion.

Ace: Look at what you've done Zhalia, this.is.your.fault.

Claude Baptiste Ranier summons his strength and gets to his feet. With a definite size advantage, he powers his smaller opponent into the corner where she is crushed between the turnbuckles and the Legacy Champion. As she begins to crumple to the canvas, he catches her and after turning a half circle, he takes three steps forward and slams her down full force with a sidewalk slam!

Blackfront: Power move from the Champion and Zhalia could be out!

Ace: What impact Jason, that shook the entire ring.!

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After the sidewalk slam, CBR goes for the cover and hooks the leg. 1!

2!

NO!

Zhalia barely gets the shoulder up, barely moving the body of the Legacy Champion. Blackfront: Zhalia is hanging on, but you have to know that those power moves have to be taking the fight out of her!

Again, the Canadian Star goes for the pin and the referee begins the count. 1.....

2.....

3....NO!

Blackfront: Another near fall by Ranier and it looks like he is finally ready to put her away. Claude Baptiste Ranier grabs Fears up and attempts the Crab Drop but as Zhalia tries to fight out of it, they collide with the referee knocking him down.

Blackfront: My God Tommy, an accidental bump with the ref and all three are down. CBR slowly starts to get up and as he does...

Ace: And here comes Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix

Blackfront: Damn it, not these two again.

With the ref down, Mikey and Kendrix begin their brutal attack on CBR who puts up a fight but is unable to hold them off. With Fears still down, the two on one attack continues as they take the Legacy Champion down to the mat where the beatdown can keep going. Raining down punches and kicks, it is only a matter of time before the numbers game catches up to the Canadian Star. Ace: It is his own fault. You know it, I know it, the entire world knows it.

As Zhalia begins to stir, Mikey taps Kendrix on the shoulder and after picking the bones clean, they slide out of the ring basically serving CBR and the Legacy Championship up on a silver platter. Once on her feet, Zhalia slowly but surely climbs up the turnbuckles until she is perched on top, looking over the prone champion under her.

Blackfront: Not like this, not like this.

Ace: Well like I said, it is all his own fault. Had he not turned on Dynasty, none of this world have happened.

Then it happens, out of the corner of her eye, she sees Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix. They are motioning for her to finish off CBR. As she slowly extends upward, Zhalia balances herself in preparation of leaping on the

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champion and winning the Legacy Championship.

Ace: That's right Zhalia, do...

He never finishes as she leaps off the turnbuckle and onto...

Blackfront: SHE TOOK OUT MIKEY AND KENDRIX!

Ace: IS SHE CRAZY?

After taking down both Mikey and Kendrix, Zhalia takes her time on the outside by trying to take them both out. Sensing they were the reason CBR was down, she tries to incapacitate them enough where the match can be brought to a conclusion. But as with CBR earlier, it turns into a numbers game as she can't fight them both and another two on one beatdown begins.

As the referee begins to stir, he sees the two on one attack and immediately calls for the bell. Hearing the bell, CBR also begins to stir and seeing what is taking place outside on the floor, he slides out and joins Zhalia in fighting off Mikey and Kendrix. The four continue the fight up the ramp as the ref grabs the belt before whispering something to the announcer. After speaking with the announcer, the referee makes his way up the ramp with the Legacy Championship in hand Blackfront: Leave it to Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix to ruin this championship match.

Ace: Shut up, here comes the decision.

As Mikey and Kendrix finally head behind the curtain, both Fears and CBR turn to face the referee who is still coming up the ramp. As he makes it to both competitors, he raises the hand of Fears and the fans erupt into cheers.

Franklin: And the winner of the match by disqualification, Zhalia Fears, and still Legacy Champion, CBR.

The referee then hands the Legacy Championship to CBR which prompts Fears to eye what could have been. For a moment, it looks like the fireworks are far from over before... Blackfront: In a show of true sport, Zhalia has extended her hand to Ranier.

Ace: I think I'm going to throw up.

CBR extends his hand as well and the two exchange a sportsman handshake much to the chagrin of Tommy Ace, which causes an even greater roar of cheers from the Chicago faithful.

Mainevent Time

The camera cuts back ringside as CBR disperses, to Ace and Blackfront.

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Ace: Sickening. When did this sport become about respect? What happened to being the first person to knock the others teeth down their throat?

Blackfront: Well our next match, the mainevent of Season's Beatings, is one I hardly expect will come down to mutual respect.

Ace: Two men, one title. Pure hatred. Just like it should be!

Blackfront: Perfection earned this World Championship shot after beating Quinlan, Scott Stevens and Zhalia Fears in the fatal four way contendership elimination match a few weeks back in Japan. At the time he was looking down the barrel of the gun with a single bullet in the chamber in our now-former Wildfire Champion, Colton Thorpe.

Ace: Of course now Eric Dane is backed by his Pantheon featuring not only Thorpe but the returning Madman and Bobby Dean. Even Perfection's attempt of making friends fast with Cayle Murray, Jeff Andrews and Will Haynes doesn't add up to that star power.

Blackfront: That was seventy-five minutes ago. Now, it is just Eric Dane that Perfection has to worry about.

Ace: Don't remind me about Lorenzo's awful decisions. How dare he threaten to fire three of the top stars in the UTA.

Blackfront: Those decisions and that ruling could very well determine who walks out as the UTA World Champion tonight, Tommy. And folks there is no more waiting. It is now time to find out on the Mainevent of Wrestleshow's Season's Beatings!

Blackfront: Welcome back to ringside Ladies and Gentlemen, you know what time it is...

Ace: It's the main event! And Jason, this is going to be a difficult one for me.

Blackfront: Two of the most devious minds in UTA history are about to clash in one epic UTA World Championship match! Eric Dane and Perfection are about to collide, and Tommy, I'm not surprised you're feeling a little conflicted.

Ace: I think I'm just gonna sit back and enjoy this one, Jason. Eric Dane is the Big Bad, but Perfection was the dominant force during the first phase of the UTA's big comeback run.

Blackfront: And he's been on one hell of a tear since returning to the company a few short months ago. Perfection hasn't lost a match since, and at International Affair, he pinned Zhalia Fears 1, 2, 3 to earn this shot.

Ace: The challenger is in excellent form, but so is the Champion. Losing to Will Haynes brought back the best of Eric Dane. From the Chamber to the gaunt, and beating LFB to forming The Pantheon, Dane has

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been the very definition of domination.

Blackfront: This is his first title defence, and he'll have to do it without The Pantheon and against one of the finest technical wrestlers of his generation.

Ace: So many unanswered questions, Jason, especially with all the notable third parties banned from ringside. I can't wait!

The bell chimes for attention and we take it back to the ring.

Announcers: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is for the UTA WORLD CHAMPIONSSSSSHHHHHHHHHIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPP!

"Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween begins to play.

The crowd immediately responds with jeers as the one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain. He raises his arms accepting the crowd's reaction to his wonderfulness.

There is no doubt about it I'm one of kind, baby

I am le d'Artagnan de coeur As you may see, candy.

Ace: Jeez, would you listen to this reaction!

Blackfront: Perfection may have taken some time off earlier this year, but the fans never forgot their hatred for the man! I don't even know if Dane's jeers will be able to match this racket!

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to jaw-jack with fans near the rails. He walks up the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites.

Announcer: Introducing first, the challenger... making his way to the ring from Los Angeles, California...

And I'm talking with my eyes and I walk in different styles

Announcer: Standing at exactly 6', and weighing in at 222lbs, he is the former UTA World Champion...

I'm a genuine man

Perfection grabs the middle rope leaning over it and yelling at fans in the front row.

Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am

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I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am, I am, yes I am (perfect)

Announcer:

PERRRRRRFFFFFFFFEEEEEEEECCCCCTTTTTTTTTIIIIIIIOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNN!

He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites.

Ace: Bow down to greatness, Jason! Appreciate everything that this man brings to the business, because we could be looking at a new era of Perfection tonight!

Now he mounts the turnbuckle to yell at the fans some more before giving one last pose and jumping down from the turnbuckle

Blackfront: Eric Dane really couldn't face a sterner foe for his first defence. Perfection is indisputably one of the best technical wrestlers alive, and he's just as willing to break the rules as Dane is.

Ace: Exactly. For all their other attributes, this one may come down to whoever can out-cheat the other most effectively, and it's tough to tell who holds the advantage in that department...

The lights drop.

The crowd starts to buzz.

A bluesy bass-riff plays over the P.A. system, as it comes to a crescendo it's accompanied by a pyrotechnic explosion as "Heavy is the Head" gets to the chorus and "The Only Star" bursts onto the stage.

Ace: The new face of supremacy in the UTA! The Only Star! The Champion! Ladies and Gentlemen, Eric Dane...

Blackfront: Dane was supposed to be finished, Tommy. He'd done just about everything there is to do in the game, and this run was supposed to be a test, a challenge to himself. Eric Dane wanted to find-out if he could still "go," and now look at him...

Ace: As if there was every any doubt, Jason! The Only Star is back on-top of the wrestling world, and the UTA is at his mercy!

Announcer: ... and his opponent! Making his way to the ring from New Orleans, Louisiana... Eric Dane makes his way toward the ring as Zac Brown and Chris Cornell work their way through the song. He slides under the bottom rope and comes up spinning with both arms held out wide above his head, taking in the raucous reaction from the UTA fans in attendance.

Announcer: Standing at 6'4", and weighing in at 240lbs...

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The song fades as Dane does a few last minute stretches, awaiting the referee to start the match.

Ace: I think this one might boil-over before we even get a bell, Jason!

Blackfront: Perfection is absolutely desperate to reclaim the top prize, Tommy! This was the whole point of his comeback tour, and he's finally here.

Referee Frank Knoxx stands boldly between the two jawing superstars, desperate to keep order before the bell rings. As soon as "Heavy is the Head" cuts-out, however, it's replaced by a different tune.

Phil Collins. "In the Air Tonight."

Ace: WHAT?!

Blackfront: Wait a minute!

There's no narrator and no dimming of lights. All the other typical hallmarks of The Mental Rapist's arrival are absent, but the music plays loud and clear. Dane immediately starts glancing manically around his surroundings.

Blackfront: Where is he?! Where's Jackson?

Dane marches across the ring and looks out into the crowd behind the announcers. No commotion, no upheaval, no Sean Jackson.

Nothing.

Blackfront: Is this the moment that Sean Jackson finally cashes-in that Ace in the Hole briefcase?

Ace: That's his music, Jason, but I've no idea where he is!

As The Only Star's apprehension starts easing, Perfection jumps through the window of opportunity. With Collins still playing, the challenger walks up behind the champion and throws a boot between his legs.

Blackfront: Oh come on!

Ace: Jackson or no Jackson, Perfection doesn't want to wait! And the best part? The bell hadn't rung! The referee can't do a thing!

Finally it does ring, killing "In the Air Tonight" immediately. Perfection leaps on his opponent and fires away with closed fists, before popping up and soaking-in the jeers.

Blackfront: Textbook cowardice from the former champion, going for the low blow when the man's back was

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turned!

Ace: It's called taking advantage of a situation, Jason, and you know Dane would've done the exact same thing himself!

The bell finally rings. When Perfection turns back around, Dane is on all fours, still struggling from the boot to the groin. In one kick move, Perfection takes every last drop of oxygen from The Only Star's lungs with a running soccer kick to the gut.

Ace: OHHHHHHH my goodness!

Blackfront: Savage, Tommy. Absolutely savage, and I'm starting to feel like we're not getting a Sean Jackson appearance...

Ace: Not yet, anyway. The whole thing was a ruse. The Mental Rapist knew he could mess with Eric Dane early-on, and that's exactly what he's done. The Only Star's gonna have to wrestle with eyes on the back of his head now.

Dane rolls onto his back, wincing and struggling for breath. The challenger does not let-up, however, and stomps down hard on his night's opponent. Close to the ropes, Perfection wraps his hands around the top, before hopping up, and bringing both boots down on Dane's stomach! Continuing the assault -- and maintaining his grip -- Perfection pushes a boot down on Dane's throat, and breaks when the referee's count hits three.

Ace: This is Perfection in full flow! Sly, cunning, and not afraid to get his hands dirty. Blackfront: Perfection is trying to wear Dane down before moving towards his near-legendary technical game, Tommy. If he can sap some of The Only Star's stamina early, his chances of submitting the Champion greatly increase.

Perfection can only smirk as the champion toils. Eventually moving back to Dane, Perfection pulls Eric's leg up by the boot and stomps down on the knee joint. After repeating the action twice more, Perfection drops an elbow across the knee, and ties Dane into a knee-lock.

Ace: Just like you said, Jason!

The challenger wrenches tightly on the champion's knee. Dane grits his teeth and absorbs a few seconds of pain, then sits-up and throws an elbow at Perfection's temple. A second elbow knocks the former champ loose! Free of the hold, Dane puts one arm around Perfection's throat, and another over his skull to push two fingers down into the eye sockets.

Blackfront: Some early damage done as Perfection starts softening Dane up for the Picture Perfect, but the Only Star's got Witherhold in his clutches now.

Dane pulls his forearm around Perfection's windpipe, but the former Champion's too fresh for any significant

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damage to be done. Rising slowly and carefully so as to not give Dane any extra torque, Perfection pulls Dane's hand from his eyes, before thrusting Dane back into the turnbuckles, breaking the grip. A back elbow catches The Only Star's head, and Perfection runs

from the corner with a bulldog!

Blackfront: Dane's face drives into the mat! And now the cover!

...1!

Dane kicks-out!

Ace: What an impressive start from Perfection! He jumped-on Dane as soon as Sean Jackson's music hit, and he hasn't let-up since! This is exactly what he needs to do to wrest that belt from Dane's cold clutches.

Blackfront: It's true that he has the Champion exactly where he wants him, but this is The Only Star. This is one of the all-time greats, and nobody should forget that, especially Perfection.

Perfection keeps hold of Dane's head, pulling him up, and driving a knee into the gut.

Ace: No doubt, Jason. For all we've spoken of Perfection's technical excellence, Dane, too, is a chain wrestling genius. This could be a real chess match...

With Dane doubled over, Perfection whips him into a corner. He tries to follow-up with a leaping splash, but The Only Star catches him with in elbow, then charges-out with a flattening clothesline! Perfection hits the deck, and Dane uses his bought time to recover.

Blackfront: Looks like Eric's facing a little pain in that knee already.

Ace: Yeah, Perfection went after the right leg quickly, and given the potency of Witherhold's trademark figure four finisher, that's... not great... for Eric Dane.

Perfection rises, and Dane pulls him into a lock-up when he reaches full vertical. Digging his feet into the canvas, Dane pushes Perfection against the ropes, then breaks-up and overhand chops him right across the chest! Yelling something indistinguishable at his challenger, Dane slaps Perfection across the cheek then throws his head under his arm, pulls back, and suplexes him into the mat.

Blackfront: The Champion turns the tide! Perfection hits the deck, but Dane keeps the pressure. With Perfection on his back, Dane rolls onto his stomach and traps Witherhold in a D'arce Choke. Perfection flails his arms, trying to create a gap in Dane's grip, but the Only Star is like a vise.

Ace: Dane's got him good! It's his second throat submission of the night, and the D'arce Choke is one that can really sap all the energy from your body -- fast!

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Blackfront: Absolutely, and Perf-- hey! Wait!

Suddenly, Perfection rolls over, pinning Dane's shoulders.

...1!

...2!

No! Dane rolls a shoulder over.

Ace: Whoa, what was closer!

The Only Star decides against screwing around. He keeps Perfection trapped, but with just one arm now. Scooting into a kelt position, he compels his opponent to do the same, then, when on his feet, throws a knee into Perfection's forehead!

Blackfront: Big-time shot from Dane!

Perfection stumbles loose, and Dane comes forward. An elbow connects, then another, and another. The Only Star goes to town with the strikes, before grabbing Perfection's loose arm and pulling him into his grasp. A belly-to-belly side slam crushes Witherhold, and Dane sits upright, brushing the sweat away.

Blackfront: Strong comeback from the Champion, and we're seeing just about every single facet of his game on display here, folks.

Ace: From precise technique to brutal strikes and strong suplexes, this is Eric Dane 101, folks!

Blackfront: Don't forget the dirt, either...

Though not quite dominating, Eric Dane is starting to enjoy himself. Instead of pinning Perfection, he clambers to his feet, then gently -- mockingly -- kicks at Perfection's torso a couple of times, then hurtles-off a volley of abuse and spits on the mat. The crowd jeers through instinct more than anything else.

Ace: Heh. Yeah. "Dirt"...

Blackfront: Where's he going now? Dane starts walking towards a corner...

Blackfront: Is Eric Dane heading to the top--

Ace: Don't be stupid.

... and starts removing the top turnbuckle cover. It takes him a few seconds to get it free, but he

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eventually does, then walks back towards the rising Perfection. Dane grabs his challenger by the hair and moves him to the corner. He pulls back on Witherhold's head but Perfection puts his hands on the ropes, stopping his head from being rammed into the exposed steel! He catches Eric Dane's solar plexus with an elbow, the kicks him square in the gut.

Blackfront: No go! But wait, Perfection takes the arm...

The challenger tries to whip Dane into the corner, but The Only Star counters, throwing the short- arm Lariat!

Ace: Perfection ducks! Blackfront: SUPERKICK! Ace: Here's the cover!

...1!

...2!

NO! Dane throws a shoulder-up!

Blackfront: That was the biggest moment of the match so far! Perfection goes for the whip, Dane tries to take his head off, but the challenger ducks, and BAM! Superkick!

Ace: That was a skull-rattler for sure, Jason! These men are starting to inflict some heavy, heavy damage on one another! Grab your popcorn, 'cause things are getting good!

Still close to the corner, Perfection slides out of the ring. He takes hold of Dane's boots and slides The Only Star back, keeping the ring post between his legs. Instead of opting to end Dane's child- bearing days, Perfection pulls one of Dane's legs free, then slams the back of the knee joint into the post!

Blackfront: Jesus Christ!

As the crowd goes "OHHHHHHHHH!", Perfection scowls, then drive's Dane's right leg into the steel support once again.

Ace: This is brutal, Jason! I love it!

Blackfront: Perfection is out to demolish that right knee, and if The Only Star can't find a way out of this sticky situation, things are only gonna get worse!

Conscious of becoming too predictable in his approach, Perfection stays on the outside, but walks over and pulls Dane's torso onto the outside apron. Once there, Perfection climbs up the steps, walks over Dane's body, then turns back.

Blackfront: I don't like the way Eric's body is draped over the edge here... The challenger jumps forward...

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Ace: Look-out!

But Eric Dane rolls out of the way! Perfection's tailbone hits the ring's hard edge as the leg drop misses, and the challenger rolls onto the floor.

Blackfront: A1 ring awareness from the Champion, and Perfection's second dominant phase is cut short!

Ace: James is hurting outside, but Dane's suffered some pretty heavy damage too! Look at him! Sure enough, Dane's sat upright, clutching his knee and grimacing. Momentarily, the champion lies back down on the mat for a few deep breaths, before rolling onto his stomach and crawling out of the ring. He hops onto his good left leg, before putting some weight on the right and hobbling forward.

Blackfront: There's some good news -- at least the leg's still weight-bearing.

Ace: But you've got to wonder how much damage has been done already! We're nearing the match's middle phase, and Perfection's attacks have been focused almost exclusively on that knee.

By now, Perfection has used the barrier to pull himself up. Dane pulls him around by the shoulder and forearms him square in the jaw. Perfection slumps backwards, so Dane takes the back of his head and slams his face down against the barricade!

Blackfront: Dane's 20+ years deep in this game. There's not an environment he can't excel in, and here, on the outside of the ring, is one of the most dangerous places to be with him.

The Only Star keeps his challenger pinned against the barricade, this time putting his windpipe across its top and pushing down on the back of his head. He maintains the choke just long enough for the referee to get in his face, then breaks it off, and immediately follows-up with an elbow.

Ace: Contrasting strategies here, Jason. Perfection's been working the leg, but Dane's going after the head and throat.

Blackfront: As if the Stardriver wasn't devastating enough...

The Champ knows there's no need to rush things. He takes a few more seconds to shake-away some fatigue, completely ignoring the disapproving voices coming from the front row. When he's done, Dane sits Perfection down on the floor -- back against the barrier -- then kicks him hard in the chest!

Blackfront: That looked like it might have hurt Dane as much as it did Perfection, Tommy! Sure enough, Eric reels from the impact.

Ace: I don't know about "just as much," Jason, but the early work from Perfection is paying-off. Still hobbling, Dane takes Perfection up by the hair, then looks over his shoulders to the ring steps. He throws Perfection in

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the front face lock, then backs-up...

Blackfront: Oh no, what's this...

Ace: Perfection's skull's about to meet the steps!

Before Dane can murder Perfection with the DDT, however, Perfection throws an arm between Dane's legs.

Blackfront: Low blow!

Ace: Never mind the knee -- Dane's jewels are gonna be black and blue after this one!

Frank Knox, of course, is right in there. The head official steps between Perfection and Dane, warning the challenger that if he repeats the act, he'll be disqualified.

Blackfront: Good to see Knox out there doing his job, but this is giving Dane some valuable recovery time.

Ace: Exactly! Perfection can't capitalise with a referee in his face, but at least he saved himself from the steel!

Perfection is wise to this, and protests immediately... which only draws further admonishment from the official. By the time Knox is done, Eric Dane is almost on his feet, and Perfection is furious. He sneers at the departing referee and moves towards The Only Star, clubbing him across the skull.

Blackfront: All that said, this is a good chance for the challenger to get back into this. Witherhold sits a wobbly Dane down on the ring steps, and kicks the knee hard!

Ace: Ohh no! That thing's gonna fall apart, Jason!

Dane groans loudly, and a second kick follows. Once Perfection's satisfied with the damage done, he grabs The Only Star by the neck and waistband, rolling him back into the ring.

Blackfront: We're heading back into more legal territory, and this has been a tough, gritty contest thus far.

Ace: Dane's taken most of it, but there's been some heavy punishment handed-out in this contest. Hardly surprising, given the participants.

Blackfront: This is no multi-year blood feud, but it is an incredibly high stakes contest between two of the most ruthlessly competitive men in the game. Perfection, now, looks to maintain control.

A couple of stomps keep Dane grounded, before Perfection grabs a boot and pulls Dane's right leg-up. Grinning broadly, the former Champ nods his head and points to the knee.

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Blackfront: Oh no! Perfection's going to tear that joint apart!

But Eric's got plenty left. He lashes out, pushing Perfection away from him with both legs. Unfortunately, he doesn't have the leg power left to hop-up and meet the charging Perfection, who dropkicks the seated champion square in the chest. Making no pause for theatrics this time, Perfection grabs the leg, ties it up at the ankle, and twists.

Ace: Heel hook! You're right, Jason! Eric Dane is headed to the hospital tonight!

Blackfront: The Only Star is trapped in submission hell, Tommy! Can he escape?!

The Champ roars and clenches his fists, struggling through the pain. Perfection just keeps pulling back on the ankle.

Blackfront: This is such a dangerous move! Not only does the Heel Hook put great torque on the ankle, but torsional pressure transfers every drop of that tension to the knee!

Ace: A lot of places legitimately ban this hold, Jason! If you get stuck in a tight Heel Hook, there's every chance your knee ligaments are gonna snap... and that's a horrible injury to recover from, especially for a man of Dane's age and experience!

The Pantheon's not-so-noble leader isn't going to give-up without a fight, however. His upper body power allows him to dig his elbows into the rough canvas and pull Perfection a few inches backwards, but the challenger stays attached like a limpet.

Blackfront: Dane's looking for the ropes!

Ace: He's gonna have to tap if he doesn't get there, Jason!

It takes a few seconds before Dane has the strength to repeat the act, but he does. Eventually... finally... Eric Dane throws his back down onto the mat, and hooks his fingers under the bottom rope.

Ace: He got there!

Blackfront: But how much damage has been done?!

Perfection, of course, keeps the hold locked-in for a few seconds more than he needs to, then breaks-up.

Blackfront: Dane spent much longer in that Heel Hook than he'd have liked, Tommy! You've gotta imagine it's game over as soon as he gets that Picture Perfect locked-in...

The Only Star is on his back, clutching the knee. He rolls forward and starts pulling himself onto his good leg

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with the ropes for assistance, but Perfection is all over him like a rash. The challenger attacks Dane with strikes and boots, before pushing him back against the exposed turnbuckle and taking some steps back.

Ace: What's he doing here?!

Perfection charges forward, looking to sandwich Dane's head against the turnbuckle... but Dane recovers!

Blackfront: Wait!

Ace: FLAPJACK! FLAPJACK!

Dane's knee crumples under the pressure of lifting Perfection, but the challenger's forehead lands square on the 'buckle. The challenger slumps to the mat as viscous crimson starts dribbling from the opened wound.

Blackfront: Perfection's been busted wide open!

Ace: Great counter from the Only Star, and a huge momentum shifter!

Blackfront: But you've got to wonder how much Eric Dane has left, Tommy! Perfection's assault has been mostly isolated, but his finisher is a vertical drop Brainbuster, a move highly-dependent on Dane's ability to lift...

Ace: And how can he lift without a strong vertical base?! I just don't know, Jason.

Both men are on the mat, and it's Dane who's first to stir. The Only Star sees the bloodied Perfection and almost smiles as he pulls himself up, resting himself against the top rope. He takes an uneasy step on the bad leg, and, though it's hella wobbly, he's still able to move forward. Blackfront: Dane's not completely immobilised yet! Maybe there's still a Stardriver left in him!

Eric hobbles towards Perfection, who's crawled back the corner and is trying to rise. Before he can, however, he's unceremoniously yanked-up, before Dane pushes him into the corner, and throws an elbow against his blood-red forehead. Another follows, then another, and another... Ace: This is brutal, Jason...

Dane doesn't stop 'til his elbow's coated in Perfection's blood. He eventually lets go, allows Perfection to slump down onto the bottom 'buckle, then turns around. Dane runs his hand down his elbow and forearm, splattering a mix of blood and sweat down on the mat then moving back to his opponent.

His knee's not recovered enough to use it as a weapon, so Dane drops down, rubbing his taped forearms into Perfection's bloody mess of a face.

Blackfront: This is sickening, Tommy!

Ace: Someone get this man a sickbag!

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Blackfront: Just how morally bankrupt is Eric Dane?! The man's a cold, ruthless killer attacking the wound like that!

Ace: It's nothing that Perfection wouldn't do himself, and it's all perfectly legal. Perfection got busted, and Dane's going after his most obvious weakness. Great strategy from the Champion. Dane eventually pulls Perfection away from the corner. A couple of towel-wielding officials immediately swarm to clear-up the puddle of blood that had built-up, and Eric drops back to the mat and traps Perfection's head beneath his arm. Closed fists strike the forehead but The Only Star breaks it up before the intervention. Dane clambers up, and Perfection rolls on his hands and knees. Matted hair dangles from his head: most of it coloured red rather than blonde.

Blackfront: The tide has turned, and it's turned red! Not only is Perfection still reeling from the impact of that head knock, but he's losing a lot of plasma.

Ace: That'll tire you out for sure, and Dane's done a great job of focusing his assault on the wound. Call it savage if you like, but it's effective.

Limping a little less now, Dane takes a corner, and lets Perfection rise to his feet. Perfection eventually gets up and puts a hand to his forehead. He pulls it down, glaring at his own blood, before looking across at Eric Dane, whose body's coated with just as much of the fluid as Perfection. Almost appalled, Perfection yells at one of the officials who'd taken part in the clean-up operation, and snatches a towel away from him.

Ace: Heh. Good luck with that, pal...

Perfection dabs the blood away, making himself look a lot less like something out of a horror movie. The flow's slowing now, and the wound's not particularly big, but a head wound's a head wound.

Blackfront: Here comes Dane...

But Perfection's coy. He's sly. He knows Dane's going to come forward, and fires out with a big right hook to the jaw. Dane wobbles, and Perfection follows-up with another that almost sends him toppling! Dane swings a punch of his own, but Perfection ducks, hooks the arms, then twists Dane's head beneath his shoulder blades...

Ace: PHOTO FINISH!

Blackfront: No! Counter!

Dane angles his arms loose, drops down a little, and wraps them around the waist... Blackfront: Big back drop! On a wobbly, battle-damaged leg, Eric Dane drives Perfection down into the mat!

Ace: I'm not too sure about that landing either, Jason. Looks like Perfection might've just landed on his head here...

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Blackfront: The challenger might be out for the count! Can Dane take this?!

Hurting, but still with his wits about him, Dane drapes an arm over Perfection's chest.

...1!

...2!

No! Perfection kicks-out!

Blackfront: Good lord, that might've been it!

Ace: I'm not sure if Perfection can take too much more head trauma here, Jason. He needs to lock-in the Picture Perfect, and he needs to do it fast.

Blackfront: For all the damage he caused early-on, Perfection has been on the defensive for some time now. You've got to imagine that a single Stardriver or Picture Perfect will end this, but which man has it in them to execute?

Eric Dane lies prone. Perfection is on his back: chest heaving, head still bleeding. He rolls onto his side while Dane climbs back-up, before grabbing a handful of blood-clumped hair. A desperate gut punch temporarily staggers Dane, but The Only Star takes control with an eye gouge, then holds Perfection against the ropes.

Chop. Chop.

Chop, chop, chop...

Ace: Machine gun chops! Dane's lighting him up with rapid fire!

Each quick-fire blow turns Witherhold's chest redder and redder, and when Dane let's up, Perfection falls to one knee. Almost instantaneously, Eric Dane blasts him in the face with his good knee.

Blackfront: What a shot! Dane hooks the leg!

...1!

...2!

... NOOOO! Perfection kicks-out!

Ace: These guys are tough as hell, Jason! I've no idea how Dane can walk on that leg, and I've no idea how Perfection keeps kicking-out!

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Blackfront: Because he came to win, Tommy! He came to prove to everyone that he's the best professional wrestler to ever walk this Earth... just like Eric Dane! There's plenty fight left in both of these men...

The Only Star is sick fed-up of dealing with Perfection by this point. He gets up a little faster than before, and takes the bloodied challenger with him. Throwing him into the front facelock, he grabs the tights, and tries to hoist him up...

Ace: Here comes the Stardriver!

Blackfront: Can he do it?!

Dane gets Perfection a few feet off the mat, but when it's time to go vertical, the knee buckles and almost gives way. Unperturbed at first, Eric goes to repeat the attempt, but this time the knee folds beneath him, and he falls down on it.

Blackfront: Oh no...

Ace: He can't do it, Jason! Dane's ligaments are too messed-up for a Stardriver!

Blackfront: Dane's most potent weapon might just have been neutralised here, Tommy. Bad, bad news for our Champion...

Frustration etched on his face, Dane keeps hold of Perfection. He adjusts his grip a little and takes both arms...

Ace: All's not lost though!

Blackfront: Double-arm DDT!

The ring shakes as Perfection's head hits the mat, and a thoroughly pissed-off Eric Dane grabs the leg.

Ace: Big move, but is it enough!

...1!

...2!

... NOOOOOOOOO! Perfection gets the shoulder enough.

Blackfront: ... it wasn't. It wasn't enough.

The Only Star immediately grabs the leg again.

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...1!

...2!

But Perfection's kick-out comes even quicker this time.

Ace: Don't lose your cool, Dane! Don't get yourself too wound-up!

Dane isn't finished on the ground. He goes for another cover, this time pushing his arm down against the cut forehead.

...1!

...2!

But without a hooked leg, Perfection kicks-out once again.

Blackfront: Dane goes back to the forehead, but I can feel the momentum starting to swing once again!

Ace: Perfection's gotta be buoyed by the failed Stardriver, Jason! He knows that next to nobody survives Dane's trademark Brainbuster, and if the Champ can't hit it, he's at a big disadvantage. Blackfront: All thanks to the work done by the challenger earlier in the match. This one continues!

The Only Star bashes his balled fists into the canvas, and Perfection rolls over.

Ace: Don't get it twisted... Dane is the absolute best in the business today, but without the Stardriver, and without The Pantheon... well, we might just be about to see a new champion. The two men slowly rise to their feet. Dane is up first and goes to grab Perfection, but eats a shot for his troubles. A second follows, and the challenger is soon back on his feet. He tucks his bloodied head beneath Dane's chin, and the Jawbreaker sends him stumbling.

Blackfront: Here comes Perfection!

Perfection creeps behind Dane, and bounces against the ropes with whatever speed he can muster!

Blackfront: Chop block!

Ace: Oh my goodness! As if that knee hadn't suffered enough already!

He takes the leg, Perfection: and everyone in the building knows what's coming.

Ace: Call it! Call it now!

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But before Perfection can tie the Figure Four up, Dane boots him away with his one good leg! Perfection stumbles away, and with a handful of tights, The Only Star rolls him up!

Blackfront: FLASH ROLL-UP!

...1!

Ace: The shoulders are down!

...2!

...3?!

Blackfront: NO! PERFECTION KICKS OUT!

Ace: Good God almighty, that was close!

The Champ's quick to his feet after the roll-up, and slows Perfection's rise by clubbing his neck. He tries to lock the challenger-up, but Perfection squirms his way free, and after hitting a well-timed forearm, he drops to the mat and sweeps Dane's legs.

Blackfront: Could it be?!

Perfection lifts a leg, twists it round his own, and drops down himself.

Ace: PICTURE PERFECT!

Blackfront: He got it! Perfection got the hold!

Ace: And Eric Dane's leg has already taken way more damage than a human limb is built to withstand! This is it, Jason!

But through the pain, through the agony, Eric Dane knows exactly where he is in the ring. And that's far too close to the ropes for Perfection to succeed.

Blackfront: Maybe not! Dane gets to the ro--

Ace: No he doesn't!

Just as Dane's about to grab the rope, however, Perfection hops back up, boots Dane's knee, and drags him closer to the centre of the ring! Now in a much safer position, Perfection repeats the figure four!

Ace: There we go!

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Blackfront: That's it, Tommy! Dane's a million miles from safety and trapped in one of the sport's most dangerous holds!

The Only Star writhes in agony on the mat, unable to do much to influence his fate.

Ace: The Eric Dane era is about to be cut-off at the knees, pardon the pun! Dane raises a hand in the air.

Blackfront: He's about to tap, Tommy! It's over!

But he doesn't. Even in such immense peril, The Only Star refuses to die. Instead, in one great, painful act, he rolls onto his stomach, taking Perfection over with him. The hold endures, but Dane can at least see how far he is from safety now.

Ace: Dane lives! And he's fighting with all he's got!

Blackfront: He's been in deep waters many times before, but he's gonna need to summon everything to get out of this! Can he do it!

With intense pain etched on his weathered features, Dane pushes his elbows down into the mat and lurches forward a few inches.

Ace: He's going for the ropes!

Blackfront: But he's having to drag Perfection with him! Every little movement sends barbs of pain through that damaged leg...

Ace: It might be his only way out, though! Another lurch, and another.

Each more painful than the one before, but utterly essential in Dane's fight for survival. Eventually, the pain amounts and Dane's forced to stop. He swipes his hand out, but it flies harmlessly past the rope, which is still inches away.

Blackfront: Look at Perfection, Tommy! For all the damage he's doing here, this is taking a toll! Ace: Applying these holds is taxing, Jason! As your muscles fill with lactic acid it becomes harder and harder to keep things tight, but all it's gonna take is one almighty heave and Perfection wins the belt!

The heave does come. But not from Perfection.

Dane's elbows pull his torso forward, and finally, mercifully, his hand meets the bottom rope.

Blackfront: HE MADE IT! DANE MADE IT!

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Ace: Wow! This guy's resolve is off the charts...

Perfection doesn't waste any time. He's visibly frustrated, but takes Dane's leg again, and pulls him back into the middle.

Blackfront: He's going for it again!

But when the challenger kneels over, Dane's left boot surges up, catching Perfection's jaw with a huge upkick!

Ace: WHAT A STRIKE!

Perfection falls backwards, slumping down against the ropes.

Blackfront: But has too much damage been done? Is Dane's knee too ravaged to continue?!

Ace: He's struggling, that's for sure!

Dane doesn't even test the knee yet. He crawls across the ring, looking for the bottom turnbuckle for support. Eventually, he sits up at the corner and reaches down to his knee, grabbing it through his tights.

Blackfront: Dane's facial expression says a thousand words, Tommy. He's hurt.

Ace: Badly. I don't know what he can do to win this, Jason. I really don't.

Blackfront: We can never count-out the Only Star, but it looks bad, that's for sure... and here comes Perfection.

As Dane pulls himself onto his left leg, the challenger meets him in the corner. Perfection kicks the bad leg hard, then smacks Dane across the chops. But the challenger's wobbly too, and as Dane smarts, Perfection stumbles.

Ace: What the...?

Blackfront: He's been losing blood for a long, long time, Tommy. It's barely stopped, and I thought it's taking a toll...

Sure enough, Perfection's steps are wobbly, but he's still got enough left to shoulder thrust Dane's gut. Finally, with his opponent down, Perfection uses all his strength to hoist Eric Dane up and set him on the top turnbuckle. He climbs...

Blackfront: He's looking for a superplex!

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Ace: This could be the last, stamina-draining move that Perfectio needs...

Blackfront: But Dane fights back!

Dane hits a right. Perfection a left. Dane, right. Perfection, left.

Blackfront: These two are brawling on the turnbuckles!

The Only Star takes control. An elbow. A headbutt to Perfection's bloody forehead!

Ace: Oh my!

The challenger reels, and only grabbing the top rope prevents him from falling, but he's still on the turnbuckle.

And still close to Eric Dane's clutches. Blackfront: DANE'S GOT HIS HEAD! Ace: WHAT THE HELL?!

Using everything he has left, sitting on the top rope, Eric Dane takes Perfection's head, throws it under his arm, and hoists him in the air.

Blackfront: Oh... oh my GOD!

His weakened limb can only support him for a fraction of second, but that's all Dane leads. He leaps off the 'buckle, driving Perfection's head, neck and shoulders into the mat!

Ace: JESUS CHRIST!

Blackfront: ERIC DANE JUST FLATTENED PERFECTION! HE ENDED HIM!

Ace: BUT CAN HE MAKE THE COVER, JASON?! CAN DANE DO IT?

Dane's had the wind blown out of him, but Perfection hasn't stirred at all. Exhausted and grimacing through the pain, The Only Star eventually rolls on top of his challenger.

Blackfront: It's over! Frank Knox hits the deck. His hand slaps the canvas.

...1!

Ace: Goodnight.

...2!

...3!!!

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The bell rings. "Heavy is the Head" starts playing, but The Only Star barely has the strength to roll onto his back.

Blackfront: Wow, Tommy. Wow. That was absolutely brutal.

Ace: These men damn near killed each other! It was a violent, gritty war of attrition from the minute the bell rang, but Eric Dane has gone on to retain!

Blackfront: It was a move that would've put ANYBODY away, Tommy! Dane couldn't hit a standing Stardriver after Perfection's isolation of his right knee, but he didn't need to.

Ace: That's why he's the Champion, Jason! That took genuine creativity. Sitting up-top took much of the lifting burden off his legs, and I don't even know what you'd call that move! Part brainbuster, part piledriver... all the way from the top rope.

A squad of EMTs rush down the ramp, ready to check on both men, but they're overtaken by Madman Szalinski en route. The masked man slides under the bottom rope and tends to The Pantheon's leader as the medics head for Perfection. Soon, Bobby Dean joins the group.

Blackfront: Here come The Pantheon ready to tend to their leader, but I get the impression both men might be sleeping in the hospital tonight.

Ace: Full credit to Perfection. He lost a lot of blood tonight, but he kept on going. He made Eric Dane look more mortal than anyone's done in a long time.

Blackfront: It was a smart, calculated and precise assault from Perfection, and it almost won him the match. I thought it was over as soon as he locked-in the Picture Perfect, but in the end, he fell to a move that would've ended anyone's night.

Ace: I just hope there's no permanent damage done to either of these men.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner... and STILL UTA WORLD CHAMPION... "THE ONLY STAR"... ERRRRRRRRICCCCC! DAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!

With Madman under one shoulder and BBD under another, Eric Dane is finally up on his good left leg. The referee slips the belt over his shoulder and The Pantheon stand as one, victorious.

Blackfront: What a great night of action topped-off by one of the most gruelling matches in modern UTA history!

Ace: Both men should walk away from this one with their heads held high! A great contest between two truly great wrestlers! Neither compromised on anything!

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Blackfront: There were low blows, eye gouges, and plenty of other dirty tactics, but in the end, it was a tale of near-perfect technique followed by complete and utter devastation. Thanks for joining us, folks! Goodnight!