

# 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

January 11, 2014

## iPPV 5

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220: IPPV 5 "MOTHERFUCKERS IN THE MOTOR CITY #MFITMC" - 01/11/2014

Posted by WrestleUTA on

19 Oct 2015

Constructed in 1907, St. Andrew

s Hall is was the historic meeting site for the St. Andrew

s Scottish Society of Detroit. This iconic venue has hosted a multitude of live acts and is a favorite of Detroiters young and old. St. Andrew

s is actually three unique

"

meeting locations in one event space. All rooms have open floor plans and can accommodate seating configurations for groups of all sizes and needs. The largest location, the Main Ballroom, features a hardwood dance floor, a bar over 35 feet long, an in-house sound and lighting system as well as a unique VIP balcony level offering prime viewing opportunities of the stage.

Unfortunately, Second to None sold nowhere near enough tickets to fill this room.

Going

upstairs, The Burns Room includes hardwood floors, chandeliers, lounge furniture, a small raised stage and floor-to-ceiling by Safe Saver" id

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overlooking Congress and the RenCen.

Imagine that. After what happened, and all the damage caused at

Club ICON in Waldorf, Maryland during iPPV

2: Infectious, there was no way

Heath Sommersby would consider securing the upstairs for this event.

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

Located on the lower level, The Shelter offers a private bar, stage, cabaret seating, a DJ booth for our house D.J. and ring announcer Chloe Deville, red curtains and private rooms for our Second to None Superstars. Now one was too hot. One was too cold. But heath Sommersby decided that this room would be just right.

By the time that the four or five hundred fans who showed up figured all of this out they began filling up THE SHELTER. As they did a "

match was already happening inside of the ring.

D-Dawg Darius Majors, Jason Kaine and The Saint of Hate Isaac Rox were battling it out for Rox's

220 Better Than Advertised Championship!

The belt was hanging over the ring and a ladder was in the ring laid down flat.

Rox lifted D-Dawg up and hit him with his Swinging Sidewinder Suplex that he defeated D-Dawg with two weeks ago in Baltimore when he won the vacant Better Than Advertised Championship. As this was happening, Kaine set up the ladder and started going for the belt. Rox pulled him off the ladder, landed a stiff boot to the gut and then nailed Kaine with that crazy double underhook Emerald Fusion like maneuver of his. Rox quickly climbed the ladder and claimed his Championship belt and first successful title defense. The match bell sounded.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: WHAT  
S UP MOTHERFUCKERS?!?!?

Instead of Playing the Saint by Digital Summer which would normally play when Isaac Rox wins, Tattooed Bruise by

doubleDrive, the show's  
intro hit the speakers.

Chloe Deville: Here is your winner

AND STILL BETTER THAN ADVERTISED CHAMPION! THE SAINT OF HATE! ISAAC ROX!!!

The video package highlight reel hit the rather smallish big screen over the stage showing mostly highlights of the previous match.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: YOU FOUND US!

The crowd gave up a cheap pop hearing that which signaled that the shit was officially live and on in 220.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: I said  
She stood and turned to the crowd.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: WHAT  
S UP MOTHERFUCKERS IN THE MOTOR CITY?!?!?

Now the crowd marked out and gave up a pretty decent cheap pop. By now, the three wrestlers were now leaving, and our referee Perry Davidson was stashing that ladder back under the ring.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Thank you for having us Detroit. This is the first time Second to None is charging for tickets. Tonight is the first night in our ten for ten tour. Ten shows for ten bucks each! Whether it be a live download from 220 Wrestling dot com or a ticket to our live events, it's only going to cost you ten bucks!

And the match that we just witnessed, Jason Kaine versus

D-Dawg versus Isaac Rox for the Better Than Advertised Championship? Worth the price of admission itself! But we are just getting started! Tonight we have for you

The head trainer of the second to none academy in Washington D.C. The American Wolf Jason Richards will

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

be taking on Johnny Ajax and that will decide the number one contender to Isaac Rox's Better Than Advertised Championship!

The crowd legit marked out for that announcement.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Megan Dela Vega will take on newcomer Kayley Hale and in our Main Event! He is finally debuting

He is the number one contender to Adam Stryker's WWWorld Championship

About fifty fans in a group began chanting TREATS. Their faces were painted. They were spraying shaken up FAYGO everywhere! Lucia just laughed.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: MUTHAFACKOS are in the Motor City tonight Motherfuckers!!!

The Juggalos in the crowd marked out and kept chanting TREATS!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: You bet your sweet ass motherfuckers and muthafackos! Treats is in the house! Rowan is in the house!

Half the crowd was chanting TREATS! The other half began chanting RO-WAN!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: And in tonight's Main Event it will be

Mr. Rottentreats

Tommy Rowan!

Lucia paused, to let the crowd noise die down so that she could speak. There was then that moment, the lights fading down, and the familiar operatic of Cradle of Filth's NYMPHETAMINE began to play.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: OMGWTF?!!!? YOU HAVE GOT TO BE SHITTING ME! TELL ME THAT THIS RUMOR IS NOT TRUE!

But then there was the sound of the record being ripped from Chloe's turntable.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: This is one of the biggest villains in the life story of Heath Sommersby!

A different song, Skillet

began playing from the sound

system, the lights faded up as a tall, broad figure strolled out, hair tied back in a warrior's braid and a beard that had practically been allowed to do what it wanted.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: This is one of the biggest villains in the life story of Megan Dela Vega!

He took a microphone from his pocket, raised it up and began speaking.

???: Before I get down to business, this is the part of the planned promo where for those who have forgotten and for those who don't

know better

I let everyone know just who the fucking hell I am.

At this point, some of the crowd began chanting

s the pale?

as in reply others chanted

s the wife?

The pale, finally traded it in for a tan, and the wife

s looking after the lad, flight back from the

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

UK got in about three hours ago. Anyway, I am James  
Donovan, some of you know me as what was once called The Nightmare  
And now I am The Definition  
They shouted it out loud and proud  
Of Technician!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: DefTek..

JXD: However, it is and always will be JXD, no matter what spin you put on those initials. Anyway, it  
s been made known to me by a source that someone has been running their mouth on Twatter. Now I don  
t know whose bright idea it was to name some Social Media site after what you shout when two women start  
a fight in a pub in my hometown

But to run their mouth about a promotion not putting on Technical matches when they advertise Hardcore  
Indy Sleaze?

He paused, and then shrugged.

JXD: Well, that to me is someone bein  
a fuckin

moron of the highest order. You sign up to a Hardcore promotion that thrives on blood, violence, lighttubes,  
chairs, barbed wire, tables, fire and to some extent, trashcans.

He shot a wink to the camera.

JXD: Can

t take the by Safe Saver" id

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take your balls out the brazier.

However

Seeing as how we need to reintroduce me to the ring, I  
m thinking that I challenge the fucker to a bout we used back in the old  
days, Wrestling Is Our Middle Name  
in this place, it  
s the last name, but Rottentweets, at 220  
s next show,

I

m challenging you. No wait, Rottentits

Whatever, that

ll do. We go one on one, no weapons, no violence  
disqualifications, count outs, because it  
s what you wanted!

And with a slight pause, as though inviting the crowd to lean in, he said in barely a whisper.

JXD: And I am going to make you wish every moment in that match that you could do whatever you wanted  
and get away with it

because by the time I

m finished, win or lose, you

ll be more knotted than a pretzel. This is fact.

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

He paused once more, this time he took out the ever familiar mask of The Nightmare, along with a bottle of lighter fuel and a lighter.

JXD: Ladies and gentlemen, at this time

I would officially like to bring closure to the years between 2002 and 2012. The Nightmare has been dead for two years, Nightmare Prime is a part of me, so it

s come to this that the relic of the past is laid to rest in the most deserving way.

And with those words, he set the mask on the ramp, soaked it in fuel and with a flick of the zippo, ignited it and walked to the back, until the mask was nothing more than melted rubber that was firmly melted into the stage.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: You have got to be shittin me! JXD has just called out Rottentreats!

As second to no one by Twiztid hits the speakers, the match bell sounds three times calling for everyone s attention.

Chloe Deville: This match is for one fall!!! In the ring already Kayley Hale![color]

Megan Dela Vega pushes her way through the curtain at the gorilla position with her sledgehammer in hand. Grinder was right behind her and he still had a brown paper sack over his head. Grinder had a fire extinguisher. He doused the small fire then tried to grab the mask. It was melting in his hands and burning him legit but in classic grinder style he oversold it dancing back and forth on his bare feet. He caught the camera, and then raised a single finger slowly to his lips. The entire crowd knew what was coming and they did it right along with him!

[color

lime]G R I N D E R: SSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!1!!!!

The crowd blew the roof off the place and then let out a collective gasp as Grinder turned his back to them took off the paper sack that concealed his identity and put JXD s charred and burned and melted mask into his paper sack and ran away backstage.

Chloe Deville: And her opponent the INSATIABLE MEGAN DELA VEGA!!!

Megan dropped her sledgehammer on the steel steps at ringside and slid in. As she stood, she extended a hand to

Kayley. As Hale took her hand, Megan yanked her in close and nailed a belly to belly suplex to kick off the match. The ref called for the bell to officially start the match.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: I still don

t like Megan Dela Vega, and obviously MY Heath still isn

t interested in talking to her. I can

t wait to see her get her ass kicked by the new girl. I think Kayley is a World Champion somewhere or something.

Megan pulled Kayley up and sent her for the ride with an Irish Whip. As Hale bounced back to the center of the ring she was taken off of her feet with a Flying Head scissors takedown by Dela Vega. As Kayley made it back up to her feet Megan was turning and landing her Texas Tornado Punch!

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

Kayley would

ve been knocked down, but instead was knocked back into the turnbuckles.

With a Spear, Megan met her in the corner. With two handfuls of hair Megan pulled Kayley up and back into the center of the ring. Megan throttled Kayley hard by the throat and lifted her up!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: CHOKESLAM!

Dela Vega hit the ropes running. She bounced back and nailed Kayley with a Tumbleweed Legdrop! As she landed she was demanding a count. The referee slid into position.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

Kayley kicks out!

Dela Vega stood up over Hale and landed a stiff stomp to Kayley

s head. Next she landed a stiff stomp to Kayley

s shoulder. Then she stomped Kayley

s elbow. After that, she jumped up into the air as high as she could and stomped Kayley

s left hand with both booted feet!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: What a dirty bitch!

As Kayley writhed from the by Safe Saver" id

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of that, Megan just stomped her hard in the gut. Slowly, methodically, Megan Dela Vega stomped every limb and joint on Kayley

s body. When she finished, she demanded that the ref:

ASK HER!

Quickly he slid into position to check Kayley Hale. He asked if she could continue and she nodded that she could.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Alright Kayley, get up and kick her ass!

With a handful of hair, Megan pulled her up. She scooped her as if to bodyslam her dead in the center of the ring, but Dela Vega ran her into the turnbuckles and locked Kayley in the Tree of Woe. Megan stomped Kayley in the gut once, twice, then backed up and landed a baseball slide dropkick to the face! Kayley fell out of the Tree of Woe and down into the ring.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Megan Dela Vega is nasty! Grinder told me she doesn't

have a pussy. She

s got two assholes! Now that

s nasty!

Again, Dela Vega pulled her up. Megan backed herself into a corner pulled Kayley with her. Dela Vega lifted Hale and nailed a sick Snake by Safe

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that sent Kayley

s head right into the cornerpost. Megan climbed outside. She climbed up onto the top ropes pulling Kayley

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

up as she did.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: OMGWTF?!?!

Dela Vega nailed Kayley with a Top Rope Piledriver that had the crowd on their feet! She didn't hook a leg, just shoved a forearm down hard across Kayley's face. The referee slid into position to mercifully make the obvious three count.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: It's over! Megan got lucky!

With a devilish grin, Megan Dela Vega pulled her up at two.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: No way! I told you that was a nasty bitch!

Megan snaked her legs around Kayley

s waist and had a Guillotine Choke on her before Kayley had even reacted to the leg scissors. Immediately, Kayley Hale began to tap out.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: I said it two weeks ago in Baltimore at Confusion in Charm City, no one has tapped yet in

Second to None..

The referee called for the bell and then he had to actually break the hold and pull Dela Vega off of Hale. As she stood, Megan stomped Kayley again as second to no one by Twiztid once again hit the speakers.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: ..until tonight.

The referee raised Insatiable

s hand in victory.

Chloe Deville: Here is your winner

the INSATIABLE

MEGAN DELA VEGA!!!

Megan stomped Kayley one last time, then left the ring. The cameras returned to Lucia at ringside. Lucia looked kind of confused.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: What are you doing Chloe? Roll the next segment..

The cameras stayed right there on Lucia.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: What the fuck? Nobody wants to have air time on my Second to None Internet Pay Per View?

The camera remained tight on Lucia.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: You guys are assholes. So you know what? I

ll be an asshole. I

ll make you all watch the stupidest asshole here. If no one else wants to be on the live show somebody get me a camera on grinder backstage? What's that goofy motherfucker up to?

On the smallish big screen Grinder is backstage. He does not have a bag over his head or a mask over his face. His back is to the camera and his dark thick dreadlocks hang down to his waist untied. Grinder drops his paper sack and in his right hand holds up the charred remains of DefTek's NIGHTMARE mask. It was melted and ruined. You could only see out of one of the by Safe Saver" id GPLITA\_6" href

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

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now. It looked more like a PHANTOM OF THE OPERA mask than a mask a professional wrestler would use. By now, we all know that Grinder is one weird motherfucker. Not showing his face, he looked back and forth. First, at what was left of

JXD

s mask. Then to the tiny wooden time-out chair that Grinder swears belonged to Scavenger, Jake Strong. Again he looked to JXD

s mask. Then back to the chair that Grinder was introduced to as Woody Strong.

Yes. Second to None Wrestling is completely aware that Tommy Rowan broke this chair on Grinder s head at Lucia

s Sunday Morning Hangover. That

s all duct taped back together.

Grinder pulled something out of his pocket with his left hand still holding the mask up with his right.

G R I N D E

R: I

VE GOT THE POWER!!1!!!!

WAH-WAH-WAH-WAH!!! on the

Kazoo. Convinced that he was now in the possession of two very cool talismans, Grinder was thrilled and could not help but to dance he was so happy!

G R I N D E R: I

VE GOT THE POWER!!1!!!!

WAH-WAH-WAH-WAH!!!

The cameras returned to Lucia at ringside.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Don

t ever make me do that to you motherfuckers again. Do something that gets your ass on TV please. There. I said please. And you can bet your sweet ass I won t say that again.

The match bell sounds three times calling for everyone

s attention as Astro Zombies by The Misfits begins to play throughout the shelter and the crowd reacts with a positive pop.

Chloe DeVille: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and will decide the number one contender to the Better Than Advertised Championship!

Ajax appears through the curtain, wearing a Jason Richards shirt and begins to walk down to the ring.

Chloe DeVille: Introducing first, he weighs in tonight at 201lbs, hailing from the Rose City, this is Johnny Ajax!

Ajax makes his way to the turnbuckle and stands still for a couple of seconds, taking in his surroundings, then jumps into the ring and walks over to the opposite turnbuckle, jumps up and sits, waiting for his opponent

By Barry Gledden hits and the crowd gives off an equally positive reaction as Richards comes out through the curtain. He stares at his opponent for a couple of seconds and walks purposefully towards the ring. He stands on the same turnbuckle that Ajax just posed on and stares at him.

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

Chloe DeVille:

And his opponent, From  
Seattle, Washington. Weighing in tonight at 208lbs, he is the  
American Wolf  
Jason Riiiiiiichards!

Richards called for a house mic, then hopped down off of the turnbuckle. He just begins glaring at Lucia as he does he raises the microphone and begins to speak directly to the boss.

Jason Richards: I am out here to make one thing fucking perfectly clear. It has come down to this, later on tonight, if Libby Marcil loses I am fired as the head trainer of the 220 academy and it's all because of you Lucia. I have busted my ass to get where I am in this business and you're going to try and take it away from me? I do not think so!!!

The crowd roared their by Safe Saver" id

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So did Johnny Ajax, he was egging the rowdy Detroit crowd on.

Jason Richards: So, Lucia, you can fire me as a trainer but I am going to show up here month after month and prove I am one of the best. I will go in to that academy day after day head trainer or not and I will teach those kids what they need to know about this business. I can promise you Lucia your about to see a side of me no one and I mean no one has ever, ever seen. I am looking you right in the eyes right now and telling you bring the best you got because I am never going anywhere!!!

The crowd loved it and gave it up big for the 220 original Jason Richards. At ringside, Lucia just nodded.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: Easy killer. I don

t want you to go anywhere!!! Mrs. Sommersby has everything under control. Don

t get all asshurt like that one

KID.

Lucia smirked.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: I

m just selling tickets. You know MY Heath would never let me fire you at the academy. And don

t get your tail feathers ruffled about Libby

s match. She had some issues so I gave her the night off. The guy she was supposed to fight? He wasn

t second to none. I told him to stick it where the sun DON

T rise.

And the marks marked.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: So don

t worry about any of that. Worry about young Ajax there. This match IS deciding the number one contender to Isaac Rox

s Better Than Advertised Championship.

As the camera focuses in on his face, he smiles and nods at Ajax, slides the microphone out of the ring and begins to pace as our referee, Perry Davidson walks into the center of the ring. Davidson checks both men for foreign objects, and after both men come away clean, Davidson calls for the bell and the match begins.

Ajax and Richards meet in the middle of the ring. After a brief staredown, the two men exchange a few

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

words, and shake hands, to the crowd

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The two men begin to circle around the ring, waiting for the other to make the first move, but after a few seconds, they meet back in the middle of the ring for a test of strength, and even though they are nearly identical in weight, Ajax forces Richards to his knees in the test, due to his 7 inch height advantage. But Richards breaks the knuckle lock and shoots in for a double leg takedown, which Ajax sprawls out of it and eventually both men make it back to their feet.

Both

"

men then meet back in the middle of the ring, Richards shoots in for a leg, but Ajax sidesteps him, and while Richards is on one knee, Johnny attempts a quick headshot, but Richards evades the super kick and looks up, as the camera focuses on Ajax and the smirk he has on his face. He winks as Jason stands back up. Right after Jason gets back on two feet, Johnny charges towards

him, but like a matador, Richards sidesteps him, but before he can attack, Ajax connects with a beautiful springboard rana! A quick cover only brings a quick 2 count though. Richards and Ajax both spring back up to their feet, and Ajax whips Richards against the ropes, and connects with a beautiful dropkick! But instead of going for the pin, he climbs the turnbuckle with his back to his opponent.

Before he can get his balance though, Richards pushes him off the turnbuckle, and Ajax falls violently to the shelter floor.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: These two are giving it their all for the right to fight Isaac Rox in two weeks! Ajax appears to be clutching his injured ribs as he slowly makes his way back to his feet. Richards heads onto the apron and claps, to try and get the crowd amped up.

As the crowd

s claps get going, Richards runs and leaps off of the apron and connects with a diving dropkick that connects directly to Johnny

s

chest! The crowd chants 220! 220! 220! as Jason rolls Ajax back into the ring. He attempts a pin, but only gets a two count. Jason quickly turns the pin attempt into a Seattle Stretch!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Will we see two tap-outs in one night?

Johnny makes a last stitch effort to try and reach the ropes, but comes up just short, and after about another 20 seconds, he goes limp. The ref checks the arm. Once: Falls down. Twice: Falls. Third time

Ajax is able to keep the arm up!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Ajax is digging deep!

Richards keeps the hold locked in, as

Ajax tries to get back to his feet. When Johnny gets onto one knee, Richards releases the grip and begins to strike Ajax with a series of

elbows, but Johnny manages to make it back to his feet. Richards is able to connect with a devastating roundhouse kick to the side of the head, but Ajax screams, and connects with a roundhouse of his own! Then

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

the spinning backfist.. the discus lariat, and finally the Pele Kick! Super combo #3! Both men lay in the center of the ring as the crowd goes nuts for the action thats taking place.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: This is awesome!

Ajax is the first back to his feet. He grabs Richards by the head, and Calls out

Finish him!

signaling the Fatality is coming. He hoists Richards up, but Ajax is the one who receives a knee to the skull!

Ajax is stunned from the blow and Richards is able to regain his senses. Ajax charges at Richards with a lariat, Richards kicks the arm

though, knocking Ajax back. He grabs the head and connects with the Emerald City Boom! Lateral press by Richards!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

3!!!

The bell sounds and Clutch by Barrie Gleddon bursts from the speakers once again. The ref raised Jason Richards

arm in victory.

Chloe Deville: And here is your winner

AND NUMBER ONE CONTENDER TO THE BETTER THAN ADVERTISED CHAMPIONSHIP! THE AMERICAN WOLF! JASON RICHARDS!!!

Up on the big screen we can see that after her match against Kaley Hale, the Insatiable one Megan Dela Vega had some time to kill so she had to check out this classic venue. She was thoroughly amazed at how it looked on the inside. You wouldn

t think it had this much to offer from looking onto it from the outside of the building. It looked like a rundown brick building but the moment you stepped through the doors it was transformed into a place that saw many different types of entertainment, wrestling events was only one that attracted people to this site.

As she investigated the place she came across the second floor where she could stand and watch the action going on down on the floor below her. It was the perfect place for her to get a glimpse of Heath Sommersby, the man who has still eluded her at every turn.

As Insatiable was watching and not really paying that much attention to much else a woman came up beside her and stood to her left, looking on as well.

After a few moments she finally broke the silence. She was fine looking and what most weren't aware of is she had connections within 220 Wrestling.

Awesome stuff, Heath

s really got a good thing going here.

Insatiable turns around facing this intruder as she by Safe

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her with disgust.

Insatiable: And who the hell might you be? Another one of his groupies? Or just one of many he's fucking on the side?

Freya:

Oh nothing like that, I been a wrestling fan for years now. Name

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

s Freya Davidson.

She said with a smile as she extended her hand which Megan totally ignored.

Insatiable: Yeah so, is that suppose to mean something?

Freya: No I guess that it doesn't.

it

s just super awesome to finally get to meet you Megan. It

s good to see you back in the ring again. I just wanted to introduce myself as I

ll be around now that I

m 220 also.

Megan just rolled her eyes by Safe Saver" id

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and thought how this bitch was sucking up to her.

Insatiable: Oh great another bitch that I

m going to have to rip to shreds and show the door to.

Freya: You haven't

t lost your touch that

s for sure. I won't

be competing in the ring. I

ll be doing more on the level of getting the 220 news out to the fans.

Insatiable: Oh so you're

re the blood hound of 220, sniffing out all the news to report, how cute.

I haven't

even begun to become the face of 220. I beat the WEW World Champion right out of 220 and that

s just for starters. Next to go are all these bitches who think they have what it takes to make it here, Hale

was only the first of many. There

s only one mega queen bitch and that

s me.

Freya:

After what I just saw, I don't

think you have much competition. Are we going to see the Mystic of

2005 any time soon? I loved watching you in action when my brother would let me tag along.

Now Megan's

interest was piqued, as Freya had her full attention. Not many knew her back then or what she was capable of doing. Not many feared her yet as they did back then.

Insatiable: You do, do your homework I see. So just who is this brother that you speak of?

Freya:

Perry of course, Perry

Davison, I

m his little sister.

Insatiable: Well if that ain't

the shit. Didn't

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

t even know our good ole referee Perry had a sister. We go way back. Can honestly say that he s probably the only friend I got and the only reason that I didn t wreck the asylum when I was searching for Heath Sommersby. I knew that it would be Perry who would have to put the place back in order.

Freya: I heard it was Perry who got you into the event that week too. It doesn t seem like Lucia likes you much.

Insatiable: The feelings mutual. Can t stand that bitch. She

s standing in my way of me and Heath picking up on our friendship. I m sure if I could just talk to him he s come around.

Looking down to the lower level at some ring action Megan gets a glimpse of the very man she just spoke of. This was the opportunity that she had been hoping for.

Insatiable: Aw fuck, there he is. I got to go. Maybe I can catch up with Heath before he disappears again.

Megan didn

t even wait for Freya to respond. She just took off like a dart, shoving people out of her way and making her way down to the lower level of the Hall.

Freya: Yeah ok, was nice talking to ya.

The match bell sounded three times and the cameras focused on Chloe Deville at the DJ booth.

Chloe Deville: This next contest is for one fall and it is your MAIN EVENT!!!

In Ashes They Shall Reap by Hatebreed begins to play and the camera begins to pan around the shelter. Lasers begin flashing around the shelter as the crowd begins to boo. After the intro the lights begin to violently strobe to the beat. The red exit doors toward the back of the shelter swing open and smoke pours out. Tommy Rowan storms out from the exit doors in his usual entrance attire. Across his face, a very smug look and in his right hand he holds a water bottle. He takes a swig and lets out a huge spray of water. He looks around before wiping his mouth with his arm and snorting. He holds up his fists and the crowd showers him with heavy boos. He puts them down as he shakes his head again. Tommy begins to walk towards the ring, looking left and right and arguing with some fans.

Chloe Deville: Weighing in tonight at 220 pounds, hailing from

Ozone park, New

York, he is

The Hardcore Reject, TOMMY

ROOOOWWWAAAAANNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!

Tommy is now at the edge of the barricade and he looks at the camera. He mouths off some words before hopping over the barricade and then hopping up on the ring apron with his right knee. Rowan lifts himself up and by Safe Saver" id

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around on the apron. He looks around before holding up the metal horns. He then gets into the ring and steps up on the turnbuckle. Rowan holds up the metal horns again before slowly putting them to his sides as he wipes his mouth again and turns. He sits on the top turnbuckle as he waits for the match to begin. Trouble by Danzig hits the speakers and the crowd goes wild.

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

Chloe Deville: And his opponent!

Again, this crazy Detroit crowd was chanting TREATS!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Yeah, yeah, yeah. We know. All the cool kids seem to weigh 220 in 220.

TREATS! TREATS! TREATS! Rowan no sold it in his corner which caused his villainous asshole fans to start a RO-WAN! Chant. Finally Treats stepped out onto the stage at the shelter in St. Andrews. Then it really got loud!

Chloe: From the Carnival Grounds! Yo  
s MISTAH ROTTENTREATS!!!

Treats took off in a sprint, sliding inside of the ring with a skilled and practiced ease. Rowan met him with a boot to the head! Our referee Perry Davidson backed out the way and called for the bell.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Here we go! This is the one everyone is talking about and waiting for!

Treats no sold the boot, rising to his feet and landing a stiff right hand as he did! Rowan returned with a stiff right jab of his own! Treats with a right hand! Rowan with a stiff right shot!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Neither man is giving an inch tonight in Motown! They are slugging it out!

Treats with a right hand! Rowan swung again and Treats applied a wristlock and landed a high knee lift to the gut of Rowan. Treats with wrist control wrenched the arm behind Rowan

s back applying a hammerlock. Treats held it there with his left, with his right he jammed his elbow down hard into Rowan

s shoulder! Treats did it again and then he did it again!

The crowd counted it off for him and when he hit Rowan

s shoulder ten times, Treats nailed him with a sick hammerlocked DDT down onto that shoulder. Treats rolled Rowan over and with a handful of Rowan

s shorts that the ref didn

t see went for the pin.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby:

Rowan kicks out!

Treats took wrist control with a wristlock and pulled Rowan up to his feet. Again, Treats turned the wristlock into a hammerlock. He scooped Rowan and nailed a Hammerlock Bodyslam. Treats showed his quickness springing up onto the top rope. As Rowan began to

stand, favoring that shoulder,

Treats began to walk the top rope and the crowd went wild. When Rowan was all the way up, Treats hopped down off the top

rope, landing a hard elbow onto the same shoulder!

As Rowan went down, Treats again went for the pin.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby:

1 !!!

Treats got one foot up onto the bottom rope..

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

2 !!!

Treats got his other foot up onto the rope..

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Rowan kicks out again! Treats is going right after Rowan

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

s right shoulder which takes out the majority of Rowan  
s arsenal! Treats is definitely trying to disable that Tommyhawk Elbow Smash!  
Again, Treats took Rowan by the wrist and pulled him up to his feet. This  
time, Rowan landed a stiff boot to the gut! With his good shoulder, he scooped Treats and nailed a sick DVD!  
As they both moved to their feet, Rowan hit Treats with a Hard Lariat with his good arm that flipped Treats  
over onto his by Safe  
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Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: The Hardcore reject is ambidextrous with that Hardcore Hook!!!  
With a front facelock applied, Rowan pulled Treats up. A handful of tights and Rowan had Treats up for a  
Vertical Suplex. Rowan dropped him hard with a Side by Safe  
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from that.  
Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: COLLISION COURSE!!!  
Rowan with the cover, the ref started the count.  
Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:  
Rottentreats kicks out!!!  
Rowan pulled Treats up and sent him into the corner with an Irish Whip. Rowan followed him in, the impact  
with less than one second apart, Treats hit the turnbuckles and Rowan speared him with his good shoulder!  
Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: That  
s the Cutting Edge! What is Rowan doing now?  
Rowan lifted Treats up onto the top rope in a seated position. Rowan landed four stiff jabs with his left and  
then climbed up onto the top rope.  
Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: There  
s no way this ends well for either one of them!  
Rowan began pulling Treats up. Treats landed a shot to the gut of Rowan. But Rowan headbutted Treats  
and landed three stiff shots to the gut of Rottentreats. With Treats doubled over, Rowan took the front  
facelock, then lifted Treats up for a Top Rope Vertical Suplex! Rowan dropped Treats down hard onto the  
outside on the ring apron while Rowan landed inside of the ring!  
Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: OMGWTF?!?!?  
Treats rolled off the ring apron and hit the ground with a thud. With the ref counting him out, Treats stood.  
Still favoring that  
shoulder, Rowan went for it and running hit Treats with a Suicide Dive to the outside.  
Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: HOLY SHIT!  
With the crowd chanting HOLY SHIT and Rowan taking it all in and gloating, somehow, Treats hit Rowan  
with a chopblock. It wasn  
t much, and treats was still staggered but he fought back. Treats gouged Rowan  
s eye, then with a Fishhook he slammed Rowan

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

s head back down onto the ring apron! Treats kept the fishhook in and again slammed Rowan  
s head down hard onto the ring apron! He did it again for a third time. Treats lifted Rowan up onto the ring  
apron but didn

t push him into the ring. As Treats slid into the ring he kept hold of Rowan

s ankles. Treats then catapulted Rowan

s throat right into the bottom rope!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: NECK CUTTA!

Rowan clutched at his throat and rolled around on the ring. Treats again sprung up onto the top rope. As

Rowan stood up still clutching his throat, Treats went right for his throat with a Corkscrew

Blockbuster!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: RED POP DROP!!!

Treats went for the pin!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

ROWAN KICKS OUT AGAIN!!!

As both men made it up to their feet again, Rowan took Treats down hard with a Bicycle

Kick!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: EGO TRIP!

Treats moved to his feet and as he did Rowan was scooping him, at first it looked like a simple bodyslam  
until Rowan sat out the move and nailed Treats with the Michinoku Driver II !!! Rowan got up to one knee and  
slammed his fist down onto the mat and the crowd went wild! He moved behind Treats, stalking him.

As Treats stood, Rowan hit him with the Half Nelson Wheel Barrel

Driver!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: HEAD TRAUMA! IT

S GOT TO BE OVER!

Treats still on his head and shoulders from the landing, Rowan held his kicking legs.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby:

3!!!

Just as the ref and Lucia counted three, Treats kicked out of it. He was just a shade too late.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: Rowan has finally done it! His first win in Second to None is over Mr. Rottentreats!!!

Once again, In Ashes They Shall Reap by Hatebreed begins to play. The ref raises Rowan

s arm in

victory!

Chloe Deville: Here is your winner

THE HARDCORE REJECT! TOMMY ROWAN!!!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: What a show! I am fucking spent! Buut

I can

t help but think of one last thing. Does anybody want to see Rottentreats versus DefTek?

And the marks marked.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: I do too. In two weeks. Cleveland. Peabody

s. Be there motherfuckers!

The outro music, In one ear by cage the Elephant hit the speakers. The house lights shined bright and that

## 220 iPPV: iPPV 5

trusty logo hit the big screen as the marks began leaving the building.

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