

# Victory: XXII

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance

**Date:** January 24, 2015

## Results

### VICTORY

Segment

Victory XXII

24 Jan 2015

The WrestleZone at Universal Studios, Orlando, FL (seats 1,400)

As the stream fades up from black, the Saturday Night Victory logo comes across the screen. The funky beat of by James Brown begins. The logo pulses until we get to the first chorus. As it fades out we get a shot of screaming fans. We pan across, getting a good luck at the new Victory ring aprons and stage.

As we come along the other side of the fans, the camera pans down to an upward angle. Suddenly a series of red, white, and blue pyrotechnics begin to explode on the stage. The theme music continues to go off as the camera changes angles. We get shots of the fans singing along to the sounds of the Godfather of Soul.

From the ring post, red, then blue sparklers begin to crackle up from tops. As the music fades out, the fans are even louder and we pan down to the commentator's booth where former VCW Champion, Dick Fury, and Jennifer Williams are standing by.

Williams: Welcome ladies and gentleman to another exciting episode of Saturday Night Victory right here, Live in the WrestleZone in Orlando, Florida! I'm Jennifer Williams and as always, I am joined by Dick Fury.

Fury: Thank you, Jennifer. Dick is here in his second home, Orlando!

Williams: Another stacked card here on Victory.

Fury: Definitely, Jennifer. Once again a huge weekend in the UTA.

Williams: The weekend capper, the Main Event, Dynasty puts up their Tag Team titles against The Spawn.

Fury: Very exciting times as always here in the UTA!

A graphic comes up on your screen as the commentators continue to hype the card. Leyenda De Ocho and Nirvana appear.

Williams: Three great matches tonight. Our opening match kicks us off with Leyenda De Ocho taking on a new face in the UTA and a familiar face in the game, Nirvana.

Fury: A complete mismatch if Dick ever seen one.

Williams: Ningyo makes her debut against The Second Coming, coming off her first singles loss against La Flama Blanca.

Fury: Second Coming needs this victory to get back on the winning track.

Williams: Could we see an upset?

Fury: Don't make Dick laugh.

Williams chuckles at her play-by-play partner.

Williams: And in our Main Event... Gentleman Jack takes on Claude Baptiste Ranier for the UTA Legacy Championship.

Fury: Dick can't figure out how The Gentleman gets a second title match. Maybe the name change benefitted, Jack.

Williams: This match has been talked about all week on Twitter. Fans have really been looking forward to this matchup.

Fury: Does the streak end tonight? Or does CBR continue his dominance.

The graphic fades and we head back to the play by play announce table.

Fury: Let's kick this show off!

Williams: The WrestleZone is sold out, stay tuned folks... this is... VICTORY!

Going Global

The scene opens to the backstage area. The camera is focused on a large UTA backdrop. From the left side Nirvana walks onto the scene. He's dressed in his blue attire and mask, the same outfit he'll probably be wrestling in. Ningyo walks in from the right side in a matching sentai type bodysuit. The two stand side by side as they speak.

Nirvana: Looks like we're going global, baby doll.

Ningyo: From Japan to America! From America to EVERYWHERE!

The two fist bump.

Nirvana: I've been everywhere, man. I've fought the biggest and the baddest but I've never gone global.

Ningyo: Not until he met me.

Nirvana nods softly and pats Soulbird's Star Pupil on the shoulder.

Nirvana: Then we saw the light at the end of the tunnel. So here we are. We've seen the wrestlers and the venues. They called to us.

Ningyo throws a fist in the air like a Japanese superhero.

Ningyo: YATTA!

Nirvana: Indeed. So we've arrived, have we?

Ningyo: I'd say so, love.

Nirvana: Needless to say, I'm old. I've forgotten more than most of the wrestlers on the UTA roster have learned. I had no choice but to take this final step. A lot of people call it selling out. Others don't see the hype, although it's minor hype at best. I walked into the door with nothing but tonight I take everything and earn my spot against LDO.

Ningyo: You going into final boss mode?

Nirvana: Not yet. Not in our first meeting. I want this to last for a while. I see something in that kid. Maybe it's the respect of the mask. Maybe it's his fire and his need to be at his best. He's intense, but is he as intense as me?

Ningyo: Hardly! You're the most intense around!

Nirvana: And I'm his boss monster. I'm his behemoth. I have a standard to uphold. The standard of my reputation, my infamy. The reputation of those who held final boss honors before me. Indeed. I'm going to take this kid to town and show UTA what over two decades of violence looks like. And what about you Ningyo?

Ningyo takes center stage and points to the camera.

Ningyo: The Second Coming! You might have my number but I have yours as well! As Starbird's Star Pupil I have a need to show you my best. I'm here for the fans and my fellow wrestlers but I'm here to do one thing! Earn my spot in a global promotion.

Nirvana: Than let's do this. Now say your catchphrase for me, baby doll.

Ningyo: Fix your faces because the masks... ARE... READY!

The two take a Power Rangers type pose as the scene fade to something less interesting.

The Golden Ticket

We shoot backstage where the fans are entering the arena. Their tickets are being checked and security personnel stand at the ready for any situation that may arise.

Fears: Okay great. That is two third row seats, and you are ringside. Great choice!

The voice belongs to the Prodigy champion Zhalia Fears who stands behind the gate and is taking tickets. She waves at the couple as they head off and is handed another pair from the next group. Her attention focuses down on the little girl holding the hand of her mother.

Fears: And looks like you have ...

She pauses and smiles down at the girl, then looks up at the mother who frowns with a shrug.

Mother: Really she wanted to come, and that is the best we could afford.

Fears: I see. Well little one, you are in luck! Tonight is a very special night. Tonight my fellow Trident Warriors Three, The Second Coming, is in action. And you know what that means?

The little girl shakes her head as Zhalia holds out her hand, and showcases the trident ring on her finger.

Fears: That means we have a special offer tonight, at this very minute. The stars have aligned perfectly. You are quite lucky to have arrived when you did. You actually won a great prize! The golden ticket, if you would. Very rare indeed.

The girl's eyes light up while she tugs her mother's hand.

Mother: Isn't that great Sasha? And what kind of prize?

Fears: The best kind! First, we do not need these anymore.

She tosses the tickets in the container by her feet. She then pulls out three tickets from her pocket and hands one of them to the mother, then leans over the counter and hands the other to the daughter.

Fears: You two get to join me, front row for all the action. And in fact...

She looks back past security and up at the clock as the time ticks down.

Fears: Lets go get our seats! What do you say?

Sasha: Yay!

Mother: Thank you dear.

Fears: No worries. Lets go!

Zhalia grabs hold of the girl's other hand and walks with the two off towards their seats while another employee takes her spot and resumes checking in last minute arrivals.

Williams: Looking forward to this one as we see the double debut match pitting Nirvana against Leyendo De Ocho.

Fury: Dick honestly doesn't think this one will last very long.

Williams: And why does "Dick" think that?

Fury: Because one is a lot larger. Believe me, Dick knows that being larger is an asset!

Williams: Let's head to the ring before I get nauseous.

The view changes to show our beloved ring announcer standing at center ring.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, this match is set for one fall and has a twenty minute time limit.

The lights are dark as the piano melody tinkles through of the beginning of the infamous theme song of "Mike Tyson's Punch out"

Announcer: Hailing from the fighting city of Chicago, Illinois....

Once the electric guitar kicks in, flashing lights in alternating white and green pulsate through the arena with a gold spotlight on Leyendo De Ocho at the entrance curtain.

Announcer: Standing five-feet, eight-inches tall and weighing in at one-hundred and eighty-eight pounds. Here is LEYENDO DE OCHO!!!

The fans give a polite cheer when his name is announced head down, hands forming the shape of a triangle at chest-height. He marches to the ring, pumping up the crowd and high fiving fans like a house of fire.

Williams: There he is and the fans are starting to warm to him already.

Fury: Dick thinks the cheer is for the awesome video game song he uses for his entrance.

Williams: It couldn't just be his great character, could it?

Fury: Uh...No. No, it could not.

"Orgasmatron" by Sepultura begins to play. The sounds of harsh, violent death metal fill the arena as the lights slowly turn a dark blue. Without much pomp and circumstance, out comes Nirvana dressed in a flowing blue wrestling robe.

Williams: There is the man who was actually blasted and accused of doping before he even stepped into a UTA ring.

Fury: People always fear things they are afraid of. That is why so many women fear Dick Fury.

Nirvana begins to walk down the aisle. The fans don't seem to know what to make of the masked behemoth. Nirvana seems very distant. He shows little care what the fans think until he reaches the ring. He turns around at this point, right before entering, to show off the back of his robe. On the back of his robe are the words "Kill You". Once the fans see this, many of them begin booing. By now the boos are overpowering the cheers of his mixed reaction.

Announcer: Hailing from Parts Unknown...

Nirvana enters the ring. Nirvana actually steps over the top rope to get inside. He stands in the middle of the ring for a moment, simply watching the fans.

Announcer: Standing at six-feet, seven-inches and coming in at a healthy three-hundred and twelve pounds...

Nirvana says a few more words to and slides off his robe. Now we can see the grotesque scars that cover his chest. Nirvana takes a hand and rubs an extremely horrible one, one that goes from one side of his chest to the next, and gives the fans a growl for good measure.

Announcer: "The Midnight King" Nirvana!

The lights return to normal and Nirvana just stands there. The fans continue their mixed reaction. Nirvana just takes it all in before the start of the match.

Williams: This guy has some of the nastiest scars I have ever seen.

Fury: Well he is known for wrestling death match, and those will leave a few marks. This man bears the mark of a dangerous individual. Dick hopes that he lives up to it in the ring.

Nirvana cracks his neck and holds his arms out and then spins to show off his scars to all of the fans. Then, he slides a thumb over his neck before moving to his turnbuckle to start the match.

Williams: Look at this guy! He's huge!

Fury: Thanks.

Williams: Not you nimrod....I meant Nirvana!

Fury: It becomes apparent the closer these two get to each other.

The two men stare at each other as the referee signals for the bell and that sounds excites the crowd.

Williams: Look at the sheer size different between these two men.

Fury: De Ocho looks like a child in the ring with a man. This won't end well for him, Dick fears.

Williams: It is a classic match of speed versus brawn...

Fury: (interrupting) Which is fine until the bigger guy gets his hands on you.

They jump into a classic collar-and-elbow lock up and Nirvana shoves De Ocho nearly across the ring, causing him to hit the canvas hard. De Ocho stays on one knee, shaking his head at the power he felt as Nirvana flexes his large arms at the smaller man.

Williams: Look at the power Nirvana possesses!

Fury: Locking up with him wasn't the smartest move.

De Ocho up to his feet, nodding his head as if getting an idea of what he will have to do here. They circle each other.

Williams: De Ocho seems to have a plan.

Fury: Plans won't tumble muscle. That is a fact.

Nirvana lunges to grab the smaller man, but De Ocho dodges the large arms and plants a kick squarely onto the left knee of the "Midnight King."

Williams: Quick kick by De Ocho! He's going after the legs of the big man.

De Ocho follows it up with another kick to the same knee, obviously trying to take the legs out from under the beast.

Fury: He's going to have to bring more than that if he wants to bring the "Midnight king" to his knees.

Williams: De Ocho has the skills and the speed to pull it off. He just needs the right attack point.

Nirvana loads up and goes for a big punch, missing a quicker De Ocho as the speedy masked man nails another kick to that left knee. This time Nirvana leg buckles ever so slightly and De Ocho seems empowered by this.

Williams: Like that!

Fury: Dick's eyes must be deceiving him!

Williams: Nirvana's knee might be giving way!

Raising an arm to the crowd for support, De Ocho rushes to the ropes and propels himself back toward Nirvana, drop kicking that left leg square in the knee joint as the crowd cheers.

Fury: At least he is consistent!

Williams: Leyendo De Ocho understands the laws of physics: if you take the legs out from under it, everything will fall.

Fury: De Ocho is not Sir Isaac Newton and he does not have that kind of understanding of science, Dick assures you.

Nirvana reaches to feel his left knee just a big, shrugging of the attack. However he does not notice De Ocho quickly scaling the corner behind him. De Ocho perches, waiting for the big man to turn around.

Williams: De Ocho is pulling out all the stops!

Fury: Dick thinks this is madness to try for this at this stage of the match.

Nirvana turns and De Ocho leaps, throwing both of his calves around the large head of his opponent. However, Nirvana blocks the head scissors attempt and grabs the legs, slamming De Ocho right down into the canvas head first.

Fury: I told you so.

Williams: Nirvana sends De Ocho into the canvas like a sledge hammer!

Nirvana pulls De Ocho to his feet, only to smash him down with a hellish lariat.

Williams: A lariat for good measure!

Fury: Dick thought that De Ocho's head would come flying off with that one. Those are powerful arms there.

Nirvana is heard almost laughing as he pulls De Ocho up from the mat and lifts him up only to drop him with a nasty backbreaker across the knee.

Williams: Nirvana showing off some serious power. That backbreaker looked like it nearly cut De ocho in half!

Fury: At this point, he probably wishes it had so the nightmare would be over for him tonight.

Williams: He hasn't given up yet, Dick.

Fury: The night is young. This is a death match specialist he is facing tonight. He knows how to hurt people in the worst ways.

De Ocho is writhing in pain as Nirvana stands over him. The big guy takes his left boot and stomps on the scrotum area. The referee begins to rush up to him, but Nirvana turns his head toward him and the referee's hand just falls to his side.

Williams: Nirvana blatantly cheating and the referee refuses to say a word!

Fury: That is respect right there.

Williams: I think it was self preservation.

Fury: Dick thinks they are the same thing many times.

Nirvana pulls Leyendo to his feet, whipping him with extreme force across the ring and into a corner, where De Ocho hits hard into the turnbuckles and flips up and over them, landing on the apron outside the ropes. Nirvana quickly clotheslines the smaller man, causing him to flip in the air and land awkwardly on the arena floor.

Williams: De Ocho sent crashing to the floor! This is a travesty and not remotely fair!

Fury: It's wrestling, not tee ball. Damn!

Nirvana again slowly nods toward the fans and flexes his large, muscular arms. These taunts get a nasty reaction from the ringside fans.

Fury: That man has a future here. Dick can't believe it took him this long to make the big time.

The "Midnight King" exits the ring and drops down to the floor near De Ocho, who has not moved much since landing.

Williams: Uh oh! Nirvana outside and looking for more brutality. At this point, you have to feel sorry for Leyendo De Ocho.

Fury: Dick doesn't.

Nirvana grabs De Ocho and pulls him up, putting his shoulder into De Ocho's stomach. Nirvana rams De Ocho back into the barricade with force, causing the smaller man to yelp with pain and get more boos from the crowd.

Williams: Nirvana ramming the smaller man against the barricade.

Fury: Power and speed at play!

Nirvana grabs De Ocho and lifts him up, pressing him over his head and holding him there for a few seconds.

Fury: Look at the strength! Good God this guy is a beast!

Nirvana literally press slams De Ocho into the ring all the way over the top rope.

Williams: De Ocho sent flying over the top rope by nirvana press lift!

Fury: Dick is impressed with Nirvana so far. He may be the most powerful man in UTA right now.

The big man slowly climbs onto the apron and back through the ropes, all the while nodding and jawing with ringside fans. De Ocho is moving and trying to get his wits, but struggling mightily.

Williams: The crowd certainly isn't enjoying him too much.

Fury: It depends on your definition of enjoying. The crowd is giving him a piece of their minds, but he just doesn't care. He loves the boos and he is about to finish it right now!

Nirvana gets ready to set up for the finish, grabbing De Ocho for a Gory Special. He lifts, but as Nirvana sets up for the powerbomb finish, De Ocho manages to flip out of the move and drop Nirvana with a face buster that pops the crowd.

Williams: Face buster by De Ocho!!! How did he do that?

Fury: He is tiny. Dwarves tend to be able to escape things easier, especially handcuffs around a bed post.

Nirvana is dazed and trying to stand to his feet. As he reaches a knee, De Ocho runs and hits a rocker dropped, slamming his face into the canvas again to the crowd's delight.

Williams: Leyendo De Ocho seizing his opportunity now. Rocker Dropper sends Nirvana to the canvas again.

Fury: True, but now he's being just stupid heading up there!

De Ocho is feeling it now and he rushes to the corner and climbs the turnbuckles quickly.

Williams: The crowd is urging this flyer on!

Fury: Yes! Jump to your doom!

De Ocho leaps and hits an asai moonsault right on top of the massive chest of Nirvana.

Williams: He hit it flush! The Moonsault connects and here is the cover!

Referee: ONE.....TW.....

Nirvana literally kicked out so hard that De Ocho was flung several feet away.

Fury: Nirvana sends him flying across the ring! You have to bring more than a few flying moves to take down a man like this!

Williams: But who would have thought Nirvana would be taken off his feet by someone nearly a foot shorter than he is?

Fury: Knocking someone down is easy....keeping them down is the hard part!

De Ocho shakes it off and see Nirvana getting back up to a knee. He runs at him and leaps for a running knee to the face, but Nirvana threw a hard right punch using his reach advantage and drilled De Ocho in the scrotum yet again before the knee connected.

Williams: Another low blow by Nirvana!

Fury: He is used to matches where anything goes. However, Dick is impressed with the aim on that punch there. It turned the match around for sure.

The referee again looked to say something about the blatant low blow, but lost his desire when Nirvana's gaze again met his as the big guy stood to his feet.

Williams: Again the referee avoiding doing the right thing.

Fury: Or perhaps avoiding feeling what De Ocho is feeling. Avoiding being destroyed by a giant of a man is not always an act of a coward. It is actually the smart thing to do.

Williams: Nirvana now looking to take the battle to the smaller man.

Nirvana reaches and grabs De Ocho, pulling him to his feet and grabbing him around the waist for a German Suplex. He rolls through and lifts for a second German Suplex. Nirvana rolls through again, still holding the waist lock.

Williams: One German Suplex....then another!

Fury: I've seen this movie before...

Nirvana lifts and then releases during this German suplex, causing De Ocho to land even more on top of his head and neck.

Williams: Nirvana nearly killed De Ocho with that release German Suplex!

Nirvana stalks over to his prey and covers very nonchalantly.

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THR.....NO!!!

Fury: De Ocho survived that! How did he do that?

Williams: What heart by the high flyer!

Nirvana stares at the referee and all he can do is shrug and put up two fingers.

Fury: That referee is lucky Nirvana doesn't jack him up for not counting three.

Williams: Fair is fair and De Ocho managed to get that shoulder up. Perhaps if Nirvana had not been cocky and actually pinned him with urgency this match would be over.

Fury: Do you nag like this at home?

Nirvana shakes his head and reaches to pull De Ocho off the mat. He puts De Ocho's head down and lifts him into powerbomb position. Nirvana then rushes to literally throw the powerbomb into the turnbuckles.

Williams: Turnbuckle powerbomb by Nirvana and De ocho looks to be in deep trouble.

Fury: You can say that again!

De Ocho hits hard and actually stumbles two steps back out of the turnbuckles from the impact into the waiting arms of Nirvana for a nasty Spinebuster.

Williams: Right into a massive Spinebuster! Nirvana covering with intent this time, hooking a leg!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THR....NO!

Fury: You have got to be pulling Dick's leg!

Williams: De Ocho survives again! This kid is making survival an art form!

Fury: Yeah, yeah, whatever. The more he kicks out, the more pain Nirvana inflicts.

Nirvana shakes his head again as he stands. He reaches and pulls De Ocho up to his feet, lifting him up for a vertical suplex. Nirvana holds that lift for a long time before finally dropping De Ocho down with a nasty brainbuster.

Williams: Brainbuster by Nirvana! Another cover by the big man!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THR....NO!

Fury: What the hell?!?!

Williams: Even after a brainbuster like that, De Ocho managed to sneak his shoulder free!

Fury: At what point should this masked beast begin to cry conspiracy? Dick says now is the time!

Nirvana is irate with the referee and he begins to berate him. The moment he turns to face the referee, De Ocho grabs him and pulls him back for a shocking small package.

Williams: De Ocho with a small package!!!

Referee: ONE.....TW....NO!

Fury: This is ridiculous! Did you see how fast that count was coming?

Williams: It was a legal count and it wouldn't have happened at all if Nirvana had not taken time to yell at the referee and treat him like a child.

Fury: Almost everybody looks like a child to this man, and rightfully so! De Ocho is going to regret staying alive in this match.

Nirvana is livid! De Ocho is still trying to get to his feet across the way and the big guy lumbers toward De Ocho with wreckless intent. Just as Nirvana gets to De ocho, the smaller man drops and pulls down the top rope, sending the beast flying over the top rope and to the arena floor as the fans go nuts.

Williams: Nirvana hitting hard on the arena floor!

Fury: Now that is cheating!

Nirvana hit hard and is rolling around to get his bearings. De Ocho slowly climbs the corner adjacent to where he went over.

Williams: De Ocho perches and sits waiting for the right moment.

Fury: Dick thinks this will not end well for the little man. Last time he got swung like a sledge hammer into the mat. Imagine what happens when he leaps to the floor and gets caught.

Just as Nirvana reaches his feet on the outside and turns around, De Ocho is in the air, flipping in the air and then hitting with a shooting star drop kick. This sends Nirvana tumbling back into the ring steps, where he hits his head hard against the steel.

Williams: Oh My God!!!

Fury: That even impressed Dick!

Both men are down outside and the referee has no choice but to begin the ten count.

Williams: These guys are in trouble outside now!

Fury: It is called "high risk" for a reason!

Referee is at three.....four....

Williams: Could we be headed for a double count out?

Fury: I don't know, but the referee's count is climbing and only De Ocho is really moving toward the ring.

Finally, De Ocho is up and slides back into the ring and looking to climb the turnbuckle again. This breaks the count of the referee as he goes to stop him from doing another high risk leap.

Williams: De Ocho is really going for it.

Fury: Kid has a death wish. Dick is certain of this now.

De Ocho steps back through the ropes and rushes a now standing Nirvana with a running back body drop that sends him back to the arena floor.

Williams: Both men down again and Nirvana in serious trouble after that body block!

Fans: This is Awesome! This is Awesome!

Fury: The sacrificing of the body is necessary to even have a chance against someone like Nirvana, but this may be going too far.

De Ocho, realizing he cannot win outside the ring, looks to try and get Nirvana back into the ring. He manages to lift a leg back to the apron and pushes with all his might to get the 317-lb behemoth back into the ring.

Williams: De Ocho trying to get Nirvana back into the ring.

Fury: It is all well and good, but remember he is expending a ton of energy to get him in there by the time the count runs out. He may not have much left when it is finished.

Leyendo climbs back onto the apron and then grabs the top rope, propelling himself over the top rope and down onto Nirvana with a splash on the chest.

Williams: Another flying attack by De Ocho and now he hooks a giant leg for a cover!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THR.....NO!

Fury: Nirvana still with plenty in the tank!

De ocho reaches down to try and position Nirvana again, but the big man pokes him in the eye. De ocho stumbles away trying to regain his sight.

Williams: Another cheap shot from Nirvana. He has the size advantage, why does he do that?

Fury: Because he can!

Nirvana up to a knee as De ocho returns with the advantage, but Nirvana hits a rabbit punch with his right fist to the kidney area after faking with his left hand to get De Ocho to turn.

Williams: Nirvana using a bevy of cheap shots now.

Fury: This is how you gain control and slow down a jumping bean like De Ocho.

Williams: Jumping bean?

Fury: You know what Dick is saying.

Williams: He's from Chicago, not Mexico, Dick.

Fury: Whatever.

Nirvana to his feet and he blocks the kick by De Ocho and pulls him in to a side head lock. Nirvana then whips him across the ring into the ropes, only for De Ocho to rebound and leap into the air and over his larger opponent, going for a sunset flip. Nirvana struggles to stay on his feet as De Ocho fights to bring him down.

Williams: Nirvana fighting off the sunset flip! Can the little guy bring him down?

Fury: Not a snowball's chance that he pulls this off.

Nirvana reaches down and grabs De Ocho by his head, pulling him up and grabbing him around his arms for a belly-to-belly release suplex!

Williams: It is going to be tough to finish off someone with this kind of heart, would you say?

Fury: Dick thinks heart is overrated, especially when compared to large muscles.

Williams: You and muscles. You really need to open your mind a little.

Nirvana pulls De Ocho to his feet and immediately throws his hand toward the throat of De Ocho going for his Nerve Ending death grip finisher, but De Ocho grabs the wrist with his hands and jumps into the air, dropping Nirvana with a DDT.

Fury: How did he pull that off?

Williams: De Ocho with an amazing reversal and now Nirvana is on the canvas yet again!

Fury: The jumping bean heading to the corner yet again!

De Ocho reaches the top turnbuckle leaps into the air with a corkscrew lionsault, nailing it right on the top of Nirvana's chest.

Williams: Actualizer! He hit it! Wow!

Fury: This isn't happening!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THREE!!!!

Williams: Leyendo De Ocho with an upset! What a battle this was!

Fury: How did the little man pull this off?

Williams: Goes to show you that you can never count out anyone because of the difference of size! Wow!

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of this match....LEYENDO DE OCHO!!!!

Fury: Dick wouldn't want to be Nirvana's next opponent after that one.

Exhibit A

We go to a live feed from the Parks household in Chicago, IL. Sitting in a recliner is The Dirty One himself Derek "cheapshot" Parks.

Parks: Welcome to my home Chris. I'm glad that you could make it! Sarah has taken our daughter Chelsea out for ice cream so it looks like it's just you, me and the UTA fans.

Derek grabs a water bottle that was sitting on the nightstand next to him.

Parks: Like I said the other day Chris. Tonight I'm going to share a little story with the UTA fans. I'm going to give them a little taste on just how much of a prick you really are.

Short pause.

Parks: Tell me if this rings a bell Chris. It was late 1997. You were the World Heavyweight Champion in a fed that just happen to be putting on shows throughout Michigan. It just so happen that I was invited to come to Ann Arbor Michigan for a tryout. It just so happens that I was scheduled to workout in the ring with you. I remember thinking what a great opportunity that would be to step in the ring and work with the World Heavyweight Champion.

Derek takes another drink from his water bottle.

Parks: So I made the drive up to Ann Arbor from my home in Kokomo, IN. I get there and I'm told that you were double booked. Something about a commitment that you had with the Make-A-Wish Foundation. I was told that you wouldn't be there and that they were just going to team me up with another recruit during the tryouts.

Derek's demeanor begins to change.

Parks: They teamed me up with a guy that couldn't tie his shoelaces right. This guy was a complete moron. He couldn't get any moves right. His timing sucked. I can't tell you how many times he elbowed me right in the eye. This kid botched the whole tryout which made me look bad in the process. They thanked me for my time and told me that I would be hearing from them soon. I drove home that night feeling down. I knew that the tryout didn't go that well.

Derek grabs the water bottle again and downs the rest of it.

Parks: A few days later I get a letter in the mail from this promotion and while they thanked me for my time, they told me that my tryout match was horrible. They told me that I wasn't what they were looking for. So I called them up but they wouldn't listen to me. They kept saying I was given a fair tryout and I just didn't have it. Determined to get another chance I did some research and found your number Chris. So I gave you a call. I explained my situation to you and you told me that you would see what you could do. I never heard from you or that promotion again.

Derek shakes his head in disgust.

Parks: I just thought that you hadn't been able to get me another chance and the reason you never called me back was because you felt bad. Up to that point I never blamed you at all. I respected the fact that you were volunteering your time for such a great foundation. That was until I found out the truth. I heard through the grapevine that the day of my tryout you flew down to Florida a day earlier to spend time with your girlfriend that you had at the time. Your obligation with the Make-A-Wish Foundation wasn't until the next day. You chose to no show for my tryout and cost me my chance with the promotion. Oh but your disrespect and dishonesty didn't stop there Chris. I also learned that you never even bothered to speak to the promotion on my behalf.

Derek motions for the camera man to bring the camera closer to him.

Parks: So tell me something Chris Hopper. Is this ringing a bell? Or are you going to lie to us some more and claim you have no idea what it is that I'm talking about? How many guys in this business have you held down? How many guys have you screwed over in this business over the years? These are questions that people should be asking you Chris. Trust me when I say this, I'm just getting started. I have many stories to share with the UTA on your shady past of screwing people over. I waited a long time for this Chris and soon it will be time for you to pay.

Short pause.

Parks: Chris I'm going to leave you tonight with one last question. Do you feel safe? Are you prepared to get Dirty? Watch your back because you screwed over the wrong guy and you never know when I'm going to strike!

Silence Breaker

Genghis Tron "Board up the House [Renholder Remix]" plays the arena turns a dismal red. Smoke rises from the stage and out steps Crimson Lord. He stands at the top of the ramp looking down his wet black, red and white hair dangles over his face. He has a long black gothic style leather coat on and black long tights with black strap boots on. Gaze

walks from the backstage to stand next to him.

She has her black and blue hair hanging down to her shoulder also wet. Her make up is red and designed to look like her eyes are bleeding as the makeup goes to mid portion of her cheek, with black lipstick on. She wears a chain mail bra, with blue jeans ripped a little on the thigh and over the knees along with black high heel boots.

Fury: Dick doesn't even care about this freak show.

Williams: Try saying that when their standing in front of you, and can hear you. I got the creeps just trying to get a interview with them.

Fury: Dick isn't scared. Dick is never scared.

Gaze makes her way to the ring first. As she reaches the ring she climbs the steps and enters the ring, and walks to the center of it. She turns toward Crimson and motions for him to approach. He slowly looks up blood covering his mouth; he slowly heads toward the ring ignoring the fans. As he reaches the front of the ring he grabs the top rope pulls himself up to the apron.

He steps over the top rope and walks to the center of the ring. He stares down at her, the two exchange a blood kiss. The lights slowly come on he slowly looks over his shoulder toward the entranceway.

Williams: Word going around is Crimson Lord will finally break his silence and answer the question why he returned.

Fury: Dick doesn't care.

He licks his lips for a moment Gaze motions for a microphone.

Fury: Dick could care less why he came back; Dynasty will quickly dispose of this fossil like one of my soiled tissues.

Williams: I have seen some videos of him in that ring he was a force not to be underestimated, and you are going to find out first hand why he is a Hall of Famer in this company.

She wipes the blood from her mouth waiting for the crowd to settle down for a minute then raises the microphone to her mouth. Crimson's back remains toward the entranceway.

Gaze: It has been 12 years since we graced the UTA's squared circle. Already we have made an impact an impact that some people in the back seem to feel threaten by.

She walks toward the camera man and stares at the lens with her seductive red eyes.

Gaze: Some say we have not earned this title shot tomorrow at Wrestleshow.

The fans boo for a bit, as she looks out into the fans for a moment before walking away from the camera and moving to the center of the ring just in front of Crimson and looks up at him.

Gaze: We are only here for one reason to take care of what all of you jealous wrestlers back there apparently can not seem to accomplish. Cure this virus known as The Dynasty.

She walks away from Crimson and looks out to the fans that have started booing just by hearing Dynasty's name.

Williams: No love loss here in Columbus, Ohio for Dynasty!

Gaze: We have sat back and watch the talent grace this ring \*points to the ring for a moment\* and some of you do have the potential to be great in this company, to grab that brass ring to call yourself a legend in this company. Some of you are nothing more than whiny little brats!

The members of Spawn have EARNED our spot in this company what have you ingrates done? Exactly come talk to us when you have earned the right to call yourself a legend! As for the ones with a lot of potential, I assure you we are not here to steps on toes like I said before our only objective is to eliminate Dynasty!

The crowd cheers and chants of The Spawn echo throughout the building.

Williams: Amazing these two were loathed back in the day. Now they are being cheered.

Fury: Big deal. Dick doesn't think they should have been tossed into a title shot their first match.

Gaze walks over to Crimson and once again looks up toward him.

Gaze: Now our Nosferatu, how about we get to the real juicy part The Plague of Darkness, the Black Heart of the UTA my beloved Crimson Lord has a message to send to all you doubters and most importantly to you Dynasty.

She hands the microphone to Crimson he takes it and slowly starts to raise it to his mouth but stops mid way.

Fans: CRIMSON LORD, CRIMSON LORD, CRIMSON LORD!!!

He looks to the left for a moment then to the right the chant continues to echo throughout the arena. He waits until it settles down a bit and raises the microphone to his mouth...

"Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween begins to play. The crowd immediately responds with jeers and boos. Gaze stares coldly toward the entranceway; Crimson slowly lowers the microphone from his mouth. He motions for Gaze to leave he walks to the ropes pulling the second rope up and stepping on the bottom she quickly exits the ring. He slowly looks over his shoulder while Perfection's theme continues to play.

There is no doubt about it

I'm one of kind, baby

I am le d'Artagnan de coeur

As you may see, candy.

Williams: Perfection has got some nerve this is the wrong guy to interrupt.

Fury: Dick is a HUGE fan of Perfection. Now that Kathryn Vermont Thomas isn't a member of Dynasty, Dick should have first dibs!

And I'm talking with my eyes

and I walk in different styles

Crimson slowly turns around and walks to the center of the ring still waiting for Perfection to appear.

I'm a genuine man

Fury: See Perfection can play mind games too. Dick thinks this is great!

Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman

Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman

Yes I am, I am, yes I am

(perfect)

Crimson Lord stands in the ring waiting for Perfection as the camera cuts to the entrance way but still he hasn't come out onto the stage, the music still playing with no sign of Perfection or Dynasty making an appearance.

Williams: I guess we aren't going to have an appearance from Perfection tonight.

Fury: The sound guy has great taste in music just like Dick.

Crimson begins to slowly look around before putting the microphone to his lips to speak. But just as he does the lights finally go off, Perfection's theme quickly cuts out.

Williams: Now what!? Is this all The Spawn can do is flip a light switch? I bet when they come back on...

The lights come back on and the fans look on in shock. Perfection, La Flama Blanca, and CBR are now in the ring all with chairs and have surrounded Crimson.

Williams: Crimson is trapped in the ring!

Fury: Dick would like to see you're so called "Legend" get himself out of this one!

Crimson stares at each one before cracking a grin. Almost begging them to take their best shot.

Fury: What is this guys' deal he is about to get the beating of his life and Dick see's him smiling!?

CBR is the first to swing the chair with a loud pop across Crimson's back he leans forward for a bit barely budging the chair has bent from the blow. He looks toward CBR emotionless.

Williams: Ouch I felt that shot, I can not believe my eyes it looks like it had no effect! I heard stories about this man. Never did I expect this; this may not go the way Dynasty expects.

Perfection taps the chair on the mat, Crimson turns to Perfection and without any wasted motion swings the chair with full force right across Crimson's head. He staggers backward a bit shaking the cobwebs off and now stares at Perfection coldly. CBR again strikes him in the back with the chair Crimson steps forward LFB rams the chair into his gut. He quickly grabs his stomach Perfection again with another shot to the head.

Fury: Even Dick would have went soft after the first blow.

Williams: Wow...you really are something else. Dynasty putting the chairs to Crimson Lord here and no one is stopping them!

The blow staggers Crimson back, and it appears has opened him up as well. Perfection looks at LFB shocked that he is standing. CBR tosses the chair in the ground and exits the ring and goes under the apron and pulls out....

Williams: You gotta be kidding me....you three can not do the job with chairs now you need a ...LEAD PIPE!?

The tag champs again strike Crimson in the head with repeated chair shots, Yet no matter how hard they hit they can not get him off his feet. CBR slides in the ring he spins a dazed Crimson around and swings for the fences right into the gut of Crimson.

The fans are booing loudly, Crimson finally slouches over the tag champs immediately swing so hard across his back that it's enough to finally get Crimson to his hands and knees. They are all smiles now, and continue their assault across Crimson's back finally getting him to the mat. CBR kisses the pipe, and looks down at Crimson now being decimated by chair shot after chair shot across the back.

He exits the ring and backtracks up the ramp with his pipe. As he watches LFB exit the ring and grab another set of chairs, Perfection quickly picks up a new one tossing the ravaged old one out of the ring and waits for Crimson to look up at him and slams the chair again across his skull knocking him back down. The fans are looking on in horror as the tag champs continue their assault. Gaze has been pounding on the mat in an attempt to cheer Crimson on.

Williams: Well their making a statement but like always their egos have gotten in their way, he still keeps trying to get up.

Fury: Dick doesn't understand how can this man still be moving they are on their third set of chairs.

Williams: Crimson is cut open badly too.

Fans begin to cover their eyes as Perfection and LFB continue their assault. Finally Crimson stays down face first on the mat. They both toss the chairs on the ground and stand over the fallen Crimson Lord, while Gaze looks on concerned.

"Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween begins to play. The crowd immediately responds with jeers a boos.

Fury: Dick sees the giant fell off the beanstalk finally!

Williams: It took three sets of chairs and god knows how many chair shots Crimson took to the back and the head. We need to get some medical help out here these two are despicable!

As Perfection theme continues to play while LFB and him celebrate. They finally exit the ring and backtrack up the ramp laughing and taunting the crowd pointing toward their hero lying unconscious as they join CBR. They stop at the ramp and continue to celebrate. The medical staff has rushed out and quickly entered the ring; Gaze slides in the ring.

Fury: Dick wonders what is this loony woman doing chasing the medical staff out of the ring?

Williams: I do not know what she is doing Crimson is hurt badly here.

She gets on her knees and checks on Crimson, the fans continue to look on in disbelief. Crimson finally starts to stir, and gets to his hands and knees blood has drenched the mat.

Fury: Dick can not believe his eyes; how is he still able to move!?

Crimson slowly tries to stand without Gaze's assistance. The fans look on stunned, as he reaches his feet and quickly drops to a knee. Gaze wants to help him but he is refusing help. Perfection and LFB stop their celebrating and stare on in disbelief. Crimson once again gets to his feet and staggers into the corner catching himself with the second rope he looks up toward the tag champs.

Fury: Is...is he laughing? Dick wants to know who is this guy?

Williams: Never thought I see that look on LFB and Perfection faces their stunned. I told you Fury, Spectre did not find some guy off the street and it appears the years have not caught Crimson yet.

He continues to laugh at the stunned tag champs licking his lips from the blood pouring from his head.

Enough Talk

The camera switches to the familiar face of Jamie Sawyers standing backstage to Gentleman Jack.

Jamie Sawyers: Hi, everyone. I'm here with one of the participants in tonight's main event. So, Jack-

Gentleman Jack: Actually, that's Gentleman Jack to you.

Sawyers: Sorry, uh, Gentleman Jack-

He raises a hand to stop Jamie.

Jack: Actually, I think I'd prefer Gentleman Jack: Future Legacy Champion

A sigh.

Sawyers: Fine. Uh, Gentleman Jack, future Leg-

Jack: Sorry, but I think I'm feeling Gentleman Jack: Champion of all that he surveys.

Sawyers: Look, man... can we just get with the interview, please?

Jack scowls before glaring at the interviewer, who appears a bit shaken. After letting his gaze linger for a few moments,

Jack chuckles to lighten the mood. There were more important things to get to.

Jack: Aha ha ha ha! Sure. I was just jesting with you, anyway, my dear boy.

Jamie sighs again. He was sure he was older than this joker, but he was a professional. Refocusing himself, he recalls his opening question.

Sawyers: Well, then. As you know, you have a match later tonight with CBR for the Legacy Title.

Jack: Indeed, I am.

Sawyers: Some are questioning why exactly you have this title shot, considering you DID lose to Abdul-Bin Hussain the last Wrestleshow.

At that, Jack sneers, as his arms cross.

Jack: Why, you ask? Simply because our last match wasn't fought under fair circumstances! I made sure anyone who would listen understood that Chris Hopper's presence provided a mental distraction that kept me from my fighting best. Even Sir Rainier himself said as much, and he was right.

Almost as if on cue, CBR strolls casually up to the interview room, and on camera.

CBR: No excuses tonight.

Sawyers: Oh my! Talk about a shocking development. Claude himself apparently has something to say to Jack.

A glare from CBR alerts Jamie that it'd be in his best interest to see himself out before he turns his attention to Jack who remains unflinching.

Jack: So... is there something on your mind? I was in the middle of an interview, you know.

CBR: You should be focusing on the beating you will get tonight.

Jack: You don't say? Well, not to be improper, but I don't really think I asked for your opinion.

CBR: Maybe you should. Then I could tell you something you'll never know... How it feels to be the reigning and defending champion for almost two hundred and forty days with no end in sight.

Jack's expression remained the same. Anger was present, but there was also a sense of restraint about him.

Jack: I know what you think of me, Rainier. But you're wrong. You're not speaking to some flash in the pan sensation. You're speaking to the future Legacy Champion. I've proven myself to be one of the best wrestlers in the United Toughness Alliance in my time here, so please... don't underestimate me.

CBR: I don't underestimate you, I just know that I am champion, you're not, and that's the way it's going to stay.

Jack's eyes narrowed.

Jack: You're not unbeatable, either, you know.

CBR: The title I wear around my waist proves otherwise.

Jack: My point is, neither of us are perfect, so if you ask me, we've had enough talk about this. Why don't we wait until we go out to that ring and see who the finer competitor is?

CBR: I don't have to wait till our match, I just need to look in a mirror.

Jack offers a hand to the other man and lets it hang for a few seconds.

CBR: In your dreams.

Shaking his head, Jack leaves the scene leaving CBR to his own devices for the time being.

Announcer: This next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

"World to be Ashes" by Gallhammer starts up, and the opening riff fills the arena, along with a series of psychedelic floodlights.

Announcer: From Fukuoka, Japan... weighing in at one hundred twenty five pounds...

The vocals begin, growing from a background noise against the guitars to a guttural growl, and the lights darken to muted and sharp tones.

Announcer: The Queen of the Deathmatch.... NNNNNNNNNINGYO OOOOOO!!!

Ningyo emerges from the smoke and lightshow as teal and pink pyro sets off all around her, to a welcoming roar from the fans. She pumps her fist in the air and walks slowly toward the ring, seemingly oblivious to the teal and pink pyro going off around her.

Williams: Here's our first look at the enigmatic Ningyo, another new arrival.

Fury: Dick likes her. But that mask doesn't seem fair to Dick.

Williams: What are you talking about?

Fury: Nintendo is wearing—

Williams: Ningyo.

Fury: That's what Dick said. Nintendo is wearing a tight bodysuit that agrees with Dick, but that mask means we can't tell whether or not she's an uggo.

Williams: I'm constantly moved by your attention to the details that actually matter.

Fury: Thank you.

Ningyo slides under the bottom rope and paces the ring, waiting for her opponent.

Announcer: AND HER OPPONENT...

"Apex Predator" by Otep starts up as the fans get loud and the lights get low. A single spotlight shines on the entryway as a smoke machine fills the area.

Announcer: From New York, New York... weighing in at one hundred forty pounds... THE SECOND... COMING!!

Fury: Another masked potential uggo, who doesn't even have the decency to wear tight clothes.

Williams: I'm sure she feels terrible for you.

After a few seconds of music, a single spotlight shines on the entryway and the Second Coming emerges, hood up and head down: a vision in black. Her head raises as the camera zooms in, and then backs off as she starts to walk to the ring.

Williams: The Second Coming with a tough loss at the last Wrestleshow, will she turn things around tonight, Dick, or will this be a victory for Ningyo in her debut match?

Fury: Dick was in the ring with the Second Coming, so he knows she likes it rough. Personally, Dick doesn't care if the Second Coming or Nintendo wins as long as they throw each other around and maybe kiss or something.

Williams: Ningyo.

Fury: Dick said that! Nintendo.

Instead of sliding under the bottom rope, or climbing to the apron before entering the ring, the Second Coming climbs

to the top turnbuckle from the floor and, while crouched on top, pulls her hood from her head, unzips her hoodie, and removes the VCW Championship belt from around her waist. She holds it toward the commentary team for a full three seconds before dropping it into the waiting hands of the ring attendant.

Fury: That's Dick's belt!

Williams: She did beat you for it.

Fury: She cheated!

The bell sounds as the Second Coming drops her hoodie to the same ring attendant and jumps off the top rope with a double axe handle to Ningyo! She fires right hand after right hand, rocking the newcomer and sending her staggering back into the corner! 2C leans in and whips Ningyo to the opposite corner, following up with a hard clothesline!

Williams: The Second Coming is a house of fire tonight, you can bet her recent setbacks have added to her drive!

Fury: Dick does enjoy girl fights.

Still dazed, Ningyo is unable to fight off her opponent at this moment: 2C leaned down and drove her shoulder into the Queen of the Deathmatch's stomach. And again. Hook around the waist, and a bridging back suplex! ONE... TWO...

Williams: Ningyo with a backbridge, she's powering out of the pinning attempt, they twist once... twice... Backslide by Ningyo! ONE... TWO... Kickout by the Second Coming!

Fury: Not a bad reversal by Nintendo. Dick was a bit impressed.

Williams: Ningyo.

Fury: That's what Dick said!

No sooner did the 2C slip out of Ningyo's grip, she immediately rolls over and gets to her knees in a defensive pose. Too late, however: Ningyo's foot is there to greet her square in the forehead, knocking her backwards into the bottom rope.

Ningyo had evidently shaken off 2C's initial assault sufficiently enough to realize she needs to stay on her and keep her off balance. Her next move, with 2C knocked backwards into the bottom rope, was obvious.

Williams: Ningyo with a slingshot over the top rope, and a legdrop snaps the Second Coming's neck against the bottom rope!

Fury: Limber. Tasty.

She lands hard on the floor and rolls to her stomach, from where she can easily get back to her feet. The fans cheer for the high risk maneuver as the Second Coming rolls to her side, curled up in the ring. Ningyo knows better than to give her the chance to recover, so she climbs: first, the stairs; second, the corner. And she waits.

Williams: The Second Coming tries to clear some of the cobwebs from her head, she's on her knees but doesn't see Ningyo crouched on the top turnbuckle, stalking her!

Fury: Dick can see her, though. Dick likes the butt shot. Too bad she's an uggo.

Williams: She's wearing a mask, Dick!

Fury: Dick's not a gambling man.

No sooner did the Second Coming stand up and turn to face her opponent, than Ningyo leaps from the top with a hard missile dropkick that connects on the side of 2C's head, dropping her to the mat again! She scrambles on top for a cover!

Williams: ONE... TWO... Kickout by the Second Coming! She's not out of this yet, but I think she's in some trouble!

Fury: Of course she's in some trouble! She stole Dick's title and the universe is making her pay for it.

Ningyo does not hesitate. She scoops the Second Coming and sends her into the ropes, and catches her with a momentum – enhanced belly to belly suplex! 2C skids across the ring and stops with her leg hanging out of the ring, and the palms of both her hands pressing into her eyes.

Williams: Ningyo with the continued attack to the Second Coming's head and neck, she's not giving the former Wildfire Champion the chance to clear her vision and get back into the match! Smart strategy by the newcomer, don't you think, Dick?

Fury: Dick already said he was impressed with Nintendo, sugartits.

Williams: Ningyo. And what did you call me?

Fury: Dick certainly didn't call you Nintendo!

Williams: ...

Fury: That's right.

The fans are on their feet, torn between encouraging the exciting newcomer Ningyo, and cheers for their homegrown cult hero, the Second Coming. They manage to avoid verbalizing one favorite over another, with simple applause.

Ningyo pulls the Second Coming back to her feet again and sends her across the ring with the Soul Flight, causing 2C to once again skid under the bottom rope, almost out of the ring.

Fury: Hair pulling. This is getting hot. Pardon me while Dick adjusts himself.

Williams: You keep your hands on the desk.

2C grabs the middle rope to pull herself back up, but Ningyo is right on her and pulls her back toward the center of the ring. A Northern Lights suplex with a bridge brings another pinning attempt and another two count, though the referee inches closer to a three with every impact.

Ningyo scoops her again and whips her into the ropes, but the Second Coming stumbles on the rebound

– no she doesn't!

What 2C actually does is drop down, skid a bit, and clip Ningyo at the knees, dropping her with a low tackle that sends Ningyo in the air, over 2C, and hitting impact right on her facemask!

Williams: Nice reversal by the Second Coming! Can she capitalize?

Fury: Dick thinks she should go for a full nelson.

Williams: That's... interesting, Dick. What makes you think—

Fury: And then they should kiss.

Williams: There it is.

The reversal gives the Second Coming a chance to catch her breath, and the high impact landing stops Ningyo in her tracks. 2C pushes back and rolls to her knees while Ningyo scrambles forward and pulls herself to her feet with the ropes, and the fans cheer at the sight of both women staring each other down once again.

As the two athletes move toward each other, the fans rise to their feet again in a chorus of cheers, appreciative of their efforts. The chant of 'Se-cond-Co-ming' is a bit more prevalent, due at least in part to their familiarity with her.

Williams: The Second Coming has swung the momentum back in her direction, but she should take care not to underestimate Ningyo for the duration of this match!

Fury: Neither one of these chicks are pushovers, Dick really thinks that it's still anyone's match.

Williams: That's both mature and insightful, Dick.

Fury: Dick is all about supporting the chicks, particularly their boobies.

Before Ningyo could possibly turn things around, 2C drives a forearm into the back of her head. A second forearm rocks Ningyo and she leans into the top rope. The Second Coming hooks Ningyo around the waist and drops her backwards with a bridging German Suplex.

Williams: Another cover, ONE... TWO... THKICKOUT!

The Second Coming scoops Ningyo without wasting a second and lands two hard right hands to the side of her head. She sends the masked newcomer backwards into the ropes and fires her off with a stiff Irish Whip. As Ningyo rebounds toward 2C, she maintains enough ring awareness to duck the clothesline attempt! 2C turns to catch her on the comeback, but Ningyo catches herself on the opposite rope and turns her momentum around by 'skinning the cat,' so to speak, on the second rope – and she lands both feet into 2C's stomach!

Fury: That's just a waste. The Second Coming is bent over, but her pants aren't tight enough.

Williams: Why don't you suggest that to her, and let us film her reaction?

Fury: ...Dick will pass.

Ningyo scoops the Second Coming and walks her to the center of the ring, and drops her to the mat headfirst with a spike piledriver, to a horrified gasp from the crowd. She hooks the leg and pulls back as hard as she can, ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT!

Fury: Nintendo's got this match won, she just needs to finish it off.

Williams: Ningyo.

Fury: Stop telling Dick how to pronounce that!

The fans stand as one, stomping their feet and chanting for the Second Coming to come back and continue the match. Ningyo acknowledged the fans with a brief nod, before stomping the former Wildfire champion in the face. She stomps another stiff boot before she scoops 2C and takes her back to her feet, with the two women standing face to face.

Fury: Now... kiss.

Ningyo hooks 2C around the chest and lifts her up, but the Second Coming is able to counter the momentum. She shifts her center of gravity backwards, forcing Ningyo to put her down and try again. This time, the Second Coming catches a boot on the middle rope and kicks forward, which allows her to spin the two women around and she drops Ningyo with a modified tornado DDT!

Both women collapse to the mat as the referee counts one... two... three... and so forth. The fans are all vocal at this point with dueling chants:

"Let's Go Ningyo!"

"Se-Cond-Co-Ming!"

And so forth.

When the referee counts seven, the Second Coming nips up, and immediately steadies herself on the top rope. Ningyo also shows signs of life, rolling to the ropes and grabbing the bottom, then the middle. Both women lock eyes and nod at each other in a sign of respect, before Ningyo runs toward the Second Coming!

Williams: The Second Coming sidesteps, and Ningyo hits the corner! She staggers out, and the Second Coming hooks

her head! The Holy Experience!

Fury: It's not too late for them to kiss, is it?

The Second Coming holds onto Ningyo's head and bends her backwards, looking for a submission. Ningyo fights it, and pulls toward the corner. The Second Coming sees what she's doing and drops her on the back of her head! She reaches over and hooks Ningyo's leg! ONE... TWO...

Williams: THREE!

The bell rings, and the fans explode in cheers.

Announcer: The winner of this match, THE SECOND COMING!

Williams: She got it!

Fury: Dick can see that. Now can we see what Nintendo looks like so Dick can take... action?

Williams: Ningyo rolls out of the ring, holding her head tightly, while the Second Coming joins the fans in applauding her efforts!

Fury: Dick wants to reward her efforts, too. Also, you're not saying Nintendo's name right.

Still in the ring, the Second Coming reaches down and asks for the announcer's microphone.

Fury: And now why do we have to listen to her talk?

The Second Coming: Not bad, Ningyo. Good match, we'll do it again before long.

She climbs to the top turnbuckle and sat down, looking out into the crowd.

The Second Coming: I don't want to take up too much of your time, but if you'll indulge me for a few minutes before the main event, I've got a few things that need to be said.

Proverbs

The Second Coming: Proverbs 16:18. I posted that on my social media a few days ago –

She stops and looks at the front row of fans, apparently listening to something.

The Second Coming: No, that's Ezekiel 25:17, and I don't have a briefcase.

She stops again so the fans can laugh. They do.

The Second Coming: No, the wording may vary depending on what translation you've got, but the gist of the Proverbs passage is 'Pride goeth before destruction.' Strictly speaking, this is referring to pride as a negative virtue that you can build yourself up with and build yourself up with, with failure almost assured because you allowed pride to cloud your judgment. I could name names back there in the locker room, but they're pretty easy to spot. Look for anyone who talks about what they 'deserve' instead of what they've 'earned' and you can see who's next.

She smiles.

The Second Coming: I'm not immune, either. Pride is a sneaky bitch, and so much success so quickly last fall was practically a red carpet welcome. Fortunately for me, La Flama Blanca brought me back down to earth quickly and decisively.

The fans boo at the mention of the prior Wrestleshow and the Second Coming's first pinfall loss.

The Second Coming: Hey now, you wanna boo the man' politics and friends, that's fine, and that's your right. But if I can peel the onion a bit, he's one of the hardest workers and best athletes in this company, and he's earned –

She smirks.

The Second Coming: There's that word, earned – his spot at the top of the Power Rankings. And if you don't agree with that, you're clearly not paying attention.

More noise from the fans: they didn't necessarily cheer or boo, but they get much louder. The Second Coming looked around, trying to make eye contact with all sides of the arena.

The Second Coming: The best wrestlers I've ever known always said that you should never, ever lie to the fans: not even to cover up insecurities or personal flaws. Am I humbled? Yes. Am I broken?

She bows her head, then looks back up while she runs her hand close to her head, pushing her hair back.

The Second Coming: Not on your life.

That gets them. The fans cheer even louder.

The Second Coming: I'm not silenced, I'm not tamed, and I'm not going anywhere except right over there.

She points to an empty chair next to the timekeeper.

The Second Coming: You see, you're about to be treated to a title defense. A man who insulted the first title I ever won is about to defend his Legacy against a man who apparently assumed that I was his new servant. And disrespect is a two way street.

Her eyes seem to dance while she says that last line.

The Second Coming: Good luck to Jack and Claude... because, regardless of who wins... we're gonna have tons and tons of fun over the next few weeks.

She jumps down to the ring and exits between the top and middle rope to another ovation from the fans. Almost as an afterthought, she stops before leaving the ring apron.

The Second Coming: That's three down... twenty six to go before .

Somehow, the fans get even louder with her final line, and she hands the microphone to the announcer before drops to the floor.

Before she sits next to the timekeeper, she catches a glimpse of someone in the second row. She points, stands on her chair, and fist bumps with the Prodigy Champion, Zhalia Fears, and has a comment or two for the people she's with. The fans around them applaud for the moment between the two athletes, and 2C finally turns around, and takes a seat at the timekeeper's table in anticipation of the next match.

The Differences Are Obvious

The scene comes to life with Kate Kincaid standing in front of a backdrop with the Wrestle UTA banner hanging. As she raises the mic to her lips, Dynasty member Sean Jackson steps into view. Wearing slacks and a button down dress shirt, he has a smug look on his face as Kate starts the interview.

Kincaid: Mr. Jackson, welcome to the Wrestlezone.

Sean nods his head.

Jackson: Why thank you Kate, but why would you waste time with false pleasantries?

Before Kate can retort, Sean cuts her off.

Jackson: Nevermind. Just go ahead with the interview.

Kate Kincaid, ever the professional, lets the infraction slide and continues with her interview.

Kincaid: Next week, you step into the ring with Doozer at Victory 23. Any comments?

Sean nods his head while stroking his chin.

Jackson: Of course. First off Kate, can you imagine what must be going through his mind right now?

Kincaid: What do you mean?

He does a double take, as if he can't believe she isn't on the same page.

Jackson: You aren't serious? are you?

Kate shrugs.

Jackson: You are...you are serious.

Sean turns his face from Kate, in an attempt NOT to laugh in her face. After a couple of snickers, he gets it out of his system and faces back in her direction.

Jackson: Well, let me explain something to you Kate. In case you weren't aware of it, Doozer is nothing more than an ingrate who wants to bite the hand that feeds him.

Sean turns to face the camera, pulling Kate's arm slightly so that the mic will stay in his face.

Jackson: Yeah that's right, the hand that feeds him. Doozer and his merry band of intransitive pukers don't understand that the only reason they still have a job, is because of Dynasty.

He holds up his index finger.

Jackson: Perfection, the UTA champion and one half of the UTA tag team champions. The man that every member of WTFC wishes they could be, but can't.

Two fingers.

Jackson: CBR, the man who has held onto the the Legacy / Internet championship for a total of 237 days. Which is 237 days longer than any member of WTFC will ever hold on to it...

Sean moves the mic closer, stretching Kate's arm a tad further, forcing her to take a step closer.

Jackson: And that's because they don't have what it takes to be standing at the pentacle of this sport. Pretty much, from top to bottom, nobody in that ingrate infested group is worthy to hold our jocks, much less to stand in the ring with us.

Sean raises a third finger.

Jackson: La Flama Blanca, the man who single handedly Estupendo kicked the stupidity right out of this sport. With one kick into the face of Madman Szalinski, La Flama Blanca became one of the most awesome forces in the world today...

The smile gets larger.

Jackson: Not only did he run that pothead back to the dumps of West Virginia, but he parlayed that success into becoming one half of the UTA tag team champions with Perfection....

Sean cuts his eyes back towards Kate Kincaid.

Jackson: Making Dynasty just THAT much stronger. But what I really want to know is this Jenn, just who in WTFC can hold a candle to my fellow stablemates and brothers?

As Kate goes to respond, Sean turns his attention back to the camera and cuts her off.

Jackson: Exactly, none of them.

Sean holds up a fourth finger.

Jackson: And then, not to sell myself short by any means. But I have also been a former UTA champion as well as a former holder of the UTA tag titles. So you see Kate, the mere fact that Doozer hasn't crawled out here on his hands and knees, begging for me to take it easy on him is an insult. Not only is it an insult to me, but it's an insult to Dynasty as well.

Kincaid: Personally, I believe you're taking Doozer entirely too lightly. After his match with David Hi...

Jackson: Oh God, give me a freaking break will you? the man has one good match in which Hightower carried him, and all of a sudden you want to crown him like he's done something. Well let me tell you something Kate, and this is the God's honest truth.

For the last time, Sean turns and faces her.

Jackson: Every time you people point someone out, like they're going to be the hero that finally stops Dynasty, we send them packing. Szalinski tried and now he gone. Yoshii tried and he too is gone. Then it was supposed to be the big, bad Spectre at Seasons Beatings...and what happened?

Kate rolls her eyes.

Jackson: That's right, he failed as well. So for crying out loud, what makes YOU think that Doozer will succeed where all the others have failed?

Kincaid: He will succeed because he IS a hero

Sean scoffs.

Jackson: Oh Kate, when will you people learn? There's no room for heroes in UTA. Didn't you know that?

Without saying another word, Sean Jackson walks away, leaving Kate Kincaid alone in front of the UTA banner.

As the familiar notes of Pomp and Circumstance by Sir Edwin Elgar play throughout the arena, Gentleman Jack steps out into the light, robe hitting the floor, with a confident (some might say arrogant) grin upon his face.

Williams: It's time for the main event!

Fury: It's time for another defeat at the hands of CBR and Dynasty!

He takes a moment to take in the crowd, the self-satisfied smirk still present on his face before slowly strutting down the ramp, taking his time with each and every movement. The announcer hesitates before looking down at their card, having no choice but to go along with it.

Announcer: From the... Land of Gentlemen, by way of England...

He makes way down to the ring. Once standing in front of it, he stops, looks both ways before climbing on the apron, again allowing the moment to make itself, then entering through the second rope.

Announcer: Standing a very... manly 5'11, and weighing in at an impressive 240 pounds...

Once in the ring, Jack gives the announcer a quick glance, making sure he is following the script he had shown them before hand, before relaxing and taking a strut around the ring.

Announcer: He is the Man of Manifold Muscle, the Manly Mauler, the...

As Jack is shaking the hand of the referee, he notes the hesitation on the part of the announcer, and walks to them glaring at them. The announcer gulps and continues on.

Announcer: The Magnificent, Manly, Majestic, Masterful, Matchless Melodious, Meritorious, Meticulous, Mighty, Muscular (and oh so modest) Mustachioed Marvel, Gentleman Jack!

Satisfied with the introduction, Jack smiles before shaking the announcer's hand, next heading to the center of the ring. He takes off his robe, revealing one of his custom-made wrestling singlets. Letting the crowd take in his glory, he punctuates it by performing the traditional gentleman's bow.

Williams: Gentleman Jack could in fact be the next Legacy Champion tonight!

Fury: No he can't. Not in a million years.

Afterwards, he heads to his corner, going through a few basic punches and kicks to get in the mood for his opponent.

Williams: One of the names we were told to watch out for this year. Tonight could set the tone for what is to come.

Fury: Yea, a message sent by CBR to everyone in the back. What happens when you think you can beat Dynasty. Dick hopes The Spawn are watching.

The lights in the arena dim as a red strobe light appears, focused in 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 Legacy Champion of the UTA.

After four repetitions of the riff and the symbol starts to join in, 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 and 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. The Legacy Title is fastened around the Canadian Star's waist, half hidden by the trademark purple and white robe with 'Subjugation' written in black font on the back.

Williams: The Legacy Champion. Two hundred and thirty seven days. He is the longest reigning champion of the new era.

Fury: He is one of the greats!

As the verse kicks in one hand runs across the gold, 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.

Announcer: 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.

Claude unstraps the Legacy Title, raising it above his head in front of the fan, holding it there patronisingly, focused on the fan, pausing for a few moments. He then drops the title over his shoulder and turns back towards the ring.

Announcer: 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 places his Legacy Title over the top rope and takes off his robe and sunglasses, placing them into the corner. Taking his title once more, he climbs the turnbuckle, raising it for everyone to see as the chorus starts.

"Hail to the King,

Hail to the one;  
Kneel to the crown,  
Stand in the sun."

Announcer: The current UTA Legacy Champion...the Canadian Star...CBR!!

Holding the belt aloft, Ranier takes in the boos, closing his eyes and savouring the moment. He lingers for a second before coming down and handing his title to the referee, stretching his right arm.

Williams: This match should be explosive!

The music begins to fade as the second chorus approaches, CBR focused, resting against the corner turnbuckle.

Williams: This is what the UTA is all about. The intensity in both men's eyes as we get ready.

Both men stand in their respective corners awaiting the match to begin.

Williams: Legacy title match about to be underway!

Fury: You mean CBR is about to add one more notch in his legacy tonight!

Williams: Gentleman Jack is no easy man to beat.

Fury: CBR's done it once, he'll do it again.

Williams: The Second Coming still out here with a front row seat for this title match.

As the bell sounds, they come out of their corners. With a hand behind his back, Gentleman Jack moves forward as the gentleman that he is. As they approach each other, they lock up.

Williams: Collar to elbow tie up by these two athletes. Gentleman Jack a source of pure power as he pushes CBR back into the corner.

CBR pushes back, turning Jack around and holding him into the turnbuckle.

Williams: CBR holding Jack in place as Gentleman Jack is unable to defend himself.

The referee starts counting for CBR to break the hold and get on with the match. Jack tries to hold his hands up to show he is defenses. As the referee hits four CBR breaks, stepping back.

Williams: CBR swings at Gentleman jack, who ducks under.

CBR spins around back to the corner as Gentleman jack comes forward with a big right hand. however, CBR quickly slides his body between the middle and top rope causing the referee to shoot in between them as Gentleman Jack stands with his hand cocked back.

Williams: CBR positioning himself to avoid an attack by Gentleman jack.

Fury: Smart thinking right there. That's why he is champion.

CBR yells at the referee to get Jack back. The referee holds his hand up to Gentleman jack who unclinch his fist and raises both arms up as he steps away.

Williams: CBR cautiously pulling back into the ring as we continue this Legacy Championship match.

As CBR stands up int he corner he points at Gentleman Jack, cracking a smirk as he mouths something inaudible toward him.

Williams: What a mouth on the champion.

Jack and CBR begin to circle yet again. As they lock up for a second time, they both fight to take control.

Williams: Both of these men trying to over power the other. We may have the two strongest men in the UTA right now in the ring.

Gentleman Jack pushes CBR back, gaining control. He places him back first into the ropes and holds him there. CBR opens both hands, holding them up as the referee begins to count Jack.

Williams: The referee putting work in tonight as these two men gaining control and holding their opponent tight.

As the referee hits three, Gentleman Jack lets go and steps back a bit as CBR still holds his hands up.

Williams: CBR coming forward, grabs the back of Gentleman Jack's head and pulls him in as he puts a knee into the mid section of Gentleman Jack.

Fury: CBR is always two steps ahead Jennifer. it's showing right there. Spectre says he is the master of mind games, but CBR showing he can play them as well.

CBR spins around a quarter, wrapping his left arm around the head and neck of Gentleman Jack.

Williams: Side headlock by the champion now as he once again controls the match.

CBR yanks Gentleman Jack around before pulling his right hand free and bringing it into the forehead of Gentleman Jack as he releases him.

Williams: Right hand to the head of Gentleman Jack.

Jack spins away from CBR, grabbing his head. CBR runs past him.

Williams: CBR hits the ropes, ont he return.

Gentleman Jack quickly spins around with a kick that catches CBR in the thigh.

Williams: Spinning kick stops the champion in his tracks as CBR goes to one knee.

CBR begins to get back up, as he does, Gentleman Jack moves forward scooping him up. He turns with CBR in hand and slams him to the canvas.

Williams: Scoop slam by the challenger in tonight's main event.

Fury: Gentleman Jack is looking impressive. But it takes a lot more than a scoop slam to keep CBR down.

Gentleman Jack drops to a knee as CBR sits up, wrapping his right arm around the neck of the champion, and grabbing his wrist with his left hand.

Williams: Gentleman Jack now with a choke hold to the champion.

The referee checks on CBR who begins to rock left and right as he tries to regain some form of control. After a few moments, he spins to the right and down, causing Gentleman Jack to let go and catch himself on the canvas.

Williams: CBR able to get free, now can he capitalize?

CBR locks Gentleman Jack's left arm around his back and pushes all of his weight in as he lays on top of him.

Williams: CBR taking it to the canvas as he shows that he is more than just a power house and can mat wrestle as well.

Fury: CBR is just perfect at everything he does! He can do it all!

Gentleman Jack is able to throw his legs around and get into a sitting position, as CBR continues to hold his arm behind him.

Williams: CBR continuing to hold on. However, Gentleman Jack reaching behind him with his free hand.

He manuevers his hand up, grabbing the top of CBR's head as he pushes up with his legs, pulling both men into a standing position as CBR continues to keep his arm wretched behind his back.

Williams: CBR still in control, but Jack to his feet.

Fury: The key words there Jennifer is that CBR is still in control.

We get a shot of Second Coming watching on from ringside in silence.

Williams: Second Coming believes she should be next in line to face one of these two men for the championship. Who will it be?

Fury: So that's how this works? You lose a title then you think you deserve a shot at another? Get out of here with that noise.

Gentleman Jack uses his free hand to raise a pointer finger as if he has an idea. Suddenly, CBR still in tow, Gentleman Jack begins doing squats. On the third he comes up, raising his right leg into a flamingo stance and grabbing his ankle with his free right hand.

Williams: CBR caught off guard.

He drops his leg and spins around, turning the arm lock into a wrist lock of his own, bending CBR's wrist back as he pulls his arm away from his body.

Williams: Gentleman Jack able to turn things around.

He walks around, controlling CBR, before twisting CBR's arm up and over his head and back down to add pressure on his arm while still holding the wrist.

Williams: Gentleman Jacks till firmly in control of the champion.

Fury: A temporary draw back. CBR's got this!

Jack continues to move around as CBR winces in pain.

CBR throws his free hand up under his arm before bending down and coming under Jack's arm. As he spins, he brings his free hand up and down hard across Jack's arm, causing him to break the hold on his wrist.

Williams: CBR free.

Fury: Told you!

Williams: CBR grabs Gentleman Jack into another side headlock as he regains control of this match. Applying pressure now to lock the hold in tighter.

Jack brings a fist to the stomach of CBR, before grabbing his back and pushing forward as he leans down, sending CBR running forward and into the corner.

Williams: Gentleman Jack free. He charges CBR. CBR catches him.. lifts Gentleman Jack up and over the top rope!

Jack grabs the top rope as he goes over and lands on the apron.

Williams: He lands on the apron! CBR doesn't realize!

CBR walks forward yelling at the fans as he points to his head to show how smart he is. Gentleman Jack watches from the apron, his hand on his hips and a smile on his face. CBR turns to see him and stumbles back startled as Gentleman Jack points to his own head to show he is in fact the intelligent one.

Williams: CBR rushing the ropes now.. Gentleman Jack in between them with a shoulder to the gut of the champion stopping him.

As CBR bends over, Gentleman Jack grabs the top rope. He bends down and back before launching himself up and over. As he flips, he grabs CBR sideways, flipping him over with him and into a hooked pin.

Williams: WHOA! Gentleman Jack with the pin!

The referee drops.

Fury: No! No! No! Get up!

The Second Coming looks alert as she watches on. Gentleman Jack pushes all of his weight forward to keep CBR's shoulders down as the referee's hand hits the canvas for the third time and the bell sounds.

Fury: NO! NO!

Williams: Gentleman Jack with a pin out of nowhere! He is the new champion! He is the new champion!

Announcer: The winner of this match and... NEWWWW LEGACY CHAMPION.... GENTLEMAN... JAAACCCKKK!!!!

Fury: This can't be happening!

Gentleman Jack releases CBR and leaps to his feet, jumping up and down with his arms in the air before keeping them high up and running around the ring.

Williams: Gentleman Jack has defeated CBR breaking an almost two hundred and forty day run as Legacy Champion!

Fury: CBR built that belt! It is not for you Jack!

The referee walks over and hands Gentleman Jack the title. He holds it facing himself, looking at it. Behind him, CBR raises to his feet, a look of anger across his face.

Williams: CBR not pleased at all.

Fury: No one is! This is terrible!

Williams: CBR runs... tackles Gentleman Jack from behind!

As they hit the canvas, CBR immediately begins punching Gentleman Jack in the back of the head. The bell begins to ring trying to tell them to stop. The referee rushes over, but CBR doesn't let up.

Fury: Knock his head off!

Williams: This is uncalled for!

CBR violently grabs Gentleman Jack by the head as he stands up, pulling the new champion up with him before grabbing him around the throat and pushing Jack back into the ropes, using them to hold him up as he chokes Jack.

Williams: CBR has lost it! Someone come help Gentleman Jack! Please!

The Second Coming stands up. She quickly rushes the ring.

Williams: Second Coming heading in for the save.

Fury: Choke her out too!

Gentleman Jack's face begins to turn red as CBR continues to choke him. Second Coming slides into the ring and rushes forward.

Williams: Second Coming leaps with a forearm to the side of... NO!

CBR quickly rips his right hand away from Jack's throat and grabs her around hers.

Williams: CBR now choking both Gentleman Jack and Second Coming! He's deranged!

Fury: It's great!

Williams: No it isn't Dick! This is terrible!

Second Coming tries to get free but can't. Gentleman Jack struggles as well before finally bringing a boot up into the stomach of CBR causing him to let both go. Second Coming falls to a knee as Gentleman Jack comes forward with a barrage of rights and lefts into the head of CBR.

Williams: Gentleman Jack fighting back now, defending himself as well as Second Coming.

Gentleman Jack bends down, grabbing CBR on his shoulders before standing up. He stomps around in a circle as CBR bounces on his shoulders, before lifting the now former champion, up and slamming him over to the canvas.

Williams: What power by Gentleman Jack!

CBR rolls over toward the ropes as Gentleman Jack gets into a ready stance as if anticipating him to get back up. However, he does not. Jack's music begins to play once again.

Williams: CBR loses the Legacy Championship and then goes crazy.

Fury: He didn't lose it! He was robbed!

Williams: Maybe in your twisted world!

Jack turns and picks up his title off of the canvas before heading over and checking on Second Coming. As she gets to her feet, she rubs her throat where she had been choked.

Williams: What a turn of events here live on Victory!

Gentleman Jack puts the title over his shoulder as he makes sure Second Coming is OK. She assures him she is before pointing at the title.

Williams: Second Coming making a stance. Although there is respect between the two, she is letting Jack know she is gunning for the...

From the back we see La Flama Blanca burst through the curtains and down the ramp.

Williams: It's La Flama Blanca! What's he doing here?!

Jack and Second Coming both get ready but as he slides into the ring, he quickly heads over to CBR, checking on him.

Fury: He's doing the right thing and checking on the welfare of CBR after that brutal double attack!

Williams: Brutal double attack? What match were you watching Dick?!

CBR rolls out of the ring and drops to the floor on a knee, holding his back, as La Flama Blanca stands to his feet, his back to the other two.

Fury: Business is about to pick up!

La Flama Blanca turns around slowly looking at them. Second Coming moves forward, but Gentleman Jack throws an arm out stopping her.

Williams: Jack cautious of La Flama Blanca's presence and for good reason.

Blanca walks slowly and methodically toward the two. He stops just inches away before looking up and down Second Coming, then doing the same to Gentleman Jack. He just shakes his head before turning and beginning to walk away.

Williams: La Flama Blanca picking and choosing his battles tonight, knowing that two on one could end badly for him.

Fury: Like it did for CBR?

Williams: Oh come on Dick.

Jack and Coming turn to each other as Blanca stops. The fans rumble. They turn back around toward him as he turns to the side. With a nod, Blanca shoots forward, throwing his leg out and catching Second Coming under her jaw.

Williams: Oh come on!

Gentleman Jack comes forward, yanking the title off of his shoulder and bringing it toward La Flama Blanca's head. Blanca ducks. Both men turn, and as Gentleman Jack gets half a step forward, Blanca shoots his leg up, and catches Gentleman Jack with his deadly superkick.

Williams: ESTUPENDO KICK ON THE CHAMPION! ESTUPENDO KICK!

Gentleman Jack hits the canvas hard, the Legacy title sliding across as La Flama Blanca stands above both of them.

Williams: La Flama Blanca takes out both Second Coming, and Gentleman Jack!

Blanca walks over, picking up the Legacy Championship. He holds it in his hand, looking at it before tuning toward them. As he peers down at the two, he raises the title high in the air with one hand.

Williams: The battle lines have been drawn and La Flama Blanca has just sent a message to both the Second Coming and Gentleman Jack. Could Gentleman Jack's title reign be short lived? We'll find out as this story continues. But for tonight, that is all the time we have right here on Saturday Night Victory!

The camera focuses on Blanca holding the title high as the copyright comes across the screen and we fade to black.

## Show Credits

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