

Pandemonium: I

November 17, 2019 | MGM Grand Arena - Las Vegas, Nevada

Prelude to Pandemonium

A ruckus crowd of 17,157 people had filed into the MGM Grand Hotel & Casino for what was set to be an exciting night of Fans Wrestling Federation action. Media from all over the city had been surrounding the facilities since nearly 6:30am, coincidentally the same time the first few fans started lining up trying to get into the doors. For the Fans Wrestling Federation this was set to be their debut episode of their flagship television program, Pandemonium.

Wrestling fans across the United States had become aware of the impending launch of the Fans Wrestling Federation due to a marketing campaign through the popular online platform Twitter. Grayson Lynch along with his brother, Jameson Lynch, the co-owners of the Fans Wrestling Federation partook in various interviews in the weeks leading up to this night.

Finally... the time had arrived...

Welcome to the Debut

As the first ever episode of Fans Wrestling Federation Pandemonium was just moments away from going live on the air, the entire arena went pitch black. Rhythmic bass began to reverberate through the public announce system speakers in the building as the darkness lit up with strobes of orange and white lights.

The fans in the building began cheering and screaming. The octaves of the voices being heard varied between the masculine, the feminine, the young and the old. The Fans Wrestling Federation was truly for everyone, it seemed. A roaming floor camera man walked right up in front of the commentators table and got a perfectly framed shot of Alan McTaggart & Michael Decker, the evenings commentary duo.

Alan McTaggart: "Thank YOU!, for joining us here tonight..."

Michael Decker: "Fans around the world... you have tuned in LIVE on FX..."

Alan McTaggart: "Welcome to the debut presentation by..."

Michael Decker: "The Fans Wrestling Federation... this is..."

Michael & Alan: "PANDEMONIUM!"

The fans in the MGM Grand Hotel & Casino continued to go crazy in the audience as fireworks shot in every

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directions from the stage, exploding into colorful balls of light and glitter high in the rafters of the building. The cameras in the building did a well timed pan over the audience before settling back on the commentary duo.

Michael Decker: "Once again fans, thank you for joining us from home for this debut edition of FWF Pandemonium."

Alan McTaggart: "That's right, and we have one hell of a lineup of action for you here tonight on the broadcast."

Michael Decker: "Tonight we begin the tournament to crown the first ever FWF World Champion."

Alan McTaggart: "That's the biggest news coming out of the wrestling world, and everyone has been trying to get their shot in this tournament but only 8 men made the cut."

Michael Decker: "In first round action tonight we will see, Cool Breeze take on Charlie Feigel."

Alan McTaggart: "Plus we have Blaze Havoc versus Jace Wheeler in the first round."

Michael Decker: "And in our Main Event..."

Alan McTaggart: "Gimme that DICK!"

Michael Decker: "...You'll get all the dick you can handle, in the main event..."

Alan McTaggart: "This Dick is gonna be hard to beat.."

Michael Decker: "Will you stop!"

Alan McTaggart: "In our Main Event, another first round matchup in the FWF World Championship tournament, Dick Fury goes on-on-one with "The Executioner" Daniel Leslie."

Micahel Decker: "But up first, is our opening contest in the FWF World Championship tournament, Stalker taking on Enforcer."

The camera cut away from the commentators table and centered on the entrance stage as the fans began volume began to lower, if only for a moment.

Broadcast Interruption

Alan McTaggart: "I still can't get over seeing Dick out here, up close and in person."

Micahel Decker: "If you'd be quite for a moment, fans we have just been informed.."

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Alan McTaggart: "I'm serious, if we get another shot of Dick before the nights over, I have to get closer."

Michael Decker: "There's something going down in the back... we're taking you there now.."

Chaos in the Back

The camera cuts to the backstage area where a brawl has apparently broken out. There are all sorts of police surrounding a group of people, who look to have wrecked the catering area of the MGM Grand Casino and Resort. Police and security guards are trying their best to separate the foes, but they continue to fight.

A mammoth of a man, known only as Cool Breeze can be seen in the melee due to his immense size. The foes he's apparently tangling with are CoV, Blaze & Lexi Havoc along with their running mate Chad Chaos. Collectively together they are the Circle of Violence, and violence is the perfect word to describe the scene unfolding backstage.

Blaze Havoc takes a swing with his barbwire wrapped baseball bat, nailing the much larger Cool Breeze directly in the side of the head. Sharp jagged pieces of metal tore into the flesh of Cool Breeze, blood squirting in every direction. Police and security who'd been trying to control the chaos at hand, were now covered in the blood of Cool Breeze.

Dogs could be heard barking in the distance, coming from the loading dock in the back as the Police and security formed a barrier around the group known as CoV who continued their mugging of Cool Breeze.

Not Rated for This

Alan McTaggart: "Did you see the veins in Dick?"

Micahel Decker: "Fans welcome back ringisde... we had to cut away due to the impending graphic nature of what is taking place there in the back."

Alan McTaggart: "Dic-"

Michael Decker: "STOP!"

Alan McTaggart: *sigh*

Micahel Decker: "We will try to keep you informed as the night progresses, if we recieve any information about the outcome of the brutal assualt backstage."

Alan McTaggart sits silently..

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Michael Decker: "I'm being told now that we are going to be making some changes in the format of the FWF World Championship Tournament. Blaze Havoc was due up next against Jace Wheeler but it looks like we're gonna have to call and audible fans.. down to ringside as it looks like Charlie Feigel is awaiting his replacement opponent."

Stalker vs. Enforcer

Enforcer walked out from behind the curtain, sans entrance music and into an anticipating crowd of fans. One of the little children near the guard rail stuck out his hand, to which Enforcer ignored it and continued on his way to the ring. Enforcer was a bulky man, standing about six foot four and looking somewhere around two hundred and seventy five pounds. Enforcer slid into the ring under the bottom rope and stretched out his arms and legs waiting for his opponent.

"Veil of Fire" began to play over the speakers as the fans stood on their feet and cheered for the opponent that Enforcer would have. From behind the curtain bursted a very athletic looking man named Stalker. Quite a bit taller then his opponent, the man slapped hands and got the fans riled up his entire way to the ring. Stalker jumped up onto the ring apron before leaping over the top rope and landing in the ring.

Both Enforcer and Stalker came face to face in the center of the ring as the referee called for the bell, and the match was set to begin. Enforcer and Stalker locked up in the center of the ring with a collar and elbow tie-up, as Enforcer backed Stalker into the corner. The referee tried his best to get in between both men and force a clean break but Enforcer refused the orders after a five count, and punched Stalker in the face. Enforcer then backed off and Stalker sprinted forwards with a cart wheel kick that sent Enforcer tumbling to the canvas. Stalker went for a quick cover but only managed to get a one count.

One...

Kickout!

Micahel Decker: "Stalker with the quick cover and only a one count."

Alan McTaggart: "It's going to take more then that to put a fine competitor like Enforcer down."

Stalker pulled Enforcer up to his feet and locked on a side head lock, then wrenched down as hard as he could. Enforcer using his many years as an advantage quickly reversed the hold into a hammer lock. Stalker showed his prowess in chain wrestling though, and reversed the hammer lock into an arm wrench. Stalker dropped an elbow down across the arm of Enforcer which took his opponent down to one knee. Stalker used his free hand to lift Enforcer back up to his feet and then leapt into the air wrapping his legs around the head of Enforcer and hitting a picture perfect hurricanrana. Enforcer's body slammed against the mat after the impact of the flip and then he rolled to the outside. Stalker on the inside of the ring bounced off the ropes and then sprinted towards the set Enforcer was near. Stalker leapt over the top of the ropes flipping in air and coming down on Enforcer.

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Micahel Decker: "What a risk by Stalker."

The fans in the Armory stood on their feet cheering the fast paced and high flying action that was taking place in the ring. As the referee got to a count of six Stalker lifted Enforcer to his feet and then rolled him into the ring under the bottom rope. Stalker slid in as well, then covered his opponent for a very close two count.

One...

Two...

Kickout!

Alan McTaggart: "That one was close there!"

Michael Decker: "Almost a three count, but the match continues."

Stalker climbed up the corner and onto the top turnbuckle, then leapt off backwards with a moonsault that was sure to put Enforcer away. Just before Stalker landed, Enforcer rolled out of the way and his opponent came down hard on the canvas face first. Enforcer moved over on top of Stalker trying to take advantage of a mistake but only managed to get a two count from the referee.

One...

Two...

Kickout!

Alan McTaggart: "Another close cover.."

Micahel Decker: "Still yet, this first round match in the FWF World Championship tournament rumbles on."

Enforcer staggered up to his feet and pulled Stalker up with him, Enforcer bounced off the ropes and charged towards Stalker with an "Axe Bomber" clothesline and leg sweep combo that he used as his signature move. Stalkere took the impact of the clothesline and did a complete standing back flip, landing on his feet and then quickly turning around directly behind a stunned Enforcer. Stalker grasped the neck of Enforcer before lifting him up and viciously slamming him down on his back. Stalker knelt down over his prone opponent following the chokeslam.

One...

Two...

Three!

As Stalker stood in the ring celebrating his victory, a man known as Dick Fury came running out of the back and slid into the ring behind Stalker. The fans tried to warn Stalker to no avail, as Dick Fury clubbed him in the back of the head. Stalker went tumbling down to the canvas, as Dick Fury laid in boots. Dick Fury stood over the body of Stalker, wiggling his pelvis furiously.

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Alan McTaggart: "My god, look at that DICK!"

Michael Decker: "I can see that you clearly, can't keep your eyes off.."

Alan McTaggart: "How could you, the moves... boy that Dick really moves.."

Micahel Decker: ".....Yeah.... to the back fans."

Boxed In

An unexpected switch backstage brings us to a rather large, frenzied wrestler pacing back and forth while running his hands through his fine, black hair. His muscles twitch and contract with anxiety underneath a black unitard with a blaze orange logo across the belly: a backwards, uppercase L sitting next to a regular L.

Those closely following the FWF's signings could intelligently guess that this is their introduction to Lunchbox Larry.

Sitting calmly behind a desk in front of the worried wrestling rookie, Grayson Lynch brings his hands together in front of his chest and locks his fingers together.

Grayson: "I know this isn't what you asked for, Larry. But in this business, if you want to be successful you will have to roll with the punches. I want you to be successful. I see a lot of... potential, with you."

A little spark lights behind his eyes as his smile grows on just one side of Grayson's face.

Larry stops pacing in front of his new boss, and drops his hands in exasperation.

Lunchbox: "You mean that, boss man? I mean... I know I got what it takes..."

Larry shuffles his feet like you'd imagine muscle bound, 6 foot 4 inch ten year old would.

Lunchbox: "I think. I don't know. Like I said before, I just wasn't ready for an opening promo. I've never done one in front of a crowd like this. When I asked for a promo I just wanted something in the middle of the show. That way if I sucked, ya know... people would hopefully be getting snacks or somethin'... or still be talking about the awesome match that just ended. Now I gotta open?!? There's a lotta people out there, boss! We're in the Em-Gee-Freakin-EM!"

Grayson, smirk still fully in tact, leans toward.

Grayson: "I know. I booked it."

He slowly leans back.

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Grayson: "You've got this, Larry. But the longer you wait, the more impatient all those people become. Go show the wrestling world what's for lunch!"

Larry, who had spent the last few seconds staring at his boots, lifts his head with a smile of his own.

Lunchbox: "I hope they're hungry!"

Lynch releases his interlocked hands and holds them to the ceiling, while keeping his stoic demeanor.

Grayson: "I'm sure they are. Go get 'em, tiger!"

Larry raises a clenched fist as a sign of solidarity. He turns and marches out of Lynch's office in sheer determination. Just before he steps through the doorway-

Grayson: "Forgetting something, Larry?"

Lunchbox snaps back toward his boss. Confused, and slightly bashful looking even, Larry slowly lowers his right hand down to his crotch. He grabs at what we can safely assume is a cup underneath the spandex suit. A wave of relief clears the emotion on his face. Grayson's, however, scrunches.

Grayson: "Happy you keep your jewels safe. That's important. But not what I was referring to..."

His eyes point toward a blaze orange box on his desk with the same pair of L's, in black this time, that appear on Larry's outfit. The young, wrestling hopeful's eyes nearly pop out of their sockets at the sight and realization of what he almost left behind. With his face flushed red, Larry nods toward Grayson with a coy smile while snagging his lunchbox and exits.

Charlie Feigel vs Jace Wheeler

Jace Wheeler stood at the beginning of the entrance as camera flashes burned his eyes. The fans screamed for him as he made his way down towards the ring while 'D.A.N.C.E.' by Justice played over the speaker system.

"JACE!"

"JACE!"

"JACE!"

He was new to the fans here in Las Vegas, Nevada, sight of Pandemonium 1, and tonight he was going to put on a clinic, guaranteed. Jace neared the ringside area and looked on at Charlie Feigel, who was up in the ring already, who in his own right looked very confident. Jace Wheeler climbed the steel steps and through the ropes as the ring announcer earned his twenty dollars for the night.

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Charlie Feigel charged forward not wanting to waste any time and threw a couple stiff forearms towards Jace's head. The shots shook a few cobwebs loose and Wheeler shoved Feigel to the canvas. Charlie Feigel bounced back up and came running forward once more but was caught when Jace lifted him into the air propelling him backwards into the turnbuckle pad.

Alan McTaggart: "Snake EYES!"

Michael Decker: "How appropriate considering our location."

Alan McTaggart: "Fans this match is JUST NOW starting!"

The referee called for the bell, finally starting the match, as Jace circled around the ring looking in control of this contest. As Feigel's body hit, he curled up into a ball and the fans screamed for "The Last Hipster Standing." Charlie Feigel backed into the corner once up to his feet and Wheeler came charging forward with stiff shoulder blocks. Feigel absorbed each shoulder to his abdomen before finally collapsing in the corner. Jace circled the ring as the fans knew this match had squash written all over it.

Jace Wheeler walked back over towards Charlie and lifted him to his feet. Jace whipped his opponent towards the ropes and as he came back powered him down with a clothesline. Charlie hit the canvas and rolled out of the ring, but was quickly followed out. Jace Wheeler charged towards Charlie Feigel who was now on his feet and hit him with a shoulder tackle that knocked him back into the guard rail.

Jace Wheeler lifted Feigel in a power slam and dropped him throat first across the railing. The fans cheered and Jace lifted Charlie to his feet by his hair and then rolled him into the ring under the bottom rope.

Charlie Feigel used the ropes to get to his feet as Jace Wheeler entered the ring. Wheeler took a bounce off the ropes and came forward with a devastating spear. Feigel looked to be on dream street after that move. Jace wasn't close to being finished though and he pulled Charlie to his feet once more and then positioned him for a power bomb.

Jace slammed Charlie Feigel down onto the canvas with the brutal move. Feigels's body twitched on the canvas as the fans in the arena came alive chanting for the reluctant crowd favorite who was dismantling Feigel.

Jace was simply not finished as he pulled Charlie Feigel to his feet once more. Jace grabbed ahold of the arm of Charlie, and whipped him towards the ring ropes. As Charlie bounced off the ropes and came sprinting back, Jace lifted him into the air and onto his shoulders.

Michael Decker: "It's time to go for a ride, Mr. Feigel!"

Alan McTaggart: "The crowd is counting along.."

Michael Decker: "3... 4... 5..."

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Alan McTaggart: "Where Jacey stops, nobody knows..."

Jace Wheeler dropped his opponent down off his shoulders and looked towards the crowd who were cheering for him. Charlie Feigel's body crashed to the canvas with a thud, as Jace sprawled out across the body of his opponent. The referee got down into position and began to count.

One...

Two...

Three!

Jace Wheeler stood up from covering his opponent and looked towards the crowd. Jace climbed the corner turnbuckle and lifted both arms above his head, celebrating his victory in the Fans Wrestling Federation Championship Title Tournament.

Gravy Train

The cameras head to the backstage catering area where lots of members of the brand new FWF staff and talent are gathered around some of the many TV monitors that are set up to show the first ever episode of Pandemonium! However the camera zooms past the crowd to the back of the room where sitting in the corner on his own is a figure that is not really familiar to many of the fans watching on.

Cutting through the excited noise in the room cuts the 'click clack' of FWF backstage interviewer Melissa Diaz as she makes her way through the catering area, homing in on the figure at the back of the room.

Melissa Diaz: "Excuse me sir. My name is Melissa Diaz... I understand that you are Harry Black, one of the new superstars signed up to the FWF?"

The moppy blonde haired Black excuses himself from his full plate for a few seconds to look up in the direction of Diaz and nod his head nonchalantly, before returning to his helpings from the buffet.

Diaz looks confused for a few seconds, before taking it as an invitation to begin her impromptu interview.

Melissa Diaz: "Well I was hoping we might catch a few words if it is ok with you?"

Black looks slightly irritated at being disturbed from his buffet helpings, but shrugs his shoulders without ever looking up from his plate.

Melissa Diaz: "Well with the first show tonight and the title tournament kicking off, you must be really disappointed to not being involved in the first card?"

Black slowly finishes his mouthful of chicken before answering in his quick paced English accent.

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Harry Black: "Are you kidding? These FWF guys flew me out here to Vegas, paid for my accomodation and fed me for free... I don't even have to do any work! I was about a week away from being deported back to dear old Blighty until I landed this sweet gig!"

Diaz seems slightly taken aback.

Melissa Diaz: "Oh... Well... I see..... Well you must be excited to be involved with the FWF considering who else has been signed to the roster? There is some fantastic competition for you to prove yourself against!"

Black takes a deep sigh before finally answering.

Harry Black: "To tell you the truth Miss, I'm not exactly sure who else is on the roster. I've been kind of out of the wrestling loop for a few years or so you see. I don't recognise any of these names any more! Getting old I guess..... But they certainly did there due diligence with whatever chef they hired, if the wrestlers are half as good then we are onto a winner! I haven't eaten this good for months!"

Diaz looks to be getting bored quickly with Harry Black, but decides to ask one last frustrated question to the Londoner.

Melissa Diaz: "So what are you looking forward to the most in the FWF?"

Harry Black: "In all honesty miss, I know the FWF management snapped me up because my contract was cheap and they needed to make up the numbers, but I am here to ride the gravy train for as long as it lasts! No pun intended love!"

Black laughs to himself as he pours a tub of gravy over his plate, which seems to be the last straw for the interviewer. Diaz angrily rises up to her feet and spins to face her cameraman.

Melissa Diaz: "Cut this shit Tony, no one wants to hear from this jobber. Let's find one of the stars to talk to, maybe we could hang out outside the locker room area?"

Black doesn't seem at all offended as Diaz marches off, leaving the poor cameraman Tony to struggle to catch up with her

Out of the Box

"Old Town Maine" by Lucas Deely fills the MGM arena as orange lights dart around the crowd. A large figure bursts out the entrance and onto the top of the ramp. Stepping into the spotlight, we witness Lunchbox Larry, still looking a bit flustered.

Alan McTaggart: "Well it looks like we're already going off course, folks. Who the heck is this guy, anyway?"

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Michael Decker: "Lunchbox Larry, Alan. Do you ever do your prep work?"

Alan McTaggart: "Larry Alan? Poor bastard has two first names? What more do you need to know?"

Michael Decker sighs heavily. Back at the top of the ramp, Larry's still standing... slowly turning, surveying the large crowd cheering heavily. Not for Larry, specifically, but more for the start of Pandemonium!

Alan McTaggart: "This guy just going to stand there all day or what?"

Michael Decker: "I have to say, Alan, I'm not quite sure what's going on with Lunchbox right now. He seems a bit overcome by the moment."

Lunchbox snaps out of the trance with a quick head shake. He looks down at his lunchbox and smiles, then raises it up to the crowd. A small cheer pops above the buzz. Larry lowers the lunchbox and opens it, a microphone falls out and a loud clang reverberates throughout the crowd.

The cheering and buzzing dissipates immediately. Larry's eyes pop, jaw drops, and face turns lobster red.

He slowly picks the mic up. Cautiously bringing it to his face as he stands back up straight.

He nervously clears his throat.

Lunchbox: "..."

He runs his free hand through his now wet hair. Not sure if he greased up before coming out... or anxiety sweats.

Lunchbox: "I... I g-gotta go!"

With that, Larry drops opens both hands as if he suffered a seizure, turns toward the entrance at the top of the ramp, and high tails it backstage.

Alan McTaggart: "I'm not a religious man, but what in God's good name did we just watch?"

Michael Decker: "Well, in a way, you could call that... PANDEMONIUM!"

Alan McTaggart: "I think I hate you already."

Dick Fury vs Daniel Leslie

The fans in attendance were booing Daniel Leslie, as he stood in the ring awaiting his opponent for the night. "Big Dick Fury" by Z Mann Zilla played for Dick Fury but nothing happened. No one came out.

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Suddenly, from deep in the crowd Dick Fury appeared in the middle of a dead sprint. Dick Fury ran towards the first flight of chairs he saw and proceeded to skip down them two and three steps at a time and hopped the guard rail and slid under the bottom rope.

Alan McTaggart: "Look at the speed in which Dick thrust himself through the throng of salivating people."

The referee in charge of the match called for the bell. Both took a step backwards and circled each other for a few seconds before coming in together with a collar and elbow tie up. Daniel Leslie grabbed the left arm of Dick Fury and threw him to the mat with an arm drag. Dick was quick to get up but walked right into a hip toss by Daniel Leslie. As Dick Fury lay on the mat for a few seconds longer this time his sternum was crushed with an elbow drop. Daniel Leslie held his position on the ground and locked Dick Fury in an arm bar.

The fans in attendance booed the opening set of moves by Daniel Leslie as he wrenched back on the arm of Dick Fury looking for an early upset. The fans began to boo even louder which only fueled Daniel Leslie to put more pressure on the shoulder and elbow by trying to hyper-extend the arm. Dick Fury would have none of this as he began to look alive by trying to get to his feet.

Dick Fury was up on one knee as the fans began to get louder. Dick Fury got to his feet and threw a stiff elbow to the bread basket of Leslie. The grip Daniel Leslie had didn't begin to loosen so Dick Fury threw a second elbow followed quickly by a third which broke the hold. Dick Fury took a bounce off of the ropes and ran into a shoulder block that sent him to the mat.

Alan McTaggart: "Oh no, watch out!"

Michael Decker: "Looks like he just knocked your dick in the dirt."

Alan McTaggart: "Haha, jokster. Call the damn match."

Daniel Leslie dropped to his knee and put Dick Fury in a sleeper hold that looked for the world like it could end the match any second. All the time off that Daniel Leslie has had allowed him to perfect his craft. You'd think he'd be rusty, but the contrary. His moves looked crisp, his holds looked devastating and you could tell he was ready to win this match.

Dick Fury wouldn't have any of that though as he kept showing his will and was able to once again get to his knee. The next step for Fury was to get up to his feet which he was able to do. Dick Fury began to lunge forward towards the ropes in an attempt to break the hold. As he took a step forward Daniel Leslie fell flat towards the mat driving the back of Dick Fury's head into the canvas. With a quick sleeping neck breaker Daniel Leslie saw an opening for a win and went for a cover.

One...

Two...

Kickout!

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Alan McTaggart: "No way my main Dick is gonna stay down."

Dick Fury wouldn't go down this easily and he managed to get his left arm into the air at the count of two. Leslie got up from the canvas and looked towards the crowd for approval, receiving only scoffs. Dick Fury was up to his feet as well and threw a wicked right hand that caught Daniel Leslie off guard. Daniel Leslie answered back with a right of his own that nearly knocked Dick Fury out of the ring. Instead Dick Fury backed into the ropes and came running forward with a left fist. Daniel Leslie replied with a left of his own. Dick Fury seeing that trading blows wasn't going to get him anywhere shocked Daniel Leslie with a right fist followed by a left and then a flurry of forearms and closed fist shots that backed Daniel Leslie into the corner.

Dick Fury wasn't about to let up on the only thing that had worked for him so far, as he began to pummel Daniel Leslie in the corner with rights and lefts to the body. Leslie for the first time in this match looked a bit worn out as he slouched against the turnbuckle. Dick Fury backed off and then came charging forward with a huge splash. Daniel began to stumble from the corner but was caught by Dick Fury and driven to the canvas with a bulldog. Dick Fury quickly positioned himself over Daniel Leslie for a cover.

One...

Two...

Kickout!

Michael Decker: "Almost a three but The Executioner kicks out!"

Dick Fury grabbed the mask Daniel Leslie and pulled him to his feet before whipping him into the ropes. Daniel Leslie bounced back towards Dick Fury and was wrapped up in a t-bone suplex. Fury lifted Daniel over his head and flipped him to the canvas as both men crashed down on their backs. Both men were unable to move for a few seconds but finally Dick Fury rolled over and draped his arm across the chest of Daniel Leslie. The referee began to count.

One...

Two...

Kickout!

Alan McTaggart: "C'mon DICK!"

The fans in the building began to chant for the action of the main event.

"DICK!"

"DICK!"

"DICK!"

Dick Fury once again pulled Daniel Leslie up to his feet and this time whipped him into the corner. As Daniel Leslie hit the turnbuckles chest first and staggered out, Dick Fury was climbing through the ropes to the apron. Daniel Leslie staggered towards the center of the ring as Fury jumped up to the tope rope and leapt

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into the air for a spring board drop kick. Dick Fury caught Leslie in the shoulder and sent him to the canvas. Fury rolled to his feet and took a quick bounce off the ropes and landed a very quick leg drop. Dick once again went for the pin attempt.

One...

Two...

Kickout!

Micahel Decker: "It doesn't get any closer then that."

Daniel Leslie wasn't going to let his attempt at a victory during his debut be spoiled this easily. Daniel Leslie managed to get his left arm up at the count of two and he still had some life left in him for this match. Dick Fury pulled Daniel Leslie up to his feet for the third time and then wrapped his arm around his opponent. Dick Fury had Daniel Leslie setup for a sambo suplex as he wiggled his hips for the adoring crowd for just a bit to long. Daniel Leslie threw an elbow to the side of Fury's head as the fans all rose to their feet. Daniel Leslie threw two more elbows to Dick Fury's head as he broke free and then bounced off the back ropes. Daniel came forward with force as he ran straight into Dick Fury and both men fell to the mat from a double clothesline. The referee began his mandatory count.

One...

Two...

Three...

Neither Daniel Leslie nor Dick Fury were even beginning to move. Both had been exhausted from the opening go around and now they appeared to be spent.

Alan McTaggart: "Not like this, don't let it end like this."

Four...

Five...

Six...

Daniel Leslie began to pull himself closer towards the ropes as Dick Fury rolled over onto his stomach and appeared to be in a push up position. Both men were attempting to get up but neither had much strength left.

Seven...

Eight...

Daniel Leslie had managed to pull himself up to his feet using the ropes and Dick Fury had lifted himself to his feet on his own strength. Dick Fury showing his last effort ran towards Daniel Leslie with a clothesline. Daniel Leslie probably had a bit more energy since he used the ropes as an aid to getting up and was able to duck the clothesline attempt. Dick Fury bounced off of the ropes after missing and came running back at Daniel Leslie. Dick Fury took a high knee to the gut and doubled over instantly as Daniel Leslie looked to the

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crowd with disdain.

Daniel Leslie stood waiting for Dick Fury to get to his feet, which was taking quite a while. Dick Fury finally stood upright as Daniel Leslie threw a stiff kick towards the head of his opponent. Dick Fury showing why he is a professional threw his hands up at the very last second and grabbed the incoming foot of Daniel Leslie. Dick Fury shoved his foot away and spun Daniel Leslie around before delivering a kick of his own to Daniel Leslie.

Daniel Leslie was bent over in the center of the ring and Dick Fury threw his right arm over the head and shoulders of Daniel Leslie. Dick Fury used his last bit of strength and lifted Daniel Leslie into the air and let him hang for just a second. The fans erupted, and Dick Fury dropped Daniel Leslie straight to the canvas on his head.

BRAINBUSTAH~!

Alan McTaggart: "Listen to these fans climax!!"

For the first time in the Fans Wrestling Federation, Dick Fury had brought the fans to a climax. Fury rolled over with a look of satisfaction on his face and pinned Daniel Leslie. The leg was hooked and both shoulders were pinned to the canvas. All that was left was for the referee to make the count.

One...

Two...

Three!

Alan McTaggart: "Thank you... thank you, thank you!"

Michael Decker: "The referee with the three count and we have a winner of our main event.."

Dick Fury jumped up off of the canvas with his arms high into the air. Dick Fury ran a circle around the ring before climbing the turnbuckle and looking towards the fans. Daniel Leslie rolled back and forth in agony on the canvas. Dick Fury noticed and climbed off of the ropes and walked over towards Daniel Leslie. Dick Fury stuck out his hand towards Daniel Leslie and pulled him to his feet.

Dick Fury mouthed the words "*Tonight, Dick hits the sweet spot!*"

Daniel Leslie who was holding onto the back of his head could barely move to prove otherwise. Dick Fury swiveled his hips in the center of the ring to the screams of the fans in attendance, celebrating his victory. Leslie disappeared out of the ring leaving his opponent to close the show. The camera focused on Dick Fury as the commentators left us with the following words before the screen faded to black.

Alan McTaggart: "What a storybook way to end a night."

Pandemonium: I

Michael Decker: "Fans, thank you for tuning into the first ever Fans Wrestling Federation Pandemonium."

Alan McTaggart: "That's right and tune in next week if you want more Dick."

Michael Decker: "As well as the rest of our first round matchups in the FWF World Championship tournament."

Alan McTaggart: "God I know I do... seriously! I can't get enough Dick."

Michael Decker: "Will you stop!"

Pandemonium: I

Show Credits

Segment: "Prelude to Pandemonium" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Welcome to the Debut" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Broadcast Interruption" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Chaos in the Back" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Not Rated for This" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Stalker vs. Enforcer" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Boxed In" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Charlie Feigel vs Jace Wheeler" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Gravy Train" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Out of the Box" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Dick Fury vs Daniel Leslie" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite