

Mr. Muscles Memorial Show: 06.23.2013

June 23, 2013 | Studio

MR. MUSCLES MEMORIAL SHOW

The Somber News

Sunday Night Cock Fight's opening video played on the screens of everybody watching at home. Afterwards, there was deathly silence in the arena. There was no more introductory music heard. There was no crowd. The cameras viewed the announcer's desk. ReJect's announcers, Dolan Jones and "Dirty" Mark Sanchez were somber. They both had their faces pointed downward at their desk.

Slowly, they both looked up. Almost simultaneously.

Jones began to speak. "Welcome ReJect fans, I'm Dolan Jones." His voice was absolutely void of any sort of excitement. "I'm joined, as always, by 'Dirty' Mark Sanchez."

"Si." Sanchez agreed.

"And I have some terrible news to report to you tonight." Dolan paused. The reality was sinking in. He let out a huge sigh. "Mr. Muscles passed away on Tuesday. At Down Under, he had won the ReJect Championship. Immediately afterwards, he was given the title by ReJect's owner, Budd E. Manchin. Shortly after, he collapsed in the ring."

Another pause. Another sigh. "The suspected cause of death was a Myocardial Infarction," Dolan informed. He sighed once more. "Tonight, we celebrate the life, and the short career that John Cooper, better known as Mr. Muscles, shared with ReJect Wrestling."

The cameras cut to a wide shot of the ReJecTron.

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

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DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode 5

Sunday May 26, 2013

Paying it Forward

"Walk" by Pantera burst onto the stereo system like a wildfire following the commercial break. Many boos were heard coming from the crowd. The next match of the night would feature one of the more hated ReJects in the company.

Mr. Muscles entered the arena to a chorus of more boos from the spectators. With his muscles bulging out of his skin, he trotted down the aisle and entered the ring. He walked to his designated corner and pulled on the top ropes.

His next challenge in the ReJect Championship Tournament was sure to be an easy one. Muy Helado, one half of the Caliente y Fria tag team, a man a third of the size of Mr. Muscles, was going to take on the musclebound mad man.

"Walk" by Pantera was cut off.

"Alright, alright," Budd E. Manchin's familiar voice was heard. He was standing atop of the entryway with his whip and a microphone in hand. "Mr. Muscles!" Manchin called out.

Manchin had finally caught the attention of the ReJect in the ring. "Don't think that what you did last week is going to go unnoticed" The words seemed to further upset Mr. Muscles. "You left your partner. You ruined my main event tag team match!"

"SO WHAT?!" Muscle shot back at the owner of the company. He hadn't had a microphone, but his shout was picked up by the camera's microphone.

"So, you think you're going to walk into this match and destroy Muy Helado, right?" Manchin asked. Muscles

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noded in response. "NOT ANYMORE!"

"WHAT?!" Muscles seemed furious.

"Instead, you're going to be taking on BOTH members of Caliente y Fria!" Manchin's words pierced Mr. Muscles' soul. Possibly. "NOW GET TO WORK!" Manchin cracked his whip.

As much as Manchin tried to throw a speed bump in front of Mr. Muscles, the musclebound mad man only smiled.

"Incondicional" by Prince Royce began playing with many cheers coming from the audience.

Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode 5

Sunday May 26, 2013

ReJect Championship Tournament

Mr. Muscles

VS.

Caliente y Fria

Manchin left the arena whilst Caliente y Fria made their entry. The luchadores ran towards the ring. In no time, they were inside the squared circle and the bell was ringing. Immediately, Muy Helado climbed to the top rope and dove off, attempting a cross body block. The musclebound mad man caught Helado and hoisted him above his head military press style. He tossed Helado like he was a football into his brother's arms. Dos Fuegos and Muy Helado both crashed on the canvas. Muscles stepped on and stood on both of their fallen bodies. He pulled both of their bodies towards the center of the ring and put them in the appropriate position. He locked on The Roid on both members of Caliente y Fria. The brothers tapped out almost simultaneously, giving **Mr. Muscles the submission victory.**

...COMMERCIAL...

Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode 6

Sunday June 2, 2013

ReJect Championship Tournament

Mr. Muscles

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VS.

Morgan Jameson

Mr. Muscles came down to the ring to the sounds of "Walk" by Pantera. Morgan Jameson entered the ring to "Whiskey Hangover" by Godsmack. One thing was for certain. Things didn't look good for Morgan Jameson tonight. In fact, that may be the understatement of a lifetime.

Morgan ran at Muscles. Their shoulders connected. Morgan just collapsed on the canvas.

Truly realizing his fate, Morgan rolled over to his hands and knees looking towards his corner. He had left his trusty beer bottle under the bottom turnbuckle. Muscles stood on Morgan's Achilles heel. Morgan screamed in agony. Muscles put all of his weight on the tendon stepped forward.

Morgan lifted his leg and tried to grasp his ankle while he was in some sort of pseudo-fetal position on the canvas. Muscles picked him up off of the mat with a waistlock. He hoisted Morgan up on his shoulder and threw him back down as hard as he could with a power bomb. Without question, Morgan was unconscious at that point. Muscles put a foot on Morgan's chest. The zebra shirt's hand hit the canvas twice. Muscles took his foot off. He wanted to make an example out of Morgan Jameson.

As if he were a child, Morgan Jameson was up in the air. Mr. Muscles held him in an inverted military press. As fast as he had picked him up, Muscles just dropped him back on the mat. Muscles walked over to the corner and rested his back on it, extending his arms on the top rope.

Slowly, Morgan Jameson once again started slithering towards his corner. Towards his bottle of brew. This time, Muscles just watched him. Jameson grabbed a hold of the bottle and tried to pick himself up with the use of the ropes. Finally, Muscles walked out of the corner and towards his opponent. Morgan broke the beer bottle on the top of Muscles' head.

Mr. Muscles barely even blinked.

The zebra shirt went to call for the bell, but Muscles grabbed his wrist and threw him. Jameson kicked a field goal between Muscles' legs. The zebra shirt didn't see it. Muscles keeled over. Morgan fell on top of him and attempted to hook a leg. It was good for a one count. Muscles had enough. He drove his hands in between Morgan's shoulder blades with a double axe handle. He locked on **THE ROID~!** Morgan almost immediately kicked out. **Mr. Muscles defeated Morgan Jameson via submission.**

Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode 4
Sunday May 19, 2013

Everybody's Pissed!

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The opening video for Sunday Night Cock Fight played. Obviously, it didn't last long. Inside the arena, Dolan Jones and "Dirty" Mark Sanchez welcomed the television audience while the cameras showed various views of the crowd.

Beethoven's Fifth played throughout the arena. It could only mean one thing. And sure shooting, Professor Proof came through the black curtains wielding the chain connected to The Project as per usual. They made their way to ringside and walked towards the announcers. Proof grabbed a microphone from the ring announcer and placed it in his lab coat's pocket. He tied the chain around the ring post and entered the ring while Project remained on the outside standing still and staring blankly.

"Manchin!" Proof shouted into the microphone, "I think we all know who stole the files regarding my Project's experiments now!" There was a certain fire in his voice. "Hypothesis: Working along with a plan laid out by Mr. Muscles, Lunatic stole my files. Answer: YES! YES! YES!"

Proof paused as the crowd began to chant along with him. "I demand justice, Mr. Manchin! Bring me the head of Lunatic or Mr. Muscles or else I will have my Project retrieve their craniums myself!"

For seemingly no reason at all, "Something in Your Mouth" by Nickelback played on the P-A system Bobby Banger, who hadn't been seen since Episode 2 of Sunday Night Cock Fight, entered the arena while holding Victoria Townsend's hand in his. They embraced with a kiss before she returned to the backstage.

Bobby walked down to the ring and, much like Proof and Project had moments before, he walked towards the ring announcer and grabbed another microphone. He cautiously passed by Project, who still had barely moved at all.

"What, dare I ask," Professor Proof said while Bobby Banger walked up the steel steps and entered the ring, "brings you out here?"

"I don't know how good your memory may be," Bobby said into the microphone, "But I've got WAY more to be pissed about than you, old man! I'm not going anywhere until I get my hands on that dickless asshole, Scott E. Moe!" Bobby paused for a moment. "Get out here, Scotty!" He screamed.

Instead, "Walk" by Pantera burst onto the stereos. Again. It seemed seemingly random. Mr. Muscles entered the arena. Boos followed him. He had a microphone in his hand. "Walk" ended abruptly.

"SHUT UP RETARDS!" More boos. Like always. "Listen here, you scrawny, old, piece of shit! I've beaten 'your Project' twice now! I've got nothing to prove! How about you keep my name out of your mouth?! HUH?!"

Like everyone else, Mr. Muscles too was extremely upset and fiery. He walked up to ringside and ended his journey. "You got something else you wanna say old man?! HUH?!"

"LOOK!" Bobby shouted into his microphone, "I don't care what I gotta do, I'm not going anywhere until I get

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my hands on Scott E. Moe or Robert Fairfield! I don't care which one of them mans up first!"

"WAS ANYBODY TALKING TO YOU?!" Muscles shot back. "Unlike you, I got NOTHING between my legs! You don't hear me bitching about it!"

Proof and Banger looked at each other confused.

"Walls" by Emery came on the P-A system next. A thunderous thud was heard as Bobby Banger dropped his microphone and prepared for battle. It didn't take Scott E. Moe long to make his entry into the arena.

He also brought a microphone along with him. "Bwah," he mumbled into the microphone. "This is the point in time where I'm supposed to have something to prove. I'm supposed to stand up for my manhood and use fisticuffs to resolve this problem we have, Bobby."

E. Moe walked down the ramp way and stood behind Mr. Muscles. "But, unlike you, I'm not fake. I don't hide behind superficial constructs of testosterone. My heart is cold. It's so black. I wanted to give you that pain, Bobby. I gave it to you two weeks ago. You should have learned your lesson."

Quickly, Bobby bent down and picked his microphone back up. "SHUT UP AND FIGHT ALREADY!" He shouted. "Fairfield! I'm still waiting on you, Mr. Viagra!"

"ENOUGH!" Another voice called out. It was the familiar opening statement and voice of Budd E. Manchin, the owner of ReJect Wrestling. He stood atop of the entryway. He looked towards the ring. Scott E. Moe and Mr. Muscles turned around to face him.

"I'm going to address everybody's concerns," he said, "But first I've got to say this. There was an explosion at ReJect Headquarters on Wednesday. Thankfully, no one was hurt, although Michael America checked himself into the hospital but he is OK and will be released tomorrow. What we do know is that the electrical power grid of ReJect HQ is completely destroyed and will take several weeks to repair. We also know that bombs were strapped to dogs and were blown up. And lastly, we know that the explosion that occurred inside of the studio during the live filming of Meet the ReJects, was due to a failure in the gas lines inside the building set off from the fires outside."

The crowd was completely dead at this point. Manchin, with the charisma of a bookshelf, spoke again, "I also need to say: I'm SICK AND TIRED of all of this outside interference in my matches! If ANYBODY interferes in ANY match tonight, they will be FIRED ON THE SPOT!" This garnished a slight pop from the crowd.

"Now," he said and pointed towards the ring, "Professor Proof, my men haven't confirmed that Mr. Muscles or Lunatic broke into your lab, but they're still looking into the situation. And as far as I know, Lunatic hasn't even arrived in the building yet."

He turned slightly, "Bobby, sorry to say, but your beef with Robert Fairfield will have to wait. I've got other plans for him this evening." This garnished some boos. But not really.

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"And since," he said, "You all seem to be ready to go RIGHT NOW!" He paused, "How about we have ourselves a little tag team main event tonight?! Project and Bobby Banger against Mr. Muscles and Scott E. Moe! TONIGHT!"

Manchin cracked his whip. "NOW GET TO WORK!"

Some cheers. Most were confused.

Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode 4

Sunday May 19, 2013

Mr. Muscles & Scott E. Moe

VS.

The Project & Bobby Banger w/ Professor Proof

After the break, the cameras in the arena viewed the ring. Inside, the four combatants that were scheduled to face off in the main event tag bout were raring to go. On the outside was Professor Proof. Richard Dawson called for the bell.

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

To start the match, Bobby Banger was going to square off against Mr. Muscles. Bobby knew that the only way he was going to get any sort of advantage would be by utilizing his quickness against the Musclebound Mad Man.

Bobby charged at Mr. Muscles. Muscles attempted a lariat, but Banger ducked. Bobby ran up to the top rope and dove off with a moonsault. His abdomen collided with Muscles' shoulder. However, the moonsault had no effect on Muscles. He held on to Bobby's body and dropped him with a powerslam.

Muscles returned to his feet and brought Banger with him. Muscles sent Banger for the ride with an Irish whip into his team's corner. Immediately after Bobby's body crashed into the turnbuckles, Muscles hit him with a clothesline in the corner. Muscles made a quick tag to his partner for the evening, Scott E. Moe.

E. Moe came in and started throwing wild kicks all over Bobby's body. Stomping the proverbial mud hole. Dawson had to physically separate E. Moe away from Bobby after the count of four preceding a stern warning.

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"PUNISH ME DADDY!" E. Moe yelled in Dawson's face, taunting the zebra shirt.

Bobby was now sitting in the corner. Muscles dropped to the floor whilst E. Moe argued with Dawson. Muscles strangled Bobby from the outside with the official distracted. Muscles returned to the apron in the knick of time when Dawson turned around.

E. Moe ran back towards his opponent's corner. The Project stared blankly at absolutely nothing as per usual. His hands held on tightly to the top rope. Scott took note of this and darted forward back towards his own corner. He drove a knee into Bobby's face.

Bobby was now lying on the canvas. E. Moe pulled him away from the ropes and fell on top of him in a lateral press. Dawson dropped down in perfect position.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Bobby shot a shoulder up.

E. Moe picked up his opponent and applied a front face lock. Scott walked backwards into his corner with the hold firmly applied. Muscles slapped Scott's shoulder and tagged himself into the bout. He entered over the top rope and drove a double axe handle into the small of Bobby's back. The one foot wonder dropped to the mat.

Scott returned to the apron. Muscles grabbed Bobby's hair and drove his forearm into Banger's face with some crossface forearm shots over and over again. Dawson warned Muscles of this inappropriate behavior. The warning went largely unnoticed. Muscles shoved Bobby's face downward, smashing it on the canvas.

Muscles picked up Bobby's prone body and applied a front face lock, much like his partner had earlier. Muscles extended his hand and barked an order at his partner. E. Moe nodded and tagged Muscles' hand.

Mr. Muscles lifted Banger up in a vertical suplex while Scott E. Moe climbed to the top rope. E. Moe dove forward, tilting his body sideways and extending his limbs as far as he could. His body collided with Bobby Banger's and Muscles fell backwards, delivering a perfect suplex/cross body block combination.

Muscles quickly rolled out to the floor while E. Moe stayed atop of Bobby's body. Dawson dropped down again.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREE~!

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NOOOOOO~!

Banger barely managed to kick out.

"Mr. Muscles and Scott E. Moe are strangely executing perfect tag team wrestling tonight." Dolan Jones noted from the announcer's table.

E. Moe dropped a leg across Banger's throat. Quickly he stood up and delivered another leg drop. And again.

Scott followed up the third leg drop with a lateral press. Again.

ONE~!

TWO~!

ANDAHALF~!

Again, Bobby kicked out.

E. Moe quickly followed up by applying a reverse chin lock. He held the submission hold tightly, not letting up on the pressure. At all.

Bobby began to kick his feet wildly to attempt to bring life back into his body. He rose to one knee. And eventually he stood up to his feet bringing Scott E. Moe with him.

E. Moe let go of the hold and instead he instantaneously applied a waist lock on Banger. Scott threw their bodies backward with a German suplex. He held on with a bridge, looking for yet another pinfall.

ONE~!

TWO~!

ANDSEVENEIGHTHS~!

Scott pulled Bobby back towards his team's corner. He locked on a side leg lock and reached out his hand to tag the musclebound mad man back into the match. Mr. Muscles came into the ring and crashed his elbow across Bobby's sternum.

E. Moe rolled out of the ring.

Muscles stayed on the mat and hooked Banger's leg.

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ONE~!

TWO~!

ANDNINEFUCKINGTENTHS~!

Somehow. Someway.

Bobby Banger kicked out. Again.

Again.

Muscles looked upset. He wanted to get this match put away in the bag. Sooner rather than later. Muscles tucked Bobby's head in between his legs. He hoisted Bobby up and dropped him with a sitout power bomb.

Muscles stood up confidently. He walked towards The Project. He waved his hand in front of the monster's face. No reaction. As expected. Muscles scoffed and returned to his fallen opponent.

He grabbed Banger's wrist and pulled him towards his team's corner. Again.

He slapped E. Moe's chest hard. "I'm done with this stupid shit." Muscles said. "Have at him."

Muscles exited the ring and walked back up the aisle.

"Mr. Muscles is leaving?!" Dolan question.

"Yeah mang!" Mark Sanchez replied. "He don't need none of this match! What's he gotta prove?!"

Mr. Muscles walked up the ramp way and pushed his way through the curtains and left the arena. Leaving Scott E. Moe with an apparent handicap match in front of him. But with Bobby seemingly out of commission and Project being as brain dead as he is, there's not much of a handicap.

E. Moe bent down and picked up Bobby Banger. He lifted Banger up in a fireman's carry. He hoisted Bobby's body higher and dropped him whilst bringing up his own knee. There it was...

THE ABYSS~!

NOOOOO! Bobby blocked it! He grabbed a hold of E. Moe's leg and swept the other out from under him! He flipped forward and held onto both of E. Moe's legs with a bridge.

BOBBY'S GONNA STEAL ONE OUTOFNOWHERES~!

ONE~!

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TWO~!

NOOOOOO!

E. Moe kicked out suddenly.

Bobby leaped to his feet and dove forwards, extending his hand. His fingertips barely connected with Project's knuckles on the top rope.

HOT TAG~!

But...

Project didn't move.

Bobby rolled to the floor of the arena.

Project stood on the apron. Staring dead ahead of him. Not moving a muscle.

E. Moe didn't know what to do. As hard as he could, he shoved Project's chest. Professor Proof's Project didn't move an inch, feeling no effect from the shove. But he turned his attention to his opponent.

Scott E. Moe shouted at the brain dead monster. But his words remained unheard by the cameras. Project was upset. He entered the ring and chopped the top of E. Moe's head.

E. Moe was quick to his feet. But it didn't last long. At all.

THE DESTROYER~!

Project hooked a leg.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREE~!

The bell rang and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony blared throughout the arena's P-A system. Professor Proof entered the ring as quick as he could. He hugged his Project.

For once.

Professor Proof had cause for celebration.

...COMMERCIAL:...

Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode 1

Sunday April 28, 2013

The Roid of Your Life

The announcers introduced ReJect's interviewer, Victoria Townsend, who was standing by in the backstage.

"Thanks guys," Victoria said whilst attempting to maintain her balance, "I'm standing by with Mr. Muscles who will be in tonight's main event cage match." The camera zoomed out and showed Mr. Muscles standing beside her. Slowly, she brought a martini glass to her lips and drank the liquid contained inside before she asked her first question. "Mr. Muscles, uhh... what are your thoughts on the match? You know?"

Mr. Muscles took in deep breaths when Victoria brought the microphone to his lips.

"So let me get this straight," he said whilst looking as angry as always then he took some more deep breaths, "ReJect Wrestling, this stupid company, makes the signing of their lifetime and they put me in the ring with a retard?! That's what's going on here?"

Victoria tried to answer his question, which was an answer to her question, "Well, I-I think that's what's..."

"DO YOU KNOW WHERE I'VE BEEN?!" Mr. Muscles shouted so loud that it was picked up clearly by the microphone even though it had been placed in front of Victoria's mouth. He jerked her hand to bring the microphone back to him. "I've talked to EVERYONE that's ANYONE in this business! GAHHHH!" Again, more breathing.

Mr. Muscles stormed off and screamed, "GET READY FOR THE ROID OF YOUR LIFE!"

Victoria stumbled and seemed to be even more confused "So umm... back to you!"

Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode 1

Sunday April 28, 2013

ReJect Championship Tournament:

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Mr. Muscles

VS.

The Project

There was a deaf tone in the arena as the main event of the evening was upon the audience. There was a complete calm.

That silence was destroyed once "Walk" by Pantera blared throughout the arena's P-A system. As with most of the entrance music of the evening, the audience didn't really respond to it. However the headbangers in the crowd participated in their usual fashion whenever this song is heard.

Mr. Muscles stepped into the entryway after pushing through the curtains. He stood atop of ReJect's ramp and snarled at the crowd while he made his way down to the ring. He strode powerfully until he reached the steel steps. There, he took a look to the top of the cage that surrounded the squared circle. He stomped his way up the stairs and stepped over the top rope to enter the ring. Once inside he screamed and flexed and "Walk" dimmed down into nothingness.

In its place, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony began to play across the stereos. Even the least intelligent member of the crowd should have been able to guess who was to make their way down to the ring next, given all of the hype for the main event.

Being drug to the ring by a chain with a collar around his neck, The Project entered the arena being led by Professor Proof. They made their way down the ramp slowly. Professor Proof entered the cage first then The Project. Proof unlocked the collar from Project's neck and exited the ring.

Behind him, a zebra shirt closed the cage door.

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

The match was underway!

The Project had barley moved a muscle since Proof had left the ring. He did look around and his eyes wandered that was about it. Mr. Muscles started to move closer towards his opponent. He pointed at The Project and shouted some words that weren't audible.

When he was close enough, he slapped The Project's face as hard as he could. Project's expression immediately changed to one of anger. He grabbed a hold of Muscles' gigantic neck and tossed him into the

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turnbuckle. He delivered several forearm shots to the musclebound madman's chin.

Project grabbed a hold of Muscles' arm and whipped him into the opposite corner. The Irish whip was so strong that Muscles bounced back out of the corner and stumbled back into Project's shoulder and was given a lariat for his troubles.

Muscles was quick to his feet. Project allowed his eyes to wander and seemingly took, whatever is left of his mind out of the match. Muscles drove a forearm between Project's shoulder blades. The force backed Project up into the corner that Muscles had just bounced out of.

Quickly, Mr. Muscles drove his shoulder into the abdomen of the monstrous Project with a fast fury of shoulder thrusts. The zebra shirt backed Muscles up out of the corner to allow Project to defend himself. After a few harsh words with the zebra shirt, Muscles darted towards The Project yet again.

Having felt the effects of the shoulder thrusts, Project was angry. He hoisted Muscles up on his shoulder and charged towards the side of the cage and drove Muscles' head into the chain linked meshing. He turned in the opposite direction, and charged forward, driving Muscles' head into that side of the cage as well. Again, Project turned around but this time, he dove forwards and dropped Muscles on his back with a powerslam.

Project was quick to his feet and brought Muscles up with him. Project tucked Muscles' head between his legs then picked him up off of his feet before dropping him with a power bomb.

Project followed down to the mat and laid all of his weight atop of Muscles' body with a lateral press.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Muscles was able to kick out.

Again, Project picked Muscles up as he stood up himself. While Muscles was spaghetti legged, Project backed himself up against the nearest ropes and bounced off. He extended his arm looking to hit another clothesline. However, Muscles ducked. The both turned around to face each other. Muscles gave Project a boot to the mid section. With Project bent over slightly, it was enough to give Muscles a bit of leverage to be able to lift him off of the mat and drop his mid-section and performed a gutbuster.

With Project face down on the mat, Muscles dropped an elbow across his neck. Muscles stood up and held his hands together tightly. He threw his arms upward as they formed a circle. He shouted, "It's over," as he was obviously calling for some sort of end to the match.

Muscles stood above Project and bent down, grabbing his head. He wrapped his arms around Project's neck and held him in an elevated camel clutch. This is the finishing maneuver Muscles dubbed,

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The Roid~!

Muscles pulled back on Project's neck as hard as he could, "Ask him!" Muscles demanded the zebra shirt. The zebra shirt was in perfect position to make the call should Project give up or tap out. Professor Proof was livid at ringside.

Shockingly...

Project pushed himself on his hands and knees. Slowly, he stood up with Muscles still having a hold around his neck. Once Project was on his feet, Muscles wrapped his legs around his torso.

In an instant, Project, flung his body backwards, driving them both on the mat with Muscles taking the worse of the fall by getting squished by the monstrous Project.

Both were down for a few moments before Project stood up and brought Muscles up with him as well yet again. Project bent down and tucked his head between Muscles' legs and lifted him off of his feet. With his arms wrapped around Muscles' legs, Project flung Muscles downward and drove him into the canvas hard, executing his finishing maneuver,

The Destroyer~!

The match had to be over!

!~BOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOM~!

There was a loud explosion at the somewhere in the rafter that echoed throughout the arena. Most in the audience, as well as The Project had been startled greatly. Project held his hands to his ears due to the pain he felt and the ringing he had going on inside them.

Suddenly, it was visible.

A huge 3d version ReJect's "J" logo was being lowered down to the ring. Once it hit the canvas, Project looked at it with even more confusion that would be normally seen on his face.

Slowly, he walked over to the "J" and hit it as hard as he could.

The "J" imploded and out came several, HUNDREDS of black, gray, white and brown creatures. They scattered all around the ring.

"OH... MY... GOD... WE GOT MOUSES!" The announcer informed the audience at home.

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By this time, Muscles was up to his feet. He looked over at his opponent, The Project, who was quickly backing himself into the corner. Project keeled over in the fetal position and attempted to protect his head.

This gave Muscles all the time he needed to easily walk out of the cage through the door.

He was announced as the winner of the match as "Walk" by Pantera once again blared on the P-A system.

It was an odd turn of events, but no matter. Mr. Muscles had won ReJect's very first Sunday Night Cock Fight main event. And he will be advancing in the ReJect Championship tournament.

..**COMMERCIAL**..

Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode 2
Sunday May 5, 2013

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?!

The opening video from the previous week opened the show for the fans in the arena and the television audience. Once it was completed, the camera zoomed in on Victoria Townsend, who was standing in the ring with her martini glass and a microphone.

"Ladies and uhh... gentlemen," she said, "Umm... my guests at this time are Professor Proof and The Project!" She extended her arm holding her martini glass to point towards the entryway.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony played throughout the arena to some cheers. Professor Proof entered the arena first and dragged The Project behind him by a chain that was attached to a collar around his neck. They made their way down to the ring rather quickly. Proof made his way up the steel steps and entered the ring while The Project remained outside on the apron.

Proof walked over to Victoria, "Professor Proof," she said, "last week The Project was, like, involved in the main event cage match and stuff. Then the ring was filled with mice." Proof nodded his head. "Let's take a look."

Once again, she pointed towards the entryway where, above which, was the giant projection screen dubbed, "The ReJecTron."

=====

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OOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOM~!

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This gave Muscles all the time he needed to easily walk out of the cage through the door.

He was announced as the winner of the match as "Walk" by Pantera once again blared on the P-A system.

It was an odd turn of events, but no matter. Mr. Muscles had won ReJect's very first Sunday Night Cock Fight main event. And he will be advancing in the ReJect Championship tournament.

=====

After the clip, we were brought back inside the arena. Professor Proof appeared to be disappointed with what he had seen. Victoria Townsend appeared to be as inebriated as ever.

"So umm," she said into the microphone, "What the hell happened?" She placed the microphone in front of Proof's face.

"Indeed," Proof said, "I had feared this hypothesis would be proven correct." He paused briefly still looking as disappointed as ever, "You see, among the many experiments conducted to my Project's body, one of the experiments was splicing his genes with elephant DNA."

There was a slight gasp in the crowd but Proof continued. "That's correct." Proof informed the crowd. "My Project is the first human to have been successfully eugenicized with another mammal's DNA."

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"So like," Victoria said.

She was cut off when Proof pulled her hand back in front of his face. "As is common knowledge, elephants are deathly afraid of mice. Unfortunately, my Project shares this fear."

"That explains it!" One of the announcers said to the television audience.

"I DEMAND ANSWERS!" Proof screamed into the microphone. "Hypothesis: Upon learning of their upcoming match two weeks ago, Mr. Muscles broke into my lab and stole the files regarding my Project. He used those files to his advantage. Evidence to support hypothesis: Upon returning to my lab last week, I discovered it burglarized. And all information about my Project was missing!"

Immediately following the previous word, "Walk" by Pantera blared throughout the arena there was a smattering of boos, especially when Mr. Muscles pushed through the curtain and stood atop the entryway with a microphone in his hand.

"SHUT UP, IDIOTS!" Muscles shouted towards the fans. They booed louder. Because they are sheep. "Do you have any idea how badly I could kick the shit out of every one of you right now?!" More boos.

Slowly, Muscles strode towards the ring but continued speaking, "As far as your, 'hypothesis,' goes, whatever that is," he said facetiously. "It's as stupid as everyone else in this building!" The comment garnished even more heat on himself.

Muscles stopped when he reached the ringside area and looked up at Professor Proof. The Project stared blankly ahead of himself, towards the hard camera. Proof and Victoria changed their positioning to face Mr. Muscles.

"What's the matter old man?!" Muscles screamed again. "Do you wanna go on the roid of your life just like your retard over there did last week?! I wouldn't need to steal ANYTHING to beat his dumb ass!"

Professor Proof sneered, "Now, it is for certain. You have meat for brains!"

"HEY!" Mr. Muscles shot back, "WHAT THE HELL DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME?!" Infuriated, Muscles ran towards the ring and slid under the bottom rope. He stood up and said, "I DON'T HAVE ANY BRAINS! SAY IT AGAIN!" He walked straight forward until he was within arms reach of Professor Proof.

"ENOUGH!" Another voice shouted. Some boos followed. Cut back to the entryway. Budd E. Manchin was seen standing in front of the black curtains with a microphone, his whip and the ReJect Championship around his shoulder.

"Proof," Manchin continued, "I know all about your stolen files, and I've got my people looking into it. Now, I'm not happy about how the match ended last week either. So next week, Mr. Muscles and The Project are going to have a rematch. IN THE MAIN EVENT! And the only way to win will be by pinfall or submission. No

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DQ's. No count outs."

The last announcement garnished a slight pop from the crowd.

"NOW GET TO WORK!" Manchin said before he cracked his whip.

Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode 3

Sunday May 12, 2013

No Disqualifications

The Project w/ Professor Proof

VS.

Mr. Muscles

Immediately following the commercial, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony played on the arena's P-A system. Most fans cheered as they anticipated the arrival of a ReJect that they have come to know and love. It didn't take long for Professor Proof to push his way through the black curtains. Behind him, as always, was The Project with a chain connected to a collar on his neck.

They hurried their way to the ring. Proof walked up the steps and entered the ring. Project did so as well. Proof walked The Project to his corner and took off the collar. Proof exited the square circle while Beethoven's Fifth faded away into nothingness.

In its place were the harsh, strong strings of "Walk" by Pantera. Some boos immediately followed the song. Mr. Muscles burst through the black curtains like a fire out of a broken window. Yeah. That's right. A *Backdraft* reference. He stood atop of the entryway and looked down at the ring and scoffed.

He strode powerfully down the ramp. Again. The powerful striding didn't stop until he reached ringside. He jumped onto the apron and stepped over the top rope to enter the ring.

Senior zebra shirt, Richard Dawson, made sure that Mr. Muscles was in his designated corner while "Walk" dimmed down and eventually stopped playing. The Project hadn't moved a muscle since he was put in his corner by Professor Proof. Dawson walked back into the center of the ring and called for the bell.

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

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The match was officially under way!

"This is a no disqualifications match, folks!" Dolan Jones told the television audience. "ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN!"

Mr. Muscles walked out of his corner and headed towards his opponent. The Project remained still in the corner. Mr. Muscles smiled. He charged at Project and speared him into the corner. He continued to drive his shoulder into Project's abdomen repeatedly with shoulder thrusts.

The blank look that would normally be seen on The Project's face was erased. He had a fiery look of anger as he looked down at Mr. Muscles delivering the shoulder thrusts. Project drove his hands into Muscles' lumbar with a double axe handle. Muscles immediately collapsed to the canvas.

Project was still angered by the pain he had suffered. He picked up Mr. Muscles and dumped him over the top rope. Afterwards, he stared at the crowd with the same, emotionless, blank glare in his eyes.

It took a few moments, however, Mr. Muscles was able to recuperate and return to his feet. He turned to the ring and saw Project was once again giving his blank stare. He grabbed both of Project's legs and pulled him to the outside. Once The Project's feet hit the ground, Muscles drove an elbow in the side of his jaw. And another.

The Project was angry again. He shoved Mr. Muscles as hard as he could into the security railing. He charged at Muscles and clotheslined him into the crowd.

Yet again. The Project stared blankly at the fans. Some members of the audience gently patted his shoulders or they would lean forward to lay a hand on the fallen Mr. Muscles.

Muscles stood up again and shoved a granny out of her seat. (SHE'S A STUNT GRANNY!) He grabbed her chair and cracked it over Projects skull. He swung for the fences and nailed Project with the chair again. And once more.

The chair shots only seemed to back off The Project momentarily. Long enough for Mr. Muscles to hop back over the railing. Muscles cocked the chair back and swung quickly. The chair was caught in Project's hands. Project pulled the chair out of the grasp of Mr. Muscles and tossed it aside. Project wrapped an arm around Muscles' head and proceeded to drive his knee into Muscles' mid-section three times after which Muscles dropped to one knee.

Project was still extremely upset. He rolled Muscles into the ring under the bottom rope. Project then pulled Muscles' head under that rope and drove his elbow into his throat. Professor Proof watched on in complete delight. Muscles rolled back into the ring and kicked his feet uncontrollably in agony. Project grabbed the second rope and entered the ring once more.

The Project stalked his fallen prey and picked up the gigantic man with ease. He hoisted him, missionary

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style, on one shoulder and dropped him with a spinebuster. Immediately, he hooked a leg. Dawson dropped into position.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Muscles managed to kick out.

Project rolled off of his opponent and stood up. He looked straight forward towards the hard camera blankly. This gave Muscles all the time he needed to recuperate and return to his feet. He gave Project an awkward look. He stopped dead in his tracks as the wheels in his head began to turn.

With Project remaining still in the ring, Muscles exited to the floor and looked under the ring. He pulled out a wooden table, picked it up and slid it under the bottom rope. He returned to the steel chair that Project had tossed aside before. With the chair in hand, he walked up the steel stairs and entered the squared circle.

"Tings are 'bout ta' get instrestin'!" Mark Sanchez told the audience at home.

Mr. Muscles turned to Professor Proof, "Watch this!" He yelled. He walked over to Project, who remained as stiff as a board. He waved his free hand in front of Project's face and received no response. This garnished a large smirk on his face.

Muscles dropped the chair and walked over to the table he had slid into the ring before. He bent over and picked it up. He walked behind Project and leaned the table into the corner nearest the monster.

Slowly, he walked back to the chair and picked it up. Quickly, he slapped Project across the face, changed his positioning so that his opponent would face him differently and drove the top of the chair into Project's mid-section. He followed that up with a shot across the skull. The chair shot backed Project up a bit. Thus he gave Project another shot to the head. Project was nearer to the table.

Muscles dropped the chair and moved backwards slightly. He charged at The Project and ducked down.

!~CRASH~!

Muscles speared Project through the table. He returned to his feet quickly and pulled Project's body out of the wreckage. He dropped down and hooked a leg with a lateral press.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THR...ANDAHALF~!

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Project shot a shoulder up. The force of which rolled him over onto his stomach.

Slightly frustrated, Muscles stood up and grabbed a hold of the steel chair he was brandishing before. With all of the dents created to the seat, the chair's remnants were quite the sight. However, it would still be able to serve Muscles' purposes.

Muscles drove the steel chair into the small of Project's back over. And over. And over. And over. In fact, he didn't stop. He beat The Project's back into oblivion (HI SHANE DOUGLAS!). Over. And over. And over.

The chair began to fall apart. The seating fell off of the object. Frustrated with this, Muscles ripped the seat off of the chair. He put all of the force he could into pressing the top of the chair into The Project's lower back. After a few moments, he finally tossed the chair aside.

Mr. Muscles held his hands together tightly. He threw his arms upward as they formed a circle. He shouted, "It's over," as he was obviously calling for some sort of end to the match. He stood above Project's prone body. He bent down and INSTANTLY... it was applied...

The Roid~!

The submission was locked in. Project threw his hands around Muscles' wrists to attempt to relinquish some pressure. It didn't seem to matter much. Muscles cranked back with his elevated camel clutch as hard as he could.

Project put his palms on the canvas and attempted to push himself up. He was able to place his knees on the mat. With their last match in the back of his mind, Muscles let go of his hold and gave Project a double axe handle to the back of his neck.

Quickly, he applied the hold once again...

!~THE ROID~!

Professor Proof was livid at ringside. He was even panicking. He opened up his lab coat and looked inside.

Meanwhile, in the ring, Mr. Muscles applied as much pressure as he could to The Roid.

Proof leaned forward covering his actions with the ring's apron.

Muscles pulled back harder.

!~SPLASH~!

Muscles immediately let go of his hold. Professor Proof had a vial in his hands and tossed the liquid contents into Muscles' face. Muscles crumbled to the canvas and rubbed his face, specifically, his eyes. His

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screeching, blood-curdling screams were deafening.

But Project's body was still prone and practically out of the match entirely. Proof tried to will his Project back into the bout by slapping the canvas with his hands repeatedly.

Project began to stir but didn't do much. He grabbed a hold of the middle rope to allow himself some leverage in placing his feet on the mat. He pulled himself up. He was upset.

He was angry.

He was furious.

He turned to Muscles who was still laying on his back screaming in horror and pain. Project was looking to inflict the most incredible pain imaginable. Slowly, he bent down and grabbed a hold of Muscles' right arm.

!~CRACK~!

Project collapsed to the canvas.

There was a third body in the ring.

"What the?!" Dolan Jones was confused.

Lunatic had come through the crowd and hopped over the security railing. He had ascended to the top rope and leaped off. He cracked the back of Project's skull with a lead pipe.

With all of his strength, Lunatic rolled Project onto his back and quickly exited the ring. He turned to face the ring and walked backwards up the ramp way. He smiled. He scoffed. He laughed. Eerily.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

Muscles had one eye barely open. He turned to see Project was laying on his back, completely unconscious. Muscles rolled over to his stomach and used his forearms to pull himself towards Project's body.

It took him several moments.

But he threw an arm on top of Project's chest. His other hands rubbed his eyes some more.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREEEEE~!

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It wasn't a surprise.

After what had transpired, it was clear. It was academic.

"Walk" blared throughout the arena again.

Due to some strange, random, chaotic help, Mr. Muscles pulled out yet another victory.

Proof had entered the ring and was applying the collar to Project's unconscious neck. He was obviously upset. He was furious. Justice had to wait.

..:COMMERCIAL:..

Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode 7

Sunday June 9, 2013

The Contract

"I Come from a Land Down Under" by Men at Work was playing inside the arena following the commercial break. The cameras scanned the audience. Dolan Jones was talking in his headset.

"And now," he said to the home viewers, "we're going to the ring for the official contract signing for the main event of Down Under!" The cameras cut to the ring.

"SI!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

"Alright, alright," Budd E. Manchin was standing in the ring. He was wearing the ReJect Championship around his waist. He held his whip in one hand and was speaking into a microphone held in the other. "Cut the music already. Jesus." Men at Work's song was suddenly cut short.

He himself was already growing tired of the evening. "Let's get these two out here already." He said. He turned to face the entryway.

"Walk" by Pantera exploded onto the stereo system of the arena. Most fans immediately showered the air with displeasure by booing. Mr. Muscles entered the arena after he pushed through the black curtains. Fans booed louder. Muscles seemed just as angry and pumped and intense as usual.

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He stormed down the ramp and entered the ring. He paid no attention to the man that signs his checks and walked right on passed him to sit down at the table. Mr. Muscles fidgeted with the microphone in front of him for a few seconds. "Walk" finally dimmed down into nothingness.

In its place was "The Times They Are a-Changin'" by Bob Dylan. The crowd booed even more. Neither man that was scheduled to take part in the main event of Down Under was particularly liked by ReJect's fan base.

Robert Fairfield entered the arena. He was slow. He was as stiff as a board. His skin was as loose as... well... you can fill in your own simile here.

He walked down the entryway at a turtle-like rate. In fact, "The Times They Are a-Changin'" was over by the time he entered the ring. He stood in front of Manchin. The two briefly shook hands. Fairfield sat down at the table on the opposite side of Mr. Muscles.

"Alright," Manchin spoke into his microphone. "The both of you have in front of you the contract for the match next week at Down Under." Muscles and Fairfield grabbed the clipboard that held several pieces of paper. "You both made it to the finals of the ReJect Championship Tournament." Both ReJects flipped through the pages. "All that is left to do is sign on the dotted line."

Robert Fairfield picked up his microphone. "Wait a minute," he said, "I was told by my agent that we would be able to discuss terms." He cocked his head to look at the owner of the company.

"What terms did you have in mind?" Manchin questioned.

"Well," Fairfield said, "I thought we would be able to name our own match type." The breathing legend hadn't taken his eyes off of Manchin.

Manchin sighed into his microphone.

"WAITAMINUTE!" Mr. Muscles had instantaneously grabbed a microphone and shouted into it. "IF THAT'S THE CASE," he took a moment to pause, "THEN I WANT AN ARM WRESTLING MATCH!" He smiled fiendishly.

"I do not concur, sir." Fairfield answered directly.

"Yeah," Manchin said, "that's not going to happen."

Fairfield took his time to look back and forth at the two in the ring with him while he said, "Logically, given that we both use a submission finishing maneuver, I would argue that we should have a submission match!"

"NO!" Mr. Muscles screamed, "I AM NEVER SUBMISSIVE!"

Fairfield sighed.

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"Alright," Machin said into his microphone, "how about, I don't know, an I Quit match?" Fairfield pondered the thought by puckering his bottom lip. He nodded his head.

"That's fine by me!" Mr. Muscles exclaimed.

"Then it's settled." Manchin noted. Both ReJects nodded their heads. Quickly, they thumbed their way to the last page. They both picked up pens and signed their names. "And there you have it!" Manchin was elated. "At Down Under, Mr. Muscles will battle Robert Fairfield for the ReJect Championship in an I Quit match!" Both of the wrestlers slammed their pens down with authority.

"And now," Manchin said, "it is time for your final remarks." The ReJects lifted their microphones once more. "Mr. Muscles, you go first."

Muscles spoke into the microphone. "I'm going to keep this short and sweet. Next week, I'm going to beat the SHIT out of you, old man! I'm going to literally make you shit yourself in the ring! That's how bad I'm going to beat the shit out of you. I don't care if you're 70 years old. There's going to be shit in that little speedo that you wrestle in. Why? Because I'm Mr. Muscles. And I'm going to take you on the roid of you life!"

Muscles slammed the microphone down on the table.

Fairfield scoffed lightly in the microphone. "I am the breathing legend," he said, "and next week, I'm going to make sure that I FINALLY capture the big gold! And you, Mr. Muscles, you're going to have tears in your eyes. You're going to beg me to stop. You're going to yell, 'I Quit!'"

"HEY!" Once again, Muscles immediately grabbed the microphone and shouted into it. "I DON'T CRY, BRO! I DON'T DO NO PUSSY SHIT CRYIN', BRO!" And once again. He slammed the microphone down on the table.

He shot up to his feet. He had a hand under the table and threw it up into the air as he stood. He threw it so hard, that the table actually flew into the front row of the audience.

Macnchin promptly left the ring while Robert Fairfield stood to his feet.

Mr. Muscles walked right up to the breathing legend and stared him down. The audience was booing and throwing the remnants of their concession stand purchases into the ring. The ReJects just stood their staring each other in the eye.

"FANS!" Jones shouted into his headset. "I STILL HATE IT! You are looking at the main event of Down Under! Who's going to win?! Who's going to be ReJect Champion?!"

"SI!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

Credits were shown at the bottom of the screen for the home viewers. Fans continued to throw trash in the

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ring. Mr. Muscles and Robert Fairfield continued to stare deep into each other's souls.

ReJect's "J" logo faded onto the screen.

Down Under
Sunday June 16, 2013

Ownership

Victoria Townsend was seeing in the backstage. In the same area she had been pretty much all night. He was tonguing all around the inside of her martini glass trying to consume every last drop and taste of the liquid that was nonexistent at that point.

Her eyes were barely open. Her eyelids were as heavy as boulders. Her head bobbed from one side to another. She really didn't have any idea where she was or what she was doing.

She looked at the camera's lens, "Oh yeah," she said. She lowered her martini glass and spoke into the microphone. "And now, this is like, you know, where I talk to that muscular dude. You know."

The camera zoomed out. Indeed, to her left was Mr. Muscles, one of the two finalists in the Re Ject Championship tournament, the musclebound mad man. He was standing there, dwarfing Re Ject's interviewer. He seemed as angry, if not angrier than usual.

"So like," Victoria said, "you're going to be in tonight's main event, or something. And hopefully, you're going to kick that old pervert's ass!" She was somewhat jubilated.

"Damn right!" Mr. Muscles shouted.

"So like," Victoria said, "what's going to happen out there, or whatever?" She pointed the microphone towards Mr. Muscles' lips. She licked all around the inside of her glass. Again.

"I'm going to keep my words short and sweet," Muscles said. "I have busted my ASS OFF! And I'm NOT about to let some old asshole just walk into that ring and take MY title. That ReJect Championship? IT BELONGS TO ME!"

Victoria nodded her head as if she was actually paying attention.

"ROBERT FAIRFIELD!" Muscles yelled. "I told you this last week, and God damn it, I'm going to make you SHIT yourself out there! You will NEVER want to show your face around here EVER again! SHIT is going to be SPEWING out from your speedos. You have NO idea what's going to happen to you out there. You have NO idea what it's like to go on THE ROID of your LIFE!"

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Mr. Muscles grabbed a hold of the microphone. He spiked it down on the concrete as if he had just scored a touchdown. The thud and subsequent quick sound of static was deafening as the microphone bounced back up into the camera's view.

Muscles shouted some guttural noise as he flexed his ginormous arms out in front of him. Slowly, he turned to his left and walked away. Victoria was seen there. She just shrugged her shoulder.

"Can someone PLEASE get me another one?" Her voice was soft. It was barely audible. But her hand held the martini glass out in front of her face. She frowned.

Down Under

Sunday June 16, 2013

..**MAIN EVENT**..

..**ReJect Championship Tournament Finals**..

I QUIT MATCH

Mr. Muscles

VS.

Robert Fairfield

And finally, we have found ourselves right here. It's been eight weeks. Eight. Long. Weeks. And it's finally all about to be settled. Right here. Right now.

The journey that began with Budd E. Manchin announcing the ReJect Championship Tournament at the very first episode of *Sunday Night Cock Fight* will be concluded. Both of these men faced three other opponents to reach this point.

Mr. Muscles, he battled The Project, Caliente y Fria, and Morgan Jameson. Robert Fairfield had to go through, Bobby Banger, "Outlaw" James Smith, and "Ziggy" Wagge D. The 16, original ReJects all had a shot at the ReJect title. These were the two that had made it to this point. The bitter end.

There really is no way to determine who has an edge in this bout.

Mr. Muscles definitely has a size and strength advantage. Robert Fairfield has a notable experience advantage. Fairfield's been in the business for nearly 20 years longer than Muscles. Fairfield is also far more technically educated. This may give him the upper hand given the stipulations. However, both men could be described as, "slow," for their own reasons.

Either way.

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This is it.

The ReJect Championship will have its VERY first champion.

The cameras were on the audience for several moments before the cut to ringside where Budd E. Manchin was sitting beside the announcers. The ReJect Championship was draped around his shoulder.

"Yes, fans," Dolan Jones spoke into his headset, "Mr. Manchin himself will present the winner of our main event with the ReJect Championship!" Manchin looked to his left and nodded at Dolan.

"SI!" "Dirty" Mark Sanchez yelled.

"And now, without any further ado..." Jones built up the suspense.

"Walk" by Pantera burst onto the P-A system. The fans booed. No one wanted to see this man. No one, really, wanted to see this match. But, this was the main event.

Mr. Muscles exploded out of the curtains. He drove his forearm into his other forearm, giving the audience the universal sign language for, "Stick it," or, "up yours." Muscles pointed at some random member of the audience. He shouted some words. But given the volume of the song and jeers from the crowd, they went unheard.

Muscles strode powerfully toward the ring. He didn't pay much attention to the crowd's displeasure. He leaped up to the apron and stepped over the top rope. He flexed a little bit when he reached the center of the ring. But then he walked towards the corner where senior zebra shirt, Richard Dawson, had directed him towards. Mr. Muscles argued with some more fans as "Walk" faded away.

In its place, the strings to "The Times They Are a-Changin'" by Bob Dylan were heard. Finally, Dylan himself began singing. There were more boos from the crowd. Again. No one really liked either man competing for the ReJect Championship.

Either way.

The breathing legend himself, Robert Fairfield pushed his way through the black curtains. He walked slowly down the entryway's ramp. The turtle-like speed remained when he walked towards the steel steps.

He walked up all four of those and Bob Dylan's tune was completed. He entered the ring and stretched his muscles, or that thereof. He was pretty much already standing in his corner.

This was it.

Richard Dawson called for the bell.

Mr. Muscles Memorial Show: 06.23.2013

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

Both men walked towards the center of the ring. Muscles looked down at Fairfield. In an instant, Muscles had grabbed a hold of Fairfield's wrist, pulled him closer, and dropped him with a lariat. The short-arm clothesline had the breathing legend's body colliding on canvas.

Already, Fairfield had to shake some cobwebs out of his head. He was leaning over on his left shoulder trying to do so. However, his attempt became an even larger failure when Muscles dropped and elbow on him.

Mr. Muscles rolled over onto his stomach and did some push-ups, while he yelled some unheard words in Fairfield's ear, taunting his opponent. Lightning struck.

Somehow. Someway. Robert Fairfield had snapped jolted upright. He snapped on a rear naked choke. Dawson leaned forward and pointed a microphone in front of Muscle's mouth.

"NOOOOOOO!" Muscles screamed. There was no way the match would end that abruptly. Not like that.

Muscles stood up as if there was nothing wrong with him. It seemed as though there was no 233 pound man attaching himself to his throat by the man's arms. Muscles wrapped his own arms around Robert's neck and flung him forwards. The fall crashed Fairfield down on the canvas once again after a somewhat sloppy, powerful version of a snapmare.

Again. Fairfield had to shake the cobwebs. Muscles exited the ring as fast as he could. He walked over towards the ring announcer and grabbed a steel chair. He slid back into the ring and looked to end the match early. No buildup. No nonsense. It was time to make Fairfield quit. Right now.

"Uh-oh," Jones said, "Do you remember the no DQ match he had with Project a few weeks ago?"

"SI!" Sanchez yelled.

"I believe we're going to see a repeat." Jones noted.

Mr. Muscles returned to the ring. He held the chair in front of him. Fairfield was already standing. The breathing legend... somehow... someway... leaped into the air, drop kicking the chair into Muscles's face.

Although the musclebound mad man hadn't fallen, he did stumble backwards, dropped the chair and leaned against the ropes. Fairfield knew that the only way he had a chance at beating Muscle would be to out-speed him. Given his age, this would be a true, ultimate test.

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He stood and gave another dropkick. This one wasn't quite as high. It connected with Muscles' torso. Muscles' body was sent through the top and middle rope before it was dumped on the outside. Fairfield waved his hand towards Muscles, instructing the zebra shirt to ask the question.

Although Muscles' head had just collided with the hard ground below the ring, he screamed, "EAT SHIT!" into the microphone once it was placed in front of him. Fairfield rolled under the bottom rope and found himself standing above Mr. Muscles.

He noticed that the steel chair was nearby in the ring, lying on the mat. Fairfield grabbed the chair and drove the top of it into Muscles' throat. The zebra shirt leaned forward and pointed the microphone at Muscles' mouth again. All that was heard was lots of gurgling. Then, "NO!" was clearly heard coming from his mouth.

Robert let up on the strangle. He tossed the chair aside and began to plot together his next move. He looked over at the steel steps. He walked up them and stood on the apron. Muscles was about to rise to his feet. Fairfield had to think of something.

He climbed to the top rope and waited for Muscles to stand. Mr. Muscles returned to a vertical basis. He turned around and saw that Fairfield was dropping towards him.

Muscles took a step forward. Fairfield's abdomen crashed against the musclebound mad man's shoulder. Muscles had caught Robert and held him in somewhat of a spinebuster position. Muscles charged towards the corner of the ring and drove Fairfield's spine into the steel ring post.

Muscles turned around. He walked towards the announcer's table. Suddenly, he threw Robert into the air. Fairfield found himself with his legs on either side of Muscles' neck. Muscles threw him down harshly.

!~CRASH~!

Fairfield was powerbombed straight through the announcer's desk!

"OH MY GOODNESS~!" Dolan shouted. Sanchez couldn't reply. He had fallen out of his seat.

The last few maneuvers had taken a lot out of Mr. Muscles. He waved his hand at Dawson, much like Fairfield had just a mere few moments ago. Muscles himself was on one knee. His right arm was laying on ring's apron. He was breathing heavily.

Dawson pointed the microphone towards Fairfield's lips. All that was heard was heavy breathing. There were no other responses.

Muscles returned to his feet. He walked over toward the wreckage he had just created and peeled Fairfield's body up from off of the ground. He dragged him towards the ring before he picked him up and rolled him inside the squared circle. Muscles grabbed the top rope and pulled himself up to the apron before returning inside the ring as well.

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Fairfield still hadn't moved. Muscles walked over to his opponent. OUTOFNOWHERES~! Fairfield dropped Muscles on his face with a drop toe hold. He had a choke hold slightly applied. Muscles struggled greatly. But it happened.

CROSS-FACE CHICKEN WING~!

Somehow. Someway. Robert Fairfield applied his patented submission maneuver. He was somehow... someway... able to wrap his arm around Mr. Muscles' body. Considering that Mr. Muscles' arms are larger than Fairfield's legs, this was quite the accomplishment.

"ASK HIM!" Fairfield shouted. He wrapped his legs around Muscles' waist with the grapevine. He rolled the both of them over. The both were on their backs, only Muscles' was up against Fairfield's chest.

Dawson put the microphone in Muscles' face. "NOOOOOOOO! GOD DAMN IT! NOOOOOO!"

Again.

Muscles stood up.

Again.

It was as if Fairfield hadn't attached himself to his body. There was no 233 pound baggage. Nothing. Muscles just ran backwards. He drove Fairfield into the corner's turnbuckles. But Fairfield hadn't let go of the hold.

Muscles took a couple of steps forward and squashed Fairfield in the corner once more. And again. And again. Finally. Fairfield let go. Muscles turned around and lifted Robert up. He sat Fairfield up on the top turnbuckle.

Muscles climbed up to the second rope and applied a front facelock. He stepped onto the top rope. He lifted Fairfield up in the superplex position. He stood there. On the top rope. The sole of Fairfield's feet were a good 15 feet in the air. Finally, Muscles fell backwards.

HANGING SUPERPLEX~!

Both of their bodies were destroyed from the impact. They remained still. Dawson pointed the microphone in both of their faces several times. No response was given by either one of the ReJects.

Mr. Muscles was the first to stir. He dragged himself towards Fairfield.

He pushed himself up to one knee.

And in a flash...

Mr. Muscles Memorial Show: 06.23.2013

He was going to kill the old bastard.

!~THE ROID~!

The elevated camel clutch was locked on. Tight.

Fairfield shouted. Screamed. He tried to fight himself out of it.

But there was nothing he could do.

Muscles dug his knee into the small of Fairfield's back.

Dawson put the microphone in the breathing legend's face.

Nothing but screams could be heard.

"NOOOOOOO!" Robert eventually yelled.

Muscles dug his knee deeper into his back.

Mr. Muscles pulled back on Fairfield's neck even harder.

"**SEE?!**" Dolan Jones yelled.

"Oh my Yay-soos!" Sanchez was also shocked.

The cameras cut to a shot of Robert Fairfield's buttocks. There was a **brown** substance dripping down Robert's thigh.

Mr. Muscles only pulled on Fairfield's neck even harder. Muscles was unrelenting. **THE ROID~!** was affecting Fairfield's body more and more. And more. And more. The pain would be more than enough for ANYBODY to endure.

Dawson had the microphone pointed in Fairfield's direction. There still was nothing official to be heard.

Fairfield tried to think of a plot to get out of the hold. Nothing was coming to his mind. The **brown** substance ran farther down his leg and only seemed to become thicker. Stronger. Smellier.

The microphone was still in front of Robert Fairfield's face.

Really...

He had no choice.

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He was in too much pain.

He was suffering too much embarrassment...

"I QUIT!"

Fairfield yelled the two, tragic, magic words into the microphone that Richard Dawson held in front of him. Dawson dropped the microphone on the mat. The zebra shirt turned around. He faced the side of the ring closest to all of the communicators.

The bell rang.

Mr. Muscles let go of the submission hold. He fell backwards and laid there on the canvas for several moments.

"Walk" by Panter was played once more on the stereo system of the arena. The fans were booing. Loudly. There's absolutely no words that could describe their hatred of the events that were taking place in the ring.

Mr. Muscles hadn't moved. Neither had Robert Fairfield. Exhaustion had settled in for both of the ReJects.

This battle?

It was hard fought (possibly).

But no one could have expected more out of a ReJect Championship match. And if there were the smart marks out there that were expecting a school house bout... they should have slit their wrists long ago.

Mr. Muscles was the victor.

There was NOTHING that could change that.

Was there?

Down Under
Sunday June 16, 2013

ReJect's Champion?

Mr. Muscles stood to his feet in the ring. The camera quickly cut to Budd E. Manchin doing the same thing. Only. You know. He was outside. And he had been sitting beside the wreckage of the announcer's table.

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Manchin nodded his head in some sort of approval.

Mr. Muscles turned his body to face the owner of ReJect Wrestling. His mouth was moving. But none of his words were heard. Again, the cameras cut to outside of the ring. Manchin had begun to walk up the steel steps. The ReJect Championship was still around his shoulder.

Manchin entered the ring.

Mr. Muscles walked towards the center of the squared circle.

The two met right there. In the center.

Zebra shirts and other backstage officials were escorting Robert Fairfield to the backstage area.

Budd E. Manchin. He threw the title downward, allowing his other palm to grab a hold of it. While he held the title in both of his hands, Manchin extended his arms towards Mr. Muscles. The official, **FIRST EVER** ReJect Champion.

Muscles snatched the title out of Manchin's hands. He immediately held the belt over his head and shouted some groans of joy. Manchin nodded his head before he exited the ring. He allowed the **FIRST EVER** ReJect Champion to have his moment.

Mr. Muscles draped the title around his shoulder momentarily as he walked towards one of the ring's corners. Muscles climbed up to the second rope. He shot his arms up into the air, holding the ReJect Championship above his head. Again. He shouted some sort of celebratory guttural noise.

"Damn it!" Dolan Jones said into his headset to the fans at home.. He was disappointed. Although, more than likely, he would have been disappointed with either outcome of the bout. "There you have it folks. Mr. Muscles. He is YOUR **FIRST EVER** ReJect Champion!

"You is absolutely right, mang!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

Mr. Muscles stepped off of the second rope. He leaned his body into the corner. His forearms were rested against the top rope. His head was shaking somewhat. He was, undoubtedly exhausted after the previous bout. Or... perhaps... the volume of "Walk" by Pantera was getting to him. Who knows?

"Mr. Muscles," Dolan said into his headset, "He is going to lead ReJect. From here on out!"

For whatever reason, Muscles lost his grip on the ReJect Championship. The belt fell down on the floor outside of the ring.

Mr. Muscles's right hand grabbed his left bicep.

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John Cooper fell backwards.

In an instant, his limbs shot out in the air, in front of his fallen body.

Just as suddenly, they collapsed to the mat.

Neither Dolan Jones nor "Dirty" Mark Sanchez said anything to the home audience.

Cooper remained on the canvas. Motionless.

There was a strange silence in the arena.

"Walk" stopped playing out of nowhere.

Suddenly, the ring was filled with some, previously unseen backstage officials. Most of them were on their knees. And they all surrounded John Cooper's body.

Credits rolled at the bottom of the screen for the home viewers.

ReJect's "J" logo faded onto the screen.