

Slaughter: XVII

September 7, 2009 | James Brown Arena - Augusta, Georgia

XVII

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Slaughter XVII

7 Sep 2009

James Brown Arena,

Augusta, Georgia (seats 8,658)

Introduction

"

jasonwhiteside" The DREAM logo appears across the screen then explodes into the Monday Night Slaughter on HOTv logo. Once it fades away the camera pans across the Slaughter entrance stage. Pyros begin to fire in the air and the fans scream.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Monday Night Slaughter on H.O.T.v in full HD! I'm Jason Whiteside and we're coming to you LIVE from the James Brown Arena in Augusta, Georgia."

The camera pans across the fans holding signs and screaming.

"Tonight will be exciting as we have some of the hottest young talent in DREAM performing! We are just ONE week away from Bashed in the USA, only on Pay Per View!"

Redemption

"

cancerjiles" "Tonight's the night!"

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Cancer can be heard saying in an arrogant tone. He stands alone in his locker room, building himself up for the big match later this evening. Still dressed in street clothes, his Cool Title which he just so happens to defend later is draped over his left shoulder. His shades, masking his brown eyes. Thought's of being the Cool Champion running through his mind.

"I don't know of any champion here that has defended his title the week after he won it. I am that freaking COOL! That MUST be the reason why more is expected of me, then any other star on the roster."

It would seem.

"Time, and time again, this federation has thrown obstacle, after obstacle in my way. I just keep on hurdling over them... Same story, different night. I am going to vault over Zorro for victory, just like I have done time and time and time and time again. Just got to go out there and rest my coin purse on the crest of his nose, baptizing him into Coolness."

Then a knock is heard at the door...

"This better be good! I'm getting ready in here."

A familiar voice is heard...

"It's me CJ... Whammy. Can I come in?"

Cancer lets out a disgusted sigh, then gives in. He walks over to the door and opens it...

"What do you want? Here to hit me in the knee before my match tonight. I thought you had places to be, people to talk to..."

Poor Whammy responds...

"I said something
s the other day... and
I wanted to say I'm sorry, I want to be here... you were
right, I have a job to do and that is to make sure you are prepared and ready for every match. I am sorry if I
have let you down. It will never happen again." Cancer grinning from ear to ear, as the vulnerable Whammy
stands there, tail tucked...

"Wham, I know your sorry. I am too. Now go get me a Gatorade and phone The Dude... inform him that I
WILL be at Insomnia tomorrow night. Tell him I have answer."

Whammy smiles and tries to enter the locker room. Mr. Cool stops him in his tracks and says...

"Hurry your old ass up! The Cool Title needs another gloss before I head to the ring!"

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Whammy scampers off, looking for the nearest vending machine. Got to keep the champ hydrated. No excuses tonight. Have to be hitting on all cylinders. With Whammy's return, and CCJ now back in the cadbury seat, it seems as if things are back in order inside the Cancer camp. That's just more bad news Mr. Zabotel. Maybe for Doozer and The Dude too.

Nathan Paradine vs T.J. Parker

"

tjparker" "Close your eyes and imagine, feel the magic, Vegas on acid, seen through Yves St. Laurent glasses..."

The crowd erupts as the opening lines to

Kanye West's

"Diamonds From Sierra Leone" fills the arena and

T.J. Parker comes out from the backstage area. Doing his best to get the crowd into the moment, T.J.

bounces from one side to other throwing his hands in the

air, pointing to himself, and crossing his arms to pose center stage. His descent to the ring is a quick one as he sprints and slides underneath the bottom rope, popping to his feet on the other side, and leaping to the 2nd turnbuckle to pose once more for his fans. T.J. soaks up the adoration before hopping down to stretch out while awaiting his opponent. Nathan Paradine's music then begins to play. Paradine steps through the curtain and stares coldly at the sea of fans before continuing down the ramp.

"Nathan Paradine, making his DREAM debut tonight, looks as if nothing can distract him. It seems his unpopular following has made it here with him to DREAM as he receives a not so nice reaction from the fans."

Paradine walks up the stairs and crosses into the ring from the apron as his music fades out. He awaits the bell.

"The bell sounds to start the match. Both men are staring at each other, almost ritually circling. There they go."

T.J. Parker goes to lock up, but Nathan Paradine does low, grabbing his leg and using his other arm to lean up, pushing into his chest, sending him to the mat.

"Take down by Nathan Paradine. Paradine, who is making his DREAM debut tonight, has a rich history in mixed martial arts."

He puts T.J's leg up under his arm, and pushes up off of the mat, turning Parker around to his belly.

"Interesting submission maneuver there. Before the match I was looking over Paradine's sheet, and it reads so close to Malcolm Dred-King's, who is in tonight's main event for the World Title, that I can almost imagine some historic bouts coming in the future from these two. T.J. grabs the bottom rope."

The referee makes Paradine let go. As Nathan gets to his feet, he stomps the lower back of T.J. Parker, who

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lets out a yell of pain.

"The Australian Mauler now lifting T.J. Parker to his feet. He whips him across the ring."

As T.J. is sent into the ropes, Nathan runs towards the opposite. He leaps to the second rope, spring boarding off of it. At that exact moment, he twist and hits a lariat on T.J. who was on the return from his side.

"Spring Board Jawbreaker Lariat! He just plowed right through Parker."

As he stands up he lets out a massive roar to the crowd.

"Nathan Paradine yanks T.J. Parker to his feet. Big closed fist. Parker just can't seem to fight back."

Nathan grabs T.J. and hits a T-Bone suplex.

"Paraplex!"

He and Parker, both roll, as if they where positioning to get up.

However, T.J. is only able to make it to his knees before Nathan catches him. He puts his legs in a four shape, and grabs the back of T.J.'s head, pulling his throat down on his shin into a Gogoplata.

"Mark of Judas! T.J. Parker can't fight it, he has to tap!"

The referee calls for the bell.

"Nathan Paradine picking up the win, but he's refusing to let go of T.J. Parker!"

The bell starts to sound frantically as the referee tries to pull his arms away from T.J.'s head, but can't.

"Finally, Paradine releases the hold."

He gets to his feet and grins mischievously.

"I think he wanted to make a statement, and it's clear that he did. Will there be anyone who can escape the Mark of Judas?"

We get a replay of the Mark of Judas before fading out.

Homecoming

"

traviswilliams" "Surprise!"

A voice screams out, as the view of the camera comes into focus. A painted face Travis Williams stands

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there.

"Damn! It

s been what

three weeks? Does it feel so much better to finally be back on Slaughter. The show that I personally made a true success!" A stagehand comes into the shot and whispers something into the his ear.

"I know! Do you honestly believe I spend every second with a bottle against my lip, forgetting the days of yesterday, those yet to become one?"

The stagehand nods, as if he thought Travis did. Suddenly, the stagehand is thrown out of the shot by Travis.

"Lester

The days are ticking

Your moment in the spotlight is officially up! There, there little one

I am not here to just rain on your parade. At least you are no Cancer Jiles! You could honestly suck like him! Wait, you do

Ah well, tonight. Slaughter gets victimized!" Travis laughs as he walks away, stepping over the still down stagehand.

Evil Intentions

"

jaknemesis" "Hey Jak are you alright? You

ve barely spoken a word all night, are you ready for your match?" Level-One called over to Jak Nemesis who sat on the bench in the locker room backstage ready for compete. He adjusted the taping on his wrists before standing up and walking over to where L1, the reigning DWF World champion stood.

"You know me

Lester, I

m just preparing myself for a

fight, you know? You could say that I have never felt more prepared to do battle." L1 took a step back and examined Jak, paying close attention to the unhinged maniacal look in his dark brown eyes. Jak tilted his side slightly to the left and cracked a grin at the champ. Jak brushed his hands through his long dark brown hair and shook his head frantically, messing it all up.

"liliiiit

s showtime! Good luck with your title defense later, right now I have a helpless little puppy by the name of B.R. Ellis to put down." Jak slapped Level-One on the back as he strode confidently past him, still maintaining the evil widespread grin on his face. Jak Nemesis was a crazy man with only evil intentions in mind. That did not bode well for B.R. Ellis.

B.R. Ellis vs Jak Nemesis

"

brellis" A loud bang sounds followed by a custom guitar rift. B.R. Ellis comes from backstage.

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"The fans are excited as B.R. makes his way to the ring!"

A few moments later he enters the ring and his music fades. 'Dead bodies everywhere' by Korn hits the sound system as Jak Nemesis steps out to a crowd of boos.

"One half of the tag team champions making his way to the ring now."

Nemesis enters the ring and his music fades. A few moments later the bell sounds to start the match.

"And they lock up."

Jak Nemesis takes the lead early, as he breaks the lock and whips B.R. Ellis into the ropes.

"On the return, Ellis attempts a clothesline, but Nemesis ducks."

Both men quickly turn around.

"Kick to the midsection of Jak Nemesis. Ellis follows up with an elbow to the temple followed by a big chop to the chest."

B.R. Ellis grabs Jak, going for a belly to belly suplex.

"Reversal by Jak Nemesis with the suplex."

As B.R. hits the mat, Jak Nemesis gets to his feet and begins to viciously stomp his opponent.

"Nemesis showing why he won such a violent tournament less then two months ago."

On the way up, B.R. Ellis pushes Jak Nemesis back. He grabs his arm and pulls him.

"Short arm clothesline. That looked as if it knocked Nemesis silly."

Ellis picks a leg of Jak Nemesis up, stretches it the thrust it down.

"Ellis trying to injure the knee of Jak Nemesis."

He stomps his opponent's knee a few times before lifting both of his legs up and stepping in.

"It appears that B.R. Ellis is going for a figure four leg lock."

As he places the lock on and leans back on the mat to apply pressure, Jak Nemesis yells in pain.

"Jak Nemesis now trying to get his bearings."

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Jak Nemesis struggles a little before overpowering Ellis enough to reverse the hold.

"Inverted figure four by Jak Nemesis!"

A few moments later, both men break free and push themselves to their feet.

"Each opponent showing signs of discomfort as they get to their feet."

Jak Nemesis boots Ellis in the gut and follows it up with a head butt. As Ellis stumbles around, Jak Nemesis mounts the second turnbuckle behind him. Ellis turns to see him leap.

"Jak Nemesis grabs B.R.'s head in mid air, twisting. Big DDT!"

Ellis is out on the mat, as Jak Nemesis holds his back from an improper landing.

"If Nemesis could make the cover, he could capitalize and pick up the win here."

The referee begins counting both men as neither begins to get to their feet.

"We could see a no contest here tonight if neither man can make it to his feet in time."

Jak Nemesis finally begins to move. Using the ropes, he pulls himself up.

"Jak Nemesis is the first up, however, he is showing signs that he may have hurt his back."

He bends over, grabbing B.R. Ellis' head, and pulls him to his feet.

"Big chop by Jak Nemesis that leaves Ellis' chest glowing. An Irish whip sends the new guy hard into the corner. Jak Nemesis follows up with a huge splash."

As Jak Nemesis moves away, B.R. Ellis falls face first to the mat. Jak Nemesis mounts Ellis, placing his hands under Ellis' chin and locking his fingers.

"Jak hoping to end the match by submission, and he may very well be able to as he applies pressure."

Ellis struggles, somehow getting Jak's fingers loose enough to bite them. Nemesis screams in pain.

"B.R. doing whatever he can to get free."

"Ellis grabs the ropes and begins to pull himself to his feet. Nemesis gets up himself, still holding his fingers."

"Ellis swings at Nemesis who ducks, he grabs Ellis from behind and lifts. Jak Nemesis falls back, landing Ellis on the back of his neck!"

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Nemesis goes for the cover and the referee counts.

"Jak Nemesis does it! He picks up a win on Slaughter!"

We get a few replays of moments of the match.

So this is DWF, eh?

"

adriencochrane" "Why did I join Dream Wrestling? I dunno

it sounded like a good excuse to go to Augusta tonight. I have friends that keep bugging me to visit them here, and Slaughter is here tonight. I thought a place to wrestle outside of the World Wrestling Alliance would make me a better competitor in the ring." A young man, possibly in his early to mid twenties, stepped forward in line outside the backstage area to the James Brown Arena. He has spent the entire time in line rambling on to an elderly gentleman, somewhere in his late sixties, who seems to not care a bit about what the younger one is saying. The young man has a fairly lanky figure with spiked blonde hair, sporting a Sum 41 t-shirt and a pair of faded blue jeans, a contrast to the fleshy older man with a brown plaid hat and jacket with a matching pair of slacks and a white buttoned up shirt barely showing underneath the jacket.

"So why do you insist on telling me about all this?"

The younger man simply smiles.

"Establish communication with someone. For all I know, you might be a meaningful acquaintance of mine in the future."

The older man shakes his head in dismay and decides it's not worth being in line next to the wrestler. The wrestler simply shrugs his shoulders and approaches the guard.

"Need to see your pass and identification."

The youthful athlete smiles as he hands both his backstage pass, given to him by Mr. Peters himself, and driver's license over to the guard.

"Oh, you're the new signee, aren't you?"

One of our road agents will take you in, Mr. Cochrane. Welcome to Dream Wrestling." Adrien Cochrane gives a small grin to the guard.

"Time for a new chapter to begin!"

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The Attack

"

traviswilliams" Travis Williams is seen walking down the long corridor, heading towards his match. He adjust the sweatbands on his wrist as he rounds the corner. BAM

A steel chair flies with perfect precision, slamming him directly in the middle of the face. Williams' back hits the wall. Level-One steps into the scene, takes the chair and puts the edge directly into the gut of Williams. He then tosses the chair down, grabs Travis by the back of the head, and twist him around before driving his head directly into the brick wall. Blood pours from a laceration on his head. Level-One grabs Travis in a belly to back position, and with all his might, lifts the much bigger man, suplexing him backwards, landing Williams directly on the chair that lays on the floor. Level-One gets back to his feet. He begins to angrily stomp away at his opponent for next week.

"Champ, stop!"

Officials begin running down the hall to Williams' aid. Level-One looks around, seeing a vending machine. He grabs the top of it and begins to rock it.

"Champ, no!"

Right before they can get there, the machine tips. Out of shot, a huge crash is heard. Level-One steps back and looks down. The officials rush to the side of Williams.

"My God, the machine fell on him!" "Help me get him up!"

The World Champion backs up a few more feet as the camera shows the faces of the officials, trying to lift that machine. Finally they are able to roll it over. A few moments later the camera pans down to see Travis Williams laying. Blood everywhere, glass from the front of the machine surrounding him.

"We have to get him to a hospital, quick!"

We head to the main area.

Travis Williams vs. Casey Pierro-Zabotol
vs Cancer Jiles

"

caseypierrozabotol" CPZ's theme song "Warriors Of Time" by Black Tide begins to play over the speaker system as the lights in the arena begin to darken. A lone spotlight shines on the entrance ramp as CPZ emerges from the curtains. He views his surroundings and begins to slowly make his way down the aisle with the lights slowly coming back on as the one spotlight follows him.

"Casey Pierro-Zabotol won this title shot two weeks ago. Many feel it should have been him last week competing for it, and not the new champion Cancer Jiles. Casey is looking to set things right tonight as he enters the ring and waits for the champion."

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We head back to the top of the stage.

"Coming to the ring, from

Philadelphia Pennsylvania, Mr. Cool.... Cancer

Jiles!" A chorus of boos rains down the from the DWF faith full as CCJ struts to the ring. He taunts the fans, who have developed a fine love to hate you relationship with the superstar.

Upon arrival, Cool Cancer Jiles slides under the bottom rope ascending the turnbuckles. He reciprocates the fans appreciation of

him, flipping them off a couple of times before finding in his final resting place; a seat on top of the third turnbuckle. He stays perched there, awaiting the bell.

"This match was supposed to be a triple threat, however, just moments ago we saw

Level-One attack former Anarchy Champion, Travis

Williams, putting him out of this match." We get a replay of the brutal attack.

"Remember folks, this is an Anarchy Championship match. There are no rules, and anything goes!"

The bell sounds to begin the match.

"They lock up. Cancer Jiles quickly takes the lead with a knee to the groin of Casey Pierro-Zabato!"

CPZ grabs himself, with a look of shock across his face. Cancer Jiles runs, bounces off the ropes.

"Jiles leaps, bulldog! The champion pops right to his feet. 'Mr. Cool' is looking to retain that championship, as he drops a knee to the lower back of Casey Pierro-Zabato!"

As Cancer gets up this time, he lifts Casey up with him.

"Casey

Pierro-Zabato! whipped into the ropes. Jiles follows close behind. Pierro-Zabato! off the ropes, Cancer leaps, swinging neck breaker." 'Cool' Cancer Jiles once again gets to his feet. He runs to the nearby corner, climbing to the top. he throws his arms out and smirks to the booing fans.

"Neither of these men can win a popularity contest with the DREAM fans, but you can tell from the crowd reaction that the current Anarchy Champion may just not be liked a little more then Casey Pierro-Zabato!"

Pierro-Zabato! pushes up to his feet.

"Casey Pierro-Zabato! is up as Cancer Jiles continues to gloat. The downfall of being cocky."

Cancer turns around to see Casey Pierro-Zabato! heading towards the corner. his eyes grow huge as CPZ climbs the post.

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"Jiles defending himself with a tight right hand, followed by another. Casey returns the favor."

Casey Pierro-Zabatol thrust a shoulder into Jiles' midsection, grabs him, then lifts, falling back to the mat, releasing Cancer along the way.

"Big back body drop from the top rope!"

The whole ring shakes. Casey Pierro-Zabatol holds his back as he pushes himself to his feet. Cancer rolls over, holding his head.

"Zabatol now exiting the ring. He seems to be walking over here."

The camera changes to show CPZ walking up to Jason Whiteside. he grabs his water bottle, twist the cap off, and downs it.

"HEY! That's mine!"

Casey throws the empty bottle at Whiteside, who flinches.

"That is uncalled for. I'm here to call the match. Why don't you get back to what you're supposed to be doing?!"

Casey raises his hand, threatening Jason before turning and grabbing an empty chair from beside him. As he slides into the ring with the chair, Cancer is up to his feet.

"Casey

Pierro-Zabatol runs with the chair up, Jiles runs to meet him. Jiles jumps, dropkick into the chair!" The chair is sent back and into CPZ's own face.

"Cancer Jiles with a quick cover. I think he doesn't want to take any more chances."

The referee drops to count.

"Kick out at one. The match continues on between 'Cool' Cancer Jiles and 'Water Thief' Casey Pierro-Zabatol."

Cancer pushes his way up to his feet, steps over Casey and slaps him. Casey Pierro-Zabatol spits, catching Jiles in the eyes.

"Jiles is aggravated as he begins to slam rights and lefts into Casey Pierro-Zabatol."

CPZ covers his head, blocking most of the punches. He then raises his leg up quick, catching Cancer in the

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groin.

"Pay back for Cancer's initial attack."

Casey uses his leg to flip Cancer over to the mat.

"Zabatol using the nearby ropes, pulls himself to his feet. Jiles to his feet now. Cancer runs at Casey, fireman's carry over to the mat."

CPZ waste no time as he picks Jiles to a sitting position and places him in a sleeper hold.

"If Casey Pierro-Zabatol can knock Cancer out, he can walk out of here champion tonight."

Cancer holds his hand high to show the referee he is still in the match. A few moments later CPZ, releases the sleeper.

"Casey Pierro-Zabatol must have a different idea on how this match should go."

He stands up and looks out to the crowd before exiting the ring for the second time of the night.

"CPZ now digging under the ring for something. Hey, Zabatol! If you find any water under there you better replace mine!"

Casey is seen on camera looking back and waving Whiteside off before heading back under the ring. Finally, he brings a table out.

"Casey Pierro-Zabatol now sitting a table up on the outside as Cancer Jiles is making his way, inside the ring."

Casey fixes the position of the table and turns towards the ring in time to see Cancer run, grab the top rope, and use it to send himself up and over.

"Dive from inside the ring! Casey Pierro-Zabatol catches him in mid air, he slams him over and through that table! Now THIS is anarchy!"

CPZ walks over to Whiteside again.

"What do you want?"

He begins to throw stuff off of the table. he then lifts the monitor and sits it on the ground. Whiteside backs up and moves back.

"Casey Pierro-Zabatol, clearing off my table. He now lifts Cancer to his feet, assisting him over here."

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Casey punches Cancer a couple times then rolls him on top of the table before getting up on it himself.

"Casey Pierro-Zabatol lifts Cancer Jiles, placing his head between his legs."

He looks out to the crowd before lifting Cancer then dropping.

"Pile driver through my table!"

Cancer Jiles is out cold as Casey Pierro-Zabatol shows signs of self injury from the breaking table. Suddenly, there is a lot of noise from the crowd.

"LOOK! Through the crowd, here comes... CHRIS BLADEZ! The man who brought the Anarchy Title to DREAM!"

Bladez crosses the barrier, meeting Casey Pierro-Zabatol who stands up in time to see him. Bladez charges.

"Forearm to the face of Zabatol, knee to his mid section. Bladez follows up with an European uppercut."

Chris pulls CPZ to his feet and rolls him into the ring.

"Bladez now lifts Cancer Jiles to his feet."

He lifts Cancer up onto his shoulder, and runs towards the corner post, smashing Jiles into it. Cancer lets out a painful yell before being rolled into the ring himself.

"Chris Bladez is now just standing outside of the ring, laughing evilly. He is back, and he has made his mark on the Anarchy division!"

Bladez raises one arm before walking around the ring and heading up the ramp. Inside the ring, both men begin to get up. Cancer uses the ropes, as CPZ is able to maneuver himself up.

"Anybodies match at this point!"

Casey is up first, he runs at Cancer. Cancer leaps out with a surprise superkick from nowhere.

"Terminal Cancer!"

Cancer drops over CPZ and the referee counts.

"That's all she wrote! Cancer Jiles retains his championship!"

We get a replay of the superkick, then a few shots of match points.

Level-One vs Malcolm Dred-King

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"

levelone" Malcolm Dred-King's music begins to play. The fans begin yelling. The roar grows even more as pyros explode.

"Main event action coming your way as Malcolm Dred-King challenges Level-One for the World Championship!"

MDK steps out and the sea of fans get even louder. He makes his way to the ring. Once in, his music fades. "Put you on game" By Lupe Fiasco ruthlessly attacks the stereo system with little regard; shaking the ear drums of the crowd of thousands. Red smoke seeps through the upper ramp; and ripping through the curtains Level-One finds himself on top of the ramp; taunting the booing fans. Creating a with his left hand he places his index finger behind his thumb forming his initials as the red and white pyro shoots up in the air indiscriminately. Level-One lowers his hand looking into the crowd; whom craves for his entertainment, even as they boo relentlessly. Slow and methodically he works his way down the ramp, before sliding under the bottom rope. Level-One paces around the ring, his red eyes capturing the essence of his surroundings. This is where he belongs; he smiles.

"We're about to kick things off in this championship match!"

Level-One jumps to the mat and meets up with MDK in the middle of the ring. The bell sounds to begin the match. The two men circle each other as the bell sounds. As Level-One goes to lock up with Malcolm Dred-King, Dred-King simply shoves him back.

"Malcolm Dred-King hoping to pull off a victory in this World Championship match. Level-One attempts to lock up again, and is denied once more."

This time when Malcolm Dred-King shoves him, Level stumbles back into the ropes, grabbing the top one to hold himself up.

"These two men have not faced each other before, so along with Malcolm Dred-King having an opportunity to say he is able to pin the DREAM World Champion, we have the opportunity to witness a new and exciting match mixture this week on Slaughter."

Level-One lets go of the top rope and runs at Malcolm Dred-King who throws his boot up, catching the World Champion in the face sending him to the mat.

"Level-One meets the mat after a big boot by Malcolm Dred-King, who so far has Level-One thinking he may have found his toughest opponent yet."

Malcolm grabs the back of Level-One's head and pulls him to his feet. He directs him to the nearest corner post and slams the World Champion's head into the top turnbuckle. As he lets go, Level-One bounces up and stumbles a few steps back.

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"Malcolm Dred-King leans down and scoops Level-One up, followed by a quick slam to the mat. MDK now with several angry stomps."

He stops stomping and leaps up, dropping with a leg drop across the chest of Level-One.

"I don't think I've ever seen the number one rated singles wrestler, Level-One, dominated like he has been in this match to this point, other than maybe against Travis Williams."

Malcolm Dred-King lifts a leg of Level-One up and crosses his in, turning Level-One.

"Half way over, Level-One is now fighting with all his might, trying to climb away. he's reaching."

Level-One is able to grab the bottom rope and pull hard enough to pull out of Malcolm Dred-King's grip. He quickly rolls out of the ring and to the floor.

"Level-One taking a moment to gather his thoughts and come up with a new offense to try."

Malcolm Dred-King leans over the top rope and yells at Level-One to get back in the ring. Level-One reaches in under the bottom rope, and yanks Dred-King's foot, causing him to fall to the mat.

"Just the break Level-One needs."

He grabs both of Malcolm Dred-King's feet and pulls, bringing Dred-King to the outside. As his feet hit the floor, Level-One begins to lay into him with a fury of rights and lefts.

"Level-One has Malcolm Dred-King pinned up against the ring as he finally is able to get an attack going."

He stops with the fist long enough to kick Malcolm Dred-King in the mid section, grabs his arm, and whips him.

"Malcolm Dred-King is sent head first into the ring side barrier. Level-One runs at Dred-King."

Malcolm Dred-King holds himself up on one knee by the barrier as Level-One connects with a rising knee to his head, laying him out.

"Level-One now heading back to the ring. he rolls in then back out to restart the count. Level-One now in control of this match."

Level-One walks over to Jason Whiteside's booth and picks up a bottle of water. He opens it, takes a drink, then pours some on his head before walking over to Malcolm Dred-King who is pulling himself to his feet.

"Not my water again! Jeez guys!"

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As he gets up and turns, Level-One splashes the remainder of the water in his eyes, catching him off guard.

"Malcolm Dred-King whipped again, this time he meets those unforgiving steel steps."

Malcolm Dred-King crumples to the floor. Level-One walks over, casing him, contemplating his next move before stomping Dred-King a couple of times. He lifts him up, and rolls Malcolm back into the ring.

"Level-One entering himself now. He has shown why he is the champion, being able to dominate in almost any situation against almost any adversary."

Level-One picks Malcolm Dred-King up. Once he is halfway, Level locks his head and grabs his trunks.

"Level-One appears to be about to attempt a suplex on the big man."

He lifts, but Malcolm blocks it with his foot. Level-One tries again, but is once again denied.

"Malcolm Dred-King is able to pull out of Level-One's grip, boot to the World Champion. Dred-King now grabs him, knee to the stomach of Level-One. Malcolm Dred-King now pulls him through with a hard hitting short arm clothesline."

Level-One meets the mat yet again. Malcolm leaps up, dropping his knees.

"Level-One moved! Malcolm Dred-King plants his knees into the mat hard."

Level-One quickly gets to his feet and runs to the ropes, as he comes off of them and heads back towards Dred-King, he leaps with a drop kick to the back of Malcolm Dred-King's head, who falls face first to the mat.

"Level-One quickly turns Malcolm Dred-King over. He goes for the pin, denied at two as Dred-King is able to kick out."

Level-One rises to his feet, lifting Malcolm up with him.

"Hard chop to the chest of Malcolm Dred-King by Level-One, followed by another."

Malcolm takes a step back then comes forward with his own hard chop.

"Another big chop from MDK, he now follows up with a big right. Level-One returns the favor. We have an all out battle as both men are exchanging fist."

Malcolm Dred-King grabs Level-One's arm and whips him into the ropes.

"Dred-King ready as Level-One is on the return. Wait... One leaps, shoulder block takes the big man down!"

Slaughter: XVII

Dred-King quickly to his feet, as is Level-One who runs and hits the ropes as he returns, he leaps again.

"Another big shoulder block!"

Both men to their feet, they turn to face each other.

"Level-one with a big boot to the gut of Malcolm Dred-King."

He hooks his head and lifts, holding him high for a few moments before dropping him, floating over into a pin.

"HUGE float over vertical suplex! Executed with perfection by the World Champion!"

The referee drops and begins to count.

"And Level-One gets the three, retaining his World Championship."

L1 gets to his feet, and is handed his title by the referee. He raises it up.

"Next week at Bashed, this man here faces Travis Williams. Can he retain once more, or will his legacy be ended? Only one way to find out. Tune in LIVE, next week for Bashed in the USA! Only on PAY PER VIEW!"

The camera zooms in on him before fading to black.

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