

Black Horizon: 2015

May 31, 2015 | AT&T Center - San Antonio, Texas

2015

As we have a black screen, the United Toughness Alliance logo fades in for a few moments before we are treated to a shot of the sold out AT&T Stadium in Arlington, Texas. In the bottom left corner of your screen, the word *LIVE!* appear for a few seconds before disappearing.

The camera pans down and across to the top of the stage where our stage is all decked out with UTA paraphernalia.

A series of colorful pyrotechnics arranged along the edge of the stage begin to fire off, followed by a smaller series around the edge of the panels and above. To cap it off, one larger final explosion excites as it fires off from the four corners of the stage. The crowd goes absolutely bonkers.

We fade to the commentator table ringside where Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace sit, headsets on and a look of excitement on their faces. The fans in the front row behind them wave to their family and friends back home as the voices of the UTA welcome us to the first actual pay-per-view since the United Toughness Alliance has returned.

Blackfront: Welcome everybody to a HUGE show. I'm Jason Blackfront. Joining me tonight on this action packed show is my broadcast partner, Tommy Ace!

Ace: Man am I excited to be here Jason for this absolutely huge show here in the jam packed AT&T Stadium with a whopping one hundred and five thousand people!

Blackfront: The atmosphere is unlike anything I have ever witnessed as we have shattered many attendance records tonight!

Ace: So many big matches tonight Jason.

The camera pans up to show a large steel structure hanging over head.

Blackfront: It's going to be an absolutely terrifying when that cell is lowered not once, but twice tonight and electrified!

The camera comes back down to the two men.

Blackfront: We also may see a new World Champion tonight as Dynasty members Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca face each other in a first blood match!

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Ace: It's cruel to have thee two have to fight each other, but they are going to blow the roof off!

Blackfront: Right before the show tonight, James Wingate announced that no one would be allowed to interfere in the main event tonight. If they do.. they WILL be fired!

Ace: No Dynasty.. No Machine.. No Second Coming even!

Blackfront: Well, are you ready Tommy?

Ace: I was born ready for tonight Jason!

Blackfront: Well folks, sit back.. relax and enjoy as we bring to you excitement only like the United Toughness Alliance can!

The camera slowly pans across the screaming fans.

It's Showtime!

An aerial shot of AT&T Stadium showing thousands of rabid fans all trying to pile into the home of the Dallas Cowboys to watch their favorite superstars from The United Toughness Alliance as they return to Pay Per View with Black Horizon.

People are filing into the already jam packed parking lots and head towards the gates to enter the facility to buy themselves a \$10 beer, to use once empty, and throw it at their most despised wrestler after washing down their \$12 hamburgers, and buying \$25 dollar t-shirt to represent their favorite superstar as he or she does battle here tonight.

As the image cuts to the entrance and we see the sea of people going through the rigorous bag checks and pat downs before going through the metal detectors before they can even enter AT&T Stadium we see a familiar face standing off to the side.

The individual is wearing blue jeans, and a red, Houston Texans, hooded jacket from Nike. He shoves a hand full of nachos into his mouth before motioning the cameraman from UTA to come closer.

Scott Stevens: Hi there.

Stevens waves towards the camera with a cheesy Kodak smile plastered onto his face.

Scott Stevens: Some of you may know who I am, and for the one's who don't, let me introduce myself.

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Stevens coughs a bit and he hits his chest a few times to make sure his throat is clear.

Scott Stevens: My name is Scott Stevens. I'm a Capricorn. I like long walks on the beach, and I wrestle in that organization in Chicago.

Stevens looks like a deer in headlights at the mere mention of the Windy City.

Scott Stevens: Yes. Yes. I know what you're all thinking, and that's not another one.

Stevens smirks as he begins to munch on his nachos before continuing on.

Scott Stevens: Don't you worry, the "Big Bad Texan" from the Windy City wrestling promotion isn't here to take over or anything.....yet.

Stevens winks at the camera.

Scott Stevens: My UTA debut for the Ring King tournament is a ways away, and that's when I'll begin my takeover to become your UTA champion, but tonight, I'm here to watch the great action that Wrestle UTA has to offer tonight, and catch up with some old friends of mine.

Stevens informs the masses as he takes another bite of his nachos.

Scott Stevens: I've come to hang out with my former tag partner and friend, Rhys Townsend as we discuss the possibility of going against one another while eating some more delicious nachos such as these.

Stevens lets the camera zoom in on his cheesy goodness.

Scott Stevens: I've come to catch up with former tag partner and friend, Samuel Owens, and see how the new eye is working for him, and I've come to cheer my good friend, John Sektor to victory here tonight as he makes Abdul bin Hussain his bitch.

Stevens takes a moment for it to all be digested.

Scott Stevens: "The Gold Standard" isn't a nickname to sell t-shirts or to use because it sounds cool, it's a philosophy because the man is the absolute best at what he does, and what he does best is systematically dissecting people apart until he's at the mountain top. Hussain, you better pray to Allah now, and be sure of your place in heaven with your forty virgins because John Sektor is going to send you to hell and back here tonight in your Shock Therapy match.

Stevens says proudly with confidence.

Scott Stevens: As far as the other members of the so-called "Machine" go, I'm curious to see if Alex Beckman can be the first graduate of the Five Time Academy to not choke worse than Dez Bryant did when

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he didn't make that one catch. Mike Best's school doesn't have the best track record when it comes to success.....Hi Mike.

Stevens waves at the camera.

Scott Stevens: And where is Farthington? He still stuck in Utah?

Stevens asks himself before shrugging because he could care less where the former ICON is at.

Scott Stevens: Can you hear it ladies and gentlemen?

Stevens has a curious look on his face.

Scott Stevens: Maybe now? Shhhhhhhhhh.

Stevens says as he brings his index finger to his lips for everything to get quiet so everything can really be heard.

Scott Stevens: Yep, still nothing in the air tonight regarding the interest in the Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca match.

A grin forms across the face of the Texan.

Scott Stevens: The game shouldn't be called because of darkness, it should be called for insomnia from total boredom. How can you call yourself the best Jackson when no one is talking about you? You're the UTA World heavyweight champion, and you have home field advantage here tonight, and no one gives a damn.

Stevens shakes his head in disgust for his fellow Texas brethren.

Scott Stevens: The best Texan that will be in that stadium tonight, won't be the one in the main event defending twenty pounds of gold because he'll be in a skybox eating a plate of nachos, just like I'm doing now.

Stevens finishes his nachos and disposes on the contents into the nearest trash can.

Scott Stevens: Enough about Sean Jackson, I've already given him more air time than he deserves.

Stevens says as he makes his way towards the entrance of AT&T Stadium.

Scott Stevens: It's time to go inside and see what UTA has to offer because it's Showtime folks!

Stevens shouts as he disappears into crowd of people.

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Blackfront: Scott Stevens is here Tommy in the UTA!

Ace: I know! Isn't this a great day to be alive?!

Blackfront: He will be apart of this year's Ring King tournament.

Ace: And if he wins... he will face the UTA World Champion!

Blackfront: What if he becomes UTA World Champion and is not under contract?!

Ace: Then those days Jason, may truely be the real black horizon if the title ever makes it way to Chicago...

Blackfront: A scary thought, truly. Either way, to see Scott Stevens in an UTA ring will be amazing and I can't wait.

Blackfront: There's the bell, and we're underway!

Ace: Let the massacre begin!

Blackfront: If you really think this is going to be a massacre, you're not paying attention.

Ace: Okay, yeah - you're right. The Second Coming has teamed with La Flama Blanca long enough to have picked up one or two skills, but by virtue of being the Second Coming she's still at the 'I don't like her' disadvantage.

Blackfront: Way to be the impartial commentator, Tommy.

Ace: I don't have to be impartial, that's what we've got you for.

Blackfront: ...

In the ring, Jonathan Franklin looks dapper in his tuxedo, and he's soaking in the cheers from the fans who are impatiently waiting for the show to begin.

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

Genghis Tron *Board up the House [Renholder Remix]* plays. The arena turns a dismal red. Smoke rises from the stage. Out steps Crimson Lord. He stands at the top of the ramp looking down. He his wet navy blue hair hangs over his face. He has a dark red gothic style leather coat on. He has dark red tights with gothic

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symbols on the hips moving to the front of the tights. The words "BLOOD LUST" going down his right leg in red and gray letters. He also has new black and red strap boots on.

Gaze walks from the backstage to stand next to him. She has her black and blue hair hanging down to her shoulder also wet. With black eyesadow and black lipstick. She wears black open vest. Gaze also has torn red jeans with black high heel boots.

Ace: There's a lady for you.

Blackfront: Technically speaking, yes. But compared to some of the other women in the UTA, I have to pass.

Gaze stands at the top of the ramp. She looks up toward Crimson Lord. Crimson Lord looks down toward her. Gaze walks in front of him and leads him to the ring. Crimson Lord slowly turns his head to face the ring as he follows her. He slowly begins to walk down the ramp with each step smoke rises from under his feet.

Franklin: Hailing from Parts Unknown...

Crimson Lord and Gaze reach the end of the entrance ramp. He stares coldly into the ring. Gaze slides in under the bottom rope, and walks to the turnbuckle and sits on the top turnbuckle. She raises her right index finger toward Crimson Lord and motions for him to come into the ring.

Franklin: Standing at seven foot and one inch and weighing in at two hundred and seventy pounds...

Crimson Lord quickly grabs the top rope and steps over the top rope. He walks over toward her. She grabs the sides of his face and they kiss. Crimson slowly turns from the kiss to look toward his victim.

Franklin: "The Plague of Darkness"....CRIMSON LORD!!

The lights slowly come on.

Blackfront: I'm worried for the Second Coming.

Ace: What, like she'll trip and fall on her way out?

Blackfront: No, Tommy. Crimson Lord is already dangerously intense. Add to that the fact that the Spawn lost the four way match for the UTA World Tag Team Championship, and he's certainly looking to make a point here.

Ace: The point will be made when the match ends in two hits: Crimson hits her, and she hits the floor.

Blackfront: How long did it take you to come up with that?

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Ace: A few... not... Shut up.

Franklin: And his opponent...

The lights dim, and *Apex Predator* by Otep starts to play over the system. The fans start to cheer; low at first, but progressively louder.

Franklin: From New York, New York... weighing in at one hundred and thirty eight pounds...

Blackfront: These fans are really getting behind her!

Ace: These idiots will cheer for anything bigger than a B cup.

Blackfront: They don't seem to be fans of Bobby Dean's jiggles.

Ace: ...Bigger than a B cup and only one chin.

Franklin: She is one half of the current reigning UTA World Tag Team Champions... THE... SECOND... COMING!!!

A single spotlight shines on the entryway, where - after a few seconds - the Second Coming walks out to a bigger cheer. Her hood is over her head and she's looking down, and takes a moment.

Ostensibly, to psych herself up.

Blackfront: She's absolutely the underdog tonight, Tommy - but she's also proven herself to have the ability to beat anyone at any time.

Ace: If that was true, how come she's been on a losing streak when La Flama Blanca hasn't been carrying her?

Blackfront: Jackson's lost, Perfection's lost, CBR's lost. All this year.

Ace: ... That's just mean.

The Second Coming walks to the ring, slowly and deliberately - oblivious to the fans. Whether she's ignoring them, or simply tunnel - vision focused on her opponent, we can't be sure.

Blackfront: You do have a point with her record this year: she was something of a wunderkind last year, but she's been admirably holding her own with the upper echelon of this company so far. Coming in sixth out of the entire company in the All or Nothing match is certainly proof positive of that.

Ace: All my Dynasty boys did better.

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Blackfront: Give it time.

Ace: HEY!!

At the foot of the ramp, the Second Coming stops, and stares straight at Crimson Lord, until she is distracted by a group of cheering fans to her right.

Blackfront: It's Zhalia Fears!

Ace: Can't we have one show without her?

Zhalia Fears is in the front row, surrounded by thirty or forty other fans, all holding up signs and/or wearing shirts with a brand new hashtag.

#OurHero

The Second Coming walks to Zhalia and gives her a friendly hug. It looks to be more than a friendly hug, actually - more like a hug between veterans who survived combat together. She unzips her hoodie and hands it off to Fears - revealing the tag team championship belt strapped to her waist.

Ace: Our hero? I don't get it.

Blackfront: Everyone's a hero to someone, Tommy. She's slapping hands with everyone sitting around Zhalia.

Ace: Too little, too late.

Blackfront: Who's your hero?

Ace: Perfection, of course! Who else?

Blackfront: The fan club meetings must be lonely.

Ace: They are--how do--shut up!

All of the fans sitting around Zhalia applaud and cheer her on as she unstraps her title belt and hands it to the timekeeper before she climbs from the floor to the top turnbuckle, and she locks eyes with Crimson Lord.

The Plague of Darkness has not moved, other than to keep his eyes locked on his opponent. The referee calls for the Second Coming to actually get into the ring so he can call for the bell and officially start the match.

She doesn't move.

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Blackfront: We've got a Mexican standoff here!

Ace: Racist.

Finally, she jumps down, and the two come together in the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: These fans are ready to see this match happen!

The bell rings, and the referee gives some last minute instructions to both competitors. Crimson Lord raises his fist in premature victory, to a chorus of boos.

In return, the Second Coming slowly, deliberately runs her thumb across her neck, to a loud chorus of cheers.

Blackfront: Big talk from both wrestlers! Who will come out on top?

Ace: You fool, they didn't say anything!

Crimson Lord's eyes go wide at the show of confidence, but his expression never changes. He slowly backs up and turns around to share a last minute word with Gaze--

Blackfront: Standing front dropkick from the Second Coming! Crimson Lord staggers forward into the corner! Clubbing forearms from the Second Coming keeps him there!

Ace: What a cheap shot!

Blackfront: Whatever gets the job done, right? Isn't that your justification for everything Dynasty does?

Ace: ...That's different.

2C backs up while Crimson Lord gathers his wits. She hits the ropes on the opposite side and comes off with a shoulderblock, staggering Crimson and knocking him backwards.

Blackfront: She's off again, and another shoulderblock just staggered Crimson Lord again! The fans are on their feet!

A third shoulderblock knocks Crimson Lord back a step, and the Second Coming steps between the top and middle rope, pulls back on the top, and slingshots herself to the top rope.

Blackfront: Flying clothesline! CRIMSON LORD GOES DOWN!

The fans rise to their feet as Crimson Lord crashes to the mat, and the Second Coming immediately rolls over and hooks a leg. ONE... TWO... Kickout!

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Blackfront: Much too early, but I think that's going to have to be her strategy - try to get a quick pin before Crimson can use his strength against her.

Ace: Probably the best strategy she can hope for. Keep him off balance and use leverage moves.

Blackfront: That's the closest thing to something nice you've ever said about her.

Ace: I know. Wait, what? She's dumb and wears farty pants.

Crimson's kickout was forceful enough to have sent 2C a few feet back, and he is still in it enough so that he immediately rolled forward and climbed to his feet. The Second Coming, however - hadn't taken any hits yet, and was on her feet immediately.

Blackfront: The Second Coming with a kick to the back of Crimson's thigh! Another to the back of his knee, and she's chopped the giant down once again!

The fans rise to their feet as the Second Coming hooks Crimson Lord by the back of the head and pulls, keeping him off balance, and putting pressure around his head and neck.

Blackfront: The Holy Experience! She's got him locked in!

Ace: I can't believe it.

Blackfront: This could be a speed record!

Ace: It's not over yet, Blackie!

Tommy Ace's words are prophetic - Crimson Lord has taken some hits and he's off balance, but he's still very much in this match. He wraps his arms up around the Second Coming's waist and lifts her up, onto his shoulder.

Blackfront: Imagine the pure strength that Crimson Lord has to do that without the leverage that most wrestlers would need to pull that off! He's got the Second Coming up on his shoulder, and he's looking for a place to drop her!

Ace: She's choking him!

Blackfront: I don't know if it's an intentional choke, Tommy - but I can definitely see her cinching up on that hold to try and drop him down!

Crimson Lord's face is bright red; if he's going to make his move, it has to be within the next few seconds.

And he does: he drops the Second Coming down on her shoulders, flipping her almost all the way over so

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that her head and shoulders smack into the mat, at just the right angle so that the top of his head does not. Her grip immediately loosens as she bounces just a bit, and Crimson Lord backs off so he can regain his breath.

Blackfront: Lucky break by Crimson Lord; I think if he can recover his breath before the Second Coming can recover her wits he's right back in this match, otherwise this was just a temporary respite.

Ace: Sure, sure. But when Crimson Lord breaks her neck, can we say she might be at more than a temporary disadvantage?

The Second Coming rolls to the ropes and grabs hold of the middle so she can try to pull herself up, but a clubbing forearm from Crimson Lord drops her right back to the mat. He follows this up with a heel stomp to the back of her head that puts her right back down.

Blackfront: The referee calls for Crimson Lord to back off, at least as long as the Second Coming is on the ropes.

Ace: So, pull her off and hurt someone!

For the moment, Crimson Lord listens to the referee, and he backs up while the Second Coming pulls herself to her feet on the ropes, but he is breathing heavy and looks like he's barely under control. The second that 2C was up and on her feet, Crimson moves right back in and grabs her around the neck. He lifts her up... and holds her.

Ace: Oh now, why is the referee counting?

Blackfront: Because that's a blatant choke?

Ace: P'fffh.

At the count of four and a half, Crimson Lord throws the Second Coming across the ring, and she skids under the ropes, and hits the ringpost on her side.

Ace: What are these idiots saying?

Blackfront: I believe they're chanting for the Second Coming, Tommy.

They are indeed. There was a small segment of the arena that was hardcore chanting for the Second Coming, and the rest of the fans had been kind of just happy to be there, but the support for the underdog was growing quickly.

Crimson Lord waited; apparently unsure as to whether or not she would actually be able to climb to her feet. When she did, he smiled sadistically and flattened her with another clubbing forearm to the back of the head.

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Blackfront: Crimson Lord in complete control here, Tommy. The Second Coming needs to catch a break here if she wants to turn it around.

Ace: The only thing that's gonna break will be her neck when Crimson Lord Bloodlusts her.

Crimson did not give her the chance to recover this time. After the forearm drops her back to the mat, he turns her over and fires a series of right hands into her head and face despite her attempts to block him. The referee was in his face almost immediately, admonishing him to open his hands, but it took a word from Gaze for Crimson Lord to back off, pulling the Second Coming to her feet by the hair.

He wraps a hand around her neck and lifts her in the air with one massive arm.

Blackfront: Chokeslam!

Ace: ...

Blackfront: ...

Ace: ...eventually?

Blackfront: Crimson Lord has the Second Coming up in the air by the neck, and the referee, once again, yelling at him to release the hold!

Ace: Considering the alternative, the Second Coming might prefer to stay up there.

Instead of spiking the Second Coming on the mat with a chokeslam, Crimson Lord throws her backwards, and she hits the corner hard, the top turnbuckle crashing on her spine between her shoulder blades. The referee again warns Crimson Lord about his demeanor, and the Black Heart again gives him cursory attention before he moves back in for the kill.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord with a cross - corner whip--REVERSAL BY THE SECOND COMING!

Perhaps he didn't use all his strength on the whip; perhaps he overestimated the amount of damage done so far, but as Crimson Lord whips the Second Coming to the opposite corner, she is able to plant her feet and yank him the other way; instead of hitting the corner herself, Crimson Lord lands the small of his back square against the turnbuckle.

The Second Coming crumbles to her feet with the whip, as if she had put everything into that one move. Consequently, she is unable to follow up immediately, and remains on her knees, breathing hard.

Ace: I'll give her this - she refuses to go quietly.

Blackfront: That was quite the Hail Mary, and I think it caught Crimson Lord off guard! He's still leaning

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against the corner, I think he might've had the wind knocked out of him a bit!

Ace: If the girl is going to make her move, it has to be now. If she can't, or if she won't - she doesn't belong here.

Perhaps the Second Coming can hear Tommy Ace's words, because she pounds her fist into the mat to try to give herself a second wind - to the delight of the crowd. She rises to her feet as Crimson Lord steps up from the corner, and runs at him, hoping to catch him off balance again.

She doesn't.

Blackfront: OH MY GOODNESS!

Ace: She knew the risks, Jason!

The fans rose, a groundswell of encouragement toward the Second Coming as she had taken her running start with a fist ready to be fired... only for Crimson Lord to catch her and vault her over his head, face first in the corner. At least, his intention was to drop her face first on the turnbuckle.

We hope it was his intention; the alternative is worse.

Blackfront: The Second Coming's forehead just made freefall velocity contact with the ringpost, and she's not moving, Tommy!

The replay shows the Second Coming launched clear past the turnbuckle pad, making contact with the steel ringpost right above her left eye. She hit at just the right edge, and as her head skidded off, a large, bloody scrape can be seen from above her eyebrow, almost to her hairline. The referee is trying to get a response from her, but she's currently holding onto the top rope to keep herself from falling, has her boot hooked around the rope for the same reason, and otherwise looks like she's concentrating solely on breathing.

Blood drips from her head in a slow, steady rhythm, forming a sloppy puddle of crimson on the mat below her that the cameraman is in perfect position to capture.

Blackfront: That could be the match - ender right there, Tommy. Concussion or worse, the referee needs to act with a great deal of discretion.

Ace: I'll say it again, Blackwater - she knew the risks.

Crimson Lord discusses the situation with Gaze while the referee discusses with the Second Coming. She pushes herself backwards and slowly lowers her feet to the canvas, though she still uses the corner for support. The referee speaks to her for a moment, then turns - with a chorus of boos - to call for the bell.

Except that the Second Coming grabs his wrist before he can do so. She shakes her head and steps around

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him - gingerly, and unsteadily - and motions for Crimson Lord to come for her.

Blackfront: The fans are on their feet, they can't believe what they're seeing!

Ace: Neither can I, and I'm smarter than them!

Crimson Lord looks at his opponent with incredulity, but he moves toward her and flattens her with a single right hand. He places a foot on her chest, and the referee drops. ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT!

Blackfront: Come on now! At some point this goes from heroic to stubbornness! The fans are all shouting for the Second Coming to stay down, but she's crawling toward the ropes!

Ace: This is wrong, Jason.

Blackfront: Crimson with a kick to the back of her head! What's wrong, Tommy?

Ace: This. All of this. The referee should be fired for not stopping the match.

Blackfront: Since when do you care?

Ace: Look, it's one thing to laugh at her for being a tool, but it's another to be a bystander while a person who clearly can't defend herself gets kicked when she's down.

Another scoop by Crimson Lord, and he deposits her to the mat with a swift bodyslam. He drops to his knees and covers, ONE... TWO... THREE! Foot on the ropes!

Blackfront: Give it up! It's not worth your health or career!

Crimson Lord fires another fist into the Second Coming's jaw, but the referee backs him off due to the fact that technically, she is on the ropes. They have a brief but intense argument, all the while the Second Coming struggles - valiantly, but with a good deal of difficulty - to pull herself back to her feet on the ropes.

She staggers toward him and swings wide, nearly falling over, but Crimson Lord dodges her and scoops her up with an arms - extended gorilla press.

Blackfront: Don't do it!

Ace: I can't watch.

The fans are deafening with their protest for the inevitable; however, it proves futile as Crimson Lord presses the Second Coming above his head and throws her to the outside. Fans closest to the carnage are staring, taking pictures, taking inappropriate selfies, and otherwise being typical fans.

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Blackfront: The Second Coming just exploded the Spanish announce table!

Ace: Unfortunately, she didn't take out Pedro and Tito at the same time. Aim better!

Blackfront: She's bleeding profusely, and - oh, her arm is sliced open. Perfect.

Amidst the splinters and shattered bits of the Spanish announce table, the Second Coming stirs - slowly but consciously - and crawls toward the ring. There is a gash sliced in her upper arm from her shoulder to her elbow from which blood is welling up. She tries to ignore it, but when the referee's count gets to five and her crawling gets her to the ring steps, she slowly peels off her T-shirt and blots the blood on her head and face, as well as the blood on her arm - and tosses the shirt into the crowd.

She is too bloody and beaten up to garner catcalls from even the drunkest of pervs right now.

Ace: I just can't believe she's still moving.

Blackfront: The fans are on their feet, cheering for the Second Coming! Whether you like her or not, you can't deny her heart. Unfortunately, that same heart might get her permanently injured if she doesn't watch her step!

With the referee count at eight, the Second Coming's shaky left hand wraps around the bottom rope, which is sufficient life for the count to stop.

Blackfront: Listen to these fans get behind the Second Coming as she climbs back into the - CRIMSON LORD OFF THE ROPES!

Between Crimson Lord's weight advantage, his momentum, and the fact that the Second Coming clearly didn't have the wits about her to have a good grip on the ropes, she flew off the apron much farther than she normally may have.

She lands in the wreckage of the destroyed Spanish announce table, however her head bounces off the concrete floor.

It was at this point that the bell rings.

Blackfront: Finally! This match needs to be thrown out.

Ace: I'm not sure what the result will be, but I think this was both the right call and too freakin' late. What's wrong with this referee?

Blackfront: I'm not sure, but the Second Coming is still crawling toward the ring! Gaze has joined Crimson Lord between the ropes, and they're trying to get the referee's attention!

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Franklin: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please!

The fans quiet down, for the most part. Most of them want to hear the decision.

Franklin: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please.

Crimson Lord pays as much attention as everyone else in the arena. On the floor, the Second Coming has reached the ring steps, and is putting one hand in front of the other to get back into the ring. Nobody is counting, but if they were, the referee would have counted her out at least ten seconds ago.

Franklin: Even though there has been no pinfall recorded, nor a submission heard - the referee has elected to end this match -

The fans boo, loudly.

Franklin: --and award the decision, by virtue of the referee decision... to CRIMSON LORD!

At least ninety nine percent of the arena boo, and slowly start to chant 'Se-Cond-Co-Ming!' over and over again.

Blackfront: Heartbreaking for the Second Coming, but that was the only decision that could be made.

Ace: I hate to agree with you, but I have to. I loathe her, and I want to see her lose - but I don't want to see her permanently damaged. There's nothing funny about a career ending injury to a rookie, especially when she's too stubborn to quit.

Blackfront: The fans have thrown their support virtually universally behind the Second Coming, even as Crimson Lord's hand is raised in the middle of the ring! He pulls away from the referee and leave on the opposite end with Gaze!

The Black Heart walks past a cameraman on his trip to the backstage, and he grabs the lens with one massive hand.

Crimson Lord: I told you, Two - See... I will destroy you.

He shoves the camera away and the cameraman nearly stumbles off the ramp. Fortunately for the home audience, the feed cuts to another camera.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord takes the unorthodox victory here tonight, and Tommy - I can't help thinking that this is just the first shot in a war!

Ace: Absolutely. Say what you will about the Second Coming, but she stupidly refused to give up, which means she'll probably dispute this call. Crimson didn't get a decisive victory, either via pinfall or his opponent

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screaming for mercy, so he'll probably dispute this call. The fans didn't get to see a decisive conclusion. They'll meet again.

By the time Crimson Lord was behind the curtain again, the Second Coming makes it to her knees on the far side of the ring. The fans give her a standing ovation for her refusal to give in, though she seems far too out of it to appropriately acknowledge their support.

Blackfront: The referee attempting to help her to the back, and she waves him off. Here's some of our exemplary medical personnel, here to do the same - and the Second Coming insists on walking out of the arena under her own power! You have to respect her resilience, Tommy!

Ace: I can respect her pride, but at some point she'll bite off more than she can chew, against an opponent like Perfection who won't be satisfied with just leaving her broken and bleeding and concussed and dizzy and barely able to function. What does she do then?

At ringside, the Second Coming shoves off the medics who attempt to put her on a gurney. They give her a wide berth as she stumbles toward the entrance ramp, but loses her balance and falls into the guardrail.

She doesn't hit hard again, though. She is caught by her partner Zhalia Fears, who climbs the guardrail and puts her arm around 2C's shoulder.

The young lady receives a standing ovation as she is helped by Fears to the back.

Blackfront: ...We'll be back in a moment.

Mikey Unlikely's Final Entrance

Tonight is the night. Mikey Unlikely's last night in the UTA. It's been in the works for what seems like months now. Excuses to see your friends, throw parties, get into some heavy duty shenanigans. The #WTFC boys have done all of that and then some. In typical #WTFC fashion. Vegas trip, champagne toasts, tribute videos. It was all very nice. But tonight is the time for action.

TONIGHT, not now.

Now is the time for more shenanigans.

A white limo pulls up, a stretch Navigator. It has the Cristal poppin' on the inside, not really but it's an R Kelly lyric. And we all know that #WTFC's reference work is off the charts. Which is of course another reference to "This Is The End." See what the reference work is all about?

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The driver heads to the rear driver's side door and out steps Coleslaw Jenkins. Instead of being his usual lavish self and mean mugging for the cameras he walks quickly into the building.

Next Bobby Dean, he hobbles as fast as his legs will carry him into the arena as well. The limo is suddenly sitting noticeably higher.

Third, Will Haynes, former Legacy Champion and what not. He nods his head and quickly heads close to the entrance. He waits.

Out last is MR. HOLLYWOOD HIMSELF - Mikey Unlikely. The crowd gathering pops loudly.

Thank you Mikey

CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

Thank you Mikey

CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

Mikey nods his head, waves to the crowd. He's a bit misty eyed. This place has meant a lot to him. These fans mean a lot to him.

He meets Thrill by the entrance.

Will Haynes: You ready for this tonight, bud?

Mikey Unlikely: You bet.

And into the arena they enter.

Words.

Somewhere backstage in the AT&T Stadium, in a corridor away from the main throughfares, we find ourselves looking at recent UTA signing, Rhys Townsend. He's dressed as you would expect most twenty two year olds who don't really care that much about how they dress look, when they do make the effort to look smart. With an ill-fitting suit. Naturally. Undoubtedly, he spent too much money on it, but regardless, before we have a chance to delve into the man's bad sartorial choices, he starts to speak.

Townsend: I am Rhys Townsend. If you were paying attention two weeks ago, you would know this - because you would have seen me stood backstage at Wrestleshow, eating nachos with my good friend, Samuel Owens, announcing the arrival of Ground Zero into the UTA. But maybe you didn't pay attention...which would be why I'm talking to you once again. Maybe you're not someone who only watches

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one federation, maybe you're a professional wrestling fan who devours every single bit of wrestling he can get his hands on, and you're already aware of me, already know who I am.

There's a little bit of a smirk, a little bit of a shrug, before his monologue continues.

Townsend: Which would be...a good thing. Especially if you're a member of the UTA roster. Even more so if you're Crimson Lord. Because this isn't another introduction. This isn't me telling you who I am - because if you know, then you know. And if you don't? Then you will learn. See...I get that I had to make that perfunctory debut promo. To be quite frank with you, pro-wrestling fans... I wanted to come here since last summer. Wingate wanted me to come here since last summer. So I wanted to put myself out there. I wanted to make it known that me signing with UTA was not some ill-conceived Chicago work. That it was real.

There's fire in his eyes, as he leaves a little brief break in his monologue, taking a second to try and free his large neck from the two-sizes-too-small shirt collar.

Townsend: Because, see... I am not someone who has come here to play nice. I am not someone who has come to make up the numbers and just "have some fun". Do you get what I'm saying? Because it's simple. Easy to understand. I am a professional wrestler. I am a gimmick free zone. And I am here to win matches.

His entire body seems to put emphasis on every word in the last sentence he spoke, and the few seconds of silence he leaves afterwards is there to provide yet more emphasis. He does not break eye contact with the camera, fixing it with his stare, as yet more words tumble out of his overemployed mouth.

Townsend: Simple, right? Wrestleshow 40. Officially now on the horizon. Two weeks away. That's when I will debut...against Crimson Lord, the man who just won the first match of the night.

His smirk is about as big as a smirk can be, as if he finds this fact amusing. Rhys doesn't dwell on it, however, quickly killing the smirk, starting to talk once more.

Townsend: Which is...an ironic thing. I'll just go back to what I was saying just a brief moment ago - I am a professional wrestler. Not a sports-entertainer. A pro-wrestler. So what does Wingate put in front of me for my debut match? Nothing more than someone who is a walking, talking gimmick. Someone who is, essentially, something left over from pro-wrestling's turn of the century "heyday". A man who figures he can walk around proclaiming himself as the Spawn Of Darkness, like we're all going to cower in...well, the shadows, I guess. Bright light might be more appropriate, though. Sunlight...probably even better. I hear goths hate sunlight.

He shakes his head with disgust, the lights in the backstage area shining off his bald head.

Townsend: Lord...or as those of us who reside in the year 2015 call him...Scott Bloodwell, is walking around proclaiming that people will join his "Blood Legion". Most likely, he's probably going to tell me that I'm going to join the aforementioned Blood Legion. He's decimating a bunch of no-name jobbers backstage on a show, as if that's going to put the fear of God into everyone else, as if it's going to get us to fear him. He's going to go on about how he's drinking from a chalice in the Mansion of the Crimson Lord, all the while him and "Lady

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Gaze"...yet another horrific gimmick name, for the record, are going to walk around like they're fuc...

He stops himself mid-word, aware of the company's policy on profanity during a live broadcast.

Townsend: ...ing castoffs from a Marilyn Manson video or something. He is someone who hasn't advanced past the fact that the rest of the world got over floor length leather dusters and shiny PVC pants as a thing that is cool. Someone who thinks that it's okay to walk around in the sport I love, that I have bled for, that I have given everything for, denigrating it with this...horrific gimmick.

His face is covered with a look of disgust, not even attempting to hide it.

Townsend: Because that's what I'm here to tell you tonight. I have no fear of a man who is little more than a gimmick. I have no fear of someone who quite obviously thinks that the Underworld movies are the height of cool, who thinks that cutting promos from a faux-goth mansion whilst doing their best to look dark and edgy is the way to go. Because I am a professional wrestler. Because I am Ground Zero.

He stands and stares intently down the lens of the camera for a few long seconds, before we fade out.

The lights in the arena dim as a red strobe appears, focused on the entrance atop the stage.

The opening riff of *Hail to the King* by Avenge Sevenfold begins to play, the crowd erupting into a crescendo of boos, peppered with faint cheers of a growing fan base for the former Legacy Champion of the UTA.

After four repetitions of the riff the symbol joins in, and out from the back steps Claude Baptiste Ranier, the big screen glowing with images of suplexes and submission holds by the Canadian Star, each separated with brief images of the Canadian flag as the power chords fire into the tune.

Wearing a pair of purple and white ring trunks, purple knee pads and elbow pads with white boots, he raises his arms outwards on the stage. He wears the trademark purple and white robe with 'Subjugation' written in black font on the back.

Blackfront: CBR attacking Chris Hopper just a few weeks ago. These two last met at Seasons Beatings before CBR left the company. Now that he returns, they picked up where they left off.

Ace: With CBR destroying that idiot Chris Hopper!

As the verse kicks in, Claude looks over the fans, a pair of purple tinted sunglasses over his face. Ranier has his blonde mane of hair falling by his shoulders and starts to make his way down the ramp, the music hitting into its starting lyrics. CBR edges forward towards the ring slowly, ignoring outstretched hands of fans,

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focused on the squared circle.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Canada

Ranier is distracted by one fan's abuse, his smile turning to a frown straight into the eyes of an overweight male in the front row shouting and pointing at the Canadian Star. Ranier feigns a slap to the fan, but then smirks and continues walking to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds...

CBR walks up to the ring steps looking over the fans again momentarily as he pauses. He walks slowly up the steps to the apron, stepping carefully through the ropes and into the ring. Ranier walks purposefully around a circuit of the squared circle, the smile curled back once more onto his face. Stopping at one of the corners of the ring, Claude takes off his robe and sunglasses, placing them into the corner. He climbs the turnbuckle, raising his arms and flexing for everyone to see as the chorus starts.

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

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

Holding his arms aloft, Ranier takes in the boos, closing his eyes and savouring the moment. He lingers for a second before coming down and sharing a few words with the referee, stretching his right arm.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper seeks revenge tonight, on this man right here... CBR.

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

Blackfront: This should be good.

The crowd goes nuts as the loud voice of Brian Johnson cut through the crowd noise as he screamed, beginning the hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's *TNT*.

As the pyro explodes, the figure of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper steps out from behind the curtain. Hopper is wearing his blue wrestling tights, black boots, complete with sunglasses and the crowd gives him a loud reception.

Blackfront: There he is, the living legend himself!

Ace: Don't you mean the most delusional arrogant wrestler ever?

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He walks down to the ring, reaching out to slap hands with the fans on each side of the barricade. Chris even stops and allows one lucky female fan to take a selfie with him.

Announcer: Hailing from Paoli, Indiana

He reaches the ringside area and slides under the bottom rope and enters the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six feet-eight inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred, eighty-eight pounds...

Hopper bends down and flexes for the crowd as they cheer him yet again. He jumps back to his feet and begins climbing up the first corner and raising his arms to the crowd. He works every side of the arena and the fans are really rewarding his showmanship.

Announcer: Here is the King of Cool, the Count of Monte Fisto...."TOO COOL" CHRIS HOPPER!!!

Hopper just continues nodding at his fans, who are already chanting his name over and over.

Blackfront: You may have your opinion about him, but there is no denying the fans love the "King of Cool."

Hopper grabs the top rope and bends down and stretches as the music fades out. Now he is standing in the corner and ready for the opening bell. Both he and CBR look up as the cell begins to lower.

Blackfront: The cell is lowering. The rules of this match are simple... Pinfall, submission, or knockout wins. Any time you hit the side of the cage, an electric shock will go throughout your body with each hit increasing the overall voltage.

Ace: It's going to be... SHOCKING!

The cell stops on the apron.

Blackfront: Oh man... things are about to heat up!

Ace: It's going to be.. ELECTRIFYING!

Blackfront: Please stop that.

As the bell sounds, both men step towards each other and meet in the center of the ring. CBR slightly looks up at look into the eyes of the slightly taller Chris Hopper. The two men stands inches apart, locked in position. Neither man makes a move, even blinks.

Blackfront: The fans are getting loud.

Ace: You can cut the tension with a knife. Who's going to make the first move?

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Without hesitation, CBR brings right hand up, catching Chris Hopper.

Blackfront: CBR with the strike here tonight in this match!

Hopper comes back with a right of his own. The fans burst as the two combatants go blow for blow. The two men wrestle into the corner, Hopper holding a handful of Ranier's hair pushes CBR against the turnbuckles. CBR grabs onto the top rope and yells as his hand slips and touches the cell.

Blackfront: Hopper leaps back from CBR who just got the first dose of electricity in this match.

Ace: Oh no! Come Claude.. that means the voltage has just been raised!

CBR steps out from the corner and circles around Hopper. The King of Cool turns out as the men stand in the center of the ring once again. They lock up in a collar and elbow tie Up. Hopper gets the upper hand and sends CBR down to a knee. CBR bursts up and turns the hold now into his favor. Hopper gets back to a vertical base and is pushed back into the ring ropes, his shoulders being pressed so hard back he touches the cell.

Blackfront: Hopper now being electrocuted!

CBR backs away from his opponent. As Hopper stumbles forward CBR grabs Hopper by the wrist and attempts an Irish Whip. However, Hopper holds onto stops CBR pulling him back.

Blackfront: Hopper reverses, bringing CBR towards him landing a short arm lariat sending CBR to the canvas.

Hopper maintains his hold on CBR's wrist, locking CBR's arm up at the shoulder.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper in control of this match in the early going.

Ace: Yes, but not before feeling the power of Shock Therapy!

CBR grabs at his shoulder as Hopper adjusts his grip putting more strain on CBR's arm. Hopper bangs his head up and down. The referee asks CBR if he wants to continue and CBR screams at him.

Ace: Don't do it CBR! Not now, not ever!

CBR tries to bring himself up to his feet. He sits on one knee, upon getting to a vertical position he is able to turn Hopper's wrist over for a Wristlock. Hopper slaps at his shoulder feeling the pain. CBR lands an elbow down hard on Hopper's arm. Hopper falls down to his knees as CBR lands another elbow.

Blackfront: CBR giving Hopper a taste of his own medicine.

Black Horizon: 2015

CBR holds Hopper's right arm out and kicks at Chris' triceps area. Hopper pulls his arm back from Ranier and grabs at it. He rolls on the mat writhing in pain.

Ace: CBR can smell blood!

CBR pauses and waits for Hopper to turn himself towards him. CBR lands a stiff kick to the hurting arm of Hopper. The fans boo the action of the Dynasty member.

Blackfront: No love here for CBR.

Ace: because this is nothing but a sea of Ungratefals Jason!

CBR stalks his prey as he kicks Hopper in that ailing arm. CBR grabs Hopper by the head and gets him to his feet.

Ace: CBR trying to pull that arm from the socket. I love it!

CBR holding Hopper at the wrist throws Hopper's arm up and slams it down. CBR attempts a third but is met with a knee to his gut by Chris Hopper. Hopper acts quick and grabs CBR by the back of the head and sends him through the ropes and into the cell. His body slides down to the apron, keeping him pinned between the ropes and the cell as it shoots electricity through his body. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: We're going to have fried CBR for dinner tonight!

Ace: Get away from the cell!

Blackfront: The electricity continuing to increase as CBR screams in pain!

CBR finally is able to get under the ropes and crawl back into the ring, away from the cell. Chris Hopper gives him no chance to recover as he brings a boot down across CBR's back.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper quickly back on the offense, taking advantage of CBR being electrocuted.

Ace: Why couldn't it be him?

Blackfront: Hopper now pulling CBR up by the hair.

Ace: SHOULDN'T HE BE DISQUALIFIED?!

CBR stops half way and brings a fist into the mid section of Chris Hopper, followed by another.

Blackfront: CBR now trying to fight back, but he is obviously weakened. European uppercut catches Chris Hopper now.

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CBR follows up immediately with a quick thumb jab to the eyes of Hopper. He grabs his face and stumbles away from CBR.

Blackfront: CBR doing whatever it takes here to stay in this one.

Ace: That's what winners do Jason. Whatever it takes!

Blackfront: and that's what Dynasty does.. cheat every chance they get.

Ace: He didn't cheat! he was being resourceful!

Blackfront: The former Internet and Legacy Champion now charging forward.. double axe handle to the upper back of Chris Hopper.

Hopper stumbles forward and into the ropes. he throws a hand out to catch himself, grabbing the cell. Instantly, electricity shoots through his body and he lets go, stumbling back around.

Blackfront: CBR meets Chris Hopper with a right.. Hopper back into the ropes.. grabs the cell again!

Ace: he's frying himself!

Hopper pulls away, and yet again is punched, causing him to grab onto the cell and get an additional jolt.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper needs to stay away from the edge of the ring.

Ace: No he doesn't!

Hopper pulls the top rope for help getting to the corner, where he swings around and sits in it back first, trying to rest.

Blackfront: CBR not letting up as he now brings several boots up to the midsection of Chris Hopper.

CBR steps back, raising his leg up, placing his boot into the throat of Chris Hopper, using the ropes for leverage.

Blackfront: CBR now choking Hopper as the referee warns him.

Ace: oh come on... it's a match surrounded by an electrified cell! How can choking not be legal?!

CBR releases at the count of four as Chris Hopper grabs his throat trying to capture a breath.

Blackfront: CBR now mounting the ropes around Chris Hopper.

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As he stands on the middle ropes, CBR holds Hopper's head and begins to bring down a series of rights.

Blackfront: Repeated punches by CBR, trying to wear Chris Hopper down.

As Hopper is rocked by each punch, he throws his arms up and around CBR's legs lifting him up. CBR panics, trying to keep his balance, but as Hopper pulls back on his legs and lets go, CBR is sent forward into the cell. Out of instinct, he grabs the fencing, holding on as electricity is shot through his body.

Blackfront: CBR into the side of that cell!

Sparks begin to fly from the top of the cell as Chris Hopper walks forward and turns. CBR finally flies backward off of the cell side, turning in the air. As he comes down, Chris Hopper leaps up and grabs his head and neck, falling to the canvas.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER!

Ace: NOOOO!!!!

The fans go crazy as Chris Hopper rolls CBR over and covers him.

Blackfront: We have a cover... the referee counts... two.. THREE! CHRIS HOPPER HAS DONE IT! CHRIS HOPPER HAS BEAT CBR!

Ace: HOW?! That's no fair! The voltage was too high!

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... CHRIS... HOPPER!

The fans cheer for Hopper who holds his mid section as he raises one arm looking down at CBR who is still jittering from the electricity.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper just defeated CBR is the first of two very special Shock Therapy matches here tonight.

Ace: This was just a taste of what's to come as John Sektor and Abdul bin Hussain will face in a full Shock Therapy match with extra sources of power and everything!

The cell begins to lift as Chris Hopper's music continues and he celebrates a huge win over CBR.

Business Opportunities

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OSV: Don' even worry 'bout it, B!

Bobby Dean mopes around a corner somewhere in the backstage jungle. His partners will undoubtedly assume that he's camped out in catering, but the last thing he can do tonight is eat. Alongside him is #WTFC sidekick extraordinaire Coleslaw Jenkins.

Coleslaw: Ya boy Coleslaw got yo back, son, brrrraaaattt!

Bobby smiles half-heartedly, trying anything he can to perk up.

All of that is out the proverbial window though as he and Coleslaw run right smack dab into the orbit of the Only Star. Immediately they recoil at the sight of his icy blue eyes staring back at them. Eric Dane is neither menacing nor aggressive, rather he exhibits a cold confidence that makes the hair on the back of your neck stand up.

Bobby: Oh, uh, Mr. Dane sir, uh... How-how're ya doin'?

Everybody in the world cringes. Hard.

Coleslaw: Wha'cha scared of? He don't look so tough! Be a man, Bobby, this guy wants to hurt you!

Dane: Not specifically.

Dane waves off this notion of violence, a smile creeping up on to his face as Greer and Walker advance from behind Bobby and Coleslaw. The smile is enough to unnerve Coleslaw who backs off a step, still unknowing of the more pressing danger that approaches behind him.

Dane: Not yet anyway, not as far you're concerned, Robert.

He turns to Coleslaw.

Dane: Can't say my *associates* here have the same thing in mind for you though.

Coleslaw makes like he could do something, but before he can even pretend to do any of that Greer and Walker each snatch one of his arms.

Walker: 'Member us, mayne?

Greer doesn't even say a word, just growls in Coleslaw's face, instantly turning him from "hard as fuck" to "softer than jello" as he immediately regrets his getting involved with the four way tag title match.

Eric throws an arm around Bobby's shoulder.

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Dane: Listen here, Bobbo.

Greer lashes out, driving an uppercut right into Coleslaw's gut. With him doubled over, Greer and Walker throw away any pretense of being "good guys" in this situation and begin to rough him up a little. All the while, Dane continues on as if none of that is even happening. Bobby however is sweating like he's on a diet and watching the Food Network.

Dane: I don't want you to get the wrong idea here.

Walker grabs Coleslaw and slams him back first against the wall.

Dane: This isn't about us and them, kid, it's about me and you. I wanna give you all of the opportunities that I promised you all those years ago in DEFIANCE. I want to *help you out*.

Greer raises his arm, his lariat arm. Standing back against the opposite wall, while Walker grabs Coleslaw by his shirt and twirls him right into a short range lariat that practically decapitates the poor bastard.

Dane: Problem is, we got off on the wrong foot a couple of weeks ago. Now tonight, I need you to stand up, be a man, and do what's right for Bobby Dean, capiche?

Sheepishly, Bobby nods to the affirmative.

Dane: And Bobby, ya gotta pick your company better. This guy's getting his blood all over the place. That's just rude any way you look at it.

Dane smirks. Dean gulps.

Dane: Gentlemen, I believe our business with Mr. Dean is concluded for the time being.

Cut elsewhere.

Faithless

Lights all around the arena start clicking off, one after another with loud thunks. When the overheads in the arena go out, the crowd initially pops simply for the inky black darkness. A whistling wind can be heard over the din of the crowd, with that a few more cheers go up. When the thumping drums and driving acoustic guitar start up, a few pockets around the arena perk up, join together and start cheering as one. When the man in black, Johnny Cash starts crooning "*You can run oooooo for a long time...*" the whole arena, unaware and in the know alike, are all on the edge of their seats.

Black Horizon: 2015

Ace: What the hell's going on?

Blackfront: I believe we're about to witness the debut of another one of our brand new superstar signings, partner.

Ace: Another schmuck from somewhere else looking to make it to the big time via UTA, wonderful.

Blackfront: Something like that.

The song continues for a minute, when the lights finally come back up with a quick pop he's already standing on the ring apron. Dark brown pinstripe three piece suit, blood red tie, his head sheared smooth. Shorter than most but even through his suit we can tell every inch of him is packed with muscle and sinew. His most noticeable feature is the classic deep handlebar mustache waxed into shape on his upper lip.

Ace: Well what's this ones deal? He looks like one of those two old timey gym dudes from those Family Guy cutaways.

Blackfront: I won't comment on that, but I have a funny feeling Bronson Box is going to...

Jason Blackfront trails off.

Ace: What?

Blackfront: Well, lets just say he might just end up being something of a *handful* if the information I got from the gentlemen of Team Danger is accurate.

Ace: Acquainted, are they?

Blackfront: Well, Ty Walker wrapped a steel pipe around Mr. Box's head, recently. I'd call that somewhat acquainted.

The besuited gentlemen slowly climbs through the ropes and walks to center ring where a microphone is already waiting for him on the canvas. He reaches down and plucks it up with a flourish, taking a few moments to scan the crowd and take in the reaction. He grins as he hears the chant slowly take shape around him.

BRON-SON BOX... BRON-SON BOX... BRON-SON BOX...

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, we're only about a seven hour drive from New Orleans, the home of...

Ace: Don't give those psychos any free press, he's got some *support* here in the crowd tonight, that's all that need be said.

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The chant isn't nearly everyone but it emanates from almost all points in the arena.

Boxer: It warms my heart to hear that, lads, I truly does.

His accent is that of a Scotsman, not overly thick but it's noticeable. He rests his hand on the top rope, walking slowly around the ring running his fingers along the ropes.

Boxer: This is all quite new for me. I set foot in my first "major" promotion, DEFIANCE, from absolute obscurity, you see. So coming here and hearing that is a bit odd, knowing my reputation actually *does* precede me.

He stops when he gets to the first turnbuckle, running a thumb over the UTA logo.

Ace: Another wrestler from Scotland? At this rate they're going to add haggis to the catering menu, I just know it...

Boxer: Let me be clear to you lot though, I'm under no illusions that that reputation matters one bit here. And if I'm bein' honest, lads? I'm *so glad of it*.

After a few awkward beats of silence he looks up from the turnbuckle suddenly and continues.

Boxer: What a treat for you the fans of the United Toughness Alliance to be here and witness what will be the first step into what I can promise is a *more interesting* future for the lot of us, because in the coming months... ?

A small smile crawls across his face, making his mustache twitch.

Boxer: We're going to get *acquainted*, you and I. The UTA fans, you're the ones that don't know me. You're the ones requiring an education in just what I bring to the proverbial table. Because as I look over what is to be the first division I'm told I'm going to take part all I see is *old friends*! The whole bloody lot of them simply exude the essence of the word, don't they just? Prodigies, indeed!

The sarcasm drools from every word of that last bit. We just now notice the long, beautiful pair of legs in the short, almost inappropriately tight mini skirt and blazer that's slowly made their way out to ringside. Bronson Box's business manager, Jane Katze, who quietly watches the segment from ringside.

Boxer: That fat *shi*beep** Bobby Dean? Who I believe was recently brought to tears at the loss of a vacuum cleaner. My *old friends*, the ridiculous trio of *octogenarians* you people have been suffering through for several weeks now, Team Danger? Oh and of course equal rights and all, Mike Best's *impressive* lady wrestler Ms. Beckman? Women wrestlers are like the wee little ones, dwarves... a bloody *sideshow*. But lest we forget the chaw chewing yokel still washing the taste of failure from his mouth, the "rebel" former Prodigy champion Mr. Hall?

Black Horizon: 2015

The Wargod grunts a derisive snort alongside the word "rebel." Then refocuses, chewing on his bottom lip in anxious excitement. He holds onto the top rope, standing on the bottom leeeeaning out over ringside towards the hard camera.

Boxer: Weaklings. The elderly. Women. Halfwits. Is this the best UTA can do... ? I am speaking. *Directly*. At the obviously wide eyed, good natured, warm hearted fellow Scotsman that took himself a prize from our *rebellious* American colleague back at Wrestleshow 37.

He licks his lips then strips off his suit jacket and tosses it down to ringside where it's deftly caught by Ms. Katze, looking more than just a little pleased with how things are proceeding. Her eyes never stop scanning the audience, their reactions to what Bronson says, their reactions to her. Obviously taking note of every minute detail.

Boxer: Mr. Robertson, I'm not sure what sort of hoops will be involved in me challengin' you for that belt. I've been told that's quite a number here in UTA, and honestly that's fine by me. You **will** defend that belt against me eventually, boy'o, that's a foregone *conclusion*. And win or lose it's going to leave a bloody *scar*, go ahead and go ask Ty Walker. Or Eric Dane. Hell go ahead an' ask ol' fat tits Bobby Dean the things *he's* seen me do... GO ON, ASK!

He steps back off the ropes with a flourish.

Boxer: RING KING! THE PRODIGY TITLE! IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER!

Gnashing his teeth, he looks out over the crowd with derision.

Boxer: I'm here. And I 'aint goin' *anywhere* and everywhere I go anarchy and chaos follow, lads. That's been my M.O. for years. Mark this day on your calendars as the day UTA changed *forever*. The day a seed was planted, from which will grow an **oak**. For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under the heavens.

He gives the bible verse a chance to soak in for a moment, harkening back to an earlier day in his career. Another debut in another ring. Sort of like the few beats of silence before the crescendo and finale of a piece of classical music.

Boxer: Now is the season of **rebirth**, ladies and gentlemen.

THUD.

The Wargod drops the microphone, hitting the canvas himself and rolling quickly under the bottom rope where Jane Katze is waiting with his open coat. Bronson loops both arms and shares a quiet exchange with his beautiful manager. Katze straightens his tie, buttons his jacket and smooths down his lapels, obviously pleased with her clients performance this evening.

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Ace: Bold stuff from a certified newbie. I'll tell you what, baldy keeps forgetting himself, here in UTA somebody'll slap the taste out of his mouth quicker than he can re wax that poor decision on his upper lip there.

Blackfront: The Prodigy division has *never* been as hot as it is right now, partner. Bronson Box can only add to that. The man's unique if nothing else.

Ace: Dude's got style I'll give him that much. But he's got a looong way to go before he starts droppin' the name of the current Prodigy champ, that's all I'm sayin'.

Consequences

Cut to the backstage, where Jamie Sawyers is rapidly walking amidst the frenzy of the locker room.

Sawyers: Earlier tonight, we saw one of the most brutal beatings in the history of the UTA as Crimson Lord earned a victory over the Second Coming via referee decision. I was able to catch up with the Second Coming, and would like to get her thoughts on her match, and the rest of the evening.

The camera pans left, showing the Second Coming sitting in a chair. She holds a rapidly - reddening towel to her arm while Zhalia Fears has an ice pack to the back of her head.

Sawyers: Two -See? Tough break tonight against the Plague of Darkness.

She lifts her head just a bit, and looks toward the camera with a vacant stare.

The Second Coming: Yeah... tough.

Sawyers: How did it feel to have the entire arena behind you when Crimson Lord was physically punishing you?

She looks at the reporter with incredulity.

2C: Oh, it felt great to have wooden and metallic items thwacking off my skull, but it's okay because the fans wanted me to win. I tell you something, though - where does the referee get off stopping the match?

She stands up over Zhalia's protest of 'MJ...' - and grabs the microphone out of Sawyers' hand.

2C: I was up. I was moving. I was... I--

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She drops the microphone as her eyes roll back in her head, and the Second Coming falls to the floor. Medics scramble all around her as the camera wisely cuts away.

The echoing beat of *Shut It Down* by Dead Celebrity Status begins to pound upon the eardrums, instantly bringing the audience to a simmering anticipation.

The curtains part and out steps on to the stage, the one, the only, the legendary Team of Terror, into a storm of exploding, and perhaps nostalgic, cheers as the opening chorus is heard. Stephen Greer is out first, followed behind by a half step by his blood brother 'til the end, Tyrone Walker, and finally the last man out, the Once and Future King, the Only Star himself ERIC DANE. AT & T Stadium lights up like the fourth of July. The terrible threesome stop at the edge of the stage, they take in the scene with smiles on their faces. Greer rubs his hands together, as Walker bounces up and down on the balls of his feet. Dane points towards the ring and the threesome start the long walk.

Blackfront: Team Danger is in the house and the crowd here at Black Horizon loves every second of it.

Ace: I mean why wouldn't they? These guys finally shut Coleslaw Jenkins up earlier this evening. They should get an award for that along.

Blackfront: I'm sure WTFC will have something to say about that.

Fans extend their hands towards the Team Danger guys. They're trying to touch a piece of wrestling history, literally. Walker works the left nonchalantly reaching out with an arm for the fans to slap and grab at, while Greer does the same on the right, the fans stroking and tugging on the pad that covers his lethal lariat arm. Dane walks in the middle giving an occasional head nod, or wave to a particular busty woman in the crowd.

Announcer: Making their way to the ring, hailing from Jacksonville, Florida.

Nearing ringside, the Team Danger 3 slow their roll and take in the view. AT & T stadium packed to the gills, the fans popping for them. It's as if they never left. After a few seconds all three men look at one another and take off for the ring at a fever pitch. They slide in on their stomachs.

Announcer: Weighing in at a total combined weight of Six Hundred and Eighty Five pounds...

Announcer: They are the "King of Pain" Stephen Greer, the "Black Jesus" Tyrone Walker, and "the Only Star" Eric Dane. Ladies and gentlemen, this is TEEEEEAMMM DAAANNNGEEERRR!

Entering the ring simultaneously, each man takes a corner. Greer throws up his lariat arm and pounds his chest with the other, while Walker throws his arms out wide and hollers to the crowd all around him, Dane

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nods confidently - after all he's already one step closer to being the winner of Ring King.

Blackfront: I'm getting chills here Ace, these men represent such a large part of our sport's history.

Ace: Can you open your mouth a bit wider? I hear Walker is quite hung.

Blackfront: Relax.

Team Danger drops from the turnbuckles and join each other in their designated corner as the music fades. Greer gets a little last minute stretching in, while Walker punches his fists into the palms of his hands. Dane brings both men together, briefly discussing strategy.

"You must die, I alone am best."

The fans roar as the WTFC cart comes out of the back.

Ace: Oh the WTFC cart, I thought this was over.

Blackfront: It's one of the most important Pay Per Views of the year, Ace. These guys are pulling out all the stops.

Bobby is in the driver's seat, hanging out of the passenger side is Mikey Unlikely. Bobby brings the cart to a stop as Mikey gets out and plays the role of hype man. He hits the right side of the stage first urging the fans to get louder. Then the left. Finally, he points to a black band around his upper bicep. The camera zooms in.

Blackfront: Oh look at this! It says RIP BC. The guys are dedicating their match here tonight to their recently departed friend Bobby Clean. What a class act.

Ace: It's stupid. Bobby Clean was a Roomba. These guys make enough. They should just go buy another one.

Bobby motions for Mikey to get back in the cart, he does as he sings the words "I hope you die," and points right at Team Danger. Team Danger share a look in the ring as the cart makes it's way down the ramp. Once there, Haynes and Mikey step out and help Bobby waddle himself out of the ring and up the steps.

Mikey and Thrill step into the ring and that's when shit hits the fan.

Blackfront: Look at this!

Greer charges first throwing his Hell Fire Lariat at Mikey. Mikey ducks under it and delivers a straight punch to Greer's head backing him up a bit. On the other side of the ring Dane has charged Haynes and the two are exchanging lefts and rights. The crowd is going crazy. Bobby shrugs his shoulders and steps into the ring as well and Walker is instantly on top of him. Bobby sees Black Jesus and thinks better of things and steps back

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to the outside.

Ace: This is a full on Team Danger attack. And look at Bobby Dean, he's basically shaking in his boots at the mere site of Walker. This could be a long day for WTFEC.

The referee is able to get Walker to head to the outside but in the ring Dane and Haynes are still trading punches, and Greer lifts Unlikely into the air and hesitates letting the blood flow to his head before sending him crashing to the mat with a Vertical Suplex. Greer pops to his feet roaring at his dominance of Mr. Hollywood. The ref is instantly over telling him to get to the outside.

Blackfront: The bell hasn't even rung yet and Mikey Unlikely is already seeing stars.

Ace: And we're not talking the type he'll be in a movie with!

Blackfront: I have to admit that was pretty funny.

Finally the ref calls for the bell as the dazed Mikey rolls out of the ring holding the back of his neck. Greer and Walker have a brief chat on the outside as Dane and Haynes keep trading blows. Finally Dane gains the upperhand a bit and tosses Will into the ropes. Will comes across and Dane throws a clothesline, Will ducks it. Will bounces off and comes at Dane with a forearm raised to smash into his face. Dane being the ring veteran he is is able to grab Haynes' wrist turn him around and plant him head first into the middle of the canvas with a textbook DDT.

Ace: Eric Dane showing off his in ring skills.

Blackfront: Those skills are never a doubt when it comes to the Only Star. As we all saw when he won his first match in the Ring King tournament in convincing fashion.

Dane kicks at Haynes motioning for him to get his feet. Slowly, but surely Haynes does and the two circle. Dane motions for Haynes to come and get him. Haynes feeling a rush of adrenaline, fuelled by the vicious attack on Coleslaw Jenkins earlier in the night charges. Dane and him lock up, Haynes slips behind Dane, wrenching his arm behind his back. Dane ducks underneath spinning out of the hold and twists Haynes arm putting pressure on it, forcing Haynes down to a knee to try to straighten out the arm and alleviate some of the torque. Haynes tries to roll but can't get the momentum to do so.

Dane drops an elbow onto the arm but doesn't let go of his hold, as a matter of fact he turns the arm even more. Haynes, realizing that his tactic isn't working gets back to his feet. Dane pulls Haynes in and grips him around the waist looking for a Belly to Belly Suplex. Haynes uses his head, literally and headbutts the Only Star causing him to break the hold and step back a bit dazed.

Blackfront: Good move there by Haynes to use his head.

Ace: Headbutts are for weaklings. If Haynes was any good he would've countered something there. Instead

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he resorts to a desperation play. No wonder he lost that Legacy Championship he loved so much.

Blackfront: A little harsh don't ya think?

Ace: No, not harsh enough.

Dane shakes his head, he can't believe the luck on Haynes. They charge again. Dane throws a punch and catches Haynes in the side of the head. Haynes keeps coming though and they tie up again. Dane locks in a side headlock and runs into the ropes with Haynes, Haynes pushes Dane off in the middle of the ring. Dane hits the ropes and bounces back, Haynes bends to vault the Only Star over his shoulder but Dane delivers a side shoulder block that sends Haynes to the mat.

Dane bounces off the rope, maybe looking to drop an elbow, but Haynes rolls. Dane steps over, bounces off the other side of the ring and Haynes leaps trying to take down The Only Star with some sort of spinning heel kick. Dane catches Haynes and brings him up for a Powerbomb.

Blackfront: Haynes in big trouble here as Dane shows that strength.

Ace: This could be curtains for WTFC early.

Haynes squirms and is able to land on his feet and quickly plants a knee into Dane's side and drops him with his own textbook DDT.

Blackfront: Quick moves there from Will Haynes, avoided that near disaster.

Haynes presses a pin.

One...

Two...

Dane powers out and quickly gets to his feet. He throws a somewhat lazy punch that Haynes easily ducks. On the comeback Haynes throws a superkick but the Only Star rolls under the ropes to avoid it.

Ace: You cannot outsmart Eric Dane. You just can't. He's been around the block a time or two.

Blackfront: Or three. Great move by the Only Star there. And you gotta think that the Superkick Haynes just threw might be some sort of message to La Flama Blanca.

Ace: That's the problem, Haynes shouldn't be sending messages. He should be focused on this match right here.

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The ref calls for Eric to get back in the ring. Ty and Greer look at him, making sure that the Only Star isn't calling for the reinforcements. Haynes stands on top of the bottom rope barking for Eric to get back in the ring. The ref backs Haynes off and starts his ten count. Before he really even gets to one Eric is back in the ring.

Dane extends his hands to test the strength of Haynes, the second Haynes goes for it Eric plants a boot in his gut sending him doubling over. Dane delivers an elbow to the head, as Haynes reaches for the ropes to pull himself up. Haynes finds himself in a neutral corner dazed as Dane puts another punch into his stomach. A few well placed boots to the midsection have Haynes slumped in the corner.

Dane pulls Haynes out of the corner and tosses him like a rag doll across the ring again, but Haynes reverses this one sending the former WWA great across the ring instead. Upon coming off the ropes Haynes leaps and lands a dropkick right to Dane's chest sending him to the mat hard.

Blackfront: Nice dropkick from Haynes there.

Haynes pulls the stunned Dane to his feet and walks him over to the WTFC corner and tags in Mikey Unlikely. Mr. Hollywood is tagged in and steps into the ring and starts going to work immediately.

Haynes holds Dane up and Mikey drops a hard boot right into his midsection. Mikey puts in a side headlock and runs with Dane and drives his head hard into the top of one of the neutral corners. With Dane still dazed Mikey grabs his arm and wrenches it. Dane punches Mikey but Mikey holds the wrench still. Dane charges trying to throw something to catch Mikey off balance but Mikey ducks his attempt. He uses Dane's momentum to grab him from behind and send him to the mat with a Full Nelson Slam.

Blackfront: Unlikely looking very good here tonight in his last UTA match.

Ace: I hope Team Danger messes up his face so his movie deal falls through.

Blackfront: Now that's not very nice.

Mikey delivers an Elbow Drop right to Dane's chest that the Only Star sells very well. Mikey covers.

One...

Two...

Blackfront: Kickout by Dane.

Mikey circles and Dane wastes no time he shuffles over to his corner and he tags in Stephen Greer, the King of Pain. KoP enters the ring and cracks his neck side to side. The two men circle up with Greer throwing a few air punches to stay loose. Mikey moves in and he gets a kick to the gut from Greer. Mikey doubles over in pain as Greer lands a huge uppercut, backing Mikey up. The Plague of Hydra backs himself into the ropes

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to come off with some force, he charges Mikey, Mikey has it well scouted playing a bit of possum perhaps and hits Greer with an explosive T-Bone Suplex.

Blackfront: Hey Mikey I think he likes it!

Ace: That was weak.

Mikey bounces off the ropes and drops a leg over the throat of the King of Pain before rolling to his feet. Greer is quick to his feet, Mikey slaps a side headlock but Greer pushes Mikey into the corner. Mikey catches some turnbuckle and is dazed, Greer runs in looking for a shoulder block but Mikey meets him with an elbow to the face. Greer turns dazed checking his nose for blood. Mikey sits on the second turnbuckle waiting for Greer to turn. And turn he does. Mikey hits a Dropkick right to his chest and quickly pins.

Blackfront: Pin by Mikey.

One...

Two..

Ace: And a kickout from Greer.

Greer quick to his feet as Mikey slaps on a side headlock. Greer wisely pushes Mikey back into the Team Danger corner, as Ty Walker blind tags himself in.

Ace: This is where Team Danger's experience as a team is really going to catch up to WTFC.

The ref saw the tag but Mikey didn't. Mikey distract with trying to get Greer off of him doesn't even notice Ty lurking behind his blood brother, the King of Pain. Greer finally lets go insisting to the ref that he is heading to the outside. Mikey turns towards Ty only to be greeted with a huge boot to the midsection. And then a combination of punches into Mikey's chest and stomach. Mikey is hurt and stumbles over to the other corner. Ty takes Mikey and whips him across the ring.

Mikey tries to reverse it but Ty reverses that reversal and sends Mikey back into the turnbuckle hard. Ty wastes no time and charges but Mikey brings a foot up and catches Walker in the face. Mikey charges a few punches backs Ty up into the ropes closer to the WTFC corner. Mikey gets a confidence boost and the crowd cheers. He backs off Ty and charges, Ty moves takes Mikey by the neck and tosses him through the ring ropes where he falls HARD to the outside.

Blackfront: Unlikely thrown hard to the outside. Might've landed awkwardly there, Ace.

Ace: Did he break his neck? No. Then I don't care.

Ty slides out of the ring and heads to pick Mikey up. Mikey is up first and pushes Ty hard into the ringpost.

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Ty hits his back and howls out in pain. Mikey sizes Ty up and goes for a Spinning Heel Kick but Ty moves out of the way and Mikey catches his knee on the ringpost. That sends him instantly to the floor holding his knee.

Blackfront: Mikey catching the ringpost there. That had to hurt.

Ty stalks Mikey as Mikey withers in pain. Ty throws a lazy kick into Mikey's mid section smirking to himself. You can hear him ask, "What's wrong Hollywood?" Ty kicks the knee lazily again and tosses him back into the ring. While in the ring Mikey can't get to his feet. Ty drops an elbow onto Mikey's chest, followed by another. Ty grabs Mikey by the head and lifts him to his feet. He pulls him in and drops him with a Snap Suplex. He turns after and stares at Dean smiling.

Ty then puts another boot on the leg of Mikey before tagging in Greer.

Ace: King of Pain in the ring now, let's see if he can make Mr. Hollywood bleed his own blood.

Blackfront: You're something else tonight.

Ace: What it's a quote from a movie? I'm helping Mikey hone his craft. He should thank me!

Greer bounces off the ropes and drives a knee into the side of Mikey's head. Then the stomps start, into the arms, the midsection, and the already hurt knee. Again a stomp to the knee, a smile starting to build on Greer's face as if he's enjoying hurting Mikey further. Mikey tries to crawl away but Greer pulls Mikey back into the Team Danger corner by his hurt leg and quickly tags in the Only Star.

Blackfront: Now that Team Danger has taken control here it looks like they are trying to stay fresh.

Ace: Depth is important in every sport. This is no different than having good subs in a football game.

Dane gets to work right away, lifting Mikey's leg and stomping away at it. Dane holds his leg putting pressure on it. Mikey instinctively grabs at Dane's hair. Dane feeling the pain tries to back away but Mikey doesn't let go and ends up using Dane's hair to pull himself to his feet.

Ace: Look at this, Mikey with a handful of hair. He has no shame. DQ him ref!

Once on his feet Mikey gets a kick to the leg from Dane, Mikey's leg buckles due to the trauma earlier in the match. Dane sees his opportunity and runs forward.

Blackfront: ONLY STAR!

Ace: Say goodnight!

Mikey drops to the ring like a sack of potatoes following Dane's renamed Shining Wizard. Dane covers.

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One...

Two...

Blackfront: And Mikey kicks out. Let me tell you something, this one has been pretty good so far.

Ace: If you like idiots like WTF, yeah sure.

Dane is up to his feet and starts stomping Mikey's leg yet again. Mikey sits up and wants to tag but he's too far away. Dane backs into his corner and tags in Ty.

Ace: See, staying fresh. That's how you win something like this.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean hasn't even entered this match yet.

Ace: That's a good thing.

Ty enters the ring as Dane locks in a headlock. Ty delivers a huge boot to the head. Ty then smiles and pulls Mikey into a Texas Cloverleaf.

Ace: Holy hell look at this. The Black Jesus going basic here pulling Mikey into a Cloverleaf. Oh my god.

Blackfront: That leg is damaged we already know that. You gotta wonder how long Mikey can last here.

Ace: Normally he doesn't use this move but this is a perfect time for this submission. That's Team Danger.

Mikey starts inching towards his corner. Inch by inch. He doesn't tap as Ty lets go of the hold but the damage is done, Mikey can't even stand.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely is getting worked over hard here in his final UTA match.

Ace: And with good reason!

Ty pulls Mikey to his feet and smiles. He motions to his Team Danger brothers and mouths the words/letters, "O-D-B."

Ace: Ol' Dirty Bastard forthcoming. This has gotta be it.

But Mikey shows life as Ty pulls him. Forearm smash to the head, another one. Ty is dazed. Unlikely stands and delivers a DDT, dropping Ty hard on his head in the middle of the ring. Both men are down, Mikey favoring his leg. Ty rolls to his knees and reaches and tags in Dane. Mikey doesn't get a chance to make a tag. Haynes is reaching as far as he can, so is Dean. Dane comes in and promptly heads to Haynes delivering a massive punch to the head, sending Haynes off the match.

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Blackfront: Dane making sure Mikey doesn't get any help here.

Ace: In ring veteran, how many times do I have to say it?

Dean surges as if he's going to get in the ring. The ref tells him no. Dane turns to continue the assault on Mikey but gets caught with it -

Blackfront: ONE HIT WONDER! ONE HIT WONDER! While Dane was occupied Mikey off the turnbuckle.

Mikey withers in pain holding his leg after delivering his Springboard Flying Forearm Smash. Dane is down breathing heavily as well. Dane rolls over to his knees. Mikey leaps and tags in Bobby Dean.

Ace: This outta be good.

Bobby enters the ring slowly. Ty and Greer mouthing to him as he does. Dane gets to his feet, holding his neck and looks at Bobby, then to Ty and Greer. Then back to Bobby again. He shrugs and throws a punch that Bobby counters. Dane's face is shocked. Bobby delivers his own punch which backs Dane up. Dane shakes his head, this isn't the way this works. He delivers another punch and again Bobby blocks it. The crowd pops. Bobby delivers his own punch which again backs Dane up.

Ace: Wait, what is going on here?

Again same thing, Dane punch, Bobby blocks and delivers one of his own. Backing Dane into the ropes. This time Bobby surges and knocks Dane clean over the top rope and onto the floor outside.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean standing tall against Team Danger! Wow. Who saw this coming!?

Dane rolls to his feet on the outside staring a hole into Bobby shaking his head. Ty, Greer, and Dane all shout at one another trying to figure out what's happening. Ty steps in advance of Dane to try to run interference but Bobby levels him with a huge punch as well. Bobby boots him a few times as Dane charges from behind.

Ace: Distraction Tactics from Team Danger here.

Bobby moves out of the way of Dane's full head of steam letting him come up with nothing but ropes. Dane bounces off the ropes right into Bobby's arms. Bobby sizes up Dane for his driver finisher but Greer starts shouting at him. Bobby turns away from Dane and towards the King of Pain. Bobby turns back and Dane tries to roll him up quickly.

One...

Two...

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Blackfront: Kickout by Dean!

Dean rolls to his feet rather quickly in a moment that is more like a mini miracle. That's when Dane strikes. Monster clothesline, sending Bobby to the mat. He presses for a pin.

One...

Two...

Blackfront: Bobby powers out again.

Dane is winded, Bobby is winded. Both men lay on the mat breathing deeply. Dane is too his feet first, staggering. Bobby behind him. Dane a punch, and an attempt to send Bobby across the ropes. Too heavy and he doesn't move. A forearm shot to the head and another Irish Whip thought but again Bobby doesn't move. One final forearm shot and Bobby now is whipped across the ring. Dane scouts it out and uses Bobby's momentum to hoist him in the air briefly and fall back with an Exploder Suplex.

Blackfront: HOLY HELL. Eric Dane got Bobby up and over and we could feel the ring shake here at the announce table.

Ace: Pure athleticism from Dane right there. Who says you can't teach old dogs new tricks,

Both men are still down. Dane took a bit of the impact on that Suplex and is winded.

Blackfront: Who's gonna make the tag here first?

Both men make tags. Haynes is tagged in by Dean, Greer by Dane.

Ace: Here we go. Kill him Greer.

Haynes with a full head of steam, still hell bent on avenging Slaw from earlier in the night, charges. Greer looks for his Hellfire Lariat, but Haynes ducks it he heads to the Team Danger corner and launches a Superkick that catches an unsuspecting Ty Walker right in the chin. Haynes turns and ducks another Hellfire attempt. Greer grits his teeth after the second miss.

Blackfront: Haynes lucky his head didn't get taken off there.

Ace: Yeah, damn shame.

Greer turns and Haynes boots him in the stomach and spins around his backside, before hitting his Swinging Lifting Inverted DDT Haynes yells, "This one's for Slaw." And then delivers the move.

Blackfront: GOD'S GIFT! GOD'S GIFT on Greer! Could it be!?

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Haynes doesn't pin as Greer stirs. Greer stands, Haynes bounces off the ropes, Greer catches him going for a Side Slam but Haynes somehow comes loose. Greer turns to greet him and gets a dropkick to the chest knocking him back into the turnbuckle.

Haynes charges and mounts Greer. TEN PUNCHES!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Greer takes Haynes and pushes him off to the side, hanging his head over the ropes. That's the cue for Team Danger. Eric Dane steps into the ring to distract the official. And on the outside Ty Walker runs full speed and hits Hayne with his Busaiku Knee finisher.

Blackfront: Haynes, slumped over. He never saw Ty coming there. That's it!

Greer decides that it's not enough. He wants to hit his. End Haynes like they ended Slaw earlier. He throws him into the ropes and looks for the Lariat to end it only for Haynes to smartly roll out of the ring.

Ace: How in the hell did Haynes even know where he was?

Blackfront: Instinct? Sometimes the ring is a second home to these guys.

Haynes is in a bad way, stumbling, but manages to slide in the ring by the WTFC turnbuckle. He blindly reaches for someone and finds the hand of Bobby Dean.

Greer smiles and bounces on his feet. He fixes his arm pad, ready to throw the Hellfire Lariat at a moment's notice.

Bobby steps foot into the ring, Mikey watching from the outside. Haynes dazed by the ring stairs. Mikey holds out his hand for Bobby, urging him to tag him in. "Let me," Mikey says. Bobby does, but he doesn't leave the ring. Mikey enters the ring, Greer ducks a clothesline attempt from him, Mikey ducks one from Greer, and then Bobby spins Mikey around and knees him in the gut stopping him in his tracks.

Blackfront: What just happened?

Bobby nods to Greer, who smiles. He tags in Ty Walker. They've got big, big plans for this. Dane smiles from the outside, and rubs his hands together before giving Bobby a brief thumbs up.

Greer motions for Bobby to serve Mikey up like last night's prime rib. Bobby pushes him towards Greer. Greer bends him over for the powerbomb portion of the hellacious finisher that is Simon Says Die. The fans

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start to boo.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean just turned on WTFC, I can't believe this.

Ace: This is the best part of the show so far!!

Greer puts Mikey into the air with his portion of the finisher as Ty comes over for his Neckbreaker finish and Greer sits out. Simons Says Die on Mikey Unlikely as his neck takes an awkward angle on impact.

Ace: That's all she wrote.

Ty rolls ontop for the pin.

ONE...

TWO...

Haynes charges but Greer sees him coming and...

Blackfront: HELL FIRE LARIAT! Haynes flips in the air. Jesus Christ!

Ace: Wow, this just keeps getting better and better.

THREE...

Announcer: Your winners by pinfall....TEAMMMMMMMM DANGGGGGGER.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean leaving the ring as Team Danger celebrates. Why did you do it Bobby? Why?!

Team Danger continue to celebrate in the ring.

Child's Play Thing

Lady Gaze stares at the monitor at the aftermath of Team Danger Vs WTFC. She has her arms crossed disgusted at what she is watching. Her phone rings she walks over to the couch and rummages through her purse. She pulls out her cell phone, and puts it to her ear.

Gaze: Yea what is it?

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A voice can be heard from the phone rather muffled.

Gaze: She is here? Yes, let her through she is a friend. Make sure to give her directions where to find me.

Gaze hangs the phone up and looks at the monitor now with an evil smile across her face.

Gaze: Boy are you two in for a nice surprise.

Gaze laughs for a moment.

A few moments passes.

There is a knock on the door. Gaze walks over to the door and opens it. A woman in a cloak, with blue hair, and light blue eyes stands before her. She has a box in her hand. Gaze grabs the box and hugs it as she spins around in joy.

Gaze: I never expected you to finish so quickly dear.

Woman: It was not easy milady. The next time your husband wants to hurt one of my children stop him!

Gaze looks over her shoulder toward the woman who stares coldly toward her. Gaze slowly opens the box as a glow shines from in the box. Gaze has an ear to ear smile across her face with her eyes wide open.

Gaze: Times up boys!

What a Night So Far

Cameras pick up the crowd in all it's intensity. The lights flash different colors and swing around the AT&T Arena. We cut to Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace behind their play-by-play table.

Blackfront: What a night so far, Tommy!

Ace looks like he's had a lot taken out of him.

Ace: I've had a great night! It's only going to get better.

Blackfront: Coming up in minutes we have a huge Triple Threat Match for the Prodigy title. Lamond Alexander Robertson puts his title on the line against Alex Beckman and the former UTA Prodigy Champion, Ron Hall.

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Ace: This has been one match I've been looking forward to for a long time.

Blackfront: We all have. Still to come here on Black Horizon...

Graphics for each of the upcoming matches appears under the Black Horizon label.

Blackfront: After the Prodigy Championship match we have another Title match. Perfection and Pin Smith go head to head for the UTA Wildfire Championship.

Ace: This is Perfection's first match back in the UTA. I don't know if there's going to be any ring rust.

Blackfront: The winner of the Wildfire is going to have to submit. The loser is going to have to say I quit or tap out. That's the only way to win this match.

Ace: Perfection knew what he was doing when he made this a Submission match.

Blackfront: He's got to hope it doesn't backfire on him... Shock Therapy, Abdul bin Hussain and John Sektor... what else can you say, Tommy.

Ace: These two men are going into the electrified cage, a setting very fitting of this feud. It's going to be a classic.

Blackfront: The story between John Sektor and Abdul bin Hussain has been very heated. We've seen Sektor kidnap Rafiq, we've seen the mind games played by The Gold Standard...

Ace: Abdul has been taken out of his element. John Sektor taking a page out of Hussain's book. Terrorizing his opponent.

Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca hit your screen.

Blackfront: And in our Main Event... Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca will fight for the UTA World Championship. Dynasty goes one on one... in a First Blood Match

Ace: This has really shaken up the UTA. James Wingate pulling a fast one on Jackson and LFB... up until this point Dynasty was cool as the other side of the pillow and this has changed their tune.

Blackfront: This has certainly excited the UTA Universe. The Prodigy Title match is up next!

Where's Mikey?

Black Horizon: 2015

A flashlight is being shined into Will Haynes' eyes, but he's having none of it. He swats away the EMT with a hand.

Will Haynes: Where's Mikey?

The EMT writes something down on his little clipboard. He pockets a pen into his shirt pocket, and takes off a pair of white latex gloves, throwing them into a nearby trashcan.

EMT: Well the good news is that you don't have a concussion, Mr. Haynes. We thought for a second this was going to jeopardize your inclusion in the Ring King tournament.

Will Haynes: Where's Mikey?

The EMT ignores the question again and continues.

EMT: If you're still feeling doozy we can take you down to the Team Doctor's room. Mr. Jones has made sure all of the medical facilities are open to us. They have an attending on duty.

Haynes stands, he's woobles slightly but regains himself. The EMT eyes him cautiously. Haynes grits his teeth.

Will Haynes: Where. Is. Mikey?

EMT: They took him to the hospital already when they took The Seocnd Coming also.

Haynes goes white.

Will Haynes: And no one came t' get me? No one thought t' tell me what was goin' on?

The EMT looks confused.

EMT: Mr. Haynes, you yourself were thought to have a concussion. We needed to make sure you were alright as well as giving Mr. Unlikely the best care we could offer. There wasn't time to consult you.

That last part is very sarcastic.

Haynes rubs his neck, it's a little sore. The Hellfire Lariat is no joke.

Will Haynes: Will ya at least tell me what hospital y'all sent him t'?

And that's when we cut.

Black Horizon: 2015

Blackfront: It has been one hell of a night so far and up next, we have the hotly anticipated Prodigy Title bout between current champion Lamond Alexander Robertson, former champion and Hall of Famer, Ron Hall and high flying newcomer Alex Beckman. Who knows what will go down in that ring.

Ace: Beckman will be shoving some haggis down the throat of old Scotty tonight and walking out of here with The Machine's first trophy. Just look at what happened last time those two stood in the

Blackfront: You can't discount the Ron Hall factor in this match either though. A Triple Threat match works very different to singles competition. Beckman may have made a big splash on her arrival but she's in a very different situation here tonight.

"Gold Medal" by Tha Trademarc booms over the speaker system as out from the back shimmies UTA Hall of Famer and former Prodigy champion, Ron Hall. The crowd squeals with delight as Hall dances atop the entrance way.

Blackfront: The former champion is here and he looks to be in high spirits.

Ace: I suppose you got to perk yourself up before you go to the electric chair. I wonder what Hall's last meal was.

Blackfront: You'd be ridiculous to count out this Hall of Famer, LAR may have got the better of him on Victory but Hall has proven his can get it done in that ring. He may be a little bit older but that raw instinct is very much part of his DNA.

Hall walks down the ramp, waving to the hordes of screaming fans as he locks eyes dead in the middle of the ring. Focusing on what's to come in a mere few moments time.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a Triple Threat match for the UTA Prodigy Championship! Introduction first, he is a UTA Hall of Famer... RONNNNNNN! HALLLLLLLLLL!

Hall hops up on the apron, climbs into the ring and immediately turns focus, staring down the entrance ramp, awaiting the arrival of both Alex Beckman and LAR.

Blackfront: Hall isn't going to let this opportunity go to waste, he wants that Prodigy title back and he is going to do his upmost to get there. I think all of the audience here tonight and watching at home deep down want to see that ole Outlaw riding high once again. He'll have been training for this one.

Ace: I suppose beating up helpless managers is a sensible training regime.

"Go To Sleep" by Eminem begins to play throughout the arena, inciting the crowd into a frenzy of boos as Alex Beckman makes her way out from behind the curtain, escorted by HOW Hall of Famer Mike Best.

Black Horizon: 2015

Her fight robe covering her head at the top of the ramp, she hops in place and stares down toward the ring with very little fanfare. On her right side, Mike gestures toward her and tauntingly plays the crowd, smirking and berating them for not receiving her warmly.

Blackfront: Beckman and Best looking very confident here tonight but again, can her in-ring strategy work when she keeps on having to watch her back? Beckman won't be used to this split focus in the ring.

Ace: You know she has vengeance on her mind tonight after that appalling attack by Ron Hall on helpless manager Mike Best. I'm surprised Hall wasn't suspended for his actions! Mike Best is not a competitor in UTA and does not deserve a kick in the face. I was disgusted!

As the tempo of her music kicks into second gear, Alex stops limbering up at the top of the stage and begins to descend down the ramp. She ignores the fans at ringside, walking slowly down to the ring. Michael Best goes on ahead of her, stopping the announcer before he can announce her arrival and instead taking the microphone for himself.

Best: Ladies and gentlemen, do not adjust your television sets, what you are about to see is REAL. Hailing from Camp Kinser, Okinawa, Japan by way of Chicago, Illinois...

The booing only intensifies as Michael Best arrogantly heralds his client. She stops at the bottom of the ramp, resuming her hopping and stretching routine as she awaits the rest of her lavish introduction. Fans, mostly male, try to reach over the guard rail to harass and grope at her.

Best: ...she is a mind blowing physical specimen, standing at five foot seven inches and weighing in at lean, mean one hundred thirty five pounds...

Alex steps forward toward the apron, climbing up the steps and holding onto the turnbuckle as she leans on the ropes.

Best: ...she is the Thai-breaker, the BTKO Killer... she is the single most dominant woman in the history of women and domination... get on your knees and pay your respects to your NEXT Prodigy champion, ALEX.... BECKKKKKKKMANNNNNN!

At the announcement of her name, Alex spins on the apron to face the ramp, ripping the hood back off of her head. In one fluid motion, she ducks backward beneath the rope, as Michael Lee Best holds it open for her, and finally she steps inside of the ring.

Blackfront: A vote of confidence from Alex Beckman's manager Mike Best right there. Not surprising considering her in ring record to date.

Alex Beckman takes her corner, slowly removing her robe and handing it off to Michael Best. The HOW Hall of Famer in turn hands it off to the actual ring announcer, telling him to do something with it since he just had the last two minutes off.

Black Horizon: 2015

As she stretches out on the ropes, "Go To Sleep" begins to fade from the PA system in the arena. She prepares for the beginning of the match, talking to Michael like he's her cornerman as she impatiently awaits the opening bell, glaring a hole through Ron Hall the entire time.

Blackfront: I wonder what last minute wisdom Mike is passing on to Beckman as we await the arrival of the champion.

Ace: "Do what you've been doing for the past month but more so." Seems like good advice in my book.

A slow drum beat begins from the PA system, repeating itself as the crowd dies down to hear it. The Utatron flickers into life, fading in with the image of a hill, cloudy blue skies above and a large steel Claymore sword buried into the grassy surface. A Scottish flag sits behind it, the wooden pole deep in the soil as well, waving effortlessly in the wind.

And suddenly, the sound of the rich violin bursts into the silence, playing its quick repeating verse as 'Promontory' by Trevor Jones begins to play.

As the violin repeats itself, from the back slowly steps the figure of Lamond Alexander Robertson, a bright smile on his face as he taps his foot to the music. Coming onto the stage, Robertson turns slowly, taking in the lights, the rafters and sheer production value of the show, arms outstretched in the moment as he turns back to face the ring and the crowd, holding the Prodigy championship high up in the air.

Blackfront: And the arrival of LAR means this triple threat match is seconds away. People have been buzzing about this contest all week and I think it's going to deliver.

Ace: I suppose it will deliver the in ring murder of Ron Hall, which although amusing does have the same air of sadness as putting down a puppy. And look at LAR, desperate for the approval of the fans here tonight!

A second violin joins the first in the unending repetition, as LAR walks down the ramp, stepping over to one side of the crowd and taking their outstretched hands in his, shaking each one. He shares a few words with each fan, a laugh with some before moving to the other side of the ramp and repeating with a few there.

Announcer: Making his way down to the ring, hailing from Pockton, Scotland.

Robertson walks his way around the ring on the outside, shaking hands with fans. He gets to one fan with his son, placing his hand on the father's shoulder and whispering something to the boy before shuffling his hair and moving on. Lamond makes a point to shake hands with the announcers and the time keeper before stepping up onto the apron and into the ring.

Ace: And he's spreading disease too. Look at him, shaking hands, no antibiotic hand gel, disgusting!

Announcer: Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and sixty seven pounds...

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LAR immediately walks to the corner, dropping to one knee and lifting a necklace he wears around his neck. He kisses the front of it, saying a few words with his head bowed and eyes closed before standing and turning to face the rest of the ring, slapping his left arm with his right hand. He once again gestures towards the Prodigy championship.

Announcer: Lamond...Alexander...Robertson!!

He places the necklace on the outside of the ring, as well as taking his t-shirt off, standing proudly in the Robertson tartan kilt. He hands off his belt to the official, who presents it to a disinterested Beckman, still glaring a hole through Hall, and Hall, continuing to gesture towards a welcoming crowd.

Blackfront: There is a clear tension going on in that ring right now, everyone is positioning themselves to get ready to make the first move.

Robertson lowers down, using the rope to keep himself steady, almost sitting on his heels as he waits, the referee presenting the Prodigy up high for all four sections of the arena.

Ace: Kiss it goodbye Robertson. Kiss it goodbye.

Blackfront: A real interesting dynamic going on in the opening seconds of this match. Ron Hall wants a piece of LAR for taking the title, LAR wants to redeem himself after his first match with Beckman and Beckman wants to kill Ron Hall for kicking

Blackfront: The second that bell rings, there will be chaos unleashed.

As if he could hear the commentary banter, the referee hands off the Prodigy title to a ring attendant and signals for the bell. Beckman, LAR and Hall cautiously look around the ring at each other, wondering which one is going to make the first move. Beckman has a clear focus on Hall and takes a lunging step towards him. Hall backs away as LAR moves closer towards Beckman. Beckman kicks high up on the air, sending LAR cautiously back away from her. As LAR backs off, Beckman breaks to stand-off by rushing towards Hall with a double leg take down. Beckman immediately goes for the mount but LAR pulls her off.

Blackfront: LAR and Beckman now exchanging words in the middle of the ring and Beckman looks ready to murder the champ.

Ace: Don't talk. KILL!

As if following orders, Beckman creates a bit of clearance between herself and LAR and goes for the stiff kick right to the gut of the champion. LAR tries to react fast and grabs hold of Beckman's leg but struggles with his grip. Hall jumps back up from the prior takedown as observes what's happening, Beckman and Hall eying each other as Beckman tries to break free to LAR's grasp. Trying to use to situation to her advantage, Beckman nails LAR with a stiff uppercut, breaking her free from his grasp. As LAR staggers on his feet, Hall decides that he's going to make his presence in the match known and begins to position himself in front of the

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stagger champion. As LAR spins around, Hall catches him fast, before either LAR can defend himself or Beckman can react...

Blackfront: COUNTRY CHIN MUSIC! COUNTRY CHIN MUSIC! Hall saw an opening and went right for it!

Ace: Already! Amazing scenes in the opening bout of this contest. This could be over as quickly as it began!

LAR falls backwards to the mat as Ron Hall looks on in complete disbelief that it worked, LAR now crumpled up on the mat. Ron Hall contemplates going for the cover, completely forgetting that Beckman has regained her footing and is very much upright in the ring. Before Hall can even go for the cover, he is kicked square in the temple, which doesn't ground him but certainly staggers him. Beckman follows up with a flurry of kicks that are focused straight on Hall's arm, successful in each turn and Hall's arm gets progressively redder and redder. While Hall is trying to work out his defence to the onslaught from Beckman, she rushes in, grabs the arm, flips him over and wrenches in a pretty tight armbar, screaming out as she attempts to wrench Hall's arm from his socket. Hall flails in the ring, grasping out in the hopes of reaching a rope.

Blackfront: Well, we promised chaos in this match and I think that has delivered so far. We've already seen the champion laid out cold with a brutal superkick, we've seen the lightning fast Beckman be caught in the action and now we're seeing what happens when you give

Ace: And it's going to end.

Beckman continues to wrench the armbar in as hard as she can as Mike Best sticks his head in from under the rope, screaming at Hall to tap out and save himself. Hall attempts to free himself from Beckman's iron grip but has no opportunity to position himself. Slowly regaining his bearings, LAR spots what is happening and manages to drag himself over, dropping and elbow down hard on Beckman's chest, causing her to break the hold as she gasps for air. As Beckman tries to recompose, LAR drops a fist straight to her face, Ron Hall scrambling over to the corner of the ring and nursing his arm, clearly showing signs of damage from Beckman's grapevine.

Blackfront: I don't know how Robertson managed to recover from Country Chin Music but it's a good thing for his title reign that he did.

Ace: The man was desperate, he knew if he didn't use up his remaining energy, we'd have a new champion at this exact moment! Now the question is, with Beckman actually taking some hits, how will she cope?

Robertson takes a breather as he tries to shake the cobwebs from Hall's surprising opening gambit. Hall, now nursing his bad arm begins using the ropes to pull himself back up. As he's doing so, LAR is also slowly getting back to his feet. The two men meet in the middle of the ring and begin to slug it out back and forth, the crowd cheering both of them on. Robertson swings with high right fist, right to the jaw of Hall, Hall responds by throwing his left paw back at Robertson, his arm still clearly hurting and raw from Beckman's attack. Robertson follows up with a series of rights that sends Hall flying back to the ropes. LAR follows up with a knee to the gut, hooks Hall up and lifts him high above.

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Blackfront: Picture perfect vertical suplex from Robertson here, I just have to wonder how long he's going manage to keep him up there.

Ace: If I was the champ, I would not be wasting time, Beckman is still very much in the ring and I'd want to put Hall down before she recovers.

As if Ace was psychic, Beckman has managed to get back up and upon observing the situation in front of her, decides that the best thing to do would be to rush towards LAR and drive a knee square into his back. This causes the chain reaction of LAR losing grip of the Outlaw, sending him crashing down to the mat, as LAR follows up top thanks for the force of the knee from Beckman. This ends with LAR falling on top of Hall. Beckman looks on at the damage as the referee goes down for an actual count of LAR on Hall. This doesn't last for long as before the count of two, Beckman punts LAR in the skull and breaks up the pin attempt.

Blackfront: That's one way to break up a count I suppose, a highly brutal but effective way.

Ace: Brutal but effective, sounds like Alex Beckman to me.

Mike Best squeals with delight from outside the ring, applauding the showing of his client as she nudges Robertson off to the side, turning her focus towards Ron Hall once more. Beckman goes to mount Hall but Hall kicks her away, sending Beckman stumbling back away from the Hall of Famer. Beckman seems undeterred by this and once again attempts to go in for the kill but before she can get there, Hall kips up to an even base. Hall is quick to regret this decision as he winces deeply over his injured arm and is smashed in the face by an irate Beckman. Hall doesn't take this without response however, using his good arm to deliver a few elbows to the temple of Beckman. He manages to stagger Beckman back enough and begins to set up the band once more.

Blackfront: Will this be it? A second Country Chin Music? Hall look

Country Chin Music smashes Beckman straight in the face and Hall looks on in shock, as Beckman is staggered but not downed by his finish. Hall recoils in pain once again and can't follow through in the attack immediately. He isn't able to calculate his next move however as Robertson stuns the entire crowd, being the first person the take Beckman off her own footing as he hoists her up for a German Suplex. Beckman crashes down hard on her neck as the champion tries to end the bout by bridging himself and sliding Beckman's shoulders to the mat.

Blackfront: LAR has taken Beckman down! I can't believe it. I can't believe I've finally seen it here, live, at Black Horizon!

Ace: Calm yourself, let's be real. This was a two man job, if Hall didn't stagger Beckman with that superkick right to her chin, he could not have capitalised!

Blackfront: Regardless, the bridging cover... One! Two! No! Beckman powers out.

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A frustrated LAR runs his fingers through his hair, not sure what else he could have done, stunned at Beckman's kick out. Mike Best glares, wide eyed outside the ring, with a look that implies he may have just shat himself. Ron Hall just looks on, uncertain of what just happened right in front of him and not enough presence of mind to react to it. Robertson slams the mat three times in aggravation but is shocked as she turns around to see Beckman already scrambling up to an even base. Robertson hoists himself back up as the three competitors, looking a lot worse off than when the match started, end up once again deadlocked in their respective corners. The crowd erupt in applause as the three end up once again in a standstill.

Blackfront: I think you have to credit the tenacity of all three people in that ring right now. This just goes to show you how much that Prodigy Championship means right now in UTA. It is a prize worth fighting for.

Ace: I see two people and one murderous robot who just took a kick to the face, a German Suplex square on her neck and still survives to fight on.

Mike Best yells a few encouraging words to Beckman, who turns to her mentor just as Ron Hall lunges towards Robertson with a flying forearm that takes the champion down to the mat. Hall, clearly enraged at LAR's capitalising on his superkick quickly follows up by mounting the proud Scotsman and goes wild with a flurry of blows to the face of LAR. Mike Best screams at Beckman to get back into the match, who is still looking a little glassy eyed from the one-two combo. Beckman shakes the cobwebs clear as she looks on at Hall pounding furiously upon Robertson.

Blackfront: The fists are certainly doing a lot of the talking in this match.

Ace: Clearly a lot of anger that has been pent up between LAR's humiliating defeat to Beckman in her debut, Hall's loss of the title and his attack on Mike Best. These three are out here to damage each other, badly.

Blackfront: I think it would be fair to say that if someone doesn't leave this match with a trip to the hospital, it would be a shock. Not as shocking as the second of two Shock Therapy matches coming up later tonight but a shock none the less.

Beckman takes measure of the situation happening in front of her and rears back, psyching herself up. She looks over at Hall who seems much more focused on beating the ever loving crap out of LAR than anything else going on in the ring. Spotting the opening Beckman sprints in and almost kicks all of Ron Hall's teeth ring out.

Blackfront: The Thai-Breaker! Ron Hall may be missing all of his teeth after the force of that penalty kick!

Ace: Look though! Look! Beckman may have put too much of herself into that kick! She's hobbling around, looks like her shin may be in a bad way.

Beckman can't quite follow through on her brutal strike to the face of Ron Hall as she hobbles about near the ring ropes. Robertson has enough quickness to see the chance that he has just been presented. He rushes towards Beckman but Beckman is quick enough to drop down and low bridge LAR over the top. LAR flies

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down to the ground below, crashing down upon Mike Best hard as he does so. Beckman looks over at the anarchy outside of the ring and has a moment of quick contemplation of checking on her mentor and manager.

Blackfront: Beckman with a hard punt to Ron Hall but now so doesn't know what to do with herself. She looks hurt from that brutal kick, will she have enough presence of mind to be able to follow through?

Ace: Beckman put too much of herself into the Thai-Breaker and although it appears she knocked Ron Hall out cold, Robertson was still in the equation. A shocking amount of quickness sent the champ tumbling down on top of Mike Best on the outside. This is her chance though, this is the

Satisfied that Best isn't hurt massive, Beckman hobbles over to Ron Hall and collapse down on top of him for the cover. The official for the bout checks to see

Blackfront: This could be it, this could be Beckman and The Machine's first UTA championship.

Ace: We could be looking at a Machine sweep tonight and we still have that big Shock Therapy match between EH BE HAITCH and John Sektor later this evening.

Mike Best is yelling for the official to count from the floor on the outside. LAR is slowly beginning to pull himself up and himself back under the bottom rope as the official slams the mat for the count of one.

Blackfront: THIS COULD BE IT! ONE! TWO!

Ace: The champ is finger tips away from breaking up the fall. JUST USE THAT THICK SCOTTISH HEAD OF YOURS!

The official slams his hand to the mat for the final count of three just as LAR is about to slam himself down to break the cover. The referee signals for the bell.

Announcer: Your winner by pinfall... at a time of fourteen minutes and eight seconds and THE NEWWWWWWW UTA PRODIGY CHAMPION... THE THAI BREAKER... ALEX BECKMANNNNNNNN!

Mike Best manages to scramble to his feet, almost in disbelief at what he has just witnessed. A horrified Lamond Alexander Robertson is leaned up against the ropes in shock as Best demands the Prodigy championship from the timekeeper on the outside of the ring. Snatching the belt like an ungrateful child, Best straightens his tie and leaps into the ring as Beckman pulls herself back up to vertical base.

Blackfront: Well, tonight we saw that Alex Beckman is more woman than machine, we saw she was vulnerable...

Ace: But she won! She won the match, she is still undefeated, she is now the UTA Prodigy Champion and that bounty is still safely in the pocket of Mike Best.

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Blackfront: This has to be heartbreaking for LAR, this match had a deeper meaning to that man in the ring, it's understandable he looks devastated by the loss.

Best bounds into the ring like an exciteable pup as he begins to place the Prodigy Championship around the waist of his prize fighter. The referee holds Beckman's arm up high, to a wave of boos almost shaking the arena down as Best presents his champion to the world. The camera fades out on a shocked LAR, still leaned up against ropes, still in disbelief that he was so close to saving his championship but not close enough.

Are You Happy Now?

AT&T Stadium erupts into a chorus of boos as Sean Jackson and Marshall Owens are standing in an interview area, directly in front of a Black Horizon banner. The Wrestle UTA World Championship is draped snugly over Sean's shoulder as Marshall raises the mic to his own mouth.

Marshall: Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Marshall Owens. Aside from being the lawyer to the stars, I'm also the advocate to the world champion standing to my side, and to Dynasty.

As Marshall is speaking, Sean Jackson is standing there with an expression that can't easily be deciphered.

Marshall: Tonight, whether you deserve to see it or not. Two men, two champions, two friends are to step into the ring and do battle in a match that is frankly....

Marshall hesitates for a moment, a slight frown forms.

Marshall: Beneath them.

Sean's face begins to change, he is becoming increasingly impatient.

Marshall: Now don't get me wrong Mr. Wingate....

Finally having enough, Sean rips away the microphone which startles Marshall. He then steps in front of the lawyer to the stars in order to spew his venom.

Jackson: WINGATE!!!!

Screaming at the top of his lungs, Sean almost makes Marshall Owens jump out of his skin.

Jackson: YOU SANCTIMONIOUS SON OF A BITCH!!!!

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Marshall reaches out and touches the world champion on the arm, a valid attempt to calm him down, but to no avail. After jerking his arm away, his attention stays on the camera.

Jackson: YOU STARTED THIS!!!!

He shoves an accusing finger towards the camera.

Jackson: PUTTING EDUARDO AND MYSELF ON THIS COLLISION COURSE. A FIRST BLOOD MATCH TO BRING ABOUT THE END OF DYNASTY!!!

Marshall leans in.

Marshall: Sean...

The world champion thrusts his hand up and into Marshall's face. It prompts Marshall to stop, retracting his face away from Sean's hand.

Jackson: Shut up Marshall, I'm handling this now.

The lawyer to the stars exhales slowly, his head dropping slightly.

Jackson: Wingate, I don't care about the plan you've got for my world championship, nor do I care about the plans you have for the demise of Dynasty....

His face is turning red, and he's trying desperately to keep from clenching his teeth.

Jackson: Whether Eduardo remembers or not, I do remember the crap you put me through before joining Dynasty. I do remember that someone allowed Spectre to wreck last year's Black Horizon....

Again Marshall tries to intervene.

Marshall: Sean, now isn't....

Jackson: Shut up Marshall.

Again, Marshall reluctantly does as he's told.

Jackson: Why don't you go ahead and tell these people who it was Wingate? why don't you go ahead and tell us what part you played?

Marshall: This isn't the time Sean.

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The world champion lowers the mic, then turns to face his lawyer. The scowl on his face tells the entire story. After staring Marshall down, Sean turns back towards the camera.

Jackson: I don't care what you think is best for business Wingate, because I only care what's best for MY world championship. You think that constantly interfering in my business is best for UTA, but it was that same interference which ultimately brought about the creation of Dynasty.

He looks up towards the ceiling as a smile begins to form.

Jackson: Where is the Spectre now Wingate?

His head comes back down, eyes figuratively glued to the camera.

Jackson: How about Mikey Unlikely?

One of those superstars is gone and the other injured after brutal matches against the Mental Rapist.

Jackson: That's right Wingate, they're both done. So if you have any visions of grandeur, of MY championship belt leaving my side, then you are just as delusional as the slack jawed morons you cater to.

Sean turns and faces Marshall.

Jackson: Now you can brown nose the boss.

In a huff, Sean tosses the mic to Marshall and storms away. The entire incident has Marshall completely dumbfounded.

Marshall: I...uhh...

He shrugs.

Marshall: Mr. Wingate, my apologies. But you really should have put more thought into this before changing the stipulations. Is a first blood match between Dynasty members really what's best for business?

Marshall extends his arms outward.

Marshall: Mr. Wingate, I implore you. Please reconsider this first blood stipulation because if you go through with it....

He pauses for effect.

Marshall: Then what happens afterwards is all on YOU. I will wash my hands of any responsibility, leaving

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you alone to deal with the consequences.

As the camera pans inward.

Marshall: And believe me Mr. Wingate, there will be consequences.

Fade.

One Of Us Is Going To Bleed

From The World Champion we cut to the challenger. La Flama Blanca stands as the adrenaline flows. He looks ready for action next to Jennifer Williams with mic in hand.

Williams: Jennifer Williams here. We just heard from Sean Jackson, the UTA World Champion... with me now is the man who will face Sean Jackson in a...

La Flama Blanca can't wait any longer. This is his time to talk.

La Flama Blanca: Jennifer, I don't have time for this. Tonight, is about more than me, it's about more than Sean Jackson, it's about more than Dynasty, it's about more than Black Horizon... It's about the UTA World Title.

Williams soon gets cut out of the frame, the picture is centered on The Headliner.

LFB: Tonight, we will see the two top athletes in this company fight for it's top title. The way it should be. We see who is the best of the best. You can't have beat nuts challenging for the top title. You just can't. This is every fan boy's dream...

The fans... they disgust La Flama Blanca but the thrill of breaking their hearts and crushing their dreams, is heaven to him.

LFB: The UTA Universe FINALLY gets to see Jackson and LFB. They know the story. They know it all. They expect Dynasty to pull the wool over their eyes... Don't fret, we have some tricks up our sleeves.

Blanca pauses for a second, gathering his thoughts.

LFB: I'm not happy about having to be in this matchup but... I'm not backing down. I'm not LAYING down. This is for ALL the marbles. James Wingate wanted to shake things up. James Wingate wants to put asses in

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the seats. James Wingate... wants to see those Pay Per View subscriptions roll in.

The camera zooms out on both LFB and Jennifer Williams. Blanca is bouncing around a bit as he continues to speak.

LFB: For all of you who wanted to see Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca beat the crap out of each other... you get your wish. For all of you who wanted to see us tear each other limb from limb... you get your wish. For all of you who want to see us bleed... you get your wish. Well... half of that wish.

The Luchador lets out a laugh. He knows one of them will bleed tonight. He turns to fully face the camera.

LFB: One of us is going to bleed... And I don't plan on it being me.

He stands there for a second before walking off screen, leaving Williams by herself. The camera centers her in the shot.

Williams: La Flama Blanca is obviously prepared for tonight, our Main Event is still to come. Guys back to you down at ring side.

Williams stands and smiles at the camera as we switch to ring side. Blackfront and Ace are dead center on your TV screen.

Blackfront: Thank you, Jennifer. Tommy, we just heard from both men in the Main Event, what's your take?

Ace looks baffled. He comes back with something.

Ace: That was intense. I don't know, Jason. It could go either way, I can't wait!

Blackfront: That is still to come, folks. Up next, Perfection... Pin Smith... the UTA Wildfire Championship is on the line.

Back at ringside and the fans are plenty warmed up from the earlier action, ready for the next big match of the evening. The cameras are currently on the first choice commentary team of Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace.

Blackfront: What a show it's been so far, folks. And it's only going to get better. Next up is our Wildfire championship match, pitting champion Perfection against the challenger Pin Smith. This match has been surrounded in controversy ever since Perfection returned and the title was HANDED back to him by James Wingate..

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Ace: Because he never lost the title. I don't understand why people give Perfection so much heat for that..

Blackfront: Well, because he was stripped of the title and it has since been occupied by another Wrestler. You have to admit, putting a title on somebody without it being contested in a competitive match is going to cause a debate..

Ace: People can debate all they want. It all comes down to the fact that Perfection is the champion, he's won plenty of titles competitively in the past to justify it and nothing anybody says or does is going to change it.

Blackfront: Well Pin Smith might be able to do something about it. That young man has come on leaps and bounds in recent weeks. His performances in the ring have earned him this title shot and you can bet your bottom dollar he's going to give it his all.

Ace: Peh..on one leg in a submission match? I doubt it..

Blackfront: Well we'll get to that in a minute, but we're about to go the ring where Johnathan Franklin is in position and ready to introduce the competitors.

The camera switches to inside the ring where, indeed, Johnathon Franklin is poised and ready with a microphone.

Announcer: The following contest is scheduled to be a SUBMISSIONS MATCH...

RAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Announcer: ..and is for the WILDFIRE CHAMPIONSHIP!

RAAAAAAHHH!!!

Blackfront: Must say, it's nice to hear the fans excited for a Wildfire title match again. I was beginning to fear that the 'curse' was real.

Ace: Yeah..thank Perfection!

Announcer: The rules of the match are simple. In order to win, one competitor must make the other tap out or SUBMIT!

Ace: I know there's some dumb people in Texas...but everyone knows what submission match means right?

Without notice the AT&T centre becomes a party of flashing strobes and moving spotlights of many colors. The stage lights up from underneath as the video screen goes through an inspirational montage of sweet cars, flying dollar bills, fat booties bouncing. The PA ratchets up with a scientific sounding noise that reaches the apex as KING replaces the bouncing booties. "All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khaled kicks on over the airwaves.

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The fans erupt into cheers of support as Pin Smith steps out behind the curtain. His knee is heavily bandaged, and taped up, and its pretty obvious that he's struggling to walk.

Blackfront: Here comes the challenger and you may notice that his leg is pretty strapped up there. That's because a couple of weeks ago Perfection had his Dynasty buddy, CBR, attack that leg with a lead pipe. Now let's call a spade a spade here Tommy..

Ace: Man, you're talking to the ACE of spades right now. I'll say it..Perfection is SMART! He had a plan the moment he found out Pin Smith was his opponent. Perfection is a submission specialist, he uses the figure four..he busted up this duded knee and made the match a submission match. This is dog eat dog and Perfection is smart enough to give himself any advantage he can get. Say somethin!

Pin puts on a brave face as he walks down to the ring with purpose, high fiving the fans and getting them even more pumped and behind him.

Announcer: Introducing first, the challenger...Hailing from Rochester, New York...standing at six feet and six inches and tipping the scales at two hundred and twenty pounds..KING PIN...SMITH!!!

RAAAAHHHH!!!

The crowd roar at the mention of his name, whilst he gingerly climbs up the ring steps, instead usual dance style ascension. Ducking under the ropes he walks off his leg, circling the ring and stretching it out carefully.

Blackfront: Pin wisely not taking any risks with that leg of his. Usually his entrance is full of energy and showmanship but that injury of his is preventing him from doing that.

Ace: Man..Perfection is gonna rip that thing clean off. You talk about smart? Smart would be not trying to be a hero, and tapping out the first time Perfection locks that thing up!

"Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween begins to play.

The crowd immediately responds with jeers and boos. The one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain, wearing his Wildfire championship around his waist and raising his arms, accepting the crowds reaction to his wonderfulness.

Ace: Would you listen to these **Ungratefuls**?

Blackfront: That term gets used enough by Dynasty without you using it as well. And they're not ungrateful..they just want to see a fairly contested match for the Wildfire title, and Perfection has already deprived them of that.

Ace: Hey..all wrestlers wrestle with injuries..Pin could have pulled out of this match if he wanted to but he's here, because he believes he can still win and Perfection still has to get the job done.

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Blackfront: Fair point..

*There is no doubt about it
I'm one of kind, baby
I am le d'Artagnan de coeur
As you may see, candy.*

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to jaw-jack with fans near the rails. He walks up the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites.

Announcer: And his opponent..Hailing from Los Angeles, California

*And I'm talking with my eyes
and I walk in different styles*

Announcer: Standing at six feet tall and weighing in at two hundred and twenty two pounds..he is the CURRENT reigning and defending UTA Wildfire champion..

I'm a genuine man

Perfection grabs the middle ropes and leans over it, yelling at the fans in the front row.

*Yes I am
I am a perfect gentleman
Yes I am
I am a perfect gentleman
Yes I am, I am, yes I am
(perfect)*

Announcer: PERRRRRFECTIOOOOON!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Blackfront: So here we go, the participants are here, the title is here..all we need now is the bell to ring. Pin Smith you might notice has a considerable height and reach advantage but Perfection is matching him in terms of weight, so will be interesting to see how that works out. As well as Pin's obvious knee injury.

The referee takes the title from Perfection who smugly leans against his corner. He allows Pin Smith to get a look at it before holding it up to the crowd. He then signals for the bell.

DING DING!

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Perfection runs his hands through his hair and strolls out of his corner, but Smith comes flying at him, slamming an elbow across his jaw and hammering away at him with rapid right hands. The crowd burst with excitement at the instant offensive from Pin Smith!

Blackfront: Smith FLY'S out of the gate, catching the champion off guard and looking to get the early upper hand.

Ace: What a cheap way to start a title match..

Perfection is on the ropes, covering his head defensively as Pin Smith hits him with everything he's got. Perfection finally manages to duck on of the shots and swoop behind Pin, but Pin turns on a sixpence and nails him again with a spinning elbow smash!

Blackfront: Oof, Perfection felt that one..looks out on his feet.

Pin see's Perfection staggering and runs full pelt, taking him down to the canvas with a football tackle. The crowd pops at the high intensity move and Pin gets a cheer as he waves his arms at the crowd.

Flipping Perfection over, Smith holds up his right leg and looks around at the crowd, before attempting to lock in an ankle lock. Perfection screams and pushes his body off the canvas, before quickly tucking in his chin and rolling through the move. This causes Smith to run to the ropes and as he turns around, Perfection is waiting to deliver a dropkick, straight to the KNEE!

Ace: And just like THAT, Perfection is back in the game..

Blackfront: That knee of Smith was always going to be a target and he's really going to struggle in this match.

As Pin screams and holds his knee on the canvas, Perfection takes a second to shake off the cobwebs. Smelling an opportunity, he heads over to Pin and grabs hold of his leg, viciously stomping on the inside of the knee. The crowd boo's and Pin screams with every kick, trying to reach forward to protect it but being forced to drop his head back to the canvas with each kick.

Perfection then decides to drop an elbow to the inside of the knee, following it up with an inside leg lock.

Blackfront: First submission of the match, folks. This could be over quick depending on how badly tore up that knee is..

Ace: Like I said earlier..if Pin is smart he'll tap out now and whilst he's still got a leg to heal..

Perfection sticks out his tongue to the crowd as he listens to the yells of agony from Pin. Pin leans forward to try and grab perfection but he just applies more pressure, forcing Smith to cover his eyes as the pain becomes too unbearable. Perfection lets go for a second so that he can punch the knee a few times before

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locking it back up.

Pin raises his hand and shakes it, but decides to grit his teeth and lean forward. The crowd cheer with hope as he grabs Perfection by his golden hair, pulling back his head and giving him a few quick punches across his jaw.

Blackfront: Perfection breaks the hold!

Perfection holds the face he loves so much as Pin hobbles to his feet, barely able to put the weight on his bad knee. Perfection turns and Pin lifts a hand, but Perfection kicks out viciously, straight on the joint!

Ace: BAM! Perfection is in complete control..

Blackfront: This is proving to be a real struggle for Pin. But in my eyes he's an inspiration for even entering the ring tonight..

Pin holds his knee on the canvas and Perfection wastes no time going back to it. He grabs Pin by his foot and lifts his body off the canvas, slamming his knee back down hard.

Blackfront: Gawd! This isn't easy to watch...he's picking that leg apart bit by bit.

Perfection does this a further two times, causing louder yells of pain from Smith with each. Perfection continues to smirk proudly, grabbing hold of the bandage and strapping and beginning to yank it off aggressively. Pin tries to stop him but Perfection steps back and kicks him in the head, going back to work on removing the dressing. The crowd shower him with hate as he does it.

Backfront: Now he's removing the small shred of protection that Pin has on his knee. The challenger is in serious trouble now folks.

Ace: Perfection is an inspiration right now, Jason. He's showing any budding wrestler how to really capitalise on an advantage like he has.

With all of the strapping removed, Perfection picks up the injured leg of Smith and begins to drag him by it across the ring to the corner. He then slips under the ropes to the outside and pulls Pins legs through the ropes and parallel with the turnbuckle. The crowd at ringside yell abuse at him as they know what he is planning.

Blackfront: Oh COME ON, Perfection...you don't need to do this!

Perfection laughs as Pin shakes his head, whilst he holds his leg out. He then proceeds to swing his knee against the ring post, causing a sickening sound of bone meeting metal.

OHHHHHHHHH!!!

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Ace: DING!

Blackfront: Good lord...Folks, if you were wondering why the referee isn't counting Perfection out, it's because this match can ONLY end in a submission victory.

Ace: That mean weapons are legal?

Blackfront: Oh GOD, I hope not..

Pin whimpers as he holds his knee, his feet dangling over the side of the ring apron. Perfection taunts the ringside ticket holders, enjoying his dominance over the challenger.

Perfection then goes back to the leg, only this time he crosses Pins 'good' leg across his bad knee and begins to lock in a figure of four leg lock, hanging down with all his bodyweight applied to the leg.

Ace: FIGURE-FOUR AROUND THE TURNBUCKLE!

The whites of Pin's eyes have never been clearer as he screams at the top of his lungs. The referee deems the move to be illegal and begins counting..

ONE

TWO

THREE

Perfection keeps the hold locked in..

FOUR

He finally lets go and Pin instantly reaches forward to favor the injury. The crowd just continue their heavy droning of hate as Perfection now has a vicious look in his eyes.

Blackfront: Perfection isn't going to stop until that knee gives Pin no choice but to submit.

Ace: It's just a matter of time Jason..

Perfection goes back and grabs his leg again.

Blackfront: Oh not again..

But Pin kicks his leg out, pushing Perfection backwards and causing him to trip. As he does so the back of his head meets the barricade.

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YEAHHHHHHH!!!

The crowd is overjoyed as Smith finally catches a break in the match.

Blackfront: GOOD-LORD! Perfections head just bounced off the barricade! He could be out!

Ace: GET THE EMT'S!

Perfection lies on the outside of the ring, holding the back of his head and kicking his feet as the sting radiates through his skull. Pin meanwhile is pulling himself up via the ropes, really struggling to put his foot down. The fans are clapping to give him some momentum and encouragement as he tests it out, wincing and grimacing with each attempted step.

Blackfront: If Pin can shake this off he could have a chance of capitalising here because Perfection has well and truly had his bell rung.

Perfection has pulled himself up on the outside, but his legs look like rubber as he clings onto the barricade.

Inside the ring, Pin holding the ropes on the opposite side of the ring, glaring at Perfection with hate as he grits his teeth. Perfection takes a step forward from the barricade and Pin starts to run, still limping as he moves as fast as he can.

Blackfront: What's he doing?

The crowd gasp as Pin vaults the rope with a suicide dive, smashing his forearm across Perfections face!

RAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!

The fans stamp their feet with approval as Pin risks his own health. The move causes arguably more damage to Pin as he rolls around the outside clutching his knee.

Blackfront: Pin adding to his own injury with that high risk move there..

Ace: What an idiot..he's never gonna win the title like that!

Pins face is red with agony as he pulls himself up. At the same time, a still groggy Perfection is also pulling himself up. Pin grabs him and tosses him back into the ring, limping towards it and climbing in after him. Perfection gingerly gets to his feet, but the challenger comes up behind him and takes him down with a boddy scissors and rear naked choke hold!

Blackfront: Pin has the submission locked in!

Ace: Come on Perfection!

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Perfections arms move all over the place in desperation as Pin wrenches back on his head. He rags it continuinsly, alternating the pressure to make the pain in Perfections neck pulse, before giving it a good long stretch. The fans excitment builds and builds as Perfections hand hovers above the canvas.

Blackfront: He's ready to tap! We could have a new champion!

Perfection moves his hand away from the canvas and begins searching around his body, finding one of Pins legs which is wrapped around him. This just so happens to be the injured leg which he grabs hold of and pulls up towards his own sternum!

Ace: HE'S REVERSING IT!

Pin immediately lets go of Perfections neck and throws his head back against the canvas, yelling out as Perfection turns the hold into an inside leg lock.

Blackfront: There may have been some luck involved in that..but GOD DAMN..that was impressive!

Ace (Golf Clapping): It was PERFECT!

The fans boo as Pin raises his hand, looking ready to tap.

Blackfront: You've given it everything you could son...no shame in giving up now. Think about your future!

Ace: Yeah TAP you idiot!

Pin holds his breath and pushes his body off the canvas, shuffling as quick as he can and lunging his hands towards the ropes.

ROPE BREAK!

The fans cheer but only briefly as Perfection keeps the hold locked in..

BOOOOOOOOO!!

ONE

TWO

THREE

He finally breaks the hold and Pin gasps in relief, once again clutching his knee. Perfection brushes the referee aside as he tries to warn him and yaks Pin up to his feet. He picks up Pins bad leg and he hops on his good one, before jumping up and smacking Perfection in the side of the head with an Enziguri!

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Blackfront: OOF! He felt that one..

Perfection stumbles across the ring holding his head whilst Pin pulls himself back up. He then hobbles to the centre of the ring and Perfection charges at him, but Pin rolls through on him and locks him into a SINGLE LEG CRAB!

Blackfront: SINGLE LEG CRAB! Somewhere...SOMEONE..is marking out for this move right now!

Ace: I'll tell you who isn't...ME!

Perfection yells as Pin keeps the move locked in, yet again instinctively raising his hand as that battle of 'fight or flight' begins to start inside his own head.

Instead he plants it down and pushes his body off the canvas with all of his upper body strength, and impressive commando rolls, bring himself under Pins legs and causing him to fall back on his back. Before Pin can react he has both of his legs spread wide and gives him a swift stomp to the knee before locking in a..

Ace: PICTURE PERFECT!! ITS OVER!

The crowd may boo, but Perfection has his old trusty figure of four leg lock tightly applied and Pin Smith is dead centre of the ring.

Blackfront: The challenger has no where to go..and once again all the pressure of this move is being applied straight to that injured knee.

His screams are uncomfortable to listen to as Perfection arches his spine to apply maximum pressure. The challenger raises his hand above the canvas..

Ace: This is it..

BANG-BANG!

Ace: HE TAPPED!

Pin closes his eyes..

Blackfront: No he's just banging his hands on the canvas!

Ace: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

In spite of Blackfront's protests..Pin clearly has not yet tapped and is merely banging his hands in pain as he can't stand the pain.

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Pins eyes soon turn almost manic as begins to turn his hips, using his good leg to try and relieve some pressure.

Blackfront: Gotta admire the challenger here for trying to fight on and get out of this move..

Ace: Don't listen to this guy, kids. If you get a bad injury do the sensible thing and forfeit the match!

Perfection is gritting his own teeth now, and looks around at the crowd who are beginning to cheer Pin as he tries to flip the move over on himself.

Blackfront: Pin trying to reverse this figure of four leg lock, his only realistic chance of escaping this hold...AND HE'S DONE IT!

Perfection screams as Pin manages to the flip them both over, and now the pressure is being applies to Perfection.

Ace: WHAT!

Perfection pulls at his own hair and punches the canvas as Pin applies the pressure. The crowd are ready to explode as the end draws near for Perfection. But, suddenly, Pin's chest collapses to the canvas and brings his own knee up to chest, clutching it for dear life.

Blackfront: Pin being forced to release the hold as the move is clearly still applying pain to his knee..

Perfection crawls over to the ropes and pulls himself up, stretching out his leg for a second before turning and seeing Pin Smith struggling with his leg. He sneers at him before charging over to his challenger and grabbing hold of his head. With Pin on one knee, he spikes his head into the canvas with a DDT.

Blackfront: DDT from the champion there, and he looks out cold!

Ace: Gonna be difficult to protect that knee when you're unconscious.

Pins eyes are open but they are looking glazed as he stares out of the ring. Perfection, meanwhile, slowly walks around him, eyes locked onto his injured leg. He decides to pull Pin up to his feet and then moves around to his side, lifting him up by his bad leg and dropping his knee across his own thigh.

Blackfront: OH! Perfection using that shin breaker but landing it on Pin's knee..

Pin rolls out of the ring, almost crying by this point as the pain becomes more intense with every blow and hold it endures. Perfection looks to want to keep the momentum going, rushing out of the ring to follow him. He laughs as he watches him trying to hop towards the barricade to support himself.

Ace: You know, Perfection has been in control for most of this match. That is proof that Pin Smith was no

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where near ready for a match or opponent of this calibre..

Blackfront: I disagree, Tommy. I think the heart he has shown tonight more than proves that he deserving of a match like this..

Perfection turns Pin around on the outside, kicking him sharply to his knee and causing him to yelp like a dog as he falls down to it. He then gives him a swift elbow across the jaw for good measure.

He mouths off at the crowd for a second as they hurl abuse at him, before turning to the steel ring steps and picking up the top layer.

Ace: I guess that question about weapons is about to be answered..

The referee leans over the ropes and warns Perfection as he holds the steel steps in his hands, but he just turns and tosses them to the side. What he does instead is drag Pin smith over to the bottom layer, lying his bad leg over it and stomping on it a few times.

Blackfront: This is getting sick..

Perfection leans down and lifts up Pins head, nailing him with a few stiff rights before pulling away. He walks over to the announce table and climbs on top, standing all over Blackfront's notes..

Blackfront: HEY! WATCH IT!

Ace: Don't you talk to him you ungrateful!

Perfection looks around at the crowd with a smirk as he stands on top of the announce table, pointing down at Pins leg which is in a perfect position across the steel steps.

Blackfront: Don't do this, son! You've done enough..

Perfection then flies through the air, throwing out his elbow and landing...

straight on the steel steps!!

OHHHHHHH!!!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! Pin moves out of the way and Perfection drops that elbow right into the STEEL!

Perfection rolls all over the outside, screaming and clutching his elbow.

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Blackfront: Perfection has seriously hurt that elbow! The odds may have been evened!

Ace: Postpone this match, right now!

Pin is up on one leg and looks around at the crowd, wide eyed and confused as to what just happened.

Blackfront: Perfection took a risk and it may prove to be costly.

The crowd cheer him on to take advantage as Perfection is still screaming in agony. Pin then wastes no time limping over to him, pulling him up and grabbing hold of his arm..

Perfection looks at Pin like a deer trapped in headlights and shakes his head, but Pin throws the elbow straight into the ring post!

Ace: GAH!

Blackfront: The tables have turned!

Pin grabs his arm again and punches him in the mouth as he tries to fight back, smashing the elbow back into the ring post!

Ace: Oh COME ON!

Blackfront: Don't even try to say anything about this, Tommy. You've been cheerleading Perfections game plan all night..

Pin looks around at the crowd with renewed confidence as they cheer for him.

ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!

He answers the calls of the fans, grabbing the arm again and throwing the elbow against the steel.

Perfection screams and runs away around the outside of the ring, clutching the elbow for dear life.

Blackfront: Pin Smith has a window of opportunity to win this match and win the title now. But can he capitalise on it?

Ace: Perfection will shake it off and get the job done. Don't even worry about it..

Pin limps up behind Perfection, clubbing him between his shoulders and throwing him back into the ring. He climbs in after him and Perfection charges at him, but Pin takes him down with a arm drag takedown.

Blackfront: Arm drag takedown to the bad elbow!

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Perfection gets straight back up but his face is visibly filled with pain as he shakes off his arm. He throws a punch with his good arm but Pin blocks and hits one of his own, before grabbing the bad arm and taking him down single arm DDT. Perfection clutches his elbow whilst Pin Smith checks his knee for a second.

Blackfront: Both men are now wounded but the challenger is finally in a position of control..

Pin hobbles back over to the champion flips him onto his front, pulling out his bad arm and straightening it out. He presses his knee over the joint and hyper extends it for a second before lifting his own legs high into the air..

Blackfront: No, think about what you're doing..

He lands his knee across the elbow and its like a bomb's gone off in the ring as both men rolls all over it, holding their respective joints.

Ace: Well, I think the answer to the question over who the SMARTER competitor is has just been answered..

Blackfront: I think maybe Pin isn't thinking too clearly right now. Either way he's just hurt himself as well as his opponent.

Perfection rings out his arm as he's back on his feet, whilst Pin Smith is back to trying to put his weight on his bad knee. Perfection rushes over to him and throws a punch, but Pin catches his arm, steps over and takes him down with an armbar takedown!

The fans jump to their feet!

Blackfront: ARM BAR LOCKED IN!

Ace: NO!

Perfection yells in agony as Pin stretches and hyper extends the bad elbow. The champion's hand hovers over the canvas and the referee is right in his face, asking him the proverbial question..

Blackfront: He's got to tap! We're gonna have a new champion!

The cheers are deafening as Pin wrenches on the arm now, doing everything his can to make the champion submit. Perfection manages to turn his hips slightly, and begins to punch Pin in the bad knee.

Ace: YES! GREAT AWARENESS BY THE CHAMP!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

The crowd drone with sounds of disappointment as Pin is forced to release the hold. But the damage has

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been done, Perfection is clutching his arm for dear life.

Blackfront: Gotta give it to both of these men in this match. Perfection has been on point since the beginning and tenacious in his approach, whilst the challenger has had to dig deep just to keep going on this match.

Perfection and Pin make it back to their feet at the same time but, of course, Perfection is standing a lot easier. They both spot one another and nod..

Blackfront: Little bit of mutual respect being show here..

The walk towards one another but Perfection instantly lands a drop kick to Pin's knee..

Blackfront: And it was short lived!

Ace: Respect is being shown, Jason. Perfection respects that Pin has a chance to beating him if he doesn't keep up this offense!

The fans are booing Perfection out of the arena as he mercilessly begins to kick Pin's knee apart again. He then tooks his boot under his arm and flips him over, locking in a single leg crab of his own!

Ace: SINGLE LEG CRAB!

Pin screams agan and shakes his head as the referee gets in his face. Perfection tries to push down onto the middle of his back but Pin uses all of his upper body strength to keep his sternum off the canvas, to relieve as much pressure as possible.

Blackfront: Pin again in a tight spot here..

Pin begins to crawl, using his long arms to drag himself and Perfection slowly across the ring. Perfection tries to walk him back to the middle but Pin is too strong on this occasion, stretching his arms as far as he can and just about catching the ropes.

ROPE BREAK!

The fans cheer and Perfection collapses forward with exhaustion.

Blackfront: There's just no quit in this kid, Tommy.

Ace: He's got more guts than brains, because that leg is gonna be rendered useless when this match is over.

Perfection slams his hand on the canvas in frustration, crawling to the opposite side of the ring and pulling

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himself up. Pin pulls himself up on the other side and limps over to the centre, where Perfection ducks a punch, bounces off the ropes and takes Pin down with a chop block to the back of the knee.

Ace: Chop block!

The fans boo as Pin goes down in a heap and Perfection flips him over, spreading the legs and circling around the bad knee..

Ace: Here it comes!

But as Perfection turns, Pin uses his good leg to push him away, sparking some hope from the crowd. Perfection turns and charges back towards Pin who takes him down by the bad elbow with a Fujiwar armbar. He then quickly moves his body over the back of Perfection and locks in a double trap armbar (Rings of Saturn).

Blackfront: Smith has a double trap armbar locked in! Perfection has nowhere to go and no way of escaping and that elbow is about to break!

The fans are shaking the roof of the AT&T arena as Perfection screams. The referee is lying in front of him and asking him the question. Perfection begins nodding his head vigorously..

Blackfront: Is he..

The referee jumps up and begins waving his hand..

DING DING DING!!!

YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Blackfront: HE'S DONE IT! PIN SMITH IS THE NEW WILDFIRE CHAMPION!

Pin lets go of the hold and collapses on his back, completely exhausted...whilst Perfection rolls away and clutches his elbow.

Ace: HOW? PERFECTION NEVER TAPPED!

Blackfront: THE REF MUST HAVE SEEN SOMETHING!

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Announcer: Your winner of the match via submission...and NEW..UTA WILDFIRE CHAMPION....KING...PIN...SMITH!!

Ace: NO! HE DIDN'T TAP! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

Pin can't believe it as he pulls himself up to his feet. He limps forward, his face full of emotion as the referee hands him the belt. He gazes at it in disbelief for a second before raising it in the air and letting out a tremendous roar as the referee raises his arm in victory!

The fans cheer wildly and he ducks under the ropes to go and celebrate with the fans, still hobbling.

Blackfront: What a courageous as valiant victory by Pin Smith tonight. Perfection dominated for most of the match and really tore that leg apart. But Pin found enough strength and capitalised at just the right moment.

As Pin celebrates on the outside with his new championship, Perfection argues with the referee as he holds his arm.

Ace: SEE! I TOLD YOU SOMETHING WAS WRONG! PERFECTION IS LIVID!

Blackfront: I think the referee did see something and enough to make him rule this decision. Perfection took a big risk earlier and hurt his elbow, and that's what's cost him.

Blackfront: He was never going to be happy with a loss, Jason. But there's no changing this result now..and folks I'm being told we need to head backstage..

The End if Near

Backstage, official reporter for The 'Machine,' Cassie Walsh, can be viewed. She's poised and ready with a microphone, flicking her hair back over her shoulder and smiling softly into the camera.

Walsh: Cassie Walsh here, *exclusive* reporter for the Machine, as we are just moments away from the long awaited rematch between Abdul bin Hussain and the Machine's very own, John Sektor.

Her eyes light up a little bit more at the mention of Sektor's name.

Walsh: This rivalry has been building ever since Sektor first arrived in the UTA. Abdul would first try to *stifle* Sektor's debut by interrupting him, before trying in vain to put him out of commission as he was a notable threat to his stature in the UTA.

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Her eyes tighten as the blatant bias towards the Machine member begins to shine through.

Walsh: But Sektor does not forgive and he most certainly does not forget. Turning on the tables on the so called 'Butcher of Basra,' he has managed to *terrorise* him for weeks, holding his manager Rafiq as hostage until he finally got what he wanted.

A slight smirk appears in the corner of her mouth, almost imitating Sektor.

Walsh: Now, these two men are about to participate in the second Shock Therapy match of the evening. It is a match that promises pain, suffering and brutality..

"Indeed"

Cassie's head turns towards the direction the voice is coming from, raising her eyebrows and gasping quietly at what she see's. The camera turns slightly to reveal The Gold Standard, John Sektor, dressed and ready in his wrestling attire. The surprising part is that at his side Abdul's manager, Rafiq, is being wheeled along in a wheelchair by Sektor's own manager, Michael Best.

Walsh: And here is the man himself..The Gold Standard..JOHN SEKTOR!

Sektor's mouth twitches with a quick smile of gratitude as he calmly positions himself next to her. Mike is smirking from ear to ear as he grips the handlebars of the wheelchair, whilst Rafiq is gagged and looking terrified. It's also worth noting that Rafiq appears to be holding a medium sized picture canvas in his hands, with the image facing him and away from the camera.

Sektor's eyes are soft and relaxed as he waits for Cassie to ask him a question.

Walsh: I must say you're looking very calm for a man who is about to enter such a brutal structure...but are you nervous at all about what lays ahead for you?

Sektor runs his fingers down his mustache as he thinks about this question for a moment.

Sektor: What lies ahead is the future, Cassie. And I am always nervous as to what it holds for me. But I am also excited..because I know, that I will soon have a huge weight lifted off my shoulders. Infact..

He smiles.

Sektor: I already feel a little lighter..

He shakes his head calmly.

Sektor: The pain...the agony?

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He shrugs it off.

Sektor: I don't enjoy it any more than the next man. But it reminds me that I am alive, and for that I can only be thankful.

He again smiles softly, before turning a little more stern and sincere.

Sektor: But what lies ahead isn't what's important for me right now. What's important is that I finish what I started tonight, and it will be Abdul fearing what lies ahead, as I put the final nail in the coffin that is his UTA career.

Cassie smiles, clearly impressed by what she has heard. She then notices the canvas that Rafiq is holding and frowns with curiosity.

Walsh: May I ask what, *that*, is?

Sektor swings his hips slightly, realising what she is pointing to and immediately looking excitedly.

Sektor: Ah yes! I almost forgot..It is a gift from my daughter that I wish to show you all. I don't need to tell you how much it means for me to receive such a token of affection from her, considering all we have been through..

He smiles with honest, looking genuinely like a proud father.

Sektor: Im sure Abdul was proud of *his* wife and child before they..you know? DIED!

Best: PAHahahahahaaaa!

Sektor remains calm and collected as Mike bursts out laughing from his sudden bluntness.

Sektor: But yes. I received this the other day from West Point. There was no message or letter, only this token of what I hope is a message of promise. My daughter is both creative but intelligent beyond her years..and she has combined both of these talents for this piece.

Sektor snaps his fingers at Rafiq and gestures him to show the picture to camera. He seems to biting down with anger onto his gag, whilst his hands grip the painting tightly and shake violently. Sektor frowns as he seems to hesitate.

Mike nudges him in the back of his head and he eventually, and begrudgingly, turns the picture around.

Cassie's jaw almost hits the floor as she see's the picture. It's a painting of an Arabic man, with a black beard, green turban and brown robe. At the bottom of the painting is a name..

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'Mohammed.'

Mike has a sinister grin on his face and Cassie's has drained of its color, realising the connotations of this image. Sektor just swings his hips, care free, from the painting to Cassie, still looking proud as punch.

Sektor: Now I know it's no Da Vinci, but she's only nine for crying out loud so..come on!

Walsh: I don't mean to be patronising, but..

She appears nervous as she begins to talk.

Walsh: You do *know*, what this means don't you?

Sektor just greets her with a warm and friendly smile.

Sektor: Of course I do. I am well aware of the outrage that painting such an image can cause. People died not so long ago for the exact same thing..

As Sektor talks, Rafiq continues to glare at him with disgust.

Sektor: But to me? This is a symbol from my daughter. A reminder that I cannot be stifled or repressed, and that I can do as I very well please. I also know what she would want me to do with..*this*..

With that he nods at Mike who pulls out a lighter from his pocket, tossing it over to his client. Sektor immediately sparks a flame and holds it down near the bottom right corner of the painting, smiling and enjoying the shocked reaction of Cassie as he sets it alight. The camera zooms in close on Sektor's eyes for a moment, showing the reflection of the burning flame.

Sektor: And just as my daughter painted this symbol...tonight?

Sektor's lip curls and he shows his teeth a little as vicious demeanor begins to take over him.

Sektor: Tonight...I paint MY masterpiece!

UTA Shopzone!

The screen goes black and fades back in to the members of Dynasty standing tall, side by side, arms crossed at center stage. We pan to the left where Bobby Dean clutches his tub of chicken in one arm and stuffs his face with the other hand. Pulling back and on a swivel we see Chris Hopper and David Hightower

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locked up.

Voice: Have you ever looked back at a moment in your past and thought to yourself... *'Self! We need to change that!'*

The view suddenly cuts to Hopper with the Icebreaker in position on Hightower and Dynasty now stands next to the ring.

Voice: Well, in the words of one famous Doc -- *Where we're going, we don't need roads.*

Cut to LFB with a kick connecting to the jaw of Hopper, while Perfection holds his arms back. Sean Jackson stands tall with a foot atop the head of Hightower.

Voice: And now neither do you! Not if you have your own wrestling ring!

The scene cuts back into the nearly empty AT&T Stadium in Arlington where the smiling face of one Zhalia Fears greets the viewers. She has one hand clutched around Bobby Dean while the other is positioning The Second Coming on the top rope before launching her forward and splashing into Bobby.

Fears: That is right wrestling fans! If you visit the UTA Shopzone today you can turn back history and relive all of your favorite matches with your favorite wrestlers all inside the UTA's very own ring! Or you can even recreate history!

A quick succession of clips play out showing as the hand-assisted LFB and Jackson set up Hopper for a double suplex then drop him on his head. The next shot has Hightower with his chain now wrapped around the ankle of The Second Coming who hangs over the top rope. Next shot with Lew Smith crashing a steel chair to the back of CBR's back.

Fears: La Flama Blanca versus Dr. Emo. Sean Jackson versus Darian Dumont. Bobby Dean versus Robot Pete versus CBR. Or how about reliving that awful night where LFB stabbed Madman in the back?

Another group of clips follow. FDJ choking Smith over the second rope. Bobby Dean, chicken bucket in hand, sat firmly on the back of KVT. Next shot of CBR, LFB and Jackson standing tall over the motionless Yoshi.

Fears: The past is history. However thanks to the UTA's Action series you can now hold our fate in your hands.

Zhalia raises her hands forward and places LFB in the ring in the left and then Sean Jackson in the right.

Fears: Control the destiny of Dynasty. Maneuver the fate of the superstars. Make your own history. And for tonight only, if you order tonight using the special code: Gold Standard Toys - you will get free shipping on all orders, no matter how small. That is just the UTA way.

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With a smile she extends the boot of LFB and connects the Estupendo Kick on Jackson, causing him to hit the ring mat. Zhalia then tosses LFB atop him.

Fears; One. Two. Three. New UTA World Champion!

She raises LFB's arms in the air next to Jackson.

Fears: UTA Shopzone. The only place for exclusive wrestlers merchandise.

The scene fades out to a spread shot of the UTA ring and the numerous past and current wrestlers of the UTA, before cutting to blackness.

As we return ringside, we get a shot of the ring. The cell has been lowered in order for the match items to be attached to it. We can see two stun guns hanging above turnbuckles while the other two have electric prods hanging. One on side of he ring, a defibrillator is tied. On the canvas sits two electrical boxes with extension cords coming out of them. The end of the cords ripped apart with wires exposed.

Blackfront: What a hellish structure that two men are about to enter. Notice there is no door. The only way to win is by pin fall or knockout.

Ace: This is the exact match that caused The Spectre's career to end prematurely. he was never the same after!

Blackfront: You're right, this is a career changer.

The cell begins to raise as we prepare for the opponents to come out.

Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC blasts around the arena, as the crowd erupts into cheers. 'The Gold Standard' John Sektor then struts out from behind the curtain, pushing Rafiq in a wheelchair, his mouth gagged. His manager, Mike Best follows.

Blackfront: How sickening. I am not an advocate of anything ABdul bin Hussain or Rafiq stand for, but no man deserves to be treated as Rafiq has been.

Taking a quick look around at the crowd, he slowly and calmly begins to make his way down the aisle towards the ring, ignoring the outstretched hands of the front row fans as he pushes Rafiq, who is trying to fight being tied to the chair.

Announcer: Hailing from Miami, Florida.

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After pushing Rafiq around to the side of the ring, he pauses at the bottom of the ring steps with one foot planted on the bottom step, soaking in the adoration of the crowd in attendance. Best whispers something in his ear before walking around the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, one inch and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds...

Sektor wipes his heels on the outskirts of the ring apron before ducking under the ropes and into the ring.

Announcer: The Gold Standard...JOHN SEKTOR!

Sektor throws his head back and stretches his arms wide, completely in love with himself as the announce echoes his name around the building.

Blackfront: Sektor is looking to end this feud here tonight.

Ace: We'll see.

Sektor runs to the ropes and tests them out before hopping to the middle of the ring and cranking his neck from side to side, sniffing hard as his expression begins to look more focused.

Ace: The Butcher of Basra wants to destroy John Sektor and recover Rafiq!

Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star Spangled Banner".

The big screen starts to show all sorts of American iconic sites. Children playing in the streets, baseball matches, troops in the Middle East. Those images dissolve into footage of various terrorist attacks from around the world including 9-11 until, finally, the Iraqi flag with two scimitars underneath fill the screen. This soon gives way to a hooded figure. The scene pulls back to fill the whole screen with this figure having sprawled at his feet American soldiers.

As Call to Pray by Seether begins to blare loudly through the arena, it is eerily evident that this wouldn't be a time for celebration. Outraged and appalled, the almost speechless fans erupt in hatred all at once.

Fans: USA! USA! USA!

The fans begin booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans is deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picks out people in the crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtains at the top of the ramp way parts and he emerges.

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Ace: This is going to be huge!

Standing there is Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. he looks down and sees Rafiq, and sprints down the ramp.

Announcer: Hailing from Basra, Iraq.....

Abdul runs around the ring, and over to Rafiq, ungagging him.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 242 lbs.....

Abdul rips away at the ropes around Rafiq's wrist as Sektor watches from inside of the ring.

Announcer:The Butcher of Basra.....Abdul bin Hussain!!!!!!

After getting his manager's hands free, Abdul turns to the ring and runs, sliding in. The cell begins to lower.

Ace: Looks like both men are ready.

The referee calls for the bell

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain not waiting for the cell as he attacks John Sektor with a series of rights and lefts.

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain more aggressive than usual. I didn't think that was possible!

The cell finishes lowering. An outside referee walks to the generator, flips a few switches and turns the handle. A loud electrical cracking is heard. The lights flicker.

Blackfront: The cage is electrified!

The bell sounds again to officially start the match the match.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain takes control early, pushing Sektor back into the ropes.

He pushes Sektor as hard as he can.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain with an elbow to the face of Sektor. Another.

He holds his elbow in the side of John Sektor's face and pushes it back until his head finally touches the cell. An electrical zap is heard as Sektor's head touches the metal. The shock is low, but is enough to travel through and shock Abdul bin Hussain as well.

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Blackfront: Sektor feeling that electricity early.

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain is an idiot! he shocked himself too!

Blackfront: The voltage will now increase! Remember, this is a more dangerous match than the one we witnessed earlier tonight!

Ace: There are so many different things these two can use!

Abdul bin Hussain and John shake off the shock before Abdul bin Hussain runs at Sektor.

Blackfront: John Sektor moves!

Abdul bin Hussain grabs the top rope and stops himself from going over and into the cell. As he turns, John comes forward with a boot to his gut.

Blackfront: John Sektor now in control.

Ace: Of course he is! He's the Gold Standard!

John grabs the head of Abdul bin Hussain and brings knee up and into his face as the referee watches on.

Blackfront: Knee smash to the face of Abdul bin Hussain.

Suddenly John comes forward with a big right hand.

Blackfront: Right hand by Sektor. Abdul bin Hussain with his own. Both men now exchanging fist. Months of aggression being let out now!

John Sektor bounces off the ropes and as Abdul bin Hussain tries to grab him he evades it by side stepping. John quickly rolls behind him, and before Abdul bin Hussain has a chance to turn around John Sektor tackles his knee, finally taking The Butcher.

Blackfront: John Sektor takes Hussain down!

Immediately John Sektor starts stomping Abdul bin Hussain's knee, each stomp bringing a grimace to the face of Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: John Sektor heading to the corner....

He begins to carefully climb the ropes, making sure not to touch the cell. He reaches up and grabs an electric prod hanging, yanking it down.

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Blackfront: John Sektor is the first to grab a weapon!

Ace: YES! ELECTROCUTE HIM! YES!

Blackfront: The real weapon of choice in this type of match. Easy to get, powerful when used.

John heads over to the Abdul bin Hussain who is starting to get up, pushing to his knees.

Blackfront: Sektor with that electric prod now... Abdul bin Hussain in trouble.

Ace: No, he's just getting what he deserves!

John comes forward with a yell, jamming the electric prod into the chest of the Abdul bin Hussain who lets out a loud yelp as he shocks him.

Blackfront: John Sektor shocking Abdul bin Hussain!

Ace: YES! BURNT BUTCHER!

Abdul bin Hussain falls to the canvas. John brings the prod down and slams it into his side. Abdul bin Hussain convulses on the canvas.

Blackfront: John Sektor is absolutely no stranger to matches with this type of violence.

Ace: He was well known for it when he traveled the independent circuit of Chicago.

John gets to a knee and pushes the electric prod hard into Abdul bin Hussain, continuing to zap him.

Blackfront: This is stomach retching. The screams coming from Abdul bin Hussain are terrifying!

Sektor tosses the electric prod to the canvas and heads to the cell. He shakes his hands, preparing for a shock before reaching up and grabbing the defibrillator attached to the catch. As he yanks it off, he takes a shock from the cell that causes him to drop the defibrillator.

Blackfront: Sektor paying the price for trying to introduce that defibrillator into the match. The voltage is now raising again.

As John Sektor gathers his bearings, Abdul bin Hussain pushes to his feet.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain still feeling the effects from that assault, but is on his feet.

Sektor shakes off the shock and heads to pick the defibrillator back up. however, the Abdul bin Hussain grabs him, turning him around.

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Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain has Sektor!

His face is that of a crazy man as he lifts John Sektor up and throws him over the top rope and into the cell.

Blackfront: MY GOD!

Ace: Shades of Jackson and Spectre!

John crumbles down, stuck between the ropes and cell. He screams in pain as the voltage continues to go through his body, steadily getting higher. Mike Best can't believe it, his hands on his head as he watches in horror.

Blackfront: Sektor is stuck! My God! Someone! DO SOMETHING!

Ace: We saw this earlier with Chris Hopper and CBR!

John's body shakes. The buzzing of the cell getting louder. The lights flicker. Best yells for the referee to do something, but is told there is nothing he can do.

Blackfront: Sektor finally able to get free and roll back into the ring. is his back.. smoking?

Ace: The indentation of that cell, burnt into his flesh in parts of his back!

Blackfront: The voltage is too high! This match is too dangerous!

Hussain grabs the defibrillator and charges it above Sektor.

Blackfront: I can't watch this.

Hussain kicks John in the side, causing him to roll over to his back. As he does, Hussain shoves the pads down and into the chest of John Sektor who kicks and screams.

Blackfront: Parents, please.. if you haven't already, send your children out of the room! This is tough to watch!

Sektor's arms are upreached as Hussain continues to shock him. His hand finally finds what it was looking for... the exposed wire. Grabbing it, barely missing the exposed ends himself.

Blackfront: Sektor has that wire... HE JABS IT INTO SIDE OF ABDUL BIN HUSSAIN'S HEAD!

Hussain drops the defibrillator and grabs the side of his head as he stumbles to the side and drops to a knee, screaming.

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Blackfront: Sektor able to get free using that wire, now crawling over to Hussain, wire still in hand!

John pushes to his own knees, wrapping the wire around Hussain's throat while he places a knee into his back and yanks back. The exposed ends fly around as Sektor avoid them, choking Hussain with all of his might.

Blackfront: This man is sadistic. This man is crazed. John Sektor is a demon unleashed tonight.

Outside of the ring, Rafiq who is now free, can be seen limping over to the side of the cell.

Ace: What is that idiot doing?

Sektor lets go of the rope and stands up, turning to Rafiq. He yells at the manager of Abdul bin Hussain from inside of the ring. Rafiq grabs the wire and begins to pull it out between the cracks of the cell.

Blackfront: Rafiq removing that wire from play, but there is still another on the other side of the ring!

Rafiq now slowly limps over to the generator while Sektor continues to yell. Mike Best begins around the ring now himself.

Blackfront: Rafiq is turning that generator to full power! MY GOD!

Mike Best grabs Rafiq by the shoulder and spins him around before shoving him as hard as he can. The large, injured man stumbles back and goes back first into the cell, his arms outstretched. Rafiq's body jerks and shakes as sparks shoot from around the top of the stage. Best watches on, a smile on his face. The same can be said for John Sektor... for a moment.

Blackfront: Rafiq is being electrocuted by the full power of that cell! But what's this? HUSSAIN IS UP BEHIND SEKTOR IN THE RING... HE GRABS HIM... SEKTOR SENT FORWARD AND OVER THE TOP ROPE INTO THE CELL!

As he hits the cell, Rafiq is shot face first to the floor, his body jerking violently. Sektor's body jerks before he falls back and into the ring.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain on his hands and knees again, unable to stay up after what he has been through. He reaches for Rafiq outside of the ring, unable to do anything!

Mike best looks at Hussain and taunts him before running forward with his dress shoe coming up and catching Rafiq in the face.

Blackfront: Come on Mike, that is uncalled for.

Best adjust his collar and smiles at Abdul who clinches his fist in anger as he watches him walk by.

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Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain wanting nothing more than to get his hands on Mike Best.

Ace: Someone should tell that idiot he needs to get out of this match alive if he ever wants to do that.

Behind Hussain, Sektor rolls over. His hand lands on top of the electric prod. He grabs it right his hand and brings it, under his body.

Blackfront: John Sektor concealing that prod as Abdul bin Hussain begins to get back to his feet.

Ace: He's in for a.. shocking.. surprise!

Hussain takes a breath before reaching down to grab John Sektor by the head, pulling him up halfway. He lets go and runs toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Hussain off of the ropes... on the return... PRAY TO AL- NO!

Sektor swings his arm up with the electric prod, catching Hussain in the out stretched groin. As Hussain falls to the canvas, Sektor slams the prod down into his groin again.

Blackfront: JOHN SEKTOR IS PURE EVIL!

Ace: He's just doing the world a favor and making sure Hussain never reproduces!

John Sektor finally lets up, holding the prod up and smiling. Mike Best claps from outside of the cell as Abdul bin Hussain holds himself. Looking down at him, Sektor drops the prod and grabs Hussain by the head.

Blackfront: John Sektor lifting a very badly injured Abdul bin Hussain to his feet, hooks his arms... and lifts him vertically...

Sektor holds Hussain and walks around before dropping him face first to the canvas as John sits out.

Blackfront: The C-SEKTION! C-SEKTION!

Ace: A vasectomy and a c-section live here tonight!

Blackfront: You're sick Tommy.

He turns Hussain over and covers him. The referee slides into place and begins to count.

Blackfront: Sektor with the cover.. two.. THREE! JOHN SEKTOR DOES IT!

Ace: Like there was ever any doubt.

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Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... JOHN... SEKKKTTOORRR!!!

Mike Best claps excitedly, stepping over a still out cold Rafiq. Sektor gets to his knees and throws his hands out to the side, his head looking up.

Blackfront: John Sektor mocking Abdul bin Hussain as the cell begins to lift.

Best slides into the ring as John gets to his feet. The two embrace before Mike steps to the side, and raises Sektor's arm up.

Blackfront: What a battle here tonight folks. Neither of these men will ever be the same again, I will tell you that much!

Ace: It was brutal. Probably one of the most brutal matches in UTA history!

Blackfront: Rafiq has been electrocuted and is down. Abdul bin Hussain, the same fate followed by a C-Sektion. The Machine stands tall tonight at Black Horizon!

Mike Best and John Sektor head to the ropes, exiting to the apron before leaping to the floor and starting their decent up the ramp.

Blackfront: John Sektor able to walk out on his own two feet as Abdul bin Hussain has yet to move.

Sektor and Best turn around and take in the boos as they look down toward the ring. Suddenly from the back, Perfection burst through the curtain. He slams a forearm into Mike Best's back, causing him to lose his balance and falls to the side of the ramp. Sektor tries to turn around, but Perfection grabs his arms from behind.

Blackfront: THE FORMER WILDFIRE CHAMPION ATTACKING JOHN SEKTOR!

Ace: He might not be the champion any more, but things are far from over between he and John Sektor!

Perfection turns both men's bodies around and drops John Sektor down head first into the ramp.

Blackfront: PERFECTION WITH THE PHOTO FINISH ON THE RAMP!

Mike Best, now up, runs toward Perfection, who leans down and grabs him, lifting up.

Blackfront: BACK BODY DROP BY PERFECTION! BEST HITS THE RAMP HARD!

Mike Best slides across the ramp, his upper body raising and his hand behind him on his lower body, over selling the expression on his face.

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Ace: Perfection standing tall over The Machine as the shots are fired by Dynasty!

Blackfront: Bodies are everywhere, and we still have one match to go!

Perfection takes in the boos with pleasure, as he holds his injured elbow, as we move away ring side.

Past. Present. Future?

With the main event coming up, the UTA Champion decides to steal away a few moments to himself. Already in his wrestling gear and sporting the UTA world championship over his shoulder, he knows that eventually the time would come to collect Vanessa and Marshall Owens.

He is quite sure the wrestling world would want to see the two Dynasty members destroy one another, to see this main event as the match that would bring about the downfall of the most dominant group in UTA history. What they don't realize is that THEY were the cause of the group's formation in the first place.

Oh yes, he and La Flama Blanca are going to give a show alright. But the end result would once again be the middle finger to the wrestling smarks and dirt sheet writers who simply can't wrap their heads around what actually makes Dynasty tick.

With all that on his mind, it would pale in comparison to what waits around the corner....

Not paying attention, he manages to run smack dab into his past, and maybe even his future...

The Only Star Eric Dane.

As they bump shoulder to shoulder, each stop dead in their tracks, stunned at first, then realizing who the other was. Of course the chance meeting was inevitable as it was bound to happen sooner or later.

The UTA Champion surveys The Only Star from head to toe. He shifts the title belt on his shoulder before breaking the tense silence.

Jackson: Eric Dane... I heard the rumors, never thought you'd show your face here in the UTA though.

Eric smirks.

Dane: And yet here I am.

The Champion cocks an eyebrow. Dane stands his ground in front of the champion but has little to say just

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yet. It would appear he's doing a bit of measuring himself.

Jackson: When's the last time I saw you, anyway? '99 in Florida?

The Only Star chuckles.

Dane: Nah, Georgia, 2001, right before they fired you on a clerical error and decided not to waste the effort in hiring you back.

The Mental Rapist smirks at Eric Dane. He's done a lot for himself in the meanwhile and he's not in the least bit disturbed or impressed by Eric Dane or his reputation. Another tense few seconds follow as the two Alpha Males share just enough space for something bad to happen.

Jackson: Clerical error huh?

That isn't quite the way that Sean Jackson remembers it.

Jackson: No, I think it went something like the boss wanted The Texas Outlaws without Sean Jackson, so I was sent packing to another company. But why rehash old memories when this is 2015 and those two goofs are ancient history.

Eric raises his hands mid-way into a neutral posture.

Dane: Hey man, no harm no foul. Besides, look at you now dressin' all fancy and sportin' that big gold belt like a boss! Honestly Sean, I'm impressed. I never thought you'd make it past bodyguard duty myself.

Jackson: Yeah, look at me now. And look at you, all bottom of the roster and the like. It must be different for you slumming it in the openers with Zhalia Fears and Alex Beckman and all the other little girls who never learned how to cook a proper meal.

The champ smiles wide. The Only Star bristles momentarily but does a fair job at hiding it. Thickness returns to the air around these two mat veterans.

Dane: Give it time, Sean. It's only fair I start at the bottom, knock off all the rust, give a few wrestling lessons out to some of the whelps on this roster. It won't last though, and you'll be seeing me on the other side of the ring from you sooner rather than later.

Sean contemplates for a moment.

Jackson: I can see that not much has changed over the years. Still the same Eric Dane, come in against a few tin cans and voila, Sherman's march to the sea. But understand this Eric, I can see that there's greatness in what you do and nobody can deny that....

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There is a bit of respect in Sean's voice, even if he is trying to hide it.

Jackson: But I'm not that same wet behind the ears kid who couldn't catch a break. I'm now the multiple time world champion who has the **UNGRATEFULS** hanging on his every word. You will see that soon enough in the main event later on tonight when La Flama Blanca and I tear the roof off of this place.

Sean looks at the camera and gives a wink. The kind of wink that reminds the world of what happened the last time the two were in the ring. For his part, Eric Dane has been awful quiet over the past several seconds.

Jackson: So anyway look, you're new here, and I wouldn't want it to ever be said that Sean Jackson doesn't go out of his way to help out *one of the boys* should the opportunity present itself. Why don't you come on back to the Dynasty locker room tonight after the show's good and done and partake in the Victory party. I'll introduce you to my brothers, hell, maybe there's even a spot in Dynasty with your name on it...

He smirks...

Jackson: You'd have to leave your attack dogs at home, of course.

The Only Star returns the smirk. Out of seemingly nowhere Tyrone Walker and Stephen Greer make their way around a corner and directly into place on either side of Eric Dane. The tag-team contingent of Team Danger both know Sean Jackson extremely well, and would appear to be itching to rekindle the old relationship.

Eric's smirk widens into a full grin.

Dane: Lemme get this straight. You want me...

He points to himself.

Dane: To leave these two...

He jabs a thumb in both directions at Walker and Greer.

Dane: These **Blood** Brothers who I've traveled the world with for fifteen years and beat up you and all of your friends and cousins and everybody else that ever made the mistake of standing in our way...

He stifles a chuckle.

Dane: You want me to do all that and come be your lap-dog? You want me to what, be the part of your team who actually *does* stand behind you when push comes to shove?

Eric mimes looking for the rest of Dynasty over Jackson's shoulder. Walker and Greer both pretend to search near and far for any scrap of the Champ's entourage.

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Dane: Tell you what, *champ*, you hold on to that big pretty belt you got there...

He reaches up and pats the center-plate of the belt. Jackson tenses for the fight that doesn't quite come. Yet. Eric goes on.

Dane: And one day, after I get done working my way through the mountain of hacks that I'm sure to come across here in the UTA, when I get to the point of challenging for the World Title...

He lets that sink in as if it's written in stone.

Dane: I hope you're still the champion, Sean. Because if you are, then you can have an up close and personal career rewind and remember what it's like to have Team Danger burn the world down around you.

He pats the title again with emphasis. The Champion flashes fury in his eyes and he thinks about it for just a moment before thinking better of doing anything that might jeopardize his main event title defense coming up in just a few short minutes.

Greer and Walker back away. Dane turns his back on the champion and he and his Team Danger cohorts make their way back to wherever it is that they materialised from.

Jackson: Hope?

Sean smirks a little himself. The notion of not being world champion after tonight never crossed his mind.

Jackson: No Eric, I'll definitely be the world champion. But most importantly, you will discover that being the dog in my lap is a helluva lot better than being in a hospital bed with the JFK syndrome.

With that, Sean takes a deep breath and continues down the hallway towards a potential date with wrestling immortality.

Ring King

August 23rd, 2015...

At the KeyArena in Seattle Washington...

One superstar will have gone the distance...

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One superstar will have become...

The Ring King.

Live on Pay Per View.

Down by Yelawolf begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca. The booing starts almost immediately.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain with a probable big smile on his face. Flaunting his Dynasty apparel, his UTA Legacy and Tag Team Championship title belts stacked on his waist. He stops, putting his fist high into the air.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca tonight looks to capture UTA World Championship gold.

Ace: A dream he has chased for the last year, finally his chance.

He gets a nice round of boos as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. He pauses for a few seconds seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. He loves it.

Announcer: Hailing from Durango, Mexico...

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the fans. He attempts to smack a fan but pulls himself back. He points his finger in the face of another fan.

Blackfront: Oh come on.

Announcer: Standing at Five Feet-Eleven inches and weighing in at Two Hundred-Fifteen pounds...

When Blanca finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the ring apron in one leap. The fans continue to boo their former hero.

Announcer: He is a member of DYNASTY, he is one half of the UTA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, he is the current UTA LEGACY CHAMPION... He is LA FLAMA BLANCA!

He hops over the top rope and bounces around the ring. The Luchador puts his arms in the air.

Ace: That could be our next champion!

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Blanca walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers. Flama Blanca comes to a halt in his corner; La Flama Blanca wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca ignoring the fans booing.

He is not giving the fans any attention as he takes of his belts, handing them to the referee.

v/o: AT&T Stadium. Can you feel it coming, in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen as you can see letters slowly fade in, forming #SeanJackson and #Dynasty.

I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord

As *In The Air Tonight* begins to play, Sean Jackson and Vanessa steps out onto the stage and looks at the sea of darkness while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop.

Blackfront: The Champion in maybe his biggest match to date. What can compare to having to face one of your best friends in the ring for the top title in the industry?

Ace: Everybody wins tonight Jason.

Can you feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord, oh lord.

With the UTA world championship belt fastened securely to his waist, Sean makes a complete turn on the stage, making sure everyone gets a full view of his newly acquired championship. After soaking in a resounding chorus of boos, he motions that it's time to head to the ring.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas.

As they make the slow walk to the ring, Vanessa is dressed in a blood red dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in his dark gray logo Mental Rapist shirt, black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other.

Announcer: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he removes the belt and holds it up high for everyone to see. After a few moments, the lights return to the arena and Sean prepares for his match.

Announcer: Representing Dynasty, the UTA world champion The Mental Rapist Sean Jackson.

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Blackfront: What a big match we have here. The sold out crowd is electric tonight.

Ace: How can you not be with two members of Dynasty in the ring?!

Blackfront: James Wingate has bared everyone from ringside with the stipulation that if anyone interferes, they will be fired. On top of that, he has made sure it is known that if there are any shenanigans in this match, there will be hell to pay.

Ace: All stuff he didn't need to do Jason. La Flama Blanca and Sean Jackson are the two most professional men in the UTA. Dynasty or not, these two will put on a match that people are talking about for ages!

Both Sean and La Flama Blanca stretch their final stretch before heading to the center of the ring. The fans scream and electricity is in the air as they stand toe to toe exchanging a few inaudible words.

Blackfront: This is main event action folks as both of these men have proven they can lead a Pay Per View like no other.

The bell sounds. Both Jackson and Blanca stare at each other. As the crowd goes nuts, Jackson turns his head to the left as Blanca turns his to the right, before they both inverse, taking in every bit of emotion that the prominently Texas crowd is giving them.

Blackfront: I don't think I have ever felt chills like I am right now.

They exchange one last inaudible word before, La Flama Blanca pulls his right hand back and comes up with a right to the side of Jackson's head.

Blackfront: Here we go! La Flama Blanca with the first show, Jackson reciprocates with his own. Another from Blanca, followed by another from Jackson as these two exchange shots in the center of the ring!

Sean Jackson takes the lead as his final return shot is followed by a second and third in succession.

Blackfront: Jackson with multiple rights, catching La Flama Blanca now.

Jackson grabs Blanca's arm and pushes him backward and into the ropes, before yanking the arm and sending him across the ring.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca off of the ropes now and on the return... Jackson catches him... up, and turns... HUGE spinbuster!

As La Flama Blanca hits the canvas, the slam echoes throughout and the fans go crazy. Jackson quickly mounts La Flama Blanca, pulling his head slightly up with his left hand as he begins hitting him with his right.

Blackfront: A flurry of shots to the head of La Flama Blanca now. However, Jackson has to take into

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consideration that even if he does bust Blanca open, the mask may conceal it.

Ace: He knows this Jason. Sean is no dummy. But he also knows, if you knock your opponent silly, you have a better chance of keeping control of the match and getting the result you want.

Blackfront: So you're pulling for the champion to retain tonight over La Flama Blanca?

Ace: I never said that. Both of these guys are the best of the best Jason. The real winner here is the fans.

Jackson unmounts La Flama Blanca, standing up. Immediately he begins to stomp the body of his Dynasty stable mate, making a round around him.

Blackfront: Jackson with those vicious stomps to the body of La Flama Blanca, keeping control of this match and wearing down his opponent early.

Ace: Sean Jackson is a two time champion for a reason. It's his ruthless and aggressive nature that he's showing us right here. But don't count La Flama Blanca out. Once the luchador gets a chance, he can turn it around out of nowhere.

Sean Jackson bends down, grabbing La Flama Blanca by the head, and pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Jackson brings Blanca to his feet. The champion now with a side knee into the mid section of his friend and opponent, La Flama Blanca.

Sean grabs the back of Blanca's head and forcefully sends him toward and over the top rope. Blanca crashes hard to the outside of the ring, hitting the floor.

Blackfront: Blanca now tossed to the outside. Remember folks, anything is legal in this match. The only way to win is to cause your opponent to bleed.

Jackson steps to the apron, looking down at La Flama Blanca laying outside. He runs across and leaps down with a double foot stomp, but La Flama Blanca is able to roll out of the way.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca barely escaping a double stomp from the apron.

Ace: He's a quick thinker Jason. That is why he is the UTA Legacy Champion, multi-time tag team champion, superstar of the week and month on several occasions. La Flama Blanca is just as much the best superstar in the promotion as Sean Jackson is.

Blackfront: Jackson pulling Blanca up from his hands and knees. Now directing him to the barricade. Jackson looking to send La Flama Blanca face first into the barricade now.. NO! Blanca able to grab the top and stop him. Now an elbow back catches the champion in the face! Another!

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Sean grabs his face and stumbles back. La Flama Blanca quickly looks back to see where he is before leaping directly up and landing feet first on the top of the barricade, and then pushing up and off, turning in the air and crashing down on top of the champion.

Blackfront: MOONSAULT FROM THE BARRICADE BY LA FLAMA BLANCA!

The fans go crazy. A back and forward chant of *Lets Go Blanca* and *Lets Go Jackson* breaks out. Both men lay on the floor, rolling around before La Flama Blanca begins to push himself up.

Blackfront: High risk move paid off and may be just what La Flama Blanca needed to turn this match around.

Ace: There is no risk when Blanca flies Jason. He is a professional and the very best in areal assault!

La Flama Blanca makes it to his feet. He grabs Sean Jackson's head, who is now on his hands and knees, and brings a knee up hard into his face, sending the champion back first to the floor.

Blackfront: Blanca with a knee to the face of Sean Jackson. All he has to do is catch him just right and bust him open, and we will have a new UTA World Champion.

Ace: Sean should have borrowed one of La Flama Blanca's mask for this to protect his face!

Blackfront: That would be... just weird Tommy.

Ace: Weird like a fox!

Blackfront: That also makes no sense... never mind. Outside of the ring, La Flama Blanca now with a calculated knee down to the forehead of Jackson, still trying to open him up. I have to say, these two men have put their friendship aside to bring a great back and forward match here tonight at Black Horizon.

Ace: Was there ever any doubt?

Blackfront: Yes. yes there was.

Blanca grabs Jackson by the head, helping him to his feet.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca pulls the champion to his feet. He quickly follows up with a knife edge chop to the chest of Sean Jackson. Another... and another... La Flama Blanca chopping the champion with a fury.

Ace: I love it!

Blackfront: Blanca now turns Jackson.... grabs his arm... La Flama Blanca looking to send Sean Jackson into the near by corner post... looking to bust him open now... NO! Jackson gets his hands up, adverting a

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potential loss!

Sean turns around. But, as he does, La Flama Blanca shoots forward, his leg extended, catching him under the jaw.

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KICK TO JACKSON! ESTUPENDO KICK TO JACKSON!

Sean is sent back, hitting the turnbuckle hard, before falling forward to the ground.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca is on fire right now folks! He wants to become the UTA World Champion and he is so close he can taste it!

Ace: Number one in the power rankings for all of twenty fifteen and never technically losing a title belt he has won, if La Flama Blanca captures the World Championship, he may very well retire with it some day!

La Flama Blanca heads over to the side of the ring, and kneels down, moving the apron. he begins to dig underneath of the ring.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now looking for something to assist him in winning this match.

Finally, he pulls a chair from out underneath of the ring. The fans go crazy as he holds it in the air.

Blackfront: He's got a chair. One good shot to the face of Sean Jackson and we have a new UTA World Champion!

Sean, now trying to get up, holds the side of the apron to keep his balance. He groggily stumbles as Blanca tightens his grip on the chair.

Blackfront: Blanca shoots forward with the chair... he swings...

Sean Jackson ducks and rolls out of the way as the chair misses, hitting the near by turnbuckle and bouncing back to catch La Flama Blanca in the head, sending him to the floor.

Blackfront: And it backfires!

Ace: Jackson was playing possum! He had La Flama Blanca believe he was more out of it than he was, and used that to his advantage. There is a reason that he is known as the Mental Rapist. He can lead anyone into a false sense of security, including La Flama Blanca.

Sean Jackson walks slowly over to Blanca, picking up him, and rolling him into the ring under the bottom rope. He looks down at the chair and smiles before heading over and picking it up.

Blackfront: Jackson now with chair in hair, could be looking to finish this.

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He tosses the chair up and over the ropes into the ring, before grabbing the middle rope to help pull himself to the apron before entering in.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson lifting that chair, things may get ugly here folks.

Ace: Things are only going to get ugly if the cameras cut to a shot of you Jason.

Blackfront: Such the jokester.

La Flama Blanca, on his hands and knees, begins to try to get up as Sean Jackson stands behind him, chair in hand.

Blackfront: The champion swings.... hard shot to the upper back of La Flama Blanca followed by another.

Blanca goes flat on the canvas, a hand behind him holding his back as Sean Jackson holds the chair high.

Blackfront: These two men will set everything aside and kill each other to walk out as the UTA World Champion tonight.

Jackson sits the chair upside down on the apron and begins to kick the hinges of it as he pulls the legs.

Blackfront: Jackson now trying to break that steel chair apart.

Ace: He's going to use the edges as a weapon to cut La Flama Blanca!

Jackson stomps hard enough to rip the back plating away from the legs, exposing the edges. He inspects the ridged metal and a smile comes across his face.

Blackfront: That evil sadistic smile of Sean Jackson means that he is up to no good.

La Flama Blanca begins to push himself up. As he does Sean Jackson straddles him from behind, bringing the edge of the chair into Blanca's throat as he lifts him from behind.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson bending La Flama Blanca backwards while choking him with that chair edge.

Sean lets go, swinging the chair back around as he steps back off of La Flama Blanca. Blanca lies on the canvas, holding his throat and gasping for air.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca having difficulty breathing.

Ace: It's because he is on the apron in front of us, closer to you.

Blackfront: Are you implying I smell?

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Ace: Well it ain't me Jason. I smell like a million bucks!

Blackfront: More like Justin Bieber.

Ace: Well, I do wear his cologne, so it must be doing something right!

Blanca rolls over to his back as Sean Jackson lifts the edge of the chair.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson bringing the edge of the chair down across the throat of La Flama Blanca...

Except that at the last moment, Blanca throws his arms up, grabbing the edge as it falls, and presses up to try and keep Jackson at bay.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca trying to hold Sean Jackson off. But how long will be able to?

Ace: If he doesn't we could see blood alright.. from his severed head!

La Flama Blanca begins to moves his legs around, finally wrapping them around Sean's. He rocks his body up. As he does, also pressing up and on the chair edge, Jackson's body starts to lose it's balance. He rolls backward and to the canvas. As he does, Blanca pushes up, rolling with him. As Blanca pops up from his feet, he forcefully brings the chair he is still holding, down, causing the other end to be forced into Jackson's throat. Blanca pops up over the chair edge and to his feet, taking a few steps forward as the chair falls and Jackson grabs his throat, unable to breath.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca using his quick thinking, to turn a potentially horrible situation, into a chance for him to come back.

Blanca, currently leaning on the top turnbuckle to hold him up and rest, turns and looks at Sean still holding hsi throat, but trying to get up.

Blackfront: Both men physically drained.

Ace: What did you expect? Two members of Dynasty, doing what Dynasty does best! Entertain!

Blackfront: Oh please.

Jackson pushes up to one knee. As he continues up, La Flama Blanca takes off, throwing his leg out once again.

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO -NO!

Sean Jackson grabs La Flama Blanca's leg on the follow through. He pulls back hard, causing La Flama Blanca to hit the canvas stomach first as Jackson yanks his foot up and back.

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Blackfront: JACKSON CATCHES BLANCA.. INTO AN ANKLE LOCK!

Ace: This isn't a submission match. The only way to win is back him bleed champ!

Blackfront: Jackson trying to break that ankle of La Flama Blanca.

La Flama Blanca yells as he reaches out, far away from the ropes which wouldn't save him tonight.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca trying to turn around.. fighting Jackson.

La Flama Blanca finally is able to turn over, placing his free foot in the chest of Sean Jackson and pushing back.

Blackfront: Blanca sends Jackson back... Jackson off of the ropes, on the return and follows up with a HUGE CLOTHESLINE!

La Flama Blanca's body seems to flip completely over before hitting the canvas.

Blackfront: Jackson is just as tough as they come Tommy.

Ace: You don't have to sell me on it. I already know this.

Jackson stomps over, grabbing La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Jackson sending Blanca over the top rope again.

He hits the edge of the apron before falling to floor for the second time in this match.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson heading to the outside now to continue controlling this match.

Jackson grabs Blanca by the head, walking him around the ring.

Blackfront: Jackson slams La Flama Blanca's face into those steel steps.

Blanca grabs his face and stumbles around the steps and forward.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca over here by our table now, using it to hold himself up.

Ace: How you doing champ?

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca turns as... GET OUT OF THE WAY!

We see Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace leap up and back as Sean Jackson charges La Flama Blanca.

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Blackfront: Blanca catches Jackson... up and over.... THROUGH OUR TABLE!

La Flama Blanca drops to a knee as behind him, Sean Jackson lays in the destruction of what use to be the commentator's table.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca able to turn things around, but does he have the strength to continue?

Blanca pushes up to his feet, turning around to face Jackson still laying in the rubble.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca just unsure where to go now.

Blanca looks up to the ring, before turning and heading toward it.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca on the apron now, climbing the turnbuckle from the outside.

Ace: What is he going to do?

Blanca makes sure to keep his balance as he faces out toward Jackson, visually lining up the distance.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson has to be at least ten feet from the ring.

The camera shows Jackson still laying on top of the table. Suddenly, La Flama Blanca leaps far and forward, tucking in as he begins to come down. His body spins around in a ball before he throws his limbs out and comes down, crashing hard on top of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: AY DIOS MIO FROM THE RING TO OUR TABLE OUT HERE! HE CONNECTS!

La Flama Blanca rolls off of Jackson, the debris now even more spread out. Jackson rolls to his side, barely able to breath as La Flama Blanca holds his midsection.

Blackfront: Simply amazing. Ay Dios Mio connects from ten feet away. I can not believe what we just saw.

The referee checking on the two, moves over to Sean Jackson. Suddenly he begins to throw his fingers at the time keeper's table.

Blackfront: Wait... I think the referee is calling the match!

Ace: He is!

The referee heads over to inform the announcer of his decision as the camera moves behind to see the back of Sean Jackson, a gash seen coming across his back with blood pouring out.

Announcer: The winner of this match and NEEEEWWWW..... UTA WORLD CHAMPION..... LA FLAMA...

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BLANCA!

Medical staff run over to Sean Jackson with towels as La Flama Blanca knees beside the ring, using the apron to hold himself up. The referee heads toward him, title in hand.

Blackfront: I'm unsure if La Flama Blanca even knows what has happened.

The referee meets Blanca, placing the title into his arms. Blanca looks down at it before pulling it into his chest and dropping to his knees.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca has done it folks! He has defeated Sean Jackson to become the new UTA World Champion! But at what cost?

Blanca gets up, rolling into the ring with the title. As he gets to his feet, he heads toward the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca celebrating as Sean Jackson is given medical attention.

As Blanca reaches the top of the turnbuckle, the fans chant *Ele Eff Bee!*

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca has had a long journey over the last year, that after everything, brings him the UTA World Championship.

He holds the title high....

and then drops it.

Blackfront: Wait.. what?

Ace: Something's wrong Jason.

La Flama Blanca hunches over, holding his chest.

Blackfront: Wait... La Flama Bla....

Blanca raises up and points to the ungratefals laughing as they are now booing.

Blackfront: How tasteless. Pretending to have a heart attack as Madman Szalinski did just last year.

Blanca leaps down to the canvas, picking the title back up which had fell into the ring. He watches outside of the ring as Sean Jackson is being walked around the ring. Jackson stops and looks up at La Flama Blanca before pushing through the medical staff, and rolling into the ring, his back covered in blood.

Blackfront: This could not end well here.

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Sean Jackson steps forward to La Flama Blanca who does as well. As they meet, Blanca holds the UTA World Championship high up, staring right into the eyes of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca making sure Sean Jackson knows who the UTA World Champion is.

The referee walks over with the Legacy Championship, handing it to La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca still the Legacy Champion will have to vacate that title.

LFB looks down at the Legacy Championship before holding it up now.

Blackfront: Cocky as ever, even to his own stable mate.

Ace: Not cocky Jason, he is proud. Who wouldn't be?

Blanca brings is arms down and stares at Jackson who we can see inaudibly mouthing something.

Blackfront: Jackson doesn't look happy folks.

Ace: His back just hurts, that's all.

They step in even closer, tensions flaring.

Blackfront: We could be seeing the end of Dynasty right here.

Ace: What a terrible day it would be if that is true!

Jackson then... extends his hand. La Flama Blanca adjust the titles on his shoulders before accepting, shaking Jackson's hand.

Blackfront: The two shake hands!

Ace: I told you Jason, nothing, not even the UTA World Championship can break Dynasty up!

Blackfront: Tonight folks.. the better man one and Sean Jackson being the man he is, acknowledging this.

Jackson heads over to the ropes, dropping down and exiting the ring back to the medical staff as La Flama Blanca resumes celebrating in the ring with both titles.

Blackfront: What an amazing night for that young man right there, becoming the new UTA World Champion. As brash is he is, tonight he has accomplished a dream.

Ace: I hate to see Sean Jackson lose the championship, but it's still inside of Dynasty! I can't complain there!

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A *You're No Madman* chant breaks out from the crowd. La Flama stomps around the ring, yelling at them before dropping the titles on the canvas and leaning out of the ropes. A microphone is handed to him before he returns to the center of the ring, above the two titles laying at his feet.

Blanca: Yea.. keep it up. Show the entire world watching at home that you are nothing but one hundred plus thousand ungratefals!

The fans continue to chant and jeer.

Blanca: YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT I'M NO MAD MAN!

Ace: He sure isn't.

Blanca: For the last year, I have scratched and clawed my way to the damn top. For the last year I have time, and time again overcame the obstacles placed in my way. Over the last year, I have...

He points down at the World Championship.

Blanca: ...earned that UTA World Championship.

The fans boo.

Blanca: So, yea... I'm not Madman. I earned my damn title, and unlike him.. I will keep it without having to pretend to be asleep for six months!

The boo louder.

Blanca: Keep chanting I'm no Madman.. please... all it does is put more stock in what everyone already knows...

He leans in.

Blanca: That I am the best damn wrestler in this industry today. You're right, I'm no Madman.

Blanca tosses the mic to the apron before picking his two titles up and holding them high as his theme music hits.

Blackfront: The new UTA World Champion with some strong words as we come to a close tonight. The road to Ring King starts here! Thank you for tuning in everybody!

Ace: Good night!

As La Flama Blanca turns around to face the stage, we get a wide shot of Dynasty standing at the top of the

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stage, clapping. Blanca stands proud as they watch him. The copyright comes up and we fade to black.