

220 iPPV: iPPV 3

December 14, 2013

iPPV 3

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220: IPPV 3 - 12/14/2013

Posted by WrestleUTA on

17 Oct 2015

The live feed began at 9:57 pm EST on the 220 iPPV channel and the first thing to be seen was the red and white circular 220 logo. It was not emblazoned on the big screen, or simply on whatever screen you are watching this show on. It lit up the night. It shined brightly, sort of like Batman

s would have over Falls Church, "

Virginia . The camera panned back and revealed "

Babylon Futbol Club. On the roof of the club operating the shining light which shot the 220 logo all over the sky was Second to None Promoter, the bulletproof and better than advertised Heath Sommersby. With no megaphone, or microphone he cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted as loud as he could Heath Sommersby: WHAT

S UP MOTHERFUCKERS?!?!?!?! YOU FOUND US!!!

At that very second,

Sure Thing

by Lil Wayne was heard. Now everyone backstage working for 220 and even a few of the smarks in the crowd knew

there is 2 minutes, 20 seconds until showtime. Again, the cameras panned back, farther from Babylon FC to reveal the shitty little big screen 220 normally uses up on the outside wall of the building. There were close to 300 Second to None fans braving the elements and ready to watch the event from outside when the fire Marshall would not let them in. When the 220 logo disappeared from the outside big screen and a fight was broadcast, they roared their by Safe Saver" id

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Richards and Rox lock it up, dead center of the ring.

Rox transitions into a Wristlock, Jason counters into one of his own, but Rox counters too, gets behind Jason and sweeps his legs which he follows with locking in a Grounded Front Facelock right away. Richards attempts to get to a vertical base, but Isaac knees him in the gut several times. He switches from Front Facelock to a Double Underhook and drops his opponent with a Double Arm DDT. A Double Underhook with Bodyscissors is locked in and The Strong Style Wolf finds

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himself in trouble. He manages to get on his knees, then to a vertical base, lifting Isaac Rox up to some cheers. He rushes to the corner, smashing Rox

s back against the buckles. He has to do it three times until Isaac finally lets go off him. The Saint of Hate comes marching at Richards, but the former GFC Tag Team Champion is a bit quicker and catches Rox with a "

stiff kick across the chest, sending him down to the canvas. Jason drags him up again and Suplexes him, but then keeps on the hold and goes for a Northern Lights Suplex into a pin. The crowd of 300 watching outside screams the count!!!

ONE!

TWO!

Rox kicks out! He gets on his knees, but

Richards is up already and starts shooting kicks across Isaac

s chest. After few of them, Rox manages to catch Jason

s leg and pull it

quickly, causing

Richards to lose balance and fall on his back. Quick as a fox, Rox locks in a Figure

Four! Richards is in a ton of by Safe Saver" id

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but after a while, he manages to roll on his belly, reversing the hold. Isaac breaks the hold and waits for Jason to get up. The Wolf uses the ropes to get back on his feet and just as he turns around, he

s taken down with a massive Yakuza Kick. Isaac lets his leg hang over the ropes for few seconds, shooting an arrogant smile towards the camera, which draws several boos from the crowd. After that, he finally drops to the canvas and covers Jason. Again, the crowd shouts the count for us!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Richards! Rox gets him up and drops him with a Release German Suplex. Richards lands hard on the back of his head and rolls backwards into a seated position. Rox comes charging at him and drops him with a Lariat. He covers.

ONE!

TWO! THR..

Rox takes few steps back and as Richards gets up, he comes charging at him with a Discus Elbow, but Jason dodges and gets behind Isaac. He locks him in a position for the Murderplex he calls J.R. Driver II and hits it with perfection! Pin attempt follows

ONE!

TWO! THR..

Tattooed Bruise

by doubleDrive exploded from the p.a. system inside and outside of Babylon FC marks out and blows the roof off the place! Instead of the 220 highlight reel, the match, compliments of the STRYKE DOJO continues for your viewing pleasure

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: WHAT

S UP MOTHERFUCKERRRRS?!?!? YOU FOUND US! AND WE ARE LIVE AND SECOND TO NONE FROM

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BABYLON FUTBOL CLUB IN FALLS CHURCH VIRGINIA! OUR FIRST MATCH IS UNDERWAY! THE SAINT OF HATE ISAAC ROX COULD NOT WAIT TO GET A PIECE OF THE AMERICAN WOLF JASON RICHARDS!!!

Jason pulls Isaac up and locks him in a headlock, perhaps preparing the Emerald City Boom. Rox counters with rapid fire elbows to the side. Richards fall to one knee from the pain, still keeping the hold and Isaac performs a beautiful Deadlift Back Suplex! Quickly, he grabs a hold of Jason and does his signature Curb Stomp! Right after that, he locks in The Confessional!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Richards is hurting, but still won't quit!

After a good minute in the hold, referee checks Jason's arm. It falls once three times!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Oh this is bullshit! When this happened at Infectious I got up on Sunday Morning to find Jason Richards still passed out on my living room floor!

Chloe Deville:

Here is your winner, ISAAC

ROX!

Playing The Saint

reprises and Isaac stands next to the referee, getting his hand raises. With a confident smirk, he looks at the camera, then shoots a look of scorn at Jason Richards before leaving the ring.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: What a way to kick off SWAY! The Saint with a big win over The Wolf, who by the way is the head trainer down at the 220 Academy and World Headquarters in DC. Looks like you're teaching everyone too much Richards. You impressed me with the way you took Maddox out at FREE.

But this is twice in a row you

ve gone to sleep Jason! But hey, maybe you

ll have better luck at our second to none affiliate WARPED Wrestling

s next event Not So Silent Night! Heath and I will be there in Philadelphia on the 22nd. And Jason

Heath has already paid your cover charge!

After Midnight

by Eric Clapton hits the speakers and the Guerilla Radio logo hits the big screen.

Chloe Deville: FRIDAY NIGHTS AT 11 PM EST TUNE INTO THE FWRESTLING CHANNEL OF BLOGTALKRADIO FOR EL GRINGO LOCO HOST OF EFED GUERILLAS RADIO! HEAR EL GRINGO LOCO MARK OUT FOR HIS FAVORITE WRESTLER

SECOND TO NONE

GRINDER!!! GET ALL OF YOUR SECOND TO NONE SCOOPS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

AFTER MIDNIGHT!!!

Second to None

s INSATIABLE Superstar, Megan Dela Vega now knew that it sure is great to have friends left like she did in 220

Referee Perry Davidson. He was her way into back into 220 and into a very very over-packed house tonight at Sway, She walked in as any other fan and found an empty spot at the bar. Megan didn't

want to draw attention to

herself, not just yet anyway. She sat there in her seat just watching as the place before the thought of some

unfinished business came to mind.

It wasn't

long at all before she got that same feeling of being watched but it wasn't

coming from some unknown source that she couldn't

put a finger on. It was coming from the fans that sat around her. She caught several of them just staring at her. It couldn't

be that they recognized her she thought, it

has been too long, but the look was definitely there. The fans were hot tonight, waiting for more action inside of the squared circle but for some reason they couldn't

keep their eyes off of Megan. She wasn't

looking like some ordinary fan, she looked as if she belonged right there in the ring. That had to be why she just felt

watched. Right?

She was dressed in tight fitting leather pants and a matching leather vest, which barely went around her firm and ample breasts. On her feet she still wore those high spiked heels that she wouldn't

think twice about gouging into a face or two. Her long dark hair hung straight against her face and down her back. Just looking at her you could tell that she was physically fit and muscular. There wasn't

an ounce of flab anywhere on her body, the other flaw was a few scars she wore on her arms from her days of

Uncensored Wrestling Entertainment where she was not only a BANNED Champion in singles competition but also holding tag-team gold as one half of the Double Penetration Champions with our own Mr. 220 himself, Heath Sommersby.. Those days that it wouldn't

be unusual to see her harboring a sledge hammer or some barbed wire wrapped weapon. She had battle scars from the barbs of the wire embedding into her arms and hands. No guy in their right mind could not stop and stare at her perfection of beauty.

She reached for her cell phone in her pants pocket and brought up a number that she had saved to her contact

list, El Gringo Loco of efedguerrillasradio. She had started things already when she tweeted to him earlier in the week, but nothing more came of it. El Gringo Loco was way too busy Re-Tweeting his favorite wrestler Grinder as he told Insatiable to

SSSSHHHHHHH!!!

Megan Dela Vega sat there waiting as it just rang and rang

Finally the phone was answered.

Megan Dela Vega:

Yeah, El Gringo

Loco? This is Megan Dela Vega

the INSATIABLE Superstar from 220.

...

Megan Dela Vega:

Well no not yet, I

am hoping to get started soon.

...

Megan Dela

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Vega:

Come on man, I know you

re always up for the next big news story and I got one that will blow the socks off of everyone.

...

Megan Dela

Vega: Proof? Oh I can get it! That

s not a problem. But here it is. Grinder, the guy with the silly mask in 220. I know who

s behind it and I know him all too well.

...

Megan Dela Vega: I knew that would pique your curiosity, the man behind the mask is

She no sooner got even that much out of her mouth when the man in question stood before her staring a hole right through her. She immediately dropped the call and placed her cell phone back into her pants pocket. Those intense pale blue eyes were simply staring a hole through her. The 220 fans around them at the Babylon FC bar realized what was happening right there at the bar and in the crowd and moved back from them anticipating a confrontation. Slowly, methodically Grinder raised a single finger to his lips.

Grinder: SSSHHHHHHHHH!!!!

The other foot officially dropped. So far in Second to None, Grinder has been seen as someone you didn't quite know if you should be taking seriously or not. Most of the boys in the back thought of him as a joke.

But

now, face to face with Insatiable, you could honestly hear hatred and loathing without him even uttering an actual word to her. She just looked at him and it was easy to see, she had expected so much more from him than just one single sound. It

s been a long time since they stood so close to each other. He still had that same effect on her as he always did. The only man who truly had her heart, no other has ever been able to make her feel the things that he did. Back in the day, together, they were unstoppable as well as inseparable. She looked at him as her heart pounded deep within her chest.

Megan Dela Vega: I will not! It is time for all of this to be over!

Grinder almost looked relieved to hear this. He smiled and said:

Grinder: DOMO ARRIGATO!!!

He was just as loud as he always is on 220 TV and his tone was just as filled with hatred, loathing and thousands of other emotions he probably wasn't

able to verbalize. Grinder

s voice was deep and hoarse and insane. He shoved her and she was bent over backwards, held up by the bar with Grinder

s strong forearm pressing down hard across her throat.

Megan Dela Vega: You

re more than welcome baby, it

s my pleasure.

She barely got the words out, they were little more than a whisper with his forearm down across her throat. Not everyone knew what he was saying but she definitely did and responded to him in a way that she always did. She had spent a lot of time training with him in Japan with Sakai, the man who raised him. Times weren't always the best, since he was the twin brother of the woman she hated more than anything. He had pinned her well and she knew she had gotten to him with what he overheard. She quickly and without any warning

raised her knee hard right between his thighs, taking the wind right out of him. It took him to the ground, releasing the hold he had on her. She stood there over Grinder with a grin on her face, knowing that it wouldn't end there.

Megan Dela Vega: You know I like it rough, it

s always how it

s been with us but baby there

s a time and place for this but this is not one of those times. A good battle which usually ends up with us between the sheets afterwards. I may have been gone for a long time babe but I assure you I have never forgotten or forgiven our past. You would do well to remember that as well. Why the hell are you hiding anyways with that stupid mask? You wore much better ones back in the day. Where is the man that I know so well? This is a far cry from who you used to be!

The house lights dim in the arena as Am I a psycho? by Tech N9NE starts playing over the speaker system.

The words

Am I Psycho

begins repeated it

s self over and over as the chorus kicks in. Joaquin Barreras appears from somewhere in the crowd and with a slight smirk on his face and clinching his wrist.

Chloe Deville: Ladies and Gentlemen, the underpaid and oversexed, bulletproof and better than advertised Heath Sommersby would like to officially welcome you to Babylon Futbol Club for a night of Second to None Wrestling! This match is scheduled for one fall! Making his way to the ring

JOAQUIN BARRERAS!

Joaquin makes his way to the ring through the booing fans.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: This is your shot Barreras. Show me something. Show me that you are second to none. Or show me that you are second to Johnny Ajax.

Joaquin approaches the ring barricade leaping over it and sliding into the ring as the music fades and he stretches for the match. The house lights fall and

Astro Zombies

by the Misfits. As soon as Danzig belts out the first

OOOOOOOHHHHH!!

of the song, Ajax hits the curtain and appears in his ring gear, and a hoodie on. He takes a quick moment to look at the crowd as the Announcer gives the details on Ajax.

Chloe Deville: And his opponent

JOHNNY AJAX!!!

Johnny walks down the ramp and gives a few high fives to the fans before jumping up on the apron and walking over to the nearest ring post, which he then climbs and yells at the crowd and poses. Ajax then jumps into the ring. Ajax comes up and says a few words to Barreras.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: NICE! Saves me the trouble of smacking Johnny Ajax!

Open handed smack to the jaw of Ajax echoes inside of the venue nearly loudly as the match bell that sounded right after it!

Before Ajax could even react, Barreras nailed him with a hard European Uppercut. Barreras shoved Ajax back hard into the ropes and as Johnny bounced back into the center of the ring took a stiff Yakuza Kick to

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the face. As he hit the mat, Barreras was right on top of him, with the lateral press Barreras did not hook a leg, just shoved a hard forearm down across Johnny Ajax's face.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

AJAX KICKS OUT!

Barreras pulls Ajax up and with an Irish Whip sends him for the ride. Ajax springboards off the middle rope to nail Barreras with a flying forearm smash! Barreras was knocked down to one knee and Ajax hit the ropes running. On his way back by he nailed Barreras with a Running Neckbreaker! Ajax was up to his first, he took a step back measuring

Barreras. As Joaquin stood, Ajax hit him with that dropkick!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Arguably the best dropkick in the business right there.

Ajax was up to feet first, he stood over Barreras. Ajax leaped and making it look effortless nailed Barreras hard with a Standing Shooting Star Press! As Ajax landed he hooked the far leg with a lateral press. Ajax rocked back hard for a pinfall as the referee slid into position to make the count.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

BARRERAS WITH A KICK OUT!

Ajax pulled Barreras up and sent him into a corner with a stiff Irish Whip. Ajax followed him in with a roundhouse kick!

Ajax followed this with a spinning backfist. Ajax rotated with the move until his back was to Barreras. Facing the center of the ring, Ajax leaped and caught Barreras hard in the back of the head with a Pele Kick which brought the crowd to their feet!!!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Now that

looked A LOT like Heath Sommersby before he got the HEAVY METAL Titanium Knee.

Barreras was obviously out on his feet. He looked like he would fall out hard face first right onto the mat, when Ajax nailed him with a sick discus Lariat! Barreras was slammed back hard into the turnbuckles once more where he finally fell out flat. Ajax sprung up onto the top rope. With not one ass in one seat and with most people camera phone pointed right at Ajax he hit Barreras with a 630 splash off the top rope.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: **SCREW ATTACK! THIS COULD BE IT!!! ONE THREE!!!**

The match bell sounds and our ref Perry Davidson raises Johnny's arm in victory!

Chloe Deville: And your winner **JOHNNY AJAX!!!**

Ajax stands in the ring and asks for a mic, as Barreras rolls out of the ring and makes his way to the back.

Johnny Ajax: (Breathing heavily)

When I tried-out for 220, I was asked why I had any interest in a Smalltime outfit and my answer is always the same:

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Look at the roster, and ask me that question again
and do you know how many times they have? Zero. 220 is stacked from top to bottom, and I want to
challenge myself against arguably the best roster in the world!!! But there
s one man whom I have gotten to know, and I feel like would be my best match here in 220, and he knows
exactly who he is

Johnny pauses, drawing out the anticipation..

Johnny Ajax: Ryan Kidd. I think it

s time that you and I got in the ring against each other and show the world that 220, isnt just another indy, it
s the home of the best roster of pure in-ring talent
in the world!

Astro Zombies BY The Misfits once again hits and Ajax leaves the ring, as the crowd cheers.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: As I said when Ajax

s match began that Barreras smacking Ajax in the mouth saved me the trouble

but now? Now I feel even more like smacking that kid in the mouth? Who in the HELL does he think he is?

Johnny Ajax

you do not call any shots or make any matches here in Second to None. And the next time that my husband
your BOSS

Heath Sommersby asks for a favor

you do it. Or you keep your fucking nose out of it. As if I would actually get my hands dirty with Megan Dela
Vega. Bitch please. I have nothing to prove to her or to anyone else. And she couldn
t jerk my curtain on her best day. Here

s how it

s going to go down for you in Second to None

Johnny Ajax. You just sit back, relax and try to hold on for the ride of your life while I book the matches. And
as for you facing Ryan Kidd

Testing The Limits

by The Ghost Inside hits the PA and the crowd erupts into a frenzy. Out comes Ryan Kidd from the back
wearing a black hoodie and a pair of jeans. He walks straight to the ring with a serious look on his face. He
asks for a microphone ringside and looks at Lucia Sommersby who was sitting ringside on the commentary
desk. He climbs up a steel steps and get into the ring. He walks to the middle of the ring and lifts the
microphone to his mouth.

Ryan Kidd: CUT MY MUSIC!

We can see the anger on the face of the SoCal Superstar as he paced back and forth in the middle of the
ring.

Ryan Kidd: I

m sure you all know why I

m here tonight and why I

m not in my ring gear

A small smothering of boos begins but it died out immediately. Ryan turns and turned his attention towards
Lucia Sommersby who is looking up at him knowing what he
s about to get into.

Ryan Kidd: I

m sure you all know that I was SUPPOSED to face a pregnant woman in Miss Jade tonight

And it
s something that
s been bothering me this past couple of weeks.
He takes a pause and took a deep breath.
Ryan Kidd: See I get it that the card has been set
the programs has been printed
And the flyers and posters has been sent out and put up around town
I get that it
s really hard and frustrating to find someone to replace someone who will not be able to compete because of
circumstances that are out of their hands
But it doesn
t mean that you can just fucking disregard what that competitor is going through and leave the card as it is.
Especially with as delicate as a condition like pregnancy.
He takes another breather as we can obviously see him shaking from anger.
Ryan Kidd: I am disgusted by the actions and decisions taken towards this situation and I
m disgusted by the fact that this match was decided to go on. See I
ve thought about this thoroughly and carefully. I thought I am currently one of the most sought after
independent wrestlers out there today. I could just walk out that door and I know someone will be running up
to me wanting to book me on their show. But I won
t do that. I
m not that kind of a person.
The crowd begins to cheer as Ryan
s tone becomes more intense.
Ryan Kidd: I am sticking with Second To None Wrestling because I feel strongly about this place and I
believe so much in this place! Second To None Wrestling, in my opinion, is going to be THE place to be in
independent wrestling in the years to come!
The crowd begins chanting
nonstop.
Ryan Kidd: So I heard that Miss Jade is not even in the building tonight
The crowd then began to boo.
Ryan Kidd:
That
s a good thing though. Means I don
t have to go against my morals and fight someone who is not physically able to wrestle. What you should be
booing is the fact that you
ll have to wait for the next show for my proper in-ring debut for this promotion. But before that, I just want to
get an assurance that this thing will not and would not ever happen again. Because if it does
He turns to Lucia
Lureaux-Sommersby at the broadcast table.
Ryan Kidd: You can kiss my ass goodbye.
The crowd boos louder.
Ryan Kidd: But I trust Heath Sommersby. I KNOW he will do the right thing. I KNOW he will not let anything
like this happen again. But for now

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He exits the ring and stood in front of Lucia.

Ryan Kidd: I

m taking the night off as a way of protesting your horrible decision

Kidd dropped the microphone on the announcer

s table and slowly walks away backward. His music reprises as he and Lucia stares each other down. He turns around and walks towards the entrance way as the crowd began chanting his name. He stops at the entrance way and looks around the arena one more time before turning around and seeing that he is now face to face with Heath Sommersby who had just walked in quietly from the back. Sommersby wore a red CIVIL DISPUTE t-shirt, blue jeans and his red wrestling boots. He had the 220 BTA Championship slung over his left shoulder, in his right hand he held a microphone.

Heath Sommersby: You by Safe Saver" id

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your sweet ass nothing like this is going to happen again in Second to None!!!

Sommersby wasn

t trying to reassure the crowd, he was speaking directly to Ryan Kidd. He quieted down the crowd so he could continue..

Heath Sommersby: trust me

no one

not even you was more disappointed when less than 24 hours AFTER Mrs. Sommersby made this match that she is

allegedly pregnant. And believe me when I say

no one was more relieved to find out that she wasn

t blaming that bullshit on anyone associated with Second to None!

Sommersby and Kidd cracked and gave each other a fist bump. Both knowing that they both had hit it.

Heath Sommersby: But you

re right Kidd. We should have done something about this match

and let me tell you the one and only reason that I didn

t want to.

Sommersby held up the 220 Better Than Advertised Championship belt..

Heath Sommersby: Ryan Kidd versus Miss Jade? That

s a no-brainer. You know that

s supposed to be

better than advertised! So..Mrs. Sommersby

let me remind you of something. Right before we can to DC and announced our FREE

dom from the rest of the industry, lover you were employed by Hard Knox Wrestling. And when we released that bogus story about you being pregnant

Brandon Banks was all too quick to let you out of all obligations to Hard Knox Wrestling. So

Second to None will do the same for Miss Jade. She has no further obligations to 220. But on the other hand we have

pro Wrestling

s Evil Knievel

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Ryan MOTHERFUCKING KIDD! AND HE
S RIGHT HERE AND HE IS READY TO GO!!!

The crowd marked out for Ryan Kidd..

Heath Sommersby: And Second to None Wrestling has a very big obligation to properly promote the career of Ryan Kidd! And Mrs. Sommersby as much as I know you will HATE this the best way that I can see to promote the career of not only Ryan Kidd but Johnny Ajax as well is to have them wrestle for the Second to None Championship in two weeks time!

The crowd
and Ryan Kidd lost their mind!

Heath Sommersby: Live! From Dick
s Last Resort in Baltimore it will be

Ryan Kidd VERSUS Johnny Ajax and it will be for this 220 BETTER THAN ADVERTISED
CHAMPIONSHIP!!!

Once again, Sommersby tried to quiet down the crowd so he could finish.

Heath

Sommersby: And

I owe an obligation to all of you watching. To our Second to None fanbase. Now

I gave my word that there would be GOLD on the line tonight at SWAY and you can by Safe Saver" id

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your sweet ass that this will happen.

So, Stryker

s your first title defense

Champ! You

re putting the belt on the line tonight when you face Prince Wadjethotep in the Main Event!!!

Tommy Rowan: BULLSHIT!!!

Before the crowd could react to Sommersby

s Main Event announcement, he was interrupted by a familiar voice. Everyone looks up to the big screen above Sommersby and Kidd.

Tommy Rowan: That

s the word of the day folks.

We open the scene to a chain link fence. Dark and cloudy night and all we can see is fence. The fence is lit up by a few flood lights. We then turn to see the man responsible for the set-up. Tommy Rowan. He stands, leaning forward and grabbing the fence. His face is in a bit of a pissed off state and he looks utterly disgusted.

Tommy Rowan: I came here to fight. I came here to bring blood. But what happens?

I get beaten by some piece of trash wrestler. See, I don

t even remember the dudes fucking

name! Fluke

victory

Tommy snorts and then spits out some phlegm on the ground. He pushes off the fence to a full standing position and adjusts his hoodie. We can see he is wearing his usual get-up. A black and red beanie, a black dark hoodie, a pair of torn and worn jeans, black old boots and a

Civil Dispute

T-Shirt.

Tommy Rowan:

I was brought into this place to bring the blood and the violence. So far, I haven't done my job real well. Sure I knocked a few people down, but in the end I

ve been thrown down harder than I threw others down. by Safe Saver" id

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and utter BULLSHIT! I should be the man around here! I should be the World Champion! I should be the big dog on top of the little pups! But no. We have this dude

Stryker, might be a good guy outside the ring, but I don't

care about that. I just care about what happens in the ring

Tommy pulls out a pack of smokes from his pocket. Marlboro Reds to be exact. He pulls one out and lights it up with his Zippo emblazed with an Anarchy symbol. He slams the Zippo closed and takes a deep hit.

Tommy lets the smoke out with a gentle sigh as he stares at the camera, clearly speaking directly to Stryker.

Tommy Rowan: Stryker, you got lucky once. Don't

expect it to happen again. Tonight I got Grinder. Then I

m coming after you and MY title. Kill Until Killed!

And with that Rowan turned and took a few steps. He pulled himself up into the open door of his big black truck which he had left running. Rowan gunned the engine and sprayed mud as he spun out on his way to the emergency exit side door which was set up just under the big screen which the overflow of 300 fans were watching outside. Obviously Rowan was ready to fight and would be content to wait here until he heard his music playing from inside. But

his music was not heard. However,

Carry on my wayward son

by GWAR was heard and the

crowd, both inside and outside went wild. Immediately it was obvious that this music was not being played over the p.a. system, it sounded like it was coming from someone's car.

Grinder: KONICHIWA!!!

His music nor his voice were amplified by a p.a. system. Then the cameras caught a look of shock on Tommy Rowan

s face as he remained inside of his truck. The sound of a very, very large engine revving was heard. The cameras panned back from Rowan

s truck to reveal a bad ass red 220 Monster Truck. The grill looked like a caricature of Grinder's bared teeth and the windshield looked like his mask. The engine revved, the tires smoked then Grinder drove up onto the hood of Rowan

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s truck with the 220 Monster Truck!!! Grinder revved the engine again and again

if you had a dirty mind, it looked like Grinder

s truck was humping Rowan

s truck!!! Tommy Rowan turned in his seat and kicked the back glass out! He climbed out, then climbed up onto the top of his truck.

With a leap, Rowan leaped onto the hood of the

220 Monster Truck and with no hesitation kicked the windshield out and nailed grinder right in the face with a sitting dropkick! Rowan busted out the rest of the windshield and climbed inside the cab of the 220 Monster Truck, he grabbed Grinder inside of his mouth with a fish hook and smashed Grinder

s head into the driver

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shattering it! With Rowan and Grinder fighting inside, the 220 Monster Truck still sat mostly atop Rowan s old black truck. Rowan then busted out the back window and began to crawl into the bed of the Monster Truck, as he did, Grinder pulled off one of Rowan

s boots and tossed it to the crowd!

Rowan pulled Grinder through the busted out back window and as they both slid down the bed of the Monster Truck and hit the bed of it

it burst open and thousands of LEGOS fell from the bed of the 220 Monster Truck all over the parking lot. As Rowan, Grinder and all of those legos hit the parking lot

Chloe Deville rang the match bell three times to officially start this contest!

Chloe Deville: PLEASE!!! DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THE PARKING LOT OR THE BIG SCREEN FOR OUR BAREFOOT by Safe Saver" id

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DEATHMATCH FEATURING GRINDER

TOMMY ROWAN AND SHAWN ALEXANDER CAGE AS OUR SPECIAL GUEST REFEREE!!!

Cage immediately made his presence known! He refused to allow the match to start until Rowan pulled off his other boot and competed BAREFOOT!

Of course, Grinder already was. Rowan pulled off his boot and threw it right at Cage

s

face! Cage ducked laughing! He pointing right behind Rowan, who looked at Cage like he wouldn

t be fooled by that old trick when Grinder leaped and bulldogged Rowan down hard face first into by Safe Saver" id

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Almost comically, Rowan spit out a mouthful of legos as he turned and raked the eyes of the mysterious masked man.

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Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: We are underway! And if I could only have one wish for Christmas it would be to see BOTH these assholes lose!!!

Rowan followed this up with several clubbing forearm blows. Even though Rowan was trying to knock Grinder down, both men were moving to their feet.

When both of them were full upright, Rowan sent Grinder down into the by Safe Saver" id

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with a stiff Hard Lariat!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Hey clotheslines are for women in the 1950 s. Real men throw LARIATS!

And that one is known FUKUSHIMA, Japan to Falls Church, Virginia as the Hardcore Hook!

Rowan caught sight of his bloody feet and pinched off one nostril and launched a snot rocket in the direction of Shawn Alexander Cage. Rowan then mimicked spraying himself down with AXE BODY SPRAY

letting Cage know he remembered his little interruption on Lucia

s Sunday Morning Hangover. Rowan turned back to Grinder who lay motionless in the by Safe Saver" id

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Rowan went for an elbow smash and as soon as he committed to it, Grinder rolled to the side! Rowan struck the legos and parking lot hard! He moved up to his feet as fast as he could, wincing in pain from competing on legos. Then from behind

Grinder cinched in from behind with both hands locked around Rowan s waist! With a Release german Suplex Grinder sent Rowan back into the bed of the 220 Monster Truck that they fought behind! Rowan ricocheted off the truck bad and back down into the legos.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: I refuse to refer to grinder s moves as Japanese, ok? So, that WAS NOT a Release Japanese Suplex asshole! It was a Release GERMAN Suplex!!!

Grinder pulled Rowan up with a handful of hair. To those who knew it was obvious what he was up to. But since Grinder was NOT inside of the squared circle, he could NOT go for his patented ten turnbuckle smash

he did see the metal of the open bed of the 220 Monster Truck so he saw blood! With Rowan s head in his right hand

Grinder turned to the crowd and to the cameras and slowly raised his index finger of his left hand to his lips!!!

Grinder: SSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

The crowd went wild and were all too eager to count it off for Grinder as he bounced Rowan s head off of the open bed of the 220 Monster Truck TEN TIMES!!! And then

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silence fell over the crowd when Grinder released his hold on Rowan's hair. He stepped back into a cat stance..

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: No..

Rowan turned his head wildly looking for Grinder. As he turned his head blood sprayed a camera's lens! Rowan slipped

he fell backwards right into Grinder

's waiting arms

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: NO!

It couldn't

have happened more perfectly. Rowan slipped over backwards right into Grinder

's waiting arms and a perfectly applied Dragon Sleeper Hold. Grinder shouted towards the crowd!

Grinder: DOMO ARRIGATO!!!

He

had performed this maneuver a million times on a million motherfuckers but never, ever quite like he did to Rowan. Grinder, with a Dragon Sleeper applied cinched in with his free hand on the waist of Rowan's shorts. He lifted Rowan up into an Inverted Vertical Suplex.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: DAMMIT!!! IT

S OVER!!!

But it wasn't.

Not quite yet anyway. Grinder held Rowan up in that Inverted Vertical Suplex, then Inverted Facelock of the Dragon Sleeper was cinched in even deeper with the blood not only rushing to but cut off from Rowan's head! And still Grinder held him there, upside-down. Then in a very slow and small and tight circle, grinder began to spin them, it was amazing.

It was truly a sight to see. The amount of time that Grinder held Rowan upside-down and in that Inverted Vertical Suplex was astonishing. And all the while, Grinder turned them both in a small tight circle. The crowd outside who were really seeing this up close and live started a

low, deep,

HOLY SHIT!

chant!

The crowd inside picked up on this and it spread inside. Finally Grinder stopped. With his feet covered in his own blood and Rowan seemingly out and still upside-down, Grinder released rowan and sat out hard!

As Rowan fell, Grinder hit him with an ace crusher like maneuver which completed the three parts of his finishing move.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: Osaka Street Cutter and nobody gets up from that!

In agony himself, Grinder was not able to make the

pin! He writhed in agony, clutching his hip where he

had just sat-out the Osaka Street Cutter. From out of the crowd ran in the INSATIABLE Megan Dela Vega! She held a sledgehammer and went right at Grinder!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Great! Here we are. The intersection of fake tits and real assholes!!!

INSATIABLE raised the sledgehammer and Grinder cringed. He obviously knew she meant business. Then, she turned and nailed Rowan right in the gut! She dropped the sledgehammer and turned to face-off with the

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special referee Shawn Alexander Cage.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Fuck her up Cage!

Cage no sold it all! He simply acted as if he had something in his eye and seemed honestly surprised at Megan Dela Vega's presence!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Fuck her up Cage!!!

Shawn Alexander Cage acted as if he were just noticing Rowan down and out and fucked up. He tore off his ref shirt and went right at Rowan!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: OMGWTF?!!!!?

Megan Dela Vega picked the ref shirt up and put it on. She went right to Grinder, shielding him from whatever Cage would do to Rowan. And we wouldn't

wait long to see what that would be. Cage fell on top of Rowan, wrestling him into a Cobra Clutch! Cage pulled them both up to their feet only to sweep Rowan's

legs and send him down hard into the legos. Cage rolled Rowan over and hooked a leg!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: CAGE

YOU ASSHOLE! DUSKFANG!!!

INSATIABLE MADE THE TEN COUNT

THEN RAISED CAGE

S ARM IN VICTORY!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: I do not like that dumb dirty bitch

but count it Chloe! This one

s over!

The match bell sounded and Chloe made it official.

Chloe Deville: Here is your winner

CAGE!!!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Yeah, you motherfucker think you're smart. But

I did my my Christmas wish!

Neither one of those assholes, Rowan or grinder won. And

we've got a surprise for all of you assholes. Wait until you hear about what my involve!

With the ring clear except for Gia Daniels who stood there under the spotlight we are ready to go!

So wasting no time and keeping the show rolling, Chloe Deville sounded the bell three times calling for everyone's

attention as Levels by Meek Mills hit the

220 sound system for the first time!

Chloe Deville: This match is for one fall! In the ring already, from Atlanta, Georgia

Gia

Daniels! And her opponent

making his way to the ring by way of Philadelphia

D-Dawg! Darius Majors!!!

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Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Now, little did I know when I booked this match that Gia Daniels is actually D-Dawg

s Manager in another promotion! Is their relationship strictly business? Or

Dawg slid into the ring under the bottom ropes and immediately Gia stomped the back of his head! The Ref called for the bell and the match is officially started! Again and again Gia stomped the back of D-Dawg s skull. It almost seemed like she has been waiting for this!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: It feels good, don

t it girl? I wish I could do that to somebody I love sometimes

Dawg made it up to his knees, then to his feet but was still bent over at the waist, Gia hit him with a neckbreaker. She hit the ropes running and springboarding off of the middle rope hit Dawg with an Asai Moonsault! She hooked the leg going for a pin!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

D-DAWG KICKS OUT!

Gia pulled Darius up and as he stood he took her down with a hard hip toss. He held the wrist in a wristlock. With the strength advantage, Darius made her hand rub on his crotch.

Instantly, Gia grabbed a hard handful which brought D-Dawg down to one knee as she made it back up to both feet.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: She hasn

t let go yet

and I don

t blame her!!!

Darius found the strength to not only stand, but to lift Gia over his shoulder as he did and nail a Northern Lights Suplex! He pulled her up and sent her for the ride with an Irish Whip! Gia hit the ropes running hard! She went for a hip toss to return the favor he d just given to her but Darius blocked it and then he countered it with an Abdominal Stretch.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: He has it in deep

Giggety!

With his free hand, Darius caressed her lovingly almost as he wrecked her core with this basic submission maneuver. He caught the camera

s eye and pointed out just how fine Gia was right through the hips where he was grinding on her.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: Everybody look at me!

Gia raked his by Safe Saver" id

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and escaped the hold! Gia then landed a low blow and a scissors kick dead in the middle of the ring! She covered D-Dawg and hooked his leg!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

DAMN! HE KICKED OUT AGAIN!!!

Gia pulled Darius up to his feet where he quickly manhandled her back into the corner of the ring. Darius lifted Gia up onto the top turnbuckle and she was very happy to oblige him. She began climbing up top and pulling him up top with her and just like her

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he was all too happy to oblige her as well! With the crowd on their feet and both wrestlers on the top rope Gia Daniels began hammering away at the gut of Darius Majors. He looked as if he would go down, but with what might have been his last bit of strength, D-Dawg bear-hugged her and leaped backwards off of the top rope!!!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: DAMN!!!

Gia

s feet became wrapped up in D-Dawg

s on the way down and they both hit the mat HARD! Their arms were still intertwined! Their feet were still intertwined! Both of them seemed to be pinned. Our referee slid into position and checked both wrestler s shoulders. He saw it! He quickly pounded out the three count!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

THREEE!!! But who won???

Second to None referee Perry Davidson helped both Gia and D-Dawg to their feet.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Who won?

He took D-Dawg

s wrist in one hand

he took Gia

s wrist in his other

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: WHO WON THIS MATCH???

Perry Davidson, Gia Daniels and

D-Dawg all faced our ring announcer and house DJ

Chloe Deville: AND YOUR WINNER!!!

The referee did not. He did not flinch. He gave nothing away

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: WHO WON THIS FUCKING MATCH?!!!!?

Perry Davidson

s left hand fell from Gia Daniel

s wrist and he pointed it at D-Dawg. With his right hand, he raised D-Dawg

s arm in victory!!!

Chloe Deville: D-DAWWWG!!!

This scene was live in the ring and also up on the big screen where both wrestlers and the ref were facing. The feed on the big screen slowly fades in backstage where we see Isaac Rox sitting down slumped against a wall with a towel over his head. He takes a sip from a nearby bottom of water. Rox who won his match earlier looks down the corridor before standing to his feet and removing the towel

Isaac Rox:

It has begun, I said that tonight Jason Richards would be the first and he was. I said I was going to begin my path of ascending to the top and I have. It

s not a matter of if I was going to or

not, but just when and where.

Isaac sighs and leans against the wall.

Isaac Rox: Oh, but I

m not finished just yet. You see

I learned quickly that if you want to make a name for yourself you take matters into your own hands, you don t wait and you don

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t wonder. So that
s what I
m doing right now

Isaac smirks as he turns and begins to whistle..

Isaac Rox: There uh, there seems to be a lost Dawg running loose here in 220. Now I know the world is
suppose to my
animal friendly
and I use that term rather slowly nowadays, but tell me what am I suppose to do when I see this mutt try and
step into my yard?

Isaac shrugs his shoulders.

Isaac Rox: I
m not just going to stand here and let it mark it
s territory on my turf. That
s not how this works, and I seem to be the only person

Isaac looks down the corridor again and whistles once more . . .

Isaac Rox: The only person that can see this and the only person that cares. So, with that in mind I
m taking matters into my own hands and I
m calling this Dawg out to play. In order for my message to spread there must be a example to those that
feel they can just walk into this place and expect it to be all theirs. Tonight I started my message, tonight I put
down a J. Richards, but next week I end a D-Dawg. .

Isaac walks over to the camera. . . .

Isaac Rox: I
ll see ya in Baltimore
Isaac pushes the camera away. . .

The house lights fell and the match bell sounded three times calling for everyone
s attention.

Chloe Deville: THIS IS YOUR MAIN EVENT!!!

The piano of
Taste of Regret

by In Fear and Faith echoes throughout the building. The crowd knows what time it is and they rise to their
feet! The anticipation begins to grow. Shortly after, the guitars and drums kick in

Adam Stryker appears on the stage, dressed in his ring gear and black leather jacket and just stands there
for a while, enjoying the cheers from the crowd. Stryker opens his jacket and the spotlight catches the big
gold! The Second to None WWWorld Championship! He then slowly walks towards the ring.

Chloe Deville: This match is one fall and WILL decide the 220 WWWorld Championship! Introducing first
he is YOUR current
and DEFENDING SECOND TO NONE WWWORLD CHAMPION!!! From Los Angeles, California, weighing
in at 220 pounds

The SoCal Switchblade
ADAM STRYKER!!!

Stryker slides under the bottom rope and hands his jacket and the 220 WWWorld Championship belt to our
referee Perry Davidson. He hops on one of the turnbuckles and performs his typical cut-throat taunt as

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streamers are thrown in the ring. His music dies out as he hops off the buckle. As the opening riff to By Iron Maiden begins to play throughout the arena a man in a black hooded robe holding a Staff of Anubis while wearing a large gold Ankh around his neck emerges from the curtain into a cloud of dark smoke. Once removed from the smoke he moves down the aisle with his head facing the ground.

Chloe Deville: And the challenger! From the Ancient City of Dep

Prince WADJETHOTEP!!

As he reaches the end of the ramp and is near the ringside area he uses his free hand to remove his hood and show his cobra head. He then walks up the steps and enters the ring. Stryker steps to the center of the ring and offers a handshake to Wadjethotep who also moved to the center of the ring. After a tense moment, Wadjethotep accepted the handshake. The referee thrust the

220 WWWorld Championship over his head symbolically reminding everyone that the belt is by Safe Saver" id

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on the line tonight. The referee then called for the bell and both men began to circle each other on the ring.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

Since he

s on a roll in WARPED and a champion in PWX, Stryker may think he will have an edge over

Whatchamachallit, but the

Prince is on a roll of his own here in Second to None with big wins over

Mr Mainstream

Drew Stevenson and

The American Wolf

Jason Richards.

Both men move together into a collar and elbow tie-up. As soon as the hold is locked in Wadjethotep hits Stryker in the solar plexus with a high knee lift. As it connects, Wadjethotep snakes his arms around Stryker s neck and pulling his head down in a Muy Thai clinch lands several hard knee strikes to the gut of Stryker. Familiar with the

clinch,

Stryker used his size and strength advantage to elbow his way out of Wadjethotep

s grip. With separation, Stryker kicks towards Wadjethotep. Once towards the waist and once at head level.

Stryker was not trying to

strike, he was more measuring

Wadjethotep. Once again they moved in for a collar and elbow tie-up. This time Stryker applies a side headlock, Wadjethotep with a side by Safe

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and

Stryker flips onto his knees sprawling backwards respecting the ground game of Wadjethotep.

A third collar and elbow tie-up ensued in the center of the ring. Wadjethotep took a wrist lock and turned it

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into a hammerlock. As soon as he was applying the hold, Stryker was reversing it. With a hammerlock applied Stryker swept the feet taking Wadjethotep down. He immediately spun away from Stryker, sprawling and backing away, also respecting Stryker's ground game.

Again they began circling each other. The crowd was getting antsy and ready for them to stop feeling each other out. Stryker then encouraged Wadjethotep to run the ropes with him. Stryker took off in one direction and Wadjethotep in the other!

As they criss-crossed the first time, Stryker hit the mat on his by Safe Saver" id

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while Wadjethotep ran the ropes. The second time they criss-crossed Wadjethotep hit the mat and Stryker continued to run the ropes.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Aight guys
s go!

The third time they criss-crossed, our WWWorld Champion leap-frogged the Challenger! Wadjethotep continued to run the ropes, the fourth time they were to criss-cross in the center of the ring, Wadjethotep went to leap-frog Stryker but the trap was sprung! With sheer brute force Strykker shoved the smaller man much higher into the air than he had leaped!

On the way down, Stryker NAILED Wadjethotep with a nasty European Uppercut which set off the crowd!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: POP-UP EUROPEAN UPPERCUT BY THE CHAMP ADAM STRYKER!!!

Not moving from his spot in the center of the ring, Stryker pulled Wadjethotep up with a wristlock and with an Irish Whip sent him for the

ride, seriously moving to by Safe Saver" id

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the smaller man by forcing him to run the ropes. As Wadjethotep sprang bang off the ropes Stryker nailed him with an Exploder Suplex!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: The Second to None Champion is tossing Prince Whateverthefuckhisnameis around like a rag doll!!!

Stryker waited for Wadjethotep to begin moving back to his feet, as he did, Stryker took off running. He caught Wadjethotep square on the point of his chin with a vicious Busaiku Knee Kick.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: HEAD HUNTER!!!

Quickly Stryker hooked a leg and with a lateral press applied the ref slid into position to make the count!

[color

orchid]Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

WHATSHISNAME KICKS OUT!!!

[i]Stryker pulled Wadjethotep up to his feet and from out of nowhere Wadjethotep hit Stryker with a Tornado DDT! Wadjethotep nipped up and sprung up top to the top rope. He turned back the ring going for his desperation finisher the double foot stomp 450. He nailed Stryker hard with both feet right in the gut!

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Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: STAFF OF RA! HE MUST REALLY WANT IT!!!

Wadjethotep quickly went for the pinfall, but even quicker

Stryker rolled safely out of the ring. As he tried to walk it off, Wadjethotep again went up top and catching Stryker while he was recovering with a Corkscrew

Moonsault!

Wadjethotep rolled Stryker back into the ring. He went up to the top rope and without any hesitation, Wadjethotep leaped going for his 630 Phoenix Splash finisher.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: GOING FOR GOLD!!!

The moment he leaped, Stryker nipped up and caught Wadjethotep in mid-flight with a ring-shaking ACE CRUSHER!!!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: DAAAAAMN!!!

Wadjethotep actually lost a boot from impact. This was plain to see as Stryker hooked that leg and rocked back with a pinning combination.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

THREEEEEE!!!

As the ref raised Stryker

s arm in victory he also returned the belt to the Champ.

Chloe Deville: YOUR WINNER AND STILL THE SECOND TO NONE WWWORLD CHAMPION

THE SOCAL SWITCHBLADE

STRYKER!!!

The lights go out!

KSCHHH!!!

The I-PPV feed, along with every screen inside Babylon are overtaken with static. The static slowly fades away to show a spot light shining down on the center of a dusty stage. Quickly, the view from the balcony transitions to be a view of the dusty stage floor. A pair of scuffed up, black and white shoes slide their way into the spotlight; accompanied by the instrumental to Trouble by Elvis Presley. A horrid off key Elvis like voice begins to rattle off a parody version of the tune. [/i]

????:

I was looking for trouble, I heard this is the place.

The

220 Wrestling logo flashes on the screens as the camera tilts up; revealing tattered dress slacks. Draped over the waist line of the tattered dress slacks and covering a wrinkled dress shirt is a gold sequin sport coat.

????: Said I

m looking for trouble, with this painted face.

Still tilting upward, the camera reveals the lower half of a face; with black and white paint. The pattern resembling that of sharp teeth belonging to a skull. A snarl creeps across the bottom half of the painted face; as the man continues to sing.

????: I was born munchin

down on, my amniotic sac.

Blood begins to ooze out of his mouth, dripping down onto the wrinkled dress shirt and the dusty stage. With a smirk the face painted man starts to strut around on the stage as he continues to sing; the spotlight following his every move.

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????: My momma was a one eyed, bearded, hunch back!

The music comes to a sudden stop, but the man starts to snap his dirty fingers. He continues, barely letting the words escape his lips.

????: They say that.. I

m evil!

Shaking his head in disagreement he whispers the next line.

????: My fuckin

name is..

The camera zooms in on the paint and blood covered face, just as he yells out his name.

????: ROTTENTREATS!

The lights over the ring come back on, only to show Adam Stryker throwing a vicious lariat in the direction of a man wearing the same gold sequin jacket. On impact a manikin head bounces off of the canvas, over the ring apron, and down to ringside. The head lands at a drunk woman

s feet who immediately shrieks in horror. Adam Stryker looks toward the big screen.

Mr. Rottentreats: Stryke one!

KSCHHH!!!

And then

static. No outro music as usual. No hype for the next 220 event. Just static. And then, when you just couldn't stand it anymore

silence. Followed by the trusty ole 220 logo..

5 6 r s

6 CJ U] aJ h

6 CJ] aJ