

# 220 iPPV: iPPV 9

March 8, 2014

## iPPV 9

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Posted by WrestleUTA on

24 Oct 2015

At showtime, the screens on televisions and mobile devices around the world light up with the circular red 220 logo.

The logo explodes and instead of Tattooed Bruise by doubleDrive, It s so EASY by Guns N Roses explodes from the speakers and the screen splits into three. In the center of the screen we see the

220

Academy and World HQ in Washington DC. On the left is Seattle and on the right side of the screen is Fenway Park in Boston. Not much is happening in DC and Seattle. In Boston, Lucia Lureaux Sommersby is standing up on top of her broadcast table leading the Boston crowd in our SECOND-TO-NONE chant.

The panels of the screens showing Boston and DC shifted to the right and slimmed down much smaller than a true third of the screen each. The Seattle panel of the screen was two thirds of the screen while DC and Boston now both combined only covered one third of our screen. In Seattle, Second to None Promoter, Heath Sommersby stepped into view.

He was wearing a suit and tie but it was still completely obvious that he had a very large knee immobilizer on his left knee under his suit. That left leg was weirdly straightened. At his side was a walking cane which was just as much a fashion statement as it was a warning for people to pay attention around the knee. Sommersby popped two Percocet, washed them down with a shot of Vodka, looked into the camera s eye and said:

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Heath Sommersby: WHAT

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

The screen filled with the feed from Seattle. Behind Sommersby dozens of makeshift lights lit up. He was standing in front of an alley with a DEAD END. This alley was obviously in a part of town with several nightclubs near it. Second to None fans lined to two building tops on the sides of the ring. On the building behind the ring was Luke Knux and his band CIVIL DISPUTE. They were simply tearing through a live version of It

s so EASY by Guns N Roses. Hanging over the ring was the 220 Better Than Advertised Championship. Inside of the ring, was the defending champion Jason Richards. Across the ring from him stood his challenger and the former BTA Champ Isaac Rox. Both men were more than ready to go. Both men were simply waiting on the word from Sommersby. But, no word was ever given. He simply nodded.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: WHAT

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

Rox and Richards charged each other. They tied up in the center of the ring with a collar and elbow tie up. Rox used his leverage and size advantage to shove Richards backwards towards a corner.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: And we are live! It is one pm eastern standard time in Boston and I can confirm that Jason Richards is ALREADY in Wichita for the WARPED Wrestling 4 year anniversary show! So good job on keeping the winner of this match top secret Seattle! We recorded this match at midnight Seattle time and Sommersby is here with me in Boston. He was going to go to Wichita with Richards, but he honestly didn't have a month or two to wait around for the WARPED show.

Rox landed one stiff punch after another. There was no referee to warn them. There was only the notoriously tolerant Sommersby outside of the ring, Luke Knux watching his back and the Better Than Advertised Championship hanging over the ring. There would be no bullshit and no rules. Just a fight for a belt on a DEAD END street in Seattle.

Finally, Richards landed a punch of his own. He grabbed Rox and exchanged their places, with Rox now with his back to the corner. Richards landed a flurry of stiff forearm shots. When Rox raised his arms to block, Richards landed a brutal flurry of hard shin kicks to the gut of Isaac Rox. Richards took a wrist lock and with an Irish

Whip, sent

Rox for the ride into the far corner. He followed him in running and as Rox hit the turnbuckles Richards hit him with his Running Corner Forearm Smash. As Rox began to fall flat onto his face, Richards took him into a side headlock and in one fluid motion as Rox was

falling, Richards hit his finisher as the crowd around the ring screamed: BOOM!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: EMERALD CITY BOOOOOOOM! BUT IT DON

T MEAN SHIT UNLESS RICHARDS CAN GET TO THE TOP OF A LADDER AND GET THAT BELT!

Richards quickly slid out of the ring and pulled a twelve foot ladder from underneath. He slid it into the ring. After seeing the finishing move named for their city and now seeing a ladder, the

Seattle crowd was hot. There had been no hype or advertisements for the location of this fight. Just a bunch of lucky locals who happened to see the BATMAN like 220 logo shining up in the night sky over the ring. And inside of the ring, Jason Richards set up a ladder under heavy gold belt and began to climb.

Lucia

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Lureaux-Sommersby: The champ is looking to make short work of his number one contender!

Isaac Rox seemed to not even know that there was a ladder in the ring. He grabbed the bottom rope and began to pull himself up. Richards was almost at the top of the ladder when Rox sprung up onto the top rope, turned, and **SPEARED** Jason Richards right off the top of the ladder!!!

Rox stood up over Richards. He grabbed the ladder and slammed it down onto the left leg of Jason Richards. As soon as it landed, Rox applied a figure four leglock. The leg of Jason Richards was being wrenched out not only by the move but by the ladder too. Richards tried desperately to roll them over and reverse pressure onto Isaac Rox but the ladder prevented it. Richards then grabbed the ladder, yanked it the other direction and seemed to effortlessly roll them over onto their stomachs.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: I bet Isaac Rox hadn

t counted on that when he was trying to prevent Richards from climbing that ladder anymore tonight!

Rox quickly broke the hold before much damage was done to him. Before Richards could recover though, Rox lifted him right up with a Deadlift Back Suplex and slammed Richards down hard onto the ladder. Rox then rolled Richards over and **CURB STOMPED** the champ down hard onto the ladder. When he did, a **HOLY SHIT** chant exploded from the Seattle crowd!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

Just a sickening move by Isaac Rox. Most promotions would ban that move.

Richards spit out a mouthful of blood on the mat and his eyes shined with insanity. As Rox set up the ladder and began to climb, Richards took a running start and with a Busaiku knee kick knocked Rox right down off of the ladder.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: **EMERALD FLASH!!!**

Once again, Jason Richards centered the ladder right under the belt and began to climb. Isaac Rox began to pull himself up with the ladder.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: The champ and the challenger are both going for it in Seattle!

They climbed slowly, both men unable to move very quickly. Richards reached the top first and as he did Rox landed a stiff punch to the gut. Richards began landing stiff punches to the top of the head of Isaac Rox who kept wailing away as well. Richards was out of breath from all of the shots to the gut, as he doubled over in pain, Rox climbed up to the top of the ladder.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: **OMGWTF** is going to happen now?!?!

With a front facelock applied, Rox continued to land stiff shots to the gut of Jason Richards. Finally Rox cinched in at the tights of Richards and with a front facelock applied lifted him up as if to vertically suplex him off the top of the ladder!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: I can not believe how long Isaac Rox is holding Jason Richards upside down in that position! What will he do?

That was when Isaac Rox hit Jason Richards with a **BRAINBUSTER** off the top of the ladder!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: **BRAIN DEAD!!!**

Rox set the ladder back up then quickly climbed to the top and took back the **BETTER THAN ADVERTISED** Championship belt. At ringside, Sommersby called it with a thimb across his throat in the direction of Luke Knux. From atop of the building behind the ring, Knux stepped up to the microphone.

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Luke Knux: SEATTLE

YOUR WINNER

AND TWO TIME BETTER THAN ADVERTISED CHAMPION

THE SAINT OF HATE

ROX!!!

Behind Luke Knux, CIVIL DISPUTE began to play PLAYING THE SAINT.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: And with a BRAINBUSTER off the top of a twelve foot ladder Jason Richards is pronounced BRAIN DEAD and Isaac Rox is once again the Second to None Better Than Advertised Champion!!!

With the live feed in Seattle Luke Knux took his opportunity to speak to Second to None. Luke Knux: Now, that the match is over with motherfuckers

am here for one reason and one reason only. I got some unfinished business with Jason Richards. This wannabe motherfucker got into MY business. And that

is something you NEVER

want to do.

Knuxy rubs his chin, agitation is spread across his face. He continues, getting more aggressive with every second..

Luke Knux: He accepted my challenge, but right now he

is in no shape to fight me. So, until then I need something to do. I

am getting back into the wrestling now and I really am itching for another match. One where I can actually know who my opponent is. So, with that shit being said, I

have seen a name come across the backstage area. A dude has come into 220 who looks like he could be a good fight. Chris

Madison.

The fans cheer a bit. A small Chris Madison chant breaks out in the crowd. Knux laughs before continuing.

Luke Knux:

There

is a show coming up in New York City. Madison, I

am challenging

you!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: And there you have it!

Call it the first match on the Webster Hall card, Luke Knux versus Chris

Madison!

The cameras catch up with Insatiable Megan Dela Vega as she seems to be getting ready for her match against Tommy Rowan. With her is her brother Mark Dela Vega and a young girl who seems preoccupied with an ipod in her hand. Megan is busy messing with her wrestling boots and lacing them up, when Mark comes up to her and stands only inches away.

Mark: You sure this was such a good idea, bringing Randi along to this event. She could be used against you in so many ways.

Insatiable: You really think there was any way I was going to keep her away from attending? Look at her. She

s got my IPOD in her hands and not looking at anything a normal ten year old girl would be looking at. She studying wrestlers and their moves. I swear thats all she thinks about.

Finishing lacing up her boots, she now begins to fiddle with the soles of them. She begins digging with some type of sharp object at the toe of the boot.

Mark: She definitely has the passion for the sport, no doubt there. Just worried I guess. She does have a way of growing on you.

Insatiable: That she does. She couldn

t be in a safer place then where she is now. Heath may not speak tome but he

s great with kids and loves them. So does Perry Davidson. She

ll be well looked after, don

t you worry.

Mark: What are you doing there? Is it time for a new pair of boots?

Insatiable: No, there fine. Just making some adjustments, customizing you might say.

Mark: Why would you do that, if nothing is wrong with them?

Insatiable: Let

s just say I

m adding a little insurance, just in case some dirty deeds come into play tonight.

Mark shakes his head, knowing well that what she might have in mind will definitely not be a good thing. She did say that it was time people paid her the attention she deserves.

Mark: This have anything to do with your match against Tommy Rowan?

Insatiable: You might say that. Let

s say that after tonight Heath Sommersby is going to see that girl from 2005. The girl he had so high hopes for and knew that she could go straight to the top. You know that fuckstick has yet to congratulate me on my win and becoming WWWorld Champion of his company?

Mark: Really, thought you two were really close at one time. There was a time that I thought maybe a little too close.

Insatiable: He is still a typical jackass when ass hurt. Thought he would be over it by now.

With her object in her hand which is concealed, she begins shoving something shiny into the toe and sides of the boot sole.

Mark:

I don

t think I want to know. Good lord Sis, What the hell are you

doing?

Insatiable: I told you, added insurance and to make sure that the name Insatiable will be on everyone s lips after tonight.

Mark: Oh I

m sure they will be. Tell me that

s not bits of razor and glass.

Insatiable:

Ok I won

t tell you. Don

t become a Debbie Downer. This is who I am. This is what should be expected of me. Besides after what Rowan and Knux did before their tag match, I won

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t put anything past those two fucks. The guy is desperate for a win, no matter how he gets it.

I

m just being prepared is all. Maybe after the match, I

ll not stop. I

ll just show him how much I belong in the kitchen or how much I don

t deserve to be Champion. He

s going to remember being in the ring with me this time and there won

t be any denying the fact at just how brutal and wicked I can be. Just make sure fucking Knux stays the hell out of the ring. I

ll deal with him afterwards.

Mark: Oh Boy, shit is about to hit the fan tonight.

The scene opened up live from the 220 Academy and World Headquarters. The lights blacked out as the image of the old Nightmare mask and the Omega letter flickered over the screen, cutting to a camera backstage. JXD was seen, staring off camera.

JXD: When I succumb to my rage, it

s not wise to be in my presence

Men and women alike who have sought to awaken my inner demon have either been disappointed by the fact I managed to keep some restraint and keep the creature leashed

Or have lost much in battle against it.

He paused, taking a swig of water.

JXD: The sheep who woke the lion in the past, in many instances they attempted to lead an army of wolves against the lion, but the lion doesn

t fear that sheep, when the sheep has no concept of leading, and the lion would pick off each wolf until only the sheep remained

And then that pile of useless mutton would be done for.

Another pause, another swig of water before he continued.

JXD: Grinder may very well be another lion, but when in 220

There is only the rule of the Jungle, and though

I am not yet recognized as the king, I will seek the gold when it comes to it. But all will learn that the lion is a beast of Nightmare

He turned to face the

camera, one green eye, one amethyst, and a look that was both tranquil and at the same time, full of anger.

JXD: The lion is the Definition of Grinder

s destruction

And for you Grinder, mourning has come

And as the screen flickered to black, Skillet

began

playing, the lights faded up as DefTek made his way from the stage, flanked by Katana. JXD kept his eyes on Grinder as he approached the ring. He took his time and unusually approached the ring steps and up onto the apron before pushing down on the top rope and stepping over. As soon as DefTek's feet hit the mat, the match bell sounded.

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As soon as the match bell sounded, Grinder dropped to the mat and rolled out of the ring. Very quickly, as if the match were not even happening, Grinder began to leave.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Oh this is complete bullshit! Follow him DefTek! This will not end in a count out!

JXD took off after Grinder but he was already outside. Some of you may have wondered what happened to that sweet ass FORD truck that Shawn Alexander cage gave grinder for Christmas which was right before he quit like a little bitch. That question was answered very quickly outside. Grinder had fallen in love with driving the Second to None MONSTER TRUCK right over the top of Tommy Rowan

s truck at SWAY. So he had this truck made into a MONSTER TRUCK. It was still blood red and had GRINDER painted down the side of it. Grinder climbed inside of his MONSTER TRUCK and sped away from the 220 Academy and World Headquarters. The cameras focused on Freya Davidson. She was making a call on her phone. She put it on speaker phone so everyone could. It began to ring.

Grinder: K O N I C H I W A ! ! !

Freya DGAF Davidson: Grinder! Where are you going? You re supposed to be wrestling JXD!

Grinder:

Oh

I will. But, Megan is in Boston. Pat Gordon Junior is in Boston

why do I have to be in

DC?

Freya DGAF Davidson: None of my business Grinder. All I know is you need to get back here STAT!

In his MONSTER TRUCK Grinder was hauling ass up 14th street where he hit the 395 at about 80 mph.

Once on the highway he accelerated to over 110! From this point, he was less than three miles from

DCA, Reagan National Airport in Arlington. In the distance but coming up fast on Grinder

s MONSTER TRUCK was a Corvette. It was as black as octopus ink and the top was down. There is no way that it was going less than

140 mph.

As soon as there was a spot on the road with no guardrail, Grinder almost flipped his truck pulling off of the 395 freeway.

He tore through a field completely ignoring the airport. Fuck that shit, Grinder needed a plane not an airport! So, he went right at the planes. Unable to do this, the Corvette sped past blowing the horn. Katana was driving and JXD was flipping off Grinder. The corvette had little choice but to remain on concrete.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: STEP ON IT KATANA!!!

Grinder was only able to do about 40 mph through that field while the corvette cruised through the parking lot at over 100 mph. When Katana saw where Grinder was headed, she floored it. The Corvette and the MONSTER TRUCK seemed to be headed directly for a small Cessna 525 Citation Jet. Grinder reached it first. He hopped out of his truck and into the small jet. It fired right up.

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

Everyone could see Grinder in the Captain

s seat as the Cessna began to taxi down the runway. The Corvette easily caught up to the plane. JXD leaped and caught a wing and began pulling himself up and towards the door of the plane. Katana sped away ahead of the plane topping out at 180 mph. She whipped the car around in an awesome display of smoke and burned rubber and began driving right at Grinder s plane!

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Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Katana Donovan is playing chicken with a fucking jet in Washington DC!!!

She sped at the plane. With less than twenty feet between them, the plane began to ascend. Katana leaped and caught onto a wing! With no one now inside of the black Corvette it sped back up the runway at 180 mph.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: There is NO FUCKING WAY that Second to None is going to be responsible for any of this! Cut the feed! Cut the feed!!!

As the live crowd in Boston began to boo her decision violently, on the big screen in Fenway Park the rented black Corvette sped into Grinder

s MONSTER TRUCK! As the two vehicles exploded, the feed was cut!

It

s a beautiful day in Boston, MA. The sun is peaking out through the clouds and the temperature is in the 50s

a welcome change from the freezing winter weather. There

s a big crowd gathered around Fenway Park anticipating the start of 220 Wrestling

s 333asy iPPV, waiting to see the wrestlers arrive. A 1970 Dodge Monaco drives by. It

s nothing fancy; it hasn

t been immaculately restored or anything, but it gets the job done.

A few minutes later, the crowd bursts out into a

MASSIVE ovation for Boston native Pat Gordon, Jr. who comes walking up to the ballpark entrance wearing his

Instant Legend

t-shirt and carrying his blue duffel bag. He gives the fans a smile and a friendly wave, then shakes a few hands and signs a few autographs on his way into

Fenway Park.

Inside the park, Pat

Gordon, Jr. is making his way through the stands to greet some of his friends and neighbors who have come to watch today

s action. Pat poses for a picture with the McIntosh family from down the street, taking a pretend uppercut on the chin from little Joey McIntosh and selling it like he just got his jaw broken! Everyone gets a big kick out of it and they move along, shaking his hand and wishing him luck. Pat hugs their mom and sisters on their way out.

Next, he

s chatting with Mrs. Noonan, the retired schoolteacher who lives next door, and her son

Donny. Pat

s holding a coffee in a white, Styrofoam cup. He leans down give Mrs. Noonan a hug in her wheelchair. She gives him a

grandma-style kiss on the cheek before ruffling his hair. He grins sheepishly at her and then shake

s hand, patting him on the shoulder.

The O

Reilly boys are his next visit. PGJR has his schoolmates Danny and Fred in side headlocks. All three are smiling when the flash goes off.

Pat poses with a group of teenage boys, everyone in the photo flexing their muscles. Then he does the same pose with a group of teenage girls.

After that, he stops by to see FGA wrestler Kevin Hardaway, who announced on Twitter he was coming to

the match.

The Boston Bruiser

tells him how glad he is that K-Hard could make it up to see the match. They do some play-boxing and then grip one another tightly around the neck while some fans take a few pictures and video on their phones.

Then he spots Chris Madison. He makes his way up to Madison, saying that he has something for him.

Gordon reaches into his pocket and presents the man who made PGJR tap twice with an Arby's coupon. The two laugh hysterically. Handshakes, and Pat Gordon, Jr. is on his way.

Finally, it

s time for

Pat to meet up with his family in the locker room. His dad, Pat

Gordon, Sr. is there. Gathered around the patriarch of the Gordon family are several of PGJR

s brothers: Tommy, Brandon, D.R., Sean, Scott, and Mitchell, all of whom have been named after wrestlers.

Several of his sisters are also on hand. His uncle Mike Gordon even made it.

They

re all whooping and hollering, making a huge deal about what a

it is that

Pat Gordon, Jr. gets to wrestle at Fenway. Pat thanks them all for coming and gives them all fist

bumps, handshakes, and hugs. Then he says he has one more person he wants to see before the match:

Adam Stryker.

As the feed ends, the match bell sounds three times calling for the attention of everyone at Fenway Park and around the world.

In Ashes They Shall Reap

By Hatebreed begins to play and Tommy Rowan storms out from the VISITING TEAM dugout in his usual entrance attire. Across his face, a very smug look and in his right hand he holds a water bottle. He takes a swig and let

s out a huge spray of water. He looks around before wiping his mouth with his arm and snorting. He holds up his fists and the crowd showers him with heavy boos. He puts them down as he shakes his head again.

Tommy begins to walk towards the ring, looking left and right and arguing with some fans.

Chloe Deville: This match is for one fall! Introducing first

He weighed in tonight at 220 pounds, hailing from

Ozone park, New

York, he is

The Hardcore Reject, TOMMY

ROOOOWWWAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!

Tommy is now at the edge of the barricade and he looks at the camera. He mouths off some words before hopping over the barricade and then hopping up on the ring apron with his right knee. Rowan lifts himself up and spins around on the apron. He looks around before holding up the metal horns. He then gets into the ring and steps up on the turnbuckle. Rowan holds up the metal horns again before slowly putting them to his sides as he wipes his mouth again and turns. He sits on the top turnbuckle as he waits for the match to begin.

Chloe Deville: And his opponent!

The cameras focus on the HOME TEAM dugout as Second to No One by Twiztid explodes from the speakers.

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Chloe Deville: From New Orleans, Louisiana, this is YOUR 220 WWWorld Champion! The INSATIABLE MEGAN DELA VEGA!!!

She made her way to the ring taunting the crowd and Rowan with the belt. A group of New Orleans locals started a WHODAT chant, selling what MDV had been complaining about not getting her proper respect as the 220 Champ. She climbed into the ring, taunting

Rowan one last time with the belt before passing it to our referee, Perry Davidson. The bell rang and Rowan and Megan surged forward into a collar and elbow tie

up,

Rowan using his size and weight advantage to back MDV into the corner. Almost immediately, Megan chambered a leg and kicked at Rowan

s

knee, forcing him to break and back away.

Rowan charged with a clothesline attempt, MDV ducked sending Rowan sternum first into the turnbuckle, MDV ramming a shoulder into the lower back and rolled Rowan up.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

Rowan kicked out with authority and was back on his feet as MDV rose back to her own, charging forward and connecting with a dropkick, sending

Rowan reeling into the ropes as she landed on her feet and ran the ropes, Rowan ducking at the last moment and sending Megan spilling to the floor. Rowan dropped to the floor and began stomping away, dropping down to land a few cheapshots to Megan

s forehead.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: I must admit that our champion does look best in red. Blood red that is.

He kept on the attack, pulling MDV up and launched her into the ringpost, causing

Megan to slump against the post, Rowan took a hold and rolled her into the ring and went for a cover.

Referee

counts!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

and the champion kicks out!

As Megan kicked out, slapping Rowan across the face at the same time and rolling to her knees, both staring each other down.

As they both rose back, Megan raked her fingers into Rowan

s eyes and rolled back to the

floor, searching under the ring as she pulled out her sledgehammer, sliding it under the bottom turnbuckle.

Rowan rolled to the outside as he regained his vision from the eye rake and removed a chair, sliding back into the ring.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Favorite weapons have been chosen, now the fight is really beginning!

Megan slid back into the ring, kicking at

Rowan with her glass and razor lined boots, Rowan blocking with the chair and then launched the chair into Megan

s

head, dropping her to the mat. Rowan went for the pin, referee counts .

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

Megan kicks out again.

Rowan pulled MDV to her feet, lifting her up and setting her on the top turnbuckle, climbing up swiftly and dropped into the hurricanrana, sending

MDV into the mat hard, Rowan rolled back over and hooked the legs!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

And Megan kicked out again. Rowan slapped the mat in frustration, shouting that it should have been a three, Megan regaining her breath and slowly dragging herself back up to her feet using the ropes. Rowan caught sight of her and grabbed her wrist, whipping Megan across the ring, going for a lariat, Megan ducked the strike, bounced off the ropes and caught Rowan with a low dropkick to the knee, dropping him to the mat. MDV grabbed a hold of the leg and slammed it into the mat hard! She didn

t let up, grabbing the leg and stretching it out, using her weight to wrench the leg into a forced split causing Rowan to yell from the impact. She pulled Rowan back up into a seated position and then dragged the toe of her boot across the forehead. Blood instantly began pouring from the cut caused by the glass and razors, and Megan pounced on Rowan, digging her fingernails into the cut before throwing a flurry of sharp jabs to open the wound up more.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Rowan is wearing the crimson mask!

MDV transitioned from her position, hooking Rowan

s leg as she drove her forearm into the bridge of the nose, referee counts..

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

and Rowan kicks out. Megan walked to the corner and retrieved her sledgehammer, letting it slam onto the ring loudly as the crowd raised in crescendo as Megan began stalking Rowan. Rowan raised to his feet as Megan charged, sidestepping instinctively as he caught MDV with a knee to the gut, sending MDV down as the sledgehammer fell from her grip to the mat. Rowan turned as MDV rose to her knees and dropped down with an elbow smash to catch Megan in the jaw. Rowan went for the pin, referee counts!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Rowan with a KO?

And Megan grabs the bottom rope out of instinct!!!

Rowan was in the referee

s face almost instantly, arguing that it was a three count as Megan slowly hauled herself back to her feet, using the sledgehammer and the ropes, staggering forward and spinning

Rowan around and again raked his eyes. As Rowan staggered, Megan sized him up and then caught him square in the midsection with the

sledgehammer, threw the weapon aside and set up the Pedigree and drove Rowan face first into the mat.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: THE MONEY SHOT!!!

She rolled over into the pin, hooking the leg as the referee counts.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

She rolled out of the ring quickly grabbing the belt off of the ring apron. She staggered back into the guardrail at ringside where the crowd went wild. They started their WHODAT chant once again as Second to No One by Twiztid once again hit the speakers.

Chloe Deville: And here is your winner

The INSATIABLE MEGAN DELA VEGA!!!

It was impossible to ignore because it was appearing on the big screen over center field and in the sky above Fenway Park.

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

The Cessna 525 Citation Jet that was all saw leaving Washington DC just over an hour ago was flying right at Fenway Park and way too low. The small plane was swerving badly, it looked like a drunk was flying it.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: GRINDER AND JXD COMING IN HOT!!!

Just then an unidentifiable figure leaped out of the plane. Seconds behind the first body, a second leaped from the plane.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: You have got to be shitting me!!!

The feed on the big screen above center field showed the inside of the plane. Both Grinder and JXD were a bloody mess and the inside of the small plane was utterly destroyed!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Stay the fuck out of this Megan!

Back in Fenway Park, Megan Dela Vega had gotten Grinder's branding iron out from it

hiding place under the ring. She ran towards left field where there were spots for buying snacks and merchandise set up. She torched a trashcan and got a fire burning, then she stuff the branding iron down into the trash can to get it hot.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: THOSE TWO ASSHOLES ARE WAY TOO LOW TO OPEN A PARACHUTE!

On the big screen, Grinder grabbed JXD by his beard and pulled him up to his feet. As JXD stood, Grinder applied a Fish Hook and pulled JXD into a side headlock. Grinder then hit a SLICE BREAD NUMBER TWO inside of the plane. He tore open a small cabinet, one of the last things that had not been destroyed. It contained one parachute. He put it on, kicked the door of the plane open and leaped blindly with no hesitation. JXD pulled himself up and quickly went to the cabinet where Grinder had taken the parachute only to find it empty. In frustration, he tore it off of the wall of the plane. JXD took a deep breath and before his wife could stop him, he leaped from the plane with no parachute.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: And we have arrived. We are at the intersection of pins and needles!!!

Now the big screen was showing what everyone could see. Grinder and JXD free falling into Fenway Park.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: There is zero percent chance of opening a parachute this fucking low!!!

JXD positioned his body so that he was falling perfectly straight down towards the earth. Grinder had not so JXD fell much faster than Grinder was. The very second that Grinder released the parachute JXD caught him with a side headlock. Lucia was right, they were way too low to release a parachute. And when Grinder released the chute as JXD grabbed him it created a whiplash effect and he seemed to be limp in JXD's grip.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: LAST CHANCE FOR NACHOS!

They were headed right for the tent that was selling nachos and they were coming in fast and hard. Grinder and JXD hit the top of the nacho tent as if it were their bull's eye. Everything under it was smashed!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: A monster truck

a corvette and now my damned nachos tent? Really guys?

JXD was up first and the first thing he seemed to see was a burning trashcan with a branding iron sticking out of it. Seeing this sent DefTek into full BERSERKER mode. He kicked over the trashcan and grabbed the branding iron. The contents of the trashcan spilled onto the nacho tent top and now it was on fire too in left field. Grinder felt the heat of the fire and finally began to move. Just as he did, JXD began wailing away at him with his own branding

iron! Grinder had barely made it off of the burning tent before JXD caught him in the small of the back with

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the branding iron. He swung it across Grinder

s back over and over as if he were caning him!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Let me remind everyone that the bell rang on this match in DC!! So I consider us to be live and ringside for Grinder versus JXD 3 right here and now in Fenway!!!

JXD dropped the branding iron, and with Grinder

s back still to him JXD cinched in around the waist. First DefTek hit him with a German Suplex! He held on, hauled Grinder up to his feet then changed his hold on him to nail a Tiger Suplex!

Again, JXD hauled Grinder up to his

feet, this time the definition of technician hit Grinder with a release Dragon Suplex!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: TRIPLE ONE!

Grinder made it up to his feet, as he turned to face JXD, he was nearly decapitated with a running Yakuza Kick!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: FUSION HAMMER!

Instead of taking the pin, JXD grabbed the trashcan and just like Babe Ruth had called his shot, he pointed to the top of the GREEN MONSTER! When he did, the crowd went wild.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: There is no way! No fucking way! That s like forty feet!!!

JXD ran across the foul line in left field and hopped into the bleacher seats where they are low. Quickly he made his way up into the outfield seats behind the GREEN MONSTER. With all eyes on him, JXD dropped the trashcan over his head and started his second free fall of the day.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: HOLY SHIT!

And for only the SECOND

maybe THIRD time like

JXD CONNECTED!!!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: THE FUCK OUT OF HERE! JXD WITH A SUICIDE NOTE!!!

Our referee Perry Davidson came onto the scene sprinting through the outfield. JXD wasn't so much covering Grinder for a pin, but his arm was still across Grinder s chest. Both men seemed to be out cold. The referee began the count.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

THREEEEEEEEE!

HERO by Skillet exploded from the speakers and Perry raised JXD s limp arm in victory.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

Finally, JXD

s war with Grinder is

over! Hopefully anyway! Now somebody clean this mess up!

Then, with no more waiting, everyone

s attention was brought back to the ring.

Chloe Deville: BOSTON

this is YOUR MAIN EVENT!!!

Lost Boys by Adept hit the speakers and no one in the crowd really knew what to expect. This music had never been played at a Second to None event so the anxiously waited. And then, by the HOME TEAM

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dugout, the crowd got loud and began throwing red and white streamers towards the field. Adam Stryker appears from out of the HOME TEAM dugout, dressed in his ring gear and black leather jacket and just stands there for a while, enjoying the cheers from the crowd. He then slowly walks towards the ring.

Chloe Deville: From Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 220 pounds

The SoCal Switchblade

Adam Stryker!

Stryker slides under the bottom rope and hands his jacket to our referee Perry Davidson. He hops on one of the turnbuckles and performs his typical cut-throat taunt as streamers are thrown in the ring. His music dies out as he hops off the buckle.

Williamsburg is the name, invented by sportswriters, for the bullpen area built in front of the right-center field bleachers in 1940. It was built there primarily for the benefit of Ted Williams, to enable him and other left-handed batters to hit more home runs, since it was 23 feet (7.0 m) closer than the bleacher wall.

Williamsburg is where the cameras were now focused.

For Boston by Dropkick Murphys brings the fans to their feet. Pat Gordon, Jr. steps out of the bullpen and puts up his dukes with a smile on his face. He makes his way down the aisle, giving high-fives along the way to any fans reaching out their hands.

Chloe Deville: And his opponent! From BOSTON!

The crowd gave a loud cheap pop and green and white steamers flooded the aisle to the ring and the ring itself.

Chloe Deville: The Boston Bruiser!!! Pat Gordon, Junior!!!

Pat stops at ringside for a second to give away his

Pat Lock

t-shirt to a lucky little fan. As he did this, Grinder had refused medical treatment out in left field and had run to the ringside area. He gave PGJR a mask on his. PGJR pulled down his knee pad on the right knee, wrapped the mask around his knee for good luck and pulled the knee pad back up. He shook hands with Grinder. Gordon then does one last lap of high-fives around the ring before scaling the steps and climbing through the ropes.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

Wrestling fans around the world have been waiting for this one and we of Second to None are proud to bring you the third and hopefully final match between Boston

son Pat Gordon Junior and The SoCal Switchblade and Second to None

son Adam Stryker. Both men have walked away with a victory in each of their two previous encounters.

Referee Perry Davison called both men to the center of the ring. As they met, Adam Stryker had his hand extended to Pat Gordon Jr. When PGJR turned to his hometown and asked if he should shake hands with Stryker, just as

Grinder had already made his presence known, The Hardcore Reject and

220 Villain Tommy Rowan made his presence known by taking a seat at the broadcast table with Lucia to watch the match.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Alright Rowan, this is my fucking spotlight.

Keep your mouth shut, I got this.

Finally, inside of the ring, PGJR shook hands with Stryker and the ref called for the bell to start off the match.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: The wait is over!

Pat Gordon Jr. took the center of the ring and held up his right hand, offering Stryker a test of strength.

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Stryker took the bait and locked up with PGJR. Both men had both hands up over their heads and were locked in each other

s grip. Slowly PGJR began walked Stryker back towards the ropes. Stryker resisted, got his footing and began walking Pat backwards towards the ropes which were behind him. PGJR then got his feet under himself and used his low center of gravity to fight back against the taller and lighter Adam Stryker. PGJR then shoved hard, forcing Stryker down onto one knee. Then he shoved Stryker down flat onto his back with both men still locked in a test of strength. The referee slid into position, checked Stryker s shoulders and began to count.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

WOW!!!

Instead of kicking out, Stryker put a boot into the gut of PGJR and monkey flipped him!

As both men moved to their feet, Stryker took down PGJR with a running lariat. With an Oklahoma Roll, Stryker went for a fast pinning combination.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

WOW!!!

PGJR reversed. Stryker reversed. PGJR reversed. Stryker reversed. PGJR reversed. Stryker reversed. PGJR reversed. Stryker reversed. PGJR reversed. Stryker reversed. PGJR reversed. Stryker reversed. The two grapplers reversed each other

s holds and pinning attempts so fast that neither Lucia nor Perry could keep up with them. After the tenth consecutive pin attempt, the referee actually gave up and stepped back out of their way.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: I hope they re not as dizzy as I am!

They didn

t seem to be because finally Stryker kicked out hard and strong enough to break up their hold on one another. As they moved to their feet, Stryker took PGJR down with a high hip toss. PGJR made it up to his feet where Stryker landed an Inverted Atomic Drop followed by a Discus

Clothesline!

Stryker stalked PGJR. As Pat stood, Stryker lifted him up with an Electric Chair. Stryker reached up and with a grip on the back of PGJR

s neck

sat-out the move the name an Electric Chair Driver!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: ..1

The Boston Bruiser kicks out of the Electric Chair Driver!

Again, Stryker stalked. He backed away from PGJR encouraging him to stand. When he did, Stryker went for it.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby:

THE STRY

He went for it but PGJR side-stepped him and drove his shoulder into a cornerpost when Stryker went for a GORE. PGJR then attacked. He pulled Stryker back and ran that shoulder into the top turnbuckle before nailing Stryker with a Hammerlock Bodyslam. With Stryker flat on his back, PGJR then took a Wristlock and unloads a flurry of punches on the exposed arm!

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Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: The Boston Charlie Horse!

PGJR stayed on the arm. He pulled Stryker up by the Wristlock and sent him for the ride with an Irish Whip. As Stryker bounced off of the ropes and back into the center of the ring, PGJR nailed him with a Tilt-A-Whirl Shoulder Breaker!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: The Bruin Breaker! Pat Gordon Junior goes for the pin! One! Two! Stryker kicks out!!!

Still, PGJR stayed on the arm. He pulled Stryker up and hit a Hammerlock Back Suplex. From there, PGJR went with a Back Suplex lift into a Piledriver.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: SUNDAY MORNING HANGOVER! THIS COULD BE IT!!! ONE! TWO! STRYKER KICKS OUT!!!

A HOLY SHIT chant starts among the loyalists who had just witnessed Stryker kick out of PGJR's FINISHING MOVE!

But Pat Gordon junior wasn't finished. Neither was Stryker. This time when Pat reached for a Wristlock, Stryker took wrist control and snatched PGJR towards

him, booting him in the gut as he did.

When PGJR doubled over, Stryker stepped over and hit his Arm Wrench Inside Headlock Driver.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: DUE PUNISHMENT! STRYKER WITH THE COVER! ONE! TWO!! PAT GORDON JUNIOR KICKS OUT!

The Boston crowd still chanted HOLY SHIT because now they'd seen Pat kick out of Adam's FINISHING MOVE!

As PGJR made it to his feet, Stryker scooped him up onto his shoulders. With a Canadian Backbreaker Rack flipped into a knee strike to the face, Stryker went for it all one more again.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: ELITIST SMASHER!!! STRYKER WITH THE PIN! ONE! TWO! OMGWTF?!?!? PAT GORDON JUNIOR KICKS OUT AGAIN!!!

The crowd was going wild. They were banging on the guardrail at ringside. They were now chanting THIS IS AWESOME. And then, something happened that made it get REALLY LOUD.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: ROWAN?!?!?

Tommy Rowan stood up at ringside. He grabbed two steel chairs and climbed the steel steps at ringside. Rowan shouted at Stryker.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: OH THIS IS BULLSHIT!

The crowd agreed and quickly began a BULLSHIT chant. Stryker focused on Rowan and rose to his feet. Rowan climbed into the ring and Stryker came right at him. Rowan tossed one of the chairs over Stryker's head. Stryker turned to grab that chair and saw that Pat Gordon Junior was standing there holding it and smiling. He turned back to Rowan, who was also holding a chair and smiling.

Simultaneously, PGJR and Rowan raised the steel chairs and brought them down together in a CON-CHAIR-TO SMASH to the skull of Adam Stryker! Rowan Yakuza Kicked the referee over the top rope and out of the ring! PGJR slammed his chair down onto the mat and again hit Stryker with the Sunday Morning Hangover, this time onto a chair! The crowd

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s trash was filling the ring and they were loud!

When PGJR covered Stryker, Rowan made the count.

Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby: ONETWOTHREE!

Rowan called for the bell and raised Pat Gordon Junior

s arm in victory. Once again FOR BOSTON by Dropkick Murphys hits the speakers.

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: And this concludes the

BOSTON BRUISE JOB

When Stryker heard the music and saw Rowan holding PGJR

s arm up and realized what had happened he lost it. From behind, he hit Rowan with a Suplex lift flipped into a Double Knee Backbreaker!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: Definition of Mayhem!

Grinder climbed into the ring! He tore off his PAT LOCK T-shirt and threw it down onto the mat. He pleaded with Pat Gordon Jr to not let it be true. Stryker took this opportunity to hit PGJR with a Busaiku Knee Kick!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: HEADHUNTER!

Stryker then swung on Grinder too! He spun Grinder half way around and applied a half Nelson. He ran grinder towards the ropes then lifted Grinder up and with a Half Nelson Suplex threw Grinder over the top rope and down onto the ground at ringside!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: HOLYSHITPLEX!!!

Stryker then turned his full attention to Tommy Rowan. With a wristlock he pulled Rowan to his feet. As Rowan stood, Stryker pulled that arm across Rowan

s throat and lifted him up onto his shoulders. Stryker put a boot up onto the bottom rope and the rowdy Boston crowd went wild!

Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby: YO! I

m out of here! See you motherfuckers in New York City!

Slowly, Stryker climbed the ring ropes with Rowan on his shoulders. At the top ropes with no hesitation Stryker leaped and shattered the broadcast table with a Cut Throat Driver onto Rowan!

Slowly, Stryker made it to his feet. He grabbed the microphone from the broken ringside broadcast table..

Adam

Stryker: Listen motherfuckers. It has already been announced that I will face the winner of Megan Dela Vega and Tommy Rowan in New York City

BUT THAT

S NOT HAPPENING! I am demanding the LOSER of that match!

The crowd began to chant STRYKE HIM DOWN!

Adam Stryker: Tommy Rowan

I don

t give a fuck about the WWWorld Championship because everyone already knows that Second to None is MY yard! And I will prove it to you once and for all in New York City. Because in two weeks Tommy Rowan it and you

and the loser

LEAVES SECOND TO NONE!!!

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The cameras focus on Stryker. He still stands over Rowan. Over his shoulder was the big screen in center field. We see the 220 logo and the show ends.

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