

Thursday Night Rage: 14

August 30, 2014 | MGM Grand Arena - Las Vegas, Nevada

RAGE

[THE SECOND COMING V. FILL V. SEBASTIAN BLACKTHORNE](#) Fill, Second Coming, and Sebastian stand motionless in the ring as the ref stands center stage addressing each superstar. As he gets the final confirmation from Fill, he signals for the bell, sidestepping out of the way as Fill charges straight for Sebastian, as Second Coming leans back and observe Fill in action as he lays it into Sebastian with a vicious european uppercut, that lifts his opponent into the air briefly as he grabs ahold of his arm, he whips him to the opposite post.

Gil: Here we are folks and welcome to Thursday Night Rage, where we kick off with an opening match between Fill, Sebastian Blackthorne, and Second Coming! I'm Gil Parquet!

Lucius: And accompanying him today, i am Lucius Cashmere! Following with you the release of information regarding the merging of VCW and UTA's rosters.

Sebastian connects back first into the post, as Fill looks to Second Coming briefly as she sprints towards Sebastian stopping short to connect herleft knee to his chest, doubling him over in pain. She whips him out of the ring towards a waiting Fill who scoops him up and reasonably fashion drops him with a Black Hole Slam. He covers, watching Second Coming warily...

ONE~!

TWO~!

THR~he lifts Sebastian's arm up, smirking in Second Coming's direction as he gets up.

Gil: The punishment only continues it seems...

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Lucius: The showmanship is only over when they say its over.

Fill lifts up Sebastian, setting him up for what would look like pumphandle slam, but Second Coming connects with a superkick on Sebastian, displaying cohesion at best, as Fill steps out of the way, she pins the knocked out Sebastian as Fill backs up.

ONE~!@

TWO~!

THREE~!

The bell rings as Fill rolls out of the ring, Second Coming only watches on as her hand is raised, but she pulls it away as she points at Fill, mouthing off as she makes a gesture around her waist indicating she will be the next VCW Champion.

Gil: Dick Fury has a growing list of people vying for a chance to replace him as we get closer to the finals.

Lucius: The real question is who will be that person to challenge Dick Fury for the VCW Heavyweight Championship?

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[DICK FURY V. SANTA CLAUS](#) Dick Fury hands over the VCW Championship as Santa steps forward from his corner.

Gil: Tonight, Dick Fury continues his winning ways against the impervious man of legend.

Lucius: Man of legend, did you SEE the way he talks on live television?! He's definitely not the man i would sit on their knee and ask for questions.

The ref signals for the bell as the duo dance circles in the ring, looking for an opening. The ever confident Dick Fury, displaying a different kind of emotion in the ring as he locks up with Santa. Santa clearly having the weight advantage, simply pushes Dick away with force, sending the champion on his ass.

Gil: Santa here clearly displaying the years of cutting firewood for Missus Claus here tonight folks.

Lucius: And dragging elves behind the wood shelter when she's fast asleep.

In almost mocking fashion, Santa laughs, but with a more serious tone, slower than usual as he approaches. Not giving Dick a chance, he grabs ahold of him, connecting with serious suplex that sends the champion up and over, bouncing off the mat. Santa turns around as Dick gets up, charging at full speed as Dick stands, connecting with a body splash upon Dick as he stood in the corner.

Lucius: And there goes Dick's oxygen supply hah!

Gil: Our champion is in deep trouble here folks!

Dick simply falls to the mat in almost zombie fashion as Santa goes to cover the champion. The ref gets to the mat for the count.

ONE~!

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TWO~!

THREE~!

The bell is rung as Santa simply gets up, neither impressed nor satisfied with the turn of events as the ref raises his hand and his theme music cuts on.

Ann: The winner of this match...SANTA CLAUS!

Santa walks towards the VCW Championship belt as the ref checks on Dick Fury, who is breathing a little better. Dick looks on as Santa sizes the belt around his waist. Disappointed, he tosses the belt back at Dick in displeasure, but smiles when Dick looks up at him, motioning for the championship around his waist as he walks out of the ring.

Gil: If he doesn't snap to, the VCW Championship will be as good as gone.

Lucius: You're beloved champion might wanna wake up, before Jolly Saint Nick takes the prize from him.

[RODNEY MARNEY V. TOMMY LIPTON](#) Rodney Marney stands idle in his corner as Tommy Lipton unclips

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the VCW Internet Championship and hands it to the ref. He preps himself as the ref goes to hand it to Ann outside the ring.

The bell sounds off as the two wrestlers begin to circle, but Rodney immediately goes for the offensive, pushing the veteran champion towards the corner. He immediately grabs Tommy, pulling him back out and tossing him out towards the center in a display of strength.

Ringmaster Kennedy jumps up and down with glee as Rodney walks towards Lipton, who does an immediate withdraw backwards to the corner behind him. Rodney reaches for him but Lipton dodges, running under the beast, as he swings around and lays it into the Rodney's chest with a series of hooks.

The barrage slows down Rodney as Lipton tries to gain momentum, he attempts an irish whip, but Rodney reverses it, sending Lipton over chest first into the turnbuckle. He doubles back, clutching his chest as he is gripped into a lethal inverted DDT in the center of the ring by Rodney. He covers.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Tommy kicks out, with Ringmaster yelling for swifter action as Rodney takes up Lipton, lifts him up for a proper german suplex, but Lipton locks his legs in, preventing the attempt twice. The third time, he is lifted up, but he shifts his weight for an advantage, landing on his feet. He jumps up as Rodney turns around, connecting with a dropkick on the big man's chest.

Rodney stumbles back a little as Lipton charges at him, hitting a flying clothesline, causing Rodney to fall

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back on the ropes, but he uses the momentum to bounce back, swinging for a clothesline for his own, but Lipton ducks under the attempt, attempting to lift the giant up...

and with great effort, he manages to slam him down to the mat with a spine buster that shakes the ring. The fans get excited as neither man is able to move from such a display.

The ref looks on as he begins his count.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Rodney begins to stir at the behest of Ringmaster Kennedy..

THREE~!

Tommy rolls on his side, then his stomach at the count of four..

FIVE~!

Tommy covers Rodney...the ref slides over.

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ONE~!

TWO~!

THR~Rodney lifts his shoulder up, interrupting the count. The look of concern is shown on the champion's face as he rolls away.

Tommy gets to his feet as he surveys his opponent. He gnashes his teeth as he beckons for Rodney rises. Not waiting til he's fully on his feet, Tommy rushes at Rodney, kicking him in the chest three times, before running to the ropes. As he bounces off the ropes, Ringmaster pulls on his right leg, eliciting a chorus of boos as Lipton stumbles into the waiting man's Samoan Drop in the center of the ring.

Rodney covers...

ONE~!

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TWO~!

THR~Tommy kicks out! The fans breathe a collective gasp as Ringmaster Kennedy screams at the top of her lungs.

Gil: Just a fraction of a second and we would have crowned a new champion.

Lucius: Better believe Tommy was running on the subconscious level at that moment.

Tommy is again lifted by Rodney, as he clasps his hand around the champion's throat. As he goes to lift him up, Tommy comes to, shifting his weight at that last second to get behind Rodney..he grabs ahold of him, lifting up and backwards towards the mat, connecting the Lipton Slam on his challenger.

Lucius: The champion with the rebound! Can he manage it!

Tommy limps over to cover, his movements slow as he reaches his arm over the form of Rodney Marney. The ref gets close to make the count.

ONE~!

TWO~!

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THREE~!

The bell rings as Tommy rolls away, resting a bit as the ref goes to retrieve the championship belt.

Ann: Your winner...TOMMY LIPTON~!

Gil: With this win, Tommy advances in the tournament, on Saturday Night Victory he set to defend the strap against Perfection! Can he manage?

Lucius: Or will he just become another number on Perfection's winstreak?

[CONRAD TELLER V. HEX GIRL](#) The VCW Wildfire Championship hands above the ring, the light hitting the belt's plates as the camera grabs a good look at it for the folks watching back home.

Ann: This match is contested under Ladder Match Rules...where the only way to win is by grabbing...the Valor Championship Wrestling..Wildfire Belt hanging above. The person to successfully take the belt down will be declared the VCW Wildfire Champion.

The bell rings as "Now it's On" hits and the crowd goes wild as Convict steps out on stage. Con sports his typical bright orange prison scrubs, of which he loses the shirt and tosses it into the crowd as he makes it to the bottom of the runway. The taping around his chest, a reminder of his

Ann: Introducing first, from Riverhead, New York, weighing in at 248 pounds. He is the reigning VCW Wildfire Champion..."Convict" CONRAD TELLER~!

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Before sliding into the ring Conrad crosses himself and whispers an inaudible amen before he's ready to go.

Ann: Introducing his opponent...

Hex Girl comes out on the stage covered in her green half cape she holds for a moment and the stage erupts in flames blocking her from view for a moment when the flames vanish she is minus the cape.

Ann: From Busthead, Virginia...weighing in at 115 pounds....HEX GIRL~!

A hardened look on her face she walks down the ramp with purposeful determination. She slides into the ring, staring down as she gets on her feet, with Conrad only returning the stare with one of his own.

Gil: Tonight's match between Hex Girl and Conrad is a potential question mark amongst those who were anticipating the rematch between Mike Harrison and Conrad Teller for the VCW Wildfire Championship.

Lucius: But ended being Hex Girl getting the titleshot to face for the Wildfire Championship once more.

Gil: Question is...can she pull it off? Can Conrad Teller retain given his condition?

Both wrestlers are checked by the referee as Hex and Conrad continue to look up at the championship and at each other. Neither giving an inch as the ref finally finishes and signals to ring the bell.

Immediately Conrad and Hex take towards each other, Hex using her size and agility, dodges the first blow, hits for the ropes as Conrad turns around and comes back with a knee to Conrad's chest, eliciting an expression of deep pain as he falls to the mat.

Gil: Immediately taking to the weakness that present on Conrad. She had plenty of time to come with a plan of attack.

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Hex Girl rolls out of the ring, grabbing one of the ten foot ladders and sliding it in. Wary of Conrad getting back up, she pulls a table up from underneath. The fans begin cheering knowing they are in for a long struggle.

Gil: That table is set up to be a serious weapon in the fight for the Wildfire Championship. With Hex Girl's expertise, its lethal in her hands.

Lucius: Better hope Conrad will be able to walk after this match.

Hex slides in the table as Conrad manages to get to his knees, rubbing his chest as he approaches as Hex slides in. She goes for Spin Kick but is blocked by Conrad, who pulls her towards him.

Lucius: Time to go to bed little lady!

Conrad pulls her to the mat in attempt to set up a boston crab in the center of the ring, but Hex pushes him off her, rolling away in the process as he turns around.

As she manages to stand, Conrad comes running at her, but she sidesteps and trips him up, having him land face first onto the ladder.

Gil: Hex with the drop on Conrad! She's propping up the table!

Hex sets up the table, propping it up the corner against the turnbuckle. She takes to Conrad, grabbing his arms as she attempts to lift him. As she positions him for Springboard Bulldog, she hits for the ropes with all her strength, but Conrad lifts her up and slams her onto the table, shattering it in the process.

Lucius:Hex Girl is knocked out!

Conrad clutches his chest as he surveys the damage done, he turns over to the ladder, struggling at first, but manages to set the ladder up as Hex slowly comes to.

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Conrad takes to climbing the ladder, each step visibly causing him pain around his chest as he looks up towards the championship.

Lucius: The damage from Ring King is clearly evident here folks. Quite frankly, this match is going to take its toll on Conrad when he returns back to UTA!

Gil: If anything i have to say Apollo would very much appreciate the damage caused by Hex here tonight.

Hex begins to walk towards the ladder as Conrad is now on the second to last step. He takes note of Hex approaching the ladder from the corner as he forces himself up the final step. Hex manages to reach the ladder as Conrad grabs ahold of the championship belt. She pushes the ladder away as Conrad grabs ahold of the belt with both hands.

Gil: Conrad is struggling here...looks like he has a good grip on the belt.

Conrad manages to loosen the belt, shifting his weight, he pulls his legs up, despite the pain, freed the belt from the hook, falling down to the mat on his back as the bell rings.

Ann: Your winner and still the VCW Wildfire Champion, Conrad Teller!

Gil: We're going to need an EMT out here for Conrad!

Show Credits

Segment: "RAGE" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite