

Sunday Night Assault: #9

January 31, 2026 | Accor Arena - France

Introduction

The screen is black.

*A low, industrial **heartbeat thrum** fades in.*

An edited version of "Asylum" by Disturbed bleeds into the speakers as the **AWS logo** snaps onto the screen--cracked, scarred, and alive--before detonating into static.

CUT TO:

A sweeping **aerial shot of Paris at night**. The Eiffel Tower glows in the distance, traffic threading the city like veins of light.

HARD CUT: INSIDE THE ACCOR ARENA.

Pyro **erupts** from the stage in sharp crimson bursts. The crowd is already on its feet--flags waving, phones raised, chants echoing off the steel rafters.

The camera **pans the lower bowl**--fans in AWS shirts, European wrestling banners, hand-painted signs in French and English:

"LA FOLIE COMMENCE"

"AWS À PARIS"

"WELCOME TO THE ASYLUM"

Another pan--**ringside chaos**, fans pounding the barricades.

A slow sweep across the **upper deck**, the arena glowing under cold white lights.

*The camera **glides past the entrance ramp**, then settles on the broadcast position--**to the right of the ramp**--two figures locked in, headsets on, eyes forward.*

JOEY BLACK in a tailored black jacket, composed but buzzing.

HARDCORE HEX in sleeveless black, taped wrists, leaning forward like he's ready to fight someone through the desk.

*The crowd **ROARS**.*

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CAMERA: TIGHT ON THE BOOTH.

Joey Black smiles and begins--in French, subtitles appearing clean and sharp beneath the frame.

JOEY BLACK (French, subtitled):

« *Mesdames et messieurs, bonsoir et bienvenue à Asylum Wrestling Society... »
(Ladies and gentlemen, good evening and welcome to Asylum Wrestling Society...)*

The camera cuts briefly back to the crowd--**a sea of motion**--then returns.

JOEY BLACK (French, subtitled):

« *...nous sommes en direct de l'Accor Arena à Paris, France, pour Saturday Night Assault numéro neuf. »
(...we are live from the Accor Arena in Paris, France, for Saturday Night Assault number nine.)*

Hardcore Hex nods, eyes burning.

JOEY BLACK (French, subtitled):

« *Et ce soir, nous entrons dans une nouvelle année... deux mille vingt-six. »
(And tonight, we enter a new year... twenty twenty-six.)*

The crowd erupts again, feeding off the moment.

CAMERA: WIDE SHOT of the arena, lights pulsing.

Joey switches seamlessly to English.

JOEY BLACK:

Welcome, everyone, to **Asylum Wrestling Society's Saturday Night Assault #9!** We are live, we are loud, and we are absolutely electric here in Paris, France! A brand-new year is upon us, and if there is one place chaos was destined to begin in 2026--it's right here in the Accor Arena.

HARDCORE HEX:

Paris don't ease into a new year, Joey--they **ignite it**. You feel that? That's violence in the air. That's momentum. That's the Asylum stepping onto foreign ground with **no brakes and no apologies**.

JOEY BLACK:

The eyes of the wrestling world are on this building tonight. New rivalries. Old grudges. Careers that could change in a single moment.

HARDCORE HEX:

And don't get it twisted--this ain't a celebration. This is a **warning shot** for 2026. Everybody back there knows what Assault does to people... and Paris is about to find out why this place is called the Asylum.

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The camera pulls back once more--

one final pan over the crowd, the ring glowing at center stage, anticipation crackling.

CUT TO BLACK.

SMASH CUT: AWS ASSAULT #9 OPENING VIDEO.

Silver Baron © vs. "Wild" Willie

The bell rings and the tension is immediate.

Silver Baron smirks, raising the Parental Advisory Championship just enough to remind everyone this match may be non-title--but he's still the standard. Wild Willie doesn't wait for pleasantries. He cracks his knuckles, rolls his shoulders, and charges.

They collide center-ring.

Baron uses his veteran instincts early sharp elbows, a knee to the midsection, and a quick snapmare that sends Willie sprawling. He slows the pace, stalking the newcomer, jawing at the Paris crowd as he grinds a boot into Willie's chest. Baron whips Willie hard into the corner and follows with a running forearm, then a short-arm clothesline that turns Willie inside out.

Cover.

One... Two...

Willie kicks out with force.

Baron's expression changes--less amused now.

He drags Willie up, looking for a suplex, but Willie blocks. Once. Twice. Willie fires back with body shots, then explodes with a stiff lariat that drops the champion. The crowd comes alive as Willie feeds off the noise, bouncing off the ropes and blasting Baron with a running crossbody.

Willie stays on him--corner punches, a snap bulldog, and a deep cover.

One... Two...

Baron kicks out and rolls to the apron.

Frustrated, Baron snaps. He yanks Willie throat-first into the ropes, then slingshots back in with a hard knee strike. He plants Willie with a heavy sidewalk slam and floats into another cover.

One... Two...

Willie survives again.

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Baron argues with the referee, wasting precious seconds--and that's all Willie needs.

As Baron pulls him up for what looks like a finisher, Willie shoves him away and fires off a sudden headbutt. Baron staggers back into the ropes. Willie sees it.

Here it comes.

Willie charges, **tossing Silver Baron violently into the ropes**. As Baron rebounds, Willie **scoops him into a spinebuster position**, muscles straining--then **spins a full 180 degrees mid-air** before **driving Baron straight into the mat with a thunderous, rotating spinebuster**.

THE WRANGLER.

The ring shakes. The crowd erupts.

Willie hooks both legs, tight and deep.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Bell rings.

Wild Willie rolls off, stunned for half a second--then realization hits. He just pinned the Parental Advisory Champion in the middle of the ring.

Silver Baron lies flat on his back, furious and shocked, clutching his ribs as the referee raises Willie's hand. The crowd roars, sensing what this win means.

Non-title... but unmistakably a statement.

Wild Willie stands tall; eyes locked on the championship as Baron glares up from the mat--2026 just got very interesting.

BACKSTAGE SEGMENT - EXECUTIVE OFFICE CORRIDOR

*The camera cuts backstage to a quiet, industrial hallway near the executive offices. AWS Executive Director **Donavan Cross** is mid-conversation with a production assistant when a sharp pair of heels clicks into frame.*

MANDI FEIGEL steps in--AWS Owner and Chief of Staff--visibly furious.

The assistant immediately backs away.

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MANDI FEIGEL:

You want to explain something to me right now, Donovan?

Cross exhales slowly, already knowing where this is going.

DONAVAN CROSS:

If this is about--

MANDI FEIGEL (cutting him off):

The **AWS Parental Advisory Championship** was *not defended tonight*. That title is not optional. It is *mandatory*. Every show. No exceptions.

She steps closer, lowering her voice but sharpening every word.

MANDI FEIGEL:

That championship exists to set a tone. If it's not defended, it doesn't matter what excuses you have--*it makes us look disorganized*.

Cross straightens his jacket, jaw tightening.

DONAVAN CROSS:

Mandi... this is not a conversation that should be happening with cameras rolling.

He glances directly at the lens.

DONAVAN CROSS (coldly):

There should be *no cameras* when you and I speak like this.

Mandi doesn't flinch.

MANDI FEIGEL:

Then maybe you should have done your job *before* we got to this point.

A tense beat.

MANDI FEIGEL:

Let me be very clear--if you can't get this together, if championships start being treated like suggestions instead of obligations...

(leans in)

...your position is in jeopardy.

Cross's eyes narrow. His voice stays calm--but hard.

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DONAVAN CROSS:

And I don't appreciate your *tone*.

Another silence. The tension is suffocating.

Cross finally nods once.

DONAVAN CROSS:

That said... I will take it under advisement.

Mandi crosses her arms.

DONAVAN CROSS:

On the next show--whether it's **Ward** or **Assault**--the Parental Advisory Championship situation will be addressed.

He meets her stare, unblinking.

DONAVAN CROSS:

That's all I'm saying. On camera.

Mandi holds the look for a moment longer... then steps back.

MANDI FEIGEL:

Make sure it is.

She turns and walks off down the corridor.

The camera lingers on Cross as he watches her leave--his expression unreadable, but unmistakably irritated.

Cross turns toward the camera.

DONAVAN CROSS:

Cut it.

The feed abruptly fades to black.

Centre of Attention vs. Dr. Octavia Vale/Astra Mortis

Sold out. Red house lights glint off steel barricades. The French crowd is loud but discerning -- they don't chant for everyone. They judge first.

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Mia Russo on the open:

MIA: "Welcome to Paris -- and trust me, when this city decides it likes you, it *roars*. But when it doesn't? You feel every second of it."

DANNY: "This crowd is tuned in, Mia. They know they're about to see two teams with very different definitions of dominance."

"Ladies and Gentlemen" - Saliva

The opening voice hits.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..."

The Titantron detonates to life --A single massive eyeball, red-veined, silver iris, black pupil -- unblinking. Red lightning fractures down the ramp in jagged bolts as industrial strobes pulse. The beat drops.

Centre of Attention steps onto the stage in a single-file line.

Not rushed.

Not theatrical.

Measured. Controlled. Arrogant.

Mason Hurst at the centre -- stone-faced, jaw set, shoulders squared like a fortress.

Olympia Waybright half a step behind, chin raised, eyes cold, tape tight around her wrists.

They stop.

Let the music breathe.

Then they march.

No gestures to the crowd.

No pandering.

Just slow, deliberate steps -- like they already own the ring.

At ringside, they split flawlessly:

Mason posts up on one apron corner, staring through the hard camera.

Olympia takes the opposite side, wiping her boots on the edge with deliberate disrespect.

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Only once the arena has been forced to look at all of them do they enter.

They don't pose.

They claim space.

? RING ANNOUNCEMENT -- SONG TENG

Song Teng lets the noise settle before speaking -- precise, dramatic, controlled.

SONG TENG:"The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is a tag team match!"

Boos ripple. She waits. Then continues.

"Introducing first... representing CENTRE... OF... ATTENTION!"

Music surges again.

"From Canberra, Australia... weighing 316 pounds... standing six feet, eleven inches tall... 'THE DOMINATOR'... MASON HURST!"

Mason steps forward slightly. No reaction. No acknowledgment.

"And his partner... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing one hundred fifty-six pounds... 'THE WARMAIDEN'... OLYMPIA WAYBRIGHT!"

Olympia wipes her boots again before stepping between the ropes -- eyes locked on the opposite tunnel.

Danny:"Dual citizenship, Australia and the U.S., but that last name? That's his mother's. Raised him alone. That creates a certain... edge."

Gidget:"And Olympia Waybright? Olympic bloodline. Judo, hockey, strength training -- she didn't *find* wrestling, wrestling found her."

GIDGET: "That's that Canadian submission schooling -- she's always two steps ahead."

MIA: "This is their specialty. Cut the ring. Control the tempo. Suffocate you with arrogance."

The lights don't cut out.

They desynchronize.

House lights flicker off-beat -- violet... storm-blue... wrong timing.

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No music at first.

Just a low, pressure-hum.

Octavia Vale appears first -- half-lit, chalk already dusting her fingers.

Lightning cracks at stage right -- Astra Mortis steps forward through storm-blue light.

Violet fog rolls last -- thick, unnatural.

They stand in a line only long enough to confirm existence.

Then they separate.

No pose.

No unity display.

Just inevitability.

The crowd doesn't chant.

They murmur.

? RING ANNOUNCEMENT -- SONG TENG

Song's tone changes. Slower. Lower.

SONG TENG: "And their opponents..."

She lets the silence stretch.

"From THE IN-BETWEEN..."

Octavia Vale steps forward slightly.

"Introducing first... weighing one hundred forty pounds...DR. OCTAVIA VALE... THE CHRONO-WITCH OF SALEM."

Octavia wipes chalk across the mat -- eyes never leaving Centre of Attention.

"And her partner... from Buffalo, New York... weighing one hundred ninety-eight pounds..."

Astra Mortis steps fully into the light.

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"ASTRA MORTIS... THE REVENANT WARDEN."

Astra tilts her head. Blows a slow kiss toward the hard cam.

The bell rings and Paris is loud -- sharp, rhythmic, impatient.

Mason Hurst starts opposite Astra Mortis.

They circle.

No lockup.

Astra cracks him with a discus forearm.

Mason answers immediately -- knife-edge chop, echoing through the arena like a gunshot.

MIA RUSSO: "Welcome to Paris -- they're not feeling each other out. They're measuring damage."

They trade strikes -- forearms, chops, knees -- until Mason surges forward, scooping Astra into a running powerslam that rattles the ring.

Astra rolls through the impact, laughing, already rising.

She tags out without ceremony.

Octavia Vale slides in.

Octavia immediately targets Mason's arm -- wristlock, finger bend, elbow torque -- trying to shorten the giant.

Mason powers through, hoists her for a vertical suplex --

Octavia drops behind him, dragon screw to the knee, then backs away before damage can be returned.

Tag.

Olympia Waybright steps in like she owns the mat.

*Olympia and Octavia collide in a **technical sprint**:*

Shinbreaker by Olympia

Leg pick by Octavia

Northern Lights Bomb attempt -- Octavia slips out mid-lift

Pendulum Theory rope-hung neck crank -- Olympia powers free and headbutts her straight off the ropes

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GIDGET STEPHENSON: "That's brute force beating prediction!"

Olympia tags Mason.

Centre of Attention isolate Octavia.

Mason crushes her with:

Avalanche back suplex

Bearhug, squeezing the breath out of her

High-angle Boston Crab

Astra storms in illegally, booting Mason in the side of the head.

The ref restores order.

Octavia crawls -- tag made.

Astra explodes in.

She levels Mason with a lariat from hell, then another.

Mason stumbles -- Astra hits the ropes and comes back with Last Breath, the running big boot snapping his head back.

She tries for Revenant's Mercy --

Mason muscles out mid-lift and counters with a mountainous big boot.

Both down.

The crowd is on their feet.

Olympia and Astra re-enter at the same time.

*Olympia drills Astra with **The Big O (DVD)** -- cover!*

ONE! TWO!

Astra kicks out violently.

Olympia transitions immediately into the Canadian Backbreaker Rack, wrenching hard.

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Astra refuses to submit, slamming elbows down until she slips free.

She traps Olympia in The Flatline -- guillotine locked tight.

Olympia drops to one knee... then powers up and backs Astra into the corner, crushing her until the hold breaks.

Tag to Mason.

Tag to Octavia.

Octavia catches Mason charging and snaps him into Time Collapse -- inverted Koji Clutch cinched in!

Mason roars, muscles to his knees, and deadlifts Octavia into a scoop slam, breaking the hold.

DANNY GREENE III: "GREENE LIGHT SPECIAL! That's raw strength beating inevitability!"

? THE FINISH -- DOUBLE PIN

Everything breaks loose.

Astra flattens Mason with a Black Veil Suplex.

Olympia charges -- Astra cuts her off with a spinning cradle DDT -- The Ninety Seconds.

At the same time --

Mason hauls Octavia up and detonates her with Deadline -- ripcord clothesline, nearly turning her inside out.

Both legal competitors collapse simultaneously.

Astra dives onto Olympia.

Mason crashes down on Octavia.

The referee drops, arms stretched wide.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings.

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DOUBLE PIN -- THE MATCH ENDS IN A DRAW

Bodies are everywhere.

Heavy breathing.

Sweat.

Damage.

No one celebrates.

MIA RUSSO: "They hit the finish at the exact same moment! There is no winner here!"

GIDGET: "They broke each other down to nothing!"

DANNY: "And this... this is why this can't be over."

Olympia rolls to her knees, jaw clenched, fire in her eyes.

Astra rises slowly across the ring.

They lock eyes.

The tension hangs --

The bell has already rung.

Centre of Attention are regrouping in the ring.

Olympia Waybright is on one knee near center, sweat-drenched, jaw tight, breathing hard. Mason Hurst stands a few steps away, eyes locked on the opposite corner.

The crowd noise is loud -- unsettled, not celebratory.

Danny Greene III: "This one's over -- but nobody in this ring looks finished."

Astra Mortis has stepped back to the ropes.

Dr. Octavia Vale remains inside.

Octavia approaches Olympia slowly.

No rush.

No threat posture.

She crouches.

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The camera catches her lips moving.

OCTAVIA VALE (low, calm): "Your future still thinks you get to choose."

Olympia looks up -- furious, unblinking.

She shoves Octavia backward with both hands.

Not desperate.

Defiant.

MIA RUSSO: "Oh--don't do this."

Octavia stumbles back -- straight into Astra Mortis.

Astra catches her by the shoulders.

There is a brief pause.

Astra turns her head toward Olympia.

Their eyes meet.

For half a second, Astra's expression softens -- not mercy, not cruelty.

Decision.

She steps forward.

ASTRA MORTIS (quiet, almost gentle): "I warned you, little lantern."

Astra snaps her wrist.

FLASH.

A burst of fire detonates downward and across, not straight on -- a violent bloom of light and heat.

Olympia is hit on the side of the face and upper chest.

She drops instantly.

A single, sharp scream tears out of her -- raw, involuntary -- then cuts off as she hits the mat.

The crowd explodes.

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GIDGET STEPHENSON: "OH MY GOD--!"

Olympia rolls, clutching at herself, teeth bared, trying to force air back into her lungs.

She pounds the mat once with her free hand.

Not panic.

Rage.

A referee slides in, reaching for her --

Olympia shoves them away violently.

OLYMPIA WAYBRIGHT (through clenched teeth): "Don't-- touch-- me."

She tries to sit up.

Fails.

Tries again.

Her vision is blurred. She's furious about it.

Mason Hurst snaps.

He steps between Olympia and The In-Between in one stride, arms out, body squared -- not swinging, not shouting.

Just blocking the world.

DANNY GREENE III: "Mason Hurst just saw red -- and he is barely holding it together!"

Medical staff flood the ring now.

Astra doesn't advance.

She watches Olympia for a long beat.

Then she looks at Mason.

They lock eyes.

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Astra inclines her head once.

No smile.

No apology.

Octavia brushes chalk dust from her hands.

The In-Between turn and leave -- separately -- slipping back into violet light and fog as the boos rain down.

Olympia is finally helped to her knees by medics -- still resisting, still glaring, still burning with fury.

MIA RUSSO (firm): "That wasn't fear. That was pain -- and violation. And Centre of Attention will not forget this."

The camera lingers on Olympia's face -- jaw set, eyes blazing through the damage.

Not broken.

Marked.

Fade out.

The War Gods vs. Hard Mode

Danny Greene III: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Assault, live from a sold-out Accor Arena in Paris -- and we are moments away from a Unified World Tag Team Championship match that feels less like sport... and more like a collision of philosophies."

Mia Russo (color): "You're not exaggerating, Danny. On one side, the reigning champions -- destruction made flesh. On the other, a team that doesn't believe in destiny, size, or inevitability. This is war versus systems."

Gidget Stephenson: "And Paris knows it. Listen to this crowd. They know something historic could happen tonight."

The lights dim.

The noise does not.

The arena plunges into darkness.

A single war horn echoes through Accor Arena.

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Not music.

A summons.

Red and gold lights begin to pulse like a heartbeat as "Valhalla Awaits Me" by Amon Amarth rumbles through the speakers. The bass shakes the floor. The crowd roars instinctively -- some in awe, some in fear.

Smoke floods the stage.

Through it steps Valhalla Vargas, torch raised high, eyes sharp and unblinking. She stops at the top of the ramp and lifts the torch skyward.

Behind her, two silhouettes emerge.

ARES.

ODIN.

Both men wear horned skull helmets and fur-lined cloaks, Nordic war paint streaked across their faces. They do not rush. They march -- slow, deliberate, inevitable.

The AWS Unified Tag Team Championship belts glint under the red lights as they rest around their waists.

They reach the ring.

Valhalla ascends the steps first, torch held high as Ares and Odin remove their cloaks in unison. Helmets come off. The belts are raised once -- not to the crowd, but to the heavens.

They step through the ropes.

No posing.

No acknowledgment.

Just presence.

Danny Greene III: "Look at them. Six-foot-four, six-foot-five -- nearly six hundred pounds of combined brutality. These are not champions who run from challengers. They invite them."

Mia Russo: "The War Gods don't defend titles. They *test worthiness*. Every defense is a rite."

Gidget Stephenson: "And tonight, they face a team that doesn't believe in rites -- only results."

The lights shift.

Pixel static ripples across the tron.

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The screen glitches.

Pixel snow crawls across the titantron as a health bar appears:

PLAYER 2: HARD MODE

A sharp electronic sting hits -- fast, aggressive -- and gold spotlights snap on.

From the curtain steps Riley Rune.

She walks first.

Calm. Regal. Measured.

A crown-shaped spotlight locks onto her as she adjusts the long coat draped over her shoulders, blade-lined lapels catching the light. She does not acknowledge the champions. She points directly at the camera -- slow, deliberate -- like a sentence being finished.

Then--

Mia "Combo Breaker" Nygma bursts out behind her, half a beat late, skidding to a stop like she spawned in early.

She's bouncing. Smiling. Cracking her knuckles. She slaps the side of her head twice -- focus buff -- then points at the ring like a target marker just appeared.

The crowd erupts.

Rune raises two fingers -- the blade gesture.

Mia copies her.

A second too late.

The pop is deafening.

They walk the ramp separately.

Rune ascends the steps with elegance, stepping cleanly through the ropes.

Mia sprints and vaults the ropes, landing in a crouch like a speed-run trick, then hops to her feet, bouncing in place.

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Rune removes her coat and drapes it carefully outside the ring.

Mia finger-guns the turnbuckles.

The glitch effects fade.

Hard Mode stands across from the champions.

Small.

Precise.

Unflinching.

Danny Greene III: "This is unbelievable. Riley Rune -- one of the most dangerous tag team ring generals of her generation -- and Mia Nygma, nineteen years old, fearless, and treating the biggest fight of her life like end-game content."

Mia Russo: "Look at the size difference. Look at the composure difference. Hard Mode is giving up nearly three hundred pounds combined... and they don't look intimidated."

Gidget Stephenson: "That's because Hard Mode doesn't believe in intimidation. They believe in execution."

Ares steps forward.

Odin moves in sync.

The ring feels smaller.

Rune doesn't move.

Mia tilts her head, studying them like a boss intro animation just finished.

The referee raises the titles high.

The crowd stands.

Danny Greene III: "Size. Strength. Myth."

Mia Russo: "Speed. Precision. Partnership."

Gidget Stephenson: "One thing is certain -- tonight, something gives."

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The bell is raised.

History waits.

DING.

The referee signals.

The bell rings.

Ares steps forward immediately.

Not Odin.

The commander.

Riley Rune meets him in the center of the ring -- no circling, no theatrics. Just eye contact.

They lock up.

Ares overpowers her instantly, driving Rune backward with raw force. She skids toward the corner, boots scraping, but at the last second she pivots, slips the pressure sideways, and disengages.

The crowd reacts -- Rune didn't win the exchange, but she didn't lose it cleanly either.

Ares smirks.

Tag to Odin.

The chaos engine enters.

Odin explodes forward and cuts Rune in half with a shoulder block that flips her inside out.

The ring shakes.

He drags her up by the wrist and clubs her back down with a forearm that echoes through the arena.

Tag to Ares.

The War Gods go to work.

Gods' Wrath slams Rune flat with the simultaneous spinebuster.

Odin follows with a Thunderous Stampede, crushing her in the corner.

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*Ares isolates Rune expertly, cutting off the ring and punishing every attempt to reach Mia.
Rune absorbs punishment standing, refusing to crawl, baiting them closer to her corner.*

Danny Greene III: "This is the champions imposing their will. Hard Mode is being tested immediately."

Mia Russo: "And Rune knew this would happen. She's taking the damage on purpose."

Rune slips a sudden knee strike through Ares' guard -- just enough to create space.

Tag.

Mia vaults in like a missile.

*Shotgun dropkick snaps Ares back.
Springboard senton knocks Odin off the apron.
Rapid corner strikes force Ares to shell up.*

The crowd roars.

Mia hits the ropes--

Odin snatches her mid-air.

The arena gasps.

Odin launches Mia across the ring with a fallaway slam that sends her skidding under the ropes.

No wasted motion.

Tag to Ares.

Mia is trapped.

*Valhalla Vise crushes the breath from her lungs.
Odin stomps her legs relentlessly.
Ares applies the Runestone Lock, twisting joints methodically.*

Mia claws for the ropes, teeth clenched, refusing to quit.

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Rune pounds the apron, shouting instructions.

Mia kicks free just enough and dives--

Rune tags herself in.

*Rune steps in and the pace **shifts immediately**.*

She doesn't rush.

She controls.

- *A sharp knee strike drops Odin to one knee.*

- *A brutal lariat snaps Ares' head back.*

- *Rune drags Odin into position--*

Crownbuster Combo.

Rune's lariat.

Mia's shotgun dropkick off the tag.

Odin staggers.

Not down.

*But **off balance**.*

.

? COMMENTARY

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Gidget Stephenson:

"This is where Hard Mode lives -- not overpowering, but out-positioning."

? HARD MODE BUILDS MOMENTUM

Mia floods the ring with motion.

- *Springboard senton.*

- *Basement dropkick to Odin's knee.*

- *Immediate tag.*

*Rune traps Odin in **Royal Netcode** -- Koji Clutch locked tight.*

Mia intercepts Ares with a flying forearm, knocking him off the apron.

Odin fights.

He powers to one knee.

Ares storms back in--

Mia dives low with a dropkick, cutting Odin's base out from under him.

The War Gods regroup instinctively.

Ares roars.

? RAGNAROK ATTEMPT

Ares hoists Rune.

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Powerbomb position.

Odin climbs the ropes.

The crowd knows what's coming.

RAGNAROK DROP--

Mia shoves Rune free at the last possible second.

*Odin crashes down **alone**, the impact rattling the ring.*

Ares stumbles back, shocked -- not angry, just recalculating.

Rune stays upright.

She locks eyes with Mia.

A nod.

? THE FINISH -- ONE GOD FALLS

*Rune scoops **ODIN** onto her shoulders.*

Electric Chair.

Mia sprints.

Springboard--

DOUBLE-EDGE DROP.

Springboard cutter into double stomp.

*Odin hits the mat **hard**, stunned.*

Rune immediately intercepts Ares with a knee strike through the ropes, knocking him off balance and preventing the save.

Mia hooks the leg.

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Ares lunges--

TWO.

Rune drags Ares down by the arm--

THREE.

The bell rings.

Accor Arena erupts.

Hard Mode collapses apart, gasping, shaking, exhausted.

The referee raises their hands.

NEW AWS UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS.

Odin sits up slowly, blinking, processing the loss.

Ares kneels beside him, jaw clenched -- not furious, not panicked.

Just silent.

Valhalla Vargas steps forward, eyes narrowed, recalculating.

Rune rises first.

She raises two fingers.

Mia copies her.

A beat late.

The crowd roars again.

Mia looks down at Odin -- not mocking.

Studying.

Mia (breathless): "Boss defeated."

Rune nods once.

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Rune: "Pattern solved."

The War Gods leave the ring without the gold.

Still massive. Still dangerous.

But for the first time--

not inevitable.

Hard Mode leaves separately.

Belts over their shoulders.

Still operational.

Because size matters.

Strength matters.

But under pressure--

execution decides everything.

Daron Smythe © vs. Rockin' Lunatic vs. Xavier Croft vs. Mike Dimter

The bell rings and chaos detonates instantly.

No alliances. No breathing room.

Daron Smythe barely has time to clutch the C4 Division Championship before Rockin' Lunatic launches himself like a missile, wiping the champion out with a flying forearm. At the same time, Xavier Croft and Mike Dimter lock up--Croft's experience showing as he snaps Dimter down with a lightning-fast arm drag and follows with a sharp basement dropkick to the face.

Lunatic is already scaling the ropes, screaming to the Paris crowd before diving with a corkscrew senton onto Smythe and Croft at once. Dimter rolls free, watching carefully, choosing patience over panic.

Smythe regains his footing and reminds everyone why he's champion--blasting Lunatic with a spine-jarring European uppercut, then hurling Croft halfway across the ring with a release German suplex. Smythe tries for a cover on Croft--

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ONE--

Broken up by Dimter with a stomp to the head.

Dimter doesn't linger. He strikes fast--corner clotheslines on Smythe, a snap DDT on Lunatic, then a rolling thunder senton that finally brings the crowd fully to its feet. He hooks Smythe's leg.

ONE... TWO...

Croft breaks it up at the last possible heartbeat.

Croft takes over.

The former two-time C4 Champion moves with ruthless efficiency--springboard knee strike to Dimter, snap dragon screw to Smythe, and a sudden standing moonsault onto Lunatic. Croft stacks Dimter up.

ONE... TWO...

Dimter kicks out, eyes wide.

Frustration creeps in for Croft, and that's when the match tilts.

Croft signals for his finisher, hauling Dimter up--but Lunatic explodes back into the frame, cracking Croft with a running knee that sends him reeling into the corner. Smythe charges in next, crushing Lunatic with a brutal corner spear that folds him in half.

Smythe grabs Croft, looking to put him away.

Dimter slips behind.

Low bridge. Smythe tumbles to the apron.

Dimter spins Croft around and drops him with a sudden snap powerbomb--clean, fast, and unexpected. The crowd gasps as Dimter doesn't hesitate. He rolls Croft over, hooks both legs tight.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Bell rings.

For half a second, no one realizes what just happened.

Then it hits.

Mike Dimter scrambles backward, disbelief plastered across his face as the referee signals for the bell again

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and points directly at him. Xavier Croft lies stunned, staring up at the lights--pinned clean in the center of the ring.

Daron Smythe slides back in too late, championship still in hand, fury etched across his face as he realizes he was never part of the decision.

Mike Dimter is helped to his feet, shock turning into exhilaration as his hand is raised. He just pinned a former two-time C4 Division Champion in a fatal four-way--stealing victory out of absolute chaos.

The C4 Division didn't just get shaken.

It got flipped upside down.

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

The camera cuts abruptly backstage to a shaky handheld shot.

A production assistant shouts off-camera as **"Bad Ass" Mike Dimter**, still sweaty and breathing hard, **bursts into frame**, sprinting down the concrete hallway. He's got a **rolling suitcase in one hand** and the **AWS C4 Division Championship clutched tightly to his chest** with the other.

CAMERA OPERATOR (shouting):

Mike! Mike! Where are you going?!

Dimter doesn't slow down.

MIKE DIMTER:

Does it LOOK like I'm sightseeing?!

He skids around a corner--nearly colliding with **Sign Guy Bob**, who is standing calmly with a microphone and one of his trademark signs slung over his shoulder.

The sign reads:

"RUN, CHAMP, RUN."

Dimter freezes.

SIGN GUY BOB:

Mike Dimter! Congratulations on becoming the *new* AWS C4 Division Champion--but I gotta ask...

(raises mic)

Why are you fleeing from the arena?

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Dimter looks down the hallway behind him... then back at Bob... then back down the hallway again.

MIKE DIMTER (urgent):

Because I am *absolutely* fleeing from Daron Smythe.

Bob's eyes widen.

SIGN GUY BOB:

The former champion?

MIKE DIMTER:

The *very* same Daron Smythe that I pinned moments ago.

(holds up the title)

This thing may say "champion," but it does NOT say "bulletproof."

Dimter adjusts the belt on his shoulder, voice lowering.

MIKE DIMTER:

I didn't beat him in a fairytale singles match. I stole a moment. I took advantage of chaos. And Daron Smythe is not the kind of man who lets that go.

A loud **metal clang** echoes somewhere down the corridor.

Dimter flinches.

MIKE DIMTER:

See?! That's how horror movies start.

SIGN GUY BOB:

So you're just... leaving?

MIKE DIMTER:

Temporarily relocating. Strategically retreating. Champion's discretion.

He grabs his suitcase handle again.

MIKE DIMTER:

I'll defend this title. I'll fight anyone in the C4 Division.

(beat)

Just not... tonight.

Dimter suddenly leans in toward Bob.

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MIKE DIMTER:

If you see Smythe--tell him I earned it.

Another noise echoes.

Dimter bolts.

MIKE DIMTER (yelling as he runs):

CUT THE CAMERA! CUT THE--!

The shot follows him sprinting out a side exit door, the **C4 Championship gleaming under the exit lights** as the door slams shut behind him.

Camera pans back to Sign Guy Bob, who slowly lifts his sign higher.

It now reads:

"SMART CHAMP."

Fade out.

TJ Alexander vs. Kemal Yilmaz

The bell rings, and the contrast in styles is immediate.

TJ Alexander circles quickly, light on his feet, testing distance with feints and low kicks. Kemal Yilmaz doesn't rush. He stands his ground, shoulders squared, eyes locked--calm, patient, dangerous.

Alexander darts in with a quick arm drag and a sharp dropkick that knocks Yilmaz back a step. The Paris crowd reacts as Alexander builds momentum, firing off a second dropkick and following with a running forearm that sends Yilmaz into the corner. Alexander presses the advantage with rapid strikes, trying to overwhelm the bigger, stronger opponent early.

Yilmaz absorbs it.

With a sudden burst, he shoves Alexander off with raw power and levels him with a thunderous lariat that flips Alexander inside out. The tone of the match changes instantly.

Yilmaz stalks forward, cutting the ring in half. He crushes Alexander with a corner splash, then yanks him out by the waist and drills him with a vicious belly-to-belly suplex. Alexander tries to crawl away, but Yilmaz drags him back by the ankle and stomps him flat into the canvas.

Cover.

Sunday Night Assault: #9

ONE... TWO...

Alexander kicks out, but barely.

Yilmaz shows no frustration--only control. He hauls Alexander up and delivers a brutal sequence: knee lift to the ribs, short arm headbutt, then a devastating spinebuster that rattles the ring. The crowd reacts to the sheer force behind every move.

Alexander attempts a desperate comeback, slipping behind Yilmaz and catching him with a quick chop block. He fires off forearms, hits the ropes, and connects with a flying clothesline--but Yilmaz stays on his feet. Alexander tries again--

Yilmaz cuts him down mid-stride with a crushing powerslam.

The impact echoes through the arena.

Yilmaz pulls Alexander up one last time, hoists him effortlessly, and drives him down with a **high-angle sit-out powerbomb**, stacking his shoulders firmly on the mat. He doesn't rush the pin--he presses his forearm across Alexander's chest, asserting dominance.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Bell rings.

Kemal Yilmaz rises immediately, barely breaking a sweat, while TJ Alexander remains down, overwhelmed and outmatched. The referee raises Yilmaz's hand as the crowd acknowledges the statement just made.

This wasn't survival.

This wasn't luck.

Kemal Yilmaz just sent a clear message to the rest of the AWS American Championship Eliminator Series--he's not here to compete.

He's here to conquer.

Commercial

The screen cuts hard to black.

Silence.

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Then--
the sharp **HISS** of a can opening.

A cold pour hits glass in slow motion. Foam climbs the rim.

A deep, gravelly voice cuts in.

VOICEOVER:

"No slogan. No mascot. No fake story."

Quick cuts:

- A cracked knuckle gripping a cold can
- Boots on concrete after a long night
- A bar TV replaying a brutal AWS moment
- Someone wiping blood from their eyebrow... then taking a drink

VOICEOVER:

"This isn't a lifestyle brand."

The music kicks in--low, bluesy, unapologetic.

VOICEOVER:

"It's just beer."

Close-up: a plain can. No logo. No name. Just metal and condensation.

NO NAMED BEER

Cut to different people, different places:

- A wrestler backstage, icing their shoulder
- A mechanic closing the garage door
- A bartender sliding a can across the bar
- A woman on a stoop at 2 a.m., city lights behind her

VOICEOVER:

"For people who don't need permission...
don't need validation...
and damn sure don't need branding shoved down their throat."

A heavy swallow. The can hits the table.

VOICEOVER (firmer):

"No Named Beer doesn't care if you like it."

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Beat.

VOICEOVER:

"It just shows up."

Final shot: the can on a table. One word fades in above it.

BEER.

Then below it, smaller:

NO NAME.

NO BULLSHIT.

The screen snaps back to black.

[CUT BACK TO AWS WARD - LIVE]

Tiffani Taylor vs. Yrsa Vinter

A sweeping aerial shot of Accor Arena, the Paris crowd electric -- flags waving, phones up, noise rolling like surf. Blue and red AWS branding pulses along the LED boards.

MIA RUSSO (lead, steady): "Bienvenue à Paris, France -- this is Assault, and the Asylum is *loud* tonight."

GIDGET STEPHENSON (bright, excited): "Ohhh listen to this crowd! Paris does *not* do quiet, Mia."

DANNY GREENE III (energized): "And tonight we've got a clash that feels like it was *designed* to explode -- youth, chaos, ego, and gravity all colliding right here in Accor Arena."

The lights snap hot pink and white. Camera shutters flash across the tron.

"Paparazzi" -- Lady Gaga

The crowd reaction is immediate -- loud, mixed, leaning hostile.

Tiffani Taylor steps onto the stage with practiced precision. She pauses. Turns her shoulder slightly toward the hard cam. Slides her glasses down just enough to look over them.

She smirks.

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Her walk down the ramp is deliberate -- hips loose, posture perfect. Every few steps, she stops to pose: one hand on her hip. a slow turn. a confident hair flip timed perfectly to the beat

The camera loves her -- and she knows it.

At ringside, Tiffani climbs the steps, wipes her boots on the apron, and enters through the ropes with a smooth glide. She hits the corner, draping herself backward, arms spread, soaking in the noise like it's fuel.

GIDGET: "Ohhh she's feeling herself tonight -- and honestly? She always does."

MIA: "Tiffani Taylor lives for moments like this. Big arena, big lights, all eyes exactly where she wants them."

DANNY GREENE III: "And let's be clear -- arrogance aside, she can *wrestle*. Hybrid striker, technician, smart as they come. But tonight? She's standing across from something that doesn't care about presentation."

Tiffani hops down, adjusts the rhinestoned "THE SIGNATURE" on the back of her jacket, and blows a kiss toward the camera.

The lights cut out completely.

Silence.

Then--

A wolf's howl rips through the arena.

Cold blue lights snap on in jagged patterns as frost-like mist rolls across the stage.

"Hunt of the Winter"

Yrsa Vinter storms out barefoot.

Hair wild. Black warpaint smeared beneath feral eyes. Her chest rises and falls like a caged animal already loose.

She doesn't acknowledge the crowd at first.

She snarls.

Then she pounds her chest once -- hard -- and charges down the ramp at a dead sprint.

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Yrsa slides under the bottom rope, pops to her feet in one motion, and immediately climbs the turnbuckles. She throws her head back and howls, the sound echoing through Accor Arena.

The crowd erupts -- shock, awe, nervous excitement.

DANNY GREENE III: "Okay -- okay -- THIS is different."

GIDGET (half-laughing, half-amazed): "That's not an entrance, that's an invasion!"

MIA (measured, serious): "Seventeen years old. And already wrestling like she's never learned fear. Yrsa Vinter doesn't perform for the crowd -- she dares them to keep watching."

Yrsa drops down, stalks her corner, eyes never leaving Tiffani.

Song Teng steps to the center of the ring, posture flawless, voice commanding.

SONG TENG: "Ladies and gentlemen... prepare yourselves. The next battle... is about to begin!"

She turns toward Tiffani.

"Introducing first -- already in the ring. From Richmond, Virginia... Weighing in at one hundred forty pounds..."

A pause. Perfect timing.

"The Signature'... TIFFANI TAYLOR!"

Tiffani raises one arm, chin high, soaking in boos like applause.

Song Teng pivots.

"And her opponent... From Copenhagen, Denmark... Weighing in at one hundred sixty-five pounds..."

The lights cool again.

"The Icefang Cub. The Chaosling. YRSA VINTER!"

Yrsa grips the ropes, rolling her shoulders, eyes locked forward -- no gesture, no acknowledgment.

SONG TENG: "This contest is scheduled for one fall!"

MIA: "Here's what matters: experience versus instinct. Tiffani believes she controls the narrative. Yrsa believes in pressure."

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GIDGET: "And those are... very different philosophies."

DANNY GREENE III: "Weight advantage, intensity advantage, but not the age or polish advantage. This is where ego meets gravity -- and we're about to find out which one gives first."

The referee signals.

The bell rings.

The bell rings.

Yrsa moves first.

Not fast -- forward.

She steps into Tiffani's space like it belongs to her, shoulders squared, jaw set, eyes unblinking. Tiffani reacts immediately, sliding away, circling, palms out as if she's controlling the tempo.

MIA RUSSO: "Right away you can see the difference in mindset. Tiffani wants rhythm. Yrsa wants contact."

Tiffani snaps a quick kick to the thigh -- then another -- testing range, trying to chip away. She backs Yrsa toward the ropes and flashes a grin toward the camera before snapping a forearm across Yrsa's jaw.

Yrsa barely moves.

She snarls -- a short, sharp sound -- and answers with a wild haymaker that forces Tiffani to duck and retreat.

GIDGET: "Okay, that punch had *intent*."

Tiffani resets, frustration flickering behind the confidence. She lunges in again, faster this time -- forearm, back elbow, another kick -- then hooks Yrsa's head, trying to pull her down into position.

Yrsa plants.

Tiffani pulls harder.

Yrsa doesn't budge.

Yrsa answers with a throat thrust, just enough to break the grip, followed by a running shoulder tackle that knocks Tiffani flat.

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The crowd roars.

Yrsa doesn't pose. She follows immediately, dragging Tiffani up by the hair and snapping her down with a scoop slam, then another big boot as Tiffani tries to rise.

DANNY GREENE III: "She's not admiring her work -- she's stacking damage."

Tiffani rolls to the corner, using the ropes to pull herself up. Yrsa charges -- but Tiffani slips aside and snaps Yrsa face-first into the turnbuckle. She capitalizes quickly, mounting the second rope and raining down sharp, precise strikes, counting them out loud with the crowd.

Tiffani hops down, breath quick, eyes bright -- and hits the pose.

Yrsa surges forward and bearhug slams her out of it.

No theatrics. Just impact.

MIA: "That's the danger -- you forget where you are for half a second, and Yrsa makes you pay."

Mid-match, Tiffani adapts. She slows things down, targeting the neck and shoulders, grinding Yrsa into the mat with leverage and positioning. She snaps Yrsa down with a short DDT -- not enough to end it, but enough to create doubt -- and follows with a sharp kick to the ribs.

Tiffani crawls over, hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

Kickout.

Tiffani exhales sharply, annoyance creeping in. She hauls Yrsa up, tries to set her for The Autograph -- but Yrsa shoves her off violently and answers with a headbutt that echoes through the arena.

Both stagger.

This is where the match changes.

Yrsa stops charging.

She lowers her base.

She steps in close, chest-to-chest, hands locking around Tiffani's waist.

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Tiffani struggles -- elbows, knees -- but Yrsa doesn't rush.

She lifts.

And drives Tiffani down with the Winter Breaker -- a brutal spinebuster that rattles the ring.

The impact sucks the air out of Accor Arena.

Yrsa doesn't scream.

Doesn't celebrate.

She simply drops into the cover, hooking the leg deep and pressing her weight low.

DANNY GREENE III: "WINTER BREAKER -- that's all gravity!"

One.

Two.

Tiffani kicks -- but she can't bridge. The weight is too much. The angle is wrong.

Three.

? THE BELL RINGS

Yrsa stays where she is for a moment, breathing hard, still pressing down as if making sure the lesson holds.

The referee pries her off gently.

Yrsa rises, hair in her face, eyes unfocused -- not triumphant, just done.

MIA: "That wasn't about flash. That was about pressure -- and pressure wins."

GIDGET: "She didn't out-pose her, she didn't out-brand her -- she out-*lasted* her."

DANNY GREENE III: "Greene Light Special -- that's what happens when the ring stops being a stage and starts being a test."

Tiffani rolls toward the ropes, clutching her back, furious more than hurt -- humiliated not by weakness, but by physics.

Yrsa doesn't look back.

She slips through the ropes and pads up the ramp barefoot, already prowling toward whatever noise comes

Sunday Night Assault: #9

nex

Backstage

We cut to backstage as we see Derek Wellings, about to be interviewed by Spanky Evans. Derek Wellings stands tall, with his arms crossed.

Spanky Evans: Good evening. Spanky Evans here with none other than Derek Wellings. Fresh off your return, you had successfully gotten the victory over the Unified World Champion Leon Roberts. Tell us, how does it feel to have beaten the Devil's Titan?

Derek Wellings: It feels good. He did a number to me last year. Made me doubt if I was good enough to return. But that no longer matt-

Suddenly, we see Derek about to defend himself, but couldn't stop his attacker from knocking him down. We quickly see that the attacker was none other than the Unified World Champion, Leon Roberts. Derek would immediately get up, and the two would start brawling.

Hardcore Hex: We got ourselves a brawl here!

The two kept brawling. They exchanged lefts and rights. Derek attempted an uppercut, and connected, making the Devil's Titan stumble for a second. However, Derek would get clocked from behind. His second attacker was the Silver Baron. Both he and Leon would gang up on Derek, stomping on him.

Joey Black: Somebody call security!

Derek would slowly get up. Leon and Silver Baron continued to beat him down. After a minute, then grabbed him, and sent him head first into the equipment backstage. Leon would pick him up again, and drag him to

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the nearest table.

Silver Baron: You still owe me for damages, you pile of crap!

Leon picked up Derek by the throat, before chokeslamming him through the table. Leon knelt down, and smirked at his fallen rival.

Leon Roberts: You and I aren't done yet. Next Assault, you and me once again. This time, in a match you've apparently never lost in. A tables match. Two out of Three falls. See you there...Bitch!

Derek turned over and tried to get up, only to be curb stomped into the concrete. The camera pans out, to see that it was the AWS Women's World Champion Lacey Roberts, who delivered the curb stomp. Afterwards, the three leaders of the Black List Mafia all began to walk away from the carnage they had just caused.

Joey Black: Disgusting display by the Black List Mafia.

Hardcore Hex: They took care of business. That's what that was.

Summer Rayne vs. Britani Bezos

The atmosphere shifts the moment **Summer Rayne** steps through the curtain.

The former AWS Unified World Heavyweight Champion walks with calm confidence, eyes forward, completely unfazed by the noise of the Accor Arena. Britani Bezos follows with visible swagger--smirking, soaking in the reaction, clearly convinced this is her moment to eliminate a legend.

The bell rings.

Bezos immediately plays keep-away, forcing Rayne to chase. She lands a sharp slap to the face, then

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scampers back, laughing as Rayne narrows her eyes. Rayne responds by cutting the ring off, catching Bezos with a sudden arm drag and transitioning smoothly into a grounded headlock.

Bezos scrambles to the ropes, frustrated already.

Rayne keeps the pressure on--short strikes, a snap suplex, and a stiff basement dropkick that sends Bezos rolling to the apron. Rayne follows, but Bezos yanks her into the ropes and cracks her with a sudden shoulder thrust. Bezos slides back in and drops Rayne with a running meteora, finally swinging momentum her way.

Cover.

ONE... TWO...

Rayne kicks out cleanly.

Bezos grows more aggressive, hammering Rayne with forearms and trash talk. She hits a spinning backfist, then a float-over neckbreaker and hooks the leg again.

ONE... TWO...

Rayne powers out.

Bezos argues with the referee, jawing that it should've been three. She hauls Rayne up, looking to finish--but Rayne counters with a sudden snap kick to the thigh, followed by a thunderous short-arm clothesline that turns Bezos inside out.

The crowd roars as Rayne takes control.

Rayne strings together offense with veteran precision--corner chops, a bridging German suplex, and a brutal running knee strike that folds Bezos in half. She pulls Bezos up, signaling that it's almost over.

That's when it happens.

The camera cuts to the crowd.

Just beyond the barricade, **a hooded figure stands motionless**, face obscured, staring directly at the ring. No movement. No gesture. Just presence.

Britani Bezos notices.

Her confidence evaporates instantly.

Bezos freezes mid-step, staring into the crowd, shouting something unheard. She backs toward the ropes, eyes never leaving the figure, panic creeping into her posture.

Rayne doesn't hesitate.

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She spins Bezos around, delivers a sudden **snap dragon screw**, then plants her with a **devastating sit-out facebuster** in the center of the ring. Rayne hooks the leg tightly.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Bell rings.

The hooded figure is gone by the time the referee raises Rayne's hand.

Summer Rayne sits up, breathing hard, eyes scanning the crowd briefly--aware something strange just occurred, but focused on the result. Britani Bezos rolls to the corner, stunned and furious, repeatedly pointing into the crowd and shouting at officials, demanding answers.

Rayne stands tall.

The win is official. The advance is secured.

But the mystery lingers--and in the Asylum, distractions don't happen by accident.

Segment

We return from commercial break, to see Donovan Cross in his office. He had just gotten off the phone, when the door to his office opened up, revealing the leaders of the Black List Mafia.

Donovan Cross: Ah. Glad you could make it here.

Leon Roberts: Yeah, yeah, what's up?

Donovan Cross: I'm not all that impressed by how you've conducted yourself tonight Leon.

Leon Roberts: Oh?

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Donovan Cross: Don't play dumb with me!

Leon burst out laughing. That was when Lacey and the Silver Baron walked behind Donovan. The Executive Director of AWS looked at them cautiously.

Leon Roberts: I know what you're talking about. Me attacking Derek Wellings. Well here's the thing. He had it coming. He dared to come back, and then humiliate me. That doesn't work for the champ. You know I dealt with that last year when he did embarrass me. I'm gonna do so again, and there's nothing anyone can do about it.

Donovan Cross: You don't get to decide what matches are made Leon. I was put in charge for a reason.

Leon Roberts: Were you now? Or maybe you don't understand the actual reason why you're here.

Donovan began to get up. He was angry at the fact that Leon was challenging him. But both Lacey and the Silver Baron both placed their hands on his shoulders, forcing him back down into his chair.

Leon Roberts: Let me be clear about what you're actual role it. Yes, you are making matches, but I'm the crown jewel of this company. Whatever I say, goes. You saw how quickly I rose to become the Unified World Champion. I will not let anybody, especially a pencil neck geek like yourself dictate what I, nor the Black List Mafia, will do.

Donovan Cross: Pencil neck? If I fought you in my day, I'd have buried you.

Leon, Lacey, and the Silver Baron laughed at Donovan Cross's statement. Leon then leaned a bit over

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Donovan's desk, adjusting his championship belt on his shoulder.

Leon Roberts: The main reason you're here is to act as a barrier between Charlie and myself. But I'm going to tell you what I told him. The barrier is -censored- flimsy, because I can and will run through it when I please. As will my cohorts. So you're not going to stop the fact that I am going to humiliate Derek Wellings on the next Assault, in the one match he's apparently never lost in. A Table Match. Two out of three falls.

Donovan Cross: I never said I was going to stop the match. It's a good one. But you'll-

Leon Roberts: If you're going to say what I think you're going to say, just shut the -censored- up!

The whole crowd in the background popped for a moment. Leon looked irritated now, and even leaned in a bit closer.

Leon Roberts: If you're going to force me to defend my title, you're a dead man walking. I'll then personally mail your corpse to Charlie, to remind him of who the fuck the champs are! I'll defend my title when I say I will. In fact, here's something for you boss. There will be a third match between Derek and I, and it will be the main event of Survival Of The Fittest. That's when I'll defend the title. The Two Out Of Three Tables match, that's going to serve a purpose. The winner will decide on what the match type and stipulations will be. You can bet I don't plan to just beat Derek in those matches. I plan to end him, once and for all!

Leon stood up straight, adjusting his championship belt on his shoulder again.

Donovan Cross: Alright then. Fine have it your way then. Make no mistake though, if you ever put your hands on-

Leon lunged forward, grabbing Donovan by the collar. He dragged him closer to him, not caring what

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Donovan could do.

Leon Roberts: You'll do absolutely nothing if you value your life! The threat of firing us won't work. You really think we're called the Black List Mafia to sound cool? We don't let anyone boss us around. Other companies are extremely reluctant to hire us for that reason. Charlie took a gamble on us, and it's paid off for him. Though he still owes us, believe it or not. So if you dare to fire us, the warning I gave you will come true much quicker. But if you keep us happy, you'll see why it's a good idea.

Donovan looked Leon directly in the eyes. He was a slight bit nervous with the position he was put in, although he didn't show it. Donovan sighed, nodding in understanding. Leon let him go, before he would adjust Donovan's collar.

Donovan Cross: Much as I hate to admit it, your idea does have merit. Next Assault, you'll get your table match. Winner decides what the final match between you two will be for Survival Of the Fittest.

The crowd popped loudly for that declaration.

Leon Roberts: Well, then if that's all, we'll take our leave. Remember. The next match I have with Derek isn't for the title. It's to determine what our final match is at Survival Of The Fittest. Until then, Ciao.

Leon chuckled, as he, Lacey, and the Silver Baron left the office of Donovan Cross. Donovan glared at them as they left.

Ethan Murphy vs. Vin Halsted

The Accor Arena buzzes differently now.

This isn't anticipation--it's reverence.

Both men stand across the ring as the bell rings, the weight of their shared history heavy in the air. Two

Sunday Night Assault: #9

former world champions. Two men who once defined eras. Only one can advance.

They lock up cautiously, neither rushing. Murphy muscles Halsted back into the corner, asserting his power early, but Halsted slips free at the last second, smirking as the crowd murmurs. They reset. Another tie-up--Halsted switches behind with slick footwork, snapping Murphy down with a headlock takeover.

Murphy powers out, shoots Halsted off the ropes, and drops him with a brutal shoulder tackle. Halsted pops right back up--Murphy swings--Halsted ducks and snaps off a lightning-fast arm drag, then another. Murphy rolls to a knee, eyes narrowed now. The game just sped up.

Murphy takes control with force--corner body shots, a heavy backbreaker, and a sharp elbow drop across the chest. He hooks the leg.

ONE... TWO...

Halsted kicks out.

Murphy keeps the pressure relentless. He drives Halsted into the mat with a spinebuster, follows with a running senton, and grinds his forearm across Halsted's face, daring him to quit. Halsted fights to the ropes, refusing to stay down.

Halsted fires back with desperation--sharp kicks to the legs, a sudden enzuigiri that staggers Murphy, and a running dropkick that sends Murphy tumbling through the ropes to the apron. The crowd rises as Halsted builds momentum, sprinting and launching himself through the ropes with a tope that wipes Murphy out.

Back inside, Halsted goes for the cover.

ONE... TWO...

Murphy powers out.

Frustration flashes across Halsted's face for just a second.

Murphy surges again, catching Halsted mid-strike and planting him with a vicious sit-out powerbomb. He stacks him up.

ONE... TWO...

Halsted barely gets the shoulder up.

Murphy signals for the end. He hauls Halsted up, looking for his finisher--but Halsted wriggles free, lands behind him, and snaps off a sudden superkick. Murphy staggers into the corner. Halsted charges--Murphy explodes out with a massive lariat that turns Halsted inside out.

Murphy doesn't cover. He wants to finish this decisively.

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He drags Halsted toward center ring.

That's the mistake.

Halsted rolls away at the last second and **explodes up the turnbuckles**, moving with shocking speed--**scaling the ropes like a cruiserweight**, not a former heavyweight champion. The crowd realizes it before Murphy does.

Murphy turns.

Too late.

HALSTED LEAPS--

A flawless **somersault off the top turnbuckle**, rotating through the air--

HALSTED HANGOVER.

The stunner lands clean, snapping Murphy down to the mat in an instant, completely out of nowhere. The arena detonates.

Halsted scrambles into the cover, hooking the leg deep.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Bell rings.

The Accor Arena erupts.

Vin Halsted rolls off Murphy, staring up at the lights, chest heaving--then sits up as the realization hits. He just pinned Ethan Murphy. Clean. Center of the ring.

The referee raises Halsted's hand as Murphy slowly stirs, disbelief etched across his face. He sits up, shaking his head, knowing exactly how fast everything just ended.

Halsted stands tall, eyes locked forward, breathing steady.

The message is unmistakable.

In the American Championship Eliminator Series, experience matters--but **speed, timing, and killer instinct** decide legacies.

Sunday Night Assault: #9

And tonight, Vin Halsted proved he still has all three.

Sunday Night Assault: #9

Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "BACKSTAGE SEGMENT - EXECUTIVE OFFICE CORRIDOR" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "CATCH ME IF YOU CAN" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Commercial" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Backstage" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Segment" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite