

# Sunday Night Assault: #12

May 17, 2026 | The Crow's Nest - Las Vegas

## The War Gods (Odin & Ares) vs. The Family of the Sinister One (The Giver & Il Monstro Oscuro)

The bell echoed through the sold-out arena as the referee held up both sets of tag team gold for display before handing them off. On one side stood the monstrous alliance known as The Family of the Sinister One -- the unnerving, corpse-like brute Il Monstro Oscuro and the sadistic executioner The Giver. Across from them stood the towering mythological destroyers, The War Gods -- Ares and Odin.

The crowd thundered as the referee called for the bell.

### DING DING!

Ares immediately stormed forward, smashing forearms into The Giver before backing him into the corner with relentless shoulder thrusts. The Giver answered with a thumb to the eye, drawing boos from the audience before snapping Ares down with a brutal neckbreaker.

The Family slowed the pace instantly.

The Giver dragged Ares into enemy territory and tagged Il Monstro Oscuro, who entered like a walking nightmare. Oscuro stomped directly onto Ares' ribs before deadlifting him high into the air and planting him with a terrifying gutwrench suplex that shook the ring.

Mia Russo yelled from commentary:

"Good God! Ares folded in half!"

Oscuro pressed a boot across Ares' throat while glaring toward Odin on the apron. The referee forced a break at four, but the damage was already done.

The Family began dissecting Ares with surgical brutality.

Quick tags.

Short-arm lariats.

Clubbing elbows.

Grinding submissions.

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Every time Ares crawled toward Odin, one of the Family members would cut him off. The Giver nearly stole the match at the seven-minute mark following a swinging reverse STO for a close two-count.

Ares finally exploded with desperation.

The powerhouse launched The Giver overhead with a release belly-to-belly suplex before collapsing onto the canvas. The crowd rose to its feet as both men crawled toward their corners.

TAG TO ODIN!

TAG TO OSCURO!

Odin erupted into the ring with pure fury.

Big boot to Oscurro.

Running powerslam to The Giver.

Spinning side slam to Oscurro.

The crowd roared louder with every impact.

Odin grabbed Oscurro by the throat and hurled him into the corner before Ares joined in. The War Gods unleashed a barrage of corner clotheslines before Odin flattened both Family members with a double clothesline that nearly turned the match around instantly.

The War Gods attempted their devastating finisher -- Ragnarok Falls -- but The Giver broke it apart with a steel-like forearm to Odin's skull.

Chaos erupted.

All four men began trading bombs in the center of the ring.

Ares rocked The Giver with a headbutt.

Oscurro answered with a massive discus boot.

Odin blasted Oscurro with a thunderous lariat.

The Giver cracked Odin with a rolling elbow.

Nobody stayed down.

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The crowd began chanting:

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

At the fifteen-minute mark, the pace became frantic.

Odin lifted Oscuro for a powerbomb, but Oscuro countered mid-air into a sunset flip. Odin rolled through, nearly decapitating him with a clothesline. Ares blind-tagged himself in and launched from the top rope with a shocking diving shoulder block onto The Giver outside the ring.

The audience exploded.

Inside the ring, Ares and Odin finally connected with Ragnarok Falls on Il Monstro Oscuro.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Giver barely broke the pin in time.

The Family retaliated with horrifying violence.

Oscuro planted Ares with a spinning sit-out chokeslam while The Giver nearly folded Odin in half with a spike piledriver onto the apron. The referee struggled to maintain order as all four men brawled around ringside.

The timekeeper announced:

"FIVE MINUTES REMAINING!"

The pace somehow intensified further.

The Giver trapped Odin in a crossface while Oscuro mauled Ares against the barricade. Odin clawed desperately toward the ropes before finally escaping, only to eat a devastating knee strike directly to the jaw.

Two-count.

Three-count almost.

Not enough.

Ares returned just in time.

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The War Gods rallied together once more and began trading devastating strikes with The Family in the center of the ring. The arena erupted into a standing ovation as neither team would fall.

One minute remaining.

Ares blasted Oscuro through the timekeeper's table with a running spear.

Odin and The Giver remained inside the ring exchanging violent forearms.

Thirty seconds.

The Giver attempted a discus elbow.

Odin countered into a uranage.

Both men collapsed.

The referee started counting.

The crowd counted along.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

Neither man moved.

At nine, both barely reached their feet and immediately began swinging again.

Then--

**DING DING DING!**

The bell rang as the twenty-minute time limit expired.

The crowd erupted into deafening applause.

Both teams stood exhausted, battered, and furious inside the ring as the referee waved off the contest.

**RESULT: 20-MINUTE TIME LIMIT DRAW**

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Neither The War Gods nor The Family of the Sinister One backed down after the bell. Odin and Ares stared across the ring at The Giver and Il Monstro Oscuro while officials cautiously surrounded the ringside area, sensing the war between these two teams was far from over.

### Timothy "The Asset" Sterling vs Xander Croft

The arena lights dimmed slightly as the arrogant financier of professional wrestling, Timothy "The Asset" Sterling, strutted down the entrance ramp in a custom-tailored silver robe trimmed in emerald green. Sterling smirked at the fans showering him with boos, arrogantly brushing imaginary dust from his shoulders before stepping through the ropes.

Moments later, the atmosphere changed entirely.

The opening riff of Xander Croft's theme blasted through the arena speakers as Xander Croft emerged beneath crimson lighting. Focused. Cold. Intense. Croft slowly marched toward the ring without taking his eyes off Sterling for even a second.

The referee called for the bell.

#### **DING DING!**

Sterling immediately tried using his speed advantage, circling around Croft while taunting him with sarcastic applause. He slapped Croft across the face and grinned--

Big mistake.

Croft exploded forward with a thunderous forearm smash that nearly turned Sterling inside out.

The crowd roared.

Sterling scrambled into the ropes, shouting at the referee for space while clutching his jaw. Croft stalked him patiently before dragging him into the center of the ring with a side headlock takeover.

Sterling escaped by raking Croft across the eyes behind the referee's back.

Boos rained down instantly.

"The Asset" capitalized immediately, targeting Croft's left knee with stiff chop blocks and dragon screw leg whips. Sterling slowed the pace to a crawl, methodically attacking the leg while mocking the crowd after every successful strike.

Mia Russo called the action from commentary:

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"This is exactly how Timothy Sterling operates. He turns every match into an investment strategy."

Sterling trapped Croft in a single-leg Boston crab, wrenching backward viciously while screaming:

"Your future just crashed!"

Croft clawed desperately toward the ropes before finally forcing the break.

Sterling remained in control for several minutes, delivering calculated offense and repeatedly cutting Croft off every time he attempted a comeback. A brutal jumping knee strike nearly secured the victory for Sterling after a close two-count.

But Croft refused to stay down.

Sterling attempted a springboard cutter, but Croft countered in mid-air by catching him and launching him across the ring with a release fallaway slam that sent the crowd into a frenzy.

Both men slowly rose.

Croft fired up.

Lariat.

Back elbow.

Spinebuster.

The momentum shifted violently.

Sterling staggered to his feet only to eat a crushing bicycle kick directly to the jaw. Croft hooked the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Sterling barely survived.

The frustration started showing on Croft's face as Sterling rolled outside the ring to recover. Croft pursued him and blasted him against the barricade before throwing him back inside the ring.

Croft climbed to the top rope.

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The crowd rose anticipating the end.

Sterling rolled away just in time.

Croft landed awkwardly on the injured knee.

Sterling capitalized instantly with a chop block before planting Croft with a devastating inverted DDT.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!

Croft kicked out at the last possible second.

Sterling lost his composure completely.

He screamed at the referee before turning back toward Croft, looking for another jumping knee strike. Sterling charged forward--

Croft countered.

Superkick.

Sterling staggered.

Croft hit the ropes.

Running knee strike to the face.

The crowd erupted.

Sterling collapsed near the corner as Croft slowly turned and looked upward toward the top rope. The arena buzzed with anticipation.

Croft climbed.

Balanced himself.

Then launched through the air with devastating precision.

**X MARKS THE SPOT!**

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The Coup De Grace crushed Sterling's chest on impact.

Croft hooked both legs tightly.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING!**

The crowd exploded as Xander Croft rolled off the pinfall, breathing heavily while the referee raised his hand in victory.

**WINNER: XANDER CROFT VIA PINFALL**

Timothy Sterling clutched at his ribs in agony while Croft stood tall in the center of the ring, glaring down at his fallen opponent as the crowd chanted his name throughout the arena.

## **Eli Mercer vs Jamal Payne**

The camera panned toward the entrance stage as the arena lights shifted to a cold steel-blue glow. Eli Mercer stepped through the curtain with calculated precision, his expression unreadable as he marched toward the ring like a man already certain of the outcome.

Across the ring stood Jamal Payne, loose and energetic as he bounced from corner to corner while the crowd rallied behind him. Payne pointed directly at Mercer and shouted:

"You're gonna have to earn this tonight!"

Mercer merely tilted his head slightly and removed his gloves.

The referee called for the bell.

**DING DING!**

Payne immediately exploded forward with speed, catching Mercer off guard with a rapid series of arm drags followed by a dropkick that sent Mercer retreating into the corner. The crowd erupted early as Payne kept the pressure on with quick strikes and relentless movement.

Mercer tried slowing the pace with a collar-and-elbow tie-up, but Payne escaped and landed a sharp

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enzuigiri that stunned him again.

Mia Russo shouted from commentary:

"Jamal Payne is making Eli Mercer uncomfortable right now!"

Payne hit the ropes looking for another attack, but Mercer suddenly caught him mid-motion with a brutal kitchen sink knee strike directly to the ribs.

Everything changed instantly.

Mercer slowed the match to his preferred pace -- methodical, violent, surgical.

He targeted Payne's midsection with punishing body shots and stiff backbreakers, repeatedly grounding him before he could build momentum. Mercer drove repeated elbows into Payne's spine before trapping him in a cravat hold and wrenching backward with disturbing calmness.

Payne fought through the pain, feeding off the crowd's energy.

He managed to create separation with rapid forearm strikes before connecting with a springboard crossbody that finally dropped Mercer to the mat. Payne followed with a standing shooting star press.

ONE!

TWO!

Mercer powered out with authority.

Payne stayed aggressive.

Running forearm.

Step-up kick.

Snap German suplex.

The audience roared as Mercer rolled toward the ropes trying to recover. Payne charged the corner looking for a running knee strike--

Mercer countered by launching Payne face-first into the middle turnbuckle.

The impact echoed throughout the arena.

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Mercer immediately capitalized with a devastating half-nelson suplex that folded Payne nearly in half. Mercer didn't go for the cover immediately. Instead, he slowly stood over Payne, staring down at him like a predator examining wounded prey.

The crowd showered Mercer with boos.

Payne somehow forced himself back to his feet and began firing desperate punches into Mercer's jaw. Mercer absorbed every shot before replying with one vicious forearm smash that nearly shut Payne's lights out instantly.

Still, Payne refused to stay down.

He ducked a clothesline and hit the ropes for a desperation flying forearm that staggered Mercer backward. Payne climbed to the top rope, looking to end it all--

Mercer rushed forward.

Payne leapt.

Mercer caught him in mid-air.

The arena gasped.

Mercer slowly transitioned his grip, hooking Payne for his finishing maneuver while holding him suspended vertically for several terrifying seconds.

Mia Russo yelled:

"No... no, not this!"

Mercer looked directly into the hard camera before violently drilling Payne into the canvas.

### **THE FINAL DIRECTIVE.**

The slow-lift high-impact lifting DDT planted Payne directly onto the crown of his head with horrifying force.

Mercer rolled over into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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**DING DING DING!**

The crowd reacted with stunned silence mixed with scattered boos as Eli Mercer slowly rose to his feet. The referee raised his hand while Mercer remained expressionless, staring down at the fallen Jamal Payne beneath him.

**WINNER: ELI MERCER VIA PINFALL**

Medical personnel checked on Payne as Mercer calmly exited the ring without once looking back, his mission accomplished with cold and calculated destruction.

### **World Elite (Kofi Von Erich & AJ Flare) vs Battle Beasts (DEADMARSH & Balístico)**

The atmosphere inside the arena shifted the moment the monstrous duo known as the Battle Beasts emerged from the entrance tunnel. DEADMARSH stomped toward the ring like an unstoppable juggernaut while Balístico marched beside him with cold intensity in his eyes.

Across the ring stood the arrogant but undeniably talented pairing of World Elite -- Kofi Von Erich and AJ Flare. The flashy duo soaked in the mixed reactions from the crowd while confidently discussing strategy in their corner.

The referee barely had time to signal for the bell before tensions exploded.

**DING DING!**

Kofi Von Erich and Balístico started the match with lightning-fast exchanges. Kofi used his technical precision to frustrate Balístico early, chaining together wrist locks and quick takedowns while AJ Flare taunted from the apron.

Balístico answered with violence.

A blistering shoot kick to Kofi's chest echoed throughout the arena and immediately changed the mood of the match. Kofi staggered backward gasping for air before Balístico hit the ropes and nearly decapitated him with a running knee strike.

The crowd erupted.

AJ Flare blind-tagged himself into the match and immediately tried using his speed advantage against DEADMARSH. That strategy lasted about ten seconds.

DEADMARSH caught Flare mid-crossbody attempt and launched him halfway across the ring with a terrifying fallaway slam. The impact shook the canvas as the crowd collectively gasped.

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Mia Russo shouted from commentary:

"That wasn't a slam -- that was a car crash!"

The Battle Beasts began imposing their will physically, trapping AJ Flare in their corner and battering him with brutal tag offense. DEADMARSH hammered Flare with clubbing forearms while Balístico targeted his ribs and jaw with vicious strikes.

Flare eventually created an opening with a jawbreaker before diving desperately toward his corner.

TAG TO KOFI!

The pace exploded again.

Kofi stormed into the ring firing rapid punches and dropkicks, stunning both members of the Battle Beasts with quick-hit offense. He rocked Balístico with a tornado DDT before AJ Flare followed up with a springboard moonsault to DEADMARSH outside the ring.

The crowd came alive.

World Elite seized momentum.

Kofi connected with a rolling elbow on Balístico before AJ Flare re-entered for a tandem combination neckbreaker/backstabber combo that nearly secured the upset.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Balístico barely kicked out.

The match devolved into chaos from there.

All four men began brawling simultaneously.

AJ Flare flew over the top rope with a suicide dive onto DEADMARSH.

Balístico crushed Flare with a spinning back kick.

Kofi answered with a jumping knee strike.

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DEADMARSH retaliated by flattening Kofi with a massive running shoulder tackle that turned him inside out.

The audience roared louder with every exchange.

At the ten-minute mark, both teams looked exhausted and battered, but neither side would stay down.

World Elite attempted their own finishing combination on Balístico, but DEADMARSH stormed into the ring and broke it apart by launching AJ Flare overhead with a monstrous release German suplex.

Kofi charged directly into a spinning roundhouse kick from Balístico.

Stunned.

Wobbled.

Perfect setup.

The crowd began buzzing as DEADMARSH grabbed Kofi by both legs and started spinning him violently around the ring with a devastating Giant Swing.

One rotation.

Five rotations.

Ten rotations.

The crowd counted along as Kofi became a helpless blur spinning through the air.

Then--

Balístico exploded off the ropes.

As DEADMARSH released the swing, Balístico flew forward with terrifying precision and smashed Kofi directly in the face with a devastating Busaiku Knee strike.

### **DEATH DEALER.**

The impact looked absolutely catastrophic.

Kofi collapsed lifelessly onto the canvas while AJ Flare tried desperately to reach his partner, only for DEADMARSH to intercept him with a massive boot to the face.

Balístico hooked both legs tightly.

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ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING!**

The crowd erupted as the Battle Beasts stood victorious in the center of the ring.

**WINNERS: BATTLE BEASTS VIA PINFALL**

DEADMARSH and Balístico stood over the fallen members of World Elite while the commentary team struggled to process the destruction they had just witnessed.

Mia Russo closed the segment by saying:

"You don't survive the Death Dealer... you endure it if you're lucky."

### **Vin Halsted vs Sammy The Creep (Steel Cage Match - Weapons Inside)**

The ominous steel cage slowly lowered around the ring as the atmosphere inside the arena transformed into pure chaos. Steel chains rattled against the mesh walls while weapons already scattered throughout the ring glimmered beneath the crimson arena lighting -- steel chairs, kendo sticks, trash cans, stop signs, and a barbed-wire wrapped baseball bat leaned ominously in the corners.

The crowd erupted as Vin Halsted stepped onto the stage first, jaw clenched and eyes locked on the cage structure surrounding the ring. Halsted marched forward with controlled rage burning behind every step.

Then the lights dropped.

Distorted laughter echoed through the speakers as Sammy the Creep emerged carrying a steel chain wrapped around his neck like a trophy. Sammy grinned wildly while licking blood-red paint from his lips before sprinting directly toward the cage.

The referee barely got the door shut before the violence erupted.

**DING DING!**

Sammy immediately blasted Halsted with the steel chain across the ribs before smashing him face-first into the cage wall. The impact rattled the entire structure while the crowd roared in shock.

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Sammy screamed:

"WELCOME TO MY WORLD!"

He repeatedly scraped Halsted's forehead across the steel mesh until the skin split open almost instantly. Blood began pouring down Vin's face within the first minute of the match.

Mia Russo shouted from commentary:

"This already looks horrifying!"

Sammy grabbed a trash can and smashed it over Halsted's head with a sickening metallic crash. Vin collapsed to one knee while Sammy laughed hysterically and drove repeated stomps into the back of his skull.

But Vin Halsted refused to stay down.

The moment Sammy charged again, Vin exploded upward with a desperation lariat that nearly turned Sammy inside out. Blood streamed down Halsted's face as he grabbed a steel chair and unleashed violent chair shots across Sammy's spine.

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

The crowd roared louder with every swing.

Vin trapped Sammy against the cage and repeatedly smashed the chair into his ribs before launching him face-first into the steel wall. Sammy's forehead split open immediately, crimson pouring down his pale face.

Now both men looked like monsters.

Halsted grabbed a kendo stick and snapped it across Sammy's back before driving the broken remains into his throat. Sammy gagged and stumbled backward directly into a spinebuster onto a pile of steel chairs.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

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Sammy somehow kicked out.

The match devolved into pure savagery.

Sammy wrapped barbed wire around his fist and smashed Vin across the mouth. Vin staggered backward bleeding heavily before Sammy drove a stop sign directly into his face with a running knee strike.

The crowd erupted with horrified chants.

"AWS!"

"AWS!"

"AWS!"

At one point, Sammy climbed halfway up the cage while taunting the audience, but Vin pursued him. Both men traded punches near the top rope level before Vin smashed Sammy's face repeatedly against the steel mesh.

Blood sprayed across the cage wall.

Vin hooked Sammy--

**SUPERPLEX FROM THE SIDE OF THE CAGE!**

The entire ring shook violently upon impact.

Both men writhed in agony as the crowd exploded into a standing ovation.

Several moments passed before either competitor moved again.

Sammy crawled toward the barbed-wire bat and swung wildly at Halsted's skull, but Vin ducked underneath and countered with a brutal kick to the stomach before planting Sammy with a devastating snap piledriver onto a trash can lid.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Sammy barely survived again.

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Halsted looked stunned.

Sammy began laughing through blood-covered teeth while pulling himself upward using the ropes. The image was horrifying.

Sammy spit blood directly into Vin's face before gouging at the cut above his eye and screaming incoherently. He grabbed the chain again and attempted to wrap it around Vin's throat--

Vin countered with repeated elbows to the jaw.

Superkick.

Sammy staggered.

Vin climbed the turnbuckles slowly, balancing himself despite the blood running into his eyes. The audience rose to their feet sensing the end approaching.

Sammy turned around groggily.

Vin launched himself through the air.

Mid-somersault--

### **HALSTED HANGOVER!**

The breathtaking somersault stunner from the top turnbuckle crushed Sammy the Creep directly into the canvas.

The entire arena exploded.

Vin collapsed over Sammy's battered body and hooked the leg tightly.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

### **DING DING DING!**

The crowd erupted into deafening cheers as Vin Halsted rolled off the pinfall completely exhausted, his face covered in blood while the referee raised his hand in victory.

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### WINNER: VIN HALSTED VIA PINFALL

Medical personnel cautiously entered the cage while Vin leaned against the bloodstained steel wall trying to remain standing. Sammy the Creep lay motionless in the center of the ring surrounded by broken weapons and crimson-stained canvas as the audience chanted Halsted's name throughout the arena.

### Orphius Marius vs #1 Daron Smythe

The atmosphere inside the arena carried a different kind of tension as Orphius Marius slowly emerged beneath dim violet lighting, his cold expression hidden partially behind long dark hair. Marius walked with eerie calmness toward the ring while the audience showered him with hostility.

Then the mood shifted completely.

The crowd erupted into deafening cheers as Daron Smythe stepped onto the stage. Focused. Intense. Dangerous. Smythe pointed directly at Orphius before storming toward the ring with the confidence of a man ready for war.

Mia Russo shouted from commentary:

"This has main-event level tension written all over it!"

The referee called for the bell.

### DING DING!

Both men immediately met in the center of the ring throwing heavy forearms with bad intentions. Smythe gained the early advantage, backing Marius into the corner before unloading brutal body shots and knife-edge chops that echoed throughout the arena.

Marius answered with precision.

A sudden knee strike to the ribs halted Smythe's momentum before Orphius targeted the neck and shoulder with calculated aggression. He twisted Smythe into a hammerlock before driving him face-first into the middle turnbuckle.

The pace became increasingly physical.

Smythe used raw power and explosiveness while Marius slowed the match into a methodical fight built around punishment and counters. Every exchange felt dangerous.

Marius nearly stole the victory after connecting with a spinning reverse neckbreaker.

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ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Smythe powered out.

The crowd roared as Smythe fired back with a series of stiff lariats before launching Marius overhead with a massive release German suplex. Marius rolled toward the ropes trying to recover while Smythe stalked him with intensity.

Running corner knee strike.

Snap powerslam.

Near fall.

The audience rose to their feet as Smythe started building momentum.

Mia Russo yelled:

"Daron Smythe is taking over this match!"

Smythe attempted another big lariat, but Marius countered with a sudden drop toe hold that sent Smythe throat-first into the middle rope. Orphius immediately capitalized with a devastating running boot to the side of the head.

Both men collapsed momentarily.

As the match passed the fifteen-minute mark, exhaustion started becoming visible. Marius' chest was bright red from chops while Smythe had a cut opened above his eyebrow after being driven into the turnbuckles repeatedly.

The fight became desperate.

Smythe escaped a submission attempt and rocked Marius with a spinning elbow strike before planting him with a sit-out powerbomb.

ONE!

TWO!

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THR--NO!

Marius barely survived.

The crowd erupted.

Smythe looked frustrated but stayed aggressive. He pulled Marius upward and signaled for his finishing maneuver. The audience buzzed loudly in anticipation--

Then chaos erupted.

The crowd suddenly exploded into boos as Adam Stryker -- the reigning KØ?? Interstate Champion -- sprinted down the entrance ramp.

Mia Russo shouted immediately:

"What the hell is Adam Stryker doing out here?!"

Smythe noticed Stryker approaching and stepped toward the ropes yelling at him to stay out of the match. The referee attempted to intercept Stryker near ringside while the audience drowned the arena in hostility.

Smythe turned back toward Marius--

Marius wasted no time.

Orphius catches him immediately with the Final Measure (lifting reverse DDT).

Stryker smirked outside the ring as the referee finally turned back around.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING!**

The arena exploded with boos.

**WINNER: ORPHIUS MARIUS VIA PINFALL**

Daron Smythe sat upright immediately after the bell screaming at the referee while Adam Stryker backed slowly up the ramp with a satisfied grin on his face.

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Inside the ring, Orphius Marius stood silently with his hand raised, staring directly at Smythe while the controversy unfolded around him.

Mia Russo closed the segment angrily:

"Orphius only needed one second of broken focus to retain."