

Sunday Night Assault: #10

February 22, 2026 | Naval Station of La Carraca - San Fernando

Introduction

[OPENING SHOT]

Aerial shots sweep across the historic Naval Station of La Carraca. Floodlights cut through the night sky as the temporary open-air arena glows in tactical green and steel-blue hues. The camera dives toward the crowd--Spanish flags draped over barricades, sailors in uniform, fans in AWS gear pounding the rails. The sound of chanting rolls through the venue.

[ARENA PANS]

Quick cuts: the ring under harsh white spotlights, the three-screen stage flickering with military-style graphics, the entrance ramp framed by steel trussing and camo netting. The camera circles the hard cam side, then pans over the crowd again--fans raising signs in Spanish and English.

[CUT TO BROADCAST BOOTH - STAGE RIGHT]

Joey Black and Hardcore Hex sit to the right of the entrance ramp, headsets on, the crowd roaring behind them.

JOEY BLACK:

"¡Muy buenas noches, San Fernando! Bienvenidos a Asylum Wrestling Society: *Sunday Night Assault!*"

HARDCORE HEX:

"Buenas noches, España. Tonight, AWS brings the fight to La Carraca Naval Station--live, loud, and unforgiving."

JOEY BLACK:

"Welcome, everyone, to *AWS Sunday Night Assault #10*. We are broadcasting to the world from one of the most imposing venues we've ever stepped into. This is hallowed ground--and tonight, it becomes a war zone."

HARDCORE HEX:

"Six matches on the card, and every single one of them is built for impact. No fluff. No filler. Just controlled chaos under military lights."

[CAMERA PANS TO CROWD]

A section of fans chant "¡AWS! ¡AWS!" while another group pounds the barricade in rhythm.

JOEY BLACK (V.O. over crowd shots):

"Our fans here in Spain are ready for violence the AWS way. This crowd is electric, and they know what's coming."

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[BACK TO BOOTH]

HARDCORE HEX:

"Let's talk about the headline tonight. The AWS Pinnacle Heavyweight Champion, Leon Roberts, steps into a non-title glass tables match against Derek Wellings."

JOEY BLACK:

"Non-title or not, this is a statement match. Glass tables change everything. One mistake, one hard drive through the wrong surface, and careers get shortened in a hurry."

HARDCORE HEX:

"Leon Roberts walks in with gold on his shoulder, but Derek Wellings walks in with nothing to lose. That's the most dangerous opponent you can face."

JOEY BLACK:

"And that's just the main event. Six matches total tonight--grudge fights, division clashes, and the kind of brutality that defines *Sunday Night Assault*."

[CAMERA PANS TO STAGE]

The three screens ignite with the AWS Assault branding. Pyro cracks overhead in short, sharp bursts. The crowd surges to its feet.

HARDCORE HEX:

"Spain, you're about to witness why Assault is the proving ground for the ruthless."

JOEY BLACK:

"Prepárense. The bell is about to ring, and this place is about to erupt. Bienvenidos a AWS Sunday Night Assault Ten!"

[HARD CUT TO OPENING PYRO AND THE SHOW THEME AS THE FIRST ENTRANCE MUSIC HITS]

Wild Willey versus Adam Stryker

[ENTRANCES]

The lights dip to a hard cowboy tan as Wild Willey storms out first, jaw set, rolling his shoulders as he marches down the ramp. He slaps the guardrail, jawing at fans, never taking his eyes off the ring. The crowd gives him a mixed reaction--boos layered over a low rumble of respect for his reputation.

Adam Stryker's music hits with a sharp industrial grind. He steps through the curtain with a cold stare, cracking his neck, scanning the ring like he's measuring distances. No wasted motion. He sprints the last few steps to the apron, vaults in, and stands center-ring, eyes locked on Willey.

The referee calls for the bell.

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[OPENING EXCHANGE]

They don't circle. They collide.

Willey barrels forward with a shoulder check that snaps Stryker back into the ropes. Stryker fires back with a stiff forearm, then another, rocking Willey on his heels. Willey answers with a short headbutt and drives Stryker into the corner, unloading with body shots. The crowd pops as the pace goes from zero to violent in seconds.

Stryker shoves Willey off and explodes out of the corner with a running knee to the midsection. He follows with rapid-fire strikes--low kick, forearm, snap DDT--spiking Willey to the mat. Stryker hooks the leg.

Referee:

"One--"

Willey kicks out hard and rolls to his knees, snarling.

[SHIFT IN MOMENTUM]

Willey powers up, catches Stryker's next strike, and hammers him with a short-arm lariat. He drags Stryker up by the hair, bullies him into the ropes, and launches him across the ring with an overhead throw. Stryker scrambles up--Willey charges--Stryker drops the top rope and Willey spills to the floor.

Stryker doesn't wait. He slides out and blasts Willey with a running forearm on the outside, driving him into the barricade. The referee immediately begins the count.

Referee:

"One... Two... Three..."

Stryker rams Willey spine-first into the apron. Willey fires back with a headbutt and shoves Stryker into the steel steps. The crowd surges as both men abandon any pretense of pacing.

Referee:

"Four... Five... Six..."

Willey whips Stryker into the barricade. Stryker rebounds and smashes Willey with a boot to the face. Both men stagger, neither even looking at the ring.

Referee:

"Seven... Eight..."

They trade wild punches in front of the timekeeper's area. A chair gets knocked over. A monitor rattles. Officials shout at ringside.

Referee:

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"Nine... Ten!"

[DOUBLE COUNT-OUT]

The bell rings. The match is ruled a double count-out.

The crowd reacts loudly, split between boos at the non-finish and cheers for the chaos.

[POST-MATCH BRAWL]

The bell does nothing to stop them.

Willey tackles Stryker into the barricade. Stryker elbows free and drives Willey into the production cases. They stumble up the ramp, trading shots, and disappear through the curtain into the backstage area.

[BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS]

Handheld camera follows as they crash through a service corridor. Willey slams Stryker into a concrete wall. Stryker answers with a knee to the ribs and throws Willey into stacked equipment crates. Crew members scatter.

Security floods in--three, then five personnel--trying to wedge themselves between the two men. Willey breaks free and lunges. Stryker shoves past security and swings again. The scene is barely contained.

[DONOVAN CROSS ARRIVES]

AWS Executive Director Donovan Cross steps into frame, flanked by additional security.

DONOVAN CROSS:

"That's enough. Both of you--enough!"

They strain against the guards, still trying to get at each other.

DONOVAN CROSS (firm, cutting through the noise):

"You want to tear each other apart? Fine. You'll get another fight. But next time, there won't be rules to hide behind. You're going to finish this the way this match was meant to be finished."

The crowd can be heard reacting from the arena through the corridor.

DONOVAN CROSS:

"For tonight, it's done. I'm ordering both of you to leave the arena--now. Security, walk them out."

Willey glares at Stryker, chest heaving. Stryker smirks back, blood at the corner of his mouth.

They're pulled in opposite directions by security, still shouting threats as they're escorted away down separate corridors.

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[CUT BACK TO ARENA]

The crowd buzzes with anticipation as the broadcast team sets up the fallout, the message clear: Willey and Stryker are far from finished--and when they collide again, there will be no rules.

Boomie vs. Veronica Rodriguez

The Atlantic air rolls heavy over the historic naval docks. Massive carrier lights tower over the open-air staging area, steel decks gleaming under floodlights. The sound of distant water slapping against hulls mixes with 10,000 fans packed between naval cranes and staging trusses.

A warship looms in the background.

*This isn't just a venue.
This is a proving ground.*

"The Static Smile"

The dockyard lights flicker.

Then--

*A jagged hyperpop distortion rips through the PA.
Bass stutters. Stops. Drops out completely.*

*Then **BOOM** -- it slams back in.*

Red strobes snap to life in violent pulses.

Boomie bursts through the curtain--

--and immediately halts.

Like they hit an invisible wall.

Head tilts.

Smile flickers.

Gone.

*They don't acknowledge the crowd.
They don't pose.*

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They're listening.

Danny Greene III: "Okay... okay, here we go. That's Boomie -- and if you blink, you're already behind."

Mia Russo: "They don't enter arenas. They *detonate* into them."

Gidget: "Look at that gear -- red and white, clean, almost toy-box sweet -- and then you see the tape. That overused tape? That's not aesthetic. That's someone holding themselves together."

Boomie bounces forward too fast -- stops again -- checks the ropes by tapping them twice before entering.

Pressure test.

They slide in.

Remove the sleeveless jacket abruptly -- almost irritated by it -- and toss it aside without ceremony.

They run the ropes once.

Too hard.

The crowd reaction builds from uncertain to electric.

Boomie stands in the center.

Smiles again.

This one lingers.

Danny: "They don't want titles. They want release."

Mia: "And if you're in their way when the pressure breaks? God help you."

"Ladies and gentlemen... prepare yourselves... the next battle is about to begin!"

Her voice cuts clean through the wind.

"Introducing first... weighing 175 pounds... Standing at five feet, seven inches tall...They are billed from... *Somewhere Too Loud To Sleep*...THE STATIC SMILE...BOOOOOMIE!"

The crowd pops loud now -- confused but hooked.

Boomie doesn't raise their arms.

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They just stare at the stage.

Waiting.

The arena goes black.

Silence.

Then--

"Zombie" by Bad Wolves hits.

The opening riff echoes across steel and ocean water.

Violet smoke begins to spill across the dock like creeping poison.

A pyro column erupts.

Veronica Rodriguez steps into the haze.

Scowl set.

Eyes locked forward.

She does not acknowledge the fans.

She does not look impressed.

She walks slowly.

Measured.

Like every step is controlled.

Danny: "And here comes a former World Champion. A mind manipulator. A student of psychology. Boomie runs on chaos -- Veronica studies it."

Gidget: "Ohhh this is going to be delicious. You've got unfiltered voltage versus a woman who knows exactly which nerve to press."

Mia: "Veronica Rodriguez has fought her whole life. Bullies. Critics. Doubters. She doesn't flinch. She calculates."

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Veronica reaches the bottom of the ramp.

Stops.

Slowly surveys the crowd like prey animals.

Then--

She sprints and slides under the ropes.

No wasted movement.

Immediately climbs the upper left turnbuckle.

Stares.

No pose.

Just scans.

Switches corners.

Repeats.

Predator mapping territory.

Then stretches against the ropes.

Waiting.

**"And their opponent... weighing 180 pounds... standing five feet, eight inches tall...From San Diego, California...She is...THE WRATH OF THE DESERT...THE FALLEN ANGEL...FUUUUURYYYYY!
VERONICA RODRIGUEZ!"**

Mixed reaction.

Respect.

Tension.

Fear.

Boomie bounces in place.

Veronica doesn't blink.

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Danny: "This is speed versus science."

Gidget: "Static versus strategy!"

Mia: "You've got to have guts to survive in that ring -- and tonight, one of these women is about to test just how much the other can endure."

Boomie smiles wider.

Veronica's eyes narrow.

The naval air feels heavier.

Danny leans in--

"Greene Light Special territory already, folks..."

The referee calls for the bell.

And the Atlantic wind howls as steel meets voltage.

The Atlantic wind is picking up. So is the tension.

The referee checks both competitors.

Boomie is bouncing in place -- not nervously. Not eagerly.

Like a wire humming before it snaps.

Veronica stands grounded. Chin down. Eyes scanning.

DING DING.

Not a lockup.

A sprint.

They dart left -- fake right -- sudden direction change --

Veronica doesn't bite.

She pivots, catches Boomie mid-burst --

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ARM DRAG.

Boomie rolls through instantly -- back on their feet -- rebounds off the ropes without pause --

REBOUND LARIAT!

Veronica ducks.

Boomie doesn't slow.

They bounce off the opposite ropes again --

Snap German suplex attempt--

Veronica drops her weight and blocks it!

Back elbow to the temple!

Mia: "That's what intelligence looks like. Veronica doesn't react -- she predicts."

Boomie staggers -- smile flickers -- then they charge directly into Veronica's forearm strike on purpose.

The collision echoes.

The crowd gasps.

Boomie laughs.

They sprint into the corner --

Running corner dropkick --

Veronica sidesteps.

Boomie crashes into the turnbuckles HARD.

Not a graceful miss.

A crash.

They stumble backward disoriented.

Veronica grabs a wrist.

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Twists.

Transitions seamlessly into a hammerlock.

Then a snapmare takeover.

She slides into a grounded headlock -- pressing her forearm under Boomie's jaw.

Danny: "This is exactly where Boomie struggles. Slow. Controlled. Suffocating."

Gidget: "Fury's turning this into a psychology lecture!"

Boomie doesn't sell pain traditionally.

They sell destabilization.

Their breathing changes.

Their eyes dart.

They twitch like they want to sprint but can't find the timing.

Veronica tightens.

Boomie plants their feet.

Sudden burst.

They pop up -- run backward into the ropes -- using the rebound to yank Veronica forward --

ROLLING THUNDER!

No pause.

They land and immediately charge.

Dropkick flush to the chest!

Veronica spills to the outside.

The crowd roars.

Boomie feeds off it.

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Too much.

They sprint the ropes again --

SUICIDE DIVE--

Veronica moves!

Boomie slams shoulder-first into the barricade.

The naval steel rings.

Boomie stands immediately.

Too immediately.

But their balance is off.

Veronica shoves them face-first into the ring post.

Rolls them inside.

Hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO--

Kickout.

Veronica mounts and rains down forearms.

Measured.

Precise.

She drags Boomie up --

Tornado DDT!

Boomie spikes hard.

Veronica doesn't celebrate.

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She stalks.

Boomie tries to stand too fast --

Veronica catches them with a Springboard Hurricanrana!

Boomie tumbles across the mat.

Their smile is gone now.

They're blinking hard.

Trying to recalibrate.

Mia: "This is the danger zone for Boomie. When the rhythm breaks, the chaos turns inward."

Veronica grabs the leg.

Transitions.

Almost locks in the Koji Clutch--

Boomie thrashes violently and rolls through.

Desperation sprint--

They rebound off the ropes.

Full speed.

Rebound lariat CONNECTS this time!

Veronica flips inside out.

Boomie doesn't pin.

They pull Veronica up immediately.

Pop-up attempt--

BOOM GOES THE SMILE--

Veronica counters mid-lift into a crucifix rollup!

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ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Both up simultaneously.

Veronica with a sit-out rear mat slam --

WRATH OF THE DESERT!

Boomie hits hard.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Boomie barely shoots a shoulder up.

Veronica grabs Boomie's chin.

Whispers something.

Boomie freezes for half a second.

That half-second matters.

Veronica goes for the Michinoku Driver--

Boomie slips out the back!

Sprint!

German suplex out of nowhere!

They don't release.

Roll through.

Another German!

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Crowd rising now.

Boomie screams -- not anger -- release.

They charge the corner again--

Running corner dropkick lands flush!

Veronica collapses seated.

Boomie backs up.

Shaking.

They're about to overcommit.

The crowd sees it.

They sprint--

Veronica explodes upward--

Axe handle elbow catches Boomie mid-charge!

Boomie drops.

Hard.

The Atlantic wind howls.

Both competitors are down.

Boomie's chest heaving.

Veronica clutching her ribs.

The crowd split -- half buzzing for chaos, half chanting for Fury.

Danny: "This is what makes this match dangerous -- neither of them know how to stop."

Gidget: "Boomie's one burst away from stealing this... but Fury's one hold away from suffocating it."

Mia: "You've got to have guts to survive in that ring -- and both of these women are digging deep."

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Veronica rolls toward the ropes.

Boomie pushes to hands and knees.

They look at each other.

No smiles now.

Just calculation.

The next move could change everything.

And the crowd is still waiting to see who survives it.

The Atlantic wind cuts across the dockyard.

Both competitors are rising.

Slowly.

Boomie's smile is gone now -- replaced with something sharper. Focused. Almost frantic.

Veronica wipes blood from her lip. Calm. Breathing steady.

Boomie moves first.

Of course they do.

They feign retreat -- stumbling toward the ropes as if destabilized.

Veronica advances carefully.

Boomie suddenly snaps into a sprint.

Rope rebound.

Full acceleration.

They leap--

BOOM GOES THE SMILE--

Veronica steps aside at the last possible heartbeat.

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Boomie's knee catches only air.

They land awkwardly.

And you see it.

The rhythm breaks.

Their eyes flicker.

Balance shifts wrong.

Danny: "Boomie missed it -- that's the danger zone!"

Mia: "They don't recover well when the timing shatters -- and Veronica knows it!"

Gidget: "Oh this is bad -- this is bad!"

Veronica doesn't hesitate.

Spins.

Sit-out Rear Mat Slam -- WRATH OF THE DESERT!

Boomie bounces off the canvas.

Veronica doesn't go for the pin.

She drags Boomie up immediately.

Underhooks the arms.

Lifts.

Boomie tries to twist free --

But Veronica plants them.

MICHINOKU DRIVER -- FLUSH.

The impact echoes across the dockyard steel.

Boomie goes limp for a split second.

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Veronica hooks both legs deep.

Presses all her weight down across the shoulders.

ONE!

The crowd roars.

TWO!

Boomie's leg twitches.

THREE.

DING DING DING.

Danny: "She caught them clean! Fury caught Boomie clean!"

Gidget: "That was surgical! That was brutal!"

Mia: "You've got to have guts to survive in that ring -- and tonight, Veronica Rodriguez dissected chaos and walked out with control!"

"Ladies and gentlemen... your winner by pinfall... FUUUURYYYYY! VERONICA RODRIGUEZ!"

Mixed reaction pours across the dockyard.

Some boos.

Some respect.

Some stunned silence.

Death Baron © versus Damien Kostich

[ENTRANCES]

The arena lights dim into a cold, oppressive wash. A low industrial hum rolls through the Naval Station as Death Baron emerges first, the Parental Advisory Championship draped over his shoulder. He moves with deliberate calm, eyes locked on the ring, the title reflecting the floodlights like a warning.

Moments later, the atmosphere shifts. Damien Kostich steps onto the stage with no theatrics, just raw presence. The giant challenger cracks his neck, rolls his shoulders, and storms down the ramp. The crowd

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reacts to the size difference immediately--Kostich towers over the champion, his expression fixed, predatory.

[OPENING BELL]

The referee raises the Parental Advisory Championship high. The bell rings.

Kostich wastes no time. He charges out of the corner and runs straight through Death Baron with a shoulder block that sends the champion skidding across the mat. The crowd erupts. Baron scrambles to his feet, but Kostich corrals him with a crushing clubbing forearm to the chest, then whips him hard into the corner.

Kostich presses in with relentless offense--body shots, short-range elbows, then a massive corner splash that folds Baron in half. The champion stumbles forward, gasping for breath, only to be scooped up and driven down with a thunderous slam. Kostich hooks the leg.

ONE... TWO...

Baron kicks out, but the message is clear: the challenger is overpowering him.

Kostich stays on him. A deadlift gutwrench suplex plants Baron near the ropes. Another cover.

ONE... TWO...

Again, Baron survives. The champion rolls to the apron, trying to buy time, but Kostich drags him back in by the collar. A short-arm clothesline flips Baron inside out. The crowd roars at the sheer force.

Kostich hauls Baron up and attempts a powerbomb, but Baron slips behind and lands on his feet. He throws a desperation elbow to the jaw--his first meaningful strike of the match--but Kostich barely budes. The giant answers with a brutal headbutt that staggers Baron backward.

[KOSTICH DOMINATES]

Kostich stalks forward and batters Baron with repeated forearms, forcing him into the ropes. An Irish whip sends the champion across the ring, where Kostich meets him with a spine-rattling backbreaker. Baron arches in pain, clutching his lower back as Kostich drops a heavy knee across the ribs.

The challenger drags Baron to the center and lifts him again--this time driving him down with a massive sidewalk slam. Another cover.

ONE... TWO...

Baron kicks out, rolling onto his side. The champion is clearly in trouble. Kostich remains methodical, pressing a boot into Baron's chest, leaning his full weight into the choke until the referee forces a break.

Kostich pulls Baron up and hurls him into the corner. He charges in for another crushing splash--

Baron moves.

Kostich collides shoulder-first with the turnbuckle. The giant stumbles out, favoring the impact, and Baron

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finally finds daylight. He lashes out with a low kick--not to the body, but directly to Kostich's right knee.

The crowd reacts sharply.

Baron's eyes light up. He kicks the knee again. Kostich snarls and tries to power through, swinging wildly, but Baron ducks and drives a chop block into the back of the same knee. The giant drops to one knee for the first time in the match.

[THE TIDE TURNS]

Death Baron pounces, smashing an elbow drop across Kostich's right knee. Then another. He grabs the leg and drags it toward the ropes, stomping down on the knee joint with malicious intent. Kostich roars in pain, pounding the mat with his fist as Baron grinds the boot into the side of the joint.

Baron traps the leg and drops a knee across it again. The champion is clinical now--no wasted motion, all focus on dismantling the base of the giant.

Kostich tries to stand, but the knee buckles. Baron sweeps the leg out from under him and hooks the damaged limb into a knee bar, torquing back hard. Kostich grimaces, teeth clenched, reaching for the ropes. He drags himself inch by inch and manages to get a hand on the bottom rope. The referee forces the break.

Baron doesn't relent. He yanks Kostich back into the ring by the leg and drops another elbow across the knee. He stomps the joint repeatedly, then snaps the leg down across the mat.

[KOSTICH FIRES BACK]

Through sheer will, Kostich muscles up on one leg. Baron charges--Kostich catches him and, despite the injury, hoists him up and drives him down with a brutal one-armed slam. The crowd explodes at the display of strength.

Kostich limps forward, pulling Baron up by the throat and driving him into the corner. He unleashes a series of heavy shots, then hoists the champion onto his shoulders and drops him with a crushing powerslam.

The giant hooks the leg.

ONE... TWO...

Baron barely kicks out.

Kostich can feel momentum shifting back in his favor. He drags Baron up and attempts another power move, but the right knee gives slightly. Baron wriggles free, lands behind him, and clips the knee again with a low kick. Kostich drops to one knee, frustration and pain written across his face.

[SUBMISSION ONSLAUGHT]

Death Baron goes straight back to work. He hooks the leg and rolls into a modified single-leg crab, wrenching the knee and ankle. Kostich writhes, crawling toward the ropes. He reaches--Baron releases and transitions

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immediately into a kneeling leg lock, driving his weight down onto the damaged joint.

The champion switches holds seamlessly, targeting the knee from different angles. Kostich rolls, trying to escape, but Baron traps the leg again and stomps the knee before reapplying pressure with another twisting leg submission.

Kostich is now grounded, clutching his right knee, breathing heavy. Baron circles him, then drops down and cinches in a figure-four variation, wrenching back on the joint. The giant howls in pain, his free leg kicking the mat. After several agonizing seconds, he manages to roll his weight and force Baron to release.

[THE END]

Kostich drags himself toward the corner, pulling up on the ropes, barely able to stand. Death Baron rises and steps in, hooking the damaged leg, then wraps Kostich up from behind.

In one smooth motion, Baron drops to the mat and locks in the **Muta Lock**.

The hold is cinched deep. Kostich's spine arches, the pressure bearing down on the already-destroyed knee. He roars in pain, clawing at the canvas, trying to crawl forward. The crowd is on its feet as the giant fights the inevitable.

Seconds pass. Kostich's movements slow. He pounds the mat once... twice...

He taps out.

[BELL RINGS]

ANNOUNCER:

"Here is your winner by submission... and STILL AWS Parental Advisory Champion... DEATH BARON!"

Death Baron releases the hold and rises to his feet as the referee hands him the championship. The champion stands over the fallen giant, looking down with cold satisfaction. Kostich remains on the mat, clutching his right knee, his dominance earlier in the match undone by ruthless precision.

Death Baron lifts the Parental Advisory Championship high under the lights of La Carraca, having survived the storm and dismantled the giant piece by piece.

Rhea Calder vs. Avery McCullen

? THE BELL RINGS

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The wind rolls across the ring canvas as the bell echoes.

Rhea Calder doesn't step forward.

She plants.

Avery McCullen circles immediately.

? Danny Greene III

"And here we go! Endurance versus ignition!"

? Mia Russo

"Calder doesn't chase openings. She waits for you to give her one."

? Gidget Stephenson

"And Avery? Oh she's going to try to create about twelve of them!"

? Opening Exchange

Avery snaps in first.

Quick dropkick to the chest!

Rhea staggers half a step.

That's it.

Avery bounces back up -- fires a haymaker!

Rhea absorbs it.

Returns a short-arm forearm smash that thuds against Avery's jaw.

The crowd reacts -- not because it's flashy.

Because it *sounds different*.

Avery shakes it off and answers with a sharp punch to the gut followed by a spinning Russian leg sweep facebuster!

Rhea hits the canvas hard.

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Avery pops up --

One count.

Rhea sits up at one.

? Mia

"There it is. That's the problem."

? Danny

"She doesn't sell panic. She sells inevitability."

? Momentum: Avery

Avery stays on her.

Corner punches -- rapid-fire!

The crowd counts along in Spanish.

UNO! DOS! TRES!

At eight -- Rhea grabs her mid-strike.

Switches position.

Calder Break.

Repeated corner strikes.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Knee to ribs.

Snap suplex out of the corner.

Avery rolls through, clutching her back.

? Gidget

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"She's not flashy but she hits like dockyard steel!"

? Danny

"That suplex had no arc. That was just torque."

? Middle Phase - Grind Begins

Rhea drags Avery up.

Clinch position.

Body shots. Short elbows.

Transitions into Hold the Line -- spinebuster!

The ring shakes.

Cover.

One... Two...

Avery kicks out.

Rhea doesn't react.

She just grabs again.

Standing choke.

No Exit.

She drops to the mat, applying grounded pressure, forearm grinding into Avery's jawline.

? Mia

"This is where Calder wins matches. Not with speed -- with suffocation."

? Danny

"She's compressing the lungs. Look at the rib placement."

Avery claws to the ropes.

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Ref counts.

Rhea releases at four.

No argument.

No expression.

? Avery Fires Back

Avery suddenly explodes --

Hard kick to the knee!

Rhea buckles.

Another kick.

Then a German suplex!

Rhea lands high on her shoulders.

Avery rolls through --

Second German!

Bridges!

One... Two...

Rhea kicks out.

Avery doesn't hesitate --

Pulls her up --

Tiger suplex!

Rhea lands heavy.

The crowd roars.

? Gidget

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"She's going full throttle!"

? Danny

"This is Avery's wheelhouse -- chaining power into momentum!"

Avery climbs the ropes.

Pink-blue lights reflecting off ocean mist.

Corkscrew from the top rope!

It connects!

Cover!

One... Two...--

Rhea kicks out again.

Avery exhales sharply.

? Damage Accumulation

Rhea's shoulder tape peeling slightly.

Breathing deeper now.

Avery senses blood in the water.

She grabs the leg.

Ankle lock attempt --

Rhea rolls through.

Forearm smash.

Rolling elbow --

Dead Count!

Short-arm headbutt.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

Avery stumbles backward, dazed.

? Mia

"That headbutt will rearrange your plans."

Rhea presses forward.

Shoulder tackle.

Knee strike.

Russian leg sweep.

Ground-and-pound strikes.

The crowd noise shifts from cheers to tension.

Rhea isn't rushing.

She's dismantling.

? High Impact Sequence

Avery scrambles.

Desperation.

Eye gouge!

Ref warns her.

She doesn't care.

She fires off a bulldog!

Then scrambles up --

Fall from Grace!

Diving somersault leg drop!

It connects flush.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

Cover!

One... Two...--

Rhea kicks out.

Again.

? Danny (rising energy)

"That's three major impact sequences she's survived!"

? Gidget

"Is she made of granite?!"

? Mia

"No. She's made of refusal."

? Technical Turn

Avery transitions.

Hooks the leg.

Figure Four!

She bridges into it.

The crowd explodes.

Rhea's taped knee torqued violently.

? Danny

"That's the Four Leaf Clover! This could end it!"

? Mia

"She's targeting longevity now -- brilliant."

Rhea's face tightens for the first time.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

She doesn't scream.

She doesn't beg.

She rolls her shoulders.

Reaches.

Drags.

The ropes are far.

Avery cranks harder.

Bridges deeper.

Rhea flips the pressure -- reverses the Figure Four.

Now Avery screams.

She releases.

Both women roll apart.

? Final Escalation

They rise at the same time.

Forearm.

Haymaker.

Elbow.

Gut punch.

Knee strike.

Forearm.

Crowd chanting in waves.

Avery suddenly hooks her --

Sunday Night Assault: #10

Irish Eyes -- GTS attempt!

Rhea slips off.

Clinch.

Spinebuster again.

Rhea mounts.

The rhythm changes.

Forearm.

Elbow.

Knee.

Elbow.

No pause.

No reset.

? Danny (urgent)

"Wait -- wait -- this is it!"

? Mia

"If she transitions fully--"

? Gidget

"Oh no..."

Refusal Protocol begins.

Forearm.

Elbow.

Knee to ribs.

Short strike.

Grounded hammerfist.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

Avery covers up but Rhea doesn't slow.

The sequence builds.

The naval wind howls.

The crowd on their feet.

Avery suddenly twists -- catches Rhea's leg mid-strike --

Ankle lock! Over the Moor!

Full grapevine!

Rhea's knee torqued backward violently.

She drops to hands and forearms.

Now *she's* trapped.

? Danny

"THIS COULD BE IT!"

? Mia

"She's in deep! There's nowhere to pivot!"

? Gidget

"She's wrenching it!"

Rhea claws at the mat.

Elbows forward inch by inch.

Avery screaming with effort.

Both women red-faced.

Breathing ragged.

The rope is inches away.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

The referee checking.

The crowd split down the middle.

Rhea reaches--

Avery pulls--

The rope trembles--

The naval wind cuts through the night--

And the match hangs there.

Unfinished.

Uncertain.

Balanced on endurance and will.

And Danny Greene III's voice rises over the chaos:

"Folks... I don't know who survives this -- but somebody is about to break."

? Danny Greene III

"She's got it deep! I don't know how Calder survives this!"

? Mia Russo

"Calder's knee is compromised -- this is smart from Avery!"

Rhea claws forward.

Inches.

Avery wrenches harder.

The rope is just out of reach.

Rhea stops crawling.

And instead...

Sunday Night Assault: #10

She shifts her weight.

Not toward the rope.

Toward Avery.

She drags her own trapped leg underneath.

Forces her body upward.

On one knee.

Then two.

Avery still holding the grapevine.

? Gidget

"She's standing up in it?! That's not how this works!"

Rhea turns.

Takes the torque.

And falls backward deliberately --

Driving Avery's shoulders into the mat while the hold is still applied.

Ref drops.

ONE!

Avery releases instinctively to avoid the pin.

Rhea rolls through instantly --

Grabs the head.

Short-arm--

Dead Count.

Rolling elbow.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

Short-arm headbutt.

Avery staggers but doesn't fall.

She swings wildly -- haymaker.

Rhea eats it.

Avery tries to lift for Irish Eyes --

Her leg buckles.

The earlier reversal.

The strain.

Just a half-second hesitation.

That's all Rhea needs.

Clinch.

Knee.

Forearm.

Elbow.

Forearm.

No theatrics.

No screaming.

Just inevitability.

Refusal Protocol -- full sequence.

Avery drops to one knee but tries to rise again.

Rhea hooks her.

Spinebuster.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

Immediate transition into grounded choke.

Center of the ring.

? Mia

"She's not going for a knockout -- she's compressing!"

? Danny

"Avery's still fighting--look at her hands!"

Avery doesn't tap.

She claws at Rhea's arms.

She tries to sit up.

She won't quit.

Her arm goes slack -- not from submission, but from oxygen fading.

Ref checks once.

Twice.

The arm falls.

The bell rings.

? The Finish

Rhea releases immediately.

No celebration.

No screaming.

She rolls away and sits against the bottom rope, breathing hard.

Avery coughs, rolling to her side.

She was never pinned clean off a finisher.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

She was never "overpowered."

She was suffocated by persistence.

? Danny Greene III

"She didn't submit her. She didn't knock her out cold."

? Mia Russo

"She endured her."

? Gidget

"Avery never stopped fighting... but Rhea never stopped coming."

Song Teng stands center ring.

"Your winner... and the FIRST EVER... SIRENS CHAMPION... RHEA... CALDER!"

Rhea stands.

The title is handed to her.

She doesn't raise it high.

She just looks at it once.

Nods.

And stands in the naval night as the wind comes off the water.

Not triumphant.

Not smiling.

Just still standing.

KD Feigel versus Eric Herrera

[PRE-BELL BRAWL - NO OFFICIAL START]

The opening notes of KD Feigel's music barely finish before Eric Herrera storms through the opposite tunnel.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

There is no posturing, no staredown--Herrera slides into the ring, points at KD, and the two meet at the base of the ramp in a violent collision of forearms and fists.

The referee immediately backs away as the fight spills down the ramp and into the ringside area. KD drives Herrera spine-first into the barricade. Herrera answers with a headbutt that snaps KD's head back and splits him open along the hairline. Blood starts to bead across KD's forehead as the crowd roars.

The brawl moves into the crowd. KD shoves Herrera into a row of steel folding chairs. Herrera grabs a chair and rams the edge into KD's midsection, doubling him over. Security and officials try to maintain a corridor as the two continue trading wild shots--elbows, knees, forearms--neither man willing to give ground.

Herrera hooks KD and whips him shoulder-first into a concrete pillar. KD staggers, then surges forward with a desperation tackle that drives both men into a merch stand. Shirts scatter across the floor as they crash through. Herrera rises first and slams KD face-first onto the hard surface of the table. KD leaves a smear of blood across the plastic top.

JOEY BLACK (commentary):

"This match hasn't even started and they're already tearing each other apart!"

HARDCORE HEX:

"This is personal. You don't brawl like this unless you're trying to hurt someone."

Herrera drags KD by the hair back toward ringside. KD lashes out with a low kick that clips Herrera's thigh, then rams him into the ring post. The impact echoes through the venue. Both men are breathing hard now, faces marked, bodies already breaking down before the bell has even rung.

[BACK TO THE RING - OFFICIALS INTERVENE]

Herrera rolls into the ring first. KD follows, pulling himself up by the apron. The referee finally asserts control, forcing separation. Both men are on their feet inside the ring, bloodied and heaving for breath.

The crowd is on its feet as Herrera wipes blood from his mouth and motions for KD to bring it. KD wipes his own face, leaving a red streak across his cheek, and squares up.

[BELL RINGS]

The bell finally sounds--and the second it does, both men explode forward.

They meet center-ring with simultaneous forearms. Neither backs up. Another exchange. KD snaps off a sharp kick to Herrera's ribs. Herrera answers with a stiff right hand that staggers KD. KD fires back with a short elbow that rocks Herrera. The pace is frantic, violent, desperate.

KD tries to change levels and shoot in, but Herrera sprawls, forcing KD down to one knee. Herrera hammers short punches into KD's temple and neck, then shoves him face-first into the canvas. KD scrambles up, swinging wildly. Herrera ducks under and takes KD down with a snap takedown, immediately isolating the

Sunday Night Assault: #10

leg.

HARDCORE HEX:

"Herrera's thinking strategy now. He knows that knee is compromised."

Herrera grapevines KD's leg and turns his body, wrenching back into a kneebar. KD screams out and immediately tries to roll through, clawing at the mat. Herrera adjusts his grip, trapping the leg tighter and dropping his weight.

KD manages to twist his hips, forcing separation for a moment, but Herrera stays attached--rolling through with KD and seamlessly transitioning the hold.

JOEY BLACK:

"He's shifting the pressure--Herrera's chaining these submissions together!"

Herrera repositions, cinching in a calf crusher, sitting back and cranking the pressure directly into KD's recently injured knee and lower leg. KD's body tenses as he tries to push himself forward with his forearms, inching toward the bottom rope.

The crowd begins to rise as KD drags himself--centimeter by centimeter--toward the ropes. His fingers stretch, shaking, reaching for salvation.

HARDCORE HEX:

"KD's got heart, but that leg is gone. He's running on fumes."

KD's hand hovers inches from the rope. He stretches again--
--and his arm drops.

His body goes limp.

[REFEREE CHECKS KD]

The referee drops to a knee, lifts KD's arm. It falls. The referee lifts it again. It drops a second time. The referee signals for the bell.

[BELL RINGS - MATCH STOPPAGE]

JOEY BLACK:

"He's out! KD Feigel has passed out in the calf crusher!"

Herrera releases the hold immediately and rolls away, sitting against the ropes, chest heaving. Blood streaks his face as he looks across the ring at KD, who lies motionless on the canvas, trainers already sliding in under the bottom rope.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

HARDCORE HEX:

"This wasn't about a win. This was about survival. Herrera targeted that knee and broke KD down piece by piece."

Herrera pulls himself to his feet, unsteady but victorious. He looks down at KD--no celebration, no taunt--just a hard, exhausted stare. The crowd gives a mixed reaction: respect for the brutality, concern for KD.

Medical staff attend to KD's knee as he slowly begins to stir, still disoriented, still hurting.

JOEY BLACK:

"Two warriors walked into this fight. Only one walked out under his own power. Eric Herrera survives. KD Feigel paid the price."

Leon Roberts © versus Derek Wellings

We come back from commercial break. It's time for the Main Event!

Joey Black: We got one helluva main event for everyone here tonight, plus for all our viewers that are tuning in tonight.

Hardcore Hex: This is definitely a main event worth watching. Hell, it's even a big show, pay per view main event worthy match. So much so, we're still getting it at Survival of the fittest.

Joey Black: That's right ladies and gentlemen, we're getting the Airborne Ranger himself, Derek Wellings, against the AWS Unified World Champion. The nigh unstoppable son of a bitch that is The Devil's Titan, Leon Roberts.

Hardcore Hex: Tonight, it's a glass table match. A type of match that Derek Wellings himself has never, ever lost in, throughout his entire career.

Joey Black: Non title tonight, but the winner decides what goes on at the Survival Of The Fittest Main Event. Three Stages Of Hell. Everything on the line. Literally. The reason being, Derek Wellings is putting his career on the line, while Leon puts the Unified World Championship on the line. It's going to be pure carnage.

Hardcore Hex: As it should be Joey. All that said, buckle up. It's going to be a wild ride!

Sunday Night Assault: #10

Stephanie Mullins: The following match Main Event and it is a non-title match. Your main event is a glass table match! In this match, there is no pinfall, submission or disqualification! The only way to win is by putting your opponent through a glass table.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wsA9qI15wi0>

"Strike Back" by Kira Justice plays loudly and Derek Wellings walks out. The fans cheer him loudly as they look at the Airborne Ranger. Derek takes an AWS hat off and throws it into the audience, he clenches his fists and throws them up in the air. A black and gold pyro sparkler pyro rises up from behind him, Derek takes several steps forward before throwing his fist down to have a bright white pyro explode behind him. He runs towards the ring, jumps as he nears it, and dives into the ring, between the middle and bottom ropes. Taking a moment, he looks around at the audience, takes a knee and throwing his clenched left fist up.

He looks at several people in the audience, taking his shirt off he tosses it into the crowd. The Airborne Ranger closes his eyes and absorbs the atmosphere for a moment before he jumps off the turnbuckle. Then crouches down in the corner, waiting for his opponent, Leon Roberts.

Stephanie Mullins: Introducing first. Standing 6'4" tall, weighing in at 280 lbs, from Detroit, Michigan, he is "The Airborne Ranger" DEREK WELLINGS!

Joey Black: He's been in this business a long time though the years. We thought he was done last year, but he's come back and even managed to secure a victory over the Devil's Titan

Hardcore Hex: A rare sight to behold it was. Can Derek conquer the titan again, and stack the deck in his favor? Or will the Devil be the one to decide Derek's fate?

The music dies down, the crowd calms down as they, with Derek, look at the entrance and wait for Leon Roberts...

The sound of a gong is heard, as the lights immediately fade to black. After a few more gong sounds, 'For Whom The Bell Tolls' begins to play

After a few seconds, red fog is seen rising from the stage. Leon Roberts rises up from below the stage, with his wife Monica standing right beside him. When the music stops, He raises his head, and laughs like a madman, while raising the devil horns.

Make his fight on the hill in the early day

Constant chill deep inside

Sunday Night Assault: #10

*Shouting gun, on they run through the endless grey
On they fight, for the right, yes but who's to say?
For a hill men would kill why? They do not know
Stiffened wounds test their pride.*

Leon and Monica begin to head down to the ring. Leon taunts some of the fans on his way.

*Men of five, still alive through the raging glow
Gone insane from this pain that they surely know*

*For whom the bell tolls
Time marches on
For whom the bell tolls*

Joey Black: Once teammates that quickly won tag title gold here in late 2024, things have since changed. Derek returning for retribution, while the Devil's Titan has effectively taken over AWS as we know it.

Hardcore Hex: Leon Roberts and the Black List Mafia, have dominated Asylum Wrestling Society of the last year. Six months in his reign, and it's clear he's arguably more violent than he says he is. Tonight is revenge for him, and you can bet that he wants to do more than break glass tonight.

Leon reaches the ring, and walks up to the apron, where he sticks his tongue out with an evil smile, and raises both devil horns. This is followed immediately with pyro bursts from the corners.

Once the pyro dies down, Derek and Leon look each other eye to eye, standing across from the ring from each other. Monica takes the AWS Unified World Championship. She puts the championship over her shoulder as Derek and Leon stand up to each other, glaring eye to eye.

Stephanie Mullins: His opponent, standing 6'8" and weighing in at 262 lbs, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, he is the AWS Unified World Champion: He is "The Devil's Titan" LEON ROBERTS!

The fans give a mixed reaction, but they mostly booed Leon as he and Derek get into the other's face. The two are clearly spitting as they talk. Monica gets out of the ring as the referee signals the bell.

Joey Black: Here we go!

Hardcore Hex: LFG! LFG!

Derek Wellings and Leon Roberts circle each other in the ring. The two snap and get into a test of strength,

Sunday Night Assault: #10

Leon pushes Derek back. However, the Airborne Ranger hears the fans cheering him on and fights back. He regains his balance, standing on his feet once more and pushes Leon all the back, bending him to the point Leon's head touches the canvas before being violently shoved into the canvas. Leon backs up towards the ropes as Derek beats on his chest.

Using the ropes, Leon gets to his feet as Derek charges over, but Leon gets halfway out the ring. The fans boo loudly, Derek backs away as Leon gets back into the ring. Once more they go to lock up, but Leon counters with an eye rack. Derek holds his face, taking a knee. Leon follows up with knees to Derek's face. Pulling him up by his hair, Leon delivers a few fists before dead lifting Derek and hitting a Hip Toss.

Joey Black: Holy smokes! The pure strength of our champion is astounding!

Hardcore Hex: It never ceases to amaze. But neither does the tenacity of Derek Wellings.

Leon stomps on Derek, as he recovers, using the ropes. The Unified World Champion delivers several fists into Derek's face and head. Pressing the challenger against the ropes, Leon whips him across the ring and follows through with a knee smash. Once more, Leon picks Derek up, whips him across the ring, and once more, drives his knee into Derek's midsection. Grabbing ahold of Derek's tights, Leon lifts him up for a Hanging Vertical Suplex and instead comes face down and smashes Derek into the canvas. Like an Amateur wrestler, Leon stays on top of Derek and starts thrusting knees into Derek's kidneys and side. Monica cheers from the outside.

Grabbing one arm, Leon puts it between his legs and applies a blatantly illegal choke (in standard matches) on Derek. Monica cheers him on as the crowd gets behind Derek. The referee starts count before being forced to break it up. Leon argues with the referee a moment, he turns, sees Derek getting back up, grabs his head and delivers several knees to Derek's head and shoulders, trying to keep him grounded. The Airborne Ranger fights back, getting to his feet as the Unified World Champion lifts him up for a Scoop Slam.

Joey Black: Going for a scoop slam!

Hardcore Hex: The champ appears to have control of this match.

As Leon goes to slam Derek on his back, the challenger slips out! Locking his hands around Leon's waist, Derek arcs back and hits one... two... three... FOUR... FIVE German Suplexes. Leon rolls out of the ring as Derek beats on his shoulder, showing off to the fans. Leon takes a moment to recover, however, the Airborne Ranger jumps onto the top rope and dives out hitting a cross body splash. The two hit the ground hard, but Derek recovers. Monica moves away as Derek takes the ring bell, approaches Leon and smashes the bell

Sunday Night Assault: #10

against the AWS Unified World Champions head.

Joey Black: Leon just got his bell rung. Literally!

Hardcore Hex: No kidding. This might be the Airborne Ranger needed.

Derek goes under the ring, pulls out a wooden table. Sets it up over a glass table waiting for them. The Airborne Ranger stalks Leon as he recovers, gets an elbow from behind that force Leon to hit the corner post hard. He stumbles past the ring as Derek runs up and nails ad clothesline from behind. Not giving Leon a chance, Derek mounts him and drives several fists to his head. Monica pushes Derek from behind, he stops, turns to her, gives her a malicious scowl, causing her to retreat. Grabbing Leon's arm and head, Derek rolls him in the ring, with his neck hanging over the ring edge, Derek mounts the ring side and hits a leg drop.

Leon rolls into the ring, Derek follows behind him, grabbing a leg and arm, The Airborne Ranger lifts up the Devil's Titan and hits a Scoop Slam of his own. Still holding onto Leon, Derek lifts Leon up once more and hits an Full Nelson Slam. The fans cheer loudly as Derek plays to them, standing on the ropes. Helping Leon back up, Derek whips the AWS Unified World Champion in to the corner, runs over, hits a body splash before coming off with a Monkey Flip. Leon lays in the center of the ring as Derek climbs between the ropes, sizes his opponent, jumps up, and nails a great Spring Board Splash.

Joey Black: WELLINGS WITH THE SPRINGBOARD!

Hardcore Hex: Derek's using everything he has. It's always been all or nothing for him.

The Airborne Ranger leans over, grabs his opponent's shoulder but Leon drives an elbow into Derek's midsection, causing him to double over. Monica cheers for Leon as the fans boo. The Devil's Titan hits drives another elbow into Derek's center mass, pushes his opponent into the ropes, neck first and begins choking Derek using the ring ropes. The challenger throws his hands frantically as Monica laughs at him, her husband runs across the ring, bounces off the ropes, and jumps onto the back and shoulders of his opponent. Hands locking around Derek's waist, Leon lifts Derek and hits three German Suplexes. With Derek still down, Leon shouts for Monica to get him a chair. She goes under the ring, finds a chair, climbs on ringside and tosses it to Leon. The Champ grabs the chair in mid air and smashes it across Derek's back.

Joey Black: What a malicious chair shot!

Hardcore Hex: Things are about to heat up now!

He lets out pained yells as Leon repeated smashes Derek's back. The Airborne Ranger rolls over, attempting

Sunday Night Assault: #10

to escape, but Leon drives the edge of the chair into the challengers ribs. The fans try to get behind Derek, but Leon ignores them. He tosses the chair down, grabs Derek and hits a DDT on the chair. But he doesn't release his opponents neck, pulls him back up, nails a second DDT, doesn't release and hits a third DDT on the chair. Seeing Derek's not moving, Leon points to the glass tables outside. The fans boo him, he grabs Derek and starts pulling him towards the edge of the ring. Monica reaches in and helps Leon get him out. The Airborne Ranger hits the ground hard.

Hardcore Hex: This could be it Joey!

Joey Black: Leon Roberts is about to end it right here, right now!

Monica backs away as Leon rolls out of the ring, pulls Derek over to the glass table. He shouts "It's over!" With his back towards the glass table, Leon goes to lift his opponent up for the CHAOS CRASH. Leon struggles as Derek fights back, the fans start chanting "AIR-BRONNIE! AIR-BRONNIE!" The AWS Unified World Champion tries twice to lift Derek up, but the Airborne Ranger lifts up Leon, getting ready for an Alabama Slam through the glass table. Monica pleads with Derek don't do it, he ignores her and readies to slam Leon through the table, but Monica kicks him between the legs. With a pained groan, Derek lets his opponent down and counters with a piledriver. The two lay on the ground a moment, as Leon looks shocked at Derek.

Joey Black: Oh come on. Get out of here Monica!

Hardcore Hex: Hey! We just witnessed an act of love. She stands with her man, and isn't afraid to fight along side him.

Rolling away from danger, Derek recovers close to the announce tables. Monica and Leon regroup, she helps him up as Derek begins to crawl towards the announcer tables. Leon toy's with his opponent, kicking him a bit, before slamming Derek's head on the table. Fans shout for Derek to fight back. The AWS Unified World Champion attempts to slam Derek's head into the table, but he he resists. After three attempts, Derek drives an elbow into Leon's ribs until he releases the Airborne Ranger. Derek smashes his opponents head into the announce table, Leon leans against the table and gets a vicious clothesline and puts him over the announce table. Taking a nearby glass table, Derek puts it on top of the announcers table. Sensing danger, Leon crawls away.

Seeing Leon trying to scurry away, Derek delivers several fists over Leon's shoulders and head. Grabbing Leon's head, Derek pulls him between his legs, lifts Leon up and delivers a powerbomb. Followed by a second, third, fourth, and even a fifth on the mat outside the ring. The fans begin cheering as Derek readies

Sunday Night Assault: #10

Leon into an F-5 and finish his ADVANCED TRAINING. As Derek readies the F-5, Monica quickly grabs and pulls the glass table off of the announce table, and the Airborne Ranger puts Leon through the wooden table.

Joey Black: ADVANCED TRAINING THOUGH THE ANNOUNCE TABLE!

Hardcore Hex: But the glass table was moved in time. The match continues.

He sits up, looks in disbelief at Monica. She realizes how badly she's messed up. The Airborne Ranger gets to his feet, walks towards his opponent's wife. Monica slowly backs away, trying to rationalize what she did. He doesn't want to hear it, Derek starts to give chase as Monica runs away. The two make two laps around the ring, the referee trying to get Derek to stop, however, he doesn't. As Monica runs past Leon a third time, The Devil's Titan lifts his foot up and catches Derek's face with a big boot. The two fall over, face down, on the ground.

Joey Black: Quick recovery for Leon, making Derek eat boot!

Hardcore Hex: They both want to kill each other, and we're all here for it!

Derek and Leon crawl to the ring, and slide in. Derek's the first to recover and throws a fist at Leon. The AWS Unified World Champion throws a fist back, only to have the challenge respond with another. The two trade punches as the crowd comes to life, the two trading blows back and forth. Derek gets Leon to hesitate a moment with one uppercut, causing him to fall into the ropes. Derek gets up, attempts a toe kick, but the champion catches the foot, pulls him in, and hits a Clothesline from Hell. Not finished yet, Leon pulls Derek up, gets behind him, and attempts a pump handle slam, but Derek counters with a Full Nelson. Screaming as Derek lifts Leon up, arching his back. The Devil's Titan uses the turnbuckle, runs up, and back flips out of Derek's hold, and instead hits an Atomic Drop. Derek no sells this and gives his opponent a revers atomic drop. Like Derek, he no sells it and hits a revers atomic drop of his own. Derek lands on ropes, comes off for a clothesline, and the AWS Unified World Champion hits a single arm DDT.

Joey Black: Leon Roberts with the DDT counter.

Hardcore Hex: He nearly broke his arm.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

Leon shouts to Monica and makes a lighter motion towards her. Monica goes under the ring and searches for something. Grabbing and spreading Derek's legs, Leon hits not one, but two low blows with his knee. Dragging him to a corner that faces the wood table over a glass table, he shouts for Monica. A moment later, she appears from under the ring with a tin can of gas, she empties the contents on the wooden table, stricks a match, tosses it, and ignites the table. Leon shouts "It's over!". Gets Derek and himself up on a turnbuckle, Derek tries to fight up, but Leon hammers away, lifts him up, faces the fire, and nails the CHAOS CRASH through both tables! The fans mixed in shock and anger! The referee calls for the bell!

Stephanie Mullins: Here is your winner, the AWS Unified World Champion: "The Devil's Titan" Leon Roberts!

Joey Black: The undefeated streak has been BROKEN! Leon Roberts hit the Chaos Crash on Derek Wellings, through not just a glass table to end the match, but a flaming table as well!

Hardcore Hex: To think, that this is just the appetizer. It's going to be a whole new level, at Survival Of The Fittest!

Winner: AWS Unified World Champion Leon Roberts.

AFTERMATH

Leon looks at the mess that was outside the ring after putting Derek Wellings through the tables. Derek was breathing hard, as he rolled over onto his back. There was small shards of glass embedded in his chest, blood emerging from the wounds. Leon smirked, just as Monica would then hand him a mic.

Leon Roberts: Ladies and gentlemen. You're looking at but a small image of what's to come. Not just for Derek at Survival Of The Fittest, But for anyone else who I want to do this to. Especially for Ward. But before we get to that, I'm not going to waste much time.

Leon chuckles, as he climbs onto the top turnbuckle. He casually sits there, looking down on Derek.

Leon Roberts: We do go a long way back Derek. A long history where we never seemed to cross paths, yet we both knew that everyone wanted to see it. Hell, they wanted to see what we could do together. Well we did, and it was a decent month. You showed you can go, even still. But even the, you should have known I'd tire of you quick, and dispose of you like the garbage you are.

The audience begins to boo Leon heavily after he said that. Leon shrugs, before raising the horns.

Sunday Night Assault: #10

Leon Roberts: I warned you that coming back was going to be costly. I just broke your undefeated streak in table matches. Including the fact that you could've still won if this wasn't a specific type of table match, you @#\$%en dumbass!

Leon smirks, as he looks at Derek Wellings. Derek is still breathing heavily, and also looking like he's been knocked right out.

Leon Roberts: That Derek, was only the appetizer. Survival Of The Fittest, It's Three Stages Of Hell. You win, you're the champ. But let's face it, that's not going to be happening.

The Audience boos Leon once again. Leon just grins, absorbing all the hate.

Leon Roberts: Heh. You all appear to hate me now, but we all know that you worship me like the deity I am. As for the match itself...Well we're going to start this off the old fashioned way. I'm going to ease you in, with a normal, one on one match. Might give you a bit more than a slight chance at getting a victory there. As for the second, that's when the fun begins. with a goold old's fashioned street fight!

Leon chuckles again, as the audience pops for the second match's stipulation. Leon then climbs down from the turnbuckle, before standing over Derek Wellings.

Leon Roberts: You can bet I'm going to chain you up and walk you like the bitch you are. But then in the third match, that's when the walls close in. Literally. No escaping the death of your career, and likely yourself. I will finish you off in a match designed for unfiltered rage.

Leon then kneels down, grabbing a good sized piece of glass.

Leon Roberts: The final match of your career, I don't want it to be a pinfall. Submission could have been fine, but I want to see the light disappear from your eyes as you try to struggle getting up. Last year, I sent you into exile with a last man standing match, and I'll @#\$%en do it again! The final fall, with be inside...the RAGE CAGE!

Sunday Night Assault: #10

The entire crowd pops at the announcement made by the champion.

Leon Roberts: Steel cage, completely sealed in. a few weapons, including one of our choice. But the only way to win, is last man standing! The best part. It's on March 17th. My Birthday. So ending your career, I can think of no way better to celebrate! But until then...

Leon takes the shard of glass, and slashes it across the forehead of the Airborne Ranger. Derek screams in pain, as blood begins to flow down Derek's face. Leon dips his hand in the blood, and wipes in across his chest. He chuckles, as Monica walks up beside him, entwining her arm with his.

Leon Roberts: I am the embodiment of all your sins. You can't run, and certainly can't hide from the Devil's Titan. Tonight, I broke your streak. Survival Of The Fittest, I break the rest of you, and leave you in a mess in every way possible! I'll see you in my domain. AKA....HELL!

The entire crowd boo Leon, as he takes in the damage he has caused to his rival. Credits begins to flash across the screen, and the show fades to black.

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Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite