

Wrong Ruler, Wrong Room

The arcade glows behind them, old machines buzzing. Reign Rokk stands tall and unflinching, anger sharpened into focus. At his side is his sister, Rokkit, arms crossed in a black SEERS shirt, watching with quiet disdain for anyone who comes for her big brother.

Reign Rokk starts calm, voice low and controlled.

"I know who you are Adam Stryker. You're Johnny Measuring Stick. You bounce from place to place, talking about standards, talking about how things are supposed to be done. That's a fun game for your ego. One I don't have time for."

He shifts his weight, eyes locked on the camera.

"While you've been 'raising standards,' I've been here. Grinding. Building. Smashing and flattening people just like you. This isn't a stop on your résumé..."

**"This is
our home."**



Reign Rokk stands planted, shoulders wide, jaw tight. The anger is controlled, deliberate. As it builds, he finally lifts his hand and points straight at the camera.

"We didn't build this so someone could walk in with a ruler and tell us what it's worth." He steps closer. "I'm angry for a reason. I've spilled blood for this place. I've taken the hits. I stayed when other people gave up on it. So don't watch one clip. Watch them all. Watch the bodies I've broken."

"There's more to this place than you think, and a hell of a lot more to me than what you see on a screen. Tape doesn't tell the whole story. It never shows what happens after."

The calm is gone. "So if you really think this is something you can measure and move on from... keep watching. Because if you watch long enough, you're not gonna want to step in the ring with me on the 23rd."