

Monday Night Ward: #364

June 22, 2026 | 2300 Arena - Philadelphia, PA

Introduction

The screen fades in from black.

A wall of sound erupts from inside the legendary **2300 Arena**. Thousands of fans are already on their feet, signs raised high as crimson and white lights sweep across the historic venue. The opening riff of "**Asylum**" by **Disturbed** echoes throughout the building as pyrotechnics explode from the stage, bathing the arena in flashes of red.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The camera begins its journey around the arena.

Philadelphia is alive.

Fans pound on the guardrails.

Others chant loudly.

"A-W-S! A-W-S! A-W-S!"

Signs fill the screen:

"VIN HALSTED DESERVES GOLD!"

"KD FEIGEL FEARS NO ONE!"

"WELCOME HOME TO THE ASYLUM!"

"THE COHORT IS WATCHING..."

The camera circles the ringside area before panning toward the rabid crowd packed tightly into every available seat inside the infamous building. The atmosphere is electric, a throwback to another era while unmistakably belonging to Asylum Wrestling Society.

Another camera angle catches fans banging against the barricades and singing along with Disturbed's theme as the six-sided ring sits illuminated beneath the spotlight.

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The camera sweeps across the arena once more.

Then once again.

Every section.

Every face.

Every ounce of anticipation.

Finally, the shot rises toward the skybox high above the arena floor.

Inside sits the voice of Monday Night Ward.

Skybox Commentary Position

Salmia "Mia" Russo, dressed in black with crimson accents, smiles enthusiastically into the camera.

Beside her sits the ever-animated **Ginnifer "Gidget" Stephenson**, already bouncing with excitement.

On the opposite side, the composed and distinguished **Daniel Greene III** adjusts his headset with a grin.

The music continues playing softly in the background.

Mia Russo

"Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... are you ready?!"

The crowd erupts.

Gidget Stephenson

"Oh, I love this place, Mia! There is absolutely nothing like the 2300 Arena! The fans are loud, they're passionate, and they are absolutely insane!"

Daniel Greene III

"And tonight, ladies and gentlemen, the inmates are running the asylum once again."

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The crowd cheers.

Mia Russo

"Welcome everyone around the world to **Asylum Wrestling Society's Monday Night Ward Number Three Hundred Sixty-Four!**"

Gidget Stephenson

"And what a night we've got in store for you! Championships, rivalries, and enough bad blood to fill every corner of this building!"

Daniel Greene III

"We are coming to you live from the most infamous arena in professional wrestling history--the legendary 2300 Arena in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania!"

The crowd explodes again.

Mia Russo

"Questions surround the mysterious Cohort and their monstrous leader, ONE. Will they strike tonight? Can security keep control? Nobody knows!"

Gidget Stephenson

"Plus, we've got contenders looking to punch their tickets to greatness, championships hanging in the balance, and knowing this city, things are bound to get violent!"

Daniel Greene III

"And if history has taught us anything, when Monday Night Ward comes to Philadelphia... expect the unexpected."

The camera pulls away from the skybox.

A sweeping shot of the roaring crowd fills the screen one final time.

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"Asylum" by *Disturbed* reaches its chorus.

The ring stands waiting.

The lights dim.

The crowd rises.

And Monday Night Ward #364 is officially underway.

FADE TO BLACK.

MONDAY NIGHT WARD #364

LIVE FROM THE 2300 ARENA

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

West Texas Hangmen vs. The Savage Sons

OPENING TAG TEAM MATCH

West Texas Hangmen (Buck Rawlins & Wade Mercer) vs. The Savage Sons (Kaelani Tanoa & Kai Tanoa)

As the lights dimmed inside the 2300 Arena, an eerie silence came over the audience.

Suddenly, tribal drums echoed throughout the building.

The fans rose to their feet.

Standing atop the stage were Kaelani Tanoa and Kai Tanoa, accompanied by their sister Leilani Tanoa. The siblings stared down toward the ring before slowly stepping forward.

Leilani raised her arms.

The brothers lowered into a stance.

And then...

"Aue! Aue! Aue!"

The Savage Sons erupted into the Siva Tau.

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The Samoan war dance captivated the Philadelphia crowd. Kaelani pounded his chest while Kai stomped the stage with authority. Their voices thundered throughout the arena as they slapped their bodies and issued their challenge to anyone foolish enough to stand opposite them.

Many fans simply watched in awe.

Others chanted.

"SA-VAGE SONS! SA-VAGE SONS!"

When the ritual concluded, the brothers let out one final battle cry before marching to the ring with Leilani proudly following behind.

Moments later, country music blared through the speakers.

The fans responded with boos.

Out walked Buck Rawlins and Wade Mercer--the West Texas Hangmen.

Mercer spat tobacco juice into a cup while Rawlins twirled a lasso overhead.

The Texans exchanged smug smiles and climbed into the ring, laughing at the intensity shown by their opponents.

DING! DING!

Kai Tanoa and Wade Mercer started things off.

Kai immediately overwhelmed Mercer with a pair of arm drags and a huge clothesline that sent the cowboy rolling beneath the ropes. The crowd exploded as Kai tagged in Kaelani, who entered like a wrecking ball and flattened Mercer with a thunderous Samoan Drop for a near fall.

Buck Rawlins quickly entered to break up the count, drawing boos from the Philadelphia faithful.

The Hangmen slowed the pace, using quick tags and dirty tactics. Mercer gouged Kaelani's eyes behind the referee's back while Rawlins delivered cheap shots from the apron.

Still, Kaelani refused to stay down.

He fought back and finally reached his corner.

TAG!

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Kai exploded into the ring.

Flying shoulder tackle.

Back body drop.

Running hip attack in the corner.

The crowd roared as Kai planted Buck Rawlins with a spinning powerslam.

One...

Two...

Mercer barely made the save.

Chaos erupted as all four men entered the ring.

Kaelani dumped Mercer over the top rope and followed him to the floor.

Meanwhile, Kai signaled for the finish.

The younger Tanoa brother lifted Rawlins onto his shoulders.

But as Kai turned, Wade Mercer recovered and yanked the top rope, causing Kaelani to crash hard to the outside. The distraction proved costly.

Buck slipped free and raked Kai's eyes.

Kai staggered backward.

BANG!

Wade Mercer entered and blasted Kai with a running big boot.

Mercer exited just before the referee turned around.

Buck Rawlins quickly scooped Kai up.

THE HANGMAN'S DROP!

One!

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Two!

Three!

DING! DING! DING!

WINNERS BY PINFALL: WEST TEXAS HANGMEN!

Buck Rawlins and Wade Mercer quickly exited the ring, laughing and celebrating their stolen victory.

Inside the ring, Kaelani helped his younger brother back to his feet. Despite the loss, the brothers stood together and received a standing ovation from the Philadelphia crowd.

Mia Russo:

"What a fight by The Savage Sons!"

Gidget Stephenson:

"They had those cowboys beat, Mia! The Hangmen just stole one!"

Daniel Greene III:

"Love them or hate them, the West Texas Hangmen survived tonight, but something tells me this rivalry between Texas and Samoa is far from over."

The Savage Sons raised their hands and acknowledged the fans, while the victorious Hangmen retreated up the aisle, smug smiles plastered across their faces as Monday Night Ward #364 rolled on.

Colt Blackstone vs Týr Dagrsson

The camera returns from commercial as the sold-out crowd inside the legendary 2300 Arena buzzes with anticipation.

Song Teng: "Ladies and gentlemen, prepare yourselves... the next battle is about to begin!"

The crowd cheers.

Song Teng: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall!"

"Wanted Dead Or Alive" by Bon Jovi hits the speakers.

The Philadelphia crowd immediately responds.

CROWD:

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"COLT! COLT! COLT! COLT!"

Through the curtain steps Colt Blackstone.

Black cowboy hat.

Sleeveless black denim vest.

No wasted motion.

No theatrics.

Just business.

Colt pauses at the stage, surveying the crowd before beginning the long walk to the ring.

Danny Greene III: "I don't care what era you grew up in, Colt Blackstone feels like he walked straight out of a wrestling territory from thirty years ago."

Gidget Stephenson: "The man looks like he could win a wrestling match and then spend the afternoon repairing a fence."

Mia Russo-Cutler: "And if you're standing across from him tonight, that's not exactly comforting."

Colt climbs into the ring and removes his hat before settling into the corner.

The lights dim.

Heavy war drums begin pounding throughout the arena.

Then comes the roar.

A massive figure emerges from the darkness.

Tyr Dagrsson.

The Warborn.

The Last Raider.

The Mountain That Hunts.

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The crowd erupts into boos.

CROWD:

"TYR SUCKS!"

"TYR SUCKS!"

"TYR SUCKS!"

Tyr ignores every single one of them.

His eyes never leave the ring.

Never leave Colt.

Danny Greene III: "Look at the size of this man."

Gidget Stephenson: "Six-foot-eight. Two hundred and ninety pounds."

Mia Russo-Cutler: "And somehow even meaner than those numbers suggest."

Tyr steps over the top rope.

Colt doesn't back up.

Neither man blinks.

Song Teng: "Introducing first... from Amarillo, Texas... weighing in at two hundred and sixty-eight pounds..."

CROWD:

"YEEEEEEEAHHHHHH!"

Song Teng: "THE GUNSLINGER... COLT BLACKSTONE!"

Huge reaction.

Song Teng: "And his opponent... weighing in at two hundred and ninety pounds... from the frozen north..."

Boos.

Song Teng: "THE WARBORN BERSERKER... TYR DAGRSSON!"

More boos.

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The referee checks both competitors.

Calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

The two giants meet in the center.

No circling.

No hesitation.

Straight into a collar-and-elbow tie-up.

The crowd roars as both men strain for position.

Neither moves.

Danny Greene III: "This is like watching two pickup trucks try to push each other off the road."

Tyr finally gains leverage and drives Colt backward into the corner.

The referee forces a break.

Tyr smirks.

Colt smirks back.

Then slaps him across the face.

The arena explodes.

CROWD:

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHH!"

Tyr immediately fires back with a forearm.

Colt answers.

Tyr answers.

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Colt answers.

Soon they're trading bombs in the center of the ring.

Philadelphia loses its mind.

Gidget Stephenson: "Oh, this is exactly the kind of terrible decision making I enjoy."

Mia Russo-Cutler: "These two aren't wrestling anymore. They're negotiating with violence."

Tyr finally rocks Colt with a massive Viking Uppercut.

Blackstone staggers.

Tyr charges.

WORLD BREAKER LARIAT!

Colt flips inside out.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

Tyr sits up immediately.

No frustration.

Only irritation.

He drags Colt up and launches him with a Drakkar Drop.

Another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout again.

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The pace slows as Tyr begins grinding Colt down.

Heavy knees.

Clubbing forearms.

Body shots.

A choke across the ropes.

The referee warns him repeatedly.

Tyr ignores every warning.

Danny Greene III: "Tyr isn't trying to win quickly. He's trying to break him."

Mia Russo-Cutler: "That's always been his mindset."

Colt begins fighting back.

One punch.

Another.

Then six rapid body shots.

****Gidget Stephenson:** "SIX SHOOTER!"**

Headbutt.

Short-arm clothesline.

The crowd erupts.

Colt follows with a spinebuster.

Then a running powerslam.

Cover.

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ONE!

TWO!

Tyr powers out.

The match reaches another gear.

Tyr catches Colt with Frostbite.

Near fall.

Colt answers with Grave Marker.

Near fall.

Tyr lands Thor's Thunder.

Near fall.

Colt delivers Cowboy Killer in the corner.

Near fall.

The crowd rises to its feet.

CROWD:

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Tyr suddenly explodes.

SPEAR!

Colt nearly gets cut in half.

The arena gasps.

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Tyr drags him up.

Looking for Valhalla's Judgment.

Spear into Ragnarok Slam.

He lifts.

Colt fights free.

Elbows.

More elbows.

Tyr stumbles.

BLACKOUT AT SUNDOWN!

The spinning lariat nearly takes Tyr's head off.

The giant somehow stays standing.

The crowd cannot believe it.

Danny Greene III: "HOW IS HE STILL UP?!"

Tyr swings wildly.

Colt ducks.

LAST CALL LARIAT!

This time Tyr crashes to the mat.

The crowd explodes.

Colt isn't finished.

He drags the giant up.

Hooks him.

Lifts him.

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Somehow.

Someway.

THE LAST RIDE HOME!

Crucifix Powerbomb.

Center of the ring.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Song Teng: "Here is your winner... COLT BLACKSTONE!"

The 2300 Arena erupts.

CROWD:

"COLT! COLT! COLT! COLT!"

Colt sits against the ropes breathing heavily.

Bruised.

Exhausted.

Victorious.

Danny Greene III: "That may be the biggest win of Colt Blackstone's AWS career."

Mia Russo-Cutler: "You want respect? That's how you earn it."

Gidget Stephenson: "I think both men earned it tonight."

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Post Match

Colt rises slowly.

He turns toward Tyr.

The Warborn is already pulling himself up.

The crowd waits.

Tyr and Colt stare at each other.

Then Colt nods.

A small nod.

Respect.

Tyr returns it.

The crowd applauds.

Then Tyr takes a microphone.

The applause fades.

The arena grows quiet.

Tyr stands in the center of the ring.

His eyes are cold.

His voice even colder.

Tyr Dagrsson:

"Colt Blackstone."

He looks at Colt.

****Tyr Dagrsson:****

"Tonight... you were stronger."

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The crowd reacts.

Tyr Dagrsson:

"I do not offer respect lightly."

Another pause.

Tyr Dagrsson:

"You earned it."

The crowd applauds again.

Colt nods.

Tyr slowly turns toward the hard camera.

The atmosphere changes instantly.

Tyr Dagrsson:

"But my war is not with Colt Blackstone."

Boos begin.

Tyr Dagrsson:

"My war..."

Pause.

Tyr Dagrsson:

"...is with ONE."

Huge reaction.

Danny Greene III: "Wait a minute."

Tyr Dagrsson: "I have watched them hide behind masks."

BOOOOOOO!

Tyr Dagrsson: "I have watched them attack from shadows."

BOOOOOOO!

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Tyr Dagrsson: "I have watched them spread fear."

Tyr grips the microphone tighter.

Tyr Dagrsson: "Fear means nothing to me."

The crowd cheers.

Tyr Dagrsson: "So hear me."

Tyr Dagrsson: "Hear me well."

Tyr Dagrsson: "I am coming."

The crowd roars.

Tyr Dagrsson: "Not for your masks."

Tyr Dagrsson: "Not for your secrets."

Tyr Dagrsson: "Not for your games."

He points directly into the camera.

Tyr Dagrsson: "I am coming for ONE."

Tyr Dagrsson: "And when I find you..."

Pause.

Tyr Dagrsson: "I will break every last one of you."

The crowd erupts.

Danny Greene III: "OH MY GOD!"

Gidget Stephenson: "Did Tyr Dagrsson just declare war on ONE?!"

Mia Russo-Cutler: "I think that's exactly what just happened."

Tyr drops the microphone.

THUD.

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The Warborn exits the ring without another word.

Colt remains standing inside the ropes, watching him leave.

The final image is Colt Blackstone victorious... while a new war begins to form on Monday Night Ward.

A Conversation

The sun has long since disappeared behind the rolling hills of Blackstone Ranch.

The house glows warm against the darkness.

Inside, dinner is in full swing.

A roast sits at the center of the table alongside mashed potatoes, vegetables, fresh bread, and enough food to feed twice the number present.

Colt Blackstone sits at the head of the table.

Black t-shirt.

Faded jeans.

Cowboy hat hanging on a nearby chair.

Across from him sits Astra Mortis.

The Goddess Champion has traded her usual ring gear for a dark oversized hoodie clearly borrowed from Rosalie and a pair of loose grey sweatpants.

She somehow still looks unsettling.

Rosalie sits beside her.

Abby Blackstone sits beside Colt.

The four have reached the point of the evening where everyone's comfortable enough to stop being polite.

Which is usually where the trouble starts.

Abby takes a bite of dinner.

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"So."

She gestures between Astra and Rosalie.

"How'd you two meet?"

Rosalie immediately groans.

Astra smiles.

A very dangerous sign.

"I hit someone with a chair."

Rosalie closes her eyes.

"There it is."

Astra nods.

"Then she checked me for a concussion."

"I was doing my job."

"I fell in love immediately."

Rosalie pinches the bridge of her nose.

Abby nearly chokes on her drink.

Across the table Colt simply continues eating.

"Sounds about right."

Rosalie points at him.

"Thank you."

Abby stares.

"You aren't concerned by that answer?"

Colt shrugs.

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"She didn't say she hit Rosalie with the chair."

Astra brightens.

"See? He understands."

Rosalie and Abby exchange a look.

The look says exactly the same thing.

We are dating idiots.

A comfortable silence settles over the table.

Outside, the wind rattles softly against the windows.

Inside, Colt cuts another piece of roast.

"You got horses?"

Rosalie asks.

"Couple dozen."

Abby laughs.

"That's cowboy for too many."

Colt nods.

"Probably."

Astra takes another bite.

Her eyes drift toward the window overlooking the property.

"Nice place."

Colt follows her gaze.

"It is."

A pause.

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"You built all this?"

Rosalie asks.

Colt nods.

"Piece by piece."

Abby reaches over and squeezes his hand.

"Worth every splinter."

Astra watches the exchange.

Something soft flickers across her face.

Gone almost immediately.

"Good."

The others glance toward her.

Astra shrugs.

"Too many people spend their lives building nothing."

Rosalie smiles.

"There she is."

"What?"

"You got emotional."

"I did not."

"You absolutely did."

Astra mutters something under her breath.

Rosalie's grin widens.

Abby is openly laughing now.

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Even Colt's mouth twitches slightly.

The conversation drifts naturally.

Work.

Travel.

Wrestling.

Life.

Rosalie eventually shakes her head.

"You know what's funny?"

"What?" *Abby asks.*

Rosalie gestures toward Colt and Astra.

"They're basically the same person."

Both immediately answer.

"No."

Rosalie points.

"See?"

Abby laughs.

"She's right."

Colt leans back in his chair.

"I'm not like her."

Astra raises an eyebrow.

"I'm relieved."

Rosalie groans.

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Abby covers her face.

"Children."

Colt gestures toward the window.

"I mind my business."

Astra gestures vaguely toward the darkness outside.

"I also mind my business."

"You absolutely don't."

"I mind everyone's business."

"That's the problem."

Astra considers this.

"Fair."

The table erupts into laughter.

Eventually the laughter fades.

The mood remains warm.

Comfortable.

Safe.

Colt glances toward the ranch beyond the windows.

His expression changes ever so slightly.

Not enough to kill the mood.

Enough to be noticed.

Rosalie notices.

So does Astra.

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"So."

Abby sets down her fork.

"How bad is it?"

Colt sighs.

"The masked men?"

Abby nods.

"Yeah."

A long pause.

"The kind of bad that keeps showing up."

Rosalie's smile fades.

Astra slowly turns her coffee mug between her hands.

The room grows quieter.

Not fearful.

Thoughtful.

Astra finally speaks.

Soft.

Calm.

"Evil prefers empty places."

The others look toward her.

"One frightened person is easy to corner."

Her thumb traces the rim of the mug.

"One frightened town."

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A pause.

"One frightened locker room."

Another.

"One frightened company."

Her eyes lift.

"Predators love isolation."

Colt nods once.

Slowly.

"I've noticed."

Silence follows.

Not awkward.

Understanding.

Then Abby points her fork toward both of them.

"You know what's funny?"

Neither answers.

"You two keep saying different things."

She smiles.

"But somehow you're making the exact same argument."

Rosalie laughs.

"Thank God somebody else noticed."

Astra tilts her head.

Colt folds his arms.

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Abby shakes hers.

"You both hate strangers in your territory."

The room falls quiet.

Rosalie immediately starts laughing.

Astra blinks.

Colt stares.

Abby points at Colt.

"Someone steps onto your ranch?"

"They better have a reason."

She points at Astra.

"Someone threatens your people?"

Astra's smile appears.

Slow.

Predatory.

"They better have a reason."

Rosalie nearly falls out of her chair laughing.

"There it is."

Abby raises her glass.

"To people protecting their homes."

Colt raises his.

Rosalie follows.

Astra studies the glass for a moment.

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Then raises hers too.

Four glasses meet in the middle of the table.

Outside, the ranch remains quiet.

Inside, Team AWS has found something far more valuable than strategy.

A reason.

Violet Vane vs. Dirty Dragón

Following the chaos earlier in the evening, the Philadelphia crowd was ready for more action as the mysterious and dangerous **Violet Vane** made her way to the ring. Dressed in dark purple and black gear, Vane ignored the jeers from the fans and entered the six-sided ring with a cold stare.

Moments later, the crowd came alive.

"¡DRAGÓN! ¡DRAGÓN! ¡DRAGÓN!"

Flames shot from the stage as **Dirty Dragón** emerged to a thunderous ovation. The colorful luchador slapped hands with fans on his way to the ring before springboarding over the ropes and raising his fists high.

Mia Russo

"Dirty Dragón is one of the most exciting competitors in all of AWS, but Violet Vane is every bit as dangerous."

Gidget Stephenson

"These two are absolutely crazy, and Philadelphia loves every second of it!"

Daniel Greene III

"Styles make fights, ladies and gentlemen, and this one could steal the entire show."

DING! DING!

The two competitors wasted no time.

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Violet Vane attempted to slow the pace with technical wrestling, grounding Dragón with wristlocks and a side headlock. The luchador escaped and answered with a lightning-fast hurricanrana that brought the crowd to its feet.

Dragón followed with a running dropkick that sent Vane rolling to the outside.

The fans erupted.

Back inside the ring, Violet regained control with a thumb to the eye while the referee's vision was obstructed. She planted Dirty Dragón with a DDT for a near fall.

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Gidget Stephenson

"I thought she had him!"

Vane continued the attack, connecting with a spinning neckbreaker and then climbing to the top rope.

She launched herself--

But Dragón rolled out of the way!

The crowd exploded.

Both competitors slowly rose.

Dirty Dragón fired away with forearms.

A jumping enzuigiri.

A springboard crossbody.

Then a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.

The fans inside the 2300 Arena came unglued.

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Mia Russo

"Dirty Dragón is on fire!"

Dragón climbed to the top turnbuckle and delivered a breathtaking moonsault.

One!

Two!

Vane somehow kicked out!

Philadelphia erupted into applause.

Frustrated, Dirty Dragón signaled for the finish.

He scooped Violet onto his shoulders and planted her with the **Dirty Deeds Driver**.

As the referee slid into position, Dragón hooked the leg.

Unbeknownst to the official, the crafty luchador draped both feet across the middle rope for added leverage.

One!

Two!

Three!

DING! DING! DING!

Ring Announcer Song Teng

"Here is your winner... by pinfall... DIRTY DRAGÓN!"

The crowd cheered wildly, unaware of what had transpired.

Daniel Greene III

"Wait a minute!"

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Mia Russo

"Dirty Dragón had his feet on the ropes!"

Gidget Stephenson

"Hey, a win's a win! The referee didn't see it!"

Replay footage immediately appeared on the screen, clearly showing Dirty Dragón using the ropes for leverage.

The Philadelphia fans erupted with a mixed reaction.

Inside the ring, Dirty Dragón merely shrugged and flashed a mischievous grin before celebrating atop the turnbuckles.

Meanwhile, a furious Violet Vane argued with the referee, pointing repeatedly toward the replay screen.

Daniel Greene III

"Violet Vane has every right to be upset. Dirty Dragón stole one tonight."

Mia Russo

**"Perhaps, but the record books will show one thing and one thing only..."*

"Dirty Dragón leaves Philadelphia with the victory."

Tequila Rose © vs. Schoner Twins

With the AWS Goddess Tag Team Championships on the line, the Philadelphia crowd buzzed with anticipation.

First out were the challengers.

The beautiful yet dangerous **Schoner Twins**, Claire and Chloe, emerged to a chorus of cheers. The identical sisters strutted to the ring with supreme confidence, promising that tonight would be the night they finally captured championship gold.

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Moments later, the champions arrived.

Tequila Rose.

Sarah Lee Jackson and Avery McCullen stepped through the curtain carrying the AWS Goddess Tag Team Championships over their shoulders, receiving a loud ovation from the 2300 Arena crowd.

Mia Russo

"These two have become one of the most dominant teams in the women's division."

Gidget Stephenson

"But don't sleep on the Schoner Twins! They're as talented as they are gorgeous!"

Daniel Greene III

"Something's got to give tonight."

Song Teng held the titles high.

DING! DING!

The champions and challengers wasted no time.

Sarah Lee Jackson and Claire Schoner opened things up with a technical exchange before Claire caught Sarah with a snap suplex for an early near fall.

Tag to Chloe.

Quick double-team.

Another cover.

Two count.

Avery McCullen entered and shifted momentum with a pair of clotheslines before planting Chloe with a running bulldog.

The crowd roared.

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The action remained fast and competitive.

Claire nearly won with a tornado DDT.

Sarah nearly retained with a spinebuster.

Both teams were evenly matched.

As the contest wore on, exhaustion began setting in.

Finally, chaos erupted.

All four women entered the ring.

Sarah dumped Claire over the top rope.

Meanwhile, inside the ring, Avery McCullen delivered a running knee strike to Chloe.

At the exact same time, Chloe managed to hook Avery with an inside cradle.

Both women crashed to the mat.

The referee dropped down.

One!

Two!

Three!

DING! DING! DING!

Song Teng

"Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has ruled this contest a double pinfall!"

The crowd booed loudly.

Gidget Stephenson

"Wait a minute! What does that mean?!"

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Daniel Greene III

"I don't think anybody wanted this championship match to end like that."

Suddenly--

"NO CHANCE IN HELL"

The music hit.

The crowd erupted.

Out walked the AWS Director of Authority--

DONOVAN CROSS!

Cross marched onto the stage holding a microphone.

Donovan Cross

"Cut the music."

The crowd cheered.

Cross looked around at the four exhausted competitors.

Donovan Cross

"Ladies... I know you're tired."

"I know you've beaten the hell out of each other."

"But the AWS Goddess Tag Team Championships deserve a winner."

Massive cheers.

Donovan Cross

"And this match..."

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"IS NOT GOING TO END THAT WAY!"

The 2300 Arena exploded.

Donovan Cross

"Ring the bell and restart this match!"

The crowd came unglued.

Mia Russo

"YES!"

Gidget Stephenson

"I LOVE THIS MAN!"

Daniel Greene III

"Philadelphia approves!"

DING! DING!

The match resumed immediately.

Claire and Sarah fought on the floor while Chloe staggered to her feet inside the ring.

Avery McCullen appeared to still be dazed.

Chloe smiled.

She grabbed Avery by the hair and attempted another inside cradle.

But Avery rolled through.

Both women rose.

Chloe spun around--

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WHAM!!

SPINNING NECKBREAKER!

The challenger folded up on impact.

The crowd erupted.

Mia Russo

"OUT OF NOWHERE!!"

Avery hooked both legs.

One!

Two!

Three!

DING! DING! DING!

Song Teng

"Here are your winners... and STILL AWS GODDESS TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... TEEEEEQUILA ROSE!"

The 2300 Arena exploded in cheers.

Sarah Lee Jackson slid back into the ring and embraced Avery McCullen as the referee handed them their championships.

Daniel Greene III

"What a finish!"

Gidget Stephenson

"Avery McCullen pulled that one right out of her back pocket!"

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Mia Russo

"The Schoner Twins came within inches of winning the titles, but Tequila Rose once again prove why they're champions."

The challengers sat in the corner in disbelief.

Claire attempted to console her sister Chloe, who looked absolutely devastated.

Meanwhile, Sarah Lee Jackson climbed one turnbuckle while Avery McCullen climbed the other.

Holding their titles high above their heads, Tequila Rose celebrated before the rabid Philadelphia crowd.

After surviving perhaps their toughest challenge yet, one thing remained true--

The party wasn't over.

Tequila Rose remained the Queens of the Goddess Tag Team Division.

KD Feigel vs. "ONE"

The atmosphere inside the 2300 Arena changed.

The Philadelphia crowd erupted as "Kid Kaos" KD Feigel emerged through the curtain. Wearing black and crimson gear and sporting a determined expression, the second-generation star slapped hands with fans lining the aisle.

Mia Russo

"Listen to this ovation! Philadelphia loves Kid Kaos!"

Gidget Stephenson

"He grew up in this business, Mia! But tonight, he's standing across from something nobody has ever seen before."

Daniel Greene III

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"KD Feigel has heart. He'll need every ounce of it against that monster."

KD entered the ring and waited.

Suddenly...

The lights went out.

The crowd buzzed nervously.

One by one, cell phone lights illuminated the arena.

Then...

A single white spotlight appeared at the top of the entranceway.

Standing beneath it was the massive silhouette of "ONE."

Six feet, eleven inches.

Nearly four hundred pounds.

Clad in black combat pants, combat boots, and a black flak vest, his face hidden behind an expressionless mask.

Behind him...

Ten masked members of **The Cohort** stood silently.

Daniel Greene III

"Good Lord..."

The giant slowly marched toward the ring while the Cohort remained at the entrance.

ONE stepped over the top rope and stood eye-to-eye with KD.

Or rather...

KD looked upward.

DING! DING!

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And Kid Kaos attacked immediately!

The crowd exploded.

KD fired rights and lefts, unloading everything he had.

ONE didn't move.

A knee.

Another punch.

A dropkick.

Still nothing.

ONE simply stared at him.

Then...

THWACK!

One massive forearm.

KD turned inside out.

Gidget Stephenson

"OH MY GOD!"

ONE lifted KD by the throat and hurled him halfway across the ring.

The giant stalked his prey.

A huge boot.

A headbutt.

Another throw.

KD was being rag-dolled.

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Still, the young Feigel refused to quit.

He staggered to his feet.

ONE charged--

SUPERKICK!

The giant rocked!

The crowd erupted.

KD bounced off the ropes.

Another superkick!

ONE staggered backward!

KD climbed the turnbuckles.

MISSILE DROPKICK!

The giant dropped to one knee!

Mia Russo

"HE'S GOT HIM DOWN!"

The fans rose to their feet.

KD hit the ropes.

Looking for the Chaos Theory--

But suddenly...

The masked members of The Cohort began marching down the aisle.

Daniel Greene III

"Oh no..."

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They surrounded the ring.

The referee immediately called for security.

Before the masked followers could enter--

"THE HARDK0RE IK0N" CHARLIE FEIGEL BURST THROUGH THE CURTAIN!

And he wasn't alone.

Behind him came:

- Cage Eames
- Declan McGinnis
- AJ Flare
- Kofi Von Erich
- Amanda MacLeod
- Lindsey Flare
- Agent Carter
- Antoine LeClair
- Gabriel LeClair
- Riley Rune

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- Boone Carter
- Vin Halsted
- Adam Stryker
- TJ Alexander

And seemingly half the AWS locker room!

Mia Russo

"BUSINESS IS ABOUT TO PICK UP!"

Gidget Stephenson

"HERE THEY COME!"

The two sides collided at ringside.

ABSOLUTE CHAOS!

Punches.

Kicks.

Bodies flying everywhere.

Security guards were overwhelmed.

Referees poured out from backstage.

ONE stepped over the top rope and joined the fight.

The giant flattened Cage Eames with a clothesline.

He threw Boone Carter into the barricade.

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Then--

CRACK!

Charlie Feigel nailed ONE across the back with a steel chair!

The crowd exploded.

Daniel Greene III

"THE HARDKORE IKON JUST WENT AFTER ONE!"

The giant slowly turned around.

Charlie swung again--

ONE caught the chair.

The two men stared at one another.

Philadelphia came unglued.

But before ONE could retaliate--

KD Feigel launched himself through the ropes!

SUICIDE DIVE!!

KD crashed into ONE and his father, sending all three men tumbling into the sea of bodies surrounding ringside.

Fans were standing on chairs.

Security desperately attempted to separate everyone.

Referees screamed for help.

The fight spread into the crowd.

Into the aisleway.

Even onto the entrance stage.

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Finally, Mandi Feigel and dozens of additional security personnel arrived and attempted to restore order.

Inside the ring, the referee threw his hands in the air.

DING! DING! DING!

Ring Announcer Song Teng

"Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has ruled this match a NO CONTEST!"

The announcement couldn't even be heard over the chaos.

As bodies continued to fly and fists continued to swing, the cameras captured one final image:

Standing atop the entrance stage...

Surrounded by his masked followers...

"ONE."

Standing across from him...

Holding back security and wrestlers alike...

"The HardK0re Ik0n" Charlie Feigel.

Father and son together.

Leader of AWS versus the leader of The Cohort.

Neither man taking their eyes off the other.

Mia Russo

"This war is far from over!"

Daniel Greene III

"Ladies and gentlemen... I think we're witnessing the beginning of something much bigger than any of us imagined."

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Gidget Stephenson

"And if this is only the beginning... God help everybody in Asylum Wrestling Society!"

The final image before commercial showed the entire 2300 Arena in an uproar as Monday Night Ward #364 descended into complete anarchy.

World Elite vs. Bayou Blaze vs. Hard Mode

Song Teng: "Ladies and gentlemen, prepare yourselves... the next battle is about to begin!"

The crowd roars inside the historic 2300 Arena.

"The following contest is a Triple Threat Tag Team Match scheduled for one fall! The winners will become the Number One Contenders to the AWS Undisputed Tag Team Championships!"

"Introducing first..."

The lights glitch between gold and static.

Pixelated snow floods the entrance as "Two Blades, One Crown" hits.

Riley Rune emerges first beneath a crown-shaped spotlight.

A moment later Mia Nygma practically spawns onto the stage behind her.

The crowd immediately rises.

HARD MODE! HARD MODE! HARD MODE!

Rune raises two fingers.

Mia copies her half a second late.

The crowd laughs and cheers.

"At a combined weight of 309 pounds... Riley Rune and Mia Nygma... HAAAARD MOOOODE!"

Flames erupt from the stage.

"Inferno" blasts through the arena.

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Antoine and Gabriel LeClair dance onto the stage as orange and gold lights fill the arena.

The brothers slap hands with fans before posing.

"From New Orleans, Louisiana... Antoine and Gabriel LeClair... BAYOU BLAZE!"

Huge reaction.

ZZ Top's "Legs" hits.

The boos begin immediately.

Amanda MacLeod and Lindsey Flare strut onto the stage.

A male fan reaches out.

The pair tease him before walking away laughing.

The crowd rains down hatred.

"Representing World Elite... Amanda MacLeod and Lindsey Flare!"

Danny Greene III: "This is a massive opportunity for all three teams tonight."

Mia Russo: "Championship dreams are hanging in the balance. Nobody's holding anything back."

Gidget Stephenson: "Three teams, six women, one contender spot? That's pure chaos and I love it!"

DING DING DING!

Amanda immediately rolls outside.

The crowd boos.

Danny: "Smart."

Mia Russo: "Cowardly."

Gidget: "Both things can be true!"

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Inside the ring Riley Rune and Gabriel LeClair begin.

The two exchange quick counters.

Arm drag.

Headlock takeover.

Escape.

Staredown.

Huge applause.

Gabriel speeds things up.

Springboard crossbody.

Rune catches him.

Powerslam.

Two count.

Mia tags herself in.

She vaults over the ropes.

Dropkick.

Forearm.

Running knee.

Another dropkick.

The crowd comes alive.

Danny: "Mia Nygma wrestles like she's permanently running on caffeine and boss fight music."

Bayou Blaze answers.

Antoine enters.

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A thunderous chop echoes through the arena.

Mia grins.

Antoine chops her again.

Mia grins even wider.

Gidget: "That's the face of someone who absolutely should not be trusted."

The pace explodes.

Gabriel launches off the top rope.

Antoine catches Mia.

Fireman's carry.

Gabriel dives.

450 Splash.

Mia barely rolls away.

The crowd erupts.

World Elite pick their moment.

Amanda blind-tags herself.

Lindsey yanks Gabriel into the ropes.

Amanda levels him with a running knee.

The heels begin cutting the ring in half.

Quick tags.

Stomps.

Cheap shots.

Constant pressure.

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For the first time all night World Elite look completely in control.

Amanda plants Gabriel with a spinebuster.

Lindsey follows with a frog splash.

ONE!

TWO!

Riley Rune breaks it up.

Huge reaction.

Mia Russo: "That's veteran awareness."

The match enters chaos.

Everyone starts flying.

Gabriel nails a springboard cutter.

Amanda answers with a superkick.

Rune delivers a brutal lariat.

Lindsey responds with a running neckbreaker.

Antoine crushes everyone with a double clothesline.

The crowd chants:

AWS! AWS! AWS!

Antoine lifts Amanda.

Gabriel flies.

CAJUN CROSSING!

Running knee.

Superkick.

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Amanda crumbles.

The crowd explodes.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

Mia Nygma dives from nowhere and breaks it up.

The arena gasps.

Danny: "Mia just saved Hard Mode's championship dreams!"

Rune enters.

Suddenly the pace slows.

Every movement becomes calculated.

Precise.

Surgical.

She cuts off Gabriel.

Targets the shoulder.

Works the arm.

Manipulates positioning.

Every mistake gets punished.

Mia Russo: "That's Riley Rune's specialty. She doesn't beat you immediately. She teaches you why you're losing."

Mia tags in.

Immediately speeds everything back up.

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Dropkick.

Enzuigiri.

Shotgun dropkick.

Corner strike.

Running knee.

Crowd roaring.

The contrast between Rune and Mia begins overwhelming both teams.

Amanda and Lindsey finally find their rhythm.

The crowd actually starts reacting despite themselves.

Perfect tags.

Perfect timing.

Perfect spacing.

Amanda cuts off Mia.

Lindsey neutralizes Rune.

Double-team combinations land repeatedly.

Hard Mode and Bayou Blaze both find themselves reeling.

Danny: "World Elite are clicking right now!"

Mia Russo: "This is the best they've looked all match."

Amanda hits a spinebuster.

Lindsey follows with a running kick.

Another tag.

Another double-team.

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Another tag.

Another double-team.

Everything is flowing.

Everything is working.

For a moment it looks like World Elite have solved the puzzle.

Then it happens.

Amanda charges toward Mia.

Lindsey charges too.

Both women target the same opponent.

The hesitation lasts less than a second.

But it is enough.

Mia Nygma sees it.

Everyone else is reacting.

Mia is already moving.

She explodes forward.

CRACK!

A vicious strike catches Lindsey flush.

The arena goes silent.

Lindsey collapses instantly.

Not dramatic.

Not theatrical.

Just down.

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Completely down.

Referees immediately check on her.

Amanda freezes.

The crowd falls quiet.

Danny: "Oh no..."

Mia Russo: "That caught her clean."

Gidget: "She's not getting up..."

Amanda looks horrified.

Lindsey doesn't answer the referee.

Officials begin escorting her toward ringside.

World Elite suddenly become a one-woman fight.

Amanda refuses to quit.

The crowd unexpectedly rallies behind her.

She fights off Antoine.

Fights off Gabriel.

Fights off Mia.

Even floors Riley with a desperation superkick.

Danny: "Give Amanda credit. She is refusing to fold."

Amanda nearly steals it.

She catches Mia.

Spinebuster.

ONE!

Monday Night Ward: #364

TWO!

THR--

Rune saves the match.

Again.

Gabriel flies.

Antoine flies.

Everyone crashes.

The crowd rises.

Danny: "THIS IS AWS!"

Mia Russo: "You've got to have guts to survive in that ring!"

Rune catches Gabriel with a devastating knee strike.

Antoine tumbles to the floor after a collision with the barricade.

Hard Mode isolate Amanda.

The veteran sees the opening.

The student understands the assignment.

Rune drags Amanda to center ring.

Mia blasts the injured arm with a dropkick.

Rune immediately hooks the hold.

ROYAL NETCODE!

Koji Clutch locked in.

Amanda screams.

She reaches.

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She struggles.

She twists.

Mia doesn't let her escape.

Dropkick to the elbow.

Dropkick to the shoulder.

Dropkick to the knee.

Again.

Again.

Again.

Gidget: "She's doing glitch damage!"

Danny: "Hard Mode has completely trapped Amanda!"

Mia Russo: "Nowhere to go!"

Amanda fights.

Fights.

Fights.

Then finally--

TAP! TAP! TAP!

DING DING DING!

Song Teng: "Here are your winners... and the NEW Number One Contenders to the AWS Undisputed Tag Team Championships..."

The crowd erupts.

"HAAAAARD MOOOOODE!"

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Rune slowly releases the hold.

Mia immediately falls onto her back exhausted.

The crowd cheers.

Rune extends a hand.

Mia takes it.

The pair rise together.

For a moment they simply stare at the fallen battlefield around them.

Amanda.

Bayou Blaze.

The wreckage of a war.

Rune raises two fingers.

Mia copies her.

This time perfectly.

The crowd explodes.

HARD MODE!

HARD MODE!

HARD MODE!

Danny Greene III: "They said they didn't want titles. They wanted worthy enemies."

Mia Russo: "Well congratulations. They just earned a shot at the very best."

Gidget Stephenson: "Whoever the champions are, they better start preparing now!"

Danny Greene III: "Hard Mode survives the chaos of Philadelphia and punches their ticket to championship gold!"

The final image is Riley Rune and Mia Nygma standing atop the turnbuckles as the crowd roars and AWS fades to black.

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Ethan Murphy © vs. AJ Flare

AWS American Championship Match

Ethan Murphy (c) vs. AJ Flare

The atmosphere inside the 2300 Arena intensified as the reigning and defending AWS American Champion, Ethan Murphy, made his way to the ring. The brash champion raised the title high above his head, receiving a chorus of boos from the Philadelphia faithful.

Mia Russo

"Over 120 days as champion, and Ethan Murphy has beaten everybody placed in front of him."

Daniel Greene III

"He's become one of the most consistent champions in all of Asylum Wrestling Society."

Then the mood changed.

The crowd roared as "The Golden Standard" AJ Flare emerged from behind the curtain. Wearing gold and crimson attire, Flare slapped hands with fans before pointing directly at the championship around Murphy's waist.

Gidget Stephenson

"Business is about to pick up! These two are among the very best AWS has to offer!"

Song Teng stood in the center of the ring.

"The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the Asylum Wrestling Society American Championship!"

The crowd erupted.

DING! DING!

The two veterans circled one another before locking up.

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Murphy used his size advantage early, backing AJ into the corner and delivering several hard shoulder thrusts. Flare answered with lightning-fast chops that echoed throughout the arena.

WOOOO!

The fans cheered.

AJ followed with a dropkick that sent Murphy staggering into the ropes. A springboard clothesline brought the champion down for the first time.

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Mia Russo

"AJ Flare nearly had a new championship in his hands!"

Murphy slowed the pace, grounding the challenger with a chinlock before planting him with a release German suplex. The champion methodically targeted AJ's neck and shoulders, wearing down the explosive challenger.

AJ fought back.

A forearm.

Another.

A flying forearm smash.

A snap powerslam.

The crowd came alive as Flare climbed to the top rope.

MISSILE DROPKICK!

Murphy crashed into the corner.

AJ signaled for the end.

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Gidget Stephenson

"Here we go!"

Flare hooked Murphy for the Flare Effect--

But Murphy fought free!

AJ spun around--

SUPERKICK!

No!

AJ ducked underneath and connected with a spinning heel kick.

One!

Two!

Murphy barely got a shoulder up!

The fans rose to their feet.

Daniel Greene III

"That was two and nine-tenths!"

AJ measured the champion again.

He charged--

But Murphy sidestepped.

AJ bounced off the ropes.

Murphy grabbed him from behind--

MURPHY'S LAW!

The Reverse STO twisted into a devastating DDT, driving AJ Flare headfirst into the canvas.

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The Philadelphia crowd gasped.

Murphy rolled over and hooked both legs.

One!

Two!

Three!

DING! DING! DING!

Song Teng

"Here is your winner... and STILL Asylum Wrestling Society American Champion... ETHAN MURPHY!"

The champion rolled onto his knees, exhausted but victorious, as the referee handed him the American Championship.

Mia Russo

"What a counter! What a finish!"

Daniel Greene III

"AJ Flare brought everything he had tonight, but Ethan Murphy found one opening and capitalized."

Gidget Stephenson

"One mistake. That's all it takes against a champion like Ethan Murphy!"

Murphy climbed the turnbuckles and raised the American Championship high above his head as boos rained down from the Philadelphia crowd.

Meanwhile, AJ Flare slowly rose to his feet. Though disappointed, he nodded respectfully toward the champion.

Ethan Murphy smirked and tapped the title belt resting on his shoulder.

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Over 120 days into his reign, the message was clear.

The American Champion wasn't going anywhere.

Ethan Murphy survives another challenge and remains firmly atop the mountain.

Boone Carter vs. Orphius Marius ©

The atmosphere inside the 2300 Arena turned downright hostile as the reigning AWS Parental Advisory Champion, Orphius Marius, made his entrance.

The self-proclaimed prophet of chaos slowly walked toward the ring, the championship belt draped over his shoulder, a sadistic grin plastered across his face.

Daniel Greene III

"This isn't going to be a wrestling match."

Mia Russo

"No, Daniel. This is going to be a fight."

Then the crowd exploded.

BOONE! BOONE! BOONE!

Boone Carter stormed through the curtain carrying a cowbell in one hand and a steel chain wrapped around the other.

The fans inside Philadelphia knew exactly what was coming.

Gidget Stephenson

"I hope our insurance is paid up!"

Song Teng barely had time to make introductions.

DING! DING!

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Before she could finish--

CLANG!

Boone smashed the cowbell into Orphius' forehead.

The champion collapsed.

The crowd erupted.

Boone mounted him and unloaded rights and lefts.

Orphius answered with a thumb to the eye and blasted Boone with the Parental Advisory Championship belt.

Both men staggered.

Within minutes, both competitors were already busted open, crimson pouring down their faces.

Mia Russo

"Good Lord!"

Daniel Greene III

"Philadelphia wanted violence--and they're getting it!"

The fight spilled outside.

Orphius rammed Boone into the barricade.

Boone answered by throwing Marius through a merchandise table.

The crowd scattered.

One!

Two!

Kickout!

The battle moved through the concourse.

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Trash cans.

Kendo sticks.

Street signs.

Nothing was safe.

Both men continued exchanging punishment while leaving a trail of destruction behind them.

Eventually they fought outside the 2300 Arena itself.

Fans gathered around and chanted wildly.

Gidget Stephenson

"This has become a city-wide disaster!"

Boone tackled Marius onto the hood of a parked car.

Orphius answered with a DDT onto the windshield.

One!

Two!

No!

The champion screamed in frustration.

By now, both men looked like they had survived a war.

Blood mixed with sweat.

Their gear torn.

Their faces almost unrecognizable.

Still neither man would stay down.

The cameras followed the fight as it somehow made its way into a nearby Philadelphia diner.

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Patrons scrambled out of the way.

Coffee cups flew.

Tables overturned.

Orphius powerbombed Boone through a booth.

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Daniel Greene III

"HOW IS THIS MATCH STILL GOING?!"

Boone somehow got back to his feet.

The challenger delivered a spinebuster through a table.

Neither man moved.

Eventually, the battle wandered into a public restroom.

The crowd watching on the arena screen erupted.

Gidget Stephenson

"You've got to be kidding me!"

Inside the bathroom, both men leaned against opposite walls.

Neither could stand.

Their faces completely covered in blood.

Orphius swung wildly.

Boone ducked.

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CRASH!

The champion smashed face-first into a mirror.

Glass exploded everywhere.

Orphius stumbled backward.

Boone wrapped the steel chain around his fist and delivered one final right hand.

The champion collapsed.

Boone grabbed him.

LAST CALL!

The devastating sit-out spinebuster drove Orphius into the tile floor.

The referee slid into position.

One!

Two!

Three!

DING! DING! DING!

Ring Announcer Song Teng

"Ladies and gentlemen, your winner... and NEW AWS Parental Advisory Champion... BOONE CARTER!"

The fans inside the 2300 Arena erupted into deafening cheers.

Mia Russo

"HE DID IT!"

Daniel Greene III

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"BOONE CARTER HAS SURVIVED HELL ITSELF!"

Gidget Stephenson

"And somehow... somehow... this thing ended in a bathroom!"

The camera captured the exhausted Boone Carter sitting against the wall, barely conscious.

Blood streamed down his face.

The referee handed him the AWS Parental Advisory Championship.

Boone looked at the title.

Smiled.

Then slowly raised it into the air.

Meanwhile, Orphius Marius lay motionless beside a shattered sink and broken mirror.

Daniel Greene III

"Ladies and gentlemen, remember where you were when you witnessed this one."

Mia Russo

"Philadelphia has seen some brutal fights over the years... but this may have been the wildest Bunkhouse Stampede in AWS history."

The final image shown to the audience was Boone Carter, bloodied and battered, seated on the bathroom floor with the championship draped across his shoulder as Monday Night Ward #364 continued.

Unfortunate News

Later in the evening, the atmosphere inside the building is noticeably different. The usual energy surrounding "Kid Kaos" KD Feigel is absent. Instead, a hush falls over the crowd as KD stands in the center of the ring. A walking boot covers his left leg, and a crutch rests beneath his right arm. In his left hand is a microphone. Lying on the canvas in front of him are the AWS Undisputed Tag Team Championship belts. In the corner stands "Uncle" Vin Halsted, arms folded, his expression grim and disappointed.

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The fans offer an encouraging ovation, but KD doesn't wear his usual grin. He lowers his head for a moment before bringing the microphone up.

KD Feigel:

"You know... this ain't really how I pictured tonight goin'."

He pauses, taking a deep breath as the crowd begins applauding in support.

"Usually, when Uncle Vin and I come out here, we're makin' jokes... we're havin' fun... we're celebrating. That's what these belts have meant to us."

KD looks down at the championships resting on the mat.

"But after what happened against 'ONE'... and after what happened after that match... things changed."

He shifts slightly, clearly uncomfortable.

"A lotta people have been askin' me how bad it is. Well... the truth is..." *he sighs heavily* "...it's bad enough."

The crowd quiets.

"I've been evaluated. I've talked with doctors. I've had tests done. And with a heavy heart, I gotta tell everybody... I'm gonna be out indefinitely."

A sympathetic murmur spreads throughout the arena.

"I'm not medically cleared, and I won't be medically cleared for quite some time."

Vin closes his eyes briefly in the corner, shaking his head.

"And because of that, Uncle Vin and I... we can't fulfill our obligations as the AWS Undisputed Tag Team Champions."

KD kneels carefully, reaching down and resting his hand on one of the belts.

"In this business, bein' champions ain't just about holdin' the gold. It's about defendin' it. It's about representin' it. It's about earnin' it every single time you step through those ropes."

His voice begins to crack.

"And the rules say these titles have to be defended within ninety days."

He looks over toward Vin.

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"Uncle Vin... we've fought hard for these."

Vin nods solemnly.

Vin Halsted:

"We sure have, kid."

KD Feigel:

"And neither one of us wanted it to end like this."

KD turns back toward the audience.

"So... with a heavy heart... tonight... 'Kid Kaos' KD Feigel and 'Uncle' Vin Halsted are officially relinquishing the AWS Undisputed Tag Team Championships."

He slowly lowers the microphone as the crowd responds with respectful applause. Some fans can be heard chanting "THANK YOU KAOS!"

KD wipes his eyes and raises the microphone once more.

"But don't anybody get the wrong idea."

His voice gains a little strength.

"This ain't goodbye."

The crowd cheers.

"This ain't me retirin'. This ain't Uncle Vin and me throwin' in the towel."

He points down at the titles.

"Those championships don't belong to us anymore... but they ain't done with us."

Another cheer rises.

"Whoever becomes the next AWS Undisputed Tag Team Champions... cherish 'em. Fight for 'em. Respect 'em."

KD points to himself and then toward Vin.

"Because when I'm one hundred percent... when the doctors say 'Kid Kaos' is ready to raise some hell again... Uncle Vin and I are comin' back."

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Vin steps out of the corner and places a hand on KD's shoulder.

KD Feigel:

"And when we come back..."

He smiles faintly for the first time all night.

"We're gettin' our belts back."

The crowd erupts.

KD Feigel:

"No excuses. No shortcuts. No handouts."

He points toward the championships lying in the center of the ring.

"We'll earn 'em again... just like we did the first time."

Vin nods and finally speaks.

Vin Halsted:

"And whoever's holdin' those belts when that day comes..."

He smirks slightly.

"You'd better enjoy the view while you've got it."

The crowd roars as KD carefully lowers himself, placing his hand atop both championship belts one final time.

KD Feigel:

"From the bottom of my heart... thank you."

The fans rise to their feet in a standing ovation. Vin helps KD back to his feet, and together the two men stand over the championships in silence for several moments. There is no celebration, no music, only the respect of the audience as "Kid Kaos" and "Uncle" Vin Halsted share one final look at the titles they fought so hard to earn, promising themselves--and everyone watching--that this is not the end of their story.

David Stryker vs. JohnZo Scary

The atmosphere inside the 2300 Arena reached a fever pitch.

Monday Night Ward: #364

After weeks of surviving the Gold Rush Tournament, it all came down to two men.

David Stryker.

JohnZo Scary.

And the vacant AWS 5150 Championship.

Song Teng stood in the ring.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this contest is scheduled for one fall and is a Falls Count Anywhere Match for the vacant AWS 5150 Championship!"

The crowd exploded.

Mia Russo

"These two have fought through hell to get here!"

Daniel Greene III

"One man leaves Philadelphia as the reigning AWS 5150 Champion!"

Gidget Stephenson

"The other? Probably leaves in an ambulance!"

DING! DING!

They charged immediately.

No feeling out process.

No chain wrestling.

Just fists.

The crowd erupted as both men exchanged forearms.

JohnZo spit green mist--

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David ducked.

SUPERKICK!

JohnZo staggered.

David clotheslined him over the top rope and launched himself with a suicide dive.

Bodies crashed into the barricade.

Mia Russo

"We're thirty seconds in and they're already trying to kill each other!"

The fight spilled into the crowd.

Fans scattered.

Security desperately attempted to keep a path clear.

JohnZo smashed David with a trash can.

David answered with a chair shot to the ribs.

Neither man stopped.

Blood soon began pouring from David's forehead.

Moments later, JohnZo was busted open as well.

The Philadelphia faithful roared.

Daniel Greene III

"My God..."

Back at ringside, JohnZo delivered the Devil Lock DDT onto the steel steps.

One!

Two!

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NO!

David somehow survived.

JohnZo screamed in frustration.

The challenger dragged Stryker toward the entrance stage.

Tables.

Ladders.

Production crates.

Nothing was safe.

David fought back.

He powerbombed JohnZo through a stack of equipment cases.

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Gidget Stephenson

"HOW?!"

Both men were exhausted.

Their faces covered in crimson.

Their gear torn.

Still neither man would stay down.

JohnZo found a kendo stick.

David grabbed a stop sign.

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The sounds echoed throughout the arena.

CRACK!

CLANG!

THWACK!

Eventually, the fight made its way back toward ringside.

And toward the skybox.

Daniel Greene III

"Wait a minute..."

Mia Russo

"Guys..."

Gidget Stephenson

"Oh no..."

The commentators rose from their seats.

JohnZo hurled David over the barricade.

David crashed into the commentary area.

Daniel Greene III barely had time to react.

BOOM!

JohnZo accidentally crashed into him, flattening the veteran announcer and sending him sprawling across the floor.

Mia Russo

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"DANIEL!"

Gidget Stephenson

"MOVE! MOVE!"

Mia and Gidget scrambled away as papers, monitors and headsets went flying.

Daniel Greene III lay motionless amid the wreckage.

Mia Russo

"Somebody check on Daniel!"

Gidget Stephenson

"Forget us, these two maniacs don't care who's in the way!"

JohnZo and David continued fighting atop the destroyed commentary desk.

Both men could barely stand.

JohnZo attempted the Devil Lock DDT--

David blocked it!

Headbutt!

Another headbutt!

JohnZo staggered.

David hooked him--

STRYKER'S END!

The spinning fisherman driver sent both men crashing through what remained of the announce table.

The crowd exploded.

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Neither man moved.

The referee slid into the wreckage.

One!

Two!

THR--

NO!

JohnZo got a shoulder up!

Mia Russo

"HE KICKED OUT!"

The entire arena stood in disbelief.

David looked shocked.

JohnZo smiled through the blood.

The two men rose once more.

Barely.

Exchanging punches.

Neither willing to surrender.

David ducked a wild swing.

Kick to the stomach.

Hooked both arms.

STRYKER'S END AGAIN!!

This time onto the broken remains of the commentary desk.

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JohnZo collapsed.

David draped an arm over his chest.

The referee counted.

One!

Two!

Three!

DING! DING! DING!

The 2300 Arena exploded.

Song Teng

"Ladies and gentlemen, your winner... and the NEW AWS 5150 Champion... DAVID STRYKER!"

Confetti rained from above.

The battered David Stryker was barely conscious as the referee handed him the championship.

Blood covered his face.

His eyes swollen.

His body broken.

But the title was his.

Mia Russo

"He did it!"

Gidget Stephenson

"These two men just shortened their careers by ten years!"

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Medical personnel rushed to check on Daniel Greene III, who slowly sat up to a huge ovation from the Philadelphia crowd.

Daniel Greene III

"Did... did somebody win?"

The audience erupted in laughter and cheers.

Meanwhile, atop the shattered remains of the announce area, David Stryker raised the AWS 5150 Championship high above his head.

A champion had been crowned.

And the city of Philadelphia would never forget the carnage they had witnessed.

Number One!

"Warhammer Heart" by Cryptic Writings begins playing.

Mia Russo - Who might this be coming out?

Gidget Stephenson - I don't think that I know. Not on the schedule.

Daniel Green III - Look! Someone is coming out!

"God's Gift" Jeremiah Vastrix walks out from the back to cheering from the fans who recognize him from Conquest Wrestling Federation. He strolls to the ring, stopping to slap a few high fives and to kiss a particularly buxom fan before getting into the ring with a microphone.

Mia Russo - One of the co-owners from the CWF? Here?

Gidget Stephenson - I heard he recently won the shares that Armand von Krauss had owned and took his place.

Daniel Green III - I wonder what he has to say.

Jeremiah Vastrix - I was invited here to join the Champions Carnival!

The fans cheer.

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Jeremiah Vastrix - Yeah, I plan to come to the ring that night and win the whole thing! In fact, I'm so confident that the talent of the CWF is so far above that of...what's this place called again? That I am willing to come in as the very first participant if that has not been settled!

Oh...the fans are mixed about it for a moment before they finally settle on cheers. This other company owner is putting himself into the thick of things.

Mia Russo - He's willing to come in first? He might leave first.

Gidget Stephenson - He could go all the way.

Daniel Green III - I doubt it, but we will just have to see.

Jeremiah Vastrix - I'll see you guys then! In fact...everyone in attendance tonight should contact me about getting tickets to see me become the AWS? Yeah the AWS World champion! If I accomplish this feat, I will sign a contract with the company to stay on...that or take the title home to the CWF and make you people come and get it. Either way, exciting, no?

The fans cheer wildly as Jeremiah Vastrix heads to the back.

Astra Mortis © vs. Avery McCullen

CAMERAS SWEEP THE SOLD-OUT 2300 ARENA

The Philadelphia crowd is loud before the bell even rings.

Crowd: "AWS! AWS! AWS! AWS!"

Danny Greene III: "Philadelphia is electric tonight! We've got a championship match on our hands as Astra Mortis puts the AWS Goddess Championship on the line against one of the toughest veterans in the entire division, Avery McCullen!"

Gidget Stephenson: "Oh this is fascinating, Danny. You've got Astra, who fights like she's trying to exorcise demons every time she steps into a ring, and Avery, who's basically made a career out of surviving absolute chaos."

Mia Russo-Cutler: "And if there's one thing Avery McCullen knows, it's how to drag a champion into deep water and see if they can swim."

Song Teng stands in the center of the ring.

Song Teng: "Ladies and gentlemen, prepare yourselves... the next battle is about to begin!"

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Crowd cheers.

Song Teng: "Introducing first... the challenger..."

"Shipping Up To Boston / Enter Sandman" echoes throughout the arena.

The crowd erupts as Avery McCullen emerges onto the stage.

She slaps hands with fans before marching toward the ring.

Song Teng:

"From Dublin, Ireland... weighing in at one hundred and thirty-one pounds..."

Crowd: "AVERY! AVERY! AVERY!"

Song Teng: "THE DAREDEVIL... AVERY MCCULLEN!"

Avery climbs the turnbuckle and salutes the crowd.

The lights suddenly dim.

A heartbeat echoes.

Beep...

Beep...

Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep...

Flatline.

Violet fog floods the stage.

"The Other Side" begins.

Astra Mortis slowly emerges through the mist.

The atmosphere changes instantly.

Some fans reach out.

Astra acknowledges them with her silent salute.

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Song Teng: "And her opponent..."

Crowd: "ASTRA! ASTRA! ASTRA!"

Song Teng: "From The In-Between..."

Astra slowly removes her veil.

Song Teng: "She is the reigning... defending... AWS GODDESS CHAMPION..."

The crowd explodes.

Song Teng: "THE REVENANT WARDEN... ASTRA MORTIS!"

Astra steps into the ring.

Her eyes never leave Avery.

The referee raises the championship.

DING DING DING

The two women circle.

Avery immediately shoots for a leg.

Astra sprawls.

Avery transitions.

Arm drag.

Another.

Dropkick.

Astra staggers.

The champion smiles.

Avery doesn't.

She charges.

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Lariat attempt--

Astra nearly takes her head off with a discus forearm.

Crowd: "OHHHHHHH!"

Danny Greene III: "Good lord!"

Avery rolls outside.

Astra follows.

Big boot attempt--

Avery ducks.

Astra's boot smashes into the barricade.

Avery capitalizes.

Running dropkick.

Champion crashes into steel.

Back inside.

Avery slows things down.

Ankle lock.

Astra screams.

The champion crawls.

Reaches.

Kicks free.

Both women scramble.

Avery catches her.

Tiger Suplex!

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ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Gidget: "That's why she's champion!"

Astra rises.

Lariat.

Another.

Corner avalanche.

The challenger is rocked.

Astra lifts her.

BLACK VEIL SUPLEX!

Avery folds in half.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Crowd: "THIS IS AWESOME!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Astra begins taking over.

Ground-and-pound.

Running knee.

Backdrop driver.

The champion is in complete control.

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But Avery refuses to stay down.

Every time Astra hits something huge...

Avery gets up.

Again.

And again.

And again.

Mia Russo-Cutler: "That's the veteran instinct. Avery doesn't know how to quit."

Avery fires back.

Haymaker.

Haymaker.

Haymaker.

German Suplex!

Both women are down.

The crowd rises.

Danny Greene III: "Greene Light Special time!"

Avery gets there first.

Irish Eyes!

GO TO SLEEP!

ASTRA COLLAPSES!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

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KICKOUT!

The arena explodes.

Avery can't believe it.

She immediately transitions.

FOUR LEAF CLOVER!

The Figure Four is locked in!

Astra screams.

The champion claws toward the ropes.

Avery cranks harder.

The crowd is losing their minds.

Finally Astra reaches the bottom rope.

Both women are exhausted.

Sweat pouring.

Breathing heavily.

The title hanging over everything.

Avery charges.

Astra catches her.

Spins.

THE IN-BETWEEN!

Backbreaker!

Avery collapses.

The champion slowly stands.

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She gives a small haunting wave.

Philadelphia knows what's coming.

Crowd: "OH NO!"

LAST BREATH!

RUNNING BIG BOOT!

Avery is destroyed.

The challenger crumples to the mat.

The crowd gasps.

Astra doesn't cover.

She looks toward ringside.

Something has caught her attention.

Danny Greene III: "Wait a minute..."

At ringside...

Sarah Lee Jackson has retrieved the AWS Goddess Championship.

Not maliciously.

Simply trying to keep it safe and return it after the match.

Astra freezes.

The champion's expression changes.

The crowd notices.

Mia Russo-Cutler: "Oh no..."

Gidget: "She's fixating on the title."

Astra slowly exits the ring.

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Avery is still down.

The referee begins counting.

Astra ignores him completely.

She walks directly toward Sarah.

Danny Greene III: "I don't think Astra sees this as someone helping."

Sarah holds up the championship.

Trying to explain.

Trying to return it.

Astra immediately takes the belt.

Clutching it tightly against her chest.

Almost possessively.

Sarah Lee Jackson: "Whoa, easy--"

Sarah reaches toward the belt.

Trying to calm the situation.

Trying to explain.

Astra shoves her.

Hard.

Sarah stumbles backward.

The referee immediately sees it.

DING DING DING DING DING

Mia Russo-Cutler: "Oh you've got to be kidding me!"

Danny Greene III: "No! No! Not like this!"

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Gidget: "Astra just got herself disqualified!"

The crowd erupts into confused noise.

Boos.

Shock.

Disbelief.

Song Teng: "Ladies and gentlemen... the referee has called for the bell!"

The crowd buzzes.

Song Teng: "As a result of a DISQUALIFICATION..."

Crowd boos loudly.

Song Teng: "Your winner..."

Song Teng points toward the ring.

Song Teng: "AVERY MCCULLEN!"

Avery slowly sits up.

Confused.

Exhausted.

Victorious.

But not champion.

Song Teng: "And STILL AWS GODDESS CHAMPION..."

Crowd cheers loudly.

Song Teng: "ASTRA MORTIS!"

Avery stands in the ring.

One hand on her back.

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The other raised in victory.

She looks annoyed more than happy.

She wanted to win the title.

Not this.

Outside the ring...

Sarah Lee Jackson regains her footing.

Looking stunned.

Looking hurt.

Not physically.

Personally.

Astra never looks at Avery.

Never looks at the referee.

Never looks at the crowd.

She only stares at Sarah.

The championship clutched tightly against her chest.

As if someone had nearly stolen part of her soul.

Danny Greene III: "Sarah was trying to help."

Gidget Stephenson: "But Astra didn't see help."

Mia Russo-Cutler: "That's Astra's tragedy. She protects things so fiercely that sometimes she forgets not everyone is trying to take them away."

Sarah stares back.

The champion stares coldly at her.

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Neither woman moving.

Neither woman blinking.

The title belt between them.

The final image of Monday Night Ward:

Avery McCullen victorious by disqualification inside the ring.

Sarah Lee Jackson standing shocked at ringside.

And Astra Mortis clutching the AWS Goddess Championship like a sacred relic, staring at Sarah with an expression that says she no longer knows the difference between protecting something... and possessing it.

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Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Feigel.

Segment: "A Conversation" - Written by Drake Nygma.

Segment: "Unfortunate News" - Written by Feigel, vhalsted.

Segment: "Number One!" - Written by Vastrix.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite