

Monday Night Ward: #365

July 20, 2026 | Allstate Arena - Rosemont, Illinois

Introduction

The screen is black.

The unmistakable opening guitar of "**Welcome Home (Sanitarium)**" by **Metallica** echoes throughout the arena as the AWS logo slowly materializes on screen.

A rapid-fire montage follows.

The carnage of **Champions Carnival 2026**.

Bodies crashing through tables.

Championship gold changing hands.

The shocking arrival of a mysterious newcomer.

A referee's hand striking the mat.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Jeremiah Vastrix raising the AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Championship high above his head as thousands of fans stand in complete disbelief.

The words appear on screen.

"LAST WEEK... EVERYTHING CHANGED."

LIVE

**ALLSTATE ARENA
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

BOOM!

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Pyrotechnics explode across the massive stage as crimson and white fireworks rain from the rafters. Thousands upon thousands of fans erupt into deafening cheers while red spotlights sweep throughout the sold-out arena.

The camera circles the building.

Signs flash everywhere.

"VASTRIX SHOCKED THE WORLD!"

"WELCOME TO THE ASYLUM!"

"I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!"

"MONDAY NIGHT WARD FOREVER!"

"CHICAGO IS ASYLUM!"

The camera glides over the sea of screaming fans once...

...twice...

...a third time...

The energy inside the Allstate Arena is absolutely electric.

As **"Welcome Home (Sanitarium)"** continues to play underneath the crowd noise, the camera settles beside the entrance stage where the brand-new broadcast team is seated.

The sleek broadcast desk proudly displays the crimson-and-black AWS logo.

Seated behind it are **Ginnifer "Gidget" Stephenson, Todd Winchester, Amy Marino, and Casper Brooks**

Gidget can't hide her excitement.

Ginnifer "Gidget" Stephenson:

"Ladies and gentlemen... welcome to Monday Night Ward!"

The crowd roars.

"We are LIVE from the legendary Allstate Arena in Chicago, Illinois, and what an honor it is to welcome every single one of you watching around the world to AWS Monday Night Ward Number Three Hundred Sixty-Five!"

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"I'm Ginnifer 'Gidget' Stephenson, and beside me is my broadcast partner Todd Winchester. Alongside us tonight are the incomparable Amy Marino handling ring announcing duties, and Casper Brooks bringing you all the interviews and backstage coverage you can handle."

Todd smiles confidently as the audience chants:

"AWS! AWS! AWS!"

Todd Winchester:

"Chicago has always been one of professional wrestling's loudest cities... but tonight? This place feels different."

"This feels like history."

"Because one week ago, Champions Carnival completely turned this company upside down."

A replay package briefly rolls.

Jeremiah Vastrix standing victorious.

The championship around his waist.

Fans stunned.

Commentary from Champions Carnival plays underneath.

"HE'S DONE IT!"

"NOBODY SAW THIS COMING!"

Back live.

Todd leans forward.

Todd Winchester:

"Let's be honest. Jeremiah Vastrix wasn't even supposed to be here."

"He wasn't an AWS original."

"He wasn't considered part of this locker room."

"Many people called him an outsider."

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"Some called him an opportunist."

"Others questioned why he even belonged in the biggest championship match of the year."

"Then he walked into Champions Carnival... in his very first AWS match... and somehow... against impossible odds... he walked out as the NEW AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Champion."

The crowd erupts with a loud mixture of cheers and boos.

"VAS-TRIX!"

"YOU SUCK!"

"VAS-TRIX!"

Gidget nods.

Ginnifer Stephenson:

"You can hear it right here in Chicago."

"Whether you love Jeremiah Vastrix or whether you absolutely despise him..."

"Everyone is talking about him."

"In one night, he transformed from an unknown outsider into the face of Asylum Wrestling Society."

"The biggest question now..."

"Can he actually carry the weight of the richest championship in this industry?"

Todd chuckles.

Todd Winchester:

"He's got the gold..."

"Now he has to survive everyone who wants to take it away."

"And trust me, after Champions Carnival, that list is getting longer by the minute."

Casper Brooks smiles toward the camera.

Casper Brooks:

"I've spoken with several superstars already tonight, and emotions are running hotter than ever. Nobody in

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that locker room is over what happened at Champions Carnival. Everyone wants answers... everyone wants opportunities... and everyone wants a shot at Jeremiah Vastrix."

Amy Marino grins.

Amy Marino:

"And if tonight is anything like the atmosphere in this building right now, Chicago is about to witness something unforgettable."

Another enormous roar echoes through the Allstate Arena.

The lights dim.

The crowd begins buzzing.

Gidget raises her voice over the anticipation.

Ginnifer Stephenson:

"Champions Carnival is behind us..."

Todd finishes the sentence.

Todd Winchester:

"The fallout begins..."

All four broadcasters look toward the entrance stage.

The music fades.

The arena falls into an anxious hush.

A single spotlight illuminates the entrance tunnel.

Ginnifer Stephenson:

"Ladies and gentlemen..."

"Welcome..."

"To Monday Night Ward."

The camera cuts to the stage as the first entrance theme hits and the show officially begins.

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Dirty Dragón's campaign

A pre-taped vignette starts rolling. We find Dirty Dragón, dressed in a full suit along with his usual mask, in front of a white wall. There is a screen to his right.

Dirty Dragón: "Ladies and gentlemen, for too long, this great country... I mean, this great promotion has been buried under the weight of weirdos and wannabes holding championships they don't bring any value to. What AWS is missing is a true marquee star who will sweep through the competition. Somebody skilled. Entertaining. Handsome, even if you can't tell that under the mask."

He produces a wide smile for the cameras.

Dirty Dragón: "Well, look no further, as I, Dirty Dragón, am your perfect candidate for that position. First, after I go through the field of sickos to win the King of the Deathmatch, I will take the Parental Advisory Championship from Buffoon Carter, or whatever that unc's name is, and bring some REAL WRESTLING to that division. But that's not even my main goal! Because then, at Ward... I am coming for that loser who's 1-4 this year but still gets to parade around with the American title. Yes, ginger boy, I'm talking about you. America needs a real champion, and that's me... Also, it would really go a long way for my new visa application."

Dragón folds his arms across his chest.

Dirty Dragón: "I am calling this the Campaign to Unify Numerous Championships..."

The words C, U, N, T appear on the screen next to him. He turns to the screen, carefully reads the signage, then turns back to the camera.

Dirty Dragón: "I'm still working on the name..."

We cut to a graphic that says I AM DIRTY DRAGÓN AND I APPROVE THIS MESSAGE, then back to ringside.

Redefining A King

The room is quiet.

Not empty.

Never empty.

Gem sits nearby, notebook resting on her lap. Ethan leans against the wall, arms folded. Between them...

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...Blight.

Her kendo stick rests across her knees.

One hand traces the worn grain of the bamboo almost absentmindedly.

"There is something..."

She pauses.

"...curious."

A faint smile.

"So many intelligent people."

"So many accomplished people."

"And yet..."

"...they continue to use the word *King*."

Silence.

"I have considered this."

"For longer than most would assume."

"They believe the title describes who may hold it."

"I believe..."

"...it merely describes the trophy."

She tilts her head ever so slightly.

"A king."

"A queen."

"A champion."

"They are only sounds."

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"The body holding the crown gives those sounds meaning."

Her fingers tighten around Ethan.

"I have no interest in becoming..."

"...the first woman to win the King of the Deathmatch."

"No."

"I intend to become the reason nobody says those words quite the same way again."

Another pause.

"They will continue calling it King."

"They may keep the banners."

"They may keep the branding."

"They may even keep the name."

Her expression barely changes.

"But every time they say it..."

"...they will picture me."

A quiet breath escapes her.

"That..."

"...is how language changes."

Gem smiles faintly.

Ethan simply nods.

Blight rises to her feet.

The kendo stick settles comfortably against her shoulder.

"As for the tournament itself..."

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"I have begun studying."

"Patterns."

"Habits."

"Thresholds."

"Some people fight because they enjoy violence."

"Some because they enjoy applause."

"Some because pain is all they understand."

"I find each motivation..."

"...educational."

She begins to pace.

Slowly.

Measured.

"There are names I continue returning to."

"People whose limits remain... uncertain."

"People capable of answering difficult questions."

A brief glance toward the camera.

"And I have always preferred difficult questions."

The corner of her mouth lifts.

"I am not searching for the weakest opponent."

"I am searching for the strongest."

"The one who believes they cannot be broken."

"The one who forces me to become something greater."

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"The one who earns the privilege of discovering whether I bleed the same as everyone else."

She rests Ethan against the floor.

One sharp *tap*.

"I have no desire to inherit a crown."

"I would much rather redefine it."

Another tap.

"When this tournament ends..."

"...perhaps AWS will still call it the King of the Deathmatch."

She gives the faintest shrug.

"I simply suspect..."

"...everyone else will be thinking..."

"...Queen."

The screen fades to black.

Dirty Dragón vs. Timothy Sterling vs. 'The Playtime Problem' Mixie vs. Damien Kostich vs. JohnZo Scary vs. Wade Mercer vs. Jamal Payne vs. Blight

The bell sounds, but no one bothers with traditional wrestling.

Instead, all eight competitors immediately reach into the corners where their personally selected weapons await.

Dirty Dragón produces a dented steel toolbox wrapped in chains.

Timothy Sterling wheels out a shopping cart overflowing with kendo sticks, aluminum baseball bats, and stop signs.

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Mixie calmly drags a black duffel bag from beneath the apron, revealing thumbtacks, fluorescent light tubes, and a battered sledgehammer wrapped in black tape.

Damien Kostich unveils a coil of barbed wire, steel chains, and an old military entrenching shovel.

JohnZo Scary carries a body bag filled with assorted surgical tools, meat hooks, and rusted steel pipes.

Wade Mercer tosses two branding irons, a length of bull rope, and a cowbell into the ring.

Jamal Payne arrives armed with hockey sticks, trash can lids, and a reinforced steel chair.

Blight slowly opens a medical case filled with hypodermic props, scalpels, and rolls of razor wire.

The audience erupts.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

The ring instantly dissolves into eight separate fights.

Steel chairs collide with skulls.

Trash cans are flattened.

Kendo sticks explode into splinters.

Blood appears less than two minutes into the match.

First Elimination -- Timothy Sterling

Sterling attempts to blast Damien Kostich with a chair.

Damien ducks.

Dirty Dragón spins Sterling around.

Dungeon Driver!

Sterling lands directly on his head.

Before Dirty can capitalize, Mixie launches a fluorescent tube across Sterling's back.

It shatters into a cloud of white powder.

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Jamal Payne follows with a devastating chair-assisted running knee.

Sterling collapses unconscious.

The referee checks him.

No response.

TEN...

Sterling never moves.

Timothy Sterling is eliminated.

The violence only escalates.

JohnZo Scary hangs Blight upside down in the corner using chains.

Mixie drives thumbtacks into Wade Mercer's forehead with repeated forearms.

Damien wraps barbed wire around his own fist before punching Jamal Payne repeatedly.

Dirty Dragón avoids climbing the ropes despite multiple opportunities.

Every time someone points toward the top turnbuckle, he visibly backs away.

Todd Winchester notes:

"Dirty Dragón has never hidden his fear of heights. He'd rather fight on broken glass than climb those ropes."

Second Elimination -- Wade Mercer

Mercer swings a branding iron.

Mixie ducks.

Blight sprays black mist into Wade's eyes.

Completely blinded, Mercer stumbles backward.

Dirty Dragón catches him.

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Dungeon Driver!

Wade barely kicks out at two.

Jamal Payne immediately follows with a brutal chair-assisted spinebuster onto a pile of barbed wire boards.

Mercer screams before collapsing.

The referee begins counting.

He reaches nine...

Mercer tries to stand...

...and falls face-first into the tacks.

TEN!

Wade Mercer is eliminated.

JohnZo Scary laughs maniacally while stapling dollar bills to Damien Kostich's chest.

The audience recoils.

Blight responds by smashing a medical tray across JohnZo's face.

Blood pours from John's forehead.

Third Elimination -- JohnZo Scary

JohnZo places Mixie onto a table outside the ring.

He begins climbing the top turnbuckle.

Dirty Dragón watches from inside the ring.

The sheer height makes him visibly uncomfortable.

JohnZo leaps.

Mixie rolls away.

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JohnZo crashes through the table alone.

Before he can recover, Damien Kostich launches a shovel directly into John's ribs.

Jamal Payne finishes him with a devastating running chair shot to the face.

JohnZo is completely unconscious.

TEN!

JohnZo Scary is eliminated.

The remaining competitors look increasingly exhausted.

Blood stains nearly everyone.

Broken light tubes cover the mat.

Thumbtacks have become embedded in boots, elbows, and backs.

Fourth Elimination -- Damien Kostich

Blight traps Damien inside strands of razor wire.

Mixie repeatedly strikes him with a kendo stick.

Dirty Dragón charges.

Dungeon Driver!

Damien somehow kicks out.

The crowd explodes.

Jamal Payne immediately drills Damien with a hockey stick wrapped in chain.

Damien collapses into the razor wire.

Unable to free himself.

Unable to stand.

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The referee reaches ten.

Damien Kostich is eliminated.

Only four remain.

Dirty Dragón.

Mixie.

Jamal Payne.

Blight.

The atmosphere becomes even more intense.

Fifth Elimination -- Jamal Payne

Jamal attempts a running splash through a corner table.

Dirty sidesteps.

Jamal crashes through it.

Mixie blasts him with a steel chair.

Blight follows with repeated kicks to the skull.

Dirty hoists Jamal.

Dungeon Driver!

This time there's no escape.

The referee counts.

Jamal doesn't stir.

TEN!

Jamal Payne is eliminated.

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Three remain.

Dirty Dragón.

Mixie.

Blight.

The crowd rises.

Sixth Elimination -- Blight

Blight wraps razor wire around her forearm before striking Dirty repeatedly.

Mixie interrupts with a sledgehammer handle across Blight's ribs.

The women exchange vicious forearms.

Blight catches Mixie with black mist.

Temporarily blinded, Mixie stumbles.

Blight charges.

Dirty intercepts her.

Dungeon Driver!

Blight lands flush.

Mixie, still wiping her eyes clear, instinctively swings the sledgehammer downward--

--but stops just short of hitting Dirty.

Instead, she turns and drives the hammer head into Blight's midsection.

Dirty immediately covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Blight barely twitches afterward.

The referee checks on her, then begins the mandatory standing count.

She never answers.

Blight is eliminated.

Final Two

Dirty Dragón.

Mixie.

The Allstate Arena comes alive.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"HOLY \$#@%!"

Both competitors are barely standing.

Dirty's crimson mask is almost entirely soaked with blood.

Mixie has blood running from a deep cut over one eye.

The ring resembles a battlefield.

Broken chairs.

Splintered kendo sticks.

Bent stop signs.

Pools of blood.

Thumbtacks scattered everywhere.

Dirty signals for one last **Dungeon Driver**.

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The crowd senses the finish.

He hooks Mixie.

She fights free.

A spinning back elbow rocks Dirty.

He answers with a desperate clothesline.

Both competitors collapse.

They slowly crawl toward opposite corners.

Dirty reaches the ropes and instinctively looks upward.

His eyes drift toward the top turnbuckle.

The audience begins chanting.

"CLIMB! CLIMB! CLIMB!"

Dirty shakes his head violently.

"No."

He refuses.

Instead, he steps back down to the canvas, determined to finish the fight on the mat where he's comfortable.

He lifts Mixie for another **Dungeon Driver**.

Mixie slips behind him.

Dirty turns--

CRACK!!

The taped sledgehammer crashes flush against the side of his head.

The arena gasps.

Dirty immediately crumples to the mat without even attempting to break his fall.

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The referee slides beside him.

He checks for movement.

Dirty's eyes remain closed.

The referee begins counting.

ONE...

Mixie drops to one knee, breathing heavily, never taking her eyes off her fallen opponent.

FOUR...

Medical personnel gather at ringside.

SIX...

Dirty's fingers twitch.

The crowd desperately urges him on.

"GET UP!"

"GET UP!"

EIGHT...

He rolls weakly onto one elbow...

...then collapses again.

NINE...

Nothing.

TEN!

DING! DING! DING!

Winner: Mixie (*Dirty Dragón fails to answer the referee's ten-count after a devastating sledgehammer shot to the head.*)

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The Allstate Arena erupts as Mixie, battered, blood-soaked, and barely able to stand, has her arm raised in victory.

Dirty Dragón remains motionless on the canvas while AWS medical personnel rush into the ring to attend to him. After several tense moments, he begins to stir, drawing a relieved applause from the Chicago crowd as Mixie stands atop the wreckage of the Japanese Death Match, having survived one of the most brutal contests in AWS history.

Mike Dimter © vs. TJ Alexander vs. The Harrower vs. AJ Flare

The camera shifted toward the ring where veteran ring announcer Amy Marino stood patiently at center ring, microphone already in hand.

Amy Marino: "The following contest is the C4 Championship Scramble, scheduled for one fall with a thirty-minute time limit! Under Championship Scramble rules, the reigning champion enters first. Every fall by pinfall or submission crowns a new interim champion. The competitor holding the championship when the thirty-minute time limit expires will be declared the official AWS C4 Champion!"

Amy Marino: "Introducing first..."

This Fire Burns by Killswitch Engage thundered through the arena as the crowd erupted.

Amy Marino: "From Detroit, Michigan, weighing in at 225 pounds... he is the reigning AWS C4 Champion... 'The Bad Ass' MIKE DIMTER!"

Mike Dimter stepped through the curtain with the C4 Championship resting confidently over his shoulder. He gave the title a firm pat before making his way toward the ring, exchanging a few words with fans at ringside but never taking his eyes off the championship.

Todd Winchester: "Mike Dimter has held that championship through challenge after challenge, but tonight may be his toughest defense yet."

Gidget Stephenson: "The champion doesn't get a head start in a Scramble. The second that first fall happens, someone else can become interim champion. Mike isn't just defending against three opponents--he's defending against the clock."

Mike climbed onto the apron, stepped through the ropes and raised the championship high above his head before retreating to his corner.

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Amy Marino: "Introducing next..."

"Death Defier" by Skillet echoed throughout the arena.

Amy Marino: "From London, England weighing in at 188 lbs... TJ ALEXANDER!"

TJ Alexander burst onto the stage to a warm ovation, slapping hands with fans as he confidently made his way down the entrance ramp. His focus never wavered from the ring as he climbed through the ropes, bouncing lightly on the balls of his feet while keeping one eye fixed on the champion.

Todd Winchester: "TJ Alexander has seen almost everything this business can throw at him."

Gidget Stephenson: "Experience matters in a Scramble. Nobody manages time, momentum and opportunity quite like a veteran."

Amy Marino: "Introducing next..."

Walk This Way blasted through the speakers as AJ Flare strode confidently onto the stage.

Amy Marino: "From Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 220 pounds... AJ FLARE!"

AJ paused beneath the lights, soaking in the reaction before throwing both arms wide. He jogged toward the ring, springing effortlessly onto the apron before vaulting over the top rope in one smooth motion. Landing lightly, he flashed a confident grin toward each of his opponents.

Todd Winchester: "AJ Flare may be the wildcard tonight."

Gidget Stephenson: "If there's one man capable of stealing a fall out of nowhere, it's AJ. Blink, and suddenly he's interim champion."

The arena lights remained unchanged.

Instead...

the crowd noise seemed to fade beneath a low, haunting guitar.

The dark country rendition of "Bye Bye Bye" slowly crept through the arena speakers.

The tron flickered to life.

An unblinking eye filled the screen.

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Fragments of distorted AWS promos whispered beneath the music before dissolving into static.

Silas Sloane Veyne emerged from behind the curtain.

No pose.

No gesture.

No acknowledgement of the crowd.

Dressed in a long black coat and black gloves, The Harrower simply stood at the top of the entranceway, studying the arena as though committing every face to memory.

Amy Marino: "And introducing the challenger... from Blackglass, California... weighing in at 198 pounds... THE HARROWER... SILAS SLOANE VEYNE!"

Todd Winchester: "You can feel the atmosphere change."

Gidget Stephenson: "He said this match isn't about the championship. It's about behaviour. I don't know whether that's brilliant or terrifying."

Silas began his deliberate walk to the ring. Near ringside, he paused beside the apron.

He looked underneath it.

Not searching.

Merely checking.

Inventory.

He climbed the steel steps, entered the ring and removed each glove with deliberate precision before folding them neatly in his corner. His eyes never left the other three competitors.

Todd Winchester: "Not a word."

Gidget Stephenson: "He doesn't need one."

Official Dori Smith stepped into the centre of the ring and motioned for the competitors to hold their positions.

Mike Dimter approached without hesitation, unfastened the C4 Championship from around his waist and

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looked at it for one brief moment before placing it into the referee's hands.

Dori raised the championship high above his head to all four sides of the arena as the crowd erupted.

Todd Winchester: "Thirty minutes. Four competitors. One championship."

Gidget Stephenson: "By the end of this, someone will be standing with that title... but they may not be the same person who walked into this arena."

The referee handed the championship to the timekeeper before checking each competitor one final time.

DING! DING!

The cameras returned from commercial to a wide shot of the sold-out arena as anticipation filled the air. The C4 Championship hung high above the entranceway on the video screen, reminding everyone exactly what was at stake over the next thirty minutes.

Todd Winchester: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Asylum Wrestling Society! Up next is one of the most unique championship contests in professional wrestling. The C4 Championship Scramble!"

Gidget Stephenson: "Thirty minutes. Four competitors. Every pinfall or submission crowns a new interim champion, and whoever holds that title when the clock expires walks out as the official C4 Champion. It's chaotic, it's exhausting, and one mistake can erase twenty-nine minutes of perfect wrestling."

Todd Winchester: "Our competitors couldn't be more different. The reigning champion Mike Dimter looks to prove his reign isn't a fluke. TJ Alexander brings years of experience into the equation. AJ Flare possesses the athleticism to steal a fall from anyone at any moment. Then there's the newest arrival..."

Gidget Stephenson: "...The Harrower."

Todd nodded almost instinctively.

Todd Winchester: "Silas Sloane Veyne has made an impression before even stepping inside an AWS ring. Calm. Calculated. Unsettling."

Gidget Stephenson: "He's been calling this entire match an experiment. According to him, the championship doesn't reveal the best wrestler--it changes people's behaviour. If he's right, we're about to find out who adapts... and who falls apart."

The camera shifted toward the ring where veteran ring announcer Amy Marino stood patiently at center ring,

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microphone already in hand.

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Mike Dimter wastes absolutely no time.

The champion steps straight toward TJ Alexander, wanting to keep the smaller, faster man grounded before he can build momentum.

TJ circles.

Mike reaches for a collar-and-elbow tie-up.

TJ slips behind into a waist lock.

Mike immediately hooks TJ's arm and rolls through into a standing switch.

TJ escapes again with a standing switch of his own.

Mike throws a sharp back elbow.

TJ ducks.

Running headlock.

Mike shoves him into the ropes.

TJ rebounds.

Shoulder block.

Mike barely moves.

TJ bounces off again.

Mike swings a clothesline.

TJ baseball-slides underneath.

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The crowd applauds the opening exchange.

Todd:"TJ isn't trying to overpower Mike. He's forcing the champion to wrestle faster than he wants."

1:30

AJ Flare decides waiting is pointless.

He charges in.

Running flying clothesline catches Mike from the side.

TJ immediately dropkicks AJ in the chest.

AJ rolls through onto one knee.

Spinning back kick.

TJ blocks.

Arm drag.

AJ lands on his feet.

Another arm drag.

Again AJ lands upright.

The crowd cheers.

AJ grins.

TJ grins back.

Todd:"These two are matching each other move for move."

2:30

Silas still hasn't moved.

He's standing quietly in his corner.

Watching.

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AJ turns.

"You gonna wrestle?"

Silas simply tilts his head.

AJ shrugs.

Charges.

Silas sidesteps.

AJ crashes shoulder-first into the turnbuckle.

Silas calmly applies a wrist lock.

Twists.

Elbow.

Shoulder.

Neck.

Each joint in sequence.

AJ fights free.

Silas lets him.

Gidget:"He isn't trying to beat AJ."

Todd:"He's learning him."

4:00

Mike takes advantage.

Capture Suplex to AJ.

TJ rushes.

European Uppercut.

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Mike answers with a Belly-to-Belly.

Silas enters only after everyone is down.

He kneels beside Mike.

Looks at the champion's shoulder.

Almost...

studies it.

Mike gets angry.

Swings.

Silas ducks.

Dragon Screw.

Mike immediately grabs his knee.

Todd:"That's the first real attack Harrower's thrown."

Gidget:"Notice where he attacked. Not Mike's head. The knee."

5:30

TJ flies.

Springboard Missile Dropkick.

Mike falls.

AJ catches TJ with a Spinebuster.

One...

Silas breaks it up.

Not with a stomp.

He calmly grabs AJ's wrist and bends the fingers backward.

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The referee immediately warns him.

AJ jerks his hand away.

Silas backs off without arguing.

Todd: "Nothing illegal long enough for a disqualification."

Gidget: "Just uncomfortable enough to make AJ think about that hand for the next twenty-five minutes."

Momentum shifted in favour of the reigning champion.

Mike blasted AJ with a European uppercut before hoisting him into a crushing Northern Lights Suplex. TJ attempted to quicken the pace, only to be planted with a brutal Belly-to-Belly that folded him inside out. Every time someone tried to build momentum, Mike cut them off with crisp technical wrestling and heavy strikes, forcing the challengers to fight on his terms. Even Harrower found himself driven backward after a stiff boot caught him flush on the jaw. For several minutes the C4 Champion reminded everyone exactly why he'd entered the contest with the title around his waist.

Todd Winchester: "This is championship wrestling from Mike Dimter."

One mistake was all TJ Alexander needed.

Escaping another suplex attempt, TJ exploded into motion with a barrage of kicks before sending Mike sprawling with a Sling Blade. AJ charged straight into a standing Spanish Fly, while Harrower narrowly avoided a Shooting Star Press that brought the crowd to its feet. TJ barely stopped moving, bouncing from rope to rope as every attack flowed seamlessly into the next. The champion suddenly looked half a step behind, and even AJ struggled to match the relentless speed. For the first time all match, the pace belonged entirely to "The Game Changer."

Gidget Stephenson: "Nobody in this match can keep up when TJ gets rolling."

TJ's momentum lasted only until AJ Flare reminded everyone why he called himself "The Greatest."

A sudden Spinebuster folded TJ in half before AJ launched himself into a breathtaking Spinal Tap that barely missed securing a fall. Mike absorbed a Phenomenal Forearm that staggered him into the corner, while Harrower found himself clipped by a flying clothesline after trying to intercept AJ's momentum. AJ wrestled with supreme confidence, feeding off the crowd as every near fall pushed the arena closer to erupting. For several minutes, it looked as though the match belonged entirely to him.

Todd Winchester: "AJ Flare is firing on every cylinder!"

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Something changed.

Not in Harrower.

In everyone else.

Mike reached for another Capture Suplex.

Silas slipped behind him before the grip was fully secured.

TJ leapt toward the ropes.

Silas stepped aside before the springboard was even attempted, leaving TJ to crash awkwardly on the apron.

Silas intercepted him with a perfectly timed knee to the ribs.

One by one, the counters came easier.

Not because Harrower had become faster.

Because he'd already seen each sequence before.

Todd Winchester: "He's not guessing anymore..."

Gidget Stephenson: "No. He's memorised them."

The final five minutes descended into absolute chaos.

Finishers flew in every direction as each competitor desperately tried to leave with the championship. Mike flattened AJ with the 215 before TJ broke up the cover with a Phoenix Splash. Harrower trapped TJ briefly in Sleep Study, only for AJ to dive in and save the match at the last possible second. Bodies spilled to the floor. The referee's count was interrupted again and again as momentum changed with every passing moment.

Finally, Mike reached for one last finishing blow.

Silas had been waiting for it.

He slipped behind the champion, drove a vicious Pattern Break into the centre of the ring, and rolled straight into Black Room Method when TJ attempted one final save. AJ arrived a heartbeat too late as the referee counted the deciding fall.

One...

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Two...

Three.

With only seconds remaining on the clock, the arena erupted.

Todd Winchester:"The Harrower has done it!"

Gidget Stephenson: "He told us from the beginning this match would reveal patterns... and in the end, he knew everyone else's better than they knew his."

World Elite (Kofi Von Erich & Lindsey Flare) vs. West Texas Hangmen (Buck Rawlins & Wade Mercer)

Tag Team Match

World Elite (Kofi Von Erich & Lindsey Flare)

vs.

West Texas Hangmen (Buck Rawlins & Wade Mercer)

Amy Marino finishes the introductions as the sold-out Allstate Arena gives both teams a strong reaction. The technically gifted and lightning-fast World Elite stand across the ring from the rugged brawlers known as the West Texas Hangmen.

The referee calls for the bell.

DING! DING!

Kofi Von Erich and Buck Rawlins begin the match.

Buck immediately overpowers Kofi, muscling him into the corner before delivering a thunderous chop across the chest that echoes throughout the arena.

Todd Winchester grins.

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"Buck Rawlins wrestles like every punch owes him money."

Kofi responds with speed instead of power.

A deep arm drag.

Another.

Dropkick.

Buck rolls to the outside to regroup as the Chicago crowd applauds the exchange.

Buck tags in Wade Mercer.

Mercer storms into the ring looking for revenge after surviving the brutal Japanese Death Match earlier in the evening.

The lingering punishment is obvious, but Mercer refuses to slow down.

He bulldozes Kofi with a running clothesline before dragging him into the Hangmen's corner.

Quick tags.

Buck and Wade begin cutting the ring in half.

Heavy forearms.

Hard stomps.

Short-arm clotheslines.

Mercer finishes the sequence with a devastating sidewalk slam.

ONE!

TWO!

Kofi kicks out.

Lindsey Flare desperately reaches for the tag.

The crowd begins clapping in rhythm.

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Kofi ducks a Buck Rawlins lariat.

He slips beneath Wade's grasp.

One last burst of speed...

TAG!

The Allstate Arena erupts.

Lindsey Flare explodes into the ring.

Springboard crossbody.

Running forearm.

Spinning heel kick.

Dropkick sends Buck tumbling through the ropes.

Mercer charges.

Lindsey counters with a beautiful headscissors takeover that launches him into the turnbuckles.

She follows with a running meteora.

ONE!

TWO!

Mercer powers out.

The pace accelerates.

Buck re-enters illegally.

Kofi meets him with a flying knee.

All four competitors are now exchanging strikes in the center of the ring.

The referee struggles to restore order.

Buck clotheslines Kofi over the top rope, sending both men crashing to the floor.

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Inside the ring, Mercer catches Lindsey with a thunderous powerslam.

He slowly covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Lindsey somehow kicks out.

The crowd roars.

Mercer grows frustrated.

He signals for the finish.

He hoists Lindsey onto his shoulders for a running Death Valley Driver.

Lindsey slips free behind him.

Mercer turns--

Kofi blind-tags himself back into the match.

Mercer never notices.

Lindsey lands a spinning back kick to Mercer's midsection.

Kofi springboards from the top rope--

MISSILE DROPKICK!

Mercer stumbles backward into Buck, knocking his own partner off the apron.

Buck crashes hard onto the floor.

Mercer turns in confusion--

Kofi quickly hooks both legs with a tight inside cradle.

The referee drops into position.

ONE!

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Mercer kicks--

Kofi shifts his weight even tighter.

TWO!

The crowd rises to its feet.

Mercer reaches for the ropes...

They're inches away.

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The Allstate Arena erupts in surprise.

Amy Marino steps into the ring.

"Here are your winners... WORLD ELITE... KOFI VON ERICH AND LINDSEY FLARE!"

Buck Rawlins slides into the ring a split second too late, slamming his fists against the canvas in frustration as Wade Mercer sits in disbelief, arguing that he was moments away from escaping the cradle.

Todd Winchester shakes his head.

"That wasn't power. That wasn't luck. That was veteran awareness. World Elite saw one opening, took it, and stole the victory from right under the West Texas Hangmen."

Kofi and Lindsey meet in the center of the ring, raising each other's hands as the Chicago crowd cheers loudly. Across the ring, the West Texas Hangmen exchange frustrated looks, their miscommunication in the closing moments costing them a match they appeared to have firmly under control. World Elite celebrate on the turnbuckles while the Hangmen regroup on the entrance ramp, already looking ahead to payback.

Down but not out

"Whiskey Rose" begins to play over the speakers as spotlights go over the crowd. The spotlights stop at the back of the stage but no one comes out. The tron above the stage comes to life and we see "The Irish Rose" Avery McCullen and "The Yankee Rose" Sarah Lee Jackson. The Women's Tag Team Championships draped over their shoulders.

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Sarah: Greetings from the Isle of the Gods here in Greece.

Avery: We would be there tonight, but we are healing up after the attack we suffered at the hands of those guys in black.

Sarah: I don't know who they are, but they should have finished the job.

Avery: You see we are not the only ones that you have crossed, and you have a target on your backs.

Sarah: But you wait and attack in a group. If you were on your own you wouldn't have a chance. But then again, like she said, we are not the only ones that are gunning for you.

Avery: Once we are healed up and step back into the ring, just know we will do everything that we can to hunt all of you down, and keep you from hurting anyone else.

Sarah: And if I were you, I would be looking around every corner, since SHE's back. She won't be as nice as most people that you've gone after.

Avery nods and adjusts the title over her shoulder.

Avery: We'll be watching our backs from now on, and anyone else that you try to jump.

Sarah: We need to stick together against you assholes and we've already started.

Avery: Now if you excuse us, we have training to do. We'll be back as soon as the doctors clear us.

They both wave as the crowd cheers loud as the scene fades to black.

Bayou Blaze (Antoine & Gabriel LeClair) © vs. Hard Mode (Riley Rune & Mia Nygma)

Non-Title Tag Team Match

Bayou Blaze (Antoine & Gabriel LeClair) (AWS Undisputed Tag Team Champions)

vs.

Hard Mode (Riley Rune & Mia Nygma)

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The AWS Undisputed Tag Team Champions, Bayou Blaze, make their way to the ring carrying the championship belts over their shoulders. Confident and battle-tested, Antoine and Gabriel LeClair receive a respectful ovation from the Chicago faithful.

Across the ring, Hard Mode--the explosive duo of Riley Rune and Mia Nygma--enter with laser focus. Although tonight's contest is non-title, both competitors know a victory over the champions could catapult them into championship contention.

Amy Marino makes the introductions.

The referee holds the titles high for the crowd before handing them back to ringside officials.

DING! DING!

Antoine LeClair starts against Riley Rune.

The opening minutes are a showcase of technical wrestling.

Rune repeatedly frustrates Antoine with crisp arm drags, a deep armdrag into an armbar, and a smooth standing switch before escaping with a backflip.

Todd Winchester nods approvingly.

"Hard Mode doesn't just wrestle fast--they wrestle smart."

Antoine finally catches Riley with a stiff shoulder tackle.

Neither competitor gives an inch.

They exchange respectful nods before tagging their partners.

Gabriel LeClair and Mia Nygma immediately raise the pace.

Mia ducks a clothesline.

Tilt-a-whirl headscissors.

Running dropkick.

Gabriel answers with a devastating powerslam that nearly folds Mia in half.

ONE!

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TWO!

Kickout.

The champions begin showing why they've dominated the tag division.

Quick tags.

Precision teamwork.

Antoine drives Mia into the corner before Gabriel follows with a running European Uppercut.

Antoine immediately connects with a cannonball splash.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Riley dives in to make the save.

The Chicago crowd applauds the teamwork.

Hard Mode weather the storm.

Gabriel attempts another powerslam.

Mia slips free.

Spinning heel kick.

Enzuigiri.

She crawls...

The crowd begins clapping.

TAG!

Riley explodes into the ring.

Flying forearm.

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Snap German Suplex to Gabriel.

Antoine charges--

Superkick.

Running knee.

Standing moonsault onto Gabriel.

ONE!

TWO!

Antoine breaks up the pin just in time.

The ring breaks down.

All four competitors are trading strikes.

Gabriel plants Riley with a spinebuster.

Mia wipes Gabriel out with a springboard crossbody.

Antoine levels Mia with a massive clothesline.

Kofi-like speed? No.

Pure Bayou power.

The champions regroup.

Bayou Blaze signal for their finishing combination.

Gabriel hoists Riley for a powerbomb while Antoine climbs the second rope.

The crowd senses the end.

At the last second...

Riley slips off Gabriel's shoulders.

Antoine accidentally crashes into his own partner with a diving strike.

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The champions collide.

The Allstate Arena gasps.

Mia tags herself in unnoticed.

Riley points toward Gabriel.

The crowd rises to its feet.

Todd Winchester stands.

"Here comes Hard Mode!"

Riley scoops Gabriel LeClair high into an Electric Chair.

Gabriel desperately throws elbows, trying to escape.

Too late.

Mia races to the corner.

She springs onto the ropes.

Launches herself through the air.

DOUBLE-EDGE DROP!

Mia drives Gabriel down with a breathtaking springboard cutter while Riley simultaneously drops him with the Electric Chair, the impact folding the champion inside out.

Gabriel is motionless.

Mia hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

Antoine lunges--

THREE!

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DING! DING! DING!

The Allstate Arena explodes.

Amy Marino steps into the ring.

"Here are your winners... HARD MODE... RILEY RUNE AND MIA NYGMA!"

Riley helps Mia to her feet as both celebrate the biggest victory of their careers. The champions slowly recover, stunned by what just happened.

Todd Winchester smiles as Hard Mode points directly at the AWS Undisputed Tag Team Championships.

"Non-title or not, that was no fluke. Hard Mode just pinned one-half of the Undisputed Tag Team Champions with their devastating Double-Edge Drop. If I'm Bayou Blaze, I'm watching my backs--because Hard Mode just made a powerful statement tonight."

As the crowd chants "HARD MODE! HARD MODE!", Riley Rune and Mia Nygma celebrate atop opposite turnbuckles while Bayou Blaze retreat up the entrance ramp, clutching their championships and exchanging frustrated glances. The message is unmistakable: Hard Mode has earned a serious claim to an AWS Undisputed Tag Team Championship opportunity.

Adam Stryker © vs. Drake Nygma ©

Non-Title Champion vs. Champion Match

Adam Stryker (AWS Interstate Champion)

vs.

Drake Nygma (AWS Scotty Paine Legacy Champion)

The atmosphere inside the Allstate Arena intensifies as two of AWS's premier champions make their entrances.

First comes Adam Stryker, proudly carrying the AWS Interstate Championship, receiving a thunderous ovation from the Chicago faithful.

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Moments later, Drake Nygma walks through the curtain with the AWS Scotty Paine Legacy Championship draped over his shoulder. Calm, focused, and intensely confident, he never takes his eyes off Stryker.

Amy Marino stands in the center of the ring.

"The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a NON-TITLE MATCH!"

Both championships are displayed to the crowd before being handed to ringside officials.

The referee calls for the bell.

DING! DING!

The opening exchange is a masterclass in technical wrestling.

Collar-and-elbow tie-up.

Hammerlock.

Standing switch.

Drop toe hold.

Both men quickly return to their feet.

The crowd applauds.

Todd Winchester smiles.

"This is what happens when two champions refuse to blink."

Adam Stryker gradually targets Drake's left arm with precise wristlocks and stiff European uppercuts.

Drake answers with lightning-fast counters.

Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.

Basement dropkick.

Standing shooting star press.

ONE!

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Kickout.

Neither champion can gain sustained control.

Stryker lands a devastating release German Suplex.

Drake answers moments later with a running bicycle knee.

Both competitors collapse.

The crowd begins clapping rhythmically.

Midway through the contest...

The pace increases dramatically.

Drake launches off the ropes with a springboard clothesline.

Adam catches him in midair.

Belly-to-belly overhead suplex.

Drake rolls through.

Superkick.

Adam ducks.

Running knee strike.

Drake rebounds.

Spanish Fly.

The audience rises to its feet.

ONE!

TWO!

Adam narrowly escapes.

Stryker begins targeting Drake's ribs.

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A vicious spinebuster.

Deadlift powerbomb.

Boston Crab.

Drake claws toward the ropes before finally forcing the break.

Todd Winchester shakes his head.

"Neither man wants this one to end. They're fighting like championships are actually on the line."

Drake regains momentum with a breathtaking sequence.

Springboard moonsault.

Reverse DDT.

Falcon Arrow.

ONE!

TWO!

Adam gets a shoulder up.

The crowd erupts.

Frustration begins setting in.

Adam rocks Drake with a stiff forearm.

Drake fires one back.

Another.

Another.

Neither man backs down.

The exchange escalates into a furious hockey fight in the middle of the ring.

The referee repeatedly warns them.

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Neither listens.

Adam clotheslines Drake over the top rope.

Instead of regrouping...

He immediately follows him outside.

The fight spills around ringside.

Adam drives Drake into the barricade.

Drake answers by whipping Adam shoulder-first into the steel ring post.

The referee begins counting.

ONE!

Neither man pays attention.

They continue exchanging punches up the entrance aisle.

FOUR!

Drake launches Adam into the LED barricade.

SIX!

Adam tackles Drake over the barricade.

The sold-out Chicago crowd erupts as the champions disappear into the audience.

Fans scatter in every direction.

Casper Brooks quickly moves out of harm's way.

The brawl continues through the seating area.

Drake smashes Adam onto the concrete steps.

Adam immediately retaliates with a running clothesline that sends both men tumbling over a row of chairs.

Security desperately tries to separate them.

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Impossible.

The referee continues counting from ringside.

EIGHT!

Neither champion even looks toward the ring.

Adam throws another right hand.

Drake responds with one of his own.

The crowd roars with every punch.

NINE!

Still no movement toward the ring.

TEN!

DING! DING! DING!

The referee signals for the bell.

Amy Marino receives the official decision.

"Ladies and gentlemen... this match has been ruled a DOUBLE COUNT-OUT!"

The announcement barely registers.

Adam Stryker and Drake Nygma continue brawling through the crowd, trading fists as security, referees, and several AWS officials rush into the stands in a desperate attempt to pull the two champions apart.

Even after being separated, both men strain against the officials, shouting at one another while holding their respective championships high.

Todd Winchester stands from the commentary desk.

"Forget the record books--these two champions just declared war! The bell may have ended the match, but it didn't end the fight."

As chants of "LET THEM FIGHT!" echo throughout the Allstate Arena, Adam Stryker and Drake Nygma are finally escorted out through opposite sides of the arena, both glaring back toward one another. The score

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remains unsettled, leaving the Chicago crowd buzzing over the possibility that this rivalry is only just beginning.

Jeremiah Vastrix © vs. Boone Carter

Non-Title Singles Match

Jeremiah Vastrix (AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Champion)

vs.

Boone Carter

The atmosphere inside the Allstate Arena changes the moment the lights dim.

The new AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Champion, Jeremiah Vastrix, slowly walks onto the stage with the championship draped over his shoulder. The Chicago crowd greets him with a thunderous mixture of cheers and boos, still divided over the shocking newcomer who captured the richest prize in AWS at Champions Carnival.

Across the ring stands Boone Carter, determined to prove that Vastrix's title victory was no miracle.

Amy Marino makes the introductions before the referee presents the championship to the crowd.

"This is a NON-TITLE MATCH!"

The championship is handed back to ringside.

DING! DING!

Boone Carter wastes no time, charging the champion with a barrage of forearms that catches Vastrix off guard.

Todd Winchester sounds impressed.

"Boone knows he can't let the champion dictate the pace."

Carter follows with a running clothesline that sends Vastrix into the corner before connecting with a snap

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suplex.

ONE!

The champion powers out before the referee can even count two.

Jeremiah slowly rises with an unsettling calm.

Carter throws another right hand.

Vastrix barely reacts.

Another.

Still nothing.

Then, with one sudden movement, Vastrix catches Boone by the throat and launches him across the ring with an explosive overhead throw.

The crowd gasps.

The champion begins methodically taking control.

A stiff knee to the midsection.

A short-arm lariat.

A crushing sidewalk slam.

Carter refuses to stay down.

He fights back with a jumping knee strike and follows with a running bulldog.

The Allstate Arena rallies behind the challenger.

Midway through the match, Carter attempts a suicide dive through the ropes.

Vastrix sidesteps at the last instant.

Boone lands awkwardly on his feet near the ringside area.

The champion immediately closes the distance.

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He grabs Carter and drives him forward, sending Carter face-first into the steel ring steps.

The impact leaves Boone with a visible cut, and officials quickly check on him as the referee begins monitoring the situation.

The champion steps back without celebrating, watching intently as medical personnel assess the challenger.

Boone insists on continuing.

He pushes the officials away and slowly rolls back into the ring.

The crowd applauds his determination.

The referee repeatedly asks if he's able to continue.

Boone nods.

DING!

The match resumes.

Carter throws one desperate punch.

Then another.

His balance begins to falter as the effects of the earlier collision become increasingly apparent.

Jeremiah catches him with a thunderous spinebuster that leaves Boone flat on the canvas.

Instead of attempting a cover, Vastrix simply stands over him while the referee again checks on Carter.

Medical personnel return to ringside.

After another evaluation, the ringside physician informs the referee that Boone has lost too much blood from the earlier cut and cannot safely continue.

The referee immediately signals for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Amy Marino receives the official ruling.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has stopped this contest. The winner... due to referee stoppage... the

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AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Champion... JEREMIAH VASTRIX!"

The Chicago crowd responds with a mixture of applause and concern as medical staff assist Boone Carter from the ring.

Jeremiah Vastrix retrieves the AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Championship without taking his eyes off his fallen opponent.

Todd Winchester speaks with a serious tone.

"Boone Carter showed incredible heart tonight, but the ringside physician made the right call. Once a competitor can no longer safely continue, the official has no choice but to stop the match."

Standing in the center of the ring, Vastrix slowly raises the Undisputed Heavyweight Championship overhead. He never smiles, never celebrates wildly--he simply stares into the camera as the champion who once again proved he will do whatever it takes to leave the ring victorious. The message is unmistakable: anyone coming for the AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Championship must be prepared to survive Jeremiah Vastrix before they can even think about defeating him.

The Reflection

The broadcast returns from commercial as the camera quietly follows AWS Goddess Champion Astra Mortis down a dimly lit hallway backstage. Still dressed in black training gear with the championship slung over her shoulder, Astra approaches her locker room door. She pauses briefly, taking a slow breath before stepping inside.

The room is silent.

She lays the championship across the wooden bench and begins removing the tape from her wrists. The atmosphere is eerily calm, broken only by the faint hum of fluorescent lights overhead.

On commentary, Todd Winchester speaks.

Todd Winchester: *"Astra Mortis has been nearly untouchable since capturing the AWS Goddess Championship... but at AWS Ignite, she'll be stepping into the unknown against perhaps the most terrifying competitor to ever walk through these doors."*

Gidget Stephenson: *"Necra Octavian Kane isn't just another challenger. She's a legend whose reputation has haunted locker rooms for years."*

Astra slowly stands and walks toward the adjoining bathroom.

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The camera follows just behind her.

She reaches the sink and turns on the cold water.

Splash.

She washes the sweat from her face after an intense workout, then reaches for a towel.

As she slowly lifts her head...

...the mirror no longer reflects her.

Standing perfectly still in the reflection is Necra Octavian Kane.

Her pale face is expressionless.

Long jet-black hair hangs over her shoulders.

Darkened eyes remain locked directly on Astra without blinking.

Neither woman moves.

The room is completely silent.

Astra's breathing becomes heavier.

The camera cuts to a close-up of Astra's horrified expression.

She spins around--

No one.

The bathroom behind her is completely empty.

She stares for several seconds before cautiously turning back toward the mirror.

Only her own reflection stares back.

She exhales sharply, trying to convince herself she imagined it.

Then...

A faint whisper echoes through the room.

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"Soon..."

Astra freezes.

The lights flicker once.

Twice.

By the third flicker, the whisper has vanished.

The champion slowly reaches for the bathroom light switch and turns it off before backing out into the locker room, never taking her eyes off the mirror.

She grabs the AWS Goddess Championship, slings it over her shoulder, and leaves without another glance.

The camera lingers on the now-empty bathroom.

Nothing moves.

Nothing appears unusual.

Just before the shot fades to black...

A shadow slowly crosses the mirror from left to right.

No figure is visible.

Only the movement.

The screen abruptly cuts back to ringside.

Gidget Stephenson: "...*Did anyone else just see that?*"

Todd Winchester: "...*I've covered this business for a long time... and I don't have an explanation for what we just witnessed.*"

As the commentary team falls silent, the unsettling image leaves the arena buzzing, adding another chilling chapter to the impending collision between Astra Mortis and the legendary Necra Octavian Kane at AWS Ignite.

Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Feigel.

Segment: "Dirty Dragón's campaign" - Written by stryker.

Segment: "Redefining A King" - Written by Drake Nygma.

Match: "Dirty Dragón vs. Timothy Sterling vs. 'The Playtime Problem' Mixie vs. Damien Kostich vs. JohnZo Scary vs. Wade Mercer vs. Jamal Payne vs. Blight" - Written by Boone.

Segment: "Down but not out" - Written by BrokenNecra.

Segment: "The Reflection" - Written by Feigel, BrokenNecra.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite