

Ignite: #1

August 2, 2026 | The Crow's Nest - Las Vegas

Let's Ignite!

The opening guitar chords of Pink Floyd's "Comfortably Numb" drift hauntingly through the public address system as the camera fades in from black.

A drone shot glides over the desolate Neon Graveyard on the outskirts of Las Vegas. Towering relics of casinos long since forgotten glow beneath an endless desert sky. Flickering reds, blues, pinks, and toxic greens illuminate rusted steel and shattered glass, transforming forgotten pieces of Vegas history into a cathedral of neon.

The camera slowly approaches The Crow's Nest, where over 3,000 rabid fans have packed into the industrial outdoor venue. Black light floods the arena while lasers cut through the desert night. The audience is awash in fluorescent face paint, glowing signs, and anticipation.

BOOM!

Columns of purple pyro erupt from each corner of the stage.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Pink fireworks explode overhead while walls of silver sparks cascade behind the massive LED screen displaying a brilliant hot-pink and white AWS IGNITE logo.

The crowd erupts.

"WELCOME TO THE ASYLUM!"

A panoramic shot captures fans holding signs reading:

- ASTRA FEARS NO ONE
- RHEA RULES THE DIVISION
- WOMEN'S WRESTLING LIVES HERE
- NECRA IS COMING
- THIS IS IGNITE! The camera circles ringside, revealing a pristine white canvas accented with neon pink ropes beneath the glow of dozens of suspended black lights. Every championship displayed around ringside gleams brilliantly beneath the ultraviolet lighting.

The broadcast cuts to the commentary desk.

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Benson Bravo

"Ladies and gentlemen...good morning from the Entertainment Capital of the World! Welcome to history! Welcome to the very first episode of AWS IGNITE! I'm Benson Bravo, and alongside me is the incomparable Carmella George. We are coming to you LIVE from The Crow's Nest inside Las Vegas' legendary Neon Graveyard, where tonight the brightest stars in women's wrestling begin a brand-new era!"

Carmella George

"Benson, just look around you! This isn't just another wrestling show--this is a statement. AWS has assembled one of the deepest women's rosters anywhere in professional wrestling, and tonight every woman in that locker room knows one thing..."

She smiles toward the camera.

"There are no second chances to make a first impression."

"Championship dreams begin tonight. Rivalries begin tonight. Careers will be made tonight."

Benson Bravo

"And what an incredible lineup we've got for our debut broadcast!"

"The AWS Goddess Champion, the terrifying Astra Mortis, steps into the ring against perhaps the most mysterious competitor to ever sign an AWS contract..."

"Necra Octavian Kane."

The crowd buzzes loudly.

"Then, the AWS Sirens Championship will be defended in a Triple Jeopardy Match as champion Rhea Calder faces both Desiree Forte and Amanda Macleod!"

Carmella George

"And don't overlook the rest of tonight's action."

"Karli Rae collides with Olympia Waybright in what promises to be an absolute showcase."

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"Dream goes one-on-one with the highly dangerous Agent Carter..."

"And Street Royalty battles Vixens of Violence in tag team action that may very well steal the entire show."

The camera pans toward ringside where Amy Marino stands elegantly in the center of the ring, microphone in hand, dressed in a sleek black and neon-pink suit illuminated by the black lights.

Nearby, Casper Brooks stands in the interview position beside the entranceway, microphone ready.

Benson Bravo

"Amy Marino is standing by inside the ring, Casper Brooks is ready backstage, and every woman in that locker room is looking to ignite her legacy."

Carmella George

"If tonight is any indication of what's to come, the rest of professional wrestling better pay attention."

"Because the women of AWS aren't asking for the spotlight anymore..."

She leans toward the camera.

"They're taking it."

The opening riff of "Comfortably Numb" echoes once more throughout The Crow's Nest as the camera sweeps across the roaring audience.

The lights dim.

The giant screen flickers to life.

IGNITE.

The logo burns across the video wall in neon pink and brilliant white.

The crowd rises to its feet.

Benson Bravo: *"History begins...right now!"*

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The opening match introductions are about to begin.

Street Royalty (Beckie Reckless & Velma Rossi) vs. Vixens of Violence (Harley Dimter & Calista Abreu)

Amy Marino: *"The following contest is scheduled for one fall!"*

The crowd applauds as **Street Royalty** emerges through the curtain. Beckie Reckless leads the way with her trademark swagger while Velma Rossi confidently struts beside her, the duo soaking in the reaction from the fans before marching to the ring.

Moments later, the mood shifts.

Heavy guitars blast through the speakers as **Vixens of Violence** storm onto the stage. Harley Dimter cracks her neck while Calista Abreu glares toward the ring with a cold, predatory stare. They waste no time entering the squared circle, immediately jawing with their opponents.

The referee barely has time to separate the teams before calling for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Harley Dimter starts against Velma Rossi.

They lock up in the center before Harley muscles Velma backward into the corner. Harley fires a brutal forearm before whipping Velma across the ring. Velma ducks a clothesline and answers with a pair of sharp European uppercuts, sending Harley stumbling into the ropes.

Velma tags Beckie.

The Street Royalty members execute a crisp double-team combination, finishing with Beckie planting Harley with a snap suplex for an early two-count.

Harley quickly rolls to her corner and tags Calista.

Calista explodes into the ring with a running knee strike that catches Beckie square on the jaw before delivering a picture-perfect German Suplex. She floats into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

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Beckie powers out.

Calista remains aggressive, trapping Beckie in the Vixens' corner as Harley repeatedly stomps away behind the referee's back.

Benson Bravo:

"Excellent teamwork from the Vixens of Violence. They're cutting the ring in half beautifully."

Carmella George:

"They're not giving Beckie an inch. That's exactly what makes this team so dangerous."

Harley tags back in and continues the punishment with a stiff spinebuster before grinding her forearm across Beckie's face.

Another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

Harley attempts another power move, but Beckie counters with a desperation jawbreaker that finally creates separation.

Both women crawl.

TAG!

Velma Rossi bursts into the ring.

Running clothesline.

Back elbow.

Dropkick.

Calista charges in only to receive a spinning heel kick that sends her tumbling through the ropes.

Velma catches Harley with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker before covering.

ONE!

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TWO!

Harley survives.

Chaos erupts as Calista returns to break up the pin.

Beckie immediately charges back into the ring.

All four women begin exchanging punches in the center of the ring while the crowd erupts.

The referee struggles to regain control as Velma launches Calista over the top rope with a clothesline that sends both women crashing onto the floor.

Inside the ring, Harley swings wildly.

Beckie ducks.

Kick to the midsection.

Harley doubles over.

The crowd rises.

Benson Bravo:

"She's setting it up!"

Beckie hoists Harley high into the air.

CARDIFF CRUSH!

The devastating sit-out powerbomb drives Harley into the canvas with tremendous force.

Beckie hooks both legs tightly.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Amy Marino:

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"Here are your winners... STREET ROYALTY... BECKIE RECKLESS AND VELMA ROSSI!"

The crowd cheers as Beckie rolls to her knees, exhausted but smiling. Velma slides back into the ring and helps her partner to her feet before the two embrace in celebration.

Benson Bravo:

"An outstanding victory for Street Royalty! They weathered everything the Vixens of Violence threw at them, and Beckie Reckless ended it with the emphatic Cardiff Crush!"

Carmella George:

"That wasn't just a win--it was a statement. Street Royalty showed chemistry, resilience, and incredible timing. If there's a tag team division brewing here on Saturday Morning Ignite, these two have just put themselves right at the front of the conversation."

As Beckie and Velma celebrate atop opposite turnbuckles, Harley Dimter slowly rolls out of the ring while Calista Abreu helps her regroup. The Vixens exchange frustrated looks before retreating up the entrance ramp, leaving Street Royalty standing tall to close the opening contest of **AWS Saturday Morning Ignite**.

Dream vs. Agent Carter

Amy Marino: *"The following contest is scheduled for one fall!"*

The arena lights dim as a soft violet glow fills **The Crow's Nest**. Ethereal music echoes through the neon graveyard as **Dream** gracefully steps onto the stage. Calm and composed, she slowly scans the audience before making her way to the ring, acknowledging the fans with a confident smile.

The atmosphere immediately changes.

Military-style drums pound through the sound system as **Agent Carter** marches onto the stage with laser focus. Dressed in tactical-inspired ring gear, she wastes no movement, keeping her eyes locked on her opponent from the moment she appears.

She climbs into the ring and removes her gloves, never taking her eyes off Dream.

The referee checks both competitors before signaling for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

The two circle cautiously before locking up in the center of the ring.

Agent Carter quickly takes control with a side headlock, grinding Dream down before dropping her with a shoulder tackle. Dream bounces back to her feet, ducks a second clothesline, and answers with a beautiful

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arm drag followed by a standing dropkick that sends Carter retreating to the corner.

Benson Bravo:

"Excellent athleticism from Dream right out of the gate."

Carmella George:

"She's one of the smoothest competitors on this roster, but Agent Carter is built for discipline and pressure. Dream can't afford many mistakes."

Carter regains control by catching Dream during a springboard attempt with a thunderous forearm. She follows with a snap suplex and transitions into a grounded chinlock, slowing the pace while forcing Dream to fight from underneath.

The crowd rallies behind Dream.

"Let's go, Dream!"

"Let's go, Dream!"

Dream battles back to her feet, driving elbows into Carter's ribs before escaping with a jawbreaker.

She rebounds off the ropes--

Running crossbody!

ONE!

TWO!

Carter kicks out.

Dream keeps the momentum alive with a spinning heel kick before attempting a bulldog, but Carter shoves her away and responds with a devastating spinebuster.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Dream gets her shoulder up just before three.

Agent Carter grows frustrated.

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She signals for her finishing maneuver and pulls Dream to her feet, attempting a lifting slam.

Dream slips behind.

Roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

Carter escapes.

Both women spring up simultaneously.

Carter swings wildly with a lariat.

Dream ducks underneath.

She hooks Carter's head while spinning through with incredible fluidity.

PEACEFUL DREAM!

The spectacular float-over DDT plants Agent Carter square on the top of her head, leaving her motionless in the center of the ring.

The crowd explodes.

Benson Bravo:

"PEACEFUL DREAM! SHE HIT IT PERFECTLY!"

Dream immediately hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Amy Marino: *"Here is your winner... DREEEEAAAM!"*

Dream slowly rises to her feet as the fans applaud the impressive victory. She offers a respectful nod toward

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Agent Carter, who is still recovering from the devastating DDT.

Benson Bravo:

"What a tremendous performance from Dream! She weathered the relentless offense of Agent Carter and capitalized on one opening with that breathtaking Peaceful Dream."

Carmella George:

"That's the mark of a future star. She stayed patient, never panicked, and when the opportunity presented itself, she ended the match in an instant. Dream just made a huge statement on the very first episode of AWS Ignite."

Dream climbs the turnbuckles, raising her arms as the fans cheer, while Agent Carter sits in the corner, disappointed but respectful of the victory. The camera lingers on Dream's celebration before transitioning to the next segment of **AWS Ignite**.

Karli Rae vs. Olympia Waybright

"Comfortably Numb" fades away as the arena lights dim.

A single spotlight falls upon the entranceway.

A slow, deliberate piano arrangement fills the arena before transitioning into Karli Rae's entrance theme.

The crowd immediately erupts into a chorus of boos.

Out walks **Karli Rae**.

Not in wrestling gear.

Not yet.

She is dressed in a sharply tailored charcoal-gray business suit with a crisp white blouse, polished black heels, and a pair of rectangular reading glasses resting low on her nose. A leather portfolio is tucked neatly beneath one arm as though she's arriving to lecture a classroom rather than compete in a wrestling match.

She pauses at the top of the stage.

Without saying a word, Karli slowly lowers her glasses and peers over them at the audience.

Her expression radiates disappointment.

She shakes her head.

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Almost as if she's grading the intelligence of every person in attendance...

...and nobody is passing.

The boos only grow louder.

Karli casually opens her portfolio and begins pulling out bright yellow **DETENTION SLIPS**.

As she walks toward the ring, she stops repeatedly to hand them to fans seated in the front row.

One reads:

"Excessive Cheering -- Detention."

Another fan receives one reading:

"Failure to Display Proper Respect."

A young fan holding an "I LOVE AWS" sign excitedly reaches for a high-five.

Karli instead slides a detention slip into the child's hand.

"Talking out of turn."

The audience rains boos upon her.

Benson Bravo:

"She's handing out detention slips!"

Carmella George:

"I have never met anyone who enjoys being hated quite as much as Karli Rae."

Benson Bravo:

"She's not even pretending to like these people!"

Karli reaches ringside and circles the ring like an executive inspecting an underperforming department.

She wipes her boots meticulously on the apron before climbing the steel steps.

She enters through the ropes with absolute confidence.

Inside the ring, she removes her glasses with theatrical precision.

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She folds them.

Places them inside her portfolio.

Removes the jacket.

Hands both to the timekeeper without so much as making eye contact.

She stands dead center.

Hands clasped behind her back.

Owning every square inch of the canvas before the bell has even sounded.

Olympia Waybright makes her entrance to a warm ovation.

Unlike Karli's composed arrogance, Olympia is all energy, waving to the crowd and slapping hands as she heads toward the ring.

She slides inside and immediately stares across at her opponent.

Karli simply smirks.

As though she already knows the outcome.

DING! DING!

Olympia wastes no time, charging with a running clothesline.

Karli ducks underneath.

Olympia rebounds--

Arm drag.

Another.

Dropkick.

Karli rolls to the floor to regroup.

The crowd cheers.

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Karli adjusts an imaginary wrinkle in her gear before slowly walking around ringside.

Not rattled.

Merely inconvenienced.

Back inside, Olympia presses the advantage with stiff forearms followed by a beautiful standing dropkick that sends Karli into the corner.

Olympia charges--

Running splash!

Bulldog!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Karli kicks out.

Olympia stays aggressive, landing a snap suplex before climbing to the second rope.

Crossbody...

Karli catches her.

Immediately transitions into a spinning backbreaker.

The momentum shifts instantly.

Karli slows the pace.

Every movement deliberate.

Every strike precise.

European uppercuts.

A snapmare.

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A stiff basement kick to the spine.

She hooks Olympia into a Camel Clutch while talking directly into her ear.

Nobody can hear the words...

But judging by Karli's grin...

They're not compliments.

Carmella George:

"Karli wrestles like she's correcting homework."

Benson Bravo:

"Every move feels calculated."

Olympia battles back.

A jawbreaker creates separation.

Running forearm.

Flying shoulder tackle.

Olympia builds momentum.

A spinning neckbreaker earns another near fall.

ONE!

TWO!

Karli escapes.

Olympia attempts a running knee in the corner--

Karli sidesteps.

Olympia crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Karli smiles.

She slowly brushes imaginary chalk dust from her hands.

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The crowd erupts with boos.

Karli stalks Olympia.

She hooks the wrist.

Looks toward the audience.

Smirks.

She yanks Olympia violently back toward her.

RIPCORD FLATLINER!

Olympia bounces hard off the canvas.

Karli doesn't cover.

Instead...

She calmly stands.

Looks around the arena.

Raises one finger.

As if announcing...

"Class isn't over."

Olympia slowly crawls toward her knees.

Karli grabs the wrist once more.

Violently rips her forward.

REVOLUTION KNEE!

The ripcord knee strike lands flush across Olympia's jaw.

Olympia collapses instantly.

Karli casually brushes her hair back before dropping into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Amy Marino:

"Here is your winner... KARLI RAE!"

Karli slowly rises without any visible celebration.

No excitement.

No relief.

Only expectation.

As though victory was inevitable.

She kneels beside Olympia's motionless body.

Pulls one final detention slip from her gear.

Places it neatly on Olympia's chest.

It reads:

"Failure to Meet Expectations."

The crowd unleashes deafening boos.

Karli retrieves her suit jacket and reading glasses from ringside.

She carefully puts the glasses back on.

Looks across the audience through the lenses with unmistakable contempt.

Then straightens her jacket.

Adjusts her cuffs.

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Raises one finger to silence the fans.

The arena only grows louder.

Karli offers a smug, self-satisfied smile before turning on her heel and exiting without another glance behind her, leaving the ring exactly as she entered it--with the unmistakable aura of someone who believes it belongs to her alone.

Benson Bravo:

"Karli Rae didn't just win this match--she treated it like a lecture hall and everyone else like students who couldn't keep up."

Carmella George:

"Love her or hate her, Benson, Karli Rae carries herself like she owns the building. Tonight, she backed every ounce of that arrogance up with a decisive victory."

Wrath © vs. Desiree Forte vs. Amanda Macleod

Amy Marino: *"The following contest is a Triple Jeopardy Match scheduled for one fall...and it is for the AWS Women's Television Championship!"*

The crowd roars as the champion emerges first.

Wrath walks through the curtain with the title draped over her shoulder, her expression completely devoid of emotion. Every deliberate step toward the ring feels predatory. She never acknowledges the fans, never glances at the championship around her waist. Her only focus is the violence waiting inside the ropes.

Desiree Forte follows to an ovation, slapping hands with the crowd before confidently pointing toward the championship.

Amanda Macleod is the final entrant, receiving a respectful reception. Calm, composed, and technically gifted, she studies both opponents before stepping into the ring.

The referee raises the championship.

DING! DING! DING!

Immediately, Desiree and Amanda realize the obvious threat.

Both women charge Wrath simultaneously.

Forearms fly from opposite sides.

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Wrath barely budes.

Amanda fires a European uppercut.

Desiree follows with a running knee.

Wrath stumbles backward before exploding forward with a double clothesline that folds both challengers inside out.

Benson Bravo:

"Good Lord! She just flattened both challengers!"

Wrath hauls Amanda up by the wrist and launches her across the ring with a thunderous release German suplex.

Desiree springboards from the second rope--

MISSILE DROPKICK!

The impact finally knocks Wrath through the ropes to the floor.

The crowd erupts.

Desiree immediately transitions into offense.

Running blockbuster to Amanda.

Standing moonsault.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Amanda kicks out.

Amanda answers with stiff kicks to Desiree's legs before locking in a dragon screw and transitioning beautifully into a single-leg Boston Crab.

Desiree claws toward the ropes--

Before Wrath storms back inside.

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She grabs Amanda around the waist.

Deadlift German suplex.

Amanda lands hard on her shoulders.

Without missing a beat, Wrath catches Desiree attempting another aerial attack.

POWERSLAM!

The ring shakes.

The champion slows the pace.

Every strike becomes more deliberate.

Every elbow lands with sickening force.

Amanda rallies with blistering forearms before connecting with a spinning heel kick.

Wrath finally drops to one knee.

Amanda sees her opening.

Running bicycle knee!

Desiree follows immediately.

Flying crossbody!

Wrath is finally down.

The crowd explodes.

Amanda and Desiree exchange looks.

Then fists.

The alliance is over.

Amanda scores with snap suplexes before locking in a Fujiwara armbar.

Desiree escapes and answers with a tornado DDT.

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ONE!

TWO!

Wrath drags Desiree off the cover by her ankle.

The champion hurls Desiree headfirst into the turnbuckles.

Amanda charges--

Wrath catches her.

Black Hole Slam.

No cover.

Wrath wants punishment.

Amanda somehow fights back.

Three forearms.

A spinning elbow.

A superkick.

Wrath finally staggers.

Amanda climbs.

Top rope missile dropkick!

The champion crashes backward.

Amanda crawls toward the cover.

Desiree flies from nowhere.

450 Splash!

Onto both women.

The fans leap to their feet.

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ONE!

TWO!

Wrath powers out with authority.

All three women slowly rise.

Forearms.

Headbutts.

Elbows.

Nobody gives an inch.

Wrath suddenly explodes.

She drives Desiree into the corner with a running avalanche before turning directly into Amanda.

Amanda throws one last desperate punch.

Wrath absorbs it.

Then...

A devastating short-arm lariat.

Amanda flips inside out.

The arena gasps.

Amanda somehow attempts to stand again.

Wrath grips her around the waist.

She lifts.

Release German Suplex.

Amanda lands awkwardly on the back of her head.

She doesn't move.

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The referee immediately checks her.

Amanda's eyes are glazed over.

Benson Bravo:

"Amanda Macleod may be unconscious!"

Wrath isn't finished.

She drags Amanda into the center of the ring.

Grabs both arms.

Twists.

Then wrenches backward into a vicious crossface.

Amanda's limp body offers almost no resistance.

Wrath pulls harder.

The referee desperately checks Amanda.

No response.

He raises Amanda's arm.

It falls.

Raises it again.

It falls.

One final time.

Nothing.

DING! DING! DING!

Amy Marino:

"Here is your winner...and STILL AWS Women's Television Champion...WRATH!"

The official tries to separate the champion from Amanda.

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Wrath refuses.

She continues cranking the crossface even after the bell.

Boos rain down throughout The Crow's Nest.

Officials rush toward the ring.

Before they can reach her--

Desiree Forte dives onto Wrath, trying to save Amanda.

Wrath releases Amanda...

...only to snatch Desiree by the wrist.

She spins behind her.

Hooks the arm.

Drops to the canvas.

Crossface!

Desiree screams in agony as Wrath viciously torques her head and shoulder backward.

Carmella George:

"No! This match is over! Somebody stop this!"

Officials pile into the ring.

Wrath refuses to let go.

Security joins the effort.

Finally, after nearly a full minute of chaos, Wrath releases the hold under her own terms--not because anyone forced her to.

She rises slowly to her feet, expression unchanged.

Amy Marino carefully hands her the AWS Women's Television Championship.

Wrath raises the title high above her head while Amanda Macleod remains unconscious and Desiree Forte

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clutches her shoulder in agony.

Benson Bravo:

"Wrath didn't just retain tonight...she sent a message to the entire AWS women's locker room. The championship belongs to a woman who doesn't simply beat her opponents...she breaks them."

With the crowd showering her in boos, Wrath drapes the championship over her shoulder and exits the ring without looking back, leaving medical personnel to tend to both challengers as **AWS Ignite** heads to a commercial break.

Astra Mortis © vs. Necra Octavian Kane

The lights inside **The Crow's Nest** dim until only the glow of the surrounding neon graveyard remains.

Purple and crimson spotlights sweep across the crowd as **Amy Marino** stands in the center of the ring.

Amy Marino:

"The following contest is tonight's MAIN EVENT...and it is scheduled for one fall!"

The capacity crowd roars.

Champion Arrives

A haunting orchestral score fills the arena.

Smoke rolls across the entrance stage as the **AWS Women's World Championship** glistens around the waist of **Astra Mortis**.

The champion walks with unwavering confidence.

Her eyes never leave the ring.

Never acknowledge the fans.

Never betray emotion.

She ascends the steel steps before stepping through the ropes with deliberate purpose.

Removing the championship from around her waist, Astra raises it high overhead to a thunderous ovation.

Though the title is **not** on the line...

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Its presence alone reminds everyone exactly who stands before them.

The Unknown Appears

The music dies.

Silence.

One second.

Two.

Three.

Then--

Every light in the arena goes black.

The neon signs scattered throughout the graveyard flicker violently.

The air seems unnaturally cold.

A distorted metallic hum echoes through the public address system.

When a lone spotlight finally appears...

Necra Octavian Kane is already standing halfway down the entrance ramp.

No music.

No theatrics.

Simply...

There.

The crowd murmurs nervously.

Necra slowly walks toward the ring, head lowered beneath a weathered black hood.

Every step measured.

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Every movement unsettling.

She climbs onto the apron without taking her eyes off Astra.

The champion doesn't blink.

The challenger doesn't either.

DING! DING!

The arena explodes.

Neither woman rushes.

Instead, they slowly circle.

Like apex predators.

Astra strikes first with a crushing forearm.

Necra answers immediately with one of her own.

Neither gives an inch.

Another forearm.

Another.

Another.

The exchange becomes a brutal test of endurance until Astra finally rocks Necra with a devastating spinning back elbow.

The crowd erupts.

Necra fires back with heavy knife-edge chops.

Astra responds with a vicious knee to the ribs.

German Suplex.

Necra lands awkwardly but somehow rolls through to her feet.

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Running lariat.

Both women collapse.

Benson Bravo:

"This doesn't feel like a wrestling match anymore!"

Carmella George:

"This feels personal...and I don't even know why!"

Back on their feet...

Astra begins imposing her will.

Exploder Suplex.

Running boot.

Short-arm clothesline.

Every strike lands with frightening authority.

She hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Necra barely survives.

The champion remains relentless.

She traps Necra against the ropes.

Heavy body shots.

A spinning elbow.

Another.

Another.

Necra can barely defend herself.

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Astra hoists her onto the top turnbuckle.

Superplex...

NO!

Necra elbows free.

Astra stumbles backward.

Necra dives--

Flying clothesline!

Both competitors crash violently into the canvas.

The crowd chants:

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Necra begins showing signs of life.

She lands a release fisherman suplex.

A running bicycle knee.

A snap powerslam.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Astra kicks out with authority.

Frustration begins creeping across Necra's face.

She pulls Astra upward.

Attempts another neckbreaker--

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Blocked.

Astra counters beautifully into a Uranage.

Both women remain down.

Minutes later...

Bruised.

Bloodied from split lips.

Breathing heavily.

Neither woman has much left.

Astra rises first.

She signals for her finishing sequence.

The audience rises to its feet.

She charges--

Necra ducks.

Backslide attempt--

No.

Astra escapes.

Big boot--

Necra barely avoids disaster.

The champion swings again.

Necra blocks.

Forearm.

Astra answers.

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Forearm.

Another.

Another.

The exchange grows increasingly desperate until Astra rocks Necra with an earth-shaking headbutt.

Necra stumbles backward into the ropes.

Barely standing.

The champion charges in for the kill.

Necra instinctively ducks beneath the attack.

Hooks Astra around the throat.

Almost on pure survival instinct--

CROOK & FLAIL!

The devastating **Cutthroat Neckbreaker** plants Astra Mortis violently into the canvas.

Neither woman moves.

The crowd gasps.

Necra slowly crawls.

One arm draped across the champion.

ONE!

...

TWO!!

...

THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

The audience erupts into absolute disbelief.

Amy Marino:

"Here is your winner... NEC...RA... OCTAVIAN... KANE!"

The commentators are nearly speechless.

Benson Bravo:

"She did it! She actually did it! The Women's World Champion has just been pinned!"

Carmella George:

"Necra didn't win because she dominated..."

"She survived."

"That finishing move wasn't planned--it was desperation."

"Pure instinct."

Necra slowly sits up.

Exhausted.

Barely able to stand.

Across the ring...

Astra Mortis begins stirring.

Their eyes meet.

Neither speaks.

Neither celebrates.

Neither attacks.

The arena suddenly falls eerily quiet.

Then--

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CLICK.

Every light inside **The Crow's Nest** goes out.

Complete darkness.

The fans scream in surprise.

Only the distant glow of the abandoned neon signs remains visible beyond the arena.

Five long seconds pass.

Six.

Seven.

Then--

The lights snap back on.

The ring is empty.

The referee stands frozen, looking from corner to corner in utter confusion.

Astra Mortis...

Gone.

Necra Octavian Kane...

Gone.

The crowd buzzes with nervous disbelief as cameras search ringside, the entranceway, and the surrounding venue.

Nothing.

No sign of either woman.

Benson Bravo: *"...Where did they go?"*

Carmella George: *"I've covered this sport for years...and I've never seen anything like this."*

Ignite: #1

The camera slowly pulls back, revealing the ring sitting alone beneath the flickering glow of the neon graveyard.

One weathered sign crackles to life behind the arena before fading once more into darkness.

The broadcast ends not with music...

...but with silence.

FADE TO BLACK.

Show Credits

Segment: "Let's Ignite!" - Written by Feigel.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite