

Monday Night Ward: #366

August 10, 2026 | Crypto.com Arena - Los Angeles, California

AWS Ignite #1 Post-Mortem: Astra Mortis © vs. Necra Octavian Kane

Exclusive Footage

The AWS logo briefly flashes across the screen before static distorts the picture.

"The following footage was captured after AWS Ignite went off the air."

The camera feed is shaky.

Clearly handheld.

Somewhere deep beneath **The Crow's Nest**.

Emergency lights cast an eerie crimson glow through the concrete corridors.

There isn't a word spoken.

Only the echo of slow footsteps.

The camera rounds a corner.

A procession of nearly a dozen **hooded druids**, their faces concealed beneath black cloaks, carry the limp bodies of **AWS Women's World Champion Astra Mortis** and **Necra Octavian Kane**.

Neither woman appears conscious.

Their arms hang motionless.

Their boots scrape the concrete floor.

The druids move with silent purpose toward an open loading dock leading into the arena's parking area.

Outside...

Two immaculate **black Rolls-Royce hearses** idle side by side.

Their polished bodies reflect the flickering neon lights of the Las Vegas graveyard.

Monday Night Ward: #366

The rear doors on both hearses slowly swing open.

The druids approach.

Just as they reach the vehicles...

Necra's eyes snap open.

A heartbeat later...

Astra's eyes open as well.

The druids freeze.

The silence becomes suffocating.

One hooded figure cautiously reaches toward Necra--

CRACK!

Necra explodes upward with a brutal elbow strike that drops the druid instantly.

At the exact same moment...

Astra surges to her feet and drives another druid headfirst into the side of one of the hearses with a thunderous impact.

Chaos erupts.

The druids swarm.

Necra catches one by the throat and launches them over her shoulder onto the concrete.

Another charges from behind.

She spins and levels them with a crushing clothesline.

Across the lot, Astra dismantles three attackers in rapid succession.

A thunderous boot to the chest.

A spine-jarring suplex onto the asphalt.

Monday Night Ward: #366

A devastating forearm that sends another hooded figure crashing into a stack of production crates.

The remaining druids hesitate.

For only a moment.

Then they rush both women again.

It proves to be a mistake.

Necra and Astra, moments ago locked in a war inside the ring, now fight with an almost uncanny synchronicity.

Without exchanging so much as a glance, they cover each other's blind spots.

One druid lunges at Astra.

Necra intercepts with a violent strike.

Another attempts to grab Necra from behind.

Astra cuts them down with a running knee.

Within moments...

The parking area falls silent once again.

The druids lie scattered across the pavement.

Breathing.

But thoroughly defeated.

Necra grabs one unconscious druid by the ankle and drags them toward the first hearse.

Without ceremony, she tosses the body inside.

Astra follows suit, lifting another druid and depositing them into the second hearse.

One after another...

The cloaked figures are loaded into the backs of the luxury hearses until both vehicles are completely full.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Necra slams one set of rear doors shut.

THUD!

Astra closes the other.

BANG!

Without a driver ever being shown...

Both hearses pull away from the loading dock.

Their taillights disappear into the Nevada night, swallowed by the glow of the surrounding neon graveyard.

For a brief moment...

Everything is still.

Necra and Astra stand several feet apart.

The only sounds are the distant hum of neon signs and the cooling engines of production trucks.

Their eyes lock.

No smiles.

No words.

No acknowledgment of the alliance that existed only moments earlier.

It is over.

In an instant, Astra charges.

Necra meets her halfway.

They collide with a deafening forearm exchange that echoes through the parking lot.

The fight spills into the backstage corridors.

Security personnel wisely scatter.

Equipment cases are shoved aside.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Road crates overturn.

Necra sends Astra crashing into a production table.

Astra retaliates by driving Necra through a stack of empty folding chairs.

The brawl surges through the loading dock, around lighting rigs, past camera operators, and back toward the arena floor.

Neither woman can gain a lasting advantage.

Neither seems willing to stop.

The final shot is captured from high above the entrance stage as Astra and Necra disappear into the maze of the venue, still exchanging heavy strikes beneath the flickering neon glow.

Their battle continues even as the cameras can no longer keep up.

The screen slowly fades to black.

AWS IGNITE appears one final time.

Then...

It's time for WARD!!!

Intro to the Asylum

[BLACK SCREEN]

For several seconds, there is nothing.

No music.

No commentary.

Just the faint sound of a distant heartbeat.

THUMP.

THUMP.

THUMP.

Suddenly--

A SCREAM.

The screen violently flickers to life.

ASYLUM WRESTLING SOCIETY

The AWS logo flashes across the screen in a burst of static and crimson light.

? "**Asylum**" -- **Disturbed** begins pounding through the arena.

[CAMERA -- WIDE ESTABLISHING SHOT]

The massive interior of **Crypto.com Arena** comes alive.

Thousands upon thousands of fans are packed into the building, many holding handmade signs, championship replicas and AWS merchandise.

The camera sweeps across the enormous crowd.

LOS ANGELES.

The infamous AWS entrance stage dominates one end of the arena.

But this isn't an ordinary wrestling entrance.

It's an **INSANE ASYLUM.**

Rusting iron bars form the framework of the entrance tunnel.

Flickering fluorescent lights hang crookedly overhead.

A massive electronic screen resembles a cracked observation window.

Behind it, silhouettes of **asylum patients** appear to be moving.

Monday Night Ward: #366

A giant steel door sits at the center of the stage.

PADLOCKED.

CHAINED.

BOLTED SHUT.

A red warning light spins above it.

? ASYLUM -- AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY ?

The crowd ROARS.

[CAMERA -- CROWD SWEEP]

The camera dives toward ringside.

Fans leap to their feet.

"WARD! WARD! WARD! WARD!"

The chant begins in one section.

Then another.

Then another.

Until the entire arena is shaking.

WARD!

WARD!

WARD!

[CAMERA -- RINGSIDE]

The shot glides past the ring.

Monday Night Ward: #366

The AWS ring sits beneath the arena lights, surrounded by barricades and a sea of screaming fans.

The camera continues its journey around the building.

Upper deck.

Lower bowl.

Ringside.

Hard camera.

Back to the entrance.

Then--

WHIP PAN.

? THE BROADCAST BOOTH

The camera settles on the **left side of the insane asylum-themed entrance set.**

Behind the broadcast team, the asylum doors flicker ominously.

Sitting behind the desk are:

Ginnifer "Gidget" Stephenson, AWS play-by-play commentator.

Beside her is **Todd Winchester**, color commentator.

A few feet away stands **Amy Marino**, microphone in hand, ready to introduce the night's competitors.

And nearby, leaning against the railing with his headset already on, is backstage interviewer **Casper Brooks**.

The camera pushes in on Gidget.

She smiles.

Then looks directly into the camera.

GIDGET STEPHENSON

"Los Angeles..."

The crowd ERUPTS.

Gidget waits.

"WELCOME... TO THE ASYLUM!"

BOOOOOOM!

Pyro erupts from the entrance stage.

Todd Winchester laughs beside her.

TODD WINCHESTER

"Gidget, I don't think there's any question about it anymore. We've officially arrived in Los Angeles--and judging by the noise inside Crypto.com Arena, these people have absolutely lost their minds!"

GIDGET

"And that's exactly how we like them, Todd!"

The camera cuts away.

[CAMERA -- CROWD]

A fan is screaming into the camera.

Another fan holds a sign reading:

WELCOME TO THE ASYLUM, LA!

Another:

VASTRIX IS NEXT!

Another:

Monday Night Ward: #366

KARLI RAE != READY!

The camera sweeps across thousands of faces.

[BACK TO BOOTH]

Gidget leans forward.

GIDGET

*"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to **Asylum Wrestling Society Monday Night Ward #366**, LIVE from the world-famous **Crypto.com Arena in Los Angeles, California!**"*

The crowd erupts again.

GIDGET

"I'm Ginnifer 'Gidget' Stephenson alongside the man who somehow continues to survive sitting next to me--Todd Winchester!"

Todd raises his eyebrows.

TODD

"I have a very complicated contract."

Gidget laughs.

TODD

"But she's right about one thing. Tonight is going to be absolute insanity."

His expression becomes serious.

TODD

"Because Monday Night Ward isn't coming to Los Angeles to put on a nice little exhibition."

Monday Night Ward: #366

He points toward the ring.

TODD

"We're here for fights."

POP!

TODD

"We're here for championships."

LOUDER POP!

TODD

"And we're here for consequences."

The crowd explodes.

[CAMERA -- RING]

The shot slowly circles the ring.

The AWS logo sits proudly in the center.

The lights pulse with the rhythm of **"Asylum."**

[CAMERA -- AMY MARINO]

Amy stands beside the entrance tunnel.

She looks toward the camera and gives a confident smile.

AMY MARINO

"And when these competitors step through those doors tonight, they aren't walking into an arena..."

Monday Night Ward: #366

She looks over her shoulder at the massive asylum entrance.

AMY

*"They're walking into **the Asylum**."*

[CAMERA -- CASPER BROOKS]

Casper Brooks steps into frame.

The rugged former Navy SEAL turned AWS backstage interviewer looks toward the camera.

CASPER BROOKS

"And I've spent the last hour backstage talking to people who are about to compete tonight."

Beat.

CASPER

"Some of them are confident."

Beat.

"Some of them are angry."

Another beat.

"And a few..."

He looks toward the entrance.

CASPER

"A few of them look like they genuinely don't know what they've gotten themselves into."

[CAMERA -- CROWD]

Monday Night Ward: #366

The crowd begins another chant.

"AWS! AWS! AWS!"

[BACK TO GIDGET & TODD]

Gidget looks directly into the camera.

GIDGET

"So buckle up, Los Angeles."

Todd grins.

TODD

"Because the asylum doors are open."

Gidget points toward the entrance.

GIDGET

"The inmates are running the building..."

Todd finishes:

TODD

"And nobody is getting out clean."

BOOOOOOOOOOOM!

A massive pyro blast erupts from the asylum entrance.

The crowd comes UNGLUED.

The camera pulls back to reveal the entire insane asylum-themed stage, the packed Crypto.com Arena and the AWS ring.

Monday Night Ward: #366

The AWS logo flashes across the screen.

AWS -- MONDAY NIGHT WARD #366

LIVE FROM LOS ANGELES

The music hits its final thunderous beat.

CUT TO BLACK.

Then--

? GIDGET STEPHENSON

"LET'S GET WARD STARTED!"

SMASH CUT TO THE LIVE SHOW.

Damien Kostich vs Jamal Payne

Location: Outside the Arena -- Parking Lot

The cameras cut away from the brightly lit interior of the arena.

For a moment, the screen is completely black.

Then comes the sound of **fire**.

WHOOSH.

The camera fades in.

Outside the arena, the AWS production trucks and loading docks have been transformed into something completely unrecognizable.

A huge **circular ring of fire** burns in the middle of the parking lot.

There are no traditional ring ropes.

No turnbuckles.

Monday Night Ward: #366

No canvas-covered wrestling ring.

Just a circular fighting area surrounded by flames.

Fans have been packed behind barricades several feet away, their faces illuminated by the orange glow. Security personnel line the perimeter while AWS officials keep everyone safely outside the fighting area.

At ringside, the referee stands with a microphone.

REFEREE

*"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a **Taipei Death Match!**"*

The crowd erupts.

REFEREE

"The competitors' fists have been wrapped in tape, dipped in adhesive, and coated with broken glass!"

A reaction of shock rolls through the crowd.

The camera briefly focuses on the fighters' hands.

Both Damien Kostich and Jamal Payne are already wearing heavily taped fists, the surfaces deliberately prepared for the brutal confrontation.

REFEREE

"There is only ONE way to win this match!"

He points toward the burning circle.

REFEREE

"Your opponent must be unable to answer my ten-count!"

BOOOOOOOOOM!

A burst of flame shoots upward around the perimeter.

DAMNED AND DETERMINED

A dark entrance theme begins playing through the outdoor sound system.

Damien Kostich emerges from behind the production trucks.

He isn't alone.

Walking beside him is his wife, **Eliška Kostich**.

Damien's expression is cold and focused.

Eliška doesn't say a word.

She simply looks toward the ring of fire.

Then toward Jamal Payne.

Damien slowly rolls his shoulders.

Eliška gives him one final look.

ELIŠKA KOSTICH

"Finish it."

Damien nods.

The couple begins walking toward the burning circle.

The fans rain down a mixture of cheers and boos.

Damien reaches the edge of the fire.

He stops.

Looks at the flames.

Then steps through the opening.

Eliška remains outside the fighting area, standing behind the barricade and watching her husband closely.

JAMAL PAYNE

Jamal Payne's music hits.

The parking lot erupts.

Jamal storms toward the fighting area, staring directly at Damien.

He doesn't hesitate.

He steps through the opening in the fire.

The referee checks both men.

REFEREE

"You understand the rules?"

Both men nod.

REFEREE

"Protect yourselves at all times."

Jamal stares at Damien.

Damien stares back.

REFEREE

"When I call for the bell..."

He backs away.

REFEREE

"FIGHT!"

THE BELL RINGS.

? THE FIGHT BEGINS

Neither man moves.

For several seconds, they simply stare at each other while flames roar around them.

Then Jamal steps forward.

CRACK!

A taped fist connects with Damien's jaw.

Damien staggers backward.

Jamal follows with another punch.

CRACK!

Damien drops to one knee.

The crowd explodes.

REFEREE

"ONE!"

Damien looks up.

Jamal charges.

Damien suddenly rises and catches him with a devastating punch of his own.

CRACK!

Jamal stumbles backward.

Damien advances.

Another punch.

Another.

Jamal retreats toward the edge of the fiery circle.

GIDGET STEPHENSON

"These two men aren't wrestling anymore, Todd! They're trying to knock each other unconscious!"

TODD WINCHESTER

"That's the entire point of the Taipei Death Match! There are no pinfalls! There are no submissions! There is no escape hatch!"

Damien grabs Jamal by the shoulders.

CRACK!

Jamal fires back.

CRACK!

Damien answers.

CRACK!

The crowd is screaming with every strike.

THE FIRE GETS CLOSER

Jamal gains momentum.

He backs Damien toward the flames.

Damien tries to escape.

Jamal lands another brutal strike.

Damien nearly falls into the fire.

Eliška immediately jumps to her feet.

ELIŠKA

"DAMIAN!"

Damien catches himself.

Jamal charges.

Damien sidesteps.

Jamal barely avoids the flames.

Damien grabs him from behind.

CRACK!

Jamal collapses.

The referee begins counting.

REFEREE

"ONE!"

Jamal rolls onto his side.

REFEREE

"TWO!"

He pushes himself onto one elbow.

REFEREE

"THREE!"

Jamal gets one knee underneath him.

REFEREE

"FOUR!"

Jamal rises.

FIVE!

He gets to his feet.

The crowd cheers.

Damien doesn't wait.

He attacks again.

? THE FINAL EXCHANGE

The two men are exhausted.

Neither is willing to back down.

Jamal swings.

Damien ducks.

Jamal swings again.

Damien blocks.

Damien answers with a crushing strike that sends Jamal stumbling across the parking lot surface.

Jamal drops to both knees.

Damien stands over him.

Eliška watches from outside the circle.

Damien looks at her.

She gives him a single nod.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Damien turns back toward Jamal.

Jamal tries to stand.

He makes it halfway up.

Damien lands one final devastating blow.

Jamal collapses.

The crowd erupts.

GIDGET

"PAYNE IS DOWN!"

The referee immediately steps between them.

REFEREE

"ONE!"

Jamal doesn't move.

REFEREE

"TWO!"

His fingers twitch.

REFEREE

"THREE!"

Damien backs away.

REFEREE

Monday Night Ward: #366

"FOUR!"

Jamal rolls onto his back.

REFEREE

"FIVE!"

He tries to sit up.

Nothing.

REFEREE

"SIX!"

Jamal reaches toward the ground.

REFEREE

"SEVEN!"

The crowd is counting along.

"EIGHT!"

Jamal gets one knee underneath him.

"NINE!"

Jamal desperately tries to stand.

His legs buckle.

He falls back to the pavement.

REFEREE

"TEN!"

THE BELL RINGS.

? DAMIEN KOSTICH WINS

The crowd erupts as the referee points toward Damien.

REFEREE

"THE WINNER OF THE TAIPEI DEATH MATCH..."

Damien slowly raises his arms.

REFEREE

"DAMIEEEEN KOSTICH!"

The flames continue roaring around him.

Eliška walks toward the barricade.

Damien approaches her.

The two exchange a look.

Eliška reaches through the barricade and grabs his hand.

Damien raises their joined hands toward the sky.

Behind them, Jamal Payne remains down as AWS medical personnel rush toward the fighting area.

The camera pulls back.

The burning circle surrounds Damien and Eliška like a ring of fire.

GIDGET STEPHENSON

"Damien Kostich has survived the Taipei Death Match!"

Monday Night Ward: #366

TODD WINCHESTER

"Jamal Payne simply could not answer the ten-count! And that's all it takes in a match like this!"

The camera slowly rises above the parking lot.

The fire illuminates the entire AWS production area.

Damien stands beside Eliška in the center of the flames.

CUT TO BLACK.

Mixie vs. Karli Rae

The bell rings.

Neither woman immediately rushes forward.

Mixie circles to her left, keeping her hands low and her stance deliberately awkward. **Karli Rae** mirrors her from the opposite direction, bouncing lightly on the balls of her feet.

The crowd begins to buzz.

Then Mixie suddenly lunges.

Karli ducks underneath a wild forearm and spins behind her.

Mixie turns--

THWACK!

Karli catches her with a sharp kick to the thigh.

Mixie barely reacts.

She grins.

Karli's expression changes.

GIDGET STEPHENSON

Monday Night Ward: #366

"These two are not interested in having a conventional wrestling match!"

TODD WINCHESTER

"Conventional isn't in either woman's vocabulary, Gidget. Watch the way they move--there's absolutely no rhythm to it!"

Mixie suddenly drops flat onto her stomach.

Karli leaps over her.

Mixie pops back up and catches Karli with a spinning headscissors that sends Karli rolling across the canvas.

Karli immediately kips up.

POP!

Mixie applauds sarcastically.

Karli responds with a mocking bow.

The crowd loves it.

? UNORTHODOX CHAOS

The match quickly turns into a bizarre combination of improvisation, counters and unconventional offense.

Mixie uses the ropes almost like a jungle gym, springing off the middle rope and twisting sideways into a flying forearm.

Karli answers by grabbing Mixie's arm during the landing and using the momentum to launch her into a **rolling crucifix pin**.

ONE!

TWO!

Mixie escapes.

Karli doesn't even stay on her feet.

Monday Night Ward: #366

She rolls backward, plants both hands on the mat and kicks upward, catching Mixie beneath the chin.

Mixie stumbles backward.

Karli charges.

Mixie drops to the floor.

Karli leaps over her.

Mixie grabs Karli's ankle.

Karli spins.

Mixie ducks.

Karli jumps.

Both women narrowly avoid each other's attacks.

GIDGET

"I don't know whether to call this a wrestling match or an elaborate game of human chess!"

TODD

"Whatever it is, somebody forgot to give these two the rulebook!"

? MIXIE TAKES CONTROL

Mixie begins finding openings.

She catches Karli with a series of bizarre strikes from unexpected angles before sending her into the corner.

Mixie charges.

Karli moves.

Mixie plants one foot on the second turnbuckle, rebounds backward and twists through the air--

Monday Night Ward: #366

CRASH!

She catches Karli with a spectacular spinning elbow.

Karli collapses.

Mixie immediately hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Karli kicks out.

Mixie shakes her head.

She drags Karli up.

Karli suddenly grabs Mixie's wrist and pulls her forward.

Mixie ducks.

Karli swings.

Mixie ducks again.

Karli spins--

SMACK!

Mixie catches her with a spinning back kick.

Karli drops to one knee.

Mixie goes for another strike.

Karli catches her leg.

She smiles.

Then sweeps Mixie's other leg.

Mixie crashes onto her back.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Karli immediately springs off the ropes.

SPLASH!

ONE!

TWO!

Mixie kicks out!

? THE REVOLUTION

Both women slowly rise.

Karli suddenly catches Mixie's wrist.

She **ripcords** her opponent toward her.

Mixie spins directly into Karli's attack.

GIDGET

"REVOLUTION KNEE!"

BOOM!

Karli's **Revolution Knee -- a devastating ripcord knee strike --** connects flush.

Mixie crumples.

The arena erupts.

Karli looks toward the crowd.

She knows she's got her.

TODD

"That's it! Mixie may be finished!"

Monday Night Ward: #366

Karli climbs to the top rope.

The crowd realizes what she's attempting.

GIDGET

"Karli Rae is going upstairs!"

Karli stands.

She looks down at Mixie.

Then launches.

GIDGET

"SHOOTING STAR PRESS!"

Karli rotates through the air--

--but the rotation is **not clean**.

Her body twists awkwardly.

For one horrifying instant, it looks like she's going to land dangerously.

Karli manages to correct herself at the last possible moment.

THUD!

She crashes onto Mixie.

The crowd gasps.

Karli rolls away clutching her ribs.

TODD

"OH MY GOD! That could have gone catastrophically wrong!"

Monday Night Ward: #366

Karli is hurt.

But she knows she connected.

She drags herself back toward Mixie.

She throws an arm across her opponent.

ONE!

TWO!

? MIXIE STEALS IT!

Mixie suddenly kicks out!

Karli can't believe it.

Both women struggle back to their feet.

Karli grabs Mixie.

Mixie counters.

Karli swings.

Mixie ducks.

Karli turns--

Mixie catches her.

The two women stumble toward the ropes.

Karli attempts another strike.

Mixie suddenly rolls her up!

ONE!

TWO!

Monday Night Ward: #366

Karli kicks out!

Both women scramble up.

Karli charges.

Mixie ducks underneath.

Karli turns around--

Mixie grabs her.

They tumble backward.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings.

The crowd erupts.

But something is wrong.

The referee looks confused.

Karli immediately kicks out and jumps to her feet.

KARLI RAE

"WHAT?! NO!"

The referee points toward Mixie.

Then notices something.

Mixie's hand is still clutching a **fistful of Karli's tights**.

GIDGET

Monday Night Ward: #366

"WAIT A MINUTE!"

The camera zooms in.

Mixie's hand is unmistakably gripping the back of Karli's tights.

GIDGET

"MIXIE HAD A HANDFUL OF TIGHTS!"

TODD

"She absolutely stole that one! Karli had her dead to rights after the Revolution Knee and that nearly disastrous Shooting Star Press!"

Karli is furious.

She gets in the referee's face.

KARLI

"SHE CHEATED!"

The referee insists that he counted three.

Mixie has already rolled toward the ropes.

She slips underneath them and backs up the entrance ramp, grinning from ear to ear.

Karli turns toward her.

Mixie raises both hands innocently.

Then she gives Karli a mocking little wave.

Karli looks ready to explode.

RING ANNOUNCER -- AMY MARINO

Monday Night Ward: #366

*"Here is your winner... **MIXIE!**"*

The crowd reacts with a mixture of cheers and boos.

Karli stands in the ring, furious.

Mixie continues retreating up the ramp.

GIDGET

"Karli Rae had this match won!"

TODD

"Revolution Knee, followed by that Shooting Star Press that almost ended in disaster--and somehow Mixie survives!"

Gidget watches Mixie disappear backstage.

GIDGET

"Not because she was better..."

She looks back toward Karli.

GIDGET

"But because she was just a little more devious."

Karli glares toward the entrance.

Mixie's laughter can faintly be heard through the arena speakers.

CUT TO COMMERCIAL.

Adam Stryker's challenge

The camera cuts backstage. Adam Stryker is standing in front of a wall somewhere in the production area,

Monday Night Ward: #366

dressed in jeans and a leather jacket over a black t-shirt. The Interstate title rests on his shoulder. He's immediately looking straight at the camera.

Adam Stryker: "So things got a little... heated, right? The last time?"

He smirks.

Adam Stryker: "It reminded me of my first match in AWS, actually. I faced Wild Willey, if you guys still remember that name, and we fought to a double countout. Unfortunately, that never lead to anything, as he quickly left the company. Well... I don't want that happening a second time."

He nods and adjusts the title on his shoulder.

Adam Stryker: "Because The Last Standard is not a man that leaves business unfinished. So, Drake Nygma... I'm laying out the challenge. You and me. Ward 367. No Holds Barred this time. And if you wanna make it even more fun?"

Adam pats the championship.

Adam Stryker: "Let's put this beauty on the line."

He walks away as we cut back to ringside.

World Elite vs. Hard Mode vs. Schoner Twins

Absolutely -- I'd make this a **fast, chaotic three-team collision**, with all six women getting distinctive stretches before Hard Mode's Double-Edge Drop becomes the deciding weapon. ?

? AWS Women's World Tag Team Championship #1 Contendership

World Elite vs. Hard Mode vs. Schoner Twins

Amanda Macleod & Lindsey Flare vs. Riley Rune & Mia Nygma vs. Claire & Chloe Schoner

The bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

All six women explode into action.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Amanda Macleod immediately goes after Riley Rune while Lindsey Flare and Mia Nygma collide on the opposite side of the ring. Claire and Chloe Schoner stay together, watching for an opening before suddenly diving into the fray.

GIDGET STEPHENSON

"Six women! Three teams! And only ONE team will leave tonight as the number-one contenders for the AWS Women's World Tag Team Championships!"

TODD WINCHESTER

"And don't expect traditional tag-team wrestling tonight, Gidget. There are too many moving pieces and far too much at stake!"

? EVERYONE FOR THEMSELVES

Amanda catches Riley with a deep arm drag.

Riley rolls through it and immediately kips back to her feet.

Amanda charges again.

RILEY COUNTERS WITH A SPINNING BACK ELBOW!

Lindsey Flare comes flying in--

Mia Nygma catches her with a dropkick!

Claire Schoner rushes Mia.

Mia ducks.

Claire goes sailing through the ropes.

Chloe immediately follows with a **springboard crossbody**, wiping out Mia and Lindsey simultaneously.

The crowd erupts.

Chloe gets back to her feet--

Monday Night Ward: #366

Amanda catches her from behind.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Chloe lands hard.

Amanda covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Riley breaks the count.

? WORLD ELITE TAKES OVER

World Elite begin working together.

Lindsey traps Riley in the corner while Amanda charges.

CORNER SPLASH!

Riley collapses.

Lindsey follows with a running knee.

Amanda goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Mia breaks it up.

She immediately attacks Amanda.

Lindsey tries to intervene.

Mia ducks underneath her.

CUTTER!

Monday Night Ward: #366

Lindsey crashes face-first into the canvas.

Mia turns around--

SUPERKICK FROM AMANDA!

Mia drops.

Amanda grabs her.

NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX!

She bridges!

ONE!

TWO!

Chloe Schoner breaks the pin.

Amanda rolls away.

Chloe grabs her.

Amanda reverses.

The two women trade forearms in the center of the ring.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

Neither gives an inch.

Then Claire Schoner enters.

The twins hit Amanda with a synchronized double-team maneuver.

WHAM!

Amanda rolls toward the ropes.

? HARD MODE STRIKES

Riley Rune and Mia Nygma suddenly regroup.

Hard Mode begin moving around the ring with rapid-fire precision.

Riley catches Claire.

ELECTRIC CHAIR POSITION!

Mia climbs the ropes.

GIDGET

"WAIT A SECOND!"

Mia launches!

SPRINGBOARD CUTTER!

Claire is driven down.

Riley releases her.

Mia hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE--

Chloe breaks the pin at the last possible second!

The arena erupts.

TODD

"That was almost it!"

Monday Night Ward: #366

Riley and Mia exchange a look.

They know they've found something.

? SCHONER TWINS FIRE BACK

Chloe charges Riley.

RUNNING BOOT!

Riley stumbles backward.

Claire catches Mia.

TWISTING NECKBREAKER!

Mia hits the mat.

The twins grab each other's hands.

They whip Lindsey toward the ropes.

DOUBLE DROPKICK!

Lindsey goes flying.

Amanda attacks Chloe from behind.

Chloe spins.

ROUNDHOUSE KICK!

Amanda drops to her knees.

Chloe climbs the ropes.

MOONSAULT!

Amanda rolls away!

Chloe crashes onto the canvas.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Amanda grabs her.

ROLLING ELBOW!

Chloe falls.

Amanda looks toward Lindsey.

AMANDA

"NOW!"

Lindsey charges.

World Elite attempt a double-team maneuver--

--but Riley Rune intercepts Lindsey!

RILEY WITH A SPEAR!

Lindsey flips backward.

Riley immediately turns around.

Mia is waiting.

The two exchange a nod.

? THE DOUBLE-EDGE DROP

Amanda Macleod staggers to her feet.

Riley grabs her.

She hoists Amanda onto her shoulders.

GIDGET

"WHAT ARE THEY DOING?!"

Monday Night Ward: #366

Amanda is trapped in an **electric-chair position**.

Mia climbs to the top rope.

The crowd realizes what's coming.

TODD

"NO! NO! NO! THEY'VE HIT THIS BEFORE!"

Mia launches herself.

DOUBLE-EDGE DROP!

Mia's springboard cutter connects as Riley drives Amanda downward!

BOOM!

Amanda crashes onto the canvas.

The impact sends Riley rolling away.

Mia lands hard.

Amanda is completely down.

GIDGET

"THE DOUBLE-EDGE DROP! WORLD ELITE JUST GOT OBLITERATED!"

Mia starts to crawl toward Amanda--

--but Chloe Schoner attacks her!

Chloe pulls Mia away.

Claire goes after Riley.

The Schoner Twins begin hammering Hard Mode with synchronized offense.

? THE FINAL BATTLE

Claire hits Riley with a spinning heel kick.

Chloe catches Mia with a running knee.

The twins look toward one another.

They've got Hard Mode cornered.

But Riley suddenly ducks underneath Claire's next attack.

Mia catches Chloe.

Riley and Mia look at each other.

The crowd realizes it immediately.

GIDGET

"THEY'RE GOING FOR IT AGAIN!"

Riley grabs Chloe.

She lifts her high into the **electric-chair position**.

Chloe desperately fights.

She kicks.

She reaches for Claire.

But Riley has her locked in.

Mia climbs the ropes.

TODD

"CHLOE SCHONER IS IN TROUBLE!"

Mia launches herself.

Monday Night Ward: #366

DOUBLE-EDGE DROP!

CRASH!

Mia's springboard cutter connects perfectly as Riley drives Chloe down from the electric-chair position.

Chloe's body bounces off the canvas.

Claire screams.

CLAIRE

"CHLOE!"

Mia immediately hooks both legs.

Riley blocks Claire from reaching them.

REFEREE

"ONE!"

Claire tries to fight through Riley.

REFEREE

"TWO!"

Claire lunges--

REFEREE

"THREE!"

DING! DING! DING!

? HARD MODE ARE THE #1 CONTENDERS!

Monday Night Ward: #366

The arena erupts.

Mia Nygma rolls away from Chloe while Riley Rune drops to her knees.

The referee points toward Hard Mode.

RING ANNOUNCER AMY MARINO

*"The winners of the match... and the **NUMBER-ONE CONTENDERS** for the AWS Women's World Tag Team Championships..."*

Amy pauses.

AMY MARINO

"HARD MODE -- RILEY RUNE AND MIA NYGMA!"

Hard Mode slowly rise.

Riley grabs Mia's hand.

They raise their arms together.

Across the ring, Amanda Macleod is still down from the first Double-Edge Drop.

Chloe Schoner lies motionless after the second.

Lindsey Flare and Claire Schoner stand nearby, both furious and exhausted.

GIDGET

"Hard Mode just ran through World Elite and the Schoner Twins!"

TODD

"And remember what decided this match: TWO Double-Edge Drops! They hit Amanda Macleod with one, then came back and delivered another one to Chloe Schoner when the opportunity presented itself!"

Riley looks toward the entrance ramp.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Mia joins her.

Together, they point toward the championship entrance.

GIDGET

"The AWS Women's World Tag Team Champions now have a very serious problem!"

Hard Mode stand tall as the crowd continues roaring.

RILEY RUNE & MIA NYGMA -- #1 CONTENDERS.

CUT TO COMMERCIAL.

The Harrower © vs. Xander Croft

The AWS C4 Division Championship glistens beneath the arena lights.

The champion, **The Harrower**, stands motionless in his corner.

Across the ring, challenger **Xander Croft** bounces lightly on the balls of his feet, constantly shifting his stance.

The referee calls both men to the center.

REFEREE

"This is a C4 Division Championship match. Protect yourselves at all times. Fight clean, fight hard."

Both men return to their corners.

DING! DING! DING!

? SPEED VS. PRECISION

Croft immediately takes the initiative.

He darts forward with a low kick.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Harrower checks it.

Croft follows with a quick combination.

JAB!

CROSS!

LOW KICK!

Harrower absorbs the shots before countering with a vicious body kick.

Croft stumbles backward.

Harrower charges.

Croft ducks underneath and catches him with a spinning elbow.

CRACK!

Harrower staggers.

Croft presses the advantage.

A dropkick.

A snapmare.

A running knee to the back.

Croft hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Harrower kicks out.

GIDGET STEPHENSON

"Xander Croft came into this championship fight with absolutely no fear!"

TODD WINCHESTER

"That's what makes him dangerous. He's faster than Harrower, and he's refusing to let the champion establish his rhythm!"

? THE CHAMPION ANSWERS

Harrower rises.

Croft charges.

Harrower catches him.

BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

Croft crashes onto the canvas.

Harrower doesn't cover.

He immediately attacks the legs.

A stomp to the thigh.

Another.

Croft scrambles away.

Harrower grabs him.

SHORT-ARM LARIAT!

Croft turns inside out.

Harrower covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Croft kicks out.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Harrower pulls him upright.

Croft suddenly fires back.

ELBOW!

ELBOW!

ELBOW!

Harrower backs into the ropes.

Croft rebounds.

RUNNING KNEE!

Harrower drops to one knee.

Croft climbs the ropes.

GIDGET

"Xander Croft going upstairs!"

DIVING CROSSBODY!

Harrower catches him!

He holds Croft in midair.

Then drives him down.

POWER SLAM!

The champion hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE--

Monday Night Ward: #366

Croft kicks out at the last instant!

The crowd erupts.

? THE MATCH ESCALATES

Croft begins throwing everything at the champion.

Springboard attacks.

Rapid-fire kicks.

A twisting neckbreaker.

A standing moonsault.

Harrower absorbs punishment after punishment.

But every time Croft gets close to victory, the champion finds another counter.

Croft attempts a running knee.

Harrower sidesteps.

Croft spins around.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Harrower releases.

Croft lands on his feet!

The crowd explodes.

Croft turns around--

SUPERKICK!

Harrower catches the leg.

Croft hops backward.

Monday Night Ward: #366

He attempts another kick.

Harrower catches that one too.

Croft spins through.

ENZUIGIRI!

Harrower finally drops.

Croft sees his opportunity.

He climbs the ropes.

450 SPLASH!

Harrower rolls away!

Croft crashes into the canvas.

He clutches his ribs.

Harrower slowly rises.

Croft gets back to his feet.

The two men turn toward each other.

? PATTERN BREAK

Croft charges.

Harrower ducks.

Croft rebounds from the ropes.

Harrower steps into his path.

He catches Croft's wrist.

RIPCORD!

Monday Night Ward: #366

Croft spins directly into--

PATTERN BREAK!

BOOM!

The Harrower's knee drives into Croft's face.

But he doesn't stop there.

Harrower immediately transitions through the motion.

He hooks Croft's head.

TWISTING NECKBREAKER!

CRASH!

Croft is driven into the canvas.

The arena erupts.

GIDGET

"PATTERN BREAK!"

TODD

"That's it! Croft walked directly into the champion's trap!"

Harrower rolls over and hooks both legs.

REFEREE

"ONE!"

Croft doesn't move.

Monday Night Ward: #366

REFEREE

"TWO!"

Harrower presses down harder.

REFEREE

"THREE!"

DING! DING! DING!

? THE HARROWER RETAINS

The referee immediately raises The Harrower's arm.

RING ANNOUNCER

*"The winner of the match... and **STILL AWS C4 DIVISION CHAMPION...**"*

The Harrower rises slowly.

RING ANNOUNCER

"THE HARROWER!"

The champion retrieves his championship and holds it against his chest.

Across the ring, Xander Croft slowly sits up, still trying to understand what happened.

GIDGET

"Xander Croft threw everything he had at The Harrower tonight!"

TODD

*"But the champion only needed one opening. That ripcord knee into the twisting neckbreaker--the **Pattern**"*

Monday Night Ward: #366

Break--was absolutely devastating!"

The Harrower raises the C4 Championship overhead.

Croft looks across the ring at him.

The champion simply stares back.

No celebration.

No theatrics.

Just the cold acknowledgment of another successful title defense.

GIDGET

"The Harrower remains the master of the C4 Division!"

The camera closes in on the championship.

AWS C4 DIVISION CHAMPIONSHIP

THE HARROWER -- STILL CHAMPION.

CUT TO BLACK.

David Stryker © vs. ONE

The AWS 5150 Championship hangs above the entranceway as the referee calls both men to the center of the ring.

On one side stands the champion, **David Stryker**.

Across from him stands something that looks almost impossible.

ONE.

Six feet.

Eleven inches.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Three hundred and eighty pounds.

The size difference is staggering.

Stryker looks up.

ONE looks down.

The referee checks both competitors before backing away.

REFEREE

"Protect yourselves at all times. Fight clean. Fight hard."

Stryker raises his fists.

ONE slowly raises his enormous hands.

DING! DING! DING!

? THE GIANT COLLIDES WITH THE CHAMPION

Stryker immediately circles.

ONE doesn't.

He simply stands in the center of the ring, waiting.

Stryker throws the first combination.

JAB!

CROSS!

ONE absorbs both.

He barely moves.

Stryker changes levels.

ONE catches him.

THUD!

Stryker is thrown backward.

The crowd explodes.

GIDGET STEPHENSON

"David Stryker just got rag-dolled!"

TODD WINCHESTER

"That's 380 pounds moving with frightening authority! ONE isn't just big--he's incredibly difficult to move!"

Stryker scrambles back to his feet.

ONE charges.

Stryker sidesteps.

ONE's shoulder clips him anyway.

Stryker goes tumbling across the canvas.

ONE follows.

Stryker gets into a defensive position.

ONE rains down heavy ground-and-pound strikes.

Stryker covers up.

The referee watches closely.

Stryker manages to escape and rolls toward the ropes.

ONE grabs him.

BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

Stryker lands hard.

Monday Night Ward: #366

ONE covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Stryker kicks out.

? STRYKER CHANGES THE GAME

Stryker realizes something.

He cannot trade power with ONE.

He cannot wrestle ONE straight up.

He cannot allow ONE to get his hands around him.

So Stryker changes tactics.

He starts attacking the legs.

A low kick.

Then another.

ONE barely reacts.

Stryker attacks the thigh.

THWACK!

ONE's leg buckles slightly.

The crowd notices.

TODD

"That's the strategy!"

Monday Night Ward: #366

GIDGET

"Stryker has figured out the obvious problem--he can't fight the upper body, so he's going after the foundation!"

Stryker keeps kicking.

ONE tries to close the distance.

Stryker circles away.

LOW KICK!

ONE stumbles.

Stryker immediately shoots in.

He catches ONE's leg.

TAKEDOWN!

The enormous challenger crashes onto the canvas.

The building shakes.

Stryker instantly attacks the leg.

He twists.

ONE grimaces.

Stryker transitions.

LEG LOCK!

ONE reaches for the ropes.

But Stryker pulls him back toward the center.

The crowd begins rallying behind the challenger.

CROWD

Monday Night Ward: #366

"ONE! ONE! ONE! ONE!"

Stryker keeps attacking.

ONE tries to pull his leg free.

Stryker changes position.

Another leg attack.

ONE's massive body begins to slow.

? THE CHAMPION GOES FOR THE KILL

Stryker keeps working.

He kicks the damaged leg.

ONE falls to one knee.

Stryker immediately attacks.

KNEE STRIKE!

ONE absorbs it.

Another.

KNEE!

ONE grabs the ropes.

Stryker drags him away.

GIDGET

"ONE is in serious trouble!"

Stryker attacks the leg again.

ONE drops to both knees.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Stryker sees his opening.

He charges.

RUNNING KNEE!

ONE catches him.

The arena erupts.

Stryker struggles.

ONE tries to stand.

His injured leg nearly gives out.

Stryker attacks again.

ONE drops.

The champion begins raining down strikes.

The referee checks ONE.

REFEREE

"Fight back! Fight back!"

ONE slowly raises his head.

Stryker throws another shot.

ONE catches his wrist.

Silence.

ONE slowly gets back to his feet.

The crowd begins roaring.

"ONE! ONE! ONE! ONE!"

Monday Night Ward: #366

Stryker throws another strike.

ONE blocks it.

Then another.

Blocked.

Stryker attempts to retreat.

ONE grabs him.

? THE CHOKE BOMB

ONE is barely standing.

His leg is compromised.

His breathing is labored.

Stryker has spent the last several minutes systematically dismantling the giant's base.

But ONE refuses to fall.

He pulls Stryker toward him.

Stryker fights.

ONE wraps both massive arms around the champion.

TODD

"NO WAY!"

ONE lifts.

DAVID STRYKER IS OFF THE GROUND!

The crowd erupts.

Stryker desperately struggles.

Monday Night Ward: #366

ONE's injured leg trembles.

For a moment, it looks like the giant is going to collapse.

But ONE digs somewhere deep.

Somewhere primal.

Somewhere beyond pain.

He screams.

And with everything he has left--

CHOKE BOMB!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

ONE drives Stryker into the canvas with such authority that the entire ring visibly shakes.

The impact is monstrous.

Stryker's body hits the canvas and bounces.

The crowd comes completely unglued.

GIDGET

"HE JUST DROVE STRYKER THROUGH THE RING!"

TODD

"ONE FOUND SOMETHING! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT, BUT HE FOUND SOMETHING!"

ONE remains standing for approximately two seconds.

Then his legs give out.

The giant collapses forward.

THUD!

ONE lands directly on top of David Stryker.

Neither man moves.

The referee immediately drops beside them.

REFEREE

"ONE!"

ONE doesn't respond.

The referee checks Stryker.

No response.

He checks ONE again.

ONE finally moves.

The referee realizes Stryker is still down.

He begins the count.

REFEREE

"ONE!"

ONE slowly rolls onto his back.

REFEREE

"TWO!"

Stryker doesn't move.

REFEREE

Monday Night Ward: #366

"THREE!"

ONE's chest rises and falls heavily.

REFEREE

"FOUR!"

Stryker remains motionless.

The referee stops the count.

He checks the champion.

Then checks ONE.

Finally--

He calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

? NEW AWS 5150 CHAMPION

The arena erupts.

The referee grabs ONE's wrist.

ONE can barely stand.

RING ANNOUNCER

"Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of the match..."

ONE slowly rises.

RING ANNOUNCER

*"And **NEW AWS 5150 CHAMPION...**"*

Monday Night Ward: #366

The crowd is deafening.

RING ANNOUNCER

"ONE!"

The referee raises ONE's massive arm.

ONE immediately drops back to one knee.

Officials rush toward the ring to check both men.

Stryker is still down.

ONE is exhausted.

His damaged leg is barely supporting him.

But somehow...

HE SURVIVED.

The championship is handed to ONE.

He looks down at it.

Then slowly raises it above his head.

GIDGET

"David Stryker had the perfect strategy! He attacked the legs of a 6'11", 380-pound man and nearly brought the giant down!"

TODD

"But nearly isn't good enough! ONE survived the punishment, dug deeper than anybody thought possible, and then CHOKE BOMBED the champion with enough force to nearly put him through the canvas!"

ONE stands alone in the center of the ring.

Monday Night Ward: #366

The AWS 5150 Championship rests against his enormous shoulder.

The crowd chants his name.

"ONE! ONE! ONE! ONE!"

The camera pulls back as medical personnel tend to David Stryker.

ONE looks down at the fallen champion one last time.

Then raises the championship again.

GIDGET

"The 5150 Championship has a NEW home!"

CUT TO BLACK.

Ethan Murphy © vs. Dirty Dragón

The cameras returned from commercial to a sea of red and white inside the Crypto.com Arena. The AWS American Championship hung on the tron above the entranceway, spinning slowly, stars catching the light.

Todd Winchester: "Los Angeles, California! We are moments away from a Two Out Of Three Falls contest for the AWS American Championship!"

Gidget Stephenson: "One hundred and eighty three days. That's how long Ethan Murphy has carried that title, and he's carried it exactly the way you'd expect him to. Clean. Loud. Honest."

Todd Winchester: "And tonight he defends against a man who has publicly promised to be none of those things."

Gidget Stephenson: "Dirty Dragón laid it out for everybody, Todd. Two out of three falls means Ethan has to be a hero twice. It also means Dragón can afford to lose one. He called it a free crime."

Todd Winchester: "Ethan Murphy called him a cheater and a scumbag and said he'd relish putting him down. There's no diplomacy in this one."

Gidget Stephenson: "There never was. These two don't disagree about a championship. They disagree about how you're supposed to win anything."

Monday Night Ward: #366

The camera settled on ring announcer Amy Marino, standing at centre ring, microphone already in hand.

Amy Marino: "The following contest is a TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS MATCH, and it is for the AWS AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP! The first competitor to score two falls by ways of pinfall, submission, countout or disqualification will be declared the winner!"

The arena went completely black.

One word tore through the PA system.

"DIRRRRRRRRTYYYYY!"

The lights snapped back and "Rats" by Ghost filled the building as Dirty Dragón was already standing on the ramp, both arms raised, drinking in the boos like it was oxygen.

Amy Marino: "Introducing first, the challenger... from Puebla, Mexico... The Sneaky Genius... DIRTY DRAGÓN!"

Dragón strolled down the ramp with total confidence, ignoring every outstretched hand and pausing once to correct a fan's sign for them. He rolled under the bottom rope, popped straight to his feet and took his corner. His eyes never went to the crowd. They went to the ringpost, to the turnbuckle pads, to the gap under the apron.

Todd Winchester: "He's not looking at the fans. He's looking at the furniture."

Gidget Stephenson: "That's the whole man in one shot, Todd. Every other wrestler sees a ring. Dirty Dragón sees a toolbox."

Amy Marino: "And introducing his opponent..."

"Fallout" by Sleep Theory hit and the arena went red and white as the Crypto.com Arena came apart.

Amy Marino: "From Boston, Massachusetts, weighing in at 209 pounds... he is the reigning AWS AMERICAN CHAMPION... 'THE RED ROCKET' ETHAN MURPHY!"

Murphy came out stomping in time with his own music, head bobbing, championship strapped tight around his waist. He worked the barricade the entire way down, slapping hands, letting a kid in a Murphy shirt touch the plate before he stepped onto the apron, wiped his boots and climbed through the ropes.

Todd Winchester: "One hundred and eighty three days as American Champion, and he has defended it in every corner of this country."

Gidget Stephenson: "His brother Wyatt is a superstar in the NBA. His sister Claire has done Broadway and

Monday Night Ward: #366

Hollywood. Ethan Murphy is the one who picked the family business nobody in the family was in. And he has excelled in it too"

Official Dori Smith took the championship from Murphy, raised it to all four sides of the arena as the crowd roared, then handed it down to the timekeeper.

Murphy rolled his shoulders in his corner.

Dragón stayed exactly where he was, wrists resting on the top rope, smiling.

DING! DING!

FIRST FALL

Murphy came out of the corner fast.

Dragón immediately slid out to the floor.

The referee began his count.

One.

Dragón adjusted his mask.

Two.

Dragón waved at a fan.

Three.

Dragón rolled back in at four, and Murphy was on him instantly.

Collar and elbow.

Dragón went straight for the eyes.

Dori caught the wrist and pulled it away.

Murphy shoved him into the corner and hammered him with a chop that echoed to the upper deck.

The crowd whooped.

Another chop.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Another.

Dragón ducked under the fourth and hooked the referee's arm, dragging Dori between them like a shield.

Todd Winchester: "There it is, and we're barely a minute in."

Gidget Stephenson: "He said he was going to do whatever he wants. He didn't say he'd wait."

Murphy pulled up rather than swing through the official. Dragón used the pause to rake his back and drop him with a Snap Suplex.

For the next few minutes Dragón worked with the patience of a man who had all night and no conscience. He wrenched the neck, ground his forearm across the the face, tugged at the tape on Murphy's wrist and untied one boot lace while Dori was checking the champion's shoulder. Nothing spectacular. Nothing that would ever make a highlight package. Every single piece of it made Ethan Murphy's night worse.

Todd Winchester: "This is death by a thousand cuts."

Then Murphy simply refused to stay cut.

An Exploder Suplex sent Dragón sailing across the ring. A Step-Up Enzuiguri knocked him loose from the ropes. Murphy hit the Bay State Breaker and the arena rose with him. He climbed to the middle rope, then the top, calling for Crossfire.

Dragón didn't scramble to cut him off.

Dragón slid straight out of the ring and stood on the floor with both hands raised, refusing to come back until Murphy came down.

Todd Winchester: "He's not even trying to stop him. He's leaving!"

Gidget Stephenson: "He's a luchador who won't go near a top rope. It's the one piece of him he can't outthink, Todd, and Murphy just found it."

Murphy came off the top anyway.

Moonsault Plancha to the floor, wiping Dragón out in front of the timekeeper's table as the crowd chanted his name.

He rolled him back in.

Springboard, Rocket Shot, and Dragón only just got the knees up.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Murphy staggered.

Dragón went to the middle turnbuckle pad and started working at the buckle.

Dori pulled him off it.

Murphy grabbed him from behind, spun him, and fired off the Lariat.

Dragón dropped to a knee and hauled Dori Smith directly into the path of it.

There was nothing Murphy could do.

The Lariat caught the official flush across the chest and folded them in half.

Todd Winchester: "OH, NO."

Gidget Stephenson: "He pulled the referee into it. He used a human being as a shield."

Murphy's hands went to his head. He dropped to his knees beside Dori immediately, patting the official, calling for help from ringside.

Dragón was already outside.

He came back in with a steel chair.

The crowd screamed at Murphy, who turned with his hands still up, still protesting, still explaining.

Dori Smith stirred on the mat.

Dragón saw it. And didn't swing the chair.

He threw it.

Murphy caught it out of pure reflex, hands closing around the steel because that is what hands do.

Dragón hit the mat like he'd been shot out of a cannon, clutching his face, rolling twice for good measure.

Dori Smith lifted the head slowly, saw a challenger convulsing on the canvas, and the American Champion standing over him holding a steel chair.

DING! DING! DING!

Todd Winchester: "NO! NO, HE DIDN'T DO IT!"

Monday Night Ward: #366

Amy Marino: "The referee has disqualified Ethan Murphy! Therefore, the first fall goes to... DIRTY DRAGÓN!"

Murphy dropped the chair like it had caught fire and started pleading his case to Dori, pointing at Dragón, pointing at the chair, pointing at the tron.

Dragón sat up on the mat.

He wasn't even selling anymore.

He was applauding.

Gidget Stephenson: "One fall to nothing, and Dirty Dragón has not scored a single offensive move worth mentioning."

Todd Winchester: "That was the free crime. That was the exact thing he promised us in his promo."

Gidget Stephenson: "And Ethan Murphy just paid for it with a fall he can never get back."

SECOND FALL

Ethan Murphy did not wait for the bell to finish ringing.

He tore across the ring and took Dragón's head off with a Superkick before the challenger had finished laughing. What followed was the angriest three minutes of Murphy's title reign. A Half And Half Suplex dumped Dragón on his neck. A Double Knee Drop crushed the air out of him. Murphy dragged him up by the mask, and when Dori warned him about it, he let go immediately and hit a Michinoku Driver II instead.

Todd Winchester: "Even furious. Even robbed. He's still wrestling clean."

Dragón went to the well anyway. He shoved Dori toward the champion a second time, but Murphy sidestepped the official and caught Dragón with the Tequila Sunrise on the other side. Dragón raked the eyes. Murphy answered with a Meteora. Dragón went for a handful of tights on a schoolboy and Murphy rolled through it and cinched in the Red Twister, stretching the challenger across his shoulders until Dragón dragged a boot to the bottom rope.

Gidget Stephenson: "Every trick in the bag and Murphy has an answer for all of them."

Dragón got desperate.

He backed into the corner, cupped a hand to his mask and turned.

Dragon's Mist.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Murphy dropped flat to the canvas and the red spray sailed clean over him and painted the middle turnbuckle pad instead.

The crowd erupted.

Dragón turned around into a Lariat that turned him inside out.

Reverse STO, twisted, driven down.

MURPHY'S LAW.

Hooked leg.

One...

Two...

Three!

DING! DING! DING!

Amy Marino: "The second fall goes to... ETHAN MURPHY! This match is tied at one fall apiece!"

Todd Winchester: "Clean as a whistle! No excuses, no chair, no controversy! Ethan Murphy pinned him one, two, three!"

Gidget Stephenson: "And it cost him nothing."

Dirty Dragón was flat on his back where Murphy had left him, one arm draped across his own chest, the other hanging limp. It took him until the count of six to get to his side. It took him until nine to get to a knee, and he stayed there with his head down, dragging air in through the mask.

Todd Winchester: "He is in genuine trouble after that."

THIRD AND DECIDING FALL

The Red Rocket did not slow down.

That was the whole point of him.

Murphy pulled Dragón up before the challenger could catch his wind, and for the first stretch of the deciding fall he simply kept moving. A Diving Crossbody Splash. An Arm DDT. A Suicide Dive rolled straight through into a Tornado DDT on the outside that had the entire arena on its feet.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Todd Winchester: "Six minutes into a third fall and Ethan Murphy is going faster than he was at the opening bell!"

Gidget Stephenson: "That's the nickname. That's why they gave it to him. Nobody in this building has more left than Ethan Murphy right now, and Dragón knows it."

Dragón bought himself thirty seconds by rolling under the ring and coming out the other side.

He bought another twenty by pulling the ring apron up over Murphy's head.

He bought his best chunk of the fall with The Forked Tongue, Snake Eyes across the top turnbuckle and a Backdrop Driver straight after it, and for the first time all night the champion looked genuinely hurt.

Dragón went for the Dungeon Driver.

Murphy backdropped out of it.

Dragón went for a low blow.

Murphy caught the wrist.

Dragón grabbed the tights on an O'Connor Roll and Murphy kicked out at one and came up snarling.

Todd Winchester: "There's nothing left in the bag!"

Gidget Stephenson: "He's tried everything he owns. He's tried everything he stole. And Murphy is still standing there."

Dragón backed up into the ropes, exhausted, out of ideas, out of shortcuts.

Murphy took a breath, set his feet and came off the far side.

The Lariat.

The same one that ended the first fall.

Dragón dropped underneath it.

And Dori Smith was standing right there.

Right in the path.

Murphy saw this time and could have swung through again. But he pulled up.

Monday Night Ward: #366

His arm came down, his heels dug in, his whole body twisted sideways to keep from taking the official's head off, and for one single second the AWS American Champion stopped wrestling to protect a human being in a striped shirt.

One second.

Dragón was behind him.

Schoolboy.

A handful of tights.

One...

Two...

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The Crypto.com Arena fell into stunned silence, then into a roar of pure disbelief.

Amy Marino: "Here is your winner, two falls to one, and NEW AWS AMERICAN CHAMPION... DIRTY DRAGÓN!"

Todd Winchester: "He stopped. He stopped because the referee was there. HE STOPPED BECAUSE HE'S A DECENT MAN AND IT COST HIM THE TITLE!"

Gidget Stephenson: "He told him, Todd. He looked into that camera and he told Ethan Murphy that the thing he was proudest of was the exact thing that was going to beat him. He wasn't bluffing. He was scouting."

Dirty Dragón didn't celebrate in the ring.

He snatched the AWS American Championship out of the timekeeper's hands before Dori Smith could hand it to him properly, clutched it to his chest with both arms and backed up the ramp with his eyes fixed on the ring the entire way, as if he expected somebody to take it back.

Halfway up, he stopped.

He held the title out at arm's length and looked at the stars on the faceplate.

Then he pressed it flat against his mask and screamed at the ceiling.

Monday Night Ward: #366

In the ring, Ethan Murphy hadn't moved.

He was still on his knees where the fall had ended, looking at Dori Smith, who was slowly realising what had just happened.

Todd Winchester: "One hundred and eighty four days as AWS American Champion, and it ends like this."

Gidget Stephenson: "That's the cruel part, Todd. He didn't get outwrestled and he didn't get cheated in that last second. He got beaten by his own conscience, and Dirty Dragón knew it was there before the bell ever rang."

Todd Winchester: "Cheaters never prosper. That's what he said."

Gidget Stephenson: "Tonight one did. And he's walking out of Los Angeles with the most American championship in this company."

Dirty Dragón raised the title above his head at the top of the ramp.

Jeremiah Vastrix © vs. Týr Dagrsson

AWS MONDAY NIGHT WARD #366

MAIN EVENT -- NON-TITLE MATCH

Crypto.com Arena -- Los Angeles, California

Jeremiah Vastrix vs. Týr Dagrsson

The cameras swept across a packed Crypto.com Arena as thousands of AWS fans rose to their feet. The noise rolled through the building as the broadcast returned to ringside.

Todd Winchester: "Welcome back to Monday Night Ward, and there is nowhere else we could possibly go from here. The AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Champion is about to compete, but championship gold is not on the line tonight."

Gidget Stephenson: "Maybe not, Todd, but Jeremiah Vastrix has something else at risk. Týr Dagrsson has been remarkably specific about what he intends to do tonight."

Todd paused.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Todd Winchester: "Vastrix's back."

Gidget Stephenson: "His exact attitude has essentially been that Jeremiah Vastrix's back is his to break. That's not trash talk coming from Týr. He told the champion what part of his body he intends to attack, and now he's going to see whether Vastrix can stop him."

The opening notes of "**Warhammer Heart**" by **Cryptic Writings** blasted through the arena.

The reaction changed immediately.

Jeremiah Vastrix stepped through the curtain with the AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Championship around his waist and a broad smile across his face.

Vastrix stopped on the stage, spread his arms and soaked in the reaction.

Gidget Stephenson: "And somehow he still looks happy to be here."

Todd Winchester: "That's Jeremiah Vastrix. He wrestles with this infectious energy, but don't mistake that for carelessness. There is a reason that championship belongs to him."

Vastrix slapped hands along the aisle before reaching ringside. He removed the Undisputed Heavyweight Championship, held it overhead for the crowd and handed it to the timekeeper before rolling beneath the bottom rope.

He bounced immediately to his feet.

Vastrix climbed the turnbuckles and raised both arms.

Then the atmosphere changed.

Týr Dagrsson emerged.

No elaborate celebration.

No appeal to the crowd.

The six-foot-eight, two-hundred-and-ninety-pound Warborn simply walked toward the ring.

His eyes never left Vastrix.

The champion's smile remained.

But it became noticeably smaller.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Todd Winchester: "Look at Vastrix."

Gidget Stephenson: "Yeah."

Todd Winchester: "I think the reality of this assignment just arrived."

Týr climbed onto the apron and stepped over the top rope.

Vastrix looked upward.

Týr looked downward.

Vastrix slowly nodded.

Then smiled again.

Gidget Stephenson: "There it is. That's the champion. He knows exactly how dangerous this is, and some part of Jeremiah Vastrix is still thinking this sounds fun."

Amy Marino stepped into the center of the ring.

Amy Marino: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is your MAIN EVENT of Monday Night Ward and is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

The crowd roared.

Amy Marino: "Introducing first, from Hong Kong, China! Weighing two hundred and forty-five pounds! He is the AWS UNDISPUTED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION... JEREMIAH... VAAAAASTRIX!"

Vastrix threw both arms into the air.

Amy Marino: "And his opponent! Standing six feet, eight inches tall and weighing two hundred and ninety pounds... THE Warborn! THE Last Raider! THE Mountain That Hunts... TÝYYYYR... DAGRSSON!"

Týr did nothing.

He simply stared.

Amy exited the ring.

The referee checked both competitors and called for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Vastrix immediately moved.

Týr didn't.

Vastrix circled.

Týr turned with him.

Vastrix darted forward for a collar-and-elbow tie-up before immediately slipping underneath Týr's arm and grabbing a side headlock.

Todd Winchester: "Smart. Don't test strength."

Týr reached around Vastrix's waist.

Vastrix released the hold instantly and escaped.

He grinned.

Týr stared.

Vastrix nodded.

Then--

CRACK!

Vastrix drilled Týr with a punch.

Another.

Another.

Týr gave half a step.

Vastrix grabbed his wrist and fired him toward the ropes.

Týr reversed.

Vastrix rebounded--

Monday Night Ward: #366

Týr swung for a clothesline!

Vastrix ducked!

Off the opposite ropes--

Vastrix launched himself with a clothesline!

Týr staggered backward.

Vastrix immediately ran again.

SECOND CLOTHESLINE!

Týr hit the ropes.

Vastrix charged for another--

THUD!

Týr caught him with a forearm smash that stopped the champion instantly.

Vastrix dropped to one knee.

Gidget Stephenson: "That's the difference! Jeremiah needed two clotheslines to move Týr. Týr needed one forearm to stop Jeremiah."

Týr seized Vastrix.

THOOM!

Snap suplex.

Vastrix instinctively reached for his lower back.

Týr noticed.

He pulled Vastrix up.

Standing backbreaker!

Vastrix folded across Týr's knee before dropping to the canvas.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Todd Winchester: "There it is. First direct attack on the back."

Týr dragged Vastrix upright.

Irish whip--

Vastrix hit the corner.

Týr followed.

Vastrix moved!

Týr crashed chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Vastrix immediately jumped onto the second rope and came down with a double axe handle across Týr's back.

Týr stumbled.

Vastrix grabbed the head--

HEADLOCK DRIVER!

Týr hit the canvas.

Vastrix hooked the leg!

ONE!

Týr launched Vastrix off him.

Vastrix rolled backward and sprang immediately to his feet.

His eyes widened.

Gidget Stephenson: "That wasn't a kickout. Týr just threw the champion off him."

Vastrix stared at Týr.

Týr rose.

Vastrix pointed at him.

Monday Night Ward: #366

"Okay."

Týr stepped forward.

Vastrix attacked.

Punch.

Punch.

Punch.

Týr absorbed them.

Vastrix backed toward the ropes, suddenly realizing his punches weren't stopping the advance.

He threw another.

Týr's head snapped sideways.

Silence.

Týr slowly turned his face back toward him.

Vastrix's expression changed.

Todd Winchester: "Jeremiah."

Gidget Stephenson: "Run."

Vastrix did.

He sprinted across the ring, rebounded and--

BIG BOOT!

Vastrix crashed onto his back.

Týr immediately grabbed him.

Belly-to-belly suplex!

Vastrix bounced across the canvas.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Týr followed.

He pulled Vastrix up--

SIDE SLAM!

Again, Vastrix landed across his back.

Týr covered.

ONE!

TWO!

Vastrix kicked out.

Týr sat beside him for a moment.

No frustration.

No disbelief.

He simply grabbed Vastrix again.

Todd Winchester: "That's what makes Týr so difficult. There's no emotional reset. A kickout isn't an insult. It's information."

Týr dragged Vastrix into the corner.

Shoulder thrust!

Vastrix gasped.

Another!

Another!

Týr stepped backward.

Vastrix sagged against the turnbuckles.

Týr charged--

Monday Night Ward: #366

CORNER BODY AVALANCHE!

Vastrix crumpled forward.

Týr caught him.

Standing backbreaker!

Vastrix screamed as Týr held him across the knee for several seconds before finally letting him fall.

Gidget Stephenson: "Everything is the back. Absolutely everything."

Todd Winchester: "And remember what Dagrsson said. Vastrix's back is his to break."

Týr reached down.

Vastrix suddenly trapped the arm!

SURPRISE!

SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE!

TWO!

TÝR KICKED OUT!

Vastrix scrambled upright.

Týr rose--

STINGER SPLASH!

Týr stumbled out of the corner.

Vastrix grabbed him!

He tried for the swinging neckbreaker--

Týr shoved him away.

Vastrix bounced from the ropes.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Týr attempted a lariat.

Vastrix ducked.

Týr turned--

Vastrix jumped onto him!

BRAIN CLAW!

The champion's fingers dug into Týr's skull.

Gidget Stephenson: "That's unconventional, but Vastrix doesn't need pretty! He needs anything that works!"

Týr dropped to one knee.

Vastrix pressed harder.

Týr reached upward.

His hand wrapped around Vastrix's wrist.

The champion's smile disappeared.

Týr stood.

Vastrix shook his head.

"No, no, no--"

Týr ripped the hand away.

HEADBUTT!

Vastrix staggered backward.

Týr grabbed him around the waist.

SPINEBUSTER!

The ring shook.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Vastrix arched violently, clutching his back.

Týr looked down at him.

Then grabbed him again.

Vastrix fired a desperate punch into his stomach.

Another.

Another.

Týr clubbed him across the back.

Vastrix collapsed.

Týr pulled him up.

GORILLA PRESS!

Týr held the AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Champion high overhead.

Vastrix kicked his legs.

Týr walked toward the center of the ring.

Then dropped him.

Vastrix crashed flat onto the canvas.

Týr looked down.

"Does that count as moving furniture?"

The crowd ERUPTED.

There was a beat of stunned silence at commentary.

Gidget Stephenson: "Did... did Týr just make a joke?"

Todd Winchester: "I think Jeremiah Vastrix has officially been classified as furniture."

Gidget Stephenson: "Somehow that's more unsettling than anything else he's done!"

Monday Night Ward: #366

Týr pulled the champion upright.

Vastrix suddenly slapped him across the face.

The arena gasped.

Týr froze.

Vastrix froze.

Týr slowly turned his head.

Vastrix stared at him.

His eyes widened.

He mouthed:

"Bad idea."

Gidget Stephenson: "YES. YES, JEREMIAH. BAD IDEA."

Týr grabbed Vastrix and LAUNCHED him across the ring with a belly-to-belly suplex!

Vastrix rolled to the ropes.

Týr charged.

Vastrix pulled the top rope down!

Týr spilled to ringside!

Vastrix collapsed against the ropes, breathing heavily.

Then he saw Týr already getting up.

Todd Winchester: "Vastrix bought himself maybe three seconds."

The champion looked toward the opposite ropes.

Then toward Týr.

The grin returned.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Gidget Stephenson: "Oh no."

Vastrix sprinted across the ring.

He came back--

BASEBALL SLIDE!

Týr stumbled backward into the barricade.

Vastrix rolled outside.

Punch!

Punch!

Punch!

Týr answered with a BODY PUNCH.

Vastrix doubled over.

Týr grabbed him.

Vastrix slipped behind!

He shoved Týr shoulder-first into the ring post!

Týr stumbled.

Vastrix immediately rolled into the ring and back out, breaking the referee's count.

Todd Winchester: "That's championship awareness. Jeremiah isn't surviving because Týr suddenly became less dangerous. He's surviving because Jeremiah Vastrix is exceptionally good at this."

Vastrix climbed onto the apron.

Týr turned.

Vastrix leapt--

DOUBLE AXE HANDLE!

Monday Night Ward: #366

Týr staggered!

Vastrix rolled him back inside.

The champion followed.

Týr rose.

Vastrix kicked him in the stomach.

He hooked him--

MARKET CRASH!

MICHINOKU DRIVER!

The building exploded!

Vastrix hooked both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

TÝR KICKED OUT!

Vastrix sat upright.

He stared at the referee.

Then Týr.

Then the referee.

Gidget Stephenson: "That was close!"

Vastrix got up.

The energy returned.

He clapped his hands.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Týr started rising.

Vastrix ran into the corner.

Týr followed--

Vastrix caught him with a boot!

Týr stumbled.

Vastrix jumped to the second rope.

Týr moved forward.

Vastrix jumped--

TÝR CAUGHT HIM!

WALL OF ASGARD!

Týr intercepted Vastrix in midair and drove him violently down across the knee!

Vastrix screamed.

Todd Winchester: "WALL OF ASGARD! AND AGAIN, THE BACK!"

Týr didn't cover.

Instead he lifted Vastrix.

Torture rack.

Vastrix's eyes went wide.

BLOOD EAGLE!

Týr bent Vastrix's spine across his shoulders.

Vastrix screamed.

The referee asked if he wanted to submit.

"NO!"

Monday Night Ward: #366

Týr pulled harder.

Vastrix clawed at Týr's face.

No response.

Vastrix started throwing elbows into the side of Týr's head.

One.

Two.

Three.

Týr loosened his grip.

Vastrix slipped behind!

He landed awkwardly and immediately grabbed his back.

Týr turned.

Vastrix ducked the strike.

Kick to the stomach!

Vastrix hooked the head.

Shimmy.

DOWN LOW!

SWINGING NECKBREAKER!

Both men were down.

The audience rose.

Gidget Stephenson: "He got it! Vastrix got Down Low!"

Vastrix crawled over.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

Týr's shoulder came up!

Vastrix rolled onto his back.

For the first time all match, he wasn't smiling.

Todd Winchester: "Now the champion has a problem."

Vastrix slowly stood.

He looked at Týr.

Týr was already pushing himself up.

Vastrix grabbed him from behind.

FULL NELSON!

MARKET HOLD!

Gidget Stephenson: "Market Hold! Vastrix has the full nelson!"

Týr struggled.

Vastrix planted his feet.

Týr dropped to one knee.

The crowd came alive.

Vastrix shouted and wrenched backward.

Týr's face tightened.

He reached upward.

Couldn't break the grip.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Vastrix leaned harder.

Týr suddenly drove backward.

Vastrix slammed into the turnbuckles.

But he held on!

Týr drove backward again!

Vastrix's back smashed against the corner.

Still holding!

Todd Winchester: "Vastrix refuses to release it!"

A third impact.

Vastrix cried out.

His grip weakened.

Týr ripped free.

He turned.

Vastrix threw a punch.

Týr blocked.

EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

Vastrix staggered.

Týr grabbed him.

FROSTBITE!

SPINNING SPINEBUSTER!

Vastrix folded on impact.

Týr covered.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

VASTRIX KICKED OUT!

The arena exploded.

Týr remained kneeling.

He looked down at Vastrix.

Then gave the smallest nod.

Gidget Stephenson: "Did you see that?"

Todd Winchester: "Yes."

Gidget Stephenson: "That's respect."

Týr stood.

Vastrix dragged himself toward the ropes.

Týr waited.

Not mercifully.

Expectantly.

Vastrix pulled himself upright.

Týr charged.

WORLDBREAKER--

VASTRIX DUCKED!

Týr hit the ropes.

Vastrix turned--

Monday Night Ward: #366

PUNCH!

Another!

Another!

Týr staggered!

Vastrix whipped him toward the corner.

Týr reversed!

Vastrix hit the turnbuckles.

Týr charged--

VASTRIX MOVED!

Týr hit hard.

Vastrix rolled him backward!

SURPRISE!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

TÝR ESCAPED!

Both men jumped up.

Vastrix immediately kicked Týr.

MARKET CRASH--

Týr blocked it.

Vastrix tried again.

Týr powered him upward.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Vastrix escaped behind.

Vastrix shoved Týr toward the ropes.

Týr rebounded.

Vastrix charged--

WORLD BREAKER!

The running lariat turned Vastrix inside out.

The audience groaned.

Todd Winchester: "GOOD LORD!"

Vastrix landed on his stomach.

Týr rolled him onto his back.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

VASTRIX KICKED OUT!

Týr stared down.

Vastrix barely moved.

Týr pulled him up.

He lifted Vastrix onto his shoulders.

JOTUN'S JUDGMENT!

TORTURE RACK--

Vastrix desperately hammered elbows into Týr's temple!

Týr stumbled.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Vastrix escaped.

He landed behind Týr.

Týr turned.

Vastrix punched him.

Týr staggered.

Vastrix punched again.

Again.

Again.

Týr backed toward the corner!

Vastrix ran--

STINGER SPLASH!

Týr stumbled out.

Vastrix grabbed him.

HEADLOCK DRIVER!

Týr hit!

Vastrix rolled through!

He hooked Týr!

MARKET CRASH!

MICHINOKU DRIVER!

Vastrix collapsed over him!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

TÝR KICKED OUT!

Vastrix rolled away with both hands on his head.

The crowd couldn't believe it.

Gidget Stephenson: "WHAT DOES VASTRIX HAVE LEFT?!"

Todd Winchester: "Whatever he has, he's going to have to find it now!"

Vastrix slowly pulled himself upright.

His back nearly gave out.

He caught himself against the ropes.

Týr rose across the ring.

Both men looked at one another.

Vastrix was breathing heavily.

Týr's chest rose and fell.

The champion smiled.

Not because it was easy.

Because it wasn't.

Vastrix motioned.

Come on.

Týr stared.

Then charged.

Vastrix ducked Worldbreaker!

Týr turned.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Vastrix caught him--

DOWN LOW!

The swinging neckbreaker connected!

Vastrix rolled onto Týr!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

TÝR KICKED OUT AGAIN!

Vastrix stared upward.

Then laughed.

Not mockingly.

Almost incredulously.

He dragged himself up.

Týr did the same.

Vastrix charged.

Týr suddenly exploded forward.

SPEAR!

Vastrix was nearly folded in half.

Todd Winchester: "VALHALLA'S JUDGMENT!"

Týr immediately grabbed Vastrix.

No pause.

No wasted motion.

Monday Night Ward: #366

He lifted him.

Cradle position.

Vastrix's eyes opened.

He knew.

RAGNAROK SLAM!

CRADLE TOMBSTONE DRIVER!

Vastrix crashed into the canvas.

Týr folded his arms across Vastrix's chest and covered.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

For a moment, Týr remained kneeling beside the AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Champion.

The Crypto.com Arena roared.

Amy Marino: "Here is your winner... TÝYYYYR DAGRSSON!"

Týr stood.

Vastrix remained on the canvas, one hand slowly moving toward his back.

Todd Winchester: "Týr Dagrsson just defeated the AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Champion."

Gidget Stephenson: "And don't lose sight of what Jeremiah Vastrix did tonight. He hit Týr with Market Crash twice. Down Low twice. He trapped him in Market Hold. He nearly stole it with Surprise twice. Jeremiah Vastrix wrestled like the champion he is."

Todd Winchester: "But tonight Týr told everybody exactly what he was going to do. He said Jeremiah's back was his to break. He attacked it from the opening minutes, he kept attacking it every time Vastrix found another answer, and eventually the champion simply ran out of answers."

Monday Night Ward: #366

Týr looked down at Vastrix.

The referee moved between them cautiously.

Týr made no attempt to continue attacking.

The fight was over.

Therefore the violence was over.

Týr walked toward the ropes.

Then stopped.

He turned.

Vastrix had managed to sit up against the bottom turnbuckle.

Their eyes met.

Vastrix looked exhausted.

Týr stared at him.

One small nod.

You stood.

Good.

Týr stepped through the ropes.

Then paused.

He looked toward Amy Marino and extended one hand.

Amy cautiously handed him the microphone.

Týr climbed back onto the apron.

The crowd quieted.

Týr looked toward the ring.

Monday Night Ward: #366

Then toward the camera.

Four words.

Týr Dagrsson: "Send more bodies next time."

Týr dropped the microphone.

THUD.

He stepped down from the apron and walked toward the entrance ramp.

No celebration.

No demand for a championship match.

No attack from behind.

Nothing else needed to be said.

Inside the ring, Vastrix remained seated against the turnbuckles as an official checked on him.

The AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Championship was brought back to him.

Vastrix took it.

He looked down at the gold.

Then toward Týr disappearing up the aisle.

His expression had changed.

Not humiliation.

Not defeatism.

Recognition.

There was now a problem standing somewhere ahead of him.

And Jeremiah Vastrix knew exactly how dangerous that problem was.

Gidget Stephenson: "Týr says send more bodies. I'm not volunteering."

Monday Night Ward: #366

Todd Winchester: "Neither am I. Jeremiah Vastrix remains the AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Champion. Nothing can change that tonight. But the champion just learned something that may become considerably more important in the weeks ahead."

The camera showed Týr reaching the top of the ramp.

He never looked back.

Todd Winchester: "If Týr Dagrsson ever decides that championship gold matters to him..."

Todd paused.

The camera cut back to Vastrix, still holding the Undisputed Heavyweight Championship while staring toward the entrance.

Todd Winchester: "...Jeremiah Vastrix already knows exactly what that fight feels like."

Gidget Stephenson: "And his back is going to remember it tomorrow."

The AWS logo flashed across the screen as Monday Night Ward came to an end.

Show Credits

Segment: "AWS Ignite #1 Post-Mortem: Astra Mortis © vs. Necra Octavian Kane" - Written by Feigel.

Segment: "Intro to the Asylum" - Written by Feigel.

Segment: "Adam Stryker's challenge" - Written by stryker.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite