

Preshow: Monday Night Ward #361

April 13, 2026 | Oregon State Hospital - Salem

Kamille Kaos vs. Aoi Takamura

The crowd is still filing in, but there's already a steady buzz inside the arena as the pre-show action gets underway. The ring announcer steps forward, introducing the first contest of the night.

Kamille Kaos enters first--focused, composed, with a cold intensity in her eyes. She rolls her shoulders as she steps into the ring, scanning the crowd but clearly locked in on the task ahead.

Moments later, Aoi Takamura makes her entrance. Calm, disciplined, and deliberate in every step, she bows slightly at the top of the ramp before making her way to the ring. Her presence shifts the tone--there's a quiet confidence about her that commands attention.

The referee calls for the bell.

DING DING

They circle cautiously at first. Kamille makes the first move--locking up and quickly muscling Aoi into the corner. A clean break... but Kamille gives a sharp shove on the way out, testing her opponent.

Aoi doesn't react emotionally. Instead, she resets.

Second lock-up--this time Aoi slips behind, transitioning into a wrist control. Kamille counters with a quick reversal, but Aoi rolls through, kips up, and snaps off a crisp arm drag that sends Kamille scrambling back to her feet.

The crowd reacts with a small pop.

Kamille charges--Aoi ducks, rebounds off the ropes, and lands a clean dropkick that staggers her opponent. Kamille rolls to the outside, visibly irritated.

Aoi doesn't chase recklessly. She waits.

Kamille re-enters, more aggressive now--she catches Aoi with a knee to the midsection and takes control. A snap suplex follows, then a quick cover.

ONE--NO!

Aoi kicks out early.

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Kamille presses the advantage--driving forearms into Aoi's upper back, grounding her, slowing the pace. She locks in a tight chinlock, trying to wear her down.

The crowd begins to rally.

Aoi fights to her feet--elbows to the ribs, breaking free. She hits the ropes--

Kamille catches her--**SPINEBUSTER!**

Another cover!

ONE! TWO--NO!

Aoi gets the shoulder up.

Kamille shows frustration now. She pulls Aoi up, looking to end it--sets for a second big slam--

Aoi slips out the back!

Roundhouse kick to the ribs!

A quick palm strike to the jaw!

Kamille stumbles--Aoi hits the ropes--

RUNNING KNEE STRIKE!

Kamille drops to one knee, dazed.

Aoi doesn't hesitate--

She pulls Kamille in...

SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX!

Bridges into the cover!

ONE! TWO! THREE!

DING DING DING

Winner: Aoi Takamura via pinfall

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Aoi releases the bridge and sits back on her knees, breathing steady but intense. The referee raises her hand as the crowd gives a respectful reaction.

Kamille Kaos rolls to the outside, frustrated, shaking her head as she regroups.

Inside the ring, Aoi bows once more--composed, victorious, and leaving a clear impression before the main show even begins.

Battle Beasts (DEADMARSH & Balistico) vs. JohnZo Scary & David Stryker

The pre-show crowd buzzes with anticipation as the ominous presence of Battle Beasts makes its way to the ring first. DEADMARSH lumbers forward with slow, deliberate steps while Balistico paces like a caged animal, eyes darting, intensity radiating.

Moments later, JohnZo Scary bursts through the curtain with chaotic energy, hyping the crowd, while David Stryker follows with focused determination--calm, calculated, and ready.

MATCH START

The bell rings and Balistico immediately charges, forcing JohnZo back into the corner with a barrage of forearms. JohnZo fires back wildly, creating space before tagging in Stryker early.

Stryker enters and changes the tempo instantly--locking Balistico into a tight headlock, grounding him. Balistico shoves him off the ropes, but Stryker rebounds with a clean shoulder block, dropping him.

Quick tag to DEADMARSH.

The atmosphere shifts.

DEADMARSH steps in and absorbs a strike from Stryker like it's nothing before crushing him with a heavy lariat. The crowd reacts as DEADMARSH drags Stryker to the Battle Beasts' corner and tags Balistico back in.

Balistico and DEADMARSH isolate Stryker with quick tags--stomps, clubbing blows, and a brutal double-team gutbuster that nearly ends it early.

Cover--1...2... NO!

Stryker kicks out.

HEAT SEQUENCE

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Balistico continues the punishment, taunting the crowd before going for a high-risk maneuver--but Stryker rolls out of the way at the last second.

Both men scramble--

HOT TAG!

JohnZo Scary explodes into the ring, taking down Balistico with a spinning forearm, then ducking a swing from DEADMARSH and sending him stumbling with a dropkick to the knee.

JohnZo runs wild--springboard crossbody to Balistico!

Cover--1...2... BROKEN UP by DEADMARSH!

Chaos erupts as all four men spill into the ring.

FINISH

DEADMARSH grabs JohnZo by the throat--but Stryker blindsides him with a chop block, taking the big man off his base!

Balistico charges Stryker--

POP-UP ATTEMPT--

Stryker slips behind--

HOOKS THE ARMS...

SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX!

Balistico lands hard.

JohnZo dives onto DEADMARSH, sending both men crashing out of the ring!

Stryker wastes no time--pulls Balistico up--

Kill Your Heroes (Vertebreaker Facebuster)!

He hooks the leg.

1... 2... 3!

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WINNERS: JOHNZO SCARY & DAVID STRYKER (via pinfall)

Stryker rises to his feet, breathing heavy but composed, as JohnZo slides back into the ring celebrating wildly. The Battle Beasts regroup on the outside--DEADMARSH staring coldly, Balistico clutching his neck in frustration.

TETSUZAN vs. MOROI BLACKTHORNE

The cameras cut in from the cold open to a dimly lit arena, the crowd already buzzing with anticipation. The ring is surrounded by scattered weapons--steel chairs, kendo sticks, a trash can, and a table propped up in the corner. No rules. No count-outs. No disqualifications. Just survival.

RING ANNOUNCER:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your *Pre-Show Contest*, scheduled for one fall... and it will be contested under **Asylum Rules!**"

The crowd cheers loudly at the mention.

ENTRANCE - TETSUZAN

A sharp, traditional drumbeat echoes as **Tetsuzan** steps onto the stage. Focused. Silent. His eyes locked on the ring as if nothing else exists. He wastes no time, marching down the ramp with purpose.

ENTRANCE - MOROI BLACKTHORNE

The lights dim to a murky violet. A low, unsettling tone fills the arena as **Moroi Blackthorne** slowly emerges. Head tilted. A crooked grin stretching across his face. He drags a chain behind him as he walks, the metal scraping against the ramp.

MATCH START

DING!

Tetsuzan explodes forward immediately--no hesitation--connecting with a brutal forearm that snaps Blackthorne's head back. He follows with a flurry of stiff strikes, driving Blackthorne into the corner.

Blackthorne laughs.

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Not a chuckle--a full, unhinged laugh.

He shoves Tetsuzan back and swings the chain--*CRACK!*--it wraps across Tetsuzan's ribs. The impact echoes, and Tetsuzan drops to a knee.

EARLY CHAOS

Blackthorne wastes no time, grabbing a steel chair and swinging wildly. Tetsuzan ducks--*THUD!*--the chair slams into the turnbuckle. Tetsuzan counters with a spinning back kick that sends the chair into Blackthorne's face.

The crowd erupts.

Tetsuzan grabs the chair--*CRACK!*--driving it across Blackthorne's back. Again. And again. Each shot more punishing than the last.

MOMENTUM SHIFT

Tetsuzan sets up the table in the ring, leaning it flat near the center. He lifts Blackthorne, looking for a powerbomb--

But Blackthorne rakes the eyes.

Cheap. Effective.

He slips behind, wraps the chain around Tetsuzan's throat, and yanks him down to the mat. The crowd boos as Blackthorne wrenches back, cutting off air.

WEAPON ASSAULT

Blackthorne releases and rolls out of the ring, digging under the apron. He pulls out a kendo stick... then another... then a third.

He slides back in.

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

Each shot lands across Tetsuzan's back and shoulders as he tries to fight back to his feet. The welts rise

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almost instantly.

TURNING POINT

Tetsuzan catches one of the swings--snaps the kendo stick in half--and fires back with a headbutt that staggers Blackthorne.

The crowd rallies.

Tetsuzan lifts Blackthorne--*POWERBOMB THROUGH THE TABLE!*

CRASH!

The ring shakes as both men go down in a heap of broken wood.

NEAR FALL

Tetsuzan crawls, drapes an arm over--

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Blackthorne kicks out.

FINISH

Tetsuzan tries to pull Blackthorne back up--but Blackthorne suddenly spikes him with a low blow.

The crowd groans.

Blackthorne slithers free, eyes wide, breathing heavy. He grabs the steel chair again... waits...

Tetsuzan stumbles up--

CRACK!

A devastating chair shot directly to the skull.

Tetsuzan collapses instantly.

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Blackthorne isn't done.

He lifts Tetsuzan... hooks him...

BLACKTHORNE DESCENT (Snap DDT onto the chair)!

Tetsuzan's head bounces off the steel.

Blackthorne quickly hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

RING ANNOUNCER:

"Here is your winner... by pinfall... **MOROI BLACKTHORNE!**"

Blackthorne doesn't celebrate normally. He kneels beside Tetsuzan, brushing his hair back almost mockingly, then slowly rises to his feet.

That crooked grin returns.

He raises his arms as the crowd showers him with boos.

COMMENTARY (OVERLAY):

MIA RUSSO:

"That was brutal--even by Asylum Rules standards!"

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Blackthorne thrives in that chaos. That wasn't just a win--that was a statement."

DANIEL GREENE III:

"And if this is how the pre-show starts... I can only imagine what the rest of the night has in store."

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Blackthorne backs up the ramp, never taking his eyes off the ring.

Tetsuzan lies motionless among the wreckage.

The pre-show ends with Blackthorne standing tall, signaling that he's a name to watch heading into the chaos of the Ward.