

Monday Night Ward: #359

February 3, 2026 | Forum di Milano - Milan

Introduction

Cold open. A low industrial hum rolls through the speakers as the screen fades up from black.

? "Asylum" by Disturbed **CAMERA 1 - WIDE SHOT**

A sweeping panoramic shot of the sold-out **Forum di Milano**. Crimson and black lighting wash over a roaring crowd. Fans wave flags, hold handmade signs, and pound the barricades as the music pulses.

[CAMERA 2 - CROWD PAN]

The camera glides across the lower bowl--Italian flags draped over railings, "AWS" shirts everywhere, fans screaming into the lens.

[CAMERA 3 - ENTRANCE RAMP]

A slow pan down the entrance ramp, fog drifting across the steel as the stage lights flare.

[CAMERA 4 - CROWD REACTION]

Close-ups: fists in the air, chants echoing, phones raised to capture the moment.

[CAMERA 5 - BROADCAST BOOTH]

The shot settles on the commentary desk positioned to the **right of the entrance ramp**. Three commentators lean forward, headsets on, the energy unmistakable.

? Commentary Begins

Salmia "Mia" Russo:

smiling as the crowd roars behind her

"Buonasera, Milano! Benvenuti all'Asylum Wrestling Society!"

(Good evening, Milan! Welcome to Asylum Wrestling Society!)

"Tonight, the asylum doors are wide open, and the entire world is watching!"

Ginnifer "Gidget" Stephenson:

"Che atmosfera incredibile!"

(What an incredible atmosphere!)

"You can feel it in the air--this crowd is electric, and they're ready for chaos!"

Daniel Greene III:

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"Siamo in diretta da Milano, Italia!"

(We are live from Milan, Italy!)

"Ward number three-five-nine is officially underway, and this is one of the most stacked nights we've had all year!"

[CAMERA CUT - CROWD SWELL]

The music dips slightly as the audience noise surges, chants rolling through the building.

Mia Russo:

"Eight matches tonight! Each one with the potential to steal the show."

Gidget Stephenson:

"And that all leads to a colossal main event. Championship gold on the line."

Daniel Greene III:

"Because tonight, in our main event, it's **Lacey Roberts**, the reigning champion, defending the **AWS Women's World Championship** against the relentless challenger--**Desiree Forte**."

[CAMERA - SLOW PUSH IN ON BOOTH]

The commentators nod with intensity as the crowd erupts again.

Mia Russo:

"Milano è pronta."

(Milan is ready.)

"The wrestlers are ready."

Gidget Stephenson:

"The asylum... is ready."

Daniel Greene III:

"Strap in, because Ward #359 starts--**right now**."

[HARD CUT TO BLACK -- MUSIC SWELLS -- TRANSITION TO THE RING]

"Shogun" Kiera Yoshida vs. Autumn McGraw

The referee signals for the bell.

DING!

Opening Exchange

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The two women circle, tension thick. Kiera feints low, Autumn snaps a quick leg kick. Kiera answers with a sharp forearm. They trade short strikes in the center--Muay Thai knees from Kiera, crisp boxing combinations from Autumn. The pace is immediate and unforgiving.

Autumn ducks a roundhouse and fires off a **running basement dropkick** to the knee, trying to chop the Shogun down. Kiera stumbles, grimacing, but answers with a sudden **snap German suplex**, bridging just long enough to force a quick kickout.

The crowd claps in rhythm as both competitors reset.

Momentum Shifts

Autumn takes control with speed--arm drags into a deep **armbar**, torquing the shoulder. Kiera grits her teeth, rolls through, and counters into a **kneeling kimura attempt**, forcing Autumn to scramble to the ropes. The referee breaks the hold.

Kiera explodes with a **running corner knee**, then whips Autumn across the ring and plants her with a **bridging tiger suplex**.

ONE!

TWO!

Autumn kicks out, rolling to her side.

Kiera stays on her--stiff soccer kicks to the ribs, a sharp stomp to the thigh, then a sudden **spinning backfist** that drops Autumn to one knee. Kiera lines up for a finishing strike--

Autumn surges forward out of nowhere with a **short-arm headbutt**, stunning Kiera. The crowd gasps. Autumn follows with a **snap dragon screw**, then a **standing moonsault** that lands flush.

ONE!

TWO!

Kiera kicks out, barely.

The War of Attrition

Both women are breathing heavy now. Sweat drips onto the canvas. The pace slows, but the strikes become heavier, more desperate.

Autumn hoists Kiera up--**attempted Firestorm Driver**--but Kiera slips out, lands on her feet, and blasts Autumn with a **low spinning kick** to the ribs. Kiera grabs a wrist, yanks Autumn in, and drills her with a **brutal headbutt**. Both women stagger backward from the impact.

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They collide again in the center with simultaneous forearms. Neither goes down. Another exchange--forearm, elbow, knee. The crowd rises to its feet as the match turns into a test of will.

Kiera roars and fires a **running knee strike** that flips Autumn backward. Kiera collapses to one knee, chest heaving, then crawls for the cover--

ONE!

TWO!

Autumn gets a shoulder up.

Kiera drags herself up using the ropes. She pulls Autumn to her feet and lifts her onto her shoulders for the **Shogun's Decree--**

Autumn wriggles free, lands behind, and hits a **desperation snap half-nelson suplex**, spiking Kiera on her shoulders. Autumn falls back into the ropes, barely able to stand.

The Final Collision

Both women rise slowly, using opposite ropes. The referee checks on them, but they wave him off. The crowd is electric, chanting both names.

They charge at the same time.

Kiera throws a last-ditch **running knee**.

Autumn launches into a **high-velocity flying crossbody**.

The collision is violent. Both bodies crash to the mat in a heap. The impact echoes through the arena. Neither woman moves.

The referee drops to the canvas, stunned for a moment, then begins to count, checking shoulders.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings--confused, uncertain.

DING! DING! DING!

The referee stands, looking around, then signals **both shoulders down**.

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The Shocking Result

Ring Announcer (Song Teng):

"Ladies and gentlemen... the result of this match... a **DOUBLE PINFALL!**"

The crowd erupts into a roar of disbelief. Camera flashes go off. The bracket graphic appears on the screen with both names highlighted and then flickering with a warning symbol.

At the desk, the commentators react in stunned disbelief.

Mia Russo:

"A double pinfall... I have never seen a quarterfinal end like this in Survival of the Fittest!"

Gidget Stephenson:

"Both women gave everything they had. They literally knocked each other out of the match at the same time!"

Daniel Greene III:

"This throws the entire tournament into chaos. There is no clear winner. The officials are going to have to sort this out."

In the ring, Kiera Yoshida stirs first, rolling onto her side, eyes unfocused. Autumn McGraw twitches, clutching her ribs, trying to sit up. Both women realize what has happened and lock eyes--exhausted, frustrated, neither able to stand.

Medical staff approach the apron as the referee raises both competitors' arms halfway, then lowers them, uncertain.

The camera lingers on the two warriors laid out on the canvas--neither victorious, neither defeated--while the bracket graphic fades out, leaving the fate of the tournament hanging in the balance.

KUROKUMO'S WEB

Somewhere beneath the arena. Somewhere the map refuses to keep.

*The first thing the camera captures is **silk**.*

Not decorative.

Not spun for beauty.

Structural.

Thick cords stretch from wall to wall, anchoring into stone with patient certainty. Each strand hums

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*faintly--not with sound, but with **tension**, like something waiting to be disturbed. The light is dim and wrong, refracting through layers of webbing so that depth becomes difficult to judge. Corners look farther away than they should. The ceiling presses low, but not because it is small--because it is heavy.*

The air smells of dust and minerals. Old places. Buried places.

*At the center of the chamber, where the web thickens into a lattice dense enough to hold weight, stands **Koharu**.*

Barefoot. Still.

Her hands are folded. Her expression is serene in a way that makes instinct recoil. Thin white ribbons trail through her dark hair, caught gently in strands of silk like deliberate offerings.

She does not look into the camera at first.

She speaks anyway.

KOHARU (soft, even, carrying):

Everyone thinks they know where the top is.

A pause.

KOHARU:

The loudest voice.

The biggest body.

The one who walks last into the room and makes everyone else move.

She lifts her eyes slowly.

KOHARU:

That's not the top.

That's the surface.

The silk behind her trembles.

Not violently.

Attentively.

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KOHARU:

Predators who announce themselves survive on fear.

She tilts her head slightly, listening--not to the camera, but to the web itself.

KOHARU:

Fear makes prey visible.

It makes them scatter.

It makes them run.

Her gaze sharpens--not cruel, simply precise.

KOHARU:

But fear also teaches patterns.

The web hums again, deeper now.

KOHARU:

And patterns are easy to memorize.

She steps forward.

The silk does not cling to her.

It parts.

KOHARU:

The AWS roster has been very loud about dominance.

She does not say names.

She never needs to.

KOHARU:

About being demons.

Kings.

Devils.

Titans.

A faint smile touches her lips--not amused.

KOHARU:

All creatures that require worship.

She kneels, pressing her palm to the stone floor.

The web tightens.

KOHARU:

My elder does not require belief.

The chamber responds.

Not movement--reorientation.

Shadows stretch inward, pulled toward the center. The silk lattice grows denser, layering itself as if the space is being sealed from the inside.

KOHARU:

You are not being hunted.

Her voice remains gentle.

KOHARU:

You are being sorted.

The clicking begins.

Slow.

Measured.

Not from one direction.

From every strand.

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Koharu bows her head.

Not in submission.

In acknowledgment.

KOHARU:

They asked me to speak.

So I will.

*The silk behind her **opens**.*

Not tearing--unfolding.

What steps into partial light is no longer humanoid enough to pretend otherwise.

A Tsuchigumo.

Ancient.

Vast.

Folded impossibly to fit the space, limbs layered and anchored into the stone with reverence rather than force. Chitin catches the dim light like old armor. Multiple eyes reflect the chamber back at itself, fracturing perspective. Silk threads run from its body into the web, not as traps--but as senses.

This is not an entrance.

This is exposure.

The web hums louder now.

Then--

Silence.

A voice emerges.

Not loud.

Not distorted.

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A sound like breath through collapsed tunnels.

KUROKUMO (inhuman, hollow, clicking between words):

You...

click

...Are loud.

The silk tightens.

KUROKUMO:

Loud things...

click

...Announce hunger.

A pause.

Long enough to feel intentional.

KUROKUMO:

Hunger...

click

...Is weakness.

The Tsuchigumo shifts one limb, anchoring deeper into the stone. The floor subtly bows beneath the weight--not breaking.

Accepting.

KUROKUMO:

You speak of chains.

Crowns.

Heels.

Another pause.

KUROKUMO:

Those are games...

click

...Played on the surface.

Koharu rises smoothly to her feet, standing beside--not in front of--the monster.

KOHARU:

This is not a challenge.

She looks directly into the lens now.

KOHARU:

This is a notification.

The web tightens again, a slow constriction.

KOHARU:

You aren't the top of the food chain anymore.

A breath.

KOHARU:

You're standing on it.

The Tsuchigumo lowers its massive head slightly, eyes aligning.

KUROKUMO:

The top...

click

...is visible.

The silk vibrates.

KUROKUMO:

Visibility...

click

...Invites challenge.

A pause.

KUROKUMO:

I do not challenge.

The chamber seems to lean inward.

KUROKUMO:

I wait.

Koharu nods once.

KOHARU:

Some of you will run.

She does not say this with judgment.

KOHARU:

Some of you will roar louder.

Some of you will convince yourselves that violence means elevation.

She spreads her hands slightly.

KOHARU:

All of those choices are... audible.

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The web shivers.

KOHARU:

Stillness is rare.

Her eyes soften.

KOHARU:

Stillness survives longer.

The Tsuchigumo begins to withdraw--not leaving, but settling deeper, folding itself back into the web until it becomes difficult to tell where silk ends and body begins.

Only the eyes remain clearly visible.

Watching.

KUROKUMO (a final whisper):

Predators...

click

...Who need witnesses...

Silence.

KUROKUMO:

...Do not last.

The web tightens once more.

Not collapsing.

Claiming.

Koharu bows her head, hands folded.

KOHARU (softly):

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You have been warned.

Not threatened.

Not challenged.

Her eyes lift one final time.

KOHARU:

Observed.

The light dims--not cutting out, but being slowly absorbed by silk and shadow until the chamber becomes unreadable.

The last thing the camera captures is the web--vibrating gently, patiently--every strand listening.

Then nothing.

No glitch.

No static.

Just the sense that something vast has settled in...

...And is waiting for the roster to move.

"Stillness... before the crush."

Kurokumo vs. Death Baron

The bell sounds and the contrast is immediate.

Death Baron steps forward with deliberate menace, rolling his shoulders beneath the heavy weight of the Parental Advisory Championship draped over his shoulder at ringside. Kurokumo remains coiled in the corner, low stance, eyes fixed on Baron's center mass, ready to strike.

They lock up.

Baron overpowers Kurokumo with brute force, muscling him back into the corner. The official calls for a clean break. Baron obliges--then drives a sudden forearm across Kurokumo's jaw anyway, sending them stumbling out of the corner. The crowd reacts sharply as Baron stalks forward, hammering Kurokumo with clubbing blows to the back and shoulders.

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Kurokumo drops to a knee. Baron hauls him up by the back of the neck and slings him into the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a brutal big boot to the chest. Kurokumo folds, air driven from his lungs. Baron hooks the leg.

ONE--

Kurokumo kicks out hard.

Baron sneers and drags Kurokumo to their feet, pressing him overhead in a show of raw power before dumping him face-first onto the mat. Baron paces, feeding off the reaction, then plants a heavy boot across Kurokumo's sternum and leans into it, grinding the sole of his boot as the referee counts.

Kurokumo rolls away, clutching their chest, and uses the ropes to pull themselves upright. Baron charges--

Kurokumo slips out of the way and snaps a quick roundhouse to the ribs. Another kick follows, then a third, each strike chipping away at Baron's base. Baron absorbs the punishment and swings wild--Kurokumo ducks, fires a low kick to the knee, and suddenly the champion stumbles.

Kurokumo seizes the opening.

A sharp forearm to the jaw. A second backs Baron toward the ropes. Kurokumo sprints, leaps, and connects with a flying knee strike that snaps Baron's head back. The Parental Advisory Champion crashes to a knee, stunned. Kurokumo keeps the pressure on with rapid, precise strikes--body kick, leg kick, then a blistering palm strike to the chest.

The momentum has shifted.

Baron roars and surges forward, catching Kurokumo mid-strike and hoisting them up for a powerbomb. Kurokumo wriggles free, landing behind him. Baron turns--

Kurokumo hooks him.

With explosive snap, Kurokumo lifts Death Baron inverted, suspending him head-down for a split second before driving him **head-first into the mat** with the **Burrow Breaker**.

The impact is sickening. The arena erupts.

Kurokumo immediately rolls through, throwing their body across Baron's chest and hooking the leg deep.

ONE--

TWO--

THREE.

[BELL RINGS]

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The crowd roars as Kurokumo pushes themself up to one knee, chest heaving, eyes locked on the fallen champion. The referee raises Kurokumo's arm.

Winner by pinfall -- Kurokumo.

Kurokumo advances in the AWS Survival of the Fittest Tournament.

At ringside, the Parental Advisory Championship remains untouched on its stand--still Baron's--but tonight, the champion has been felled. Kurokumo rises fully, casting one final look at Death Baron before turning toward the hard camera, having just scored the biggest non-title victory of their career and punched their ticket forward in the tournament.

THE CRIMSON WARNING

The camera lingers on the ring. Kurokumo is still catching his breath, one knee down, the crowd buzzing after the shock of the Burrow Breaker. Death Baron has rolled to the ropes, pulling himself upright, one hand clutching the middle strand, jaw tight with frustration and pain.

Suddenly--

The lights go out.

The Forum di Milano drops into total darkness.

A low, droning hum fills the arena. Then, slowly, an **ominous crimson glow** bleeds across the crowd, washing over the entrance ramp, the aisle, the ring. The glow intensifies, pulsing like a heartbeat.

The camera cuts wide.

A **line of figures in red felt cloaks** has appeared along the aisle, standing motionless on both sides of the ramp. Faces hidden. Hands at their sides. The crowd's roar shifts to uneasy murmurs.

From the entrance curtain, a **mysterious, taller figure** steps forward, silhouetted by crimson backlight. The figure does not move toward the ring--only raises their head slightly, as if acknowledging the chaos about to unfold.

In the ring, Kurokumo turns slowly. Death Baron straightens up. The two lock eyes for a brief moment--then, without a word, they turn outward and step back to back in the center of the ring.

Reluctant allies. Shared threat.

The lights dim further. The mysterious figure's voice echoes through the arena, distorted and omnipresent.

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OMINOUS VOICEOVER:

"Neither of you will know what's coming. Tonight... is a warning shot."

The cloaked figures begin to move.

One by one, they slide into the ring from all sides. The referee backs into a corner, hands raised. Ringside staff hesitate for half a second--then rush in.

And all hell breaks loose.

The cloaked attackers swarm Kurokumo and Death Baron simultaneously--clubbing blows, stomps, dragging them down to the canvas. Baron throws wild elbows, dropping one attacker, only to be tackled from behind. Kurokumo fights to his feet, snapping a kick to the ribs of one assailant before being overwhelmed by numbers and driven to the mat.

Producers and security sprint down the ramp--only to be intercepted. Cloaked figures spill to the floor, blasting staff with forearms, shoving camera operators aside, sending one official crashing into the barricade. The scene devolves into **total chaos**--bodies everywhere, the ring barely visible beneath the swarm of red.

At the desk, the camera catches Salmia "Mia" Russo half-rising out of her chair, eyes wide, voice cutting through the madness in her unmistakable New York edge:

MIA RUSSO:

"Hey--HEY! This is a straight-up mugging! This is a damn hit job right here in the middle of Ward! Somebody get control of this--this is a pure, unadulterated ass kicking!"

Gidget Stephenson is shouting over the noise, Daniel Greene III trying to make sense of the scene, but the broadcast is nearly swallowed by the visual of Kurokumo and Death Baron being beaten down by a faceless, organized force.

The mysterious figure remains at the top of the ramp, unmoving, watching as the warning is delivered.

The crimson glow pulses once more.

The screen cuts to black.

Ace Sky vs. Astra Mortis

The bell rings and Ace Sky wastes no time, exploding out of his corner with speed and confidence. Astra Mortis remains motionless for a half-second longer, eyes cold, posture unnervingly calm--then she steps forward.

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Ace circles, bouncing on the balls of his feet. Astra stalks.

Ace darts in with a quick arm drag, then another, sending Astra to the mat. He pops up, fires a sharp dropkick to the chest, and immediately covers.

ONE--

Astra powers out with authority, sitting straight up.

Ace hesitates just a moment too long.

Astra rises and snaps Ace down with a sudden short-arm toss, then drives a boot into his ribs as he tries to roll away. She pulls him up by the wrist and whips him into the corner, following with a crushing corner clothesline that folds Ace in half.

Astra drags him out and drops him with a heavy sidewalk slam. She doesn't cover--she kneels beside him, staring down as Ace clutches his back.

Ace fights up, firing quick body shots and a stiff forearm that backs Astra up a step. He hits the ropes and connects with a flying forearm, then a standing moonsault. Another cover.

ONE--

TWO--

Astra kicks out, unfazed.

The crowd reacts as Ace stays aggressive, stringing together rapid kicks and a snap DDT that spikes Astra on the mat. Ace climbs to the top rope, measuring his target. He leaps--

Astra rolls.

Ace crashes hard.

Astra rises in one smooth motion and grabs Ace by the throat, hauling him up with eerie ease. She hammers him down with a brutal spinebuster, then pulls him back to his feet as if he weighs nothing. Ace struggles, throwing elbows, but Astra absorbs them and answers with a devastating headbutt.

Ace staggers, glassy-eyed.

Astra scoops him up and drives him into the mat with a thunderous fallaway slam, sending him skidding toward the ropes. She advances slowly, methodically, dragging Ace up by the hair. Ace musters a last burst--he slips free, lands a sudden superkick, then collapses into the ropes.

Both competitors are down to one knee.

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They rise and trade--Ace with speed, Astra with raw force. Ace ducks a swing and snaps off a roll-up.

ONE--

TWO--

Astra breaks free and immediately levels Ace with a short, violent lariat.

The momentum shifts completely.

Astra lifts Ace onto her shoulder, then drops him face-first with a snake-eyes-style slam into the turnbuckles. As Ace stumbles out, Astra hooks him--pump-handle secured.

The crowd senses it.

With corpse-lift strength, Astra hoists Ace straight up, pausing mid-air, then drives him down with **Revenant's Mercy**--a brutal pump-handle powerbomb that shakes the ring on impact.

She folds into the cover, hooking the leg deep.

ONE--

TWO--

THREE.

[BELL RINGS]

Astra Mortis rises slowly as the referee raises her arm. Ace Sky remains motionless for a moment before rolling onto his side, clutching his midsection. Astra stands over him briefly, expression unchanged, then turns toward the hard camera.

Winner by pinfall -- Astra Mortis.

Astra Mortis advances to the next round of the AWS Survival of the Fittest Tournament.

She exits the ring without celebration, leaving behind a shaken Ace Sky--and a clear warning to the rest of the tournament field.

Backstage

Backstage. The arena noise is muffled here -- cheers and music reduced to a low, distant thrum. Astra Mortis walks slowly down the concrete corridor, towel around her neck, boots heavy with each step. No celebration. Just breath.

She rounds a corner near the production area and stops.

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Her mother is sitting on a folding chair against the wall.

Not in the way fans imagine surprises -- no dramatic reveal, no spotlight. Just Liz Merritt, coat folded in her lap, hands clasped loosely, watching the floor like she's waiting for an appointment.

Astra blinks once.

"...Mom?"

Liz looks up. Relief flashes across her face before she smooths it away.

"Hi," she says. **"You done?"**

Astra nods, still processing.

"Yeah."

Liz stands. She does not hug her. She doesn't rush. She does what she's always done -- lets Astra decide the distance.

"I was already in town," Liz says lightly. **"Thought I'd watch. Someone gave me a badge."**

Astra glances at the laminated pass clipped to her mother's coat. Backstage access. Legitimate. Mundane.

"Oh," Astra says. Then, quieter: **"Okay."**

They stand there for a moment, the noise from the arena bleeding faintly through the walls.

Liz studies Astra's face. The cut above her brow. The way she's favoring one side.

"You hurt?" Liz asks.

Astra shrugs. "Nothing broken."

Liz nods. Files it away.

"You've advanced," Liz says simply. **"Next round."**

Astra exhales. Not relief -- acknowledgment.

"Yeah," she says. **"I know."**

"I saw you stop," Liz adds after a beat. **"When you could've kept going."**

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Astra looks at her, surprised.

"I didn't need to."

Liz smiles. Small. Proud -- but not loud about it.

"Good," she says. "That's new."

A stagehand walks past, nodding politely, clearly unsure how to react to the quiet intensity of the moment.

Liz reaches out then -- just briefly -- and adjusts the towel on Astra's shoulders like she used to when Astra came home soaked from rain.

"You don't have to stay," Astra says automatically. "I know it's--"

"I know," Liz interrupts gently. "I just wanted to see you walk out on your own."

That lands harder than any cheer.

Astra swallows.

"I did."

Liz nods.

"Yes, you did."

They start walking together down the hall -- not touching, but in step.

The camera lingers just long enough to catch Astra's shoulders lower by a fraction.

Jack Ocean vs. Kermal Yilmiz

The bell rings and Jack Ocean immediately plays to the crowd, rolling his shoulders and flashing a confident grin. Kermal Yilmiz offers no response--no expression, no wasted motion--only a slow step forward and cold focus.

They lock up.

Ocean muscles Kermal into the corner and breaks clean, but on the reset Kermal snaps into a deep arm drag, flowing straight into a wrist lock. Ocean rolls through, kips up, and twists free, popping Kermal with a sharp arm drag of his own. The crowd reacts as Ocean hits the ropes and lands a quick basement dropkick

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to the shoulder.

Ocean covers.

ONE--

Kermal kicks out instantly.

Ocean stays aggressive, driving forearms into Kermal's chest and backing him toward the ropes. He whips Kermal across--Kermal reverses--drops flat--and catches Ocean charging in with a sudden leg sweep, transitioning seamlessly into a grounded headlock. Ocean fights to his knees, but Kermal floats behind into a tight hammerlock, wrenching the arm with surgical precision.

Ocean grimaces and powers to his feet, snapping off a back elbow to create space. He fires up with a running European uppercut, then another, finally knocking Kermal down. Ocean hits a standing leg drop and hooks the leg.

ONE--

TWO--

Kermal rolls a shoulder.

The pace quickens. Ocean pulls Kermal up and goes for a fisherman suplex--Kermal blocks, shifts his hips, and counters into a snapmare, immediately locking in a seated chinlock. Ocean fights up, but Kermal transitions again--arm trap, roll-through--into a short-arm snap suplex, never losing control of the limb.

Kermal slows the match down deliberately.

He stomps the elbow, drags Ocean up, and executes a crisp arm wringer, followed by a sudden Fujiwara armbar attempt. Ocean scrambles to the ropes, forcing the break, clutching his arm as he pulls himself up.

Kermal stalks him.

Ocean swings wildly--Kermal ducks, slips behind, and unleashes a flawless sequence: waistlock takedown into a floating front chancery, roll-through into a cross-armbreaker attempt. Ocean rolls again, nearly escaping--only for Kermal to slide over and cinch the hold deeper, dragging him away from the ropes.

Ocean claws forward, desperation etched on his face.

Kermal shifts his weight, threads the arm across the face, and locks it in completely--

The Turkish Acid Cross.

The armbar is fully extended. The crossface is tight. Ocean thrashes, legs kicking, but there's nowhere to go. The pressure builds. The crowd rises as Ocean tries one last surge--

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He taps.

[BELL RINGS]

Winner by submission -- Kermal Yilmiz.

Kermal Yilmiz advances to the semifinals of the AWS Survival of the Fittest Tournament.

The referee moves to check on Jack Ocean, but Kermal doesn't leave.

He stands slowly, looks down at Ocean with cold contempt--and suddenly yanks him up by the arms. The crowd erupts as Kermal hooks both arms underneath.

Double underhooks secured.

Before anyone can intervene, Kermal hoists Ocean and drives him down with the **Istanbul Acid Driver**--a vicious double underhook brainbuster that snaps Ocean's body flat against the mat.

Gasps fill the arena.

Kermal releases the hold, straightens his gear, and steps over Ocean's fallen body. He pauses at the ropes, looking back once--expression unchanged--before exiting the ring.

Jack Ocean remains down as officials rush in.

Kermal Yilmiz advances--not just victorious, but sending a brutal message to the rest of the tournament field.

POST-ANGLE COMMENTARY

The camera cuts back to the broadcast booth. Salmia "Mia" Russo, Ginnifer "Gidget" Stephenson, and Daniel Greene III are visibly shaken, still glancing toward the ring and the now-empty aisle.

DANIEL GREENE III:

"The quarterfinals of the **AWS Survival of the Fittest Tournament** are officially in the books."

[GRAPHIC: SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST -- QUARTERFINALS COMPLETE]

MIA RUSSO:

"The road continues to the semifinals will take place at **AWS SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST 2026.**"

GRAPHIC: THE SEMIFINAL MATCHUP

Kurokumo vs. Kemal Yilmaz vs. Astra Mortis

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MIA RUSSO:

"The Survival of the Fittest Tournament is reaching its breaking point. three remain. One will win. And after what we've seen tonight, nothing about this tournament feels predictable."

The camera pulls back from the desk, lingering on the ring one last time as the crowd noise swells, the tension for Ward #360 already hanging heavy in the air.

The Vanguard Pact (Nova Reyes & Quinn Ashford) vs. World Elite (Amanda MacLeod & Agent Carter)

The bell rings and the tension is immediate. Nova Reyes starts for The Vanguard Pact, bouncing lightly on her feet, while Amanda MacLeod takes the opening position for World Elite, calm and calculating. Quinn Ashford and Agent Carter grip their respective tags, eyes locked on the center of the ring.

Nova and Amanda circle.

Amanda shoots in for a quick takedown, but Nova sprawls and rolls through, popping back up with a crisp arm drag that sends Amanda skidding. Nova follows with a sharp dropkick to the shoulder and tags Quinn Ashford in. The Vanguard Pact execute a seamless double-team--Nova snaps Amanda forward while Quinn drills her with a running knee to the midsection.

Cover.

ONE--

Amanda kicks out quickly.

World Elite answers back. Amanda crawls to her corner and tags in Agent Carter. Carter storms in, immediately flattening Quinn with a short-arm lariat. He drags Quinn up, drives her into the World Elite corner, and tags Amanda back in. The two isolate Quinn, trading quick tags and working the ribs with compact strikes and body blows, cutting the ring in half.

Amanda traps Quinn in a grounded headlock, grinding him down. Quinn fights to her knees, reaches for Nova--Amanda yanks him back by the leg and tags Carter. Carter steps through the ropes and drops a heavy knee across Quinn's back, then floats into a tight waistlock, wearing him down.

The crowd begins to build as Quinn absorbs punishment.

Quinn finally creates separation with a desperate back elbow to Carter's jaw, then a sudden snap DDT. Both competitors are down. Quinn crawls, stretching--Carter lunges and barely clips the ankle--

Hot tag to Nova Reyes.

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Nova explodes into the ring with speed, blasting Carter with a flying forearm, then turning and drilling Amanda with a spinning back kick as she enters. Nova runs the ropes and catches Carter with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors into a dropkick, sending him to the mat. She stacks him up.

ONE--

TWO--

Carter kicks out.

Nova stays aggressive, pulling Carter up and whipping him into the corner. Quinn tags herself in and The Vanguard Pact connect with a tandem strike--Nova with a corner meteora, Quinn with a running boot to the face. Carter stumbles out of the corner into Quinn's grip.

Amanda charges in to break it up--Nova intercepts her with a forearm and a snap suplex, sending her rolling to the floor. The ring belongs to The Vanguard Pact.

Quinn hoists Carter and slams him to the mat, then drags him toward the corner and tags Nova back in. The two set up in unison. Quinn traps Carter's arms from behind as Nova hits the ropes and drives in with a blistering running knee strike, snapping Carter forward. Quinn releases and shoves Carter into Nova's follow-up snap kick to the chest.

Carter crumples.

Nova dives into the cover.

ONE--

TWO--

THREE.

[BELL RINGS]

The crowd roars as Nova Reyes rises, Quinn Ashford pulling her into a brief embrace at center ring. Amanda MacLeod slides back in too late, frustration etched across her face as the referee signals the decision.

Winners by pinfall -- The Vanguard Pact (Nova Reyes & Quinn Ashford).

The Vanguard Pact stand tall, arms raised, having outmaneuvered and outpaced World Elite with cohesion and precision--sending a clear message to the rest of the tag division.

Commercial

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The screen cuts hard to black.

Silence.

Then--

the sharp **HISS** of a bottle opening.

A cold pour hits glass in slow motion. Foam climbs the rim.

A deep, gravelly voice cuts in.

VOICEOVER:

"No slogan. No mascot. No fake story."

Quick cuts:

- A cracked knuckle gripping a cold can
- Boots on concrete after a long night
- A bar TV replaying a brutal AWS moment
- Someone wiping blood from their eyebrow... then taking a drink

VOICEOVER:

"This isn't a lifestyle brand."

The music kicks in--low, bluesy, unapologetic.

VOICEOVER:

"It's just beer."

Close-up: a plain can. No logo. No name. Just metal and condensation.

NO NAMED BEER

Cut to different people, different places:

- A wrestler backstage, icing their shoulder
- A mechanic closing the garage door
- A bartender sliding a can across the bar
- A woman on a stoop at 2 a.m., city lights behind her

VOICEOVER:

"For people who don't need permission...

don't need validation...

and damn sure don't need branding shoved down their throat."

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A heavy swallow. The can hits the table.

VOICEOVER (firmer):

"No Named Beer doesn't care if you like it."

Beat.

VOICEOVER:

"It just shows up."

Final shot: the can on a table. One word fades in above it.

BEER.

Then below it, smaller:

NO NAME.

NO BULLSHIT.

The screen snaps back to black.

[CUT BACK TO AWS WARD - LIVE]

Kaja Vinter vs. Brittani Bezos

The bell rings and Kaja Vinter steps forward immediately -- no pause, no posture, eyes unfocused and fixed more on movement than her opponent. Brittani Bezos lingers near the ropes, posture loose, a faint smirk on her face. The contrast isn't discipline versus volatility -- it's stillness versus noise.

They don't really circle.

Kaja lunges in abruptly, crashing into Brittani with a sloppy headbutt that snaps Brittani backward more than it lands cleanly. Kaja doesn't follow technique -- she just stays close, hands tangling in hair as she drives Brittani down with her full weight, collapsing into a rough takedown.

Brittani writhes and scrambles toward the ropes, dragging herself free as the referee wedges between them. Kaja doesn't release so much as lose interest, backing off a step while staring past Brittani, head tilted slightly at the crowd noise.

Brittani rolls to her feet, brushing her hair back, eyes narrowed.

Kaja surges again -- Brittani snaps off a sudden eye rake behind the referee's blind spot, then peppers Kaja

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with frantic forearms. The referee warns Brittani sharply. Brittani backs off, feigning innocence, then lunges with a wild clothesline.

Kaja barrels straight through it.

She throws herself sideways into Brittani in a messy collision -- **Bad Connection** -- both women crashing hard to the mat. Kaja rolls through the impact by instinct alone and collapses forward into a cover.

ONE--

Brittani kicks out and immediately rolls to the apron to regroup.

Kaja drags Brittani back in by the ankle without warning and drops down into mounted elbows -- **Static Maul** -- forearms slamming down, fingers clawing at Brittani's face and jaw. Brittani screams, bucking wildly, raking Kaja's eyes to force separation.

The referee steps in with another warning.

Brittani snaps, surging forward with a flurry of erratic strikes -- forearms, elbows, a knee to the body -- backing Kaja into the corner. Brittani charges for a splash--

Kaja explodes out of the corner instead, launching forward like a human projectile -- **404** -- smashing shoulder-first into Brittani and driving her into the turnbuckles. Brittani collapses forward, stunned.

Kaja hooks instinctively from behind and tries to lift -- it doesn't work. She snarls softly and simply throws herself and Brittani sideways again, dumping them both to the mat in another ugly spill.

Brittani howls, thrashing, dragging herself toward the ropes.

Kaja grabs her leg and pulls her back to center, climbing onto Brittani's back without hesitation. She clamps on, legs wrapped tight, clawing and hammering forearms down -- **System Failure** -- fingers digging at Brittani's face and neck as Brittani screams and bucks.

The crowd erupts as the referee rushes in, shouting at Kaja to disengage.

She doesn't.

Kaja grabs her leg and pulls her back to center, climbing onto Brittani's back without hesitation. She clamps on, legs wrapped tight, clawing and hammering forearms down -- **System Failure** -- fingers digging at Brittani's face and neck as Brittani screams and bucks.

Desperate, Brittani twists violently and **lashes backward with a sharp, illegal elbow**, cracking Kaja across the side of the head. She follows it with another blind strike -- a vicious backfist thrown straight into Kaja's face.

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The crowd erupts.

The referee shouts for Brittani to stop.

Kaja doesn't disengage.

She tightens her grip instead, clawing harder as Brittani collapses forward under the weight.

The referee rushes in, physically grabbing Kaja by the arms and pulling her backward. Kaja resists, still reaching forward, fingers twitching as she's hauled off.

[BELL RINGS -- DQ]

Brittani collapses forward, gasping and clutching her face as officials swarm the ring.

Winner by disqualification -- **Kaja Vinter**.

(Brittani Bezos is disqualified for refusing to break and using illegal strikes.)

Kaja remains on her knees at center ring, breathing hard -- then goes very still.

Officials hesitate before approaching her. The referee keeps distance, watching carefully as Kaja slowly rises, eyes unfocused, head tilted slightly toward the ringing bell and crowd noise.

Brittani is ordered toward the aisle, still shouting and gesturing furiously -- but Kaja doesn't look at her.

She just stands there, unmoving, as the noise continues around her.

AWS C4 DIVISION

[LOCATION: BACKSTAGE INTERVIEW ZONE]

The camera cuts to the industrial-lit corridor behind the curtain. The **AWS C4 Division Champion "Bad Ass" Mike Dimter** stands with the title slung over his shoulder. Sweat still beads along his brow. A staffer adjusts the mic flag as Dimter rolls his neck, clearly still riding the adrenaline of the night.

SIGN GUY BOB (off-camera, stepping in with a mic):

"Mike Dimter, a hard-fought night out there. You're still the C4 Division Champion. What's going through your mind right now as--"

DIMTER (cutting in, breathless):

"Man, I don't even know where to start. Everybody in that locker room keeps lining up, everybody thinks the C4 Division is their fast track to--"

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[A SHADOW FALLS INTO FRAME]

TJ Alexander steps into view, calm, deliberate. He doesn't raise his voice. He doesn't need to.

TJ ALEXANDER:

"Mike. I've been looking for you."

[Dimter shifts the belt on his shoulder, jaw tightening.]

DIMTER:

"Yeah? You found me. Congratulations. If you're here to talk, grab a number like everybody else."

TJ ALEXANDER (shaking his head):

"I already did. I went to Donovan Cross. I made it official. When it comes to the **C4 Division Championship**--I'm next."

[The hallway noise fades under the tension. Dimter stares at TJ for a beat, then cracks a short, humorless smirk.]

DIMTER:

"You talked to Cross."

(he nods slowly)

"Of course you did. Everybody wants to go over my head. Everybody wants to shortcut their way to this."

(he taps the faceplate of the title)

"You think paperwork makes you dangerous?"

TJ ALEXANDER:

"I don't need paperwork to hurt you. I need a date. I need a ring. Cross is handling the rest."

DIMTER (stepping closer, nose-to-nose):

"You don't get to walk up on me backstage and call your shot like this division is some open mic night. You want next? Fine. But understand something--this belt doesn't change hands because someone asks for it."

TJ ALEXANDER:

"It changes hands when the champion finally runs into someone faster, sharper, and willing to take it away from him."

[A beat. Neither man blinks.]

DIMTER:

"Then stop talking and start preparing. Because when Cross gives you that match, I'm not giving you opportunities--I'm giving you injuries."

TJ ALEXANDER (turning to leave):

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"Good. I'd hate for you to hold back."

TJ walks off down the corridor, never looking back. Dimter watches him go, the C4 Division Title clenched tighter in his grip as the camera lingers on his expression--equal parts irritation and focus--before fading out.

Octavia Vale vs. Tiffani Taylor

The bell rings and Octavia Vale steps forward with a deliberate calm, eyes fixed on Tiffani Taylor. Tiffani responds with quick footwork, circling wide, trying to bait Octavia into overcommitting.

They tie up.

Octavia muscles Tiffani into the ropes, then releases clean. On the break, Tiffani snaps a quick kick to the thigh and darts away. Octavia absorbs it without expression, steps in, and catches Tiffani with a short-arm snapmare, immediately grounding her with a knee to the upper back. Octavia transitions into a front facelock, dragging Tiffani toward center ring, controlling the pace from the opening exchange.

Tiffani fights up, throwing short body shots to create space. She slips free and answers with a sudden running forearm that rocks Octavia, then follows with a sharp snap DDT. Tiffani floats into the cover.

ONE--

Octavia kicks out with authority.

Tiffani keeps pressing, driving Octavia into the corner with a running splash, then whipping her across the ring and catching her with a back elbow on the rebound. She hooks the leg.

ONE--

TWO--

Octavia rolls a shoulder.

Octavia sits up, jaw set. She absorbs another forearm, then cuts Tiffani off with a sudden short-arm lariat that drops her hard. Octavia pulls Tiffani up by the wrist, twists into a tight arm wringer, and drives her down with a crisp STO, maintaining wrist control on the mat.

Octavia slows the match down, grinding pressure into Tiffani's shoulder and neck. She drags Tiffani to her feet, hooks her for another short-arm attempt--Tiffani counters with a roll-through and nearly catches Octavia in a small package.

ONE--

TWO--

Octavia powers out.

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The crowd stirs as both rise. Tiffani charges with a running knee--Octavia sidesteps, traps the arm, and snaps Tiffani down with a sudden short-arm STO, spiking her forward. Without hesitation, Octavia rolls her through, cinching the inverted Koji Clutch, wrenching Tiffani's neck backward like a broken pendulum--

Time Collapse.

Tiffani's body arches under the torque. Octavia maintains the hold for a brief, deliberate count, then releases and rolls Tiffani onto her back, hooking the leg.

ONE--

TWO--

THREE.

[BELL RINGS]

Octavia Vale rises slowly, composure unbroken, as the referee raises her hand. Tiffani Taylor lies on the mat, clutching at her neck, blinking through the impact as officials check on her.

Winner by pinfall -- Octavia Vale.

Octavia steps back, offering a final, cold glance before turning toward the hard camera--another victory secured by precision, control, and the ruthless finality of Time Collapse.

AVERY McCULLEN RETURNS

[LOCATION: BACKSTAGE INTERVIEW AREA]

The camera opens on a quiet corner of the backstage corridor. **Avery McCullen** stands under the harsh production lights, gear bag slung over her shoulder. There is a composed edge to her posture--calm, but purposeful. The noise of the arena hums faintly beyond the curtain.

INTERVIEWER:

"Avery McCullen. We haven't seen you in Asylum Wrestling Society for quite some time. Tonight, you're back. What brings you here?"

AVERY McCULLEN:

"I didn't leave because I was done. I left because I needed distance--time to reset, time to sharpen things I didn't like about myself in this ring. But this place? This is where I made my name. And I'm not here to stand around backstage soaking in the nostalgia."

(beat)

"I want to compete at **AWS Tuesday Night Ward #360**. Put me on the card. Anyone. Anywhere on that show."

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[Footsteps approach. A presence enters frame.]

Brittani Bezos steps in, immaculate, confident, eyes already fixed on Avery.

BRITTANI BEZOS:

"You pick a hell of a time to come back, Avery. Because the division moved on without you."

AVERY (turning to face her):

"Funny. It still looks the same from where I'm standing."

BRITTANI (smirking):

"Oh, it is the same. The difference is--**I'm on top of it now.** And if you really want your big comeback moment on Ward #360, here's the reality: I'm going to be the one standing across the ring from you."

AVERY:

"Good. I didn't come back to ease in. I came back to measure where I stand."

BRITTANI:

"You measure yourself against me, and when I beat you, they won't be calling you a comeback story."
(steps closer)

"They'll have to call **me** a *Legend* in my own right."

[A brief silence. The tension is immediate.]

AVERY:

"Careful with words like 'legend.' This place has a way of testing how heavy they really are."

BRITTANI:

"Then test me. Ward #360. I'll make your return the night everyone remembers for the wrong reasons."

Brittani turns and walks out of frame. Avery watches her go, then looks back to the camera--expression set, resolve clear.

AVERY:

"Ward #360. I'll be ready."

Lacey Roberts (c) vs. Desiree Forte

The arena lights dim to a deep crimson as the championship graphic fills the screen. The AWS Women's World Championship is raised high by the referee at center ring. The crowd swells in anticipation.

The bell rings.

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Lacey Roberts steps forward with champion's poise, measured and composed. Desiree Forte stalks from her corner with coiled intensity, jaw set, eyes locked on the title. They circle once--then collide in a hard lock-up. Desiree drives Lacey back a step, showing early strength, but Lacey pivots out and snaps on a side headlock, grounding the challenger and forcing her to carry the weight.

Desiree powers up, shoots Lacey off--Lacey rebounds and snaps Desiree down with a crisp arm drag, then another. Lacey floats over into a quick cover.

ONE--

Desiree kicks out sharply.

Desiree surges up and answers with a thudding shoulder tackle that knocks Lacey back to the mat. She follows with a short knee drop across the ribs and hooks the leg.

ONE--

Lacey kicks out, already rolling to a knee.

The pace quickens. Desiree whips Lacey into the corner and charges--Lacey slips out at the last second and Desiree collides with the turnbuckles. Lacey capitalizes with a running meteora to the back, then pulls Desiree out into a tight snap suplex. The champion keeps pressure, wrenching Desiree into a grounded front facelock, dragging her back to center to cut off any escape.

Desiree claws to her knees, fires body shots, and breaks free with a sudden jawbreaker. She backs Lacey up with heavy forearms, then lifts her clean and drives her down with a sit-out power slam. The challenger hooks the leg.

ONE--

TWO--

Lacey kicks out.

Frustration flashes across Desiree's face. She drags Lacey up and goes for a short-arm strike--Lacey ducks and snaps off a backstabber, spiking Desiree to the mat. Lacey rolls through into a quick cover.

ONE--

TWO--

Desiree survives.

Both women rise slowly, the toll of the match beginning to show. They trade forearms in the center--Lacey's precision versus Desiree's raw force. Desiree wins the exchange with a brutal headbutt that stuns the champion. She follows with a running corner splash, then hauls Lacey out and plants her with a thunderous spinebuster.

The crowd rises.

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Desiree signals for the end, pulling Lacey up onto her shoulders--Lacey fights free with rapid elbows, slipping behind. Lacey shoves Desiree into the ropes and catches her on the rebound with a sudden pop-up into a knee strike, then transitions immediately into a snap German suplex, bridging for the pin.

ONE--

TWO--

Desiree kicks out at the last possible moment.

Lacey stays on her, dragging Desiree up and locking in a tight standing choke, trying to sap the challenger's strength. Desiree powers out with a back body drop and collapses to one knee, then explodes forward with a lariat that turns Lacey inside out. Desiree hooks the leg again.

ONE--

TWO--

Lacey kicks out to a massive reaction.

Both competitors are down. The referee begins a count. They reach the ropes, pull themselves up, and meet again in the center. Desiree goes for a decisive strike--Lacey counters, traps the arm, and snaps Desiree down with a short-arm STO. Lacey floats through, maintaining wrist control, and transitions into her finishing sequence.

She drags Desiree up, turns her out, and spikes her with a tight snap driver, rolling straight into the cover, hooking the leg deep and driving her weight forward.

ONE--

TWO--

THREE.

[BELL RINGS]

The Forum di Milano erupts as the referee signals for the bell. Lacey Roberts releases the cover and rolls to her knees, chest heaving. The referee raises her arm and presents the AWS Women's World Championship.

Winner by pinfall -- and STILL AWS Women's World Champion: Lacey Roberts.

Desiree Forte sits up slowly, disappointment etched across her face, then nods once in reluctant respect. Lacey stands, championship held high, turning to each side of the arena as the crowd reacts--champion affirmed in the main event of Ward #359.

Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "KUROKUMO'S WEB" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "THE CRIMSON WARNING" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Backstage" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "POST-ANGLE COMMENTARY" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Commercial" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "AWS C4 DIVISION" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "AVERY McCULLEN RETURNS" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite