

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

June 1, 2026 | The Crow's Nest - Las Vegas

Astra/Sol Open The Show

The camera opens backstage at Monday Night Ward #363.

The noise of the AWS crowd rumbles faintly through the walls, a living pulse beneath the fluorescent hum of the hallway. Production staff move quickly in the background. Cables run along the floor. A monitor nearby shows the opening graphics for the night's broadcast.

Standing in front of the AWS interview backdrop is Laura Andersen, microphone in hand, calm and composed as always.

LAURA ANDERSEN:

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Monday Night Ward. I'm Laura Andersen, and before tonight's action officially begins, I have been told we are opening with an exclusive word from the AWS Goddess Champion."

Laura turns slightly as Astra Mortis steps into frame.

The shift in atmosphere is immediate.

Astra wears black and violet ring gear beneath a long mourning coat, the AWS Goddess Championship resting over her shoulder. Her corpse-smudged eyes are calm, her expression soft in a way that somehow makes her more unsettling. One hand rests over the title plate, not like she is showing it off, but like she is keeping it still.

Laura, professional as ever, does not flinch.

LAURA ANDERSEN:

"Astra, thank you for joining me. You've made it clear recently that the Goddess Championship means more to you than simply holding gold. Tonight, what message do you have for the AWS women's division?"

Astra looks at Laura for a moment.

Then she looks into the camera.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"This title is not jewelry."

Her fingers tap once against the championship.

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ASTRA MORTIS:

"It is not decoration. It is not a pretty little prize for someone to wear while the division waits politely for permission to matter."

Astra's head tilts slightly.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"The Goddess Championship should not sleep. It should not gather dust. It should not sit in the dark waiting for a perfect challenger, a perfect story, a perfect moment."

Her voice lowers.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"It should work."

Laura's eyes sharpen, sensing the importance of the statement.

LAURA ANDERSEN:

"When you say it should work, are you saying you intend to defend the championship more actively?"

Astra's gaze returns to Laura.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"I am saying this championship is a door."

She slowly turns the title outward toward the camera.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"If you have momentum, knock."

A beat.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"If you have courage, knock."

Another beat.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"If you believe your name belongs in the mouth of this division, knock."

Astra's expression does not change, but something in her eyes darkens.

ASTRA MORTIS:

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"But understand what waits on the other side."

Laura lifts the microphone slightly.

LAURA ANDERSEN:

"So to clarify, Astra... are you issuing an open challenge?"

Astra smiles faintly.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"No, Laura."

Laura pauses.

Astra's hand tightens around the title.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"I am issuing an open title match."

The crowd can be heard reacting from inside the arena.

Laura's eyebrows rise, but she keeps her composure.

LAURA ANDERSEN:

"An open title match? Tonight?"

Astra nods once.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Tonight."

Before Laura can ask another question, movement enters the edge of the frame.

Sol Azteca steps into view.

Gold and deep red. Mask bright beneath the backstage lights. Her posture is relaxed, but her eyes are focused. The energy around her is completely different from Astra's -- warmer, quicker, alive with motion even when she is standing still.

Laura instinctively shifts the microphone between them.

LAURA ANDERSEN:

"Sol Azteca."

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Sol does not take her eyes off Astra.

SOL AZTECA:

"I heard about the open title match."

Astra slowly turns toward her.

The two women stand face to face.

No shouting.

No cheap intimidation.

Just the champion and the woman with momentum.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"I asked for all comers."

Sol's chin lifts.

SOL AZTECA:

"Then you got one."

Astra studies her.

Not dismissively.

Not kindly.

Like she is trying to decide what category Sol belongs in and does not like that the answer refuses to settle.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"No."

A faint pause.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"I have a question."

Sol steps closer, just enough to show she is not backing away.

SOL AZTECA:

"Then ask it."

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Astra's eyes flick briefly to Sol's mask.

The sunburst design.

The legacy.

The pride.

Then Astra's hand moves back to the Goddess Championship.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Can fire carry a crown without burning the hands beneath it?"

The hallway seems quieter for a second.

Laura watches carefully, microphone held between them.

Sol's expression beneath the mask does not break. If anything, the question seems to sharpen her.

SOL AZTECA:

"There's only one way to find out."

Astra's smile returns.

Small.

Dangerous.

Almost approving.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Yes."

She steps closer, lowering her voice.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"There is."

Laura, sensing the moment, presses forward with a measured question.

LAURA ANDERSEN:

"Sol, Astra has just put the Goddess Championship on the line tonight. You've built momentum recently, but this is a major opportunity. Why accept now?"

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Sol finally glances toward Laura, then back to Astra.

SOL AZTECA:

"Because momentum only matters if you do something with it."

She taps two fingers lightly against the side of her mask.

SOL AZTECA:

"This mask means identity. Honor. Legacy. Everything I've carried from Mexico to Japan to here."

Her eyes return fully to Astra.

SOL AZTECA:

"If that title is supposed to be the standard, then I don't want to wait around hoping someone decides I belong near it."

A beat.

SOL AZTECA:

"I'll prove it tonight."

Astra listens.

Really listens.

That may be the most unsettling part.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Good."

Sol's eyes narrow slightly.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Do not come to survive me."

Astra lifts the Goddess Championship slightly.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Do not come to be brave. Do not come to be remembered for almost touching something sacred."

Her voice softens.

ASTRA MORTIS:

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"Come to take it."

Sol does not hesitate.

SOL AZTECA:

"That was the plan."

For the first time, Astra looks almost pleased.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Then tonight, little sun..."

She leans in just enough that the words are meant for Sol, but the camera catches every syllable.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"We find out if legacy is stronger than responsibility."

Laura steps slightly between them, not physically separating them, but reclaiming the broadcast.

LAURA ANDERSEN:

"There you have it. Tonight on Monday Night Ward, Astra Mortis defends the AWS Goddess Championship against Sol Azteca in our main event."

The crowd reaction swells again from beyond the walls.

Astra backs away first, but her eyes never leave Sol.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Bring your fire."

Sol answers immediately.

SOL AZTECA:

"Bring your crown."

Astra's smile fades into something colder.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"It is not a crown."

She taps the title plate once.

ASTRA MORTIS:

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"It is a burden."

Astra turns and walks out of frame, the violet edges of her coat trailing behind her.

Sol remains for a moment, watching her go.

Laura turns slightly toward Sol.

LAURA ANDERSEN:

"Sol, any final words before tonight?"

Sol looks into the camera.

SOL AZTECA:

"Yeah."

A beat.

SOL AZTECA:

"I'm not here to disappear."

Sol walks off in the opposite direction.

Laura stands alone between the paths they took, composed but clearly aware of the weight of what just happened.

LAURA ANDERSEN:

"Astra Mortis. Sol Azteca. The Goddess Championship. Tonight's main event has just been made official."

The camera lingers on Laura for one final second as the crowd roars from inside the arena.

Then the screen cuts to the Monday Night Ward opening package.

World Elite (Kofi Von Erich & AJ Flare) vs The Tongan Terror Squad (Apollo Latu & Malachi Latu)

Mia Russo: "Up next, we've got another Undisputed Tag Team Championship Eliminator Match, and many people believe this could be the toughest challenge of the entire tournament!"

Gidget Stephenson: "The Tongan Terror Squad are absolute wrecking machines. Apollo and Malachi Latu have left destruction everywhere they've gone."

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Daniel Greene III: "And standing across from them are two of the most talented athletes in AWS. If anybody can shock the world tonight, it's World Elite."

"Warriors of Fire" blasts through the arena speakers as Apollo Latu and Malachi Latu emerge from the entrance tunnel.

The Tongans slowly march toward the ring.

No smiles.

No posing.

No wasted movement.

Just pure intimidation.

The crowd immediately begins a loud mixed reaction as the two massive Samoan warriors step through the ropes and stare out into the audience.

Mia Russo: "These two men look like they're ready for war."

The music changes.

Gold lights sweep across the Neon Graveyard.

"Elite Status" hits and the crowd erupts.

Kofi Von Erich and AJ Flare burst onto the stage, slapping hands with fans as they sprint toward the ring.

Gidget Stephenson: "World Elite knows they're the underdogs here."

Daniel Greene III: "Sometimes that's the most dangerous position to be in."

The bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

AJ Flare starts against Apollo Latu.

Apollo immediately powers AJ backward into the corner.

The referee forces a clean break.

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Apollo responds by driving a vicious forearm into AJ's jaw.

AJ staggers.

Apollo follows with a shoulder tackle that nearly flips AJ inside out.

Mia Russo: "Good Lord!"

Apollo drags AJ up and launches him with a massive belly-to-belly suplex.

The crowd gasps.

Malachi tags himself in.

The Tongans begin isolating AJ in their corner.

Tag.

Tag.

Tag.

The punishment continues.

A brutal powerslam.

A running headbutt.

A crushing corner avalanche.

AJ desperately crawls toward his corner.

Apollo cuts him off with a thunderous clothesline.

Gidget Stephenson: "This is exactly what The Tongan Terror Squad wanted."

AJ absorbs another beating before finally countering a powerslam attempt with repeated elbows to the head.

Apollo stumbles.

AJ dives--

TAG!

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The crowd explodes.

Kofi Von Erich launches himself into the match.

Flying forearm!

Dropkick!

Another dropkick!

Malachi charges--

Kofi catches him with a spinning heel kick.

Apollo rushes in.

Kofi ducks and sends him over the top rope.

The crowd rises to its feet.

Mia Russo: "World Elite is fighting back!"

Kofi climbs the turnbuckle.

Missile dropkick!

Malachi crashes to the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Malachi powers out.

The momentum begins shifting rapidly.

AJ rejoins the action.

World Elite starts utilizing quick tags and speed.

The larger Tongans struggle to keep up.

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AJ lands a springboard crossbody.

Kofi follows with a standing moonsault.

Apollo breaks up another near fall.

Chaos erupts.

All four men begin brawling.

The referee struggles to restore order.

Apollo launches AJ over the ropes to the floor.

Kofi finds himself alone against both Tongans.

Apollo lifts Kofi for a Samoan Drop.

Kofi slips behind.

Superkick!

Apollo stumbles into Malachi.

The Tongans collide.

The crowd roars.

AJ reappears on the apron.

TAG!

World Elite moves quickly.

Kofi launches Apollo over the top rope.

AJ hits Malachi with a running knee strike.

Kofi follows with a German Suplex.

AJ climbs the ropes.

ELITE FLIGHT!

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Springboard 450 Splash!

The entire crowd jumps to their feet.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Mia Russo: "THEY DID IT!"

Gidget Stephenson: "WORLD ELITE JUST PULLED OFF THE UPSET!"

Daniel Greene III: "What a performance!"

The audience erupts.

AJ Flare and Kofi Von Erich celebrate wildly as the referee raises their hands.

Ring Announcer: "Here are your winners... WORLD ELITE!"

The Tongans sit in opposite corners.

Neither man moves.

Neither man speaks.

Apollo slowly rises.

Malachi rises with him.

Both men stare at World Elite.

Their expressions are filled with rage.

Mia Russo: "Uh oh..."

Suddenly--

WHAM!

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Apollo blasts AJ from behind with a savage clothesline.

The crowd boos loudly.

Gidget Stephenson: "COME ON!"

Malachi grabs Kofi and plants him with a devastating Uranage.

Apollo begins throwing wild punches.

Malachi repeatedly stomps Kofi into the canvas.

World Elite is completely defenseless.

Daniel Greene III: "The match is over!"

Apollo yanks AJ off the mat.

TONGAN DROP!

AJ crashes violently to the canvas.

Malachi drags Kofi up.

ISLAND EXECUTION!

Kofi is nearly folded in half by the spike powerslam.

The crowd rains down boos.

Security rushes from the back.

Referees sprint to the ring.

The Tongans continue the assault.

Apollo throws security guards aside.

Malachi shoves referees to the floor.

Finally, dozens of officials flood the ring and force separation.

Apollo and Malachi stand in the center of the ring breathing heavily.

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Their eyes never leave World Elite.

Mia Russo: "These men have completely lost control."

Gidget Stephenson: "They can't handle the fact that World Elite beat them fair and square."

Daniel Greene III: "The Tongan Terror Squad came here expecting domination. Instead, they suffered the biggest upset of the tournament."

The final image shows Kofi Von Erich and AJ Flare being helped toward the back while Apollo and Malachi scream threats from inside the ring as Monday Night Ward heads to commercial break.

Bayou Blaze (Antoine & Gabriel LeClair) vs The Scaletta Family (Dante Scaletta & Gino Scaletta)

Daniel Greene III: "The winners of this match move one step closer to an opportunity at the AWS Undisputed Tag Team Championships!"

Mia Russo: "Two teams with completely different styles. Bayou Blaze likes to overwhelm opponents with speed and chemistry, while The Scaletta Family prefers calculated violence."

Gidget Stephenson: "This could easily steal the show tonight."

The bell sounded and the Las Vegas crowd came alive.

Dante Scaletta immediately stepped forward against Antoine LeClair. The two locked up in the center of the six-sided ring before Dante muscled Antoine backward into the corner. The official forced a clean break, but Dante delivered a quick slap across Antoine's chest before backing away.

The crowd booed loudly.

Antoine smiled.

Dante charged again but Antoine ducked underneath and connected with a lightning-fast dropkick that sent Dante stumbling backward.

The audience erupted.

Antoine immediately tagged Gabriel LeClair.

Bayou Blaze worked like a well-oiled machine as Gabriel entered with a springboard clothesline before

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Antoine followed with a standing moonsault. Dante rolled toward his corner and quickly tagged Gino Scaletta.

Gino entered aggressively.

A massive shoulder block flattened Gabriel.

Another.

Then a third.

Gino pulled Gabriel up and launched him across the ring with a devastating overhead belly-to-belly suplex.

Daniel Greene III: "The power advantage belongs entirely to The Scaletta Family."

Gino continued the assault, driving knees into Gabriel's ribs before tagging Dante back into the match.

The Scaletta Family isolated Gabriel in their corner.

Quick tags.

Heavy strikes.

Short-arm clotheslines.

Stomps.

For several minutes Gabriel absorbed punishment while desperately trying to reach Antoine.

Dante planted Gabriel with a spinebuster.

ONE!

TWO!

Gabriel kicked out.

The crowd rallied behind Bayou Blaze.

"LET'S GO BAYOU!"

"LET'S GO BAYOU!"

Dante attempted another power move, but Gabriel slipped behind him and connected with an enzuigiri.

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Both men collapsed.

The crowd rose to their feet.

Gabriel crawled.

Dante crawled.

TAG!

TAG!

Antoine exploded into the ring.

Flying forearm.

Running back elbow.

Snap powerslam.

The crowd roared.

Gino entered illegally and charged.

Antoine ducked and sent him crashing into the corner before Gabriel returned with a missile dropkick.

Bayou Blaze had seized momentum.

The LeClair brothers began firing on all cylinders.

A double superkick staggered Dante.

A tandem flapjack sent him crashing face-first into the canvas.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dante barely survived.

Mia Russo: "That was almost it!"

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The action broke down entirely.

All four men traded punches in the center of the ring.

Gino blasted Gabriel with a massive lariat.

Antoine responded with a running knee.

Dante nailed Antoine with a Mafia Kick.

Gabriel answered with a spinning heel kick.

Bodies were everywhere.

The crowd chanted loudly.

"AWS! AWS! AWS!"

Gino recovered first and lifted Gabriel for a powerbomb.

Gabriel escaped and shoved Gino into Antoine.

The brothers immediately looked at one another.

The crowd began buzzing.

Gidget Stephenson: "Wait a second... they're thinking about it!"

Antoine hoisted Gino onto his shoulders.

Gabriel climbed to the top turnbuckle.

The crowd stood.

Daniel Greene III: "NO WAY!"

Gabriel launched himself from the top rope.

BOOM!

DOOMSDAY DEVICE!

The impact echoed throughout the Neon Graveyard.

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Gino flipped inside out before crashing violently to the mat.

The crowd erupted.

Dante tried to make the save but Gabriel intercepted him with a flying tackle to the floor.

Inside the ring Antoine hooked the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Ring Announcer: "Here are your winners... BAYOU BLAZE!"

The crowd exploded in celebration.

Antoine and Gabriel embraced in the center of the ring while the referee raised their hands.

Mia Russo: "What a victory!"

Gidget Stephenson: "The Doomsday Device put Gino Scaletta down for good!"

Daniel Greene III: "Bayou Blaze just punched their ticket toward the Undisputed Tag Team Championship picture. If you're the champions watching backstage, you've got to be paying attention."

Bayou Blaze climbed opposite turnbuckles, soaking in the ovation from the Las Vegas faithful as The Scaletta Family regrouped on the outside, furious over the defeat.

Result: Bayou Blaze defeated The Scaletta Family via pinfall after The Doomsday Device on Gino Scaletta.

Hard Mode (Riley Rune & Mia Nygma) vs Tequila Rose (Avery McCullen & Sarah Lee Jackson)

Daniel Greene III: "The winners of this match move one step closer to an opportunity at the AWS Undisputed Tag Team Championships!"

Mia Russo: "Both of these teams have something to prove tonight."

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Gidget Stephenson: "And judging by the looks on their faces, neither team plans on leaving Las Vegas empty-handed."

The crowd roars as Tequila Rose makes their entrance first. Avery McCullen and Sarah Lee Jackson receive a strong ovation from the fans as they confidently walk down the ramp, slapping hands with supporters along the way.

Moments later the arena lights darken.

Purple and black lights pulse throughout the Neon Graveyard.

Hard Mode emerges from the entranceway to a mixed reaction. Riley Rune walks with a cold glare while Mia Nygma smirks confidently beside her. Neither competitor acknowledges the crowd as they march directly toward the ring.

The bell sounds.

DING! DING! DING!

Sarah Lee Jackson starts for Tequila Rose while Mia Nygma begins for Hard Mode.

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

Jackson gains an early advantage with an arm drag.

Nygma quickly rises.

Another lockup.

Jackson takes her over again.

The crowd applauds.

Nygma looks annoyed.

She charges forward but Jackson ducks underneath and catches her with a standing dropkick.

Daniel Greene III: "Strong start from Sarah Lee Jackson!"

Jackson tags Avery McCullen.

The crowd cheers.

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McCullen enters and immediately applies pressure with a side headlock before taking Nygma down with a shoulder tackle.

Nygma scrambles toward her corner.

Tag.

Riley Rune enters.

The crowd boos.

Rune immediately levels McCullen with a vicious clothesline.

Gidget Stephenson: "That changed the momentum in a hurry."

Rune begins methodically dismantling McCullen with heavy forearms and short kicks to the ribs.

Tag to Nygma.

Hard Mode begins isolating McCullen.

Quick tags.

Double-team stomps.

A backbreaker from Rune.

A running knee strike from Nygma.

Near fall.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

The crowd rallies behind Avery.

McCullen battles back with forearms to both opponents.

He dives toward his corner.

TAG!

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Sarah Lee Jackson explodes into the match.

Flying clothesline.

Running forearm.

Spinning heel kick to Nygma.

The crowd rises to its feet.

Jackson catches Rune charging and sends her crashing through the ropes.

Nygma attempts a surprise attack.

Jackson counters.

German Suplex!

Mia Russo: "Sarah Lee Jackson is on fire!"

Jackson climbs the ropes.

Missile Dropkick!

ONE!

TWO!

Nygma kicks out.

Tequila Rose senses victory.

McCullen returns to the ring.

The duo attempts their tandem finisher.

Rune yanks McCullen out of the ring.

Jackson turns--

Nygma drives her face-first into the turnbuckle.

Rune returns.

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Hard Mode strikes.

SYSTEM FAILURE!

(Double-team knee strike and spinning cutter combination)

Nygma hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Ring Announcer: "Here are your winners... HARD MODE!"

The crowd rains down boos as Riley Rune and Mia Nygma stand tall.

Daniel Greene III: "Hard Mode has earned a massive victory and remains alive in the hunt for the Undisputed Tag Team Championships!"

The referee raises their hands.

But Hard Mode isn't finished.

Rune suddenly blasts Avery McCullen from behind with a forearm.

Mia Russo: "Come on! The match is over!"

Nygma stomps Sarah Lee Jackson repeatedly while Rune throws McCullen into the barricade.

The crowd boos loudly.

Hard Mode drags both opponents back into the ring.

Another System Failure on Jackson.

McCullen tries to help.

Rune plants her with a devastating powerbomb.

Officials rush toward the ring.

Hard Mode attacks them too.

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The crowd is losing its mind.

Finally Tequila Rose begins fighting back.

Jackson tackles Nygma through the ropes.

McCullen tackles Rune.

All four competitors spill onto the floor.

The fight continues around ringside.

Punches.

Forearms.

Kicks.

Security rushes down the ramp.

Nobody can separate them.

The brawl spills over the barricade and directly into the crowd.

Fans scatter in every direction.

Gidget Stephenson: "This has completely broken down!"

Jackson launches herself off a production crate onto Nygma.

McCullen and Rune trade heavy right hands near the concession area.

Security attempts to intervene.

All four competitors shove them aside.

The fight continues deeper into the Neon Graveyard complex.

Past merchandise stands.

Past equipment trucks.

Past lighting structures.

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The cameras struggle to keep up.

Finally the competitors disappear through a gate leading outside the arena perimeter.

Security and officials chase after them.

The crowd inside erupts into chants of:

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

The final camera shot shows dozens of security personnel running after the four competitors as the chaotic brawl vanishes into the Las Vegas night.

Daniel Greene III: "We've completely lost control!"

Mia Russo: "Hard Mode may have won the match, but this war with Tequila Rose is far from over!"

Gidget Stephenson: "Someone is going to have to stop these teams before somebody gets seriously hurt!"

The broadcast cuts to a wide shot of the roaring crowd as officials continue racing toward the backstage area.

Boone Carter vs. Mike Dimter vs. Timothy Sterling

Mia Russo: Up next, we've got a dangerous one.

Gidget Stephenson: Dangerous? This thing is a train wreck waiting to happen.

Daniel Greene III: Triple Jeopardy rules. No count-outs. No disqualifications. First pinfall or submission wins. Whoever survives earns a future shot at the AWS Parental Advisory Championship.

The arena lights dim.

"Country Boy Can Survive" hits the speakers.

The crowd erupts.

Boone Carter storms through the curtain wearing denim-inspired gear and a black leather vest. He slaps hands with fans before climbing onto the apron and raising a fist toward the crowd.

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Mia Russo: Boone Carter has spent months fighting his way back into contention.

Gidget Stephenson: He's one of the toughest men on this roster, but tonight toughness alone might not be enough.

The music changes.

"Money Never Sleeps" blasts through the arena.

Timothy Sterling emerges wearing a custom white robe with gold trim. He smugly adjusts his cufflinks while staring down the fans.

Crowd: YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK!

Sterling merely laughs.

Daniel Greene III: Timothy Sterling believes he's already the number one contender.

Mia Russo: Unfortunately for him, he still has to win the match.

The lights suddenly flash red.

The crowd explodes.

"Blood Money" hits.

MIKE DIMTER appears.

The former Parental Advisory Champion carries a steel chair over his shoulder before tossing it into the ring.

Mia Russo: Here comes a fourteen-time Parental Advisory Champion.

Gidget Stephenson: If anyone understands violence, it's Mike Dimter.

Daniel Greene III: He wants that championship back.

DING! DING! DING!

The second the bell sounds, Dimter charges.

BOOM!

Running clothesline to Sterling.

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Sterling flips inside out.

Boone immediately tackles Dimter and unloads right hands.

The crowd roars.

Dimter shoves Boone away and levels him with a brutal forearm.

All three men begin exchanging strikes in the center of the ring.

YEAH!

BOO!

YEAH!

BOO!

Sterling ducks underneath both competitors and retreats to the outside.

Mia Russo: Smart strategy.

Daniel Greene III: Cowardly strategy.

Inside the ring, Boone powers Dimter into the corner.

Shoulder thrust.

Another.

Another.

Dimter responds with a thumb to the eye.

BOOOOOOOO!

Gidget Stephenson: That's legal tonight.

Dimter runs.

RUNNING KNEE STRIKE!

Boone collapses.

Dimter covers.

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ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Sterling slides back inside holding a kendo stick.

CRACK!

Dimter gets blasted across the back.

CRACK!

Another shot.

CRACK!

Another.

The crowd erupts.

Sterling grins.

Mia Russo: Timothy Sterling taking advantage of the situation.

Sterling swings again.

Boone catches the stick.

The crowd pops.

Sterling's eyes widen.

Boone rips the weapon away.

CRACK!

Sterling gets destroyed.

CRACK!

Another shot.

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CRACK!

A third.

The crowd chants.

ONE MORE TIME!

ONE MORE TIME!

Boone obliges.

CRACK!

Sterling rolls underneath the ropes screaming.

Daniel Greene III: That might have left a permanent mark.

Boone turns around--

DIMTER!

Steel chair to the ribs.

THUD!

Chair shot to the back.

THUD!

Boone drops to one knee.

Dimter swings again.

Boone ducks.

SUPERKICK!

The chair flies into the air.

Boone catches Dimter.

BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

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The crowd erupts.

Boone covers.

ONE!

TWO!

STERLING BREAKS IT UP!

All three men are down.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Sterling slides outside and begins digging beneath the ring.

Mia Russo: That's never a good sign.

Sterling pulls out a table.

The crowd cheers loudly.

Daniel Greene III: Business is about to pick up.

Sterling slides the table inside.

He sets it up near a corner.

Boone charges.

Sterling sidesteps.

Boone crashes chest-first into the table.

Dimter immediately grabs Sterling.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Sterling folds up violently.

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Dimter doesn't release.

Second German.

Third German.

The crowd counts along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Dimter roars.

Gidget Stephenson: Vintage Mike Dimter!

Dimter drags Sterling up.

Attempting the Dimter Driver.

Sterling escapes.

LOW BLOW!

BOOOOOOOO!

Sterling quickly covers.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dimter barely kicks out.

Sterling is furious.

He grabs a steel chair.

WHACK!

Chair shot to Dimter.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

WHACK!

Another.

WHACK!

A third.

Sterling positions the chair.

Lifts Dimter.

Piledriver attempt--

NO!

Dimter powers free.

Back body drop.

Sterling crashes onto the chair.

The crowd explodes.

Boone Carter suddenly re-enters the fight.

Flying shoulder tackle.

Dimter goes down.

Boone unloads rights and lefts on both opponents.

The Neon Graveyard crowd is on fire.

Boone lifts Sterling.

CARTER COUNTY DRIVER!

The crowd explodes.

Boone covers.

ONE!

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

TWO!

THR--

DIMTER PULLS THE REFEREE OUT!

BOOOOOOOO!

Mia Russo: Mike Dimter just saved the match!

Boone is furious.

He exits the ring.

Dimter and Boone begin brawling among the fans.

The crowd scatters.

Punches.

Forearms.

Headbutts.

They fight beside a rusted neon casino sign.

Sterling slowly recovers inside the ring.

He sees the table.

A sinister smile forms.

Daniel Greene III: Uh-oh.

Sterling exits the ring.

He attacks both men from behind with a chair.

THUD!

THUD!

THUD!

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

Sterling drags Boone toward ringside.

Places him on the table.

The crowd rises.

Sterling climbs the turnbuckle.

Mia Russo: No way!

Sterling leaps.

DIVING ELBOW THROUGH THE TABLE!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

All three men are laid out.

Officials watch from ringside but do not intervene.

Several moments pass before Sterling crawls toward Boone.

ONE!

TWO!

NOOOOO!

Boone kicks out.

The crowd explodes.

Sterling cannot believe it.

Gidget Stephenson: What does he have to do?!

Sterling drags Boone up.

Looking for another Carter County Driver reversal.

Boone blocks.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

Forearm.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Sterling stumbles.

Dimter suddenly appears.

DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

Everyone falls again.

The crowd rises to its feet.

Dimter slowly reaches his feet first.

He grabs Sterling.

DIMTER DRIVER!

The crowd erupts.

Sterling is motionless.

Dimter covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE--

BOONE DIVES IN!

BREAKUP!

The audience explodes.

Mia Russo: Boone Carter just saved his opportunity!

Dimter is enraged.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

He grabs Boone.

Kick.

Dimter Driver attempt.

Boone escapes behind.

Lariat.

Dimter ducks.

Sterling charges.

SUPERKICK TO BOONE!

DIMTER DRIVER TO STERLING!

Dimter turns--

CARTER COUNTY DRIVER!

The crowd absolutely explodes.

Boone collapses on top of Dimter.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Winner and NEW Number One Contender for the AWS Parental Advisory Championship...

BOONE CARTER!

The crowd erupts.

Mia Russo: Boone Carter did it!

Gidget Stephenson: What a war!

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

Daniel Greene III: Mike Dimter and Timothy Sterling threw everything they had at him, but Boone Carter survives the Triple Jeopardy Match and earns a future shot at the AWS Parental Advisory Championship!

Boone Carter is handed the victory while the crowd chants his name.

BOONE!

BOONE!

BOONE!

The final image shows Boone Carter standing atop the turnbuckles pointing toward the championship banner hanging above the entrance stage as Monday Night Ward heads to commercial.

Simply Sol

The camera fades in.

Not on the arena. Not on the crowd. Not on the AWS Goddess Championship waiting in the main event.

A small room somewhere inside the building.

Quiet. Private. Away from the noise.

Half of the fluorescent lights overhead have been switched off, leaving the room bathed in a soft gray glow. Nothing about it is special. A folding table sits against one wall. A metal chair rests unused in the corner. To anyone else, it is just another room hidden somewhere in the arena.

Tonight, it is enough.

The camera settles behind a lone figure kneeling on the floor.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

No mask.

No entrance gear.

No performance.

Just a young woman preparing for the biggest match of her life.

A duffel bag rests beside her. Inside, her mask waits.

In front of her sit three unlit candles.

White.

Gold.

Red.

For several moments, the room remains silent before a match ignites in her hands.

The white candle catches first.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

Sol watches the flame settle before speaking.

"White. For those who need protection. For the girls still walking roads harder than they should be. For the people trying to become themselves while the world keeps asking them to become something else. Keep them safe."

Another match strikes.

The gold candle comes alive beside it.

"Gold. For hope. For the dreamers. For the stubborn ones who keep moving forward when nobody believes they can. For the people who hear no every day and keep going anyway. Let them find what they're looking for."

The final match ignites.

The red candle joins the others.

"Red. For devotion. For passion. For the people we love enough to fight for. For the things worth sacrificing for. And for the things worth getting back up for."

The three candles burn together.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

Slowly, Sol reaches into her bag and removes an old lucha mask.

Black fabric.

Crimson stitching.

Gold thread worked around the edges.

Her father's mask.

For a long moment she simply turns it over in her hands, running her thumb across the worn stitching.

"Dad..."

A faint laugh escapes her.

Small.

Human.

"When I was little, I thought you had all the answers. I thought being brave meant never being afraid."

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

She studies the mask for another moment.

"I know better now."

The candles crackle softly behind it.

"I'd be lying if I said I wasn't nervous tonight. Not because of Astra. Not because of the championship."

Her eyes lower toward the mask.

"I'm nervous because people believe in me."

A small smile touches her lips.

"The girls wearing my mask. The kids watching from home. The people who look at someone like me and think maybe they can do this too."

She exhales slowly.

"They deserve someone worth believing in."

Carefully, she places her father's mask beside the candles. Not as a relic. Not as a shrine. Just as a father sitting with his daughter one more time before the biggest match of her life.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

Then she reaches into the bag again.

A small loaf of pan dulce.

A bottle of red wine.

Both are placed before the candles.

Simple offerings.

Simple gratitude.

Sol lowers her head.

"Santa Muerte..."

The name leaves her lips naturally, the way someone speaks to an old friend they have trusted for years.

"Thank you."

A pause.

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"For every door that opened."

Another.

"For every door that didn't."

The candlelight dances softly across the room.

"For every lesson I understood. And every lesson I didn't."

Her hands rest comfortably on her knees.

"I am not asking for victory. I am not asking for a championship. I am not asking you to make tonight easy."

She looks toward the three candles.

"I only ask for the strength to carry what has been placed in my hands."

A breath.

"The hopes people place in me."

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

Another.

"The trust they place in me."

Her eyes drift toward the mask resting in the bag.

"The responsibility that comes with wearing this one."

The room grows quiet again.

"If I win tonight, let me be worthy of it."

A pause.

"If I lose tonight, let me be worthy of it anyway."

The words settle naturally into the room. No performance. No bargaining. Just honesty.

A longer silence follows before Sol speaks one final time.

"And if I fall... help me stand back up."

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

The prayer ends.

No thunder.

No revelation.

No sign that anyone heard it.

Just peace.

For several moments Sol remains where she is. Then her hand comes to rest briefly on her father's mask.

A daughter remembering her father.

Nothing more.

Nothing less.

Finally, she reaches into the duffel bag and removes her own mask.

The one the world knows.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

The one little girls wear.

The one she spent her entire life earning.

She studies it quietly before glancing toward her father's mask and the three candles burning beside it.

A faint smile appears.

"You taught me a mask is a promise."

Her voice is soft.

"I'll do my best to keep mine."

Slowly she raises the mask.

The camera never moves from behind her.

The audience never sees her face.

This moment does not belong to them.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

Only the silhouette remains visible.

The daughter.

The fighter.

The believer.

And when she finally stands, the familiar mask is back where it belongs.

The candles continue burning behind her. The bread remains untouched. The wine remains unopened. The prayers remain spoken.

Sol picks up her bag and pauses at the doorway for a moment before walking out.

Toward the main event.

Toward Astra Mortis.

Toward whatever comes next.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

Fade to black.

Astra Mortis vs. Sol Azteca

The camera returns to ringside as the Monday Night Ward crowd buzzes with anticipation. The arena lights sweep over the audience, catching signs, raised hands, and the restless movement of a crowd that knows the main event has arrived.

At commentary, Danny Greene III sits between Salmia "Mia" Russo-Cutler and Ginnifer "Gidget" Stephenson, all three focused as the energy inside the building shifts.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is it. Main event time on Monday Night Ward, and what a turn of events we've had tonight. Earlier this evening, Astra Mortis declared that the AWS Goddess Championship would be a workhorse title. Not a trophy. Not decoration. A championship that gets defended."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"And Sol Azteca stepped right up. No hesitation. No waiting for permission. She heard open title match and walked straight into the fire."

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"That's pure chaos, and I love it! But I'll say this, Danny -- stepping up to Astra Mortis is one thing. Surviving Astra Mortis is something else entirely."

DANNY GREENE III:

"Sol Azteca comes in with momentum, confidence, and a style that can change a match in seconds. Astra Mortis comes in as champion, as standard-bearer, and as one of the most unsettling competitors in AWS today."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"This is the Asylum -- anything can happen. But tonight, something has to give. Sol's momentum, or Astra's reign."

The lights in the arena shift suddenly.

Gold and deep red flood the stage.

The opening beat of "Gasolina (Instrumental)" by Daddy Yankee hits, and the crowd erupts as Sol Azteca bursts through the curtain with immediate energy. She is already moving with the rhythm, clapping her hands above her head and drawing the audience in with her.

DANNY GREENE III:

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

"And here comes the challenger!"

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"She's got the whole building moving already! That's what Sol does so well -- she brings the crowd with her before the bell even rings."

Sol spins mid-stage, her gold and deep red lucha mask catching the light. She points out into the crowd, then starts down the ramp with quick, rhythmic footwork, slapping hands on both sides as fans reach for her.

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"Do not let the energy fool you. Sol Azteca is not just flash. She blends lucha libre with joshi-influenced striking, and when that bell rings, the smile disappears fast."

DANNY GREENE III:

"She talked about refusing to disappear. Tonight, she has a chance to make sure the entire AWS women's division remembers her name."

Sol reaches ringside, circles once with a burst of speed, then slides under the bottom rope. In one smooth motion, she springs up and climbs to the turnbuckle, throwing her arms wide as the crowd cheers louder.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"She's going full throttle! This is the biggest opportunity of her AWS career, and she looks ready for it."

Sol drops down from the turnbuckle and begins pacing lightly, shaking out her wrists, her focus sharpening as she looks toward the entrance.

The lights cut.

The arena falls into deep violet.

A heartbeat pulses through the speakers.

Beep.

Beep.

Beep.

Then--

Beeeeeeeeeeep.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 1)

Flatline.

The opening of "The Other Side" by Evanescence begins as fog spills across the stage. Violet mist crawls low along the floor, and through it steps Astra Mortis.

The AWS Goddess Champion.

Black mourning coat. Lace veil. Bone jewelry. Violet runic warpaint. The Goddess Championship rests over her shoulder, one hand placed over the title plate like she is keeping something sacred from moving.

The crowd reaction is mixed with awe, cheers, and uneasy noise.

DANNY GREENE III:

"And there she is. The Revenant Warden. The AWS Goddess Champion, Astra Mortis."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"Astra said earlier tonight that this title is a burden, not a crown. That is not just a line to her. That is how she carries herself. Like every defense is judgment."

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"I've seen a lot of champions try to look intimidating, but Astra doesn't look like she's trying. That's the scary part."

Astra walks slowly down the ramp, head tilted slightly as she scans the crowd. When she spots a group of fans holding violet signs, her expression softens. She lifts two fingers to her lips and flicks them outward in a quiet affection salute.

Then her gaze returns to the ring.

To Sol.

The softness vanishes.

DANNY GREENE III:

"There's the contrast right there. Sol Azteca is fire, rhythm, movement. Astra Mortis is stillness, pressure, and inevitability."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"And Sol has to be careful. High-risk offense can win championships, but against someone like Astra, every missed landing becomes a wound Astra can use."

Astra reaches ringside and climbs onto the apron on all fours, then slowly rises to her feet. She peels back the lace veil, revealing corpse-smudged eyes and a calm, eerie smile.

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Sol does not back up.

She stands in the center of the ring, eyes locked on the champion.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Look at Sol. No fear. Respect, yes. But no fear."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"She better have some fear. Fear keeps you sharp. Fear keeps you alive."

Astra steps through the ropes and enters the ring. She removes the Goddess Championship from her shoulder and looks at it for a long moment before handing it to the referee.

The referee raises the title high.

The crowd roars.

DANNY GREENE III:

"That is what it's all about. The AWS Goddess Championship on the line in our main event!"

Song Teng steps into the center of the ring, microphone in hand. Her posture is composed, her voice commanding as the arena settles into a tense hush.

SONG TENG:

"Ladies and gentlemen, prepare yourselves... the next battle is about to begin!"

The crowd cheers.

SONG TENG:

"This contest is your Monday Night Ward main event, and it is scheduled for one fall!"

Another roar.

SONG TENG:

"And it is for the AWS Goddess Championship!"

The arena erupts again as the referee holds the title higher.

Song turns first toward the challenger.

SONG TENG:

"Introducing first, the challenger! From Mexico City, Mexico, weighing in at one hundred and thirty pounds... she is 'Skyfire'... SOL AZTECA!"

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Sol steps forward and raises both arms, the crowd responding with a wave of cheers. She taps the side of her mask, then points toward the title.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"She knows exactly what this means. That mask, that legacy, that title -- everything is colliding right now."

Song turns toward the champion.

SONG TENG:

"And her opponent... from The In-Between, weighing in at one hundred and ninety-eight pounds... she is The Revenant Warden, Ninety-Seconds-Dead, and the reigning AWS Goddess Champion... **ASTRA MORTIS!**"

Astra does not raise her arms.

She simply steps forward and presses two fingers to her own pulse.

Then she points those same fingers toward the championship.

Alive.

Burdened.

Ready.

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"Respect is earned, not handed out like a participation trophy. And right now, both of these women are standing across from each other with everything to prove."

DANNY GREENE III:

"Sol Azteca wants to prove her identity and legacy belong at championship level. Astra Mortis wants to prove the Goddess Title cannot be reached by momentum alone."

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"And if Sol gets moving, if she gets airborne, if she gets this crowd behind her? We could be looking at a brand-new champion."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"But if Astra grounds her, if Astra cuts off that rhythm, if Astra makes this ugly? Then Sol may find out exactly why Astra calls that title a burden."

The referee shows the Goddess Championship to Sol, then to Astra, then hands it off to ringside.

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Astra and Sol step closer.

The contrast is striking.

Gold and red against black and violet.

Skyfire against the Revenant Warden.

Legacy against responsibility.

The referee checks both competitors, then signals for the bell.

DING DING DING.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Main event! Goddess Title on the line! Sol Azteca challenges Astra Mortis, and we are underway!"

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Greene Light Special incoming, Danny -- I can feel it!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"Hold onto something. This is the Asylum, and the title is on the line."

DING DING DING.

Astra Mortis and Sol Azteca do not rush each other immediately.

For one second, they simply stand across the ring.

Sol bounces lightly on the balls of her feet, shoulders loose, hands raised, mask fixed on the champion. Astra stands almost completely still, one hand flexing at her side, the other brushing over the place where the Goddess Championship had rested only moments earlier.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Main event underway! Goddess Title on the line, and you can feel the tension in this building!"

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"This crowd is split between awe and panic, Danny. Sol looks ready to fly, but Astra looks like she's already planning where to bury the landing."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"And that's the danger. Sol Azteca cannot let Astra slow this down. If Astra gets her hands on her early, this becomes a very different match."

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Sol circles first.

Astra follows.

Sol feints low, then darts in with a quick kick to Astra's thigh. Astra absorbs it and reaches for her, but Sol slips away, spins behind, and fires another kick into the back of Astra's leg.

Astra turns sharply.

Sol is already gone.

The crowd cheers as Sol claps once, inviting Astra forward.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"That's Sol's game! Hit, move, reset, make Astra chase!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"She better not get too cute with it."

Astra steps forward, slower now.

Sol shoots in again, looking for another low kick, but Astra catches the leg this time. The crowd gasps. Sol immediately jumps, twisting her body into an enziguri attempt--

But Astra ducks.

Sol lands on one foot, rolls through, and pops back up.

Astra charges.

Sol leapfrogs over her, hits the ropes, and comes back fast. Astra turns into a tilt-a-whirl attempt, but Sol counters mid-spin, snapping Astra over with a headscissors takeover.

Astra rolls through to one knee.

Sol hits the ropes again.

Running dropkick to the chest.

Astra staggers back into the corner.

The crowd erupts.

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DANNY GREENE III:

"Sol Azteca starting fast! This is exactly what she needed!"

Sol sprints in, but Astra explodes out of the corner with a brutal lariat attempt. Sol ducks under it, rebounds off the opposite ropes, and launches into a handspring--

Azteca Rush!

The enziguri connects flush against the side of Astra's head.

Astra drops to one knee.

Sol hooks the head and rolls her into a quick cradle.

ONE!

Astra kicks out hard.

Sol is already back up.

Astra sits up slower, eyes darkening.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"She almost caught her! She almost caught Astra before Astra could even settle!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"That woke the champion up."

Sol rushes again.

This time Astra does not chase.

She steps in.

Sol leaves her feet for a hurricanrana, but Astra catches her around the waist, muscles tightening, and yanks her back up before she can complete the rotation.

The crowd noise shifts.

Astra turns and drives Sol down with a vicious spinebuster.

The impact echoes through the ring.

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DANNY GREENE III:

"Oh! Astra just planted her!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"That's what I'm talking about. One catch. One mistake. Suddenly Sol's speed becomes Astra's weapon."

Astra covers immediately.

ONE!

TWO!

Sol kicks out.

Astra does not argue. She does not waste time. She grabs Sol by the wrist and drags her away from the ropes, toward the center of the ring.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"She's dragging her away from the ropes already."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"Smart. Sol needs ropes. She needs springboards. She needs space. Astra is taking the sky away from her."

Astra drops a heavy knee across Sol's ribs.

Sol curls around the impact, but Astra pulls her flat and drops another knee, this time across the sternum.

Then Astra presses her forearm across Sol's jaw and leans her body weight down.

The referee checks.

Astra breaks at four.

She stands, pulls Sol up, and whips her hard into the corner.

Sol hits back-first.

Astra charges.

Corner avalanche--

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No!

Sol gets both boots up, catching Astra in the chest. Astra stumbles back. Sol jumps to the second rope, springs off, and catches Astra with a corkscrew crossbody.

Solar Flare!

ONE!

TWO!

Astra kicks out.

The crowd roars as both women scramble up.

Sol fires a forearm.

Astra fires one back.

Sol answers with a palm strike.

Astra answers with a short headbutt that sends Sol staggering.

Sol comes back with a spinning heel kick to the ribs.

Astra grunts, grabs Sol by the mask straps for half a second, then stops herself before the referee can warn her fully.

That half-second costs her.

Sol blasts Astra with Skyfire Kick.

Astra drops to a knee again.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Skyfire Kick connects! The challenger has the champion rocked!"

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"She's going full throttle!"

Sol hits the ropes.

Astra rises into a discus forearm--

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Sol ducks, keeps running, springboards off the middle rope--

But Astra catches her out of the air.

For a moment, the entire arena freezes.

Astra shifts Sol across her shoulder.

Sol elbows wildly, once, twice, three times, catching Astra in the side of the head until Astra releases her.

Sol lands behind Astra, grabs her by the waist, and tries to roll her backward.

Astra drops her weight.

Sol changes direction, hooks Astra's arm, and snaps her down into a crucifix pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Astra kicks out again.

Both women pop up.

Astra charges.

Sol sidesteps and sends Astra shoulder-first into the ring post through the corner.

The crowd erupts.

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"The tide has turned--the champ is down! What a move!"

Astra spills to the apron, clutching her shoulder. Sol sees the opening and backs across the ring.

The crowd rises.

Sol sprints.

Suicide dive--

No.

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Astra catches her through the ropes.

Astra's feet slide backward from the force, but she keeps hold of Sol, arms wrapped around her upper body like a trap.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Oh no."

Astra pulls Sol through the ropes and lifts her.

Rope-hung neckbreaker across the middle rope.

Sol snaps back and collapses to the mat, clutching her throat and chest.

The crowd groans.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Astra caught her! Astra caught the dive and turned it into disaster!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"That is the champion's adjustment. She is not trying to outfly Sol. She is punishing every takeoff."

Astra rolls back into the ring and immediately covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Sol gets a shoulder up.

Astra's eyes flick to the referee.

Not anger.

Calculation.

She pulls Sol up again and hooks her for a high-angle release German suplex.

Black Veil Suplex--

Sol flips through.

She lands on her feet.

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The crowd explodes.

Astra turns.

Sol charges and cracks her with a running dropkick, sending Astra through the ropes and to the floor.

Now Sol does not hesitate.

She hits the opposite ropes, builds speed, and launches over the top rope with a tope con hilo.

This time, she connects.

Both women crash to the floor.

The arena erupts.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Sol Azteca takes flight and wipes out the champion!"

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"That's pure chaos, and I love it! She had to take the risk, and it paid off!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"For now. But look at Sol. She landed hard too."

Sol is first to move, but only barely. She pulls herself up using the barricade, breathing hard. Astra is down near the floor mats, one hand pressed to her ribs.

The referee begins counting.

ONE!

TWO!

Sol grabs Astra and tries to roll her back into the ring.

Astra suddenly drives Sol backward into the apron.

Sol gasps.

Astra does it again.

Then Astra pulls Sol close and whispers something the cameras do not catch before rolling her under the

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bottom rope.

Astra follows.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Sol kicks out.

The crowd cheers louder.

Astra sits back on her knees, staring at Sol.

For the first time, there is something like frustration on her face.

Not because Sol is weak.

Because Sol is not.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Look at Astra. She wanted this over already."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"She said it earlier without saying it. Astra does not want to drag this out. Not against Sol. Not against someone she doesn't hate."

DANNY GREENE III:

"But Sol Azteca is forcing her deeper into this match!"

Astra pulls Sol up by the wrist and whips her into the ropes.

Sol rebounds.

Astra catches her with a brutal back elbow.

Sol staggers but does not fall.

Astra hits another.

Sol stays up.

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Astra goes for a third--

Sol ducks and fires a forearm.

Astra answers.

Sol answers.

The crowd begins to rise with each shot.

Forearm from Sol.

Forearm from Astra.

Palm strike from Sol.

Discus forearm from Astra.

Sol stumbles back into the ropes, rebounds, and blasts Astra with another spinning heel kick.

Astra staggers.

Sol screams, hits the ropes again--

Astra catches her with a running big boot.

Last Breath.

Sol drops flat.

Astra covers deep.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

Sol kicks out.

The arena explodes.

DANNY GREENE III:

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"Sol kicked out! Sol kicked out of Last Breath!"

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"She refuses to disappear!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"And every time she kicks out, she is making Astra go somewhere darker."

Astra's breathing changes.

She looks down at Sol, then toward the Goddess Championship at ringside.

The burden.

The responsibility.

The standard.

Astra grabs Sol and pulls her into the Graveflower Clutch.

Crossface locked in.

Sol screams as Astra wrenches back, whispering into her ear while the referee asks if she wants to quit.

Sol shakes her head violently.

Astra pulls harder.

Sol reaches.

She is too far from the ropes.

Astra has dragged her center-ring.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Graveflower Clutch locked in! Sol is trapped in the center!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"This is where Astra wanted her. No ropes. No sky. No momentum. Just pain and oxygen leaving the body."

Sol claws at Astra's grip.

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The crowd claps.

Sol shifts her hips.

Astra tries to flatten her out, but Sol rolls her weight suddenly, stacking Astra's shoulders.

ONE!

TWO!

Astra releases to kick out.

Both women scramble.

Sol catches Astra with a knee strike.

Corona Strike--

No!

Astra catches the springboard knee attempt just enough to shove Sol off balance.

Sol lands awkwardly, but rolls through and comes back with a second knee strike from the mat, catching Astra under the jaw.

Astra drops backward.

Sol crawls to the corner.

The crowd realizes what is coming.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"She's going up!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"This is dangerous. This is so dangerous."

Sol climbs.

Astra is down.

The crowd is on its feet.

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Sol reaches the top rope, steadying herself.

Sunfall.

She launches.

Top rope corkscrew moonsault--

Astra moves.

Sol crashes hard into the mat.

The arena groans.

Astra rolls away, clutching her ribs, unable to capitalize immediately.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Nobody home! Sunfall missed! Sol went for everything and found nothing but canvas!"

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"That landing was awful. That was awful."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"That is the risk. That is the price of flight."

Astra drags herself toward Sol.

She covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

Sol kicks out again.

The arena detonates.

Astra freezes.

The referee holds up two fingers.

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Gidget is half out of her seat.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"How?! How did she kick out after missing Sunfall?!"

DANNY GREENE III:

"Sol Azteca is pushing Astra Mortis further than anyone expected tonight!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"No. Further than Astra wanted."

Astra slowly rises.

Sol pulls herself up using Astra's gear.

Astra looks down at her.

Sol fires a weak forearm into Astra's stomach.

Then another.

Then another.

Astra grabs her by the head.

Sol slaps Astra across the face.

The sound cracks through the arena.

The crowd gasps.

Astra's head turns with the impact.

Slowly, she looks back.

Sol can barely stand, but she raises her hands.

Still fighting.

Still here.

Astra's expression changes.

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Not rage.

Recognition.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Sol Azteca has nothing left but fight, and somehow that might be the most dangerous thing she has."

Sol throws another strike.

Astra blocks it and answers with a knee to the midsection.

Sol doubles over.

Astra hooks her.

Revenant's Mercy--

No!

Sol slips out the back, shoves Astra into the ropes, and catches her on the rebound with a hurricanrana into a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

Astra kicks out.

Both women are down.

The crowd chants.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"They are matching each other blow for blow! Every time Astra tries to close the door, Sol kicks it

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back open!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"And every time Sol tries to fly through it, Astra makes her pay rent in pain."

DANNY GREENE III:

"This is what the Goddess Championship can be. This is what Astra wanted. A workhorse title, defended in the main event, with both women pushing each other to the edge!"

Sol rises first this time, staggering to the ropes.

Astra follows.

Sol charges.

Astra swings.

Sol ducks.

Sol springboards--

Astra catches her again.

This time, Sol is trapped across Astra's shoulders in a torture rack position.

The arena rises in panic and anticipation.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Wait--wait, she caught her!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"That is not Revenant's Mercy."

Astra shifts Sol's body across her shoulders into an inverted fireman's carry, one arm controlling the upper body, the other securing the leg. Sol struggles, elbows, twists, fighting desperately to escape.

Astra holds her.

One step.

Two.

The champion pauses in the center of the ring.

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The crowd noise swells.

Astra turns her head slightly, close enough that only Sol and the nearest camera catch the words.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"This is what you reached for."

Then Astra drops sideways and backward.

The Goddess' Burden.

Sol is driven down across the upper back and shoulders with a devastating inverted Death Valley Driver.

The impact shakes the ring.

The crowd explodes into shock.

Gidget's voice catches.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Oh my God!"

DANNY GREENE III:

"THE GODDESS' BURDEN! ASTRA JUST DROPPED SOL WITH THE GODDESS' BURDEN!"

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"That was not a move. That was a sentence."

Astra rolls through just enough to cover, hooking the leg tightly.

The referee slides into position.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING.

The arena erupts.

Astra releases the cover and rolls to her knees, breathing heavily, eyes fixed on Sol for a long second.

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Not triumphant.

Not cruel.

Certain.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Astra Mortis retains! Astra Mortis retains the AWS Goddess Championship in the main event!"

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Sol pushed her. Sol pushed her so far that Astra had to pull out something we have never seen before."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"And that tells you everything. Sol Azteca did not come here to be another challenger. She came here to prove she belonged, and even in defeat, she made the champion go deeper than she wanted to go."

Song Teng's voice cuts through the noise as the referee retrieves the championship.

SONG TENG:

"Here is your winner... and still AWS Goddess Champion... ASTRA MORTIS!"

The referee hands Astra the title.

Astra does not raise it immediately.

She looks down at Sol as the referee checks on the challenger.

Sol is moving.

Breathing.

Hurt, but present.

Astra finally stands, clutching the Goddess Championship to her chest before lifting it slowly into the air.

The crowd gives a loud, conflicted ovation -- cheers for the champion, cheers for the challenger, cheers for what they just witnessed.

DANNY GREENE III:

"What a main event. What a championship defense."

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GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"I don't even know what to say. Sol Azteca came in with momentum, and she leaves with respect. But Astra Mortis... Astra just reminded everyone that the Goddess Title is not something you simply reach for."

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"You have to survive the burden. Tonight, Sol came close. But Astra Mortis is still the standard."

Astra lowers the title and backs toward the ropes, eyes still on Sol as the medical official and referee continue checking on her.

The champion presses two fingers to her own pulse.

Then, briefly, she points those fingers toward Sol.

Alive.

Still here.

Then Astra exits the ring with the Goddess Championship in her hands, leaving the crowd roaring behind her.

Astra Mortis stands at the bottom of the ramp with the AWS Goddess Championship held against her chest, not raised now, not displayed.

Carried.

Behind her, Sol Azteca is still being checked on inside the ring. The referee crouches nearby, speaking to her quietly. Sol moves, one hand pressing against the mat, the other clutching at her upper back and shoulder.

She is hurt.

But she is breathing.

At commentary, Gidget Stephenson has gone quieter than usual.

Mia Russo-Cutler notices.

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"Gidget's going to try to get a word with the champion."

Danny Greene III exhales, still watching the replay monitor.

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DANNY GREENE III:

"I don't blame her. After what we just saw, I think everyone wants to know what went through Astra Mortis' mind."

Gidget rises from the commentary desk with a microphone in hand. Her usual bright energy is still there, but dimmed at the edges. She approaches Astra carefully, not afraid exactly, but visibly affected by the finish.

Astra notices before Gidget says a word.

Of course she does.

The Revenant Warden turns slowly, the Goddess Championship still pressed to her chest. Her corpse-smudged eyes settle on Gidget's face, reading the tension there. The old wrestler's understanding. The knowledge of what a landing like that could have meant.

Gidget lifts the microphone.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Astra..."

She pauses, choosing the words carefully.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"That was... that was something we've never seen from you before. The Goddess' Burden. You caught Sol out of the air, you drove her down, and..."

Gidget glances back toward the ring, where Sol is sitting up now with help from the official.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Was that necessary?"

The crowd murmurs.

Astra does not look offended.

She looks at Gidget for a long moment, then past her toward Sol.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Yes."

The answer is quiet.

Immediate.

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Unapologetic.

Gidget swallows slightly, but keeps the microphone steady.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Because she would not stay down."

Astra's gaze remains on Sol.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"And I would rather end a match once than let courage turn into injury."

Gidget's expression shifts, not fully comforted, but listening.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"You're saying that was mercy?"

Astra looks back at her.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"I am saying mercy is often uglier than people want it to be."

The crowd quiets around the words.

Astra steps half a pace closer, not threateningly. If anything, her voice softens.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Do not mistake mercy for softness, Gidget."

Her eyes flick briefly to the ring again.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Sometimes mercy is ending the match before bravery becomes a body bag."

Gidget's usual quick comeback does not come.

For once, she just nods.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Sol pushed you tonight."

Astra's face changes.

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Not much.

Enough.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Yes."

A beat.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"She did."

The crowd cheers at that.

Astra lets the reaction breathe.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"She came with fire. She came with legacy. She came with a mask full of history and a heart too stubborn to understand when the body has reached its limit."

Astra adjusts the Goddess Championship against her chest.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"That is why I used it."

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"The Goddess' Burden?"

Astra nods once.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"A title-match judgment."

The words land cold and final.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Not for every opponent. Not for every night. Only for the ones who reach for this..."

She taps the title plate.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"...and make me believe they might be strong enough to touch it."

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Gidget glances back toward Sol again, who is now being helped to her feet inside the ring. The crowd applauds loudly for the challenger.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"So what is Sol Azteca after tonight?"

Astra turns fully toward the ring.

For a moment, the champion and challenger are framed together: Astra at ringside with the title, Sol standing hurt but upright in the ring.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Still here."

The crowd cheers again.

Astra's voice lowers.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"And now everyone knows it."

Gidget looks at Astra, then at the title.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"And you?"

Astra's hand tightens around the Goddess Championship.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Still responsible."

She turns back to Gidget, and for the first time, there is something almost gentle in her expression.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"Breathe, little lantern."

Gidget blinks, caught off guard.

Astra presses two fingers to her own pulse.

Then points those same fingers subtly toward Sol.

ASTRA MORTIS:

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"She is alive."

A beat.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"So am I."

Astra steps back.

ASTRA MORTIS:

"And the door remains guarded."

With that, Astra turns and walks up the ramp, the Goddess Championship held close as the crowd gives a loud, conflicted ovation.

Gidget remains at ringside for a moment, microphone lowered, watching Astra leave.

Back at commentary, Mia's voice cuts in, steady and grave.

MIA RUSSO-CUTLER:

"That is Astra Mortis in full. Terrifying champion. Reluctant executioner. Protector, whether anyone asked her to be or not."

DANNY GREENE III:

"And still AWS Goddess Champion."

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Yeah..."

Gidget looks once more toward Sol, then toward Astra disappearing through the violet light at the top of the ramp.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"And after tonight, I think everybody understands what Astra means when she calls that title a burden."

The camera follows Astra one last time as she pauses at the stage.

She does not raise the title.

She simply holds it.

Then the screen fades to black.

Show Credits

Segment: "Astra/Sol Open The Show" - Written by Drake Nygma.

Segment: "Simply Sol" - Written by Boone.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite