



TWA LIVE!

Capital One Arena

Washington, DC

9/11/2026

The arena lights dim completely, sending the arena into a respectful, solemn hush. A single, brilliant spotlight shines down on the center of the ring, where TWA owner Sami Moxon stands alone holding a microphone. She wears simple black attire, her expression deeply reflective and somber.

Sami Moxon: "Before the bell rings tonight... before the chaos, the rivalries, and the noise take over this arena... I need us to take a moment.

Twenty-five years ago today, our nation changed forever. On September 11th, 2001, we witnessed unimaginable tragedy, but we also witnessed the absolute best of the human spirit. We saw ordinary people become heroes, first responders run toward the fire, and a country come together in profound unity and unbreakable resolve.

Today, we honor the lives lost, we hold their families in our hearts, and we remember the brave souls who showed the entire world what true courage looks like. No matter how much time passes, we will never forget.

Thank you, DC. Let's observe a moment of silence."

Sami lowers her head, and the entire arena falls into a powerful, pin-drop silence to honor the victims and heroes of 9/11 before the opening bell rings.



D3V0 def. Aluric Blaire (10:03)

Andronika def. Jess Carter (6:56)

TWA Heritage Championship
Will Ryder def. Jesse Cyclone (12:23)

Tony Savage def. Jaden Reso (9:45)

TWA Women's Tag Team Championships
Wings of Destiny def. Tinsley Fairchild & Monique Slaughter (14:34)

Bam Miller def. Milo Bones (5:21)

TWA World Tag Team Championships

Carolina Kaijus def. Locals (3:03)

TWA Women's Heritage Championship

Morrigan def. Lucy Theriot (12:38)

TWA Undisputed World Heavyweight Championship

Cooter Bob Macon def. Ross Raymond (13:22)

Main Event

TWA Undisputed Women's World Championship

Hurley Bay vs Frankenstella

Maxx Mayhem: "Welcome back to TWA Live, folks! We are broadcasting live, and the electricity in this arena is off the charts because it is main event time! The undisputed queen of the division, Hurley Bay, is putting her hard-earned championship on the line against one of the most physically imposing forces in this company, the terrifying and powerful FrankenStella!"

Ava Delgado: "This is a classic clash of styles, Maxx! You have FrankenStella, whose raw, spine-shattering power can turn anyone's internal organs to dust, going up against the unmatched athleticism, speed, and breathtaking acrobatics of Hurley Bay. Even though these two share a mutual respect, neither woman is holding anything back with the gold on the line!"

The opening bell rings and both competitors step to the center of the ring, trading respectful nods before locking up in a traditional, highly technical test of strength. FrankenStella immediately uses her monstrous size and upper-body power to overpower Hurley Bay, slowly forcing the champion backward toward the ropes. Hurley displays her incredible ring awareness, sliding underneath Stella's arm and using her agility to transition into a lightning-fast waistlock from behind. Stella absorbs the pressure effortlessly, standing tall and throwing her elbows backward to clip Hurley in the ribs and break the hold cleanly. Hurley smiles good-naturedly, shaking off the blow before dropping down low to sweep Stella's legs out in a slick display of mat-wrestling technique.

FrankenStella kips right back up to her feet with surprising speed for someone of her massive stature, glaring down at the champion with a fierce, competitive grin. Both women circle each other cautiously once again, testing the waters before moving in for a more aggressive collar-and-elbow tie-up. Hurley tries to use her speed advantage to duck underneath Stella's reach, but Stella anticipates the movement and catches Hurley flush by the collar. Stella hoists the champion high into the air with terrifying ease, holding her suspended for a breathtaking four-count before slamming her down hard. Hurley arches her back in pain upon impact, but she rolls away instantly toward the corner to create some much-needed breathing room. Stella marches across the canvas like a tank, standing tall over the champion while the crowd erupts into a supportive ovation for both warriors.

Maxx Mayhem: "FrankenStella flexing that sheer, unmatched power early on! She is treating the champion like a lightweight!"

Ava Delgado: "Don't count Hurley out just yet, Maxx! She has an answer for everything, and she's just getting warmed up!"

Hurley Bay pulls herself up using the middle rope, shaking out her arms to restore circulation before charging back into the center of the squared circle. FrankenStella meets her halfway, launching a heavy, looping right hand intended to take the champion's head clean off her shoulders. Hurley ducks underneath the blow at the absolute last millisecond, springing off the bottom rope to execute a picture-perfect flying headscissors takedown. Stella spins across the canvas from the momentum, sliding out under the bottom rope to regroup on the outside arena floor and catch her breath. Hurley doesn't waste a single second, bouncing off the far ropes with explosive speed and building up maximum momentum across the mat. She launches herself through the air, soaring over the top rope with a gorgeous suicide dive that crashes directly into Stella!

Both competitors lie momentarily stunned on the outside floor amidst a chorus of deafening cheers from the live audience appreciating the high-risk action. The referee immediately begins a mandatory ten-count, shouting down to check if either warrior has enough left in the tank to continue the fight. At the count of six, Hurley Bay drags her battered frame upright, grabbing FrankenStella by the hair and rolling her back inside the ring. Hurley climbs onto the apron, hoisting her body over the top rope while clutching her ribs from the heavy impact of the outside collision. Stella stirs on the canvas, pulling herself up by using the bottom turnbuckle for crucial support as Hurley measures her up for a follow-up aerial assault. Hurley scales the turnbuckle gingerly, balancing carefully on the top rope before leaping off with a stunning missile dropkick.

FrankenStella catches Hurley Bay completely out of mid-air by the throat, halting the flying dropkick dead in its tracks with terrifying upper-body strength. Stella lets out a primal roar, lifting Hurley entirely off the mat before planting her face-first into the canvas with a brutal chokeslam. The impact echoes throughout the arena as Stella immediately transitions into a tight pinning combination to test the champion's early resilience. The official drops to the mat for the count: ONE... TWO... but Hurley manages to power her shoulder up cleanly to keep the match alive. Stella expresses mild frustration, pulling Hurley back up to her feet by the wrist and whipping her hard across the ring into the corner pads. Stella follows closely behind, driving a series of thunderous shoulder thrusts into Hurley's midsection that leaves the champion gasping for air.

Ava Delgado: "Absolute devastation from FrankenStella! When she gets a grip on you, it is practically impossible to escape!"

Maxx Mayhem: "Hurley is hanging on by a thread right now! She needs to find a way to use her speed before Stella dismantles her piece by piece!"

FrankenStella hoists Hurley Bay up onto the top turnbuckle, attempting to position her for a devastating superplex from the terrifying heights above. Hurley fights back with a desperate flurry of closed fists to Stella's forehead, loosening the giant's grip and buying herself a precious second of separation. Hurley slips underneath Stella's arms, balancing precariously on the top rope before executing a breathtaking crossbody press all the way down! Stella absorbs the crushing impact, but her massive weight cushions the blow just enough to allow her to roll through the momentum. Stella pops back up to her feet instantly, catching an incoming Hurley with a vicious spinebuster that shatters across the canvas. Stella hooks both legs for a deep pinfall attempt, but Hurley manages to reflexively throw her foot over the bottom rope.

The referee catches the rope break, waving off the count and forcing FrankenStella to release the hold with a heavy groan of disapproval. Stella drags Hurley Bay toward the center of the ring, locking in a punishing Boston crab submission designed to snap the champion's spine. Hurley screams out in agony as the torque increases, thrashing around the canvas while reaching desperately toward the outer ropes for a lifeline. The crowd starts a rhythmic clapping chant to fuel the champion's comeback, pushing Hurley to crawl inch by agonizing inch across the mat. Hurley digs her fingers deep into the canvas, refusing to tap out as she drags her body closer and closer to the perimeter. With one final, desperate lunge, Hurley extends her fingertips and manages to graze the bottom rope, forcing a clean break.

FrankenStella breaks the hold on the referee's command, but she immediately stomps down hard on Hurley Bay's lower back to prevent any easy recovery. Stella pulls Hurley up by her hair, setting her up for a brutal vertical suplex and holding her suspended in mid-air to showcase her dominance. Hurley slips down the back door unexpectedly, landing cleanly on her feet behind Stella and instantly capitalizing with a sharp dropkick to the knee. Stella buckles under the sudden impact, dropping to one knee while Hurley bounces off the ropes to deliver a stinging running enziliguri. The kick rattles the back of Stella's skull, sending the powerhouse sprawling backward onto the mat and giving Hurley her first real opening of the match. Hurley shakes out her arms, climbing back to the top turnbuckle with renewed energy while the crowd rises to their feet in anticipation.

Maxx Mayhem: "A brilliant counter by the champion! Hurley Bay is finally turning defense into explosive offense!"

Ava Delgado: "She needed that opening badly, Maxx! If she can keep Stella grounded, she might just be able to fly away with this victory!"

Hurley Bay perches on the top turnbuckle like a bird of prey, measuring FrankenStella as the powerhouse struggles to push herself up from the canvas. Hurley leaps off into a picture-perfect moonsault, rotating gracefully through the air before connecting flush across Stella's chest. Stella gasps for air upon impact, but she instinctively throws her arms around Hurley's waist, trapping the champion in a crushing bear hug. Stella squeezes with terrifying pressure, lifting Hurley off the mat and shaking her violently from side to side to sap away her remaining stamina. Hurley taps frantically against Stella's arm, but the referee notes it is not a submission

hold and allows the brutal display of power to continue. Stella finally releases Hurley, dropping her unceremoniously to the mat before scaling the middle rope to attempt a rare aerial maneuver of her own.

FrankenStella stands awkwardly on the middle turnbuckle, looking down at Hurley Bay and attempting a clumsy flying splash that completely misses its mark. Hurley rolls out of the way at the very last millisecond, causing Stella to crash hard and absorb the unforgiving canvas entirely by herself. Hurley capitalizes instantly, springing back to her feet and dropping a series of rapid-fire running leg drops across Stella's throat. Hurley transitions immediately into a tight crossface submission, wrenching back on Stella's arm and neck to target the powerhouse's stamina. Stella thrashes around the ring, using her sheer brute strength to slowly lift her entire body off the mat with Hurley still attached. Stella marches toward the corner, driving Hurley's back forcefully into the turnbuckle pads to finally break the punishing submission hold's grip.

Both competitors are visibly fatigued, leaning against opposite corners while trying to catch their breath amidst the grueling physical demands of the contest. Hurley Bay is the first to stir, charging across the ring with a flying forearm smash that floors FrankenStella right in front of the commentary desk. Hurley follows up with a flurry of rapid-fire kicks to Stella's thighs, wearing down the base of the powerhouse with technical precision. Stella absorbs the punishment like a statue, suddenly grabbing Hurley by the ankle and dragging her down to the mat with terrifying force. Stella positions Hurley between her legs, locking in a dangerous electric chair facebuster that spikes the champion violently onto the canvas. Stella hooks the leg for a deep, exhausted pinfall attempt as the referee slides into position to count the fall.

Ava Delgado: "An electric chair facebuster! That had to have separated Hurley's shoulders!"

Maxx Mayhem: "The champion is in deep trouble here! Stella is one move away from walking out with the gold!"

The referee slams his hand against the mat for the count: ONE... TWO... and Hurley Bay miraculously kicks out just a split second before the three. FrankenStella shakes her head in utter disbelief, grabbing the official by the shoulders briefly before refocusing her attention on the champion. Stella hauls Hurley up by the wrist, signaling that she is finally ready to put an end to the competitive bout once and for all. Stella positions Hurley for her signature devastating powerbomb, hoisting her high into the air with an effortless display of monstrous strength. Hurley fights back out of pure desperation, reigning down closed fists onto the top of Stella's head until the powerhouse loses her balance. Hurley slips down the front, rolling Stella up in a surprise sunset flip pin while grabbing a handful of tights for leverage.

The referee dives to the mat for the quick count: ONE... TWO... but FrankenStella kicks out with explosive force, sending Hurley flying across the canvas. Both women scramble back to their feet simultaneously, colliding in the center of the ring with a desperate, simultaneous double clothesline attempt. The force of the impact sends both competitors crashing hard to the mat, leaving them motionless as the referee begins a ten-count check. The crowd fills the arena with

a thunderous rhythmic chant, trying to inject life back into the two exhausted warriors lying on the canvas. At the count of eight, Hurley rolls onto her stomach, while Stella uses the bottom rope to pull her massive frame upright. Hurley staggers over, launching a desperate series of open-hand slaps that only seem to anger the towering powerhouse even more.

FrankenStella catches Hurley Bay's wrist mid-slap, pulling her in close and delivering a devastating headbutt that drops the champion instantly to her knees. Stella measures a dazed Hurley, backing up into the corner and crouching low into a menacing sprinter's stance to line up her target. The arena senses the end is near as Stella explodes forward like a freight train, aiming to hit a match-ending running boot to the face. Hurley ducks underneath the boot at the absolute last microsecond, causing Stella to overshoot her mark and crash chest-first into the ring post. Stella cries out in pain, clutching her shoulder as it bounces off the unyielding steel structure while Hurley collapses to the canvas to recover. Hurley crawls toward the ropes, pulling herself up by using the middle perimeter to steady her dizzy, spinning head.

FrankenStella stumbles backward out of the corner, completely disoriented and favoring her injured shoulder as Hurley Bay charges in with lightning-fast momentum. Hurley catches Stella with a stunning tornado DDT, spiking the powerhouse head-first into the canvas with incredible snap and velocity. Hurley doesn't hesitate, immediately scaling the top turnbuckle for the second time in the match while the crowd roars in approval. Hurley balances carefully on the apex, waiting for Stella to push herself up onto all fours in the center of the ring below. Hurley leaps off with a breathtaking diving senton splash, connecting flush across Stella's back and flattening the giant against the mat. Hurley hooks both legs tightly, bridging upward to secure what looks to be the decisive pinfall of the evening.

Maxx Mayhem: "A breathtaking diving senton splash! This has got to be it for the champion!"

Ava Delgado: "Stella is trapped under the weight of the champion! Look at the referee diving into position!"

The referee slides into position for the pin attempt: ONE... TWO... and FrankenStella somehow manages to thrust her shoulder up at the very last millisecond! Hurley Bay rolls off her opponent in sheer shock, holding her head in disbelief as she realizes her best offense wasn't enough to finish the giant. Hurley pulls herself up by the ropes, arguing briefly with the official before deciding she has to take an even greater risk to secure the victory. Hurley positions Stella near the center of the ring, climbing back up to the top turnbuckle with tired, heavy limbs. Hurley balances on the top rope, preparing to execute a high-risk maneuver to finally put the relentless challenger away for good. Stella recovers faster than anticipated, lunging upward to grab Hurley by the throat before she can launch herself off the apex.

FrankenStella climbs up onto the middle turnbuckle with Hurley Bay trapped in her massive hand, threatening to execute a terrifying avalanche chokeslam from the heights. Hurley fights back desperately, driving sharp elbows into Stella's collarbone and clawing at the giant's fingers to break the suffocating grip. Hurley manages to slip free, landing precariously on the top rope

before kicking Stella square in the side of the head with a sickening thud. Stella wobbles dangerously on the middle turnbuckle, losing her footing and tumbling backward to crash hard onto the canvas below. Hurley takes a deep breath to compose herself, standing tall on the top rope and preparing to dive down with a championship-clinching maneuver. Before Hurley can jump, the arena lights instantly plunge into absolute, pitch-black darkness!

A collective gasp echoes through the arena as the entire building goes pitch black, cutting off the match visuals completely amidst sudden, eerie silence. Hurley Bay freezes on the top turnbuckle, peering out into the blinding dark while trying to figure out what has just happened to the arena power. A few seconds tick by in agonizing suspense before the arena lights violently flicker back on with a loud, buzzing electrical snap. As the lights stabilize, the crowd erupts into a mixture of utter shock and deafening confusion at the sudden, unexplained scene unfolding inside the ring. Hurley Bay is lying completely motionless on top of FrankenStella, draped heavily across the fallen powerhouse in a pinning position! The referee blinks in bewilderment, sliding into position and slamming his hand against the canvas for the sudden count: ONE... TWO... THREE!

Maxx Mayhem: "The lights flickered back on, and Hurley is laying on top of Stella! One, two, three! The match is over!"

Ava Delgado: "I don't believe what we just saw! What happened in the dark?! How did Hurley end up on top of Stella like that?!"

The arena music hits a confused, erratic victory tune as the referee hands the TWA Women's World Championship over to Hurley Bay. Hurley slowly rolls off FrankenStella, sitting up on the canvas with a dazed, bewildered expression, holding her head as if she has no recollection of how she got there.

FrankenStella lies completely unconscious on the mat below, equally baffled and disoriented as she groans in pain, staring blankly up at the ceiling lights.

Maxx Mayhem: "Hurley retains the championship, but nobody in this arena knows what just happened when those lights went out!"

Suddenly, the stadium house lights shift to a sickly, flickering amber glow, and a low, mournful cello note vibrates through the PA system. The camera pans away from the ring toward the entrance ramp, capturing a chilling sight standing at the top of the stage.

Ava Delgado: "Wait a minute! Look at the entrance ramp! It's Vreka Draga!"

Vreka Draga stands menacingly under the eerie, flickering light, her dark garments clinging to her silhouette as a cold, humorless smile touches her pale lips. She holds a heavy, rusted iron key in her palm, staring directly down the camera lens with obsidian eyes that burn with dark intent.

Maxx Mayhem: "Vreka Draga is standing at the top of the ramp! Was she behind the blackout?! What does she have to do with the finish of this match?!"

Hurley Bay slowly stands up in the ring, holding her championship belt tightly while locking eyes with Vreka across the arena, a shiver running down her spine as the eerie music echoes into the night and the broadcast abruptly fades to black.