



TWA Cruel Summer

Hard Rock Stadium

Miami, FL

8/29/26

Maxx Mayhem: "We are live, loud, and sold out from a capacity crowd of over sixty-thousand screaming fans at a scorching-hot Hard Rock Stadium in Miami, Florida! Welcome to the grandest summer spectacle of the year; TWA Cruel Summer! I'm Maxx Mayhem alongside my broadcast partner, Ava Delgado, and folks, the temperature outside might be boiling, but the action inside this ring is about to reach absolute combustion! Tonight, champions are forged, legacies are shattered, and history is written in blood, sweat, and gold under the Miami sky!"

Ava Delgado: "Maxx, there is palpable electricity in this massive stadium tonight that you can physically feel in the air. From the bitter personal grudges to the high-stakes championship battles, every single person who stepped foot into this historic venue is ready to explode. We've got the Undisputed World Heavyweight Championship on the line, the crowning of the first-ever Women's Heritage Champion, and tag team gold hanging in the balance. The table is set, the stakes have never been higher, and we are kicking things off right now!"

Main Event #1

TWA World Heavyweight Championship

Lazarus © vs Lex Collins

The bell rings and neither man moves. For a few long seconds, Lazarus and Lex Collins just stand there across from each other, buried under the first real wall of noise Cruel Summer has made all night. No circling. No feeling-out process. No big show for the people in the expensive seats. Lazarus is already stripped of the title, already in fight mode, eyes locked on the man across from him. Lex rolls his neck once, shifts his weight onto the hip that hates him, and waits.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Here we go! Cruel Summer is officially underway and they're starting us with the big one! TWA Undisputed World Heavyweight Championship on the line!"

AVA DELGADO: "And look at them, Maxx. Neither one of these men is interested in wasting time pretending this is anything other than personal."

MAXX MAYHEM: "I don't think I need to remind you about the meme that Lex Collins posted that crossed several lines, both with our reigning and defending champion and our diehard fans."

Lazarus looks Collins up and down before letting his eyes drop slowly. Not to Lex's feet. Not studying his crooked his stance. At the ribs and the kinetic tape crawling around his midsection. The tape disappears under Collins' gear, still there from the championship match he wrestled two nights ago. Lazarus knows. Of course he knows. He's been doing this too long not to know where to look. Lex follows his eyes down, then back up, and gives him the smallest nod. Yeah. I know you know.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Lazarus just looked right at those ribs."

AVA DELGADO: "Because that's where this starts. Collins wrestled Thursday and if it wasn't for the disruption during that match that cut the match short, Lex might not have even made it here tonight. Lazarus didn't. He also didn't have staples put in the back of his head two weeks ago. Lex Collins is in no shape to step into that ring tonight and you can call it guts, you can call it stupidity, whatever you want. The fact is Lex Collins walked into this match already damaged and Lazarus is absolutely going to use that."

They meet in the middle. The lockup lasts maybe two seconds before Lazarus drives a knee right into the ribs. Lex folds around it and the champion clubs him across the spine.

MAXX MAYHEM: "And there it is! Lazarus wasted absolutely no time finding the damage Collins brought with him into Miami!"

AVA DELGADO: "Lex Collins defended the CWF Tag Team Championships Thursday night. That's not an excuse, Maxx. He knew what his schedule was. More importantly, Lazarus knew too."

That's the story right away.

Lazarus doesn't really attack Lex. He starts taking him apart. Knee to the ribs. Elbow to the lower back. A hard Irish whip sends Collins chest-first into the turnbuckles and Lazarus catches him coming back with a release German suplex that sends Lex skidding across the mat. Collins lands ugly and immediately curls toward one side.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Lazarus is picking his shots! Everything is aimed at the ribs, the back, that whole damaged core!"

AVA DELGADO: "That's what makes Lazarus so dangerous. He doesn't throw moves because they look good. Everything has a reason."

Lazarus sees Lex favor the side. Of course he does. He covers.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Only two!"

AVA DELGADO: "Lazarus wasn't expecting three. That was a test. He wanted to see how much Collins has left."

Lazarus doesn't bitch about the count. Doesn't even look annoyed. He just grabs Lex by the wrist and starts pulling him back up. That might be what pisses Lex off.

Collins gets high enough to drive his forehead into Lazarus's mouth. Once. Twice. The third one breaks the grip. Lex throws a right. Lazarus answers. Lex throws another. Lazarus answers harder. Collins tastes blood and grins at him.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Oh, that's not a good smile."

AVA DELGADO: "No. That's usually when Collins decides the plan is optional."

Bad idea. The next exchange stops looking like a wrestling match pretty damn quick. Forearms. Fists. Elbows. Too close to really get full extension on anything, so everything lands mean. Lazarus clips Lex under the jaw. Lex buries a knee in the stomach. Lazarus catches him with a backfist. Lex stumbles into the ropes, springs back before Lazarus expects him and grabs the head.

AD HOMINEM. Lazarus spikes into the mat courtesy of that dangerous headlock driver. Lex rolls through and hooks both legs.

One.

Two.

Lazarus gets the shoulder up just before three. The crowd still explodes.

MAXX MAYHEM: "AD HOMINEM! WE ALMOST HAD A NEW WORLD CHAMPION!"

AVA DELGADO: "Almost doesn't count, Maxx, but that got Lazarus's attention."

Lex stays kneeling beside him. No disbelief. No arguing with the referee. Just a breath and a tiny nod to himself as his lips move, clearly saying: okay. More.

He grabs Lazarus's arm before the champion can fully recover and folds it behind him, driving down into Wreckage. Lazarus reacts right away this time. His face tightens and his free hand reaches for the ropes. Lex shifts his weight and drags him farther away. Lazarus crawls again. Lex pulls back harder. The champion finally catches the bottom rope with his fingertips.

MAXX MAYHEM: "WRECKAGE! Collins has the arm trapped!"

AVA DELGADO: "And this is where Lex is at his best. Slow it down. Take away a limb. Make Lazarus work for every inch."

The referee orders the break. Lex holds until four. Then lets go, almost reluctantly.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Collins taking every second of that count."

AVA DELGADO: "He's not cheating. He's making a point."

When Lazarus gets up, the look between them's a little different. The champion crosses the distance and backfists Lex straight across the mouth. Collins drops.

MAXX MAYHEM: "What a shot!"

AVA DELGADO: "There's your answer."

Lazarus catches him before he can fall all the way, drives him backward, and sends him crashing into the corner with the turnbuckle powerbomb. Lex hits hard and crumples down the buckles. Lazarus drags him out by one ankle and hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

The—NO! Shoulder. Up. Barely.

MAXX MAYHEM: "COLLINS GOT THE SHOULDER UP!"

AVA DELGADO: "And look at Lazarus. Nothing. No frustration. That's what scares me. The last time we saw him this clinical, this precise was when he came dangerously close to ending The Monster Machine ENIGMA's career."

Lazarus sits there beside him for a second. Still calm. Somehow that's worse. The hush that falls over the crowd almost feels ominous.

He pulls Lex up and snakes the sleeper in before Collins can get his feet under him. Lex claws at the arm immediately. Lazarus grapevines the body and drags him down with it, flattening him out while the air starts disappearing from his lungs. Collins' movements slow. His grip loosens.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Sleeper locked in tight! Collins is fading!"

AVA DELGADO: "And there's nowhere for him to go. This is exactly what Lazarus wants. No movement, no momentum, no oxygen."

The referee lifts his arm. It falls once. Again. Twice. Third time. Lex's hand stops inches above the mat. The building loses its mind.

MAXX MAYHEM: "HE'S STILL THERE!"

AVA DELGADO: "Of course he is."

Collins closes his fingers around Lazarus's wrist and starts peeling the arm away. Slow. Ugly. Barely working, but working. He gets onto one knee. Then another. Lazarus tries to drag him back. Lex turns. BRICKS. The right hook lands flush. Lazarus drops like somebody pulled the power. Lex drops with him, every ounce of energy in the shot he just threw..

MAXX MAYHEM: "BRICKS! BRICKS! HE CAUGHT HIM CLEAN!"

AVA DELGADO: "But Collins can't capitalize!"

For a few seconds neither guy moves. Then Collins rolls over and throws an arm across the champion.

One.

Two.

Three...NO. Lazarus's shoulder comes up so late that half of Miami is already celebrating a title change.

MAXX MAYHEM: "THAT WAS THREE!"

AVA DELGADO: "It was two."

MAXX MAYHEM: "It was two and nine-tenths!"

AVA DELGADO: "Still two."

Lex thinks so too. For about half a second. Then he sees the referee holding up two fingers. Something in him shifts. Ava hears it before Maxx does.

AVA DELGADO: "That's the moment Lazarus needed to avoid."

MAXX MAYHEM: "What moment?"

Ava never takes her eyes off the ring.

AVA DELGADO: "The moment Collins stops trying to win."

Lex gets up. Slow. Painful. But up. Lazarus rises with him. Lex hits him. Again. Again. He spits blood to the side, almost panting like a dog as he circles and the referee tries to step between them. Collins brushes past him. Lazarus catches another right. Lex drives him back into the corner and starts throwing elbows into the side of his head. One lands flush. Another catches cheek. Another opens Lazarus up across the face. Split lip. Busted nose. Something sends crimson splashing and it's almost dripping from the initials stitched on Lex's elbow pad..

MAXX MAYHEM: "Collins is losing it!"

AVA DELGADO: "No, Maxx. He's found exactly what Lazarus was trying to avoid."

The champion finally shoves him off. Lex comes straight back. Lazarus catches him around the waist and plants him with a spinebuster that shakes the ring. Both men stay down.

MAXX MAYHEM: "SPINEBUSTER! GOOD GOD!"

AVA DELGADO: "And now both of them are paying for the pace."

The crowd isn't chanting anymore. It's just noise. A big ugly roar from people who've figured out that the opening match of Cruel Summer has already gone somewhere meaner than it had any

business going. Lazarus gets up first. Lex follows because apparently self-preservation has never really been his thing and the crowd loses it. The roar is insane. The energy's electric and even Ava and Maxx are shouting to be heard over it now!

MAXX MAYHEM: "How's Collins even standing?"

AVA DELGADO: "Instinct. It has to be."

The champion grabs him. Lex fires two elbows, breaks free, and drops him with Damaged Goods. Sit-out uranage and he hooks the leg but he's not as fast as he should be. The fatigue's catching up..

One.

Two.

Thr...NO!

MAXX MAYHEM: "ANOTHER NEAR FALL!"

AVA DELGADO: "And every single one of these is forcing Lazarus to dig deeper."

Lex rolls onto his back and laughs. Not because anything's funny. More like because laughing and screaming are probably living in the same neighborhood by now.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Is he laughing?"

AVA DELGADO: "I don't know if I want to know."

He drags himself up using Lazarus. The champion shoves him away. Lex catches the head, signalling for READY TO FALL. Lazarus twists out before he can complete it.

MAXX MAYHEM: "READY TO FALL—NO!"

Collins turns back around and runs straight into a knee lift that snaps his head back. Lazarus catches him before he hits the mat. Double underhook.

AVA DELGADO: "Oh no."

FALL OF PHYREXIA. Lex gets drilled headfirst into the canvas. Lazarus rolls him over.

One.

Two.

Three...NO!! HOW?! HOW DID THAT EVEN HAPPEN? LEX GETS THE SHOULDER UP. The place detonates.

MAXX MAYHEM: "HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT!"

AVA DELGADO: "Fall of Phyrexia. Dead center. Clean."

For the first time all night, Lazarus stares at the referee. Not mad. Not outraged. Just... thrown, like he wants to pinch himself and make sure this isn't some fever dream he's having because he got knocked out before he ever made it to the ring. They're both half dead when they reset!

MAXX MAYHEM: "Lazarus cannot believe it!"

AVA DELGADO: "Neither can I."

Maxx is basically yelling into the desk now.

MAXX MAYHEM: "FALL OF PHYREXIA! LAZARUS HIT IT CLEAN!"

Ava sounds almost as stunned, just better at hiding it.

AVA DELGADO: "I don't know if Collins knows where he is right now."

Maxx looks toward the ring.

MAXX MAYHEM: "I don't think that matters!"

Lazarus grabs Lex by the hair and drags him up. Says something to him nobody catches. Lex looks back through eyes that aren't quite focusing but he takes a half step back, rocking on his heels, snorts loudly and then spits blood on Lazarus's chest.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Oh, come on."

AVA DELGADO: "That's Lex."

There it is. The sheer lack of respect. The sheer audacity and the crowd is torn right down the middle, unsure if they should back the literal Outsider here, or stay behind their champion, even if he's one of the most hated men in the business. Lazarus hits him. Lex hits back. Lazarus. Lex. Lazarus. Lex. Skin splitting. Blood flowing. Neither one giving an inch.

MAXX MAYHEM: "They're just standing there throwing!"

AVA DELGADO: "This stopped being smart about five minutes ago and if this is our first match... I don't even know how Miami is going to look when we're done with the place tonight."

Collins can barely stand anymore, but every time Lazarus hits him, somehow there's another one waiting. The champion finally swings wide. Lex ducks. BRICKS. NO! Lazarus ducks it too.

MAXX MAYHEM: "MISSED IT!"

The momentum turns Collins around, out of position for a half a second and it's all the champ needs. Lazarus catches him. CONTAGION CLASP. The mandible claw sinks in.

AVA DELGADO: "Contagion Clasp!"

Lex grabs the wrist with both hands. Lazarus squeezes harder. Lex refuses to go down. His knees buckle anyway. He punches Lazarus in the ribs. Again. Again. Doubles him over. Lex is gasping for air, almost dry heaving and he fires an elbow at nothing but the champion keeps the hold locked.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Collins is fighting it! He's still fighting!"

AVA DELGADO: "But every second he's in that hold is another second he's losing oxygen."

Collins reaches backward blind and catches the referee by the shirt. The official stumbles, trying to get free. Just enough. Lazarus lets go. Lex sucks in one desperate breath, his face going from purple to red before Lazarus jams a thumb straight into his eye.

MAXX MAYHEM: "HEY!"

Collins recoils and screams. The referee misses it.

MAXX MAYHEM: "COME ON! THE REF DIDN'T SEE IT!"

AVA DELGADO: "I saw it."

MAXX MAYHEM: "EVERYBODY SAW IT!"

Lazarus catches both arms. FALL OF PHYREXIA. Again. Worse this time. Lex folds under him. Lands badly and he's still got a hand pressed to his eye in the seconds before he impacts. Lazarus hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

Three.

The bell rings.

MAXX MAYHEM: "DAMN IT!"

For a few seconds Lazarus stays there on top of him. Then sits up.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Lazarus retains the World Heavyweight Championship, but damn it, Ava, he gouged out Lex's eye!"

AVA DELGADO: "The referee didn't see it."

Maxx throws a hand toward the ring.

MAXX MAYHEM: "WE saw it!"

Ava nods.

AVA DELGADO: "And Lex Collins still isn't the TWA World Champion."

Lazarus gets up. The championship is handed to him. He looks at it. Then at Lex. And drops the belt.

MAXX MAYHEM: "What is he doing?"

The boos start right away. Lazarus reaches down and grabs Collins by the hair. The referee gets between them. Lazarus shoves him away.

AVA DELGADO: "This match is over."

Lex can barely get onto one knee. His eye socket's bloody, that eye squeezed shut and already looking like it's swelling and the champion hooks both arms again. Maxx's voice changes instantly.

MAXX MAYHEM: "No. Come on, Lazarus. You won. You already won."

Lazarus looks toward the hard camera. Then down at Collins. He doesn't set for another Fall of Phyrexia. He lifts higher. Turns. Toward the edge of the ring. Toward the apron. Ava gets there first.

AVA DELGADO: "Maxx."

Lazarus adjusts his grip.

AVA DELGADO: "He's going to piledrive him on the apron."

MAXX MAYHEM: "No. No, no, no. Somebody get out here!"

The crowd figures it out too. Lazarus starts to lift. Then the whole arena erupts. The Macons are sprinting down the aisle.

MAXX MAYHEM: "THE MACONS! THE MACONS ARE HERE!"

Lazarus sees them. He drops Lex. The Macons hit the ring at full speed and Lazarus slips through the ropes just before they can get hands on him. He snatches the TWA World Championship off the floor and backs toward the barricade.

AVA DELGADO: "And Lazarus wants no part of them now."

MAXX MAYHEM: "Funny how fast the courage disappears when the numbers even up!"

The Macons don't chase. One drops right beside Collins. The other stands between Lex and Lazarus. That says more than another punch would anyway. Lazarus stands outside the ring with the title in his hands. No smile. No celebration. Just that stare.

Inside the ring, Lex starts trying to get up. Because of course he fucking does.

MAXX MAYHEM: "He's trying to stand."

AVA DELGADO: "Of course he is."

Clyde Wayne Macon puts a hand against his chest and pushes him back down. Lex argues. Cooter points toward Lazarus, trying to tell Collins to save the fight for another night, when he's not already halfway dead and scheduled to wrestle again in a few hours.

MAXX MAYHEM: "For once in his life somebody needs to convince Lex Collins to stay down."

AVA DELGADO: "Good luck."

Lazarus raises the championship. Lex sits against the bottom turnbuckle with one eye already swelling and blood drying at the corner of his mouth. His chest is heaving. Thursday is still written all over him. So are both Fall of Phyrrexias. He looks at Lazarus. Then at the championship. Then back at Lazarus. Slowly, he lifts one hand and extends a middle finger, that crooked grin crossing his lips as the crowd pops, knowing that that look means. Lex isn't baiting because he won. He's smug because Lazarus had to cheat. Because Lazarus beat him and still decided that wasn't enough. Because somewhere underneath the bruises and the mileage and the fact that he's just lost another world title match, Lex Collins has apparently found one more thing to be pissed about. He's also just made sure Lazarus isn't going to be sending him a Christmas card any time soon.

MAXX MAYHEM: "Lazarus survives Lex Collins and then tries to end the man's career!"

AVA DELGADO: "And the Macons weren't going to stand by and let him do it."

Lazarus stops halfway up the aisle and raises the championship one last time. Lex looks at him from the mat. Then slowly raises the other hand to join the first. Double middle fingers and he puckers his lips, blowing mocking kisses while Miami erupts. Maxx actually laughs.

MAXX MAYHEM: "There he is."

Ava almost does too.

AVA DELGADO: "And somehow, Maxx, I don't think Lex Collins thinks this argument is over."

Maxx looks at the wreckage in the ring, then toward the curtain as Lazarus disappears behind it.

MAXX MAYHEM: "If that's how Cruel Summer starts, God help everybody still waiting to wrestle tonight."

The camera stays on Collins. Bruised. Beaten and still defiant to the end, already struggling to push back up with the help of the ropes (and the Macons). He's still staring up at the entrance as if halfway expecting Lazarus to come back out and finish him off. What a fucking match! Cruel Summer has only just begun.

TWA Women's Tag Team Championships
TLC Match
The Fairest © vs Wings of Destiny vs Sinful Vixens

The bell rings.

Tinsley Fairchild and Caroline Fairfax stand together beneath the hanging championships. Billie Morgan and Emi Marek occupy the opposite side of the ring. Kaira Wolfe and Brea O'Shea flank them.

EVERYBODY GOES.

Billie charges straight across the ring and BLASTS Brea with a forearm!

Caroline tackles Emi into the ropes!

Kaira jumps Tinsley before the champion can even decide whom she wants to attack!

Immediately the ring dissolves into three separate fights.

Billie and Brea trade heavy shots in the middle of the ring, Brea rocking Billie with a forearm before Billie answers with two of her own. Brea swings a clothesline—

Billie ducks!

Brea turns around—

EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

Brea staggers backward into the ropes.

Billie charges—

Brea ducks down and BACKDROPS BILLIE OVER THE TOP!

But Billie catches the top rope and lands on the apron!

Brea turns—

RIGHT HAND FROM BILLIE!

Brea stumbles away.

Billie starts stepping through—

KAIRA WOLFE DROPKICKS BILLIE OFF THE APRON!

Billie crashes into the barricade!

Kaira doesn't even get the chance to admire it.

Tinsley grabs her from behind by the hair and YANKS her backward to the canvas!

"Don't touch the face!"

Tinsley stomps Kaira in the stomach.

Kaira rolls away—

SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODY FROM TINSLEY!

She wipes Wolfe out!

Across the ring, Caroline has Emi trapped in the corner, driving repeated shoulders into her abdomen. Caroline backs away, charges—

Emi vaults over her!

Caroline hits the turnbuckles!

Emi lands behind her, rolls backward to her feet and comes sprinting back—

Caroline sidesteps!

Emi leaps onto the middle rope anyway—

SPRINGBOARD ARM DRAG!

Caroline goes flying!

Emi pops back up—

BREA CLOTHESLINES HER INSIDE OUT!

The crowd ROARS.

Brea turns—

Billie is back.

BIG FUCKIN' BOOT!

Brea drops!

Billie barely gets her foot back underneath her before Caroline rushes in and cracks her with a European uppercut.

Another!

Another!

Billie answers with a forearm!

Caroline fires back!

Billie!

Caroline!

Billie!

Caroline suddenly rakes the eyes!

Billie recoils—

Caroline grabs her—

SNAP SUPLEX!

Billie hits hard.

Caroline sits up—

—and Emi comes flying across the screen with a METEORA!

Caroline gets crushed underneath her!

Emi scrambles upright and Billie immediately points toward the ropes.

No words necessary.

Emi runs.

Billie braces.

Emi charges directly at her partner—

BASKET TOSS!

Emi goes soaring over Billie—

FLIP THE BIRD!

MOONSAULT ONTO CAROLINE AND BREA!

All three women crash together!

The crowd explodes.

Tinsley looks over at the wreckage.

Then up at the championships.

Tinsley: "...Oh."

Tinsley rolls straight outside.

She grabs the first ladder.

A wave of boos immediately rains down.

Tinsley drags the ladder from ringside and slides it underneath the bottom rope.

Kaira sees her.

Kaira dives onto the opposite end—

THE LADDER SHOOTS BACK INTO TINSLEY'S FACE!

Tinsley drops to the floor screaming, clutching her mouth!

Kaira laughs.

She grabs the ladder herself—

Billie reaches through the ropes and grabs the other end.

Kaira pulls.

Billie pulls.

Kaira pulls harder.

Billie suddenly lets go.

Kaira falls backward!

Billie slides underneath the bottom rope—

RUNNING KICK TO THE LADDER!

The steel drives straight into Kaira's ribs!

Wolfe collapses underneath it.

Billie grabs the ladder.

Caroline grabs Billie.

UPPERCUT!

Billie releases it.

Caroline grabs the ladder—

Emi springboards—

DROPKICK INTO THE LADDER!

CLANG!

The ladder folds into Caroline!

Caroline falls backward with it on top of her!

Tinsley finally slides back inside, furious.

She sees Emi.

Emi sees her.

Tinsley charges—

Emi ducks a spinning heel kick!

Tinsley spins through—

Emi grabs her waist!

Tinsley elbows free.

Emi stumbles backward.

Tinsley runs—

HURRICANRANA!

Emi flips across the canvas!

Tinsley immediately springs to her feet, hair already disheveled, and gives the hard camera a smug little kiss.

She turns around—

CHAIR SHOT TO THE BACK!

Kaira Wolfe just absolutely WALLOPS her!

Tinsley's entire body arches backward.

Kaira raises the chair again—

WHACK!

Across Tinsley's back!

Tinsley rolls desperately out of the ring.

Kaira follows.

Brea grabs another chair.

And suddenly the Sinful Vixens have weapons.

Billie realizes it first.

Billie: "Oh, shit."

Brea swings—

CRACK!

Billie gets her hands up, but the chair drives her backward into the turnbuckles!

Brea raises it again—

Billie kicks her in the stomach!

The chair falls.

Billie grabs it—

Kaira comes flying back into the ring—

DROPKICK INTO THE CHAIR!

The steel blasts Billie in the face!

Billie falls backward through the ropes and crashes to the floor!

The Vixens exchange a glance.

Then they look at Emi.

Emi looks left.

Kaira.

Right.

Brea.

Emi: "...Hi."

They charge.

Emi ducks underneath both!

The Vixens stop themselves before colliding.

Emi hits the ropes—

Brea catches her!

Emi gets snatched out of the air and thrown across Brea's shoulder—

but Emi wriggles free!

She lands behind her!

Kaira charges—

Emi ducks!

KAIRA COLLIDES WITH BREA!

Emi runs to the ropes—

SPRINGBOARD—

CROSSBODY TAKES BOTH VIXENS DOWN!

Emi rolls through!

And Tinsley is already waiting.

DADDY'S GIRL!

RUNNING KNEE!

Emi's head snaps backward!

Tinsley grabs her immediately.

Snap DDT!

TINSLEY'S TEASE!

Emi gets planted!

Tinsley rolls her onto her back and arrogantly plants one boot across Emi's chest.

The referee just stares as Tinsley mocks the Skyward Songbird.

CAROLINE SHOVES A LADDER INTO HER PARTNER'S HANDS.

Caroline: "Climb!"

Tinsley drops Emi immediately.

The Fairest unfold the ladder in the center of the ring.

Caroline steadies it.

Tinsley starts climbing.

One rung.

Two.

Three.

The crowd rises.

Billie sees it from the floor.

Billie: "EMI!"

Emi is still down.

Billie slides in.

Caroline intercepts her!

Uppercut!

Billie staggers.

Another!

Caroline grabs Billie around the waist—

Billie blocks!

Caroline tries again—

BILLIE GUTWRENCHES CAROLINE OFF THE MAT!

She turns—

GUTWRENCH SLAM ONTO THE CLOSED CHAIR!

Caroline bounces off the steel!

Billie dives toward the ladder.

Tinsley is almost at the top.

Her fingertips brush one championship—

Billie grabs her ankle!

Tinsley kicks backward!

Billie hangs on!

Tinsley stomps at Billie's hand.

Billie yanks—

Tinsley drops a rung!

Tinsley looks down.

Billie looks up.

Tinsley kicks her directly in the face.

Billie staggers—

BREA SHOULDER-BLOCKS THE LADDER!

The entire thing tips!

Tinsley's eyes go wide.

Tinsley: "NO NO NO NO—"

Tinsley leaps off—

ONTO BILLIE!

Both women crash to the canvas!

The ladder falls sideways—

Kaira catches it!

Wolfe muscles it back upright!

Brea immediately starts climbing!

Kaira climbs the opposite side!

The Sinful Vixens are going up together!

Caroline sees it.

She grabs a chair.

WHACK!

Chair across Brea's back!

Brea freezes halfway up.

WHACK!

Again!

Brea falls from the ladder!

Kaira reaches down and grabs Caroline by the hair—

Caroline jerks her head upward—

Kaira pulls—

Caroline jumps onto the lower rungs!

Now Caroline and Kaira are fighting on the same side of the ladder!

Forearm!

Forearm!

Caroline drives her shoulder into Kaira's stomach.

Kaira hangs on.

Caroline climbs another rung.

HEADBUTT!

Kaira nearly falls.

Caroline reaches up—

Kaira suddenly hooks Caroline's head.

The crowd realizes what's coming.

Kaira pushes away from the ladder—

TORNADO DDT OFF THE LADDER!

CAROLINE SPIKES INTO THE CANVAS!

Both women are down!

The ladder remains standing.

Emi sees it.

She crawls.

Grabs the bottom rung.

Starts pulling herself up.

One rung.

Two.

Tinsley sees her.

Tinsley scrambles onto the apron.

Emi reaches the fourth rung—

Tinsley jumps to the ropes.

SPRINGBOARD—

Emi turns—

TINSLEY HURRICANRANAS EMI OFF THE LADDER!

Emi gets ripped away and sent tumbling across the ring!

Tinsley lands hard herself!

And suddenly—

BIG FUCKIN' BOOT TO TINSLEY!

Billie nearly kicks the champion's head off!

Tinsley collapses.

Billie looks around.

Caroline down.

Kaira down.

Brea down.

Tinsley down.

Emi recovering.

Billie looks up.

The belts.

Then at the ladder.

Billie starts climbing.

The crowd comes alive.

One.

Two.

Three—

Brea grabs her boot.

Billie kicks backward.

Brea hangs on.

Billie climbs another rung—

Kaira joins her partner.

Both Sinful Vixens grab Billie.

Billie looks down.

Billie: "Aw, fuck."

They YANK.

Billie gets ripped off the ladder—

DOUBLE POWERBOMB!

BILLIE CRASHES ONTO THE CANVAS!

The ladder shakes violently above them.

Brea immediately grabs it.

Kaira helps.

They fold the ladder.

Emi comes charging—

THE VIXENS RAM THE LADDER INTO EMI'S CHEST!

Emi gets driven backward into the corner!

They pull it away.

RAM IT INTO HER AGAIN!

Emi crumples.

Kaira and Brea look at each other.

Then at Billie.

Billie is trying to sit up.

They turn the ladder horizontally.

Billie sees them coming.

Billie: "Oh, you bitches—"

THE VIXENS CHARGE!

Billie ducks!

The ladder sails over her—

AND CRUSHES TINSLEY AND CAROLINE AGAINST THE TURNBUCKLES!

The champions collapse in a heap!

The Vixens turn around—

Billie charges.

DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

Kaira and Brea go down!

Billie stumbles into the ropes, barely staying upright.

Emi crawls toward her.

Billie reaches down and pulls her partner up.

For the first time since the opening bell, Wings of Destiny have a second to breathe.

They look around.

Bodies everywhere.

A mangled chair.

A ladder lying diagonally across the ring.

Tinsley and Caroline slumped together in one corner.

Kaira and Brea beginning to stir.

Emi looks at Billie.

Billie looks at Emi.

Then both look toward ringside.

At the tables.

Billie grins.

Emi's eyes widen.

Emi: "No."

Billie nods.

Billie: "Yes."

Emi sighs.

And follows her anyway.

The Wings of Destiny roll underneath the ropes.

Billie grabs one table.

Emi grabs another.

Across the ring, Tinsley Fairchild slowly raises her head.

Billie Morgan slides the first table underneath the bottom rope.

Emi Marek slides in the second.

Tinsley Fairchild sees them coming and immediately crawls toward the opposite side of the ring.

Too late.

Billie catches her ankle.

Tinsley desperately grabs the bottom rope with both hands.

Billie pulls.

Tinsley clings tighter.

Billie pulls again.

Tinsley's body stretches nearly horizontal.

Tinsley: "CAROLINE!"

Caroline Fairfax is still slumped against the turnbuckles.

Billie gives one final YANK—

Tinsley's grip breaks!

She slides halfway across the canvas directly into Billie's grasp.

Tinsley rolls over—

SLAP!

Billie freezes.

Tinsley smiles sweetly.

Billie nods.

Billie: "mother fucker!"

RIGHT HAND!

Tinsley collapses.

Across the ring, Emi unfolds one of the tables.

Kaira Wolfe suddenly comes flying in—

DROPKICK!

The table smashes backward into Emi!

Emi gets pinned against the turnbuckles!

Kaira charges—

Emi kicks the table outward!

It catches Kaira across the stomach.

Wolfe doubles over.

Emi vaults onto the second rope—

DIVING METEORA!

Kaira gets driven into the canvas!

Emi pops back up—

BREA O'SHEA WITH A CHAIR!

CRACK!

Emi drops instantly.

Brea raises the chair again.

CRACK!

Across Emi's back!

Brea throws the chair down and drags Emi up by the hair.

Billie sees it.

She charges—

Caroline intercepts!

MISSILE DROPKICK!

Caroline comes out of nowhere from the top rope and sends Billie crashing backward!

Billie tumbles through the ropes.

Caroline follows her outside.

Tinsley rolls underneath the bottom rope on the opposite side.

For several seconds, The Fairest and Sinful Vixens have independently separated the Wings.

Brea drags Emi toward the corner.

Kaira climbs.

Brea hooks Emi in a front facelock.

Kaira reaches the top.

She leaps—

DIVING LEG DROP ACROSS EMI'S THROAT!

Emi folds to the canvas!

Kaira immediately points upward.

The championships.

Brea nods.

They grab the ladder.

Outside, Caroline drives Billie spine-first into the barricade!

Billie drops to one knee.

Caroline charges—

Billie catches her!

Caroline's eyes widen—

BILLIE THROWS CAROLINE OVER THE BARRICADE!

Caroline disappears into the crowd!

Billie turns—

CHAIR TO THE STOMACH!

Tinsley!

Billie doubles over.

Tinsley raises it—

WHACK!

Across Billie's back!

Billie drops to all fours.

Tinsley tosses her hair back, opens the chair and—

She sits down.

Right beside Billie.

Tinsley crosses her legs.

Checks an imaginary watch.

The crowd rains boos down upon her.

Tinsley smiles at the hard camera.

Billie slowly looks up.

Tinsley sees her.

Her smile disappears.

Billie rises.

Tinsley hurriedly stands and folds the chair—

Billie grabs it too!

Tug-of-war!

Tinsley kicks Billie in the knee.

Billie releases.

Tinsley swings—

Billie ducks!

THE CHAIR SMASHES AGAINST THE RING POST!

The vibration sends it flying from Tinsley's hands!

Billie grabs her around the waist.

BELLY-TO-BELLY ON THE FLOOR!

Tinsley crashes hard!

Inside the ring, Kaira and Brea have the ladder standing.

Brea climbs.

Kaira guards below.

Emi is barely moving.

Brea reaches halfway—

CAROLINE FAIRFAX RETURNS WITH ANOTHER LADDER!

She slides it through the ropes like a battering ram.

CLANG!

Right into Kaira's ribs!

Kaira gets knocked sideways.

Caroline enters and drives the end of the ladder into Brea's back!

Brea drops two rungs.

Caroline rams it again!

Brea falls!

Caroline drops the second ladder.

Kaira charges her—

Caroline sidesteps and launches Wolfe face-first into the standing ladder!

CLANG!

Kaira collapses.

Caroline starts climbing.

One rung.

Two.

Three.

Emi reaches up from the canvas and grabs her ankle.

Caroline kicks her away.

Emi comes back.

Caroline kicks again.

Emi catches the boot!

Caroline looks down.

Emi climbs the same side underneath her!

Caroline throws an elbow backward.

Emi ducks underneath it and climbs higher—

Caroline grabs Emi by the hair.

Emi grabs Caroline's wrist.

They're tangled halfway up.

Then Brea rises underneath them.

She grabs Emi around the waist.

Emi refuses to release Caroline.

Brea PULLS—

POWERBOMB!

EMI GETS RIPPED FROM THE LADDER!

But Emi's grip takes Caroline with her!

CAROLINE CRASHES DOWN ON TOP OF EM!

The ladder tips—

Kaira shoves it away—

AND IT FALLS THROUGH THE ROPES ONTO BILLIE AND TINSLEY OUTSIDE!

CRASH!

All six women are down.

The arena erupts.

For several seconds there is nothing but wreckage.

Then Kaira Wolfe crawls.

She gets outside.

Looks underneath the ring.

And pulls out another table.

The reaction gets louder.

Brea sees it and starts laughing.

Together, the Vixens set the table up at ringside.

Caroline is dragged from the ring.

Brea grabs her legs.

Kaira grabs her shoulders.

They lift—

Caroline starts kicking!

She elbows Kaira!

Brea loses her grip!

Caroline lands on her feet.

EUROPEAN UPPERCUT TO BREA!

Kaira charges—

Caroline ducks—

Kaira nearly runs into the table!

She stops herself.

Caroline charges—

Kaira backdrops her—

Caroline lands ON THE TABLE!

It doesn't break!

Caroline is sprawled across it!

Kaira climbs onto the apron.

Brea holds Caroline down.

Kaira runs along the apron—

EMI MAREK SPRINGBOARDS FROM INSIDE THE RING!

CROSSBODY TO KAIRA!

Both women fly off the apron and crash to the floor!

Brea releases Caroline and charges Emi—

BIG FUCKIN' BOOT FROM BILLIE!

Brea goes down!

Billie is back.

Billie looks at Caroline still lying across the table.

Then at Emi.

Emi immediately knows.

She climbs onto the apron.

Billie grabs Brea.

Kaira is trying to stand.

Billie grabs her too.

One Vixen in each hand.

Billie pulls them together—

HEADS COLLIDE!

Both stumble.

Emi grips the top rope.

Billie shoves Kaira and Brea together directly beside Caroline's table.

Emi launches—

SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT!

EMI WIPES OUT BOTH VIXENS!

Bodies scatter across the floor!

But Caroline rolls off the table at the last second!

Emi crashes into Kaira and Brea, leaving all three down!

Caroline sees her opportunity.

She grabs Billie from behind.

NECKBREAKER ON THE FLOOR!

Billie hits hard.

Caroline grabs the table.

Folds it.

Slides it inside.

Tinsley is finally recovering.

Caroline points at Billie.

Tinsley nods.

The Fairest grab Billie together.

They drag her up.

Double suplex position.

Billie blocks.

They try again.

Billie blocks again!

Billie starts muscling both women upward—

Tinsley knees her in the ribs!

Caroline uppercuts her!

They hook her again—

DOUBLE SUPLEX ONTO THE FALLEN LADDER!

CLAAAAANG!

Billie's back folds across the steel!

She rolls off, clutching her spine.

The Fairest don't stop.

Caroline drags Billie toward the barricade.

Tinsley sets up the table.

They lay Billie across it.

Tinsley looks toward the ring.

Then at Caroline.

Caroline immediately knows what she's thinking.

Caroline: "No."

Tinsley grins.

Caroline points toward the belts.

Tinsley waves her off.

She climbs onto the apron.

Then the turnbuckles.

Billie lies motionless across the table.

Tinsley reaches the top.

She stands.

The crowd rises.

Tinsley poses.

Of course she does.

She blows Billie a kiss—

450 SPLASH!

BILLIE MOVES!

CRAAAAAASH!

TINSLEY GOES THROUGH THE TABLE!

The arena EXPLODES!

Tinsley disappears into shattered wood!

Caroline's hands fly to her head.

Billie rolls away clutching her ribs.

Caroline checks Tinsley—

KAIRA WOLFE SMASHES A CHAIR ACROSS CAROLINE'S BACK!

Caroline falls across the wreckage!

Brea grabs her.

The Vixens haul Caroline upright—

DOUBLE SPINEBUSTER THROUGH THE REMAINS OF THE TABLE!

Caroline crashes down beside her partner!

The champions have been wiped out.

Kaira and Brea look at each other.

Then toward the ring.

They slide inside.

Emi tries to follow.

Brea turns around—

CHAIR TO EMI'S STOMACH!

Emi doubles over.

Kaira grabs her.

They place the chair around Emi's neck.

The crowd's reaction changes instantly.

Brea grabs the closed ladder.

She raises it.

Emi realizes what's happening.

Brea charges—

BILLIE DIVES INTO EMI!

Both Wings tumble aside!

The ladder crashes harmlessly against the ropes!

Billie gets up swinging!

Right hand to Brea!

Forearm to Kaira!

Brea!

Kaira!

Brea knees Billie.

Kaira grabs her hair.

The Vixens overwhelm her.

Brea holds Billie.

Kaira grabs the chair.

She swings—

Billie ducks!

CHAIR SHOT TO BREA!

Brea drops!

Kaira freezes.

Billie kicks the chair into Kaira's face!

Wolfe collapses!

Emi gets back up.

Billie grabs Kaira.

Gutwrench.

Emi hits the ropes.

Billie SLAMS Kaira down—

DESTINY'S RECKONING!

SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT FROM EMI!

Kaira gets flattened!

Brea staggers upright.

Billie unloads!

Left!

Right!

Forearm!

Body shot!

European uppercut!

Brea falls backward into the corner, seated against the bottom turnbuckle!

Billie points.

Emi is already running.

LONE STAR FURY!

METEORA INTO THE CORNER!

Brea's head snaps backward!

The Vixens are down!

Billie points at the ladder.

Emi nods.

They stand it up.

Emi starts climbing.

Billie stays underneath.

One rung.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Emi reaches higher.

Billie looks around.

Nobody.

Emi is nearly there.

Her hand reaches—

CAROLINE THROWS A CHAIR FROM THE FLOOR!

The chair smashes into Emi's back!

Emi hangs onto the ladder!

Billie turns toward Caroline—

TRUST FUND!

TINSLEY FAIRCHILD COMES OUT OF NOWHERE!

The spinning heel kick catches Billie flush!

Billie collapses!

Tinsley can barely stand after the 450 through the table, but she's back.

Caroline slides inside.

The Fairest grab opposite sides of the ladder.

Emi looks down.

"Oh no."

They TIP IT.

Emi rides the ladder down—

EMI LEAPS!

She clears the ropes—

AND CRASHES ONTO KAIRA AND BREA AT RINGSIDE!

All three disappear!

The ladder slams down.

Tinsley and Caroline stand alone.

The champions look up.

They grab the second ladder.

Set it beneath the championships.

Both start climbing.

One on either side.

The crowd boos furiously.

Tinsley climbs.

Caroline climbs.

The championships are right there.

Tinsley reaches—

A hand grabs her ankle.

Billie.

Tinsley looks down in disbelief.

Billie is on her knees.

Tinsley kicks.

Billie holds on.

Caroline reaches—

EMI SPRINGBOARDS ONTO THE LADDER!

The entire structure shakes!

Emi climbs from the outside like a spider!

Caroline swings at her.

Emi ducks.

Forearm!

Caroline answers!

Tinsley kicks Billie away and climbs higher.

Billie grabs the other ladder.

She lifts it.

Tinsley sees her.

Tinsley: "NOT THE FACE!"

Billie RAMS the second ladder between the rungs of the standing ladder!

It creates a steel bridge from the ropes to the center!

Tinsley and Caroline are stranded above it.

Emi hangs from the side.

Kaira climbs onto the apron.

Brea joins her.

Everyone sees everyone.

For one brief second—

Kaira and Brea climb onto the horizontal ladder.

Billie climbs from underneath.

Emi goes upward.

Caroline kicks at her.

Tinsley reaches for the belts.

Brea grabs Tinsley's leg.

Kaira grabs Caroline.

Billie grabs Brea.

The entire structure starts shaking.

Caroline punches Kaira.

Kaira punches back.

Tinsley kicks Brea.

Brea climbs higher.

Emi gets her hand around Caroline's head—

CAROLINE SHOVES EMI OFF!

Emi falls—

ONTO THE HORIZONTAL LADDER!

Her spine crashes across the steel!

Emi screams!

Billie sees her partner go down—

Brea kicks Billie in the face!

Billie falls backward—

THROUGH THE ROPES TO THE FLOOR!

Kaira climbs toward Caroline.

Caroline hooks her.

Kaira fights free.

Tinsley and Brea exchange punches on the opposite side.

The ladder bridge is bending underneath all the weight.

Caroline grabs Kaira.

Kaira grabs Caroline.

Brea grabs Tinsley.

Tinsley grabs Brea.

Nobody has anywhere to go.

The crowd rises.

THE HORIZONTAL LADDER BUCKLES!

Steel collapses!

KAIRA!

BREA!

CAROLINE!

TINSLEY!

All four fall with it!

CRASH!

Bodies and steel explode across the canvas!

The upright ladder topples after them.

Emi rolls from the wreckage.

Billie lies outside.

Nobody is standing.

The championships sway peacefully above complete destruction.

Then—

Billie reaches underneath the ring.

She pulls something out.

Another table.

She slides it in.

Then another.

Emi, barely conscious.

The crowd begins chanting.

"T-L-C!"

"T-L-C!"

"T-L-C!"

Billie pushes herself upright.

Across the wreckage, Tinsley does the same.

Kaira pulls herself up with the ropes.

Brea crawls toward a chair.

Caroline grabs a ladder.

Emi drags herself toward the turnbuckles.

Six women rise from the wreckage.

Nobody waits.

Brea O'Shea grabs the chair beside her and HURLS IT AT BILLIE MORGAN'S HEAD!

Billie ducks!

The chair sails past her—

CAROLINE FAIRFAX CATCHES IT!

Caroline barely has time to realize what's in her hands before Kaira Wolfe jumps—

DROPKICK INTO THE CHAIR!

CRACK!

Caroline goes down!

Tinsley Fairchild charges Kaira—

Kaira catches her—

BACKDROP ONTO THE FALLEN LADDER!

Tinsley hits steel!

Brea grabs Emi Marek from behind and launches her into the ropes.

Emi rebounds—

Brea swings a clothesline—

Emi ducks!

Billie is waiting.

Emi charges her own partner—

Billie braces—

SUPER BARREL ROLL!

Billie LAUNCHES Emi toward Brea!

Emi twists through the air—

WHIRLING CANDY!

Brea gets wiped out!

Emi rolls through and comes up on her knees.

Kaira charges—

BIG FUCKIN' BOOT!

Billie damn near decapitates her!

Wings of Destiny have cleared the ring!

Billie immediately grabs the ladder.

Emi helps her stand it.

No celebration.

No hesitation.

CLIMB.

Emi starts going up.

Billie turns around—

Caroline grabs Billie's ankle from outside!

Billie gets dragged underneath the bottom rope!

Caroline jumps on her!

Forearms!

Billie answers!

Inside, Emi reaches halfway.

Tinsley crawls from underneath the fallen ladder.

She sees Emi.

She grabs a chair.

WHACK!

Across Emi's back!

Emi clings to the ladder.

WHACK!

Again!

Emi falls!

Tinsley drops the chair and grabs her—

SNAP DDT ONTO THE CHAIR!

Emi's head and shoulders crash against the steel!

Tinsley rolls away holding her ribs.

Outside, Billie drives Caroline backward into the barricade.

Caroline answers with an uppercut.

Billie swings—

Caroline ducks—

BREA O'SHEA CHARGES BOTH OF THEM!

Billie moves!

BREA CRUSHES CAROLINE THROUGH THE BARRICADE!

CRASH!

Caroline and Brea disappear into the timekeeper's area!

Billie turns—

Kaira Wolfe launches herself over the top rope!

SUICIDE DIVE!

Billie gets driven backward into the remains of the barricade!

Everybody is down again except Tinsley.

Tinsley realizes it.

Her eyes go upward.

The championships.

She grabs the ladder.

Sets it.

Starts climbing.

One rung.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

The crowd rises.

Tinsley reaches.

Her fingers touch leather.

She grabs one championship—

EMI GRABS TINSLEY'S BOOT!

Tinsley looks down.

Emi is barely standing.

Tinsley kicks.

Emi hangs on!

Tinsley kicks again!

Emi falls to one knee—

but grabs the ladder.

She climbs.

Tinsley reaches upward again.

Emi reaches her.

FOREARM!

Tinsley's head snaps back!

Tinsley answers!

FOREARM!

Emi!

Tinsley!

Emi!

Tinsley grabs Emi by the hair!

Emi slaps the hand away!

They fight near the summit.

Tinsley suddenly jumps—

HURRICANRANA OFF THE LADDER!

EMI GETS RIPPED FROM THE STEEL!

Both women crash to the canvas!

The ladder stays standing.

Kaira Wolfe sees it.

She slides in.

Starts climbing.

Brea crawls from the destroyed barricade and sees her partner going up.

Brea gets inside and positions herself beneath the ladder, guarding Kaira.

Kaira climbs.

Three.

Four.

Five.

Six.

She's nearly there!

Brea swings wildly at Billie as Billie tries getting back inside.

Billie ducks the first shot.

Brea catches her with the second.

Billie stumbles.

Kaira reaches—

CAROLINE FAIRFAX SPRINGBOARDS ONTO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LADDER!

Kaira's eyes widen.

Caroline climbs furiously.

Kaira reaches for the championships.

Caroline grabs her wrist!

Kaira punches down.

Caroline fires back.

Brea sees Caroline and starts climbing behind her—

Billie grabs Brea.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Brea gets ripped backward!

Caroline and Kaira continue fighting above them.

Kaira slams Caroline's face into the top of the ladder!

Once!

Twice!

Caroline hangs on.

Kaira reaches—

Caroline explodes upward—

SUPERPLEX OFF THE LADDER!

Kaira and Caroline fall!

BOOOOOOM!

The entire ring shakes!

The ladder tips—

Billie catches it!

She steadies it.

Looks up.

Looks at Emi.

Emi is still down.

Billie starts climbing herself.

One rung.

Two.

Three—

BREA SMASHES A CHAIR INTO BILLIE'S LEG!

Billie falls!

Brea swings again—

Billie catches the chair!

They wrestle over it.

Brea knees Billie in the stomach.

Brea raises the chair—

TRUST FUND!

TINSLEY SPINS THROUGH WITH THE HEEL KICK!

The chair smashes back into Brea's face!

Brea collapses!

Tinsley turns—

Billie grabs her.

REVERSE ALABAMA SLAM!

Tinsley gets planted!

Emi is there!

She jumps—

WING CLIPPER!

UNA CORDA!

Double knees catch Tinsley!

The champions are down!

The Vixens are down!

Billie and Emi look upward.

Again.

They grab the ladder.

Again.

Set it.

Again.

Emi starts climbing.

Again.

Billie stands guard.

Again.

But this time—

Caroline comes flying in with a chair!

CRACK!

Billie takes it across the shoulder!

She stays up!

Caroline swings again!

CRACK!

Billie falls against the ropes.

Caroline winds up—

Billie kicks the chair back into her!

Caroline stumbles.

Kaira returns—

forearm to Billie!

Brea returns—

another!

The Vixens swarm Billie!

Caroline joins them!

Three women beat Billie backward!

Emi looks down from the ladder.

She stops climbing.

She jumps—

DIVING CROSSBODY ONTO ALL THREE!

Bodies explode everywhere!

Emi sacrificed the climb!

Tinsley is the only one who didn't get hit.

She sees the open ladder.

Tinsley scrambles up.

Emi sees her too late.

Tinsley climbs.

Emi grabs the ladder—

Tinsley jumps down onto her!

DIVING DOUBLE STOMP!

TINSLEY'S TIARA!

Emi gets crushed!

Tinsley rolls away.

Kaira pulls herself up.

Tinsley charges—

INHERITANCE!

Shining Wizard!

Kaira drops!

Brea grabs Tinsley from behind.

Tinsley elbows free.

Brea charges—

Tinsley sidesteps—

BREA RUNS STRAIGHT INTO A LADDER PROPPED IN THE CORNER!

CLANG!

Brea collapses!

Tinsley turns around.

Billie Morgan.

They stare at each other.

Billie's lip is split.

Tinsley's hair is destroyed.

Billie throws the first punch.

Tinsley answers.

Billie.

Tinsley.

Billie.

Tinsley rakes the eyes!

Billie staggers blind.

Tinsley runs—

DADDY'S GIRL!

Knee to the face!

Billie falls backward through the ropes!

Tinsley doesn't follow.

She looks at Emi.

Then looks at the tables Billie brought in.

Tinsley smiles.

She unfolds one.

Caroline crawls over to help.

Together, The Fairest position the table near the corner.

Kaira attacks Caroline!

Forearm!

Caroline fires back!

Brea joins Kaira!

They overwhelm Caroline and drag her toward the opposite corner.

Tinsley is left with Emi.

Tinsley pulls Emi up.

Emi suddenly catches her—

UNA CORDA!

Tinsley gets blasted!

Emi collapses beside her.

Across the ring, the Vixens have Caroline.

Brea lifts.

Kaira climbs to the middle rope.

Caroline desperately kicks free!

She shoves Brea into Kaira!

Kaira falls backward onto the turnbuckle!

Caroline grabs Brea—

SPINEBUSTER THROUGH THE TABLE!

CRAAAAASH!

Brea goes through!

Caroline falls beside the wreckage.

Kaira is stranded on the ropes.

Billie climbs onto the apron.

Kaira doesn't see her.

Billie grabs the top rope.

Springboards—

BIG GAIJIN LARIAT!

Kaira gets turned inside out!

The Sinful Vixens are gone.

Brea buried in wood.

Kaira motionless.

Now it's Fairest and Wings.

Caroline crawls toward a ladder.

Billie grabs the other end.

They pull.

Caroline kicks Billie.

Billie answers with a forearm.

Caroline uppercuts.

Billie headbutts her.

Caroline falls backward.

Billie grabs the ladder—

CAROLINE DROPKICKS IT INTO BILLIE!

Billie crashes backward!

Caroline sets the ladder upright.

Tinsley sees it.

The champions regroup.

Caroline starts climbing.

Tinsley guards.

Emi charges.

Tinsley catches her—

BEAUTY MARK!

Running knee!

Emi drops.

Billie grabs Tinsley from behind.

Tinsley elbows free.

Billie grabs again—

Tinsley kicks backward.

Caroline is climbing.

Emi crawls to the ladder.

Tinsley grabs her ankle—

Emi kicks free.

Caroline reaches.

Emi suddenly climbs the opposite side!

Caroline punches her.

Emi fires back.

Tinsley starts climbing underneath Emi.

Billie grabs Tinsley.

POWERBOMB OFF THE LADDER!

Tinsley crashes down!

Billie looks up.

Caroline and Emi are fighting at the top.

Caroline slams Emi's head into the ladder.

Emi nearly falls.

Caroline reaches—

Emi catches her arm!

Emi pulls Caroline toward her—

HEADBUTT!

Caroline reels!

Emi kicks across the ladder!

Caroline loses her footing!

She falls—

ONTO THE ROPES!

Caroline bounces violently to the canvas!

Emi reaches upward—

Tinsley shoves the ladder.

EMI GOES FLYING!

She crashes into the corner!

Billie charges Tinsley—

Tinsley pulls the top rope down!

Billie spills outside!

Tinsley is alone.

Again.

But instead of climbing—

Tinsley looks at Emi.

Emi is sprawled in the corner beside the second ladder.

And something changes.

Tinsley grabs that ladder.

She lays it horizontally between the bottom ropes and the edge of the ring, creating a rigid steel platform.

She grabs Emi by the hair.

Drags her over.

Emi can barely resist.

Tinsley lifts her.

SLAMS EMI BACK-FIRST ACROSS THE LADDER!

Emi arches in agony.

The crowd realizes what Tinsley is thinking.

Caroline, still down, looks over.

Even Caroline looks uncertain.

Tinsley points toward the turnbuckles.

Then points at Emi.

She climbs.

Bottom rope.

Middle.

Top.

Tinsley Fairchild stands above the ring.

Below her, Emi Marek lies flat across the ladder.

Billie Morgan is outside.

Kaira Wolfe is down.

Brea O'Shea is buried in table wreckage.

Caroline Fairfax can barely move.

Tinsley looks down.

This is it.

She straightens herself.

Arms spread.

The arena rises.

PLATINUM PLUNGE!

TINSLEY LEAPS!

Perfect backward rotation.

Emi opens her eyes.

Tinsley is descending.

EMI ROLLS OFF THE LADDER!

Tinsley is falling toward exposed steel—

Billie Morgan jumps onto the apron.

Grabs the top rope.

SPRINGBOARD!

Tinsley completes the rotation—

Billie meets her in midair.

Catches the head.

The entire arena inhales.

MORGAN'S LAW!!!!

SPRINGBOARD CUTTER OUT OF THE FUCKING SKY!

TINSLEY GETS SNATCHED OUT OF THE PLATINUM PLUNGE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Billie and Tinsley crash into the canvas!

The arena fucking ERUPTS.

Billie rolls onto her back.

Tinsley doesn't move.

Emi stares from beside the ladder.

Billie turns her head.

Looks at Emi.

Then upward.

The championships.

Billie: "GO!"

Emi moves.

She crawls toward the standing ladder.

Pulls herself up.

Starts climbing.

One rung.

Caroline sees her.

Caroline crawls toward the ladder.

Billie sees Caroline.

Billie rolls onto her stomach.

Two rungs.

Caroline gets to her knees.

Billie grabs her ankle.

Caroline kicks Billie in the face!

Billie's head snaps backward.

She doesn't let go.

Three rungs.

Kaira Wolfe crawls through the ropes.

Billie releases Caroline and tackles Kaira!

Four rungs.

Kaira and Billie roll across the canvas throwing punches!

Brea emerges from the broken table.

She sees Emi.

Brea charges the ladder—

Billie releases Kaira.

BIG FUCKIN' BOOT TO BREA!

Brea falls!

Five rungs.

Caroline grabs Billie from behind.

EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

Billie drops to one knee.

Caroline runs toward the ladder—

Billie grabs the back of her tights!

Caroline claws forward!

Six rungs.

Emi is near the top.

Kaira picks up a chair.

CRACK!

Across Billie's back!

Billie falls.

Caroline breaks free.

She reaches the ladder.

Emi reaches upward.

Caroline puts one foot on the bottom rung—

Billie grabs the chair.

She RIPS it from Kaira's hands.

WHACK!

Caroline drops!

Kaira tackles Billie!

Both women crash through the ropes!

Emi climbs one final rung.

Brea crawls.

Caroline crawls.

Tinsley hasn't moved.

Billie and Kaira are fighting on the floor.

Emi reaches.

Her fingertips touch the championship belts.

Brea grabs the bottom rung.

Emi reaches higher.

Brea pulls herself up.

Caroline reaches for the ladder.

Billie sees them.

Billie throws Kaira into the barricade!

Slides underneath the ropes!

Brea gets one foot onto the ladder—

BILLIE SPEARS BREA OFF!

Caroline lunges—

Billie throws herself into Caroline!

All three crash down!

Emi has both hands on the belts.

She pulls.

Nothing.

She pulls again.

The clasp won't release.

Below her, Billie is buried underneath Caroline and Brea.

Kaira climbs onto the apron.

Billie sees her.

Billie reaches out—

grabs the fallen chair—

and THROWS IT.

Kaira ducks.

But it buys one second.

One.

Fucking.

Second.

Emi twists the clasp.

CLICK.

The championships release.

EMI MAREK PULLS DOWN THE GOLD!

DING! DING! DING!

The bell disappears underneath an explosion from the crowd.

Emi clutches both championships against her chest atop the ladder.

Billie finally stops fighting.

She collapses flat onto the canvas.

Tinsley Fairchild still hasn't moved from Morgan's Law.

Caroline lies beside the ladder.

Kaira is slumped over the ropes.

Brea is buried underneath Billie.

And above all of them—

Emi Marek holds the championships high.

Maxx Mayhem: "THEY DID IT! THEY ACTUALLY DID IT! THE WINGS OF DESTINY HAVE SURVIVED THEY'VE WON THEIR FIRST TAG TEAM TITLES!!!!"

Emi slowly climbs down.

Halfway, she simply gives up trying to carry both belts properly and hugs them against herself.

Billie rolls onto her back.

Emi reaches the canvas.

She drops beside her partner.

One championship lands across Billie's stomach.

Billie looks down at it.

Then at Emi.

Then back at the belt.

A tired grin spreads across her face.

Emi raises hers.

Billie raises the other.

Ava Delgado: "Tinsley Fairchild went for the Platinum Plunge! Emi Marek got out of the way—and Billie Morgan caught Tinsley Fairchild IN MID-AIR WITH MORGAN'S LAW! I have never seen anything like it!"

The referee kneels beside them and raises both women's hands.

Billie Morgan.

Emi Marek.

The Wings of Destiny.

Surrounded by the destruction of five ladders, shattered tables, twisted chairs and four fallen opponents.

And for the first time—

TWA UNDISPUTED WOMEN'S TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS.

THE WINGS OF DESTINY.

“Flex” Luther Jordan vs “The Fixer” Toby Morris

We cut backstage to find Toby Morris in front of a camera in the promo shoot area, TWA Banner hanging on the wall behind him. He's geared up and looking raring and ready to go.

Fixer: I got no illusions. I ain't earned my place in the house of TWA yet. I haven't bled for it, sweat for it, or worked as hard as most everyone else here has. I came in here with big eyes and big dreams and when Flex was like, “Aight kid, let's see what you go!” I was like, cool cool. We got in the ring, we worked pretty good together, but his shoulder got cold and phone calls weren't forthcoming. I played it by ear, watched, waited, nothing.

Toby rubs his taped hands together.

Fixer: I for real thought at one point they didn't want me here anymore and I go and watch one of the shows and saw Flex holding gold with a new tag team partner. I did what anyone would do in my shoes. Blew my stack. I got hot. I got pissed off. I was like, “The hell is my tag partner doing with another dude holding gold when I was right there?”

He takes a deep breath.

Fixer: Well I did somethin abo-

Toby is cut off at the last second, seeing movement out of the corner of his eye, followed by the fix of Flex Jordan colliding with his face. The blow sends Toby to the floor.

Flex: You hood dawg? I'mma beat your ass so bad you gonna wish you were back in prison!

And suddenly Toby launched up from the floor into Flex, lighting him up with savage body shots. Flex pulls him into a sideheadlock, only for Toby to lift him up and drop him through a table with a backdrop counter! Toby doesn't waste words as he gets up from the wreckage and proceeds to brutally stomp and kick Flex while he's down. He's focused and determined to do damage!

Toby reaches down, grabbing a handful of Flex's dreads and pulling him to his feet, then walking him down the hallway, only to eat an elbow to the ribs and then get his head slammed into a nearby tall crate! He then hurls Toby into a brick wall with a loud smack. He then gathers Toby up with two hands holding him by the head and hurling him further down the hall. Toby stumbles

forward into the Gorilla area, turns and is immediately blasted in the face with an aluminum trash can. Flex then dumps the garbage over him for further mockery.

Flex: Trash for trash!!!!

He boots Toby in the side of the head to keep him stunned, then walks him out through the curtains through the crowd and hurls him down the aisle.

Flex: YOU GONNA LEARN I'M THE LAST FOOL YOU WANT TO MESS WITH, BOY!

Flex marches up to the recovering Toby, who was checking his nose for blood, and slaps him hard on the back of the head, then drives him into the guard rails. It seems though that Toby's expression was only getting angrier and angrier as he took the beating from Flex and it's a battering as he stomps, kicks, and bashes him with fists around ringside until finally, Toby blocks a shot and unloads with a savage right hand!

Flex fires back! Fix! Flex! Fix! Flex! Until Toby slips into a boxers stance and starts to weave around his swings and pepper him with body shots and jabs to the jaw. One punch lands especially hard on Flex, staggering him and Toby practically pounces on him with wild, savage swings, beating the veteran down with just a vicious onslaught of offense.

In the ring, the Referee is demanding they both get in so he can make the match official. Toby holds up a finger towards the Ref as if to say "Gimme a sec" and then gathers up Flex to roll him over the apron and then slide in after.

DING!

Now it's official as Flex fights to his feet and The Fixer moves and the wild brawl resumes as they trade shots back and forth, but it becomes pretty evident that Toby throws a meaner punch. It takes Flex chifting tactics catching Toby's wrist and whipping him with an Arm wringer to the canvas! He doesn't relent, immediately following up with a basement dropkick on the rising Toby! The Fixer flops over, clutching at his jaw. Flex immediately follows up by hopping on a nearby turnpost and leaping off with a DIVING EUROPEAN UPPERCUT, drilling Toby once more. He does a little shimmy as he walks to get a little pop out of the fans before beckoning Toby to rise!

Toby gets up, his look intense and the anger even greater than before. Toby turns right into a running Big Boot and is spun around but doesn't go down, just shakes his head as stumbles. Flex spins around with THE FLEX HAND (Hard Spinning Backhand) that sends Toby into the ropes but doesn't drop him. Flex moves in and scoops him up for a back body drop, but Toby rolls off and lands on his feet. Fix turns and BOOT TO THE HEAD (Test Style running Big Boot) that flat drops a surprised Flex! Flex back rolls on impact bouncing right back up to his feet and taking Toby down with a wicked Running Clothesline that flips the man off his feet! Toby rolls over and sits up and Flex PELVIC THRUSTS RIGHT IN HIS FACE, but catches a surprise when

The Fixer actually HEADBUTTS HIM IN THE GROIN, doubling him over and sending him falling onto his side.

Toby gets up, wiping off his forehead and shaking his head, walking away only to turn and rush at Flex as he's getting up with a running punt kick to the side of his head! Flex rolls with the impact and actually gets back on his feet only to fall back into a corner, where Toby hits THE STEAM ROLL (Running Corner Lariat) backs off and catches Flex for THE FIX - NO Flex shoves him off. Toby spins right into THE FLEX FISSURE - REVERSED INTO A CRADLE PIN BY TOBY!

ONE!!! TWO!!! KICKOUT AT TWO!!!

Maxx Mayhem: "Just a two count!"

Ava Delgado: "What resilience!"

The two explode apart and Toby looks back at Flex with a grin, tapping his temple. Flex promptly flips him off and Toby mouths back, "Fair nuff" and the two immediately get into an exchange of hands once more, fast and furious blows. Fix! Flex! Fix! Flex! This time Flex catches Fix with a blow that spins him around, only to return with THE CHECK (Hard Discus Punch) but Flex ducks it and comes back with THE FLEX HAND again! Toby drops to the mat with the crowd chanting FLEX! FLEX! FLEX! FLEX!!!

Flex eats it up, pumping his fist and backing into a corner. The Fixer sits up and Flex rushes in with THE HOUSE CALL (Jumping low Side Kick to the Face!) Then goes for the cover!

ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-KICKOUT!!!

Maxx Mayhem: "Another close fall!"

Flex grits his teeth and punches the air in mild frustration, then rolls over and gathers Toby up only to be caught and hit with THE FIX!!! (Stone Cold Stunner) He pops off The Fixer's shoulder explosively and hits the mat flat on his back, but Toby can't immediately capitalize, having to take a moment to shake off the onslaught he's taken before making the cover!

ONE!!! TWO!!!! TTTTHHHRRE-KICKOUT!!!

Toby nods his head, simply accepting it while mouthing, "Aight, Bet."

Ava Delgado: "Fixer is in the zone!"

Maxx Mayhem: "This is about to get serious!"

The Fixer gathers up a still stunned Flex and whips him into a corner. He comes in with a hard elbow to keep him there and then lifts him up on to the top rope. There he gathers him up, setting up for a super plex, but Flex comes to life, battering Toby's ribs! Pulling free of his hold, Flex Headbutts him off and sends him falling to the mat, then follows up with THE FLEX STOMP (Swerve Stomp) then makes the cover!!!

ONE!!!! TWO!!! TTTTTHHHHRRRRE-KICKOUT OMFG!!!!

The crowd erupts in both shock and surprise that almost matches Flex's own. He looks up at the ref holding up two and a half fingers and says, "How tough is this son of a bitch?!"

Flex checks him with two punches to the head and gathers Toby up and whips him into a corner. Flex comes charging after him only for Toby to throw his boots up and catch him square in the chest. He then hops up and in a moment of brilliant improvisation, leaps with a front flip, catching Flex with DIVING FIX!!! (Diving Front Flip Stunner) Flex bounces off that shoulder, falls into that corner, then stumbles forward fighting against fading consciousness swinging at empty air with wild punches, only to fall flat in the center of the mat! This time Toby makes a speedy cover and...

ONE!!!! TWO!!!! TTTTTHHHHRRRREEEEE!!!

DING DING DING!!!

Rowan Jagger: THE WINNER OF THIS MATCH BY PINFALL, TOBY "THE FIXER" MORRIS!!!

Maxx Mayhem: "Fixer does it!"

Ava Delgado: "Hopefully this is the end of this grudge!"

As the Ruff Ryder's Anthem hits the house PA, The Fixer hops up, fist in the air and dancing to the beat. He's tired, sweat running from his brow. He quickly asks for a microphone and motions for the music to cut. He looks over at Flex, still fighting to his feet, but unable to stand. Toby holds a hand up to him.

Fixer: You don't have to get up, hoss. You hard. You took everything I had, brother and I hate that it had to come to this. Respect is earned and while we may never be allies again... after this? I respect you. TWA!!!

He turns back to the crowd.

Fixer: ...THE FIX... IS... IN!

He tosses the microphone to a ring attendant, drops down, and rolls out of the ring, heading to the back as his music resumes. Flex watches him, clearly in great pain and having significant trouble standing. Did something go wrong...?

Sami Moxon speaks

The house lights at the arena dim to a deep, familiar electric green and pink as "Torture" by GWAR hits the PA system. As the crowd surges to their feet in a deafening ovation, Sami Moxon steps out onto the stage. She's dressed sharply, wearing a gorgeous dress that commands respect, but her trademark fierce grin is entirely genuine. She walks down the ramp slowly, taking in every corner of the packed building before sliding into the ring and grabbing a microphone.

"They said it was impossible. They said once you lose the keys to the kingdom, you never get to walk back through these front doors. But look around this room. Look where we are."

Sami paces the canvas, her voice thick with a raw, overwhelming emotion that she doesn't bother to hide.

"I need to take a moment before we talk about business, before we talk about the future, and just say thank you. To every single person behind the scenes, every wrestler who bled for this brand, every loyal friend and ally who stood shoulder-to-shoulder with me in the trenches when things looked darkest... I wouldn't be standing here right now holding the reins of TWA if it weren't for you. You believed in the vision when everyone else counted us out, and my gratitude for your loyalty is something I will carry with me for the rest of my life."

Her expression hardens just a fraction, the sharp executive edge returning to her eyes as she turns her attention toward the locker room curtain.

"And to those who saw the ship taking water and decided to jump overboard? To the ones who packed their bags, turned their backs, and walked away when the going got tough? I'm not angry. I'm not even going to waste another breath on you. Best of luck out there in the big, cold world. But TWA doesn't slow down for deserters. We are moving forward, we are bigger than any one person, and we are leaving the past behind."

Sami steps closer to the ropes, looking out at the thousands of screaming fans holding up signs and cheering her name, her face softening into a warm, radiant smile.

"And to you, the heartbeat of this company, the most passionate fans on God's green earth. You never stopped believing. You kept the fire burning in every arena, every week, no matter who was sitting in the owner's chair. This company belongs to you as much as it belongs to me, and I promise you, the best days of TWA are still way out in front of us."

She taps the microphone against her chest, a fierce, excited spark lighting up her eyes as she looks toward the ramp.

"The takeover is complete. The dust has settled. Now, it's time to write the greatest chapter yet. I am ready for whatever is next... so let's get to work."

TWA 24/7 Championship ***Hurley Bay © vs Ramona Rathbone***

Maxx Mayhem: "Welcome back to Cruel Summer live from a sold-out, roaring Hard Rock Stadium in Miami! And we are wasting absolutely zero time turning the dial all the way up to absolute chaos! The TWA 24/7 Championship is on the line right now, and the reigning champion, our lightning-fast surfer chick Hurley Bay, has just walked out onto the stage holding an open challenge for anyone in the back brave enough to step up!"

Ava Delgado: "Maxx, open challenges are always a dangerous game, but issuing one on the grandest stage of the summer in Miami is downright suicidal. And look who answered the call! The 'Über Destroyer' herself, Ramona Rathbone, is marching down that ramp with a terrifying look in her eyes and total destruction on her mind. Hurley might have bitten off way more than she can chew tonight!"

The referee holds the 24/7 Championship high above his head as the massive sixty-thousand-seat crowd at Hard Rock Stadium erupts into a deafening wall of sound. Hurley Bay stands in the center of the ring, bouncing lightly on the balls of her feet and flashing her trademark, relaxed surfer grin despite the immense danger standing across from her. Ramona Rathbone glares across the canvas with the cold, unforgiving eyes of an apex predator who views the championship belt as her rightful property. Without a moment of hesitation, Ramona charges forward like a freight train, but Hurley uses her superior agility to side-step the initial collision completely. Ramona crashes hard into the turnbuckle padding, turning around instantly with a furious snarl as Hurley taunts her with a playful wave.

Frustrated by the evasion, Ramona closes the distance with terrifying velocity, grabbing Hurley by the hair and driving a brutal, clubbing forearm smash straight into her collarbone. Hurley cries out from the impact, stumbling backward against the ropes as Ramona follows up with a series of relentless, stiff strikes to the midsection. The Miami crowd watches in stunned silence as the dominant veteran methodically dismantles the champion with calculated, punishing blows designed to break her spirit early. Ramona hoists Hurley up with effortless power, driving her spine-first into the canvas with a high-impact fallaway slam that echoes over the stadium PA system. Ramona stands tall over her fallen opponent, mocking the fans' cheers before pulling Hurley back up by her wrist for more punishment.

Ramona drags Hurley over to the timekeeper's area, reaching underneath the ring apron and pulling out a pair of wicked steel chairs to escalate the violence. The referee tries to intervene verbally, but Ramona simply tosses the referee aside with a disdainful glare, treating the rules as a mere suggestion tonight. She unfolds one of the steel chairs in the center of the floor, sizing up the champion with a sadistic smile as she prepares to inflict maximum damage. Hurley

senses the extreme danger just in time, rolling away at the absolute last microsecond as Ramona swings the chair down with full force. The steel crashes violently against the empty canvas, leaving a deep dent in the metal while Hurley scrambles back toward the safety of the ring apron.

Maxx Mayhem: "Ramona is wasting no time bringing weapons into this match! She wants to carve her name into the 24/7 Championship in blood!"

Ava Delgado: "That's the Über Destroyer way, Maxx! Rules don't exist when Ramona Rathbone steps into a hardcore environment!"

Hurley catches her breath on the apron, but Ramona is relentless, marching over and driving a stiff boot straight into Hurley's ribs to knock her back down. Ramona slides into the ring, grabbing the second steel chair she retrieved earlier and waiting like an executioner for the champion to pull herself up. As Hurley uses the bottom rope to lift her bruised frame, Ramona swings the chair horizontally like a baseball bat toward Hurley's midsection. Hurley demonstrates incredible reflexes, ducking underneath the swinging steel at the very last millisecond so the chair sails harmlessly past her head. The momentum of the missed swing pulls Ramona off balance momentarily, giving Hurley the vital opening she needs to alter the frantic pace of the match.

Capitalizing on the slip, Hurley springs onto the middle rope and launches herself backward, connecting with a stunning missile dropkick straight into the steel chair. The chair smashes directly back into Ramona's face and chest with explosive force, knocking the veteran off her feet and sending her tumbling backward. The Hard Rock Stadium crowd erupts into a massive roar of approval as Ramona rolls around on the canvas, clutching her bruised jaw in absolute shock. Hurley doesn't waste a single millisecond, sliding out to the floor and retrieving a Singapore cane from beneath the ring apron with a determined look in her eyes. Hurley slides back inside, rushing over to stand above the fallen veteran and preparing to exact some immediate revenge.

As Ramona struggles to push herself up to a vertical base, Hurley unleashes a furious flurry of blistering cane strikes across the veteran's back and shoulders. The wooden cane splinters upon impact with each successive blow, echoing loudly through the massive open-air stadium while Ramona cries out in pain. Hurley drops the broken fragments of the cane, dragging Ramona up by her collar and whipping her hard into the corner turnbuckles. Ramona slumps against the pads, completely winded and bleeding slightly from a minor scratch over her eyebrow, but her Killer instinct remains entirely intact. Just as Hurley charges in for a running splash, Ramona anticipates the move, lifting her heavy boots up to catch the champion square in the chin.

Maxx Mayhem: "Hurley brought the cane party, but Ramona countered with a boot that nearly took the champion's head off!"

Ava Delgado: "You can't keep a veteran down with simple weapons, Maxx! Ramona is too tough and too smart for that!"

Ramona pulls herself out of the corner, shaking off the cobwebs before scooping Hurley up into her massive arms with terrifying, raw strength. With a brutal display of power, Ramona carries Hurley across the ring and drives her spine-first onto the open steel chair left on the canvas. Hurley screams out in pure agony as the unyielding metal folds into her lower back, robbing her of every last ounce of oxygen in her lungs. Ramona covers her casually for a deep pin attempt, locking her fingers across the champion's chest: one, two.. Hurley manages to get a shoulder up. Ramona shows a flash of pure rage at the kickout, dragging Hurley up by her hair and tossing her over the top rope to the outside floor.

Ramona follows Hurley outside, grabbing a fresh steel chair from under the ring and stalking the champion around the perimeter of the barricades. Hurley tries to crawl away toward the timekeeper's table, but Ramona closes the distance quickly, bringing the chair down with a sickening thud across Hurley's back. The stadium gasps in unison as the force of the chair shot sends shockwaves through the ringside floor, leaving Hurley completely defenseless on the concrete. Ramona leans over her, trash-talking right into her ear before hoisting her up and slamming her face-first against the unyielding steel ring steps. The impact rattles the metal stairs, leaving a small smudge of blood as Hurley collapses into a heap near the ramp.

Refusing to let up the pressure, Ramona sets up two steel chairs face-to-face in the open space outside the ring, looking to execute a devastating elevated maneuver. She drags Hurley up by her wrist, hoisting her into a vertical suplex position with the clear intention of dropping her spine-first onto the steel edges. Hurley realizes the fatal danger she is in, digging deep into her core and starting to fire frantic, desperate elbow strikes into Ramona's temples. The blows disorient Ramona just enough to loosen her grip, allowing Hurley to slip down the front and land safely on her feet. Before Ramona can recover her balance, Hurley shoves her forward with all her might, sending Ramona crashing hard into the setup of chairs!

Maxx Mayhem: "A brilliant counter! Ramona just took a devastating spill right into her own trap!"

Ava Delgado: "Hurley used Ramona's own weapon against her! That is the kind of innovative survival instinct you need in a 24/7 title match!"

Both competitors lie scattered among the metal wreckage on the ringside floor for a brief moment as the referee begins a rapid outside count. Hurley is the first to stir, using the steel barricade to pull her battered frame upward while clutching her bruised lower back in intense pain. Ramona rolls over onto her side, coughing violently and clutching her ribs where she collided with the chairs, looking genuinely vulnerable for the first time. Hurley limps over, grabbing a steel trash can from beneath the apron and rolling it into the center of the ring to escalate the violence further. Hurley climbs back onto the apron, testing her weary shoulders before pulling herself through the ropes to rejoin the action.

Ramona staggers up to her feet outside, using the ring apron for support before pulling herself painfully underneath the bottom rope into the squared circle. As Ramona gets to her knees, Hurley charges forward and smashes the metal trash can directly over the veteran's head with maximum velocity. The metallic crash echoes like thunder across Hard Rock Stadium, sending the trash can flying across the canvas in a crumpled, mangled heap of aluminum. Ramona collapses flat onto her back, completely motionless for a split second as the referee checks her responsiveness under the intense glare of the stadium lights. Hurley drops down instantly to cover her: one, two.. Ramona kicks her shoulder up forcefully, refusing to let the championship slip away.

Hurley shakes her head in disbelief, grabbing the dented trash can and tossing it aside before dragging Ramona up by her wrist once more. She whips Ramona hard into the corner, following up with a running dropkick that drives the veteran face-first into the turnbuckle padding. Ramona stumbles backward out of the corner, dazed and bleeding slightly more from the cumulative damage inflicted by the high-paced weapon onslaught. Hurley scales the turnbuckles with focused intent, looking to capitalize with an aerial assault from the summit to put the veteran away. As Ramona stumbles into the center of the ring, Hurley leaps off with a flying crossbody, but Ramona catches her mid-air with incredible power.

Maxx Mayhem: "Caught out of the air once again! Ramona turns defense into a brutal counter-slam!"

Ava Delgado: "You cannot fly against the Über Destroyer without getting grounded hard, Maxx! That caught Hurley right in the chest!"

Ramona absorbs Hurley's momentum and drives her down with a vicious sidewalk slam right onto the canvas, drawing a loud roar from the massive crowd. Ramona paces the ring like a caged predator, reaching down to grab the remaining steel chair and setting it up flat in the center. She drags Hurley up by her hair, looking to execute a devastating package piledriver directly onto the unyielding steel surface to end the match permanently. Hurley fights back with a desperate burst of adrenaline, wrapping her legs around Ramona's neck and executing a sudden, counter hurricanrana. The unexpected reversal sends Ramona crashing headfirst into the steel chair, shattering the metal frame and leaving both competitors flat on their backs.

The referee administers a rapid-fire check while both warriors recover their stamina among the wreckage, and the stadium crowd starts chanting "THIS IS AWESOME" in unison. Hurley is the first to drag her battered frame up to a vertical base, leaning heavily against the ropes to keep her balance intact and steady. She reaches outside, pulling out a wooden kendo stick that has seen better days and eyeing her fallen opponent with calculated focus. As Ramona slowly tries to pull herself up by using the ropes, Hurley rushes over and begins unloading a series of blistering kendo stick shots. The wooden weapon shatters into a dozen pieces across Ramona's back, but the veteran absorbs the blows with frightening resilience.

Seizing the broken kendo stick, Ramona catches Hurley by surprise, using the jagged end to shove the champion away and halt her offensive momentum entirely. Ramona struggles to her feet, her expression twisted into a mask of pure fury as she stalks Hurley toward the corner turnbuckles. Ramona hoists Hurley up onto the top turnbuckle, looking to execute a terrifying avalanche-style slam from the highest point in the ring. Hurley fights back with frantic punches to Ramona's forehead, breaking the grip and making the veteran stumble backward off the ropes. Hurley seizes the moment, leaping off the top turnbuckle with a breathtaking missile dropkick that connects flush on Ramona's jaw.

Maxx Mayhem: "Hurley takes flight off the top rope! She is leaving everything she has in this stadium tonight!"

Ava Delgado: "She has to risk it all, Maxx! If she plays it safe against Ramona Rathbone, she walks out of Miami without her championship!"

Both competitors are breathing heavily as they scramble back to their feet, trading exhausted, heavy blows in the center of the canvas while the crowd tracks every strike. Ramona lands a stiff right cross that staggers Hurley backward, but Hurley responds instantly with a sharp, stinging enzuigiri kick to the side of the head. Ramona wobbles on her feet for a crucial moment, giving Hurley the vital opening she needs to alter the course of the match once again. Hurley hits the ropes at top speed, coming back to deliver a thunderous running forearm smash that finally sends the powerhouse crashing to her knees. Ramona struggles to maintain her balance, but she uses her raw instincts to swipe blindly at Hurley's ankles as she runs past.

Hurley trips over Ramona's arms, tumbling hard onto the canvas and giving Ramona just enough time to drag herself up using the ropes for leverage. Ramona grabs a steel chair from the floor, sliding it back inside the ring and setting it up in the center as an instrument of destruction. She hoists Hurley up into a vertical suplex position, looking to drop her skull-first onto the metal seat in a horrifying display of violence. Hurley blocks it with sharp elbow strikes to the temple, slipping down the front and executing a picture-perfect snap DDT onto the canvas instead. Both warriors lie flat on their backs once again, completely spent from the relentless, high-intensity pace of this chaotic championship war.

The referee begins a slow, methodical ten-count while both competitors lie completely motionless in the center of the ring among the wreckage of chairs and weapons. The Hard Rock Stadium crowd rises to their feet in unison, applauding the incredible display of heart, resilience, and sheer physicality unfolding before them. At the count of seven, both women start to twitch simultaneously, using the scattered steel chairs to drag their battered bodies upward. They make it to their feet by the count of nine, standing face-to-face and trading exhausted, heavy breaths while exchanging a look of mutual, unyielding combativeness. Without saying a word, they begin trading blistering, open-hand slaps that echo loudly through the entire venue.

Maxx Mayhem: "They just keep getting back up! How much more punishment can these two warriors possibly absorb tonight?!"

Ava Delgado: "It's pride, it's the 24/7 Championship, and it's Cruel Summer! Neither one of them is ever going to quit!"

The slaps grow harder and faster with every single exchange, turning into a wild, unhinged brawl of pure emotion and competitive adrenaline amidst the weapon debris. Ramona lands a devastating headbutt that drops Hurley to her knees, leaving the champion vulnerable to a final, decisive blow from the veteran. Ramona grabs the last remaining steel chair, unfolding it and placing it flat in the center of the ring with chilling, calculated precision. She drags Hurley up by her hair, positioning her for what looks to be the ultimate, match-ending catastrophe onto the metal seat. The stadium holds its collective breath as Ramona hoists the champion high into the air for a brutal sidewalk slam.

Hurley summons a miraculous, final surge of adrenaline, twisting her body in mid-air and slipping out of Ramona's grasp with breathtaking agility and quickness. Ramona crashes down hard against the canvas, completely stunned as Hurley lands safely on her feet right beside the open steel chair. Hurley wastes zero milliseconds, kicking the edge of the chair so it tilts upward at a sharp, dangerous angle right in the center of the ring. Ramona staggers up to her feet blindly, turning around into the path of the champion while completely unaware of the trap laid directly at her feet. Hurley leaps upward with explosive velocity, seamlessly executing her signature Rip Curl!

The impact is catastrophic, snapping Ramona's head and neck down violently onto the angled steel chair with breathtaking rotational speed and devastating force! The metal folds further under the intense pressure of the collision, echoing loudly across the massive stadium as Ramona goes completely limp upon impact. Hurley crashes down hard beside her, throwing her arm across Ramona's chest for the most important pinfall attempt of her entire career. The referee slides into position on the canvas, slamming his hand down for the count: one... two... three! The bell rings furiously to an earth-shattering roar of celebration from the sixty-thousand fans in attendance!

"Hang Ten" by Ghoul hits the speakers, and the exhausted, battered champion collapses onto her back, staring up at the Miami sky as the 24/7 Championship is placed across her chest.

Maxx Mayhem: "It is over! Hurley Bay hits the Rip Curl onto a steel chair and retains the TWA 24/7 Championship in an absolute war!"

Ava Delgado: "What a masterclass in survival, innovation, and heart! Hurley went through hell tonight against Ramona Rathbone, but she proved why she is the ultimate fighting champion!"

TWA Undisputed Tag Team Championships **Kurse & Jakob Sykes © vs Carolina Kaijus**

Sykes and Kong start the match facing off as the bell rings. Sykes slaps HK in his mouth, the big man just chuckles and begs him to do it again. Sykes blasts him in the face again again,

propelling himself off the ropes. Honk nearly rips his head off in retaliation with a lariat, leaving Sykes sprawled across the canvas. Kong picks Sykes up like litter off the sidewalk and spins him backwards with a chop to the chest so loud they heard it in the parking garage!

Maxx: Brutal chop knocking the wind out of Jacob's sails. What was he thinking getting physical with a human tree like Honkey?

Sykes eats another chop, dropping him to a knee. He manages to stun Kong with a jawbreaker, and staggers him with a dropkick off the ropes. But Kong doesn't fall for the same trick twice. Kong lets Sykes miss the mark on another dropkick. Kong boots Sykes in the midsection and tries to drive Jacob through the mat boards with a gut wrench powerbomb!

Maxx: *cringing* Jake got spiked like a football after a touchdown! The way he's rolling on that mat, he might have legitimately hurt his spine!

Ava: He has to make a tag soon. He won't last more than a few minutes at this rate.

Kong tosses Sykes into the Kaiji's corner and tags in MEATBALL!! Both behemoths stomp on Sykes in the corner repeatedly, then grin at each other deviously.

Kong: UNCLE PHIL SPECIAL?!

MEATBALL!!: UNCLE PHIL SPECIAL?!

The Kaijis grab Sykes by his trunks, get a good running start, and fling Jacob out of the ring clear into the entrance ramp several rows deep. The instant replay shows Sykes screaming with his arms stretched forward, sliding a few more rows down after a nasty impact on the ramp.

Ava: This isn't fair at all! Where's the ref?! Did he go get a mojito from the bar cart while this was going on?

Maxx: The Kaijus tried to air mail Sykes to Havana with that toss. And Kurse is fuming.

Kurse has seen enough. While MEATBALL stalks Jake outside the ring, Kurse starts trading punches with Kong in the ring. Kong knocks Kurse back with an uppercut, but Kurse ducks lariats and headbutts Kong. He slips behind HK, and plants him on his back with a full nelson slam, which takes a bit out of Kurse. Meanwhile, the two legal men are on the ramp. MEATBALL!! slap the moisture out of Jacob's lips, and whips him hard into the guardrail. MEATBALL charges, but Sykes at the last moments falls away and the rail breaks, leaving MEATBALL down surrounded by scattered fans and chairs.

Sykes stumbles his way back to the ring, and slowly climbs the turnbuckle. Kong gets the upper hand and tosses Kurse out of the ring, only to turn and get missile dropkicked out of the ring by Sykes!

Maxx: HUGE move out of desperation to shift momentum back his team's way!

Ava: Yeah, but how much did that take out of him? He's been ragdolled all night, how much does he have left in the tank?

Sykes is on his belly panting. Kurse is trying to get him to tag. Sykes crawls on his stomach slowly to his partner, but MEATBALL!! grabs his leg. Sykes barely and briefly palms Kurse's hand...it's enough to count! Kurse darts in and flattens MEATBALL!! with a boot to the face. Kurse gives his opponent no room to breathe, battering MEATBALL with punches before showing off his own freakish power and chokeslamming MEATBALL!! Kong tries to intervene, he gets a big boot to the mouth as well. Knee to Kong's midsection, and Kurse through sheer will presses Kong overhead and powerslams him. Kurse stands with his arms up roaring!

Maxx: One tag and Kurse has breathed life back into his team. What a shift in momentum!

MEATBALL!! get back at Kurse with a spinning belly to belly suplex. Big boy tries to finish him off with a splash off the ropes, but Kurse brings his knees up and MEATBALL!! gets his ribs bruised for his efforts. Kurse rises and delivers a full nelson backbreaker to the co tag champion. He tags in Sykes, who climbs the turnbuckle...450 SPLASH! First cover of the match by Sykes...

Kickout at 2 by MEATBALL!!

Ava: So...close to new champions.

Sykes is slow to get on his feet, his opponent's clutching his side also looking rough. Outside, Kurse is chasing Kong around the ring. He finally catches Kong and whips him into the guardrail next to the announcer's table. Kurse tries a spear, but Kong sidesteps him and Kurse's head bounces violently off the barricade! Kong drags him to the table, Maxx and Ava wisely get out of the way...

Kong powerbombs Kurse through the announcer's table. Kurse is motionless atop the busted table, monitors cracked and flickering.

Ava: THEY SPILLED MY MOJITO!

Maxx: Good God, Kurse may be finished! Kong has completely destroyed him and our table.

Ava: And my \$30 mojito. Screw you, White Shrek. You owe me a drink!

Back in the ring, Jacob tries to break MEATBALL's legs down with kicks. Meaty grabs Jacob's foot, only for Sykes to counter with an enziguri. Sykes with a superkick, but MEATBALL!! is still standing. Another superkick, but the big fella is STILL standing, swaying and stumbling. When Sykes tries a third time, MEATBALL!! intercepts his foot and spins him around. Sykes is lifted with two hands by his throat and MEATBALL!! punishes him with a sitdown powerbomb. King finally gets back to his corner and MEATBALL!! tags him in.

Both meat golems pick up Sykes and whip him into a neutral corner. Kong runs and wrecks him with a splash. MEATBALL!! charges right behind him and further squishes him into the turnbuckle. Then Kong scoops MEATBALL!! onto his shoulder and uses his partner as a plow to further turn Sykes into a smash burger. Amazingly, Sykes is STILL standing but stumbling like a drunk towards the middle of the ring. The Kaijus propelled off the ropes from opposite ends of the ring, running full speed at Sykes....

KAIJU CLASH!!

Sykes gets crushed in a human hydraulic press, his limp body slowly falls backwards. MEATBALL!! runs interference on a recovering Kurse trying to stop the pin while Kong hooks the leg...

1...2...3!!

Your winners, and NEW TWA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...THE CAROLINA KAIJUS!!

Maxx Mayhem: "There we have it! The Carolina Kaijus are finally on top of the tag team world!"

Ava Delgado: "Can you imagine the celebration tonight?"

FrankenStella vs Scarlett Theriot

TWA MEAN SUMMER

Scarlett Theriot vs. FrankenStella

The bell rang.

For several seconds, neither woman moved.

FrankenStella stood near her corner, all six-foot-two and two-hundred-fifteen pounds of her, bouncing lightly from one boot to the other. Across the ring, Scarlett Theriot rolled her shoulders and slowly stepped forward.

They met in the center.

Scarlett looked up.

FrankenStella looked down.

The crowd buzzed.

Scarlett raised one hand.

Frankie's eyes dropped toward it.

A test of strength?

A grin spread across FrankenStella's face.

She eagerly interlocked her fingers with Scarlett's—

—and Scarlett immediately kicked her in the thigh.

Frankie recoiled more from the indignity than the pain.

Scarlett snatched the wrist.

Twist.

Hammerlock.

Frankie reached backward—

Scarlett ducked underneath.

Side headlock.

FrankenStella planted her feet and shoved Scarlett toward the ropes. Scarlett rebounded, Frankie dropped her shoulder—

Scarlett slid underneath!

Scarlett popped behind her and hooked the waist.

FrankenStella immediately threw an elbow backward.

Scarlett ducked.

Another wristlock.

Frankie grimaced.

Scarlett cranked.

FrankenStella rolled forward, kipped back to her feet—

—and reversed the wristlock.

The crowd applauded.

Frankie smiled proudly.

Scarlett glanced at her captured wrist.

Then at Frankie.

A little nod..

Scarlett rolled through, rolled underneath the arm, reversed again and swept Frankie's legs.

FrankenStella crashed onto her back.

Scarlett covered.

ONE!

Frankie launched Scarlett halfway across the ring.

Scarlett landed on her knees.

FrankenStella sat up.

They stared at each other.

Scarlett smirked.

FrankenStella narrowed her eyes.

Frankie climbed back to her feet.

Scarlett beckoned her forward.

FrankenStella charged.

Scarlett sidestepped!

Frankie caught herself against the ropes and turned—

CHOP!

The sound cracked through the arena.

FrankenStella froze.

Scarlett's eyes widened slightly.

Frankie slowly looked down at her chest.

Then back at Scarlett.

Scarlett hit her again.

CHOP!

FrankenStella's head snapped backward.

Scarlett grabbed the arm and attempted an Irish whip.

Nothing.

Scarlett pulled again.

FrankenStella hadn't moved an inch.

Scarlett looked at her.

Frankie smiled.

She yanked Scarlett toward her—

WHAM!

Shoulder block!

Scarlett hit the canvas hard.

FrankenStella hit the ropes.

Scarlett rolled onto her stomach.

Frankie hurdled her.

Scarlett scrambled upright as FrankenStella came back—

BIG BOOT!

Scarlett ducked!

Frankie's leg sailed over her head.

Scarlett attacked the standing leg with a basement dropkick!

Frankie crashed onto one knee.

Scarlett immediately hit the ropes—

Running knee!

FrankenStella caught her.

Scarlett suddenly found herself suspended across Frankie's arms.

The crowd erupted.

Frankie adjusted her grip.

Fallaway slam—

Scarlett landed on her feet!

FrankenStella turned.

Pump kick!

Frankie stumbled backward into the ropes.

Scarlett charged.

FrankenStella launched her overhead!

Scarlett sailed over the top rope—

—but caught it!

Her feet landed on the apron.

FrankenStella spun around.

Scarlett drove a forearm through the ropes.

Frankie staggered.

Scarlett grabbed the top rope and slingshotted herself inside—

FrankenStella caught her around the throat.

The arena came alive.

Scarlett's eyes widened.

Frankie grinned.

She lifted—

Scarlett wrapped both legs around Frankie's arm and twisted!

FrankenStella was dragged down into an armbar!

The crowd roared.

Frankie immediately clasped her hands together.

Scarlett pulled.

FrankenStella grunted.

Scarlett extended her hips.

Frankie's fingers began separating.

FrankenStella looked toward the ropes.

Too far.

Scarlett pulled harder.

Frankie's hands separated—

—and FrankenStella simply curled Scarlett off the canvas.

Scarlett's eyes went wide.

Frankie stood.

Scarlett remained attached to the arm.

FrankenStella lifted her higher.

Higher.

Scarlett released just before Frankie could powerbomb her and landed on her feet.

Scarlett immediately kicked the knee.

Frankie buckled.

Kick to the ribs.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Scarlett hit the ropes—

FrankenStella exploded forward.

LARIAT!

Scarlett flipped inside out.

A huge roar rolled through the building.

FrankenStella dropped beside her.

ONE!

TWO—

Scarlett kicked out.

Frankie sat upright.

Scarlett rolled toward the corner and pulled herself upright.

FrankenStella stalked after her.

Scarlett caught her with a boot.

Frankie stumbled.

Scarlett climbed onto the second rope.

She jumped—

FrankenStella caught her.

Again.

Scarlett immediately hammered elbows down across the side of Frankie's head.

One!

Two!

Three!

Frankie lost her grip.

Scarlett landed behind her.

Waistlock.

Scarlett tried to pull her backward.

FrankieStella widened her stance.

Scarlett tried again.

Nothing.

Frankie reached down, peeled Scarlett's hands apart—

Scarlett suddenly dropped and rolled her backward!

ONE!

TWO!

Frankie escaped.

Both women scrambled up.

Scarlett struck first.

Forearm!

Frankie answered.

FOREARM!

Scarlett staggered three steps.

Frankie stopped.

Her expression changed.

She hadn't meant to hit her quite that hard.

Scarlett straightened.

She wiped her mouth.

Then she marched straight back toward FrankenStella.

Frankie hesitated.

Scarlett slapped her.

The building gasped.

FrankenStella stared at her.

The smile disappeared from FrankenStella's face.

Scarlett wanted all of her.

Scarlett got back in her stance.

So did Frankie.

They circled.

Scarlett fired a chop.

Frankie answered.

Scarlett again.

Frankie again.

Scarlett.

Frankie.

Scarlett!

FRANKIE!

Scarlett stumbled.

FrankenStella grabbed her wrist and whipped her into the ropes.

Scarlett rebounded—

FrankenStella launched her straight upward.

Scarlett went frighteningly high.

STELLANIZER!

The pop-up powerbomb shook the ring.

FrankenStella folded Scarlett in half and hooked both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SCARLETT KICKED OUT!

The crowd erupted.

FrankenStella sat beside her.

Scarlett rolled onto her side, breathing heavily.

She looked up at FrankenStella.

Scarlett smiled too.

FrankenStella stood and reached down.

Scarlett slapped the hand away.

She got up herself.

The two women came nose-to-chest in the middle of the ring.

They backed away from one another.

The crowd rose.

And Mommy Scar-Leet came forward swinging.

Scarlett Theriot came forward swinging.

Forearm.

Forearm.

A third snapped FrankenStella's head sideways.

Frankie answered with one of her own.

CRACK!

Scarlett stumbled backward.

Frankie grabbed her—

Scarlett stomped the foot!

Frankie's grip loosened.

Scarlett buried a knee into her stomach, grabbed the back of her head and drove another knee upward into Frankie's face!

FrankenStella stumbled into the ropes.

Scarlett followed.

CHOP!

Frankie grimaced.

CHOP!

Scarlett grabbed the wrist and sent Frankie across the ring.

FrankenStella reversed!

Scarlett hit the opposite ropes—

Frankie swung the lariat.

Scarlett ducked.

Scarlett rebounded again—

CROSSBODY!

FrankenStella caught her!

Scarlett immediately started driving elbows into the side of Frankie's head.

Frankie staggered but maintained her grip.

Scarlett hit another.

And another.

Frankie's knees bent—

Scarlett twisted herself free and landed behind her!

She immediately chopped the back of Frankie's knee.

FrankenStella dropped to one leg.

Scarlett hit the ropes.

SHINING WIZARD!

Frankie went down.

Scarlett hooked the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

FrankenStella powered out.

Scarlett didn't give her room.

She grabbed Frankie's ankle and dragged the enormous woman toward the middle of the ring.

Frankie rolled onto her back.

Scarlett tried stepping through—

Frankie's boot caught her square in the backside and launched Scarlett through the ropes!

Scarlett hit the floor.

FrankenStella rolled onto her stomach and pushed herself upright.

Scarlett was already getting up outside.

Frankie looked at her.

Then at the ropes.

The crowd began buzzing.

FrankenStella ran.

Scarlett looked up.

Her eyes widened.

FRANKENSTELLA LAUNCHED HERSELF THROUGH THE ROPES!

Scarlett barely got her arms up before two-hundred-fifteen pounds came crashing into her!

Both women disappeared against the barricade!

The audience erupted.

Frankie rolled onto her back on the floor.

Scarlett lay beside her.

For several seconds neither moved.

Then FrankenStella sat up.

She looked toward Scarlett.

Scarlett groaned.

FrankenStella got to her feet and pulled Scarlett up.

Scarlett suddenly shoved her backward—

THUD!

Frankie's spine hit the ring post.

Scarlett charged.

Frankie moved!

Scarlett stopped herself inches before colliding with the steel—

FrankenStella grabbed her from behind.

Scarlett's feet left the floor.

GERMAN SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!

Scarlett folded on impact.

The referee immediately leaned through the ropes, ordering Frankie to bring it back inside.

FrankenStella looked down.

Scarlett wasn't moving.

Frankie's aggression vanished.

She crouched beside her.

Scarlett suddenly grabbed Frankie's head—

JAWBREAKER!

Frankie recoiled!

Scarlett rolled underneath the bottom rope.

FrankenStella stood outside holding her jaw.

Scarlett was on her knees inside.

She gave Frankie a little wave.

Frankie's mouth dropped open.

Frankie slid underneath the ropes.

Scarlett was waiting.

STOMP!

Frankie tried getting up.

Another stomp.

Scarlett grabbed the head and drilled her with a swinging neckbreaker!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Scarlett hooked both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

Frankie threw her off.

Scarlett immediately covered again.

ONE!

Frankie shoved her away.

Scarlett rolled through.

FrankenStella climbed up—

Scarlett kicked the knee.

Frankie dropped.

Scarlett hooked the head.

DDT!

Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Frankie kicked out.

Scarlett sat beside her monster.

Scarlett grabbed the arm.

Frankie immediately pulled it toward herself.

Scarlett went with the momentum.

She stepped over.

Frankie recognized the trap and rolled before Scarlett could secure anything.

Scarlett followed.

Frankie rolled again.

Scarlett grabbed the ankle.

FrankenStella spun onto her back and kicked Scarlett away.

Both women rose.

Scarlett charged—

SPINEBUSTER!

FrankenStella planted her.

ONE!

TWO!

Scarlett kicked out.

Frankie grabbed Scarlett around the waist.

She hauled her upright.

Bearhug.

Scarlett's feet dangled above the mat.

FrankenStella squeezed.

Scarlett grimaced.

Frankie squeezed harder.

Scarlett drove an elbow into the temple.

Frankie maintained it.

Another elbow.

Still nothing.

Scarlett clapped both hands against Frankie's ears!

The grip broke.

Scarlett landed.

Frankie staggered backward.

Scarlett jumped—

ENZUIGIRI!

FrankenStella dropped onto the ropes.

Scarlett ran.

She drove both knees into Frankie's back!

FrankenStella bounced away.

Scarlett grabbed her from behind—

NECKBREAKER!

Frankie landed high across her shoulders.

Scarlett maintained the chancery.

She dragged FrankenStella back up.

A second neckbreaker—

Frankie blocked.

Scarlett tried again.

Nothing.

FrankenStella reached backward and grabbed Scarlett by the head.

She pulled.

Scarlett suddenly found herself coming over Frankie's shoulder—

Scarlett landed on her feet!

She kicked Frankie in the stomach.

Double underhook—

Frankie stood upright and sent Scarlett flying overhead!

Scarlett crashed onto her back.

FrankenStella hit the ropes.

SENTON!

Scarlett barely rolled away!

Frankie crashed hard.

Scarlett was immediately up.

She climbed the turnbuckles.

Frankie rolled onto her back.

Scarlett launched.

DIVING ELBOW DROP!

Right across the chest!

Scarlett covered.

ONE!

TWO!

TH—

FRANKIE KICKED OUT!

Scarlett sat up.

FrankenStella rolled toward the ropes.

Scarlett followed.

Frankie pulled herself upright—

Scarlett charged.

FrankenStella caught her by the throat!

Scarlett's feet left the mat.

CHOKESLAM!

Scarlett bounced off the canvas.

FrankenStella fell onto her.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SCARLETT'S SHOULDER CAME UP!

FrankenStella stared at the referee.

Two.

Definitely two.

Frankie pushed herself upright.

Scarlett was struggling now.

FrankenStella grabbed her.

Scarlett slapped the hands away.

Frankie reached again.

Scarlett fired a forearm.

Frankie answered.

Scarlett kicked the knee.

Frankie clubbed her across the shoulders.

Scarlett staggered.

FrankenStella grabbed the waist—

BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

Scarlett flew halfway across the ring.

FrankenStella wasn't finished.

She hauled Scarlett up.

Another belly-to-belly—

Scarlett boxed both ears again!

Frankie dropped her.

Scarlett landed and immediately swept the leg.

FrankenStella hit the canvas.

Scarlett grabbed the ankle.

Frankie kicked her away.

Scarlett rebounded from the ropes.

Frankie sat up—

RUNNING KNEE TO THE FACE!

Frankie collapsed.

Scarlett covered.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE—

FRANKENSTELLA KICKED OUT!

The audience roared.

Scarlett stayed on her knees.

Her chest heaved.

FrankenStella lay beside her staring at the lights.

Scarlett slowly got up.

She looked down at Frankie.

Then toward the corner.

Scarlett climbed.

First rope.

Second.

Top.

FrankenStella began stirring.

Scarlett stood tall.

She launched—

FrankenStella rolled!

Scarlett crashed chest-first into the canvas!

Frankie pushed herself upright.

Scarlett staggered to her feet clutching her ribs.

FrankenStella charged.

Scarlett ducked underneath—

Frankie hit the ropes.

Scarlett turned—

BIG BOOT!

Scarlett's head snapped backward.

She collapsed.

FrankenStella looked toward the corner.

The audience immediately realized what she was thinking.

Frankie started climbing.

The building got louder with every step.

Two-hundred-fifteen pounds reached the top turnbuckle.

Scarlett lay motionless.

FrankenStella stood.

She steadied herself.

Then jumped.

MOONSAULT!

Scarlett moved!

NO!

Frankie adjusted in midair—

SHE LANDED ON HER FEET!

The arena exploded.

FrankenStella stumbled forward from the impact—

Scarlett sprang up behind her.

She hooked both arms.

FrankenStella's eyes widened.

Scarlett kicked Frankie's legs out from under her—

QUEEN'S DECREE!

FrankenStella was driven face-first into the canvas!

Scarlett rolled her over.

Hooked the leg.

The referee dropped.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE—

FRANKENSTELLA'S SHOULDER CAME UP!

Scarlett Theriot froze.

The audience erupted.

Scarlett looked at the referee.

Two fingers.

Scarlett looked back down at FrankenStella.

Frankie was barely conscious.

Scarlett sat beside her for a moment.

Scarlett reached down and dragged her surrogate daughter upright.

FrankenStella could barely stand.

Scarlett moved behind her.

A hand began snaking around Frankie's neck.

The crowd recognized it.

FrankenStella did too.

Her eyes widened.

Scarlett started pulling her forward.

Frankie's hands immediately came up, desperately fighting the grip before it could be secured.

FrankenStella caught Scarlett's wrist with both hands.

Scarlett pulled.

Frankie resisted.

Scarlett shifted her hips and tried dragging her forward.

Frankie planted her boots.

The crowd was on its feet.

Scarlett's hand crept farther underneath the chin.

FrankenStella tucked her jaw.

Scarlett hammered a forearm into her ribs.

Frankie's grip weakened.

Another.

Another.

Scarlett pulled the arm through—

FrankenStella spun!

She caught Scarlett around the waist.

Scarlett's feet left the canvas—

Scarlett hammered both fists against Frankie's back!

FrankenStella staggered.

Scarlett landed behind her.

She immediately jumped down in front of Frankie.

Hands around the throat!

FrankenStella reached for the wrists.

Scarlett locked her hands.

SIGIL OF LILITH!

The arena erupted.

FrankenStella's eyes went wide.

Scarlett cinched it in.

Frankie clawed at it.

Scarlett squeezed.

FrankenStella staggered toward the ropes.

Three steps.

Two.

One—

Scarlett shifted her weight.

FrankenStella lost her balance.

THUD!

Both women crashed onto the canvas.

Scarlett immediately rolled on top of FrankenStella.

Scarlett repositioned.

The Sigil tightened.

Frankie's boots scraped desperately against the mat.

The referee dropped beside her.

Referee: "Stella! Stella, can you continue?!"

FrankenStella nodded violently.

Scarlett squeezed.

The nodding stopped.

Frankie reached for Scarlett's forearm.

Pulled.

Nothing.

She tried getting a hand underneath.

Nothing.

Scarlett had it.

Perfectly.

FrankenStella rolled onto one hip.

Scarlett followed.

Frankie tried the other direction.

Scarlett followed again.

FrankenStella planted a boot.

She tried standing.

Scarlett wrenched.

Frankie's leg collapsed.

The crowd groaned.

Scarlett's face was red from exertion.

The referee reached for Frankie's arm.

He lifted it.

Released.

It dropped.

The audience gasped.

Scarlett squeezed harder.

The referee lifted it again.

Dropped.

FrankenStella's eyes fluttered.

Scarlett buried her face against the back of Frankie's head and pulled with everything she had.

The referee grabbed the wrist.

One more.

He raised Frankie's arm—

—and released.

The arena exploded.

Frankie's fingers twitched.

Her arm trembled.

Then slowly—

it rose.

Scarlett's eyes widened.

FrankenStella's hand disappeared toward her gear.

Scarlett couldn't see what she was doing.

The referee could.

His expression changed.

The crowd began to realize.

FrankenStella pulled something free.

Black leather.

The noise grew.

Scarlett heard it.

She looked down.

And saw the glove.

Her eyes widened.

FrankenStella's movements were slow.

Clumsy.

Her oxygen-starved fingers struggled to find their places.

One finger.

Scarlett tightened the Sigil.

Frankie's face contorted.

Two.

Scarlett dragged backward with everything she had.

Three.

Frankie's hand stopped.

The glove hung halfway on.

Scarlett squeezed.

FrankenStella's eyes closed.

The crowd screamed for her.

Her hand twitched.

Four.

Scarlett saw it.

She knew exactly what that glove meant.

Scarlett released one hand from the Sigil for just an instant and grabbed at Frankie's wrist.

FrankenStella jerked it away.

Scarlett immediately relocked the choke.

Frankie's knees drew underneath her.

She pulled the glove tight.

The leather settled over her hand.

She wrenched the Sigil tighter.

FrankenStella's body sagged—

Her gloved hand shot forward.

Scarlett turned her head.

Too late.

The fingers entered the mouth.

The palm clamped around the jaw.

Scarlett's eyes exploded wide.

CONTAGION CLASP!

The building came unglued.

Scarlett still had the Sigil.

FrankenStella had the Clasp.

Neither released.

Scarlett pulled backward.

Frankie squeezed.

Scarlett's face twisted around the gloved hand.

Frankie's face was turning purple.

Scarlett tried wrenching her head away.

The grip followed.

She squeezed the Sigil harder.

Frankie's knees buckled.

Scarlett pulled.

FrankenStella dropped onto one knee.

The audience screamed.

Scarlett's eyes watered.

Frankie's head sagged.

The referee leaned closer.

FrankenStella's free hand touched the canvas.

Her fingers spread.

Scarlett squeezed.

Frankie's arm shook.

Then—

her palm pushed against the mat.

FrankenStella rose from one knee.

Scarlett shook her head violently.

Frankie got a boot underneath herself.

Scarlett pulled backward.

FrankenStella rose.

Scarlett's eyes widened.

Frankie got the other foot underneath her.

She stood.

WITH SCARLETT STILL ATTACHED TO HER.

The arena was deafening.

Scarlett desperately maintained the Sigil.

FrankenStella never released the Clasp.

Frankie turned her hips.

Scarlett felt her balance shift.

Her eyes went wide.

FrankenStella's free arm came underneath her.

Scarlett left the canvas.

The Sigil finally broke.

But the Contagion Clasp didn't.

FrankenStella stood there with Scarlett Theriot suspended above the ring by the same hold that had been passed down to her by Lazaras.

The crowd knew what came next.

FrankenStella roared.

She lifted Scarlett higher—

CONTAGION CLASH!!!

BOOOOOOOM!

Scarlett Theriot was driven into the canvas.

FrankenStella collapsed beside her.

She threw an arm across Scarlett's chest.

The referee dove into position.

ONE!

The entire arena counted with him.

TWO!

Scarlett's leg twitched.

THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

The building erupted.

FrankenStella didn't move.

Scarlett didn't move.

The referee knelt beside Frankie and grabbed her wrist.

Frankie's eyes slowly opened.

The referee said something.

FrankenStella blinked.

She looked toward Scarlett.

Then toward the referee.

He raised three fingers.

FrankenStella rolled onto her back.

Both hands covered her face.

Frankie sat up.

Scarlett was stirring.

Immediately, the victory stopped mattering.

FrankenStella crawled toward her.

FrankenStella: "Mommy Scar-Leet?"

Scarlett groaned.

Frankie reached toward her—

then hesitated.

Scarlett opened her eyes.

Scarlett slowly pushed herself onto one elbow.

She looked at Frankie.

Then at the glove.

Then back at Frankie.

A smile appeared.

FrankenStella's face lit up.

Scarlett reached out.

Frankie immediately took her hand.

Scarlett pulled her closer and wrapped an arm around the back of her neck.

FrankenStella practically swallowed her in the embrace.

The audience rose for them.

Scarlett said something against her ear that the cameras couldn't catch.

Frankie's eyes immediately filled.

Scarlett pulled away.

She took FrankenStella by the face.

Looked directly into her eyes.

And nodded.

That was enough.

FrankenStella hugged her again.

Scarlett laughed through the exhaustion and patted the enormous woman on the back.

Eventually they separated.

Scarlett took FrankenStella's wrist.

Frankie looked confused.

Scarlett raised it.

The crowd roared.

FrankenStella stared out across the arena.

Scarlett Theriot stood beside her.

Frankie looked toward Scarlett.

FrankenStella: "FrankenStella did the goodest wrestles??"

Scarlett laughed.

She nodded.

Scarlett: "You did good child."

Frankie beamed.

For perhaps thirty seconds, everything in FrankenStella's world was perfect.

She had passed the final test.

Mommy Scar-Leet was proud of her.

And thousands of people were standing to applaud her.

FrankenStella suddenly noticed her own breath becoming visible.

Then the crowd nearest the entrance began turning around.

Then the lights went out and darkness consumed the arena. All was black. Thousands of fans staring into the great unknown.

Then when the light returned A woman stood in the ring.

Scarlett moved in front of FrankenStella.

Scarlett Theriot: "FRANKIE RUN!"

FrankenStella immediately stepped around her.

The stranger exploded forward.

FOREARM!

It caught FrankenStella across the jaw.

Frankie dropped instantly.

Scarlett charged.

The stranger kicked Scarlett directly in the stomach and sent her tumbling through the ropes!

FrankenStella lunged.

The woman met her.

Forearm!

Frankie answered with one of her own!

The stranger rocked backward.

FrankenStella grabbed her—

HEADBUTT!

Frankie's grip broke.

Another forearm.

A knee buried into FrankenStella's stomach.

Frankie doubled over.

The stranger grabbed her by the hair and drove her face-first into the turnbuckle!

FrankenStella bounced backward.

The woman attacked again.

Frankie caught her around the throat.

The crowd erupted.

FrankenStella's expression twisted with rage.

She lifted—

The stranger raked her forearm across Frankie's face.

FrankenStella dropped her.

A boot hammered into Frankie's knee.

Another.

FrankenStella dropped to one leg.

The stranger grabbed her head—

KNEE!

Frankie reeled backward.

Another running strike sent her crashing into the ropes.

The stranger followed.

FrankenStella swung wildly.

Duck.

The woman grabbed the arm.

She twisted it around the top rope.

FrankenStella immediately fought her.

The stranger drove a knee into her ribs.

She seized the other arm.

FrankenStella realized what she was doing.

She thrashed.

The stranger forced that arm through the ropes as well.

One arm.

Then the other.

Twisted.

Threaded.

Trapped.

FrankenStella's back was pinned against the ropes with both enormous arms tangled through them.

She pulled.

The ropes shook.

The stranger stepped away.

FrankenStella pulled harder.

The top rope bowed.

Officials were already running down the aisle.

The woman didn't look at them.

She looked outside the ring.

Scarlett Theriot was getting up.

FrankenStella followed her gaze.

Everything stopped.

Frankie's eyes widened.

FrankenStella: "No."

The stranger looked back at her.

Then turned toward Scarlett.

FrankenStella: "NO!"

Scarlett pulled herself onto the apron.

The stranger approached.

Scarlett saw her coming.

Scarlett drove a forearm into her face!

The crowd erupted.

Another!

Scarlett stepped through the ropes.

Another forearm!

The stranger staggered.

Scarlett fired a chop!

CRACK!

Another!

CRACK!

Scarlett grabbed her wrist—

The stranger yanked Scarlett toward her.

KNEE TO THE STOMACH!

Scarlett folded.

FrankenStella: "NO!"

FrankenStella pulled against the ropes.

Scarlett fired a desperate shot from her knees.

The stranger absorbed it.

Scarlett threw another.

The woman grabbed her by the throat.

FrankenStella's eyes widened.

FrankenStella: "NO!"

Scarlett grabbed at the wrist.

The stranger reached down with her other hand.

Scarlett's feet left the canvas.

Not from momentum.

Not from a jump.

The woman simply—

lifted her.

Dead weight.

Straight off the mat.

Scarlett kicked.

The stranger elevated her higher.

FrankenStella thrashed.

"NO!"

Scarlett was driven down.

BOOOOOOOM!

IRON MORTAR!

A deadlift chokebomb crashed directly into a sit-out powerbomb.

Scarlett folded on impact.

The crowd erupted in boos.

FrankenStella was practically tearing at the ropes.

FrankenStella: "NO! NO! NO!"

The stranger remained seated.

She looked down at Scarlett.

Then slowly—

she turned her head.

She looked directly at FrankenStella.

Frankie froze.

The woman stood.

FrankenStella shook her head.

FrankenStella: "No."

The stranger bent down.

FrankenStella: "No."

She grabbed Scarlett.

FrankenStella: "NO."

Scarlett barely responded as she was pulled upright.

FrankenStella: "NO!"

The stranger positioned herself behind Scarlett.

FrankenStella started thrashing again.

FrankenStella: "NO!"

Scarlett's body was pulled backward.

An arm wrapped underneath.

The Witch's Curse

The stranger twisted her into an inverted Dragon Sleeper.

Then she bridged.

Scarlett's body arched.

Her neck trapped.

Her airway crushed.

FrankenStella: "NO!"

The crowd came unglued.

FrankenStella: "LET SCAR-LEET GO!"

There was no match.

There was no submission.

Officials hit the ring.

The stranger refused to release.

Scarlett's legs kicked.

FrankenStella pulled.

The ropes shook violently.

FRANKENSTELLA: "NO!"

Scarlett clawed at the arm around her throat.

Frankie planted both boots against the canvas and pulled with everything she had.

The turnbuckle shifted.

FRANKENSTELLA: "NO!"

Scarlett's movements slowed.

The referee grabbed at the stranger.

She ignored him.

Another official tried prying her arm AWAY.

Scarlett's hand reached upward.

Her fingers opened.

Closed.

Opened again.

FrankenStella stared at it.

FRANKENSTELLA: "NO..."

Scarlett's hand dropped.

Her body went limp.

FrankenStella stopped moving.

The arena filled with boos.

Officials finally swarmed the stranger.

She released the hold.

Scarlett collapsed onto the canvas.

Medical personnel immediately surrounded her.

The stranger rose.

The Titantron lit up with a name.

“Vreka Draga”

TWA Heritage Championship ***Gunner Knox © vs Will Ryder***

Maxx Mayhem: "We are rolling right along under the Miami sky here at Cruel Summer, and the action at Hard Rock Stadium is absolutely relentless! Up next, we have a championship battle that has personal animosity written all over it. The fierce, bruising Heritage Champion, Gunner Knox, puts his prized title on the line against the man who pinned him in our main event preview on Adrenaline, the relentless challenger, Will Ryder!"

Ava Delgado: "Maxx, Gunner Knox is a walking wrecking ball who wants to rip Will Ryder's head off and prove that lightning didn't just strike by accident. But Ryder has momentum, heart, and a chip on his shoulder the size of Miami. If Knox isn't careful, Ryder is going to use that incredible speed to run circles around him and walk out of Hard Rock Stadium with the Heritage Championship!"

The referee raises the prestigious Heritage Championship high above the canvas, drawing a massive chorus of cheers and jeers from the sixty-thousand-seat crowd at Hard Rock Stadium. Gunner Knox steps forward aggressively, shoving the championship belt back into the official's hands with an arrogant smirk before staring down Will Ryder. Ryder stands his ground with supreme confidence, refusing to give an inch as they meet face-to-face in the center of the ring. The bell rings to officially start the contest, and Knox immediately lunges forward with a wild, heavy right cross aimed at taking Ryder's head off. Ryder displays lightning-fast reflexes, ducking underneath the haymaker with ease and circling away before Knox can trap him in the corner.

Knox growls in frustration at missing his target, spinning around quickly to pursue the challenger as Ryder flashes a playful, taunting smile from across the ring. Ryder darts in with a rapid-fire

series of stinging leg kicks that echo loudly against Knox's thighs, chipping away at the champion's mobility. Knox tries to grab him by the wrist, but Ryder slips out of the grip like grease, sliding behind the champion to lock in a waist-lock. Knox counters instantly with brute force, throwing his elbows backward and catching Ryder square in the chest to break the hold. Ryder stumbles backward a step, gasping for air as Knox capitalizes by driving a heavy shoulder block right into his midsection.

Knox maintains the offensive pressure, grabbing Ryder by the back of his hair and hurling him violently across the canvas like a ragdoll. Ryder crashes hard to the mat, but he pops right back up to his feet, refusing to show any signs of weakness to the dominant champion. Knox scoffs at the defiance, charging in with a brutal running clothesline, but Ryder drops flat to the mat at the very last microsecond. The champion sails over the top rope, landing awkwardly on the ringside floor while Ryder springboards off the middle rope with incredible agility. With breathtaking precision, Ryder launches himself over the top rope, wiping Knox out completely with a stunning tope con hilo to the outside!

Maxx Mayhem: "Will Ryder takes flight to the outside! The challenger is pulling out all the stops early in Miami!"

Ava Delgado: "That is high-risk, high-reward offense, Maxx! Ryder knows he can't trade blows with Knox in a phone booth, so he's using every ounce of his speed!"

Both competitors lie scattered among the ringside debris for a brief moment as the referee begins a rapid outside count across the concrete floor. Ryder is the first to stir, dragging Knox's battered frame back underneath the bottom rope to ensure the match is decided inside the squared circle. Ryder climbs back onto the apron, testing his bruised ribs before pulling himself through the cables to rejoin the ongoing action. Knox rolls over onto his side, coughing violently and clutching his chest where the suicide dive connected with maximum impact. Ryder covers him quickly for an early pin attempt to test the waters: one, two.. Knox kicks his shoulder up with immense force, sending Ryder flying.

Knox drags himself up to a vertical base using the ropes, his face twisting into a mask of pure rage as he glares at the resilient challenger. He catches Ryder by surprise, driving a sharp, calculated thumb to the eye that breaks the referee's visual line for a split second. Ryder stumbles backward, clutching his face in pain while Knox capitalizes on the illegal tactic with a vicious backbreaker across his knee. The impact echoes loudly over the stadium PA system, leaving Ryder gasping for air as Knox stands tall and mocks the crowd's boos. Knox positions Ryder in the center of the ring, locking in a punishing, grounding chinlock that wrenches back on the neck with suffocating pressure.

The sixty-thousand fans inside Hard Rock Stadium start a rhythmic, deafening clapping campaign to inject their energy into Ryder's veins and spark a comeback. Ryder struggles under the heavy, suffocating pressure, his arms growing heavier as Knox squeezes the remaining oxygen from his lungs. Digging deep into his absolute core reserves, Ryder starts driving sharp,

rhythmic elbow strikes backward into Knox's ribs to loosen the hold. The body blows force Knox to release the submission in agony, stumbling backward and giving Ryder the crucial window he needs to recover. Ryder springs back to his feet with explosive speed, hitting the ropes and nailing Knox with a high-impact running forearm smash.

Maxx Mayhem: "Ryder fights his way out of the chinlock! The challenger refuses to fade away tonight!"

Ava Delgado: "That's the heart of a champion right there, Maxx! But Knox is just getting warmed up, and his temper is flaring!"

Knox shakes off the impact instantly, refusing to go down as he fires back with a devastating, high-impact tilt-a-whirl backbreaker in the center of the ring. Ryder crashes heavily to the mat, completely winded as Knox methodically walks over to position him for an even more punishing sequence. Knox hoists Ryder up into a vertical fireman's carry position, looking to inflict maximum damage on the challenger's lower back and spine. Ryder fights back desperately, hammering closed-fist punches into the side of Knox's head until the champion is forced to drop him. Ryder slides down the front of Knox's body, landing safely on his feet and sweeping the champion's legs out with a crisp dragon screw leg whip.

Knox cries out in shock as his knee buckles under the sudden pressure, giving Ryder the opening he needs to target a brand-new limb. Ryder wastes no time, locking in an inventive, torque-heavy ankle lock right on the canvas and wrenching back with all his might. Knox grimaces in pain, clawing desperately toward the ropes while the stadium watches in breathless anticipation of a potential upset submission. Using his massive strength, Knox rolls through the submission hold, using the momentum to fling Ryder across the ring and into the turnbuckle. Ryder crashes hard against the steel ring post shoulder-first, letting out a sharp gasp of pain as he collapses onto the mat.

Knox limps over to his feet, testing his compromised ankle with a grimace before grabbing Ryder by the wrist and whipping him hard into the corner. Knox follows up immediately by driving heavy, methodical shoulder blocks into Ryder's midsection, crushing him against the unyielding steel padding. The referee issues a stern five-count warning, but Knox releases the pressure only at the very last millisecond before pulling Ryder back out. Knox hoists Ryder high into the air, pausing for an arrogant, vertical-stalling pose to milk the crowd's reaction before driving him down with a vertical suplex. Knox covers him for a deep pin attempt: one, two.. Ryder manages to hook his boot over the bottom rope, forcing a mandatory break.

Maxx Mayhem: "Knox is systematically taking away Ryder's base, targeting that leg every chance he gets!"

Ava Delgado: "That's a smart veteran strategy, Maxx! If Ryder can't land that running kick, he loses his primary weapon!"

Frustrated by the rope break, Knox argues vehemently with the official before dragging Ryder up by his hair and throwing him over the top rope. Ryder crashes painfully to the ringside floor, clutching his injured shoulder while Knox stalks him around the perimeter of the barricades. Knox picks Ryder up effortlessly, driving his spine-first against the unyielding steel ring post with a sickening, echoing thud. The referee begins a rapid outside count, but Knox ignores the warning entirely, rolling Ryder back underneath the bottom rope to continue the punishment. Knox climbs back onto the apron, testing his injured ankle before stepping through the cables to rejoin the action inside the ring.

Knox covers Ryder once more for another authoritative pin attempt: one, two.. Ryder kicks out with an explosive burst of survival instinct. Knox shakes his head in absolute disbelief, dragging Ryder up to his feet and positioning him for a devastating powerbomb in the center. Knox hoists Ryder high into the air, but Ryder demonstrates incredible athleticism, shifting his weight and converting the setup into a stunning hurricanrana. The unexpected reversal sends Knox flying across the ring and crashing hard into the turnbuckle pads, completely disorienting the champion. Ryder doesn't let him catch a single breath, sprinting across the canvas to deliver a high-impact running dropkick right into Knox's chest.

Both competitors scramble back to their feet simultaneously, their faces flushed with fatigue and determination as the match reaches a critical turning point. Knox fires a wild, desperate haymaker, but Ryder ducks underneath it with ease, locking in a tight waist-lock from behind. Ryder executes a crisp, picture-perfect German suplex that bridges directly into a tight pin attempt: one, two.. Knox manages to kick his shoulder up. The stadium lets out a collective gasp, marveling at the incredible toughness and competitive resolve radiating from both men tonight. Ryder pulls Knox up to his feet once more, knowing he is moments away from turning the tide permanently if he executes his next sequence.

Maxx Mayhem: "A crisp German suplex by Ryder! The challenger is finding a second wind under the Miami lights!"

Ava Delgado: "He's throwing everything he has at the champion, Maxx! But Knox is an absolute wall of granite!"

Ryder scales the turnbuckles with laser-focused intensity, looking to execute a high-risk aerial assault from the summit to keep the champion grounded. As Knox staggers up to a vertical base while holding his head, Ryder leaps off the top rope with a breathtaking missile dropkick. Knox catches him again with incredible strength, absorbing the impact and pivoting into a brutal sidewalk slam right in the center. Both competitors crash hard to the mat in a heap of absolute exhaustion, leaving the sixty-thousand fans standing in stunned silence before erupting into cheers. The referee begins a slow, methodical ten-count while both warriors lie motionless among the canvas wreckage.

Knox and Ryder start to twitch simultaneously by the six-count, using each other's gear and the ropes to drag their battered bodies upward. They make it to their feet by the count of nine,

standing face-to-face and trading exhausted, heavy breaths while exchanging mutual glares. Without missing a beat, they begin trading blistering, open-hand slaps that echo loudly through the massive open-air stadium to the absolute delight of the fans. Knox lands a stiff right cross that staggers Ryder backward, but Ryder responds instantly with a sharp, stinging enzuigiri kick to the side of the head. Knox wobbles on his feet for a crucial moment, giving Ryder the vital opening he needs to alter the course of the match.

Ryder hits the ropes at top speed, coming back to deliver a thunderous running forearm smash that finally sends the powerhouse crashing to his knees. Knox struggles to maintain his balance, but he uses his raw instincts to swipe blindly at Ryder's ankles as he runs past. Ryder trips over Knox's arms, tumbling hard onto the canvas and giving Knox just enough time to drag himself up using the ropes. Knox grabs Ryder by the collar, hoisting him up into position for a devastating modified slam, but Ryder fights out with sharp elbows. Ryder slips out the back door, locking in a tight waist-lock and executing a second, thunderous German suplex across the center of the mat.

Maxx Mayhem: "Another German suplex! Ryder is putting a clinic together in the home stretch!"

Ava Delgado: "Knox's conditioning is being tested to its absolute limit right now, Maxx! Can the champion survive this onslaught?"

Ryder doesn't waste a single second, floating over immediately into a tight crossface submission hold, wrenching back on Knox's arm and neck simultaneously. Knox screams out in agony as the deep submission pressure cinches in, fighting the pain with every ounce of his massive strength. Knox uses his power to slowly lift his body off the canvas, standing up on shaky legs while still trapped inside the dangerous hold. With a furious burst of adrenaline, Knox marches across the ring and drops backward, squashing Ryder underneath his weight to break the submission. Both competitors lie flat on their backs once again, completely spent from the relentless, high-intensity pace of this championship battle.

The referee administers a rapid-fire check while both men recover their stamina, and the stadium crowd starts chanting "THIS IS AWESOME" in unified harmony. Knox is the first to drag his battered frame up to a vertical base, leaning heavily against the ropes to keep his balance intact. He motions for Ryder to get up, flashing a ruthless expression as he prepares to execute his final, match-ending offensive sequence. As Ryder uses the bottom rope to pull himself up, Knox charges forward like a freight train, looking for a brutal running clothesline. Ryder ducks underneath the blow at the absolute last microsecond, allowing Knox to sail right past him, and crash hard into the ring post.

Knox lets out a sharp cry of frustration and pain as his shoulder smashes directly into the steel post, leaving him completely vulnerable and exposed. Ryder capitalizes instantly, hitting the ropes at maximum velocity and coming back with a devastating running dropkick straight into Knox's back. Knox tumbles forward, landing awkwardly on the canvas as Ryder sizes him up for the ultimate, match-winning sequence of his entire career. The Hard Rock Stadium crowd rises to their feet in deafening anticipation, sensing that a new champion is about to be crowned here.

in Miami. Ryder stands tall in the corner, tapping his foot against the canvas and waiting for Knox to pull his bruised frame upward.

Maxx Mayhem: "This is it! Ryder is measuring him up for the finish!"

Ava Delgado: "If he hits the Ryde of Your Life here, we are looking at a brand-new Heritage Champion!"

Knox slowly staggers up to a vertical base, using the ropes for support while completely dazed and unaware of the incoming danger. Ryder explodes out of the corner with terrifying speed, charging across the canvas like a bullet train aimed directly at the champion. With breathtaking athleticism and catastrophic force, Ryder unleashes his signature Ryde of Your Life (claymore kick), driving the sole of his boot flush across Knox's jaw! The impact echoes like a thunderclap across the massive stadium, snapping Knox's head back violently and dropping him instantly flat onto the mat like a felled tree.

Ryder drops down instantly to cover him, interlocking his fingers across Knox's chest with absolute authority as the referee slides into position for the count. The official slams the canvas: one... two... three! The bell rings furiously to an earth-shattering roar of celebration from sixty-thousand fans as Will Ryder captures the Heritage Championship!

Will Ryder's music hits the speakers, and the exhausted new champion collapses onto his knees, tears of joy mixing with sweat as the Heritage Championship belt is wrapped around his waist.

Maxx Mayhem: "It is over! Will Ryder hits the Ryde of Your Life and defeats Gunner Knox! We have a brand-new Heritage Champion under the Miami sky!"

Ava Delgado: "An unbelievable, career-defining victory for Will Ryder! He defied the odds, survived the monster, and walked out of Hard Rock Stadium with the gold!"

TWA Women's Heritage Championship Tournament Finals **Casey Elliott vs Morrigan**

Maxx Mayhem: "We are operating at an absolute fever pitch here at Hard Rock Stadium in Miami for Cruel Summer! The energy in this sixty-thousand-seat arena is palpable, and it is time for the historic finals of the Women's Heritage Tournament! Two incredible competitors have battled through a grueling bracket to reach this exact moment. In one corner, the cunning, ruthless 'Matriarch of Might,' Morrigan, who carries the sacred memory and spirit of her late, beloved friend Jaya into this sacred ring! In the opposite corner, the relentless, exceptionally resilient technical wizard, Casey Elliott, fighting for every ounce of respect to prove to the entire world that she belongs at the very top!"

Ava Delgado: "Maxx, this isn't just a wrestling match; this is a collision of destiny, legacy, and sheer unadulterated will. Morrigan is fighting a holy war for a ghost, carrying the weight of a legendary friendship into battle with a title modeled after Jaya herself. But Casey Elliott has climbed Mount Everest tonight, overcoming powerhouse odds and proving she has the heart of a true champion. One woman is walking out of Miami as the very first TWA Women's Heritage Champion, and neither competitor is leaving anything in reserve!"

The referee holds up the magnificent Women's Heritage Championship belt high above the canvas, allowing the shimmering tribute to Jaya to catch the stadium lights as sixty-thousand fans erupt into a deafening wall of sound. Morrigan and Casey Elliott step to the center of the ring, locking eyes with an intense, unblinking glare that conveys the monumental stakes of this historic final clash. The bell rings to officially inaugurate the contest, and Casey immediately uses her superior speed to dart around the veteran, attempting an early, tactical single-leg takedown. Morrigan maintains an unyielding base, utilizing her veteran instincts to sprawl out instantly and force Casey down to the mat with calculated, suffocating leverage.

Casey refuses to stay grounded, utilizing her exceptional flexibility to bridge out of the control sequence and slip smoothly behind Morrigan's back to secure a tight waist-lock. Morrigan responds with cold efficiency, throwing her elbows backward to clip Casey's ribs and break the hold before wheeling around to face her challenger. They lock horns in a fierce collar-and-elbow tie-up, their muscles straining under the intense pressure as they battle for early psychological supremacy in the center of the ring. Morrigan uses her superior strength to slowly walk Casey backward, backing her against the ropes until the referee is forced to call for a clean break. As they separate, Morrigan flashes a knowing, respectful smirk, but Casey answers back with a sharp, determined nod that signals she is not intimidated.

Casey tests the waters again with lightning-fast footwork, feinting a right hand before dropping low and successfully sweeping Morrigan's left leg out from beneath her. Morrigan crashes hard to the canvas, but she rolls through the impact instantly, popping back up to her feet before Casey can capitalize on the opening. Casey doesn't miss a beat, hitting the ropes at maximum velocity and attempting a flying cross-body block across the veteran's chest. Morrigan anticipates the maneuver with her decades of experience, side-stepping the aerial assault entirely so that Casey sails harmlessly past her and tumbles. Casey lands cleanly on her feet, spinning around just in time to duck underneath a swinging clothesline from the Matriarch of Might.

Maxx Mayhem: "A breathtaking display of speed and counter-wrestling right out of the gate! Both women are feeling out the championship pressure!"

Ava Delgado: "Casey is trying to run circles around Morrigan, Maxx, but the veteran has eyes everywhere and is pacing herself for a long war!"

Casey maintains the offensive tempo, closing the distance quickly to apply a crisp wrist-lock and wrenching back on Morrigan's arm with technical precision. Morrigan grimaces momentarily

under the joint manipulation, using her veteran awareness to march them both toward the ropes and secure a mandatory break. The referee steps between them to enforce the separation, but Morrigan uses the moment to deliver a sharp, hidden kick straight to Casey's midsection. Casey doubles over from the unexpected blow, gasping for air as Morrigan capitalizes by grabbing her by the hair and whipping her hard into the corner. Morrigan follows up immediately with a punishing running European uppercut that echoes loudly across the massive open-air stadium.

Casey slumps against the turnbuckle pads, completely winded as Morrigan methodically stalks her prey like an apex predator on the hunt. Morrigan drives a series of heavy, methodical shoulder blocks into Casey's ribs, crushing her against the unyielding steel padding with calculated cruelty. The referee issues a stern five-count warning, but Morrigan releases the pressure only at the very last millisecond before pulling Casey back out into the center. Morrigan hoists Casey up into a vertical suplex position, pausing for a deliberate, vertical-stalling pose to milk the crowd's reaction before driving her down. Casey demonstrates incredible core strength, shifting her weight in mid-air and slipping down the front to land safely on her feet behind the veteran.

Before Morrigan can fully process the reversal, Casey locks in a tight sleeper hold around the veteran's neck, applying rear-naked choke pressure to drain her stamina. Morrigan stumbles backward under the weight, using her immense experience to backpedal rapidly and slam Casey violently spine-first into the corner padding. The heavy impact forces Casey to release the submission hold instantly, collapsing to the mat and gasping for air while Morrigan catches her breath. Morrigan rubs her neck, looking genuinely surprised and angered that the younger competitor managed to lock in such a dangerous counter-offensive trap so early. Morrigan drags Casey up to her feet, throwing caution to the wind as she sets up for a devastating powerbomb in the center of the ring.

Maxx Mayhem: "Casey caught her with a sleeper hold out of nowhere! The technical wizard is finding chinks in the veteran's armor!"

Ava Delgado: "Morrigan underestimated Casey's mat intelligence for a split second, and she paid the price! This match is turning into a chess match!"

Morrigan hoists Casey high into the air, but Casey counters the powerbomb setup with frantic, targeted elbow strikes to the top of the veteran's skull. The strikes disorient Morrigan just enough to loosen her grip, allowing Casey to execute a stunning hurricanrana that sends the Matriarch flying across the canvas. Morrigan crashes hard into the opposite turnbuckles, completely disoriented by the sudden and unexpected reversal executed by the resilient technical specialist. Casey doesn't let her catch a single breath, sprinting across the canvas to deliver a high-impact running bulldog that drives Morrigan face-first into the mat. Casey covers her for a very close near-fall pin attempt: one, two.. Morrigan kicks her shoulder up at the absolute last microsecond!

Casey pulls herself up using the ropes, checking her bruised ribs before scaling the turnbuckles to attempt a rare high-risk aerial assault from above. As Morrigan staggers up to her feet while holding her head, Casey leaps off the top rope with a breathtaking crossbody block. Morrigan catches her again with incredible strength, but Casey anticipates the counter this time, transitioning smoothly into a lethal DDT upon impact! Both competitors crash hard to the mat in a heap of absolute exhaustion, leaving the sixty-thousand fans standing in stunned silence before erupting into deafening cheers. The referee begins a slow, methodical ten-count while both warriors lie motionless in the center of the squared circle among the wreckage.

Morrigan and Casey start to twitch simultaneously by the six-count, using each other's gear and the ropes to drag their battered bodies upward. They make it to their feet by the count of nine, standing face-to-face and trading exhausted, heavy breaths while exchanging mutual glares of absolute respect. Without missing a beat, they begin trading blistering, open-hand slaps that echo loudly through the entire stadium to the delight of the fans. Morrigan lands a stiff right cross that staggers Casey backward, but Casey responds instantly with a sharp, stinging enzuigiri kick to the side of the head. Morrigan wobbles on her feet for a crucial moment, giving Casey the vital opening she needs to alter the course of the match.

Maxx Mayhem: "A blistering exchange of strikes! Neither woman is willing to yield an inch under the Miami sky!"

Ava Delgado: "This is what Cruel Summer is all about, Maxx! Heart, pride, and an unyielding desire to hold that championship high!"

Casey hits the ropes at top speed, coming back to deliver a thunderous running forearm smash that finally sends the veteran crashing to her knees. Morrigan struggles to maintain her balance, but she uses her raw instincts to swipe blindly at Casey's ankles as she runs past her. Casey trips over Morrigan's arms, tumbling hard onto the canvas and giving Morrigan just enough time to drag herself up using the ropes. Morrigan grabs Casey by the collar, hoisting her up into position for a devastating modified slam, but Casey fights out with sharp elbows. Casey slips out the back door, locking in a tight waist-lock and executing a crisp, picture-perfect German suplex across the center of the mat.

Casey doesn't waste a single second, floating over immediately into a tight crossface submission hold, wrenching back on Morrigan's arm and neck simultaneously. Morrigan screams out in agony as the deep submission pressure cinches in, fighting the pain with every ounce of her veteran strength and pride. Morrigan uses her experience to slowly crawl toward the ropes, dragging her heavy body across the canvas while Casey maintains the punishing hold. With a final desperate lunge, Morrigan extends her fingertips and manages to latch onto the bottom rope, forcing a mandatory break. Casey releases the hold immediately, falling back against the canvas and catching her breath while the referee checks on Morrigan's condition.

The referee administers a rapid-fire check while both women recover their stamina, and the stadium crowd starts chanting "THIS IS AWESOME" in unified harmony. Morrigan is the first to

drag her battered frame up to a vertical base, leaning heavily against the ropes to keep her balance intact and steady. She motions for Casey to get up, flashing a ruthless expression as she prepares to execute her next devastating offensive sequence. As Casey uses the bottom rope to pull herself up, Morrigan charges forward like a freight train, looking for a brutal running clothesline. Casey ducks underneath the blow at the absolute last microsecond, allowing Morrigan to sail right past her and crash hard into the ring post.

Maxx Mayhem: "Morrigan misses the target and collides with the steel post! Casey is playing this to absolute perfection!"

Ava Delgado: "She is using her speed to make the veteran beat herself! That is how you win a championship match on the grandest stage!"

Morrigan lets out a sharp cry of frustration and pain as her shoulder smashes directly into the steel post, leaving her completely vulnerable and exposed to counter-attacks. Casey capitalizes instantly, locking in a tight hammerlock and driving a series of sharp joint wrenchers into Morrigan's already compromised arm. Morrigan grimaces, using her free hand to try and shove the challenger away, but Casey maintains unyielding control over the limb. Casey transitions smoothly, sweeping Morrigan's other leg out from underneath her and locking in an innovative, punishing submission trap right in the center.

Morrigan thrashes around the canvas, trying desperately to find an escape route while the referee closely monitors her responsiveness.

Morrigan digs deep into her incredible reserves of pride, remembering the sacred promise she made to Jaya and refusing to submit under any circumstances. Using a sheer surge of veteran determination, Morrigan rolls through the submission attempt and stands up on her shaky legs, carrying Casey's weight. She hoists Casey up into a vertical fireman's carry position, looking to hit an emphatic slam to put the resilient specialist away once and for all. Casey refuses to let her complete the move, frantically hammering closed-fist punches into the side of Morrigan's head until she drops back down. Casey slides down the front of Morrigan's body, executing a lightning-fast schoolgirl rollup pin combination: one, two.. Morrigan kicks out forcefully!

Both competitors scramble back to their feet simultaneously, their faces flushed with fatigue and determination as the match reaches its boiling point. Morrigan fires a wild, desperate haymaker, but Casey ducks underneath it with ease, locking in a tight waist-lock from behind. Casey executes a second, thunderous German suplex that bridges directly into a tight pin attempt: one, two.. Morrigan manages to kick her shoulder up just in time. The stadium lets out a collective gasp, marveling at the incredible toughness and competitive resolve radiating from both finalists tonight. Casey pulls Morrigan up to her feet once more, knowing she is moments away from securing her historic victory if she plays her cards right.

Maxx Mayhem: "Another bridge suplex! Casey is pulling out every offensive weapon in her arsenal!"

Ava Delgado: "She wants this championship more than anything in the world, Maxx! But Morrigan has an angel on her shoulder tonight!"

Morrigan fights back with a desperate headbutt, stunning Casey momentarily and creating just enough space to catch her breath under the stadium lights. Morrigan sets up for a devastating vertical suplex, looking to drive Casey down with maximum impact to swing the momentum back into her corner. She hoists Casey up into the air, pausing for a moment to regain her breath before slamming her down hard across the center of the mat. Morrigan follows up immediately by dropping a series of heavy, methodical elbow drops across Casey's chest, wearing down the challenger's respiratory system. The referee watches closely as Morrigan maintains relentless control, showing the aggressive, dominant edge of the Matriarch of Might.

Morrigan locks in a tight abdominal stretch, torquing Casey's torso and pulling back on her arm to maximize the discomfort and drain her stamina further. Casey grimaces in pain, fighting against the torque of the abdominal stretch while the stadium crowd tries to rally behind her with loud cheers. Casey reaches out desperately, her fingers clawing toward the ropes, but she is stranded too far out in open space to find any immediate relief. Utilizing her technical savvy, Casey shifts her center of gravity, intentionally collapsing backward and pulling Morrigan down into a clever pinning cradle: one, two.. Morrigan kicks out furiously. Both women scramble back to their feet in a flash, trading blistering, open-hand slaps once again.

Casey lands a stiff right cross that staggers Morrigan backward, but the veteran responds instantly with a sharp, stinging enzuigiri kick to the side of the head. Morrigan wobbles on her feet for a crucial moment, giving Casey the vital opening she needs to alter the course of the match once again. Casey hits the ropes at top speed, coming back to deliver a thunderous running forearm smash that finally sends the powerhouse veteran crashing to her knees. Morrigan struggles to maintain her balance, but she uses her raw instincts to swipe blindly at Casey's ankles as she runs past her. Casey trips over Morrigan's arms, tumbling hard onto the canvas and giving Morrigan just enough time to drag herself up.

Maxx Mayhem: "A stunning enzuigiri by Casey! The challenger refuses to let the veteran take control!"

Ava Delgado: "This is an absolute war of attrition, Maxx! Neither woman has anything left in the tank, but they keep pushing forward!"

Morrigan grabs Casey by the collar, hoisting her up into position for a devastating modified slam, but Casey fights out with sharp, targeted elbows to the temple. Morrigan slips out the back door, locking in a tight waist-lock and executing a crisp, picture-perfect overhead belly-to-belly suplex across the center of the mat. Casey bounces off the canvas from the impact, completely winded as Morrigan immediately floats over into a tight headscissors submission hold. Casey thrashes around, trying desperately to use her powerful legs to bridge out of the hold, but Morrigan locks her ankles securely in place. The referee asks Casey if she wants to submit, but the resilient challenger shakes her head violently and refuses to quit.

Drawing upon a massive reserve of sheer willpower, Casey manages to stand up while still caught inside the headscissors, using her core strength to lift Morrigan off the mat. With a furious heave, Casey drives Morrigan down into the canvas with a brutal powerbomb that breaks the submission hold and rattles the ring structure. Both competitors lie motionless for a split second among the wreckage, completely exhausted as the referee begins a slow, methodical ten-count across the canvas. The Hard Rock Stadium crowd stands on their feet in absolute awe, applauding the sheer intensity and unyielding grit being put on display in this historic final match.

Both warriors start to twitch simultaneously by the six-count, using each other's gear and the ropes to drag their battered bodies upward to a vertical base. They make it to their feet by the count of nine, standing face-to-face and trading exhausted, heavy breaths while exchanging mutual glares of pure respect. Casey throws caution to the wind, charging forward with a desperate, wild lariat attempt aimed right at Morrigan's neck and shoulders. Morrigan ducks underneath the blow with incredible reflexes, sliding behind Casey and locking in a tight waist-lock to set up a decisive sequence. Casey suddenly throws her weight backward in a panicked attempt to crush Morrigan into the turnbuckle, making a crucial tactical error under pressure.

Maxx Mayhem: "Casey misses the turnbuckle! A critical mistake late in the match!"

Ava Delgado: "You cannot make mistakes against the Matriarch of Might! She smells blood in the water!"

Casey misses her mark slightly on the turnbuckle collision, bouncing off the padding awkwardly and leaving her upper back and neck completely exposed and undefended. Morrigan's veteran eyes light up instantly as she capitalizes on the fatal mistake, locking her arms securely around Casey's torso in a flash. With terrifying speed and precision, Morrigan hoists Casey up into the air, holding her suspended for a split second before driving her down with a brutal, spine-shattering sit out slam! The impact is catastrophic, driving Casey's upper back directly into the canvas with breathtaking force and leaving her completely motionless upon impact.

Morrigan drops down instantly to cover her, interlocking her fingers across Casey's chest with absolute authority as the referee slides into position for the count. The official slams the canvas: one... two... three! The bell rings furiously to a deafening, earth-shattering roar of celebration from the sixty-thousand fans in attendance as Morrigan claims the historic victory!

Morrigan's music hits the speakers, and the exhausted new champion collapses onto her knees, chest heaving and tears streaming down her face as the Women's Heritage Championship is placed gently in her hands.

Maxx Mayhem: "It is over! Morrigan hits the sit out Tuatha Bomb and defeats Casey Elliott! Morrigan is officially the first-ever TWA Women's Heritage Champion!"

Ava Delgado: "An unforgettable, emotional victory for the Matriarch of Might! She carried the memory of Jaya all the way to the promised land, and history will never forget this night in Miami!"

The referee hands the gleaming Women's Heritage Championship belt to Morrigan, but the victorious veteran immediately sets the gold down gently on the canvas. She turns her attention toward Casey Elliott, who is lying flat on her back near the center of the ring, completely exhausted and fighting back tears of heartbreak after leaving every single ounce of her soul in the match.

Morrigan walks over, extends a bruised hand downward, and pulls a surprised Casey up to a vertical base. The sixty-thousand fans inside Hard Rock Stadium rise to their feet in unison, erupting into a deafening chorus of applause and chanting "THANK YOU CASEY" in absolute harmony. Morrigan looks right into Casey's eyes, nods with deep, profound respect, and forcefully raises Casey's hand high into the air for the stadium to see.

As Casey is given her moment of validation, Morrigan pulls her into a tight, emotional embrace in the center of the ring, whispering words of encouragement into her ear. Casey buries her face in Morrigan's shoulder, finally letting go of the emotional weight of the tournament.

Casey slips out of the ring to a thunderous ovation, leaving Morrigan alone under the golden spotlight. The Matriarch of Might drops to her knees, clutching the championship belt tightly against her chest. She presses her forehead against the cool metal of the plate modeled after her late friend, looking up toward the Miami sky as tears wash away the sweat and paint on her face. Morrigan kisses the championship, raising it high above her head as a cascade of golden pyro explodes across the stadium roof, closing out an unforgettable chapter of history at Cruel Summer.

September PPV Announcement



TWA Homecoming

Alaska Airlines Field at Husky Stadium

Seattle, WA

9/27/26

Main Event #2

TWA Undisputed Women's World Championship

Sloane Rathbone © vs Lucy Theriot

Edit with the Docs app

Make tweaks, leave comments, and share with others to edit at the same time.

NO THANKS [USE THE APP](#)

Sloane vs Lucy II

DING! DING! DING!

Neither moved.

The crowd rose around them.

Sloane tilted her head.

Lucy finally raised her hands.

Sloane did the same.

They circled.

Collar-and-elbow—

Sloane immediately twisted into a side headlock.

Lucy shoved her toward the ropes.

Sloane rebounded.

Shoulder tackle.

Lucy hit the mat.

Sloane stopped over her.

That smirk returned.

Lucy looked up.

Sloane spread her arms.

Lucy rolled onto one knee.

Sloane backed away and invited her up.

Lucy stood.

They circled again.

Lockup.

Sloane grabbed the wrist.

Hammerlock.

Lucy reversed.

Sloane reversed back.

Lucy dropped underneath, rolled through, caught Sloane's arm and twisted into a wristlock.

Sloane tiger rolled through it.

Lucy immediately swept her legs.

Cover!

ONE!

Sloane kicked out.

Both women scrambled upright.

Sloane swung—

Lucy ducked.

BIG UPPERCUT!

Sloane staggered.

Lucy grabbed her.

SAITO SUPLEX!

Sloane rolled immediately to the floor.

The crowd roared.

Lucy sat upright.

And for the first time, Sloane wasn't smiling.

Lucy stood and beckoned her back inside.

Sloane paced outside.

One.

Two.

Three.

Lucy approached the ropes.

Sloane suddenly jumped onto the apron and snapped Lucy throat-first across the top rope!

Lucy stumbled backward.

Sloane slid in—

RUNNING NECKBREAKER!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO—

Lucy kicked out.

Sloane immediately mounted her.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Lucy covered up as the referee warned Sloane.

Sloane grabbed Lucy by the hair and dragged her upright.

Irish whip—

Lucy hit the turnbuckles.

Sloane charged.

Lucy got a boot up!

Sloane stumbled backward.

Lucy exploded out—

FLYING LARIAT!

Sloane flipped inside-out!

Lucy covered!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Lucy grabbed her immediately.

Front choke.

Sloane tried peeling the arm away.

Lucy cinched tighter.

Sloane drove her backward into the corner.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Lucy finally released.

Sloane buried a shoulder into her stomach.

Again.

Again.

The referee started counting.

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR—

Sloane backed away.

Lucy was doubled over.

Sloane grabbed her face and forced her upright.

Sloane: "I still own you."

Lucy slapped her hand away.

Sloane laughed.

Lucy cracked her across the mouth.

Sloane's head snapped sideways.

The crowd erupted.

Sloane slowly looked back.

Lucy hit her again.

SMACK!

Again.

SMACK!

Sloane answered with a forearm.

Lucy fired one back.

Sloane.

Lucy.

Sloane.

Lucy.

LUCY!

SLOANE!

LUCY!

Lucy suddenly unloaded—

Forearm!

Uppercut!

Forearm!

Knife-edge chop!

Sloane stumbled into the ropes.

Lucy whipped her across.

Sloane reversed.

Lucy rebounded—

Sloane ducked down.

Lucy leapfrogged.

Opposite ropes.

Sloane turned—

SUPERKICK!

Sloane collapsed!

Lucy hooked the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Sloane kicked out!

Lucy didn't react.

No frustration.

She grabbed Sloane and pulled her up.

That caught Sloane's attention.

Lucy hooked her around the waist.

German—

Sloane blocked.

Lucy tried again.

Sloane threw an elbow backward.

Lucy stumbled.

Sloane turned—

BIG BOOT!

Lucy went down.

Sloane grabbed both legs.

Lucy immediately kicked her away.

Sloane came back—

Lucy rolled underneath.

Sloane turned—

SPEAR!

Lucy drove straight through her!

The building jumped.

Lucy crawled over.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Sloane kicked out!

Lucy got back up.

Sloane rolled toward the corner.

Lucy followed.

Sloane suddenly grabbed the waistband and yanked Lucy face-first into the middle turnbuckle!

Lucy bounced backward.

Sloane sprang up—

RUNNING CLOTHESLINE TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

Lucy collapsed.

Sloane dragged her away from the ropes.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Lucy kicked out.

Sloane stared down at her.

Then she grabbed Lucy's jaw.

Lucy shoved her away.

Sloane stomped her directly in the chest.

Lucy rolled onto her stomach.

Another stomp.

Sloane walked around her.

Stomp.

Stomp.

Lucy pushed onto her hands and knees.

Sloane crouched beside her.

Lucy suddenly grabbed her head.

CUTTER!

Sloane's face smashed into the canvas!

The crowd exploded!

Lucy rolled her over!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—NO!

Sloane got the shoulder up.

Lucy immediately transitioned.

Arm around the neck.

Legs wrapping around Sloane's body—

DIAMOND NOOSE!

The arena came unglued.

Sloane's eyes widened.

Lucy had the sleeper!

Sloane desperately fought Lucy's legs before she could secure the full grapevine.

Lucy tried hooking one.

Sloane kicked wildly.

Lucy squeezed harder.

Sloane clawed forward.

Lucy dragged her backward.

Sloane reached—

Nothing!

Lucy pulled her farther from the ropes!

Sloane's face was turning red.

Lucy finally got one leg hooked.

She reached for the other—

Sloane suddenly rolled backward!

Lucy's shoulders hit the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

Lucy released!

Both scrambled up—

HARD RESET!

Lucy ducked!

Sloane's knee missed by inches.

Sloane turned—

BOOTY BOMB!

Lucy launched herself backward and smashed Sloane into the turnbuckles!

Sloane staggered forward.

Lucy grabbed her.

Double underhooks—

The crowd erupted.

FALL OF PHYREXIA—

NO!

Sloane ripped her arms free and scrambled backward.

For the first time all night—

Sloane Rathbone looked genuinely alarmed.

Lucy stared at her.

The crowd began roaring.

“LUCY! LUCY! LUCY! LUCY!”

Sloane glanced around the arena.

Lucy raised her hands again.

“Come on.”

Sloane's expression hardened.

They charged.

Sloane swung.

Lucy ducked.

Waistlock—

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Lucy held on!

Sloane tried scrambling away.

Lucy dragged her back.

SECOND GERMAN!

Still holding!

Lucy hauled the champion upright.

Sloane desperately grabbed the ropes.

Lucy ripped her away—

THIRD GERMAN SUPLEX!

Sloane folded!

Lucy released.

The Franchise rose.

And Cruel Summer rose with her.

Sloane crawled toward the ropes.

Lucy stalked behind.

Sloane pulled herself upright.

Lucy charged—

Sloane dropped!

Lucy went spilling through the ropes!

She landed hard on the apron.

Sloane saw her.

And something ugly entered her eyes.

She sprinted.

HARD RESET!

The knee smashed Lucy directly in the face!

Lucy flew from the apron and crashed to the floor.

THUD!

The arena groaned.

Sloane dropped onto the mat, breathing heavily.

She looked through the ropes at Lucy.

Then she smiled again.

Slowly.

Sloane rolled outside.

Lucy was stirring.

Sloane grabbed her by the hair.

She pulled Lucy upright.

Lucy's head snapped up.

FOREARM!

Sloane staggered.

FOREARM!

Sloane stumbled into the barricade.

Lucy grabbed her.

BANG!

Sloane went face-first into it.

Lucy didn't stop.

She grabbed Sloane again.

BANG!

Again!

BANG!

The referee was screaming from inside.

Lucy spun her around—

SUPERKICK!

Sloane collapsed against the barricade!

The crowd was losing its mind.

Lucy stood over her.

The calm was gone.

Sloane had finally found the nerve.

And she'd driven a knife directly into it.

Lucy dragged the champion upright.

She rolled Sloane underneath the bottom rope.

Then Lucy climbed onto the apron.

Turned toward the corner.

And started climbing.

Sloane slowly pushed herself upright.

Lucy reached the top.

Sloane turned.

Lucy launched.

DIVING ELBOW!

CRASH!

Lucy drove straight through Sloane!

She hooked both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SLOANE KICKS OUT!

The arena exploded.

Lucy rolled onto her back.

Sloane lay beside her.

Both women stared toward the lights.

Neither moving.

Lucy turned her head.

She looked at Sloane.

And smiled.

Lucy rolled onto her stomach.

Sloane did the same.

Both women pushed up.

Slowly.

Forearms planted against the canvas.

Knees underneath them.

Lucy looked across the ring.

Sloane looked back.

Then Sloane laughed.

Not because anything was funny.

Because Lucy was still there.

Sloane crawled forward and drove a forearm into Lucy's face.

Lucy rocked backward.

Then answered.

FOREARM!

Sloane fired another.

FOREARM!

Lucy.

FOREARM!

Sloane.

FOREARM!

Lucy.

Sloane.

Lucy.

They climbed to their feet while exchanging shots.

BOO!

Sloane!

YEAH!

Lucy!

BOO!

Sloane!

YEAH!

Lucy!

Sloane finally broke the rhythm with a knee to the stomach.

Lucy doubled over.

Sloane grabbed the head—

Lucy spun free.

EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

Sloane stumbled.

Lucy followed—

SHINING WIZARD!

Sloane dropped!

Lucy covered!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Lucy immediately grabbed Sloane's ankle.

Sloane's eyes widened.

ANKLE LOCK!

Sloane screamed and rolled onto her stomach!

Lucy twisted.

Sloane crawled toward the ropes.

Lucy dragged her backward.

Sloane rolled through!

Lucy went stumbling into the corner.

Sloane charged—

Lucy moved!

Sloane crashed chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Lucy hooked her around the waist.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Sloane landed high on her shoulders.

Lucy rolled through.

She grabbed her again—

Sloane threw an elbow.

Lucy ducked.

Sloane spun—

TORNADO DDT!

Lucy planted her!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Sloane kicked out.

Lucy was already moving.

She stepped through the ropes.

Climbed.

The crowd rose.

Sloane was flat on her back.

Lucy balanced—

MOONSAULT!

Sloane moved!

Lucy landed on her feet!

She stumbled forward—

Sloane exploded upright.

HARD RESET!

CRACK!

Lucy crumpled.

Sloane collapsed beside her.

The crowd went silent for half a second before Sloane threw herself across Lucy.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

LUCY KICKS OUT!

Sloane's head snapped toward the referee.

Sloane: "THREE!"

Two fingers.

Sloane stared.

Lucy barely moved.

Sloane crawled toward her.

Grabbed her hair.

Pulled her onto her knees.

Lucy blinked through glazed eyes.

Sloane slapped her.

Another slap.

Another.

Lucy suddenly caught Sloane's wrist.

Sloane stopped.

Lucy looked up.

Lucy yanked her forward—

HEADBUTT!

Sloane stumbled backward!

Lucy surged up—

SUPERKICK!

Sloane hit the ropes and bounced forward.

Lucy scooped her—

DEATH VALLEY DRIVER!

Sloane crashed!

Lucy hooked the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—NO!

Sloane kicked out!

Lucy slapped the canvas once.

Once.

That was all the frustration she allowed herself.

Then she stood.

Sloane crawled toward the corner.

Lucy followed.

Sloane pulled herself upright.

Lucy charged—

BOOTY BOMB!

Sloane was crushed against the turnbuckles!

Lucy grabbed her immediately.

Lifted—

SHOULDER BREAKER!

Sloane bounced off Lucy's knee.

Lucy kept hold.

Turned.

REVERSE DDT!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Lucy rolled straight into the front choke.

Sloane thrashed.

Lucy cinched it.

Sloane forced herself onto one knee.

Lucy tightened.

Sloane stood.

Lucy was practically hanging from her neck.

Sloane drove forward—

BANG!

Lucy went back-first into the turnbuckles.

Sloane backed up.

BANG!

Again.

Lucy released.

Sloane spun around.

Elbow.

Lucy rocked.

Sloane climbed onto the middle rope.

She grabbed Lucy's head.

The crowd started murmuring.

Sloane climbed higher.

Lucy realized what was happening.

She fought.

Body shot!

Another!

Sloane answered with a forearm.

Lucy nearly fell.

Sloane pulled her upward.

Both women were climbing now.

Lucy reached the middle rope.

Sloane stood above her.

They traded punches.

Sloane grabbed Lucy's hair—

Lucy struck the ribs.

Again.

Again.

Lucy suddenly ducked underneath.

She hooked Sloane.

The crowd stood.

“No fucking way!”

Lucy lifted—

SUPERPLEX!

BOOOOOOM!

Both women crashed into the ring!

Lucy rolled away clutching her back.

Sloane bounced and folded onto her side.

Neither moved.

The referee checked both.

Lucy crawled.

Sloane crawled.

They met in the center.

Sloane slapped Lucy.

Lucy slapped her harder.

Sloane punched.

Lucy punched.

Sloane drove a knee into her stomach.

Lucy answered with an uppercut.

Sloane swung—

Lucy ducked.

CRUCIFIX!

Sloane's shoulders were down!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SLOANE ESCAPES!

Both shot upright.

Sloane charged—

SPEAR!

Lucy folded her in half!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SLOANE KICKED OUT AGAIN!

Lucy sat upright.

She looked at the referee.

Two.

Lucy nodded.

She stood.

Sloane was trying to get up.

Lucy moved behind her.

Hooked the arms.

Sloane suddenly felt it.

Lucy lifted.

VOODOO SPIKE!

Sloane was driven down with the Widow's Peak!

Lucy rolled her over!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE—

NO!

Sloane's shoulder came off the mat!

The building groaned.

Lucy sat beside her.

Breathing.

Thinking.

Not panicking.

Sloane rolled onto her stomach.

Lucy watched.

Then Lucy's eyes dropped toward Sloane's neck.

The crowd realized it.

Lucy moved.

Arm around the throat!

Sloane immediately fought!

Lucy jumped onto her back!

DIAMOND NOOSE!

Sloane stumbled around the ring with Lucy attached!

Lucy got one leg around her waist.

Then the second.

GRAPEVINE!

THE DIAMOND NOOSE IS COMPLETELY LOCKED IN!

Sloane dropped to one knee.

The arena erupted.

Lucy squeezed.

Sloane clawed at her forearm.

Lucy pulled tighter.

Sloane's face turned crimson.

The referee crouched beside her.

Referee: "Do you give?!"

Sloane shook her head.

Lucy squeezed.

Sloane reached.

Too far.

She crawled.

Lucy dragged backward with her entire body.

Sloane's hand hovered above the canvas.

The crowd screamed.

"TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!"

Sloane's hand shook.

Lucy squeezed harder.

Sloane started fading.

Her arm dropped.

The referee grabbed it.

Raised it.

Dropped.

ONE!

Again.

Dropped.

TWO!

The referee raised it a third time—

Sloane's hand stayed up.

Middle finger.

The crowd ERUPTED IN BOOS.

Lucy snarled and squeezed harder.

Sloane suddenly rolled sideways.

Lucy maintained it.

Sloane rolled again.

Lucy maintained it!

Sloane kept rolling until—

ROPE!

Sloane's boot landed across the bottom rope.

The referee immediately called for the break.

Lucy held.

“ONE!”

She squeezed.

“TWO!”

Sloane kicked weakly.

“THREE!”

Lucy released.

Immediately.

No argument.

No desperation.

Lucy stood.

Sloane coughed violently against the ropes.

Lucy walked toward the opposite corner.

Sloane slowly pulled herself up.

Lucy watched her.

Sloane turned.

Lucy charged—

THERIOT CURSE!

Sloane threw herself sideways!

Lucy's punt missed!

Lucy spun around—

Sloane grabbed her.

Lucy fought the grip.

Sloane muscled her backward.

Lucy threw an elbow.

Sloane ducked—

HARD RESET!

Lucy caught the knee!

The crowd exploded!

Lucy had Sloane's leg!

Sloane hopped.

Lucy swept the other leg!

Sloane crashed onto her back.

Lucy still had the ankle.

ANKLE LOCK!

Sloane screamed!

Lucy twisted!

Sloane kicked backward.

Lucy held!

Again!

Lucy stumbled but maintained it.

Sloane rolled.

Lucy followed.

Sloane suddenly used her free leg—

ENZUIGIRI!

Lucy's head snapped sideways.

She released.

Sloane crawled up.

Lucy stumbled toward her.

Sloane caught her from behind.

Full nelson—

The crowd gasped.

IRON MAIDEN!

No!

Lucy dropped her weight before Sloane could secure it.

She rolled forward.

Sloane flipped over her.

Both stood.

SUPERKICK FROM LUCY!

Sloane stumbled.

Lucy charged—

Sloane caught her!

SPINEBUSTER!

Lucy bounced off the canvas.

Sloane didn't cover.

She sat beside Lucy.

Breathing hard.

Lucy rolled onto her side.

Sloane grabbed her face.

Lucy shoved her away.

Sloane stomped her.

Another stomp.

Another.

Lucy grabbed Sloane's boot.

Sloane stopped.

Lucy slowly stood while still holding it.

Sloane hopped on one foot.

Lucy stared directly into her eyes.

Sloane swung—

Lucy ducked!

She hooked her!

GOTCH PILEDIVER!

BOOM!

Sloane was planted!

The crowd exploded!

Lucy collapsed beside her.

Then Lucy rolled over.

Arm across the chest!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SLOANE KICKS OUT!

Lucy rolled onto her back.

Sloane rolled onto hers.

The building thundered around them.

Lucy sat up first.

Sloane followed.

They looked at each other.

Sloane's hair was everywhere.

Lucy's chest heaved.

Sloane laughed.

Lucy laughed back.

Then they started throwing punches from their knees.

Sloane!

Lucy!

Sloane!

Lucy!

They stood.

Lucy rocked Sloane.

Sloane rocked Lucy.

Lucy hit an uppercut.

Sloane answered with a knee.

Lucy hit a superkick.

Sloane bounced off the ropes—

HARD RESET!

Lucy spun from the impact but somehow stayed upright!

Sloane stared.

Lucy staggered.

Sloane charged again—

Lucy suddenly scooped her.

Sloane kicked.

Lucy adjusted.

Sloane escaped behind.

Full nelson—

Lucy immediately threw herself backward into the corner!

Sloane released.

Lucy turned.

BIG BOOT!

Sloane stumbled.

Lucy grabbed her.

Double underhooks.

The arena ERUPTED.

Sloane immediately started fighting.

Lucy held on.

Sloane drove forward.

Lucy stopped her.

Sloane tried ripping an arm free.

Lucy tightened the hooks.

Sloane desperately backed Lucy into the ropes.

The referee called for the break.

Lucy released.

Sloane immediately slapped her.

Lucy froze.

Sloane smiled.

Lucy punched her directly in the mouth.

Sloane staggered backward.

Lucy followed.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Uppercut.

Superkick!

Sloane hit the corner.

Lucy charged.

BOOTY BOMB!

Sloane stumbled out.

Lucy caught her.

SAITO SUPLEX!

Sloane bounced onto her shoulders!

Lucy didn't cover.

She looked toward the turnbuckles.

Then at Sloane.

Then climbed.

First rope.

Second.

Top.

Sloane wasn't moving.

Lucy stood.

MOONSAULT!

CRASH!

PERFECT!

Lucy hooked both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SLOANE RATHBONE KICKS OUT!

Lucy collapsed forward.

The crowd couldn't believe it.

But Lucy didn't look broken.

She pushed herself up.

Sloane was barely moving.

Lucy grabbed her.

Pulled her upright.

Sloane could hardly stand.

Lucy kicked her in the stomach.

Double underhook.

Sloane's arms were trapped.

This time there was nowhere to go.

Lucy looked out into the crowd.

The entire arena stood.

She lifted—

Sloane kicked desperately.

Lucy held.

Sloane kicked again.

Lucy tightened her grip.

Lifted—

FALL OF PHYREXIA—

SLOANE twisted free in mid-motion!

She landed awkwardly behind Lucy!

Lucy spun—

HARD RESET!

CRACK!

Lucy went down.

Sloane collapsed on top of her.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

LUCY THERIOT KICKS OUT!

Sloane's eyes went wide.

The crowd exploded.

Lucy lay beneath her.

Barely conscious.

But alive.

Sloane slowly sat up.

She stared at Lucy.

Then at the referee.

Then back at Lucy.

Lucy rolled onto her stomach.

She planted her palms against the canvas.

And started pushing herself back up.

Sloane stared at her.

Lucy reached one knee.

Sloane stood.

Lucy reached her feet.

They faced one another again.

Lucy raised her fists

Sloane Rathbone took a step backward.

Lucy saw it.

So did everybody else.

For one fleeting moment—and Sloane hesitated.

Lucy smiled.

Then she came forward.

Sloane swung first.

Lucy ducked.

EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

Sloane staggered.

Lucy caught her—

STO!

Sloane bounced off the canvas.

Lucy didn't cover.

She hauled Sloane straight back up.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Sloane folded.

Lucy held the waist.

Dragged her back up.

Sloane elbowed backward.

Once.

Twice.

Lucy released.

Sloane spun—

HARD RESET!

Lucy sidestepped!

Sloane's knee missed!

Lucy grabbed her from behind—

REVERSE DDT!

Sloane's head bounced off the mat!

Lucy rolled through and climbed onto her.

Forearm!

Forearm!

Forearm!

Sloane covered her face.

Lucy kept throwing.

The referee finally pulled her away.

Lucy immediately broke free of him and came back—

Sloane kicked her knee out!

Lucy dropped.

Sloane sprang up—

SHINING WIZARD!

Lucy went flat!

Sloane collapsed over her.

ONE!

TWO!

Lucy kicked out!

Sloane grabbed Lucy by the hair.

Lucy slapped her hands away.

Sloane grabbed again.

Lucy shoved her.

Sloane charged—

Lucy caught her!

SIDEWALK SLAM!

No!

Sloane flipped through!

Lucy turned—

HARD RESET!

CRACK!

Right on the jaw.

Lucy collapsed.

Sloane fell across her.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

LUCY KICKS OUT!

Sloane screamed.

She actually screamed.

She slapped both hands against the canvas and shot toward the referee.

Sloane: "THAT WAS THREE!"

The referee held up two.

Sloane got directly in his face.

"TWO!"

Sloane spun around.

Lucy was moving.

Barely.

But moving.

Sloane marched toward her.

She grabbed Lucy around the head and pulled her onto her knees.

Lucy could barely focus.

Sloane looked down at Lucy.

Lucy blinked.

Sloane slapped her.

Another slap.

Sloane grabbed Lucy's jaw.

Lucy stared up at her.

Sloane leaned closer.

Sloane: "FrankenStella nearly died because you weren't good enough."

Lucy's eyes changed.

Sloane saw it.

Too late.

LUCY SPAT IN HER FACE.

Sloane recoiled.

Lucy surged upward—

SUPERKICK!

Sloane staggered!

Lucy grabbed her—

SAITO SUPLEX!

Sloane crashed!

Lucy screamed and hauled her back up.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Again!

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Sloane rolled onto her knees.

Lucy hit the ropes—

THERIOT CURSE!

BOOOOOOOM!

The punt connected.

Sloane went limp.

The arena EXPLODED.

Lucy collapsed beside her.

She couldn't cover.

Not immediately.

Both women lay there.

The referee looked between them.

Lucy rolled onto her stomach.

Crawled.

One arm.

One knee.

Another.

She reached Sloane.

Rolled her over.

Dropped across her chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE—

SLOANE'S FOOT IS ON THE ROPE!

The referee saw it!

The building erupted in anguish.

Lucy looked toward the rope.

Sloane's boot rested across it.

Barely.

Lucy sat up.

She stared at Sloane.

Then at the championship sitting ringside.

Then back at Sloane.

Lucy nodded.

She grabbed Sloane.

Dragged her away from the ropes.

Pulled her upright.

Kick to the stomach.

Double underhook.

The building rose.

Sloane immediately started fighting.

Lucy held.

Sloane twisted.

Lucy pulled tighter.

Sloane dropped to one knee.

Lucy dragged her back up.

Double underhook secured.

Sloane had nowhere to go.

Lucy looked out into the crowd.

Then she lifted.

FALL OF PHYREXIA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

SLOANE WAS SPIKED!

Lucy rolled her over!

Hooked the leg!

The referee dove!

ONE!

The crowd screamed it with him.

TWO!

Lucy squeezed tighter.

THR—

SLOANE KICKS OUT!

The arena detonated.

Lucy rolled backward.

Her eyes went wide.

Sloane lay motionless.

Lucy looked at the referee.

Two.

The referee showed her.

Two.

Lucy wiped the sweat from her face.

Lucy backed toward the corner.

Sloane hadn't moved.

Lucy crouched.

The crowd began rumbling.

Sloane pushed onto her hands.

Lucy waited.

Sloane reached one knee.

Lucy slapped the turnbuckle.

Lucy: "GET UP!"

Sloane rose.

Lucy exploded forward—

THERIOT CURSE—

SLOANE MOVED!

Lucy went sailing past!

She stopped herself against the ropes.

Turned—

Sloane charged.

Lucy caught her—

VOODOO SPIKE—

NO!

Sloane twisted free!

Lucy turned—

HARD RESET!

Lucy ducked!

Sloane spun around—

SUPERKICK!

Sloane rocked backward!

Lucy charged—

FLYING LARIAT!

Sloane ducked!

Lucy hit the ropes.

Rebounded—

Sloane caught her!

Lucy fought!

Elbow!

Elbow!

Sloane lost the grip!

Lucy landed behind her!

Sloane spun—

Lucy kicked her!

Double underhook!

FALL OF PHYREXIA AGAIN—

Sloane dropped her weight!

Lucy pulled!

Sloane fought!

Lucy tried again!

Sloane suddenly drove her backward into the turnbuckles!

Lucy lost the hooks.

Sloane spun.

Forearm!

Lucy answered!

Sloane!

Lucy!

Sloane!

Lucy!

Lucy!

LUCY!

Lucy unloaded!

Forearm!

Uppercut!

Kick!

Superkick!

Sloane sagged against the ropes!

Lucy backed away.

Charged—

Sloane suddenly caught her arm!

Turned underneath!

Got behind!

Both arms trapped!

Lucy's eyes widened.

IRON MAIDEN!

Sloane locked the full nelson.

Lucy immediately started fighting.

Sloane yanked her backward.

Lucy kicked.

Twisted.

Tried dropping her weight.

Sloane held.

Lucy threw her head backward.

Sloane turned away from it.

Lucy tried driving them toward the corner.

Sloane planted her feet.

IRON MAIDEN LOCKED IN DEAD CENTER.

The crowd erupted.

“NO!”

Lucy twisted.

Sloane squeezed harder.

Lucy's face contorted.

Sloane screamed into her ear.

Sloane: “TAP!”

Lucy shook her head.

Sloane wrenched backward.

Lucy cried out.

The referee moved in front of her.

Referee: “Lucy! Do you give?!”

Lucy: "No!"

Sloane squeezed harder.

Lucy's knees buckled.

Sloane dragged her upright.

Sloane: "COME ON!"

Lucy tried moving toward the ropes.

One step.

Sloane pulled her backward.

Lucy stopped struggling.

Sloane smiled.

The referee grabbed Lucy's attention.

Lucy didn't answer.

Sloane pulled harder.

Lucy's eyes fluttered.

The crowd pleaded with her.

Sloane's grin grew.

She had her.

Again.

Lucy looked toward the entrance.

Then—

Lucy raised one finger.

She pointed.

Sloane's expression changed.

Lucy curled her finger.

COME HERE.

The crowd began screaming.

Sloane looked toward the entrance.

Nothing.

Then—

Someone burst through the curtain.

Sloane's eyes went wide.

The arena ERUPTED.

HURLEY BAY.

And in her hand—

THE GOLDEN FUTURE BRIEFCASE.

Sloane: "NO!"

Sloane immediately released the Iron Maiden.

Lucy collapsed.

Hurley sprinted down the aisle.

Sloane marched toward the ropes, screaming at her.

Sloane: "DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE!"

Hurley kept coming.

Sloane turned toward Lucy.

Lucy was face-down.

Sloane looked back.

Hurley reached ringside.

Sloane kicked the bottom rope and screamed for the referee to stop her.

Hurley slid inside.

Sloane charged—

CRAAAAAACK!

THE GOLDEN FUTURE BRIEFCASE SMASHED ACROSS SLOANE'S FACE!

Sloane dropped like she'd been shot.

The building came completely unglued.

Hurley stood over her.

Briefcase in hand.

Breathing like she'd just sprinted a mile.

Lucy hadn't moved.

Hurley looked at her.

Lucy weakly lifted her head.

Their eyes met.

Lucy nodded.

Hurley turned.

She shoved the briefcase into the referee's chest.

Hurley: "I'M CASHING IN."

The referee stared at her.

Then at Sloane.

Then at the case.

He called toward ringside.

Officials scrambled.

The announcement came over the arena.

"Ladies and gentlemen—Hurley Bay is CASHING IN her Golden Future contract!"

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lucy rolled toward the ropes.

She fell through them.

Onto the apron.

Then to the floor.

Inside, Sloane stirred.

Blood trickled from her mouth.

Hurley looked toward the corner.

The referee handed the briefcase away.

Sloane pushed onto one elbow.

Hurley climbed.

Bottom rope.

Middle.

Top.

Sloane rolled onto her back.

Hurley stood.

Both feet balanced on the top turnbuckle.

The entire arena rose with her.

Hurley looked down.

Jumped.

HANG TEN!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

BOTH FEET DROVE INTO SLOANE'S CHEST!

Sloane folded around the impact!

Hurley bounced away!

Then threw herself back across Sloane!

Hooked both legs!

The referee dove!

ONE!

Lucy looked up from the floor.

TWO!

Sloane didn't move.

THREE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

“HERE IS YOUR WINNER—AND NEEEEEEEEEW TWA WOMEN'S WORLD
CHAMPION—HURLEY BAY!”

Hurley's head shot up.

The arena exploded.

She rolled onto her knees.

Hands over her mouth.

The referee returned carrying the TWA Women's World Championship.

Hurley stared at it.

Then the referee handed it to her.

Hurley clutched the championship against her chest.

She looked around the arena.

World Champion.

On the floor—

Lucy sat against the apron.

Exhausted.

Hurting everywhere.

She looked through the ropes.

Hurley looked back.

Lucy smiled.

Hurley's face crumpled.

Lucy reached underneath the bottom rope.

Hurley grabbed her hand.

Lucy pulled herself onto the apron.

Then through the ropes.

Hurley met her.

And Lucy wrapped both arms around her.

HUGE HUG.

The crowd roared.

Hurley squeezed Lucy with one arm and held the TWA Women's World Championship with the other.

Lucy pulled back.

Looked at the belt.

Lucy touched the center plate.

Then looked at Hurley.

She smiled.

And pushed the championship toward her.

Hurley lifted it.

Lucy threw an arm around her.

Hurley raised the TWA Women's World Championship overhead.

The arena erupted again.

Hurley looked over.

Across the ring—

Sloane Rathbone was sitting against the bottom turnbuckle.

She was awake.

And she was staring at them.

Just rage.

Her chest heaved.

Her jaw trembled.

Sloane looked at Hurley.

At the championship.

Then Lucy.

Especially Lucy.

Lucy stared back.

Sloane slowly pushed herself onto one knee.

Officials flooded the ring.

Sloane shoved one away.

Another grabbed her.

Sloane screamed over their shoulders.

Sloane: "YOU!"

Lucy didn't move.

Sloane pointed directly at her.

Sloane: "YOU FUCKING DID THIS!"

Officials pulled her backward.

Sloane fought them.

Hurley instinctively stepped forward.

Lucy put an arm across her chest.

Not tonight.

Hurley looked at Lucy.

Lucy shook her head.

Then she looked back at Sloane.

And smiled.

That broke her.

Sloane lost her fucking mind.

She lunged.

Three officials grabbed her.

A fourth came running.

Sloane kicked at the ropes, screaming, reaching for Lucy while they dragged her toward the opposite corner.

Lucy looked toward Hurley.

Hurley raised the championship.

Lucy raised Hurley's arm.

Sloane screamed from across the ring.

The camera pulled backward.

Hurley Bay—the new TWA Women's World Champion.

Maxx Mayhem: "Are you kidding me?! Hurley Bay has just cashed in the Golden Future briefcase right here at Cruel Summer! The nightmare is over for Sloane Rathbone, and a brand-new era has begun in TWA!"

Ava Delgado: "It's the ultimate payback! Lucy Theriot took Sloane to hell and back, and Hurley Bay drove the final nail into the coffin! We are looking at a seismic shift in power under the Miami lights!"

Maxx Mayhem: "What an unforgettable night of champions, chaos, and history. For Ava Delgado, I'm Maxx Mayhem saying good night from Hard Rock Stadium!

We go off air with Hurley holding her first world championship up high standing on the ropes as an array of fireworks light up the night.