

The logo for CFW Afterburn is positioned at the top center. It features the letters 'CFW' in a gold, blocky font inside a shield-like emblem. Below this, the word 'AFTERBURN' is written in a large, stylized, metallic font with a red-to-gold gradient and a 3D effect. The entire logo is set against a background of dark, swirling smoke and fire.

CFW AFTERBURN



**ACE
DALTON**



**ADAM
STRYKER**

**HOW
FAR WILL
LEGACY
BURN?**

JULY 30

CREATIVEFORCEWRESTLING.COM



Tonight, Creative Force Wrestling once again stands at a crossroads. A company built from nothing now finds itself divided between two men who believe they alone know what it should become. Adam Stryker has traveled the world earning championships, respect, and the reputation of a man who raises the standard everywhere he goes. Ace Dalton sees something else: a veteran walking into his house, questioning everything he and The Seers have built. Pride has become contempt. Respect has become defiance. And with the CFW World Championship between them, neither man is willing to take a step backward.

As that battle looms over The Foundry, its ripple is felt throughout the night. Savior Hawkins and Ciaran Kennedy meet once more, with every failed challenge pushing Kennedy closer to discovering whether perseverance alone is enough. Lucas Knox and Jace Valor bring a friendship consumed by envy to its violent conclusion, while every victory and every defeat reshapes the future of CFW. Tonight isn't simply about championships. It's about the standard this company will live by when the smoke finally clears.

CFW AFTERBURN

The camera sweeps across a **sold out** Foundry as the roar of the crowd shakes the building.

Bert McDaniels: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to AFTERBURN! We are live from Venice, Florida, and this place is electric!"

Chaz Del Rio: "One of the most anticipated nights in CFW has arrived, Bert."

Without warning, "**American Idle**" by **Less Than Jake** blasts through the arena as a live punk band begins playing on the stage. The crowd erupts. Swanny bursts through the curtain, grinning from ear to ear before throwing an arm around the lead singer and belting out the chorus as The Foundry sings along!



SWANNY

MATCH 1
SWANNY vs CALEB CROSS
20 MIN TIME LIMIT | SINGLES MATCH



Swanny shares one final moment with the band before climbing into the ring, feeding off the energy of a packed Foundry. The smile remains, but as the music fades, so does the celebration. His focus shifts to the entrance.

Bert McDaniels: "Quite the way to kick off Afterburn."

Chaz Del Rio: "That's Swanny, Bert. He loves every second of this. Few people in this business love professional wrestling the way he does."



CALEB CROSS

"Thunderkiss 1965" by White Zombie tears through the arena. Caleb Cross emerges with his head forward, eyes locked on the ring, never acknowledging the crowd.

Bert McDaniels: "A completely different mindset. Cross isn't here to entertain. He's here to fight."

Chaz Del Rio: "Caleb Cross is 3-1 in CFW, including a win over Adam Stryker, though Reign Rokk's interference played a major role in that one."

Bert McDaniels: "And now Rokk's aligned with The Seers. With Ace Dalton leading the group, Stryker can't afford to take his eyes off anyone tonight."

Chaz Del Rio: "Believe me, He knows it."

MATCH 1
SWANNY vs CALEB CROSS
20 MIN TIME LIMIT | SINGLES MATCH



Formal introductions are made as the Foundry buzzes with anticipation. The official checks both competitors one final time before calling for the bell.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

The opening minutes are measured. Swanny keeps the pace lively, bouncing on the balls of his feet and forcing Caleb Cross to react, while Cross refuses to be drawn into the excitement. Every strike, every hold, every movement is deliberate. Swanny strings together a slingblade and a jumping knee to earn the first roar of the night, but Cross answers with heavy forearms and a crushing **Iron Line** lariat that instantly changes the tone.

Bert McDaniels: "Cross doesn't waste movement. Every shot has a purpose."

Chaz Del Rio: "He's not looking to outshine you, Bert. He's looking to wear you down until there's nothing left."

A scramble creates the first major opening of the match. Cross sprawls behind Swanny, snakes an arm under the chin, and drags him violently to the canvas, locking in **Forged in Pain**. The guillotine is cinched in tight. The celebration is over.

Swanny claws toward the ropes as the Foundry rallies behind him. His face reddens, his movements slow, but with one final desperate lunge he gets a boot across the bottom rope, forcing the break. Cross releases immediately, expression unchanged.

Swanny rolls to the floor for a moment, coughing as he gathers himself. The grin that carried him to the ring is gone. He nods to himself, slides back under the bottom rope, and meets Cross with a new sense of urgency.

Bert McDaniels: "That may have changed this match."

Chaz Del Rio: "It had to. Caleb Cross came within seconds of ending AFTERBURN's opening contest before it ever had a chance to get going."

MATCH 1

SWANNY vs CALEB CROSS

20 MIN TIME LIMIT | SINGLES MATCH



Swanny composes himself on the outside, but Caleb Cross refuses to let him breathe. Cross slides out, drives Swanny into the apron, then the barricade before breaking the count. He returns to the floor and launches Swanny shoulder first into the steel steps.

Back inside, Cross stays in complete control. A thunderous spinebuster earns two before he effortlessly transitions between submissions, forcing Swanny to burn precious energy just to survive. Every burst of offense is answered with grinding pressure, heavy strikes, and another reminder that Caleb Cross is always hunting the finish.

Time passes before Swanny finally creates an opening. A hanging neckbreaker slows Cross. Kawada kicks follow, then a Death Valley Driver that brings the Foundry to its feet as the pace suddenly quickens.

Cross snuffs out the momentum, trapping Swanny in **Forged in Pain** at center ring. The guillotine sinks in deeper than before. The referee drops beside them as Swanny's hand hovers over the canvas. The Foundry falls silent.

Instead of tapping, Swanny twists his hips, rolls through, and somehow slips free. The arena erupts.

Cross charges with **Iron Line**, but Swanny ducks underneath. A thunderous **KA POW Kick** lands flush before **Brain Stew** plants Cross into the mat.

One... Two... Cross somehow kicks out. The Foundry explodes.

Both men stagger up. Cross swings wildly with another clothesline. Swanny ducks again, sending him stumbling into the corner.

Mom, It Was Never a Phase! It's a LIFESTYLE! crashes into Cross before Swanny rolls through. As Cross slumps in the corner and the crowd sings along, Swanny races back with a crushing double knee strike. Without hesitation, he springs to the top rope, the Foundry rises knowing exactly what's coming next...

MATCH 1
SWANNY VS CALEB CROSS
20 MIN TIME LIMIT | SINGLES MATCH



Swanny crashes down with the **Montreal Cannonball!** **COVER! ONE! TWO! THREE!**
"American Idle" plays once again, Swanny celebrates with the fired-up Foundry.



S W A N N Y

Caleb Cross vs Swanny

Swanny wins the series 2-3.

Format: Best of 5 • d20 • A: none • B: none

Round 1: Caleb Cross 7 — Swanny 3 **Caleb Cross takes it (1-0)**



Round 2: Caleb Cross 9 — Swanny 20 Nat 20! **Swanny takes it (1-1)**

Round 3: Caleb Cross 14 — Swanny 18 **Swanny takes it (1-2)**

Round 4: Caleb Cross 19 — Swanny 6 **Caleb Cross takes it (2-2)**

Round 5: Caleb Cross 9 — Swanny 17 **Swanny takes it (2-3)**

Match Stats

Winner: Swanny

Method: Pinfall

Finish: Montreal Cannonball

Time: 8:48

Milestone: First live band entrance in CFW history.

MATCH 2

BRANDI B. & GALE & SELINA S.
vs LENA W. & MARA M. & SUDIO
20 MIN TIME LIMIT | 6 WOMAN TAG MATCH



B e r t M c D a n i e l s

C h a z D e l R i o

Chaz: "Listen to this place. They love this man. Love to see it. Pop punk is alive and well!"

Swanny slaps hands with fans along the barricade as the Foundry sings him all the way to the back. The broadcast fades into a video package chronicling the bitter rivalry between Lena Wilde and Brandi Blight, while also highlighting the uneasy alliance of Brandi, Selina Santorino, and Gale heading into tonight's six woman tag.

The package comes to an end as the cameras return to ringside.

Bert "If that doesn't get you ready for what's next, I don't know what will. This one has history... and a whole lot of tension."

MATCH 2

BRANDI B. & GALE & SELINA S.
vs LENA W. & MARA M. & SUDIO
20 MIN TIME LIMIT | 6 WOMAN TAG MATCH



Chaz: "Selina Santorino has made it clear she doesn't need partners. After Brandi walked away from her at Black Light 39, it's hard to blame her."

Bert: "Maybe so, but tonight they need each other. Brandi wants Lena, and Selina wants the Women's World Champion."

Chaz: "Whether that alliance survives tonight... that's another story."

A moment passes before **"Slipping Away" hits** and Brandi Blight and Gale step through the entrance. Brandi steps out first with a weary Gale close behind. The pair make their way to the ring, but there's no sign of Selina Santorino. The pair enter the ring and wait. Anticipation build...



BRANDI BLIGHT

GALE

MATCH 2

BRANDI B. & GALE & SELINA S.
vs LENA W. & MARA M. & SUDIO
20 MIN TIME LIMIT | 6 WOMAN TAG MATCH



"Stitches" by Orgy hits. The Foundry erupts as Mara Grave steps onto the stage. She waits.
A moment later... **"Misery Business" by Paramore hits.**



LENA WILDE

MARA GRAVE

The reaction swells as Lena Wilde joins Mara at the entrance. The two stand shoulder to shoulder, eyes locked on the ring, waiting.

Bert: "Listen to this ovation, Chaz. The Foundry has really taken to the combo of Lena and Mara."

Chaz: "No doubt. But Selina's apparent absence leaves Brandi and Gale shorthanded... and now Lena and Mara seem to be waiting on someone of their own."

The pair remain at the top of the ramp. Waiting...

MATCH 2

**BRANDI B. & GALE & SELINA S.
vs LENA W. & MARA M. & SUDIO**
20 MIN TIME LIMIT | 6 WOMAN TAG MATCH



**"Heads Will Roll" by
Yeah Yeah Yeahs** fills
The Foundry.

The crowd erupts as the CFW
Women's World Champion,
Sudio, steps onto the stage.
With a confident smile, she
raises the championship high
above her head before joining
Lena Wilde and Mara Grave at
the entrance.



SUDIO

Bert: "There she is! That's our
Women's World Champion."

Chaz: "And think about where she started, Bert. Sudio didn't walk into CFW as a household name. She earned every bit of this, and now she's the standard of the Women's Division."

Together, Sudio, Lena, and Mara make their way to the ring as **Heads Will Roll** continues to echo through The Foundry.

Brief introductions are made, but Selina Santorino is nowhere to be found. Brandi never takes her eyes off Lena while Gale quietly stands at her side.

Bert: "We haven't seen Gale in quite some time."

Chaz: "She's stood beside Brandi for years, but Brandi's decision to join The Seers has changed everything. You have to wonder what Gale really thinks of all this."

MATCH 2

**BRANDI B. & GALE & SELINA S.
vs LENA W. & MARA M. & SUDIO**
20 MIN TIME LIMIT | 6 WOMAN TAG MATCH



A final glance across the ring.

The referee signals for the bell.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Mara and Gale start things off. Mara's speed and relentless pressure keep her a step ahead early, peppering Gale with sharp strikes and forcing the veteran to react instead of dictate the pace.

Gale shows a hint of ring rust, but only for a moment.

The first real opening changes everything.

She catches Mara charging in, muscles her into a thunderous powerslam, then follows with a pair of heavy suplexes that shake the ring. Gale slows the pace with stiff body shots and grounded offense, methodically wearing Mara down before driving her into the mat with another crushing slam. The Foundry quickly remembers exactly why Gale earned the nickname **The Rising Storm**.

Gale plants Mara with another crushing slam before dragging her across the canvas and tagging in Brandi. Brandi doesn't wrestle. She assaults.

Stomps. Knees. Boots grinding into Mara's ribs as the referee struggles to pull her back. Every shot is fueled by rage rather than strategy.

Then she does something unexpected. She drags the battered Mara toward her corner... toward Lena. The Foundry rises as Lena stretches over the ropes, fingertips inches away.

Chaz: "What is she doing?"

Bert: "She doesn't want Mara! She wants Lena! She always wants Lena!"

Brandi smirks, letting Mara crawl within reach. Just as their hands are about to meet...

Brandi yanks Mara back by the ankle. The crowd groans. She throws Mara violently into her corner, where Gale is waiting. Another tag.

MATCH 2

**BRANDI B. & GALE & SELINA S.
vs LENA W. & MARA M. & SUDIO**
20 MIN TIME LIMIT | 6 WOMAN TAG MATCH



The veteran goes right back to work, leaning her weight into Mara with heavy body shots before planting her with another slam. Brandi tags herself back in moments later, the two cutting the ring in half and refusing to let Mara escape.

Chaz: "This has become a clinic in isolation."

Bert: "Selina Santorino still hasn't shown for this match. Typical. Not much of a team player... but right now her team doesn't need her."

Minutes tick by. Mara refuses to stay down, surviving one close call... then another. Each kickout frustrates Gale a little more. Finally, Gale loses her composure. She rushes in one step too fast. Mara ducks. **BAM!** A desperation DDT spikes Gale into the mat. Both women lie motionless. The Foundry erupts. **"LENA! LENA! LENA!"**

Mara digs her fingernails into the canvas... inch by painful inch... crawling toward her corner as Lena reaches as far as she possibly can.

Gale spots Mara inching toward her corner and explodes with one last burst, diving across the canvas. Too late. **TAG!** The Foundry erupts. Lena explodes into the ring.

Flying forearm. Running back elbow. A snap suplex sends Gale rolling before Lena drops her with a spinning back elbow. The crowd is firmly behind her as she fights with reckless urgency, feeding off every roar from The Foundry.

Chaz: "Business has just picked up!"

Lena turns and points at Brandi. **"Get in here!"** Brandi simply stares back from the apron. Cold. Stoic. Calculating. Lena steps closer, daring her to enter. It's a mistake. Gale rolls her up from behind.

One... Two... Lena kicks free.

Gale immediately tags Brandi...

MATCH 2

**BRANDI B. & GALE & SELINA S.
vs LENA W. & MARA M. & SUDIO**
20 MIN TIME LIMIT | 6 WOMAN TAG MATCH



Brandi storms in, stomping Lena before she can stand. The two rivals trade forearms, elbows and counters as the crowd rises with every exchange.

Chaz: "This rivalry has become the heartbeat of CFW!"

Neither woman gives an inch until Brandi rakes Lena across the eyes. The opening is enough. Brandi lands a running knee and a twisting neckbreaker, but Lena refuses to stay down. Battling toward her corner, she reaches...

TAG!

Sudio launches over the ropes to a huge ovation. The champion flies around the ring, overwhelming Brandi with blistering offense. A spinning heel kick, a springboard crossbody and a running snapmare keep Brandi guessing before Mara tags back in to keep the pressure on. They finally get their turn isolating Brandi, trading quick tags and forcing near fall after near fall.

Mara tags Sudio back in. The champion measures her target. She hits the ropes...

Looking for **Color Rush!** The crowd suddenly gasps. **Selina Santorino** appears on the apron and blasts Sudio from behind.

Chaz: "SELINA!"

Sudio stumbles into the corner. Gale springs to life and tags Brandi. Brandi steps through the ropes... **only for Selina to slap her hard across the back.**

TAG!

Brandi glares, but Selina ignores her and enters anyway. Sudio, still stunned, turns toward the referee trying to explain what happened. Selina charges, nearly crushing the referee into the corner behind Sudio. The official stumbles aside, dazed.

In one motion, Selina rolls Sudio up, grabbing a fistful of tights with one hand and the bottom rope with the other...

MATCH 2

BRANDI B. & GALE & SELINA S.
vs LENA W. & MARA M. & SUDIO
20 MIN TIME LIMIT | 6 WOMAN TAG MATCH



The referee only sees Sudio's shoulders. **One! Two! Three!** The ref still shook, calls for the bell.

Chaz: "No! She had the tights! She had the ropes!"

Bert: "Selina Santorino just stole this match!"



The Foundry rains down boos as Selina stands over Sudio with a smug smile.

Sudio rolls out of the ring, grabs her championship, and slides back into the ring. Selina points at the title. Sudio raises it high.

Face to face. Neither woman blinks.

Selina makes **her** intentions clear.

**Physical dice roll results posted on Discord*

Match Stats

Winner: Selina & Team

Method: Pinfall

Finish: Leveraged pin

Time: 14:22

Milestone: Selina Santorino pins the women's world champion!

MATCH 3

SAVIOR HAWKINS vs CIARAN KENNEDY

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | BLACK LIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP



Chaz: "Selina Santorino just skipped the line, Bert. She doesn't care about partners... she cares about championships."

Bert: "Well, after pinning the Women's World Champion tonight, she's certainly got everyone's attention."

Chaz: "And speaking of championships, Sudio announced on Discord this week that a Women's Gauntlet Match will determine her next challenger."

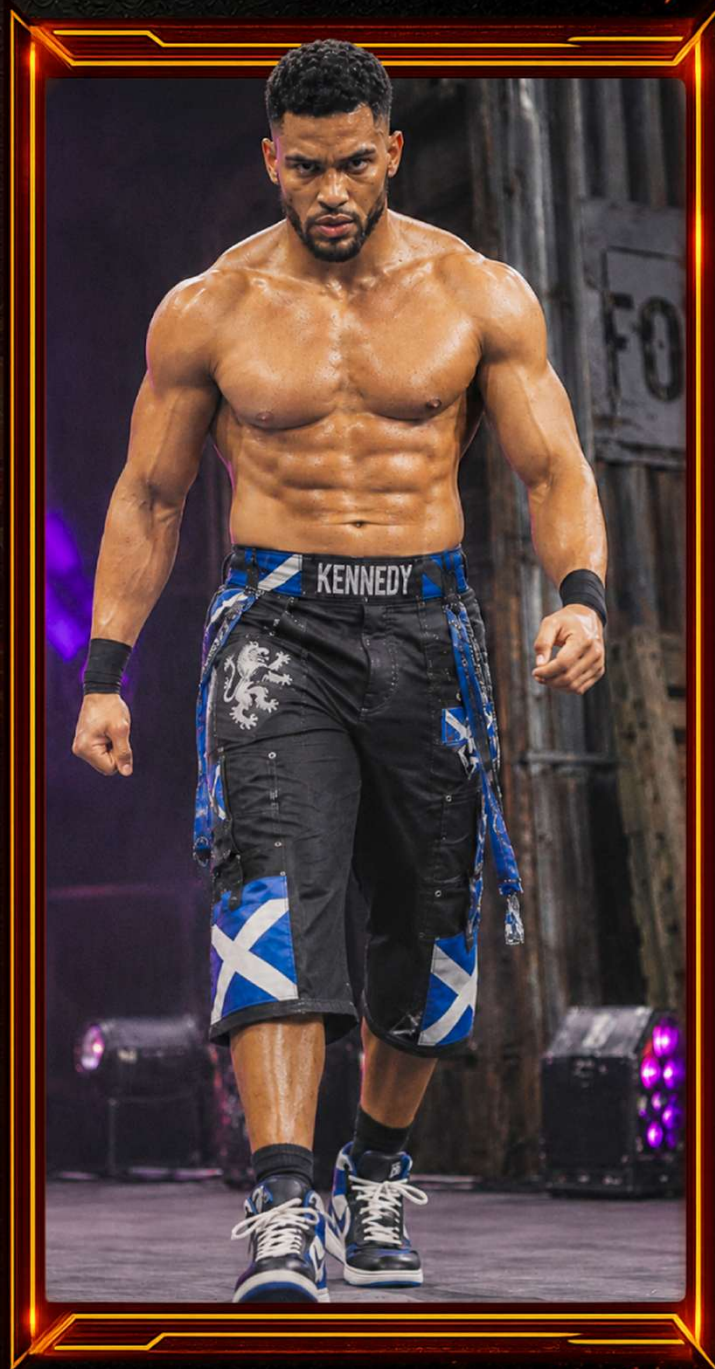
Bert: "And we can officially confirm Selina Santorino will be part of it."

The ring is cleared as the Foundry crowd continues buzzing over what they've just witnessed.

Ciaran Kennedy's music hits.

The challenger steps through the entrance to a strong ovation. Calm, composed, and laser-focused, he marches toward the ring with one goal in mind... the Black Light Championship.

Chaz: "I've been looking forward to this one. These two have not disappointed."



C I R A N K E N N E D Y

MATCH 3

SAVIOR HAWKINS vs CIARAN KENNEDY

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | BLACK LIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP



Bert: "Black Light was the first episodic show this company ever produced. It's the heart of CFW... and the Black Light Championship represents everything this place was built on."

Chaz: "Pride. Grit. Passion. The absolute best this company has to offer, and nobody has represented this championship better than Savior Hawkins."

Bert: "Standing across from him is a man who's been chasing this moment since the title's conception."

Bert: "This is their third meeting. Savior Hawkins has won the first two... but both were Match of the Night contenders."

Chaz: "Every time they meet, Ciaran Kennedy pushes Savior to his limit. Every time he's walked away empty-handed."

Bert: "Tonight he gets one more chance."

"The Safest Ledge" by Healing Pool hits.



SAVIOR HAWKINS

The Black Light Champion, Savior Hawkins, steps through the entrance with the championship around his waist. Focused and composed

MATCH 3

SAVIOR HAWKINS vs CIARAN KENNEDY

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | BLACK LIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP



The formal ring introductions follow, and the Black Championship is presented to both competitors. Champion and challenger take their corners as the referee prepares to start the match.

The Black Light Championship is held high one final time. The Foundry rises.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Unlike their previous encounters, neither man rushes in. They circle cautiously, each knowing the other's game better than anyone else in CFW. A brief lockup ends in a stalemate before Kennedy abruptly changes gears. He drives a stiff forearm into Savior's jaw. Another. Then a heavy knee to the ribs.

Chaz: "Kennedy came with a different game plan tonight."

Bert: "He has to. Twice he's let Savior Hawkins build momentum, and twice it's cost him."

Kennedy refuses to give the champion room to breathe. Heavy body shots back Savior into the corner before a snap Dragon Suplex sends him skidding across the canvas. Hawkins is back to his feet instantly, but Kennedy is already there, cutting him off with another hard strike.

The challenger isn't chasing highlights. He's trying to break rhythm. Savior answers the only way he knows how. Movement.

A quick arm drag flows into a standing switch before Hawkins slips free, catches Kennedy with a jumping knee, and strings together the opening shots of the **Divine Blitz**. The champion finally begins to find space, but every burst is met with an answer. Kennedy ducks a spinning strike, muscles Hawkins into a capture throw, then follows with a crushing spinebuster before flowing seamlessly into a grounded waist lock.

Chaz: "Every opening Savior finds... Kennedy shuts it down."

Bert: "That's experience. That's adjustment. Ciaran Kennedy has learned something every time they've stepped into the ring."

MATCH 3

SAVIOR HAWKINS vs CIARAN KENNEDY

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | BLACK LIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP



The pace explodes. Counter after counter.

Bitter Consequences nearly catches Kennedy before he twists free. Kennedy answers with **The Saint**, but Hawkins rolls through before impact can settle. A springboard forearm rocks the challenger. Kennedy fires back with a brutal clothesline. Neither man can hold control long enough for more than a one count.

The Foundry roars with every exchange.

Chaz: "These two just refuse to have an average match."

Minutes pass in a blur of flawless wrestling.

Savior's movement begins to slow under Kennedy's relentless pressure. Sensing it, the challenger abandons the frantic pace altogether. He drags Hawkins to the mat, trapping an arm before smoothly transitioning into a grounded head-and-arm choke. Savior reaches the ropes, but Kennedy releases only to cinch in a waist lock, rolling effortlessly into another submission before the champion can recover.

The pace finally slows. Not because either man wants it to... Because Ciaran Kennedy is forcing it.

Savior refuses to stay grounded for long. Every escape sparks a flash of offense, but each burst is cut short as Kennedy crashes back into him with ruthless precision. A release dragon suplex folds the champion in half. A running lariat. A crushing spinebuster. Kennedy hooks the leg. One... Two... Hawkins survives. Again. Another cover.

Another kickout. For the first time, frustration flickers across Kennedy's face.

Chaz: "He's throwing everything at the champion!"

Bert: "He can't let that frustration take over. Savior Hawkins has survived him before. If Kennedy's going to finish this tonight, he has to stay composed."

...

MATCH 3

**SAVIOR HAWKINS vs
CIARAN KENNEDY**

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | BLACK LIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP



Past the midway point, Kennedy signals for **The Mercy Kill**. He charges...

Hawkins slips away.

Counters with **Divine Blitz**.

Forearm. Enzuigiri. Kennedy staggers but catches the final strike, whipping Savior hard into the ropes. Hawkins ducks **The Mercy Kill** a second time, rebounds off the opposite side and this time **SHOWTIME!** catches Kennedy clean.

The Foundry erupts. *Savior dives into the cover.*

ONE!

Kennedy uses Savior's momentum to roll through into a cradle.

ONE!

TWO!

Savior kicks free.

Chaz: "Kennedy nearly stole the championship!"

Neither man hesitates. Hawkins stays on the challenger, pressing the advantage before it can disappear. Kennedy narrowly slips a lariat, explodes off the ropes and finally connects with **The Mercy Kill!** Both men crash to the canvas. Kennedy crawls into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR..

Savior's boot finds the bottom rope.

The referee waves it off as the entire Foundry rises to its feet.

MATCH 3

**SAVIOR HAWKINS vs
CIARAN KENNEDY**

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | BLACK LIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP



For the first time all night, frustration boils over.

Kennedy unloads with furious stomps before dragging Hawkins outside, driving him spine-first into the ring post. Savior crumbles to the floor as Kennedy paces like a predator.

Then he sees it. The Black Light Championship resting on the timekeeper's table.

He slowly walks toward it, expression blank, almost hypnotized.

He reaches out...

...and lifts it.

The Foundry erupts with a mixed reaction.

Chaz: "No... don't do this."

Bert: "You don't have to win it this way, Kennedy!"

Kennedy turns toward Hawkins, title in hand. The champion suddenly explodes to life.

SHOWTIME!

Kennedy hurls the championship into the ring while diving out of harm's way. The referee immediately turns to retrieve it before it can become a factor.

Outside, Kennedy scrambles to the timekeeper's table. His hand finds the ring bell.

Savior charges again...

CRACK!

The bell catches him flush across the forehead. Silence. **Blood** begins to pour down the champion's face.

Kennedy wastes no time. He rolls Hawkins into the ring, follows behind, hauls him to his feet and plants him with **The Saltire Spike**. The referee turns back. **ONE!... TWO!... THR...**

MATCH 3
SAVIOR HAWKINS vs
CIARAN KENNEDY
30 MIN TIME LIMIT | BLACK LIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP



THREE! Ding! Ding! Ding! For a moment... Silence. The referee signals for the championship.



Scattered boos slowly begin to ripple through The Foundry. Not angry, stunned. Kennedy rises, looking down at Savior Hawkins before the referee places the Black Light Championship into his hands. He grips it with both hands. No smile. No celebration. Just a thousand-yard stare. Finally...

Chaz: "I... I don't think he had to do that."

A long pause.

Chaz: "I believed in this kid. Truth is... I still do. But I don't think he needed to win it that way."

** Digital dice roll results posted on Discord*

Match Stats

Winner: Ciaran Kennedy

Method: Pinfall

Finish: The Saltire Spike

Time: 15:02

Milestone: Ciaran Kennedy ends Savior Hawkins' 109-day Black Light Championship reign.

MATCH 4

LUCAS KNOX vs

JACE VALOR

N O TIME LIMIT | FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE



Time passes as the ringside crew clears away the aftermath of the Black Light Championship match.

A low murmur rolls through the crowd as fans continue debating what they just witnessed, but that conversation slowly gives way to anticipation for what comes next.

Bert: "I... still don't know what to think about Ciaran Kennedy's actions. I've got a feeling he's going to have some questions to answer."

Chaz: "Whether people like it or not, Bert, Ciaran Kennedy walked out with the championship. That's the only part of tonight's history books that'll never change."

Bert: "That aside, folks... this next one has been building for a long time."

A restless anticipation settles over The Foundry.

"No Easy Way Out" by Beast in Black hits.

A chorus of boos erupts as Lucas Knox steps onto the stage.



LUCAS KNOX

MATCH 4
LUCAS KNOX vs
JACE VALOR

NO TIME LIMIT | FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE



Bert: "Lucas Knox and Jace Valor came into CFW together. Friends. Two of the company's original cornerstones. Jace was the golden boy... and Lucas was right there beside him."

Chaz: "Then came the losses. The war with Wyatt Storm. Somewhere along the way, Lucas stopped fighting his opponents... and started fighting the world."

Bert: "That bitterness finally exploded at Locked In III when Lucas blindsided what may have been his only real friend in CFW. Jace hoped Lucas would find his way back... but after watching him walk away from match after match, he knew this had gone too far."

Chaz: "Lucas kept looking for a way out."

Bert: "Tonight, there isn't one. Falls count anywhere. No count-outs. No disqualifications. No place to hide."

"Clock Strikes" by ONE OK ROCK hits.

The Foundry erupts as Jace Valor steps onto the stage...

Bert: "Listen to this ovation. Valor will be the first to tell you he hasn't accomplished everything he set out to in CFW either..."



JACE VALOR

MATCH 4
LUCAS KNOX vs
JACE VALOR

N O TIME LIMIT | FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE



Bert: "The difference is... he never let disappointment define him."

Jace Valor slaps hands with the fans as he heads toward the ring. Lucas Knox suddenly steps out of the ring and starts up the ramp. His hands are raised.

Lucas: "No... no... hang on."

He shakes his head, speaking calmly as he closes the distance. There's no anger in his face. No urgency. Just a man seemingly trying to stop the fight before it begins.

Jace slows, cautious but listening. Lucas keeps talking, nodding, even offering a faint smile. As he reaches Jace, he backs off a step, palms still open.

Lucas appears remorseful. The crowd quiets, unsure what they're watching. Lucas turns his back as if to leave. Jace finally lets his guard down.

Lucas spins violently, driving a brutal elbow into the side of Jace's head. **CRACK!** The Foundry explodes with **boos**.

Bert: "He suckered him! Lucas Knox just suckered his own friend!"

Chaz: "There is nothing left of the man we used to know."

Lucas rains down stomps and kicks, dragging Jace up the ramp before throwing him hard into the entrance set. Every time Jace tries to cover up, another boot crashes into him.

Lucas suddenly stops. His eyes lock onto a wooden pallet leaning against the entrance staging. A slow smile creeps across his face. He walks back to Jace and casually nudges his head from side to side with the sole of his boot.

Lucas Knox: "Look at you... the golden boy of CFW."

His eyes drift back to the pallet. The smile widens. Lucas hauls Jace to his feet, hooks him.....and lifts him into position for a powerbomb.

MATCH 4
LUCAS KNOX vs
JACE VALOR
NO TIME LIMIT | FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE



CRAAAAACK!!

The wooden pallet explodes into splinters as Lucas drives Jace straight through it.

The Foundry gasps.

Jace lies motionless in the wreckage.

Bert: "My God! He broke that pallet in half! A human body was never meant to be used like that!"

Lucas looks down at the destruction, chest heaving.

Then... He smiles. Not a grin of relief. One of satisfaction. He looks back down at Jace almost admiring the damage he's caused.

Chaz: "Look at him, Bert... he looks genuinely happy. That's his friend... or at least it used to be. Things didn't go Lucas Knox's way in CFW, and this is what's left."

Lucas loses interest. He casually turns his back on Jace, almost bored already, soaking in the boos as though the fight is over. Suddenly...

Jace explodes from the broken pallet! The Foundry erupts.

He drives his shoulder into Lucas's back, launching him into the steel barricade with a thunderous crash!



MATCH 4
LUCAS KNOX vs
JACE VALOR

NO TIME LIMIT | FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE



Bert: "Never count Jace Valor out of a fight!"

Jace grabs a piece of wood that broke from the pallet and smashes it over Lucas' head! He drops to the floor and blood starts pouring from his forehead immediately. Lucas tries to crawl away and makes it to the stage at the top of the entrance ramp. Jace follows him and drives a hard kick to his ribcage that staggers him.

He grabs Lucas by the long hair and drags him up to his feet. He takes a second to measure his former friend, who's on wobbly legs, then goes for Death Rattle - a spinning hook kick connects, then the Shotgun Dropkick sends Lucas flying backwards as he disappears backstage.

Chaz: "The entrance just became the exit for Lucas!"

Jace follows through the entrance, with the camera just behind him. He stops in his tracks - Lucas is nowhere to be found. Jace looks around, mesmerized. Then suddenly Lucas charges from around the corner and drops Jace with a massive shoulder block!

He grabs Jace and Irish whips him to the corner where catering for talent is. Jace's back hits the edge of the table. Lucas slowly walks to him and goes to grab him... But he doesn't see Jace grabbed a fork from the table. He only realizes once Jace drives it to his bloodied forehead.

Lucas screams in pain as Jace wrestles him down by that catering table and locks in a variation of the Crossface, driving the fork into the open wound on the head. The referee checks for submission but Lucas loudly screams "NO!" The referee leans in to check and out of desperation, Lucas grabs him by the shirt and pulls him down on Jace and himself, breaking the move.

Chaz: "This is chaos!"

Bert: "But what else can you expect?!"

...

MATCH 4
LUCAS KNOX vs
JACE VALOR

N O TIME LIMIT | FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE



They all slowly get to their feet. Jace helps the ref up and the momentary distraction costs him as Lucas grabs a bowl of hot soup from the catering table and throws it in Jace's face! Jace screams out loudly as the crowd goes **"HOLY SHIT!"** Lucas swings and nearly takes Jace's head off with a brutal Lariat. He covers.

ONE! TWO! TH- Kickout!

Lucas wipes the blood off his face and grabs Jace by the hair. He drags him along further backstage. He rests him against a guardrail of the staircase just above the loading dock. Lucas takes a few steps back and charges for an attack...

...But Jace ducks and back-body-drops him over the guardrail and onto the concrete floor! He flies down the stairs and goes to cover Lucas.

ONE! TWO! THR- No! Lucas kicks out!

Jace grabs Lucas by the hair.

Jace: "This ends now!"

He drags him up slowly. Lucas gets to his knees... and low blows Jace! You can hear the boos from inside the arena all the way here. Jace doubles over and screams in pain. Lucas gets up, grabs him by the head and just throws him at one of the trailers parked in the loading dock. Jace hits the door of the trailer and drops down on one knee.

Lucas charges in and hits a huge kick to the head! Jace's head bounces into the metal door of the trailer and then down on the floor. Lucas doesn't go for the cover but instead looks at a button on the door and hits it. The door opens and drops on Jace, covering his body completely. Lucas steps on that door and jumps up and down, stomping on it repeatedly.

Bert: "He's trying to squeeze the life out of him!"

MATCH 4
LUCAS KNOX vs
JACE VALOR
NO TIME LIMIT | FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE



After about twenty seconds, Lucas stops. He looks at Jace's lifeless body and gestures for the ref to count. The referee reluctantly drops down and counts. **ONE!! TWO! THREE!**



Jace Valor vs Lucas Knox

Lucas Knox wins the series 2-3.

Format: Best of 5 • d20 • A: none • B: none

Round 1: Jace Valor 15 — Lucas Knox 17 **Lucas Knox takes it (0-1)**



Round 2: Jace Valor 14 — Lucas Knox 20 Nat 20! **Lucas Knox takes it (0-2)**

Round 3: Jace Valor 14 — Lucas Knox 5 **Jace Valor takes it (1-2)**

Round 4: Jace Valor 15 — Lucas Knox 9 **Jace Valor takes it (2-2)**

Round 5: Jace Valor 14 — Lucas Knox 20 Nat 20! **Lucas Knox takes it (2-3)**

Match Stats

Winner: Lucas Knox

Method: Pinfall

Finish: Pinned beneath a door.

Time: 13:49

Milestone: Lucas Knox picks up his second win in CFW by any means necessary.

MAIN EVENT
ACE DALTON vs
ADAM STRYKER

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | CFW WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



B e r t M c D a n i e l s

C h a z D e l R i o

the cameras return to the commentary desk. Bert sits silently for a moment, still shaken.

Bert: "There... you got your damn win. You happy, Lucas? Happy? You son of a bi..."

Chaz: "Bert..."

Bert exhales, collecting himself.

Chaz: "I know. I get it. What we just witnessed was ugly... but we've got to move on.. Because it's time for our **main event**."

Chaz: "The CFW World Heavyweight Championship."

Chaz: "Adam Stryker challenges Ace Dalton."

MAIN EVENT
**ACE DALTON vs
ADAM STRYKER**

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | CFW WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



Bert: "When Adam Stryker signed with CFW, he said he came here to set the standard. Maybe tonight isn't about setting one... maybe it's about proving he still is the standard."

Chaz: "He's a veteran. He knows opportunities like this don't come around forever. Whether this is his last shot or not, you can bet he's going to treat it like it is."

Bert: "Then there's Ace Dalton. Thirty-one years old and one of the biggest success stories in CFW history. He took this company by storm, climbed to the top in a hurry, and when **MAR** walked away from CFW and handed him the keys to The Seers... Ace didn't hesitate."

Chaz: "He seized the moment.. and then the championship. Tonight, the veteran who wants to prove he's still the standard meets the champion determined to prove this is just the beginning."

Bert: "The CFW World Heavyweight Championship... is next."

A video package recaps the road to tonight's main event. The Foundry falls silent.

"Sultan's Curse" by Mastodon hits.

Adam Styker steps out.



A D A M S T R Y K E R

MAIN EVENT
ACE DALTON vs
ADAM STRYKER

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | CFW WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



Adam Stryker makes his measured walk to the ring as pockets of the CFW faithful rise to their feet, applauding the veteran's journey back to this moment.

Bert: "He may not be everyone's favorite, but these fans respect what Adam Stryker has accomplished in a remarkably short time."

Stryker climbs through the ropes and removes his jacket, never taking his eyes off the entrance. He paces his corner, then settles in, waiting for the opportunity he's spent his entire return chasing.

A hush falls over The Foundry.

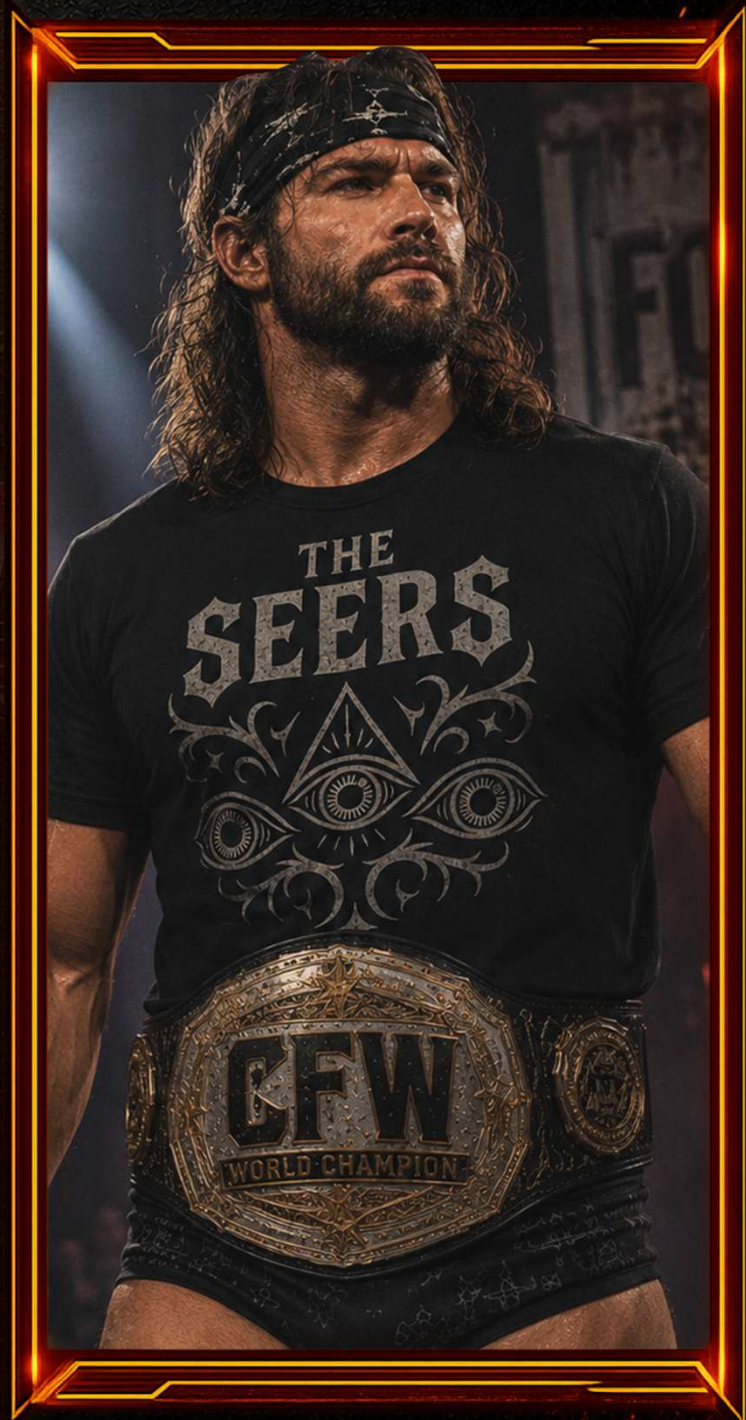
"Slipping Away" hits.

The haunting melody on the Seer's theme echoes through the arena as CFW World Champion Ace Dalton steps onto the stage.

Chaz: "Interesting... Ace is making this walk alone."

Bert: "For now."

Ace makes his way to the ring, with the CFW Championship fastened around his waist.



ACE DALTON

MAIN EVENT
ACE DALTON vs
ADAM STRYKER

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | CFW WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



The introductions are made as the challenger and champion stand across from one another. The official checks both competitors before accepting the championship and raising it high above his head for all of The Foundry to see.

He hands the title to ringside, looks between both men...

...and signals for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Bert: "Here we go."

They circle cautiously, neither man willing to make the first mistake. The opening minutes are a measured battle for position as the champion immediately pulls the match into his world.

Ace glides effortlessly from wrist control into a side headlock before transitioning into a waistlock, forcing Stryker to continually fight for leverage. Every movement is smooth. Every hold has a purpose.

Bert: "People forget... Ace Dalton didn't become a great technician in CFW. He brought that with him. What changed is he finally found the stage to show the world."

Stryker refuses to let the pace stay there. A stiff forearm creates just enough separation before he crashes through Ace with a thunderous lariat. From there, the challenger slows everything down, grinding Dalton against the ropes, leaning on him, roughing him up in the corners, and cutting off every burst of momentum with calculated pressure.

Chaz: "That's exactly what Stryker wants. This isn't about who's flashier. It's about making Ace wrestle *his* match."

Minutes tick by as Stryker begins imposing his will, every exchange carrying the urgency of a man convinced opportunities like this don't come twice.

MAIN EVENT
ACE DALTON vs
ADAM STRYKER

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | CFW WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



As the minutes continue to tick away, Ace gradually wrestles the match back into his comfort zone. A front facelock becomes a guillotine. A guillotine becomes forearm pressure across the throat. Every submission targets Stryker's neck, each transition smoother than the last.

Bert: "Come on, ref! That's a choke!"

The official quickly forces the break, but Ace only smiles. Moments later he slips another one in, pushing the boundary just long enough before releasing at the referee's count.

Stryker fights through it, but every escape costs him a little more.

Sensing his opening, Ace suddenly explodes into motion. He traps the wrist and spins behind, looking for **Spinal Bloom**.

The challenger has it scouted.

Stryker drives a sharp back elbow into Ace's jaw, breaking the grip before turning and planting the champion with a thunderous **Northern Lariat**. Both men hit the mat hard.

The veteran doesn't rush. He gathers himself while Ace rolls to the ropes, the pace slowing once again as the championship match moves deeper into its final chapter.

Chaz: "That's veteran instinct. Stryker knew exactly what was coming."

Bert: "You don't survive this long the in this business without recognizing danger before everyone else."

Both men dig deeper. Every exchange carries more weight than the last.

Ace narrowly escapes a **German Suplex**, only to catch Stryker in a tight cradle.

ONE! TWO!

Stryker kicks free.

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ACE DALTON vs
ADAM STRYKER

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Stryker's determination refuses to let him fade, but Dalton's youth is beginning to show. The champion recovers just a little quicker after every exchange.

Bert: "You can't teach experience... but you can't ignore youth either. Twenty years in this business takes something out of you. Ace is bouncing back just a little faster."

Ace wrestles the match back to the canvas, flowing from one hold to the next before trapping Stryker in a tight crossface. Stryker claws his way to the bottom rope, refusing to give in. The moment he's back on his feet, he explodes with **The Stryke**, but Ace instinctively counters with a side step and Stryker crashes shoulder first into the turnbuckles.

Chaz: "There was a little desperation behind that one."

Ace capitalizes immediately, folding Stryker into a quick inside cradle.

ONE! TWO! THR... NO!

The challenger barely escapes.

Something changes.

Stryker pounds the mat once and drags himself back to his feet. A stiff forearm rocks the champion, then another. He hooks Ace and drives him into the canvas with **Definition of Mayhem**. The Foundry comes alive. Stryker wastes no time hauling Dalton back up before planting him with **Morituri Te Salutant**.

The challenger slowly rises and backs into the corner. The Foundry rises with him.

Stryker crouches low, eyes locked on the champion. Ace slowly pulls himself upright.

He lines up and prepares for **The Stryke**.

Suddenly...

"Angel" by Massive Attack hits.

MAIN EVENT
ACE DALTON vs
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30 MIN TIME LIMIT | CFW WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



Stryker holds up just before launching, his eyes darting toward the stage.

The Foundry erupts.

MAR slowly steps through the entrance, draped in his immaculate ceremonial robe. His expression never changes. He says nothing. He simply begins the long walk toward the ring.

Every fan in the building is on their feet.

Bert: "MAR?! What the hell is this about?!"

Chaz: "We haven't seen him since he walked away from CFW... the same night he handed The Seers to Ace Dalton."

Stryker never takes his eyes off MAR. Neither does Ace.

The champion slowly uses the distraction to pull himself back to his feet while MAR continues his deliberate march toward ringside, each step measured, each second stretching the anticipation.

Stryker finally notices Ace recovering. His face tightens with frustration...

M A

MAIN EVENT
ACE DALTON vs
ADAM STRYKER

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He shakes his head, backs into the corner once more and lowers himself into position. The Foundry comes alive again. Then... **A commotion erupts in the front row.**

Bert: "Hold on..."

Chaz: "**What's going on down there?**" The disturbance finally comes into focus.

Ronnie Kixx vaults over the barricade and sprints toward the ring.

Bert: "What is Ronnie doing?!"

Ronnie slides under the bottom rope and charges straight at Adam Stryker. The veteran wastes no time, snatching Ronnie out of mid-stride, hoisting him high into a Gory Special before drilling him into the canvas with **The Last Day on Earth!** The Foundry explodes.

Bert: "GOOD GOD!"

Chaz: "**What the hell was he thinking?!**"

Ronnie is motionless. The official immediately rushes to check on him before waving for help and rolling outside to restore order. Inside the ring only Adam Stryker, Ace Dalton remain. MAR calmly steps onto the apron and enters the ring without saying a word. Stryker storms across the ring until he's standing nose to nose with the mysterious founder.

Bert: "Look at Stryker! He is absolutely livid!"

Stryker screams into MAR's face. MAR never reacts. Not a word. Not an expression. Finally Stryker grabs the front of the ceremonial robe and, with one violent tug, tears the braided cords free. Some fall to the canvas.

Bert: "That was pure disrespect!"

Behind them, Ace Dalton is back on his feet. **SPINAL BLOOM!** The challenger crashes to the mat. The referee dives back inside. **ONE! TWO! THR...**

MAIN EVENT
ACE DALTON vs
ADAM STRYKER

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | CFW WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



NO! Stryker barely survives.

The referee immediately turns his attention to MAR, ordering him out of the ring. To everyone's surprise, MAR quietly complies.

Ace wastes no time dragging Stryker back to his feet, looking for another **Spinal Bloom**. Stryker blocks it. In the scramble his hand brushes against one of the fallen braided cords. He wraps it around Ace Dalton's neck before seamlessly transitioning into a sleeper hold just as the referee turns back around.

From the referee's angle, it looks perfectly legal.

From ours, it isn't.

Bert: "Wait a second... that's the cord! He's choking him with the cord!"

Chaz: "The referee doesn't see it!"

Ace claws desperately at Stryker's arms as the official circles the hold, checking for a submission. Hidden beneath Stryker's forearm, the cord remains concealed. Ace's movements grow weaker with each passing second as The Foundry rises to its feet. The referee reaches for the champion's arm...

Before the arm can fall, Ace jolts back to life. The Foundry erupts. Dalton drives Stryker backwards into the turnbuckles again and again, desperately trying to break the hold. His boots scrape against the canvas searching for leverage while his hands claw at the braided cord digging into his throat. His desperate eyes plead with the referee to look closer. He doesn't. Stryker cinches the hold even tighter. Ace refuses to quit. He twists, kicks, and stumbles toward the center of the ring. For one brief moment it looks like he's going to tear free.

Bert: "He's fighting it! Somehow he's still fighting it!"

The champion's movements begin to slow. His legs wobble. His struggle weakens with every passing second. The referee steps in once more and reaches for Ace's arm...

MAIN EVENT
ACE DALTON vs
ADAM STRYKER

30 MIN TIME LIMIT | CFW WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



ADAM STRYKER
WORLD CHAMPION

Ace's arm falls. **DING! DING! DING!**

Adam Stryker releases the hold and slowly rises to his knees as The Foundry erupts.

Bert: "HE DID IT! ADAM STRYKER HAS DONE IT!"

Chaz: "He came to CFW believing wrestling had lost its standard. Tonight... for better or worse... he became it."

Bert: "After years of championships, injuries, setbacks, and wondering if one last run remained... Adam Stryker stands on top of Creative Force Wrestling."

Chaz: "Adam Stryker is the new CFW World Champion."

** Digital dice roll results posted on Discord*

Match Stats

Winner: Adam Styker

Method: Submission

Finish: Sleeper hold*

Time: 22:02

Milestone: Adam Stryker captures his first CFW World Championship.

MAIN EVENT
ACE DALTON vs
ADAM STRYKER

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The camera slowly settles on the braided cord left behind in the ring. A quiet reminder of just how far Adam Stryker was willing to go to become World Champion one last time.

"Year of the Vulture" by The Wonder Years begins to play as the credits roll.



THANK YOU FOR WATCHING CFW AFTERBURN



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