



CFW: Black Light – Episode 30

Live from the Foundry

Venice Florida

11/15/25

Website: CreativeForceWrestling.com

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* Opening promo context: [CFW Locked In 3](#)

* “Black Tape” context in main event: [CFW Locked In 3 \(ending\)](#)

Brandi Blight’s new theme music: [Slipping Away](#)

The show opens cold on **The Foundry**, dim and restless.

No commentary.

No intro package.

Just the raw hum of a building that knows something is about to happen.

The camera glides across the scuffed wooden floor... the steel railings... the patched banners swaying in the stale air.

It holds for a long, uncomfortable moment.

A beat.

Stillness.

Suspense.

Then—

LUCAS KNOX'S entrance music blasts through the speakers.

The reaction is instant and venomous.

BOOOOOOOO.

A thick, hostile wave rolls through the building.

Another beat.

No Lucas.

Just the music... and the crowd drowning in its own anger.

Finally—

Lucas Knox steps out from the curtain.

Confident.

Head high.

Absolutely unfazed by the wall of boos hitting him in the chest.

Fans lean over the barricade, screaming at him, but Lucas doesn't break stride.

His expression doesn't change.

If anything—

He looks *calmer*, which somehow makes it worse.

He walks the aisle like a man who owns the floor beneath him, climbs the steps slow, wipes his boots, and steps through the ropes with the relaxed focus of someone who has already won.

Lucas raises the mic.

He doesn't speak.

He lets the Foundry hate him.

Lets it boil.

Lets the moment stretch until the crowd becomes part of the tension.



Then, steady and eerily composed—

Lucas Knox
begins to talk.

*(Crowd booing.
Lucas stands still,
slight smirk.)*

LUCAS KNOX:
*(calm, dismissive
tone)*

*“I hear you. I hear
every bit of it.
Trust me... it
doesn’t bother me
nearly as much as
you think it does.”*

*(More boos — he
smirks wider,
letting them wash
over him.)*

*“I want to talk
about **Jace Valor**.”
(Crowd pops, boos
louder.)*

*“What happened
to him at **Locked In**
3...
Well... it was very
unfortunate.”*

(He tilts his head, pretending to feel bad — but the grin says otherwise.)

“Unfortunate.
Avoidable...
But unfortunate.”

*(Beat. He shifts the
blame subtly.)*

“You see... when you put
yourself in a position
where you clearly don’t
belong...

when you force yourself
into a place where you’re
not wanted...”

*(he taps the mic lightly
with his finger, steady,
composed)*

“...and when you willingly
step into a situation
where **anyone** can see
danger coming from a
mile away...

Well... if that danger
finds you...

You don’t get to blame
anybody but yourself.”

*(A hush as the crowd
processes the
gaslighting.)*



“You can’t blame the business.
You can’t blame the crowd.
You can’t blame **me**...”

(leans into the camera, eyes cold)

“...but **you can’t blame yourself**, can you Jace? No.
You’d rather believe you were ‘attacked.’
You’d rather believe you were ‘wronged.’
Because that’s easier than facing the truth.”



(He paces slowly, controlling the energy.)

“The truth is... You weren’t betrayed.”

(a smug, dismissive shrug)

“You were out of your depth.”

(He breathes out through his nose, almost amused.)

“You were out of your depth, Jace. And look... you’re clearly very naïve.

You have very little sense of self-preservation or awareness of your surroundings. Everybody can see that.”

(He points loosely to the crowd — they boo harder.)

“You walked into that cage like someone stepping into a lion’s den because the door happened to be open.

What did you think was going to happen?

You step into a cage with a rabid animal...”

(he taps his own chest, proud of the insult)

“...you’re going to get hurt.”

(The boos swell — he lets them.)

“And honestly? I don’t feel bad.

If I feel bad about *anything*, it’s that I feel bad about how... unaware you are. That’s it.”

(He cocks his head, pitying in the most insulting way possible.)

“It’s a flaw.

A big one.

But... I guess it’s a lovable flaw, right?”

(crowd hates that line)

“I can’t really get mad at you for being naïve.

I can’t fault you for acting like... well, like Jace Valor. I can look past that.”

(He lowers his voice, trying to sound heartfelt — it only makes it worse.)

“Because I see something in you.

Something good.

Something redeemable in you, kid.

Sure, it might get you hurt if you keep ignoring your own safety... but I see it.”

(He nods gently, as if he’s giving Jace a gift — the crowd is livid.)

“You’re reckless.

You’re oblivious.

You’re in way over your head...”

(beat)

“...but there’s something there. Something that could be shaped. Guided.”



(He smirks — knowing exactly what he's doing.)
(voice drops, almost disappointed)

“Now... someone who can't be redeemed?”

(A cold smile.)
(He already knows the answer.)

“Wyatt Storm.”

(The crowd reacts — a mix of pops and raw anticipation.)

“You're not naïve like Jace. No. You're not that blind.
You're... aware. Much more aware than people give you credit for.”

(He points toward the camera with a slow, deliberate motion.)

“And that's why your little comments about my record here?
That 'psycho' line you love so much?”

(he chuckles, quiet and humorless)
“That wasn't confusion. That wasn't concern.
That was intentional.”

(He steps closer to the ropes, gaze sharpening.)

“You're like that kid in school who needs attention...
so he pokes the biggest, meanest person he can find
just to feel something. Just to feel seen.”

(The crowd murmurs. He continues.)

“Then—when that person turns around and smashes him in the mouth—
suddenly he's the victim.
Suddenly he's wounded.
Suddenly he didn't deserve it.”

(Knox scoffs.)

“Wyatt, I'm not here to validate you.
I'm not going to give you the attention you crave.
I don't need the wins you think matter so much.”

(pauses, tone steady, almost tired)

“I’m bigger than that.
I’m bigger than you.”

(The crowd reacts, but Knox doesn’t even blink.)

“So listen... because this is the last time I waste breath on ‘records’ or ‘matches’ or anything you think matters to me.”

(He exhales slowly. No anger. Just clarity.)

“I’m done with wrestling matches...
with you.”

(A low ripple goes through the building.)

“This isn’t about a pinfall. This isn’t about pride.
This isn’t about who has the better little stat sheet on the website.”

(A cold half-smile.)

“You call me a psycho?”

(leans into the hard camera, voice dropping)

“...Alright.”

(He straightens, but there’s nothing dramatic about it — just a man who’s already decided.)

“Forget the ring.
Forget the rules.
Forget the bell and the ropes and the stripes and all of it.”

(The crowd stirs — quietly this time.)

“You want Lucas Knox?
Fine.”

(beat — he almost shrugs)



LUCAS KNOX:

“We don’t need a ring.

We don’t need a referee.

We don’t even need a building.”

(The Foundry grows uneasy — Knox’s tone isn’t hyped, it’s flat.)

“Call it whatever you want.

A no-ring death match... hell—”

(smiles like he’s thinking out loud)

“—we could call it a **Southwest Florida Deathmatch**. Concrete, parking lot, back alley... I don’t care.”

(He tilts his head, studying the lens like Wyatt is behind it.)

“I’m not pitching a spectacle.

I’m giving you a chance to back up your mouth.”

(A chill moves through the crowd.)

“You want to label me a psycho?

Fine.

...but give me a chance to prove it.”

(He drops the mic without looking away from the camera.)

Camera cuts back to ringside as Knox rolls under the ropes and starts making his way up the aisle. The Foundry crowd lets him have it — a wall of boos, hands slapping the guardrails, a few fans yelling loud enough to rattle the lights.

Wendell Grimes vs Águila Feral

Bert McDaniels:

“A Southwest Florida Deathmatch?”

Chaz Del Rio:

“That doesn’t sound good.”

Bert:

“Alright, folks. Deep breath. Let’s reset here. Still plenty left tonight.”

The lights in The Foundry dim. A low hum rolls across the room.

A single red spotlight snaps on at the top of the ramp. Smoke pours out across the entryway as Águila Feral steps into view — mask etched in deep, carved patterns, the glowing red eyes cutting straight through the haze. His breathing sounds like a furnace waking up.

He walks slowly. Purposefully. Every step heavy enough to vibrate the floorboards. The crowd doesn’t cheer or boo — they just watch.

Chaz:

“Man. Look at him. That is a terrifying sight.”

Bert:

“I’ve been calling matches for twenty years and that mask still gives me chills.”

Feral circles the ring once, dragging his fingertips across the apron like he’s marking territory, then steps inside with slow, deliberate confidence.

The cheers hit instantly as Wendell Grimes bursts through the curtain — quick steps, shoulders squared, sweat already shining on his brow. His vest is torn, his taped fists hang at his sides, and the crowd makes the building shake as he marches toward the ring.

Bert:

“This man is no stranger to the ring. It’s his first match in CFW, but as you can hear — he’s well known and loved by these fans.”

Chaz:

“And he couldn’t have picked a tougher opponent. Feral has been nothing short of dominant since the day he walked in here.”

Bert:

“Grimes is gritty. He’s stubborn. He fights like he owes someone money.”

Chaz:

“Well, tonight he owes Feral pain.”

Wendell slides in under the ropes and immediately steps toward Feral. The two stand inches apart, neither man taking a single step back. The crowd quiets, the air tightening around them.

The referee tries to get between them, but neither moves. Neither blinks.

The bell rings.

DING.

And the crowd explodes.

The opening minutes hit with the kind of energy only a debut can bring — Wendell Grimes standing across from one of the most intimidating forces in CFW, and refusing to blink.



From the start, it was clear why the fans took to Wendell so fast. He met Feral head-on, not with bravado, but with work. Constant motion. Smart pressure. Testing holds, angles, leverage — the kind of gritty, technician’s approach that turns small successes into momentum. Every time he slipped out of a corner or forced Feral to reset, The Foundry got louder. They wanted this kid to prove he belonged.

But for all Wendell's sharpness, Feral's power changed the temperature of the match instantly.

Every exchange felt like Wendell pushing a mountain. Feral absorbed shots without reacting, shrugged off attempts to drag him off his base, and answered with sudden bursts of violence that reminded everyone why he's feared across multiple promotions. Nothing wild, nothing reckless — just cold, efficient force.

The story of the opening stretch became simple:

Wendell could *outthink* him in flashes.

He could outwork him.

He could even push him back a step or two.

But every time he did, Feral made him pay for it — a reminder that raw strength and that eerie, animal calm could tilt the match at any moment.

Still, **Wendell refused to fade.**

He took the hits, steadied himself, and stayed in the fight with that stubborn, **blue-collar stubbornness** that got him here in the first place. The crowd fed on that—on his refusal to get overwhelmed. And little by little, his rhythm started to surface. He found ways to frustrate Feral, to drag him into longer exchanges, to make the monster work harder than he prefers.

Five minutes in, the match had taken shape:

Feral was the storm.

Wendell was the man refusing to be blown away.

And The Foundry was fully behind him.

Once Feral found his rhythm, the tone of the match shifted hard.

Wendell's early grit and persistence earned him respect with the crowd, but Feral didn't deal in respect — he dealt in violence. And when he decided to impose himself, it felt like the entire ring shrank around them.

The first major slam wasn't just a counter — it was a statement. Feral hoisted Wendell with terrifying ease and spiked him down in a way that felt less like a wrestling technique and more like a hunter discarding a struggling animal. The sound echoed through The Foundry, drawing a sharp gasp from the crowd.

Bert: "Oh my— Wendell might be out cold!"



He wasn't.
He rolled.
Slow, groaning,
breath knocked out
of him — but he
rolled.

Feral stayed on him
with pinpoint
cruelty. A knee
strike to the ribs
that folded Wendell
over himself. A
downward elbow
to the back of the
neck that rattled the
boards. When he
dragged Wendell to
his feet by the jaw,
the kid's legs
wobbled but didn't
give out.

So **Feral threw him
again.**

A snapping, almost
casual takedown
that slammed
Wendell flat and
left him staring at
the lights. Then
came the ground-
and-pound — short

elbows, palm thrusts, those **sudden MMA-level strikes** Feral was feared for across Mexico
and the underground circuits. Every hit thudded like it was thrown by someone doing a job,
not performing.

Chaz: “I don't know what Wendell Grimes is made of, but that kid can take a beating like
I've never seen.”

Wendell pushed up again.

Hurt.

Gashed on the lip.

Breathing jagged.

But alive. Still fighting the urge to stay down.

Feral stepped in, almost studying him, and hit another violent shift — a brutal lift-and-drop that rattled the bottom rope and sent Wendell rolling under it by instinct alone. The crowd groaned as he slumped against the apron, chest heaving, arms trembling.

Yet even then, when the ref leaned in to check, Wendell swatted the hand away and tried to pull himself up. Not smart. Not strategic.

Just pride.

Just heart.

Just that sick need to prove he belongs here.

Bert: “Feral’s throwing bombs out there. Every strike sounds like it could end a career.”

Chaz: “And Wendell— I swear, this kid might be too tough for his own good.”

When Wendell finally staggered back into the ring, the entire mood had changed. Feral wasn’t giving him a fight — he was giving him a **lesson**. Every slam, every crushing takedown, every targeted strike to the ribs or neck framed the same question:

How much can you take before you break?

Feral tightened the vice over the next stretch, and The Foundry watched a beating unfold that would’ve finished most wrestlers twice Wendell Grimes’ size.

He didn’t just overpower Wendell — he smothered him.

Pressed him into corners.

Dragged him back to the mat whenever he tried to stand.

Ground him down with those cruel, precise strikes that felt less like moves and more like openings carved into prey.

And every time Wendell kicked out, Feral got meaner.

The first pin came after a violent overhead toss that sent Wendell bouncing off the canvas like a rag doll.

ONE! ... TWO! ...

Wendell twisted a shoulder up.

The second came off a slamming takedown so stiff the bottom rope shook.

ONE! ... TWO! ...

Wendell kicked free, ribs screaming.

The third came after Feral planted him with a snap power drop — all weight, no mercy.

ONE! ... TWO! ...

Wendell rolled, clutching his chest but refusing to stay still.

The fourth?

A tight lateral press after a knee strike that sounded like it cracked bone.

ONE! ... TWO! ...

Wendell bridged out — barely — and the crowd exploded.

The Foundry rose to their feet, chanting his name, clapping in desperate rhythm. They weren't cheering a comeback. They were cheering **defiance**.

Feral stepped back, mask tilted, almost insulted that **this kid from Pittsburgh wouldn't just stay down**. He grabbed Wendell by the jaw, dragged him upright, and delivered another crushing blow that sent Wendell sprawling into the ropes.

For a moment, it looked like the end.

Wendell hung there, one hand on the middle rope, chest heaving, legs shaking. Feral stalked toward him like a shadow swallowing a candle.

Then Wendell swung.

A wild, ugly, desperate right hand — the kind thrown by someone with nothing left but the need to survive. It cracked Feral clean across the jaw, enough to stun him for the first time.

The Foundry erupted.



Wendell fired another. And another. Barroom instincts coming alive — **elbows, short punches,** a low kick, a rough snapmare into a stiff kick between the shoulders. It wasn't clean. It wasn't polished.

But it was **Wendell.**

Feral staggered. Just a half-step. Just enough.

And that's when Wendell burst free — that moment captured in the image: face bloodied, hair soaked, roaring back into the fight with fists flying like he was swinging for his life.

He landed shots he had no right landing. Hits that pushed

Feral back into the ropes. A tight waist-lock attempt, a trip-through that almost worked, a sudden elbow that cracked off the mask. Then one of his signatures — a gritty chain-wrestling sweep into a short forearm blast that rattled the crowd.

Wendell didn't just fight back.

He **claimed space**.

And suddenly the match turned chaotic — a heavy, brutal back-and-forth where both men threw bombs.

Big slams.

Rattling takedowns.

Close pins — both ways.

****ONE! ... TWO! ...KICKOUT!**

****ONE! ... TWO! ...NO!**

One! Two and a half!

The Foundry kept rising and falling with each breath.

Five minutes ago, Wendell was barely conscious.

Now he was making Águila Feral work for every inch.

And the crowd?

They weren't just cheering anymore.

They believed.

Wendell Grimes didn't just rally — he took command.

It wasn't luck. It wasn't a fluke burst of adrenaline. It was wrestling. Pure, hard-earned, technically sound wrestling layered over the grit he was known for in every armory and warehouse he ever fought in.

And the crowd *felt* it.

When he dragged Feral down with that gritty chain-wrestling clutch and transitioned into sharp body shots, the Foundry erupted. When he snapped off a stiff short-range elbow that sent Feral stumbling sideways, they almost blew the roof off. Wendell wasn't just surviving the storm anymore — he was steering it.

He caught Feral in a tight front chancery, wrenched him around the ring with shockingly clean mat control, and drove a knee into the ribs that dropped The Wild Eagle to one knee. For a heartbeat — a full, electric heartbeat — Wendell Grimes had Águila Feral looking *human*.

Bert: “I can't believe I'm saying this—Wendell Grimes is out-wrestling Águila Feral!”

Chaz: “This kid's not just tough. He's *good*. Really good.”

Wendell fed off it — feeding off every stomp, every clap, every chant vibrating off the metal walls of The Foundry. He kept the pressure on: tight holds, crisp counters, those dirty-but-smart strikes that made his reputation.

And suddenly...
suddenly he *had* Feral.

Backed into a corner.
Breathing heavy.
Mask tilted.
Hands up defensively.

For a split second, it looked like Wendell Grimes was about to pull off the kind of debut upset that launches a career into orbit.

The crowd was losing it.

The announcers were nearly shouting over each other.
Wendell himself realized what was happening — and stepped in, shoulders squared, ready to hit something big—

And that's when it happened.

The trap.

Feral shifted just slightly, drawing Wendell forward with the smallest feint — a classic lure he'd used in lucha pits and underground fight shows across two countries. Wendell bit, just by instinct, just by an inch.

And Feral sprang.

He hit the ropes in one fluid, predatory motion — springboard, twist, the knee arcing like a blade —

Alarido Mortal!

It cracked against Wendell's skull with a sickening force that silenced the Foundry in a single inhale.

Wendell fell like a puppet with its strings cut.

Feral collapsed into the cover, hooking the far leg deep, no hesitation, no theatrics.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE.

The bell rang, but the shockwave through the building was louder.

Feral rose slowly, chest heaving, the glowing eyes of his mask fixed on nothing in particular — as if the match barely moved him. He didn't celebrate. He didn't posture. He simply stepped away, leaving the referee to check on Wendell.

Because the story wasn't about Feral.

It was about what Wendell did.

Bert: "He lost... but my god... Wendell Grimes just took one of the most dangerous men on this roster to the edge."

Chaz: "This wasn't a burial. This was a *debut*. This was a statement. Nobody does that to Águila Feral. Nobody. And that kid almost pulled it off."

Wendell rolled to his side, eyes glassy, but fighting up to one knee. The crowd rose with him, chanting his name, clapping, stomping, roaring approval at the man who refused to stay dead.

Beaten? Yes.

Broken? Not even close.

Going places? Absolutely.

Wendell Grimes had just walked into the Foundry and proved he belonged — and every single person in the room knew it.

Winner: Águila Feral

Bert:

"Folks... tonight is special. Thirty episodes of **Black Light**! Months of chaos, heart, violence, and stories you can't see anywhere else. And a milestone like this deserves a main event worthy of CFW."

Chaz:

"That's right, Bert. And for any new fans tuning in, let's give you a little history lesson... because what you're about to see isn't just a match. It's the cornerstone rivalry that helped *build* this company."

Bert:

"**Brandi Blight** and **Lena Wilde**."

Chaz:

“‘Disdain’ is putting it lightly.”

Bert:

“These two came to CFW from Iron Ring Pro, and their war there was the spark that ignited this entire brand. When Reclamation — the very first CFW event — was booked, *they* were one of the biggest draws. Their names alone sold half the building.”

Chaz:

“And ever since that night, it’s been explosive. Downright venomous. Brandi’s mind games... her backstage cruelty... the way she’s tortured Lena mentally and physically. This feud has been burning for months.”

Bert:

“Then came the points system to crown the first CFW Women’s World Champion contender. These two met several times throughout the tournament. Lena lagged behind early... but fought her way to a gutsy win at Crossroads. Still wasn’t enough to win the whole thing.”

Chaz:

“Nope. That honor went to **Sudio** — Lena’s friend — who edged everyone out. And the whole time, we watched Brandi unravel. Every loss, every encounter with Lena... something darker crept in. Her demeanor changed. Her frustration boiled over.”

Bert:

“And at ***Run It Back***, it finally snapped. She lost the four-way, saw Sudio cement the points victory... and Brandi absolutely **lost it**. That vicious post-match attack? That wasn’t strategy. That wasn’t a statement.”

Chaz:

“That was something else. Something meaner. Something we still can’t fully explain.”

Bert:

“And maybe *that*... everything she put Lena through... every scar, physical and otherwise... is why Sudio chose Brandi Blight as her opponent at *Kingdom Come* for the CFW Women’s World Championship.”

Chaz:

“Brandi Blight vs. Sudio. Winner becomes the **first-ever CFW Women’s Champion**.”

Bert:

“And with Lena Wilde currently out of the title picture... she wants one thing tonight: to end this. To finish this bitter feud once and for all. To finally put Brandi Blight behind her.”

Chaz:

“It’s Black Light 30. It’s personal. It’s ugly. It’s overdue.”

Bert:

“And it starts... **right now!**”



Main Event: Lena Wilde vs Brandi Blight

A beat hangs in the air after Chaz and Bert finish speaking — a heavy pause, the kind that tightens every spine in The Foundry. The crowd murmurs, shifts, rises. They *feel* it coming.

Another beat.

Another breath.

And then—

LENA WILDE’S music hits.

The Foundry detonates.

Not cheers.

Not applause.

A **riot of love** for the woman who clawed her way up from the dirt and bled on every inch of this building to earn their respect.

They chant her name before she even steps through the curtain.

LENA!

LENA!

LENA!

She strides out with that unmistakable posture — headstrong, jaw set, eyes burning forward. No flash, no pyro, no theatrics. Just Lena Wilde, denim and grit, absorbing the roar like oxygen.

The camera catches a dozen signs:

“Hard-Hitting Lena!”

“Break Her Down!”

“Lena’s House!”

Because it is.

This is **her** building.

Her crowd.

Her home turf.

She walks the aisle with purpose, not a smile, not a hesitation — a warrior’s march surrounded by a sea of hands reaching, cheering, calling her name. Every step is steady. Confident. Unshaken by the months of torture, the mind games, the scars Brandi Blight carved into her life.

Tonight?

Lena Wilde is walking toward freedom.

She slides under the bottom rope and rises in one fluid motion. No posing. No pandering. She just plants her feet dead center in the ring and looks straight at the entranceway.

Ready.

Focused.

Hungry.

A woman who's been waiting far too long for this night to finally come.

The crowd doesn't quiet. They swell. They chant louder, pushing sound against the ropes, rattling metal, willing her strength into something bigger than she walked in with.

Tonight, no titles are at stake for her.

But something deeper is.

She stands tall, shoulders back, fists tightening at her sides—



Waiting for
Brandi Blight.

Ready to end
this.

Lena's stance
tightens,
shoulders
squaring, chin
lowering — every
second she
waits, **her
posture
sharpens** into
something
harder, coiled,
**ready to strike
the moment
Brandi appears.**

A final beat hangs in the air...

And then the arena lights drop into a low, uneasy glow.

A [new theme](#) hits — slow, cold, crawling in on whispered vocals about **slipping away**, drifting into places you can't return from. The melody isn't triumphant or flashy like Brandi Blight used to be. It feels **empty**, detached, hollow in a way that sends a chill down the metal walls of The Foundry.

Brandi Blight steps through the curtain.

Not strutting.

Just *walking* — slow, deliberate, like she’s moving toward something unavoidable.

Something waiting for her inside the ring... and inside herself.

Her eyes stay fixed ahead.

Her expression unreadable.

Even the crowd doesn’t know how to react at first — a ripple of confusion, then a rising wave of unease.

Lena watches her like a coiled trap, stance tightening even further.

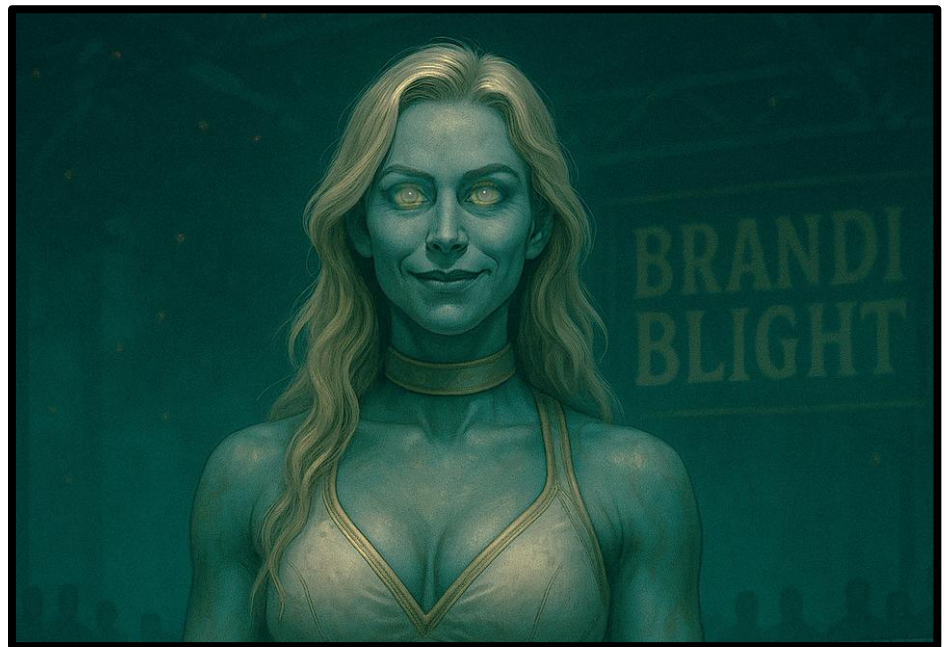
The camera cuts to commentary.

Bert:

“We mentioned earlier that there’s an air around Brandi Blight we don’t fully understand... this... this right here is exactly what we were talking about.”

Chaz:

“Yeah, this isn’t the Brandi we knew from Iron Ring Pro. This isn’t even the Brandi we saw at Reclamation or Afterglow. Ever since the end of *Run It Back*... ever since she watched that **Black Tape**... something’s been off.”



Bert:

“Who knows what effect that thing had on her. We’ve both said it — we don’t pretend to understand it. But whatever she saw... whatever she *thinks* she saw... it’s changed her.”

Chaz:

“Changed her demeanor. Changed her presence. And honestly... I don’t know if that makes her more dangerous... or just unpredictable.”

Brandi reaches ringside.

The chill follows her.

She climbs the steps, slow and precise... then slips through the ropes with the same distant calm, staring across at Lena Wilde — destiny finally closing between them.

The ref calls for the bell.

Lena moves first — low stance, fists clenched, ready to start this the way she always does: with violence, with impact, with that wild, swinging fury that built her name.

But Brandi doesn't meet her there.

She slides in close and **ties Lena up immediately**, snapping into a crisp collar-and-elbow like she's wrestling a clinic, not a blood feud. Lena tries to break free, to swing, to brawl — but Brandi transitions clean into a wristlock, snaps Lena down to a knee, and slides into a grounded headlock with sickening composure.

It throws Lena off.

It throws the *crowd* off.



Brandi controls the angles, keeps the leverage tight, moves like she's running drills in some private studio instead of stepping into the ring with a woman she's spent years tormenting.

Lena tries to wriggle free — explosive hips, short elbows, that sudden fury her style is built on — but Brandi flows with it, catching her again, chaining holds together: a takedown, a roll-through, a sharp knee in transition.

Then she finds her opening.

Brandi wrenches Lena into a grounded position and **hammers her** — clubbing blows to the back, forearms across the shoulder blades, the kind of stiff strikes that make the whole ring sound different. Between every shot she tightens a hold, pulling Lena's limbs where she wants them, punishing her with surgical cruelty.

Lena snarls and fights, but she's being **smothered**.

Bert:

“Lena Wilde came in ready to throw hands, ready to fight a war — and Brandi is grounding her with pure technique. Didn't see *this* coming.”

Chaz:

“Right? This is Blight at her most dangerous. Cold, calculated, technical. She's not brawling with Lena — she's *dismantling* her.”

Brandi spikes a knee into Lena's ribs, forcing her flat.

Another clubbing blow.

A tight chinlock wrench that bends Lena in half.

Every time Lena tries to rise, Brandi pulls her back to the mat, drops an elbow, grinds her forearm across the jaw, makes it ugly in a way only a flawless technician who's lost her shine can do.

The crowd starts stomping, clapping, trying to will Lena up — but right now?

Brandi Blight has her **exactly where she wants her**.

Lena, furious and struggling, can't get a fist up.

Can't fire the strikes she's known for.

Can't unleash the violence she built her reputation on.

Brandi controls the pace.

Brandi controls the positioning.

Brandi controls **everything**.

And that's how she wants it.

Brandi shifts again — from hammering strikes right back into chain wrestling, snapping Lena into another silky-smooth transition. It's unnerving how she does it. Every time Lena thinks the fight has tilted toward brawling, Brandi pulls her back into pure technique, controlling the tempo with frightening precision.

And Lena answers in kind.

Even through the pain, even through the rough start, she digs into her own fundamentals — tight hips, shoulder rolls, sharp pivots — meeting Brandi hold-for-hold. Every exchange becomes a test of skill, not just rage. The crowd feels it. They rise on instinct, applauding sequences where both women counter three, four, five moves in a row.

A wristlock becomes a reversal.

A takedown becomes an escape.

A bridge becomes a counter-pin that forces Brandi to scramble.

Petty? No.

Personal? Absolutely.

Bert:

“Sometimes we forget... with all the animosity, all the bad blood — these two are *unbelievably* technically skilled in that ring.”

Chaz:

“Both from Iron Ring Pro, Bert. A place where this kind of technique is born and bred. You don't survive IRP unless you can *wrestle*.”

The pace quickens — not flippy fast, but tense fast.

Two masters trying to out-snap the other.

Lena finally finds a window.

She ducks under Brandi's grip, snatches a back waist-lock, and **drives** her forward with a low, gritty takedown. Not pretty — but effective. She rolls through and clamps a tight armbar variation, wrenching it just a little harder than necessary.

The crowd roars.

They feel it.

The layered intensity.

The edge.

Lena transitions to a grounded facelock, grinding her forearm across Brandi's jaw, making the technicality hurt. Brandi slaps at the mat — not tapping, but out of raw irritation — and twists into a counter of her own, slipping onto Lena's back like a ghost.

The chain continues — Lena slips out, rolling through into a leg pick, dragging Brandi down again. Brandi scrambles, furious, the mask of control slipping.

But Lena keeps pushing — a sharp snapmare, a stiff kick between the shoulder blades, a fast drop to a grounded front chancery. Every hold from Lena has extra bite tonight. Every whip has more force than the last. The animosity seeps into every angle.

Then Brandi snaps.

She slips her arm free, rotates on a dime, and **catches Lena in a headlock** so tight it jerks Lena's entire frame down — *hard*. Brandi wrenches it in like she's trying to break more than posture, leaning her weight, twisting her hips, face contorted with something that's not just anger...

Something darker.

Something *possessed*.



Lena claws for space, legs kicking, but Brandi cinches the hold deeper, dragging her toward the canvas like she wants her buried beneath it.

The crowd gasps — not just at the force, but at Brandi’s expression.

This isn’t just wrestling anymore.

This is obsession.

Brandi’s grip tightens—then suddenly releases for just a heartbeat.

Only long enough to grab a handful of Lena’s hair and **viciously spike her head into the canvas.**

A thud.

A gasp from The Foundry.

Brandi’s teeth bared in something between rage and obsession.

She yanks Lena up and **slams her head again**, this time even harder, the impact echoing off the tight metal ceiling.

Brandi covers, hooking the leg aggressively—

ONE—

Kickout.

Lena fires a shoulder up with pure instinct.

Brandi snarls, shifts her grip, and **drives the back of Lena’s head into the mat again**, a brutal snap that sends the crowd into scattered shouts.

Another pin.

ONE—

Kickout.

Lena refuses to stay down.

The camera catches Brandi’s face — twisted, lips quivering in anger, eyes wide with a kind of frustrated madness. She’s *not* in control, and she knows it.

Bert:

“That’s... really interesting. You can see it now — part of this new edge from Brandi Blight comes down to one thing: she’s simply not winning the way she’s used to.”

Chaz:

“Exactly. And look who’s across from her. Her record against Lena Wilde? Tainted. Ugly. Not her best. She wants this one more than any other, and you can see the desperation creeping in.”

Brandi drags Lena up by the arm, shaking with fury.

She whips her into the corner—hard.

Follows with a barrage of strikes—sharp, stiff, relentless.

But Lena fights back.

Even dazed, even hurting, she fires a forearm to Brandi’s jaw. Brandi answers with a chop.

Lena snaps a knee into her ribs. Brandi throws a clubbing shot to the back. Lena snaps in another—this time a tight, grimy uppercut from below.

The crowd surges with every exchange.

Back and forth.

Strike for strike.

Two women who absolutely refuse to give the other an inch.

Lena bursts forward, looking to shift the tide—but Brandi slips to the side with precise timing and spins—

CRACK.

A stiff elbow driven directly into the bridge of Lena Wilde’s nose.

The sound is sharp.

The reaction immediate.

Lena stumbles backward, clutching her face as Brandi regains control, her expression now a disturbing blend of triumph and seething frustration—like hurting Lena is the only thing keeping her sane in this moment.

The Foundry feels the temperature change again.

This match is only getting darker.

Brandi sees the opening in a flash.

Lena’s hand is still at her nose when Brandi **lunges**, hooks her tight, and in one savage, decisive motion—

DRIVES HER HEAD-FIRST INTO THE MAT WITH A PILEDRIVER.

The ring shakes.
The audience recoils.
The sound is ugly.

Bert:

“Oh my— God! She folded her in HALF!”

Chaz:

“I hate seeing that... I *hate* seeing that!”

Brandi throws herself into the cover, forearm grinding into Lena’s jaw.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—NO!

Lena kicks out.

Not strong. Not explosive.
Just *alive* enough.

The Foundry detonates.

Brandi sits back on her knees, staring down at Lena like she’s witnessing something impossible. Her breath trembles. Her hands twitch. The frustration builds behind her eyes like pressure in a cracking pipe.

But she doesn’t stop.

She *can’t* stop.

She grabs Lena by the wrist and **rips** her off the mat, shoving her against the turnbuckles. Brandi unloads with sharp, surgical precision—knees to the ribs, chops that echo, a sliding forearm that nearly takes Lena off her feet. She covers again—

ONE—TWO—NO!

Another kickout.

The frustration deepens.
Brandi hits a snap suplex.
Cover—**ONE—TWO—NO!**

She traps Lena in a grounded hold, wrenching hard, forcing the pain.
Lena claws to the ropes, refuses to fade.

The crowd chants her name.

Brandi whips her again—Lena rebounds and surprises her with **a sudden, brutal palm strike**, one of those infamous Hard-Hitting Lena shots that snaps Brandi's head back. The crowd roars.

Brandi swings—Lena ducks—another stiff combo: short kick to the thigh, sharp forearm to the collarbone, a wicked shot under the jaw that makes Brandi stumble into the ropes.

The Foundry is on its feet.

But Brandi answers.

She catches Lena's next strike, twists her arm, and yanks her back into a brutal backbreaker—cover—

ONE—TWO—NO!

The rhythm forms:

Brutality → Desperation → Skill → Heart → Shock → Momentum shifts

A five-star pattern.

Exactly the balance that makes a classic.

We move into longer sequences now:

- *A war of attrition*
- *Clean counters turning into ugly brawls*
- *Big moves followed by gasps and kickouts*
- *Both women stealing each other's offense*
- *A match that feels bigger with every exchange*

Brandi stomps Lena down again, screaming something incoherent through gritted teeth.

Lena fires up, staggering forward with wild, explosive strikes—each one hitting like she's throwing her entire history into the impact.

Brandi can't contain her cleanly anymore.

Lena can't fully wrest control.

It's devolving.

It's escalating.

It's becoming **the match they were destined to have.**

Brandi's frustration boils over until it finally **breaks**.

Lena fires back with a heavy shot that staggers Brandi into the ropes — and Brandi, breathing hard, sweating through the fury twisting her face, suddenly lunges and **drives her thumb straight into Lena Wilde's eye**.

Lena screams — a raw, involuntary sound.

The Foundry erupts in instant rage.

And the referee SEES it.

He sees the whole damn thing.

He shouts, grabs Brandi by the wrist, and forces her back — practically *shoving* her toward the far corner. Brandi throws her arms up defensively, barking something wild and incoherent in protest, but the damage is done.

The crowd is BOOING her with venom.

The ref turns his attention to Lena, who's clutching her face, tears streaming, her body curled in pain.

He kneels beside her.

Signals to the timekeeper.

He's about to call for the DQ.

The building goes quiet — tense, stunned.

Lena shakes her head violently.

She tries to stand.

She collapses.

But she's *begging*.

Through the pain — through tears — through instinct alone...

She is begging the ref not to stop the match.

Her voice cracks.

Her hand reaches up.

She's not done.

She refuses.

The emotion in the room spikes — from sympathy to respect to absolute awe.

Before the ref can decide—

Brandi storms forward again.

Lena can't see her coming — her good eye blurred, the other clamped shut — but she **hears** her. The footfalls. The rage. The intent.

Brandi leaps.

At the very last second, on pure instinct alone, Lena Wilde lashes out blindly with a tackle that takes Brandi straight to the mat. She lets out a scream — part pain, part fury, part survival — and **mounts Brandi**, hammering her with wild, stiff, desperate strikes.

Not pretty.

Not technical.

Not controlled.

Just raw, animal aggression.



The Foundry EXPLODES.

The referee jumps in — but stops halfway.

He sees Lena fighting blind, fighting broken, fighting like a woman who'd burn down her own lungs before letting Brandi beat her this way.

He steps back.

He lets it continue.

Bert (shocked):

“Lena Wilde can’t even SEE — and she’s still fighting! My God, she’s running on heart alone!”

Chaz (voice low, intense):

“That’s not strategy. That’s not instinct. That’s something deeper. You don’t stop this match. You *can’t* stop this match.”

In the center of the ring, Lena pounds away, head bowed, eye swollen shut, teeth clenched, every strike fueled by months of scars and years of rage.

Brandi tries to cover up — but Lena is STILL swinging.

The match has crossed into something primal.

Lena swings wild — a huge, desperate, blind haymaker meant to end it right there — but Brandi ducks under with that ice-cold precision she’s built her reputation on.

And in one breath...

She shifts.

Her entire body turns sharp, elegant, deadly.

The Golden Standard sequence begins.

Brandi spins —

CRACK.

A perfect back elbow to the jaw, catching Lena flush. The sound echoes through The Foundry.

Lena drops to one knee.

The crowd groans — they’ve seen this before.

Brandi steps behind her like she’s walked this path a thousand times, arms sliding under, fingers linking.

She cinches the waist.

The setup for the snap German suplex.

Her finisher.

Her legacy.

Even blind, even half-conscious, Lena knows exactly what’s coming next.

Brandi lifts—

And then—

Lena Wilde FLIPS OUT.

A mid-air rotation.

A tight twist.

A landing so clean it looks impossible in real time.

She lands on her FEET.

The Foundry detonates.

People are screaming.

Jumping.

Losing their minds.

They've *never* seen that counter before.

Brandi freezes.

Her eyes widen.

She turns slowly, unsure, shaken for the first time all night—

And walks straight into disaster.

Lena grabs her — violently, suddenly — by the head and arm, dragging her down toward the ropes. There's no hesitation. No theatrics. No warning.

The entire arena knows what's coming.

BLEED OUT.

A snapping DDT delivered with every ounce of rage, pain, heartbreak, and history between them.

It's nasty.

It's personal.

It looks like she's trying to put Brandi through the canvas.

Brandi bounces off the mat and goes limp.

Lena covers.

Hooking the leg deep.

The crowd counts with the ref — the loudest count The Foundry has ever given.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

IT'S OVER.

The bell rings, but the roar of the crowd washes over it.

Lena Wilde rolls onto her back, one eye swollen shut, chest heaving, emotion breaking through as she stares up at the ceiling lights that have watched every chapter of this rivalry.

She did it.

She put Brandi Blight down, again.

Brandi lies motionless, her golden aura shattered.

Her composure gone.

Her arrogance silenced.

Lena rises slowly — painfully — but with that battered pride glowing in her posture. The Foundry rises with her.

Tonight wasn't about titles.

It wasn't about rankings.

It wasn't about the points battle.

Tonight was about **freedom**.

Lena Wilde stands tall, victorious, ending the bitter feud that helped build Creative Force Wrestling from its very first day.

And the crowd knows it.

They chant her name until the cameras fade out.

LENA.

LENA.

LENA.

Brandi stirs on the mat — slow, unfocused, her body twitching from the impact of Bleed Out. She rolls to her side, then to her stomach, and finally manages to drag herself under the bottom rope, collapsing onto the floor outside.

She doesn't look back.

She can't.

Inside the ring, Lena Wilde stays on her knees, hair matted with sweat, one eye already swelling shut. She looks at Brandi's broken shape on the floor... a woman who spent months tormenting her, belittling her, trying to break her spirit in every way imaginable.

For a moment, Lena just watches her.

Then she turns her gaze upward — toward the rafters, the lights, the old metal ceiling of The Foundry.

It's quiet, small, personal.

A silent acknowledgment that she is **finally done** with Brandi Blight.

A release.

A closing of a wound that's been open far too long.

Bert:

"How good this must feel for Lena Wilde... She's not in the title picture right now. But her best friend is. And tonight Lena proved—again, maybe for the final time—that she can beat Brandi Blight when it counts."

Chaz:

"And think about Brandi for a second. She hates everything about Lena. Her look, her spirit, the way the crowd loves her... She despises Lena Wilde down to her bones. And to lose to her again? To be proven wrong again? That's gonna eat at Brandi Blight to her very core."

Brandi pulls herself up on the barricade, barely able to stand, fury and shame mixing across her face. She stumbles away from ringside, refusing to give Lena even a parting glance.

But Lena isn't looking at her.

She's still staring upward, chest rising and falling, her expression somewhere between exhaustion and vindication.

Tonight, Lena Wilde didn't win a championship.

She didn't move up the rankings.

She didn't earn a title shot.

She earned something deeper.

Closure.

Vindication.

Peace.

The camera pulls back as the crowd chants her name, standing in unison for the woman who fought her way out of hell and left her demon behind.

Black Light 30 closes on this image:

Lena Wilde — triumphant, battered, vindicated [Black Light Ends]

