



CREATIVE FORCE WRESTLING: BLACK LIGHT EPISODE 34

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Benchmark Arena: Tampa, FL

Website: CreativeForceWrestling.com

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SHOW OPENING:

Black Light opening music hits and the crowd erupts. Benchmark Arena is on its feet as Sudio stands in the ring, championship on her shoulder, microphone in hand. The new Women's Champion takes it all in as the moment belongs to her.

"I keep thinking about how this started. Before the lights. Before this title. Before any of it. Black Light Episode One."

She pauses, a small smile breaking through.

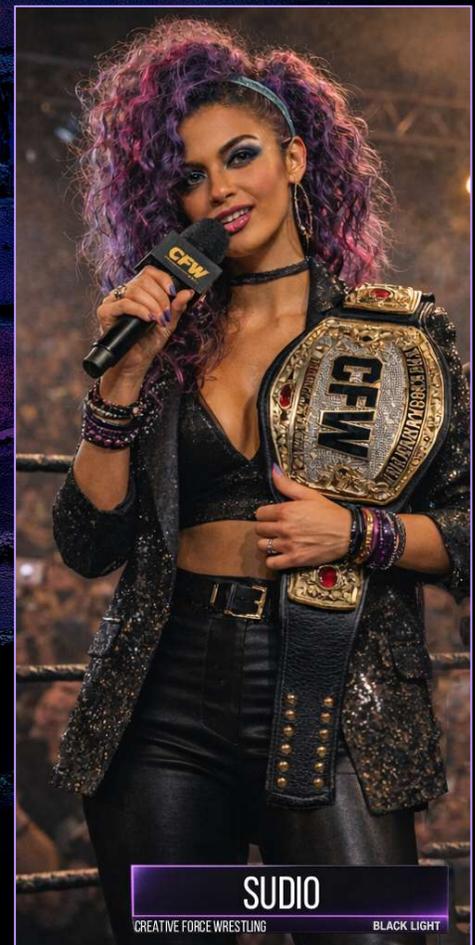
"It wasn't an arena. It wasn't polished. It was a shaky handheld camera in a dirty gym, and that show opened on me standing there, wondering if any of this would even last. I didn't have a resume. I didn't have momentum. I just had heart, and one chance to show it."

She looks out at the crowd.

"And to get here... it wasn't one match. It was weeks. Months. Lena. Shayna. Brandi. Again and again. We pushed each other. We broke each other down. We kept showing up."

Sudio lifts the championship slightly.

"We didn't just fight for wins. We built this division from the ground up. All four of us."



SUDIO

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BLACK LIGHT

The crowd stays on its feet, applause rolling through the Foundry as Sudio stands tall.



| OPENING | **SUDIO'S OPENING PROMO** | CONTINUED |

Sudio:

"And now look around," *she says*. "Look at what we built. This division didn't stop growing. New faces. New hunger. Eyes on **CFW**. And as champion, I promise this doesn't become something I protect by hiding. I'm a fighting champion. If you earn it, you get a shot. No shortcuts. No favors."

Her grip tightens on the title.

"And Brandi... I'll say this to your face. At Kingdom Come, you showed up. You fought clean. You gave everything you had in that ring, and I respect that. That Brandi Blight deserves credit."

The crowd murmurs as her expression hardens.

"But what I don't respect is what you did to Lola Rose. I don't respect jumping people. I don't respect hiding behind numbers. And I don't respect tormenting the people I love. I thought there was a small chance you actually changed. And then you proved you're still the same bitch you've always been."



Sudio:

A beat. Then her voice softens.

"And Lena..."

She turns slightly, emotion breaking through.

"You've been my best friend through all of this. I told you that if I won this title, you'd be first in line. I meant it. When the time is right, it'll be you and me. On the biggest stage. For this championship. Just like we always dreamed."

She lifts the belt as the crowd explodes.

"I love you."

Bert: "That's a champion to be proud of. Sudio reminding everyone what Black Light was built on. Tonight, it all continues. Later on, a massive triple threat main event. Jace Valor. Reign Rokk. Águila Feral. But first, a CFW original steps into the ring against exciting new talent. **Black Light starts now.**"



| MATCH ONE |

CHRIS TITAN vs NICK MORRELL

| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |

The lights dip as a haunting piano line fills the arena. “Every Day Is Exactly the Same” begins to play. Nick Morrell steps through the curtain without ceremony — ripped black shirt hanging loose, blue paint smeared beneath tired eyes. No gestures. No acknowledgment. Just a steady walk to the ring.

Bert: “New face here in CFW. Nick Morrell doesn’t look like he’s here to impress anyone — he looks like he’s here to endure.”

Morrell rolls into the ring and waits, motionless. There’s no music for Chris Titan. He walks out with a towel over his shoulder, jaw set, eyes locked on the ring.

Bert: “Chris Titan is a CFW original. The record hasn’t always gone his way, but this man is a serious technician.”

The bell rings and Titan immediately takes control, shooting in for a clean single-leg and chaining crisp mat work — wrist control, snap takedown, float-over. Morrell absorbs it, fights up, and gets dragged right back down.

Bert: “This is Titan’s world right now. Calm. Precise.”

Morrell finally breaks the rhythm with a sudden headbutt, then unloads with heavy corner chops. Titan answers with a sharp European uppercut and a low dropkick to the knee, cutting Morrell down again. Titan controls the stretch with snap suplexes and relentless pressure, nearly locking in the Torque Protocol before Morrell powers free. **That escape shifts the match.** Morrell surges forward with *Into the Static*, a grinding single-arm DDT, then stalks his opponent. *Dead Signal* lands flush, followed by stiff strikes. Titan fires back with a Snap Dragon Suplex, but Morrell pops up and plants him with a brutal backdrop driver.

The match turns chaotic. **Titan** rallies, but **Morrell** cuts him off with *Fade to Black*, a high-angle snap German, then follows with *Crowfall*, the diving elbow crashing down. Titan staggers up. Morrell hooks him, lifts, and ends it with **Blackwake** — a sit-out double underhook facebuster that snaps Titan flat.

ONE. TWO. THREE

Match Stats

Winner: Nick Morrell

Finish: Blackwave

Time: 8:37

Method: Pinfall

Updated Record: 1–0

| MATCH TWO |

WENDELL GRIMES vs ZENIX METAX

| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |

"Sparkz Phenom" hits, and the arena comes alive.

Zenix Metax steps through the curtain with purpose — white gloves, shoulders loose, eyes already scanning the ring like it's something to be decoded. There's confidence in his walk, not arrogance. He slaps hands on the way down, but never breaks focus. This isn't nerves. This is readiness.

Chaz: "Here we go — Zenix Metax making his **CFW** debut. A competitor who treats every ring like a puzzle he intends to solve."

Bert: "And this is a big stage to do it on. New environment, new pressure — but you can tell, Chaz, this is a man who prepares."

Wendell Grimes emerges taped and tight, jaw clenched, eyes locked forward. No wasted motion. No acknowledgment of the noise. He looks like someone who's been waiting for this moment longer than planned.

Chaz: "Let's be real here — Wendell Grimes was originally slated to be part of the CFW launch.



ZENIX METAX

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Chaz: Schedules changed, cards shifted, and he got pulled off before he ever stepped through that curtain. Nobody's fault... but that delay put a chip on this man's shoulder."



| MATCH TWO | **WENDELL GRIMES vs ZENIX METAX** | CONTINUED |

The bell rings, and the match immediately settles into something serious. **Wendell** wants it grounded. He closes space, drags **Zenix** into tight exchanges, leans on him with pressure. Forearms to the ribs, short strikes, mat control meant to test patience as much as strength. It is not flashy, but it is heavy, the kind of pace that breaks people who are not ready. **Zenix** does not rush. He absorbs. He adjusts.

He starts changing angles, slipping out of holds instead of forcing breaks, switching tempo just enough to keep **Wendell** from settling. Every time **Wendell** tries to slow the match down, **Zenix** answers with movement. A sharp pivot, a sudden burst, a grip change that turns control into space. Time stretches. Sweat builds. The crowd leans in.

Zenix begins to find rhythm, not speed for speed's sake, but placement. He cuts Wendell off mid step, catches him watching the wrong angle, and turns it into clean offense. A sudden snap takedown. A quick transition. A sharp strike that lands before **Wendell** can brace. Wendell fires back the only way he knows how, grit, dragging **Zenix** into exchanges that hurt, not impress. The match becomes will versus adaptation, neither man giving ground for long.

As minutes pass, **Zenix's** confidence grows. He stops reacting and starts dictating. **The Prism is solving the puzzle in real time**, feints high, changes level, forces Wendell to guess. Then Zenix commits. He sells elevation, twists his body in the air. **Moonstomp!** Both feet drive down hard. Wendell folds, rolls, survives. The crowd erupts, sensing how close it was.

Zenix resets, lifts **Wendell** cleanly, and loads him for the **Cartwheel Fireman**. He has it. But as he turns, **Wendell** snaps a *quick subtle* throat chop and **Zenix** gasps, losing a half step. A fraction of a second. **Wendell** drops his weight, snaps **Zenix** up in one motion, and drives him straight into **Iron Vein! One. Two. Three.**

Post Match: **Zenix** rolls to his side and pushes himself up with no argument or disbelief, only frustration controlled. He stands on his own, nodding, replaying how close it was. Wendell does not celebrate, remaining tense and focused, fully aware of what almost happened. **Zenix steps forward and offers his hand.**

Wendell hesitates long enough to make it feel wrong, then takes the handshake, firm and quick, no eye contact, releasing immediately before turning his back and leaving the ring. Zenix watches him go, thoughtful rather than angry, as the crowd applauds in recognition.

Bert: "That hesitation says Wendell Grimes knows **Zenix** can beat him, and that chip on his shoulder just got heavier."

Match Stats

Winner: Wendell Grimes

Finish: Iron Vein

Time: 15:04

Method: Pinfall

Updated Record: 1-2

| MAIN EVENT |

JACE VALOR vs REIGN ROKK vs ÁGUILA FERAL

| 1 FALL – 30 MIN TIME LIMIT |

The lights dip as **Reign Rokk** storms out first, all business, no theatrics. He heads straight to the ring, leans into the ropes, and fixes his stare on the entrance. Then the building darkens again as **"Slipping Away"** echoes through The arena. **Águila Feral** steps from the shadows, silent and deliberate, walking straight to the ring and climbing in without breaking eye contact.

A brief pause... then **"Clock Strikes"** by **ONE OK ROCK** hits and Benchmark Arena **explodes**. **Jace Valor** steps through the curtain to a massive welcome, focused, confident, feeding off the noise as he heads to the ring.

Bert: "CFW loves Jace Valor. This kid could wrestle anywhere — he's got the pedigree to compete all over the world. Lucky for these fans, he's made his home right here."

Chaz: "Hold on — that gear's new. What is this, superhero Valor?"

Bert: "Maybe. But they don't care what he's wearing. Listen to this place!"





| MAIN EVENT | **JACE VALOR vs REIGN ROKK vs ÁGUILA FERAL** | CONTINUED |

The bell rings and chaos hits immediately. **Reign Rokk** storms the center of the ring like a wrecking ball, using his massive frame to shove **Jace Valor** into the corner before turning and flattening **Águila Feral** with a thudding body check. Rokk's size and momentum dominate early — clubbing forearms, short lariats, boots that echo through the arena. Jace survives on movement, darting in and out with sharp strikes, low kicks, and quick counters, while Feral hangs back just long enough to pick his moments, snapping in with sudden knees and precise shots before disappearing again.

The fight spills outside fast. Rokk clears house with a charging shoulder that sends Jace over the barricade, then turns and eats a sudden springboard dropkick from Feral off the apron. Jace drags himself back in first, re-entering the fray with speed — flying forearm, snap German on Rokk, rolling through into a shotgun dropkick that finally staggers the big man. Jace hooks the leg — near fall, two. The crowd's already on its feet. Feral slides back into the ring and cuts Jace off mid-rally with a brutal kick to the ribs, drags him to the ropes, and launches him with a release suplex that snaps heads. Cover — Jace kicks out.

Momentum swings violently. Rokk explodes back in, deadlifting Feral into a crushing spinebuster, then hauling Jace up for a corner splash that rattles the ring. He goes for the pin — **broken up** at the last second by Feral with a diving knee. The pace never slows. Jace strings together a Breaker Sequence on Feral — snap German, pop-up knee, sliding elbow — then turns straight into a lariat from Rokk that flips him inside out.

Chaz: "This thing could end any second!"

Bert: "Or it might never end!"

Match Time: 11:48

Then the big risk. Feral climbs. The crowd realizes it a split second before it happens — and erupts as **Águila Feral** launches from the top rope to the floor, wiping out both men in a breathtaking dive. Bodies crash. Time slows. The Foundry loses its mind. All three barely beat the count back in, trading desperation strikes and instinctive covers — **two-counts everywhere**, no one staying down.

The ending comes in a blur. Rokk roars, backing into the corner, lining up the **Main Stage Dive**. He charges — Jace ducks — and in one fluid motion snaps him into **The Valor Breaker**. The crowd explodes as Jace turns for the cover... but he never gets it. Feral rolls back in like a shadow, explodes forward with **Alarido Mortal**, blasting Jace out of the ring — then collapses across Reign Rokk.

One. Two. Three

| MAIN EVENT | **JACE VALOR vs REIGN ROKK vs ÁGUILA FERAL** | CONTINUED |

Post Match:

Rokk eventually rolls out to the floor, clutching his ribs and shaking off the damage, ending up on the same side of the ring as a spent **Jace Valor**. For a moment it looks like restraint might win out — then it doesn't. Rokk snaps, driving a pair of heavy stomps into Jace as the crowd rains down boos. He pauses, looks back into the ring, and locks eyes with **Águila Feral** standing calm at center.



KILLJOY

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KillJoy steps in and the beating turns vicious. The Seers tear into **Jace Valor**, dragging him up and **driving him down with a brutal powerbomb**, then another, folding his already-battered body into the mat. Valor tries to rise, but he's swarmed, crushed, left helpless at their feet.

Bert: "This is getting out of hand — somebody's got to do something!"

Rokk shoves Jace back under the ropes, and Feral immediately takes over, laying in measured, merciless boots. Rokk turns and walks away, having fed Jace to the wolf. But before he can reach the stage, the lights dim and **"Slipping Away"** hits. **KillJoy** steps out onto the ramp.

Chaz: "That's KillJoy — Águila Feral's partner."

Bert: "Both members of The Seers."

Chaz: "We've seen this play out the last couple weeks... and it never ends well for whoever's left in the ring."

KillJoy and Rokk pass on the ramp. Rokk favors his shoulder, offering a guarded glance. KillJoy doesn't look at him — his eyes are locked on the ring, where Águila Feral stands over a weakened Jace Valor, the moment tightening as he reaches ringside.

Match Stats

Winner: Águila Feral

Finish: Alarido Mortal

Time: 14:31

Method: Pinfall

Updated Record: 5-1



| MAIN EVENT | **JACE VALOR vs REIGN ROKK vs ÁGUILA FERAL** | CONTINUED |

"I am a warrior, I walk with the gods... I am a warrior, I will never stop—"

The opening lines of *"Warrior"* by **Atreyu** hit and the place **erupts**. Wyatt Storm bursts through the curtain and **sprints** down the ramp, eyes locked on the ring as the crowd comes unglued. The Seers finally turn—too late—as Storm slides in hot, the momentum shifting in an instant.

Wyatt ducks the lariat from KillJoy, **hits the ropes**, and explodes back with a **picture-perfect dropkick** that sends the monster spilling over the top rope. The crowd roars as Storm snaps his focus to **Águila Feral**—a sharp strike, a burst of speed, and Feral is **launched out to the floor**. KillJoy scrambles to re-enter, but Wyatt hits the ropes again and **launches with a suicide dive**, wiping him out on the outside. Storm is on fire. He slides back in, checking on **Jace Valor**, standing tall and ready as The Seers regroup at the top of the ramp. Then the mood shifts—**Ace Dalton**, the CFW World Champion, steps into view beside them. Ace stares down the ring. Wyatt and Jace stare back.



*Jace Valor stands tall beside **Wyatt Storm** battered defiant and staring down what comes next.*

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