



**CREATIVE FORCE WRESTLING:
BLACK LIGHT EPISODE 35**

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Benchmark Arena: Tampa, FL

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SHOW OPENING:

The lights are low when Black Light opens. Ronnie Kixx is already standing in the ring. No entrance. No music. He raises the mic without theatrics.

"Are you waiting for me to say his name? " A pause "**MAR** left because he was weak."

"You want a conspiracy. You want betrayal. You want some grand unraveling of **The Seers**. There isn't one. He was weak. He loved mystery over action" *Ronnie slowly paces once across the ring, deliberate, controlled.* "**The Seers** don't hesitate anymore."

He stops and looks directly into the hard cam. "**MAR** was a prophet without teeth. He spoke about vision. About destiny. About forces moving in the dark. But prophecy means nothing if you can't enforce it." A beat "But understand this, his prophecy was never about him. It was about **Ace Dalton**. **MAR** saw what he wasn't. He saw someone who doesn't hesitate. Someone who doesn't drift in riddles. Someone who leads with intention." *Ronnie steps forward a half step, eyes locked on the camera.* "**Ace Dalton** will lead **The Seers** with clear objectives."



"No more wind talk. No more vague warnings. Under **Ace**, **The Seers** are not a concept. We are a directive. The objective is dominance. **The Seers** will become the most dominant force in wrestling. That starts with stripping **Sudio** of the Women's Championship." *Ronnie's eyes stay locked on the hard cam.* "**Sudio**, you're holding something that doesn't belong to you. We're taking it." *His tone hardens.* "And to every **newcomer in that locker room**...you are targets. Not the future. Targets. If you think this is your era, step forward." A cold pause. "We're not warning you. We're choosing you. **Ace Dalton** speaks on Black Light 36. After that... we begin." *Ronnie lowers the mic, holding eye contact as the screen fades.*

| MATCH ONE |

SWANNY vs ZENIX METAX

| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |

The tension from **Ronnie Kixx's** words still hangs in the air as the camera fades in from the break and settles on the commentary desk.

Chaz: "Love him or hate him, Ronnie didn't mince words. MAR might have been a genius, but I never understood a damn thing he was talking about."

Bert: "Whatever the philosophy was, it's over. And if you were listening, our first match features two of the so called newcomer targets Ronnie just called out."

Chaz: "Swanny. Zenix Metax. Two new names in CFW trying to make noise."



Swanny and **Zenix Metax** meet in the center of the ring before the bell, no theatrics, no cheap shots. A firm handshake. Mutual respect. Swanny nods, fired up but grounded. Zenix holds steady, eyes sharp, studying.



| MATCH ONE | **SWANNY vs ZENIX METAX** | CONTINUED |

Bert: Both of these men looked very impressive in their debut matches but unfortunately neither were able to come away with victory. Something is going to budge tonight. Love to see the respect shown here.

The bell rings and **Swanny** comes forward with that blue collar urgency that has carried him his entire career. He snaps into an arm wringer into leg lariat, setting tone early. **Zenix Metax** absorbs, pivots, and counters into tight waist control, immediately adjusting instead of forcing strength. He transitions smoothly into a grounded hold, forcing Swanny to work just to breathe. Swanny fires back with a slingblade and stiff **Kawada kicks** that echo through the building. Zenix rolls through the final kick, springs to his feet, and answers with a sharp combination that backs Swanny into the ropes. A sudden burst catches Swanny stepping heavy and Zenix drives him down with authority. The Prism is dictating angles now.

He feints high, rotates through the air, and plants the **Moonstomp** clean. One. Two. Swanny kicks out, but Zenix stays on him, dragging him up and changing tempo again. A snap release suplex sends Swanny across the ring and the crowd begins to shift, realizing this is not a one sided fight. Swanny rallies and drags Zenix to the corner. **Mom, It Was Never a Phase! It's a LIFESTYLE!** The back crash and double knees connect. Two and a half. Zenix survives and immediately rolls to the apron, forcing Swanny to chase.

Zenix slips back inside and counters a **brainbuster** attempt mid lift, landing behind and hoisting Swanny up. Cartwheel Fireman connects flush. One. Two. Swanny barely escapes and now Zenix looks inches away from his first win.

The pace intensifies. Zenix stays composed, constantly adjusting, baiting Swanny into overcommitting. He nearly catches him again with another quick tempo shift that has the crowd gasping. Swanny escapes at the last second and fires back with a KA POW Kick that snaps Zenix sideways. **Death Valley Driver** plants him hard. Still not enough.

Swanny loads **for Sugar, We're Going Down** but Zenix twists free and counters into a sudden cradle for a razor close near fall that has Chaz shouting at the desk. **Zenix** pops up and goes for another **Moonstomp**. Swanny rolls just in time.

Swanny climbs. Montreal Cannonball crashes down. One. Two. Zenix kicks out and the building erupts. Swanny stares in disbelief, drags him up, and drives **Brain Stew** clean in the center of the ring. **One. Two. Three.**

Swanny drops to a knee, spent. **Zenix** rolls aside, frustration visible but controlled. No excuses. He rises on his own and offers his hand. Swanny takes it. **Swanny needed everything he had.** Zenix leaves without the win, **but far from beaten.**

Match Stats

Winner: Swanny

Finish: Brain Stew

Time: 18:10

Method: Pinfall

Updated Record: 1-1



| MATCH TWO |

LOLA ROSE vs ROKKIT

| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |

Bert: "Earlier tonight, Ronnie Kixx said The Seers are going after Sudio's Women's Championship — and Rokkit is part of that machine now. If that's the road she's walking, then this rubber match matters."

Chaz: "One win each between these two. If Rokkit wants to chase gold with The Seers calling their shots, she has to close this chapter. You can't be talking about titles while Lola Rose keeps getting the better of you."

Bert: "And make no mistake, Lola's connection with this crowd has been living rent free in Rokkit's head."

The bell rings and they collide immediately. Lola opens with clean, confident grappling — smooth arm drags, grounded head control, seamless transitions into wrist work that showcase the hybrid technician she's become since SpeedRun. Rokkit answers in bursts, flipping through pressure, firing sharp forearms and low kicks, hitting a springboard arm drag and a running corner **meteora** that reminds everyone she's still lightning-fast. The pace is electric, but the rhythm belongs to Lola. "**LO-LA! LO-LA!**" rolls through The arena. Rokkit hears it. She tries to speed things up — rope-run crossbody, spinning backfist, a quick tornado DDT attempt — but Lola adapts every time. A northern lights suplex bridges tight. A German sequence rattles the ring. Lola isn't overpowering her — she's out-thinking her. Out-wrestling her.

Chaz: "Rokkit's explosive, but Lola's one step ahead."

Frustration creeps in. Rokkit bails outside, regroups, snaps Lola across the ropes and lands a slingshot cutter for a close two-count. She pushes the edge further — rake of the eyes behind the referee's back, a blatant choke on the ropes. The shift is clear now. This isn't underdog fire. This is control through shortcuts.

Bert: "That fan reaction? It's fuel for Lola. It's poison for Rokkit."

Rokkit goes high-risk early with Rocket Launch — Lola narrowly escapes. The crash costs her momentum, and Lola capitalizes with a slingblade and a snap Saito suplex that nearly ends it. The crowd swells again, louder this time. **Rokkit snaps.** She slides outside and pulls a chain from under the apron. The boos are immediate. She grips it tight, jaw clenched — then throws it down in disgust. Not because she found her conscience. Because even that won't silence the crowd.

She charges back in reckless and desperate, walking into a quick inside cradle. Two and three-quarters.

Chaz: "Rokkit is running hot and is just not focused."

| MATCH TWO | **LOLA ROSE vs ROKKIT** | CONTINUED |

Rokkit rallies with a superkick and finally lands a clean second-rope meteora. Two-count. She screams in frustration. She tries to end it with another Rocket Launch, but Lola meets her on the ropes and wins the exchange. A diving crossbody brings another razor-thin near fall. Both up. Rokkit tries a tights-assisted roll-up. Almost. Lola kicks free and answers with a spinning heel kick that flows naturally into a fireman's carry. Rokkit fights, elbows flying, nearly slipping free, **but Lola adjusts mid-motion**, instinct taking over. She spins with intensity.

Heartbreaker!! Sit-out slam. Clutch tight. **ONE. TWO. THREE.**

Post Match: Lola Rose rises slowly, breathing heavy as The Foundry pours love down on her. She soaks it in, tapping the rose on her gear and climbing the turnbuckle to salute the crowd. The chants swell again, louder than before. Across the ring, Rokkit pulls herself up with a scowl, eyes burning. She doesn't look shocked. She looks furious. She heads up the ramp without looking back, every step tight with controlled rage. At the top, **Rokkit** drops to one knee, steadying herself, trying to regain balance and clarity. The arena shifts as **"Slipping Away"** hits. A beat later, **Brandi Blight** steps out and stands beside her. No theatrics. Just presence. Rokkit rises and together they lock eyes with Lola in the ring. Lola turns and meets their stare. The distance between them feels heavy. The Seers stand united, and the message is unmistakable.

Match Stats

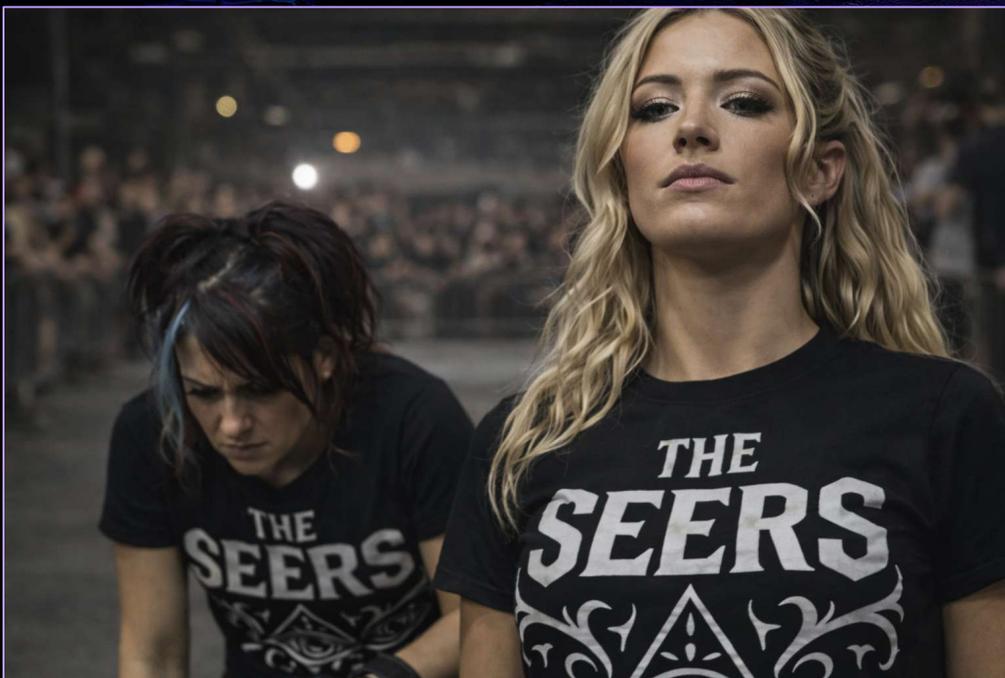
Winner: Lola Rose

Finish: Heartbreaker

Time: 10:06

Method: Pinfall

Updated Record: 6-3



Bert: We haven't seen Brandi Blight since **Kingdom Come**. It's clear she's out here to stand by Rokkit.

Chaz: Not only that, she's staring a hole through Lola. I think she's calling her out, Bert. She's not saying a word, but she doesn't have to.

Bert: The Seers look united.

| MATCH THREE |

SAVIOR HAWKINS vs CIARAN KENNEDY

| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |

Bert McDaniels: "Now we have two highly anticipated debuts."

Chaz Del Rio: "Two different mentalities. Two different pressures."

Ciaran Kennedy walks out first. No hesitation in his step. He chooses to enter the space before anyone else, to set the tone before the noise can. He pauses at the apron, eyes scanning the ring with calm confidence. Not arrogance. Certainty. He believes this space belongs to him and anyone across from him is standing in the way.



"The Safest Ledge" hits.

Savior Hawkins steps through the curtain in midnight blue and gold. Gloves tight. Shoulders squared. He doesn't play to the crowd. He walks like every step matters.

Bert McDaniels: "Here comes the Forward Driven Façade."

Chaz Del Rio: "Momentum defines him. Always forward. Never backward."

Savior moves with urgency but not panic. Controlled. Focused. Jaw locked. A man who has had to fight for the right to stand here.

Bert McDaniels: "We saw the promo. The pressure. The confrontation. Being told what not to be."

Savior reaches the bottom of the ramp and pauses for half a breath. Not doubt. Reset.

Chaz Del Rio: "He buried a lot to get here. Nightmares. Rejection. Years of being told he wasn't enough."



They meet in the center before the bell. Forehead to forehead. Neither man blinking. The building hums. Kennedy steady, unbothered. **Savior's** breathing just a shade heavier, like momentum is already building inside him.

Bell rings.

No circling. **They lock up hard.** Kennedy immediately tries to control the wrist and shoulder, grounding the exchange, forcing Savior to feel his strength. Savior rolls through, shifts hips, snaps into a quick arm drag and floats over into a grounded hold. Technical. Clean. Neither giving ground. **Kennedy** powers out, shoves him back. Sharp forearm. **Savior** answers with a kick to the ribs and a quick snap DDT that spikes Kennedy early. One count. Too soon.

The pace rises. **Savior** keeps moving. Dropkick. Springboard forearm. **Divine Blitz** starts to build, strikes stringing together with rhythm and urgency. **Kennedy** absorbs one, two, then explodes through the third with a brutal lariat that turns Hawkins inside out. The tone shifts. Kennedy slows it down. **Heavy body shots. Short knees.** He leans his weight in, grinding. Not flashy. Measured brutality. He traps the arm and launches him with **The Saint**. Full release. **Savior** crashes hard and sits up too fast, jaw tight. No outward anger. It folds inward. **Minutes stretch. Kennedy** stalks. **Savior** fights from underneath with bursts. A sudden counter into **Bitter Consequences** connects clean and the crowd surges. **Two and a half. Kennedy** barely kicks free. They rise slower now. **Kennedy** catches a leap and drives **Hawkins** into the corner. **The Sinner.** Foot planted. Snap down spike. **Savior** folds and the air leaves the building. Two count. Savior rolls to his knees, blinking hard. For a split second his focus drifts. Then he forces himself up. Always forward.

Kennedy charges for **The Mercy Kill.** **Savior** sidesteps at the last possible breath and Kennedy's knee smashes rope instead of jaw. The crack echoes. Momentum swings again. Savior climbs. Top rope **Bitter Consequences** attempt. Kennedy shoves him mid balance and both crash to the mat in a tangle of limbs. They trade on their knees. Forearms. Head snaps. Sweat flying. Time passes. Kennedy hooks double under. **Saltire Spike** teased. Savior blocks. Drops weight. Back body drop. Both men slow, but neither backing off. The crowd is fully in now. **Savior** fires the **Divine Blitz** again, this time cleaner. He backs into the corner. Crowd rising. He charges for **SHOWTIME. Kennedy moves.** The kick grazes. Not flush. Both land awkward.

Savior rolls through and creates just enough space. Kennedy pops up on instinct, charging forward to close the gap before Hawkins can reset. They meet halfway. Savior plants. No hesitation. **SHOWTIME!** again. This one lands clean. Jaw snapping impact. Kennedy drops flat.

One. Two. Three. **Kennedy** kicks out a second too late.

Match Stats

Winner: Savior Hawkins

Finish: SHOWTIME!

Time: 13:23

Method: Pinfall

Updated Record: 1-0

| MATCH FOUR |

ADAM STRYKER vs REIGN ROKK

| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |

Bert: "That was an instant classic. Two debuts and they wrestled like main eventers. If that's chapter one, we need chapter two. Get them back in the ring together as soon as possible."

The lights cut and a hard pulse of music hits as **Adam Stryker** steps through the smoke at the top of the ramp. No gestures. No posing. He walks with the quiet certainty of a man who has **already headlined bigger buildings than this**. Broad shoulders, steady pace, eyes forward.

Bert: "Two decades in this business and tonight **Adam Stryker** makes his **CFW debut**."

Chaz: "And he didn't come in respectfully, Bert. He flat out said **Reign Rokk** loses matches because he can't control himself. Called him talented but reckless. Said he sees the mistakes he used to make staring back at him."

Bert: "He promised a masterclass. Now he's got to deliver it against one of the most dangerous men on this roster."

Chaz: "Say what you want about his temper, but nobody in that locker room takes Reign Rokk lightly. We've seen what happens when people do, its not pretty."



ADAM STRYKER

CREATIVE FORCE WRESTLING

BLACK LIGHT

Stryker climbs the steps, wipes his boots on the apron out of habit more than respect, and steps through the ropes. He stands center ring, calm, composed, waiting.

| MATCH FOUR | **ADAM STRYKER vs REIGN ROKK** | CONTINUED |

Reign Rokk steps out and heads straight for the ring, no gestures, no wasted motion. His eyes never leave **Adam Stryker**. He rolls under the ropes, rises slowly, and something in him tightens. Shoulders square. Jaw clenched. The air shifts.

He steps forward until they're nose to nose. Words start flying low and venomous. Stryker smirks. Rokk doesn't. The threats aren't loud. They're personal.



Chaz: This is going to get ugly quickly.

It doesn't take long.

They collide before either man even thinks about feeling out the pace. Foreheads nearly touching, words still flying, and then a hard right from Rokk snaps Stryker's head back. Stryker answers with a stiff forearm. They trade in the center of the ring, heavy, tight shots. No chain wrestling. No posturing. Just impact.

Rokk tries to overwhelm him early, driving Stryker into the ropes and mauling him with clubbing blows to the back and shoulders. A short lariat turns Stryker inside out and the crowd surges. Rokk hauls him up by the head and launches him across the ring with a raw release suplex. It's not pretty. It's violent.

**But Stryker survives.**

He rolls to the outside to reset. Slows his breathing. Slides back in under control. The next lock-up is different. He slips behind, hooks the arm, traps the wrist, and wrenches it tight. He drops low, sweeps the leg, transitions into a grounded hold and starts dissecting. Knee to the shoulder. Elbow to the jaw. Quick snapmare into a sharp kick to the spine. It's a shift in tone. This is the masterclass he promised. Rokk swings wild and Stryker makes him miss. Chop block to the knee. A tight dragon screw. He keeps Rokk off balance, keeps him turning, keeps him reacting. A sudden DDT spikes the big man and for a moment the arena quiets. Two count.

Stryker talks to him. Calm. Measured. Almost instructional. That's when **Rokk snaps**. He eats another strike, stumbles, and then explodes through it. A brutal forearm cuts Stryker off mid-sequence. Rokk absorbs a knee, then fires back with one twice as hard. He lifts Stryker and drives him down with a thunderous powerslam that shakes the ring. The technical control evaporates. Rokk doesn't wrestle now. He hunts. A running big boot crushes Stryker in the corner. A spine-jarring backbreaker folds him over Rokk's knee. He drags Stryker up again and plants him with a heavy sit-out powerbomb. **Two and a half!**

Minutes pass and the match thickens. Stryker's precision keeps finding openings, but **Rokk's brute force keeps breaking through** them. Control shifts. Momentum swings. The fight stops being about proving a point and starts becoming personal. Minutes grind by and it becomes Rokk's fight. Heavy forearms. Slower, meaner headbutts. Every slam keeps Stryker down longer. He drags him up, talks to him, calls for **Main Stage Dive** and it feels inevitable.

Stryker survives it with timing, not speed. He lets Rokk crash and goes straight to the knee. Again and again. The chaos tightens into something cruel. The big man's base shortens. The fight slows. What was dominance turns fragile. Stryker stretches the leg, traps it, makes 326 pounds carry itself wrong. Rokk keeps swinging, keeps landing, but the damage stacks underneath. Time passes. Breath shortens. Stryker lifts him for **The Last Day on Earth**. Almost. The building rises. The weight crashes down instead. Rokk answers with a violent powerbomb for two. They're both slower now. Rokk hunts but the knee betrays him mid-charge. Stryker clips it again and this time the balance tips. Not dramatic. Just enough. Morituri Te Salutant spikes him. **The Stryke (Gore)** gets two. The monster will not die.

One more attempt at The Last Day on Earth. Higher. Closer. Still no. Rokk swings desperate. Stryker slips it and drives through him with a second, cleaner The Stryke.

One. Two. Three.

Stryker kneels over him knowing he never finished the job the way he wanted. Rokk sits up before he leaves.

This isn't over.

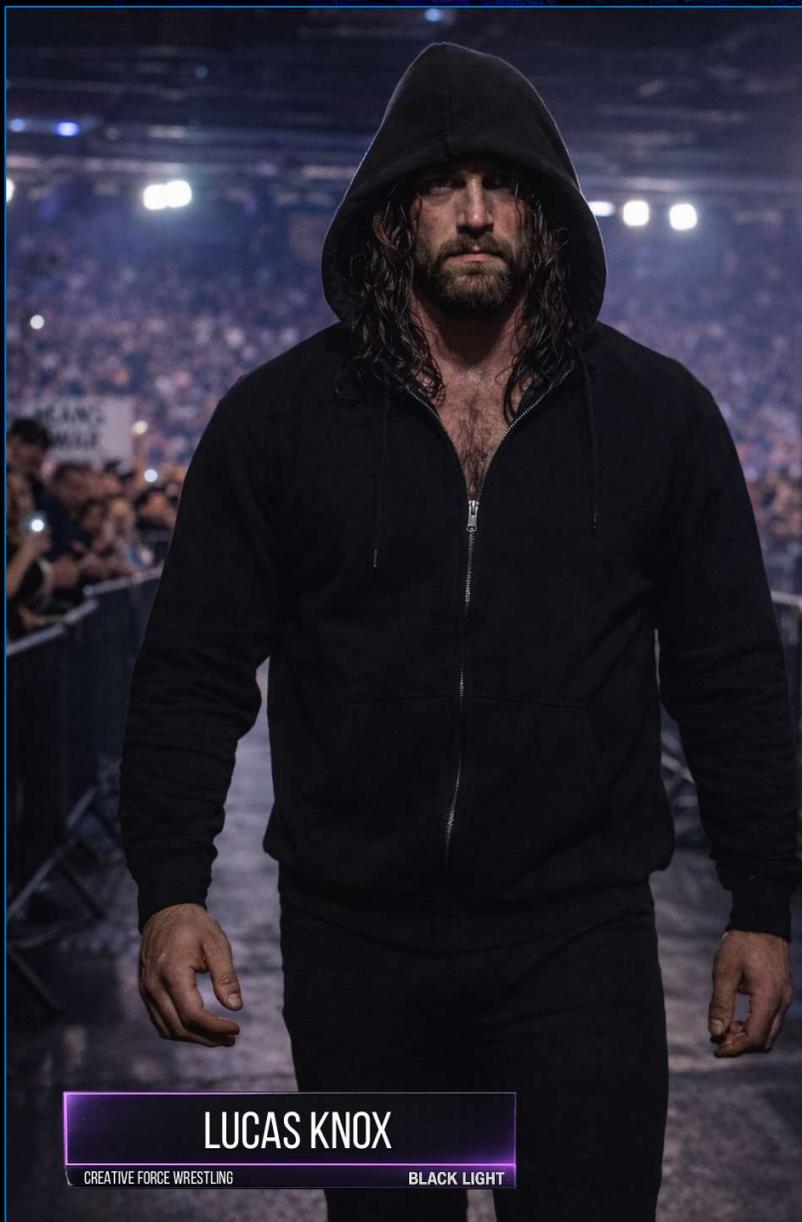
Match Stats**Winner:** Adam Stryker**Finish:** The Stryke**Time:** 17:20**Method:** Pinfall**Updated Record:** 1-0

| MAIN EVENT |

LUCAS KNOX vs ALARIC GREEN

| 1 FALL – 30 MIN TIME LIMIT |

The lights drop and the opening synth of **"No Easy Way Out"** by **Beast In Black** hits. Lucas Knox steps through the curtain slow and deliberate, jaw tight, eyes forward. No rallying gesture. No connection with the crowd. His energy around him feels different. The music swells with arena-sized defiance, but Knox walks like a man holding something in.



LUCAS KNOX

CREATIVE FORCE WRESTLING

BLACK LIGHT

Bert: "This is the first time we've seen Lucas Knox since Kingdom Come."

Chaz: "And we have to address it. He's 0 and 5 in CFW singles competition."

Knox climbs into the ring as the chorus hits, expression unreadable.

Bert: "One of the most promising signings on the original roster and he has not won."

Chaz: "Wyatt Storm has been the one name he can't escape. Dominion. Black Light. Kingdom Come. Every time they meet, it ends the same."

Lucas Knox stands center ring, shoulders squared and unmoving. The music fades but he doesn't blink, eyes fixed on the entrance. Calm. Controlled. Waiting for Alaric Green.



| MAIN EVENT | **LUCAS KNOX vs ALARIC GREEN** | CONTINUED |

The arena dims and the slow, haunting drum of **"God's Gonna Cut You Down"** by **Johnny Cash** hits, heavy and deliberate, like judgment stepping into the building.

Bert: "Here comes **Alaric Green**, a thirty year Rust Belt veteran who built his name in steel town gyms and smoky halls where toughness meant everything."

Chaz: "He's 4 and 1 in CFW and every one of those wins has been gritty and earned. No flash, just punishment and pressure."

Bert: "For Lucas Knox, this might be the toughest possible test if he wants to end that losing streak."

The bell rings and there's no feeling out. Knox steps in and **Green** meets him with forearms, thick shots that echo through the building. No finesse, just impact. Green immediately drags it into his world, leaning his weight into the corners, grinding taped fists into ribs and jaw, cutting the ring off with veteran precision. **Knox** answers with clubbing blows and a hard shoulder block, trying to impose his size, trying to force this into something he can control.

It becomes a grind. **Knox slams Green** and clamps on a tight chinlock, wrenching back, proving he can dictate pace. Green endures, powers up, answers with headbutts and a crushing clothesline. He doesn't waste motion. Every strike lands with purpose. He targets the body, slows Knox, makes him carry weight. **Knox fires back with a burst**, a heavy lariat and a near Iron Pulse that almost snaps Green in half, but Green blocks and drives a knee into the midsection to reset the fight.

Time stretches. Sweat builds. **The crowd grows uneasy.** Knox's shots get harder but less disciplined. He shoves instead of sets. He argues after a tight two count. Green stays relentless, stalking forward, absorbing and returning, trusting experience over emotion. A thunderous powerslam drops both men and the arena rises, but when Green sits up first and fires another forearm, something flashes in Knox's eyes. The calm is thinning. The rage is getting closer to the surface.

As the match wears on and the minutes pile up, Knox begins to press the advantage, staying on Green and refusing to give the veteran space to breathe.

Green refuses to stay down. He pulls himself up on the ropes and Knox meets him with repeated Insentenced Clubbing blows, forearms crashing down again and again until the referee steps in to warn him. Knox doesn't break immediately, standing over Green as the crowd shifts uncomfortably. But the veteran fires back with a sudden headbutt, a short-arm clothesline, and a heavy spinebuster that nearly steals it. **Two count. Knox survives.**

They trade in the center, both reaching for the end. Green tries to haul him up for Iron Verdict, Knox elbows free. A stiff forearm rocks Knox, a powerslam answers. Both men down. Green rises first, charging again, but Knox ducks under and blasts him with a brutal lariat. This time he doesn't hesitate. He hauls Green up and drives him into the mat with **The Iron Pulse.**

| MAIN EVENT | **LUCAS KNOX vs ALARIC GREEN** | CONTINUED |

One. Two. Three. **Knox ends his losing streak in CFW.** He doesn't celebrate. He stands over Alaric Green, chest heaving, eyes hollow. The crowd buzz turns uneasy. Knox rolls out, pacing with his jaw clenched, then pulls his hoodie back on without looking away as Green fights to a knee. Knox suddenly slides partly under the ring and comes up with a baseball bat.

Match Stats**Winner:** Lucas Knox**Finish:** Iron Pulse**Time:** 11:43**Method:** Pinfall**Updated Record:** 1-5

Bert: "No. Don't do this. What in the hell is the matter with him?"

Green barely rises before the bat cracks across him. He drops. Another shot. And another. The referee retreats as the crowd turns from shock to fury as he pummels Green.

Chaz: "This is sick. You won the match Lucas! What are you trying to prove?"

Knox stands in the center of the ring, bat resting on his shoulder, face cold and unreadable. The camera lingers on the image as Black Light fades to black

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