



CFW BLACK LIGHT

CREATIVE FORCE WRESTLING: BLACK LIGHT EPISODE 36

Benchmark Arena: Tampa, FL

Website: CreativeForceWrestling.com

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MARA GRAVE

Mara climbs onto the apron, glaring into the crowd before stepping through the ropes.

Chaz: "Welcome to Black Light 36 live from Tampa Florida and we are starting this show with a statement."

Bert: "We have a loaded night ahead. Your main event is **KillJoy versus Wyatt Storm** with unwritten future championship implications."

Chaz watches Mara stalk the ring, jaw tight.

Chaz: "And you are looking at someone who has made it clear she wants to be the face of Black Light."

Bert: "Well I mean this respectfully but if we are talking about the face of Black Light her face definitely looks the part."

Selina Santorino makes her way down the ramp.

SHOW OPENING:

"Stitches" by Orgy hits. The arena drops into a sick green haze as the opening riff rips through the building. The crowd reacts instantly because they know what it means. Mara Grave storms out through the smoke. Paint smeared. Hair wild with streaks of color. Eyes blackened like war paint. She screams toward the camera like she's trying to tear the night open.



SELINA SANTORINO

| MATCH ONE |

MARA GRAVE vs SELINA SANTORINO vs GRAYSIE PARKER

| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |



GRAYSIE PARKER

Selina Santorino strides down the ramp, phone raised as she snaps a selfie. She speaks into it, eyes locked on the screen, clearly addressing her followers as she continues her walk to the ring.

Chaz "She's not even looking at the ring. It's all about her followers right now."

Bert "Her debut, and she's already making it all about the content."

Kittie's "Eyes Wide Open" hits and the arena reacts as **Graysie Parker** walks out, her powerful stride commanding attention. Muscles flexing, she moves with purpose, focused solely on the ring.

Chaz "**Graysie Parker**, debuting tonight, and she's already exuding confidence. This is a woman who knows exactly what she's capable of."

Bert "She's not here for a show. She's here to prove she's the strongest in the room."

Graysie steps through the ropes, rolling her shoulders and cracking her neck. **Mara Grave** and **Selina Santorino** are already in the ring, both ready to build on the momentum of the Women's Division.

Chaz "We've seen **Lena**, **Shayna**, **Brandi**, and **Sudio** set the stage. Now, it's time for these women to show they're the future."

The three women meet in the center of the ring, eyes locked. **Graysie Parker** stands firm, her presence unshakable. **Mara Grave** stares with cold intensity, ready for a fight. **Selina Santorino** remains composed, surveying both women, a quiet confidence in her stance. Tension builds.

The bell rings. **DING! DING! DING!**



| MATCH 1 | MARA GRAVE VS SELINA SANTORINO VS GRAYSIE PARKER | CONTINUED |

Chaz: “Three very different women, all fighting for their place in the Women’s Division. Graysie’s raw strength, Mara’s intensity, and Selina’s ability to control the game.”

Bert: “Exactly, Chaz. This is more than one match. This is a proving ground.”

The first move comes from **Graysie**, charging **Mara** with a lock up and driving her straight into the corner with brute strength. **Mara** shifts her weight and fires a sharp knee into Graysie’s ribs. Graysie stumbles but answers immediately, grabbing the waist and snapping Mara over with a **German suplex**. She rolls through, drags her up again and fires her into the ropes. On the rebound Graysie catches her in a **delayed vertical suplex**, holding her high for a long count before dropping her hard.

Chaz: “Graysie’s power is on full display. She’s showing just how dominant she can be.”

Bert: “But Mara isn’t out. That’s just the beginning. She’s a fighter, and she thrives in chaos.”

Selina watches for the opening. As Mara pushes up, Selina darts in and plants her with a **pumphandle X Factor**. Graysie turns and answers the assault on Mara instantly with a crushing forearm that sends **Selina** into the corner. A **running shoulder block** follows, driving the air from her lungs. Graysie stands over both opponents, calm and steady. The pace then surges after a steady build. All three collide in fast violent bursts. Mara answers with heavy forearms and tight brutal knees, dragging the fight into close quarters. **Graysie** absorbs the shots and fires back with leverage and control. Snap suplex. **High angle suplex**. A rolling German chain that sends Mara skidding across the canvas. She hauls her up again and holds another delayed vertical suplex, the crowd counting as the strength display hangs in the air before crashing down.

The triple threat shifts fast. Selina springs back in, launching from the second rope with **Hit the Like Button**, aiming to crash across both opponents. Mara rolls clear. **Graysie** partially blocks it. Selina still hits hard and instantly scrambles into a cover. As the match wears on the pattern sharpens. **Graysie and Mara fight the war**. **Selina hunts the moment**. Selina circles the chaos, darting in only when the opening is perfect. A quick roll up on Mara nearly steals it. Later she snatches a flash cover on Graysie after a spill from a suplex exchange. Each time she slips away again before either can grab her, always calculating. Meanwhile Mara absorbs punishment that would finish most. **Graysie stacks suplexes** on her. Snap. High angle. **Rolling Germans** that throw Mara across the ring. **Selina** adds sudden strikes whenever she can. Still **Mara** keeps dragging herself back into the fight, firing more forearms and knees and forcing the match back into the grinding chaos she thrives in. The crowd begins rallying behind her resilience as the pace stays frantic, **Graysie** grinding forward with strength and leverage while Selina repeatedly dives in for desperate covers that come dangerously close.

Finally the opening appears. **Mara** staggers after another collision with Graysie and Selina darts in, hooks the arms and spikes her with a sudden **Pumphandle X Factor**, immediately covering to steal it. One. Two. Graysie storms in and rips Selina out of the pin into a huge **release German suplex**, throwing her across the ring before dropping into the cover on Mara. One. Two. **Mara kicks out**, barely beating three as the crowd erupts. Mara drags herself up but turns straight into Graysie, arms locking tight. **Graysie Driver**. The butterfly piledriver spikes Mara into the mat as Selina dives to break it but arrives a split second too late. **One. Two. Three**. The crowd rises in respect for the fight from all three women but in the end **Graysie Parker stands tall**.

Match Stats

Winner: Graysie Parker

Finish: Graysie Driver

Time: 15:48

Method: Pinfall

Updated Record: 1–0



| MATCH TWO |

CIARAN KENNEDY vs WENDEL GRIMES

| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |

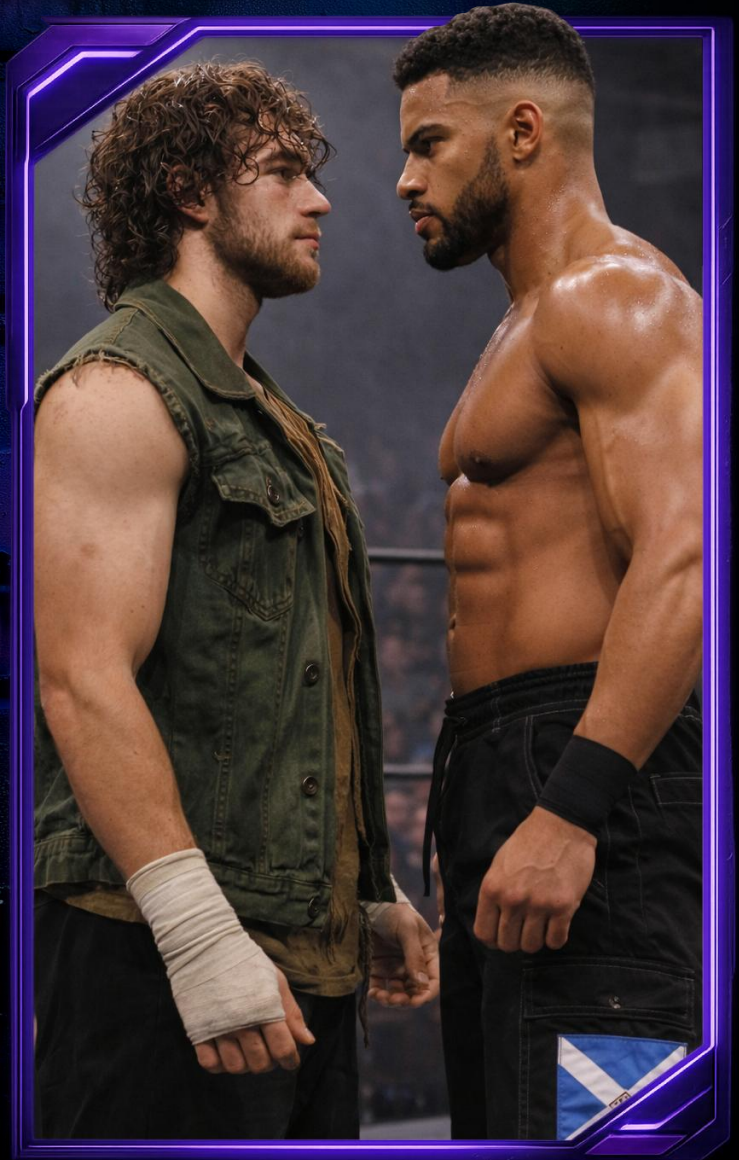
Chaz: “Tonight Creative Force Wrestling kicks off the **Black Light Championship Tournament**, the start of the journey to crown the first non world singles champion in CFW.”

Bert: “**The Black Light Championship** represents the pulse of this brand. Whoever wins it becomes the standard for Black Light.”

Wendell Grimes is out first. The Pittsburgh grinder walks to the ring with that familiar chip on his shoulder. Grimes was meant to be part of **Reclamation**, one of the original CFW names, but contract issues and scheduling left him watching from the outside. By the time he finally debuted at **Crossroads**, the moment had passed and the frustration stuck with him. Since then he’s fought like a man trying to reclaim something that should have been his from the start.

Kennedy arrives next, calm and composed, carrying himself like the ring already belongs to him. His loss to **Savior Hawkins** last time on Black Light still lingers, a rare setback for a man who wrestles with absolute control and unapologetic ambition. For Kennedy this tournament is simple. Win it, dominate the field, and turn the **Black Light Championship** into the gold he believes he was always meant to carry.

Two men with unfinished business. One looking to prove he was always meant to be here. The other determined to erase his last loss and take control of the brand. The Black Light Championship Tournament begins now.



Wendell Grimes stands firm, taped fists at his sides, jaw set. Ciaran Kennedy meets him forehead to forehead, calm and unblinking. Neither man moves. The tension builds as the two lock eyes in the center of the ring, each waiting for the other to break first.


 | MATCH TWO | **CIARAN KENNEDY vs WENDELL GRIMES** | CONTINUED |

The bell rings and neither man rushes. They circle once before locking up hard, Wendell Grimes immediately grinding the exchange down into tight chain wrestling, forcing Ciaran Kennedy to feel every ounce of pressure. Grimes works the wrist, shifts to a grounded headlock and drags the pace into the kind of gritty fight he's built his career on. Kennedy powers out, shoves him off and answers with a sharp forearm that snaps the air. Grimes fires back with a stiff shot of his own and the match quickly turns physical.

Bert: "Grimes fights like a man who still thinks he's got something to prove."

Chaz: "That chip on his shoulder hasn't gone anywhere."

The early exchanges stay tight. Grimes keeps forcing Kennedy into mat battles and short range striking, clubbing forearms and rough body shots that feel more barroom than technical. Kennedy answers with bursts of athletic violence, exploding out of holds and firing back with quick combinations. The first big momentum swing comes when Kennedy slips behind and launches Grimes with **The Saint**, the **full release dragon suplex** sending him skidding across the canvas. **Grimes rolls through** the impact and staggers up immediately, refusing to stay down. Time stretches and the match grows heavier. Grimes starts cutting corners. A rake across the eyes when the referee shifts position. A cheap forearm to the back of the head while Kennedy hits the ropes. The frustration is clear. Years grinding the indies, missing his Reclamation debut, watching others take spots he thought were his. That anger starts showing up in the fight. Every shot lands harder. Every hold stays in a second too long. **Kennedy** answers the only way he knows how. Control.

He slows the chaos, planting his base and grinding Grimes down with heavy offense. A **brutal clothesline** folds Grimes inside out. A spine shaking slam follows. When Grimes tries to fire back Kennedy catches him and drives him head first into the mat with **The Sinner**, snapping off the ropes and spiking him hard. Two count. Grimes survives and the crowd starts to feel it. The kid refuses to quit. He drags **Kennedy** back into a fight, hammering him with short punches and grinding forearms, even catching him with a sudden underhook lift that nearly sets up **Iron Vein** before Kennedy blocks it and wrenches free. The match has turned gritty now, both men breathing heavier, both swinging harder. Another sequence explodes open when Kennedy hoists Grimes and drops him with a thunderous powerslam. Grimes kicks out again. The frustration builds. Grimes answers with another cheap shot, a hidden elbow to the jaw, and for a moment it works. He stuns Kennedy and nearly steals it with a quick roll through cover. Two and a half.

Chaz: "Grimes almost took it right there."

Bert: "That's desperation starting to show."

Kennedy rises slowly now, eyes locked in. The calm confidence returns. Grimes swings again but Kennedy blocks it, fires a brutal forearm, then another. The momentum flips in an instant. Kennedy plants his feet as Grimes stumbles up and **drives forward with The Mercy Kill**, the running knee smashing straight into him and dropping him where he stands. hooks the leg. **One. Two. Three.** The fight is over, but the story is clear. Wendell Grimes brought heart and grit, but in the end **Ciaran Kennedy proved he could take everything Grimes threw and still take control.**

Match Stats

Winner: Ciaran Kennedy

Finish: The Mercy Kill

Time: 10:55

Method: Pinfall

Updated Record: 1-1



CFW WORLD CHAMPION ACE DALTON SPEAKS

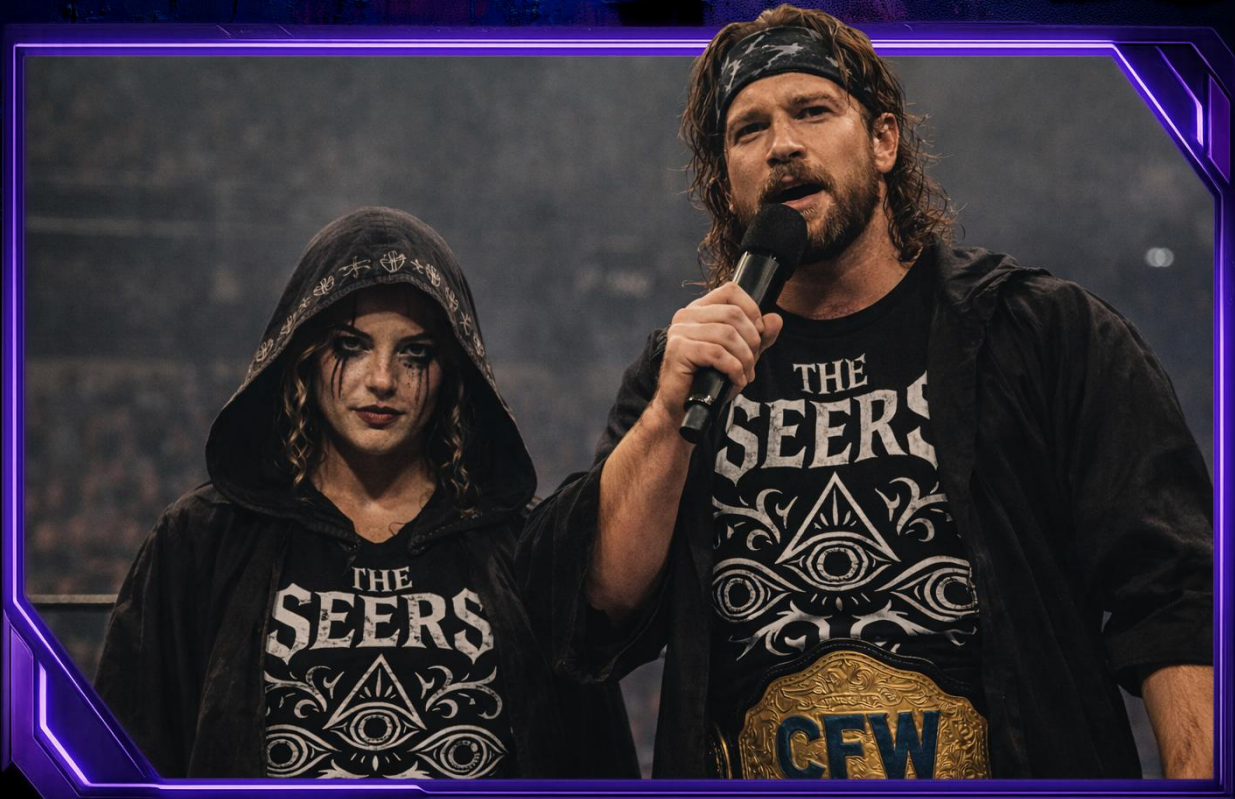
The arena lights dim as the slow, haunting opening of **“Slipping Away”** hits. The brooding theme rolls through the building and the mood shifts instantly. **The Seers** emerge. Venessa Vale steps through the haze first, hood low, dark paint across her face. Behind her comes **CFW World Champion Ace Dalton**, the title over his shoulder, microphone already in hand. They walk to the ring without acknowledging the crowd. Inside, Venessa stands just behind him while Ace settles the championship at his waist. The music fades. Ace raises the microphone.

Ace raises the mic, the boos already pouring in.

Ace Dalton: *“I’ll keep this short and sweet.” The boos get louder. “Wyatt Storm. I’ve seen the rankings floating around. Apparently you’re number one now.” Ace smirks. “Those rankings don’t mean anything. They’re just wishful thinking written by people who want you to matter.” The crowd reacts. “Tonight you don’t get me. Tonight you get **Killjoy**.” He adjusts the championship around his waist. “And Killjoy is going to walk into that ring and rip you apart piece by piece until there’s nothing left of Wyatt Storm but a lesson.” Ace pauses, scanning the arena. “And if there’s anyone else in the back with the same delusions... some new face walking into CFW thinking they’re the future... thinking they’re the next Wyatt Storm...” Ace taps the title. “Understand something. Around here dreams don’t come true.” His voice softens. “They get let down.” Ace drops the mic.*

Chaz: “That was... a letdown. Ace Dalton used to carry himself differently before The Seers.”

Bert: “Maybe, but I wouldn’t take his words lightly.”



VENESSA VALE

ACE DALTON



| MATCH THREE |

CALEB CROSS vs ADAM STRYKER

| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |



CALEB CROSS

Bert: “Folks we’re switching gears from our world champion and right back into the Black Light Championship Tournament. Another opening round match to crown our first non world singles champion.”

Chaz: “And we’ve got another debut tonight. Caleb Cross making his CFW debut against a man who already made a statement here... Adam Stryker.”

Bert: “And what a statement it was. Stryker walked into CFW and beat Reign Rokk. That is no small task. Rokk is one of the most dangerous big men in this business and he’s had wars here in CFW. You don’t just walk over someone like that.”

Chaz: “Stryker calls himself the last standard of professional wrestling. After that win... he might have the right to say it.”

The arena suddenly erupts as **“Thunderkiss 1965”** by **White Zombie** explodes through the speakers.

Caleb Cross steps out through the entrance tunnel, head down, shoulders forward, taped.

Chaz: “Caleb Cross is a grinder. Blue collar fighter, years in underground circuits. He doesn’t look for shortcuts, he looks for proof he belongs.”

The lights dim slightly as **Adam Stryker** emerges through the entrance, hood up, expression cold and unreadable. The veteran walks with slow certainty, the kind that only comes from decades inside the ring.

| MATCH THREE | **CALEB CROSS vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |



ADAM STRYKER

REIGN ROKK

Adam Stryker continues his slow walk down the aisle, hood up, eyes forward.

Bert: “You’re looking at a multi time world champion across multiple promotions. A man who has trained champions, built careers, and now says he’s back to remind everyone what professional wrestling is supposed to look like.”

Chaz: “He calls himself the last standard. After what he did to Reign Rokk last time we saw him, a lot of people are starting to believe him.”

Stryker moves along the barricade without acknowledging the crowd.

Behind him a massive figure storms into frame.

Bert: “Wait... what the—” **Reign Rokk. CRACK!** The **brass knuckles** smash into the back of Stryker’s skull and he drops instantly onto the concrete.

Chaz: “OH MY GOD! THIS IS...” Rokk doesn’t let up. He grabs Stryker by the hood and **drives him face first into the floor**, then drags him up just to blast another **knuckle shot across the jaw**.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! Each shot lands with sickening force as Stryker tries to cover up.

Rokk snarls and **hurls Stryker spine first into the barricade**, the metal rattling violently before he drags him back out and **slams him hard onto the concrete again**. Officials rush down the aisle but hesitate as Rokk stalks the fallen veteran.


 | MATCH THREE | **CALEB CROSS vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

More officials and medics flood the aisle as Reign Rokk stands over the wreckage he created. They cautiously circle him, hands raised, urging him to back away. Rokk glares at them, chest heaving, still clutching the brass knuckles before finally taking slow steps backward. The officials continue talking him down, gradually escorting him up the aisle and toward the back. The damage is already done.

Chaz: “It’s one thing to be furious about a loss, but this is another level.”

Bert: “And it makes you wonder. His sister joined The Seers. They’re the only group we’ve seen operate like this around here.”

Chaz: “If they’re in his ear... we might be seeing a very different Reign Rokk.”

Back in the ring, officials gather around Caleb Cross, speaking with him while medics continue tending to Adam Stryker on the floor.

Bert: “I have to imagine they’re telling Cross this match isn’t happening.”

Cross listens, jaw tight, clearly conflicted.

Chaz: “Caleb Cross isn’t the kind of man who wants a handout. He came here to prove something.”

Bert: “But at the same time, he came here for a fight.”

Minutes drag by as medics check Stryker, the crowd standing and buzzing in uneasy anticipation. The arena hangs in limbo. Then suddenly— Adam Stryker pushes past the officials and pulls himself upright. The crowd is shocked.

Chaz: “WAIT A MINUTE!”

Stryker steadies himself against the barricade, one hand pressed against the side of his head, clearly hurt. His steps are careful, stiff from the brutal barricade slam, but his eyes are locked on the ring as he begins making his way forward.

Bert: “There is no way he’s going to fight after what we just saw.”

Stryker keeps moving. Inside the ring, Caleb Cross watches him approach. There’s no celebration, no advantage taken. Just a fighter waiting to see if the man walking toward him truly intends to step through those ropes.

Chaz: “Cross isn’t backing down either.”

Bert: “He didn’t come here for shortcuts... but if Adam Stryker wants this fight, Caleb Cross is going to give it to him.”

The officials clear the ring. Stryker steadies himself in the corner, still clutching his head, while Cross waits across from him. The referee hesitates, then signals. **DING! DING! DING!** Stryker explodes forward and **THE STRYKE!** connects instantly, the weakened gore blasting Cross down. Stryker collapses into the cover but Cross kicks out at two.

Bert: “He caught him!” **Chaz:** “But he doesn’t have anything left behind it.”

Cross rises and grinds Stryker down with heavy shots before turning him inside out with the **Iron Line**. Stryker answers on instinct, dropping him with **Morituri Te Salutant**. Cover. One. Cross powers out. Cross traps him in the **Foundry Lock** until Stryker reaches the ropes, then plants him with **Last Testament**. Another two count. Stryker struggles up but Cross immediately locks in **Forged in Pain** in the center of the ring. Stryker fights, but the earlier attack has taken too much. The referee checks. **DING! DING! DING!** Stryker fades as Cross releases the hold.

Match Stats

Winner: Caleb Cross

Finish: Forged In Pain

Time: 4:40

Method: Ref Stopped

Updated Record: 1–0



| MAIN EVENT |

KILLJOY vs WYATT STORM

| 1 FALL – 30 MIN TIME LIMIT |

The arena settles after the chaos of the previous match, the crowd still buzzing.

Chaz: "Alright... let's regroup here for a second."

Bert: "Love him or hate him, that was completely unfair to Adam Stryker. To be eliminated from the tournament that way? Nobody deserves to go out like that."

Chaz: "I don't think Caleb Cross wanted to win that way either. But Stryker insisted the match continue... and Cross is the kind of guy who doesn't back down."

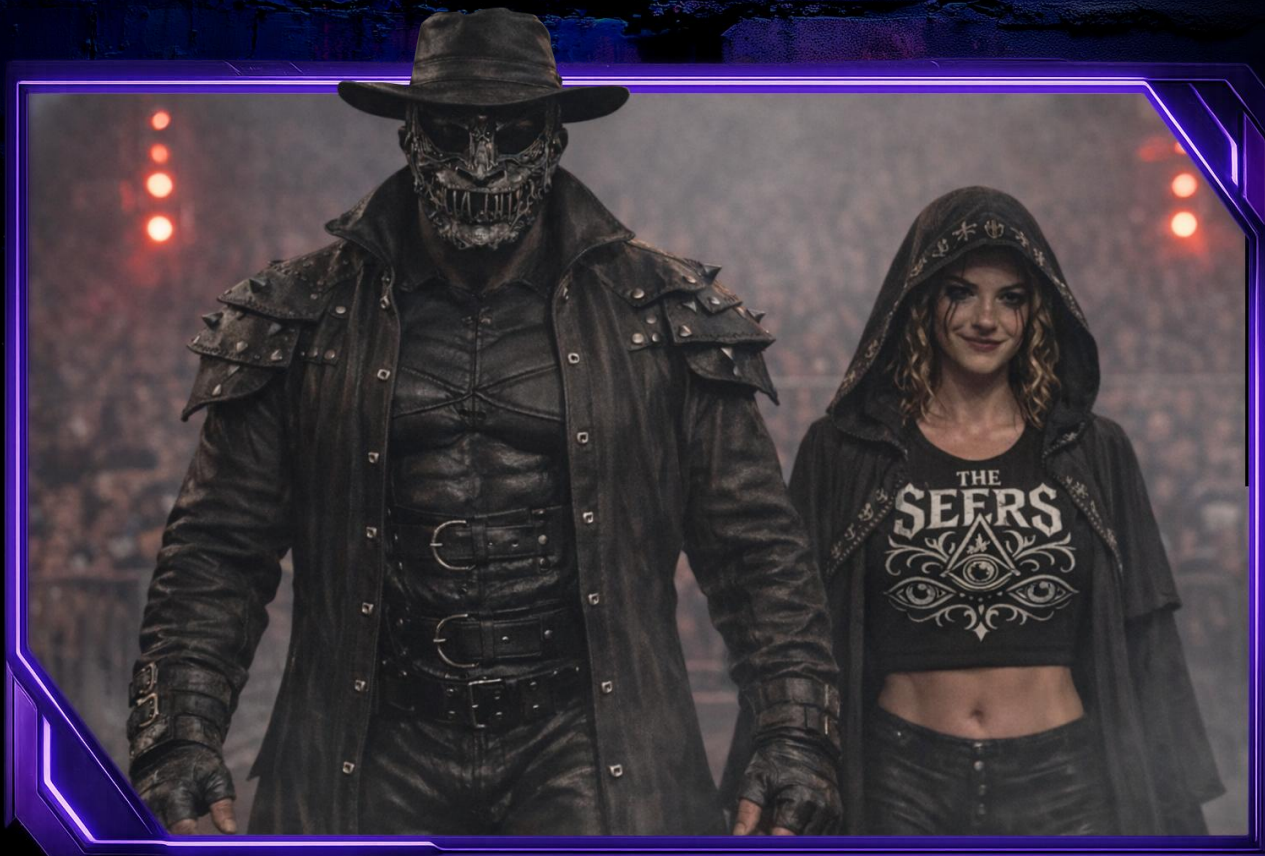
Bert: "And we still haven't fully addressed the elephant in the room. What we saw from Reign Rokk tonight was completely out of character."

Chaz: "As we were speculating earlier... I can't help but wonder if The Seers might've had some influence over that attack."

A murmur spreads through the crowd.

Chaz: "And speaking of The Seers... we're about to see them in the flesh."

The arena lights dim. For the second time tonight, the haunting opening of "**Slipping Away**" creeps through the speakers. Killjoy and Venessa make their way down the ramp. Slow. Brooding. Unsettling.



KILLJOY

VENESSA VALE

| MAIN EVENT | **KILLJOY vs WAYTT STORM** | CONTINUED |

Killjoy looks different tonight. His massive frame is wrapped in a long black leather war coat strapped with belts and metal plates. Jagged spikes line the shoulders. Studded gloves cover his hands like weapons. Beneath the wide brim of his hat, the cracked iron mask stares forward with its twisted skeletal grin. Each step toward the ring is slow. Heavy.

Bert: "That... is terrifying."

Chaz: "We haven't seen KillJoy like this before."

KillJoy stops halfway down the ramp, towering under the lights.

Chaz: "Remember... nearly two decades overseas. A six time champion in Japan. One of the most feared monsters to ever step into a ring."

KillJoy slowly enters the ring. The crowd grows uneasy. The tension hangs. Then...

"Warrior" by Atreyu hits. The arena explodes.

Bert: "Oh listen to this place!"

Wyatt Storm bursts through the curtain to a massive pop. He throws his arms wide, soaking in the reaction before sprinting down the ramp.

Chaz: "The storm has arrived!"

Wyatt points toward the ring as the crowd roars and he charges toward the fight. The bell rings and Wyatt Storm explodes forward trying to use his speed before the giant can trap him. He rebounds off the ropes and springboards—but KillJoy catches him in mid-air. The crowd gasps as the monster simply holds him there for a moment before crushing him with a brutal **Spinal Trap**, the delayed back suplex folding Wyatt across his knee like paper. Wyatt collapses clutching his ribs

Bert: "Good lord!"

KillJoy hauls him up and drives a savage **Tomb Hook** into his throat followed by a cracking headbutt that drops him again. Wyatt crawls for the ropes but KillJoy drags him back by the ankle and hurls him into the corner before unleashing the **Scream Engine**—one running lariat crushes Wyatt against the turnbuckles, KillJoy pulls him upright and blasts him again, then again, each one heavier than the last as the crowd groans.

Chaz: "This is suffocating... he's tearing him apart."

KillJoy rips Wyatt out of the corner with a short-arm clothesline that nearly flips him inside out, then mounts him and rains down elbows in a vicious **Blood Parade**, pounding away while Wyatt desperately tries to cover up. KillJoy finally rises, staring down at him. Wyatt somehow crawls to the ropes and drags himself up as the crowd begins clapping, trying to will him back. He fires a forearm... another... then hits the ropes and launches a desperate dropkick that actually rocks the big man back a step. The crowd erupts. Wyatt runs again trying to build momentum—but KillJoy detonates a monstrous clothesline that turns him inside out. Wyatt crashes to the mat and the arena falls quiet. KillJoy stalks him, grabs him by the hair and throws him across the ring like dead weight, Wyatt smashing into the turnbuckles before collapsing again. The pace slows now but the punishment only gets worse. KillJoy lifts him, drives a brutal knee into the ribs, another headbutt, then a crushing slam that rattles the ring. Wyatt barely moves. KillJoy finally hooks the leg. One. Two. Wyatt somehow—barely—kicks out. The crowd explodes as Wyatt rolls weakly onto his side, still alive after the beating.

| MAIN EVENT | **KILLJOY vs WAYTT STORM** | CONTINUED |

The monster lifts Wyatt Storm onto his shoulders, setting him for **The Laughing End**, the inverted GTS where KillJoy drives his opponent's face down into his rising knee to finish the story. The crowd braces for the end—but Wyatt slips free at the last possible second. He staggers back, fires a dropkick... then another... and another, raining them down with desperate speed until finally the monster takes a step back.

Bert: "This is the damnedest thing I've ever seen!"

The crowd rises to its feet as Wyatt refuses to stop, sprinting back and forth and blasting KillJoy with running dropkicks, pummeling the giant with pure speed. KillJoy finally deflects one, swatting Wyatt out of the air and sending him flying hard toward the corner. It looks like it's over. KillJoy slowly stalks toward him. Wyatt barely pulls himself up, mustering everything he has left—and fires one more dropkick. It lands. KillJoy stumbles backward and his massive arms get tangled in the ropes. A lucky break. The monster is stuck. Wyatt drags himself upright, climbs the top rope and launches **Eye of the Storm**, the corkscrew top rope moonsault crashing violently into the trapped giant. The impact is brutal but KillJoy is still tangled in the ropes. Wyatt climbs again. A second **Eye of the Storm** crashes down with even more force, rocking the monster while the ropes keep him upright. The arena erupts chanting **one more time!**

Wyatt smirks through the pain, still battered from the early onslaught, and climbs again. A third **Eye of the Storm** spirals down hard, smashing into KillJoy and snapping the ropes violently. One arm slips loose but Wyatt sees it and jams it back between the ropes as the crowd cheers, reading his mind. Wyatt scrambles back to the top rope and launches a fourth **Eye of the Storm**, the crowd growing louder with every second. **One more time!** they chant. Wyatt waves them off... then grins and climbs again. He leaps for a fifth **Eye of the Storm**, the hardest yet, crashing down onto the monster with everything he has left. KillJoy finally falls free of the ropes and Wyatt collapses across him in exhaustion. **One... two... three.**

Wyatt Storm lies across the fallen giant as the arena erupts around him, the crowd still on its feet after what they've just witnessed.

Chaz: "This kid is unbelievable."

Bert: "Maybe unbelievable lucky."

Chaz: "Say what you want, Bert... you need a lot more than luck to beat KillJoy."

Wyatt slowly rolls off the monster, barely able to stand as the crowd continues roaring.

Chaz: "There's no debate anymore in my book. The crowd knows it. The power rankings know it. And now I think Ace knows it... Wyatt Storm is next in line."

Wyatt leans against the ropes, still catching his breath as fans chant his name.

Bert: "What a hell of a match."

Chaz: "Wyatt Storm is going to be riding this high for a long time."

Wyatt clutches his ribs, wincing as he tries to lift an arm toward the cheering crowd.

Bert: "And he's going to be feeling the pain that monster inflicted for a long time too."



| MAIN EVENT | **KILLJOY vs WAYTT STORM** | CONTINUED |

Wyatt Storm slumps in the corner, arms draped over the ropes, chest heaving. Sweat and blood streak down his body as the crowd continues roaring around him. Somehow, through the pain, a small smirk creeps across his face. The kind that says *how the hell did I pull that off?*

Bert: "I still can't believe what we just witnessed."

Chaz: "Neither can I. Wyatt Storm just survived a war with a monster."

Wyatt leans back against the turnbuckles, still catching his breath as the crowd chants his name.

Chaz: "What a night it's been here on CFW Black Light."

Bert: "And if tonight proved anything, it's that anything can happen inside a Creative Force Wrestling ring."

Chaz: "Thank you to everyone who joined us tonight."

Bert: "And don't forget to stay tuned to the CFW Discord for exclusive content, updates, and upcoming match cards."

Chaz: "For Bert, I'm Chaz. Good night everybody."

The camera lingers on Wyatt Storm in the corner, still smirking through the exhaustion as the crowd roars and the screen fades to black.

Match Stats

Winner: Wyatt Storm

Finish: Eye of the Storm X5

Time: 10:58

Method: Pinfall

Updated Record: 6-2

