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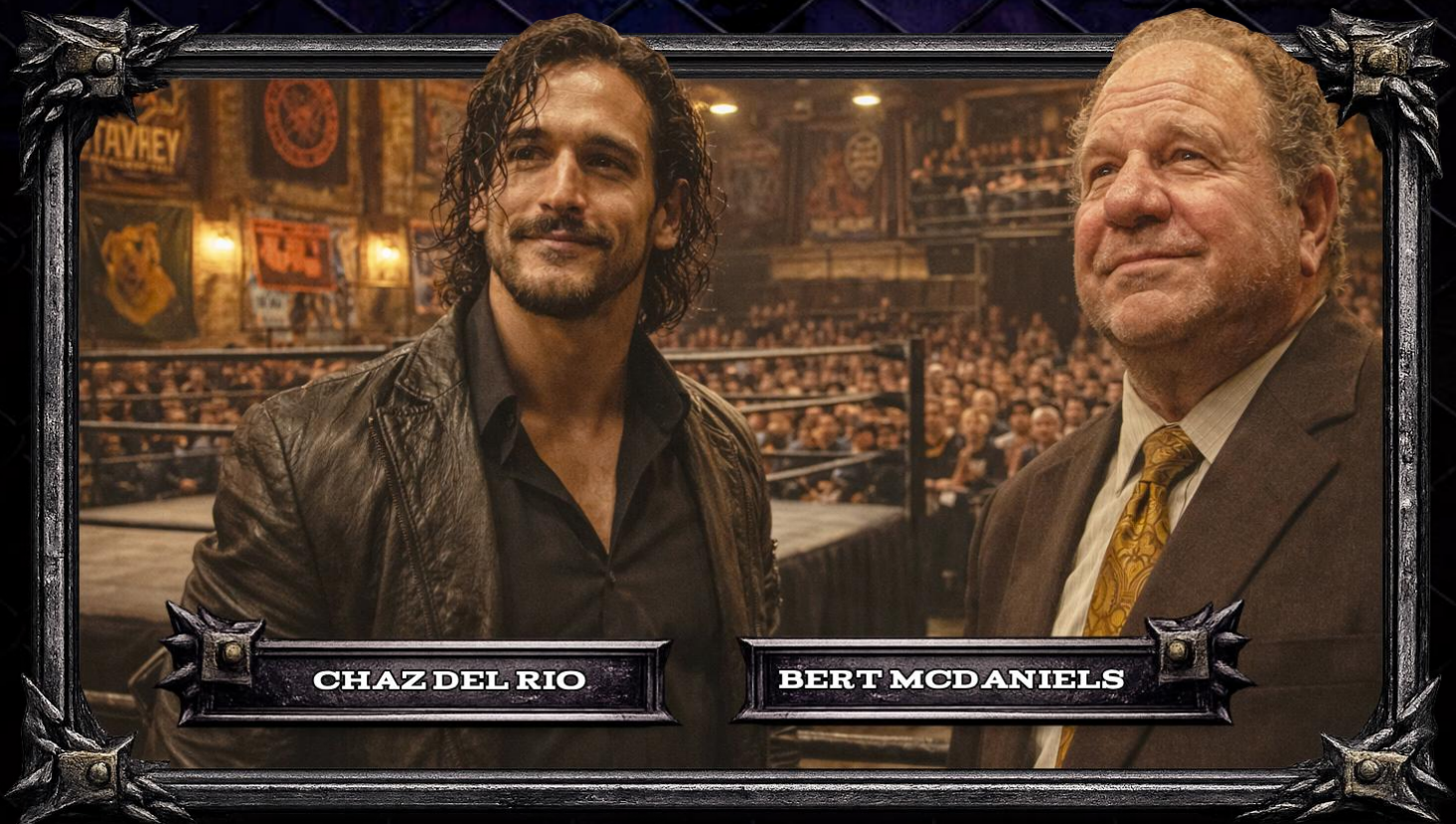
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**OPENING SHOT:**

**"Square Hammer" by Ghost** hits and the Foundry erupts. The camera sweeps across a jam-packed crowd, every inch alive with noise and energy. Grit hangs in the air, the walls worn, the atmosphere raw. This is home. A return to the Foundry.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "Welcome home... to The Foundry in Venice, Florida."

**Bert McDaniels:** "Folks... we've got something special tonight. And if you're gonna kick things off in a place like this... you start with the ones who built it..."



**CHAZ DEL RIO**

**BERT MCDANIELS**

*Chaz and Bert stand proud in anticipation, knowing what's to come*



| MATCH ONE | WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP |

# SUDIO vs LENA WILDE

| 1 FALL – 30 MIN TIME LIMIT |

**“Lazy Eye” by Silversun Pickups** hits. The Foundry turns to the ramp. Lena Wilde steps out. The place erupts. This is home. Lena takes it in for a moment, then locks in and heads to the ring.

**Chaz:** “Lena Wilde coming home to The Foundry. Listen to this place. New music, new energy. Like the song says, she has been waiting for this moment her whole life.”

**Bert:** “And look at the gear, Chaz. Brighter than usual. That is no accident. That is for Sudio.”

Lena enters the ring, eyes forward, the crowd still behind her.

**Chaz:** “Because this is not just a homecoming. The Women’s World Champion Sudio made a promise. Her first title defense would be against her best friend.”

**Bert:** “And that promise starts right now. Here in The Foundry.”



*Lena Wilde walks back into The Foundry as its heart and hope*



| MATCH 1 | **SUDIO vs LENA WILDE** | CONTINUED |

**“Misery Business” by Paramore** hits. **The Foundry explodes.** Sudio steps out. A champion’s presence. A Foundry original. The crowd rises to its feet, giving her everything she’s earned. Sudio takes a breath, eyes locked ahead, then starts her walk to the ring.

Two best friends stand across from each other, the Women’s World Championship between them. A dream realized, but not untouched. There is respect. There is nerves. There is tension sitting just beneath the surface.

**DING! DING! DING!**

They circle, slow and deliberate, neither giving an inch, both knowing exactly what the other brings. The tension stretches until Lena snaps first, stepping in with hard body shots and sharp forearms, **driving Sudio back with relentless pressure.** She cuts angles, stays close, turns it into a fight, taking early control with that scrappy, hard-hitting style. **But it doesn’t last.** Sudio absorbs it, reads it, then shifts. A sudden change in rhythm. A slip, a spin, a strike from an angle Lena doesn’t see coming. The pace flips **as Sudio starts to take over,** using speed, misdirection, and quick reversals to pull the match back in her favor.

The Foundry splits down the middle. **Cheers for Lena. Cheers for Sudio.** No clear side, just noise and emotion colliding.

**Sudio stays in control.**

She slips a wild swing and fires back with a sharp standing drop kick, snapping Lena’s head sideways. She hits the ropes and rebounds with that chaotic burst of speed, snapping off a quick sequence that keeps Lena off balance. A flash of control. A reminder.

**Lena pushes forward again, but something’s changed.** The strikes come faster. Harder. Less measured. Forearms crack louder, body shots dig deeper, and a few in the crowd start to shift, unsure of what they’re seeing.

Sudio stumbles to a knee, starting to rise. Lena steps in behind her. **And fires a hard shot to the back of the head.**

Not in front of her. Not in a fight. From behind. Sudio drops forward, stunned. **The building goes quiet for a beat.**

Sudio slowly pushes up to her knees again. She turns and locks eyes with Lena, confusion written all over her face...

| MATCH 1 | **SUDIO vs LENA WILDE** | CONTINUED |

Not anger. Not yet. Just disbelief. Like she is trying to process what just happened. Like she cannot accept that it came from her. Lena does not look away. The crowd murmurs. Uneasy now.

**Chaz:** “I don’t like that, Bert... I don’t like that at all. We saw something like this before.

**Crossroads.** When Lena beat Sudio, there were people saying it felt off... that it wasn’t how she usually gets it done.”

**Bert:** “Yeah, and it didn’t break them. They stayed close. Stayed united. But right now... I don’t know what we’re looking at.”

Sudio rises slowly, still staring. The tension hangs. **The crowd doesn’t know how to react.** They step toward each other. Sudio’s face shifts. The confusion burns off. Anger takes its place. Lena is unreadable. Closer now.

**Sudio:** **“REALLY!?”**

**Sudio fires first.** Strikes come fast and sharp. Sudio unloads, snapping Lena back with quick combinations, then surging forward with speed, forcing her across the ring. A running strike drops Lena, and **Sudio stays on her**, chaining offense together, keeping the pressure on. Time passes as she controls the pace, dragging Lena up, knocking her back down, never letting her settle. The crowd starts to sway again. Lena catches her in reversal. One opening is all she needs.

She pulls Sudio into close range and shifts the fight. Slows it down. Turns it physical. Grinding shots. Tight control. She drags Sudio into her kind of match, wearing her down piece by piece, forcing every exchange to hurt. The pace dips, but the damage builds. The crowd stays split, louder now, more emotional. Lena creates space. Explodes. She lands a huge **Bleed Out DDT**, but Sudio is able to block it partially. Lena didn’t get all of it. Cover. **One Two... Sudio kicks out.** The Foundry jumps. Sudio recovers while Lena regains composure. Now it’s a sprint. Both women push at the same time, trading big shots, going for everything. Attempts get countered. Counters get reversed. Near misses stack up as the tension climbs. Each move feels like it could end it. The pace quickens, the time slipping away as they reach deeper, swinging bigger, neither willing to give an inch.

Lena goes for another **Bleed Out DDT** but Sudio sees it coming and snaps into **Color Rush**, the spinning heel kick into a snapmare driver in one motion. Sudio hooks the leg. **ONE.. TWO...**



| MATCH 1 | SUDIO vs LENA WILDE | CONTINUED |

**THREE!! ...DING! DING! DING!**



**Bert:** “**SUDIO DID IT!** She retains the title! What a fight, what a war! There may be questions for Lena Wilde after this, but right now that doesn’t matter. This is Sudio’s moment and she earned every second of it!”

### Lena Wilde vs Sudio

Sudio wins the series 0-3 to retain/capture the CFW World Championship.

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



**Round 1:** Lena Wilde 2 — Sudio 10 **Sudio takes it (0-1)**

**Round 2:** Lena Wilde 11 — Sudio 12 **Sudio takes it (0-2)**

**Round 3:** Lena Wilde 3 — Sudio 9 **Sudio takes it (0-3)**

### Match Stats

**Winner:** Sudio

**Finish:** Color Rush

**Time:** 14:22

**Key Moments:**

Lena fires from behind and changes the tone.

Sudio answers and regains control in the exchange

Lena nearly steals it with a late surge.



| MATCH 1 | **SUDIO vs LENA WILDE** | POST MATCH |

The Foundry stays on its feet, all eyes locked in the ring as Lena slowly rises and Sudio steadies herself with the title in hand. The tension is thick, uncertain, the crowd waiting and watching as they begin to move toward each other step by step, the moment hanging with no clear answer. The building holds its breath as they close the distance, and just as it feels like something is about to happen, **AC/DC's "War Machine hits"** and the moment freezes as Shayna Vex steps out.

| MATCH TWO |

## **SHAYNA VEX vs GRAYSIE PARKER**

| **1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT** |



**Chaz:** "This is interesting, Bert. Shayna Vex is coming out early for her match with Graysie Parker... but look in the ring. Sudio just picked up a huge win, and now she's staring down Lena Wilde."

**Bert:** "Yeah... and that's not just post-match emotion, Chaz. What Lena did... that wasn't nothing."

Sudio stands her ground, breathing heavy, eyes locked on Lena. Lena doesn't move. No apology. No explanation.

**Chaz:** "Lena shocked this crowd. That shot from behind... for a second, it felt like we were watching a different Lena Wilde."



## | MATCH 2 | SHAYNA VEX vs GRAYSIE PARKER | CONTINUED |

Sudio and Lena stand face to face in the ring, neither backing down, the tension still heavy after what just happened. Shayna makes her way down then steps in and pauses, taking it in, eyes moving between them as the moment hangs just long enough to feel like it might snap.

**Chaz:** "This is getting real tense."

**Bert:** "Yeah... nobody's moved."

Shayna steps forward and extends her hand to Sudio. The crowd pops as Sudio accepts without hesitation. Shayna turns to Lena and offers the same. Lena hesitates, just for a beat, then nods and takes it.

**Chaz:** "That's respect."

The tension breaks. Lena exits first. Sudio lingers for a second, eyes still on her, then follows. Shayna Vex stands centered in the ring, shoulders squared, eyes locked on the ramp. Lena Wilde and Sudio peel off in opposite directions, neither taking their eyes off the other until they disappear behind the curtain. The tension lingers. Shayna doesn't move. She just waits.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "That right there... that's the foundation of this division. Shayna, Lena, Sudio. Respect forged through wars most people wouldn't survive."

**Kittie – "Eyes Wide Open" hits.**

The energy shifts instantly.

**Bert McDaniels:** "And now the future steps into the spotlight."

Graysie Parker emerges through the curtain, focused, composed, a quiet intensity in her eyes as she takes in the moment. No wasted motion. Just forward.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "Graysie Parker has been tearing through CFW since day one. Undefeated, unshaken, and tonight she walks straight into the fire."

Graysie continues down the ramp, never breaking focus as Shayna Vex watches from the ring.

**Bert McDaniels:** "This is what it's all about. The past meeting the present... and fighting to hold off what's coming next."



## | MATCH 2 | SHAYNA VEX vs GRAYSIE PARKER | CONTINUED |

A brief pause hangs in the air as Graysie steps through the ropes. Shayna Vex doesn't move. The referee checks both.

**Ding Ding Ding!**

They collide in the center and it's immediate. Graysie drives forward, forcing Shayna back with raw strength, but Shayna drops levels into the clinch, digging in with short knees and shoulder pressure to break her base.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "Power meets pressure right out of the gate."

Graysie answers with a snap suplex, then rolls through into another, then a third with height and control that shakes the ring. Shayna sits up slower, jaw set, already adjusting.

Low kick. Another. Shayna changes the fight, shooting in and dragging it to the mat, hands working, looking to isolate. Graysie powers up, deadlifting her back to standing and slamming her down hard to reset.

**Bert McDaniels:** "That's brute force you can't teach."

The pace evens out into a grind. Graysie stacks offense in bursts. A delayed vertical suplex hangs before crashing down. A heavy Butterfly Bomb rattles Shayna. Each time Shayna answers differently, chopping the legs, working the body, forcing clinches, leaving damage behind.

Graysie stays strong but it starts to take more to get there. Midway through, Graysie surges. She catches a kick, spins through into rolling Germans, one after another, the crowd rising with each one. She drags Shayna up, hooks both arms, looking for the Driver. Shayna slips it just enough. They drop. Shayna clamps down, grinding, shifting, hunting the back.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "She's dragging her into her world now."

Graysie fights up, trying to shake her loose, but Shayna stays attached, sliding the arm under the chin. Not fully locked. Not yet.

Graysie reaches, almost breaks it, almost turns free.

Shayna grapevines the legs and pulls her down.

**Choke Reflex!**



| MATCH 2 | SHAYNA VEX vs GRAYSIE PARKER | CONTINUED |

Shayna has her patented rear naked finisher cinched in deep, hooks locked, body tight to the back. It's tight, ugly, a full grind. Graysie claws at the hands, fighting for space as Shayna keeps adjusting, squeezing everything out of her.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "Nobody gets out of that!"

Graysie plants a foot, then another, forcing her way up. The Foundry erupts as she stands with Shayna still hanging off her back, wrenching the choke tighter.

**Bert McDaniels:** "Oh my god!"

With nothing left to give, Graysie throws herself backward and drives Shayna into the mat, breaking it loose. The crowd explodes, but Shayna never loses position. She's already moving underneath Graysie, already reaching, slipping the arm right back under the chin and locking it in again.

Another roar. Graysie tries to fight, tries to rise again, but this time there's nothing left. Her movement slows, her grip fades.

The ref steps in. Calls it. **Ding Ding Ding!**

### Graysie Parker vs Shayna Vex

Shayna Vex wins the series 1-3.

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

**Round 1:** Graysie Parker 16 — Shayna Vex 6

**Graysie Parker takes it (1-0)**



**Round 2:** Graysie Parker 5 — Shayna Vex 19

**Shayna Vex takes it (1-1)**

**Round 3:** Graysie Parker 6 — Shayna Vex 7

**Shayna Vex takes it (1-2)**

**Round 4:** Graysie Parker 3 — Shayna Vex 9

**Shayna Vex takes it (1-3)**

**Bert McDaniels:** "That was unbelievable, Chaz. I can't get over Graysie breaking Choke Reflex. I've never seen that before."

### Match Stats

**Winner:** Shayna Vex

**Finish:** Choke Reflex

**Time:** 12:02

**Method:** Submission

**Updated Record:** 3-5



| MATCH THREE | BLACK LIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP |

# CIARAN KENNEDY vs SAVIOR HAWKINS

| 1 FALL – 30 MIN TIME LIMIT |

**Chaz Del Rio:** "It all comes down to this. The Black Light Championship finals."

**Bert McDaniels:** "This tournament has been a clash of eras. CFW originals came in with the edge... and one by one, they got knocked off."

**Chaz Del Rio:** "None bigger than Águila Feral getting taken out by Savior Hawkins. That changed everything."

**Bert McDaniels:** "The new guard didn't just show up. They took over."

**Chaz Del Rio:** "Now it's two of them at the top. Savior Hawkins. Ciaran Kennedy. No strangers. They stole the show at Black Light 35."

**Bert McDaniels:** "I said it then, we needed to see it again. Now we do. Bigger stakes. Savior Hawkins. Ciaran Kennedy. For the Black Light Championship!"



*Ciaran Kennedy enters the ring first, focused and ready*



| MATCH THREE | **CIARAN KENNEDY vs SAVIOR HAWKINS** | CONTINUED |

**“The Safest Ledge” – Healing Pool hits.**

Savior Hawkins steps out with purpose, no wasted motion, eyes locked forward. He doesn't play to the crowd. He doesn't slow down. He hits the ring, a brief moment of stillness across from Ciaran Kennedy.

Calm. Then it snaps. **Ding! Ding! Ding!**

They explode into each other. No feeling out, no hesitation. Kennedy fires first with a sharp strike combination, Savior answers instantly, snapping off a counter and rolling through into a quick takedown attempt that Kennedy shuts down with raw strength. Back up. Faster now. Kennedy launches a full release Dragon Suplex that rattles the ring. Savior rolls through it, pops up, and fires back with a blitz of strikes, building momentum immediately.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "They didn't ease into this. They're trying to end it."

Kennedy surges, cutting him off mid run and planting him hard, then dragging him up into another violent exchange. Savior slips free, rebounds, springboards into a counter that sends Kennedy stumbling. No pause. No reset. Just constant motion.

The crowd is already on its feet. Kennedy answers with pure force, driving through Savior with a crushing slam, then snapping him up into another high impact throw. Savior absorbs it and keeps moving, chaining offense together, refusing to let the pace drop.

**Bert McDaniels:** "How do you keep up with this?"

The match becomes a sprint that never slows. Big move, counter, reversal, impact. Kennedy blends power with sudden bursts of speed, catching Savior mid sequence and turning it into controlled brutality. Savior refuses to stop, building momentum through motion, striking, flying, adapting on instinct.

Another surge. Another exchange. Another near shift. The Foundry erupts again, louder this time, realizing neither man is backing off. Time starts to catch up.

The pace finally bends, not breaks. The openings get smaller. The strikes get heavier. Kennedy begins grounding it more, slowing the chaos, forcing control, dragging the fight into his rhythm. Savior keeps pushing forward, but there's something else now. A sharper edge. A little less control in the transitions.



| MATCH THREE | **CIARAN KENNEDY vs SAVIOR HAWKINS** | CONTINUED |

**Chaz Del Rio:** "You can see it. He's starting to press."

Kennedy notices. He adjusts. He stops chasing the pace and starts cutting it off, forcing Savior into tighter exchanges, forcing him to fight instead of flow.

The momentum starts to swing.

Back and forth. Strike for strike. Counter for counter. Neither giving an inch, both digging deeper.

Savior fires up into a Divine Blitz, snapping Kennedy back with a burst of offense, but there's frustration underneath it now, something creeping in as he pushes harder, faster, trying to stay ahead of the moment.

**Bert McDaniels:** "He's not just trying to win anymore. He's trying to force it."

Kennedy absorbs it, steadies, and fires back with precision, dragging the match back into balance, refusing to be overwhelmed.

The breakneck start has turned into a war of pride. Two men who won't slow down. Two men who won't give in. And something in Savior Hawkins is starting to crack just enough to matter. They're both running on fumes. Kennedy drives forward with heavy strikes, Savior answers with sharp counters and bursts of speed, neither giving ground. A brutal exchange leaves both rocked but standing. Kennedy plants him with a violent throw but can't follow. Savior rolls through, fires back, sends Kennedy to the ropes. No finish. No break. Just more.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "How are they still standing?"

The pace tightens into a grind. Kennedy forces the clinch, dragging it into control. Savior rips free, pushing forward harder now, that edge creeping in as he tries to force the moment.

They collide again. Strike for strike. Pride for pride. The Foundry is on its feet. Both men stagger back, then rise at the same time, eyes locked.

**Bert McDaniels:** "How the hell is this going to end?!"

They charge. Kennedy launches forward, knee primed for **Mercy Kill**. Savior is thinking **SHOWTIME**.

They meet in the center. Impact.



| MATCH THREE | **CIARAN KENNEDY vs SAVIOR HAWKINS** | CONTINUED |

**Ciaran Kennedy vs Savior Hawkins**

Savior Hawkins wins the series 2-3.

Format: Best of 5 • d20 • A: none • B: none +1

**Round 1:** Ciaran Kennedy 9 — Savior Hawkins 2 B bonus +1 •  
(1 rolled) **Ciaran Kennedy takes it (1-0)**

**Round 2:** Ciaran Kennedy 11 — Savior Hawkins 16 B bonus +1  
**Savior Hawkins takes it (1-1)**

**Round 3:** Ciaran Kennedy 1 — Savior Hawkins 10 B bonus +1 •  
(1 rolled) **Savior Hawkins takes it (1-2)**

**Round 4:** Ciaran Kennedy 12 — Savior Hawkins 2 B bonus +1 •  
(1 rolled) **Ciaran Kennedy takes it (2-2)**

**Round 5:** Ciaran Kennedy 5 — Savior Hawkins 20 B bonus +1  
**Savior Hawkins takes it (2-3)**

Kennedy's knee for **Mercy Kill** doesn't make it before the boot, **SHOWTIME!** connects and they both collapse, Savior falling on top. **ONE! TWO! THREE!**

**Match Stats**

**Winner:** Savior Hawkins

**Finish:** SHOWTIME!

**Time:** 18:37

**Method:** Pinfall

**Updated Record:** 3-1

Bert McDaniels: **"IT'S SHOWTIME!!** The Black Light era has its standard bearer!"



*Savior Hawkins stands tall with the Black Light Championship*



| MAIN EVENT |

# REIGN ROKK vs ADAM STRYKER

| CAGE MATCH— NO TIME LIMIT |



**Chaz Del Rio:** "What a night this has been. That sounds cliché, but it's been something real special. We crowned our first Black Light Champion, and we watched our Women's Champion stand tall once again."

**Bert McDaniels:** "And now it all comes down to this. Our main event!"

**Chaz Del Rio:** "Since arriving in CFW, Adam Stryker has been setting the standard. Cold. Calculated. Always a step ahead."

**Bert McDaniels:** "But after Stryker beat Reign Rokk at Black Light 35, Rokk hasn't let it go. Attacks from behind, relentless pressure, and now aligning himself with The Seers."

**Chaz Del Rio:** "Now there's nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide."

**Bert McDaniels:** "Steel cage. Both men say they've got a plan tonight. We're about to find out whose survives."

| MAIN EVENT | **REIGN ROKK vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

### Adam Stryker's music hits.

The Foundry shifts.

He steps out slow, deliberate, long black leather coat dragging behind him, face hidden behind a dark mask, hood pulled low. No rush. No emotion. Just that cold, measured walk down the ramp.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "That's... different."

The air tightens with every step.

Then chaos.

**Reign Rokk** storms in from the side and blasts him from behind, driving him into the ramp. The crowd erupts as Rokk unloads, furious, relentless, dragging the masked figure up and hammering him again.

**Bert McDaniels:** "Once again Rokk isn't waiting!"

Something feels off.

The masked man doesn't fight back. Doesn't react right.



**ADAM STRYKER**

*A masked Stryker makes his way down*



| MAIN EVENT | **REIGN ROKK vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

A beat. A shift in the crowd. **Stryker!**

The real Adam Stryker slides in from the crowd, silent, unseen, brass knuckles already clenched. He doesn't hesitate. He cracks Rokk across the face. Once. Twice.

A third time that turns the reaction. The sound is sickening.

Rokk drops to a knee, blood already starting to pour as Stryker stands over him, eyes locked, expression empty. No rush. No rage. Just purpose.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "Oh my god..."

Stryker grabs him, drags him up, and drives him face first into the side of the cage with a violent thud that echoes through the building.

Rokk crumples.

The crowd doesn't know how to react. Stryker looks down at the brass knuckles for a moment, then closes his fist again. The plan already in motion.

Stryker yanks Rokk up and slams his face into the cage, then grinds it across the chain link, slow and deliberate as Rokk thrashes and the Foundry recoils at the sound of Rokk's screaming.



**Reign Rokk yells out in pain!**



| MAIN EVENT | **REIGN ROKK vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

Stryker shoves Rokk through the cage door and follows, never giving him a second as the bell rings. He stays on him. Heavy shots. Tight control. Dragging Rokk down, grinding him into the mat, cutting off every attempt to rise. It's ugly right away, exactly where Stryker thrives, turning it into a fight built on pressure and punishment, forcing Rokk to carry the damage from before the match even began.

**Bert McDaniels:** "Buckle up. This is already ugly, and it could get a whole lot worse. Old school rules here, you win by escaping the cage, not pinfall."

Stryker keeps dragging him into the steel, shoulder first, then face first again, using the cage like a weapon, slowing everything down to his pace. Rokk tries to fire back but gets cut off, Stryker always a step ahead, always in control. Time passes. Rokk starts to feel it. A swing finally lands. Then another. The rhythm changes. Rokk shoves Stryker off and blasts him with a heavy shot that echoes, then another that staggers him back into the cage. He roars and the crowd answers, feeding off it as he surges forward, crushing Stryker into the steel and unloading. Now it's Rokk's kind of fight. Big shots. Sudden bursts. He drags Stryker up and slams him down hard, then again, punishing him, making him feel every second. He grinds him into the cage, returns the favor, dragging his face across the chain link as the crowd comes alive.

Stryker tries to slow it again, grabbing hold, pulling it back into tight space, but Rokk rips free and blasts him with a brutal lariat that turns him inside out.

The Foundry is roaring.

Stryker crawls. Rokk stalks.

A climb attempt. Rokk grabs him, yanks him down hard. Another climb. Another denial.

They start trading again in the center, both worn, both digging deep, each shot heavier than the last.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "You have to wonder, where are The Seers in all of this?"

A pause.

Nothing.

Just the two of them. **The lights cut, the Foundry goes black.**



| MAIN EVENT | **REIGN ROKK vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

The Foundry gasps.

Darkness.

They snap back on.

**KillJoy** stands on the ramp.

Still. Watching.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "Speak of the devil... there he is."

**Bert McDaniels:** "Rokk didn't align himself for nothing. That's a ruthless enforcer for the Seers, and now he's headed this way."

Both men turn, watching KillJoy make his way down the ramp.

That split second, Stryker explodes and THE STRYKE connects flush, cutting Rokk in half.

KillJoy picks up the pace.

Stryker sprints to the door and kicks it open, the steel smashing into KillJoy's face and staggering the monster on the outside as the crowd erupts. Rokk somehow pulls himself up, barely on his feet, but Stryker is already on him.

Another STRYKE.

Rokk drops again and the Foundry comes unglued.

Stryker doesn't stop, grabbing the giant and hauling him up, muscles straining, somehow getting him into position for **The Last Day on Earth**.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "No way... no way!"

He has him up, the entire building on its feet.

Then chaos.

KillJoy is in the ring, crashing into Stryker, breaking it up and sending Rokk crashing down.

KillJoy is on him instantly but Stryker fires back, swinging, fighting, refusing to give an inch as the crowd can't believe it.



| MAIN EVENT | **REIGN ROKK vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

They trade blows, heavy and desperate. Stryker breaks through, grabs KillJoy and sends him to the ropes. KillJoy rebounds, Stryker charges.

### THE STRYKE!

KillJoy steps aside.

But it was never for him.

Stryker dives past, straight to the open door.

He hits the floor.

### Ding! Ding! Ding!

Stryker wins.

**Bert McDaniels:** "Stryker had a long plan and a split second one!"

Stryker is pulling himself up on the outside, barely steady after the escape, trying to get his bearings. Then the mood shifts.

**Ace Dalton** appears. CFW World Champion. Leader of The Seers.

He steps in close, no rush, eyes locked on Stryker, and in one sudden motion he grabs him and hurls him back into the cage.

The door slams shut.

### Adam Stryker vs Reign Rokk

Adam Stryker wins the series 3-0.

Format: Best of 5 • d20 • A: none +2 • B: none +1



**Round 1:** Adam Stryker **18** — Reign Rokk **15** A bonus +2 • B bonus +1 **Adam Stryker takes it (1-0)**

**Round 2:** Adam Stryker **20** — Reign Rokk **7** A bonus +2 • B bonus +1 **Adam Stryker takes it (2-0)**

**Round 3:** Adam Stryker **22** — Reign Rokk **10** A bonus +2 • B bonus +1 • Nat 20! **Adam Stryker takes it (3-0)**

### Match Stats

**Winner:** Adam Stryker

**Method:** Cage escape

**Time:** 15:12

#### Key Moments:

Stryker sent a decoy, which Rokk fell for.

Reign Rokk had back up in the form of the Seer's monster Killjoy.



| MAIN EVENT | **REIGN ROKK vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |



Rokk is already back on his feet. KillJoy turns. They swarm him. No escape now. They beat him down, heavy shots, boots, dragging him up just to drop him again as Ace watches from the outside, calm, in control.

**Chaz Del Rio:** "..."

**Bert McDaniels:** "..."

Nothing to say.

KillJoy hauls Stryker up. Ace gives the signal. **The Laughing End** connects. Stryker collapses. And it doesn't stop. Every shot deliberate, every moment controlled, Ace Dalton orchestrating it all from the outside as Stryker is left broken inside the cage.



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