



Live From The Foundry!
A Dice Decided Efed

CreativeForceWrestling.com
Exclusive Content On Discord

CFW BLACK LIGHT



Swanny enters The Foundry to Less Than Jake

SWANNY

SHOW OPENING:

The Foundry is overflowing before the cameras can even settle. Fans pound the barricades, signs wave above a sea of raised hands, and the energy feels volatile from the opening shot.

"American Idle" by Less Than Jake blasts through the building as pyro bursts from the stage.

Chaz Del Rio: "Welcome to Black Light 38 live from The Foundry and listen to this place, Bert. They are already losing their minds."

Bert McDaniels: "And they should be, Chaz. We are starting tonight with a match that could headline just about any show in this company."



| MATCH ONE | TRIPPLE THREAT |

CIARAN KENNEDY vs SAVIOR HAWKINS vs SWANNY

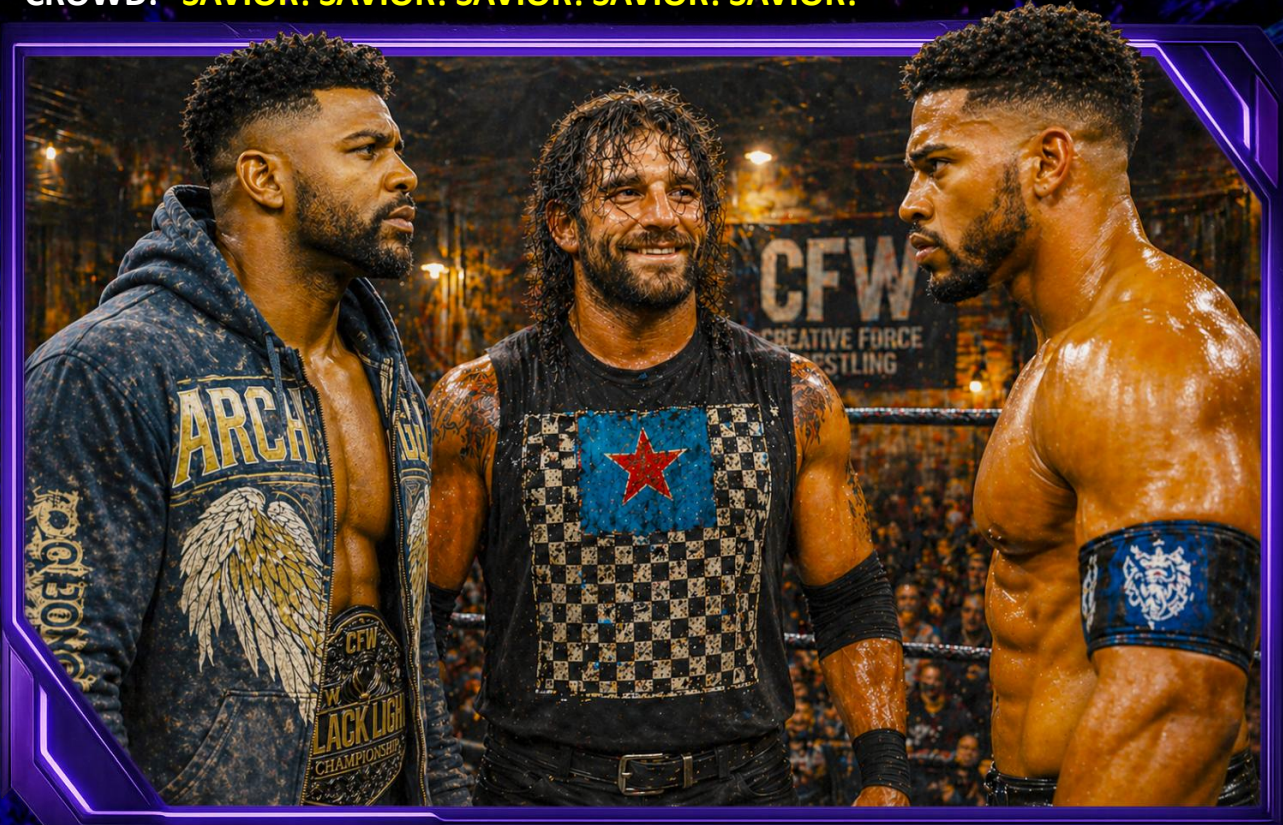
| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |

Ciaran Kennedy soon follows, focused and intense as The Foundry grows louder as he makes his way to the ring. Moments later, Black Light Champion Savior Hawkins emerges to a thunderous reaction with the title around his waist, eyes locked on Kennedy. Within moments, all three men stand face to face in the ring as the crowd rises for an opener that already feels massive.

Chaz: “For weeks now, Savior Hawkins and Ciaran Kennedy have been locked in one of the most competitive rivalries we’ve ever seen in CFW. Both times they’ve stepped in the ring together it felt like a wrestling clinic. Both times Hawkins found a way to stay one step ahead.”

Bert: “That’s the part that has to eat at Ciaran Kennedy. He’s pushed the Black Light Champion to his limit ... but he still hasn’t solved the puzzle.”

CROWD: “SAVIOR! SAVIOR! SAVIOR! SAVIOR! SAVIOR!”



Savior and Ciaran stare each other down as Swanny looks happy to be here



| MATCH 1 | CIARAN KENNEDY vs SAVIOR HAWKINS vs SWANNY | CONTINUED |

Chaz: “Bert, do you think Swanny is a true wild card here?”

Bert: “Wild card? I don’t think so Chaz. Try rightful threat. Swanny is the only man in Creative Force Wrestling who can say he pinned Savior Hawkins. Nobody else has done it.”

Chaz: “And I think Swanny loves that fact.”

Bert: “Why wouldn’t he? Fans love Swanny. Locker rooms respect Swanny. He’s built a career on being dependable night after night. The only thing he’s never gotten is a promoter willing to bet on him as *the* guy.”

Chaz: “And that’s what makes this so fascinating. Hawkins wants to prove his Black Light Championship reign is only getting started. Ciaran Kennedy wants to finally beat a man he believes is his equal, not his superior. And Swanny? One win tonight would make him impossible to ignore.”

The ring announcer steps to the center of the ring as all three competitors back into their corners. Formal introductions are made and with each name announced, the energy inside The Foundry rises another level. Swanny paces in place, trying to stay loose. Ciaran Kennedy stands motionless, eyes locked on Hawkins. The ref signals to the time keeper.

The crowd is on their feet as all three men step forward.

Bert: “And here we go.”

The bell rings.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Savior Hawkins and Ciaran Kennedy explode out of their corners, meeting in the center of the ring to a massive reaction from The Foundry. There’s no feeling-out process. No hesitation. They pick up exactly where their rivalry left off, trading sharp forearms, blistering chops, and rapid counters at a pace only they seem capable of maintaining. Ciaran snaps off a deep arm drag into a standing dropkick. Hawkins answers with a lightning fast leg sweep into a stiff shoot kick that folds Ciaran in half. The crowd erupts as both men kip up at nearly the same time and immediately start jawing at one another.

Chaz: “These two are addicted to pushing each other.”



| MATCH 1 | CIARAN KENNEDY vs SAVIOR HAWKINS vs SWANNY | CONTINUED |

Bert: “And they’re forgetting there’s a third man in this match.”

That mistake costs them. Swanny waits patiently on the outside edge of the action before charging in at the perfect moment, flattening both men with a double clothesline. The Foundry roars as he keeps rolling, dropping Hawkins with a Slingblade before catching Ciaran with a brutal Hangman’s Neckbreaker. Hawkins stumbles to his feet and eats a jumping knee. Ciaran rushes back in and gets planted with a back suplex. Swanny’s confidence grows with every second as he sends both men spilling to the floor before standing alone in the ring, chest heaving as the crowd showers him with applause.

Bert: “This is what Swanny has been fighting for his entire career.”

Chaz: “Respected everywhere he goes. Loved by these fans. But nights like this are how you force the world to finally see you as more than dependable.”

The pace somehow gets even faster. Hawkins catches Swanny with a spinning heel kick out of nowhere before Ciaran launches himself into both men with a diving crossbody to the floor. The match turns chaotic in the best possible way. Momentum swings constantly as all three men trade near falls and momentum bursts. Swanny lands **KA-POW Kick** on Hawkins. Ciaran answers with a brutal brainbuster on Swanny. Hawkins nearly steals it after cracking Ciaran with a sudden knee strike that sends him crashing into the turnbuckles. Every opening disappears as quickly as it appears.

As the match pushes past the midway point, Swanny gets caught trying to spring back into the action. Hawkins blasts him with a spinning back kick to the ribs and Ciaran immediately follows with a running knee that sends him tumbling through the ropes to the floor. For a brief moment, old rivals become temporary allies. The Foundry buzzes as Hawkins and Ciaran turn toward each other with matching smirks before launching into another breathtaking exchange. Reversals come faster. Strikes get sharper. The crowd rises as both men unload their deepest bags, putting on another wrestling clinic while Swanny remains down on the outside trying to recover.

Chaz: “Here we go again! You can’t keep these two apart.”

Bert: “And the fan’s can’t get enough of it.”



| MATCH 1 | CIARAN KENNEDY VS SAVIOR HAWKINS VS SWANNY | CONTINUED |

With Swanny still recovering on the outside, Savior Hawkins and Ciaran Kennedy fall back into the rivalry that's defined the Black Light Championship scene for weeks and somehow raise the level again. Hawkins cracks Ciaran with a spinning back elbow, then snaps him down with a beautiful bridging suplex for a razor close two count. Ciaran fires back with Kawada kicks that echo through The Foundry before planting the champion with a devastating Falcon Arrow that nearly ends it. Hawkins survives. Ciaran looks stunned for half a second before immediately hunting the finish. He tries to spike Hawkins with the **Saltire Spike**, but Hawkins slips free and nearly steals it with a sudden roll up. Two count. Both men explode back to their feet and trade desperate counters as the crowd rises with every reversal.

Hawkins lands a jumping knee. Ciaran answers with a discus elbow. Hawkins ducks a lariat and nearly decapitates him with a brutal spinning heel kick. Ciaran somehow stays upright and fires back with a massive release German suplex that sends Hawkins crashing into the turnbuckles. The champion stumbles forward on instinct. That's all Ciaran needs.

He explodes across the ring and drives his knee straight through Hawkins' jaw with **The Mercy Kill!** The Foundry erupts. One. Two. Swanny dives into frame and breaks it up at the last possible second.

Chaz: "HE HAD HIM!"

Bert: "That was Ciaran's moment! I think he finally had Hawkins beat!"

Ciaran can't believe it. He turns and unloads on Swanny with vicious forearms before launching him with a huge belly-to-belly suplex. Swanny pops back up and answers with a desperation enziguri that rocks Ciaran. They begin trading bombs of their own as the crowd stays molten. Swanny lands **Sugar, We're Going Down** and nearly steals it, but Ciaran barely kicks out. Ciaran answers with a brainbuster that folds Swanny in half. Meanwhile Hawkins is dragging himself up in the corner, barely conscious but refusing to stay down. Ciaran turns and sees him standing. His eyes widen. Hawkins grits his teeth as Ciaran charges. At the same time, Swanny surges forward and drives Ciaran hard across the ring with a violent back suplex that sends him rolling under the bottom rope to the floor.

The crowd erupts as Hawkins sees his opening. He backs into the opposite corner. The Foundry knows exactly what's coming.

Bert: "IT'S SHOWTIME!"



| MATCH 1 | CIARAN KENNEDY vs SAVIOR HAWKINS vs SWANNY | CONTINUED |

Hawkins explodes across the ring looking to decapitate Swanny with his version of the Helluva Kick... but Swanny sidesteps at the last possible second. Hawkins crashes violently into the turnbuckles and stumbles backward in a daze.

Swanny catches him off the rebound flush with a massive Flatliner.

The crowd completely loses its mind. Swanny doesn't hesitate. He scrambles to the top rope, fighting through exhaustion as the entire building rises to its feet.

Chaz: "NO WAY..."

Swanny launches himself into the air and crashes down with the **Montreal Cannonball!!**

Direct hit.

He hooks both legs deep.

One! Two! Ciaran dives back into the ring...

THREE!

The bell rings just before Ciaran can make the save.



Chaz: "Hawkins has to feel the pressure now. Swanny just pinned him for the second time."

Bert: "And there's no denying it anymore. Swanny just inserted himself into this title picture in a major way."

Chaz: "Meanwhile Kennedy knows he had Hawkins beat tonight."

Bert: "And that's why the Black Light Championship already means something around here. Everyone wants it and nobody is backing down."

Match Stats

Winner: Swanny

Method: Pinfall

Finish: Montreal Cannonball

Time: 17:40

Updated Record: 2-2

Dice Results: Tipple threat match results determined via physical dice roll. Full roll results available on the CFW Discord.

| MATCH TWO |

MARA GRAVE vs SELINA SANTORINO

| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |

Swanny celebrates with the crowd while Savior Hawkins sits in the corner, visibly frustrated after the loss. Ciaran Kennedy glares from ringside before heading to the back.

Bert: “That frustration from Hawkins is lingering a little longer than usual.”

Chaz: “He’s going to have to shake it off, Bert. He’s got multiple people gunning for that championship now.”

They make their way to the back. The foundry begins to settle.

“Stitches” by Orgy suddenly hits and the mood shifts instantly inside The Foundry. Thick haze rolls across the stage as Mara Grave slowly emerges, face paint cracked and expression unreadable. She ignores the crowd completely and marches toward the ring.

There is an aura around Mara.



Mara stares through the camera

MARA GRAVE

Bert: “And now we shift from the Black Light Championship picture, to something a little more unsettling...”

Chaz: “Mara Grave feels less like a wrestler and more like a warning sign. She doesn’t care about attention, headlines, or followers. She walks into that ring looking to make people regret standing across from her.”



Arrogance personified **SELINA SANTORINO**

Bert: “And here comes a woman who lives in an entirely different universe than Mara Grave.”

Chaz: “Mara treats this like combat. Selina treats it like content.”

Selina pauses halfway down the ramp to capture a shot of the crowd booing her before smirking at the camera and continuing toward the ring.

Bert: “What’s wild is Selina carries herself like she’s already outgrown this place.”

Chaz: “That’s because she genuinely believes she has.”

...She thinks she’s above this company, above her record, and definitely above Mara Grave.”

Selina finally lowers the phone and locks eyes with Mara from ringside. Mara doesn’t move. Doesn’t blink.

Bert: “One woman wants attention. The other looks like she wants violence.”

Chaz: “And only one of them is about to get exactly what they want.”

Selina steps through the ropes and immediately begins talking trash from across the ring, confidently pacing while Mara remains frozen in her corner, staring straight through her. The referee steps between them as introductions are made, but the tension only grows. Selina rolls her shoulders and flashes one final arrogant grin. Mara slowly steps forward.

The ref gives the signal to the time keeper. The bell rings...

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Chaz: “I’m very interested in this one, Bert. These two women couldn’t be more different.”



| MATCH 2 | MARA GRAVE vs SELINA SANTORINO | CONTINUED |

Selina immediately raises her hand toward the hard cam, mouthing something to her followers as if the match hasn't officially started in her mind. Mara charges. The crowd erupts, but Selina was ready for it. She drops the phone at ringside at the last possible second and blasts Mara with a vicious kick to the ribs followed by a sharp forearm that snaps her head back. Mara stumbles into the ropes and Selina swarms her with fast, nasty strikes that feel far more violent than her glamorous presentation suggests. A spinning back kick folds Mara over before Selina quickly hooks her into a **Pumphandle X-Factor**, looking to end things almost immediately. Mara barely escapes.

Chaz: "That wasn't arrogance. That was a trap."

Bert: "And Selina almost stole this thing in under a minute."

Selina smirks and mockingly brushes hair out of Mara's face before eating a forearm that nearly drops her. The mood shifts instantly. Mara begins dragging the match into uglier territory, unloading heavy body shots, brutal knees in the corner, and a short range suplex that sends Selina bouncing across the canvas. The Foundry rallies behind Mara as she stalks forward with that same unsettling calm before suddenly exploding with violence. Selina tries retreating to the ropes and gets blasted with a running strike that sends both women crashing awkwardly to the floor.

The match begins to unravel in the best possible way. Technique gives way to spite. Selina shoves Mara's face into the apron and screams in her face. Mara responds by reaching up and raking her eyes. They're both starting to look less composed. Less polished. They keep talking to each other between strikes and none of it looks friendly.

Bert: "These two are getting under each other's skin fast."

Chaz: "They're oil and water, Bert. I don't think either woman respects what the other represents."

Selina regains control by getting smarter. She catches Mara charging and yanks her shoulder violently into the middle turnbuckle. Mara screams out and Selina immediately isolates the arm, stomping the shoulder, twisting it against the ropes, and grounding her with tight technical control. Every time Mara tries to fight back with raw aggression, Selina cuts her off with precision. A second rope **Hit The Like Button! Moonsault**. Selina hesitates, then goes for the cover. Mara barely gets her injured shoulder up. The Foundry roars trying to will Mara up. Selina hustles faster, making her way back up to the top...



| MATCH 2 | MARA GRAVE vs SELINA SANTORINO | CONTINUED |

Selina steadies herself on the top rope, looking for another **Hit The Like Button! Moonsault**, but this time Mara rolls at the last possible second. Selina crashes hard into the canvas and immediately clutches her ribs as The Foundry erupts. Mara spills to the outside, gripping her injured shoulder and trying to create separation, but Selina recovers quickly and storms after her like she's personally offended Mara survived.

She slams Mara shoulder-first into the steel barricade once. Twice. Then a third time. Selina's composure completely cracks as she screams at Mara between shots, driving that injured shoulder into steel with vicious precision while the referee desperately tries to restore order.

Bert: "This is getting ugly."

Chaz: "Selina's not thinking about winning right now. She's trying to break her."

The referee finally forces both women back into the ring and Selina immediately stays on the attack, twisting Mara's damaged arm into brutal holds, stomping the shoulder, and driving knees into her upper back whenever she tries to rise. Mara refuses to stay down. She fires back with desperation strikes, lands a nasty short-arm lariat, then muscles Selina into a rough overhead suplex that brings The Foundry to life.

Mara feels momentum shifting and unloads everything she has left, heavy forearms, brutal corner knees, and a crushing short-range slam that leaves both women gasping for air. She hooks Selina's arms, trying to power through the pain for **Grave Consequence**, but her shoulder gives out. Mara winces and instinctively pulls back for just a second.

That hesitation costs her. Selina explodes forward, hooks Mara into position for **Pumphandle X-Factor**.

Selina drills Mara into the mat with a vicious **Pumphandle X-Factor** and immediately hooks the leg as The Foundry gasps at the impact. She covers her.

ONE! TWO!!... Selina suddenly breaks the count herself. The crowd erupts in anger as she yanks Mara off the mat by her hair, refusing to take the win. Mara can barely stand, her injured shoulder hanging limp as Selina screams directly in her face.

Bert: "Oh come on... that is completely uncalled for! You had her!"

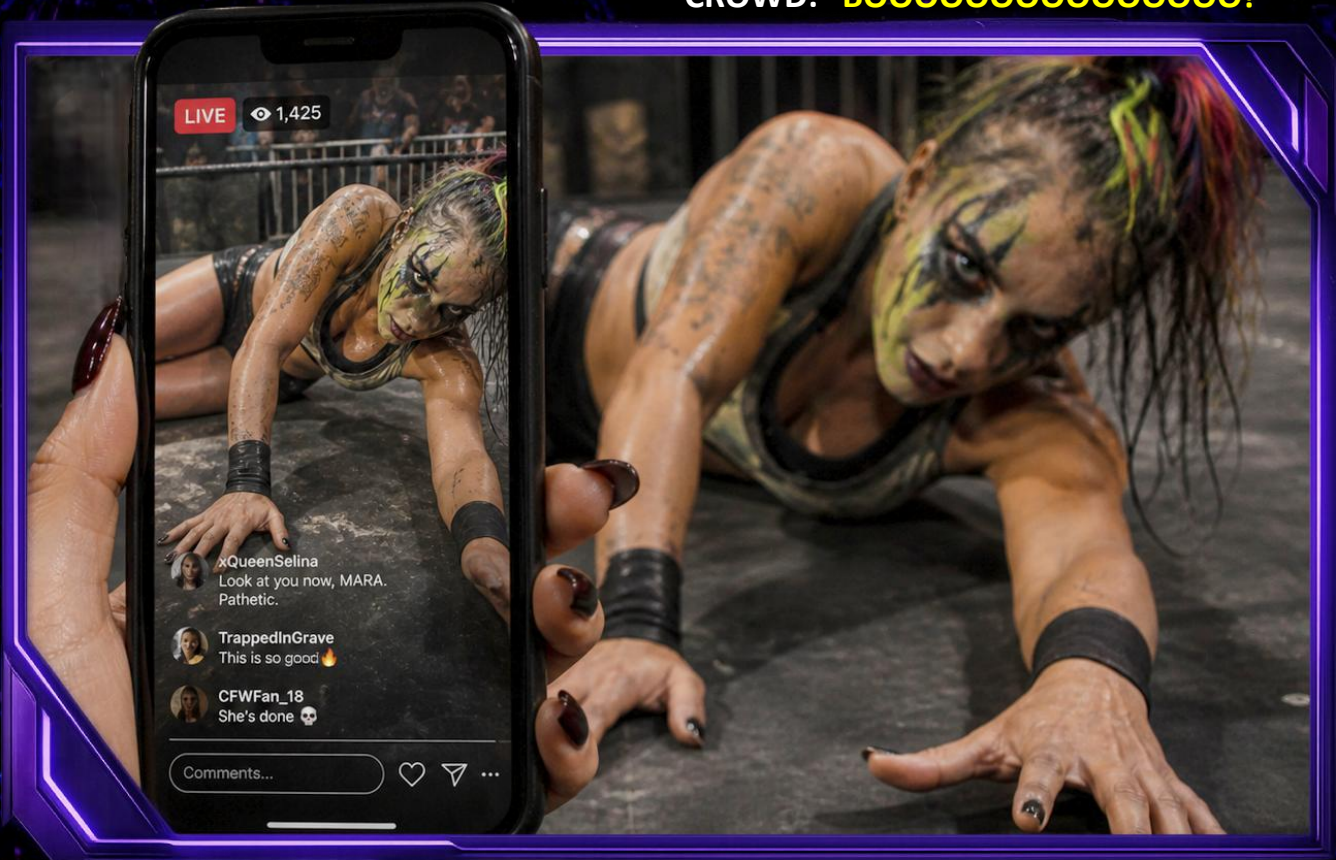
Selina's expression turns cold as she hooks Mara up again. Mara can barely stay upright...



MATCH 2 | MARA GRAVE vs SELINA SANTORINO | CONTINUED |

Selina spins through and drives Mara into the canvas with a second devastating **Pumphandle X-Factor! Cover. ONE! TWO! THREE!!!**

CROWD: "BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"



Selina adds insult to injury and streams Mara out on the mat

Mara Grave vs Selina Santorino

Selina Santorino wins the series 0-3.

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

Round 1: Mara Grave 10 — Selina Santorino 11

Selina Santorino takes it (0-1)



Round 2: Mara Grave 16 — Selina Santorino 18

Selina Santorino takes it (0-2)

Round 3: Mara Grave 16 — Selina Santorino 17 tie 8-8, reroll

16-17 Selina Santorino takes it (0-3)

Match Stats

Winner: Selina Santorino

Method: Pinfall

Finish: Pump Handle X-Factor

Time: 11:07

Updated Record: 1-2

| MATCH THREE |
LUCAS KNOX vs CALEB CROSS

| 1 FALL – 20 MIN TIME LIMIT |

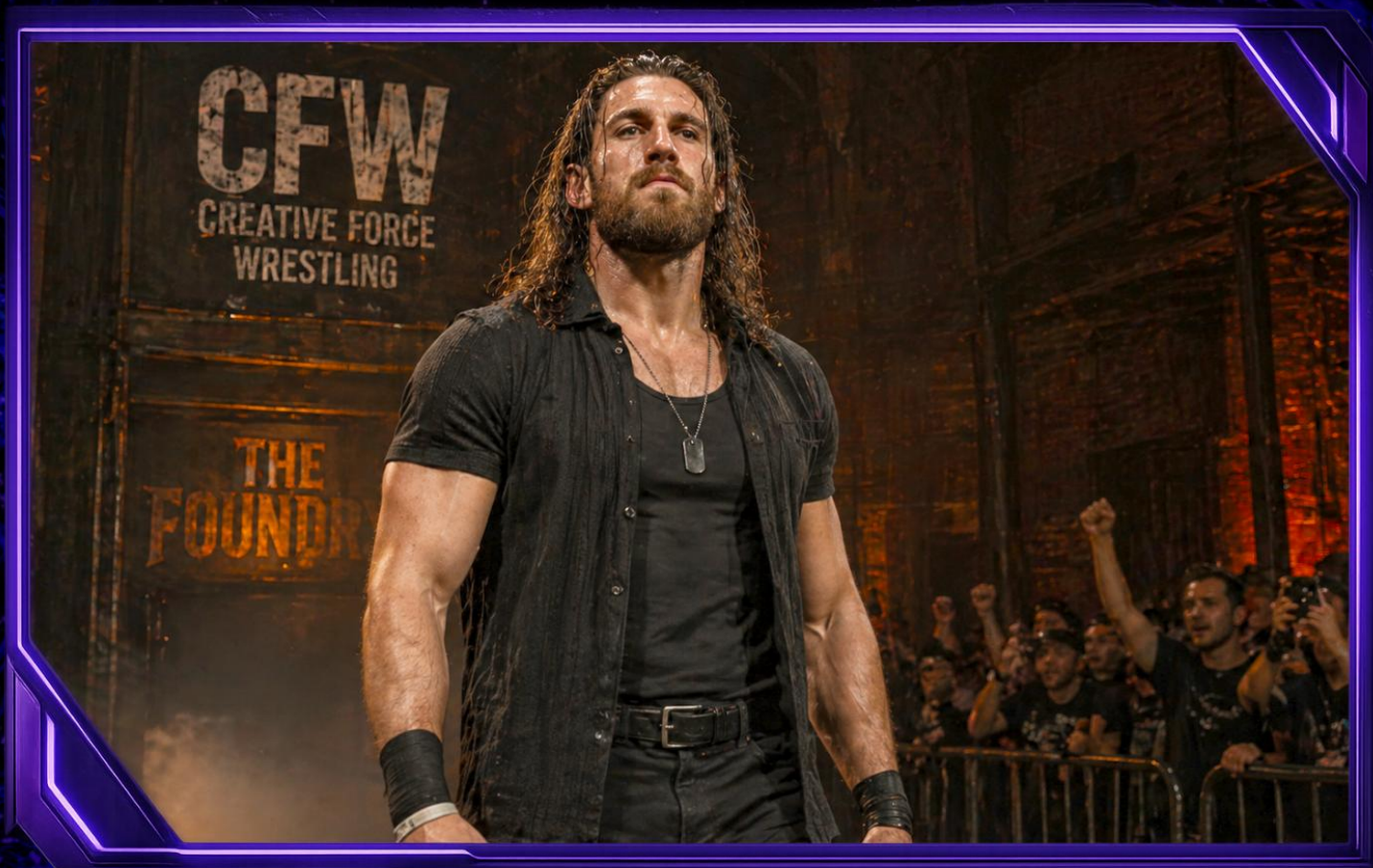
Bert: “Selina took it too far in my opinion. You won the match. You don’t need to film and mock someone after it’s over. That’s not what this should be about.”

Chaz: “I agree, Bert.”

The ring slowly clears. Commentary falls silent.

For the first time all night, The Foundry grows still. The crowd settles into a low murmur as the empty ring sits under the lights and a brief moment of anticipation hangs in the air.

“No Easy Way Out” by Beast In Black hits and blasts through the Foundry



Lucas Knox walks with the calm of someone who enjoys being hated.



| MATCH 3 | **LUCAS KNOX vs CALEB CROSS** | CONTINUED |

Chaz: “Speaking of things CFW shouldn’t be about... this man has become the walking definition of it. Since arriving here, Lucas Knox has gone from reckless and unpredictable to something much uglier. The losses piled up, the frustration grew, and every week he seems more comfortable crossing lines he used to pretend mattered.”

Bert: “Ever since losing his feud with Wyatt Storm, this guy become completely unhinged.”

Bert: “And by the way, Chaz... why the hell is he dressed like that? He has a match tonight. He looks like he’s ready to hit the bar.”

Lucas Knox drags out the rest of his walk to the ring as the boos continue to build. He grabs a microphone from the timekeeper’s table and slowly steps through the ropes. Then he stalls even longer. Knox paces the ring, soaking in the hostility before stopping in the center. He raises the mic... pauses... and lets the crowd grow louder.

Finally, he begins to speak.

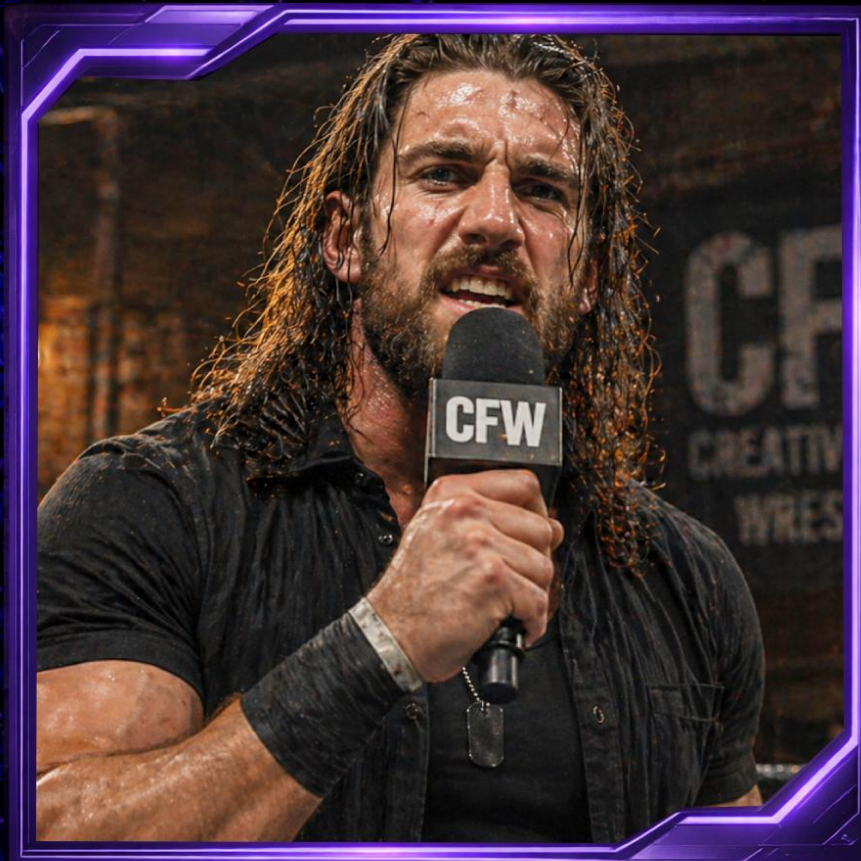
Lucas Knox: “You can go ahead and put another loss on my record. Make it one and six. I’m forfeiting my match tonight because I don’t give a shit.”

The Foundry erupts with boos.

Crowd: “YOU QUIT! YOU QUIT! YOU QUIT!”

Lucas paces the ring, jaw tightening before forcing a laugh.

“I quit?” Stalling more.



Lucas seething on the mic

LUCAS KNOX


 MATCH 3 | **LUCAS KNOX vs CALEB CROSS** | CONTINUED |

He smirks. "That's funny." He points toward the entrance ramp. "Caleb Cross can walk down here any time he wants... I'll wait." The smirk disappears. Lucas begins pacing faster now, visibly agitated. "No... no, I do give a shit." The crowd noise dips as his tone sharpens. "I give a shit that I keep getting booked like I'm some disposable extra around here." He points to himself. "I was here at Reclamation. Day one. I helped build this place." Boos rain down. "And now what am I? Card filler? A stepping stone?" Sounding more bitter. "I stopped caring about my record because apparently none of it matters anyway. So why should I?" He leans against the ropes, eyes narrowing. "And while we're talking about things that magically matter.." He points toward the camera. "Wyatt Storm gets to walk around here like he's untouchable." Heavy boos. "Wyatt Storm gets world title opportunities. Wyatt Storm gets treated like some top guy." Lucas shakes his head. "Why exactly?" He pauses. "Because some internet poll said so six months ago?" A few laughs break through the boos. "Is that still a thing around here?" He pauses again. The Foundry boos loudly before a few fans begin chanting. **Crowd: "ONE AND SIX! ONE AND SIX! ONE AND SIX! ONE AND SIX!"** Lucas stops pacing. He tries to laugh it off. The chant grows louder. **Crowd: "ONE AND SIX! ONE AND SIX! ONE AND SIX!"** His expression changes. You can see the anger... then something closer to embarrassment. He raises the microphone like he's about to fire back. He stops. Looks around.

The chant somehow gets louder. Lucas slowly lowers the microphone. For a moment, it looks like he may say something else. instead, he drops the mic.

THUD.

Caleb Cross vs Lucas Knox

Caleb Cross wins the series 3-0.

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



Round 1: Caleb Cross **15** — Lucas Knox **14**

Caleb Cross takes it (1-0)

Round 2: Caleb Cross **11** — Lucas Knox **8**

Caleb Cross takes it (2-0)

Round 3: Caleb Cross **19** — Lucas Knox **8**

Caleb Cross takes it (3-0)

Bert McDaniels: "I... I'm not even going to acknowledge that Chaz."

Match Stats

Winner: Caleb Cross

Finish: Forfeit

Time: 0:00

Method: N/A

Updated Record: 2-1



| CFW SPEEDRUN 8 PROMO |

Lucas slowly exits as the crowd showers him with boos.

Chaz: “Disgraceful. Absolutely disgraceful. Let’s move on and talk about someone who actually wants to be here.”

Bert: “Now this is exciting, folks. **Monday, May 18th on SpeedRun 8**, we’ll witness the debut of a very unusual man, we no little about... Montag Black.”

Chaz: “But what we do know is intriguing. Six eleven. Over 300 pounds. Calls himself *The Fortunate Son*.”

Chaz: “He makes his debut against Alaric Green, someone who takes his record very seriously and for good reason, it’s a winning one.”

Bert: “Green has unapologetically become a gatekeeper of sorts in CFW. A very **dangerous** opponent for anyone trying to make a first impression.”

SPEEDRUN

MON. MAY 18TH

MONTAG
BLACK



Graphic for Montag Black’s CFW debut splashes on screen



| MAIN EVENT |

JACE VALOR vs ADAM STRYKER

| 1 FALL-30 MIN TIME LIMIT |

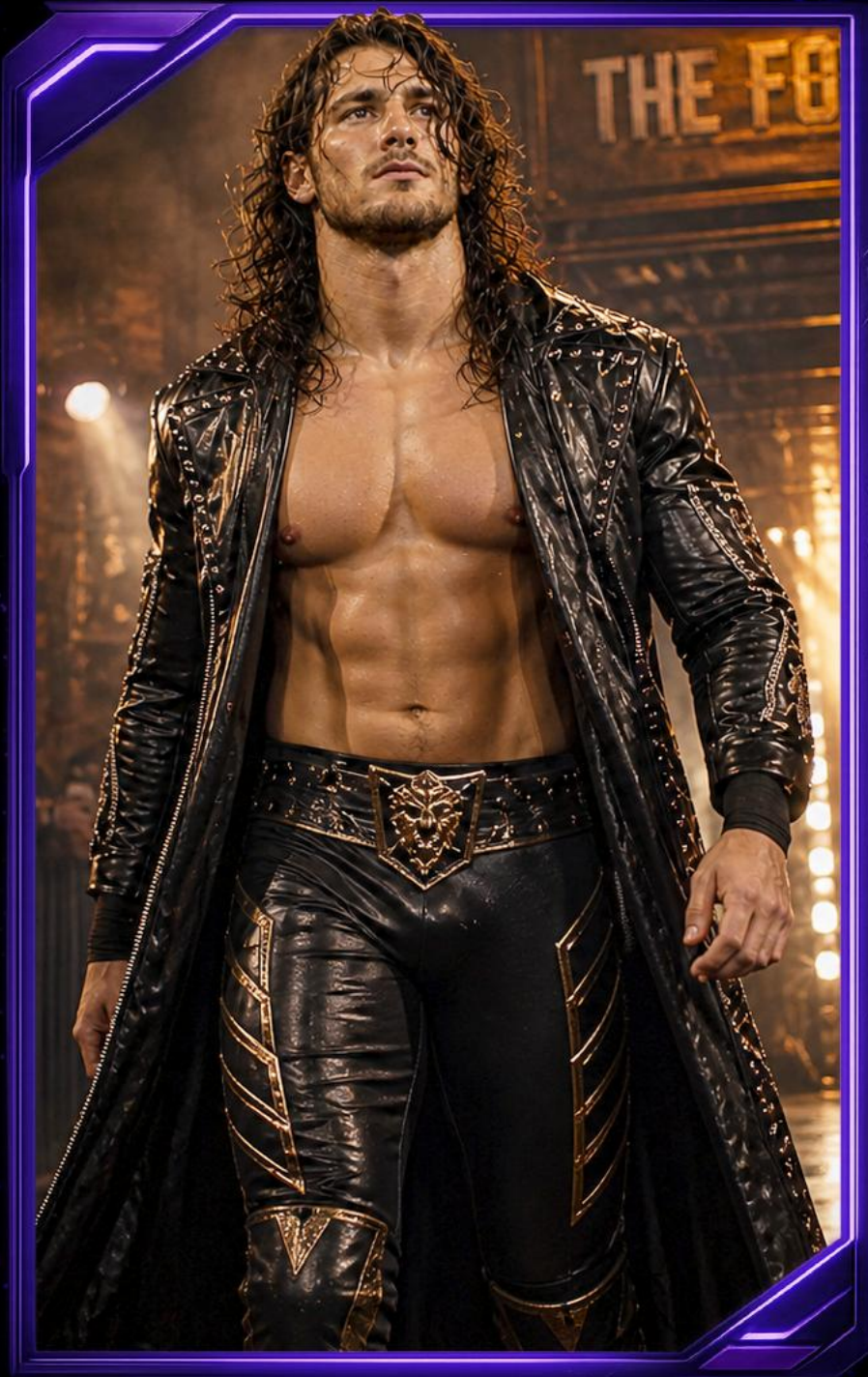
The Foundry settles after a chaotic night, but the energy never fully drops. Fans buzz in anticipation. The lights dim once again. A low roar begins to build across the building as everyone senses what's next.

Then **"Clock Strikes"** by **ONE OK ROCK** hits.

The Foundry erupts. Jace Valor steps through the curtain to a massive ovation as the energy inside the building instantly reaches another level.

Jace Valor steps through the curtain looking every bit like a superstar. Focused. Confident. The lights flash off his gear as he makes the walk through a deafening ovation from a crowd that knows exactly who they're looking at.

Bert: "That's what a franchise player looks like."



Main event energy fills the building

JACE VALOR



| MAIN EVENT | **JACE VALOR vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

Chaz: “Lucas Knox was right about one thing tonight. He’s an original. But he’s miles apart from *this* original. Jace Valor helped build CFW too... the difference is he carried it forward.”

Bert: “Once upon a time, Lucas Knox and Jace Valor were close friends... but I can assure you there are no friendships involved in this main event. This is about raw competition. Adam Stryker is a multi time World Champion. So is Jace Valor. These are two men obsessed with setting the gold standard in professional wrestling. Their first meeting here in CFW was tainted by Reign Rokk and The Seers. Tonight, contracts have been signed. The Seers are banned from interfering.” Bert leans forward at the desk as the crowd swells behind him. “And thank God for that. Because this is what these two men deserve. This is what these fans deserve. And more importantly... it’s what this sport deserves. No shortcuts. No numbers game. No excuses. Just two of the absolute best stepping into this ring to find out who the better man really is.”

Chaz: “Well said, partner.”

The lights dim once again and the mood inside The Foundry shifts. The energy stays high, but it becomes more tense. More respectful.

Adam Stryker steps through the curtain in his black leather jacket to a loud mixed reaction. No flash. No wasted movement. Just cold focus from a man who’s spent his entire career believing professional wrestling should hurt.

Chaz: “And here comes a man who truly believes he is the last standard of this business.”

Stryker slowly scans the crowd before locking his eyes on the ring.

Bert: “Multi time world champion. Trainer. Veteran. And one of the smartest men to ever step in a ring.”

Chaz: “He didn’t come back for nostalgia. He came back because he believes this generation has watered this sport down... and tonight he gets a chance to prove he still belongs at the very top.”

Stryker removes his jacket at ringside and steps into the ring without taking his eyes off Jace. The crowd grows louder as both men stare each other down from opposite corners.

Bert: “This feels big.”



| MAIN EVENT | **JACE VALOR vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

The atmosphere grows heavier with every passing second. Both men remain in their corners as the official moves through final checks. Ring introductions are made and the noise inside The Foundry somehow gets even louder.

The referee quickly runs through the rules, reminding both men The Seers are banned from ringside tonight. Neither man breaks eye contact.

Jace steps forward. Stryker meets him in the center. One final face off. No words. No backing down.

Chaz: “This feels like a championship fight without the championship.”

The referee quickly separates them. The crowd rises to its feet.

DING! DING! DING!

The opening minutes are deliberate. No wasted movement. No cheap explosions. Just two elite wrestlers feeling for weaknesses like grandmasters moving pieces across a board.

Stryker immediately tries to slow the tempo, tying Jace up in tight collar and elbow exchanges before grinding him into the mat with headlocks, wrist control, and heavy pressure across the shoulders. Jace slips free once, lands a quick arm drag, then another, forcing a brief stalemate that draws applause from The Foundry. Both men pop up at the same time. Small smirks. Mutual respect. They circle again and the pace subtly quickens. Jace begins using his speed in bursts. A sharp leg kick. A quick snapmare. Basement dropkick to the spine. Early cover.

ONE.

Stryker kicks out instantly and glares at him. Jace stays fluid, constantly changing angles. He slips a lock up, counters a takedown attempt, floats over into a waist lock and transitions beautifully into a snap German that sends Stryker rolling to the apron. The crowd erupts as Jace kips up, feeding off the energy. That reaction visibly irritates Stryker.

He steps back through the ropes with a colder expression and immediately changes the tone. Jace charges and gets cut in half with a brutal back elbow. Stryker follows with stiff body shots in the corner, a grinding knee across the jaw, then plants him with a nasty spinebuster that shakes the ring. Cover.

ONE... TWO...

| MAIN EVENT | **JACE VALOR vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

Jace kicks out.

Stryker doesn't argue with the count. He stays on him. That's what makes him dangerous. He traps Jace's left arm, driving repeated knees into the shoulder before stomping the elbow joint. Every strike feels more urgent than usual. Less measured. More personal.

Chaz: "Adam Stryker feels this crowd, Bert. This is Jace's house and I think that bothers him more than he'd ever admit."

Jace tries to create space with kicks from his back, but Stryker keeps cutting him off. He stuffs a comeback attempt and launches Jace with **Morituri Te Salutant**, violently throwing him across the ring. The crowd gasps as Jace crashes hard and rolls toward the ropes clutching his neck. Stryker smells blood and charges for **The Stryke** early...

Jace barely sidesteps it. Stryker crashes shoulder-first into the turnbuckles. The building erupts as Jace springs back to life. A spinning hook kick rocks Stryker. Shotgun dropkick sends him flying into the corner. Jace follows with a running knee, then spikes him with a snap German that folds Stryker in half. Both men are breathing heavier now. The pace has officially shifted. Jace tries to chain into the full **Breaker Sequence**, but Stryker desperately clings to the ropes to stop the pop-up knee. Jace fires a forearm. Stryker answers with one even harder. Jace fires back. Stryker returns it.

The crowd rises as the strikes grow nastier and louder. Forearm. Elbow. Chop. Headbutt. Knee. Neither man gives an inch. Jace finally rocks Stryker with a jumping knee and hits the ropes looking for another burst of offense. Stryker catches him mid sprint and plants him with a thunderous **Definition of Mayhem**.

Both men hit the mat hard. The Foundry explodes as neither man moves. And for the first time in the match... both champions look vulnerable.

Both men lie motionless as the referee begins his count and The Foundry roars in appreciation. A chant of "**CF-DUB! CF-DUB!**" rolls through the building while both men slowly drag themselves up using opposite ropes.

For a brief moment, the camera catches nervous glances toward the entrance ramp. Security remains posted. Officials remain alert. No sign of The Seers... but after everything this company has been through, the unease lingers in the background.



| MAIN EVENT | **JACE VALOR vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

Bert: “That contract better hold.”

Chaz: “Tonight has been too good for this to end that way.”

They meet in the center again and abandon caution entirely. Stryker begins throwing harder than he has all match, his composure cracking as the crowd continues rallying behind Jace. Every time Jace survives another crushing slam or counters another hold, the building gets louder. Every roar feels like salt in Stryker’s wounds. He begins barking at the crowd between strikes. One mistake. Jace cracks him with a sudden enziguri and explodes into offense.

Death Rattle. Spinning hook kick. Shotgun dropkick.

The Foundry erupts as Stryker stumbles into the ropes. Jace charges... Adam explodes from seemingly an off balanced position with **THE STRYKE**.

Out of absolutely nowhere. The spear nearly cuts Jace in half and the entire building gasps in shock. Stryker instantly crawls into the cover... But Jace’s momentum sends him rolling under the bottom rope and crashing to the floor before Stryker can fully hook the leg. The crowd loses its mind. Stryker screams in frustration and immediately slides outside, grabbing Jace by the wrist before he can fully recover. He tries dragging him back inside but Jace fires desperate elbows to the jaw. Stryker answers by launching him spine first into the barricade. Jace collapses in a heap. Stryker pulls him up again looking for **The Last Day on Earth** on the outside, an absolutely reckless decision this deep into the match, but Jace fights free and backdrops him onto the floor. Both men crash hard as the referee reaches an eight count.

They barely beat the count. And somehow Jace finds another gear. He catches Stryker with a springboard forearm. Snap German. Pop up knee. Sliding elbow. The full **Breaker Sequence** lands clean and The Foundry comes unglued. Jace, barely able to stand, pulls Stryker up one more time and drills him with **The Valor Breaker**.

The crowd rises before he even makes the cover.

ONE! TWO! THR-NO!

Stryker kicks out at the absolute last possible fraction of a second. The Foundry erupts into complete disbelief. Jace sits frozen on the mat, both hands on his head. The referee insists it was two.

Bert: “I thought it was over!”


 MAIN EVENT | **JACE VALOR vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

Chaz: “So did everyone in this building!”

Both men are exhausted. Both men are broken down. And somehow... this war keeps going.

Jace refuses to back down, dragging Stryker up and forcing him into one final **Breaker Sequence**. A snap German drops Stryker high on his shoulders. Jace explodes forward with the pop up knee and nearly knocks him out cold. The Foundry is on its feet as Jace charges in for the sliding elbow, but Stryker drops low and Jace flies past him. In one desperate burst, Stryker hits the ropes with everything he has left and detonates Jace with one of the biggest **The Stryke** of his career, nearly cutting him in half. Jace instinctively tries rolling toward the ropes again, but Stryker is all over him this time. He drags Jace back to center ring, muscles him into position, and delivers **The Last Day on Earth**, driving him violently into the mat. Stryker collapses into the cover. The ref slaps the mat three times. Then the bell.

No eruption. No outrage. Just shock. Jace Valor, the heart of this company, has been pinned clean in the middle of the ring. Stryker slowly rolls off the cover, exhausted, while Jace remains motionless. The silence stretches far longer than anyone expects. Even Bert and Chaz are speechless. **Then a sound cuts through the stillness.**

A slow distorted tone hums through the arena speakers. Deep. Strange. Unsettling. It doesn't sound like entrance music at first. It sounds like something crawling into the building. The crowd begins looking toward the entrance ramp as confused murmurs spread through The Foundry. The eerie opening grows louder.



“I went looking for trouble
And, boy, I found her”

Bert: “...what is this?”

“She's in love with herself
She likes the dark
And on her milk white neck
The Devil's mark”



“Now it's All Hallows Eve
The moon is full
Will she trick or treat?
I bet she will...”

Chaz: “This is disturbing”

MAIN EVENT | **JACE VALOR vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

SHE WILL!!!! – TYPE O NEGATIVE'S "BLACK NO. 1" FILLS THE FROUNDRY WITH DREAD



Killjoy marches through officials like they aren't even there

🎵 *Black No. 1* continues to echo through The Foundry as Killjoy reaches ringside. Officials scatter. Stryker tries to steady himself, exhausted from war, while Jace slowly stirs on the mat behind him. Killjoy steps over the top rope like a man entering his own home. Stryker throws the first shot out of desperation. It does nothing. Killjoy grabs him by the throat, launches him into the corner, and begins unloading brutal strikes as the crowd erupts in panic.

Stryker stumbles forward right into **The Laughing End**. Stryker is driven violently into the mat.

Bert: "OH DEAR GOD!"



KILLJOY


 MAIN EVENT | **JACE VALOR vs ADAM STRYKER** | CONTINUED |

Killjoy dismantles Stryker with terrifying patience. He drags him off the mat and drills him with a brutal **Spinal Trap**, folding the former world champion in half. Stryker coughs for air and stumbles blindly into the corner where Killjoy unleashes repeated **Scream Engine** lariats, each one louder and more violent than the last. The boos rain down as Stryker crumbles. Killjoy pulls him back up one more time and sets up a second **Laughing End**. The Foundry is in full panic.

And then it erupts.

Jace Valor is somehow back on his feet.

Barely standing. Barely conscious. But standing.

The crowd explodes as Jace fires a wild forearm into Killjoy's jaw. Then another. Killjoy barely moves. Jace hits the ropes and lands **Death Rattle**, the spinning hook kick snapping Killjoy's head back before the shotgun dropkick finally staggers the monster into the ropes.

The building comes unglued. Jace throws everything he has left at Killjoy, but exhaustion catches him.

Adam Stryker vs Jace Valor

Adam Stryker wins the series 3-1.

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

Round 1: Adam Stryker **17** — Jace Valor **8** A bonus +1

Adam Stryker takes it (1-0)



Round 2: Adam Stryker **13** — Jace Valor **19** A bonus +1

Jace Valor takes it (1-1)

Round 3: Adam Stryker **20** — Jace Valor **11** A bonus +1

Adam Stryker takes it (2-1)

Round 4: Adam Stryker **19** — Jace Valor **6** A bonus +1

Adam Stryker takes it (3-1)

He swings again and Killjoy grabs him by the throat.

THE STRYKE!!!

Stryker comes flying in out of nowhere with a spear.

Match Stats

Winner: Adam Stryker

Finish: The Last Day on Earth

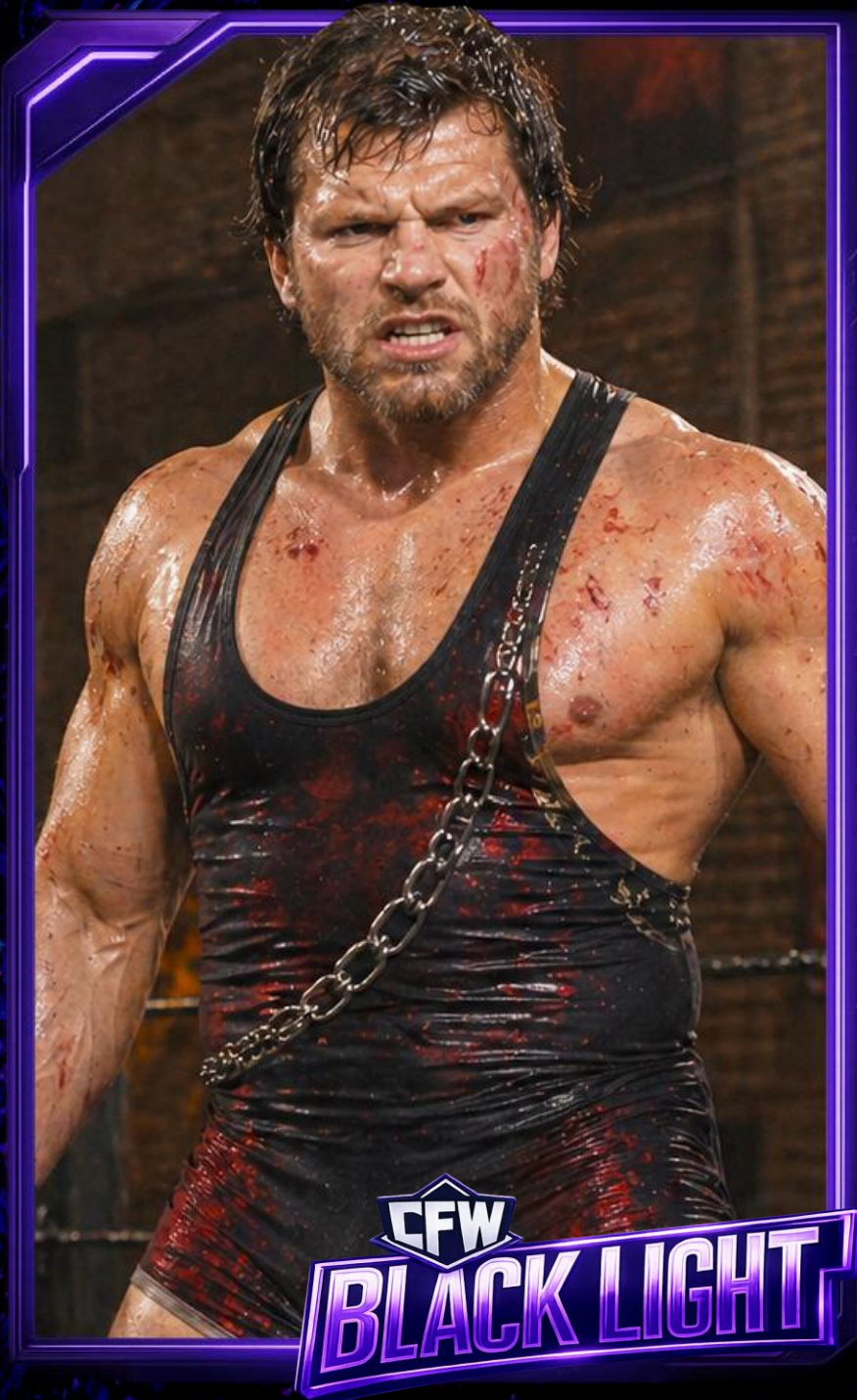
Time: 15:18

Method: Pinfall

Updated Record: 4-1



MAIN EVENT | JACE VALOR vs ADAM STRYKER | CONTINUED |



Killjoy crashes through the ropes and spills to the floor as officials swarm the ringside area. The Foundry is absolutely unglued.

For one surreal moment, Adam Stryker and Jace Valor stand side by side in the center of the ring, both barely able to stand after everything they've survived.

Bert: "That right there was pure defiance!"

Bert: "Some said Adam Stryker couldn't beat Jace Valor clean in the middle of this ring. He just did it."

Bert: "And somehow this man got off the mat after a war and rose from the dead to spear a monster!"

Stryker leans against the ropes trying to breathe. Jace can barely stand beside him as both men stare down at Killjoy recovering on the outside