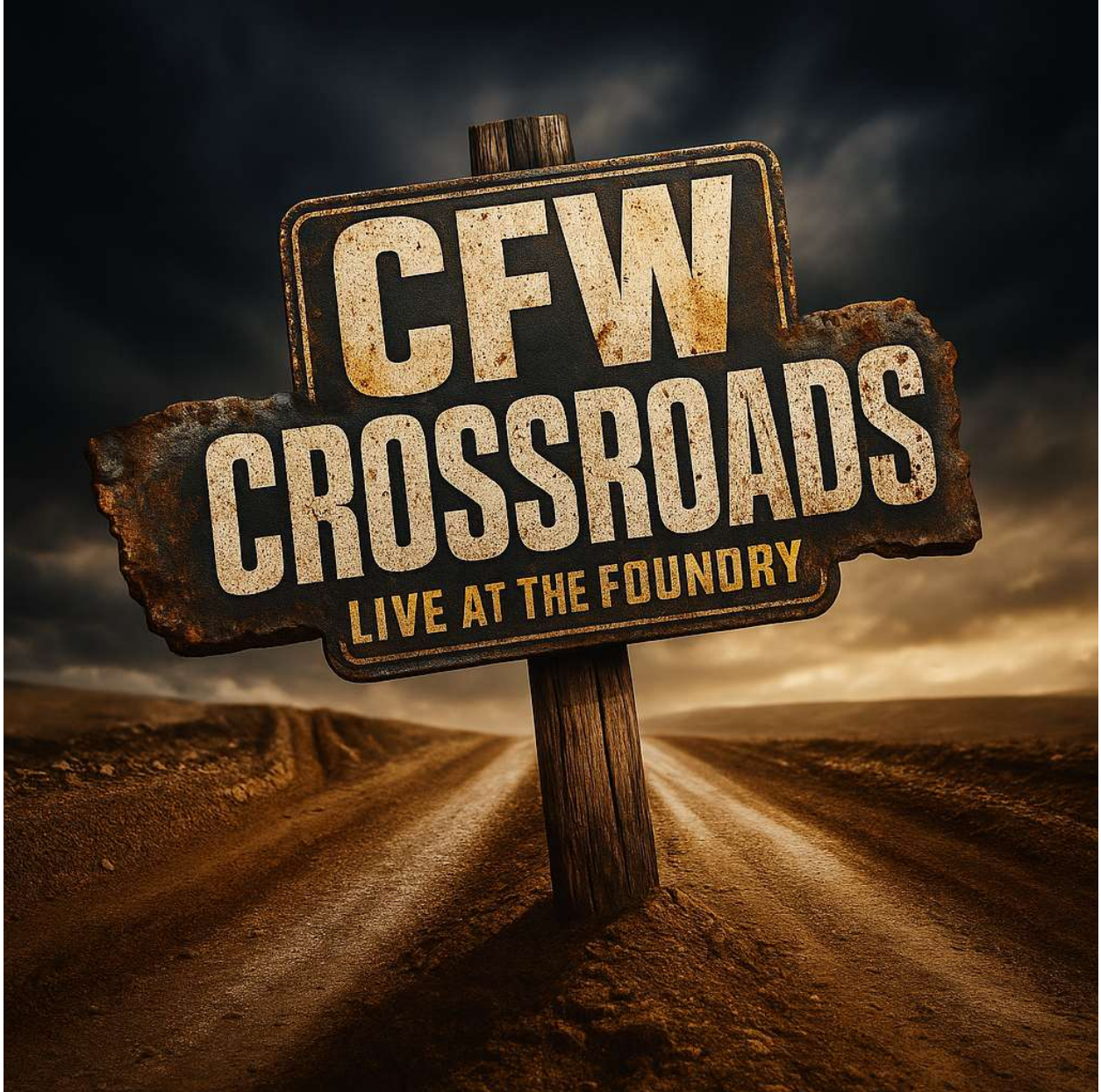


Creative Force Wrestling: Crossroads

The Foundry in Venice, FL



CFW: Crossroads — Cold Open Breakdown

[FADE IN]

Wide shot of *The Foundry* — packed *wall-to-wall*, buzzing with energy.
The camera slowly sweeps across the crowd:



- Fans holding handmade signs
 - Graffiti-covered brick walls
 - The ring glowing under amber lights
- Above the scene, the *on-screen graphic* fades in smoothly:
- "CFW Presents Crossroads — LIVE in Venice, FL"**
- No announcers. No commentary. Just pure **ambient sound**:
- The *roar* of the crowd
 - Random chants starting to spark
 - That slight electric hum of *something about to happen*
- The camera keeps gliding... slow,

deliberate.

Then—

The graphic fades out.

Still no commentary.

Just the crowd getting louder on their own.

BEAT.

Pause. Breathe.

A few quiet seconds—

Fans shifting, murmuring...

Then—

ACE DALTON'S MUSIC HITS.

The crowd **erupts**.

A *massive pop* — shouting, fists in the air, total eruption.

Camera *whips* toward the entrance. The fans on their feet, some losing their minds.

Ace Dalton storms down the aisle—no pyro, no flash—just intensity and purpose.

The crowd's *already on fire* from his music hitting, and it only gets louder with every step. Ace slides into the ring, snatches the mic, and starts pacing the canvas like a caged animal.

The camera stays wide—**no commentary**—just the thick, crackling sound of the crowd, a low chant starting to rise.

Ace lifts the mic.

The crowd pops louder—he doesn't speak.

He lowers it again.

His chest heaves. His eyes burn through the crowd, scanning the walls of The Foundry.

He's seething—but still silent.

He steps toward the ropes, leaning hard on them—*still no words*.

Finally, Ace climbs to the second turnbuckle, one foot planted, leaning out over the roaring fans, headband soaked, sweat glistening under the lights.

His expression says it all: rage, betrayal, urgency.

Still no words.

He points toward himself, then out at the crowd—his body language screaming louder than any promo.

The camera lingers—this is the *moment* before it all spills out.

Ace finally cuts through the thick air, shouting over the buzzing crowd—

His voice sharp, but not screaming—just *urgent*.

ACE DALTON:

“FOUNDRY! I got a lot to say!”

(Huge pop. He lets the reaction swell, pacing the ring, soaking in the moment—but not smiling.)

ACE:

“Bare with me!

I'm ready to spill my guts.”



(He leans forward, gripping the second rope on the turnbuckle, intensity in every movement—sweat dripping, eyes locked on the crowd.)

ACE (voice steady, raw):

“I’m out here tonight to spill my guts... and my heart... and tell you what most of you already know. But maybe you don’t. And I need to make sure you do.

I need to hand-deliver my love letter...

To professional wrestling.”

(The crowd pops—Ace’s voice tightens with passion, but he stays composed.)

ACE:

“Every time I step through those ropes...

Every time I lace my boots...

Every time I get the chance to fight in front of you fine people—

I feel more blessed than any man deserves to be.

I love this sport.

And I love you...

For giving me the damn chance to do it.”

(Another pop. Ace lets it hang—breathing deep, letting the words sink in. He slowly paces the ring, head down, gripping the mic tight.)

ACE (lower, but still fired up):

“For those of you that’ve followed me all these years...

You know I’ve been through the underground.

I’ve wrestled in basements. In barns. In busted-down rec centers where the crowd was five people and a stray dog.

I’ve given my heart, my soul, and my blood to this sport.

I broke my ribs in BCW.

Snapped my arm in two in a dump of a gym outside Pittsburgh.

I had my run in Iron Ring Pro.

I held the World Title in First Class Wrestling for *half a damn year!*”

(Pop erupts—Ace finally lets himself crack a small, worn smile—but it fades fast. He’s not here to brag. He’s here to warn.)

ACE (voice shaking now, but full of fire):

“The reason I’ve bled—and the reason I’ll keep bleeding—for this sport...

The same reason guys like Jace Valor...

Wyatt Storm...

Chris Titan...

Bleed for wrestling...

It’s for love.

It’s for you.

And it’s for the

World

Heavyweight

Title!”

(The Foundry explodes. Ace now fully yelling, the words hitting like punches.)

ACE:

“The CFW Title didn’t just appear outta thin air!

It didn’t just show up on some podium.

That title exists because of the sacrifices and the blood spilled



in places most of you know well.

Organizations that gave everything—and then died to create this place.

BCW!

First Class Wrestling!

Virtue Underground!

The wrestlers...

The fans...

The organizers...

The ones who dragged the ring pieces outta trucks...

The ones who built the shows night after night after night...

*They gave EVERYTHING so we could stand here and call this **OUR TITLE**.*

And you better believe—

*You bet **your ass** it means something!*

It means EVERYTHING!"

(Ace now staring dead straight into the hard camera—eyes locked, jaw clenched, sweat pouring, the crowd roaring behind him.)

(He holds the glare... doesn't blink. Crowd chants swell.)

(Crowd roaring. Ace finally breathes. One deep breath. He lets the weight of it hang, keeping his stare locked.)

ACE (lower tone, voice steady but tense):

"Now...

Let's address the elephant in the room."

(Crowd quiets slightly, leaning in.)

ACE:

"Where did I go?

Where was Ace Dalton?

I took a few days to myself.

I needed to clear my head.

But I also did... a little digging.

A little research."

(He paces now, slow and deliberate.)

ACE:

"I know who KillJoy is—we all do.

Six-time World Champion in Japan.

A legend.

I've always had respect for him."

(Slight respectful pop from the crowd.)

ACE (stopping, turning deadly serious):

"But MAR?

Nah.

I don't know who that is anymore than any of you do.

We just know him as some spooky face who failed to help launch this company twenty years ago."

(Crowd stirs—some loud reactions as Ace keeps building.)

ACE:

“And now...

Now we got him.

Here.

In the flesh.

But here’s the question—

Who the hell is he?”

(Beat. Ace’s voice gets quieter, drawing the crowd in tighter.)

ACE:

“I wanted to know...”

(Pause. The crowd is hanging on it.)



ACE (letting it explode):

“So I found out.”

(The Foundry erupts in shock. Ace steps toward the ropes, pointing straight toward the ramp, yelling now.)

ACE (full fire, pointing hard):

“MAR!

Or should I say...

DALE!”

(Huge gasp from the crowd—immediate

CHAZ DEL RIO (stammering, shocked on commentary):

“Dale? Who the hell is Dale?!”

(Ace leans over the ropes, venom in every word—yelling but clear.)

ACE:

“That world title—

That good men bled for—

Doesn’t belong anywhere near your old ass!”

(Big pop—Ace keeps rolling, pacing hard now.)

ACE:

“I want it back.

The people want it back.

CFW wants it back!

Your lies...

Your bullshit...

Your theatrics—

They don’t belong in this company!”

(Crowd roaring now—Ace’s voice rises with them.)

ACE:

“Gimmicks have their place in wrestling...

But they don’t STEAL TITLES!

CHAMPIONS EARN THEM!”

(Massive pop—Ace stops, calms himself, but his voice stays sharp and cutting.)

ACE (cooler, deliberate, dagger-sharp tone):

“Dale obviously has connections.

But I assure you—

He’s not some ghoul from the underworld like he wants you to believe.

That’s all bullshit.

And it doesn’t belong here.”

(Crowd buzzing—Ace glares directly into the hard camera, unblinking.)

ACE:

“He doesn’t have magic VHS tapes that put people in a trance.

I watched it.

I’m not in a trance.

I’m pissed.

And I’m gonna do everything I can...

To get that title back where it belongs—

With REAL WRESTLERS.”

(Ace drops the mic with authority—thud—and stays right where he is, pacing slowly, staring down the ramp as the crowd stays electric, chanting his name.)

Crowd: “ACE! ACE! ACE!”

(Suddenly—KillJoy’s music hits. A harsh, unsettling sound—metallic, almost ritualistic. The crowd’s roar turns to an uneasy buzz as KillJoy and Águila Feral emerge, flanked by Venessa Vale.)

(They move slowly—methodical, unbothered—descending toward the ring with icy focus.)

(Ace doesn't flinch. He paces the ring like a lion, eyes locked dead ahead as they approach.)
(But as the trio gets closer—something shifts.)



(Venessa... is staring at Ace.)
Her expression isn't cold, or distant. It's... almost soft. Concerned.
There's something warm in her gaze—her eyes almost pleading with him.
As if she's trying to tell him something without words.
Almost like... she's worried about him.
(The camera catches her lingering glance—her eyes locked on Ace, face tense with unspoken emotion.)
(Meanwhile, KilJoy and Feral don't even acknowledge Ace. They step around the ring, climb to their corner, and begin preparing for their match with Reign Rokk and Dominic Hex—all business.)

(Venessa doesn't follow them. She stops at ringside, still staring up at Ace.)

(Ace, visibly thrown by this, leans over the ropes slightly—his arms out wide in a “What do you want?” gesture, eyebrows furrowed in confusion.)

(No words. Just that unsettling, silent exchange between them.)

CHAZ (on commentary, voice low, unsettled):

“This is... very intriguing.”

BERT (quiet, leaning forward):

“I—I can’t put my finger on it, Chaz...

...but something’s going on here.”

(Ace’s glare softens slightly—he’s clearly confused, maybe even cautious—but he doesn’t back down. Venessa slowly steps away, rejoining KillJoy and Feral at ringside, but she keeps glancing back at Ace as the crowd murmurs.)

(Ace finally exits the ring, climbing through the ropes, his eyes locked on KillJoy and Feral the entire way. He takes his time leaving—pacing backward up the ramp, shooting glances over his shoulder, every step cautious.

Venessa never stops watching him—her gaze burning into his back as he retreats. She doesn’t move. She just stares, expression unreadable but intense.)

CHAZ DEL RIO (low, unsettled):

“There’s a lot to unpack there, Bert.”

BERT MCDANIELS (nodding, still watching the ramp):

“Absolutely. But right now? We’ve got a monster of a tag match coming up.”

(KillJoy and Feral stay locked in their corner, unbothered by Ace’s retreat.

*Then, the lights shift—ominous tones hit as **Dominic Hex** makes his entrance, stepping out with that cold, methodical energy, every step feeling like a ritual. By his side walks **Marisol**, composed and focused, adding another layer of eeriness to the scene as they stalk toward the ring.)*

(Hex climbs the steps, never once breaking his stare from KillJoy and Feral, while Marisol lingers at ringside—silent, but clearly in his corner.)

*(The music shifts again—this time loud and riotous—as **Reign Rokk** storms out next to a big pop, chain slung over his shoulder, stomping toward the ring with pure fire in his stride.)*

(He doesn’t wait for fanfare—he’s here for a fight.)

(As Hex and Rokk settle into their corner, Ace has fully exited through the curtain. The ring announcer steps in, giving the formal introductions—each name carrying weight.)

*(Finally, the referee signals for the bell—**DING DING DING**—and the crowd is buzzing.)*

BERT MCDANIELS (pumped, calling it in full swing):

“What an exciting night we have for you, folks!

*This is **CROSSROADS**—and this one’s gonna shake the walls of The Foundry!”*

Dominic Hex w/ Marisol Vela & Reign Rokk vs Killjoy & Águila Feral



After the bell rings Dominic Hex doesn't wait for formalities—he **blasts Killjoy with a shot before even shrugging out of his coat.** The sudden violence shakes the Foundry as Killjoy stumbles back,

uncharacteristically off balance. Hex rips the jacket from his shoulders like it's molting season and charges again, shoulder first, driving Killjoy into the buckles with a grunt that echoes like thunder in the rafters. What follows is a storm of power—slams, throws, boots that land like cinderblocks. Reign Rokk tags in, and the tempo doesn't dip. Instead, it spikes. For a pair of heavy hitters, Hex and Rokk move like they're shot out of a cannon, tag after tag, keeping the monster Killjoy cut off from salvation. Rokk drops him with a spinebuster that rattles the planks beneath the ring. For a moment, the Foundry crowd believes.

But the tide turns—Killjoy rolls through a clothesline, dives toward the corner. Feral tags in with a slap that's almost dismissive, and launches himself into the ring with an aerial blur of crimson and fury. Suddenly it's Águila Feral's storm. Springboards, diving strikes, reckless aerials that force Hex and Rokk to recalibrate. The pace doesn't slow—it shifts. Now Killjoy and Feral are the ones tagging with purpose. They're hitting combos, cutting the ring in half. What started as brute force has evolved into something sharp and methodical. The match becomes a war of shifting momentum—big hits, hard tags, an ebb and flow of violence and grit with neither side letting the other breathe.

Bert (voice hushed): “This isn't just a tag match anymore... this is survival.”

Feral and Rokk both lay sprawled, every breath visible in the sweat and heave of their chests. The referee checks on them, throwing out the count. Meanwhile, the corners are alive—Hex is pacing on the apron, teeth gritted, fingers twitching for the tag. On the far side, Killjoy is perched like a gargoyle, calm but seething, hand outstretched toward Feral.

Chaz: “These two need a lifeline—bad. You don't take a hit like that and walk it off.”

Feral stirs first. He rolls, drags himself an inch. Another. A hand reaches out—and the crowd *swells* as Killjoy leans in just far enough to get the tag.

Bert: “*Here comes the monster—Killjoy’s in!*”

Killjoy storms the ring with eerie purpose, not frantic but *methodical*. He stalks Rokk, who is only now beginning to rise. One heavy boot sends the big man stumbling into the ropes. Another drops him to a knee. A third—a **brutal lariat**—snaps Rokk down like a tree.

Chaz: “*That’s not a clothesline—that’s a damn guillotine.*”

Killjoy drags Rokk up—effortless, almost mechanical—and drops him with a *backdrop driver* that thuds like thunder. Then he turns. He doesn’t go for a pin. He locks eyes with Hex.

The crowd senses it.

Bert: “*Oh no...*”

Hex explodes into the ring without a tag—rage overriding rules—and we get a wild burst of fists, a frenzy as all four men are eventually in the ring, scrambling, staggering, roaring. The pace spikes again.

The ref waves his arms frantically, yelling, trying to restore order as Hex hammers away like a man possessed.

Chaz: “*Hex has snapped! You don’t poke the devil and expect a prayer!*”

Killjoy absorbs a few shots before swinging back—his fists are heavier, slower, but land with concussive force. The ring shakes under the weight of the brawl. Rokk is still down. Feral is stalking the corner—crouched, watching.

Bert: “*The ref’s lost control of this thing—there’s bodies everywhere!*”

Finally, the referee wedges between the chaos, **pushing Hex back toward his corner** with furious insistence. Hex shouts in protest, eyes locked on Killjoy as he’s forced out.

And **that’s when Feral strikes.**

Like a serpent waiting in the weeds, Feral slithers through the ropes behind the ref’s back. Rokk, groggy and half-standing, never sees it coming—

BOOM! A lariat from



hell folds him inside out.

Chaz: “GOOD LORD! Feral just turned Reign Rokk into a crash test dummy!”

Bert: “He’s not even the legal man! That was an assassination!”

Rokk crumples in the middle of the ring, motionless. Feral slides back out like smoke, lips curled in a savage grin as he returns to his corner just in time for the ref to turn and see nothing.

Feral, now composed, kneels beside Rokk like a predator admiring the aftermath.

Bert (quietly): “This isn’t just about a win anymore... this is a message.”



Feral, grinning like a wolf, tags in Killjoy, and the punishment continues. Together they drag Rokk into their corner, cutting the ring in half with vicious precision. Killjoy drops a series of clubbing blows, then hoists the big man up and **slams him with a resounding thud** that rattles the ropes.

Bert: “That’s nearly three-hundred pounds of man bounced off the canvas like nothing!”

For minutes, Killjoy and Feral grind Rokk down — fast tags, double-teams when the ref’s back is turned, heavy strikes that keep him isolated. Rokk stumbles and falls more than once, but every time the crowd claps louder, stomps harder, urging him back to life. Finally, Rokk explodes with a desperate **double lariat** that levels both men. He dives forward and makes the tag—

Chaz: “Here comes Hex!”

The Foundry erupts as Hex storms in like a freight train. He levels Killjoy with a big boot, then spins into Feral with a roaring elbow that nearly flips the masked flyer inside out. Hex drags Killjoy up and plants him with a **backdrop driver**, then hits the ropes for a **spear that folds him in half**.

The match becomes a blur of chaos—tags in and out, momentum swinging like a pendulum. Rokk shakes off the punishment and comes in hot, lifting Feral for a **huge powerslam**, then staggering into the ropes to wipe Killjoy out with a running crossbody that shocks the crowd.

But Feral answers back with speed, vaulting to the top rope and crashing down on both big

men with a **moonsault to the floor** that sends all three tumbling in a heap.

Bert: “Bodies flying everywhere—this is carnage!”

Back inside, Hex and Feral trade inhuman blows, neither man backing down. Hex catches him mid-run, swinging him around into a **sidewalk slam** that rocks the mat. Tag to Rokk—he climbs the ropes (the crowd roaring in disbelief)—and **drops a diving headbutt** on Feral for a near fall.

The crowd is at fever pitch now, each tag bringing another explosion of violence. Killjoy and Hex brawl outside, slamming each other into barricades, while inside, Feral nearly steals it with a surprise **roll-up on Rokk**.

It’s a war of attrition—fast tags, big spots, both teams trading control. The story of the match is clear: Rokk and Hex fight with raw power and fire, but Killjoy and Feral keep pulling



them back into the shadows, dragging them toward inevitable ruin.

The Foundry is a furnace, the air thick with sweat and disbelief as the two teams trade blows that rattle the very boards beneath the ring. Killjoy and Feral cut off the ring with suffocating efficiency, pouring punishment onto Hex and Rokk with strike combinations and tandem slams that feel endless. Every time it looks like Hex and Rokk are finished, though, they find a way to answer.



Rokk kicks out of not one, not two, but *three* brutal near falls — a top-rope splash from Feral, a double-team suplex, even Killjoy’s crushing lariat. The crowd counts along with every heartbeat, roaring when he throws his shoulder up just before three. Then it’s Hex who takes center stage. He collides with Feral in a seismic exchange — knees, elbows, suplexes that make the ring quake — and for the first time in CFW, Hex’s shoulders are down. Feral covers, the referee’s hand **slaps two and three-quarters** before Hex powers out with a roar that shakes the crowd. The Foundry explodes.

Moments later, Hex catches Killjoy flush, planting him with a thunderous powerbomb and covering for a near fall of his own. The gasp of the audience says it all: ***this isn’t just a tag match anymore, this is the seed of something bigger.***

The pace doesn’t slow. If anything, it accelerates. Bodies slam, sweat flies, fists land heavier with each passing minute. Both teams stagger on fumes but fight like warriors with

nothing left to lose. Hex and Killjoy square off again, face to face, each man throwing bombs, each refusing to fall. Killjoy buckles, Hex stumbles, **but both keep swinging, the crowd sensing destiny in every exchange.**

The match feels less like a contest and more like a prophecy — two unstoppable forces colliding, foreshadowing the **war to come.**

Hex and Killjoy trade bombs in the center of the ring, the crowd on their feet, every strike shaking the ropes. Killjoy lunges, hooking Hex for **The Laughing End**, but Hex powers out — and in a flash, scoops Killjoy up and *drives him down with Killjoy's own finishing move!*

Bert: “**WAIT A MINUTE—HEX JUST STOLE HIS MOVE! HEX JUST DROVE KILLJOY WITH THE LAUGHING END!**”

The Foundry *erupts*, bodies shaking the bleachers as Killjoy flops to the mat, eyes glazed, arms limp. Hex drops into the cover, and the whole building counts along—

Crowd: “ONE! TWO!—”

Killjoy's body is still, but his hand dangles just close enough—Feral slaps the tag rope and launches himself over the ropes, breaking the cover with a last-second save!

Chaz: “**He was out! Killjoy was done, and Feral just saved their skins!**”

Feral pounces before Hex can recover, ducking a wild clothesline, rebounding off the ropes, and blasting Hex in the jaw with a lightning-fast running knee that drops the giant to one knee.

Bert: “**This match is running on pure adrenaline now—Hex is rocked!**”

The tempo spikes again, the crowd screaming, as Feral seizes the opening, hits Hex with a knee.

Hex, dazed from Feral's knee, stumbles back into his corner—Rokk slaps the tag and storms in, full of fire. He hoists Feral up and **slams him hard with a sidewalk slam!**

Bert: “**Sidewalk slam! That's gotta do it!**”

Rokk hooks the leg, but Feral shocks everyone by kicking out at *one*. The crowd can't believe it.

Rokk growls, drags him up again, but Feral rattles him with a vicious kick to the jaw. Rokk staggers but powers through, scooping Feral once more and **planting him with another thunderous sidewalk slam!**

Chaz: “**That's two—this time it's done!**”

The ref counts—*one... two... 2.9!* The Foundry is on fire, fans screaming in disbelief.

Bert: “**How the hell did Feral survive that?!**”

Feral rolls toward his corner on instinct, but he's too late. Rokk rises to finish the job, only to turn and walk straight into Killjoy—waiting like a predator.

In a flash, Killjoy hooks him, lifts, and *drives him down with The Laughing End!*

Chaz: “**He got all of it! The Laughing End—out of nowhere!**”

Hex dives through the ropes, desperate to save his partner—

Ref: *ONE! ... TWO! ... THREE!*

He's too late.

DING DING DING.

The crowd erupts in shock and fury as Killjoy rolls off Rokk, mask glistening with sweat, arms raised. Feral slumps in the corner, beaten but smiling through the pain. Rokk lies flat, chest heaving, eyes blank. Hex kneels beside him, livid, glaring across the ring at Killjoy, who returns the stare with icy calm.

Bert (stunned): “Reign Rokk just got pinned by Killjoy—and what a war this was!”

Chaz: “This wasn't just a tag match. That was a shot fired. You can feel it, Bert... Hex and Killjoy aren't done. Not by a long shot.”



Winners: Killjoy & Águila Feral

Killjoy lifts his arm high, chest heaving, his cold mask hiding the satisfaction of victory. Feral leans on the ropes, battered but grinning, eyes flashing like fire beneath the mask. Venessa clutches the ropes beside them, her expression serene, almost regal, as if victory was always inevitable.

At ringside, the camera catches another scene unfolding — Marisol Vela kneeling by Dominic Hex, her hands pressed against his shoulder, her voice urgent but steady as she

tries to bring him back from the wreckage of war. Hex sits on the floor outside the ring, chest rising and falling like a furnace, eyes locked on Killjoy through the ropes.

[Suddenly, pounding, unfamiliar entrance music hits. The Foundry crowd is on its feet instantly — shock, curiosity, raw energy crackling through the building.]

Chaz: “Wait a minute—that’s Alaric Green! Is he in CFW?! The man’s a legend! I don’t even need to run down the resume—everyone in this building knows exactly who that is!”

Bert: “This is a game-changer, Chaz. Alaric Green doesn’t just *show up*. If he’s here, he’s *here for blood*.”



Alaric Green emerges from the entryway, a battered towel over his shoulder, sweat glistening under the hot lights. He doesn’t posture or pose. He just *stares*, standing tall, letting the crowd noise wash over him for only a second before he rips the microphone up to his mouth. His body language is a storm barely contained.

Alaric (measured, low):

“Dominic Hex. You got your first taste of defeat tonight... and I bet it stings.”

The crowd buzzes, Hex glaring from ringside as Marisol steadies him.

Alaric (intensity rising):

“I need everyone here to know something they might not. You all know *me*. You all know the wars I’ve fought, the gold I’ve carried, the careers I’ve ended. But what you *don’t* know is this—Dominic Hex’s very first match in CFW? It was

supposed to be against me. *Me*. At Reclamation. And what happened, Hex? What happened? I was told it was red tape. Paperwork. Politics.”

He sneers, pacing on the ramp, glaring down at Hex.

Alaric (shouting now):

“I don’t buy it. I’ve got my theories. But here’s what I do know—the red tape is gone. It’s cut. Torn up. Burned. Because I’ve signed with CFW. And I’m telling you, Hex—your precious undefeated streak? It only exists because you never had to stand across from me.”

The Foundry erupts as Alaric points a taped fist toward Hex, who seethes at ringside.

Alaric (final, bellowing):

“If that match had happened when it was supposed to... you’d already be *dead and buried!*”

Alaric lowers the mic, chest heaving, his glare locked on Hex. He takes just a second to soak in the chaos of the moment before tossing the mic aside and storming back through the curtain, leaving the crowd in a frenzy.

Bert (shaken): “Alaric Green has arrived in CFW. And Hex’s world just got a whole lot smaller.”

Chaz: “There’s a lot to take in so far tonight, Bert. **CFW is on fire** here at the Foundry!”

Bert: “And it’s not slowing down one bit. Up next, we’ve got Gale taking on CFW newcomer Dana Crush. Crush looked *very* impressive in her debut match against Rokkit — enough to earn this spot here tonight.”

Chaz: “But here’s the twist, Bert — Gale is on her own tonight. Brandi Blight’s got her hands full in the main event, so she’s not here to bail Gale out. This is Gale’s chance to prove she can stand on her own two feet.”

Bert: “And against someone like Dana Crush, that’s a hell of a test. Let’s get to it.”

Gale vs Dana Crush

[The lights shift as Dana Crush’s entrance music hits. She strides down to the ring with confidence, the Foundry crowd buzzing, giving her a strong reaction for only her second outing in CFW. Crush climbs into the ring, pacing with intent.]

[Moments later, Gale’s music hits. The crowd instantly turns sour, raining boos as she makes her way down the ramp, defiant as ever. She glares into the jeering sea of fans before stepping through the ropes.]



[Inside the ring, Gale and Dana Crush go face-to-face, the tension rising as the crowd noise swells. The referee signals.]

DING DING DING

The match is underway.

The opening minutes unfold like a battle of wills, both women coming in with something to prove. Dana Crush, fresh off a strong debut, moves like lightning — crisp footwork, quick bursts of athleticism that keep the Foundry crowd buzzing. She strings

together arm drags and dropkicks that send Gale staggering, and for a moment, it feels like the newcomer might run away with it.

But Gale doesn't fold. Not tonight. With Brandi Blight tied up in the main event, this is her proving ground, and she digs deeper than anyone expects. Gale muscles through Dana's pace, finally snatching her mid-sprint and dragging her into a suffocating headlock. She drops her weight, grinding down, wrenching the hold so tight it flirts with a choke. The crowd, half-jeering and half-startled, watches as Gale snarls through clenched teeth, fighting to keep control.

Crush pushes, twists, bridges — but Gale keeps dragging her back down. The referee hovers, checking, as Gale uses every ounce of her strength and stubbornness to turn the tide.

It's not flashy, it's not pretty — but **it's gritty. It's survival.**

The match stretches into something more than expected. Crush explodes free at times, using her athleticism to quicken the pace and fire the crowd up again, but Gale keeps answering back, anchoring her to the mat, proving she's tougher than she's been given credit for. Every slam, every wrench of that headlock feels like Gale screaming to the world: *I belong here.*



Back and forth, momentum swings, sweat dripping, both women are burning themselves down to prove it. It's no squash, no one-sided showcase — it's a fight, two hungry competitors clawing for their spot in CFW's growing women's division. The crowd doesn't like Gale — but for the first time, maybe they respect her.

The war drags on, both women drenched in sweat, neither willing to give an inch. Gale keeps fighting to ground Crush, every time she slows the pace it feels like a victory in itself. But Dana Crush is

stubborn too — and she's learning.

Midway through the match, Crush finds her opening. She ducks a wild clothesline, pivots behind, and snaps Gale into a headlock of her own. The crowd comes alive, sensing the echo of earlier.

Now it's Gale's turn to feel the suffocation. Crush bears down, twisting her whole body into

the hold, grinding Gale's jaw against her ribs. Every wrench feels like a pointed reminder of what Gale did minutes earlier — a receipt delivered with cruel precision.

Chaz (excited): “Oh, look at this! That's *payback*, Bert! Crush is giving Gale a taste of her own medicine!”

Bert (serious): “This is about more than pain, Chaz. Dana Crush is proving she's not just fast and athletic — she can grind it out with the best of them!”

Gale thrashes, claws at the hold, trying to drive a knee up, but Dana smothers her, pushing her weight down until Gale's face is red with strain. The referee leans close, checking, the crowd chanting louder with every second Gale stays trapped.

It's poetic — the same suffocating pressure Gale used to prove herself earlier now turned back on her, flipped into Dana's weapon. It's no longer just about winning the match — it's about pride. It's about *who breaks first*.

The tension thickens, the Foundry split down the middle: some screaming for Crush, others rallying for Gale to fight out.

The battle isn't decided yet — but both women are leaving a mark, not just on each other, but on the division itself.

From the midway point on, the pace grows heavier and more desperate. Dana Crush digs deep into her athletic arsenal — **snap dropkicks, a flying crossbody**, and a near fall after a spinebuster that leaves Gale clutching her ribs. The crowd rallies for the newcomer, sensing an upset, but Gale shows a stubborn resilience we haven't seen before. Each time Dana strings together offense, Gale finds a way to break the rhythm — a rope break here, a thumb to the eye behind the ref's back there, the nastiness bubbling closer to the surface. The match swings back and forth in a rhythm that has the Foundry buzzing. Dana plants

Gale with a sit-out powerbomb for a **two-and-three-quarters count** that has the audience gasping. Gale survives again, rolling out at the last second, then fires back with a brutal lariat that nearly turns Dana inside out. Both women lie spent on the mat, breathing hard, as the referee's count echoes over the crowd.

They claw back to their feet and exchange blistering strikes — forearms, elbows, fists, neither willing to be the one to back down. Dana uses her athleticism to surge forward again, nearly stealing it with a sudden roll-up and then a top-rope splash that crashes down hard, but Gale wills herself free. Every near fall sharpens the tension; every kick-out feels like survival.



Finally, Gale seizes her moment. Ducking a desperate clothesline from Dana, she hoists her high and drives her down with a thunderous **Gale Force Driver**. The ring shakes, the crowd erupts — Gale hooks the leg tight.

One. Two. Three.

The bell rings, and Gale slumps against the ropes, exhausted, chest heaving. The boos rain down, but there's a strange undertone of respect too. Tonight, Gale proved she could stand on her own, even if she had to scrape and claw for every inch of it.

Winner – Gale

Bert: “What a battle we just witnessed. Both Dana Crush and Gale proved tonight they have the heart to hang in CFW’s women’s division.”

Chaz: “Absolutely, Bert. Dana Crush might be the newcomer, but she showed grit, athleticism, and no fear against a seasoned fighter like

Gale. There is *no doubt* she’s got a bright future here.”

Bert: “And Gale... love her or hate her, she did exactly what she set out to do. With Brandi Blight tied up in the main event, Gale stood on her own tonight — and proved she’s not just a lackey. She’s a fighter in her own right.”

Chaz: “The women’s division just keeps getting hotter. And if this match is any indication, the road to the top is going to be *brutal*.”

[VIDEO PACKAGE – TENSION BUILDS]

The screen cuts from the aftermath of the last match to a highlight reel of grainy footage. Chris Titan stands in the ring post-match, sweat dripping, pointing into the camera:

TITAN: “Jace Valor — prove it. Step up.”

Cut to Jace on Black Light, shaking his head with a half-smirk.

JACE: “No.”

The music sharpens. Quick cuts show Lucas Knox trading heated words with Wyatt Storm in locker room corners, the two shoving before officials pull them apart.

Flash: Wyatt Storm pinning Lucas Knox at *Dominion*, smirking down at him as the ref raises his hand.

Crowd jeers.

The tension escalates — split-screen promos, both teams talking over each other. Titan promising to expose Valor, Storm swearing to finish what he started with Knox.

The package slows — backstage footage from *Black Light*.

Jace Valor and Chris Titan stand nose-to-nose, the energy razor-wire tense. Lucas Knox steps in between them, jaw clenched, caught in the crossfire.

The clip ends on that frozen image.

Static. Black screen.

CHAZ DEL RIO (voice-over):

“It started as a challenge and a loss... it became a collision course. Tonight — Jace Valor and Lucas Knox take on Chris Titan and Wyatt Storm... at *Crossroads*.”

Jace Valor & Lucas Knox vs Chris Titan & Wyatt Storm

The music hits — Chris Titan bursts through the curtain, full of swagger, full of fire. Right behind him, Wyatt Storm bounces on his toes, energy radiating. The Foundry crowd reacts with a mix of jeers and respect — these two aren’t beloved, but they’re undeniable.

Both men hit the ring with urgency, pacing, pointing to the hard cam. They look like fighters with everything to prove.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Look at them, Bert — Titan and Storm know exactly what this means. They don’t just want a win tonight — they *need* it. They’re carrying their careers on their backs, and they’re ready to swing with the best in CFW.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“You nailed it. This all started as a one-on-one challenge. Chris Titan wanted Jace Valor in the worst way... but Jace refused. Said *no*. Titan took that as the ultimate insult — like he wasn’t good enough to stand across from the so-called indie golden boy. That’s fuel in the tank.”

As Titan stretches in the corner, Wyatt Storm leans over the ropes, jawing at fans.

CHAZ:

“And let’s not forget the other layer here. The friendship between Jace Valor and Lucas Knox — it’s one of the strongest bonds we’ve seen since day one of this company. But Wyatt Storm? He’s been whispering otherwise. He says he’s seen Lucas Knox’s bad side. He says Knox isn’t who Jace thinks he is.”

BERT:

“And Knox hasn’t taken that lightly. Wyatt pinned him at *Dominion* — flat on the mat,

shoulders down. And ever since, Lucas has been incensed. Obsessed. Every time he sees Wyatt Storm, it's like he's hunting for revenge. And tonight — he finally gets his shot."

The camera cuts to Titan and Storm, fired up in the ring, yelling toward the entrance ramp.

CHAZ:

"Two rivalries. One challenge turned into chaos. Jace Valor and Lucas Knox... are about to answer the call."

The lights shift — the crowd rises.

Jace Valor and Lucas Knox step through the curtain side by side. No pandering. No wasted motion. Both men look locked in, eyes sharp.

Jace carries his usual intensity, but it's Lucas who draws the lens. His stare is fire, rage boiling under the surface. He mouths something venomous as they march down the aisle together.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"They don't look like they're here to play. No flash, no flair — Jace and Lucas are walking into this fight like it's personal... and maybe it is."

BERT MCDANIELS:

"Especially for Lucas Knox. Look at his eyes, Chaz. That's not just focus — that's fury. Wyatt Storm's been living rent-free in his head since *Dominion*."

They slide into the ring. Lucas wastes no time — he points straight at Wyatt Storm, jawing across the canvas. Loud enough for the cameras to catch:

LUCAS: "Get in here, you fucking coward!"

Wyatt smirks, backing toward his corner. Titan leans in, hand on Wyatt's chest, pumping him up with a sharp slap.

TITAN (yelling): "You got this! Go take him down!"

Wyatt Storm steps forward, rolling his shoulders, ready to square off. Lucas stomps to the middle of the ring, begging him to start.

But before the bell can echo, Jace Valor steps right in front of Lucas, a hand out, voice steady but firm.

JACE: "I'll start. You'll get him. Trust me."

The crowd hums — tension snapping between teammates.

Lucas bristles for a half-second, chest heaving... then tilts his head, cracks a wicked little smirk at Wyatt, and steps out through the ropes. He grips the tag rope, eyes never leaving Storm.

The ref signals.

The bell rings.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Valor and Storm will open this war — but you can feel it in the air. Knox is just waiting for his shot.”



Wyatt Storm and Jace Valor circle. The crowd’s buzzing, but not a word is wasted inside the ropes. They lock up — fast, tight, controlled. Jace pivots immediately, wrenching Wyatt’s wrist, pulling him down into the mat with the kind of precision that makes it look easy.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Valor’s a wizard on the mat. Everything he touches turns to leverage.”

But Wyatt isn’t green. He scrambles, rolling through, snatching Jace into a headlock takeover. The crowd pops at the reversal. Jace counters back to his feet, grounding Wyatt again with a hammerlock, grinding him into the canvas. It’s a showcase — speed versus science. Wyatt kips up, breaks free, arm drags Valor. Jace rolls through like he’s been there a hundred times, chaining into a waistlock takedown. Wyatt shifts weight midair and slips out, popping up with a sharp dropkick feint that makes Jace pause.



The pace is furious, then it slows — both men staring across at each other, breathing heavy. **The crowd starts clapping in rhythm, louder, louder, until the whole Foundry is on its feet.**

**BERT
MCDANIELS:**

“You won’t see cleaner wrestling anywhere in the world. Wyatt Storm’s speed, Valor’s technique — it’s like watching lightning wrestle stone.”

They stand in mirrored ready positions, eyes locked, neither giving an inch. The crowd explodes in applause, giving both men their respect.

CHAZ:

“No clear advantage... but no doubt. These two are the real deal.”

The crowd’s still on their feet as Wyatt Storm breaks the stalemate with a sudden burst of speed. He shifts his footing, creates just enough space, and fires off a **missile dropkick** that rattles Jace’s jaw. Jace staggers to the ropes, but Wyatt’s already airborne again — a springboard crossbody crashes into him, sending both men tumbling.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Storm found his lane, Bert — space is all he needed, and now the pace belongs to him.”

Wyatt keeps the gas pedal down. He scrambles up the turnbuckles, launching with a high-angle dive that forces Jace to the mat again. The Foundry roars as Wyatt slaps the mat, soaking in the momentum.

But instead of going for more, he slaps Chris Titan’s chest and tags him in.



Chris explodes into the ring with surprising velocity — not the slow grind everyone expected, but a burst of energy. He whips into the ropes, drops Jace with a **running dropkick**, then another, stringing together offense like a man with something to prove.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Titan’s making a statement — he’s not just a technician, he can fly with the best of them!”

Jace tries to slip to the outside, looking for a breather, but Titan cuts him off, snatching him down with a crisp arm drag into a headlock takeover. The pace finally slows as Titan transitions seamlessly, shifting from speed to his bread-and-butter — mat mastery. He controls Valor with suffocating holds, pressing a forearm across the jaw, grinding into the canvas.

CHAZ:

“That’s the brilliance of Titan. He’ll surprise you with agility, but in the

end... it always comes back to the mat. That’s his temple.”

The crowd simmers down from the aerial fireworks, now locked into the subtleties of Titan’s control, clapping rhythmically as Jace fights from underneath.

Titan, chest heaving but eyes burning, drags Jace up by the wrist and shoves him into the ropes. He’s not slowing down — he *wants* this. He *wants* Jace Valor right here in the fire.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This is what Titan wanted all along. He wanted Jace in that ring, and he’s proving he belongs here.”

They trade holds, counters, reversals — Titan drops down, pops up, snatches an arm, but Jace rolls through, catching him with a lightning-fast chain sequence. The crowd is locked in, a roar building with every exchange.

“THIS IS WRESTLING! THIS IS WRESTLING!”

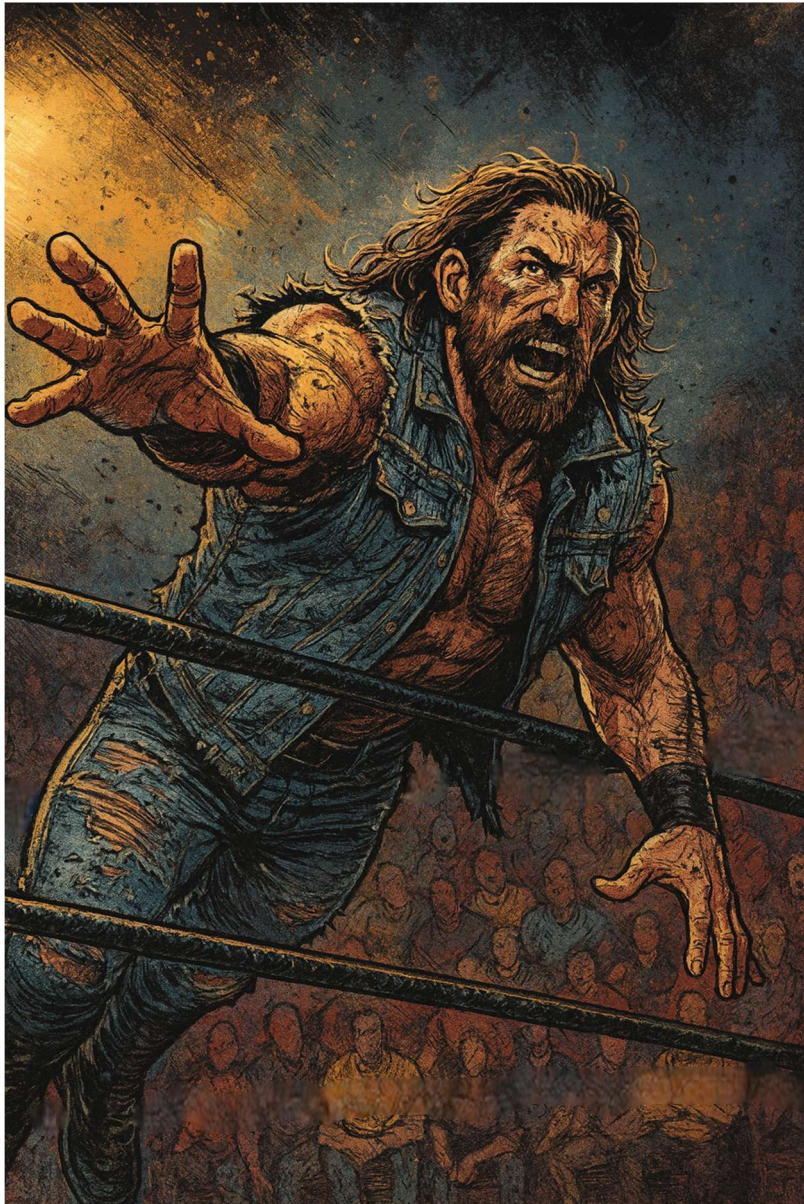
The Foundry shakes with the chant as the pace quickens — rope running, ducks, leapfrogs, Titan crashing through with a lariat attempt only for Jace to slide under and answer with a sharp spinning elbow. Titan reels, but he doesn't drop — he charges back, springboarding into a crossbody, only for Jace to catch him and roll through.

The match is a sprint, then a grind, then a sprint again. Titan's surprising everyone — his mat game and aerial bursts matching Jace blow-for-blow.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Chris Titan came in with something to prove — and hell if he's not proving it! He's running with Jace Valor move for move!”

Finally, after a fever pitch of rope running and high-impact counters, Titan leaps for another



flying strike — but Jace cuts him out of the air with a brutal spinebuster, slamming him into the mat with authority.

The pace crashes to a hush, then erupts in applause. Jace staggers to his feet, glancing to his corner. Lucas Knox is chomping at the bit, hand out, veins popping. The crowd swells as Jace stumbles back and slaps Lucas' hand.

Lucas Knox is in.

Lucas Knox storms into the ring like a freight train, cutting Titan off before he can breathe. He whips him hard into the corner — the turnbuckles rattle on impact. Lucas follows with a barrage of boots, stomping Titan down into the mat.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Knox is unleashing weeks of frustration — Titan's eating every ounce of it!”

The referee dives in, hands out, warning Lucas to back off.

Lucas shoves the ref lightly away, eyes blazing, and goes right back to stomping Titan into the corner. The crowd half-boos, half-roars, caught between his fury and the blatant disregard for rules.

Lucas finally yanks Titan up, slings him across his shoulders into a **torture rack**, veins bulging as he wrenches the hold before slamming Titan violently to the canvas. The ring shakes, and the crowd gasps.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s raw power, Chaz. Knox is throwing bombs, and Titan’s the unlucky target.”

Lucas doesn’t stop — he muscles Titan back up, planting him with heavy power moves: a short-arm clothesline, a backbreaker, a gutwrench slam. Each impact echoes in The Foundry. But instead of going for the pin, Knox spins toward Wyatt Storm, pointing and yelling across the ring.

LUCAS (yelling): “You’re next! You’re mine!”

He taunts, pointing towards Wyatt, who smirks back, unfazed. The distraction costs him — Titan surges up from behind, desperation in his eyes, and leaps with a **dropkick to the chest**.

It doesn’t topple Knox, but it rocks him — stumbling him back a step, chest heaving. Titan crashes to the mat, battered but alive.

CHAZ:

“Titan just bought himself a lifeline! He didn’t take Knox down, but he cracked that armor — and that might be the opening he needs!”

The crowd senses the shift as Titan crawls, searching for his footing, while Lucas steadies himself, growling through the sting of the dropkick.

Titan, battered but desperate, scrambles across the canvas. Lucas steadies himself from the dropkick, chest heaving, eyes locked — but he’s a second too slow.

Titan dives, slapping Wyatt Storm’s hand. The crowd erupts.

Wyatt *launches* himself into the ring like a bullet, sprinting full speed to the ropes. He ricochets back and smashes into Lucas with a flying shoulder that actually topples the big man. The Foundry roars.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Storm hit him like a missile! He took the big man off his feet!”

Wyatt doesn’t stop. He kips up and blitzes the ropes again — springboard crossbody, a

missile dropkick, a running knee to the jaw. Lucas Knox staggers with each blow, trying to plant his feet, but Wyatt's speed is relentless. The Foundry is shaking from the energy.

BERT MCDANIELS:

"This is chaos! Wyatt Storm is tearing into him with everything he's got!"

Lucas, breathing fire, swings wild on a clothesline, but Wyatt ducks under, sprints to the ropes again — only for Lucas to rebound off the opposite side and **BLAST** him with a **monster clothesline**. Wyatt flips inside out, crashing to the mat. The crowd explodes at the impact.

CHAZ:

"Good god! Wyatt Storm just got folded in half!"

Lucas kneels, snarling, pounding the mat, then drags Wyatt up to press his advantage. He hooks for a slam — but Wyatt wriggles free mid-lift, drops behind, and snaps off a **spinning neckbreaker**! Both men crash down, the crowd on their feet.

BERT:

"You can't blink, Chaz — every second it flips! This is a war of power against speed, and right now? It's dead even."

Lucas and Wyatt square off center-ring, both men heaving, both defiant. Wyatt circles fast, bouncing on his toes, while Lucas stalks with fists clenched, daring him to strike. They collide — fists, forearms, boots, counters. Wyatt uses his speed, darting in with sharp low kicks and springboard strikes, forcing Lucas to cover up. Lucas answers with heavy shots, clubbing blows that echo through The Foundry.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"You can feel the heat in every strike — Knox has carried this chip on his shoulder since *Dominion*. He was embarrassed. He was pinned. And now, he's trying to erase that memory with brute force."

BERT MCDANIELS:

"But Wyatt Storm isn't backing down. Every time Knox tries to muscle him, Wyatt fires back faster. His whole game is built on speed — and as long as he keeps the pace high, he's one step ahead."

The crowd rallies with every exchange — "**LET'S GO KNOX! WY-ATT STORM!**" dueling chants rumble through the rafters.

Lucas surges, planting Wyatt with a shoulder block that nearly takes him down — but Wyatt pops back up, hits the ropes, and snaps off a **flying forearm** that rocks Knox back.

They keep trading — Lucas with power, Wyatt with speed. A spinebuster attempt from Lucas gets countered into a hurricanrana. A tilt-a-whirl slam nearly flattens Wyatt, but he slips free, bouncing into a rapid-fire dropkick to the knee.

CHAZ:

“Back and forth, but it’s Storm dictating the pace! Knox needs something huge to shut him down!”

BERT:

“Otherwise Wyatt’s gonna run him ragged. This is the same pattern as *Dominion* — and Lucas knows it. He’s got to slow the kid down, or he’s getting embarrassed twice.”

Wyatt charges again — quick as lightning, hitting the ropes, rebounding into another burst of aerial offense. Lucas stumbles, clearly shaken, struggling to catch him. The crowd’s on fire — every movement, every reversal, feeding the tension.

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Wyatt keeps darting in and out, striking, flying, forcing Lucas Knox to chase. The frustration is all over Lucas’ face — his timing slips, his footwork falters, and the crowd notices. He swings too wild once, twice, and Wyatt capitalizes, tagging Chris Titan back in. Together, Titan and Storm hit a slick combination — Wyatt springboarding to the outside with a splash onto Jace, while Titan plants Lucas with a running neckbreaker. The Foundry explodes.

HAZ DEL RIO:

“Perfect teamwork — Titan and Storm are dissecting the big man!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And look at Titan — straight back to the mat. Superior skill, controlling every breath out of Knox!”

Titan grinds him down with pure wrestling IQ — tight waistlocks, precision holds, suffocating Lucas and keeping him away from his corner. He drags him, rolls him, tags Wyatt back in. Together they work Lucas over, wearing him down while Jace Valor paces the apron, slapping the turnbuckle, screaming for the tag.

Jace (yelling): “COME ON, LUCAS! TAG ME!”

The crowd rallies, clapping in rhythm, but Lucas is drowning under the double-team. Until—

Wyatt springs high for a crossbody... and Lucas catches him in midair. With a roar, he pivots and drives Wyatt straight down into Chris Titan with a thunderous **powerslam/collision spot**. Both opponents hit the mat hard, the crowd exploding into cheers.

HAZ:

“Knox just turned two men into crash test dummies! The roof just came off The Foundry!”

Lucas collapses to his knees, chest heaving, then lunges forward — TAG to Jace Valor! The crowd erupts again as Jace vaults the ropes, fists flying. He explodes into Wyatt with strikes, cuts Titan down with a shotgun dropkick, then snaps Wyatt over with a German suplex.

It’s another showcase — Jace and Wyatt, center ring, trading holds, counters, aerial bursts. Big spot after big spot, the crowd popping at every turn. Wyatt eats a superkick, rebounds, then floors Jace with a spinning kick of his own.

The Foundry is electric.

But at ringside, Lucas Knox isn't celebrating. He's pacing, scowling, veins popping in his forehead.

Lucas (yelling): "TAG ME BACK IN! I'M NOT DONE WITH HIM!"

He pounds the turnbuckle, snarling as Jace glances back between exchanges, caught in the chaos.

BERT:

"Look at Knox, Chaz — he's boiling over. He wants Storm. He wants him bad."

CHAZ:

"And Jace Valor might have to decide if this is about winning... or about letting his partner exorcise a demon."

Jace glances back for half a second — just long enough to see Lucas Knox clawing for the tag, eyes wild. In that heartbeat of distraction, Wyatt Storm lunges forward and rolls Jace into a tight cradle.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Inside cradle! He's got him—"

1...!

Jace kicks free at one. He pops up, wide-eyed, now on high alert. Wyatt shoots in again — but this time Jace sidesteps and fires off a **superkick** right on the button. The crowd *erupts*. Jace steadies, then storms to his corner and tags Lucas Knox.

Lucas blasts into the ring like a man possessed. He mows Wyatt down with a pair of heavy lariats, then scoops him up with raw fury and drives him spine-first into the buckles with a **vicious buckle bomb**. The sound echoes through The Foundry — the crowd gasps.

Wyatt somehow staggers back to his feet, dazed. Lucas pounces — hooks him, spins, and plants him with **The Iron Pulse**! The snap spinebuster lands like a car crash, shaking the mat. The crowd is stunned, some popping, some falling into silence.

Lucas drops into a cover, grinning wickedly.

1...

2...

But before the ref can count three, Lucas yanks Wyatt's head off the mat, pulling him up by the hair. The crowd groans.

BERT MCDANIELS:

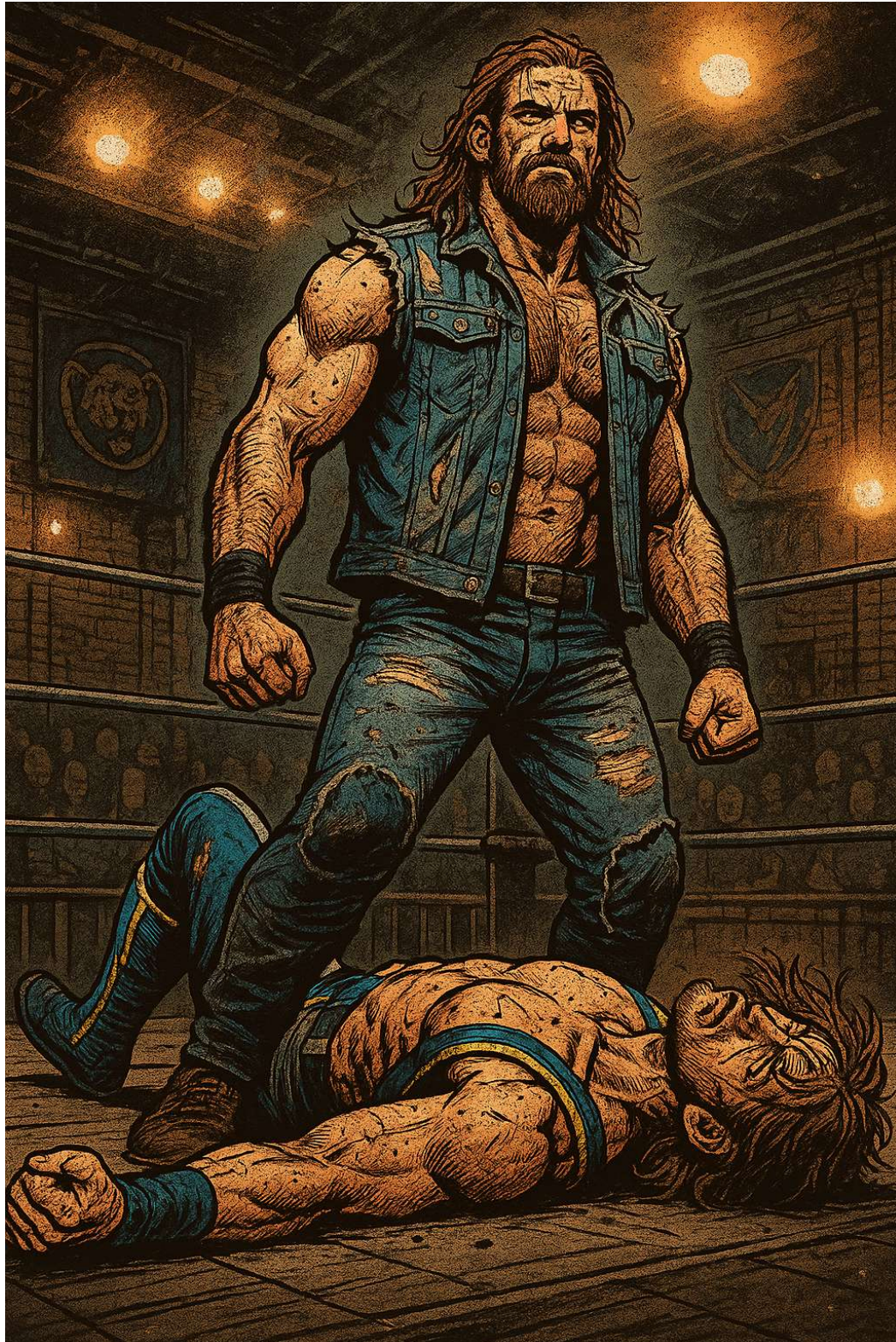
"What the hell is he doing? He had him beat!"

CHAZ:

"That wasn't about winning. That was about punishment."

Boos ripple through The Foundry as Lucas snarls, dragging Wyatt upright again. With no hesitation, he hoists him and drills him with a *second* **Iron Pulse**. The thud is sickening.

Wyatt lies crumpled, barely moving, while Lucas kneels over him, grinning with malice, chest heaving. The crowd begins to turn, jeers cutting through what was once support.



CHAZ:

“This crowd’s not on his side anymore, Bert... Knox is crossing a line.”

BERT:

“Lucas Knox doesn’t just want the win... he wants Wyatt Storm broken.”

Lucas Knox, sweat-soaked and snarling, plants one heavy boot on Wyatt Storm’s chest, leaning in cocky for the cover. 1... 2... Wyatt kicks out! The Foundry erupts.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“HE KICKED OUT! TWO

Iron Pulses, and Wyatt Storm is still alive!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s pure guts, Chaz. Pure survival instinct!”

Lucas’ face twists in rage. He sees red, stomping Wyatt over and over, boots thundering into his chest. The referee dives in to stop it, tugging Knox back. Lucas shoves the ref aside and keeps stomping, fury taking over.

The crowd jeers — loud now.

Chris Titan bursts into the ring, charging Knox, fists flying.

Jace Valor jumps in as well, cutting Titan off. It’s chaos. The Foundry is on its feet as the ring breaks down into counters, reversals, big shots echoing from all three standing men.

CHAZ:

“This match is coming apart at the seams!”

BERT:

“The referee has got to get control here!”

Finally, after a flurry of brawling, the referee wedges himself in and pushes Titan back toward his corner. Jace Valor steps through the ropes too, but not before turning to his partner, fire in his eyes.

Jace (yelling): “Get your shit together!”

Lucas glares at him but turns back to business, dragging Wyatt up off the mat. He scoops him onto his shoulder, roaring — but Wyatt wriggles free mid-air, drops down behind, and shoves Lucas forward.

With the space created, Wyatt sprints, leaps, dives across the ring — and SLAPS the hand of Chris Titan. The crowd *erupts*.

CHAZ:

“Tag made! Titan is legal! And here we go!”

Chris Titan storms in with the tag, energy surging through The Foundry. He ducks Lucas Knox’s wild big boot, bounces off the ropes, and drills Knox with a shoulder tackle. The big man stumbles, but doesn’t go down. Titan snaps back up — another shoulder tackle. Knox shakes it off, refusing to fall. Titan hits a *third* with everything he has, but Lucas still stays on his feet.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Titan is throwing his whole body at Knox — but the big man won’t fall!”

Lucas charges with a lariat — Titan ducks under and hits the ropes again — but this time runs right into Lucas’ *massive* boot. Titan crumples to the mat, the crowd groaning on impact.

Lucas scoops him immediately, spinning him for the Iron Pulse — but Titan slips free, catches Lucas by the head, and spikes him with a **big DDT!**
The Foundry *erupts* as Titan scrambles into a cover.
1... 2... Lucas powers out!

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Titan almost shocked the world! That DDT turned the match upside down!”

Both men lay on the mat, chests heaving, sweat dripping. Slowly, they stagger to their feet. Titan snaps forward — another big DDT plants Knox again. Lucas looks rattled, pawing toward his corner.

The crowd builds as he dives — TAG! Jace Valor bursts in.
He rolls Titan tight into a cradle, catching him by surprise —
1...!

Titan kicks free instantly, springing up as Jace smirks, the crowd buzzing.

CHAZ:

“Ohhh! Valor tried to steal one right out of the gate — and Titan is *not* amused.”

The energy spikes again as the two circle, the Foundry knowing it’s about to explode.

Jace and Titan square off again, same technical wizardry as before, but this time there’s more edge — more fire in every movement. They chain wrestle with a fierce pace, counters snapping into reversals, holds into escapes. The Foundry claps in rhythm, feeding the intensity.

Titan catches Jace with a sharp suplex, Jace answers with a running knee, Titan grabs an ankle for a submission, Jace spins out into a crossface attempt — the crowd is losing it at the precision.

They end up tangled in Jace’s corner. Lucas Knox slaps Jace’s shoulder — he’s back in. The energy shifts as Lucas storms Titan with heavy strikes, clubbing him down. Titan eats them, tries to rally, but Knox cuts him off hard.

Until —

Titan suddenly plants Lucas with his **third DDT of the match!** The crowd erupts as Titan drapes an arm over him.

1... 2... Lucas kicks out!

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“How many DDTs can the big man survive?!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s three, Chaz! Titan is throwing bombs, but Knox won’t stay down!”

The match wears on — both sides pushing through exhaustion, trading momentum. Titan finally makes space and tags Wyatt back in.

The pace ratchets up. Jace re-enters as well, sprinting across the ring. The two fastest men clash with furious sequences — rope running, counters, sharp kicks. Titan ducks out and Wyatt takes the tag mid-motion, leaping into the fray.

Wyatt spins, plants Jace, and spikes him with a **tornado DDT!**

The crowd explodes again. Jace crumples to the mat as Wyatt pops up, adrenaline surging. Both men lie still for a moment, then slowly start to stir. The crowd rises to their feet, clapping again — for the *second time tonight*, The Foundry is unified in respect for what they're witnessing.

CHAZ:

“This is unreal. Technicality, passion, fire — this is what Creative Force Wrestling is all about.”



BERT:

“You can feel it in your chest, Chaz. This isn't just a match — it's a showcase, it's survival. And it's not over yet.”

Jace and Wyatt tear into each other, trading blistering offense. Every strike echoes, every counter whips the crowd into a frenzy. Jace starts to gain the edge — crisp slams, sharp suplexes, a running knee

that drops Wyatt flat. He's rolling, his confidence building, the energy swelling with every move.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Valor's finding that extra gear — Wyatt Storm's gotta answer or he's done!”

Then, out of nowhere, Wyatt scrambles to the apron, springboards to the top rope with supernatural quickness, and launches into the sky. He corkscrews mid-air, twisting through the lights, and CRASHES onto Jace with the **Eye of the Storm!**
The Foundry erupts as both men hit the mat with a violent thud.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“OH MY GOD! He hit it! The Eye of the Storm! Wyatt Storm just turned this match upside down!”

Wyatt lies sprawled, chest heaving, every ounce of energy spent. Jace is flat, eyes glazed, the crowd roaring on their feet. Wyatt claws toward him, inch by inch, fingertips dragging across the canvas.

He throws an arm across Jace... but Valor stirs.

The crowd gasps as Jace slowly pushes up, one knee under him, staggering to his feet.

Wyatt, groggy but determined, grabs him by the head, setting up for another move.

But Jace counters — hooks Wyatt tight, spins, and plants him with the **Valor Breaker** — a devastating reverse DDT!

The Foundry goes *nuclear*.

CHAZ:

“VALOR BREAKER! HE HIT IT! HE HIT IT!”

BERT:

“The building just came apart — Jace Valor with the move that wins matches!”

Jace Valor crawls, shaking from exhaustion, the crowd urging him to finish it. He drapes an arm over Wyatt Storm —

...but too much time has passed. Wyatt stirs, rolling slow, desperate, inching toward his corner. Jace reaches out to grab him, but collapses forward, drained. Wyatt lunges just enough — **tag to Chris Titan!**

The crowd erupts.

Titan vaults into the ring, eyes blazing, smelling blood. He doesn't waste a heartbeat. He yanks Jace up, locking his arms tight, setting for the **Torque Protocol** — that vicious modified wrist-clutch bridging butterfly suplex.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He's going for it! If Titan hits this, it's over!”

But Jace Valor fights with one last burst of adrenaline, twisting out of the hold, reversing into a setup for the **Valor Breaker!**

The Foundry explodes — but Titan shoves him off, counters, spins behind. He looks for another clutch. Jace scrambles, Titan pushes forward — but he overcompensates.

Jace snatches him mid-motion, hooks deep — **VALOR BREAKER!**

Both men crash to the mat, lying flat, chests heaving. The crowd is on its feet, stomping, clapping, the noise deafening.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“They’re both down! Jace hit the Valor Breaker — but he’s spent! Titan’s down too!”

CHAZ:

“This crowd’s at a fever pitch — listen to them! Valor and Titan are tearing this house down!”

The referee stands over the wreckage, starting the double count as The Foundry shakes with anticipation.

Jace slowly makes his way for a cover. Wyatt’s arm shoots up after two, the crowd gasping — but Jace Valor doesn’t miss a beat. In one smooth, surgical motion, he rolls through, trapping Wyatt’s wrist and wrenching back into the **Valor Clutch**.

The crowd *erupts* as Wyatt screams, clawing for the ropes, his face twisted in agony. Jace cinches tighter, every muscle straining.

Wyatt Storm taps! The bell rings, the Foundry exploding in approval.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“That’s what makes Jace Valor so damn special! He doesn’t just beat you — he *outthinks* you. From any angle, any position, he can trap you. That Valor Clutch can come out of *nowhere!*”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And tonight, it did. Wyatt Storm just had no choice but to tap. You can’t train for instincts like that, Chaz — Jace Valor is truly one of a kind.”

The crowd rises, clapping, stomping, chanting “**VAL-OR! VAL-OR!**” The tide has shifted — the Foundry is firmly behind Jace again, swept away by his brilliance.

Lucas Knox stands tall beside him, breathing hard, a sinister glimmer in his eye as he looks down at the wreckage of Titan and Storm. The ovation is for the team, but the people can’t ignore the unease. They *love* Jace Valor. They *respect* Lucas Knox. But they don’t *trust* him.

Winners: Jace Valor & Lucas Knox

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“You can’t take a damn thing away from Wyatt Storm — or Chris Titan for that matter. Both of them fought with heart tonight.”

Inside the ring, Lucas Knox isn’t finished. He looms over Wyatt, eyes dark, his expression twisted. He yanks Wyatt up by the hair, muscles bulging, setting him for another Iron Pulse. The crowd boos, sensing what’s coming.

Jace Valor steps in, hands up, pleading.

Jace (yelling): “No, Lucas! Don’t do this. You’re better than this.”

BERT:

“Jace is Lucas’s best friend... will he listen? Please, for once, listen!”



The Foundry buzzes with tension, all eyes on the ring. Lucas has Wyatt hoisted, ready to slam him again, his gaze locked on Jace.

From the corner, Titan drags himself up, still battered but pushing forward, ready to protect his partner.

Lucas stares at Jace for what feels like an eternity. The crowd is silent, holding its breath.

Then — Lucas drops Wyatt. He steps back, his chest heaving, still glaring at Jace. No words, just a thick wall of tension between them. Valor breathes in relief, but his shoulders slump — he knows this isn't over.

Together, Jace

and Lucas make their way up the ramp, Jace acknowledging the crowd, Lucas never breaking his stare back at the ring.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“They won the match... but I don't know if they're winning the war inside that partnership.”

CHAZ:

“The tension is thicker than ever. Tonight, Jace Valor saved Wyatt Storm from devastation... but who’s going to save Lucas Knox from himself?”

Main Event: Women’s Gauntlet Match:



CHAZ DEL RIO (in-ring, mic in hand):

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! What a jam-packed night of professional wrestling we’ve had here at The Foundry! And I have to say... it’s evident every single time we’re here — the fans in this building are the best of the best!”

(Huge pop. Fans clap and stomp the guardrails.)

“You love wrestling... and we love you. Thank you!”

(Crowd chants: “C-F-W! C-F-W!”)

“But now... it is time... for your main event!”

“The following contest is a Women’s Gauntlet Match! The participants have drawn their positions randomly. Two will start, and when one is pinned or submitted, the

next competitor will enter — until only one woman remains. And tonight, there will be no count outs... and no disqualifications!”

(The crowd pops hard at the stip.)

“The winner of this gauntlet will be rewarded with one point in the Women’s World Title Qualifiers!”

(Applause, buzz from the crowd. Chaz lets it breathe.)

“And now... let us find out who drew the unlucky spots to start this battle...”

(Dramatic pause. Lights dim slightly. The crowd leans in.)

“Starting the match... based on random draw... SUDIO!”

(Crowd explodes with cheers. Flashbulbs pop as Sudio’s music hits, her neon, high-energy entrance lighting up The Foundry.)

“And her opponent...”

(Pause, then a smug smirk from Chaz as boos start before he even says it.)

“...**Brandi Blight!**”

(The crowd erupts in boos. Brandi struts out in her platform boots, smug grin plastered across her face, pointing to herself as if she’s above the draw, above the crowd, above the stipulation.)

CHAZ (Back on commentary as Brandi enters):

“Well, there you have it, Bert. Brandi Blight drew the short straw tonight, starting this gauntlet with Sudio.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And you know she feels robbed. She wanted the last slot, but instead she’s gotta deal with the Neon Dojo’s wild card right out of the gate. The question is — can Brandi survive long enough to get what she wants?”

Sudio vs Brandi Blight

The Foundry buzzes as both women circle in the ring. The ref signals, the bell *rings*, and Sudio and Brandi step chest-to-chest, faces inches apart.

The tension is thick — Brandi’s jaw tight, lips curling with disdain. Sudio leans in, grit teeth, snapping her head to the side as she snarls something only Brandi can hear. Her eyes burn with defiance.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“You can feel it, Bert. Neither of these women want to back down, not an inch.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“They both know — win tonight, and they clinch the series. The air is about to explode.”

The Foundry stomps the guardrails in rhythm, a wall of noise building.

Then — *CRACK!* Sudio throws the first stiff punch. The crowd roars.

Brandi reels, then snaps back with a shot of her own, her face twisted in rage. The boos rain down, but she doesn’t care.

They trade again — Sudio’s fists landing with raw energy, Brandi’s with venom, the crowd erupting with every blow.

CHAZ:

“It didn’t take long, Bert! They’re trading bombs already!”



Brandi Blight and Sudio tear into each other, fists flying, hair-pulling, scratching — it’s a straight-up brawl.

Brandi screeches at the ref, at Sudio, at the fans:

Brandi (shouting): *“This isn’t fair! None of this is fair! I shouldn’t be starting! I MADE THIS DIVISION!”*

The boos rain down, but Sudio shuts her up fast with a stiff **lariat** that flips Brandi inside out.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Big clothesline from Sudio — she just about knocked the delusion right out of Brandi Blight!”

Brandi stumbles up, dazed, and Sudio wastes no time — she whips her hard into the corner, charging in with a flurry of forearms and stomps. Brandi clutches the ropes, trying to cover up, screaming as Sudio hammers away.

The ref pulls Sudio back for just a moment, but she charges again, whipping Brandi across to the opposite turnbuckle. Brandi slams back-first into the buckles — and Sudio follows up with a **running knee to the jaw!**

Brandi crumples down into a heap. Sudio grabs her leg, pulls her out of the corner, and covers for the pin.

1!

Brandi kicks out with fury at one.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“You’re not putting Brandi Blight away that easy, Chaz. Love her or hate her, she’s got fight in her. But right now, it’s *all Sudio* in the opening minutes.”

Sudio keeps pouring on the offense, fists and knees rattling Brandi from corner to corner. Brandi flails, desperate, unable to create any breathing room. Finally, in a panic, she claws at Sudio’s face and rakes her eye.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Rake to the eye — and let’s not forget, Bert, under gauntlet rules tonight it’s **no disqualification**. As disgusting as it is... it’s legal.”

Brandi doesn’t just stop with one — she claws again, gouging her nails at Sudio’s eyes. The crowd erupts with groans and boos.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“This is sickening! She’s not just trying to win, she’s trying to blind Sudio!”

Brandi wrenches Sudio down into a headlock, grinding her knuckles into her eyes again, laughing as the fans boo louder.

Sudio screams, swinging wildly, landing a desperate punch to Brandi’s ribs. She stumbles away, clutching her face, half-blind, and rolls out of the ring in pain.

Brandi paces inside the ring, smirking as she watches Sudio stagger on the floor, clutching her eyes.

Then, she darts out after her. Brandi charges from behind and plants a running kick square into Sudio’s back, sending her flipping *over the guardrails* and crashing into the front row of The Foundry. The crowd explodes into chaos as fans scatter.

CHAZ:

“She just kicked Sudio clean into the people! The Foundry has become the battlefield!”

Sudio claws her way up, swinging blind, throwing wild haymakers that actually land — fists cracking against Brandi's shoulder and jaw. The crowd rallies, stomping and clapping, as Sudio fights back on instinct.

The fight spills deeper into the sea of fans, Sudio still clawing at her eyes, blinking away the pain. She manages to shove Brandi back-first into the steel railing near the bleachers. The crowd roars as the two women climb higher into the stands, fists flying.

Brandi, with the advantage of sight, seizes her opening. She ducks low and trips Sudio, sending her crashing into a tipped-over trash can. The clang echoes through The Foundry as Sudio sprawls in the debris.

Brandi sneers at a fan in the front row, screaming at him to move. She yanks the chair out from under him, smirks at the boos, and *cracks* it over Sudio's back. One shot. Two. Three. Each echoing louder than the last.

BERT MCDANIELS:

"This is disgusting, Chaz! Brandi's bullying the fans and battering Sudio with a chair!"

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"And she doesn't care, Bert — she'll say it's all justified because it's no disqualification!"

Brandi hauls Sudio up and snaps her over with a suplex right onto the concrete floor of The Foundry bleachers. Sudio writhes in pain, the fans gasping at the impact.

Brandi, grinning ear to ear, struts away, smug and self-satisfied. She's catching her breath, already basking in what she thinks is her inevitable victory.

But behind her... the crowd stirs. Sudio is clawing her way back up.

The fans rise to their feet, stomping, shouting — and suddenly Sudio *sprints forward*. With a guttural roar, she blasts Brandi from behind, sending her tumbling head over heels *back over the railing* and crashing into the ringside area!

CHAZ:

"WHAT A FIGHTER! She could barely see — but she had enough to put Brandi Blight right back where this started!"

Sudio vaults the railing, drags Brandi up by the hair, and with a primal yell, snaps her over with a **suplex on the outside floor!** The crowd pops huge, the Foundry rattling with chants of **"SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!"**

Sudio drags Brandi up by the hair and *whips* her with full force into the steel ring post outside. Brandi's shoulder slams against the post with a sickening thud and she crumples to the floor.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Sudio is on fire — she's taking this fight to Brandi Blight with everything she's got!"

The Foundry crowd is rabid as Sudio soaks in the moment. She grabs another steel chair from under the ring, brandishing it to cheers. She winds up—
But Brandi, desperation flashing in her eyes, drops low and hits a **drop toe hold!** Sudio's face slams *head-first* into the chair with a brutal clang. The crowd groans in unison.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Oh no! Head-first into the chair — Sudio might be out cold!”

Brandi wastes no time, pouncing on her fallen opponent, hammering fists into her back and screaming:

Brandi (shouting): *“I told you! I told you this was mine!”*

She drags Sudio up by the arm, shoves her back into the ring, and slithers in after her. With a cruel smirk, Brandi hooks her head and drives her face-first into the mat with a sharp **DDT** right in the center of the ring.

She rolls her over, hooks the leg.

1!

2!

Sudio kicks out!

The crowd roars, Brandi pounding the mat in frustration.



CHAZ:

*“Sudio survives!
She’s still alive in
this gauntlet!”*

Brandi snarls, yanking her opponent up, and starts chaining power moves — a snap suplex, a side slam, a backbreaker across the knee — each one punctuated by Brandi screaming insults and smirking at the crowd as she stays in control.

Brandi has Sudio grounded, cinching tight with

a **headlock**. But slowly, insidiously, it shifts — her arm slides higher across the throat, and she starts choking the life out of her opponent.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s a choke! Come on — that’s not a wrestling hold, that’s a chokehold!”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“And remember, Bert... no disqualification tonight. The ref’s hands are tied — there’s nothing he can do!”

BERT:

“Well someone has to! She’s gonna choke her unconscious!”

The crowd boos, some even pounding on the guardrails, rallying behind Sudio as her hands claw at Brandi’s arm. She starts to fade, body sagging, but the noise of The Foundry grows louder — chants of “*SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!*” echoing through the rafters.

Sudio fights harder, adrenaline surging, powering her way up to her knees... then to her feet. With a burst of strength, she flips Brandi over her shoulder, slamming her hard to the mat. The crowd erupts!

Brandi scrambles to her feet in a panic and charges — Sudio ducks, hits the ropes, and both women charge at full speed.

Sudio leaps — twisting into a spinning heel kick, catching Brandi flush — and snaps her into the **Color Rush!** The crowd explodes as Brandi crumples!

Sudio dives on top for the cover!

1!

2!

But Brandi, on pure desperation and instinct, uses the momentum of the impact to roll Sudio over into a desperate small cradle!

1!

2!

2.999!!

Sudio kicks out at the last heartbeat, the Foundry absolutely losing it. Fans are stomping, clapping, and screaming at the razor-close fall.

CHAZ:

“What a sequence! Brandi Blight almost stole it right there!”

BERT:

“Almost isn’t enough, Chaz! The Foundry is on fire — these two are throwing everything at each other, and this gauntlet is just getting started!”

Both women lie on the mat, gasping for air. Sudio drags herself up on the ropes, the Foundry clapping in rhythm, the building shaking. Brandi stumbles to her feet, glassy-eyed but still dangerous.

Suddenly, Brandi snaps out of her haze — she spins with a sharp **back elbow**, aiming for the **Golden Standard!** The crowd gasps—

But Sudio ducks under!

On the rebound, Sudio spins herself, launching with blistering speed — her heel connects flush, twisting Brandi into the snapmare driver — **Color Rush!** The crowd *erupts*. Sudio crashes down on top of Brandi, barely hooking the leg.

1!

2!

3!

The bell rings, The Foundry explodes, fans stomping and chanting Sudio's name. Brandi lies sprawled on the mat, clutching her head, her face twisted in disbelief.



CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Brandi Blight is OUT! Sudio just eliminated one of the most dangerous women in this match!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And she did it with Brandi's own finisher attempt hanging over her head! Brandi went for the Golden Standard — but Sudio beat her to the punch with the Color Rush. That's poetic justice, Chaz.”

Sudio rises unsteadily, one eye still red from the gouging, chest heaving, but her arm is raised high. The crowd loves it.

The bell has rung, but Brandi doesn't move. She's flat on her knees in the center of the ring, hair tangled, makeup streaked, her face shifting from pure shock... to devastation. The crowd, still buzzing from the upset, slowly

quiets as they see Brandi's expression. Even the jeers soften — this was supposed to be *her moment*. Her path to clinching the series. Her "Golden Standard."

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"She can't believe it. She thought tonight was her night to end the chase and secure her place in the championship picture."

BERT MCDANIELS:

"And now she's left with nothing but disbelief. Look at her, Chaz — she won't leave."

The referee kneels down beside her, tapping her shoulder, motioning for her to exit.

Brandi's lips tremble as she shakes her head violently, mumbling over and over:

Brandi (audible): "*This isn't real... no way. They can't do this to me. No way. Not me.*"

The ref insists, pointing to the aisle. Brandi's hands clutch at her gear, her eyes wide, trapped in denial. She refuses to roll out, refuses to accept. The crowd starts a mocking chant of "*YES IT IS! YES IT IS!*"

Sudio leans against the ropes, pointing and laughing through the pain, while the referee all but begs Brandi to leave the ring.

CHAZ:

"This is heartbreaking — or pathetic, depending on how you see it. Brandi Blight refusing to accept reality."

BERT:

"This is the narcissism on full display, Chaz. She believed this whole division was hers, and tonight The Foundry told her otherwise."

Brandi Blight finally drags herself up, her face pale, her eyes wide and wet. She refuses help, muttering under her breath as she stumbles toward the ropes. She steps through them slowly, every movement heavy, and begins the lonely walk up the entryway.

The crowd is buzzing — some still booing, some jeering, but many just watching her unravel.

Then — *Lena Wilde's music hits!* The Foundry erupts with a massive pop.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"And here comes entrant number three — Lena Wilde!"

Lena strides out onto the stage, her eyes instantly darting toward Brandi. She stops in her tracks, her expression cautious, her fists clenched, ready for the fight.

Brandi barely lifts her head. She looks at Lena once, her face impossible to read — equal parts devastation, disbelief, and emptiness. She mutters something inaudible, shakes her head, and walks past Lena without another glance.

MCDANIELS:

"I can't believe it, Chaz. I thought Brandi was going to explode — I thought she was going to jump Lena right there."

CHAZ:

“Maybe she’s too broken, Bert. Maybe the reality of this loss has finally crushed her spirit.”

Lena, still wary, keeps glancing over her shoulder as she makes her way down the ramp, fully expecting Brandi to ambush her. But Brandi never does. She just disappears behind the curtain, defeated and hollow.

Lena slides into the ring, eyes still flicking back to the entryway, before locking onto Sudio — who’s leaning against the ropes, still battered from her war with Brandi but grinning through the pain, ready for round two.

The crowd is *buzzing* — the underdog Lena vs. the chaotic Sudio, two fan favorites about to clash.

Lena Wilde vs Sudio



Lena Wilde steps carefully into the ring, eyes locked on Sudio. The crowd simmers with anticipation as Lena approaches, her posture respectful but steady.

Sudio leans against the ropes, still catching her breath after the war with Brandi, her body marked with bruises but her grin never fading.

Lena extends her hand.

The Foundry reacts instantly — a swell of cheers at the gesture.

Sudio looks at her friend, breathing heavy, and after a beat she reaches out, clasping Lena's hand. They nod to each other, a silent promise.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"You love to see this, Bert. Two women who are not only competitors, but friends. And make no mistake, that friendship won't keep either of them from giving every ounce of their heart tonight."

BERT MCDANIELS:

"Exactly. This is what the women's division is all about, Chaz — respect, competition, and the drive to become champion. Friends or not, when that bell rings, it's about pride, it's about opportunity, and it's about a title shot."

The crowd claps rhythmically as the two back away from each other, circling, the referee signaling for the bell.

DING DING DING

The cheers rise again as Lena and Sudio circle, both smiling faintly through the tension, ready to push each other to the absolute limit.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Lena looks a bit hesitant to start, Bert. I understand she respects her friend, but she's going to need a killer instinct if she wants to win this gauntlet. It's not for the faint of heart."

BERT MCDANIELS:

"And if we know anything about Lena Wilde, it's that she never gives up. Hesitant or not, when the bell rings, she leaves it all in the ring."

The two women tie up in the center. Sudio, still exhausted from her war with Brandi, slides out of Lena's grasp and sweeps her legs, taking her down. Lena bounces back up, the two locking eyes, sharing a brief smirk.

They tie up again — this time Lena slips behind for a waist lock, but Sudio counters with a standing switch, tripping Lena into a front facelock. Lena fights out, rolling into an armbar attempt, only for Sudio to roll her shoulders into a quick near fall — **1! Lena bridges out!**

The crowd cheers the technical back-and-forth as the two scramble, each reversal flowing into the next. Finally, they stand and face off again, the Foundry applauding loudly for the pure wrestling on display.

The match stays on the mat — wristlocks into armlocks, hammerlocks reversed into headlocks. Lena grounds Sudio with a side headlock takeover, but Sudio rolls her into a headscissors. Lena kips out, only for Sudio to sweep her into a cradle — **1... kick out.** They reset, circling again, the Foundry applauding each exchange.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"It's a wrestling clinic in the middle of that ring. Neither woman giving an inch."

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And it’s that respect, Chaz. They know each other, they trust each other — but they also want to prove who’s better.”

They tie up again — Lena breaks the rhythm, ducking under and exploding with a **lariat** that turns Sudio inside out! The crowd pops as Lena roars, shaking out her arm.

Sudio pushes up slowly, her expression shifting. She looks flustered, almost insulted — not in an angry way, but like Lena just shook something loose in her. She scowls, steps forward, and fires off a stiff right hand.

Lena staggers, wiping her lip with the back of her hand, checking for blood. The crowd leans in. She nods once... and fires back with a stiff shot of her own.

The Foundry erupts.

CHAZ:

“Ohhh, it just got a little less friendly, Bert!”

BERT:

“They tried to keep it technical, but you put two fighters like this in the ring and sooner or later, pride takes over.”

The shots come faster, heavier — back and forth, Sudio and Lena trading strikes until Lena ducks one and plants Sudio with a **German suplex!**

The crowd leaps to its feet, chanting “*This is wrestling! This is wrestling!*”

Lena drags Sudio up after the German suplex, pushing her back against the ropes. She snaps her into a quick roll-up —

1! 2! Kickout!

Without missing a beat, Lena pulls her up into a snap suplex, bridges into another pin —

1! 2! Kickout!

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Sudio will not stay down! And remember, she started this gauntlet, Bert — she’s been fighting since the opening bell of this match.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Exactly, Chaz. That’s a *huge* disadvantage. But Sudio knows — if she can just survive, if she can somehow find a way to win, she *locks in* the number one contender spot. That’s the dream that’s keeping her alive right now.”

Lena backs up, measuring her shot, and blasts Sudio with a running **lariat**. Sudio stumbles back up, dazed — Lena nails another running **lariat!**

The crowd roars as Sudio collapses, Lena shaking her head with intensity.

CHAZ:

“That’s why they call her **Hard Hitting Lena Wilde!** She may not be the biggest woman in the fight, but every shot lands like a sledgehammer!”

Lena drags Sudio up and plants her with a modified fisherman's slam, flowing seamlessly into a crossface attempt. Sudio wriggles out, but Lena transitions smoothly into a waistlock takedown, keeping the offense mixed between strikes and technical slams.

Another pin attempt — **1! 2!** Kickout again!

Lena sits back on her knees, sweat dripping, glancing at the ref, almost in disbelief.

BERT:

"Lena's starting to wonder, Chaz — what's it going to take to keep Sudio down?"

The Foundry crowd is split, some chanting for Lena, others rallying for Sudio, as both women drag themselves up, knowing the match could turn on a dime.

Lena keeps the pressure on, peppering Sudio with forearms and dragging her up into another slam attempt. But suddenly, Sudio wriggles free — twisting around and snapping Lena down with a sudden arm drag! The crowd pops as Sudio rallies, firing off a couple of sharp kicks to Lena's ribs, then bouncing off the ropes for a running forearm that drops her! The Foundry claps along, rallying behind Sudio as she, exhausted and staggering, fights on pure heart.

BERT MCDANIELS:

"She's running on fumes, Chaz — but sometimes heart takes you further than stamina ever could!"

Lena charges again, but Sudio ducks, swings around into another reversal. The crowd erupts as Sudio twists, setting up for the **Color Rush!**

But Lena ducks the spinning heel kick at the last moment, catching Sudio mid-rotation.

With the momentum, she hoists her up and plants her with a crushing **sidewalk slam!**

She hooks the leg —

1! 2! Kickout!

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"How did she kick out of that? Sudio's body is screaming to stop, but her spirit won't let her!"

Lena wastes no time. She drags Sudio up by the hair, hurls her into the corner, and charges in. She grabs her, powers her up, and delivers a devastating **buckle bomb** — Sudio crashing hard against the turnbuckles before staggering out, dazed and limp.

The crowd gasps, sensing the end.

Sudio stumbles right into Lena's arms. Lena hooks her, setting up for her deadly finisher — the **Bleed Out DDT.**

But just as she spins to drop it, Lena hesitates. Instead of snapping into the deadly DDT, she twists it out into a **swinging neckbreaker** instead, driving Sudio down hard but sparing her the finishing blow.

CHAZ:

“She had her set for the Bleed Out, Bert — that was it! But she didn’t pull the trigger!”

BERT:

“I think you’re right. That wasn’t hesitation in the move... that was hesitation in her *heart*. Lena Wilde might not have it in her to put her friend away.”

Lena sits up, looking down at Sudio, conflicted. The crowd buzzes — some rallying for Lena to finish it, others chanting for Sudio to rise again.

Lena sits for a moment after the swinging neckbreaker, breathing heavy, almost second-guessing herself. She finally drags herself over, grabbing Sudio by the wrist to pull her up. But suddenly — **roll-up!**

1! 2! Kickout!

The Foundry *erupts*, gasping as Lena just escapes. Both women scramble to their feet, eyes wide, adrenaline spiking.

Sudio throws a right forearm — *crack!* Lena reels back. Another forearm — the crowd cheers with each shot. Sudio whips Lena off the ropes — but Lena ducks the comeback shot, hits the opposite ropes, and plants Sudio with a sharp **side kick** right to the chest! The Foundry roars, stomping the guardrails.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Hard Hitting Lena Wilde with that side kick — and the crowd loves it!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“But she can’t let up for one second, Chaz. If Lena wants to put Sudio away, she’s gotta stay on her. Because Sudio... Sudio’s showing us just how much heart she really has!”

The two circle again, the pace quickening — Lena with a forearm, Sudio answers. Lena tries a snap suplex, but Sudio slips behind, shoving her off. Lena rebounds — Sudio leaps, catching her with a flying forearm that rocks her!

The Foundry is on its feet as Sudio fights on pure willpower, chaining a dropkick into another running strike.

But instead of burning out on flurries, Sudio slows it down — slipping behind Lena and locking in a **standing rear headlock**. She wrenches down, forcing Lena to fight against the squeeze.

CHAZ:

“Smart move by Sudio — after all that chaos, she’s slowing this down, grounding Lena, and trying to catch her breath.”

BERT:

“And think about it, Chaz — she’s been in this gauntlet since the very beginning. If she can control the pace, even just for a moment, it might be the only way she survives.”

Sudio wrenches the headlock tighter, forcing Lena down to the canvas. She keeps the

squeeze, forearm grinding against Lena's jaw, every ounce of her body weight pressing down.

Lena's face goes red, her limbs heavy — the crowd claps in rhythm, half chanting “*SU-DI-O!*” and half “*LE-NA!*” The split energy rattles the building.

The cheers surge — and Lena feeds off it. She pushes, strains, and forces herself back to her feet.

Sudio doesn't let go. She slides behind, torquing Lena into a tight waistlock, then snapping the headlock back on again in a seamless transition. Lena grits her teeth, firing back elbows into Sudio's ribs. One. Two. Three. Finally, Sudio releases — but instantly latches back to the waist, wrenching tighter.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This is incredible, Bert! Two friends just grinding each other down, searching for the edge!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Neither woman wants to let go. This is pure willpower!”

The two continue their struggle, locked chest-to-back, straining in the center of the ring— Suddenly, a *ripple* of noise spreads through The Foundry. Fans on the far side stand up,



pointing. The camera swings wide—

GALE.

She's on the ring apron, motionless, her body silhouetted by the harsh Foundry lights. Her face is locked in a menacing scowl, her eyes like daggers fixed directly on Lena Wilde.

CHAZ (shocked):

“Wait a minute! What the hell is Gale doing out here?!”

BERT (nervous):

“Look at her eyes,

Chaz... she's staring a hole straight through Lena Wilde. This can't be good."

Lena is still struggling in Sudio's grip, not even aware yet. The crowd's buzz builds louder and louder as Gale stands there, stone still, radiating menace. The tension spikes — everyone waiting to see what happens next.

Gale storms into the ring, shoving Sudio aside like she's nothing. She zeroes in on Lena, clubbing her with heavy forearms across the back before pummeling her to the ground. Then the stomps begin. Brutal, merciless. Lena curls up under the barrage as Gale drives her boot into her ribs, her shoulders, her spine.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Gale is mauling Lena Wilde! This is an all-out mugging!"

BERT MCDANIELS:

"Brandi Blight couldn't finish the job, so she sent Gale to do it! This is disgusting!"

The Foundry erupts in boos, the sound deafening. Gale doesn't acknowledge them, raining stomp after stomp down on Lena, her expression ice-cold and merciless.

But behind her, Sudio stirs. She pulls herself up in the corner, clutching the ropes, her face twisted in fury.

The crowd starts stomping, clapping, rising to their feet.

Sudio slams the turnbuckle with both fists, then sprints full speed across the ring. She launches herself — spinning through the air — and connects with a crushing **Color Rush!**

Her heel smashes into Gale's jaw, snapping her down hard. Gale tumbles through the ropes and crashes to the outside, stunned and sprawled on the floor.

The Foundry explodes.

CHAZ:

"She got her! Sudio with the Color Rush — and Gale has been knocked out of the ring!"

BERT:

"And that's why Sudio's heart can't be questioned! She's exhausted, she's battered, but she just saved this match and maybe saved Lena Wilde from destruction!"

Lena lies on the mat, clutching her ribs, gasping for air, as Sudio steadies herself on the ropes, glaring down at Gale's fallen body on the outside.

The crowd chants "*SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!*" shaking the Foundry as the match swings back to its rightful competitors.

Lena writhing on the canvas, clutching her ribs from Gale's vicious stomps. Sudio steadies herself on the ropes, the roar of the Foundry behind her, and then slowly makes her way toward her friend.

She crouches down, her expression heavy with concern, the fatigue etched across her face. The hesitation is clear — this is her friend, her ally, someone she just fought tooth and nail with in respect.



She leans down, carefully slipping an arm under Lena to help her up—

And suddenly, Lena lashes out. Pure instinct. Pure survival.

She hooks Sudio around the head and drops her into the canvas with a brutal **Bleed Out DDT!**

The crowd gasps, the pop mixed with shock.

Lena rolls over, wide-eyed, her chest heaving. For a split second, she looks horrified, realizing what she's just done — she hit her finisher on her friend. The hesitation is written all over her face.

But then her eyes flick to Sudio's unmoving body. The gauntlet. The opportunity. The dream. Survival takes over.

Lena drapes herself across Sudio, clearly conflicted, almost shaking her head as she hooks the leg.

1!

2!

3!

The bell rings. The Foundry reacts in a storm of noise — cheers for Lena's survival, groans for what she had to do.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"She did it — but look at her face, Bert. That was not the way Lena Wilde wanted to win this match."

BERT MCDANIELS:

"And that's what makes this tournament so brutal. This isn't just about skill — it's about survival. Tonight, Lena Wilde survived her friend. But she'll carry that with her, Chaz. You can see it in her eyes."

Lena stays draped over Sudio, chest heaving, her eyes never leaving ringside. Across the way, Gale pulls herself together, rolling her shoulders and glaring back into the ring.

Her expression is pure disdain. A disgusted, disappointed sneer cuts across her face as she shakes her head slowly at Lena Wilde. Without a word, Gale disappears into the crowd she came from, leaving The Foundry buzzing in uneasy silence.

Lena exhales, still hunched over Sudio. But then — movement.

Sudio stirs beneath her, groaning, pushing Lena's body off. She rolls away, clutching her head, then slowly rises to her feet, her eyes locking with Lena's.

The crowd simmers with anticipation, sensing the crackle of tension.

Sudio's face twists — hurt, betrayed, frustrated.

Lena holds her hands out, shaking her head, trying to explain, her words muffled but her emotion clear: *"I didn't want to... I had to..."*

Sudio steps forward, toe-to-toe with her friend, her chest rising and falling, eyes sharp with disappointment. For a moment, it looks like she might swing — the crowd *leans in*.

But she doesn't. She just glares, her anger wrestling with her understanding. She knows what happened... but she doesn't have to like it.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"This is tearing both of them apart, Bert. You can see it. Lena didn't want to do it — but she did. And Sudio may understand... but she'll never forget it."

BERT MCDANIELS:

"That's the cruelty of this gauntlet, Chaz. Only one woman can win — but sometimes the cost is your friendships."

The crowd claps, some chanting *"SU-DI-O!"* while others chant *"LE-NA!"* as the two women stand, locked in a tense silence that says everything words can't.

Lena steps toward Sudio, hands open, her face raw with guilt. She mouths *"I didn't want to... I had to..."* but Sudio shakes her head, her disappointment clear. After a long pause, Sudio turns, climbing through the ropes and leaving the ring without another word.

The Foundry buzzes — split chants ripple through the air, *"LE-NA! SU-DI-O!"*

Lena stands in the center of the ring, sweat dripping, chest heaving, her eyes locked on the curtain where her friend disappeared.

Suddenly — **Shayna Vex's music hits.**

The Foundry reacts with a low, tense rumble as Shayna storms out, no posing, no wasted movement. Her stride is brisk, fierce, every step radiating precision and malice.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"This is Shayna Vex's time. She's fresh, she's dangerous, and she's got Lena Wilde dead in her sights."

BERT MCDANIELS:

"And Vex doesn't waste time on guilt or sympathy, Chaz. Emotions won't get in her way. She's cold. She's calculated. She's a killer."

Vex marches right past Sudio on the ramp — not a glance, not a nod, not even an acknowledgement. Her focus is entirely on the ring. On Lena.

Lena paces like a trapped animal, forcing herself to shove the guilt aside, her hands



tightening into fists.

Vex slides under the ropes, her eyes locked on Lena from the moment she entered. The referee signals for the next round, and the bell rings.

DING DING DING

Lena Wilde vs Shayna Vex

The crowd buzzes, knowing Lena is battered, conflicted, and hurting — and Shayna Vex is colder than ice, ready to exploit every weakness.

Vex wastes no time. The second the bell rings she's on Lena, driving stiff body blows into her ribs,

one after another, like she's pounding on a heavy bag. Lena crumples against the ropes, gasping, but Vex doesn't stop — she snatches her, lifts, and *slams* her down to the mat with authority.

And she doesn't let go.

Vex drags Lena back up, rag-dolling her like she weighs nothing, and *slams* her again. The crowd groans at the impact, the sheer dominance on display.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Vex looks laser focused, Bert — she's fresh, she can taste victory, and Lena Wilde is her prey.”

Vex whips Lena across the ring, and she *crashes* into the corner with a sickening thud. She rebounds out, staggering, and Vex catches her flush — hoisting her up and drilling her with a **jackknife slam** dead center of the ring!

She hooks the leg.

1! 2! Kickout!

The Foundry pops, but Vex doesn't even blink. She shoves Lena's shoulders down again.

1! 2! Kickout!

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That's smart, Chaz. Don't give her a second to breathe. Every kickout drains what little gas Lena has left.”

Vex snarls, raining down heavy fists, hammering forearms across Lena's face, then dragging her back up and hurling her across the ring with a belly-to-belly toss. Lena crashes hard, clutching her ribs, rolling onto her stomach to protect herself.

Vex stalks after her, grabbing her hair, and spikes her down with another slam, then drops mounted forearms right into her jaw. The crowd boos as Vex stands tall over Lena, cold and merciless.

Vex shifts gears, dragging Lena into the center of the ring. She hooks her arms around Lena's throat and neck, wrenching her down to the mat.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“And here it is, Bert — this is what Shayna Vex does best. She's a submission expert, and if she locks in that Choke Reflex, it could all be over in an instant.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That's right. The Choke Reflex — rear naked choke, grapevined, wrenched until you've got no choice but to tap. We've seen her make opponents quit in seconds with this hold.”

Lena thrashes, clawing at Vex's arms, shifting her weight just enough to slip free before it's cinched in fully. The crowd gasps in relief — but Vex doesn't stop. She jerks Lena back down, transitions seamlessly into an armbar attempt, then a grounded facelock, then back toward the choke.

It's a **submission clinic** — Lena trapped in hold after hold, each escape taking more out of her.

CHAZ:

“Look at this — Shayna Vex is running a clinic right now. This is suffocating.”

BERT:

“And notice how many times she’s going back to that choke, Chaz. She’s hunting for it. She knows that’s the end.”

Vex slips behind again, latching on for another **Choke Reflex attempt** — but Lena twists, kicks her legs, and somehow rolls out. She snaps both boots up, double-kicking Vex square in the chest, sending her stumbling backward into the corner.

The crowd roars, a spark of life.

Lena pulls herself up, sweat pouring, barely able to stand, but she runs with everything she has left — and blasts Vex with a **rising knee to the jaw in the corner!**

The Foundry *erupts*.

CHAZ:

“Lena Wilde showing just a glimmer of life!”

BERT:

“She’s all but out of gas, Chaz, but sometimes one spark is all it takes!”

Vex shoves her away, dazed, trying to shake it off. Lena screams through the pain, charges again, and nails a **second rising knee** in the corner!

The crowd is deafening, stomping and clapping, rallying behind Lena.

Just as the momentum builds —

Brandi Blight storms down the ramp, steel chair in hand, fury written all over her face.

CHAZ (furious):

“Oh come on! Not again! Not this way!”

Brandi slides under the ropes, steel chair clutched tight. Vex instantly raises her fists, teeth gritted, body tensing for a fight. The two lock eyes for a tense heartbeat — predator and spoiler, ready to explode.

But then Brandi smirks, spins, and cracks Lena across the back with a violent chair shot.

CRACK!

The Foundry erupts in boos.

Brandi slams the chair down again. And again. Lena crumbles under the onslaught, every shot echoing through the rafters.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This is disgusting! Brandi Blight couldn’t win, so she’s out here trying to make sure Lena can’t either!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And look at Vex... she doesn’t like it, Chaz, but she’s not stopping it. She’s watching. Waiting.”

Vex paces the ring, her body tense, fists clenched. There’s a flicker of conflict in her eyes — she’s saved Lena before from Brandi’s ambushes. But tonight, the prize is too close. The #1 contender’s spot is dangling in front of her. She chooses discipline over conscience, standing back, laser-focused, ready to swoop in.

Brandi raises the chair high for another sickening shot—

SUDIO’S MUSIC HITS.

The Foundry explodes with a massive pop as Sudio sprints to the ring, face fierce with determination. She slides under the ropes, zero hesitation.

She knocks the chair clean out of Brandi’s hands — it clatters to the mat.

The two clash instantly, trading wild strikes, their brawl spilling out of the ring and into the chaos of the crowd.

Inside the ring, Lena writhes, broken and beaten.

Vex’s expression hardens. The hesitation is gone. She swoops in like a vulture, seizing Lena from behind and locking in the **Choke Reflex** — rear naked choke, keeping her down, grapevining the legs, wrenching back with lethal precision.

CHAZ:

“She’s got it! Shayna Vex has the Choke Reflex locked in tight!”

BERT:

“This is what she was waiting for, Chaz — her chance to pick the bones and claim the win!”

The crowd surges, stomping the guardrails, screaming for Lena as the choke tightens and the match reaches its boiling point.

Vex has the **Choke Reflex** cinched in tight on the mat. Her arms squeeze around Lena’s throat like a vice, her legs grapevined around Lena’s waist. The crowd rises to their feet, clapping, screaming, desperate for Lena to find a way out.

Lena’s hand hovers, trembling, the life draining from her body.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“She’s fading, Bert! She’s fading right here in the center of the ring!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“It’s the Choke Reflex! Once Vex locks it in, it’s academic!”

But with a desperate surge, Lena rolls, clawing her way toward the ropes. Inch by inch, she drags them both closer. Finally, she rolls just far enough that the two tumble under the ropes, Vex hitting the floor hard and Lena gasping for air beside her.

The hold is broken. The crowd *erupts*.

Vex looks rattled for the first time all night. She scrambles up quickly, almost panicked, dragging Lena back to her feet and throwing her under the ropes. She slides in after her prey.

Lena kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching her throat, chest heaving, fighting for oxygen. Vex pounces, wrapping her up again in the **Choke Reflex**.

The crowd groans, deflating — they see the writing on the wall.

CHAZ:

“No, not again! Vex has it locked in one more time!”

Vex wrenches back, snarling, Lena’s face turning red. Her body sags, her arms go limp. Then, out of sheer instinct, Lena lunges backwards, slamming Vex into the corner turnbuckles! The crowd explodes, but Vex shakes it off and charges —

WHAM!

Lena catches her and drills her with the **Bleed Out DDT — directly onto the steel chair Brandi left behind!**

The crowd *loses it*, the sound deafening.

Lena collapses to her knees, her eyes wide, staring at the dented chair beneath Vex’s body. She shakes her head, realizing what just happened.

BERT:

“She hit it right on the chair! But look at Lena — she doesn’t want it this way!”

Lena stumbles to her feet, gasping, kicking the chair out of the ring. She doesn’t want the win tainted.

The crowd rallies, stomping the guardrails, begging her to finish it.

Lena drags Vex up, every ounce of strength spent, and hooks her head. She twists, plants her one more time with a massive **Bleed Out DDT** clean in the middle of the ring.

She collapses across Vex’s chest.

1!

2!

3!

The bell rings. The Foundry erupts in cheers, the crowd on their feet, chanting “*LE-NA! LE-NA!*”

CHAZ:

“She did it! Against all odds, Lena Wilde survived the gauntlet!”

BERT:

“She didn’t just survive, Chaz — she overcame Brandi, Gale, Vex, even her own conscience! That’s heart. That’s Lena Wilde!”

Lena rolls to her back, staring at the lights, tears in her eyes as the referee raises her hand. Vex lies motionless, beaten but not broken, while the Foundry shakes with noise.

Winner of the main even Gauntlet Match: Lena Wilde

The Foundry is shaking, alive with the kind of energy only a once-in-a-lifetime moment can bring.



Chaz: "She did it... against every odd, against the chaos, against her own hesitation—Lena Wilde has done it!"

Bert: "Chaz, I'm spent. I don't even know what to say. That was guts, that was heart, that was survival. That was professional wrestling at its finest."

Lena stays on her knees in the center of the ring, tears streaming, hands shaking as she clutches at her chest, overwhelmed by what she just survived. The camera catches the conflicted look on her face—the relief of

victory, the sting of what it cost.

The shot cuts up the ramp. Brandi Blight stands halfway up, disheveled, seething, her face twisted with fury and disbelief. She points down at the ring, screaming that this isn't over, her words lost in the deafening roar of the crowd. She looks *more defeated than ever*, her illusion of control slipping through her fingers.

Back at ringside, Sudio slowly pulls herself onto the apron, weary but determined. The crowd pops again as she slides under the ropes. She kneels beside Lena, who is still overcome with emotion. Without hesitation, Sudio puts a hand on Lena's shoulder, gently steadying her, speaking quiet words we can't hear but can feel.

Lena leans into her friend's support. The two sit together in the middle of the ring, the crowd chanting **"LENA! LENA! LENA!"** before it swells into a thunderous **"THIS IS WRESTLING!"**

The show closes on that iconic image: Lena Wilde, battered but victorious, held up by Sudio as the Foundry crowd gives her the ovation of her career.

[Show Ends]