

CFW: DOMINION

July 5, 2025 – Live from The Foundry, Venice, FL



Card:

Wyatt Storm vs Lucas Knox

Lena Wilde & Sudio vs Brandi Blight & Gale

Ace Dalton vs Killjoy

[OPENING VIDEO — CFW: DOMINION]

Fade in from black.

A dimly lit space. We see only shadows. Rain taps against an old, dusty windowpane. The air feels heavy.

CLOSE-UP – A gloved hand slowly slides open a plain envelope.

Inside — a single item.

A BLACK VHS TAPE, labeled only with a faint, scratched symbol.

The figure turns it over, examining it. Their face is never shown.

WIDE SHOT – The figure wheels out an old **tube TV** perched on a dented metal cart. It's the same kind used in schools. We've seen this before. This is *the* cart. The *one* from the tapes.

The screen flickers to life in static-blue as the tape is inserted into the **VCR deck** beneath the monitor.

STATIC.

Then—

A faint voice begins whispering as distorted imagery flashes.

CUT TO BLACK.

The words “**CFW: DOMINION**” burn onto the screen in deep red.

A beat of silence.

Then the faint, echoing words:

“You were never supposed to forget...”

[END VIDEO]

[LIVE — THE FOUNDRY]



The crowd is on their feet, packed wall to wall. The venue is glowing in a deep, ominous red hue. The "CFW: DOMINION" banner looms large over the ring like a rising omen. Smoke coils gently in the rafters as camera flashes strobe through the mist.

RINGSIDE — CHAZ DEL RIO & BERT McDaniels

CHAZ (fired up)

"Welcome... to DOMINION! Folks — we are not wasting any time!"

BERT

"Absolutely, Chaz. This is the one we've all been waiting for — packed house, big fights, and the kind of electricity that only CFW can deliver."

CHAZ

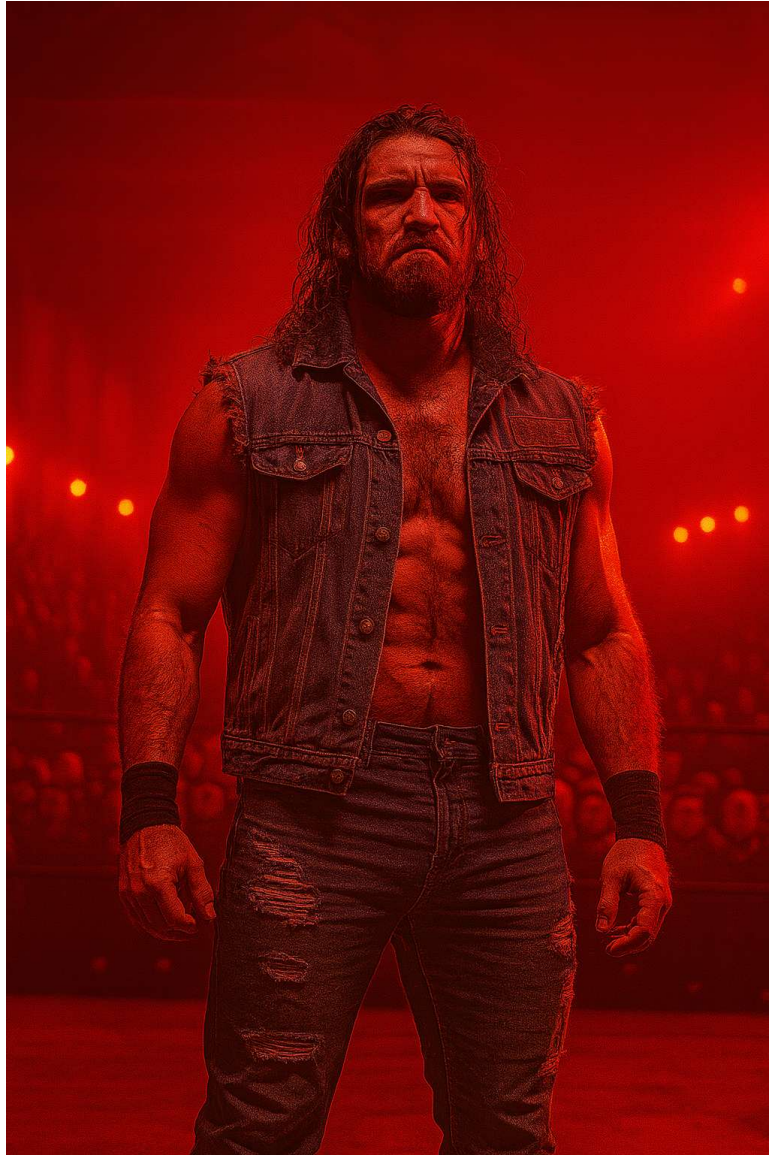
"Let's get it started. Our opening bout is on deck — and if the energy in here is any sign, this night might just burn the roof off The Foundry."

Wyatt Storm vs Lucas Knox



CHAZ DEL RIO

“This one’s gotten *heated* fast. What started as a call-out has turned into something a lot more personal.”



BERT

“Lucas Knox took offense — and he doesn’t seem like a guy who lets that go easy.”

CHAZ

“Absolutely not. Knox *towers* over Wyatt — he’s stronger, meaner, and now he’s *motivated*. That’s dangerous.”

BERT

“But don’t count out Storm. He’s been underestimated before. The kid can fly — and when he starts flipping momentum, anything can happen.”

The lights pulse. “Against the Wind” hits. Wyatt emerges with fire in his eyes, jaw set. His trademark lightning gear flashes under the Dominion red hue. He raises two fingers to the sky before sprinting to the ring — no hesitation.

Moments later, the beat drops into a heavy industrial sound. Lucas Knox walks out slow, fists taped, denim vest draped over his shoulders. No pandering. No smirks. Just focused rage. He glares at Wyatt the whole way down.

CHAZ

“This crowd is **READY**. Dominion is officially underway — and it’s starting with a storm... and a steel mill.”

The bell rings and Lucas Knox explodes out of his corner like a wrecking ball unchained. There's no pacing, no testing the waters — just fury.

He barrels into Wyatt Storm and drives him straight into the mat with a thudding tackle. From there, it's a mauling. Hammerfists, body blows, relentless knees to the ribs — Knox isn't just fighting, he's making a statement. The crowd watches in shock as Wyatt covers up, unable to find any space or air.

Wyatt tries to scramble, but Knox rips him back into a gutwrench, hoists him high, and **powerbombs him brutally into the corner buckles**. The whole ring rattles as Storm slumps to the canvas like a crumpled tarp.

Lucas doesn't let up. He boots Wyatt in the chest, clubs him in the back, and starts **mugging him in the corner**, fists flying so fast the ref nearly throws the match out. There's no strategy here — just punishment.

This isn't about winning anymore.

This is personal.

Lucas keeps the pressure on, ragdolling Wyatt with suplexes and dragging him up just to knock him back down. The crowd begins to murmur — not booing, but stunned — at the sheer dominance on display. Wyatt Storm, who came into Dominion with something to prove, is being overwhelmed.

But Storm doesn't quit.

As Lucas yanks him in for another thunderous slam, Wyatt *twists mid-air* and lands on his feet behind him. It's sloppy, it's desperate — but it works. **Wyatt fires off a dropkick** right between Knox's shoulder blades, sending the bigger man stumbling chest-first into the ropes.

Wyatt scrambles up and hits **another dropkick**, this one to the side of the head. Lucas stumbles — still on his feet, but rocked for the first time.

It's not a comeback. Not yet.

But it's a **spark**.

Wyatt uses the moment to slide out of the ring and catch his breath, one hand gripping the guardrail, the other clutching his ribs. He glares at Lucas in the ring — blood in his mouth, pain in his eyes — but **he's still in this**. The ref checks on him as Lucas stares him down, a snarl etched across his face.

Wyatt has weathered the early storm... but barely.

Lucas, fuming, doesn't give Wyatt the space to recover for long. He drops from the apron and marches toward him outside the ring — pure menace in motion. But **Wyatt springs to life**, launching himself up onto the barricade and pivoting into a **precision dropkick** right to Lucas's chest. The bigger man staggers back and hits the floor hard.

The crowd erupts.

Wyatt, running on instinct and adrenaline, slides back into the ring and feeds off the energy. He charges the ropes, rebounds, and **dives through the ropes with a low-angle suicide dive** — taking Lucas out again.

The referee starts a count, but Wyatt isn't done. He climbs the top turnbuckle as Lucas groggily gets to his feet. The Foundry is shaking with anticipation. **Storm soars**, landing a **huge crossbody** that finally puts Knox flat on the mat.

Back in the ring, **Wyatt is everywhere** — bouncing off ropes, hitting running elbows, a jumping neckbreaker, a standing moonsault that gets a *very* close two-count. Every time Lucas tries to stand, Wyatt is there, chopping him back down with raw speed and heart.

But Knox isn't just muscle — he's smart. He catches Wyatt mid-run and **slams him with a spine-shattering powerslam**, flattening the momentum like a boot to a spark. He covers — **2.9!**

Lucas tries to ground Wyatt again, locking in a rear chinlock, planting a knee in the spine. He yells at the ref, tells him to "ask him," but Wyatt claws his way to the ropes.

Wyatt's battered, breathless, but still standing.

The crowd starts to chant:

"LET'S GO WYATT!"

"KNOX WILL BREAK YOU!"

"LET'S GO WYATT!"

It's turned into a *fight*, not just a match. Both men know what this means. Dominion isn't just the name of the show — it's what's at stake.

Wyatt charges the ropes again, and this time **leaps to the top turnbuckle without hesitation**, a sudden flash of fearless energy. He launches, hitting a missile dropkick that sends Lucas reeling into the corner. The crowd roars.

Lucas stumbles out—right into a **second top-rope dropkick**. Boom. He hits the mat. Wyatt scrambles over, hooks the leg.

1... 2... KICKOUT!

So close. The crowd gasps, then erupts into a wall of sound.

Wyatt sits up, breathing hard, eyes wide — the moment is here. He climbs again. Lucas is slow to rise. Wyatt stands tall and **flies for a third time**, this one aimed like a dagger.

But Lucas **catches him out of the air**, sheer power returning in a burst of instinct. He roars and plants Wyatt with a brutal **modified powerbomb**, but doesn't go for the pin. He's not thinking like a wrestler anymore.

He's thinking like a man whose pride has been *shaken*.

He gets up — eyes blazing — and **screams**. The camera catches him yelling "STAY DOWN!" as he stalks Wyatt.

But Wyatt won't.

He pulls himself up in the corner, holding his ribs, chest rising and falling with exhaustion and heart. Lucas charges — but Wyatt **sidesteps**, sending Lucas crashing shoulder-first into the steel post. Wyatt grabs the ropes, hauls himself back up top, and the crowd rises with him.

Dropkick. Again.

Lucas crashes back down. Another **cover**.

1... 2... NO!

Lucas kicks out — hard. Not with desperation, but **fury**. He's red-faced now, breathing like a bull. He slams his fists against the mat, roaring, shaking his head.

Wyatt has done more than survive — he's **made Knox bleed pride**.

And that's dangerous.

Lucas finally grounds Wyatt with a thundering clothesline that folds him in half. He snarls and hauls Storm up by the wrist — **Iron Pulse incoming**.

But Wyatt twists at the last second — slips through — **spins and kicks Lucas in the jaw**. Another shot to the chest. Then a flurry — **kick, forearm, standing moonsault, dropkick**. The crowd *erupts*. The tide has turned again.

Lucas staggers, stunned by the speed and resilience. He lunges, trying to snatch Wyatt mid-air, but **Wyatt ducks and springboards**, bouncing off the ropes to land another precise strike. Knox crashes to the mat.

They trade bursts — Lucas crushes Wyatt with raw power, only for Wyatt to explode back with uncanny agility. It's *chaos with rhythm*, both men burning through every last bit of fuel.

Lucas gets to his knees — panting, snarling — and begins to rise.

Wyatt runs, leaps, spins mid-air —

EYE OF THE STORM!

A moonsault into a twisting crossbody, **impacting perfectly**. He hooks the leg.

1... 2... 3!

DING DING DING

Winner: Wyatt Storm

Lucas **kicks out** — but it's a **fraction too late**. The bell rings. The crowd explodes. Wyatt rolls off, exhausted but victorious, eyes wide with disbelief and adrenaline.

Lucas pounds the mat in a **fit of rage**, roaring at the referee. His eyes are wild, face red with fury. **He knows**. He knows he was *half a breath* from crushing Wyatt.

But he didn't.

The ref raises Wyatt's hand. The underdog has done it. The crowd's energy is thunderous — not just for the win, but for the *war* they just witnessed.

And behind it all, **Lucas Knox glares**, eyes locked not on the ref or the fans... but **on Wyatt Storm**.

Dominion is off to a volatile start.

[Camera cuts to Chaz Del Rio and Bert McDaniels at ringside, the Foundry still buzzing from Wyatt Storm's upset win.]

Chaz:

What a win for Wyatt Storm to open up Dominion. That young man just etched his name into the fabric of CFW in a big way.

Bert:

Absolutely. But now we turn to a match that isn't just about wins and losses — it's about pride, revenge, and respect.

Chaz:

You've seen it unfold — Brandi Blight and Gale have taken their feud with Lena Wilde and

Sudio to a cruel, personal level. Vicious attacks backstage. Mocking promos. And let's not forget the humiliation of Lena's personal belongings being destroyed right in front of a live camera.

Bert:

It's been sickening. Brandi's been walking around like she owns the division — and Gale? She's been right there with her, backing it all up. But tonight, Lena and Sudio have their shot at payback.

Chaz:

This one's going to be emotional. It's going to be heated. And it's going to be personal. Let's head to the ring.

Lena Wilde & Sudio vs Brandi Blight & Gale



The lights in the Foundry dim for just a moment before pulsing back to life in a searing red hue, the crowd already on its feet. The beat of a gritty, distorted entrance theme hits — raw and unapologetic — and out step **Lena Wilde** and **Sudio**, side by side at the top of the ramp.

The crowd **erupts**.

They don't play to the camera. They don't need to. Their eyes are locked on the ring, bodies tight with tension, but their energy? Completely in sync.



Lena's jaw is clenched, her expression steely. Every step she takes is filled with purpose — this is more than just a match. This is retribution. Beside her, Sudio is all cool fire, her movements sharp and electric, the faintest trace of a confident smirk tugging at her lips. The two women share a subtle glance, but nothing needs to be said. They've been through the same hell — and tonight, they walk into war together.

Chaz (on commentary):

"Listen to this place! These people know the score — Lena Wilde and Sudio aren't just walking out for a match... they're walking out to take something back."

Bert:

“There’s history. There’s pain. And there’s payback in the air, Chaz.”

The two slide into the ring and rise together in the center, standing strong under Dominion’s red haze, framed by the weight of everything that led them here. The camera lingers on the defiant look in their eyes — because *this* is what unity looks like when it’s forged in fire.

The music hits — sleek, smug, self-satisfied — and the mood inside the Foundry shifts in an instant. A cascade of jeers rains from the packed house as **Brandi Blight** strides out first, the very picture of polished arrogance.

She doesn’t walk — she *glides* — chin tilted high, smirking like she already knows the outcome. Her white-and-gold gear practically gleams under the red Dominion lights, as if demanding the spotlight. Behind her, **Gale** emerges with a slow, steady pace. Her expression is unreadable — cool, stone-faced, and focused — the kind of presence that doesn’t need flash to intimidate.

Chaz (on commentary):

“There she is. Brandi Blight, still riding high off what I would call one of the most despicable acts we’ve ever seen here.”

Bert:

“Despicable? Sure. But calculated. This woman’s got a mean streak and the skill to back it up. And Gale? Gale’s no lackey — she’s a hammer, plain and simple.”

Brandi spins once near the top of the ramp, motioning to the booing fans with a mock wave before mouthing something cruel toward the ring. She points directly at Lena, then blows her a kiss — venom wrapped in glamour. Gale never breaks her stride. She’s not here for the show. She’s here to fight.

As they head down, Lena and Sudio don’t flinch. The tension is **razor sharp** now — years of venom, months of torment, and a future title shot all tangled together.

The ref tries to keep space between the sides as Brandi ascends the steps slowly, eyes locked on Lena, while Gale circles methodically to her corner. The battle lines are drawn.

Dominion just got colder.

Chaz (on commentary, voice lowered with weight):

“Y’know, Lena Wilde doesn’t have any points on the board in the women’s contender series right now. That’s not lost on her. But let’s be clear—this match tonight at Dominion... it’s not about the score.”

Bert:

"Not even close. This is about retribution. This is about years of humiliation, petty attacks, and that brutal locker room incident a few weeks back. Brandi Blight has made a career out of antagonizing Lena Wilde—and not just here in CFW. This goes all the way back to IRP."

Chaz:

"Exactly. Lena gets another shot tonight. Another chance to finally break free from that shadow. This isn't a match for her—it's a reckoning."

(The camera zooms in on Lena across the ring, her eyes locked on Brandi with laser focus.)

The moment the bell rings, Lena Wilde is already storming forward, eyes burning a hole through Brandi Blight. She gestures fiercely—*"Get in here."* The crowd roars in anticipation of the long-awaited clash.

But Brandi just smirks, steps out through the ropes, and casually tags in Gale.

Chaz:

"Oh, come on..."

Bert:

"Of course. Of course she's not starting. Brandi knows exactly what she's doing—that's gasoline on the fire for Lena Wilde."

Lena doesn't hesitate. She meets Gale in the center of the ring and they go at it immediately. Strikes fly fast—Lena lands a sharp forearm, follows with a snapmare and a stiff kick to the back. The Foundry crowd is loud behind her. But every time Lena tries to follow up, Gale smartly rolls, shifts, or scrambles toward her corner, forcing the official to back Lena off.

This happens more than once. Gale keeps slipping away, clinging to that corner like a shield. It wears on Lena's patience. Her aggression grows—and that's when Brandi strikes.

From the apron, Brandi grabs a fistful of Lena's hair and yanks her down across the second rope, choking her briefly behind the ref's back.

Chaz:

"Come on, ref! That was cheap!"

Bert:

"And effective. Gale's got an opening now—and she's gonna use it."

Now in control, Gale begins dissecting Lena, dragging her toward their corner. She isolates Lena, trying to cut the ring in half. Lena is trapped in enemy territory. The match has started exactly the way Brandi and Gale wanted.

Gale plants Lena with a snap suplex and then rolls smoothly into a knee drop across the chest. She's finding rhythm now—pulling ahead, grinding down the pace. With Lena stunned in the corner, Gale takes her time. She paces slowly, arms out, soaking in the heat from the crowd. Some are booing, others are screaming for Lena to fight back.

Then the kicks begin. Sharp. Measured. She stomps down on Lena's chest, then her thigh, then again—each one with intent. Lena slumps lower in the corner.

Chaz:

"Lena Wilde's in trouble here—Gale is methodical, just dissecting her piece by piece."

Bert:

"Nothing flashy. All effective. This is what you do when you're trying to punish—not just win."

Then, Gale pauses. Turns her head. Looks to her partner.

Brandi is grinning. But it's not joy—it's venom. She leans in, eyes locked on Lena, and then slowly reaches out her hand.

Chaz:

"Oh no..."

Bert:

"That's a tag you don't want to see."

Gale draws it out. Every step toward Brandi is deliberate. The tension simmers as the crowd rises. And then, with a slap of the hand, Brandi is in.

She explodes into the ring.

No hesitation. No games. Brandi charges into the corner like she's starved. She grabs Lena and throws her to the mat with a snap. Then again. She drags her to the center and drives a knee into the ribs. She yanks Lena up by the arm and whips her into the turnbuckles, following immediately with a charging clothesline that drops Lena like a ragdoll.

Chaz:

"She's picking her apart. This is what Lena wanted—but maybe not like this!"

Brandi circles her downed rival like a wolf sniffing fresh blood, reveling in the moment as Dominion heats up.

The crowd is getting restless, their boos thick in the air as Brandi stands over Lena again —



this time with her boot arrogantly planted on Lena's chest in a mockery of a pin. The ref drops to count.

One... two—

Lena throws a shoulder up.

Brandi laughs. Shakes her head. She circles, then steps on Lena again.

One... two— another kickout. But this time, Lena's eyes flash. Brandi bends over, snarling something inaudible — and then smears her boot across Lena's face.

The crowd roars in disapproval.

Brandi goes for it again, planting her boot on Lena's chest. But **Lena grabs the ankle**, yanks hard, and drags Brandi to the mat with a sudden heel trip. The Foundry

explodes. Brandi hits hard. Lena scrambles into a hold — she cinches in a submission attempt, wrenching the leg.

Before Brandi can cry out, **Gale rushes in like a missile**, clubbing Lena with a stiff double hammerfist to the back.

The ref spins — but **Sudio's already in the ring, charging across**. The ref catches her and intercepts, arguing, pushing her back to the apron.

Behind them, the damage is already done. Gale slips out. Lena is groaning on the mat, the submission broken.

Brandi recovers slowly — and now the tone shifts. She slows things down. Puts deliberate pressure on Lena's neck and limbs. Transitions into grounded holds. Twists an arm. Drives a knee into the spine. Taunts between breaths.

Lena, breathing hard, tries to reach out — but she's still stuck in the wrong corner. Brandi keeps her there. Keeps the pace low. Control firmly in her hands.

Sudio slaps the turnbuckle.

The crowd begins to clap.

And Lena... starts to stir.

Brandi applies a tight headlock.

Lena claws her way out of the hold, grit in her teeth and fire behind her eyes. With the crowd at her back, she throws a couple stiff elbows into Brandi's ribs — enough to force separation. A quick snap kick catches Brandi in the thigh. Another to the chest. The Foundry is pulsing now, stomping, clapping.

Chaz: *"She's fighting like hell just to breathe—this is Lena Wilde at her toughest!"*

With a surge of adrenaline, Lena turns and sprints toward her corner—

But Brandi barrels forward and boots her square in the spine!

Lena collapses just inches from Sudio's outstretched hand.

Brandi doesn't hesitate. She snarls, grabs a fistful of hair, and yanks her back toward the corner.

Brandi (audible): *"Where you goin', rugrat?"*

The crowd rains heat.

Brandi slaps Gale's hand. The two begin a brutal tag rhythm — body shots, elbows, knees to the ribs. They make fast tags, each taking a turn picking apart Lena, keeping her isolated. It's calculated. Cruel.

Sudio's back on the bottom rope, leading a chant, clapping hard, her voice rising above the din:

"LET'S GO LENA!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

Gale pulls Lena to her feet again—

But Lena **slips the hold**—

Hooks the arm, rotates—

SNAP SUPLEX!

Chaz: *“That’s incredible for Lena’s size! A full rotation and she planted Gale!”*

Lena doesn’t wait. She rolls onto her chest, crawling, dragging herself inch by inch. The crowd swells again. Sudio is leaning over the ropes, hand out—

The tag is almost there.

The Foundry *erupts* as Lena stretches and slaps Sudio’s outstretched hand—**tag made!**

Sudio vaults over the top rope in one smooth motion, hair wild, energy electric. The crowd is white-hot as she **charges straight at Gale**, ducks a desperate clothesline attempt, hits the ropes—

Boom! Flying crossbody!

Gale hits the mat hard, and Sudio **pops right back up**, rallying the audience with a pumped fist. She doesn’t give Gale a second to breathe—**springboard arm drag** out of the corner, then **a flipping neckbreaker** that draws a sharp roar from the crowd.

Chaz: *“Sudio is on fire! Look at this pace—she’s a one-woman highlight reel right now!”*

Bert: *“Brandi looks stunned. The match is turning!”*

Sudio builds momentum with her signature rhythm—a **handspring back elbow**, followed by a twisting leg drop. She points to the sky, then to Lena, and the Foundry crowd claps in time with her energy, fully behind the team now as the atmosphere tilts on its axis.

Gale tries to crawl toward Brandi, but Sudio **grabs her ankle and yanks her back to center**, planting a quick elbow into Gale’s spine.

The Foundry is surging—chanting, stomping, living through every second—as Sudio pulls Gale up and **tags in Lena Wilde**.

Lena *storms* into the ring, the pain she endured earlier now **fueled into fury**. Gale staggers to her feet—

BAM! First German suplex!

The crowd pops.

Lena holds on.

Second German!

The Foundry explodes.

She bridges into the third—

THIRD GERMAN SUPLEX! The whole ring shakes!

Chaz: *“Lena Wilde is UNLOADED tonight! That was brutal!”*

Bert: *“Gale’s seeing stars—but Lena’s not looking at her anymore. Look at her eyes.”*

Lena stands tall, **fire in her lungs**, and watches as Gale **crawls toward Brandi’s corner**. Her breath sharpens. She drops low, **hands on her knees**, staring down her longtime tormentor.

Brandi paces the apron, clenching her fists. The fans are practically *begging* for it—

“TAG HER IN! TAG HER IN!”

And then—

Brandi tags herself in.

It’s ON.

The second Brandi steps through the ropes, **Lena charges**, and the two women **collide like thunder**. Forearms, elbows, fists—**neither holds back**.

Brandi swings wild—Lena ducks—**snap German suplex!** This one with a **twist at the end**, spiking Brandi into the mat.

The Foundry blows up again.

But Brandi rises, seething—and **cracks Lena in the jaw** with a running knee. Now she mounts and **unloads punches**, screaming at her rival.

Chaz: *“This is YEARS in the making, Bert!”*

Bert: *“We’re not watching a match anymore—this is a WAR!”*

Back and forth they go. Reversal after reversal. The crowd can barely keep up as the two bitter rivals throw everything at each other. It’s boiling. It’s *volatile*. And it’s not even close to over.

Chaz: *“Lena was running hot—until she ran straight into a brick wall.”*

With a sharp shift in control, **Brandi Blight** unleashes her raw strength, clubbing Lena down with vicious forearms, one after another. She yanks Lena up by the hair and *snaps* her over with a high-impact suplex. The Foundry groans.

Brandi rises slowly, placing her boot on Lena's chest — grinning.

Bert: *"That's not a pin, that's a message."*

Lena kicks out hard, defiant. Brandi doesn't flinch — she just laughs.

Lena drags herself to her feet, fired up by heart and hatred — only to walk *right into* the **Golden Standard**: a spinning back elbow that *cracks*, followed instantly by a lightning-quick snap German suplex.

CHAZ: *"The Golden Standard connects! This has to be it!"*

1... 2... **Lena kicks out at 2.9!**

Brandi's face tightens into something darker. She pulls Lena up, grabs her around the waist, and **drives her into the mat with a piledriver.**

Chaz: *"Oh my god! She could've broken her neck!"*

Brandi laughs — a twisted, delighted cackle — then sprawls over her for the cover.

1... 2... **Another kickout.**

Brandi, now visibly irritated, *slows it all down*. She grabs Lena by the jaw, slaps her face, drags her to the corner — and **tags Gale.**

The crowd rises as the setup begins.

Brandi hoists Lena up once more — *another sit-down piledriver coming*. But this time, **Gale climbs the top rope.**

She *leaps* — putting every ounce of weight behind it — and **BOOM.** A devastating combo spike.

Lena's body crumples.

Gale drags her up by the wrist and plants her with a massive DDT.

Bert: *"That has to be it!!"*

1... 2... **KICKOUT! 2.9!**

The Foundry is unglued.

Chaz: “Lena’s running on fumes—pure heart right now!”

Lena staggers to her feet, just barely ducking a wild haymaker from Gale—and counters with a **heavy shot of her own**. Gale stumbles backward, dazed, retreating to her corner.

Lena turns toward her own corner, legs trembling. The crowd *rises* with her as she crawls, stretches—

Bert: “She needs that tag! She *needs* it!”

Gale tags Brandi.

Brandi barrels across the ring like a missile—but **Lena dives** and **tags Sudio** just in time!

The Foundry explodes.

Sudio springs in like a firework. She and Brandi collide mid-ring, trading brutal forearms and strikes. Neither gives an inch until *finally*, both collapse from the intensity.

The crowd is deafening as both women lie motionless.

Sudio stirs first. She drags herself up and climbs the ropes—**top turnbuckle**.

Chaz: “*She’s going for it all!*”

She leaps—but **Brandi pops up out of nowhere** and **clotheslines her out of midair**.

BOOM. The crowd gasps.

1... 2... **Kickout at 2.9!**

Brandi slams the mat, livid. She covers again—**another 2.9!**

Now seething, Brandi **loses control**, stomping Sudio into the canvas.

The ref steps in—tries to pull her away—Brandi *shoves him*.

Sudio, groggy but defiant, claws her way toward her corner.

As Brandi berates the ref, **Lena tags back in**.

Brandi turns around—**FLYING FOREARM FROM LENA!**

Chaz: “*She clocked her!*”

Brandi tumbles back into her own corner, accidentally tagging Gale.

Gale enters the ring just as Lena hits the ropes—**springboards off**—and **BLAM! Bleed Out!** The signature springboard DDT hits with *nasty* precision.

Gale's head spikes into the mat.

Lena collapses over her.

1... 2... 3!

Bert: *"They did it! Retribution! Redemption!"*

Chaz: *"Lena and Sudio just carved their names into the soul of this division!"*

The crowd is thunderous. Red light floods the Foundry. Lena lies on the mat, eyes wide, breathing hard... but victorious.

Winner: Lena Wilde & Sudio

The bell rings. The match is over—but the tension lingers.

Sudio, still banged up herself, drags herself into the ring and immediately kneels beside Lena, checking on her. Lena clutches her ribs, but she's smiling. She *knows* they did it.

Brandi glares from outside the ropes, hurling venom through clenched teeth.

Brandi: "She doesn't belong here!"

Sudio stands up, her eyes locked on Brandi—*fierce and unblinking*.

Brandi takes one last sneering look before turning to Gale. The two retreat slowly up the ramp, Brandi barking back more insults as Gale silently follows.

But their words are drowned out.

The Foundry rises to its feet—**clapping, stomping, cheering**. The red haze feels warmer now. Like a fire that's been survived, not feared.

Lena gets to her feet with Sudio's help. The two share a nod—**no theatrics, no taunts. Just grit and heart.**

They stand tall in the center of the ring, bruised but victorious.

Chaz: *"That's what fighting spirit looks like, folks."*



Bert: *“These fans love to see it, and so do I.”*

The camera slowly fades out on Lena and Sudio soaking in the adoration of the Foundry crowd—two warriors who earned every bit of it.

Chaz:

“What a moment for Lena Wilde and Sudio! You can feel the emotion in this building. After everything Brandi’s put Lena through—the humiliation, the attacks—this has to feel like a little justice served.”

Bert:

“No question about it, Chaz. That’s what makes CFW special: it’s not just about wins and losses—it’s about heart, it’s about redemption, and it’s about proving you belong. And speaking of proving it...”

Chaz:

“Oh boy...”

Bert:

*“Next week, Black Light goes LIVE once again with **Locked In 2**—and the Women’s Division heats up even more. We’ve got **Shayna Vex vs. Sudio** in a one-point match. Plus, **Dominic Hex returns** to face **Chris Titan** in what feels like a must-win situation for Chris.”*

Chaz:

“And then the main event. Lena Wilde. Brandi Blight. Steel. Cage. One point on the line in the most dangerous match CFW has seen yet. It’s going to be absolutely brutal.”

Chaz:

“It’s time for our main event... and folks, I’ll be honest with you—we’re about to chart

straight into the unknown. MAR has claimed the championship. Ronnie says MAR already is the champion... from some other... dominion? Yeah, folks, I wish I could help make sense of it."

Bert:

"We don't quite understand it either, but we're going to call it the only way we know how."

Chaz:

"What we do know is this: MAR has said that if Ace Dalton can defeat Killjoy here tonight, he'll relinquish that title to CFW."



Bert:

"And he called Ace... the chosen one."

Chaz:

"I don't know what to make of that. None of this makes sense to me—but one thing does: the bell's going to ring, two of the best are going to fight, and we're going to see what happens."

Bert:

"Strap in for this one, folks. Whatever this is... it's happening now."

Ace Dalton vs Killjoy



🎵 **Ace Dalton's music hits — the Foundry erupts.**

No chill tonight. No laid-back grin. Ace storms through the curtain, hood low, jaw tight.

Straight down the ramp. No detours. No wasted steps.

The crowd chants loud and fast:

"ACE! ACE! ACE!"

Chaz Del Rio, low on commentary:

"He's not here to pose. He's here to settle something none of us understand."

Ace slides into the ring, bouncing on his heels, loosening up.

But his eyes never leave the entryway.

The mood shifts.

The cheers fade into that nervous hush.

They all know who's next.

The lights crash to deep red.

A low, grinding dirge floods The Foundry — no melody, just dread.

KillJoy appears.



Towering. Masked. A walking nightmare.

And behind him...

Venessa Vale.

The once-bubbly ring announcer now drifts in his shadow, her face blackened in smeared paint, eyes hollow. Silent. Changed.

The crowd falls dead quiet.

CHAZ DEL RIO (barely a breath):

"...That's... Venessa..."

KillJoy doesn't look at Ace. Or her. Or anyone. He just walks — slow, crushing, inevitable.

Venessa trails, ghostlike, a prisoner of something worse than chains.

KillJoy steps into the ring. The air gets heavier.

Ace doesn't move.

No music now. No chants.

Just two men staring down.

The bell hasn't even rung.

But it feels like it already started.

Bell rings

The cage of noise around The Foundry barely stirs as Ace and KillJoy stand inches apart. Neither moves. Neither blinks.

The room is locked in with them, breathless.

Ace's chest rises and falls — slow at first... then faster.

KillJoy doesn't breathe at all.

Then—

Ace *explodes*.

He lashes out with blistering strikes — sharp elbows, stiff kicks, fists flying fast and furious. He's not pacing himself tonight. He's swinging like a man fighting off the end of the world.

He hammers KillJoy's legs, torso, even the mask — anything that'll make the giant drop.

The crowd roars, rallying with every blow.

Ace charges the ropes, rebounds hard, and slams a forearm into KillJoy's jaw — the monster rocks back but doesn't fall.

Another forearm.

Another.

Ace keeps throwing himself at the beast, daring him to fall.

But KillJoy plants his feet. Absorbs it. Grows colder with every shot.

Then — he catches Ace mid-swing.

A single, brutal headbutt shuts everything down.

Ace stumbles, dazed.

KillJoy moves in — slow, suffocating — and strikes back.

Heavy hands. Hammering elbows. A backfist that echoes off the walls. Ace's knees buckle, his fire smothered by pure mass and malice.

KillJoy hoists him — *thunderous* side slam.

The ring shakes.

No pin. No rush.

KillJoy lifts him again — gutwrench suplex, folded like a carcass.

Now the tide has turned. KillJoy isn't just hitting moves.

He's *erasing* Ace's momentum.

Ace started hot. He started wild.

But now?

Now he's drowning under the weight of a monster who refuses to fall.

The ring feels smaller now. Tighter.

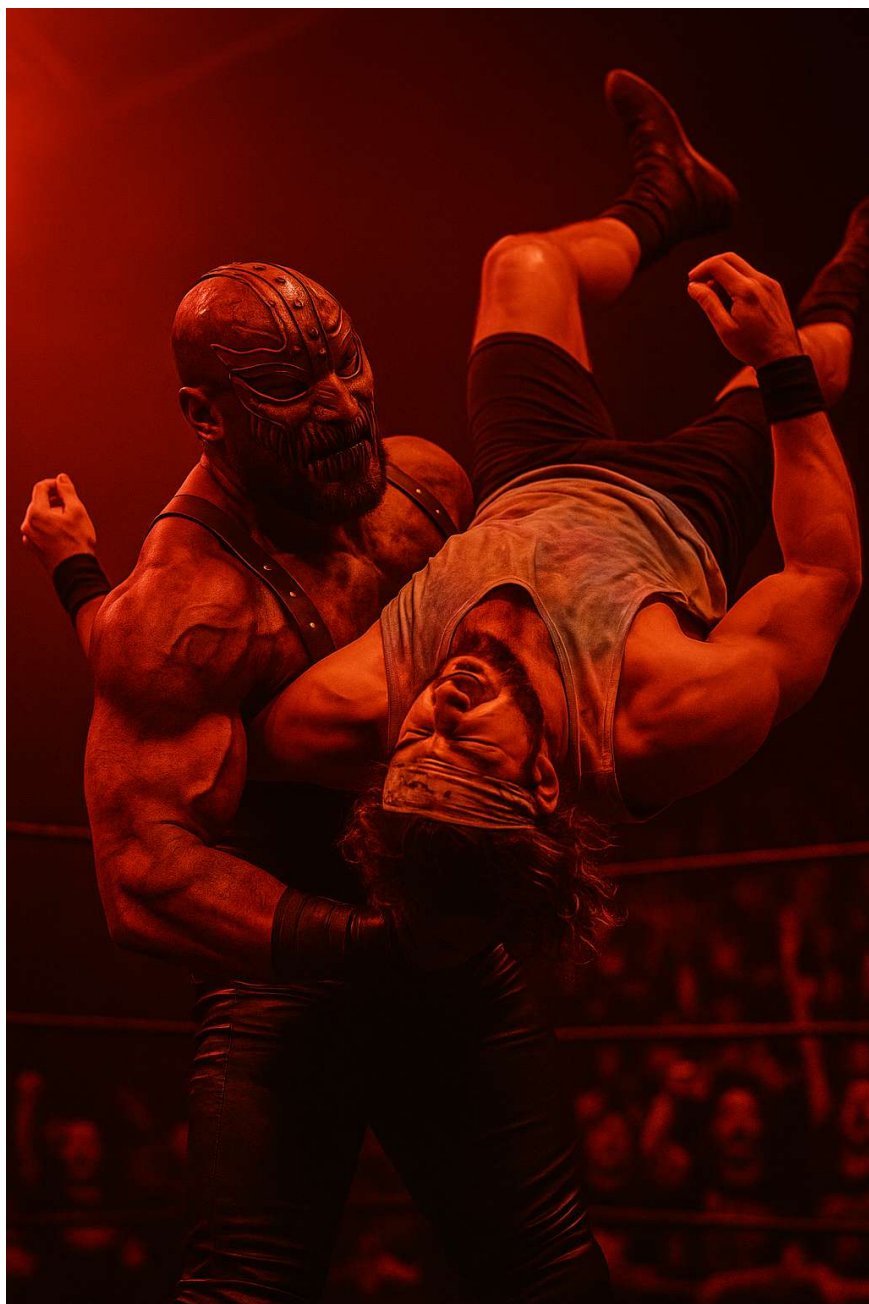
KillJoy doesn't rush. He stalks.

Ace crawls up, defiant but shaken, ribs heaving—and KillJoy *strikes*. A boot to the face flattens Ace, leaving him splayed under the red lights.

The monster grabs Ace by the arm—twisting, wrenching—yanking him upright like dead weight. There's no finesse. No wasted effort.

KillJoy pulls Ace's arm across his own chest, locking the wrist tight—and with a sudden *violent snap*, he *flips* Ace over by sheer torque, dumping him face-first into the canvas with a thud that sends shivers through the Foundry.

Ace's head bounces. The crowd groans.



CHAZ DEL RIO (low, almost rattled):

“Good God... he dumped him like garbage.”

But KillJoy isn’t done. He keeps the arm trapped, dragging Ace back up with it, twisting his body like a marionette with cut strings.

Another whip—Ace slams into the turnbuckles chest-first, gasping.

KillJoy follows, pressing his full body weight into Ace’s back, suffocating him against the ropes. Slow. Crushing.

Ace tries to fight—wild elbows thrown over his shoulder—but they barely register.

KillJoy wraps both arms around his waist—
Lift.

Launch.

A deadlift gutwrench suplex sends Ace flying across the ring like he’s weightless.

The Foundry watches in stunned awe as Ace lands in a heap, writhing.

BERT MCDANIELS (quiet, almost grim):

“Ace came out swinging... but this... this isn’t a match anymore.”

KillJoy drags him back to the center by the hair. No pin. No urgency.

He just kneels beside Ace, methodical, and rains down *slow, measured* forearms—each strike thudding, deliberate, designed to bruise not just the skin but the spirit beneath it.

The crowd starts to rally faintly for Ace—clapping, stomping—desperate for *anything*.

Somehow... Ace stirs.

He fires back a desperate palm strike—then another—crawling out from under KillJoy's shadow.

He fights to his feet—barely.

Suddenly, a *flash* of that old Ace Dalton fire—a spinning heel kick to the leg! A quick body shot! He hits the ropes—

Flying forearm!

KillJoy staggers—but doesn't fall.

Ace's eyes burn with defiance. He hits the ropes again, roaring—
Another forearm!

KillJoy drops to one knee.

The crowd explodes, sensing a shift.

Ace lines him up—charges full speed for a third—

But KillJoy *erupts* upward, catching him mid-run—

Lifts him high—and *slams* him down with a *spinning side slam* that robs the building of air.

The ring shakes on impact.

Ace lies motionless, sprawled under the lights, chest twitching with shallow breaths.

KillJoy stands over him, unmoving, staring down like a man inspecting a broken thing.

No words. No gloating.

Just cold, suffocating dominance.

KillJoy stands over Ace like a man at a burial—watching, waiting.

Ace's body barely moves. His ribs quake with each breath. The crowd starts clapping, slow and desperate, urging him to crawl.

KillJoy grabs him by the hair, dragging him up again—but Ace surges, *biting down* on his own pain and firing a brutal headbutt straight to KillJoy's face.

A gasp from the crowd.

KillJoy rocks back, stunned for the first time.

Ace doesn't wait—he explodes with a spinning elbow that cracks off KillJoy's jaw, then spins again—another strike. He's swinging from pure instinct, every shot coming from deep inside.

He hits the ropes—

Leaping knee strike! Flush to the temple.

KillJoy stumbles. For the first time, the monster *wobbles*.

Ace knows he has no time. He charges again—

Springboard into a high-angle dropkick! He throws everything behind it.

KillJoy crashes to the mat.

The crowd erupts, screaming.

Ace drags himself across the canvas—hooks the leg—barely has the strength to cover.

1...

2...

Kickout.

But KillJoy's kickout isn't violent. It's *slow*. Labored.

Ace's chest heaves. He wipes blood from his lip, staring down at the monster.

The momentum has *shifted*—for now.

Ace drags himself to the ropes, pulling up with trembling arms. He's not done.

He lines KillJoy up—

Rushes in—

Hooks him deep—

SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX! The ring rattles under the impact.

The crowd can't believe it. KillJoy folds hard on the landing, body twitching.

Ace doesn't stop.

He grabs KillJoy again, somehow lifting dead weight—

Hooks the arm—

SPINAL BLOOM!

His high-angle bridging dragon suplex, snapping KillJoy over into a pin.

1...

2...

Kickout.

Barely.

The crowd groans—half devastated, half electrified.

Ace lies there, spent, staring at the lights, sweat pooling on the canvas. His face tells the story—he thought that was it.

But KillJoy stirs. Slowly. Monstrously.

Ace sees it—he can't afford hesitation.

He climbs the ropes—dragging himself to the top turnbuckle with everything left in his body.

The Foundry's on their feet, roaring.

Ace stands—wobbles—but stays balanced.

He leaps—

Diving elbow drop!

But KillJoy rolls clear—Ace crashes hard, his body folding awkwardly on impact.

Silence crashes over the room.

KillJoy pulls himself up from the ropes, staggering like something risen from the grave.

He yanks Ace up by the hair—

Short-arm lariat. Ace flips inside out, landing flat.

KillJoy drags him up again—

Gutwrench into a brutal sit-out powerbomb.

Ace doesn't move.

But KillJoy doesn't cover.

He crouches in the corner, twitching, breathing heavy—watching Ace stir in the rubble.

This isn't control anymore. It's desperation masked in violence.

Both men are wrecked—KilJoy clutching his ribs, Ace barely conscious.

The crowd senses it.

It could go either way.

The match has spiraled beyond strategy. Both men are crawling through instinct, through pain.

KilJoy's chest heaves with every breath, his ribs bruised from Ace's earlier assault—but his eyes burn with that same terrifying purpose. He hoists Ace onto his shoulders, muscles trembling under the strain.

CHAZ DEL RIO (on commentary, strained):

"Oh no—no, not this—he's looking for it—"

BERT MCDANIELS (nervous):

"The Laughing End... nobody gets up from that."

KilJoy grimaces in pain as he fights to steady Ace's dead weight across his shoulders, his body shaking under the effort.

He swings Ace forward—ready to drive him face-first into the rising knee—but Ace *slips free* mid-swing, dropping behind him with desperation.

The Foundry explodes.

Ace spins in a blur of exhaustion and adrenaline—

Hooks the waist—

SPINAL BLOOM!

His bridging dragon suplex lands flush, snapping KilJoy over hard.

CHAZ (shouting, almost disbelieving):

"That's two! That's two Spinal Blooms!"

The crowd is losing their minds.

But Ace doesn't move.

The impact stole as much from him as it did from KilJoy.

He lies flat, gasping, clutching his ribs—unable to crawl for the pin.

The ref watches, hovering, waiting for either man to stir.

BERT (hoarse, almost begging):

“Cover him, Ace! Just... cover him...”

But Ace can’t.

The move landed.

But the damage runs both ways.

The Foundry is on its feet, screaming, pounding the guardrails—every person inside knowing this is the kind of moment that scars a place forever.

Two broken bodies.

One ring.

And neither man moving.

Yet.

Ace claws his way to his feet, every breath ragged, every muscle shaking. The crowd is roaring, willing him forward.

He seizes KillJoy by the waist again, dragging the deadweight of the monster upright—
One more time.

One more Spinal Bloom.

But then—

A murmur sweeps through the Foundry.

Movement.

At the top of the ramp, under the crimson lights... **Ronnie Kixx** appears.

Changed.

Face painted, twisted in a grotesque grin, his body draped in that tattered, gold-threaded jacket, pushing a battered old TV cart—on it, a clunky VCR and a blank-faced CRT screen, cables snaking behind it like veins.

CHAZ DEL RIO (shocked, almost panicked):

“...What the hell is this...?”

The crowd shifts, stunned into a mix of gasps and dread as Ronnie wheels the cart all the way to ringside—slow, steady, smiling the whole way.



Beside him, **Venessa Vale** steps from the shadows, her face still smeared in black, expression hollow but calm. She joins Ronnie as they position the cart right at the edge of the ring, the old TV now looming in the corner of Ace's vision.

Ace freezes—his hands still hooked on KillJoy's waist.

He glares toward them, confusion painted across his bruised face.

ACE DALTON
(shouting,
breathless):

*"Ronnie—what
the hell are you
doing?!"*

Ronnie doesn't speak.

He simply pulls a familiar, unlabeled **black tape** from his jacket, grinning wide, and slides it into the VCR with deliberate care.

The TV flickers to life—

Static.

Glitches.

A swirl of warped symbols, distorted faces, unrecognizable voices layered over each other like a haunted choir.

Ace's face twists in fury.

He steps toward the ropes, shouting again, but his eyes keep darting back to the screen—drawn to it despite himself. His body tilts toward it, almost pulled by something unseen.

CHAZ DEL RIO (panicked):

“Ace! Don’t—don’t look at that, just finish it—what is happening?!”

Ace wrenches his gaze away, shaking his head violently, clearly furious at the distraction.

He *waves it off*—

Yelling down at Ronnie—then stomps hard on KillJoy’s chest, trying to snap himself back into focus.

Ace drags KillJoy upright again, shouting with adrenaline and rage, locking in position for the final Spinal Bloom—

But the second of hesitation was enough.

KillJoy *surges to life*.

He twists free—

Snatches Ace into the air—

LAUGHING END.

The inverted GTS lands *flush*—Ace’s face slammed down onto the rising knee with terrifying finality.

BERT MCDANIELS (stunned, breathless):

“Oh my God—he hit it—he hit it—”

Ace crumples, completely still.

KillJoy collapses beside him, unmoving—but the damage is done.

The TV at ringside keeps playing—its flicker pulsing across the wreckage in the ring.

The crowd sits in stunned silence.

KillJoy doesn’t rise right away.

He stays on his knees, hunched over, breathing like a dying animal—but his eyes... his eyes are locked on the flickering TV at ringside.

The screen crackles with static and warped symbols, the black tape spinning inside, its images twitching and pulsing like a heartbeat.

And KilJoy *stares*.

Something shifts in him. Subtle—but terrifying.

He starts to move.

Not from instinct.

From *purpose*.

CHAZ DEL RIO (low, shaken):

“...he’s... he’s feeding on it...”

KilJoy’s fingers claw at the mat as he drags himself upright, his body trembling—but not from pain. His head tilts slightly toward the screen, almost reverent, as if drawing strength from the flashing images.

Then—without hesitation—he turns back to Ace’s limp body.

No words. No theatrics.

He hauls Ace up, the weight no longer slowing him.

Hooks him deep.

LAUGHING END.

The second one lands even harder—sickening in its precision. Ace’s body folds grotesquely on impact, motionless as a dropped ragdoll.

KilJoy collapses into the cover, one arm draped across Ace’s chest, still staring toward the TV.

The ref counts—fast, fearful.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

It’s done.

The bell rings, but no music plays. No celebration. Only the crackling hum of the TV, still spinning its cryptic horrors.

CHAZ (in a hushed, horrified tone):

“He... he finished it. He finished Ace Dalton.”

Winner: Killjoy

KillJoy doesn't move. He just lies there, breathing slow and steady, while the crowd watches in stunned silence—every single person locked in a mix of awe, terror, and disbelief.

At ringside, Ronnie watches with wide, unblinking eyes, hands on the TV like he's *conducting* the moment.

Venessa stands still—expression unreadable.

The Foundry feels cursed.

Silence reigns.

KillJoy remains motionless, hunched over Ace's limp body, the flicker of the TV casting warped shadows across them both. The referee retreats—too afraid to even raise KillJoy's hand.

The crowd stays quiet. No chants. No noise.

Just breathing. Heavy. Uneasy.

KillJoy finally moves.

Slowly.

He drags Ace's unresponsive body by the arm—cold, methodical—toward the edge of the ring. No urgency. No words. Just control.

He pulls Ace in tight—until Ace's face is inches from the glowing TV screen at ringside.

Then KillJoy rises—placing one massive boot right between Ace's shoulder blades.

He *forces* him down, grinding him closer—making him watch.

Ace's body twitches.

Jolts.

Like something's creeping inside him.

CHAZ DEL RIO (low, horrified):

“...what the hell is this...?”

The moment stretches.

Then—

The lights shudder.

A new sound cuts through the arena—a low, guttural hum, more vibration than melody. A slow, crawling dirge of distorted notes.

MAR’s music.

The Foundry freezes.

Through the darkness, **MAR** appears—emerging from the entranceway, bathed in deep purple haze, the **CFW Championship** slung over his shoulder like a relic from another world.

BERT MCDANIELS (disgusted, furious):

“This is disgraceful. We need answers. How the hell can he call himself a champion after this?!”

MAR walks with steady purpose, his every step like a countdown.

He approaches the ring, never rushing, his painted face twisted into that same unreadable expression—somewhere between calm and deranged satisfaction.

He stops at the apron, looking down at the scene before him—Ace still twitching under KillJoy’s boot, his eyes locked open, trapped by the flickering, cryptic horrors on the TV.

MAR smiles.

Pleased.

The camera holds on his face—then back to Ace, his body jerking in unnatural spasms.

The tape keeps spinning.

And MAR watches.

KillJoy isn’t done.

With Ace limp beneath him, he slowly rises again, dragging Ace’s battered body toward the ropes. The monster’s face never leaves the glowing TV, as if guided by it.

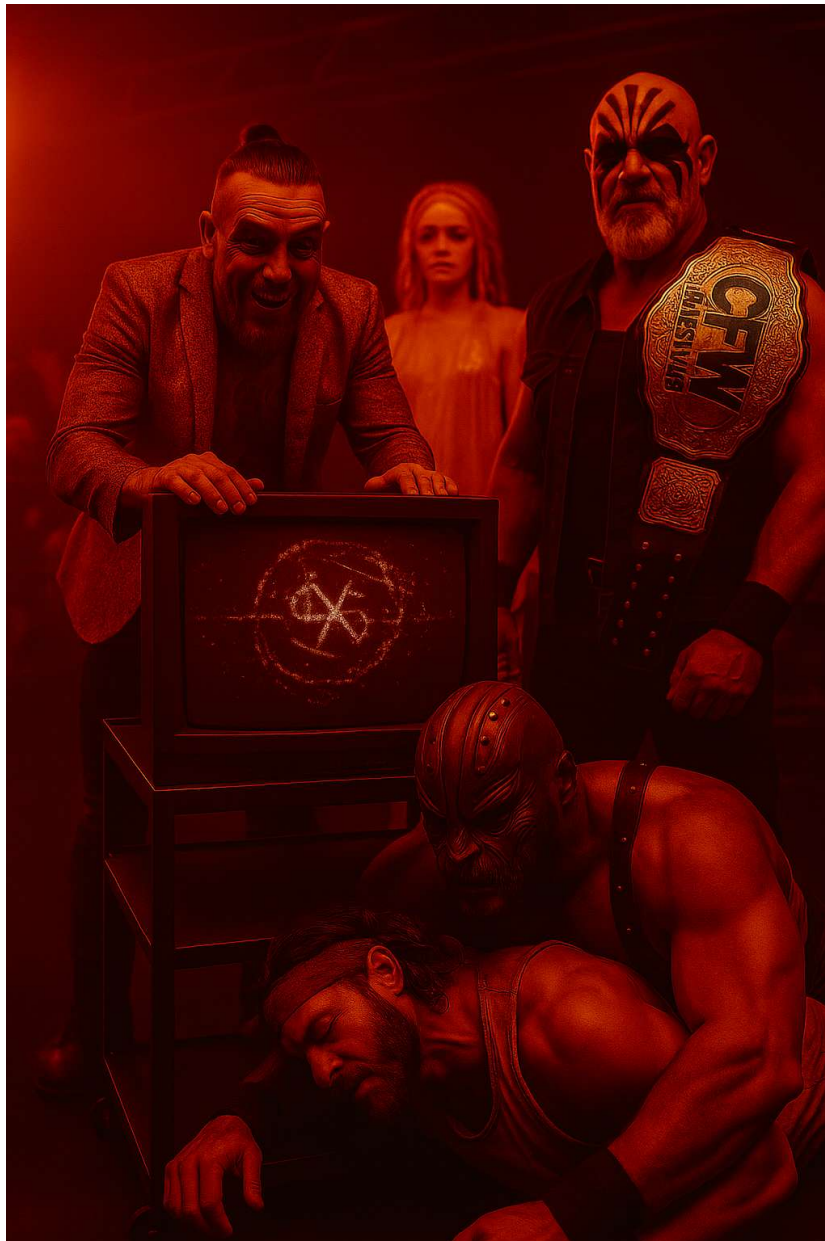
He hauls Ace under the ropes, dumping him hard to the floor with a loud thud.

CHAZ DEL RIO (barely able to speak):

“Oh no... no, this isn’t over...”

KillJoy follows—dragging Ace by the hair, by the arm, by whatever he can grab—toward the TV cart still humming with static and those cryptic, swirling symbols.

At ringside, Ronnie is grinning ear to ear—gleeful in his madness, hunched over the TV like a



preacher tending his altar.

Venessa stands behind him, still cold, still watching.

MAR watches too—still, calm, CFW Championship across his shoulder—completely at peace with the nightmare unfolding before him.

KillJoy slams Ace face-first into the side of the cart.

Then again.

Then again.

Ace barely twitches.

KillJoy *forces* him to his knees in front of the screen—grabbing his jaw, wrenching his face upward—making him watch.

Ace’s body shakes. His eyes flutter, locked on the screen, unable to look away.

BERT MCDANIELS (furious, yelling, voice cracking like classic Jim Ross):

*“This is sick! This is sick! Somebody stop this! This ain’t wrestling anymore—this is a damn cult! **This is human sacrifice!** We need help out here—this is... this is disgusting!”*

The last image is seared in the minds of everyone watching:

Ace Dalton, broken, forced to his knees at ringside, face pressed to the flickering TV.

KillJoy looming over him like a monster with a leash.

Ronnie, Venessa, and MAR—standing tall around him, watching with pure satisfaction as the tape plays on.

The crowd is silent. Horrified.

The screen glitches harder—symbols twisting faster.

And *Dominion* fades out.

No music.

No commentary.

Just static.