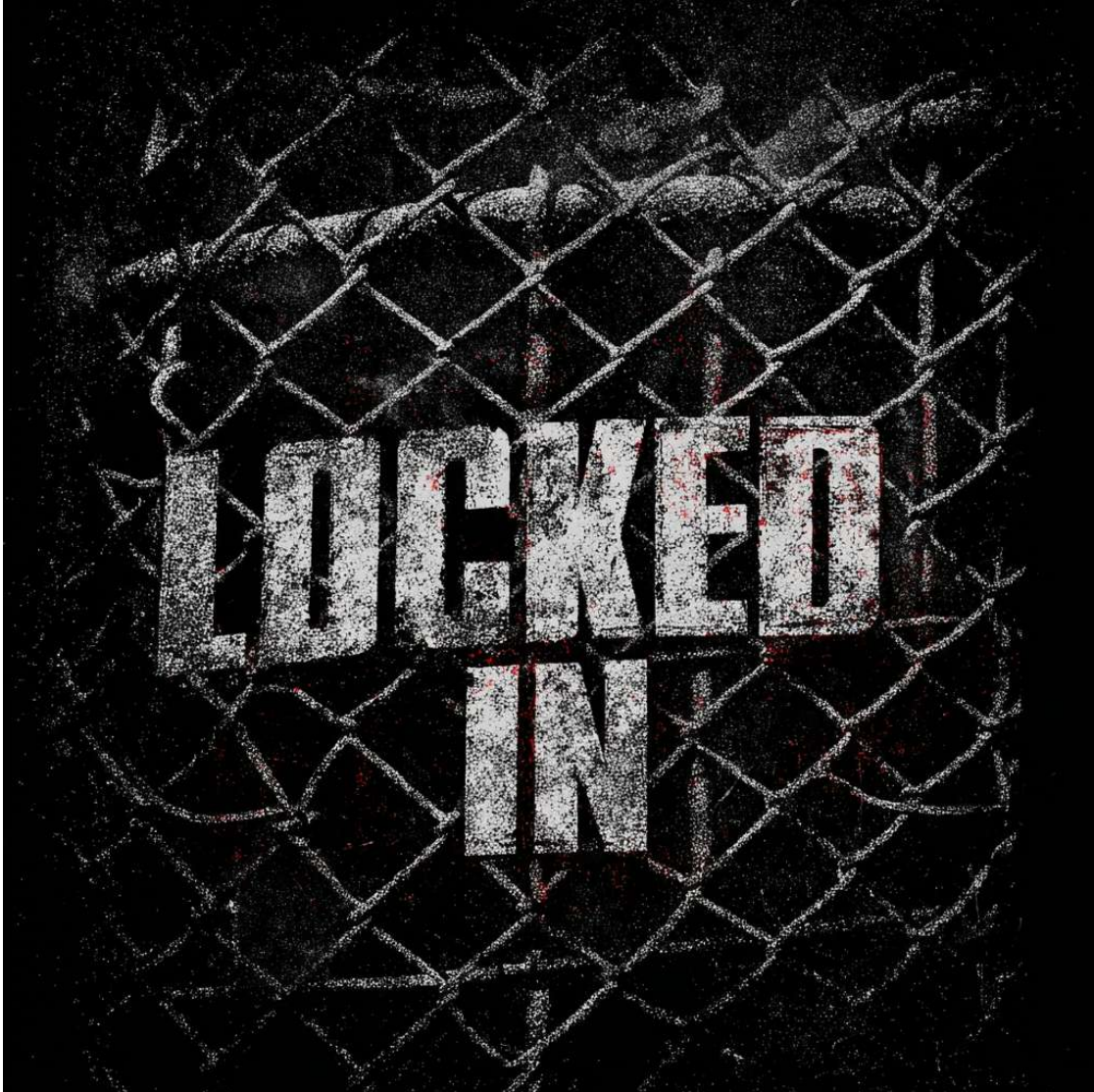


Creative Force Wrestling:



6/21/25 Live from the Foundry Venice, FL

The crowd inside The Foundry is electric — louder than ever. Fans press close to the barricades, some holding homemade signs, others already chanting “C-F-W!” before a single bell has rung.

In the center of the ring stands **Chaz Del Rio**, wearing his signature jacket, holding a mic, with a modest waist-high pedestal next to him. Draped over it is a crimson velvet cloth.

CHAZ DEL RIO

Welcome... to **Locked In**, live from The Foundry here in Venice, Florida!



(Huge pop from the crowd. A chant of “Locked In! Locked In!” starts briefly.)

CHAZ:

This venue — this small, hot, loud, beautiful hellhouse — has already become our home.

And after two unforgettable events... we’re just getting started.

(Chaz gestures to the pedestal beside him.)

Tonight, I’ve been asked to open the show on behalf of the organizers and sponsors behind Creative Force Wrestling.

Because they’ve been watching.

Not just the matches. Not just the crowds.

They’ve been watching everyone — including the women of this company.

Especially one voice that stood out on Black Light...

(The crowd murmurs. Chaz leans in.)

Brandi Blight.

(Mixed reaction, scattered boos — but interest is high.)

Love her or hate her, Brandi made a damn good point.

She said it’s hard to care about anything in CFW if there’s nothing to fight for.

No stakes. No prizes. No legacy.

Well — that ends tonight.

(Chaz reaches for the velvet cloth. With a tug, he unveils...)

A championship belt.

Simple, but powerful. Matte gold plates, black leather strap. The side plates bear the CFW initials in jagged gothic type. The main plate simply reads:

💎 CFW WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMPION 💎



The Foundry erupts.

CHAZ:

This is not a prop.

This is not a gimmick.

This is **everything**.

This is what defines legacies.

This is what changes the room when someone walks in with it on their shoulder.

And while we don't yet know how or when it will be

decided...

I suggest you tune in to **Black Light** to find out.

(He pauses, soaking in the moment.)

Tonight, two women will be in action who both may have their eyes on this very prize.

So let's not waste another second.

Let's begin **CFW: Locked In**.

The crowd's still buzzing from the unveiling of the CFW Women's World Championship.

Chaz steps out of the ring, giving a nod to Vanessa Vale, who stands just outside the ropes in a sleek black blazer with her signature silver mic in hand.



She climbs into the ring to a pop from the crowd, and in classic Vanessa fashion — no wasted time, straight to the action.

VANESSA VALE (ring mic in hand):

"Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is a **Debut Spotlight Match** in the CFW Women's Division!"

The lights pulse as the crowd roars in anticipation.

VANESSA:

“Introducing first... fighting out of Miami, Florida... with a background in mixed martial arts and a chip on her shoulder — **Shayna Vex!**”

The crowd reacts — mostly respect, a little edge. Vex’s music hits, and the intensity follows.

VANESSA:

“And her opponent... making her Creative Force Wrestling debut... from the neon underground, with glam in her blood and chaos in her step — this is **SUDIO!**”

The energy shifts. Flashbulbs. Cheers. Curiosity. The debut is real.

CHAZ DEL RIO (on commentary):

“Well, you want to talk about unpredictability? We’re about to find out real quick what Sudio brings to the table — and what Shayna Vex plans to do about it.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Only one way to find out — and it starts now.”

Shayna Vex vs. Sudio



Sudio is already bouncing on the balls of her feet, that glam-punk grin flashing beneath her dyed streaks. Shayna Vex, cold and coiled, stays low and laser-focused, adjusting her fight shirt as she closes in.

Opening bell.

The first exchange is lightning: Sudio with a quick roll-through arm drag, into a springing dropkick that catches Vex off-guard. The crowd lights up. Sudio feeds off it — spins into a mocking bow — and eats a stiff leg kick for her trouble. Vex follows with a takedown, floats over to half mount, and drives a forearm across the face. Suddenly the tone shifts.

They trade momentum — Vex grounds, Sudio explodes.

Vex clamps a front headlock. Sudio slips free and hits the ropes with a spinning heel kick. Cover — two-count.

Vex answers back with a hard lariat that wipes the grin right off Sudio's face. She drags her up, tosses her by the wrist, and fires off a shoot kick to the spine that echoes through The Foundry.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Vex fights like she’s got something to prove — and she does. She needs this win.”

Sudio fights from underneath. Takes the damage. Pops up with a flash of energy and throws a jumping knee that staggers Vex. It's anyone's fight now.

The crowd is locked in, just like the show's name — on their feet and fired up.

The tempo shifts. Vex drags Sudio into deeper waters — and it starts to show.

She cuts the ring in half, grapples Sudio down with a body lock and transitions clean into side control. From there it's straight-up punishment: short elbows to the ribs, and a tight arm-trap choke that forces Sudio to claw her way to the ropes.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“You can feel the grind. Vex isn’t trying to entertain — she’s trying to erase.”

Sudio fights out with pure adrenaline. The smaller frame gives her just enough space to slip a takedown attempt and hit a desperate slingblade. She scrambles to the top rope — diving crossbody connects!

One... two... kickout.

The crowd is behind her. They chant her name in rhythmic bursts — "SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!" — but Vex answers with a brutal snap German suplex that folds her like a lawn chair.

Vex stands over her. Breathing heavy. Focused. She grabs Sudio's arm, traps it behind her own leg, and *wrenches* — a hybrid armbar that looks designed to injure. Sudio flails, then flips it into a near-pin — two-count!

Sudio rolls free, throws a forearm, a kick, another — then springboards into a wild DDT attempt — **caught mid-air!**

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s it. That’s the beginning of the end.”

Vex yanks her into position — underhooks the arms — and lifts her straight into the air before dropping her *hard* with the **Hex Clutch** (double underhook driver).

One!

Two!

Three.

It's over. Vex sits up slowly, still breathing heavy — and for the first time since Afterglow, she doesn't look frustrated. She looks satisfied. Focused. In control again.

Winner: Shayna Vex

Shayna Vex is still catching her breath, hand raised by Vanessa Vale, when the mood in The Foundry **turns on a dime**.

Brandi Blight's music hits.

She struts out not in gear, but in full Brandi Blight fashion — platform boots, smug grin, and zero respect radiating from her perfectly arrogant posture. As she reaches ringside, she walks straight toward the **CFW Women's World Championship**, still perched on its velvet-draped pedestal.

Without asking, without ceremony — she **grabs it**.

Slides into the ring.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Oh, come on. She didn't win anything. She's not even booked tonight.”

Brandi raises the mic with her free hand.



BRANDI BLIGHT:

“Relax, Venice. I'm not stealing anything. Just getting... familiar.

This belt? This beautiful little crown? It exists because of me. I spoke it into existence. I forced this company to matter.

*And now that it does? I don't have to pretend these shlubs...” (points at Sudio and the still-recovering Vex) “...or that little **rug rat** Lena...” (smirks)*

“...belong in the same conversation as me.”

The crowd *boos hard*. Vex, still groggy, stares up at Brandi from her knees — and slowly rises.

Brandi eyes her. Sneers.

Then **swings the championship** like a bat — and *cracks* Vex in the face with it.

CHAZ: *“Whoa—HEY! That’s not just a cheap shot, that’s a message!”*



Before Brandi can bask, the crowd erupts.

LENA WILDE SPRINTS DOWN THE RAMP.

Brandi spins around *just in time* for Lena to tackle her to the canvas. The belt goes flying. The two **explode** into fists and fury — the crowd comes *unglued*.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“This ain’t about gold — this is about scars.”

Officials storm the ring. The brawl spills out, then back in. It takes three people to pull Lena off. Brandi’s hair is a mess, screaming back with her eyeliner smeared, demanding someone “get her *rat hands* off me!”

[Camera cuts to ringside — Chaz Del Rio standing at the announcer’s table, mic in hand. The Foundry quiets down slightly as the crowd notices his tone shift.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Before we continue tonight’s action, I just want to take a moment to acknowledge my broadcast partner and my friend — Ronnie Kixx.”

The crowd applauds lightly, a few cheers of “Ronnie!” break out.

“Ronnie’s currently recovering in the hospital after what happened last week. Out of respect for his family’s wishes, I haven’t spoken with him directly — but we’re told he’s resting, and that’s enough for now.”

Chaz swallows hard, glancing briefly at the camera.

“So... please keep Ronnie in your thoughts and prayers. We all hope to see him back at this desk where he belongs. Now — let’s get back to it.”

Reign Rokk vs Dominic Hex



The crowd's still on edge from the chaos before — but the atmosphere tightens when the lights dim and Dominic Hex steps out under flickering strobes, his silhouette framed in smoky crimson. The slow march. The low hum of unease. His presence has quickly grown into something undeniable since Reclamation — a force of ritualistic pain and eerie control.

Then... *BOOM* — “Main Stage Dive” hits and the crowd comes alive as Reign Rokk storms through the curtain, pounding his chest, barking into the camera. His chain drags across the ramp as he stomps toward the ring. This isn't an entrance — it's an earthquake.

But the tremor never lands.

Hex meets him at the ropes — and *blindsides him* before the bell even rings.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He didn’t wait for a cue. Hex just took the fight straight to the monster!”

The bell *finally* rings with Rokk already stumbling backward, having eaten a flurry of elbows and a jaw-shattering headbutt. The Foundry’s crowd is stunned silent for a half-second — and then Hex *hits The Execution!* That violent spinning knee — right out of the gate.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“He’s going for the kill! NOW?!”

1...

2...

Kickout!

Rokk explodes out of the pin, furious and rattled. But Hex stays on him like a curse. No wasted motion. Clinches. Snap headbutts. Knees. Crossface strikes. Rokk tries to rise but eats a *second* burst of brutal strikes that stagger the big man again.

Hex wraps his arm across Rokk's throat in the corner and leans in close — *talking to him*. Not shouting. Talking. Calmly. Coldly. No one but Rokk hears what's said — but he roars in fury and throws Hex off of him with both arms, crashing him to the mat.

Rokk stumbles up — tries to rally with a clothesline — but Hex ducks and *chop blocks the knee*. Rokk drops. Hex pounces. Elbow to the spine. Another. Another.

Then he *locks in a half nelson choke* — wrenching back, trying to wear the bigger man down with pressure and posture.

The crowd is stunned. This isn't just dominance — it's surgical.

But Rokk refuses to die.

He powers out with a violent roll — throwing Hex into the corner. The crowd pops. Rokk charges — but Hex catches him with a rising boot. He climbs to the second rope and *leaps into a guillotine*, dragging Rokk down again.

More punishment. More pressure.

But no pinfall yet.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Hex didn't just come to win. He came to dissect. And for the first time, Reign Rokk looks out of rhythm.”

Hex, blood cold and calculated, had been carving Rokk apart. But after nearly ten minutes of slow destruction, the tide cracks — and **Rokk roars back to life**.

After barely escaping a second Execution attempt, he deadlifts Hex off the mat, powering him up into a thunderous over-the-shoulder slam. The ring shakes. The crowd jolts. Rokk clutches his ribs — still reeling from the early beating — but there's fire in his eyes now.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Oh my god — I think he just rose from the grave!”

Hex stumbles up and walks into a savage short-arm lariat. He pops up again — pure instinct — and Rokk meets him with a spinebuster so vicious it sounds like a gunshot.

1... 2... Kickout!

The Foundry erupts with a **“THIS IS AWESOME”** chant.

They trade bombs now.

Hex with a throat punch — headbutt — spinning elbow.

Rokk absorbs it, fires back — running knee — corner splash — big boot that nearly knocks Hex out of the ring.

Rokk tries to end it — he steps back, calling for the MSD. The crowd rises to its feet.

But Hex ducks it — slams Rokk with a snap Saito suplex — rolls through — locks in a body triangle choke. The Foundry gasps. Rokk thrashes, face turning red, arms flailing — and somehow stands up with Hex on his back.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s almost 300 pounds being choked and lifted!”

Rokk backward slams Hex into the corner turnbuckle — again — again — until Hex finally releases. Both men collapse.

The ref checks them.

Hex crawls toward the ropes — glassy-eyed.

Rokk hits the ropes on the opposite side of the ring — charges — MSD!

The full-speed lariat folds Hex like a lawn chair.

1...

2...

Kickout!

The Foundry explodes. No one can believe it.

CHAZ:

“How the hell did Hex survive that!?”

Rokk pulls him up again — hoists him — going for a second MSD — but Hex drops down, stumbles, pulls Rokk into a short-arm trap elbow combo — and both men collapse again.

Two titans. One ring.

And still no winner.

The Foundry is rumbling. Rokk and Hex lay motionless under the arena lights, steam rising from their backs. The ref checks both men — they’re alive, barely.

The crowd chants, almost pleading: **“FIGHT FOREVER! FIGHT FOREVER!”**

They stir.

Hex crawls to the corner, dragging himself up with trembling arms. Rokk slaps the mat — once, twice — and stands. The lights shimmer off his sweat-soaked frame.

They lock eyes.

And then — it's chaos.

Rokk charges, adrenaline carrying him through pain. He lands a heavy discus forearm to the jaw — Hex staggers. A headbutt. Another forearm. Rokk lifts him — powerslam!

The crowd counts with the ref—

1... 2... KICKOUT!

Gasps fill the air.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“That was thunder — and Hex just ate it.”

Rokk slaps the mat, screaming — he *grabs Hex again*, trying to run it back — but Hex *slips behind*, hooks the arm, *twists the hips*—

THE EXECUTION!

A violent spinning knee to the temple.

Rokk collapses.

Hex, swaying on his knees, falls into the cover.

1... 2... 3.

It's over.

The bell rings, but it can barely be heard over the *collective eruption* from the crowd. Some cheer. Some boo. All *stand*.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“I don't care who you were cheering for — those men just gave us a war.”

Hex doesn't celebrate. He doesn't move.

Rokk rolls to his side, eyes blinking at the lights. The ref raises Hex's arm, but he jerks it away and walks out slowly, silently, like he always does.

In the ring, Rokk rises on his own. The crowd gives him a standing ovation.

CHAZ:

“He may have lost ... but damn if he didn’t earn everyone’s respect tonight.”

Winner: Dominic Hex

[CUT TO: Ringside]

The crowd buzzes as the final panels of a chain-link cage are bolted into place around the ring. It’s not sleek or manufactured — it’s raw, rugged, and patched together with steel clamps and stubborn will. The kind of cage that was built, not shipped.

CHAZ DEL RIO (on commentary):

“Folks, you may’ve noticed our ring announcer Vanessa Vale isn’t at ringside for the main event. We’ve been told she had to step away briefly backstage. No reason for concern — probably just a quick delay.”

BERT McDANIELS (grabbing the house mic at ringside):

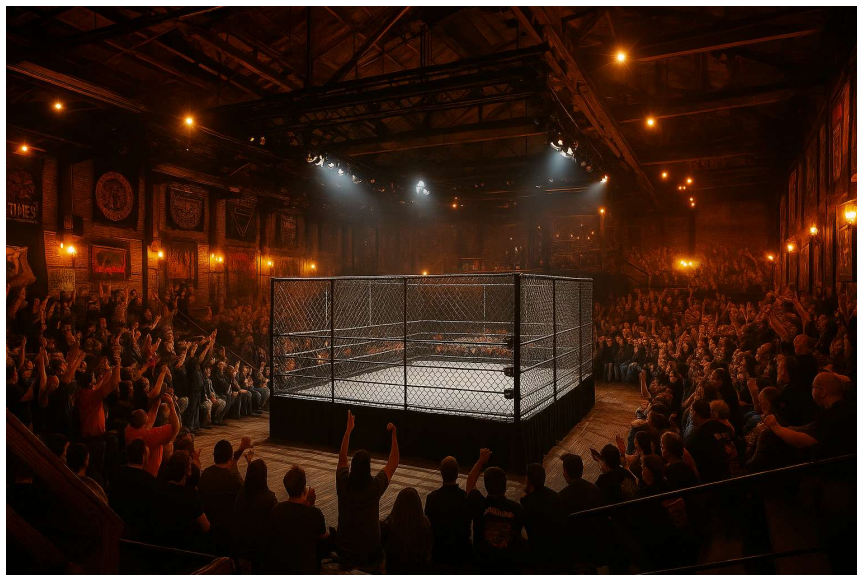
“But don’t you worry — ol’ Bert’s still got pipes.”

He cracks his neck, steps forward, and soaks in the growing electricity from the crowd pressing close to the steel.

BERT:

“Ladies and gentlemen... it is time for your main event of the evening!”

The crowd explodes. All eyes turn to the patched-together cage, glinting under the lights — brutal and unflinching.



Ace Dalton vs Feral



The cage door clanks shut. The Foundry pulses with noise. Chaz and Bert sit in silence for a moment—just the buzz of the crowd and the steel rattling as **Ace Dalton** paces like a wild dog across from **Águila Feral**, the predator who cracked the foundation of the CFW Training Gym.

The bell rings—and **Ace explodes**.

He rushes Feral, battering him with stiff forearms and a wild barrage of knees that drive the luchador into the turnbuckle. The crowd's stunned. Ace isn't cool, collected, technical tonight—he's possessed.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"This isn't a match. This is retribution."

He plants Feral with a snap suplex, then slings him into the steel mesh—once, twice, a third time like he's trying to tear the cage down. Feral staggers and eats a **spinning back elbow**, then drops hard. Ace drags him up again—not for a pin, but to keep hitting him.

BERT MCDANIELS:

"I've never seen Ace like this. There's venom in every move. That tie-dye? That's camouflage for something meaner."

Feral tries to rally—slashes low with kicks, stuns Ace briefly with a quick palm strike—but Ace hits him with another **snap dragon suplex** that bounces Feral off the mat like a ragdoll. The crowd *roars* at the impact.

Ace pulls him up by the mask, says something we can't hear, and *launches* him across the ring with a brutal **belly-to-belly**. He doesn't go for the door. Doesn't even look at the ref. He climbs.

Up the ropes.
Onto the turnbuckle.
Then he scales the cage.

CHAZ:

“No—no way—he’s not—”

And he **leaps**.

Ace Dalton crashes down with a massive **elbow drop off the top of the cage**, landing dead center on Feral. The Foundry erupts. The sound is thunder. Ace rolls off, clutching his ribs—but he’s grinning through the pain.

He came for blood, and so far—he’s getting it.

The Foundry crowd is losing it. Ace Dalton has brought an energy to this cage match



they’ve never seen from him. But **Águila Feral** isn’t just here to be a victim — he’s a lurking, calculating force, and when Ace gets greedy, he pays for it.

After landing the first brutal cage-top elbow, Ace tries it again.

This time, Feral rolls toward the corner — dazed but instinctive — and **as Ace launches, Feral launches a superkick straight to the jaw** mid-air.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Oh my god! He caught him mid-flight!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“I think Dalton’s soul just detached from his spine!”

Ace crumples. And suddenly, the energy shifts.

Feral pounces, driving knee strikes into Ace’s

ribs, then strangles him down to the mat with a tight **rear headlock**. He’s pressing in, sweat flying, rage simmering. He drags Ace back into the center, transitions, and rains down elbows before reapplying the hold.

The Foundry gets quieter. Ace isn’t moving.

Ref checks him. One drop of the arm. Two—

—but on the third drop, Ace flexes, shakes, and roars back to life. He breaks the hold and the crowd wakes up with him.

Ace stumbles to the ropes—Feral rushes him—but Ace **drops the top rope**, sending Feral bouncing off the steel. On the rebound: **Scoop slam into the cage**. Again. And again. Feral's mask is starting to fray. His body's dented from steel and grit.

Ace hooks the leg.

1! 2! Kickout!

BERT:

"This is a war, not a match!"

They brawl back and forth. Feral **drop toe holds** Ace into the turnbuckle. Ace **responds** with a rising headbutt. Feral tries a springboard knee—Ace catches him and **slams him back-first into the cage wall**.

Both men are exhausted. Knees shaking. Ace screams to the crowd—climbs again.

He stands on top of the cage, every light in The Foundry trained on him.

And drops.

Another elbow. A second storm from the sky.

But this time, he doesn't stop. He grabs Feral's near-lifeless body and plants him with **The Spinal Bloom**—his signature bridging dragon suplex.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

The bell rings and the crowd explodes. Ace Dalton slumps to his knees, sweat pouring off his brow. The chain link rattles as medics unlock the cage.

CHAZ:

"That wasn't just revenge. That was closure. That was survival."

Winner: Ace Dalton

The crowd is still on their feet. The energy from the cage match hasn't faded — Ace Dalton stands in the center of the ring, chest heaving, arms raised, eyes closed in a mix of pain and pride. He earned that win. *He needed it.*

The chain-link door swings open and Águila Feral limps through, refusing help, shaking his head violently, his mask slightly torn. He doesn't look back.

Ace watches him go, jaw tight. The fans cheer louder — Ace raises one hand again, nodding in thanks.

Then—

CHAZ DEL RIO (at commentary):

“Wait—hang on—folks, we’re getting something from backstage—”

The screen above the entrance flickers to life.

A shaky camera feed.

Darkened halls in the back of The Foundry.

Footsteps.

Muffled yelling.

Then—

A woman screaming.

Panic. Raw and real.

CHAZ (quietly):

“...no.

No, that’s not...”

The camera swings into a poorly lit room.

A single overhead light.

And there—

Venessa Vale.

Strapped to a chair.

Eyes wide, *screaming* as a black-and-white **VHS flickers on a tube TV** rolled in front of her.

Beside her—half in shadow—**MAR.**

The paint is the same. The aura is worse.

He’s not moving. Just standing, head tilted, watching her suffer. Watching her *change*.

The tape hisses and pops, distorted images flashing too quickly to catch.

Ace stares at the screen from inside the ring, frozen.

CHAZ:

“What the hell is this...? MAR... what did you do...”



The crowd's volume dips into stunned silence.

Venessa's screams cut like razors.

And then—

The feed cuts to black.

A CFW logo pulses on the screen...

And vanishes.

LOCKED IN goes off the air.