

Creative Force Wrestling: Reclamation

6/2/25 Live from the Foundry Venice, FL

OPENING SEGMENT: "What Never Was"

The broadcast opens with static.

A low hum grows beneath flickering frames of internet message boards from the early 2000s. Blurred usernames, grainy avatars, flashing signatures — all buzzing with the same electric question:

“What happened to CFW?”

The screen cuts to a quickfire montage:

Lo-fi wrestler promo stills.

Angry forum posts.

Archived fan videos dissecting an event that never aired.

Snippets of a card that was announced but never realized.

Then — **a single image holds.**

A man. Bald. Face painted in harsh, ritualistic lines.

His expression unreadable. His name:

MAR.

The hum stops.

Then—

BOOM.

A hard cut to the present explodes onto the screen.

A roaring crowd. Flashing lights.

A wide, cinematic shot of **The Foundry**, packed wall to wall, sweating energy into the wooden beams above.

Every seat is filled. Every voice is screaming.

Creative Force Wrestling has finally arrived.

Inside the ring stands **Vanessa Vale**, bathed in spotlight, gripping the mic like it's sacred.

The screen fades into the warm crackle of the broadcast feed.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

*“Ladies and gentlemen... welcome to history. Welcome to resurrection. Welcome to the show we were promised two decades ago... and tonight, it’s finally real. This is **CFW: Reclamation**, live from The Foundry in Venice, Florida — and it is SOLD OUT!”*

RONNIE KIXX:

“It shouldn’t have taken this long, Chaz. It should’ve happened twenty years ago. But the tape never rolled... the lights never came up... and MAR never stepped out of the shadows.”

CHAZ:

“But tonight, everything changes. The Foundry is shaking. The indie world is watching. And the echo of what never was... is about to roar to life.”

RONNIE:

“This ain’t just a card. It’s a confession. A declaration. A reckoning. And I wouldn’t be anywhere else.”

CHAZ:

“Let’s not waste a second more — Vanessa Vale is in the ring... and CFW is about to make its very first memory.”

MATCH 1: CROSS-PROMOTIONAL DREAM MATCH

Ace Dalton (Iron Ring Pro) vs. Chris Titan (South Coast Slam)

The crowd is already buzzing before the first strike lands.

Chris Titan hits the ring with swagger and spark — the crowd chants his name. South Coast Slam diehards are here in force. Titan drinks it in, firing off finger guns as he circles the ring.

When **Ace Dalton** arrives, the mood sharpens. Hood pulled low, mouthguard in, laser-focused. He doesn’t posture — he **stares**. Every move he makes is clean, measured, dangerous.

They start with a handshake... and then they go to war.

The opening is fast, fluid. They exchange holds and counters with such precision that even the *smart fans* are leaning forward, trying to catch every shift in control.

Titan explodes with aerial bursts — a diving crossbody, a dropkick that echoes like a

gunshot. Dalton responds with ruthless technique — knife-edge back elbows, a punishing snap DDT. It's a **true showcase**, but it quickly becomes something more.

By the five-minute mark, the sweat's flying.

Titan clutches his ribs after a punishing suplex. Dalton rolls to the outside after eating a springboard enzuigiri. Both men are starting to break.

At one point, Titan *barely* kicks out after a Tiger Driver.

At another, Dalton escapes the **Titan Cutter** by *inches*, rolling through to a kneebar that has Titan screaming — not tapping, just **screaming**.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"This is no longer about Iron Ring or South Coast. This is about pride."

RONNIE KIXX:

"They said they'd set the bar for the night. Hell, Chaz — they might've raised it through the damn ceiling."

The middle of the match is a storm — a battle of wills and reflexes. The crowd claps in rhythm as both men crawl to their feet, trading strikes. It's not about flash anymore. It's about **who wants it more**.

Titan hits a shotgun dropkick that sends Ace halfway across the ring — goes up for the moonsault — **misses**.

That's the moment.

Dalton hits a **strike combo**: palm strike, spinning heel kick, running knee — then lifts Titan for **The Iron Curtain**.

One, Two, Three

Ace Dalton wins, but the crowd is on their feet for *both* men. Titan sits up, exhausted, jaw tight, but nods. Respect.

They shake hands once more — this time not for show, but for **truth**.

CHAZ:

"Two stars. One ring. No regrets. That was professional wrestling at its finest."

Winner: Ace Dalton

MATCH 2: SPOTLIGHT MATCH – STYLES CLASH

Lucas Knox vs. Águila Feral

The lights dim again, and the mood shifts.

Distorted guitar and tribal drums explode through the sound system as **Águila Feral** makes his entrance — a storm wrapped in red and black, his cracked mask barely containing the chaos in his eyes. He moves like a wild animal forced into a cage — erratic, aggressive, and dangerous.

He circles the ring like it owes him something. He doesn't acknowledge the fans. His attention is locked on **Lucas Knox**, already in the ring and already staring back. Young, focused, no fear — just fire.

The bell rings.

Feral strikes instantly.

He charges with a dropkick to Knox's knee, then rips into him with low kicks, open-palm slaps, and a stiff headbutt that stuns the newcomer. It's not flashy. It's *mean*. Knox fires back, landing a shoulder tackle that knocks Feral to the mat — but only for a second. Feral rolls through and lands a snap hurricanrana that sends Knox sprawling to the outside.

Feral flies with a **no-step tope con hilo** that crashes into Knox and sends both men tumbling into the front row. A fan's drink goes flying. The Foundry crowd **erupts**.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Feral doesn't want a win — he wants a memory burned into this kid's body."

RONNIE KIXX:

"And Knox is getting a crash course in lucha that bites back."

Knox eats the railing but recovers enough to **slingshot Feral face-first into the ring post**. A sickening thud. The crowd gasps.

Back inside, Knox hits a **pop-up spinebuster**, then a **gutwrench slam** — but Feral kicks out at **2.9**. Knox can't believe it. He wipes sweat and blood from his brow and gets right back to it.

Feral plays possum — and **counters a lariat into a modified dragon sleeper**, wrenching at Knox's neck while raking at his face. The ref tries to break it — Feral lets go at four, smirking behind the mask.

Knox gets desperate. He hits a **swinging backbreaker**, a **running knee to the jaw**, and climbs to the second rope.

He leaps — **Feral meets him mid-air with a dropkick to the chest.**

Both men are down.

The crowd begins to clap. *“LET’S GO KNOX! FER-AL SUCKS!”* echoes from the rafters.

They crawl to opposite corners. Feral is up first. He hits his **Alarido Combo** — spinning elbow, standing moonsault, shotgun basement dropkick. He covers — **Knox kicks out again!**

The fans roar louder.

Feral’s pacing now. Twitching. He rips off one of his elbow pads. He wants to end it.

He hoists Knox — but **Knox reverses into a guillotine choke!**

CHAZ:

“He’s got it locked in! That arm’s deep — that’s a blood choke!”

RONNIE:

“He taps him out here, that place explodes—”

Feral claws the eyes and **bites Knox’s arm** to escape. The crowd **boos hard**. The ref warns him — Feral **shoves the ref** slightly to fake outrage and **create distance**.

It’s enough.

Feral springs off the second rope and hits the **Alarido Mortal** — twisting springboard knee to the jaw.

One.

Two.

Three.

It’s over.

Feral stays kneeling over Knox for a moment. Then stands. No arms raised. No words. He just leaves.

The crowd claps as **Knox stirs**, blood in his mouth, neck twitching, chest rising and falling like a man who went to war — and didn’t quite win it.

CHAZ:

"Lucas Knox didn't get his hand raised... but he got recognized."

RONNIE:

"Yeah? And Águila Feral? He got what he wanted."

Winner: Águila Feral

POST-MATCH PROMO – Lucas Knox: "I'm Still Standing"

Lucas Knox rolls to his side, coughing hard. A stream of blood trails from the corner of his mouth. Águila Feral is long gone, but the echoes of their battle still hang in the air.

The crowd begins to clap.

A few louder chants start to break through:

"LU-CAS KNOX! LU-CAS KNOX!"

Knox uses the ropes to pull himself up. He's shaking, jaw swollen, body wrecked. A ring tech hands him a mic.

He doesn't even raise it to his mouth at first — he just nods, letting the crowd's energy carry him for a moment. Then he speaks — low, breathless, but real.

LUCAS KNOX:

"I knew it wouldn't be easy."

"I knew Águila Feral would come at me with everything — and he did."

He paces slowly, clutching his ribs.

KNOX:

"I came here to prove I belong... and I'm not gonna stand here and pretend a loss doesn't sting. I feel it. You saw it."

"But here's the truth..."

He looks into the hard cam, eyes fierce even through pain.

KNOX:

"I'm still standing, and I've signed a deal with CFW."

The crowd pops, that slow build beginning again.

KNOX:

"CFW — this ring, this place, this crowd — it's not just where I debuted. It's where I get back up."

"So if this was strike one... then you better believe I'm swinging again."

He tosses the mic.

No pose.

No music.

He just limps to the back, holding his ribs, as the crowd claps him all the way to the curtain.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"If heart earns you a future, Lucas Knox just bought his ticket."

RONNIE KIXX:

"Still standing, Chaz... but for how long? This place chews up dreamers."

MATCH 3: FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE

"Hard Target" Lena Wilde vs. Brandi Blight

As Vanessa Vale prepares to announce the match, **Brandi Blight attacks from behind**. She doesn't wait for introductions. She doesn't care about pop. She's here to maim.

She rips Lena down by the hair mid-entrance, slams her against the guardrail, and *screams* at the crowd to move as she hurls Wilde into the front row.

The bell rings *somewhere* behind the chaos — but this is already a war.

Blight chokes Wilde with a fan's scarf. Wilde rips it off and **punches Blight square in the mouth**, busting her lip. The crowd roars. It's on.

They fight through the crowd, into the seated section of The Foundry. Fans scatter as chairs fly. Wilde hoists Blight and **slams her across three connected chairs**, bending the metal and nearly knocking herself over in the process.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"This isn't a wrestling match — this is a reckoning two years in the making."

RONNIE KIXX:

"And I think they're just getting started."

Blight claws at Wilde's face. Wilde headbutts her. Security doesn't even try to interfere — they know better. This is **Falls Count Anywhere**, and The Foundry is wide open.

They fight through a back stairwell.

Wilde throws Blight into a concrete wall — hard. Brandi crumples, then **sucker-punches** Wilde in the gut with a chain she's wrapped around her fist. She mounts her, hammering down with punches, screaming.

They burst through a side door into the **tech area**, where a road case gets upended. Brandi tries to **curb stomp** Wilde's head onto the lid — but Wilde rolls off and hits a **desperation powerslam** into the equipment. Sparks fly.

Wilde stumbles away and starts to climb... **a steel maintenance scaffold** near one of the venue's original support beams. The fans who can see it start losing their minds.

Blight follows.

They fight up the metal frame, 10, maybe 12 feet high, hovering over a stack of unused stage mats and old wooden chairs. They struggle — one slip, one missed grab, and it's over.

Wilde **kicks Blight in the face**, grabs her by the head...

AND LEAPS.

A diving bulldog off the scaffold through the stack of chairs below.

The crash is *sickening*. The crowd erupts in a “*HOLY SHT!*”^{*} chant that echoes off the beams of The Foundry.

Both women are down. Neither moves at first.

Then — Wilde **crawls**. Bleeding. Gasping. She throws an arm over Brandi's chest.

The ref sprints over.

1...

2...

3.

It's over.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“My God... they killed each other.”

RONNIE KIXX:

“Lena Wilde just threw herself into pain to get peace. I don’t even know if she’ll remember the win tomorrow... but she earned it.”

Medics rush to ringside. Wilde refuses help at first — she tries to walk, but her legs buckle. She’s helped to her feet and raises her own arm, shaking it violently at the crowd.

Brandi Blight doesn’t move for nearly a minute. When she does, she’s laughing — low, broken, bitter.

There’s no handshake.

No stare-down.

Just wreckage.

Winner: Lena Wilde

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Well folks, if you’re just joining us, you’ve already missed three absolute wars — and I’ve got chills thinking about what we’ve got left to come.”

RONNIE KIXX:

“Lucas Knox gave it everything he had... and even in defeat, that kid stood tall. You heard him earlier — he’s signed, he’s here, and he’s hungry.”

CHAZ:

*“And he’s not the only one, Ronnie. This next matchup features **three more athletes who’ve officially signed with CFW**. That’s right — **Reign Rokk, Dominic Hex, and Wyatt Storm** are now part of the Creative Force roster.”*

RONNIE:

“And what a way to make your name — thrown into a No Holds Barred Triple Threat with zero rules, zero allies, and about a thousand fans ready to see something wild.”

CHAZ:

“They’re not just fighting for a win — they’re fighting for real estate in this rebirth. CFW is alive, and everyone wants a spot near the top.”

The lights pulse as a distorted siren echoes — the first of the competitors is about to enter.

MATCH 4: TRIPLE THREAT – NO HOLDS BARRED

Reign Rokk vs. Dominic Hex vs. Wyatt Storm

The Foundry hums with anticipation as **Vanessa Vale** re-enters the ring, mic in hand, standing under flickering overhead lights. The rules have already been made clear: *no count-outs, no disqualifications, one fall to a finish.*

The first to arrive is **Wyatt Storm** — lean, cocky, and soaked in confidence. He’s a showman, all flashy tights and sarcastic finger guns, but there’s heat behind the eyes. The crowd gives him a mixed reaction — they’ve seen clips of him before. They know he’s good.

Next is **Reign Rokk**, stomping through the curtain like a brawler kicked out of a barfight too early. Studded vest, wild energy, hair like a rockstar in a thunderstorm. He *jumps onto the apron*, never taking his eyes off Wyatt.

Then the lights drop to a single spotlight.

Dominic Hex walks slowly down the aisle. Silent. Stone-faced. No music. Black towel over his head like an executioner. The fans go quiet — they *feel* this guy. He slides into the ring like a ghost.

The ref barely gets out of the way before the fight starts.

BELL RINGS.

Wyatt tries to play it smart — he rolls to the outside, lets Hex and Rokk collide. But Rokk sees it and yells “*Hell no!*” before diving over the top rope and dragging Storm back into the fight.

The chaos starts early.

- **Hex** hits a double leg takedown and **pummels Rokk** with shoot-style elbows.
- **Storm** launches himself with a **springboard dropkick**, knocking both men into opposite corners.
- He kips up, cocky grin — then eats a **running knee from Hex** that flattens him.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“There are no friends here. There’s not even space to breathe.”

RONNIE KIXX:

“This match is a résumé soaked in sweat and spite.”

Reign Rokk gets back up swinging. He throws a **release German suplex** on Hex that lands awkwardly — crowd gasps. Then he hits a **corner-to-corner cannonball** on Wyatt Storm and covers!

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

The match settles into chaos with a rhythm:

- **Wyatt Storm** hits a **springboard cutter** on Rokk and hooks the leg — 1... 2... broken up by a **stomping elbow drop** from Hex.
- **Hex** locks Rokk in a **rear naked choke**. Rokk starts to fade — until Storm hits a **450 splash** on both men!

1...

2...

Hex kicks out.

Storm goes for a moonsault — **misses!**

Rokk hits a **sit-out powerbomb!**

1...

2...

SAVE by Hex!

Now the frustration starts setting in.

All three men trade finishers:

- **Rokk** hits **Wildfire Lariat** on Storm.
- **Storm** answers with **Lightning Spiral** on Hex.
- **Hex** dodges the next shot and lands **The Execution** — a brutal spinning knee strike — straight to Rokk's jaw.

1...

2...

KICKOUT!!

The Foundry is *on fire* now — the crowd is standing, pounding the guardrails, chanting:

"THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME!"

The final stretch comes down to all three men crawling to opposite corners. They rise at the same time — battered, winded, wild-eyed.

- Rokk and Storm lunge at Hex together.
- Hex low-bridges and sends both crashing into each other.
- He tosses Storm to the outside and drives Rokk down with a **Dead Reckoning Driver** — his version of a twisting brainbuster.

Hex covers.

1...

2...

3.

Winner: Dominic Hex

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Hex might be the coldest man on the roster — but tonight, he just made the loudest statement.”

RONNIE KIXX:

“That wasn’t just survival — that was strategy. Precision. And maybe... maybe a little bloodlust.”

Hex rolls out of the ring without celebration. No gesture. No expression. Just the silent walk back up the ramp. He’s left the chaos behind — and everyone watching knows **he’ll be back for more.**

Storm and Rokk both stir in the ring. Neither man looks defeated. Just... furious that they weren’t first.

MAIN EVENT – LEGACY VERSUS ASCENT

KillJoy vs. Jace Valor

“What Never Was vs. What’s Next”

The lights dim.

The crowd rises.

On the massive overhead screen, a video package rolls: glitchy, flickering footage of the **original CFW roster that never was**, faces we almost knew, moments that almost mattered. Then it slows... freezes... on one image: **KillJoy**, staring from beneath his mask in grainy 2005 footage, just before the dream collapsed.

And now—he’s back.

The lights crash to red.

KillJoy emerges through fog and static. The arena hums in anxious recognition. His towering silhouette moves slow and deliberate, masked in dread and dominance. His reputation has outgrown CFW — six titles in Japan, a history of violence across oceans — but this... this is unfinished business. This is what should’ve been his.

He enters the ring and stands perfectly still in the center. No theatrics. No pandering. Just the cold gravity of a monster reclaiming territory.

Then the tone shifts.

The lights explode to white and gold. A blast of modern indie rock hits.

The crowd **erupts**.

Jace Valor storms through the curtain, eyes burning with intensity. His name has been chanted in rec halls across the country. He’s the viral sensation. The people’s pick. And for the first time, he’s **not chasing** the spotlight — he *is* the spotlight.

He slaps hands, nods once toward the hard cam, then bolts into the ring — face to face with a legend.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“You can feel it, Ronnie. This isn’t just a match. It’s twenty years of what-ifs clashing with a right-now that refuses to be denied.”

RONNIE KIXX:

“KillJoy’s a ghost made of blood and spite — but Jace? He’s alive, and he’s on fire.”

The bell rings.

The crowd's thunderous — and then falls nearly silent. Just stomps. Breaths. Anticipation. They lock up.

Jace moves fast — tries to use angles and speed to chip at the bigger man. But KillJoy is immovable early. He shoves Valor across the ring with ease. When Jace pops up and fires a forearm, KillJoy doesn't flinch.

Instead, he *grabs* Jace by the wrist and pulls him into a thunderous short-arm clothesline that **snaps** the room silent.

Jace stumbles. But he fights back, hits the ropes, launches a flying forearm that *staggers* KillJoy. The crowd pops. Another! A dropkick! The big man wobbles — but doesn't fall.

They go back and forth — fast, hard, every strike echoing.

KillJoy hits a crushing back elbow that folds Jace in the corner. Jace answers with a sudden enzuigiri that catches KillJoy flush on the jaw. Now *he's* down to one knee.

The crowd explodes again.

KillJoy rises — slowly — and Jace meets him with a running kick to the chest. He climbs the ropes and *rains down fists* as the fans count along:

“ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!”

But KillJoy **lifts him from the corner** and *throws* him halfway across the ring.

A gasp.

Jace crashes hard.

KillJoy doesn't follow — he just *tilts his head*, calculating. Waiting.

RONNIE KIXX:

“He's not in a hurry. He's not angry. That's what's terrifying.”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Jace Valor's giving it everything — but KillJoy isn't here to win the match. He's here to end the story.”

The crowd begins to chant:

“JA-CE VA-LOR!”

“KILL-JOY SUCKS!”

“JA-CE VA-LOR!”

The arena's rocking. Both men stare across the canvas, sweat already pouring. Jace wipes blood from his lip. KillJoy clenches his fists.

Jace explodes from the corner with renewed fire — driving forearms into KillJoy's head, backing him into the ropes. The crowd is **roaring**, willing him to break through.

Then KillJoy drops him flat with a sudden, jarring **uranage slam** that shuts the whole place up.

Jace hits the mat like dead weight.

KillJoy kneels beside him — not to pin, not yet.

He *brushes the hair* out of Jace's face. Tilts his head. Almost... studies him.

Then he **rains down fists**.

Cracking elbows, hammer-like forearms — a storm of violence that has the ref *leaning in*, ready to stop the match. But KillJoy stops himself just short, standing slowly, breathing like a man taking his time.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"He's not winning. He's dismantling."

RONNIE KIXX:

"Jace is not moving, Chaz. This may be it."

KillJoy finally covers. Hooks the leg.

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

Jace's shoulder **barely** lifts.

A huge cheer rolls through The Foundry — but it's strained, like a crowd trying to believe in a man who might already be gone.

KillJoy doesn't argue. He just grabs Jace by the wrist... and **drags** him to his feet like a ragdoll. Another brutal slam. Another pin.

1...

2...

Jace kicks out again!

This time it's *pure instinct*. His eyes are glassy. His mouth is bleeding. But he's alive.

KillJoy rises slowly, walking to the far corner of the ring. He crouches down — a disturbing stillness washing over him. He's **waiting**, like a predator who *knows* it's over.

CHAZ:

"KillJoy's setting up for that final blow — that's the same move that ended four careers in Japan."

RONNIE:

"Jace doesn't even know what state he's in."

Jace stirs. He reaches for the ropes. The crowd *begs* him to move.

"VA-LOR! VA-LOR! VA-LOR!"

He uses the ropes to pull himself upright — legs trembling, body slack.

KillJoy charges.

He swings for a thunderous lariat meant to take Jace's head off — but **Jace ducks at the last second**. His body collapses more than it dodges, and he falls flat, gasping for air.

KillJoy turns, frustrated now — and **Jace bursts up**, catching him with a sudden desperation superkick that lands flush. The sound echoes like a shotgun.

KillJoy staggers.

The crowd *explodes* — they can feel the tide shift, even if Jace has barely anything left to give.

Jace stumbles to the ropes, shouting from the pit of his gut. He slaps his own chest. Blood runs down his face. **This is the moment.**

KillJoy rises again — slower now.

Jace hits the ropes and **throws himself** into a flying forearm that *finally* puts the monster on his back.

The roof nearly comes off the Foundry.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"DOWN GOES KILLJOY! DOWN GOES KILLJOY!"

RONNIE KIXX:

"Valor is running on fumes and something deeper, Chaz. Something primal."

Jace climbs the turnbuckles. The lights hit him just right — a silhouette of defiance.

He leaps — **a high-impact double stomp** to KillJoy's chest. He rolls into the cover.

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

The gasp is almost louder than the cheers.

But Jace doesn't stop.

He fights through the pain, hooks KillJoy's head — struggles to lift — but *gets him halfway up* and **drops him with his signature finisher**, a brutal elevated twisting DDT known as the **Valor Break**.

He covers.

1...

2...

3!

Winner: Jace Valor

The crowd erupts. **The Foundry is shaking.**

Jace lies on his back, exhausted, blood in his teeth, tears in his eyes. The crowd chants his name louder than ever:

"JA-CE VA-LOR! JA-CE VA-LOR!"

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"The myth is broken. The legend has bled. But the kid they all talked about... just rewrote history."

RONNIE KIXX:

"Twenty years too late? No. It's right on time."

Jace rises slowly. He doesn't pose. He just *takes it in*. The cheers, the camera flashes, the electric feel of **finally doing it**.

He looks into the lens and mouths:

"I'm here. For good."

But just as the music swells — the lights **go out**.

The crowd murmurs.

On the screen: *static*.

Then... **his face**.

MAR.

Grainy, corrupted footage of him standing in the middle of a smoky void.

The static distorts, flashing between old CFW imagery and MAR's disfigured painted face.

The screen cuts to black.

Jace, in the ring, stands tall — **but shaken**. Bloodied. Victorious.

Then—

The lights **flicker**.

Once.

Twice.

And then... **blackout**.

A collective gasp rolls through The Foundry.

Then a slow pulse of dim purple light.

A figure stands at the top of the ramp.

It's him.

MAR.

The same paint.

The same man whose face launched a thousand message board theories... and then vanished for two decades.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Oh my god."

RONNIE KIXX:

"...he's real."

The crowd can't contain it.

"HOLY SHT! HOLY SHT!"

MAR walks.

No music. No theatrics. Just the sound of boots on steel.

He approaches the ring like he's walking through memory. Through fire. Through *unfinished business*.

Jace, barely standing, watches him approach — face hard, body exhausted but ready. **He doesn't back down.**

MAR climbs the stairs.

Steps through the ropes.

Face to face.

They don't move.

They just stare.

Twenty years of myth across from the man who just made himself a legend.

Another chant erupts — louder than any all night:

“CFW! CFW! CFW!”

MAR slowly tilts his head.

His hand twitches — but he doesn't strike.

Instead, he leans in close, so only Jace can hear.

Then steps back...

He leaves the ring as slowly as he entered, vanishing up the ramp into the shadows.

Jace doesn't chase.

He just stands there.

Beaten. Bloody. Triumphant.

Eyes fixed on the place MAR once stood.

RONNIE KIXX:

“What just happened?”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“History. Finally.”

[END OF SHOW — CFW: RECLAMATION]

