

Black Light Live ep. 22



Creative Force Wrestling Presents: Black Light Live 22!

Black Light Live 22 – Opening Match Intro

Chaz Del Rio:

“Welcome, everybody, to another wild night here at the Foundry — it’s *Black Light Live 22!* And we’re kicking things off with a debut you’ve all been waiting for.”

Bert McDaniels:

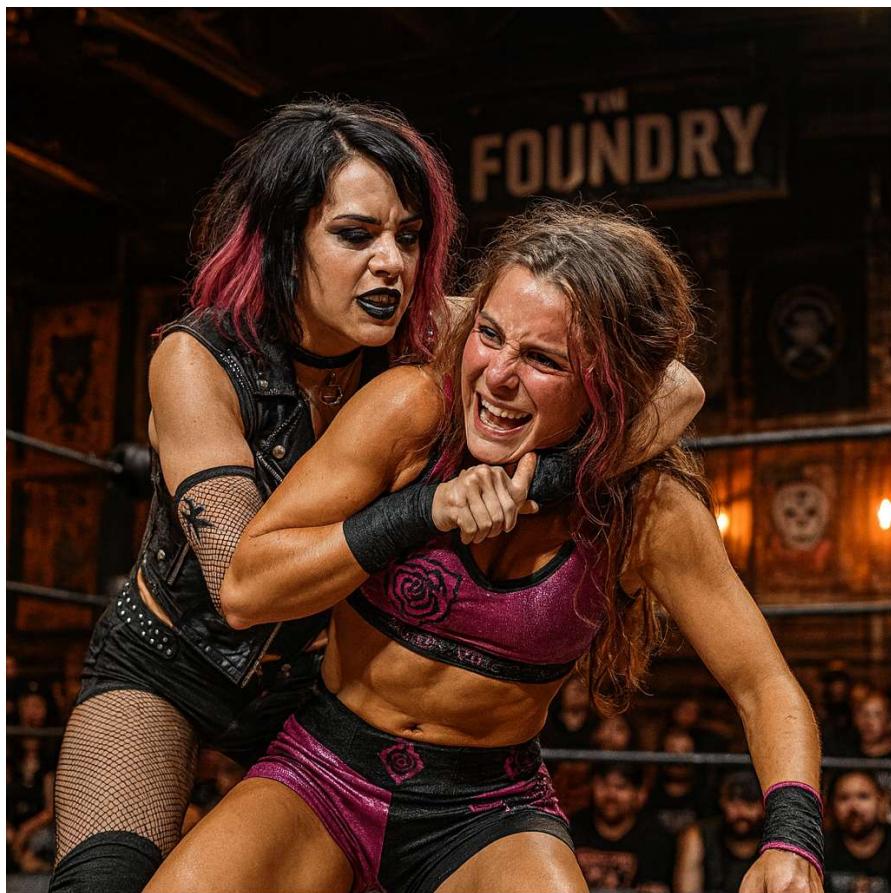
“That’s right, Chaz. Lola Rose has been tearing it up on *SpeedRun* — two straight wins, crowd loves her, tons of potential. Tonight she gets her first shot under the bright lights of Black Light.”

Chaz:

“But she’s not stepping in there with just anybody. Across the ring tonight is Ruby Cross — no stranger to the indie scene. Gritty, tough, and she’s proven herself in feds all over. She’s got the experience edge, no question about it.”

Bert:

“So it’s the fresh-faced up-and-comer versus the hardened indie veteran. Perfect way to open Black Light — and this crowd is hot for it already.”



Lola Rose vs Ruby Cross

The Foundry came alive as *Black Light Live 22* opened with a clash of heart and grit. Lola Rose, the energetic rookie fresh off a hot streak in *SpeedRun*, made her debut against the seasoned Ruby Cross, a punk-tinged journeyman with scars and swagger from years on the indie circuit.

From the opening lock-up, it was clear this wouldn’t be a squash — it was a fight. Ruby leaned on her experience, grinding Lola down with stiff strikes and suffocating holds,

testing whether the rookie could survive the deep water. But every time it looked like Lola was fading, the Foundry rallied behind her. Lola fed off the chants, exploding back with bursts of speed and daring offense, her resilience forcing Ruby to dig deeper.

The bout swung back and forth, neither giving an inch. Ruby's grit and ring savvy kept her a step ahead for stretches, but Lola's heart wouldn't let her stay down. In the closing stretch, a desperate flurry from Lola lit up the crowd — a sharp dropkick, a fiery strike combo, and finally a sudden roll-up counter that caught Ruby by surprise.

The three-count hit and the Foundry erupted. In her Black Light debut, Lola Rose overcame the odds, earning the biggest win of her young career. Ruby Cross sat up afterward with a smirk of begrudging respect, while Lola soaked in the moment, the crowd on its feet chanting her name.



Winner: Lola Rose

Ace Dalton (at the tiki bar):

"You know... I've been spending a lot of time here. This beach clears my head. The drive, the waves, a couple of these—" (he raises his drink with a smirk) "—and I start to see things clearer.

Jace, I've been thinking about what you said. That I was just handed a match for the biggest prize in CFW. At the time, I didn't see your point. Especially since I beat you at *Face Off*.

Honestly... I still don't.

But here's the thing... what's been gnawing at me isn't whether you're right or wrong. It's the fact that I don't back down from challenges. Ever. That's not who I am.

And MAR? He called me out. He handed me this shot. So what do I do — turn it down? Walk away? I can't do that.

But if I'm being honest... it doesn't feel right either. Feels like I got ***pulled into something I didn't ask for***. Feels like maybe this isn't on my terms.

And that's the part I can't shake."

[Ace's tiki bar promo fades out. The camera cuts back to The Foundry, crowd buzzing as commentary reacts.]

Chaz Del Rio:

"Ace Dalton sounding... different tonight. You can tell Jace Valor's words are starting to get under his skin. The man's conflicted, and that's not something we usually see from him."

Bert McDaniels (smirking):

"Yeah, conflicted... or just a little buzzed. Must be nice, huh? Kickin' back at a tiki bar, drink in hand, sorting out your problems while the rest of us are grinding here at the Foundry. Maybe I've been in the wrong line of work!"

(Crowd chuckles at the jab, Chaz shakes his head.)

Chaz:

"Wise guy. But in all seriousness, Bert — if Ace Dalton's having doubts about this title shot, that changes everything. We'll see how it plays out, but for now... it's time for our main event."

Bert (serious now):

"That's right. Two hard-hitting veterans about to collide. Reign Rokk. Alaric Green. The Foundry's about to shake."

(Camera cuts to the ring as the main event is introduced.)

Reign Rokk vs Alaric Green

Bert McDaniels:

"Yeah — and without the tiki bar tab. Reign Rokk and Alaric Green. Both of these men are cut from different cloths, but they've got the same target in mind: Dominic Hex, and that undefeated streak."

Chaz:

"Exactly. Whether either of them gets there is another story. But what matters right now is that both Rokk and Green are willing to carve their own path. They're not waiting for

handouts, they're not asking for favors. They're standing up, swinging hard, and letting the chips fall where they may."

Bert:

"And you've got to respect that kind of fortitude. These aren't men looking for shortcuts. They want to prove it in the ring, and tonight, they've got each other to go through first."

Chaz:

"It's the rocker versus the veteran. Power versus grit. This one's going to be a fight."

(Camera cuts to the ring announcer as the main event introductions begin.)

Main Event – Reign Rokk vs. Alaric Green

The Foundry's main event was every bit the fight it promised. Reign Rokk and Alaric Green didn't waste time feeling each other out — this was a war of fists, forearms, and raw grit. Rokk brought his size and chaos, swinging wild like a man trying to tear the house down, while Green answered with every ounce of veteran toughness, refusing to give the big man an easy night.



The crowd fed off every collision. Green's stiff shots had Rokk reeling more than once, the grizzled vet showing why he's carved his name into indie lore. But every time it looked like Green might turn the tide for good, Rokk's power was there to snuff it out. The bigger man leaned heavy, grinding the

pace down, wearing Green out piece by piece.

In the final stretch, both men were battered, the audience roaring with every exchange. Green rallied one last time, driving Rokk into the ropes with a flurry of strikes, but as he charged in, the monster cut him in half.

Rokk exploded out of the corner with the *Main Stage Dive* — a brutal running lariat delivered like a stage dive through Green's chest. The impact flipped Green inside out, and the three-count was academic.

Reign Rokk stood tall, the Foundry buzzing with equal parts awe and disgust. Alaric Green gave him hell, but in the end, the big man proved too much.

Winner: Reign Rokk

[Rokk's music plays, the Foundry buzzing as he stands tall. Green rolls to the ropes, catching his breath.]

Chaz Del Rio:

"That's not the debut Alaric Green was looking for here on *Black Light*. He came in calling his shot at Dominic Hex... but tonight proves nothing's guaranteed in CFW."

Bert McDaniels:

"Yeah, you could see it in his eyes, Chaz. Green knows it. But let's not kid ourselves — that wasn't some walkover. That was a battle. Reign Rokk had to hit him everything he had just to keep him down."

Chaz:

"And you've got to respect both men for that. Green didn't come here to collect easy paydays — he came here to fight. And Rokk? He just proved he's a problem for anyone standing in his way."

Bert:

"Exactly. That wasn't a dud, that wasn't a flop. That was two bulls colliding in the middle of the ring. Green may not have won, but he showed he belongs in this fight."

[END SHOW]