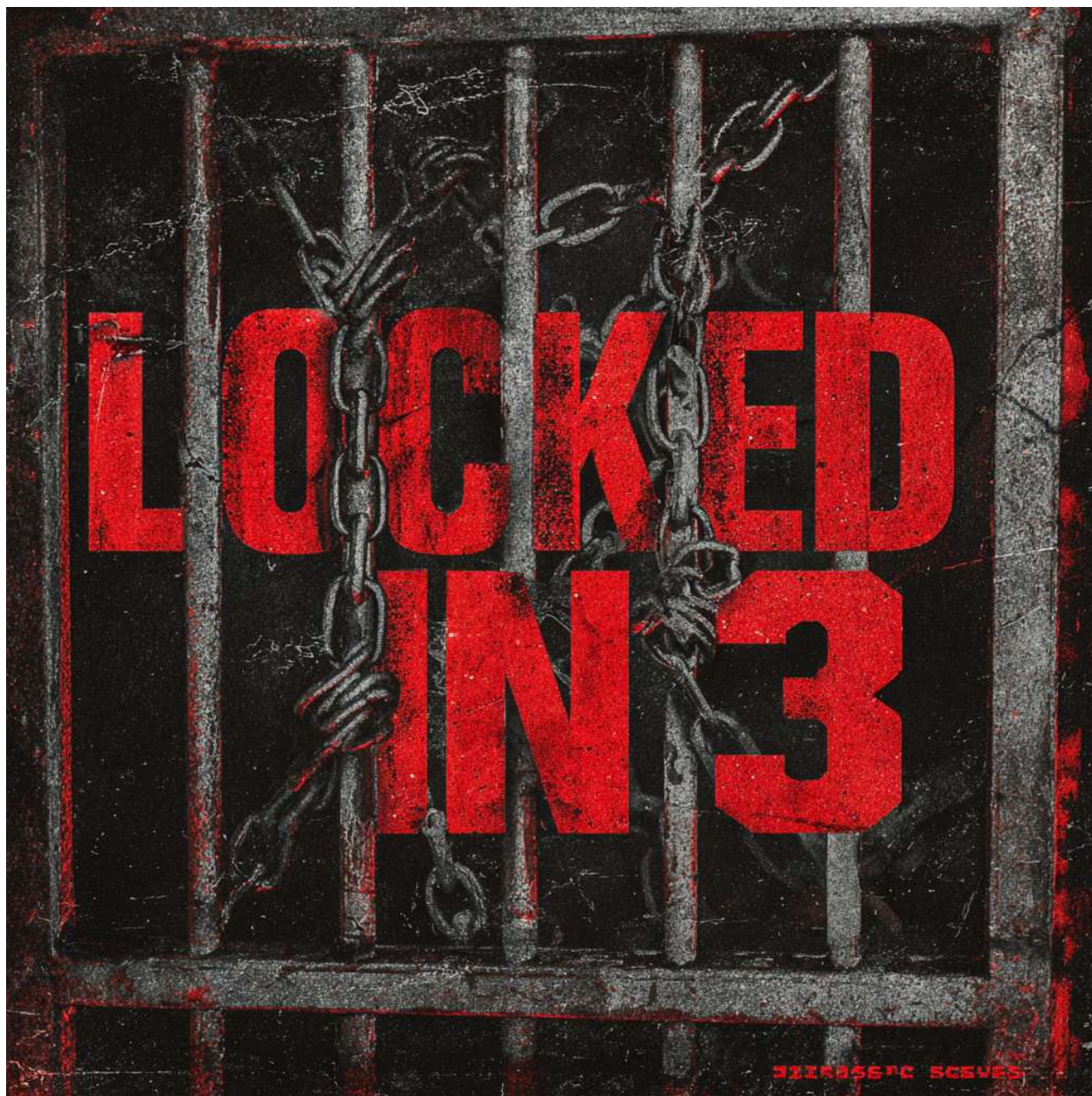


Black Light Live 24! Locked In 3



Creative Force Wrestling Presents: Black Light Live 24! Locked In 3

[Backstage – The Foundry. The camera catches Vennessa Vale leaning against a wall, a strange, giddy smile curling at the corners of her mouth. Brandi Blight walks past, cool and focused, but Vennessa steps into her path. She lets out a little laugh — unsettling, almost musical. Brandi stops dead, her eyes narrowing.]

[The Foundry crowd reacts through the feed, buzzing at the tension.]

Vennessa (grinning, almost delirious):

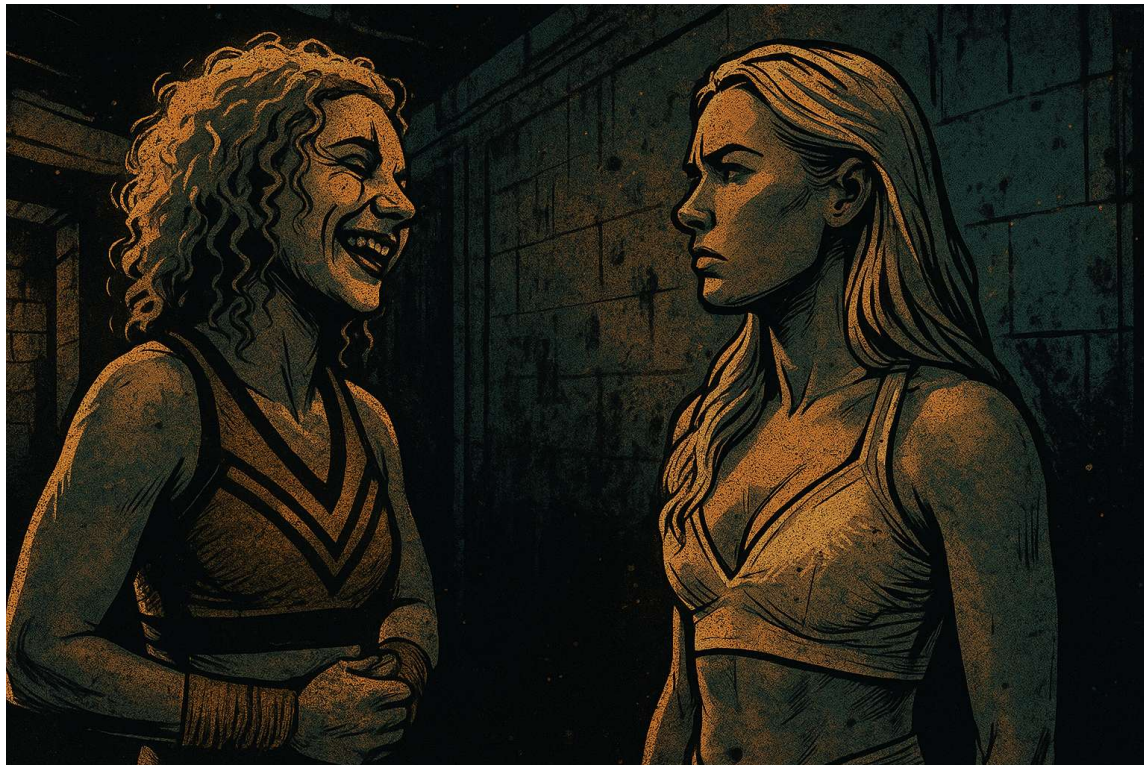
“Heheheh... Brandi.”

[Brandi tilts her head, unimpressed. She speaks low, tight through grit teeth, her voice like venom held back.]

Brandi Blight:

“Look, you weird little girl. I don’t play make believe bullshit games. I’m a world champion. Your dirty little freak show doesn’t belong here.”

[Vennessa’s smile only grows, her eyes wild with delight as she leans closer.]



Vennessa Vale (whispering, excited):

“Oh Brandi... he wants to show you. You won’t believe it. Please, just take a look. You won’t be disappointed, I promise. Trust me... you know me.”

[Brandi doesn’t flinch. Her jaw tightens, her glare sharp as a knife. She says nothing more — just stares a hole straight through Vennessa. The crowd pops at her resolve as

the camera lingers on the tense tableau: Vennessa smiling too wide, Brandi calm but cold, neither giving ground.]

[The feed cuts back to the arena, the tension hanging in the air.]

Chaz: “You can feel the electricity in here tonight, Bert. Rokk Reign and Alaric Green back at it again, and this one’s got serious implications. Both men want a one-on-one crack at Dominick Hex, but they know they’ve got to prove it against each other first.”

Bert: “That’s right. Reign’s already got a singles victory over Green, and you know he’s been reminding everybody of that all week. But Alaric... after picking up a win in that triple threat, he’s got momentum you can’t ignore. The big man feels like this is his moment to show he belongs at the top.”

Chaz: “No doubt about it, both of these guys are swinging for the fences tonight. Pride, respect, and a shot at Hex’s streak are all on the line.”

Rokk Reign vs Alaric Green

The Foundry was rocking before the bell even rang, anticipation buzzing through the crowd for the rematch between **Reign Rokk** and **Alaric Green**. Both men carried the weight of their last encounter—Green hungry to redeem himself, Rokk confident after already proving he could topple the powerhouse once.

From the opening lock-up, the intensity was undeniable. Heavy forearms and stiff strikes echoed through the venue as the two brutes tested each other’s limits. The pace was slower, methodical, every blow thudding with real grit. The fans were locked in, alternating chants of “LET’S GO GREEN!” and “ROKK! ROKK! ROKK!” before uniting in a booming **“THIS IS WRESTLING!”**

Green rallied first, muscling Rokk into the corner and unleashing brutal chops that reddened Rokk’s chest. He powered him up for a massive spinebuster that shook the ring and nearly got the three. Rokk, wincing but defiant, rolled to the apron and baited Green outside. What followed was a gritty brawl on the floor—Green hurling Rokk into the guardrails, Rokk slamming Green onto the ring steps. The Foundry crowd roared as they threw fists like men in a back-alley fight, neither willing to give an inch.

Back inside, Green nearly stole it after planting Rokk with the **Iron Verdict**, but the big man just managed to roll a shoulder up before three. The disbelief on Green’s face fed the crowd’s energy—every fan on their feet, waiting for what came next.



Rokk weathered the storm, grinding Green down with short, vicious headbutts before whipping him into the corner. The crowd knew what was coming. With a guttural roar, Rokk launched into his signature—**Main Stage Dive**. The lariat landed flush, Green flipping inside out from the sheer impact. Somehow, he kicked out.

The place exploded, “HOLY SHIT!” chants rattling the rafters. Green staggered to his feet, barely standing. Rokk hit the ropes again, leveling him with a **second Main Stage Dive**, this one even more savage than the first. That was the death blow. Rokk collapsed on top, hooking the leg.

1... 2... 3!

The bell rang and the crowd roared, The Foundry shaking as Reign Rokk once again stood tall. Green lay battered on the canvas, sweat and grit dripping from both men, the war written across their bodies. There was no shame in defeat—this was a war where Green proved his mettle—but in the end, the big man stood supreme.

Rokk raised his arms, chest heaving, the victor in another show-stealing brawl.

Winner: Reign Rokk

Lucas Knox vs Wyatt Storm

The cage lowered over the ring, and the Foundry erupted. The atmosphere was electric—fans pressed against the barricades, ready for carnage. This wasn't just a match. It was a grudge sealed in steel.

From the opening bell, Lucas Knox was a madman. He threw Wyatt into the steel like a



ragdoll, grinding his face across the links. Knox wasn't wrestling—he was punishing. Suplex after suplex rattled the ring, punctuated by a devastating slam from the ropes that shook the cage. The crowd gasped as Knox scaled the turnbuckle, leaping down with a crushing powerslam that left Wyatt folded in half.

Wyatt, bloodied

early, kept getting up. Every time Knox barked at him to stay down, the Foundry faithful roared louder, rallying behind Wyatt's sheer heart. He fired back with punches, dropkicks, and bursts of speed, but Knox was relentless. He ripped chairs and tables from under the ring, sliding them inside through the cage door like toys in a sandbox. A chair shot to Wyatt's back echoed like a gunshot. A table splintered under Wyatt's body from a thunderous side slam. Still, Wyatt refused to quit.

The crowd went wild with every kick-out, "WY-ATT! WY-ATT!" chants filling the air as Knox's face twisted from rage to disbelief. The match slowed to a sludge of punishment—Wyatt

staggering, Knox growing desperate. Knox set up one last act of destruction: a table draped in barbed wire. He hoisted Wyatt high for a brutal powerbomb.

But Wyatt slipped free. He hit the ropes, rebounded with everything he had left, and launched himself into Knox with a **basement dropkick** that sent the monster flying backward. The impact drove Knox through the barbed wire and table in an explosion of chaos. The Foundry came unglued.

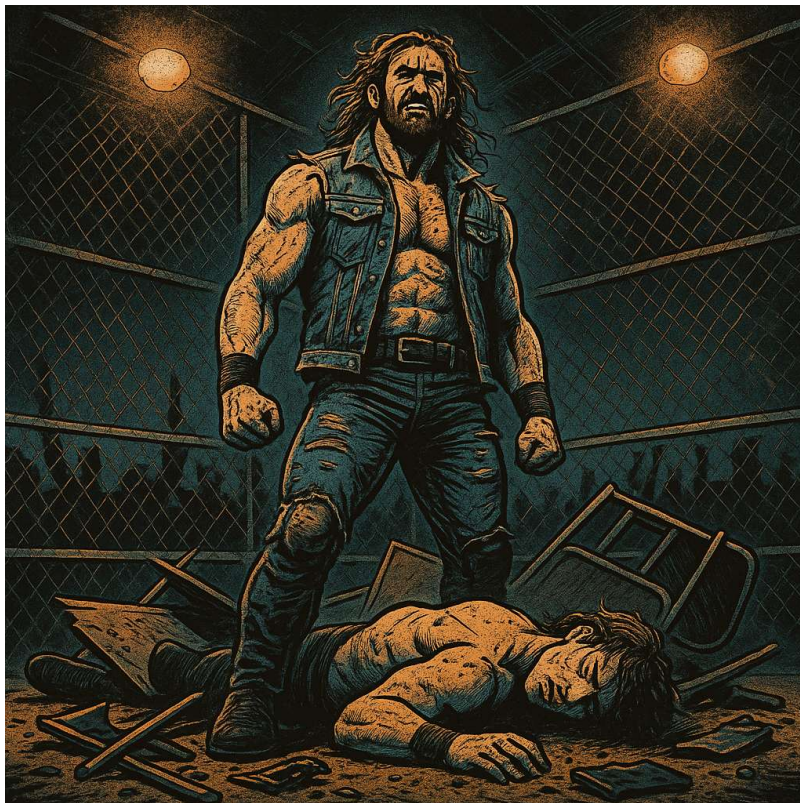
Knox writhed and flailed, caught in the wire, screaming in fury and pain. Wyatt, bleeding and trembling, climbed to the top rope. With one final surge, he flipped backwards, **a backflip senton crashing down onto Knox through the wreckage**. Both men were mangled in the carnage, but Wyatt managed to drape himself across Knox for the pin.

1... 2... 3!

Winner: Wyatt Storm

The cage door opened as the referee pulled Wyatt out. He stumbled through, battered and blood-soaked, barely able to stand but victorious. The Foundry crowd was deafening—Wyatt Storm had survived the storm.

Inside the cage, Lucas Knox stirred, his face twisted into something beyond fury. He



grabbed the referee who had counted the pin and **chokeslammed him into the debris**. Chaos erupted. Knox stomped the official mercilessly, and when other referees and officials rushed in, he decimated them all with boots, slams, and clotheslines.

Just as the situation spiraled, **Jace Valor sprinted down the ramp**. He slid into the cage, standing toe-to-toe with Knox. For a heartbeat, it seemed like Valor might be the one to cool the fire—until Knox snapped,

blasting him with a **devastating lariat**. The crowd erupted in horror as Knox pummeled Jace with chair shots, over and over, until Valor lay broken in the wreckage.

Officials swarmed the cage, the crowd in a frenzy, and Knox finally stormed out—leaving a trail of carnage in his wake.

The show closed on the chilling image of Wyatt limping away with the crowd's love behind him, while inside the cage, Lucas Knox stood over a field of broken bodies, raving mad and unstoppable.

[Backstage Segment]

The camera follows a nervous cameraman creeping down the dimly lit hallway of The Foundry. He pauses at a cracked door, curiosity pulling him closer. Slowly, the lens peeks inside.

Inside, Brandi Blight stands alone, bathed in the static glow of an old tube television perched on a rolling stand. The unmistakable flicker of the *Black Tape* plays—cryptic symbols, distorted sounds, unsettling imagery.



Brandi doesn't flinch. She watches with a cold, serious focus, her arms crossed, jaw tight.

The cameraman lingers too long, and the floor creaks beneath him. Brandi doesn't turn, doesn't speak... but the silence feels heavy enough to send the camera retreating back down the hall as the feed cuts out.

[end show]