

Star Forge Open Fight Night: 1

August 29, 2025 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

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The Grand Prix was dead. Half the Forge roster was gone. The Commission slammed its gavel, but Eric Dane wasn't about to let The Foundry's lights go out. He stepped into the ring, mic in hand, and laid down the decree that defined the night:

"No brackets. No blocks. Tonight, anybody left standing gets a fight. Tonight is Open Fight Night."

Lowlife Larry Edwards vs. Preston Price

It didn't take long for the first scrap to ignite. Larry crashed Dane's announcement, demanding "real fights, not politics." Preston Price strutted down in a paisley jacket, mocking Larry for "bleeding all over Birmingham and still not winning anything." The insults turned to fists, and a ref sprinted to make it official. Larry fought with Yonkers grit and a stubborn chin, but Price's guile and shortcuts won the day. Post-match, Larry promised this wasn't finished and pointed to the hard cam to make sure Preston got the message.

Hoss Harlan vs. Jack Havoc

Dane promised guest stars from ICW, and Jack Havoc was first to answer. He sneered that the Forge was "soft," then dared anyone to prove him wrong. Hoss Harlan stormed out, spitting tobacco juice and barking, "You're in Amarillo country now, son." What followed was a rail-rattling brawl--chairs clanged, fists cracked, and the fight spilled to the floor. Havoc snatched the win after ramming Hoss into the post and drilling him on the outside. Security separated them as they kept swinging; nothing was settled but the tab for new guardrails.

Marcus King vs. Levi Rex

Marcus King sauntered to the ring calling the Grand Prix cancellation "a blessing" because it spared him "wasted time on pretenders." Levi Rex answered with silence--and suplexes. The Chicago tactician survived the early storm, slowing Rex with precise strikes and a grinding pace. Levi roared back late, but King intercepted the rally and connected flush with the **Crownbreaker** for the three. Into the hard cam, King

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smirked: "Checkmate, Foundry."

Peyton Grey vs. Tahlia Monroe

Two hammers, one anvil. Peyton walked out with no entrance and no smile; Tahlia carried herself like a future legend. They traded thudding shots until Tahlia muscled Peyton up and planted her emphatically--only for Grey to shock the crowd with a defiant two-count. Seconds later, Peyton hoisted Tahlia and crushed her with the **Grey Area** to steal the win. A firm post-match handshake teased respect and a future runback.

Marie Van Claudio vs. Sunny Holliday

The surprise of the night came when Eric Dane introduced "a guest who needs no introduction"--Marie Van Claudio. The Forge faithful buzzed as MVC hit the aisle, and Sunny Holliday all but skipped to meet her. "Dream match," Sunny shouted, and the crowd met her joy with thunder. Sunny bombed MVC around the ring, but the veteran's poise and timing took over; after weathering a late surge, MVC cinched a vicious submission for the tap. Post-match, she raised Sunny's hand and mouthed to the camera, "This one's the future."

Eric Dane Jr. vs. Clovis Black

Clovis Black cut a snarl-soaked promo about "forging in blood, not nepotism," which drew Eric Dane Jr. in his father's old robe. The match was gritty and spiteful--Clovis throwing bombs, Jr. fighting on instinct and defiance. Finish: Black tried to powerbomb him into oblivion, but Jr. flipped through into a tight sunset pin for the three. Clovis demanded a rematch as Jr. barked back, "Anytime, anywhere, maniac," before limping to the ropes to salute The Foundry.

Main Event - Jacoby Jacobs vs. Graysie Parker (c)

Jacoby Jacobs, phone in hand and live-stream rolling, demanded the spotlight: "Trust Fund doesn't wait for opportunities--we take them. Graysie Parker, put up or shut up." Graysie hit the ramp to the night's loudest roar, both belts slung over her shoulders. Eric Dane made it official: the Iron Crown would be defended, right now.

Jacoby fought like his rent depended on it--stalling, jawing, hitting every flashy move he had. Graysie weathered it with trademark fire, answering flurry for flurry and stacking near-falls. In the closing rush, she cut Jacoby off mid-sprint, strung together a furious combination, and **put him down clean for three** to retain the Iron Crown. Jacobs rolled out, still streaming and claiming he'd been "robbed," while Graysie took the corner and raised the title high as the Forge survivors ringed the apron.

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Final Word

Open Fight Night wasn't the Grand Prix. It wasn't polished. It was raw, real, and loud enough to shake bolts from The Foundry. In the ashes of cancellation, the Forge proved it still burns--smaller, leaner, and meaner. The Commission can't kill what steel and stubbornness keep alive.

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Show Credits

Segment: "Star Forge: Open Fight Night" - Written by justin.

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