

Star Forge Open Fight Night: 2

October 2, 2025 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

Lowlife Larry Edwards vs Cole Marksson

The low, grinding riff of a dirty New York hardcore track rumbles through the Foundry. Out stomps "Lowlife" Larry Edwards in a tattered hoodie, cigarette dangling from his lips. He doesn't even look at the crowd--just trudges to the ring, flicks the smoke, and throws his hoodie aside with a scowl.

Cole Marksson's music hits--generic, upbeat, rookie vibes--and the kid sprints down the aisle trying to look fired up. The Foundry gives him a polite pop, but it's clear he's walking into a storm.

The bell rings, and Larry comes out swinging. A wild haymaker floors Cole instantly, and Larry barks at him to get up. Cole does--only to eat a heavy knife-edge chop that echoes through the building. Larry follows with a kitchen-sink knee lift and a snap DDT, planting the rookie.

Cole shows flashes--ducking a clothesline and hitting a quick dropkick--but Larry just snarls, shakes it off, and levels him with the Lowlife Lariat. From there it's all punishment. A barrage of punches, a headbutt for good measure, and finally the Dumpster Fire Driver--Larry spikes him headfirst into the canvas.

One! Two! Three!

It's over fast, and it's decisive. Larry pushes off the cover, sitting up to spit and curse under his breath. He doesn't gloat, doesn't smile--just yanks Cole up by the arm and stares him down. After a tense beat, he nods once and shakes the rookie's hand. The Foundry responds with a big cheer at the unexpected show of respect.

Larry drops Cole's hand and rolls out of the ring, trudging back up the aisle without looking back. Cole is left in the ring, battered but with his pride intact, soaking up applause from the fans who appreciate his guts.

Winner: "Lowlife" Larry Edwards (pinfall, 3:52)

Hoss Harlan vs Riley Cross

The lights dim. A jagged Texas guitar riff tears through the PA as the Foundry's faithful boo and holler in equal measure. Hoss Harlan stomps through the curtain, swinging his bullrope overhead like a weapon. He spits a stream of tobacco juice onto the ramp, chucks his battered cowboy hat into the crowd, and marches toward the ring with a wild-eyed fury. Inside, he slams the bullrope on the mat with a crack, howling like a coyote before tossing it to the floor.

The house drops again. A burst of skate-punk drums hits, and Riley Cross sprints from the curtain like he's

Star Forge Open Fight Night: 2

been shot out of a cannon. Thin frame, wild eyes, black-and-white face paint smeared across his cheekbones. He barrels down the aisle, slapping the guardrail, then slides under the ropes headfirst. Hoss charges--but Riley's already up, springboarding off the ropes and hitting a high-speed dropkick that rocks the Texan back into the corner. The bell sounds.

Riley fights like a man with no brakes--throwing his body with abandon: a suicide dive through the ropes, a senton onto the floor, and a shotgun dropkick that nearly topples Hoss. The Foundry eats it up, stomping along with Riley's reckless fire.

But Hoss doesn't stay down. He fights through punishment like it's breakfast, absorbing the shots, snarling, spitting. He catches Riley out of mid-air with a powerslam that rattles the ring. Mudhole stomps in the corner follow, punctuated by a hawked spit that draws heavy boos. He swings wild haymakers, each one echoing in the rafters. A Stampede Splash in the corner nearly crushes Riley.

Riley tries for one last spark--springboard crossbody--but Hoss boots him out of the air like he swatted a fly. The Mad Bull winds up, roars, and levels him with the Texas Lariat. Riley flips inside out, crashing to the canvas. Hoss hooks the leg, snarling into the hard cam.

One! Two! Three!

The bell rings. Hoss rises, swinging his bullrope again, howling at the ceiling while the fans rain jeers. Riley Cross stirs on the mat, battered but unbroken, the Foundry giving him a respectful hand for his guts. But this night belongs to Hoss Harlan, who storms from the ring like he's looking for the next fight already.

Winner: Hoss Harlan (pinfall, 7:04)

Celestina Cruz vs Marisol Serrano vs Cherry Mae James

The house dips to red strobes. "Señor Matanza" by Gotan Project creeps through the Foundry as Marisol Serrano strides out, every step deliberate, chin lifted like a queen entering her court. A spotlight follows her all the way to the ring, where she slides in sharp and clean, glaring at the hard cam with regal contempt.

"Cherry Bomb" by The Runaways blasts next, and the Foundry comes alive. Cherry Mae James bursts from the curtain all smiles, clapping along with the fans. She skips and struts down the aisle with a bubbly energy, blowing a kiss before sliding under the bottom rope. Marisol doesn't budge, cold eyes tracking her every step.

Dark guitar riffs hit as Celestina Cruz saunters out in black leather, tiara tilted mockingly atop her head. The boos are instant. She smirks, waving dismissively at the fans before sliding into the ring, tossing her tiara at the referee as if daring him to touch it.

The bell rings.

Star Forge Open Fight Night: 2

Cherry Mae charges first, peppering both opponents with forearms and a pair of dropkicks that send the heels scrambling. The crowd rallies big behind her. She stacks them in a corner and runs coast-to-coast with a cannonball splash that gets a near fall on Celestina.

Marisol halts her momentum with a sharp knife-edge chop that echoes in the Foundry, then a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker that folds Cherry in half. Serrano turns, only to eat a spinning kick from Celestina that drops her to a knee. Celestina gloats a second too long--Cherry Mae springs up with a neckbreaker, nearly stealing the pin!

The three women trade quick bursts: Cherry Mae with fire, Celestina with arrogance, Marisol with cold precision. A mid-air crossbody by Cherry wipes both down, and the crowd explodes. She covers Marisol--two-count! Celestina drags her off and rakes the eyes.

Marisol answers by snapping Celestina down with a Dragon Suplex, folding her onto her neck. Serrano rises, head held high, pausing just long enough to sneer down at her foe. She hoists Celestina, plants her with the Sierra Imperial, and covers with regal disdain.

One! Two! Three!

The bell sounds. Marisol Serrano stands tall, never breaking her cold gaze as the referee raises her hand. Cherry Mae stirs on the apron, clutching her ribs, while Celestina rolls out holding her neck. The Empress of ICW surveys her fallen foes with icy pride before turning and exiting the ring like nothing more than business was done.

Winner: Marisol Serrano (pinfall, 6:33)

Jack Havok vs Owen Mason

The opening riff of "Seek and Destroy" by Metallica rips through the Foundry. The crowd buzzes uneasily as Jack Havok stomps through the curtain, the Television Championship dangling from one hand, a length of steel chain coiled around the other. He spits out a stream of water, cracks his neck, and stalks down the aisle with zero theatrics, eyes locked on the ring like a wolf closing in. Sliding under the ropes, Havok rises slow, pacing circles with that cold Detroit sneer before snatching the house mic.

Jack Havok:

"Eli Dresden already found out what happens when you step in my way. I broke him, tossed him, and left him lying. Now his buddy Owen Mason wants to try his luck? Kid, you're walking into the same buzzsaw. And let me spell it out for the rest of you--I'm the Television Champion, and the only way you get a shot is by beating me first. Spoiler alert--you can't. None of you can. So sit down, shut up, and watch me carve up another punk."

He slams the mic down and prowls his corner, chain rattling against the mat.

Star Forge Open Fight Night: 2

The house shifts as Owen Mason bursts through the curtain, jawing at Havok the whole way, feeding off the Foundry's roar. The young Steel City Saint slides under the ropes and the fight is on before the bell even finishes ringing.

Mason fires first--rapid forearms, a corner cannonball, and a senton splash that rattles the champ. The fans erupt as he covers--one count only. Havok explodes up, snarling, and drills him with a riot kick that flips Mason inside out. From there, the beating begins.

Havok mauls him with reckless headbutts, an exploder suplex that folds Mason, and a powerbomb across the knees that leaves him gasping. He stalks, circling like a predator, dragging Mason up by the jaw just to slap him back down. The Foundry boos loud, but Havok just smirks, middle finger raised.

Mason rallies with a last burst--catching Havok with a swinging lariat and a running senton--but as soon as he climbs the ropes for a high-risk move, Havok yanks him down by the throat and spikes him with the Chaos Theory (double underhook DDT). Havok doesn't hook the leg--he drapes one arm across Mason's chest and glares straight into the hard cam.

One! Two! Three!

The bell rings. Havok rises slow, snarling, TV Title raised high in one hand, chain dangling from the other. He spits on the mat next to Mason, then leans into the camera.

Havok:

"Who's next?"

Winner: Jack Havok (pinfall, 8:11)

Graysie Parker WZ Title Open Challenge

The Foundry crowd explodes as "Eyes Wide Open" by Kittie hits. Out comes Graysie Parker, WrestleZone Championship raised high, the heart of Iron City written all over her determined face. She climbs into the ring, soaking in the roar, and snatches a mic.

Graysie Parker:

"I know how this works. Scott Stevens puts a bounty on my head, and every so-called 'superstar' UTA can spare is lining up in the back hoping to cash it in. Well guess what--I'm not hiding, I'm not running, and I sure as hell ain't handing this belt over. So send 'em out, one after another, and I'll take every last one down right here in Birmingham!"

The crowd roars as she tosses the mic aside.

"The Ecstasy of Gold" by Ennio Morricone swells, and the arena shifts to heat as Aaron Shaffer strides

Star Forge Open Fight Night: 2

through the curtain. The former WrestleZone Champion, all sneer and swagger, wastes no time sliding into the ring.

The bell sounds.

Shaffer comes in hot--stiff forearms, grinding holds, and more focus than their past encounters. He plants Graysie with a spinebuster for two, nearly stealing it. He zeroes in on her ribs with stomps and a tight abdominal stretch, jawing at the ref and the fans.

But Graysie refuses to fold. She fights out, cracking him with short punches, then rallies with her smashmouth style: heavy clotheslines, a running powerslam, and a near fall of her own. The Foundry stomps with her as she fires up.

Shaffer counters a backdrop with a tight DDT--two-point-nine! The crowd gasps, sensing the upset. Shaffer smirks, signaling for the end--but when he lifts her for the kill, Graysie twists free, drags him down, and cinches in the Iron City Stretch dead-center in the ring.

Shaffer claws, fights, reaches--but there's no escape. He slaps the mat furiously.

Winner: Graysie Parker (submission, 9:16) -- retains the WrestleZone Championship

Graysie Parker (c) vs Gideon Graves

The arena plunges into darkness. Sparks shower down from the stage rigging as the opening riff of "I Stand Alone" by Godsmack rattles the Foundry. Out stomps Gideon Graves, six-foot-four of Pittsburgh steel, hammer-fist pounding his gauntlet with every step. The crowd murmurs with awe and unease as the brute marches to the ring, never breaking his cold stare.

Graysie braces in her corner, calculating what comes next.

Gideon takes command instantly, ragdolling the smaller champion with brute force. A gorilla-press slam plants Graysie hard, followed by a pendulum backbreaker across his knee. He covers--two-count only, but close enough to hush the Foundry.

Graysie fights back with grit--chopping the chest, hitting a running knee lift, and trying for a quick powerslam. Gideon shrugs it off, cutting her down with a corner lariat that nearly folds her in half. He plants her with the Iron Drop, his sit-out spinebuster--one, two, no! Graysie kicks out at the last instant, and the Foundry erupts.

The match rolls into a back-and-forth war. Graysie fires up, landing clotheslines and a second-rope crossbody that gets two. Gideon answers with Snake Eyes across the turnbuckle and a thunderous powerslam, nearly taking it again.

In the end, Graysie survives by instinct. Gideon hauls her up for another Iron Drop--but she shifts her weight

Star Forge Open Fight Night: 2

mid-lift, rolling him into a sudden tight cradle. The referee dives.

One! Two! Three!

The crowd explodes! Gideon thrashes free a heartbeat too late, roaring in disbelief. Graysie bails to the ropes, clutching her ribs, arm raised high with the belt as the fans cheer her resilience.

Winner: Graysie Parker (flash pin, 8:04) -- retains the WrestleZone Championship

Gideon pounds the mat in frustration, jaw tight, while Graysie stares him down from the apron--exhausted, battered, but still holding the gold.

Graysie Parker (c) vs El Phantasma

A low hum of eerie flute tones trickles through the Foundry as smoke wafts from the stage. Out step El Phantasma Oscuro I and II, draped in black and silver masks, gliding to the ring with a spectral calm. Behind them, Madman Szalinski stalks, his blue mask as iconic as ever, eyes fixed on the champion.

Graysie braces as both Oscuros swarm her at the bell. The duo use speed and confusion--blind tags, springboards, and rope-walk hurricanranas--keeping the champ off-balance. Szalinski barks orders, pacing like a madman.

The numbers game takes its toll until the Foundry comes alive--Eric Dane Jr. storms down the aisle. He looks like hell, bandaged and bruised from his war with Chris Ross just four days prior, but he wastes no time planting himself between Szalinski and the ring. The crowd roars as Jr shouts into Madman's face, daring him to make a move.

Inside the ring, Graysie claws her way back. She blasts Oscuro I with a spinebuster, then drills Oscuro II with a Graysie Driver. Before Szalinski can regroup his team, Jr points a warning finger his way. Graysie yanks Oscuro I up and plants him with a second Graysie Driver, stacking both Oscuros in a heap.

One! Two! Three!

Winner: Graysie Parker (pinfall, 6:48) -- retains the WrestleZone Championship

The Foundry explodes as Graysie rises, chest heaving, clutching her belt. The Oscuros roll out while Szalinski fumes on the apron, held back by Jr's presence.

But then--chaos.

Before Graysie can turn to thank Jr, he hesitates, his eyes darting to the belt. In a split-second decision, Jr slides underneath her, hooks her tights, and rolls her into a deep schoolboy. The referee, still in the ring, drops instinctively.

Star Forge Open Fight Night: 2

One! Two! Three!

The Foundry gasps in shock. Jr stumbles back, wide-eyed, as the referee calls for the bell.

Winner: Eric Dane Jr. (pinfall, 0:16) -- NEW WrestleZone Champion

The arena is stunned. Graysie sits up, disbelief etched across her face. Jr clutches the belt, equally shocked at what he's just done. He stares at the title in his hands, then at Graysie, unable to process it. The crowd rains down a mix of boos and stunned silence as the realization sets in: Eric Dane Jr. has stolen the WrestleZone Championship and claimed Scott Stevens' bounty.

Star Forge Open Fight Night: 2

Show Credits

Match: "Lowlife Larry Edwards vs Cole Marksson" - Written by justin.

Match: "Hoss Harlan vs Riley Cross" - Written by justin.

Match: "Celestina Cruz vs Marisol Serrano vs Cherry Mae James" - Written by justin.

Match: "Jack Havok vs Owen Mason" - Written by justin.

Match: "Graysie Parker WZ Title Open Challenge" - Written by justin.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite