

I will never forget what they did to me. My parents will never be forgiven. Even if they showered me with rose petals, tossed me a million dollars, and told me that they really did love me and just did not understand me when I was under their roof. None of those things is obviously going to happen, but even if they did, why should I accept any of it?

While I may seem coarse to a lot of you out there with referring to my parents in this manner, they deserve it and they both know it. Especially my father. I may as well fill the masses out there with some information about the man who calls himself my father. I could tell ever since I was 8 or 9 that he just loved falling for the “get rich quick” schemes. I saw so many eye rolls from my mom that I lost track. Anyways, it would not surprise me that maybe, just maybe, he might be planning on setting up his OWN “get rich quick” scheme, only this time partially at the expense of someone we know, that being Chris Dumont.

I still find it crazy that he was willing to spill \$50,000 big ones on Aisling. I mean she is prettier than me, don't get me wrong, but she still has a lot of growing to do. Has she grown some? Sure. But she still has more room in that department. Seeing her smile when I have seen her though is good. Besides, she is the only one of us that really has been smiling lately. So if Dumont makes her happy? I'm fine with it.

What I am NOT fine with is how certain members of the roster have been treated with the utmost disrespect, and not just once either. I'm not just talking about Polly or even myself either. Deanna is an obvious card-carrying member of this club that Mr. Desoubrais has allowed to grow by not running a tighter ship. Look at what he has sat back and allowed The Enigma to do before he finally suspended him. Poor Deanna is a total mess and no wrestler turned psychiatrist is going to be able to fix things, as much as he claims he will. She would be better off coming to talk to me, as I have grown to really respect her and understand her. You can say that it's the same with me and her as it is with Polly and Selena. We have found common ground. We do not want to see people's lives at risk, all just so someone can prove their sick point. I am not just referring to The Enigma here. James Evans and YUSA are just as guilty, as are others.

But I will get to James and YUSA soon enough. Today though, being my father and Tyler's father are feeling the urge to follow us around lately, I have something to take care of. It is MY turn to follow them, to find out what they are planning if anything, and do whatever I have to do to put a stop to it.

Besides, I would never forgive myself if anyone got hurt due to something either of those two is planning. I would rather them take me instead, because they both know that I would put up a fight that they would not win. On that subject of not winning, my opponent for tonight has been in that position more times than Polly or I ever have. It's a shame really. All Chris Lawler wants is to be noticed and to eventually earn opportunities. I get it. Unfortunately for him, tomorrow tonight is not going to be a good night for him. Tomorrow night I don't care about what he wants. Tomorrow night is about what I want and is about putting certain people on notice. I am not one to be fucked with, EVER.

But if you want to test your fate against me? Perhaps you will get bitten by my OWN brand of FAFO. If you choose to do just that, it's your funeral. And know this, I will never forgive you for your actions. Hopefully Lawler is smart about that tomorrow night. Hopefully others out there will be smarter going forward. But I highly doubt it. Sadly many people out there think they have me all figured out. Every single one of you could never be more wrong.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 2024

Staying Out Of Sight

It is early in the afternoon hours but Colleen does not find herself busy with working out for her next matchup in SCW. She doesn't find herself in Polly's presence or Aisling's or even Peter's or Marissa's. No. Instead she is down in the hotel lobby, strategically hiding behind a large plant that is inside of a large vase. She scours the lobby from her hiding place until finally she sees who she was hoping to see, that being her father and Mr. Harrison. The two of them make their way past her hiding spot, not even seeing her. They head in the direction of the conference room. Colleen nods to herself and waits for them to make their way over to the door, where a member of the hotel staff is waiting for them. The staff member greets them and tells them that they may go in and use the room for up to 30 minutes, as there is a staff meeting scheduled at that time. The two men nod and Colleen can hear her father speak.

"We will be done by then. Thanks."

Both of them walk in. Colleen can see that Tyler's father has a large spiral notebook in his hands, probably for taking down notes. The moment the door is closed back up and the staff member vacates his former position, Colleen moves in and stands just outside the door, leaning up against the wall, eavesdropping and trying to pick up as much of the conversation as she can.

"... you sure that you will be able to keep that son of yours at bay? He can't know a thing. He turned on us for her, when she won't even give him the time of day."

"It'll be fine. He's in the dark and it will remain that way."

"It better remain that way. You know this is very important business to me, and it should be for you too. We will both be rewarded with all the money we could ever dream of. The best part is that none of them will know about our third secret partner, who wishes to remain anonymous at this time. I can't even tell you."

Mr. Harrison wears a look of intrigue on his face, but does not even try to get any intel from his business partner. Meanwhile on the outside of the door, Colleen is having trouble controlling herself, even though she knows she has to so she doesn't blow her cover.

"Fair enough."

"I arranged this short meeting today with the hotel just so we can bounce ideas off each other. Though to be honest, I think setting up and hosting on-location game shows across the U.S. and Canada could be quite the moneymaker. We definitely have enough money to buy a makeshift set and some props for at least a few shows before we would need more funds in order to continue. Do you like what I'm thinking about? Do you have any other ideas?"

"Hmmm... The game show idea is kind of poetic, being your daughter used to be a game show model I believe, correct?"

"That she was."

"She would never agree to it."

"I'm not going to ask her to participate. It's like I said, we don't need her or her lesbian friend or even Aisling. I'm sure there are plenty of other young ladies out there that will foam at the mouth to help us out."

From her place at the door, Colleen is now grinding her teeth like how Polly does sometimes, saying one single word under her breath.

"Disgusting."

From the looks of it Colleen probably feels that she has learned enough about their plans, yet still she holds her current position, waiting to hear if any other information is divulged that she is not supposed to know about.

"Do you need my help in the picking process? I would have liked to have had my son help out with this, but as you said, I don't know where his head is at."

Colleen is muttering to herself again, but not the point where they can hear her through the wall.

"Tyler's head is actually in a good place for once. That's where."

"It's fine. We don't need him. Let's just recruit when we get down into Detroit. That's a melting pot. We should be able to get really good candidates to fill jobs there. Just need to find girls that will be willing to be away from home for potentially a while."

"To HELL you both will!"

This time around Colleen's muttering is a little bit too loud. Both men inside the conference room turn to the door. As soon as she says this to herself, even though it was aimed at them, she walks away not making another sound. Luckily for her she isn't wearing loud shoes, but instead older sneakers that make no audible sound.

"I wonder what that was."

"Probably just a member of the hotel staff. Maybe they were trying to get in here to clean the room for the upcoming staff meeting. Who knows. Are we done here?"

"If you don't have any ideas to pitch, I guess so."

"I don't. I really like the sound of a brand new game show, even though this one would be a traveling one. Poetic justice if you ask me. I honestly can't wait."

"Me neither. Just going to have to hide it from you know who."

"That could be hard. Your daughter is uhhh... what's the word... headstrong. She'll try to stop us if she finds out what we're up to."

"Then we need to make certain that she doesn't find out. If she does, well, I guess I will have to assign our mystery partner to her. As tough as nails as my daughter is, he will overwhelm her and weaken her until she is out of the picture."

Mr. Harrison now looks straight at Mr. MacDonald.

"So you would have your own daughter hurt just for this cause?"

"She's made it clear that she is never going to forgive me or my wife. She said she was fine on her own, then let her be on her own. She will get what she deserves."

"Okay then."

Mr. Harrison shrugs and begins to make his way to the conference room door. He has written down several notes in his notebook and does keep the once again closed notebook in his possession. Mr. MacDonald picks up the briefcase he had brought in and follows Mr. Harrison to the door. He opens the door and both men walk through it before they head out of the hotel. They walk down the street and it is not long before they enter the closest restaurant.

Meanwhile now outside the restaurant, across the street, Colleen turns around and looks at the restaurant, sneering in its direction.

"I just KNEW he was up to no good. Fuck you father. FUCK YOU!"

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 23, 2024
Laying Down The Law

Yet another day and evening have fully passed by, and yet again no Aisling in sight. To Colleen that means that once again Aisling is staying in the presence of Chris Dumont of the Phantom Troupe. Colleen looks into the mirror in the room and sees her reflection, showing off that she must be a bit warm tonight, perhaps even hot and bothered, as she is wearing just a pair of gray panties and a white spaghetti string tank top, not her usual dark style of clothing.

“The only GOOD thing to come out of this was that Aisling and Chris have found some sort of connection. Nothing wrong with that. But I just knew it. I knew that their intentions were NOT good. Now I’ll have to be the one to stop them. I can’t tell Polly. She has more than enough on her plate and wants to be done with the gaming world for good, especially after what Peter’s father put her through when he used us to get to her. I can’t blame Polly. I was hoping to be done with it too. It just goes to show that some adults can’t even grow up sometimes.”

Colleen casts a disgusted look into the mirror and can see the look she is emitting, yet she doesn’t seem to care. A bit further into the room she already has a web camera set up, sitting on top of Aisling’s laptop computer. It is turned on as the red light can be visibly seen. Colleen isn’t looking towards the camera though, but she does acknowledge its presence.

“What you see right now with all of your eyes is not the least bit funny, unlike what you James see me as. You think I’m nothing but a joke that is in Polly’s shadow, but you are wrong. DEAD wrong. I thought you could see the look in my eyes when you were in the ring with me last Thursday. I thought you could feel that when I rammed this big butt of mine right into your face when I had you trapped in the corner. But apparently it sounds like you need more of a reminder that I am far more than what you are making me out to be. It sure sounds to me like you are just laughing your encounter with me off like it’s nothing, but you know DAMN well that I could have taken you down myself had YUSA’s bodyguards not interfered in MY business.”

“You don’t seem to think so and you are more than welcome to feel that way, but here’s the thing James. How do you think YOU would do against an army of bodyguards? I will tell you the correct answer. Not so hot. No one around here can survive a 3 or more against 1 for very long, including you. On top of that, you chose to add insult to injury when you went for that cheap shot to my head. One day and one day soon you will pay for that. It is on that day that you will realize that maybe, just maybe, you should have made sure you finished the job! I am WAY tougher than you think and I am not just floating around like some bubble that is waiting to be popped by everyone in sight! I’m not made of glass James, unlike YUSA and unlike others around here that know they can’t go it alone.”

Colleen now looks at the web camera for the first time and delivers a very harsh sneer before she looks away again.

“Look at me, James. Look at me, YUSA. Look at me, Lawler. I believe I am making my point very clear here. I am not one to be overlooked. I am not some stepping stone that is supposed to lead any of you to your dreams. As far as you go James, you got lucky that YUSA sees me as a threat to the SCW Underground Championship, because I am. As far as you go YUSA,

yeah, you got me out of a ring at the end of a battle royal. Congratulations, but when it comes to actually having to try to pin me or make me tap out? It's not happening, and you know it. Yeah sure you're going to say you sent your bodyguards out for revenge for my intervention at Apocalypse, but that isn't the only reason why you did it. You wanted to take me out so I wouldn't be in the running for that championship. Much like I have told James, you didn't finish the job. I'm starting to see a theme here and that theme continues on to you Chris."

"It was months back where you thought Polly was going to quit after she fell short against Deanna for the United States Championship. You went out there into the arena and interrupted what she was about to say, and for what? Don't tell me that you actually cared for Polly in the moment and the disappointment she was going through. Let me clue you in. She wasn't going to quit that night. She was going to announce that she was moving on towards other opportunities, which is exactly what she has done and is looking to do going forward. I may not like where her head is at right now, but she has been through far more than anybody else on this roster, including myself. As long as she doesn't do anything crazy like The Enigma has, I'll be by her side when she wants me to. Tomorrow night though Chris is all about the two of us. I want my fair shake at the SCW Underground Championship and you want opportunities too. You want to move up the ladder and I respect that."

"However, you had a chance to do that when you faced both Polly and Gavin. Much like how James and YUSA tried to take me out almost two weeks ago, guess what happened to you in that match? You didn't finish the job that you started. And tomorrow night, I am not going to hesitate to drill you into a corner and soften you up with my derriere before I pull you back out of that corner and drop right down on top of you, deflating as much air out of you that I want. As that happens, I will reach for and grab one of your legs and pin you down. There won't be any heroics from you. There won't be any kick out from you. And there sure won't be a successful Lawler Cutter from you."

Colleen runs her right hand through her dark hair and then turns and glares right into the eye of the web camera, even taking a few steps closer to it.

"Just know this. Between us it will be strictly business. I am not looking to maim you or set you on fire like certain others around here. I am instead looking to prove that I deserve more championship opportunities. I am fully aware of what you seek. I know you want a win, ANY win. You're desperate even if you haven't shown it at the arena. I know exactly what you are feeling going into tomorrow night Chris, and there's a very good reason for why I do. I have seen the look in your eyes in someone else. I have seen the look in Polly. Which is why I am not overlooking you. Not at all. I'm not some stupid broad like James Evans believes me to be. And soon even he will be forced to see it."

"Tell you what. We both already know that James Evans overlooks you. He can't overlook me anymore, and tomorrow night you had better at least follow that lead. I'm looking for more than just a battle here Chris. I am looking to dissect my opponent, weaken them, and then finally go in for the kill, because I am TIRED of people that see me as nothing! I am not going to forgive a

single one of them! If I hurt you in order to begin getting my message across? If I hurt you in order to fire off a warning shot that I am going to restore order in the ways that I know how? It is what it is. Don't take it personally."

With those words she turns away again but leaves the web camera running for a while, with it recording just the one section of the room. Eventually it shuts off as Colleen disconnects it from Aisling's laptop computer. She leaves it on the table and then goes to the window and just looks out until she begins to finally feel tired. Even then she lingers a bit longer, squinting her eyes, knowing that unfortunately there are many out there plotting and many out there doing things that will never be able to be forgiven.