

It was a long trip out west. I knew I didn't want to stay in Detroit for another day, and definitely not until the following Saturday, being that young girl Lauren was about to follow through with the dumbest mistake she had ever made in her life so far, choosing to ally with my... GRR! ... father!

However, I wish I was never on the train westward either because it gave me far too much time to think about things. David Striker was amongst those things. I was obviously not thrilled that he followed me on the morning of Election Day. I have told him several times now that I am not a woman that is to be won. I am not a little girl. I am a strong woman that can stand on my own two feet. I can make my own decisions, thank you very much. Honestly, I feel my thoughts about him being crazy in some aspects is quite justified.

I told this all to Polly, when the others had all chosen to take a rest. I almost told her at the pool back at the hotel in Detroit, but I just couldn't get it out at that point. Even despite her emotional state due to quite a few recent events, her response is still resonating with me at this very moment as I stand here at a dock at the infamous San Francisco Bay.

"Hmm. He must see what I saw. You don't have to act and be like a businesswoman all the time, you know. I know you and I have grown super close. Maybe he just wants the same. Maybe he just wants to get to know you. He doesn't seem to be a bad guy. Besides, I'm sure you can put him in his place very quickly if he even had a thought about doing something bad to you."

I remember my response to all of that. It was coarse, rough, and almost unfeeling.

"So you are saying I should give him a chance and at least talk to him more. I don't think so. I have far more important things to tend to. I have the SCW Underground Championship. I know I have to keep up a high standard in order to show everyone around here that I have more control than anyone else on this roster. And even more important, I have you. You are the only one I'm willing to listen to and even come close to melting for. You're worth it. With David, his craziness has shown in the ring. I don't trust him. I am not willing to be hurt by anyone. Now if in the future he proves himself worthy by showing more control, maybe my mind will change. Right now, I can't afford to focus on him."

"Okay. Don't just toss him aside entirely though. I don't want you to throw away something that could lead to happiness for you."

My next words to her definitely hit home, as I knew they would, because they were the complete truth.

"I have all the happiness I need, right here."

I slipped my arm around her back. This did get a shy smile from Polly. She lowered her head as I just sat there, not moving my arm for quite some time. She is one that I never ever want to

lose. If I lose her, I will feel like I have lost the one person in this world that truly and deeply cares about me. I can't let that happen. Nor can I allow the SCW Underground Championship go, being SCW so desperately needs someone like me as its holder. For so long this division has been embroiled in chaos. But no longer. Not even when I defend the championship during Fatal Fortunes will chaos ensue. I will make sure of that, even though I won't know who my opponent is, nor will I know what type of match I will defend the championship in. No matter who it is and no matter what environment I will have to face, I will find a way to gain control. Much like how I will gain control at the right moment over my next opponent, even though the championship is not on the line.

On that night, I will be blocking everything else out, including Polly. Important business is at stake.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2024

The Mechanical Bull

Feeling like she couldn't be around any of them tonight, Colleen has headed out of the hotel on her own, without a single one of them noticing her. She has slipped into the darkness wearing again all black, as per usual. She clearly doesn't even care that it's a bit cooler than usual, with that showing being she is wearing just a pair of shorts, her customary tube top, and just simple black socks and sneakers on her feet. Her cell phone is in her left hand, but it isn't on at this current moment in time.

Those cold dark eyes are only looking forward as she rounds a few bends before coming to a bar where there is quite a bit of noise inside. Curious, she makes the right hand turn, and quickly sees what all the commotion is about. She sees a woman riding a mechanical bull and a lot of the bar's patrons watching her, to see how long she will be able to stay on. She has a decent grip, that is until the mechanical bull makes a sudden very jerky move that makes her lose grip and get bucked off to one of the thick mats surrounding it. Everyone present gives her a hand for giving it a good go as she gets to her feet. She walks away from the bull and goes to claim one of the stools by the bar. The small crowd of patrons disperses and goes about their business, many of them returning to the drinks and snack foods that they have ordered.

Colleen looks at the mechanical bull for a few moments before she turns her attention to the bar. She heads to the nearest open stool, sits down, and waits to be acknowledged by the bartender. It doesn't take him too long to head her way.

"Hey. Do you have anything non-alcoholic? I wrestle so I can't have any booze unfortunately."

"I'll see what I can do for a cocktail, if that will work?"

"Sure. Also, how much to ride the bull?"

"Five bucks. If you stay on until it stops, the boss said we can give that rider a twenty."

“Eh, I don’t care about the money. I have plenty of it. Let’s see what you can get me for a drink. Surprise me. Impress me. Then we’ll see if I give you a show or not. Trust me, I’m not an easy sell. Got it?”

“Yes.”

“Good. I’ll wait.”

The bartender moves with good precision, looking around at the ingredients that are at his disposal. It isn’t long before he is putting a fruity drink on a coaster in front of the busty woman he is serving. Colleen examines the contents of the glass first before she looks at him skeptically. He says nothing, nor does she. She then picks up the glass and takes her first sip. After tasting it she takes down a decent amount more of it, seemingly content. After the glass is back on the coaster, she gives him what she’s thinking, along with a ten dollar bill.

“It’s very good actually. Keep the other five. You’ve got yourself another show.”

Colleen dislodges herself from the stool. The other female who got thrown off the bull just a few minutes ago spins her stool around and watches Colleen confidently walk up to and climb onto the mechanical bull. All of the patrons in the bar again look, seeing there is another taker that is up to the challenge. The bartender that served her comes out from behind the bar and hands her a cowgirl hat that is sitting up on the bartop. Colleen nods and puts it on her head. She sturdies herself and waits for the bull to be turned on. The moment it is she hugs the bull with her thighs and gets an extremely firm grip with her right hand as well. She leaves her left hand free. The bull makes its first lurch forward. Colleen is easily able to keep herself steady. Despite her legs and thighs completely being in control of the bull, her face and upper body seem to be quite relaxed. Her dark eyes are focused. The speed of the bull picks up and the next jerking movement is a bit rougher, yet still Colleen isn’t conceding. The next huge movement the machine makes is the one that the woman prior to her fell off on, but that doesn’t happen to Colleen. Instead she raises her left arm as all the guys in the place begin to cheer her on, seeing that they have themselves a rider. The bull begins to get more out of control now, but Colleen works with its every move until it really tries to buck her off. However Colleen STILL holds on. The mechanical bull soon after this slows down and comes to a stop. Colleen takes her left hand down as everyone in the bar cheers her. Carefully she dismounts and walks right up to the bartender.

“So. Impressed? Like I said, keep the twenty.”

The bartender is left with his eyes wide open as Colleen heads back to the stool she had selected. Slowly she finishes her drink, with everyone looking in her direction. The woman next to her at the bar exclaims to her.

“Damn. You must be a professional.”

“No. It’s all about being in control. That poor bull had no chance. The way I feel right now, NO ONE has a chance against me, or with me.”

The woman nods before she looks up and watches the television that hangs over the bar on the right hand side. Upon emptying the glass, Colleen gets up off the stool and drops another ten dollar bill for the drink before she leaves the bar. A lot of the patrons watch her leave, but no one says anything to her, nor do they follow her. From here Colleen continues her walk, not really caring where she walks to. Eventually she makes her way back to the hotel, knowing full well that in a few nights, being in control once again is truly the answer and key to her success.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 2024

Taming

Atop San Francisco’s Tank Hill stands the full figure of the SCW Underground Champion. Colleen is just staring right back down into the city. She sighs as the growing winds whip around her, whipping her long gray skirt up a decent amount, but not too much to show anything that shouldn’t be seen in public. One strap of her matching gray tank top is down off her left shoulder, as is the dark blue sweat coat that sits just above it, unzipped.

For a few moments she takes her eyes off of the landscape and turns on her cell phone. As much as she wants to focus on what is in front of her, she knows that business must be done. It isn’t long before she’s recording herself, delivering her first message to all of SCW as the Underground Champion.

“I knew what I had to do and I did just that. If anyone has a problem with what I did inside that Chamber, I invite you to go ahead and step to me. If by chance you want an opportunity at the Underground Championship, if you want to call your shot, I am not very tough to find. Of course as of right now I bet everyone believes that I am shaking in my boots, with Fatal Fortunes just around the corner.”

“Hardly. That simply is not the case. I don’t fear the unknown. I made that quite obvious leading up to and especially at Under Attack. Even when you look back, who was the one that first began to break The Enigma after he had gained so much momentum upon when he first arrived here to SCW? Me. Fear is not a word that exists in my vocabulary. Nor will it begin to exist tomorrow night against you, Veronica.”

Colleen pauses but it isn’t for long.

“Listen. I know that you are fierce. I know that you have never met a fight that you haven’t liked. Sure, I don’t know much more about your background, but I have seen enough of you here so far in SCW to know that I have a challenge before me. I’m not going to dismiss you just because you faced an early exit inside the Chamber. I’m not going to judge you for it either. You got outgunned, plain and simple. That is something I will not let happen to me.”

“That will undoubtedly bother you. I don’t care if it does or doesn’t. You learned at Under Attack to not bring a knife to a gunfight, and I suggest wholeheartedly to you to leave the knife backstage tomorrow night too. While it is true that I won’t be able to use a ring bell against you tomorrow night, I won’t need it. I didn’t need it to take out YUSA either. I only used it because I could. I knew that I needed to take control of the situation and that is what I did. I wasn’t going to let her get lucky a second time. I stuck to my guns and stuck to what I was allowed to have with me. That is what I am going to do in that ring, for the first time as the SCW Underground Champion.”

“Yeah, no weapons allowed, except for one. This.”

Colleen partially turns and even uses her cell phone so it can catch a glimpse of her quite colossal butt.

“That is the weapon that you will need to avoid, and trust me when I say Veronica, if it gets you, it will be lethal. That is just one of the differences between myself and one of your recent enemies. While we can both be cold, I can control myself and make sure that I get the control that I want. Your rival there, despite being in this business for longer than me, still has quite a bit to learn. Throwing caution to the wind and being a complete daredevil is not the answer.”

“I know what you’re thinking at this point, Veronica. This is the Underground Division. Things are supposed to get crazy. They’re supposed to get hardcore. This division is supposed to bring you to hell and back.”

The dark-haired Colleen shakes her head.

“No. Times have changed. The age of the Queen of the Death Match is over. Even more importantly the folly that was YUSA was foiled. While you may consider yourself hardcore and obviously see yourself as a cowgirl from hell, it will not be good enough to knock me off. I am stronger than everyone thought I was and I proved it. I will keep doing that, no matter who I come up against and no matter what I have to face.”

Colleen keeps holding her cell phone with her left hand but she digs into her sweat coat pocket with her right hand and produces a small rolled up rope. She unravels it before she lashes it forward, the rope hitting the ground.

“If you want to bring chaos into my life, there will be a toll to pay, Veronica. I am all about control, even though just about everyone else around here is not. You clearly don’t even know the meaning of the word control.”

“But hey, that’s fine. You do you and I’ll do me. However, if you think your brand of fighting is going to put me down and out for the count? You are sadly mistaken. Every time you go to attack me like a wild animal, I am going to study your movements. Every time you feel that you

have the upper hand on me, I will remember what you have done to gain that momentum. And when the time comes for me to use it all against you, I will. I will lasso the cowgirl and tame your threat, thus then controlling the situation. And believe you me Veronica, I won't let the rope go. I will take the proverbial bull by the horns, take her down, and then drop right down on top of her, giving YOU, the bull that I speak of, no way of escape."

"That is how it is going to be in the Underground Division now. I invite you to fight me with every ounce of fight that you have in you. You can fight me until you turn blue in the face. But in the end, you will find that I am the new SCW Underground Champion for a reason. I earned it, and I am not simply going to let chaos and whatnot take it away from me. I have worked far too hard to let the inmates run the asylum, unlike how our boss has just let it happen."

"You have been warned, Veronica. Heed my warning, fight like you mean it, and we will have no issues. I want to fight you until one of us can fight no longer."

Colleen raises her chin a bit before giving one simple nod to her phone. With her right she lifts the rope up a second time and it isn't long at all before she lashes the ground a second time. When she brings the rope up again, she whips it around in the air so it looks like a lasso, a lasso that is ready to control anything that needs to be tamed. If tomorrow night that victim is Veronica Strader, to Colleen, it is what it is... strictly business.