I didn't want to do it. But I sure as heck was not going to throw away my friendship with Colleen. I was already feeling bad enough about the things I told her. After all, none of it is her fault. She isn't the one that took the Television Championship from me. She isn't one of the ones that needed to roll me up in order to hold me back. She isn't the one that needed to take advantage of all my hard work. And most importantly, she isn't the one that did the most ultimately wrong thing you could ever do to someone you say you love.

I should have known he would be unfaithful. As I took all that time over Spring Break to look back, so many times came to my mind that I just didn't realize at the time. I wanted it to work between us. Yeah, I know I have needed space and time away from him a few times, but he could have been more patient with me. Patience is a virtue. It's not like I was bad to him. I have always minded my manners and was very respectful towards Peter.

Sigh. But I guess a Compton is a Compton. I will be dealing with him soon enough. There is a reason why I won't be joining Colleen in London, at least not until the very last minute when I have to be there in order to liberate the SCW Adrenaline Championship from Deanna Frost, thus liberating it from Mr. Desou- no… CHB- definitely not calling him that… one of Aloof Alex's favorites. Even he can't say that I'm wrong. A perfect example is the number one contendership match for the SCW World Championship, choosing to give four Brits a chance to be Syren's next challenger, because let's face it, Gavin Taylor has no shot. You know, the steal will be in full effect and all. Anyways, it's like he's silently screaming out "Let's give four for the home country crowd to cheer for. Let's build up their false hope when one of them wins, only for Syren to inevitably successfully defend against that poor soul."

He's wrecking what should be SCW's future. Depending on relic after relic to put the butts in the seats at every single place we go to, holding us back as a company. Just like how the man I thought I would spend the rest of my life with chose to hold us back as a couple by not trusting me on something that was my business and my business alone to handle. And now?

I don't trust either of them. I CAN'T trust either of them!

Both of them have hurt me. Both of them need to realize that they made a mistake by crossing my bad side. It's time that both of them pay for their sins. Now will I remain faithful to SCW, despite all of the bad times? Yes. But if anyone else chooses to get in my way, I will make sure those people will forever be remembered, and not in a good way.

MONDAY LATE MORNING, MARCH 16, 2026
In The Opposite Direction

As Polly sits in her window seat in the airplane, with no seat partner as the airplane is not sold out, she is actively on her cell phone, having already made a call to someone, being that the airplane is not quite due to take off yet. She does her best to make herself comfortable and is definitely prepared for the altitude that the airplane will reach being she is in her thickest pair of blue jeans and her dark purple v-neck sweater. On her lap lies her light purple hoodie, but she

is not paying attention to that or to anything or anyone else around her. Her focus is on the voice that she is now hearing on the other end of the line.

"Yes Miss Pingotti. We can fit you in on Wednesday, but you will have to come as soon as we open. Will 8:30 in the morning be good for you?"

"It will be fine. Thank you."

"Okay. Just so Mr. Bellamy is up to date, can you tell us everything that has happened between the two of you up to this point?"

"Um, my flight takes off in a few minutes, so now isn't the best time. Can I call you back when I land? Or perhaps tomorrow?"

"That would be cutting things close. He would like to understand your case and why you feel this is the right course of action. He's an attorney that cares, as your father knows."

"Knew."

"Right. I'm sorry, Miss Pingotti."

Polly adjusts herself in her seat before telling the woman on the phone "Anyways, if it's possible, can I maybe e-mail a full explanation? I can write everything out while I'm up in the air."

"That might work. How soon do you think you can get it to us?"

"I'll do my best to have all the details together by the time I land. That way when I'm back on the ground with some WiFi, I can send it."

"I will discuss with Mr. Bellamy. I'm sorry that you are not calling under better circumstances."

"Eh, it's not your fault. I do appreciate any help that Mr. Bellamy can give me."

"Noted, Miss Pingotti."

"Polly. No need to be formal towards me. Not many treat me with respect anyways. Apparently I don't deserve it."

In a huff Polly ends the call, probably leaving the secretary holding her phone on the other end, likely shaking her head. But Polly doesn't look like she cares one bit. That's what happens when someone is mistreated one too many times.

Polly reaches down and pulls a fresh notebook and her black ink pen from out of her carry-on bag. As she zips her bag back up, she hears the announcement to fasten seat belts. She gets

fully back into her seat and hangs on to these two items after tucking her cell phone into the seat pocket directly in front of her as the final normal spiel about fastening seat belts, flotation devices, and whatnot is spoken aloud by one of the stewardesses. As soon as that is over, it isn't long before it's the airplane's turn to fly off down the runway and up into the skies above. Polly places her notebook underneath her left leg and holds onto the pen with her left hand. Once the airplane is all the way up and leveling out, she moves the black pen over to her right hand and holds open the empty notebook with her left. Immediately she begins to write down everything she can think of, everything that has led her to how she is feeling at this very moment. From the look in her eyes, it is clear that it is very hard for her to keep her composure. But not once does she fidget or even drop a tear. She does something that she has never liked doing, bottling up all of her emotions. That will never change about her. At least right now, at this very moment, she can pour out her emotions on the page. But it's obviously not the same. Yet still she writes away until every detail that has run her down from the inside out is there on the notebook's pages. Satisfied, she uses her left arm to wipe away at her eyes, feeling that a couple of tears are trying to make an appearance.

Quietly she says to herself "He will be one person that won't be able to hurt me anymore."

Polly closes and clutches the notebook for a little bit before she stuffs it in the seat pocket in front of her, having it join her cell phone. For the rest of the flight, she sits back and does her best to push everything aside. With her window shade down, while it does take a while, she is eventually able to take a short nap that undoubtedly is welcome.

TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 2026
At Her Crossroads

Being she landed well after Mr. Bellamy's office was scheduled to close, Polly resorted to taking pictures of every single page in her notebook that she had filled with notes and then sending the pictures to Mr. Bellamy's secretary via her g-mail address. When she woke up this morning and looked at the clock beside the bed that she hadn't set, she panics for a moment but then remembers it's only Tuesday morning and not Wednesday. Still she checks her cell phone to see if there is any return message or return e-mail sent from the office. To this moment there is none yet, so Polly gathers her bearings and gets out of bed. She brings her cell phone into the bathroom and places it down on the sink before she lays her hands on the table that contains the sink and stares into the mirror in front of her.

"Hopefully he gets it, though I doubt it. He's obviously moved on, and now, so will I."

Polly slowly sheds her long white baggy nightshirt which leaves her in only a set of light purple panties. Her green eyes really focus on the mirror now as she examines her reflection. While her physical scars are not all that numerous, it's the psychological ones that have dug deep. She sighs deeply a few times and it looks like she is about to turn and get into the shower, but her cell phone goes off. Upon seeing the phone number, Polly answers it.

“Hey. Has he had time to read any of my problems yet?”

“He is actually beginning to read through everything you have submitted right now, Polly. I just wanted to call you to let you know that we received what you sent us and again that I’m sorry for what’s happened to you. Your father always spoke very highly of you and I don’t want you to be in any pain. Mr. Bellamy doesn’t want that for you either.”

“My best friend and my mom don’t either. But my mom is still in Europe.”

“Oh. At least with your best friend, you have a support system that you can always reach out to when you need it.”

“That is one of the problems though. I don’t want to always have to rely on her. She’s amazing, but I feel like my problems are her problems. No more. I’m taking care of this matter on my own. Just need a professional to aid me to make the paperwork official.”

“Of course. Mr. Bellamy will be available tomorrow morning so you can speak with him directly. Try to have a good day, okay Polly?”

“Not likely, but yeah, sure, I’ll try. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. We will see you tomorrow..”

Polly hits the end button on her phone and puts it back on the big sink. Her focus now turns to the shower. The moment she reaches her right hand in to turn on the faucet, her face goes a bit paler than it just was as she looks up at the towel bar that is inside the shower. Yet Polly steps in and allows herself to be hit with the warm water that is flowing out of the showerhead from up above. She feels the towel bar with both of her hands as she closes her eyes.

“I can’t let anyone else do that to me. Never again. Marissa wrecked me, shook me to my very core. And now you Peter have done the same. Tomorrow, I’m breaking the bonds. Tomorrow, I’m going to move forward. Tomorrow, you and I are officially done. No one will hold me back anymore, especially you.”

With her words, she pounds her fists up against the back side of the shower, but not all that hard. She opens her eyes and turns her back to the showerhead, allowing it to rain water down on her back. While she is probably hoping the water revitalizes her, that is not what it does in her eyes. It’s not long before she shuts it off, it clearly not soothing her at all. Carefully she steps out of the shower and quickly towels off before she leaves the bathroom, leaving the now wet towel laying sloppily on the floor.

Despite being back in her home state, she is not in the home where she grew up. She is instead in the Crossroads of the West, the capital of Utah, Salt Lake City. Obviously she is no stranger here though. Although this time she knows she is here on the most serious business

she has ever faced in her entire life. With that weighing heavily on her mind, she chooses to wear an outfit that is not showy at all, which includes her longest black skirt that goes almost down to her feet and her long sleeve black shirt. On her feet are her high heels. She leaves her hair loose and then walks over to the back of her hotel room. She draws the drapes and just simply looks out to the city that right now is beneath her.

To her this trip that she had never thought she would have to make is all about pushing him out of her life for good. To her this trip is about moving on from the crossroads she is now stuck in, and about fully taking control of her life.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 17, 2026
At Her Wit's End

She has long since left the hotel and has ventured out into the balmy Salt Lake City air, being that it is unseasonably warm. She doesn't appear to seem hot at all though as she walks along and heads to the park that is closest to where she is staying. It is here where she goes and sits on a vacant bench. She looks towards the playground area and just glares at it as children are having a merry old time on the jungle gym, on the swings, and on the slide.

"Maybe I shouldn't have come here. It's only one MORE thing that he took away from me."

Polly looks away. It's not long before a distraction comes as her cell phone rings. Mr. Delatosso's name comes up on the screen as Polly had assigned his name to his phone number weeks ago. Rolling her eyes, she accepts the call and puts him on speaker, choosing to leave her cell phone laying in her lap.

"Hi. To what do I owe this honor, Mr. Delatosso? I'm kind of busy right now."

"I figured as much, being you didn't check in with the others at the hotel we have booked here in London. Will you be here on Sunday evening for Retribution?"

Polly's green eyes squint as she bluntly says "Yes. I'm not going to let Deanna keep the Adrenaline Championship. I just need to take care of something else that is serious first. So you know this, I'm not your errand girl. That is why I was late for that Underground Championship" she pauses searching for a correct word "fiasco. I will be doing whatever I want, whenever I want, however I want. If you want to think poorly of me because of that, fine."

"I don't think poorly of you, Polly. I understand all of the pain that you have gone through. I did originally want you fired for messing with the power that one night, but I then realized that you did it for a good reason. It was one decision that Mr. Desoubrais has actually been correct when he made it. Keeping you around. You are very talented Polly. You have the attributes to be a top Champion around here and to also gain everything else you want in life. It's just that you have had bad luck when it matters mo-"

"Bad luck? No. It's not about luck at all. It's about people being obsessed with always knocking me down, just in order to build themselves up. Then you have Alex going around giving these undeserving people chances, people that want to keep knocking me down again and again and again! Trust me Mr. Delatosso, it's not just happening to me inside SCW's walls either! I'm at my wit's end in more ways than just one! I need something good to happen and damn it nobody better get involved out there in London! If someone does and costs me the SCW Adrenaline Championship, you WILL have blood on your hands, as will Alex!"

There is a dead hanging silence now between the two, with Polly breathing hard. Mr. Delatosso is the one to break it and respond to her, as professional as he can.

"I understand. I want nothing but the best for you Polly. You have been here for years and have more than paid your dues. You held up your end of the deal by participating in the SCW Underground Championship match and did your best to take it home and to get respect back on its name, so I will see to it that it is only you and Deanna out there, nobody else."

Polly grinds her teeth, telling him "You had better!" before adding "Any other reason why you called me besides checking on me like a father that I don't need?"

"No. I'm sorry to have bothered you Polly. I'll let you go about your business."

"Yeah, I've heard those words before, Mr. Delatosso. Don't make a promise that you can't keep. Bye."

Polly hangs up, not caring that she spoke in such a harsh tone to the CEO. With everything on her plate though, it's understandable. As she tries to brush off this latest interruption, Polly stands up and walks closer to the playground area. When she gets to a tree that's close to the area, she leans up against it and states to herself "They have no idea how lucky they are that they are still so young. They are so naive, like I once was. They have not had the chance to have everything they worked so hard for be taken from them. But they will grow up and will have to feel the same pain that I have felt far too many times. I don't know how they will deal with it, but after everything I have been through, I know EXACTLY how I will. No one will fuck with me again. No one."

Polly purses her lips close to each other. She doesn't move from her perch, even though a few of the adults have now looked in her direction, spotting her leaning up against the tree that she has chosen. Upon seeing their glances, Polly chooses to leave the park and not draw any further attention to herself.

From here she heads back to the hotel, but when she gets right out front of the main lobby doors, she sees her husband walking towards her and her decision is to duck for cover and not face him. When she is in a far corner of the hotel lobby, she partially turns to see that her inclination is correct as he too enters the hotel lobby, a tall curly dark-haired woman happily greeting him with a big smile on her face. Polly doesn't even want to partially look anymore so

she waits with her back completely turned until the two of them head back outside, with Peter's ringless left hand holding the woman's right hand.

It doesn't take long for Polly to make a beeline for the elevator. No sooner has it come to collect her and she is safely inside, she can no longer hold it in. This was one "wrecking" that she simply cannot take. The stream of tears overwhelm her as her left index finger slams against the number 4 to carry her up to the floor where her room is. She rushes down the hallway once the elevator door opens. Quickly she swipes her card to gain access to her room. Once inside she slams the door shut, locks it, and then goes and throws herself on the bed, bawling her eyes out, completely losing it. She remains down on her stomach for quite some time. When she does roll over, her cheeks and eyes are a deep red. Her nose is flaring. Her entire face tells the whole story.

"You couldn't do it. You couldn't wait for me. Then you didn't have the balls to talk to me face to face. You are SO **DEAD!** Pray I don't see you ever again, **ASSHOLE!**"

Polly stays exactly how she is, her tears drying, her face now steaming mad, bad adrenaline clearly rushing through every inch of her, dressed to kill.