WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 2022
The Release

The sun has since gone down and all the colors of the sunset have gone with it. Nighttime is alive and over the past couple of hours the weakening of both poor Peter and Polly has been completed to Mr. Compton's satisfaction. They are both helplessly dangling there, but are now alone as Colleen and Aisling have been called over to their boss. The five are putting together their special show plans, which does give Peter and Polly a little bit of a breather at least. Polly coughs a couple times before softly croaking over to Peter.

Polly: "What do we do? It can't all end like this."

Peter is obviously not feeling too well either, but does find the willpower to respond.

Peter: "I don't know, but I'll think of a way. You mean the world to me. If I can at least get you free, I'll take the brunt of the trash."

Polly: "No, you can't!"

Polly says that a little bit too loudly and Aisling sticks her head from the group. She turns back to Mr. Compton and it's only a few seconds more before she is walking with purpose right up to Polly.

Aisling: "Hmm, so tell me Polly, what can't Peter do? He surely can't escape, nor can you. Clearly you need a little more weakening."

Polly shivers and Aisling smirks and then winks up at Polly, showing her tongue. Polly responds, still croaking, still weak.

Polly: "Please no. I've had enough. We both have. Let's just get this little show over with. I have a real life to get back to."

Aisling: "No. This is your life. It was your life in the past and now it's your life again. You will both just have to face it. You're ours now and tonight we are going to well… raise the "bar". Get it? You're tied to a bar."

She giggles at her bad wisecrack but at Polly has distracted Aisling enough so she doesn't make a move towards her. Seeing that is at least keeping her off of her, Polly continues.

Polly: "SCW will miss me. I'm scheduled to be in that ring tomorrow night."

Aisling: "They won't miss you. You always lose when it matters anyways, from what Mr. Compton has told us. What makes you think tomorrow night would be any different? At least this way you will at least be entertaining us, amongst others that Mr. Compton is inviting in."

As Aisling continues to mouth off to Polly, slowly revealing the plans for tonight, Peter sees this as an opportunity to use whatever strength he has regained to start trying to work on the rope that is attached to the bar that they are both stuck to. He is able to wriggle enough to loosen it. He holds still and waits a few more moments before making one lurch back and sure enough he is able to free himself and drop down to the floor. Out of the corner of her eye Polly sees this and yells.

Polly: "GO PETER GO!!!"

Peter makes a mad dash for it without saying a word, running as fast as his bare feet can carry him outside the warehouse and back out to the van, which was foolishly left open by the driver. He gets in, locks the van door, spots the cell phone that is laying on the passenger seat and does the right thing. He immediately dials 9-1-1 and is obviously very frantic when he speaks to the woman who picks up the phone.

Peter: "Please hurry! My name is Peter Compton, we are here in Chicago at the old abandoned warehouse that is not too far from where the White Sox play! They had me captive and they still have a friend of mine captive inside! She might not have much time! Please HELP!!!!"

Female 9-1-1 Representative: "Okay Mr. Compton, calm down as much as you can. We are going to send several squad cars out there right away being this is a hostage situation. Are there any other details you can give us?"

Peter: "Yes! There are five that have us captured! They are planning some sick display and poor Polly! I couldn't free her! Please please PLEASE hurry!"

Female 9-1-1 Representative: "Understood. If you can hold on the line until the authorities get there, that would be good. Are you in a safe location?"

Peter: "I don't know for how long! Hopefully long enough!"

Female 9-1-1 Representative: "Let's hope so. So um, what's going on? Explain this display you are talking about."

Peter: "I don't know exactly what they intend to do to us, but it will likely be some sort of game show where we get completely exposed in front of an audience! They already took most of our clothing, so don't be surprised when you find me outside in the van with only underwear on! I fear it's worse for Polly! She's such a great girl, she doesn't deserve this!"

Female 9-1-1 Representative: "Understood. I do have a report that there are already three squad cars on the way. Hopefully that will be enough to subdue the five suspects. It will be just

a couple of minutes until all three are there. I will stay on the line until you tell me they have arrived."

Peter looks around nervously, now ducking down beneath the driver's seat, holding the driver side door shut, just in case if one of them comes out with the key. So far, so good though. Peter can soon hear the sirens getting closer and closer. He feels very uneasy though, having no clue what is happening to poor Polly back inside the warehouse. And unfortunately for Polly, it isn't good.

She has been taken down from off the bar by the two guys and has been escorted into an interior room of the warehouse. Polly is laid out on the table in the middle of the room, one guy holding each arm all the way out, so Polly almost looks like she is hanging on a cross, laying down. Aisling has come into the room, as has Colleen, as has the ringleader Mr. Compton.

Mr. Compton: "That was a really bad move Polly. You will have to pay for that. Peter can have his little bit of freedom for now. That is really what YOU want though, is it not? You want to be as free as a bird, but it's not what you're going to get. Not tonight, not any night. So before the big show, I see you need to be softened up even more. Aisling, you will be bouncing on her non-stop to weaken while Colleen, well, you know what to do."

Colleen: "That I do."

Mr. Compton: "And guys, guard the room door outside. That son of mine cannot interfere, if he comes back for whatever reason."

The guys obey and as soon as they are outdoors, the girls are back at it. Aisling gets up on the table and sits right on Polly's stomach. It feels like a weight of bricks has just come down on top of her, but of course it gets worse from there as during this time Colleen has taken down her pants and her panties and grossly gets up onto the table as well and drops her bare ass right down on Polly's face. Polly immediately goes to scream, but it's muffled.

Aisling: "Nice Colleen!"

Aisling cannot resist smacking one of Colleen's butt cheeks. Colleen turns partially and snarls at her fellow employee.

Colleen: "Don't do that. Don't get any ideas. I'm straight."

Aisling: "Pity, though you're not my type anyways. I'll get to bouncing."

Colleen: "That's your job. Do it."

The two girls are all over Polly once again and Polly just simply can't take it. It's the weakest she has ever been. Tears have formed and are dropping out of her eyelids. Unbeknownst to her though, help has arrived.

It is outside that three of Chicago's Finest find the van and immediately pull hard on the driver side door. Once Peter hears who it is, he allows it to happen. They find him and are in a little bit of shock as he truly is in just his underwear, just like how he had stated over the phone when he called in.

Peter: "Thank GOD you're all here! Please go inside and save Polly! I fear for her life!"

One of the officers tells Peter that he will get him some spare clothing from the back of his squad car. The other two go into the warehouse and begin to search the grounds. Mr. Compton is the first one to spot them and he hides behind some shelving that has some old items on it.

Mr. Compton: "How did they get here? They'll ruin everything. They have to go."

Both officers are yelling out if anyone is in the warehouse, yet there are no replies. They keep searching until finally they come upon the door of the most interior room.

Mr. Compton can see that they have found the room, but this is one his two male guards come into play. They begin to fight with the police officers and actually begin to wear them down some. However they don't take into account the third police officer that is outside. He feels that it is taking too long so he heads on into the warehouse after telling Peter to stay put and stay out of sight. The third police officer quickly makes his way to the scuffle and immediately pulls out his gun and fires a shot into the air that puts a bullet hole into the roof of the warehouse.

Third Chicago Police Officer: "Okay! What the HELL is going on here?!?!? What is in that room? Open it, now!"

Mr. Compton: "I'm afraid that cannot be allowed to happen."

Third Chicago Police Officer: "It can and WILL happen. Open it."

The two other police officers begin to turn the tide and eventually shove Mr. Compton's two male employees aside. All three police officers bum rush the door, much to Mr. Compton's dismay. Eventually the door is opened and all three officers are disgusted at the scene that is unfolding before them. The third police officer shouts again.

Third Chicago Police Officer: "Both of you! GET OFF HER! She can't even breathe!"

Aisling is immediately scared and scurries off the table. Colleen doesn't obey, which leads one of the cops to come over and shove her off.

Third Chicago Police Officer: “Get dressed girl! Disgusting! All five of you are getting arrested and will await trial for two counts of kidnapping!”

More sirens can now be heard wailing outside as a few more squad cars pull up. Soon the warehouse is swarming with Chicago’s Finest. They are able to easily outnumber the kidnappers and get all five of them into custody. Peter, who is dressed in something somewhat decent from the back of one of the squad cars, enters the warehouse right behind all the police officers, definitely wanting to see what has happened to Polly.

A couple of the police officers stop him from going into the room, but he speaks to them.

Peter: “She’s my friend! Please let me see her! It will comfort her! Is she okay?”

They eventually do part the seas and let him enter, which is when he sees that she is out of it. He rushes to her side and picks up her left hand and holds it tight.

Peter: “Polly, please get up! We’ve been saved!”

Third Chicago Police Officer: “She’s lost a lot of air Mr. Compton. She will need to go to the emergency room to be checked out. Her vitals are at least still there thankfully. She’s just been knocked out.”

With that information now known, Peter knows they are both in for a long night. More wailing sirens can be heard now and it’s not longer after that a couple of medics come bursting onto the scene. They carefully pick up the almost naked Polly and place her onto a gurney and quickly wheel her out to the ambulance. Peter definitely goes with her in the back of the ambulance. Once the back doors are slammed shut, they are off to the nearest hospital. Hopefully Polly is okay. Her SCW future and her life hang in the balance on this night.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 2022
Will She Be Okay?

It was a long night, but a new day has begun. It’s not sunny at all though outside as the sun has given way to mostly cloudy skies. Peter has sat quietly in the far corner of Polly’s hospital room ever since they wheeled her out of the emergency room and into a regular room. She has yet to even make a peep, that is until now. She moans and squeaks. Peter stands up and goes right to her side, looking right down at her. Polly carefully and slowly opens her eyes and sees him. She puts out her left hand and he takes it gently in his left hand.

Polly: “I um…”

Peter: “You’ve had a rougher past day than I have Polly. Please take it easy. Rest up. I won’t leave your side. I promise.”

Polly: “I feel better. I feel strong enough to sit up. What happened? How did we get here?”

Peter: “I was able to break free and get help. The police came and rest assured they will all be locked away for at least some time.”

Polly: “I fear that won’t hold them long Peter. I… I have to wrestle tonight. It might be my last chance to really do something, ya know?”

Peter: “As much as I know you love wrestling, I don’t think that’s a good idea Polly. You’ve been hurt enough and-”

Polly: “I’m wrestling Owen tonight. That’s final. I will rest all day today if I have to. Then I’ll be good and ready for him. I am not going out like this. He’s a former World Champion and I want to give him what I’m sure he said he would give me, a fight. That’s what I want Peter. I want to fight, without being outnumbered. At least with Owen it will be just me and him. In fact, you know what? Record me. I want to look right into the eyes of that camera and let Owen know my true feelings about tonight.”

Polly gives Peter a very serious look. He simply nods and even though he is nervous that Polly might be hurt further in the ring tonight, he does take his own cell phone in his hands and nervously begins to film Polly, who is propped up in the hospital bed, her head comfortably resting in the pillows, but with a few IV tubes still attached. The heart monitor shows more pulses as Polly goes on with her thoughts out loud.

Polly: “I know, I’m here in a hospital bed, so many of you out there, possibly all of you out there will perceive me as weak. To all of you, how would you do if you had to fend off multiple attackers that are kidnapping you and trying to weaken you as much as they could? Hmmm? Answer me that.”

Polly holds for a moment, but then continues.

Polly: “None of you can though, can you? Of course not. Because it hasn’t happened to you unlike how it has happened to me and someone that I really truly care about. I have had to deal with perverts, just like how Kelcey Wallace had to deal with Minerva attacking her at her own house! It’s just… CRAP that innocent people have to deal with stuff like this!”

“And now all I hear from you Owen is that you want to just rise up through the SCW ranks and put your past behind you? You see me as a stepping stone to getting back to what you want? Look pal, I normally don’t swear, but you FUCKED us! You slung mud at SCW and abandoned the fans that had loved you so much. Yet now you’re back and thinking that having a new last name will change things. You have another thing coming Owen CRUZE!”

“Oh yes that’s right, I’m calling you by your real name. You will ALWAYS be a Cruze, yet you are ashamed to be affiliated with your own family. It’s pathetic! Being you can’t even be who you are supposed to be, you have absolutely no right to tell me what I should be doing. You have no right to come at me with all the crap you said. And you have no right to see me as a bottom ladder rung here in SCW! I have been trying my hardest to make an impact, but apparently coming up just short gets assholes like you to talk massive amounts of shit! That just pisses me off! Honestly, you have sunk to a new low Owen. I was only wearing those fairy wings and a mask to keep myself hidden so someone couldn’t find me, but that didn’t work out in the end. Just like this newfound attitude and whatnot, you’ll soon see that it won’t work out for you! I mean really, your name could be Owen Aries for all I care and you could go around acting like Giovanni when he was completely obsessed with knocking off Mr. D. Or heck maybe even be Owen Turner so you can run around talking about gleebnorb, promoting the Holly Adams Brand, and saying that you will beat everyone you face for five easy payments of $29.99! In the end it doesn’t matter what you want your last name to be billed as. What REALLY matters is what you’re going to do against me in that ring… TONIGHT!”

Polly again pauses, but only to catch her breath. She does seem to be regaining her bearings more and more after such a long night.

Polly: “And yes, despite what I have been through, my music will hit and I WILL join you in that ring tonight. But I’m not coming down there to just be there. You said yourself that you are coming to fight. Well against me, that won’t be good enough. Fighting is only part of it. I understand that, as all I have been doing lately is fighting without getting results. My heart has been in the right place, but it’s about smarts too. My head has truthfully been all over the place. Tonight though I am NOT going to let that happen! Tonight I’m going to be smart as I know I have that in me. I graduated law school with really good grades so I’m not just this dumb blonde that you and a lot of the world probably see me as.”

“I don’t want to be seen as just this pretty little girl that sometimes sparkles like a diamond anymore. I know now that I need to sometimes do things that are not the easiest to do. I know I need to go above and beyond. And even though I know you have Kandis ahead of you at Body, Heart and Soul, I’m going to call a spade a spade right now Owen. With her you will undoubtedly have to deal with the rest of the Jackals. You might even have to deal with them tonight, and well, with the way you spoke towards me, maybe I won’t stop them if they show up. Normally I would help someone in dire need, but unless you apologize to me before we square off tonight, I’ll just let them have whatever’s left of you after I’m done. I know that sounds dark coming from me, but you need to understand something Owen. Just because you’re a past SCW World Champion does not mean that you can belittle someone else just because you think they are beneath you. That will come back to bite you, right in the ASS!”

“I’m not counting on you apologizing though. So tonight, when the time comes, I’m going to give it all I got against you, and that little bit extra to take you down for the three count! I might just even lock you in a hold and get you to tap out. That will teach you a lesson that you won’t

forget! I will have no problem with glaring down at you, shouting YOU LOST right into your face!"

"It's simple Owen. Learn some respect. I know I'm not a top name here, but I at least show others respect when it's due. I guess you can't, so I'll do what I must do. Until tonight, bye… asshole!"

Polly blows a mad kiss towards the cell phone. Peter ends the recording. It is now that he urges her to rest, which she does, closing her eyes right away.