

Unlike so many of you there in the entire world, I can at least be honest with myself. Last Thursday night was NOT my best performance. If I had been on it and competed to my very best ability, Chris Lawler would have never stood a chance against me while defending the SCW Television Championship. As it is, I found my opening as I said I would. I was happy to take the championship from him. The best thing about it is that it was only just the beginning. I got my spot, without even having to show you all the best stuff that I possess deep down inside me. You should all be scared. Because unlike Polly, I don't put limits on myself. That is her biggest mistake and a mistake that I made all those years ago, believing that all I had to worry about was competing at my best in that ring. But I was wrong and lost everything because of it.

Sometimes you just have to be completely aware and be ready to take out your enemies before they take YOU out or take you down into the depths of your own despair. That is unfortunately what has happened to Polly. She is just so damn easy to put down. It is so easy to pull her strings and force her to be the puppet while you get to be the puppetmaster.

To Meghan Strader specifically, I'm the Queen of doing that and I didn't need an army to do it. There will come a time Meghan where you will come across someone that you just will not be able to beat, either with or without your club. Syren? Don't know, don't care. But you won't make it past Xander or The Fall of Man. So this wet dream of yours of becoming our World Champion here will remain just that. A dream.

As for me? I don't believe in dreams. I believe in manipulating others and turning up the heat to the point where they can't handle me. I am very open to admitting that. So, while you are scowling while scrubbing the hot pink paint off your hog, just know that you will eventually have to deal with me directly. You however won't get to pick the time or the place that it happens. I DO. For right now, I will let you realize that no championship comes easy. You have to walk through more fires than just one. Based on your behavior thus far since your arrival, you won't be able to handle that.

Just like I will make sure that the first opponent in my SCW Television Championship reign won't be able to handle me.

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 2025

In The Heat Of The Night

Despite the clock being long past midnight, Marissa Swanson has found that she cannot sleep. Perhaps it is because of the excitement of winning the SCW Television Championship, but that is likely not it. She has gotten out of her own hotel room wearing only a pair of shorts and a small tank top that shows off her toned stomach, and has walked with purpose barefoot down the hallway and up to the room that Polly is inhabiting along with her husband of course. She does not hold back with rapping on the door hard with the back of the knuckles of her left hand. Marissa continues to repeat her action until finally she can hear someone on the other side of the door. The door opens and it is a groggy, bushy-dark haired Polly that is on the other side, obviously looking not amused being she was at least trying to sleep.

“What do you want?” is what comes from Polly’s mouth, to which Marissa says “Couldn’t sleep and I’m not believing you were either.”

Polly glares at Marissa with her green eyes for what are tense moments between the two. Marissa glares back with her brown ones. Polly does step aside though and allows Marissa into the room, despite the fact that Peter is still sleeping soundly in the bed that is closest to the door. Polly walks to the far back of the room and looks out, sighing.

“You’re right. You’re right and I just always seem to be wrong. I just can’t move forward.”

Marissa actually slowly and quietly approaches her from behind. When she gets there and Polly can smell her breath, Polly closes her eyes and stands completely still as Marissa softly talks towards her right ear in her raspy voice.

“Oh you can, and you will. As soon as you stop behaving like the girl you once were. I too have my past problems, but I have learned to live with mine. I use them as a catalyst. I use them to get what I want.”

The words roll off her lips like poison, but for Polly it could definitely be a good poison. Her eyes remain closed as Marissa takes one single step back, no longer invading Polly’s space. Marissa does look Polly up and down, noting that Polly is only wearing a plain black nightie that goes down to her knees.

Seeing that Polly is making no movement, Marissa turns around and looks at the door.

“Don’t go.”

This from Polly gets Marissa to turn back around. Polly’s eyes open before she adds on to what she has just said.

“I know what’s holding me back.”

Marissa doesn’t hesitate.

“Then what are you waiting for? Destroy it.”

Polly’s voice is shaking with her response.

“I can’t.”

“Oh. So I guess you’re just going to doom yourself forever. I guess you’re just going to throw away everything that you’ve been told by myself, Selena, Aisling, your own husband, and especially Colleen. You are willing to push aside all of our advice and our feelings towards you.

Yes, that's right, believe it or not Polly, I actually care about you too. Throwing it all away, over what?"

Marissa looks like she is about to lose her cool. Polly just stares at her before just saying "I can't tell you."

This gets Marissa to throw up her arms in frustration. She turns back around and stomps to the door of the room. It is only here that she looks back and angrily whispers over to Polly.

"Have fun failing then, for the rest of your life."

Polly's eyes thin but she makes no move towards Marissa. Marissa just grunts, rolls her eyes, and then leaves the room, even leaving the room door open. It's only then that Polly quietly walks back across the room and closes the door. Neither her nor Marissa find sleep on this hot night though, both of them laying wide awake in their respective hotel room beds.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 2025

Hot And Bothered

Even though Marissa got no sleep whatsoever, she has changed into normal street clothes and has basically zombied her way down to the breakfast area of the hotel, which is actually quite large. She does see Colleen who is sitting alone by herself in a far corner of the area, so she chooses to leave the SCW Underground Champion alone. She then sees Peter in one of the queues at the buffet. She heads in his direction, taking up a place that leaves only one person ahead of her from being directly behind him. Marissa does begin to put a few things onto her selected plate. Some scrambled eggs, a couple of small pancakes, a couple packets of maple syrup, and a few pieces of cantaloupe are her choices. As she gets this far in the line the one in front of her leaves, meaning it is very easy now for her to talk to Peter, with no one being in the way. She takes full advantage as he walks over to the drink area.

"Good morning Peter. How is she?"

Peter turns around partially to see her standing there behind him.

"She said she wasn't hungry."

"That right there is her problem. She just never seems to be hungry enough to obtain what she is extremely capable of obtaining. But I'll tell you something Peter. I am fully aware of the fact that she couldn't sleep last night. I got to know her well. While I couldn't sleep either, this isn't about me. I am actually being completely genuine when I say that I am worried for not her physical well-being, but instead for her psychological well-being. Something about her seems more off than usual. Have you seen anything while with her?"

Peter pours a small cup of orange juice and then turns to fully face Marissa. Marissa gets a cup of orange juice as well and the two walk away from the breakfast area.

"I haven't. I'll keep a sharper eye out. I love her and have been more worried about spending time with her."

"Don't let your love for her cloud your senses, Peter."

Peter spots a table and sits down. Marissa stays standing for a few seconds before Peter tells her "You can join me if you want."

Marissa nods and sits down across from him and actually looks like she is trying to read his eyes. Peter lowers his head now and focuses on beginning to eat as he is obviously hungry. Marissa however holds off on eating, choosing instead to slowly and gently tap the fingers of her left hand against the bottom of her chin. After digging into his eggs and a link of sausage that he got, Peter looks up to see her looking at him.

"What?"

"I'm just thinking that there is something you need to know about her that she might not have ever told you."

"Okay Marissa. Enlighten me. I really want Polly to be happy."

"Believe me, I want the same for her. She deserves so much more than the shitty card hands that she has been dealt. But the fact of the matter is she just mopes around too much feeling sorry for herself. I don't know if she has ever done that around you but she's done it with me. Yeah I had her on a collar and leash when she did this, but I wanted her to fight back. I wanted her to make things interesting and there were a few times when I had her that she actually did. Those times were extra fun and made me lick my chops."

"Anyways, look, I can see the look in your eyes. A part of you wants to punch me right between my eyes, and I get it. Reliving a time when you couldn't have Polly to yourself must be awful. I'm sorry."

Marissa's brown eyes do look a little sad and remorseful, but Peter across the table doesn't seem to buy it, finally responding to her.

"I don't even know why she wanted you around. Everyone deserves a second chance and you have made the most of yours, but I will never forgive you for what you did, even if she has. But no, she has never felt sorry for her failures around me. She is always just upset and wants to be alone."

Marissa keeps her eyes on him as Peter looks down and to his left.

"You're lying to me. Damn it, I don't like being lied to, Peter."

Marissa slams her left fist against the table, but it isn't done all that hard. Peter partially turns away from her.

"I don't care what you want. But fine, yes, she does mope and I'm there for her, as I should be. I always look to be more than just her husband, but also a friend."

"Then why does she come to Colleen and myself so much? Answer me that. If she keeps leaving your side, some friend you are."

Peter clearly can't take any more verbal abuse from Marissa. He stands up and takes his plate into his hand. He glares right down at her as she still sits there.

"I have done more for her than you ever will."

"Not from where I'm sitting you haven't. Why don't you go wake her up? That girl needs to wake the hell up if you ask me, in all facets of her life."

He is unable to control himself anymore and tosses what is left of the orange juice in his cup, right into Marissa's face! She looks stunned as the orange juice drips down her facial features and down the front side of her shirt. Peter turns around and stomps away, not wanting to deal with her for even one more second. Marissa's raspiness reaches his ears though.

"That make you feel good, huh? Tossing a drink like a mean little boy would? Go and see what I mean about her! You will see that I'm right!"

Marissa reaches for a few napkins and wipes her face off before the orange juice can stick to her skin. She angrily faces forward and resumes eating, ripping away at her pancakes and stuffing them in her mouth, not looking at all attractive, but also not caring one bit. Eventually she does clear her plate and the rest of her orange juice. She too stomps out of the area, with some of the other patrons in the breakfast area now beginning to murmur amongst themselves about what they had just seen.

TUESDAY, MAY 20, 2025

The Storm Has Not Yet Passed

Even though days have gone by and they have moved from Texas into the heart of Georgia, the uneasy mood has stuck, between all of them. It has begun to get dark, but not because the sun has gone down. It is because to Atlanta's north and west, severe storms are brewing that will inevitably head into the city in the overnight hours. The rest of them are indoors, cooped up in their assigned hotel rooms, this time notably Polly getting a room of her very own.

Marissa however has chosen to come downstairs and outside. She can feel how moist the atmosphere is and how hot it is. When you look at her tonight in what she has on, most guys would not be able to take her eyes off of her, and maybe even some ladies too. She has chosen to wear the bottom half of one of her bikinis, her orange one that is of a frilly style. For a top she is just wearing a black strapless bandana. It is properly secured but not much is left to the imagination. On her feet is her pair of open-toed sandals. She allowed them to clack through the lobby of the hotel, which got all eyes on her. Now though she is outside all alone in the parking lot, standing around one hundred feet away from the hotel entrance. From her purse that sits on her left shoulder, she pulls out a vape that is colored purple. She looks at it for a few seconds before properly taking a drag from it. She then breathes out and the contents of what she has inhaled go up and into the air.

Does it seem to soothe her at all? No. But she still puts it back into her purse and pulls out her cell phone to take its place in her left hand. She takes a few more steps, clicking her heels against the sidewalk that she now finds herself on at the base of the parking lot. It is right at the edge of the hotel's property where she stops and just stands. A couple of cars pass by, with the second one having its passenger window down. The second car slows down and Marissa hears a loud whistle from inside of it. She turns around in disgust. The car continues on as Marissa turns her attention to taking care of business, despite how she is feeling, obviously still hot and bothered due to what happened when she last spoke with Peter.

"Yeah, if it's obvious upon seeing the look in my eyes, I am not in a caring mood at all. I feel underappreciated and disrespected. That is exactly what happened many years ago when I had it all, only for it to be ripped away due to blatant disrespect and greed. Now, is Polly greedy for wanting the SCW World Championship? With how much she has had to go through? Nah. She's earned the opportunity, even though she has yet to have her rightful opportunity at it. As much as everyone around me chastises me for what I did to Polly, I did it all for her own good! She however just doesn't want to seem to take advantage of any situation. She put down Selena Frost almost two weeks ago in that ring but didn't follow up. She didn't keep the pressure on, which is something that I do, and something that her best friend in the world does too. There are several reasons for why Colleen holds the SCW Underground Championship and why I hold the SCW Television Championship. We were both willing to show all that we have. For whatever damn reason, that girl keeps holding back, and I'm sick of it."

Marissa grunts and looks away from her cell phone screen, allowing for it to record her upper body for these few moments. When she turns back, she looks to be trying to calm herself.

"She will need to figure things out on her own. As for me, on Thursday night I will be defending the SCW Television Championship for the first time. Should I be worried? No. It's like I said. I am not going to allow any opponent to worry me. Worrying is for those who have no confidence whatsoever. Speaking of that word confidence, should I be confident in there against Sal Darius?"

“Abso-damn-lutely! What is different about me from all others that are confident is simple. I don’t ever have OVERconfidence. Being overly boastful can be the death to your success. Trust me, I’ve been around the block. I have seen that trait cause the fall of many before you, Sal. You are the next one in my line of vision. So here is my suggestion to you if you want to even get close to taking the SCW Television Championship from me. Don’t worry about anything or anyone you have faced previously. Forget any wins, forget any losses. Everything up to this point that you have done doesn’t matter. Hell, everything I had done doesn’t matter either. In the past I went into every contest seeing it as a blank slate where anything could happen. That is the mindset that I am keeping in the here and now, being I am no longer impeded by a certain individual that I hope died. It is a mindset that does leave you in great danger. Yeah, I know what you’re thinking, Sal. I’m just a girl, right? RIGHT?”

“Wrong! I am a woman, a dangerous woman that is capable of doing anything I please. There is a reason why CHBK still has reservations and fears about me to this very day. And he should. Last week against Chris Lawler, I took it too easy on him. I gave him a chance to survive with the championship still in his possession. This time around and going forward, I am going to bring the damn heat.”

Marissa turns some as to make sure her cell phone can catch her curves before she has her eyes back on it in full.

“Both physically and mentally, Sal. You are looking at THE woman of mental mind games here. I can psychologically bring you down as I have brought others down to their knees. Polly is NOT my only victim in that regard. So if you believe you can mentally destroy me and take MY SCW Television Championship? Do you actually believe you can even hold a candle to me? Dream on. Because this Thursday when you get into that ring, you will eventually run out of breath, and much like I did to Lawler, I will take advantage of that very moment. Only this time around it will be an emphatic finish and not a surprise schoolgirl pin. Just look at me Sal, look at me everyone, I am NO schoolgirl.”

She turns most of the way this time around and peeks her head over her left shoulder, her brown eyes looking very, VERY sure of themselves.