

Last night was the worst night. I had been watching on the monitor and I too was steamed at what went down, with Blake Mason getting involved in matters that he did not need to be anywhere near. Aisling saw it too. She could only sigh. It was when Polly came stomping back as mad as she has ever been and shoved the door open so it slammed against the wall that I knew even we would have to watch our step in her presence.

Polly then slammed the door back shut. I have never felt more cold in my entire life, and I know what it's like to feel very cold, after being dumped by my parents on that day that completely changed my life forever. I remember taking several steps back and turning away from her. It felt colder in that room than it probably has ever felt in the Frost Forever Home. What Polly screamed will never leave my ears.

“What the FUCK is wrong with people these days!!! If you have a problem with one person, deal with them when they are alone! Don't fucking start shit on MY TIME!!! Besides, Selena is going to KILL him anyways!!!”

I knew she had already seen a replay, probably while getting checked out by a doctor after having taken the full brunt of Valhalla Has Fallen from Xander amongst the other physical abuse that she took from him, prior to making her way back to us. Physical-wise she seemed perfectly fine, but emotionally and psychologically I could see she was destroyed.

“But you know what?! Not before I kill him first!!!”

With those ominous words, she stomped off to the shower at the far back of our designated room. It was not long at all before I heard the water, meaning she was now completely naked, trying to wash away the very painful loss that she just took for her team. While the water was running I tried to talk with Aisling, but Aisling clearly wanted to be alone as well.

And so I had to wait until now to at least speak with her, leaving Polly alone. From what I heard from Peter this morning, she did not even want him. She had taken off down the hallway, oddly enough to Marissa. Hopefully Marissa does not do anything stupid, because with the way Polly is, she could very easily end up with more broken bones. She could easily end up being the first one amongst potentially many...

MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 30, 2024

Mind Made Up

I'm currently sitting on the edge of the bed that is closest to the door, looking over at the mirror that sits on the wall above the dresser. Aisling is looking into the mirror too as she brushes her hair, definitely looking to get it at its prettiest. She is dressed to the nines in a sparkling black halter dress, one that she has very recently bought, as I have never seen her in it before. I will say this. She does look really good. I'm just not happy with the reason why she's wearing it, and I'm going to let her know that.

"You know Ash, I really do wish you would reconsider, especially after what Polly told me. They just want to use you and make money while doing it."

Aisling gives herself a once-over and looks impressed. She stares right into the mirror, seeing Colleen's reflection.

"If they want to make money and they are willing to leave all of us alone after this, I'm all for it. Besides, Polly clearly wants to be alone. I'm starting to get this feeling that she just really wants to be alone for a while."

"She went to Marissa's room. I saw her go."

Aisling freezes in place, but only for a few moments before shrugging her bare shoulders.

"Hopefully Marissa will know what to say and do. I'm at a loss, as is Peter, as are you. I can tell. As for me, if they can help me have someone in my life that will actually care about me and actually want to get to know me for more than a few minutes? That's what I want. I'll stay here in Vancouver and will meet back up with you guys soon enough. Maybe with Polly in better spirits."

"Hey, I want that too. But I would never go whoring myself out just because I felt unloved."

This gets quite the nasty look from Aisling, who still doesn't turn around. Colleen can see the look through the mirror though, and knows she probably should not have said that.

"I wanted Polly. You and Peter have Polly. You could just let me try and be happy too, ya know. I'm no whore. If any guy, I repeat, ANY GUY, views me as that? They will find themselves screaming as they are locked inside my legs, got it?"

I sigh, knowing she is right about that. I guess I just want her to be careful. I don't want her getting caught in an inescapable situation.

"Fair enough Ash. Can you at least keep in contact with us?"

"Yeah sure, I'll do that. For now, wish me luck."

"I guess there really is no way of talking you out of this, huh?"

"No. I want to try it at least. If they end up being animals, it's like I said, I'll deal with them."

I want to say more, but all that comes out of me is a heavy sigh and a shrug of my beefy shoulders. She now turns to me.

"Don't worry about me. Take care of your own business and make sure that Polly doesn't get any further off her rocker. Hmm, things would have been so much easier if we didn't break away from Peter's father. I think that sometimes, ya know?"

I glare at her with my dark eyes.

"I don't. Our lives have only been better since Polly got us out of prison with that pardon. I'm not going to abandon her. Ever."

"Understood. I won't either. It's just that I feel I really could use someone that fully understands me. See ya."

I keep my eyes on Aisling as she takes one last look at the mirror. She picks up her small black purse and then heads out the door. Before she leaves the doorway she turns back to me.

"I'll probably be back before midnight. Unless someone actually catches my fancy for once."

She then leaves, leaving me completely alone. All I can do is put out another heavy sigh before I stand up and look at myself in the mirror, wearing a pair of black booty shorts and a somewhat tattered green tank top, a few leftover clothing items from what I had from years ago stored in my luggage. Not knowing what else to do, I may as well go work out or something. Anything to keep myself busy.

MONDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 30, 2024

Sold To The Highest Bidder

Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Harrison had met her down in the lobby, both of them commenting about how lovely she looks and about how she will definitely shine tonight, especially for one lucky guy. All Aisling did in that scenario was blush a little as they led her out to the white van. She casually stepped up into the van and took a seat in the back, with the two guys taking the front seats. They took her clear across the city of Vancouver. The van came to a stop in a parking lot. When the back door opened Aisling looked to see that they were outside of the Fairmont Waterfront, a very fancy looking hotel with a lot of amenities that look very welcoming, especially the outdoor pool. With the cooling air it is closed for right now, which does put a pout on Aisling's face. Mr. Harrison sees the pout and addresses her.

"I agree. I wouldn't have minded seeing our hot girl in a really hot bikini. It's fine though. Trust me. There will be a lot of eligible bachelors inside that will cheer you up."

"I hope so Mr. Harrison. I don't want to be disappointed again."

"We will see to it that you don't."

Both men walk her inside the hotel and over to an area where a few other young looking females are waiting. Aisling doesn't look at any of them, instead choosing to look out the nearest window. This is where she looks for quite some time, even when the dating auction begins inside the conference room. Aisling blocks everything out and just seems to be thinking to herself. That is until she turns around to see that she is all alone in the hallway now, no other females or males in earshot of her.

"I guess I'm next. Hopefully tonight changes my life for the better. I don't want to fade into the background and never get noticed."

Aisling sighs and waits a little while longer before Mr. Harrison sticks his head out the door, waving for her to come in. It is Mr. MacDonald that is on the microphone announcing her in.

"And now last, but certainly not least, the main attraction for the evening, please welcome the very lovely and sparkling Miss Aisling Reed."

The brunette baby of the former Playgirls makes sure she has all the poise in the world as she enters the room. She looks to her right to see a decent sized group of guys, all holding signs with different numbers on them. Aisling leaves it to herself to model up and back a few times before Mr. MacDonald gives her one single instruction.

"Very lovely Miss Reed. Please stand here in the center. Gentlemen out there, in order to win this stunning lady's presence for 24 hours, as we have done the rest of the evening, we will start the bidding at \$500."

Aisling does come to a stop in the dead center of the room, with everyone's eyes on her. She does get a bit shy upon seeing this, lowering her head some. However this does not stop the bids from flying in. As the dollar amount goes up and up and up, it is more and more that Aisling blushes. She eventually does raise her eyes a bit and looks around at all the signs going up, until the amount gets to \$10,000. It is here that her beautiful eyes go wide, not believing that anyone would spend that amount of money to have her for an entire day. But still she has her doubts as she partially looks away from the guy's number that made the bid. She softly whispers to herself.

"Maybe Coll was right. This wasn't a good idea after all. Yeah, they'll spend so much money on me but then all they will want to do is get inside my panties."

Not even Mr. Harrison or Mr. MacDonald has heard her words. With the amount sitting at \$10,000, Aisling hears Mr. MacDonald speak out loud.

"Okay, wow, our highest bid of the night on any lady. If that's it, going once. Going twice. S-

"\$50,000!"

The voice comes from the back of the group of guys, sitting in the last row, in the far right corner. Everyone turns to take a look at the bidder, including a now very red but still very beautiful Aisling. She sees who it is and keeps her eyes deadlocked on him.

“Okay. Wow! \$50,000 for the lovely Miss Reed here. Are there any final bids that beat that? Um... Going once. Going twice. SOLD!!!”

The familiar face of Chris Dumont stands up and walks around all of the other men assembled and walks right up to Aisling. Aisling’s eyes stay on him the entire time, until he offers up his right hand to her. She looks at it and hesitates for a few moments before nervously taking it into her left hand. Chris can sense her shaking so he walks her out of the room to the hallway while Mr. Harrison and Mr. MacDonald put a close to the auction. Out in the hallway, he lets go of Aisling’s hand, seeing she is uncomfortable. She goes back to looking out the window. Chris approaches her and stands at her side.

“Are you okay? I could see that you didn’t look right at Apocalypse when I saw you leaving last night. I um, I told you that we protect our Troupe, and I stand to that. I don’t care how much it costs me.”

Aisling slowly turns to him so he can see her eyes.

“I can’t believe you did that. I just, I have to be honest with you Chris. I really want someone in my life that will see me as more than just arm candy and more than just bait for the fingers of someone like Waylon Creek. If you’re that guy, fine. But I need you to prove to me that you will actually fully care about me, no matter what happens around us. I don’t know if you can do that. Nevertheless, you have 24 hours with me. Don’t waste that kind of money.”

“I don’t intend to. But we need to go someplace private to talk. And just so you know, I’m not going to hurt you at all. Believe me or don’t Aisling, I actually DO care.”

Aisling shivers but willingly offers her left hand to Chris. He takes it and the two begin to walk to the exit of the hotel, which is where they are stopped by Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Harrison, who are of course looking for the money.

“Yeah, I have that. Give me a moment.”

Chris reaches into the pocket of his coat and pulls out a checkbook.

“Who do I make it out to?”

Mr. Harrison provides that information and Chris does not hesitate with filling out the check for \$50,000 and then handing it over. Both of the men look at Chris with skeptical looks on their faces and look like they are about to both drop their jaws, not realizing who this man is and what he does for a living. Chris catches both looks.

“It’s real and I have the money. May I take her?”

The two men part the seas in the hallway, allowing Chris to take Aisling out of the hotel and out to the rental car that The Phantom Troupe had purchased while here in Vancouver. Upon arrival to the car, Aisling looks in through the windows to see that no one else is present.

“It’s just you and me toni-”

“How did you know I was here?”

Chris sighs, lets down any defenses he does have up, and tells her the truth.

“Colleen got a hold of me, so I kind of went to your guys’ hotel, saw you get into the van, and then I followed. I knew I had to protect you, just in case. That and well, I really do want to fully get to know you. Is that so wrong?”

Aisling lets down her defenses now too.

“No. It’s not. I’ll go with you.”

Chris unlocks and opens the passenger side door. Aisling nods and takes a seat. When Chris gets into the driver’s seat it doesn’t take him long to start up the engine and to begin driving them back to where both of their hotels are, back by the Rogers Arena. Instead of taking Aisling to her hotel though, he takes her to his. Upon arrival, Aisling now thinks to text Colleen, to let her know that she is safe and sound.

Hey Coll, I’m fine. I don’t think I will be back tonight though. Something happened. It’s not bad. It just surprised me. Anyways, I hope you and Peter and Polly are all okay. I guess Marissa too. Please let me know you got this.

Chris can see Aisling staring at her phone screen and Aisling catches this. She brings it back down and stuffs it into her purse before addressing him.

“You’re in charge. I’ll go where you go.”

He nods and escorts her into his hotel, over to the elevator, and up to his assigned room. On the way he tells her that David is with the rest of the Troupe, so that the two of them will be all alone. Aisling delivers one nod. When they get to the room and Chris opens the door, Aisling steps inside. Chris then closes and locks the door. The two of them are now alone.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 2024
One Relief, One Path

It was still dark out when Colleen's head rose up from the pillow quite fast, some sweat sitting on her brow. She immediately used the back of her hand to clear that before she got off of the bed and went to her cell phone, which was plugged into an outlet in the bathroom. A bit of relief comes to her when she sees Aisling's text sitting there before her.

Colleen looks like she is about to type something, but she decides against it, exclaiming to herself.

"I don't want to disturb her. As long as those two monsters didn't get the best of her, all should be good."

Despite saying that, the look on Colleen's face is still a questionable one. Being that she is awake however, she doesn't even bother trying to get back into the bed to get any more sleep. Instead she changes into her usual workout outfit, gray booty shorts and gray sports bra, and simply begins to do some pushups, situps, and crunches, all unassisted, right here in her own room. She can no doubt feel her adrenaline pumping once she has done a set of 20 of each. Upon standing back up to her full height, she makes a choice of her own.

"With Aisling wanting a partner that will want her back, with Polly wanting to go out for revenge, and with Marissa just wanting to simply compete, I guess I have my own path to take. Teaching The Fall Of Man a very valuable lesson. That lesson is simple, that even with the Finger of God, Waylon Creek by their side, that I am no man. I am stronger than that. Man may fall before them, but this woman right here will always be right here, ready to fight, and ready to make my own choices, until they all realize that they will want to avoid someone like me at all costs."

Colleen nods to herself before she finds herself again looking into the mirror. Even though she is kind of a disheveled mess with it being so early in the morning, she just simply doesn't care. To her, all that matters is that her path is clear. Very clear indeed.