

**SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 2013 (After 3:00 AM)**

**Toes**

Bill's eyes light up as finally just after the 3 o'clock hour he scores with the right combination of numbers. The padlock comes loose. Bill looks back behind to make sure that Colleen is still sound asleep. He can see her breathing peacefully. He carefully and slowly opens the door, making sure that it does not creak even the slightest little bit. Once it is open enough, he crosses back over the threshold. He creeps down the hallway and back out towards the opening where the stage is. He begins to look around to the door of the warehouse, even though he knows this will mean going to his car and going back home, butt naked. He does breathe a sigh of relief as he very quietly talks to himself.

Bill: "At least she doesn't have my belongings that truly matter. Those are in the car, except the keys which are in the office by the entrance. Ah, there's the office."

He walks towards the office and does find that the door has been left open. It is very easy for him to grab his keys. Too easy. As he comes back out of the office he makes his way to the main entrance door, only to find that it has been bolted shut on the inside.

Bill: "Wow. Seriously? I'm not a slave."

Colleen: "Oh yes you are! You're MY slave this weekend! Bad Bitch!"

Bill freezes in place, knowing that his date is back awake. He doesn't turn around to face her, knowing full well that he has blatantly disobeyed her. Colleen walks up to him from behind and grabs for the free end of the leash that Bill still has on him.

Colleen: "How fucking dare you!!! I was going to actually take it easy on you for most of the weekend. That's out the window now. You're NOT getting away from me, so just get used to it. Kneel Bitch. Your punishment begins now. Suck my toes. All of them. Until I tell you to stop."

Bill doesn't get it though as he begins pulling real hard at the deadbolted and locked door. Colleen has had enough and sees she has no choice but to be rough with him, just like how her parents were unnecessarily rough on her. Colleen yanks back on the leash... HARD! This gets Bill off the door. Colleen puts her right foot out and plants it against his back and pushes down, until Bill relents and ends up again down on his hands and knees.

Colleen: "Toe time. NOW!"

He looks up at her, right towards her dark eyes, looking up at her with hatred. She looks back down with a mutual feeling, but at the same time lifts up her right toes to his lips. He doesn't go to do as she says right away however, which leads to another leash tug.

Bill: "OWWWW!"

Colleen: "Do as I say. The sooner you do it, maybe I will have a little pity on you. After the stunt you pulled however, that is very likely to not happen. Disturbing my beauty sleep too on top of it all."

Bill resists still so Colleen forces her big toe on her right foot into his mouth, making him suck it. Seeing now that she has got what she had wanted from him and that he was unable to escape it, he gives in to her and softly sucks away at each of her ten toes until finally Colleen pulls both of her feet away from him.

Colleen: "There. It wasn't that bad, was it? Surely my feet don't smell that much. Now we're going back to bed."

Colleen doesn't even give her date the chance to resist her this time as she pulls on the leash hard, dragging him back down into the small hallway and back to her room. This time around she hooks the free end of the leash to a leg of the table that's right by the couch, even before she goes back to close and relock the door to the room. As she heads back towards him she goes into one of the drawers and digs up something that disgusts her a little, handcuffs, but they are a hot pink color. Polly's color. She grumbles but does use them on Bill, cuffing his hands together with them, proving her point to him that he won't be going anywhere now.

Colleen: "Clearly I can't trust you. I can't give you any freedom whatsoever. It's a crying shame. I'm going back to bed. With the way I feel about how you just disrespected me by trying to run from me, I SHOULD stomp on that dick of yours, but I won't. You're lucky. Now go to sleep."

Colleen lays back down on the couch and looks briefly one last time at her now fully trapped loser date. She looks very confident that he won't be going anywhere this time. This time Bill does begin to slowly drift off to sleep. Colleen does as well. In a few hours the sun will be rising on a new day, and rising on what is looking to be a nightmare of a weekend for the man that is now a Bitch.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 2013 (7:13 AM)**

**Face**

Even though neither of them can see it, the sun is on the rise outside and it looks like it will be a decent late winter southern Utah day. Inside though Bill does not know it yet, but he is about to face one of his fears, that being his fear of exhibitionism. He has woken up and immediately remembers that he cannot move. He cranes his neck up a little to see Colleen still out like a light on the couch. Bill sighs and knows it is best to not disturb her, after he had disappointed her to the nth degree during the middle of the night. He has to wait for close to another hour before finally his date stirs and slowly sits up, looking down at the floor, nodding with content that he is still there, exactly where she left him hours ago.

Colleen: "That's more like it. Good morning Bitch."

Bill: "You too Colleen."

Colleen: "We have an important matter to attend to this morning. Let me get dressed and then we will take care of it, out on the stage. Even though nobody is here, my boss instructed me as part of our date that I take a video of you, doing whatever it is I tell you to do. Last night you disobeyed me really badly. Don't do that again."

Bill shakes and Colleen does not take her eyes off of him.

Colleen: "You fear me. I can smell it. You should. It's perfectly natural to fear me, but trust me when I say this. You can also trust me. I told you once and this is the last time I am telling you. I don't want you. The only reason I made you get naked is to tease you."

Bill: "I- I-"

Colleen: "You what?"

Bill: "I fear being completely exposed and others being able to see me. I also do admit it. I fear you Colleen. I fear what you might do to me this weekend."

Colleen: "Then just comply. If you go on camera for me and do as I say, I promise you my Bitch that we can just spend this evening talking or something. Does that sound nice?"

Bill: "Um, I guess? Anything will be better than having a camera on me."

Colleen: "Even having my butt on you?"

Bill thinks about that for a moment before being careful with his reply.

Bill: "I'll take the camera."

Colleen: "Good choice, for a change. Now you have held things up enough. Close your eyes. I'll get changed, and yes, I'm just going to wear my same dress from last night. Don't I look hot in it anyways?"

Bill listens to her and closes his eyes before he replies this time.

Bill: "Yes."

Colleen begins to get out of her nighttime clothes and change back over into her black strapless dress.

Colleen: "Yes what?"

Bill: "Yes... uh... Miss Colleen?"

Colleen: "Hmm. Good boy."

Bill keeps his eyes closed and it's not long before Colleen is completely changed. She detaches the leash from the leg of the table and begins to pull on the leash, slowly dragging Bill out to the stage that he had lost on last night. Once there Colleen gets stuff set up. Bill stays put, right at center stage. Colleen gets three of the cameras on and immediately gets all three focused on her subject.

Colleen: "Hello everyone. I am here with our most recent loser, Bill. I wanted to report on how our date is going. It's going well and even though my date is miserable, he is about to face one of his greatest fears. Billy my dear, stand up and show the world what you've got."

Bill gives Colleen a sad face and is shaking uncontrollably. Colleen uses a finger to tell him to rise. He slowly does and all three of the cameras get a full view of all of him. Colleen uses the same finger and does a slow spinning motion. Bill sighs but obeys her, slowly spinning around in a circle, allowing the cameras to record every inch. Colleen nods in approval which is when he stops, facing her.

Colleen: "Good work dear. Now as you may have noticed I do have him in a collar, leash, and handcuffs too. He proved to me last night that I could not trust him."

Bill puts his head down in shame and can see his own dick hanging down, which leads him to looking out more than down.

Colleen: "So right now I would like to perform a trust exercise with you, Billy The Bitch. To you fans out there, that's my pet name for our loser. It suits him perfectly, as you can all tell. Let the exercise begin. Billy, please get down on your hands and knees. I will then mount myself on your back and you will give the cameras twenty push-ups. If you feel like you are about to crumble under my weight, tell me and the world the truth by saying "I'm your loser Bitch, Miss Colleen!" From my end, the way you have to trust me is simple. I will not make any sort of movement while on your back. I will just sit down. That's it. You can trust me on that."

Bill slowly nods and gets down on his hands and knees. Colleen goes to him and straddles her legs, one on each side and then sits down, which gives the cameras a decent shot at the top of her boobs.

Colleen: "As soon as you're ready, go ahead dear."

Much like the night before, Bill is already struggling just being under the weight of her. This time around though he does try. He goes into the first push-up, going down and slowly back up.

Colleen: "That's one."

Bill goes to begin a second one, finding it of course tougher than the first.

Colleen: "Two."

On the third one, Colleen can see that his arms are already shaking. She nods but does stay still, keeping to her end of the bargain. Bill powers through and gets the third one fully off. But as he goes back down for push-up number four he is visibly wincing and just knows he will not be able to keep up to her standards. It's only a few seconds later before she hears what she wants to hear, nice and loud.

Bill: "I'm your loser Bitch, Miss Colleen!!!"

Bill drops with Colleen still on his back.

Colleen: "Aww, that's okay. At least you tried and told the world the truth. That's all that matters."

She actually pats him on the top of his head, although mockingly. She now stands up and addresses the cameras.

Colleen: "I had planned more but I am sorry to say that my loser date is just too weak to handle anything else. He definitely has not been able to handle me. I guess I will see you guys when Mr. Compton next chooses to use me on one of his upcoming shows. As your favorite Polly always says... Bye."

Colleen mockingly waves her left hand after having just said Polly's name like it's a disease. She then turns off each of the three cameras before turning her attention back to her date.

Colleen: "You're lucky. I could have made it so much worse for you. I'm going to keep that for just the two of us though. Those people don't deserve to see the rest of our date. We will talk later by the way and I will want you to tell me the truth then too. Tell me the truth if you want a REAL date with me or not. I hope you make the right decision."

Bill is already in no condition to answer her and just lays out there on the stage. Colleen shakes her head.

Colleen: "Ugh. I guess I need to wake you up. Come on."

Colleen kneels down and rolls Bill over. She carefully sits down on his face. This gets him to snap to it and begin to squirm.

Colleen: "I'll get up if you tap and really mean it. Tap out against my big butt, Bitch. Oh wait. You can't. Handcuffs. Oh well. For most of the rest of the day, you're at my mercy. Don't worry, again you can trust me. I won't kill you."

She runs the fingers of her left hand through her dark hair before lifting her butt up enough to let him breathe a little. She then lowers it back down, leading to more squirming. Noticeably his "thingy" is growing too, a lot. Colleen sees it but clearly doesn't care about it.

Colleen: "I figured you might get excited. So, do you tap, Bitch?"

She lifts up a little again so he can talk. The words he speaks are again music to her ears, even though he does speak weakly.

Bill: "I'm your loser Bitch, Miss Colleen."

Colleen: "Nice, but not good enough. Even though you're trapped, find a way to tap if you want out from under me."

The handcuffs are a huge roadblock for him, which leaves Colleen's loser date down for a couple of hours, before finally he just can't take it anymore. He ends up sobbing and crying to Colleen, begging for her to stop. Finally the chubby Colleen gets off of him and looks down at him.

Colleen: "Okay. You've had enough. Here, I'll take you to get some rest. When you wake up, I'll make sure to have some real food for us here to eat. I'll just call up a place and have them leave it outside for me to pick up."

Bill says nothing as Colleen takes a hold of the leash and slowly brings him back to her room. It is here where he lays down on the floor and passes out.

**FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 2023**

**Nose**

It's a clear evening, but this time around Colleen cannot be found outside, which is where she seems to usually be when delivering a message. No. This time she is indoors, down in the basement of the arena that is about to host tonight's SCW Breakdown. She is already dressed to compete but neither of her fellow Playgirls are in attendance. She is on her own and does not mind. She holds her head up and smells around her. Not sensing anything that bothers her, she airs herself on her cell phone.

Colleen: "I smell something, and it's something that I like, a lot. Glory, I heard every single word you said and it's clear that you just believe what you want to believe. As many years experience that you have in this business, when it comes to knowing me, you are just naive. Listen very closely. You do not know one damn thing about me. Sure, Polly hired me, I get that. I did not

agree to the partnership because of her though. I agreed because I saw an opportunity to be able to take out all of my pent up frustration and as you have seen, I have taken advantage of that opportunity. It took everything that Josh Hudson had to get me down long enough in order to keep his precious United States Championship title reign going. If you noticed both times, Polly and Aisling were both absent when I faced Josh, because I asked them to not get involved. I have already proven multiple times that I can fend for myself. Look at me Glory. I'm not some little girl that you're just going to mow over. I'm not Amelia Blythe who just always seems to be so unsure of herself. I'm not you either. I'm not what you are claiming me to be. You know exactly what I am referring to. A tyrant. I am not looking to be a cruel and oppressive leader for the Television Championship. Can I be cruel and oppressive when I want to be? You're damn right I can!"

"That is not my goal when it comes to the Television Championship. I am not like you at all Glory. We are complete opposites and this is a clash of styles. You consider yourself one of the best technical wrestlers in the world today. I don't care about that. My style is smash-mouth and unique, because that's what I choose to be. I choose to be me. As the SCW Television Champion, I will take care of business, which is the way it should be. I'm not even like Polly at all, even though that's what you have accused me of."

Colleen sighs and shakes her head.

Colleen: "I have ALWAYS been accused of things that I simply just haven't done. Even my own mother and father blamed me for things that I didn't do. You don't know how that feels though Glory, do you? DO YOU?!? I'm sure you don't. You weren't thrown out on your ass by the two souls that were involved in giving birth to you. So when you accuse me of bringing back Polly's Wheel of Fate, I see that as you disrespecting me. Trust me. You do NOT want to go down that path. It won't end well for you. The wheel is Polly's thing. Not mine. It is not a big secret or anything and even Polly knows it. I have never really liked Polly as she always seemed to get things handed to her. I had to earn my keep and I will do just that tonight. Tonight you shouldn't be worried about Polly or Aisling. Tonight I work alone. This is MY date with the SCW Television Championship, not either one of theirs. They both know this. But you don't."

"You will be finding out the hard way the same thing that Josh Hudson found out. When you underestimate me or try to ignore me, you will find that you have made a big mistake. I know full well that you are only besmirching my name Glory because you want to build yourself up and knock me down. That behavior is NOT a good look for a champion. But I'm not surprised that you are acting this way. You even admitted to it. You have been the tyrant, and you still are. You have been cruel, and even though right now you are trying to hide it to try and save face, everyone backstage knows the truth about you. That is why you smell of fear, Glory. You definitely fear that something will happen one day that will bring you back down to your real self, that same self that refused to take on Josh Hudson once you took the SCW United States Championship from him when he was not at his best. That is who you are."

“As for me, I know who I am. On the surface it looks like I’m just a Playgirl, but there are many layers to me. I have made my own life, and have not seen it as a game. I have not had that luxury. You will see that soon enough, Glory. Maybe after you have faced me, you will see that you were wrong about me. DEAD wrong. It will be too late though. I will have already taken the SCW Television Championship from you, which will leave you with nothing. Don’t worry though as the Championship will be in good hands. I’m strictly about handling business and am not scared of taking on whoever is next. No games, no glitz, no glamor. I’m just here on this date to win.”