

Peter and I have been through a lot. I remember when he first told me that he had always had his eyes on me, from the moment he first laid his eyes on me. Back then we were teenagers, really young, really naive. I didn't even notice him at the time because all I wanted to do was make an impression and keep making my father happy. It's no secret that I was a daddy's girl. There is nothing wrong with being one either. Besides, he always deserved my attention and my respect. He was the best father that a girl could ever ask for.

That is why things changed so much when he was taken from me and from my mother. I know I still have her, but her being half a world away is obviously not the same. She has been unable to be here for me when I needed a motherly shoulder to cry on. Colleen has definitely filled that role very nicely. I mean last night she gave me motherly advice, even though she has her own battles to fight. I felt sorry for taking up her time. I felt sorry for once again being so needy. I felt sorry for not giving her something that I know she wants. Time alone by herself.

Yet she didn't seem to mind. When I held her hand in mine, she was gentle. To me, she was at that moment, my last hope, my last candle.

Believe me. I don't want the wick to be snuffed out between myself and Peter. Hopefully my talk with him tonight goes well. To me, I want to give him this last chance, this last benefit of the doubt, this last opportunity to tell him exactly how he has been making me feel. Will I listen to him in return?

Of course. After all, I love him too. It's just that... lately it has not been about love... at all. It has only been about that diamond, that diamond that has done nothing but become a curse to me and my life. While it is gone from possession, it continues to plague me. As of right now, I don't think it will ever truly be gone. As for my love for Peter and his love for me? I don't want that to be gone.

Tonight, the ball is in his court. Tonight, he better not break me. If he does, I already know exactly what I am going to do.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 2025

Stripping Them Both Down

They were both quiet during the casual dinner that they had gone out to, just down the street from the hotel. Neither of them wore anything too fancy. Polly chose to wear an outfit that Peter definitely wouldn't gawk at, her simple dark purple dress that covers just about all of her, except the lower half of her legs. During their light meal, he looked at her several times, but Polly looked more focused on eating, as again she hadn't eaten much all day. When she was done was the time that she finally looked at him, concentrating only on his facial expressions and nowhere else.

Yet she still hasn't said a single word to him. Surprisingly to her, he hasn't said a single word to her yet either. That is until both of them stand.

“We can watch whatever you want when we get back” is what comes out of Peter. He then holds out his left hand. Polly looks down at it but doesn't take it. She walks in front of him, with Peter falling in behind, sighing. It looks like he is about to say something else, but he thinks better of it. Instead he just walks behind her all the way back into the hotel. She does allow him to join her in the elevator and finally does look at him as the elevator car brings them up to the floor they are rooming on. The door opens and Polly steps right out. Peter follows, all the way until they reach Polly's room door. She reaches into her small black purse, pulls out the small pouch of room cards, and swipes one against the door, getting the door to open. She goes in first. Peter goes in too and does the work to close and lock the door behind them. Polly immediately tosses the pouch of room cards down on the dresser by the television, picks up the remote, and turns it to the program of her choice.

Meanwhile Peter goes and sits on the edge of the first bed that he comes to, which has not been being used by Polly at all. He goes to unbutton the navy blue button down shirt he is wearing, which gets his wife to speak, being she can see him doing this in the mirror that hangs just to the left of the television.

“Stop. Don't. Peter, please keep your shirt on. Keep everything on. If you want to talk, then let's talk. I'll keep the volume down on the television too.”

Polly drops the volume all the way down via the remote before tossing the remote over to the bed that she has been using for their entire stay in Seattle. She then sits on the edge of that bed and turns to her right to look over to him. Peter stands up and joins her on the edge of the bed that she is sitting on. Polly looks like she is about to say something about his movement, but doesn't. Instead she looks him right dead in the eyes.

“Look, Peter, I am going to be completely open and honest with you here. I spoke with Colleen last night, and spent the night with her. I really needed it and I don't want you to judge me for it. She's my best friend.”

Peter is careful with his words.

“I don't have a problem with that. You know I don't.”

“Yet you have a problem with my decision-making. This is the time to be blunt with me. Put all the cards out on the table. Because I am about to do the same thing. I am first going to say this, Peter. She told me to talk calmly to you and give you a second chance. I'm going to do that because I love you. All I want here is respect. I have kept my distance from you because I felt like we were growing apart when you didn't respect my decision in regards to the diamond that my father was hiding for all those years.”

Peter looks at her and waits for her to finish before saying “I know. It's my fault. The reason why I didn't want you to turn it over was because I didn't want to see you get hurt. Not again.”

Polly cuts him off right there.

“But as you can see, I wasn’t.”

It is these words that get Peter to look solidly into Polly’s eyes. As he does, he can read her.

“I get the feeling there is something you aren’t telling me. I’m your husband. You know that you can tell me anything.”

“Can I? You haven’t exactly made it easy to do that.”

Peter looks annoyed with her and immediately looks to be piecing together a response, but Polly doesn’t even give him the chance to do so.

“Proves my point. But I am your wife, so I’ll tell it all to you straight, no lies, no hiding anything. I was looking at the diamond back on July 4th when we went to the Fireworks there at the Marina del Rey. A woman approached me and said that the diamond I was looking at looked familiar. After looking at her, I had a strong feeling that this was the woman that I was being warned about by my father. But she was really nice and even agreed that we should meet in Miami and have it fingerprinted by authorities to see if they could find any old fingerprints on it. We met again in Miami, where we both turned the diamond over to the police. It obviously ended up being the one that belonged to her father so I gave it back to her. But something almost did happen.”

Peter, who had just been listening and glaring into Polly’s green eyes, just puts out one word.

“What?”

“After dropping it off at the police station, her brother was hiding and he tried to shoot me. She looked around and saw him and shoved me out of the way, taking the bullet herself. Peter, I’m sorry that I held this all in, but I just knew you would think badly of me if I did tell you. It was my decision and I believe I made the right one. The woman, Mariana, she’s really nice, unlike what my father described, and she’ll be okay. She’s in the hospital down there in Miami and will be fine. The doctors said she would make a full recovery from the bullet wound.”

Peter has no words right away, but does slap the bed in frustration a few times. This leads to Polly standing up and turning away from him, saying, “I knew I couldn’t tell you.”

“So what you’re saying is that I could have lost you, for good this time. Polly, I need you to be way more careful. I don’t want to lose you. That is why I was saying that you should have just kept it and maybe just left it in the doll and left the doll back home in Utah. It would have been safe there. You would have been safe. What happened would have never happened. Have you told your mother yet? What will she think?”

“I will tell her when I am good and ready to tell her. Unlike you, she will understand. Unlike you, she won't question every tiny little thing that I say or do. Honestly, maybe instead of talking about the doll that my father gave me all those years ago, it is YOU that should go back home to Utah.”

Polly's voice cracks a bit on that statement as she turns away from him, possibly not meaning what she has just said. Peter says nothing for a bit, nor does she, but she does fold her arms in front of her, not showing any signs of taking what she said back.

“You didn't mean that” comes from Peter when he chooses to break the dead silence between them, which gets her to say “Maybe I did. Peter, let me ask you something. Don't say anything. Just listen to me.”

He nods, maybe just being okay that she is being communicative towards him.

“You already know it as you have lived it, but I have had to deal with a lot. Way more than anyone should have to deal with. That is why I wanted to be rid of that diamond. It was never a gem to me since the moment that I knew I had it. To me it was a curse, an object of greed, an object that held no value to me. To me Peter, it was nothing. That is why I had such an easy time letting it go.”

Peter looks like he is about to speak, leading Polly to say “Uh uh. Shush.”

Polly stands up and walks past him, heading to the door of the room. It is here where she turns around to look back at him, as far away as she can be from him while still being in the same room as him.

“There are things and people in this world that mean so much more to me than any gemstone that has ever existed. You know how much I want to win the SCW World Championship. You know that I am tired of being a failure in the wrestling ring when I know I have what it takes to be a success. I was a success once before. Lo and behold, you weren't even in my life yet. Nobody except my parents were at that time. I didn't need a boyfriend or even a friend to win the Sin City Wrestling Bombshell Internet and Bombshell World Championships. I won them all on my own because I was focused. Same as Colleen has been with the Underground Championship. It's just... It seems that I'm always worried about what everyone else thinks about me and-”

Peter interrupts her, disobeying her original wish for him to stay quiet. Polly shakes her head.

“I don't think badly of you, Polly. I never have and never will. It's just that you put yourself in danger and I had a feeling that you were going to do it before you even did it. That is why I questioned you. It has nothing to do with-”

“It has EVERYTHING to do with the fact that you don’t trust me or respect me! I know I’m not the strongest or the smartest or the slyest, and I am definitely not the most patient woman in the world, but I have feelings, Peter. And well, right now, my feelings are telling me that we need a timeout. I know you gave me one a while back and you were great at giving me the time I needed. I’m hopeful that you can do the same this time.”

“Things are different this time, Polly. We are married. For better or worse. We both took the vows that day. I am not going to fall back on them because I truly love you. Don’t tell me that you’re having second thoughts. It’s a bit late for that now. Please, come sit back down and we can work this out. I now get where I have gone wrong. I’m sorry that you feel the way that you do.”

Polly makes no move towards him but does reply after a tense few moments.

“You’re welcome to stay in the spare bed if you want. But I’m done talking for now. I’m going to take a cold shower to try and calm down. Don’t come into the bathroom. Don’t even knock on the door. Can you at least do yourself a favor and respect that?”

She glares at him, her green eyes looking very cold. He doesn’t answer her so she just retires to the bathroom, making sure that Peter can hear her locking the door. Peter sighs and looks once around the room before he stands up and sees that there is a small hotel room pad sitting by the telephone, with a pen right at its side. He picks both of those up and writes Polly a short note that he hopes she will read. He then chooses to leave. Polly can hear the room door closing from the bathroom, the moment she has gotten naked for the shower she is intending to take. She looks to the bathroom door. It takes her about a minute before she chooses to wrap a bath towel around herself and go back into the main part of her hotel room. Slowly she opens the door to see that he is indeed gone. She looks to her left and sees the notepad sitting on the edge of the dresser. Polly walks up to it and reads what her husband has written to her.

Polly, I’m really sorry. I want to make it up to you. However, I feel you owe me an apology too. Spouses talk to each other. I will give you the time you want and need. Monday morning, please talk to me. That is all I ask. I’m here for you.

Polly reads it a second time and sighs.

“I just can’t afford to be weak. Not anymore. Not even for you Peter. If I do that, not only does my chance at the SCW United States Championship go away, but perhaps my health could be at stake too. I know you don’t want that. I could easily be thrown off the scaffold. I CAN’T let that happen. Not now. Not ever again. I need to focus. I need to push everything else out of my mind for now, including you.”

She leaves the notepad right where it is and returns into the bathroom. After tossing the towel aside, she steps into the shower, closes the door, and allows some cool water to rain down on

her, doing her best to relax. Unfortunately for Polly, as it always is, the relaxation she wants and desperately needs does not come.

MONDAY, JULY 21, 2025

Dulled Gem

Polly woke up this morning and she clearly didn't feel like doing a single thing. Even though it's now after 10 in the morning, she is still laying in bed, dressed in just a pair of black panties and a black bra. She is very noticeably just staring at the wedding ring that rests on her left ring finger. Her green eyes look entranced and she doesn't even hear the first knock that is laid upon the door. A second knock occurs, this time accompanied with Peter's voice.

"Polly. Are you awake?"

Her eyes do not move from the ring as she holds her left arm fully out in front of her. She makes no move to get out of the bed, but does call out to him in her monotone voice.

"I'm not coming to the door. You want to talk to me, then talk."

It doesn't take long for her to hear Peter again.

"Polly, couples fight. It's just part of life. I don't like it, but I took yesterday to accept it. I'm sure you understand that as well."

"Well, get on with it. I don't care to hear about something that is so obvious that it doesn't need to be said. Get on with what you have to really say to me. If I'm fine with it, maybe I will give you what you want and let you in."

There is a decently long pause before his voice comes through the door to her, actually sounding sincere this time.

"You were right. You're my wife. But even that doesn't matter. Even if you weren't, I should treat you the way that I want to be treated. Respectfully. I got all up in your face over a diamond which was not even yours or your family's. I could see that it was eating away at you, even having it in your possession. Instead of supporting whatever decision you made", Peter pauses before he finally says a bit quieter, "I didn't. I fought you on it and that was uncalled for. I'm truly sorry, Polly."

His words finally get Polly to take her eyes off of the wedding ring that he had given to her. She looks to the door and does remove herself from the comfort of the bed. She reaches down to her opened bag of luggage and quickly throws on her long black nightie before she slowly walks to the door. She places both of her hands on the door and talks back to him.

"Good. I accept your apology. I'm sorry too."

She sighs though.

“But I meant what I said. I have business that means the world to me to take care of, Peter. For now, I need to do this alone. I hope you understand.”

“I’m not sure I do.”

“Please. Please go. Head home. I’ll be fine.”

He doesn’t hesitate.

“Now that I’m not willing to do, Polly. I will promise to stay away from the arena in Houston. I will allow you to compete on that scaffold, even though it could take years off of not just your career but of your life. But I will not, I repeat NOT go back home. I love you too much to abandon you.”

“Abandon me? You wouldn’t be doing that. You already did that when you didn’t show me respect for the decisions I made. I accepted your apology Peter and I hope that you can accept mine when I tell you that I really need time apart from you again.”

“I’m telling you that I’m not going anywhere. I made the mistake of not supporting you. I am here now to make up for that mistake.”

Polly unlocks the door and opens it a tad. She shakes her head no and does something that Peter did not expect her to do. As she stares him right in the eyes, she pulls the wedding ring off of her left ring finger, opens his right hand, and places it there, clamping his hand shut before saying “I need time. You’re not going anywhere with me. The only place that you should go to is home. Don’t fight me on this either.”

“But I am home with you Polly. Please don’t make any rash decisions.” comes from Peter as he suddenly grabs Polly’s free hand with his free hand, which turns out to not be the right thing to do. Polly tries to pull her hand away from his, but Peter firmly grips it. This angers Polly and without even thinking she knees him right where it counts. Peter doubles over as Polly takes her hands back. She looks down at him as he looks back up at her. Polly swallows her throat and tells him just one simple word, “Go” before she retreats back into her room, locking the door. Polly doesn’t even look back at the door, but instead looks straight across the room, trying to shake off what just happened.

It isn’t long before she can hear him picking himself up on the other side of the door. She can hear him beginning to limp away. She then goes and looks in the mirror that hangs above the dresser and looks at her reflection, which does not look pretty. Not one bit.

“I had to do it. Hopefully he goes home. I have a lot that I want and NEED to accomplish, and I can’t do it alongside someone that has mistreated me. If he’s sorry like he says he is, he will go home and simply wait for me. But I have to be honest with myself. I’m not sure if I love him now that I have suffered some of his hurtful words. It might be best to just end it, but I will think about that when the time is right. Right now I just feel dull. Going into Rise to Greatness, I can’t feel that way. If I do, I won’t last on that scaffold. I will just fall once again, with the possibility of not getting up this time.”

“I’ve hit my breaking point. He hasn’t helped in that regard. I feel like I could easily break him more than I just did. And I don’t want that to happen.”

Polly sighs but does not stop looking at her reflection that is staring right back at her, with them only being divided by this one piece of glass. When she finally does turn away she looks down at her now empty left hand. Her shoulders relax themselves as in this moment perhaps she feels free. Free to live her own life, in any way that she pleases.