He passed over me… because of HER.

I would have turned things around. Lawler would not have beaten me. Did he have the upper hand? Yeah. But I would have done what I have done every other single time I have seen him in that ring. I would have let him get his hits in on me and then taken advantage of that one mistake that was going to come, the SAME mistake that Lawler always commits.

But no. Selena just HAD to come down there because Lawler defended Cid. Her appearance had nothing to do with me. Nothing at all. And to think of the times that I took physical abuse in her presence that she was responsible for dishing out, only to learn some harsh lessons that I took to heart. I consider what she did to me on Thursday night a betrayal. When you look at it, I am one of, if not the ONLY person on this roster that has defended every single one of her actions! Not even Light In The Darkness can lay claim to that.

Thus, much like the Matriarch of the Straders, I am NOT going to be forgiving when it comes to this. I have been stepped on WAY too many times and I am not just going to let it happen anymore. This "Smurf" has been growing day by day and I meant what I said. I am going to do something that will be remembered, and most, if not all of you, will NOT like it. But in order to do that, I need to rid myself of some problems before I can fully shed this thick winter coat that has been trapping me for far too long. It is only then that I will be able to shine, like I should have years ago.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 6, 2025
Icy Shore

Even with the temperatures being seasonable, Polly definitely looks uncomfortable as she has stepped outside and has headed to the shore of Lake Erie, which is right here in Buffalo. She has walked some but is currently right now at a standstill, just looking out at the Great Lake's waters, which look a bit rough. She closes her green eyes and places her hands in front of her before taking a few deep breaths, trying to calm herself. However it clearly doesn't work as she opens her eyes, wearing the all too familiar frustrated look on her face.

"Ugh! It's pointless!"

Polly returns her focus squarely on the Lake's waters and doesn't see a familiar figure coming up from behind her. Only this time she isn't looking to kidnap her. She instead lets Polly know of her presence.

"Hey."

Polly turns around slowly to see Marissa Swanson just standing there, about 30 feet or so away from her. Polly turns back around.

“Pfft. You may as well just collar and leash me again. Honestly, I don’t even know why I bother. Every time. Every SINGLE time I try to progress my career, it gets messed with by somebody else. It just always seems to be circumstances that are out of my control these days!”

Marissa gently taps the pointer finger of her left hand against her own left chin quite a few times, thinking about something that comes out.

“Hmm. Yeah. But I won’t be doing that. Look, I know you have been taking everything really hard as of late, but everything happens for a reason. If you do need someone to lend you a helping hand that is not busy with something else and you want that helping hand from someone that will at least respect you? Your search is over.”

Polly turns back around and looks at Marissa awkwardly, coldly.

“Right.”

“I am right, Polly. I made the deal with you and even after the time has passed, I’m sticking to it. I promise to not interfere in your matches. However I will have no qualms at all with cutting off anyone else that feels like it’s cool to mess with you. I don’t mind getting my hands dirty.”

“Look, while it’s nice and all that you say you want to help me, you don’t have to do that. I NEED to learn how to win on my own, standing on my own two feet. If I can’t do that, then maybe I don’t belong in this business anymore.”

Polly turns away from her former captor once again, walking closer to Lake Erie’s waters. Marissa picks up her pace and calls out to Polly.

“You belong. I’ve seen that fire in you and I have seen the ice in you too. When you are completely focused and at your best, that fire and that ice are a deadly combination. You haven’t lost either one. In fact, I have a few pictures I have taken of you here on my phone. I want you to see them. I feel like you NEED to see them.”

Yet Polly keeps walking, only stopping once she reaches the wharf that leads right into the water. Marissa sighs, not wanting her attempts to get to Polly to be in vain. Marissa just stares at Polly’s back until she hears her speak.

“Fire? Ice? Maybe you’re onto something. I know I’m going to be very busy with Shot of Adrenaline and fighting hard to preserve the SCW Television Championship, but maybe at the end of it all, my focus should be where it belongs. I really, REALLY want that SCW World Championship and I know that I will at some point have to go through Selena to get it. She may be the Snow Queen, but even she can be melted when it matters most. I have seen it with my own eyes.”

“There ya go. Until that happens, as long as you don’t care, I will make sure that you don’t face any more roadblocks than you have to face. No more unwanted interference. I will handle it, even if you don’t want me to.”

Polly looks over her left shoulder and brushes aside some of her dark hair.

“Okay, fine. Just don’t do anything stupid. If your actions cause me to become distracted and someone takes advantage of me from behind, much like what will happen to Striker eventually, it will be your head, Marissa. And if you cause me to get counted out or disqualified, I will make sure I engrave my knee right in the small of your back for so long that you will be crying! Got it?”

“Yeah. I got it. I really want you to put this intensity and anger and focus in play in that ring. You’ll turn it around Polly. I have no doubts about that.”

Polly just nonchalantly nods before she turns and walks along the shoreline of Lake Erie. Marissa does not follow her but instead lets Polly go it alone. She only watches from afar, smirking, looking like she fully knows how Polly feels at this very moment.

SATURDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 6, 2025
Black Ice

Even though night has long past fallen, Polly is still wide awake, with the clock coming dangerously close to midnight. To her, time means nothing. To her, time does not and will not ever heal all the wounds that have been inflicted onto her.

She is not even indoors, but instead outdoors of the hotel she is staying at. She has walked to one of the sides of the hotel where a fountain rests spitting out its continuous flow of water. Polly allows the fingers of her left hand to twirl her dark hair some, definitely a nervous habit that some women can never shake.

Yet she isn’t nervous about the fact that she is in her knee-high pale purple skirt, paired with a very small strapless pale purple top that leaves above her chest and below her stomach completely exposed to the elements. If you looked at her back you could see some of her physical body scars that she has accumulated over her time in Supreme Championship Wrestling. However those are only the scars that can be seen. As far as Polly is concerned, she can live with the visible scars. It is the ones that cannot be seen that have seemed to have damned her to fail whenever anything important to her is on the line and in her grasp.

Her green eyes stare into the waters of the fountain, but not for long. She approaches the fountain and then sits on the edging and uses the instant camera that used to belong to her father. It is right now, at this very moment, that she takes a picture of herself, the fountain in the background. As she does so, her green eyes look oh so piercing and her facial expression looks empty. Polly examines the photo she has just taken and glares at it for a minute or so

before she pulls a black pen out of her purse which is sitting just to her left. She turns the photo over and writes in small but legible print:

For Selena Michelle Frost.

You said you wanted me to succeed. Liar! You know what? You. Me. Detroit. RTG 23. The long wait is for a reason. Along the way, don't fall on ice that you can't see, Snow Queen.

From Polly Anne Pingotti.

Polly turns the photo back over and places it back into her purse. She shakes her head before she stands up and walks to the pool area that is on the opposite side of the hotel. Even though the pool itself is closed, the gate is open. Polly goes through it and just sits at the first table in, having no intentions of going into the pool anyways. It is here where she uses her cell phone after checking to make sure she is alone, which she is.

Her voice is low but understandable.

"Do you feel that? I can. The air is getting colder. Autumn is on the horizon. It makes sense really because with the way that everyone else is making me feel right now, I feel like I am already synonymous with winter. I really have tried to be a good woman despite all of the setbacks and abuse that I have suffered. I just can't do it anymore. I can't. Which is why both Diamond and Sal got what they got a few weeks ago. I was woken up to the fact that I can't just sit idly by and hope and pray to actually cash in on one of the opportunities that I have so desperately wanted. I am going to have to make my own impact and make sure that one by one everyone comes to understand that I am not a little girl anymore. Just because I was kidnapped and held against my own will once doesn't mean that I am still just as weak. I am stronger than you think and I DEFINITELY think that it is LONG past time that I prove that."

Polly pauses for a few seconds, her voice deepening some now.

"But it's hard to prove that when others want to involve themselves in my business. I am not full of myself when I say that I WOULD have beaten Chris Lawler, again, if it had not been for Selena's involvement. I thought she wanted me to be successful. I thought she wanted me to rise up and eventually take her place as a major champion once she chooses to retire. Well that is obviously falser than false considering her actions last Thursday night. I will deal with her when the time is right."

"It's the same with Mr. Striker. I did warn him that it would be his head if Rise to Greatness led to nothing good for me. So in a way, even though I didn't do it, David got exactly what he deserved. When he shows up next, he better do his best to stay away from me and Colleen and from anyone else that I really truly care about."

Just thinking of David gets Polly to bear her teeth. Even when she tries to calm herself down, it doesn't work, but she does move on.

"That is another thing I will deal with when the time is right. However this upcoming Thursday night is now of the utmost importance. I will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I'm desperate. I'm a woman that cannot afford to have anything else taken away from her. I have had my place in the SCW World Championship rankings taken away from me. I have had a shot at the SCW United States Championship taken away from me. And most recently I have had a win in the Shot of Adrenaline Tournament taken away from me. Everyone thinks and believes that they will get away with all this CRAP! Unfortunately for me, so far, everyone has gotten exactly what they wanted."

"And I am SICK of it!"

Polly's voice really rises. However no one is around to hear her, being that she is far enough away from the hotel room windows.

"So sick that I have no idea what I might do to Diamond and Sal. Just know that whatever I do will be on ALL of your heads! Every single one of you that has been guilty of wronging me in any sort of way will be at fault. I know I used to be a bad girl when I first showed up here. I know I wanted to humiliate anyone I faced in that ring. It was at that time that I wanted to be impactful. Apparently that is what everyone wants to see out of me again."

"Be careful what you wish for. Because I am not one for playing games anymore. I have grown up. I have grown up far more than pretty much this entire roster has. You are all about to find that out firsthand. Since I need to come all the way up from the very bottom to get to the apex of my career, so be it! This Thursday night, as I successfully defend the SCW Television Championship, watch me. This Thursday night will be the first official warning shot. I am coming to kill all of the dreams of those who have taken MY opportunities away from me! Opportunities that I have worked very, VERY hard for!"

Polly stands up but doesn't leave the pool area. Instead she turns her mostly bare back to face the pool as she faces her cell phone screen directly.

"I am NOT going to let you Sal and you Diamond to take the SCW Television Championship away from me! If it isn't clear to both of you by now, I am hanging by a thread. If anyone else does one more thing to me that costs me the last thing I have? I will take from that person everything that they hold dear!"

"What do you hold dear Diamond? I sure don't hold diamonds dear. I despise them. I have never been much for jewelry of any kind. I have made it very clear what I want and that is to be successful at every single thing that I do. You don't even know the first thing about success, and this Thursday you are not suddenly going to find yourself."

“As for you Sal, what do you hold dear? Hmmm? Let me guess. You hold dear the fact that you have been a champion in the past, even though you had it all taken away from you. I’ve been there. Done that. And I can assure you that you will not be taking the SCW Television Championship away from me. Since apparently everyone seems to want to block me from achieving success in the upper echelon of SCW, I am NOT going to let it happen here in Buffalo. Once upon a time I built a wheel and had it spun to determine the kind of match that I would defend the SCW Television Championship in. That is no longer needed. That Polly died a long time ago. The Polly you have before you now, Sal, is a VERY dangerous one. What we have both accomplished in the past means nothing.”

“To me, everything hinges on this triple threat match this Thursday night. EVERYTHING! I don’t expect you or Diamond or anyone else to truly understand. But when the bell rings and I keep the SCW Television Championship in my possession, everyone will have no choice but to realize that I was NOT the right woman to piss off! Everyone will have no choice but to be careful around me. VERY careful!”

Polly sneers and abruptly ends the recording. She rolls her eyes and then stomps out of the pool area. She even steps off of hotel property completely to go and walk, in an attempt to try to blow off some steam. But as she walks through the night, the calm doesn’t come to grip her. Only the chilly air and the thoughts of all the disappointments swirl around her, both of them being unrelenting.