

I don't like having to do this. Hiding something from him. Hiding something from all of them really. I know Polly, Colleen, and even Marissa have their own issues. But mine actually might be the most pressing of them all.

But I just feel like if I say something it will completely tip over the apple cart. That is not what I want. I want to be the young woman that I am and enjoy my life to its fullest. Enter Chris Dumont. Enter someone that finally, I repeat louder, FINALLY wants to spend some real time with me.

However he does not fully know me. Not yet. I guess I just don't want to upset him. He looks genuinely happy around me, as well he should, being he spent so much money to protect me, showing that he really does care. I can't bring myself to tell him what I know. I honestly wish I could be totally transparent, but I can't do that. Just like how he can't bring himself to take advantage of me, in any way. I even told him during our first 24 hours together that I would be okay with it if he did.

Yet still all the way to this very evening, he has yet to lay a finger on me. What a gentleman.

At least ONE person will have to lay a finger on me though, either tonight here in Denver or next week up in Edmonton. Fatal Fortunes has arrived where it's basically SCW's version of a game show, a world that all of us at Body, Heart and Soul are very familiar with. Though I will admit it has been quite a while since I have played again. It has also been a little while since I have competed in the ring.

But that doesn't mean I'm rusty. Even with what is weighing heavily on my mind, I have found the time to keep physically fit. This pretty body of Body, Heart and Soul is ready for whatever comes to pass. Besides, I will be happy to have all eyes on me. Even if it's only for a little while. Even if it's only for one night. Because even if it's just for a few minutes, it is far better than not being noticed at all.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 2024

How Much This Means To Me

Standing outside, not far from the main entrance to the Ball Arena, over by the flagpoles, stands Aisling Reed. She is just looking up at them, most noticeably at the American flag. The pretty Aisling puts her right hand over her heart, closes her eyes, and begins softly singing to herself, actually not having all that bad of a voice. When she allows her melody to trail off, she opens her eyes and just stares at the flag blowing in the breeze for a bit. She then changes her gaze straight up to the sky above.

"I don't want to mislead him, but I'm scared to tell him. If I was a normal girl, I would talk with my mom, but she's of no use to me. I don't want to trouble Polly or Colleen or Marissa with it either. No, on this one, I am all alone. He's just... a great guy. I just don't feel like the time is right to just tell him."

Aisling sighs before she looks down at herself, down at the flowing multi-colored dress that she is wearing that drops down to a decent bit below her knees. Her eyes seem to just stop and stare at herself for a few moments before they continue on down to her feet, where she wears a pair of black high heels, making her look a couple inches taller than she really is.

After staring at her feet for a bit, she picks her head back up and turns her concentration to her purse, from which she produces her cell phone, which she has brought a brand new hot pink colored protective case for. She puts in her passcode and immediately goes to check her text messages. Upon seeing none she sighs again before she sends out a text of her own, to Chris Dumont based on her words.

Hey. Um. Is it okay if I spend another night with you? I'm feeling kinda down and would love to be in your company, if you'll have me. Please let me know, okay?

Aisling hits the send button. She then closes out of her text messaging area and goes to sign into her Twitch account. For this she would normally be sitting down at her laptop, but being that is back at the hotel, she makes due with what she has. It isn't long before she goes live and waits to see if some of her followers log on to see her and hear her out. A good amount of them do. When she feels it's enough, she breathes and clears her throat.

"Thanks everyone for joining me this afternoon. I'm aware that it's been a while. I am so sorry about that. I have a good explanation for it, but I can't tell any of you at the current time. Being like this sucks, but I can't have it be public. I just... I don't have the heart to tell anyone. I hope you all understand."

Aisling's eyes look to her chatbox and it slowly begins to fill up with comments stating that "it's fine", "it's okay", "you don't have to", and "only share when you feel like it". Aisling nods before she continues on.

"There is something else that I want everyone that follows me to understand, both here on Twitch and in the wrestling ring. At some point over the next two weeks, I will find myself in a match. I don't know who it will be against. I don't know what it will be for. I don't know what the stipulation might be. But no matter what happens, when it's my turn to compete in Fatal Fortunes, it will mean a LOT to me."

"Ya see, after um, what I've found out, I might not be able to compete as much as I would like. I don't mean to frighten you all as I'm not sure myself of how often I'll wrestle going forward. So, I want to be treated like I was before. As for you guys and gals here on my Twitch, I will try to keep up with all of you better. I apologize for making myself very scant. What's worse is that it will be tough for me to reveal, ya know?"

Aisling pauses again as the comments trickle through in her chatbox. Most of them say either "yeah" or "hope you're okay Aisling". As she reads she can't help it but to wear an unsure look

on her face. She tries to shake it off as she looks up at the American flag, catching a good breeze right in her beautiful facial features. She finds herself shivering until the breeze moves on past her.

“Anyways, being I’ve somewhat said something already, there is someone out there I REALLY don’t want to scare. In fact I want to talk to him tonight, long after Breakdown is over. Chris, I texted you. I hope you get it.”

She sighs a couple times this time around as a few “Chris is a very lucky guy” comments come in.

“My followers aren’t wrong. But to me, he’s more than lucky. He’s great. I really hope I don’t have to face you here tonight or next week in Edmonton, or ever for that matter. Hopefully fate isn’t cruel to us Chris. Unlike how Colleen seems to be shunning David away, I want and need someone like you in my life, especially now.”

“If we do however end up on opposite sides during Fatal Fortunes, I don’t want you to take it easy on me. I’ll give you my best too. Wrestling is what we do, ya know?”

“To everyone else, I request the same thing. I already know most of you are willing to cross lines to get every little thing that you want. Waylon was willing to take my breath away, just to hold a championship. James, you returned to SCW, because you want to reshape the entire company in your image. I would consider that noble, but upon seeing your actions, you have been anything but noble. You’ve been a jerk. Yeah, go ahead and tell me that the word jerk should have been retired after I graduated high school. I don’t care. If I get you, or Waylon, or Billy Heaven Jr., so be it. I’ll cope with the situation that I’m dealt, while dealing with The Fall of Man, even if I have to do it all by myself. If that comes to fruition, know that ganging up on me won’t get you what you want. ANY of you.”

Aisling shakes her head. No new comments have come into the chatbox, as her followers now are just either looking at her or listening to her.

“Watching from afar, I know what you guys want. You have made it abundantly clear. Now I am going to make it crystal clear what I want. When my name is drawn and I head out to that ring, I will go out there with a purpose. I don’t even care if no title opportunity is on the line. Because with the way I feel, even just competing means a lot to me. It means nothing to any of you. Sadly that’s the same for the majority of the roster. The majority of you out there just want to take, take, take.”

“I get it. Having a golden belt is a really good feeling, one that I have felt before. But I know, and I’m sure all of you know, that a championship reign never lasts forever. It will eventually come to an end. The rug will be pulled out from under you, and you will have to wake up the next morning to realize that you will have to recover and start anew to get back to where you just were.”

“That being said, should a championship opportunity be in the cards for me, will I fight tooth and nail for it with everything I’ve got? Of course I will! Will you all see me as weak, with no chance of winning said opportunity though? Of course you will. That’s the difference between me and a lot of you. I do my absolute best to think and be positive, no matter what life throws at me. A lot of you do your absolute best to be as negative as possible. It’s because a lot of you out there are unable to cope with the fact that others might be better competitors than you are. I don’t have that problem. These next two weeks, I am going to be fully focused, no matter what the match is. It can even be a bra and panties match. It won’t humiliate me. I’m not afraid to show off my body, nor am I afraid to go up against the roughest and toughest that we have to offer. I’m not afraid to get crazy. I’m not afraid to be tossed around like a ragdoll. Because at the end of the day, to me there is always a glimmer of light.”

“I mean look at me. I haven’t had my parents to back me up in years. I have had to make my own decisions, even if they ended up being the wrong ones. But I did make one right one, accepting Polly’s olive branch. In doing so, look at what’s happened for me. She got me an SCW contract. I was able to win the SCW Television Championship. And I was able to meet the best guy that I have ever met.”

“Yeah, call me a softie. Don’t care. My point is that I will not be soft in that ring. Every chance I get to get in between those ropes means the world to me. You will all see that soon enough.”

Aisling pauses before now typing herself in the chatbox.

Thank you all for listening to me. I’ll stay on for another few minutes. Feel free to stay too. If you want to just stare and gawk at me, go ahead. It’s not a sin. Honestly, I wish I could have you all here with me in Denver.

Aisling sighs and keeps her promise, allowing her cell phone to capture her for a little while longer. Right before she goes to end her Twitch stream, her eyes can tell the story. She is definitely not fully herself and is definitely thinking about something. But what? From the sounds of it, it could possibly be life-changing. It is Aisling herself though that will have to tell the world when she is good and ready to do so.

For now, she looks to Fatal Fortunes to help keep her mind off of things. Wrestling will hopefully help her cope with whatever she now knows.