

Everyone wishes they could be on top forever, but that will never happen, for anyone. Many out there undoubtedly wish they were gods and goddesses, but those will only ever amount to wet dreams and disappointment. I should know. I've been there. As a little girl my father always saw me as his little princess. He always made me feel good about myself, even when I was feeling down.

No wonder. No wonder why I basically died when he did. Without him around, I feel like I will never get that chance to be on top once again. I was left in the ashes and left to be burned alive by a man that he considered a friend. However I will not let that happen. That is NOT how my story will end. Will he try to get me now that Purity Pixie is gone? Oh yes. He already has tried. He might have succeeded, however that asshole faced a roadblock, one that he did not see coming...

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 2021

Betrayal Of Blood

Even with New York City being so big, for Polly Pingotti it just isn't big enough. It's almost as if he knew exactly where to look. Polly, who is decked out in a pair of blue jeans, white sweatshirt, and her pink winter coat, has just put on a pair of ice skates and is getting ready to enter the ice pond at Bryant Park when he comes into view. Mr. Compton surveys the mass of people and immediately is able to pick her out of the crowd. He locks eyes on her and she stops when she is about to step onto the ice. Her eyes lock with his. He immediately runs around the outside of the rink while Polly remains frozen. A member of the pond's help team comes up to her and asks her if she is alright and if she is just afraid to get out onto the ice, but it's then that she snaps back to reality.

Polly: "No, I'm not. I'm being followed. That man, right over there! Please let me stay out on the ice. I know for a fact that he can't skate!"

The young man does see Mr. Compton rapidly approaching to the spot where he and Polly are standing. He nods to Polly and tells her to get out there. Polly nervously begins to skate amongst the people that are out on the ice and is able to easily maintain her balance, showing that she has definitely skated before, which she has. Her father took her skating many times growing up, as did her mother. Polly gets to the far side of the rink but keeps circling, not wanting to block anyone else from skating. She inches closer to the center of the rink as Mr. Compton approaches the opening to the pond. It's here that he yells out to the "girl of his dreams".

Mr. Compton: "There you are. I knew you couldn't hide forever! You will ALWAYS be far from pure and you owe me!!!"

A security guard approaches him and requests for Mr. Compton to stand back and not block the entrance to the rink. He does oblige to this request and stands behind the retaining wall and

acts like a spectator, watching Polly circle the ice again and again and again. One time she passes by, he exclaims right to her...

Mr. Compton: "You can't stay out there forever Polly!"

Polly talks underneath her breath to herself.

Polly: "Oh yeah? Watch me."

Polly keeps easily skating along. Some eventually do clear the ice and only some stay out, leaving Polly more room.

Mr. Compton: "Your turn out there is almost over you know. Then you can come home, where you belong."

She hears this but then suddenly rears back and lands a beautiful double axel before continuing on. Several onlookers applaud her upon seeing it. A few more of the recreational ice skaters get off the ice as some are asking for a bit more from Polly. Mr. Compton looks around at them and rolls his eyes, before looking back at his intended target.

Mr. Compton: "Don't listen to them. You don't know them, but you do know me."

Once again, under her breath...

Polly: "Unfortunately I do."

She skates again to the far end of the ice, well to the end that he isn't near and does another jump that makes the crowd in attendance applaud again in approval. As she heads back in his direction, she slows up some on the ice, upon seeing another familiar male approaching. She smiles this time.

Mr. Compton: "What are you smiling at? As soon as you're off that ice you're coming back home to Utah. Besides at least we have real ice there, much easier to skate on than this artificial garbage. I won't take you away from doing that, Polly."

The reason for why she is now smiling talks from behind Mr. Compton.

Peter: "You won't be taking her away from doing anything, dad."

Mr. Compton turns to see his own son Peter standing there, looking right at him. He looks at Peter for a bit and nods and then turns to look back at Polly who is skating around in circles on the ice once again. He then looks back at Peter.

Mr. Compton: "Oh. I get it. You've been protecting her, haven't you? That's why you've been keeping me from her and not telling me where she is? I shouldn't have to explain it to you. When she went back on the road to wrestle full time, she didn't just do it to get away from me. She did it to get away from Panguitch, from ALL of us, including YOU. She doesn't like you."

He shoves his right index finger right into his son's chest, which sets Peter off.

Peter: "You have GOT to be kidding me! You're wrong dad. She wanted to get away from YOU and only YOU! Ever since her father died, you have been stalking her! You have not ONCE thought about how she was feeling, nor did you show any real care towards her. Her father trusted you and you let him down! You let ME, your own son down dad! I can't believe I have a pervert for a father! Get away from here otherwise you won't like the result!"

Mr. Compton: "Really? You're going to make a scene, right here in public? Go for it. Hit me son, do it!"

Peter looks ready to do just that, but then looks out onto the ice. Polly has come closer to the edge of the rink now, to the side that they are arguing. Polly locks eyes with him and shakes her head no. She glides softly to the edge of the ice and steps off. Peter still looks ready to strike so Polly calls out to him.

Polly: "Hold."

She takes off the ice skates she had rented and hands them back in before walking towards the two Comptons. As she gets there, Peter angrily speaks again to his own father.

Peter: "She's right. That's not for me to do."

Mr. Compton looks right at his son and when he turns to look to where Polly is standing, Polly has winded up and lands a hard right fist, right to Mr. Compton's jaw! Mr. Compton looks stunned. Peter steps up and stands alongside Polly, with both of them glaring right at his father now. The security team at the rink is looking on now and Mr. Compton sees them. He actually nods in defeat and speaks to his son and Polly.

Mr. Compton: "Fine, but this isn't over. You made a mistake son, a BIG mistake. You have no idea what's going to happen next. I hope she's worth it."

Peter doesn't hold back.

Peter: "She is! And you won't be doing a DAMN thing to her!"

Mr. Compton: "Don't be so sure about that. Winter is coming. My favorite season. Oh and New Year's. Don't you agree, Polly?"

Mr. Compton now backs off and the surrounding mass of people can see that this impromptu show is over. He gives one last glance at Polly, a glance that makes her stiffen up but also go to clutch Peter's left hand. She grips it hard and Peter can feel it. He looks one last time at his clearly obsessed father before turning his attention to Polly.

Polly: "Thank you. I know I had my doubts about you, but those are gone now. Peter, I can't believe that you are willing to put everything on the line, just for me. I know you said you truly cared about me, but you just turned your back on your own dad. He's not going to forgive you for that. Trust me, I know him."

Peter: "As do I. When the time comes, I will deal with him. But what he has done to you, that cannot go on."

Upon hearing those words, Polly turns away a little, her cheeks turning a little blue, as if she is about to be sick. Peter moves around her a little and sees.

Peter: "Let's get you back to the hotel and get you warmed up. You look ill."

Polly: "No Peter, I'm not. It's just, I know I need to tell you. I need to tell you everything."

She nervously gulps.

Polly: "The hotel sounds fine though. I need to talk to you, alone."

She starts walking towards the front of Bryant Park and Peter follows. Both of them are silent all the way back to the hotel, even into Polly's room. It's here though that she locks the door and then sits cross-legged on one of the beds. Peter looks over at her and Polly's darting green eyes alone direct him to sit on the bed across from her, which he does so.

Peter: "I guess I'm all ears."

Polly: "I have been hiding it from you for far too long. I um... I uh... I..."

Polly puts her head down. Peter looks at her and talks as calmly as he can to her.

Peter: "Whatever it is, I won't judge you."

Polly picks her head back up to look into his eyes.

Polly: "Okay. The reason why I was acting so strange is... I am Purity Pixie. I... I allowed her to possess me as I thought she would protect me from your father, but I was wrong. I lost control and she took hold of me. I allowed myself to get consumed and that's why I was acting aggressive around you down by the Gulf of Mexico. That was why I had stuff to do for SCW. That was why I was never around when Purity was wrestling in the ring. That wasn't me. That

was all her, controlling me and doing what she thought was necessary to keep me safe! I am so sorry Peter! SO SORRY!!!”

Peter doesn't say anything, which makes Polly drop her head down again.

Polly: “You hate me for that I'm sure. Just say it. Put me out of my misery Peter, please!”

But that is not what Peter responds with.

Peter: “Well that explains a lot. But do I hate you for holding back for so long?”

Polly keeps her head down, completely clearly disappointed in herself for not trusting him and letting him help her.

Peter: “No, I don't. You did what you felt you needed to do Polly. And today, I did what I felt I needed to do. Look, you're an amazing young woman that's been going through something that is just complete bullshit! My father? He's dead to me. Polly, if you're up to it, I think we should confide in one another. I mean I don't hate my mother and I know yours is on the other side of the world, but for right now, I'm willing to put my faith in you, just like you put your faith in me.”

She looks up now, her green eyes lightening some. Even though she looks like she is ready to drop some tears, she addresses him.

Polly: “I'm so glad you're here. I don't deserve it though.”

Peter: “Polly, after what you've gone through, you deserve to be happy.”

Polly: “That will be hard, but you being here is a start. I um... I guess I don't know what else to say.”

Peter: “You don't need to say anything else. Why don't you get some rest? I'll order us dinner, okay?”

Polly just removes her winter coat and tosses it off the bed, then uncrosses her legs and just simply lays down on the bed, allowing her head to hit the pillows.

Polly: “Okay.”

She gazes over at him and he looks back at her for a short bit before he stands up and uses the phone in the room to order from the hotel's restaurant. Once he is off the phone he can see that Polly is kind of tired as her eyes are getting heavy.

Peter: “I can leave you alone for a bit to sleep if you want.”

Polly: "No, no, don't go. Please stay."

Peter nods and simply pulls out his cell phone and starts watching some YouTube videos of his choosing. It's not long before Polly nods off to what turns out to be a comfortable nap, one that does not lead to a nightmare.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 2021

Diamonds Don't Always Glimmer

Having left the cooler air of New York City, all of Supreme Championship Wrestling has headed for the warmth of South Florida, Miami to be specific. It definitely feels like a whole new world, even for Polly, despite the fact that she was unable to win the SCW Adrenaline Championship off of Jordan Majors up in Quebec. That does not seem to be on her mind though as she walks along with her confidant, Peter Compton. He walks quite calmly too considering Polly is just wearing her pale pink bikini, along with a pair of pink short shorts and her white sneakers. She has her blonde hair let down and really does look beautiful having picked up a little bit of a tan already. Polly probably at this moment feels the most beautiful she has felt in a long time. The two walk until they find a shaded area where they end up by themselves.

Peter: "I won't be long, just going to get a drink. Would you like anything?"

Polly: "You don't have to get me anything."

Peter: "I insist. My treat."

Polly looks him in the eyes, with a look of trust.

Polly: "Hmm. Okay. Surprise me."

Polly sits down right underneath the palm tree, hiding herself from view of the public, just in case if Mr. Compton is around. She looks around and doesn't see him though. So the moment Peter leaves to go get drinks, Polly gets out her cell phone. As soon as Peter is out of earshot, Polly gets to work, recording a piece for all of SCW and the world to hear, if they want to.

Polly: "Honestly the warmth of Florida is exactly what I needed. I know the bad things aren't over yet in my life, but at least I finally have someone who I know I can trust, one hundred percent, to have my back. Such a good guy he's turned out to be."

She does put on a loving glance in his direction, but then shakes it, realizing what she's doing. She thinks to herself for a moment in wonder before turning her attention back to why she had started the recording to begin with.

Polly: "Maybe for the first time in a long time, God wants me to be happy. And I think I can be. Sometimes starting anew isn't a bad thing. Am I right Kate? Oh, Diamond Steele. I know

you're new here to SCW, but I'm not fooled. I have taken you on before back in Sin City Wrestling, back when no one thought I had a chance to make it big. No one thought I would be able to beat you, but I did. No one thought I would win championships there, but I did. The only two reasons for why it hasn't happened here in Supreme Championship Wrestling for me yet are because I've been worried about keeping my freedom and also the talent pool is much deeper than it was in Sin City. You'll get to experience that soon enough, tomorrow night in fact. Even though I am not the Adrenaline Champion right now, I will be in the near future, and that will only be just the beginning to my championship success here. For now though I don't mind facing you. Yes you're a blast in the past for me, but I'll get to show the world that despite everything going on around me that I CAN and WILL get the job done!"

Polly pauses for a moment, again looking around, to make sure she is concealed enough to not be spotted. She feels confident with continuing after her browse.

Polly: "I believe it was the Bombshell Internet Championship that we fought for, was it not? That was years ago though and like I said, I was a rookie at that point. I have more experience now under my belt and now with someone around that actually does care for me, I can have some confidence now that I will be safe while I compete in that ring! I know I'm not this pure wholesome girl that fights for everything that is right, but I am no longer going to live a lie. I will STILL help those who ask for it or need it, but I also need to stick up for me."

"And no, that's not me being selfish Kate. Look into my eyes. I'm desperate. Not desperate to be relevant or anything, just desperate to keep doing this. I WANT to keep competing and you should know me quite well. I eventually GET what I WANT. Tomorrow night I want to simply defeat you and get myself back on track. I want to show the world that I'm not just here to be here."

"You on the other hand want to claim yourself to be a Diamond. I don't know Kate. I guess time will tell on that one, if you are or are not. Being honest with you, I have to say this. A diamond does not last forever. After what I have been through, I know firsthand that NOTHING lasts forever! You have to live life to its fullest and be your true self. I know that now and that's what I'm here to do. I'm ready to step back inside that ring and play until I can't play anymore!"

"Tomorrow night Kate, it will be nice to see you again. I'm sorry that this reunion will not end in your favor though. A desperate Polly Playtime is a dangerous Polly Playtime. Jordan Majors saw that, and very soon, so will you."

Polly blows a kiss to her cell phone screen before nodding and ending her recording. No sooner is her cell phone back tucked in the left pocket of her short shorts, Peter returns with two of the same drink. He sets one down on the ground for Polly, before joining her down on the ground, sitting just a few feet from her, gazing over her, clearly liking what he sees.

Polly: "Umm, what is it?"

Peter: "It's a Hurricane. Has rum, lemon juice, passion fruit. Figured I'd give it a try. So um... to the future I guess?"

Polly: "Hmm."

As she sees that he is gazing down at her, she looks at him questioningly before she picks the glass up. She takes a quick sip and does like what she tastes. She raises her glass out towards him.

Polly: "Yes. To the future. Hopefully it will be good, though I think with you around Peter, it will."

Peter nods and holds his glass up and out too. The two gently clink their glasses before both taking sips. In the background both of them can hear the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. The day at least has been good. No Mr. Compton. No bad weather. And for at least today, nothing to get in their way of trying to have the best time that they can.