

*Results speak for themselves. So do the actions of others.*

*I will say this bluntly. I will always remember that I am here as the SCW Television Champion thanks to the kindness of the one woman that has been getting constantly fucked with. As she becomes more frustrated, as she becomes more angry, as she takes actions that I thought she would never take, I look at the success that I have had and can't help but to think that life a lot of times just isn't fair.*

*Am I content with the success that I have experienced while keeping my nose to the grindstone? Of course I am. I am not going to let the actions of anyone else define me. That is what I have tried to tell Polly, but too many have chosen to push her over the edge. I saw what happened at Hubris, and I'm almost fully sure of who chose to distract Polly this time. From how Polly was over-obsessively grumbling on the plane ride back to the States, she sounded extremely sure too, without me even telling her my presumption.*

*Ryan LeCavalier.*

*If we are both right, I would not be shocked. Not one bit.*

*It's become very clear. There are not many around that want to see Polly succeed, even though she has worked harder than just about anyone in SCW history. I'll go out on a limb, sarcasm, and say that Clyde Sutter would say that it is Polly's Fate to fail time and time and time again. That simply isn't the case. The evidence is abundant and even though I am off doing my own thing with the SCW Television Championship, don't think that I am blind to everything else that moves. If I was, I wouldn't be a champion at all. Instead I would be wandering in the abyss of SCW. That same abyss where all of the Vision is wondering where they went wrong. That same abyss that Scarlett is in thanks to the actions of that same Vision. That same abyss that Polly does not deserve to be in.*

*But I have a very strong feeling in regards to her. She will pull herself out of it, and I will make sure that I remain out of it. This business, wrestling, has been my second lease in life and I am not going to let go of everything I have earned. I know there are others out there that want what I have. I know there are others that want to try and pry this SCW Television Championship away from me.*

*Well. If you want to take a detour down MacDonald Road, go ahead. My only advice is to avoid the speed bumps and the potholes. Even if you believe you can, you will find yourself looking right into my eyes. And unlike what everyone and their grandmother is doing to Polly, my focus doesn't waver. Not for a single second.*

*Even my own mother is starting to get it.*

*Hopefully my father will too.*

*As for the rest of you, you will all continue to see it and will have to accept it.*

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 2026**

### **Her Unthinkable Move**

She had been thinking about it for days. So much so that it was clear her mind was distracted on something else, even when she was spending time with David Striker. It was even more obvious when she was trying to cool Polly off from what had happened in Melbourne. Even as the sun was rising yesterday, her mind went right to it.

It was yesterday that she finally did it. She made the choice to fly down to Phoenix and take a bus ride to Glendale. However once she was settled at a cheap motel just inside Glendale's limits, she took no action in the evening, choosing instead to just grab some fast food to eat before watching a movie on television for a short bit before turning in for the night.

With it now being early Wednesday morning, Colleen stirs in the bed before sitting up and allowing her eyes to fully open. She makes an annoyed sound with her lips together before sighing and pushing the light bed cover back to reveal that she is still in the clothing that she arrived in yesterday.

*"Guess I should be at least somewhat decent if I'm going to do this. If mom has ever been right about one thing, this could be it."*

Her mind is obviously still on what her mother told her a few weeks ago over the phone. As she sheds her clothing from the day before, as she heads into the dinky bathroom, as she steps into the small shower, even as she allows the quite cold water to begin to wet her from head to toe. With the water dripping down every inch of her, waking her up more and more, she tells herself *"Hopefully he has followed my lead and has used this hospital stay to come to his senses. I have a lot of doubts about that."*

Colleen takes her time with the small packaged bar of Irish Spring soap that she has just opened up, making sure that she is as clean as she can possibly be. It's only after she has allowed the water to wash away the soap that she turns off the shower head. Carefully she steps out of the shower and wraps herself in the biggest white towel that's available, which doesn't go down much past her butt. She allows herself to drip dry for a little bit before stepping back out into the main portion of the room. This is where she speeds up the drying process before she bends over to open up her suitcase to pick an outfit out for what could be quite the intriguing day, that is if she goes to where he finds himself.

With her dark eyes she mulls over her choices before selecting her black knee-high skirt, olive green halter top, and pair of black sneakers. After she dresses she doesn't even look at herself in the small mirror. She just bends back down to zip back up her luggage bag and takes only what she feels she needs for the day.

At the entrance to the motel, Colleen sees the room that has some breakfast items in them. She walks in, takes a banana and a small carton of milk, and promptly leaves, heading outside and taking a walk down the road to the nearest bus stop. It is here that she waits, sitting on a bench, now checking her text messages. She does find that two have been recently sent, one of them from David and the other from Polly, with both of them asking her the same thing.

*Hey. Where are you?*

Colleen sighs but doesn't answer either one of them. Right now she knows what she has to do. Right now to her it's all about trying to mend a relationship that she isn't responsible for breaking.

She stands as the bus approaches. Right after the doors open, she steps onto the bus and immediately pays the proper fare before going and taking a seat. It's a short ride to the hospital. When the bus stops in front, Colleen looks uneager to get off, but she fights the urge to avoid the unpleasant task that she knows she needs to face. She stomps off the bus and proceeds to do the same all the way into the hospital. Her stomps only stop when she comes to the security desk, where she is asked to provide photo ID and who she is looking to visit.

*"Mr. MacDonald."*

Colleen hands over her driver's license. The security guard looks at it and slowly nods. He gets to work with printing Colleen out a visitor name tag that she can stick on her top. Once it is handed over to her, she places the sticker on the bottom half of her top, towards the left hand side. He then tells her the last known room number. Colleen just nods and doesn't even give him a thank you before she walks past him and into the main portion of the hospital corridors. After making a few turns she comes to a set of elevators. She calls the elevator and then uses it to get up to the correct floor. Once she's off the elevator it doesn't take her long at all to find the nurses station which is right by the room that houses her "overheated" father. Colleen stands at the nurses station until she is noticed, which again, doesn't take long.

*"I'm here to see my father. Is it fine if I go in alone?"*

The nurse that has paid attention to her tells her yes, being that he is due to be discharged in a few hours.

*"Thanks."*

Colleen walks into the room to see that her father is looking towards the window that is in the room. Yet he addresses her without even looking in her direction.

*"I'm surprised that you're here. I knew you were though. I could smell your stench of ungratefulness the second the elevator doors opened. Something tells me that will never go away."*

Colleen isn't scared to lay her retort in thick.

"Look. I came here because it was the right thing to do. Not to mention that despite what you and mom might think about me, a part of me does still care. You both are responsible for why I'm here. Now do I wish some things turned out differently? Yes. Yes I do. I wish we could have been a happy family instead of being divided on so many fronts. I know you both blame me for it, but facts are facts. I tried my best to be a good daughter. I really did. No one's perfect. I'm far from it. I admit that. But as my dad, you and mom should have been providing me with at least some guidance if you felt like I needed it."

Colleen pauses, her father still not having the balls to look over at the woman who had to basically raise herself.

"But neither of you did. Yet I turned out okay. I know how to handle bad situations and have learned how to control my anger better since you last saw me. While you were off worrying about padding your bank account with those games of yours, I have found my place in the world, and it's no thanks to you and mom. Consider me an ungrateful bitch, but that's not who I am. Look at me dad. Actually turn and look at me. I'm not a little girl anymore. I'm not someone who coops themselves up in a room to avoid all the problems that are happening around her. On top of that, I'm long through with playing games of any kind. I'm hoping you will join me in that regard."

He still hasn't looked in her direction, perhaps maybe being able to see a glimpse of Colleen's chubby frame through the window's glass.

"I don't need to look at you. I already know what I'm going to see. You will always believe that I did everything wrong. Just so you know, that girl, Lauren, I have given her everything I have promised. Unlike you, she has stayed loyal to me. She trusted me and while it did take some time to give her everything I promised her in the beginning, I didn't let her down. Don't believe me? She'll be here when they let me go this afternoon. Ask her yourself."

Colleen folds her arms in front of her.

"I will. I'm not afraid to admit it when I'm wrong about something, dad. But it will always bother me why you have abandoned mom, leaving her to live by herself, sent Gerald after me, why you tried to kidnap Polly, why you did so many other bad things. You're no saint. Really far from it. If you tell me you did it just for the hopes of getting rich on money, you're full of it."

"Says the girl who thought she was getting everything she ever wanted when you chose to work with a man who actually did turn into the scumbag that you are accusing me of being. Gerald only came into play because I didn't want you to stop me and my partner from having some old fashioned fun out amongst the general public. As for your mother, much like you, she showed

me where her loyalty lied. She hasn't supported my ventures either. You know what they say. Like mother; like daughter."

"Well that's one good decision she made."

Colleen boldly steps further into the room and now inserts herself between the hospital bed and the window, forcing her father to have to look at her. Being he still has an IV with fluids still attached, he can see that he can't escape her gaze, so he stops trying.

"I have made plenty myself and clearly so have you. If you're asking if I have any regrets about how your mother and I treated you when you were an adolescent", he pauses, adjusting himself in the bed, "I have none. After all, you have become tougher for it. I'll put it this way Colleen. We all have to take our own roads in life. We all have to make our own decisions. We all have to focus on the goals that we want to achieve. It didn't take me getting overheated out in the sun to realize that. I have known and accepted these things for years. As much of a nuisance as you were back as a child and then as a teenager, I knew from the very beginning that you would find your way. I'm not wrong. Tell me that I'm a bad man for some of my past actions. Tell me I should be behind bars for life. Tell me I'm a pervert for a game or two. Tell me anything you want. But the one thing you CAN'T tell me is that I was wrong when it comes to you. Because I'm not, and you know it."

She continues glaring at him for a few more moments before she slowly turns and faces the window, her father now not able to take his eyes off of his daughter's bare upper back that he can see thanks to the halter top that she had chosen to wear. It's almost like she knows he's looking at her as Colleen now partially turns back, her left eye glued, giving him an awkward look.

"Yeah. Right."

His curvy daughter actually dares to get closer to the side of the bed now and even looks right down at him from above.

"Don't look at me that way."

"Then don't entice me."

"Ew. Don't make me vomit. I'm your daughter and you should be treating me with respect. I came here today to show you that I can be respectful and at least try to talk things out with you.. Don't see me as yet another potential sex symbol that you want to see embarrassed out in the streets on your little travel stage, because it's not going to happen. You should know how physically strong and mentally tough I am by now, dad. Don't go testing the waters, because I can guarantee you that this hospital stay of yours would definitely be extended."

"I'll take your word for that" comes from him, but after a brief pause, he has a look on his face that is basically saying that he can't help himself, before he says "So since you brought her up earlier, how's Polly?"

Colleen shakes her head, telling him "You never change. Do you? But since you asked, she'll be fine."

"Wait. She WILL be fine? How come she isn't? I thought you two loved one another like lesbians. What happened?"

She's about to speak, but he continues, "Don't tell me. I know. It's written in your eyes. Don't think for one second that I'm a blind fool. You have a boyfriend."

"So you choose now to actually look into my eyes. Yeah, fine, guilty. But I still love Polly too, and he's completely fine with it. He knows how much she means to me. You know all the good she did for me."

"Ah, but you feel you haven't done enough for her in return. Yeah. Your icyness doesn't work on me, Colleen. Remember, I'm your father, not some stranger that you're meeting for the first time."

"That you are. As much as it sometimes grinds my gears, I accept that fact. But what I won't ever accept are a lot of actions that both you and mom took. I should go. I can see that you're perfectly fine and I have more business to handle."

"That you do. Always on the road. As much as you believe I don't care about you, it's quite the opposite. I have followed your wrestling career and won't stop doing that. Not because I'm obsessed with you."

Colleen looks over at the IV machine that is connected to her father's left arm and asks him, "Then why? Because I've found success and am becoming a household name, while you are still doing the same thing you were doing over a year ago?" While her head is turned, he again gets a view of her back as it arches a little. "You're not going to ever leech off of what I've earned."

He nods just as Colleen backs away from the bed and heads for the door.

"Don't worry about that."

"I know when you're hatching a plan in that head of yours, dad. Here's a great idea for you. Don't."

"I'm not. You don't have to go yet though, but I won't stop you if you do."

“Not like you’re in a position to do that right now anyways. But fine, humor me for a bit longer. Without telling any more lies. Tell me the rotten truth, dad. Unlike you and so many others that I’ve met, I can handle it.”

He looks at her before saying after a few moments, “I have nothing else bad to say about you.”

Colleen rolls her eyes. “Yeah. Right. On that note, I’m going.”

“Alright. Go ahead. Always like your mother. Not wanting to believe a word I say.”

Just as Colleen gets to the door, these words get her to spin back around and walk right back to the foot of the bed before gruffly telling him in her deep voice, “I have heard enough out of you, dad. You don’t want to trash me right to my face, but the SECOND I walk out of this room, I can already see the mud that will come out of your mouth. So I’m done with you. I moved on from how you and mom treated me and since you clearly haven’t shown much improvement, I see no reason to be here for another moment. Bye.”

Colleen whips back around and walks out of the room, back out to the nurses station. Her father watches her go, not taking his eyes off of her. One of the nurses walks into the room and he immediately talks to her.

“I forgot to ask if you have any kids yet. If you haven’t, think twice about it before you do.”

Mr. MacDonald continues to look out the open door to where Colleen is starting to walk back down the hallway. The nurse turns and looks too before she goes and calls for one of the doctors, likely getting one to remove his IV in preparation for his discharge since he is clearly feeling just fine.

Meanwhile Colleen is already back down on the ground floor, winding her way down the hallways, heading back to where she was first admitted by the security guard. She doesn’t look at all content, but at the same time wears no look of surprise on her face with how things went between the two of them. She even mutters to himself “With how he was behaving, he’s lucky I didn’t yank that IV right out of his arm.”

Those are the only words she mutters to herself before she signs out at the security guard’s station. Without taking any detours and with her pace slightly quickened, Colleen walks out of the main doors of the hospital, definitely wanting to put aside all thoughts of her father and instead take care of her next order of business.

Ryan LeCavalier.