

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 2022: In The Overnight Hours
I WAS Her!

Polly has been tossing and turning for quite some time, meaning she has definitely been having some sort of bad dream. It must have just gotten worse right at this very moment as she screams, waking up suddenly due to what her mind had her see. Upon hearing her scream, Colleen's body jolts up too. She looks over to her left to see Polly with a lot of color in her face, panting very hard and very fast. Colleen gains the rest of her senses before Polly can even speak a word.

Colleen: "What the fuck? What happened? Can't you just sleep through the night?"

Polly at first doesn't know where she is, but as she looks over to her right, she then remembers where she is and who she is with. For the first time she was spending a night with this girl. This girl had told her hours ago about what is her deepest, darkest desire. Polly keeps panting but is now beginning to shiver, and shiver hard!

Colleen: "I still need some sleep and you do too. But I can see that something is definitely up with you. I may not be your boyfriend or your best friend. Come to think of it, you probably don't even see me as A friend. But you can tell me. What is it?"

Polly's green eyes glare over at Colleen now. She stares a hole into the biggest of the Playgirls.

Polly: "I saw them."

Colleen: "Who did you see?"

Polly: "I saw them. I saw what they did to you. I am SO SORRY Colleen! You were right. I didn't fully understand, but now I do! I SAW THEM!"

Colleen now shivers too.

Colleen: "You saw my parents, didn't you?"

Polly: "Yes. I WAS you! Your father, he brought me out of the house, kicking and screaming. He pushed me down to the ground while your mother, she just wheeled out your suitcase, leaving it alongside my crumpled body. But it didn't end there. No. Your mother, she berated me. She said I was ugly and wanted nothing to do with me. And then your father. He-"

Colleen: "Placed his right foot on the top of your head and stomped your head against the ground, knocking you out cold."

Polly's eyes go as wide as they ever have.

Polly: "YES! I... I..."

Colleen: "Shhh. I'm coming over."

Colleen pushes back the sheets on her bed, gets out of bed and then gets onto the same bed that Polly is laying in.

Colleen: "I will never be able to forget those horrible, unthinkable moments Polly. Every single time I have seen you stomp someone on top of their head, dimming their lights, even though it is only felt for a little while, I never have stopped feeling that. Now you know how I feel. I've never done this before Polly, and as much as I have hated you, may I please sleep alongside you for the rest of the night? I can see that you need me."

Again Polly is very apologetic.

Polly: "I am so, so sorry Colleen!"

Colleen: "You didn't know. There is no way you could have known. But now you do. I know I'm not Peter, but for tonight, I'm here for you and you're here for me. Let's try and sleep on it."

Polly doesn't know what to say so she just nods and looks into Colleen's big eyes. Colleen returns close to the same look as she gets herself under the covers, laying down now to Polly's right. Polly slowly lays back down, her head square on her pillow. Colleen does not say another word and begins to drift back off to sleep. It just does not happen for Polly though, as she just lays awake, first staring off into space and then finally looking over at the sleeping Colleen. Polly does not get one more single wink of sleep before the sun begins to rise. It may just be the dawning of a different day for many people out there, but for Polly it truly will be new. She now understands one of her biggest ever enemies.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 2022: In The Morning I GET Her!

She is back with Peter now, huddling as close as she can to him, having requested him to hug her tight. Peter obliges but then loosens his grip and touch. Polly doesn't move but does look up into his eyes.

Polly: "Peter, thanks to you I now get her. I am very sure that you won't hear the two of us arguing ever again. I... She... Her parents..."

Peter: "Calm down Polly. It sounds like you had quite the interesting night. You look very tired. Why don't you go lay down and get some sleep? I won't go anywhere."

Polly: "I don't know if I can Peter. They destroyed her. They didn't like her. They didn't accept her. They threw her out like yesterday's garbage. I had no idea! I... OH SHIT! I shouldn't be telling you! She wanted it between the two of us and-"

Peter: "I won't tell a soul. I guess it's only right that I know, being she told me about what happened between you and her brother."

Polly: "I didn't mean to squeal! She will KILL me now!"

Peter: "I don't think so. She would understand. She knows that you confide in me and I confide in you Polly. I know what this means. Her secret is safe with you and me. We can both tell her in secret later. Now please, go get some more sleep. I can see that you need it."

Polly worriedly looks into his eyes before slowly conceding and walking over to the bed that Aisling had slept in last night. It is a disheveled mess, but Polly does not even bother to fix it. Peter walks over after Polly has laid down and begun to close her eyes. He fixes the sheet and lays it carefully and cleanly over his girlfriend's shivering body.

Peter: "At least some good has come of all this. You two won't be at each other's throats anymore. Aisling could sense something too last night, but I will tell you later, when you are fully refreshed. Okay?"

Polly nods her head and drifts off, clearly exhausted.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 2022: In The Late Afternoon Now Peter And Aisling Get It Too

Polly is out for hours. When she slowly begins to stir, to her amazement both Peter and Aisling stand at the foot of her bed, both gazing down at her. Polly clears her eyes and sits up. Of course it's Aisling who just can't wait to get the first words that come to her mind.

Aisling: "Damn, what happened in that room last night? You don't look so good."

Polly: "I... I can't tell you."

Aisling: "Sure you can. I just spoke with Colleen. And unlike the two of you, I will actually be able to keep a secret. I know I'm all bubbly and our baby so to speak, but I'm not stupid. You actually think that I never knew about what happened to her?"

Polly: "Wait. What?"

Aisling giggles and then smiles before divulging.

Aisling: "You already know that Colleen have been partners so to speak, before you met me for the first time. Even though she didn't really care for me, we both did tell each other how we had gotten into the positions we were in alongside Mr. Compton. I know how dark her past is with her parents. I just didn't think it would affect you this much! It's all very interesting."

Polly just looks at her, with her jaw somewhat dropped.

Aisling: "Anyways, now you know, so yay! We all know more about one another now, so hopefully, even if we are never friends, we can at least feel like sisters maybe? I don't really want to be at your throat Polly, that is unless I get to tongue you ever again of course. As I have gotten to know you, you aren't all that bad. And now Colleen gets to see what I saw. You just needed to be tuned into the reality that she faced and soon enough, I will tell you how I got here. I'll finish letting you process what Colleen told you though. It's for the best. Besides, you have a big match in two nights. Don't worry. We won't mess it up for you, but we would both like to be out there, just to show you that we are now officially a unit, a sisterhood. It really was such a good feeling when we had Deanna basically dead to rights."

Polly: "It was. I guess I'm just a little confused. Why didn't Colleen tell me sooner?"

Aisling: "Eh, it was her choice. Her hatred for you was just too strong, but somehow it's weakened as of late, and it's a very good thing that it has."

Polly nods before gently pushing back the covers enough so she can remove herself from the bed. Peter steps forward and takes her by her left hand and walks her to the bathroom door.

Polly: "Thanks Peter, and you too Aisling. I guess I better get ready. I have a lot of work to do and a lot of thoughts to process. A nice warm shower will do nothing but help me, I hope."

Aisling: "Okay then. I guess I better go. Thanks for last night Peter."

Polly goes to open the bathroom door but her head swivels when she hears that."

Aisling: "Oh don't worry Polly. Peter only helped me with something. We didn't have sex or anything like that. I know he's yours. As cute as he is, I wish I had you."

Polly rolls her eyes as Aisling licks her chops before bidding the room adieu.

Polly: "Um, what did you help her with?"

Peter: "I helped her with understanding why the two of us have bonded so well together. She gets it. I also get why she wants to kiss you so badly."

Peter delivers a rare grin before he leans in and gets Polly right on the lips. Polly surrenders and kisses him back for a few seconds before he backs up.

Polly: "Well, I guess it was a night of learning for all of us. Um, I'll go take that shower now."

Peter nods and lets her disappear into the bathroom. Polly closes the door but doesn't lock it. She props her back up against the back of the door and it just seems like a million thoughts are running through her head. After a little while she does gaze over at the empty bathtub. She slowly walks towards it, stripping as she goes. When she arrives and steps in is when she drops her panties, tossing them out onto the floor. She draws the curtain and turns on the water, allowing the warm water to begin hitting her, cleansing her, refreshing her.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 2022

Contender, No Longer A Pretender

As the days get colder and colder, Polly finds herself wearing more and more clothing when she ventures out into the fresh air. Fresh air is exactly what she needs today, and that is exactly what she is currently out getting. She is all alone. Her only implement of help if needed is of course her cell phone. As she walks now in a park here in Minneapolis, wearing pretty heavy black jeans, and a very heavy looking dark purple sweater, she looks down at her blank cell phone screen. She just cannot seem to clear her head from all that she learned on Monday night and on through Tuesday morning. But she knows that she must. Glory Braddock is obviously no joke when it comes to the wrestling ring. Polly knows that. Glory knows that. Everyone knows that.

Polly sighs before slipping off into a piece of the park that has no people around. It is here where she turns her cell phone on and logs onto not her Twitch account, but onto her YouTube account in order to create and upload a video. She immediately starts the recording, not wasting a single second more.

Polly: "Hello to everyone out there. As you can all see, I am out here in the cold. But I am used to the cold. After all, I did grow up in southern Utah, not all that far from Salt Lake City. Soon, very soon, areas will begin to see snow. I for one welcome the winter, as I'm sure Selena Frost will too."

"But that's beside the point. She was able to save her darling wife, but when you look at it, not really. I was only going to stomp her shoulder into the mat. That was it. It wasn't like I was going to hurt her all that badly. It was only going to be a warning shot, to let them know they are not just going to get every single thing that they want. Life doesn't work like that."

The blonde Playgirl stops for a moment, and then glares directly down at her screen.

Polly: "Wouldn't you agree, Glory? Ah yes, of course you would. Josh Hudson in his own way thinks exactly like how the Frosts do, and exactly like YOU do too. All of you have something in common. You all feel like you are entitled to just get everything you have always wanted, just because of your name alone. Look Glory, I only accepted this Contendership Match, because I

want that championship that you have. Heck, I don't just want it. I NEED it. And don't you worry your head about it if I beat you twice to get it. I'm not going to use it to play games or anything. No one needs a title belt to do that. But apparently, you do. You want to play this game of getting others to go through a contendership match against you, just to get you to put the United States Championship, yes the United States Championship, on the line. I bet you see me as your little contestant in all of this, do you not? Of course you do. But here's the thing. You made a mistake, Glory. A BIG one at that. What is it? Allow me to explain."

Polly pauses to take a couple of breaths before she continues on.

Polly: "While it's true that you did beat me earlier this year, you forgot to realize that my head was not fully into the game. I had a stalker to still worry about. This time around, that is all over. He is in jail, and from out of what happened, I have gained two comrades that I have really come to truly know. After what I have learned, I respect them, and after what I have told them, they both respect me. All three of us are now a proper team, a concept you will never understand. Then again, there are a lot of concepts you don't understand, even though Selena tried to get through to you. I'm obviously not a Selena fan, but I'm not a fan of you either. I only acted nice to you last Thursday because of the opportunity you were offering. Coming into this, I knew you would open up your trap and put me down. I'm not dumb. I'm not naive. And unlike what you have dealt with as obstacles, I have felt far more than you could ever imagine. I have survived all the obstacles I have faced outside of the ring and am now dead set on getting around all the obstacles that are out there for me inside the ring. Heck Glory, if I can survive and cheat death, there is NOTHING that I can't do."

"Oh I'm sorry, there's that faux American Dream, right? Aww. Listen Glory, I don't care about dreams. I'm not this good, innocent, weak girl that you seem to think I am. As much as you think I am not ready to take you down, tomorrow night will prove to be a different story. Just because things went your way last time, does NOT mean it will be an instant repeat this time. Every day is a different day. Every night is a different night. You clearly wanted to give me this chance just because you are very sure of yourself that you can beat me again. Not because you see potential to be great from me. You think you saw an easy mark, but you couldn't be more wrong! I am far more than what you think I am, Glory. This decision that you made to mockingly give me a chance to go up against you is going to blow up, right in your face!"

"And no, that doesn't mean I'm going to blow up a balloon right in front of your face. But even if I did do that, I would make sure to pop that same damn balloon! Seriously Glory. Look at me! I am a REAL person and I know what potential I have inside me. I don't need you to pull it out of me, but you will see that tomorrow night. I know you don't think so now, but after tomorrow night, you will have realized that you made that big mistake that I alluded to earlier. Will you still see me as you see me right now, at this very moment, after I have earned my chance to take that championship that you covet away from you? I hope you won't. I hope you will see me for what I truly am, a VERY legitimate threat to not just your championship, but to your well-being. But hey, if you want to keep seeing me as some sort of gimmick that I'm just not, that's fine. I

would rather be seen as a gimmick, instead of as a British BITCH that believes she will always get what she wants!"

Polly snarls and sneers.

Polly: "I'm not kidding, Glory. There won't be a freebie for you tomorrow night. There won't even be a victory for you tomorrow night. You're about to get face-planted and pinned, or if I feel extra nasty, maybe I will make sure YOU tap out like the bitch you are. After that's said and done, all three of us Playgirls will get what we were wrongfully denied last week. We will make you our loser contestant. Only this time around, no one will be around to save you. Unlike Deanna Frost, you are all alone."

Polly angrily stares down at her cell phone screen, but does lick her chops, before bidding a mocking "ta-ta" which is obviously aimed at Glory Braddock. She then stops the recording before she continues walking around the park, in the air that is getting colder and colder by the second.