

*Sometimes decisions are hard to make. Very hard. I get it.*

*And well, sometimes you don't want to involve someone else because you think you will be asking too much of them. I... I just wish Colleen wouldn't hold back. I wish she would just let me help her in any way I can. I already know that she is willing to jump in with both hands and both feet should the obviously very humiliated Leslie come after me. Leslie is not a threat though to me. She is not to be taken seriously as I doubt she would be willing to leave Panguitch and race around the world trying to find me.*

*Besides, she may be bigger than me, but I'm smarter than her and have overcome far, FAR more than she could have ever had. If you didn't like being humiliated by me years ago? Tough. Know when to choose your battles. That's all I have to say on the matter.*

*But with Colleen and the growing issue of her father and that useless Tyler's father, Colleen needs support. I want to help her, even if it does mean throwing caution to the wind and having to deal with the world that I never wanted to be a part of again. When I last looked into her eyes last night to talk to her about this, I could see the dark look in her eyes in return before she adamantly told me, in a scolding manner, "No Polly. Don't. It's my problem."*

*Her extremely stern look actually did make me shake, sending multiple shivers up my spine. As much as I love her, and I know she loves me back of course, in those moments she made it very clear that she just doesn't want my aid. I left her room and headed back to my own, sighing. Even when I fell down to sleep with Peter holding me in his arms, my eyes stayed open for quite some time.*

*Honestly, I just don't feel good about her doing it all by herself. Yes she's strong. Yes she can physically hurt you. But nobody is invincible. It's not like her father is all alone. He has partners. He has numbers. Colleen could be overwhelmed should she head into the lion's den alone. I fear something will go horribly wrong if she does that.*

*I can't let that happen. I just can't! My decision is made up. When the time comes, I'm helping her, whether she likes it or not. It's very simple. I love our SCW Underground Champion, I love Colleen, to death.*

**MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 2025**

**Getting Around To The Gifts**

Polly is laying on her stomach on what appears to be the bed that Aisling occupied last night. She is swinging the bottom half of her legs some behind her and has her hands tucked under her chin. She is looking in the direction of the couch that turns into a fold-out bed, where Colleen is seated, designing something with some materials she had just bought an hour or so ago. Polly sighs quite loud one solitary time which gets Colleen to look up and over at her.

*"What is it? That was a very heavy sigh, the loudest one I have ever heard from you."*

"I'm sorry Coll. I just, please don't be mad at me, but I REALLY want to help you. You're not alone in the world anymore. I hope you realize that."

Colleen lowers her eyes back down, continuing to work, wanting to keep her nose to the grindstone. Polly does wait to see if her now best friend will say anything in response. Polly can tell that Colleen is definitely holding back. The blonde sits up in the bed and begins to make her hair look as good as she can, with her back turned to her companion, which is partially bare due to wearing a brand new pure white halter top along with the blue jeans she has on. With her back still turned and tired of not hearing Colleen's deep voice.

"You don't even just have me, or Aisling, or Peter, or Marissa to confide in. You ha-"

"DON'T even say it!"

The familiar deep voice cuts through the air like a rifle going off.

"I don't mean to piss you off, Coll. That is the last thing I want to do. But they did get us presents. Aisling said she thanked them and gave them some cash in return. I kinda feel bad for not getting them anything. I also feel bad about not helping them the other night. Fall of Man is out of control. I know you told me to stick to successfully defending the SCW Television Championship, and I'll do that, but wrongs need to be righted."

Polly stops fussing with her blonde locks and turns to face Colleen, who finally does raise her head, though does have her shoulders tense.

"That doesn't mean I need help. I figured they would be the same way. Guess I was wrong about that one. Apparently Fall of Man was too much for them to handle. After what happened to Ash, I don't want to get involved in that mess. Besides, I had my own match to deal with, where Brittany chose to be a stooge, only this time not doing Blake's bidding. She may have gotten the one-up on me, but it was only because I was fighting Kirsten. I was preoccupied, much like I was at Fatal Fortunes in that Tables Match. When I get Brittany alone, it's going to be just me and her. She wants to be a One Woman Army? She wants to try and resurrect the days where she was actually successful? Oh she can try, but she will fail. She will be One DEAD Woman. As for my father, he will be, too."

Again she lowers her head back down. Polly can see she has no choice. It is right now at this very moment that she walks right up to the woman she cares about most and has the gall and the confidence to place the fingers of her right hand underneath Colleen's chin, bringing it back upwards so Colleen HAS to look right up into Polly's green eyes.

"That's all well and good Coll, but please, listen to me. I beg of you. I know being all business is your lifestyle. I have no issue with that. But I don't want you to turn the cold shoulder to everyone that cares about you. I know you said to not bring up his name, so I won't. However I

have to say this. He has granted your wish that you asked of him. He has given you the distance that you requested and-

"He got me a gift for Christmas. You know how I feel about Christmas."

"So? You haven't even opened it yet. You haven't even opened the envelope that has the card in it yet. I'm sure he didn't get you anything intrusive or sexy or lovey dovey or anything like that."

"Polly. I don't care. I have a lot here to focus on, obviously."

"I know that. That's why I want to only help you, if you'll let me. Tell me what you need. You don't have to be Queen Elsa from Frozen with me. That act only works on an audience."

"Now you know very well that it isn't an act. This is who I am Polly. I thought you accepted that."

"Oh I do. Despite how you are sometimes, I love you."

"Okay. Then you should understand. If you want to open up the gift he got me, go for it."

"I'm not going to do that."

Polly takes her hand back, walks backwards away from Colleen, and goes and retrieves the wrapped gift that is in the bag by Aisling's belongings. Polly brings it back to Colleen and extends it out in front of her.

"Tell you what. If it's something stupid, I will tell David-

Colleen scowls at Polly as she says his name.

"I will tell him to give you more time, and that holidays and gift giving and receiving are just not your things."

She can see that Polly isn't backing down, as Polly is now tapping her left foot repeatedly, in an annoying manner. Colleen finally concedes and takes the decently wrapped gift from Polly's hands. Polly doesn't move from her position as Colleen pretty quickly removes the gift wrap and then opens up the box to see that inside lay a pair of black striking gloves. She picks them up out of the box and places the box beside her on the couch and begins to examine them before she puts them on her hands, seeing how they feel. She places aside the materials she had been working on putting together and then stands up, turning her back to Polly. Colleen looks to the back wall of the room and then puts out a few punches and looks to be satisfied as she looks at the gloves with her dark eyes and nods.

“See? Definitely not a gift that you hate. I can see it in your eyes. You had nothing to worry about with him getting you some sort of sappy lovey dovey gift. I think he knows you better than you think Coll.”

Colleen spins to face Polly.

“I’ll shut up now.”

Shockingly the look on Colleen’s face is a little bit warmer, but not much. She takes off the gloves but keeps them right near her on the couch.

“I still have a lot of work to do, and I don’t know if they are already on the move or not. I’m sure they are here in Philadelphia somewhere. If you really want to help me put this thing together, fine. I’m going to definitely need a way to track them. This should do just that.”

“I want to do more than just that. I want to help you end the plans that your father and Tyler’s have.”

Colleen actually does now take the chance to study Polly’s green eyes, every speck of them. She can see that Polly is dead serious and is not afraid at all of what could happen.

“I’ll think about it.”

Polly sits down on the couch next to Colleen and begins to put a few pieces of the purchased materials together, as shown in the diagram that Colleen has drawn.

“That’s all I was hoping to hear.”

The two women both begin to work hard now, assembling what slowly yet surely comes together as an item that has definitely taken over skies over the past year or so in both the United States and in the United Kingdom... a drone.

“We’ll have to be careful with using it. Keep it low to the ground and out of federal airspace.”

“I know. I need to check to make sure that we assembled it right as soon as we’re done.”

“How about the park just up the street? I’ll come with you.”

“I prefer you head back to your husband. I’m sure he misses you.”

“Oh he’s more than fine with me being here with you. At the first sign of any trouble, if it makes you feel any better, I’ll hide. I promise.”

Colleen wears a thoughtful look on her face, but still looks too worried.

“No. I can’t take that risk. I won’t take that risk.”

Polly takes another stand for herself.

“Coll, it is SO SWEET that you care so much for me. But I’m not going to go through the rest of my life shielding myself from danger away from the wrestling ring. Look at me. REALLY look at me. I’ve gotten stronger. If I was still weak I would have never done what I did to Blake. If I was still weak I would have never been bold and brave enough to stand toe to toe with Xander during the Trios Tournament Finals. No matter what happens going forward, I want you to really know that I WANT to stand alongside you. I know you don’t like gifts, but my gift to you Coll? My loyalty. And face it, I’m not backing down. Take me with you.”

Colleen stands up. Both her and Polly hold one half each of the now constructed drone. She walks past Polly and heads for the door of the room.

“Okay. You persuaded me Polly. Come on.”

Polly walks up to behind her and softly speaks to her companion.

“Thank you.”

Before they head out, they place both pieces of the drone on Aisling’s bed so they can zip up their winter coats. Once those are on, Colleen snatches her room card before they each pick up half of the drone and get going on their way. As they go through the hotel lobby a few people look up to see the two women, but nobody goes to approach them. It’s about five minutes more before they arrive at the park. Colleen takes Polly’s half of the drone and pieces it together with hers before placing it on the ground. She then turns on the remote control that came with the model and the drone begins to slowly lift into the air. Even though she has never flown anything in her life, not even a kite, Colleen does quite well with it, and after about a minute, seems to be content with the testing.

“Works. Let’s see if we can find them. They have GOT to be here somewhere. They wouldn’t pass up an opportunity to play a few games, right in my face.”

“Yeah.”

Colleen lands the drone and then chooses to carry it herself. Polly walks with her, heading in the direction of Lincoln Financial Field, figuring that that is where Colleen’s and Tyler’s fathers would be, despite the Philadelphia Eagles’ field not being the site of Breakdown on Thursday night.

**MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 2025**  
**Eyes To The Skies**

Colleen's intuition was entirely correct. They are pretty much exactly where she was thinking they would be, hiding on one of the sides of Lincoln Financial Field, as to not be wide out in the open. Much like in other cities, they have obtained a permit to be in the location they find themselves in, so technically they are not doing anything illegal.

"We could just go elsewhere, Mr. MacDonald. We should probably stay away from that daughter of yours at all costs. She's not messing around."

"We could. But there is no fun in that. Besides, this is the City of Brotherly Love. We should be able to possibly pick up a few recruits here. Big city. You never know."

"That's true. Hopefully she won't notice."

"It won't matter if she does. Gerald may not have been enough to handle her."

"Obviously he wasn't. She sat on him. Squashed him like a bug despite his size. Need someone or maybe more than one person to put her down and get her out of the way."

"Precisely."

"You already have a few people in mind?"

"Yes. They won't be here by today though, which is why I was so busy training Lauren how to battle some last night. She actually isn't that bad, once she drops her shyness. She might be able to surprise my problem child, but if not, she can definitely do enough to slow her up so we can take care of business."

"Alright."

As the two finish talking, Lauren comes from around the corner, jogging. She slows her jog and comes to a stop, breathing hard, having just gotten herself a workout in the cold air.

"Hey gentlemen. I didn't see her while on my jog. But if she DOES show up, I'll do as you both have asked me. Just hold her up so the show can actually finish this time without interruption."

"That's all we ask. Show is tomorrow. We just came here to set up and whatnot."

"Okay. Can I help?"

"Sure."

Mr. MacDonald turns away. All three turn their attention to setting up the set, the stage area, the props and whatnot. It does take quite a bit of time. So much time that they eventually end up with an unwanted guest. Both of the men have yet to turn around from doing what they are doing, but as Lauren sets up the microphone at the front of the staging area, she looks out and up and sees the drone that is being piloted by Colleen MacDonald. Only Lauren has no clue whose drone it is. Colleen and Polly are both completely out of sight, a few streets away. The drone hovers there for a few moments as Lauren takes a few steps towards it, her eyes curious.

After another 15 seconds, the drone goes up a little before taking back off.

“I’ll be back in a bit guys. I promise!”

Lauren immediately gets up to a jogging pace and then runs away from the scene, keeping up with the drone as it flies its way back to Colleen and Polly’s location. Once it is back on the ground Colleen picks it up. The two of them walk away from their hiding place, but they have not dodged Lauren’s eyes. Lauren has stopped running and is walking when she sees Colleen and Polly disappear around the next corner, having caught a quick glimpse of Colleen’s face. Colleen however has not seen her.

Lauren looks their way before she turns and begins to walk back to Lincoln Financial Field to rejoin Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Harrison. She immediately warns Mr. MacDonald.

“Your daughter has a drone. I just saw her. She knows where we are. We should move locations.”

He looks at her and can see that Lauren is serious and not lying to him.

“Thank you for the intel. We can move everything. There’s enough time left in the day to do that. Great job Lauren. I’ll make sure you get some extra pay, okay?”

“Thank you sir.”

Mr. MacDonald politely nods before he turns around, annoyed that they will have to pack up shop and move. But even he would have to admit that it’s not a bad move, being prying eyes are around.

Meanwhile, four streets away now, Colleen is squinting her eyes and grinding her teeth, obviously getting angry that sure enough her father is going to try again, in an effort to earn more money, increase his ranks, and embarrass more and more poor unsuspecting young ladies... much like how she, Aisling, and Polly were taken advantage of in the past.

Polly can see the look in Colleen’s eyes as she keeps pace with her.

"I guess we will have to see what you were able to record. Um, no matter what it is we see, promise me that you won't go after them by yourself. Please."

Colleen just mutters under her breath.

"I don't know Polly. I don't know."

Both of them walk back to the hotel. The two only separate once they get up to the floor that they are both staying on. Colleen goes into her room and slams the door shut behind her, HARD. Polly jumps a little and then shakes her head and sighs before she heads into the room assigned to her and Peter. Peter waits there for her, watching some television. He looks up to see her.

"Is everything okay?"

Polly walks closer to him before she quietly speaks.

"I don't know Peter. I don't know."

Another sigh from Polly tells the tale.