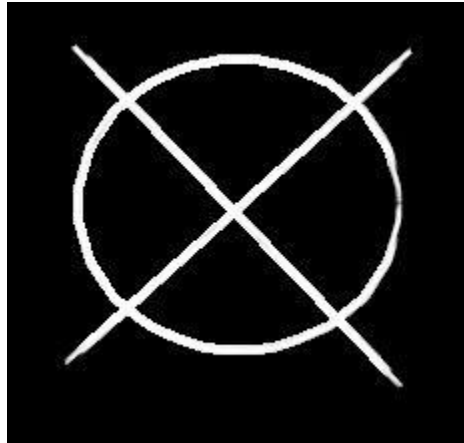


“Should know better to leave things well enough alone.”

“But this bitch is **begging for an asskicking**”



Scene fades in after the new posts and everything from Hell Cat, Napalm sighs knowing how much he would love to step away from this, but even he knows it has gone past the point of no return.

Days away from Powder Keg

And this bitch throws a wrench in plans, his burner phone sits shut off after the last attempt to log in on it, producing nothing he sighs, figured Hell Cat would try something and he only had himself to blame. He could have kept his mouth shut and moved along, but no.

That was not his style, even though what he was thinking was more suicidal, espically with Powder Keg in two days, Napalm sits there thinking not wanting to quit this, but to at least avoid some of the trap Hell Cat was forming. He couldn't contact Darkspade, if he did the whole gig was up, and he would have no way out of it.

Napalm cursed under his breath.

You would think almost thirty years of using his brain would at least help in some aspects, but he also knew this whole thing with Spade, Charon, and Hell Cat was not going to end peacefully.

He was in the middle of this storm, and he had to work out something, it didn't need to be foolproof, he knew that would cause more trouble than needed.

Was it worth the second title shot?

Probably not, but he could not back down now.

He needed time to plan something, and the hours were ticking. Yet he was drawing a blank.

“Got yourself in another mess again?”

Napalm looked up and it was his wife Selena, she had a concerned look on her face as she sat down.

“One downside of looking at the big picture, then ending up walking into something I should have left alone. Story of my life sometimes.”

Selena looks at Johnny if there was someone who could give him advice it was definitely her.

“She sounds like a wretched bitch if you ask me.”

Napalm nods

“Right into her trap, now I got to at least play her game.”

“Then what?”

“That's the thing, I don't have a clue. If I could figure something out, maybe get an edge on what her plan is, she thinks she can kill me. Since I pissed her off so much, then I realized what happened to Charon, this bitch is even more calculating than I am. She took over Darkspade's game, and twisted it into her own sick devices, and whatever she did. The burner phone is now useless, I can't log in to the site on it.”

“Should have kept your mouth shut about that burner phone Johnny.”

“Yeah hindsight is 20/20, god knows what she put on that site now, probably enough viruses and malware to kill a computer or two if not worse than that.”

“She wants to trap me in that game of hers and right now I have to step in that trap, and deadline is Powder Keg, god the timing sucks to all fucking hell.”

Napalm gets up slowly and paces around, his brain works better when he is moving, he thinks and runs through ideas in his head, one by one he eliminates ideas for being too reckless, or being too stupid to even attempt. Then one idea pops in his head, he pauses for a moment. It was not a reckless idea, or a stupid one. All he needed was one small piece of solid ground, something he could survive this ordeal. It might cause some issues later, but this was the big obstacle in his path, and it was one of his own doing.

If he could get past this, then maybe even if it is a longshot.

“That... could work..”

“You thought of something?”

Napalm looks over

“If nothing else, it’s an idea, but once I leave for Powder Keg, I’m having security watching the house and Robert, Jen, and their kids are coming over for the weekend, we got the room here.”

“Expecting her to do something cray-cray?”

“Considering that she has been making Darkspade and Charon’s life hell, and anyone who comes close to them, I’m not taking chances.”

“Well, I do trust your ideas there.”

“**I don’t**, Hell Cat is very sneaky, I got a feeling even if you were in a panic room she would find a way in, not only is she dangerous, she has no respect for human life. But, I want to make sure defenses are up.”

“Same kind of security that AEGIS has for SHOOT.”

Napalm laughs

“You forget, they follow protocols.”

“Ones that Robert and I made for Black Fox security, even before AEGIS got into business.”

Selena looks shocked

“You sure?”

“100% sure, most security companies that are hired for events **use the same protocols we made up the whole damned east coast**. Would have offered security for EWA but the brass didn’t want our business. There fucking loss.”

Napalm sighs as he sits back down, he looks at the burner phone, spitter worked fine still, but he did eye his main phone, **no damned way he was going to use his main phone on the site**.

Then an idea hit him, one that just might work, and a certain someone owed him a big favor.

“**I got an idea.**”

Napalm got up and walked to his main phone, he opened it and checked his contacts, he scrolled down to one number and prayed he had not changed numbers again. He sent one text message to the number, no name on it. Yet, he knew who that number belonged to.

"I'm cashing in that big favor you owe me. Get back to me ASAP"

Napalm walks back to the couch, his face looking determined he had at least a small plan, but he needed to cash in that one big favor owed to someone he has known since his early days of wrestling, one who use to be a wrestler, but also with his other talents.

Might be able to give Napalm a lifeline, albeit a small one

And that might be all he needs

Desperate times, call for desperate measures. Napalm hopes it keeps him from meeting the reaper, at least until he can confront this bitch at Zenith 21.

The phone rings just a few minutes later.

And the scene cuts to black, with the words coming on the screen

"From here you can keep guessing Hell Bitch, See you soon."