

## Prologue

She stood behind the curtain peering out into the arena, unnoticed by the two practicing in the ring. Compared to her diminutive size, they were giants dwarfing her by over a foot. One had a shaven head and hazel eyes. The other's hair long dark auburn, and intense green eyes.

She had watched from afar, whenever they practiced. But one in particular held her attention. She watched him every chance she could get, since her arrival to the organization three months ago. That is when she first laid eyes on him. She had been hired to do odd jobs. Mainly, she was like a Phantom!

She turned away and pressed her back against the wall. Her mind wandered back to the day, she initially saw him. It was her first day on the job. She had met up with the company in Pittsburgh.

Her Supervisor was showing her around backstage, and explaining the different departments. Each was essential to make sure the shows went off without any difficulty. The brought everything together.

They were heading down the hallway, and passing the dressing room of one of the wrestlers. As he was exiting, she was busy listening to her supervisor, and did not see him coming out. She collided into the side of the humongous man's side, which sent her backwards onto her butt.

"Are you okay?" His deep voice penetrated her ears. She scrambled to her feet embarrassed, just noticing he had

extended his hand to help her up. She looked down at the ground, shaking her head.

"I'm ok, thank you. Sorry, I did not see you!" She stooped down and picked up her clipboard. He stared down at the small beauty. Her hair was long and raven colored. She had it pulled back into a ponytail. He could not get a glimpse of her eyes. She would not look up. 'She is a new one,' he thought.

"Hey Tad, breaking in a new girl?" He turned from her, and to the man standing next to her.

"Yes I am Sir!" He looked from him and then to her. She continued to stare downwards.

"And what is your name, little Lady?" He asked, still trying to see her face and look at her eyes.

"Cassandra, but everyone close to me call me Sandra or Sandy!" She said in a quiet tone, never giving him any eye contact.

He walked over to her and hooked her chin with a finger, and lifted it gently upwards until their eyes met. She looked into his sea-green eyes and felt something flow through her. This feeling was something she had never felt before.

"Well Sandy, welcome aboard. I'm the Sole-Catcher, but my friends call me Blake,' he stared into her dark, haunting brown eyes. She was uncommonly lovely. He felt there was something different about her.

"Thank you Sir, and nice to meet you," a small smile crept across her face. Then her eyes immediately darted away. Blake released her chin and nodded to Tad. Then he moved on down the hall, and out to the arena.

“Well you met the highest ranking wrestler here. Make sure you never, get on his bad side. I know you may think he appears to be alright. But believe, me he is not.” Tad looked in the direction Blake had disappeared. Sandy listened to Tad, and caught a hint of anger in his words.

“Okay, Sir!” She said shyly. She did not want to anger anyone there.

They finished up with the tour, and she was left on her own. She walked up to the secluded area and stood concealed, watching Blake go through his moves in the ring. That is when she knew he would be the one, to fill her empty heart.

“Sandy!” The voice pulled her back to reality. She stared into the face of an angry Tad. Working for him has been hell. But she endured it just to be close to Blake. Even though he hardly noticed her. No fault of his own, she was good at being invisible. She felt that was the best way to be. Kept her out of trouble, and drama that came with this organization.

“Yes, Sir?” Her voice was just above a whisper. He walked over to the opened curtain, and stared at the two men in the ring. His eyes focus on one of them, and in an instant knew why she was there.

“I knew I would find you here! Come with me!” He hissed, grabbed her by the arm, and headed for a secluded area.

Her shorter legs struggled to keep up with him. He came to an empty dressing room, and shoved her into it. She nearly lost her balance.

“How many times have I told you to stay away from him?” He growled. She moved backwards into the wall.

"I'm not near him! I was just watching them practice!" She began to tremble. Then something came over him, and he seemed to soften up. He walked towards her.

"Oh Sandy! My darling sweet Sandy! What is it going to take, for you to realize he will never love you the way I do?" He took the back of his hand, and softly brushed the side of her face. She looked in his eyes and saw an obsession, not love.

"Sir, I'm sorry!" She said and looked down. He froze for a moment, digesting the meaning behind the apology. And when it finally registered, he backed away. His eyes grew from soft to hard.

"Very well! I'm sorry also, but your services are no longer require. Gather your things and leave!" He stared at her without any emotions. Shock swept her face.

"NO!" She screamed at him! "You cannot do that! What did I do wrong? I have done everything you have asked!" She continued to yell. He looked at her with such surprise. He never knew she had so much emotion in her.

"Everything but one thing! Love Me!" He said, staring at her briefly, then left her standing alone.

She did not know how long she had stood there, before she had gotten the strength to move her feet. She slowly walked from the room, and out into the hall. As she started down it, she got the feeling she was not alone. She felt him near and looked in his direction. He was leaning against the wall, arms crossed, and eyes on her.

“Sandy!” He broke the silence. She looked at him startled, never thinking he remembered her. She had played the phantom so well.

“Yes Sir!” She answered, watching him move from the wall and approach her.

“I’m sorry! I overheard Tad firing you,” he said, and could see she was fighting back the tears. ‘Had he heard everything?’ she wondered. ‘Did he know what she felt for him? How could she live without being near him?’ Her thoughts filled her mind.

“Then you know the reason?” She asked, hoping what she was thinking wasn’t true. He shook his head.

“I did not want to ease drop, so I just moved away after hearing him tell you to leave.” He answered. She looked away, contemplating if she should reveal why Tad let her go. But thought better! Tad would win, and Blake would only reject her.

“Oh okay! Well I guess this is goodbye,” she said with a false smile. “Take care!” She turned and began to walk away.

“Wait!” He called after her. She stopped abruptly, never looking back at him. He walked pass her, and came to stand in front of her.

“I may have an idea,” he rested his hands on each of her shoulders. She refrained herself, from betraying what his touch was making her feel.

“Yes Sir?” She asked.

“First off, please do not ever call me Sir!” He gave her a soft but stern look. “”And second, how would you like to be my

assistant?" He asked. She looked at him, not sure if what she heard was true. Then when it sunk in, she could not hold back. She jumped up on him, wrapping her arms around his neck, and legs around his waist.

"Thank you Sir.....I mean Blake! Thank you so much!" He smiled and placed his muscular arms, around her and began to laugh.

"Wow! If I knew that was all I needed to do to get some life out of you. I would have done this a long time ago," he joked with her.

Suddenly, she realized what she was doing and jumped out of his arms. "I'm sorry! I did not mean to do that! Please accept my apology," she looked up to him wringing her hands, not knowing what to do next.

"Sorry? You did nothing to be sorry for!" This was a little confusing to him, not sure why she was reacting this way.

"Yeah I did! I was disrespectful! You offered me a job, and I jump all over you-literally!" She said frantically. Blake slightly leaned his head to the side, staring at this remarkable little beauty. Why was she so squirrely all the time?

"Sandy, if you are going to work for me. You are gonna to have to drop this seriousness. Life ain't like that, honey. Loosen up! Now get your things and meet me in my dressing room," he told her then headed down the hall.

Sandy was gathering her things from the office, when she felt a sharp pain hit the back of her head. Then the darkness overcame her. She had no idea how long she was out, before she slowly emerged from unconsciousness. When the fog lifted,

and her mind was clear. She looked around and felt something tight, around her wrists and ankles. Ropes were binding her!

“Hello Sandy!” The voice flowed from a dark corner of the dim musty room. She was going to say something, when she also realized tape covered her mouth.

“Oh, you wanted to say something to me? Well, I made sure you did not. There’s nothing to say. We said it all,” he walked out of the shadows and stared down at her. She stared into the face of a psychopath called Tad!

“Did you really think, I would let you work with him? I saw you two! The way you wrapped yourself around him. He did not put up much of a protest now did he?” He glared at her. She tried to muffle something to him.

“The only thing I want to hear from you, is that you love me. Can you say that Sandy?” She looked into his wild eyes. She knew then, she would never see Blake again. She lowered her head and allowed the tears to flow.

“Just as I thought! Goodbye Sandy!” He turned and walked away. She wiggled and twisted to get free. He left the room and locked the door behind him. She sat trying to figure out how to free herself, and get to Blake. Despair soon settled over her. She laid down on her side, and began to cry.

The last piece of equipment had been packed. Most of the wrestlers had left for the next show. Blake had waited and waited, for Sandy to meet him in his room. She never showed! He left his room and went searching for her. No one had seen her, but thought that was not unusual. They all knew she tried

to be as low keyed as possible. That is when he saw Tad coming down the hall. He walked over to him.

“Have you seen Sandy?” He asked, his hands on his hips. Tad always hated to come face to face with Blake. Since that day he had an unpleasant encounter with him.

“No! Not since earlier, when I had to let her go. Budget and all! She probably left,” he played it coy as he informed him.

Blake never has liked this man. He had watched how he went through assistants, just like changing his underwear. Most just quit. But for some reason, Sandy stayed on. And for that, he admired. That is one of the reasons; he had asked the owner of the organization, if he could hire her. He just did not know, how to approach her with this news. She was such a little shy thing.

“No! We were going to meet in my dressing room. I hired her on as my assistant, since you had no need for her.” Blake stared at him, as if he wanted him to say something. Just to give him an excuse to knock him through the wall.

“Oh okay! Hey that is great! She is a good worker, but I just could not keep her on!” He said nervously. Blake had enough of him.

“I’m going to her hotel room. Maybe she is there gathering her things.” Blake walked away. Tad sighed a relief. No one will ever find her. Or even missed her.

Blake came to the hotel and went straight to her room. The maid was already cleaning it, and informed him she had checked out. He went to his room, hoping she was there. But she was not! ‘Where could she be?’ He thought. He checked out at the front desk with no luck. He was turning to leave, but was



stopped by the desk clerk, who handed him an envelope. He opened it, and pulled out a letter to read:

‘Dear Blake,

I’m sorry I could not take you up on your offer. It was kind of you, but I have to decline. I did not quite know how to tell you face to face. I did not want to offend you, so I’m leaving this letter.

Once again, thank you for thinking of me.

Take Care

Sandy

He could not believe this. He thought she was genuinely happy. Go figure. He thought there was something haunting about her. Maybe a bit on the special side. He placed it back in the envelope, folding it, and unintentionally placing it in his pocket. He left the hotel. They would be moving on to the next town.

Tad came from behind the corner, he had been hiding. He wanted to see if Blake took the bait. He did! Neither of them will ever be together. Now to figure out what he will do with Miss Sandy. He could not let her go now, she would have him put in jail. He is not a murderer! And even if so, he could not kill her. He loved her too much!

“Oh my God!” Someone hollered out, jolting him from his scheming. He heard sirens racing down the street, and people

running behind the fire trucks. He ran out in front of the hotel, saw a couple blocks away, a dark smoke reaching for the sky.

“Where is that smoke coming from?” He asked someone running pass.

“The arena’s on fire!” They called back to him. An instant wave of trepidation came over him.

‘SANDY!’ Crowded his mind.

He ran down the street following the crowd. He tried to get pass the barricade that had been swiftly put up by the police. He tried to inform the police, he was a staff member and there might be people left in there. They informed him everyone had been evacuated.

‘All excepting one,’ he thought.

He watched helplessly, as the arena slowly became engulfed by the flames. It took hours, but it finally played out. It would be another few hours, before they could go through it.

Tad pulled out his cell phone to give the owner a call. He would tell him he had to go home on an emergency. That should give him time, to see if she was dead or live.

He dialed the number and listen to the ringing impatiently. Then the click of someone answering, and the dreaded voice came booming through.

“Alright Tad! I’m not in a pleasant mood right now! What is this about?” He scowled, and Tad cringed. This was not going to be easy.

“Sir! I have a family emergency to attend, and need a couple of days off,” he said, intimidated. A paused from the other end-then.

“You listen to me real good. I was informed there was a fire at the arena we just left. Not all of our equipment was taken out of there, before it went up in flames. I’m out of thousands of dollars. Do you see me saying, I have to take off because of an emergency? No! I’m going on as usual! If I were you, and valued my job! I would meet the company at the next show! Got it!!” He spouted in the cell before hanging up.

Tad stood for a few moments, motionless. Then he snapped his cell phone closed. He was befuddled. He could not leave her like this. Even if she is dead. She cannot go through this alone. He had no choice, as he contemplated the consequences of the choice he made.

He walked back towards the hotel where his car was parked, and reluctantly left her behind. He hoped somehow or someway, she made it out safely. Even though, it meant he would spend the rest of his days in jail. He deserved it.

The next day, Tad walked into the arena where they would be doing a show. He gave a few orders to his crew and headed on down to his designated office. As he came around a corner, he saw a group of wrestlers crowded around one of the monitors.

They were looking at something that had them all buzzing. He squeezed in between the huge men, seeking what the uproar was all about. It was the news. His eyes fell on the scene of the arena they had just left the day before.

“What is going on?” He turned looking at the huge men behind him.

“That is the arena we left. It went up in smoke. The sad thing, someone died in it.” One of them informed him. Tad felt his legs go rubbery under him, and braced himself on the stand.

“What is wrong with you man? You look white as a ghost!” Another asked. Tad waved him off.

“I’m okay!” He said, taking a deep breath. Then the voice over the monitor came through.

‘It appears the fire started in the boiler room. And maybe by the person who was found there. A young woman, in her early twenties! This is the statement given by the Fire Chief! Nothing more is revealed.’ The newscaster announced.

Tad could not take it anymore. He pushed through the men, and ran down the corridors to his office. Once he was in, slammed himself against the door, and shut it with great impact.

Gone! She is actually gone, is all that played over and over in his mind. It is all his fault! A young woman is dead, because he could not have her, and he would not allow anyone else to. Only conclusion he could come to, was he was a murderer!

He paced up and down, trying to figure out what to do. She is gone. She cannot tell anyone what he had done. Yes, it is clear. If he confessed, he could only imagine what Blake would do to him. Not to mention those burly guys in prison.

No, it is better he kept this little secret to himself. Who is it to tell what he did? Not him! ‘Okay good,’ he thought! He will keep this on the down low, as they say. No one will ever know!

He took a water bottle and douse his face, and wiped it off with a towel. He made his way towards the door, and took in a deep breath. He held it momentarily, then allowed it to escape. He felt his nerves calm down and opened the door. He walked out into the first day of his life. So he thought!

## Chapter One

A month had passed since the disappearance of Sandy! Blake had hired a Private Detective to try and find her, but he couldn't come up with anything. Everything lead to a dead end. Blake thanked him, and decided she did not want to be found.

He was just leaving his dressing room, when he saw Tad walking up all happy. He had another assistant, and she looked to be mid-thirties. Blake leaned against his door with crossed arms, staring at him.

Tad was too busy explaining things to the new assistant, he never saw Blake staring him down. The woman did! Her eyes became glued to the angry massive man, looking at them. She did not know if she should run or faint. That is when Tad knew something was wrong. He noticed she was not paying him any attention, but looking as if she was going to bolt at any time. He followed her eyes to what was freaking her so. They came to rest on Blake!

"You do not waste much time replacing people, do you?" Blake scowled. The Lady slightly made a step backwards, hearing his voice. Which was more menacing than his stare.

"Well it has been a month now. No call or anything from her. It is as if she dropped off the face of the earth." Tad said

nervously, which did not help the woman feel any safer. Blake looked pass Tad to her.

“Ma’am! Just watch your back with this one. He is not to be trusted,” he warned her, then walked pass both of them. They back up, and gave him the room he commanded.

“Umm! Who was that?” She asked, still watching him make his way towards the arena.

“Some jerk that thinks he run things around him. Do not listen to him, Carol. He ran off my other assistant, Cassandra!” Tad told her, but made sure Blake was not within hearing range.

“Really? How did he do that? Intimidate her?” She asked, as they continued on their way.

“No, he fell for her! But she did not returned the feelings. He stalked her until she ran away without notice,” he lied! Carol looked at him curious.

“Oh yeah? Hmm!” She thought to herself. ‘What woman would run from something like that?’ Even though he seemed scary at first glance. Afterwards, she could see herself getting it on with him.

“Do not get any ideas. You are too old for him. He likes them young!” He harshly informed her, and opened the door to his designated office. She stared blankly. ‘A girl can dream,’ she thought to herself.

Blake was going back to his room, when he saw Carol leaving Tad’s office. She was looking at some papers and did not see him standing there. But she soon realized it, when she ran into him and nearly fell back on her rump.

"I meant what I said earlier. Be careful! He is not to be trusted." Blake reaffirmed what he had told her previously. She slowly back away and staring at him.

"I have no idea on what to trust! This is just too much drama, and I'm too old for this. You tell me to watch for him. He tells me you ran his other assistant away!" She told him, causing him to stiffen. She immediately caught it, and felt she had made him angry.

She moved backwards, prepared to run. "But he did tell me it was okay, that I had nothing to fear! Because you would not bother me, since I was an older woman. He said you like them real young," she quickly interjected, not knowing how to defuse the situation.

"How old are you, if I may ask?" He looked her up and down. She was slightly thick, but curved in the right places. Not to mention, she was a nice looking woman at that. He could see himself doing her. She caught his gaze and could see what it was implying. She began to blush. 'So much for young and thin,' she thought.

"I'm 36 years old!" She replied, looking away. Not wanting him to see in her eyes, what she was feeling. Blake removed the sweat from his face, with the towel hanging about his neck. He smiled at her blushing.

"That is a good age. I'm 42 and it really does not matter about the age thing. He does not know everything about me. I like them seasoned some times. Would you like to go out to eat?" He asked. Her eyes shot over to him, stunned.

"Sir! As flattered as I am you would like to go out. I do not think it would be a good idea, seeing as my boss and you, do not get along," she could have kicked herself, for what was coming out of her mouth. Blake nodded.

"Okay! By the way, what is your name?" He asked, as an afterthought.

"Carol!" She smiled. He did not seem as menacing, as he had earlier. She thought, 'Guess you cannot judge a book by its cover.'

"Carol? That's a nice name. I will respect your decision! But do not think I will be giving up on that dinner proposal. Maybe later," he stared at her. She just smiled and walked away, with him watching. He liked the way her hips moved. He leaned against the wall, imagining her in the bed with those hips doing their thing.

"I'm warning you Blake, stay away from my assistant! I won't lose another one because of you." Tad was yelling, as he came up behind him. It appears he grew some!

Blake snapped out of his thoughts, and looked down at the weasel in front of him. He did not say one word to the little man. He just came off the wall, and mad-dogged him. Tad back away quickly, not wanting to be in striking distance.

"You do not scare me! I'm going to Vance! I bet he makes you, mind your own business!" Tad yelled over his shoulder, as he rushed off to Vance's office.

"Prick!" Blake shook his head, watching him scurry away towards the owner's office. Now he was more determined, to keep an eye on Carol. He still had a feeling, Tad had something



to do with Sandy's disappearance. And now that he knows of his interest in Carol, He will definitely, try to make life miserable for her.

"Damn! He always gets his way. Vance never takes my side when it comes to his precious, Superstars! They can do whatever they damn well please!" Tad slammed the door to his office! He was furious! The meeting with Vance about Blake messing with his assistants, did not go as planned. He slumped down in his recliner and began to rub his temples. He was getting a humongous headache.

That is when he saw, the small envelope lying on his desk. He looked at it for a second, then picked it up. At first he thought it was some type of invitation. But did not know anyone who was getting married, or having anything special. He looked around the room as if searching for someone, before opening it. He pulled out the note and began to read.

'You think you are home free. But you are not! You will pay for what you did!'

He stared long and hard at the words, then threw it down as if it was a hot potato. He jumped out of his chair, ran to the door, and swung it open. He eased out and stared down the corridors. Someone had to have come into this room, while he was gone. Blake came to mind.

He took off to Blake's dressing room, and began to bang loudly on it. Blake was just getting out of the shower, when he heard the noise at his door. He wrapped the towel around his waist and preceded to answer it. His intent was to knock the hell out of whoever it was, just for the disrespect.

“What the Hell!” He threw open the door, and stared down at Tad.

“Listen to me Blake! You maybe this big-ass, bad ass around here. Fine! You may even be able to break me in two. But your little scare tactics, to pin something on me! Ain’t gonna work! I did not do anything with Sandy! I do not know where in the hell she is. So you might as well leave me alone about it!” Before Blake could respond, Tad had ran away and out of the arena.

Blake was dumbfounded. He had no idea what Tad was talking about. At that same moment, Carol walked up from the opposite direction. She had been a witness to everything, and was definitely liking what Blake was wearing.

“What is going on?” She looked Blake up and down. His head snapped in the direction of the voice. He looked into the dark brown eyes giving him the once over. He raised one arm up and rested it on the doorway, staring down at her.

“Your boss is off his rocker-as we all know. I have not a clue what he is talking about.” Blake told her, and smiled at her.

“Oh, okay!” She looked away, embarrassed she had gotten caught admiring the goods.

“Come in, while I get ready for the nights match. You can watch it from the monitor,” he moved back into his dressing room. She paused in the doorway, indecisive.

“Well, come in or not. But closed the door either way!” He said to her, then went over to his ring attire.

She took a giant step in and closed the door behind her. He looked over at her, pleased she had decided to stay. Without

warning to her, he whipped off his towel, and exposed all his glory. She fell back into the door, covering her face with her hands.

‘Oh my gosh!’ She thought, getting a view of the full package. Blake let out a low laugh.

Tad came to a screeching halt, in front of the hotel where he was staying. The note kept invading his mind. What if it is Blake? What difference does it make? He does not know anything or he would have gone to the police by now.

He left his car in a parking spot, and turned on the alarm. He slowly walked into the lobby, and headed for the elevators. The Desk clerk spotted him walking through, and pulled something out of Tad’s box. He ran to catch him, before he got on the elevator.

“Mr. Anderson! I have a note left here for you!” He called to him, as the door began to open. Tad turned to look at the man rushing towards him. He handed it to Tad, who noticed it looked identical to the first note he received.

“Who left this for me?” He asked. The clerk shook his head.

“Sorry, do not know. It was lying on the counter, when I came from the back,” he told him then walked back to the desk, to attend to some customers.

Tad turned his attention to the note. He stared at it for a few moments, as if expecting it to explode. His eyes roamed the lobby, searching for anyone who looked suspicious. It was empty, except for the people at the desk. He slowly backed into the elevator, and watched the doors close.

He held the envelope, until he made it into his hotel room. Then he tossed it on the bed, staring at it as he paced back and forth. He was not sure if he wanted to open it or not. He stopped his pacing, and stood motionless for a while. Still unsure if he wanted to read anything else. But his curiosity got the best of him. He snatched it off the bed, and tore the envelope apart. Revealing the note and read:

‘Soon everyone will know, what you did. Murderer!’

After reading this next installment, he went ballistic and began to rip it to shreds. He ran into the bathroom, and threw it in the commode, flushing it. He watched each piece swirl down the opening, and made sure there was nothing left floating in the water.

Someone was playing games. And if they think they are going to get the best of him, then they have another thing coming. The only person who gave a damn about Sandy’s disappearance would be Blake! Yeah, he would do something sadistic as this.

He took a deep breath and moved towards the sink, leaning over it. He had to get back to the arena, or Vance will have his hide. He turned on the cold water, and threw some on his face. Then he reached for a towel and patted his face dry. That is when his eyes caught the message, scribbled on the mirror. It was in lipstick and read:

‘I’m going to make you pay for what you did to me! I will see you burn in Hell, for that!’

He dropped the towel and stumbled backwards into the room, nearly falling on the floor. He grabbed his keys, ran from the room and poured into the hallway, like a man possessed.

He almost knocked an elderly man over, who was making his way to the elevators. He saw that they were closed and did not want to wait for them. So he went down the stairwell, taking two steps at a time.

He rushed through the lobby and out the front doors, reaching his car in no time. And no sooner as he entered it, and turned it on, he peeled out of the parking lot. He drove straight into the oncoming cars, causing them to honk at the crazy man, who nearly caused an accident or two.

### Chapter Three

"You can open your eyes now." Blake half laughed, emerging from behind the barrier, and fully clothed in his ring attire. Carol's eyes had been pinned to the monitor, half paying any attention to it.

"Well that was interesting, to say the least," she was trying to regain her composure, from the private striptease courtesy of Blake. He looked at her and smiled at her modesty. He could not help to notice, there was something familiar about her.

"You are a breath of fresh air. Not many women like you around. Do you know how many of my women fans, and maybe some men too. Would have enjoyed looking at my assets?" She chuckled. Arrogance came to mind.

"I'm sure you have many women fans, who look at you without creaming their panties!" She sat on the couch, arms crossed over her chest. Her one leg dangling over the other. She had a

look of defiance, which caused him to smile the more. She was going to be a challenge, he thought and walked over to her.

"I'm sure there are, but I have not met one yet!" He said, towering over her. She stared up at him, smiling. Her initial fear of him had faded. Now that she had gotten to know him. He was not the man seen on TV weekly. This Bad-Ass terrorizing everyone. He was a real person, with real feelings. A nice guy.

"You have now!" She retorted. He stared at her for a moment, eyebrows raised and a half smile.

"Really?" He stepped back, looking her over. She stood to her feet, crossing her arms once again.

"Really!" She said, staring him in the eyes. Then she turned and started for the door.

Suddenly, she felt a gentle pressure around her arm, and being twirled around to face him. His eyes were dark with passion, and told her what was going to occur next.

Before she could protest, he had pulled her into him, and bent her head back with the pressure of his lips upon hers. He kissed her longingly, as her arms flailed at her side. But soon they began to slow down, and became motionless-frozen in midair.

Blake released her lips, his breathing hard as he gazed deep into her eyes. She took a hard gulp and stared back at him. Her chest rose and fell with each breath she tried to retrieve. Their hearts were racing as they became lost in each other. They were snapped back to reality! A knock at the door and voice from the other side, let him know it was time for his match.

“You going to be here when I get back?” His voice was soft, and his breath touched her face.

“Yes!” She said, then walked away from him. Blake looked over to her and nodded with a smile. He opened the door, and glanced back at her one last time. Then once again, a De-Ja-Vu plagued him about this scenario. He left for the arena.

Carol watched him disappeared from her sight. Something came over her. She should have wished him good luck or something. What do they say for good luck? Showbiz is, ‘Break a leg.’ She doubted if that would be the right thing to say, since it was a greater possibility.

She sat down on the couch, began to watch the screen, and waited for his match. She had not been much of a wrestling fan, but the job offer would help her at this point in time.

Just as she had gotten comfortable, there came a knock at the door. She looked towards it, thinking it could be Blake. But on second thought, ‘why would he knock?’ Besides, she was looking at him making his way down the ramp.

She stared at the door, not sure what she should do. Then searched the room, as if someone else were there to answer it. Realizing she was the only logical person to answer it, she went to opened it. And at her surprise, there stood Tad. He seemed a little irate. No, not a little, a lot!

Tad had seen Blake leave his dressing room. He could tell someone was in there with him, the way he was looking back and talking. Since he had saw the interaction between Carol and him earlier, and didn’t seem to be able to find her. He deducted, it had to been her in there.

He could feel the hairs on his back stand up. He had warned her. He stood waiting for Blake's music entrance to start, before he went to get her. Once he heard it and the roar of the crowd, he knew Blake would be busy. So he stalked over to the room, hitting the door with his fist. Then waited impatiently for her to answer-she did!

He could see the glow on her face. Something had happened in that room that he will have to defuse. And defuse it he will, no matter what he had to do.

"What are you doing here?" He screamed at her, barging into the dressing room almost running her over. She swiftly backed out of his way.

"I do not think you should be in here," she told him. He turned on her without mercy.

"Oh! Is that how it is, Ms. Garrison? I should not be here! What are you now, his maid? You should not be here! I told you, no I warned you how he is. And you chose not to listen like my last assistant." Tad started in on her. She could not believe, this was the same guy who was so nice to her formerly.

"Mr. Anderson! What is wrong with you?" She asked, with some concerned. His eyes flared.

"Nothing is wrong with me! But if you value your job, you will leave this room! Head down to my office, like yesterday!" He threaten.

"But-" she started.



“But nothing. GO!” He yelled. She grew very afraid, and ran through the door as quickly as she could. He was close behind her.

She came into his office, and started crying. He slowly walked in, and closed the door behind him. He stood in silence for a few moments, staring at her. Then he made his way around his desk and took a seat. He leaned over it and clasped his hands together, eyes fixed on her sobbing in front of him.

“Okay Carol! I may have been a little harsh back there. But I have my reasons. I like you. I like you a lot. I do not want you to be hurt, like so many other women before you. He is a love them and leave them kind of guy,” he started. Carol’s sobbing had begun to dwindle, but her ears were in tune with what he was saying.

“And besides, look at you! You are not even his type. He prefers them tall, slender and young. Which none are you! And being pretty would help!” He finished, in a very condescending kind of way.

By this time, Carol had stopped crying, and was staring up at him over her handkerchief. ‘The little jerk,’ she thought. She saw him for what he was. Now she knew. What came next surprised him. She straightened up in her chair, eyes still glistening, but anger added to them.

“With all due respect, Mr. Anderson! If you value me working for you. You will never speak to me like that again. Are we clear?” She said sternly, glaring at him. He sat back in his chair, and realized the tables had been turned on him just that quick.

“Yeah!” He did not know what else to say.

“Now, as far as my private life, you do not get a say in that. Whatever is going on between you and Blake, keep me out of it. Now I told him I would be there when he came back, and that is what I’m going to do. Or should I go to your boss, Mr. Maynor? And inform him how you just threaten me with my job, if I didn’t stay away from Blake!” Her eyes narrowed into two dark slits. Tad could see that she was pass piss. ‘Maybe the last part of what he said, was a little too much,’ he thought.

“No, that will not be necessary!” He pleaded and jumped to his feet. He did not want Vance to know, he was using job security to keep his assistants in line.

She rose out of her seat and gave him one last glare, before she turned and walked out the door. Then she slammed the door behind her, making a point.

Tad sat for a few moments, allowing what just happened marinate in his mind. Then realization hit him. He brought his fist down on his desk with such force, and felt a sharp pain shoot up his arm.

He began to rub his hand and arm, in agony. He thought he better go find the doctor. He was heading for the door, and that is when he saw the note. Someone had pushed it under the door. He approached it with great caution.

He kneel down and stared at it, as if it was some bug. Then slowly reached for it, expecting something to happen. Finally, he picked it up and stood to his feet, examining it thoroughly. It was not like the others.

He opened the door and stepped out, looking each way to see if he notice anyone different. No one except the usually staff, that

hung out in the back. He went back inside his office and closed the door behind him.

He walked over to his desk and laid it down. He took in a deep breath and exhaled. He wondered if it was the same message as the others. The pain in his arm was growing sharper. He elected to get it checked out, and open the letter later. Whatever it had to say could wait. The pain was killing him. He left the office in search of the doctor.

## Chapter Four

Carol rushed back to Blake's room. She did not want to be gone when he got back. Nor did she want to explain, how right he was about Tad, and how wrong Tad was about him. But most of all, she did not want him to know. How deeply she had been hurt, by the things Tad had said to her.

'Look at you. You are not even his type. He prefers them tall, slender and young. Which none you are! And pretty would help.' Those words stung like a bee.

All she wanted, was to be there when he came back. And have him take her in his arms like he had done earlier. To have his lips locked on her own, kissing the hell out of her. And make the pain go away with knowing for a moment in time, Blake preferred a short thick, older woman's body next to his.

Her mind frame was interrupted when the door slowly opened. She froze thinking Tad had decided to gather some balls, and take it to a higher level. But she sighed with relief when Blake

leisurely walked into the room. He paused at the door before closing it. He had a peculiar expression across his face.

She gazed deep into his eyes, her pain coming through. He wanted to what was ailing her. He could see the tear stains on her cheeks, and the glisten in her eyes.

She turned from his eyes, seeing he was probing deep into her mind. She did not want to reveal too much of herself at once. At least, not the inner part. She walked over to the couch and took a seat. He went over to a bench and sat down, unlacing his boot. The tension was heavy and the quietness unnerving.

“Did you enjoy my match?” He finally broke the silence. He never looked up as he continued to unlace his boot. She looked over to where he was busy trying to get his boots off. She rose to her feet, and came over to where he sat. Then she surprisingly, knelt down in front of him, and began to pull on his boot. He stared at her strangely.

“No, I’m sorry. I did not see it!” She was honest. Finally, the boot came off, and he continued to stare at her.

“Why? What happened?” He asked. She looked up at him and ran through something to tell him, without lying to him. She did not want any more confrontation, between Tad and him. Especially on her account.

“I had an urgent meeting with Tad. We had some things that needed to be straighten out,” once again she was being honest, yet not too revealing. She reached over and began to unlace his other boot.

He could hear in her voice, something was bothering her. He gently grabbed her by her arms, and pulled her up to his face.

She only stood just about a head over him, even while he sat. She looked into his green orbs. They spoke something to her, and without any hesitation she responded.

She pressed her body into him, and grabbed a bunch of his hair from either side of his head. Then bent his head back, and aggressively covered his lips with her mouth, kissing him as deep as he had her. She felt his arms surrounding her, and brought their bodies so into each other, you did not know where he ended and she began.

Her tongue slither around his, and over the moist soft tissue in his mouth tasting him. He moaned in her mouth, sending a wave of current through her body. His kiss deepen, as her tongue explored his mouth further. He groaned hard, and not able to withstand it anymore, pulled her into his lap. Then he broke their connection abruptly.

"I need to take a shower! Then we can go to that dinner I invited you to. And maybe we can finish this at my hotel room!" He gazed into her eyes. He had a lot of respect for her, and whatever happens will happen. She could see he wanted her, but this was too fast. She left him to walk away and think. She turned back to him.

"This is all so overwhelming. My first day here has been so exhausting. I think I'm going to go home, and get in a nice hot bubble bath. I need to clear my head. If you are still feeling the same tomorrow, I will take you up on that dinner date!" She was reeling from the strain of the day, and he observed as much.

"That sounds fair enough. Get some rest and I will see tomorrow," he concurred and came over to her. He hooked her

chin with his finger, and raised her face up. Then looked into her dark brown eyes.

“Yes, thank you for being understanding,” she sighed with relief. He was showing her a different side of himself, than what Tad had painted. She stepped back and went over to the door, glancing back at him, then shut the door between them.

Blake stood for a moment thinking, this seemed so familiar to him. It was just a different state and person, and yet a dread came over him. What if tomorrow never comes for them, like Sandy? He tried to shrug it off and sat down to finish unlacing his boot.

Carol was heading out the arena, when she saw Tad coming out of the doctor’s office. His arm was wrapped in an in a sling. She hid so he would not see her. She had had enough of him for one day. She was thinking about asking Mr. Maynor, if he could reassign her to someone else. Tad was a nutjob. Once he had passed her, she made her way back to Blake. That dinner and night in his hotel room was sounding a lot better.

Tad made his way down the backstage oblivious to anything around him. If he had been paying any attention, he would have seen Carol running down the hall, and heading back to Blake’s dressing room. But he was too engross in his pain, and that message waiting back in his office.

He walked up to his office door, pausing for a few seconds. His curiosity was overwhelming. He turned the knob and opened it, staring at the small square lying innocently on his desk. He gave a huge sigh and entered, then took his time making his way around the desk to sit down.

He sat the bottle of painkillers given to him by the corporate doctor, on his desk. Then gingerly picked up the note and clumsily opened it with one hand. He pulled out the contents, closing his eyes as he unfold it. He squinted his eyes, afraid to open them. He had good reasons, as his eyes shot open to what it said in huge red lettering.

‘Tonight it all begins! Your payment for the life you took!’

Tad leaped to his feet and fell backwards into the wall, nearly tripping over the chair. He scaled the wall, his body pressing against it in total horror. He searched for a weapon. What if someone cornered him in there? He decided to make haste and get out of there.

He grabbed his belongings and rushed from the enclosure. This was getting to be freaky. He was looking at everyone as he passed them. Any of them could be the person stalking him.

He made it to his car, and searched the backseat to make sure no one was hiding in it. Hey! He seen those movies, where the person is driving down some lonely highway, and all of a sudden someone sits up in the backseat. And then the one driving, gets a glimpse of their demise through the rearview window. But then it is too late! They get gotten!

“Oh no, not me!” He mumbled to himself, fumbling with the keys with one hand and holding on to his things. Finally he opened door and tossed his belongings into the backseat. Then jumped in, and closed the door behind him with one motion. He locked the doors feeling secured.

He leaned his head back and took a well needed breath, closing his eyes. He nearly dozed off, fatigued from the day’s events. He

opened his eyes and leaned over to place the key into the ignition. That is when he acquired the shock of his life. He froze up!

Sandy stood directly in front of his car, ghost-like. She was pale in appearance. Darken circles around her eyes, and dressed in a long white sheer nightgown flowing behind her. She said nothing, as she just stood there.

“Oh my God!” He whispered to himself. He closed his eyes, feeling as if his heart was going to jump right out of his chest.

He shrunk down in his seat, praying this was just a figment of his imagination. But when he opened them, she was gone! Without another thought, he pulled himself up in his seat. He quickly turned on the car, shifted gears and sped out of the parking lot like a madman. Which could be debatable.

Carol came to Blake’s door, debating on her decision to return for the offer he had extended to her. It was one of possibilities, but as she thought it out. What were the alternatives?

She slowly opened the door, and looked in both directions. Assuring Tad was out of sight, then entered quietly. She leaned against the door, resting her forehead on her arm. Her back was towards the room. It had been a crazy first day.

“We are going to have to stop meeting like this!” His voice was deep with a southern drawl. It caressed her ears. She straighten up and smiled, staring at the door for a few seconds. Then turned to face him, and explained she had decided to take him up on his offer.



“Oh my goodness!” She fell into the door, being blessed with an encore of the full exposure of Blake and his entourage. She immediately covered her eyes for the second time in one day.

Tad phoned ahead and asked the desk clerk, to have his things brought down out of his room. He did not want to get caught in there alone. Whoever it was sending him the notes, knew his room number. And would probably be waiting there for him.

He poured into the parking lot, and came up to the entrance of the hotel. He jumped out of his car, darted into the hotel, and up to the desk. He asked the attendant if he would load his things in his car, and tipped him big. He paid for his hotel room, and waited impatiently for the desk clerk to complete the transaction.

Finally, he was checked out! He rushed out of the hotel, passing the incoming attendant who braced himself against the door, as Tad shoved him aside. He watched as he got into his car and sped through the parking lot, and out onto the streets. They could hear cars honking as they swerved to the side, to keep from getting hit.

“What is with him?” The attendant asked, walking up to the desk clerk.

“I have no idea. May have something to do with the note he received earlier today. Since then he has been acting strange. Which reminds me! I forgot to give him this one,” he said as an afterthought, and pulled another note out of his box.

“Ain’t he with that Wrestling Organization?” The attendant asked.

“Yeah he is! Some of them have not checked out yet. I will give it to one of them, when I see them. And just to make sure I do not forget. I will place it in one of their boxes,” the desk clerk turned around, and searched to see who was still checked in. He came to the first one his eyes fell on, and put the note inside the box. Ironically it was Blake’s.

## Chapter Five

Blake and Carol walked into a small café, and waited for a waitress to come seat them. One walked over to them and hardly could take her eyes from Blake. He smiled and draped his arm around Carol’s shoulder, letting her know he was not available. Carol smiled as the waitress threw her a glare, and turned to escort them to their table.

“I hope she does not have them to do anything to my food!” Carol joked, as Blake held her chair while she sat down. He took a seat in the chair across from her.

“Naw! They know me here. She always tries to flirt with me when I come in. I know trouble when I see it. And that one is definitely that.” Blake looked pass Carol into the kitchen area, and gave a nod to the cook in back.

“Okay, if you say so!” She was not convinced. And found herself feeling a little something, when he told her this woman had been after him for some time. Blake noticed the expression on her face, and knew she had some concerns. He reached over and placed his hand over hers. She stared into his eyes.

"I want to tell you how proud I am of you," he began. She gave him a confused look.

"For what?" She asked, curious. Blake straighten up in his chair, keeping his hand on hers.

"For sticking up for yourself with Tad!" He replied. She tilted her head to one side, and stared at him for some time.

"How did-?" She began. He held his other hand up, stopping her.

"I'm sorry for ease dropping on your conversation. I was coming from my match which didn't take that long, when one of the staff came up to me, and told me what was happening. I went to Tad's office to beat the hell out of him, but once I got there, I overheard you putting him in his place. I figured you did not need my help, so I left," he explained. She took in a quick breath.

"Why did you not say anything?" She asked wondering why he hadn't told her this before.

"I felt you would bring it up when you felt, and so I wasn't going to mention it. But I don't want anything between us," he told her. She stared at him blankly, not knowing what to say.

At that time the waitress came up and set their plates before them. She set Carol's first and ignored her. Then she went over to Blake and nearly hit him in the face with her boobs. He had to lean backwards to avoid them.

"Joy, meet my girlfriend Carol! She is a real Lady!" He introduced her, straightening up in his seat. Joy looked over to

Carol, then back to Blake. He raised his eyebrows. She turned and stomped away.

“Your popularity just went down a notch!” She smiled, and began to examine her food for any tell-tale signs of tampering. He looked over to her and laughed, taking a hearty chunk of food.

Tad sped down the open road, heading for the next town. He could not help to look back in the backseat, through the rearview window. The scary movies kept haunting his mind. He really needed to get a hotel room, and get some sleep. Maybe he will check in the next one he sees, before he becomes a statistic.

“Tad!” A voice came from out of nowhere. He cocked his head to the side, not sure he had heard anything.

“Tad, I’m coming for you!” The voice ringed within the car. He thought it was coming from the back seat. He snapped his head around, thinking he was going to see someone. But instead, it was empty. He quickly turned his head back, eyes on the road. Then out of thin air, she came. Sandy stood in the midst of the road.

“Tad, I’m coming for you! You will pay! YOU WILL PAY!” The voice became louder and louder, as the figure in the road came closer.

“Arrrrrrggggh!” He screamed, trying to steer with his one good hand. But alas, he lost control and sped off the road, crashing.

Blake and Carol walked into the same hotel, Tad had just checked out. He walked over to the desk clerk, and asked if he had any mail or messages. The clerk turned and removed the

contents, handing them to him. He began to look at them, when Carol said something funny. He turned to her with his undivided attention, and made their way onto the elevator.

"I wonder if Tad is waiting for me," she stared into space. Blake looked over at her.

"You gonna tell me what he said, to make you cry and tear into him the way he did?" He asked. She sighed and looked up to him thinking.

"Yeah I guess! But not now or tonight. I just want to relax. It has been the day from hell!" She smiled, pleadingly. He smiled back and pulled her to his side. She place her arm around his waist, and snuggled into him. She felt so secure. Something she had not in a while.

They watched as the elevator doors parted, like an omen to a new life. Blake gazed into her eyes and she reciprocated. They knew where this was going. The chemistry was too strong for them to deny it.

They walked through the doors and down the hall to his room. She waited while he unlocked the door and opened it. He stepped aside and invited her in. She brushed passed him, and felt the electricity that flowed from him.

The Emergency personnel lifted the body, and placed it onto the gurney with ease. They covered him to just below his neck, making sure his shoulders were concealed. He had been lucky, but not his car! It was a total wreck. They wheeled him over to the waiting ambulance, and hoisted him up into it.

"You got anything on him?" Asked one policemen to the other.

“Yeah, a license. Tad Anderson. Oh wait!” He said, pulling out a business card.

“That is interesting. He is employed by the Wrestling Organization that just came through here,” he started. “Okay, here is a cellphone number! I’ll have the station give it a call!” He said walking over to his car, and calling the information in to the dispatcher.

Blake took Carol into his arms. They had ate, listen to some music, and now he just wanted to feel her skin next to his own. She surrendered to him completely, as he kissed her deeply, his hands exploring her voluptuous body.

He released the kiss and looked into her eyes, questioning if she were sure. She nodded. Yeah she was sure! Blake took her hand and led her into the bedroom. He wanted this to be a night she remembered, and one that will keep her at his side. He never wanted to let her go.

He brought her to him once again, capturing her lips. She pressed her body into his, moaning as his tongued roamed her mouth. Things were getting hot and heavy, as he began to back towards the bed, never breaking the kiss.

She allowed him to lead her. He sat down on the edge of the bed, continuing the locked lips. She wrapped her arms about his neck, and moved into him as much as possible.

He fell back on the bed, with her on top. She moved up him, positioning herself just right. She could feel his desire for her. She began to rub her pelvis over his. She loved hearing the groaning coming out of him., and began to gyrate faster.

He flipped her over onto her back, and pressed himself against her, moving just right to get that feeling. She wrapped her legs around his waist, giving him access to that spot. She met his body pace for pace, the kiss was wild and hard.

She pulled his T-shirt up, moving her hand up and down his chest. She loved the feel of his bare skin next to the palm of her hands. He groaned deep into her mouth sending a rumble through her body. She could feel herself wet, moist and ready.

Then some music began to play, filling the air. She cocked her head, listening. She reluctantly pulled away, and he looked at her bewildered. She let him know, she had to answer it. He moved off of her and laid back on the bed. A loud gush of air left his body. She went over to her purse, and pulled out her cell phone.

"Hello-she paused-Mr. McMahon?" She looked over to Blake, dumbfounded that he had called her. Blake shot up in a sitting position and stiffen, wondering why Vance would be calling her at this time of night.

"Oh no-she paused-Okay Sir! I will be there as soon as possible!" She said and closed her cell phone. She stood motionless. Blake got up walked up behind her. He placed his hand on her shoulders and began massaging them. He could feel her muscles tightening.

"What is going on?" He asked. She took a step forward and turned to face him. She stared blankly into his face. He could see she was upset.

"It's Tad! He's been in an accident! He is in a hospital in the next town. Mr. Maynor is there now. I told him I would be there!"

She explained. He listened, but without feelings. He did not care much for Tad, but did not want anything to happen to him. Carol gathered up her things and gave Blake a kiss, as she headed out the door.

“Wait! I’m going with you. It is too late for you to be traveling alone,” he called after her. He threw what things were out, into his luggage. Then gave the room a once over, to assure he was not leaving anything. They left his room to go to hers, so she could retrieve her belongings.

Blake and Carol rode silently in the car, as they drove the distance to the next town. In a few hours it will be morning and the start of another day. Neither had gotten any sleep. They would have to get their rooms, and store their luggage after they left the hospital.

It had taken a few hours, but they finally made it into the next town. This is where they will be putting on a show. Blake thought he was lucky, since he would be doing a quick run in. Then he could leave and get back to his hotel room, for some much needed sleep. He was totally exhausted.

It took them another half hour to make it to the hospital. Blake turned up into the hospital, and drove up to the valet side. He handed the key to the attendant to park the car. He placed his hand in the small of Carol’s back, as they walked side by side into the building.

They both saw him at the same time. Vance Maynor pacing back and forth. His son sat reading a newspaper. Vance was taking his last step, when he looked up and saw the two of them rushing towards him. His look of surprise told them questions would be asked later. His son sat the paper on a seat next to



him, and rose from his seat after seeing Blake and Carol. He was glad there were other people besides his father and himself.

“Hey Vance!” Blake’s tone let him know, he was not up for it tonight. Vance decided to let it alone.

“Blake!” He replied, then took his eyes off him and turned to address Carol.

“When did you last see Tad?” He asked. She took a deep breath and placed her hand at her mouth, thinking. Then she remembered.

“The last time I saw him, he was coming out of the doctor’s office. His arm was in a sling!” She told him. He nodded his head.

“What happened to his arm?” He asked. She looked up to him and then down to the ground.

“Sorry Sir! I have no idea,” she responded. Vance eyes grew large and mouth flew open.

“You are his assistant, and you do not know how he hurt his arm? And you saw him come from the doctor’s and did not think to ask?” Vance began interrogating her. His son and Blake had been talking to the side, when they heard Vance’s voice getting louder. Carol seemed to take a step back.

“Okay Vance! That’s enough! She is his assistant, not his keeper! How is he doing anyways?” Blake came over to interrupt his tirade with Vance’s son following, who threw his father a look shaking his head.

“Doing? I will tell you how he is doing! He is damn lucky he is even alive! Which brings me to the next thing. I hope you had time in your busy schedule, to learn enough to fill in. Because he will be out for a long while! We have a show to do today and you better be able to do your job.” Vance snarled at her. Blake moved between Vance and Carol, glaring down at him. Vance got the picture.

“You don’t waste any time, do you Blake?” Vance retorted, backing away. His son grabbed his arm, signaling he was going too far as usual.

“That’s not it! You are being an asshole right now! You act as if she has done something wrong. Well, she has not. Tad is a fool! He should have gotten a chauffeur, taxi or had one of the staffers to drive him here. Instead, he tried to make the distance with one good arm and half sleep!” Blake laid the blame at Tad’s feet.

“That is enough Dad! You are tired and need to go get some rest. There’s nothing any of us can do tonight. Carol do not let my Dad intimidate you. He’s like that with all the new employees. He gotta let them know, he’s the boss. As if they don’t already know,” his son told her, and got a glare from his father.

“Well regardless, Ms. Garrison! You need to get plenty of rest. You are going to have your hands full.” Vance informed her. “Blake!” He said turning to him then walked away. His son went over to Carol and touched her arm, giving it a gentle squeeze. She smiled and watched the two leave the hospital.

“Whoa! Now that was interesting!” She said, seeing them disappear from her sight. She turned to look at Blake, who was looking off.

“What is wrong?” She asked, seeing he was in thought.

“Did he get physical with you? Is that why you did not want to talk about it tonight?” Blake’s eyes came to rest on her. She could see they were fuming.

“Oh no! He did not physically abuse me. But on the other hand, verbally would fit in just right,” she walked up to him, resting her hand on his chest. She needed to reassure him, and calm him down. Blake pulled her into him and held her tight. She wrapped her arms about his waist, and gave him a hard squeeze.

Suddenly her cell phone went off again. She pulled away from him and dug in her purse. She answered it and heard the voice on the other end, then began to walk away. Blake watched intensely, interested in who would be calling her so late.

He could barely hear her voice, as she seemed to be whispering. She finished the conversation, flipped the cell closed and stood dazed for a moment. Blake elected to walk over and see if she was alright.

“Everything okay?” He rested his hand on her shoulder. She jumped startled from his touch, but calmed down seeing it was him.

“Yeah! Everything is fine. You know what, let’s get out of here. There’s nothing we can do. I’m ready for some sleep. Got a big day ahead,” she wrapped her arms around his waist evading his

question. Then she pressed her body into him, gazing into his eyes.

“Yeah! That sounds good to me. He ain’t going nowhere.” Blake turned with her and walked out of the hospital. They still needed to get rooms, or room.

## Chapter Six

Tad was coming out of the sedation. His mouth was dry and body wreaking of pain. He was still confused and unaware of his this place. He slowly came out of the unconsciousness. His eyes lazily parted, a small light over his head was the only illumination. He searched the room not sure what had happened, or his whereabouts.

Soon the fog that had clouded his mine lifted. He realized he was in a hospital room and bed. The pain came hard and sharp. He could not move. Then his mind became clearer, remembering how he got there.

He had an accident, but not an ordinary one. He remembered the voice calling to him, and then the figure in the middle of the road. A woman! No not a woman, someone he knew. She was dead. It was Sandy!

“That is impossible!” He said to himself. “She is dead!” He moved his hand over the bed, in search of the call light. He needed a shot or something to dull the pain. That is when his hand came to rest on something soft. His eyes shot over in its direction.

“Tad! Why did you leave me there to die? Why Tad?” It was the ghostly Sandy standing next to him. His hand over hers. He quickly snatched his hand back, and continued to grope for the call light.

“No Tad, feel the pain like I did! You bound me and left me in that damp smelly place. Bound and unable to free myself,” she haunted him.

“No, no, no! It is only my imagination. It is the drugs playing with my mind,” he closed his eyes, talking to himself and still seeking the call light. He desperately wanted this to finish.

“No Tad! This is not your imagination. See I’m real!” She said, moving as if she were floating to the other side. Tad’s eyes grew a size bigger.

“Help! Help!” He screamed, trying to find the call light. He could hear footsteps running down the hall outside. The door flew open and a couple of nurses rushed in the room. One flipped on the light.

“Mr. Anderson! What is wrong?” One asked, as they came over to him.

“Her!” He said, looking over to the spot Sandy had been standing. The nurses looked around the room.

“Who?” The other asked, continuing to scan the room. The first nurse began checking his IV and injecting something in it.

“Her! Can’t you see her?” He asked frantic, and looked around the room seeing there was no one inside the room, but the two nurses and himself. He rested his head back, trying to distinguish between reality and fantasy.

“There’s no one here Mr. Anderson. See?” The nurse reassured him. He felt something flowing through his veins. A calming came over him, and finally the darkness took him away.

Blake and Carol got their rooms. He was registering when he glanced over to Carol, and saw her a little ways from him talking on the phone. He paused to watch her. She seemed to be happy with whoever she was talking. She flipped her cell closed and smiled, staring into space. He felt a little jealousy come over him. He hoped it was not some boyfriend she left back home, and wanted to get back with her.

She put her cell phone in her purse, and came over to where Blake stood. She hooked her arm into his, gazing into his eyes, and smiling at him. He thought she seemed extra happy, after the phone call. But whoever it was didn’t seem to change what was between them.

“How about after the show, we spend a nice quiet evening alone. In your hotel room, because we have some unfinished business,” she reminded him, as they walked away from the desk. Blake smiled! He liked the way she thought.

“Sounds good to me!” He concurred, as they entered the elevators, and headed off to separate rooms. Rest ruled this time.

Blake saw her to her room. They were able to get ones across the hall from each other. He gave her a lingering kiss, then went over to his room. They played you close your door first, for a few minutes. Then simultaneously closed their doors.

Blake stretched and yawned. That bed was going to feel good, he thought. He pulled the mail and messages he had gotten

from the other hotel, and looked at each one. But then he came across one, and stared down at the blank envelope.

“Strange, I wonder who sent me this,” he said out loud. Then a thought came into his mind it may be from Carol, and got happy. He started to open it when the phone rang. He reached over the bed and answered it.

“Hello!” His deep voice flowed into the phone. Carol developed an instant thrill hearing him.

“Hello soon to be lover!” She came back to him. He scrambled into bed and came closer to the phone.

“Hey Babe! You okay?” He asked.

“Yes, I’m fine! I just wanted to hear your voice one more time, before I laid down, and went to sleep!” She told him. He loved her soft husky voice. It was so soothing.

“Oh okay! I wish you were here, then I could rock you to sleep,” he grinned devilishly.

“That is why I’m over here! So we could both get some sleep!” She reminded him.

“Well if you came over, I promise we’ll go to sleep!” He told her. She was silent for a few moments, as she contemplated if that could be possible.

“Okay! You promised, and I’m holding you to your word,” she conveyed to him.

“I will open the door,” he hung the phone up, and went to the door. She was standing at hers when he opened his. She darted across the hall and into his room, passing him by. His eyes

couldn't get passed the short robe she wore, that came a few inches above her knees.

"WOW!" He said!

"Wow, nothing! You promised," she reminded, and walked into the bedroom. He came to the door and stood, looking at her nice full shapely legs. She shot him a warning look! He laughed out loud then moved into the room to join her. She sat on the edge of the bed, watching as he stripped down to his boxers and T-shirt. Then he jumped in bed and under the covers.

"Nighty, night," he said, looking over to her side of the bed.

"Nighty, night!" She replied pulling her robe off, and exposed her completely nude body. Blake took a big gasp of air, nearly choking on his saliva. She wiggled under the cover next to him, and turned off the light.

'Damn, damn that promise!' He thought to himself, and flopped over on his side to face away from her. She allowed a small chuckle to escape her lips. 'Payback is a Mutha!'

Blake began to stir from a deep sleep. It had been a long grueling day, and not to mention a change in travel plans. He had not counted on leaving for the next city on their schedule, until morning. But a late night call from Vance, over turned that. Well actually, he did not have to, but chose to tag along with the new Lady he had met earlier that day. Would not have been gentleman like, to let her travel that late of night alone.

He was aware it was morning, when his eyes opened and closed just as quickly. The sunlight stung them. He threw the cover over his eyes; shielding them from the harsh light, and allowing them to adjust to it.



"It is about time you woke up!" The soft husky voice floated through the air. He pushed the covers down, and looked at Carol sitting on the edge of the bed, staring at him fully dressed.

"What time is it?" He asked, and reached for his watch to check the time.

"Ten!" She told him with a smile etched across her face. He fell back on the bed, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Oh!" He groaned. He laid his arms at his side, staring up to the ceiling.

Carol sat watching him. She had woke earlier, having an inner alarm clock. Then left him sleeping and went over to her room, taking his key with her. She showered and dressed, hoping she could get back in time before he woke. She was happy her planned worked.

She sat on the bed watching his chest rise and fall, with each breath he took. He was gorgeous. She sighed, regretting she had held him to his promise. But she had a long day ahead, and did not need any distractions.

"What ya thinking about?" He asked, seeing she was daydreaming. She just looked at him and smiled. A knock came at the door. She gestured she would answered it, and left the bedroom.

He jumped out of bed and put his jeans on, then walked into the front room. He saw Carol paying the attendant a tip as he went out the door.

He had brought up a cart of breakfast. Carol wheeled it over to the small table by the window, then she looked over to Blake.

He was emerging from the bedroom. He had a huge smile on his face. Breakfast with his new Lady.

"I thought it would be nice to eat breakfast together, since we spent the night that way," she beckoned for him to join her.

He slowly strolled over. She noted how his hips moved. She let a silent sigh escape. She could have found out how flexible they were, if not for that damn promise.

He went to a chair and pulled it out, looking at her. She took it, and smiled at his chivalry. He sat across from her, then they gazed into each other's eyes for a few. Each thinking how last night could have been off the chart.

"I want to speak with Mr. Maynor!" Tad shouted in the phone. The nurse came in and began checking his IV. Then looked over his chart.

"Do you mind?" He yelled at her, covering the phone with one hand. She glared at him, turned and left the room.

"Huh? Oh, hello Mr. Maynor! I'm feeling a lot better Sir! I'm ready to come back to work. What? Okay! Okay! Yeah I understand! Sure no problem! Yes, I will do that!" He said and waited to hear the click on the other end. Then slammed the phone down.

"Trying to replace me already! Well, that bitch will not be taking my job! I'm getting out of here right now!" He said, throwing back the covers with a sharp pain shooting through his body. He fell back in the bed, trying to adjust to the pain.

“Yeah, now you will lay back down and behave yourself,” the nurse had entered the room in time, to witness the fail attempt to get out of bed.

“Shut the hell up! I’m getting out of here as soon as I can. I have a job to protect,” he yelled. She just looked at him shaking her head. Then she proceeded to the IV tubing, to inject some medication through it.

“No, I think not! You have fractures and a broken leg. You are lucky to be alive,” she informed him.

‘What are you doing? No, don’t give me anymore of that crap! It makes me go to sleep! I cannot go to sleep! She will get me while I’m sleeping!’ He tried to pull the IV out! The nurse caught his hand and called for help. Two huge orderlies came running in, each grabbing him at either side. The doctor came in.

“What is going on here?” He looked at everyone for an explanation.

“Doctor, he is trying to pull his IV out and ranting about someone going to get him while he is sleeping!” She clarified, trying to catch her breath from the struggle.

“Oh really? Didn’t he have an episode last night?” He questioned while viewing the chart.

“Yes, he did. Said someone was in his room. No one saw anyone!” Tad was slowly fading, the medicine was taking its effect. He kept saying the same thing over and over.

“I did not mean to kill you Sandy! I did not mean to!” No one was paying much attention to him, and could hardly make out what he was saying.

Carol stood at his door listening. She heard everything he had said. She turned and walked away. When she had moved a ways from his room, and to a secluded place-made a call!

“We have to talk, like right now!” She whispered, then stared down the hall towards Tad’s room. She turned away and left the hospital.

Blake had finished dressing, and since he did not have to be at the arena until later; decided to go through his messages from the last hotel. Who knows someone may have died and he would not have known.

He tossed each aside, deeming them unimportant. Just groupies sending him offers he had to refuse. Then he came across the blank small letter, looked at it mysteriously and wondered who was sending him un-addressed notes. He ran it pass his nose. No perfume! Cannot be from a Lady, he thought. He opened it and read:

‘A life for a life Tad! That’s the golden rule! You will suffer as I did, when you left me tied up to die in that basement. Keep looking back. That is where you will find me!’

“What the hell is this?” Blake stared firmly at the wording.

“This is for Tad! But how did it get in my messages?” He slowly laid the note on the table, and went into deep thought. He rose to his feet, dazed and began to pace back and forth. He paused for a moment, then looked over towards the note.

Suddenly it hit him in the stomach, like a sledge-hammer. He turned away from it, closing his eyes. He felt the wetness stinging his eyes, and went over to the window to stare out. The reality of it all settled in! This meant only one thing.

“Sandy is dead!” He said it out loud to himself!

## Chapter Seven

Carol entered the arena, and asked which office she would be assigned. She was shown it and went to look it over. She was just opening the door when she heard her name called out. It was Vance Maynor, and his son. They were coming towards her, and a sudden dread wash over her.

“Hello Ms. Garrison!” He started out politely enough. But why did she feel, this was the quiet before the storm.

“Hello Mr. and Mr. Maynor!” She addressed the two.

“Just call me Shane, Carol!” Shane told her, smiling. He hated the Mr. Maynor title.

“May I see you in your office? There is something that has been brought to my attention. Maybe you can shed some light on it!” Mr. Maynor looked from her to Shane.

“I’m going to go check things out, and make sure everything is coming along alright.” Shane said, and left the two.

Carol felt as if her nice breakfast would come up. She would have felt better, if Shane had stayed. She smiled at the older

Maynor, then turned and opened her office door. She went in before him as he closed the door. He looked over at her, as she walked around to the other side of the desk. She took a seat, and he came to sit in the chair opposite her.

"I just got a phone call from the hospital! Tad has been acting like a lunatic. He called me this morning saying he was coming back to work today! I told him no he was not. Not until he is medically cleared. He was in a damn car accident! He is lucky he escaped with just a few fractures and a broken leg," he stated straightening out his tie, and not really looking at her as he spoke. She smiled and nodded not sure where this was leading.

"Yes! I went by to see him, but thought it best to leave," she said. He looked at her for the first time.

"Really? That is interesting. Why didn't you stay and visit?" He asked. She looked down at her clenched hands then up to him.

"I came in on him trying to pull out his IV! They had to literally hold him down until the medicine kicked in." Vance's eyes became blank, then roamed the room. He leaned back in his chair deep in thought.

"Well that confirms it! The hospital said as much. They told me he was saying something about someone trying to get him or kill him. Saying they were in his room last night, and was going to get him while he slept!" Vance stood to his feet, and Carol came to hers.

"Yes, that is what I heard too. Something about Sandy!" She added. Vance's eyes shot in her direction.

"Sandy? He heard from Sandy? We have been trying to contact her, since she left about a month ago. We were sending her

severance pay to her. She left without notice, and the emergency contact was bogus,” he informed her, and seemed puzzled by it all.

“Oh, I see! The assistant before me. But why would he think, she was out to get him?” Carol asked. Vance looked away from her, and shrugged his shoulders.

“I have no idea! Maybe just his psychotic ramblings. In either event, which leads me to my next thing I wanted to see you about.” He said, and slowly walked towards the door.

“You are no longer the assistant,” he told her, catching hold of the knob. She stood bewildered. He opened the door and started out. But before she could protest, he turned to her.

“The position is now yours. He is going to need more than physical mending. I’m sure he will need some psychological help as well. I got to go! Good luck on tonight!” Vance said, then left closing the door between them. Carol continued standing, frozen in the spot.

Blake eyes stared out the window into space. He was allowing the note contents to marinate in his mind. A note, meant for Tad! He turned away from the window and walked back over to the table, and looked down at the note.

‘Tad!’ He thought. He always felt he knew what happened to Sandy. He acted so strange after that fire in the arena. In fact, that was the same day Sandy disappeared.

“Why didn’t I put two and two, together?” He said out loud, and began to refresh his memory of that day.

She was going to get her things, and meet him back in his dressing room. He had hired her on as his new assistant. Even though he did not need one. But something about her touched a tender spot in him. That and the fact, Tad was a cad. She never showed up.

He question Tad, feeling he knew something. He played this dumb bit. So he decided to go to her hotel room, thinking their wires had crossed. That is when he got the note. The note! He jumped to his feet, rambled through his things, and came upon the note.

‘Dear Blake,

I’m sorry I could not take you up on your offer. It was kind of you, but I have to decline. I did not quite know how to tell you face to face. I did not want to offend you, so I’m leaving this letter.

Once again thank you for thinking of me.

Take Care

Sandra

“I always felt Sandy did not write that! But it done by someone else. She was ready to come with me,” he said lowly. This was just too abrupt. He had a gut feeling, the fire and Sandy had a lot in common. They happened around about the same day and time she vanished.

He had hired a Private Detective, who could never find her whereabouts. Maybe he did not look in the right places, he thought. Maybe the trail began with the time and place, of the fire.



He went and sat on the edge of the bed. Then he picked up the phone and called information. He asked for the police department in the city the arena had been burned down.

He scribbled the number down and hung up the phone. He stared at the number thinking what could he do, that a private eye couldn't do? And would they give information to him, that they wouldn't to the private eye? He had to at least try. He dialed the number, and waited for someone to pick up. A voice came from the other end.

"Hello! I'm looking for a young woman. I just received some information she may have died in a fire, in the arena we had a show a month ago. Is there someone I can talk to about this?" He inquired. A question was asked of him.

"Her name would have been Cassandra! No sorry, never got her last name. She had just been assigned to me as my assistant, completely forgot her last name. She vanished the same day without a trace," he stated. There was a long pause.

"Okay, thank you!" Another pause. "Hello Detective Oakley! My name is Blake Morris, and I am the Sole-Catcher of the Wrestling Organization. There's a case you have been working on, and I may be able to help you with!" He informed him.

Blake walked into the police station in search of Detective Oakley! He was willing to hear what Blake had to say concerning this case. And also to meet him face to face, being a fan of his. Blake was lead to the back, and shown the office of the Detective Division.

The officer opened the door, and pointed to a tall African American man. He was sitting in the corner at a desk, mauling

over some paperwork. A man walked by seeing them there, and said something to him. His eyes shot up from the papers in front of him, and caught the two standing in the doorway. Instantly, a smile formed over his face. Blake could see he was a big fan. He beckon for Blake to come over. The other officer turned, and closed the door as he left.

“Sole-Catcher! It is a privilege to meet you face to face. Actually, I attended that show last month. Please, have a seat!” Detective Oakley said, shaking his hand. Then offered him a chair, opposite his desk.

Blake smiled and nodded, as he listened to Det. Oakley! Blake gave him a once over, surmised he was nearly as tall as himself. Broad shoulders, and could had been a football player in school. So he thought. He had a nice trimmed goatee, almost resembling his.

“I’m glad you agreed to see me Det. Oakley!” Blake passed all the formalities, and got down to business. The Detective pulled out a folder from a pile sitting on his desk. Then set the others to the side and opened it.

“Just call me Dan,” he said, and began to read. An expression formed on his face, as he paused at something before him. “This is interesting. You said she did not have next of kin?” Dan looked up to Blake.

“Yeah! I hired a Private Detective to find out her whereabouts, and anything he could.” Blake’s eyes were on the page Dan was viewing.

“Must not have been a very good private dick! She has family,” Dan informed him. Blake leaned back in his seat, confused. At

that moment, another Detective sitting at his desk overheard the two talking.

“Are you talking about the girl whose body was discovered in the fire at the arena?” He came from behind his desk to join them. They both stared up at him.

“Hey George! You know something I don’t?” Dan asked him. Blake remained leaning back in his chair.

“Yeah! I did not think much of it at first. But some guy came by, who claimed to be hired by her family. Very convincing. Supposedly some upscale Private Investigator! Kline gave him access to your files. I was coming in and saw him, and told him he should not have them. He left without incident. It was no biggie it seemed at the time,” he explained that day, then walked away. Dan stared at him as he vanished out the office.

“It appears your man is withholding things from you! I wonder why?” Dan’s eyebrows raised. He could plainly see, Blake was more than a little pissed off. He went back to the file.

“The body was pulled from the rubbish. She had been tied and gagged. Someone put her there.” Dan started. Blake could feel his anger growing. His mind went to one person who could be so callous. Tad!

“And her family?” He wanted to know. Maybe he could help them get some closure, if they knew about the last day of her life. Dan looked down at the files and notes.

“For some reason, they don’t want to be identified. And understandable. Which was okay with us. We needed to find the person who did this. So far we have no leads. No one seemed to have saw anything that day. We have no suspect or

motive. We are at a dead end,” he shook his head, stretching his arms and looking out the window.

“As I told you. I may be able to help you get on a trail!” Blake reminded him to why he was there. He pulled out two notes, and handed them to the Detective, who leaned in and took. He opened the first and read it, then the other. He looked up at Blake bewildered.

“Why didn’t you bring this information sooner?” He asked him. Blake stared at him blankly.

“I did not know until now, she was dead. You just confirmed it. I thought she had left me, until this second note. It made me think, there was more to her disappearance.” Blake explained. Dan listened then nodded.

“This is so weird. Someone gave this to you?” Dan held up the recent note.

“Yeah! I think it was put in my box by accident at the hotel. The man it was meant for stayed there as well.” Blake explained. Dan looked at the note, studying its every word. Then he looked back at Blake.

“Tell me about this Tad guy, and why would someone think he was the cause of this girl’s death.” Dan went into his official mode. Blake was pleased, and smiled. Maybe finally some justice for Sandy.

“It is very simple! He is an asshole, and was jealous she chose me over him.” Blake was very blunt. Then proceeded to tell how Tad had been with Sandy the day she disappeared.

"A very valid motive, and opportunity. Yeah, I would think he would since it was in the arena." Dan stood, and tapped a pencil in his hand.

"The timing was right too. She left my dressing room to go get her things. He could have saw her leave, and grabbed her then." Blake looked up at Dan, adding more opportunity. He looked over to Blake.

"He sounds like an idiot. If he did nab her that is the only thing we could get him on." Dan told Blake, and walked over to the window staring out. Blake rose to his feet.

"What? You can only get him for kidnapping? Someone knows about that day! They are after him. What their plans are, I do not know." Blake was angry. Dan turned and looked at Blake.

"The report was faulty wiring as cause of fire. If he took her, we cannot prove he wanted to kill her. He probably was going to keep her for himself. That is what a sick ass he sounds like to me. Where is he anyway? I need to get an arrest warrant out for him!" Dan took a seat behind his desk, and waited for Blake to give him the information.

Blake had given Det. Oakley all the information. He walked down the hallway of the plush building he had come before. It was during the time he needed to find out what happened to Sandy.

He looked at each door in passing, and finally came to the one he wanted. The Private Detective, he had hired. He needed him to answer some questions, before he beat the money he paid out of him. And for withholding valuable information from him.

He opened the door and stormed in. The young receptionist started to say something, when he blew past her. And then made his way into the adjoining office. The man behind the desk didn't have a chance. Blake was on the desk, and hands around the man's throat in a split second. The receptionist was behind him screaming.

"Sir stop! I'm going to call the police!" She yelled at him. Blake added pressure looking from the man, then to the young woman.

"That is a good idea. I just left them and it is now a murder case. They want to talk to you anyway!" Blake looked back at the man, informing him. The man's eyes were larger than life.

"Wait! Ms. Summers, go out! It is okay!" He tried to assure her, as he struggled to get his voice past the hands squeezing his throat.

She stared for a few moments, then hesitantly closed the door. Blake released him! The man backed into the wall, holding his throat and attempted to catch his breath.

"I know you got information. You knew she had family! Why didn't you tell me?" Blake growled. He was not in a very good mood. He just found out Sandy was not missing but dead. Tad had some type of connection. And then he finds out, this person he hired has been keeping information from him.

"It is very simple! I'm a business man. I did not get all of this by being some dumb Private Detective with orals. I do not! I go with the money. They had it and I took it," he was still struggling through the near crushed thorax. Blake listened at this piece of crap, as he cowered behind his desk.

“Well, I paid you good money. And you didn’t give me shit! So we can do this the hard way. Or we can do this the easy way. Your choice!” Blake’s eyes were dark with inner rage.

The PI continued to rub his throat, weighing out his options, and staring at Blake. He knew what he had to do. He had to give him what he wanted. They may have paid him good money for his silence. But they did not pay him enough, to get his ass beat down by a nearly 7 foot wrestler.

He moved over to a file cabinet and opened the door. He searched the folders in front of him, and came to the one he needed. He pulled it from the rest and slammed the drawer shut. He looked at the folder then up to Blake, walked over to his desk and tossed the folder onto it. Then he slowly made his way pass Blake and towards the door.

“I never handed you that information. And I never saw you with it either!” He said, closing the door and leaving Blake to find out what he had held back.

He never looked at the man as he left. His eyes were on the folder sitting before him. He leaned down, picked it up then opened it. His eyes became paste on two names.

Cassandra Garrison, was one! Sandy. But the second came as a huge surprise. Caroline Garrison!

“Carol!” He said, looking up from the folder.

## Chapter Eight

The nurse walked in the room, Tad had been laid up. She looked over and saw the empty bed, IV lying unconnected on the bed. Some blood was on the floor and bed, where he apparently pulled it out.

Alarmed, she turned to go seek help when she became face to face with Tad. His eyes were crazed, and before she could call out, he had hit her in the head with the cast around his arm. She hit the floor with such force, if the cast had not rendered her unconscious the impact would.

“Now to take care of the job stealing witch!” Tad smiled and headed out the door. He saw a wheelchair just next door, and sat in it casually. Then he began to wheel himself down the hall! It was evening, and he knew the show was just about getting ready to start. He also knew Carol would be doing his job and exactly where she would be.

He wheeled out of the building and up to a taxi just dropping off his fare. He asked him if he could take him to the arena, and would pay him when he got there. He showed him his identification, so the cabbie agreed. He helped him in the car, closed the door, and hopped in the driver side.

They were just driving away, when another nurse in search of assistance sought the other. She walked into the room, and saw her lying lifeless on the floor. She ran in the hallway, calling for help!

Insanity: Unsoundness of mind, mental illness, alternating periods of madness and lucidity, commonly stressing wildness of thoughts and behavior.



Tad sat in the back seat of the cab, staring out the window. Mind long ago departed along with any reasoning. Bruised ribs, one broken leg and fractures. Yet, his mind failed to relay the pain shooting through his body. They were numbed to his receptors. All he knew his job security was at stake.

Where would he go? This had been the only decent paying job he had ever held. He had been with the Wrestling Organization for many years. What would he do? This was his life. This was his reason for living. Flash your identification, and people scrambled to please you. It gave him prestige. It gave him power!

‘So what he had a little accident,’ he thought. A huge smirk etched across his face. It would not affect his job one bit. A little broken bones here or there never stopped anyone.

Hey, a little pain killer and everything would be just fine. The Wrestling Superstars do it all the time. What makes them so better than him? Vance Maynor has always put them above him. No matter how hard he worked to gain his respect. He always winds up kicking him in his ass.

“Take some time off and heal, he says! Yeah, I know why!” He whispered to himself. The driver looked through the rearview window at the crazy looking man. Vance has someone else in mind for his job. Some upstart assistant. Blake’s new Lady in his life. That is why they want him out the way. Well, she will not be taking anything away from him.

“I would not put it pass them to have set this whole spook thing up, and caused the accident! Just so his whore can take my job. No, she couldn’t be my assistant like I wanted Sandy to be. She has to be better and take my job!” He rambled in a low voice.

“Sir are you alright? Maybe I should take you back to the hospital! You don’t look so good.” The driver looked through the mirror, rethinking his greed. He could see this man should not be leaving the hospital when he saw him wheel up to him. But the ID over-ruled his better judgment.

“I’m fine! Just mind your business and take me where I told you!” The driver could see he had grown crazier looking. His whole demure was freaking him out.

He was not sure if he wanted to continue with this fare. The man said he was associated with the Wrestling Organization. But from his looks, he did not know. He looked like someone just out of a sanitarium.

He wanted to call in, but did not want to upset this man. So he calculated the arena was not that far away. Once there, he would drop him off and pay for the damn ride himself. Small price to pay for his life.

Gratefully the arena came into view. He came upon it quickly, not sparing the speed limits. Then he pulled into a parking lot, directed by Tad. They were stopped by a security guard in a small booth. Tad flashed his badge, receiving the go ahead signal. They went down into an underground garage. Something the cab driver was not too please to do.

“Pull up to that entrance.” Tad ordered. The driver did as was told and came to a halt. Then he got out, and took the wheelchair from the trunk of the car. Then he opened the door for Tad, and proceeded to assist him into the chair.

“Wait here! I will be right back with your money,” he yelled over his shoulder, as he began to wheel himself towards the

entrance way. No sooner than he was out of sight, the man jumped in his cab and peeled out of there. Thanking everything sacred he would live another day.

Tad had been at this arena a million times, knowing every nook and cranny. He made his way into the elevator, and straight up to the top floor undetected. Upon his arrival, he rolled out of the elevator and went to his secret spot. He had found this years ago, and would come to sulk. He would wait until the show was over, then make his move.

“Oh yes!” He said, listening to the fans as they cheered their favorite wrestlers on. No, he would rather be dead than give all of this up. This was his exist, and without it he was nothing.

He had already made his mind up. Two people had caused him to lose everything. Those two will pay. First Carol, then Blake! He began to laugh to himself. First low, then it grew louder and louder, only drowned out by the crowd below.

## Chapter Nine

Blake pulled up to the address he had obtained from the Private Investigator’s file. He sat in the car, and stared at the two story house for a few moments. It was very elegant.

He exited his rental, staring up and down the street, surmising it was a nice neighborhood. Very upscale! He could not believe Sandy came from this environment. She was so down to earth, and Carol was just the same.

He walked up to the door and pressed the doorbell. He could hear its ringing inside. A maid came and answered the door. Why did he not know that?

"Yes?" She asked, wiping her hands on her apron.

"I'm here to see a Mrs. Garrison!" He answered, checking out how she was staring at him.

"Who is it?" A voice came from within. The maid looked at him, then turned her head towards the person. She went to say something, then backed away from the door. An elderly woman stepped in her place.

"What can I do for you?" She asked, very proper. She looked him up and down. Her nose in the air, like she just acquired a whiff of something. Blake shifted from one foot to the other, getting pretty annoyed. He would make this short and sweet.

"I'm here concerning Cassandra and Caroline Garrison. I may not be able to help Sandy, but if you care about your other daughter. I may be able to help Carol!" He stood rooted on the porch, eyes fixed on hers. The woman stared back at him bewildered.

"Blake, where are you?" Carol snapped the cell phone closed, for the hundredth time. She had been calling him all day. Even though he had not had a booked match, she had hoped to see him. At least that was the plan, the last time they saw each other.

Mrs. Garrison had allowed Blake entrance, and escorted him out into a day room. She ordered the maid to bring some refreshments and gestured for him to take a seat as she sat down.

“You know about Sandy and her demise, and you have met Caroline. I will explain things to you and maybe you can get a better understanding of all the dynamics,” she began.

“Caroline was an only child until the age of ten. I became pregnant at a later age. Caroline was more than a big sister to Cassandra. She became her mother. I did not want to have much to do with another child with my social life and everything else,” she sipped her brew. Blake stared at her, saying nothing. But he got what she was saying loud and clear.

“My husband loved his daughters very much. He was so glad to see Caroline finally having a sibling. But as usual, his job kept him away from home. He died ten years ago. Caroline blamed me and moved out. But felt the need to show up almost every day to make sure, Cassandra was well taken care of. Then finally, she just took Cassandra home with her. Neither of them had much to do with me, until Cassandra’s death.” Mrs. Garrison grew very quiet, as she stared into her glass. Blake slightly adjusted himself in his seat. No matter how much she tried to deny it. Her daughter’s death was not something easy to deal with.

Carol walked around the office, wondering where Blake could be. And why he wasn’t picking up his cell phone. She called his hotel room first, and nothing. That’s when she decided to try his cell phone, with equal response! It had been a long grueling day. She knew it would be hard, trying to implement everything given to her to do backstage.

But this being her full day actually in charge, made it the more overwhelming. She didn’t know the wrestlers could be so rude, if things didn’t get done right then and there. They could have

at least, been a little sympathetic or patient with her. Seeing this was her first time doing this solo.

“Caroline told me about how Cassandra worked for the wrestling industry, and had this obnoxious boss who wanted her. She also told me there had been this wrestler, she had a thing for. But he did not know it. She would not give the name,” she took another sip. Blake knew it was him, but didn’t say anything. He felt that would defeat the purpose.

“Are you sure you don’t want anything?” She sat her empty glass down and called for the maid.

“No Ma’am. I just want to understand something. What is Carol up to?” He asked point blank. The maid came in, and she gave her an order. Mrs. Garrison watched the maid, pour more liquid into her glass of tea. Blake knew then, this was something she did often to drown out the pain.

“Oh Blake! Where are you, and why could not you be here?” All she wanted now, was to get home and take a nice long hot bubble bath. Slip between the sheets, and feel his hot skin next to hers. She sighed, then looked at her watch.

“Just another hour and it will all be over.” Tad smiled to himself, watching the last match performed. He wheeled over to a phone, and picked it up. Then dialed a number and listened closely! The voice on the other end touched his ear.

‘The party you are trying to reach is unavailable. You can either leave a voice or text message after the beep. Press one for voice and two for text,’ it finished. He pressed two for text.

‘Please begin your message after the beep,’ he waited for the beep.

“Blake, this is Caroline! I’m going to be late getting off. Please wait for me at the hotel. I will make it worth your while. Love you.’ He sent the text message. Now for the other, which will be easier.

He dialed the number and listened as the phone clicked. The voice flowed from the other side. His body instantly stiffened, after hearing it!

“Hello!” Carol said.

“Hey, baby!” He said, with a good impression!

“Blake! Where are you? I have been trying to call you all day!” She said, relieved he was alright.

“I’m sorry! I did not have my cell phone with me. Look, I’m on my way there. Can you wait there for me?” He said.

“Sure, and please hurry! This has been a crazy day,” she relaxed after hearing his voice and leaned back in her chair. Tad smiled. She had no idea how crazy her day is going to get.

“I’m closer than you think,” he ended the call and hung up. Carol listened as the phone hung up abruptly. She pulled the receiver from her ear, and stared at it for a few moments. Then slowly set in its cradle, confused. Blake seemed so different. Very off.

“The day we got the news of Cassandra’s death, Caroline went ballistic. She had to be sedated. And when the evidence came back, how Cassandra was found in the burned arena. She knew the boss had something to do with it. That is when she went through the same agency as Cassandra. At first they did not have anything. But later the man sent the agency a memo,

stating he was seeking another assistant. They contacted Caroline. She then made her plans.” Mrs. Garrison took a sip and savored it. Blake leaned in towards her.

“What plans?” He asked. She took another sip, feeling the effects finally coursing through her body. The painful memory was slowly dulling. She looked over to Blake and stared into his green eyes.

“She was going to drive him to confess! He was the one who had tied and gagged Cassandra, causing her death. Caroline is a very brilliant woman with knowledge of special effects. She would make him think he was being haunted by Cassandra.” Blake stared dumbfounded. Carol had to have been the one who sent the notes.

“You love her do you not?” She asked, waiting for his response. He straighten up and shifted once again in his seat, then looked down at the ground. After a few moments of thought, he stared up to her.

“Very much. That is why I am here. I want to know, how can I save her?” He affirmed what she had observed. She searched his eyes, heard his voice, and was satisfied.

“There is something else you need to know.” Mrs. Garrison added. He gave her his undivided attention.

Tad stared at the phone for some time. His plan coming together. He listen to the cheers of the fans ringing through the arena. The last match came to an end. The two wrestlers in the match did a post-match entertainment segment. That would go on for several more minutes. Then the fans would began to pile out. He had the routine down.



He began to move the arm about with the cast. He felt little pain. He looked around for something to steady himself. He found a nice long stick, strong enough to support his weight. He had time to kill so he practiced walking on it. Just like it was a cane.

He was startled from what he was doing, when he heard the doorknob moving. He rushed over to his chair, and backed it up against the wall behind the door. He lifted the thick stick in the air, bracing himself. The door opened and a beam of light cut through the dark, followed by a security guard making his rounds. Just as he entered, Tad brought the stick down over his head.

He fell forward, face first with a thump. He attempted to turn over and grab for his gun at the same time. But it was in vain. Tad had rolled forward to fast, and came down on him repeatedly with the stick. Only stopping when he saw him lying motionless on the floor. Blood protruded from his nose, ears and mouth. His skull crushed.

Tad sat there watching him, eyes blanked without emotions. Then a plan formed in his head. He decided fate was in his hand, and was assisting him in his quest. He rolled towards the man, and moved from his chair, kneeling next to his fallen victim. Then he began to unbutton his shirt and pants. This would make a good cover. He could move about undetected.

"The thing with special effects, it only works so far. There is a twist to all of this. The child's birth!" Mrs. Garrison began.

"There were more than one," she said this without fanfare, and took a sip from her glass. She raised it up to eye level and stared long at it. Then her eyes slowly came to rest on Blake. She

smiled. The look on his face was priceless. She took the last sip from her glass, and set it down. She then rose from her seat, and left him to ponder the information she had given.

## Chapter Ten

“Cassandra was not the only baby born that day. She has an identical twin sister. Her name is Alexandra.” Blake sat in his seat, staring out the window of the airplane. His mind replaying all the information Mrs. Garrison had given him. The last more shocking.

Alexandra was given away at birth. Caroline found her and brought her to live with both her sisters. They grew very close over the last ten years. Carol and Alexandra decided to go after Tad, believing he was the cause of Cassandra’s death. Together they formulated a plan.

Blake realized he did not have his cell phone on him, when he tried to call Carol at the arena. He pulled the phone from the seat in front of him and dialed. He received the messages Carol had sent him.

The last one gave him an uneasy feeling. Something was not right about the message, but he would do as asked. He would go straight to his hotel room, and wait for her. She did say she would make it worth his while.

Alexandra walked down the hall leading to the room, she had haunted the night before. She waited until the sun had set. She knew there would barely be any staff on duty. She slowly

approached the room, and surprised to see so much activity going in, and out of it. She walked over to a spot where she could get some feedback on what was going on, and not be noticed.

A policemen was asking a nurse some questions. She could hardly make out what was being said. She saw pass them into the room. Two orderlies were lifting someone up on a gurney, and throwing a sheet over them. Only their head exposed.

They secured the person, rushed them out of the room, and down the hallway. Heading for the emergency room double doors. It was a woman, and her head was wrapped with some blood staining the gauze.

Alexandra saw a nurse at the nurse's station. She was staring at the woman who was being taken away, and seemed extremely upset. She inched her way towards the nurse, to see if she could find out what was going on.

"Hello! I'm here to visit a friend of mine, and completely forgotten their room number. Could you possibly give that number to me?" She asked the nurse, who was still staring down the hall concerned for her coworker. She turned to Alexandra, realizing she was talking to her.

"I'm sorry. What were you saying?" She asked, trying to contain herself.

"Are you alright?" She gently touched the nurse's arm. The nurse tried to hold back the tears. But they wanted out! She nodded.

"I will be okay. Now what is it you needed?" She looked up to her, eyes glistening. Alexandra looked over to the room, then back to the nurse.

"The person who was just taking away. A close friend?" She looked back to the room. The nurse was losing control, as a few tears finally flowed down her cheek. She wiped them away with the back of her hand.

"Yes, we worked together for five years now. It was horrible. I told them that man needed to be in the psyche ward. I'm sorry, now what is it you needed?" She fought to regain her professionalism. At that time, one of the policemen came over to her. Alexandra moved off to the side, far enough to be within hearing range.

"You were the one who found the victim. Is that right?" He asked.

"Yes, Sir!" The nurse nodded.

"How was it you happened to be in the room?" He asked, writing down on a note pad.

"We were making our rounds as we usually do. I needed some help with one of my patients, so I went in the room to get her to assist me. That's when I found her lying there on the floor, so lifeless," she told him. Replaying the scene out loud took its toll. She broke and began to cry, and ran away into a back room. The officer followed her. Alexandra eased her way closer to hear two policemen going over their notes.

"Okay, what you got?" One asked the other, looking over his notes. Alexandra could see in the room. Tad was nowhere to be found.

'He must have attacked the nurse, and they hauled his ass off to the psyche ward after the fact,' she thought to herself leaning against the wall, trying to act nonchalant as the two policemen talked.

"The suspect is a white male, six feet. Cast on left leg and right arm. Works for the Wrestling Organization. Wanted for assault, with intent to kill," he told the other.

"He is also wanted for kidnapping, resulting in the death of another victim." Det. Oakley said, approaching the two and flashing his badge.

"Something is wrong here," she told herself, and dialed Carol's cell phone. Carol heard the phone buzzing, but was on the other line with something very important. Whoever it was, would have to just leave a message.

"Okay! I will be up in one moment," she said and hung up the phone. One of the security guards had informed her, there was something she needed to see; before Vance Maynor got wind of it.

She rushed from her office and towards the elevator. The door parted and she stepped in, and headed for the floor he had told her the incident had occurred.

She watched the doors open, it was dark and deserted. She would not have come, if she did not know that a security officer was already there waiting for her. She slowly made her way down the hallway, in search of the room. She finally found it, and open the door.

"Hello!" She called out, entering the room. She paused at the door looking around.

“Hello Caroline!” The voice rang through the room. Carol’s head snapped in the direction it had come.

“You!” She yelled in disbelief.

“Yes, it is me. How do you like my outfit?” He toyed with her. She stared at him speechless, seeing him out of the hospital.

“What? No, Hi boss. You look great boss. Nice to see you are not DEAD, boss?” He rambled, slowly hobbling towards her. Carol went to make a step to run.

“Hey!” He said, holding the gun up. A small yelp escaped her mouth.

“We are going to take a little trip up on the roof,” he told her. She half covered her face in horror, her body shaking with fear.

“Oh poor baby. Are you scared yet? Well you should be!” He said and gestured with the gun for her to lead the way out of the room.

Carol turned and started towards the door, but took notice he was struggling to walk and hold the gun steady at the same time. She saw her opening, and with quick thinking slammed the door into him. She took this opportunity to make a dash for it. The gun went off shattering the window. Carol let out a loud scream!

Chapter Eleven

Blake walked through the terminal, towering over everyone. He made his way out onto the streets, and saw a taxi sitting and waiting for a fare. He came up to the driver, and told him where to take him. The man watched the enormous man get settled in the back seat. He quickly drove away from the airport.

Blake kept getting this annoying feeling, he was missing something. He kept replaying the events of the day. But one thing kept creeping up in his mind. The last message he received from Carol. Something was wrong, but he could not figure out what. Then it dawned on him.

“She used Caroline. She always referred to herself as Carol with me. So why would she all of a sudden use it?” He thought out loud.

“Did you hear about that crazy patient, who nearly killed a nurse at the local hospital?” The driver started, trying to make small talk.

“Huh?” Blake said, still sorting out that message.

“I picked that guy up at the hospital myself. The police questioned me after I called the incident in,” he continued, driving down the road. Blake gave him a, I could care less look. He had his own problems to worry about, than some runaway psyche case.

“Yeah! I took him to the arena. He said he was with the Wrestling Organization. I do not know! I was glad to let him off, and get the hell out of there! I paid the stupid fare myself. It was worth it! I still have my life,” he shook his head as confirmation. Blake perked up, hearing Wrestling Organization.

“What was that you said?” He asked, very interested in what the cab driver had to say.

“I said, this patient nearly killed a nurse at the local hospital. I personally took him to the arena. He said he was with them the Wrestling Organization. A real nut case if you ask me,” he repeated exerts.

Blake thought about this for a moment, then he told the driver to take him to the arena. He smelt a set up. Carol was the target. And the perpetrator? TAD!!

The crew was still in the arena breaking down the ring and loading up the equipment when the taxi pulled up to the arena. Blake flashed his badge and was allowed entrance into the underground garage. The taxi drove to the same place he had dropped Tad off earlier. But this time, he was not afraid.

Blake handed him his fare and jumped out of the car. He took off running at high speed in search of Carol. He went directly to her office, and saw her cell phone lying on the desk. Without hesitation, he left and ran down the corridors.

He ran into one of the staffers, and asked if he had seen her. He told him not in a while, and went on doing what he had been doing. Blake stood in the midst of the hall frantic. One hand on his hip and the other resting on his forehead.

“Damn! Where are you Carol? And are you alright?” He whispered to himself. Then down the hall, he thought he saw some movement. He made a couple of steps in that direction, and yes, there is was again. A young woman walking down the hall. She turned her head to look back at him. He recognized her.



“Sandy?” He called. She turned and began to walk away.

Blake slowly started towards her. Then he realized what he was saying-Cassandra was dead! It has to be the other-Alexandra! She continued walking and ignoring him. He stopped and thought, he may be spooking her.

“Alexandra?” He called this time, thinking this may stop her. But she continued to walk away, heading for the elevators.

Blake decided he did not want to play this game anymore. He took off in a slow trot after her. He watched as the elevator doors open and as she entered, then turn and face him.

“Wait! I want to talk to you. I won’t hurt you!” He tried to explain to no avail. He made it to the elevator just before it closed, as they stared each other in the eyes.

Blake paused for an instant, noting something incredibly strange about her eyes. It took him a moment to recover, after the doors had shut. But once he had regained his senses, he watched the light over the elevator stop at the top floor. He wasted no more time, and ran towards the stairwell, running upwards. His long strides taking as many steps as they could, at one time.

Tad swung the door opened, and eased out of the room. He was hoping to find Carol laid out dead. But no such luck, he thought. He moved with caution. He did not want any more surprises.

He held the gun ready to shoot on sight. He had toyed with her long enough. He turned around being startled by a noise. He listened closely, to make he knew exactly the direction it had come. He continued his search, after hearing nothing else.

Carol had hid away silently, but due to the pain from the gunshot wound in her shoulder when she had moved it. She had allowed a small wimp out. She heard him move pass her and stopped. She prayed he had not heard her nor would discover her.

“Come out sweet Carol,” his creepy voice, was very near. She clenched her teeth! The pain was over bearing, and the blood was flowing out more than before.

“I promise, I will not hurt you. The gun went off accidentally,” he continued, moving further away from her.

“Carol! You cannot hide forever,” his voice was some distance now. She listened until she could not hear his footsteps any longer. She moved out of her hiding place, and made her way to the elevator.

She saw that it was coming up, and panicked! She ran towards the stairwell, and started to go down. But heard footsteps and thought it was Tad. Her loss of blood was clouding her thought process. She decided to run up on the roof, and yell for help.

Tad was just coming back, when he watch Carol run into the stairwell. He moved as quickly as he could towards them. He threw opened the door and went in, then heard two sets of footsteps! One lead up to the roof, the others were heavier, and coming from below.

“When I catch up with her, she is going to really get it!” Blake’s voice filled the stairwell. Tad immediately froze! What was he doing there? He began to think. He was not ready to deal with him just yet. He looked up and smiled evilly. Carol was on the roof. ‘Perfect,’ he thought, and moved quietly upwards.

Blake came out of the stairwell, leaned against the frame, and tried to catch his breath. After a few minutes of recovery, he began to walk down the hallway. He was looking for Alexandra. As he paused to check each room, he came to the one with the shattered window.

“What happened here?” He looked around and did not see anything unusual. He came back out and heard a noise near the stairwell. He turned and looked. There she stood! Alexandra staring at him. She turned away from him without a word, and went through the door of the stairwell.

Blake did not take a second to think. He ran and pulled the door opened with such force; it hit the wall with great impact. He heard feet moving up to the roof and followed.

Carol ran over to the edge of the roof, and screamed to the top of her voice for help. But it was all in vain with too much inner city noise to override. She moved around from one end to the other, trying to figure out how to get someone’s attention.

She was leaning over seeing people coming in and out of the building. But she could not get their attention. Then she thought of something. She took her shoe off and waited for the next person to come out. Hoping to hit them with it, and get their attention. It was worth a try, she thought.

“My Dear Carol! So we meet again. And out here in the fresh air,” his voice shot through her, as painful as the bullet through her shoulder. She spun around to face her stalker. He was hobbling towards her, gun waving in the air.

Carol stared at Tad! Growing increasingly weak, from the loss of blood. The pain in her shoulder was becoming excruciating.

There was this dull throbbing forming in her head. She was not sure, how long she could hold out. But then did it really matter, as she felt her life would soon come to an end.

“Guess what, Carol? I have a BIG surprise for you,” his laughter was hideous, as he lurked closer towards her. The perspiration was beginning to emit from the pores in her face.

“You are crazy Tad. You really need to seek help,” she advised him, her breathing slowing down. He stared for a moment, then laughed out loud. Carol felt her anger rising! Not for herself, but the sister she lost at the hands of this man. Was this how he had taunted her? Was this how she spent her last moments on earth?

“Maybe and maybe not! I know you and Blake tried to set me up. Making me think I was crazy. Sending me notes. Though I could not figure out how you two rigged up the figure in the middle of the road. Which caused me to be like this!” He yelled at her. Carol began to slide to the ground, weakening with each passing moment.

“What are you talking about? I don’t know anything, about a figure in the road. And Blake, has nothing to do with it,” her voice was barely audible by now. But he heard exactly what she had told him. He seemed to meditate on that thought.

“The truth at last! So you are admitting to maybe the notes, but not the figure in the road? And that Blake did not have anything to do with all of this?” Tad deducted.

“Yes!” She said, barely able to fight off the sleep that wanted to overtake her body.

“That is enough Tad! It is over!” Blake’s voice shot from behind him, as he made his way out on the roof. Carol perked up and gained newfound strength, from hearing the man she loved.

“I told you I had a surprise for you, did I not?” Tad smiled at Carol, then looked over towards Blake. “Get over there!” He screamed at him. Blake did not care about him commanding him. This is one command, he would obey in a heartbeat. Carol was hurt, and needed some attending. He rushed over to her and took her up to him. He could feel her weakening body in his arms. She gazed up in his eyes lovingly.

“Hold on Baby! It’s going to be alright,” he encouraged her. She drew from his strength.

“Really? I do not think so. But you know, you could be right. But it does seem like everything is more in my favor.” Tad taunted the two. Carol’s eyes went from Blake, then to Tad standing and holding the gun on them.

“I’m glad you are here Blake. But this is one time, I wish you were not,” she began to sob, half out of it from the loss of blood, and the agonizing pain.

“There’s no other place, I would want to be,” he gently stroked her hair back off her face, staring into her eyes. She smiled, as the tears flowed down her cheeks.

“Oh how touching. Give me a break! This is how it is going to play out. Your bodies will be found splattered on the concrete below. A murder/suicide kinda thingy. You know what I mean?” Tad explained to them.

“You are a sick piece of crap, you know that? You kidnapped Sandy! Bound and gagged her in the boiler room of the arena.

Left her there for whatever your sick mind had reasoned. All because she chose me. She died because of you. Now you want to kill her sister? Because she too chose me?" Blake with off on him. He stood astonished, at this revelation. His eyes darted from Blake, then to Carol. Her head snapped up to Blake. He nodded as his answer to her unspoken question. He knew who she was.

"Sister?" He stared at her for a long time, then he saw it. An older, and slight heavier version. But yeah, the resemblance was there. Why had not he seen it before? Could that had been the reason, he had developed these emotions for her? She was Sandy!

"That is why you did it! Sandy was your sister, and you felt I had something to do with her death?" Tad half talking to Carol and himself.

"I knew you did. She told me everything. About how you constantly bothered her. How she told you she did not want to have anything to do with you. Because she loved someone else." Carol divulged, then looked at Blake once again.

"I did not know at first, you were the wrestler she was talking about. Then when I saw you, you were everything she had described." Carol gazed into his eyes. If this were to be their final moments together, she wanted to kiss him passionately.

"ENOUGH!" Tad yelled out, causing both Blake and Carol's heads to snap back to him.

"Up to your feet!" He gestured with the gun. At that moment, Tad thought he saw some movement out the corner of his eye. He looked over in its direction, and froze at what he saw.

“Sandy?!” He yelled. Blake and Carol looked over to see what had frighten him. They saw Alexandra standing silently, just outside the stairwell entrance.

## Chapter Twelve

Carol stared over at the door, gripped by panic seeing her only sister in harm’s way. She did not move or say a word, nor did she look towards Carol or Blake. Her eyes were fixed on Tad alone. Blake was amazed how much Sandy and Alexandra favored.

“You are DEAD! I saw them take your body from the ruins,” he yelled at her. Carol tensed in Blake’s arms.

“Run Alexis, run!” She shouted to her younger sister. She never acknowledged Carol, she continued to look at Tad. He turned the gun on her.

“Noooo!” Carol yelled, fearing for her sister’s life. Tad turned his head back to Carol, then to the young woman standing silently glaring at him.

“Alexis?” Tad said, then turned his attention back to the Alexandra. Carol struggled to get up, but she had loss to much blood. She fell back exhausted, in the strong comforting arms of Blake. He began to caress her arm with one of his hand.

“Ah! Now I get it! You are the one who spooked me in my hospital bed. And the one on the road. Now how did you know, what road I would take to get to the next town?” He asked,

feeling himself regaining the upper hand. She never replied. Tad shifted from his good leg to the bad. But after feeling the pain, quickly adjusted his stance.

Blake slowly laid Carol's head down. She grabbed his jacket, in a feeble attempt to stop him. He gently covered her hand, and placed it on her. He eased up from the ground, and started after Tad. Seeing that he was preoccupied with Alexandra. Tad saw the movement, turned and fired a shot, hitting Blake.

"Blake!" Carol screamed, and watched him fall to the ground in pain.

"Damn it! Oh, you son-of-a-bitch! You shot me!" Blake rolled on the ground, grasping his leg. Blood began to ooze from a small hole in his upper thigh.

"Next time I will kill your ass, as I plan on anyway. As soon as I figure out, how to tie your sister in this little scenario, Carol!" He looked from Blake, then looked over to Carol. She was struggling to get to Blake. Tad tilted his head at the effort.

"Hmm! I got it! Maybe I will do to her what I had planned for Sandy! Hide her away and make her my little sex kitten," he began to laugh at the irony.

He turned away from the two fallen lovers, and at that instant; watched the quiet motionless young woman come flying towards him. He raised the gun to shoot her, but it was too late! She plowed into him with such intensity, he fell backwards a few feet then toppled on the edge of the roof.

He tried to balance himself, looking down at the distance he would fall. He turned his head to stare into her dead eyes, and felt her clutching him. He knew as they went head first off the



roof, and into the hard cold streets below. Payback was a mutha!

“ALEXANDRA!” Carol screamed, watching this horrid scene play out before her in slow motion. Her remaining sister falling to her death. She broke down and began to cry for her.

Blake rolled over on to his stomach, and lifted himself upon his good leg. Then he hopped on his one foot, and came up to the edge of the roof. He peered over it and stared down to the carnage lying below. But as he looked at what was below, he stood bewildered.

“Blake! Oh my God! Alexandra! I killed her!” She cried. Blake turned away and stared blankly. He could not formulate in his mind what his eyes relayed.

“Carol! Carol!” The voice flowed through the air, like a sweet song. Carol looked up! Blake’s head snapped around. Their eyes settled once again on the door of the stairwell. And running out, came the young woman they both had just witness-plunge to her death. And accompanying her was Det. Oakley and four other policemen.

Alexandra ran over to her sister, and pulled her into her arms. Carol held her tight, hugging her and confused. Det. Oakley walked over to Blake. He gestured with his thumb to what was below. Dan looked over and shook his head. He saw that a couple of policemen, were already taking care of the problem. He called for an ambulance, then turned to Blake.

“An ambulance will be here soon. I will get your statement later!” He told him, and walked over to Carol with Alexandra.

“But how did you do that?” Carol asked, pulling her away from her and staring in her eyes. Alexandra was confused. Then thought about it.

“Well, I went to scare Tad some more, and found he had escape. But not before, he nearly killed one of the nurses. Det Oakley came in and was going to arrest him. I heard that a taxi driver had dropped him off here. I convinced the Detective, I was your sister and he probably was coming after you. He had to get some stupid clearance. The law enforcement. You both could have been dead!” She explained, then looked over at Blake. He still had this strange look on his face, as he stared at her.

“No Alexis! How did you fall off the roof, and still be standing here?” Carol clarified what she was asking. Alexis stared at her for a few moments. Then began feeling her head, as if she had a fever or something. ‘Maybe the loss of blood is making her delusional’, she thought.

“I have no idea of what you are talking about. I just got here.” Alexis informed her sister.

“But go see! Your body is lying down there!” Carol pointed to the edge of the roof. Alexis looked and watched Blake coming their way. He looked at Alexis and then to Carol.

“No it’s not. Tad is the only body painted on the cement,” he informed Carol. She looked at him in disbelief. Then overwhelmed with the day’s events, loss of blood and pain. She succumbed to the release the darkness held for her.

A couple of weeks later.....

Blake and Carol sat on the porch in a lounge chair. Alexis sat on the banister, looking at the two sucking each other's lips. She shook her head and made little noises. Mrs. Garrison walked out of the house with a tray of goodies, and sat them on the small table in front of them.

She backed away and went to stand near Alexis. She stared at her for a few seconds, then pulled her into her arms. She had lost her once, she would not lose her a second time. She smiled that her eldest daughter was happy. Her only regret was Cassandra. She gave Alexis a nudge, as a hint. She jumped down off the banister, and walked with her mother into the house. And gave them some privacy.

"So it is agreed! We never tell anybody what really happened on that roof." Blake looked into Carol's eyes. She smiled and gave him a peck on the lips.

"They would not believe us anyways," she informed him. He ran the back of his hand down her face.

"No, I do not think they would. We'll go with, him and I struggled. He shot me before he lost his footing, and fell to his death." Blake rehearsed what they will be telling Det. Oakley, when he came the next day. She snuggled in to him, resting her head on his chest.

"Blake?" She pondered something and needed his confirmation once again. He looked down at her.

"Yes?" He responded. She took a deep breath and slowly let it out.

“Did I really see what I saw? Or was it just me, hallucinating?” She asked. Blake began to play with the top of her head, staring out into the greenery.

“No! You were not hallucinating. I saw it too!” His stomach rose and fell, as his deep voice rumbled against her head.

“Okay! It explains a lot. I hope she is resting in peace now.” Carol smiled with that consolation and rubbed his chest.

“I’m sure she is. Now speaking of resting. How about we go get some? If we can,” he suggested. She raised her head off his chest and rose from the chair, assisting him with her one good arm. He balanced himself on his one good leg.

“What a pair we make!” She said, as she wrapped her arm around his waist, and went into the house.

## Epilogue

The Wrestling Organization crew were busy unloading and setting up for the night’s event. No one paid much attention to the beautiful young woman walking through the arena. Or down the hall. Vance Maynor was coming in the opposite direction, when he came upon her. He stared at her curiously.

“Hello, do I know you?” He asked. She only smiled.

“Yes and no! Initially, I had been here for six months. I had an accident, and was gone for a month. But now I was able to return a few weeks ago,” she explained. He nodded his understanding.

“Sorry to hear about the accident. And glad to have you back. You do look familiar. What was your name again?” He asked.

“Cassandra Garrison, Sir! But people call me Sandy!” She said, smiling and walking away. Vance made a couple of steps, when he realized the name. He quickly turned to ask the young woman one more question. But she was nowhere in sight. He stood scratching his head, searching all corridors. It was as if, she had vanished into thin air.

The End???