

The characters William Delaney, Lori Delaney, Thomas 'Tom' Hughes, John Wortham, Lisa Marie Delaney, Samantha 'Sam' Tuttle, John Parseghian, Daniel Castle, Lonny Edwards, Jeffrey Dodge, Roger Cook, James Daggett, Bernard Richmond, LTJG Ron Cox USCG. PO3 Ken Leese USCG, Fireman/EMT Bill Carapina, Tonya Smith, Kenji Suzuki, Dr. Patricia Gaines, Brian 'Bruno' Parks, John R 'Uncle Johnny' Edwards, Peter 'Pete' Kashnikov, Cathy Wirges, Detective Stan Osterman, Elgin Atwater, and Ross Monroe are the property of Ray C. Stankewitz.

The Trap

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The Trap

Chapter 12

“Fourth Down With Six To Go”

“Lonny, what do you think *this* key goes to?” his girlfriend asked, holding up a funny looking key on Ross' keyring. “It's not an ignition key or anything I've seen” she commented, running her fingers through her dark brown hair. Tonya had looked at each key on the ring, determining it's use except this particular one.

“You know, I think I saw a safe under the master cabin's sole” she said, giving it some more thought. Ross began making a lot of noise but they couldn't make out what he was saying due to the dishrag in his mouth.

“Let's try it out” the Cajun suggested. “He's gettin' riled up about that key.” The pair went to the master cabin and lifted the hatch up to reveal a small safe mounted under the deck.

“It won't come out of there” Lonny said, trying to pull it out. “Gimme the key, will ya?” he asked, getting down to where he could see into it. As he opened the door, it was stuffed full of money and some packets. He pulled everything out of the safe, handing it to Tonya to put on the berth.

After the pair had time to sort through everything, it was determined that there was over \$10,000 in bills stashed in that safe along with a substantial amount of white powder that might be cocaine. “We'll keep the money but the dope goes to the bottom with him” Lonny stated, counting the cash one more time.

“Why don't we just put some of the dope on him and leave him here” she countered. “We'll call the port authorities on the phone with an anonymous tip” she added, giving her boyfriend a smile. “Dope traffickers get a real long prison term in the Bahamas.” A devious grin began to spread across the Cajun's face.

“OK, we'll do that. Let's give the boat a wipe down to remove our fingerprints and get the hell out of here” he said, rubbing his hands together. “The bastard shoulda just paid me last night when I asked nicely.”

###

The older, nondescript cabin cruiser docked at the Stony Point marina gas pumps and the skipper asked the attendant to fill his fuel tanks. As the attendant began to fuel the craft the boat's skipper began to walk towards the parking lot.

The man, an older looking gentleman with gray hair and a bushy beard, looked around as if he didn't know where he was going. He eventually walked over to a vehicle and opened the passenger front door. He retrieved a key fob and pushed it, making the trunk pop open. He then tossed the fob back inside the car and closed the door.

Walking around to the trunk, he reached in and removed two small duffel bags and closed the trunk. He went back to his cruiser and paid the attendant, untied his boat and left the marina.

“Got you now” a voice said, looking at all of this goings on with high-powered binoculars. He turned to look at LTJG Cox, who was lowering his binoculars to his chest.

“We'll take it from here, Detective Osterman. It's now in our jurisdiction” the Lieutenant said, shaking the policeman's hand. “I'll let you know when we find the missing persons.”

###

“How are you doing?” Sam asked her female hybrid friend as she came up to stand by her in the cockpit. She looked over to see a sad look on her friend's muzzle.

“I'm OK, I guess” Lisa replied, looking down at the cockpit sole. “Being here...It brings back a lot of old memories, that's all.” She looked over at Sam as she said “I still love him, even though I want to throw him overboard.”

“I'm sorry, Lisa. I wish I could understand” Sam responded, looking out at the ocean vista. “I never had a real boyfriend. We were too busy being Marines to have a meaningful relationship of any kind.” She sniffed and wiped her eyes as she said “I really liked Tom even if he was quiet. He was the first male that ever said I was pretty and meant it.”

“Hey Sam...not to change the subject but look at that” Lisa said, pointing to a small dingy with a tiny outboard motor. It was being piloted from the berths towards that Boston Whaler by a dark-haired man with a beard. There was a female with him in the tiny dingy. “Anybody we know?” she asked, picking up her binoculars.

“Yeah, that's some of John R's family. Sorry, I don't remember his name but he's been around the marina from time to time” Sam replied as she looked through her binoculars. “Guess his family needed to use the boat for something.” The two women watched as the two persons boarded the Boston Whaler and left the harbor towards the Florida coast.

###

The huge equine hybrid was lying on his bed, moving his arms around to try and loosen things up a bit. The beating that he had taken yesterday had proved to be almost too much for him. He was currently resting a bit from the pain when the door opened.

“William? You awake?” the bear hybrid asked, stopping inside the doorway. He was looking to see if the equine was sleeping or not.

“I'm awake. Come on in and sit down” William replied as he rolled over onto his side to face Brian. “I'm in a world of hurt right now. Excuse me if I don't get up.” He was trying to smile at the bear as he got as comfortable as possible.

“You don't look so good, man. Let me look at that lip, would ya?” the bear hybrid asked as he went to the equine's bed. Brian was looking to see if it had gotten infected.

“I don't think it's gotten infected or anything, it's just sore” William replied, holding his head up so the bear hybrid could look at it.

“It's swollen but not bad looking otherwise” the guard commented, sitting down in the white plastic chair by the table. He took the rifle and unslung it from his shoulder and set the butt of it between his feet.

“This thing gets heavy after a full day” he commented, looking to make sure he had put the selector to 'Safe'. He looked over to see William nodding his head.

“Try toting a M60 Squad Automatic for a few days straight” the equine retorted, smiling a bit more by now. “I was the big guy in my detachment so I got the big rifle.”

“Let's see...” Brian said, giving it some thought. “About 38 pounds with a tripod, if I remember right. Yeah, that one will wear ya down!” He was remembering his days as an army ground pounder. “Man, I wish I never got involved with this cat, let me tell ya. I feel like a total Ass for hookin' up with him.”

“Hey, if we get out of this, maybe you could get another job doing something legal, you know?” William suggested as he flexed his legs. “I hope I'm up to bustin' out of this hell-hole this evening. How are the plans coming along?” He was looking at the bear hybrid with a questioning look.

“Tom told me where the goons take their dinner, all three of them” Brian replied. “We'll have to corral Castle, Kenji and Bernard first.” He looked to see that William was listening. “Once that's done, I'll get the goons to come in the house on false pretenses so we can take them them out.”

“What do we have for armament?” the equine questioned as he moved his arms around a bit, trying to get some mobility back in his deltoids.

“One more M16, an XM177E2 and a Mossberg 500 with an 18 inch barrel. I think there's a lever rifle in 30-30 in my room too.” He started to say something and stopped. “Oh, right. My 9mm handgun and a two inch barrel Model 29 Smith.” Brian was trying think of any others. “Nope, that's it as far as I can remember. We might pick up a couple more from Castle and Richmond and whatever we take off of the goons.”

“That's plenty of firepower for now. Let's just hope we don't get in a firefight with the locals” William said matter-of-factly as he moved his legs some more. “I could use my hoof boots if you know where they are. I could use the extra traction, if you know what I mean.”

“Yeah, I do know that” Brian replied. “I have some fur on the bottoms of my feet. I get good grip from the pads on the balls of my feet but if I get off of them it's game over. That's why I wear shoes; for the traction.”

Brian looked at his watch and then looked back over at William. "I better go get your lunch for ya, man." he said, getting up to leave. "Get yourself loosened up, will ya? We're walking out of this shit-hole tonight."

William smiled at the thought of leaving here but not before he paid back a few people. A murderous smile crossed his muzzle as he laid back down.

###

"Petty Officer Leese! Report!" LTJG Cox said, standing on the bridge of the 'Dolphin'. They has been following the cabin cruiser at speed for some time.

"Sir, he's heading straight for Port Lucaya if he stays on this heading" the PO3 replied, turning to look at the CO. He smiled and added "I hope we get them, Ron." He watched a smile begin to cross his friend's face.

"Yeah Ken, this is one I want to find. That pirate Bernard Richmond's involved in it" he replied to PO3 Leese. "Keep on him, Ken. Adjust speed to keep us out of his visuals, OK?"

"Yes Sir! Adjusting speed, Sir!" Ken snapped out, giving his CO a smile.

###

"Lisa, look at this!" John said, motioning for her to join him in the aft cockpit. The female hybrid got up and went to see what her ex-husband was looking at. As she looked in the direction indicated by her former mate, she saw police swarming over a boat docked in one of the berths.

"I wonder that's all about?" she thought out loud, looking at more than twenty law enforcement agents boarding the vessel.

"Dope bust, most likely" Mr. Parseghian stated, looking at the event unfolding in front of them. "Nothing unusual for the Bahamas" he added, using the binoculars to see better.

As they were watching, John turned and looked at his ex-wife with a serious look on his face. "Lisa, I want to say something" he said, touching her to make her turn and look at him.

"What is it?" she asked, crossing her arms and giving him her full attention.

"Lisa, I know I did some really bad things to you" John, said, stopping to swallow down a huge lump in his throat. "I cheated and lied to you. I know

you have a right to be pissed off at me but I just wanted to say that I have had some time to think about it.” He had to swallow hard again. “I realize now how much I hurt you and I wanted to say that I'm really sorry. You couldn't begin to know just how sorry I am for hurting you.”

“John, this isn't the time or place to discuss this” Lisa said, trying to get him to stop. She started to turn away from him but her made her turn back to face him again.

“No, there *is* no correct time or place to talk about this” he retorted, leaning back against the side of the cockpit. “I hurt you and I just wanted to say I'm so very sorry.”

Lisa didn't reply to him, she just nodded and turned to face away from him so John couldn't see the tears that were running down her muzzle.

###

Tom was sitting on his bed, meditating. He had his legs crossed in a lotus position and had his hands resting on his knees. He was startled by the noise of the door to his room being opened.

“Tom, just givin' you an update, man” Brian said, stepping in the room quickly. “Tonight around 6. Depends on when the goons take dinner.” Tom nodded at this info.

“See if you can find a screwdriver for this thing, will you?” he asked the hybrid, motioning to the band around his waist. “How's William doing?”

“I'll work on the screwdriver but I'm not sure who has it” the bear replied. “As far as William's concerned, he's in a world of hurt. He was beat on pretty bad yesterday.”

“He's tough” Tom said, mulling the situation over. “He's be OK if I know him” he added, giving the hybrid a nod.

“I'll be back later with some firepower for ya. See ya soon.” The bear hybrid quietly closed the door behind him.

“All right” Tom said quietly. “Time for 'Sergeant Terror' to make his reappearance.” A sinister smile began to appear on his mug.

###

Peter Kashnikov had finally returned that afternoon from snooping around the harbor. He had surprised everyone by bringing some local food back for them. As they enjoyed some local fare, Peter filled them in on what he had heard.

“I overheard that a Mister Ross Monroe was arrested for drug smuggling” he said, tearing into some spicy roasted chicken. He saw that this information made Samantha's jaw hit the floor.

“That was the name of one of the men that hijacked us!” she blurted out, the anger in her face was getting apparent. “That Bastard! I hope he rots in jail!”

“We need to tell the authorities!” Lisa blurted out as she stood up quickly. “Peter, take me to the Harbormaster's office! Sam, Let's get going!” She was pissed off and she wanted to get going right now.

“OK Lisa, let me get my boat untied” the Russian replied, wolfing down his food. “I will take you there right away.”

As the trio took off for the Harbormaster's office, John turned to Jeff and said “She's major pissed off right now. I feel sorry for the authorities when she gets there.” He was shaking his head as he watched them go out of sight.

“I agree” was all the feline hybrid had to say.

###

The doctor was sitting in her combination office and personal room, trying to get her mind off the recent events. The images of her husband, lying on the floor dead kept coming back to her. Those images were producing a silent rage that was building inside of her as she sat there and tried to clear her mind.

“Pat? You in there?” Brian asked as he slowly pushed her door open.

“Come” was all she said, a habit from her military days as an officer. “What do you want?” she asked, looking at the hybrid bear.

“Pat, we're walking out of this shit-hole tonight around 6” he said, checking the hallway. “We're gonna need your help to get all of us out of here. That *includes* you.” He could see the smile begin to spread across her muzzle.

“I'm all in” was all she said.