

*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, Nana Déby, and Ross Monroe are the property of Ray C. Stankewitz.*

The Trap

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## The Trap

### Chapter 14

“Time To Stand Up”

Lisa was sitting with Samantha on the foredeck of Peter's craft as they eased along the coast. The pair were using high-powered binoculars to examine the houses situated near the beach for any possible clues.

“Lisa, are you feeling OK? You're being too quiet now” Samantha pointed out to her friend. “I've known you for too long so out with it.” She was looking to see if her friend had heard her.

“Uh...yeah, I'm OK” she replied, still looking for her cousin. “Well, no I'm not. I'm having these *weird* feelings for John, you know.” Lisa stopped looking and let the spy glasses fall against her chest. “I still love him in a warped sort of way but I don't know what to do about it.”

“Easy, girl” Sam replied to that information. “This *is* the guy that cheated on you with your head chef, isn't it? Are you ready to let him back into your life?”

“*That's* what I'm saying, Sam. I *don't know* what to do.” Lisa was trying not to cry again, holding a tissue to her muzzle. “I'm emotionally all mixed up right now, that's what's wrong with me.” She looked over at her mechanic friend and said “We need to find them soon or I'm going to lose it.”

Samantha reached over and hugged her friend as she said.”We'll find them.”

###

Bernard was trying to make a move to help out his helpless Asian compatriot but Patricia warned him off with her revolver. "You just stand over there, Doctor Feel-Good and I won't blow your manhood off" she said in a dark tone. "I've had enough of your hate to last me a lifetime." She still had that murderous look on her muzzle as she kept that revolver trained on his chest, hammer still back. "Did I mention that this thing has a hair trigger?" she added, resting her finger on the trigger.

"Pat, don't be hasty here. I'm sure we can work something out" Bernard offered, trying to swallow a big lump in his throat. If there was something he hated worse than a female waving a gun around, that was a female holding a gun in a proper combat stance. "Don't rest your finger on the trigger like that, please?" he asked as he started to sweat heavily.

"Tough guy doesn't seem so tough now" Nana said in her melodic Sudanese accent. "You just stand there like a good boy and I won't let her turn you into a eunuch." The two women were smiling at that comment.

Nana was holding the Mossberg 500, loaded with OO Buck rounds. "I would have preferred deer slugs over buckshot but we were fresh out of them." She then smiled at the tough guy as she said "You ever see what buckshot does to a man's private parts, Bernard? Maybe I will show you today."

"Oh Geez..." was all he could say in response.

Over in the corner, Tom was holding Kenji while William used him for a punching bag. The tormentor was now the tormentee at the moment, suffering some very heavy blows to the vulnerable areas of his body.

"I won't kill ya, little buddy, but you'll wish you were dead when I'm done" William said as he hit Kenji right in the armpit. The hybrid had a look of doom on his muzzle as he pounded on the small former tormentor. "Believe me little buddy, unlike you, I'm gonna leave some heavy marks." He then hit him in the ribcage under the arm and a cracking sound was plainly heard. Kenji was sweating heavily and he was pale as a sheet from the pain.

The huge hybrid then threw the tormentor on the floor and stood on his left hand with his bare hoof, grinding down on it using the hard rim with his full body weight. This caused Mr. Suzuki to scream out in pain in a very high octave, normally reserved for girls. When the tortured man reached out with his other hand to stop the abuse, the equine hybrid used his other hoof to stomp on Kenji's right hand, breaking all of his fingers.

“William, that's enough!” Pat said, going over and grabbing his arm. “You've done enough to him!” the doctor said loudly, pulling him away from Mr. Suzuki.

“Yeah, you're...uh...right. I don't know what...uh...what came over me” William replied to her, shaking his head. For just a moment he had a far off look on his muzzle, like he wasn't there right now. “I wasn't gonna kill him, I just wanted him to feel some of my pain” he added as he sat down on the bed. “Damn...” He shook his head again, trying to think straight.

About that time, Brian entered with a trussed up Mr. Castle. He looked like the bear hybrid had roughed him up a bit and then scared the living shit out of him.

“I can offer you a lot of money to leave and not kill me” he blurted out to anybody that would listen to him. “I have money here in the house! Take it and leave, just don't kill me!” he begged in a pitiful tone before he started to cry.

“Here William, you might like to have these” the bear hybrid said, tossing him his prescription glasses and the screwdriver. “Yeah, this idiot has been blubbering like that ever since I tied him up.” Brian made the feline sit on the floor where he could keep an eye on him as he put the manila envelope on the table and patted it, nodding at the huge hybrid. He then reached outside the door and retrieved William's hoof boots. “As you asked, here they are.”

“Thanks, Brian. Now I have some traction” he commented as he slipped his boots on and fastened them. William then took his glasses out of their case and put them on. “That's more like it” he said as he looked around. He then looked over at Bernard, who was shaking by now.

“We're gonna teach you a little lesson” he stated, picking up the syringe. “I understand from the good doctor here, that I can give you just enough to make you sick as hell without knocking you out” he stated in a dark tone of voice. “Take off your jacket” he asked in a menacing tone, almost a growl.

Bernard knew that he was doomed and it was time to just take his comeuppance. He removed his jacket for William and sat down in a chair.

“Here goes your lesson” William said, sticking the hypodermic needle in the tough guy's forearm and slowly giving him the tranquilizer.

“How are ya feeling?” the hybrid asked, watching him begin to get woozy.

“Not so hot” was his reply. His pupils widened, a sign the drug was working.

“A little more” Pat suggested as she stood by, monitoring the patient's condition. “He's not got enough in him yet” she pointed out. William nodded and gave him just a *little* minuscule amount more.

“I...uh...feel real lousy...now...” Bernard stated, his pupils getting very wide on him. He was now having to squint from the light's intensity. “Oohhh...my head...it hurts...the light...”

“There, that's enough” Pat said, making sure that William didn't give him any more. “He should need to vomit right about...now” she said, looking at her watch.

The tough guy got very pale looking as he got down on his knees and crawled to the bathroom. The sounds coming out of the stall indicated that Patricia had guessed right on the dosage.

“How ya feeling now, Bernard?” William shouted into the bathroom.

“Not so hot...arrgh...my head...” he replied. “I won't do that again...arrgh..”

“Please take my money!” Daniel begged again. “Don't torture me! Please!” The feline was shaking like a leaf, terrified of being tortured by the big equine hybrid.

“Well, you do owe me for my time here” William remarked, giving a little thought to it. “How about my regular expenses, then?” he proffered up.

“That would be sporting of you” the feline was quick to reply. “How much is that?” he asked, paying close attention to the huge hybrid by now.

“Let's see” he started, having to think about this. “For the two of us, about \$14,000, give or take.” Tom's eyes almost popped out of his head at the mention of that amount.

“Agreed, then. Under the globe in my study is a key. That key opens a safe under that dresser over there” the feline hybrid stated, nodding to the corner of the room.

Brian went to retrieve the key and within minutes, they had the money in hand. William could have cleaned out the safe but he had agreed on that specific amount. Mr. Castle even told him to give each person \$2,000 for their troubles.

“Time for phase 4” Brian said, looking at Nana. “You know what to do.” She nodded and took off for the kitchen.

###

“How much light do we have left?” Samantha asked, looking at her watch. It was past 6 in the evening and everyone was tired. Peter and Jeffrey were scrounging through the cabinets of the boat, pulling together enough to feed 5 people.

“I’m not sure, Sam” John replied, looking around at the shoreline. “I just see a lot of houses and nothing more. There’s still enough light for now if we eat quickly.”

As he scanned the shore, he noticed one house with men standing around outside. Closer inspection of that house turned up the fact that they were carrying rifles in a ready state.

“This is weird” he thought to himself. “I thought the Bahamas had real strict rules on firearms.” He dismissed the sighting and looked at the next house on the beach.

###

“The goons, they’re eating my *‘special’* cuisine” Nana told Brian as she came back into the room. She almost busted out laughing at what she observed in the middle of the floor. In her absence, the belt and wrist bands had been removed from Tom and William and put on the three bad guys. Mr. Castle had the waist band, Bernard had one of the wrist bands and Kenji had the other wrist band around his ankle. They were all hooked to the chain about 12 inches above the floor.

“Now that is something you don’t see everyday” she commented, looking to take in the sight.

“I helped the situation” Brian pointed out, holding up a bottle of Loctite #272 threadlocker. “They’ll need a torch to get the screws out of those puppies!” he said, smiling like the Cheshire cat.

The bear hybrid turned towards the huge equine and said “William, It’s time to stand up.”

William nodded as Brian went to sucker the goons inside. Nana had laced their food with a little of the stuff left over from Bernard's lesson. "I hope there's enough to make a difference" he said as they went upstairs to the study.

Tom and William took up positions on either side of the study's double doors, both packing rifles. As they listened, they could make out the sounds of the goons and Brian coming their way.

"Mr. Castle, we're coming!" the bear hybrid shouted out, the code word that he had all three with him.

As the hired guards entered the room, two of them were felled by blows from a pair of rifle butts. Before the third one could respond, he was dropped on top of his compatriots.

Brian was smiling as he stepped into the room over the motionless bodies. "Let's get Castles' little launch into the water and get the hell out of this steaming shit-hole."

###

"This isn't bad" John commented, munching on a sandwich that was part lunch meat, part deviled ham and some other things he'd rather not know about from the Russian's pantry. "Needs some pepper or something, though" he added, taking another bite.

"Yeah, it's OK, if you like this kind of stuff" Jeff remarked, taking another bite of his sandwich.

Peter was handing everyone a cold drink from the galley when Lisa brought up something. "Are we going to stay another night or go back to Florida?"

While everyone was making their feelings in the matter known, they were all distracted by gunfire from the house nearest them.

###

"Damn! Where'd they come from?" William said, getting everyone behind the launch on the trailer for cover. "Brian?" Bullets were whizzing past them, pinning them down behind the boat.

“I don't know! Looks like the night shift and one of the guys we knocked out” he replied, firing several bursts in their direction. “This is bad, man. I don't like firefights!” He sent another burst in their direction.

Nana had laid down on the ground and popped off a few rounds that splintered the corner of the building. “Stay down! They tryin' to flank us!” she shouted, popping off another round. They heard a commotion as one of aggressors fell over in the yard, clutching his stomach.

“Brian, we're gonna need a miracle if we're getting out of here” the huge equine shouted, trying to get a bead on one of the bad guys. As he started to squeeze the trigger, the bad guy dropped.

“Mine” was all that Tom said, lining up the next target.

###

“What the hell?” Lisa said, picking up her binoculars. As she looked at the commotion, she observed a sight that she was both elated and scared to death about.

“That's William and Tom!!” she shouted, looking once more to be sure.

“We must help them” Peter said, opening up a cockpit hatch. He reached in and pulled out an AK-47 with a 75 round drum magazine. “Here, hold this” he said to Lisa, reaching down for another rifle.

“Hold this Hell! I'm using it!!” She shouted, charging the weapon and beginning to lay down a withering suppression fire on the bad guys. “Peter! Pull us up on the beach!” she yelled, continuing to fire away.

“But Lisa, that will damage my boat!” he pointed out, setting another magazine next to her hoof.

“**Put this boat on the beach!!**” she bellowed at the Russian. “**Do it now! That's an order, Sailor!!**” she screamed in her best officer's voice.

“Yes Ma'am” he replied, firing up one engine to move them to shore.

###

“Anybody you know?” Brian asked, pointing to the craft approaching the beach, a female equine hybrid crouched down in the bow. The female hybrid was laying down a fearsome suppression fire for them to escape by.

“That's my cousin Lisa. She's a retired Navy Commander” he replied. “Boy, am I glad to see her! We're leaving this shit-hole right freaking now!”

Lisa used up one magazine and kicked it out to jam another one in. As she reached for the spare magazine, she heard the craft take several hits.

“Dammit! I hope they're above the water line” she cursed under her breath. She charged the weapon again and continued her suppression fire, only to be joined by Peter.

“They are coming this way! We must cover them!” the Russian said, jumping out of the craft and crouching on the beach. He motioned for the rescues to make a run for it and returned to firing away.

“William! Get everybody the hell in the boat, Dammit!” she yelled, trying to keep one particular goon from having a free shot on the escaping persons. “We can't hold them all day!!” Rounds were continuing to strike the Donzi from the bad guys firing.

The huge hybrid stopped at the side of the boat and literally threw the two women into it. He helped Tom to scramble in and grabbed Brian to drag him in behind him.

“Peter! Get in **NOW!**” Lisa screamed as she was continuing to fire, now on a third magazine. “**GET US THE HELL OUT OF HERE NOW!!!**”

The Russian got back to the helm and fired all three engines up. The water was shallow where they were at on the beach but this did not matter to the Russian right now. He gritted his teeth as he felt the craft's propellers grounding out as he made way to deeper water. Once the propellers quit hitting bottom, he used everything the boat had to get them away the beach and headed back to open ocean and the Hatteras.

As everyone settled down, some moaning was heard from the aft cockpit....