

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 and Ross Monroe are the property of Ray C. Stankewitz.

The Trap

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The Trap

Chapter 9

“Possible Allies”

William regained consciousness only to find that he was back in his bed and sick once again. “Oohhh...” he moaned, covering his eyes with his forearm. The top of his head must be somewhere across the room by the level of pain he was experiencing. “Dammit! Wait 'till I find out who done this...” he muttered, shaking his head. He knew he was going to dole out a heavy dose of pain to the person that did this to him.

As he lay there in pain, it became all too necessary to vomit again. William got up and crawled to the bathroom to heave his guts out. The hybrid finally leaned his head over against the cool tile-covered wall and waited for the nausea to subside.

“William! Are you OK?” Patricia said frantically as she ran into his room. “Brian said you were throwing up in here!” She could see that he looked really bad when he looked up at her.

“That *son of a bitch* Bernard!...” She cut her words off short to see that William had been listening by the look on his face.

“That *Asshole* is mine! I'll rip his face off and shove it down his throat!!” the male hybrid said, looking at the doctor with murder in his eyes. He then closed his eyes in pain, reaching up and holding his head. “Oohhh...”

“You need to get back into bed, William” she stated, helping him to stand. “I hate to say that I agree with you. I'd like nothing better than give him a big

dose of that stuff just to watch him heave *his* guts out.” This statement made the huge hybrid chuckle just a little.

“OK, back in the bed” she said, helping him to lay down. Patricia helped him to remove his pants and got Brian to assist with his shirt. “Now stay there until dinner, Please?” she asked, covering him back up.

“OK, I'll stay here” he replied, covering his eyes again. As he lay there, he heard the door shut quietly.

###

“Lonny, you sure you wanna go try'n find that guy?” his uncle Johnny asked as he cooked breakfast for the pair at the counter. “That's a lot o' ocean to try'n find som'un.” John R Edwards was trying to get his nephew to understand the situation. “I'm not sure'n I could find 'em and I still consider m'self an ex-pert tracker.” He looked at his nephew with pursed lips. John R could understand his eagerness to recoup a few dollars owed to him but it would take a lot to find someone in the Bahamas.

“Here ya go” he said as he served up their breakfast to them.

Lonny looked at his uncle as he asked “Same deal as before?”

“Yeah, same deal. Pay for the gas in the Boston Whaler and she's your'n for th'day” he replied, sitting down to eat with them.

Tonya reached over and touched the older man on the hand. “Thanks for helping us. We need to make sure Ross doesn't rip him off.”

they all sat there and enjoyed a famous John R's Cafe breakfast.

###

the trio on board Lisa's vessel were looking around with high power binoculars, hopeful that they would see something. It was getting on into the afternoon and there had been no additional sightings at all. The only thing going on was a debris field that they had happened onto earlier at the same time as a Coast Guard helicopter. There wasn't anything that remotely resembled debris from the Fountain so they moved on at the '*request*' of the helicopter's CO.

“What do you want to do Lisa?” the feline hybrid asked his boss. He was marking his position again on the chart that was slowly getting marked up with multiple dots.

“Jeff, let's eat. I'm getting hungry and I can only guess the two of you are” she replied, letting her field glasses drop to her chest. “I'm getting tired, I can tell you.” The others nodded their heads at her statement.

“It's my turn to cook” Samantha volunteered, heading down off the flying bridge. “Let me see what I can scrounge up to eat.” She stopped at the door to the salon to wipe the tears from her eyes. “Tom, I hope I didn't get you killed...” she said quietly, trying to keep from crying.

###

It was late afternoon when William was woke from his nap by a noise in the room. As he turned his head and opened his eyes, he observed a figure placing something on the table.

“Who goes there?” he asked, covering his eyes from the pain in his head. That *Bastard* was *toast* if he got a hold of him.

“It's me, Brian. I brought your dinner” the bear hybrid said, turning on a small light by the table. “You might want to eat it while it's hot. I'll take the chain off while you eat if you'll behave” he offered, pulling a chair in from the hall.

William slowly sat up and assessed his pain level. “Yeah, I'll behave. Besides, I'm way too sick to take you on.” He smiled a weak smile at Brian, who smiled back.

“I feel for ya, man. Tell 'em what they want to hear so you can get out of here” the bear offered up as he unlocked the chain. William noted that he had placed the safety switch on his M16 to 'Safe' when he got near him, putting it back to 'Auto' when he was clear. “I don't wanna see you get hurt any more. That shit's bad stuff he's using.” The guard looked at the floor, then back at William. “He got me once, *claiming* it was an accident. I was sick for days over it.”

“Brian, I wish I *could* tell them something. That book I need was in our rental car at the marina” William said, carefully making his way to the table. “Somebody could go look one more time. The keys were in Tom's pants when we were brought here.”

“I wish I could help ya out, man. This is all a big mess, if you ask me” Brian commented, sitting down in the chair he brought in. “Enjoy your meal, if you can. You still look pretty rough.”

“Thanks, Brian” William said, removing the covers over his meal. There was a rather large steak on a hot iron plate, a nice-sized baked potato and some steamed mixed vegetables on the tray, plated on some rather nice china. There was also a pitcher of ice water for him. The downfall of the whole meal was the plastic flatware. “Don't trust me?” he commented, holding up the plastic knife.

Brian just smiled and nodded at his humor. “Trust me, William, You won't need that knife for the steak.”

###

After William had finished picking at the dregs of his dinner, Brian picked up the chain and opened the lock. The equine hybrid begrudgingly held out his right arm for the chain to be attached,

“No, gimme your left arm, William” Brian asked, giving him a slight smile. “No use in having this stupid chain lying across your chest while you're trying to sleep.”

“Thanks again” William said as the bear locked the chain to his wrist band and checked the anchorage on the floor. “I know you're just doing your job.”

“Get some rest, man. You're gonna need it tomorrow” the guard said as he removed the tray and chair from the room.

William laid down, closed his eyes and drifted off to a fitful sleep.

###

Lisa was sitting in the salon of her vessel, contemplating the day's events. She was looking at the marked-up navigational map with Jeff when a voice called out from the dock.

“Lisa? Are you on board?” the voice called out. “Lisa, it's me, John. I have your monthly check with me. The doorman at the Beach Side said I'd find you here.”

Ms. Delaney looked at the direction of the voice with disdain. She absolutely hated it when her ex-husband came to the slip. “Yeah John, I'm in here with

Jeff. Come on board.” She sat up and straightened her clothes a bit as she waited for him to enter the salon.

“There you are!” he said as he entered the salon and sat down near the door. John could almost cut the tension in the air with a knife. “Is there something wrong?” he asked, keenly aware that she was distressed.

“It's nothing, John. Just give me the check and leave” she asked, trying not to give him any clues to her emotional state.

“Lisa, I know I really hurt you but I can tell you're upset. Is there anything I can do to help?” he asked, getting up and looking at the map on the table. “Hey! This has something to do with that stolen Fountain, doesn't it?” he stated, turning the map towards himself. “What's going on?” he queried, looking straight at his ex-wife.

“It's not stolen, it's missing!” Lisa replied, putting her head in her hands. “William and his partner were on that boat.” She looked up at him with tears in her eyes. “They haven't been found yet.”

John was listening as he looked at the map. “I'll bet a month's worth of my wages he's in the Bahamas” Mr. Parseghian commented, looking at the map some more. “My old partner knows that area like the back of his hand. You know, I think I could get him to help” he said, looking back at Lisa.

“Not Peter Kashnikov!” Lisa moaned as she shook her head. “That...that *man* is so irritating!” she blurted out, looking at her ex-husband. “I know he's good but I can't put up with him long enough to get out of port!” She was shaking her head as she looked her ex in the eyes. “He'd be in the drink by the time we hit the breakwater. You know it too.”

John grimaced at the mental image of Peter being thrown overboard by Lisa and Jeff. “I was thinking that we could use his boat to get 2 parties looking for them” John suggested. “You *might* have to fuel his, though. He's been on..”

Lisa cut her ex-husband off. “Yeah he's been on hard times since he lost his interest in the hotel to me. OK, I'm game so far. As long as you go with him and not me.”

“Let me call him real quick” John said, stepping outside to use his phone. Lisa looked over at Jeff to see his reaction to all of this.

“As long as he's with John...I would throw Peter overboard right here” Jeff said, indicating the slip area. “We wouldn't need to go anywhere for me to chunk him in the water. He's a jerk, if you ask me.”

John stepped back inside, smiling by now. “Peter said he would help out. He will call me to see where to fuel up in the morning.”

Lisa nodded her head reluctantly. “Have him meet us at the marina pumps at 6 a.m. Sharp. And by the way, give me my check while you're at it.”

John handed Lisa her check and left the craft quietly. “It always bothers him to have to pay alimony” The female hybrid said to her captain, putting the folded check in her purse with a little smile on her face.

The feline just looked at her and smiled back.

###

Lonny, will you come to bed?” Tonya asked, sitting up in bed and staring a hole in her boyfriend. “You can find that stupid map in the morning.” She got comfortable in the bed, pulled up the covers and turned out the light on him.

“Turn that light back on, will ya?” Lonny shot back, waiting for her to respond. “Please?”

“No, you come to bed right now” the dark-haired woman said in a stern tone. “5 a.m. Comes early if you're going to the Bahamas.”

“OK, I'll find it in the morning.”