

*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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### Chapter 11

#### “Convergence”

Tom Hughes had been up since before sunup, moving around to keep his muscles from getting stiff. He had discovered a water pipe that went through his room was hung sturdily enough to use as a chin-up bar. Between chin-ups, push-ups and sit-ups, this was all that he could do except look out the window and play cards.

“Breakfast is here” the bear hybrid said, bringing the tray into his room. He sat the tray on the table and then went over and closed the door.

“I'm Brian” the hybrid said to Tom, giving him a small smile. “Let me see the lock on your waist band, please?” he asked, pulling out a set of keys. “Yeah, this is the key” he commented to himself as he tested the key in the padlock.

“Look” he said, holding out his hand to Tom. It had a very small black zip-tie in it. “I'll put this between the lock and the band. When the time comes, just run at the door. This tie isn't *that* strong.” He then rigged Tom's chain like William's. “Just keep your t-shirt pulled down over it.”

“What's this all about?” Tom asked, looking at the hybrid with the rifle as he covered the waist band with his shirt. “You know something I don't?”

“I'm friendly” Brian commented, motioning for the smallish man to sit and eat. “William is here and we're trying to figure out how to break out of this shit-hole.” He could see that this news made Tom's eyes light up.

“When?” he asked the bear, tearing into his waffles and sausage meal.

“Tonight or tomorrow, I hope” Brian replied, making sure nobody was listening to them. “I have to figure out when the goons outside will be the most vulnerable, man. They're armed to the teeth.”

“I've seen them” Tom replied, tasting the waffles. “Three of them gather right outside my window around 6 in the evening. They eat at the picnic table right out there.” He motioned to the direction of the table.

“Good intel, guy. That helps the plan along” the bear said, mulling it around in his head. “I'll talk to your partner and let you know what's up later, then.”

###

Ross was awakened by water being thrown in his face. “Ross! Wake up you sorry rat-bastard!” the voice screamed at him. He tried to move only to realize he was hogtied securely, lying face down on the carpet. From his vantage point, he could see that he was still on his boat, in the main cabin area with the curtains closed. His head and neck were killing him with pain. He had been hit from behind *again*.

“Ross, you better tell me where you got my money hidden!” Lonny said loudly, kicking him in the side with his boot. “I'm not going to wait all day before I take this boat out and sink it with you in it!” He looked over at Tonya and nodded, smiling a wide smile. Ross was still squirming on the floor, bound very securely by Lonny's handiwork.

“Lonny! You can't sink the boat! She said loudly, trying not to laugh. “I think Ross is smarter than that!” She looked at her boyfriend and winked. “I'm sure he'll pay you to save his sorry hide from a watery grave.”

“Screw you, you inbred hillbilly hicks!” Ross spat out, still trying to get loose.

“Suit yourself then, *Asshole*. We're having breakfast on your dime before we sink ya” Lonny said, motioning towards the galley area. Tonya stepped over him on the way, managing to kick Ross in the ribs again.

Ross swore and cursed at them as he struggled in vain against the ropes holding him.

###

“William? Are you awake?” Patricia asked the hybrid, sitting by his bed. The hybrid opened one eye to look at the female hybrid and smiled just a little.

“I’m awake but I’m in a world of hurt, Doc” he told Patricia, trying to lift his arm. “Oohhh...” he said softly, putting the arm back down. “I’m really hurting, Patricia. You’re gonna have to help me up” he stated, carefully rolling over on his side. His muscles hurt real bad this morning from the beating they had taken yesterday. “I’m in major pain...” He grimaced as he tried to put one leg over the edge of the bed.

“Here, let me help move you” she told the male hybrid, getting up to pull his legs over the side of the bed. “I’ll be as careful as possible” she added, trying to pull him closer to the edge.

Brian walked into the room with William's breakfast, closing the door behind him. “Are you OK?” he asked the other male as he sat down on a chair by the table. “I wish I coulda stopped that beating yesterday, man. You look real bad.”

“I’ve felt worse” William answered, finally sitting up with the doctor's help. “I remember taking a pounding on a Black Ops mission in Afghanistan that was worse than this” he stated, trying to stand up. His body was beyond hurting; this had to be near-death pain.

“Black Ops?” Brian queried, looking at the other hybrid in shock. “You coulda tore my heart out and showed it to me before I died!” he blurted out, looking very shocked by this information.

William looked up at him with a smirk on his face. “I’ve been biding my time Brian, waiting for a way out of this” he stated, finally standing up and shuffling over to the table. “Patricia, help me sit, please?” he asked, letting her help support him as he sat down. “If you hadn't been friendly with me that first meeting, you were going to be my first kill” he said matter-of-factly to Brian, looking him straight in the eye. “You had what I needed on you” he said, pointing to the bear's rifle.

“Damn, William! You scare me!” Brian said, getting a better grip on his firearm. “How about Tom? Is he military?” he asked, mental images of his lifeless hybrid bear body lying on the floor, covered in blood flashing through his head.

“He's a sniper. Decorated war vet if you need to know” William replied, starting to slowly eat his breakfast. “He could shoot the gnat's ass out of a

gnat's ass at a mile or so” he added, smiling at the bear. He could see a smile beginning to cross the bears muzzle.

“William, things are getting better all the time” Brian commented as the pieces to his escape plans fell together.

###

The nondescript older cabin cruiser docked at the marina and a young red-headed female stepped down onto the dock. The woman took the time to straighten her clothes while she stood there. She took her purse from the man that was holding it and strolled along the docks, heading for the parking lot.

She waked very confidently along the walkway towards a row of cars parked along the fence. She casually opened her purse and pulled out a vehicle key fob and played with it in her hand. As she approached a Ford Taurus, she pressed the 'Unlock' button on the remote. Another similar colored Taurus to her right responded to the remote's input.

She turned towards that direction and pressed the 'Trunk' button. The vehicle responded by popping the trunk for her. She opened the trunk and put her purse next to the two duffel bags and a laptop inside.

She shut the trunk and pulled down her sunglasses, scanning around with her green eyes for anybody watching. Opening the driver's door, she sat down in the driver's seat, closed the door and started the car.

As she slipped the car into 'Drive', A Police car pulled in front of her, cutting her off. She slammed the car into 'Reverse', only to have another cruiser block her in.

A Policeman at the window tapped the glass and yelled “Shut it off!” She looked over to see a 9mm Glock being pointed at her. She shut the car off and put her hands up where they could be seen.

###

Lisa was standing on the foredeck of her vessel, scanning the water in front of her. “Where did you say he was going?” she asked John, who was standing beside her.

“He was going to talk with the Harbormaster, if I heard him right” Mr. Parseghian replied, looking over at his ex-wife. “Peter left early this morning,

Lisa. The sun wasn't quite up when he left.” John was feeling bad that he might have messed up his ex-wife's plans. “If I screwed this up...” He was cut off by Lisa.

“Don't worry, John. We'll figure this out” she said, looking around. As they walked around the cabin to get to the cockpit, John spotted a craft coming out of the harbor.

“There he is!” he exclaimed, pointing in the direction of Peter's boat. They noted another craft coming out of the harbor, following close behind the Russian. “Oh no...” John said, shaking his head. “Here we go...Lisa, let's get ready to get out of here, just in case.”

“Uh...John, he's not going very fast” Lisa noted, keeping her eyes on the approaching crafts. “Let's see what's up before we do something stupid” she suggested, heading to the aft cockpit.

The Russian pulled alongside her vessel, mindful to have his fenders hanging over the side to protect their boats. “The Harbormaster has agreed to show us around” he announced to the female hybrid. “If you will provide breakfast for him” he added, giving Lisa that big, cheesy Russian smile.

“OK Pete, help him to tie off to your boat and get him in here” she told him, putting her hand on her forehead and shaking her head. “Now I know why I never liked that Russian...”

###

“It would be a shame to sink this nice old Chris-Craft, if you ask me” Lonny commented, running his hand along the cabin's exquisite woodwork. “This has to be solid mahogany, I would think.” He looked over at the still-hogtied form lying on the deck. “If you give me the money you owe me, I'll let you go” he suggested, trying to stifle the urge to kick him for the seventh time this morning.

“I found the valves” Tonya yelled through the doorway. As she came into view, she was slightly dirty from looking around under the boat's sole. “It's a cinch to sink” she stated, smiling at her boyfriend. “Has he paid you yet?” she asked, sitting down on his cream colored cloth upholstery and getting grease on it.

“You lousy, inbred, buck-toothed, red-headed, hillbilly goof-balls!” Ross screamed. “I don't have your freaking money! I need to go see Daniel Castle

for your cash!" he screamed, still bound tightly. "Don't you dare freaking think about sinking this classic vessel! I'll kill you!!"

"Boy! You're jus' full o' adjectives, aren't ya?" Lonny said in a fake hillbilly voice. "Durn it, I's not sure if'n I kin work them valves rightly." Tonya was fighting to keep from laughing.

The Cajun's voice took a darker tone as he spoke again to the blond-haired man. "I've had it with you, jerk-off. Where's the money?" Lonny said, kicking him in the knee this time. "I have all day to work on you..." He took a dishrag and stuffed it in Ross' mouth. "I'll still sink it, money or not."

###

The red-haired woman was sitting at the mechanic's desk in the marina service area. She was cuffed, still crying and her make-up was smeared badly. A rather stocky man in a dark gray suit was walking through the shop, holding his ID up to the arresting officer who was working on his report.

"Miss Cathy Wirges, I'm Detective Stan Osterman" he said in very flat tone. "Your story as I have been told doesn't hold water" he said, looking to see how she reacted to his statement. He noted that she was not making outward signs that she was lying to them.

She looked up at him as she tried to reason with the policeman. "I told your people earlier that this man said his name was Bernard and he told me to do this." She sniffed a bit before she continued. "He said to take the car to Stony Point marina and leave it open with the keys in the glove box. He gave me \$100 to do this for him."

The Detective thought about it for a while before he spoke again. "You're currently involved in a kidnapping plot involving U.S. Citizens. If you help us out, we may be able to help you out. You think you might want to help?" he asked, waiting for her answer.

She just nodded her head in agreement.

###

Lisa and her rag-tag team were cruising around in Peter's boat with the Harbormaster, looking for a missing Fountain 47 that William had been on. "Your name is really Elgin Atwater?" Samantha asked the Harbormaster, trying not to laugh. "I'm guessing your middle name is Scott, right?"

The master, a slender German Shepard hybrid, smiled widely. "My parents had a sense of humor, don't you think?" he replied, chuckling just a little himself. "I was named after a couple of obsolete outboard motors!"

"That is just too funny!" Sam said, laughing just a little. "I bet you were picked on in school" she added, scanning the berths as they went through the dock area. She saw that he was nodding, trying to keep his eyes on the boats as they were going by.

"There are some more berths over there that are large enough" Elgin said, pointing the direction to go. As they went down one row, that Fountain 47 was tied up in a transient berth. "Ah, so that's it. I think I know who owns it" the canid hybrid said, "Lets go back to my office to look at the records."