

*The characters William 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. Fireman/EMT Bill Carapina, Tonya Smith and Ross Monroe are the property of Ray C. Stankewitz.*

The Trap

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## The Trap

### Chapter 6

#### "Going For A Ride"

"Hey Tom. You see that?" William commented, looking in the passenger side mirror of their rental car. "There's a guy that looks like he's sleeping in that black car back there." The huge hybrid was craning his head around to see if he had seen this right.

"Probably homeless or something" Tom commented as he parked their vehicle in the lot. "You see that a lot here lately. People lose their homes so they just live in their cars." He shut off the engine after he cracked the windows just a bit.

"I don't know" William said, looking back at the black car on the street. He could see that the man had his head slumped over against the driver's window. "That's a nice car for somebody to be living out of it." He shook his head as they walked over to Sam's office. William hated to see things like that. It just wasn't right in his opinion that the government let homeless problems grow like this without doing something about it.

As they walked into Sam's office, she had already set out the donuts and coffee. "Cream and sugar's right here" she said, pointing to the two containers on her desk. "How you feeling this morning, Tom?" she asked, getting out some aspirins from her desk.

"You were reading my mind" the smallish man said, taking the aspirins from her. "My head's splitting this morning" he added, taking 3 aspirins.

“You better watch it” William warned, “That'll give you a stomach ache.” Tom just waved him off as he used some water from the cooler to wash down the pills.

“Does he always do that?” Sam asked the hybrid, smiling at him.

“Yeah, he overindulges and then he pays for it” William replied, smirking at his partner. Tom was giving both of them a dirty look.

“Yeah, yeah. Laugh at my expense” the smallish man said, getting himself some coffee and a donut.

The trio enjoyed their pastries as they waited for Mr. Monroe to make his appearance. As they were finishing their donuts, William spotted Ross walking towards the boat with another man.

Looking at his watch, he commented “Right on time” as he motioned for them to go meet with the two men.

###

“Good morning” Ross said to the trio as they approached the craft. “This is Bernard Richmond. He is the party authorized to sign legal papers for our employer. Bernard, this is William, Tom and I believe your name is Samantha, right?” he stated.

“You're right. It's Samantha Tuttle” she said, shaking Bernard's hand. “Are you ready to go?” she asked Mr. Monroe, stepping down into the cockpit.

“We're ready if you are” Ross replied, waiting until everyone had boarded. “Please feel free to do what you need to do” he commented, sitting down next to his associate. “We have all day” he added, smiling a small smile.

Samantha opened the engine hatches and gave it a once-over. “Go ahead and start the engines” she told William, watching as the 36 cylinders came to life, 12 at a time. “Music to my ears” she said, leaning over into the compartment a little.

Tom had joined her by now and he was nodding in agreement. She was using a flashlight to check for water leaks and such. Satisfied that everything was OK, she shut the hatches and began to untie the craft. “I'll take her out of the harbor, if you don't mind” she added, expertly guiding the boat out of the slip and into the harbor.

Once outside the harbor and in open water, she relinquished the controls to William. He took the wheel and proceeded to bring the Fountain 47 up onto plane, the trio of Lamborghini V-12's screaming out a beautiful howling sound as only an Italian powerplant could do.

“Everybody hang on” he said, shoving the throttles open. In no time, they were running 94 mph by the GPS speedometer. “It handles real nice” he commented, keeping a close eye out in front of them. “Temperature and oil pressure's good too” he commented. He was taking the time to *feel* the craft, seeing how it was taking the waves. He hit the 'UP' trim switches momentarily, raising the surface-piercing drives just a little. The craft picked up about 4 mph in response.

“Do you think the seas are flat enough for wide open throttle?” he yelled at Sam, keeping his eyes on the water ahead. When he got no response, he looked over to see that Sam was slumped over in her seat, a hypodermic needle sticking in her arm.

“Just slow it down right now” Mr. Monroe yelled over the wind noise, holding something to William's neck that might just be a gun. “Go easy or you're gonna get hurt” he added as the hybrid slowed the craft down to an idle and shifted all three transmissions into neutral. William could see out of the corner of his eye that Tom was slumped over in his seat too. This didn't look good to him at all. He then felt a stinging sensation in his shoulder as the lights slowly went out...

###

Daniel Castle was sitting on his back porch, enjoying the view of the ocean. A slight breeze was blowing, keeping the temperature tolerable. As he was sipping a gin and tonic, his cell phone rang.

“Do you have good news for me?” he asked. The caller ID said it was Ross on the other end.

“I have them but I have the lady mechanic, too” he replied to his boss sheepishly.

“YOU IDIOTS!” he screamed into the phone. He took a minute to compose himself before he spoke again. “Go dump her somewhere near the marina. Don't hurt her whatever you do, you idiot! I don't want a murder pinned on me! Bring the two of them here and then go ditch the boat.” He ended the call promptly.

The feline sat back in his lounge chair and sipped his drink some more, a devious smile crossing his face. "I have you now, Mr. Wortham..."

###

William was vaguely aware that he was lying down on a bed of some sort. It was obvious that he had been drugged by the way his head was swimming. He tried to open his eyes but he didn't seem to have any real control over his body right now. As hard as he tried, he couldn't stay awake. The lights went back out again...

###

The mechanics were anxiously looking at the clock on the wall for the umpteenth time this morning. Samantha *should have* been back at the shop to yell at them hours ago. This wasn't like their boss; she would have radioed for help if they had broke down.

"Any word?" Roger asked as James came into the shop area. The desk clerk was shaking his head, looking rather dejected. He had his hands in his pockets and he was slouching, a sure sign he was upset.

"No word yet. I talked to the manager and he said we may have to call the Coast Guard" James replied, looking upset by all of this. "I hope it wasn't something we did that caused this" he added, giving Roger a grim look.

"I agree with..." Roger looked up to see a taxi pull into the service bay, their boss in the back seat. He ran over to open the door to the taxi only to see that his boss was holding her head, looking obviously ill. "Is everything OK?" he asked as he opened the door.

"Pay the man" she said flatly, almost falling out of the taxi. As James gave the driver his fare, Roger helped her over to the mechanic's desk in the shop. It was plain to see that Samantha was in a world of hurt.

"Where is everybody?" Roger asked, looking quite confused. He got Sam a drink of water which she drank right down and handed him the cup for some more.

"I don't know what happened, Roger. The lights went out and I woke up about 10 miles north in a small private marina" Sam replied, looking real bad. "The boat that dropped me off wasn't the Fountain according to a man that was nearby. We have to...arrgh,," Samantha had to pull the wastebasket

over and throw up in it. "I'm sick.." she stated, laying her head down on the desk. "Call the police..." she added, motioning to the phone.

###

Samantha was sitting on the back bumper of the fire truck being treated by an EMT. She was being a little uncooperative, still feeling like she needed to throw up any minute. A Coast Guard Lieutenant JG was taking her statement, looking at her as if he didn't believe her story.

"I'm telling you, I don't know where they went to!" she told LTJG Ron Cox, still trying to wave off the fireman treating her. "We were heading south-east, that's all I know. The guys inside have the registration info you need." She then threw up on the fireman's turnout pants and boots. "I told ya...arrgh...I'm sick..."

"Miss, you need to go to the hospital, I'm telling you" Fireman Bill Carapina said, wiping his pants off. "Whatever they used on you, it's making you feel bad. You need to be seen by a doctor."

She got up and went around the side of the truck, getting the dry heaves by now. "Is Lisa here yet?" she asked, looking around for her friend. "I can't go until she gets here...her cousin was on board...arrgh..." Samantha had to sit down again, her head swimming by now. The flaxen-haired female was leaning her head over, mouth open trying to hold off the next wave of nausea.

"Where's Samantha!" a female voice yelled, the sounds of a hybrid's hooves on gravel heading across the lot being distinctive. Lisa came running into view around the corner, looking very frantic.

"Sam, are you OK?" she asked, running over to and hugging the flaxen-haired female. It was clear that the female hybrid was on the verge of tears. "Where's William?" she added, looking at Sam with a pleading look.

"I'm sorry, Lisa, I don't know. I was drugged and I can only surmise that they were too." Samantha said, trying not to throw up again. "I need to go to the hospital...I'm sick..." The fireman and a paramedic loaded Samantha onto a gurney and put her in a waiting ambulance. Lisa stood there as the vehicle drove off.

"Ma'am, can you give us a description of the two men?" Ron Cox asked, getting ready to write down anything that Lisa said.

“Yeah, I can” she replied, wiping her eyes. “William is a equine hybrid about 6 foot 6 or so...”

###

Lisa had walked by a tow truck in the parking lot on her way to the hospital to see about Samantha. A man in a tow truck driver's uniform was working on a car's door while a young woman stood by, acting very nervous.

“OK, that horse-lady is gone” the young woman said, leaning against the side of the car. She was taking deep breaths, trying to keep her composure. “Lonny! Hurry up, will you?” she pleaded, looking around some more.

“Tonya! Be quiet!” he replied, finally getting the door open. “Here, let me open the trunk” he added, finding a spare remote trunk opener in the glove box.

The two of them walked around back to see that there was nothing in the trunk at all. “Dammit! Dammit to hell!!” he blurted out, looking positively disgusted. “Mr. Castle is gonna be mad now...” The two of them closed the car up, got into the tow truck and drove off.