

*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, Fireman/EMT Bill Carapina, Tonya Smith, Kenji Suzuki, Dr. Patricia Gaines, Brian 'Bruno' Parks, John R 'Uncle Johnny' Edwards and Ross Monroe are the property of Ray C. Stankewitz.*

## The Trap

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### Chapter 8

#### “The Calm Before The Storm”

He could tell it was early morning out by the light outside. William had already gotten up and used the facilities to take care of some necessary things. He had thoroughly inspected his bathroom area to find that it was well-stocked except for a serious lack of any cutting devices or screwdrivers.

He had washed up, brushed out his mane and tail and brushed his teeth. He looked around to see that his clothes and hoof boots were not in the room with him. “Oh Well,” he thought, seeing that he might not be going anywhere for a while. He did take a few minutes to wrap a towel around himself for modesty should that female doctor return.

He was still hurting from being drugged so he was moving just a little slow this morning. He had found some aspirins in the bathroom so he took 2 of them for his headache. William had carefully inspected the windows to see that although they could open, they were both barred to prevent him from getting out. It wouldn't have mattered anyway at this point. The chain attached to his wrist would prevent him from leaving. The window panes were made of lexan plastic, preventing him from breaking one and using it for a weapon. Somebody had put a lot of thought into this room.

There was a small table in his room that was bolted to the floor and a pair of plastic chairs. He sat down and crossed his arms in front of him, using them to rest his head. He had nodded off, not hearing the door to his room open.

“Oh! You're up!” *that* voice said as gentle hands touched his shoulders momentarily. “William, are you OK?” she asked, sitting down across from him.

“Yeah, I’m up and I feel like hell” he replied, sounding just a little upset. “Where am I?” he asked, looking up at the owner of that voice. He saw a female Buckskin equine wearing medical scrubs sitting in the other chair, not looking happy herself.

“We almost lost you” she said, swallowing hard. “They gave you twice as much drugs as they needed to.” William could tell that she was upset by something.

“*Those Bastards!*” she spat out, looking off into space.

“Where am I?” William asked again, preparing to read her body language when she would answer him.

“You're in my care, William. That's all I can say” Patricia replied, still not looking happy. She got up and put her stethoscope in her ears and listened to his chest. “Breathe deep” she asked, checking his lungs. The doctor then checked his pulse. She then quickly went to the door.

“Somebody will come and bring you your clothes in a few minutes. Do me a favor, will you?” she asked. “When they ask, go quietly with them. If you don't, they might kill you. One of them *hates* hybrids.” She then left the room.

William knew by the way that she had said that, she *was* serious.

###

Lisa was tossing in her bunk from a bad dream. She kept dreaming that they had spotted that powerboat several times only to lose track of it time after time. She finally woke up and sat on the edge of her bed.

“I need to get some coffee in me” she said to herself, getting up and brushing out her mane and tail. After she put on some clothes, she went into the main salon to find Jeff cooking breakfast.

“I thought you might need some nourishment” he said, turning the sausage in the pan. “How would you like your eggs” he asked, tending to the food being cooked.

“Uh...you know Jeff, just make them the way you make them best” she replied, sitting down at the counter. “This is gonna be a long day.” The female hybrid was leaning over against the wall now, obviously tired from the recent events.

As she sat there, she was watching her captain make breakfast for them. It was apparent that he was at ease in the kitchen by the way he moved and paced the food being cooked.

“Jeff, if you would like a job as a chef, I could use you at the hotel” she commented, still watching him cook.

The feline looked over at her as he cracked 2 eggs in one hand. “I did learn how to cook in the Air Force but I prefer to be a ship's captain. Being on the water is what my family has always done.” He expertly flipped the eggs, trying to make perfect easy-over eggs. “Thanks for the offer at any rate” he added, smiling at her. “I consider cooking just a hobby now.”

As Lisa was waiting, she heard some noises outside followed by footsteps on the aft cockpit. A female voice called out “Lisa? Are you here?” She got up and looked out the window to see Samantha standing there with her hands on her hips.

“Do I get breakfast, too?” the flaxen haired woman asked as she stepped into the salon. “I called the hotel and they told me where to find you” she added, sitting down at the counter with her friend. “I feel responsible for getting William and Tom into this so I'm going with you...uh...be right back” she said, running back outside to relieve her stomach. “I'm still a little rough around the edges” she shouted from outside. “Give me a minute...I'm still sick...”

“I'll make something to settle her stomach” the feline said to Lisa as he began to look through the cabinets for the ingredients he needed.

###

“Tonya! Tonya? Are you up? Hey Tonya!” Lonny yelled through the house as he came in the back door. He looked through the house to find his girlfriend still asleep in her bed. He sat on her bed and shook her shoulder. “Tonya, wake up! Let's go get some breakfast.”

The no-longer sleeping form of Ms. Smith rolled over and gave her boyfriend a dirty look. “I worked a late shift, you clod. I need sleep...” She faded off again, snoring loudly.

“Tonya, wake up. My uncle is making breakfast for us. Get up!” Lonny said, shaking her again.

“Your uncle Johnny?” she questioned, opening one eye and yawning. “Why didn't you say so in the first place?” She got up and began to get ready to go. “You know I never pass up one of your uncle's famous breakfasts!”

Lonny was sitting in a chair by her bed, flipping channels on the television. “Well, hurry up then. He said to get there before 9 a.m.” Lonny was smiling as he thought of the plans he had formulated for the day.

###

Commanding Officer Lieutenant Junior Grade Ron Cox was standing on the bridge of the cutter 'Dolphin', looking out over the ocean in front of him. “How do you find a missing high-performance powerboat?” he said to himself, scanning the horizon for anything.

“Sir, the aerial patrol reports no debris yet” Petty Officer Leese said, listening to the radio. “Sir, they're changing heading to 010 degrees to look at a possible debris field.”

“Thanks, Ken. I hate dealing with hijackers and pirates” he muttered, looking off in the new direction.

###

William was lying in his bed, trying to get a nap in. He was listening to the noises in the hallway, thinking that he heard just one person wearing hard-soled shoes. It didn't really matter right now. He couldn't even touch the doorknob with this chain holding him.

He heard another person in the hallway, then the door opening. In stepped a person that he had met before, carrying some clothes.

“Good morning, William” Mr. Monroe said, setting the clothes on the table. “Time to see the boss” he stated, leaning against the door frame just out of William's reach.

“Ross, your name is at the top of my shit list, ya know that?” the hybrid said, slipping on his boxers and pants. He then held up his shirt while he was pointing to the chain. “OK, so how's this supposed to work?”

“Hey Bruno” Ross said to the person outside the door. The owner of the hard-soled shoes came into his room. William was looking at what must be a brown bear hybrid carrying an M16A2 rifle, safety off. This person was holding the rifle in an obvious military way, muzzle down, butt up by his shoulder. The bear hybrid was also sporting a Beretta 92D 9mm in a cross-draw chest holster.

“Ross, if you call me 'Bruno' *one more time...*” He was glaring at the blond-haired man as he motioned at him with the barrel of his firearm. “The name is Brian, *ya dickweed!* Get it wrong again and I'll take great pleasure in shooting your manhood off.” He then looked at William as he said “Sorry for the circumstances, man. The name's Brian. Put one arm in your shirt and turn around.” The bear hybrid seemed like he didn't enjoy what he was doing as he stood there.

William complied with the bear's request and as he turned around, Ross took the chain and locked it to the other wrist. He then unlocked the chain from his right wrist, leaving the equine hybrid able to finish getting dressed.

“Turn around again” Ross said, giving William a smug look. As he complied begrudgingly, A short section of chain was locked to each cuff. “This way” he said to William, pointing the way to the service stairs.

###

William was taking careful stock of his surroundings as he walked through the house. As they passed one door, he thought he had caught a glimpse of the doctor sitting at a desk. They went up the stairs and wound their way through the house, Brian being careful to remain a few steps behind him. Eventually they made their way to what must be a study with a cheetah hybrid sitting behind a large wood desk.

“I hope you're not wearing steel shoes” the feline said with a smile, sipping on a gin and tonic. “Patricia did that once just to scratch up my floors” he stated, taking another sip of his drink. William looked down to see heavy marks dug into the hardwood floor. “Ross, unbind him” the cheetah hybrid ordered, motioning towards William.

As William was unlocked from the chain, the cheetah motioned over to a chair. “Please sit down so we can talk” Daniel stated as he brought out several bottles of various liquors.

The equine hybrid sat down and rubbed his wrists as best he could under the steel bands that circled his arms. "What's this all about? This better be good" William said, getting settled in his chair.

"You don't know me but I'm Daniel Castle" the cheetah hybrid stated. "We have a mutual acquaintance in your employer, Mr. Wortham." He motioned to the bottles on his desk. "Would you like a drink?"

"Water would be fine" William said as he sat there patiently. "What do you want from me?"

"I used to have your job, Mr. Delaney. I was let go when John Wortham found out I was padding the bills *just a little*." Daniel took another sip of his drink before he looked at the equine hybrid. "I think I would have gotten another 2 million dollars out of him before he caught on to me. You will transfer that amount into my numbered accounts."

William looked at the feline as if he had lost his mind. "If you did work for Mr. Wortham, you know how it works. I can't do that, especially since I don't have my partner's counter-passwords."

Daniel held up Tom's black pass-code book. "You don't need Mr. Hughes, William. Here are his codes." The feline waved the book around to make his point.

"Well, I don't have mine" William stated, crossing his arms. "My book was in my duffel bag in the trunk of my car." He pursed his lips and lifted one eyebrow. "You got my duffel bag?"

"Our sources informed us your bags weren't in your car or room" the cheetah replied, seeming to get annoyed by now. "It might be possible that you have the codes memorized, then. Help me out and you can be back stateside this evening."

"Sorry, I can't help you if you don't have my book" William said as he sipped his water. He wasn't expecting what the feline said next.

"That is so unfortunate, Mr. Delaney. I guess we'll have to persuade you to tell us, then."

He felt a stinging sensation in his shoulder as the lights went out again.

###

“Dammit, you Asshole!” the doctor spat out, glaring at the feline hybrid.  
“What do you want to do, kill him?” Patricia was steaming by now.

“Here here, my fine Doctor Gaines” Daniel said. “Bernard only used a small amount this time. I have warned him about that because of your concerns.”

“You know that stuff you procured isn't safe for humans, let alone hybrids. It almost killed him the last time!” she spat back, crossing her arms. “I swear I'll get that bastard for this. You just wait...”

“I'll take care of things like that, Patricia. Leave him alone” Daniel said wearily. “Leave me, please.”

“No, not yet. What are you going to do to him?” she asked, still glaring at the feline.

“I'm going to have Mr. Suzuki 'coach' him into helping me.”

Patricia's jaw almost hit the floor.