

Jenny Smart is a ballsy pilot in the DEA Witness Security Program. The drug smugglers find her in Florida and chase her to the Adirondacks. She escapes to the Bahamas where she encounters them again.

JENNY CAY

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4373.html?s=pdf>

JENNY CAY

Rick walked over to the dying man, looked down at him, spat on him, and snarled, “*¡Pedazo de mierda!* You let a woman get the best of you!” Rick continued to look down at the man for a moment, then kicked him hard in the ribs. When he saw no reaction, he turned and looked at Dan and Jenny. “Now, what should I do with you two?”

Dan’s mind had trouble processing what he had just seen. He had never seen a man kill another man in cold blood. He had killed a couple of men when he was a deputy sheriff, but that had been in a running gun battle, and they were trying to kill him at the same time. Not like this. The heavyset man simply pointed his weapon and fired, as though he were shooting at a paper target. Dan shook his head. There was no doubt about it. This was the end of the line. A man like Rick would not allow witnesses to a murder to remain alive very long.

A peaceful feeling came over Dan. It hadn’t been a bad life. He hadn’t done everything he had wanted to do, and he hadn’t accomplished as much as he had wanted to do, and there had been a few things he might have done differently if he had a chance to do it all over again, but, all in all, it had been a good life. “Go ahead, you bastard,” Dan said bitterly. “Whatever you’re going to do...do it and get it over with.”

Copyright © 2009 Larry Quillen

ISBN 978-1-60910-022-3

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Printed in the United States of America.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Booklocker.com, Inc.
2009

1

The trim, good-looking woman in her thirties had finished a late breakfast at Denny's restaurant on Merritt Island and was reading the Sunday edition of *Florida Today*. She took a sip of her tepid coffee, sighed in boredom, and laid the newspaper aside. There was nothing new in the news of March 2006. There were the same stories about the same war this year as last year; Tiger Woods was winning another golf tournament; and baseball spring training was underway again. There were other stories about rape, murder, child abuse, people dying in automobile accidents, and political malfeasance...different names from last year, but the stories were the same.

She was trying not to get upset with the waitress who was ignoring her requests for more coffee. Sometimes she carried a pistol in her bag or strapped to her ankle. She didn't have it with her this morning; otherwise, she might have been tempted to use it to get the waitress's attention.

A wry smile curled one corner of her mouth. No, she wouldn't. Not really. It had been more than fifteen years since she had killed anyone, and that had been down in Miami, back in the bad old days when she was still living with Rick, before the shit hit the fan the day the Narcs showed up.

She lifted her coffee mug, drained the last of the lukewarm liquid from the bottom, then gazed out the window. At the time, she was convinced that if she didn't kill the woman, Rick would kill her. A few weeks later, he kicked her out of his bed and put her pilot's license to good use flying drugs for him.

LARRY QUILLEN

That was ancient history. It had all happened to a young woman named Catherine King who had disappeared into the Drug Enforcement Administration's Witness Security Program over fifteen years ago. When the woman reappeared, she was Jenny Smart, a pilot for a Lake Placid air charter service.

Jenny sighed and stretched her arms over her head. It was too nice a day to get upset at anyone. It was only March and the temperature on the east coast of central Florida was supposed to be in the seventies today. Before she had left her apartment this morning, Jenny had watched The Weather Channel to get the latest weather update, something she and most other pilots did out of habit all their lives. Some of the lower forty-eight were going to have problems, but the local forecast called for a gentle breeze and an unlimited ceiling, a perfect morning to take her little single-engine Cessna up and let the world and all its problems slide by beneath her.

She knew where she would go, too. Southeast, to the Bahamas, to a little island all her own. It had been her favorite fantasy for a long, long time. In reality, she knew that any island for sale in the Bahamas with an airstrip, or one that was large enough to have one, would cost several million dollars. Still, she thought she could swing it someday. She already had a name for it: Jenny Cay. She also had a nylon travel bag in a safe deposit box filled with bundles of \$100 bills, enough for a down payment on a small island. Someday she would be able to spend it, but not yet, not today. Today they would kill her if they knew she had it. So, for now, Jenny Cay was still a fantasy.

The waitress made the mistake of looking Jenny's way. Jenny held up her coffee cup and pointed at it. The waitress nodded and turned away. Jenny knew what the waitress's problem was. She was occupying a four-person booth and the waitress wanted her to leave. The waitress had already cleared the dishes and put her ticket on the table, a clear sign that she was ready for Jenny to vacate the booth so that others could use it. Jenny was in no rush. It was Sunday. She had nothing to do and no particular place to go this morning. She was going to have another cup of coffee, no matter how long it took. Her hangover demanded it.

Jenny was a part-time flight instructor at the Merritt Island Airport, but the job that paid the rent was bartending at the Surfside Lounge over on Cocoa Beach. It had kept her busy until closing last night; then she and a few friends had an impromptu party afterwards. She had gotten back to her apartment just before dawn, alone, mainly because the guy who was hitting on her was so drunk she knew he would be lousy in bed. Jenny looked

JENNY CAY

around for her waitress and slowly shook her aching head. She really needed another cup of coffee.

"Excuse me."

Jenny looked up at the two men who had stopped next to her booth. One was in his late-twenties, slender, and good-looking. Hispanic. Mexican, maybe. No, Cuban, or maybe one of the other islands. Definitely Caribbean, though. He was carrying a thin, soft-sided briefcase and was dressed in an expensive teal tropical suit with an open-collared, pale-yellow, silk shirt. Jenny thought he looked a little like a dark-skinned Don Johnson in the old television series *Miami Vice*. She wondered if the similarity was intentional. The other one was a swarthy, heavysset man in his late forties with dark brown eyes, sagging jowls, and thick eyebrows that almost met. When his lips parted in an unsuccessful attempt to smile, she saw that one of his front teeth was gold. His dark, rumpled suit convinced Jenny that he was definitely not the Philip Michael Thomas-type. Both looked like the kind of bad boys Rick had surrounded himself with back in the old days. "Yes?"

"Are you Jenny Smart?"

"I might be."

"The people at the Merritt Island Airport tell me you own your own airplane."

"I've got a Cessna Skyhawk. Why are you asking?"

Without being invited, Miami and Gold Tooth took the booth seat opposite Jenny. "We're interested in chartering you for a flight today."

Immediately, Jenny's waitress came over with two menus and a coffee pot. She filled Jenny's mug, placed the menus in front of the men, and asked if they wanted something to drink. When the men told her no and refused the menus, the waitress looked at them as if they reeked of something putrid, then turned and left.

Jenny took a sip of her coffee and regarded the two men as a peaceful feeling came over her. Not only was she going to fly today, she was going to get paid for it, the best of both worlds. Her Cessna Skyhawk had four seats and she had a Commercial Pilot Certificate, so it was doable as far as the FAA was concerned. "Where do you want to go?"

Miami looked about the crowded restaurant, then turned back to Jenny. "Is there somewhere...a little more private...where we can discuss this?"

"Uh, sure," Jenny said. "My place is a couple of miles up Courtenay."

Miami smiled and nodded. "That would be fine. Are you ready to leave now?"

LARRY QUILLEN

Jenny took one last sip of her coffee, then said, "Just as soon as I pay my bill. There's a line at the cash register."

Miami glanced at Gold Tooth and nodded. Gold Tooth slid out of the booth followed by Miami. Miami picked up the small strip of paper, glanced at it, then pulled a twenty-dollar bill out of his wallet and placed it on top. "We're ready."

"So am I...thanks," Jenny said smiling, pleasantly surprised that the two strangers would pick up her breakfast tab. She quickly slid out of her seat as well.

As the three walked outside together, the waitress hurried over to the table. When she saw the twenty, her attitude toward them was somewhat placated. It was her biggest tip of the shift.

2

Once outside, Miami turned to Jenny and pointed toward a black SUV. “The Escalade is ours. We’ll follow you.”

“Fine with me,” Jenny said, pointing. “That’s my red Mustang over there.” As she waited to pull out onto Courtenay, she saw the men in the big Cadillac SUV right behind her. They headed north on Courtenay for a couple of miles, then turned into her apartment complex and found parking places near her unit. Jenny waited until Miami and Gold Tooth joined her at the door of her apartment, then led them inside.

“Excuse the mess, gentlemen. I’m not much of a housekeeper, as you can see,” she said as she gathered magazines from the couch and nearby chairs and stacked them on the coffee table. She sat in her favorite chair and motioned toward the others. “Have a seat,” she said, then waited as Miami sat on the small couch opposite her. Gold Tooth remained standing. Jenny frowned as she realized that neither man had introduced himself. “So, who am I dealing with this morning, gentlemen? Do you have business cards?”

“We represent a friend. I’ll give you his name once we agree on the charter,” Miami said.

With a puzzled look, Jenny said, “Uh, all right. So, where do you two want to go?”

“We don’t want to go anywhere. We want you to deliver a package for us.”

Jenny frowned as she regarded the two men. Red flags began waving. These men might be the same kind she had known back in the old days,

LARRY QUILLEN

wanting her to do the same thing. That might not be so good. "Why don't you just send it UPS? They're usually good at delivering packages."

"This is Sunday. We want it delivered today," Miami said.

Jenny frowned as she watched Gold Tooth wander into her bedroom, leaving the door open; then she turned back to Miami. "Today? Where to?"

"The Starke County Airport near Knox, Indiana."

Jenny frowned. "Never heard of Knox, Indiana. Where is it?"

"It's in the northwestern part of the state, about forty miles south of Lake Michigan."

Jenny's eyes widened. "You want me to fly from here to Lake Michigan today? In a Cessna Skyhawk?"

"It can be done, can't it?"

"Well, yeah, it can be done. I'd have to stop for gas somewhere along the way, but it can be done. It's going to cost you big time, though...gas, maintenance, my time there and back, motel and restaurant expenses. It all adds up."

"We'll give you \$5,000 now and another \$5,000 when you get to Indiana," Miami said.

"Jesus! If you've got that much to spend, why don't you talk to Baer Air down at the airport? They have a twin-engine King Air that will get you there nonstop. You should be talking to them."

"We would prefer to use you."

"Why?" Jenny asked as she watched Gold Tooth silently wander out of her bedroom.

Miami forced a small smile. "Ah, you have good references."

Jenny tilted her head to one side and smiled. One of the guys at the airport must have recommended her. It had happened before. If this worked out, she owed whoever it was a case of his favorite beer.

"So, what's in the package?"

"We don't know. It's sealed, and it's to remain sealed until it's delivered."

"Oh?" Jenny glanced at Gold Tooth, then looked back at Miami. Whatever it was, it probably wasn't legal. Drugs? Maybe. Still, \$10,000! She could do a lot with that. She was tempted. She was really tempted. Doing something illegal was no big deal to her. Getting caught was the only downside. Then she remembered the weather update she had seen on The Weather Channel earlier.

There was a center of low pressure, currently in the panhandle section of Texas, with a huge counterclockwise rotating warm front preceding it.

JENNY CAY

The front had generated a wide band of rain across the mid-section of the national map, from the Gulf Coast up through Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, and over into Colorado. The forecast predicted that the front would move slowly to the east, bringing rain with a possibility of snow at higher elevations, to parts of Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, and western North Carolina later today before turning toward the northeast.

Then her shoulders sagged. She couldn't do it, even if the weather cooperated. Her Cessna was twenty-seven years old. It didn't have GPS. She would have to fly the old way, using navigation radio frequencies, which meant she would need a flight plan to figure out which navigation signals she would have to use between Merritt Island, Florida, and Knox, Indiana. By the time she got her Cessna ready and her flight plan figured out, it would be late this afternoon before she could leave. That meant she would be flying in the dark before she reached Indiana. That wasn't good. She had an instrument rating, but her IFR skills were rusty and she knew it.

She sighed. It was too nice a day to end it wandering around the skies over Lake Michigan, lost in the darkness. She shook her head. "Sorry, guys. I'd like to help you, but there's a weather system heading for the middle part of the country that could cause serious problems for a little airplane like mine. I'd like to help you, but my life's worth more than ten thousand."

Miami glanced at Gold Tooth then turned and gazed dispassionately at Jenny for several seconds. "There are those who would disagree with you."

"Excuse me?" Jenny asked as a tingling sensation crawled up her back and neck.

"Five now, five when you get to Indiana...Cathy King."

As cold chills crept over her, Jenny's mouth fell open. "How did you find me?"

"You shouldn't have come back to Florida, Cathy."

"Tell me about it," Jenny said, staring at Miami. "I thought Rick was still in jail."

"Rick, who?"

Jenny paused, frowning. "You knew who I was when you walked into Denny's."

"Of course."

Jenny looked up at Gold Tooth who, at the moment, was loitering about near the outside door. He didn't seem to be blocking her escape, but she was pretty sure she would never get past him if she tried. She turned and glared at Miami. "I don't have a choice about whether or not I go to Indiana today, do I?"

LARRY QUILLEN

Miami smiled. "You have other options, but I would recommend this one."

With a wry grin, Jenny nodded. "So, where is my old boyfriend these days? I read that he walked away from a minimum security prison last year."

Miami shrugged his shoulders. "I heard a couple of guys talking in a bar the other day. One of them said he was out of the country. South America, maybe."

"Is that right?" Jenny smiled as she slowly shook her head. They had found her. When the DEA came down on Rick, they had offered her a deal. If she would testify against Rick, they would let her walk away into their witness protection program and keep her pilot certificate; otherwise, she would spend the next twenty years in prison and would never be allowed to fly again. The choice was easy. Prison would be bad enough, but she would rather be dead than not be allowed to fly.

"I have a message for you," Miami said.

Jenny glanced over at Gold Tooth, then back to Miami. "You do, huh?"

Miami smiled, then recited, "Do this and all will be forgiven."

Jenny stared at the two men for several seconds. Who were they kidding? She didn't believe this trip would be her last run for Rick any more than they did. Now that they had found her, they would use her as long as she was useful to them. Jenny slowly shook her head. She really didn't want to do this, but she knew she had to. If she didn't get in her airplane and fly out of here this morning, she was pretty sure Gold Tooth would make sure she didn't fly anywhere, ever again. Someone might eventually find her body in one of the trackless areas of scrub brush over on the mainland; then again, maybe they wouldn't. Alligators do what alligators do. She had no way of escaping these two men as long as she was on the ground. She had to get up in the air. Up there, she would figure out something. Go along with them. Agree with them. Do whatever had to be done to separate herself from these men. That was the plan. Jenny smiled. "Tell Rick I appreciate his generous goodwill."

"Then you'll do it?" Miami asked.

"Of course. I'd do this much for any old friend."

"When can you leave?"

"Well, first I'll have to go to the airport and hope they have all the charts I need; then I'll have to spend a couple of hours with those charts trying to figure out a flight plan between here and Indiana; then I'll have to get my airplane serviced; then I'll have to get to the airport and do all my

JENNY CAY

preflight inspections. After that, I should be ready to go,” Jenny said, glaring at the man. “In other words, it’s going to take me most of the afternoon to get up in the air, which means I’m going to do most of my flying in the dark and in that damn weather that’s moving in from the west.”

“Why don’t you call the airport now and have them service your aircraft. That would save some time.”

“It would, if I already had my charts and a flight plan.”

“Humor me,” Miami said softly. “Call the man. While he’s servicing your aircraft, we can discuss your flight plan.”

Jenny frowned, wondering what was to be discussed about her flight plan. “If you think it’s worthwhile.”

“I definitely think it will be worthwhile,” Miami said.

Cold chills crawled down Jenny’s spine as she watched the man’s dark eyes boring into her. She glanced up at Gold Tooth and saw the familiar scowl on his face. That didn’t help either. Without a word, she reached for her phone, punched a familiar number, and requested that they roll out her aircraft and service it. She dropped the receiver back on the base and then gazed at Miami. “All right. Now what?”

Jenny Smart is a ballsy pilot in the DEA Witness Security Program. The drug smugglers find her in Florida and chase her to the Adirondacks. She escapes to the Bahamas where she encounters them again.

JENNY CAY

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4373.html?s=pdf>