

Part 6

The Thrill of the Chase

It was a crime like no other. Puzzled, the Investigators were stunned at the condition of the bodies. Still, they would have to move quickly. It wouldn't be long before the FBI arrived on the scene, flex their muscles and try to take over the investigation. After all, this was a crime that involved money and that always brings in the federal boys. Not to mention the local media along with their out of control ways of reporting the facts.

A red armored truck, parked in a secluded downtown alley brought Tyler Street, a 15-year veteran of the Las Vegas Police Department, to the scene. Someone had found a way to penetrate the truck's armored plate. And, if things weren't complicated enough, as expected, the FBI showed up.

They eased onto the scene, got out of a black Ford Crown Victoria...two of them. Walking arrogantly throughout the crime scene showing their badges, both took turns shouting, "FBI...who's in charge around here? Speak up...!"

With both hand's outstretched palms up, Tyler cleared his throat. "Excuse me... Where are my manners?" He smiled. "The name is Street...Detective Tyler Street...Las Vegas Police Department. I'm the lead Detective on this case."

"Not for long..." One of the feds said arrogantly while his stuttering partner laughed then replied. "Look heah, look heah slick...I'm Special Agent Jerry Stone. Now dig this...the fella standing next to me, next to me..." He grinned and continued. "The one with the bald head is Special Agent Tommy Smalls. Ch-check it out..." Stone sniffed then swallowed. "Now, we don't have to tell you th-that armored truck, armored truck heists are considered special." He said without blinking. "...ssss-special."

My Gawd! Tyler raised an eyebrow trying not to laugh. *These fools have nothing in common. Smalls is black and the other one, Mr. Two-Times, Stone is a white boy with blond hair pulled back in a ponytail.*

Stone stepped closer to Tyler. He cocked his head then twitched when Smalls backed up a step. Unlike his partner who talked at the speed of sound, Smalls was more deliberate, calculating. He never said a word until Stone turned to Tyler and said. “You know, there’s money on th-that truck, a whole he-heap of it. You dig.”

“Yeah...” Smalls smirked. “That makes this our jurisdiction.” He said then looked up at the rooftops of the buildings adjacent to the alley.

I’m sure one or more of the buildings if not all will have exactly what happened on video. We just have to get to the tapes before Street and the local boys get their hands on ’em.

Despite the feds Hollywood Fashion Plate image and them having federal jurisdiction, Tyler held his ground. The feds being on the scene and nature of the crime would not change what he already knew. He cleared his throat. “Listen guys...” He grinned. “We already have the people and equipment in place to handle the investigation.”

Smalls glanced at Stone then over his shoulder at the armored truck. Then it came to him. But...before he could open his mouth to speak, Stone’s eyes widened!

Woop-wa-ba-waba...! Stone gestured. “Hey...!” He said turning to face Tyler. “Wait justa gotdamnn, justa minute, heah! Smalls, me and you...we know this mofo! You and me...” He pointed at Tyler and went on. “We worked together, together, before!”

“Ooohhhh yeah...” Smalls laughed arrogantly. He looked from Stone then right at Tyler. “I remember him all right. He thinks the criminals have feelings and rights and shit, that they...deserve a break and all that crap.” He cut his eyes at Stone and continued “...can’t help but remember you Detective Tyler Street of the Las Vegas Police Department!”

Meanwhile, Stone glanced around the crime scene, uneasy. Unlike Smalls, he was clever enough to understand the last thing they needed was for someone to become suspicious of their real intentions. Besides they had other alternatives to fall back on that they were certain Tyler and the local boys had probably thought of but hadn’t taken advantage of.

Stone twitched. “Detective Street, I tell you what, tell you what...” He said glancing around casually. “We gon’ stand down for now, for now...go sit in the car and let cha’ll do ya’ll’s thang.”

And, just like that and without saying another word, the feds walked back to the Crown Vic allowing Tyler to complete the investigation.

Something or someone had used the armored truck for target practice. An ambush, no doubt that left two armed guards slumped over in their seats...the left side of their face burned off down to the skull.

And, there was something else that puzzled the investigators.

The guards appeared to have been drained of all their bodily fluids. And, dig this...their skin, and, this Detective Street thought, was truly dread...their skin was just dangling off their mangled frames like clothes on a clothesline. Puzzled, he glanced around the crime scene searching for clues, for answers to a crime that would probably have no answers

Why did the driver decide to get off the main road and drive through an alley risking the inevitable...an ambush? Shaking his head in stunned amazement, he narrowed his eyes. An armored truck of this size has three men onboard. What happened to the third guard?

A fire fight had taken place in the narrow confines of the secluded Las Vegas alley, this was obvious. The evidence, without a doubt, being the crime scene. Unable to figure out the *why* in the attack, the investigators found themselves at an impasse debating amongst themselves whether the assault came from the rooftops of the buildings adjacent to the alley or from within the alley itself. Although at first glance it was unknown to them who in their right mind had enough nerve to attack an armored truck. Still, as Detective Street scanned the crime scene, he looked at the rest of Las Vegas’ finest, wondering:

There’s no evidence that the armed guards used their weapons to defend themselves. One would have to figure...they must have known their killers. How else could someone get that close to them? And...blood splatter? No blood trace, nothing...not one drop of blood and there are no other wounds noticeable on their bodies.

There was something else about the grotesque scene. Something eerie, something...*SINISTER* about the bodies. They were moist...the bodies, slimy, wet to the touch, like they were still...*DECOMPOSING!*

Despite what he thought he was looking at versus what he was really seeing, something else was bothering him. That something being...the strong sensation of being watched. He had the strange feeling that someone was standing behind him, following him around the alley. And, he was sure'n, sure...that it wasn't the crooked FBI agents!

2 AM...a white van from the Clark County Coroner's office entered the alley from the opposite end. Two men climbed out of the van. As they did what Coroner's do at crime scenes, Tyler continued looking at the mangled armored truck from different angles, trying to piece together what happened, the motive...if there was anyone that he knew of that might have had the balls to pull something like this off.

Getting nowhere fast, he was starting to think that maybe he should have let the feds step in and handle things, that is until, from out of nowhere, someone pushed past him in the small of his back. He froze, glanced around in all directions only to be shoved this time, from side-to-side!

Quickly regaining his balance, again, he glanced around but saw no one. It was like he was hallucinating but awake totally aware of his surroundings yet unable to control those same surroundings. Then, without warning, whatever was causing him to be in full alert mode suddenly...stopped. Unsure of what to expect next, he turned around in a complete circle looking for clues that could help him figure out this strange phenomenon.

But, there were no clues.

The only addition to the crime scene other than the Coroner's Van, were the two feds. And it certainly wasn't them playing games. Truth is...they were too busy bobbing and weaving to DJ Quik's *Get Together* on the Crown Vic's CD player.

4:00 AM... Tyler looked in his rearview mirror. Two women that he knew for certain that he did not know, were standing behind his car. He reached for his gun, opened the car door and rushed to the rear of the car to confront them! When he got there, they were gone! In alert mode, his head on a swivel, he walked a good distance past the car hoping to see some sign of the elusive intruders!

But, there was no one.

4:30 AM... A sudden chill fell over the alley followed by a strong, unexpected breeze and like an Arizona Monsoon with it came a cloud of dust then dirt and gravel along with loose debris from the alley.

Then...he saw them, walking toward him from the opposite end of the alley, wearing full-length leather coats, one red...one black.

Intruders...! He licked his lips, felt his hands sweating!

Without hesitating, he took aim with his snub.38 intending to kill them...graveyard dead! "Las Vegas Police...!" He yelled. "Stop, git cha hands up...!"

Determined, they kept coming from opposite directions, grinning confidently. The one in red had already started to creep toward the back of the car. A pearl handled straight razor clutched tight in her right hand, she lunged at Tyler swiping upward at him cutting him under his left armpit.

Despite their aggressiveness, he managed to retreat to the driver's side of his car hoping to climb in, make a mad dash out of the alley. But...they were a step ahead, like they were reading his thoughts. Still, he was feeling good about his chances that is until an unknown voice said with unmistakable clarity! "You didn't think we would just let you get away from us that easy? Did you?"

"Ok..." Tyler swallowed hard, wiped his brow with the back of his good hand. Alright goddammit...! Who y'all working for? The Hawk, Fat Peggy...Blind Bro'...!" He glanced at the one in red then breathed. "C'mon, fess up...which one?"

The one in black grinned slyly and to Tyler she hissed. "No one can hold out forever. Not even you, Tyler Street. You ours, now."

"Just like, just like the two in the alley." The one in red interjected.

Tyler raised an eyebrow. *The two in the alley...?*

The deadly attackers were relentless. Someone upstairs must have been looking out for Detective Street because from out of nowhere, a yellow cab suddenly pulled into the lot and stopped. Without thinking, he climbed inside. "Take me to the nearest police station, quickly!" He said wincing then fell against the back seat.

The cab sped away, fish tailing left then right, burning rubber like a bat out of hell weaving in, out and through traffic before coming to a complete stop!

Unexpected, the driver bolted from the cab and started running in the opposite direction like someone had thrown a bag of rattle snakes in the front seat!

Stunned, Tyler froze for a moment. Slowly, cautiously, he opened the door and got out of the cab. He glanced around uneasy, checking his surroundings then walked West to Tropicana and Las Vegas Boulevard. And, when he got there...who did he see? The cabby standing on the other side of the street talking to two people that looked exactly like the deadly attackers. And, just when he thought things couldn't get any worse, one of them half turned, made eye contact!

Tyler saw the vacant taxi cab!

The door open...engine running! He started sprinting toward the cab!

He was almost there until his sprint became a trot and worse yet as he pushed himself to run harder, faster...he collapsed within ten feet of the cab.

When he finally woke up, he found himself lying face down on the pavement. As he rolled over, tried to set up, he heard voices...two people. Seconds later, a third person joined the conversation. Then, from out of no-where, the one in black...punched him right in the face!

"That's an attention gitta!" She said bluntly. "Do you know how long I had to wait to get my hands on you?"

"Damn near, danm near an hour..." The one in red interjected.

Maybe... Tyler closed then opened his eyes. *All of this is just a dream.*

"Damn fool...!" The one in red said matter-of-factly. "You ain't dreaming by no stretch of your imagination!"

"By no stretch, chump...!" The one in black hissed. "We for real...!"

She was standing over him while that partner of hers...kept her distance watching, smiling, grinning. The cabby stood in the background holding a bottle of Jack Daniels in one hand and taking long drags off a Camel cigarette with the other.

The thrill of the chase as far as the feds were concerned, was over. The deadly attackers slowly began to go through a transformation.

What the...? Tyler's eyes widened. "Y'all ain' women...?" He whispered fading in and out of consciousness. "What kinda people...?"

"They ain't women...no shit!" The cabby smirked then laughed when the one in red inched closer and punched Tyler in the face.

"I know..." The one in red whispered. "You're wondering wh-wh-what's our goal, our a-a-angle."

"Before they kill you..." The cabby grinned then spit. "And, Detective Street...before you die, tonight. I just want you to know that we took care of that pretty wife of your's.!"

"Ooohhhhhh yeah..." The one in red grinned lecherously. "Humph, she had a lot of stamina. We-we had lots of fun before we-we were done with dat lil sexy thang."

"A lot, a lot of stamina..." The one in black nodded then grinned.

"Oooohhh yeah...!" The cabby stepped closer. "Sho' you right."

Tyler looked up at the one in black. "Why me...?" He grimaced. "My beloved Stevanna..." He said trying to set up. "You didn't have to..."

"Damn, choir bwoy..." The one in black shook his head. "You saw us in the alley..."
No one from this planet should be able to see us...no way, no how.

Tyler winced. "I hope y'all know...my brother gon' fuck y'all up really bad, now."

The one in black didn't care for his comment. And, to prove his point, he punched Tyler in the face twice 'causing his left eye to close shut. He grabbed Tyler by his hair pulling him closer. "That pretty wife of your's has everything to do with it, Detective Street. She is a part of you and we can't have anyone close to you looking to avenge your death."

Tyler looked right at the one in black. “This ain’t over. It has only just begun. My brother will have my revenge. His retribution will be a means to your end.” He blinked twice then opened his only good eye just in time to see a very large man, dressed in a security guards uniform push the merciless attackers aside.

“What are y’all doing?” The large man said then pointed at the one in black. “Why haven’t you finished him?” He turned to the one in red. “And, you...!” He turned and stared down the one in red. “Damn stuttering fool, next time, don’t waste time talking! Each minute wasted is precious time your adversary has to recover!”

The large man motioned to them to hold Tyler down. With his right hand...he gripped Tyler’s face like he was palming a basketball.

Tyler’s body began to jerk!

He went into a spasm, waving and flapping his arms desperately, frantically, fighting for air! But there was none...no air that he would breathe to help his cause.

Meanwhile, the other two, were enjoying the moment, laughing...grinning as the cabby inched closer, still holding the bottle of Jack, the cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth, to get a better look.

The large man tightened his grip on Tyler’s face then watched his chest began to cave as if the air was being pushed out of him. He was fading fast, Detective Tyler Street, that is until his eyes snapped open, protruded from their sockets only seconds later to sink deeper into his skull. *Oooooohhh yes... The large man grinned inwardly. That’s right, I am the third security guard! The thrill of this chase is over! Your seed has been eliminated!*

The large man stood up, looked at the deadly attackers. The look must have been a nonverbal signal because the cabby took one long drag on the cigarette still dangling in the right corner of his mouth, tossed it, got in the cab and when he drove away, the large man turned to the one in black and said with much contempt. “Don’t let me have to do your job, again! We won’t always have that drunk ass drunk at our disposal! The last thing we need is for S7 and her team to figure things out!”

“I apologize...” The one in black said reluctantly. “We had no idea that chump would be able to see us.”

“You were sloppy...arrogant! You should have stayed cloaked longer...!”

The Encounter Series...TWISTED

Pleasezzz...! The one in red nudged his partner. *We got, we got this...!* The two of them walk away from the large man, get a short distance and disappear.

Meanwhile, when the large man looked down at Tyler. His body was moist! And, there was something, else. A gold eagle necklace around Tyler's neck. He reached down and removed the necklace. "You won't need this..." He said as he walked away disappearing into the shadows of the night.

The next morning every news channel in Las Vegas covered the story about the bodies that were found and the condition they were in.