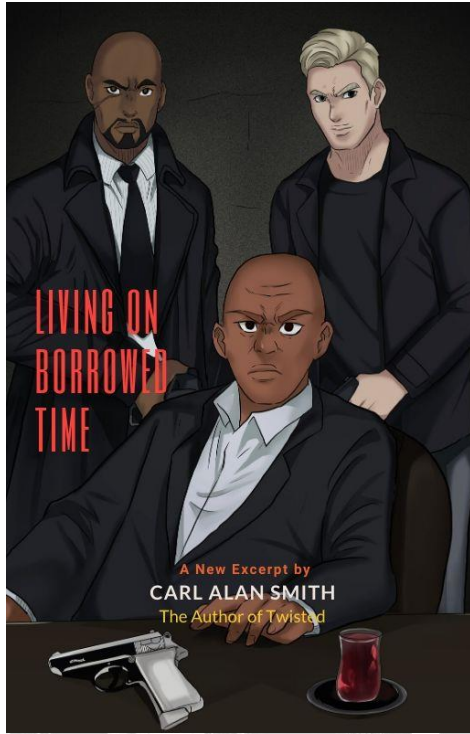


# Carl Alan Publishing



## No Mercy

(EXCERPT)

By Carl Alan Smith

Mystery /Thriller

### Description:

**In this exclusive excerpt, get a preview of the new Encounter Series book release – from: Author Carl Alan Smith!**

Carl Alan Smith launches Book Two of THE ENCOUNTER SERIES with *No Mercy* – A Strange and chilling story of real-life characters that are more dangerous dead than alive.

## **Chapter 26**

### ***Living on Borrowed Time***

The rapture was complete.

And without the slightest hesitation, Sthankaila Shabaz Wilson got out of bed went to the bathroom, brought back two towels and a warm washcloth. She rolled one of the towels and placed it underneath his neck. She sat beside him and began to wipe him down with the warm washcloth. When she was sure he was in relax-mode, she gently rolled him over and began to message his body, you know...like the ladies in the orient.

“Shhheeeit...” Tyrone said under his breath. “I could get use to this...damn!”

“I just bet you could.” She grinned slyly. “What makes you think that I’m ’on treat you this way all the time?”

“I have a hunch...” He said, “if you had the chance...” He smiled inwardly then continued. “You would.”

She started to reply, that is until suddenly, unexpectedly...the doorbell rang. Tyrone pushed himself up with both hands and cocked his head. The room grew quiet as they looked from one to the other neither of them saying a word. He glanced around, uneasy, rolled toward the head of the bed reached forward and turned off the lamp on the nightstand. “Stay away from the...”

Too late...!

Without thinking, she got out of bed. “Someone’s at your...” She ran to the window, opened the vertical blinds and looked out the window. She was silent for a moment, her eyes scanning the outside area of the house. Then...just as she was about to glance back at him, movement outside caught her eye. *For a second...I thought I saw a shadow move across the front yard.*

She looked from the lawn to the front porch, at the street then back again to the front porch. She was ready to get back to the business at hand, Tyrone Street.

Then...!

A knock on the door so loud...it sounded like thunder!

Tyrone sat up and glanced around the room. “Sthankaila...?” He said, suddenly concerned. “What do you see? Is there someone out there?”

She took a deep breath unaware that she hadn't closed the vertical blinds. She looked at Tyrone then shifted her frightened, curious eyes down at the front porch.

"Shit!" She whispered. Her lips trembling. "Somebody's down there!" She stepped away from the window, rushed over to the couch and put on her coat. She was ready to get the hell out of the room, run down the stairs, put on her red boots, bolt out the house...hit the bricks!

But...!

She had just one problem. Someone was standing on the front porch at the front door.

Remember the knock on the door? Remember...?

Needless to say, the bed was the last place Tyrone wanted to be if there was the remote possibility that someone was, in fact, at his front door and about to enter his home. He got out of bed, put on his pants then went over and stood to one side of the window. He closed the vertical blinds...carefully, not all the way but just enough to look down at the front porch. He scanned the outside area, darting his eyes quickly around, back and forth, hoping to see someone, anyone...anything out of the ordinary but no one was there. Well, no one that he could see.

Tyrone shrugged. "I don't see anyone." He said then turned away from the window.

"Seriously...!" Sthankaila snapped. She was shivering as she looked to him for help. "He saw me!" She said nervously. *Whoever is out there, whoever it is...whoever it was...they saw me!*

"Wha...?" Tyrone said looking directly at her. "Who saw you?"

"Whoever it was..." She said frightened. "They looked up just as I glanced down at the front porch!"

"Someone was out there?" Tyrone frowned. "What exactly did you see?"

"Whoever it was..." She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "They saw my face!"

Tyrone was hesitant, thinking things through, no doubt. He could see her uneasiness. It was apparent that she had seen something. *Look at 'er.* He thought. *She's frozen with fear.*

"Alright..." He said finally. "Maybe you did see something."

Sthankaila Shabaz Wilson didn't hear what he'd just said. Fear of the unknown had taken over her ability to reason. Her breathing became erratic as she started to perspire then pace back and forth in front of the couch.

Concerned, Tyrone walked over...put his arms around her. "Shhhhhh..." He whispered softly in her ear. "Calm down pretty lady." He pulled back her braids, which were covering her face. "Come on now..., there's no one in the house but the two of us." He said as he looked deep into her troubled, frightened eyes.

"Just to be on the safe side..." Sthankaila said and she was calm now. "You need to check the place out...just in case."

"Check the place out..." Tyrone nodded.

"You can never be too sure." She gestured.

"That sounds like a good idea." Tyrone muttered as they continued to embrace each other. "You're going to be okay, baby." He said then winked.

Sthankaila paused a moment, didn't answer. Instead, she stared at the window then glanced around the bedroom and back again at Tyrone. She smiled then said. "Maybe I overreacted."

"Forget about it." He smiled. "Sometimes your mind can play tricks on you...make you see shit that ain't there...*especially when you're scared*. Give me a minute and I'll look the place over if that will make you happy."

Sthankaila nodded then stared into space reflecting for a long moment before answering. "I believe..." She breathed. "That's a good idea, looking 'round to make sure ain' nobody up in heah."

Tyrone stepped back and began to turn away. Then something came over him. He froze...didn't move. She watched him suspiciously as he stood quietly with his head cocked, in alert mode.

"What is it?" She whispered, her nerves still on edge.

He held his left hand up, palm out. "Sheesh keep quiet." He whispered. He felt uneasiness in the pit of his stomach, that nervous feeling he usually gets when something bad is about to happen was creeping up on him. He could sense something wasn't right. The hair on the back of his neck came up. Then...from out of nowhere, a bolt of lightning flashed across the window catching them by surprise. They turned quickly and stared at the window.

Raindrops began to fall followed by an explosion of thunder so loud it caused Sthankaila to jump right into Tyrone's waiting arms. He looked at her. "It's okay, baby." He smiled. "It's just

thunder, and lightning, sweet thang. We get that all the time down here. Sometimes you can't tell if it's the boyz at Fort Benning or if it really is thunder."

For about five minutes nothing happened.

Things were calm.

She was able to catch her breath while Tyrone thought things over.

Then...a loud noise caught their attention!

"Alright that's it...!" Sthankaila screamed. "That sound came from downstairs!"

Again, the room grew quiet.

Tyrone stared at Sthankaila.

She stared back, this time, her eyes wide with excitement and fear!

In a matter of seconds, he came to the realization that she did see someone standing on his front porch...at his front door! And, now whoever it was could possibly, most definitely be...in the house!

He remained calm as he gazed around the bedroom weighing his options.

"Stay here, don't move." He said calmly then walked over to the nightstand opened the bottom drawer and pull out a .9 mm handgun. *This is serious, now.* He turned to Sthankaila and to her he said. "Stay away from the window."

She pointed her finger at Tyrone, took a deep breath and to him she said. "You believe me now, don't you!"

Without saying a word, he walked over to the bedroom closet opened the door and stepped in. A gray control panel was on the wall to the right of the closet door. He opened the control panel and punched in a sequence of numbers. Minutes later, Sthankaila walked over to the closet. She looked over his shoulder. "What are you doing...?" She asked suddenly regaining her nerve.

"I'm setting all of the locks on the doors and windows." Tyrone said without turning around. "If we got rats..." He turned and at looked at her. "We own them, now. 'Cause they're in here for good and now..." He winked. "They're ass is mine."

"You mean..." She raised an eyebrow. "You can actually keep a person from leaving your house...?" She asked her voice showing signs of excitement.

“Whatever’s crawling around down there...” He frowned then continued. “They ain’t leaving unless I let them out ‘cause if they touch the front door, back door or any of the windows they’ll get enough voltage in their ass to give ‘em a permanent Don King haircut.”

Tyrone walked over to the bedroom door turned the doorknob and slowly pulled the door open, not much, but just enough to glance up and down the hallway. He saw no visible signs of danger. He eased the door open a little wider, looked toward the stairs. Together, they stepped into the hallway, him leading the way. Slowly, cautiously, they searched the upstairs rooms, first. There was no one around. Well, no one they could see, at least. They took their time walking down the hallway back toward the staircase being as quiet as possible. They were at the top of the staircase ready to walk downstairs. Another noise from somewhere in the house, loud enough for the two of them to stop, listen...look back and forth at each other!

Not taking any chances, Tyrone pulled the hammer back on the .9 mm. He crept down the stairs...quiet as a mouse pissing on cotton with Sthankaila following close behind clinging to the back of his pants, her fingers locked tight around his belt. When they reached the bottom of the stairs, he quickly scanned the area.

The house seemed in order, nothing missing.

Tyrone glanced at the front door...it was still locked. They continued their search looking into every room and closet. Again, it didn’t appear that anyone was in the house other than the two of them. Satisfied that the house was secure, he walked into the living room. To his surprise the remains of a scented candle was lying on the floor in front of the fireplace. Apparently, the candle had burned down to the bottom overheating its glass container causing the glass to explode.

“Wait here...” He motioned to her. “Just hang out in the living room for right now while I go to the kitchen to get something to clean up this mess up.”

Sthankaila watched him walk away.

When he was out of sight, she sat down on the couch reached under the coffee table for her boots, intending to put them on. *They ain’t here...!* She frowned. *My boots...They’re not here!* Startled, she glanced around the living room. *Where are they? I know I unzipped my boots took them off an’ placed them under the coffee table. Now, they’re gone.*

Moments later, Tyrone returned...dustpan in one hand, broom in the other.

Sthankaila stood up. "My boots are missing!" She said anxiously. "They were under the coffee table when we went upstairs."

Tyrone shrugged. *They're around here, somewhere.*

"Give them to me." She said extending her hands.

"Give what to you?"

"The broom and dustpan..." She gestured. "Hand 'them to me, I'll take care of this mess."

He smiled and handed her the broom and dustpan.

"I guess my boots will turn up, eventually." She bent down to pick up the large portions of glass carefully placing each piece in the dustpan. "Now..." she said. "You can empty this..." She handed the dustpan to Tyrone. "When you come back, I will have this area all cleaned up."

Tyrone walked back to the kitchen. He opened one of the cabinets on the wall. Inside the cabinet...another control panel exactly like the one in his bedroom closet. He disabled the interior alarm, opened the back door, walked out onto the patio and disposed of the broken glass. As he turned to walk back into the house, he heard a loud scream. He rushed through the kitchen and into the living room! Sthankaila was standing in the middle of the living room trembling her eyes wide with fear. She was shaking her head vigorously back and forth and pointing at the mantel over the fireplace.

"What the hell...?" Tyrone said with a confused on his face.

"My boots...!" She said frantically. "Look at them! Before you left the room, I couldn't find them nowhere and now...they're sitting on top of the mantel! Look!"

Tyrone frowned. "That can't be possible."

"Bullshit!" She backed up a step. "I told you somebody was in the house!" She said frightened. "My guess it's probably the same person I saw on the porch!" She took a deep breath then let it out, slowly. "Oh, my Gawd...!" She hid her face in her hands. *I saw him...! He saw my face.* She dropped her hands to her side glanced back at the window and said, "he looked up...right at me!"

Tyrone stepped to Sthankaila. "Calm down." He touched her on the shoulder. "Trust me." He said lowering his voice. "There is no one in the house. Why don't we just forget about the boots for now?"

“Jus’ hand them to me.” She said then reached up with her palms held out. “I need to get back to my hotel, anyway.”

He shrugged and reached for her boots.

She stepped toward the couch and was about to sit down but stopped. She looked over her shoulder at the couch then back at Tyrone. She jumped then stiffened as if a sudden pain had shot through her body. “Hey!” Sthankaila said frantically. “Something or somebody just touched me on my...!”

“Wha...?” Tyrone said then raised an eyebrow.

She gazed around the room. “I know what a hand on my ass feels like...when I feel a hand on my ass!” She muttered. *There’s some really bad karma up ’n this bitch. Something ain’t right in this house.*

Without giving it a second thought, she snatched her boots from Tyrone. She sat down on the couch, her eyes focused, her curiosity aroused as she quickly put on her boots.

She wasn’t herself.

There was a scary uneasiness about her.

Tyrone could sense there was still some doubt in her mind about the noises she’d heard. He knew that she knew that she still felt that they were not alone in the house. Yet...what more, if anything, could he do about how she felt? Hell, he’d searched the house high and low twice and had found nothing out of the ordinary, nothing!

*It’s time for me to send her home. I hate to say it, but the girl got cranium problems. Ain’t nothing out the ordinary going on up in here! Other than the normal noises a house makes when you’re all alone, everything appears to be just fine as far as I’m concerned.*

*I’m sorry but I just don’t see what’s ’causing her to freak out and all. Hell, I’m in this house alone, constantly. Hell, if I’d known she was going to turn psycho, I would have left her ass alone.*

Tyrone finally came to the realization that the only way to calm Sthankaila’s nerves was to walk through the downstairs area one more time. “Come with me.” He said extending his right hand. “We’re going to retrace our steps and put an end to this nonsense about someone besides us...being in the house.”

She took his hand. Thirty minutes later, their search complete, they were back where it all started...in the living room.

“How do you feel now?” Tyrone asked interested.

“I guess it was all in my head after all.” Sthankaila breathed. “I wish I could stay but it’s late.”

“I’ll walk you to the door.” Tyrone said then smiled.

“Thanks.” She smiled. “You know...” She nodded. “You’re a good man.”

Tyrone opened the front door, they stepped out on to the porch. She turned to look at him began to speak, but he held up both hands. “Don’t mention it.” He said arrogantly.

She smiled. “Don’ mention what...?”

He reflected for a moment then said under his breath, “you know damn well I rocked your world.” *I’ll be looking forward to seeing you more often...*

She shook her head cocked her hip and gave him the hand. *Arrogant mutherfucka’...* “Walk me to my car if it ain’t too much to ask.”

Casually, they walked to the car. When they got there, she handed Tyrone her car keys. He unlocked the car and opened the door. She stepped one leg in the car and was about to sit down but stopped. She held up her right index finger. “By the way, I heard what you said back there.” She declared as she cocked her head and smiled mischievously. “You right, you rocked my world but I hate to tell you, May-ja Tyrone Street...I’m not the one. Your hands are full enough, that Blue Lady.”

Puzzled, Tyrone looked at her, but he didn’t speak. *How did she know about Stella?*

Sthankaila sat down closed the car door and started laughing. “From the look on your face...” She said. “I can tell you know who I’m talking about.” She started the engine and drove away.

She looked in the rearview mirror.

*Look at him. Yeah, I know you wondering how I knew about her. Well...you just keep scratching your head pretty bwoy. It won’t help you get rid of that Klingon crazy bitch...Stella Vaughn. You can act all laid back an in control all you want to but Brotha... You stuck with hers for infinity times infinity.*

Meanwhile, Tyrone was staring at Sthankaila and still scratching his head. He watched her drive away. When her car was absorbed by the darkness of the black Georgia night, he walked

back to the house. Looking over his shoulder one last time, he shook his head, smiled opened the front door and went inside.

