



No Mercy (EXCERPT)

By Carl Alan Smith

Mystery /Thriller

Carl Alan Publishing

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 27

Unfortunate Fools...

In the wee hours of the morning, there was hardly any traffic on the highway. The black four-door sedan cruised unnoticed at a snail's pace leaving Phenix City, Alabama crossing the state line into Columbus, Georgia via the Chattahoochee River Bridge. The black sedan cursed East on Victory Drive then turned left on Veterans Parkway before making another left onto Sixth Street until finally arriving downtown Columbus at Front Street. The driver parked the car directly across from the Columbus Marriot.

At about the same time another car, much older, larger and also black, made its way up I-185 entering the highway at the Victory Drive on ramp.

Seconds later, a Georgia State Trooper came from out of nowhere moving fast racing past the black sedan faster than a speeding bullet. In a matter of seconds, the patrol car vanished, its taillights disappearing into the black Georgia night.

Meanwhile, the second black sedan continued its trek North on I-185. Suddenly, appearing out of the black night, a quarter mile ahead parked on the right shoulder of the highway...a car! Unrecognizable at first but as the black sedans high beams flashed, it was evident that this car...the one parked on the shoulder of the road, belonged to...the Georgia Highway Patrol.

The cop car was just sitting there...its lights off. A speed trap, no doubt. Seconds later, another black sedan approached from behind, changed lanes then just as it was about to accelerate, the headlights of the cop car snapped on followed by the overhead lights and then the siren. In a matter of seconds, the cop car was directly behind the black sedan...siren screaming, lights blinking and flashing!

The black sedan continued to cruise a short distance before finally pulling over to the right shoulder of the highway. Before the sedan could come to a complete stop, the cop car had already closed in from behind and flipped on the spotlight!

"This the Georgia Highway Patrol...!" A voice roared from the loudspeaker inside the front grill of the Trooper's car. "Stay inside the car, keep your hands where we can see 'em!"

The car doors of the Patrol opened.

The driver and another trooper stepped out on to the pavement, both shielding themselves behind their respective car doors. Crouched low, the trooper behind the passenger door wasn't taking any chances. He had already cleared his weapon from its holster. In the standing shooting

position, their weapons pointed directly at the back window of the black sedan, they were ready for the occupants to make a move, any move...the wrong move!

The driver looked at his partner and winked. His partner nodded which must have meant it was okay to approach the black sedan. Carefully, never taking his eyes off the black sedan, the driver crept closer peering around, over and under his weapon...squinting, staying low...expecting the unexpected, obviously. With extreme caution his eyes were everywhere as he continued his approach.

“Watch yourself, Bobby Lee.” The trooper on the passenger side of the patrol car warned.

“I hear you Scooter...” Bobby Lee replied. “If nothing else...you know I’m on it, 24 Deep! Scooter narrowed his eyes.

“Careful Bobby Lee...” He said then continued. “Be careful Bobby Lee.” He swallowed hard, nervous obviously. “The windows on that Duce are jet black.”

Bobby Lee nodded. “A celebrity tint...”

“Black as night...” Scooter narrowed his eyes.

“Yeah...” Bobby Lee grinned. “If we don’t get ’em on nothing else...” Bobby Lee whispered as he inched closer. “We gon’ get ’em ’cause the windows are too dark.” He glanced quickly at Scooter, grinned slyly and inched closer.

“Watch ’em, Bobby Lee...” Scooter said nervously. “Ain’ no telling what they’re up to.”

Goddammit...! “I’m ’on it, Scooter!” Bobby Lee blurted as he approached the left rear bumper of the Duce. “Alright, now...!” He breathed. “If y’all can hear me...!” Bobby Lee said pointing his handgun at the back of the car. “Roll the windows down...stick your hands out so we can see ’em!”

Nothing happened...no movement from within the Duce, just...silence.

Bobby Lee looked at his partner then back again at the Duce. *Sheeeiitt...!* He wiped his brow with the back of his free hand. *They’re ignoring us on purpose.* “Alright, now...!” Bobby Lee shouted making eye contact with Scooter. “This is your last warning!” *Fuck this...I ain’t waiting around on them to make a move on us. Watch ya ass Scooter! We making our move, right now!*

Bobby Lee cleared his throat and backed away from the Duce.



“Scooter...!” He barked never taking his eyes off the Duce. “Call for back up, now!” He said as something on the left side of the Duce caught his eye. He lowered the .38 slightly and leaned forward to get a clearer look. That’s when the rear passenger window made a sucking noise. Seconds later, he saw the window come down slightly then go back up just as quick!

Immediately, he raised the .38 to chest level!

In full alert mode, now, Bobby Lee took aim! “Alright, got-dammit...!” He shouted. “We through playing around!” He licked his lips, nervous obviously. “Y’all got three seconds to get out of the damn car!”

Using extreme caution, Bobby Lee crept closer to the rear passenger door. “One...!” He cut his eyes at Scooter. “Two...! Roll the windows down an’ climb out the car, right now!”

They should have waited for backup.

An explosion erupted from inside the Duce an’ a Quarter! A red and blue flash blew through the rear window, spraying glass and fragments of metal toward the Troopers car like it was a hailstorm. Fearing the worse, Scooter ducked and crouched down even farther behind the passenger door of the patrol car. Before he could swallow his own spit, another volley went through the front passenger door hitting Bobby Lee squarely in the chest sending his stunned body backwards into the air landing some ten feet behind the Duce. Without hesitating, remembering to stay low...Scooter rushed to Bobby Lee’s aide in a last-ditch effort to pull his body out of harm’s way. The thunderous echo from the blast was still ringing in his ears as he dropped to his knees and leaned over Bobby Lee’s bullet riddled body that was now twitching and flapping about like a fish out of water.

Damn...Bobby Lee! Scooter shook his head “Look at what they did to you, bwoy!” He muttered in disbelief as he tried unsuccessfully to save his partner. “Damn poor unfortunate fool, you all shot to pieces.” *We not s’posed to go out like this...I told your dumb ass I had a bad feeling about that damn car! I knew when we were sitting on the side of the road, we shoulda let that car go! Now it’s too late to turn back...we’re in too deep, now, bwoy!*

The car doors of the Duce swung open. Scooter glanced up just in time to see three unknown men. Two of them carrying shotguns walking toward him and Bobby Lee. Before his mind could send a signal to the rest of his body to raise his weapon, time and distance had already hampered Scooter’s ability to react.



They closed the distance!

Scooter had no time to react, aim much less pull the trigger on his weapon! He tried to see if he recognized them! But he couldn't because as they inched closer, their faces kept fading in and out, like an illusion...a mirage! In his final moments, what he could see...is that they were extremely tall. The three men that he was certain that he did not know and wish he hadn't seen...one in particular, was just as tall as he was wide.

Without hesitating, the two smaller men reached forward and grabbed Scooter by his arms lifting him into the air then sidewalk slamming him, with all their might, violently to the ground knocking the wind out of him. He would have no defense as they held him, pinned to the ground...neither one looking at Scooter or saying a word.

Dazed, out of options...out of breath, Scooter knew he had to somehow muster enough strength to break free. And once free, run like hell! Kicking his legs and flapping his arms wildly, he tried with all his might to free himself. *Son-of-a-bitch...they got me in a death grip!* He looked from one to the other. Then he remembered something. *Wait a minute! I'm an officer of the law!* "Do y'all know who you're messing with?"

No answer.

Before Scooter could say another word, he looked up and the third one was standing directly over him. Dressed in black, trench coat and top hat...he was wearing a gold necklace around his massive neck. There was a black design on the right side of the necklace. Scooter saw him reach up with his right hand and tap the black design twice. On the first tap, his face suddenly appeared like it was coming out of the shadows and into the light. On the second tap, the man's eyes appeared...looked like hollow black holes carved deep into his skull. They snapped open then flashed once like the bright lights of an approaching car on a dark deserted highway.

Scooter flinched. *Son-of-a...!* "Who are you people?" He asked frightened.

The man cocked his head to one side and Scooter could hear the vertebrae in his neck crack. But he didn't answer as Scooter swallowed hard and closed his eyes.

Sheeeit...his eyes flashed at me like something from out of space!

The man looked at Scooter with those dark, hollow, penetrating eyes.

But still...he did not speak.

Stunned but determined, Scooter tried, once again, to wiggle free but to no avail.



“Where are y’all from...?” He shouted. “Lemme go goddammit!” Again, he tried to wiggle free. “Y’all messing with an officer of the law!” *Oh Lord, Jesus please help me...Lord this ain’t happening. I must be dreaming!*

The three assailants never said a word as they watched Scooter continued to struggle to break free, knowing full well that he couldn’t.

Wait a minute...what are they doing to me? I-I cain’t move! It’s like I-I-I’m being hypnotized, paralyzed. Oh nooooo...I’m falling into some kinda tr-tr-trance!

By now, the only thing Scooter could do is move his eyes back and forth, side to side. He saw the third one reach forward. Before he could blink, he felt an enormously huge hand grip his face like a melon. Whatever spell they had on him had already rendered poor Scooter completely paralyzed. He could only await his fate. And it would come for sure, his fate...most definitely as slow as molasses in the wintertime.

And, just like that...a slight whimper followed by a deep breath, were the last sounds heard from Scooter. Slowly, his body began to lose its shape. His eyes sunk back into their sockets as his chest cavity caved in leaving his body in a state of deformity.

The third man stood up. He stepped over Scooter’s deformed, lifeless body then walked back to the Duce an’ a Quarter followed by the other two. They climbed inside and seconds later the car sped away.

COMING SOON!

THE ENCOUNTER SERIES

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