

Engelian Adventures: Transformations

Book 2: Transitions

Chapter 5

by

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Chapter 5

Machiavelli wouldn't have had a problem. A dead body is far easier to deal with than a captured live villain. However, I'm not that ruthless. So I had to come up with some other way of dealing with Bobby. I sighed, pushed my chair back from the breakfast table and headed into the bedroom and my sleeping aviator. I needed to find out more about what was going on.

According to Jonathan — I brought him up from sleep just enough for him to answer my questions — the Dickson that Bobby mentioned was the head of a larger crime gang that was trying to 'muscle in' on his boss's territory. Apparently, Dickson had a reputation for greed and violence even in the criminal fraternity and Jonathan thought he must have decided to eliminate the competition altogether. The fact that Bobby was ostensibly an employee of Jonathan's boss only confirmed to my mind that there is no honour amongst thieves.

I asked Jonathan what he would do to Bobby if he ever got the chance and wasn't really surprised when he said that he would kill him. No doubt it would be the sensible thing to do in his position; self-defence in a sense. For my own part, Bobby knew something of my powers, but was way past being controllable in the same way Jonathan was, and that was a distinct problem. Briefly, I considered letting Jonathan solve my Machiavellian dilemma, but rejected the idea, as it would just lower me to their level. There had to be another way.

Handing him over to the police wasn't an option. If he told them about me and they tied my description to that of the girl who'd

disappeared from the boat that had rescued her from the Bermuda Triangle ... Well, it didn't bear thinking of, especially if the press got wind of the story. To do what I needed to do I definitely needed to stay out of the limelight.

The one saving grace in the situation was that I doubted Bobby would go to the police off his own bat. Multiple murderer, as I suspected he was, I doubted he would even consider the prospect.

For want of any immediate ideas of my own I asked Jonathan. Apart from killing Bobby, he could only suggest flying back to Nassau and talking to his boss. Loomis would apparently know what to do — he was good that way.

The first part — flying to Nassau — wasn't a bad idea; travel far enough and fast enough to stay ahead of any repercussions. So, on the face of it, it looked like I was about to become part of the criminal underworld, whether I wanted to or not. And as a gangster's mole, which was even worse. Still, my options were severely limited, so it would just have to be.

I told Jonathan to get ready to leave and then went and got a spool of fishing line from Jonathan's fishing tackle box. Then, armed with his own pistol, I entered the bathroom to be met by Bobby's defiant glare. He'd managed to get to his knees and he looked like some sort of macabre clown at prayer in his bright clothes with the bright green cream smeared across his face and the top of his gag.

“If you do as I say, you will live to see another day. If you don’t, I will get Jonathan to come in and revenge himself for the death of his friends. Do you understand me?”

When he nodded his head I told him to lie face down on the floor and, using my body weight to keep him down, I lashed fishing line tightly over the towelling of his bonds. The longer it took for him to get free the further Jonathan and I would be away. To dissuade him even further I thought it best to increase the wariness he had towards me to outright fear.

“Listen, and listen well,” I whispered into his ear with a menacing tone. “I am not part of your gang war. In fact, I am like nothing you’ve ever seen before. Interfere in my plans again, and you will learn that there *are worse things in life than death.*” I added magick to my voice for the last clause to press home the point.

I think he believed me because as I got to my feet I saw a spreading pool of urine coming from beneath him.

“Well, Tina, here we are.” Jonathan said as he stopped the light aircraft at the edge of the airfield. “We should be safe now,” he said cutting the engine.

It was just over three hours later and I was still surprised at how easy it had been to make our getaway. With speed being the essence, I’d thrown caution to the winds, and we’d brazenly taken a local taxi directly to the airport. Luckily for us, Bobby had been working alone and wearing Jonathan’s sunglasses and Bobby’s fishing hat to hide my unusual features I apparently looked enough like another tourist that no one looked twice

at us. The only loss was we had to leave most of Jonathan's belongings behind to avoid questions being asked by the resort staff, but I made sure he took everything that was essential to my immediate plans.

Logging a flight to Nassau has also not been a problem as the flight was an internal one within the jurisdiction of the Bahamas. I don't think it would have mattered anyway as airport security on Andros Island seemed virtually non-existent. It was here in Nassau where we might have problems, but fortunately we'd landed at a small domestic airport rather than the international one, so I hoped they would be surmountable.

Nassau. It had seemed quite big as we'd circled it on approach. Lots of grand-looking hotels bordering the beach, a large business district and a sprawling residential area that stretched along the coast for miles. The city was obviously a tourism driven economy akin to the Riviera these days and I could understand why. The ocean and the beaches had all looked very inviting from above and from memory the Bahamas were very close to the United States with its huge affluent population.

My hope was to lose myself in the much larger population of Nassau long enough to learn enough about the modern world so that I didn't run afoul of its governments and their regulations. I would also need to acquire more money as I'd already begun to appreciate that the sum I'd taken from Bobby was not as much as I'd originally assumed. To do all this I was going to have to rely heavily on Jonathan's criminal connections, because no doubt I was going to have to get forged identity papers as well.

Jonathan's version of reality was now pretty close to the truth, accept for fact that he had fled Andros Island with a long-time girl friend he hadn't had the night before. Changing his conditioning had turned out to be beneficial in a number of ways. Most importantly, it reduced the number of contradictions in his experience, which was the thing most likely to break my hold on him.

An unexpected benefit had come from his having greater autonomy. The way he had successfully dealt with the people and situations that had arisen at the airport on departure had showed that he was practised at dissembling and had been in such tight spots before. The main disadvantage of this new situation was that his conditioning was based now on an emotional attachment that I would have to maintain the pretence of.

I climbed out of the cabin and looked around while Jonathan secured the plane with chocks and ties. We had taxied to a part of the airfield where a number of small aircraft were similarly secured.

Jonathan's spot was close to a small white building, which sported the grandiose name 'Anderson Airlines' in faded lettering. It would appear that my Mister Anderson either had legal pretensions or had fallen into criminal ways as a result of financial mismanagement.

He lead me over to the hut and opened it with a key he took from above the door. Inside was a small reception area and counter. The stained green carpet supported a low coffee table and some worn easy chairs oriented so that they could all view a small television set mounted

near the ceiling in one corner of the room. The rest of the walls were covered by a variety of maps, notice boards and brochures.

The counter was similarly cluttered with a variety of items including what looked like an electric kettle and the makings for coffee. There was also a telephone and another television set above what might have been an electric cash register. Jonathan hung the keys for the plane up next to some others on a board just inside the front door and led me towards the door beyond the counter.

As we passed the kettle he picked it up and swished it round. Satisfied with its feel he switched it on. "Make us some coffee babe. I'm gonna change," he said as he opened the door and walked into what looked like a small bedroom.

I took little notice. My interest had been caught by what I'd wrongfully thought of as a cash register. Up close it seemed to have a greater resemblance to a typewriter, but with the keyboard and printing mechanism separated into different devices. There were also a number of unidentifiable components to the machine, which had me curious as to their function. While the kettle heated the water I examined these devices and their electrical connections and reasoned that this must be something more than a simple electric typewriter as the typewriters of the sixties had been far more compact than this.

Suddenly a pair of strong arms went round my waist and the hands attached to those arms came up to cup my breasts. I shied away from the contact and felt something hard dig into my buttock.

“What about it babe? You want to get it on?” Jonathan breathed into my ear.

Flustered by the intimate contact, I twisted around and tried to break free. He took the opportunity to push me back against the counter and himself up against me as he began nuzzling my neck. He was naked and his rigid member slid up along my stomach.

“Jonathan! Stop!”

He did so, but kept his weight leaning against me and I could feel the heat of his naked body through the thin cloth of the t-shirt I was wearing.

“Jonathan, step away from me.”

He complied and I averted my eyes from his erect member and concentrated on his face. There was a look of confused frustration in his eyes.

“So you want to make love to me, do you?” I asked beginning to regain my composure.

He nodded, looking for all the world like an eager child.

“Well you go in and lie on the bed and I will tell you what is going to happen.”

I followed his well-muscled back into the bedroom and knelt down next to the head of the single metal-framed bed that was there. I noticed with some distaste that the blanket and sheets badly needed washing, but he didn't seem to mind.

“Now Jonathan,” I said as gently as I could in the circumstances. “You are going to imagine that you and I are making love ... I want you to satisfy your desire for me.” A slow smile crept over his face. “And ... When you are finished you are to go to sleep for about half an hour after which time you will wake up and think that I rose before you and have gotten dressed already ... You will then feel obliged to do whatever I say. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” came the reply.

“Well ... get started,” I said and quickly left the room as he rolled over.

I shut the door and felt an incredible wave of embarrassment sweep over me at what I had just done. My hold over this man was now dependent on his sexual feelings for me and those were being gratified in his own mind at this very moment.

I moved into the waiting area and sat down on one of the worn chairs uncertain about what I had done and what I was to do in the meantime. With the sounds filtering through from the next room my thoughts naturally went to Nessa and our own sweet lovemaking.

Despite what she had done to me, I missed her terribly, and I was feeling very alone and very frustrated. I hoped the man would be quick.

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