

Characters:

Sandy

Yuki = best friend

Richard Kemyss = Dad

Mary Kemyss = Mom

Itoh Miyoko = Yuki's Mother

Itoh Tomiji = Yuki's Father

Detective Roy Tanner = Police detective

Agent John Baker - Federal officer

Greg

Day 1:

She'd peed on herself and she was so scared and ashamed. She tried not to cry, but tears ran down her dirty cheeks, in the darkness of the car trunk. The car made a sharp turn, tires whining in protest. Sandy was thrown to the left, unable to control the movement because her feet and hands were tied. "Daddy, help me," she whimpered, trying to control her sobs.

It was her birthday. "Get up sleepy head," her mother had called. "It's a great Saturday, and it's your birthday. You couldn't ask for a nicer party day at the park."

"Oh, my birthday. Does it have to start so early?" Actually she was waking up and she was excited. She was ten years old and this would be a special party. She was one tenth of a century old, Daddy had teased, and they were going to party! "Ok, Mom," she'd replied. "I'm getting up now."

Getting dressed didn't take long. She still felt funny about wearing a bra, but Mom had insisted. She'd not gone into a lot of explanation, just asked that she to it for her. Sandy had agreed. Why not? But she still felt funny about it. Jeans, running shoes, and T-shirt, she looked in the mirror and sighed. She looked like a boy, except for the faint outline of the training bra, and that made her self-conscious. Mom was beautiful and she could see a resemblance. It scared her to think she would look like that someday. "Ok, Mom," she hollered in response to another wake up call. "I'm coming."

The park was as beautiful and as picturesque as Mom said it would be. Soft breezes, warm sun, blue sky with fluffy white clouds, a mirror like mountain lake with busy ducks to complete the picture, what more could you ask for? Dad was working, of course. He worked six days a week now. She understood. It was that kind of job and he wanted good things for the family. She tried not to mind too much, but it wasn't easy on any of them. But Dad would be here. He was a man of his word and he'd never missed anything he'd said he'd make. He was really good that way, and she could count on him.

Still, she wished they were back home. She still thought of it as home, even though they'd been here over a year. They'd moved so Dad could take the promotion, the same promotion that made him work six days a week. Their new "home" is a nice town and beautiful. The school was great, even if she hadn't made a lot of friends, yet, and she guessed it was an improvement. It was hard, though. She missed her friends and her mom didn't seem as happy as she used to be. Dad seemed tired most of the time, when he was home, but that wasn't nearly as much as she'd have liked, and he worked all of the time.

She wondered why they'd moved. They were happy where they were, at least she was. She didn't know how Mom and Dad felt. She'd never really given that a lot of thought, and thinking of it now, seemed a little strange. The other day, she'd come downstairs and found her mother sitting on the couch crying. She'd stopped really quick and pretended that nothing was wrong, but Sandy knew, even though her mother had claimed to have something in her eye. She knew and it scared her. Mommies weren't supposed to cry.

She wished she could help more. She really tried. She tried to be really good so they'd be happy and everything would be OK. It was not going to be her fault! She'd be a good girl. She'd make it right.

Sandy giggled. She didn't know which was funnier, Yuki or the ducks she was throwing bread crumbs to. Yuki was her best, and only, friend at school. They were like salt and pepper. Sandy, pale and blond, was a dramatic contrast to Yuki's dark, typical Asian appearance. They were the same height, weight and build. They even had the same birthday, so today was a double party. Yuki and Sandy's moms got along, and their fathers worked for the same company, in the same department.

Everyone considered Yuki and Sandy sort of weird, because their fathers did work for The Company, as everyone called it. It was like they were afraid to say the name. It seemed that almost no "townies" worked there. N-trick they called it. Well, that at least made sense. NTRIC - Neurophysical Telemetry Investigation Consortium. It was a neat name. It was just that no one seemed to know what they did. Daddy never talked about his work and Mom worked three days a week for a local insurance agency. Since Dad worked such long hours, when he was home, he insisted they spend "quality" time together. That did not include his work. He'd made that clear.

At the end of the long pier, there was a stairway down to an almost water level platform. It was used as a passenger disembarking point and a swimming platform. Now, they were sitting on it, dangling their toes in the water and feeding the ducks. "The water's really cold, but do you think we should try swimming. I've heard it's not bad once you get in," Yuki said.

"Um," Sandy intoned, "I don't know." She splashed her bare foot into the snow fed lake. "That is *really* cold," she squeaked.

"Oh, don't be a wuss," Yuki said, stripping off her clothes, revealing and attractive two piece she'd been wearing underneath. With almost no hesitation she dived cleanly into the cold water, scattering the quacking ducks.

Sandy's eyes widened and she felt growing concern as Yuki didn't reappear. She stood up and walked to spot where Yuki had dived in, to see fading ripples. "Yuki?" She hesitated. "Yuki, where are you?" she said, a slight tinge of panic sounding in her voice.

"Over here," came Yuki's voice from behind her.

She jumped, startled, almost falling off of the platform. Cat quick, she regained her balance and spun, not really sure whether to be mad or amused. She felt herself beginning to smile. It was funny! "Wow! How long can you hold your breath? That was really neat"

Yuki giggled. "A really long time. We used to go pearl and sponge diving. I got really good at it. Are you going to come in, or not? It's really not bad at all once you get in."

Sandy shivered, remembering how cold the water was on her bare foot. "I didn't bring a suit, and I am NOT going skinny dipping in broad daylight!"

"Funny you should mention that," Yuki replied, a gleam in her eye. "I just happen to have a spare suit in my bag, there." She pointed at a multicolored tote bag. "We are the same size."

She realized that Yuki was not going to let it go, and she probably had other arguments ready as well. That's the way she was. "But I can't change here! It's public," she said, making one final attempt.

"Oh, it is not public. No one can see, and if you are really super paranoid, I have a poncho you can put on and change under."

Yuki was right. It wasn't all that public. They could not be seen at all from the shore and there wasn't anyone on the lake. She really could change. Sighing, she picked up Yuki's bag and found another two piece bathing suit. It was a lot less than she'd have liked, but she wasn't going to tell Yuki that. She started to take off her T-shirt when she heard the buzz of a boat motor. She turned and saw a slim cigarette boat heading toward the pier. Yuki saw it too and understood.

"I'm going to swim to the buoy," Yuki said. "I'm getting chilly just hanging here. Meet me over there as soon as you can get changed, OK?"

"OK. Can't take too long."

Yuki had vanished again. It seemed she did most of her swimming under the water. The boat pulled up and the engine went to an idle. A man stood with a rope in his hand. "Grab the line, Honey," he said throwing it toward her.

She deftly snagged it, and was looking for a turnbuckle when she realized the man was on the pier and reaching toward her. She felt a thrill of fear and tried to scream, but found her mouth and nose covered with a damp cloth. She inhaled the pungent scent, trying to get enough air to scream and the world turned upside down, and consciousness faded.

Dirt from the trunk carpet was in her hair, eyes and mouth. She spit into the darkness, trying to get the stuff out of her mouth. Her eyes hurt from the dirt and it was really dark. She wasn't sure where she was, but she remembered being grabbed from the pier. She guessed she'd been anaesthetized and from the sounds, she figured she was in a car. If she was in a car, she had to be in the trunk. If she was in a car trunk, she was being kidnaped. Fear coursed through her and she started crying, almost silently, again. This couldn't be real. It was her birthday and Daddy was going to come to her party. She sobbed.

Yuki sobbed. "He just jumped out and grabbed her. I hear her start to scream but he covered her mouth and she got really quiet and went limp. I don't think he hurt her. "

Detective Tanner sighed. She was smart as a whip, but she'd just not seen enough to help much. It would have to be NTRIC, too. It was going to get messy and the feds were going to be stomping all over the place and demanding jurisdiction. He shook his head. He couldn't stop them but he'd continue on his own. You never know. His local knowledge might lead him to a solution. He'd pursue it from possible hiding places, and they'd pursue it from a method, motive opportunity angle. Either could yield a solution.

Dr. Kemyss was pacing. Mary Kemyss's eyes were red and she was obviously on the edge of hysteria. The doctor had just given her a tranquilizer shot and she was looking calmer, already. Detective Tanner remembered the last NTRIC incident. It had been 12 years ago and it was a kidnaping of a child too. It had not turned out well. When pieces of their daughter were mailed to them, the father had killed himself, and the mother had a total break down. "No," he mused, "that was not a good case. I allowed them to run over me, then, and that won't happen again."

The sound of a helicopter announced the arrival of the federal agents.

Day 2:

It was dark and she was tied to the bed. He'd opened the trunk and blinded her with a flashlight and then put that smelly rag over her nose and mouth. She'd realized that it was ether that was on the rag. She had a headache, she was disgustingly wet, scared and thirsty, but she was ok. "Still ok," she thought and trembled. She wished she could curl up in a little ball, but her hands and feet were secured and she was on her back. Her bonds were not uncomfortable, but they allowed very limited movement.

The sound of a closing door and a bright light jerked her to wakefulness. Sandy tried to sit up, but fell back when her limited range of motion was reached. The man was standing there with a small bag in his hand and he was wearing a ski mask. He put the bag on the table next to the bed and the odor of ham, egg and cheese hit her. As scared as she was, she was hungry. She hoped that was for her.

"Hold still," he grunted. He fiddled with her wrist bonds and she felt them drop free. She suppressed the urge to bolt. Her feet were still bound and she'd get exactly nowhere. He pointed at the bag. "Eat."

She scooped up the bag and opened it. She wolfed down the breakfast sandwich and almost inhaled the cola drink. She put the wrappers in the bag and neatly put it on the table next to the bed. "Thank you," she said, not being sure of what else to do.

"You're welcome." He picked up the bag and left, leaving her hands free and the light on. She quickly examined her ankle bonds and felt a sinking sensation. There was no way she'd be able to get out of them without the key. She lie there, staring at the ceiling, not knowing what to do, he mind racing in a thousand different directions, each new direction containing more horrible fears that the one prior. She felt herself squirming and realized she had a problem. She had to go to the bathroom.

"Hello," she called. There was no answer. She waited and called again, louder, "Hello!" Nothing happened. She was getting very uncomfortable, now that she was thinking about it. Finally she screamed, "I HAVE TO PEE! I've got to go. PLEASE let me go to the bathroom."

That got results. The man came in. "Not so damn loud. I ain't deaf. You have to piss or shit?"

Sandy made a face. "I have to urinate," she finally choked out.

"Oh, OK." He reached under the bed and handed her a coffee can. "Here. Just set in on the floor when you're done." He stood by the door watching.

She looked at the can and she looked at him. She was puzzled. "How can I pee in this," she finally asked him.

He sighed and got a pained expression on his face. "You pull your jeans and panties below your knees. You kneel and spread your legs and hold the can where it needs to go and you pee. If you miss, well, it's your bed and you lie in it."

Sandy nodded and sighed. She waited. "Are you leaving," she finally asked, an edge of exasperation audible.

"When you're done, I go."

"You're going to watch me pee! What's wrong with you?"

He sneered. "Maybe I just like to watch little girls pee or maybe it's because I said so. Now, get this straight: When I say something goes, it goes one of two ways. The easy way or the hard way, but it goes. The hard way is hard on you. Got that?"

Sandy suddenly felt very small and alone. "Yes, sir."

"Now piss so I can get out of here."

She could feel her face burning as she pulled down her jeans and panties for him to see. At least, when she held the can in place, the urine came rushing out. She put the warm can on the table and pulled her clothing up as quickly as possible. She started to ask him if he had fun, but thought better of it.

He picked up the can and left, saying nothing.

Detective Tanner stood before the wall map. Yuki said the boat had left back the same way it had come, to the north east. That made sense. Back that way led to a couple of interstates, a lot of rural roads and minimal civilization. A man and a kid could get lost a very long time back that way.

Tanner smiled. Dr. Kemyss had really given the federal boys a hard time, yesterday. It took about three questions for them to ask him what his job was and he'd shut them down instantly. "You haven't the clearance or the need to know," he'd retorted. He'd reached into his wallet and showed them a card. They'd read it and made a quick phone call. Tanner felt himself grinning again. Their expressions had been too much. He'd never know what was said, but they'd left and he had two hours, alone with them to ask questions and get a feel for what was going on, before the next copter landed.

This time they showed Kemyss a card and he nodded. He whispered something to his wife and got into the copter with them. Whatever was going on, he assumed that some sort of high powered federal investigation was now happening. Just like last time. Last time hadn't turned out too well. Detective Tanner gritted his teeth. He should have gone with it. He should have pursued it. Well, he wasn't going to make the same mistake twice.

Think like the perp. What was he thinking? Mrs. Kemyss had called, on her cell phone, within five or ten minutes of the kidnaping. Yuki had sounded the alarm as soon as the boat was out of sight. She'd realized what was happening and stayed underwater until the boat was out of sight and she knew she was safe. He'd called an Amber alert within fifteen minutes of the actual kidnaping. Sandy's picture was all over TV, and alerts were on every radio station. Nothing had been reported.

Figure twenty minutes. "I'd bet he beached within twenty minutes." Chewing his lip, we wondered what cruising speed the kidnaper would have maintained. Down river, there was a speed limit of 20 knots. Up river, there was no limit and a cigarette boat could really move. But, really moving, it would attract attention. Yuki had mentioned that it was quiet. To be quiet, it would have to be muffled, not

something usual for a cigarette, and it would have to be piloted very conservatively.

Thirty knots. Slower and he'd be vulnerable, faster, he'd attract too much attention. That means he could have gone about ten miles. Maybe a little less, maybe a little more. He marked a semi circle at the 10 mile point. Was there a good landing point in that area?

A quick search revealed that Google maps didn't have detail of that area. He had his own mapping software. The initial data had come with the GPS and he'd upgraded. He brought up the area and zoomed in. He was uncertain if he should look for a marina, a hidden cove, private property or simple access to local highways. "Think like the perp," he told himself again.

"He's going to need a vehicle and he's got a non-cooperative girl with an Amber alert on her. The vehicle needs to be close or he's going to ground right at that pont. Not likely." He scratched his chin and frowned. A marina could be too public, unless it was private or had private access. But it would be ideal. Easy access for a vehicle and it wouldn't be noticed.

He focused in the target area, looking for roads that came close to the water. There was one about two miles up river, but he just had the feeling that was too close. The perp would want more distance, if he was reading him right.

"Nice map, Tanner," a voice said from behind him.

Detective Tanner jumped, almost knocking the small table his computer sat on over. "Damn!" he shouted, jumping up and spinning around. He found himself face to face with a smiling older man.

"Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you. I just stopped in for some information and saw that damn fine mapping program. Didn't mean to sneak up on you that way."

Tanner took a deep breath and smiled. "Guess I'm just jumpy. What information can I offer you?"

"You remember the Mosses? You know if they still live around here?"

Roy Tanner frowned. "Moss, Moss.." He repeated the name a few more times, trying to jog his memory. "Oh! I remember. Mister, they died about ten years ago. It must have been awhile since you've been around these parts."

"Yes, it has been awhile, but I thought I'd heard they moved on." The man leaned forward and put his finger on the screen. "Now there is a nice little place to dock. Very secluded with access to the interstate. I used it a few times. I'm surprised it's still there." He straightened. "Well, thanks for the information. Guess I'll be moving on."

Roy leaned forward and felt a thrill in his stomach. That is exactly the type of place he'd been looking for, and it was at the 12 mile point, and ideal range according to his theory. It was tiny. "Mister, uh, what did you say your name was?" He turned to see an empty room. "Strange," he muttered turning back to the computer screen, feeling his excitement rising.

Rick Kemyss paced his living room. It was a large, well-appointed room, but now there was telephone monitoring equipment and several federal officers. "How much longer," he fumed. "How much longer before we hear something?"

"Doctor Kemyss, I know how hard this has to be for you, but all we can do, at this point is wait." John Baker, the Officer in Charge, sipped his coffee. "We are trying to cross reference all of the available data and air searches are being done. Believe me, there is a lot of manpower on this situation, but right now, you and I, we have to be here and wait. Both of us would rather be out doing something, but this is where we need to be."

The phone rang, and they all took a sharp breath in.....

The door opened again, and Sandy wished she could just vanish. She tried to see what was outside, but the light was still on and it was darker out there. She couldn't make out anything. Her ankles were still tied to the bed, but her hands had been left free. She'd torn on fingernail trying to get the straps off of her ankles, before giving up, and it hurt. The man, wearing the ski mask, still, brought in a tripod with a digital camera attached to it.

He set up the camera, off center from the foot of the bed. "We're going to take some pictures for your Daddy. Like I told you before, this can be easy or hard, but it will be." He made a show of putting a pad lock on the door leading out, then he freed her feet. "Take off your jeans and shirt."

Sandy felt her eyes widening and her stomach felt funny. She felt paralyzed. The man looked at her for a moment. He stepped forward and smacked her, open handed, hard on the temple. She fell off the bed, knocking the table, next to it, over. The world spun and she felt like she was going to pass out. The man picked her up and dropped her on the bed. "Easy or hard? That was your first lesson. The next one will be a lot worse. Get them off. NOW!"

Almost in a trance, she slipped out of her jeans. She left her panties on and he didn't say anything. Taking her shirt off seemed harder. She wondered if he was smiling under the ski mask. She took the T-shirt off, leaving her new bra on, and held it in front of her tiny breasts.

The man stepped back and fiddled with the camera. He nodded and there was a flash. "Now, drop the shirt and cross your hands over your boobs," he said. Sandy hesitated. "Easy or hard," he sneered. She did as she was told. And was blinded by another flash.

Dr. Kemyss answered the phone on the signal of Agent Baker. The call lasted less than thirty seconds and was simply Sandy's voice saying an internet address. She'd gotten in a "Dadd..." before the connection had been terminated. When he heard the dial tone, Dr., Kemyss held the phone up and stared at it. Agent Baker was already entering the URL into his computer.

"Damn!" he hissed. He realized he'd accessed a free site in Russia. Trying to get any cooperation from them tracking the owner would probably take months of paper work and requests, and finally lead to a phoney name and address. Finding the user would be almost impossible. :))

The site had pictures of Sandy. They showed her in various stages of undress. The final picture showed her naked with a clothed man standing to her rear and fondling her breasts. Tears were running down her cheeks, her body was rigid and it was obvious she was trying not to panic.

"The good news is that she's alive and apparently uninjured," agent Baker said.

"Uninjured! That bastard had her naked and was touching her," Dr. Kemyss screamed.

"Doctor," agent Baker firmly intoned, "she IS alive and you need to focus on that."

Doctor Kemyss was holding his sobbing wife. "Yes," he agreed. "I guess that's all I can do."

She couldn't stop crying. The memories of him touching her make her skin crawl and she wanted to die or she wanted to kill him, she wasn't sure which. She shuddered and tried to wipe the feel of his hands off of her. She heard steps outside of the door. He was coming again. She rolled over and hid her face into her arms. She didn't want to see him again.

She heard the door open and close. She heard him lock the padlock. She started to tremble when he touched her neck and ran his hands down her body. When he touched her there, she started sobbing.

He smacked her on the buttocks, hard. "Shut up!" She tried to stifle her sobs. That had really hurt. "Now, sit up and get undressed."

She started shaking. "What are you going to do to me," she asked in a very small, little girl voice, but she did sit up.

"You be a good girl, do what I tell you, and you'll be ok. It doesn't have to hurt, you know."

Sandy felt like she was going to throw up. "What doesn't have to hurt?" Her voice trembled and she hated that. She didn't want to be weak.

"Get off all of your clothes, now," He looked at his watch. "You have thirty seconds." Sandy swallowed hard and got undressed. Her butt still hurt where he'd hit her. He smiled when she pulled her panties down and he could see her developing hips and pubis. When she pulled her T-shirt off and undid her bra, revealing her just budding breasts, he gulped and touched her. Her nipples hardened against his palms and felt himself getting excited.

He stepped back and rubbed his expanding crotch. He started to unbuckle his belt when there was the sound of footsteps outside of the door. He froze. The door knob turned and the door was rattled. His eyes widened and he yanked his belt tight. He drew a small pistol from a holster concealed in the small of his back and fired through the door. He ran to the door, fumbled for what seemed like a very long time with the padlock and finally swung the door open.

Sandy was trying to get dressed as quickly as possible, but she took the time to try to see what was outside of the room. All she could see, in the dim light, were concrete blocks. She pulled on her T-shirt, not bothering with the bra. Her panties and jeans had been together and she'd pulled them on at the same time.

The man slammed the door and ran out, cursing. Sandy was still untied. She considered if she should try to escape. What she'd seen out of the door had not inspired confidence that she could escape. She wondered if the door was unlocked. Standing, she gingerly made her way to the door. Pressing her ear to the door, she closed her eyes to concentrate and listened. She could hear nothing. She turned the knob and it did turn. Gathering her courage, she yanked the door, but it refused to budge. It was locked from the outside, now.

She felt limp. She managed to stagger back to the bed and fell face first onto it. Sobbing, she drifted into sleep.

Day 3:

Tanner slowed his jeep and took the last turn easy. He'd located the marina that he'd spotted on the map and looked up the records on it. The ownership seemed to be on the up and up, but they didn't seem to do a lot of business. It could be legitimate, but it could be a front for something else. It made sense to exercise caution, especially if the kidnaper was around here. That could turn nasty, fast.

The marina was small with eight slips and a dry dock storage facility. There was no sign of life or habitation. It almost looked like a self service facility. As he drove in, there had been a worn sign with two phone numbers on it: Management and Service. His was the only vehicle on the premises and there was no sign of anyone around. He cruised the area and finally headed to the water. He killed the engine and got out. The third slip had a cigarette boat moored there. "No way," he breathed.

His investigation was quick and thorough. The boat was very clean, but he'd found one blond hair, between the floor boards. It really didn't make a lot of difference. The case would be over before a DNA test would complete, but it sure made him think she'd been on that boat.

"Find anything?" a familiar voice asked.

Tanner froze in his tracks and felt a shiver run up his neck. Turning, he saw the man who'd showed him the location of the marina on the map.

"It is a nice place to dock, though, isn't it? Real private."

Detective Tanner was thinking fast. He stuck out his hand. "Tanner, Roy Tanner. I'm pleased to meet you, Mister?"

The man smiled and nodded. "My friends call me Greg. Sorry, but I can't shake your hand. Arthritis, you know. It flared up this morning. I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, sir."

"You don't mind if I ask you why you're here, do you?" Roy stared at him intently.

Greg smiled. "Of course I don't mind. Just reminiscing. It's a nice view, don't you think. It's been at least 10 years since I was around this way. It brings back memories. Some good, some bad, but there are a lot of memories. My wife and I, rest her soul, spent a lot of time here. We had slip eight and our boat was the Lucky Eight Ball. Memories. Lots of them."

Detective Tanner shivered again. "You asked me if I'd found anything. What did you mean?"

Greg frowned. "Well, I figured if you're, here, poking around, you're probably working on the kidnaping. It is the major news item." He pulled a cold pipe from a pouch on his side and stuck it between his teeth. "Am I right?"

Tanner felt himself smiling. "You know I can't say, but I need to get to my radio. Could you excuse me for a bit?"

"Of course, Sir. By the way, did you hear about the freaky thing that happened with the Biggs property? You never know, do you?"

Returning to his Jeep, Detective Tanner switched to the tac freq assigned to the Kemyss Case. Signing in, he reported what he'd found to the federal task force. He mentioned the hair that he'd found. They were so shocked they forgot to complain about his meddling and asked him to stand by until they could get there. They gave him an ETA of 15 minutes.

He smiled. It felt good to shake them up every now and then. Since he had some time to kill, he might as well spend it trying to learn what Greg knew of the area. Even though he'd not been around for 10 years or so, it was obvious the he knew a lot more about the area than the average person.

He turned, ready to continue the discussion about the Biggs property. Frowning he wondered where he'd gone too so quickly. "Greg," he called. Silence was the only response. Now, where had he gotten to? He'd have heard a boat, and there was no other vehicle, other than his, and his was blocking the only egress. If he was on foot, he sure could move. Detective Tanner was confused, but more curious about the reference to the Biggs property. He remembered something, about a month ago, about that.

His lap top beeped as it acquired the satellite signal. He glanced at the transfer rate and nodded. Not too bad. He scanned the news archives and found what he was looking for. Mr. Biggs had been killed in a one car accident on the interstate. Considering the circumstance, it was assumed he'd fallen asleep and lost control. No reason for the accident was apparent and it was late at night. It appeared to be just one of those unexplained events. "Now, why would Greg think that was unusual enough to mention. Oh, he'd said property, anyway, "

A new scan, including the word property turned up another article. This one was telling about the estate sale of the property only one day after the death certificate had been issued. That was unusual.

The sound of a helicopter heralded the arrival of the federal task force.

She knew there as nothing she could do. She closed her eyes and let him touch her wherever he wanted to. She knew he was naked, except for the ski mask, and she knew he was doing things to himself as he touched her. She'd thrown up once and he'd been really mean. She'd never thought that she could really lick it up and swallow it, but she found that she could. She'd thrown up twice more and each time he'd hurt her and made her lick it up.

That was earlier. He'd given her something to drink, to wash her mouth out. It had been wine and she'd really felt funny after drinking it. She didn't even mind too much what he'd been doing, then. As long as she didn't have to see what he was doing, it wasn't too bad. She gritted her teeth and tried to think of a nice warm, dark place where she could hide.

Tanner approached the old Boggs property very carefully. He had a feeling about this, and he wasn't taking any chances. He could see a house, now, and a beat up old car parked in front. He pulled off the road, killed the engine and proceeded on foot. He approached the car, carefully, but there was no sign of life anywhere around. The trunk was ajar so he looked in. A little blood, blond hair, signs of a struggle. Without DNA, not conclusive evidence, but Detective Tanner knew. He keyed his walkie talkie and radioed his position to the federal agents. ETA, twenty minutes.

That's when he heard the scream. It was the scream of a young girl in mortal terror and pain. He started running toward the house. He hit the door, hard. He'd expected it to fold, but he bounced off of it like it was made of concrete. His shoulder hurt and he felt a flush of rage. He stepped back and kicked, right below the door knob. The door should have gone flying but it didn't. If he hadn't been wearing his boots, he realized he could have broken his ankle.

The screams started again.

He was hurting her. It hurt inside and he wouldn't stop. He'd tied her up again and she couldn't even hit him to make it stop. She arched her back and jerked back, trying to escape the pain and violation. She screamed and thrashed around and struggled, but the bonds held her tightly.

He removed his finger from her and punched her in the stomach. She gasped for air and was almost completely paralyzed. She could feel him releasing her bonds. He'd spread her legs and was crawling on the bed, on top of her. His pants were down and she finally understood what was going to happen. She screamed again, a small, breathy, terrified sound that no one could hear. She could feel him beginning to tear into her when the door to the room splintered and flew off of the hinges.

He rolled off of her, pulling his pants up and reaching for his gun. He aimed, but there was nothing to be seen except smoke that was billowing into the open door. He holstered his gun in the back holster and threw her over his shoulder. He staggered as he straightened and coughed. The smoke was getting thicker really quick. He stumbled into the hallway and began trying to make his way through the thick smoke. Sandy, draped over his shoulder, saw the gun at his back. Daddy had taught her how to shoot. She grabbed the gun from the holster and pressed it to his spine and pulled the trigger.

The explosion scared her and the recoil tore the pistol from her grip. The bullet cleanly severed his spine and he crumbled to the floor. Sandy stood, totally disoriented, confused and unable to see. The smoke was choking her and she could feel the heat of a fire, from which direction, she wasn't sure.

She felt a hand take hers. "This way, Darling. We have to get you out of here. It's going to get hot."

"OK."

He turned and reversed their direction. "We need to move faster," he said. The ceiling collapsed where they had been standing that her kidnaper began screaming. She could see that flaming debris had fallen across his useless legs. He was beating on the flames with his hands. Blisters were forming on his hands and the skin was beginning to peel off. He was thrashing around just like she had been. She couldn't help it. She giggled.

The man holding her hand pulled her away. "We have got to get out of here!" They traveled a labyrinth of tunnels, through several doors and finally emerged into sunlight. She squinted and coughed smoke out of her lungs. "You see that man, down there, trying to get into that door? Run down there and tell him you're Sandy and that you want to go home, OK?"

"Hey, Mom. Look what I found in the attic." Sandy came running downstairs, holding a very dusty photo album.

"I haven't seen that one for years. Wherever did you find it?" Her mother took the album from her and quickly scanned through it. "I can't believe you found it. These were taken around the time you were born." She sighed. "I can't believe that was eighteen years ago, today."

"At least my eighteenth birthday wasn't like my tenth one." Sandy sat and stared into space.

Her mother put her arm around her. "That still bothers you, doesn't it?"

Sandy nodded. "All the shrinks have helped some, but it's still there. I haven't had a bad dream in a long time, but it is my birthday, and I do remember."

"It's OK, Honey. Let's just look at these old pictures and forget about that for the moment." She opened the album and started telling Sandy who the people were and the event of the photo. She turned a page and Sandy felt an electric thrill course through her body. She knew that man! He was...

Her mother pointed at the familiar face. "That's your Grand Dad, Gregory Walsh. He died the day you were born. It was a boating accident. Your Grandmother and the Mosses died in the same accident."

"Mom.... that's the man who rescued me....."