

Frog Head Key

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By Eric Douglas



Chapter 8

Back at the house boat, Kia helped Jackson limp to his bedroom while Littlebear began making some phone calls. He was out of his jurisdiction, but the local sheriff knew him well and respected what he and Jackson had done before. He knew there wasn't going to be a problem getting things set up.

“Littlebear, tell them time is short. Those guys know their time is up. They’re going to bail as soon as they can. If we want to catch them, we have to get back out there in a hurry,” Jackson shouted from the bedroom.

“Now be quiet and tell me what to do,” Kia said, pushing Jackson down on the bed. “We need to deal with this hole in your leg before you go anywhere.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jackson said with a smile and a mock salute. He was quickly becoming impressed with the young woman’s strength and assertiveness. She hadn’t faltered or hesitated when things got crazy out on the island.

“I’ve bandaged cuts and scrapes, but never a gun shot, so you’re going to have to tell me what to do,” she said, opening a first aid kit.

“I bandaged quite a few when I was a paramedic in New York, but I have to admit I’ve never done one on my own body either, so this will be a new experience for both of us,” Jackson said. “This is a pellet from a shotgun, not a bullet fortunately. I think it hit me as I dove in the water, so it might have slowed down a bit.”

“What do you need me to do?” Kia asked.

“Feel around the edges of the wound and see if you can feel the pellet under the skin,” Jackson directed as he laid back. “You’ll have to press down. If it’s near the skin, maybe you can push it out. If not, don’t worry about it. We’ll get it later.”

“Are you sure? That’s got to hurt,” she protested.

“I’m sure. Just see what you can do,” Jackson said.

Carefully, Kia felt around the edges of the wound with her finger tips. Jackson gritted his teeth as she did, trying to focus on anything else.

“I feel a little pellet in there moving around,” she said.

“See if you can work it back to the surface and get it out of there.”

Kia pressed harder with her finger tips, moving the pellet into position.

“I think I’ve got it. Hold on. Just hold on a second,” Kia said, focusing on the wound. It had stopped bleeding, but her ministrations and the movement of the pellet was causing it to start up again. “Jackson I feel it. One more second. Got it. There it is. I got the little bugger.”

“Damn that hurt,” Jackson said when he finally released his breath. “Thanks. Now take those gauze pads and apply direct pressure to the wound. We need to get the bleeding stopped again.”

Kia moved around to lie beside Jackson on the bed, pressing down hard on the side of his thigh. She put her other arm around his shoulders and made herself comfortable. Jackson looked up to realize his face was inches away from hers and her body was pressed against his. She looked at him at the same time he realized their position and they stared into each other’s eyes. Jackson was suddenly aware of the feeling of her firm body lying next to his and the attraction that he had noted earlier suddenly came back stronger than he expected.

“Ummm, hi,” he said.

“Hi yourself,” Kia said, with a wide grin.

“Hey guys, I’ve got some great news,” Littlebear said as he came through the bedroom door. “Whoops, umm, I’m sorry. Am I interrupting something?”

“Nothing we can’t get back to later,” Kia said with a wink as she unwrapped herself from Jackson and stood to clean up the bloody towels from the bed. She acted as if nothing had passed between the two of them, but gave Littlebear a wicked smile as she passed.

“What was that?” Littlebear asked when Kia had left the room.

“Who knows? Nothing. Nothing at all. Now, what is this great news,” Jackson said shaking his head.

“Sheriff Yearly is in. He’s giving us all the support we need to get these bastards,” Littlebear said. “He’ll have two patrol boats here in about a half an hour and a helicopter ready and waiting to take off on our signal. All we have to do is tell them the plan.”

“Perfect. You still want to do what we discussed on the way in?” Jackson said.

“Yeah, I think that is going to be the best way to get these guys and keep anyone else from getting hurt,” Littlebear agreed. “How’s your leg? You ready to go?”

“Yeah, Kia was just about to finish up the bandage when you came in,” Jackson said. “Let me wrap it up and we can go.”

“Is that what you call what she was doing?” Littlebear said with a smile.



Snake arrived at the island a half an hour after he got the call from Billy. He was furious.

“I can’t leave you two idiots alone for a few hours until you blow the entire operation,” Snake yelled. “Look at this place! They blew up the boat?”

“Sorry, Snake. There was just too many of them. Had to be 10 or 12 guys. I think they must be from one of those Colombian gangs or something,” Billy said. “They came in, threatened us and then blew up the boat. We’re lucky we’re still alive.”

“Is that how it went, Tommy?” Snake asked, skeptical. “A gang of a dozen Colombians came to this tiny little speck of land and blew up the boat? Is that your story too?”

“Sure, Snake. That’s how it happened. They said they wanted to take over the operation,” Tommy said, shaking his head up and down. “They thought it was really smart of you to mix the meth into the booze to transport it. The cops don’t suspect the drugs and your clients get hooked on it, making them buy more. They said that was pure genius.”

“I don’t believe either of you,” Snake said matter-of-factly. “The only reason I’m even going to take you with me is to help me carry everything out of here. We’ll set it up somewhere else. But we have to get out of here and now. I could see the smoke in the air for miles so the police are sure to come out and investigate. Get it all picked up and in the boat. We need to get out of here now.”

“Thanks, Snake. Sure thing,” Tommy and Billy said, together. They turned and ran back to the stills and began grabbing bottles of the processed moonshine while Snake walked to the methamphetamine lab and collected the finished product from there as well.

“Morons,” Snake said to himself with a laugh “If they think I’m taking them out of here, they both have another thing coming.”