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She closed her eyes, shaking her head. "I want to go home. Please, I just want to go home. I want JD." Sobs cut her speech short.

Mason couldn't bear to see her unravel, but what could he do? Dee Dee came to his rescue. Grabbing a blanket from an abandoned chair, she wrapped it around Ellen's shoulders and sat her down.

"Don't you worry honey, Spider won't hurt you. I'll kick his ass if he even looks cross-eyed at you." She smiled. "Rambo and Mad Dog are good people. They'll come back as soon as their job is done." Dee Dee looked up at Mason. "Go on now.

Wearily Mason turned to leave and then saw Desi. Her emerald eyes glowered with anger and confusion. Well acquainted with her jealous nature, he hoped she would go easy on Ellen.

The men walked in silence. Soon Mad Dog left to find Spider. Jack paused to light up a joint. "Sorry about my little outburst. I hope I didn't get you in any trouble with your friends. I can't abide an employee not following orders." He took a hit, then passed it to Mason.

Mason waved it away. "Can't right now, I'm on security."

"You take your responsibilities seriously. That's good," Jack took another drag. "Muck Eye tells me you're looking to get into another line of work. Tired of mill work.'

"I sure the hell am. I hate the mill. I've always liked your product, so I asked Muck Eye to check things out."

"Always good to have a satisfied customer. My payroll is stacked right now, but I'll keep you in mind. Are you handy with that weapon?"

"Pretty good. Why? You looking for protection?" Mason scrutinized Jack. He looked nothing like what he had expected.

"I might. I tell you what Rambo, you're a smart guy, so why don't we see how things go this weekend? You might decide you don't like the way I run things. Not everyone is good enough to work for me, you know." Jack ground the blunt into the ground. "I can be a real son-of-a-bitch."

"I think we'll get along fine, Mr. Nelson, if you keep away from Desi. She's not part of the deal.'

Jack laughed. "Ah, I saw the two of you at the river this afternoon. She's even more beautiful topless."

Mason's jaw clenched, but he forced a smile. "You know, you and I are a lot alike." He spat, missing Jack's sandaled feet by a mere inch. "We both appreciate

beautiful women." He looked him straight in the eye. "And we both can be real sonsof-bitches.'

Dee lit up a cigarette. Desi twisted the cap off of a beer bottle and sat down, pulling her long legs up. She studied Ellen with contempt.

Ellen pulled the blanket taut, using it as a shield to protect herself from the hawklike stare. A trapped rabbit, she expected Desi to spring from her chair and pounce. "So, Rambo said he'd take care of you?"

"Yes." Ellen nodded. A shrewd defensive move began to formulate. Excitement crept up Ellen's spine. She could use Desi's jealousy to her advantage. Leaning forward, Ellen explained. "All I wanted to do was telephone for a tow truck at that farmhouse. Your boyfriend wouldn't allow it. Said he didn't want the police showing up, even though I assured him I would never do that. He got angry and pinned me up against the car. I'll probably have bruises." She shook her head. "I can't figure out why he is so set on keeping me here. Can you?

Desi guzzled her beer and then tossed the bottle. It struck the large rocks encompassing the fire. Cracked glass sizzled. Ellen bent back, as sparks flew. Blue flame immediately consumed the gold foil label, peeling it away like blistered skin from a bad sunburn. The fractured bottle exploded with a loud pop.

Dee Dee jumped. "What's the matter with you? Why the hell did you throw that into the fire?'

A stoic Desi caused a sinking feeling to gnaw the pit of Ellen's stomach. Her sneer could only mean Ellen's ploy had failed and now she probably would attack. But then Desi's eyebrows rose slightly and a pink glossy smile slipped across her jaw.

"I can take you over to Old Man Mullen's place. You can call for a truck and be on your way. Rambo and Mad Dog probably won't be back until daylight. By the time they miss you--if they even do-- you'll be gone." Desi twirled a piece of her blonde hair around a manicured finger.

"You'd do that for me? How very generous." Ellen stood, tossing the blanket on the chair. Relief swelled. Finally she would be able to get out of this nightmare. "Lead the way." she smiled, sweeping her hand outward. Desi stood and slipped on a pair of leather sandals. They started for the house, but a low gravel voice stopped them cold. Panic slithered up the back of Ellen's neck. She turned. Dee Dee aimed a finger in their direction. The fire light glowed in her kinked red hair and her petite size suddenly loomed large. Ellen felt like she was looking down the barrel of a forty-four. "Sit down! No one is going anywhere."

For comment on the story e-mail Sally at sallyb7870@sbcglobal.net



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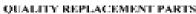
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