



# 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 22*

### *No Way Back*

It had taken him a couple of days and a lot of soul searching to fully understand what Director Stephanie Taylor was asking him to do. Since the death of Tyrone Street's twin brother and wife, Hector Lassiter, through Director Taylor, found himself in a dangerous situation that could become life threatening if not handled correctly. As an operative of the SOF, Lassiter knew his role and what was expected of him. His last conversation with Director Taylor was evident that he would have to assume an alternate identity. The reason for him being in Arizona to meet with Director Taylor was to confirm what he had already prepared himself to do...infiltrate General Benson's inner circle.

0200 hours, the outskirts of Goodyear, Arizona, Estrella Mountain Ranch Park. Hector Lassiter sat alone inside his vintage 1968 Oldsmobile 98. It was a black, Arizona night, no moon, no still breeze to cool the awful suffocating heat that gripped the city with no relief in sight. Time on his hands, his mind was in rewind about his unplanned meeting with the unknown man and his two female accomplices. Earlier, they had appeared from out of nowhere while he was parked at his favorite spot, killing time, no doubt. Despite being willing to listen to their sells pitch, he never really trusted them. There was just something about the trio that never connected with him. He had a hunch that they were there not just to entice him in to joining their team, but to possibly take him out.

He knew something else, too.

If they didn't make a decision to whack him during the impromptu meeting at the Chase Field Garage – then he suspected that they would likely find a way to get to him when his guard was down. There was no doubt in his mind that the unknown man and his two female accomplices wanted Tyrone Street at all cost.

And another thing...

It was no secret, and Hector Lassiter's gut told him what his instincts already knew – the trio had to be connected to General Benson who no doubt had his goons Smalls and Stone chumping at the bit to have another chance at eliminating Street. They'd go after Stella Vaughn, also if they could get close enough to her before she becomes the *Blue Lady*.

Hector Lassiter was still anxious, not to mention breathing a little heavily from the isolated location from which he found himself sitting in his 98 waiting for a secret, late night, rendezvous with Stephanie Taylor. And, she was running late, forcing him to sit and wait in the black of night with no cover other than his 98.

He took a deep breath, exhaled, and thought about looking at his cell phone but had second thoughts. The glow from the phone once activated would surely give away his position. As he waited patiently for Stephanie Taylor and staring intently at his cell phone, hoping it would not ring, Lassiter heard numerous noises off in the distance. He looked up at the rearview mirror in time to see what appeared to be a pack of Coyote's making their way toward the car. As they got closer to his car, he feared they would begin to make their spine-chilling howls and do what Coyotes do when they sense danger.

He cut his eyes back and forth from the rearview mirror to the side mirrors and back, again, at the rearview mirror.

*Director Taylor needs to get her ass here! Those three jokers from the garage just could be stalking me at this very moment. It's bad enough I'm out here with no backup! I got my small guns, but my real muscle is in the trunk. I definitely don't need an encounter with Goodyear's finest or some Maricopa County Sherriff out for a late-night ride.*

*Those damn Coyotes...look at them! There's three of them walking around, huffing and woofing, all the while...stalking my car. The glow from their eyes is laser sharp as they appear to be starring right through me. One of them, a really big, wolf like creature, is just standing in front of my car looking at me while the other two keep moving back and forth from both sides of the car then taking positions directly behind me. It's like they are taking signals from the big one...who is just standing there looking from the two in the back, to me and back, again, to the two who are now standing behind my car.*

*What is going on here?*

*And, where the hell is Director Taylor.*

Hector Lassiter shook his head. If he knew nothing else, he understood that life as an SOF Operative is life-threatening...dangerous.

He knew something else, too.

There is no room for mistakes. No room for uncertainty, hesitation or underestimating his adversaries. Director Taylor expected from him nothing less than his best.

What bothered him more than anything...wasn't his chance meeting with the unknown man and his two female accomplices in Phoenix – fact is...they were recruiting him to turn on Tyrone Street and...that they expected him to infiltrate Streets inner circle.

In his mind, it was one thing to have to listen to three people he didn't know. But to be expected to agree to do something contrary to what the SOF expected from him...this, Hector Lassiter was sure, was not only risky but dangerous. Particularly if Tyrone Street and his CREW were to find out about his involvement.

Suddenly, the Arizona rains came.

His windows were cracked.

He raised the windows.

The rain continued in what seemed like regular intervals – one hour so far with strong winds gusting sometimes rocking the 98 back and forth. All the while the hounds held their position at the rear of the car while the big one stood very still, in front of the 98, staring at him. He glanced up nervously at the steady down pour of rain. He was content to hold fast...maintain his position inside the car, patiently awaiting Director Taylor's arrival.

It was an eerie still and calm and quiet night...too quiet. And, as with most nights in Arizona, there was very little wind circulating in and around his location. Suddenly, he heard a sound coming from the rear passenger area. Then laughter from directly behind the car caused Lassiter to be distracted for a moment. Then, behind him, a woman's laughter.

Lassiter half-turned, looked at the windshield.

*The big Coyote...it's gone! I was just looking at him. He was right in front of me...looking right at me for what seemed an eternity.*

Laughter again.

A woman's cackle.

Lassiter turned around!

Director Taylor was sitting in the backseat looking right at him, smiling. Stunned, Lassiter closed then opened his eyes. He looked out the window, trying to come to grips with the strange anomaly. The two Coyotes were still standing at the rear of the car but now, Director, Stephanie Taylor was sitting in his back seat, staring at him, smiling.

“How are you doing, Hector Lassiter?” She said, still smiling.

“I don’t know how I’m doing, Ma’am...” He said looking at the two Coyotes standing at the rear of the 98.

*This is a freaky mess I got myself in. He cut his eyes at Director Taylor then back and forth at the Coyotes. Where in the did she come from? I’ve been so consumed with these dumb ass Coyotes stalking my car ’till I never even heard her get into my backseat. There’s no way she could have done this without me hearing the backdoors open and close. Ain’t no way...! But here she is sitting there staring right at me.*

Perplexed, Lassiter reached forward, opened the glove compartment, pulled a black flask from the compartment. He unscrewed the top on the flask, lifted it to his mouth.

“To settle my nerves,” then, before he could take one swig, Director Taylor cleared her throat.

“Give me that!” She barked.

Lassiter looked at her, confused. He was all but ready to throw caution to the wind and take that hit...a small single dose, just a tiny nip. Everything changed, when he looked past Director Taylor and suddenly realized that the two Coyotes standing at the rear of the car suddenly began to go through a remarkable transformation. In a matter of seconds, both went from being four legged creatures to two physically fit, well-groomed Black men wearing full length leather coats.

“I won’t ask you again, Hector Lassiter...” Director Taylor said then frowned. “Give me that flask.”

Reluctantly, Hector Lassiter reached forward...holding the flask in his right hand and handed it to her. He never took his eyes off the two Black men.

*What the hell is going on out here on the outskirts of Goodyear, Arizona? Coyotes are now humans? Director Taylor slips into my 98 without me having a clue as to where she came from. What have I got myself into?*

Director Taylor watched him closely. She was there for a reason and time was not on her side. Her first priority was to get him back on the clock. She’d have to do whatever she needed to do to make sure he was himself, again. She reached forward. And, in the process of taking the flask from his right hand, she reached for and gripped his right wrist then slowly reaching forward, she took the flask and as she placed it on the armrest next to her, Hector Lassiter blinked his eyes repeatedly.

And, just like that, suddenly...he was himself, again.

“Director Taylor...” He said smiling. “I’m happy to see your, again.”

“I’ve been looking forward to our meeting, Hector.”

“I see you have Johnny and Nathan standing by.”

“They are always around, Hector.”

“So, who’s keeping an eye on Street?”

“You let me worry about that.”

“Let’s get down to why I’m here.”

“Let’s do that.”

“Talk to me...” She leaned forward, looked at him eye-to-eye. “Talk to me about your chance encounter in downtown Phoenix at the Chase Field garage.”

“Yeah...it was a trip. I was confronted by two tall females and an even taller fucker dressed in a black trench coat and black fedora.”

“You get a good look at the tall man...?”

“Nah...no more’n he wanted me to see.”

“What about the two women?”

“They were Asian... Pretty as hell. And there was this thing...strange thing about their eyes.”

“Their eyes...”

“Yeah...you look at ’em and it’s like you get locked in.”

“So, what did they want? What is their game...? Their angle...?”

“You ain’t gonna believe this...but they want me to join their team. They want me to help them get close to Tyrone Street. Get into his inner circle and report everything he does back to them.”

“Really...?”

“Hell yeah!”

“What did you tell them?”

“I didn’t tell ’em shit, yet.”

Hector Lassiter narrowed his eyes.

*She must think I’m stupid! I’m gonna admit to Director Stephanie Taylor that I met with three people I don’t know! And, during the meeting, I spilled the beans on her boy...Major Tyrone Street! Seriously...?*

“You’re a good man, Hector Lassiter.” Stephanie Taylor said then grinned. “We have work to do. You remember our last conversation and what we talked about, right?”

Lassiter nodded his head indicating that he understood.

“The fact that they are trying to use you against Tyrone Street is not the way we want this to work, period.”

“I agree...”

“What do you expect from me, tonight?”

“One of the things I expect is that we need to flip the script on them.”

Hector Lassiter looked right at Director Taylor.

And, to her he said. “So...what you want me to do, is go along with them. Get closer than close to them. Find out what they’re up to, right?”

“Can you do this?”

“Yes, I’m up for the task.”

“Here’s the trick, Hector Lassiter... You can’t under any circumstances allow your cover to be blown. You cannot give away our objective.”

“I understand fully what’s expected Ma’am.”

“I expected you to get closer than close to one of the Asian girls. Pump her for information if you have to. If need be...do ’em both. Turn ’em against each other. We need to know what their plans are for Tyrone Street.”

“I will get the job done, Ma’am.”

“No matter how desperate things get, do not contact us under any circumstances. We will be watching and will provide you the necessary support and back up...if needed.”

“I’m committed to the cause, Ma’am.”

“You need to understand, Hector Lassiter that you are going to be deep undercover, with...no way out if they figure things out.”

“I will get the job done, Ma’am.”

Director Taylor looked at Hector Lassiter for a long moment without saying another word.

*He knows about Tyrone’s brother and his sister-in-law and how they were brutally murdered. What he doesn’t know is why they were murdered.*

*There are forces out there that want Tyrone and Stella Vaughn eliminated. They will stop at nothing to achieve their goal.*

*General Benson along with his two FBI Henchmen, Smalls and Stone haven’t given up on their goal to destroy Street. They will use every means possible to accomplish their mission. Even if it means killing everyone and anyone close to or associated with Street and his CREW.*

*I am hoping...Hector Lassiter will be up for the challenge.*

