

Chapter Forty-nine

I called Don Grant's cell number when I deplaned in Lauderdale. He picked up on the first ring.

"Deposit my money, Don. It's over."

"Difficult?"

"No, I've had much worse. I got him to give me a list of recipients of the bank's money. I asked for it in case Kane wasn't successful."

"That's good, but Able did extremely well. He has a goldmine of info. He's on his way to Dallas as we speak, and I want you to come over as well. Duncan, I need your help in sifting through what he's bringing. I'm hoping we'll be able to use the intel to bag a bunch of these assholes. As soon as I can, I'm going to turn our organization in that direction. I've already made a reservation for you at the same Holiday Inn in Richardson where we met before. Kane and I will be there also. Ask for me when you check in."

I agreed to the meeting. "I'll get there as soon as I can." I hung up and went to one of the airport bars. I ordered a scotch and let my mild paranoia kick in. If Grant is on the level, I thought, he is moving me close in to the inner circle, or whatever their structure calls the leadership. If he is not, then he could be setting me up. I would be toast, he would be a half million bucks ahead and some other poor sucker would get recruited. On the other hand, if he is genuinely asking for my assistance, then I might have a chance to add some really dirty scumbags to my tally. I'd like that. But I felt like a wary mouse that's checking out the cheese on a little wooden platform. If this sounds like vacillation of the highest order, you're right. I know what you're thinking. How can

someone who has done all the things I have done be so wishy-washy? Well, I'm human, just like you. And I've avoided a lot of pitfalls by dithering at the right time. Any more questions?

I finished my drink and called Bitsy. I filled her in on the event in the Bahamas and the invitation to the meeting in Dallas. "I've decided to go. I've also made up my mind to bail out at the first opportunity. Here's what I want you to do. Get out of L.A. as fast as you can. Fly to Panama on the first flight you can book. Go to the Gamboa Rain Forest Lodge. It's about twenty miles inland from Balboa, at the confluence of the canal and the Chagres River. It's a luxury resort, so you'll be comfortable there. It's not one of those tree house hotels. Wait for me there. I'll get there as soon as I can. Check in under your real name. I'm not sure if they check passports or not. In the meantime I'll clean out our accounts. I love you. Bitsy."

"Oh, I love you too, Duncan. Please, please be careful."

"I will. I'll see you soon. Have fun in Panama."

"Of course I will. 'Til then."

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