

## 34 Flight

The whole day was spent getting ready to leave. Horse was antsy: he continually pointed out to Tiffany that while they seemed to be living anonymously in Key West, the very fact that they were on Key West, with only one point of entry and exit, in and of itself was ill advised. “If they find us, we’re trapped.” So, they decided to leave earlier than planned.

They packed up the Chariot of Fire and left under the shield of darkness—just as they had arrived—and pulled into Tampa barely ahead of the sun. It had taken them more than nine hours for a seven-hour drive since the Chariot had a top, wind-aided speed of 65 miles per hour—so much for making the quarter mile in fifteen seconds.

They found a flea bitten—quite literally—motel on the outskirts of Tampa and checked in with cash and assumed names. The room had two beds and for the first time since Tiffany had made her escape from Nassau, she got to sleep in a real bed.

She awoke to the sound of the shower, as Horse got ready to meet Sanchez and his family, and uncontrollable itching. And it wasn’t from her sunburn: fleas or bedbugs, pick your poison. It had a yuck-factor of ten to the tenth power.

“I’m not staying here another moment,” she announced to Johnson as he emerged from the bathroom fully dressed.

He grinned at her scratching. “If you’re coming with me, you better get going ‘cause I’m meeting him in forty minutes.”

With traffic, it took them closer to an hour and a half. Horse parked the Chariot in an economy lot and hiked to the airport. Tiffany stayed behind, hacked into a Wi-Fi signal and searched for a hotel in Fort Lauderdale, their next stop. Once she knew the names they would be traveling under, she would purchase plane tickets to San Juan and from San Juan they could catch a flight to St. Lucia. She also logged into her Yahoo account.

There was an email waiting in her inbox. She held her breath. Finally, contact from the outside world. She opened the email. It was encrypted. The key was stored was stored on firmware on the Devil Box. She pulled out a USB cord and made the connection and the downloaded the message and opened it.

*We need to meet. Your choice.*

*Jay*

As she was staring at it, her mind wandering, Horse returned and he tossed an envelop onto her lap. She jumped.

“Open it.”

She did. “Franklin and Bobette Lewis? You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” Tiffany groaned while examining the documents. Horse let out a hearty chuckle. They had passport cards, Texas drivers’ licenses, and a few phony credit cards with the Lewis’ names embossed.

Despite the names, the identification documents were flawless. Now, she would have to create passport identities for Franklin and Bobette through the CIA software she

had hijacked and, hopefully, it would interface with the Texas Department of Public Safety database for the drivers' licenses. She would also be able to link the credit cards to the bank account she had established through the Magic system when they had first begun their flight from whoever was targeting them. Now they had to decide whether to meet with the face of the Office of International Cooperation.