
Mounted

by
E. H. Reinhard

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Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5)

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Mounted An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller, Book 5

When a package containing macabre photos of four dead women is mailed to a Louisville newspaper, the Manassas FBI office is called upon. Agents Hank Rawlings and Beth Harper are immediately dispatched to the scene.

*The man responsible for the murders, along with horrific acts upon the remains, has referred to himself as *The Sportsman*. A letter included with the photos pledges more killings to come.*

*In Louisville, Hank and Beth work diligently to track *Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5)* down every hint of a lead. However, with each new piece of evidence uncovered, the investigation only raises more questions—questions they simply don't have answers to.*

For the killer, the dead women, as well as his tinkering with their remains, was merely preparation for a larger goal—something he'd promised someone years before.

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CHAPTER ONE

William Allen David sat in a gray cloth recliner in the largest of four rooms on the lower level of his home. His feet were perched on a leather ottoman. The basement of the single-story home was partially finished and contained the living room he was sitting in—complete with fireplace—another finished room that the previous owner had made into a den, and two additional rooms—one for storage and Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) one for laundry. He'd recently purchased the home Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) and relocated to that part of the country for a new job, one he'd been terminated from after two days. In his right hand, he clutched a remote control. A large Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) flat-screen television was affixed to the wall beside the mantel of the fireplace, which was an odd placement for the television but one that would serve his needs. William clicked the button on the remote to rewind Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) the DVD that had been playing on a loop—he played the recording again and paused the screen at two minutes and twenty-six seconds—his favorite part of the recorded telecast—where the female sports anchor fumbled for her words.

William set the remote control on the end table beside him and lifted his glass of scotch from its coaster. He tucked the glass under his thick, overgrown mustache and took a long, slow drink as he stared at the image paused on the television screen.

A sound caught his ear from over his left Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) shoulder. He set his drink back down on the end table and pushed himself from his seat. William walked to a closed door at the back of Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) the room, near the stairwell leading up, and opened it.

Inside was the storage room, with the laundry room off to his left. The left, right, and back walls in the storage room were white-painted cinder blocks though they weren't visible. Plastic

sheeting Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) hung from the ceiling to the floor and draped over the chest freezers butted up against the left and right walls. In the center of the room was a large table, which was also covered in plastic—a couple of items sat on the table's surface.

William stood in the doorway and stared at his guest standing near the back wall. The woman's name was Katelyn Willard, and she was a twenty-two-year-old brunette. William had followed her from a restaurant back to her apartment and had picked her up in the parking lot. William took in her body once more. Katelyn had a thin face with big brown eyes—they'd need to be changed. Her skin was flawless, the same tone as what he sought. Katelyn's long, straight hair hung inches past her shoulders. The hair Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) color and style wasn't right, but William could easily take care of that with a trim and some hair dye.

He walked over to the table and picked up an old Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) camera. He hung it by its cord around his neck and stepped directly before her. The woman was standing with her back against the cinder-block wall. Her arms were outstretched at her sides, her wrists shackled. The cables that extended from the shackles, four feet in length each, went up to bolts through an I-beam Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) that supported the floor above. Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) Katelyn's ankles were also shackled in a similar fashion though the cables restraining her were connected to anchors sunk into the concrete floor. Katelyn wore a ball gag in her mouth—nothing else.

William gently took her face in his hand—she yanked her head back from his touch. He rubbed the wetness from her teary cheeks across his brown-and-red flannel shirt. He lifted the camera and put his eye to the viewfinder, centering her head in the window. Katelyn turned away from him.

“Look at me,” William said. “They need to see what you look like while you're alive.”

His words must have caught her off guard, for she looked directly at him. William caught her Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) look of fear in his viewfinder as he focused on her.

“There we go,” he said and snapped the photo. “That one is going to look real nice.”

Katelyn mumbled something again.

“I didn't catch that,” William said. He pulled the camera from around his neck and set it back on the table, from which he picked up a large hunting knife, and walked back to Katelyn. William held the knife before her so she could get a look. Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) He spoke inches from her face. “Sorry, I'm going to have to kill you now. I need more practice.”

She screamed into the gag and ripped her body back and forth.

William tapped the blade of the knife against the ball in her mouth. “You know what they say: practice makes perfect. I need it to be perfect.”

Katelyn screamed again into the gag.

“Let’s get that thing out of your mouth.”

William reached behind her head and undid the ball gag’s straps. He pulled it from her mouth and let it drop to the ground. Before the plastic-and-leather gag made contact with the floor, Katelyn was screaming for help.

“Shh,” William said. “You’re wasting your breath. No one is going to hear you. I was just keeping that thing in your mouth so your noise wouldn’t interrupt my television. I had some sports to catch up on—recorded most of it.” He leaned in closer to her and filled his lungs through his nose. “That smell. You smell just like her.”

William Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) pressed his body against hers, pinning her against the cinder-block wall. Katelyn screamed at the side of his head. He could hear her teeth snapping together as she bit at the air, trying to get a bite of his ear or face or anything she could.

William kept his weight against her while he pressed his left fingertips hard against her chest above her left breast.

“Someone help!” she shouted. She tried to pull herself away from his touch.

“Just let me find the soft spot,” William said. He Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) pressed his fingertips harder against the ribs of her upper chest. Then he found his spot and stopped moving his hand. He pressed the knife tip to the area. He looked Katelyn square in her blue eyes as he applied pressure.

“Don’t kill me,” she said.

“It’s required.”

Katelyn screamed for help again, to no avail.

William applied more pressure to the blade and felt it sink into her chest cavity. He slowly pushed the blade into her chest until Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) it bottomed out on the knife’s guard. Her screaming, like the others before her, went silent as soon as the knife entered her. He watched her facial expressions change from fear, to shock, to panic before her eyelids went heavy and the life left her body. William backed away from her, Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) leaving the knife in Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) her chest. Katelyn’s screams still echoed in his head. Her body hung from her arms, her knees were buckled, and her feet no longer supported her. William watched the blood roll down her naked body and pool in the plastic beneath her left foot.

William fished his hand in his pants pocket and removed the key for the shackles. He walked back to her, knelt, and freed her dead body from the restraints. After taking Katelyn's body in his arms, he lay Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) her across the table, positioning her head so it was just off the table's edge. He confirmed that she was arranged the way he liked and went to the far corner, where he pulled the plastic from the wall and exposed some metal shelving filled with supplies. He grabbed a pair of clear safety goggles and strapped them around his head. William stripped off all his clothing and tucked it away behind the plastic sheeting. Wearing only the safety goggles, William crossed the plastic-lined floor for his reciprocating saw. He took it in both hands and Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) Mounted (An Agent Hank Rawlings FBI Thriller Book 5) squeezed the trigger multiple times—the long, thin saw blade flapped back and forth in the air as he did.

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