

Chapter Seventeen: In which Air Canada manages to deliver passengers to Nassau, as does a small charter, but that's that.

Air Canada flight 1832 touched down in Nassau at 12:50 p.m., exactly an hour and twenty minutes late, a little earlier than usual, followed shortly by a small charter from Miami. As the large Airbus disembarked its passengers, a somewhat florid and equally large Magnus Anderson could be heard giving the stewards and stewardesses a dressing down about punctuality, as though they had made the flight late on purpose to personally offend him, when in fact it was unspoken corporate policy. He had been consuming straight vodka on the flight and they had been grateful to know that the RCMP were actually aboard the flight, and even a member of the Canadian Coast Guard. But now he was down the stairs and the rest of the passengers, with a collective sigh of relief, burst from economy class and into the bright Bahamian sun, like someone had tipped over a jar of ants.

The RCMP and Coast Guard on the Air Canada flight from Toronto had been watching Magnus with increasing dismay from the back of the plane where they had been squished, budgets being budgets. Magnus had of course flown first class, needing the extra room for both his bulk and his ego, and they were increasingly aware of how difficult it would be to contain him while they investigated the disappearance of his son. There was much more to the story that they hoped he didn't know, as this was mostly cover for their true mission, which was to investigate a small branch of the Florida DEA. The Canadian and American Coast Guards had decided to cooperate in the so-called War on Drugs, and the Miami Sector of the U.S. Coast Guard had asked for some undercover assistance from their northern brethren. But this time it was themselves that needed investigating.

The RCMP detachment in reality consisted of two officers, Bob Greene and Doug Henderson, who had been chosen because of their scuba expertise and because both had worked on underwater body recovery, a sad but frequent job in and around the Great Lakes. The officer from the Coast Guard, André Ladouceur, was a Marine Navigation Engineer, and he had been picked but as an eager volunteer, because his daughter just happened to be our heroine, Angie, and she was on an extended vacation exactly where this idiotic child of the rich had gone missing. He hadn't wanted to worry her, but he had been itching to keep an eye on her. The three of them quickly made it through immigration but the next Bahamas Air flight to Exuma was not due to depart until 6 p.m. and

even they were human and they were meant to be undercover, travelling as business men wondering about investing in real estate, a common enough occurrence in the Bahamas. "Might as well enjoy it," they all said at once, and grinning got into one of the taxis waiting outside the airport, to take them to [Compass Point](#) for lunch and possibly a few beers.

The small charter plane had only disembarked three passengers, Val, Vinnie and Frank, and they had not been drinking but hoped to start soon. They knew they needed to get to Exuma, but could not resist the lure of the casino on the somewhat ironically named Paradise Island. Maybe this would be their lucky night ... and like moths to a candle they instinctively made their way to the waiting line of taxis outside the airport. One day couldn't matter and Val had booked them a fabulous suite at [Atlantis](#), an eyesore if ever there was one, but to them one of the most beautiful things they had ever seen.

But even while distracted by the gaudy glamour, Val had been on the look out for potential marks, ever the brains of the operation though Frank did have his moments she had to admit. And Magnus Anderson had the look of someone who might really enjoy her company, easy pickings if they played their cards right. She giggled at the aptness of her thought, and leaned over and spoke to Frank, subtly gesturing towards Magnus who was now calling loudly for a limo. He nodded and poked Vinnie, who had already turned his head at the noise. They didn't know exactly how they would empty his wallet and possibly bank account, but they knew how to begin. Val gently backed away from her two accomplices, grabbed the handle of her fake [Hermes suitcase](#), and acting a little vacant and lost, managed to bump into Magnus, and drop the little purse that was over her shoulder.

"Oh, how clumsy of me," she said, giving him the full tour as she bent to pick it up. "You aren't going to Atlantis are you? [I am a little lost](#) and ..." And that was all it took for Magnus to entirely forget his son as he opened the back door of a limo that had just pulled up, feeling like a winner with a belly full of [Grey Goose](#) and a strange woman by his side, in the back of a refurbished and visibly stretched 1982 Lincoln [TownCar](#).

