

# CHECKMATE

*By Evie Kay*



*ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES PITTS*

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**AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL**

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# CHECKMATE

**BY EVIE KAY**

## **OPENING MOVES**

Transit Road is an isolated street, built by the Rook brothers when the surrounding area was just woods. The brothers built their houses some distance apart, down the road from each other. Others soon followed, joining the Rook homes to make Transit Road officially a street.

Homes line up on either side of the street; like players on a chess board, the game does not actually begin until there is a cause for interaction. It brings the block together, and everyone begins to relate.

While it is not a true “battle”, you have people who personify pawns, knights, kings and queens. There are occasionally confrontations between them.

Caught in altercations, as in chess, it does not necessarily matter that one is more powerful than another. Under the right circumstances, even a pawn may capture a queen. Still, as the “game” winds down, ultimately there are revealed “winners” and “losers”.

And in the end, you have... CHECKMATE!

## PART 1

### THE NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

#### Chapter One

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CRASH!

It was the weekend.

After midnight.

Along Transit Road, when there was a loud noise on one end of the street, it caused repercussions at the other end. The neighbors had put up with a number of loud parties. In fairness, the residents of each house had been the perpetrators at least once.

Sometimes, two or three of the homes would have a gathering on the same night. During the winter holiday season, almost every residence hosted at least one party. Because the average resident had only lived in the area about a year, they didn't really know their fellow neighbors. When people were invited to visit, they were usually co-workers. Along Transit Road, everyone pretty much kept to themselves.

This night, though, all that was to change.

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There was no gala going on in Transit Road this particular evening. In fact, two adjacent houses were empty, the residents at separate gatherings, far away. At yet another home at the opposite end of the street, the next-door neighbor had been previously informed that there was not going to be anyone there.

The vacant home was where the noise came from. It was loud enough to be heard by that informed neighbor, all the way in the opposite side of his house.

That neighbor, after hearing the din, almost dismissed it, since it was not followed by another sound. However, shortly afterwards, he passed his living room window. The curtains were open. He could swear he saw a silhouetted figure running from the neighboring home.

Next door, all was dark. What light there was outside came from the bright full moon aided, but only slightly, by the porch lights of the two homes. They were automatically set to turn on, at dusk.

The man darted for his telephone.

No, he did not call the police.

He called his brother, who lived in a house at the opposite end of the short street of Transit Road.

He did not think about whether his brother would also be awake this late at night. Yet, somehow, the sibling's phone rang only once before it was picked up.

## Chapter Two

“Hello, Spence?”

“Hello?”

“Hello?”

“Spencer? You okay?” Wally Rook asked. “For a second, I thought you had one of your bimbos there!”

“Wadya want, Wally?” Spencer said flatly.

“Geez, don't get touchy, Spence. It was just an observation!”

“Hey! *You* called *me*.”

“Okay, okay.”

“Well, I'm not sure but... Y'know my neighbor, Livvy Flynn?”

“Yeah...?”

“Well, since we're all out here, sorta in the wilderness, she asked me if I wouldn't mind watching her place, while she was away for a few days.

“You know me... I may be married but I'm not dead. Heh heh hehhh. I'd do anything for a pretty face, and she's got the body to match! So, I said, 'okay.'” You know how *that* is...”

Spencer sighed, “The point, Wally? The point?”

“Well, uh... I'm not sure. She's supposed to be back tomorrow, and, uh, I think I just saw somebody come out of her place, running.”

There was silence on his brother's end. Then Spencer said, “Really? Y'mean, way out here, civilization's finally reached Transit Road, in the form of burglars?”

“Oh, man. That's just great,” Spencer continued sarcastically. “Did you call the cops?”

“No. You remember when it was just us, and Maggie called 'em?” Wally asked. “They took forever t'get here, and it turned out that we weren't being burgled. It was a buncha wild dogs makin' noise outside th' house?”

“Especially considering how far away we are from the city proper, because of last time, they're really not gonna be in a hurry for me!”

“Still, whoever it was, was on two feet!”

“Well, so much for paradise!” Spencer said with a sigh. “I got you here. Soon, others came when they found out how cheap the land was. Well, things *were* going great for a while. They just finished putting in the sidewalks in a coupla months ago, and we got a bid on the streetlights. Now *this* happens, to set us back!”

“Well... I guess it had to happen sooner or later,” Spencer sighed.

“So what should I do? I'm responsible for Livvy's house while she's away!” Wally said excitedly. “If someone sees me going over there in the dark, they'll think that I was the one who broke in. Only Livvy knows that she asked me to house-sit. I tell ya, I

don't need the hassle of people bein' suspicious of me. I like this area and want t'get along with everyone. It shouldn't be impossible."

"Tell you what... She gave you the house key?" came the answer from Spencer's brother.

"A dupe, yeah. She's got a cat and asked me t' feed it."

"You sure it wasn't her cat you saw?"

"I've *seen* her cat. From what I just saw, if she's got one she doesn't talk about, I don't wanna know about it! I'm tellin' ya, the shadow was, at least, five feet tall and walked on two legs, not four!"

"Awright. I'm comin' down the block with my flashlight on. You come out with yours on, but stay at your door.

"When I get to the Flynn house, you meet me there and we'll both check it out. I didn't move out here just to end up as a suspect, either.

"This way, if anyone sees the house lights on after we get there, they will probably have seen my flashlight already. That way, we don't get charged with being burglars, after the fact."

"Okay, gimme a minute to get some things off... I mean, on!" Wally ended rapidly, but nervously.

"Sure, sure. Whatever," said Spencer. "Don't be so jumpy.

"Somebody else could've heard the noise, like the Henshaws on the other side of Livvy.

"Don't know them at all, and it wouldn't do, to bump into the guy wandering someone else's house. In this secluded neighborhood, we've all gotta trust each other.

"Take your time. I'm not exactly dressed for ghost hunting at the moment.

"Wait at your door. I'll see your flash when you're ready, and you'll see mine. Okay?"

"Gotcha. Seeya in a bit."

### Chapter Three

Before long, Wally could see his brother's slender figure eclipsing the light of the full moon.

He noted Spencer walking down the street, wearing only a light, knee-length trench coat flaring slightly at the waist where it was belted. Wally also observed that below the coat's hem, Spencer's legs were bare except for the slippers on his feet. He carried a lit flashlight in his hand.

Taking the sight in, he was almost envious of his brother's slim physique. For a second, Wally thought that he was seeing someone else. For a moment, it seemed that it was not Spencer at all. He dismissed the thought as foolish. Ladies would not be as attracted to Spencer's boyish looks as they were, if he looked strange.

Wally's frame was not that much bigger than his older brother's. Since getting married, Wally had let himself go, adding several pounds.

He was working on getting back into shape. Wally was constantly concerned about his progressively-trimmer physique. Wally hoped that his wife, Maggie, would not notice and make a big deal over it.

Wally felt that he couldn't hold his own in an argument with her about it, and did not wish to discuss his reasons for maintaining a respectable shape. Indeed, Wally did not wish to argue with his beautiful wife at all. He always felt guilty afterwards, even when he won. Of late, there had been too many arguments.

"Okay, Wal," said Spencer upon reaching his brother and together they approached the Flynn doorway. "Let's go in and see what we've got."

Wally, using the key he had been entrusted with, let the two of them inside and immediately turned on the light.

"Looks okay, so far," Wally said, giving the living room a quick scan.

Spencer then said, "Look again," as he pointed a finger in the direction of the sofa.

Nothing in and of itself, there was an overturned plastic laundry basket, intimate apparel spilling half out of it, onto the sofa's seat and floor.

Nearby there was a length of electrical cord, which looked as if it had been pulled taut by an unwary foot. With one end just barely in an outlet, the other end was connected to a fallen floor lamp. Its delicate glass bowl top had shattered against the thin-carpeted floor.

"What th' hell is *this*?"

Wally involuntarily jumped at the unexpected words. The new voice was definitely feminine, and sounded upset.

The duo turned around slowly to see who the voice belonged to.

A long-legged blonde stood before them, her hair trailed down her back, stopping just above the cheeks of her rear. She was wearing a brief blouse and an even more brief skirt; her amply-exposed skin reflected her natural beauty, as she was not wearing much makeup.

It was the lady of the house, Livvy Flynn!

Livvy now could not help but giggle at Wally's reaction to her sudden query and her anger swiftly dissipated.

"Oooh, Wally. Do you know that your buns jiggle when you jump?" she teased.

Wally blushed. He was wearing just a tank top and brief biker shorts. The latter were so tight on his hips, they did clearly define a ripple when he jumped.

Spencer spoke up. "There must've been a better way t' let your presence be known!" he said sourly.

"Oh, don't be upset, hon.

"I was concerned, coming home in the middle of th' night, to find my inside lights on. I hadn't intended on being home before tomorrow. But the door was open, and I

quickly recognized Wally. I figured then, that everything could be explained, so I indulged myself a little bit.

“It *can* be explained, can't it, Snookums?” Livvy grinned. She addressed Wally, adding a tickle from a slender finger to the underside of his chin.

“I wish you wouldn't call me that. If Maggie heard you, I'd be in a heap o' trouble!” Wally moaned.

“Wally!” Spencer exclaimed. He instantly made a conclusion. “Don't tell me that you... and Livvy...”

“Y'see? This is why!” Wally exclaimed in exasperation. “Spence, nothing's going on...”

“I just think he's sooo cute, with his widdle baby face. That's all,” Livvy explained, in pouting baby-talk. “Just a harmless pet name,” she smiled.

“Everything okay here?”

Another voice spoke up, from behind Livvy. It made her jump.

As she quickly composed herself, her anger returned as well. Now, though, it was no longer pretense, since recognized Wally. Livvy did not mind surprising, but did not like being surprised.

“What is this?” she said. “Somebody planned a party in my house, without my knowledge?! Who are you people?”

“Well, you know Wally,” said Spencer, calmly. “I'm his brother, Spencer Rook. I live down the other end of the street, Ms. Flynn.”

“Livvy, please,” she rejoined, calming down.

All eyes then went to the newcomer. He was walking into the house, wearing pajamas under an open robe, and carrying a baseball bat.

“Name's Henshaw. Matt Henshaw. I live next door,” the stranger said.

Spencer's brow quickly rose in surprise.

“I just happened to wake up, about ten minutes ago. I thought I saw what looked like an awful big firefly, as I looked out of the window,” said Matt. “I laughed when realized that it was a flashlight.

“Then this house's inside lights came on. I didn't know what t' do.

“But then, I saw a car drive up. I saw what looked like a woman get out. I thought that she might've been my neighbor.

“I haven't really paid much attention to anyone around me since I moved in. But I felt that I would never have forgiven myself, if something happened t' her while I just stood by.

“I grabbed my robe, and a bat that was handy and rushed on over here.”

“My heroes!” Livvy chuckled. “Well, now that we know each other and why Mr. Henshaw is here... why are *you* guys here?” she asked the Rook brothers.

Wally told her. He ended by showing her the broken lamp, half-hidden by the sofa.



“Oh my!” Livvy gasped, as she crumpled onto a nearby chair arm.

“Take it easy, Livvy,” Spencer said. “Why don’t you take me on a dime tour of your place, t’ see if anything of value was taken.”

Livvy rose weakly as she moved to Spencer's side. She clung to him, even though she took the lead, leaving Wally Rook and Matt Henshaw behind. Wally and Matt barely acknowledged one another as they found seats and sat in silence, awaiting the verdict on the condition of the Flynn home.

The foursome were soon reunited.

“Well, everything seems to be here,” said Livvy. “If Wally hadn't seen someone leave, I would've sworn that cat knocked over the lamp. As it is, Sheba must've knocked over the laundry basket.

“Maybe I’d be better off, if I still thought she knocked over the lamp!”

“I dunno 'bout that,” said Spencer. “Look, folks, like it or not, we have just been invaded. The sad part about it, we're not really part of the town, yet. Even though the city records say we are.

“Just like when my brother needed them, the police took forever to get here. To make matters worse, when they *did* arrive, it was a false alarm. So, until these woods become genuine city streets, we've got to take care of our own.

“We've made this area a community and we've *got* to stick together against all trouble.”

“You advocating vigilante justice?” asked Matt. It looked as if he was attempting to flex his sloping shoulders, as if to appear tough.

“No. Not exactly,” said Spencer. “Watching out for ourselves, yes. Taking the law in our own hands, no.”

“I don't follow...” said Livvy.

Spencer said, “A neighborhood watch. You see what happened tonight? Livvy, you asked my brother to help you. What would have happened if he saw what he saw and went back to bed? Suppose he decided that he didn't want to be involved? The same with Matt. He wasn't consulted, but he cared. He could've shrugged his shoulders, too.

“Since nothing seems to be missing, it looks like the thief was scared away. To me, it looks like he tripped over the lamp cord, and in falling, perhaps he hit the sofa, just enough to topple the laundry basket.

“That doesn't mean that he won't come back. You have to be more careful next time!”

“Unless you’re trying t’get even, f’ scaring you before, you’re not making me feel better, hon!” Livvy said.

“That’s precisely why a watch is needed, so that you can feel better,” Wally chimed in, understanding his brother's idea. “If we can nip this in the bud, prowlers won't think that this street is an easy mark, and they'll stay away.

“They won't stick around a neighborhood where it's hard to steal. They'll go where they think it'll be easy pickings!”

“Well, count me in!” proclaimed Matt.

“Me, too. I guess,” Livvy said, hesitantly.

Spencer, hearing the way Livvy sounded, said, “Well, this is something you can't jump into halfcocked. We're gonna havta be one hundred percent!

“We'll need the entire block's support, not just us here.”

## Chapter Four

Several nights later there was a meeting in the basement recreation room of Spencer's home.

It had not been easy. Livvy handled most of the invitations, unintentionally using her considerable flirtatious charms, to talk most of the male population of the block into attending the meeting.

Livvy had not made any friends among the street's female inhabitants; her overt sexuality along with her beauty was seen as a threat to them. Other than one teenage girl, all of the females were married. Out of jealousy of the way Livvy always looked, they always avoided her.

In addition to just showing up on doorsteps, Livvy had explained her plight as the reason for the meeting. Her unfortunate circumstance piqued the curiosity of some of the women, as well.

There were only nine homes in the street but not every one said they would show up. Spencer's had a plan, though and put up posters where he could. The local phone poles were soon festooned. They were intended to serve mostly as a warning to possible ne'er-do-wells that the neighborhood was preparing for them.

The meeting was introduced with a plea for a neighborhood watch. The laggard response of the city's police force was cited. Spencer explained that it was at least partially due to the neighborhood being so out-of-the-way.

The neighbors were made to acknowledge that they all knew that the locale would be somewhat isolated when they decided to build here. Getting away from crime-filled neighborhoods was a reason many had moved here.

Spencer ended his discourse with a retelling, for the few who had not heard it, of Livvy Flynn's problem.

Spencer added a final note to the effect that it was possible to nip crime in the bud, “by not making ourselves easy marks.”

Building on what his brother had said, he added, “If they find that they can't rob, steal or hurt us, they will abandon us for other places.

“It must be a united effort, though. Otherwise, they'll see that, too.

“And never leave.

“Do you want that?”

Most of the men agreed with Spencer although a few did so to appear macho.

At first, some of the wives who had been hesitant about attending the meeting, were also reluctant to get further involved. They wrongly assumed that Livvy had brought the trouble upon herself. However, Spencer proved to be a master manipulator of conscience, as he won the hearts of most of these errant females with his charisma and good looks.

It appeared that there was nothing more to be said. Spencer took a parting shot, just before the final vote.

He said, "True, some of us may never run into trouble. We may never be fully part of this city, either. But... we can't do this halfhearted or with half the neighborhood.

"Then, even if it is the 'other guy' who has a problem, could you live with yourselves? Could you face your neighbors, knowing that the choice we could have made might have prevented our neighbor's trouble?

"The choice, my friends... and I would dearly like to think of you as friends... is yours."

\* \* \*

The meeting took a break, while refreshments were offered, Spencer then called for a vote. Ultimately, all of the reluctant ones gave in, and voted to be a part of the neighborhood watch.

People were encouraged to deliberately get to know each other. They were to form teams of working partnerships, instead of waiting for teams to be made for them. Each team would be assigned an hour of duty, as it were, a set time-period.

No one was let off the hook. Each person was to be ever-vigilant to keep their neighborhood safe.

Along the way, friendships were made.

## **EN PASSANT**

The small crowd eventually milled out of our Spencer's home. Some were quite excited about meeting their neighbors. Others still kept to themselves, although they had begun a perhaps-uneasy comradeship with their newfound friends, now that they had a common cause.

There were those who boldly walked in the dark. There were also a few who were quite concerned about what they might find upon getting home, who waved their flashlights at every unfamiliar noise. As it was the first time that the eight homes had ever been abandoned simultaneously, there was a stray thought or two about being set up by the Rook brothers. If could be Spencer alone setting them up,. He could cleverly claim the meeting as an alibi.

Neither Spencer nor Wally heard this suspicion voiced. Upon arriving home and inventorying their belongings, even those with the deepest suspicions began blessing the Rook men for their solution to this problem facing their community.