

Gold Medal Threat

Chapter 1

Sheer excitement mixed with a hint of adrenaline kept Casey and Johnny from getting much sleep on the long flight to Australia. After hours of playing Battlefield, watching *The Simpsons* reruns and eating way too much candy and chips, the boys were beyond fidgety. The huge leather recliners on Casey's dad's jet were very comfortable, but twenty-one hours on any plane is just too much.

"It's hard to believe we've been flying for almost a full day," Casey said quietly, so as not to wake the others.

"I know," Johnny whispered. "And with the time change of sixteen hours, it's like we're flying into the future."

"Yeah, it's like we gain a day and lose a day at the same time," Casey said.

"Huh?" Johnny said with a baffled look.

"Well, if we fly into tomorrow but it takes us a day to ... oh, forget it. It's confusing, but it's pretty cool."

"Yeah, and kind of weird, too."

Casey nodded, then turned to stare out the small window at the star-filled sky and quickly became mesmerized. His mind wandered back a couple of months to when his dad had told Johnny and him about coming to the Summer Olympics. As usual, his dad had made coming on the trip dependent on something. This time it was grades. Not that their grades were low; Johnny and Casey were pretty smart. They both got A's in almost all their subjects, except Art for Casey and French for Johnny. But they had both been a little distracted lately. Casey had missed a few easy problems on a math test and Johnny had messed up on an English paper. Mr. Taishoff, Casey's math teacher, told Casey's dad that he was surprised because he was sure Casey knew how to solve the problems. Casey and Johnny both admitted that they had been distracted at the time because they had been helping the AllSport Security team solve a campus crime as part of one of their elective classes. Classes at AllSport were similar to other school's classes except for the electives. Since most of the kids in AllSport's school would live their lives surrounded by sports, the school offered such electives as sports management, sports psychology, sports journalism, and sports TV and film. But, the class that Casey and Johnny loved more than any other was unique to AllSport. It was Sports Criminology.

AllSport, a unique, high-end sports training facility, was the heart of the Inner City Sports Foundation, or ICSF. Casey's dad, Reid Clark, one of the top golfers on the PGA

tour, along with his agent and business partner, Buck Green, had started the ICSF years ago and it had since become one of the nation's top charities. Contributors loved the ICSF concept and how it helped at so many levels. ICSF recruited inner-city teens who exhibited the capability to become professional athletes or Olympians and provided the necessary training to help these kids reach their full potential. Many of these same kids, without the help of the ICSF, would have faced the typical problems of the inner city streets: crime, drugs, jail, and occasionally even death. Many of the recruits had been members of violent street gangs and were regularly involved in criminal activity. When ICSF recruiters offered them the AllSport opportunity, they also gave them warnings. Any illicit activity at all, such as drugs or fighting, would cause the end of their AllSport training and opportunity.

AllSport always had a very diverse mix of people on campus. There were the very wealthy contributors to the organization as well as the families and friends of the athletes, most of whom were at the extreme opposite end of the financial scale. At times, this combination had proven to be extremely volatile.

Years before Casey was born, his dad had received a death threat while playing in the Masters tournament. Private Investigator, Jay Scott, and his team were hired to find the perpetrator before harm came to Mr. Clark. Casey vividly remembered that when he had originally heard the story of how his dad had been shot while playing in a golf tournament, he had been both upset and intrigued at the same time. Obviously his dad had not been killed, otherwise there would be no Casey Clark. Reid Clark had been golfing that day wearing a vest of Zylon body armor. Casey remembered hearing the story and immediately Googled the word Zylon. After all, every mystery he had read said that bullet proof vests were made of Kevlar. Zylon, it turned out, was a lighter, more flexible material than Kevlar. Although it had been proven to be less safe, it was offered to Reid as an alternative, because playing in a golf tournament while wearing a heavy Kevlar vest would be almost impossible.

The death threat and attempt on his dad's life had been the first of many crimes that had occurred involving AllSport. In fact, it had become somewhat of a not-so-funny campus joke that murder, kidnapping, and extortion were just three of the many sports found at AllSport. It seemed the formula that created AllSport's success was also a recipe for disaster. As AllSport had grown, so had its security team, lead by Jay Scott, Joel Rebah and Stu Mann. These men were as good at their game as Casey's dad was at golf. They all had been Navy SEALs. Each had black belts in various styles of martial arts and was an expert in all kinds of weaponry. Working at AllSport for them was fun, exciting and very stimulating. And, as they had described to Casey, it kept them sharp, both mentally and physically. Furthermore, they had all become part of the Clark extended family and each felt it was their duty to protect the Clarks at all costs. Each of these men, as well as Buck Green, had become Casey's non-blood "uncles."

As close as Casey had become with his “uncles,” he was even closer with Johnny Rebah, Joel’s son. Casey and Johnny were only half a year apart in age and had grown up together at AllSport. As best friends often are, they were similar in many ways. They both loved sports, yet neither of them had the goods to pursue any sport professionally. They both really enjoyed martial arts and were regularly taught by some of the best trainers in the art, namely Joel and Stu, who both had been martial arts instructors in the Navy SEALs.

Casey and Johnny were lucky kids. They lived in a community filled with professional athletes, traveled often around the world with their parents to all kinds of big events, and most importantly, had each other to hang out with and watch each other’s back.

**

Turbulence caused the plane to shake and snapped Casey from his thoughts. He reached up and rubbed his face. A face adored by many young girls at AllSport and around the world. Casey’s looks were a mixture of the best parts of each of his parents. His dad, at one time, had actually been named *Celeb Magazine*’s sexiest man of the year. His mom, Shane, was also a stunner. Casey had his mom’s dark complexion and his dad’s wavy, dirty-blond hair and crystal blue eyes. He was five feet, eight inches tall and fairly thin for his height. Paparazzi were always snapping pictures of the three of them for magazine articles and covers. Television cameras zoomed in on them at celebrity events and after each golf tournament that Reid won. The world had watched Casey grow up.

Casey looked around to see if any of the others had been woken by the turbulence. Sitting in the other plush, brown leather, reclining seats were Casey’s mom, Shane, Johnny’s mom, Cindy Rebah, Reid’s agent and business partner Buck Green, Chief of Security, Jay Scott, and two other body guards.

Casey’s dad, Reid Clark, had flown to Australia two weeks earlier to practice with the rest of the United States Olympic Golf Team. Reid’s body guards, Joel Rebah and Stu Mann, as well as his caddie, Buddy, had gone with him.

**

During their first day in Australia, Casey and Johnny spent their time wandering through the Olympic Village. They saw many professional athletes and celebrities that they had previously met at AllSport. Johnny began to roll his green eyes and make fun of Casey whenever a girl around their age recognized Casey. Some of the girls stared, some of them whispered to their friends, and some of them pointed from a distance. One girl approached Casey and said, “Oh my God, you’re Casey Clark.”

Johnny laughed after the girl walked away and said, “Duh! Like you don’t know who you are.”

“Whatever,” Casey said, trying to hide his embarrassment. “She was kind of cute.”

“No, she wasn’t. She was *beautiful!* You are so lucky.”

“Lucky? I get so nervous. I never know what to say.”

“Try this.” Johnny quickly jumped out in front of Casey and put his hand out to shake Casey’s. “Hi, it’s nice to meet you. What’s your name?”

Casey laughed. “Oh shut up, you idiot,” he said as he pushed Johnny aside and kept walking. “I’m hungry. Let’s get something to eat.”

They looked up and down the street at all the stores and restaurants. “What’s Hungry Jacks?” Johnny asked. “It looks like Burger King, even the logo is the same.”

“I don’t know, but it looks like Burger King and it smells like Burger King. Let’s go try it.”

They walked across the street and entered the busy eatery. Immediately after eating they both admitted to being very tired. The jet lag and time change were getting to them. They went back to their room in the hotel, turned on the TV, and both quickly fell asleep.

Casey was awakened by the ringing of the phone at six p.m. He picked it up and mumbled, “Hello?”

“Hi Casey, it’s Mom. Are you boys ready to get some dinner?”

Casey looked over at Johnny lying on the other bed fully clothed and snoring. “We ate lunch and then came back here and just kinda passed out. Johnny is still sleeping and I’m still really tired, Mom. I think we’ll skip dinner and just sleep. Okay?”

“Of course, sweetheart. We’ll talk in the morning. Dad really wants to see you.”

“Tell him I’m really sorry. I’ll see you both in the morning. I love you.”

“Love you too, honey. Sleep well.”

He hung up the phone, rolled over, and fell back to sleep.

**

Casey awoke and turned to look at the clock: 3:42 a.m. He yawned loudly.

“Hey, it’s about time you woke up. I’ve been awake since three. I wonder how long it will take us to get used to the time change.”

“We’ll probably get used to it just as we have to leave,” Casey said before yawning again.

Johnny picked up the remote and turned on the TV. He clicked through a bunch of channels. “There’s nothing good on. You want to go downstairs and check out the gym?”

“You think it’s open?”

“I don’t know. Let’s go find out.”

They got up and changed into shorts and t-shirts.

The hallway was brightly lit but eerily quiet. “This is kinda weird, huh?” Johnny whispered.

“Yeah, like that saying, the lights are on but nobody’s home.”

“It reminds me of that scary movie we saw a couple of years ago. What was it called? You know, the one where the kid is walking through the empty halls of the big hotel.”

“The Shining?”

“Yeah, that’s it,” Johnny said with a visible shudder.

“Redrum,” whispered Casey.

“Huh?”

“That’s what the kid kept saying. Redrum, redrum. It’s murder spelled backwards.”

“Oh yeah, redrum,” Johnny repeated a little too loudly.

“Shh.”

“Oh right. Sorry!” he said at full volume.

“Will you be quiet?” whispered Casey.

Johnny covered his mouth with his hand and laughed quietly.

They rode the elevator down to the basement level and walked to the gym entrance. Casey put his hotel keycard in the slot and they both smiled when they heard a quiet click and saw the tiny light turn green on the mechanism. Johnny pulled the heavy glass door open and they entered the dark room.

“You look on that side for the light switch and I’ll look over here,” Casey said.

Just as Casey found and flipped the light switch he heard a loud thud coming from Johnny’s direction. A quick look, just as the fluorescent lights flickered to life, revealed Johnny lying on the floor next to a weight rack.

“Ow,” Johnny moaned.

“You okay?” Casey asked.

“No. I stepped on a dumbbell that some idiot didn’t put back on the rack.”

Casey laughed.

“You think it’s funny?” Johnny asked, holding the side of his head.

“Kind of,” Casey said, grinning.

“Glad I could make you laugh, jerk,” Johnny said, wincing in pain.

“Do you need help getting up?” Casey said, picking up the weight and placing it in its proper spot.

“No thanks. I hit my head on something when I fell but it’s not that bad.”

“Lucky it was your head. It’s hard to damage a rock!” Casey said, grinning.

“Ha ha, very funny.”

Casey smiled and helped Johnny get up. “Where did you hit your head?”

“Right here.” Johnny pointed above his right temple.

Casey looked at Johnny's head. His fair skin and short buzz cut of brown hair made it easy to see his scalp. "Well, there's no blood."

"I'm fine. Let's check this place out and get in a workout. We haven't done anything physical in days. I don't want to get soft."

"You, soft? No way! You're all bones!"

"Go ahead, make all the fun of me you want. I'll kick your butt any day."

Casey shrugged. Johnny was right. Even though Casey was a little taller, Johnny beat him every time they wrestled or fought in any type of martial arts exercise. Casey was no match for Johnny's more muscular frame.

Casey began walking around and checking out the exercise machines. One room contained treadmills, bikes and other cardiovascular machines. Another room had all the weight lifting equipment. The entire floor of the third room was lined with mats. The equipment wasn't quite as up to date as AllSport's, but it would do. Casey sat on a mat and started to stretch. Johnny joined him on another mat. After about five minutes of stretching they hit the weights and worked out for a while. Then Casey said, "You want to spar a little?"

"Sure," Johnny said. They went back to the room with the mats and practiced their karate for about fifteen minutes.

"I gotta pee. Where's the bathroom?" Casey asked.

"There're entrances to the locker rooms in the weight room and the cardio room," Johnny said. "I'll come with you. I want to see if I can find something for my headache."

"Is it from hitting your head before?"

"I don't know. I really didn't feel anything then, but it started to hurt when we were lifting weights."

"The lifting probably increased the blood pressure in your head."

"Maybe. All I know is it really hurts now."

They walked into the locker room and while Casey headed for the toilets, Johnny went to the area where the sinks were lined up and looked through the various drawers and jars for some kind of pain reliever.

"Find anything?" Casey asked as he entered and washed his hands.

"Nah, it's probably against the law to leave any kind of drugs out in public."

"Advil isn't a drug." He held up his palm stopping Johnny, just as he was about to talk. "Don't even say it. Of course I know it's a drug. And of course you know what I meant. So, just shut-up."

Johnny smiled. "You know me way too well!"

"Yeah, and you know me pretty good too."

Johnny looked at Casey and smiled. "I guess I do."

Casey grinned and nodded softly. "You want to go find something for your headache or you want to keep working out?"

Johnny looked up at the clock. "It's still only 4:30. How about thirty minutes on the treadmill?"

"Sounds good to me."

They walked back into the weight room and heard voices along with the sound of a treadmill. They immediately hushed and looked at each other with frowns. They liked having the gym to themselves. Then, just as they were about to turn the corner and walk from the weight area into the cardio room they heard something that made them stop dead in their tracks. The discussion between a man and a woman was just audible over the noise of the treadmills.

"Why don't we just take her out?" the woman said.

"Take her out? You really want to kill her?" said the man.

Johnny and Casey look at each other, wide eyed.

"Kidnapping her is much too risky. You remember the job in Peru? We almost got caught because we kidnapped the guy instead of just killing him. If we get caught here, it's jail for life."

"More likely, the death penalty."

"Nah, there's no capital punishment here and besides, we won't get caught," the woman said. "We just need a plan."

"I don't know. We're not making enough on this job to risk it. And besides, we don't know how they'll feel about it."

"How they'll feel? Are you kidding me? You think they'll care how we deal with this? No way! They only said to make sure she doesn't compete. They didn't say how we should do it. And besides, the people who hire us know exactly what we do. They hired us for this job because we have a reputation for getting things done. The only thing they care about is securing a gymnastics medal for the boss's niece."

"You're probably right, but I just don't like the idea of killing a kid. Kidnapping was one thing. Murder is a different story. It's just ... it's wrong."

"Since when did you get so sentimental?" she asked.

"Are you going to tell me that killing an innocent kid doesn't bother you at all?"

"Look, I didn't get into this business for sentimental reasons. It's all about the money. With the money from this job and maybe one or two more we can retire."

"Yeah, I guess. I just can't believe the thought of killing a kid doesn't bother you."

She laughed.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"Honey, for the right amount of money I might be willing to kill *you*."

"I guess I better start watching my back."

"Nah. I don't think you have to worry about it. I haven't done it yet and if the three million that you have on your head now hasn't enticed me, chances are nobody is going to top that offer."

“That’s very sweet of you, dear. I’m glad I’m worth more to you than a few mil.”

“You know I love you, babe. I wouldn’t kill you for anything less than five million.”

“Well, aren’t I just the luckiest guy?”

Casey and Johnny turned and stared at each other with bulging eyes. Johnny motioned with a quick point to the door that they should get out of there now. Casey put his finger to his lips to make sure Johnny stayed quiet, then held it up in the air asking for one more minute.

The man and woman continued talking.

“So?” the woman said.

The man sighed, “I’ll admit, it’ll be faster and easier to just kill her.”

“So, it’s settled then. Let’s go up to the room and make a plan.”

Johnny reached for Casey’s arm and tugged, mouthing, “Let’s go!”

While Casey knew Johnny was right, he stayed where he was for a moment, thinking. While he was scared out of his mind, something in him wanted to get a look at the man and woman. He turned and looked quickly at Johnny, who was already halfway to the exit. Johnny gave him a pleading look and waved his arm frantically, begging Casey to follow.

Casey took a step towards Johnny then stopped and motioned for Johnny to go. He then turned, took a deep breath, slowly let it out, took one more second to build his nerve and walked into the cardio room. Just as he entered, he saw the back of the woman as she walked from the gym through the entrance to the ladies locker room. Her dark, shoulder length ponytail swung as she turned and walked behind the closing door.

The man was nowhere in sight, but as Casey quickly looked at the men’s locker room door, he heard its lock click as it closed.

Still scared, Casey hesitated. *Should I follow him into the locker room?* He wondered. As much as he wanted to see who the guy was, he was dealing with cold-blooded killers. He could describe the woman from behind, but if he could identify the man, it would be a big help. Casey’s heart was racing as he walked toward the locker room door. He reached for the handle, took another deep breath, opened the door and entered. There was no one near the rows of metal lockers and wooden benches. Casey walked past them and peeked into the shower area. Nobody was there and there was no sound of running water. He walked further, past the toilets and then the sinks. The bathroom was empty. Where could the guy have gone? Then, as he walked back to the locker area he heard the sound of a door closing somewhere on the other side of the room. He followed the sound to another door.

He slowly pushed it open and looked out into a hallway. He heard the unmistakable ding of an elevator bell and quickly walked toward it. He turned the corner just in time to see the heel of a blue running shoe as it entered the elevator down the hall. Casey pushed his fear aside and ran, but the elevator shut before he reached it.

He hadn't realized until then that besides his heart racing, he was also hyperventilating. He stood there, trying to calm down, wondering what he should do next. What he and Johnny had just overheard was devastating. Someone, some Olympic athlete, was going to be murdered. *But who? ... And by whom?*

Casey started to walk back to the locker room and heard the ding of the elevator bell again. He turned back and looked up to see a red number twelve on the elevator's digital readout. He turned again and began walking quickly back towards the locker room. Then, after another quick thought, he began looking for an entrance to the women's locker room. Similar to the men's, the women's locker room should have a hallway entrance too. He turned a corner and there it was, just being opened by someone from the inside.

Casey's heart raced faster as he watched a woman with lots of make-up walk out with a bag slung over her shoulder and a water bottle in her hand. Her build was similar to the woman's in the gym. She smiled and said, "Bonjour," as she walked by. Casey turned and watched her walk down the hall, noticing as she reached up with her free hand to push her blond hair from her face. He sighed and thought, *blond hair and she speaks French—nope, it's not her.*

He stayed where he was with his eyes glued to the women's locker room door for a few more minutes, hoping that she'd walk out. Then, he thought about what it would look like to her if she walked out and there was a boy standing there, staring at her. *She'd probably think I'm a freak.* He quickly looked around for a seat or a bench and a newspaper within view of the door. Nope, just an empty hallway. He was nervous and not sure what else to do, so he walked back to the elevator.

Both his heart and his mind raced as he rode up to the top floor. *Will Johnny be in our room, he thought, or will he have already gone to Uncle Joel's room to tell him? I hope he's waiting for me in our room. We have to figure out what to do next.* "Oh my God," he mumbled to himself as he reached up and put his hand over his heart. It was beating a million miles an hour. *I have to calm down, he thought. Oh sure, calm down. I just overheard two killers talking about murdering an Olympic athlete and I'm supposed to calm down.* The ding of the elevator made Casey jump and kind of brought him to his senses. The walk to his room from the elevator seemed very long. As he got close, he searched his pockets for his keycard. He couldn't find it. He must have left it in the gym. *Oh, man. This is just great. I'm not going back down there to look for it. I'll just get another one from the front desk later.* Just as he was passing his parent's suite, their door was opening. Casey's first thought was to hide. He wasn't ready to tell anybody about the problem yet. As he quickened his pace to get to his room, he heard his father's hushed voice, "Casey, is that you? Why are you up so early?"

Casey turned around. "Hey, Dad." He walked toward his father, still not sure of what to say or not to say.

"Hurry up," whispered his dad. "I've missed you. I want a hug."

Casey hurried into his father's outstretched arms and they hugged. Casey closed his eyes and held tight. A little too tight and for a little too long. His dad's hug felt good. It always helped assure Casey that everything was okay. Well, in this case, almost okay was good enough.

"What's wrong, son?" his father asked quietly.

"Dad, we just heard a man and a woman talk about killing somebody."

"*What?* Who is we?"

"Me and Johnny. We couldn't sleep, so we went down to the gym."

"Where's Johnny now? How come he's not with you?"

"I hope he's in our room. Let's go see and we'll tell you everything. It's crazy dad! These people are hired killers. You need to get Uncle Joel and Stu and Jay. You all need to hear about this." Casey was still in a panic but talking about it, especially to his dad, was making him feel much better.

"It's only 5:40. Do I really need to wake them? Why don't you just tell me, for now?"

"*Dad!* Did you hear what I said? They're assassins and they're going to kill someone."

"Okay, okay. I'll round them up. What room are you in? I'm sure your mother told me, but I forgot."

"It's right here," Casey said, pointing to the next door. "It's 722. Hurry, Dad. Get them up."

"Alright, let's go in and I'll use your phone. There's no need to bother your mother with this."

Casey knocked quietly on his door and waited.

"Where's your key?" his dad asked.

"I don't know. I must have left it somewhere down in the gym. It got a little crazy down there."

"What do you mean, crazy?"

"I'll tell you everything when we get in the room." Casey knocked again. "Johnny, open up. It's me." He said quietly through the door.

Finally, the door opened. "Sorry," said Johnny. "I was in the bathroom splashing cold water on my face. Thank God you're alive. I kept thinking that they got you. I was pretty freaked out. I didn't know what to do."

When Reid entered the room after Casey, Johnny was surprised. "Uncle Reid, I didn't see you there."

"Johnny, what do you mean, you thought they got him? What happened down there?"

"It's okay, Dad, I'm fine. Can you just get everyone in here so we can explain what happened?"

Reid walked to the phone without saying another word. He picked it up and asked the front desk to put him through to Joel's, then Jay's, then Stu's rooms. Without much of an explanation he made it perfectly clear that each of them needed to get to the kids' room immediately.

The men were all staying in the adjoining rooms and were each at the door within minutes. They all entered with very curious looks on their faces.

"What the heck is going on, Reid?" asked Jay Scott. "What could possibly be important enough to wake us all this early?"

"Sit down, gentlemen," said Reid. "The boys seem to have stumbled across a potentially serious situation. Let them explain."

Jay and Reid sat in the armchairs at the small round table in the corner. Stu and Joel sat on the edge of Johnny's bed. Johnny sat on Casey's bed and Casey stood and paced. He still couldn't calm down enough to sit.

"So, who's going to tell us what's going on?" Joel asked.

Johnny pointed at Casey. "Go ahead."

"Okay," Casey said. "I'll try to make this quick. Johnny and I couldn't sleep so we went down to the gym at around four o'clock. After working out for a while we went to the bathroom. Then, when we came out we heard voices. It was a man and a woman who were talking while they were running on treadmills. They had no idea we were there. Obviously, they thought they had the gym to themselves because they started talking about killing someone."

"Killing someone?" blurted Joel.

"Yeah, that's why we asked dad to wake you guys. These people are hired assassins."

"Assassins?" It was Stu's turn to be surprised.

"Yeah, assassins. Right, Johnny?"

Johnny gave a wide-eyed nod.

"Okay, Casey," Jay said. "Calm down and slowly tell us everything you heard."

Casey rubbed his face with both hands. "Oh my God. Let's see. First, the woman said it would be easier and faster to kill her than it would be to kidnap her."

"Do you know who they were talking about?" Jay asked.

"No. But, it's got to be a gymnast because they said that they were being paid to prevent her from competing so that the boss's niece could get a medal in gymnastics."

"A gymnast, huh? There are an awful lot of gymnasts," Reid said.

"Yeah, but we can probably narrow it down to the top few from each country in each category," Jay said.

They all nodded.

"Casey, you mentioned a boss. Whose boss?" Joel asked.

"It kind of sounded like they meant a mafia boss, but I don't know," Casey said.

“Oh, great. Here we go again,” Jay said.

The others knew what Jay meant. He was thinking about the mob’s involvement in many of their past investigations. Mafia involvement usually made things more difficult.

“Sorry for interrupting, Casey. Please continue.”

“Okay.” Casey thought for a second before continuing. “The man said that he didn’t like the idea of killing a kid. But, the woman said it would be easier and faster than kidnapping, and that there was less chance of them getting caught.”

The men nodded as if they agreed.

“She also said something about a job they did in ... in ... I can’t remember.”

“Peru,” Johnny said.

“Right. It was Peru. She talked about almost getting caught there, because they kidnapped a guy instead of killing him.”

Jay looked questioningly at Joel and Stu. They both looked back at him. Joel shook his head and Stu shrugged. Obviously, the Peru story didn’t ring a bell with any of them.

“What was said next, Casey?” Jay asked.

“After that, the man asked the woman if killing a kid would bother her at all. She said that she was in it for the money and that there was no room for feelings.”

Casey stopped for a second and just looked at the men.

“Is that it? Can you tell us any more?”

“That’s pretty much it, right Johnny? Did I miss anything?”

“I don’t think so,” Johnny said. “That’s all I remember.”

“Casey, I have a question for you,” Reid said. “Why did you come up here after Johnny did? Johnny was already in the room when I saw you in the hallway.”

Casey didn’t answer. He just looked over at Johnny who also stayed silent.

“Well?” Reid asked.

“You’re not going to like this, Dad,” Casey said. “I tried to get a look at them.”

“Oh no,” Reid said with a sigh.

“Don’t worry, nothing happened. They didn’t see me.”

“That’s a relief. Do me a favor, Casey. Don’t take any more chances.”

“I won’t.”

“Did you see them at all, Casey?” Jay asked.

“Just a little. I saw the woman’s back as she walked into the lady’s locker room. She was about this tall.” He held his hand up to about five and a half feet. “She was kind of thin and had a shoulder length, dark ponytail.”

“That’s good. Anything else?” asked Jay.

“Well, I tried to follow the man, but I kept missing him. He was in the locker room, but when I entered, he left through a different door. I followed him around a corner and finally saw him just as he was getting on the elevator, but I only saw his foot. He was wearing sneakers.”

“Can you remember what kind?”

“It was blue. A running shoe. But no, I didn’t see what brand.”

“Okay, good job, Casey. At least we have something to go on.”

“Oh yeah, one more thing. I’m pretty sure the guy took the elevator up to the twelfth floor.”

“Pretty sure?” Jay asked.

“Uncle Jay, I wasn’t exactly thinking straight. I don’t know if it made stops before it got to the twelfth floor. All I know is that I heard the bell and when I looked up at the floor number thing, there was a twelve.”

“Okay, Casey. That’s great. I didn’t mean to question your judgment. I just needed to understand what you meant.”

Casey nodded. “That’s okay. It’s just that this whole thing has kind of freaked me out.”

“I’ll bet it has.”

Casey’s dad walked over and gave him a hug. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I am. To tell you the truth, now that I’m with you guys, it’s actually getting kind of exciting. I mean, it’s scary to think that there are killers at the Olympics, but it’s pretty cool to think that we might be able to stop them and save someone’s life.” Casey looked at Johnny. “Are you doing alright?”

“I guess I feel the same as you. Kind of scared and excited at the same time.”

Joel stood, walked over to his son and hugged him.

“Well boys,” Jay said. “I know better at this point than to ask you to leave this case up to us. I know you’re both very capable and smart, but I want you to be really careful and keep me informed about anything you see or hear. And, if there’s even a hint of trouble, I want you to call my cell immediately, okay?”

Casey nodded.

“I have one last question for you two,” Jay added.

They both looked at him and raised their brows.

“I’m going to guess that the man and woman spoke English with an American accent. Otherwise, you probably would have mentioned their foreign accent. Am I right?”

“Oh ... yeah,” Casey said. “I never even thought about that. They both sounded like Americans. I guess I better sharpen my investigative skills if we’re going to solve this case, huh.”

Reid shook his head. “Will you all please do me a favor? Don’t tell Shane or Cindy about the boys helping with this. At least, not yet. It’ll just get them all worked up and I can’t afford the distraction right now. I have to spend my time on the golf course.”

“Reid, don’t worry about the boys,” Jay said. “I’ll make sure they stay out of trouble.” He turned to Joel and Stu. “You’re both going to need to stick with Reid until we find these people. The less I have to worry about him, the faster I’ll be able to take

care of this situation.” Then he turned toward the boys. “I’m going to go speak with the Olympic Committee now. Please don’t go far. And please check in with me every couple of hours. Okay?”

Johnny nodded.

“Alright,” agreed Casey with a nod.

“One last thing,” Jay said. “I need you all to keep quiet about this. Until we know more, I don’t want this couple to know we’re looking for them. They are more likely to make mistakes as long as they don’t think anyone knows about their mission. And obviously, if word of this gets out to the public, there will be complete chaos here, within hours. That would be a disaster.”

Everyone nodded their agreement and the men left the room.