

## CHAPTER THREE

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ADAM DUNNIGAN

**D**oes that waiter think I'm stupid? I see right through his lies. These country bumpkins can't fool me. Bristol? She's somewhere in Shady Valley. Wherever she is, I will find her. I want the gold doubloons. They are mine. I worked hard and brought them out of the ocean. I should have them.

I killed Sebastian Garcia, Liberty's father. He worked me hard and wouldn't share the gold with me. A selfish man. He needed to die.

I knew something was up when I saw Carlos Martinez move a car a couple of blocks from his house. I put a GPS tracker on the car where no one would find it. When she traded the car in Nashville, I removed it. It didn't take long to place it on the car she traded for. No one saw me. She came to Shady Valley. The tracker's signals on my phone are loud. The car is at the restaurant. I started to check the back parking lot, but someone came out of the restaurant. The waiter is suspicious of something. I saw his cautious look when he told me she went toward Bristol. I don't believe him one iota.

The fake law enforcement props I stole from the Vermont theatre company I worked for came in handy. The night I got into her house, I had a fake FBI badge on me. I'd have used it if I had to. I watched her enter her house, but nothing happened when I banged on the door. The house was empty when I busted the door. Where could she have gone?

The night was quiet. Not even a breeze stirring the trees. I ran around the block and watched Liberty get in the car. Carlos closed her door. When she drove away, I aimed and shot him. He fell in the street. Blood oozed from his shirt. Two dead and one to go.

I'll find Liberty Garcia, and the gold will be mine.

Google tells me I'm close to the Appalachian Trail. I have a tent and a sleeping bag in the trunk of my car. I can camp there and look for Liberty Garcia tomorrow.

I enter the Appalachian Trail and look for a place to pitch my tent. Campers took all the good spots. For tonight, I'll cross over the fence and spend the night in the field below the trail. Tomorrow, I'll stake a claim on a spot on the trail early.

The tracker shows Liberty Garcia's car parked at the house below me. A big two-story residence. Does she know someone besides Daisy Greer in Shady Valley? I'll wait for the lights to go off, then I can explore without getting caught. Maybe I'll get more information about where Liberty is staying.

For now, I'll take a little nap. Wait until it's quieter before I make my trek to the house. If Liberty is there, I have a better chance of killing her and getting the doubloons. This can be over before it starts, but I need to keep my cool.

The lights click off. I sneak down the hill. When a dog barks, a light comes on downstairs. A man comes out with a rifle and looks around. I run for shelter behind a bush.

Great. I'll try again tomorrow. I'll watch the place to see who's coming and going. I can wait. The gold isn't going anywhere.