

• • • Chapter 28

DON SWUNG THE SPORTS CAR INTO THE STREAM OF TRUCKS and tractor trailers on the Post Road. It was almost dark and much colder; the sleet had turned to a hard, gritty snow. "Trouble with you is, you haven't any more sense than to mean it."

"Why shouldn't I mean it!" Joyna cried. "I'm not going to let that Silly Inez steal my father!"

"You won't see much of your father if you shoot her. They'd put you where you couldn't skip out as easily as you did from your home just now."

"They wouldn't do much to me if I kill her."

"Think not?"

"I'd get off easy. They'd have to try me in Juvenile Court; I'm underage. Those judges would be pigeons for me." She put a sob in her voice. "I was brought up in a broken home . . . I did it to keep Mommy and Daddy together."

"You were brought up spoiled rotten. You're acting like this because you're not getting as much attention as you'd like. Any judge would see through your tantrums in a minute."

Joyna laughed. "That's what you think. I'd cry and rave and fall off the stand in a faint. Besides, my father can afford to hire the best psychiatrists to prove I'm not morally responsible for my acts." She moaned piteously. "Everything went black . . . I don't remember pulling the trigger."

"You're not going to pull any trigger."

"No? Hoh! Wait and see." She slid away from him. "Think you can get the gun away from me?"

"I'll let your father do that. I'm going to take you to him."